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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An ... d Weekly
Founded ... by Benj. Franklin

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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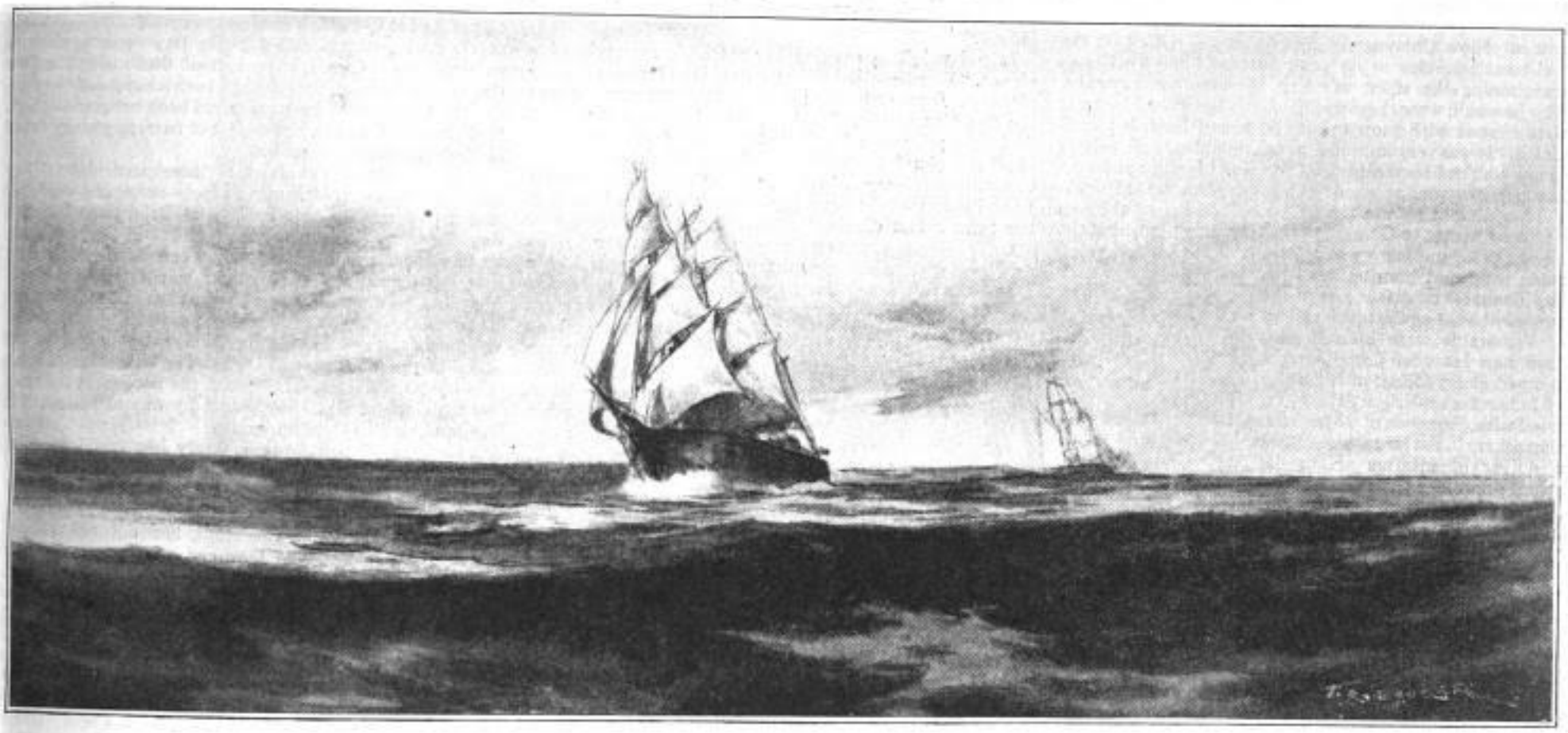
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# JAVA HEAD

## By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



"It is only the path of pure simplicity which guards and preserves the spirit." CHWANG-TZE.

VERY late indeed in May, but early in the morning, Laurel Ammidon lay in bed considering two widely different aspects of chairs. The day before she had been eleven, and the comparative maturity of that age had filled her with a moving disdain for certain fanciful thoughts that had given her extreme youth a decidedly novel if not an actually adventurous setting. Until yesterday, almost, she had regarded the various chairs of the house as beings endowed with life and character; she had held conversations with some, and with a careless exterior not warranted by an inner dread avoided others in gloomy dusks. All this now she contemptuously discarded. Chairs were—chairs, things to sit on, wood and stuffed cushions.

Yet she was slightly melancholy at losing such a satisfactory lot of reliable familiars; unlike older people, victims of the most disconcerting moods and mysterious changes, chairs could always be counted on to remain secure in their individual peculiarities.

She could see by her fireplace the elaborately carved teakwood chair that her grandfather had brought home from China, which had never varied from the state of a brown and rather benevolent dragon; its claws were always claws, and the grinning fretted mouth was perpetually fixed for a cloud of smoke and a mild rumble of complaint. The severe waxed hickory beyond, with the broad arm for writing, a source of special pride, had been an accommodating and precise old gentleman. The spindling gold chairs in the drawing-room were supercilious creatures at a king's ball; the graceful impressive formality of the Heppelwhites in the dining room belonged to the loveliest of Boston ladies. Those with difficult haircloth seats in the parlor were deacons; others, in the breakfast room, talkative and unpretentious; while the deep easy-chair before the library fire was a ship. There were mahogany stools, dwarfs of dark tricks; angry high-backed things in the hall below; and a terrifying shape of gleaming red that, without question, stirred horribly and reached out curved and dripping hands.

Anyhow, such they had all seemed. But lately she had felt a growing secrecy about it, an increasing dread of being laughed at; and now, definitely eleven, she recognized the necessity of dropping such pretense even with herself. They were just chairs, she repeated; there was an end of that.

The tall clock with the brass face outside her door, after a premonitory whirring, loudly and firmly struck seven, and Laurel wondered whether her sisters in the room opening from hers were awake. She listened attentively, but there was no sound of movement. She made a noise in her throat that might at once have appeared accidental and been successful in its purpose of arousing them; but there was no response. She would have gone in and frankly waked Janet, who was not yet thirteen and reasonable; but experience had shown her that Camilla, reposing in the eminence and security of two years more, would permit no such light freedom with her slumbers.

Sidsall, who had been given a big room for herself on the other side of their parents, would greet anyone cheerfully no matter how tightly she might have been asleep. And Sidsall, the oldest of them all, was nearly sixteen and had stayed for part of their Cousin Lacy Saltonstone's dance, where no less a person than Roger Brevard had asked her for a quadrille.

Laurel's thoughts grew so active that she was unable to remain any longer in bed; she freed herself from the enveloping linen and crossed the room to a window through which the sun was pouring in a sharp bright angle. She had never known the world to smell so delightful—it was one of the notable Mays in which the lilacs blossomed—and she stood responding with a sparkling life to the brilliant scented morning, the honey-sweet perfume of the lilacs mingled with the faintly pungent odor of box wet with dew.

She could see, looking back across a smooth green corner of the Wibirds' lawn next door, the inclosure of their own back yard, divided from the garden by a white lattice fence and a row of prim grayish poplars. At the farther wall her grandfather in a wide palm-leaf hat was stirring about his pear trees, tapping the ground and poking among the branches with his ivory-headed cane.

Laurel exuberantly performed her morning toilet, half careless, in her soaring spirits, of the possible effect of numerous small ringings of pitcher on basin, the clatter of drawers, upon Camilla. Yesterday she had worn a dress of light wool delaine; but this morning, she decided largely, summer had practically come; and on her own authority she got an affair of thin pineapple cloth out of the yellow camphorwood chest. She hurriedly finished weaving her heavy chestnut hair into two gleaming plaits, fastened a muslin guimpe at the back and slipped into her dress.

Here, however, she twisted her face into an expression of annoyance—her years were affronted by the length of pantalets that hung below her skirt. Such a show of their narrow ruffles might do for a very small girl, but not for one of eleven; and she caught them up until only the merest fulled edge was visible. Then she made a buoyant descent to the lower hall, left the house by a side door to the bricked walk and an arched gate into the yard, and joined her grandfather.

"Six bells in the morning watch," he announced, consulting a thick gold timepiece. "Head pump rigged and deck swabbed down?"

Secure in her knowledge of the correct answers for these sudden interrogations, Laurel impatiently replied "Yes, sir."

"Scuttle butt filled?"

"Yes, sir." She frowned and dug a heel into the soft ground.

"Then splice the keel and heave the galley overboard."

This last she recognized as a sally of humor, and contrived a fleeting perfunctory smile. Her grandfather turned once more to the pears.

"See the buds on those Ashton Towns," he commented.



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d gazed critically; the varnished red buds were
with white blossom, the new leaves unrolling,
green and sticky.
the jargonelles ——" He drew in his lips doubt-
She studied him with the profound interest his
ing always invoked; she was absorbed in his sur-
large roundness of body, like an enormous pud-
n the deliberate care with which he moved and
his feet; but most of all by the fact that when he
gry his face got quite purple, the color of her
's paletot or a Hamburg grape.
crossed the yard to where the vines of the latter
white Chasselas—Laurel was familiar with these
from frequent horticultural questionings—had
id down in cold frames for later transplanting; and
em the old man, her palm tightly held in his, trod
ously to the currant bushes massed against the
arcade of the stables, the wood and coal and store
across the rear of the place.
ast, with frequent disconcerting mutterings and
ve breaths, he finished his inspection and turned
the house. Laurel, conscious of her own superiority
arel, surveyed her companion in a frowning attitude
caught from her mother. He had on that mussy
yellow Chinese silk, and there was a spot on the
oat straining at its pearl buttons. She wondered,
aining the silent mimicry of elder remonstrance,
e would wear those untidy old things when his chests
eaped with snowy white linen and English broad-
. It was very improper in an Ammidon, particularly
who had been captain of so many big ships and who
rt dress with a cocked hat met the Emperor of Russia.
y did not retrace Laurel's steps, but passed through
ow wicket to the garden that lay directly behind the
. The inclosure was full of
song and pouring sunlight;
lac trees on either side of the
er house against the gallery
e stable were blurred with
new lavender flowering; the
ed glossy foliage of the hedge
ne roses on Briggs Street glit-
with diamonds of water; and
ockery in the far corner showed
liver of arbutus among its
ge and lacy ferns and mosses.
urel sniffed the fragrant air,
with a tumult of energy;
instinct longed to skip; she
ght of jouncing as high as the
ars, right over the house and
Washington Square beyond.
Miss Fidget!" her grandfather
imed, exasperated, releasing
and.
You're like holding on to a
ny petrel."
don't think that's very
" she replied.
God bless me," he said,
ng upon her his steady
gaze; "what have we got
all dressed up to go
e?"
e sharply elevated a
der and retorted, "Well,
leven."
s look, which had seemed
fierce, grew kindly again.
ven," he echoed with a
actory amazement; "that
eed some cumshaws and
s."
e first, she knew, was
rd of pleasant import,
ght from the East, and
t gifts; and realizing that
econd was unavoidably
ected with it she philo-
cally held up her face.
ng her over his expanse of
ach he kissed her loudly.
didn't object, really; or
r she wouldn't at all but
strong odor of Manila
ots and the Medford rum
ok at stated periods.
ter this they moved on
ugh the bay window of the drawing-
that opened on the garden, where a
an was brushing with a nodding
er duster under the white arch that
ed the main stairway, and turned
to where breakfast was being laid.
el saw that her father was already
d at the table, intent upon the tall,
ly printed sheet of the Salem Register.
mused to meet her dutiful lips; then with a "Good morning, father," returned to his reading. Camilla entered at Laurel's heels; and the latter, in a delight slightly tempered by doubt, saw that she had been before her sister in a suitable dress for such a warm day. Camilla still wore her dark merino; and she gazed with mingled surprise and annoyance at Laurel's airy garb.

"Did mother say you might put that on?" she demanded. "Because if she didn't I expect you will have to go right up from breakfast and change. It isn't a dress at all for so early in the morning. Why, I believe it's one of your very best!" The look of critical disapproval suddenly became doubly accusing.

"Laurel Ammidon, wherever are your pantalets?"

"I'm too big to have pantalets hanging down over my shoetops," she replied defiantly; "and so I just hitched them up. You can still see the frill."

Janet had come into the room, and stood behind her.

"Don't you notice Camilla," she advised; "she's not really grown up."

They turned at the appearance of their mother. "Dear me, Camilla," the latter observed, "you are getting too particular for any comfort. What has upset you now?"

"Look at Laurel," Camilla replied; "that's all you need to do. You'd think she went to dances instead of Sidsall."

Laurel painfully avoided her mother's comprehensive glance. "Very beautiful," the elder said in a tone of palpable pleasure. Laurel advanced her lower lip ever so slightly in the direction of Camilla. "But you have taken a great deal into your own hands." She shifted apparently to another topic: "There will be no lessons to-day, for I have to send Miss Gomes into Boston." At this announcement Laurel was flooded with a joy that obviously belonged to her former less dignified state. However, her mother continued addressing her: "Since you have dressed yourself like a lady I shall expect you to behave appropriately; no soiled or torn skirts, and an hour at your piano scales instead of a half."

Laurel's anticipation of pleasure ebbed as quickly as it had come—she would have to move with the greatest caution all day and spend a whole hour at the piano. It was the room to which she objected rather than the practicing—a depressing sort of place where she was careful not to move anything out of the stiff and threatening order in which it belonged. The chair deacons in particular were severely watchful; but that, now, she had determined to ignore.

She turned to johnnycakes, honey and milk, only half hearing, in her preoccupation with the injustice that had overtaken her, the conversation about the table. Her gaze strayed over the walls of the breakfast room, where water-color drawings of vessels, half models of ships on teakwood or Spanish mahogany boards, filled every possible space. Some her grandfather had sailed in as second and then first mate; of others he had been master; and the rest, she knew, were owned by Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone, her grandfather, father and uncle.

Just opposite her was the Two Capes at anchor in Table Bay, the sails all furled except the fore-topsail, which hung in the gear. A gig manned by six sailors in tarpaulin hats, with an officer in the stern sheets, swung with dripping oars across the dark water of the foreground; on the left an inky ship was standing in close hauled on the port tack with all her canvas set. It was lighter about the Two Capes, and at the back a mountain with a flat top—showing at once why it was called Table Bay—rose against an overcast sky. Laurel knew a great deal about the Two Capes—for instance that she had been a barque of two hundred and nine tons—because it had been her grandfather's first command, and he never tired of narrating every detail of that memorable voyage.

Laurel could repeat most of these particulars: They sailed on the tenth of April in ninety-three, and were four and a half months to the Cape of Good Hope; twenty days later on the rocky island of St. Paul grandfather had a fight with a monster seal; a sailor took the scurvy, and, dosed with niter and vinegar, was stowed in the long-boat, but he died and was buried at sea in the Doldrums. Then, with a cargo of Sumatra pepper, they made Corregidor Island and Manila Bay, where the old Spanish fort stood at the mouth of the Pasig. The final cargo of hemp and indigo and sugar in the hold, the barque set sail again for the Cape of Good Hope and, by way of Falmouth in England, and Rotterdam, home.

The other drawings were hardly less familiar: ships, barques, brigs and topsail schooners, the skillful work of Salmon, Anton Roux and Chinnery. There was the Celestina becalmed off Marseilles, her sails hanging idly from the yards and stays, her hull with painted ports and carved bow and stern mirrored in the level sea. There was the Albacore running through the northeast trades with royals and all her weather studding sails set. Farther along the Pallas Athena, in heavy weather off the Cape of Good Hope, was being driven hard across the Agulhas Bank under double-reefed topsails, reefed courses, the fore-topmast staysail and spanker, with the westerly current breaking in an ugly cross sea, but, as her grandfather always explained, setting the ship thirty or forty miles to windward in a day. She lingered finally over the Metacom running her easting down far to the southward with square yards under a close-reefed main-topsail, double-reefed foresail and forestaysail, dead before a gale, and gigantic long seas hurling the ship on in the bleak watery desolation.

Laurel was closely concerned in all these. One cause for this was the fact that her grandfather so often selected her as the audience for his memories and stories, during which his manner was completely that of one navigator to another; and a second flourished in the knowledge that Camilla affected to disdain the sea and any of its connections.

Sidsall appeared and took her place with a collective greeting; while Laurel, coming out of her abstraction, realized that they were discussing the subject in which nearly every conversation now began or ended—the solemn speculation of why her Uncle Gerrit Ammidon, master of the ship Nautilus, was so long overdue from China. Laurel heard this from two angles, or, otherwise, when her grandfather was or was not present, the tone of the first far more encouraging than that of the latter. Her father was



"For Me," Lucy Said, "He Is the Most Fascinating Person in Salem"

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speaking: "My opinion is that he was unexpectedly held up at Shanghai. It's a new port for us, and, Captain Verney tells me, very difficult to make; after Woosung you have to get hold of two bamboo poles stuck up on the bank a hundred feet apart as a leading mark, and with these in range steer for the bar. The channel is very narrow, and he says the Nautilus would have to wait for high water, perhaps for the spring tide. She may have got ashore, strained and sprung a leak, and had to discharge her cargo for repairs."

"That's never Gerrit," the elder replied positively. "There isn't a better master afloat. He can smell shoal water. I was certain we'd hear from him when the Sorsogon was back from Calcutta. Do you suppose, William, that he took the Nautilus about the Horn and——?" Laurel wondered at the unmannerly way in which he gulped his coffee. "He might have got fast in the Antarctic winter," he proceeded. "My deck was swept and all the boats stove off the Falklands in April."

"Gerrit's got a ship," the other asserted, "not a hermaphrodite brig built like a butter box. You'll find that I am right and that he has been tied up in port."

"I made eight hundred per cent on a first cargo for my owners," the elder retorted. "Then there was trading, yes, and sailing too! No chronometers with confounded rates of variation and other fancy parlor instruments to read your position from. When I first navigated it was with an astrolabe and the moon. A master knew his lead, latitude and lookout then.

"Eight hundred barrels of flour and pine boards to Rio, and back with coffee and hides for Salem; then out to Gibraltar and Rio with wine and on in ballast for Calcutta. Tahiti and Morea," he continued, "the Sandwich Islands and the Fijis. Sandalwood and tortoise shell and *bêche de mer;* seahorses' teeth, and saltpeter for the Chinese Government. I don't want to hear about your bills of exchange and kegs of Spanish dollars and solid cargoes of tea run back direct. Why, with your Canton and India agents and sight drafts the China service is like dealing with a Boston store."

Laurel saw that her father was assuming the expression of restrained annoyance habitual when the elder contrasted old shipping ways with new.

"Unfortunately," he said, "the patient Chinaman will no longer exchange silks and lacquer and teas for boiled sea slugs. He has learned to demand something of value."

"Why, damn it, William," the other exploded, "nothing's more valuable to a Chinese than his belly! They'll give eighteen hundred dollars a picul for birds' nests any day. As for your insinuation that we used to cheat them—I never ran opium up from India to rot their minds. And when the Chinese Government tried to stop it, there's the British commercial interests forcing it on them with cannon in 'forty-two.

"Look at the pepper we brought into Salem"—he was, Laurel realized with intense interest, growing beautifully empurpled; "lay right off the beach at Mukka and did business with the Dato himself. We forded the bags on the crew's backs across a river, with muskets served in case the bloody heathen drew their creeses. When we made sail everything was running over with pepper—the boats and forecastle and cabins and between decks."

"Well, father, the heroic times are done, of course; I can't say that I'm sorry. I shouldn't like to finance a voyage that reached out to three years and depended on the captain's picking up six or seven cargoes."

The old man rose and, muttering a plainly uncomplimentary period about the resemblance of modern ship owners to clerks, walked with his heavy careful tread from the room.

"You are so foolish to argue and excite him," William's wife told him.

Laurel regarded her with a passionate admiration for the shining hair turning smoothly about her brow and drawn over her ears to the low coil in the back, for her brown barége dress with velvet leaves and blue forget-me-nots and tightest of long sleeves and high collar, and because generally she was a mother to be owned and viewed with pride.



*"I Have a Feeling, and You Know They are Always Right, That Gerrit Will Sail Into the Harbor Any Day Now"*

She met Laurel's gaze with a little friendly nod and said:

"Don't forget about your clothes; and I think you ought to finish the practicing before dinner, so you'll be free for a walk with your grandfather in the afternoon."

Soon after, Laurel stood in the hall viewing with disfavor the light dress she had put on so gayly at rising. In spite of her sense of increasing age she had a strong desire to play in the yard and climb about in the woodhouse. Already the business of being grown up began to pall upon her, the outlook dreary that included nothing but a whole hour at the piano, an endless care of her skirts, and the slowest kind of walk through Washington Square and down to Derby Wharf, where—no matter in which direction and for what purpose they started forth—her grandfather's way invariably led.

Janet joined her, and they stood irresolutely balancing on alternate slippers.

"Did you notice," the former volunteered, "mother is letting Camilla have lots of starch in her petticoats, so that they stand right out like crinoline? Wasn't she hateful this morning?"

Laurel heard a slight sound at her back, and, wheeling, saw her grandfather looking out from the library door. A swift premonition of possible additional misfortune seized her.

Moving toward the side entrance she said to Janet, "We'd better be going right away."

It was, however, too late. "Well, little girls," he remarked benevolently, "since Miss Gomes has left for the day it would be as well if I heard your geography lesson."

"I don't think mother intended for us to study to-day," Laurel replied, making a face of appeal for Janet's support. But the latter remained solidly and silently neutral.

"What, what!" the elder mildly exploded. "Mutiny in the forecastle! Get right up here in the break of the quarter-deck or I'll harry you!"

He stood aside while Laurel and Janet filed into the library. Geography was the only subject their grandfather proposed for his instruction, and the lesson, she knew, might take any one of several directions. He might hear them with the precision of Miss Gomes herself; he might substitute for the regular questions such queries, drawn from his wide voyages, as he thought to be of infinitely greater use and interest; or, better still, he sometimes gave them the benefit of long reminiscences, through which they sat blinking in a mechanical attention or slightly wriggling with minds far away from the old man's periods, full of outlandish names and places and, when he got excited, shocking swears.

He turned the easy-chair—the one which Laurel had thought of as a ship—away from the fireplace, now covered with a green slatted blind for the summer; and they drew forward two of the heavy chairs with shining claw feet that stood against the wall. Smiley's Geography, a book no larger than the shipmaster's hand was found and opened to Hindoostan, or India within the Ganges. There was a dark surprising picture of Hindus doing penance under the banyan tree, and a confusing view of the Himaleh Mountains.

"Stuff!" he proceeded, gazing with disfavor at the illustrations. "This ought to be written by men who have seen the world and know its tides and landmarks. Do you suppose," he demanded heatedly of Janet, "that the fellow who put this together ever took a ship through the Formosa Channel against the northeast monsoon?"

"No, sir," Janet replied hastily.

"Here are climate, and face of the country, and religion"—he located these items with a blunt finger—"but I can't find exports. I'll lay he won't know a Bengal chintz from a bundle handkerchief."

"I don't think it says anything about exports," Laurel volunteered. "We have the boundaries and ——"

"Bilge!" he interrupted sharply. "I didn't fetch boundaries back in the Two Capes, did I?" He thrust the offending volume into a crevice of his chair. "Laurel," he added, "what is the outport of St. Petersburg?"

"Kronstadt," she answered after a violent searching of her memory.

"And for Manila?"—he turned to Janet.

"I can't think," she admitted.

"Laurel?"

"Cavite," the latter pronounced out of a racking mental effort.

"Just so; and"—he looked up at the ceiling—"the port for Boston?"

"I don't believe we've had that," she said firmly. His gaze fastened on her so intently that she blushed into her lap.

"Don't believe we've had it!" he echoed. "Why, confound it ——" He paused and regarded her with a new doubt. "Laurel," he demanded, "what is an outport?"

She had a distinct feeling of justifiable injury. A recognized part of the present system of examination was its

*(Continued on Page 109)*

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# THE GOBS—By Samuel G. Blythe

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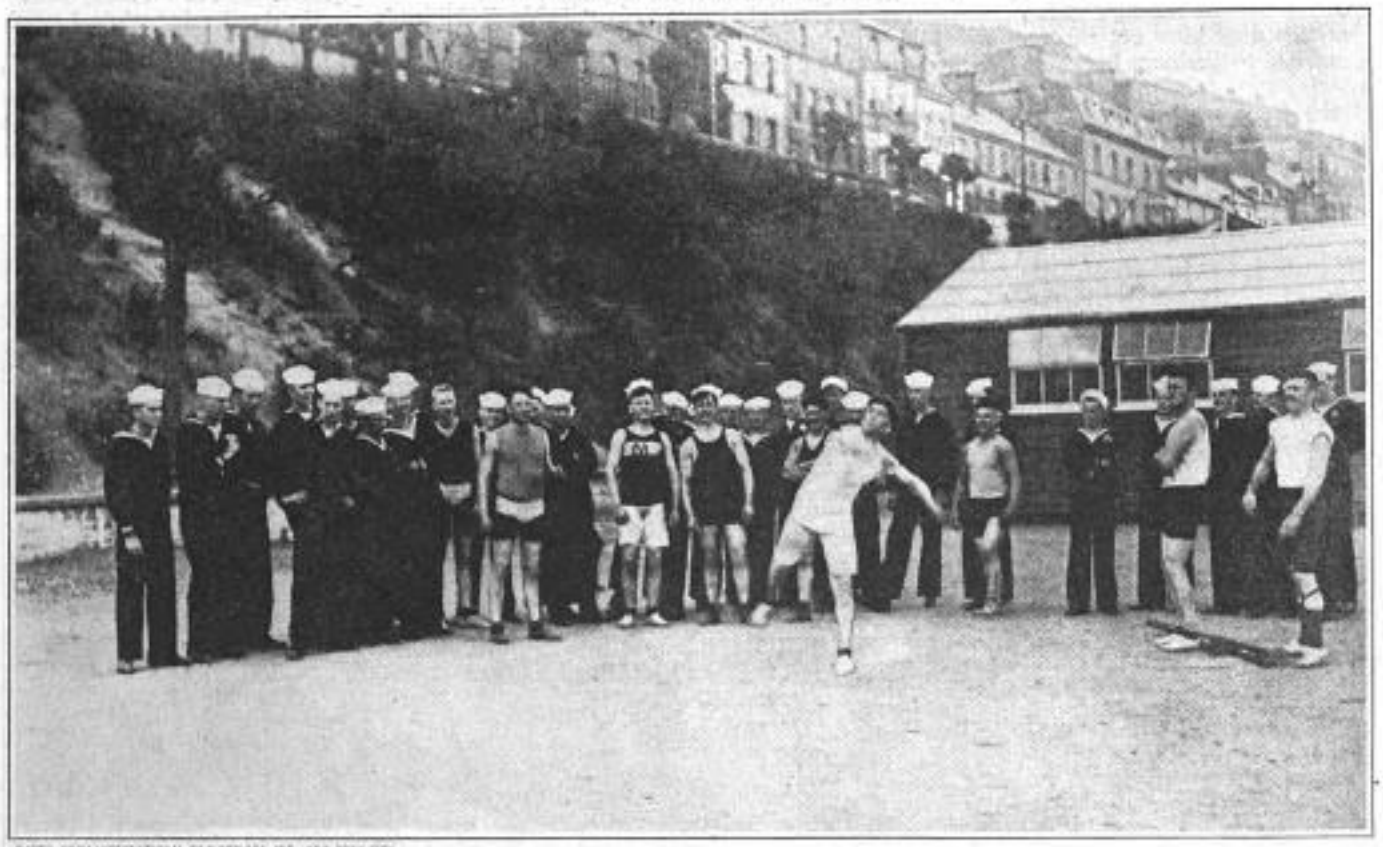


PHOTO FROM INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC., NEW YORK CITY

*American Sailors on Furlough in Ireland*

ISIDER the ay of a gob ith a girl, er you may e two—and nd them in daces in these in all the far- ports out of American ships are op- ports of all en seas. So, ver they may t principally, the purposes especial con- ation, in the f lands where resses most y upon the e—consider ay of a gob a girl.

s he walk at listance of a from her, con- g lightly upon pics of the day, ering grace- by her side holding no communion that? He does

Rather, he her and holds her firmly by the arm and convoys her erfully to the point of destination; grasps her and s her and thus bids defiance to all the world. What s he holds.

steers her skillfully through the Strand, along King t, on every other noted way where gobs and girls for- r; and the reason for this is twofold: First to adver- o all the universe that this particular bit of femininity s by right of conquest; and second to guard against ther or brother gob who might cut in and try to get away from him; which any other and brother gob d do in a minute if the tactical advantage of a pace be- n convoy and convoyed, with opportunity for the ver, was apparent, prepared to dispute lustily the tion of proprietorship at the moment of abstraction.

### Cut Out the Jackie Stuff

E firm imperious grasp on the arm is the cachet of thoritative possession, and wherever there are gobs herever there are girls—which is everywhere, for the an find them wherever they exist—you will see him signifying to all and sundry that this girl is his girl, and ding poachers would do very well for themselves to ff. Observe for yourself, next time meet a gob and a girl. A hundred e that he has her firmly by the arm, times with his fingers interlocked hers. He takes no chances, does gob, that the girl will get away, r because some other gob com- leers her or she commandeers some gob. None of that stuff for him. g a sailor he knows the advantage ecure mooring; also he has a work- nowledge of the fickleness of the tions of the sex. He is wise, is the -wise and wary.

d in the way of a gob with a girl have an illumination of the spirit e sea—the spirit of the American y; for the Navy doesn't let go r. What the Navy has the Navy s against all comers. When the y clamps down on anything the y stays clamped, eying all and ex- r approachers calmly and coldly, hoisting a signal.

you think otherwise, weigh in and what will happen to you. A two- d, blue-jacketed able seaman with girl under convoy types this spirit rely as a squadron of dreadnoughts ly facing a foe. What they have hold, and the disputant of that n is sure to be out of luck, whether disputant is an enemy battle formation on the seas or another gob with ambitions for a little feminine society for himself.

A gob is a sailor, a man of the American Navy, a bluejacket, and the term is self-applied. It is the generic term for all men in the service, up to those who wear the gold on their sleeves; and even so, the sailors often speak of the austere commanding officer as the Main Gob. The use of it primarily is to show the sailor's detestation for the usual designation of them—jackies. Nothing rouses the ire of a sailor so quickly as to call him a jackie. He doesn't like it, and will not have it. No diminutive, as expressed by the "ie," for him. It doesn't fit either with his own assumption of his manliness or with the fact of that manliness.

He is a big, broad-chested, browned, hairy, two-fisted person, is the man of the American Navy, and this speaking of him as a jackie with its implication of small-boyishness is anathema to him. He is rough, tough stuff in a rough, tough game; a fighting man, a man who goes to sea in anything that comes along, from a dreadnought to a motor launch no bigger than a whale boat, withstands the perils of it, does the incalculable labor of it, has the clear-eyed courage of it, is ready to fight over, on top, or under water, and does so fight; and he feels insulted to be called jackie as if he were a fair-haired, red-cheeked little fellow sailing a toy boat in a pond. He is no boy, with the "ie" of it to be tacked on him. He is a man, and he tells all the world so by calling himself a gob, which sobriquet is as far removed from the juvenile inference of the final "ie" as any I know.

No matter how cotton-wooled the American youth may have been in his home state, no matter what a boy he seems to fond parents or to admiring family—theminute he joins the Navy he becomes a gob, and is so labeled, and joys in the sound of it. He is a man from that moment, a man and a gob. Thus he expresses himself. Thus he gives the lie to the jackie business. Jackie? Forget that jackie stuff. Where do you get it, anyhow? Gob, dod gast you—g-o-b! It is the same with the soldiers. Their resentment of the attempt to tack the title Sammees on them is acrid and universal. They won't have it. And I don't blame them, having, as it happens, an acute personal interest in the matter. Now Samuel is a good sonorous Biblical name, and Sam is the virile contraction thereof, but this Sammee business, that gets on one's nerves. When we went into the war a great many people considered it their bounden and imperative duty to invent a nickname for our soldiers, utterly and blandly indifferent to the wishes of the soldiers themselves or what they thought about it, and pathetically unconscious of the fact that soldiers nickname themselves, and submit to no outside interference whatsoever.

### Yanks, Gobs and Poilus

HENCE our soldiers, scorning the Sammee appellation, call themselves Yanks, which is a good, masculine, soldierly term; thus the men in our Navy call themselves gobs. The English soldier can be a Tommy if he likes—and he named himself, by the way—and the English sailor a limey; the French soldier is a poilu, which means a hairy fellow and is quite unrefined and not at all expressive of juvenility; but the American soldier is a Yank and the American sailor is a gob, to themselves; which in the last analysis is the supreme decision.

So far as I could learn, the designation of gob by the sailors for themselves has been prevalent for the past five or six years. Before that the American sailors called themselves flatfeet as a protest against the jackie business. Navy philologists give various explanations of the derivation of the term, and nobody is quite clear where it came from, though there is evidence that it originated on the China coast. Its application is universal, and when one American bluejacket speaks either of himself or of another in the service he invariably says gob. "He's a hell of a gob," says one to another, "to let a limey take a girl away from him."

Wherefore, fond mammas and doting papas, adoring sisters and worshipful aunts, your young man serving in the Navy isn't a jackie and isn't any other sort of an "ie." He is a gob, and he is glad of it; and he wishes his first name was Mike, and he has a fist as big as a boxing glove, and is perfectly competent in the use of it; his neck is red and sunburned, and his shoulders broad and have a nifty swing to them as he walks; he gazes at the world with a



PHOTO FROM INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC., NEW YORK CITY

*Kidding the Mascot*

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clear and undaunted eye, and he knows his way about; he lets no one tread on him, nor start to tread; he knows his rights and, knowing, dares maintain. Some boy, that American sailor; some boy and some gob! He may have left home with golden ringlets and down on his face, but when he comes back he will probably have a cauliflower ear and hair on his chest.

### Look at His Neck

PETER MACFARLANE, the writer, who is as benignant a person as I know, radiating friendliness and good will, has a son in the Navy who is a capable young person standing six feet two or three with a chin so square you'd think it had been designed with mathematical precision, and shoulders about a yard across, to say nothing of two imposing fists on the ends of two even more imposing arms. This stripling has fought his way up to a chief petty officership, and is on the path to the gold. Fought his way up is right, for young Mr. Macfarlane, regardless of the fact that the Old Man was once a minister, can whip and has whipped practically all comers, and is nicknamed through the fleet as "Packey" Macfarlane, that being the highest tribute that could be paid to him—nicknaming him after a famous pugilist.

It so happened that Mrs. Macfarlane was at a base port, and that a new draft of gobs came in. She was pointed out to these boys as "the mother of 'Packey' Macfarlane," and immediately became the center of an adoring and disconcerting attention from these lads, who hung round her and showed in various gob ways how glad and proud and flattered they were to meet her. One of the gobs told her that he saw her son, Packey, in his great battle with So-and-So, and tried to discuss with her the details of that memorable encounter. Mrs. Macfarlane didn't understand. Her son is emphatically not a professional pugilist, no matter what his amateur qualifications may be.

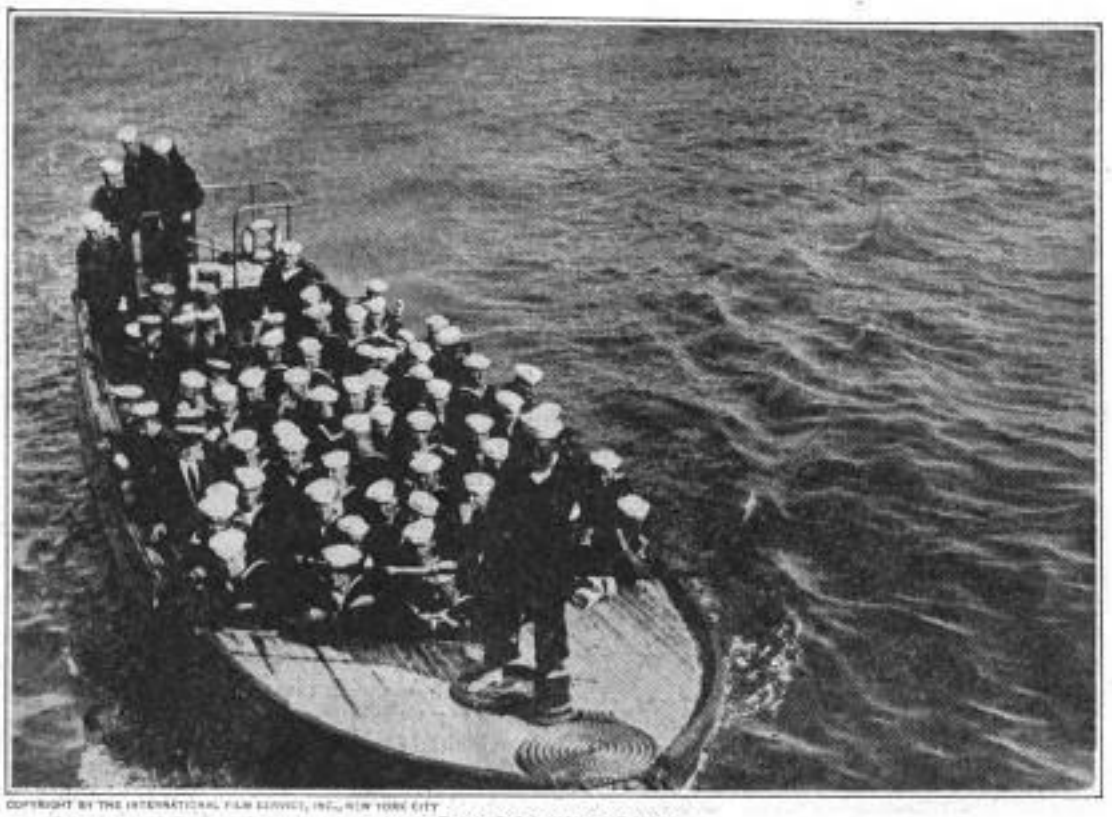
"Ain't you the mother of Packey McFarland, the pug?" she was asked.

"No, indeed!" she replied. "My son is in the Navy."

"Oh," they said in a disgusted chorus, and faded away.

Only a gob to her credit, and they thought she was the mother of a real prize fighter; hence to be revered. All Mikes in that Navy—or hope to be; not a Percy in the bunch.

Far be it from me to make invidious comparisons between the men in the Army and the men in the Navy—or any other sort of comparisons—but however good the Army may be, the Navy is just as good in personnel, albeit there are only half a million or so in the Navy to the two millions or more in the Army. But that half million! Have you ever seen any considerable number of those lads at work or at play? Not a few on the streets, but ten or twenty thousand of them? Well, when you have that privilege I am sure you will coincide with my view that, man for man, there never was a finer aggregation of eager, insistent, fighting youth gathered together on this earth or the waters on the face thereof; never was one that topped it or came anywhere near topping it. And every last one of them is a hand-picked specimen. The quick way to judge the manliness of a man is to have a look at his neck. A thin neck, a scrawny neck and ill-developed neck denotes an ill-developed man. The neck is the sure sign. When a man begins to waste in the neck his number is up. When he gets gross from overfeeding and lack of exercise and other indulgences his neck bulges and is flabby and rolls out behind. But when a man is fit his neck is straight and columnar, and holds a clear-eyed head jauntily on his shoulders. The cutaway collars of the bluejacket give a chance to make this judgment, and I desire to say that by the neck test, which is the best infallible test there is, those half million bullies in the American Navy are physically the goods.



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*Bound for Shore Leave*

### Men, Not Saints

I HAD seen them in various numbers, here and there—a ship's company at a time, or a parade of them, or in bunches on the streets—but until I got to a certain naval base abroad I had never seen more than a thousand or so of them at a time. Here I came into the middle of a good many thousands of them for long hours at a time, watched them, talked with them, ate with them, played with them, and had what I may honestly call a complete and exhaustive look at them. I am not an emotional person nor subject to extravagances in print, but I desire to go on record that these men and their similars in our other bases, as well as those at home, fulfill every specification I can set down for manliness, fitness, intelligence, spirit and all-round Americanism, but are no saints.

Not a saint nor a Willie boy in the outfit. They are youth from all parts of the United States, and they have all the enthusiasm, extravagances, mischievousness, high spirit and liking for fun that any other youths have. They are quickly susceptible to discipline, keenly conscious of what their duties and responsibilities are, willing to work until they drop, meet the dangers of their calling with a superb courage and indifference, and cut up like schoolboys when they are on liberty. They have all the sentimentalities of youth, all the desires of youth, all the hasty-mindedness of youth. They sometimes translate the aspiration to be held as old-timers and seasoned sailors into excess; and there are outlaws among them—men who would be no good anywhere.

But all in all they are a clean-living, clean-thinking, fit-to-last-ounce lot! Fine, decent, manly young Americans, earnest, loyal, enthusiastic in their work, and glad to be in it as they are. They wallop

(Continued on Page 35)



*Above—A Friendly Boxing Contest*



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*A Busy Scene Aboard an American Ship in Foreign Waters*



*A Gymnasium at the Sailors' Club for American Sailors*

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# Europe To-Day and To-Morrow

## The German Propaganda—By Will Irwin



BEFORE the year 1914 many a man in the street, coming across the word "propaganda," would have had to reach for the dictionary. Now everyone is using it, constantly and glibly. It belongs to a long list of words which the war dragged out of obscurity and set in the universal vocabulary. It means, in the current sense, national advertising. But when we add an adjective and say "German propaganda," it becomes at once a phrase of sinister meaning—a kind of intellectual taint, evilly clever beyond belief.

This impression is fairly accurate; German propaganda has been a sinister influence and a powerful weapon.

Two years ago one could not have said much concerning its perils for the Entente Allies and for civilization. Even since that time it has done its part, no less than armies and armies, to break down Russian resistance; it shook the heroic soul of France; it paralyzed a part of the best Italian Army to stand still and let the enemy through. But now, just as the whole world has awakened to its dangers, German propaganda seems to be wearing itself out. Propaganda is higher journalism; and the German "psychological offensive" is failing through a process well known to the crooked kind of American journalism. It is being beaten by the unadorned truth.

### German-Tainted News in Europe

PROPAGANDA, as in other activities of war, Germany found herself infinitely better prepared than the civilized nations of Western Europe. In the old European practice of imperialism, however, this weapon had been used in a rudimentary fashion by all sides. The European telegraph press bureaus, counterparts of our own United Press and Associated Press, were semiofficial organs, giving to the outside world the viewpoint of the government. In a nation more or less complete they served not only the nation but the faction in power at the time.

To digress for a moment—this accounts for the disgust with which Americans in foreign lands viewed the American news that they found in the newspapers. Each of these European press bureaus, like Wolff in Berlin, had a foreign system of distribution. Not only did it gather and distribute news within its own country—it also sent it forth to the world. Only just before the war had the American bureaus laid the foundations for a foreign distributing service; and in 1914 it was scarcely operating at all.

What happened to American news was this: The American telegraph press bureaus "fed" to their European contemporaries, who did the distributing in Europe, South America, Australia and the Near East. Now any item of news traveling from the point of origin to the point where it is served hot with the breakfast coffee goes through a process of editing and rediting at various centers; usually it shrinks in space as it travels. The telegraph editor in Europe edited the American reports as he sent them on. With his governmental connection he had to send out a good proportion of news that strikes the average journalist as pretty dull. But there lay the American report, to do with as he pleased. So he lightened his day's output for his own country and foreign lands with bizarre and sensational items from the United States. A great new reclamation project of our Government went unnoticed. The nomination of a candidate for President was edited down to a dozen lines. But the latest society divorce or the most recent lynching got a pretty full account. Consequently, and through no one's fault in particular, such inhabitants of South America, Australia and Continental Europe as formed their views through what they read in the newspapers pictured us as a land of lynchers, divorcees and bloated sensational millionaires.

Arrested at Dieppe by the British Army, early in the war, I had for head jailer a big engaging cockney of the Coldstream Guards. In the course of a long conversation about many things it occurred to me to find out what he knew about the United States. President Wilson's name he recognized of course; he could not escape that in the days of the Lusitania outrage. Otherwise he identified only two American personalities—Jack Johnson and Harry Thaw.

News from London, Paris and Berlin corresponding to that of the Johnson-Willard fight and the Thaw trial was distributed by the European press bureaus, of course. But this matter was lost after all in the great mass of serious news with more or less of a governmental slant about political, commercial and financial activities. Here, as might be expected, the German led. Havas and Reuter cannot be accused of coloring the news overmuch in favor of France and England. In cumulative character their reports went no farther than might have been expected of a patriotic agency eager to present the nation and the administration with its best foot forward. But Wolff had long been lying, cleverly and subtly, with the single end of advertising Germany. The citizen of an outlying country like South America, who visualized the United States as a kind of moving-picture show, thought of Germany as an efficient paradise.

In certain tangled "spheres of influence," such as China, all the European Powers had carried propaganda one stage farther; like the manager of a yellow journal, they not only recorded the news, they created it. They studied to do those graceful acts which assist international good feeling and give the newspapers something to talk about.

It had remained for Germany, however, to spread her propaganda to every country of the world which might affect her interests in her coming burst toward conquest. We know now what was happening among us. In 1902 Prince Henry, the Kaiser's brother, visited the United States; this was for purposes of propaganda, and also by way of spying out the land.

### Americans Discovered in America

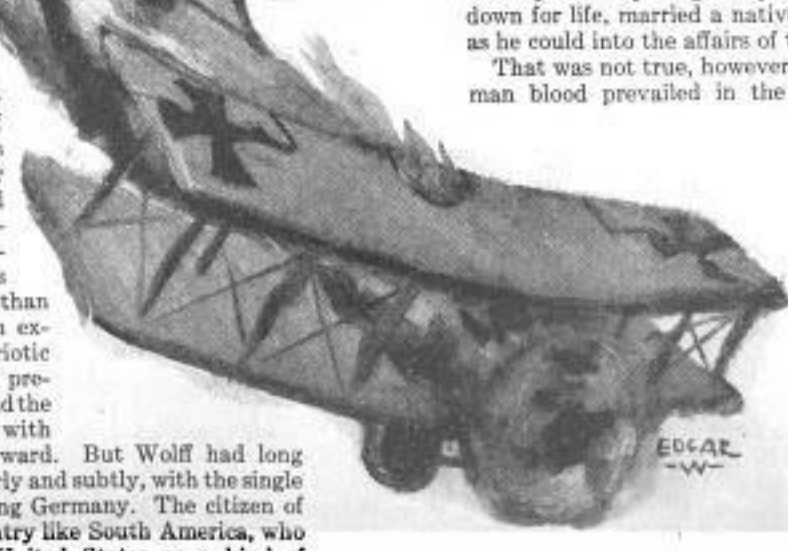
ON THE way home an eminent member of his suite burst out to an acquaintance of mine: "We expected to meet Germans in Milwaukee, Cincinnati and St. Louis; and when we saw them they were Americans! This must not be!"

What happened subsequently has been often told during the past year. German singing societies, shooting clubs, turnvereins, social clubs sprang into sudden prominence and prosperity. German instead of French became the great modern language of the schools. Our universities received Germanic museums and a set of German professors just popular enough in their methods, the Kaiser must have felt, to take hold of the American mind. In our schools an artificial rage was created for German higher education. Young men finishing off in their specialties went by instinct to Germany where in many cases England or France would have served much better had they only known it. Americans of the old stock were hypnotized into a belief in the superiority of Germany in many things wherein she was actually inferior. The German-American was hypnotized into a passionate artificial Germanism which totally checked his development as an American citizen. The German-American awoke after we entered the war; but not until the Kaiser had gathered the fruits of his policy in our two years and a half of uneasy hesitation. I need go no farther with this; every day now the Federal inquiry is adding details to the story, which we all know.

Most of us do not know, however, that Germany was working just as systematically in other countries, and notably in South America. On that continent, so rich and so sparsely settled, the Pan-Germanist had designs—has them yet. By imperial will German emigration had been turned during the two decades preceding the great war from the United States, which Germany might influence but could not dominate, to this promising field for conquest. Germans scattered themselves all through South America; in certain countries, as Brazil, they flocked to limited districts and established colonies. Taking these as a nucleus the Germans, under orders from Berlin, began a systematic effort to introduce admiration for their Kultur and respect for their Fatherland. With that obedience which the lords of the empire have instilled into this generation, the German colonist, though far from the grip of German law, followed program. The Englishman or American resident for business purposes in a foreign land tends to keep to his own manners and customs and to hold a little apart from the natives. The isolated German in South America studied to make himself a part of the country in everything except loyalty. Usually he settled down for life, married a native woman, worked as closely as he could into the affairs of the district.

That was not true, however, of the colonies, where German blood prevailed in the population. These people remained—and by imperial policy—German of the Germans. Their churches and schools, where the German political faith and the German language were taught in their purity, were staffed and subsidized from Berlin. As the frank German political philosophers wrote again and again, these colonies were to be the "salvation" of South America. They were to spread German Kultur, in opposition to "degenerate Spanish-French Kultur." When their

(Continued on Page 26)




DECORATION BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

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# JEM OF THE OLD ROCK

## By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

EIGHTEEN years before my story opens, on a lovely evening in June, a stork was slowly flapping its way toward Major Milligan's mansion.

As you will guess from the use of the word "mansion" this was no ordinary house that the stork was approaching—any more than the major, of the late governor's military staff, was an ordinary man.

Outside, the victoria of Norwich's leading doctor was slowly rolling up and down Washington Street. Inside, Doctor Bingley and two trained nurses had organized themselves into a reception committee of three. And down in the library Major Milligan alternately got up and sat down, and walked to the window and walked back, and started to hum and stopped to listen—quite in the immemorial manner.

And yet if you had been there I think you would have noticed that Major Milligan did all these things in a style of his own, and not at all like other men.

When he got up, for instance, he rose with an air of great dignity, like the sun rising over Thermopylæ; and when he sat down he sat down as though he were the Supreme Court of the United States; and when he walked he walked as, I imagine, Henry Clay used to walk on his way to the barber's; and when he stopped to hum you could imagine the people reverently uncovering their heads and pins dropping with great noises in the distance. Yes, and when he stood and listened—quite in the immemorial manner—with his head slightly turned on one side, such a frown overshadowed his features that if you had been there to watch him I am sure you would have thought to yourself: "Oh, that awful bird! How can he have the nerve to keep the major waiting so!"

But still the stork loitered on his way. He may have been an old bird with a touch of rheumatism, or he may have been a businesslike bird keeping his eye open for future engagements, or he may have been a young bird and perhaps wasn't flying alone. Whatever the reason, he loitered.



*At First She Thought She Was in for a Wigging, But Instead Her Father Took Her Up Into the Attic*

And after the major had done all those things that I have mentioned—once, twice and again—he pushed back one of the glass doors that lined the room and carried to his desk a grand old-fashioned volume in royal octavo bearing the grand old-fashioned title Holy Bible.

This he opened to the blank pages that used to be found in those old volumes—pages headed Marriages, Deaths, Pledge of Total Abstinence. The major turned them over till he came to the page entitled Births, and then after a deal of playing with his pen and pursing of his lips he cleared his throat, dipped his pen in the ink and wrote:

June 28, 1899. To James Madison Milligan and Fanny, his wife, their first-born child, James ——

Suddenly the door opened, and just as suddenly the major sprang to his feet. But no, it wasn't the stork; it was Mr. Milligan's brother-in-law, who had dropped in for news of the day.

"Not yet, John; not yet," said the major in a gracious manner.

"Thought it had, seeing you making the entry." He glanced over the major's shoulder. "Going to call it James, eh? Don't you think you're a little premature?"

"Not at all, John; not at all," said the major, all dignity in a moment. "A thing like this, I have always held, is—ah—a matter of faith and—ah—concentration. The Milligans have always held to this belief. My father held it. My grandfather held it. My great-grandfather held it. All the Milligans have held it. Never for one moment have I doubted that it would be a boy. Neither, I may say, has Fanny. Moreover, if I may use the word, it is a family habit. I was the first-born—a boy. My father was the first—a boy. So was my grandfather; and great-grandfather. Indeed it's a family tradition ——"

But this particular family tradition may never be known to history, because just at that moment the door swung open and a breathless nurse showed her head through the opening, with the air of a sibyl fresh from her mysteries and having news of import to unfold.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but the baby's born."

Smilingly then, for all her breathlessness, she awaited the inevitable question, meanwhile holding her information to herself with the beaming manner of a very rich philanthropist who is about to give some of his wealth away.

"A boy, of course," said the major with a touch of impatience.

"No, sir; a girl." And being human after all, and not a bit stuck up, even if she was a trained nurse, which as everybody knows is right next door to being a doctor, she added: "The sweetest little thing you ever saw!"

And off upstairs she popped again and left the major thunderstruck.

It wasn't so much the disappointment in his own natural wishes, I think, as it was the slap at his family that made the major frown so. Family beliefs, family procedure, family tradition—all, all had been flaunted and set at naught by this—this indescribable little stranger of an unwelcome sex.

Baby's uncle went off with a chuckle. Baby's father sat down with a frown.

Yes, and the more he thought it over the more his frown increased; and after he had stared for a time at his entry under Births he grudgingly added three letters, so that the line now ran:

June 28, 1899. To James Madison Milligan and Fanny, his wife, their first-born child, Jamesina.

From the room above descended a thin plaintive "Ya-a-a-ah!"

The major cocked his eye aloft, as an irritable old duck will sometimes look up when it thunders, and for a moment he quite forgot his poise and native dignity. Of course, he knew that no one would hear him, but —— "Oh, will you shut up—shut up! Why aren't you a boy?" cried he.

If this were not the bustling age that it is—an age that wants some action from its heroines almost as soon as they are born—perhaps you would like to hear in similar detail how the major's family increased, generally one by one, but once with a leap and a bound.

When Jamesina—or Jem, as everyone soon called her—was eighteen months old, for instance, the stork came again to the Milligan mansion, but this time, alas, he winged his flight in the shadow of the Angel of Death. He left the longed-for son behind him, but the next morning the following two notices appeared in the Norwich Bulletin:

BIRTHS

To James Madison Milligan and Fanny, his wife, a son.

And just underneath, checking the smile and bringing a sigh to every man born of woman:

DEATHS

Fanny, beloved wife of James Madison Milligan. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

For a time, perhaps, you would have seen no change in the major, except that he looked a little older and was dressed in the deepest and most dignified of black. In much the same manner you might observe no outward change in a handsome gold watch when the spring breaks—but just as undeniably the change had taken place.

He began—always in his dignified way—by making an unfortunate investment in local real estate and, as many a man has done before him when the expected profits failed to pour themselves into his purse, he started upon that long heartbreaking game which is generally known as throwing good money after bad.

As a matter of fact he had never been a tower of strength, financially, and when his affairs were finally straightened out, just this side of the bankruptcy court, he found that he still owned the Milligan mansion—but that was all. His horses were sold; his coachman and groom took their immaculate buckskin breeches into other employment; his gardener mowed the lawn for the last time and left it ridgy; the nurse, the cook, the laundress and the waitress ate their last good meal at his kitchen table and vanished with that sorrowful wag of the head which seems to say, "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

"Now what will he do?" asked the neighbors.

The major soon showed them.

The very next week, still preserving his dignified manner, he married Mrs. Merrill, a pleasant-faced widow with three children of her own. She had once been the major's housekeeper, but had left him years before to get married herself.

"What on earth will the man do next?" asked the neighbors with bated breath.

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t at all nonplused, and always in his dignified man-
he major proceeded to show them. His first child by
cond wife was a girl named Judith, and his second
. boy named Jerome.
'e'll have a dozen yet," the neighbors told each other,
t their eyes.
t in this the prophets had reckoned without their
In Jerome the major had given his last hostage to
ne. As a progenitor the major was through.
ben I was a boy—which I am yet, for that matter;
hen I was a younger boy than I am now—I was often
with a feeling of chagrin at being made the living text
ery dead proverbs: "Little boys should be seen and
eard," "Spare the rod and spoil the child," "Early
d and early to rise," and, most hateful of all, "Little
ers have big ears."
nether or not there is any foundation in fact for this
statement, I know that first and last I heard many
ge earful about the major and his efforts to make both
meet; but the phrase that sticks in my mind the
est is that notwithstanding his efforts to carry things
a grand manner it wasn't long before the major was
icly known to be as poor as Job's turkey.
linking it over lately it seems to me that this is a
e that can hardly be improved. If you can imagine a
some old turkey tom of pedigree stock but now fallen
vil days, desperately trying to pick up a living among
rambles and losing most of his feathers in the attempt
still retaining enough to try to make a cart wheel of his
whenever opportunity offered—there you will have a
ire of Major Milligan that will stand as a
el for the next fifteen years of his life.
et with it all he tried so hard to please. To
e of us at whom he had hardly deigned to look
re, he grew affable—with an almost pathetic
'e to be noticed—bowing to the occupants of
carriages that rolled up Washington Street,
urbanely waving his hand to those who passed
nansion on foot. But even this innocent pleas-
was gradually restricted, for the lower end of
hington Street, where the major lived, slowly
surely began to deteriorate, and both carriages
pedestrians began to favor the wider and more
ern Madison Avenue—or "Parvenu Avenue,"
ne major bitterly called it.
a course of time the house next to the man-
was sold and a sign Table Board promptly
eared on the front door. What the major suf-
d from this probably no one will ever know but
self and his patient, pleasant-faced wife, and
a she must have missed the point of most of it.
had always been a little hard of hearing, but of
years she had grown quite deaf—an affliction that
sometimes operate as a blessing in disguise.
'or did the decline of Washington Street stop at
e board. Antonio Camisa bought the old brick
rfarlane house across the street, ran an L to the
walk and built two stores therein.
a the right-hand shop Antonio's eldest son estab-
ed himself as a tonsorial artist, and would fre-
ntly sit on a pleasant afternoon in the shadow of
striped pole, playing selections from Lucia di
nmermoor and Don Pasquale on a well-worn mando-
and smelling most exquisitely of scented waters.
nd a week later when the major came home one eve-
g his horrified eyes caught the following sign on the store
t door:

HOP LEE
CHINESE LAUNDRY

like many another man, before and since, the major was
ays on the verge of making a fortune. Once it was a
mical process for manufacturing paint without the use
il; again it was a churn for making butter in a min-
—of which the major had purchased the Connecticut
hts; and once again, I remember, it was the develop-
nt of a tremendous water-power property along the
inebaug River. Meanwhile he made a most precarious
ng by writing fire insurance for customers who were
t to him by his brother-in-law, the cashier of the
ibegan National Bank.
This went on for many years, and then one noon the
jor received a letter that made his hands tremble when
read it, and when he started home that afternoon, if you
d seen him, I think you would have said to yourself in
voice of compassion, "Poor old major; he's getting old."
He walked home slowly, and the more he looked round
n with bitter eyes the more prosperity mocked him from
ery side.
The stores were prosperous; the people who hurried in
d out were prosperous; the crush of cars on Franklin
uare fairly throbbed prosperity; the banks reflected it;
e office buildings radiated it; the hotels beamed it; and
e thirty-foot thermometer on the Thayer Building show-
g the town's participation in the first Liberty Loan was
t only painted red all the way up the tube but red paint
d been splashed over the top and made to run down the
des to show the generous oversubscription that had been
cured.

"It would have been different if Fanny had lived," sighed the major. "A gem of the old rock if ever there was one. She could keep me at it, and keep me straight. . . . No, I've never been the same since she was taken. . . . . If Jemmy had only been a boy!" he sighed again.

He turned in at Washington Street, passing the barber shop and the laundry with a dispirited air; but when he crossed over to the old Milligan mansion which, like himself, was showing unmistakable signs of wear and tear, he stopped at the gate and stared with a heightening color at the scene that was taking place on the lawn by the side of the house.



*Then the Young Man Turned and Took a Good Long Look at Jemmy*

"My God! My God!" he muttered. And opening the gate he quickly passed inside.

Waiving all further ceremony I must tell you now about Jemmy, that indescribable little stranger of an unwelcome sex with which my prologue started. She was, in a word, one of those rare little madames who seem to be born with executive ability. Whenever the major's children went out to play they always played the game that Jem desired.

Another thing: Gwendolyn, the major's oldest stepdaughter, was two years older than Jemmy, but the time had never been when my heroine couldn't squirt a mouthful of water much farther than Gwendolyn; and though Percy was a year older Jem could outrun him, outjump him, outsing him, outshout him; and if he still persisted in his foolish rivalry she could give him a fine old walloping too, while the younger children gazed on in awe—especially Jerome and Judith, who regarded their valiant sister as a combination of goddess, empress, queen and Battling Jemmy.

At that time of her life she had a rather large mouth, but if she took a fancy to you she could give you a smile that immediately made connections with your heart, and then you saw only the blue in her eyes and the gold in her hair. She also had long thin legs and didn't seem to have the most remote idea of their existence.

As the other children grew up their characters began to develop—not yet clearly defined but casting their shadows before.

Jack, the one who was born on the night that his mother had died, showed a constant craving for excitement and startling experience. It was a dull week when he wasn't nearly drowned, nearly scalded, nearly kicked by a horse, nearly lost, nearly shot, nearly poisoned or otherwise nearly killed entirely. He was probably stung by more bees than all the other children on Washington Street put together, and ate more snow flavored with orange juice and sugar, and threw more stones, and broke more windows, and knew more dogs, and shed more tears and smiled more smiles—and oh, how he and Jemmy loved each other!

Percy, the major's stepson, was one of the sly quiet kind. He looked out of the sides of his eyes without turning his head and could pinch harder and look more innocent than any law allowed. If the children each had a piece of candy Percy pretended to eat his with a loud noise, but in reality he hid it in his cheek until the others had eaten theirs. Then Master Percy with a look of triumph would produce his piece of candy all wet and warm, and make such a juicy sound over it that all the other children's mouths would run water; and the more of a hullabaloo they raised the more it pleased Sir Percy.

Gwendolyn, the oldest stepdaughter, was a pretty, languid child, who liked to read novels across the foot of the bed, getting up at frequent intervals to look at herself in the mirror. Her highest ambition was to be the world's most beautiful actress. Her wildest dream was that some day in her travels she would marry a lord and be known as Lady Gwendolyn.

Vivian, the third and last stepchild, was a born housewife. Her idea of a good time was to help her mother make the beds. Before she was ten she knew how to make the cake look yellow without putting eggs in it, and what to do with the bread crusts that Percy left under the edge of his plate.

Of Jerome and Judith I will say nothing except that they were inseparable. Once when Jerry was sent to bed without his supper Judy bade the others a tremulous good night, and she went toddling up to bed without her supper too, and soon had her arms round poor Jerry.

Such in brief was the major's family; and like Mrs. Phinney's turnip it grew and it grew. It grew, in fact, until the day when Jemmy reached her eighteenth birthday. That was the day when the major came home, stared over the gate as though he had seen a ghost, and muttered, "My God! My God!"

And that's where my prologue stops and my story begins:

I

THE children were on the lawn by the side of the house. Jack was mending the rose arbor. Percy, in long trousers, had been pumping a bicycle tire. Gwendolyn was reclining in the hammock, a book in her lap. Vivian was hemming a dishcloth. And Judy and Jerry were seated on a bench, frankly doing nothing but watch their Jemmy with eyes that never blinked. For that matter they were all watching Jemmy; and now I will tell you why.

She had draped an old sheet round her like a Red Cross uniform and, pretending that she was on the City Hall steps addressing the people of Norwich, she was making a spirited appeal for funds.

It wasn't what she was doing, however, that had made the major stop and stare. It was the way she looked. Heretofore her old dresses and style of hairdressing had given Jem an individuality of her own, but under the cover of that sheet, with nothing but her earnest little face showing, the major had almost thought for a moment that it was his first wife speaking, clad in the raiment of the tomb.

There was the same radiance of expression that had once been Fanny's; the same fire, the same saucy nose and eyes that alternately flashed and grew deeper than wells. And above all there was the same fearlessness with which his first wife had ruled him—with which she had kept him at it, and kept him straight, and otherwise made a man of him.

"A beauty, too," mused the major, the letter in his pocket quite forgotten. "If she only had some decent clothes like Fanny." A recollection and a whim seized hold of him together. "Oh, Jemmy!" he called, walking up the path. "Will you come here a minute, please?"

At first she thought she was in for a wigging, but instead her father took her up into the attic, where after rummaging round he found the old trunk in which his first wife's dresses had been laid away. You can imagine, perhaps, how Jem felt when she saw those treasures, and especially when the major lifted out a red-satin slip and a black-lace dress.

"There," he said; "I always thought that was the prettiest. Wait a moment; there's a long knitted sash goes with it. . . . Here. . . . And these shoes . . . . There. Now try those on, and when you're dressed I want you to come down in the library—come right in brisk and cheerful—and say 'Well, Jim!'—just like that—'Well Jim, how have things gone on to-day?'"

Yet though he had planned the scene himself the major felt a thrill run over him ten minutes later when Jemmy entered the library and briskly inquired about the doings of the day.

"Isn't that Fanny all over again?" he asked himself in a sort of awe; and aloud he added, "Oh, pretty well, honey; but here's something I'd like to ask you about."

Jem, however, didn't hear him. She was staring out of the window, horrified, at Master Percy, who had little Jerry down on the grass with the nozzle of the bicycle pump in his mouth, evidently threatening to blow him up and burst him.

The next moment Jem rushed from the room, and the major went to the window to see the reason why.

"Isn't that Fanny all over?" he muttered again; but this time he chuckled as Jem caught Master Percy a smart

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crack on one side of his head and began to chase him round the yard, evidently bent on cracking him on the other side.

Now at the rear of the yard was a privet hedge, separating the Milligan place from one of the parvenu properties on Madison Avenue. Thinking to escape his fate Percy jumped this hedge, but rising in the air like a thoroughbred filly Jem grandly followed after.

As it happened the major wasn't the only one who had been watching. On one of the parvenu terraces above a young man in aviator's uniform had also been an interested spectator of the chase. As the hunter and hunted approached him he suddenly stepped forward and tackled Master Percy round the shoulders.

"Do you want him?" he asked.

"Thank you," gasped Jem; and after she had given Master Percy that other crack which was due him she politely added: "There, you can let him go now."

Percy retired, breathing fire and vengeance. The path was of gravel, temptingly crowned with pebbles, and they watched Master Percy very closely until he vanished. Then, and not till then, the young man turned and took a good long look at Jemmy.

It was thus, I think, that young Paris once looked at Helen.

It was thus, I think, that Bonaparte once gazed at Josephine.

The following Wednesday, Jem had all hands cleaning and dusting the old-fashioned drawing-room of the mansion; and as soon as supper was over she hurried upstairs and put on the red-satin slip and black lace. But even at that the doorbell rang before she was ready. Gwendolyn answered the bell—Gwendolyn, who was also dressed to the nines that night as though she scented romance in the air—and there at the door stood a shy young man in an aviator's uniform asking if Jem was in.

"My sister will be down presently," said Gwendolyn. "Won't you come this way, please?" And "walking with an infinite grace, meanwhile humming the last, lingering snatch of an old song," Mistress Gwendolyn, that enterprising little beau-snatcher, led the caller into the drawing-room. There five minutes later Jem found her, languishing and "casting the light of her radiant orbs into his." Jem sent her out with a flea in her ear, but even in her retreat Gwendolyn "walked like a young duchess, with that insolent hauteur in which she ever excelled."

As soon as she passed through the portières, however, her hauteur left her, and noiselessly turning she glued her eye to a narrow opening in the velvet. There she was presently joined by Jack, Percy and Vivian, who came tiptoeing out of the kitchen to get a glimpse of Jem's first beau. In the library across the hall sat the major, a tender wistful smile on his face, such as sometimes comes to an old man when he lives again the golden hours that taught him the meaning of life.

"Besides," he thought, a shrewder expression narrowing his eyes, "if he and Jem make a match of it there will certainly be some money in this family again. The old lady must have between two and three millions, and Stanley's the only son. With money like that at the back of me ——"

He rose and walked to the door—whereat Jem's audience noiselessly sped back to the kitchen; and for the next five minutes the major chatted in his urbane manner with Jem's caller, gave him a cigar, and gently shut the door behind him when he left, as though to say: "You are welcome, young man. Take your time. Take your time."

That was the first call of a series, supplemented by many a ride in Stanley's wire-wheeled coupé. The last time she rode in it Jem climbed in radiantly enough, but when she came home she was pale, and her eyes had that clear limpid look which the world sometimes wears just after a shower.

Stanley's mother had set her foot down on the whole beautiful business.

"She's proud—terribly proud," Stanley had said as the car rolled slowly along a country lane, "and she says she's through with me forever if—if—if you ever were to marry me. We had the first big row of our lives. I'd be a mean sneak, dear, if I didn't tell you this, because if she really means it I wouldn't have a cent in the world to bless you with. But now I've told you that, I want to tell you this: My furlough's up to-morrow afternoon, and if you'll marry me we'll go for the license as soon as we get back to Norwich, and be married first thing to-morrow morning. What do you say?"

Without a moment's hesitation Jem said "No."

"To start by coming between you and your mother—I'd never forgive myself," she sighed. "And besides, Stanley, honestly they need me at home."

He took that for the hyperbole of youth, but the more he pressed her the more resolute she became. Stanley didn't guess it, but there was another reason back of her refusal.

"But we'll stay sweethearts," he said in alarm, suddenly afraid that he was going to lose her completely. "You're not going to throw me over altogether—are you, Jemmy? Just when I'm going away and perhaps we'll never see each other again?"

The despairing earnestness of his voice set the chords of her heart thrumming.

They kissed a little, and cried a little, and Jemmy took a step upward on the great stairway of life. A few minutes later they were back in Norwich, and when the car rolled past the Templeton residence Jem sat up very straight.

And now I will tell you the third reason why she wouldn't marry Stanley against his mother's wishes. Mrs. Templeton of the Pillars may have been a proud woman, but her pride wasn't one-two-three with the pride of little Jem of the Old Rock.

It was half-past five when Jem climbed out of the wire-wheeled coupé and ran up the steps of the old Milligan mansion, still pale from the first bitter cup that love had brought her, and her eyes with that clear limpid look which the world sometimes wears just after a shower. As she started upstairs to change her dress she heard voices in the library, one of them a loud angry voice—and she stopped with her hands on the banisters to listen.

"Now look here, major," said the loud angry voice, "you're either going to pay this bill or you're going to eat dirt. Some of it has been owing for ten years, and you've either got to come across right now or I'm going to make trouble for you."

Jem heard her father's voice—subdued but evidently trying to conciliate.

"You can't, eh?" said the other man, louder and angrier than before. "Then let me tell you something: A man who contracts a bill that he can't pay is a dead beat. And that's what you are—a dead beat! The worst in Norwich! Why, there's hardly a store in town that you haven't hung up for as much as they'll trust you with. You might as well steal a man's things or pick his pockets as do the way you've been doing."

On the stairs Jemmy came down a step, plainly undecided what to do—a look of horror in her eyes that anyone should dare to speak to her father like that.

"You're a nice one, aren't you?" continued the angry voice. "Going round sticking people right and left, and thinking you can wiggle out of paying when the time for paying comes. . . . What? Not shake my finger so near your nose? Why-y-y-y, my dear man, for two cents ——"

His voice suddenly died away as he caught sight of Jem in the doorway—Jem whose face was paler than ever but who held herself more than ever like a little queen.

"Is this your bill, Mr. Kahn?" she asked, picking it off the table. "Well, will you leave it with me, please? I think I can promise you that you will get your money. . . . And is it really true, dad," she asked, after the obstreperous creditor had left, "that we owe nearly every store in Norwich?"

Again she reminded him so strongly of his first wife that he felt a thrill run over him and, even as Fanny had always been his confidante, so now he opened the bottom drawer of his desk and showed Jem the pile of bills that lay there flattened out under a horseshoe.

"I'm afraid to add 'em up any more," he said, his voice growing old and weary for the first time that Jem had ever heard it so. "And now you know this, I might as well tell you something else: Some years ago I borrowed money on the house—five thousand dollars altogether. Since then the value of the property's gone down, and the other week—I had a letter from the trust company—that I'd have to reduce the loan a thousand dollars before the end of the year—or else—or else ——"

The old man made a helpless gesture, and Jemmy comforted him, sitting on the arm of his chair and holding his grizzled old head against her tender young breast. And as she sat there stroking his hair and soothing him into quiet again, all unconsciously she took another step upward on that grand stairway which is sometimes called life. Jemmy thought it over all that night and all the next morning. Yet when the solution came it

(Continued on Page 42)



"I Had a Letter From the Trust Company—That I'd Have to Reduce the Loan a Thousand Dollars Before the End of the Year"

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# BEHIND CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

## By ELIZABETH FRAZER

HIS is a story of
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England held one
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r; France another; and when American overseas sol-
s landed in France they were assigned another portion
he line in Lorraine.

nd of his own particular sector each nation was supreme
, of both the front and the back areas, the advanced
the rear war zones. That was his terrain, his strong-
l. Therein he could do as he pleased, make war as
ned to him best, without let or hindrance. Thus
land built up one policy of war strategy, of transpor-
on and hospitalization; France another; America a
d. There were three autonomies, three great war chiefs,
e grand headquarters. Each autonomy fought in a
er-tight compartment, so to speak—water-tight so far
oncerned the others; but unfortunately not water-tight
he boche.

o rigorously was this sense of independence held by
country, so distinctly did each nation cover its zone
its zone alone, that the fresh divisions held in reserve
ack areas in case of a possible grand attack could not
stationed save in their own respective territories.
nch reserves could not be stationed in the British zone;
ish reserves could not be stationed in the French zone.
n if every sign pointed to a powerful massed action in
particular sector, all the neighboring sector could do
to hold mobile troops, together with trains and camions,
s own area ready to move. Naturally this caused great
y; precious time was lost in conveying troops.

### Profiting by a Grim Lesson

OR example, on March twenty-first, when the Fifth
British Army fell back, fighting valiantly, before the
ous onslaught of a Hun host of quadruple strength, and
mporary breach was made in the line which opened
road to Paris, the French generals, Pelle and Humbert,
ed up their reserves from Picardy and Champagne.
se two generals had received special instructions from
French High Command to study the different hypoth-
of attack on the British Front and to hold them-
es responsible for all consequences. An agreement had
n entered into by the British and the French com-
nders, fixing the sixth day of battle as the one when the
nch should intervene if necessary and come to the
stance of their British allies. But so fast and furious
ed the offensive, so urgent appeared the crisis to the
ooking French generals, that it was not six days but
rcely more than that number of hours when the blue
ques of the French began to appear in the frightful
lée and the German flood in full drive began to be
mmed.

But it was a narrow squeak. And a good part of its nar-
rness consisted in the fact that fresh troops could not be

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*What Remained of a French Field Hospital After a German Incendiary Shell Hit It*

held in readiness behind the danger zone, but had to be transported by camion, without their organizations behind them, often without sufficient guns or ammunition, from a long distance, and then hurled without a minute's rest into the very heart of the maelstrom. Had the French reserves been massed near at hand in the British back areas so that they could have gone immediately into action, there is no doubt that thousands of British soldiers, now German prisoners, hundreds of wounded in hospitals, not to speak of the loss of guns, supplies and evacuation hospitals along the entire front line of that sector, would have been saved to the Allied arms. It was a bitter, grim lesson, and its price was high. But not too high to pay for a unified command.

Now in the present engagements the Germans are meeting French, British, Americans and Italians, all within a few miles upon the same sector. They are intermingled and interwoven, as the need arises, regiment by regiment, company by company, and even man by man. The old partitions have been completely torn down.

One of the most distinctive features of the old régime was the hospitalization system. Here as elsewhere each nation carried on in its own fashion. The British evolved one type of organization; the French another; the Americans a third; so that there existed side by side three separate networks of systems, each elaborate, ramified, complete, which never touched each other. In the British sector, for example, the seriously wounded are evacuated as rapidly as possible back to England, where are located most of their big base hospitals. In the French system the evacuation hospitals are dotted all along the sector a few miles behind the firing line, with their large base and convalescent hospitals scattered throughout the interior, in the Midi or down on the Riviera, far from the rude northern winds. And when the Americans were assigned their sector in Lorraine they organized their system along similar lines.

First come the evacuation hospitals, as close up behind the Front as possible, in order to catch the wounded man within two, three or four hours of the time he falls on the field. Here he is operated on without delay, rendered fit for transportation, and then shipped to some big base farther back in the rear. As the hospital formation recedes from the advance zone of the army, and therefore from acute danger and unstable tenure arising from likelihood of capture, shelling and bombing raids, the bases grow in size and elaboration, until at some points they are vast beehives, community centers with a capacity of ten to twenty thousand beds. Between the two extremes of the formation, the evacuation hospitals just behind that invisible and most uncertain quantity called the front line and the big solid base situated some hundreds of kilometers away—between these two types there exists the greatest difference.

The base, as its name implies, is solid, immobile, permanent, steady as the Rock of Gibraltar or the skyscrapers of New York. The evacuation hospital, on the contrary, creeping up as close as possible behind the fighting forces, is light, mobile, supple, easy to move, consisting largely of tents, stuff that can be loaded swiftly on trucks and motor lorries and carried away. If during a big push the line begins to sway perilously, to strain, to crack, with breaches showing here and there, and the order comes to retire, the evacuation hospital can fold up its tents like the Arab and silently steal away, not on camels but their modern substitutes, camions, with the orderlies on the rear truck, thumb to nose, wagging derisive fingers at the oncoming boche, who if he does break through will find—just nothing at all.

That is one difference between evacuation and base hospitals. And there are others. The bases do good straight honest and honorable surgical and medical work of the type that is known in America. They have a fine régime, and this régime is rarely overturned. They are, therefore, prosaic. But an evacuation hospital is dramatic, picturesque, full of potentialities and surprises, with tragedy, comedy and broad farce competing for first place every hour in the day.

Here during a big offensive, when Allied and enemy wounded are pouring in in a continuous stream, surgeons, nurses and personnel work like fiends under a tremendous pressure, twelve, twenty-four, even forty-eight hours at a stretch. Here are to be witnessed in the operating room running fights with death as tense and thrilling as anything upon the battlefield. Sometimes the wounded man is exactly upon the great divide, hovering between life and death, an extra hair's weight capable of sending him to either side; shrapnel in his chest, his lungs full of blood, breathing like a trumpeter, suffering from shock, exhaustion, lack of food—and still able to smile up into the surgeon's eyes and say faintly: "I'm all right, sir. Take that other poor guy. He's worse off than me."

### Wonderful Surgical Team Work

IN CASES like these, three minutes more or less in the length of the operation spells all the difference between time and eternity. The surgical team works with the perfect union of a football eleven. In their white aprons, caps and masks they look like priests performing a rite. The sweat stands out on their foreheads. Their expert fingers move like lightning, yet precise, unhurried, sure.

In an operation of this kind, with life and death in the saddle and both riding hard, I have seen the assistant hold a watch on the operating team, as if it were a horse race, and call aloud the minutes, thus: "Three! Five! Seven! Ten!" Two minutes too long, and the patient may expire on the table, or die of pneumonia from the added strain of ether on the lungs. Here margins are short and time more precious than the weight of iron in rubies.

Here also is to be seen what is known as the new war surgery. The wounded men are X-rayed before entering the operating room, and the exact position of the foreign body indicated by an indelible cross on the patient's skin. Consequently the surgeons need not go delving and exploring and guessing all over the landscape, but make a clean straight dive for the intruder. As the greatest danger in all these wounds is that of infection from the gas-gangrene germ, which infests the soil of France and therefore every particle of the soldier's clothes, and as in addition the wounded are often forced to lie twelve, twenty-four or even thirty-six hours on the field on account of a violent enemy barrage, these wounds are often badly infected by

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this germ before ever they reach the evacuation hospital, near as that may be. In order, then, to prevent the further spread of the poison throughout the body the wound is laid wide open, the crushed and torn tissues shorn clean away, and a big clean wound created. This is thoroughly cleansed, packed with gauze soaked in Carrel solution, after which the entire area is wrapped in compresses, solidly bandaged, strapped or splinted—and the patient is ready to be shipped a hundred miles.

From this it will be seen that it is at the outset of the game, after the man is first wounded, that the time element is most precious. Upon the speed with which an ambulance can deliver a soldier to the nearest evacuation hospital, divest him of his dirty, infected clothes and lay him on the life-saving operating table depends largely the speed of his recovery and return to the lines. Delays there are bound to be—violent shelling of trenches, back areas or crossroads, which may block every form of transportation for hours. And it is to counteract these unavoidable delays that evacuation hospitals are creeping closer and closer up to the Front, risking bombardment and air raids in order to save a greater percentage of life and limb.



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*Army Hospital Trains Assure Absolute Comfort for the Wounded*

Behind these hospitals, then, stand the big solid bases, imposing, safe and sane. In front of them is still another formation. Briefly, it is something like this: A soldier is wounded on the field, in the trenches, in a wood. If alone, he applies his own first aid. If he has given it away to a comrade, he uses his belt for a tourniquet, his bootlaces—anything. If he cannot get at his wound or if he is knocked unconscious, he lies until he is picked up by friend or foe. If he is not picked up he "goes West," joining the great host of immortal comrades, and all is well. That is the first step, where each individual attends to himself, is attended to by others or is lost.

### Coming Out of Ether

THE second step consists of getting him to a dressing station, usually in some *abri*, where he is bandaged, given a hot drink, an injection of anti-tetanus serum, and an iodine cross is marked on his forehead to indicate that he has received the same. If he is suffering acutely he is in addition given a morphia tablet. After this he is transported by ambulance to the divisional field hospital, where if he is in good condition he is not even unloaded but sent straight on to the evacuation hospital a few miles farther back. Thus he receives personal, regimental and divisional first aid before ever he strikes the evacuation hospital.

All of which, if he is lucky, he may get inside of two or three hours, and be safely tucked away in his cot coming out from under ether, raving not of home and mother but of going over the top, shouting in stentorian accents: "Shoot 'em to hell, boys! The dirty skunks! Shoot 'em to hell!" to the infinite delight of his comrades in the tent ward, who cheer him on: "That's the stuff, buddy! Atta-boy! Eat 'em alive!"

Finally, after much batting of wobbly eyelids, he opens his eyes feebly upon the white-capped nurse at the foot of the bed and murmurs in weak flat tones of pleasure: "Well, hello, chicken! How'd you ever git here? Gosh! That's a foul taste in my mouth. Say, can a guy spit in this place?" And if he has come through thus far alive the chances are he will stick. He is the stuff that survives.

This sketches in the large the hospital formation that the American Army built to care for its wounded behind the Lorraine sector under the old régime. All of the units, the string of evacuation hospitals, base hospitals and transportation facilities were designed and constructed on the principle of America's holding that particular sector.

And then, presto, General Foch took command.

That simple statement merits an entire paragraph all to itself, for it wiped out the old order and engendered a whole new realignment of policies and plans—in hospitalization especially. For manifestly if American troops were to be shifted here and there, up and down the Western Front as the need rose—as they must indeed be shifted if the Allied army was to be as swift and mobile as that of the foe—then a hospital formation away over east in the Lorraine country was not going to be a great advantage to American troops fighting up north round Montdidier and Château-Thierry. Nor could the American Army all at once, by the wave of a magic wand, conjure into being another system. And even if it could there would still remain the question of conflicting French and American traffic over already congested lines.

Yet something had to be done to cover this situation, and done at once, for our troops were already on the move. The French command, in collaboration with the American command, solved it in the only possible fashion. It was decreed that when American troops fought in a French sector the wounded should be evacuated along with the French through the French system; when they fought with the British their wounded should be evacuated with the British to England. And so the affair stood.

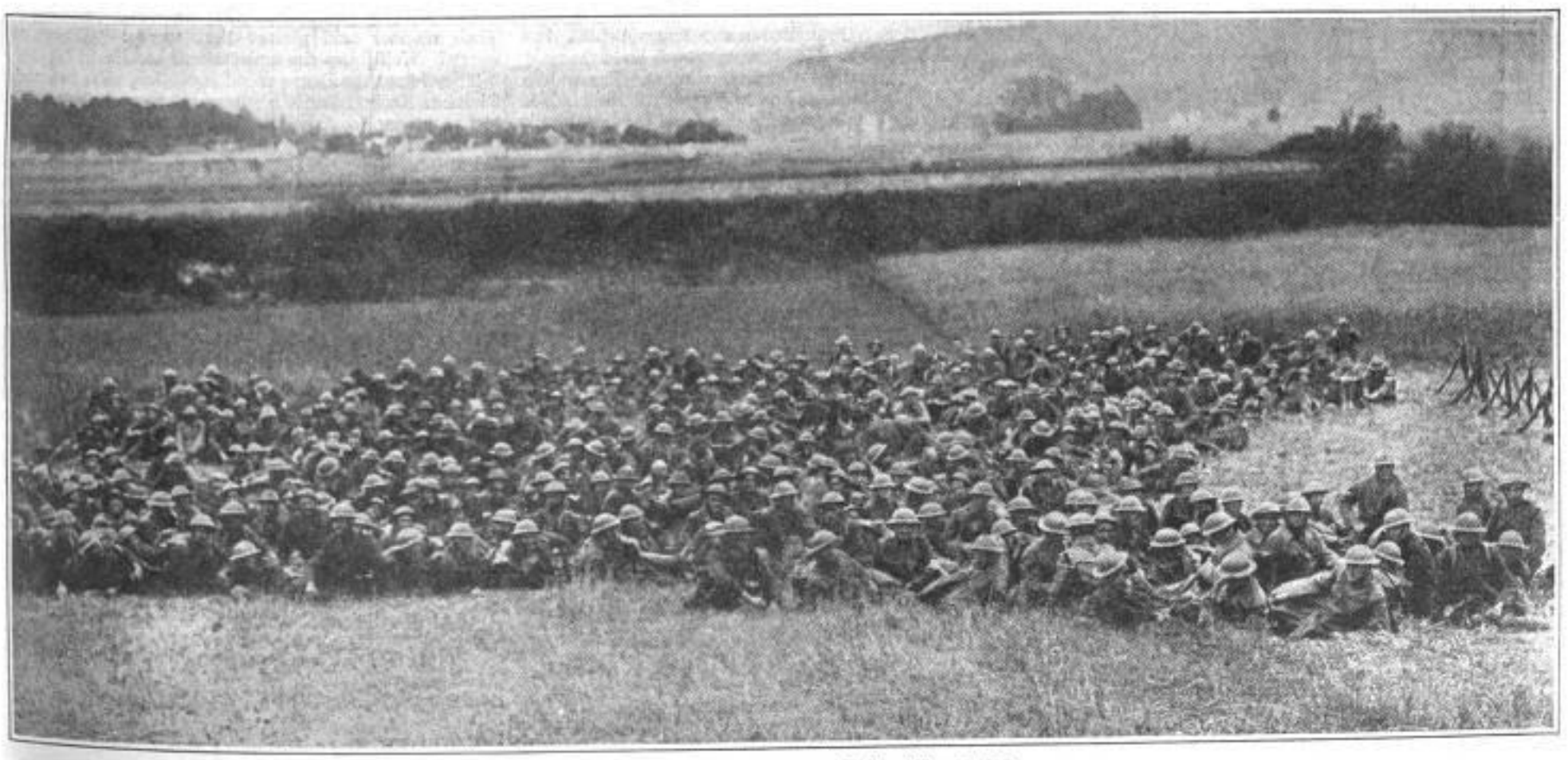
### Lonely Soldiers

AMERICANS went up to the British Front in Flanders. They went to the French Front in Picardy and Champagne. They stayed at home on their own Front in Lorraine. And the wounded began to be evacuated by all three systems. So far, so good. And yet, not altogether good. Good perhaps from a purely military point of view; not so good from a human point of view. For the Americans in the French hospitals were lonesome, desperately, pathetically, heart-rendingly lonesome. There was no use blinking the fact. They did not do well. Hearing never a word of their own language, unable to make their wants known, unable also to comprehend the soft swift babble of words by which the gentle French sisters tried to express their sympathy, they sickened, not so much from their wounds as from pure nostalgia and longing for the familiar home tongue.

And one man died. But while he was ill in that strange hospital in a foreign land he kept a little journal which he called The Philosophy of Loneliness. From that little book of scribbled notes it appeared that this young soldier grieved and grieved for lack of someone to speak to him in his own tongue. And at last, when his isolation became intolerable, he decided to rise up and go in search of human companionship. But the tall woman in black, with the black veil, like one of the Fates, kept thrusting him back into bed. Her hands were gentle but strong. He told her, quite simply, that he only wanted somebody to talk to. She replied with a torrent of strange unintelligible sounds. And then he shouted aloud, in order to drown her babble and hear some good honest American speech.

It was no use; she could not comprehend; she held him down, gently but firmly, pouring out over his fainting soul

*(Continued on Page 98)*



*A Pause for Rest After a Valiant Fight at Bourescbes*

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# The Undertaker's Handicap

## By BYRON MORGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

HE Bear, otherwise Old J. D. Ward, his hide ewhat warmed by the first blue-white days of the California spring, was showing ptoms of excessive restlessness. He was hungry for tement. At the smoothly running Western Branch of Darco Motor Company, in Los Angeles, action, how-, was strangely lacking.

This place is too damn quiet!" he growled.

He jammed on his hat, slammed the door of the Bear and rumbled his way downstairs to the salesroom floor. Everything there was serene. Two salesmen were ex-ining to customers the indisputable merits of the Darco Old J. D. marched out into the shop. The mechanics e busily engaged; the place was running with clocklike ularity. For half an hour the Bear poked his nose into ry corner of the plant, looking for something to worry ut. But nobody paid the slightest attention. Every-knew Old J. D.'s most ferocious growl was only throat p.

'Wheeler!" he suddenly grunted to himself. "Why n't I think of that fellow before?"

He pulled his hat down over his eyes, lighted his cigar, with his hands jammed into his pockets hurried down street, bent upon a good-natured invasion of the camp his rival—the Rexton Motor Car Company.

'See that? Look who's here!" greeted eeler, former manager of J. D.'s Western anch and now agent for the Rexton. His in-tion was a shade too affable, but J. D. did notice that. Wheeler shooed a t of salesmen out of the private ice, winked at the last one to leave, d pulled up the largest chair for the ar.

"How's the new manager get-g along?" inquired Wheeler.

"Great! For a youngster nust say that fellow Wal-n is making durn good," D. rumbled enthusiasti-lly. "Glad you picked n out for me."

"Me picked him out? , thanks!" protested heeler. His face took on slightly puzzled expres-n. "I only suggested t young Walden might sibly make good on the . You can have all the ry, J. D."

The Bear grunted. He surprised. In five years' quaintance he had never own Wheeler to wave de a chance to take credit himself.

'Well, it doesn't make difference who discov-d him," J. D. growled. s a manager Walden is a nder—too damn wonder-Kid's got the place ning so smooth it's like norgue. Haven't had a d argument for over a nth."

'Glad to hear it," eeler assured; but his k of bewilderment increased. "And when do Miss rothy and he——"

'Eighteenth o' next month!" smiled J. D., the lines of his dened old face softening. "That's all I'm waiting out e for. Gol durn it, Wheeler, I'm getting homesick. If asn't for that daughter of mine I'd buck the doctor and d for Detroit to-morrow."

Wheeler looked searchingly at Old J. D.

Head east?" he questioned. "I'm surprised at you, D. Thought you had fighting blood. Going to run y after such a licking as you got last week?"

Licking?" J. D.'s voice rose instantly. "What licking? at in thunder are you talking about? What's the joke?"

'Oh, don't bluff, J. D. You're caught with the goods—once. Caught fair."

'Goods?" J. D. growled. "Somebody's been kidding , sonny."

'Not me! So you've fooled yourself into thinking you ld lift that Los Angeles-San Francisco record away from Rexton!" Wheeler chided.



*"Say, Toodles, They're Going North, Then Back to Detroit. Thought You'd Like to Know"*

"You really thought you could do that thing! And didn't you make a nice fizzle of it?"

"San Francisco record!" bellowed J. D. "What are you driving at? I don't monkey with those stock-car affairs."

"Like thunder you don't!" laughed Wheeler. "Say, I know for a positive fact that last Wednesday night at six o'clock a Darco touring car, driven by your star manager, our dear little Toodles Walden, left First and Broadway. At Paso Robles, Toodles broke a steering knuckle and went into the ditch. Guess he was shoving her along too fast. He was only two hours behind time when it happened."

"What's that?" Old J. D. yelled. "That fellow Walden trying for the coast record? With one of my cars? You're crazy!"

"Honest, didn't you really know about it?" Wheeler questioned incredulously. "Why, J. D., every cub salesman in Los Angeles is laughing over the fizzle. Where've you been? Say, Walden shouldn't talk about what he's going to do—not until he's sure he can get away with it."

"By thunder!" J. D. roared. "So that's where he was last Wednesday night? That's why you're so modest about me hiring him? By gad, I don't blame you!" The Bear banged his chair back against the wall, kicked over a luckless file that was in the way, tore open the door and plunged through the salesroom toward the street.

Wheeler slapped his knee, bolted from the office and joined the laughing group of salesmen at the street door. Old J. D. was snorting furiously down the sidewalk toward the Darco shop.

"Cut-out wide open!" Wheeler chuckled. "My, there's going to be fur flying! Say, I wouldn't have squealed, but I thought of course he knew about it. Oh, well, Walden's not the only one that's barked his shins on our record! He's got plenty of company!"

And Wheeler went back to his office to pick up his scattered correspondence.

Wheeler was right. The list of failures would have read like a directory of the local automobile industry. Since that night two years ago when a Rexton stock touring car had roared its way from Los Angeles to San Francisco in fourteen hours flat—just fifteen minutes behind the fastest Southern Pacific train time—practically every make of car had at one time or another tested its worth against the Rexton's famous record. Hardly a rainless week passed but some car stole quietly out of Los Angeles and plunged away into the night, either to fall by the wayside or sneak unannounced the next morning into San Francisco many hours behind the mark. No cheering crowds lined the road for these clandestine races. The public never knew how many cars tried and failed. The disgrace of failure and the speed laws of the state of California were the two factors that prohibited advertisement. Only Old J. D. and his Darco, three-time winner of the Grand Prize race, had refrained from trying for the tempting prize. Now the mighty had fallen.

The Bear steamed into the Darco salesroom in a state of near explosion.

"Send Walden up to my office!" he roared.

The door of his office slammed and shook the building. Five minutes later Toodles Walden, the good-natured, irrepressible young manager and J. D.'s son-in-law to be, tiptoed up the stairs, his jaunty exterior somewhat dented. Cautiously he opened the door of the Bear Den. The storm broke.

"Young man," Old J. D. bellowed, "why were you in such a hurry to get to San Francisco last Wednesday night?" He sat and glowered.

"Why—why," Toodles stammered, "I thought if I—if we could get that record—why, it would help sales. I thought——"

"That's the sort of stuff the street department of hell uses for paving," J. D. roared. "You've got the swelled head. Worst case I ever heard of. Because you mixed ninety-eight per cent luck and two per cent brains with the help of the best mechanician that ever rode a racing car, and managed to win the Grand Prize, you think you're a grown-up go-devil. Don't you know the difference between a racing car and a stock model? That San Francisco road record is the trickiest thing in this world. It's a regular undertaker's handicap. The best cars and drivers in the country have fallen down on it. They were smart enough not to get caught. You've made the Darco the laughingstock of the state.



"Now, look here, young man! You've given our competitors the best argument they ever had. Failure with a specially built racing car is bad enough; but with a stock car—the model we sell every day—it's hell! That's why I never went after that record. Our sales in the next six months will fall off forty per cent. Why? Because you got the big head."

"But listen, J. D.," Toodles protested: "If that steering knuckle hadn't——"

"Yes, if——" J. D. growled. "If something hadn't always happened to everybody the Rexton wouldn't have held that record thirty days. They had a barrel of luck themselves—just once. Nobody ever heard of their failures. They heard of ours—because you bragged."

"But, what are we going to do?" stammered Toodles, beginning to realize the extent of the disaster.

"What are we going to do?" exploded Old J. D. "We're not going to do anything. You got me into this mess. I'm going to get out of it by myself. I'll wire to the factory for Oldham, Kerhoff and Compton to report out here at once. They'll have to beat the Rexton's record. Smash it hard. They're real drivers—not bungling amateurs."

"Let me take a car and try it again," pleaded Toodles. "Give me a chance to square myself."

"Certainly not! You get busy and sell cars. Put some life into your sales force. And"—the Bear's voice rose to a menacing roar—"forget this speed craze. Understand?"

Five days later Oldham, Kerhoff and Compton arrived in Los Angeles. They bore themselves with the competent, unenthusiastic coolness of thoroughgoing professionals. Their manner said plainer than words: "What's the worry? We'll bury the undertaker's handicap!"

They found the Bear primed for action. For two weeks Oldham, Kerhoff and Compton drove carefully over the highway from Los Angeles to San Francisco. Every curve, every grade, every piece of bad road was studied and mastered. They knew each rut by heart. They worked out just what time they must make from each town to the next. Finally they announced themselves ready for the long nocturnal four-hundred-and-sixty-two-mile grind.

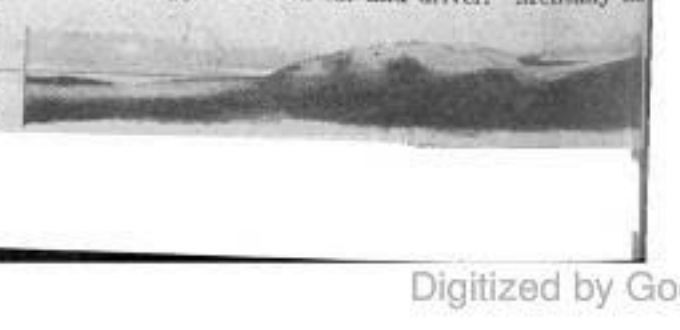
A well-limbered-up touring car was given its final overhauling. Old J. D. personally superintended the job. Mud guards, top and wind shield were stripped off. The car was given one last stiff try-out. J. D. was satisfied. The time-honored straw method selected Oldham and Kerhoff as the team for the first dash up the coast. Compton felt abused; J. D. had kept his straw-pulling out of sight.

At promptly six o'clock the Darco slipped out of Los Angeles and bored its way into the face of the setting sun. The Bear had taken all pains to cover his tracks. He crouched grimly in his chair in the Bear Den, and awaited the first word from the north. In two hours Santa Barbara rang in.

"Santa Barbara. Eight o'clock!" came the guarded words from the dealer of that town.

Old J. D. smiled grimly. "Two hours," he muttered. "Fifteen minutes better than we figured."

But the Bear was an old hand at the racing game. The next one hundred and twenty-one miles, between Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo, he knew, would be a heart-breaking struggle for both car and driver. Mentally he



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"Young Man," Old J. D. Bellowed, "Why Were You in Such a Hurry to Get to San Francisco Last Wednesday Night?"

ran over the course. Thirteen miles beyond Santa Barbara, between the Santa Ynez Mountains and the surf of the Pacific, the road became a rough roller coaster, plunging down to the very edge of the ocean, then up again, only to drop into the next cañon. Twenty-five of those deep ravines were crowded into twenty miles. At Gaviota the highway, as though tired of the sea, suddenly shot to the right and scooted zigzag up over Gaviota Pass. Here was the crucial bit that had broken the endurance of many sturdy cars and the bones of more than one hard driver. J. D.'s time schedule allowed the Darco four and a half hours for the bone-racking hundred and twenty-one miles. Could they make it? He glared at the clock.

Midnight passed, then the half hour; still no word from San Luis Obispo. One o'clock crept by without a message. Old J. D., staring at the hands, saw in spite of himself a gruesome picture of his car lying in a twisted mass at the bottom of one of those cañons, with Oldham and Kerhoff trapped beneath the wreckage. These touring cars, with their low cowl and high doors, did not protect you like the high-hooded racers. He glared at the telephone. Forty-five uneasy minutes he paced the floor of the Bear Den. Then the telephone whispered its message:

"San Luis Obispo. One-fifty-two. We're fighting the fog!"

Old J. D. shivered. Such a road—and fog! The one hour and twenty-two minutes of lost time was understandable. Could they make it up? The next report, from Paso Robles, would tell the tale. Except for steep Cuesta Pass, just beyond San Luis Obispo, the road for thirty-one miles was very good.

"They'll run out of the fog when they get back from the ocean. They'll make up time on that stretch," J. D. informed his pipe.

But the phone jingled rather too soon for Paso Robles. Instead there came just a few brief words from the little town of Santa Margarita, that nestled on the north side of the pass.

"Skidded on Cuesta. Car's a wreck. Nobody hurt."

The Bear pulled himself stiffly out of his chair, mechanically jammed on his hat, turned out the lights and went downstairs to the salesroom. For a moment he stopped and glared at the array of silver cups grouped inside a plate-glass case. Each cup marked a Darco victory.

"By thunder," the Bear remarked aloud, "I'm not licked yet!"

He slammed the front door, climbed grimly into his car and went home to sleep off his disappointment.

The four weeks that followed proved beyond doubt the Bear's stubbornness as a fighter. Three times in those weeks he sent a Darco after the coveted record, using his drivers in all possible combinations. The second time the elusive prize had seemed to be within reach. With Compton and Kerhoff as drivers the Darco stock car had fought its way through on schedule time to within a league of San José—fifty-two scant miles from the goal; then a cylinder-head water jacket cracked. They limped on into San Francisco, finishing, despite the handicap of running on three cylinders, only thirty minutes behind the Rexton's fourteen hours flat. The two subsequent tries had been hopeless. But defeat merely served to increase the Bear's determination. The sting of each disaster whipped up his mind to a ferment of new plans. None of them seemed likely to work.

Meanwhile matters were growing serious. J. D.'s prophecy was coming true. In the past month sales had fallen off more than twenty per cent. Rival salesmen were using Toodles' unfortunate fiasco as the best of rebuttal arguments. Old J. D. was coming to realize that the whole future of the Darco in the Pacific Coast territory hinged indeed on the San Francisco record. A smashing victory alone could lay the ghost of the undertaker's handicap.

Recent failures, the Bear had hoped, were cloaked in strict secrecy. Therefore Wheeler's grinning announcement, a few days after the last sad attempt, came as a jar to his bump of confidence.

"Why take four lickings instead of one, J. D.?" Wheeler hailed him. "Thought you didn't monkey with those stock-car affairs?" Then the one-time Darco manager gave a hearty laugh that drew the sting from the words.

"Listen here, sonny," J. D. rumbled. "That eight-legged combination of circumstances that some halfwit named the Rexton is due for an awful licking. I'm going to smash your old record if it breaks a leg."

J. D.'s threat was as good-natured as Wheeler's friendly gibe.

"Great Scott," Wheeler exclaimed, "better quit while you've a good excuse!"

"Good excuse!" bellowed J. D. "The Darco doesn't need an excuse. You forget it won the Grand Prize three times in a row. You ——"

"Look out, J. D.," Wheeler interrupted; "you'll crack a cylinder. Oh, I'll admit you can build racing cars; but your stock model won't stand the strain."

"Holy love of Mike!" J. D. roared. "You ——"

"And if it would," Wheeler ignored the interruption, "your drivers couldn't lower the time. There's one trouble, J. D.—your drivers. Same as the others that have failed."

"You talk like a fish," exploded J. D. "What's the matter with Oldham, Kerhoff and Compton? Aren't they good drivers?"

"Certainly," admitted Wheeler. "Great drivers—racing drivers. That's the trouble. They thrive on the cheers of the crowd—the spectacular. No cheers in that long night grind, J. D. They're licked before they've started. On the track everybody watches out for the big man; now he's got to share the right of way with everything on the road. If he hits and hurts anyone in a regular race he's given a write-up in the papers; on the San Francisco run he's breaking the state law and he'll go to jail. That's why you've failed to lower the record, J. D. Your drivers haven't the incentive."

"Bunk!" J. D. growled. "Piffle!"

"You know it isn't," Wheeler shot back. "How was it Toodles managed to win the Grand Prize?"

"Luck—and a great mechanician."

"It was not. It was incentive—to get back at you. Incentive of a good fight to get even. Wasn't it?"

"Well, I've offered a five-thousand-dollar bonus for the San Francisco record," J. D. said grimly.



"I Won't!" She Repeated Defiantly. "Toodles Won't Either!"

"Hadn't heard that. You must be rather anxious to get that undertaker's handicap. You used to laugh about it."

"I am," the Bear growled. "A thousand times more anxious now than I've ever been. And I'll get it too!"

"If you do," retorted Wheeler, "you'll go to jail."

"Jail!" bellowed Old J. D.; then he laughed. "By thunder, that's good! For the murder of the Rexton record—you're on."

"You're laughing at your own funeral, J. D.," Wheeler said soberly. "Haven't you seen the afternoon papers?"

"No!"

"State authorities at Sacramento have put their foot down hard. No more racing on California's holy highways." Wheeler's voice had the tone of a judge delivering the death sentence. "After the fifteenth of this month it's jail for anyone they catch at it. Hard luck, J. D. I guess the Rexton will retire with the honors."

For a minute Old J. D. sat like a grim statue. The not wholly illogical action of the State Board of Highways was a blow from an unforeseen assailant.

"Retire," he muttered slowly. "Yes—with about as much glory as any prize fighter that gets too rotten to defend his title! That's what rotten fighters always do—retire."

"Good alibi for the fellows that couldn't lick him," Wheeler cut back.

The Bear's eyes blazed fiercely. "Confound you," he flared, "your tin-plated, glorified twin-four flivver hasn't retired yet. Not by three whole days. Don't forget that, young man!"

The door banged shut.

For half an hour Old J. D. sat scowling at his desk. Then his eyes focused grimly on the calendar over it. The heavy black numeral "12" seemed to grin down at him. "Three days," he muttered. "Seventy-two hours."

Wheeler's grinning cocksureness and the drastic action of the highway board together with his powerful hatred of defeat fanned his fighting spirit to fever heat. His mind swept back over Wheeler's theory. He was willing to admit there might be some logic to the "incentive" argument. If so, where was he to find an incentive greater than the five thousand dollars? If five thousand wouldn't do it, neither would ten. He kicked back his chair and paced the floor.

Suddenly he stopped at the little window that looked down onto the garage floor below. His eye swept over the assembled cars. In one corner was the old dirty red Number Eleven Darco racing machine which Toodles had driven to victory in the Grand Prize. That car had been rebuilt from the wrecks of his three scrapped racers. Toodles had done it. The boy had the stuff that might bungle, but didn't fail—a blessed explosive amateurishness. How different from the cool workmanship of the Oldham stamp! He and Dorothy would

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Miles Slipped Away Under the Clicking Wheels, Dust and Choking Oil Smoke Poured Down Upon the Platform, But the Bear Never Shifted His Gaze From the Road

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# MRS. PILLOW

## By ELSIE SINGMASTER

ILLUSTRATED BY THELMA CUDLIPP



*Mrs. De Fabio Described Her Inexpensive Dishes of Soup and Spaghetti*

SITTING by her window in the late afternoon Mrs. Pillow looked down Fite Street to the corner. It was springtime, but Fite Street, named for a city councilman of Feltonville, looked exactly as it had looked in anuary, except that the swarm of children was thicker, he voices louder, the costumes of the women lighter. 'here was no tree to be gazed at hopefully; there was no rass to bless the eye with its green; there were no shrubs bout to burst into bloom. There were, instead, flag walks nd a paved street in poor repair, and tall gaunt houses /ith broken shutters and gaping paneless windows.

Feltonville reproduced in miniature all the features of the ity of which it was a suburb. There were fine houses and ne shops on the upper streets; and before them handome automobiles waited and trim nurses walked about /ith children.

There were also narrow streets, where the air was never resh; where all day women quarreled loudly and children creamed. Of these streets Fite was the meanest and the arrowest, and of the women there Mrs. Pillow was the nost slatternly and her children the most quarrelsome. The other residents of Fite Street were climbing up—Hungarians, Poles, Italians, Russians. Mrs. Pillow, on the ther hand, was climbing down. Mrs. Pillow was an American who had let go.

Mrs. Pillow's children were not at present on the street. They sat in a row on the bed—Geraldine, named when ope and ambition still had their abode in Mrs. Pillow's reast; Bessie, named when hope was fading; Willie and ohn, named when hope was quite gone. About John Mrs. 'illow had said: "Call him any old thing." And Pillow ad consequently called him for himself.

The young Pillows were at this moment divided between ntense discomfort caused by inactivity, and eager expectaion inspired by a rapidly approaching delight. It was aturday evening; in five minutes Father Pillow would be t home, wages in hand, and the Pillows would go forth. 'irst they would stop at the store—at the corner grocery tore—and there would pay for the food eaten during the /eek; then they would stop at the dry-goods store round he corner, where they would pay for Mrs. Pillow's hat, ohn's shoes and Geraldine's new dress; then they would at a supper of bananas and cakes in the park; then they /ould go to moving-picture shows. One moving-picture how only whetted the appetite; the Pillows had been nown to go to three.

The pockets of Father Pillow would be empty when 'ite Street saw them again; but what did that matter? The Pillow children were surfeited with moving pictures, Father Pillow was surfeited with food, and Mrs. Pillow was urfeited with pride. It was not the food or the entertainment to which Mrs. Pillow looked forward; it was the family procession through Fite Street before the envious yes of her neighbors. She lived no better than they; she had no furniture; but she knew that there were Saturday evening proprieties and she was able to observe them. Take this satisfaction away from Mrs. Pillow and she would have nothing.

Father Pillow was late and Mrs. Pillow grumbled; not at him, for she had lingering convictions about the proper respect due from child toward father, but at his employers.

"It's a wonder they let 'im off at all," said Mrs. Pillow. "Grinding down the faces of the poor, that's their business. I bet they're long since off at their golf."

"What's golf?" asked Geraldine.

"I told you to be still!" roared Mrs. Pillow, thus covering her ignorance of the cherished game of the rich. The eyes of the children rolled solemnly at one another. "Some day there's going to be an uprising, and those that ride will walk, and those that walk'll ride."

"I'll ride," said Willie.

"You won't have strength even to ride if you don't keep still," cried Mrs. Pillow, who was growing nervous.

By the battered alarm clock on the table Pillow was five minutes late. An awful suspicion darkened the world for Mrs. Pillow. Surely nothing could have happened to him or his money—especially to his money!

"You go to the corner and see if he's coming, Geraldine; and if the Haggertys look at you twice just you tell me and I'll settle them."

Geraldine went gladly. Mrs. Pillow ignored the pleas of Bessie and John and Willie to be allowed to accompany her. Mrs. Pillow walked up and down. Seen thus, she was a tall angular woman, still under forty. She wore white shoes and a cheap and stylish dress. Mrs. Pillow's life had been hard and disappointing, and each disappointment showed in her face. Some strength was still there; but whether it was partly strength of character or all strength of temper it was hard to say. Mrs. Pillow had, it must be confessed, a good deal of temper. There was a certain climax of indignation, which she called a trembling rage, from which an actor of tragedy might easily have learned much.

Presently Mrs. Pillow went to the door. She stepped over the discarded clothes of the children and portions of a broken chair. At the door she stood very still; so still that Willie and John, thinking that she had gone out, turned somersaults over each other on the bed, and Bessie spanked them with a successful imitation of their mother's stroke. Bessie could see her mother's back. After a moment she rose and tiptoed toward her.

"Mom," said she, "them boys ——"

But Mrs. Pillow did not hear, being absorbed in an ominous sight. Pillow usually came swiftly up Fite Street, conscious of a weakness toward tempting screened doors. Now he walked slowly. He seemed to be leaning upon Geraldine.

"Your man's took bad," shouted a neighborly voice.

"You can mind your own business!" answered Mrs. Pillow; but her heart stood still.

Pillow came slowly up the steps and into the room. There he sank upon the bed. Mrs. Pillow stood before him, John and Willie sat behind him on the bed, and Geraldine and Bessie stood, one on each side.

"What ails you?" demanded Mrs. Pillow.

Pillow did not answer. He was a small man, not so very much larger, indeed, than Geraldine, and much smaller than his wife.

"Are you sick?"

Pillow shook his head.

"Are you fired?"

Again Pillow shook his head.

"Didn't you get your pay?"

"I got it," said Pillow ominously.

"Did you ——" Mrs. Pillow laid her hand on his shoulder. "Surely you didn't lose it!"

"No," said Pillow.

"Well then, what ails you?"

Pillow burst into tears.

"It was took from me."

Mrs. Pillow sat down heavily in her rocking-chair.

"All of it?"

Pillow fumbled beneath his coat. He drew out a stiff card, perhaps ten by twelve inches in size. Upon it was printed: We Own a Bond!

Below the inscription a bell rang so frantically that it stood upon its head.

Mrs. Pillow said nothing. The war had as yet made no impression upon Fite Street, but Mrs. Pillow understood that Pillow was exchanging his money for that which did not profit her. She began to tremble. Pillow saw her tremble, and trembled also.

"They made me do it," he protested.

"Made you do it!" repeated Mrs. Pillow.

"One of the bosses come round with a paper. I was afraid not to do it. I don't have to pay for it all now."

"Pay for it all now!" It was one of the unfailing heralds of Mrs. Pillow's trembling rage that she repeated other people's words. "How much did it cost?"

"Fifty dollars."

This Mrs. Pillow could not repeat.

"Two dollars a week for twenty-five weeks. Then we shall have a bond; and it pays us interest." Pillow put his hand into his pocket. "There is my pay, all but two dollars."

Mrs. Pillow allowed the money to be placed in her lap, meantime sitting motionless.

"I had to do it!" said Pillow.

"Had to do it!" repeated Mrs. Pillow. "I'd like to hear any living being say 'had to' to me!"

Then Mrs. Pillow rose. She seized little John by his foot, turned him over and unlaced the new shoes, which were to have made an impression on Fite Street that evening. She held them out to Pillow.

"Take them back to the store;

*(Continued on Page 94)*



*Mrs. Pillow Held Out to a Stunned and Feeble Pillow a Second Roll of Money*

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# The White Horse and the Red-Haired Girl

## By KENYON GAMBIER

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

X

TO SAN FRANCISCO had come, in 1892, a ruined German officer, bringing with him his wife and an infant son. The child had become an orphan in his fifth year and had been taken into the home of a New-England-born lady, who had learned brilliant piano execution at Leipsic. Later he had been sent to a public school in which, at the taxpayers' expense, he had been taught German for one hour each day. In his rich American home his toys had been German, his first reading Grimm's Fairy Tales and, later, beautiful German folklore stories, lovely German legends, and dark, mysterious accounts of the doings of German gods and goddesses. At twelve the boy had joined a Turnverein, because the gymnasium had been so well equipped. At fifteen he had belonged to a German target-shooting club, where the discipline had been semimilitary, and had played second violin in an amateur German musical organization founded by his American foster mother.



"Yvonne Has Been Stopped by Telephone! I'll See Her Through—Outside Turnhout—To-Night"

At twenty-one he had become a naturalized American citizen. Politically an enthusiastic American, he was emotionally, spiritually and in sentiment a German. He was grateful to his American foster parents, and to American taxpayers and schools, for having fostered and encouraged his German culture. He often told his German friends over a tall glass of Culmbacher beer, of which he was very fond, that his good luck had been incredible. If things had gone a little differently he might not have known a word of German, or ever recalled that he was of German birth.

At twenty-four his American foster-father had died and left him a few thousand dollars, and he had promptly gone to Germany on a visit, hugging his American passport, proud of his American citizenship, romantically happy in the chance to see the home country of his dreams, and eagerly hoping for a friendly reception from grandparents who had ignored his existence. He had arrived in Hanover in June, 1914, and it was he who had summoned Roderick Stoneman and now walked with him in silence out of the village toward the north.

The German turned suddenly, looked nervously about, and then held out a hand that burned hot in Stoneman's grasp.

"Do you know me?" he demanded.

Stoneman looked at the haggard eyes, at the black pouches beneath, at the twitching mouth. The German broke into a harsh laugh.

"Think of a fat, blue-eyed boy," he said; "an American boy that American schools and American people made into a German—more German than the Germans, because I looked across half the world and saw only the romance and charm and heard only the music of it. They caught me in the glow and ardor of my first visit to the homeland." He repeated the word with a curling lip. "I went faint, Stoneman. The drums beat; the bugles sounded. I jumped at the chance of a commission."

"Tiedermann," said the surprised and relieved Stoneman.

They came to the top of a little hill, and the German looked all about him again and saw that there could be no hidden listeners. He caught Stoneman's arm.

"Look here!" he burst out. "It's good to see a white man. You must help me. You must get me out of this. It's up to you. It's the United States or the firing squad for me. See the senators from California. See the State Department. It may work. I was naturalized in Superior Court Number One on the twelfth of April, 1911. Stick that date in your brain. I'll give you three months. If your ambassador hasn't got me out by then—March the thirty-first; that's the date—I'm done! I can't herd with barbarians longer than that. My God!" He flung out his hands.

"Of course, Tiedermann; of course! I'll do what I can. I'm not going straight back; but I'll set the wires working as soon as I get into Holland."

They discussed details. Hope sprang up in the heart of the despairing man. He looked at Stoneman from eyes less haunted and said eagerly as they turned:

"We must come in, Stoneman; we must help to save the world. We don't understand. Our country must—before it is too late."

Stoneman agreed most heartily, and listened to impassioned words from an ardent American, who forgot for five minutes that he wore a German uniform. But the sight of two carriages in the distance brought the lieutenant sharply up.

"Your wife?" he asked.

Stoneman nodded.

"I can't meet her, Stoneman. I wouldn't dare to shake hands with her."

"She, too, will want to help you," Stoneman said, trying to soothe him.

The man was staring down the road and the muscles of his jaws were twitching.

"I can never look an American woman in the face again." His voice trailed away.

Stoneman put a steadying hand on his shoulder; but Tiedermann shook it off.

"I told you I went fanti," he ran on. "When I came to myself my sword was stuck in my scabbard. I pulled it out, rusty red, moist, oozing still by the hilt—and stuck to the blade was a woman's hair—a long white hair!"

He stopped and looked into Stoneman's face; then turned suddenly and, without even a nod, muttering, walked off into a field path. Five minutes later, little Ellen cried with obvious disappointment:

"Oh, that's him, I suppose!" She was disappointed at so tame an ending of a mystery.

Stoneman came sauntering up, smoking a cigarette.

"Hello, little girls! I'm Uncle Monty. Remember that, all of you. Now can I trust you to ride by yourselves for five miles and not fall out, and not try to climb up by the driver, and not sing Yankee Doodle?"

"We don't know it, thank you!" said Ellen with dignity.

"Oh, of course not! I beg your pardon."

"But you can trust us," said Ellen. "We have been rather well brought up, you know."

Stoneman laughed and looked at Peggy.

Her eyes, against her will, told how anxious she had been.

"Everything is all right," he said quickly.

She bent forward, looking as directly at him as she had on the night he had entered the dining room at Antwerp. His eyes answered as they had then; and Peggy settled back, sure that he told the truth. She hid a smile at his change of expression when she told Ellen to go with him to the other carriage. She said they could not leave the children by themselves, and that Ellen was sure to interest him. The child was on the ground before Peggy had finished speaking and danced down the road to the other carriage. She snuggled into his fur coat with a murmur of content. He exclaimed at her frozen hands and clasped them.

"It doesn't matter," she said. "It's just living a fairy story and I don't know I'm cold. It's so splendid to wake up every morning and never know what's going to happen; not like it used to be when everything was just so, and I had bread and butter for breakfast, and then a music lesson—I rather liked my music teacher, if she did rap my knuckles—and then recitations and study and dinner, and a walk, and everything always just the same, till every day seemed like yesterday and I didn't care whether to-morrow ever came, because it was just to-day over again. It's such fun; and two horses in the carriage, too, and a fur coat like a soft bear. She looked round everywhere, and she was frightfully pale; and when she saw you she just leaned back and did like this"—the child drew a deep long breath—"and she put her hands up to her face; and when she took them down she wasn't pale any more; and I think she was very anxious before, but not anxious any more now. But everybody is, of course, most of the time in war. I know all us girls felt it very much. You are her husband, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then why do they call you Mr. Stoneman and not Mr. Fargo?"

"My name is Montague Stoneman Fargo."

"Rather funny—that coachman calling you by your middle name, isn't it? Mrs. Fargo is very beautiful. Her eyes are luminous."

"They are, Ellen. Where did you get that word?"

"Oh, one of the older girls had a storybook and read me a chapter one day in the cellar when I was off my feed and gave her my soup. She was rather a greedy girl. She wasn't supposed to have a storybook; but she read it on the sly and cried so much that the nuns pitied her a bit. They thought she was frightened by the shells. She was a bit silly, I think; but I loved hearing her read, for she put so much feeling into it. Mrs. Fargo loves you very much, doesn't she?"

"She is what is called reticent, Ellen. Do you know what that means?"

"Oh, yes. I must say she doesn't look it. Nuns are reticent; very reticent, aren't they? Mrs. Fargo doesn't act like a nun, does she? But that's silly of me, isn't it? Because nuns and ladies are different, aren't they? And that's silly, too, because nuns are ladies, aren't they? Most of them. But ladies are not nuns. I get hopelessly mixed up sometimes, because words are so funny and don't mean what I mean; but you understand, don't you, Uncle Monty? I say, you won't mind my asking, will you? But I simply can't help it. I suppose it was speaking of the soup; but do you know where we are going to get dinner?"

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*A Blinding Flash; a Roar; the Automobile Leaped High in the Air, Sprang Forward, and Crashed Through Wire*

here was such eager effort to repress eagerness in this iry that Stoneman quickly explained about the large h basket in the other carriage.

"Were there two baskets?" asked Ellen, sitting up.

"No; but the one held a lot. We'll stop now and find what's in it."

"No, please; I'm not hungry. I was only asking." She led back into the soft fur.

"But it's one o'clock."

"I couldn't eat a mouthful," she declared. "They'll when they want it."

The front carriage did stop in every village and then t on again after a talk between the drivers and dwell- but it was not until the fourth pause that Stoneman ve alongside and learned of the disappearance of the h basket. There was nothing for it but a dash to lines and a combined lunch and tea there.

t was at Malines that Peggy was recognized by a man teacher of ten years before, who now appeared a lieutenant of the *Landsehr*, short, stout, and as ent-minded as ever. Presented to Herr Fargo, he sent children into fits of laughter by his congratulations to u Fargo on looking so young with such a fine-growing ily. He took tea with them, telling of his own grand- ghters in Munich, not noticing the stiff civility with ch the little girls listened to the tale of a Christmas in preparation for German children. After the war, aid, he should come back to England and teach again; his daughter and her children would come too, for they lost their father in the war. The little girls looked at another and Ellen tossed her head. The unfortunate ggle would soon be over, he said; and he hoped that u Fargo, "such a brilliant pupil," would give him sup- t and patronage in establishing his connections again.

"She will be in the United States with me," Stoneman lained calmly, not looking up.

Peggy shot a look at him.

"I am going to visit a lady in California," she said, a le tartly. "She is going to teach me to throw a lasso."

Herr Bolander looked wistfully at the children as they t out to the carriage. To Ellen he said: "You remind of my little girl." He stooped to kiss her.

"Go away, you German!" she said, shrinking.

He looked pathetically at Peggy.

"But why?" he asked. "War is not for children."

"You Germans have made it so!" flamed Ellen.

As the carriage drove off he muttered to himself that glish children were as ill-bred as ever.

Stoneman, exhausted by listening, had Eunice Milsom v, a blue-eyed dormouse who slept inside his arm all the y to Antwerp.

They found Clothilde alone. Madame Campion and demoiselle Yvonne, she said, had gone to a dinner ty given by Frau von Schwabe in honor of the engage- nt of mademoiselle. Madame had left word that the lgian passports were in order and that they were all to ve for Holland on Wednesday morning.

An hour later the children were having a ferocious pillow ht upstairs. Downstairs Peggy was telling Roderick out the diamonds of the Brazilian, hidden beneath the nes of a cellar floor.

"I'll get them," he said. "That's three things to do—passports, diamonds and return a stolen fur coat."

Peggy listened to the noise overhead.

"The children were only the excuse," she said. "I feel now as if they were the important thing." She laughed as the happy laughter floated down to them and the little German dog yapped joyously. "It has all been a perfect success," she said.

Roderick nodded and looked at her covertly. It would not be a perfect success for him unless he won something more than freedom.

On Wednesday morning, Leutnant von Schmiedell, dreaming of his Berlin holiday with Yvonne, received a message canceling his leave. Christmas in Antwerp alone, without Yvonne! He banged his desk with a clenched fist. Leutnant Strobell, passing, saw it. This bitter-tongued brother officer, with a round head and a skin like an old boot, nodded and said:

"I should think so! You are trusting, my innocent youth. I was at the Station Centrale and saw that you opened the cage to all the birds at once. Suppose they don't come back? Is that why you hit the furniture?" His laugh was a sneer.

"Your tongue is always poison."

"Should it be honey for a Yankee who mocks the German?" Strobell asked. "I heard him talk of the German drumbeat round the world and the wine circling the table in the German way. You—you got red, you were so pleased. I—I got red with just anger. His tongue was in his cheek."

"You blushed? Ah, wonderful!" Von Schmiedell stared at the other's dark skin. Strobell scowled and turned on his heel.

Christmas—Antwerp—no Yvonne! The lieutenant eyed the telephone. He thought of Frau Schwabe's silly little Christmas tree at the hotel; but how if Yvonne was there? He fingered the telephone stand; Yvonne among Germans, where she ought to be, under the wing of a blind, kind chaperon, and her tiresome aunt away off at The Hague; he pulled the stand toward him. Did he dare? Strobell's words—"all the birds at once"—that should be his excuse. He smiled; the commander would know he had no distrust of Yvonne, would understand the little trick, would be amused. He called up the station at Esschen.

Mademoiselle Duberge's passport was canceled, he said. She was to be treated with high courtesy and told that Leutnant von Schmiedell was coming immediately in his car to bring her back to Frau von Schwabe's care. Yes, the others of the party were free to go. Leutnant von Schmiedell greatly regretted the incident, but had not been able to prevent it.

He hung up the receiver with a joyous laugh. War was wonderful! How pleased Yvonne would be!—after the first five minutes. She would rather be with him than buy clothes, of course. What a jolly lark!

At Esschen happy Peggy marshaled her excited little flock into the train. She laughed as Madame Campion's hand was pressed firmly on the lips of little Ellen; as Clothilde muzzled Eunice Milsom. She closed the door on them in their crowded compartment and glanced along the shining rails toward freedom and the neutral zone, only a few yards away. She turned, with an exultant smile, and got into the next carriage. Yvonne would come in a minute; it was like Yvonne to linger for a last courteous word with the polite officer in command of the station.

Radiant Peggy thought of Geoffrey and of the meeting that evening. She had seen him last sitting in this very train in which she sat; and she remembered how bitterly she rebelled that she could not turn back. How glad she was now that she had been forced to go on! What great things she had been able to do in those few crowded days! Roderick Stoneman that morning had told her that she was Moses and Joshua in one; she was leading a people out of bondage and into a promised land. She drew a deep breath and opened her eyes to find him standing by the door, looking at her just as he had looked at her by the Church of St. Gudule. Her eyes dropped under his intense, significant scrutiny. He slammed the door between them.

"Sit still!" he ordered abruptly, but in a whisper. He thrust her hand bag and a parcel through the open window. The train began to move. He stepped on the footboard. "Yvonne has been stopped by telephone!" he said hurriedly. "I'll see her through—outside Turnhout—tonight." He got off.

Startled Peggy leaped to the window. The parcel fell and broke, and her feet crunched on scattered diamonds. She saw him, standing, looking toward her. Beyond was Yvonne, and a handkerchief floated from her high upraised hand.

Something flung from the next carriage flew across Peggy's window—a dog's blanket, edged with mauve. She heard the dog yapping cheerily. She heard madame cry: *"Le Roi et Victoire!"* Exultant children's voices shouted: "God save the King!" Peggy sank back in grief too deep for tears.

### XI

BEHIND, on the station platform, Yvonne stood gazing from still, wide eyes toward forbidden freedom. Stoneman came and thrust his arm through hers and walked her fast up and down the long stretch. She was so slight that he almost lifted her in turning, and she began to pant breathlessly, as a tired child might.

"That's good," he encouraged. "Pump blood into your cheeks and rage into your heart. You must be in a white-hot rage, you know, and make him do just what we've planned."

She answered, with a tang in her voice that reassured him:

"Oh, yes; I can be angry. I can be myself—at last."

"Fine!" he answered. "Now I'll wait on the other side, so you can have it out with him alone."

She nodded and released his arm. He looked into her face ere he turned, and she raised her head and smiled. He left her, sure that she would not fail in her part. He hummed a tune as he crossed the rails—Over the Border and Far Away. He was happy because Peggy was safe and because there was something, at last, for him to do. He was the alert, cool airman now. He smiled when a sentry, with diagonally crossed rifle, barred his egress from the station. He paced up and down, watching the road for

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an approaching motor car. Sometimes he looked across at that wonderful fur-clad girl. In the instant in which she had been told she was not to go she had planned that the rest should not know.

"My aunt would stay," she had said; "a useless sacrifice."

This was shining heroism. She was worthy of Peggy. They were a pair, he thought; amazing, splendid!

The auto came at last, and there was no chauffeur. So far, so good. Stoneman met the young lieutenant with a jovial greeting, which was coolly received. He could not leave mademoiselle alone, of course, he explained. He understood that these things must happen in wartime, and one must put up with them.

Now that the lieutenant had come in person he felt that mademoiselle was in safe hands. For himself, all he asked was a lift as far as Antwerp. He could not get a train. He could not move a foot in any direction, because his wife had the passports. He must get new credentials and leave on the morrow. The auto was a dandy machine and he had enjoyed driving it in Brussels that Sunday evening. He should like to drive it again.

The lieutenant, watching Yvonne from the corner of his eye, said he would be pleased to take Herr Fargo to Antwerp, and hurried across. He was, in fact, relieved when Madame Campion had not remained and glad that he was to have a chauffeur. He rushed to Yvonne, with an eager cry, holding out both his hands. She drew herself up and did not take them.

"It is not my fault, my dear Yvonne," he cried. "I swear it is not. You must not be angry with me. Come! . . . Madame von Schwabe is honored that you go to her."

"No, Otto," she said, with grave decision in her manner. There was a note of finality in her voice that astonished and disconcerted the young officer. Her eyes, always so expressive, said more to him even than her words.

"But you must," he stammered. "Come!"

He thrust his arm through hers. She stood motionless. He glanced about, always self-conscious and fearful of anything like a scene.

"We cannot stand here, squabbling!" he cried. "And I cannot leave you here."

"You can call the guard," she suggested haughtily.

"Yvonne!" he said, starting back.

"You treat me as a prisoner," she said. "Very well; make me one!"

A deep flush reddened his fair skin.

"It is not my fault at all."

"I have been shamed, humiliated," she said, with high dignity. "It does not matter who has done it. It is done. I will not be dragged back to Antwerp by you. I will not have my shame advertised. I will place myself under the care of the American."

"*Ach!*" he broke in, spluttering in his anger. "That Yankee ——"

"He shall take me to the only place I will go," she said. "He shall take me if we have to walk! I shall go to the Convent. That is where I shall go. That is the only place I will go."

She turned to cross the rails. He could do nothing but walk by her side. He saw German privates watching; saw the lieutenant in command looking on. He forced a smile.

"The Convent?" he repeated. "It is a hundred miles away. You are mad, Yvonne!"

"It will hide the indignity that has been inflicted on a Belgian," she said. "On you, too, Otto. My world at Antwerp and your world there shall not see that you are unable to protect me."

He glanced at her, struck by this view. He said haughtily that no one would dare to criticize him. Then the officer commanding at this frontier station came and saluted, and the lieutenant tried to be amiable and calm, and paused for a few words; but Yvonne, all stately dignity in her small, straight, slim body, went outside.

Stoneman sat at the wheel in the car. Her eyes flashed a signal that the plan was going well. When the lieutenant came, a minute later, he could hardly continue to argue within the hearing of "this Yankee."

"I'm sorry, old chap!" he cried. "Mademoiselle Duberges wishes to go to the Convent. She has some matters to arrange at her château. I can't give you a lift."

"But you must go through Antwerp, Herr Leutnant," Stoneman pleaded. "Let me drive you that far."

"No!" Yvonne cried. "We are not going through Antwerp. We are going round. But you shall come, just the same, Monsieur Monty, if it is convenient. He stayed with me, Otto." She turned to the impatient lieutenant. "He must not be left here. You can take him on to Antwerp afterward."

"Suits me all right—thanks!" Stoneman drawled.

Yvonne was already in the automobile. The lieutenant was helpless, and he was not displeased. He should have three hours with Yvonne all to himself, with no care of driving, and a sympathetic chauffeur who would not look round too often.

"Keep the main road to the southeast," he said. "You can't go wrong."

The car jumped away. So far, perfect! Stoneman, exhilarated, confident, drove as German officers drove. There were no speed limits for them. There were no cars on the roads but theirs and now and again one from which waved an American flag; a flag of mercy carrying its message of help and comfort from the Relief Commission.

Stoneman kept always toward the east, and did this the more boldly when he heard no protests from behind. The lieutenant was too much occupied in appeasing Yvonne to notice direction. He pleaded; he stormed. He got angry; became cool again. Stoneman could not understand the German words, but from the inflections he thought Yvonne was carrying it off with too high a hand.

They were stopped at Turnhout by a sentinel. The lieutenant spoke harshly; but, with a civilian driver, he was forced to produce his Staff pass. This precious document Stoneman retained, without protest. He placed it in the map pocket in front of him. He went on more confidently. He had not been sure the lieutenant carried any pass, or that it would cover civilians.

He drove slowly now, recalling the map, which he had furtively studied in the carriage when Yvonne had talked of the underground road to freedom. His trained brain identified roads and places. He turned down a rough lane, sure that he was near the charcoal-burner's hut. Stopped here by a patrol, he produced the passport to receive a respectful salute. Farther on he checked as a peasant woman passed. Yvonne asked the way in Flemish.

Stoneman was sure a message had been given. The charcoal burner would know a party must cross that night, even if there was a moon. He peered through the dusk, marking every object, so that his return journey might be without hesitation. The lieutenant leaned forward.

"Did you see the aërodrome as you passed, Monday, Herr Fargo?"

"Yes," Stoneman answered.

"One of your fellow countrymen did it," the lieutenant snapped.

"Ah, you've caught him, then?"

"No; he was drowned, we think, in escaping. We heard it from Berlin to-day. They got it from New York papers—Stoneman, of the French Service; perhaps he is a friend of yours?"

A rasping antagonism barked in the voice. Yvonne had not forgiven him and he had become angry.

"I must go to the château first, to get some things," she broke in. "Please keep to the right at the fork of the road."

Stoneman nodded, as though the request was news to him. The lieutenant heard it gladly. He should have her alone in her own house, for a few minutes at least. She should climb down from her high horse then.

They came to the gate. It hung, broken. They drove up a shattered avenue, avoiding fallen branches. The wide, sloping lawn was frozen mud. A great hole was in the center where a shell had burst. They drew up in front of the deserted house, dark and dreary in its shuttered isolation.

"The key," Yvonne said, "is beneath the seat in the summerhouse."

"You leave it there!" the lieutenant exclaimed, surprised, jumping out. "Is that safe?"

"No Belgian would use it," was the quick answer.

The lieutenant, who knew the place well, stalked angrily away with an electric torch. The accent on the Belgian had sharply pointed Yvonne's retort.

"Be careful!" Stoneman whispered.

*(Continued on Page 55)*



*The Cold Clutched Her as With a Palpable Hand; But She Would Not Even Shiver, Lest She Disturb the Sleeper*

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 5, 1918


## If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation and mail conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

## Fiscal Responsibility

PERHAPS your newspaper recently carried a headline to the effect that the Senate passed appropriation bills ...rying twenty-one billion dollars in a day.

If you have observed the progress of these enormous ...ls you have seen that Congress mainly just threw up its ...nds. Some points have been debated, but on the whole ...ngress said to the executive departments, with an air of ...e patriotic fervor: "Help yourself. There's the pot; ...e what you like." Also saying to the country, with the ...atest self-satisfaction: "You see how loyal we are. We ...ke no difficulties. We raise no obstacles. We play no ...itics. We give the President all he asks for."

But, in fact, Congress had to throw up its hands. It was ...ompetent to take any such controlling part in the ...ping of these appropriations as the Constitution allots ...it. It had no machinery for that purpose, no organiza...n, no tradition, no experience. It had never dealt or ...ticipated in dealing with national finances as a whole. ...had never attempted to form a national budget. It had ... organs that could function in a national fiscal body. ...may have had a left lung in one committee room and ...rt of a liver across the street; but it had nothing that ...embled an organism of fiscal control, national in scope, ...ich more closely than a collection of artificial limbs ...embles a human being. Of course, it threw up its hands. For war purposes that branch of Government which the ...nstitution especially vests with fiscal responsibility ...comes a rubber stamp for the executive branch. Still it ...kes no move to set up an adequate system of managing ...tional finances.

## Training Labor

A MAN, evidently much in earnest, puts his situation before us, in substance, this way:

"I have an occupation that brings me a fair living. It ...'t under the ban, but I know there is nothing essential ... war work about it. I am in good condition physically, can write a grammatical letter, have picked up some knowledge of mechanics, electricity, chemistry and drafting. I'm more or less one of those free-lance breadwinners you spoke of in a recent issue. I have dependents. There must be a great many men like me. It wouldn't take very long for me to learn some skilled war-work trade well enough to hold down a real war-work job. If you will tell me where I can get the training I will take off my coat."

The Committee on Labor of the Council of National Defense has been considering such cases. It recently announced that already a hundred important plants engaged on war orders are undertaking to give intensive training to unskilled men—and finding it possible in a few weeks or even a few days to teach a man a single process or a single machine. The training is done under actual working conditions and the output of the training room goes into the factory's production.

This training scheme—as a war-emergency measure—ought to be extended and advertised so that every man in the position of our correspondent will know of an opportunity in his region where quick intensive training for war work may be obtained.

## Government Bond Market

WITH four and a quarter per cent Liberty Bonds selling at a discount of about five per cent the Treasury is ready to offer at par another big issue bearing the same rate of interest. In which it is quite right. The market price made by a comparatively small volume of transactions on the New York Stock Exchange is a factor that the Treasury may well ignore.

All the Liberty Bond issues have ignored conditions in the bond market, and may well continue to do so. People buy these bonds for patriotism, to help win the war. Subscribing to a bond is their stroke for democracy and a free, peaceable world. The idea of haggling with the Government and holding back in order to screw the best possible terms out of it would be disgusting to them.

Bonds of the First Liberty Loan bear three and a half per cent, those of the second four per cent, those of the third four and a quarter. Up to the ninth of November bonds of the first and second issues may be converted without charge into those of the third issue, bearing a higher rate of interest; but the Treasury recently announced that very few holders had taken advantage of this conversion privilege. Owing to their freedom from taxation, the three and a half per cent bonds are in such demand that they have risen considerably above par. As they are more apt to advance than to decline it is not likely that anything would be gained by converting them.

There is now a six to seven per cent money market, a six to seven per cent bond market. Twenty million or more people will cheerfully accept the Government's offer of four and a quarter per cent for their money.

That spectacle, as an indubitable sign of the attitude and purpose of the people of the United States, is worth infinitely more than a per cent in the interest rate.

## Go For Them!

FROM the twenty-first of March to the eighteenth of July the Allies were on the defensive and falling back. Whenever the Germans struck they won ground. Two more such pushes as carried them from St. Quentin to within gunshot of Amiens and from the Ailette to the Marne would have put the Allies in the most desperate position. Then Foch attacked the Marne salient, took the initiative out of Ludendorff's hands, and ever since has been rolling the Germans back.

Now the Germans had substantially the same army in August, when they were losing, that they had in April, when they were winning; and the same generals. The Allies had almost the same army. Only a couple of hundred thousand fresh American troops actually participated in the fighting. They had pulled themselves together, effected a better military organization, made their means more responsive to their will. Ten per cent did it.

Always it is just that last ten per cent that puts a thing over, and the last ten per cent is always there if one will only call it out and put it in action.

That is the situation of the United States in respect of this year's twenty-four-billion-dollar war bill. It is your situation right now—personally and individually yours. Ten per cent more will power; the sixteenth ounce of determination; saying to yourself "You've got to!"—that is what this year's fiscal program means for you; what this Liberty Loan means.

Subscribe all you think you can pay for in the next four months, and then some, and take it out of your expenditures. Your expenditures are boches. Go for them!

## A British View

A LONDON banker, speaking to his stockholders at their annual meeting the other day, had this to say:

"The United States is now supplying nearly one-half of all the manufactures that enter the national commerce of the world. Five years ago she stood third on the list of exporting countries. To-day she is so far ahead—the value of her exports being practically double that of our own—as to be in a class by herself. One result of this transformation is that the United States, from being a debtor nation, has become the chief creditor nation of the world. . . . The war has brought her something more than a greater total of wealth than was ever before in the ownership of a single nation. It has enormously enlarged her horizon; it has completely broken down her political isolation; it has stimulated her people with a new sense of the possibilities of foreign commerce; it has given them a merchant marine."

An amazing situation has risen, in which international trade means pretty nearly the trade of the United States. The Department of Commerce calculated that in 1912 the value of all merchandise that crossed an international boundary anywhere in the world was about eighteen billion dollars. Last year we shipped pretty nearly a third of that. The same natural resources, the same labor power, the same organizing and directing ability which produced these manufactures for war can produce manufactures for peace.

The banker suggests a brilliant picture of America's future. America herself puts the question mark over it. Can we compound our own differences and use the situation intelligently? How will politics view this outlook—as an opportunity to be improved with horse sense or as an invitation into a wood-pulp Utopia? The situation is there. We can make what we please of it.

## Government Management

OFFICIAL figures of railroad earnings for the first six months of Government management were lately published. They show that gross earnings increased a hundred and eighty-two million dollars, operating expenses increased four hundred and fifty-seven million dollars, net earnings decreased two hundred and seventy-five million dollars—or a little more than one-half.

During the first five or six weeks of Government management weather conditions were extremely unfavorable for railroad operation. The roads would have made a poor showing in any hands. The Government raised wages, dating back to January first, some four hundred million dollars a year. This wage increase is charged into operating expenses for the period mentioned; but the offsetting increases of more than twenty-five per cent in freight and passenger rates came into effect only at the very end of the period.

The ruinous showing for the first half year of Government management is therefore readily accounted for. All the same it bears indisputable testimony to the hard facts with which Government or any other management must deal.

Shippers were clamoring against higher freight rates. Labor was clamoring for higher wages. If the wage increases which Director McAdoo ordered had been put upon the roads without a sweeping increase in freight rates the railroad system of the country would have been well on the way to insolvency by the end of the year. The official figures under Government management show that. And what the Government gives to labor it takes from the public in higher transportation charges.

## As to Nonessentials

LAST winter a good many people thought the Government should pick out the businesses that were not essential to winning the war and shut them up out of hand, so that all capital, labor and material might be applied to essential businesses. Very little study was needed to convince the Government that the matter could not be handled in any such rough-and-ready fashion. Since then it has been steadily expanding its war work, and that expansion has necessarily trenched more and more on businesses that could not engage in directly essential work.

Finally it has come to a point where, without any arbitrary classification by the Government but simply by the expansion of most essential industries, some businesses are pinched almost to the point of extinction. And the other day Chairman Baruch, of the War Industries Board, asked Chairman Harding, of the War Finance Corporation, to take up the matter of giving support, in the form of loans or credit, to nonessential businesses in order to keep them alive.

Far from wanting to wipe them out, the Government finds it advisable to intervene for the purpose of keeping them from being wiped out. Because all these so-called nonessential businesses, though they can contribute nothing directly—save taxes—to war work, are inextricably woven into the national fabric of credit and commerce. The Government does not want to start an unraveling of the skein. It does not want a lot of insolvencies. It does not want to raise wholesale doubts about commercial credits. It wants the least possible disorganization of industry, so that when peace comes the wheels can start turning again as smoothly and promptly as possible.

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# WITH THOSE WHO WAIT

VIII

## By Frances Wilson Huard

DECORATIONS BY CHARLES HUARD

TO GO from Le Mans to Falaise, from Falaise to St.-Lô, from St.-Lô to Morlaix, and thence to Poitiers would seem very easy on the map; and with a motor, in times gone by, it was a really royal itinerary, so vastly different and picturesque are the various regions crossed. But now that gasoline is handed out by the spoonful, even to sanitary formations, it would be just as easy for the civilian to procure a white elephant as to dream of purchasing sufficient gas to make such a trip.

There is nothing to do but take the train, and that means of locomotion requires not only time but patience and considerable good humor. Railway service in France has been decidedly reduced, and though traveling is permitted only to those persons who must needs do so the number of plausible motives alleged has greatly augmented, with the result that trains are crowded to the extreme limit. To tell the truth, a good third of the population is always moving. For how on earth is one to prevent the parents of a wounded hero from crossing the entire country to see him, or deny them the right to visit a lad at his training camp?

This, then, accounts for the appearance of the Breton peasant's beribboned hat and embroidered waistcoat on the promenades of the Riviera, the Arlesian bonnet in the depths of Normandy, the Pyranese cap in Lorraine.

All this heterogeneous crowd forms a long line in front of the ticket office, each one encumbered with a basket or a bag, a carpet sack or a bundle containing pâtés and sausages, pastry and pickles—every known local dainty which will recall the native village to the dear one so far away.

It is thus that from Argentan to Caen I found myself seated between a stout motherly person from Auvergne and a little dark man from whose direction was wafted so strong an odor of garlic that I had no difficulty discerning from what region he hailed. Next to him were a bourgeois couple whose mourning attire, red eyes and swollen faces bespoke plainly enough the bereavement they had just suffered. Silent, indifferent to everything and everybody, their hands spread out on their knees, they stared into the ghastly emptiness, vainly seeking consolation for their shattered dream, their grief-trammeled souls.

A heavily built couple of Norman farmers occupied the seats on either side of the door, and then came a tall young girl and her mother, a Belgian soldier, and finally a strange old creature wearing an antiquated starched bonnet, a flowered shawl, and carrying an umbrella such as one sees in engravings illustrating the modes and customs of the eighteenth century. She was literally buried beneath a monumental basket which she insisted upon holding on her knees.

Every available inch of floor space was covered with crocks and kits full of provisions, and in the rack above our heads were many boxes and bundles, bags and bales, remaining aloft by such remarkable laws of equilibrium that I feared lest any moment they fall upon our heads; and once this catastrophe should occur there seemed to be little hope of extricating oneself from beneath the ruins.

The conversation was opened by the Norman farmer, who offered to relieve the little old woman of her basket and set it safely between his feet.

"Oh, *non, merci*," she piped in a thin little wavering treble, and an inimitable accent which made it impossible to guess her origin.

"Oh, *non, monsieur*, thank you," she continued. "It's full of cream tarts and cherry tarts and custard pies made right in our own home. I'm taking them to my boy, and as we stayed up very late to make them so that they would be quite fresh I should hate to have any of them crushed or broken. He did love them so when he was little!"

"Our son was just the same. As soon as he was able to eat he begged them to let him have some *brioche*. But his fever was too high when we got there, and he couldn't take a thing. 'That doesn't matter,' he said to his mother. 'Just the sight of them makes my mouth water, and I feel better already.'"

My Provençal neighbor could no longer resist. His natural loquaciousness got the better of his reserve.

"Well, the first thing my son asked for was olives, so I brought him enough to last, as well as some sausage which he used to relish. Oh, if only I could bring him a little bit of our blue sky, I'm sure he would recover twice as quickly."

The mother of the young girl now sat forward and asked the Norman farmer's wife about her son's wound.

"He had a splinter of shell in his left thigh. He'd been through the whole campaign without a scratch or a day of illness."

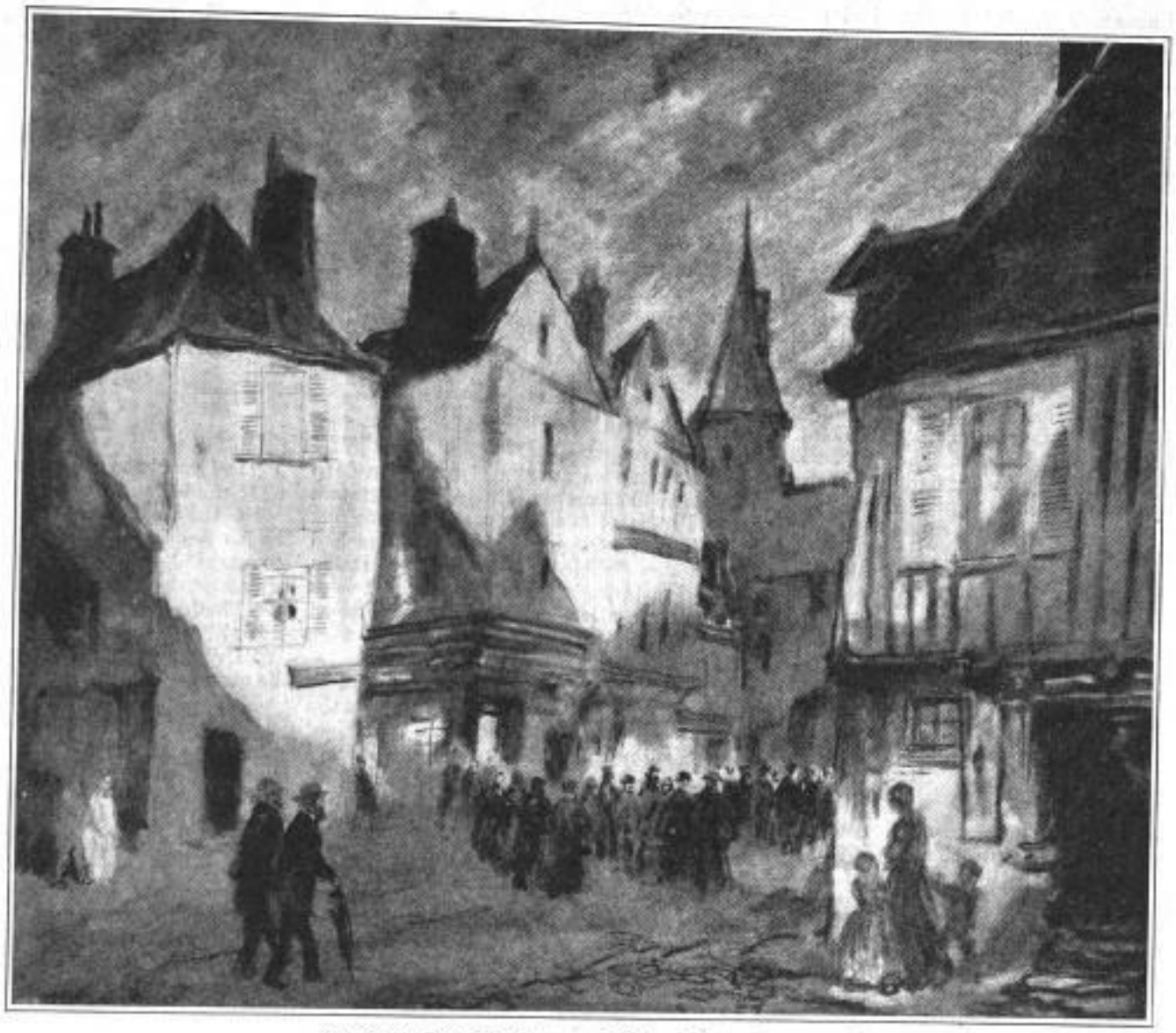
The woman's eyes sparkled with pride and tenderness.

The short man beside me, who informed me he was a native of Beaucaire on the Rhone, had one son wounded and being cared for in a hospital at Caen, a second prisoner in Germany, and two sons-in-law already killed.

According to a letter which the dear old flowered shawl spelled out to us word by word, her grandson had been wounded in seven different places, and had had one hand and one leg amputated. But he hastened to add that he was not worrying one bit about it.

The young girl's mother had one son in the ranks, and a second, aged seventeen, had enlisted and was about to leave for the Front. She and her daughter were on their way to embrace him for the last time.

The Belgian soldier was just getting about after an attack of typhoid fever, and the motherly person on my left was traveling toward her husband, a territorial of ripe years whose long nights of vigil beneath bridges and in the mud of the Somme had brought him down with inflammatory rheumatism.



*Flocking to Read the Communiqué in a Little French City*

Their son they prayed was prisoner—having been reported missing since August 30, 1914. This coarse, heavy-featured woman of the working classes cherished her offspring much as a lioness does her young. She told us she had written to the President of the Republic, to her deputy, to her senator, to the King of Spain, to the Norwegian Ambassador, to the colonel of the regiment, as well as to all the friends of her son on whose addresses she had been able to lay hand; and she would keep right on writing until she obtained some result, some information. She could not, would not admit that her boy was lost; and scarcely stopping to take breath she would ramble on at length, telling of her hopes and her disappointments, to which all the compartment listened religiously while slowly the train rolled along through the smiling, undulating Norman country.

Each one did what he could to buoy up the mother's hopes.

The little southerner seemed to possess a countless number of stories about prisoners, and he presently proceeded to go into minute detail about the parcels he sent to his own son, explaining the regulation as to contents, measures and weights with so much volubility that the good soul already saw herself preparing a package to be forwarded to her long-lost darling. "You can just believe that he'll never want for anything—if clothes and food will do him any good. There's nothing on earth he can't have if only we can find him, if only he comes back to us!"

And growing bolder as she felt the wealth of sympathy surrounding her, she looked over and addressed the woman in mourning, who at that moment smiled gently at her:

"We thought we knew how much we loved them, didn't we, madame? But we'd never have realized how really deep it was if it hadn't been for this war, would we?"

The woman continued to smile sadly.

"More than likely you've got somebody in it too," persisted the stout Auvergnate, whose voice suddenly became very gentle and trembled a trifle.

"I had three sons; we have just buried the last one this morning."

All the faces dropped, and a ghastly silence fell upon the group. Each one looked straight into the distance ahead of him, but the bond of sympathy was drawn still tighter, and in the moment of stillness that ensued I felt that all of us were communing with sorrow.

Between Folligny and Lamballe we were quite as closely huddled among three soldiers on furlough, a short old priest, a traveling salesman, and a stout gentleman with a pointed beard, a pair of eyeglasses and an upturned nose.

At one moment our train halted and waited an incredible length of time vainly whistling for the towerman to lift the signal which impeded our progress.

The traveling salesman, who was cross and weary, finally left his seat, grumbling audibly.

"We'll never in the world get there on time. It's certain I shall miss my connection! What a rotten road! What management!"

"It's the war," murmured the priest, pulling out a red-checked handkerchief, in which he buried his nose.

"You don't have to look far to see that," responded the other, still grumbling. "Oh, it's plain enough for us, all right. Those who are handling government jobs are the only fellows who don't know it, I should say."

"Bah! Each of us has his troubles. Each of us has his cross to bear," murmured the father by way of conciliation,

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sting his eyes round the compartment, much as he would ve done upon the faithful assembled to hear him hold th.

"Pooh! It's you priests who are the cause of all the uble. It was you who preached and got the three-year-vice law voted."

The poor curate was fairly suffocated with surprise and lignation. He was so ruffled he could hardly find a word. the meantime the traveling salesman, taking advantage his silence, continued: "Yes, it was you and the finan-rs; and it's nothing to brag about either!"

The man with the upturned nose now wheeled sharply out. His blood was up and he strangely resembled a le bantam cockerel.

"Monsieur," he snapped—and his voice was clear and tting—"if anyone had a right to express a complaint on y subject whatsoever it would certainly be the soldiers o are seated in this compartment. Now as they have d nothing I cannot admit that you, a civilian, should te such liberties."

'But, monsieur ——"

'Yes, monsieur, that's exactly what I mean; and as to sentiments to which you have given voice they are as pid as they are odious. We all know now that war was vitable. The Germans have been preparing for it for ty years."

'Monsieur!"

'Monsieur!"

The two glared fixedly at each other for an instant. The was very red, the other extremely pale. Then they ned about and resumed their places in each corner. The est produced his breviary, the soldiers finished a light ast composed of bread and cheese.

They were all three peasants, easily discernible from way they slowly chewed and swallowed or caught up mbs of cheese on the points of their knives. They had silent and listened to the outburst without turning eyelash.

Then presently one of them lifted his head and, address-his companions in a deep bass voice, "Well," said he, is makes almost two days now that we've been on way!"

'What have you got to kick about?" retaliated one of others, shutting his knife and wiping his mouth with back of his hand. "You're as well off here as you re in the trenches of Bois le Prêtre, aren't you?"

The third one said nothing, but recommenced carving a e, which he had abandoned for an instant and which he s terminating with more patience than art, though the omplishment of his task seemed to give him infinite asure.

As the commercial traveler had predicted, we were hours and in consequence missed our connection, but the tform of a station where two lines meet offers under h circumstances so diverse and diverting a spectacle t we hardly regretted the delay. It is here that anyone erested in physiognomy can best study and judge the sses, for it was as though the very texture from which ince is woven were laid bare before him. The spectacle onstantly changing, constantly renewed, at times deeply ving. No face can be or is indifferent in these days—l one no longer feels himself a detached ividual observer; one becomes an atom he crowd, sharing the anxiety of certain men who one knows are on their way to ospital, and who, half mad with impa-ice, are clutching the fatal telegram in hand while with the fingers of the other y thrum on one cheek or nervously catch a button or ornament on their clothing.

Or again, one may participate in hilarious joy of the men on fur-gh who, having discovered the np, stand stripped to the waist, king a most meticulous toilet, all while teasing a fat, bald-headed p, to whom they continuously s their pocket combs with audible ructions to be sure to put his part the left side.

The waiting rooms literally over-ved with soldiers, some stretched on the benches, some on the floor; tain ones lying on their faces, ers on their backs, and still others owing their heads on their knap-ks.

One felt their overpowering wea-ss, their leaden sleep after so ny nights of vigil, their absolute axation after so many consecutive s in which all the vital forces had n stretched to the breaking point. From time to time an employee ned the door and shouted the parture of a train. The soldiers sed themselves, accustomed to ing thus disturbed in the midst of their slumber. One or two got up, stared about them, collected their belongings and started for the platform, noiselessly stepping over their sleeping companions. At the same time newcomers creeping in behind them sank down into the places which they had just forsaken, while they were still warm.

On a number of baggage trucks ten or a dozen Moroccan soldiers had seated themselves, cross-legged; and draped in their noble burnooses they gently puffed smoke into the air, without a movement, without a gesture, without a sound, apparently utterly oblivious of the noisy employees or the thundering of the passing trains.

On the platform people walked up and down, up and down; certain among them taking a marked interest in the old-fashioned wheezing locomotives, which seemed fairly to stagger beneath the long trains of antiquated coaches hitched behind them.

Here of course were to be found the traditional groups in evidence at every station—a handful of people in deep mourning on their way to a funeral; a little knot of Sisters of Charity huddled together in an obscure corner, reciting their rosary; families of refugees whom the tempest had driven from their homes—whole tribes dragging with them their old people and their children, who moaned and wept incessantly. Their servants, loaded down with spoils saved from the disaster in heavy, clumsy, ill-tied bundles, were infinitely pitiable to behold.

They were all traveling straight ahead of them with no determined end in view. They seemed to have been on the way so long, and yet they were in no haste to arrive! Hunger gnawing them they produced their provisions, and having seated themselves on their luggage they commenced a repast, eating most slowly, the better to kill time while waiting for a train that refused to put in an appearance.

The buffet was so full of noise, smoke and various other odors that having opened the door one hesitated before entering. There was a long counter where everything was sold—bread, wine, cider, beer and lemonade; sandwiches, pâtés, fruit and sweetmeats. One made his choice and paid accordingly. At the side tables the civilians were lost amid the mass of blue uniforms.

This was a station in Normandy, and for the boys of that region nothing can substitute a good big bowl of hot vegetable soup, seasoned with the famous *graisse Normande* and poured over thin slices of bread, the whole topped off with a glass of national cider, or "pure juice" as they call it. It was a joy to see them seated about the board, their elbows on the table, their heads bent forward over the steaming bowls whose savory perfume as it rose to their nostrils seemed to carry with it a veritable ecstasy if one were to judge by the beatific expression on every countenance.

"That goes right to the spot, doesn't it?"

From another table a voice responded: "Yes, fellows. It's better than a kick in the shins, every time!"

The last mouthful gone, the cider bottles empty, they tightened the straps of their kit bags and rose regretfully from their seats.

"*Allez*—off again, boys! *C'est la guerre!*"

And they shuffled away, humming, and filling their pipes.

From the direction of the *buvette*, or bar, came noisy laughter followed by oaths. The voice of a seemingly intoxicated individual dominated all others. Yet only soft drinks were sold.

"As the colonel of the 243d used to say," it continued, "'Soldiers of my regiment, repose upon your arms!' My arms are the bottle! My bottle and my wife are the only things worth while when I'm on furlough. I ——"

His voice disappeared an instant, dimmed by the rising tumult. Then suddenly it broke forth anew:

"Attention! Present arms! Here comes a coal scuttle. Now, then, flatten out on the back of your stomach!"

An instant later the man appeared at the threshold of the dining room.

He was a heavily built, big-jointed, husky Norman farmer soldier, with his helmet pulled down low over his eyes, so that the upper part of his face was completely hidden from view. Suddenly he pushed it far back on his head, and casting a sweeping glance over the assembled diners he called forth in stentorian tones that made everyone turn round: "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen!"

The cashier behind the counter, who evidently foresaw trouble, called out to him in shrill tones: "You've made a mistake; go back to the *buvette*. You've nothing to do out here!"

Removing his helmet the gallant knight made the lady a sweeping bow.

"Your servant, madame. Your humble servant," he continued. "Cyprien Frémont, called Cyp for short."



*Monsieur Amédé*

"Did you hear what I said? Now, then, take yourself off!" cried the ungracious adored one.

But the poilu was not to be so silenced. Putting his hand to his heart and addressing the assembly—"Ungrateful country!" he cried. "Is it thus that you receive your sons who shed their blood for you!"

"That's all right; but go and tell it elsewhere. Go on, I say!"

"I've only got one more word to say, and then it will be over."

But before he could utter that word his companions seized him and dragged him back whence he came. As he disappeared from view we heard him announce his intention of doing some stunts—which offer was apparently joyously accepted, followed by more laughter and several dares.

Suddenly the most terrific noise of falling and breaking glass and china brought everyone to his feet. Excited voices could be heard from the direction in which Cyprien had vanished. The army police dashed in, followed by the station master and all the employees. A lengthy discussion was begun, and having finished our dinner we left matters to adjust themselves and sauntered forth to the platform.

Here we found our Cyprien surrounded by his companions, who were busy disinfecting and binding up the wounds that he had received when the china cabinet had collapsed upon him. One of the men poured the tincture of iodine onto a hand held fast by a friend. Two others were rolling a bandage about his head, while the patient, far from subdued, waved the only free but much-enveloped hand that he possessed, beating time to the air that he was literally shouting and in whose rather bald verse the station master's wife was accused of the grossest infidelity.

"Sh-h-h, Cyprien!" his friends enjoined. "Shut up a bit, can't you?"

But it was no easy thing to impose silence upon Cyprien when he had made up his mind to manifest a thought or an opinion.

"You'll get us all into trouble, old man, see if you don't. Cut it out, won't you? See, here comes an officer."

The officer approached them.

"It's not his fault, sir," began one of the fellows, before his superior had time to ask a question. "I assure you it's not his fault. He's just back from Saloniki—his first furlough in a year, sir. It must have gone to his head. I swear he hasn't had anything but cider to drink, sir."

"But that's no excuse for making all this noise. Show me his military book!"

Night, inky-black, fathomless night had now settled about us. In the distance one could just discern the red and green signal lamps—at closer range the burning tip of a cigar or cigarette. The soldiers turned up their collars—the wind shifting to the north was piercing cold. One had to walk briskly up and down to avoid becoming chilled. Away at the other end of the platform the flare of fugitive matches revealed shadows moving about as though searching for something upon the ground.

"What are you looking for?"

"A third-class return ticket for Royan. That old lady over there has lost hers."

We turned about to see a poor old wrinkled soul, in her native Norman costume, wringing her hands in distress.

"What a misfortune! Oh dear, oh dear, what a misfortune! What will become of me now? What shall I do?"

(Continued on Page 24)



*"Ungrateful Country!" He Cried*

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"For work or in training or play,
This soup makes me clever and gay—
A feast so beguiling I have to keep smiling,
And trouble just bubbles away."

# Good health, good work, good courage—

*They are linked together*

You cannot succeed at your daily task—no matter what it is—if you are handicapped by a weak frame and undernourished nerves. You cannot bear your share of the Nation's burden unless you are well fed and well nourished. You cannot be courageous and cheerful without a good appetite and good digestion. This is right where you feel the benefit of

## Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is an appetizing nourisher in itself and it so strengthens and regulates digestion that all your food gives you more nourishment—and more enjoyment, too.

We make it from choice fresh-picked tomatoes prepared and blended with other wholesome materials by the improved Campbell method. This gives you all the delightful flavor and valuable tonic qualities of the perfect ripe tomato—and even more tempting than nature made them.

The contents of each can gives you two cans of pure rich nourishing soup. And it is more economical for you than would be possible if made in any home kitchen.

Served as a Cream of Tomato, it is doubly nourishing and delicious. The whole family will be healthier and happier for its regular use.

Order a dozen at a time. Enjoy it often and keep in good condition.

**21 kinds** **12c a can**




# Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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Y M C A

HOTEL

CHICAGO

HERE'S a good hotel for men. The rooms are small, with plenty of fresh air; the beds are good and clean; general toilet room with showers on each floor.

Fireproof building; wholesome, moral atmosphere; no tips. A good place to stay.

Comfortable reading and lounge rooms; good restaurant, barber shop; and a friendly welcome.

You needn't belong to the Y. M. C. A. to come.

822 South Wabash Ave., Chicago

1800 Rooms

*Rates 30 to 60c a day*

*Booklet on request*

VINDEX SHIRTS




VINDEX UNDERWEAR

VINDEX Shirts are Bosom Friends—and you'll be happy to meet VINDEX Athletic Underwear. Ask your dealer.

THE VINDEX COMPANY, Balto., Md.

*(Continued from Page 22)*

And to each inquisitive newcomer she babbled forth her story of a wounded grandson whom she was on the way to visit. The curate and another man of her village had seen to her expenses. They had purchased her ticket and handed it to her with strict instructions not to lose it. For safety's sake she had knotted it in the corner of her handkerchief—and now it wasn't there!

The inquirer then examined her handkerchief, made her stand up and shake her clothing, turn her pockets inside out, empty her baskets and her handbag; and still not willing to trust the thoroughness of his predecessors he would begin looking all over the immediate vicinity, match in hand. So presently nearly two hundred men, forgetting their soreness and fatigue, were down on their knees scouring every nook and cranny. The sleepers were awakened, the drinkers routed out and put to work, scanning every inch of ground.

A loud and persistent ringing of an electric bell sounded on the air.

"Hey there, fellows," called a tall Zouave, "get together! The train is announced, and since we can't find grandma's ticket we can't leave the old girl alone in the dark, so come on, chip in—we'll make it up to her. She says it cost forty-two francs and ten centimes. Are you ready?"

And removing his helmet he started to make the rounds. In an instant coppers and silver rang in the steel receptacle.

"Stop! That's enough."

They retired to count.

"Chic—there's some left over!"

"Never mind. She'll buy something for the kid with it."

Someone purchased the ticket.

"There now, grandma, a new ticket and enough to buy your boy a cake with; so you should worry! But as you're too young to travel alone we're going to take you in with us. We just happen to be going your way. Here, Ballut, Langlois! Quick there—take her baskets. Now, then, don't let go my arm—here comes the train. Sh! Don't cry; there's nothing to bawl about. We're all good fellows—all of us got grandmas who'd make just as big fools of themselves if they had to travel."

And with infinite care and tenderness a dozen hands hoisted their precious burden into the dimly lighted wooden-benched compartment.

Yes, traveling in France under such circumstances is to me more interesting than ever, for when it is not one's fellow passengers that hold the attention there are always those thousand and one outside incidents which the eye retains involuntarily—war factories and munition plants sprung from the ground as though by magic; immense training camps in course of construction; aviation fields over which so cleverly hover those gigantic graceful war birds, who on catching sight of the train fly low and delight the astonished passengers by throwing them a greeting or, challenging the engineer, enter into a race.

But above all there is the natural panorama: that marvelous succession of hills and vales, hamlets and rivers, fields and gardens, so wonderfully harmonious beneath the pearl-tinted sky. How it all charms and thrills, and how near the surface is one's emotion on hearing a soldier voice exclaim:

"What a country to die for!"

So the hours sped by, and at length we reached our destination. P—— is a flourishing little city, perched on the side of a rocky hill, with a broad landscape spreading out at its feet. The best hotel is called L'Hôtel des Hommes Illustres—and its façade is adorned with the statues of the above-mentioned gentlemen, carved in stone. The proprietor who built the edifice and paid the bill having been sole judge in the choice of celebrities, the result is as astonishing as it is eclectic, and though absolutely devoid of beauty it is thoroughly imposing!

We arrived before our luggage, which was conveyed by so old and puffy a horse that we had considered it criminal not to leave our cab and finish the hill on foot. At the top of a monumental staircase we entered the hotel office, behind whose desk were enthroned two persons of most serious aspect: the one, stout and florid of complexion, with a long nose and an allure worthy of Louis XIV, proudly bore upon her head such an extraordinary quantity of blond hair arranged in so complicated a fashion that I trembled to think of the time required to dress it; the other, sallow faced, with a long curved chin, might have been taken for a Spanish infanta pickled in vinegar and allspice.

The formality of greetings accomplished, Princess Number One produced a book in which we were to sign our names. The dignity and importance she attached to this ceremony would certainly not have been misplaced in a grand chamberlain preparing the official register for the signature of peace preliminaries.

This, together with the manner in which she took note of our names, drying them with a spoonful of gold sand, gave me the illusion that I had just performed some important rite.

"One or two rooms?" she queried.

"One big room, madame."

"With or without bath?" demanded the coadjutor, whose voice possessed a contralto quality utterly out of keeping with her complexion.

"With bath, please."

A new register was opened, both bent over it closely, showed each other different paragraphs with their fingers, finally murmured a few inaudible syllables, and shook their heads.

"Would you prefer Number Six or Number Fourteen?" finally asked the infanta.

We looked at each other in astonishment, neither being superstitious about numbers; but it would have been painful to announce to these ladies that the matter was totally indifferent to us, they had been so condescending as to allow us a choice.

"Number Six has a balcony and two windows. Number Fourteen has one window and a bathroom," the princess informed us.

"But," continued the infanta, "it is our duty to inform you that hot water has been forbidden by the municipal authorities, and that cold water is limited to two pitchers per person per room."

I said I would take Number Six, which arrangement terminated the ladies' mortal indecision, and seemed to please them greatly. They smiled benignly upon us.

The smaller one, whom I have called the coadjutor because her throne was less elevated than the princess', put her finger on a button and a violent ringing broke the silence of the vast hallway.

No one answered. Three times she repeated the rings, with an imperious movement.

"Be kind enough to go and call Monsieur Amédé, Mademoiselle Laure."

On her feet Mademoiselle Laure was even smaller than when seated. She crossed the vestibule, opened a door, and her strong voice resounded along an empty corridor from which issued the odor of boiling cauliflower.

"Monsieur Amédé!" she shouted anew, but not even an echo responded.

"Mademoiselle Laure, ask for the head waiter."

Mademoiselle Laure recrossed the vestibule and, opening a door diametrically opposite the other, called: "Monsieur Balthazard!"

Monsieur Balthazard appeared, his shirt sleeves rolled up beyond his elbows, wiping his hands on a blue-gingham apron. He was a slim little man who may have been sixty years old. A glass eye gave him a sardonic, comic or astonished air, according to the way he used his good one, which was constantly moving, at the same time being clear and piercing.

"Monsieur Balthazard—what an attire for a head waiter!"

"Madame, I was just rinsing the wine barrels."

"And how about the errands for the people in Rooms Twenty-four and Twenty-seven?"

A noise at the hall door attracted our attention. It was as though someone were making desperate and fruitless attempts to open it.

"There he is now," exclaimed Monsieur Balthazard. "I'll go and let him in. He's probably got his hands full."

Monsieur Amédé, literally swamped beneath his bundles, staggered into the vestibule. To the different errands confided to his charge by the hotel's guests had undoubtedly been added the cook's list, for an enormous cabbage and a bunch of leeks completely hid his face, which was uncovered only as he let them fall to the ground.



When he had finally deposited his treasures we discovered a small lad who may have been fourteen or fifteen years of age, dressed in a bell-boy's uniform which had been made for someone far more corpulent than he. The sleeves reached far down over his hands, the tight-fitting, gold-buttoned jacket strangely resembled a cross between a bag and an overcoat, and though a serious reef had been taken in the trousers at the waistline the legs would twist and stray—at times being almost as ample as those worn by the Turkish sultans.

Our coachman now arrived with our luggage.

"Monsieur Amédé, take this luggage and accompany monsieur and madame to Number Six."

The child gathered up his new burden and started upstairs. We followed, helping him to pick up the various objects which successively escaped his grasp.

"Goodness, it seems to me you're awfully young to be doing such heavy work!"

"Oh," said he, wiping his brow, "I'm very lucky. My mother is cook here, and Monsieur Balthazard is my uncle. With old fat Julia, the maid, and Mathilde, the linen woman, we're all that's left. All the men have gone to war, and the women into the powder mills. We keep the hotel going, we do."

Monsieur Amédé was full of good will and a desire to help all he could. He explained to us that he was now building the solid foundation of a future of whose glories he hardly dared think, so numerous and unfathomable did they seem. Unfortunately, however, we were obliged to note that he seemed little gifted for the various occupations to which he had consecrated his youth and his glorious future—for in less than five minutes he had dropped a heavy valise on my toes, and upset an inkwell, whose contents dripped not only on the carpet but on one of my new bags. In trying to repair damages Monsieur Amédé spoiled my motor veil and got several large spots on the immaculate counterpane, after which he bowed himself out, wiping his hands on the back of his jacket, assuring us that there was no harm done, that no one would scold us or think of asking us for damages.

We saw him again at dinner time, when, disguised as a waiter, he passed the different dishes, spilling sauce down people's necks, tripping on his apron and scattering the handsome pyramids of fruit hither and yon. Lastly he took a plunge while carrying out an overloaded tray, but before anyone could reach him he was on his feet, bright and smiling, exclaiming: "I'm not hurt. No harm done. I'll just sweep it up. It won't stain."

In the meantime, quiet, skillful Uncle Balthazard strained every nerve in a Herculean effort to keep his temper and serve thirty persons all at once.

It was touching to hear the old man murmur: "Gently, boy—go gently!" as his youthful protégé stumbled from one blunder to another. "Go gently; you can be so clever when you're not in a hurry!"

Monsieur Amédé almost caused us to miss the train next evening in spite of the numerous warnings from the princess behind the desk, who had arranged the hour of our departure. The brilliant young man, who had been sent ahead with our luggage, was nowhere to be found when our train was announced.

My husband, a woman porter and a soldier on furlough who knew him started out to scour the immediate surroundings of the station, finally locating him in a back yard near the freight depot, his hands in his pockets, his eyes fairly glued on a game of ninepins which a group of convalescent African soldiers were playing.

Of course, he immediately explained that there was no harm done since the train was twenty minutes late, and when finally it arrived and he handed our baggage into the compartment he accidentally let slip a little wooden box containing an old Sèvres vase which I had purchased at an antiquity dealer's that very morning.

He picked it up, exclaiming: "Lucky it's not fragile!"

And lifting his cap, on whose visor one might read "Hôtel des Hommes Illustres," he cheerfully wished us a *bon voyage*.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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*The Industrial Wagon*

# Hupmobile

*Every dollar you invest in the Fourth Liberty Loan carries us nearer to the decisive big victory we are now just beginning to win*

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Men who USE gloves —who do not just WEAR them—men who insist on quality plus appearance and fit, and who practice Economy, wear

HAYS

**Superseam Gloves**

They are economical because they are made from selected first grade leather—the grade that wears. "Superseam" stitching will not rip even if you cut the thread. Every glove is given special inspection and must be up to the Superseam standard.

There are just two models—MILITARY, the glove with button and wrist strap, and CIVILIAN, the regular button glove—both made with the modish pinch seam Military back.

Below is the Cape MILITARY model—also made in selected long-wearing Buckskin.



Hays Gloves Copyright, 1918, by The Daniel Hays Co.

Below is the CIVILIAN model in Buckskin—also made in first grade Cape.



Hays Gloves Copyright, 1918, by The Daniel Hays Co.

Both models are favored by business men and many Army men will be wearing Superseam Gloves this fall. They are excellent gifts from the home folks to those who are going "over there."

*Ask your Glove Dealer—He Knows Superseam Gloves*

THE DANIEL HAYS COMPANY
*Gloves since 1854*
Factories: Gloversville, N. Y.
New York and Export Division
200 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.


# EUROPE TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

(Continued from Page 8)

influence grew strong enough they were to take the leadership in "fulfilling the destiny of Germany in South America." Here as elsewhere we cannot accuse the enemy of failing to give us warning.

In Europe, too, the propagandists of Kultur were busy laying foundations. Always great bribers and corruptionists, they gave in this field a foretaste of methods that they were to intensify when war began. Some details of their ways with the French press have come to light recently.

In the United States we know how the wishes of advertisers may influence some newspaper opinion. Our corruptionists had used that method loosely; the Germans systematized it. A little before the war an advertising agency, nominally of Swiss ownership, began to approach the provincial French dailies with an alluring offer. They would engage to lease, for a lump sum and on good terms, the entire advertising space. Such an offer was much more attractive to a French publisher than it would have been to an American. In business we like to speculate a little, while the French like a sure thing. To look over his paper and say "This advertisement returns me seven per cent a year, and it is as safe as government bonds," would give a French publisher a joy which we know not.

There was, however, a joker in the contracts which the Swiss firm offered. A half-buried clause provided that the party of the first part should have the right to veto any editorial policy that it felt to be invidious to the interests of the advertisers. Those advertisers were to be mainly German. On the grounds that to attack a country was to attack its goods, the "Swiss" firm could prevent any criticism harmful to German policy. This transaction in higher business is almost parallel to the old "red-line contract" policy pursued by the patent-medicine companies in the days when they operated freely. Of course, the Swiss firm was only camouflage. Back of it stood the Imperial German Government.

This was but one interesting manifestation of a cellar campaign all over Western Europe having two definite objects: to lull suspicion of Germany; to create suspicion of that nation whose power and goods Germany coveted—Great Britain. With secret control of the press, with the bribery of corruptible persons in power, with outwardly graceful acts, Germany was wooing Italy, her unwilling ally, congenitally hostile France, neutral Spain, half-persuaded Switzerland. Not only this; she was preparing jumping-off places for use in propaganda during the war which she intended to force.

### Political Intelligence

For only a small part of her propaganda had as yet appeared above the surface. She had been preparing for at least twenty years to make mental warfare as well as physical. This, like almost all her aggressive activities, was under control of the Great General Staff. The Intelligence Department, which conducted the amazing German spy system, maintained an innocent-sounding "ethnic section." This body, utilizing spies, commercial travelers, diplomats, tourists and out-and-out agents, was collecting data on every race and people of the world and especially on those nations that Germany hoped to control or with which she expected conflict. Their inside political complications, their turn of mind, their sources of public opinion—all were set forth in the card indexes. Especially minute was the information on personalities. Name any minor statesman you wish in France, Spain, Switzerland, Belgium—he was on the card index, with his career, his affiliations, his worldly circumstances and his weakness. If he had a skeleton in his closet, as a hidden vice or private scandal, that also was recorded. In the last emergency he might be blackmailed.

The small rudimentary "separatist" movements of the European and Asiatic nations were studied with especial attention and skill. For example: Belgium includes two elements of population, the Flemish and the Walloon. The Flemish are akin to the Dutch, the Walloons to the French. In a general way Walloon influence rather prevails in the martyred kingdom; the official language, for example, is French. Though no Belgian advocated the division of the Kingdom there was a weak Flemish movement, its object being not political disturbance but the preservation of Flemish language and customs, and the increase of Flemish influence in national affairs. Here was a rift which might in case of necessity be made a gulf.

"And no single Fleming," a Belgian said to me once, "knew half so much about the Flemish movement as the German General Staff."

For the collection of information upon which to base a campaign of propaganda, for the actual operation of the propaganda when the time should come, the Germans had unexcelled human material. They had made of their rigid and tyrannical system a most complicated machine, all the parts coördinating. Government, high finance, foreign commerce, diplomacy and the unescapable Army all worked interlocked. And every piece of this human machinery was most carefully finished.

An admirer of Germany has told this story: Traveling once in Prussia, he was entertained at the country house of an importer. The sixteen-year-old son of the family remarked, in passing, that he was preparing for a career in Russian trade.

"I am interested in Russia," said the visitor.

"Then would you mind coming to my room?" said the boy.

### Germany's Foreign Studies

The visitor found the room lined with a library of Russian books. The furniture, the hangings, the pictures—all were Russian. This boy, as the visitor learned upon inquiry, had learned the Russian language along with his German, and was already branching out into dialects. All his studies were on the history, the internal organization and the customs of this land of his career. He was not merely studying Russian; he was living Russia.

"My brother," added this boy, "is going into the South American trade. He is studying Spanish in the same way."

Since the war Germany has shown again and again what specialists in the ways of foreign countries she can command. The Commission for Relief in Belgium, in the days when Hoover and his Americans ran it, decided to divide Belgium and Northern France into thirty administrative districts. It was agreed with the Germans that each district should be under joint control of an American from the commission and of a German captain.

"You'll want," said the Germans, "specialists on the Anglo-Saxon mind. Further, they'll have to speak French. It is largely a financial job. Therefore they should be bankers."

The next week the thirty captains arrived. They all spoke French and English, they had all lived in England or America, or had at least specialized on those countries in their studies; they were all, in civilian life, bankers or bank employees.

The ethnic section of the German General Staff at Berlin was assisted or advised by innumerable experts such as these.

Just as carefully and minutely did the planners of German propaganda go into the larger and more aggressive tactics of the game. Here, German fashion, they borrowed—and improved. The modern German mind, as has been observed again and again, does not originate. Characteristically, poison gas is the only invention which Germany has added to the art and practice of war. Its deadliest devices—such as the machine gun, the submarine, barbed wire and the aëroplane—were invented in America. Its strategy is studied from Napoleon, save where it has been improved by hints from the great Entente generals. Its grand tactics were almost all worked out by the other side. Usually the actual inventor of these tricks and devices failed. Sir John French first tried the intensive bombardment of intrenchments; but he had not enough guns and ammunition to make his plan succeed. The Germans improved the method; it was the best weapon of their assault on Verdun.

It was accepted as an axiom of this war that surprise was no longer possible. Cadorna, the Italian, with the mental daring of his race, challenged this notion. While making a strong bluff attack on the Trentino he conveyed by night several divisions into the Gorizia sector. These, as they detrained, he concealed by a careful system of camouflage. When, with everything prepared, he swept into the town the Austrians were so taken by surprise that the officers abandoned even their papers and their personal baggage. Nearly a year later Nivelle, the Frenchman, tried in the Champagne an attack without the customary intensive bombardment, which so warns the enemy. He failed by a hair's breadth through causes still under dispute; it was the most distressing near-victory of the war. The Germans took the Cadorna method and the Nivelle method, combined them in the Van Hutier method, perfected it, gave it a rehearsal on the Eastern Front, launched it against us last spring, and threatened Paris and the Channel ports.

So when, long before the war, the Germans prepared plans for a campaign of persuasion designed to break the will of the enemy, where should they borrow? From the United States, of course! Owing to the extraordinary freedom granted our press, owing also to the spirit of initiative in our character, we had carried the practical psychology of persuasion further than any other people. In this we were specialists, as the French in military science, the British in naval strategy. We had brought newspaper advertising from a fine science to a philosophy which was being taught in the commercial schools. We had spawned the press agent, who had dignified his profession until it became that of the publicity agent, handling not only the press but all other agencies for influencing the public mind. We had even a literature on it.

The Germans therefore studied the United States. They collected our books; doubtless they maintained among us agents to report on our methods. Ever since the Spanish War there had been a secret "press attaché" in the German Embassy at Washington. Probably he added to his immediate task of planting German propaganda that of watching our way with public opinion.

I cannot prove this by the book. It is, however, the opinion of Frenchmen and Englishmen who have been carefully watching the German game ever since the great war broke. Myself, I have been struck all along with the resemblance between certain tricks of the German propaganda and certain well-known methods of the American publicity agents. And in Washington last spring I encountered a piece of documentary proof. By way of a neutral country adjoining Germany came an order for American books. This commodity requiring a license for export, the list was referred to the Government. Through it, as though for camouflage, were sprinkled a few titles of current best-selling novels. The rest of the list consisted solely of the latest American books on advertising and publicity method. The Great General Staff was bringing its library up to date!

### Crude Publicity Work

They were as ready for their psychological campaign as for their military campaign. They had studied the principles and worked out a method. They had collected minute information upon the mind and character of every people whom they might want to persuade. Sitting at the elbows of a board composed of the best publicists to be had in the empire was a set of experts unrivaled and unmatched in all Europe—men who knew Spain as well as did the Spanish, Russia better than did the Russians. Every diplomat stationed in a neutral country, every military and naval attaché, every spy, every member of a German colony abroad was a propagandist. Back of them stood the power above the Kaiser—the Great General Staff.

Such being the case I cannot quite understand why they made such an awkward beginning. For the first two or three months, as every American knows, they bombarded us and the world in general with "copy" which had no affinity for any mind except the German. The Herr Professor fulminated. He threw out by reams that heavy Germanic philosophical matter which, proceeding from a false premise, reaches, by a perfectly logical process, a false conclusion.

In the language of the press agent, "This stuff goes great" with Germans. It made no dent on the practical Yankee intelligence; no more, probably, did it affect the

(Continued on Page 28)

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To PREVENT a coal famine it is estimated that 720,000,000 tons must be mined this year and delivered to consumers—60,000,000 tons a month.

*"There is now a Fisk Tire for every motor vehicle that rolls."*

MOTOR TRUCKS can do their part to prevent a coal famine by making quick deliveries from the yards to householders.

TRUCKS cannot afford to lose time. Every minute and every mile counts.

GOOD TIRES prevent delays—

DEPENDABLE TIRES are built to wear, and meet the rugged conditions encountered in actual use.

FISK SOLID TIRES *are* dependable. When you need truck tires—buy FISK.

# FISK SOLID TIRES

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BATES



Write us for your copy of Shoe Life. It tells you all you should know to insure getting out all the comfort and wear built into the shoe. Name of our dealer in your locality on request.

VANDYKE
GUN METAL OR KOKO KAL
$5 TO $9

MEN naturally careful of their appearance and patriotically careful of their pocketbooks, like Bates Shoes.

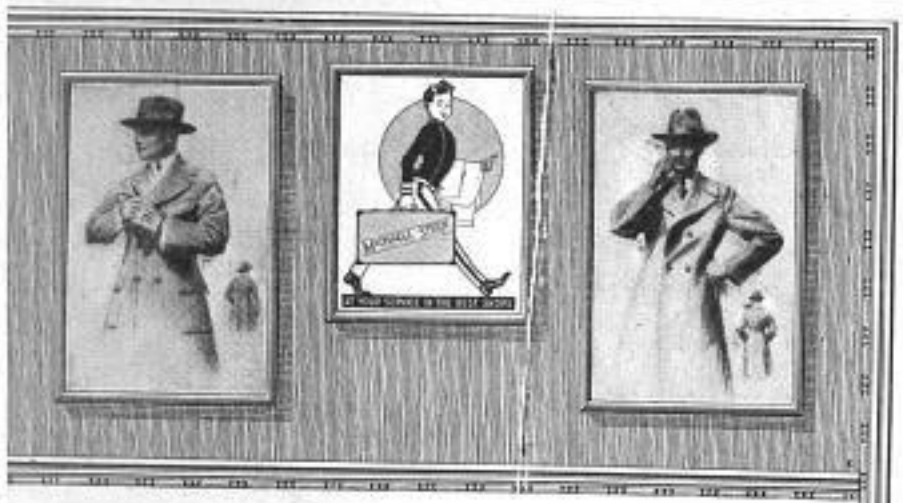
There is a clean-cut snap about these shoes that wins approval. And there's the economy of quality about them, too.

They're cheerful shoes that offer quality at a moderate price — that develop volume sales through rapid turn-over for dealers. Bates Shoes sell at sight, and their built-in wearing quality gives lasting value to their appearance.

WEBSTER A. J. BATES CO. ESTABLISHED 1884 MASSACHUSETTS
Warehouses New York and Chicago

SHOES





ECONOMY—getting "Value First"—has always been a wise principle. To-day, it is even more—it is an imperative obligation.

A sure way of practicing clothing-economy is to wear

MICHAELS - STERN
VALUE-FIRST CLOTHES

*Send for Style Catalogue, Dept. A*

MICHAELS, STERN & Co., Rochester, N. Y.
*Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-made Clothes.*

*(Get Full Value From Your Quarter—Buy W. S. S.)*


*(Continued from Page 26)*

Spaniard with his disregard of pure reason and his fine sense of the values in honor; or the Italian with his dramatic spirit and his intuitions. How to account for this blunder I do not know. Perhaps it was due to bureaucratic politics—some man with prejudices temporarily in power. Perhaps, as so often happens with the modern Germans, who have a curious quality of brain feverishness which drives them into humorless rages, the German intellectual class went must like a bad elephant and threw form to the winds. Probably at this time the Great General Staff felt no great necessity for intensive propaganda. They expected to conquer at once by force of arms alone.

However, soon after the Battle of the Marne they knew that this was going to be a long war. And German propaganda became rapidly expert, subtle and dangerous. So far as mere open work with the neutral press was concerned they dropped the syndicated ravings of heavy German professors. Instead, they opened their battle lines discreetly to correspondents of neutral journals—the bigger the correspondent and his journal the warmer his welcome. The men who visited Germany on those terms understand now how minutely they had been studied before they ever got their passes to the Front. Was the correspondent an American? Unless he was already listed in the card index of the Great General Staff his name was flashed to the offices of the Hamburg-American Line in New York. Back came an estimate of his importance and that of his newspaper, together with sundry useful advices on his personality and tastes.

Watched constantly during his tour of the Front lest he learn too much, he was surrounded by subtle influences. If he happened to be a Southerner he found a headquarters staff chatting genially on the amazing strategy of Stonewall Jackson. If his family fought with the North he learned quite by accident that Germany had worked out her strategy on the principles laid down by Grant and Sherman. One man who visited Germany, by invitation, at this time, is related by blood to a general of our Civil War who does not figure in history as a success. The Germans tried to persuade him that his distinguished connection really won the war for the North.

At this time the Allies, passionate for military secrecy, had not let a single correspondent go near the Front. Banquets and joy rides were the lot of the correspondents who went to Germany; suspicion and jail the fate of the correspondent who went to help the Allies prove their case in America.

### *Dirty Work in Neutral Countries*

This, however, was only a surface phenomenon. Everywhere under the surface the German propagandists were getting their grip on the sources of public opinion. At strategic points they bribed the bribable, whether journalist or statesman. When bribery failed they often used personal blackmail. They wormed into the ownership of newspapers. Controlling stock in neutral journals doubled and trebled in value. They bombarded all the neutral world with books and pamphlets admirably studied to get at the native mind, whatever its peculiarity. As literature began to lose its grip they took, in countries which they could reach, to the moving picture. When, awaking tardily, the Allies tried to introduce moving pictures of their own into the neutral countries they found in most cases that the cinema theaters had been bought up by strings and syndicates with German money; that they would run no films calculated to help the Allies.

In Spain the Germans varied these tactics. Cinema privileges there were useless to them, since they could not get through consignments of film—except occasionally by submarine. So, on a quiet day when no one was suspecting, a law was slipped through the Cortes forbidding the exhibition in Spain of battle or army films dealing with the present war, lest it "inflame the public mind."

Secret agents with long purses were everywhere at work. Of Bolo Pasha we know, owing to his great success and his disastrous fall. He with his associates nearly broke down the resistant spirit of France after the Champagne failure of 1917. Then—the firing squad.

But there are still many Bolos uncaught probably. Under them scurry a horde of little gnawing mice of agents, spreading the whispering propaganda—by hints, innuendoes and plain lies imparted to the gossips of this or that provincial town, telling the tale which Germany wishes people to believe at the time. These are as dangerous as the big agents, just as the attack of a swarm of bacilli is as dangerous as the rush of a lion. Your Bolo Pashas may be found and rooted out; it is difficult to discover, round up and convict hundreds of innocent-appearing commercial travelers, book agents and women of the town.

With most people this subtle whispering propaganda is as much more effective than printed propaganda as personality is more effective than mere dead matter. At this moment, prevented by Argentina's breach of diplomatic relations from introducing anti-Allied matter into the press of Buenos Aires, the Germans are employing by hundreds pleasant and gossipy characters who, for a good wage, sit all day in the cafés and just talk.

By now nearly everyone knows of these tactics. But let us consider broadly the whole state of German propaganda as it must have appeared to the governing board in Berlin when it sat down to lay out a strategic plan.

First, as to their objective.

In the neutral world they wished to create such favor for Germany, such distrust of the Entente that the nations involved would either not come in with the enemy or would eventually come in with Germany. In the meantime they wanted certain favors from these neutrals, like the illegal refusal of essential supplies to France and England, or the provision—equally illegal—of secret submarine bases. Finally they wanted to keep as much as possible the after-the-war trade.

In the enemy world they wanted to create and maintain a spirit of suspicion and dissension which would break down military and civilian morale at times when things were going badly, and especially when a victorious Germany should be ready for a sudden and overwhelming peace.

### *A Confidence Game*

To do all this Germany must create a background of confidence. If you are seeking a man's friendship it is necessary to prove to him that you are honest, good faith being the foundation of amicable relations. And here, in the very beginning of her campaign, she was forced to fight on the defensive. The managers and editors in chief of German propaganda knew exactly as well as we that Germany had been working during at least a decade toward this war; that with the peaceful road open to her she deliberately chose the road to war so that the Junker dream of a place in the sun might be fulfilled. The truth, if they had told it with the best foot forward, would have run something like this:

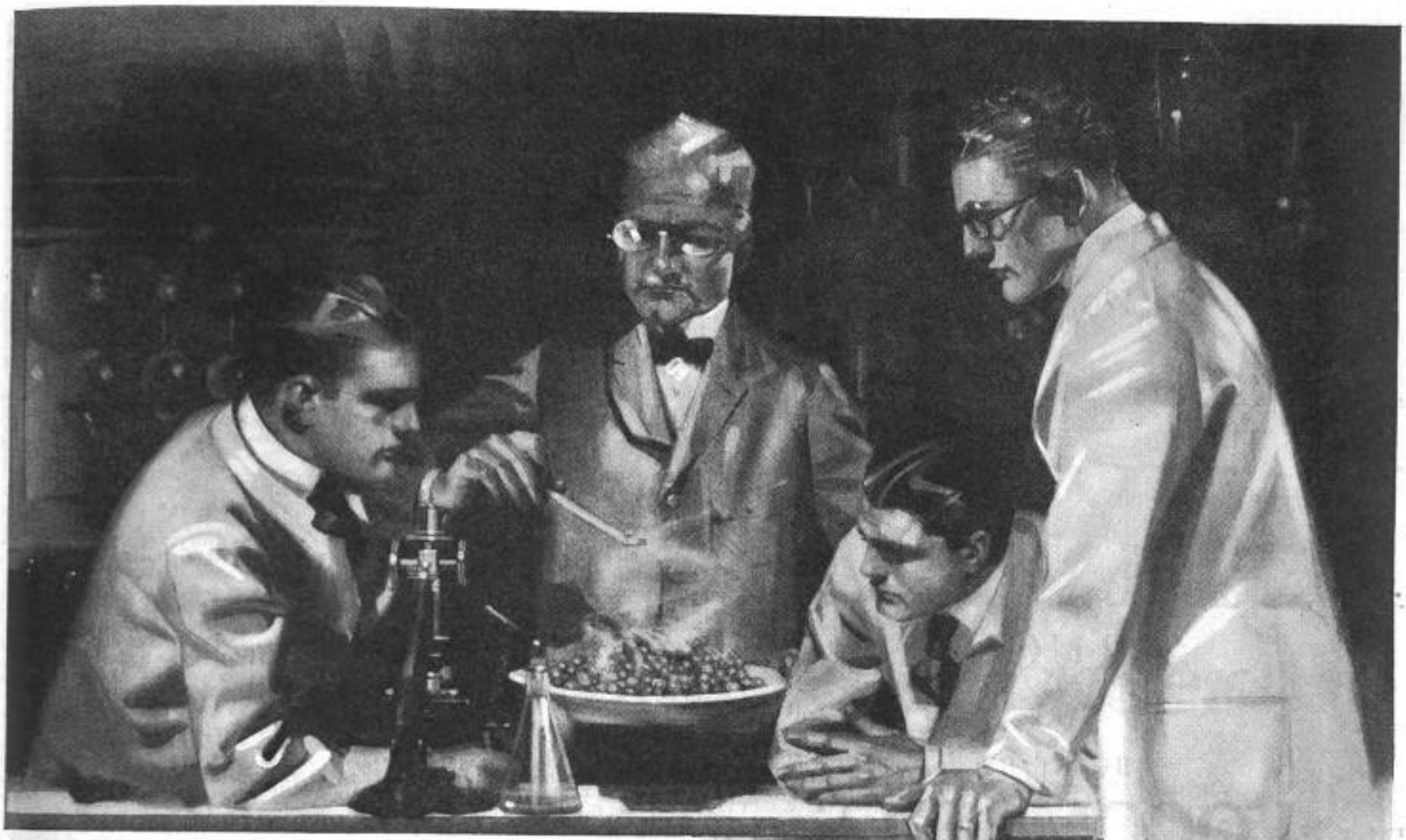
"We believe in war. It is necessary to the evolution of races. The strongest must prevail. That is the law of life. It is the duty of a nation to make war, to extend its territory and its power. There is no such thing as faith between nations. To prepare for war and to carry on war for his nation by every means in his power, however cruel and false, is the highest moral obligation of every man, high or low. Certainly we have launched this war, and have been planning to launch it for many years. If the Entente nations failed to prepare for aggressive war the more foolish and knavish they. For they have been untrue to the highest duty of subjects in a state—to make war."

No, that philosophical manifestation of the higher barbarism would not go down with a world which, outside of Germany and Austria, was becoming rapidly democratic, and held, as democratic peoples do, that nations, like individuals, have moral obligations.

They must lie. They must invent some great fiction and bolster it up with little fictions. The great fiction was invented with but little strain on the Teutonic mind. Against them stood Great Britain, potentially the most powerful of her adversaries. England, as mistress of the seas, had a past. So has every nation involved; peoples, like people, are neither all black nor all white. But with her far-flung power England had created many tiny jealousies in other races just as she had created an enormous, devouring jealousy in Germany. Moreover, Great Britain was the nation which, more than any other, Germany wanted to beat. She had the property and

*(Continued on Page 30)*

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# How Scientific Cooks— By Years of Study—Attain The Perfect Dish

The Van Camp kitchens offer you some cooking revelations. They are based on chef creations of the rarest sort. Some are world-wide recipes. All were first developed for us by a noted chef from the Hotel Ritz in Paris.

But our college-trained cooks then took those recipes and applied scientific methods. They made a study of every ingredient. They compared in some cases a thousand blends.

By years of expert effort, they multiplied the quality and flavor. They attained unique delights. And now we ask you to compare those dishes with the kinds you used to know.

## Pork and Beans

### With Unique Zest and Flavor. A Quality Undreamed-of

Try for example, Van Camp's Pork and Beans of today. Under old methods—years ago—this dish made these kitchens famous. It always was a master dish, amazingly delightful.

Now the beans are grown on studied soils. Each lot is analyzed before we start to cook.

To insure a tender bean, all water used is freed from minerals. The baking is done under pressure, but the steam doesn't touch the beans. Thus we apply hours of fearful heat without bursting or crisping the beans.

The sauce is the final result of 856 tests. It is a masterpiece of zestful flavor, which never varies. It is baked with the beans, so every granule shares it.

The result is the whole and mellow beans with a most inviting tang. Beans that easily digest. Beans which change one's whole conception of this old, familiar dish. Let it show you the supreme result of scientific cookery.

## Famous Soups

### From Prize Recipes, Now Bettered Many Fold

Van Camp Soups are among the most conspicuous results of this scientific cookery. Most of them are based on famous recipes. They were first made in our kitchens by a famous French chef. Some had won prizes in that capital of cookery.

But our scientific cooks, through countless tests, improved each soup beyond all recognition. They studied every ingredient. They learned what seeds and soils best grew the needed vegetables.

Then for each soup they made countless blends. They tried a thousand ways of adding to the flavor. To attain today's perfection years were spent. And every step was recorded. So a single formula covers many pages. And thus is every Van Camp Soup exactly like the finest which these experts have created.

Now for your own sake choose any soup which, under old methods, seemed to you delightful. Then learn for yourself how Van Camp methods made it more delectable. One such trial will win you to our new culinary art.

# VAN CAMP'S
## READY COOKED FOODS
**Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis**



*Van Camp's Pork and Beans*
An economical dish, more nutritious than meat, and made a delicacy.



*Van Camp's Soups—18 Kinds*
Each a French chef creation, perfected by years of scientific study.

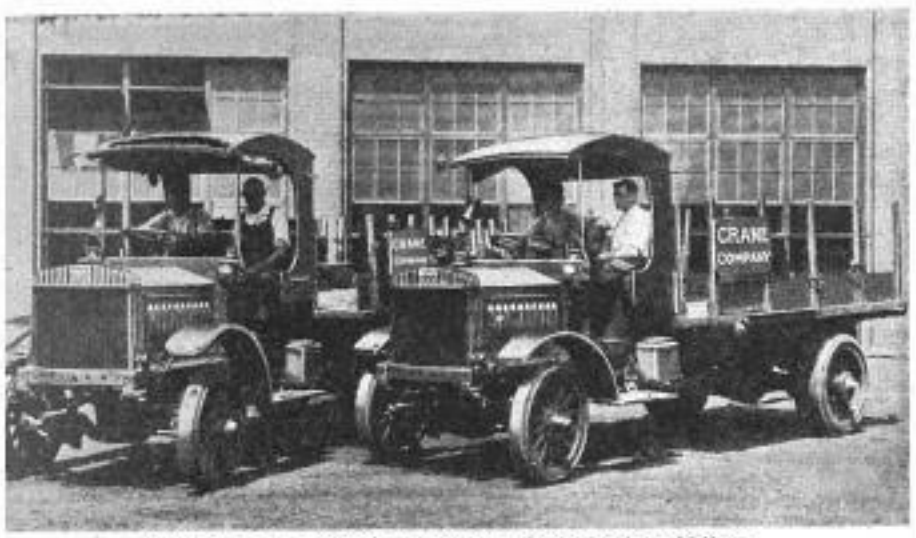


*Van Camp's Spaghetti*
Made from a formula which we value at $500,000. Italian style but not Italian quality.



*Van Camp's Peanut Butter*
Made from blended nut-meats of the highest grade, with every bitter heart removed.

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*Crane Company Trucks in Bridgeport. Two of a fleet of Rikers.*

RIKER

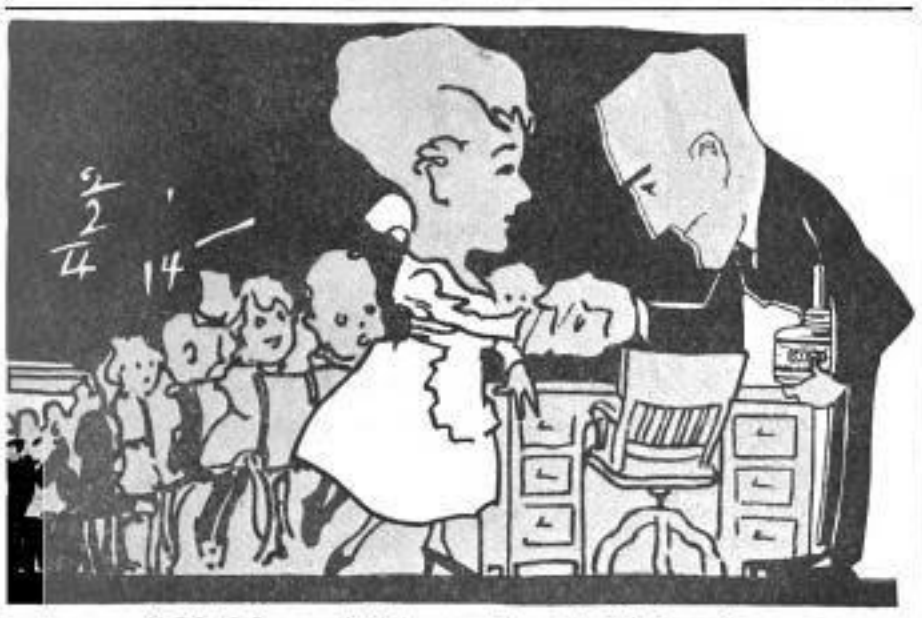
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OF AMERICA · *Bridgeport, Conn.*



**"Children, This is Mr. Will Stick His Nick Name is CICO"**

I should have said his stick name, be-
se **CICO,** Carter's new liquid paste,
ks things down so hard they can't be
ed loose. When you think of **CICO**
nember it will stick. When you want
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THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY

Boston New York Chicago Montreal



(Continued from Page 28)

possessions, and would make the best looting. If Germany could create in the rest of the Entente Allies universal hatred and distrust of England she might cut them one by one out of the war, leaving only the great adversary.

So the German propaganda began to lie in a fashion wholesale but ingenious, the burden of falsehood being that England, perfidious, intriguing Albion, launched this frightful war on the world in order to overwhelm her business rival—innocent, peaceful Germany.

A few months ago I tried in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to analyze the moral downfall of Germany, to show how false ethics have corrupted the state and are fast corrupting the individual. First, the lords of Germany inculcated the philosophy that the state was supreme and that its glory and advancement, without regard to the happiness of the individuals composing it, were the highest moral good. In peace or war any act advancing the interests of the state, performed against the subject of any other state, became at once highly moral no matter how treacherous, brutal or immoral by ordinary standards. Second, having got this strange moral standard accepted, they carried the philosophy one stage further. It became equally praiseworthy for the subject, acting for the glory and advancement of the state, to perform a treacherous, brutal or immoral act against a fellow subject. So was created a false and double standard of morals. If this process continue, I pointed out, it is bound to destroy all faith between man and man, and to bring the age of lies. He who dallies too long with falsehood becomes incapable in time of distinguishing the truth from the lie.

Something like that happened in this case. Embarking upon a campaign of the most ingenious lies the German propagandists rapidly became incapable of using truth. The Western cowboys of my childhood used to say: "He lies when the truth would suit better." Become the falsest emanation of the human mind, German propaganda rapidly arrived at that state. Again and again, when the actual state of affairs served their cause, they could not forbear so to decorate the truth that it became almost indistinguishable under the embroidery.

Here are a few examples:

At present the backbone of German journalistic propaganda is the Nauen wireless. This, sent from the most powerful radio station in the world, is a newspaper service equivalent to two or three columns of print a night. Relayed by other stations, open or secret, it reaches the whole world. To the newspapers it goes without cost; the publisher in a neutral country who cares to use it gets a war-news service free of charge. That in itself constitutes a kind of bribe. Nauen wireless is picked up by our own stations, though naturally it is not published here.

### *Socialists to Order*

"A lie in every line" should be its motto. If its promoters have any sense of humor I can imagine them shaking with loud Germanic laughter as they concoct it. Sometimes the recipient who knows the facts has himself a merry season. Last spring, quietly reading the day's Nauen wireless in my office, I alarmed the stenographers by laughing immoderately. This is what set me off:

In August, 1917, I wrote from Switzerland to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST the strange story of Nassim Masaliah. When the first Socialist conference was called at Stockholm, Berlin wired to Tallat Pasha, Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, asking him to send some Turkish Socialist delegates. Tallat Pasha was puzzled. He did not know what a Socialist was, and neither did any of his suite. Only one thing was certain—there were no Socialists in Turkey. Fearing, probably, that this was some strange doctrine which denied the Koran, Tallat sent for a Jewish unbeliever—Nassim Masaliah, an active and clever little lawyer who did odd jobs for the government. He was ordered to get two other Jews, go with them to Stockholm, and be a Socialist. At the conference Nassim Masaliah, being insufficiently instructed, gave himself away. He had to admit that he did not know just what Socialism was. The Germans got him and his companions away before the neutral comrades learned this. The original conference broke up, and a year ago, when I last had accurate news concerning him, Nassim Masaliah was in Berlin studying Socialism under a professor and an interpreter.

Such being the situation, I had found in the Nauen wireless a long interview indorsing the democracy of Germany with "Nassim Masaliah, the eminent leader of the Turkish Socialists!"

Here was a case where I happened to know the facts. To one who had all the facts there would doubtless be a laugh in every paragraph of the Nauen wireless. Every day it carries such reports as this: "Lieutenant Schmitz, of our submarine U-Blank, operating off the English coast, reports sinking 62,000 tons of shipping, including one steamer of 16,000 tons." A government official in a position to know the real facts had these Nauen reports of sinkings added up over a certain period of time. The total came to two or three times the actual figures, and even to twice the figures given out by the regular German communiqués on the subject, themselves gross lies of exaggeration.

"Of course," said an old-time Western liar, "you alluz have to get you a little piece of truth for a peg to hang the lie on." The Nauen wireless and kindred agencies use quarter truths a great deal. Take a current example:

Whatever their claims to observing international law, the German submarines probably sink hospital ships whenever they can. A boat is a boat; a sunken hospital ship must be replaced from merchant tonnage, and reduction of tonnage is the object of the campaign. At the first chance they will sink an American hospital ship, as they have already sunk British. So they are already preparing the excuse.

Before we entered the war a great many adventurous or philanthropic young Americans went to Europe to drive ambulances carrying the French wounded. They crossed in ordinary passenger steamers. They were strictly noncombatants, and as such recognized by the laws of nations. When we entered the war most of these boys at once enlisted in our Army. Being the kind of men they were, the majority picked the romantic and dangerous service of the air.

### *More German Poison*

These facts, conveyed to the liar of German propaganda, were enough for a peg. All through last July Nauen wireless was hammering into the neutral world the charge that Americans were sneaking over aviators, disguised as Red Cross ambulance drivers, on hospital ships. This charge has no more basis than the facts I have cited above. But whenever the German submarines succeed in finding and sinking a shipload of our helpless wounded and of woman nurses the alibi is ready.

In the summer of 1917 a few British batteries joined the Italians on the Carso. At the time the Germans were striving to break down the morale of Italy. As part of the general campaign they were trying to create hatred and suspicion of England. Now when men of different nations are for the first time thrown together in large bodies they nearly always fight a little. There is a boy inside of every man, especially when he wears a uniform. One night some British and Italian soldiers, probably flushed a little with native wine, "went to it" in a café. The British attacked with fists; the Italians came back with knives. One or two Britons were cut, and one was badly stabbed. If this had happened during an accidental meeting of British and Italian bluejackets in a neutral port before the war it would have been simply a police-court case, reported by the local press in a paragraph.

The Germans, with the pipe line they had then into Italy, learned of this; and the liar, having the suggestion which stimulates imagination, went to work. In the organs of propaganda the incident became a ghastly riot. Machine guns had to be turned on the rioters. There had been numerous executions; but even that did not stop the trouble. The whole Italian Army was roused by the insolent attacks of the "invaders." The whispering propaganda took up the story and carried it to every corner of the Entente nations. When a little later I went to the Italian Front friends at British headquarters wrote to me asking if all this was true—would I investigate? I did, and found the facts as I have stated them. The British and Italians having got the fight off their systems were getting along in perfect comradeship.

(Concluded on Page 32)

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# Send *him* a word of cheer-

IT seems a bit early to begin thinking about Christmas. For many of us it is going to be mighty hard to think about Christmas at all this year.

*But it is none too early for those of us who have sons and brothers and friends in France*, or on the naval vessels scattered throughout the globe.

Nothing must interfere with getting into the hands of every American soldier and sailor, on Christmas day, a message of hope and cheer from every member of his family and from his friends.

*No fight was ever won by gloom.* Smiles are bullets. Brave thoughts are bayonets. Words of cheer are trains of powder that run straight and swift to the enemy lines.

You may not be able to get packages to your boys at the front. *But a Christmas greeting card will go anywhere*, even into the front line trench, and do the trick of answering the German snarl with a Yankee grin.

*Think of everyone you know in the service and send a Christmas card to every one of them.*

**The stores in your town are ready now with a fine selection of Christmas Cards for Soldiers**

*And the folks at home.*

If ever you should send out generously those friendly cards of Christmas greeting, it is this year. There is hardly anyone for whom the war has not already caused some hardship. Every friend you have needs a word of courage from you. *Keep up the Christmas spirit with a message of cheerfulness.*

*Begin now to jot down the names* so that no one will be overlooked—not only the boys in the service, but their mothers, fathers, wives—the folks back home—your neighbors, relatives, business acquaintances.

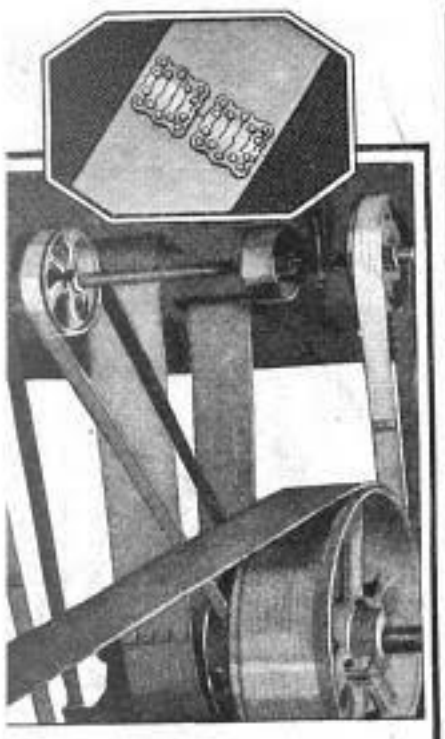
*Send them all Christmas cards this year*, and thus help in this fight to bring back *Peace on Earth* by voicing your *Good Will to Men.*

**The National Association of Greeting Card Manufacturers, U. S. A.**



# do it with Holiday Greeting Cards

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# Cut Out That Machine-hour Loss

HAVE you ever actually figured in dollars and cents the loss of time, the cost of idle machinery, the cost of idle men, the belt cost, the cost of the original joint and the cost of its repair—when a belt breaks down?

The belt man brought up on a hollow punch diet is directly responsible for this loss. He has removed 40% to 60% of the belt's best life and then tries to hold it together by leather lacing.

This deliberate misuse of a good belt is one of the worst shop habits. The next time your machinery stops for belt repairs, figure the cost—the results will startle you.

Crescent Belt Fasteners make the belt joint of correct engineering practice—precise and dependable.

Crescents distribute the strain evenly across the entire width of the belt. Are permanent for the life of the belt.

You do not have to worry about a Crescent joint.

It is easy and quick to take up the stretch on a Crescent joint.

It is the time-proven belt joining device.

Adapted to all kinds and makes of belting of every length, width and thickness for transmission, elevating and conveying.

*Ask us to send the Crescent Service Chart. Ask your Mill Supply or Hardware man to show you Crescents.*

CRESCENT BELT FASTENER CO.
381 Fourth Avenue New York City

*Branches and Distributors throughout the world*

CRESCENT BELT FASTENERS

*For Continuous Production*



*Hold Without Holes*


*(Concluded from Page 30)*

These kept liars of the German propaganda are mighty ingenious. The whole world must know by now the story of the forged newspapers which, reaching the Italian Army with lying stories about riots at home put down by the machine guns of the British, did so much to break down morale. Here, however, is another trick of that campaign, less well known: Special attention was being paid to two divisions holding a quiet sector where the Germans planned to make their great assault. Now, just before the battle a great part of the married men in these divisions received from their home towns anonymous letters saying—falsely, of course—that their wives had been unfaithful in their absence. The Italian is peculiar, as we all are—to other people—and this trick was based on knowledge of Italian character. The effect of such a letter on the recipient was to make him forget cause, country and everything else in his desire to get back home and have a settlement.

In April and May the Austrians and Germans, preparing for their disastrous attempt to break the Piave line, were trying again to undermine Italian resistance. This time America rather than England was held up as the bugaboo. We had entered the war at the order of Wall Street, because our men of finance saw their loans endangered. We were lending money to the Allies at usurious rates of interest. If the war went its course we should own Europe, body and soul. So ran the song which the Germans sang to Italy.

### The Boomerang Lie

On May twenty-fourth Italy celebrated the third anniversary of her entry into the war. President Wilson cabled to the Italian people a message of felicitation and good will. As usually happens in such cases the message was transmitted by cable several days in advance, in order that it might without confusion be distributed to the newspapers under a "release" for the morning of May twenty-fourth.

Somewhere along the line the text of this message leaked to Austria or to Germany; and the liar did with it one of his most ingenious turns. On the very day of release the newspapers of Vienna published the astonishing information that the message was a fake. It was only an old communication of Wilson's to the French people which the Italian authorities had raked up and rewritten, substituting "Italy" for "France" and "Italian" for "French." Austrian aviators flying over the Italian lines dropped leaflets containing the same astonishing charge.

Perhaps I need not say that the message as printed in Italy was genuine. A government employee at the time, it was my task to see that it was transmitted; and I handled the original text.

Having followed the European War from the beginning and collected the journalist's usual sheaf of "inside facts," I can cull such instances as these from almost every issue of the Nauen wireless. No document in history was ever so false; yet it is typical of the whole German "psychological offensive."

Let us, however, consider the campaign as a whole and see whether the plan of strategy as laid out by the German propagandist in the beginning has succeeded or failed.

If you set the years 1916, 1917 and 1918 apart from eternity and consider them alone you must acknowledge that it has succeeded—so handsomely as to give the greatest satisfaction to the Father of Lies. Propaganda, based everywhere on bad faith, on bribery, on false statement, has been worth whole armies to the German. I have forborne to say anything, hitherto, about Russia, because I have not visited that country since the war. But who doubts that her heartbreaking failures before the revolution, her collapse afterward, were due largely to the German "mental offensive"? By intelligently distributed bribery, by clever lies told to a people so ignorant and so imaginative that they could not distinguish truth from falsehood, she turned the tremendous, pure idealism of awakened Russia into a self-destructive force, as a jiujitsu wrestler turns a man's strength to his own strangulation. I know by personal observation what it has done in Western Europe. After the Champagne failure in the spring of 1917 it spread such hesitation and uncertainty in France that the army, during the last vital year when Russia held a part of the Germans away from the Western Front, was incapable of a general attack.

In the autumn of that year, and just when Italy had only one more height to take before spilling over on to the Austrian plain, it broke the resistance of one of the best armies in the game. With insignificant losses the Austro-Germans took a quarter of a million prisoners, two thousand guns and a winter's supplies, occupied a province, made negative the victories of two hard years. Twenty crack divisions could have produced no greater effect.

Yet fifty years from now, when the returns are all in, when the last of the reminiscences are written, when the state papers have been dragged to light, when the hatreds have died out, when men can see impersonally, and when some Carlyle undertakes the mighty task of writing a history of Armageddon—what will he say about this new, curious method of warfare? He can form only one conclusion, I think—that it succeeded tactically but failed strategically; that while securing temporary advantages it served in the end only toward the destruction of Germany and of the German military caste.

At this very moment, mid-course of the war, it is wearing itself out—reaction has set in. After the disastrous Italian defeat at Capretto it seemed that Austria could take either Milan or Rome at her leisure; the Italian armies of the right wing were going backward in utter confusion. Yet at the Piave River this horde of fugitives mysteriously crystallized into an army. With a few old-fashioned guns, with a little ammunition scraped together from every dump in Italy, they put up such a sudden resistance that the Austrians were stopped dead. Why?

I was at the Front when the break came, I was all over Italy when the line set again, and I think I know. The Italian soldier realized how grossly he had been deceived, what a dupe Germany had made of him; shame and humiliation roused all the fire in his Latin spirit. Last spring, as I have already shown, the German propagandist tried it again. He preceded his general attack with another bombardment of words, equally false and clever. The Austrian attack which followed was a fiasco. Italian morale, instead of being broken by the enemy propaganda, had perhaps only been stimulated.

### The Reaction Setting In

Probably somewhat the same thing happened in France, though France affords no dramatic example as does Italy. The campaign of 1917, with its Almareydas, its Duvals and its Bolos, failed of its major objective. The energetic Clemenceau brought the facts to light; and who knows whether the reaction has not helped to stimulate weary, suffering France to stand firm through the trying fifth year of war?

An Entente diplomat who was once a journalist wrote to his government recently from a Latin-American country:

"The newspaper sense in me tells me that the tide of opinion is turning in our favor. I cannot prove this, and it is strange in view of how little we have done; but my instincts tell me that it is so."

Even when Germany seemed in her spring drives to be near Paris and the Channel ports, and enjoyed therefore the prestige of a winner, one could feel the tide running our way in such countries as Spain and Sweden.

The German propagandist while preparing his campaign had studied the practical psychology of persuasion in that great laboratory of publicity, the United States. But either he had not carried his studies far enough or more probably he let his heated German mind deceive him. He had overlooked or ignored one great and vital principle, which the whole experience of American journalism proves: Alike, the lying newspaper and the lying publicity campaign fail if you give them time enough. Once I spent nearly three years in studying the American newspaper as a public institution. During that time I learned the life history of dozens of established journals which had fallen into bankruptcy or just quit. In nearly every case the story was the same: A greedy business office took money secretly from an individual or a corporation engaged in "putting something over." To fulfill its contract it had to lie. From that moment, though no one may have exposed this transaction, its influence began mysteriously to wane. In time it was of no use to the corporation, because no one believed it. Finding the newspaper no longer useful on account of this very lack of influence the corporation withdrew its support; collapse and death followed.

The exceptions are only apparent. Lying newspapers here and there have kept circulation and earning power. People buy them for sensation and thrill, as a boy buys a dime novel. But they retain little or no influence—and we are dealing now not with a money-making proposition but with an assault on public opinion.

The real sixth sense of humanity is a sense of truth. It is instinct rather than revelation of facts which discredits most liars. And there is no reaction of humanity so certain as that against the proved liar.

Again, if you hope to make the lie stick, even for a time, you must lie alone. As soon as you drag a great body of men into a campaign of falsehood you encounter enormous difficulties. Someone is bound to make a mistake or to betray you. One mistake or one betrayal is often enough.

That has happened among the German liars. The first thing they started to impress upon the world was the innocence of Germany. They placed the burden on England. It was she who persuaded deluded France and barbarous Russia to attack Germany; it was she who was making them cat's-paws while saving herself. In all this Sir Edward Grey figured as the main villain.

### Where Truth is Trumps

Now, not a word of revelation has come out of England, since the war began, to support these statements. But revelations have come out of Germany which place the blame where it belongs—on the military caste of Berlin. First, there was the confession of Muehlon, now an exile in Switzerland. A director of the Krupp works, he told how the army ring took the industrials into their confidence concerning the war which they were so soon to start; how he and his fellows were offered lands and concessions in Australia—a division of the loot in advance—as a bribe for their support. Then Prince Lichnowsky, Ambassador to Great Britain during the negotiations which preceded the war, "blew the game." His secret memorandum, designed to save his face with his friends, and also perhaps to relieve a burdened conscience—this Lichnowsky is apparently a little old-fashioned—became by accident public. It showed that war could easily have been avoided, and with honor to all sides.

A lie is a great sprinter. The truth is the only unbeaten long-distance champion.

A Germany triumphant over the whole world would need neither the love nor the good opinion of vassal nations. If Germany lost, let good opinion go with the rest, the tail with the hide. She is losing; and she will pay for the fatal turn of the card in all the evils which proceed from hatred and suspicion.

This is not to say that we need exercise no more vigilance. They have still, I suppose, many a trick in the bag. And there are regions far from the conflict where the disease has not yet run its course and established immunity.

In the German sense the Allies have done relatively little propaganda, and the United States virtually none at all. In what has come to be called counter-propaganda, which means meeting German lies squarely with truth, they have been forced to do a great deal. We ourselves have been in this game since the beginning of 1918. The budget which the Committee on Public Information has to spend for this purpose is infinitesimally small as compared to the great German fund. However, we do not need to expend such sums as the German. In the beginning a wise rule was laid down for our guidance in foreign propaganda, a masterpiece of strategy—use no unethical methods with the press of any country, and stick to the truth, even when a clever lie would give a temporary tactical advantage. Observing the course of our propaganda, I have seen it beat the German at points where they were spending in bribes, in purchase of newspapers and in secret agents twenty times as much as we were spending in intelligent open agents and above-board publicity. We are bound to win if we stick to this game; he who has the truth on his side holds the joker and all the trumps. If we are tempted to depart from this policy we shall only be fighting the Germans on their own chosen ground; and with twenty years of practice we could not equal them as liars.

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# THE GOBS

(Continued from Page 7)

about the seas on the destroyers, go down under them in the submarines, float above them in the navy planes or in the observation balloons, serve in the manifold machine shops, peel potatoes or fire torpedoes with equal facility, and sing at it, and eat it up. I watched a number of them towing a big clumsy target along the side of a ship one day—a great, rectangular affair of heavy timbers that dragged through the water leadenly. A dozen of these young sailors were on the lines, tugging their hearts out to bring the thing along to the directed place. It moved slowly. It was very heavy and unwieldy.

"Now, you weak-chested gobs," shouted the sailor at the end of the biggest towline, "put some pep into it! Let's play we are mad at the rope and break it."

So they all played they were mad at the rope, and tried to break it, and in five minutes the target was where it was wanted, and two or three of them had swarmed, hand over hand, down ropes on the steep sides of the ship, to make it fast. That's the spirit of it. Whether they are running a launch or retubing a boiler, whether they are in the swaying lookout with the icy spray freezing about them, wallowing far out to sea or cramped in a little submarine chaser and being tossed about like corks; whether they are stuck on the bottom in a submarine or their engines go dead on them aloft; whether they fashion great steel plates into appliances for war or make ice cream—they play at it with the high spirit of youth; and whatever they start out to do they get away with it.

And loyal—that doesn't express it! They will bet you or fight you at any time or any place that their particular section of the outfit is the strongest, cleverest, bravest, best in the flotilla. You may hear the crew of a destroyer grousing among themselves over this and that aboard ship, from the C. O. to the quality of the grub—a sailor will kick at anything—but let some other outfit cast any aspersions on any feature of that ship, duty or undertaking and that outfit will retract or fight.

This goes from top to bottom. Every gob's ship is the best ship. Every gob's boat crew is the best boat crew. Every gob's mess is the best mess. Every gob's everything is the best.

### New Blood in the Navy

Outside, I mean, and when any other gobs are about to try to put something over about their own particular angle of the great game. Take twenty representatives from the crews of twenty destroyers, and you will find twenty ardent, two-fisted, acrimonious disputants, prepared to bet all their pay or fight at the drop of the hat over the assertion that the particular destroyer represented by each one of those twenty is not far and away the best in ship's company, in quality of officers, in ability as a fighting ship, in seaworthiness, in every single item that goes to make up the ideal destroyer from garboard strake to lookout.

The crew of the captain's launch of one ship will stake their lives that that launch can go faster, is a better boat and better manned than any other launch whatsoever; and so it goes all down the line. No matter what a gob may think and say to his own associates concerning the chief boatswain's mate, for example, that chief boatswain's mate, once the gob gets among others than his own company, is the paragon of all chief boatswain's mates in the service; and you'll have to fight if you dispute the statement. They discuss these matters with freedom and abandon. There are two supply ships at this particular base. One of them is an old ship, refitted for the work, and one is a new ship, constructed recently for this particular service, with every new wrinkle.

Will the crew of the older, made-over ship admit that the new ship has any single advantage over the older one, that has seen twenty years or more of service? Not for a minute! Start something about the excellences of the new ship, and the crew of the older one, happening to be about, will wade in with the flat statement that all persons who say that their ship, though twenty years old, is inferior either in equipment, officers, crew or in any other particular to the new one are crazy with the heat, and proceed to put the boasting gobs of the new ship in their places if they can—which is a matter that depends entirely on force of lungs, arms and numbers.

I have heard sailors grousing interminably about their petty officers, their general treatment, about everything connected with the service when none but their own shipmates or their particular cronies were about, and I have heard in other places those grousing young gentlemen in frenzied upholding of the sublime excellences of those very features and persons, and in wild deprecation of the other misinformed and malignant gobs who sought to convey the impression that their own close connections were of superior quality and caliber.

They come from all parts of the country, and are fresh, in most instances, from civil life; or were when they enlisted. Of course there are many men at this base who were in the Navy, who have served various enlistments, but the bulk of them are chaps who put on the blue jacket at the beginning of the war. You can find about any sort of former civilian you like in this great aggregation of sailors. They range all the way from men who were farmers, laborers, mechanics, clerks to professional men of the highest attainments. There are men who shoot craps for diversion, and men who play chess and read psychology and philosophy for the same purpose. There are college men and public-school men; post-graduate men and men who graduated from the workbench—and they are all bound together with that great common loyalty to country and flag that makes them so wonderful in the aggregate of their service.

### Nothing on Minneapolis!

Every craft has its representative, and every profession has scores of them, either with high ratings or with low ratings; and the democracy of it all is perfect. A young reserve officer on duty one night with a bluejacket orderly outside the door wanted some coal to fix up his fire. He summoned the orderly and got the coal. He was lonesome, and he hadn't been in the Navy long, and he suggested to the bluejacket that the hours would pass much more quickly if they talked a bit.

"I don't suppose," said the officer, "that it is the navy way, but then I haven't been in the Navy long, and I guess it won't hurt any. I was in business in Detroit when I went in a few weeks ago. I suppose you are an old hand at it and have been a long time in the Navy?"

"Oh, no," said the bluejacket, "not at all, sir. I came in about a month ago. Before that I was an assistant instructor in mathematics at Yale."

We gathered them from the workshop and from the university, from the ranks of business and from the farm, from California to Maine, from the Dakotas to Texas, and there are thousands of them at this base and at others welded into a compact, bluejacketed, fighting mass of young Americanism, immediately officered by keen, alert young fellows in the various petty and warrant ratings, and all doing their jobs with zest and precision. Some of them make slips, naturally, and are punished. Some of them are unruly under discipline, and need curbing. Some of them are incapable of anything but the most minor employments; but the bulk of them are efficient, businesslike, high-spirited young Americans who work hard and play hard and ask for nothing better than a chance for a go at the boche.

A large proportion of them never were in a foreign country before, and they look with grave eyes on the new scenes, and comment critically on the old customs that are new to them. Naturally they use American standards of comparison. For example, I asked several of them who had been to London on leave what they thought of London.

The Minneapolis gob said: "Looks pretty old and pretty ragged to me. Ought to have a few skyscrapers, and a good fire or two. I'd heard a lot about London, and I looked her over for four days, but believe me, bo, whatever they may say about that town it's got nothing on Minneapolis, and there are plenty of things we can show 'em."

The Chicago gob said: "It makes me sore to put that place up against little old

(Continued on Page 37)

*NEW and better things, new and better ways of preparing the familiar things, progress—are the result of constant effort. The Heinz Experimental Kitchen, with its adjoining room for the "tasting committee," is a visible indication of the Heinz policy to produce the best always.*



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BEANS

Save Meat, Wheat and Money

Baked Beans, better than any other food, will help you solve the problem of maintaining a good table at the lowest cost. Heinz Baked Beans are a complete food in themselves—they furnish all the nourishment of meat and bread and they do it at no sacrifice of appetite. For Heinz Baked Beans have a flavor that made them a familiar and welcome dish in thousands and thousands of households in days when high food prices were an undreamed-of factor in America.

Heinz Baked Beans are actually baked in real dry-heated ovens. For variety and to please all tastes they are prepared in four ways:

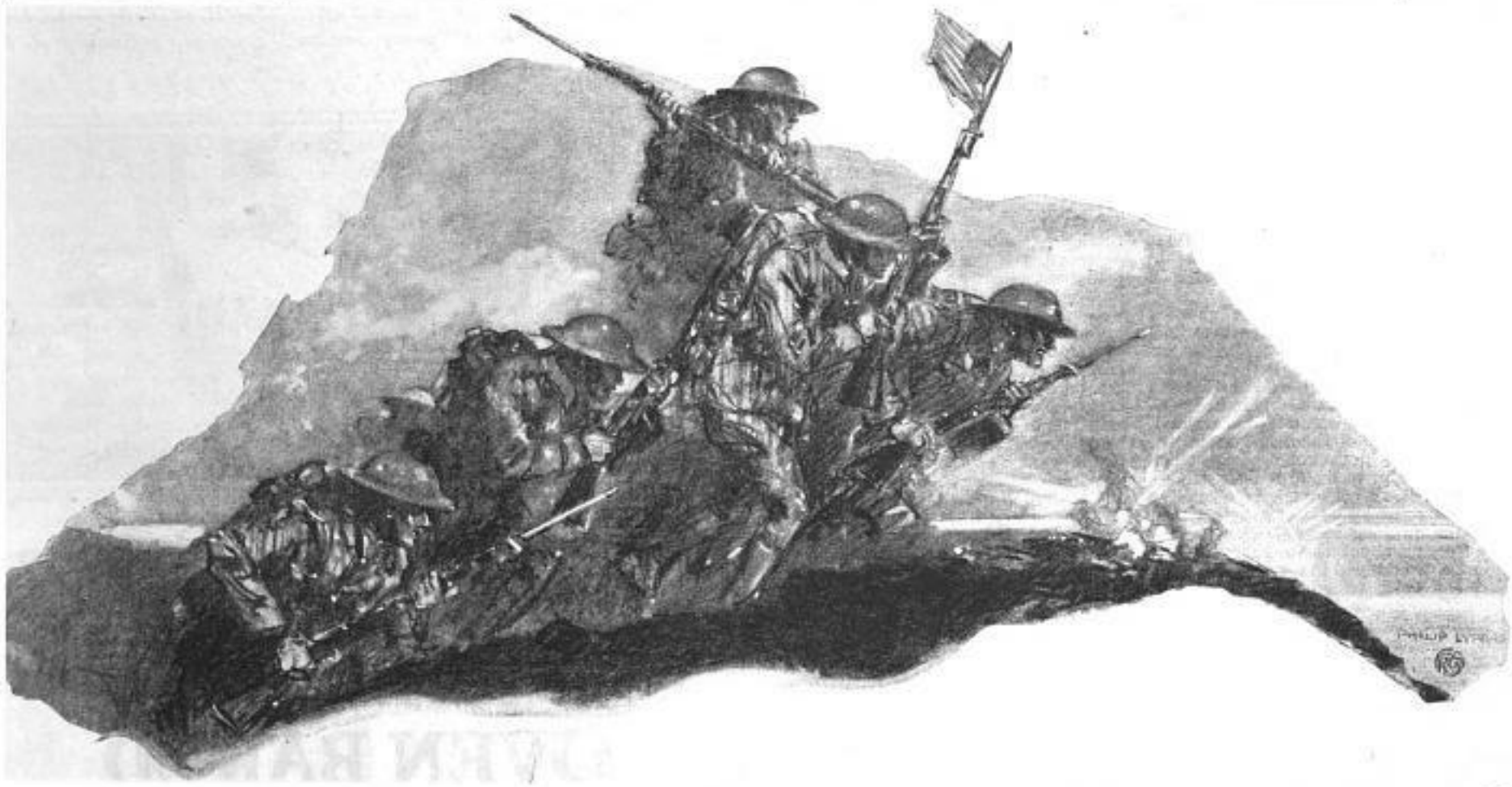
**Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce**
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**Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Meat (Vegetarian)**
**Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans**




*One of the* 57

*All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada*

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# low Close to Your Heart IS This Fight?

SUPPOSING, just to put this thing on a personal basis, that all we are fighting for could be brought about NOW, provided one single American were willing to give up his life at sunrise tomorrow morning; and then supposing we should draw straws to determine which of us should die

—and suppose YOU got the SHORT STRAW.

Would you shrink?

Not in a thousand years! You would cry for joy. The whole one hundred millions of us would FIGHT for that short straw.

Germany KNOWS we would fight for it—and that's why the face of Germany is ashen white.

Germany knows she is LICKED.

* * *

It's a tremendous thing—this America we are fighting for. Like water, and air, and light—we don't appreciate it till we are face to face with the *absence* of it. They are threatening to take America from us. We cannot and WILL not do without her. Whatever it costs to keep America—*we will pay*.

* * *

This Fourth Liberty Loan is but a mere incident along the road to Berlin. We must dispatch it—with a stroke. Too much is at stake now to waste time on parades, and speeches, and noise. Don't make it necessary for anybody to question your patriotism by *soliciting* you. Take the initiative YOURSELF. The privilege of ransoming America is too personal to be delegated to *anybody*. Go to your bank today and contract for every dollar's worth of this issue that you can possibly carry. Buy till you are numb.

Don't be afraid to invest your *last dollar*. When your money is all gone—America will feed you. SHE ALWAYS HAS.

*Dedicated to the furtherance of this FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN by the Kahn Tailoring Company of Indianapolis*

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(Continued from Page 35)

Chi. Why, say, them Londoners died two hundred years ago, and don't know it yet."

The San Francisco gob said: "I got a lot of thrills out of seeing places I had been reading about all my life, but there's one thing I can't understand. These English live on an island, surrounded by salt water, and know all about salt. Why the devil can't they put a little of it into their food?"

The New York gob looked at me pityingly when I asked him how he thought London and New York compared as cities. "Boy," he said, "don't make me laugh right out in your face."

They go about London a good deal, and visit many of the historical places. They are keen about the Tower. I heard a heated argument one day between two youths who had been in London as to whether the Tower was as good a prison as Joliet. Casualties were averted fortunately by the interjection into the discussion of the burning question whether John McCormack was born in Ireland or South Boston. The South Boston man held stoutly that McCormack came from that community, and when I left was offering to bet, fight or run a foot race to decide it.

They canvass all subjects with freedom and impartiality. I heard two of them deep in the dissection of the Havelock Ellis interpretation of the Freudian theory of dreams and psychoanalysis, and three others, not far away, in lively encounter over the name of the man who shot Jesse James. I have heard a learned disquisition on the philosophy of Mencius within sound of an earnest pro-and-con over the theory that heavy firing on the Western Front causes the rain. I have heard theosophy, osteopathy, pantheism, reincarnation, dogfighting, how expeditiously to gouge out the eye of an opponent in a fight, the pluralistic universe, the correct manner of tattooing, the origin of the bugle, the binomial theorem, the six great chess problems, the poems of Horace, the way to remove warts, the works of Laura Jean Libbey, the superiority of the British Museum in Egyptology, the relative merits of Ty Cobb and Babe Ruth, the proper method of using the sextant, the right way to shave a neck, and whether spaghetti is eaten with a fork or a spoon or both—debated in the course of one watch, with the certainty of assertion and the readiness to fight for opinion that mark that exuberant youth that comes from physical fitness to the last ounce.

### A Bored British Hero

They are keen and discerning critics of the war, and interested in every phase of it; which reminds me of something I heard on the platform of a British railway station a time ago. A train was about to leave for the Channel to take back soldiers who had been home on sick or other leave. A British soldier sat on his roll loaded down with the varied implements of warfare and defense that clutter such a warrior, gloomy and apart. An Englishman, self-appointed to cheer up the departing soldiers, glad-handed his way down the platform.

"Well, my man," he chortled to this glooomy soldier, who had three wound stripes on his sleeve and who wore the Marne ribbon, showing that he had been over there and in the thick of it for a long time, "I see that you are going back like the brave lad you are."

"Yes," said the soldier without enthusiasm, "I'm goin' back to the old lot at Cambrai. Can't get no peace 'ere. They almost got me on the way hover with a torpedo, and the first bloomin' night I was at 'ome a bloody 'Un tore the roof off me 'ouse with a bomb. So I'm goin' back to Cambrai."

"Going back to Cambrai!" repeated the amazed cheerer-up. "Why, you can't go back to Cambrai. Don't you know the Germans hold Cambrai now?"

"'Adn't 'eard."

"Do you mean to tell me that a man who has been wounded three times and wears the Marne ribbon knows no more about the course of the war than that? Don't you read the papers?"

"No," replied the soldier, shifting his pack in a bored way, "I don't read no papers. The fact is I don't take much interest in this blinkin' war."

I have seen these lads at sea and in harbor, on watch and off watch, at work and at play, and am not trying to set them in any superstation. Because a lad joins the Navy he does not become a paragon, nor does that fact eliminate any strain of mischief, spirit or cussedness that may be in him; but his naval career tends to equalize these things, and what he does become is a physically fit, efficient, well-disciplined lad, and imbued with the spirit of the service; and if he has capabilities and ambitions there is no limit to his advancement. The bars are down. Ahead of him are petty officerships, warrant officerships and the gold stripes of an ensign. Work and study will bring him reward if he has in him the quality of direction—that is, if he shows he can handle men, beginning in a small way and progressing. It makes small matter what his talent may be. There is outlet for every conceivable talent in the Navy. If there is anything a lad is especially fitted for he will get a chance to show what he can do at that effort. After that it is up to him.

Most of these chaps are between eighteen and thirty, more of them between eighteen and twenty-five than between twenty-five and thirty. Most of them, too, had not the slightest idea of regulated discipline when they joined the Navy, and infractions are frequent enough. Also, the blood of youth is hot and the judgment of youth is not stabilized, but their petty officers watch them and direct them, and their upper officers guard them and counsel them and advise them, and all in all they are a well-behaved and well-intentioned lot. If they show signs of having initiative they are given a chance to develop that quality. Promotion is waiting just round the corner for those who will seek promotion.

### The Honor of the Service

All the regulations in the world cannot change human nature or eradicate temperament, and there are mistakes—errors of judgment, pranks, wrong ideas of what fun is, and sometimes a tendency to go too far in seeking relaxation; but there is little viciousness, and less actual defiance of regulations. They are not saints, mark you, nor namby-pamby, mealy-mouthed youths, going with downcast eyes along the straight and narrow. They are red-blooded, impetuous, live lads, and two-fisted. They work incredibly when they are at work, and they play boisterously when they are at play, but on the whole they are clean-living, self-respecting Americans, and they need no particular shepherding.

They can take care of themselves, and do, with the aid of the adroit suggestions that come to them from the experienced men over them.

Our Navy has a good many of the elements of an ideal democracy about it. Of course, the status of officers toward men is rigidly maintained, and the observance of regulations is insisted upon. Discipline is maintained at whatever cost, and necessarily so; but there is no man, however humble his capacity, who has not the right of appeal to his commanding officer, and no man who may not aspire to the gold stripes of a line officer, provided he can prove his capacity. The relations between officers and men on a ship are somewhat those of a large family. The men in command have absolute power, and use it; expect absolute respect and obedience, and exact it; but the men feel and know that the men in charge have a real interest in them and a real concern in their welfare, instead of the old-time disregard of them except as seamen who must obey or be clubbed into obedience; and the morale and the spirit of the ships are remarkable. If a man or a group of men on a ship are flagrant in disobedience of regulations or do some untoward thing, the first to condemn them are their own shipmates, who feel that the honor of their ship has thus been impugned. They are all boys when it comes to shore or ship pranks and fun, but they will not stand for the rough stuff.

On shore they mingle, but in reality they are clannish as the Scots. Let the men from any ship get into difficulties, and the rallying cry is the name of that ship. Then plunging in from all quarters come first the men of that ship, and after them the men of the other ships to see what quarter the wind is blowing from. If it is a domestic riffle the latter are not concerned; but if by chance it should be international all go to it. You see, the code of the gob runs in this wise: Each ship must defend itself against any other ship, either in sport, in argument or in fisticuffs; and each ship does, for each ship is an entity, and the honor of it is dearer to its men than any other thing save one. That one thing is the honor of the service, of the Navy, and woe betide any


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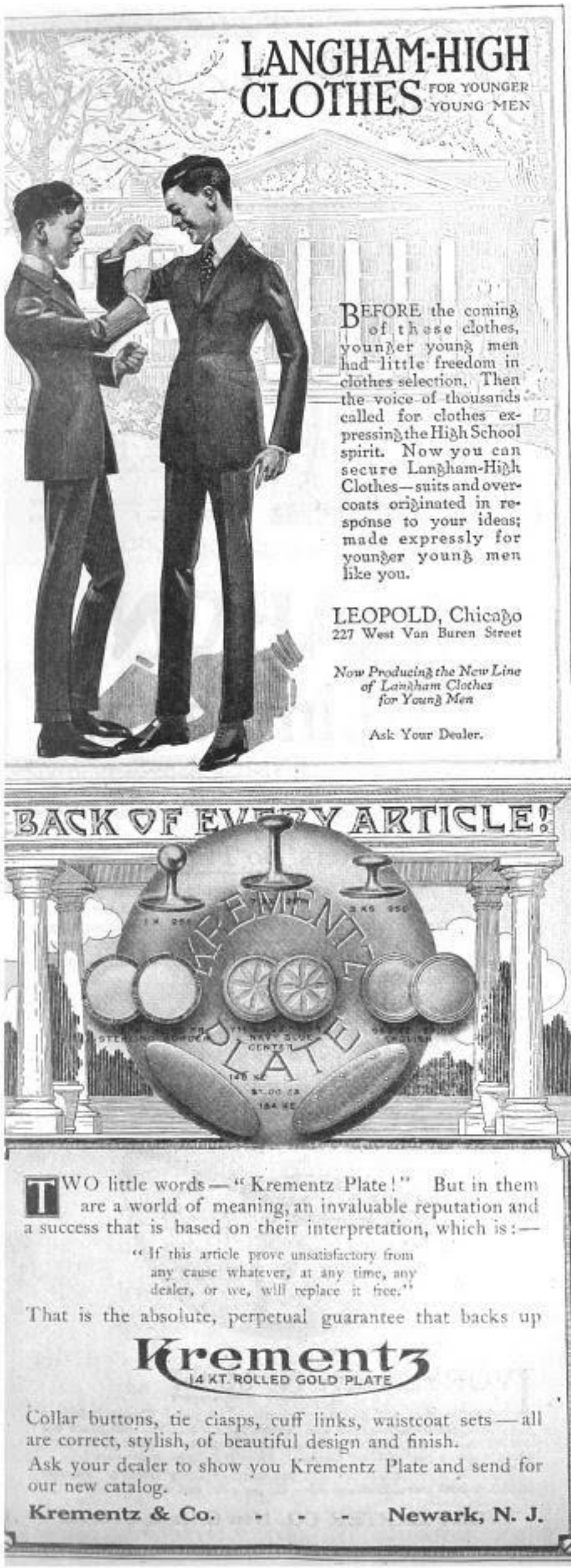

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persons who cast reflections on that. Then all go to it and, believe me, that is an excellent time for all not directly concerned to stand aside.

Our Navy is brigaded or merged—I do not know the proper naval term for it—with the British Navy in these particular waters of which I am writing. Since our ships operate with British ships and from a British base, which in turn is controlled from the British Admiralty in London, their goings and comings are naturally directed by the British commander-in-chief of that base. Everything else at the base—personnel, administration, discipline, and so on—is handled entirely by the senior United States officer present. Admiral Sims keeps close watch over his flock, both from London and locally. Everything our vessels do at sea or in port is reported to him, and his consent is obtained to all employment of our naval forces.

Thus the British and the American sailors are in a sense one body of men. Now, British and American sailors are not particularly brothers in arms, and never have been. Nor are American sailors and the men of any other navy. Usually our men go on their own. In port in pre-war days our men would fraternize with the jolly tars from other navies up to a certain point. Then storm signals would go up. I have seen some luscious encounters between our men and the men of other navies. I remember one, at Key West, where our men, pressed back by the limeys, which is the generic term for British sailors, took refuge in a pool hall and won the battle gloriously and with great execution, with several volleys of pool balls, thrown at short range and with exceeding skill.

Thus, when several thousand American sailors and several thousand British sailors are romancing round the same port, there are potentialities of trouble; but word was passed, early in the merger, that that sort of stuff would not go; and the Americans and the British get along amicably. They fraternize to some extent and treat one another with respect and deference. Ordinarily there would be encounters between the British and the American tar on any liberty night, but both our men and the British men sense the spirit of the coöperation and loyally avoid trouble, when in the old days they would go looking for it. It works out exactly with the men as it does with the officers. No friction is the order, and the men themselves enforce the order. No friction it is.

One of the most interesting sights at a base port is the shore-coming of the liberty men. In usual course the men on the ships get liberty every other night—that is, one half of them get ashore one night and the other half the next night. They come in big launches, a hundred or so to the launch, standing close together on the journey from ship to shore. Their little round white hats and the blue of their uniforms show in sharp colorful relief against the dark water as the boats scoot in toward the pier. Usually they are singing as they come.

### Shore Patrols

When they reach the pier they scramble up and set about to rummage the town for amusement. The patrols have been set before they arrive, sedate young sailormen, who wear leggings in addition to their sailor blue and carry, swinging ostentatiously in their hands, policemen's billies, for use in case argument will not convince the obstreperous of the error of his ways. These patrols walk in the street alongside the curb and go three together, two ahead and one behind. They stroll gravely along, officers of the law, and woe betide any American gob who tries to cut up rusty. They nab him in a minute and give him good advice. If he persists, they take him away in custody. They are upholding the honor of the Navy, these grave, patrolling young men, and they uphold it. You need have no fears about that. No rough stuff gets past them, and they are on patrol in all parts of the place.

The gobs respect them, for their first lesson is that the word of an officer is law, and these men are officers. Sometimes an ambitious gob or a couple of them try conclusions with the patrol, but not often. The result is always the same, for the patrols have whistles and other patrols come. Then it may mean anything for the offenders, from loss of liberty for a time to general court-martial. Moreover, there always is a chance to even up if the patrol is too officious; and the patrols know that, too, and temper justice with mercy. You see, patrol duty is not fixed duty—that is, the patrols are constantly changing as to personnel. Thus, a gob who has it in for a patrol for some fancied or real grievance may soon be a patrol himself; and think of the chance that gives him to get even with the patrol officer who put it over him, who himself may be on liberty and soaring a bit on a night when the aggrieved one upholds the majesty of the law and the regulations made and provided.

That tends to equalize and equilibrize matters somewhat. If Seaman Jones, on patrol duty, is inclined to let anything but strict official considerations obtrude in his dealings with Seaman Smith, he thinks it over first, because on the very next night or on some other night Seaman Smith may be on patrol duty, vested with the authority of the law! And Seaman Jones on liberty and doing something that may lead Seaman Smith to divest him of future liberty for some time.

It is a canny arrangement, and it leads to strict and impartial justice from the patrols and to cautious observance of the regulations from the liberty men.

The outstanding feature of this base port is the Men's Club, which is a naval institution, operated by the Navy for the men. It sits down by the water front and is a most versatile institution. It has a dining room; a big kitchen; a reading room, with a most intelligent assortment of magazines, periodicals, newspapers and picture papers, mostly from home; a well-selected library; a pool and billiard room, with American tables in it—not the big half-acre British tables, but the home kind the men are used to shooting Kelly pool on; a soda-water fountain; a canteen for the sale of cigarettes and tobacco; and, largest and most popular of all, a theater where moving pictures are shown every night and vaudeville performances given.

### Slim, the Pie Expert

The gob is the youth identical as well as perennial. He likes sweets, he likes cigarettes, he likes grub, he likes to play pool, he likes to look at pictures, and he likes to sing; and at the Men's Club he may go as far as he likes with any one or all of these diversions. Almost every night there is ice cream at cost price, and always there is cake, real American cake, with plenty of sugar and eggs in it, and often what the gob calls goo between the layers—goo being a generic term for any soft, sweet, sticky ingredient such as jam or jelly or those nectareous concoctions they put in cakes and on them. Sometimes there is pie—apple, custard, lemon, pumpkin—and real pie also, baked by an expert known as Slim who was by way of being something in electricity at home but who shines as a pie baker in a company where there are electricians enough to wire the universe. The soda fountain stands in the corner of the pool and billiard room, and from the time the first liberty men arrive until the last boat leaves there is a clamoring crowd before it, howling for favorite sweet drinks. They have them all, from torpedo flip to submarine sundae.

Before the liberty gang gets in the men in charge of the club open many cartons of cigarettes—there is a favorite that sells for eight cents a pack—and pile the packs in heaps on a shelf. After the boys begin to gather in, it takes all the time of one man to supply the demand. Ever see a gob without a pack of cigarettes sticking out of the little pocket on the breast of his blouse? You never will.

They feed them on the ships until their eyes pop out, but liberty men may or may not, as the case may be, come away before the third meal of the day. Anyhow, there never was a sailorman who wasn't ready to eat at any time or place, and full facilities are furnished him at the Men's Club in case he wants anything, from a full meal to a snack. As I have said, the gob is peculiar in many ways. In feeding he runs to ham and eggs and cake. He gets three fine fresh eggs and a slice of American ham for a portion, and at cost. That Men's Club is one of the best places to eat at in the United Kingdom. I say this without reserve, for I know.

Fancy the chance, after being rationed all over England and Ireland and Scotland, of sitting down at a clean table and getting a T-bone American sirloin steak, a real one, lashings of fried potatoes, corn, white bread—white bread!—a salad, and ice cream and cake or pie and good coffee; and all for

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half a crown, or sixty-two cents. Boy howdy! as George Pattullo would say. They put me up at that Men's Club, and of all the clubs I have been put up at, or belong to in this wide world, which are and have been many and various, that Men's Club at that naval base made the greatest hit with me.

There is a gallery along both sides of the theater for the officers and guests, and the main floor will seat fifteen hundred or so. They give a movie show every night, changing the pictures three times a week and having usually a couple of comics, a travel picture and a five-reel feature. Nights when there is a Chaplin or a Mary Pickford or a Douglas Fairbanks are the star nights. Sometimes they run in English pictures on them. The gobs are not keen for those—not enough action.

Saturday night is the big night. Then the commanding officer and his staff come over, and then usually the men in the fleet do their stunts.

There is a very good orchestra, led by an ensign, and the piano player for the movies, who is a wonder at it, is an artist who enlisted as a machinist's mate. It was discovered that he had been playing the piano for three years in the biggest movie theater in Philadelphia, and they figured they could spare him from the machine shop. So he sits here debonairly in his uniform and just naturally makes that piano talk while the pictures are on.

### *Saturday Nights at the Club*

The real nights are Saturday nights. If there is any vaudevillian in any ship's company who has done his stunts on his ship and is reported as good, he is summoned and told to put on a show.

Naturally in a crowd of a good many thousand young men from all parts of the United States there are singers, dancers, story-tellers, reciters and actors galore; and they give very good shows to very appreciative audiences.

Along in every Saturday-night program there is a line—"Songs by All Hands"; and that is where the gob shines. He likes to sing, and they give him ample opportunity, and help him along by throwing the words of the songs on the screen and leading with the orchestra.

Most of their songs are so intensely naval that the words of them will not get by the censor. In one great favorite there are just two lines of the chorus that will pass, to wit:

*Roll 'em, bowl 'em, roll 'em over,*
*We'll get the blinkin' German rover.*

That, as you may discern, has to do with hunting submarines, and it contains much reference to the identity of the hunters.

Another favorite is a parody on There's a Long, Long Trail, which runs:

*There's a long, long trail a-winding into that old Kiel Canal*
*Where the German fleet is hiding and where we must go;*
*There'll be lots of weary watches before our work all is through,*
*But some day we'll show the Kaiser what the Old Flotilla can do.*

Think of two thousand fresh young voices, led by a big orchestra, singing that song, with its swing and lilt, and you'll get an idea of the spirit of those boys.

And there is another one they love, a stunt that never grows stale. At a certain time in the show the stage is darkened and a back drop lowered. Then the lights come on gradually, and as the back drop lights up, the sky line of New York develops. The Battery, the Singer Building, the Woolworth Building—all that great jagged mass of masonry of lower New York rises out of the gloom, until presently the whole picture, excellently done, is there. Then they sing a song that begins:

*Take me back to New York town,*
*There's where I want to be.*

You'd think that every one of those chaps, from the pathos and yearning in his voice, lived in New York and was pining for that city; whereas they come from all parts of the country. But it types home to them, and they sing of it wistfully, and next day howl like wolves if they miss a chance to go to sea on a destroyer or go down on a submarine—no home for them until their job is done.

The reading room is popular, but calmly so. The boys like the picture papers, the American weeklies and the daily papers. Many of them read books, but in a general way the book is not so popular with them as the periodical. They are keen and contemptuous critics of all naval writing, quasi-naval writing and pictures showing naval ships at sea. If the writer misses one naval fact or messes naval terminology he is rated a boob immediately. An American magazine came along one day with a picture on the cover of it, by a very well-known artist, of an American sailor about to take a pretty girl in his arms.

The posture was all right and was applauded, but unfortunately for the artist and the magazine the artist put the wrong rating marks on the sailor's arm, or put them on the wrong arm, or something equally heinous.

The first gob who saw that picture threw the magazine away from him in mighty disgust. "Look what this boob's gone and done!" he shouted to all and sundry. They looked, and saw, let us say, that the rating mark was on a blouse instead of on a petty officer's coat—and there was enough contempt expressed to sink the empire, and they refuse to have any further congress with that artist, albeit he was a great favorite before he committed this horrible blunder.

There is a big recreation ground down the harbor a bit, where the British had a cricket field and where our men have laid out four baseball diamonds, where nines from destroyers and the various stations and other ships contest with one another for the naval-base championship. The British sailors have not done much at baseball yet, and the Americans look with supreme contempt on cricket.

"Say," said one of them, "will you please tell me why those limeys play cricket when they might just as well be playing baseball?"

I explained as well as I could that cricket was an ancient and favorite English game, and so on; but I made no impression.

"I can't get it," said the sailor. "Looks like waste of time to me."

### *The Best There Is*

A large hospital is almost finished, and over on one side of the harbor a few miles away there is a naval flying station, where a large number of men are stationed and where there is an entertainment house also, similar to the Men's Club I have described, but smaller. There is a training barracks, where the recruits fresh from the States are put through their preliminary paces, and an enormous English dockyard, with dry dock and shops.

A big manor house on shore has been taken over and refitted for the accommodation of some of the sailors who work in the shops on the ships, to relieve congestion and give the men a chance to sleep ashore.

Here the men have gardens, and one of the commanding officers raises rabbits, which is mentioned merely to show the variety of occupations pursued.

The gobs have a good time. They have been at this base for fourteen months, as I write, and they know every nook and cranny of the town. They have their favorite haunts and their own personal resources for amusement, aside from that officially furnished. The men in charge strive to keep them healthy and happy, and though holding a general supervision over their shore activities try to give them as much leeway as possible and make them feel that they are partners in this great enterprise, not slaves of it.

The interest is genuine. A boy at the submarine base came down with appendicitis while I was there. The ship's doctor, a skilled surgeon, took no chances, but sent for another American surgeon and an English surgeon; and that lad had as careful treatment as if he was an admiral.

I stood one night by the bedside of a lad from Connecticut, at the flying station. He had pneumonia. Two doctors stayed with that lad all night long, administering oxygen, unceasing in their efforts, and pulled him through when the slightest inattention would have sent him West. He was only a sailorboy, one out of many thousands, but he got the best there was. And so do they all, in every way.

In return they give the best there is—the best there is—for that is my definition of the American sailor after seeing him in England, in Ireland, in Scotland, in France and in other and further places, on shore and at sea—he is the best there is!









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# JEM OF THE OLD ROCK

(Continued from Page 11)

was absurdly simple. She waited till the major had gone to the office for the afternoon, and then after she had sent Judy and Jerry out on an errand she told the rest of the family the discovery she had made the day before.

Blank looks and uneasy silence followed.

"A nice thing if we are sold up," said Percy at last, "and have to move to some filthy little place—Lord only knows where."

"I'd die first," mourned Gwendolyn, and already saw herself the center of universal mourning—so young—so beautiful to die.

"Yes, you would!" scoffed Jack.

Mrs. Milligan said nothing. It was one of her deaf days, and she smilingly continued to make a layer cake for supper.

"Well, you won't have to die, Gwenny, dear," said Jem; "and we won't have to move, Perce, either—not if you'll all do as I'm going to do."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to work."

"Work? Where?"

"In a factory," she stoutly replied.

They stared at her with eyes like butter plates.

"You'll spoil your chance with Stanley Templeton—forever and ever—if you do," Jack cautioned her in a low voice.

"And what if we were sold up and had to move to three or four rooms over in Greenville?" she asked. "No, listen, children: I've thought it over, and we're wrong—all wrong—the way we're doing. We Americans, we build factories and we give everybody in the world a chance to come here and work and save money and get along; and we're about the only ones who won't work in those factories—we're about the only ones who won't take advantage of the chances we make for others. The immigrants come over here, and oh, the money they make! But we Americans, we're too proud! Too proud!"

She spoke it scornfully, letting the word die through her nose.

"Take the Camisas, across the street," she continued. "There's four in that family working, and I was adding up last night that they must be taking in eighty dollars a week. That's four thousand dollars a year. Think of it! And then I looked it up and I found that the governor of this state only gets five thousand a year—and some governors of some states only get twenty-five hundred!

"Who wouldn't be an immigrant? Who wouldn't come over here and make money like that? Why, in a few years those people will have a lot of money. You might almost say they'll be rich! And if our house is sold, just because we're too high and mighty to go out and work and save it, somebody like that will buy it in. And how they will laugh at us then!"

Jack and Percy frowned at each other with a frown that said "I'd like to catch anybody laughing at us!"

"Why, I don't believe there was ever such a chance in the world for poor people like us to make money and save it—as there is right now," continued Jem earnestly. "Look at the advertisements in the papers every day. Girls and boys go right out and make fifteen and eighteen and twenty dollars a week if they're smart. And I want to tell you that when it comes to smartness the Milligans take no back seat for anybody—nor the Merrills either, so far as I know them!"

Mrs. Milligan smilingly proceeded to spread the chocolate between the layers.

"And here's something else," said Jem, lowering her voice a little: "You can say what you like, but we've been slackers ever since the war started—sitting back and letting poor old dad do it all. But if we could get started in a factory that was doing government work—I've got an ad I'll show you in a minute—we'd not only be helping our country but we'd be releasing men who could go and fight for us. . . . Oh, I do wish we had a flag hanging up in this kitchen, and I'd jump right up, and salute it, and kiss it, and hold it to me tight."

"Where's the ad?" asked Jack.

They passed it round.

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN WANTED. Fifteen dollars a week to start. Government work. Norwich Textile Company.

"I thought we'd go over this afternoon," said Jem; "those who are willing. I'm going, for one," said she.

"I'm going, for two," said Jack.

"I'll make it three," said Percy—the Merrills being just as smart as the Milligans.

"Listen," said Gwendolyn: "Wasn't there a picture in the paper the other day of young society women in New York working on farms? I thought I saw it." And as fancy showed her a companion picture, Beautiful Belle of Norwich Working for Uncle Sam, she added, "I'll be the fourth."

"And I'll be the fifth," said Vivian, who had been listening throughout but keeping one eye on the cake.

Dancing with delight Jem hugged them all the way round, and half an hour later they started for the office of the Norwich Textile Company—innocent babes, the five of them, but on their way out of the woods; while up in Judge Kronenburg's office, where he had desk room, the major was perfecting his last grand scheme for acquiring riches quickly—utterly unconscious of the approaching step of doom.

II

WHEN Major Milligan came downstairs the following Monday morning it didn't take him long to see that something was wrong.

"Where are the other children?" he asked, sitting down to his coffee and rolls.

"Yes; it is a little chilly," agreed his smiling faced wife.

"I say—where are the other children?" he shouted.

"Oh, the children? They've gone to work."

"They've what?"

"Hot? I'll get you some more milk."

The major nearly strangled. "No, no, no!" And pausing dreadfully between each word he said: "Where—did—you—say—the—children—had—gone?"

"Why, didn't I tell you? They've gone to work."

The major nearly had an apoplexy. "Work?" he shouted. "Where?"

"I don't know. Some factory somewhere. They didn't tell me anything about it till last night; and I don't suppose they'd have told me then, only I had to get up to get their breakfasts."

The major's wrath was terrible. He stamped; he stormed; he smote the table and made the silver tinkle; he shook his fist; he raved; he roared.

"The whole world—the whole world against me! This is a sample. Hounding me—deviling me! And then my own children—Milligans—signers of the Constitution—Colonial Wars—working in a mill by the side of a lot of dirty foreigners—black-haired, greasy devils—playing their filthy mandolins—gypsies—Chinamen! And a fool of a wife who hadn't sense enough to stop them—or tell me what was going on. You wait till they come home, that's all! You just wait—you just wait ——"

Poor major. In his fury he had more ambition than strength, and when the fit had passed him he looked old and shaken, as a weary old man will sometimes look when he begins to think that he has lived too long. He didn't go out that day, feeling ashamed to face the world; but in the afternoon he bathed, shaved and changed, putting on the formal black suit and high collar that he generally reserved for funerals.

At a quarter to six, standing at the library window, he caught sight of his progeny, looking tired but proud and happy, and a minute later the side door opened and the troop trooped in. The major stiffened in his chair and silently rehearsed his opening thunderbolt.

"Where's dad? Is he home yet?" he heard Jem asking almost as soon as she was through the door; and before his wife had finished her answer he heard quick footsteps coming across the hall.

The major turned in his chair, and Jem stood in the doorway. The major rose, and Jemmy crossed the room. They looked at each other in silence, the lips of each quivering a little—and then of a sudden Jem found herself in her father's arms.

"Oh, Jemmy, my dear," he said in a broken voice, "you shouldn't have done it. You shouldn't—you shouldn't ——"

"But listen, dad," she said, kissing his eyes and cheeks: "It's not only ourselves we're helping; we're helping the Government too. And on Saturday we'll be drawing seventy-five dollars—the lot of us. Seventy-five dollars a week—just think!

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(Continued from Page 42)

Why, we'll have that mortgage fixed up in no time; and all the other bills paid—and nobody to come round then and call names and shake their fingers at poor old daddy's nose." At that she kissed the feature in question. "I'm so glad you're dressed tonight," she continued, standing back and regarding him at arm's length, "because I'm going to run up and change, too, and after supper we'll have some music—shall we?—and I'll show you whether government work has made me forget Narcissus or the Cinquième Nocturne."

At that she danced upstairs, and after she had gone the major blew his nose as though he were Joshua blowing the horn on a certain other historic occasion.

"And me, who was going to say so much!" he thought with a sheepish smile. "Now, wasn't that Fanny all over again? But never mind; I'll be on my feet now in a month or two, and then I'll stop all this."

And now without making a mystery of it any longer I must tell you the sort of government work that was being done by the Norwich Textile Company. They were making aëroplane cloth.

If I were a Victor Hugo and were calling my story Les Joyeaux instead of Les Miserables I would hereupon describe in the fullest detail how aëroplane cloth is made, tracing it all the way from the field to the flyer; but in lieu of that I will tell you of Jemmy's duties and the dreams she dreamed while doing them.

Jemmy with twenty-three other girls was in the cloth room. As the material left the weavers it came to her department to be inspected. She sat in front of a frame, and over the face of this frame the bolt of cloth was slowly unrolled.

If imperfections were few—the end of a thread sticking up here and there or spots of oil at infrequent intervals—Jemmy cut the loose threads and combed the fabric with a small steel comb and washed out the oil with soap and gasoline. But if the work was full of faults she sent it back to the weaver who had woven it; and the weaver rectified his own mistakes—with as much eloquence as his knowledge of languages allowed him.

And when you remember that Stanley Templeton was flying somewhere in France, and that his life in the air depended every moment upon the workmanship that had gone into his flying machine, I leave you to guess whether Jem allowed any faulty cloth to pass her eyes unnoticed.

Sometimes while waiting for another bolt of goods she looked out of the window and dreamed. She saw those countless yards of cloth transformed into planes, darkening the sky, redeeming the world from barbarities unspeakable. And then she would take Stanley's last letter from the V of her waist and read it over and over—as only lovers can read a letter—finding deep thrills in apparently innocent phrases, and melting with tenderness at such conclusions as "With all my love—with all my kisses ——"

To make the sweet ache at her heart more poignant, Jem knew that these were stolen joys; for though she had written him that she was working in the mill he had not yet received her letter, his address changing faster than mail could reach him.

"But he'll know soon enough," she sometimes sighed; "and when he does ——"

Meanwhile she wrote him every time she had a letter from him; rather sad, sweet notes she wrote him, and rather restrained, as well, Jem being careful not to wear her heart too openly on her sleeve where daws could peck it, and always half-expecting that every letter she sent him would be the last. Yes, and every time she had a letter from him, which happened nearly every week, she always half expected to see it start with a formal "Dear Miss Milligan" and end "Yours cordially"—which is of course equivalent to "Good-by, Love" and "What's Your Hurry?"

At the same time you mustn't think she spent her days doing nothing but working and mooning. If there was a bit of fun going on she watched it with a bright, quick eye. And sometimes at noon she stayed behind her frame when all the others had gone out, and sewed or read or even wrote Stanley a letter—as a soldier might write to the folks at home while still on the field of battle. Indeed, she was writing to Stanley on the noon of her great adventure.

"Dear Stanley," she had written: "You don't know how proud I was to get your letter and hear the news of your promotion ——"

And just as she was nibbling the end of her pen and considering her next sentence—wishing to say something nice but not too obvious—one of those delicious ambiguities that are given only to daughters of Eve—the door of the cloth room stealthily opened and the great adventure began.

At first Jem thought it was one of the girls, but without looking over her frame it didn't take her long to realize that none of the girls would tiptoe round like that. So peeping round the side of her machine she saw a stranger, evidently from the weave shed, making his way to where the finished cloth was placed.

"What does he want?" thought Jemmy; and she thought it was an eloquent weaver come to see whether his cuts had passed or not.

But when he reached the rolls of cloth this supposed weaver did the strangest thing: He unwrapped a few folds of one of the rolls, sprinkled something out of a bottle on the remaining goods and quickly rewrapped the cloth.

"Oh, oh!" gasped Jemmy as he started on another roll. "He's spoiling it! He's sprinkling acid on it, or something like that; and then when Stanley is away up in the air all at once the cloth will rip and down he'll come!"

She hardly thought it out as consecutively as I have written it, but the pictures that flashed through her mind would have illustrated the words to perfection; and such a wave of indignation and horror swept over her that it was all she could do to keep her teeth from chattering and her strength from feeling that it was under the spell of a nightmare.

But how could she stop him? For he was a burly stranger and much nearer the door than Jem was. But it wasn't for nothing that she had played circus with Jack and Percy as long as she could remember, and as another series of pictures flashed through her mind she snatched off her shoes, and light as a feather and with never a thought of danger she hurried down between the rows of deserted frames until she wasn't more than ten feet away from the unsuspecting spoiler, who was still engrossed in his work, his back turned squarely toward her.

On the nearest frame was a short roll of cloth. Working as noiselessly as the stranger, Jem made a draw noose in the end of the cloth just big enough to slip over her prospective prisoner's head and shoulders. Then lifting the roll and trying to tell herself that she was only playing with Jack she tiptoed behind the stranger, drew a deep breath, made a short prayer, and the next moment the gentleman with the bottle saw something dark pass over his head and simultaneously his arms were pinioned tight to his body, and Jem was spinning the cloth round his head as a spunky little spider will sometimes bind up a hornet that has dared to come into her web.

As long as she lives Jem will probably regard this as the outstanding fact of her life, which is why I have called it her great adventure. But I have always held that the greatest acts of our lives are seldom suspected by the outside world, and to my mind Jem's great adventure doesn't begin to compare with the manner in which she taught the lesson of work-and-save to her drifting family; nor indeed with the characteristic way in which she saved her brother Jack from the fate that was surely overtaking him. I must tell you of that next.

Jack was on piecework, and though regularly contributing his fifteen dollars a week to the family purse he still had more money left than was good for him; and as time went on it became increasingly clear that Jack was falling into bad company.

He came home at all hours in the night, and in the morning the whites of his eyes were more often red than white, and his tongue seemed thick in his mouth. Jem talked with him, and the major talked with him, and Jem and her father held many an anxious conference with each other. But though Jack sometimes pulled up short it was never long before he was at it again.

Then one evening, after thinking it over all day, Jem went into action. When Jack went out that evening she followed him and watched him enter the Bohemian Café. She hurried to the drug store, where she made a purchase, and then she went back to the café. It took every grain of grit she possessed to push those swinging doors open, but presently the Bohemians opened their eyes in wonder at seeing Jack's sister walk down the bar and push herself in against her brother's side.

"Hello, Jack!" She smiled—though it was a tight-lipped smile—and pointing to his glass she said to the bartender, "I'll have one of these, please."

The bartender was one of those stout, stolid-faced beings whose motto seems to be "You can't faze me," and before you could say Jack Robinson he had filled a glass with dark beer, and Jem had her hand round it.

"Don't!" whispered Jack, his face as pale as hers. And he took her hand away. "Come on!"

In silence they went home, still hand in hand as they had left the Bohemians, and when they reached the old Milligan mansion Jem led her brother into the library. She left him for a moment to fetch two glasses, and then shutting the door behind her she opened the package which she had brought from the drug store. It was a pint of whisky.

"Jack," she said, her voice shaking a little. "I love all the others, but you're my own brother, and I love you best of all. We haven't been parted since you were born, and we're not going to be parted now. I always hoped that when we died we might go to heaven together, dear—but if you'd rather have it the other way, why, then we'll go to the other place together. I know I'd be lonesome anywhere without my brother."

All of which was quietly, tremulously spoken, without the least touch of drama. In the same quiet manner Jem filled the two glasses.

"Isn't there a toast?" she asked. "'A short life and a merry one'? Well, here goes!" And before he could stop her she was gulping down as much as she could without choking, and immediately had a banner attack of hiccoughs.

As you can imagine it was a horrible time for Jack, especially when Jem began laughing at nothing in particular, while a red flush stained her cheeks as though they were painted crimson. Yes, she was very, very merry; and then she was very, very tearful; and then, oh, wasn't she sick!

But the next morning, when they both signed a solemn pledge together in that grand old-fashioned volume where their births had been recorded, Jem felt herself taking another upward step on that great stairway which is sometimes called life.

III

NOW, when a man's children keep bringing home and putting in the bank seventy-five dollars a week—which is more money in seven days than father has been making in many a month—it is apt to rouse disquieting questions in the aforesaid parent's mind, and finally to lead him to the noble art of self-examination. At least it had that effect upon the major.

The major had been working like a beaver on his last great scheme—the development of a neglected piece of real estate that was to make them all rich—but a faulty title punctured the scheme—as something had always punctured the others—and the major's hopes betook themselves to where the woodbine twineth.

Perhaps if he hadn't loved Jem so much he would never have seen the light—for some men never do—but self-examination hadn't proceeded far when, figuratively speaking, the major began to kick himself and to utter that *mea culpa* of the modern psalmist, "Oh, Lord, what a fool I've been!"

"Too proud to work—that's been my big trouble; and when I did make any sort of money I've been too proud to save it. Tried to get through by scheming and sitting down—instead of getting up and working hard. And then when things went wrong instead of blaming myself I blamed everybody else and began to grow sour and bitter and crabbed—yes, even against my own country—God help me!—even against my own country."

Once the major wouldn't have had the nerve to do what he did that afternoon, but he had suddenly found within himself that strength which overcometh armies, that spirit which quelleth the powers of darkness; and when Jem came downstairs the next morning at the head of her valiant little band of debt dispersers she found her father up and dressed and standing by the stove with the air of a conquering hero waiting to review his troops.

"Why, dad!" she cried, "you are up early!"

"Have to be, my dear." And clearing his throat he grandly explained. "Yesterday afternoon while passing the textile company's office I happened to drop in to see if




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there was anything which—ah—I could do there. I found they were very short in their office force—most of the young men having been drafted—so I—ah—accepted a position as assistant paymaster—twenty-two dollars and fifty cents a week."

If you had been there I think you would have seen on every face that momentary look of concentration which generally denotes mental arithmetic—the problem being to add seventy-five dollars to twenty-two dollars and fifty cents. The satisfaction given by the result was reflected by the beaming smiles that spread from face to face, and when Jem suddenly hugged him and shouted "Three cheers for dad!" they were given with a will.

"Yes, sir!" crowed Jem as they drew their chairs to the table with a fine old rattling and scraping, "we'll show 'em what the Yanks can do when we once get started!"

"'The Yanks are coming,'" hummed Jack; and this reminding the major of something else, he said to Jem, "Have you heard from young Templeton lately?"

"No," said Jem, looking straight at him; "not for nearly two months."

And oh, the hungry look in her eyes!

Yes, as Jem had always half-expected, Stanley's letters had stopped coming.

"He got my letter at last," she thought, as the weeks went by and she heard no more. "Oh, well, he had to get it sometime."

And though she tried to whistle every time she thought of Stanley it was generally a very puckery whistle indeed, pitched in a minor key and ending in a disappearing tremolo and a good hard blow of the nose.

Still, life brought its compensations.

There was the day, for instance, when the last bill was taken from under the horseshoe, and paid—the horseshoe nailed over the kitchen door; and there was that other day, never to be forgotten, when the bank's loan was repaid in full and the Milligan mansion stood free and clear again in the sight of all the world. The place might have known that a shadow had lifted from it. In the next few weeks it sported a new roof, a double coat of paint, a part of the veranda was screened in, the wrought-iron fence was repaired and painted, the lawns were graded, flower beds were laid out, and if you had been a stranger in Norwich and had passed by you would probably have caught yourself thinking, "What a lovely old place! I'll bet real people live here."

And you wouldn't have been far wrong.

Yet now that the excitement was over Jem seemed to lose much of her old interest in life. She often drew a deep sigh, apparently without knowing it, and sometimes as she worked over her frame, her head bent and no one watching her, a tear would roll down her cheek and leave a wet, round spot upon the cloth. She was making these melancholy polka dots one afternoon when the superintendent of the mill suddenly appeared by the side of her frame.

"I think I'll excuse you for the day, Miss Milligan," he said.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Jem, making a quick dab at her cheeks, "but I'm quite all right, thank you."

"I think I'll excuse you just the same," he said. "Perhaps you'll feel better tomorrow."

Jem's heart sank as she put on her hat. A nice example she was setting the family—to be sent home like that—for crying like a little fool over her work. And suppose when Saturday came round she found herself discharged! Something like a panic took possession of her, and at first she didn't see the young man in aviator's costume who was waiting for her in front of the office in a new wire-wheeled coupé.

"Hello, Jem!" he cried.

She saw him then, and from under the shadow of her broad-brimmed hat her eyes came out like evening stars.

"Stanley! No!" She laughed and cried together.

He opened the door for her, conscious that from nearly every window of the mill someone was watching them—conscious of it, yes, and glorying in it—and after Jem had taken her place by his side he gave those windows a significant glance that seemed to say, "Now take a good look at this. This is good." And then bending his head round to get the proper angle he gave Jem two kisses right off the griddle.

The first was delivered upon her glowing cheek.

The second went straight where it belonged.

"But listen, Stanley," she said: "Are you sure your mother won't object?"

They were sitting, that evening, in an easy-chair in the old Milligan drawing-room—sitting as lovers have sat since time immemorial—and Stanley was talking about licenses and weddings with a speed that took Jem's breath away.

"Object?" he echoed. "Why, I think she'd take a stick and beat me if you turned round now and wouldn't marry me."

She gave him mute assurance of her future intentions.

"I'll tell you, honey," he continued. "The time we had the row—remember?—she thought you were shiftless—the whole family here. She had a dim idea, I think, that if I married you we'd soon be on our way to the poorhouse. You know dad had to work awfully hard for that bunch of money he made, and mother was born on a farm and knows the value of every dollar she's got. Honestly, I think she'd have left every cent to a hospital if I'd married you when I wanted to, last time.

"But oh, hasn't she changed!" he eloquently continued. "She was telling me this noon how you got the whole bunch working—and paid off every cent the major owed—and fixed the place up—and then got everybody pledged to buy war stamps. Oh, I tell you, honey, she's been keeping tabs on you from start to finish—and she thinks you're fine—fine!"

"And what do you think of me?" she whispered.

He told her—not in set phrases, nor in barytone, nor bass, but quite in the immemorial manner.

This story started with the major—and the major shall have the last word.

A few evenings later he was seated in the library turning over the blank leaves of that grand old-fashioned volume with which you are already familiar.

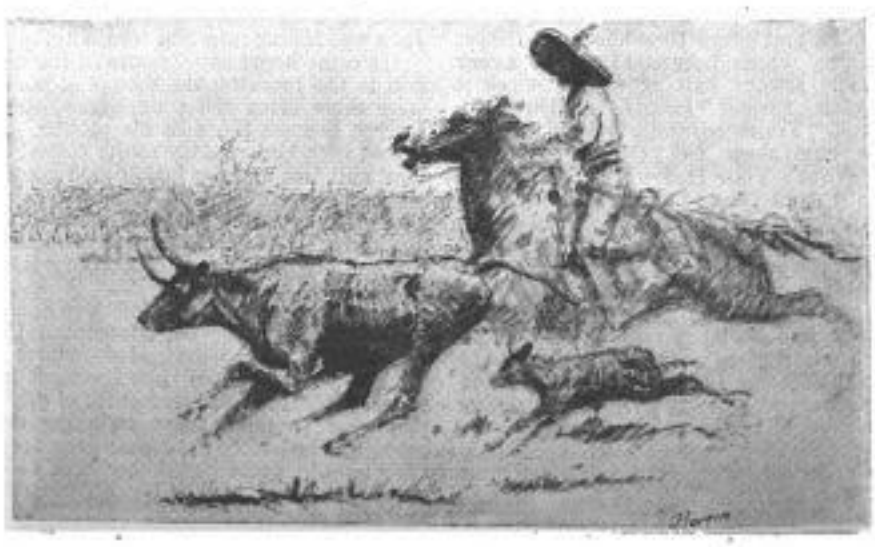
At the page Marriages he stopped and dipping his pen in the ink, he wrote:

"Jamesina Milligan to Stanley Field Templeton, June 28, 1918."

Slowly turning the leaves then he read the entries under Pledge of Total Abstinence, Deaths, and finally Births.

At last he came to the line he had written on the evening when Jem was born, and remembering in what a pet he had changed James to Jamesina the major rose at last and bowed his silvery head.

"Thank God," he said, "she was a girl. Amen."



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# THE UNDERTAKER'S HANDICAP

(Continued from Page 15)

make a great couple—spirited, daring, full of the same human fire that had kept J. D. himself young as a boy through nearly five decades of fighting. Only six days to their wedding now. Out of his pocket he hauled one of the newly engraved invitations, and gazed half incredulously at the names. His daughter, Dorothy—Mr. Walter Thomas Walden. "I'd forgotten Toodles' name was Walter," mused J. D.

And as he studied the engraver's fancy script the corner of his mouth began to twitch and the lines in his forehead to deepen. Then he stared at nothing a solid half minute, with a fine whimsical humor blazing up in his eyes. After which he winked at the invitation, thrust it into his pocket and did three steps of a typically clumsy bear dance.

"Two nights left," rumbled J. D. dangerously. "Two nights. By thunder, I'll do it!"

He stamped his way downstairs.

"Where's Walden?" he roared at the switchboard operator.

"Mr. Walden is attending court at Santa Ana," the girl informed him.

"Attending court?" the Bear growled. "What's the trouble?"

"He was arrested for speeding."

"What? Hasn't he got over that speed craze? Then tell Jackson I want to see him. He'll do."

"Mr. Jackson is at Ventura," the girl smiled. "His speed case was set for trial to-day."

"By thunder," J. D. grumbled, "can't those fellows be satisfied with thirty miles an hour? See if you can find Arnold."

"I'm afraid not, sir," the operator giggled. "He was arrested in Pasadena yesterday. I think he went over to see the judge this morning."

"Holy mackerel!" J. D. exploded. "Is there anyone round this place that isn't at court?"

"Mr. Whipple's in the garage. I'll call him."

"Whipple," the Bear praised him, "you seem to be the only salesman in the works that understands the speed laws."

Whipple grinned. "Afraid I don't understand them very well, Mr. Ward. Motor cop got me doing fifty out on Wilshire last night. I ——"

"Good night!" J. D. roared. "This place's a regular convicts' sanitarium. It's got to stop." He turned to the girl. "When Convict Number Ninety-seven, otherwise the manager-in-chief of this speednuts' boarding house, comes in, tell him he's wanted in my office."

Three hours later Toodles Walden, his speed fever considerably cooled by the burning lecture of the Santa Ana judge, walked meekly into the Bear Den.

"Young man," the Bear bellowed with unnecessary loudness, "what did I tell you once before about this speed business? Haven't you any respect for the laws of this progressive state? Fine example you're setting to your subordinates! You ought to be in jail."

"Precisely what the judge told me," Toodles grinned. "And His Honor promised to see I got there—next time."

"You're going to get worse than that," J. D. flared. "This speed craze ends right here and now! Look at the trouble it's caused us already. What can you expect of a man that buys a car, if the salesman who takes him out breaks every traffic law in the book? Can't you fellows sell cars in a sane, law-abiding way?"

"Be reasonable, J. D.," Toodles protested. "You know our customers are the kind that want speed and power. What can we do? Go out on a demonstration and let every flivver on the road throw dust into our faces? Oh, we'd sell lots of cars that way—I don't think!"

"Explain to your customers," J. D. growled.

"What?" Toodles howled. Then assuming the manner of a salesman toward a prospective buyer: "Now, Mr. Jones, this car will do ninety miles an hour; but you must never drive faster than thirty. We warn you never to 'step on it.' It's against the law. The power of that motor is just to look at."

"If the customer had any sense he'd understand," J. D. cut in.

"Yes, he would—not!" Toodles flared back. "Say, look here, you told me to sell cars. I'm going to—my way."

"Now, young man," J. D. roared, "you listen to me. You're going to obey the law. I'm going to have order and less speed out of you. Your speed tendencies got us into this road-record mess. You've shown yourself unfit to run a business, much less a wife. You've told me what you were going to do. Now I'll inform you, sonny, what I'm going to do! Dorothy and you are going to postpone your wedding just one year—that's what. I won't have a prospective jailbird for a son-in-law. Nor yet a greenhorn. One year! If you're arrested during that year I'll make you wait another."

"But, say, J. D. ——" Toodles stammered, aghast at the unexpected disaster, and impressed with the deep, angry ring of the Bear's tone.

"Say—nothing," his employer growled. "Your speed bug and swell-headedness have caused trouble enough. You're going to take your medicine. You need a chance to grow up. I'm still boss of this shop—and of my daughter."

"You're not boss of me!" Toodles yelled, fired by his first bitter taste of J. D.'s prescription. "I'll quit—now!"

"No, you won't!" bellowed J. D. "I've doctored kids before. Go read that contract you signed. You can't quit."

Toodles grabbed his hat. Only too well he remembered the document to which he had so joyfully appended his name. He jerked open the door.

"Dorothy won't agree to any such deal," he shot back.

"Yes, she will!" J. D. roared. "She'll do just as I ask her to. Dorothy's got some sense."

The door slammed hard. Old J. D. sat for a moment scowling at the floor. Then his glance traveled to the calendar on the wall. That telltale corner of his mouth began to twitch. After a moment he was grinning broadly.

That evening when the Bear faced his bewitching, brown-haired, hazel-eyed Cub, who was so lovingly planning the supreme event, he had some slight doubts about the latter part of his statement.

"Oh, but, daddy," Dorothy cried desperately, "you don't really mean a year? You're not serious—really?"

"Absolutely!" J. D. growled in a tone that was new to Dorothy. "I mean every word of it. You and Toodles are going to wait one year. Understand? One year!"

The hazel eyes overflowed. She looked up pleadingly at J. D. The Bear's face was stern, forbidding; he fairly glared.

"But I don't understand, daddy," she protested. "You ——"

"Can't help it," J. D. thundered. "Just do as I tell you!"

Dorothy was dumfounded. She knew her father growled at other people; but never before had he used that tone with her.

"But you didn't object when we planned the wedding for this spring?" she questioned.

"Certainly not!" The growl was deeper. "Walden was a law-abiding citizen then. I thought he had some character and ability. He's got to be tried out."

This was more of an argument than J. D. had expected.

"But, daddy, a year's so long! You won't—please?"

"Be patient. Do as I tell you."

"I won't!"

J. D. turned in startled surprise. The tears had vanished; the kissable lips, a moment before quivering, were set in a stubborn line. She faced him, tense, a picture of determination.

Slowly one thing dawned on the Bear: Among his enchanting daughter's many virtues he had overlooked one—she had a will like unto his own.

"I won't!" she repeated defiantly. "Toodles won't either!"

"You'll both do just exactly as I tell you to," J. D. roared. "I'll make sure you don't do anything foolish. We are going to leave for Detroit to-morrow night."

"To-morrow night?"

"Yes, to-morrow night!" J. D. bellowed. "We're going to run up to San Francisco and see a man, and then East. I ——"

The door slammed—just as his office door had that morning.

"Some spirit to that young couple!" mused J. D. "Dorothy's just like her mother," he murmured. The vision of his





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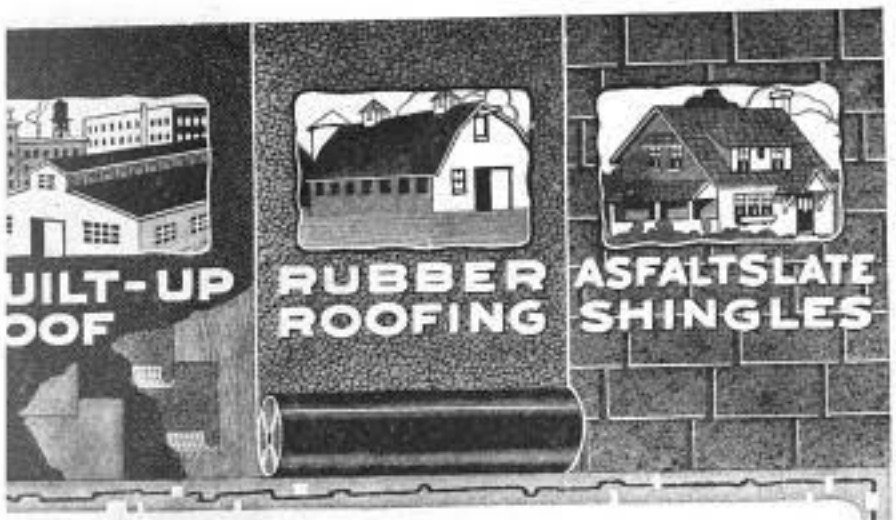
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"pal," whose picture was reflected in Dorothy's loveliness, rose fresh and vivid. "Just like my poor girl, that time when——"

He let his cigar go out and sat staring at the carpet. The San Francisco record was forgotten. J. D. was piloting the car of his memory along the shadow-spotted highways of the past.

The next morning the Bear's mood was even more outrageously gruff than on the previous night. He gave Dorothy some curt directions regarding packing, made himself sure that no immediate rebellion was contemplated and then departed for the office.

That same morning, an hour later, a conference extraordinary was held in Toodles Walden's private office—a long, serious discussion behind closed doors, between Toodles himself and wily old Tom Darby, master of all mechanicians. Furthermore, the Bear was not invited.

"Afraid it won't work," Darby was objecting.

"Old Killjoy, you're a pessimist," chided Toodles. "Going to back out?"

"Nope!"

"All right. Now all you've got to do is to take a car and drive down to Santa Monica. At ten o'clock phone back here to me. Say you've got a sales prospect staked out and I'm needed. I'll ask J. D. to ride down with me and bring the roadster home—he's done that before—wants to talk to me, anyhow."

"That's easy," Darby admitted. "It's the rest——"

"Cinch!" Toodles grinned. "I'll hit that law-abiding town of Kenwood with everything wide open."

"And that husky motor cop will grab you."

"I'll lose him in the dust," boasted Toodles. "But when J. D. comes back by himself—wow!"

"But will he drive back through Kenwood?" Darby asked.

"Yep, it's the shortest. That cop won't forget my roadster. Good night! Say, I bet we don't have any more speed lectures; discipline will tell!"

"The judge will let him go." Darby was still doubtful.

"Not a chance," Toodles explained. "That particular country jurist is sudden death on speeders. He's promised to soak them a dollar a mile. Old J. D. will make a roar, but they'll never believe he wasn't driving. He wears that old gray cap, you know? I've bought one just like it. Wow, won't that fine be good for his soul!"

"So that's the game," Darby laughed. "All right, old man, I'm with you. It's nine o'clock now. I'd better hike on down."

The righteous town of Kenwood, strung along the boulevard halfway between Los Angeles and Santa Monica, shortly experienced a thrill. At just half past ten o'clock a big, green Darco roadster roared past the small white sign marking the city limits.

Simultaneously a motorcycle darted from a side street and plunged unseen into the dust cloud behind the racing roadster.

"Slow up! What did I tell you about this speed stuff?" J. D. yelled at Toodles.

"I'm in a hurry!" Walden shouted back.

"But I'm not! Step on that brake!"

For answer Toodles pulled the spark lever way down. The motor abruptly sputtered, coughed once—and quit.

Frantically Toodles jammed in the self-starter. With a grinding clatter of gears the motor spun over, but did not start. Toodles jerked the gas and spark levers up and down. Nothing happened. The roadster obstinately rolled to a stop. The motor officer roared past and wheeled round in front of the radiator.

"I'd like to know what happened to this damn motor," Toodles gasped.

"Lots of things you don't know, sonny," J. D. snorted. "Ever hear of a short-switch?" He lifted the seat cushion.

Toodles glared. There, fastened against the upholstering, was an electric switch. He knew the meaning of those innocent-looking wires that ran down and connected with the ignition switch on the dash. One turn of a lever and the magneto was short-circuited. The Bear smiled grimly.

"I fixed that little arrangement myself just a half hour before we started," he explained. "I told you I knew how to doctor kids."

"Wait until I catch that Darby," Toodles sputtered.

"Darby nothing. Don't you know enough to close the transom over your office door? That transom will cost you a 'dollar a mile'—and another year's wait."

The policeman was alongside. "You're under arrest," he yelled. "Drive back to the station!"

"Tell me something I don't know," Toodles howled.

"I can do that too," retorted the officer: "You're going to get ten days. New rule this morning. You'll go to jail!"

"Ten days!" Toodles howled.

"Ten days!" Old J. D. bellowed. His hands tensely gripped the side of the seat. His bold, daring scheme had faded to a ghostly outline. "Ten days?" he muttered. "Good night!"

All that was lacking in that slow, mournful trip back to the station was a band and a softly intoned funeral dirge.

The judge was obdurate. Neither Toodles' pleas nor the Bear's threats produced the smallest spark of leniency regarding that ten-day jail sentence. At last J. D. surrendered and walked slowly back to the roadster—alone. He glanced at his watch. Eleven-thirty.

"Thirty-six hours and thirty minutes," he muttered. The seventy-two hours were trickling away.

The first man J. D. encountered at the Western Branch was Darby, trying to beat a strategic retreat.

"Come here, you Darby!" J. D. yelled.

"Now listen, Mr. Ward," Darby protested. "I didn't frame that up. I told Toodles not to try it. I——"

"I'm not blaming you," J. D. interrupted. "Everything was just fun until that damn old fool of a judge said ten days. Come on up to the office, Darby. I'm in trouble. . . . Now close that door. You've got to do penance, Darby; and if any of this leaks out we'll both go to jail—for more than ten days."

An hour later the door was slowly opened. Darby hesitated a moment on the threshold. "And if I'm jugged," he questioned, "I get double salary?"

"Right," J. D. grumbled. "But you won't be. I'll attend to that. Don't forget—the Lark pulls out at eight o'clock."

When the fast San Francisco train did pull out that evening at eight J. D. and Dorothy were aboard. On the gloomy events of that late afternoon let silence mercifully rest. Dorothy had been at once rebellious, obedient and deeply hurt—a combination to tear the heartstrings of man. Now J. D. sat alone on the observation platform, his cigar clamped grimly in one corner of his mouth, and gazed off across the San Fernando Valley toward the hills rising in a black line against the sky. Just over those hills lay the peaceful town of Kenwood.

And outside the barred windows of the miniature jail of that village a shadowy figure was clinging against the wall.

"Say, Toodles," Darby whispered through the bars, "the old son of a gun took Miss Dorothy and left on the Lark. They're going north, then back to Detroit. Thought you'd like to know."

Toodles seized hold of the iron window grating and threw his weight against the bars.

"I'll take this tin jail apart," he raved. "I'll follow that old cuss clear to Detroit and tell him what I think of him, if I have to take this two-by-four coop with me!"

"Shut up, you rummy," Darby hissed. "You'll have the whole town down here. Now listen! I've got an acetylene torch in the car; and say, I've got an idea!"

He pressed his lips close against the grating.

An hour later, coincident with J. D.'s tossing his cigar over the brass railing and entering the coach as the Lark puffed into Chatsworth Tunnel, a Darco touring car, with mud guards, top and wind shield strangely missing, slipped quietly out of the back door of the Western Branch. Two figures in the front seat were muffled to the eyes in greatcoats and their features were hidden under heavy goggles.

"Drive past the telegraph office," Darby suggested. "I'll send a wire to a friend of mine in San Francisco. He can meet the train and see what hotel they go to."

"I'm going to meet that train myself," Toodles growled.

"Oh, say, be reasonable, Toodles," Darby protested. "We can't do that. We'll get killed."

"Sooner killed than pinched." Toodles was worried over the vacant cell and damaged window grating of the Kenwood jail.

"No danger," Darby soothed. "You won't be missed before morning. You'll be some miles away."

*(Concluded on Page 52)*

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Price 35c pair


*(Concluded from Page 50)*

"Or sleeping peacefully in a ditch," Toodles added grimly. He swung the car down Seventh Street toward the telegraph office.

J. D. never slept well the first night out, but to-night he was more restless than usual. At midnight the porter brought him a telegram. The Bear read it, switched off the light and pressed his face to the window. The Lark was thundering along on the very edge of the Pacific; the waves looked like black glass. J. D. caught a glimpse of the state highway as it suddenly jutted up from a dark pit beneath the tracks. It was the same road that Oldham and the Darco had fought their way over a few weeks previously. Great chance for missing one of those bridges at the end of a downhill swoop; a slight shift of the eyes for a moment would do it—a little amateurishness. J. D.'s fighting spirit was low. The thing was out of his hands now—only the memory of that afternoon still stung and burned.

"How game she was!" he murmured. "No words—no looks—but I knew. Dorothy, girl, it wasn't worth it."

He sat half upright in the hot berth staring at the dark. Once his ear caught a sound from an adjoining berth—a single sob, instantly stifled. J. D.'s face muscles tightened sharply. He looked like an old man at that moment. He slept no more that night, save once, when he dreamed he saw the Darco lying wheels-up in a ditch. Fanciful, vivid half memories left him wide awake and staring.

At six o'clock the porter parted the curtains of the berth.

"Soledad am jest 'head, suh," the guardian of the car whispered. J. D. dressed quickly and hurried back to his post in the observation car.

Between Soledad and a point a few miles south of Salinas the state highway, for a distance of nearly twenty miles, parallels the railroad tracks, now swinging in to the very tips of the ties, again wandering off to pay respects to some farmhouse, and finally ending the hide-and-seek to disappear altogether behind a hill. As the Lark swung into this stretch Old J. D. gripped the hand rail and stared grimly back along the road to the south. Miles slipped away under the clicking wheels, dust and choking oil smoke poured down upon the platform, but the Bear never shifted his gaze from the road.

At last from round a rearward curve there plunged a gray, low-hung, mud-besmeared touring car. The Bear gripped his cigar a trifle tighter, rose and slipped quickly back into the coach.

Foot by foot the roaring machine was overhauling the train. Early-rising passengers, sensing a race, crowded to the windows. The driver of the flying car crouched tense over the wheel. Once he glanced up, and his lips, pinched together beneath the mud-spattered goggles, parted in a grim smile. The other hooded, goggled figure in the seat leaned over and yelled in the driver's ear. He nodded. His hand moved over on the wheel. The car lurched ahead. It gained the length of another coach. The passengers sensed the pick-up of the train; the whistle howled its challenge and the sirens of the roaring car answered.

Yard by yard the car gained. For a few breathless minutes it raced abreast of the flashing pistons of the great passenger engine, then crept desperately ahead. The coaches of the train swayed and rocked under the unusual speed. The exhaust of the laboring car mingled with the roar of the great compound.

Sharply the locomotive's whistle rasped its warning of the grade crossing a mile ahead. Instead of slowing down, the speed of the rocking, roaring machine increased. It drew a few hundred yards ahead. With a harsh scream the steel brake shoes of the heavy train bit into the wheels. The passengers frantically grabbed each other or any other article of support. The thundering car seemed to hesitate for a second; then with a lunge it darted, as it seemed to J. D. craning from the rear platform, right into the driving wheels of the huge engine. He leaped for the far side of the platform. Only a slight dust cloud, its black center growing smaller and smaller, told that the crossing had been safely made. And one hundred and eighteen miles to the north of that dust cloud was San Francisco.

"Did you see that fool? Did you see him?" demanded a thrilled and disgusted passenger.

"I did," replied J. D. "That fellow ought to be in jail."

Slowly Old J. D. made his way back to his car. His face was haggard from the strain of the sleepless night, but a smile lurked in his eyes. The Cub, pathetically hollow-eyed and bewitching in a dressing gown, was waiting for him.

"Oh, daddy!" Dorothy exclaimed. "Did you see that car? It was a Darco, wasn't it?"

"Looked like it, rather," J. D. responded. "But I never saw a Darco with that much speed. Run along and dress, hon," he added. "Then we'll have breakfast."

The miles slipped away. San José was finally passed. The Bear sat facing his daughter across the small table of the dining car. He could not bear her eyes; he seemed to be waiting for something. His untouched breakfast lay before him. Whenever a porter or a trainman entered the car J. D. would turn and watch him closely. The Lark, contrary to custom, drew up at Palo Alto; shortly afterward the waiter approached. In his hand was a small yellow envelope. J. D. seized the envelope and tore it open. The haggard lines of his face vanished all at once in a broad grin.

"And there's a present for you, hon! And maybe some day you'll manage to forgive your mean old dad."

Bewildered she read:

"San Francisco nine-twenty. Running time, twelve hours twenty minutes. Sonny not wise yet. Incentive great stuff.

"DARBY."

"Daddy! Daddy!" the Cub suddenly cried as her mind grasped the message. "It's the San Francisco record! It means Mr. Oldham has won the undertaker's handicap! Doesn't it?"

"That's partly right!" the Bear beamed.

"I'm so glad you're glad!" Dorothy was trying hard to be generous. "But what does Mr. Darby mean by 'Incentive great stuff'?"

"It's a new mixture for gasoline," J. D. laughed. "It's the spark plug for the engine of the world. Mix it with petrol and you can lower any record there is—any record at all."

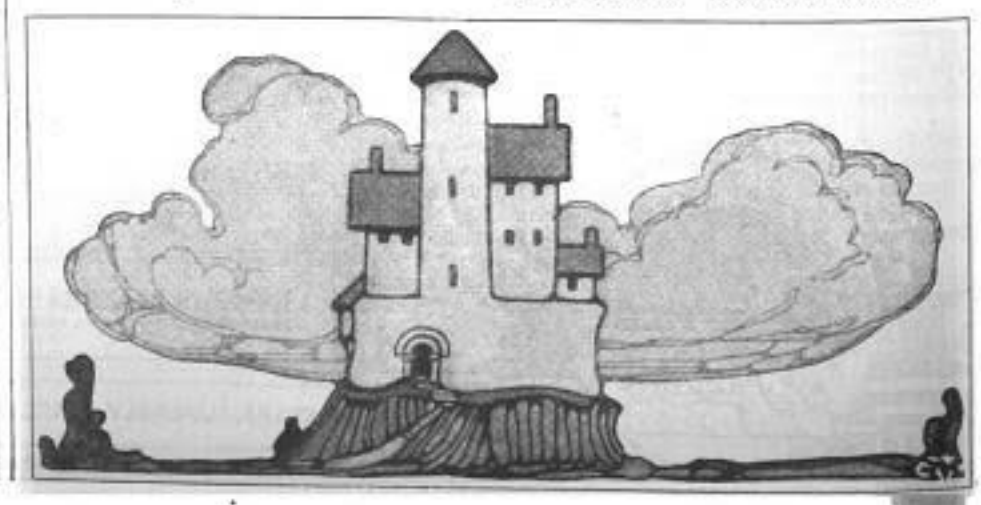
"But I don't understand yet," Dorothy coaxed.

"You don't need to, you dear girl," J. D. explained. "By the way, hon, would you and Toodles rather be married in the Tapestry Room at the St. Francis or the Oriental Room at the Palace?"

Suddenly a great inspiration dawned on the bewitching Cub.

"Daddy—you old dear!" she cried. "Was Toodles driving that car?"

"He was!" the Bear roared. "Toodles, Darby, you and—Old Man Incentive."



# THE WHITE HORSE AND THE RED-HAIRED GIRL

(Continued from Page 19)

"It was my home," she said, choking bitterly. "I cannot pretend always. I will not go alone into the house with him. Promise ——"

"All right!" he promised, getting out.

"I will run upstairs," she whispered. "I will put the key on the outside. I will come and ask both of you to move a heavy trunk for me. He must go first into the room. You have only to turn the key. There is no window. The skylight is high. He cannot be seen or heard."

And then the shining torch reappeared. The lieutenant handed it to Yvonne and took one of the automobile lamps.

"We shan't be long," he said to Stoneman.

The door was slammed; but Stoneman's foot had interposed. The lieutenant, not knowing this, sped after Yvonne. He called out to her. The only answer was a vanished light on the stairs.

"A fine old hall, Herr Leutnant," Stoneman said cheerfully.

The lieutenant, who had begun to ascend, swung round with a muttered execration, and the full light of the automobile lamp he carried shone on Stoneman. The latter blinked and looked about with innocent admiration.

The lieutenant put down the light and came toward Stoneman. His chafed vexation at Yvonne's attitude and the Yankee's intrusion had mounted now to an anger beyond control.

"It seems, Herr Fargo," he said in a voice of insupportable arrogance, "that you laugh at a German drumbeat which sounds round the world."

Stoneman threw back his head, grinning.

"I must laugh, Herr Leutnant," he said. "A drum that is not heard is a joke."

"*Ach!*"

The lieutenant craned his head forward, ludicrously astonished at open defiance from a despised civilian of a despised nation. He could not believe it; it could not have been meant. He did not want to have to kill this fellow, who stood grinning like a fool. He came striding over with his best soldier's gait.

"Yankee humor and Yankee munitions are best kept at home," he said.

"They both explode where Yankees choose," was the quick retort.

The lieutenant's fingers flew to the button of his overcoat. His hand was sharply knocked away. He leaped backward, tugging at his button. His hand was sharply rapped again and again. He abandoned the effort to reach his pistol, so safely buttoned up, and snatched a chair. He got a stinging slap across his cheek from an open palm. That settled the weapons, of course. He was forced to the incredible indignity of defending himself with his fists.

He knew nothing of such peasant's weapons and could only rush madly and strike out wildly.

Stoneman had not to wait a minute for his chance. The knock-out blow was precisely delivered. The lieutenant dropped quietly on a great tiger skin and lay without moving.

Yvonne came running down the stairs.

"Soldiers!" she cried.

Stoneman cocked his head sidewise. He heard a measured tramp.

"No—too late!" he cried as Yvonne ran to close the open front door. He turned the tiger skin over the prostrate figure of the lieutenant. "Hide!" he ordered. "You may get to the Convent."

"No."

"Go!" he commanded sternly. She vanished as an officer appeared at the door.

"Ah, Herr Leutnant!" Stoneman exclaimed, extending a hand.

"You, Stoneman!" Tiedermann greeted. "I heard the automobile. Your passports are all right, of course. You are here by permission."

"Yes, yes; send your men away."

The lieutenant stared; then turned and gave a command. The two privates without marched heavily down the avenue.

"I am taking Mademoiselle Duberges, the owner of this château, across by the underground to-night," Stoneman said. "I have a car and a Staff pass, and we are expected at the border. You must come."

The broken man hesitated.

"We shall never do it," he stammered.

"Nonsense, man! I can't go to the frontier without an officer in the car. Mademoiselle Duberges and I shall both be shot if you don't come. I am an American citizen. So are you. That settles it."

"That settles it," Tiedermann said; but there was no enthusiasm in his voice.

Stoneman spoke sharply.

"You polluted your sword," he said. "You have your chance to make it bright. You can save a helpless Belgian girl."

"Yes, yes!" Tiedermann straightened.

"You can leave for the night without rousing suspicion?"

"Oh, yes. But I must go and do it properly."

"Go, then; and we'll meet you where we parted Monday. Order your men to come here at nine to-morrow morning and search the house thoroughly. Be sure of this, Tiedermann. The key will be in this door. Be sure!"

"Yes; but why?"

Stoneman knew the chilling terror inspired by a Prussian Staff officer. He dared not explain.

"The house has been entered," he said. "Be sure!"

He shut the door on Tiedermann. Yvonne came again.

"I heard," she breathed. She looked at the rolled-up tiger skin. "Do you need me?"

"If he comes to, yes. I'll call. Go!"

She disappeared again.

He gagged and bound a man just fluttering back to consciousness. The leather bootlaces of the lieutenant and his scented handkerchief furnished the necessary means. Stoneman took the lamp and searched the rooms, deciding finally on the butler's pantry. It had iron-barred, iron-shuttered windows, and a strong door which he could lock on the outside. He dragged the tiger skin with its burden here, examined carefully the thongs and the gag, and then looked into the staring, upturned eyes.

"If you had let mademoiselle go on with her aunt," he said quietly, "you would have been spared this. I am Stoneman."

The lids fluttered down and two tears rolled out: tears of shame and humiliation.

"You will be released in the morning," Stoneman promised.

He hunted up a rug and covered the prone, helpless figure of this arrogant spoiled boy; then locked the door behind him. To Yvonne, in the hall, he said:

"He is not hurt. He is safely tied up. I have left the key in the door. We must wait an hour. Tiedermann will take that time."

"This house will be stripped by to-morrow night," she said. "My mother's letters —— Please don't come; I shall burn them."

She took the lamp and opened a door. He saw her pause on the threshold and fling up her hands; then she went in. He sat in the semidarkness and smoked cigarettes, watching her as she passed and repassed. He heard the pushing of drawers and the crashing of frail wood as she broke some open; and he caught the smell of burning papers.

With what cool, swift precision she moved about, wasting no moment, calmly accepting the vandal destruction of her home, undismayed by the coming desperate risks of the night! What heroines war had made of these finely bred, delicate Belgian gentlewomen! He went on planning. He had what no other fugitive had ever possessed—an automobile to waste and a German officer to help. Surely these advantages ought to be utilized; and he thought he saw the way.

He lighted a match and looked at his watch. It was time to go. He went to the brilliantly lighted room, but stopped short on the threshold, staring at a scene of ruin. Half a dozen empty wine bottles stood on a polished table, now burned by cigars and scratched and hacked. Broken glass and chunks of dried clay from heavy boots lay on the delicate carpet, burned here and there by cigars flung down. Fragments of gilded chairs and of porcelain vases were scattered about. On the wall hung the portrait of a regal woman. It had been made a target and was defiled by lumps of now dry clay.

Yvonne, feeding an open porcelain stove with yellowed letters, turned and saw him.

"Yes; they have been here," she said quietly. "They forced that window."

He took out his knife and cut the portrait from the frame, carefully cleansing it.

"Your mother?"

She bent her head and whispered:

"Yes."

"It is too large to take," he said, "but I will hide it somewhere."

"There is no hiding place left in Belgium," she answered.

"We must go," he told her.

"I will follow," she said. He knew she meant to burn the portrait. The only way to save from German defilement was to destroy. She did not keep him waiting two minutes. "I shall never see this house again," she said as they drove away.

"The war will end some day."

"This house will end to-morrow," was her quiet answer. "He will burn it." And then she bowed her head and was silent.

Tiedermann was waiting, to the American's great relief; there was good reason to fear nerves too broken to face action.

"My sergeant," he said as he got in by Stoneman's side, "will search the house in the morning. My men suspect nothing." He laughed nervously as the car went on. "It is new to slip secretly out in an automobile that you can hear for ten miles."

"It will be easy because of your uniform," Stoneman answered confidently, turning so that Yvonne might hear. "It is you who must get us past the guard stations. I ——"

He stopped short, for he saw a red spot in the direction of the château. He thought of the large oiled and varnished canvas thrust on a blazing fire. How had he come to permit that? How had he failed to foresee so obvious a danger? He hoped Yvonne would not turn. She sat with bent head and face buried in her turned-up collar. He wondered, as he speeded up, what she would say and do if she knew. He set his teeth grimly and pushed madly ahead. He nudged Tiedermann and jerked a thumb backward.

"If it is the château," he whispered, "it was an accident."

Tiedermann turned and stared at the red spot.

"Château or not, accident or not," he muttered, "it will light the sky north to the frontier and south to the aërodrome. There are autos down there. They will come. Faster! Faster! I do not see it now." A little later he said: "My men are perhaps already there. Will they find clews?"

"Sure!" Stoneman said as the car skidded a quarter circle in turning a corner.

He told in whispered sentences of the cadet of a noble Prussian family, a Staff officer, bound and gagged. When he spoke the name of Von Schmiedell, Tiedermann stood up, clinging perilously, and peered toward the south. They came near running down a patrol standing lined across the road; but it broke at sight of the uniform and the men presented arms. So he stood always when they saw lights, and never once was the car stopped until it came to the barrier at the guard station beneath the railway. Tiedermann, insolently arrogant, ordered the gate opened, and soldiers ran to obey.

"The last! The last!" murmured Stoneman; it had been much easier than he had dared to hope.

"It is all dark back there," muttered Tiedermann, shaken to his seat as the automobile later whirled into the dark lonely lane.

"We are in a hollow," Stoneman answered. "What now?" he asked of Yvonne.

"The charcoal burner," she told him, "will be on the watch."

Stoneman drove slowly up what was hardly more than a cart track, and soon the lights fell on a Belgian peasant woman.

"It is Marie Koort!" Yvonne cried.

But the woman vanished in the dark belt of trees.

"It's the German uniform," Yvonne said, getting out and standing silent in the glare.

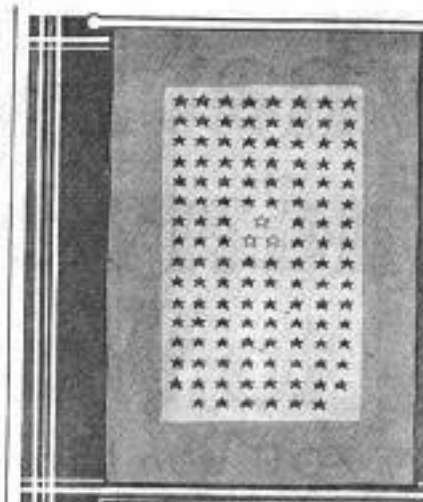
Stoneman shivered as he thought of this white, fragile girl thrusting her way through tangles of barbed wire. She always looked to the south. He turned. A faint rose color tinged the sky over the distant dark horizon. She did not see it. She was an absorbed, concentrated listener. Presently she turned and vanished amid the trees.

"Patrols may come because the noise of the automobile has stopped," Stoneman said.

He got out and pretended to be busy with the engine. Tiedermann said nothing. He stood silent, staring at the south, listening, listening always.

Ten minutes passed. No sounds came. Stoneman switched off the lights and they

(Continued on Page 57)

STARS IN THE BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY SERVICE FLAG IN SEPTEMBER.

PLAN AHEAD!

WE KNOW that it is your patriotic desire to avoid waste of America's *work*-power in every possible way.

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***Ask your local dealer***

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Ordinary Underwear



**Note the Striking Contrast**

*between ATHENA and ordinary underwear, as shown in the illustrations. ATHENA is tailored in the MAKING to conform to the figure naturally, without being stretched into shape.*

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(Continued from Page 55)

pushed the car into the shadow of the trees. Kind clouds hung blackly and the darkness was impenetrable. Stoneman shaded the torch and searched the tool box. He found a pair of wire nippers.

Yvonne came so silently that her whispering voice was the first announcement of her presence.

"Five young men are going," she said. "They will creep in front of us and all will cut. They say that I may hardly be scratched. They say that my fur will save me. So you must not worry about me. The charcoal burner and Marie are going too."

"That," said Stoneman, "is because the automobile leads straight to them. I feared it."

"They were going next week, anyhow," she replied. "He will come last. Koort will hold up the live wire," she replied. "We must wait two hours. Two sentries, paid to be blind, come on then."

"We cannot wait," Stoneman said. "Where is Koort?"

"Close by. He speaks a little French." She called softly.

"We cannot wait," Stoneman repeated sharply. "We must go now. All of you will go to the edge of the trees a hundred yards west of here. The wires I saw this afternoon run fifty yards to the right of those trees. The lieutenant will go down to the wires openly. He is a German officer. No one but an officer will stop him or question him. It is a quarter of a mile up the lane here to the top of the hill. I shall stand on the step and drive the car to the top. I shall get off there. The car will rush down the hillside. With luck it may go straight. It may even break the live wire. If it swerves or strikes a tree, no matter. It will crash. Every sentry on this side of the lieutenant will run to it. Those on the other side of him will run too. He will stop these. He will turn them sharply back. There will be a clear space for some minutes. There will be time for all to go ——"

"Good! Good!" Tiedermann interrupted.

"But you?" Yvonne questioned eagerly.

"I shall run into the shadow of the trees," Stoneman answered. "I shall be there before the last one can have gone beneath the wires. I marked the place this afternoon."

"I will wait for you," Tiedermann promised. "I ——"

He stopped short. They heard it, all of them, faint, far distant—the sound of an automobile.

"Where is Marie Koort?" Stoneman asked.

A hard hand, groping, touched his cheek. "I am here, monsieur," he heard. "Your plan is good."

He tore off his fur coat and thrust it into her hands.

"Put it on," he commanded. "Go quick—all of you! Quick! I will wait five minutes; not longer."

He felt a light pressure on his arm. A hand slipped down into his fingers. It was small and soft, but its grasp was firm.

"It's only forty yards across the wires, Yvonne," he said. "When you're through, run. You will see village lights, I hope. They mean Holland and safety. If Peggy understood, somebody will be there, waiting. Tell her ——"

The sound of a shot came from the south; an answer from the north. The sentries were warned.

"Quick! Quick!" Stoneman ordered.

He pushed the car back into the track, put on the chauffeur's leather coat, which had been folded beneath the cushion, and placed the wire cutter in the pocket. He had a fair chance if there was no guard at the top of the lane, the one place where he could leave the car.

If there was a guard, to jump off was to jump to death, probably immediate; at best, delayed only for hours. He listened always, his ear to the north. Faint sounds came; the clink of metal. A minute passed; the sounds did not diminish and he caught the echo of voices. There were men there, then, stationary.

He did not get on the step, but into the seat. He turned about. The southern sky was all a warm pink glow. Shots—warning shots—came. The automobile sounded anew. He was sure it had stopped for a moment at the guard station beneath the railway. It would arrive too late, for its driver would never think of using this cart track.

Stoneman thought of his mother in California. He breathed a farewell and murmured Peggy's name; then he pulled the starting lever. The car leaped away. He peered ahead as the car rocked over the rough road. He accelerated, bending low, clinging to the wheel.

His lights flared on men lined across his path. They had barely time to scatter as he rushed by at sixty miles an hour and plunged down the hillside.

A blinding flash; a roar; the automobile leaped high in the air, sprang forward many yards, and crashed through wire, to rest, almost without a jar, on the ground.

Stoneman, insulated by the tires, was yet numbed by the shock; but he sneezed violently under acrid fumes from burned rubber. The sneeze woke him to alert life. He threw a cushion in front, flung himself on it and cut and twisted in the darkness; then he dived under. Cutting, thrusting, wriggling, he won some yards before German soldiers gathered behind him. Their cries and the tramping of their feet drowned the snip of his cutter and the ripping of his leather coat. Their lights, the small torches of the private soldier, flashed; but the auto shielded and shadowed him.

Two shots were fired. He did not know that the cushion was the target and that it had been knocked end up and fallen as a dead man might. They began to cut away to the car. Their noise drowned his. He was halfway across.

He heard a loud shout from the west and thought they had found the tunnel beneath the wires. He plunged and bored and snipped. His gloves were ribbons, his coat in rags, his legs and hands cut deeply, his face scratched and bleeding; but he knew nothing of all this. At last his thrust-out arm hit nothing. He was through! He struggled to his feet and staggered toward a light that shone like a beacon half a mile toward the north. He covered some hundreds of yards over the rough ground of No Man's Land, and then, spent utterly, stumbled over the root of a tree and fell heavily.

He lay prone, gasping. His ear, against the earth, was jarred lightly by the footsteps of men. He knew that Germans had crossed and were searching No Man's Land. He raised his head and saw that he was almost within the circle of light thrown by what he was sure were motor lamps. He saw a figure silhouetted, conspicuous, small and slight; and he was sure he was looking at Yvonne. That was good; Yvonne was safe!

He dropped his head as somebody ran past him, checked sharply, and stood outlined black against the light. A right shoulder was suddenly broadened. A head was bent sidewise. The man was aiming. Stoneman leaped in hot anger. The rifle spit and dropped. Its surprised owner was violently thrust forward into the hands of running Dutch soldiers.

A joyous shout: "By heck, it's him!" Humbert Honest came running to Stoneman.

"Hike! Hike!" said Honest hurriedly. "I'll pick you up later. This is no five-cent affair. All Germany will howl at Holland for your internment."

Stoneman stepped into the darkness, but paused as he heard an astonished cry from Honest.

"Von Schmiedell!" Honest shouted. "He's made Von Schmiedell prisoner! Oh, Kalamazoo!"

Stoneman looked back. The young German and the girl he would have shot stood facing each other in front of the lights.

### XII

AT THE Vieux Doelen, in The Hague, Peggy rose often from her sleepless bed and fed an insatiable stove in the private parlor that adjoined her bedroom. This hourly act was an excuse for moving about and helped her to maintain a pretense of hope. She told herself that the mission on which Humbert Honest had so promptly gone at her request might, after all, not prove fruitless, and that he might turn up with a chilled and starving couple. Sometimes she crossed the sitting room and listened at the open door to the breathing of the children. They were a heavy but welcome responsibility, and their presence was a great comfort. Otherwise she was alone, for broken and unhappy Madame Campion had gone direct from the station to Belgian friends—to the friends who were sheltering Geoffrey. Peggy had not seen her brother, who, it seemed, lest he be interned, was

(Continued on Page 59)




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But not one Northern home in ten is serving half enough. Try a superlative quality. Quaker Hominy Grits. Serve as a breakfast cereal, or fried, or in pancakes, or as a dinner side dish.

Hominy has helped make Southern tables famous. Here is an exquisite grade. See what it adds to yours.

There are recipes on the package.

Quaker Hominy Grits

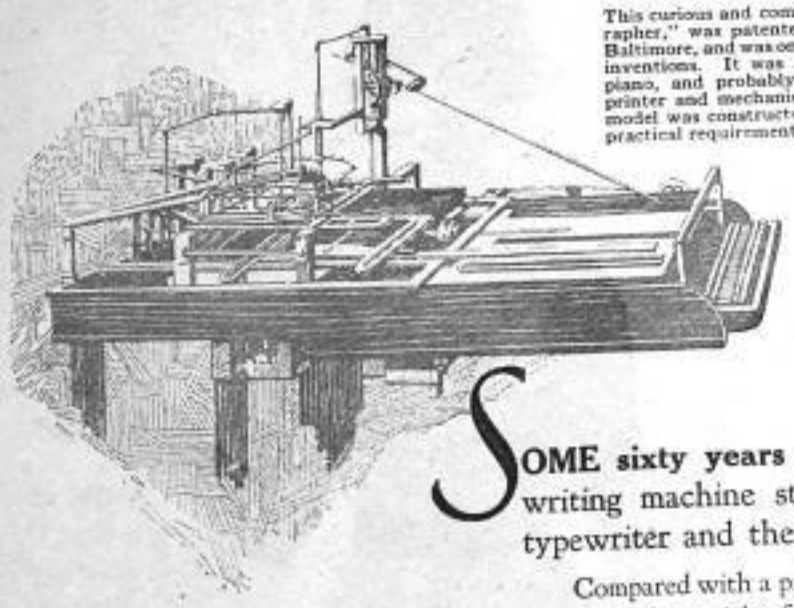
*Fancy White Hominy—15c*

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CHICAGO

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This curious and complex mechanism, Eddy's "Typographer," was patented in 1850 by Oliver T. Eddy of Baltimore, and was one of the earliest of writing machine inventions. It was about the size of the old square piano, and probably required the expert services of printer and mechanic to operate it. An experimental model was constructed, but the machine did not meet practical requirements.

**SOME sixty years** after Eddy invented his "Typographer," a little writing machine stepped into the gap between the heavy office typewriter and the pen—and made good. It was called "Corona."

Compared with a piano or even a thirty-pound commercial typewriter, Corona is a mere featherweight, for it weighs but six pounds and folds into so small a compass that it may be carried anywhere. Furthermore, Corona is so simple in design that it can be operated by anyone without instruction. Yet, with all its simplicity and lightness, Corona stands up under the severest requirements—makes good even in army field work, a particularly arduous and exacting service.

And Corona has made good, for it surely meets the real need of a compact, portable, *personal* machine—one that, because of its ease and simplicity of operation, tempts the owner to do much of his work in typewritten form, whether at home or away. And especially has this little pioneer made good because of the efficient organization behind it—an organization which, first of all, made Corona mechanically right.

Measure Corona success by its reputation, or by its growing sales—a hundred and fifty thousand, to men and women in all walks of life—or, if you like, by the evidence of its big, new, modern home, a factory already producing more than two hundred machines a day.

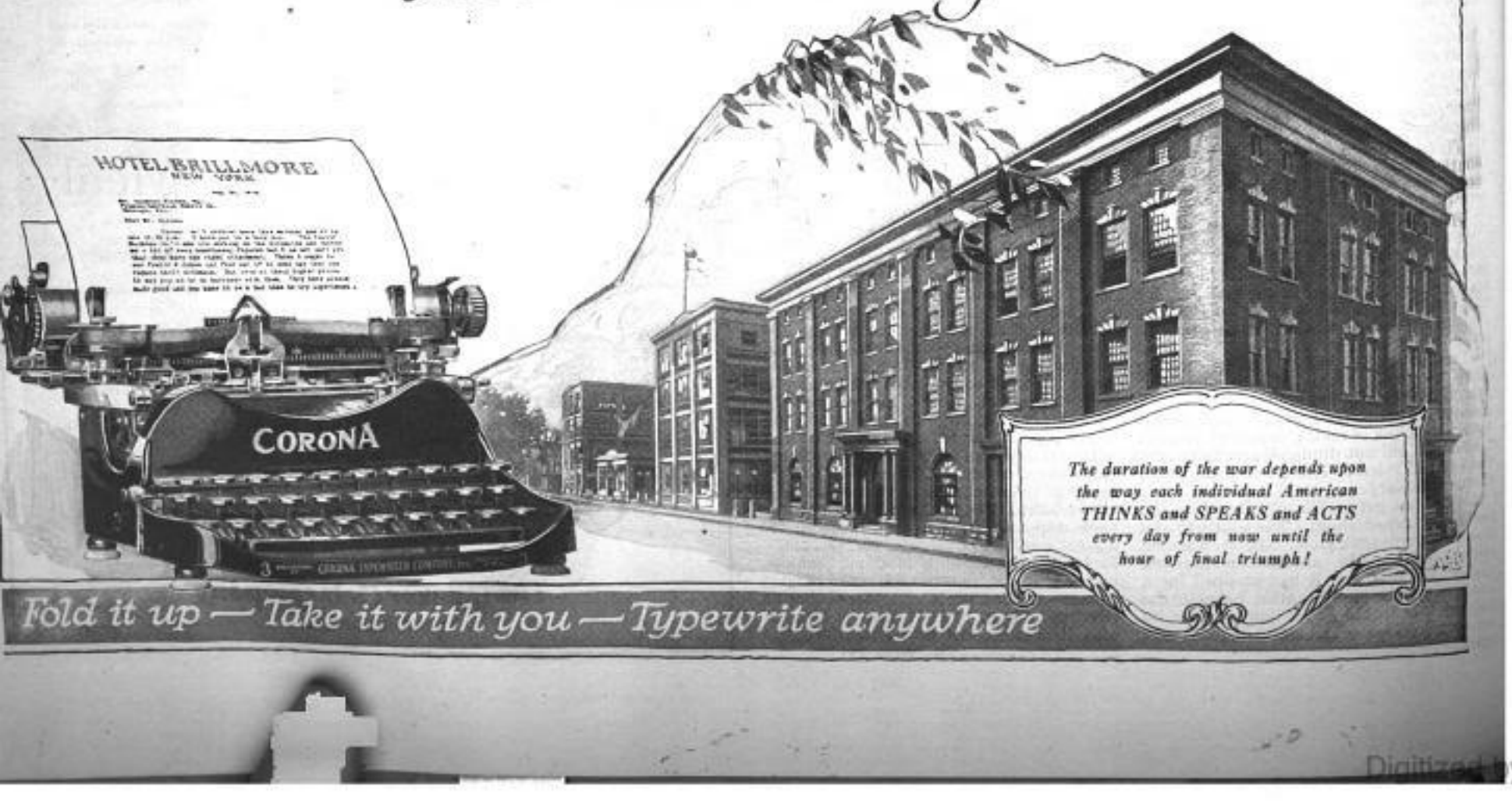
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# CORONA

## *The Personal Writing Machine*




*Fold it up — Take it with you — Typewrite anywhere*

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(Continued from Page 57)

masquerading as the footman of the Van der Weydens.

She scurried through a bath in the early morning, listening always; for Humbert Honest might come at any moment with his news of failure. She had barely finished dressing when the maid came and told her that a Belgian woman waited below, with a message.

"Send her up," Peggy ordered.

This Belgian woman came, wearing a heavy cloak, much too large, of dark-stained green. The dried mud of many days blotched its folds and yellowed its frayed edges. Its cumbrous hood shrouded the face, but could not hide those wonderful eyes of Yvonne. She curtsied deeply and spoke in Flemish; and Peggy nodded as though she understood. The door closed behind the hotel servant. Peggy's arms were opened wide. It was she, not Yvonne, who broke down. Proud English reticence could not check the stream of tears before it grew into a flood. That, indeed, was an achievement when hopeless misery was so swiftly transformed into joy.

"He is safe!" were Yvonne's first words. "He is hidden in Rotterdam."

She slipped from her clumsy wraps. Peggy hustled her to the stove, for she was pinched with cold. She told the story of the night in flashes—a piece here, a bit there; quietly, but with animation which proved that she had still reserves of vitality. An underglow of color came to her cheeks and her eyes grew brighter. She was one of that slender and apparently fragile kind who have inexhaustible stores of nervous force and know no fatigue while need of action lasts. She refused breakfast; it would take too long; she must go to her aunt immediately. No; not even her cloak must be brushed. She must go out of that hotel as she had come in. This astounding Monsieur Stoneman had done such amazing things that Berlin would stop at nothing. There were ways of compelling Holland; there were ways of using Dutch courts—a charge of theft, for instance, against Madame Campion, brought by a German secret agent and supported by perjured German spies; such things had been successfully done.

What chance had a deserting German officer of escaping internment, or a French airman, or an English member of the Naval Division unless they all slipped away swiftly? There was a boat on the morrow, Christmas Eve. Mr. Honest was determined that all should catch it. He? Where was he? In Rotterdam, Yvonne thought. She had been dropped at the Refugee Camp at Rozendaal, with Marie Koort and the charcoal burner. She had learned of a freight train coming north, had taken Marie Koort's wraps, and had stolen on board.

"I am here," she said; "and now I go."

"You must not!" Peggy protested. "Let me send a message; and you shall have a bath and a rest—and we will get some clothes."

But Yvonne already had put on the mud-covered cloak.

"I must go as I came," Yvonne repeated, with her brilliant smile. "And what about my poor aunt? Should I keep her one minute in anxiety?"

"Geoffrey is there," Peggy said.

Yvonne looked down at her burst shoes, her ragged cloak.

A tap at the door, familiar to Peggy. She ran and opened it. A tall, liveried footman entered.

"Geoff! Geoff!"

Peggy's arms were about his neck, her head against his breast.

He did not speak. His arms did not clasp her. She looked up. He was staring across her shoulder. He was shaking all over. She felt it.

"Geoff," she whispered, "she loves you!"

She turned and went to the children, decisively shutting, almost slamming, the door. She hugged the children to waking. That was because she felt miserably lonely. Her twin brother—she no longer counted for him.

"Quick! Quick!" she cried, with fierce energy.

She had them all jumping about in an instant. She was caught in a trap. She could not open the door, lest these sharp-eyed girls should learn secrets. She hustled them into their clothes and marshaled them down to breakfast. She ordered for them, then hurried back to find Humbert Honest the sole occupant of her parlor.

She went to him, both hands outstretched, her eyes glowing with the thanks that words could not express. He drew her to the window, laughing. A footman walked down the street, his arm through that of a Belgian peasant girl, the sun glinting on the black enameled cockade of his shiny tall hat as he bent over her.

"I told him," Honest said, "that he must walk in front of her—that he must keep his place; and that's the way he does it! She was like a princess at a court, Mrs. Fargo." He hesitated at the name. "I reckon it had better go at that till you're out of the woods," he added, fixing his eyes on her. "When I came bouncing in, mad because she'd beaten me to it and brought you the great news, she drew herself up; and she said: 'My preserver—Geoffrey!' That was me. 'Monsieur Honest—my fiancé, Monsieur le Capitaine Travers.' Can you beat it? Dressed in Marie Koort's old duds, and him a footman; and yet I felt as though I was being presented at court! And so they're engaged—those two."

"You've given me happy news," Peggy admitted.

"And you didn't know?"

"They didn't, themselves, half an hour ago."

Honest frowned. His enormous eyes loomed larger because of the dark lines underneath.

"She was face to face with Von Schmiedell for one minute last night." He almost whispered it. "On this side—in Holland. I'll never forget it. Neither flinched. And he had tried to shoot her! In the hotel at Antwerp ——" She looked at him. "It was mighty different then. Oh, it's war, you'll say! But ——"

"Drop it!" Peggy ordered. "We've all waked from a horrid dream."

Honest turned as the couple disappeared.

"What does a man know about women? About any woman?" he burst out, eying Peggy.

His jaw was thrust out. But she was still peering out of the window.

"Didn't he—didn't they leave any message?" she asked wistfully.

"You'll see them on the boat," he answered. "I hustled them off. Madame Campion must chase for passports. Oh, it's her busy day, all right!"

Peggy bent her head. It was all as she wished and hoped; and yet she had lost Geoffrey. She did not count any more with this twin brother, who had been her other self all her life; whom she had not seen for long dragging weeks; to whose aid she had flown in the very hour in which she had learned that he was alive. She felt very lonely.

Honest turned so abruptly that he sent a bag spinning from the table. For the second time in twenty-four hours, diamonds, cut and uncut, lay about like pebbles. He stared at Peggy with a kind of awe.

"And you got those too?" he muttered. He dropped to his knees; so did Peggy.

"I forgot them," she murmured penitently. "They've been lying on the table since I came. But who thinks of diamonds now?"

"Tell that to the Brazilian!" he snorted, stretched at full length and lighting matches under the sofa. His voice came muffled. "You went into Belgium," he continued, "with a suitcase in your hand and a small hope in your heart. You have come out with more loot than a German could snatch—a bag of diamonds, a dog, four children, a Belgian maidservant, a Belgian great lady, a sweetheart for your brother, an American citizen dressed as a German lieutenant, a Prussian officer who will be interned for all the war because he tried to murder a girl—and an airman, an American-French airman; a wonder man!"

He stopped as he made a last intent search of a dark corner, and then sat up and looked at Peggy.

"Yvonne told you?" he asked. "He gave them their chance by heading for hell! But he landed in Holland. A real man!"

"She told me," Peggy breathed softly, her eyes shining. "A real man!"

They finished their search, both creeping on all fours. Their heads bumped as they rose together. Peggy laughed but Honest's melancholy eyes checked her moment's mirth.

He picked up from a chair the once sumptuous fur coat that Roderick Stoneman had stolen from a Belgian château.

"Yvonne was the thin lamb," he said grimly. "Her fleece was gently combed in the wire tunnel and she swears she hasn't a scratch." He spread out the coat. "Marie Koort was the fat ewe. Look! Bitten all over by a mad tiger. Looks just like that, doesn't it? But it saved Marie Koort's hide. I'm taking it to the owner. He's a refugee, living in Scheveningen. The Brazilian is there too. Shall I take the diamonds to him?" He chuckled, as an idea came: "The Belgian is hardly likely to take money for his ruined coat," he explained; "but if he does, the Brazilian shall give him a diamond. Oh, I'm the clever merchant!"

But Peggy did not hear. She was looking at the coat.

"And what did Mr. Stoneman wear?" she asked.

Honest looked at her just as he had when he put her on the witness stand about her passport.

"He's cut and scratched and hacked," he flung at her; "but he's bandaged and doctored. Uncomfortable, of course; nothing serious—and mighty glad of the chance. Oh, mighty glad! He knows he did too much. He knows the hue and cry that's coming. He's the hero, all right!"

"Chance! What chance?"

"The stokehole." Honest eyed her. "Beats a Dutch internment camp all to pieces! He doesn't kick. He doesn't complain."

"No. He must not. He shall not."

"He must and shall. He's in a sailors' boarding house in Rotterdam. He's dressed in greasy overalls and he holds a fireman's permit to ship. His name is John Bunn and he was born in Stepney. He will get a berth to-day, I hope, and sail for New York."

"Cut, scratched, hacked?" Peggy's skin burned as she repeated the words. "And in the stokehole! Oh ——"

"What should he do?" Honest asked in a hard voice. "He thinks of his job, doesn't he? He wants to get back to the Front as soon as he can, doesn't he?" He thrust out his jaw and half closed his eyes. "He's a hero, all right!" He forced the words ungraciously.

Peggy, puzzled, a little indignant, hurt that she had received no message from Roderick Stoneman, and anxious about him, was silent.

"Oh, you don't agree?" this strange young man said truculently. "He is a knight of chivalry. He ——"

Peggy flushed at what sounded like sarcasm.

"Are you making fun of him?" she demanded indignantly.

"I say," Honest repeated, "he is a hero; a knight."

"Yes ——"

"And what else—to you?"

She was so startled that it seemed to her the man thundered these words.

"You are preposterous!" she flamed.

"Never mind me." His mellow, lovely voice roughened. "What about him?"

"You are impertinent!" She drew herself up.

"Yes, yes; if you like. But what is he to you?"

"Impertinence," Peggy answered, with a stately dignity, "has risen to insolence."

"Bounder, cad—anything you like. Say American, and sum it all up. But answer. Remember, I saved him in the end."

She looked cool scorn; but she obeyed.

"Mr. Stoneman and I," she answered slowly, choosing her words, "were flung into closest intimacy. His behavior was perfect. I shall always be grateful. I shall always be his friend—and his wife's."

Honest's eyes were lakes of white. He stared at her.

"His wife's!" he repeated hoarsely. "Is he married?" An immense relief rang in the softened notes of his voice.

"He is going to be. He and I have talked much of his very charming fiancée in California."

Honest frowned, considered, eyed Peggy.

"Suppose he wasn't engaged?" he said, with a startling, fierce earnestness.

Reticent, self-controlled, puzzled Peggy was beaten for a sudden brief instant. Her lids dropped, to her chagrin and wonder; then flashed upward to disclose defiant eyes.

"Don't be absurd, Mr. Honest," she said, with a little laugh. "We have lots of things to arrange."

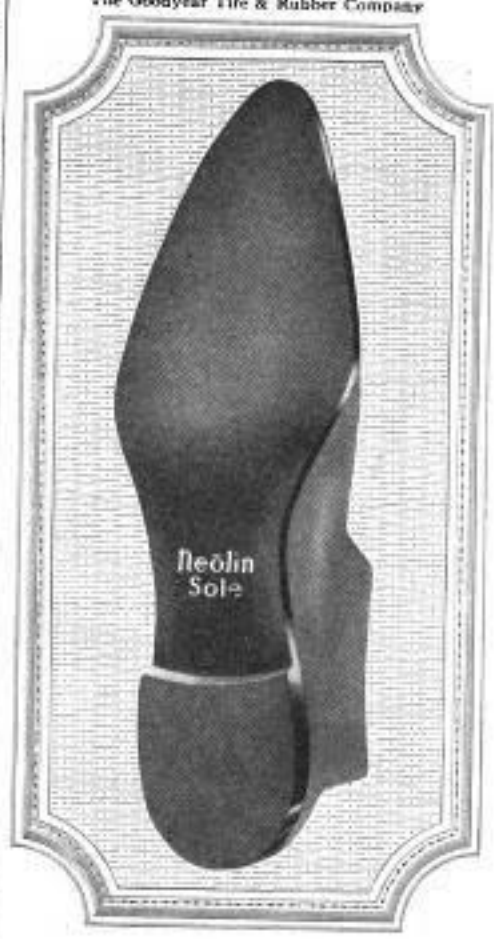
"You love him!" Humbert Honest announced, with conviction.

She darted a glance so angry that he winced visibly. He changed in an instant.

"I get you," he announced. "The séance is over. Your pardon, Miss Travers. You've put me in the brother class before you gave yourself a chance to grade me in another.

(Concluded on Page 63)

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Neōlin Soles serve equally well as re-soles as they do on new shoes. Always economical, waterproof and very easy on the feet.

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(Concluded from Page 59)

All right! I stay put. I'm Humbert the Hustler now. Get a move on. Get to Rotterdam—quick! You can't have your passport viséed here. Get on board the boat to-night. Remember, your passport is a fraud. Slip away before they get too hot on the trail. I'm off. I've my job too. See you on the boat perhaps."

He picked up the diamonds as though they were peanuts and ran out of the room without looking at her again.

Peggy dropped listlessly into a chair; and great weariness came over her and bewildered wonder at the strange ways of American men. Mr. Stoneman was cut and scratched, and very uncomfortable, of course; but if he could shovel coal in the fireroom of a steamer he had strength to pencil a line. He had not even sent a verbal message. And this sentimental comedian with the saucer eyes, this Humbert Honest, had chosen this ridiculous moment to let his absurd eyes tell her that he thought he was in love with her—that is what it all meant, of course—and to force her tired eyelids to drop.

She had dropped them as the easiest way of stopping his fantastic advances; she told herself that. If these two men, to one of whom she owed so much, and the other of whom owed her so much, could only have been Englishmen of the right sort, how happy she should be now! They had spoiled her joy. She sprang to her feet and rushed to her forgotten family.

The crowded day ended at Flushing with a warm-cloaked lot of obstreperous children, restored to intense vigor by an immense dinner. They had the hotel entirely to themselves, for Peggy had hired an automobile and preceded the train. Madame Campion and Yvonne were thus saved enthusiastic greetings from the children, which might have drawn undesirable attention to a party that had strong reasons for unobtrusively slipping away from Dutch soil.

Peggy glanced about the room and thought of her meal there only a short week before. In the few intervening days she had lived more vividly, had experienced more happenings, than in all her life before. She knew she was not the same Peggy, and she thought she was a much kinder and gentler and humbler Peggy; but the one problem still remained unsolved. A smile flickered as she remembered how she speculated about the way to know whether American men were the right sort. Well, meantime she had pretended to be the wife of one and had had sisterhood thrust on her by another; and she knew less about them than ever.

Ellen Bates, with an excited little dog in her arms, gayly thrust aside the gangway sentinel who denied premature access to the boat; and the children were soon packed in their stateroom, with directions to undress. Peggy, alone on deck, heard fierce squeals and shrieks and laughter, and ran below. She found a petticoated, half-undressed tribe playing a game in the corridor with life preservers. She joined. It was a great game; and when it was over she kissed and tucked the children in.

Under pretense of play she had taught them how to put on their life preservers. God grant that there be no need! was the prayer she breathed over each one. She went to the deck and watched the passengers as they came in groups along the dimly lighted gangway. She saw Humbert Honest arrive, but she did not move. She wanted nobody but Geoffrey, and she was awaiting her chance for a long talk with him in some shadowed corner.

Honest wandered forward among the second-class passengers and was hailed from a coil of rope. He seated himself by a man who lay wrapped in an old coat and a blanket. "Fine, Stoneman!" Honest said. "So it came off all right! How are you feeling?"

"Until I got your note, as if I was up to my neck in a beehive. But escape from a fireroom has cured me. Thanks, Honest! You work miracles."

"Easy enough," Honest answered. "Twenty guldens—no more. I bought a fireman's permit to return to England as a passenger, and his continuous discharge book. Tiedermann?"

"Got a berth on a British ship and is off for New York, Sunday."

"Good! I made the Brazilian happy. Here." He handed over a small parcel. "I'll tell you what that is in a minute. I saw the owner of the coat. The old man cried. It had belonged to his son—killed; he was glad it had been of use to an American. He would not hear of payment. . . . I say, Stoneman, this permit of yours to travel to England is conditional."

"Conditional?"

"Yes. You're up against a tough proposition. It's got to be settled right now. I've seen Miss Travers."

"Yes? You gave her my note?"

"No. Here it is."

Stoneman's head rested on the rope and his dirty cap covered his face. He flipped the cap aside, moving his arm stiffly, and wincing, he stared into the hardly visible face of his companion.

"I didn't know," the latter continued, "whether it said the right thing. It's a very delicate matter, Stoneman; and I'm butting in because I am an American and so are you, and because we've got to do the right thing by Miss Travers."

"Speak freely."

The astonished Stoneman was slightly sarcastic. But he was very weary and he owed a heavy debt to this man; so the sarcasm was slight.

"I intend to," Honest continued firmly. "Miss Travers says you are engaged to a girl in California."

"She had it on my authority," Stoneman admitted.

"That engagement," Honest announced in low but decisive tones, "must be broken, old man."

The silence that followed was marked only by the sound of the waves washing on the sandy beach.

Honest smoked so fast that his cigar glowed like a planet. He gently pressed Stoneman back as the latter gave signs of rising to a sitting posture.

"You're bound to do it, Stoneman," he urged with melancholy earnestness. "It may be hard for the girl; it may be hard for you; but Miss Travers has the first claim."

Convulsive undulations of the blanket followed. Honest thought a worn and weakened man was shaking in grief; but his affronted ears caught laughter.

"It's no joke," he commented bitterly. "I wish it was."

"Miss Travers," Stoneman said, "is not worried in the least because war and her courage put her and me on the same passport with the same name. She is not compromised."

"And that's true too," Honest agreed; "but that's not the point. If she wants you, hasn't she earned you?"

"Wants me?" the staggered Stoneman repeated. "Does she want me?"

"She does," Honest said sadly. "I don't know why; but she does. She almost said it in words. You're the lucky man, Stoneman."

"And how," asked the dazed listener, "did you come to talk about me?"

"These are unusual times, Stoneman," was the grave answer. "This had to be settled. She had been doing great stunts with you and for you. I went to her. I asked her straight out. Her lips didn't answer. How could they? You were engaged. But her eyes and her cheeks did. That settled it! No New York for you. I hustled and got you aboard here. It's up to you, Stoneman.

"You've got to cable to California and cut that out; and you've got to propose to Miss Travers with such pep and ginger that she will believe you and accept you."

"And if I refuse?" Stoneman demanded, semidelirious with happiness.

"As an American gentleman you cannot."

"The girl in California?" Stoneman expostulated, dizzy with suppressed laughter.

"There is only one girl in the world."

"If I refuse?" Stoneman persisted.

"You shall never land in England. I'll expose your false name and your bought permit. You'll be taken back to internment."

"But, Honest, I am a combatant; and you are pro-Ally."

"I am pro-Peggy in this; nothing else. She wants you. She must have you."

"Oh, very well!" Stoneman cried. "I agree. I agree to everything."

"Thanks, old man!" was the mournful answer. "And you'll make her happy?" Honest's voice was trembling.

"I'll do my best."

"That little parcel," he said, "is a diamond. I accepted one in your name from a wildly happy Brazilian. It is for an engagement ring."

"Thank you, Honest. When will she be coming over?"

"She is on board. You will hide from her, of course."

"Oh, of course!"

"Make her happy, Stoneman."

Honest turned and walked, with bowed head, along the dark deck. His great renunciation was achieved. His heart was heavy. He was tired out. He tumbled into his stateroom and his bed.

Roderick Stoneman lay with closed eyes, chuckling sometimes at Honest's ludicrous mistaken intervention in his affairs; serious at moments in high respect for Honest's manly and unselfish course; more serious at others when he pictured Honest's conversation with astonished and, no doubt, indignant Peggy; most serious when he thought of Honest's blunt and convinced report of the state of Peggy's heart. He was just a trifle light-headed; his pulse was feverishly quick, and his throbbing brain ultimately throbbed to a ridiculous recurrent refrain, which sometimes he sang softly:

*"And this is the thing I would explain:*
*There's no such girl as Millicent Jane."*

Ellen Bates, too excited for sleep, had dressed and was sneaking, in delicious happiness, about places in which there was no danger of running against Mrs. Fargo. She caught these words, retreated from this unknown songster, and went aft repeating to herself the tuneful pleasing lilt.




***"I Have Been Shamed, Humiliated," Yvonne Said. "I Will Not be Dragged Back to Antwerp by You"***

In a dark corner of the deck above, Peggy had just nestled close to a liveried footman.

"I'm a beast!" Geoffrey said. "I never said how-do this morning; never kissed you."

But Peggy jumped up. She leaned over and peered down. She could not see the singer; but the words came again—clear, distinct.

"It's tit for tat, Geoff!" she exclaimed. "You forgot me for a girl. Well, there's a man on board ——"

He laughed.

"I'm hunting Yvonne!" he called after her.

She hurried below. A startled, mysterious figure fled from before her and disappeared. She wandered about, peering. There might be such a vaudeville song, of course; but the coincidence was most improbable. It must be a message and a summons; for, of course, the disguised fugitive could not come to her.

And what was the message? It told more than of his presence on board. Peggy's heart beat faster to the rhythm of the jingle as she wandered; and at last she came to the lonely bow.

She stood and looked out over the dark water and at the frowning blackness of the outlined Dutch war vessels anchored near. She recalled what Stoneman had said of Millie and of Jennie. She wondered now why she had believed for an instant in this double-named Wonder of the West, with her looped lasso.

She smiled as she recalled this burlesque description. Where was he?

She was suddenly shot through with hot indignation. Humbert Honest, first, pressing his clumsy hand on her heart and spying into her soul with his effeminate eyes; and now this fantastic message, wounding to all dignity! These incredible, impossible American men, with their crude methods and manners —— Oh, yes; decent at heart—they meant well; but fancy an English huckster of motor cars daring to speak to her as this man Honest had spoken! Fancy an English flight commander descending to the vulgarity of a music-hall jingle message!

Peggy could not fancy such enormities. Indignation grew. She was astonished that she had meekly flown to this summons. She compared herself with a servant girl who runs to the corner at the butcher boy's whistle. She had run, eagerly, gladly, without hesitation, a smile on her lips, her heart beating quickly. Why? What difference to her whether there was a Millie or a Jennie or any other girl?

She listened, her head a little on one side, her mind intently concentrated. It came again—that faint sinister sound which had come as she stood on the high balcony at Brussels. The booming of this far-distant gun did more than recall her to a world of war. It struck at her with a personal menace. Geoffrey was free now and would soon be well; and he must go. And Roderick Stoneman —— She turned, fleeing from her own thought—and saw the outline of a sleeping figure.

She lifted the greasy cap. She could make out a smudged, unshaved face, unrecognizable in the darkness. She lighted a match from her hand bag.

She uttered a little crooning cry as she saw deep scratches and lines of fatigue cut deeper still.

She sat down on the coil of rope and gently clasped her hands beneath his head. She lifted the head and slid herself beneath it. She twined and twisted until it lay in her lap against the soft fur of her coat. She heard a deep sigh of peace as it nestled close. She pulled the blanket up and sheltered her arms about him, and smoothed his hot forehead with her cool palm.

A Dutch sailor came once and flashed a lantern; but Peggy gestured him away. The cold clutched her as with a palpable hand; but she would not even shiver, lest she disturb the sleeper.

Six bells struck close by, were repeated elsewhere, and sounded from dark hulls looming near. Stoneman sat up. Her arms clasped him and pressed him back.

"Peggy!" he whispered.

"Yes."

"I love you!"

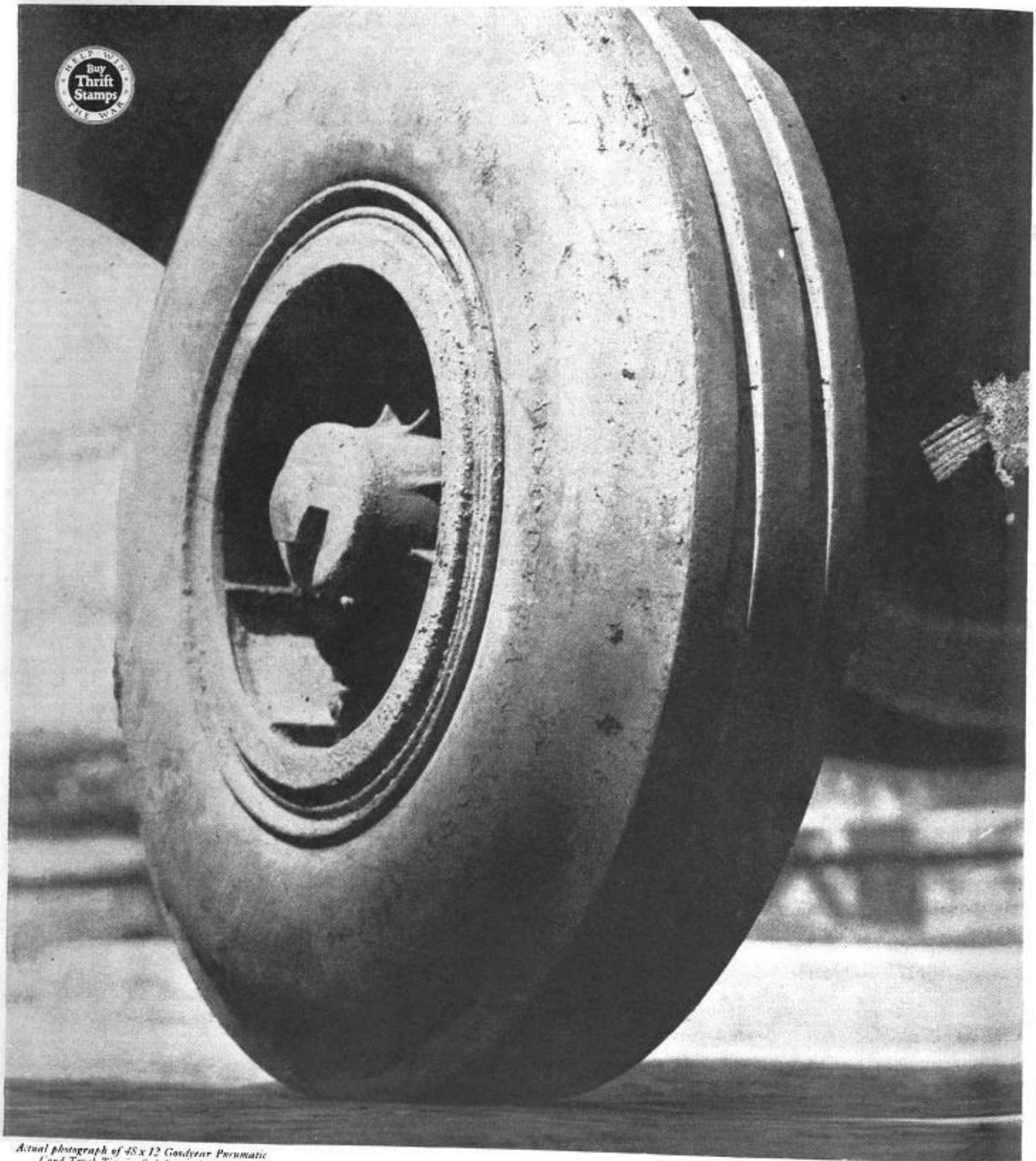
"Yes; I know. I am happy. Go to sleep." She pressed a hand over his lips.

The great gun sounded its recurrent somber menace.

She held him close to her breast. She was universal womanhood, sheltering, loving, mothering the fighting man between battles.

(THE END)

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*Actual photograph of 48 x 12 Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tire in freight yard service*

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GOODYEAR
AKRON

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# What the Users Say

**The most dependable index to the quality and serviceability of a product is the experience of those who have already put it to use.**

**It should be interesting then, to truck makers and operators, to hear what a few representative users have to say of Goodyear Cord Pneumatic Truck Tires:**

"OUR two-ton truck, which makes the run daily to and from our logging camps, is equipped with your cord casings," writes H. P. Brown, President of the Humptulips Logging Company, of Tacoma, Wash. "Sixty miles of the run is over good gravel roads, but thirty miles of the trip is over roads so rough that the truck was constantly in the repair shop during the period it was equipped with solid tires. We have gotten as high as 14,000 miles on front casings and 10,000 miles on rear casings, which, considering road conditions and the heavy loads carried, is very satisfactory, but we are particularly pleased with the reduction in repair bills the change from solid tires to pneumatic casings has brought about."

A LETTER from B. J. Henner, of the B. J. Henner Carting Company, of Rochester, N. Y., which operates two trucks on these pneumatics, reads: "The tires on both trucks are still in good condition, and those which have gone 15,000 miles we are figuring on having retreaded in the fall. Besides giving such excellent service, these tires reduce to a minimum our repair bills and make it possible for us to cover considerably more territory. In fact, our experience with these tires is so satisfactory that we cannot recommend them too highly."

IN reporting a mileage of 14,400 miles from tires then still in service, W. G. Klett, President of Klett Brothers Company, Inc., of Detroit, says: "We would recommend these tires to anyone handling fragile materials, as we have had practically no broken or marred furniture since using them, furthermore, we are getting a lower cost per tire-mile, use less gasoline, and make more trips per day."

"I HAVE been using your pneumatic tires on my one and a half ton truck, and can say that they have given me complete satisfaction both in mileage and saving of wear and tear on truck," reports Edwin W. Ward, of Troy, N. Y. "Candy and syrup are easily broken in trucking, especially when your truck can travel 45 miles an hour. This is also a great strain on a tire. These tires have been put to a severe test in plowing through long, heavy drifts, and at times with one wheel down in a ditch. My truck is equipped with a 45 horsepower motor, so you see there isn't much let-up on this as far as power is concerned. I cannot speak too highly of your tires. As for service, it has always been satisfactory to me."

IN similar vein is a letter from A. H. Heil, of the Lubric Oil Company, of Cleveland: "We are certainly satisfied with the excellent results secured as against solid equipment, which we were recently compelled to take off, due to the enormous expense caused from the vibration of the solid tires. The pneumatic truck tires have given us a mileage to date of 7,000 miles, in addition to a saving of about 25% in gasoline, and the appearance at present indicates at least 3,000 miles more. We are very enthusiastic over this equipment, and will cheerfully recommend it to owners of trucks who wish to increase speed and eliminate vibration."

AFTER using our pneumatics for ten months, Mr. P. Harney, President of the Joplin Hardware Company, of Joplin, Mo., writes: "In the first place you will be interested to know that we have not been troubled with the tires during all that time—not having had even a puncture. This to us seems pretty remarkable. In the second place they have traveled at least 5,000 miles over all sorts of roads, and we fail to see that the casings are worn very much. We have no speedometer, but our truck travels as much as sixty miles a day. In the third place we are glad to say that the upkeep of our truck has been reduced 75%, which makes the proposition of the change-over from the original solid tires all the more satisfactory. We are frank to admit that we had no idea of securing such satisfaction when we purchased a set of your big pneumatics, but we like them fine and firmly believe they ought to be used on all trucks except possibly the large, slow-moving kind, because they save the mechanism of the truck."

WE hear from Smith's Dairy Farm, of Aberdeen, Wash., as follows: "Since being equipped with your pneumatic truck tires, our truck has been in service 560 days, making a total of 48,603 miles. In that time our only lay-up was due to an accident to the car. Our repairs on the car consist of two wrist pins, one universal joint, two new brake drums and valves ground three times. We ordinarily had this amount of repairs to make every month when our car was equipped with solids. Our mileage on these tires has been very satisfactory, averaging from 10,000 to 17,775 miles. You certainly have a wonderful tire, and we owe to this tire the solution of our hauling problem, for to date nothing we know of in tires compares in economy, low upkeep and certainty of delivery with the Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires."

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

# CORD TIRES

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# The Contributions of Bascom Smith

By Ida M. Evans

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIAN KEEN WAGNER

T FOUR-FIFTY-FIVE Melly Smith put by a last neatly basted strip of gauze, placed silver spectacles in their worn :k case, smoothed back some y hair that the afternoon's steady ing had rumpled a little, and her black hat with its faded hsia satin trimming. Bascom ith liked his supper promptly at een minutes past six, the fifteen utes being for thirty years his ular allotment to glance over day's receipts of the Murratown ding Hardware Store, lock the re after his two clerks had gone, l then walk, at deliberate gait, four blocks east from Main eet to the square flat-roofed ite house with its narrow yard dered with button bridal wreath l red peonies.

As the faded fuchsia knot nodded t the Kettle gate, the other women tched it in silence. The window the small front porch was open. was not safe to speak till Melly d turned the corner.

When, though, she had turned Jane Kettle, her lips pursed, ked at Sophia White. Sophia s treasurer of the Sewing Sisters. "I didn't see how much she gave. t I suppose it wasn't much?"

Sophia inclined her gray head undly toward the pasteboard conbution box. "Twenty cents—I lieve."

"She never does give much," said ora Taley, piling neatly together e quota of surgical dressings.

There was silence.

"She hardly looked up all afternoon," commented another.

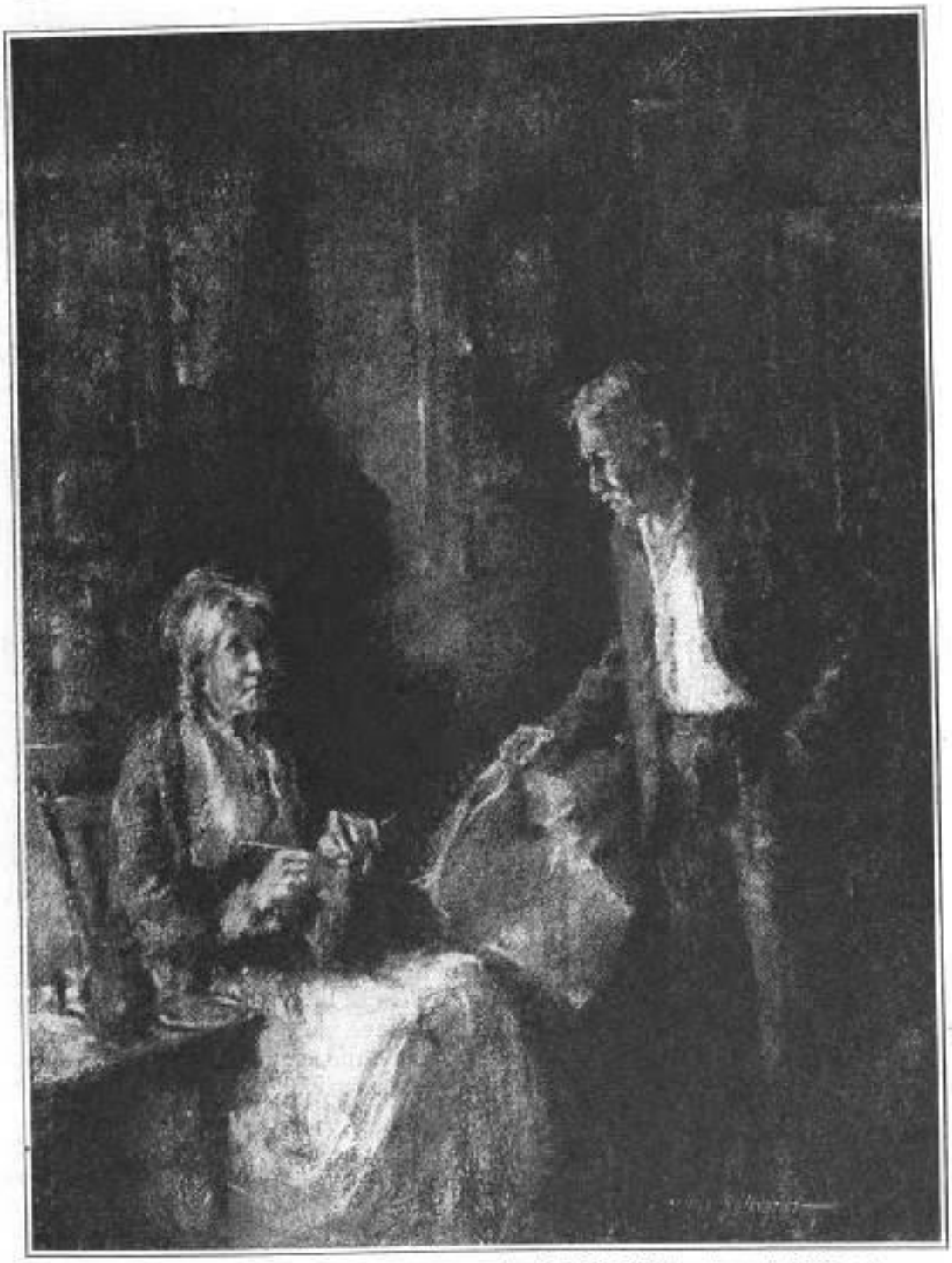
"Poor Melly!" Jane Kettle now oke gently. "She would give a t—if she could."

Toward Jane, Mattie Watson, inster, and Murratown's dressaker, turned a pugnacious head. "Well, it ain't 'poor Melly' to e! All I've got to say is Amelia mith is a fool. A spunkless fool—at's all!

"If I had a husband and he was as ell-to-do as Bascom Smith I'd conribute how much I pleased to what pleased. And"—eloquently—"I ouldn't, either, be wearing faded achsia trimming seven years old on y best hat!"

And Mattie, folding her last neat urned-in strip of gauze, tossed her ead and got her own hat—a smart p-to-date affair paid for by Mattie's own earned dollars.

"But Melly ain't you," remarked Sophia White. At hich there was a general laugh.



"Ain't I Born of American Folks for Generations Back? Ain't I a Respected Citizen? Ain't I Got My Only Son Fighting for This Country?"

As the wife of Bascom Smith turned the corner the aded fuchsia trimming nodded over a perturbed and lushed wrinkled face. Not because Melly caught the emarks of her friends and neighbors—though she could uess! She herself had often been in on the aftermath of emarks to a Sewing Sister's unwary departure ahead of he others! But if she had caught them Amelia Smith would not have minded much—not now. Time had been when such remarks—heard by her or surmised—hurt. And that time had imprinted permanently a meek deprecating uneasiness on her gentle wrinkled face.

But such time had passed. Now she had no sensitiveness for small pricks that life might inflict. Greater things crowded a world's horizon and claimed all Melly's attention. The perturbation—the slow red flush that marked her—was because of the smallness of her contribution—not because of what folks might say about such smallness.

Perturbed, she was preoccupied, too, when she stopped in the meat shop, so that Hank Ebberson had to repeat twice his cordial "Nice piece of steak, Mis' Smith?"

"Why, no, Hank," she reproved him gently. "This is meatless day. I'll have two of those salt herring."

Hank somewhat sheepishly wrapped the herring. Almost caressingly his customer took them.

Of those who obey one Mr. Hoover there are three sorts of folks: The willing; the unwilling; and the exalted. To the last belonged Amelia Smith.

Exaltedly she bore the herring home; exaltedly she creamed it; exaltedly she ate a goodly portion—though she did not like salt herring.

Bascom Smith, however, was very fond of creamed herring; so that he was able to be patriotic and gratified at the same time.

It was not until he had disposed of three platefuls, with buttered beets, baked potatoes, barley muffins and stewed huckleberries as siding, that his wife said in deprecating voice: "Bascom, everyone to-day gave a dollar toward the phonograph for the cantonment—except me."

Bascom Smith expanded comfortably, replete with creamed fish and the sense of well-being that comes at the end of a profitable day, as he rose from the table and got his pipe and the Monthly Hardware Organ from the walnut stand in the bay window. Thirty years before old Mrs. Junkins had assured him all her daughters were good cooks; they learned to cook when their brothers learned to hoe—before their teens. He had never had grounds to cast that assurance back in Melly's mother's face.

"Did they?"—indifferently.

He was a short stocky man, heavy-necked, with a tight round knobby forehead, small reddish ears, a big nose and gray chin whiskers.

"Yes—every single one but me."

His wife's voice came huskily. Between wrinkled forefinger and thumb she was kneading the fringed corner of the tablecloth.

"Well—we've give our son," said Bascom Smith calmly. "I guess we're doing our share."

Comfortably he put back his tobacco pouch and went out to the phlox-bordered side stoop, where nightly he smoked his after-supper pipe.

At the supper table behind him Melly sat quietly. Presently she ceased playing with the fringe of cloth and began absently instead to crumble a bit of muffin between forefinger and thumb. But instantly, guiltily recollective, she stopped herself wasting good food. She got up, cleared the table, washed the dishes and set them neatly away in the pantry. The dishwater she took out clear to the end of the back yard and threw it, soapy and insect-destroying, over a bug-eaten rosebush.

All this preoccupiedly. And it was with preoccupation, not at all listening, that she heard Sophy White, across two yards, address Ky White pointedly. Round seven o'clock of evening Murratown—most of it—is calm and quiet. Not much but the indistinguishable murmur of supper voices or the whish of emptying dishwater disturbs the peace of slow oncoming dusk.

Sound carries clearly, too, in the soft air. And Sophy, it must be admitted, had a carrying voice. It now came plainly out the White pantry window:

"Oh, shucks, Ky! I ain't Melly Smith. Don't you go telling me you can't afford things when I know perfectly well you can! You get that front porch painted—or I'll contrive a way to make you!"

A faint flush stole over Amelia Smith's withered cheeks. Hurriedly, before Sophy might glance out and know that she had overheard, she went up the back stoop steps and into the house. She hung the dishpan up neatly and swept out the few crumbs that Bascom always left on the rag rug at his end of the dining table. Then, at the other end, sighing chokily because only one person now dropped crumbs for her to sweep out, she set herself down to her nightly occupation after the dishes were washed and put away—a letter to her son Bert with the A. E. F.

Outside, Bert's father drew comfortably on his pipe. The smoke blew gently in the door. From a lilac bush a peewee sent little plaintive call to some friend or mate. The leaves of the porch vines hung slightly under the June heat.

Not being wont to write many letters in many years past, Amelia Smith's stiff old fingers held the pencil rather awkwardly. But she wrote plenty of pages.

When she had finished and sealed the envelope—his father would not be adding anything to-night; he had written three days before—she held the letter between tight-pressed palms while she went through another nightly rite. This was the visualizing of Bert quite dead, on a rough piece of ground somewhere, one wisp of his lightish-brown hair plastered down, with blood and ugly shell powder, to his round, chunky, stone-white forehead. She got the official notification—fancy gripping her firmly—and his few personal belongings; she read his name in the casualty list; her heart hung, a dead weight, within her.

But presently, as every night, she got herself in hand and stoutly reminded herself that after all only one in every seventeen was due to die, and there was every chance that Bert would be among the fortunate sixteen.

Then for a while, as every night, she mourned for the seventeenth. And then, as every night, she began to

(Continued on Page 69)

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(Continued from Page 66)

remember little disconnected incidents in Bert's babyhood and boyhood. Little incidents—unimportant incidents. His first step—his first sled—his first ball and bat.

And to-night, as every night now for some weeks past, at one point in the recollections Amelia Smith's old pale lips went together in a grim tightness unlike their gentle docility of years. This was Bert's first day at school, when his father bought his first reader secondhand. All good, of course, but the back, which was dog-eared and soiled. Bert had not cared. His five-year-old cheeks were puffed and pink with the importance of carrying any reader at all. But his mother had minded—bitterly. Perhaps it was a silly, a childish thing to fret over, brood over. But she had wanted Bert to have his first reader brand-new. Just the first. The second or third would not have mattered. And her hats and the stair carpet and the old-fashioned heavy muslin curtains did not matter much either. But that first reader ——

It wasn't that Bascom Smith couldn't afford it. He could have afforded forty dozen new ones. The hardware store that had been handed him down from his father—everyone knew that for thirty miles round folks had come for two generations to get Smith implements. Besides, the various mortgages he held. Amelia Smith did not know how many there were of these. Bascom Smith was a close-mouthed man — especially at the family meal table. But she knew there were some. However, Bascom often told her with grim humor and cold decision, when she hinted at them, that only folks who can take care of money ever have any.

Of course, Bert had learned well enough in the secondhand book. Plenty well enough. Still—it was just that she would have liked him to have a new first one. But against his father's calm judgment her wistful meek pleading had been as futile as the washing of a gentle little wave against a stone coast. And likewise when she wanted a new kitchen cabinet instead of the heavy red cupboard that Bascom's mother had used; and, too, hemstitched napkins like Jane Kettle's.

Melly Smith rocked steadily in her little old maple chair, her slightly withered hands folded tightly in her lap—though it wasn't her custom to be idle. Well—they hadn't mattered terribly: the reader or the old cupboard or the old napery. New ones would have been nice—but new ones hadn't been imperative—like—like certain things that needed to be bought now, things that her old soul ached now to help buy, but which Bascom wouldn't likely see the necessity of, any more than he had ever seen ——

She quit rocking suddenly and got the nub of red pencil with which she had just written to Bert, and a piece of the paper that had come round the herring.

She was not good at figures. Bert, when he was home, always did her adding and multiplying—giggling unmercifully at her. But she had once or twice heard Bascom pridefully mention an unusually good day's receipts at the hardware store. Slowly, painfully she multiplied by six, by thirty, by three hundred and sixty-five. And the mortgages—there was the Bennett forty acres north of town, she knew. Nettie Bennett strewed over Murratown County her lamentations over that many-times-renewed three thousand. And the Foorwill hundred and sixty south of town—that was either thirty-five hundred or four thousand. And Hanson's timber tract—fifteen hundred. And quite a few others—some she knew of, some she half knew of. And admitting poor arithmetic and making large allowance for bad days at the hardware store ——

Queerly Amelia Smith looked down at the total that the nub of pencil finally effected. Without doubt Bascom could afford many things that—that he claimed he couldn't afford.

The soul of woman is sometimes a peculiar thing. All her married life this one had accepted cramped years. For herself she had not really minded much. Not any more than a weak plant minds, perhaps, being bent aside by a stout one. For Bert she had minded—but she had accepted. But now—for those whom Bert had joined ——

Laying down the nub of pencil she folded her arms tight across her chest and rocked with grim steadiness. Her deprecating old faded blue eyes were very thoughtful. And unconsciously she spoke aloud: "I—I just wonder how Sophy White would contrive—if it was her."

"What you saying?" demanded Bascom Smith, coming in, pipe empty, yawning comfortably as preamble for bed.

"Bascom"—diffidently—"there's going to be another drive next week—for the Y. M. C. A."

Bascom Smith comfortably finished his yawn and pulled off a heavy square-toed shoe. Then calmly: "I s'pose so. Well—I bought Liberty Bonds. More'n one. And Bert's gone. I guess no one can say I ain't done my share. Awful lot of these drives."

He pulled off the other shoe and went up the small stairs. But his wife rocked quite a while, the maple chair creaking slowly, regularly, before she followed him.

It was a week later that Amelia Smith slowly asked her husband, over the noon table: "Bascom, just how many Liberty Bonds did you buy?"

Bascom Smith carefully helped himself to pot-roast leavings made hot and tasty with onions, and said calmly: "You're getting inquisitive, Melly. Who wants to know?"

"No one but me"—diffidently.

"Well, I guess I bought enough—for me," he said comfortably, pouring plenty of catchup over browned onions.

There was silence—for a while. In the kitchen beyond, the wood fire—Melly was baking bread that day—sputtered.

Melly Smith drew a quite long breath; it might have been one of resolution. Then quite carelessly: "Bascom, was it your grandfather or your great-grandfather who changed the name from Schmidt to Smith?"

Bascom Smith frowned slightly. "Why—it wasn't either of them. Our name's always been plain Smith. You know that well enough, Melly"—with a touch of offense.

"But it seems to me"—meekly persistent—"that I heard —— Leastwise your Aunt Mary said ——"

"Aunt Mary Canton's grandfather was named Schmidt, and changed it—forty-five years back. But that's a married-in branch of our family," he explained at testy length.

"Oh," said Melly; and seemed to lapse into thought. So that Bascom had to tell her that he thought the bread in the oven was burning. He smelled it.

More slowly than was her wont, even when no emergency urged, his wife went to take out the three-loaved pan and put another in the oven. Returning ——

"Bascom"—in a low voice—"if you can spare it I'd like four dollars to pay for one of the comfort kits ——"

He frowned up from the generous fourth of blueberry pie that topped the savory meat leavings. "Why, you sent Bert one already—months ago."

"Not for Bert—this one. The circle is buying twenty to send to boys who have no one to give 'em ——"

Bascom Smith finished his pie in one comfortable mouthful.

"I guess it ain't necessary"—calmly. "I guess most boys have some relation who sends 'em things. It's been my opinion for some time that there's a lot of stuff bein' sent wastefully."

He pushed his chair back with scraping leisure and departed for Main Street and the hardware store.

It was that evening, as she rose to replenish the plate of new bread that Bascom was so fond of, that Amelia Smith asked gently, earnestly: "Bascom, you ain't got no pro-German leanings, have you?"

Bascom Smith laid down the knife and the fork that he had been about to use upon a baked potato, and he regarded his wife of thirty years with the pure, undisguised amazement of a normal sensible citizen and husband, American in stock, in connections and in spirit.

"Are you going crazy, Melly?"—with asperity.

"Why, no"—gently.

He snorted—as though he were not sure.

The days went on. Across the ocean the drive, like a great serpent, waxed great, waxed dormant, coiled viciously, coiled stealthily, but every day its long red tongue spit out a casualty list.

Amelia Smith read quiveringly. Bascom read stolidly but carefully.

From the side stoop one evening as he smoked and read the evening paper he remarked: "I'll be glad when Bert gets home."

"Yes, yes." Bert's mother's voice was fear-hushed. Presently as she swept out the supper crumbs from the rag rug she said diffidently: "I wonder, Bascom, if you could spare a few dollars. There's the W. S. S. drive this week, and Jane Kettle asked me ——"

Bascom Smith drew stolidly at his pipe. He had finished the casualty list and was interestedly conning steel quotations.

He was pleasedly conscious that farming implements could hardly be listed as nonessentials, and therefore the owner of a hardware store had a measure of advantage above some of his fellow merchants, especially since the times gave such implements a growing meed of popularity.

"Oh, I signed up some time ago for my quota," absently he informed her.

"Some—some don't feel able to take their—their quota," said she deprecatingly. "Mebbe we ought to take a few extra ——"

"I'm doing all I can afford"—pettishly. "I wish you wouldn't talk so much while I'm reading, Melly. Sort of distracts me."

In silence Amelia Smith finished brushing up the crumbs. In silence she got paper and pencil to write her nightly letter to Bert with the A. E. F. When she had finished writing she drew her maple rocker between the dining table and the door of the side stoop, so that the center lamplight fell on her darning, while at the same time she could hear any remark that Bascom, outside on the vine-hung stoop, might make.

But it was Amelia who made the first remark—after a little thoughtful while. A slow, meditative remark it was too:

"I don't think Mattie Watson really believes we're favoring our enemies—you 'n' me, Bascom. I told her we ain't. I explained real careful that you couldn't afford it when she asked me for two dollars toward the hundred that the church is going to pay for adopting a French orphan. I tried real positive to assure her that you 'n' me, Bascom, don't side with those that's made so many orphans."

For the second time in two weeks Bascom Smith turned eyes large with amazement on his quiet, gray-haired wife of thirty years.

"What! Mattie Watson saying ——"

"Oh, Mattie didn't say one word!"—quickly. "I never gave her the chance. I explained before she could say anything. I was real careful to explain quick."

Her husband got clear up out of his chair and came to the doorway and stared down at her.

"What in Sam Hill would you feel called on for to explain anything like that! Me, whose folks have always lived in Amer——"

Melly had finished the sock heels and got her knitting. Her long old-fashioned steel needles—which had been her grandmother's—crossed with firm steadiness as she interrupted:

"There's lots of spies; and some of 'em, their folks have always lived here."

"And a son at the Front ——"

"Lots of sons go from homes that ain't loyal. Lots of sons go against their fathers' wishes."

Her voice was monotonously firm. And regretful too. Her face's little wrinkles showed under a small flush. Frank astonishment bulged from Bascom Smith's heavy face in the doorway still staring down at her.

"Melly, I actually believe you've brooded so much over Bert that you're losing your mind! Ain't I born of American folks for generations back? Ain't I a respected citizen? Ain't I got my only son fighting for this country?"

"Y-yes," said his wife very slowly.

"Then what in thunder are you driving at?"

His wife counted forty-two, the needles crossing steadily, before she replied: "I ain't driving at anything.

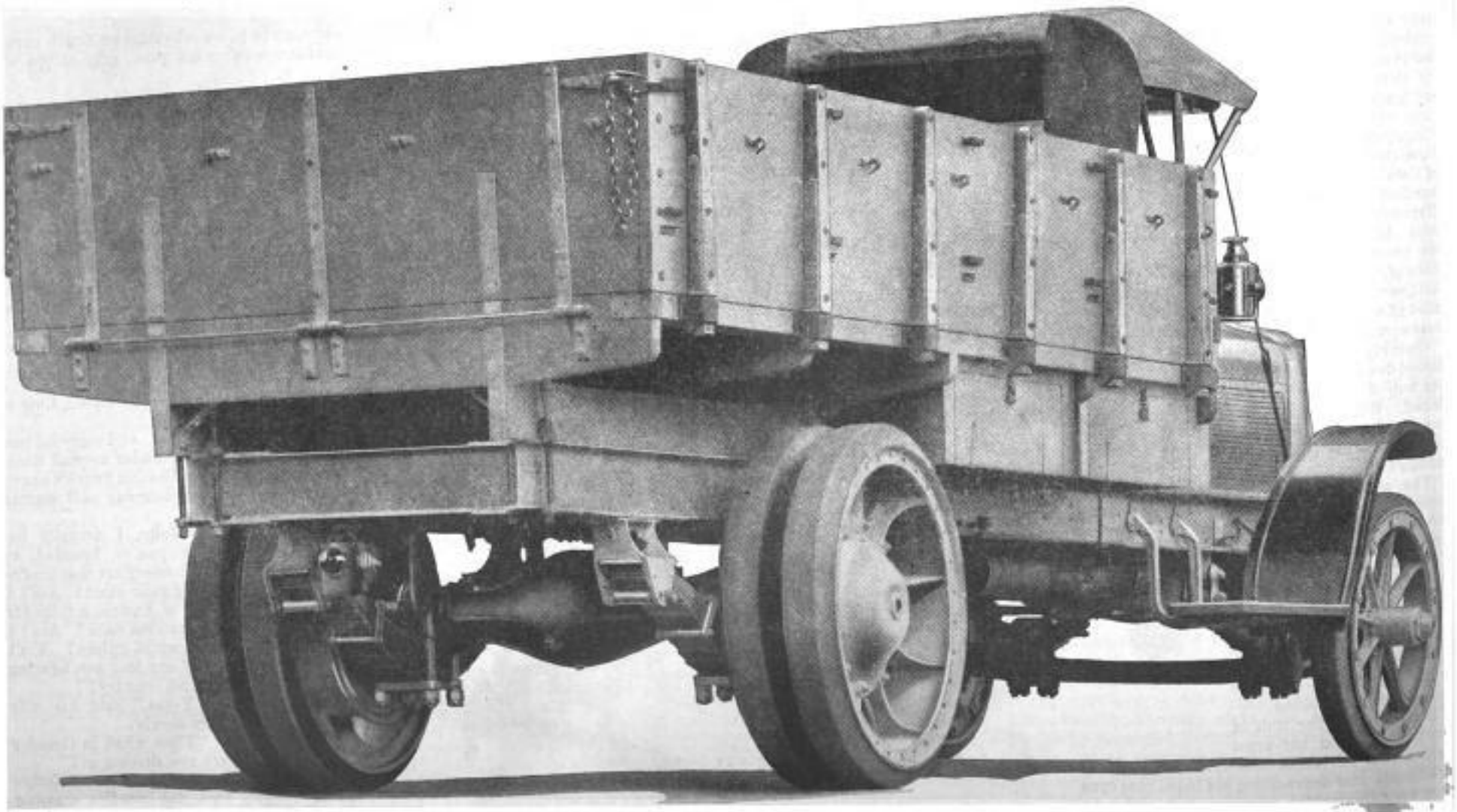
(Concluded on Page 73)



"I'm Doing All I Can Afford. I Wish You Wouldn't Talk So Much While I'm Reading, Melly. Sort of Distracts Me"

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# The WHITE COMPANY



HEAVY DUTY WHITE TRUCK WITH DOUBLE REDUCTION GEAR DRIVE

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(Concluded from Page 69)

Bascom"—deprecatingly. "I just told you I was real particular to explain careful to Mattie Watson—and to Cora Taley, who was there too—that you couldn't afford to give those two dollars for the orphan collection, but that you wasn't one mite favoring our land's enemies."

Bascom Smith turned his chair so that it faced Melly and sat down mechanically. He looked hard at her.

"Melly," he finally said, "I don't want to say plumb out that you're a fool. But I don't think anyone with real strong sense would go round these days explaining her husband didn't favor the Germans unless something had first been said about him doing it! And it stands to reason no one would even think of saying such a thing in connection with me ——"

She interjected gently: "No one said anything of the sort, Bascom. Neither Mattie nor Cora. No one has said it—yet." Over her voice hung, though, a troubled inflection.

Her husband's lower jaw fell down from his upper, quite a way, leaving an inch or more of startled openness between his two rows of front teeth.

"'Yet'!" he ejaculated. "Why—what the ——"

Amelia Smith spoke earnestly: "And I'll keep right on explaining to everyone, Bascom, that you can't afford to contribute much to any cause. I tell folks that they know I've always worn hats and coats for years and years ——"

"Amelia ——"

"I try to make everyone feel real sure that at bottom you're a patriotic citizen—and I'll keep on trying. I wouldn't like it to get round that in your heart you favor a nation of murderers and oppressors ——"

"Melly! Amelia Junkins Smith! There ain't no sense in talking this way!" It was almost a shout. "You'll make this a serious matter. You've got to quit. You'll be putting the idea in people's heads ——"

His wife's head turned as though in sudden apprehension. Warningly she put a withered old forefinger to gentle lips. "Sh-h-h! Sh! Sophy White's sitting-room window over her pansy bed this side of the house is open," she whispered. "And she can hear real plain."

"What ——"

In the rolling round of Bascom Smith's eyes there was the frantic flurry of a perfectly upright man who finds himself the victim of a bewildering and enraging state of affairs. When, pray, had he ever been in the habit of making utterances in his house that he wasn't willing for Sophia White, or any other Murratown woman, or the whole batch of Murratown women, to hear!

"Melly, I tell you, you're getting flighty!"

But just then up the front walk came white-haired Mrs. Kewsley from across the street. She wanted Amelia next day to take three pairs of finished socks down to the Red Cross quarters, her own lumbago hindering her from the ten blocks' walk.

She stayed a neighborly hour. The two elderly women chatted gently, seriously of their work. From his chair out on the stoop Bascom Smith the greater part of that hour regarded his wife steadfastly. He pulled, too, perplexedly at his gray chin whiskers. The Monthly Hardware Organ lay on the floor.

The days went on quietly in Murratown, but busily. Across the ocean the drive, like a wide river, flowed on; now swift, now slow, but steadily bearing its ship of progress toward the great ocean of eternal justice.

Among the women of Murratown Amelia Smith was quietest and busiest. But mealtime with her and Bascom had come to be almost silent.

Bascom's days at the hardware store, too, were very busy. No farmers this year were depending on old or weak tools. Too much was at stake. Bascom Smith's face was most complacent often as he sat down to his excellent evening meal.

More complacent than ever before as one night he helped himself plentifully to the platter of baked whitefish that Melly, her wrinkled face red from bending over the cookstove, placed before him.

"I dunno what I'm going to do," he mused, as much to himself as for his wife's ears. "I'm clear out of cultivators—and the factories are 'way behind, they claim, on their output. Dog-gone it, I wish I'd stocked heavier. Though I didn't stock light at that"—with a touch of prideful comfort. "I saw what was coming. Except maybe the full extent of freight congestion. Another carload, though, would have fixed me fine."

Having poured the coffee, Melly sat down at her place. She did not seem to have heard what he said. For she observed irrelevantly: "Did you read where down in the southern part of the state they tarred and feathered a man named Handenburg? 'Cause he'd lived in this country a long time and accumulated property he never would have accumulated in his own country, and yet he went round declaring he hoped ——"

"I heard about it," said her husband absently. "Dog-gone it, I wish I'd been forethoughted enough to get one more car of cultivators." Into his coffee he put his customary—for thirty years—two high teaspoonfuls of sugar.

Amelia Smith stirred her coffee absently—which was without her customary one spoonful.

"Wasn't the man named Handenburg that once you was thinking of taking into partnership in the store, Bascom?" she asked diffidently.

Bascom Smith stopped his fork halfway to another portion of baked fish and regarded her suspiciously. Was she beginning again?

"It was a man named Sandenburg"—shortly.

"Oh!"

There was silence for a while.

"Of course, it's awful easy to change one letter in your name," she finally mused, more to herself, it seemed, than for her husband's ears. "Sandenburg—um-m—Handenburg—um-m."

"Say!" Bascom began to splutter, choked over a fishbone, had to wait to force it out of his throat, finally got speech again. "Say, that Sandenburg's dead and gone these fifteen years! And, anyway, he was too slow-witted to be any kind of a traitor or a patriot either."

"Was he?"—gently.

Amelia Smith busied herself cutting the barley-crusted dewberry pie. When she had cut it and passed a plate to Bascom she remarked softly: "But no one ever said you were slow-witted, though, Bascom."

Irrelevant—this soft remark?

Bascom Smith must have caught a furtive relevancy. He again regarded her suspiciously.

"What do you mean, Melly?"

"Why, nothing, Bascom"—deprecatingly.

He attacked his quarter of pie.

"I hope," said his wife as though to herself, "that Mattie Watson don't remember anything about you pretty near taking that Sandenburg into partnership, and connect it with this man that's been tarred and feathered, on account of the names being so much alike and it being terrible easy to change one letter in a name. But Mattie's awful keen on remembering things; I must run round and see her first thing in the morning and tell her it ain't the same man; and even if it was, in your heart you don't favor our enemies ——"

The juicy mouthful of pie that Bascom Smith was raising to his mouth fell and spattered a snowy cloth. But his mouth stayed open startledly—though words issued instead of crust and berries entering.

"Amelia! You'll do no such thing! There ain't no call to do such a thing! Mattie Watson ain't no reason to start to thinking ——"

"I know she ain't no reason"—firmly. "And that's why I better run round and tell her so."

He put up his hands in dismay. "Melly! Ain't you got no sense? Ain't you—can't you ——"

He stuttered, stammered, not finding the right words. But he finally got out: "You never did know any too much, Melly!"—irately.

"But I sh'd think even a plain idiot would know enough not to go round denying a thing that no one's been accused of."

"Oh, I wouldn't listen to anyone accuse you, Bascom," said she stoutly, very stoutly. "I resolved that—quite a while ago."

"Melly!" It was a shout. "I ain't going to stand this any more! You've kept this up for weeks! I think you ought to see a doctor, I don't think you're feeling right."

"I feel real well," she objected. "Maybe I'm a little tired these last few days. As long as you couldn't afford to give any money for a comfort kit for some boy that ain't got any relations to send him one I helped Mattie and Jane Kettle and Cora Taley and Sophy White and old Mrs. Kewsley and Sarah Hopkins make theirs—that they could all afford to send. So I been working pretty steady. But I just made 'em let me help. So's I could feel like I'd done something to help."

A slow scowl had been steadily covering Bascom Smith's full face during this deprecating speech.

"There's a lot of unnecessary money being spent for such truck," he said coldly. "A lot."

"Maybe"—deprecatingly. "But—you ain't spent any of it, Bascom."

"No, I ain't"—strongly. "I bought my Liberty Bonds and some thrift stamps ——"

"Well, of course. Most everyone has"—mildly. "Those are real safe ways of keeping your money. And—you get the interest too. But of course I know you've done all you can afford, Bascom. You've said so plenty often. And you needn't worry. I'll do all I can to contradict any impression that in your heart you're favoring ——"

"But I ain't favoring 'em!" he almost shouted, pie quite forgotten.

"I know you ain't, Bascom"—gently. "And I'll feel awful bad if the whole town gets the impression that you are. 'Course though"—stoutly—"I'm your wife, Bascom. For thirty years now, Bascom. And I wouldn't desert you—no matter what folks start to saying about you, Bascom."

Silent sat Bascom Smith at the other end of the table, and glared at his gentle, suddenly garrulous, gray-haired wife in the way a lion might glare were it wrapped and rewrapped with numberless little wiry threads that, separate, might be perfectly breakable, but together were strong enough to hold him, steel-netwise.

And when the net has been woven by one's own household —— Over Bascom Smith's angry stupefaction a sort of panic seemed to flicker.

"I've give a son to my country," he declared with unnecessary vigor, banging a fist on the table. "I guess that's enough."

He stiffly ate the remainder of his dewberry pie.

Amelia Smith's withered old fingers were playing absently with the old-fashioned corner fringe of the tablecloth. Her eyes were downcast.

Outside a village four-passenger rattled by. A catbird in a lilac bush called stridently through the night air. Bascom Smith cleared his throat harshly.

"I guess Bert's something," repeated Bascom Smith harshly. "We've sent him. You're just plumb crazy, Melly. And I want you to stop this way you're harping ——"

She broke in gently: "I dunno as we sent him, Bascom—you or me. I dunno as we had much to do with his going. He just—went. He wouldn't have felt right—afterward—enjoying his life and eating his three comfortable meals a day, knowing that thousands of other men, all liking to live, laid their lives down so he—and us—could enjoy existence and property in peace and comfort."

She added: "Leastways, that's what he told me—the last night he was here."

Supper being finished, Bascom Smith, making no rejoinder, rose from his chair, scraping it back loudly, and got his pipe and the Monthly Hardware Organ from the walnut stand in the bay window and went out to the small side stoop.

Deprecatingly Amelia's voice came out to him:

"But you needn't fret, Bascom. No matter what folks say—or do—or what aspersions are cast at you, I'll remember I'm your wife for thirty years. And I'll explain wherever I can and whenever I can that in the bottom of your heart you ain't favoring our enemies. I'll explain real careful and particular that you can't afford ——"

It happened that at that moment Ky White, a bit irritable from an altercation with Sophy over certain domestic matters that Sophy really might have deferred till his supper had been enjoyed, passed the Smith place.

He did not speak to Bascom. The altercation lay too engrossingly on his marital soul. He was brooding. But subconsciously he noted that his neighbor and fellow merchant was squirming in his chair on the side stoop. The Monthly Hardware Organ lay on the floor beside Bascom. His pipe was unlighted.

Mrs. Bascom Smith's gentle voice came out in a murmur that was vague to Ky on the sidewalk beyond. But noting Bascom squirm and the knotted appearance of his tight chunky forehead, Ky decided absently that the mosquitoes must be worse round the Smith house than round his own.

As to his not speaking—Ky never remembered that he didn't call an "Evening, Basc!"

But Bascom Smith with a sort of panic noted that such greeting was not called. And the panic was topped by sudden horrible fear. Suppose folks really thought —— Ah!

Came a week when the Murratown Weekly Gazette on Friday held this item:

It is a pleasure for the Gazette to record that at least one Murratown citizen feels his obligations to his land. We refer to Bascom Smith, American in stock, in connections and in spirit. We wish that others would imitate him. Brother Bascom has gone the limit—if the peculiarly apt slang expression be permitted. He has adopted a round dozen French and Belgian orphans; he has given comfort kits to a number that has three figures; he has bought a phonograph and a hundred records for the cantonment from which his son went. And he has made other contributions really too numerous to mention.

True, he has not done more than his civic duty. But plenty are escaping duty with a very small "d."

Bascom Smith reads this item often. He cut it out and carries it round in his pocket.

Often after reading it, on the side stoop, he turns his head and regards his little quiet gray-haired wife with a suspicious glance. One might say that from his glance suspicion fairly drips. Is it possible that in thirty years he has underestimated Melly's subtlety? It doesn't seem possible. And yet ——

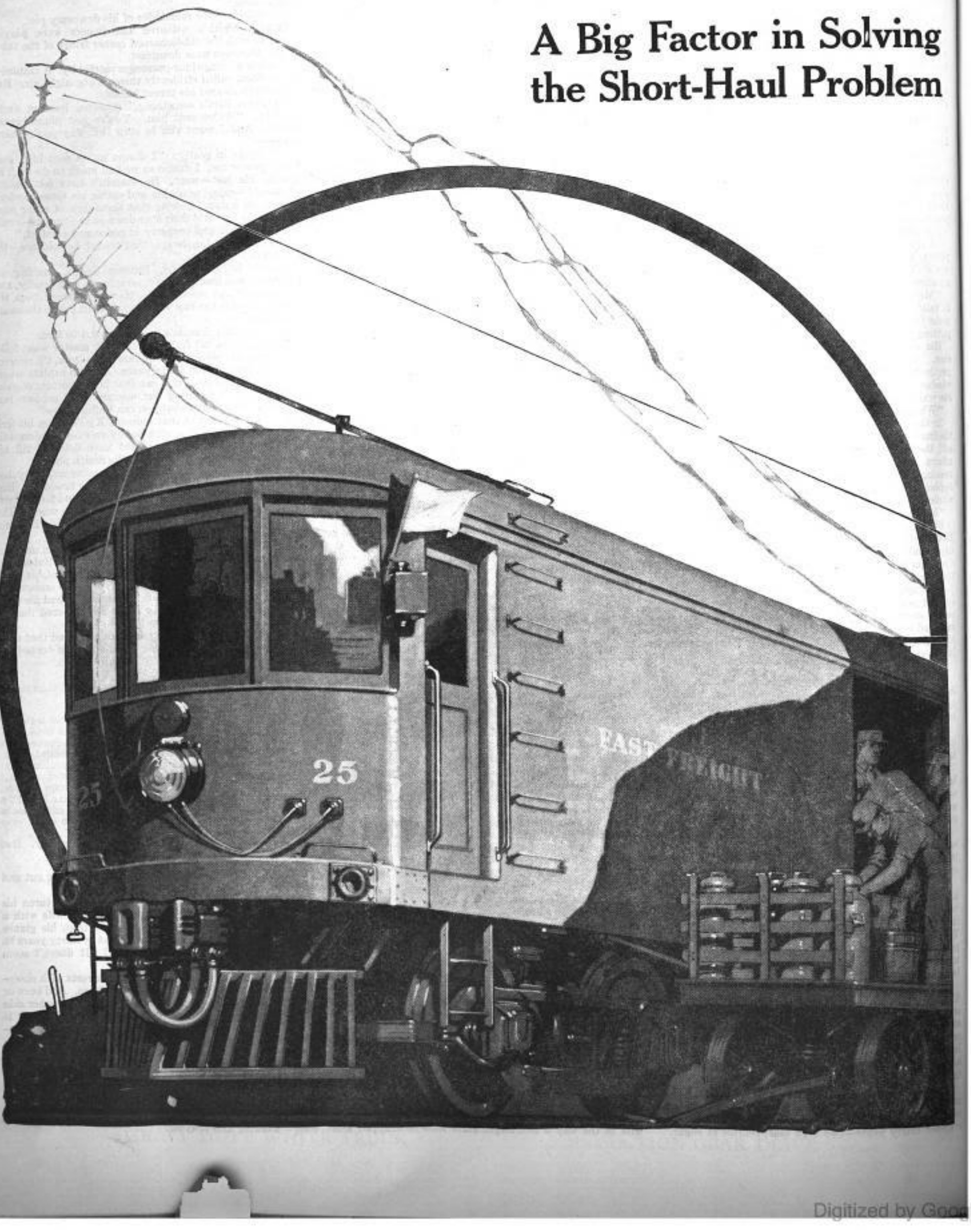
But not always. Quite often his glance rests with sheepish pleasure, not to say comfort, on the item. And once or twice, upon receipt of a grateful letter from the other side or from some cantonment near home, something that is strangely like a beam of satisfaction lights Bascom's somewhat stolid face. For after all, however hard a tooth-drawing may be, there is always a sense of relief after it is drawn.

Melly, though—gray-haired, quiet Melly—notes neither glance. Melly is one of those who, being exaltedly concerned with accomplishment, cannot descend to gloat over the means of that accomplishment. Besides, she is too busy—working and praying.

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# Trolley Transport

## A Big Factor in Solving the Short-Haul Problem




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# Westinghouse

## ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES, LINE AND POWER PLANT EQUIPMENT

IN time of peace, adequate transportation is essential to national prosperity—in time of war, it is vital to national safety.

With the steam roads struggling under a burden unprecedented, the electric interurban railways of the country are proving a transportation factor of incalculable value through their quick economic handling of an immense volume of short-haul freight.

By helping to solve the short-haul problem, they are going far to relieve steam-road congestion and thus enable through traffic to be handled with greater speed and efficiency.

Because of "trolley transport" the flow of equipment, material and fuel to the nation's industries is far larger and more rapid than it would be otherwise, and production—the vital necessity of the hour—is increased—

Vast quantities of perishable foodstuffs are being saved and feeding the nation made less difficult—

Fuel is conserved through the use of electric power—

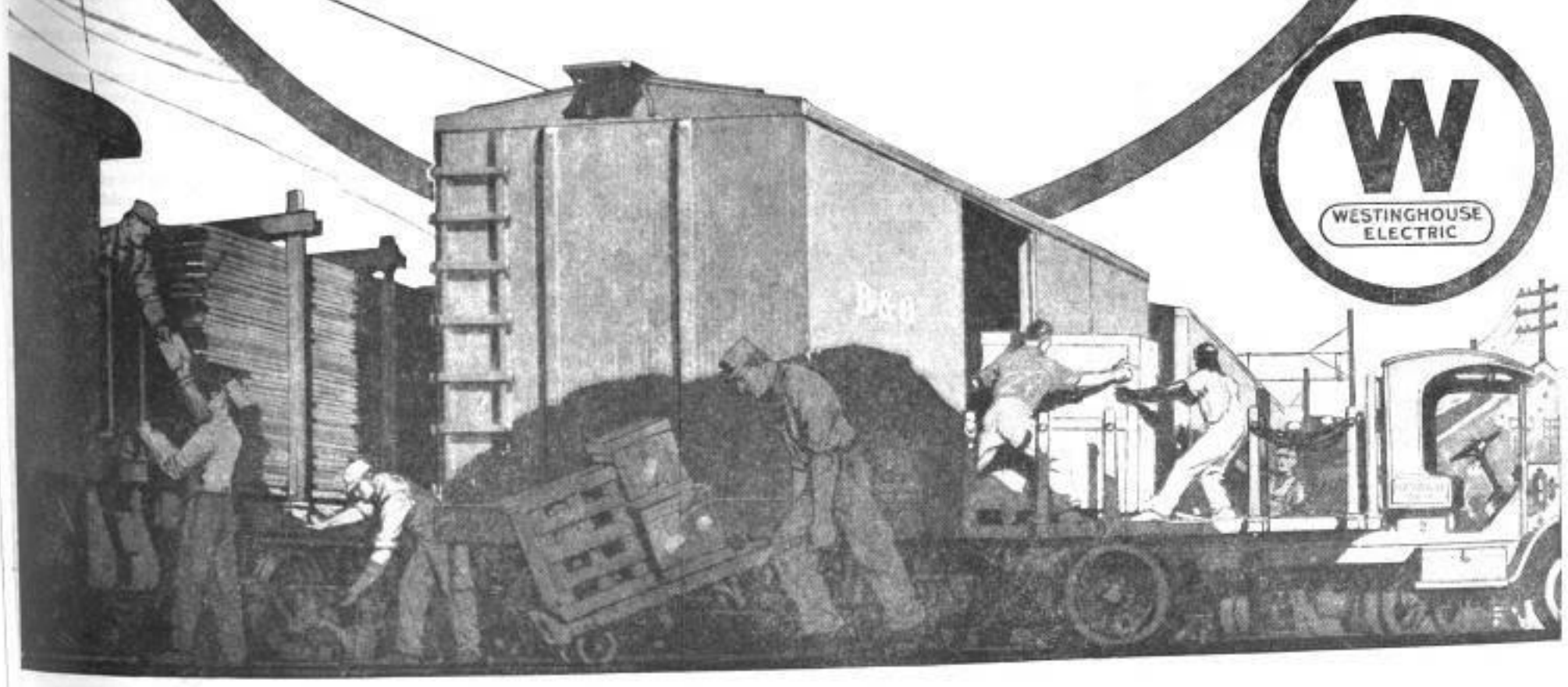
Agricultural and manufacturing development is being stimulated.

The transportation of freight over electric trolley lines has assumed such proportions that at one terminal—that of the Detroit United Railway—100 cars a day are loaded out, equivalent to from 300 to 500 steam-road cars, since many are motor cars and make a large average daily mileage. The time-honored interurban center, Indianapolis, is just completing the most extensive electric railway freight terminal in the world, and one which would be a credit to many an important steam road.

On a number of electric roads, traffic is interchanged with steam lines. The Waterloo, Cedar Falls and Northern Railway, an Iowa line, for example, handles 70 per cent of the switching entering Waterloo over three steam roads. In a typical month, this electric line hauled more than 2,000 cars and transported approximately 85,000 tons of freight.

Extensive as is the haulage of freight by electric railways today, however, the possibilities of trolley transport have only begun to be realized. With one-seventh as much mileage as all the country's steam roads, and a capitalization of approximately $5,000,000,000, the electric lines of the country point the way towards a solution of one of the nation's most important and perplexing problems—a problem of peace-times as well as war-times.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

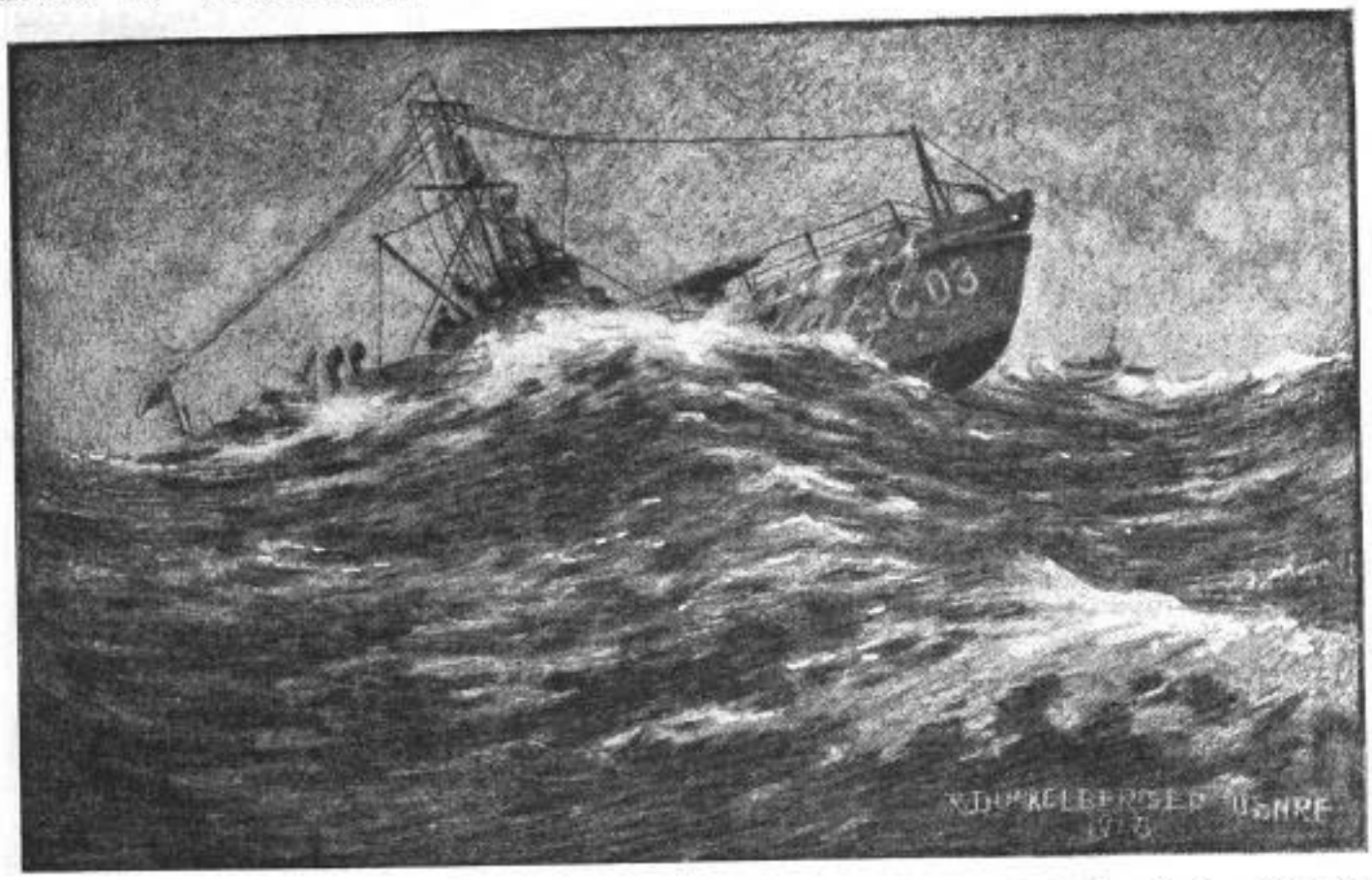



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# BILGE AND THE "Q" BOAT

## By Peter Clark Macfarlane

DECORATION BY R. DUNKELBERGER



BILGE, do you-all consider yohse'f a brave man?" inquired the chief boson's mate in his Texan drawl.

"Some," admitted the chief machinist's mate with a look of what he hoped was becoming modesty.

"Well, then, what's a 'Q' boat?" The connection was not clear, but it might appear later.

"Search me, Ma! What is she?" And Kennedy looked up interestedly from the bottom of the dory, where he was doubled incomprehensibly about the engine.

The chief machinist's mate was conceded to be the only man who could make the said engine of the said dory run, and he took a pride in that fact. To-day, when she was wanted worst, the dory was perversely more out of kilter than usual and lay sprawled on the mid-deck, opposite the engine-room hatch, with Kennedy inside and tinkering inquisitively, unscrewing nuts, looking at carburetors, examining spark plugs, and testing air-pump valves or any other gadget that might possibly have been the seat of such cantankerous misbehavior. There was a smear of oil and grease overlying the freckles on Bilge's face, and his rack of straight red hair, which had hung annoyingly over his eyes in a lurid waterfall as he peered into the intricacies of the motor, was tossed back over his brow when he lifted his head and turned to contemplate the homely but benign features of the chief boson's mate, whose last name was Ford, whose first was forgotten, and who, because of some fancied maternal note in his nature or expression, rejoiced in this absurd feminine epithet of Ma. Sometimes his mates referred to Ma in moments of extreme facetiousness or in moods of deep affection as "her" or "she" or "the old girl," all of which Ma bore with that air of dignified calm and patient resignation which was a part of his complement of personal graces.

"They're makin' one over at the basin," he observed as, after tearing off a bite of plug twist, he sat on the gunwale of the motor dory and gazed blandly down at the knotted figure in the greasy dungarees.

"Out of what?" inquired Bilge, piqued as always by problems in construction.

"Some kind of an old lime-juicer," deposed the Texan. "I allow 'at she was about the toughest-lookin' old hulk you ever laid your eyes on to start with, but they-all have got her camouflooed up to look like a right smart of a boat now."

"What they goin' to do with her?"

"Hunt submarines."

"Hunt submarines? Ma, you make a noise like a nut," reproved Bilge.

"I dunno about that," demurred Ma, who was undertaking this exposition with the express idea of involving his bosom friend in a mad project to which he was himself already committed, and who must proceed therefore with circumspection. "The idea is to take this old tub out for a sort of decoy duck, and run her back and forth across the Channel till a sub comes up and torpedoes her, and then they're goin' to turn round and everlastingly lam the tar out of the Hun."

The monkey wrench fell with a clatter to the bottom of the boat. Bilge untied one-half of the square knot formed by his legs and arms and sat up quite straight.

"That sounds reasonable now, don't it?" he commented with sarcasm that was meant to blight. "Let yourself get sunk and then turn round and sink the boat that sunk you!

"Hand me the screw driver, Ma, and I'll tighten up some of those screws that's loose in your head."

"She kin do it," argued Ma, undeterred. "She's a reg'lar floating arsenal."

"Hey?" And for a moment the keen questioning eyes of Bilge took on a light of cunning appreciation.

"Yeh!" opined Ma, and manifested the degree of his satisfaction at having got this much of a rise out of Bilge by expectorating over the side in a graceful arc. This arc, however, took no account of Dyckman, on a scaffold a few feet above the water, artistically retouching the zebra stripes on the side of the United States Destroyer Judson, at present on duty in European waters.

"Here!" snarled an angry voice from out of sight. "Who's mussin' up my yellow paint with tobacco juice?"

But Ma, innocently unaware of his relation to that angry tone, was going on to describe the "Q" boat:

"Forward on the bridge is a sort of monkey house. When you touch a button the sides of the monkey house fall down, and, by jingo, they's a gun a-settin' there! Then stuck in some false work about the waist hatch is two more guns, one on each side. And aft there's a thing that looks like a water tank on the deck, but it's canvas. You pull a rope and it drops, and, by heck, there's another gun!"

Having thus concluded his description, Ma expectorated again, and, as before, the line of his indirect fire was perfect. This time no angry word came up from over the side, but a pair of wrathful eyes appeared at the level of the deck and took a careful observation, while a right hand poised a brushful of sticky, gooey yellow paint.

"But what the Sam Hill good are her guns after they've let a torpedo into her? She'll sink in five minutes," declared Bilge with a total loss of enthusiasm for the project.

"That's the next point," explained Ma with the self-contained air of one who held all wisdom in his grasp. "You couldn't sink her if you planted a torpedo in her every fifty feet from end to end. And when the sub comes up to loot her and take off prisoners they just lam her."

Ma smiled ingratiatingly, but an expression of strong and utter disapprobation spread itself over the usually amiable features of the chief machinist's mate.

"Fine idea, isn't it?" he snorted. "Shoot us gobs in the engine room all to Davy Jones, while the deck force and the gun crews lays up nice and safe. Why, certainly!" And Bilge's scorn was meant to be entirely withering. "That scheme is so good you must 'a' thought it all out by yourself, Ma!"

"I ast you if you was brave," reminded Ma delicately.

Bilge ignored this subtle shaft.

"Besides," he argued heatedly, "what's to prevent old Fritz's just slipping in his pill and getting away? You're lying up there with your guns all nicely camouflaged and nobody in sight to shoot at. What does that get you?"

"Fritz has got a habit of searching an abandoned ship," explained Ma.

"But if you've abandoned ship there's nobody there to work the guns."

"That's the foxy part of it, Bilge," elucidated Ma, drawing on fresh reserves of patience. "They just pretend to abandon ship. Two or three boatloads that looks like the full crew goes down the davits and rows off, but the fightin' men stays aboard."

"But wait," taunted Bilge; "wait! Fritz's also got a habit of havin' a little target practice by firing on crews that abandons ship. The fellows that go out in those boats to convince the Hun that this ship is bona fide abandoned are going to get shot as full of holes as your shirt."

"Not on your life," Ma argued stoutly. "Before a submarine begins to shell she's got to come up, hasn't she, and got to get her men up on top to work the gun, and by the time she does all that what's our guns done to her? They've sunk her—that's what they've done!"

"Our guns? You talk like you was going on her."

"I allow to," admitted Ma with a foxy grimace.

Bilge was nonplused.

"But she's a limey, you said."

Quite consistently our enlisted sailormen call any British ship a limey, from the old lime-juicers; and all English jack-tars are limeys and seldom anything else to the American gob.

"She was a limey, but they've turned her over to us to take out."

The indignation of Bilge burned hot again. "Just what I figured," he declared, hitching his dungarees round him desperately. "They go and get up the ship and they get up the scheme, but they have to turn it over to us to get the men who has got the immortal courage to do the job. And who's a-going to take her out, I'd like to know?"

"Captain Bradshaw!"

Ma announced this with the air of one who has released a thunderclap of a sensation.

Bilge's lurid greasy features expressed both amazement and concern. Involuntarily he glanced toward the bridge of the Judson, which was where Captain Bradshaw mostly had his habitat.

"It's a plant!" denounced Bilge. "They assigned him on purpose, because they know there's a lot of men on this boat that'll do for Bradshaw what they wouldn't do for no one else—men that'll go along just to be on hand and to look out for him."

"They didn't assign him; he volunteered," enlightened Ma.

"Say!" accused Bilge. "You seem to know a bloomin' lot about this enterprise, don't you?"

"I'm goin' to be his chief boson's mate," deposed the Texan, releasing his Sensation Number Two with effective self-restraint.

"Oh! And I suppose, you old alleged ex-cowpunch, you figure that by telling me all this long and thrilling story I'll be darned fool enough to volunteer, too, and take my own particular watch with me—take the best bunch of engine men in the flotilla down into that old hooker with the compartments locked, and cruise back and forth waiting for some torpedo to blow us all to kingdom come, so Captain Bradshaw can get the D. S. O. and the Legion of Honor, and so on. Well, you're wrong. You know, once in a while, Ma, out in my native Montana, we used to tie a bleating calf to a trap when we were trying to catch a mountain lion. Well, I always did have a lot of sympathy for the calf, and I'm not going to be the calf this time."

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"That's the way you got it figured, hey?" answered Ma with an expression of disappointment, and lifting his chin slightly he relieved himself of accumulations of plug twist by an expectoration so hearty that it was meant to convey to Bilge that he spat out of his mouth all such lukewarm prudential philosophies as the machinist's mate had just expressed.

An instant later the paintbrush left the indignant hand of Dyckman, describing a very flat trajectory, but traveling with such high initial velocity that it carried well over the bowed head of Ma Ford, to find its billet with a swishy smeary thud exactly on the ear of Chief Gunner Abner Anderson, who was walking innocently but importantly along the deck with no thought of wandering into Dyckman's barrage of revenge and reprisal.

The brush next caromed over the head of Abner and fell innocently at the feet of A. B. Seaman Jurgenson, who that day was on gangway duty. Jurgenson looked up indignantly to see what careless person had dropped a paintbrush, and by way of protest and punishment lightly kicked the offending object into the bay.

Abner meanwhile had turned quickly to look for the missile which had so rudely smitten him, and found it not. Searching next for the person who had hurled it he was equally unsuccessful, because Dyckman, having observed the mischance of his aim, had stepped off the knot which had supported him, slipped down the rope to his scaffold, dropped a perfectly good bucket of yellow paint into the waters beneath him, seized a brush with black pigment upon it, and begun industriously to wield it upon another zebra stripe.

"Who hit me?" demanded Abner, and immediately his hand went to his ear, about which was an oozy feeling as of blood. "Who hit me?" he growled again, gazing at the smear of yellow paint in his hand.

Ma, the innocent cause of this sad mischance which had befallen Abner, looked up surprised, but maintaining an air of dignified composure, though with amusement in his heart, as he contemplated the discomfiture of the chief gunner; for nobody on the Judson loved Abner in particular, excepting only Abner, whose fondness for himself was considered noticeable, making up what others lacked in that respect.

"You look good, Abner, with one yellow ear," decided Ma after a critical glance. "It's a wonder to me your folks didn't think of that a spell ago, and camouflage you up thataway. You might 'a' been something now besides the chief gunner on a destroyer, where everybody knows there ain't no use for a chief gunner anyway."

"Who in Sam Hill threw this paint on me?" roared Abner, advancing menacingly as he noted sounds of uncontrollable laughter issuing from the bottom of the dory.

"I didn't," said Bilge resentfully, rising up suddenly, monkey wrench in hand. "I don't see that anybody did. It's probably just the yellow in you leaking out."

"I did kind of notice somethin' whiz by my ear just now," recalled Ma, by way of easing a situation that threatened to become strained. "It must 'a' come from starboard."

Abner made a hasty step across the deck and peered downward. Dyckman was there descried, artistically absorbed in making a beautiful black stripe end sharply at the edge of a yellow stripe. There was a bucket of very black paint in one hand and a very black brush in the other; nor was there any sign of a yellow brush or of a bucket of yellow paint. There was, however, that yard of bright yellow stripe on the side of the Judson, while yonder among the waves appeared a telltale yellowish tinge spreading rapidly and suggesting the presence of a canary-colored cuttlefish. Abner being from off Cape Cod was a man who could put two and two together. He was also a man with a very long reach, and Dyckman was a lad with a rather long pompadour of stiff black hair of which he was inordinately proud. Abner lowered himself noiselessly prone upon the deck, and reaching downward swiftly his long fingers engaged that bristling hirsute growth, relentlessly jerked the unsuspecting artist backward from his narrow plank and let him drop. With a wild whoop that was drowned in a gurgle Dyckman, paintbrush in one hand and paint bucket in the other, disappeared beneath the waves.

"You Yankees is shore some revengeful, ain't you?" observed Ma reproachfully. "Supposin', now, that boy couldn't swim."

"He can swim like a fish," retorted Abner; "which is why I should 'a' knocked him on the head."

Dyckman having abandoned brush and paint to swim to the anchoring buoy sat for a while dripping and meditating revenge before he should start to clamber up the anchor chains to the fo'castle head and dry clothing. Also he wondered if Captain Bradshaw was still in the chart house, whither he had seen him go some five minutes before as he waited and plotted against the peace and dignity of Ma; for if the captain was still in the chart house he might look out and observe Dyckman slipping bedraggled along the fo'castle deck; or descending the ladder from the chart house to his own quarters the captain might even meet the soused and dripping one face to face, when he would be sure to make some remark so scathingly sarcastic that the unfortunate subject thereof must remember it to his expiring day. And Dyckman was sensitive.

Dyckman was also quite right about the whereabouts of the captain, for the latter was at that moment sending a messenger down the ladder in search of one of his chief machinist's mates, Bilge Kennedy by name.

Bilge, mopping the grease and dirt from his face with a scrap of waste, reported as quickly as possible.

Captain Bradshaw, crisp of manner, magnetic of speech and clean of feature, with agate-brown eyes, darted a soul-reading glance at the red-headed master of one of his engine-room watches.

"Kennedy," he said, "as a special compliment to us our British friends are allowing us to take out the new mystery ship, Tunaloa. I am to command her. It is a hazardous enterprise—extra-hazardous for the engine-room crew."

"Yes, sir!" said Kennedy, straightening with a sense of new dignity.

Swiftly the captain outlined the project as he saw it, and Bilge listened with growing excitement and the lust for adventure kindling in his breast.

"This is a desperate war, Kennedy," Captain Bradshaw concluded, "and it will be won only by desperate measures. That sort is best carried out by desperate men. Want to go along?"

"I sure do!" gurgled Kennedy, blue eyes shining.

The captain looked relieved. "Pick the men for your watch," he directed, "but every man must know what we are going up against, and must go because he wants to."

"You been invited?" asked the boson's mate, slouching by as Bilge came down from the chart room.

"Yeh!" admitted Bilge laconically.

"Turned it down, I suppose?"

"Turned who down? Bradshaw?"

"Change your mind just like a woman, don't you?" heckled Ma.

"No, I change it like a man," retorted Bilge. "I admit 'at sometimes I am wrong, which you were never known to do. But I wasn't wrong this time. Captain Bradshaw put the scheme to me like it really is, and it listens entirely different from the dime-novel story you was telling. It's just clear cold sense the way he put it—sense and patriotism. Besides, we owe it to our allies. We only got to show these limeys how to do the thing a time or two, and then they can go and do it themselves."

"These limeys requires a lot of showin' according to your idea, don't they, Bilge?" teased Ma.

"Don't they according to yours?"

The question was so straight and blunt that it brought Ma down from the humors of persiflage to questions of conviction.

"They shore do!" he declared emphatically, and shuffled on his way quickly, to conceal the extreme joy with which his heart welcomed Bilge's allegiance to an enterprise the seductive lure of which had already won the adventurous spirit of the Texan.

And so it came to pass that the United States Destroyer Judson was denuded of her captain, of one of her chief boson's mates, of one of her chief machinist's mates and a goodly portion of her crew, every last man of whom, it seemed, was clamoring to get his name down on the suicide roll, as they cheerfully called the list Yeoman Newman was making up. And those who remained behind—simply because, with due respect to the rights of other ships in the flotilla, not all could be taken—lined the deck of the Judson and gave a brave, lump-swallowing cheer as they saw the "Q" Boat Tunaloa go lumbering out to sea some six days later at the hour of eight o'clock in the evening, when the long twilights of April in this latitude promised yet some hours before darkness.

And the crew of the "Q" cheered back. They knew how they were envied. These men who daily risked life and limb on destroyers engaged in patrol or convoy work were filled with jealousy at the opportunity of their fellows who were going to a duty far more dangerous.

Rationally, intelligently they rejected the assignment to the "Q" boat as the logic of Bilge had rejected it. It was the farthest from a bombproof job they could imagine. But emotionally, irrationally, vaguely, egged on by some uncharted impulse that rose up within them—something that wasn't logic and yet somehow commended itself as worthy of respect—they wished they were going along. They felt that they belonged. Rather than a V. C. or a Congressional Medal of Honor, each of them would have had a berth on that decrepit ship which, painted to look so smart, was steaming out to offer itself as a target for a torpedo that was going to kill somebody when it exploded, regardless of what happened later. It was a sort of human sacrifice to the gods of war that was about to be offered, but relieved of its horribleness by the element of chance and the opportunity for grips at the throat of a Hun which it promised.

The shades of night fell down at length, but at first they were not heavy shades, for an orange moon had wheeled into a dim-lit sky and paved a shining path across the waters, a path that found its way to a black hull laboring forward heavily, the hull of the "Q" boat, with her clumsy antiquated engines throbbing dully like a tired heart. True to the rules of traffic in wartimes, no lights were showing.

"How long do you expect to pull back and forth here, captain, before we draw a shot?" asked Kirk, the executive officer.

"*Quién sabe?*" answered Bradshaw in the vernacular of those Spanish-American waters in which he had done most of his naval duty. "A week, maybe."

"I'll lay you a little bet," proposed the exec.

"Lay it!"

"A dinner at the Savoy, if we ever see the Savoy again, that we don't draw a shot in a month."

"You're on!" said the captain briefly, absently almost, as he applied a telescope to his eye and for a long moment stood motionless and silent, his close-knit body playing to the wallow of the old ship in the sea. "Thought I saw something shine for a moment way out there in the path of the moon," he remarked presently. "Gad, what luck, Kirk, if we got it to-night!"

"Gives me a kind of creepy feeling," said Kirk, "this idea of being hunted. I can go after 'em in a destroyer all my life and never feel a quiver; but this ——"

A small black cloud had rather suddenly overlaid five-sixths of that huge orange moon, and by so much shrouded the sea in a sudden chilling darkness.

"—— this waiting for them to hunt us kind of—kind of—gets my goat."

Captain Bradshaw shrugged his shoulders as if he felt the chill. "Oh, I know, but it's just getting used to the idea. After a night or two ——"

"Look!" interrupted Kirk. "That cloud on the moon is just the shape of a sub."

"Kind of got 'em on your mind to-night, Kirk, old boy, haven't you?" laughed the captain.

"But it is!" argued the executive officer. "You can see his conning tower and his gun—by Jove, it's a big one!—and what looks like men sitting round on the deck, taking the air, just the way they probably are wherever subs are riding on the surface to-night."

Bradshaw laughed again, but not unsympathetically. "Does look a little like it," he admitted. The cloud drifted on and obscured the face of the moon entirely.

"Oh, I'm not scared," assured Kirk.

"At a cloud? Of course not! Besides, any man's liable to get the wind up if he thinks about it. I get it when I think about the boys on watch in the engine room. They're the ones that take the short chance. I've got everybody else sleeping out of danger."

"They're game!" approved Kirk.

"Game? If they weren't I wouldn't think about 'em. Since they don't think for themselves I do it for 'em."

But the captain was wrong; to-night the ratings were all thinking—every man on the ship was thinking, whether he stood at lookout, or marked the pound of the engines, or twisted in his hammock or on a mattress of straw. The newness of the sensation—this particular sensation—made everybody thoughtful. Minds went back across the Atlantic waters to wives or sweethearts or mothers or little children.

Some of these were in tenements of great cities on the Eastern seaboard, where poverty had always stalked, while some were on drives and boulevards, or in big country houses, where there was luxury and ease and plenty. Some went back to homes in Appalachian manufacturing towns, and some went on west to the great prairies, and farther still to the giant Rockies and the fecund slopes that go down to the Pacific Ocean. Some minds turned in at broad entrances to wide rich farms, where all wealth of the soil boiled up its plenty, and some turned in at little wind-swept settlers' shanties or climbed narrow cañon trails to clefts in mountains that were almost like eagles' aeries.

So the minds turned back and worshiped at their several memory shrines, thinking and thinking of all the life behind. And whether the past had been rich or poor, love-filled or bleak and empty with only moments of heart happiness, it seemed to each that it had been rather prolific of fine things, and each thought of his own memory treasures longingly. As they looked forward it seemed that, given the old setting and the old opportunity, they could make it very much better, and they decided that they would when the war was over.

The moon crept slowly from behind the cloud.

"Did look kind of like a submarine," conceded the captain again as the last wraith of vapor trailed off the golden face that wheeled higher and higher in the heavens. "My God!"

There was a sudden jar and the ship appeared abruptly to stand still, while a muffled report sounded below and the bridge deck pulsed sharply under their feet.

"We've got it!" said Kirk laconically.

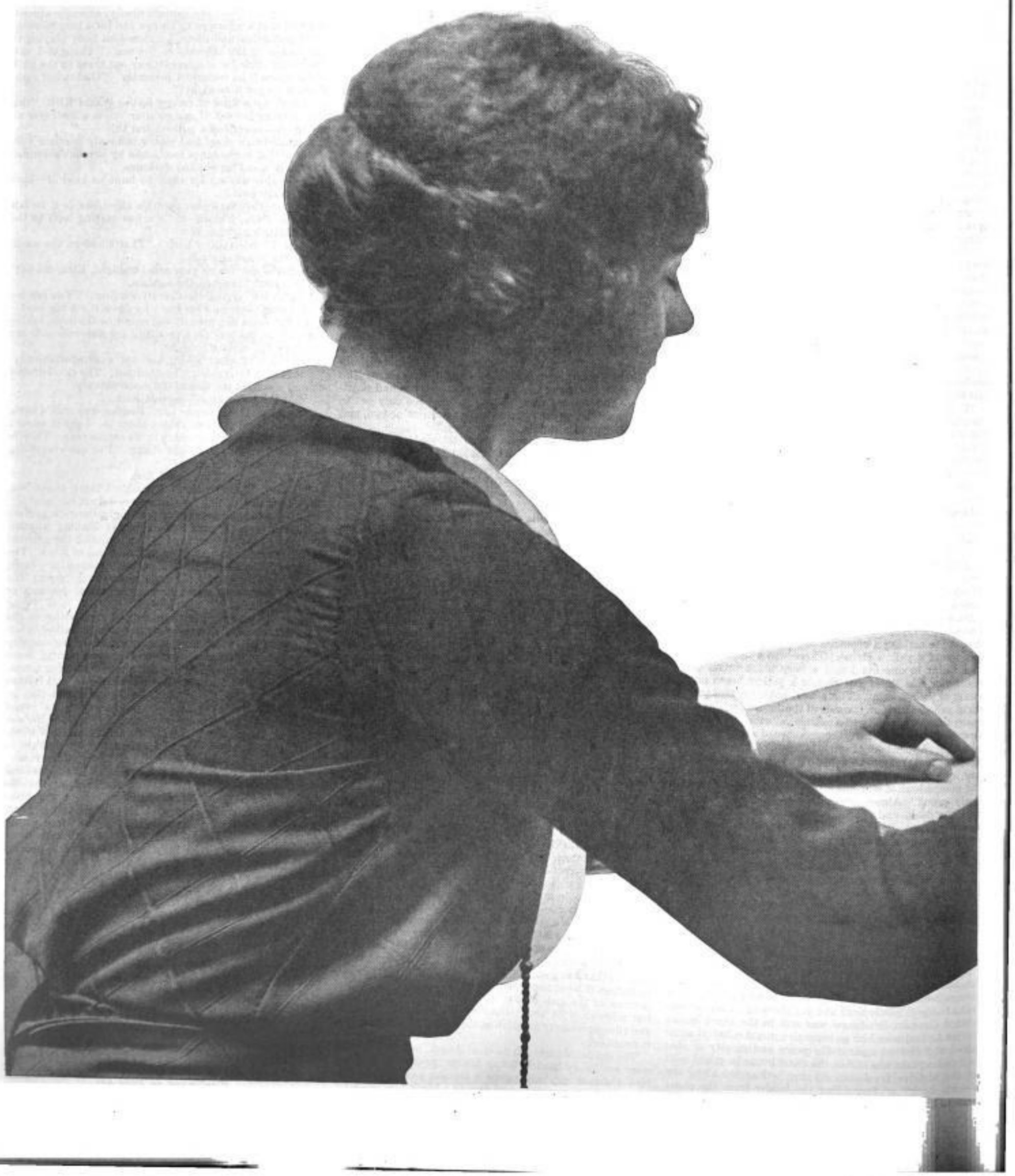
"We have!" exulted Captain Bradshaw. "And the first night out! Great! Great! But where? Well forward of the engine room, don't you think?"

With a touch of the captain's finger electric lights had flashed on all over the ship, and the forms of men leaping

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# The Burroughs



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from the deck or pouring from the hatch-
ys appeared, rushing scantily clothed to
lifeboats to form the "panic party."
ere were shouts and cries and orders
rsely bawled. There was every simula-
t of excitement and distress.
but of this instantaneous turmoil a man
e flying to the bridge to report: "Tor-
o in forward starboard bunkers."
'Any casualties?" asked the captain
iously.
'None, sir, but the boiler-room bulk-
d is giving way under water pressure."
'Tell Kennedy to take his men out and
to the boats."
'Aye, aye, sir."
Already a boat was swinging out on the
s and being lowered excitedly, one end
ng down first—much first—and then
ropes sticking and an apparently frantic
n cutting the clogging line and letting
other end of the craft swing free so that
would have spilled its complement into
water if there had been a complement
hin it. This boat at the disabled fall was
ndoned and a second lowered, suc-
sfully but with noise and clatter. A
d also reached the water safely, with
e men already in it and some others
ing swiftly down the ropes.
A fourth boat was coming down the
s—a trick boat this, filled in the main
h dummies and manned by but four
men—Bilge Kennedy, Ma Ford, Dyck-
n and Bunnie McIntyre. Bilge and Ma,
h something of a leader of men, were
bled up with these dummies, where
re was little leading to do, primarily
ause Executive Officer Kirk knew the
chant of each for the company of the
er, and also because he knew that, with
chance of the torpedo what it was,
ge might never come out of the engine
m at all, in which event there would be
duplication of leadership in the dummy
t, for Ma Ford would then king it there
h undivided sway.
but Bilge with all his crew had come
ly from the engine room, and he threw
self heart and soul into playing his part
a member of the panic party. His boat,
vever, encountered difficulties before it
ched the water, bringing up on some
truction with a bump that shook every
th in Bilge's head and threatened to
l the laboriously prepared dummies into
sea.
Stop!" shouted Bilge to Dyckman and
Intyre, who were lowering away. "What
blue blazes ——"
Bunker port is open," discerned Ma,
ring from his end. "We hit on it."
Blown open by the explosion, by heck,
still on the hinges," commented Bilge
ome wonder; and promptly lowering
self over the side of the boat he stepped
he port and swung it round out of the
, as children ride on a gate. When the
passed swiftly down again Bilge agilely
ed within and a moment later kicked
patent release which set it free on the
es just as Dyckman and Bunnie came
ng down among the dummies.
Get her movin'," ordered Bilge; and
of the four bending to an oar they
g off in the wake of the two other boats.
he moon, whether by way of playing her
in the game of deception or because,
understanding, she could no longer
to look upon a sight like this, rolled
nd another shutter of cloud so thick
it shrouded the sea in total darkness,
only for the specks of tail lights on the
ling lifeboats and the electric clusters
burning on the Tunaloa, which looked
y and deserted as a graveyard.
t this emptiness of appearance as well
e panic was all according to program,
ding to rehearsal conducted for four
noons in port, even to that first boat
the fall rope cut, which swung now so
ily from one end, like a mute but
atic witness to shattered inefficient
s. There was no sound of human
ce anywhere about, save, far out, the
mic dip of oars, growing fainter and
r, and that was drowned as steam
t to blow off in the boilers of the
loa.
t the "Q" boat was by no means de-
l. Captain Bradshaw, Executive Offi-
Kirk and every other commissioned
of the ship were there, waiting mo-
s or with their movements carefully
ed. The gunners were concealed be-
their ambushed guns, every muscle
every nerve alert, watchful and
g for signals, while hidden lookouts
ed the black surface of the sea in every direction for a sign of the U-boat; but mostly of course they looked to starboard, for from starboard had come the blow.

Minutes passed and more minutes, and the enemy did not appear. The "Q" boat had settled somewhat in the water and was slowly assuming a lazy list to starboard. There was a smell of something burning too, and presently smoke tingled in the nostrils of Captain Bradshaw till he was put to it to keep from sneezing. Peering out he detected a faint cloud rising from the boiler-room hatch. This was not according to rehearsal. The explosion must have set something on fire—the bunkers probably; still the captain contemplated the prospective conflagration without apprehension. It was one more theatrical "property" of an abandoned ship; so he waited.

But the U-boat was slow in appearing—very, very slow. It was cautious—very, very cautious and canny. There was, however, nothing for the men on board to do but wait stubbornly. Months of hard work and thousands in money had been spent in getting the Tunaloa ready for her task. Now the trap had been baited, it was all ready to spring, and no impatient move of those ambushed on board must defeat the purpose.

So Captain Bradshaw crouched and peered; but the smell of smoke grew stronger. A speaking tube at his elbow rumbled and the captain applied an ear.

"The fire is making headway, sir!" reported the voice of Abner Anderson, in charge of the port waist gun.

"Can you get to it without exposing yourself on the deck?"

"No, sir."

"Then hold fast. Don't let a man move. Not one!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

The captain returned to his scanning of the dark. "If only that fellow would come up and give us the once over!" he grumbled, when the speaking tube's depths were agitated again and the same voice of Abner Anderson was heard, but this time somewhat less even in its tenor.

"Have you thought of the magazine, sir?" it inquired.

"How far is the fire from the magazine?"

"About thirty feet, sir; but it might be a good deal closer. It's kind of eating along out of sight."

"Lay low and stick it out!" ordered the captain sharply.

"All right, sir," answered Abner; but there was anxiety in his voice, Abner being by nature an anxious soul.

Meanwhile Bilge and Ma had rowed away obediently but grouchily according to their enlisted-man natures.

"Blast that open port!" grumbled Bilge. "Come pretty near makin' me break my back."

"Come mighty nigh makin' me knock my teeth out on the gunnel," bleated Ma plaintively.

"Got the old whale in the water, though, and all my cargo of precious dummies," reflected Bilge with the satisfaction of duty well performed. "Set up there, you corpse, and look like a man!" And Kennedy desisted from his oar long enough to shoot a right hook into a bag of shavings incased in dungarees and with a knob at the top supposed to represent a human head. "Set up there, I tell you!" And he seized the manikin by the scruff of its manikin neck and braced the slouching thing on the seat.

So they rowed away, but not quite according to instructions. The three boats had been directed to keep together, but the boat of Bilge and Ma, of Bunnie and Dyckman, fell farther and farther behind the tail lights of the two others, and the glance of the chief machinist's mate rested more and more longingly on the spots and specks of brightness behind him that told where the old Tunaloa squatted and tilted lower and lower in the water. Bilge's strokes, too, became less and less determined, more and more casual. Presently they stopped altogether. McIntyre, whose oar complemented his, also stopped.

"What's the matter?" inquired Ma; and his gaze was also bent backward toward the "Q" boat.

"I can't bear running away from her, old girl," confessed Bilge moodily.

"We was to row right on off," reminded the old girl, like the voice of conscience she sometimes was.

"We're far off as I want to be," said Bilge. "Besides, with the moon covered up like that the sub can't see us. She figures 'at we have gone."

Ma's silence seemed to give assent to this hypothesis.

"I never did run away from a fight before," remarked Bilge, noting this passive attitude of Ma's and taking courage from it.

"Me neither," said Ma mournfully. "'Tain't in my Texas nature."

"We got to obey orders, haven't we?" warned Bunnie McIntyre.

"We sure have," argued Dyckman.

"Ma!" proposed Bilge out of the silence that had been allowed to follow Dyckman's remark. "Let's go back!"

"Row back and give the whole snap away?" protested Bunnie.

"Swim back, you infant in arms," growled Bilge.

"Swim?" inquired Ma meditatively, the note of mild interrogation in her voice showing that the old girl actually contemplated the possibility.

"It ain't more'n half a mile. We can do it in fifteen minutes or twenty, and take it easy all the way."

"But how'd we get on the boat?"

"That open bunker port."

"And what good do you allow we could do, even if we got back there?" Ma asked, not by way of making objection but as if he argued with himself.

"We'd kind of be round if anything happened," reasoned Bilge with exceeding wistfulness in his voice. "We've got one job off our hands and if we would get back there Satan might find some other useful work for our idle hands to do."

Ma thrust a hand into the water.

"Ain't more than fifty-two," he commented.

"Warmer'n the air, anyway," said Bilge; "so we won't feel the cold."

"Say! You two mutts are not going to leave us alone out here in the middle of the Irish Sea with a shipload of dummies and a submarine cruisin' round and liable to come up in the middle of us any minute," protested Bunnie. "If you go back we go back. Don't you suppose Dyckman and me have got just as big an itch to be in that fracas as anybody?"

"You got to obey orders," retorted Bilge inexorably. "I and Ma outrates you, and we order you to take them dummies and get along with 'em. Don't we, Ma?"

Ma was at the moment divesting himself of his shirt in the time-honored way and therefore could not reply immediately. "We shore do and they shore have," he remarked eventually; and clad very much as Nature had slipped him into an unsuspecting world he lowered himself into the sea.

"I'll set right here," declared Bunnie stubbornly, "and both of you big bluffers will come paddlin' back here in about five minutes. You both got too big a streak of yellow in you to go cruisin' round on your chins in this water at midnight."

"Yeh, Bun, you got us right," observed Ma with considerable dry irony for a man immersed in so much wet water. "We'll be back dreckly. You sort of hang round for us—understand?" And his features grimaced derisively in the rays of the tail light.

McIntyre and Dyckman sneered while Bilge and Ma began in long powerful strokes to fin their way in the direction of the Tunaloa through a sea that was calm and all but waveless. Both could swim like porpoises, and they made their way forward side by side with an occasional low-toned remark, and had covered perhaps one-third the distance when Bilge turned over on his back with a grunt of pain, and drawing up his left toe gathered it into the soothing clasp of his big right hand.

"I kicked my foot on something," he complained.

"You mutt! What you got out here to kick your feet on?" chided Ma. "You just interfered with yourself."

Ma had stopped swimming, however, and was treading water while he contemplated dimly the somewhat contorted face of Bilge a few feet from him.

"I tell you," Bilge began to argue, and was just then surprised into silence, for the benevolently reproving features of Ma Ford had been suddenly removed from their place upon the surface of the water as if plucked under by some unseen hand.

Bilge struck out quickly in the direction of this disappearance, and was rewarded by the return of Ma, who came up sputtering.

"Somethin' fouled me!" he explained, blowing salt water from his mouth and shaking it from his ears. "Many's the time I've run into my mammy's clothesline in the dark out in the back yard at Waco, but this is sure the first time I ever run into one in the Irish Sea."

It was Bilge's turn to be scornful.

"You ——" he began; and suddenly the power of speech departed from him and his eyes became fixed and staring. A thing like a post, standing upright, had appeared between them and moved sluggishly past, the measured rate of its progress producing a very slight eddy behind it.

"For the love of Mike!" Bilge breathed solemnly as the upright object describing a lazy arc in the water slowly passed round them.

"A peeriscope!" decided Ma. "Well, I ain't sorry. I been kind of lookin' for a tow anyhow," and he demonstrated at once the imperturbability of his colossal calm and the volume of his assurance by throwing a loving arm about the "peeriscope," succeeding which he experienced the pleasant sensation of being drawn slowly through the water.

"Pinching a ride on a submarine!" gasped Bilge in the most sincere tribute of admiration he had ever paid to Ma's presence of mind.

A yard or so behind the first upright there appeared a smaller and shorter post, and to this Bilge with a vigorous stroke or two now annexed himself.

"They must 'a' been lyin' on the bottom, and comin' up his jump wire fouled my feet," speculated Ma.

"Say," inquired Bilge awesomely as he gazed toward the top of the forward post, which was lost somewhere above him, "can these things hear and see too?

"I don't allow they can," decided Ma after a moment of reflection; "and as long as we keep close they cain't see us."

"I'm huggin' her like I do that black-eyed girl up on the hill," chuckled Bilge, rapidly recovering his own self-possession.

"Strikes me kind of funny!" And he laughed nervously.

"It shore is!" chortled Ma. "Oh, if Waco could only see us now!"

"What would those guys down below say if they knew we were taking a ride on 'em?" inquired Bilge, still fascinated by the novelty of the situation.

"Look! They're circlin' the Tunaloa and drawin' in closer," observed Ma.

"Yeh! They'll put us off at the bunker port directly," suggested Bilge joyously.

"I've let down. I'm standing on the conning tower," said Ma presently.

"You haven't got none the best of me. I'm standing on one too," reported Bilge triumphantly. "What do you figure the old sea serpent is doing?"

"Oh, I allow he's got his suspicions of that 'Q' boat," said Ma airily; "and he's goin' to give him a mighty good lookin' over. He'll raise directly, though, if them boys on board just keeps still long enough."

"And when he rises what'll you do?" inquired Bilge just as jubilantly as if he would not himself thereby be placed in the same delicate and embarrassing position.

"Why, then," said Ma coolly, "I'm a-goin' to get me a Hun prisoner for a souvenir. I allus have wanted one of them things to take home."

"And you haven't had nothing to drink, either," reproached Bilge, stifling his amazement.

"Nothing but about two quarts of Irish Sea when this here marine clothesline drug me under."

"How you figure to get a German?" Bilge inquired further, when Ma had relapsed into one of his dignified silences.

"Easy as fiddlin'," declared Ma. "When they open this hatch for a good look at close quarters I'm goin' to be behind it, and when one of these fellers comes up I'm just going to jujutsu him a little so he'll be nice and unconscious, and drag him off into the water with me. We're makin' about four knots now, and that'll carry us astern so that when the next guy comes out he'll just naturally figure that the first sausage fell overboard."

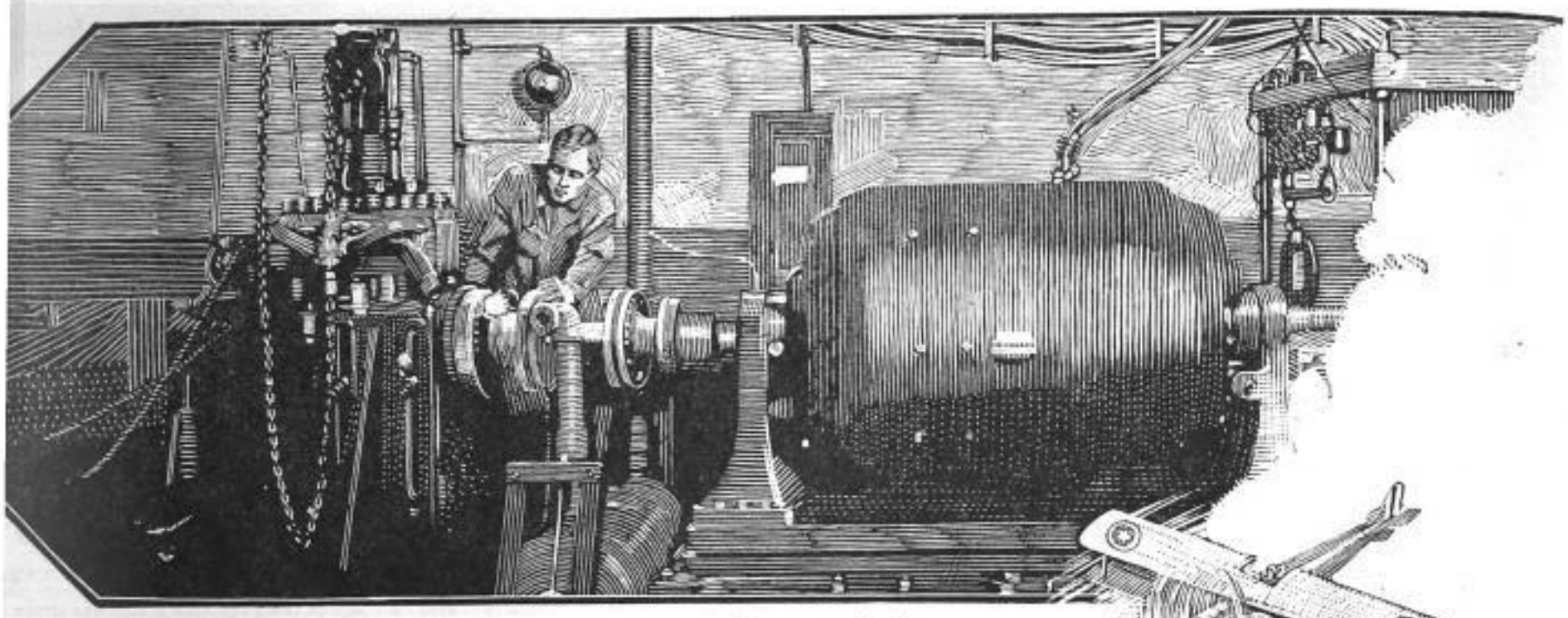
"Got it all figured out, haven't you, Ma?" derided Bilge; but for an interval thereafter he also was thoughtful.

"I'm a-goin' to get me one too," he announced directly.

"Le's don't be a durned hog," argued Ma more seriously as upon further excogitation he admitted to himself that the project might be attended with serious difficulties. "Le's get just one together. We can manage him in the water and keep him afloat all right till we get to the 'Q' with him."

(Continued on Page 86)

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Scene in the dynamics laboratory of the *Lynite* Research plant. This is probably the most completely equipped laboratory of its kind in the United States. The dynamometers shown on this and the opposite page are used in making various tests of different kinds of internal combustion engines.

# Where Today's Car and Plane are Obsolete

Before man can build, he must plan—efore he can execute, he must see.

Vision is no less vital to progress than igor.

To men of vision, the future is a vast anvas on which they paint.

Such were the men who gave to civiliation those twin marvels of scientific chievement—the automobile and the irplane.

Such are the men who brought them o their present high stage of develop-ient.

Such are the men who will take them nward, nearer and nearer perfection.

Among those who are responsible for he use of *Lynite* in automobiles and air-lanes, there has ever been the realiza-ion that production for today is but half their duty—that the other half lies in preparing for tomorrow's progress.

Significant of this—though but one illustration—are the *Lynite Laboratories*, which stand in the front rank of such institutions in this country.

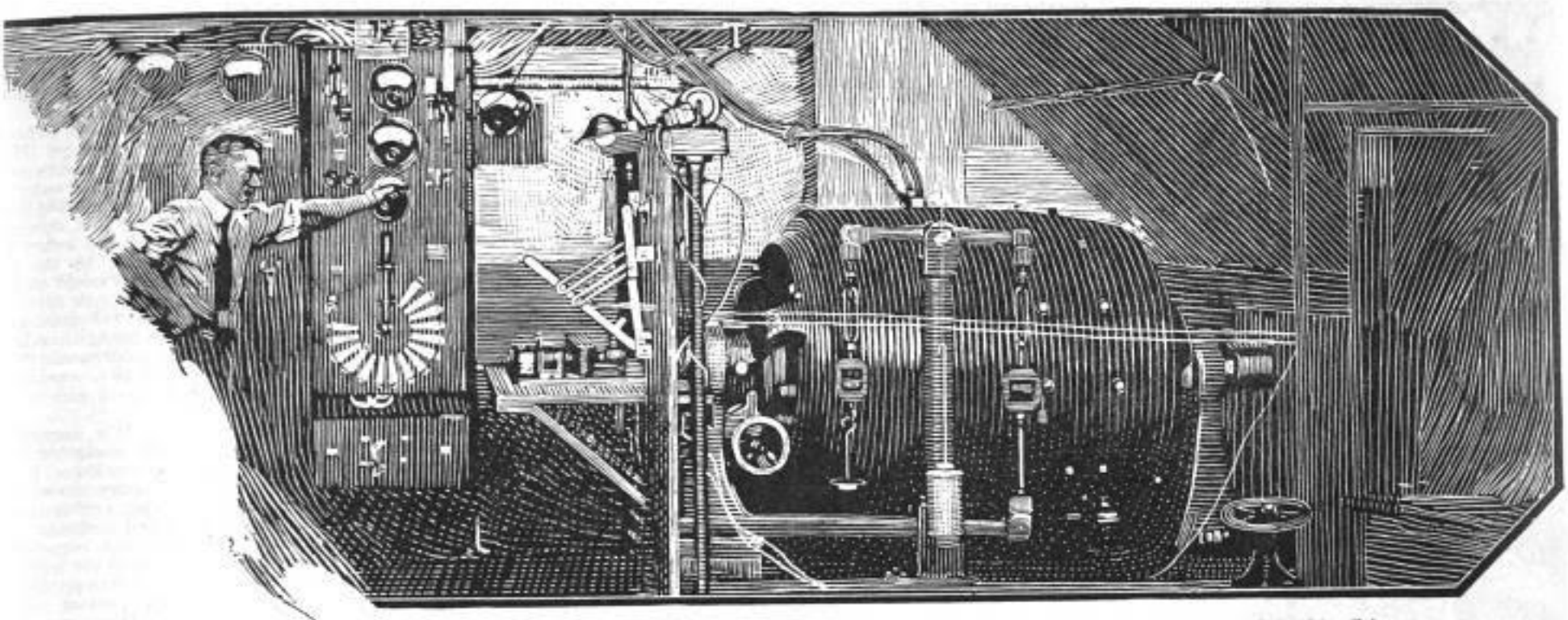
Here, in a large, completely equipped building—entirely removed from all other *Lynite* activities and free from cares and problems of production—engineers, metallurgists, metallographers, physicists, chemists and foundry-experts are today helping to build tomorrow's car, truck and airplane.

These men are concerned only in part with *Lynite* as *Lynite*—their scope is broader by far than that.

They seek to accomplish through this remarkable light, strong metal still greater advances in the domain of the




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The larger of the two dynamometers in the *Lynite* laboratories was the first to be built with sufficient capacity for an engine developing 400 horsepower at 1400 revolutions a minute, 500 horsepower continuously at 1800 revolutions. The capacity of the smaller is 200 horsepower at 1350 revolutions, 400 horsepower at 2700 revolutions or more. The two can be coupled together.

automotive vehicle — to make lighter, swifter, more efficient cars, trucks and planes. Nor are they neglecting the broad field of general industry in which, through *Lynite*, they are helping to develop new products and refine old ones.

How great will be the contribution of these men to the cause of progress? This is a question that now can only begin to be answered.

But it is not difficult to estimate in some measure its possible extent and significance from what has already been accomplished.

A few years ago *Lynite* was used in only a few automobile and airplane parts.

Today more than a hundred engine parts alone are made of it, including such large and important castings as cylinders and crank cases, such vital, if smaller, ones as pistons.

In a famous British airplane engine now being produced in this country—the Rolls-Royce—92 parts are of *Lynite*, saving 532 pounds in weight over cast-iron.

Moreover, where three or four years ago *Lynite* was employed by a handful of manufacturers, today it is being used in hundreds of thousands of cars and planes.

Standing on this high point of achievement, it is possible to peer into the future and to discern the outlines of still greater accomplishments —to see the *Lynite* car and the *Lynite* plane of the coming era.

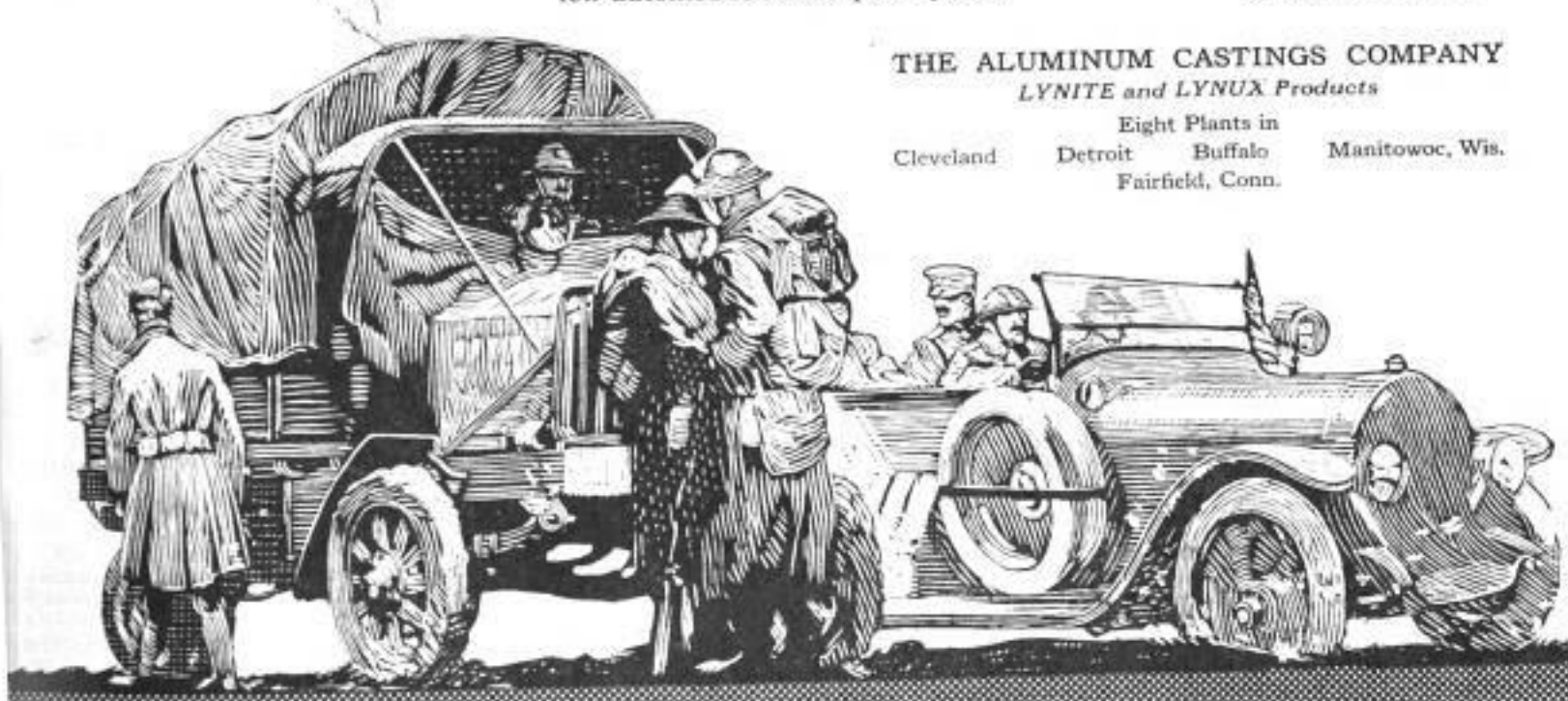
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While the two men talked and plotted the submarine had swerved in sharply till she was no more than two hundred yards from the wounded Tunalon, and both men turned their eyes upon the old ship curiously.

"Hell's bells! She's afire!" ejaculated Bilge. "I can see smoke."

Ma withheld comment and peered intently.

"I cain't see smoke," he announced presently; "and you couldn't make it out if smoke was there."

"I smell it," argued Bilge. "That old pill landed in her bunkers and it's just about set her on fire."

"If it is they'll have to break cover directly to put the fire out," regretted Ma.

"They will, hey?" inquired Bilge a trifle fiercely. "What's the matter with us putting that fire out. We come off here for some good purpose, didn't we? The minute those fellows move they give their snap away; and they won't do it. They'll just about burn up first."

"Come on," said Ma. "We're on the starboard side now."

The two men let go their grip upon the periscopes and swam swiftly to the black hull, making their way to the open bunker port at about the time when they judged the submarine would be well out of sight on the port side.

"I can't reach it," muttered Bilge after a desperate try, but by further violent effort he managed to get one set of fingers on the ledge of the open port, and by taking advantage of the buoyancy in Ma's body also, he got a full-hand grip and a moment later was in the port.

"Jumping beeswax!" he cried under his breath as, standing barefooted in the slacked coal of the bunker, a thousand sharp points were penetrating his tender soles. Extending a helping hand to Ma he pulled him in after, and a moment later the two men, naked except for the thinnest and most abbreviated of underwear, stood erect in the bunker, taking stock of the situation, while little rivulets of water trickled down to make mud of the dust in which their feet sank ankle deep.

"Hotter'n Hades!" announced Bilge, sniffing. "Ouch!" He had laid an incautiously inquiring hand on the steel ceiling above him, which was also the steel floor of the upper bunker. "Red hot, by heck! Fire's in that bunker up there."

"I allowed it was," confessed the voice of Ma, sepulchral in the confined blackness of the coal hole. "What do we do next?" he inquired, passing up the practical question to Bilge.

"We dig our way into the engine room, bend on a line of steam hose and put the fire out."

"Would there be steam?" questioned Ma. "I heard the boilers blowin' off when we was rowin' away."

"Sure you did! That was the safety valve; and as soon as the pressure was reduced they stopped blowing off. I looked at the gauges last thing, and there was plenty of water in the boilers too."

Groping forward in the darkness they came to a jagged glowing line in the ceiling above them.

Peering up through the crack a red heart of fire was discernible.

"That's where the splinter of torpedo went up through this bunker and set that one to burning."

"Wonder it didn't set something afire down below."

"Probably did, but the water she took in put it out."

"My God, what must it be doin' to the gun crew, right over it!" said Ma solemnly. "It ain't so far from the magazines, neither."

"And not a man moving," commented Bilge. "You know, Ma, you got to have respect for men like that—men that ain't afraid of nothing—men that'll just stick there and let their bloomin' heads be blown off, but what they'll 'carry on,' as these limeys say. Come! We got to be quick."

"But how you goin' to get in the engine room?" objected Ma. "I don't see that it's done we-all any partickler good to get into this coal cellar that's a hundred and fifty degrees hotter than any place I ever been in my life before."

"Going to dig in through the stokehole right here. It's somewhere round." And Bilge feeling his way forward from the port groped to the other side across the uneven hills and valleys of loose coal. "It's somewhere here," he decided; and sinking to his knees began to scratch violently at the coal, drawing it out sometimes in lumps and sometimes in soft handfuls of slack and dust.

"Quick, Ma!" he urged. "We got to paw our way through four feet of coal at least."

"You're chokin' me," protested Ma, who found himself enveloped in a cloud of dust.

"They're just about burnin' up on that starboard waist gun deck," panted Bilge; and Ma, who despite protestations had groped his way to a place beside the chief machinist's mate, sank to his knees and began feverishly to claw back the coal from the opening.

In a minute the place was full of suffocating, irritating powder that worked its way into eyes, ears, hair and the pores of their soaking skins. This, added to the heat from the fire smoldering overhead, served to make the situation still more unbearable, but the two scratched on frantically, letting themselves in deeper and deeper, and then dragging their bodies for brief intervals to the open port, where they hung exhausted on the sill to gulp in reviving breaths of outer air.

"Hear anything from up above?" inquired Bilge as they hung over the sill.

"No," decided Ma after a listening moment.

"Ain't they the game devils, though!" admired Bilge. "See anything of the sub?"

"See? Say, yo're plumb crazy, Bilge! My eyes is that full of coal dust I cain't even see the dark."

So they returned to their digging.

"I've found the stokehole, all right," reported Bilge, reaching down. "Keep on scrabbling out."

As their hole deepened, however, they had to widen it. This necessitated more yardage excavated—as they used to say down in Panama—and more pilgrimages to the open port.

"I wisht we had started sooner," gasped Ma. "Them boys has got to quit up there before we ever get our chore done at all, and that's just about goin' to break their hearts—Dick Dorgan's especially."

"Has old Dick got the starboard gun?" inquired Bilge anxiously. "Well, then, I'm just naturally going to dive out through the stokehole this time and get something started."

"Lemme go first," argued Ma as they returned to their digging. "I'm thinner'n you."

"Nope! You're not no account when you get out there, because you're a boson and not a machinist. I'm the one that's got to go through first. Maybe we haven't got time to let you out at all yet, Ma."

By this time they were again in the craterlike dent they had made in the coal, leading down to the stoke spout, through which bit of smothering blackness it was Bilge's proposal now to crawl.

"I can see out. I can see light in the boiler room," he announced as he lowered himself head first, worming and twisting downward and forward at the same time that he tried to make of his limbs and body a barrier for the sifting streams of dust and slack which in the darkness continually drifted down upon him.

"I'm going in," he panted back. "I got my hands out in the boiler room now. Hully gee! They're in water. I'll have to dive, sure enough. You got to keep the coal from wedgin' in round me, Ma, so's I don't get stuck in the hole with half of me in and half of me out and my head under water. Savvy?"

"I savvy," declared Ma grimly, who had worked down to a position where his body was cribbing back the coal his hands were pawing out. "There, darn you, Bilge; I always did want to kick you good and plenty, and now I got the chance. I only wish I had hobnailed boots on instead of my bare and tender feet."

Bilge chuckled responsively. "All right! So long!" he called.

It may not be written that his head disappeared, for neither had been able to glimpse the form of the other in this abysmal blackness; but the sudden muffling of Bilge's voice indicated that he had inserted his head and shoulders into the chute, and Ma, marking by the sense of touch the progress of his comrade's body, eventually applied both his feet in a healthy boost downward and knew as the flesh beneath them squirmed and yielded that Bilge was making headway. Suddenly there was nothing human beneath Ma's feet, and an interval of silence and uncertainty followed that to the boson's mate was very long.

"All right!" trumpeted a drowned voice. "I've made it. You keep scrabblin' the coal back, because it takes a bigger hole for me to come back through with the tools."

"Sure thing," responded Ma; "but pass me a fan and a glass of ice water."

Bilge, however, was not there to hear this particular bit of airy persiflage. He had not thought it necessary to mention to Ma that he had found three feet of water in the boiler rooms, and was now making his way, up to his waist in a filthy fluid, through the tunnel that ran between the boilers to the water-tight door leading to the engine room. To open that door would let a flood of water go streaming over its sill, but the engine room might as well flood as the boiler room if the old hooker was to burn or blow up, and Bilge boldly undid the door and stepped over through a pouring Niagara. His first care was a glance at the steam gauge.

"Thirty pounds! It's enough," he croaked joyously, and made his way to where the steam hose was kept. It would be a long stretch, but there was enough of it, he decided, and began swiftly to couple it on. He next located a nested electric light with a line of portable cord sufficient to carry illumination from the boiler-room plug to the bunker, and was starting back when the sight of the speaking tube suggested that he might communicate to Captain Bradshaw that succor was at hand.

The captain at the moment was in a most painful state of suspense, and hesitating between one form of duty and another. He still crouched doggedly watching the sea and cursing the blanket of cloud that swallowed the moon completely, while Executive Officer Kirk hovered over the speaking tubes, alternately receiving reports and pleading with his men to hold out.

"You smell leather burning?" inquired the voice of Dorgan from his starboard waist gun. Kirk sniffed doubtfully, a sniff that was recorded only as silence at the other end of the tube.

"That's our shoes," signified Dorgan.

"Hold out a little longer," pleaded Kirk.

"Tell him to hold out for fifteen minutes longer—for the honor of the American Navy," said Captain Bradshaw eagerly to Kirk, and his own lips were so close to the tube that Dorgan heard it direct.

"This gun crew'll be nothin' but cinders in fifteen minutes," he reported stolidly; "but we'll hold out for that. Darn us, we'll hold out!"

"On the bridge! On the bridge!"

The cry echoed hoarsely from the mouth of one of the battery of speaking tubes into the confined space where the captain and his executive officer stewed in their own anxiety. Kirk answered the port-gun tube.

"Did you call?"

"No, sir," came the sullen voice of Abner Anderson, who had long since resigned himself to a horrible death.

"On the bridge! On the bridge!" barked the echo impatiently.

Kirk looked surprised. The voice seemed to issue from the engine-room tube. But there was nobody in the engine room.

"On the bridge!" wailed the tube, pleadingly this time.

Kirk, his voice trembling as if a ghost had spoken to him, shouted "Bridge!" and applied his ear to the engine-room tube.

"Can you hold out ten minutes, sir?"

"Who are you?" exclaimed the astonished captain, who had elbowed Kirk away from the tube.

"Kennedy, sir; and Ford."

"How did you get here?"

The captain's voice blazed out wild with wrath and anger that disobedience to orders threatened to force the surrender of the project in the very moment when so many of his men had reached the limit of suffering to make it good.

"Swum over, sir. The submarine didn't see us, sir. We got in through the starboard bunker port."

"The submarine?" exclaimed the captain avidly.

"There's one about, sir," reported Kennedy. "Ford and me rode over on it, hanging to the periscope, sir. She's circling you two hundred yards off with about six feet of periscope showing and getting ready to come up."

"Are you crazy?"

"I ain't got no time to argue that now, sir," said Kennedy, but with tone still beseechingly respectful. "I think you'll get the sub, sir, if you can hold out, for she's awful curious. She's bound to broach soon if she ain't broaching now."

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(Continued from Page 86)

"How did you get in that engine room?" demanded the captain, still outraged by this unexpected presence.

"Dug through the stokehole, sir. I'm going back now with a line of hose. We'll have live steam on that fire in five minutes. At first the decks will get hotter, but the fire will be killed, and I thought maybe if you could hold out, sir, fifteen or twenty ——"

Captain Bradshaw rather choked up for a moment, as if it were his throat and not Bilge's that was full of coal dust.

"Hold out? Say! We can hold out two hours for fellows like you. Stop jabbering there now, and go ahead!"

"And it was him doing all the jabbering," explained Bilge later. "I just wanted to let him know that we was there and the submarine was too."

"'It's those two wild men, Kennedy and Ford," Captain Bradshaw reported to Kirk with a great gulp in his voice. "They've got over here somehow and they're working on that fire. Tell the gun crews, and warn them that the submarine is still hanging about sure."

Captain Bradshaw sank into his normal crouch again, rather overcome by a reflex of unusual emotions. "I could go through hell with such men," he murmured.

But Kirk didn't hear this. He was already at the speaking tube hustling the news down first of all to Dorgan, and then to Abner Anderson, whose crew, though not suffering so much from heat, were all but suffocated by the smoke that seeped and curled from every seam beneath them, so that the men bent close against their canvas screen, fanning themselves and fighting for every breath of air that they could gain.

"Well, whaddaya think of that?" rasped Dorgan to his crew. "We got to stay here now. Them darned nuts, Bilge and Ma, have swum back here from the boats, crawled in through the bunker port and are sitting out the fire."

"It's about time," moaned Jurgenson. "I'm gettin' done on one side. Somebody's got to turn me, but look out or I'll stick to the frying pan."

"We got to stay here now if we burn to cracklin's," growled Dorgan.

"I'm cracklings now," reported Jimmie Glaser.

"Keep shuffling, everybody," ordered Dorgan in one of his fiercest stage whispers. "First one foot down and then the other; then one hand ——"

"As if we hadn't all been doing that," said Jimmie, who was a nice boy and seldom lapped into any ungrammatical form of expression, even by the most exciting or distressing incidents.

"I've danced on my toes and on my heels—I've fox-trotted a million miles on my knees and elbows the last fifteen minutes. Ouch!"

Jimmie in his writhings had rolled the side of his neck against a brass shell case that stood in the ammunition rack.

"My Lord, Dick!" he exclaimed to Dorgan. "Those shells are getting hot. They're liable to explode."

Dorgan thrust out an experimental hand and drew it back quickly.

"Every man take a shell in his arms and hold it," he ordered.

There were seven men in the crew; there were eight shells in the rack. Dorgan himself took two. The outer surfaces were so hot that they could not be retained in the naked hands without discomfort. It was necessary to pull down rolled-up sleeves and get the fabric between the metal and their bare arms, and then to keep tossing or changing them and bringing fresh surfaces to the air all the time.

And so the men of the starboard crew stood, for the sake of the game they played, minute after minute, stooping low under their canvas housings, dancing and changing noiselessly to keep their feet from burning, and juggling each man a shell in his arms, while Dickie Dorgan juggled two. Captain Bradshaw on the bridge strained his eyes for a glimpse of the submarine, as every lookout, but the moon continued late and unhelpful. A thousand shapes might have been periscopes flitted like across the blackened waters, but became real and tangible. And as the eyes strained their eyes they also strained their ears for a sound—a ripple in the water—a slight splash that would tell of rolling from a suddenly lifted ledge of submarine decking, for the grate of a hatch when it opened or a sound of gutturalvoices—anything that would hint the direction in which the submarine was lurking and help them to discern that shadowy target.

Kirk, listening at the hydrophone, was trying for the hundredth time to pick up the beat of her propellers, but the instrument functioned poorly to-night. Now it brought to his ears only a confusion of sound and a faint clink-clink-clink, that was not in the least like the beat of propellers.

"What do you make out, captain?" he said, passing the earpiece over.

The captain, too, caught that faint clink-clink, and he recognized it.

"That's Kennedy and Ford," he said, "hammering a way through the bottom of that steel bunker for their steam nozzle. They're working like demons, and probably just about burning themselves up. They've got the bunker port closed to keep the sound from giving us away to the submarine, because we don't hear the sound from outside, which shows they've still got their heads about 'em. Tell Dorgan the steam will be on the fire in two minutes."

Kirk called Dorgan and pleaded with him to hold out.

"I'm awfully sorry to ask it of you," said the exec. "I can smell that leather burning now all right."

"'Tain't leather this time," replied Dorgan. "It's us. We can hold out a spell, but tell them birds down there to hurry."

And the birds below were hurrying. In the dim glow of an electric light a tall wiry scarecrow of a man, sweat-sopped and black as coal from head to foot, with a tousle of hair hanging about his eyes, stood ramming and twisting the nozzle of the steam hose into the rip the torpedo splinter had made in the steel floor of the upper bunker. The atmosphere was hotter than ever, because, as Captain Bradshaw had divined, Ma had closed the bunker door to screen his light from the possible view of the submarine; and while he worked red-hot coals, large and small, sifted down upon his bare hands or found lodgment in his hair, in the angle of his elbows and in the sweating hollows about his shoulders and clavicles.

Bilge, after passing the nozzle and light through the stokehole to his partner, waded back through the passage between the boilers, entered the engine room once more and turned on the steam. But despite his great haste he did this very gradually, having regard to the safety of his comrade, the chief boson's mate, for a sudden expansion due to discharge of steam into the close quarters of the upper bunker might cause a sagging downward of the breached floor and precipitate some tons of glowing coals upon the beloved head of Ma.

Ma meanwhile braced himself with the first hiss into the smoldering mass above his head, leaning as far back as possible from the trickling line of danger. Instantly a dull roar broke out above him, and as the volume of steam increased the volume of this roar enlarged; but the bunkers kept the sound shut tightly in, while the great force of the steam drove its watery vapors irresistibly through the bunker, yard by yard, swiftly taming the conflagration.

But it is the nature of steam that it passes into vapor and the vapor condenses into water, and rivulets of this water, scalding hot, came questing down the nozzle, over the layer of leather which enveloped it to protect the holding hands, and on to the naked flesh of Ma.

"Holy Moses!" he ejaculated, and involuntarily slacked the hold of one hand upon the nozzle and shook it, repeating the process with the other.

Meanwhile Bilge was again at the speaking tube in the engine room and Captain Bradshaw answered his call.

"The steam is on the fire, sir!" reported Bilge.

"Thank God!" said Captain Bradshaw fervently. "Are you sure the sub ——"

But Bilge was gone, carrying a section of jute matting found floating in the engine-room wash, for he had foreseen what those scalding trickling streams would be doing to the unprotected hands of Ma.

"Steam's on," reported Kirk to Dorgan.

"Thank God!" said Dorgan also, and added: "The nails in our shoes are terrible good conductors."

"If only now ——" muttered Captain Bradshaw; and his eyes roved again to the darkened circle outside the ship, when a sharp crack came out of the blackness, followed by a thud and an explosion that sent a vibratory thrill through the entire length of the Tunaloa. For an instant, too, a flash of light had appeared.




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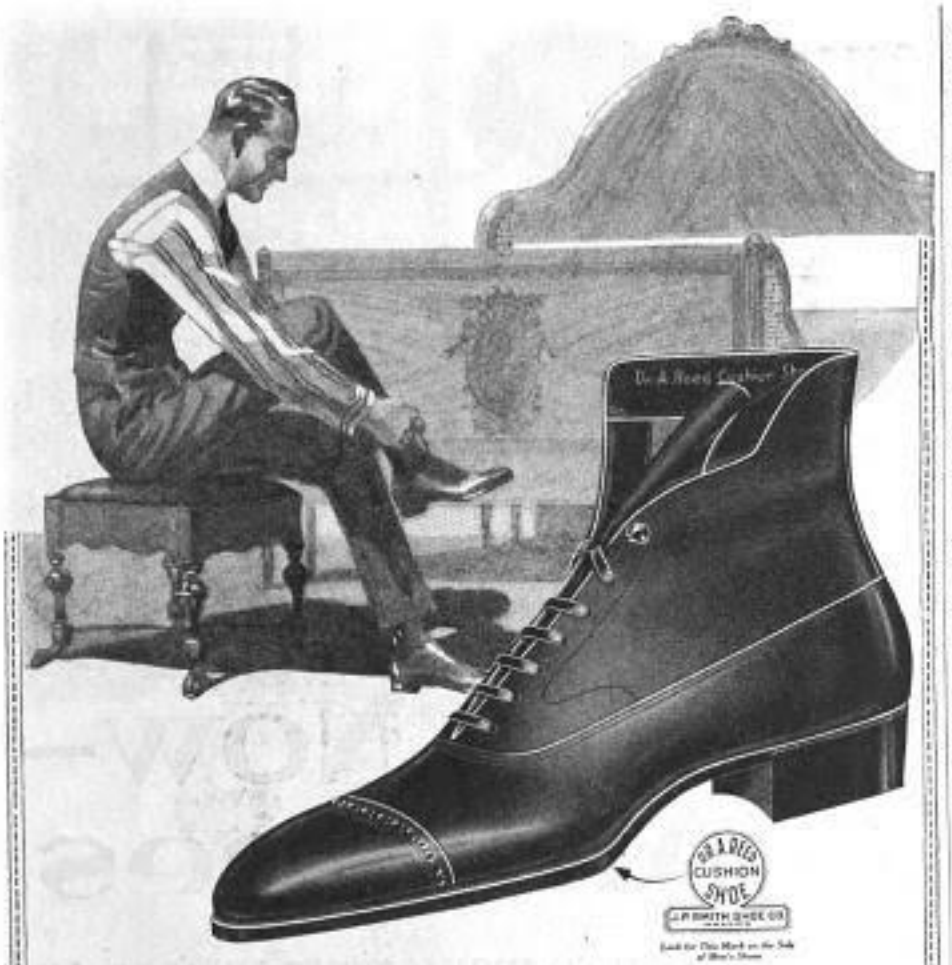
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"Submarine firing on us—two hundred yards—starboard beam!

"Let her have it!" shouted Captain Bradshaw to the bow gun in the monkey house above him.

But Dorgan had seen that flash as quick as the captain, and with a few turns of the wheels his gun was training on the spot just as the searchlight on the monkey house unmasked itself, felt about on the sea for a moment with her long proboscis of light, and then spotted with steady beam the conning towers, upper works and a goodly section of the decks of a submarine well up above the surface of the sea.

Bang! went Dorgan's gun.

Bang! went bow and stern guns almost together. Bang! in a moment from Dorgan's gun again, while the bow and stern guns followed, all three pouring shot after shot into this generous target at a point-blank range.

The underwater craft was so surprised and overwhelmed that she returned but one answering futile shot, and thereafter afforded only a sort of moving picture of men staggering back from their gun, scuttling for open hatches, and of conning towers that shivered and reeled under the impact of shell on shell until abruptly an explosion came, when the watchers on the Tunaloa saw their victim tear apart, heave up in the center and go down in two pieces, with jagged ends of metal and various protruding entrails of a submarine hanging in the light for a moment and then settling beneath the black agitated waters.

A hoarse cheer of victory broke from the parched throats on the "Q" boat as Dorgan and his men leaped from their gun station to cooler spots along the deck, or pulling off their scorching shoes rushed for the water taps. Captain Bradshaw left the bridge and came tearing down among them. Dorgan's crew saw him coming and stood at attention.

"Good work! Wonderful work, men!" the captain exclaimed, and for a moment was stiff and straight, returning their salutes.

"But for heaven's sake, look after yourselves! Here, surgeon! Give their feet instant attention."

Captain Bradshaw stepped to the side and stood again watching intently the turmoil in the water where the U-boat had gone threshing to her death. Marvelous as it seemed that anything could live under such a fire and through such an explosion as had just torn the submarine apart, some human forms appeared, struggling in the water.

"Get a boat out quick, and pick those fellows up!" ordered the captain.

There was a rush for the falls and for the single remaining boat, which was the one that had dangled dramatically and alone.

Launching it proved difficult, and the gun crew were not so expert at getting boats away as they had been at smashing the submarine with shell fire. Eventually, however, they got the boat into the water, and with this concern off his mind the captain bethought him suddenly of something else and dashed toward the engine room. He found it a wreck. That first single effective shell of the submarine had struck there and exploded.

With misgivings in his breast the captain was hurrying downward on a twisted and trembling ladder when two wretched-looking nondescripts appeared, wading in from the boiler room.

They were nearly as naked as when they were born and were coated with slime to the water's edge, the only exposed parts of their bodies which were not black being the hands and arms that had been washed and reddened by the drip of scalding water from the steam nozzle. Their bedraggled and soot-soaked hair hung down over their foreheads in a dejected fringe, through which eyes popped out in startled surprise at the sight of the captain.

Instinctively the two saluted.

"Fire's almost out, sir," reported Bilge. "We'd have had it all out, sir, but the steam went back on us just now. Wha-what!" And Bilge suddenly recognized what the captain's presence there must mean. "You—you quit!" he reproached. "What'd you quit for? Those gunners could 'a' held out a while longer."

"'Pears like we-all burned ourselves up for nothin', Bilge," remarked Ma dejectedly, holding up his red and scalded hands and gazing at them reflectively; and the volume of reproach which had been in Bilge's tones was as nothing to the oceans of it in Ma's. "Them gunners must 'a' laid down on you, captain."

For a moment Captain Bradshaw was indignant and resentful, and then the truth dawned on him.

"Do you mean to say you didn't hear?" he inquired.

"Couldn't hear nothing, captain, in that bunker with the steam roaring and bellowing above our heads—nothing! But say"—and Bilge stared about him—"it looks like something happened in here since I went back to the bunker."

"We got the submarine," assured Captain Bradshaw joyously.

"Got her?" asked Bilge, dazed and wondering. "How? When?"

"Just now. Blew her all to pieces."

"Well, I'm gummed!" confessed Bilge, groping for the ladder.

"Couldn't hear nothin' at all in that bunker," insisted Ma stubbornly.

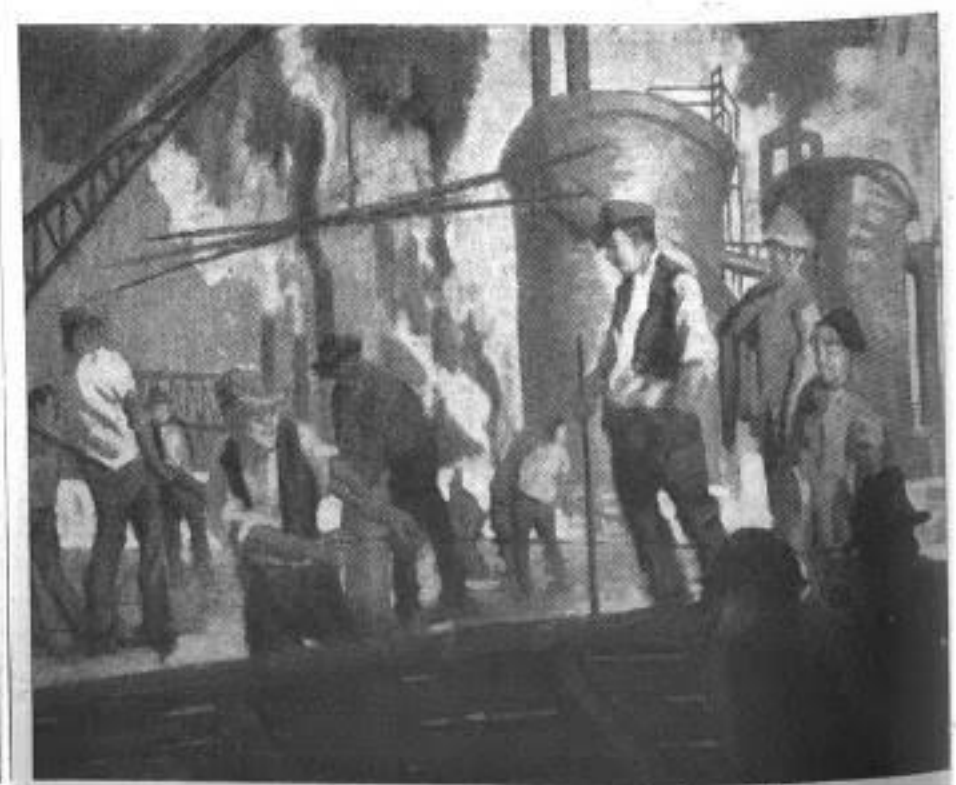
"The submarine must have been lying round for an hour, too cautious to board us and too curious to go away," explained the captain. "I suppose she didn't want to shell us and give warning of her presence and position. Probably lying for the mail boat. But at last she let us have a shell. Looks as if it landed here."

"That's what went wrong with our steam pressure all at once," accounted Bilge.

"Our boys fell on her like a volcano," concluded the captain. "Shot her all to pieces and she blew up. You fellows saved us. But for you we should have had to give up and we shouldn't have got the sub at all."

"Got the sub?" echoed Ma querulously, as if the idea of a whole climactic series of

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events taking place within the last few minutes without his ken was quite impossible.

"Yes," assured the captain, amused at such incredulity. "A boat's crew is now out looking for survivors."

This connected up with another idea still eddying round in Ma's dizzy mind.

"That reminds me," he said weakly to Bilge, like a man waking out of a delirium; "we was goin' to get us a Hun off that boat. We was ——"

Ma's voice trailed off into nothingness, and wabbling somewhat womanishly on her legs the old girl just crumpled up and sat down, done up completely. Bilge reached for his friend, but was himself too weak to stay the fall, and with a tired gasp Ma disappeared beneath the surface of the water on the engine-room floor.

Captain Bradshaw leaped past Bilge, felt about for a moment in the black flood, lifted the limp figure of Ma and threw him coughing and spluttering desperately over his shoulder.

"Can you get up alone, Kennedy?" he inquired. "You fellows must have worked to complete exhaustion."

"Yes, sir, I can get up. Old Ma's burned some, I got a suspicion, though he hasn't more than admitted it to me."

The captain carried the dripping, fainting form of Ford to the open space on the deck abaft the bridge, and turned him over to the ship's surgeon; but Ma was already conscious and covered with confusion when he found his soiled and dish-rag frame being tenderly lowered to the deck in the arms of the captain of the ship.

"Look after this man, too, Eckert," said the captain, pointing to Kennedy. "They're half suffocated, and both burned, I suspect."

The captain turned away to watch the raising of the boat, which was now coming up the falls amid shouts and jeers.

"One survivor!" sang out a voice, and Ma, still prostrate on the deck, with his head in Bilge's lap and the chief pharmacist's mate coddling him with brandy while the surgeon applied picric acid to his burns, heard it.

"Is this yere a dead survivor or a live one?" he inquired, half sitting up.

A laugh ran round the deck.

"A live one!" exulted the captain.

"Bring 'im here! Bring 'im here! I want to set my eyes on him," demanded Ma. "I was a-goin' to get me a Hun myself off that boat, but I had to knock off and do something else."

The whole ship was in a mind to humor Ma, and they brought to him presently a fat-faced, sodden, graceless figure of a man with suspicious eyes, pursed lips and a frown of stubborn defiance.

"Bring him close," said Ma. "I want to see what one of these yere submarine hounds is like anyway." The chief boson's mate lifted himself on one elbow and stared at the fellow interestedly until suddenly a light of recognition broke on his face.

"Gosht almighty!" he gasped. "If it ain't Dutchy, the butcher's boy from Waco! Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Dutchy? Ain't you, now? A-goin' about torpedoin' unarmed ships and murderin' women and children and little babies?"

Ma's small dark eyes bored into the blue impudent ones of the prisoner, but the blue eyes refused any look of recognition, and they gave back to Ma his stare, accompanying it with a disdainful curl of the lip.

"Ain't you, now?" he demanded incredulously. "No! No, you ain't," he decided after a minute. "I remember, now, you was always a-pesterin' and torturin' things, tyin' cans to dogs' tails, stickin' pins in horses to make 'em jump, stonin' cats and chickens, and makin' everything unhappy generally. And once you cut my pa's cow's tail off, just because she chased you when you was teasin' her calf. Didn't you, Dutchy? And I licked time out of you for that, didn't I, Dutchy?"

"Take him away!" said Captain Bradshaw shortly.

So they took Dutchy away and left Ma to be assisted to his feet and escorted below, where with water to wash him clean and broth for his inner man they sought to make him comfortable, while the boats in the panic party were returning and being hauled squeakily up the davits. Next day a tug towed the Tunaloa back inside the harbor and Ma and Bilge were among those on deck and picking up familiar sights along the quay, where Mrs. Murphy, godmother of the Judson's enlisted men, was vigorously waving a tablecloth by way of welcome home from their brief but eventful trip.

"I don't want no more cruises in a 'Q' boat," said Ma.

"Me neither," decided Bilge. "I wouldn't 'a' gone on this one if you hadn't schemed and got me into it."

"Me?" inquired Ma with a hurt look on her placid patient features.

"Yes, you!"

And the two stared at each other with looks of mutual reproach and recrimination.

## Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1918.

State of Pennsylvania } ss
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared George H. Lorimer, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

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Editor, George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania.
Managing Editor, None
Business Manager, P. S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
George H. Lorimer, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 6th day of September, 1918.

(SEAL) W. C. TURNER.

(My commission expires at the end of the next session of the Senate, 1919.)

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# MRS. PILLOW

(Continued from Page 16)

and let your children go barefooted, like the wops!" said she.

Mrs. Pillow turned to Geraldine and took from her protesting body her sleazy dress.

"Take that back; and know that you wasted your children's money!"

Mrs. Pillow now reached a still higher plane of dramatic expression; she stripped from her own shoulders the dress that was to have been paid for this evening. This she merely held out to a helpless Pillow.

"But I could pay for these!"

"And leave us nothing to eat!"

Pillow folded the garments as best he could. He had no plans except to obey Mrs. Pillow. Indeed in the confusion of sound it would have been difficult to conceive any plans. Together, Geraldine and Bessie and Willie and John lifted strident voices. Pillow went out, bundle in hand.

When he returned the children had departed. Their disappointment was keen, but there were other amusements to which they could turn. Poor Pillow, on the other hand, had nowhere to go. He came in and stood with his back against the door. It would be well, he thought, to have Mrs. Pillow's trembling rage over.

Mrs. Pillow had her trembling rage. She denounced the owners of the wire factory in which Pillow worked, she denounced the President of the United States. She denounced Pillow. Most of all, she denounced herself for having given up a good place some fifteen years ago to go with Pillow down a descending stairway into poverty.

"Now I'm down and out!" shrieked Mrs. Pillow in conclusion. "The wops are no worse than I. Their Saturdays are no different from other days; nor are mine. I've give up trying."

With that, Mrs. Pillow tossed into the air the offending card. It struck Pillow in the eye; but he did not mind. He dropped the card behind the bed as he rubbed his eye.

Mrs. Pillow reached now the last condition of her trembling rage—she wept. Her weeping was stormy, and through her tears she spoke when speech was possible. But Pillow breathed more freely; the worst, he believed, was over. When the children appeared, late in the evening, Mrs. Pillow slept, and Pillow hushed them fiercely.

But the worst was not over. Mrs. Pillow was, as she had said, down and out; her spirit was broken. Without a Saturday festival the week was too dull to be endured; without superiority to her neighbors existence lost its savor. Pillow looked hopefully beyond the weeks of economy to a glorious day when he could get his bond and could repay Mrs. Pillow in one grand celebration for all she had suffered; but she did not believe he would ever see a penny of his money.

Mrs. Pillow dreamed sometimes of going to the factory and telling the bosses what she thought of them. It was only a dull conviction that it would do no good and might do harm that deterred her. Pillow himself had been a fool; they would simply point out to her that unfortunate fact.

Mrs. Pillow sat indoors, though her life had hitherto been marked by an intense unwillingness to remain in one place—especially if that place was covered by a roof. When Pillow was away she rested; when Pillow was at home she made a martyr of herself with work.

It was the Pillow habit to have meals sent ready cooked from without—that is, the loaf of bread arrived ready baked; the tomatoes were already cooked in the can; the dried beef was ready in its enveloping paper. Now in her martyrdom Mrs. Pillow set a table for her family and achieved her only happiness in months when Pillow found her exhausted from cleaning and hot with cooking. Pillow was concerned for her.

"Whose fault is it?" demanded Mrs. Pillow.

Sometimes Mrs. Pillow mended. In other days Geraldine would have cast her torn stockings aside and fetched a new pair from Goldstein's. Now Mrs. Pillow sewed up the rents in order that she might hear Geraldine cry to her father for clothes.

"Get clothes!" said the harassed Pillow.

"And starve?" cried Mrs. Pillow, on the verge of a trembling rage. "Not a penny do we spend for clothes!"

The neighbors, quick to notice a change in Mrs. Pillow, assumed a familiarity she had heretofore refused to endure. Mrs. De Fabio came to call and stayed three hours. Mrs. Pillow enjoyed her, though she hated her. For three weeks she had not spoken to anyone but Pillow and her children, and the gossip of Mrs. De Fabio about the other residents of Fite Street was pleasant to hear. Shocking and interesting incidents had occurred during Mrs. Pillow's incarceration.

Mrs. De Fabio talked also of herself. De Fabio sold bananas and from the small profits of his trade Mrs. De Fabio fed and clothed eight children. She gave Mrs. Pillow an account of her disbursements and described her inexpensive dishes of soup and spaghetti. The youngest child reposed upon Mrs. De Fabio's lap, his roundness and rosiness contrasting strongly with the pale complexion of young John, who was asleep on the bed behind Mrs. De Fabio.

Mrs. Pillow listened and remembered. She had heard a conversation between two men who lived in the apartments above, and she was now not merely down and out and despairing, but she was actively alarmed.

"They're trying to make you give your money to the Government by all sorts of tricks," said one of the men to the other. "Nobody need ever tell me you'll see a penny of it. And it'll get worse and worse!"

Mrs. Pillow believed she would never see a penny of Pillow's fifty dollars, but she had not dreamed that they would ask more of Pillow! She began to put little sums of money away out of his diminished wages; she experimented with the soups and spaghetti of Mrs. De Fabio. Mrs. Pillow loved her children and Pillow, but most of all she loved life. She was actually afraid that the end of this path might be starvation.

Not once during the hot summer did Mrs. Pillow allow herself to be drawn away from her house. Pillow took the children on walks into the country, but Mrs. Pillow stayed at home. The time was drawing near when Pillow's wages would be no longer lopped for the payment of this bond. Then Mrs. Pillow meant to go with him to interview his boss. If argument and pleading could prevent any further muleting, and thus save Pillow's money for his family, argument and plea should be made. Mrs. Pillow meant to take with her her children; she meant to tell of the cost of bread and meat, the high rent, the ruinous price of shoes.

Pillow gave her no encouragement in her plan. It would, he believed, lower him in the eyes of his fellow workmen to have his wife mix in his affairs. Pillow laughed and joked with his companions about his investment. To look forward to the time when his bond would be paid for was like looking forward to the death of a rich relative. Pillow realized that he had suffered but little in the accumulation of his wealth. He was tired to death of moving pictures, and Mrs. Pillow seemed for some obscure reason to be now more becomingly occupied than she had been since he married her. But if Mrs. Pillow wished to spend the money they could have a much more substantial treat now. In Pillow's mind the chief connotation of the word "treat" was spelled by its last three letters.

Mrs. Pillow dressed her children in their mended clothes on the afternoon of the twenty-fifth, which was Saturday. They did not look handsome, but they were covered and they were clean. Subdued by weeks of school they were fairly well-behaved. Mrs. Pillow had her speech ready.

"I want only what's coming to me," she planned to say. "I've got these children to bring up and times is hard. Is it fair that I've got to help the Government, what never done me no good?" She could easily have added a trembling rage to her other arguments, but she doubted whether that would help her cause.

With a courage that would have made Pillow tremble, Mrs. Pillow went boldly to the office door at closing time. A casual No Admittance sign on the wall was meant to warn such as she, but she paid no heed. The boss, for whom she asked, felt apparently no anger at her intrusion, for he invited her to sit down and listened to her attentively. Mrs. Pillow was plain and clear, but she was not vehement.

The young man spoke softly when Mrs. Pillow had finished. As he did so he opened

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a drawer and took out a stiff closely printed paper.

"Did you think you wouldn't get your money again, Mrs. Pillow?"

"How could I tell?" said Mrs. Pillow, a little ashamed.

"But here it is."

"That!" said Mrs. Pillow.

"This is worth fifty dollars. If you have no confidence in it I will give you fifty dollars in exchange."

Mrs. Pillow grew pale with excitement.

"In good money?"

"In good money. But I would advise you to keep it; and each June and December the Government will pay you a dollar for the use of it."

Mrs. Pillow shook her head. Fifty dollars! She did not see food as did Pillow; she saw Geraldine in a white dress, Bessie in a pink silk coat, the little boys with short stockings and yellow shoes, herself in high-heeled slippers. A hysterical sob quivered in her throat.

"I'll take the money," said she.

The young man rang a bell and asked that John Pillow be sent for. When Pillow arrived his face was pale. That he might be fired was the *bête noire* of Pillow's days. When he saw Mrs. Pillow the color came back to his cheeks. So she had done what she threatened to, had she?

"Pillow," said the young man, "Mrs. Pillow has come to see about your bond. Here it is. She is afraid about the money and I have offered to buy the bond and give her fifty dollars. But I have advised her to keep it as an investment and draw the interest."

Pillow bent his head. Investment, interest—these words had lately rolled from his tongue. But he feared Mrs. Pillow.

"What she says goes," said he.

"Suppose you think it over till Monday," suggested the young man.

Mrs. Pillow looked at him fiercely. It was not on Monday that she wished to dress up Geraldine and John and Willie and Bessie.

"My mind will be the same on Monday," said she.

The young man took ten new five-dollar bills from a safe and handed them to Mrs. Pillow. He had theories about the joys bred by habits of saving, and in Mrs. Pillow he was disappointed in mankind. He said good-by curtly.

The Pillows reëntered Fite Street, not from the lower end, where the shops were, but from the upper end, which was near their house. Pillow walked meditatively, thinking of food; the children skipped like lambs, thinking of food and of certain moving-picture stars whose antics enchanted them; Mrs. Pillow walked proudly. The joys of shopping from a full purse filled her thoughts only for a second, the blood-thirsty countenance of the villain in At the Mercy of the Wolf on the billboards of the moving-picture theater gave only a passing thrill.

Mrs. Pillow anticipated the moment, now near at hand, when she would show her neighbors what she had allowed them to forget—that she was on a higher plane than they. This would require no finesse. She would need only to walk past them with her refurbished family and they would understand. Lifted and sustained by pride Mrs. Pillow was once more content.

"The impudence of the De Fabios!" said Mrs. Pillow to herself.

It seemed to Mrs. Pillow, as she turned into her own street, that life was being poured out in rich measure. Near her own door a small crowd had gathered, and all were looking at her house. Had one of the dwellers in its basement or in an upper story murdered another? Could Fate have been so kind? The only catastrophe Mrs. Pillow needed to fear was fire, and there had been no fire; that was clear.

The Pillows approached swiftly and, except for the noise of Pillow's boots, silently. Forgetting her restored superiority Mrs. Pillow was about to cry out an excited inquiry when she saw that it was at the very windows of the Pillow apartment that the crowd stared. Mrs. Pillow approached and stared also.

"Gee-oh!" said a voice.

"Now she won't speak at all."

"I bet it's a lie!"

Mrs. Pillow was for the moment completely puzzled. Then her eyes fell upon the object at which all other eyes were gazing. As though announced from a megaphone blazed the legend in red, white and blue: We Own a Bond, and below it a bell danced upon its head. Mrs. Pillow had this morning swept under her bed and John and Willie had been playing with the card. John and Willie had learned on their way to school the proper place for such decorations. They had placed the card so that it was useful as well as decorative, since it took the place of an absent pane.

Mrs. Pillow's attention was only for a moment distracted. Mrs. Pillow had heard a certain word.

"What's a lie?" she demanded.

The neighbors turned quickly. In their eyes shone, according to the temperament of each, astonishment, incredulity or envy.

"That you own anything," said one insulting and receding voice; it was well to move away when you had spoken plainly to Mrs. Pillow.

But Mrs. Pillow did not pursue. Mrs. Pillow read the expression in the eyes turned upon her. She lifted her head. It was a moment of confused emotions and of great triumph for Mrs. Pillow.

"It is not a lie," said she with dignity. "We own a bond."

Then through the lane opened for her Mrs. Pillow led her family into the house. There, breathing deeply, Mrs. Pillow sat down in her rocking-chair. The other Pillows sat down upon the bed.

"But we sold it!" said Pillow in a whisper.

Mrs. Pillow closed her eyes. She felt within her mind volcanic heavings, portents of change. It had required a new scene to crystallize in Mrs. Pillow's mind the impressions of the last few months. They were jumbled impressions originating in a more comfortable digestive process, in a feeling of responsibility and anxiety hitherto unknown, in the aspiration that comes with struggle.

The young man said that you could get two dollars a year just for holding on to the mysterious paper. Then if you had enough papers you need never fear starvation! But that prospect did not keenly interest Mrs. Pillow at this moment. Another impulse, a more intense passion animated her. No elegant clothes, no Saturday evening procession had ever so distinguished and exalted her as this sign in her window.

There were three other broken window-panes in her house—she saw them filled without the services of a glazier. She saw her house covered; she saw larger crowds gazing. She held out to Pillow the roll of money.

"You take that back and get your paper," she commanded.

Then Mrs. Pillow bent and lifted the hem of her dress. Above her shoe her stocking showed a protuberance. For over five months Mrs. Pillow had been hoarding sums from Pillow's wages. She withdrew the bulging object and held out to a stunned and feeble Pillow a second roll of money.

"There! Don't stand like a stock," said she. "Go and get another!"






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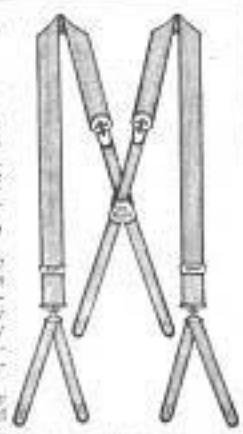
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# BEHIND CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

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the soft strange babble of sounds. He swooned under the torment. The next day he tried again. Again the tall black-veiled figure thrust him down with hands that were gentle but strong. Again the hated sounds. Again he swooned. The third day, very weak but resolute, he recorded in his journal his intention to try once more, and strove to rise. But over him, as ever, was that black unyielding figure, holding him down; and so she held him, gentle, ruthless, unknowing, babbling into his ears those strange sounds until he died.

In comment upon this incident Major Perkins, Chief Commissioner for Europe of the Red Cross, said: "When I read the few pitiful pages of that journal of one of our men who had gone to his end in utter loneliness of soul I decided that something must be done. Either Americans must have their own hospitals or else we must put American nurses into French hospitals."

Accordingly American women, nurses, visitors and aids, were assigned to fifty-two French hospitals containing American men. One day it chanced in a certain French hospital that one of these aids, a bright, pretty girl, was working in a ward. And as she moved here and there, busy at her tasks, she sang softly under her breath the following cheerful ditty:

*Where do we go from here, boys?*
*Oh, where do we go from here?*

"I don't want you to go anywhere from here!" came an abrupt voice from a bed behind her. Turning she beheld a wounded American, a pale newcomer, regarding her from inflamed, bloodshot eyes.

"Well," she replied, laughing, "I don't intend to go anywhere this very minute. What's the matter with your eyes? Gassed?"

"Nothing," he replied laconically. "I've not slept for seventy-two hours. They shelled us up there for three days. That's where I got mine. I've been lying here watching you for an hour and trying to make up my mind which I wanted to do most—go to sleep or go on looking at you. And I decided I'd rather go on looking at you. I don't know," he added wistfully, "whether you consider that much of a compliment or not?"

"I consider it the finest compliment I ever had in my life, bar none—from a man who hasn't slept for seventy-two hours."

"Yes, but I haven't seen an American girl for five months. And so I figured it would rest my eyes more to look at you than it would to go to sleep."

This is not an extraordinary case. Nine men out of ten would have felt the same. Their eyes were starved for the sight of American girls. But one woman spread out among many men did not go far. It was like trying to spread a small pat of butter over a square acre of bread. However, it was the best that could be done. French hospitals could not be crammed with American workers. There was no place to put them. Their plants were already swamped with overwork.

### A Reputation for Efficiency

In the meantime the Army and the Red Cross were not idle. It was felt that something must be done not only for the morale of the lonely American soldiers but also to relieve the tremendous pressure on the French system, which was handling the wounded of three nations. Accordingly the Army went on a still hunt, not any the less urgent because it was still, for hospitals already equipped and in action that could be used for this new American sector. That sector, roughly described, extended from Amiens on the north down to Château-Thierry, and then eastward to Rheims, with Paris in a direct line to the rear. Paris, then, became the logical point for base hospitals. The American Army would depend, according to agreement, upon French evacuation hospitals immediately behind the lines, but as soon as possible it would convey its wounded back to Paris and thus relieve the congestion in the front zone.

But how to get hold of any hospital? Fortunately the Red Cross, the emergency department of the Army, had a nucleus of hospitals already to hand. This nucleus was composed of some half dozen plants—some large, some small, some militarized, some civilian, but all in excellent running condition. In addition to this group it had in its warehouses in complete readiness for just such a crisis whole hospital units, complete in every detail, from tents down to the final safety pin, ready to put into the field at any point the Army should designate. Moreover, it had the camions for transportation and the surgical teams and nurses at hand for instant summons by telephone.

All this preparation had been done months before. Now this fine intensive long-sightedness began to yield its excellent fruit. For the Army gave orders to these hospitals to double, treble, quadruple their bed capacity and to hold themselves free for instant action. This was done. Just outside Paris another Red Cross tent hospital sprang into being. It sprang up almost overnight, with more than a thousand beds, its white tents dotting the field like mushrooms.

In Europe the Red Cross has achieved an almost fantastic reputation for efficiency and speed—those two most commonplace factors of every successful business concern in America—and in this particular crisis, grave beyond all other crises so far as the welfare of our own fighting forces was concerned, it was going to need every ounce it possessed of both of those qualities. It was going to have the opportunity of saving hundreds of American lives. It did not know it. The Army did not know it. Nobody knew it. But so it was to be. A catastrophe was impending.

### The May Offensive

You have not read thus far, I hope, without realizing the supreme, the vital importance of those evacuation hospitals crouching up there close behind the fighting lines. They are the life savers. Upon their nearness to the Front and the speed with which the wounded are delivered depend the success of the entire hospital system. They are the keystone of the arch. Let an army lose its string of evacuation hospitals and it loses not merely its physical property—a mere bagatelle—but also the power to save a large percentage of its wounded. For delay causes infection; infection causes amputation, and too often causes death.

To summarize briefly the elements of the situation: America, in common with the other Allies, had her own hospital system behind the Lorraine sector, and when our troops moved up into the French sector it was agreed that the wounded should be evacuated through French hospitals; to relieve the tremendous pressure a nucleus of Red Cross hospitals in Paris was constituted to drain this area.

And now perhaps, with these cards in your hands, and in your head the general outlines of the May offensive, recalling especially the fact that the Germans made an advance in that very sector of more kilometers than I like to recall, you may have a glimmering of the nature of the blow that fell. Yes, the French lost a certain number of their front-line evacuation hospitals. They were in the area and they were captured. That was the catastrophe.

It is the catastrophe that always happens when a considerable slice of territory is lost. It is what happened in Italy. It is what happened to the British in March. It is what had often happened to the French. Now it was happening to the Americans. And that is why I am writing about it. What made the situation more acute was that the French were handling all of the wounded for that sector. Their remaining hospitals were rapidly being swamped. Each day the combat raged with increasing violence. What was to be done with our men? Transport them clear back to Paris? There was no other course. It was bitter hard, but inevitable. And the Army was mighty glad to have this port in the storm.

And now let us glance for a moment at Château-Thierry and see what was taking place up there. On May thirtieth, upon this portion of the line the French were retreating, and two American divisions were swung in to stem, momentarily, the tide. All the world knows now which those two divisions were, for their exploits received the congratulations of General Pershing and of the French High Command. On June first, in they came, the first lot, twenty-four trainloads—fresh, cool, gay, hard-headed youngsters. They came with no

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organization behind them; not an American Army hospital in the sector; not an ambulance; not even a field dressing station. They came with nothing but the packs on their backs and their rifles in their hands—and five hours later they were holding the line.

On their way up, as they were being rushed through, their trains stopped at a station which we shall designate as X —— Here lay several hundred British wounded waiting for a train to the rear. For it is one of the ugly necessities of war that, during an offensive, fresh guns and men take precedence over those who have been knocked out. And so these British wounded lay scattered about on litters in the station, on the platforms, on the grounds.

First aid they had received, but nothing more. Their condition was piteous. At the arrest of the trains the Americans clambered down briskly from their places and began relieving the immediate wants of these unfortunates.

"Maybe I'd best clear my poor chaps out of here," said an anxious British medical officer to an American captain. "The sight of them may disturb your men."

"On the contrary," replied the American grimly, "it's the best thing that could happen. It'll put the iron into their soul."

And it did. Even the Hun was amazed at the sternness of that American reception committee. For though the bombardment was heavier than that during the height of the Verdun offensive, the shells falling like iron hail less than five feet apart, with a low raking machine-gun fire that moved with automatic precision up and down the field, and the hurricane of high explosives and shrapnel and gas created an inferno compared to which Gettysburg was as calm as the Elysian Fields—yet those American troops did not falter.

Step by step they disputed every foot of advance, clinging close to the ground, fighting for hours against an enemy six times their superior. The Germans pushed, pushed again and kept on pushing. Assault succeeded assault, wave followed wave, each one more formidable as the Germans waxed wroth at the check. But the Americans held on; they dug in with their spades; they remanned their guns as their gunners fell, wiping out each successive enemy wave; they even reached out on either wing and retrieved nests of batteries in the woods, and from these fresh points of vantage they popped away at the astounded and bewildered Hun, who could not believe that two divisions alone, and only parts of these, were blocking his advance.

### *Superb American Grit*

But as a matter of fact those two divisions were not alone. The whole United States of America stood solidly behind them, shoulder to shoulder, a vast shadowy host, warming their hearts and strengthening their blows.

Now these troops had been planted at that particular point in the line merely to plug for the moment the passage while the French took up new defensive positions in the rear. But these aggressive, mordant young allies did not conceive that merely to stem the boche tide was the whole of their duty. They dreamed better than that. So after surprising the enemy by their tenacity and cheek they proceeded to sail in on a lively counter-attack of their own and drive the intruder back. And drive him back they did, with a nerve, a grit, a kind of brisk keen joyousness intrinsically western that brought down the applause of the world. It was in fact a superb bit of fighting. And the best part of it all was that the men did not consider they had done anything fine or out of the way. That was on June first, second and third.

A wounded machine gunner, with a hole through his chest, gave me his explanation of their valor.

"It was like this," he said: "In those training camps back in the States they taught us a lot of things about war. And when we came over on this side they taught us a whole lot more. Seems like we learned about everything there was to know. But one thing they didn't teach us."

He paused, matter-of-factly, to cough up some blood.

"What was it they didn't teach you?" I asked.

"They didn't teach us how to quit. And so we didn't. We just kept on going!" He added reflectively: "It's their artillery that counts. Get those Dutchmen up close to and there's nothing to them. We fought them off their feet."

It was the veritable truth.

But it is not to be conceived that this was a bloodless victory. The first day of June a thin stream of crimson began to trickle to the rear from the wounded American Army. And those first days that thin crimson stream trickled all the way from Château-Thierry to Paris, a distance of fifty-one miles, without intervention or hospital care. One Red Cross hospital there was, indeed, but soon this was swamped. Men with nothing beyond first-aid bandages began pouring into the Paris hospitals. It was one of those inevitable conditions of war that are bound to occur when evacuation hospitals are lost.

Close up behind the Front the French evacuation hospitals, diminished in number, crippled in resources, were already glutted with British, French and American wounded and gassed. They lay on litters in the corridors, the doorways, the verandas, and overflowed into the yards and along the roadsides. Several American women canteeners came to help the French in this dire emergency. They found most of the personnel of one hospital already flown, the town being under direct shell fire. And for several days in that swamped hospital, together with a few brave French doctors and nurses, these American volunteers toiled like impassioned fiends day and night; ran the kitchen, cooked the meals, served out hot coffee, bathed the wounded, bandaged fresh amputations, held up dying heads, wrote letters, injected morphine, assisted at operations, and continued their labors tirelessly hour after hour, in an atmosphere of indescribable filth, impregnated with the odors of gas gangrene.

### *Spectacular Teamwork*

Twice, two nights in succession, the Red Cross representative in that sector tore at full speed down to Paris, returning with a camion load of surgical supplies, ether and bandages. And when they arrived such was the pressure of the hour that the surgeons themselves ran out from their operating tables, dived their hands down into the precious box, caught up an armload and ran back, shouting directions over their shoulders.

It was during this period of stress that a noble idea occurred to the Red Cross representative, which he proceeded to act upon at once.

A short distance away was an abandoned French hospital, empty, its beds scarce cold. He drove over and asked to rent it.

"What for?" demanded the French authorities.

"To use for our American wounded. To relieve the pressure. To take them off your hands."

And he struck a bargain then and there. That accomplished, once more he scorched the road to Paris. This time he loaded up fifteen tons of stuff—one of those complete hospital units the Red Cross had stored in its warehouses against just such a crisis as this. That unit contained tents, beds, bandages, nitrous-oxide plants, ether, instruments, and the entire equipment for three surgical teams. By telephone, surgeons and nurses were summoned to hurry out by automobile. The representative himself hastened back to the other end. But while he was still on the way, by one of those swift military changes the hospital he had rented became untenable by reason of a shift of the American troops into another army zone.

So now he had an outfit, but no plant. Nothing daunted, for in his automobile he was still a lap or so ahead of his slower convoy, he started to comb the countryside for another hospital. And so successful were his efforts that by the time his material caught up with him he was able to direct it to a new location. Then came the installation of the plant. A château had been taken over for headquarters, operating and X-ray rooms. Behind the house in a fair open field backed by cool pine woods were ranged the hospital tents, each with a capacity of about fifty beds.

And now began a piece of spectacular teamwork. A detachment of soldiers began policing—cleaning up—the grounds; the nurses in the operating room commenced to boil their instruments; the sergeant began tacking up on the valuable tapestried walls lengths of white oilcloth; in the kitchen, the deep-seated heart of it all, the dietitian had already started the fire and marshaled her minions; the night teams of


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surgeons donned caps and aprons—and when a gray dust-covered army limousine raced up and the chief surgeon of that sector crisply demanded "How soon do you figure you can handle some wounded?" the commanding officer of the new evacuation hospital responded: "As soon as you like. Shoot 'em right along!"

And inside of an hour the army ambulances began to roll in and the stretcher bearers began to lift out the litters with the recumbent immobile figures, wrapped in blankets and many of them caked with mud and blood.

On June first the Americans began to attack. By June fourth this new Red Cross evacuation hospital had been installed behind Château-Thierry and was operating day and night on Americans only. And thus the thin stream of crimson, which for three days had trickled from the front lines practically without interruption clear back to Paris, was abruptly tourniqueted. It was a fine piece of emergency work and an excellent example of the complete collaboration between the Army and the Red Cross. The preparedness of this latter organization, its warehouses stacked to the roof with extra supplies so that it could multiply its entire hospital bed capacity by six without a strain; its camion service ready to transport these goods to any designated point in the advance zone; and these two facilities, materials and transportation put absolutely at the command of the Army in a vital and trying hour went far to avert what might have been a tragedy.

### *A Clean Sweep*

It was a brilliant sunshiny day when I arrived at this Red Cross evacuation hospital behind Château-Thierry. At the moment there was a lull on the Front. Twice during the month of June the Germans had sought by means of smoke barrages and pontoons to cross the Marne, that river of ill omen to Prussian hopes, and twice the Americans had held them. And so aggressively had these gay yet austere youngsters fought that it was a common jest along that sector that the Kaiser was seeking peace terms.

There were now other units there, and they divided the honors with the veteran poilus who flanked them on either side.

The hospital itself, situated in a splendid grove of pines and purple beeches, was by this time operating as smoothly as if it had been established months instead of days. The entire bed capacity of that plant I may not give, but an idea of its elasticity may be obtained from the fact that upon one night, after an evacuation, the patients numbered three, and upon a subsequent night, during a rush, the kitchen fed more than nine hundred persons and showed no signs of pegging out.

Upon the afternoon of my arrival patients were scattered throughout many of the wards, bringing up the total to quite a considerable figure. In company with the commanding officer, Major M——, I had gone the rounds of the tents. Suddenly in the midst of a remark he was called to the telephone.

It was long distance—that is to say, it was some headquarters up behind the lines. The major returned with a sober face.

"It's an order," said he, "to clean out everybody, make a clean sweep, get ready the beds. I suppose you can guess what that means."

"An attack?"

"Well, I dare say the boche will try to pull off something. They've been massing up behind Château-Thierry now for days. But they're not the only ones that have been massing, and don't you forget it. Our men on this side the Marne are lying in wait, a cordial little reception party, and if some of their scoundrels do cross the river they'll never live to tell the tale!" He laughed—the cheerful buoyant laugh of utter confidence which prevails upon the Front. "But this order means that we'll evacuate this evening. It's better for the men, even the serious cases, to be sent back to a quiet base where they can have constant attention; they must have it, and we can't possibly give it to them here. In the midst of a big fight our hands are full with the fresh influx. Moreover, it stands to reason that the sooner we can get a patient in fit shape to travel out of this cyclone belt the better it is for all concerned. And yet it's the hardest thing in the world to let some of these men go. Some are special cases where we've fought for their lives. We'd like to guard them through the critical stage. As for the nurses, they cry like babies when they have to surrender some of their pets. You'll see to-night. Just watch my staff; see if they don't try to hang on to some of the men."

This was about five in the afternoon. He disappeared into the château to have a conference with his head nurse upon supplies. A few minutes later, Colonel X——, chief surgeon of all the American forces in that center, stepped down from his limousine, and the first words with which he greeted the major were these: "How many beds have you filled?"

The major gave the budget of the day.

"Well, clean them right out. If you've not sufficient ambulances, send down the line to X—— But get the men out of here to-night. Get your beds free. What about supplies—enough to stand a pretty big racket? How are you on ether?"

Major M—— gave the account of his plant. Everything was in perfect readiness for the storm.

"Fine!" pronounced the colonel. "Well, I've got to beat it. This is my busy day."

"Just when and where do you think the Germans are going to attack?" I ventured to put in my oar.

The colonel looked me up and down with a whimsical smile. Women are rare phenomena in the landscape of the Front. When they do arrive so far from their natural habitat, the safe and sober rear, it is taken for granted they are there with just and sufficient cause, and they are treated with a deference, a consideration and a fine camaraderie that are good to experience.

"If I knew the exact reply to your very pertinent question," laughed he, "I'd not be standing here; I'd be burning the road to G. H. Q; and we'd put something over on the boche to remember us by. As it is, we can only say things seem mighty imminent. They're massing guns and effectives. So are we. Just where the point of the thrust will come no man can say. Your guess is as good as mine. But we've got to be ready. And we are! Wait. I'll show you something. But you mustn't put it in the Post!"

Whereupon he sat himself down, hauled out his secret map and his secret notebook—a small black, leather-bound affair, in which were jotted cryptic figures representing positions and numbers of American forces which a German spy would have bartered his worthless soul to possess; and with these two, the map and the notebook, he outlined his plan of campaign in the event of a German drive. Here and there were troops, American troops. Here and there behind them were American hospitals, each one capable of caring for so many wounded each day. All together they represented an ample bed capacity. Those first unorganized days of June were well over; by now the Army had arranged a hospital system that effectively drained the sector. And not only that—alternative positions had been located in case the evacuation hospitals had to clear out and reinstall farther to the rear. Every emergency had been planned for. All was indicated on that secret map.

### *The Third Warning*

"By the way, major," concluded the colonel, snapping to his little black notebook as he rose, "how soon could you up-stakes and move?"

The major stated the exact number of hours, and when I say that that number amounted to less than three hundred minutes you may realize how simple and supple are the component parts of such a plant. "I'll have the sergeant get out the tent bags," he added, "and stack them outside the tents."

"May as well be ready," agreed the colonel, stepping into his car. "Not that there's the slightest chance in the world that the boche will break through, but it would be criminal not to be prepared."

"We'll be prepared, sir," promised the major quietly.

"Good. They may start something about two in the morning. So long!"

"That's two warnings," said the major amusingly as the colonel's car rolled away.

Later, at mess out in the château grounds in a tent, with the westering sun over behind the dark pine woods, a great globe of fire drowning the fields and the tents in a fine golden light, we received a third. This time it came in the form of a note from the French headquarters hard by. It was in French and it read:

"We have the honor to announce to you that an important German attack is hourly expected in our sector. It will be advisable for you to evacuate instantly as many patients as you possibly can, in order to have the greatest number of beds free for the emergency."

"Looks as if the boche really meant business," commented the major. "Do you care to watch the evacuation? If so I recommend the rear steps of the château as a good reviewing stand."

I took my place as directed, well removed from the traffic. Upon the road beneath just in front of the hospital tents were lined up a long string of ambulances. A sergeant was in charge of the affair. Inside the tents, orderlies and nurses had their hands full preparing the men for transportation. Some of the patients were up, superintending their own moving; some, in vivid pink-striped Red Cross pyjamas—the gift of some gay soul—were sitting on their cots, swinging bare legs and shouting for footgear; some, disdaining such effete trappings of civilization, had wrapped the drapery of their couchs about them, squaw-wise, and were standing barefoot on the grass outside enjoying the festal scene. It was like a great gypsy encampment.

### *Fred Murphy's Tale*

Still farther down the road one man had boldly snatched another's sole garment of attire, a dressing robe, and the owner, reduced to his birthday suit, started a chase. Ensued a picturesque race. This, however, was but a brief kaleidoscopic film, which danced across the road for a minute like a Greek frieze, and was abruptly censored by the sergeant. A nurse appeared at the flap of the tent, an anxious look in her eye. She caught sight of the tall statuesque Indian who, with his blanket hunched well round his head and his pyjamas swelling gently in the evening breeze, stood rubbing one big bare foot luxuriously over the other big bare foot and discoursing to another young Indian buck thus:

"Yes, sir, I'm telling you, friend, I sure thought the end had come. There I was, sitting under a little short tree by the road writing home to my mother. I'd just finished writing 'Well, mamma, I've come through lucky so far,' and looked up. There was a whole wagonload of grenades passing, and at that minute a shell bust in the road right ahead. And I'm telling you, friend, suddenly it seemed like all the world rose up in the air but me ——"

"You, Fred Murphy," interrupted the nurse severely. "Where are those slippers I gave you? Don't you know you can't travel in bare feet? It isn't done in France!"

"Miles too small for my trilbies," explained Murphy succinctly. He turned his face toward her a brief instant and then, turning it back, continued without a halt: "—— but me, and I went down. And when the lieutenant helped me to my feet he said that nobody but a damn fool or a Marine could sit under a little short tree like that writing letters while a whole wagonload of grenades exploded, and get away with it. And he showed me the tree top blowed clear down the valley and sitting up there like an open umbrella."

A medical officer came hurrying over to the nurse.

"The orderly said you wanted me. What is it?"

"It's that chest case. He can't go. He's on the list, but there must be some mistake. Oh, I think it's terrible to send a man on the road like that!"

They passed into the deeper gloom of the tent. I followed. Near the door on a cot sat a doughboy, a shoulder case, garbed as per army regulation as far as his waist, and from thence upward his fine torso naked save for strappings and splints which held his arm in an immobile apparatus.

With his free hand he was pawing wildly among the effects of his kit, while he exclaimed in loud excited tones, "I can't find it! I never got it. If I had it I'd remember it, wouldn't I? Say, wouldn't a guy remember a thing like that? I guess yes! You never gave it to me—see?"

The orderly—later killed when the hospital was bombed by boche planes—was down on his haunches lacing up the patient's boots. He looked up with a grin.

"What's biting you, buddy? The last thing I gave you was slum, and I notice you wolfed that down like one o'clock."

"It's my shrapnel. The piece the doctor took outa me. He promised before he put me to sleep on the operating table to pin it

*(Continued on Page 105)*

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(Continued from Page 102)

onto my shirt. Say, look in my pocket, will you?"

The orderly obliged. But the shrapnel was not there. Just then the doctor passed. "Say, captain, did you operate on this guy? He says you promised to save his shrapnel."

The doctor squinted uncertainly through the gloom.

"Yes, sir, you did!" affirmed the private with confidence. "And you promised, sir, to pin the shrapnel onto my shirt."

"That's right. I remember now, old man." A look passed between the young surgeon and the orderly. Was it a wink that caused the orderly's left eyelid to droop so flat upon his cheek?

"Sir, shall I go get his shrapnel? I think I know where it's at."

"Good!" said the surgeon, laughter in his voice. "You'll find it wrapped in a piece of gauze."

"Yes, sir."

The orderly departed. But just outside the tent he paused, dived down into his pocket, brought up several objects, examined them attentively, and then hurried back to the rear entrance, where by the light of an electric torch the nurse was making up her list.

"S-s-t! Gimme a gauze compress, sister!" said a husky whisper in her ear. Absently she pointed to a parcel on the table. The orderly helped himself. The next moment he was back in the front tent.

"Here you are, buddy! That'll hold you for a while!" And he deposited an object twisted up in a bit of gauze in the soldier's eager palm. It was a copper bullet the size of a marble.

"Oh, boy!" ejaculated the private in deep ecstatic joy. "She's a whale! A regular Big Bertha! No wonder she stopped me. Say, captain," he hailed the surgeon who was passing, "can't I go back to my outfit? I don't want to lose that gang. And I feel fine."

The orderly chuckled as he warped his man's free arm into the flannel shirt. "Feel so darned nifty you'd like to go out and chop down a couple or three trees just for sport—hey?"

Outside, upon the road, the ambulances were loading rapidly and rumbling off into the gloom. The sergeant, the man of the hour, oversaw all.

"Gently there!" This to the brancardiers as they lifted a litter with a recumbent figure swathed in blankets and shot it into the ambulance. "You have three in there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, beat it! Now how many more are there left?"

From the steps of the château Major M——, in white cap and operating apron, surveyed the scene. The procession passed briskly.

Ambulances rolled up, loaded and disappeared. Not a light showed. The men were mere dusky patches of gloom moving through denser gloom. Overhead the sky was equally dark, fitting the earth close, like the stopper of a bottle.

### *Two Kinds of Officers*

"I wonder how it feels," I said, "to be lying in the little black interior of those ambulances and rumbling off to God knows where."

"Sometimes very dramatic things happen in those same little black interiors," observed the major grimly.

An orderly approached, saluted the major.

"Sir, there's a light shining out of one of the upper windows. It makes quite a projection. One of the drivers marked it far down the road."

"Go up and tell the nurse to close the shutter," commanded the major tersely. "Tell her to go all over the house. We don't want a bomb dropped in the midst of this party."

"Have you ever had any disagreeable experiences with wounded German prisoners?" I inquired.

"We've not had many of their wounded, but one night we got in a Prussian lieutenant. I put him in a tent with a bunch of Germans, all in pretty bad shape. He shouted and swore like a trooper for being subjected to the hideous ignominy of having to breathe the same polluted air as his men. 'Twas an American atrocity! He said he was a Prussian officer, and he haughtily demanded to be changed to an officers' ward."

"And what did you do? Assign him to a private room with a special nurse and send up iced champagne?"

"Something like that! I ordered his cot changed, and I placed him between two poor German devils who were dying of gas gangrene. They smelled to heaven! I thought if our own nurses could tend to those fellows it might do his lord-high-mightiness good to lie between 'em for a while! In contrast to his conduct I had a young American lieutenant out in one of the tents, Ward B, and it was not until he was evacuated that I learned he was an officer.

"'Why, lieutenant,' I said, 'why didn't you tell me? I'd have placed you in the officers' ward.'

"'Oh, that's all right, sir,' he laughed. 'What's good enough for my men is good enough for me.' And that is the difference in a nutshell between autocracy and democracy."

One of the medical staff approached hurriedly. "Sir, I'd like to keep some few of these cases. They're in bad shape. I hate to start them on the road. It—it's against my conscience."

"All right. Use your own discretion. You heard the orders, though—to make a clean sweep. It may seem hard, but the men will receive better attention than we'll be able to give them once the rush begins. But keep them if you feel you should."

### *The Push Averted*

With a breath of relief the officer turned away to countermand his order.

"Sergeant!" called the major.

"Here, sir!" came a steady reliable voice from the dark.

"Put all the wounded that are left into one tent—Ward A. How many have you?"

"About twenty-five, sir."

"Good. Tell your men to clean up all the rest of the wards and get them into condition. And, sergeant ——"

"Yes, sir."

"Where are those tent bags—the ones in which we pack the tents?"

"Upstairs in the storeroom, sir."

"Get them down. Place one outside each tent and instruct your men in their use. Maybe you'd better assign a patrol on this road to-night."

"Yes, sir. The officer of the day has already spoken to me about it, sir."

"All right, sergeant. Then I guess we're about ready for whatever may turn up. You'd better try to snatch some sleep."

"I think I'd rather stay up, sir, if you don't mind."

The sergeant saluted. We went inside. Already the surgeons and the nurses had sought their respective quarters to summon what sleep they might before the storm broke. I said good night also, and was conveyed to my billet in the village, the major promising to have me roused if anything occurred. By now the sky was clear, a deep soft firmament of gleaming stars which blinked friendly reassurance to the troubled earth atom below.

"It's all right!" they seemed mutely to say. "See, we're still here! It's all right!"

The wind was toward the Germans. Therefore, though already the big guns had waked to their nightly orchestra, and vivid lightninglike flashes from their flaming throats played constantly across the low horizon, yet not a single sound could be heard. All through the night, when at intervals I rose to watch, that leaping devil's dance played noiselessly across the rosy sky. It was uncanny—lightning without thunder. Where was the sound? In the upper air reaches?

The next morning I woke to discover I had not been called. The drive, then, had not materialized. At the hospital I found that such was even the case. There was a smile in the air, and a whisper that the Americans the previous night had dumped twelve thousand gas shells down upon the Hun just as he was clambering over the top. The push for the moment was averted. Nevertheless a few wounded were trickling in, and upstairs in the officers' ward I found two bed-fast lieutenants. One, by his soft velvety drawl, was a Southerner. Later I learned his exact habitat was Memphis, Tennessee. The other young officer apparently had been recounting some knavery of the boche, for with my hand on the open door I heard the Tennessean respond fervidly: "Yes, suh. They're dirty snakes. You can't have no commerce with them. Yuh just got to kill their souls!"

I drew back and listened, for the Tennessean was beginning a tale.

"Yes, suh," his cool, placid voice flowed on, "they was murderin' us in that woods.


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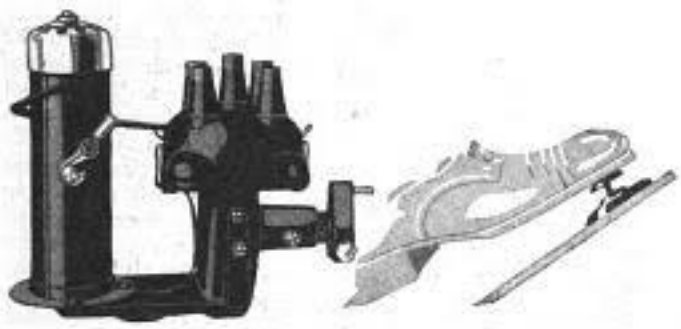


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They'd got us in a pocket and from nests of machine guns they was shellin' us three ways. We'd had no meat for over two days. It was tough, I'm tellin' yuh, suh. So that night I took my sergeant and went foraging in the village. It was deserted and the shells was falling right lively. Presently I shoved open the door of a barn, and there was a fine fat hawg rooting away inside.

"'Sergeant,' I says, 'that hawg in there tried to bite me.'

"'Well, suh,' says the sergeant, 'there ain't no French hawg born that can bite my lieutenant and get away with it. We-all ain't going to stand that from no hawg. No, suh!' And so that night we had a fine mess of po'k chops. Yes, suh, those po'k chops certainly tasted grand."

I slipped inside to have a look at the *raconteur*. He was a tall, lean, lank, freckled, solemn-looking young gentleman, with a broken ankle and a quizzical brown eye. Somehow he reminded me of Lincoln.

"Yes, suh," he was remarking, "this sure is one damn funny man's wah." After I had established myself I demanded what led him to such a cynical conclusion. But he refused to be drawn, and asked instead the condition of a patient in the adjoining shock ward. I told him the man was dead.

"I'm sure sorry to heah that," he said simply. "That man was in my outfit and a bettah boy never spit. He got his after I came in. I left a squad of five in a dugout on the side of a knoll and I told them not to stir until the shelling let up. Well, this boy says it got pretty hot and crowded inside and he stepped out a minute to breathe. And that very minute a shell dropped. He might have saved his life if he'd bandaged his leg right off; but no, suh, he told me he couldn't think of nothing but hauling those poor fellows from that caved-in wreck—and him with one leg blowed off. That boy deserves a Croix de Guerre. I'm goin' to write to his mothah."

I was called away for a few minutes, and when I returned the lieutenant was embarked upon another tale:

"Yes, suh, I just couldn't bear to see that boy's body lyin' out in the blisterin' sun. By the clothes he was a Marine, and I expect he'd been hangin' up against that bob-wire some time. I didn't care if it was No Man's Land. It wasn't no fit land for an American's body to be lyin' out in the sun, and so I started out to fetch it in.

"'Lemme go, lieutenant!' one of my outfit says. I've got the finest outfit of boys, miss, you ever laid eyes on."

"Maybe that's because they've got such a fine lieutenant!" I said slyly.

### *The Lieutenant's Promise*

"No, suh, that isn't it at all!" he retorted earnestly. "Well, I says to him: 'Man, I can't ask for volunteers for this. It's too danged dangerous.' And that boy, he says to me: 'Shucks, lieutenant! I'll die for yuh any day with pleasure. But for God's sake, don't leave me lie out there like a dawg.' So I promised, and he went out and fetched the Marine in. Two hours later that boy was shot straight between the eyes by a sniper's bullet. I remembered what he'd said: 'For God's sake, lieutenant, don't leave my body lie out like that'—and it kind of hurt my soul. So I sent him back to the rear. And we buried that boy with honahs. Yes, suh, this sure is one damn funny man's wah!"

Downstairs the hospital seemed drowned in a drowsy Sabbath calm. Not a breath stirred. Roses drooped in the hot stillness. High overhead in a light azure sky Allied planes swam like gnats across a sun-lit stretch of water. To complete the note of peace two stray hounds dreamed on the steps or snapped languidly at blue-bottle flies. Who said there was a world war on hand? And yet, late the night before, still another warning had come over the wires, and the remaining twenty-five patients had been hurriedly transported to safer climes.

Down the road thousands of camions were passing, a steady sluggish stream. The level, poplar-bordered highway was alive with them as far as the eye could see. Camions filled with French troops; camions filled with artillery, guns, guns, guns; camions filled with horses, two to a vehicle. And after that stream of blue casques had flowed by, with scarcely a minute's interval, came another stream—United States khaki, going up on the line. The heavy American lorries thundered by in a cloud of dust, their wheels tearing the gravel out of the roads. The men were covered with a coating of dust, thick as if they had come through a desert sandstorm. Their eyelashes were powdered gray; their eyebrows were bleached white; their fresh skins were burned brick red; and their eyes, unprotected by that abominable visorless overseas cap, were inflamed with dust and fatigue and lack of sleep. And yet how they hurrahed, leaning far out to yell as they flashed by! They were going into hell, and they knew it.

They had no illusions about war. But the sight of those dirty, sweaty, confident men thrilled us.

At five, in front of the château, the chaplain read the burial service over the hero who had given his life to save his comrades in the dugout. Over the pine box lay the folds of the flag, a mantle of glory. Upon the rude casket some friend had placed a cross of crimson ramblers, the rich splendor of their hue and their fragrance symbolizing mutely the beauty of soul of him who lay underneath. Red roses for those who die in youth for their country! They seemed to burn in the quiet air. Their fragrance mounted like rare incense. The chaplain read the immortal words of hope: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. . . ." High overhead the faint reassuring drone of Allied planes mingled with the murmur of the detachment of soldiers, who with bared heads repeated softly "Our Father who art in Heaven . . ." while off on the side lines stood a group of French children, awed, curious, respectful, with bunches of field daisies clutched tightly in their hands, with which, after the *Americains* had departed, they proposed to decorate the strange soldier's grave.

### *The Midnight Regiment*

Later, in search of consolation, I wandered back to the Tennesseean's ward. I was not disappointed. That liquid drawl flowed on, soft as the Mississippi at twilight.

"Yes, suh, we called that outfit the Midnight Regiment. I reckon yuh-all heard of them; they was stationed a while at B——. They was officered with white folks, and a friend of mine was major. Well, suh, they put that regiment alongside some French niggers from Upper Africa. Yuh'd think those two sets would amalgamate, coming from the same family tree. But no, suh! There was just one perpetual uproar. They was a-hackin' and a-choppin' each up with knives from mawning until night! Yuh nevah heard such takin's-on. And the officers couldn't find what was the row nohow. So one night the major, he says to his sergeant, a big negro:

"'Sergeant,' says he, 'I want yuh to go out and make a private investigation of just what's the trouble between yuh Americans and those French niggers, and hand in a confidential report.'

"'I don't need to go out and make no 'vestigation, major,' says that sergeant. 'I can report to yuh whut-all's the trouble right now. Yes, suh!'

"'All right, sergeant. What is it?'

"'Well, suh, it's like this: Evah since this heah Midnight Regiment come over to France and been a-takin' part in this man's wah, us-all's been hearin' the white folks talkin' French. All the white folks gettin' to talkin' French. Yes, suh. And now we come up alongside these strange nigger folks and find them gabblin' French too! And when niggers goes to gittin' stuck up like that and puttin' on proud white folks' airs they's jest naturally boun' to be trouble! Yes, suh, that's whut it is!'"

The afternoon shaded gently into night; the night's dark hours slipped by, silent as bats' wings; morning came again, calm, sunshiny—and still no threat of attack. It was ominous, menacing. The hospital staff rested with taut nerves, like a football team ready at a given signal to spring into intense action. But the signal was withheld.

Then suddenly one July morning about two o'clock the storm burst. The atmosphere trembled and shook to the clamor of mighty guns. Even in Paris, fifty-one miles away, their deep-throated orchestra could be heard. Pluff! Pluff! Pluff-pluff! Distant, yet clear, unmistakable, sounded those soft and sinister volleys through the night. Not since the Battle of the Marne in 1914 had Parisians heard such a violent bombardment. Some flew to the telephone. Was it a Gotha raid? Was that the outer antiaircraft barrage? No. It was the long-delayed July offensive.

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# JAVA HEAD

(Continued from Page 5)

strict limitation to questions made familiar by constant repetition; and this last was entirely new. She was sure of several kinds of ports—one they had after dinner, another indicated a certain side of a vessel, and still a third was Salem. But an outport—Kronstadt, Cavite—what it really meant, what they were, had escaped her. She decided to risk an opinion.

"An outport," she said slowly, "is a—a part of a ship." That much seemed safe. "I expect it's the place where they throw things like potato peels through."

"You suppose what!" he cried, breathing quite hard. "A place where they ——" He broke off. "And you're Jeremy Ammidon's granddaughter! By heaven, it would make a coolie laugh. It's like William, who never would go to sea, to have four daughters in place of a son. I'm done with you; go tinker on the piano!"

They got down from their chairs and departed with an only half-concealed eagerness.

"Do you think he means it," Janet asked hopefully, "and he'll never have any geography again?"

"No, I don't!" Laurel told her shortly.

She was inwardly ruffled, and further annoyed at Janet's placid acceptance of whatever the day brought along. Janet was a stick!

She turned away and found herself facing the parlor and the memory of the impending hour of practice. Well, it had to be done before dinner; and she went forward with dragging feet.

Within the formal shaded space of the chamber she stopped to speculate on the varied and colorful pictures of the wall paper reaching from the white paneling above her waist to the deep white carving at the ceiling. The scene that absorbed her most showed a marble pavilion elevated above a smooth stream, with sweeping steps, and a polite company about a reclining gentleman with bare arms and a wreath on his head and a lady in flowing robes playing pipes. At the right, in deep green shadow, a charmer was swinging from ropes of flowers, lovers hid behind a brown mossy trunk; while on the left, against a weeping willow and frowning rock, four serene creatures gathered about a barge with a gilded prow.

Still on her reluctant progress to the piano she stopped to examine the East India money on the lowest shelf of a locked corner cupboard. There was a tiresome string of cash with a rattan twisted through their square holes; silver customs taels, and mace and candareens; Chinese gold leaf and Fu-kien dollars; coins from Cochin China in the shape of India ink, with raised edges and characters; old Carolus hooked dollars; sycee silver ingots, smooth and flat above, but roughly oval on the lower surface, not unlike shoes; Japanese obangs, their gold stamped and beaten out almost as broad as a hand's palm; mohurs and pieces from Singapore; Dutch guilders from Java; and the small silver and gold drops of Siam called ticals.

She arrived finally at the harplike stool of the piano; but there she had to wait until the clock in the hall above struck some division of the hour for her guidance, and she rattled the brass rings that formed the handles of drawers on either side of the keyboard. Later, her fingers picking a precarious way through bass and treble, she heard Sidsall's voice at the door; the latter was joined by their mother, and they went out to the clatter of hoofs, the thin jingle of harness chains, where the barouche waited for them in the street.

Once Camilla obtruded into the room. "I wonder you don't give yourself a headache," she remarked; "I never heard more nerve-racking sounds."

Laurel gathered that Camilla was proud of this expression, which she must have newly caught from some grown person. She considered a reply, but nothing sufficiently crushing occurring she ignored the other in a difficult transposition of her hands. Camilla left; the clock above struck a second quarter; the third, while she honestly continued her efforts up until the first actual note of the hour.

"Thank God that's over!" she said in the liberal manner of a shipmaster.

Now only the walk with her grandfather remained of the actively tiresome duties of the day. After dinner the sun blazed down with almost the heat of midsummer, and Laurel felt unexpectedly indifferent, content to linger in the house. Only too soon she heard inquiries for her; and in her gaiter boots, a silk bonnet with a blue scarf tied under her chin and flowing over a shoulder and palm-leaf cashmere shawl, she accompanied the old man across Pleasant Street and over the wide green square to the arched west gate with its gilt eagle and Essex Street.

"Will we be going on Central Street?" she asked.

"No reason for turning down there," he replied, forgetful of the gingerbread shop with the shaky little bell inside the door, the buttered gingerbread on the upper shelf for three cents and that without on the lower for two. She gathered her hopes now about Webb's drug store, where her grandfather sometimes stopped for a talk and bought her rock candy, Gibraltars or blackjacks. It was too hot for blackjacks, she decided, and, with opportunity, would choose the cooling peppermint flavor of the Gibraltars.

The elms on Essex Street were far enough in leaf to cast a flickering shade in the faintly salt air drifting from the sea, and they progressed so slowly that Laurel was able to study the contents of most of the store windows they passed. Some held crewels and crimped white cakes of wax, gayly colored reticule beads with a wooden spoon for a penny measure, and "strawberry" emery balls. There was a West India store and a place where they sold oil and candles; another had charts for mariners; while across the way stood the East India Marine Hall.

Here her grandfather hesitated, and for a moment it seemed as if he would go over and join the masters always to be found about the museum. But in the end he continued beyond the Essex House with its iron bow and lamp over the entrance, past Cheapside to Webb's drug store, where he purchased a bag of Peristaltic Lozengers and—after pretending to start away as if nothing more was to be secured there—the Gibraltars.

They were returning, in the general direction of Derby Wharf, when Jeremy Ammidon met a companion of past days at sea and stopped for the inevitable conversational exchange.

The latter, who had such a great spreading beard that Laurel couldn't determine whether or not he wore a neck scarf, said: "Barzil Dunsack all but died."

"Ha!" the other exclaimed.

Laurel wondered at the indelicacy in speaking about old Captain Dunsack to her grandfather when everyone in Salem knew they had quarreled years ago and not spoken to each other since.

"He was bad off," he persisted; "a cold grappled in his chest and went into lung fever. Barzil's looking wasted, what with sickness and the trouble about Edward." At a nod, half encouraging, he added: "It appears Edward left Heard & Co. in Canton and took ship back to Boston. He's there now, for what I know. Never sent any word to Salem or his father. Looks a little as if he had been turned out of his berth. Then one of Barzil's schooners caught the edge of the last hurricane off the Great Bank and went ashore on Green Turtle Key. Used him near all up."

Laurel saw that her grandfather was frowning heavily and silently moving his lips. The other left them standing and her companion brought his cane down sharply.

"Boy and boy," he said. "Barzil was a good man. . . . Looking old. So am I, so am I. Feet almost useless. Laurel," he addressed her, "I want you to go right on home. I've got to stop around and see an old friend who has been sick."

She left obediently, but paused once to gaze back incredulously at the bulky shape of her grandfather moving toward Barzil Dunsack's. That quarrel was part of their family history—she had been aware of it as long as she had of the solemn clock in the second hall; and not very far back, perhaps when she was eight, it had taken a fresh activity of discussion round the person of her Uncle Gerrit, who it was feared might now be drowned at sea. What it had all been about neither she nor her sisters knew, for not only was the subject dropped at the approach of any of them but they were forbidden to mention it.

At home she was unable to communicate her surprising news at once because of the





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flood of talk that met her from the drawing-room. Olive Wibird and Lacy, her cousin, were engaged with Sidsall in a conversation often a duet and sometimes a trio.

Laurel took a seat at the edge of the chatter and followed it comprehensively. She didn't like Olive Wibird, who would greet her in a sugary voice; but elsewhere Olive was tremendously admired. There were always men about her, serenades rising from the lawn beneath her window, and Laurel herself had seen Olive's dressing table laden with bouquets in frilly lace paper. She had one now, in a holder of mother-of-pearl, with a gilt chain and ring. Her wide skirt was a mass of overdrapery, knots of moss roses and green gauze ribbons; while a silver cord ending in a tassel fell forward among her curls. Lacy Saltonstone, almost as plainly dressed as Sidsall, was as usual sitting straighter than anyone else Laurel ever saw. She had a brown face with a finely curved nose and brown eyes, and her voice was cool and decided.

"For me," she said, "he is the most fascinating person in Salem."

Olive Wibird made a swift face of dissent. "He's too stiff, and there is gray in his hair. I like more sparkling bock with my men. Dancing with him he holds you as if you were glass."

"I don't seem to remember you and Mr. Brevard together," Lacy commented.

"He hasn't asked me for centuries," the other admitted. "He did Sidsall, though, as we all remember; didn't he, love?"

Sidsall's cheeks turned bright pink. Laurel dispassionately wished that her sister wouldn't make such a show of herself. It was too bad that Sidsall was so—so broad and well-looking; she was not in the least pale or interesting, and had neither Lacy Saltonstone's thin gracefulness nor Olive's popular manner.

"It was very noble of him," Sidsall granted.

"But he was extremely engaged," Lacy assured her with her wide slow stare. "He told me that you were like apple blossoms."

That might please Sidsall, thought Laurel, but she personally held apple blossoms to be a very common sort of flower.

Evidently something of the kind had occurred to Olive, too, for she said: "Heaven only knows what men will admire. It's clear they don't like a prude. I intend to have a good time until I get married ——"

"But what if you love in vain?" Sidsall interrupted.

"There isn't any need for that," Olive told her. "When I see a man I want I'm going to get him. It's easy if you know how and make opportunities. I always have one garter a little loose."

"Laurel," her sister turned, "I'm certain your supper is ready. Go right along like a nice child."

In her room a woman with a flat worn face and a dusty wisp of hair across her neck was spreading underlinen, ironed into beautiful narrow wisps of pleating, in a drawer. It was Hodie, a Methodist, the only one Laurel knew, and the latter was always entranced by the servant's religious exclamations, doubts and audible prayers. She was saying something now about pits, gauds and vanities; and she ended a short profession of faith with an amen so loud and sudden that Laurel, though she was waiting for it, jumped.

It was past seven, the air was so sweet with lilacs that they seemed to be blooming in her room, and the sunlight died slowly from still space. By leaning out of her window she could see over the Square. The lamplighter was moving along its wooden fence, leaving faint twinkling yellow lights, and there were little gleams from the windows on Bath Street beyond.

The gayety of her morning mood was replaced by a dim kind of wondering; her thoughts became uncertain, like the objects in the quivering light outside. The palest possible star shone in the yellow sky; she had to look hard or it was lost. Janet, stirring in the next room, seemed so far away that she might not hear her, Laurel, no matter how loudly she called.

"Janet!" she cried, prompted by unreasoning dread.

"You needn't to yell," Janet complained at the door.

But already Laurel was oblivious of her; she had seen a familiar figure slowly crossing Washington Square—her grandfather coming home from Captain Dunsack's.

Gracious, how poky he was; she was glad that she wasn't dragging along at his side. He seemed bigger and rounder than usual. She heard the tap of his cane as he left the Common for Pleasant Street; then his feet moved and stopped, moved and stopped, up the steps of their house.

She was sorry now that she hadn't known what an outport was, and determined to ask him to-morrow. She liked his stories, that Camilla disdained, about crews and Hong-Kong and the stormy Cape. The thought of Cape Horn brought back the memory of her Uncle Gerrit, absent in the ship Nautilus. Her mental pictures of him were not clear; he was almost always at sea; but she remembered his eyes, which were very confusing to encounter; and his hair, parted and carelessly brushing the bottoms of his ears.

Laurel recalled hearing that Gerrit was his father's favorite, and she suddenly understood something of the unhappiness that weighed upon the old man. She hoped desperately that Janet or Camilla wouldn't come in and laugh at her for crying. In bed she saw that the room was rapidly filling with dusk. Only yesterday she would have told herself that the dragon in the teakwood chair was stirring; but now Laurel could see that it never moved. She rocked like the little boats that crossed the harbor or came in from the ships anchored beyond the wharves, and settled into a sleep like a great placid sea flooding the world—her home and the lamplighter and her grandfather sorrowing for Uncle Gerrit.

### II

WHEN Jeremy Ammidon sent his granddaughter home alone and turned toward Captain Dunsack's, on Hardy Street, he stopped for a moment to approve the diminishing sturdy figure. All William's children, though they were girls, were remarkably handsome, with glowing red cheeks and clear eyes, tumbling masses of hair and a generous vigor of body. He sighed at Laurel's superabundant youth, and moved carefully forward; he was very heavy and his progress was uncertain. His thoughts were divided between the present and the past—Barzil Dunsack, aged and ill and unfortunate, and the happening long ago that had resulted in a separation of years after a close youthful companionship.

It had occurred while Barzil was master of the brig Luna, owned by Billy Gray, and he, Jeremy, was first mate. In the exactness with which he recalled every detail of his life in ships he remembered that at the time they were off Bourbon Island, about a hundred and ten miles southwest of the Isle of France. The Luna was close-hauled, and while Barzil was giving an order at the wheel she fetched a bad lee lurch and sent him in a heap across the deck, striking his head against the bumkin bitts. He had got up dazed but apparently not seriously injured; and after his head had been swabbed and bound by the steward he returned to the poop. There, however, his conduct had been so peculiar—among other things sending down the watch to put on Sunday rig against a possible hail by the Lord—that, after a long consultation with Mr. Patterson, the second mate, and the boatswain, and a brief announcement to the crew, he, Jeremy Ammidon, had taken command in their interest and that of the owner.

Barzil had made difficulties; Mr. Patterson struck up a leveled revolver in the master's hand just as it exploded. They had confined him, in charge of the unhappy steward, to his cabin, where, after he had completely recovered from the effects of the blow and Jeremy had been upheld by the authorities at Table Bay, he stubbornly remained until the Luna had been warped into Salem. From the moment of their landing they had not exchanged a word.

Jeremy was surprised to find himself at present bound toward the other's house. He was not certain that Barzil would even see him; but, he muttered, the thing had lasted long enough, they were too old for such foolishness; and the other had come into adverse winds now, when he should be lying quietly in a snug harbor.

He had never paid serious attention to the threatened complication two or three years before, when Gerrit had been seen repeatedly with Kate Dunsack's irregularly born daughter. He was sorry for the two women. It was his opinion that the man had been shipped drunk by some boarding-house runner; anyhow, only the second day out Vollar had been lost overboard from the main-royal yard, and Kate's child born outside the law. It was hard, he told himself again, walking down Orange Street past the Custom House to Derby.

(Continued on Page 113)

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(Continued from Page 110)

The girl, Nettie Vollar—they had adopted the father's name—was attractive in a decided French way—with crisp black hair, a pert nose and dimple, and, why—good heavens!—twenty-one or two years old if she was a week. How time did run! It was nothing extraordinary if Gerrit had been seen a time or two with her on the street, or even if he had called at the Dunsacks'. Barzil's and his quarrel didn't extend to all the members of their families; and as for the Dunsacks being common—that was nonsense. Barzil was as good as he any day; only while he had prospered and moved up into a showy place on the Common, the other had had the head winds. Through no fault of his own the reputation had fastened on him of being unlucky in his cargoes. If he carried tea and colonial exports to, say, Antwerp, they would have been declared contraband while he was at sea, and seized on the docks. He had been blown, in an impenetrable fog, ashore on Tierra del Fuego, and barely making Cape Pembroke had been obliged to beach his ship, a total loss.

Then there was Kate's trouble. Barzil was a rigorously moral and religious man, and his pain at that last must have been heavy.

Jeremy Ammidon's mind turned to Gerrit, his son; this interest in Nettie Vollar, if it had existed, was characteristic of the boy, who had a quick heart and an honest disdain for the muddling narrow ways of the land. He would have sought her out simply from the instinct to protest against the smugness of Salem opinion. A fine sailor, and a master at twenty-two. A great one to carry sail; yet in the sixteen years of his commands he had had no more serious accident than the loss of a fore-topgallant mast and splitting a couple of courses. It was Gerrit's ability, the splendid qualities of his ship, that made Jeremy still hope he would come sailing into the harbor with some narration of delay and danger overcome.

He was now on Derby Street, in a region of rigging and sail lofts, block and pump makers, ships' stores, spar yards, gilders, carvers and workers in metal. There was a strong smell of tar and new canvas and the flat odor that rose at low water. Sailors passed, yellow powerful Scandinavians and dark men with earrings from Southern latitudes, in red or checked shirts, blue dungarees and glazed black hats with trailing ribbons; or in cheap and clumsy shore clothes. There was a scraping of fiddle from an upper window, the sound of heavy capering feet and the flat laughter of harbor-side women.

On Hardy Street he continued to the last house at the right, the farther side of which gave across a yard of uneven bricks, straggling bushes and aged splitting apple trees and an expanse of lush grass ending abruptly in a wooden embankment and the water. A short fence turned in from the sidewalk to the front door, where Jeremy knocked. A long pause followed, in which he became first impatient and then irritable; and he was lifting his hand for a second summons when the door suddenly opened and he was facing Kate Vollar. There was only a faint trace of surprise on her apathetic—Jeremy Ammidon called it moonlike—countenance; as if her overwhelming mischance had robbed her features of all further expressions of interest or concern.

"I heard," Jeremy said in a voice pitched loud enough to conceal any inward uncertainty, "that your father has been sick. Met Captain Rendell on Essex Street and he said Barzil had lung fever. Thought I'd see if there was any truth in it."

"He just managed to stay alive," Kate Vollar replied, gazing at him with her stilled gray eyes. "But he's better now, though he's not up and about yet. Shall I tell him that—that you are here?"

"Yes. Just say Jeremy Ammidon's below, and would like to pass a greeting with him."

He followed the woman in and entered a large gloomy chamber while she mounted the stair leading directly from the front. The blackened fireplace, gaping uncovered for the summer, the woodwork, painted yellow with an artificial graining, and a stiff set of ebonized chairs, their dingy crimson plush backs protected by elaborate thread antimacassars, seemed to hold and reflect the misfortunes of their owner. Jeremy picked up an ostrich egg painted with a clump of viciously green coconut palms and a cottony surf; he put it down with an absent smile and impatiently fingered a volume of The Life of Harriet Atwood Newell. She was one of the missionaries who had gone out on the Caravan, with Augustine Heard, to India, but, forbidden to land there, had died not long after on the Isle of France.

"Houqua was a damned good heathen," he said aloud; "and so was Nasservanjee." He left the table and proceeded to a window opening upon the harbor, here fretted with wharves. A barque was fast in a small stone-bound dock, newly in, his practiced glance saw, from a blue-water voyage, Africa probably. Her standing gear was in a perfection and beauty of order that spoke of long tranquil days in the trades, and that no mere harbor riggers could hope to accomplish. The deck was burdened with the ugly confusion of unloading. Jeremy studied the jibs stowed in harbor covers, the raking masts and tapering royal poles over the stolid roofs. Ordinarily, seeing no more, he could not only name a vessel trading out of Salem, but from her rig recognize any one of a score of masters who, otherwise unheralded, might be in command.

However, here he was at a loss, and he thought again of the change, the decline that had overtaken Salem shipping, the celebrated merchants; the pennants of William Gray, he reflected, had flown from the main truck of fifteen ships, seven barques, thirteen brigs and schooners. Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone, in spite of his vehement protests, the counsel of the oldest member of the firm, were moving shipment by shipment all their business to Boston, listening to the promptings of State Street and Central Wharf.

At the right was the sagging landing from which Barzil's schooners sailed, trading with the West Indies; and back of it, and of his house, stood the small office. His mind had turned to this inconsiderable commerce when Kate Vollar entered and told him that her father would see him.

Barzil Dunsack was propped up in bed in a room above that in which Jeremy had been waiting. He, totally different from the other, showed his age in sunken dry cheeks, a forehead like an arch of bone, and a thick short gray beard. A long faded lock of hair had been hastily brushed forward and an incongruously bright knitted scarf drawn about his shoulders.

Jeremy Ammidon concealed his dismay not only at Barzil's wrecked being but at the dismal aspect of the interior, the worn rugs with their pieces of once bright material frayed and loose, the splitting veneer of an old chest of drawers and blistered mirror above a dusty iron grate. "You have got in among the rocks!" he exclaimed. "Still, they tell me you've weathered the worst. Copper-bound and oak ribs. Don't build them like that to-day."

Barzil Dunsack's eyes were bright and searching behind steel-rimmed spectacles, and he studied Jeremy without replying.

"Well, isn't there a salute in you?" the latter demanded, incensed. "I'm not a Malay proa."

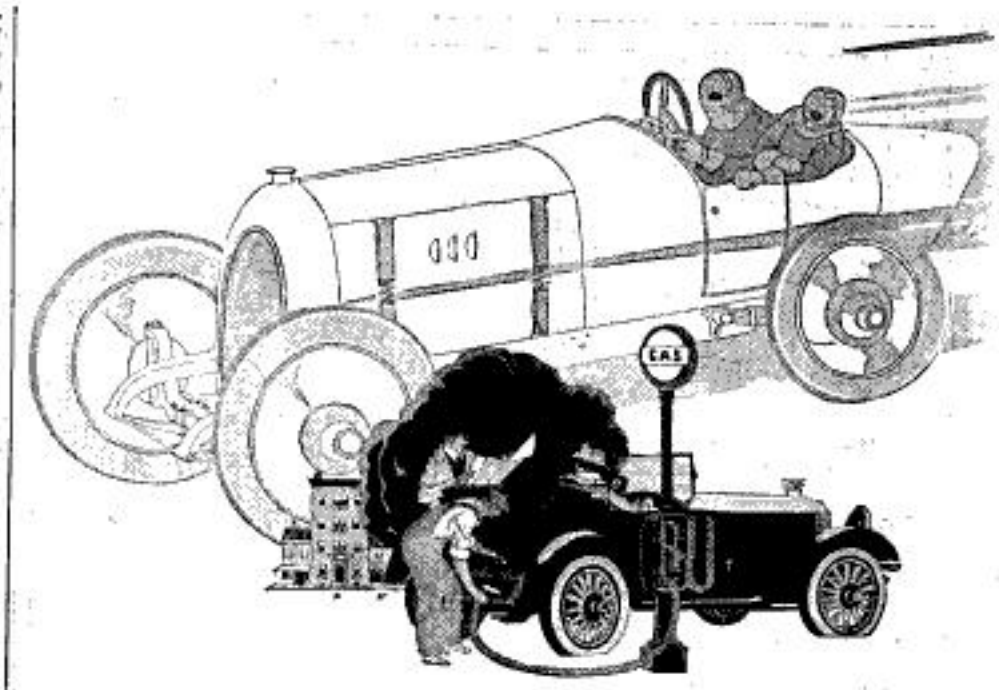
The grim shadow of a smile dawned on Barzil's countenance. "I mind one hanging on our quarter by Formosa," he returned; "I trained a cannon aft and fired a shot, when she sheered off. That was in the Flora in 'ninety-seven."

A long silence enveloped them. Jeremy's mind was thronged with memories of ports and storms, mates and ships and logged days. "Remember Oahu like it was when we first made it?" he queried; "and the Kanaka girls swimming out to the ship with hibiscus flowers in their hair? Yes, and the anchorage at Tahiti, with the swells pounding on the coral reef, and Papeete under the mountain? It was nice there in the afternoon, lying off the beach with the white cottages among the palms and orange trees and the band playing in the grove by Government House."

Captain Dunsack frowned at the trivial character of these memories. He muttered something about the weight of the Lord and the carnal hearts of the men in ships.

Jeremy declared: "Stuff! He'll wink at a sailorman, with hardly a free day on shore. It wasn't bad at Calcutta, either, with an awning on the quarter-deck, watching the carriages and syces in the Maidan, and maybe a corpse or two floating about the gangway from the burning ghauts."

"A mean entrance," Barzil Dunsack asserted. "I don't know a worse with the southwest monsoon in the Bay of Bengal and the pilot brigs gone from the Sand Heads. That's where Heard got pounded


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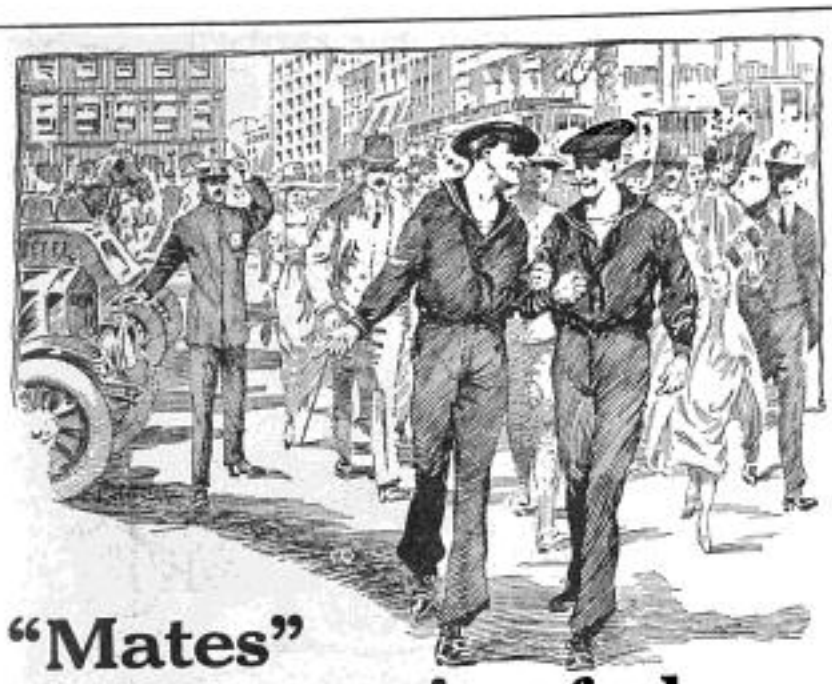
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with the Emerald drawing nineteen feet, and eighteen on the bar. Shook the reefs out of his topsails, laid her on her beam ends, and with some inches saved scraped in.

"Pick up the three Juggernaut pagodas of Ganjam," Jeremy remarked absently.

"'Thou shalt have no other God ——'"

Jeremy, with a glint in his eye, asked, "Wasn't your last consignment of West India molasses marked Medford?"

"You always were a scoffer," the other replied, unmoved.

"How's Nettie?" Jeremy Ammidon inquired.

Barzil's lips tightened. "I haven't seen her for a little," he replied. "She's been visiting at Ipswich."

Jeremy added, "A good girl," but the man in bed made no further comment. His undimmed gaze was fastened upon a wall, his mouth folded in a hard line on a harsh and deeply seamed countenance—an able man pursued by bad luck.

"Nothing's been heard from Gerrit," Jeremy said after a little.

Still the other kept silent.

Jeremy's face darkened. If Barzil hadn't a decent word for the fact that Gerrit was seven months overdue, perhaps lost, this was not a house for him.

"I say that we've had nothing from my son since he lay in the Lyemun Pass, off Hong-Kong," he repeated sharply.

A spasm of suffering, instantly controlled, passed over Barzil's face. "Gerrit called once and again before he last sailed for Montevideo," he finally pronounced. "I forbid it and he left in a temper. I—I won't have another mortal sin here like Kate's."

"Do you mean that Gerrit's loose?" Jeremy hotly demanded, rising. "A more honorable boy never breathed!"

Barzil was cold. "I told him not to come back," he repeated; "it would only lead to—to shamefulness."

Jeremy shook his cane toward the bed. "I may be a scoffer," he cried, "but I wouldn't hold a judgment over a child of mine! I'm not so damned holy that I can look down on a misfortunate girl. If Gerrit did come to see Nettie and the boy had a liking for her—why, you drove away a cursed good husband. And if you think for a minute I wouldn't welcome her because that Vollar fell off a yard before he could find a preacher you're an old fool!"

"Nettie must bear her burden; she'd be better dead than a stumbling block."

"Well, I'd rather be a drunken pierhead jumper on the Waterloo Road than any such pious blue nose. I'll tell you this, too, I'd hate to ship afore the mast under you, for all you'd have the ensign on the booby hatch with prayers read Sunday morning.

"I don't wonder you got into weather; I'd have no word for a Creator who didn't blow in your eye."

"I'll listen to no blasphemy, Captain Ammidon," Barzil Dunsack said sternly.

"And I'll speak my mind, Captain Dunsack; it's this—your girls are a long sight too good for you or for any other judgmatical, psalm-singing devildodger." He stood fuming at the door. "Good afternoon to you!"

Barzil Dunsack reclined with his gaunt bearded head sunk forward on his thin chest swathed in the gay worsted wrap, his wasted hands, the tendons corded with pale violet veins, clenched outside the checkered quilt beneath which his body made scarcely a mark.

Outside, in the soft glow of beginning dusk afternoon, Jeremy blamed himself bitterly for his anger at the sick man. He had gone to see him in a spirit friendly with old memories, forgetful of their long quarrel in the stirred emotions of the past days of youth and first manhood; and he had shouted at Barzil as if he were a lubber at the masthead.

He realized that in order to be in time for supper he must turn toward the Common and home; but his gaze caught the spars of the strange barque; and mechanically he made his way over a narrow grassy passage to the wharf. She was the Cora Sellers of Marblehead, and he recognized from a glance at the cargo that she had been out to the East Coast of Africa—Mozambique and Zanzibar, Aden and Muscat. A matted frail of dates swung ponderously in air; there were baled goatskins and sacks of Mocha coffee, sagging baskets of reddish, unwashed gum copal carried in bulk, and a sun-blackened mate smoking a rat-tail Dutch cigar was supervising the moving of elephant tusks in a milky glimmer of ivory ashore.

There was a vague murmur of the rising tide, beyond the wharves and warehouses the water was faintly rippled in silver and rose, and a ship was standing into the harbor with all her canvas spread to the light wind. He turned away with a sigh and walked slowly up toward the elms of Pleasant Street. At his front door he stopped to regard the polished brass plate, where in place of his name he had caused to be engraved the words Java Head. They held for him, coming into this pleasant dwelling after so many tumultuous years at sea, the symbol of the safe and happy end of an arduous voyage; just as the high black rock of Java Head thrusting up over the horizon promised the placidity and accomplishment of the Sunda Strait.

Whenever he noticed the plate he felt again the relief of coasting that northerly shore. He saw the mate forward with the crew passing the chains through the hawse-pipes and shackling them to the anchors. The island rose from the level groves of shore palms to lofty blue peaks terraced with rice and red-massed kina plantations, with shining streams and green kananga flowers and tamarinds. The land breeze, fragrant with clove buds and cinnamon, came off to the ship in the vaporous dusk. At the blazing white sunlight of morning the Anjer sampans swarmed out with a shrill chatter of brilliant birds, monkeys and naked brown humanity, piled with dark green oranges and limes and purple mangosteen.

In the last few years, particularly with Gerrit away, Jeremy had turned more and more from the surroundings of his house—rather it had become William's house—to an inner life of memories. His own active life seemed to him to have been infinitely fuller, more purposeful and various, than that of present existence at Java Head. All Salem had been different; he had a certain contempt for the existence of his son William and the latter's associates and friends. He had said that the trading now done in ships was like dealing at a Boston store, and the merchants reminded him of storekeepers. The old days, when a voyage was a public affair and a ship's manifest posted in the Custom House, on which anyone might write himself down for a varying part of the responsibility and profit, had given place to closed capital; the passages from port to port, with the captain as often as not his own supercargo and a figure of importance, had become scheduled affairs in which a master was subjected to any countinghouse clerk with'an order from the firm. The ships themselves were fast being ruined.

He was in his room after supper, seated momentarily on a day bed with a covering of white Siberian fox skins, and he pronounced aloud in a tone of satirical contempt the single word, "Clipper!" Nearly everyone in the shipping business seemed to have been touched by this madness for the ridiculous ideas of an experimental Griffiths and his model of a ship with the bows turned inside out, the greatest beam aft and a dead rise like an inverted roof. That the Rainbow, the initial result of this insanity, hadn't capsized at her launching had been due to some freak of chance; just as her miraculous preservation through a voyage or so to China could have been made possible only by continuously mild weather.

Even if the Rainbow had been fast—her run was called ninety-two days out to Canton and home in eighty-eight—it was absurd to suppose that there had been the usual monsoon. And if she did come in a little ahead of vessels built on a solid full-bodied model—why, her hold had no cargo capacity worth the name. Things on the seas were going to the devil!

Jeremy moved down to the library, where he lighted a cheroot and addressed himself to the Gazette; but his restlessness increased, the paper drooped and his thoughts turned to Gerrit as a small boy. He saw him leaving home, for the first time, to go to the school at Andover, in a cloth cap with a glazed peak, striped long pantaloons and blue coat and waistcoat; later at the high desk in the countingrooms of Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone; then sailing as supercargo on one of the company's ships to Russia and Liverpool. He had soon dropped such clerking for seamen's duties, and his rise to mastership had been rapid.

Rhoda, William's wife, entered and stood before him accusingly.

"You are worrying again," she declared; "in here all by yourself. It really seems as

(Continued on Page 117)

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(Continued from Page 114)

f you didn't believe in our interest or affection. I have a feeling, and you know they are always right, that Gerrit will sail into the harbor any day now."

He had always liked Rhoda, a large handsome woman with rich coloring—her countenance somehow reminded him of an apricot—and fine clothes. She paused, studied him for a moment and then asked, "Was your call on Captain Dunsack pleasant?"

"It ought to have been," he confided, "but I got mad and talked like a Dutch uncle, and Barzil went off on a holy tack."

"About Nettie Vollar?"

Jeremy nodded. "Look here, Rhoda," he demanded, "did Gerrit ever say anything to you about her?"

"Yes," she told him; "Gerrit was very frank."

"Did he like the girl?"

"I couldn't make that out. But if there hadn't been, well—something unusual in her circumstances I think he would never have noticed her. Gerrit is a curious mixture—a very impressionable heart and a contrary stubborn will. He was sorry for Nettie and, at the way a great many people treated her, threw himself into opposition. Nettie's father made him very mad; and Gerrit pretty well damned all Salem before he left in the Nautilus. He was excruciatingly funny; you know Gerrit can be, particularly when he imitates anybody. I think being away at sea a great deal and having absolute command of everything give men a different view of things from ours. What is terribly important to Salem hardly touches Gerrit; it's all silly pretense, or worse, to him.

"I wouldn't mind that if it weren't for the sense of humor that leads him into the wildest extravagances, and the fact that he'll act on his feelings. You know I'm devoted to him, but I give a sigh of relief whenever he gets away on his ship without doing any one of the hundred insanities he threatens."

"Gerrit's like me," he said.

"More than William," she agreed. "William is never impetuous, and he's often impatient with his brother. He's a splendid husband, but Gerrit would make a wonderful lover. I'm thankful I never fell into his affections—too wearing for an indolent woman."

"You've been a great comfort and pleasure, Rhoda," he told her. "I only wish Gerrit could marry someone like you ——"

"But who would give him sons," she interrupted.

"It's just as you say about him, and I've always been uneasy. God knows what he won't do—on land. William's a great deal happier, for all his brother's humor. I joke William, but he's very satisfactory and solid. He'll make port if he doesn't get tied up with newfangled notions. Why, it stands to reason that a ship built like a knife would double up in the seas off the Falklands."

"He has a lot of confidence in Mr. McKay."

"McKay is a good man unsettled. The May Broughton is a fine barque, and his packet ships are as seaworthy as any, but ——" His indignation increased so that he sputtered, and Rhoda laughed. "Now your girls," he added, "fine models, all of them, plenty of beam, work in any kind of weather."

"That's very complimentary," she assured him, rising. "You mustn't worry about Gerrit. Remember—my predictions never fail."

When she had gone his mind returned to storms he had safely weathered—the gray gales of Cape Horn, black hurricanes and the explosive tempests in Eastern straits and seas. He took from the drawer of a bookcase with glass doors set in geometrical pattern a thin volume bound in black boards. A paper label was inscribed in a small, carefully formed script, "Journal of my intended voyage from Salem to the East Indies in the Ship Woodbine." He opened at random:

"Comes in with strong wind from SSE with rain squalls. Very ugly sea on. Double reefed the topsails, reefed the courses and furled the mainsail. At six P. M. shipped a very heavy sea that carried away the bulwarks on the larboard quarter and stove those on the starboard quarter and amidships . . . upper cabin filled with water. Through the night strong gales. . . . Lightning at all points of the compass."

The memory of this night, six days out from Manila to Hong-Kong, was clearer than the actuality of the room in which he sat—an old man with his activity, his strength, his manhood far behind him, a hulk.

"At ten split the mainsail in pieces. Close reefed the fore and double reefed the maintopsails. Rising gales and heavy head sea. Shipping a great quantity of water and leaking. Bent a new mainsail and set it. Reefed and set the jib. Pumping near two thousand strokes an hour.

"October seventh, Sunday. Comes in with strong gales and a heavy head sea. Both officers crippled and man laid up. Through the night the same. Leaking badly. A great number of junks in sight . . . and so at five P. M. come to anchor."

He had been a good man then, sixteen days on the quarter-deck without going below; insensible to ice or fever or weariness. He had been autocratic, too, and had his boy servant carrying areca nuts, chunam and tobacco in two silk bags, another with a fan and a third holding an umbrella. Such things were all over now, he understood, in this driving age.

His mind continually returned to Gerrit, to dwell on the vast number of perils held in store by the sea. There was always the possibility of scurvy, an entire crew rotting alive in the forecastle and the ship broached to, dismasted; of mutiny; the sheer smothering finality of volcanic waves. He had never realized until now, in the misery of uncertainty, the hellish loneliness of a shipmaster at sea; the pride of duty, the necessity of discipline, that put him beyond all counsel, all assistance and human interdependence. Jeremy, who had arrogantly accepted this responsibility without a question, through so many long years and voyages, now dreaded it, found it an inhuman burden for his son.

William couldn't be expected to appreciate the difficulties of his brother's position; all the former's experience had been got when, with James Saltonstone and a party of Salem merchants, he ventured to the lighthouse at the entrance of the harbor, had a cold collation, and returned with the pilot or in the Custom House sloop. These occasions of huzzas and salutes and speeches were supplemented with a hasty inspection, now and then, of a vessel lying still at the wharf with sails harbor furled. William guessed little of the long effort through which a ship won from the first of those moments to the last. He was solely concerned with the returns of the cargo.

However, Rhoda was right, and this mooning wouldn't bring Gerrit into port. He turned to the bookcase, where a squat bottle of Medford rum rested beside a tumbler; after a drink he lighted a cheroot and smoking vigorously, with hands clasped behind him, paced back and forth in an undeviating line between the door to the hall and a dark polished secretary he had bought in London.

While he was walking Camilla came into the room and sedately took a seat on one of the formal chairs against the wall.

"I guess you think that's the deck of a ship," she said conversationally.

He regarded her with a faint threatening glint of humor. Camilla's dignity was stupendous; particularly now, when, he observed, her skirts stood out in a thoroughly grown manner. He liked Laurel best of William's children; she had, in spite of her confusion in regard to outports, a surprising grasp upon many of the details of life on shipboard, and a largeness of manner and expression entertaining in a little girl. Sidsall was the most ingratiating—she had Gerrit's direct kindling gaze; Janet showed no individuality yet beyond an entire willingness to conform to outward circumstance while pursuing deeply secret speculations within. But Camilla impressed the entire family by the rigidity of her correctness in personal and social niceties. At times, he felt, she would be a nuisance but for the firm hand of her mother and his own contribution to their well-being by an occasional sly sally.

"It might be that," he admitted, "if it weren't for the facts that it's a house and library, and I'm an old man, and you're not at all like the second mate."

"I should hope not!" she replied decidedly. "A second mate isn't anything; and I am a—a young lady, anyhow."

"You'll soon be out at dances."

"I go to parties now—that is, mother let me stay at the Coggswells' on Thursday until the men came at nine for sangaree. And I'm at all the Ballad Soirées."

He made a gesture of pretended surprise and admiration. "I don't suppose they


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30 What Next ?

ever have a good chantey with the stuff they play?" he queried.

"Dear me, no! Mr. Dempster sings The Indian's Lament, and The May Queen; that's a cantata and it's in three parts."

Jeremy began to hum, and in a moment was intoning in a loud monotonous voice, sweeping a hand up and down:

*"To my hero, Bangedero,*
*Singing hey for a gay Hash girl."*

"I don't think that's very nice," she said primly.

"What do you mean—not very nice?" he demanded, incensed. "There's nothing finer with a rousing chanteyman leading it and the watch hauling on the braces. You'd never hear the like at any Ballad Soirée. And:

*"Sweet William, he married a wife,*
*'Gentle Jenny,' cried Rose Marie,*
*To be the sweet comfort of his life,*
*As the dew flies over the mulberry tree."*

"There isn't much sense to it," she observed.

For a little, indignant at her disparagement of such noble fragments, he tramped silently back and forth, followed by a cloud of smoke from the cheroot. No one on land could understand the absorbing significance of every detail of a ship's life. Only Gerrit, of all his family, knew the chanteys and watches, the anxiety and beauty of landfalls—the blue Falklands or Teneriffe rising above the clouds, the hurried making and taking of sail in the squalls of the Doldrums.

"In India," he told her, stopping in his measured course, "female children are given to the crocodiles."

Her mouth parted at this, her eyes became dilated, and she slipped from the chair.

"That's perfectly awfully appalling," she breathed. "The little brown girl babies!

"Oh, father," she cried as William Ammidon came into the library, "what do you suppose grandfather says? That in India female children are—crocodiles." Words failed her.

"What's the sense in frightening the child, father?" William remonstrated. "I wish you would keep those horrors for the old heathen of the Marine Society."

Jeremy had a lively sense of guilt; he had been betrayed by Camilla's confounded airs and pretensions. He ought to be ashamed of himself, telling the girl such things.

"The British Government is putting a stop to that," he added hastily; "and to suttees ——"

"What are they?" she inquired.

"Never mind, Camilla," her father interposed. "Go up with your mother and sisters."

"I suppose it's no good speaking to you," William continued; "but my family is not a crew, and this house isn't the Two Capes. You might make some effort to realize you're on land."

"I know I'm on land, William; tell that any day from a sight of you. You can afford to listen a little now and then about the sea. That's where all you have came from; it's the same with near everybody in Salem.

"Vessels brought them and vessels kept them going; and, with the wharves as empty as they were this afternoon, soon there won't be any Salem to talk about."

"The tide's turned from here," the other replied. "With the increase in tonnage and the importance of time we need the railway and docking facility of the larger cities—Boston and New York."

"It's running out fast enough," Jeremy agreed; "and there's a lot going out with it you'll never see again—like the men who put a reef in England in 'twelve."

"You are always sounding the same strings; we're at peace with the world now, and a good thing for shipping."

"Peace!" the elder declared hotly. "You and the Democrats may call it that, but it's a damned swindle, with the British to windward of you and hardly a sail now drawing in your ropes. What did Edmund Burke tell Parliament in 'seventy-five about our whalers, hey? Why, that from Davis Strait to the Antipodes, from the Falklands to Africa—we outdrove Holland, France and England. After the laws and bounties Congress passed in 'eighty-nine, what could you see? Something like a half million tonnage gained in three years or so. In the war of 'twelve——"

"Now, father," William put in, "you are getting excited again. It isn't good for you. We are not all such fools to-day as you make out."

"Look at the masters themselves," Jeremy resumed explosively; "gentlemen like Gerrit, from Harvard University, and not lime-juicers beating their way aft with a belaying pin. They could sail a ship with two-thirds the crew of a Britisher with her clumsy yellow hemp sails with a belly you could lose a dinghy in. Mind, I don't say the English aren't handy in a ship and that they wouldn't clew up a topsail clean at the edge of hell. What we are on the seas came over from them. But we bettered it, William; and they knew it, and naturally enough laid out to sail round us. I don't blame England, but I do our damn ——"

"Father," the other firmly interrupted, "you are shouting as if you were on the quarter-deck in a gale. I must insist on your quieting down; you'll burst a blood vessel."

"Maybe I am," Jeremy muttered; "and it wouldn't matter much if I did. When I see a nation with shipmasters who would set their royals when others hove to, and get there, all snarled up with shore lines and political duffel, I'm nigh ready to burst something."

"Rhoda said that you were at the Dunsacks' this afternoon; I saw Edward in Boston yesterday."

"I don't care if you saw The Flying Dutchman," the other asserted, breathing stormily.

"It's curious about the China service," William went on; "anyone out there for a number of years gets to look Chinese. Edward is as yellow as a lemon, but nothing like as pleasant a color. Thin, too, and nervous; hands crawling all over themselves, never still for a moment. He didn't say why he had left Heard & Co., and I didn't like to ask. Edward came on from England in the Queen of the West, the Swallow Tail Line. I did ask him if he was going to settle in Salem, but he couldn't say; there was something about a Boston house.

"It seems that Gerrit carried his chest and things from Canton in the Nautilus as an accommodation."

Suddenly Jeremy felt very insecure, his body heavy and knees weak, failing. He stumbled back into the chair by the fireplace, William at his side.

"You must pay some attention to what you're told, father," the latter said anxiously. "How are you now?"

"I'm all right," he declared testily, trying to brush away the dimness floating before his eyes.

"Shall I help you up to bed?"

"I'll go to bed when I've a mind to!" Jeremy retorted. "I am not under cover yet by a long reach."

To establish his well-being he rose and moved to the secretary, where he got a fresh cheroot and lighted it with slightly trembling fingers. He grumbled inarticulately, remembering his own exploits in the carrying of sail and record runs under the bluff bows of the Honorable John Company itself.

The ebb tide, he thought, returning to William's figure and its amplification by himself. So much that had been good sweeping out to sea never to return. . . . Gerrit long overdue.

Once more he shook himself free of numbing dread; automatically he had fallen back into the passage from the secretary to the hall door. He saw that he had worn threadbare a narrow strip where his feet had so often pressed. It would be necessary for him to see about a fresh case of cheroots soon; primes too. They needn't try to put him off with the second quality. He was put off a great deal lately; people pretended to be listening to him, and all the time their thoughts were somewhere else; either that or they were merely politely concealing the opinion that he was out of date, of no importance.

His family were always providing against his fatigue or excitement. At the counting-house the gravest problems, he was certain, were withheld from him. At the thought of this possibility a fresh indignation poured through his brain. Fuming and tramping up and down he determined that to-morrow he would show any of the clerks who didn't attend to his wishes or counsel that he was still senior partner of Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone.

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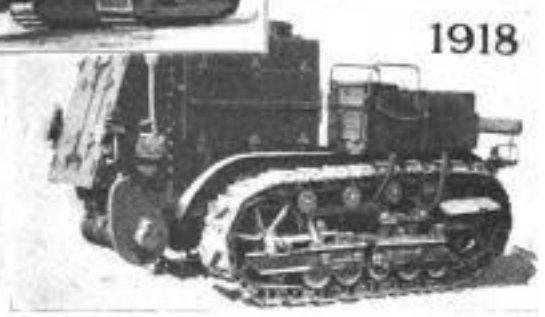

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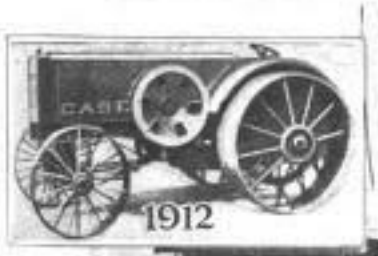






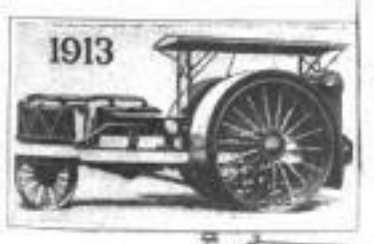
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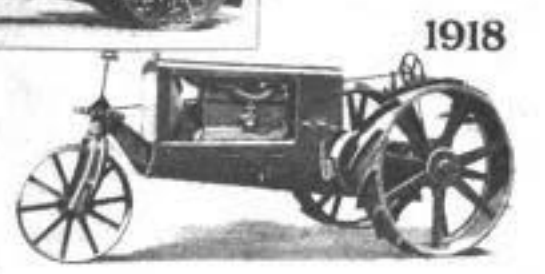




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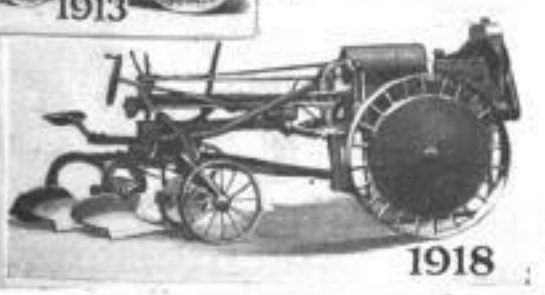

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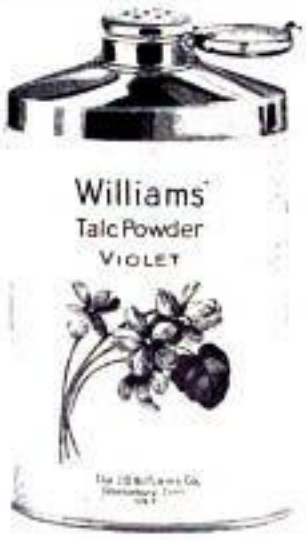




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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated
Founded A° D° 1728 by B[illegible]A

Mr. C. Hill
11th Ct.
Hyrtes Woes 24-
Leavenworth Kan

NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this magazine, place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.
NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

OCT. 12, 1918

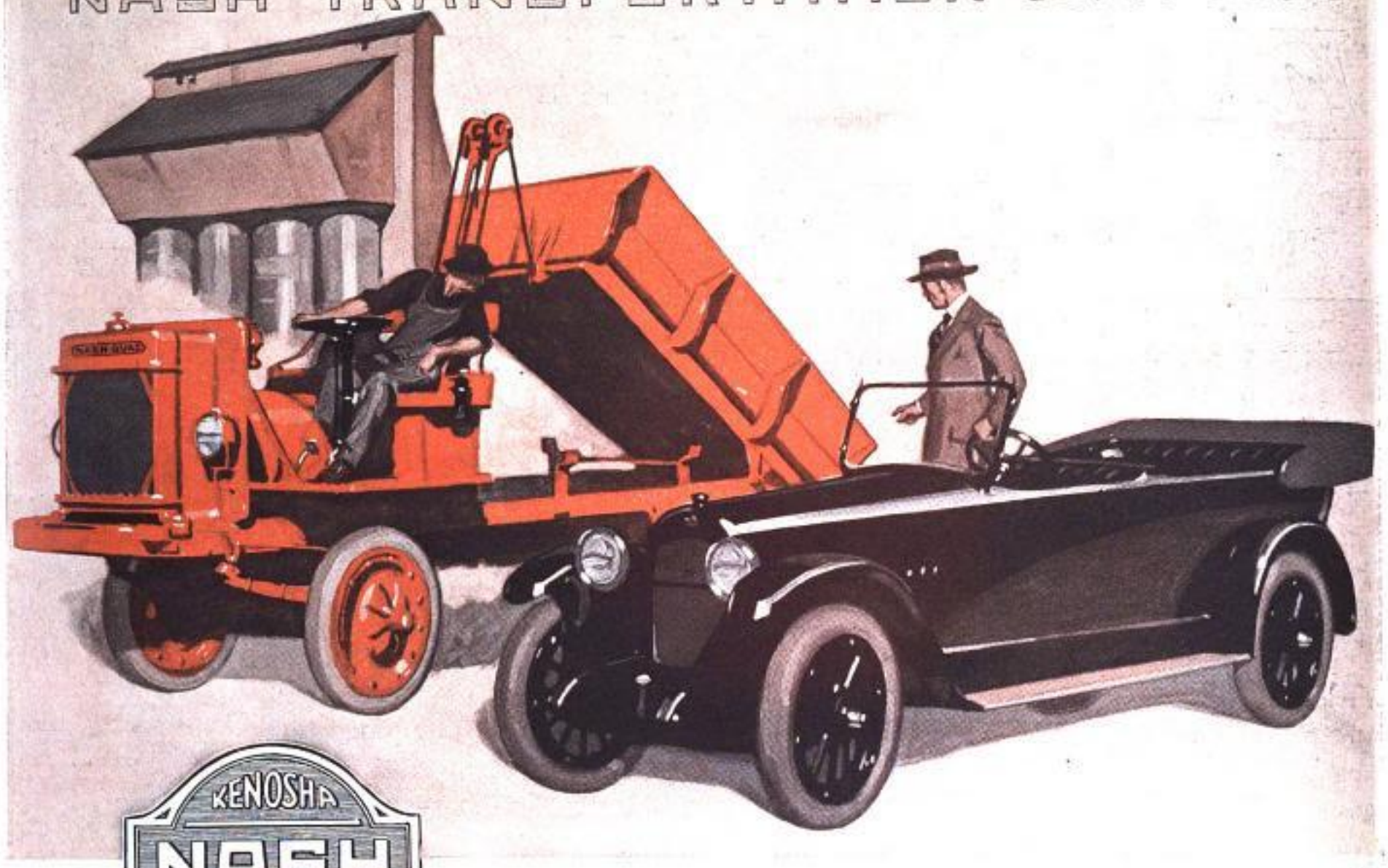
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KENOSHA NASH WISCONSIN

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IT is the war-time duty of every large manufacturing institution to place the full measure of its resources at the disposal of the Government.

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The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin

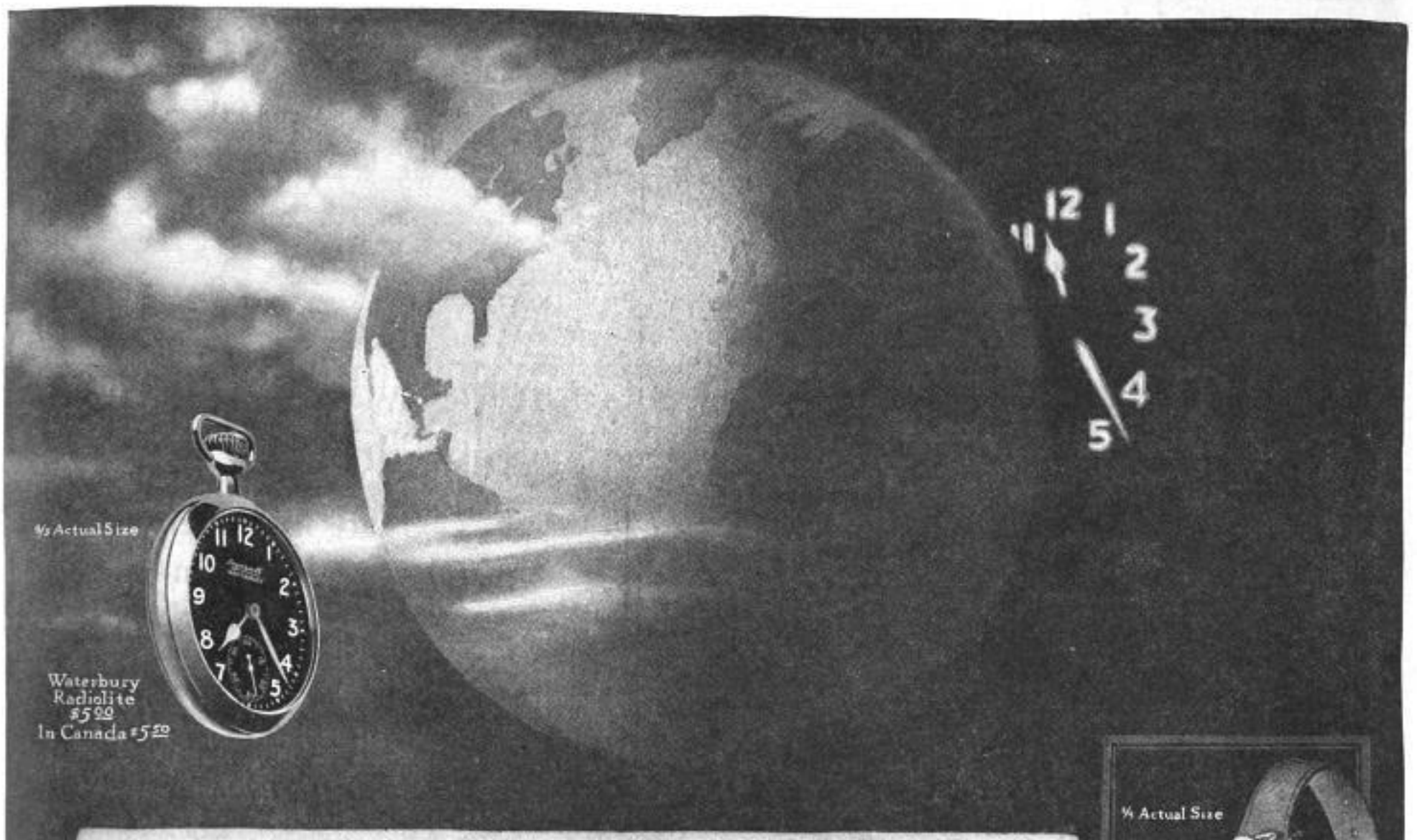
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# Ingersoll Radiolite

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## Tells Time in the Dark

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# Get more work out of your clothes

CLOTHES are like men in the service they render; some do so much work and do it so well they're cheap at $50; others are a waste at $25. There is no place in the world these days for a wasteful man—nor for wasteful clothes either.

Save money for yourself and release labor and material for war work by getting all-wool clothes that last. Don't buy until you need clothes; you won't need them so often if they're good ones.

**Hart Schaffner & Marx**

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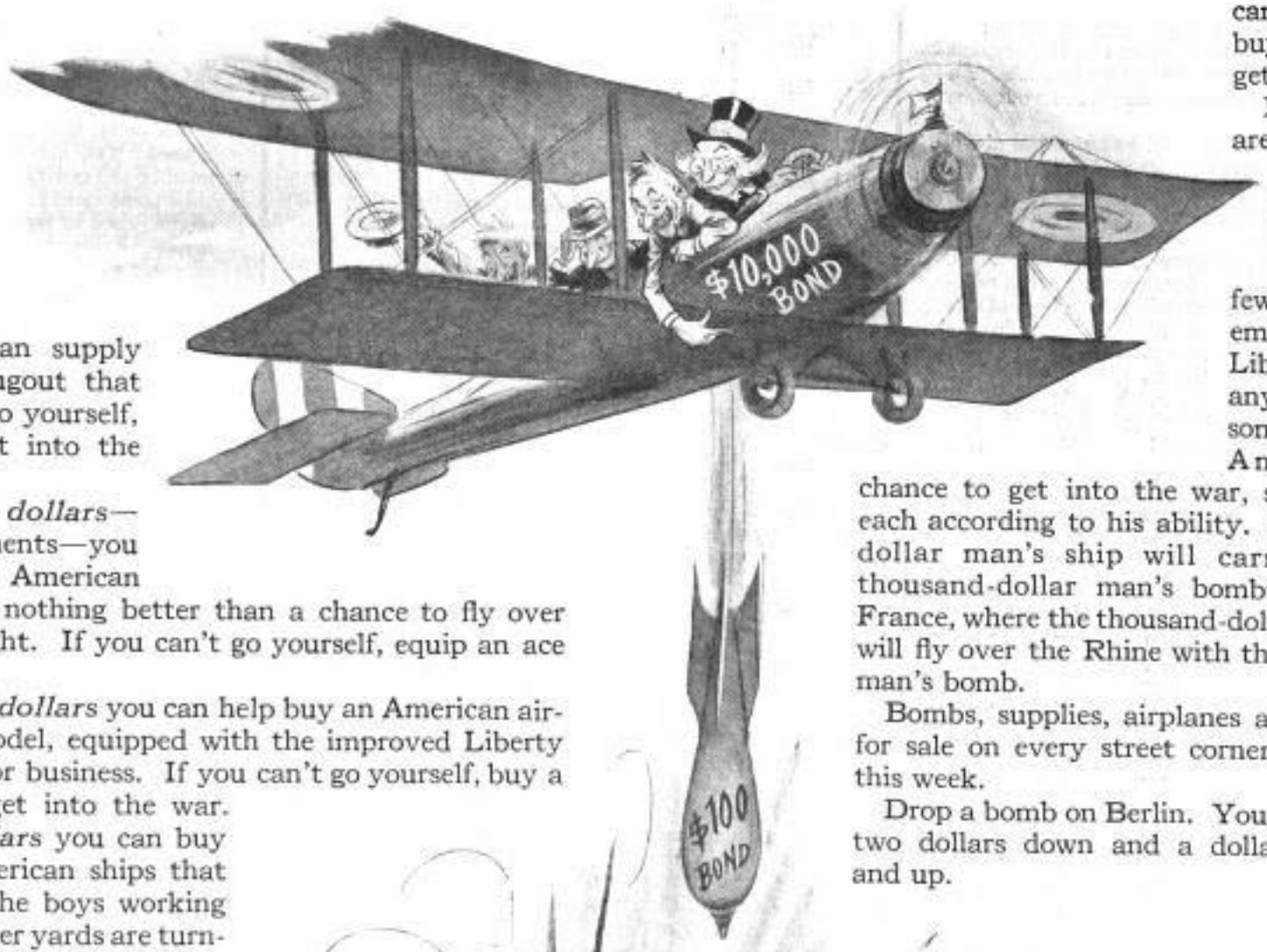
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# DROP A BOMB ON BERLIN

*FOR fifty dollars*—paid on the installment plan—you can buy a good businesslike bomb, made in America, charged with high explosive and guaranteed to wreck any German supply train, airdrome or dugout that it hits. If you can't go yourself, buy a bomb and get into the war.




*For a thousand dollars*—paid in easy installments—you can help to equip an American airman, who will ask nothing better than a chance to fly over the Rhine by moonlight. If you can't go yourself, equip an ace and get into the war.

*For ten thousand dollars* you can help buy an American airplane of the latest model, equipped with the improved Liberty motor and all ready for business. If you can't go yourself, buy a bombing plane and get into the war.

*For a million dollars* you can buy one of those new American ships that Charlie Schwab and the boys working with him in the tidewater yards are turning out for the patriotic trade. If you can't go yourself, buy a ship and get into the war.

Many of us are exempt from the draft for perfectly good reasons, but few of us are exempt from the Liberty Loan for any kind of reason. It gives all Americans a chance to get into the war, side by side, each according to his ability. The million-dollar man's ship will carry the ten-thousand-dollar man's bombing plane to France, where the thousand-dollar man's ace will fly over the Rhine with the fifty-dollar man's bomb.

Bombs, supplies, airplanes and ships are for sale on every street corner in America this week.

Drop a bomb on Berlin. You can do it for two dollars down and a dollar a week—and up.






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# THE CZECHO-SLOVAKS

## By Charles Downer Hazen

WHO are the Czecho-Slovaks? At the present moment their fame is resounding throughout the world because of a wonderful exploit, yet it is quite safe to say most of the interested and approving spectators can neither pronounce their name nor tell you anything definite or even vague about them. Yet here is a people living in the very heart of Europe, with an authentic history of well over a thousand years, a history at times brilliant, at times tragic; a people independent during the Middle Ages; then fallen for centuries under the blight of Austrian rule; and now, in our own day, aspiring to independence and a separate statehood among the family of nations; a people whose invaluable service to the Allies in the present war is evidence of its ability to think straight and to act vigorously, and of its capacity to control its own destinies. The Czecho-Slovaks have for four centuries been under the rule of the house of Hapsburg. They are now seeking to break that connection, and their aspiration will be realized if the Allies are victorious. An independent state of Bohemia should be an outcome of the war.

The Czechs live in Austria and number about seven or eight millions, the Slovaks live in Hungary and number about three millions; the two peoples are of one stock, of one aspiration, and are contiguous, a fact conducive to their formal union in a separate nation. Austria-Hungary, it will be recalled, is a peculiar, indeed a unique creation. It is accurately called the Dual Monarchy. It consists of two distinct, independent states, which stand in law upon a plane of complete equality. Each has its own capital, the one at Vienna, the other at Budapest. Each has the same ruler, who in Austria bears the title of emperor, in Hungary that of king. Each governs itself in all internal affairs absolutely without interference from the other. In each is a dominant people; in Austria the German, in Hungary the Magyar. Yet each of these dominant races represents only a minority of the population of the state concerned. In Austria the Slavs are more numerous than the Germans, in Hungary the Slavs and the Rumanians, who call themselves Latins, are more numerous than the Magyars. But in both cases the minority has rendered the majority mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for the two dominant races. If there is anything in the doctrine that government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed, this condition ought to be ended once for all.

### Bohemia's Brilliant Past

FOR twelve centuries the Czechs and the Slovaks have struggled, on unequal terms and with unhappy results, with three enemies—with the Germans, with the Magyars and with the house of Hapsburg. The Allies to-day, and America with them, are fighting with the same enemies and have no excuse for longer ignoring or not properly appreciating the character of those enemies. They are in a position to understand somewhat the cruel and humiliating lot that has fallen to the Czechs and Slovaks during all these centuries. This war of liberty must be crowned with the liberation of those so long held in unworthy subjection.

The history of a thousand years cannot be compressed within the limits of a single article. But two or three things may be said of the annals of Bohemia, where live the Czechs, that may serve as an introduction to the present situation. All through the Middle Ages the kingdom of Bohemia was a vigorous, independent state, with its own native institutions, its own ruling house. The Czechs, a branch of the great Slavic race, established themselves in the region where they still are in the late sixth and in the seventh centuries. Their great national hero was Saint Wenceslaus. Their history was, until the fourteenth century, the history of repeated bitter struggles with the Germans. In the fourteenth century their most famous king, Charles IV, became emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. He made Prague the seat of his court. He adorned the city with admirable monuments and buildings and gave it great intellectual distinction by founding the University of Prague, which speedily acquired a European reputation, and ranked in influence and popularity with the universities of Paris, Oxford and Bologna.

Out of this brilliant intellectual center came John Huss, one of the world's great liberators and the national martyr, burned to death as a heretic on the shores of Lake Constance. Another hero of human liberty was Jerome of Prague. These men were great thinkers and valiant souls, sacrificed to an arrogant and obscurantist spirit of authority. The murderers of John Huss were able to burn his quivering body and scatter its ashes in the River Rhine. But they could not extinguish the glory and the power of his life and teaching. As has so often happened in this world those who sat in the seats of the mighty proved unnecessarily purblind. The vivid human spirit is a spark that is not easily snuffed out but very easily sets the world in conflagration. It was so in the instance of John Huss, whose fate inflamed the entire Czech nation to avenge his death. The famous Hussite wars, wars of religion, also racial wars, revealed the Czechs to themselves and to all Europe, and stamped indelible glory upon the Bohemian flag and created a legend, a legend true and authentic, which has set Czech blood tingling ever since with the ecstasy of national pride, of national devotion.

It is no wonder that this people is hopelessly wedded to the ideas of liberty and independence. The spirit of the nation was adequately and superbly expressed once and for all in the person of John Huss. Happy, indeed, is that people which has constantly in the forefront of its consciousness so unblemished a character, so distinguished an intellect, so noble a life. For his devotion to the two supreme principles of individual and national freedom John Huss paid with his life. He never once deflected from his principles, he never flinched before the hideous fate which the brutality of his age devised for him. No nation in the world possesses a more dazzling oriflamme than Bohemia possesses in the career of John Huss. A massive bowlder, covered with ivy, marks the spot where he faced the supreme sacrifice and where he kept the faith amid excruciating physical torture. Thither from that day to this his countrymen have gone in ceaseless pilgrimage, as to a shrine, to renew their national resolves on holy ground. You can no more extinguish that national spirit than the assassins of the fifteenth century could extinguish the soul of John Huss.

A century after the martyrdom of Huss an event occurred which was to prove most fateful for the kingdom of Bohemia. The royal house died out and it fell to the estates to elect a new dynasty. There were many candidates among the princes of Europe. The choice fell upon Archduke Ferdinand, head of the house of Hapsburg. This election, held on October 23, 1526, marks the beginning of the rule of that house in that kingdom. The fortunes of Bohemia were thenceforth linked with the fortunes of the Hapsburgs; or rather, the aspirations, ambitions, designs of the Hapsburg monarchs were to be the dominant factor in the evolution of that country all through the modern period. Had the members of the estates who bestowed their suffrages upon Ferdinand foreseen the results of their action they would have shrunk with horror from the step they were so lightly taking.

In the same year, 1526, Ferdinand was chosen king of Hungary by the estates of that realm. Thus was inaugurated that connection of Bohemia, Hungary and the Austrian duchies under the Hapsburg dynasty, which in a time not far distant was to become so oppressive and hateful to the Bohemians and from which they are to-day struggling to free themselves. In the elections of 1526 lay the seed of much contemporary history.

A century later Bohemia reaped the whirlwind generated by this ill-starred action of her estates. In Bohemia, indeed in Prague itself, began the Thirty Years' War [1618–1648], the culmination of the religious wars which grew out of the Reformation. The Bohemians, overwhelmingly Protestant, tried to discard the Hapsburgs and choose a Protestant prince to be their king. But the Hapsburg ruler of that day did not intend to lose without a struggle so rich and valuable a possession. The fortunes of the war went against the Bohemians. Fearful was the Hapsburg revenge. Twenty-seven of the leading Bohemian nobles were beheaded. The old Czech nobility was destroyed almost literally root and branch. Six hundred and fifty-nine members of that class were, within a decade, deprived of all their property, of all their power. Wholesale were the confiscations, exceeding thirty million florins, the equivalent to-day of a billion. Towns and cities were also plundered, their rights and privileges annulled.

The social structure of Bohemia was completely altered. The old native Czech aristocracy, both nobility and gentry, was ruined, its members losing their possessions and being driven from the country or compelled to become Catholics. In its place was installed a new aristocracy, composed of adventurers of every stripe and country, a foreign aristocracy, endowed with large grants from the confiscated property. All traces of local self-government were obliterated and stark absolutism reigned thenceforth unchecked. German was made an official language along with Czech.

At the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War Bohemia had a population of three millions; at its close she had one of only eight hundred thousand. Those who did not conform to the new régime of absolutism in church and state were harried out of the land or killed. All elements of independence were thus extinguished. The authorities, including the new alien nobility, punished right and left with fiendish cruelty. This savage policy was supplemented by an attempt to exterminate the elements of the national civilization, Czech books, Czech traditions. A large part of Bohemian literature was absolutely destroyed, no trace being left behind.

Such were the achievements of the house of Hapsburg during the first century and a quarter of its rule in Bohemia. That house was giving Europe an accurate measure of its statesmanship and its humanity. No one with a slight knowledge of the history of that family has any reason to be surprised at its actions in our own times. Gladstone's withering inquiry as to when and where Austria had done any good recurs to mind. It has never been favorably answered. The Germans plumed themselves over what was destined to become a characteristic method of triumphing over the Slavs.

### The Awakeners of the New Nation

BOHEMIA was practically deprived of her last shreds of independence. Decree after decree, law after law appeared in the following decades, designed to prune and pare away the few sorry survivals of liberty. The progress of Hapsburg usurpation continued unchecked during all the eighteenth century. These incessant deadly encroachments culminated in the reign of Joseph II, who attempted thoroughly to Germanize the Czechs, as he did the other races of his motley empire. The historical traditions and native characteristics of his various lands were treated with unconcealed contempt. Enlightened despotism, the fashion of the eighteenth century, was more despotic than enlightened.

The Czechs never acknowledged or accepted these violations of their historic rights. They considered all these measures illegal, but were in fact obliged to submit to them. They could only bide their time—and time dragged unconscionably. But all the Czech parties nevertheless asserted the fundamental claim of the independence of their country. Never did they renounce that claim. After the French Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars came the "era" of Metternich, a period of stifling reaction, if such a thing as reaction were possible in Austria. A comprehensive and ubiquitous censorship of every man's acts and words terrorized the land. The oppression was severer in Bohemia than elsewhere, attaining such a pitch that the national language was excluded from every public office, every court and every school.

Despite this fact the close of the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth witnessed a remarkable

## The Peacemaker

UPON his will he binds a radiant chain.
For Freedom's sake he is no longer free.
It is his task, the slave of Liberty,
With his own blood to wipe away a stain.
That pain may cease he yields his flesh to pain.
To banish war he must a warrior be.
He dwells in night eternal dawn to see,
And gladly dies abundant life to gain.

What matters death, if Freedom be not dead?
No flags are fair, if Freedom's flag be furled.
Who fights for Freedom goes with joyful tread
To meet the fires of hell against him hurled,
And has for Captain, Him whose thorn-wreathed head
Smiles from the Cross upon a conquered world.

—JOYCE KILMER.

*165th Inf. [69th N. Y. N. G.]*
*A. E. F., France, June 14, 1918.*

*Note—This is the last poem written by Joyce Kilmer. It reached his wife in Massachusetts a few days before the news of the death of the poet in action in France.*

*ROBERT C. HOLLIDAY*
*Literary Executor of Joyce Kilmer*

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revival of the national consciousness, which has gone on steadily increasing until to-day Bohemia is demanding and fighting for full and complete national self-expression. The great war, should it end as it ought to, would be for the Bohemians a war of independence.

This "reawakening" of Bohemia, as it is called by the Czechs, is a part of the general nationalistic movement which, during the nineteenth century, revolutionized the map of Europe, resulting in the creation of the German Empire under Bismarck, of the Italian Kingdom under Victor Emmanuel, and in the liberation of various Balkan states from Turkish rule. This principle of nationality is much decried in our day by many so-called liberals, though fifty years ago it was the very shield and buckler of liberalism. Enamored of internationalism, they resent the spirit of nationality, as urged by those peoples whose ambitions have remained unrealized. Nationalism cuts right athwart internationalism and is therefore a nuisance and a menace. But one thing is certain and that is that as long as legitimate nationalism is denied various peoples worthy of it there will be no internationalism. Those who consider that that fructifying principle was exhausted when it achieved the unification of Germany and Italy, and that henceforth it must be ignored or crushed in the interest of a more cosmopolitan ideal, are likely to be surprised and offended by the future. We shall have to manage to live some time longer with this uncomfortable spirit of nationality.

### *Under Faithless Hapsburg Tyrants*

FOR a full century this process of Bohemian emancipation had been going on. There was at first a reawakening of the historic sense, long dulled and even lost among large masses of the population under the heavy misfortunes and misery that were the aftermath of the Thirty Years' War. The "awakeners," as they are called in Bohemia, were a small group of literary men who sought by means of books written in Czech to rekindle among the people the flame of native patriotism which had burned so brightly, even so fiercely, centuries before; to make them once more acquainted with the glories of the past, to arouse pride in the national language and history and traditions.

This was difficult work, not only because indifference, inertia, disillusionment, founded on misery and poverty, are difficult to dispel, but also because the men who were engaged in it were harassed and hounded by the governing authorities of Austria. Nevertheless, the work went on, sustained by a patriotism so intense that it leveled mountains and exalted valleys. It was a real Czech Renaissance, a revival of the Czech language and literature as furnishing the spiritual guidance and sustenance of the nation, the principle of harmony uniting all. Safarik, Kolar, Jungmann and above all the great historian Palacky were the leaders in this movement, and received the valuable support of some of the great nobles of the land. Also, in 1818, a national museum was founded, in which were gathered many monuments which testified to the former greatness of Bohemia. Old songs, too, were rediscovered and new ones were written whose theme was the same and which rapidly spread among this music-loving people. For fifty years this work went on, gradually radiating out into many lines.

This spiritual revival of the Czech nation preceded the political revival. It could not of course be otherwise. Such is the natural, inevitable sequence. In the case of the Czechs the spiritual regeneration was thorough and adequate to the problem. The little group of patriotic scholars was destined to be amply honored and justified by three generations of young men who have sought to realize in actual laws and institutions the lessons inculcated in their books.

In 1848 the Czechs began the political struggle, seeking to free their country, to secure the abrogation of all these unconstitutional and violent measures which had reduced their former autonomy to a shadow and a mockery. For a moment they were successful, the Emperor granting all their demands. But shortly the Austrian Army entered upon the scene. Prague was bombarded and forced to surrender unconditionally. This bombardment of their capital ended precipitately the dream of the Czechs for the resurrection of their country and for a liberal régime. Absolutism was restored in its most stringent form. The secret police, so highly honored by the Austrian Government, was reënthroned, and the lives and liberties of the Bohemians were at its mercy. Every liberal was suspect, as was every liberal idea.

This dark and unintelligent régime continued for nearly twenty years. Czech leaders were subjected to every known form of inquisition, vexation, surveillance; not only in Bohemia but in Hungary as well, manifold oppression was the order of the day. The Hapsburgs were true to their tradition. Faithless to their explicit promises, unashamed to use any ruse or perfidy or cruelty that might bolster up their anachronistic political system of monarchical and aristocratic and racial domination, they danced upon a volcano and thought it no peril.

Such a régime would endure only if military success should continue uniformly. But in the years from 1859 to 1866 the Hapsburgs were driven out of Italy and out of Germany. Austria was being sacrificed by rulers whose lamentable incompetence could no longer be disguised. Every element of unrest—and the empire seethed with such elements—now gained expression. The Hapsburgs were confronted with the necessity of radically changing their course. The situation was imperative and could not be evaded. Something must be done to satisfy some elements of the variegated empire or else the last end of that empire would be worse than the first. A characteristic Hapsburg expedient was adopted: "Divide, that you may rule." Such was the motto of the new policy.

Austria sought no general reconciliation with all her discontented peoples, made no effort to remove the causes of her weakness by general reforms, to secure the well-being and happiness of all by exact and even justice to all.

Francis Joseph contented himself with making a bargain with the strongest single factor among his subject populations, the Magyars of Hungary. By the Compromise of 1867, an agreement which has colored and determined all later history down to this day, he gave the Magyars a power they had never possessed before and which they were to use for purposes of crass and brazen injustice. The compromise created the Dual Monarchy, Austria one state, Hungary another, each independent of the other, Austria with Francis Joseph as Emperor, Hungary with Francis Joseph as King. The two states were to be united practically only in foreign policy and in the financial and military matters which were essential to foreign policy. As subsequent events were to prove, the dominant partner in this combination was Hungary, an extensive country relinquished for the sole enjoyment and profit of the Magyars, who during the next fifty years revealed an egoism as colossal as the Prussians during the same period.

### *Four Brothers in One Galley*

THE Compromise of 1867—that is to say, the form of government of Austria-Hungary which was set up in that year, and which has lasted to this day—might have been operated in such a way as to prove a benefit and not a curse to the countries concerned and to the world. All that was necessary was a moderate dose of the Golden Rule, a reasonable amount of fair play. But that spirit lay far beyond the imaginative grasp of the intellects of the ruling classes in each country.

In Austria the Germans, in Hungary the Magyars have steadily denied the various branches of the Slavic race the most elementary human rights, not to mention justice and honorable treatment. Yet in Austria the Slavs are in the majority, and in Hungary also. In each country for fifty years the minority has ruled the majority, and has stopped at no chicanery, no duplicity, no inhumanity, to accomplish its ends. Constitutional forms have been made in both a byword and a hissing, have been mere cloaks for hypocrisy and oppression.

Once entered upon such a course the descent in public morality and decency was rapid and inevitable. Despotism can only be supported in the modern world by more despotism and by still more. The Germans of Austria, the Magyars of Hungary are worthy spiritual brothers of the Prussians and the Turks. They belong in the same galley and there they are. The history of the last half century is the history of their steadily progressing community of feeling, of outlook and of design. Central Europe had its spiritual foundations long before it was announced as the political creation that only awaited the closing of the present war for its formal sanction and its definite inauguration as the régime by which Europe was henceforth to be ruled and the world held in thrall.

After 1867 and the so-called compromise it was still not too late for Francis Joseph to show that the Slavs within Austria, who had loyally supported him in the disastrous war with Prussia, would receive as good treatment as the Magyars of Hungary, who had supported him very poorly, who had indeed even formed a free corps to aid the Prussians and had, during the brief campaign, been on the verge of rebellion. The same autonomy that had been granted Hungary might have been granted Bohemia. The rights of Bohemia were as indubitable, as solidly founded in history, as those of Hungary. Then at least a considerable portion of the Slavic race would have received fair treatment at the hands of the man the majority of whose subjects were Slavs.

On September 14, 1871, Francis Joseph manifested

*(Continued on Page 105)*




*The Plausible Strangers*

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# THE GLOVE

## By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

IT SHOULD be told after he comes back or after he does not; that would be a better time than this. Certainly under no circumstances should he be known by a name nearer to his own than B. Wellis Halliworth. Even then some persons may flatter themselves that they know him.

With regularity of life established over a long pull of years which had brought him to an age several rounds past thirty, he had taken his breakfast at the club and at half past eight was crossing Forty-second Street in the course of his daily morning walk for hygiene. He had learned the lesson that it pays to take care of the notorious Number One.

Usually reaching Forty-second Street he turned, allowed himself to be sucked down with the human tide into the Subway and was projected through a hot tube and climbed out on his way to the investment bankers where he was on the edge of a partnership. On this morning of bright sunlight, however, he happened to look down the trafficky Avenue and his eye was caught by something on the steps of the public library.

"Hello," said he half aloud. "There's a new one. War Savings, Red Cross, Liberty Bonds—now what's this?"

Attracted, and being in the spring of health and the curious spirit of youth, both of which gave a distinction to his figure which the high-priced clothes he wore could only enhance, instead of turning the corner he continued down Fifth Avenue until he stood on the sidewalk looking up at a somewhat undersized imitation in wood and painted canvas of one of the battlefield tanks. On top of the tank was stationed a black fabricated cat, grinning viciously, and there was a sign inviting recruits for a branch of war service described as "Treat 'em Rough."

A grin came upon the shaven face of B. Wellis Halliworth and he started on. Then he stopped again and stood looking for several minutes more at the tank and the cat and the sign and at a Canadian soldier with a limp and a recruiting officer who had just arrived as if to open business for the day.

He noticed that neither of these men paid to him the slightest attention.

At the end of ten minutes because of his blushing and uneasy manner he was almost completely disguised from recognition by such persons as John A. Nattall, of the Board of Governors; Colfax, of the Exchange; and Miss Doris Collamore, who, as the rest of the world, would only recognize him as the very proper and unperturbed Halliworth.

Something was going on inside him. At the end of eleven minutes he stepped up to the recruiting officer, and it is reported that he said these words:

"I am over draft age and a bachelor. I'm not trained for an officer and I couldn't tell a gas shell from a cantonment. I haven't got the heart to take a commission as captain, major, colonel or general, to sit at a desk and steal military honor away from the real army ranks. If I enlist as a private somebody will find out that I know double-entry bookkeeping and they'll send me down to Fort Sill for the duration of the war. I've done a lot of talking along the lines that if my grandchildren ever ask me what I was doing during the war I would prefer to tell 'em that because they wouldn't let me enlist as a fighting private or admit me to an officers' training camp I got sore and wouldn't take a costume-ball title. The fact is, I didn't know there was any real opening for me."

The officer appeared mildly amused but a little uninterested. "I'm a college graduate and a broker," said B. Wellis, taking off his leghorn straw and looking with an absurd interest at its top. "My outsides, to tell you the truth, have never considered going to this war at all. Everybody will think that I am crazy as a loon. But my insides have been talking to me now for a year, and never until this moment have I understood 'em. I've been a stranger to 'em for a long time. Now I've said my say."

The bronzy officer looked at the young man, whose light hair was growing a bit thin at the summit, and he looked into the young man's gray eyes and then at his pleasant and obtrusively clean hands. After that he sniffed, and in that sniff there was something of great rudeness.

"You needn't sniff at me," said Halliworth. "You may be an officer, old horseradish, and the king of the hard tickets and all of that; but at the moment I am in a peculiar frame of mind. I'm turning inside out, and if you sniff at me I'll knock your block off!"

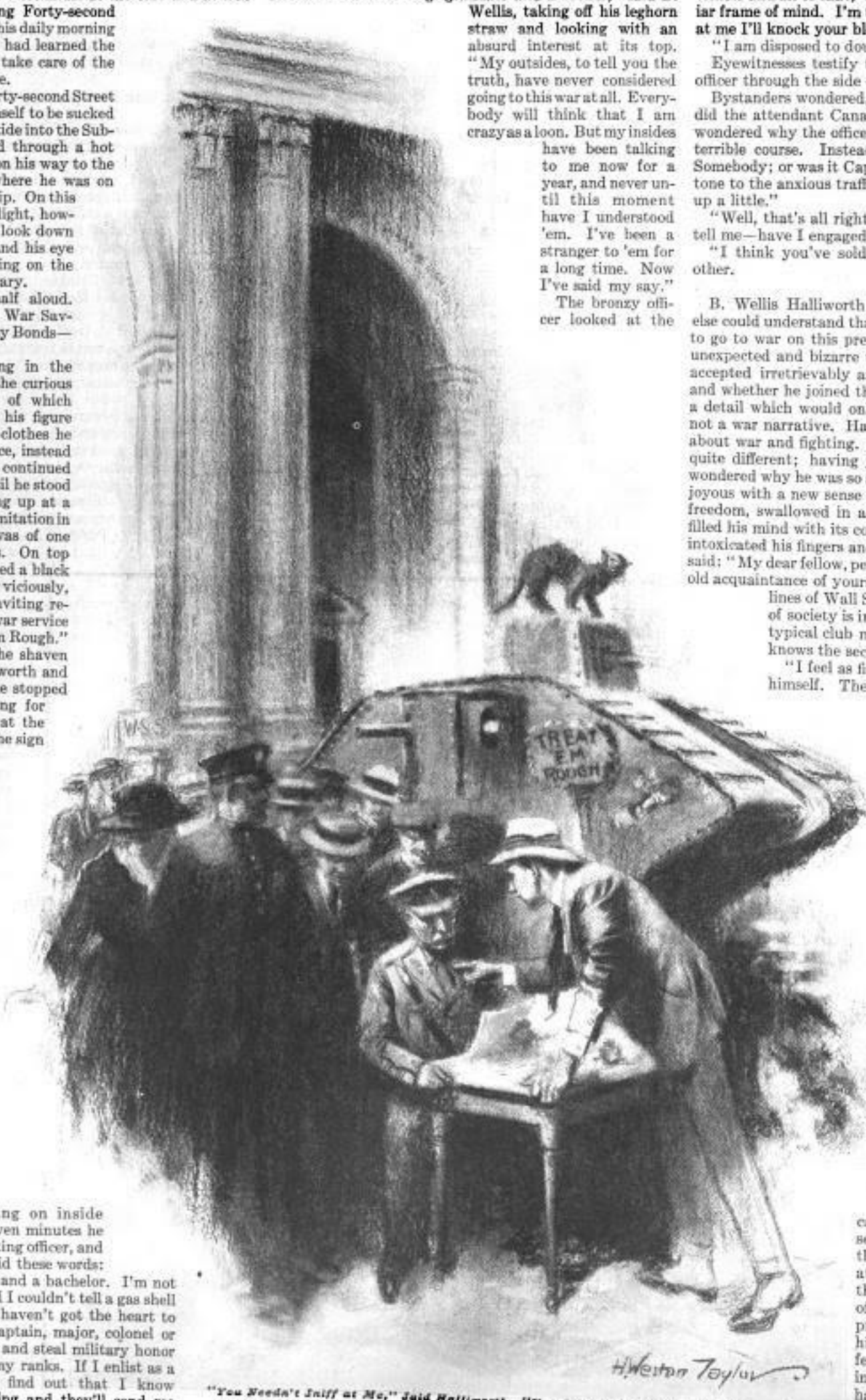
"I am disposed to doubt it," the other asserted.

Eyewitnesses testify that Halliworth almost drove the officer through the side of the imitation tank.

Bystanders wondered, and so did the policeman, and so did the attendant Canadian soldier with the limp; they wondered why the officer did not allow the law to take its terrible course. Instead of doing so, the officer—Major Somebody; or was it Captain Somebody?—said in a genial tone to the anxious traffic officer, "We were just warming up a little."

"Well, that's all right," Halliworth said to him. "But tell me—have I engaged your interest?"

"I think you've sold me your proposition," said the other.




"You Needn't Sniff at Me," Said Halliworth. "You May be an Officer, Old Horseradish, and the King of the Hard Tickets and All of That; but at the Moment I am in a Peculiar Frame of Mind"

B. Wellis Halliworth understood better than anyone else could understand that when he had committed himself to go to war on this precipitate morning he had done an unexpected and bizarre thing. The arrangements he had accepted irretrievably are of no particular consequence, and whether he joined the tank corps or something else is a detail which would only serve to identify him. This is not a war narrative. Halliworth did not pause to wonder about war and fighting. His wonder was as to something quite different; having just signed away his freedom he wondered why he was so saturated, resilient, bouncing and joyous with a new sense of freedom gained. This sense of freedom, swallowed in a gulp, did not stop when it had filled his mind with its cocktail; it went into his body and intoxicated his fingers and toes. It brought up Youth and said: "My dear fellow, permit me to present you again to an old acquaintance of yours, Mr. B. Wellis Halliworth. The lines of Wall Street are in his face and the look of society is in his eyes and the thoughts of the typical club mind are in his dome. But he still knows the secret grip of the Order of Youth."

"I feel as fine as frog's hair!" said Wellis to himself. The inside of him was traveling in the outside of him just as an absent-minded passenger travels in a Pullman car lost in thought; and just as such a passenger starts up and looks out a window to see a landmark whiz by, Halliworth's inside looked out through his eyes and learned that his legs had carried him as far as Madison Square.

The sunlight dropped down onto the pathways, the benches, the loafers, their morning newspapers, and trundling baby carriages, and was mottled by the shadows of a million leaves. Cigarette smoke, floating up from the vicious lips of a telegraph messenger, turned into a bright blue film where shafts of light fell athwart of it. The great clock on the great tower spoke in general of eternity and specifically of eleven. He knew that his secretary would be telephoning the club and looking anxiously at his list of engagements, and that the house, with its knowledge of his being a devotee of the proper and prompt, might find in his unexplained absence a vague feeling that the world was coming to an end or that Halliworth had passed away.

"Not so far from the truth," he said to himself. "I must figure out this whole thing."

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He did not want to sit down on the vacant seat beside the telegraph messenger. His instinct was to go and take away the mechanical bronco of a motorcycle policeman and ride it up the Avenue, yipping like a cowboy. To become acquainted with himself, however, was a pressing necessity. No life termer pardoned out of the penitentiary could have greater need of sitting down to estimate the gains and losses of this new and intoxicating freedom.

If freedom was to be an orgy, he wanted to plan the orgy it would be. In a vague way he felt that it would take the form of snapping his fingers under the nose of the world he had hitherto courted and wheedled, served and kow-towed to—the world whose boots he had polished, whose coat he had held and whose tips he had taken.

"And Doris?" he said with a gasp.

Doris, rich, lovely, tall, majestic, sometimes cold and sometimes condescending, beautiful in a dinner gown, beautiful in a parade uniform of a Red Cross nurse, soft of voice and hard of head. A trout of love played on a gossamer of hope with a rod of ambition and a reel of the conventionalities! Often he had wished he might be wrecked on a desert island with her; in the right setting she might prove to be really human—something more of a woman and less of a type!

He sighed. Reluctantly he had put Doris Collamore into the world from which he was turning as an insurrectionist. Let it—including her—strike the scales from its eyes and see that the retainer's costume he had worn so many years he had now flung away. The real Halliworth would be gone. All they could find on the door through which he was bursting would be three short words of command, written in his desecrating scrawl.

He set about reviewing his life, pulling its record out of the basket as he would pull out an old ticker tape and letting the strip fall back inch by inch through his fingers as he scanned its absurd story.

"There must be thousands who are living the same part in the play," he reflected. "Not one per cent ever get their reprieve. The Bootlick Brigade!"

He threw one knee over the other and, staring at the toe of the custom-made shoe, saw in its sheen a spot of light which represented the nice, clean, shining soul which, somewhere back in the first realizations of childhood, had been his.

He had come from a run-out family—a line of Anglo-Saxon stock that had spread about, producing through the Middle West plants less and less strong, bearing smaller flowers and poorer fruits with every new crop.

Wellis had regarded himself as a freak restoration of the old Halliworth type, a large apple ripening on the outer limb of a tree otherwise sterile. He was proud of hanging alone on this old tree which once had been much honored by its yield. In the study of his apartment near the club hung a little steel engraving of Elisha Halliworth, the second—or was it the third?—governor of Massachusetts. He did not think this was very important, however; his father had managed through family associations and frugality of living to send Wellis to a fashionable private school and then to college, and in both places the young man had mentioned his ancestry, not because of any pride but only because it might serve to distinguish him from some other common and less successful climber.

The tape of memory was running rapidly now. He remembered that in the private school he had marked with a pencil in his copy of the school catalogue or prospectus the names of the boys whose fathers' names were familiar as rich or powerful figures.

A boy named Henry, nicknamed "Raspy," and who was the son of the largest investor in New England, had been most difficult to propitiate. He had said to Wellis, "Gee, you're from the West! Who let you in?"

Halliworth had wanted to smash the pasty, supercilious face, but he earned a reward for his restraint because at Easter vacation six months later Raspy invited him to go home for the holidays, and the home proved to be an Italian villa and a vast estate where servants came to wait on a schoolboy who was trying to forget that in his own home he had helped with the furnace.

There were two sisters—homely, lanky, artificial creatures—but Wellis remembered distinctly that he had considered that sometime—after college—he might marry one of them. There would be advantages.

He recalled looking back at the great white villa as they drove away through the stone pillars at the gates. His young mind had been filled with the exulting triumph of having laid down a cornerstone of association with big money, and his soul at the same moment had been filled with an inexplicable nausea. He would have liked to disgorge the experience and wipe off with a wet cloth the pictures of himself bowing and scraping to Raspy's fat mamma and the cadaverous papa, and smirking at the whining sisters, Minna and Evelyn, and conceding everything to the snarling, mean-spirited Raspy, who recognized in boyish vagueness that he could always gain a point by suggesting that he was somewhat tired of young Halliworth. But the boy had struck the first loud keynote of his career.

It had not been different in college, except for the fact that the young Westerner had become quite used to adapting himself to sacrifices which contributed to his successful progress. His policy and his campaign were laid down subconsciously. It was not a definite program. If Halliworth had been accused of toadying he would have denied it; it would have been hard to prove the case against him. He belonged to a set of young men who were all doing more or less the same thing; most of them having position and money of their own were different from him only in the fact that his necessity to establish himself was greater than theirs. The worship of and the concessions to the smart and moneyed class were not so much an individual program as they were the following of a style or the adaptation of one's breathing to a certain atmosphere.




*"You Will Feel Thrilled, Bosson, to Hobnob With the Idle Rich Whom You Were Damning a Year Ago in the Cafés Round Washington Square"*

Little by little the sickness and the tendency to indigestion wore off. Halliworth had become used to the diet. He was not much to blame; there was nothing about him either brutal or malicious. He considered himself rather normal. Once, in his senior year, he found in an old textbook a list of the societies and college clubs which he had drawn up as a freshman, and against each one were written the names of the men he thought he ought to know and propitiate in order to gain election. This refreshing of his memory made him blush; but he forgot that the very night before he had found young Nattall in a state of helplessness and had been glad of the great good fortune that allowed him to bring the blithering fool to his own rooms, just as one might be glad to save the carcass of a drunken monarch. Young Nattall was worth knowing. To be his intimate friend, if one could stomach it, would be almost enough in itself to insure to anyone a selection of the best after-college jobs; banks, brokers, law offices were ever picking their recruits from the college men who knew the Nattalls and all their tribe. Acquaintance was a substitute for any deficiency. Acquaintance was a commodity—bought and sold and smirked over.

That was the system. Halliworth had been a little aware of it and completely a part of it. Sitting now in Madison Square watching the cloud shadows fall upon the white walls of distant buildings, visible through the green of the trees, he realized fully and consciously all that he had always sensed vaguely and retrospectively.

He had retained much charm of personality, he had not soured completely his natural buoyant spirit, but he had swiped, bootlicked, trimmed, conceded, truckled and dealt in all the devices of the species which spreads its feathers to those who are behind and conceals by fantail display the groveling it is doing at the feet of those who stand ahead.

He had his reward—invitations to rare functions, memberships in careful clubs, tips on the market, a clientèle of investors, a reputation for being a desirable young man, successful and dependable for good manners, for knowing what to do and what to wear and what empty harmless nothings were safe to say, and above all for the guaranties he offered that he would always remain regular—a tame bird singing the tunes of custom and convention as often as his cage was hung near the seats of the affluent.

Halliworth turned toward the telegraph messenger boy, who was sitting with one eye closed and examining with the other the point on a stub of lead pencil which he had just been sharpening with his teeth. "Hello," Wellis said. He felt that enlisting as a common private had initiated him into a vast brotherhood, and he spoke with the password of democracy.

"Uh?" the other grunted. He was suspicious of Wellis' good clothes.

"Did you ever think of what you would do if you had just broken out of jail?" asked Halliworth.

The boy looked askance at his new acquaintance, weighing the possibilities of his being a fugitive from justice or crazy. Acquitting him on both counts his face relaxed into a grin.

"I'd go and see a certain lady friend," he suggested.

Wellis shook his head sadly. "I've been seeing her for three years," he said.

The boy grinned. "You're right," he said. "Better cut 'em out after that long. You might shoot up the town."

"That's what I had in mind," said Halliworth gravely. "Exactly that."

The boy got up. He had supposed there was no seriousness in the conversation. He was ill at ease now, and moved on. A few paces away he turned and squinted his eyes as he looked over his shoulder with the glance of a dog who expects a stone to be hurled at him as he departs.

"And I'm not going to tell any of them that I'm going to France," Halliworth called after the boy.

"France—my foot!" snarled the messenger.

Wellis, watching the receding Hermes, knew exactly what he would do; it was just as if somebody had handed him a ready-made schedule. Nattall, the great Nattall—the father of Bobby Nattall—the president of the City and Commerce Trust, director in a hundred corporations,

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# THE ROARING ROAD

## By Byron Morgan

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



There Filed In Sheepishly, One Behind the Other, Last Year's Petted and Praised Champions of the Roaring Road

OLD J. D. Ward glowered grimly at his desk in the Detroit plant of the big Darco Motor Company. Outside the frosted plate-glass barrier of the private-office door hurrying clerks tiptoed nervously. Within, the posture of the famous Darco president dimly suggested the look of a crouching bear—crouching in self-defense. One huge paw gripped the edge of his desk. His eyes glared fiercely at a perfectly harmless telegraph blank.

"Congratulations on your forty-eighth birthday. Toodles and Dorothy."

"Glad the dear youngsters can congratulate me on something," mumbled the Bear. "When those kids have had as many birthdays as I have they won't be so glib with their durn congratulations."

J. D.'s tremendous paw let fall the telegram and hauled forth his watch. Ten o'clock. Then his eyes sought the bright metal buzzer above the doorway. Why didn't the nickel-plated contraption buzz?

It did buzz, just then, rather weakly, as though somebody on the other end were half afraid to push the button.

"Come in!" roared J. D. with needless violence.

The white scared face of a blond office boy peered through the half-opened door.

"They're here, Mr. Ward, sir."

"Send 'em in!" growled the Bear.

There filed in sheepishly, one behind the other, last year's petted and praised champions of the roaring road—Oldham, Kerhoff and Compton. Nothing in their bearing suggested the jaunty daredevils who had flung dust and grease in the eyes of every racing driver from Ritz to Roget. As they entered Old J. D. hardly moved. Perhaps he gripped his cigar a bit tighter in his weather-beaten jaws. J. D. was looking his age. He waited for Oldham to begin.

"Now, Mr. Ward," spoke the deposed king of drivers half soothingly, "we would like to know why you sent us such a telegram as that."

He let a bit of paper slip from his hand beside the one already on the desk. The lines about J. D.'s mouth tightened into a happy smile. He read: "Opening sanitarium for feeble-minded drivers. Report 10 o'clock Friday. J. D. Ward."

The Bear's eyes swept upward from the telegram to the faces of the three hired men.

"I want to know," he rumbled, "if you fellows know you're not hired for jitney-bus drivers. I want you to tell me why the Darco can't win races any more."

That was it. Why couldn't those cars win? Three whole months, right through the racing season, last year's miracles had taken licking after licking. From the International Sweepstakes at Indianapolis, right through the summer to the Elgin National Road Race, not one victory had the roaring road yielded to the Darco team. Now the reputation-wrecking season was almost at an end—only the Vanderbilt Cup remained. Either it would prove the rock to break the relentless surf or else the Darco cars would dash high and dry upon the beach of has-beens.

"Now, be reasonable, Mr. Ward," began Oldham.

"Reasonable nothing!" roared J. D., suddenly aflame. "Where did you finish at Elgin? You burned up nine tires and didn't make speed enough to keep out of the way. They had to flag you off the track so the crowd could get home. You ——"

"Well, for ten laps I was in first place," narrated Oldham.

"Sure—the first ten!" J. D. bellowed. "I'm paying you to lead just one lap—the last. Say, you ought to drive your races hind side before."

"Listen a moment, Mr. Ward," flared Oldham, his face turning purple. "You know why we ain't winning. There's good reasons. At Elgin ——"

"Same old alibi?" queried the Bear gently.

"Alibi! Hades!" Oldham blew up with a yell. "That Fargot-Kodick combine is my alibi. The dirtiest, rottenest frame-up! Now, Mr. Ward, be reasonable. The Fargot and Kodick companies are paying their drivers a fat bonus just to run the Darco out of each race. Six cars against three. What can we do?"

"Smash 'em!" grunted J. D. "That's what would 'a' happened in my day."

"Maybe so—in your day," returned Oldham. "Now look. At Elgin I was leading. Ritz crowding me in his Fargot. I blew a right rear tire. When I got back on the track Ritz had got the lead, and behind him were three Kodicks and two more Fargots, spread out all over that track like traffic cops at a pee-rade. Well, I wasn't playing football. Ritz had it sewed."

"Good story," nodded J. D. "Is the Rexton team in that frame-up?"

"No—but ——" hesitated Oldham.

"Get a new alibi!" roared the Bear. "The Rexton has won two first places this season. Better than the Kodick. Guess their drivers ain't afraid of the draft."

"If you want to know, Mr. Ward," Kerhoff thrust in coolly, "the Rexton car has got ten miles an hour more speed than your Darco. So has everything else on the track. Give us the engines and we can drive 'em. But we can't take out no delivery truck and beat that bunch."

J. D.'s great right paw tightened slowly on the birthday telegram, compressing it into a hard little ball. He glared without reply. Compton seized the opportunity.

"Yes, sir; we told you last winter, sir. Motors went ahead last winter. You had trimmed everybody, and they set out to get you. Everybody built new motors. We tried to tell you, sir."

"That's right! New motors, new ideas, new everything," exclaimed Oldham, still purple. "Even the Gercar has a smaller bore and longer stroke. Sixteen valves instead of eight. The Darco's a has-been. Didn't we ——"

J. D. had drawn his full breath at last. "Holy love of Mike!" he bellowed. "Motor truck? Has-been? Did the Darco win the Grand Prize three times in a row? Or didn't it? What about the San Francisco road record? More valves—more trouble; smaller bore, longer stroke, freak ignition—same old noise! Bah! What you chaps need is a valve-grinding job on your brains. If I rigged the old motor up with a new pointed radiator and called it super-cooling you'd take her out and win. Good night!"



"By Golly, Dorothy," the Bear Exclaimed, Holding His Daughter Close, "I Sure Missed You This Summer"

"Why didn't you develop that new Kamp motor we was working on last fall, Mr. Ward? That had the right idea ——"

"Kamp motor! Ha, ha, ha!" roared Old J. D., suddenly smitten into angry laughter. "Kamp motor! That's a good one. Honest, are you still fussing over that temperamental pipe dream?"

Kerhoff's reference to the Kamp motor was a tactical disaster. The Kamp was the villain in a sad, sad tale. A half-crazy inventor had brought it in, and J. D. had put his best mechanics to work in the fond hope of discovering a new world-beater. The Kamp had looked like a miracle of mechanism. Mounted in a Darco chassis it would reel off its fifty miles in thirty-two minutes, but if you tried to send it fifty-five miles the miracle would cleverly reduce itself to ashes. It was too good to go. The experiment had proved both costly and provoking, and at the end J. D. had reverted more violently than ever to the love of his youth, the old Darco motor. If that well-tried engine—like Old J. D. himself—lacked a shade in speed, at least it had endurance and was dependable.



"You fellows understand me!" Old J. D. ceased his disgusted laughter and clenched his forcible fist on the glass-topped desk. "Nobody can win races without speed and brains too. I was cleaning 'em up before you boys graduated from a gocart, with this same motor that you want kicked into the junkpile. We've cleaned 'em up ever since. If you fellows work for me you'll drive my car. I'll not change the Darco engine—mark that down in your books!"

"Then I'm through!" yelled Oldham. "You can keep your old motor till it sprouts whiskers. I've a reputation. I'll not go to Los Angeles to drive the Vanderbilt."

"That goes for me too," shouted Kerhoff.

"Same here, sir," Compton growled.

Old J. D. grinned unmoved at the three drivers. "So you've let Ritz and Roget scare you out? Going to break your contracts? Well, by thunder, that's all you've broken this season. Plenty of drivers have what you haven't. They'll jump at a mount like the old Darco."

"Try it and see!" Oldham shot back from the doorway. "Nobody wants to drive a lemon."

"Don't let that worry you, sonny," the Bear roared. "You boys were chauffeurs before I trained you. I can repeat."

The door banged shut with a crash that stamped a perfect period after three names on the Darco pay roll.

For half an hour Old J. D. sat and gathered up the fragments from the wreck of his racing team. This would ring through the motor world. Too late to train green drivers for the Vanderbilt. Too risky, besides. The Fargot-Kodick frame-up undoubtedly existed. The faithful old motor would be on trial—its final trial. The public would be the judge, the roaring road the jury. The verdict must be victory, otherwise ——

For a while the Bear's eyes were old and stern. Then his indomitable optimism, the fighting spirit that made him loved, gradually rose to normal. The corners of his mouth began to twitch.

"Great Scott!" he rumbled. "That was sure some house-cleaning!" He jerked forward the desk phone. "Shipping department," he growled. "Jenkins—ship those three racing cars to Los Angeles. By express—yes. Say, Bill, I don't know who's going to drive 'em, but I know three white rabbits that won't. Get me? Oh, we'll make out.... What? Yes, sure—a happy birthday."

He swept aside the phone and reached for a telegraph pad. "Toodles Walden, Los Angeles," he wrote—Toodles, who was both J. D.'s son-in-law and manager of the Darco Western Branch in Los Angeles. The message read:

"Coming West to win Vanderbilt. Arrive Wednesday ten. Cars shipped to-day by express. Drivers out with frozen feet. Line up three regular dust eaters immediately."

"And if he can't find drivers," mused J. D., "I'll use Toodles himself. We could do a lot worse. The boy won

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the Grand Prize on luck, and beat the San Francisco record because he had to. He's no hard-boiled professional but he can raise his share of dust."

As the Bear shambled his way westward he pondered over many things. He could not rid himself of a certain comparison between himself and the Darco motor. "After all," he muttered, "we're in the same boat. We're both getting old and out of date." Picking up a magazine he read: "The two distinct cries of modern industry are New Ideas! Younger Blood!" He recalled how frequently of late his pet suggestions had been turned aside with "Now, Mr. Ward, that idea is too old-fashioned. Can't we use something more up to date?" No sentiment was left in business nowadays. When men or motors grew too old they were cast aside; nobody worried as to what junkpile claimed them. He and the old motor had begun together; together they'd go out. He would not throw the faithful Darco upon the heap without one more good fight.

The enthusiasm of his welcome at the Los Angeles depot drove all such shadows from his mind.

Toodles himself was there of course; but it was the brown haired, hazel eyed Cub that brought the wide grin to his face as she hurled her loveliness into his arms.

"By golly, Dorothy," the Bear exclaimed, holding his daughter close, "I sure missed you this summer. I'll not leave you again. Thompson can run the old shop and go hang."

"We wouldn't let you go back anyhow," Dorothy laughed. "You're getting too old to ——"

"What's that?" J. D. roared.

"It's too lonesome for you back there alone," the Cub corrected herself.

"That's right," grinned her businesslike young husband as he grasped J. D.'s hand in a bone-breaking grip. "You'll stay in California. Just think of the arguments we used to have!"

"And just recall who always won them!" laughed the Bear.

"Remember Darby's saying: 'Wise boys have tried to trim the Bear's claws before this, and got themselves all mussed up'?" Toodles quoted reminiscently. "Well, I'm not trying that any more. I've a good surprise for you up at the office."

He assisted Dorothy into the car and slipped a friendly hand under Old J. D.'s arm. The Bear roughly but playfully pushed him aside.

"Look here, young man," he growled, "I'm not too old and feeble to crawl in by myself." He slammed the tonneau door; then with a hand on either side swung over the top and settled himself on the upholstering with a contented grunt. "Pullman cars are all right, but I'd rather do my riding in a Darco. Say, did you line up those drivers?"

"No, J. D., I didn't," confessed Toodles. "There's nothing doing. They all say the Darco can't win. My notion is they're afraid of that Fargot and Kodick layout."

"Bluff," growled J. D. "Those fellows had to frame to beat us. All that's needed to put them down is the usual horse power of brains." He laughed shortly. "But they sure ran my three drivers out."

"Ran them in, don't you mean?" queried Toodles. "You haven't heard? Oldham, Kerhoff and Compton are in Los Angeles! Arrived here yesterday, all swelled up like three toy balloons—you know, the kind like when you stick a pin in them they go pop. The morning papers quote Oldham as saying"—Toodles paused for dramatic effect—"'We are to drive the three Kodick cars in the Vanderbilt. We resigned from the Darco company because it is unprogressive—too much of a one-man concern.'"



*"Well, Sonny," He Greeted the Astonished Toodles, "Some Class to Grandpa, Huh?"*

"You don't say!" roared J. D. "And I brought those kids up from chauffeurs. Driving for a crooked lawyer, Compton was; and Kerhoff and Oldham were taximen! So that's why they were so darned independent. Had contracts up their sleeves! Well, by gad, we'll show 'em! . . . Some paint, Toodles, some paint!" The old man nodded approvingly as the newly tinted Darco branch hove into sight.

He clambered out and marched into the salesroom. The confident optimism of Toodles' grin became even brighter. Eagerly he led J. D. out through the garage into the machine shop. The supreme moment had arrived. Toodles stopped at the doorway, his shoulders just a little squarer and his irrepressible chin just a trifle higher than ever before. Inside the door the Bear halted abruptly. His eyes focused on a burnished block of metal resting on hurdles in the center of the shop. He stared a moment without speaking.

"Allow me to present," said Toodles in the best manner of the polished salesman, "our four-cylinder racing motor — newest and latest type. I've been using my time, J. D."

"New-style racing motor, eh?" queried J. D. in a carefully neutral tone. "So you've caught the fever too, boy?"

He stepped closer to the polished motor, and slowly inspected it from fan to flywheel. Toodles proudly waited for the grunt of praise. It did not come. J. D. ended his inspection and stood off, feet apart, head thrust forward, whistling softly between his teeth and scowling hard. Presently a wrinkle as of puzzlement cleared from his forehead. He turned on Toodles.

"Where'd you get this motor? Who designed it? Who built it?"

"Why," Toodles proudly admitted, "I sort of worked out the idea myself, and the boys developed it. We had the parts cast in the East and assembled it ourselves. It's a daisy—a comer."

"Oh, you did, eh?" J. D. muttered. "Well, by thunder, it's almost a twin to that gol-durned Kamp contraption. I suppose it's got superignition, supercooling, superpower, superspeed and supereconomy? Bah! The one thing we need and can't get is superbrains."

Toodles failed to note the deep impatient tone in the Bear's growl. He was ignorant of the inside history of that irritating summer. Blithely he ran past the danger signal:

"We've tried it out, J. D. It's certainly a wonder for speed and endurance. I'm crazy to see it installed in the racing cars. Won't we run little circles round the Fargot and Kodick? I suppose," he ran on—"I suppose the old motor was all right in its day. Grand old motor for that era. But the times demand improvements. We couldn't stand still. Got to have new ideas, new ——"

He paused, sensing something wrong.

"Holy love of Mike!" roared J. D. in ire. "That's all I've heard all summer! So you're singing the same song! Whole world's gone crazy over freaks. Freak body designs, freak ignition systems, freak gear shifts! The worst freaks I've seen this summer were three drivers I fired." He walked close to the motor, glowering at the mass of rods and rocker arms grouped along the top of the cylinder block. "Looks like a kid's pushmobile," he growled. Slowly he counted the valves. "Fifteen—sixteen," he finished. "And in the head too. Now I know you're crazy! What's the bore and stroke?"

"Three and seven-eighths by six," Toodles explained proudly.

"Not power enough to pull your hat off!" J. D. exploded.

"Oh, yes, it has, J. D.," protested Toodles. "On the test we got twelve H. P. more than the old one. We're using a new almost frictionless bearing. You see, I was in a hurry ——"

"That's just what I want to know, young man," rumbled J. D., lifting his voice dangerously. "What were you in a hurry for? Now you got this pretty toy, what are you going to do with it?"

Toodles took a good grip on his courage. "I'm going to put it into a Darco chassis and—win the Vanderbilt."

Then even Toodles was surprised. Old J. D.'s battle-scarred face became flooded with angry purple. He caught Toodles' eye, opened his mouth to speak, caught sight of Dorothy peering breathlessly over the young man's shoulder, and compressing his lips turned squarely on his heel and climbed heavily upstairs to the Bear Den. Not a word did he utter.

A half hour later a depressed and serious Toodles slowly ascended the same stairway. Quietly he pushed open the door. J. D. sat massively in his chair, staring at a small engraved silver cup.

"Look, J. D.," stammered Toodles. "You misunderstood me, sir. I wasn't knocking the Darco motor. It's a wonderful old engine. This losing every race has sort of got to me, I guess. I wanted to pull out of it."

J. D. nodded. His wrath had departed.

"That's all right, sonny," he rumbled. With one huge paw he lifted the silver cup. "Do you know what that is?"

Toodles nodded. Here was something he had not realized.

"That is the cornerstone of the Darco Motor Company," said the older man with a soft note of reverence in his habitual growl. "The first cup the Darco ever won. I drove our first car; it was built in the back room of a garage. On the strength of that victory I borrowed twenty-five thousand dollars, incorporated, and built seven more cars. We sold them; we've sold since every car we could turn out. Why? Because the Darco has never gambled with its purchasers' patience or money. We've never been an experiment. And by thunder, I'm not going to start any freak business now!"

"Then give me a chance to prove my motor isn't a freak," Toodles argued. "I've intended all along to give it to the company. If I can't race it as a Darco let me build a chassis and race it under another name."

"Go to it," growled the Bear, barely hesitating. "You can play with that motor, but not with the Darco's reputation."

Toodles reached the door in one joyous leap. "All right, daddy," he grinned. "I hate like the devil to trim the old Darco, but I'll make it as painless as possible. But see here, J. D.," he returned to seriousness again. "Let's be frank. Drivers are scarce. You weren't—were you in any way looking for me to ——"

"Don't let that worry you, sonny," J. D. grunted violently. "Trot along and drive your little pushcart. It'll land you in hospital with a triple compound fracture of your bump of conceit. That Vanderbilt is going to be the most progressive speed meal you or Ritz or Oldham or Kerhoff or Compton ever tried to eat."

"Maybe so," assented Toodles, delighted. "But who's going to cook aforesaid meal?"

"Me, for one," the Bear thundered. "I'm going to be both cook and waiter. I'll serve it with sauce and style. I'm going to drive my own car!"

"What!" Toodles gasped. "You?"

*(Continued on Page 110)*



*There Was a Sharp Explosion as a Left Front Tire Blew Out. The Darco Staggered, Then Plunged for the Crowd*

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# THE GOOD OLD SHOE

## By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIGUÈRE

MARRIAGE is two people working together for a common ideal, sharing a common ambition."

"Marriage is mutual compromise."

"Marriage is an adjustment of property rights—a feminine freehold in fee simple for the husband, protection for the wife."

"Marriage is an old shoe."

"Marriage is what Sherman called war."

I am not offering the foregoing gems of philosophical conclusion as examples of abstruse or highly finished reasoning. They are merely the subconscious blotter-pad jottings of Mr. Jorian Merritt, in his first office hour on that auspicious morning in August when Marion Merritt, who had promised to love, honor and obey him some fifteen years earlier, had looked across the breakfast table and told him calmly that she considered him an old shoe. Which accounts for the introduction of the term in Definition Number Four—and may possibly account for Definition Number Five's seeming to indicate that it had had a precipitating effect on Mr. Merritt's mood, which beginning with a large impersonal scope had suddenly come to a critical and even acrid head under the accumulating force of his emotion.



"I Wanted to Tell You All About it on Carnival Night, But of Course I Didn't See You, So I'm Telling You Now"

For it was subconscious only. Consciously and on the surface he was dictating a business letter to Peter Cooper Dilley & Son, of Detroit, and had just repeated a word three times to his stenographer.

Then he had glanced at his blotter pad and found that in the intervals of composition he had penciled the potent, pregnant phrases we have noted. And all because Marion ——

He had known for a long time that things were not going well. Sometimes of late when he recalled the language of his proposal he felt that he must have been a little mad. Fifteen years ago he had told Marion West that she was his ideal woman; and to-day—this morning—as he conjured up Marion's image and general characteristics he realized that there wasn't a thing about her that embodied his ideal.

And probably the converse was true.

There was a time, Mr. Jorian Merritt reflected, when he had been the Alpha and Omega of happiness for Marion. His name had sent the color to her cheeks—he had had this on competent authority; she had considered him—he had had this on her own authority—the handsomest, cleverest, most wonderful man in the world.

And to-day she called him an old shoe!

It was incredible; it was preposterous; it was monstrous.

He had given up the best years of his life to her; he had sought in every way to smooth and soften her path. And she merely bit the hand that fed her. It seemed impossible that Marion was the same woman he had wooed and won in those early years—was the same woman he had honeymooned with, had adored.

For if ever an adoring lover and husband had existed it had been he. Any woman with a spark of appreciation, with any capacity for feeling, with any memory of the past —— It must be that insidious changes had taken place deep in Marion's nature, changes analogous to the physical ones he observed. Marion was not the woman he had wooed; Marion was not his ideal any longer.

It was just here that Mr. Jorian Merritt was compelled to fix his attention more minutely on his correspondence, to glance over, correct and sign the finished letters; but his subconscious self clung tenaciously to the matter, and when his stenographer withdrew for the present, he yielded himself to a half-hour's introspective reverie that afforded much bittersweet comfort.

You are not to quarrel if Mr. Jorian Merritt seem a trifle romantically inclined. He had it legally—from his mother, a lady who doted on mid-Victorian literature and who had indeed named her son out of The Cloister and the Hearth, where the stout medieval Flemish appellation had caught her eye.

But what romance lurked in Mr. Merritt was subcutaneous. To the casual eye he was the typical American business man—not tired as yet, it being but ten A. M.—and like as a pea to the dozen or fifteen others who commuted to and from Flora Vale.

He was about nine-and-thirty years of age, a trifle thin of hair about the brow, a trifle thick about the equator; wearing a heather-mixture tweed, a custom-made shirt, dark socks, quiet low-cut shoes, a good-looking tie, no jewelry and no scent. In short, Mr. Jorian Merritt was usual.

As he sat before his neat mahoganized desk—the desk of general manager for the important firm of Quiller, Lake & Anstey, Import and Export Freight Handlers—he was eminently in his place, from the neat shell-rimmed pince-nez he wore to the firm, capable, nicely manicured, untemperamental hands with which he fingered his mail.

When he had disposed of his last letter he laid it down and, elbows on his desk, chin on hands, a little hunched forward, took up the subject again.

The old shoe—Marion! Marion was not the woman he had married. She was a matrimonial changeling. Physically alone ——

He is an audacious man who dares appraise his wife's physique and style with a dispassionate eye. It is more harrowing than to appraise oneself. For one's self is God-given—for the most part; wished upon one, and is no reflection on one's taste; but one has chosen one's life partner.

Mr. Jorian Merritt, however, was not only audacious this morning but bitterly disillusioned. He felt he dared take stock, indulge in any grim retrospective comparison he pleased.

He well recalled the first time he ever saw Marion. He had just been promoted as secretary to Mr. Quiller, and had been asked to the Quillers' for Sunday dinner. And Marion was there. He saw her in a knot of young people, and something just under the fountain pen in his vest pocket had given a quick jerk, and he was aware, beneath the polished and elegant phrases he was uttering to his hostess, of but one thought: Peach; peach; peach!

Not that it was love at first sight. Nothing so absurd. It was only that it was potential love, which is the most thrilling sensation and experience the human can feel. So delicate, so diaphanous of bloom, so easily rubbed away by a fatal bromide, by the wrong color, by a missing tooth, the wrong choice of poet or hero; a nasal voice, the misuse of an oyster fork. Any one of a hundred devilish nuances of taste or custom may destroy the lurking possibility. And romance, that paused to throw you a coy inviting glance, may spread its gossamer wings and fly away.

It had not been so with Marion and him. They had had a heavenly hour after dinner on the veranda discovering each other; and what champaign is so fair and alluring as that unexplored country of the mind—especially the mind of a girl you are about to fall in love with?

Everything he had discovered about Marion had been so satisfying. She had shared so many of his ideas, his ideals—that a man could go far if he stuck strictly to business; that a fellow who went through college just for athletics was not the well-balanced man, the well-balanced man being a chap who, as in his case, say, had got at least one *cum laude* in his classical studies; that life was serious and you shouldn't dance your way through it but you should hitch your wagon to a star, and so on; that you had to sacrifice a little here and there as you went; that nobody was ever perfectly happy; that as Emerson had said, and so on.

Oh, they had been very uplifted and highbrow, Jorian throwing in the Emerson squib himself, and getting rewarded by the awed admiration in Marion's eyes.

Of course, they had talked of other things—their common tastes in literature, recreation, even foods; not in the usual kidding style but with an underlying current of seriousness.

They had laughed together a great deal more than the subject had actually called for there in their polar isolation among that heedless gossiping idle crowd, and all the time Merritt's heart had been chanting: "The one girl—at last; the only girl—at last."

Not that he might have cared about any of these things if Marion had looked, say, like Miss Herter; who had a forehead like a full moon, and thick spectacles before her small pale eyes.

There was that in Marion's appearance that would have wrought havoc had her cerebration been that of a Fiji Islander. In fact with a girl of Marion's looks any kind of cerebration was just so much bonus—pure velvet thrown in.

She was so pretty—slender, not skinny but *fausse maigre*, to borrow another tongue; little but round and exquisitely put together. Her hair was a burnished mass of molten bronze, her eyes a deep soft gray, and when she laughed at you she had the prettiest way of crinkling her eyes till they nearly shut, and flashing her little white teeth at you.

She was as soft to touch as rose leaves. A midge or some such tiny animal had crept up the rosy white of her little arm, and Merritt had dared to pinch it off; he had had to smother the impulse to crush her to him and kiss her.

That was Marion at twenty-two—Marion, the uncrowned queen, the miracle.

When he thought of Marion, the wife—his miracle these fifteen years—it was preposterous. Marion on last Sunday

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morning in her new taffeta suit! That peculiarly unbecoming blue she wore—that she had chosen in spite of his advice.

"I can't help it if you don't like it," she had said calmly; "it's the new shade this year. For that matter you will wear purple ties, Jorian; and I've told you a dozen times they don't suit your coloring."

It wasn't only the taffeta that ailed her. Marion was getting too heavy; she ate too much sweet, and had more than a hint of fullness under her chin. Oh, good-looking in her way, a thickish young-matronly way, but not—not in the way he had intended her to look. He liked 'em girlish, *svelte*.

There was Mrs. Raycroft, two years Marion's senior and lissom as a circus contortionist. When poor Marion walked across the room her foot was so heavy of late years; funny how it seemed to grow on her.

It wasn't only Marion's looks either, but the other things—little habits that were annoying, mannerisms. Her way of yawning; her way of saying "don't you know" so often; her way of checking up the stories he told, all his little repertoire, by a glance indicating "That old one again, Jorian? I'm sorry you can't find something new to tell"; her utter inability to comprehend the simplest mechanism, the painful and painstaking repetition of any slight principle of mechanics she required—and then getting it all wrong; her careless and aggravating habit of never putting the cap on a tube of tooth paste or unguent exactly; or of not quite shutting off the bathroom faucets. He could have multiplied all this twelvefold. There were times when Marion was absolutely the most irritating woman he had ever met in his life.

At twenty-two there had been none of this. Marion had been all charm, all thistledown—careful, he reflected bitterly.

What girl of twenty-two would yawn in her lover's face; would contradict him in an explanation of which she had not the faintest understanding; would visé his little jokes and censor his habits of speech—try to improve his mind? If they did any of these things there wouldn't be a married woman in the world. But they never did. They were the only original camouflage corps since time began.

He wondered bitterly if other men endured it. Was it true, as he had read somewhere, that no woman ever marries a man without the secret intent to alter him? Was it this that wore off the bloom? Or did it just wear off automatically? But there had been nothing humdrum then. They had corresponded ardently. Merritt recalled phrases out of his letters to her:

"I wish that you might be here to see ——" "I was thinking of you the other day"—and "all other days" if he had been truthful. "I'm wondering how you stand this hot weather." All the usual banal phrases—at first.

And then the evening at Boxley when he proposed to Marion! He had known he would do it—and so had she—for some weeks previously. In fact he had tried—and so had she—to get it over and done with on several occasions before. He had actually suffered at times under his agonizing urge, yet went muted by his own *gaucherie* and inexperience.

In the end it had done itself—more or less. Marion had dropped her fan and stooped to get it. He had stooped also, their hands had closed upon it simultaneously, and suddenly he was kissing Marion—saying trembling broken things to her.

Even here on this bright stupid mediocre morning, arrived as he was at the age of disillusionment and hair restorers, it melted Jorian Merritt—moved him profoundly—to think of the lad he had been, standing there holding his precious sweetheart in his arms during that sacred moment.

He felt like a father to that long-ago self of his, that nice, trusting, exalted, loving young ass who pinned his faith on divine womanhood, who actually trusted in the permanence of exalted emotional feeling.

Marion must have felt then much as he did. She had put her arm round him and cried uncontrollably; "just because I'm so happy," she sobbed.

Afterward they had sat on the little brown bench behind the hedge and held hands. It was so wonderful to know she was his—to dare to play with the little rings of soft hair at her temple, to brush her round cheek with the back of his hand, to snatch her to him suddenly and hold her to his heart.

"Do you think two people ever loved each other as we do?" Marion had asked.

"They couldn't!" he declared stoutly.

"When did you love me first? I mean when did you know you loved me?"

"The minute I saw you—standing there in that crowd—so pretty and sweet. Oh, Marion!"

"I loved you right away. I remember the way your eyes came back to me; and your hands. Oh, Jorian, it sounds silly, but I could have kissed your nice hands.

"We'll always love each other," she went on after an interval. "Oh, Jorian, I know we can never change to each other. Don't you think so?"

"I know it," he had agreed.

"Because we're different. There's nothing silly about our love for each other. It's the lasting kind—the kind that goes deep."

"Goes deep"—it went so deep it hurt!

"I don't care what happens in the years to come, we'll always feel the same, won't we, Jorian?"

"Of course! Oh, my darling, my darling!"

A groan broke from Mr. Jorian Merritt. He ought to have been killed. They both ought to have been killed. All young love should be killed—at its very heyday; at high tide, while love is fresh and idealistic and unspoiled, before life stales and sours things. Bally young idiots!

He remembered how he had gone away early in their engagement for a three days' trip to New York. And he had written her every day and sent two telegrams. And when he came back, on his first evening! They hadn't even been able to speak. They had clung to each other in a wordless rapture. You would have thought he was to be transported to Siberia the next instant; or that the Grim Destroyer had laid violent hands on his shoulder.

Now, after the interval of fifteen years, he reviewed his return last winter from a similar city trip.

He had got home late and he had had to use his night key after ringing two or three times. Marion had come downstairs yawning a little, looking sleepy and disturbed.

"I didn't know you were coming. If you'd sent me a line! It's Katy's night out, but I'll pick you up a lunch." She came up to him and gave him a cool little conjugal peck. "The house is so cold I went to bed early. One of the furnace pipes broke and we can't have any fire."

Fire! There wasn't a trace anywhere—neither coals of love nor of anthracite.

He had returned her kiss perfunctorily and patted her shoulder.

"Nice time?" she asked, and shivered a little.

"Fine," absently; then he grunted a bit, waived any supper and picked up his bag.

Afterward they had got a bit more sociable while Jorian unpacked upstairs. He threw out his dressing things; pulled off his coat and collar and relieved his soul by growling considerably over some business complications.

Marion had sat on the bed in her kimono and tried to pump him a little about styles, and Jorian found he'd left his safety razor in his New York hotel and swore a little about it, and Marion came over presently and rumpled his hair over the thin spot—which he particularly disliked—and said:

"Glad you're back, Jorry."

"Darn glad to get back," he had answered.

And at the time he had meant it too. It seemed rather good to be back in the place where he belonged; but this morning his soul cried out at himself. To be content with things like that was to live on the animal plane—no exaltations, no thrills.

What would it be like—once again to thrill to your woman's embrace? To be met on your return by arms that twined round you irresistibly, that pressed you close against a heart that loved—loved you with a big L?

And such capacities, Mr. Jorian Merritt felt, still lay within him—to respond to such emotion, to rise poetic, even magnificent. There was no callow young ass about him any more. If he loved now it would be with the force, the decision, the accumulated energy of maturity.

He did not, could not love Marion so!

It was bitter, but the truth. Let us not lie to ourselves. Let us look facts right in the eye. It was the crux of the whole situation that, though it hurt him to have Marion refer to him as a piece of pedal wearing apparel, it hurt him still more to realize that it didn't hurt so much as it should.

Marion had lost her power over him. There was a time when he would have committed suicide at so harsh a verdict from her lips; now it only goaded him to weigh and appraise.

And he faced the truth bravely. He no longer cared for Marion. She no longer interested him. She had never even understood him. Understood him! Heavens, what might he not have been with a woman who had sympathized with his dreams and ideals, who had been his astral self! Some men were lucky enough to mate that way, but he himself —— The barriers between himself and Marion; the gates that locked forever the hidden riches he might have poured at her feet.

"But now we know that she never could know and did not understand."

Suddenly he thought of matrimony as Juggernaut, a monster that crushed the bloom out of a man's life; or again as a great god Baal, before whom wistful and passionate man must make eternal sacrifice, immolate himself endlessly. His mind returned to the definitions on his blotter pad. He felt that if he had time he could enrich and embellish them endlessly.

To be misunderstood! To put out a hand longing for a soul comrade, and find it clasped by an utter stranger.

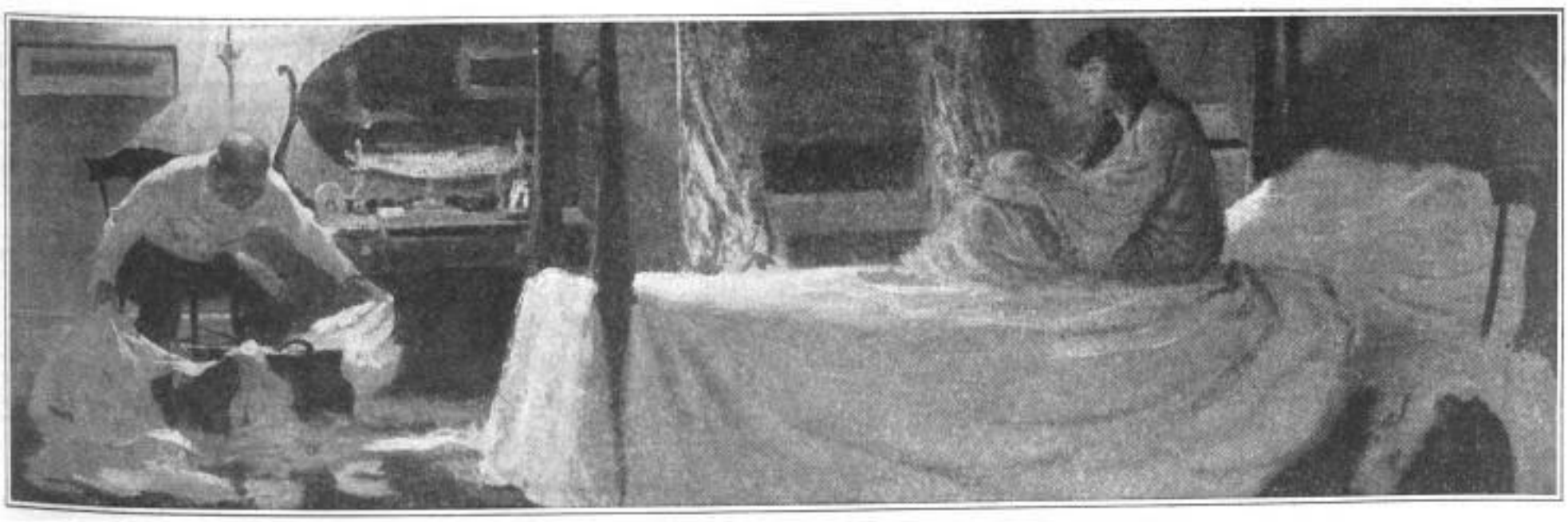
Mr. Jorian Merritt rose and began pacing his floor abstractedly. Why had life cheated him thus—denied the best gifts in its power to bestow? To be understood! To know the grand passion!

It was here that the telephone rang, and the train of Jorian Merritt's thought was interrupted. In fact the pressure of the day was such that he could not resume his musings to any extent until evening. It was not until he got to Flora Vale that he could take up the tale of his grievances again.

As he came up the narrow cinder path between the neatly clipped California privet hedges that formed the approach to his home, he felt, as always, the faint self-congratulatory warming of the cockles of his heart that the normal male experiences on looking at his home, bought and paid for, after the day's work.

This architectural creation—a *tour de force* of stucco, shingle and brick, with Elizabethan wings, a flying buttress and a rococo Italian entrance—was the peer of any house in Flora Vale. It possessed all those alluring qualities one reads of in the suburban promoter's catalogue

*(Continued on Page 53)*



*Marion Had Sat on the Bed in Her Kimono and Tried to Pump Him a Little About Styles*

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# "CONTACT!"—By Samuel G. Blythe

The skipper stood upon the bridge, and blood was in his eye;
Sez he: "We'll get that blinking Hun, or know the reason why."
So he threw her over, and off we went, hell bent on the starboard leg,
And when we made the slick of oil the Old Girl dropped an egg.
The Old Girl dropped an egg, my boys,
And then dropped several more;
And the Huns down in that submarine
Will never get to shore.
Will never get to shore, my boys,
It's good-by, Ger-ma-nee;
For every egg the Old Girl drops
Is filled with T N T.
—*Songs of the Hun Hunters.*

NOW, as is well known in our best submarine-straf ing circles, it is the law of the game, as laid down by those stern old sea dogs who sit in judgment on the claims of the eager youngsters who go plunging back and forth from the Arctic Circle to below the Fastnet hunting the viperous Hun subs, that to get credit for destroying a hostile submarine you must bring the submarine in in a shawl strap and lay it on the table before the grim court. "Approximately" and "evidently" and "probably" do not go. Or perchance if the Hun sub sinks there must be a couple of the sailors from it—two are enough—as an evidence of good faith, and because in these days the aforesaid stern old sea dogs so far forget their massive augustness as to put their dignified tongues in their decorous cheeks over that plausible statement—"a large quantity of oil and considerable wreckage came to the surface."

It was evident that the skipper of one destroyer knew this and was taking no chances, for he brought in thirty prisoners; and if he doesn't get the certainty of a "Known" in the records he'll be out of luck. It so happened that I was going from a certain place to a certain other place, on British waters, and started down a companionway on some trivial errand of my own. A sentry rose before me with a large and disconcerting bayonet.

"Gangway!" says I.

### Boys—But Butchers

"NOTHIN' doin'!" says he, which, among other things, shows that the true American language is coming into its own in these war-worn parts, for the bayonet, the gun and the wielder thereof were all British.

"Sorry," says I.

"Don't mention it," says he; "and get to hell back on deck."

Wherefore I did two things—I got back on deck, and I moused round a bit to find what it was all about.

"Germans off a submarine," a man told me. "Got 'em down on the lower deck and bringing them across."

The only Germans off a submarine I had ever seen were the chaps who came into Baltimore some years ago with the Deutschland, and I went to have a look at these. When we reached the pier they held us all back, and marched them off—thirty of them, all young chaps in dark-blue uniforms, many without shoes, and mostly without caps. One had his head bandaged, but the rest of them looked fit enough.

The order of the parade was as follows: Squad of British soldiers with fixed bayonets, and sergeant in charge; German prisoner, soldier right behind him with bayonet a few inches from his back; German prisoner, soldier, and so on. The last one out was an officer—a tall, thin chap, very pale, very erect, who had evidently put on his best clothes before he abandoned ship. He wore a long blue coat that reached to his knees, and was quite haughty. The others were palpably afraid. They looked from side to side and seemed to fear the crowd on the pier, standing grim and silent under the flare of the electric lights.

It was between one and two o'clock in the morning. I don't know whether these people knew the prisoners were coming or not. Anyhow, there was a big crowd there, and there wasn't a word said. There wasn't a sound while the prisoners walked down the gangplank and were marshaled off in the darkness toward the train. But what was looked is another story. There was real, undying hate, loathing and disgust in that aggregate look at these torpedoers of hospital ships and shellers of defenseless lifeboats and drowners of sailors. No wonder they were apprehensive. They were mostly boys, those prisoners, or young men. I do not think that one of them was more than twenty-five. Boys—but butchers.

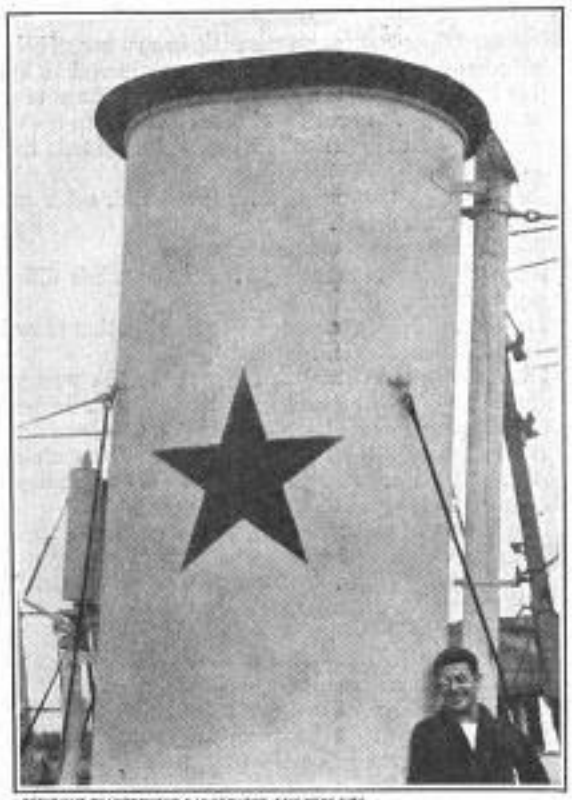
But to turn to pleasanter things—if such there be in the story of the submarine hunters—they never tell how many German submarines are put down, destroyed, wrecked, captured or otherwise forcibly relieved from the pleasures of murdering people on the high seas—that is, they never tell you for publication. They know, and there is no guessing about it. And the number is large compared to the number Germany has built.

When a destroyer, or a trawler, or a drifter, or a submarine chaser, or what the British call the M. L.'s—motor launches—or any other war craft gets in contact with a German submarine and maltreats that submarine, either by gunfire or depth charges or by ramming, or in any other manner that may be feasible and effective, the commander of the ship in contact makes a report about it, and gives all the evidence he has to support his claim that he has ruined the German submarine.

As I have said, two prisoners make proof. Also, the hulk of the submarine is proof. But in many instances the submarine sinks, or the commander of the attack hopes it has sunk, and it is up to him to produce tangible proof to establish the fact that the submarine sank because she was injured and not because she filled her tanks.

This evidence comes before the proper authorities in the British Admiralty and is considered. If proof is conclusive the claim of the man who makes the report is indorsed "Known." That means he has a submarine to his credit. If the proof does not exactly show destruction the indorsement is "Probably severely damaged." If it isn't conclusive the attacker gets a "Possibly slightly damaged"; and if the claim is merely a claim he gets nothing. Meantime, tabs are kept on all German submarines, and processes of elimination supply proof many times when reports do not entirely substantiate.

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*This Coveted Star on a Torpedo Boat Funnel Signifies That the Boat Has Actually Sunk a German Submarine*

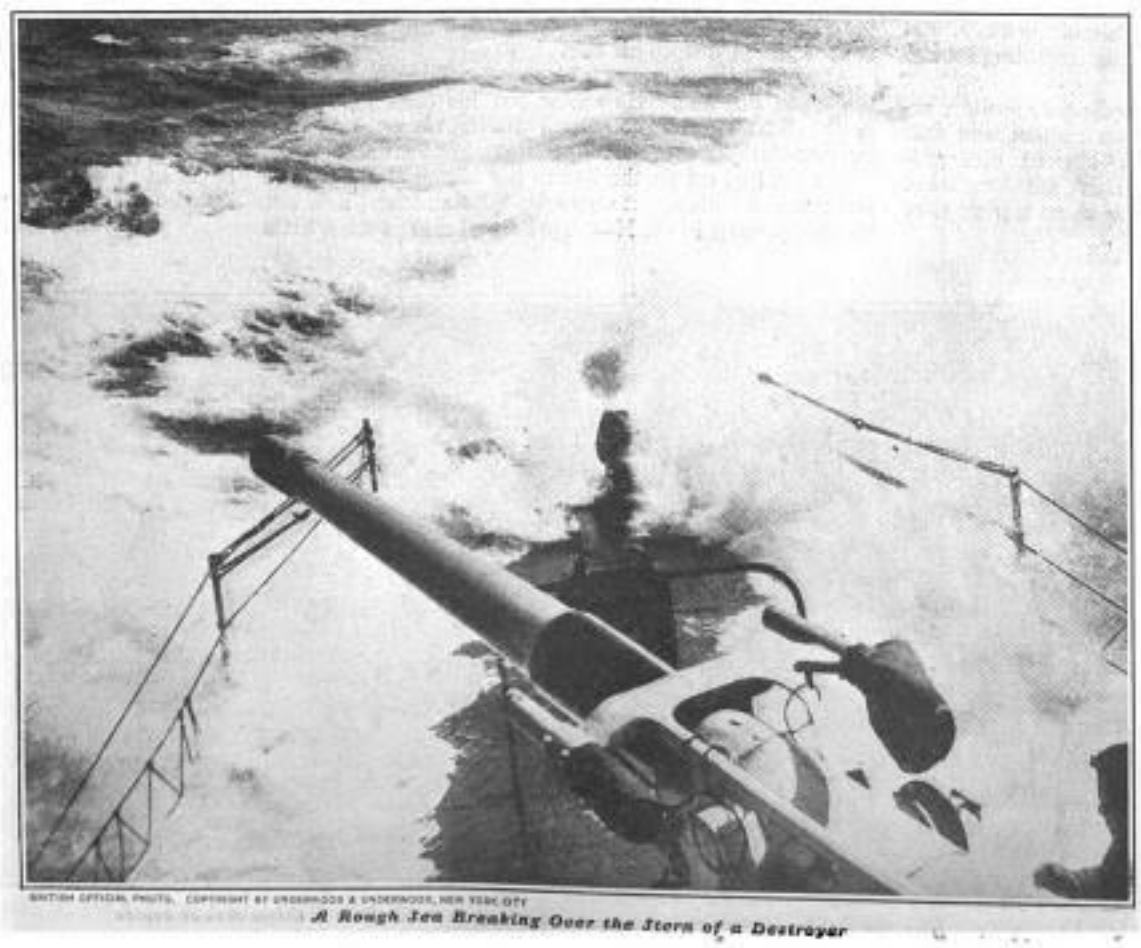
### Long Waits and High Scores

THE hope of the days and nights of every man who goes to sea hunting submarines is "Contact." That in their lives is the beginning of all things, whether they are rasping over the water in the big high-powered destroyers or darting about in the tiny launches, whether they plug along in trawlers and drifters or whether they seek in the great grim ships of war. Contact! They all live in hope. They may go out and buffet the seas for days and nights without seeming end, and see nothing, never even the feather in the water left by a periscope, or a slick of oil, but hope never dies. Next time! The chance is always there. Next time they'll have some luck. Next time they will get a Hun. There never was in this world a more potent illustration of the optimism of youth than the eager certainty of these Hun hunters that next time they will have contact, for submarine hunting is a young man's game. No others could stand the rigors of it, the discomforts of it, the hardships of it. None but youth could face the terrors of the sea in the cockleshells they do with such superb disregard.

Through all the fleet from north to south is known the story of the English captain who went for eleven months, day after day and night after night, fighting the storms, the cold, the winds, scouring the waters ceaselessly, pounded by the seas, coming in coated with ice, battered, bent, bruised, and never saw even a periscope sticking up through the water. Eleven months! And he felt it was no good. He was out of luck. Others were getting subs, but not even a slick of oil or a chance to drop a depth charge came his way. But he stuck. And before the end of twelve months "Known" was written on his reports three times, and twice more soon after. And he had the Victoria Cross and all the rest of it in due time.

That is the glorious chance of it. You never know your luck. Next time you may get one; so go to it, bullies, and forget the long, storm-tossed days and nights when nothing happens; when all there is to do is to wish that one's bunk wouldn't always be at an angle of fifty-five degrees; that the fog would lift; that the dod-gasted sea would quiet down a bit; that they could get a fire in the galley, and wonder whether the lights are burning on Broadway.

Forget it all, and remember the story of the young American captain who had plunged and plowed about for weeks and weeks, and never anything doing save the routine of taking ships in and taking ships out, and patrolling—ceaselessly patrolling. Then one morning things began to happen. He saved a mail ship from a submarine. He was called to assist a French merchantman that had been torpedoed. He had a go with another submarine, and on his way back he saved the survivors of another vessel that had been torpedoed, and whose



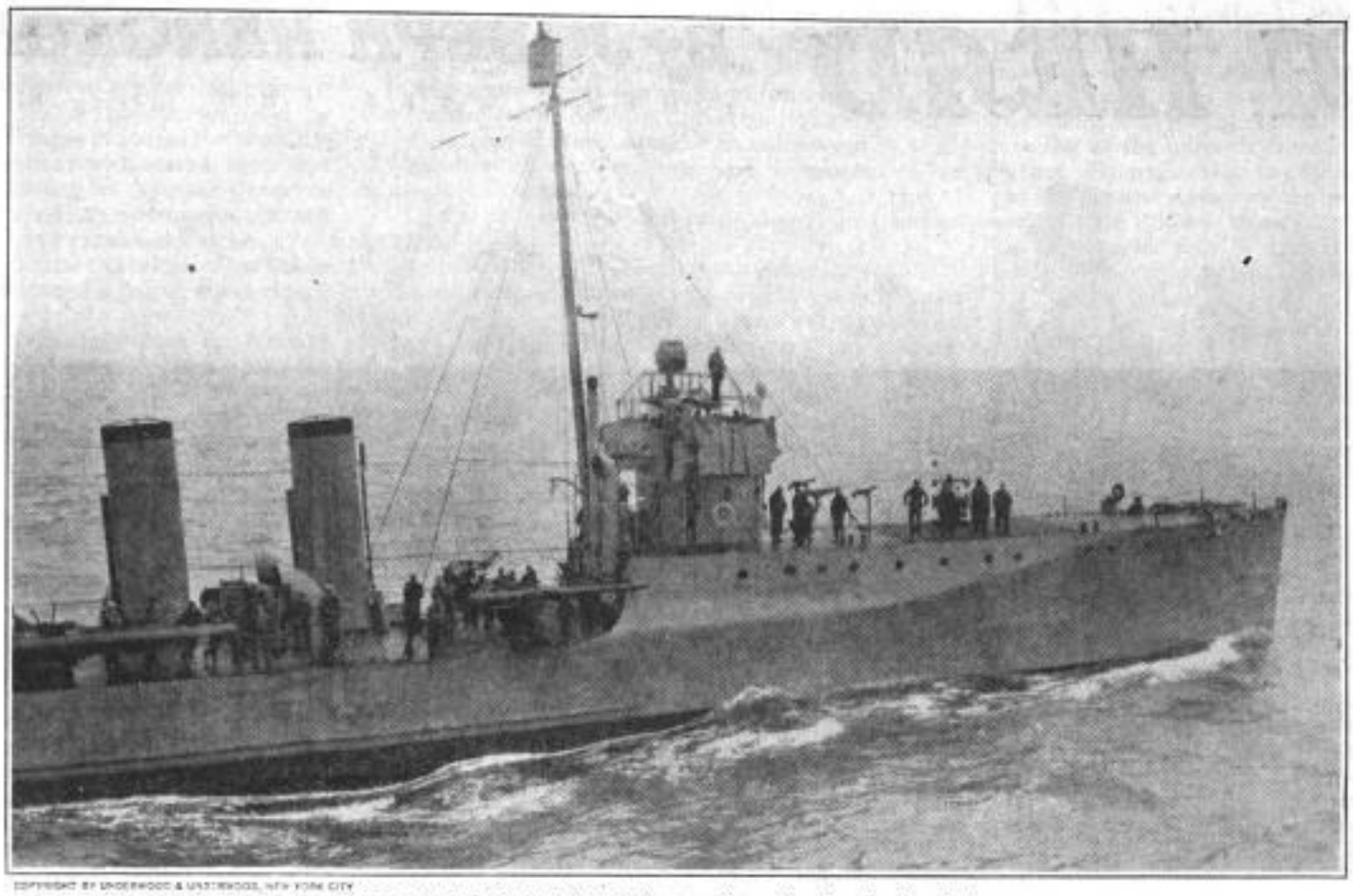
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*A Rough Sea Breaking Over the Stern of a Destroyer*

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lifeboat had been shelled by the Germans who did the torpedoing. It may be your turn next. The original and authentic habitat of the hope that springs eternal is in the aggregate breasts of the young men who go to sea hunting German submarines.

There was the early morning, for example, when the U. S. Destroyer —— was droning along on escort duty. Oddly enough the sea was calm, and the men on the bridge were contemplating the face of the waters, where the reflection of the stars appeared in dancing pinheads of gold. Also, incidentally, they and others in position were keeping a sharp lookout for whatever might appear. They didn't expect anything, but you never know your luck.



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*One of the United States Destroyers Operating in Foreign Waters*

Coffee had just been served, and day began to break. Not that there was any connection between the two events, but that they occurred at approximately the same moment. Also, the calm of things was disturbed quite rudely by the crash of a gun off the port bow. The U. S. Destroyer —— came to life with a whoop, and a minute later there were two more gun crashes astern. With the men at quarters the ship on which they had been drinking coffee and hoping something would happen was progressing across that starlit sea at thirty knots an hour, and then some. There was a flare, and then another, and the —— cut some dizzy circles trying to find what it was all about. She circled, zigzagged and crisscrossed, but observed nothing and turned to rejoin the convoy.

"Light on the port quarter," yelled a lookout; and then a rocket dripped some white stars.

"Something doing," was the sage conclusion of the young American in charge, and he headed for the light, and announced his intended arrival by firing a star bomb himself. Presently there showed in the darkness dots and dashes of light—a blinker. They were slowly and carefully made, those dots and dashes, as if the man sending them was not familiar with the words he was using:

"P-l-e-a-s-e p-i-c-k u-s u-p."

"Sure thing," said the man on the bridge; "but who are you? This is no time of night to be afloat in these waters."

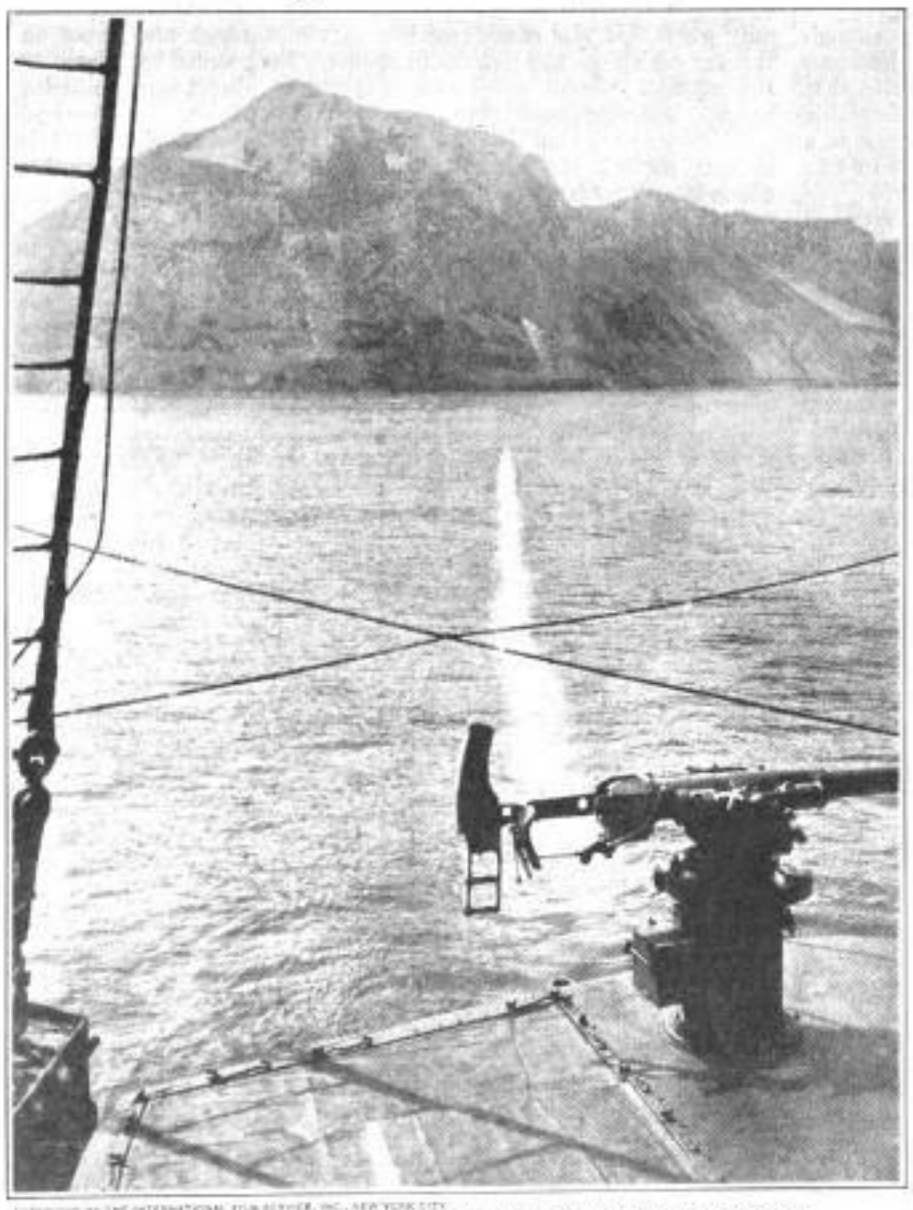
### *Score One "Known"*

THE destroyer proceeded warily. Then came several flares of light, and after those silence and dark on the face of the sea. A few minutes later a big object was sighted, not more than two hundred yards away, off to the starboard. The searchlight sent a great beam of light quivering across, and every man on the destroyer said the same thing: "Well, I'll be damned!"

The dark object was a German submarine pointing directly at the destroyer. Submarines carry torpedoes in the bows; oftentimes elsewhere, but always in the bows. Wherefore it was apparent in the wag of the tail of a stormy petrel that there was nothing to it if the Hun let her torpedoes go. Information as to whether the lights were still burning brightly on Broadway would never reach a lot of the Americans on that destroyer.

Things happened on the bridge, and that destroyer got out of the way with the utmost celerity, fetching up off to one side, and within fifty or a hundred yards. Then it was seen that the German sub was making heavy weather of it. She was under way, but going very slowly, and her stern was sinking. She came along, just about moving, her bows rising and her stern settling. The deck of the submarine, amidships, was thickly populated with Germans, who were milling about and shouting: "Please—Kamerad! Please—Kamerad!" Two floats were dropped by the destroyer, and preparations made to lower a boat. The submarine still kept under way, but she was sinking, for the water washed farther up from the stern, and the Germans crowded together farther and farther forward.

Then suddenly she disappeared—sank without trace or warning, as the Germans themselves might put it—*spurlos versenkt*. The crew went into the water, making all sorts of guttural noises the while. The lifeboat picked up a few of them, and some grabbed the floats, but the most of them swam desperately for the destroyer, puffing and blowing prodigiously and churning the quiet sea into foam. The crew was at the rail and hauled them up, using anything that resembled a line for the purpose. The deck hoses saved three of them. One member of the crew, who used to be a cowboy before he became a sailor, lassoed an officer neatly about the neck and they pulled that person aboard in that most undignified but effective manner, where he arrived quite safely; which proved that he was not born to be hanged, albeit he should be, no doubt. Thus they brought them in and were credited with a "Known." As I was saying, the particular place where one never knows his luck is on a destroyer hunting submarines. You get them or you do not get them. Either way, it is a great game; and as I write, late in July, our American destroyers have been playing it for fourteen months.



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*The Wake of a Torpedo Fired From This Ship at a Distant Target*

### *New Destroyers That Destroy*

THEY have had their successes and they have had their failures, but they have never slackened in the go-get-'em spirit, have never dulled or grown indifferent at the chase. They were green at it when they first came, but they have learned much and are learning more every day. And many of the improved appliances are American, and much of the improved method is American. Also, our newer types of destroyers are now rapidly coming into service, and this phase of our contribution to the naval end of the war has been valuable and effective.

A destroyer is a long, lean, rapierlike ship that is rightly named. Its one purpose of existence is to destroy, albeit it also performs excellently in preventing destruction. First torpedo boats were built, and then torpedo-boat destroyers—ships of the present destroyer type with greater speed than the torpedo boats—to run down these and sink them. The old torpedo boat is now obsolete, but the destroyer name clings, though some of the newer and larger types are in reality light unarmored cruisers. They all have torpedo tubes, and some of them are heavily armed. The great requisites are speed and ease of maneuvering, and it has come in the development of naval warfare in this war that the destroyer is used both offensively and defensively. It is the chosen instrument for hunting down submarines, and it is used in preventing attack on merchant and other ships by placing it in escort of convoys or individual ships.

We name our destroyers after our own naval heroes, and we man them with younger officers of proved ability. A man much over forty is too old for a destroyer. The life is too hard. Men between thirty and forty are the better commanders, and under them the younger ranks, the youth who can stand up to it day and night, which is what they have to do, including Sundays and holidays. The crews are more or less picked men, and no sailor is retained in a destroyer who is not fitted for the life. If he doesn't fit in he is transferred elsewhere. Officers, too, soon show whether they are made of destroyer stuff or no; and if they are not, billets for them are found elsewhere. It takes a fighting person, a hardy person, a quick-witted person, and most of all a courageous person, to run a destroyer; and his associates and crew must be just like him in their various

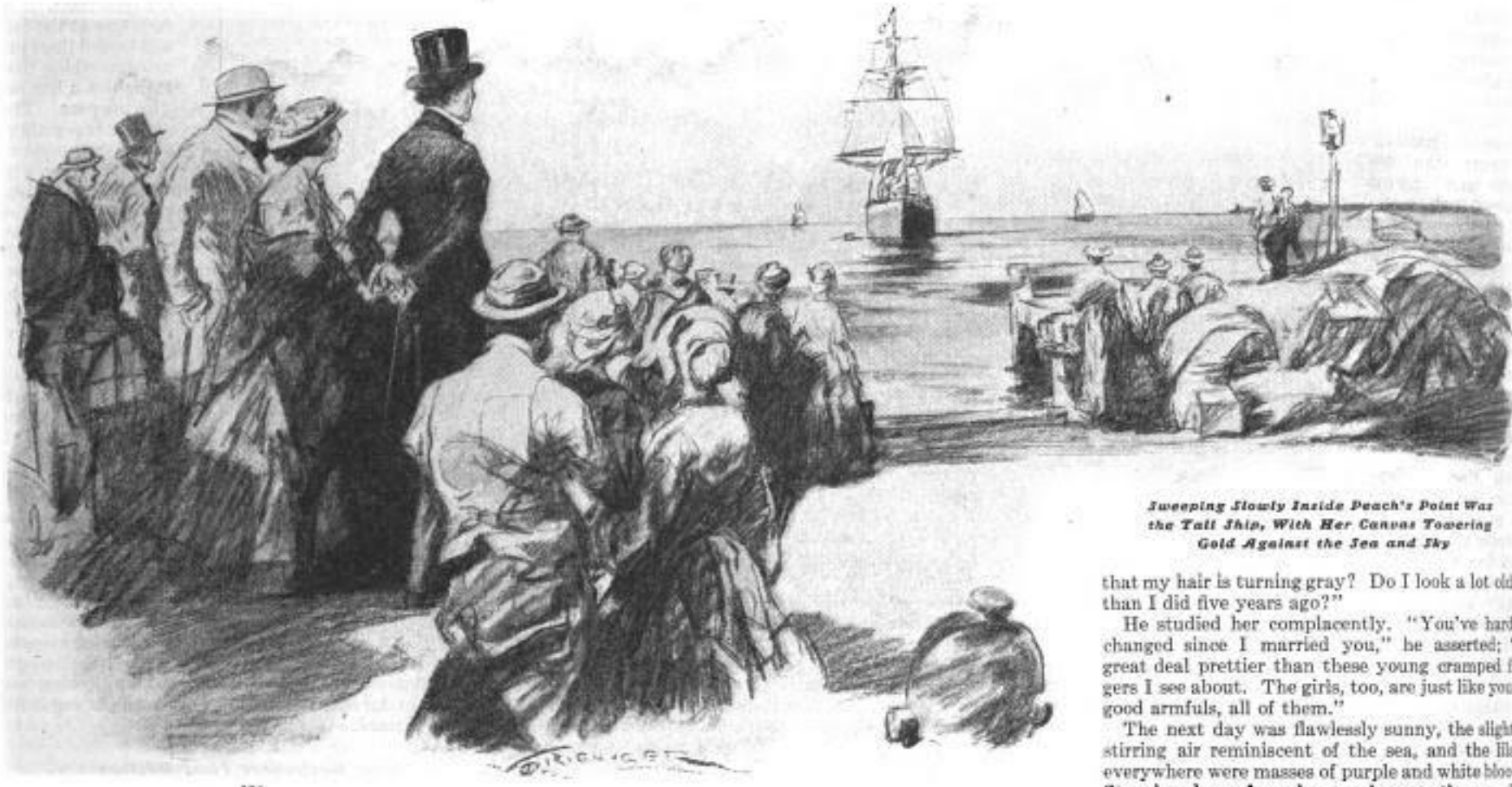
*(Continued on Page 86)*

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# JAVA HEAD

## By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



*Sweeping Slowly Inside Peach's Point Was the Tall Ship, With Her Canvas Towering Gold Against the Sea and Sky*

III

THE evening was surprisingly warm and still, with an intermittent falling of rain, and the windows were open in the room where Rhoda Ammidon sat regarding, half dismayed, her reflection in the mirror of a dressing table. A few minutes before she had discovered her first gray hair. It was not only a mere assault upon her vanity, but, too, a realization far deeper—here was the stamp of time, the mark of a considerable progress toward the end itself. Her emotions were various; but curiously enough almost the first had been a wave of passionate tenderness for William and her little girls. The shock of finding that arresting sign was now giving place to a purely feminine reaction. She considered for a moment the purchase of a bottle of hair coloring, then with a disdainful gesture dismissed such a temporary and troublesome measure.

She kept an undiminishing pride in her appearance and a relentness care and choice in the details of her dress, pleased by the knowledge that the attention men paid her showed no indication yet of growing perfunctory. She had been much admired both in Boston and in London through her youth; and she recalled her early doubts at the prospect of life in Salem; but she realized now that as her years and children multiplied she was by imperceptible degrees returning to a traditional New England heritage.

She was glad, however, that William's wide connections lifted him above a purely local view; William was really a splendid husband. Rhoda was conscious of this, together with a clear recognition of his faults, and quite aside from both existed her unreasoning affection. The latter vividly dominated her, shut out, on any occasion of stress, all else; but for the most part she held him in an attitude of mildly amused comprehension.

Gerrit Ammidon she hadn't seen until after her engagement to William, and she sometimes thought of the former in connection with marriage. Gerrit, she admitted to herself, was a far more romantic figure than William: not handsomer—William Ammidon was very good looking—but more arresting, with his hair swinging about his ears, and his intense blue gaze. An exciting man, she decided again, for whom one would eternally put on the loveliest clothes possible; a man to make you almost as ravishingly happy as miserable, and therefore disturbing as a husband.

At this her mind returned to her gray hair and the fact that the metal backlog of the kitchen fire, which supplied the house with hot water, had been leaking over the hearth. A feeling of melancholy possessed her at the turning of younger visions into commonplace necessities, but she dismissed it with the shadow of a smile—it was absurd for a woman of her age to dwell on such frivolous things. Yet she still lingered to wonder if men, too, kept intact among their memories the radiant image of their youth, if they ever thought of it with tenderness and extenuation. She decided in the negative, convinced that men, even at the end of many years, never definitely lost connection with their early selves; there was always a trace of hopefulness, of jaunty vanity—sometimes winning and sometimes merely ridiculous—attached to their decline.

Rhoda stirred and moved to a window, gazing vaguely out into the moist blue obscurity. Sidsall, she realized, was maturing with a disconcerting rapidity. Depths were opening in the girl's being at which she, her mother, could only guess. It was exactly as if a crystal through and through which she had gazed had suddenly been veiled by rosy clouds. Sidsall had a charming nature, direct and unsuspicious and generously courageous.

There was a sound at the door, and William entered, patently ruffled. It was clear that he had had another disagreement with his father.

"It's shameful how you disturb him," she declared.

"Look here, Rhoda," he replied vigorously, "I won't continually be put in the wrong. It seems as if I had no affection for the old gentleman. I always have the difficult thing to do, and he has been slightly contemptuous ever since I was a boy because I didn't go to sea. The truth is—while I wouldn't think of letting him know—he's a tremendous nuisance pottering about the countingrooms with his stories of antediluvian trading voyages. And worse is to come—these new clipper ships and passages have knocked the wind out of the old slow full-bottomed vessels. We have about determined to reorganize our fleet entirely, and are in treaty with Donald McKay for an extreme clipper type of twelve hundred tons.

"Of course he's my parent; but I wonder at Saltonstone's patience. Father won't hear of the opium trade, and it's turning over thousand per cent profits. We are privately operating two fast topsail schooners in India now, but it's both inconvenient and a risk. They ought to be put right under our house flag for credit alone. It is all bound to come up, and then he'll go off like a cannon."

"Couldn't you wait till he's dead, William?" she asked. "It won't be a great while now. I can see that he has failed dreadfully from this worry about Gerrit."

"Five years will make all the difference. We are losing tea cargoes every month to these ships making sensational runs. I don't talk much, Rhoda, about—well, my family; but I am as upset over Gerrit as anyone else. Except for a tendency to carry too much sail there's not a better shipmaster out of New England. Not only that; he's my brother. It's easy to like Gerrit; his opinions are a little wild, and an exaggerated sense of justice gets him into absurd situations; yet his motives are the purest possible. Perhaps that word 'pure' describes him better than any other, however people who didn't know might smile. As a man, Rhoda, I can assert that he is surprisingly clean-hearted."

"That's a wonderful quality," she agreed. "Why anyone should smile is beyond me. William, would you know that my hair is turning gray? Do I look a lot older than I did five years ago?"

He studied her complacently. "You've hardly changed since I married you," he asserted; "a great deal prettier than these young cramped figgers I see about. The girls, too, are just like you—good armfuls, all of them."

The next day was flawlessly sunny, the slightly stirring air reminiscent of the sea, and the lilacs everywhere were masses of purple and white bloom. Stepping down from her carriage on the morning round of shopping Rhoda encountered Nettie Vollar leaving one of the stores of Cheapside.

"Why, Nettie," she exclaimed kindly, "it's been the longest time since I've seen you! It is just no use asking you to the house; and it seems, with nothing to do, I never have a minute for the visits I'd like to make."

Nettie, she thought, was a striking girl—no, woman—with her stack of black hair, dark sparkling eyes and red spot on either cheek. More fetching in profile than full face, her nose had a pert angle and her cleft chin was enticingly rounded. Later she would be too fat, but now her body was ripely perfect.

"I don't go anywhere much," she responded in a voice faintly and instinctively antagonistic. "I don't like kindness in people; but I suppose I ought to be contented—that's all I'll probably ever get from anybody who is a thing in the world. Mrs. Ammidon"—she hesitated, then continued more rapidly, her gaze lowered—"have you had any word about Captain Ammidon yet? Have they given up hope of the Nautilus?"

"We've had no news," Rhoda told her; and then she added her conviction that Gerrit would return safely.

"He was better than kind," Nettie Vollar said. "I'm sure he liked me, Mrs. Ammidon, or he would have if everything hadn't been spoiled by grandfather. He thinks I'm a dreadful sin, you know—a punishment on mother. But inside of me I don't feel different from others. Sometimes I—I wonder that I don't actually go sinful. I've had opportunities, and being good hasn't offered me much, has it?"

"You are naturally a good girl, Nettie," Rhoda answered simply; "but you must be braver than ordinary. If we think differently from Salem, still it is in Salem we must live; I keep many of my beliefs secret, just as you must control most of your feelings."

The other responded with a hard little laugh. "Thank you, though. You are more like Gerrit, Captain Ammidon, than Mrs. Saltonstone, his own sister. I hate her," she declared. "I hate all the Salem women, so superior and condescending and Christian. They always have a silly look of wonder at their charity in speaking to me—when they do. They act as if it's just a privilege for me to be in their church. I'd rather go to a cotillon at Hamilton Hall any day."

"Of course you would," Rhoda agreed. There seemed to be so little for her to offer or say that she was relieved when they parted.

The afternoon grew really sultry, but when the shadows had lengthened she encountered Jeremy Ammidon wandering aimlessly about the hall and, his fine palmetto hat and wanghee in her hand, she urged him out to the East India Marine Society.

"It's much too beautiful a day for the house," she insisted.

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"There's nothing remarkable about it," he returned; "wind's too light and variable, hardly enough to hold way on a ship."

There were the stirring strains of a quickstep without; at the door they saw the Salem Cadets, preceded by Flag's Band, marching in columns of fours into Washington Square. The white breeches with scarlet coats and brass buttons made a gay showing on the green Common, the sunlight glittered on silver braid and tassels, gilt and pompons, scaled chin straps and varnished leather.

The old man's face grew dark at the brilliant line drawn up for inspection, and he muttered a period about cursed young Whigs.

"Wouldn't have one of the scoundrels in my house if I could help it. Don't understand William; he's too damned mild for my idea of a good citizen! Why, it's only reasonable that a country's got to be run like a ship, from the quarter-deck. How far do you suppose a vessel would get if the crew hung about aft and chose representatives from the port and starboard watches and galley for a body to lay the course and make sail?"

"Please, father," she protested, laughing. "Do go along into the sun."

She gently pushed him toward the door. Rhoda realized the fact that William was more than half Whig already. That threatened still another point of difference, of departure from all that his father held to be sacred necessities. Jeremy, like most of the older shipmasters, was a bitter Federalist, an upholder of a strongly centralized autocratic government. He left, grumbling, and the staccato commands of the military evolutions on the Common rang through the slumberous afternoon.

Rhoda lingered in the doorway and Laurel appeared, jigging with excitement. "Can't I get nearer?" she begged. "There's nothing to see from here."

Her mother replied, "Ask Camilla to take you over to the Square."

Camilla appeared indifferently. "I don't know why anyone should be flustered," she observed; "it isn't like the Fourth of July, with a concert and fireworks."

As they were going Sidsall came out in a white tarlatan dress worked with sprays of yellow barley, her face glowing with color, and sat on the steps.

"Positively," her mother said, looking down on the mass of bright chestnut hair in a chenille net, "we'll soon have to have you up in braids."

"I wish I might," she responded. "And Hodle is too silly—I can't get her to lace me tightly enough. She says such things are engines of the devil."

"It's still a little soon for that ——"

Rhoda broke off as a slight erect man at the verge of middle age turned in from Pleasant Street upon them.

"Roger!" she said cordially as he came quickly up the steps.

He greeted her lightly and bent over Sidsall with an extended hand: "The apple blossoms, I see, are here."

Rhoda wondered what nonsense Roger Brevard was repeating; Sidsall's face was hidden from view. But then Roger was always like that; his manner was never at a loss for the appropriate gesture. He had a great many points in common with her, she thought; neither had been born in Salem, and his rightful setting was in the best metropolitan drawing-rooms. He had been here for a dozen years now, in charge of the local affairs of the Mongolian Marine Insurance Company; and she often wondered why, a member of a family socially notable in New York, he continued in a city, a position, of comparative unimportance.

She was, she said, going back to the lawn; the glare of Pleasant Street was fatiguing; and she proceeded through the house with the surety of his following. But on the close-cut emerald sod there was no sign of him, and she found a seat in a basket chair by the willow tree beyond. She waited for Roger with a small but growing impatience; he must be done immediately with whatever he might say to Sidsall; and she wished to discuss the possibilities of a rumor that President Polk intended to visit Salem. There would be a collation, perhaps a military ball, to arrange. Franklin Hall would be the better place for the latter; She heard a faint silvery echo of laughter—Sidsall. It was extremely nice of course in Roger Brevard to entertain her daughter, though she didn't care to have the latter give the effect of receiving men yet.

It was finally Sidsall who appeared, unaccompanied, in the drawing-room window. She came forward to where Rhoda sat, her face still stirred with amusement.

"Mr. Brevard went on," she said in response to her mother's look of inquiry.

"That's rather odd," the latter commented almost sharply.

"He had only a few minutes," the girl explained.

She sank into a seat and mood of abstraction. Rhoda studied her with a veiled glance. Hers were exceptional children, they had given her scarcely an hour's concern; and she must see that in the unsettling period which Sidsall was now entering she was not spoiled.

Perhaps Laurel entertained her more than the others. She was a very normal little girl, not thoughtful like Janet, and without Camilla's exaggerated poise; but she had a picturesque imagination; and her companionship with her grandfather was delightful. The latter addressed her quite as if she were a fellow shipmaster; and she had acquired some remarkable sea expressions—some deplorable and others enigmatic. Only to-day, questioned about the order of her room, she had said that it was "all square by the lifts and braces." For this her grandfather had given her a gold piece.

There was, Mrs. Ammidon knew, an excellent school for older girls at Lausanne; and, revolving the possibility of obtaining for Sidsall some of the European advantages she, Rhoda, had enjoyed, the following afternoon she drove to the Cliffords' on Marlboro Street for a consultation with Madra, who had spent a number of seasons on Lake Leman.

In a cool parlor with yellow Tibet rugs and maroon hangings she had tea while Madra Clifford, thin and imperious, with a settled ill health like white powder, and a priceless Risajii shawl, conversed in a shrill key.

"Caroline has been in bed for a week. That vulgar Doctor Fisk, with his elbow in her bosom, tried five times to extract her tooth, and then broke it to the roots. I hear there is a galvanic ring for rheumatism. The pain in my joints is excruciating; I have an idea my bones are changing into chalk; the right knee will hardly bend."



*"I Hate All the Salem Women, So Superior and Condescending and Christian"*

The darkly colored shawl with its border of cypress intensified her sunken blue-traced temples and the pallid lips. She developed the subject of her indisposition, sparing no detail; while Rhoda Ammidon, from her superabundance of well-being, half pitied the other and was half revolted at the mind, touched, too, by bodily ill. The fortune accumulated by the hardy Clifford men, flogged out of crews and stained by the blood of primitive and dull savages—the Cliffords were notorious for their brutal driving—now served only to support Madra's debility and a horde of unscrupulous panderers to her obsession.

"Edward Dunsack is in Salem," she continued; "and I've heard he has the most peculiar appearance. Very probably the result of the unmentionable practices of the Orient. Father liked the Chinese, though; so many of our shipmasters have, and not always the merchants. . . . What was I saying? Oh, yes, Edward Dunsack. I understand you had a distinct alarm in that quarter, about the girl and Gerrit Ammidon. But I forgot to say how glad I am about Gerrit. You must have been horribly worried ——"

"What do you mean?" Rhoda demanded.

"Why, haven't you heard? The Nautilus was sighted. News came from Boston. She ought to be in to-day, I believe. I suppose William has been too concerned to get you word at home."

Rhoda Ammidon rose immediately, surprised at the force of the emotion that blurred her eyes with tears. Gerrit was safe! Possibly they had been told at Java Head now, but she must be there with Jeremy Ammidon; surprises, even as joyful as this, were a great strain on him. Neglecting the object of her visit she returned at once to Pleasant Street, urging the coachman to an undignified haste and keeping the carriage at the door.

Her father-in-law was at his secretary in the library, and it was evident that he had heard nothing of his son's return. "Well, Rhoda," he said, swinging about; "what a bright cheek you have—like Laurel's."

"I feel bright, father," she replied with a nod and smile. "After this none of you will be able to laugh at my predictions. You see, a woman's feeling is more often correct than masculine judgment." His momentary bewilderment gave place to a painfully strained interrogation. "Yes," she told him, "but we are none of us surprised—Gerrit is almost in Salem Harbor." She moved near him and with a veiled anxiety laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"A splendid sailor," he muttered.

It seemed as if Rhoda could almost hear the dull rising pounding of his shaken heart. But his excitement subsided, gave way to a normal concern, a flood of vain questions and preparation to go down to the wharf. In the midst of this a message came from the countinghouse of Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone that the Nautilus would dock within an hour.

A small crowd had already gathered on Derby Wharf when Rhoda and her companion made their way past the warehouses built at intervals along the wharf to the place where the Nautilus would be warped in. The wharfinger saluted them, William Ammidon joined his wife, and beyond she could see James Saltonstone conversing with the surveyor of the port.

The afternoon was serene, a faint air drew in from the sea; and with it, sweeping slowly inside Peach's Point, was the tall ship with her canvas towering gold in the western sun against the distance of sea and sky. As Rhoda watched she saw their house flag—a white field checkered in blue—fluttering from the main royal truck.

Jeremy Ammidon exclaimed: "The royals come in! He is lowering his topgallant yards and hauling up the courses!" He gripped Rhoda's arm. "My dear," he cried, "there's nothing else on God's earth as fine as a ship!"

The Nautilus slipped along surprisingly fast. Rhoda could now see the crew moving about and coiling the gear.

"Look, father! There's Gerrit on the quarter-deck!"

The shipmaster, shorter than common, with broad assertive shoulders, in formal black, was easily recognizable. A woman with a worn flushed face pressed by Jeremy.

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"Andrew's there too!" she told them. "Mr. Broadrick, the mate."

The ship moved more slowly, under her topsails and jibs, in a soundless progress, with the ripples falling away in water like an undulating expanse of rosy gauze. She was now but a short distance from the end of the wharf. Mr. Broadrick was forward between the knightheads, with the crew ranged to the starboard and at the braces, while Gerrit Ammidon stood with one hand on the quarter-deck railing and the other holding a brass speaking trumpet to his lips.

"Let go your port fore and after braces, Mr. Broadrick; brace the fore and mizzen yards sharp up, leave the main braces fast, and lay the main topsail to the mast. As she comes to the wind let the jibs run down." He turned to the man at the wheel: "Helm hard a starboard."

"Hard a starboard, sir."

The ship answered quickly and rounded to while her weather fore and mizzen yard flew forward until they touched the starboard backstays and the men hauled in the slack of the braces. With the main yard square to check her way the jibs drooped down along the stays.

"Mr. Broadrick, you may let go the starboard anchor and furl sails."

The mate grasped a top maul and struck the trigger of the ring stopper a single clean blow; the anchor splashed into the water with a rumbling cable, and the Nautilus was home.

Gerrit Ammidon walked hurriedly to the companionway and went below, while the mate continued: "Stand by to let go your topsail halyards and man the gear. Sharper with the mizzen sheets and unbend those clew lines and garnets . . . stow the clews in a harbor furl."

At a rhythmic shout the bunts of the three topsails came up together.

The wind had died away and the flags hung listlessly from the main truck and spanker gaff. The water of the harbor was unstirred except for the swirls at the oar blades of an incoming quarter boat and the warp paying out at her stern. The voice of the mate, the chantey of the crew heaving at the capstan bars came to Rhoda subdued:

*"The times are hard and wages low,*
*Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her.*
*I guess it's time for us to go,*
*Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her.*
*I thought I heard the old man say,*
*Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her.*
*To-morrow we will get our pay,*
*. . . . . leave her."*

Rhoda Ammidon discovered herself leaning forward tensely, her hands shut in excitement and emotion; and she relaxed with a happy laugh as the Nautilus, with her yards exactly square and rigging taut, her sides and figurehead and ports bright with newly laid on paint, moved to the wharf.

It seemed to her that Gerrit, descending a short stage from the deck, looked markedly older than when he had last sailed. Yet he had a surprisingly youthful air still; partly, she thought, from the manner in which he wore his hair, falling in a waving thick line about his cheeks. His mouth was at once fresh and severe, his face clean shaven, and his eyes—if possible—more directly blue than ever.

"I'll take the ship's manifest to the Collector," he said, greeting them and impatiently waving aside the venders after the cook's slush, the excited women and runners and human miscellany crowding forward. "Then Java Head." He paused, speaking over his shoulder: "I'd be thankful if you would send the barouche down in an hour or so."

Driving back, her hand on Jeremy Ammidon's knee, Rhoda wondered at Gerrit's request. It was entirely unlike him to ride in the barouche; rather he had always derided it in the terms of his calling. However, unable to find a solution for her surprise, she listened to the other's comments and speculations.

"I suppose William's first question will be about the cargo, and of course I hope the ship has done well. But I'm just glad to have Gerrit back; I am for a fact, Rhoda."

"We all are," she assured him; "and William as happy as any. You mustn't be misled by his manner, father. I hope the supper will be good and please you."

"Gerrit will be satisfied with anything," he chuckled. "Probably he's been out of beans even, for a month. Did you notice that fore-royal mast and yard? They were rigged at sea; Gerrit carried them away. It hurts him to take in a sail. Some day I tell him he'll drag the spars out of his ship. His confounded pride will founder him."

He made these charges lightly, with a palpable underlying pride; and, Rhoda knew, would permit no one else to criticize his son.

She found her daughters in a state of gala excitement on the front steps. "Uncle Gerrit in the Nautilus," Laurel chanted. It was evident that even Camilla was thrilled. They all went up to put on holiday dress.

Rhoda turned to the coachman: "Have the barouche at the head of Derby Wharf in an hour."

Gerrit's unusual demand again puzzled her. A fantastic possibility lodged in her brain—perhaps he was not alone. She pulled the bell rope for her maid, changed into black moiré with cut-steel bretelles, and selected a Peritaus shawl colored like a peacock. She found her husband with his father in the library.

"I understand it's a splendid cargo," William remarked.

Jeremy nodded triumphantly at her, and she expressed a half-humorous resentment at this mercenary display.

"He ought to be here," the younger man declared, consulting his watch.

As he spoke Rhoda saw the barouche draw up before the house. She had a glimpse of a figure in extravagantly brilliant satins at Gerrit Ammidon's side. There was a sibilant whisper of rich materials in the hall, and the master entered the library with a pale set face.

"Father," he said, "Rhoda and William, allow me—my wife, Taou Yuen."

Rhoda Ammidon gave an uncontrollable gasp as the Chinese woman sank in a fluttering prostration of color at Jeremy's feet. He ejaculated "God bless me!" and started back. William's face was inscrutable; unguessed lines appeared about his severe mouth. Rhoda's own sensation was one of incredulity touched with mounting anger and feeling of outrage. The woman rose, but only to sink again before William; she was on her knees, and, supported by her hands, bent forward and touched her forehead to the floor three times. Gerrit laughed shortly.

"She was to shake your hands; we went over and over it on shipboard. But anything less than the *Kê l'ou* was too casual for her."

She was now erect, with a freer murmur of greeting to Rhoda. The latter was instantly aware of one certainty—Chinese she might be, she was, but no less absolutely aristocratic. Her face, oval and slightly flat, was plastered with paint on paint, but her gesture, the calm scrutiny of enigmatic black eyes under delicately arched brows, exquisite quiet hands, were all under the most admirable instinctive control.

Rhoda said: "I see that I am to welcome you for Gerrit's family."

The other in slow lisping English replied: "Thank you greatly. I am humbled to the earth before your goodness."

"You will want to go to your room," Rhoda continued mechanically. "It was only prepared for one, but I'll send a servant up at once."

She was enraged at the silent stupidity of the three men, and she flashed a swift command at her husband.

"This is a decided surprise," the latter at last addressed his brother; "nor can I pretend that it is pleasant."

Jeremy Ammidon's gaze wandered blankly from Gerrit to the woman, then back to his son.

Never before had Rhoda seen such lovely clothes: A long gown with wide sleeves of blue-black satin embroidered in peach-colored flower petals and innumerable minute sapphire and orange butterflies, a short sleeveless jacket of sage green caught with looped red jade buttons and threaded with silver, and high-soled slippers crusted and tasseled with pearls. Her hair rose from the back in a smooth burnished loop. There were long pins of pink jade carved into blossoms, a quivering decoration of paper-thin gold leaves with moonstones in glistening drops, and a band of coral lotus buds. Pierced-stone bracelets hung about her delicate wrists, fretted crystal balls swung from the lobes of her ears; and clasped on the ends of several fingers were long pointed filigrees of ivory.

"Taou Yuen," Gerrit repeated shortly with his challenging bright gaze. "That means Peach Garden. My wife is a Manchu," he asserted in a more biting tone; "a Manchu, and the daughter of a noble. Thank you, Rhoda, particularly. But I have always counted on you. Will you go up with her? That is, if—if my father has a room, a place for us."

"This will always be your home, Gerrit," Jeremy said slowly with the long breath of a diver in deep waters.

### IV

IN THE room that had been his since early maturity Gerrit Ammidon gave an involuntary sigh of relief. Taou Yuen, his wife, was standing in the middle of the floor, gazing about with a faint and polite smile. Her eyes rested on a yellow camphor chest, one of the set brought home by his father; on a severe high range of drawers made of sycamore with six legs; on her brilliant reflection in the eagle-crowned mirror above the mantel; and the sleigh bed with low heavily curved ends.

The situation below, however brief and, on the whole, reasonably conducted, had been surprisingly difficult. At the same time that he had felt no necessity to apologize for his marriage he had known that Taou Yuen must surprise—yes, shock his family. She was Chinese, to them a heathen; they would be unable to comprehend any mitigating dignity of rank. Where they'd actually suffer, he realized, would be in the attitude of Salem—the stupid gabble, the censure and cold pity caused by his wife.

Personally he regarded these with the contempt he felt for so many of the qualities that on shore bound the interests of everyone into a single common concern. It gave him pleasure to assault the authority and importance of such public prejudice and self-opinion; but unavoidably implicating his family, at once a part of himself and of Salem, he was conscious of the fact that he had laid them all open to disagreeable moments. He was sorry for this, and his regret principally materialized by his father's hurt

(Continued on Page 41)



*"I See That I am to Welcome You for Gerrit's Family," Said Rhoda*

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# KIDNAPING CUPID

## By Peter Clark Macfarlane

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

WHEN Capt. Woodes Rogers set sail from Hull, England, in 1708, on that memorable privateering expedition to the South Seas in the course of which he rescued Alexander Selkirk from his desert isle and thus gave Robinson Crusoe to fiction and to fame, his first outward-bound stop was made at an Irish port to careen his ships, to tallow their bottoms and to attend to certain other slight refittings. After continuing on his journey that observing navigator noted in his diary the "strange behavior of our men there, that they were continually marrying whilst we staid there."

Two hundred and ten years later a commander of an American destroyer flotilla has had occasion to base his ships at a port in this same land, and he, too, has remarked a strange flowering of the conjugal spirit. His men display a penchant for marrying. This fact has occasioned the commandersome annoyance, and has been prolific of anxiety, embarrassment and regret to fathers and mothers on both sides of the Atlantic. In consequence, advisers of many sorts and degrees—spiritual, official, diplomatic and personal-friend advisers—have intervened or sought to intervene when symptoms of an outbreak of matrimonial contagion manifested themselves in any particular individual.




*Ma Leaped Nimbly Over the Bar and Escaped Into the Little Square in Front*

When rumor had it that Little Benny Riley, first-class yeoman on the United States Destroyer Judson, was about to perpetrate one of these international entanglements, his shipmates, Bilge Kennedy and Ma Ford, both set out to erect barbed wire across the pathway to connubial bliss.

"We just naturally got to save Benny from himself," averred Bilge, looking up from tinkering the engine of the motor dory.

"Benny is a trustin', confidin' little lamb of a yeoman that any schemin' damsel could pull the wool over his eyes without half tryin'," agreed Ma, who leaned against the gunwale where the dory swung upon the davits ready to be lowered to the placid waters of the bay the moment Bilge should pronounce her fit.

"'Course," considered Bilge, feeling for the monkey wrench upon the thwart, "she might be in love with him, you know. Benny's got those soft brown eyes, and a smooth face with rosy cheeks. Benny's kind of like a girl himself, and he's the kind you'd think a girl might fall in love with."

"Nope!" dissented Ma, from heights of wisdom and experience represented by his twenty-seven years, most of which had been spent upon the plains of his native Texas. "Nope! When a gal falls in love she don't pick her own sort. She's more'n likely to pin her buddin' affections to some red-headed, toggle-jointed mistake like you, Bilge."

"Or some moth-eaten old piece of human camouflage like you!" retorted Bilge a trifle heatedly.

"Women have fell in love with me," boasted Ma laconically, and though the straight lips sealed themselves tight the patient gray eyes were fixed on distance with a reminiscent light as suggesting that his mind went back in doting memory to conquests that his heart had made in those happy days when the world was not at war and he was not boson's mate on a destroyer, with his placidity of temperament and benignity of expression earning for him the ridiculous feminine monaker of Ma.

"But, no, Bilge, le's don't git to quarrelin' with one 'nother now," he resumed presently. "We ain't got time. Benny's just his mother's little boy, and when she give him to the Navy she's got a right to have him pertected from these here sirens that infests this port. I'm a-goin' ashore and talk to this girl."

"You?"

"I'm a-goin' to reason with her. I'll say, 'Now look yere, little lady. This boy Benny's a nice boy. He's got a pa and a ma at home and they're comfortable. They got a hundred thousand dollars; that's enough for Benny to marry some nice little Brooklyn stenographer and be happy ever after. What you want to go buttin' in and spile it all for?'"

"For the hundred thousand dollars, you mutt!" derided Bilge. "No, that's not the way to talk to her. Tell her Benny is poor—that this stuff about him havin' a hundred thousand dollars is just plain American bull. Tell her Benny is no good. Say he's just naturally the slickest thing about calico since King Solomon drove the snakes out of Ireland. Tell her Benny's got a wife in Liverpool and two in Brest."

"Looka yere, Bilge!"—and Ma's eyes blazed with a light of reproach and reproof—"I won't do no such a thing! You're nothin' but just a plain low-down character assassin's what you are."

"Tell you, Ma," said Bilge, enthusiasm undashed by such rebuke, and growing more enamored of his own ideas every moment, "you go ashore and talk to her mother. I'll reason with the girl. Between us we'll protect Benny. If worst seems about to come to worst, we can kidnap him."

Ma deliberated.

"I ain't never done myse'f much good, so fur as I can remember, a-messin' in other folks' affairs," he reflected. "As for talkin' to her mother, I ain't got no idea of doin' such. You talk to her mother and I'll palaver with the girl."

Upon this point Ma remained entirely obdurate, and when the "Old Girl," as his shipmates lovingly called him, had finally and definitely set his foot down one might as well cease, desist and quit, thereby saving breath. It was while Bilge still contemplated in a baffled sort of way this unreasoning stubbornness of the boson's mate's resolution that Jimmie Jurgenson came breezing up from C. P. O. quarters below—in which, by the way, he did not belong—bursting with a choice piece of deep-water scandal.

"You know Benny?" he inquired breathlessly; also idiotically, since every man on the ship knew the little yeoman and knew him well and favorably.

"Know him?" The habitually phlegmatic Ma bored Jimmie through with a glance of censure. "What's distressin' you, Jimmie? Bark it out. Relieve yo'se'f, as it were!"

"He's goin' to be married to-night," whispered Jimmie excitedly.

"Married? Who tuh?" It was Bilge who put the question, with a deceptive carelessness in his tone.

"Minnie O'Mahony!" answered Jimmie.

To get the full tonal value of this very common name as it is pronounced in the Irish ports one puts the accent on the second syllable instead of the third, and makes this "a" sound exceeding short, as short for instance as the "a" in "mash," thus: O'-Mă'-ho-ny. So accentuated it falls from the native lips in a thrilling concatenation of consonants, with negligible nuances of voweling in between—"Minnie O'Mahony!" pronounced trippingly upon the tongue.

"So that's the girl," the eyes of Ma and Bilge said to each other.

"Sounds like a right Irish kind of name," observed Ma to Jimmie.

"Irish?" giggled the ship's chatterbox. "What'd you think she was—a Polak?"

"What kind of a girl?" inquired Bilge, now with a grave air.

"Some peacherino!" averred Jimmie, grinning extravagantly.

"How's her teeth?" Ma wanted to know.

That question was inevitable. The water does something to the teeth over here. In numbers of mouths on this coast teeth are only a tradition. They have begun to go almost before womanhood blooms. The stock retort of Jackie to twittings about his girl's teeth is "Perfect! Both of 'em!"

"Beautiful!" insisted Jimmie recklessly.

"Then they're false," deduced Bilge.

"They are," admitted Jimmie. "Benny gave 'em to her." And with a grimace he flitted on to peddle from end to end of the Judson the shocking news of Benny's impending nuptials.

"What do you know about that?" demanded Ma with a curl of his thin lip. "Givin' your sweetheart a set of teeth for a weddin' present!"

"She's probably old," decided Bilge. "Ma, we got to get busy. Curfew must not ring to-night for Little Benny Riley. Curfew absitively must not ring!"

"What must be did must be did quick," declared Ma with rocklike firmness of purpose, and hurried below to shift from dungarees to his natty sailor blues, and to apply a razor to his face. When he came on deck half an hour later Ma was quite an attractive-looking person.

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"I'll go ashore and see the girl," he observed with rare self-satisfaction to Bilge, who was compelled by duty to stay aboard till four.

"Wait an hour, Ma, and I'll be with you," the machinist's mate pleaded coaxingly.

"I'll have it all fixed up in an hour," boasted Ma.

"You'll likely have it all messed up in an hour so's Benny will marry the girl, and you and me will have to marry her sisters or her aunts or grandmothers or something to square it, is about what you'll do," retorted Bilge in discouraged tones.

But Ma smiled confidently, and with his flat navy hat listed jauntily to port he joined the liberty party in the motor sailer and in due time was planted "on the beach," where certain misgivings promptly overtook the boson's mate. For one thing he was alone. Ma generally had Bilge with him for comfort and support. For another thing he was about to interview, upon a most delicate errand, a young lady personally unknown to him but of whose charms and wit he had heard extravagantly from one who should have been the best informed person in the world upon the subject, namely, First-Class Yeoman Benjamin Riley. The mere interview, therefore, promised difficulties for Ma, who though endowed with all the native gallantry of the true Texan and with certain memories of certain conquests behind him, to which reference has already been made, was nevertheless a trifle gun-shy where the other sex was concerned.

To be able to exchange frothy persiflage with a barmaid and feel at ease during the process was about as far as Ma's social achievements had extended in this port. And speaking of barmaids, yonder was the New York Bar now, with, standing at the door invitingly, Phyllis Ryan, just the sweetest barmaid of them all—with rosy cheeks, with witching eyes and most alluring smile. There was, moreover, something attractive and restful about Phyllis' place. Phyllis' place! That was one big advantage the trade in tempestuous liquors here had over the same trade at home. At home it was "Joe's place" or "Nick's place." Here it could be "Phyllis' place"; and hers was such a nice, clean, quiet little nook, on a tiny square off the main current of the beach thoroughfare!

The bar was plain deal but scoured until it shone like grained mahogany, and there behind it would be Phyllis with her cheeks scrubbed until they shone like an Idaho apple, while round at the end of the bar was a sort of window seat with a table in front of it, and when trade was dull Phyllis used to serve Ma there and in neighborly curious fashion sit beside him and ask questions about America. And Ma had an idea that at such times he might have put a comradely arm round Phyllis while he sipped his grape juice, only his maidenly diffidence had always kept him back from finding out.

Now, therefore, it was hardly strange that Ma should point first for the New York Bar and his favorite window seat.

"Miss Phyllis, do you-all know this here Minnie O'Mahony?" he inquired when the half-emptied glass before him seemed to betoken that the time had come for gossip and mayhap for confidence.

"I do that!" said Phyllis enthusiastically.

"Where's she live?" This question was calculatedly put with dulled eye and simulations of casual indifference.

"Up the hill halfway of the block, two turns in on the court and one door beyant Mrs. Connelly's tobacco shop," answered Phyllis with the habitual glibness of her sex and race.

"She's schemin' to marry Little Benny Riley," observed Ma tentatively.

"And there's never a sweeter girl in all Ireland; nor one that would make a better wife!"

The heartiness of this assurance was slightly disconcerting to Ma.

"Is that all the comfort you got to give me?" he asked reproachfully.

"Comfort, is it?" laughed Phyllis.

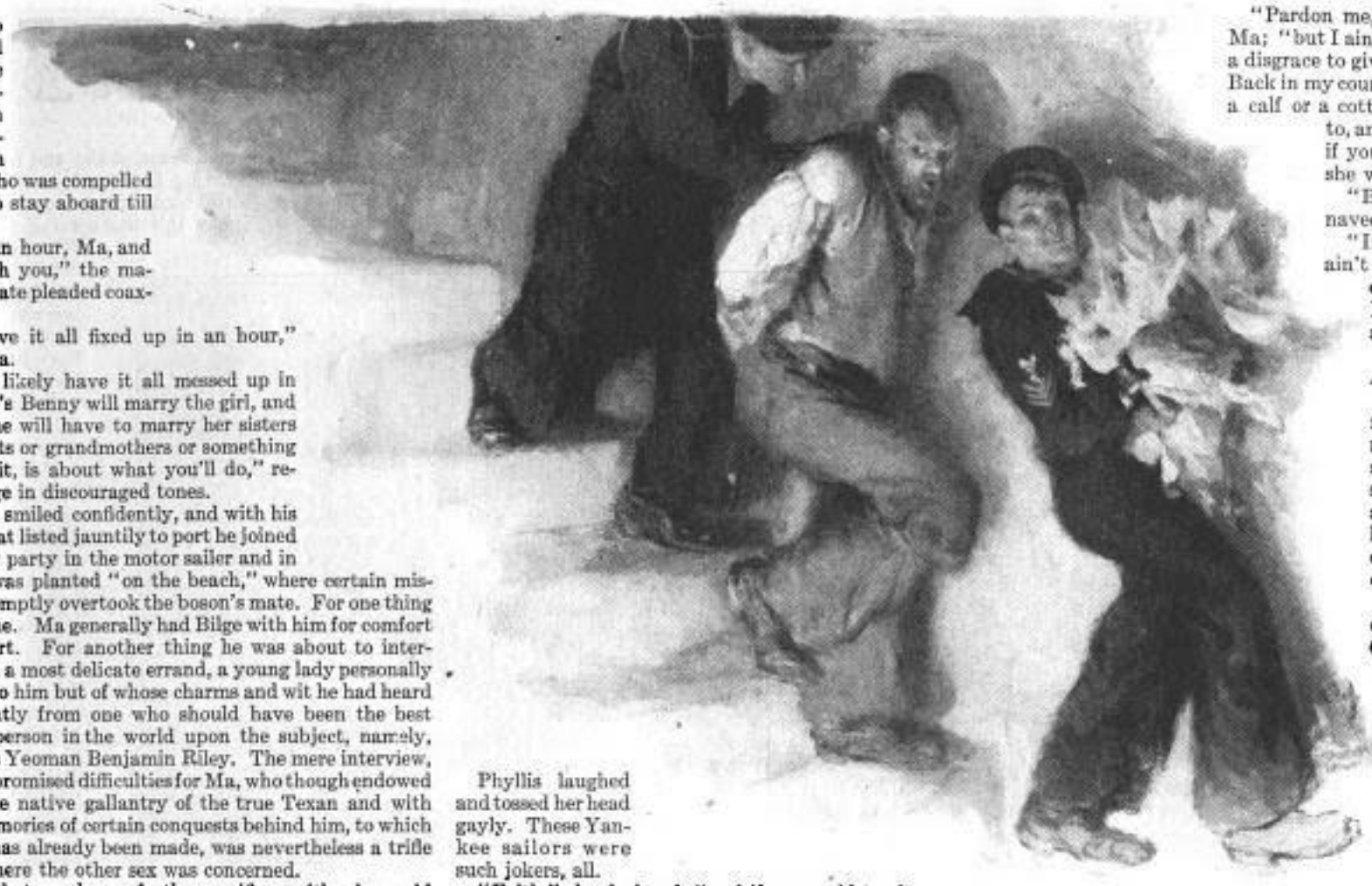
"She's got false teeth," accused Ma.

"'Tis a lie!" Phyllis was direct to a fault.

"Little Benny gave 'em to her."

"The good God gave them to her," affirmed Phyllis, crossing herself. "Sure, they're as sound as my own." And she exhibited to Ma at dazzling closeness of range a pair of teeth that were notoriously among the prettiest and most perfect survivals anywhere on the beach.

"You got me bluffed, Phyllis," said Ma, backing off. "I ain't even got the nerve to press them ruby lips of yours to mine."



*Bilge and Dyckman, Who Had Paused to Make Their Prisoner Secure by the Tying of His Hands, Came Down the Stairs and Crowded Into the Little Room*

Phyllis laughed and tossed her head gayly. These Yankee sailors were such jokers, all.

"Faith," she declared, "and if ever ye'd try it once 'twould be a holy box on the ear ye'd get that would still be ringin' when ye got home to America."

There was something in the firm tone of Phyllis' utterance and in the snap she gave her chin that caused Ma to congratulate himself that he never had tried it.

"Don't le's quarrel, Miss Phyllis," he pleaded. "I ain't got the heart for it. I come to you, Miss Phyllis, for advice. I'm a committee of one to keep this here schemin' Minnie O'Mahony from committin' matrimony upon the person of one helpless American sailorman, to wit, Little Benny Riley; and I need help!"

Phyllis threw back her head and laughed hilariously. "Mrs. O'Mahony!" she screamed. "Mrs. O'Mahony!"

Ma looked disturbed. It seemed as if the girl were bent on calling Mrs. O'Mahony down from her house halfway up the hill, two turns in on the court, and the door beyond Mrs. Connelly's tobacco shop. The sailorman was more disturbed to find that Mrs. O'Mahony kept the tiny victualer's shop next door — the other side of the room, in fact—for it had a common entrance with the New York Bar.

"Sure and what's devourin' ye now, Phyllis?" demanded an acrid female voice, and immediately a huge giantess of a woman, putty-nosed but fierce of eye, came shuffling up to the line of the bar and peering sidewise into the recess of the window seat insisted upon her first query: "What's devourin' ye now, I say?"

"This is Minnie's mother," explained Phyllis to Ma.

Never too brave where women were concerned, as has been already intimated, Ma watched with misgivings and alarm this Amazonian woman's features take on an added ungraciousness as she made out his figure beside Phyllis, and fain would the boson's mate have filtered out through the window if the window had been open.

"This young man is of the same mind with ye," chuckled Phyllis mischievously. "He wants your Minnie to refrain from marryin' his shipmate."

"Refrain, is it?" challenged the large woman. "Sure and it's mesilf will refrain her, I will that!" Mrs. O'Mahony set herself with arms akimbo and chin thrust out defiantly. "Take yerself aboard ship, young man," she rumbled on, making a noise like a steam pipe in distress, "and tell that young snip of a Riley that there's never come disgrace on the O'Mahonys since the days of Mahon that was king and foully murdered on his way to the house of Donovan, but venged by Brian Boru. The O'Mahonys may be poor but they're iver that proud ——"

Ma's Texan spirit grew restless and resentful under the implications of this to him unnecessary flood of oratory.

"Disgrace!" broke in the sailor, reddening; "I don't allow as it's any dis——"

"No disgrace?" sneered Mrs. O'Mahony. "Wid him teasin' and walkin' out wid her every blessed night his ship is in port? And buyin' her presents and the like? Ye should see the presents he give her—the shoes, and the stockin's, and the gloves, and the ribbons and lawnjeree—real Carrickmacross and Limerick lace, till it's fair a scandal. The neighbors are that scandilized ——"

"Pardon me, ma'am," persisted Ma; "but I ain't seen yet where it's a disgrace to give presents to a lady. Back in my country you can give her a calf or a cotton crop if you want to, and it ain't no disgrace if you want to give it and she wants to take it."

"But he belongs to the navee!" she snorted.

"In my country that ain't figured to be nothin' disreputable," said Ma quickly, and now a little stiffly.

"He's a common American sailor!"

"Excuse me, ma'am," said Ma, now all dignity and standing very straight. "No man ain't common when he gits that uniform on. He just naturally cain't be."

This new manner of Ma's held Mrs. O'Mahony for a moment, and she seemed less satisfied with herself. "He's that slick," she began with a fresh breath and a new air as if feeling that now she got on firmer ground—"he's that slick at gittin' round her that he's won her silly heart into yearnin' to marry him."

"That ain't no crime neither, the way we figure it," persisted Ma, all his stubbornness roused and his eyes blazing indignantly. "Why, shucks, woman! Your daughter couldn't git a better husband than Little Benny Riley."

"The deceitful, snoopin', snippin' gossoon!" raged Mrs. O'Mahony.

"You-all sure are a-slanderin' a mighty nice boy," declared Ma with frowning displeasure. "However, that's what I come to talk to you about. I cain't stand by and see his fine young character assassinated, but they ain't really no use arguin'. You-all mustn't let your daughter marry this yere young man. He's got a father and a mother and they're comfortable. You can see how they'd feel with him marryin' a—a ——"

Ma was conscientiously feeling for the diplomatic word, while a new expression was coming over the face of Mrs. O'Mahony.

"The O'Mahonys are as good as the Rileys any day!" she flung into the breach.

"'Course they are, Mis' O'Mahony!" Ma hastened suavely to aver. "'Course they are! Ever' bit! But you see, you parents not knowin' each other, and these two young people kind of thoughtlesslike—why—so we-all just talked it over, me and some of the boys, and we 'lowed we'd come over and ask you not to let 'em."

Mrs. O'Mahony's countenance had changed again. Over the pallor of surprise rage had mounted once more—a mightier rage, and one that revealed the blackness of its venom in the gnashing of the two or three of the lady's surviving front teeth. Mrs. O'Mahony could hardly be said now to speak. She became a volcano and erupted streams of molten language.

"Of-all-the-interferin', insultin' character-destroyin' impydence-that-ever-I-heard-in-all-the-days-of-me-life! . . ."

She wound her passion higher with the utterance of every word.

"Calm yo'se'f, ma'am," urged Ma. "You-all are a-goin' to blow up a condenser or somethin' and injure yo'se'f permanent. There ain't nobody a-goin' to do you no harm. I just come along over here this afternoon peaceablelike to prevent a friend of mine from doin' harm to hisself."

But Mrs. O'Mahony had passed the possibility of calming. Words too had lost the power of relieving her; yet she resented supremely this final maternal air of Ma, so to speak, and her excited eye falling upon the sticky bar mop she seized it and started toward the sailorman as with intent to do him bodily harm or extravagant personal indignity. Perceiving this intent Ma debated momentarily whether it were more honorable to do battle with a woman or to fly ingloriously from her assaults.

He decided upon the latter and moved with strategical deliberation till he had enticed the threatening person of Mrs. O'Mahony past the table, when he neatly dodged

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the other end, avoided the cluttering figure of Phyllis, as quite convulsed with mirth, leaped nimbly over r and escaped into the little square in front, whence ard Mrs. O'Mahony's futile ragings and Phyllis' ks of joyous laughter both pursuing him. Each was ffensive to the proud spirit of Ma, who glanced about y to make sure that no derisive sailor eye had d his hasty and undignified exit from the New York No bluejackets being visible, the young man, deaf shouted pleadings of Phyllis to return, luffed and ered the corner and paused to collect himself and cate upon the situation.

e old lady zigzags some in her mind, but she shore is gin Minnie leadin' little Benny to the halter," was t deduction. "She ain't heard nothin' at all about re weddin' bein' set for to-night though, an' that the whole thing up to me," was his second.

sighed. His feelings were somewhat ruffled, his hurt, his dignity assailed. It was, all things con-, an unpleasant business upon which he had engaged f. Still Ma was not easily dissuaded from his pur-

He had undertaken a mission on behalf of his and he would carry on though the end be bitter. at there Bilge person will be on the beach directly!" ected by way of spurring himself along. "I got to get r he'll be in here and have the whole thing jazzed up. would love to be round though when he has his talk he old lady. Maybe I can git back and git hid Phyllis' bar in time."

rished by this comfortable hope Ma hurried up the He found following Phyllis' directions impossible, as irections so readily given by the loquacious folk of ht little isle always are impossible; but by repeated es he got himself directed at last to the O'Mahony which appeared to be but one entrance of many to a e heap of stone and plaster that bulked its ugly shape hillside and probably sheltered one way and another lozen families and mayhap some of their enterprises

sailor knew the type well enough—rookeries of most cted relation and attachment, with halls connected id not been meant to be connected, with passages up or whole rooms or series of rooms blocked off and , given over to bats and spiders because of some erstition as to haunt or ill luck; while at the same ors might have been chiseled through stone walls to access to other houses or areaways or to add other ents like architectural warts and wens to the main re—a form of house admirably adapted to the needs of people who wish to live complex evasive lives, but to the simple honest folk who did inhabit them a mere thriftless accommodation to the most rudimentary needs of civilized life.

Because Ma did know the type, he approached this particular entrance to the pile with no particular hope that he was entering the immediate purlieus of the O'Mahony home. One glance convinced him that he had been mistaken in this, however, and he stood with sinking heart and utter loss of self-confidence before the picture it afforded. There were animate things in this picture, and inanimate. Since the inanimate furnished the necessary setting for the animate they had best be apprehended first.

The door itself, after a fashion of Irish doors, was cut in half at the waistline. The lower half was closed, but the upper half swung hospitably inward, inviting to a view of the interior—an interior that was cluttered up with furniture of various vintages and many kinds suggesting that the single room was used for the entire daily round of at least one family's life. There was a bed with posts of wood that age and the incidents of domestic usage had rendered varnishless, and in reach of this was a kitchen table that obviously served also as a dining table. Age, too, had had its way with the thick deal top of this table, for it was worn into waves by the rubbing of generations of elbows and of sliding dishes, while at the corners it was hacked into gutters by the careless but emphatic descent of thousands of blades of knives as they sawed the ends from loaves or pared the cheese or sliced the ham.

Other furniture in the room was of a like degree of antiquity; the dressing shelf was ancient, all save its mirror; the chests of drawers were time-scarred. The visitor was assured, however, that he was still in his own world by the presence of certain anachronisms and incongruities. A stove, quite modern and quite rusty, was set in a very venerable fireplace, which had been in part bricked up in consequence; and there was a modern lamp on the archaic mantel, while a luridly lithographed calendar and a brilliant poster of the Cork horse fair were in evidence as savoring particularly of the now, so that the humble ambassador from the great new republic was not abashed by all this antiquity, but merely reminded how venerable was this stone-pile scramble of human habitation into which fraternal duty led him.

Yet the bald truth is that all of this inanimate got no more than a passing glance from Ma. With the tail of an eye he swept it up into the background of consciousness and forgot it, standing transfixed by the animate—a very modern-looking Irish girl in a decrepit old upholstered chair, knitting merrily while a kitten lifted a playful paw toward her yarn. She was a plump little thing—the girl—who bent over her work with an air of happy industry. Her skirts were short, her shoes were low, her stockings were smooth and shiny silk—a gift from Benny, no doubt—and her hair was braided and coiled at the back in a fashion that Ma decided instantly was the only becoming way for a girl to do her hair.

The significance of the picture crept cunningly round the impressionable heart of Ma—the kitten, the happy-faced girl, the tune she was humming—Over There—and the sweater in navy gray!

"A sweater for Benny, by gum!" admitted Ma, with delight and pain mingling in his bosom.

But it was when he knocked that Ma's loyalty to his purpose in the coming interview was first actually threatened, for the knitter looked up at him with a most destructive smile. The girl's features were not exactly regular; her forehead was low, her nose turned up perceptibly, and her mouth was possibly a little large; yet she smiled on Ma wholesomely, winsomely, and with a light of fine good feeling in her eyes as she recognized the uniform of the Navy and seemed to approve it as her own. It occasioned Ma a stabbing sense of guilt and remorse to think that he had conspired so recklessly against the peace and happiness of eyes like these, lips like these.

The girl rose and came quickly to the door. The sailor's face was unfamiliar to her but he was a sailor; he came to ask a question, perhaps to seek direction.

"I am from the Judson," said Ma, doffing his flat hat quickly.

Minnie's face lighted freshly with such an expression of faith and camaraderie as indicated that all men from the Judson were cousins to her heart.

"You come from Benny?" she asked with doting emphasis on the proper name, a sort of freighting of it with the sweetness of honey and the tenderness of great love.

"Yessum," said Ma; "that is, not exactly. Ford's my name. You see Benny's an awful good friend of mine and we ——"

A puzzled network wrinkled the girl's brow.

"Ford? Ford?" she murmured, trying to be polite but frankly wondering. "I don't seem to remember. Bilge and Ma are the ones he talks most about."

"I'm Ma," confessed her visitor with an embarrassed blush, as if feeling that his absurd feminine nickname had placed him at a disadvantage by thus preceding him into this most appealing child-woman's presence.

*(Continued on Page 69)*



*"Mother Can That," Declared Minnie. "She Can Help Being Nice to Anybody That She Doesn't Like"*

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 12, 1918


## If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

## Backing Them

BY THIS time, undoubtedly, you have talked with a good many of these young chaps in khaki or in navy blue. You must have been abnormally situated if you have not. They sit beside you in the street car, in the train; they are turning up everywhere.

They are bursting with interest in this strange life of a training camp. They never felt so well physically in their lives. But the discipline is something fierce. You get bawled out if you bat an eyelash, and your liberties taken away for any real fault. Excuses do not go. You have to do what you are told, when you are told. But they certainly feed a fellow well and take good care of him.

So they talk—and always with a looking forward to over there. You feel them fresh, ready, eager, with their lives in their hands for the country. And unless you are a particularly lumpy-souled citizen you feel that, with the utmost you can do, yours is the snug, lazy, easy rôle. The most you can do is poor enough compared with their everyday job of cleaning out machine-gun nests.

Look them over. Consider their rôle and your rôle. Then dig up for this Liberty Loan until you start the roots.

## Cotton

EXCEPT human suffering all this colossal affair of war might—theoretically, at least—be reduced to exact arithmetical terms and expressed in percentages. If that were done we should probably be rather surprised to see in what a comparatively small degree the world at war differed economically from the world at peace.

Upon hardly any world staple has war operated more violently than upon cotton. There has long been dire famine of the raw material in Germany, formerly the greatest consumer on the Continent. The flourishing textile industry of Belgium has been practically destroyed by war; and almost destroyed in France, for the best cotton-manufacturing districts have been in the enemy's hands. In England for a year cotton has been so scarce, due to the pinch in shipping, that mills working on American cotton have been restricted to fifty per cent of their capacity, and have run for only forty hours a week instead of the standard fifty-five hours.

But a trade review of the cotton year just ended—probably as complete and accurate as could be compiled under present conditions—puts the world's consumption of cotton in that year at seventeen and a half million bales, against slightly less than twenty millions in the year before the war. The actual difference is less than thirteen per cent. Incidentally, the British report concludes that in spite of scant supplies of materials and government regulations the year was the most profitable for cotton manufacturers that they have ever known.

The business of feeding and clothing the world and furnishing it with tools and diversions goes on, in the mass, pretty much as before.

## The Decision

DAMAGE suits were brought against the Cunard Line on the ground that the loss of life which attended the sinking of the Lusitania was chargeable to culpable or unwarranted acts on the part of the company. The suits were on trial a considerable time. Voluminous evidence, covering every phase of the case, was taken. Recently the United States District Court gave its decision.

The Lusitania was not armed. It was not a munitions ship. It carried some leather infantry fittings, some empty shells, some safety cartridges, most of which could not be exploded without further treatment, none of which could be exploded by mere impact. It was a passenger ship carrying a legitimate cargo.

The company was not culpable in ignoring Germany's proclamation of a war zone round the British Isles or in sailing despite the warning which the German Embassy published in the newspapers. It relied upon well-settled international law and custom. It supposed it had to do with a civilized enemy. At that time the bloody barbarity of the German Government was not understood. That an unarmed passenger boat, filled with noncombatants, including many women and children, would be sunk at sight without warning and without regard to the lives of those on board, was not to be expected.

The court holds the company not liable, and its careful, dispassionate review writes down—conclusively and inexpugnably—the verdict of murder against the German Government.

## War Taxes

THE country can stand an eight-billion-dollar Federal tax bill this year because the Government this year is spending twenty-four billion dollars for American goods and labor, and paying about double the prices and wages of 1914.

It can stand the tax bill because wheat is selling at two dollars and twenty cents a bushel, iron ore at five and a half dollars a ton, copper at twenty-six cents a pound, and the demand for all staple articles is unlimited; because the normal problems of capital supply for extensions of plant and for current credit are adjourned for the period of the war. Broadly, the Government takes the goods and supplies whatever capital industry requires.

With Federal, state and local taxes the total bill this year will come to ten billion dollars. That is about one-third the total amount of wealth turned out in the country in 1914—or the gross value of all goods of every sort that were produced and of all services rendered. That Government could have made anything like such a levy on the nation's income in 1914 without paralyzing industry is out of the question.

The Federal taxes are levied mostly on surpluses—on surplus of individual income above reasonable living expenses and on surplus of corporation income above a modest return on the capital invested. But except for war's effects on industry there would be no such surpluses; and surplus—the excess over present necessary consumption—is exactly what industry grows on in normal times. It is out of the surplus, necessarily, that every improvement and extension is made. Cut off the surplus over present consumption and growth stops.

Some facile philosophers talk of this tax bill as a sign of what might have been done in the past or what can readily be done in the future. The tax bill is as much a war product as this feverish activity in building ships and airplanes.

## Cost of Living

MOST of us fall easily into the mistake of taking the relative price of commodities as a relative measure of the cost of living. In offhand dealing with the subject that is pretty nearly inevitable. Yet it is a mistake even as to wage earners' families, that are the common subject of cost-of-living discussions.

For example, from July, 1914, to June, 1918, commodity prices in the United States, taken as a whole, rose about a hundred per cent. But a recent report concludes that cost of living for an average wage-earning family increased fifty-five per cent in the same time. Rent, which takes about a fifth of the average wage earner's income, rose only fifteen per cent. Fuel and light rose only forty-five per cent. In every family above actual poverty there are sundries, consisting of reading matter, movies, street-car fares, doctor's bills—which, generally speaking, have increased but little.

Every family above the actual bread line has a much greater command over its income than offhand cost-of-living statements commonly assume. Even in the leading item, food, a less expensive article, equally nourishing and palatable, can often be substituted for a more expensive one. It is only in very poor families that cost of living necessarily keeps in close correspondence with commodity prices.

Cost-of-living studies generally assume that the whole income is spent. Wherever there was a surplus the family must, as a rule, have lived in such a way that many retrenchments were practicable. There are many families whose cost of living now need not be any higher than it was in 1914. There are millions of families that can readily offset higher commodity prices to a great extent.

## Hiring and Keeping Labor

THE stupidest thing about American business—or any other country's business—the least efficient and most wasteful thing, has been in relation to labor. There has been a reason for that—the same reason that there was for our long-continued shocking waste of timber through bad logging methods, preventable fires, and so on. We wasted timber because it seemed to the purblind vision of those days there was an unlimited supply of it. We wasted labor through unintelligent handling of it, preventable strikes, no systematized employment agencies, and so on, because there seemed to be plenty of labor.

There is a dire lack of labor now and we are trying hard to catch up on what we ought to have done before to conserve labor force.

Among other expedients the War Industries Board is arranging for courses of scientific instruction in "employment management." A number of universities and technical schools are already coöperating. The object is to train men intensively in the hiring and keeping of labor, so that finally a manufacturer will be devoting as much pains and trained skill to selling his employees their jobs as he now devotes to selling his customers auto trucks or paint or clothing or whatever else he makes. The employment manager is coming in as a new staff officer, and if he rises to his opportunities he will rank with the sales manager.

In this pinch for steel you could not imagine thirty per cent of the supply of ingots in a given district drifting about from plant to plant, so the mill manager who went to bed with a well-stocked yard might wake up to find half his supply trundling off to some other mill. Just that happened with labor over and over, and it was as unprofitable to labor as to the employer. It was a sign of gross inefficiency in handling labor—thrown into high relief by the war. Imperative war conditions are pointing the ways to correct it.

## Nip and Tuck

WAR industries need another million hands at this moment. This is no facile generalization, but an official statement based on a careful survey of the situation, detail by detail. At various points the program is lagging because of lack of labor. The new draft will increase the pinch.

Experts do not know where the Government is to find the twenty-odd million tons of steel that its plans require in the second half of this calendar year. In the current fiscal year we've got to raise double the amount of money we raised last year.

When Foch turned the corner in the military contest and opened up a fair broad prospect of victory—that was just about the time when we started uphill, with an ever-increasing grade. Up to then—once we got ourselves pulled together and fairly at work—the going had been very good. We could do it with comparative ease. We have struck the upgrade now. Only the hardest pushing will keep the load going; and there has never been another moment in this war that called more imperatively for the hardest pushing by all hands. We can plainly see the way out; but if we do not keep going at top speed we may lose it again.

Now, the labor is here. When a man is actually drafted his employer does not shut up shop. He finds at once that a woman, a youth or a man above forty-five can take the conscript's place and keep the business going. A broader adjustment on that line must be made. Practically all of us, in things we buy and things we hire done, use labor that might be turned to more vitally necessary work. We must individually consider everything we do with reference to the needs of the war. The money is here, but we have got to dig it up by real digging.

It is nip and tuck now—for the victory that is plainly within sight. The moment cries "No let-down, but push harder!"

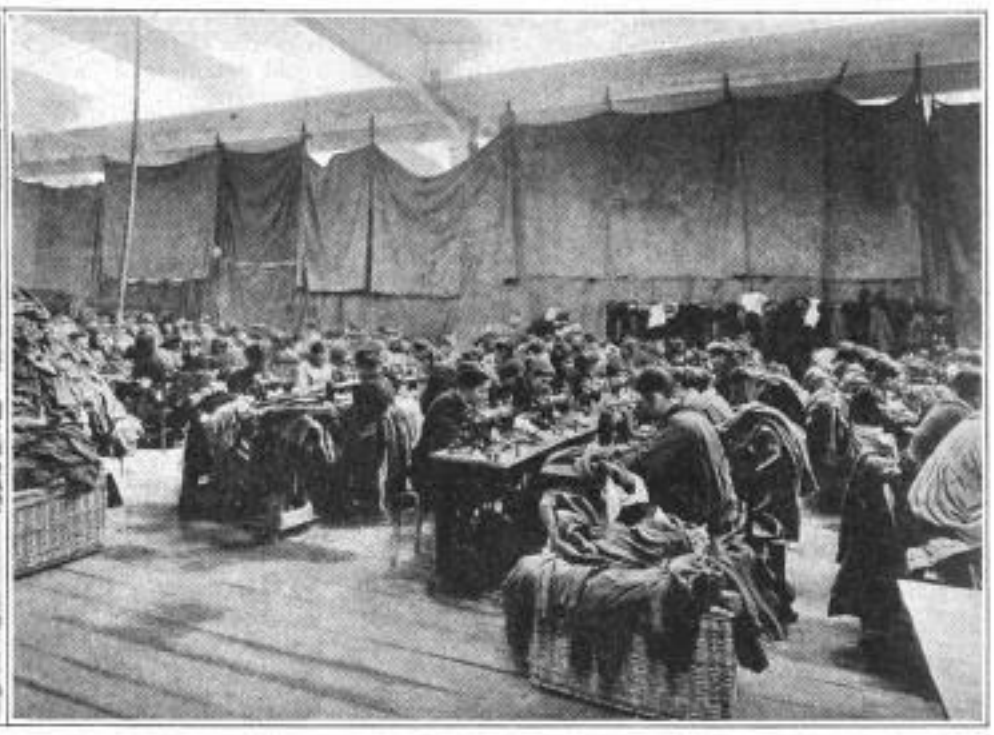
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# FOOD AND FUEL—By Floyd W. Parsons



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*A Shop Where Discarded Shoes are Repaired for Further Use*



*Soldiers' Uniforms are Salvaged and Every Possible Inch of Cloth is Saved*

AS THE Southern darky would say, "Cussin' de weather is mighty po' farmin'," and this bit of negro philosophy is a splendid precept for the wise man to-day. Though it is quite the vogue now to swear at everybody and everything on the slightest provocation it is well to remember that curses are like circus parades—they always return whence they came. It is likewise true that no curse ever struck out an eye unless the fist went with it.

The present moment is a time that calls for three things—action, more action and always action. If we meet a situation we cannot take by the head let us take it by the tail. We must use our hands, not our tongues; words may come first in time, but action ranks first in force. The most liberal professions of patriotism are very far from being the surest marks of it. We must give our country a proof of deeds, for an acre of performance is worth a whole land of promise.

We must establish a wide atmosphere of self-sacrifice and then those of us who breathe it must get above self-glorification and self-seeking. If we must boast let it be about our ability to get up ready for the fight each time we are knocked down. Let us measure our worth by what we do in spite of circumstances rather than because of them. We must remember it is easier to criticize than to be correct. Thousands of real Americans in the present crisis are giving the nation the best that is in them, not for applause but for the self-consciousness of duty performed.

We hear a great deal about "Conservation will win the war." Let us change the expression and say "Conservation will pay for the war." In discussing conservation we are dealing with the chief factor of national success both in war and in peace. It is the permanent cause of any people's wealth, and what we are doing to conserve our resources for war to-day will carry on into the days of peace and be the one beneficial inheritance of the present cruel and unholy conflict.

### *New Energy*

OUR Government in its emergency is preaching a stern gospel, but measures less severe would give only temporary relief and in the end lead to softness, degeneration and defeat. No man can make an auger hole with a gimlet, so we must be content to work with the facilities that are at hand. We shall accomplish no mean or insufficient results if we get one hundred per cent out of our possibilities. Great Britain has mobilized one-third of all her available hands, and yet the production of goods in that country is greater to-day than ever before. Here in the United States we have taken more than three million men out of our industrial life, and we likewise are producing more goods than we did in past years. This means but one thing—we have substantially increased our national energy. Nothing else can explain our ability to spend and consume more and still have tens of billions to lay out on war.

If there is anyone who doubts the vital necessity of practicing increased efficiency and utmost economy let him recall that the seven leading belligerents during the past four years have spent $134,000,000,000 for purely war purposes. This sum is beyond all comprehension and can be grasped only by comparison with other wars. It is greater than the total expenditures for all other wars since the beginning of recorded history. The total cost of all wars since the American Revolution was $23,000,000,000, or only a little more than one-sixth the cost of the present conflict up to date. The combined average cost of the present struggle for four years has been $3,824,200 each hour of the day. It took the warring nations one hundred years to accumulate a debt of $23,000,000,000, and only four years to increase this liability nearly sixfold.

The destruction of machinery, buildings, crops, livestock, roads, railways and bridges in France and Belgium is estimated to be $3,735,000,000. In the eastern theater of the war there have been correspondingly large losses. The total destruction of ships up to August 1, 1918, is placed at 15,000,000 tons, or nearly one-third of the world's pre-war shipping. The cost of the lost tonnage is estimated at $1,050,000,000, basing the figures on values prevailing in 1914. Even here in the United States, located as we are, distant from the field of hostilities, our fire losses due to enemy incendiarism last year amounted to nearly $45,000,000. In the matter of human losses, basing our estimate on the figures of a celebrated actuary, the nations have been impoverished through the death and permanent disability of a part of their productive man power to the extent of $45,000,000,000. This loss is measured in terms of the capital value of the workers withdrawn from industry, and is slightly offset by the enhancement in the capital value of the remaining producers, and by the industrial gain resulting from the women drawn into industries.

### *Eating Habits Changed*

IT IS not necessary that one be an architect in order to live in a house. Nor is it essential that a person shall be a statistician or economist to understand from the foregoing figures that the nations of the earth have never before faced such a catastrophe as has been brought on us by these Hun birds of the devil's hatching. We must ignore the chatter of tongues that talk about the war's cost being borne by succeeding generations. We are paying the bill to-day and shall go on paying until the debt is squared. All efforts toward evasion of our plain obligations will prove bitter by repentance. We must save and sacrifice and strive as we never have before. Let me discuss briefly some of the things we have done and other things we should do.

No story of the war is more remarkable than America's effort in food conservation. What has been accomplished far surpasses early hopes. We are informed that the people of the United States have so far saved more food voluntarily than any other country has done under compulsion. Mr. Hoover and his associates have changed the eating habits of an entire nation. Until we entered the war white bread was looked upon as the staff of life. To-day the person whose diet includes white bread is viewed with suspicion, and such a one is not a welcome guest in real American homes.

Furthermore, our necessity has taught us many things. Take corn, for instance. It used to be eaten mostly in the South. And the South, too, was the



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*Handling Garbage From a United States Cantonment*

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only part of the country that had been troubled with pellagra. The South ate corn bread and the South had pellagra; the deduction was simple—corn meal causes pellagra. But fortunately there were a few people who had to be shown, and an investigation was started. The result developed the astounding fact that any cereal if it is bolted and a large part of the nutritive elements of the outer coat are removed will cause pellagra when eaten to the exclusion of other cereals.

Another interesting investigation concerned barley in its relation to wheat. In the past barley was raised chiefly for manufacture into liquor. It was the mainstay of the brewers. Last fall, when Congress was considering a price of $2.50 a bushel for wheat, some of our political wiseacres in Washington declared that, unless a higher price than the existing $2.20 was promised, the farmers would cease to raise wheat and would plant their acres with barley. This possibility was looked upon as an impending catastrophe which should be avoided at all costs. The Food Administration, however, viewed the matter in a different light. "Go from wheat to barley, if you want to, with our blessing," the farmers were told. "An acre planted to barley will produce four times the nutritional value of an acre of wheat."

As the food situation has become more serious here and abroad, nations are being fed not so much on particular types of foods as on nutritional values. This is shown by the fact that our export programs are worked out on the basis of calories, with a constant ratio between the comparative amounts of proteins and carbohydrates. The chief reason why the bulk of our exports have been in the form of meat and wheat is that they combine comparative durability with high nutritive value, enabling us to maintain these export programs with a minimum amount of shipping space. Of course, personal preferences must be borne in mind, but the very fact that in this country we have been able to maintain a cereal program that has changed the bread-eating habits of almost 100,000,000 people shows that personal preferences can in a very large measure be subordinated.

### Record Exports

SHORTAGE of ocean shipping has put the Food Administration up against many difficult situations, inasmuch as conditions have varied to such a great extent almost from day to day. This has necessitated changes in the export and conservation programs almost overnight. Take the demands that were precipitated upon this country when the big German offensive was started on March twenty-first of the present year. Every available ship had to be transformed immediately into a troopship—and incidentally the food-export program had to be revamped.

Dozens of vessels were drawn from the Indian and Australian trade and sent from our ports with troops. Most of these were refrigerator ships. They could not be used for the transportation of grain. But to allow the refrigerators to remain empty while they carried men across the water would have been a great waste of vital resources. Consequently, it was necessary to make demands upon our meat supplies, and beef began to cross the ocean in a steady stream. It is not hard to realize that this meant a severe strain upon our domestic stocks when it is considered that before the war we exported only 21,000,000 pounds of beef a year, while last April alone we sent over more than 73,303,000 pounds. In one month we exported more than three times as much as we shipped under normal conditions in an entire year. Our internal transportation has offered another problem of no small moment. Last winter, when our railroad terminals were blocked and invaluable ocean tonnage was tied up at our Atlantic ports, several rapid changes in the food program were necessitated. At the height of the congestion Europe sent a frenzied appeal for cereals. Wheat could not be moved from the farms, and the supplies at country terminals and in mills and elevators were practically exhausted. Corn had backed up on the farms, and because of an early fall and the consequent large stocks of "soft corn" in the country the farmers were facing heavy losses.

The Food and Railroad Administrations, realizing the gravity of the foreign situation, bent every effort to discover a remedy—and it was found. Other demands upon the railroads were sidetracked and lines between the seaboard and the centers of heavy corn production were cleared. Ten million bushels of corn were moved from the farms and loaded into transatlantic steamers in ten days. Solid trainloads were kept moving on express schedule, rushing one million bushels a day to our Atlantic ports.

The Food Administration has, largely by a campaign of education, added greatly to the car efficiency of the railroad systems by securing heavier loading and more expeditious movement of perishables. It has prescribed minimum carload weights for many commodities and has taught the farmer the desirability of pooling resources with his neighbors in order to have every car that leaves the country station loaded to capacity.



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*Thousands of Tons of High-Grade Metal are Recovered From the Battlefields*



PHOTO FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY. PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

*Manufacturing Sausages From the Meat of Horses Killed on the Battlefield*



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*Not a Scrap of Leather is Wasted. Every Shoe That Can be Made Fit Goes Back to Do Further Service*

### Brought to Book

OF COURSE, not all of the work of the Food Administration has been of an educational or persuasive nature. More than one food merchant has found to his sorrow that Mr. Hoover's organization was cloaked with authority to back up its "requests." Many merchants attempted to profit through the rules and regulations laid down when the wholesale dealers in the country were first placed under license. Knowing that before almost any other consideration the Food Administration wished to prevent waste and loss several wily commission merchants saw in the new governmental agency a means to further their ends.

Last fall a dealer in the East refused to accept a consignment of onions and potatoes shipped him by a Western wholesale-produce firm. The Western firm appealed to the Food Administration, asking that he be forced to pay the penalty for his refusal and the consequent loss of the goods, and demanding that he meet the draft attached to bill of lading. The Food Administration investigated, and the Western firm was deprived of its license and forced to discontinue business. It appeared that this house had been making a practice of shipping goods that had begun to deteriorate. It is only fair to state, however, that there have been very few such cases of profiteering and willful waste of foodstuffs.

Another interesting little sidelight on the license regulations was seen last fall, in the height of the sugar shortage, in a New Jersey city. The manager of a vaudeville theater there advertised that with each of 375 tickets bearing lucky numbers a pound of sugar would be given away. The Food Administrator forced the man who had sold sugar in such unreasonable quantities to the manager of the theater to suspend business for a month.

As to just how satisfactory and effective the work of the Food Administration has been up to date I need only point out that in its first year, ending June 30, 1918, the voluntary reductions in wheat alone saved 125,000,000 bushels

(Continued on Page 94)

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# You Can Be Sure Of The Republic

Most car owners realize that it pays, nowadays, to keep close watch of tire performance.

Whenever this watchfulness is applied to Republic Tires, it tends to make yet another constant Republic user.

Nothing else is needed to give a man proof positive that Republic Tires do last longer.

Today, as nearly as we can tell, more than 100,000 car owners are practicing a very real war economy by continually using Republic Tires in preference to all others.

They have noted how much more slowly the tires wear down—how very little they are cut and chipped in rough service, due to the rubber-toughening Prōdium Process.

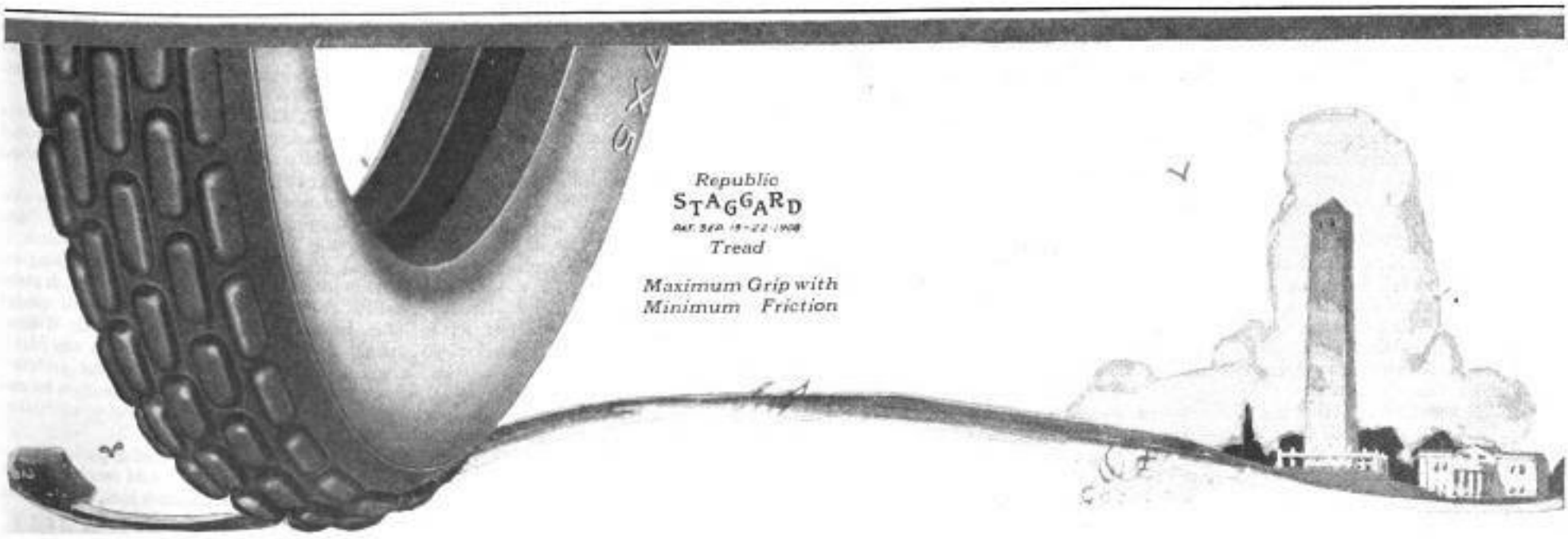
You can confidently expect a definite reduction in car up-keep, dating from the day you begin using Republic Tires.

*Republic Inner Tubes, both Black-Line Red and Gray, have a reputation for freedom from trouble*

**The Republic Rubber Corporation**
Youngstown, Ohio

*Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread*

# REPUBLIC TIRES




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# WITH THOSE WHO WAIT

IX

## By Frances Wilson Huard

DECORATIONS BY CHARLES HUARD



BEFORE the war it used to be Aunt Rose's victoria that met us at the station; a victoria drawn by a shiny span and driven by pompous old Joseph, the coachman, clad in a dark green, gold-buttoned livery and wearing a cockade on his hat. Aunt Rose's coachman and the Swiss at Notre Dame were classed among the curiosities of the city, as could be attested by the numerous persons who hastened to their doorsteps to see the brilliant equipage pass by.

But this time we found the victoria relegated beside the old *berline* which Aunt Rose's great-grandmother had used to make a journey to Italy; the horses had been sent out to the farm, where they were needed, and Joseph, fallen from the glory of his box, attired in a striped alpaca waistcoat and wearing a straw hat, half civilian, half servant, seemed a decidedly puffy old man, much aged since our last visit.

"Monsieur and madame will be obliged to take the omnibus. Will monsieur kindly give me the baggage check?"

Then as I fumbled in my purse: "Monsieur and madame will find many changes, I fear."

But in spite of his prophecy to us there seemed little difference. The rickety old omnibus rattled and bumped noisily over the pointed cobble pavements, the tiny city merely seemed asleep behind its drawn blinds and its closed shutters. At the corner of the square in front of the château the old vegetable vender still sold her products, seated beneath her patched red cotton parasol; the Great Dane watchdog lay in exactly the same place on the tinker's doorstep. Round the high church tower the crows circled and cawed as usual, while the bell of its clock was echoed by the distant hills with the same familiar sound.

The omnibus deposited us at the entrance to the big roomy edifice which Aunt Rose calls home. The broad façade, evenly pierced by its eighteen long French windows, had a genial, inviting appearance, while the soft rose color of the bricks, the white stone trimming, the iron balconies, mingled here and there with bas-reliefs and sculptures, were in perfect harmony with the tall, slanting slate roof and majestic chimneys; the whole forming one of those delightful ensembles constructed by local architects during the seventeenth century for the pleasure and comfort of a large French bourgeois family.

Aunt Rose herself, leaning upon an ivory-headed cane, but bright-eyed and alert as ever, awaited us at the top of the steps. From her we soon learned that we had missed our friends the M's by but a day, and that little André, son of our cousins in Flers, had announced his visit for the following Monday.

At this point Friquet, her old Pomeranian favorite, crept down from his cushion and approached us.

"He doesn't bark any more, so you know he must be getting old," smiled Aunt Rose, caressing her pet.

"My poor Victoire is getting on, too, I fear. Her nephew is stone-blind since the Battle of the Marne. Joseph has lost two of his grandsons; of course he didn't tell you—he doesn't want anyone to speak of it—but he's very much upset by it. Nicolas and Armandine do nothing but worry about their poor little Pierre, who hasn't given sign of life for three months now—so I fear you will have to be very patient and very indulgent guests."

The delightful old lady led us to our room—the "Psyche Room," we, the "youngsters," used to call it on account of the charming grisaille wall paper, dating from the end of the Empire period, and representing in somewhat stiff but none the less enchanting manner the amorous adventures of that goddess.

I have always had a secret feeling that many a time, urged by her confessor, Madame de C. had been upon the point of obliterating or removing those extreme chaste nude images. But at the last moment rose up the horror of voluntarily changing anything in the homestead, transforming a whole room that she always had known thus; and perhaps the unavowed fear of our ridicule and reproach had made her renounce her project.

"Brush up quickly, and come right down to tea. We've got so many things to talk over. You've so much to tell me!"

So a quarter of an hour later, teacup in hand, we must needs go into the details of our trips, inform her of our hopes and fears, tell of all the different things we had seen—what America was going to do—what it had already accomplished. And with her marvelously quick understanding, her vivacious intelligence, the old lady classified the facts and the anecdotes, asked us to repeat dates and numbers, that she might the better retain them in her splendid memory.

All through dinner and the long evening she plied us with questions, kept the conversation running along the same lines, returning now and then to a certain theme or certain figures, and asking us to go into even more detail.

"I know I'm an abominable old egoist," she at length apologized, "but you'd forgive me if only you realized how much happiness your stories will bring, and to how many people. I imagine that you haven't had much time for correspondence with our family—but that's all an old woman like myself is good for these days."

"Our family" consisted in relationship to the nth degree of all the H's, de C's, B's and F's that were then in existence—some of them such distant cousins that good Aunt Rose herself would never have recognized them had they met. And besides these people there were her friends, her servants, her farmers—possibly a group of three hundred persons with whom the good soul corresponded, giving news of the ones to the others, announcing misfortunes or joys—a living link between us all. Left a widow when still quite young, Aunt Rose had lived with and respected the memory of her husband. Though she had had many an offer, she had never cared to remarry. But unable to stand the damp climate of Normandy she had returned to her family homestead in this little city of the Bourbonnais, in whose suburbs she possessed quite a fortune in farm lands.

Alone in the world, with no immediate family, she had devoted herself not only to her own but to her husband's relatives. Her home had always been the *lieu de grâce*, known and respected by them all; and meeting place for reconciliation between persons whose self-control had escaped them; the shelter for prodigal and repentant sons who awaited the forgiveness of their justly wrathful sires; the comforting haven that seemed to assuage the pangs of departure and bereavement. But above all it was the one spot for properly celebrating family anniversaries, announcing engagements and spending joyous vacations.

The war had been the cause of a great deal of hard work in this respect.

"Why, I receive more letters than a state functionary," Aunt Rose informed me when I came upon her early the next morning, already installed behind her huge flat-topped desk, her tortoise-shell spectacles tipped down toward the end of her very prominent nose.

"For nearly four years I've been writing on an average of twenty letters a day, and I never seem to catch up with my correspondence. Why, I need a secretary just to sort out and classify it. You haven't an idea the different places that I hear from. See, here are your letters from the United States. Léon is in the Indo-Chinese Bank in Oceanica. Albert is mobilized at Laos, Quentin in Morocco. Jean-Paul and Marcel are fighting at Saloniki; Emilien in Italy. Marie is Mother Superior in a convent at Madrid; Madeline, Sister of Charity at Cairo. You see I've a world-wide correspondence.

"Look!" she continued, opening a deep drawer in one side of her desk. "Here are the letters from my pets; and of course these are only the answered ones. The dear boys just love to write, and not one of them misses a week without doing so. I'm going to keep them all. Their children may love to have them some day."

Then she opened a smaller drawer, and my eye fell upon a dozen or fifteen packages, all different in size and each one enveloped in white tissue paper, carefully tied about with gray silk ribbon.

"These were written by our dear departed," she said.

In an instant they passed before my eyes—those "dear departed." Big tall William, so gay and so childish, he who used to play the ogre or the horse or anything one wished; a person so absolutely indispensable to their games that all the little folk used to gather beneath his window early in the morning, crying in chorus: "Uncle William! Uncle William! Do wake up and come down and play!"

Jean-François, the engineer; Philippe, the architect; Honoré, whom we dubbed "Déshonoré," because he used always to return empty-handed when we went hunting together. Gone, gone forever!

Aunt Rose picked up one of the smaller packages.

"These were from little Jacques." And two bright tears trembled on her lashes. "You remember him, of course, my

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dear. He was an orphan; he never knew his mother. I always supposed that is what made him so distant and reserved. Jean, his guardian, who is very severe, used to treat him as he did his own children—scolding him often about his indolence, his lack of application to his studies.

"I used to have him here with me during his vacations. He loved this old house—and I knew it. Sometimes when you would all start out for some excursion I'd see him coming back toward the gate.

"'You're not going with them then, Jacques?'

"'No, thank you, Aunt Rose; it's so nice in your drawing-room.'

"When he was just a little baby I often wanted to take him onto my lap and laugh and play with him. But he was so cold and distant! A funny little mite, even with boys his own age. Nobody seemed to understand him exactly; certain people even thought that he was a surly nature.

"He spent his last furlough here, and I found quite a change in him. He was more robust and tanned. A splendid-looking fellow, and I was so proud of him.

"'Aunt Rose,' he asked even before we embraced, 'is there anyone else stopping with you?'

"'Why, no, child; and I'm afraid you'll find the house very empty. If only I'd known you were coming I most certainly should have invited your cousins!'

"'Oh, I'm so glad you didn't! I much prefer being alone with you.'

"He came and went in the house, but never could be persuaded to go outside the yard. I should have loved to take him with me and show his War Cross to some of my old friends. But he wouldn't hear of it.

"'Pooh!' he would laugh when I would suggest such a thing. 'If ever they come near me I'll tell them I've got "trench pest"—and then you'll see them clear out.'

"He went down in the kitchen and I'd hear him pottering round. I never knew him so gay and happy.

"'Tante Rose, I'm going to sing you La Madelon and the Refrain de la Mitraille. It was Planchet, the tinsmith, who composed it.'

"He'd sit for hours in that big blue armchair, blinking at the fire, and then suddenly he'd come to earth and exclaim: 'Aunt Rose, what a pleasure to be here!'

"When finally he had to go back he caught me and whispered in my ear as I kissed him: 'Next time, Tante, you promise me not to invite anyone, won't you?'

"Poor child, he will never come back; and his friend Planchet, the tinsmith, saw him fall with a bullet through his heart. It was he who wrote me the sad news.

"Well, my dear, what mystery the soul hides within itself! In one of the cupboards of the room he occupied I found two notebooks, and a diary filled with verses he had never shown to anyone, never admitted having written. How little we guessed what he was about when we scolded him for his indolence and inattention. If you only knew what accents, what harmonious phrases he found to depict the shades of our trees, the rippling of the river, the perfume of the flowers and his love for us all.

"There is a whole chapter devoted to the old homestead. He seemed to feel everything, divine everything—explain everything. None of us understood him. There is no use pretending we did. Not one among us would ever have guessed that so splendid and delicate a master of the pen lived and moved among us!"

Aunt Rose looked straight out on the sunlit court, the great tears rolling unheeded down her cheeks.

For a long time neither of us said a word.

Like its mistress, Aunt Rose's home lives to serve the war. The culinary realm is always busily engaged preparing *pâtés* and *galantines*, *rillettes* and sausages. "For our boys," is the answer almost before the question is put. "They're so glad to get homemade dainties, and are always clamoring for more—no matter how much you send!

"Since they must eat preserved food we might as well send them something we make ourselves; then we're sure it's the best. Why, I'd be ashamed to go out and buy something and send it off without knowing who had handled it!" This was the cook's idea of patriotism, which I shared most heartily, having at one time had nothing but bully beef and dried beans as constant diet for nearly a fortnight.

The coachman and inside man sealed the crocks and tins, prepared and forwarded the packages.

"Oh, there's one for everybody—even for the boys of the city who haven't a family to look after them. They must be mighty glad madame's alive. We put in one or two post cards, views of the town. That cheers them up and makes them feel they're not forgotten here."

One afternoon on descending into the kitchen we beheld two sturdy-looking fellows seated at table and eating with ravenous appetites. One was an artilleryman who had but a single arm, the other a chasseur whose much bandaged leg was reposing upon a stool.

"They are wounded men on convalescent leave," explained Armandine. "The poor fellows need a little humoring so that they'll build up the quicker, and an extra meal surely can't hurt!"

This was certainly the opinion of the two invalids, who had just disposed of a most generous bacon omelet, and were about to dig into a jar of *pâté*.

Armandine and Nicholas watched them eat with evident admiration, fairly drinking up their words when between mouthfuls they would stop for breath and deign to speak.

Their rustic eloquence was like magic balm poured on a constantly burning sore.

"Your son? Why, of course he'll turn up!" the artilleryman assured them.

"But he hasn't written a line!"

"That's nothing. Now just suppose that correspondence is forbidden in his sector for the time being?"

"I know, but it's three months since we heard from him. We've written everywhere, to all the authorities, and never get any returns—except now and then a card saying that they're giving the matter their attention! That's an awfully bad sign, isn't it?"

"Not at all; not at all!" chimed in the chasseur. "Why, some of the missing have been found in other regiments, or even in the depots, and nobody knows how they got there.

"Three months? Why, that's not long. After the Battle of the Marne my poor old mother had them say heaven knows how many masses for the repose of my soul; for four months and three days she never heard a thing of me, and I'd written her regularly every week. Yes, and what are you going to do if the letter carrier gets killed or the boche locates the mail wagon on the road every other delivery? Nobody's going to inform you of the accident."



*Monsieur J., With His Gas Mask*

"And that does happen often?"

"Almost every day."

"Quite a common occurrence. There's nothing for you to worry about yet, really now."

So "hope springs eternal" in the breasts of the bereaved parents, whose smile gradually broadens out into a laugh when the artilleryman recounts some grotesque tale and gives his joyous nature free rein.

The convalescents who came to this particular city must have recuperated in the minimum of time, if *régime* had anything to do with the reëstablishment. In every house the cloth was always on the table, the door open in sign of welcome. "Come in and have a bite with us," people would call to them as they passed by.

Certain among them were being treated for severe cases and had been in the city a long time. The townspeople were proud of their progress and their cure, almost as proud as of their notary, who on leaving for the Front was only a second lieutenant, but now had command of a battalion of chasseurs.

Nor must one forget Monsieur de P.'s son, cited for bravery among the aces; and least of all ignore Monsieur Dubois, who, having lost both sons, shut up his house, settled his business and without telling anyone went off and enlisted as a simple private at sixty-two years of age!

In coming to this distant little city I had sought to find repose for my somewhat shattered nerves; dared hope for complete rest beneath this hospitable sympathetic roof. But the war is everywhere. Yes, yes, far from the sound of the guns one's eyes are spared the spectacles of horror and desolation, but there is not a soul who for a single instant really escapes the gigantic shiver that has crept over all the world. Out here, far removed from the seat of events, life necessarily becomes serious and mournful. The seemingly interminable hours lend themselves most propitiously to reflections, foster misgivings, and one therefore feels all the more keenly the absence of the dear ones.

There are but two moments when real excitement ripples the apparent calm of the little city—one in the morning when the paper boy, announcing his approach by blowing his brass horn, runs from door to door distributing the dailies, while people rush forth and wait their turns impatiently. The evening communiqué arrives at eight P. M. An old white-haired postman pastes it upon the bulletin board outside the post office. Long before the hour one can hear steps echoing on the pavement as men, women and children, old people on crutches, cripples leaning on their nurses' arms hasten in the same direction, moved by the same anxious curiosity. When the weather is inclement one turns up his trousers or removes her best skirt. It is no uncommon sight to see women in woolen petticoats with a handkerchief knotted about their heads standing, their umbrellas in hand, patiently awaiting the news. A line forms and each one passes in front of the little square piece of paper, whose portent may be so exhilarating or so tragic. Then someone clears his throat, and to save time reads the bulletin for the benefit of the assembled group.

Here again the strategists are in evidence. Monsieur Paquet, the jeweler, having served his three years some three decades ago at Rheims, has a wonderfully lucid way of explaining all the operations that may be made in that region, while Monsieur Morin, the grocer, whose wife comes from Amiens, yields the palm to no one when that sector is mentioned.

Each gentleman has a special view on the subject—each favors a special mode of combat, and each of course has his following among the townspeople. But the masses give them little heed.

Monsieur Paquet's persistent optimism or Monsieur Morin's equally systematic pessimism does not touch them in the least. The French soul has long since known how to resist emotions. Sinister rumors shake it no more than do insane hopes and desires.

"All we know is that there's a war," exclaimed a sturdy housewife, summing up her impressions. "And we've got to have victory so it will stop!"

"Amen!" laughed an impudent street gamin.

Slowly the crowd dispersed, and presently when the gathering was considerably diminished a group stepped forward, pressed round the bulletin board and commented on the communiqué in an incomprehensible tongue.

By their round, open faces, their blond hair and that unspeakable air of honesty and calm resolution, one instantly recognized the Belgians. Yes, the Belgians, come here in 1914—the Belgians who have taken up their abode, working anywhere and everywhere, with an incomparable good will and energy. But they have never taken root, patiently waiting for the day when once again they may pull out their heavy drays that brought them down here, whose axles they have never ceased to grease, just as they have always kept their magnificent horses shod and ready to harness, that at a moment's notice old women and children may be hoisted into the straw and the whole caravan thread its way northward toward the native village—that village of which they have never ceased to talk.

"Ah, madame," exclaimed one poor old soul in a phrase that might have seemed comic if it hadn't been so infinitely profound and touching—"ah, madame, even if there isn't anything left it will be our village just the same!"

Alas! I know but too well the fate of such villages at the Front. Occupied by the enemy or crushed beneath his iron heel, subjected to his gunfire!

X

IT WAS Aunt Rose's custom to spend one week out of every four at her country seat. With the war had come the shortage of labor, and now that her head man had been mobilized it was necessary for someone to take direct control, superintend and manage these valuable farmlands which must do their share toward national support. It needed no urging to persuade us to accompany her.

"My farmers haven't the time to make the trip to town individually, so I get a list of their wants, and my coming

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# *And this is what I told his Mother:*

"WHEN you and I went through these French towns on our honeymoon, we little thought that a boy of ours would go back there some day to fight for Liberty.

"But he's gone, and with as much eagerness as you and I went to France twenty years ago.

"Think how we've planned to send him there some day to make himself a scholar, and now he's gone there to make himself a *man*.

"Dear, there's nothing you and I won't do for him and he knows it. He knows that we will put what money we've got into this thing. Notice that he never asks if we buy Liberty Bonds. He knows it without asking. When the big guns roll up to the front, and the ammunition wagons, and the soup kitchens, and—and—the ambulances, dear, our boy knows that our money helps make his job possible and bearable and that we'll back him up with every cent we've got, if necessary."

That's what I told her, John, and all she said was:

"Why, of course"—God bless her!




Rob't Burns

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(Continued from Page 26)

saves them so much trouble." So early one morning a big break was driven up to the door, and in less than five minutes it was so full of bundles and packages that I had my doubts as to our all fitting in, not to mention the word "comfortably." And when finally we did jog away it took every effort of the broad-backed dray horse, which had been sent from the farm, to pull us up the long sunny hills so frequent in this region.

The village that would be our ultimate destination was twelve miles from any station, and the nearest railway a funny little two-foot-gauge road, whose locomotives were comic to behold, their vociferous attempts at whistling not even frightening the baby calves that stood and stared at them indifferently as they passed. Furthermore, the line was no longer in public service, save on market days at Le Donjon.

Our route lay through an admirable, undulating country which seemed to be totally deserted, for not even a stray dog crossed our path. Far in the distance, however, from time to time one might hear the throb of a motor.

"They are winnowing almost everywhere to-day," explained Aunt Rose. "Taking advantage of the good weather. We shall doubtless find everyone very busy at Neuilly."

The winnowing machine had been set up on the public square, and all along the last mile before entering the village we met great loads of wheat and oats, drawn by huge white oxen, which in turn were led by what seemed to me to be very small boys. The latter, stick in hand, walked in front of their beasts and, swelling their youthful voices, would intone a kind of litany which the animals apparently understood and obeyed.

The brilliant noonday sun shone down and bathed everything in gold. In the shadow of the little church the engine, attended by two white-bearded men, churned along, from time to time sending forth a shrill whistle. Women with bandanna handkerchiefs tied down closely about their heads unloaded the carts and, lifting the heavy sheaves in their brawny arms, would carry them to the machine, where others, relieving them, would spread them out and guide them into the aperture.

Two handsome girls who might have served as models for goddesses stood, pitchforks in hand, removing the chaff. The breeze blowing through it would catch the wisps and send them dancing in the air, while the great generous streams of golden grain flowing from the machine seemed like rivers of molten metal.

The children and tiny babies lay tucked away in the straw, sound asleep beneath a giant elm that shaded one corner of the square. Now and again a woman would leave her companions and, wiping the perspiration from her brow, approach this humble cradle, lift her infant in her arms and, seeking a secluded spot, give it suckle.

I cannot tell how long I stood watching this wonderful rustic spectacle, so rich in tone and coloring, so magnificent in its simplicity, so harmonious in movement. There was no undue noise—every motion seemed regulated, the work accomplished without haste but with an impressive thoroughness. Here, then, was the very source of the country's vitality. Elsewhere the war might crush and destroy lives, cities and possessions, but this was the bubbling springhead whence gushed forth, unrestrained, the generative forces. Stronger than war, stronger than death—life defiantly persistent. And I was seized with an immense pride, an unlimited admiration for these noble, simple women of France who had had the courage to set forth such a challenge!

For it is the women who have done it; of that there can be no doubt.

The census indicates that in 1914 the total number of inhabitants within this little village was seven hundred and fifty. Of these, one hundred and forty men were mobilized, and forty-five have already been killed. The masculine element, therefore, has been reduced to a minimum.

Thevenet, the carpenter, groceryman and choir leader, gifted with a strong voice and a shock of curly black hair, but lame in both legs, is certainly, when seated behind his counter, the noblest specimen of the stronger sex that the village possesses.

His pupil, disciple and companion, called Criquet, is, as his pseudonym indicates, extremely small of stature, and though he regularly presents himself before the draft boards he has invariably been refused as far too small to serve his country in the ranks.

Of course, there are quite a number of sturdy old men, who have had ample occasion to do their bit by helping their daughters or their sons' wives on their farms. So in the village itself there remains hardly anyone.

Old Man Magnier is so bent with rheumatism that each movement is accompanied by an alarming cracking of his bones, and one is tempted to ask him not to stir for fear of suddenly seeing him drop to pieces, as would an antiquated overdry grandfather's clock on being removed from a long stay in the garret.

Monsiau, the innkeeper, is ready and willing to do almost anything, but he is so terribly stout that the slightest physical effort causes him to turn purple and gasp for breath. He therefore remains seated, nodding like a big Buddha, half dozing over the harangues of his friend Chavignon, the tailor, whose first name, by the way, is Pacifique. But in order to belie this little warlike appellation Chavignon spends most of the time he owes to the trade dreaming of impossible plans and preparing ghastly tortures to which the Kaiser shall be submitted when once we have caught him.

Bonnet, the hardware dealer, in spite of his seventy-eight years, comes and goes at a lively pace—coughing, grumbling, mumbling—always in a hurry, though he never has anything special to attend to.

And finally there is Laigut; Laigut whom one consults when at his wit's end, simply because he knows everything in general and nothing in particular, his knowledge covering all the arts and sciences as résuméed in the Grand Encyclopedia. He is a little man with spectacles and a short gray beard, costumed winter and summer alike in the same suit of worn brown velvet, a rabbit-skin cap on his head, his feet shoved into wooden sabots.

His reputation before the war was not what one would call spotless. His passion for fowl—other people's, on principle—had led to his being heavily suspected. He was a poacher as well, always ready to bring you the hare or the pike you needed, at a fixed date and hour, more especially when the shooting and fishing seasons were closed.

His was one of those hidden geniuses which the war had revealed. Otherwise we should never on earth have suspected him of being so capable. But be it requested that he repair a sewing machine, a bicycle or a watch; sharpen a pair of scissors, put in a pane of glass, make over mattresses, shear a horse, a dog or a human, paint a sign, cover an umbrella, kill a pig or treat a sprain—Laigut never hesitates; Laigut is always found competent. Add to this his commerce in seeds and herbs, his talent for destroying snakes and trapping moles, the fact that he is municipal bell ringer and choir boy, and you will have but a feeble idea of the activities of this man whose field seems so unlimited.

In a little old shed behind his house he carefully stores the innumerable and diverse objects which are confided to his care, and contrary to what one might suppose he bears no malice for the lack of esteem bestowed upon him in times gone by. Not at all—his breadth of character is equaled only by the diversity of his gifts. From time to time a fowl may still disappear, but none save Maître Renard is now accused. In these days there are so many foxes about!

If I may seem to have gone deep into detail concerning these people it is only because I am anxious to make better understood what life means in a village without men—that is to say, without valid men who care for the cattle, steer the plow, keep the furrows of equal depth and straight as a die; rake, hoe and sow; reap, harvest and carry the heavy burdens; in fact, perform all the hard, fatiguing labor that the upkeep of the soil requires.

And yet in spite of their absence not a foot of ground has been neglected. The cattle are robust and well cared for, the harvests reaped and brought to cover, the taxes and the rents have been paid, and down under the piles of linen in those big oak cupboards lie many blue bank notes or several bonds of the National Defense. And France has crossed the threshold of her fifth year of war.

To whom is this due? The women.

There were no training schools to teach them how to sow or reap—no kindly advisers to take the husbands' places and tell them what animals to keep and feed, at what time to sell or at what price! They had to learn from hard experience, taxing their intuition and great common sense to the utmost. And with it all they are so shy and modest; at heart a little bit ashamed when you speak to them in terms of admiration for what they have done.

"We didn't really know what to do at the end of the first year when we found there wasn't anyone to take care of the ground," explained Anna Julie Laisné, who lives just behind Aunt Rose.

"I would have tried to plow. Been glad to do it, but I was afraid the others would make fun of me," said Anna Troussière.

"That's just the way I felt about it," exclaimed Julie. "I nearly went crazy when I knew time was flying, winter coming, and no wheat in! I've no doubt it was the same with all the others. Then one day the news ran round like lightning that Anna was out plowing her fields, with her kid and her grandfather to help her. Nobody took the time to go and see if it was true. Each one got out her plow. Of course, the first furrows were not very straight, but soon we got used to it, and, Lord, how we laughed over my first attempts when my husband came home next year on furlough!"

I wish that some great master of the pen might paint in words as simple as the Golden Legend, in stanzas as pure as the Litanies of the Holy Virgin, the picture of this little Julie, up and about with the first rays of dawn, always hard at work, and whom when night has closed in I have often come upon bending over beneath her tallow candle, writing to the dear one at the Front. To this task as to all the others she concentrates her every effort and attention, anxious that no news be forgotten—news which is as fresh and naïve as the events and the nature that inspire it. "The sow has had twelve little pigs, the donkey has a nail in its hoof, little Michel has a cold, and butter now sells for forty-three sous the pound."

Her farm is too small and brings in too little for her to dream of taking on someone to help. But she keeps three cows and three calves, a dozen or two pigs, a donkey, and all the chickens she can afford to feed. Forty acres is quite a responsibility for so small a person, and it requires lots of courage to replace the missing muscle to till the soil, care for the kitchen garden and the animals, and send three small children off to school on time, all of them washed and combed, without a hole in their stockings or a spot on their aprons.

It needs something more than courage to be able to sing and dissimulate one's anxieties, to hide in one corner of that envelope that will be opened by him out there a little favorite flower, tenderly cared for, nursed to maturity.

"Bah!" she laughs as I sympathize. "It might be bad if one were all alone in his troubles. But we're all in the same boat down here!"

Yes, all of them have done their duty—more than their duty, the impossible. In other villages it is just the same—in other provinces.

From one end to the other of France such marvels have been accomplished that the government decided that so much devotion merited recompense. So one fine morning a motor was seen to stop in front of the Café Lacroix. A gentleman in uniform—some say it was the *préfet*—accompanied by two other men got down and walked over to the town hall, which is near the church.

A few moments later Criquet was dispatched on bicycle to Anna Trussière's and Claudine Charpin's, with orders to bring them back with him.

He soon returned accompanied by the two frightened creatures, who, fearing ill news, had not unrolled their sleeves or removed the handkerchiefs from their heads, but jumped on their bicycles and hastened to the town hall.

Then suddenly the gentleman in uniform appeared on the steps, made them a little speech and, stepping down, pinned a medal on their heaving breasts. He thrust a diploma which bore their names into their trembling fingers, shook hands with them most cordially and, mounting in his car, drove away in a cloud of dust.

Everyone, much excited, gathered round the two women. The medals were handed about, commented upon.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Criquet, who is something of a wag. "I think they're made of bronze. Too bad they're not chocolate so you might give us all some."

"Claudine," said Anna Trussière, "it's time we went home if we don't want to be teased to death. Goodness, if only we'd known we might have brushed up a bit!"

But the incident did not end there. The government, anxious to show its gratitude, offered to send them help in the shape of war prisoners. The proposition was tempting. A bourgeois who had several big farms said he would accept four. This almost caused a revolution. The four Germans were quartered in a shed, and an old territorial mounted guard over them.

"They were good fellows," Julie explained when she told me the story. "Hard workers too. Very kind to the animals and understanding everything about a farm. I don't know—I used to have a funny feeling when I saw them. But, poor souls, I don't suppose they wanted the war; they'd probably have much rather been home, and yet they were as obliging as could be. Always ready to lend a hand when there was a hard job to be tackled.

"They made rather a good impression, and two or three of our women farmers had almost decided to send for some. Well, this lasted until the next Sunday. As they were all Catholics, of course they came to church, and were seated on the first bench, with their sentinel at the end. Everything went finely until the curate got up to preach, first reading the announcements for the week. When he asked that prayers be said for Jules Lefoulon and Paul Dupont, both from our parish and both killed on the field of honor, and we looked up we could see the four boches sitting calmly in front of us. I can't tell you what it meant! Everyone was weeping. Of course, we didn't let them feel it. They saluted everyone most politely—you could almost see that they weren't bad men—but everyone said: 'No; none of their help needed. We've got on without them up till now. I fancy we can see it through.'"

Even Madame Fusil, the baker, who was in most urgent need of assistance, resolved to be equal to her task alone. It is her little daughter who delivers the bread to all the numerous patrons, quite a complicated undertaking for so young a child, who must drive her poor old nag and his load down many a bumpy side path. One can hear her little voice all over the countryside: "Here, Jupiter! Get up, I say."

I met her one morning in the Chemin du Moulin, whip in hand, pulling old Jupiter by the bridle. But Jupiter had decided to take a rest. Nothing could make him budge—nothing, neither cries nor complaints, sweetmeats nor menaces. Jupiter was as determined as he was obstinate. The unfortunate child was red with indignation, almost on the verge of tears. (Concluded on Page 30)

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# I Am Public Opinion




All men fear me!

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I will judge you not by an allegiance expressed in mere words.

I will judge you not by your mad cheers as our boys march away to whatever Fate may have in store for them.

I will judge you not by the warmth of the tears you shed over the lists of the dead and the injured that come to us from time to time.

I will judge you not by your uncovered head and solemn mien as our maimed in battle return to our shores for loving care.

But, as wise as I am just, I will judge you by the material aid you give to the fighting men who are facing death that you may live and move and have your being in a world made safe.

I warn you — don't talk patriotism over here, unless your money is talking victory Over There.

*I am Public Opinion!*

*As I judge, all men stand or fall!*

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*(Concluded from Page 28)*

"*Oui, oui,*" she fairly sobbed. "He just ought to be sent to the Front. That would teach him a lesson. He does it on purpose, I do believe. He knows well enough I'll be late to school! It's already half past seven. I've got three more deliveries to make, and must take him home and unharness him!"

"What time did you start out, child?"

"Why, four o'clock as usual, madame. But I'm sure to be late this morning."

I promised that as I was going by the school I would step in and tell Madame Dumont, the head mistress, the reason for her being late. She felt much better after that, and presently our combined efforts got Jupiter to move.

True to my word I sought out Madame Dumont, and found the good woman already extremely busy at this early hour.

A peasant mother and her three children, all arrayed in their Sunday best, were grouped together at one end of the garden, smiling blandly into the lens of a camera which the schoolmistress set up.

"There—that's it—smile! Click! It's all over. Now then, Magloire, climb up on a chair. Hold yourself quite straight, dear, so your papa will see how much you've grown."

Magloire was photographed with her nose in the air, her mouth wide open, her other features registering the most complete lunacy. Joseph, her brother, at whom they fairly shrieked in order to make him smile, produced the most singular contortion of the mouth that I have ever seen, which denoted an extreme gift for mimicry, rare in so young a child.

Little Marie was taken on her mother's lap, and I thought of the ecstasy of the brave fellow to whom one day the postman would bring the envelope containing the glorious proofs. With what pride he will show them to his companions, how he will gloat over his Magloire and his Joseph, his petite Marie and his *bonne femme!* Then drawing away from the others he will study them again, each one in turn. Nights when on duty, those cold nights of vigil, way out there in Saloniki, when fatigue and homesickness will assail him, he will slip his hand down into his pocket and his rough fingers will touch the grease-stained envelope that contains the cherished faces of his dear ones.

It all recalled other powder-blackened hands clenched forever about soiled remnants of envelopes from which protruded the edge of a precious photograph. A shiver ran down my spine as the brave mother and her three little ones passed by me on their way to change their clothes—assume their humble dress.

"*Merci, Madame Dumont. Merci bien!*"

"At your service, Madame Lecourt," and Madame Dumont turned to examine her mail. Rather voluminous in size, but with the mayor, his substitute and her husband at the Front, she had become town clerk; and the quantity of paper and printed matter a village like this daily receives is quite unbelievable. Quickly the little schoolmistress ran through the envelopes, finally breathing a deep sigh of relief.

"Ah, nothing this mail, thank heaven!"

"Why, what were you expecting?"

"Oh, I wasn't expecting anything, but I live in terror of finding that fatal official bulletin announcing the death of some man in our community. Each time I leave the house the eyes of every living soul are fairly glued to me. The women here love me, I know, and yet I feel that I frighten them.

"If on going out I start up the road those who live below here breathe again, relieved. You cannot imagine the tricks I must resort to in order not to rouse false suspicions. Then as soon as I open their doors they know the reason of my coming, and what poor miserable creatures I often take in my arms and try vainly to console."

"Ah, madame, the wives you can cope with—say things to—put their babies in their arms. But the mothers, madame, the mothers!"

"And no one complains?"

"No one, madame. They all know that we've got to win this last war."

All along the road home I walked slowly, lost in reverie. But I had no time for musing after my arrival, for Aunt Rose met me at the doorstep, a small boy by her side.

"Listen, my dear," she cooed, "I've a great favor to ask you. Would you mind walking round to the farms and telling them that Maxence will be here to-morrow morning? His little boy has just come over to tell me."

The coming of Maxence produced an indescribable enthusiasm wherever I announced the news. Maxence is the only blacksmith in Neuilly. Of course, he's serving in the artillery, but during his quarterly ten-day *permissions* he tries to cover all the work that is absolutely indispensable to the welfare of the community. He arrived, much sunburned and tanned, accompanied by two other chaps who were not expected, having traveled two days and two nights without stopping.

They seated themselves before a succulent repast prepared by Madame Maxence, and in the meantime the crowd began gathering in the shop.

"Get in line! Get in line!" he called to them joyfully. "Give me time to swallow my coffee and I'll be with you."

Abandoning his uniform he put on his old clothes, his sabots and his leather apron, and for ten long days the hammer beat incessantly upon the anvil.

Sometimes between strokes he would look up and smile, calling out: "Why, they won't even give me time to catch a mess of fish or go to see my grandmother at Paray!"

There is always some tool to be repaired, a last horse to be shod. "What do you know about this for a furlough? And every time it's the same old story."

The others, all those whom I have seen return from the Front, do exactly as did Maxence.

Pushing open the gate they embrace their pale and trembling wives, cuddle the children in their arms, and then five minutes later one can see Jean or Pierre, clothed in his working suit, sharpening his scythe or draining water from the well, almost immediately seized by and subjected to the laws of his tradition.

Sunday, though, the whole family must go to mass. The careful housewife has brushed and cleaned the faded uniform, burnished the helmet, put new laces in the great thick-soled shoes. The children cling to their father, proud of his warlike appearance. Then afterward of course there are many hands to be shaken, but no extraordinary effusions are manifested.

"Ah, home at last, old man!"

"You're looking splendid. When did you get here?"

"Did you come across Lucien, and Bataille's son?"

They hardly mention the war. They talk of the weather, the crops, the price of cattle; but never of battle. I have even found a certain extraordinary dislike of discussion on the subject. Or when they can be persuaded to speak they laugh and tell some weird jest.

"There are those who make the shells, those who shoot them and those who receive them! We're the ones who are receiving them just at present. There doesn't seem to be much choice!"

They return just as they came, without noise, without tears.

"Gigot's son's gone back this morning."

"Is that so? How quickly time flies!"

They take the road with a steady step, loaded down beneath their bundles. But they never turn their heads for a last good-by.

"Aren't you going to mend my pickax, Maxence?" queried an old neighbor.

"Sorry, mother, but I've got to leave."

"Well, then, it'll be for next time."

"If next time there is!"

There is that terrible conditional "if" in all such village conversations, just the same as in every conversation all over France.

Two years ago still another "if" hung on every lip. The hope that it entertained seemed so vastly distant that no one dared give it open utterance. But each in his secret soul nurtured and cherished the idea, until at length those whispered longings swelled in a mighty national desire. "If only the Americans ——"

They have not hoped in vain. The Americans have come!

(THE END)



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211 Commerce Street Duluth, Minnesota


# BILLY BRAD, CONVICT



## By Ellis Parker Butler

IN THIS case the convict did not come forth from prison with a pallid face and close-cropped hair, dragging one foot in memory of the chain gang, his life thenceforth a worthless husk. There was no less vividness in the rosiness of his cheeks now than when he went into the darkness half an hour earlier. His hair was still a tumble of gold. If one foot dragged behind the other it was because he always came downstairs that way, holding tight to the rail. The long and dire incarceration seemed, if anything, to have left him more joyous than ever. He was ready for a fresh career of crime. As he came down the stairs, his forgiving eyes beaming on his mother and the Martin twins at the foot, he put a finger of his free hand to his mouth.

"Billy Brad! Stop it! Stop eating your finger nails!" his mother commanded, and the hand dropped to his side. He smiled cheerfully.

"Billy Brad," said his mother, "I don't know what I am going to do with you if you don't stop eating your finger nails! Half an hour in that dark closet, and the first thing you do when you come out is to begin eating them again! I'm ashamed of you! And right before the Martin twins! You don't eat your finger nails, do you, girls?"

"Yes'm," said the twins in unison.

"And—and—Joey eats them, and—and Eddie eats them, and—and everybody eats them!" said Billy Brad cheerfully; and then added the awful truth: "And papa eats them."

"Well, your father will just have to stop it. If I have to ——"

"But—but the nangels in heaven, they don't not eat them," said Billy Brad with pious awe. "But—but—mamma?"

"What?"

"Maybe—maybe they eat the fevvers off from their wings."

Mrs. Bradley had something important in the oven and she was in no mood to discuss whether the angels in heaven ate the feathers off their wings. She knew better than to begin such a discussion at such a time, for Billy Brad had a delightful and all-embracing imagination.

"Well," said Mrs. Bradley, "don't you let me catch you eating your finger nails again, that's all. Now go out and play with the twins."

Pray do not imagine that I am holding Mrs. Bradley up as a model mother or approving her methods of control. With that I have nothing to do. My own children are such model children that methods of control have never entered into the consciousness of our lives until quite recently. Of course, when one has a daughter in the high school one expects her to be a little severe now and then, but we try to bear it meekly, and though our taste in clothes and our manner of behavior in company and at the table often fail to meet with her approval, she has never shut us in a dark closet or taken a strap to us. At the most there have been a few words of kindly reproof. Though she cannot ignore our faults entirely, she deals gently with them, knowing that though we are far from perfection we are not viciously bad. I am sure she feels that in a general way we mean well and that in time she may make something of us.

"Angels don't either eat their feathers," said the Mabel May twin.

"So you don't know everything, Mister Smarty!" said the Dorothy Ann twin.

"Don't they?" asked Billy Brad as if deeply surprised. "What—what do nangels eat?"

"Ice cream," said Dorothy Ann.

"Well—well, nangels could make ice cream out of fevvers," said Billy Brad. "Fevvers and—and—some more fevvers. Soft fevvers off from where their wishbones is."

"They couldn't either," said Mabel May. "'Cause they don't have any ice-cream freezers, Mister Smarty!"

"If—if the nangels had ice-cream freezers," said Billy Brad enthusiastically, "and the old ice-cream freezers falled out of heaven they would fall down and—and bust us on the head, wouldn't they? But you bet they wouldn't bust me on the head! I'd run away. I—I'd run down into my papa's cellar and—and ——"

He stopped short.

"How do nangels make ice cream if they don't have any ice-cream freezers, Mabel May?" he asked.

"They don't make it, they just have it," said Mabel May.

"It's the tops of the ice-cream clouds," said Dorothy Ann.

"Oo!" exclaimed Billy Brad, remembering the vast heaped-up clouds that did look like ice cream. He rested his cheek against his hand and looked upward, like a dear little cherub in a picture of cherubim and seraphim. Heaven must indeed be a blessed place and the angels a happy folk!

The twins, although they did not have cloud mountains of ice cream, were like two little angels themselves. They were perfectly dear children and everyone admitted it. You knew as soon as you saw them that they were innocent of guile and free from naughtiness. Their thoughts were thoughts of goodness and obedience, and their big blue eyes were mirrors of trustworthiness and truth. "Such innocent eyes," was often said of them.

I believe their mother could have put a freshly laundered white lawn dress on each with pale-pink hair bows and white stockings, and if she told them "Twins, you may sit on the front steps, but please keep clean until mother gets back," they would have kept clean. She might have gone to New York, enlisted in the Red Cross, gone to France, served through the war, returned by way of China and San Francisco—and the twins would have been found on the front steps to greet her on her return, with not a wrinkle or a smudge. They would not have moved. At the most they would have said, every few months, "Oh, dear! I wish mamma would come home!"

And yet at the very moment when they sat beside Billy Brad talking of angels they were criminals in the eyes of the law.

As soon as Miss Orton learned that America had entered the war her very select kindergarten became a Child's Garden, putting off the only German-language word it had ever possessed, and Miss Orton took the plaster plaque of Fröbel from the wall and put it in the furnace, first breaking it into small pieces. Immediately, too, the paper mats of gay colors, the folded rabbits and the evidences of years of eager child endeavor disappeared from the walls of the Child's Garden, and in their place blossomed flags—the flag of our own dear country and those of its brave allies.

In her speech, in school and out, those particular adjectives and nouns were always coupled by Miss Orton—"dear country" and "brave allies"—and most often as "our own dear country" and "our brave allies," and thus, as Miss Orton spoke a little rapidly, it was not unnatural that there developed in the school a vast and patriotic enthusiasm for two rather vague places spoken of by the children as "arrondeer country" and "arbory valleys." In the mind of Billy Brad "arrondeer country" was pictured as something like the Catskill farm where he had spent the last summer and where he had once had the great treat of seeing a really truly deer in the lettuce patch. He did not doubt that the deer he had seen then was a genuine specimen of the "arrondeer" to which Miss Orton referred so often, and he was quite ready to grow up and fight and die—as Miss Orton said all boys should—for the "arrondeer country" or any other part of the Catskills. Regarding the location of the "arbory valleys" he was somewhat less sure, but he knew it was in France, because Miss Orton often spoke of "arbory valleys in France."

(Concluded on Page 35)

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(Concluded from Page 32)

None the less the patriotic fervor for "arrondeer country" and "arbory valleys" as typified by the Stars and Stripes and the row of pretty silk flags beside it was genuine and lasting in Miss Orton's Child's Garden and it found an outlet in two practical works—Thrift Stamps and tin foil. It was Miss Orton's ambition to have the Child's Garden excel any other school, private or public, in the number of Thrift Stamps sold and in the amount of tin foil collected. The tin foil was to be given to the Red Cross, to be sold for money to buy bandages. And Miss Orton's Child's Garden did lead. Now and then some other school in Westcote, or room in the public schools, stood at the top of the list in Thrift Stamp sales for one week, but the Child's Garden always regained the lead. In the matter of tin foil the same was true. It only needed a little talk by Miss Orton, beginning "Now, children," and including "arrondeer country" and "arbory valleys," to bring a small flood of quarters for Thrift Stamps, and ounce after ounce of tin foil.

Old John, who ran the small shop on the corner, said one day: "I can't make head ner tail out of the way this here Hudley's Own smokin' terbacker has took to sellin' all of a sudden. Used t' be the durn stuff laid on my shelf year in, year out, and all to once she started goin' and nobody hardly smokes nothin' else. Must be there is some sort of opium dope into it that folks gets the habit of."

He was far, far from the truth. Tender babes begged their fathers to smoke Hudley's Own. Each ounce and a half of it was done up in an ounce and a half of thick, luscious tin foil. Fathers that gagged on Hudley's Own smoked it for patriotism and peace—peace at home, that is.

Dear guileless little ones! It was Tessie Dalrymple who discovered that "bad marks" on the blackboard could be canceled with tin foil—but Tessie was always bright. It was Tessie who, alone of all the school, shot up her hand when Miss Orton asked who knew the motto of the United States.

"Yes, Tessie? What is the motto of the United States?" Miss Orton asked.

"Food will win the war," Tessie answered.

"No. Doesn't anyone know?"

"Frif' Stamps will win the war," said Billy Brad boldly.

"No, Billy Brad. Doesn't anyone here know?"

"Tim foil will win the war," said both Martin twins in eager unison.

"No, children," said Miss Orton; "the motto of arrondeer country is E Pluribus Unum. It means many in one, because there are many states in our union, just as—just as there are many pieces of tin foil in a pound. One wee little piece of tin foil cannot do much, but when all the little pieces are put together they make a pound, and so saving even the little pieces helps arrondeer country ——"

"And—and it helps arbory valleys too!" said Billy Brad.

"Yes, it helps our brave allies too," said Miss Orton.

"And—and it cancels the bad marks off from onto the blackboard too!" said Billy Brad, and then added piously: "And—and I'm going to get a whole lot of tim foil and cancel all, all, all my bad marks off!"

"I am sure that would be very desirable," said Miss Orton.

Now the reason the Martin twins were criminals had to do with their innocence and patriotism. Mabel May had three beautiful big War Savings Stamps and four Thrift Stamps over, and Dorothy Ann had three beautiful big War Savings Stamps and four Thrift Stamps over. This very morning they had bought four more Thrift Stamps each, and Miss Orton had smiled as she took the pennies and gave the twins the stamps.

"You are dear little twinnies!" she said, and the twinnies felt a glow of honest satisfaction. It was a proper enough transaction and all right—except for one thing: That morning there being a hand-organ man with a monkey they had gone round the block on their way to school. Being good children they did not wait in the neighborhood of the organ and monkey until the tardy bell tolled. They went ahead.

Thus it was that when they passed the news stand on the corner Mabel May stopped and cried breathlessly: "Oo! What luck!"

And no wonder! There on the news stand was a whole heap of pennies—dozens of pennies, handfuls!

"Oo!" echoed Dorothy Ann.

They gathered all the pennies into their plump little hands and hurried away with them. Dear little things, they did not know any better! It was clearly treasure-trove, like tin foil found in the gutter. Anyway, pennies were made for Thrift Stamps.

So now as Billy Brad and the twins discussed the angels and their food Mabel May said: "I got to buy some candy. Miss Orton, she said so."

"And I got to buy some candy too," said Dorothy Ann.

"Because we had too many pennies, didn't we, Dorothy Ann?" said Mabel May. "We had so many pennies there was some left over. So Miss Orton said 'I guess you better buy some candy, because you bought so many Frift Stamps, and—and you better buy some candy, for because you bought so many Frift Stamps,' didn't she, Dorothy Ann?"

"Yes, because we had—oo!—lots of pennies!" said Dorothy Ann.

"Oo-oo, yes!" cried Mabel May enthusiastically. "Hamfuls. And we found all of 'em, didn't we Dorothy Ann?"

"Oo-oo, yes!" cried Dorothy Ann.

Billy Brad moved uneasily in his tight little breeches. From some long-past dream or from the vasty pictures his imagination could conjure up at need he drew inspiration.

"And—and once I founded a whole lot of pennies, I did!" he declared.

"Billy Brad! You did not!"

"I did too! And—and I tooked the old pennies, and—and I boughted Frif' Stamps, I did. And—and I helpted arrondeer country, I did. And—and I founded some more whole big lot of pennies, I did. And—and I boughted Frif' Stamps, I did. And I helpted arbory valleys."

"Why, Billy Brad!" exclaimed Mabel May. "You never found any pennies!"

"I did so!" said Billy Brad.

"Well, anyway," said Dorothy Ann, "you never found any this morning! You didn't find any round on the other street on a big red box!"

"I did so!" said Billy Brad.

Now this was pure imagination. There was no excuse for it. Had he been given a chance Billy Brad might have developed the tale to such heights of impossibility that no one would have believed him, such as declaring that he rode to the red box on the back of a chicken, or flew through the air in an airplane, or found so many pennies that he had to get the steam road roller to pull them. But Tessie Dalrymple intervened.

She came skipping up to the trio, chanting "I—got—a—pen-ny! I—got—a—pen-ny!" just in time to hear Billy Brad's "I did so!"

"What did you did so, Billy Brad?" she asked.

"I—I founded a whole lots of pennies on a red box, and I boughted a whole lot of Frif' Stamps, I did!"

"Not hamfuls!" said Dorothy Ann.

"Oo!" said Tessie Dalrymple. "Oo! That's stealing! They can put you in jail for that, Billy Brad. If you found a whole lot of pennies on a red box they belonged to the news man, and they were his, and you stole them, so you'd better look out or a policeman will come and put you in jail."

Billy Brad thinking of this dismal possibility looked sad. It did not occur to him for an instant to deny that he had stolen the pennies. The important point was how he was to get out of jail if a policeman put him in jail.

"Well—well," he said, "if a nold pleeceman puts me in jail my papa will come and kick the old jail all down, he will! And—and he'll shoot the old pleeceman, he will! And—and I'll take a cannon and I'll shoot the old jail all down too."

"Well, you'd better not steal any more pennies!" said Miss Dalrymple; and she went hippety-hopping on her way to Old John's shop.

The twins looked at each other, white of face and frightened. They moved away from Billy Brad as if in some way he were responsible for the crime for which they might be called upon to suffer.

"Twinnies!" called their mother.

"Yes, mamma!" they answered.

"All right, don't go far away!"

"No, mamma!"

Mabel May looked at Dorothy Ann.

"Old John's ain't far away," she said.

"No; it ain't far at all. Mamma always lets us go to Old John's when we want to."

"So we can go now if we want to," argued Mabel May. "Because Miss Orton told us to buy some candy."

"Yes, and she's our teacher, she is," agreed Dorothy Ann.

Hand in hand they went toward Old John's little shop, passing Tessie Darlymple as she returned.

The door of Old John's shop was not open, and it was not closed; it was ajar. It was just sufficiently ajar so the alarm bell did not ring as the twins entered. They stood before the candy case, waiting patiently until Old John should come to wait on them. He was not in just then. The twins, their noses against the glass of the case, sighed as they looked at the heaps and heaps of candy, but they were not thinking of candy.

"Oo-oo!" said Dorothy Ann. "He's got lots of tim foil!"

"He won't care if we have some," said Mabel May, "for arrondeer country."

"Because Miss Orton wants us to have some for arrondeer country," said Dorothy Ann.

"And for arbory valleys," said Mabel May.

"Because Old John would want us to take some for arbory valleys," said Dorothy Ann. "So I'll take this piece."

"This piece" happened to be the tin foil that inclosed a beautiful oblong of rich brown chocolate, and Dorothy Ann removed the paper label and peeled off the tin foil, putting it in her pocket.

"And I'll take these pieces," said Mabel May; and she denuded a lovely pile of chocolate nut bars of their tin foil wrappings.

They did a faithful and conscientious job. They removed all the tin foil from all the candy. They were honest about it. They ate none of the candy, but they took every smitch of tin foil.

"There's some more," said Mabel May, and she pointed to the smoking tobacco on the shelf.

Dorothy Ann removed the wrapper from one package of Hudley's Own, and unbent the heavy tin foil that was inside the paper wrapper. The tobacco did not stay in a neat cube. It disintegrated in her hands and sifted through her fingers.

"I guess we hadn't better unopen the tobacco, Mabel May," she said. "It comes all to pieces."

Just then she sneezed violently. Mabel May sneezed also. They both sneezed. Thereupon they fled, and Billy Brad—a penny in his hand—looked back at them as he passed them on his way to Old John's. So it was that Old John entering his shop from the back saw Billy Brad folding a piece of nice thick Hudley's Own tin foil.

"My land! My land! My good land!" exclaimed Old John as he saw the interior of his candy case.

"I can't understand it, ma'm," he said to Billy Brad's mother when he had led Billy Brad home by the arm a few minutes later. "The first thing I thought was 'Robbed!' And it looked like somebody had gone through the place from top to bottom; but when I come to look there wasn't a thing gone that I could see. Just malicious mischief, I call it. Pure deviltry, coming in and ripping things up, and spilling things over, like a young hoodlum."

"But that isn't like Billy Brad," said Mrs. Bradley. "If he had taken a few pieces of candy—children don't always know they should not take candy—and I did give him a penny to buy candy with ——"

"It was smokin' tobacco he was ripping up," said Old John. "He had a package of Hudley's Own ——"

"Tin foil!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley.

"For—for arbory valleys," said Billy Brad. "For—for arrondeer country. For because the Shermans shooted them in the legs, and—and in the arms, and—and in the belly, and—and in the ——"

"Never mind where!" said Mrs. Bradley commandingly. "Why did you take that tin foil, Billy Brad? Why?"

"For—for because the motto of arrondeer country ain't not Frif' Stamps," said Billy Brad. "For because the motto of arrondeer country is tim foil."

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Bradley despairingly. "I wish your father was here. I'm sure what Billy Brad did is bad enough, but not as bad as you think. I'm sure he's not malicious. He would not willfully destroy or steal ——"

"He—he took a whole big handful of pennies from Mike's news stand, Mrs. Bradley," said Tessie Dalrymple. "He did so! He did, this morning! He told the twins he did."

"Aha! So 'twas him done that job too!" said Old John. "Mike was tellin' me of it. Over two dollars was pinched on him this morning ——"

"Billy Brad!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley. "Billy Brad, did you take those pennies?"

"For to buy Frif' Stamps for arrondeer country," said Billy Brad eagerly. "And—and I founded lots of pennies on a big red box! And—and dollars! And—and ——"

"Now wait!" said Mrs. Bradley. "You didn't find any dollars, and you know it, Billy Brad! How did you happen to go where the pennies were?"

"Why—why a great big bear comed into our yard ——"

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Bradley helplessly. "When he begins telling about bears and elephants and cows I know he's making it all up. When he begins to tell about bears I don't know what to believe. When he begins telling about bears nobody but his father can ever, ever get to the truth with him. But I promise you he shall be punished as he deserves, John."

"I don't say I want him walloped ——" said Old John.

"And I shall not wallop him," said Mrs. Bradley. "I mean to pay you for whatever loss he has occasioned, and I shall make good whatever sum he took from Mike, but I do think he did not mean any malicious mischief. You didn't mean to be bad, did you, Billy Brad?"

"No! And—and a big old bear comed into my yard ——"

"I think it is just patriotism—tin foil and Thrift Stamps and our own dear country, and our brave allies—and he is so little he does not quite understand it all. I think he was just trying to help. But I will punish him. We have to be punished for ignorance sometimes. Billy Brad, I want you to go up to the dark closet, and shut yourself in, and stay there half an hour. Until I call you."

"Yes, mamma," said Billy Brad, and like a little soldier he started up the stairs.

"And, Billy Brad! Mind! If you eat your finger nails I shall whip you!"

"Yes, mamma!"

It was not half an hour later, not ten minutes later, that Mrs. Martin came running across the lawn, a twin in either hand. She called to Mrs. Bradley before she was on the porch, and met her at the foot of the stairs just inside the house.

"My dear!" she exclaimed. "I came just as rapidly as I could, because I couldn't bear to think of that angel pet shut up in the closet! The twins bawled—simply bawled!—and I couldn't make sense of what they said until I did understand from Tessie. The twins robbed the paper man, and the twins took the tin foil from Old John! I'm not going to whip them or punish them at all, because I know they are such good girls and thought they were being patriotic and lovely! And Billy Brad never took a penny or a piece of Old John's tin foil ——"

"Billy Brad!" called his mother, with that pleasant friendly inflection that means all is forgiven.

"Yes, mamma?" came, muffled, from the dark closet.

"You can come down now, Billy Brad" called Mrs. Bradley.

"Yes, mamma," said Billy Brad.

But he did not come down at once. He did not burst joyously from the closet and rush down the stairs. He was putting on his shoes. He came forth finally and hesitated shyly at the top of the stairs, seeing Mrs. Martin and the twins at the bottom of the flight. He came down slowly.

"It's all right, Billy Brad," said his mother. "You're a good boy, and I'm sorry I told you to shut yourself in the closet. You are a dear little patriot, and to-night I'll tell your father to tell you all about it, so you can understand it."

She turned away, to enter the living room with Mrs. Martin, and Billy Brad stood by the newel post, facing the innocent blue-eyed twins. Mrs. Bradley gave him a final suspicious glance.

"Billy Brad!" she cried. "You didn't eat your finger nails?"

"No mamma!" he said, letting his own big innocent eyes rest on hers; and Mrs. Bradley went into the other room, and Billy Brad looked at Mabel May.

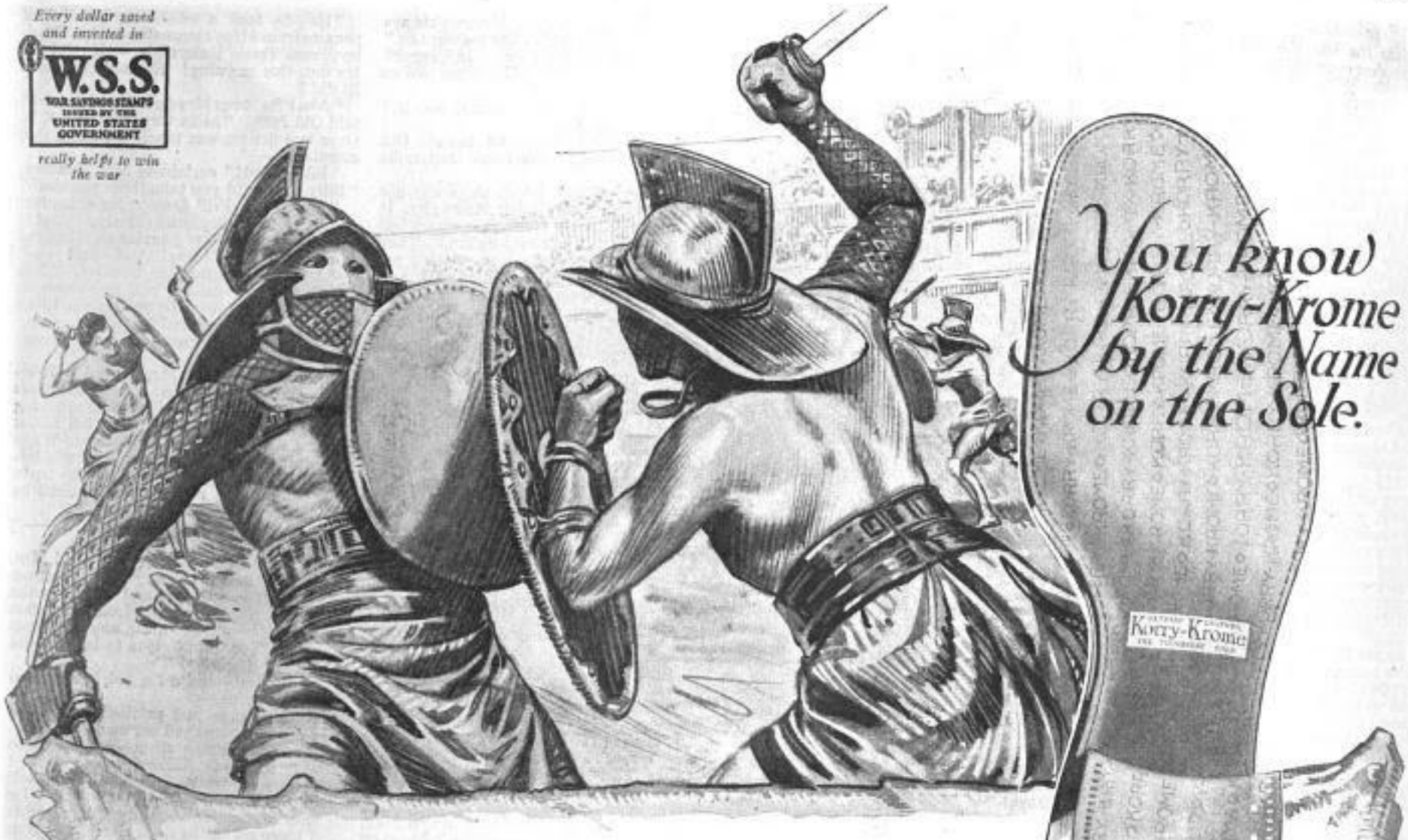
"But I ate my toenails," he said triumphantly.

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# How Much is My Share?

## By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

AS THE financial burden of the war presses more heavily upon the nation it naturally bears down harder upon the individual. The question of how much each person should subscribe to Liberty Loans and give to the Red Cross and other war-relief objects becomes more puzzling and trying. From the very poor, ten to twenty-five cents a week for the War Chest—and possibly a fifty-dollar bond in weekly payments—is about all that can be expected. From the very rich everything is expected, and they are presumed to know how to divide up their incomes to the greatest advantage.

But the general run of people, the great middle classes, financially speaking, are in a much more uncertain position. Clearly a few cents a week for charity and a fifty-dollar bond do not answer for them. Nor are their incomes elastic or limitless. A keen searching of conscience is always necessary, and it becomes more and more difficult for them to determine just what is the right thing to do.

It is a typically American trait to say: "Tell me what you want me to do, and I'll do it." Even the very rich have their troubles in getting an answer that wholly satisfies them. One of the country's most famous multimillionaires recently said that the rich—meaning those with whom he is associated—would do whatever is asked of them or expected of them, provided only there is some clear idea of how much and for how many different purposes.

Of course, the demand that comes carries with it great opportunities. In a previous article I pointed out how absurd it is to regard Liberty Bonds as other than the most fortunate and satisfactory investment. But temporarily a subscription may demand sacrifice of pleasures, a cutting off of luxuries. For it comes along with heavy income taxes, heavy demands from the Red Cross and the War Chests and an ever-mounting cost of living. One may fully realize that a Liberty Bond is the best investment on earth, and yet the entering of a subscription instead of the building of a new bathroom may afford a brief sense of sacrifice.

### On a Percentage Basis

The problem of just how much to subscribe is made all the harder because every thinking man knows there is very little merit in subscribing unless that act is accompanied by either greatly increased production or greatly decreased consumption. In other words, there is no particular merit in subscribing unless accompanied by saving. To live as well as before and then hand over one's surplus is a lazy trick. It is not spare change or spare bank accounts that are wanted. It is fresh self-denial, increased savings. This is thoroughly understood by intelligent people, but the great difficulty is that the cost of living has gone up so much that one may live very much more simply than a few years ago and yet not save so much.

Such, then, is the problem, briefly stated; and I am confident that it is no exaggeration to say that hundreds of thousands, perhaps a million, people are almost daily searching their minds and hearts to find a satisfactory answer. Nor has there been a lack of answers. It has been pointed out that if the country needs, say, six billion dollars in a given period of time, and if a certain quota is assigned to each Federal Reserve District, to each state and locality, a quota might be assigned also to each individual. This appeals to the logical mind, and indeed there is a whole school of thought, as it were, that favors this method of selling Liberty Bonds—the card-catalogue school, as opposed to that which favors the exclusive use of intense publicity and the stirring up of enthusiasm and patriotism.

Obviously quotas cannot be assigned to individuals on the same basis as to districts and localities. It is relatively fair to say to New York that it must take twice as many bonds as some other city because it has exactly twice as much wealth and bank resources. But you cannot deal with human beings in that way. A man with an income of a thousand dollars and five small children would be criminally negligent of his family if he subscribed as much as half his income to Liberty Bonds, whereas the bachelor with an income of ten million dollars would probably be a decided slacker if he took only five million dollars of bonds.

So it is necessary to scale up and to scale down, and this has been done by several concerns which have attempted to draw up schedules showing how much a person with a given income should subscribe. On incomes round a thousand dollars the usual figure is about ten per cent. In one of the most recent of these compilations the figure rises to 16.20 per cent on $2000 incomes; 30.96 per cent on $5500; 48 per cent on $9500; 54 per cent on $17,500; 76.80 per cent on $75,000; 90.24 per cent on $683,000 and nearly 96 per cent on $10,284,000. These of course are for the year, not for a single Liberty Loan drive, and include income taxes paid.

### What Director Franklin Says

To draw up such a table requires not only a knowledge of the Government's annual needs but, what is far more difficult, a knowledge and analysis of the nation's income. This is a subject, however, concerning which there is no exact knowledge. We have many estimates and guesses, but that is all. It is always possible to pick to pieces any estimate of national wealth, and the war has rather effectually disposed of the validity of such figures in certain cases.

But the chief weakness of any effort to determine how much any individual should subscribe on the basis of the supposed national income is after all in the consideration of the individual case. The figures quoted in a previous paragraph may seem like back-breaking burdens, but the curious fact is that one rich man subscribed less than he had intended to when he saw one of these "your share" tabulations. In other words, what is one man's meat is another's poison. That is, such a tabulation is useful only as showing that a very large percentage of our income, as a people, must be devoted to the needs of the Government.

For when it comes to individual cases there are tremendous differences in the capacity, obligations and responsibilities of individuals and families. The man with a large family to support should not be expected to buy so much as the bachelor with the same income. The man or woman who is ill and living on a fixed income should not buy so much as the sound and well. The man or woman who has no prospect of a rise in position should not buy so much as one who has the same income perhaps, but who is slated for early promotion. Persons who support several dependents should not only buy less than those who have no dependents but also less than members of families in which there is more than one breadwinner.

Living is much cheaper in some localities than in others, so that subscriptions from persons on the same gross income in different localities might well vary. This difference in scale may be illustrated by the fact that in one town it costs $2.40 a day to hire a man or woman to clean house, where in another town in a different state it costs $1.25. Obviously householders on the same income in the two places are in a different position financially. The case cited is a petty one, but perhaps illustrates the point all the better for that.

To make any fair assignment allowance should be made of course not only for income taxes actually paid but also for the nature and permanence of the income. Allowance should also be made for whether it is earned or unearned. Further allowance should be made for the relative contributions to the Red Cross and similar causes. Suppose of two men on incomes of five thousand dollars one gives one hundred dollars to the Red Cross, and the other ten dollars. Is it fair to say that both should buy the same amount of Liberty Bonds? Suppose also that one of them gives one hundred dollars a year to a local hospital, and the other nothing. Finally, a special obligation to subscribe heavily rests upon those whose incomes have increased because of the war, and perhaps a special concession should in the same way be made for those whose incomes have fallen off because of the war.

About all that can be said to those of medium incomes is to aim to subscribe all they can—one-third to one-half, if possible. To the wealthy the aim should be nearer three-quarters. No one can tell you just how much you can save, but there is no doubt that a helpful practical measure is to set aside, either mentally or in a separate bank account, all income above what is necessary for health and working efficiency, and use it only for Liberty Bonds, War Savings Stamps, taxes and war relief. If a man will segregate his income in this way and keep his drawing account low, actually or mentally, he will be less inclined to draw upon it for unnecessary expenditures than if he allows it to accumulate. I asked Lewis B. Franklin, director of the War Loan Organization of the Treasury Department, and formerly president of the Investment Bankers' Association of America, how much the individual citizen should subscribe to Liberty Bonds, and this was his reply:

"With a war program that will probably involve the expenditure of about twenty-four billion dollars during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1919, it is evident that every citizen of the United States must devote a very considerable part of his total earnings to the needs of his country. No definite rules can be laid down as to each man's share. The rule of conscience will be the best guide. The intelligent patriotic citizen in these times of trial will reduce his personal expenditures by eliminating needless luxuries, by a careful supervision of his annual budget, by insisting upon the elimination of waste by himself, his family and his entire household.

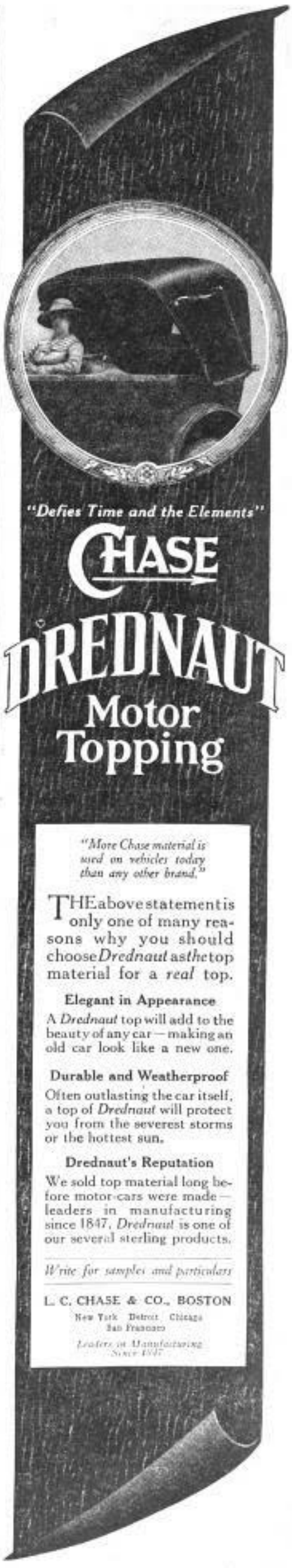
"He will indulge himself in entertainments to a less extent than heretofore and will at the same time endeavor to increase his earning power to the maximum. When this is accomplished he will find that the amount which he has available for investment has been largely increased, and I hardly feel that any argument is needed to persuade him that with millions of our men pledged to give their lives, the dollars which he is accumulating should without hesitation be loaned to the Government."

### Men With Fair-Size Incomes

The whole problem is somewhat complicated in the case of those with fair-size incomes by the fact that in the past they have used these incomes for a variety of purposes besides expenditure on personal or family wants. It is not a simple problem of putting all that one saves after paying taxes and necessary living expenses into Liberty Bonds and war relief. Many of these people have given extensively in the past to charities which are just as necessary now as ever, but are unconnected with the war. Many of them also have invested part of their income in securities. Obviously if everyone in the country ceased wholly to invest in anything except Liberty Bonds the financial and industrial situation would become deplorable.

Frankly the whole situation as regards investments is at the present time interesting and attractive but decidedly bewildering to the person with large or moderate means. Loyalty, patriotism, every instinct of decency requires a major investment in Liberty Bonds. The first instinct is to lend to one's Government, and he who follows that instinct makes no mistake. But on the other hand the investor is appealed to between Liberty Loan drives to buy a great variety of exceedingly attractive and high-interest bearing bonds of corporations manufacturing products essential to the conduct of the war. He is puzzled to know how far he is justified in listening to such appeals.

There is of course no question as to where the majority of most people's investments should be placed. Anything else is playing the part of a deadbeat and slacker. A man who had been in the habit of buying good securities in blocks of five thousand dollars at a time announced that he could not




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take more than five hundred dollars of Liberty Bonds in the last campaign. He was told that he could not buy less than five thousand dollars, that no amount less than that was for sale—to him. He took the hint and changed his subscription.

Secretary McAdoo said in a letter to the Ways and Means Committee:

"There is a widespread feeling that many people who are able to do so, especially those who are making vast profits out of the war, are not doing their part either in the purchase of Liberty Bonds or in the payment of taxes—that they are investing in corporate stocks and bonds producing high returns, when the first duty of patriotism and self-protection demands that they shall buy Government bonds."

But there are many other people who have almost reached the point where they feel they are doing something a bit unpatriotic if they buy any other securities—people, I mean, with at least several thousand dollars a year to invest. It is natural, however, for most investors to desire to take advantage of the many recent offerings of high-class securities paying six to seven and a half per cent. Many such bonds were put out between the Third and Fourth Liberty Loans, and no doubt many more will be issued after the Fourth Loan is out of the way. Most of the more notable of these bond offerings came from companies whose products are considered decidedly essential in character.

### *Averaging Up Low Yields*

It has always been the custom among the majority of conservative investors to build a basis or foundation of good bonds or other equally safe securities and then add a small superstructure, let us say not more than ten per cent of the whole, of stocks paying high rates of interest. This was to average up the income. In the same way it is natural for the same people to use Liberty Bonds as the foundation of their present investments, and other securities bearing higher rates of interest as an averager up.

The increasing cost of living makes such a practice more necessary to many people than ever before.

It hardly seems fair to find fault with such a practice, because that would have the tendency of forcing the majority, who are patriotic enough to be willing to undergo any sacrifice, into giving up all idea of buying any high-rate securities. This would play right into the hands of the unpatriotic and selfish people mentioned by Secretary McAdoo, who would buy fewer Liberty Bonds than ever and more high-interest securities. So it seems wiser if anything not to discourage the thoroughly patriotic from putting a small part of their investable income into other securities.

Now it is a rather curious fact that the wealthy individuals, the corporations and perhaps the banks, all of which are naturally expected to subscribe heavily to Liberty Bonds, are also expected, both because of their means and their knowledge, to support such essential industries of the country as do not happen to be taken over by the Government or do not receive financial aid from the Treasury. Fortunately, however, these industries are coming more and more under government control. The Government indirectly through the Railroad and Fuel Administrations, more directly through the War Industries Board, and most directly of all through the Capital Issues Committee, is gradually putting its stamp upon those most necessary to the war. The Capital Issues Committee passes upon every issue of new securities exceeding one hundred thousand dollars, and does not approve those which it regards as incompatible with the national interest. But it is the very class of securities passed by the committee that discerning investors would be most likely to buy in any case, and as the committee will probably not pass in a single year a total of new securities exceeding a rather small fraction of all Liberty Bond issues, a way out of our difficulties is apparent.

Thus it will probably be found that if all the securities of necessary industries passed by the Capital Issues Committee were taken pro rata by the investors, corporate and personal, who have been in the habit of buying such securities, they would still have very large sums, many times larger than those invested in this way, available for Liberty Bonds. The ratio of corporate securities will be so small that it will not interfere much, if any, with Liberty Bond sales.

The policy of the Government, it is clear, is not to take over a great number of industries directly. It is not even the policy of the Treasury to render financial assistance through the War Finance Corporation unless absolutely necessary. This is plain both from the policy thus far pursued by the corporation itself and from Secretary McAdoo's testimony before Congress when he urged its creation. Indiscriminate financial assistance rendered to corporations might put a premium upon the weak, poorly managed concern. It is quite evident also that many of the strong, well-known corporations prefer to obtain funds in the open market, even at very high rates of interest, in order to maintain their own credit and individuality, rather than seek possible Treasury aid even at lower rates. As long as the Government does not discourage and even encourages this practice it is evident that the Treasury does not regard the investment of a small portion of one's income in the securities of essential corporations as in any way reprehensible.

### *As to New Securities*

But what about the new securities of companies that do not apply to the Capital Issues Committee for approval? Where is the net whose meshes are so small that some fish do not escape? The committee does not pass upon issues of less than a hundred thousand dollars, and even above that figure a few companies of obscure nature no doubt escape its scrutiny. Obviously great numbers of small manufacturing and mercantile companies as well as small mining and oil concerns often put out new stock issues of less than a hundred thousand dollars. Should the conscientious investor buy them? The answer, it seems to me, requires only common sense and an eye for proportion.

If a mining engineer who has saved a moderate competence answers the call of the Government for tungsten or some other much needed metal and develops a small mine he would probably be justified in devoting most of his capital and income to its development. He knows what he is doing, he is in his own element, and that element makes most decidedly for the prosecution of the war. But if a college professor, a school-teacher, a physician, a widow, a cashier in a woolen-manufacturing company or any other of thousands of possible investors one might name who know nothing first-hand about tungsten is approached by a slick stock salesman with shares in an alleged tungsten mine, it is a safe bet that if he puts his money in those shares instead of in Liberty Bonds he is playing the slacker's part.

In other words this is an especially opportune time for the ordinary investor to keep out of small doubtful enterprises concerning which he has no first-hand knowledge and with which he is not directly connected. The small and moderate sized investor had better leave the development of new and to him more or less unknown and untried industries to those directly connected with them or who have really first-hand sources of information, or to the banks. The ordinary, moderate sized investor will make no mistake if he confines himself to securities either issued by the Government or approved by it as not incompatible with the national interest.

But what about the purchase of securities already issued and perhaps listed on the stock exchanges or dealt in on other markets? No new capital is supplied to the industry in such a case, even though it may in itself be necessary. What is it to the country to buy a share of General Electric or Union Pacific stock simply because one believes they are going higher and may yield a profit? The answer here also depends largely upon common sense; it is a matter of degree.

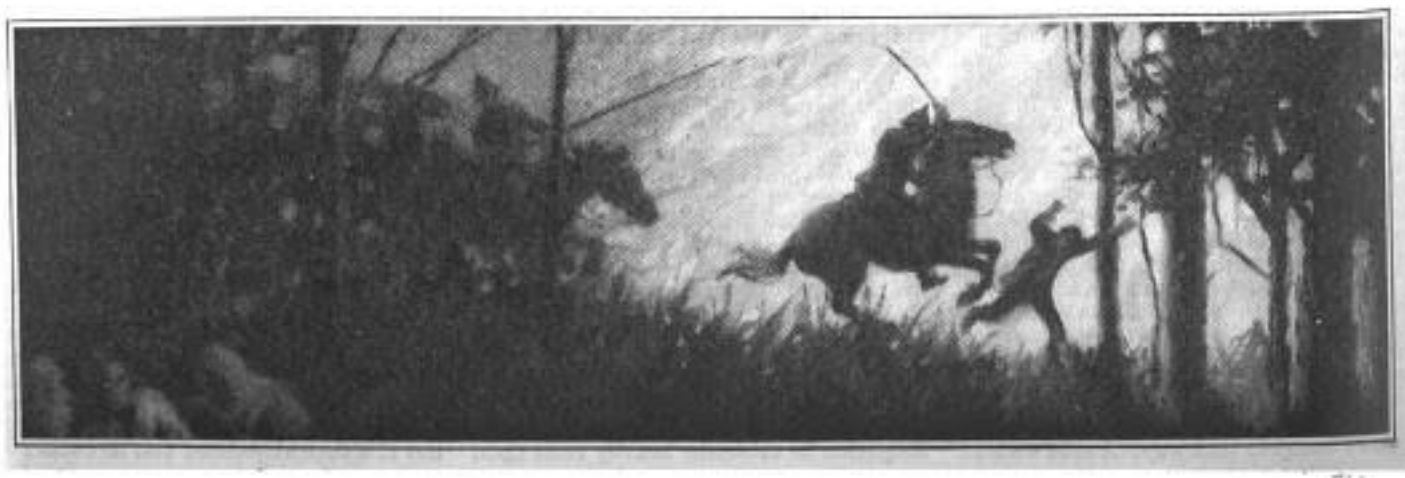
### *The Three-to-One Class*

It is quite clear that a stock-market boom, that inflation in the market would not be helpful at the present time. Indeed it appears to be entirely opposed to the desires and policies of the Government. How any casual investor who is not directly intrusted with maintaining the credit and financial standing of a particular corporation can satisfy his conscience by extensive market operations I utterly fail to see. Possibly the directors of corporations or their bankers may find it necessary at times to "stabilize," as they call it, the stocks of their companies. This article does not pretend to discuss their intricate financial and ethical problems. But the ordinary investor is called upon to render no such service.

Of course, if no one purchased any securities other than government bonds we should have a collapse and panic. Conditions would be like those in England immediately after the outbreak of the war, and the task of the Treasury Department would be enormously magnified. To tell every investor, corporate and personal, to buy absolutely nothing except Liberty Bonds is manifestly uncalled for and possibly dangerous.

The stability of Liberty Bonds themselves depends to no small extent upon the maintenance of some sort of market for other securities, limited and repressed perhaps, but existing for all that. Suppose a man needs money and has only two things to sell—Liberty Bonds and United States Steel stock. Everybody agrees that he should not sell the bonds, but if he is forbidden to sell the stock what is he to do? We cannot have everything frozen up during the war.

One can only repeat that it is a matter of degree. Probably the normal investor unburdened with any direct degree of responsibility for the maintenance of corporate credit will feel a less direct part in the war in the purchase of already listed or marketed securities than of those just put out for war purposes, and he will of course feel that even new, unsold and essential corporate securities must always make only a minor demand upon him as compared with Liberty Bonds. It is impossible to generalize. There is no rule. But it would seem as if the investor of the middle financial class, he with several thousand dollars a year to dispose of, might feel a certain failure to do his full duty by the country unless at least three-fourths of the available sum were placed in Liberty Bonds.



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# JAVA HEAD

(Continued from Page 16)

confusion, had unexpectedly cast a shadow on a scene to which he had looked forward with a distinct sense of comedy. Where the realities were concerned he had no fear of Taou Yuen's ability to justify herself completely. He possessed a stupendous admiration for her.

He watched her now with the mingled understanding and mystification that gave his life with her such a decided charm. Her gaze had fastened on the mirror stand above the drawers; she must be wondering if she would have to paint and prepare herself for him here openly. He knew that she considered it a great impropriety for her face to be seen bare; all the elaborate processes of her morning toilet must be privately conducted. He recognized this, but had no idea what she actually thought of the room, of his family, of the astonishing situation into which her heart had betrayed her.

One and then another early hope he saw at once were vain. It had seemed to him that in America, in Salem, she might become less evidently Chinese; not in the incongruous horror of Western clothes, but in her attitude, in a surrender to superficial customs; he had pictured her as merging distinctively into the local scene. In China he had hoped that in the vicinity of Washington Square and Pleasant Street she would appear less Eastern; but, beyond all doubt, here she was enormously more so. The strange repressed surrounding accentuated every detail of her Manchu pomp and color. The frank splendor of her satins and carved jades and embroidery, her immobile striking face loaded with carmine and glinting headdress, the flawless loveliness of hands with the pointed nail protectors, were, in his room, infinitely dramatized.

The other, less secure, possibility that she might essentially change perished silently. In a way his wish had been a presumption—that a member of one of the oldest and most subtle civilizations existing would, if she were able, adopt such comparatively crude habits of life and thought.

She moved slowly up to the bed, examining it curiously; and again he understood her look of doubt—in China beds were called *kang*, or stoves, from the fact that they were more often than not a platform of brick, with an opening beneath for hot coals. She fingered the ball fringe of the coverlet, and then turned with amazement to the soft pillow. A hand with the stone bracelet falling back from her smooth wrist rose to the complicated edifice of her headdress.

"Your pillow is coming along from the ship," he told her; "the women here do up their hair every morning."

She considered this with carmined lips slightly parted on flawless teeth, and nodded slowly. The westering sun striking through the window overlooking the Common illuminated her with a flat gold unreality.

"I'll have a day bed brought for you," he continued, realizing that, as the result of fortunate chance, she understood most of what he said without an actual command of the individual words. In reply she sank before him in the deep Manchu gesture, with one knee sweeping the floor, the humility of her posture dignified by grace. He touched the crystal globe of an earring, pinched her chin, in the half light manner by which he instinctively expressed his affection for her. She was calm and pleased.

"Taou Yuen," he continued, "you miss Shanghai, with the wall of ten gates and the River Woosung stuck full of masts. You'll never think Salem is a paradise like Soochow."

"This is your city," she replied, slowly choosing the words. "Your ancestors are here."

There was not a shade of regret in her voice or manner. He tried once more, and as vainly as ever, to penetrate the veil of her perfect serenity. She never, it became apparent, descended from the most inflexible self-control; small emotions—surface gayety of mood, curiosity, the faintest possible indication of contempt—he had learned to distinguish; the fact that she cared enough for him to desert every familiar circumstance was evident; but beyond these he was powerless to reach.

His own emotions were hardly less obscured: the dominating feeling was his admiration for her exquisite worldly wisdom, the perfection of her bodily beauty, and the philosophy which bore her above the countless trivialities that destroyed the dignity of Western minds. He realized that her paint and embroidery covered a spirit as cold and tempered as fine steel. She was totally without the social sentiment of his own world; but she was equally innocent of its nauseous hypocrisy, the pretensions of a piety covering commercial dishonesty, obscenity of thought and spreading scandal.

The injustice he saw practiced on shore had always turned him with a sense of relief to the cleansing challenge of the sea; always, brought in contact with cunning and self-seeking men and heartless schemes, with women cheapened by a conviction of the indecency of life, he was in a state of hot indignation. From all this Taou Yuen offered a complete escape.

On the purely feminine side she was a constant delight, the last possible refinement, he told himself, of instinct and effect. She was incapable of the least vulgarity; never for an instant did she flag from the necessity of beauty, never had he seen her too weary for an adornment laborious in a hundred difficult conventions. She was, too, a continuous source of entertainment; even as his wife she never ceased to be a spectacle; his consciousness of her as a being outside himself persisted.

"I must go down and see where our things are," he said, rising.

In the hall he stopped before the tall clock whose striking was a part of his early memories. Below, the house seemed empty; and instead of turning to the front door and his purpose he went into the drawing-room.

The long glass doors to the garden were open, and the interior was filled with the scent of lilacs. The room itself had always reminded him of them—it was pale in color, cool gilt and lavender brocade and white panels. Nothing had been moved or changed; the inlaid cylinder fall desk with its garlands of painted flowers on the light waxed wood stood at the left, the pole screen with the embroidered bouquet was before the fire blind, the girandoles, scrolled in ormolu and hung with crystal lusters, held the shimmer of golden reflections on the walls.

He had remembered the drawing-room at Java Head as a place of enchanted perfection; in his childhood its still serenity had seemed a presentiment of what might be hoped for heaven. The thought of the room as it was now, open but a little dim to the lilacs and warm afternoon, had haunted him, as the measure of all peace and serenity, in moments of extreme danger, his ship laboring in elemental catastrophies and in remote seas. Its fragrance had touched him through the miasma of Whampoa Reach waiting for the lighters of tea to float down from Canton; standing off in the thunder squalls of the night for the morning sea breeze to take him into Rio; over a cognac in the coffee stalls of the French market at New Orleans, the chanteys ringing from the cotton gangs along the levees:

*"Were you ever down in Mobile Bay?*
*Aye, aye, pump away."*

As he left the room he saw Laurel, William's youngest child, and he imprisoned her in an arm.

"You haven't asked what I've got for you in my sea chest," he said.

Gerrit was very fond of all four of the rosy-cheeked vigorous girls, and a sense of injury touched him at Laurel's reserved manner. She studied him with a wondering uneasy concern. This, he realized, was the result of bringing home Taou Yuen; and an aggravated impatience, a growing rebellion seized him. He wouldn't stay with his wife at Java Head a day longer than necessary; and if anyone, in his family or outside, showed the slightest disdain he could retaliate with his knowledge of local pettiness, the backbiting enmities and secret lapses.

God knew he didn't want trouble; all he asked was a reasonable liberty; the semblance, anyhow, of a courtesy toward his wife. Whatever might be said would be of no moment to her—except in the attitude of his father; and Taou Yuen's indifference furnished a splendid example for himself. He wondered why the devil he was continually putting his fingers in affairs that couldn't concern him. No one thanked him for his trouble; they considered him something of a fool—a good sailor but peculiar. The damned unexpected twists of his sense of the absurd, too, got him into constant difficulty.

His father was standing outside the principal entrance; and as he joined him on the steps he saw two men from the Nautilus carrying his ship's desk by the beckets let into the ends. The wind was blowing gently up Pleasant Street; the men at his gesture lifted their burden up the steps, between the direction of the wind and Jeremy Ammidon. The latter rose instantly into one of his dark rages:

"What do you mean, you damned packet rats—coming up a companionway to the windward of me! I'll have no whalers' habits here!"

He repeated discontentedly that everything on sea and land had fallen into a decline. Others followed with a number of Korean boxes, strapped and locked with copper, and wicker baskets.

A man in charge said to Gerrit Ammidon: "The chest was left for Mr. Dunsack at the foot of Hardy Street, sir, as you ordered. The inspector sent it off complimentary, with your personal things."

Gerrit asked, "He didn't stop to get a whiff of it then?"

The other shook his head.

"Edward Dunsack asked me to ship it here," said Gerrit, turning to his father. "Said it was junk he was bringing home; but what it amounts to is about a case of Patna opium. He's lucky."

They turned inside. William was in the library and Gerrit instinctively followed his father into the room. William surveyed him with a moody discontent.

"What I can't understand," he said, "is why you call it a marriage; why you brought your woman here to us, to Rhoda and the children."

"It's simple enough," Gerrit replied; "Taou Yuen is my wife; we are married exactly as Rhoda and you are. She is not my woman in the sense you mean. I won't allow that, William."

"How can it matter what you will or will not allow when everyone'll think the other? Shipmasters have had Chinese mistresses before; yes, and smuggled them into Salem; but this conduct of yours is beyond speech."

Gerrit Ammidon said: "Don't carry this too far!" Anger like a hot cloud oppressed him. "I am married legally, and if anything, by a ceremony less preposterous than your own. Taou Yuen is not open to the suspicions of any man or woman. I am overwhelmingly indebted to her."

"But she's not your race," William Ammidon muttered; "she is a Confucian or Taoist or some such thing."

"You're Unitarian one day a week, and father is Congregational, Hodie's a Methodist, and no one knows what I am," Gerrit cried. "Good God, what does all that matter! Isn't a religion a religion? Do you suppose a Lord worth the name would be anything but entertained by such spiteful little dogmas. A sincere greased nigger with his voodooism must be as good as any of us."

"That is too strong, Gerrit," Jeremy objected. "You'll get nowhere crying down Christianity."

"If I could find it," the younger declared bitterly, "I'd feel differently. It's right enough in the Bible. . . . Well, we'll go on to Boston to-morrow."

"This is your home," his father repeated. "Naturally, William, all of us have been disturbed; but nothing beyond that. I trust we are a loyal family. What you've done can't be mended with hard words."

"She may become very fashionable," Gerrit mockingly told his brother.

"It'll be a blow to Camilla," Jeremy chuckled. "Some rice must be cooked."

"Manchus don't live on rice," Gerrit replied. "They don't bind the feet, either, or wear the common Chinese clothes. Rhoda will understand better."

Again in his room he found his wife bending over a gorgeous heap of satins, bright mazarines and ornaments.

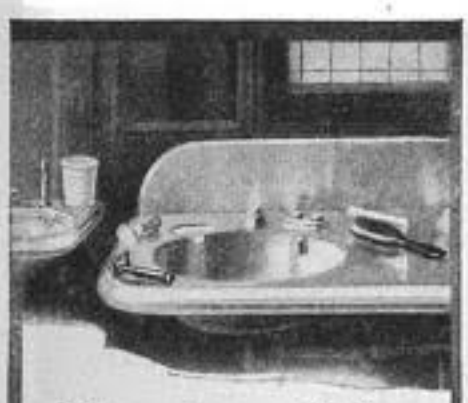
"We'll go down to supper soon," he told her.

Already there were signs of her presence about the room; the chest of drawers was covered with gold and jade and green amber, painted paper fans set on ivory and tortoise shell and lacquer fan boxes; coral hairpins, sandalwood combs, silver rouge boxes and rose-quartz perfume bottles with canary silk cords and tassels. On a familiar table were her pipe, wound in gilt wire, and






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the flowered satin tobacco case. An old coin was hanging at the head of the bed, a charm against evil spirits; and on a stand was the amethyst image of Kuan-Yin pu tze, the Goddess of Mercy.

Taou Yuen sank on the floor with a little embarrassed laugh at the confusion in which he had surprised her.

"'Let your attitude be grave,'" he quoted from the Book of Rites with a pretended severity. Her amusement rose in a ripple of mirth. He opened his desk, rearranging the disorder brought about by its transportation; and when he turned she was prostrate in the last rays of the sun. "O-me-to-Fuh," she breathed; "O-me-to-Fuh"—the invocation to Buddha. This at an end, she announced, "Now I am grave and respectful for your family."

Supper, Gerrit admitted to himself, promised to be a painful occasion; conversation rose sporadically and quickly died in glances of irrepressible curiosity directed at his wife. She, on the contrary, showed no pointed interest in her surroundings; and in her hesitating slurred English answered Rhoda's few questions without putting any in return. Camilla preserved a frozen silence; Sidsall was pleasantly conciliating in her attitude toward the novel situation; Janet, her lips moving noiselessly, was rapt in amazement; and Laurel smiled, abashed at meeting Taou Yuen's eyes.

The recounting of his delayed return offered Gerrit a welcome relief from the pervading strain.

"There's no tea to speak of at Shanghai, and I took on a mixed cargo—pongees and porcelain and matting. I got camphor and cassia and seven hundred piculs of ginger; then I decided to lay a course to Manila for some of the cheroots father likes. The weather was fine, I had a good cargo, and—well, we pleasured out to Honolulu. I was riding the island horses and shipping oil when the schooner Kahemameha arrived from the coast with the news of the gold discovery in California. Every boat in the harbor was loaded to the trucks, crowded with passengers at their weight in ginseng, and laid for San Francisco. Well, I was caught with the rest.

"Five thousand dollars was offered me to carry a gentleman and his attendant. Two others would pay three for the same purpose. Stowage was worth what you asked. . . . The Nautilus made a good run; then, about a day from land, Mr. Broadrick told me that there wouldn't be a seaman on the ship an hour after we anchored. They were all crazy with gold fever, he said. I could see, too, that they were excited; the watch hung under the weather rail jabbering like parrots; an uglier crew of sea lawyers never developed.

"There was one thing to do, and I did it—called them aft and gave them some hot scouse. They'd shipped for Salem and there they must go. I didn't anchor, but stood off—the harbor was crowded with deserted vessels like some hell for ships—and sent the jolly boat in with the passengers and a couple of men. They didn't come back, you may be sure. The consignment for San Francisco I carried out that evening, for I made sail at once."

"You had a pretty time getting a way on her," Jeremy Ammidon remarked.

"I did," Gerrit acknowledged shortly. "The second mate's ear was taken loose by a belaying pin that flew out of the dark like a gull. Mr. Broadrick had a bad minute in the port forecastle after he had ordered all hands on deck a third time. The fine weather left us, though, and that kept the crew busy; we carried away the fore-royal mast and yard before we were within a thousand miles of the latitude of the Horn. That hit us like a cannon ball of ice. You know what it is at its worst," he told his father—"weeks of snow and hail and fog and gales; and not for anything can you keep an easting. God knows how a ship lives through the seas; but she does, she does, and you lose the Magellan clouds astern."

The old man nodded.

Gerrit was relieved, however, when supper ended and his wife formally departed for her room. Immediately slipping a hand inside Rhoda's arm he conducted her to the drawing-room.

"I'd like you to know more about it," he said directly.

"It was very extraordinary. A Lú Kikwáng was a high official of the Canton customs, and when Shanghai was declared an open port in Forty-two they made him hoppo there. I remembered him at Canton, a dignified old duck with eighty or a hundred servants to keep anyone from possibly speaking to him of business, but there had been some trouble about foreign vessels selling saltpeter illegally and—he knew some English—we had quite a friendly little consultation. Yet it hadn't prepared me for his coming off to the Nautilus at Shanghai with a linguist and an air of the greatest mystery. His manner was beautiful of course, absolutely tranquil, and that made what they said, what he hoped, seem even wilder than it was.

"His son, it appeared, had married and was accidentally drowned in the Great Canal hardly a month after the ceremony. His widow belonged then to the husband's family, and from that moment her father-in-law had had nothing but bad luck. He had been robbed, his best stallion died, there had been a flood in his tea which not only spoiled the crop but filled the ground with silt—it was impossible to relate his calamities. He consulted a necromancer at last and learned that it was all caused by the presence of Taou Yuen.

"This, you see, made the difficulty, as it's a frightful disgrace to return a married daughter to her own father's home, and Lú had grown very fond of her. She was extremely clever and virtuous, he said. The other thing was to kill her or force her to commit suicide. He told me very calmly that he would like to avoid this.

"Then in the linguist's most flowery manner they went on with what Lú Kikwáng proposed. He had recognized that I was a man of 'superior propriety' and he wondered if I would take Taou Yuen away to America with me. Very secretly, though—there would be an uproar if it were known that a Manchu woman had been married to a foreigner. I could see her first in his garden without her knowing anything about it.

"It's needless to tell you that I went with them that afternoon. A meeting was arranged for the next day——" He broke off, sitting forward with elbows on knees, gazing fixedly at his clasped hands.

"You make that very clear, Gerrit," his sister-in-law replied; "I now understand the past almost as well as yourself; but it's the future I'm in doubt about. I saw immediately that your wife was not an ordinary woman; it would be much easier if she were. Certainly you don't intend to stay here, at Java Head; but that is immaterial. Wherever you go in America it will not be suitable for her. She'll be no more at home with your friends than you with hers. I feel terribly sad about it, Gerrit. You were as selfish as only a man can be."

"You are unjust, Rhoda," he protested. "Taou Yuen was willing to come. She had read about other countries and saw a great deal of the English wife of a rich Dutch factor at Shanghai; as Lú Kikwáng said, she's wonderfully intelligent. I think she is happy too."

"Rubbish! Of course she loves you; I am not talking about that. How will she get along while you are away on your long voyages? She couldn't possibly live in the cabin of a ship. And do you suppose she'd be contented in Salem with you absent for a year!"

"We have as many chances of success as any other marriage," he asserted. "The whole business is foolish enough."

"That opinion might do for a single shipmaster, with only a month or two out of the year on land. When you were free, Gerrit, your impatience with convention was refreshing and possible. But can't you see that you have given up your liberty? You have tied your hands. However loudly you may cry out against society, now you are a part of us, foolish or not. You'll find that your wife has anchored you in Salem, Boston or Singapore, no matter where you go; people will reach and hurt you through her.

"She is very gorgeous and placid, superior on the surface; but the heart, Gerrit—that isn't made of jade and ivory and silk."

"I'll bring down your presents tomorrow," he told her, avoiding any further present discussion of his marriage. "Has father failed, do you think? His tempers are vigorous as ever."

"He seems baggier about the eyes and throat. He is just as quick, but it exhausts him more. Things would be much better if he were only content to let William manage at the countinghouse. Times are shifting so quickly with these new clipper ships and direct passages and political changes."

"There's no longer any doubt about the clippers," Gerrit declared; "the California gold rush will attend to that."

In his room he found Taou Yuen in soft white silk worked with bamboo leaves, on the day bed, smoking. She rose immediately as he entered, and coming close to him ran her cool fingers through his hair. He stood gazing out at the dim oil flares that marked the confines of Washington Square, considering all that Rhoda had said. Strangely enough it led his thoughts away from his wife; they reverted to Nettie Vollar.

He had been, he realized, very nearly in love with her. What he meant by that inaccurate term was that if the affair had continued a little longer he would have insisted on marrying her. Nettie was not indifferent to him. An impersonal feeling had attracted him to her—a resentment of her treatment by the larger part of Salem, particularly the oblique admiration of the men. His supersensitiveness to any form of injustice had driven him into the protest of calling and accompanying her with an exaggerated politeness about the streets. It had not been difficult; she was warm-blooded, luxurious, a very vivid woman. Gerrit, however, had made a point of repressing any response to that aspect of their intercourse—the sheerest necessity for the preservation of his disdain.

She had cried on his shoulder, in his arms practically; he had acted in the purely fraternal manner. But the thing was reaching a natural conclusion when her grandfather, Barzil Dunsack, had interfered with his unsupportably frank accusations and command. The Nautilus had been ready for sea, and his, Gerrit's, imperious resentment had carried him out of the Dunsacks' house—to Shanghai and Taou Yuen—without another word to Nettie.

How strangely life progressed, without chart or intelligent observations or papers! He heard the tap of his wife's pipe; there was a faint sweetish odor of drugged tobacco and the scent of cloves in which she saturated herself. Outside was Salem, dim and without perceptible movement; the clock in the hall struck ten. Taou Yuen didn't approach him again nor speak; her perceptions were wonderfully acute.

The sense of loneliness that sometimes overtook him on shore deepened—a feeling of impotence, as if he had suddenly waked, lost and helpless, in an unfamiliar planet. There was the soft whisper of his wife's passage across the room. In the lamplight the paint on her cheeks made startlingly unnatural patches of—paint. The reflections slid over the liquid black mass of her hair, died in the lustrous creamy folds of her garment. She was at once grotesque and impressive, like a figure in a Chinese pantomime watched from the Western auditorium of his inheritance. His fondness for her, his admiration, had not lessened. He surveyed his position, the presence here in his room at Java Head of Taou Yuen, with amazement; all the small culminating episodes lost, the result was beyond credence.

His thoughts returned to Rhoda's accusation of selfishness, the disaster implied in her pity for his wife. He tried again to analyze his marriage, discover whatever justification, security, it possessed. Was his admiration for Taou Yuen sufficient provision for his part of their future together? It was founded largely on her superiority to the world he had known; and here it was necessary for him to convince himself that his wedding had not been merely the result of romantic accident. He was aware that the sensual had had almost no part in it; it had been mental—an act of pity crystallizing into his revolt against what he felt to be the impotence of "Christian" ethics. Yet this was not sufficient; for he, like Rhoda, had found under his wife's immobility the flux of immemorial woman.

No, that wasn't enough; but more existed, he was certain of that. No one could expect him now to experience the thrill of idealized passion that was the sole property of youth. What feeling he had had for Nettie—he was obliged to return to her from the fact that it was the only possible comparison—had come from very much the same source as the other: the old impersonal motives!

The danger, Rhoda pointed out, had been admitted when his marriage made impossible the continuation of that aloof position. He doubted that it could change him so utterly. The thought of the entertainment his wife would afford him in Salem expanded. He regretted that the best, the calling and comments of the women, was necessarily lost to him, but

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Taou Yuen would repeat a great deal; she, too, had a sly sense of the ridiculous. He hoped that his sister-in-law didn't suppose her helpless; the impenetrable Manchu control gave her a pitiless advantage over any less absolute civilization. In the darkness before sleep the heavy exotic scents in the room oppressed him strangely.

He rose early, and quietly dressing went out into the garden. Buds on the June roses against the high blank fence on the street were swelling into visible crimson; there were the stamping of horses' feet on the cobbles of the stable inclosure, the heavy breathing and admonitions of the coachman wielding a currycomb. The sunlight streamed down through pale green willow and tall lilac bushes, through the latticed summerhouse and across the vivid sod to the drawing-room door. Gerrit turned and entered the farther yard, where his father was inspecting the pear trees.

"The Nautilus will need new copper sheathing," Gerrit said; "she's pretty well stripped forward."

"Take her around to the Salem Marine Railway at the foot of English Street. A fine ship, Gerrit, with a proper hull. I tell you they'll never improve on the French lines."

"She won't go into the wind with a clipper," Gerrit admitted; "but I'll sail her on a fair breeze with anything afloat."

"If you come to that," his father asserted, "nothing handsomer will ever be seen than an East Indiaman in the northeast trades with the captain on the quarterdeck in a cocked hat and sword, the shoals of flying fish and albacore skittering about a transom as high and carved and gilded as a church, the royal pennant at the mainmast head. Maybe it would be the Earl of Balcarras with her cannons shining and the midshipmen running about."

"Yes," the younger man returned, "and taking in her light sails at sunset, dropping astern like an island. The John Company's ruining British shipping."

Jeremy Ammidon muttered one of his favorite pessimistic complaints.

"What did you say her name was?" he demanded abruptly.

"Taou Yuen."

"Taou Yuen Ammidon," the elder pronounced experimentally. "It doesn't sound right; the two won't go together."

"But they have," Gerrit declared. He thought impatiently that he must listen to a repetition of Rhoda's assertions.

"I don't know very much about 'em," Jeremy proceeded. "All I saw, when I was younger, was the little singing girls playing mora and wailing over their infernal three-stringed fiddles something about the moon and a bowl of water lilies."

Taou Yuen did not come down to breakfast, and Gerrit stayed away from their room until her toilet must be finished. It was Sunday, and with the customary preparation for church under way William said: "I suppose you will go down to the ship?"

The hidden question, the purpose of the inquiry, at once stirred into being all Gerrit's perversity. "No," he replied carelessly, "we'll go with you this morning."

"That's unheard of!" William exclaimed heatedly. "A woman in all her paint and perfume and outrageous clothes in North Church, with—with my family! I won't have it, do you understand!"

"No worse than what you see there every week," Gerrit retorted calmly; "corsets and feathers and female gimcracks. Plenty of rouge and cologne too. It will give them something new to stare at and whisper about."

William Ammidon choked on his anger, and his wife laid a gloved hand on his arm.

"You must make up your mind to it," she told him. "It can't hurt anyone. She is Gerrit's wife, you see."

Above, the shipmaster said to Taou Yuen: "We are going to church with the family."

He surveyed her clothes with a faint glimmer of amusement. She had, he saw, made herself especially resplendent as a Manchu. The long gown was straw-colored satin with black bats—a symbol of happiness—whirling on thickly embroidered silver clouds, over which she wore a sleeve coat fastened with white jade and glittering with spangles of beaten copper. Her slippers were pale rose, and fresh apple blossoms, which she had had brought from the yard, made a headdress fixed with long silver and dull red ivory pins.

She smiled obediently at his announcement, and, with a fan of peacock silks and betel nuts in a pouch like a tea rose hanging by a cord from a jade button, she signified her readiness to proceed.

William had gone on foot with his girls; Jeremy was seldom in church; and Rhoda, Taou Yuen beside her with Gerrit facing them, followed in the barouche. It seemed to the latter that they were almost immediately at the door of North Church. The leisurely congregation filling the walk stiffened in incredulous amazement as Gerrit handed his wife to the pavement. Rhoda went promptly forward, nodding in response to countless stupefied greetings; while Gerrit Ammidon moved on at Taou Yuen's side.

Prepared, he restrained the latter from a prostration in the hall of the church. The umbrella trough still bore the numbers of the pews, the stair wound gloomily up to the organ loft. He again found the subdued interior, the maroon upholstery, the flat Gothic squares of the ceiling and dark-red stone walls, a place of reposeful charm. The Ammidons had two of the box pews against the right wall; his brother and the children were in the second, and inside the other small inclosure he shut the gate and took his place on a contracted corner bench. Taou Yuen sat with Rhoda against the back of the pew. The former, blazing like a gorgeous flower on the shadowed surface of a pool, smiled serenely at him.

He could hear the hum of subdued comment running like ignited powder through the church; familiar faces turned blankly toward him or nodded in patent confusion. The men, he noted, expressed a single rigid condemnation. The women, in crisp light dresses and ribboned bonnets, were franker in their curiosity. Taou Yuen was a loadstone for their glances. As the service progressed her face grew expressionless. Pierced sandalwood bracelets drooped over her folded hands, and miniature dragon flies quivered on the gold wires of her earrings; the sharp perfumes of the East drifted out and mingled with the Western scents of extracts and powders. Only he saw that she was politely chewing betel nut. It wasn't, he told himself, reverting to his critical attitude toward Salem, that he was lacking in charity toward his neighbors or that he felt any superiority; but the quality that signally roused his antagonism was precisely the men's present aspect of heavy censure and boundless propriety, their stolid attitude of justifying the spiritual consummation promised by the sermon and hymns.

The long night watches, the anxiety of the sea, the profound mysteries of the wheeling stars and the silence of the ocean at dawn, had given him, he dimly realized, an inarticulate reverence for the supreme mystery of creation. He was unable to put it into words or facile prayer, but it was the guarded foundation of most that he was; and it bred in him a contempt for lesser signs. The religion of his birth, the faith of Taou Yuen, the fetishism of the Zanzibar Coast, he regarded as all equally important, or futile—the mere wash of the immensity of beauty, the inexorable destiny that had seemed to breathe on him alone at the stern of his ship.

He lost himself now in the keenness of his remembered emotion; the church faded into a far horizon; he felt the slight heave of the ship and heard the creaking of the wheel as the steersman shifted his hands; from aloft came the faint slapping of the buntlines on rigid canvas, the loose hemp slippers of the crew sounded across the deck, the water whispered alongside, the ship's bell was struck and repeated in a diminished note on the topgallant forecastle. The morning rose from below the edge of the sea and the pure air freshened. . . . His thoughts were recalled to the present by the dogmatic insistence of the clergyman's voice, promising heaven, threatening hell. His gaze rested on the chalky debility of Madra Clifford.

The service over, the aisle past the Ammidon pews was filled with a slow-moving inquisitive throng. Rhoda chose to wait until the greater part were past, and then she followed with the unmoved Taou Yuen and Gerrit.

"This is my brother's wife," he heard the former say. "Mrs. Saltonstone, Gerrit's sister, Mrs. Clifford and Miss Vermeil. Yes—from Shanghai. Overdue. We were worried, of course."

Taou Yuen smiled vigorously and flapped the vivid fan. Against her brilliant colors, the carved jade and embroideries, silver and apple blossoms, the other women looked colorless in wide book muslin and barège, with short veils of tulle illusion hanging from bonnets of rice straw and glazed crêpe. Palpably shocked by her Oriental face masked in paint, her Chinese "heathen" origin, yet they fingered the amazing needlework and wondered over the weight of her satins.

The men he knew gave him for the most part a curt greeting. They glanced more covertly at his wife; he understood exactly what thoughts brought out this condemnation, soiled by private speculation; and his disdain mounted at their sleek backs and glossy tile hats supported on bent arms.

After dinner he walked through the warm sunny emptiness of the afternoon to Derby Wharf and the Nautilus. Standing on the wharf smoking a cheroot he leaned back upon his cane, studying the ship with a gaze that missed no detail.

At the sound of footfalls behind him he turned and saw Nettie Vollar and her uncle, Edward Dunsack. A dark color rose in the girl's cheek, and her hand pulled involuntarily at Dunsack's arm, as if she wished to retreat. Gerrit thought that she had aged since he had last met her; Nettie's mouth with its full slightly drooping lower lip had lost something of its fresh arch; her eyes, though they still preserved their black sparkle, were plainly resentful. Edward Dunsack, medium tall but thin almost to emaciation, had a riven sallow face, close-cut silvery hair and agate-brown eyes with contracted pupils.

"Well, Nettie," Gerrit said, moving forward promptly, "it's pleasant to see you again." Her hand was cold and still. "Dunsack too."

"I am obliged to you for my chest," the latter told him, unmoved by Gerrit's quizzical gaze.

"Glad to do it for you," the other replied; "it came ashore with my personal things, and so, perhaps, saved you something."

"Perhaps," Dunsack agreed levelly.

Looking down at the cob filling of the wharf Nettie Vollar said, "You came home married, I hear, and to a Chinese lady."

Gerrit assented. "You'll certainly know her; and like her too. Taou Yuen is very wise and without the prejudices ——"

He stopped, conscious of the stupidity of his attempted kindness.

Dunsack interposed: "You will find that the Chinese have none of your little sympathetic tricks. No foreigner could ever grasp the depth of their indifference to what you might call humanity. They are born wise, as you say, but weary. I suppose your wife plays the guitar skillfully and sings the Soochow Love Song."

Gerrit Ammidon studied him with somber eyes and a gathering temper; it was, however, impossible to decide whether the implication was deliberately insulting. He wouldn't have any Canton clerk, probably saturated with opium, insinuate that his affair was on the plane of that of a drunken sailor!

"My wife," he said deliberately, "is a Manchu lady. You may know that they don't learn dialect songs or ornament tea houses."

"Very remarkable," Dunsack returned imperturbably. "We never see them. How did you manage a go-between? And did you send the hour of your birth to the Calculator of Destinies? Then there is so much to remember in a Chinese wedding—the catties of tea and four silver ingots, the earrings and red and green silk, and the Tao priest to consult the gods."

Gerrit heard this with a frowning countenance. If Nettie were not there he would put Dunsack forward with the hypothetical crew to which he belonged. He felt as sorry for Nettie, he discovered, as ever. It moved him to see her vivacity of life, her appealingly warm color slowly dulled by Salem and the adventitious circumstance of her birth. What a dreary existence she led in the harsh atmosphere of her grandfather and the solemn house on Hardy Street! At one time he had fancied that he might change it—when now here was Taou Yuen, detached and superior, waiting in his room at Java Head.

"I stopped for a moment to look at the ship," he said with the trace of an ungracious bow, "and must get back."

The sunlight flung a warm-moted veil over Nettie Vollar. She gave him a startled uncalculated glance of almost desperate appeal, and his heart responded with a quickened thud. Edward Dunsack was sallow and enigmatic, with thin pinched lips.

(TO BE CONTINUED)




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# THE GLOVE

(Continued from Page 7)

patron of the arts, promoter of the Industrial Iron and Steel, member of the Emergency Fleet Corporation—the man with a mole on his ear! He would be the first!

Nattall had a secretary who had a square jaw. In appearance he would have been the idol of a Western screen drama; he possessed the soul of a mouse. His was a personality which always appeared to be peeping out of a hole ready to run out when there was no risk, to pull in another piece of cheese. He had been startled by reproof so many times that his spirit had been broken. He spoke of Nattall as "the King," and a part of his duty would have been to say to the President of the United States if the latter had called, "I think perhaps Mr. Nattall will see you. Please be seated for a few moments."

The rule of the office was that every visitor should be kept waiting at least six minutes, and the rest of the impression was made by seventy-five thousand dollars of the bank's money invested in paneling, soft rugs, magnificent tables, massive electroliers and secretaries and subsecretaries and doormen. All these paraphernalia returned their cost in the psychological states they created in visitors. So they were planned; and yet no one was connected with their conspiracy who would not have denied this even to himself. They were a part of the system.

Halliworth had known their power. The first time he had sat waiting to see the great Nattall he had felt that it was a good deal like seeing Saint Peter. Nattall could make him or break him; Nattall held Wellis' future in the palm of his lean and bony hand. He had trembled. Last Thursday, when he had come to see "the King" about a new note issue of States Public Utilities, he had not trembled, but nevertheless he had pulled down his waistcoat before going into the holy of holies.

Now he sauntered through the bank toward the president's room and called out to the secretary of secretaries: "Hello, Bobby, old man. Can I see the boss?"

Two Western bankers, a Brazilian coffee magnate and a member of a famous law firm looked up in alarm, just as persons might look up if someone began to whistle in a church.

"You have an appointment, Wellis?"

"No, and you know I haven't, you rascal."

"Well, I'll see what I can do for you. Mr. Nattall is in conference."

Halliworth looked about the hallowed anteroom and said reflectively: "This is a nice, ostentatious room."

To the secretary such a remark could mean only one thing—some great miracle had conferred upon the ever-ascendant B. Wellis Halliworth a promotion to a position where he no longer cared a tinker what Nattall would think. Halliworth must have gone from near-greatness to greatness, and Robert shifted the gears of his deference from low to high and nearly stripped them in the process.

Halliworth saw it.

"You said Mr. Nattall was in conference?"

"Yes, sir; in conference. If you'll ——"

"My stars, Bobby, but you are a genial liar. There wouldn't be anything serious about it if it wasn't for the fact that most of you downtown secretaries are no better than Swedish second maids who mouth a lot of falsehoods at the front door. I shan't wait. I'm going in."

"Shan't wait!"

The secretary had never heard such a sentiment. He could not believe that there lived a man, certainly no man who was "regular," who would dare to say "I shan't wait." He squeaked out the phrase like a frightened rabbit. He closed his eyes. He was a secretary. There had been a violation of the shrine!

"Look here!" said Wellis roughly. "You're a pretty good sort. But for fifteen years you've had your tail between your legs like a frightened, broken-spirited hound. You draw a good salary and sometimes you're taken to banquets, and it's all very respectable. But where are your dreams? And where is your manhood, or whatever you call it, Tomlinson? Why don't you walk in and insult the King and get your pay envelope and be free?"

The other choked and stared, stared and choked. In the process he was so powerless that he could not jump forward to prevent Halliworth's pushing his way through the door of the president's room.

Nattall was in conference. He was talking to Bosson, the writer of blank verse and pageants. The two made a strange contrast—an old lion of finance and a poodle dog of art.

Halliworth heard a few words; he heard enough to inform him that Bosson was going to produce a festival of asthetic dancing on the lawn at Nattall's famous country estate—Mossytop. It was to be for a war relief fund.

"Halliworth!" exclaimed Nattall.

"Yes, Nattall," said Wellis. "How-dy-do? And how-dy-do, Bosson? War relief, eh? Good. I've only heard a word, but I know the whole story. Bosson, when you peddle your wares in the open market you can't sell enough to subscribe to a daily. So you sell your wares to private buyers—the very rich—the 'cultivated critics,' as you like to call them. The truth of it is that Nattall does not knew a sonnet from Salome. But why worry? The proposal is for Nattall to spend six thousand on this pageant; and the press notices are what he gets, and the gate money—say, twenty-five hundred—goes to the French wounded. Mrs. Nattall will pick a list of thirty patronesses, including those New Yorkers who have not yet quite forgiven her for coming from Vermilion, Ohio, and will hope to get them onto her grounds. You will feel thrilled, Bosson, to hobnob with the idle rich whom you were damning a year ago in the cafés round Washington Square when you were trying to be a socialist who knew more about sex than syndicalism. Well—everybody's satisfied."

Nattall, whose nod at directors' tables is always sufficient, sprang up.

"Halliworth!" he protested. "What does this mean?" Then he began to wheedle. "Just a little joking, Bosson," he said. "A trifle rough on us, eh? Ah, well, I'll see you at Mossytop Monday."

The writer of blank verse and producer of pageants shook the long brown hair which hung down over his ears, and with his cane and straw hat he fled.

"I hate those parasites," said Halliworth to the financier. "They certainly put it over you—a pack of leeches inveigling you into the false position of pretending to have a lot of sincere interest in various arts and sciences, which at the bottom of your heart you wish were at the bottom of the sea. Of course, Bosson has a clever line of attack. He combines culture and charity, and that always goes well with men in your position."

"Halliworth!" roared Nattall angrily.

Wellis laughed good-naturedly.

"You must be gone mad," the other said.

"No, I've just gone sane. I'm out of your reach, Nattall, now. There's nothing you can do to punish me. The only thing I am anxious about is that you may think I have ill will toward you. Not a bit!"

"Well, what did you want to see me about?" asked the banker coldly.

"About you."

"Me?"

"You. Yes, sir—about you," Halliworth went on. "It's all good-natured. If I have any serious ill will it is toward B. Wellis Halliworth.

"Of course, you are too big a man not to begin to see by now that your life is a failure. Your motto was mine."

"What motto?"

"Kiss everybody else's hand until you can't stand it any longer, and then make them kiss yours."

"My God!"

"This war is going to be a great thing for that," said Halliworth blithely. "There will be a great change in mottoes—the world round. It will cure a lot of truckling and timid fear. Fake will be less in style. Death is no faker, and I guess suffering is a great simplifier. Now, of course, if you hadn't been a confirmed victim of fear you would have kicked me out onto the sidewalk; I guess I was jolly well rude when I came in. But, of course, you could not account for my talking as I talked unless I had secured some sort of upper hand. In the world which has been yours—and mine—we never kick anybody onto the sidewalk until we are fully guaranteed that he is harmless. The truth of the matter is that the system produces rich men and flash men and mouthy men and routine men—but not big men."

Nattall sat down pairtfully, as if young Halliworth, who had no respect for his gray hairs, had filled his bones with rheumatic aches.

"If you were a big man—a man of free spirit and acquainted with courage—you would never have sat silent while this country was drifting rudderless into war. But you and all the others of our timid bootlicking class—yours and mine—were victims of habitual fear and a lifetime of office-boy anxiety that we might not please."

"I never have heard the equal of your impudence in all my life!" said Nattall.

"Neither have I. I am even more astonished than you," replied Halliworth; and he strolled out the door, through the bank, to the swarming downtown street that leads to Broadway.

He glanced up at a clock hanging out from a building and saw that he would have just time to reach the meeting of the board of directors of the Mercantile Wire and Machine Tool Corporation.

A long fight for the control of this company had ended in a truce between the two big interests which had sought to possess it, but as a result of the struggle Mercantile Wire had one of the most distinguished boards of directors in America. Halliworth had worked for months to be elected to this board.

"It will be worth perhaps a hundred thousand dollars to sit down at a table now and then with these men," he had said.

When he had been elected, Doris Collamore had heard of it and had congratulated him and he had begun a proposal to this resistant, proud, twenty-three-year-young woman—this affluent Diana. She had nipped it with one of the sudden frosts which she could so easily bring down into the midst of the summer of her favoring smiles, exactly as she had nipped the dozen others. He had tried to persuade her in taxicabs when the rain was beating down, and in the sunlit orchard just beyond the bounds of the Manheim Golf Club course; in the moonlight of Havana harbor on the deck of the Yoricks' Wekehend; and on ski when the snow covered the Berkshire Hills. But he felt that he had never come so near to success as when he had just been elected to the board of directors of the Mercantile Wire and Machine Tool Corporation.

Now when he entered the directors' room in time to see the gold pieces for the directors' fees dropped into the Red Cross box he glanced from face to face round the table and wondered why he had once hoped so ardently that he could ascend to an equality with them. They all were smug round the mouth and worried round the eyes. They were all pretending furiously that they knew something about the industry, but voting with no interest whatever except upon questions that concerned anything which promised a chance to thrust their beaks into a division of profit.

Halliworth need not state the names of these men; they are well known to everyone who can identify the corporation. In fact on this occasion Wellis seemed to regard them as lay figures and as one would regard an equal number of clothing models leaning against the backs of ten or eleven carved mahogany chairs. Here was a handful of the mighty—the mighty of the Street, of the Exchange, of the great banks and trust companies. They were not exactly representative, but they were mighty. And Halliworth had won his long campaign of manipulation, truculence, bartering, log-rolling and concession to be one of them!

He sat through the meeting, leaning forward over the table, almost sprawled out, apparently inattentive to the business at hand, picking to pieces an unlighted cigarette, examining bits of the tobacco with a microscopic eye, occasionally yawning.

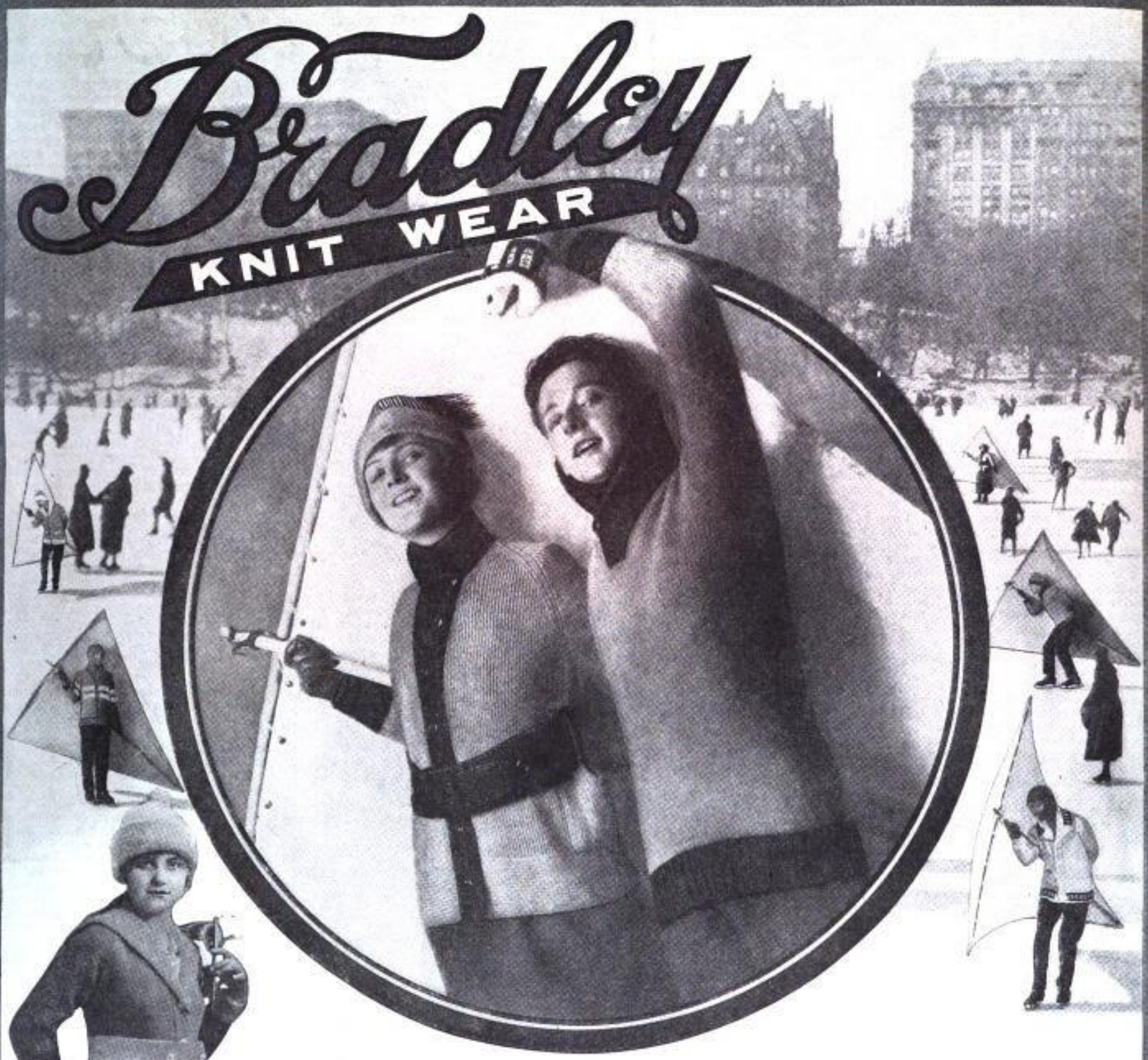
(Continued on Page 49)



"I Never Told You That You Were Foolish to Wear Dinner Gowns That Exposed Your Elbows. They are Not Very—What Shall I Say Now?—Perfect—Elbows"

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(Continued from Page 47)

Whether he saw pictures of himself plunging forward, arms outstretched, with a bullet through his lungs; or of himself standing before the public-library steps that morning in the sunlight, seeing suddenly and unexpectedly a vision and with a surge of instinct leaping forward to embrace an opportunity to be free; or whether he was giving deep consideration to the deliberations of these director figures round the board, is neither here nor there. When he heard someone put a motion to adjourn he sat up as if he had been waiting for this moment and spoke clearly:

"I want to tender my resignation."

"What!" Basil-Lourdes exclaimed.

"May we know the reason?" asked Scargarry.

"Yes. There are two reasons," said Halliworth. "I will not state the first, but I will gladly state the second. I am tired of being a part of this fraud of management. The only real management given Mercantile Wire is given by Pat Mathewson, the superintendent of the Buffalo and Erie plants. All that we represent is the parasite of financing. That may not always be true of boards of directors, but it's true of many and true of us. I am sorry to say it, gentlemen. I have known it for a long time, way down deep in myself, and denied it often enough to believe that you will deny it. We are fakers. We are the little slaves of big banking interests. We do as we are told. We do not really represent the stockholders. If we did we would not have given our individual and hidden assent to the brokerage houses that boosted the stock last spring so that we and they could unload—on the stockholders."

He sighed.

"No, I'm out," he went on. "I've just heard you vote to confirm a contract with the Metals Fabrication Corporation. As I understand it they have a war contract with the Government which yields them only a fair profit, but the secret arrangement is to make subcontracts with us which net us a vast gain. We are about to become rotten with money. Of course, the Government will get back some of this profit in taxes, and of course we will tell ourselves that we did not have relations with the Government at all; but looking at it from a plain house-garden back-yard point of view it is not even good honest piracy of the United States, but a kind of sneaking pocket-picking."

"We intend to share the profits with our labor," said one who had not understood.

"Certainly," said Halliworth. "That is the new shell game. Big profits to capital and then big wages to labor, and when labor wakes up taxes and prices have gone so high that no one can make both ends meet. Of all the vile flimflam—whether it be by big business or by big statesmen—it is selling out the people."

No one spoke until Basil-Lourdes, of the trust company, said: "I think you have spoken hastily, Halliworth. You must realize that you have departed ——"

"Oh, yes," said Wellis. "Only your arms are not long enough to reach me now. As you say, I have departed. I am entirely free. I speak freely. It would be very difficult to bring pressure to bear upon me. And I am a very happy man."

He had told no untruth. He was happy. He was so happy that when he left the directors' room ten pairs of staring, angry, frightened eyes followed him, wondering why a strange light appeared to shine from his face.

He turned at the door and said: "I suppose I object particularly to belonging among you because we represent American business so badly. I think the American business men, the great strong body of American business men, sneered at and despised by highbrows and politicians—are going to win this war by their sound sense and their sound morals."

Wellis was glad he had said that. He was in fine spirits when he met Corby Bronson at the Midday Club. He did not like Corby, but Corby belonged to the Old Homesteaders Club, and into that most exclusive small circle Corby was going to put his friend Halliworth, who had prepared the way by allowing Corby to buy Coastwise Shipping common stock when it was first issued. It was a deal.

"Put me down for chicken halibut and hashed brown potatoes," said Wellis across the white tablecloth.

"Something sweet afterward?"

"No," said Halliworth. "I'm trying to get into condition."

"To-morrow night we are going to take you into the Homesteaders, old boy," Bronson told him.

"Not me," said Halliworth.

"Not you! What's up?"

"I suppose I ought to tell you. I did not want to belong to the Homesteaders as a social matter. It was purely a case of getting in where one stands a chance to make advantageous acquaintance, that's all. To tell you the truth, I consider the membership of that club composed largely of lounge lizards and snobs. If it wasn't for the fact that they belong to families that have vast fortunes I wouldn't take a membership on a salary. I wish you'd let me out and forgive me for saying this."

Corby Bronson rattled his cuffs angrily. He said something about three big brokerage accounts that would be withdrawn from Halliworth's firm.

"We always heard you were a very smooth person," he said, getting up. "I've always thought so. You worked your way into the best set."

"I'm breaking my way out to-day," Wellis answered. "I'm shedding my set fast to-day. On the whole it's the best spree I ever had. And all I can say is that I'm completely intoxicated."

"No, you're not," piped Corby. "No, you're not, old boy. That's just an excuse. If you say you're intoxicated I'd like to know with what."

"Freedom," said Halliworth, putting his hand on Bronson's shoulder. "Poor old Corby! Poor old offended, good-natured peewee! Have you never tasted freedom?"

"You talk like a socialist!" the astounded master of hounds and yachtsman spluttered. It was the pinnacle of his power to phrase an insult.

He walked away, turning round once to look at Wellis as the messenger boy had looked at him—like a suspicious dog taking his departure.

Halliworth went down in the elevator. A woman had supplanted a drafted man as operator. Her frowzy gray hair was blown loose by a rush of air as they descended. She could not have been less than fifty.

"Working," said Halliworth. "New thing for you, isn't it?"

"Yes. My son has gone into the Navy and there's no use my staying home in the flat to cook meals only for one. Once I thought I'd never lift my head for shame if I ever had to do work like this—and the neighbors found it out. Now I'm boasting of it. War's kind of magic some ways; and then again some ways it isn't."

Wellis left her with a sense of belonging to her because belonging to the whole world.

He went to his office smiling, and seeing that the senior member of the firm was reading the ticker tape he sat down in one of the big leather chairs, still smiling, and waited. "Hello, Halliworth," old Dennim said when he turned round at last. "Finally here?"

"Yes, at last."

"Where you been?"

Wellis smiled.

Dennim frowned, but Halliworth, thinking that he would never have to see this high-ceilinged suite of offices again, never have to smell the paper and ink and typewriter odors of this respectable brokers' establishment where he had served with polite attention and obsequiousness the puffy, pompous or leanly avaricious male and female investors who had made his clientele and yielded him riches, never have to pour sugar over the gossiping, petty and exacting Mrs. Dennim when she called for her husband, grinned back at his employer.

"Mr. Bolbroke waited an hour for you this morning," complained the head of the house. "He wanted to arrange with you to convert his C. B. & L. four per cent equipment bonds after the interest is paid in September."

"No use," said Wellis. "I shan't be here."

"This is wartime. We are short-handed. I shall not take a vacation—even myself."

"Nor I," Halliworth replied. "I'm through."

Dennim stared, opening his globular blue eyes wider and wider; his neck grew red.

"In view of our talk about the partnership I did not expect you to make other arrangements," he said wrathily. "I have heard about offers made to you. Permit me then to ask you—how much of a price did my rivals pay for you?"

Wellis thought a moment and kicked a stripe of afternoon sunlight on the rug.

"I think your rival is to pay me thirty or forty dollars a month to begin," said he.

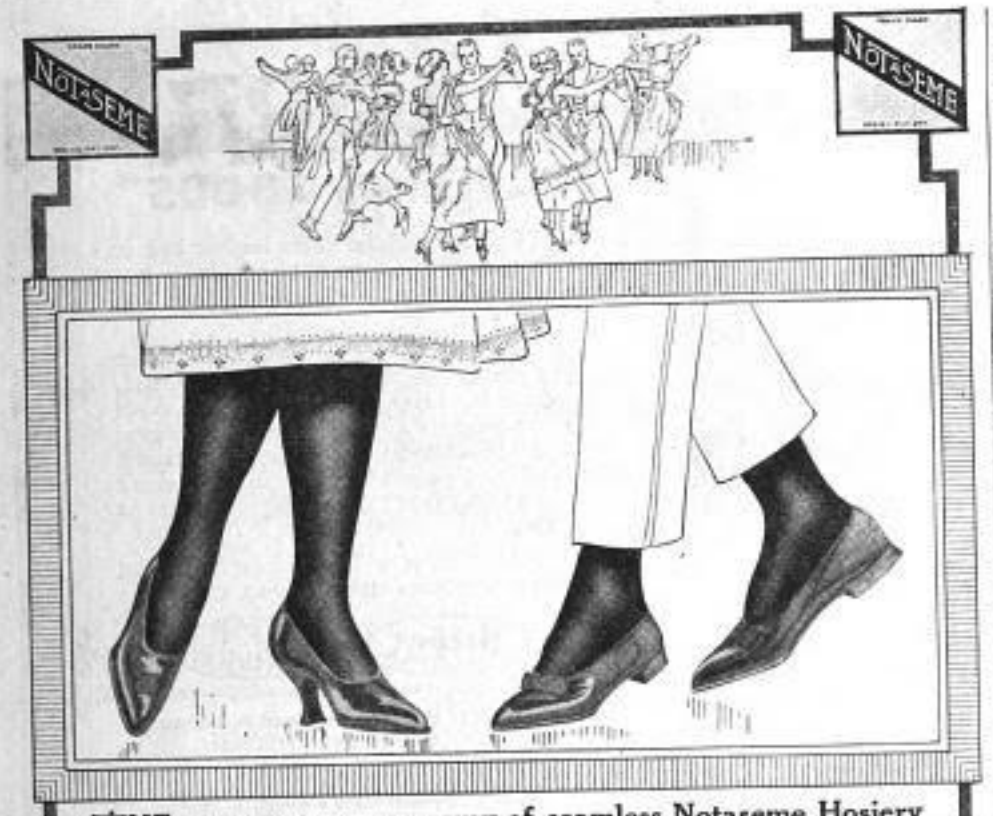








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Dennim was so angry, so apoplectic that he heard only the last few words. He said: "This is a nice sample of gratitude!"

"I was going to speak of gratitude," said Halliworth. "That is the same old camouflage. It used to fool me. It's so common it's believed. The truth of the matter is that you are the one who owes me gratitude. If I hadn't always earned a little more than you paid me you would have put me on the bricks. You were always talking about loyalty to the firm and *esprit de corps*, and so forth, and trading in a lot of talk against a larger salary for me. And you insulted me over and over, and I took it, trading in my self-respect against doing anything that would lose me a foothold here. You bought my services and then you tried to collect my personality. You told me what clubs to join and what persons I could be nice to. You made me fill out your table at your stupid dinner parties. You put up requests that I meet your relatives at trains and check their baggage, and if I had refused in those old days you would have fired me. You took me in because I had acquaintance with the rich and you helped me to become a toadying subservient snob. And there was one thing that stuck in my crop—once you sent me to a society editor to beg him to print your daughter's photograph among the pictures of the débutantes. That was symbolic of our relationship. However, I forgive everything."

He paused. "It's over."

"You've turned on me!" roared Dennim. "Demme! I ——"

"I've turned on myself," Halliworth said calmly. "I've turned inside out."

Halliworth knew exactly where he would go when he had left the head of the firm sprawled out in his desk chair as if flung into it by a hurricane. The moment he turned his back on the office he went uptown to see Doris Collamore.

Doris was not in. She was over on Fifth Avenue doing war-relief work and making sheets for refugees with her own white, long-fingered, fascinating hands.

Halliworth strolled over into Central Park, and finding three children who said they had been making mudpies he explained to them that hands rather than faces were best for the purpose. The four held an election, which resulted in three winning places as cowboys. B. Wellis Halliworth was elected a fugitive Indian. When he had to go, the three introduced themselves. They said their names were Bessie, Peter and Joe Giordani. They pointed out their mother, who occupied an astonishing amount of seating capacity of a park bench, and suggested that they ask her if they might bring him home with them for supper.

"No," said he. "I am going to rescue a poor peasant boy from a witch who has turned him into a worm."

Of this remark and the children's breathless interest in it he thought again when he had climbed the steps of the Collamore home and the liveried man, Casper, who had opened the front door, indicated by an expression of sophistication that Doris had come.

"Hello," said Wellis as he pushed aside the portières. "Tea alone?"

"Not now, B," the girl said, touching her brown, golden glittering hair. "You'll have it with me. Father has gone to Washington to see the Secretary of the Treasury."

"I hope he doesn't talk too much to a busy man," said Wellis. "He usually talks too much. The fact is that your father is a bit garrulous." Doris looked surprised.

"You are not in a very good frame of mind to-day," suggested Doris.

"Yes, I am," Wellis contradicted her. "I've never been happier. The fact is, when I spoke to you about loving you the other night and you curled me up, a sense of relief came to me. I realized there was no use. A great big friendly love came to me—different from the other kind—if you can understand—which is improbable."

"Why, B, I've always ——"

"As I was saying," Halliworth interrupted, "the scales were struck from my eyes. What shall I say? I saw you then more clearly. You had been a vision; you became a reality. Oh, it's a fine thing to have friendship! Friendship has good eyes. And true friendship is frank."

"When folks say they are frank they are about to say something unpleasant," remarked Doris, moistening her lips.

"Yes, of course. I knew you would understand," he replied. He looked round the room, filled with Louis Sixteenth furniture and Ming porcelains, the walls of which had a few indifferent examples of the Barbison school. "Too much over decoration here," he said as if it were a passing thought. "This room is an atrocious room. It goes to show that money does not always bring true refinement of taste."

"B!" protested Doris.

"I'm going away," said Wellis. "I thought of my duty. Thank you for the cup of tea. I can't wait a minute—truly. You must not detain me. But it's my duty to speak to you candidly."

"Being candid is the same as being frank—or rude," she exclaimed, rising.

"Yes, it was my duty," he said reflectively. "I made a mistake. As a prospective—what shall I say—bride?—I overestimated you. As a friend I can be quite impartial. And, Doris, you really must not be so selfish. You must get up earlier in the morning. That begins the day right. And you must not skim through books and adopt all the smart sayings of the reviews. You are horribly superficial, really. I think intellectual girls are nice enough, but the fakers are terrible. I say this for your own good."

"I think you better go," she warned him.

"Yes, I must," Wellis agreed easily. "Only I was going to tell you that Davis P. Collamore, your grandfather —— Well, you know you often refer to him proudly in that genealogical manner of speaking. Of course, the fact is that he beat the Government out of about forty-five thousand acres of land during the railroad development of the West. Of course, you don't speak of it at home and probably don't even allow yourself to think of it, but outside it is on every tongue —— Oh, my!"

Doris, tall, majestic, white and beautiful in anger, clenched her hands.

Halliworth laughed.

"I just wanted you to know that all the time I was trying to win your hand I was a contemptible being," he told her. "I despise myself for being so supine and weak, and for confining my relations with you to being agreeable and attentive and like—an open box of chocolates. I certainly played the fool. Worst of all, I did not do my duty by you—I never told you that you were foolish to wear dinner gowns that exposed your elbows. They are not very—what shall I say now?—perfect—elbows."

"You told me my arms ——"

"I know I did," he said. "I was drunk with love. Oh, Lord! I am ashamed of the way I behaved."

Doris straightened up in her fury.

"Don't you ever come to my house again!" she said. "Don't you ever dare!"

"No," said Wellis. "Just as I thought. The sunlight of your favor shines only on your flatterers. The game uptown here is the same as the game downtown. When a loyal truthful friend comes along—off goes his head. But not my head. I'm out of reach now. Good-by."

He pushed the portière aside and stepping into the hall with its marble pillars and stone seats he picked up his hat.

His arm was seized from behind.

"B!" whispered Doris. "We mustn't part like this, dear. What has happened?"

"I shan't tell. I'm going away."

She flung her arms about his neck and kissed him on the lips. Halliworth felt the world sway gently as if it were a soap bubble caught on a blossoming apple branch in a warm fragrant breeze of spring.

"You've never been so nice, B," she whispered brokenly. "There's a nice new thing about you. I don't know exactly what it is. You've never been like this before. And you love me. Say them—the words!"

"Yes," said Wellis. "I do love you. I can see that I do."

"You're going?"

Halliworth patted her on one soft cheek.

"Yes," he said. "It has set me free."

For a moment, with his arms round her warm shoulders, he wondered how many others who had lived as he had lived—well, popular, prosperous—were still groveling in the dust at the feet of the fools in front and spreading tail feathers in the faces of the fools behind.

"Look, B," she was saying playfully. "You know how you have often kissed my glove. Look! Now I am kissing yours!"

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# THE GOOD OLD SHOE

(Continued from Page 11)

of riches. It was the beau ideal, the ultima Thule, the perfect example for the suburbanite.

It was more than that. It was a monument to Mr. Jorian Merritt's life endeavor to make his woman happy and successfully placed. When he recalled the small flimsy rented bungalow in which they had first set up their Lares he felt he could rightly congratulate himself on his achievements with the firm of Quiller, Lake & Anstey. He had not set the river on fire. Good heavens, no! But he had done well. Marion's implications offered from time to time that he might have done better were gratuitous insults.

Why, only to look at his house ——

There was the pergola, one of only three in Flora Vale! Marion herself had confessed what the pergola had done for her spiritually; there was the goldfish pool—small, it is true, and for some reason furnishing difficulties in the matter of supporting piscatorial life, but of implicit purpose; there were the rosary and the herb garden, small again but giving Marion opportunities—last year to wear a cretonne smock, and this year blue denim breeches.

There were the white concrete garden seat, the Ostend umbrella, the little figure of Pan among the oleanders; Marion had certainly been able to trick the place up pretty much as she liked—outside.

As for the inside, hadn't they a sun parlor with a chaise longue, and a butler's pantry, and a cook-and-maid, where in the first years Marion had worked for herself?

No, the woman was an ingrate. The wife of to-day was a moron anyhow. She had no decent appreciation of real endeavor, of the price these things required, the effort to get it. She was an Oliver Twist, forever demanding more, when she had every reason to be content.

He passed across the veranda into the wide low-ceiled hall and up the stairs to his dressing room in quest of a shower, a change of clothes.

He got into a soft linen shirt, a cool rajah lounge suit, and at the last a pair of soft shapeless kid Romeos Marion had given him many years before. They had lost their pristine coloring; gone a little purplish at the toes and were netted over with an intricate tracery of fine gray lines like a labyrinthine river system. They were not beautiful, but not for a great deal would Jorian Merritt have parted with them because of the solid comfort they afforded. It was all very well to go occasionally to a good bootmaker and have the newest, niftiest articles of footwear turned out—there was a pleasurable, even prideful satisfaction in pulling on brown Russia calf, glazed leather; the highly lacquered dress pump. But when it came to comfort—just sheer peaceful relaxation—there wasn't a thing made that could compare with his old pet Romeos. Darn homely old things, but his cosmos wouldn't have been complete without them, he reflected for the hundredth time as he pulled them on now.

A few minutes later he was entering the living room. It was cool and inviting with its black-and-white English chintzes, its fireplace banked with fresh ferns, its tempting davenport placed before one of the French windows with the evening paper and smoke stand at hand, and the long glass of iced tea with the dash of Tokay he liked. Marion rose to greet him out of a near-by chair.

She put up her cheek for his salute—the salute of sheer habit and utter indifference, he realized analytically—just as though they had not parted that very morning on terms of aloof and acrimonious politeness.

That was the awful thing—the tragic thing about marriage when the bloom was gone—that a quarrel wasn't even worth picking up again; that you accepted—accepted, think of it!—your differences as a matter of course. They no longer went deep, that was the reason.

Ordinarily he did not note Marion's costume, but now some insistence in her manner made him aware that she was slightly festal—a touch of elaboration to both dress and hair.

She was looking at his feet.

"You can't keep those on to-night, Jorian. You'll have to put on buckskins or your pumps. The Petersons are coming over."

"The Petersons! Let 'em come. I won't bother for them."

"They phoned they were bringing a visitor—Nan's cousin—a Mrs. Ripley, from New Orleans, Nan said. You wouldn't want to look like that when she's here."

An uncouth expletive broke against Merritt's teeth.

"I thought you said we'd have a vacation this week; that we wouldn't bother anybody nor be bothered this weather," he growled.

"Can I help it if they ask themselves? Nan called up at four o'clock. I can't turn them away, can I?" Marion asked aggrievedly.

"You can kill 'em, for all I'll care!" Jorian returned.

He took up his glass of cooled beverage, pulled a good half of it, lit a cigarette, and unfurling his news-sheet sank gracefully to his davenport, propped it against his raised knees, and with a deep sigh began to absorb it.

"I'll change after dinner," he said absently. "I want this half hour for myself."

Plenty of time to do it—plenty. He didn't care a picayune for the Petersons. Brainless, chattering, good-natured informal idiots with no more sense than to break into one's family life on a hot August evening! And he didn't care a picayune for the strange woman. Marion was always having strange women running over the place, with bridge tables or Red Cross bags. Let her come on, this newcomer. Might be a good thing for an independent free-born male to show himself unshackled by convention.

" . . . In the sixth, after Grady struck out, Conlon was safe on Lampey's bad throw letting him to second. He went to third on Lester's out at first and scored on a wild pitch. Kilharter struck out. . . ."

On and on read Jorian Merritt. Two or three times his wife addressed him, receiving absent answers thereto.

Thirty minutes later Elizabeth rang the dinner gong and Mr. Jorian Merritt rose to investigate his cooled melon and prime ribs *au jus*.

Not thus had they dined in the first year—in an inviting mahogany interior, with a deft maid at beck and call and a Marion in elaborate demitoilet giving competent direction. Marion in their first year had worn blue gingham, and had gone all hot and pink-flushed cooking her meals herself. And she had enjoyed it too. She had told him so and he believed it. Marion had never really been so happy as when she was wrestling with Mrs. Tybie's First Principles in Cookery and the Bride's Handy Cookbook, or Delightful Dishes for the Inexperienced.

Those were the days when she had cried on his shoulder because the oven was too hot and the rice pudding scorched; or because her crab-apple jelly wouldn't set; the days when she had crowed and laughed to him over a new dessert that had in it—guess how many things! Nutmeg? Yes. Coconut? Yes. Currant jelly? No, stupid! Fig paste.

He had never known exactly what was in the desserts then, because life was all dessert—a sugared sweetmeat laced with kisses.

They had had no maid nor gong to summon them. Marion would steal up behind him and clap her hands over his eyes and he would have to guess who it was—more kisses. They had dozens of names for each other, and at mention of the one Marion favored for the moment he would be released and summoned to his meal. Or Marion would make a gay mystery of it.

"A letter for you in this afternoon's mail," she would say, and put what appeared to be a bona-fide missive in his hand. To what elaborate pains will not love go in its play?

She had preserved an old envelope with its canceled stamp and address, and carefully resealed the flap over her little note:

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REQUESTS THE PLEASURE OF
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AT DINNER
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But that was Mrs. Jorian Merritt those days—all infinite variety, infinite surprise. Oh, foolish? Yes, they had been rather imbecile about things. But wasn't it better


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than this way, the way of Marion now, sitting across the table, large-eyed and calm, with that fatal fullness under her chin, pausing above a forkful of melon to ask had anything happened in the city to-day?

As though the things that happened in the city mattered when the things that had happened in one's life, to one's soul, were so significant.

Lost in his reflections Mr. Jorian Merritt forgot the Petersons and the state of his footwear. Marion forgot also.

It was eight-thirty when the doorbell announced the arrival of the Petersons, and he remembered. But it was too late. He must go forward and greet his guests, Romeos and all. A moment later he was being presented to Mrs. Carlotta Ripley.

I believe Thackeray somewhere, balked by his own inadequacy of delineation before an emotional scene, cried out for the pen of "a G. P. R. James" to sustain the situation properly. The present scribe is fronted by similar difficulties to give you properly that little drama—the meeting between Carlotta Ripley, flower of the old South, and Jorian Merritt, wearing his old house slippers.

I will pass it up by saying that it was one of those soul-speaking moments—a clock tick in a lifetime, when Fate marks time, grins a little in her sleeve, and What Might Have Been rises out of its lair and paints for her disillusioned victim—well, what might have been. At least this is roughly the way Mr. Jorian Merritt felt above the shamed agony of remembering his Romeos.

As for Mrs. Carlotta, when you looked at her you knew at once that she belonged in New Orleans, whence she was listed, and you thought involuntarily of divers things—of George W. Cable and Old Creole Days; of crawfish and chicken gumbo; of green Venetian blinds; and of My Spanish Rose.

She was a delicious blend of all these atmospheres, slim and *svelte* and young of shape—the way Jorian liked 'em; very dark, rose brown of cheek, very black of hair and eyes, and wearing a silky white crape worked over with orange-colored flowers—magnolias, probably. She had a scarf of black lace thrown over her slim girlish shoulders, a tall comb of pierced silver in her hair; and the voice with which she acknowledged Jorian's greeting was at once low, sirupsweet and poignantly thrilling; like the song of her nightingale—if you find them as far south as Louisiana.

Against the thick, clumsy, fair prettiness of the Northern women she was like an orchid, an exotic. She made them look like—like pink-and-white Teddy-bears, he thought. She was such a creature as a young man would snatch up his lute to serenade; and even the rising middle-aged felt a momentary heady impulse to offer homage. Only momentary, however, for the *convenances* must be satisfied, and Mr. Jorian Merritt, keeping his feet gracefully out of sight, wafted his guests into the living room.

It needed less than ten minutes to assure the discriminating what a gulf lay between Mrs. Ripley and her cross cousin, Nan Peterson. The Petersons had never seemed so loud, so commonplace—Peterson himself with his fat chuckle and his expletives, his "Gad, old man!" his "Great guns, I had him rattled!" and Nan with her shrill laugh and her domestic conversations, her talk about jam and conservation to Marion.

Across the intimate commonplaceness of it all Merritt encountered the dark glance of Mrs. Ripley's narrow eyes. She was out of her element, and knew it—and knew that he knew it. There was some flash of sympathy, of occult understanding here. Why, her very tone of voice, her soft, quick little comments, sophisticated little comments, marked the difference.

She was cultivated—that was it. A woman of rare understanding and culture, she made them all seem *gauche* and clumsy. Well, if he himself was *gauche* and clumsy it was merely because he had had no chance to be anything else. With the right woman—the incentive to climb, someone to shape and alter him—how different he would have been.

Even so, deep beneath his crust of commonplaces he felt strange lavas murmuring for outlet. In his college days he hadn't been a bad hand at the literary end of it. Why, there was the Emerson thing he had quoted the day he met Marion, and he used to know a dozen others—little touches that lent distinction to a man's conversation, that set him apart.

Suddenly he found himself taking a hand in the conversation, talking fluently, volubly almost, in a quite different fashion from his wont. He let the idiom of the day fall from him like a cloak, used phrases he felt were almost sonorous, a happy felicity of word or phrase. He led the conversation from jam or Peterson's brass castings and the trolley tie-up to more æsthetic fields. He knew Peterson and his wife were staring at him, but he cared not. They should see! They and Mrs. Ripley!

Mrs. Ripley seemed to see.

Involuntarily he found himself watching her. It was odd how often her dark eyes rested on his, as though to say: "We know, don't we, that there are other things worth talking of than jam and the price of brass castings?"

If it hadn't been for his feet Merritt would have been happier than he had been in many days.

Presently across one of Peterson's interminable stories Mrs. Ripley spoke to him confidentially.

"Lovely room," she said languidly. "That's a darling piano too. I suppose you've lots of music here?"

"My wife doesn't play much; out of practice, I'm afraid," he answered.

Nan Peterson had caught the words.

"Carlotta plays—beautifully. Do play, Carley!"

Mrs. Ripley went to the piano, trailed her slim, lovely hand over the keys, then she sat down and played—very beautifully—the theme of Prince Igor, and something of Sibelius; lovely, appealing, haunting things that were in perfect accord with her. Then she sang, played and sang in a soft pretty parlor voice, old plantation melodies until the room seemed full of cinnamon flowers and banjos and mocking birds.

She stopped, one hand still trailing the keys, to smile up at Jorian.

"You sing, don't you, Mr. Merritt?"

The question well-nigh stunned Jorian. He had not sung since his college days.

"I feel that you do, just to hear you speak; your voice in conversation."

Such fineness of ear; such discrimination!

"Oh, I haven't sung in years," he answered, and his voice implied plainly that he had had no incentive for song.

"You mustn't give up your music."

"Let's all sing," Nan suggested.

They found a book of old ballads and ranged about the piano; all but Peterson who declared he had a voice like a choked radiator. In common decency the other women should have subsided, Merritt felt, after hearing Mrs. Ripley. But no, they sang blindly, fatuously, rather piercingly. In order to let Mrs. Ripley hear him at all Merritt had to let go fortissimo, but he succeeded, for she smiled again.

"I knew you did!" she triumphed; and somehow she maneuvered a solo.

He, Jorian Merritt, found himself singing Loch Lomond!

His voice needed use—it was breathy and over and brassy at points—but on the whole he did well, throwing fervor especially into the phrase,

*But me and my true love will never meet again*
*By the bonny, bonny banks of Loch Lomond*

And Mrs. Ripley clapped her pretty hands.

She was taking a flat in the Lazare for the summer and they must all come round and have music with her, and be happy and forget the war. And Merritt quoted apt "The man that hath no music in himself."

And it was a very happy evening after all. It left one thrilled, stimulated.

As he wound the hall clock later Jorian could not quite contain himself:

"Well, Nan's cousin is something new, isn't she? She's—she's the most wonderful woman I ever met."

There was a minute's pause.

"She's too skinny," contributed Marion.

He wheeled round, shocked.

"What?"

"I said it—skinny—s-k-i-n-n-e-y." Marion spoke coldly; she had a spot of pink in either cheek. "Jorian," she added, "I think you acted rather foolish this evening."

"You are spelling incorrectly," he said also coldly; "but I wasn't referring to Mrs. Ripley's poundage. Her intelligence—her charm."

Marion only sniffed.

But after she went upstairs Jorian found himself standing at the end of the hall looking out through the door into the garden. It was flooded with moonlight—the pergola, the rosary and the herb garden, the sundial pool, the concrete benches. It was lovely and unearthly; but there was no immediate pride of possession in Merritt's heart.

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(Continued from Page 54)

What were the gauds and baubles of this world without an appreciative, an understanding soul to share them with?

Very clearly Mr. Jorian Merritt realized how a man slipped into one of those triangle affairs. Perhaps he himself was trembling at the apex of one even now.

On Friday evening Mrs. Ripley phoned and told them the Petersons were coming over, and would they care to join them—informally? Marion declared for a slight headache, but Jorian thought a change of scene might improve it, so they walked over to the Lazare apartments.

There were no Romeos on Jorian to-night. He wore new serge and flannels, a carefully chosen silk shirt, a new tie and a pair of handsome low handmade buckskins, a trifle tight and hot, but killingly effective.

Marion he thought looked uncommonly well—in fluffy peach Georgette—until he got to the Lazare and saw Mrs. Ripley in a gown of shocking red, her black hair combed back satin-smooth with a huge shell comb, her long slim neck and rather serpentine white arms guiltless of covering.

Her flat was three flights up, rather stuffy to-night, with a bowl of tuberoses going full blast and a queer acid-sweet overperfume that Merritt thought was sandalwood, but which Mrs. Ripley told him was opopanax—from the West Indies.

You knew that Mrs. Ripley belonged in the Far South by the handsome alligator hide that overhung one of the stiff-backed reception chairs. Jorian sat in this chair himself and knew all about the 'gator because the heavy nubs rubbed through his thin serge back savagely.

But notwithstanding, it was a magic evening. Mrs. Ripley was one of those women who brought you right out; she wasn't a woman at all, she was a magnet, a flame. And she knew—oh, she knew the fathomless possibilities that lived beneath a man's commonplace exterior. It showed in the swift flash of her black eyes to his—this recognition of some common bond between them. It showed behind her words when she deferred to his opinion. She was utterly charming, that was it. When she told them of New Orleans or the old Spanish-American plantation down on one of the keys where she had passed her childhood; when she threw in a vivid flashing French phrase—at least Jorian supposed it was French—or talked of Mardi Gras or the opera or of travel bits, jaunts abroad with Mr. Ripley. For there had been a Mr. Ripley—in wine importing—who had died at one of the spas in quest of health. A woman of wide, entrancing interests!

Jorian was induced to sing again; and also on Mrs. Ripley's invitation recited a bit from Omar Khayyam, though Marion proved afterward by getting out the book that he had mixed two verses.

Altogether—but for one incident—it was a golden evening. The incident occurred over some odd, very hot curry Mrs. Ripley had served to them.

Marion had leaned forward with the solicitude one shows the feeble or aged.

"Jorian," she cautioned, "remember your indigestion. Red pepper always gives you heartburn."

He had withered her with a look; as though he couldn't eat anything a young and gallant man could eat. What right had Marion to refer even indirectly to his stomach and its idiosyncrasies in Mrs. Ripley's presence? Why was it Marion always obtruded the commonplace, the practical note at the wrong moment? Because of course she lacked poignancy—the delicate sensitiveness of the highly strung. Or because they had not had enough great moments together, touched the heights.

They had had one big hour, it is true—that hour before dawn, years ago, when he had sat by his wife's side, a wife who had all but closed her eyes on him forever, and listened to his physician's verdict. Never again; not again ever. Never to have a child speak his name or call Marion mother.

The shock and disappointment had thrown them very close. They had comforted each other presently; and Marion with her arms round his neck had cried out the scorching sorrow in her heart; had promised to be wife and children both to him, always to love and look after him.

But there had been no necessity for cautioning him so publicly about the pepper.

It was shortly before noon next day that Jorian's telephone rang, and lo, it was the sweet voice of Mrs. Ripley speaking over the phone. She was in town for the day and remembering that he had mentioned an acquaintance who was a lace importer, could he tell her the exact name and address, since she had a few pieces of rare old d'Alençon to dispose of. Jorian thought he could tell her—Harry Linscombe, yes. But he could tell her better in person than by telephone. If she was going to have luncheon in town, why, see here—why couldn't they have lunch together? Together at Imry's, say?

Jorian shook a little at his own audacity after Mrs. Ripley accepted, though he scoffed at himself. Why not, when it was purely a business matter; when he was going to help Mrs. Ripley put over a business deal; when they were two safe and sane people, and Imry's of itself a guaranty for the harmlessness of intent? At any rate within an hour he was putting Mrs. Ripley into a chair before one of Imry's little tête-à-tête tables.

Mrs. Ripley wore lilac linen with very smart little black kid gloves, a veil of heavy black lace, through which her white teeth and glittering eyes shone, like beauty behind a black grille. She carried a little black-and-mauve parasol, and when she saw the table with its black-and-white china, yellow tapers and mauve and yellow orchids she laughed and pouted and pointed a finger at him.

"You picked this all out purposely—for my colors," she laughed.

Jorian hadn't given it a thought, but he threw out his chest a little and said, "Well, it's the appropriate setting, isn't it?"

"I believe you're an artist as well as musical and literary, Mr. Merritt."

Jorian disclaimed modestly.

It was a pleasant, very proper luncheon. They talked about the lace—of course; Mrs. Ripley exclaiming at his knowledge of values, and of other things as well.

And he duly mentioned the affair to Marion.

"I saw Mrs. Ripley at lunch to-day—at Imry's," he told her.

"What did she wear?"

That was Mrs. Ripley's quality for other women; the art of her toilet kept them from dissecting her achievements.

Jorian tried to render to Cæsar the things that were his due, and in Marion's effort to pump him he passed safely all other examination.

In the next three days Mrs. Ripley called him up twice; and on the fourth evening, there being some little points about the d'Alençon and Harry Linscombe to clear up, he dropped in at Mrs. Ripley's himself for a half hour.

It was a delightful half hour, and after it Jorian walked in his garden, his hands thrust into his pockets.

Could a man—a man of parts—help it if a woman, young, pretty, cultured, fell in love with him? To come down to brass tacks, could he help it if Fate willed that Mrs. Carlotta Ripley, flower of the old South, fell in love with Mr. Jorian Merritt—Mr. J. M., married, of course? Jorian felt he could not read the future, could not solve what problems might be in his path. But one thing he knew: There was a delicious exaltation about it all. It lent a new pep to life, life that had gone so stale, so dry and void of thrill.

I cannot tell you how many times in the next two weeks Jorian Merritt basked in the smile of Mrs. Ripley. There were a number of evenings he and Marion had with the Petersons in honor of their fascinating cousin; there were return evenings of their own; others in Mrs. Ripley's flat.

But Jorian had sessions that were his alone; little telephone confabs, little intimate asides; and—the truth will out—calls all his own, beneath thin subterfuges: a book Mrs. Ripley was anxious to borrow; an old French print she wanted him to judge; a call for an umbrella he had forgotten earlier! No, in his soul he faced the truth. There was no actual excuse for the calls; they were illicit pleasurings of the soul, of the mind—which you pleased. Also of the eye. For no man might deny Mrs. Ripley's grace and beauty; and Jorian feasted while he might.

It wasn't as though it was all one-sided either. Mrs. Ripley let him see so frankly how highly she regarded him. There was an unspoken lure between them that drew them together naturally. Not beyond the bounds of sheer convention—never in the world!—but close upon the brink; a bittersweet dalliance with a couchant peril. Or so Jorian felt. He wondered vaguely what it would be like to let himself go, as men so often did. To be swept from one's moorings—those ties of taste and habit that had held so securely in the past! To be deliciously outlaw!

But there was nothing of this so far. Nothing further than a delightful comradeship of the mind, a mutuality of taste. Oh, but there were latent potentialities—as on the night Mrs. Ripley had taken both his hands in farewell and said, "Good night, my dear, kind friend," and it was all he could do to hold his guard.

She had high ideals—Mrs. Ripley. And he wanted to be worthy of them; to deserve the ideal friendly affection she seemed to offer, nor sully it with any grosser implication. It was to be theirs, a chaliced perfection unshared by any other. Not, of course—certainly not—by Marion.

Marion had come upon him that night, for instance, when he had brought those volumes of Cowper and Coleridge home from the bookshop. He had hoped Marion was asleep. There was a quotation Mrs. Ripley had mentioned. He wanted to memorize it, produce it the next time they met.

"That little thing of Coleridge's you mentioned," and so on.

And here was Marion in the doorway, risen out of her bed to speak about the new pyjamas he had ordered, saying: "For heaven's sake, Jorian, what are you doing with those books at this time of night? It isn't another Board of Trade dinner, is it?"

Once a year the Mercantile Association gave a banquet, and Jorian was asked for an after-dinner speech.

"No, it isn't," he had answered curtly and a little shamedly.

"You didn't say anything about one."

"Well, there isn't any this time of year."

He closed his poets hastily and evaded explanation.

It seemed incredible that a few weeks earlier he had been content to practice his literary arts on Marion; that when he had done an after-dinner speech for the Mercantile or his fraternity he could not rest content until he had read it to Marion—into Marion's abstracted and vaguely attentive ear. This of course was not because Marion cared for the Mercantile or his fraternity but because she was there, handy. It was for the same reason that she read her club papers to him, the paper on Child Culture in the Home or Nature Study—not that he cared but because he was there.

He made a new definition for himself: "Marriage is a spiritual washboard on which one tries out the colors of one's ideas!"

Faugh! The real thing was two spirits born beneath one star, comrades—he and Mrs. Ripley.

He was to see more and more of

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"For Heaven's Sake, Jorian, What is It? I Had Fallen Sound Asleep; and Then to Have You Come In and—and Howl Like That"

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# Applying Win-the-War

***A Letter to Overland Dealers:***

OUR first consideration, as it is yours—and that of every right thinking citizen—is "win-the-war."

Immediately following the American Declaration of War we offered our production capacity, and the Government is using a very large part of it.

We are ready if need be to devote it entirely to war work.

The Automobile Industry as a whole is on a similar win-the-war basis.

We are building only a limited quantity of automobiles.

How many cars conditions will permit us to build for any future period is problematical—dependent wholly upon the urgency of war needs.

Any existing transportation must be used to its fullest capacity in order to increase the diminishing man-power of our home forces.

The total output of automobiles is fast becoming insufficient to replace cars wearing out in service.

And fewer cars rather than more, is the production outlook.

With "win-the-war" our first consideration—and yours—this condition places a responsibility upon us which we are bound to fulfill.

* * * *

**Because it has assumed its transportation burdens so gradually few realize the extent to which the automobile is performing essential service,**

**—so essential that the rest of the system, railroads, trolleys and every other means of transportation that could be pressed into**

**MY war-time conception**
**simply a given numbe**

**It goes into service a**
**portation system.**

**In placing our restric**
**national transportation sy**
**I want our distributors a**
**which they will be put an**
**best serve in the winning**

**service, would be wholly i**
**adequate quickly to assume t**
**load were automobiles sudden**
**not available for the perfor**
**ance of their usual service.**

In even so essential a matter as our food supp
the automobile is a most important fact

Few realize that over half the automobiles n
in use are owned by and serve the peo
of the farms upon whom we and our All
are dependent for food.

Farm labor is already scarce.

**Lack of automobiles to serve t**
**farmers would mean a loss**
**untold hours of producti**
**farm labor.**

**Lack of automobiles to serve o**
**loyal industrial workers wou**

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# Policy to the Automobile

**ic the automobile is that it is**
**e miles of rapid transportation.**

**a unit of our national trans-**

**ic output of these units of our**
**sy in the hands of individuals,**
**a ealers to discern the uses to**
**n place each unit where it will**
**g he war.**

J. N. Willys.
President

**seriously hamper our industrial efficiency.**

**Lack of automobiles for those who direct and serve our essential workers would hamper our national efficiency as a people.**

* * * *

**It is time for public appreciation of the fact that every mile that an automobile is driven needlessly is a mile of wasted transportation that ultimately may be needed for essential service.**

It is time for public understanding that these smaller units of our transportation system should be used and maintained with the same thought for national needs as we demand in the use and maintenance of our larger units of transportation.

Failure on our part to take every means available for us to inform the public concerning the importance of this matter would be neglecting an opportunity to perform a valuable public service and a failure to live up to our win-the-war policy in a vital respect.

Let us, as automobile manufacturers, and you, as automobile dealers, put ourselves on a one-hundred-percent win-the-war basis.

Let us to the full extent of our influence put the war-importance of the automobile fully before the public—you in your contact with the public—we in the public print.

**Let us to the fullest extent realize that when we sell an automobile we are in reality selling miles of transportation—placing a unit of our national transportation system in the service of an individual.**

**Let us intelligently discern the uses to which it will be put and place each unit where it will best serve in the winning of the war.**

In this spirit of full co-operation we can bring about a fuller understanding and appreciation of the situation and its trend, and perform a service of value to the whole people.

Willys-Overland
TRADE MARK REG.
*Incorporated*
Toledo, Ohio

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(Concluded from Page 57)

Mrs. Ripley. He came in short to the Red Cross Mardi Gras.

It was quite naturally suggested to the local Red Cross workers by the presence and atmosphere of Mrs. Ripley. Mrs. Ripley herself unfolded the scheme to the Merritts and the Petersons.

"A carnival for the Red Cross, you know," she explained, "with a big parade and lots of floats—industries here and the allied countries, France and all that. And in the evening dancing in Flora Vale Park, with dominos and colored lanterns."

It sounded attractive, but it meant, Mrs. Ripley explained, any amount of work. She would need lieutenants. To whom should she turn in her hour of exigency but to her dear friend, Jorian Merritt?

She turned to Jorian like Clytie to the sun. She summoned him to her flat and laid out a plan of campaign. It was a plan that was bound to throw them much together, and Jorian contemplated its possibilities with delicious trepidation.

"Of course, there are others," explained Mrs. Ripley. "Mr. Linscombe says he will come out from the city whenever he can, and Mr. Folliott, and Mrs. Beyer; but you and I will have the most to do with getting it up. You'll like that, won't you?"

Oh, certainly Jorian would like it, he assured her. It was oddly thrilling to be associated with Mrs. Ripley; and to make himself worthy he spent several evenings reading in the encyclopedia and books from the library on Carnival.

Would Mr. Merritt go down to Double-day's and see if the new cluster lights had arrived? Could Mr. Merritt drive round and get the young Misses Cley for the rehearsal? Would Mr. Merritt come and give opinion on King Rex's costume? Would Mr. Merritt see the man for Marcus' or come over to the Elks' Hall and help rehearse, and be Von Bissing—temporarily, in the Crime Against Belgium tableau?

All of which Mr. Merritt could and would. His feet grew worn and weary in the next two weeks; his brow was wet with honest sweat; and all for the Red Cross Mardi Gras.

Occasionally he had brief exquisite interludes with Mrs. Ripley, though quite often there were other workers present—a corps of indefatigable women; a man or two; on two occasions Harry Linscombe, a big, over-inspired chap, the man in laces to whom Jorian had introduced Mrs. Ripley.

[illegible] it was all even terrible [illegible] of life, a fact he [illegible] yet he felt that [illegible] wait for him—[illegible] Fate was keeping [illegible]

[illegible] would come on the [illegible] when all the work [illegible] were on and the [illegible] when Rex and his [illegible] the streets; and [illegible] silken dominos [illegible] and the spirit [illegible] intentionality was [illegible] come upon her, [illegible]—and follow.

[illegible] ordered a mask [illegible] nt savagely and [illegible] eased if anybody [illegible] a red rose. He [illegible] ow for the hard [illegible] hing his legs off," [illegible] y other time, and [illegible] put it thus to [illegible]

[illegible] you work so hard," she [illegible] he has other men to help [illegible] that big fat Mr. Linscombe—[illegible] going to be King Rex in black velvet [illegible] gold spangles—why can't he help [illegible] fore? It isn't as though you knew anything about a carnival anyhow, Jorian."

"I can read," he answered curtly.

He wanted to tell her how he, Jorian [illegible] ferritt, had been invited to be King Rex, [illegible] and how catching the enigmatic hint in [illegible] Mrs. Ripley's black eyes he had refused. [illegible] as though he hadn't understood. As the [illegible] olic monarch there would be only lime-[illegible] no opportunity to slip away. He

slight premonitory sniffle. Going into the city he was bothered with vertigo, and by noon the unpleasant truth had forced itself home—he had caught cold. By three he was so much worse he went to Doctor Ayers.

"Just some tablets, doctor, to bolster me up a little. I'm going to an outdoor fête to-night and I want to feel myself."

He was far from feeling himself. If someone had hurled an entire floral piece in his face he felt he couldn't have staggered a step after his aggressor.

The doctor gave him the pills—"a brown one every hour and two of the large white ones in half a glass of water."

Pills! And Mardi Gras! He faced the bitter truth—it was his age. Ten years ago he would have done himself better. The truth was he was done in, worn out by the exactions he had suffered. Well, he would die game.

Though his domino covered a temperature of two hundred, he would be there game and fighting.

But he wasn't. By seven o'clock he hated all the world, himself most of all. He was a sick man, and by nine o'clock, when Frivolity's carillon sounded through the byways of Flora Vale, and pretty velvet masks and dominos were alluring their pursuers over its concrete sidewalks, Mr. Jorian Merritt was sitting enveloped in a quilt with his feet in a mustard bath.

Marion came in later and laid aside her pink-and-white domino.

"It was dandy! Nearly a thousand dollars for the Red Cross, and the floats were lovely. But who do you think was Queen of Beauty?"

Jorian was bitterly silent.

"Carlotta Ripley! That big fat Mr. Linscombe—King Rex—chose her over the heads of all the young girls. I think it was a put-up job. You poor boy, you're so sick."

But if Jorian seemed suddenly sicker it was because of the name she used. Carnival! He never wanted to hear it again.

And now for a term of days no more of Jorian Merritt and romance. It was on the fifth day that he got the note from Mrs. Ripley.

What had happened to her dear friend? He had been ill of course she knew; had worn himself out in her service—but was he never to be better; was he never to look her up again? Mrs. Merritt had told her he was much improved, and there was so much to talk over, and so on. Wouldn't he, if he felt able, run over to the Lazare this evening and see her—after dinner? It would be their first talk alone since the carnival. There was so much to say, and so on.

Jorian's interest lifted its fainting head. His cold had left him becomingly languid and pale. To-day had been his first at the office attacking his arrears of work, and he felt neither brisk nor strong; and yet—Mrs. Ripley's spell reasserted itself. Every word of her little note carried allure. There was a between-the-lines suggestion of pathos and loneliness. She was fond of him, and no doubt she had missed him and wanted to tell him so. Perhaps even, if King Rex was no more, he should have his moment of romance after all. Perhaps it would be all the sweeter for the delay.

So after a busy day at the office Jorian dressed with punctilious care and went round to call on Mrs. Ripley. He felt a little groggy—he really should have been in bed—but as he drew near the Lazare his heart beat anticipatively.

Mrs. Ripley's rooms were as usual musky sweet with flowers and opopanax and shaded lights.

Mrs. Ripley was in vampire black satin, her long slim arms and neck bare. She put out two hands to greet him.

"My dear, dear friend—I'm so sorry," she said softly. "We missed you—dreadfully."

"I missed myself," returned Jorian with an essay at humor.

Somehow they had got to Mrs. Ripley's sofa and were seated. He could see the silky softness of Mrs. Ripley's black hair, the petal smoothness of her cheek and neck. Suddenly he realized headily that whatever

"Now I'm going to show you something," she said; and it seemed to him she blushed. "I'm going to show a present for—somebody."

"Somebody?" echoed Jorian.

"Somebody who's been awfully good to me and helped me with the carnival, oh, so much! Somebody"—this time she really did blush—"somebody I—I care for a whole lot."

As in a dream Jorian saw the little velvet box spring open, saw the lavender velvet plaque and the scarfpin, a black pearl in antique gold, staring at him.

"Do you think he'll like my gift?" murmured Mrs. Ripley.

She extended the box to Jorian, her soft fingers touching his. There was an odd pounding at his heart.

"For me?" The words formed on his lips but remained unuttered.

"I want you to tell me frankly—I value your opinion so much; and when a woman chooses a gift for a man—a man she cares for—she's always in doubt ——"

"It's—it's beautiful," gasped Jorian.

He had a momentary hesitation. Did she expect him to take the impassioned or stately line—crush her hands in his, draw her to him or perhaps say the expected things in sounding, beautiful phrase?

But Mrs. Ripley anticipated him. Suddenly she had turned, bent very close to him, her black eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, my dear friend," she cried, "if you could realize what you have done for me! If you could know what my life was before you came into it and gave—gave me the opportunity to—to realize myself, my life-long dream! I never knew there was anyone in the world like this! One dreams of such things, but one never knows—until ——"

Great heavens, how hot the room was! How choking his collar!

Mrs. Ripley swept on:

"I wanted to tell you all about it on carnival night, but of course I didn't see you, so I'm telling you now. I feel—oh, we both feel—that you, kind dear friend, have been our fairy godfather!"

Jorian uttered a queer choked sound. The wall paper seemed dancing, dancing!

"And so we, Harry and I, wanted you to know first of all because you introduced us, brought us together."

"Harry?"

"Harry Linscombe, of course!"

"The—the—er—this pin is for him?" Jorian choked.

"Naturally. My engagement gift. Oh, dear Mr. Merritt."

But dear Mr. Merritt was no longer attending. Mingled emotions had seized him. Disgust, disillusionment—and could it be relief?—pounced on him, made him their own. He wanted to get away.

Somehow he got away. Somehow—gracefully or otherwise under all the pretty filial homage one accords a fairy godfather—he disengaged himself, staggered out of doors, a sadder, a wiser, an older man! A chastened man! A sick man—or nearly! Why, he wasn't over his cold by any means; he wasn't fit to be out. Spending his evening with a simpering, smirking, brainless woman when he ought to have been at home and in bed!

Home! The word had a new charm. It was refuge, haven.

His house was dark as he approached. Marion had probably gone out. Out, just when, strangely, he needed the comfort of a kindly human presence near him; some ministering spirit to assuage his mortal hurt; to bind up his bruised and broken self-esteem. And now she was out!

He let himself into the hall, stumbled upstairs to his dressing room. If she wasn't there he'd at least make himself comfortable until she came. Get out of his peacock finery—the useless finery with which he had hoped to impress Mrs. Ripley—ass!—and be an easy, normal jackdaw.

And the first things of course were his lounge coat and Romeos. He found his coat in the clothespress, but his Romeos evaded him.

Lord, where had he put the fool things? Had 'em last evening right here—this very room; but now there was no [illegible]

It was outrageous, but there was no trace of them with his belongings. It was maddening. Why, he couldn't be happy—he couldn't be comfortable without his Romeos. And now he'd have to wait till Marion came home and found them for him. Sick, irritated, miserable, he turned from his own thoughts and flung himself into an armchair, his feet uncouthly unshod, to do his waiting.

He hadn't been in the chair a minute when he saw it—saw the little white three-cornered note sticking out of the magazine he had been reading last night.

It was a note addressed to him. His fingers trembled strangely, premonitively as he opened it:

"*Dear Jorian:* After all these years of our married life together I am forced at last to leave you. Oh, I have known what you have been doing and thinking for a long time. I am not blind. It has hurt me cruelly, but I cannot stay with you if you care for another. I cannot help it if she is more brilliant, more beautiful than I am. I have given you my best.

"You are not perfect either, Jorian. You are getting fat and a great deal more bald than I expected, and you are terribly hard to live with a great deal of the time, and yet—I love you. That is why I am going away forever."

There was a savage cry in the air—horror, fear—yes, agony. And suddenly Jorian Merritt found himself on his feet staring stupidly with anguished heart at his empty shaking fingers. The note! Where was it? It was gone. There was no note! He had dreamed the note.

He heard his name then, and looked up and saw an angel. No, it was Marion disguised as an angel. She stood there in the moonlight in an old white peignoir with touches of blue, her hair falling on her shoulders.

"For heaven's sake, Jorian, what is it? I had fallen sound asleep; and then to have you come in and—and howl like that."

But Jorian could only gasp and stare.

"I thought you must be sick again, dear. What is the matter? Here are your Romeos. You left them in the hall closet."

She stood there, his wife—his blessed wife; with his old shoes, his blessed old shoes in her hand.

A great light broke on Jorian. His Romeos were symbols—symbols standing for the wonted thing, for custom, for relaxation, for peace; yes, happiness; for all the things he really loved. His old shoes! That's what Marion had actually meant when she called him an old shoe. That's what he had actually meant when he defined marriage. It was an old shoe for him. He was an old shoe. Marion was another. Good old shoes, all together.

The thing you came back to—permanent after all the fleeting exaltations, the hectic silly season spasms had been sloughed off. The thing with all its vicissitudes, its high gear and its low—that held you bound, its willing captive, kissing your shackles. Why, if you lost it—you were lost indeed!

He crossed to his wife suddenly and took her in his arms.

"Marion"—and his voice trembled—"I fell asleep and dreamed—horribly. I thought ——" his voice broke.

She put up a tender hand and rumpled his hair softly—over the thin place.

"I know, dear. You're not yourself. You must lie down and rest."

"Marion," he trembled, "tell me—are you ever—do you never—have I ever given you reason to b-be jealous?"

Marion turned her head away a moment, her lips quivering a little.

"No, Jorian; I don't think you have," she said with a faint tremor. "Besides, you know, even if you had I shouldn't worry. I should wait—and you would come back. Men do—mostly. And if a woman loves them ——"

He crushed her to him.

"Oh, Marion, I do love you. You're so pretty to-night—you're always pretty, only a fellow gets so used to it."

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# At the Sign of the Slack Hand

## Conscience in the Kitchen—By Wallace Irwin

IN THE people's exhibit I solemnly think
We ought to include Mrs. Zylophone Pink,
Relating adventures which happened to her
To put her in touch with the war, as it were.

Zylophone Pink was an African queen
Who bossed the Augustus McRoodle's cuisine.
The black ace of spades
Of all kitchen maids,
She was saucy with saucepans and skilled with a skillet.
With professional pride
Her bosom swelled wide—
Though Nature already had managed to fill it;
And the core of her creed, which she'd learned from her mother,
Was "White trash eats one way and quality t'other."

When Uncle Sam's patience had worn pretty thin,
And war was declared on the beast of Berlin,
Zylophone Pink
Over her sink
Muttered, "No, ma'am! In them gunshots and din
Yo' don' git me in!
Ah furnish no airships or food à la carty
To make the world safe fo' the Democrat Party!"

Now Zylophone Pink had a husband or two.
The first was named Noah,
Who, much like the boa
That squeezed the fat porcupine out in the zoo,
Came quickly untied—
Dissolved from his bride
By a legal decree he had faded away
When Number Two Husband, a roustabout gay,
Named Bolingbroke Pink, had rejoiced for his day,
Then taken the steamer for Norfolk—to stay.

So Zylophone Pink as she scraped at her pans
Had an average grouch on the cinch that is man's—
Which didn't restrain her from ardent flirtations
With various brethren of fitting vocations
Like Scipio Harbor,
The boss colored barber,
Or Lafayette Sondry,
Who drove for the laundry.
Now it happened one morning that Zylophone vain
Stood o'er that Arabian wishpan,
The dishpan,
Trying to choose 'twixt her true lovers twain,
When the postman showed up with a letter—I swear
It hoisted poor Zylophone up in the air!
For it carried a message, iron-barbed and long-shafted:
Both of her husbands had gone and been drafted!

Knock!
What a shock!
She tried to be brave—
She couldn't. It gave
A start
To her heart.
Though she'd oft said they both should be shook in a bag
And dropped in the sea from a rather high crag,
Now deep were her feelings. She stood in the kitchen,
Her curl papers twitchin',
And quite overcome by her impulses strange
She poured half a gallon of fat in the range,
Emptied sour milk down the mouth of the sink—
What were small details to Zylophone Pink?
In her frenzy of sorrow, which couldn't be hid,
She noisily opened the garbage-pail lid
And cast to the depths of damnation below
A panful of dough,
A can of tomatoes,
Eleven potatoes,
Of lamb half a leg,
A carrot, an egg;
And voicing a tempest of anger and gloom
She banged down the lid of that nourishment tomb.

Yea, while in the clutch of this agony tall
A Hooverized poster she saw on the wall,
Where Mrs. McRoodle had tacked it to kinder
Act on her cook as a gentle reminder:
"Save Food—Win the War."
"Oh Gor!"
Cried Zylophone Pink in the dialect fine
Transcribed from the Maso-Dixonian Line,
And seizing that poster with strenuous ire
She crumpled it deep in the hot kitchen fire—
Which fire always raged like a blaze in a tarfield
In utter defiance of good Doctor Garfield.

Late in the morning, still hot in the noodle,
Zylo went forth to seek Mrs. McRoodle.
That lady she found in a workaday state
Patching a shirt which belonged to her mate.
Mrs. McRoodle, to Zylophone's mind,
Was falling away from the standard refined.
Why was she constantly saving and scrimping,
Mending and darning and yoking and guimping?
Why was she constantly dusting and sweeping,
Spoiling her hands with her endless housekeeping?
To Zylophone's eye,
I cannot deny,
Came a look which was arrogant, haughty and high,
As she managed a frown
For the plain gingham gown
Which her mistress displayed like an angel marked down.

"Mis' Roodle," spoke she with a serious face,
"They ain't scaisly nothin' to eat on the place.
The aigs is half gone and the flour that I got
Ain't fit fo' the turkeys on Job's co'ner lot.
No, ma'am!
An' ham!
Ah'm fed up with boilin' bare bones—Ah sho am!"

Her mistress gazed sadly on Zylophone Pink.
"There are seven lamb chops in the ice box, I think."
"No, ma'am. Only fo',
No mo'.
They got kind o' stale, so three o' them chops
I thu' in the slops."
"Zylophone!" whirtled her mistress, distressed,
"Are you letting meat spoil when the world is oppressed
By a shortage of meat,
Wheat,
Fodder to eat?
Now what do you think Mr. Hoover would say
If he knew you were throwing good mutton away?"

Zylophone stood in the midst of the rug
And gave to her shoulders a black-rubber shrug.
"Mis' Roodle, has this yer man Hoover got time
To write a reseet
To resurrect meat
Which has long gone to glory an' done past its prime?"
Her mistress was stern. "It's our duty," she said,
"To nourish our Allies by saving our bread.
The scraps that you throw in the garbage pail may
Be needed to strengthen our Army some day."
"Oh Lawdy
An' Gawdy!
That do beat the dickens.
Feed our soljahs on scraps? Is our Ahmies all chickens?"

The lady was forming a speech to strike home
And sink to the depths of that ivory dome
When Zylophone Pink with the door at her back
Suddenly shifted her point of attack.

"Mis' Roodle, Ah reckon the time's come to speak—
Ah've done raised mah wages five dollahs this week."
"For the love of the law!"
"Yas'm. This wah."
"This war? How on earth are these strenuous days
Connected with you and your thirst for a raise?"
"Well, yo' see this yer high cost o' livin' done jumped
Till mah money's dry-pumped.
Jes' look at silk stockin's—dear lady alive!
They once was a dollah—now one-eighty-five.
Paradise plumes has done doubled in price;
An' dressmakahs—Laws—yo' cain't git nothin' nice.
Take mah advice;
Ef yo' want cream-topped shoes
Th' ain't no time to lose—
Lay in a stock an' jes' keep 'em on ice.
The face-powdah tax has mos' spoiled mah complexion.
An' mah favorite brand
Of perfum'ry—good land!—
Two dollahs a pint, an' a raight po' selection.
An' hair nets an' pastes
An' lingerly waists——"
"But, Zylophone Pink, all such tastes are exotic;
In this era of stress
Your manner of dress
Ought to conform to the strict patriotic."

"Patriotic? Mis' Roodle, fo' sake of yo' days!
It's patriotissum—
Jes' what it is'm—
That's makin' me ast fo' mah raise.
Jes' as sho' as the day yo' was christened an' bo'n in,
Ah got to dress up in a outfit o' mou'nin'."
"Mourning? Who's dead?"
Her ladyship said.
"Th' ain't nobuddy daid yet, Mis' Roodle—but lawky!
Both o' mah husbands has went into khaki——"
"Both of your husbands?" "Yas'm, that's it.
The one that's divo'ced an' the one that jes' quit.
An' Ah wouldn't be s'prised—fo' Ah know 'em, Mis' Boss—
Ef both o' them coons was a plumb total loss."

Mrs. McRoodle sat blankly at gaze.
Her problem was this: If she granted the raise
She was surely abetting
The largely besetting
Sin of the servant girl's prodigal days.
Should she lecture the lady in serio-comics
On food conservation and world economics?
Or say something nifty
On how to be thrifty?
Or shout—which is true—"It's your duty to own
A share in the Fourth and Best Liberty Loan"?
Instead she was weak. She had learned to her fret
That servants were constantly harder to get.
So she sighed once again and conceded.
"At least
If you feel that your salary must be increased,
I hope you'll remember the crisis is grave—
Behave
And save!"
"Am Ah a slave?"
Muttered the queen as she strode with a crash
Toward the department of mutton and hash.
"Ah wuz raised to the bes'
In the land, an' Ah reckon
Ah don' cook no mess
When Boss Hoovah beckon.
Ah wuz raised to eat rich"—here her mumblings grew faint—
"Ah ain't no canary bird. No, suh. Ah ain't!"

*II*

WITH the crash of the cymbal, the sound of the tabor,
Zylophone Pink hurries through with her labor;
For lunch is now o'er
And she seeks to restore
Her kitchen to order and beauty once more.
Like the breath of the cyclone she sweeps through the room;
Many a saucer is sent to its doom.

(Continued on Page 65)















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# You up-and-doing men!

*Keep yourself fit in the active man's underwear!*

Superior is the "keep-fit" union suit, men—built for *action*, built to give free play and sway to active muscles and minds. Sit in it, stoop in it, walk, jump or run, every movement is wonderfully smooth and easy. There's no gripping, binding, wrinkling, bunching. And truly, men, Superior is your best bet in these war times—it's the Perfect Union Suit, rip, wear and tub-proof, made to stand the strains.

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Your Superior dealer's name and Superior Union Suit Guide for this season, containing samples of light, medium and heavy weight cotton, lisle and worsted fabrics, sent free on request. The Superior Underwear Company, Piqua, Ohio.

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**Here's seat satisfaction for you!**

Superior's buttonless, gapless seat banishes all underwear discomforts and the "button-button-who's-got-the-button" game after the return from a tub in the tub. It's the seat that opens when you want it open and stays closed when you want it closed.

*Valor without equipment won't win the war*
*Strategy without strength is of no avail.*
*Money only will win the Victory;*
*Buy Fourth Liberty Bonds—*
*And open the road to Berlin*


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(Continued from Page 63)

Many a tumbler expires with a bang
As pan calls to skillet with berserker clang.
While the garbage pail yawns like the black pit of Tophet
To swallow the losses which might have been profit.
Oh, what is the cause of this vigorous storm?
Has Zylophone Pink made a vow to reform?
Has love of her art
So entered her heart
That she's changed to a zealot, is acting the part?
Nay! Nay!
I sorrow to say
That this furious energy, scorning delay,
Is due to an impulse more human, no doubt—
This is our Zylophone's afternoon out.

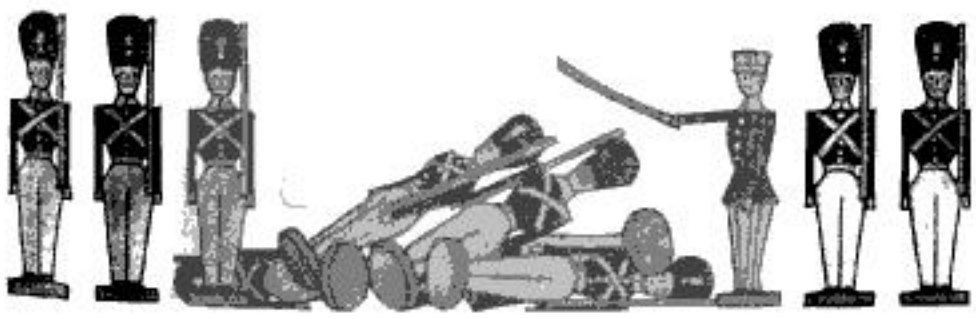
It is done. Now she flies to her dainty boudoir
And swaddles her form in a *costume de soir;*
Next she raises the mattress and gazes in pride
On a plum-colored stocking, ingeniously tied.
Her ruby-ringed fingers delve deep to the toe—
What's this? Ho ho!
Bank notes, by Jo!
Forty-nine dollars in currency battered,
Perfectly good, though a little mite tattered.
What is the reason — we'll soon change our tense—
For her opulent manner of hurrying hence?
Come, let us follow her salmon-topped shoes,
Awning-striped skirt, puffy-ruffle-ish blooze,
And Dolly Siss hat with its plumage asway—
For Zylophone Pink is now well under way.

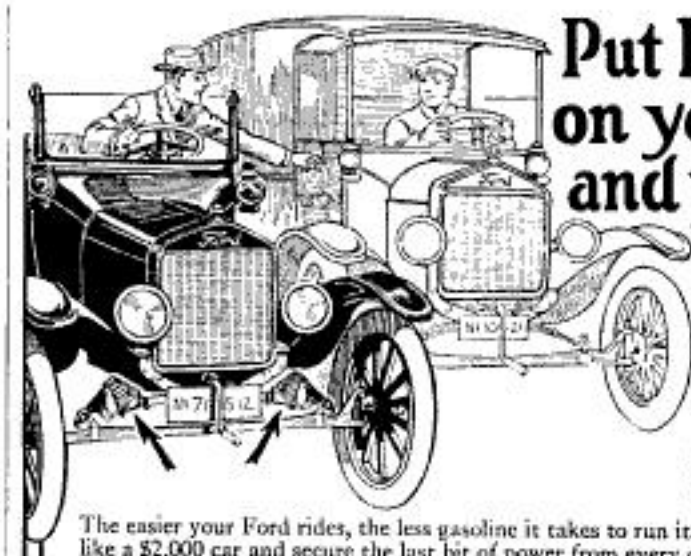
Shedding bright hues like the feathers of Polly
She hailed a green trolley
Headed toward folly.
At last gleamed the sign of that famous sartorium,
Zizzbaum & Shucker's Department Emporium.
Restraining a shout
Zylo climbed out,
Strongly inspired for the forthcoming bout.
On the first floor, third aisle, in a deep estuary,
Flourished the sign "Cut in Fine Stationery,"
And there loomed the object of all her desire—
Marked down to ninety-nine cents to the quire,
Strawberry pink and initialed in blue,
The paper of love! Quickly Zylophone drew
A bill from her hand bag. She felt rather grand
As she waddled away with the box in her hand,
Thinking already of letters to please
Her duplicate husbands when sent overseas.

Her thoughts of adorning
Her person with mourning
Brought her at last to the hosiery counter,
Where she purchased twelve pairs like an any-amounter.
The price had gone up on the sample appraised;
But she could afford it — her pay had been raised.
A sign boosting Savings Stamps tempted her not;
Her mind on more practical matters was sot.
"Um honey!"
Her money
Writhed in its bag—
A big spending jag,
Quite unintended,
Impended;
For there in large bottles was plainly displayed
The purplest perfume that has ever been made,
Marked Fairyland Dream.
Her face was abeam—
Who ever smelled scent of so noble a sort
Offered for two-twenty-seven per quart?

She bought some. Then smooth as a duck through its ponds
Her progress she took,
Disdaining to look
At numerous booths selling Liberty Bonds.
Stemming the throng with contemptuous shoves
She landed at last in the region of gloves;
Tried black ones. They fitted.
She paid and then flitted
In search of a hat; but her will was outwitted
By the juiciest bait that had tempted her yet—
A coconut-ivory manicure set
With wreaths of forget-me-nots artfully painted
In colors so dainty that Zylo near fainted.
How perfect she thought it!
She bought it,
Piled it atop of her bundles and brought it
Through hurrying throngs in the constant direction
Of the Milliner's Section.
Hats!
Rats!
It's a bromide to say that the feminine head
Is turned by a hat. That's too often been said.
But as Zylophone's salmon-topped footsteps drew near
The Tempter was whispering soft in her ear,
"Daughter of Zion,
Stop! Take a try-on!"
A cozy creation of mournfulest black
With a watershed front and a cupola back
Struck Zylo as neat.
"It's jes' mos' too sweet,"
She simpered,
Then whimpered,
"The price is some dearer
Than what I done 'spected."
But quite undejected
She blissfully worshiped herself in the mirror,
Then hastened to pay.
She wore it away.
Her next solemn mission — she almost turned pale—
Was to outfit herself in a long mourning veil.
The crape which was offered seemed just a bit plain
For Zylo's complexion.
Her final selection
Was something adorned with a black daisy chain
Which the milliner tied round her sad oh-you-kiddo hood,
Giving an aspect of Viennese widowhood.

As the afternoon languished, that all might admire,
She marched to the street in her somber attire.
Though the tops of her shoes were still pinkish in shade
A very fine picture of woe she displayed.
Just a bit shy,
Pride filled her eye.
Colored pedestrians passing her by
Stopped to admire Sister Zylophone Pink
Perched on Despair's very outermost brink.
Weary of sporting her garments of woe
She was starting back home when her Fate whispered "Whoa!"
There on a corner
A sign: Wagg & Warner—
Genuine Jewelry — Good As the Real.
The window was gleaming
With fruits of her dreaming—
Gem-studded service pins! Such an appeal
Whetted her zeal.
She rushed to the counter, enjoyed a great thrill
When she had acquired for a five-dollar bill
A glass-studded pin with two pretty blue stars
To honor her husbands now working for Mars.
Then she hailed a blue taxi, and riding at ease



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## By Calories—Not By Pounds

Compare food cost by calories, and you'll use more Quaker Oats. The calory is the energy unit used by governments to measure food.

On this basis, at prices current at this writing

**Meats Average 8 Times as Much.**
**Eggs, Fish and Fowl**
**Cost 8 to 10 Times Quaker Oats**

That is, for the same calory value. Yet these are all major foods.

Pound for pound, Quaker Oats has twice the calories of round steak. Every cupful contains 280 calories—as much as four eggs.

Every dollar you spend for Quaker Oats saves at least $7 if used to displace meat, measured by the calory basis.

You have known the oat as the marvel food, well balanced, rich in minerals. But its wealth of nutriment makes it also the money-saving food.

Make Quaker Oats your breakfast. Mix it also with your flour foods. Use it to save money, to save wheat and meat, to add flavor and nutrition.

It is one of the greatest foods you have.

# Quaker Oats

### *The Best One-Third of Oats*

We use just the queen grains—big, rich and flavory—in making Quaker Oats.

We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

Thus you get oat flavor at its best. You get it without extra price. All oat foods are made doubly inviting when you use this premier grade.

***12 to 13c and 30 to 32c Per Package***

***Except in Far West and South***

[1981]

### Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
2 cups boiling water
¼ cup lukewarm water
½ cup sugar
1 cake yeast
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water, let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

### Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour), 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture—add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

### Quaker Oats Muffins

½ cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1¼ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder, mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.


Waved a black glove to the driver: "Home, please!"

III

THE taxi was late
To arrive at the gate
Of the noble McRoodle,
Where the widow got out, fairly laden with hoodle.
She stole like a mouse
Down the path, round the house,
Which strenuous haste, I am led to believe, meant
That duty belated outmatched her bereavement.
As she flamed up the steps like a tar-colored torch
A specter waylaid her upon the back porch.
Was it a haunt?
Straight-backed and gaunt
In an infantry hat and broad breeches of khaki,
Smoking a pipeful of army tobacky,
A sergeant's peaked chevrons adorning his sleeve,
Loomed the tall sight that she couldn't believe—
None other than Marmaduke Bolingbroke Pink,
Her still wedded husband! As quick as a wink
Zylophone, dropping her bundles pell-mell,
Whirtled "Diskuvvud!" and gracefully fell
Over his arm.
It did him no harm
For he let her down soft like a bowlful of jell.

"Now look ayere, honey," he said pretty soon,
When Zylophone Pink had completed her swoon,
"Ah hasn't got time fo' to galavant ver' long—
Ah's off jes' an hour on a sho't-order furlong;
Ah's come fo' the puppose o' beggin' yo' pahdon—
But Ah ain't hangin' round laik no ol' Enoch Arden."
Catching sight of her mourning he solemnly said,
"What's got in yo' haid?
Who's daid?"
"Th' ain't nobuddy yet"—this she managed to rattle—
"But sence mah two husbands done gone into battle——"
"Oh Gaby,
Mah baby!"
The hero restored
Stood back and roared:
"Zylophone Pink,
Does y' axyully think
That Ah'm goin' to France with a yell and a bounce,
Capturin' towns Ah don' try to pronounce,
Jes' to git mahself killed?
Uh-uh!
Not me!
Dat style ain't mah build!
No, suh!
Yo'll see
When Ah get mah Hun-sticker fixed into line
The death rate's goan be t'other side o' the Rhine.
Ah joined this man's Ahmy with that thing in view:
To knock the galoshes
Off all them fool boshes
An' hurry back home when the pahty is through."

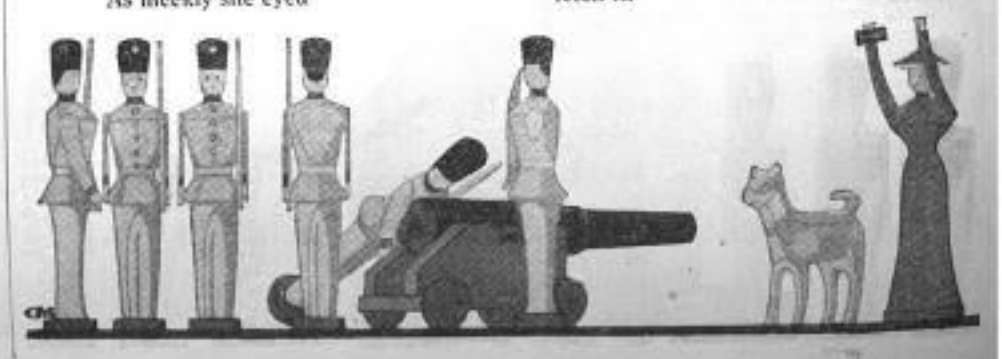
Bolingbroke Pink on the steps settled down—
"Twere useless to say he was sunburnt and brown;
But months of hard drilling inside a dry zone
Had made him a hero of bronzed flesh and bone—
And the feminine heart, as we know, is a glutton
For army insignia, tassel or button.
Zylophone sighed,
Swallowed her pride
As meekly she eyed
The warrior to whom she had once been a bride.
But Bolingbroke Pink was now fingering o'er
The boxes and packages strewn on the floor.
He looked at the bottle marked Fairyland Dream.
"Ain't dat a scream!"
At the pink letter paper, the gloves, ribbons, hose.
He murmured "Boy howdy!" It came through his nose.
"Yo' can butchah the Kaiser," he said after riflin'
The pile, "but yo' cain't stop a gal when she's triflin'."
"Aw Boly, mah Boly!" her accents were blue,
"Be kind to me, honey. I got these fo' you."
"Fo' me?" His reply, like her mourning, was black.
"Stockin's, perfum'ry an' veils in a stack?
Ef yo' got those fo' me yo' can take 'em all back."
However, he softened to tell her at last,
"Ah'm off fo' the camp so mah leave won't git past.
But ere Ah depaht
Ah'll speak f'om mah heart:
Ef yo' want to help me an' yo' old Uncle Sam,
Heah's somepn what am.
Go to yo' kitchen an' stick to yo' ham;
Mind Mistah Hoovah whatever he tell yo';
Don't th'ow away what the butchah man sell yo';
Save meat,
Wheat,
Fodder to eat."
"Oh glory!" cried Zylo, "that's jes' what Mis' Roodle
Always done tell me—the hull dahn kee-hoodle."
"She's tellin' yo' right." Here the hero sans fear
Jerked his sombrero athwart his left ear.
"Th' po'k yo' don't eat goes right into the line
An' carries the doughboys across that ole Rhine;
Bread scraps yo' save adds jes' one extra punch
To land on Bill Kaiser raight nex' to his lunch;
Frills an' fool ruffs,
Doodads an' puffs,
Millionaire stuffs
That yo' leave on the countah an' simply don' buy
Saves gold—my, oh my!
Fo' billiums an' squilliums o' Liberty Loans
To plant Mistah Hindenbug undah the stones."

The black Sergeant Pink gave a smiling salute
And added a kiss to the bargain to boot.
"Ef somepn should hit me,
Or Heinie should git me,
Cut out de black mou'nin' an' crape-hangin' damp—
Yo' can paste up mah name with a Wah Savin' Stamp."

Whereat her bronze Mars like the king's bodyguard
Made a right face and marched out of the yard.

IV

NEXT morning when Mrs. McRoodle went out
To the kitchen, equipped with her usual doubt,
She came upon Zylophone, working with dash,
Turning old mutton scraps into a hash.
Several bundles—she never did learn
What was inside—
Were properly tied
And labeled "N. G. Pleez Reetirn."
Over the sink, almost touching the edge,
Was pinned a large placard—the Hoover Food Pledge.
Cried Mrs. McRoodle, quite numb:
"Has the great Kingdom come?"
Smiled Zylophone Pink: "It's the truth—Ah won't stretch it—
It ain't done come yet. But Ah's helpin' to fetch it."



# KIDNAPING CUPID

(Continued from Page 19)

"O-o-o-oh!" exclaimed the girl, and welcomed him with both hands, strong little hands and yet tender, so that the very touch of them contributed at once to the further breaking down of the osseous structure of Ma's resolution.

"And we sort of heard out on the ship," began Ma, but was checked by Minnie, who, blushing prettily, placed a finger on her lips and shook her blond head at him in warning that he must not babble secrets where even the walls have ears.

"But tell me about Benny! Isn't Benny that wonderful?" she demanded, with features perfectly radiant.

"He shore is!" deposed Ma fervently, though his mind scattered wildly as he marveled how ever he could break to this confiding little creature ——

"Tell me about him! What kind of a man is he on shipboard?"

"He's jest about the nicest boy on that ship," affirmed Ma, cracking his finger joints in embarrassment while his eyes skirted the room and then ventured back to the face before him.

"And does the captain like him?" she asked anxiously.

"You can take it that he does, Miss Minnie. If the captain didn't like him Benny wouldn't be a yeoman at all; he'd be just a plain deckwasher or something."

"Oh, and do the boys like him?"

"They jest about say their prayers to 'im," declared Ma, gulping at the largest figure of speech his mind could muster. "There ain't a more pop'lar man on the ship, less'n it's Bilge, and Bilge is so ugly and unfavored by Nature that every human bein' that sees him just naturally his heart goes out to him in pure sympathy."

"Oh, I'm that glad!" gurgled Minnie, jumping up and down. "That's what they all say."

"You been asking 'em, I suppose," smiled Ma.

"'Deed and I do," admitted Minnie with that sunny smile which, together with the soft Irish burr of her voice, was melting the heart of Ma as if it were a thing of wax.

For a minute the needles played hide and seek with the stubby white fingers, while the sweater grew by a row of stitches and the sailor boy could find no word for his palsied tongue.

"We're not going to live with mother when we're married," confided the girl with a touch of sadness.

"No?" asked Ma, with intonations of concern.

"Mother isn't nice to Benny," explained Minnie.

"Not nice to him?" inquired Ma, pretending to be amazed. "Nobody can help bein' nice to Benny."

"Mother can that," declared Minnie with a sober nod and an emphasis that was very significant. "She can help being nice to anybody that she doesn't like."

"And ain't got no particular use for American sailors, huh?"

"Sure and she has," affirmed Minnie with a change of tone and a toss of her little head while her fingers played rapidly with the knitting needles. "Sure and she does; only she wants me to marry Farmer Cadogan's Patsy, that's got seventeen cows and a meadow. But I love Benny."

"Benny! Why, Benny's got a hundred thousand dollars!" exclaimed Ma, startled to recall the fact. "Do you know how much a hundred thousand dollars is? Why, for that you-all can buy a ranch and a whole herd of white-faces down where I come from."

Minnie did not start.

She knitted on in silence for as much as two stitches and a half, or maybe three, and then she turned blue perturbed eyes on Ma, with a sudden pallor coming to her cheeks.

"Benny never told me that," she admitted with a little gasp of fright.

"He told me oncet," affirmed Ma; "and what Benny tells me is the truth, by gum! But—— What you scared of?"

The knitting lay in a little heap in Minnie's lap and her breath was coming quickly.

"A man with twenty thousand pounds doesn't marry a girl with—with nothing—over here. His folks—his solicitors wouldn't allow him."

Minnie's paleness grew; for a moment it seemed as if her heart had almost stopped beating, and her hand was pressed sharply to her bosom.

"Do you think," she whispered haltingly, "that he didn't mean it?"

"Who? Benny?"

"When he said that he would marry me—to-to-night?"

"Mean it?" echoed Ma, his heart filling like a balloon in his breast. "He meant it with every bit of man that's in him!"

Now, as Bilge had put it once, "there is something about Ma that when he says a thing and wants you to believe it you just can't help doing it." Perhaps that is one reason why they call him Ma.

"Oh, I am that glad!" said the little woman with a relieved sigh. But she was still in a doubtful mood. "What for was it, do you think, that Benny didn't tell me that he was rich?" she asked after an interval.

"I reckon he just wanted to make sure you-all wasn't marryin' him for his money," suggested Ma.

"For his money?" echoed the modest little voice. "Benny knew I wouldn't do that. I just love Benny! Perhaps it was on account of his father and mother. I fancy he thought if I knew they were rich I'd make sure they wouldn't like me, and then I wouldn't marry him. Oh, I did hope—do you think, Mr.—Mr. Ford ——"

The little lady stood up suddenly and confronted Ma with her hands behind her back, the trim figure erect—trim but inclined to plumpness—and asked straightforwardly, with the blue eyes searching, with the wistful lips yearning: "Do you think that Benny's father and mother will like me?"

"Honey, they shore would love you!" affirmed Ma gallantly, with a wide two-armed gesture of the plains. "Nobody on earth could help likin' you at the first look. I'm plumb in love with you myself, and if Benny don't marry you—why, my flat hat and my old flat head is in the ring right now."

Minnie laughed heartily, entirely reassured.

"But look here," inquired the sailor, "how do you figure to pull off this stunt of gettin' married to-night, with your ma agin you like she is?"

"Why, we have the ——"

Minnie began to explain confidentially, and then checked herself, gazing at Ma inquisitively, as demanding why if he was such a warm friend of Benny's he did not know their plans. That took finished Ma.

"Miss Minnie," he blurted frankly, "I tell you the honest old Jerusalem gospel truth: Benny didn't take me into his confidence none at all about these here obsequies of his. He knew that Bilge and me was against 'em on principle. I just heard that he was a-goin' to commit matrimony to-night, and I come over here to persuade you not to do it. I've fell for you flatter'n ever Benny did, and I just want to tell you that they might be some scheme or other pulled off by a bunch of mush-brained gobs to keep Benny from keepin' his appointment with you to-night, and maybe it would be to yore advantage to sort of pass me out the details."

"Oh!" gasped Minnie. "They couldn't be so cruel, because ——" And her little chin got a pucker in it that was most distressing to behold.

"They could be just that big darned fools," insisted Ma. "Look at me!"

And by a gesture and an expression of self-scorn he indicated his presence ther. and the errand upon which he had come.

Minnie was a discerning person. She neither argued nor reproached, but at once began to explain.

"Benny has the second dog to-night. That lets him off at eight. He'll be here at nine. Mother comes up for tea at five, then goes back to the store and stays till about ten. Father Brown is going to marry us at nine-thirty."

"Where?"

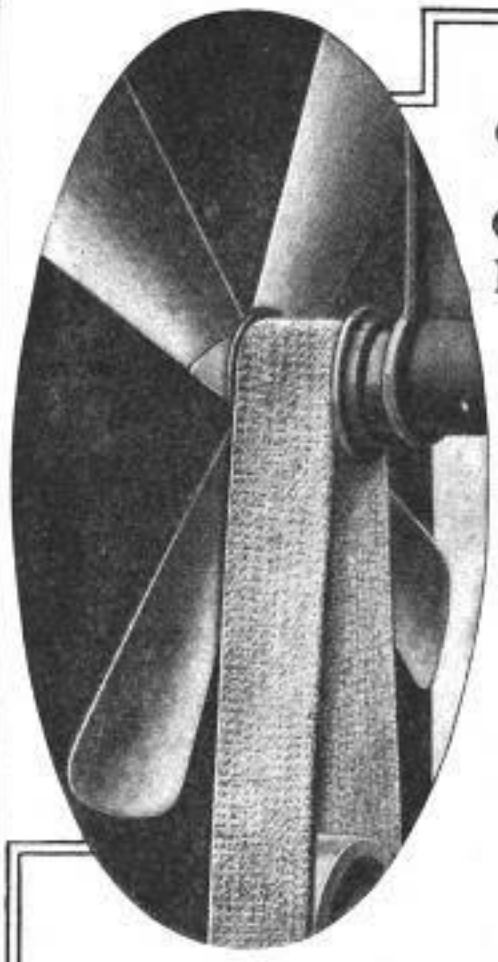
"At the cathedral; and then come home and break the news to mother."

"And how did you come it over Father Brown with your ma ——"

"Father Brown likes Benny. He'd do anything for him."

"Which shows that Father Brown ain't no bad judge of humanity," commented Ma; "but he must be a brave man, knowin' your mother like he prob'ly does."

"Mother?" Minnie laughed musically. "Mother will wilt when Father Brown tells her it's he that's done it, and all for the

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best. 'Tis not against the likes of him that she'd be holding out at all, at all."

Ma weighed this estimate of the probabilities gravely and seemed to be fairly well satisfied with its correctness.

"And so, Miss Minnie," he inquired, "all 'at you want done to insure yore perpetual happiness from this time on and forever is for one first-class yeoman, Little Benny Riley by name, to be delivered to these here premises right side up with care, on or before nine o'clock to-night?"

Minnie blushed and nodded.

"Traitor that I am, I will see that he is yere or my name ain't Ford and Texas ain't the greatest state in the whole plumb world," declared Ma.

Minnie crooked a playful finger at Ford and wrinkled up her nose amiably.

"You can be the first to kiss the bride," she smiled.

"I'd a heap sight ruther kiss her now," he plucked up courage to say.

"It can't be did," laughed Minnie, proudly displaying her acquisition of a fleeting and unlovely American idiom.

"I reckon not," sighed Ma ruefully.

Minnie glanced at the clock, and guided as by a premonition stepped to the door and looked down the street.

"Mother is coming!" she exclaimed quickly. "You must go."

Ma paled at the news and hastily gathered his flat hat unto him. The prospect of meeting Mrs. O'Mahony face to face when he had just agreed openly to compound treason against his own intents of half an hour ago, as well as to conspire against Bilge and the will of this irascible Irish matron, was by no means inviting.

"No! Not that way!" commanded Minnie as Ma started for the door. "Mother might suspect something. Here!" The girl caught hold of the sailor's arm and spun him round with a surprising display of youthful strength. "Go up the stairs there. Take the door you see at the turn. Go through it to a passage that leads out, take two turns to the right and one to the left, and you come out on the alley."

There it was, the typical Irish direction, "two turns to the right and one to the left," and so on, perfectly simple in sound and perfectly bewildering in fact. Yet Ma, though suspecting that he was about to plunge into labyrinthine entanglements of attics strange and passages tortuous and mystifying, that would lead him anywhere but where he wished to go, plunged upward recklessly, for there was an urgency in Minnie's tones which he had not the strength to deny. The young man found himself almost immediately in a room that evidently constituted the sleeping apartment of a female. At any rate there was a bed in it; and an array of feminine garments hanging along the wall, with a sort of dressing table at one side surmounted by a mirror. His very presence in such an apartment tended to excitement and confusion, so that Ma hurried to a door that he discerned, half concealed beneath the garments on the walls, a door with the knob unconnected with the lock and planted midway of the central panel, as Irish knobs are wont to be planted.

Through this door Ma undertook to make a hasty and noiseless exit as he heard heavy steps on the flagged floor below and the vibrant voice of Mrs. O'Mahony greeting her daughter, at first with undoubted affection in its tones and then complaining querulously that the teakettle was not yet put to boil.

The door opened very stiffly. It took all of Ma's strength to budge it, in fact, and when it yielded a scraping sound issued from behind as if something heavy within were stowed against it.

"Faith and did ye hear anything upstairs?" inquired the mother's penetrating voice.

"No, mother," Minnie answered blandly after an interval of silence.

"'Tis myself has the better ears then," alleged a self-satisfied tone; "or McCarthy's ghost is walkin' in broad daylight and not on a Chuesday."

Succeeding this a heavy foot was planted on the stair.

Ma thrusting in a hasty hand through the crack in the door identified a chest of some sort as blocking his advance, and hesitated, darting an anxious glance back round the wall of the room behind him, to discern if perhaps there was another door that he had overlooked. Yes, there it was, on the opposite side of the room, plainly visible now, though from where he had stood before shadows had concealed it.

"Wait a minute, mother; I want to show you this," called the voice of Minnie, with a note of trepidation in it that escaped the mother or was misinterpreted by her; but the sailor understood it very well. It was a device to delay Mrs. O'Mahony and enable him to get clear and away.

But Mrs. O'Mahony would not thus be detained. Her feet pounded upward. There was no time therefore for Ma to venture crossing the room to see if the other door opened easier—no time to pause and count on his fingers or toes whether this was the right turn or not he had taken. There was time only to lift the heavy chest noiselessly a little aside from the door, to slip quickly through the narrow opening thus permitted and stand breathless and thanking his lucky star that Mrs. O'Mahony, toiling upward, would find nothing in sight to confirm her well-grounded suspicions.

Ma remained motionless till the stairs assured him that a heavy body had creaked downward again, meanwhile taking stock of the room in which he found himself. It appeared to be a sort of limbo of discarded souls of things no longer useful. The window had not been washed in generations, and the dim light that struggled through the dust-enameled panes was barely sufficient to reveal the shapes of old chests, cupboards and stacks of broken or dismantled furniture. Through this after a time Ma began to pick his way, slowly and noiselessly, for fear still of rousing that alert and acrid personality behind and below him.

And as he moved he speculated, at first in mere curiosity, at the strange shapes with which the room was filled, and then with something like method and intent as he discerned opposite him a door leading outward. Eventually he reached this door, stealing forward in ghostly fashion, but did not at once lay violent hands upon it from consideration of what might lie behind. Convinced now that he had taken the wrong way out of Mrs. O'Mahony's bedroom, Ma realized that he was scouting in foreign territory and applied a cautious eye where a time-eroded notch in the door afforded a comprehensive view of what lay immediately beyond. This at first appeared as no more than another bedroom, scantily yet peculiarly furnished, since amid a few dilapidated bits that looked as if they might have been recovered from the room in which he stood to make his survey, there were some things of a decidedly twentieth-century appearance.

Among these was a boxed affair that to Ma resembled nothing so much as the dictaphone he had seen on the stage in one scene of The Argyle Case. There was also a pair of exceedingly modern binoculars on a table, which, itself ancient enough, held an array of new-looking bottles of inks and a rack of test tubes containing chemicals in fluid form.

"What the tarnation kind of a layout is this?" inquired Ma beneath his breath. When no answer vouchsafed itself to this query his eye addressed its keen inquiring glance to the door that stood beyond the table. Through that, Ma judged, guessing recklessly at the architecture of the house, was the passageway that he required to make his exit to the street in safety.

But again there rose a question: Did this passageway, if passageway there were, conduct to a stair that led downward into the middle of somebody's living room, or did it lead outside to a street? If the latter, well; but if it led down inside, ill; for what was a man in a sailor's uniform going to have to offer by way of explanation in case he descended suddenly into the midst of some family at their tea? Ma reddened at the prospect of such embarrassment. He was deciding, however, that he would at least go across and try this door, when abruptly a key grated in the lock.

Locked! That was strange. This was somebody's outside door, then; and how did anybody get to that door so quietly? Ma should have heard the advancing footsteps booming in the passage. Since he did not he was scarcely surprised that the door was now opened very stealthily by a tall, roughly bewhiskered creature with weasel eyes and furtive manner, wearing the dress of a laborer and the superficial appearance of a shepherd or drover. His shoes and clothing were dust-covered, as if from tramping in the streets or upon country roads.

The newcomer's first act was suspicious. It was to survey swiftly every detail of the room, as making sure that nothing in it had been disturbed; and his second was to remove with care, as if to avoid disturbing any of the dust that adhered, his hat, his coat, his shoes and his trousers; after which he washed his hands and face, redressed himself in gentler garb, and appeared to proceed very directly to business by taking up the binoculars from the desk and beginning to sweep the harbor.

It seemed to Ma that he was studying particularly the anchorages of the destroyers. Occasionally he lowered the glasses and made notes with a pencil. Ma suspected that he was noting down the identification numbers of the ships, which his glasses of course would plainly make out, and the blood began to surge hot in the young sailor's veins. Next the man took up the earpiece of the dictaphone and listened interminably. Sometimes as he listened he smiled. At others his unappealing features assumed a bored expression. Eventually he put down the dictaphone and began to write, laboriously, painstakingly.

"If that feller's writin' to his girl he's shore tellin' it to her right," Ma remarked to himself impatiently.

Just then the writer leaned back with a sigh of satisfaction as at the conclusion of a task and lifted the page before him, when to Ma's surprise he saw that the writing upon it was slowly fading out. The top of the page was already blank; the characters were vanishing line by line, and only the last few remained freshly purple, and those were paling before the sailor's astonished eye.

"This yere whole thing is phony," decided Ma gravely when his watch upon the entire series of operations had consumed nearly an hour. "I'm a-goin' to jiujitsu this feller and sort of look him over."

Silently he untied and removed his shoes and then peered out again. The man was sweeping his letter through the air and fanning it till it should be dry, and presently he held it still again, a page of pristine whiteness. Succeeding this he began immediately to write upon it once more; but this time with ordinary-looking black ink instead of the brilliant purple he had employed before.

"That's the fake letter the censor reads," decided Ma, and communed with himself silently as follows: "And now for them little lessons in jiujitsu that Professor Smith give us all at B. N. Y. last winter"—B. N. Y. being sailorese for Brooklyn Navy Yard. "Lemme see; you stiffen the right hand, thus, and you chop the edge of it in sharp in the general vicinity of the Adam's apple, thus; and if you have done it right the victim immediately becomes unconscious without uttering a single sound. Yeh—that's the dope. Just like the prof. give it to us."

Ma pulled the door to him softly and swiftly, and with two long catlike strides was behind the man at the table with his right hand upraised, sharp, stiff and bladelike.

"Excuse me, stranger," began Ma, and the tall man turned in startled surprise, lowering his shoulder as if to open the way for the impending blow at his throat by the very act of reaching swiftly toward his hip. The hard hand of the boson's mate described its sharp and merciless arc, and the tall figure gasped and sank listless in the chair.

"Durned if it didn't work!" exclaimed Ma pleasantly. "Smith, you are all right. I always said you was all right too. I knowed if ever I got the chance —— There now! That'll do you fur a spell."

This last was addressed to the silent figure now upon the floor, for Ma had swiftly undone his black sailor neckerchief, made a huge knot in the center of it, and wadding the victim's own handkerchief into his mouth had gagged him securely with two passes about his neck and through the open jaws.

"Now for a piece of rope!"

No rope was handy, however, but a coil of the flexible dictaphone wire lay upon the table, and with loops from this Ma bound the tall man's feet and hands, kicked him rather carelessly out of the way and began a close examination of the table. At first it appeared to contain no drawers, but Ma's investigation was thorough, and presently he had brought to light a flat receptacle in the very top board of the table itself, containing letters written in that peculiar purple, which some treatment or application had now rendered fixed and stable. These purple characters were in German, and they were written over with black ink in English sentences that dealt with commonplaces, obviously designed to pass a censor.

"I got yuh, stranger," said Ma, looking downward and kicking at the hulk beneath him vigorously but not very effectively, because Ma was still in his stocking feet. "I got yuh. Yo're a spy all right, damn yuh!"

Ma next decided that it would be as well to don his shoes.

"Now we'll see what this thing has got to say," he remarked, enjoying the situation extravagantly as he picked up the dictaphone and began to listen. At first no sound came through at all, and then what did come was so astonishing that Ma nearly fell off the chair.

"Well, whaddaya know about that?" he gasped, and took the receiver from his ear to gaze at it for an incredulous moment, after which he listened again.

"We just naturally got to save Benny from himself," the voice was saying.

"Still chewin' over that idea!" muttered Ma, a twinkle coming into his eye.

"It seems like a low-down trick to do," argued another voice on the wire, a voice that Ma instantly recognized as belonging to Dyckman.

"It's the only way to save him," said Bilge solemnly. "Old Ma was a-goin' to help me, but—but I think he's gone over to the enemy."

Ma reddened slightly.

"He was seen going into Mrs. O'Mahony's house more'n an hour ago, and I went there to ask for him—and Gee! the old woman chased me out. Flung a kettle of boilin' tea at me, to be exact. Now here, Dyckman, is the dope: It's all set for the wedding to come off about nine to-night, and we got to kidnap Benny."

"Say you, Bilge! Say!"

Ma tried frantically to break in on the conversation, but presently it was borne in upon him that this was only a one-way wire.

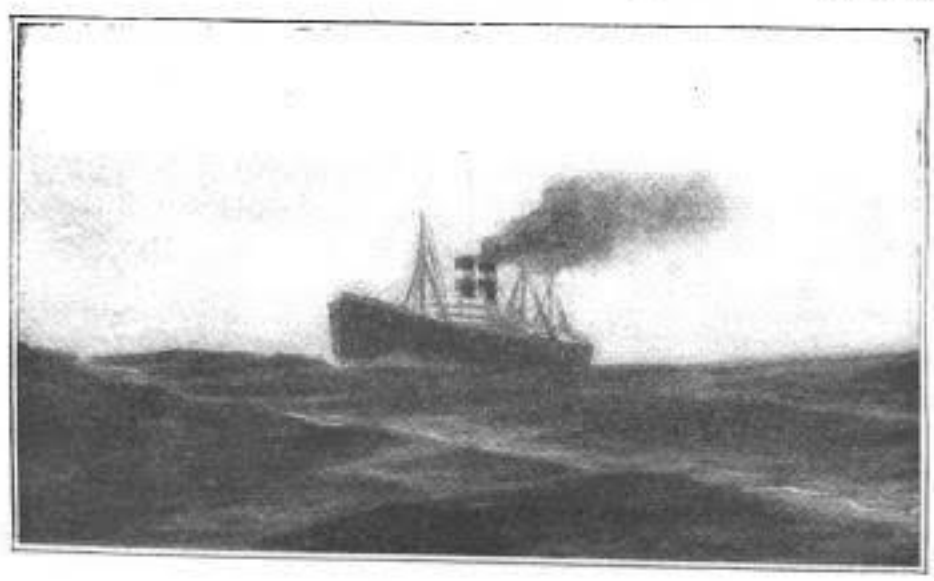
"Gosh!" he exclaimed futilely, and went on listening.

"But what's to hinder him marryin' the next time we're in?" argued Dyckman.

"Because there won't be no next time for Benny. He's on the list that's goin' home with this nucleus crew for a new destroyer to-morrow. That's why they're hurryin' up with this marryin' business. It's the night or never for that schemin' little minx that's got Benny snared."

"Well then, I'll help you," said Dyckman reluctantly. "But I ain't very strong for the job. Benny! Why, darn it, Benny

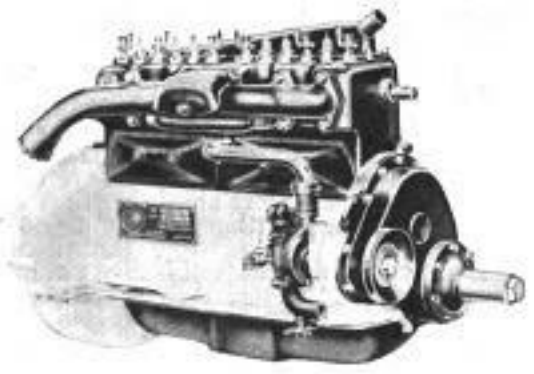
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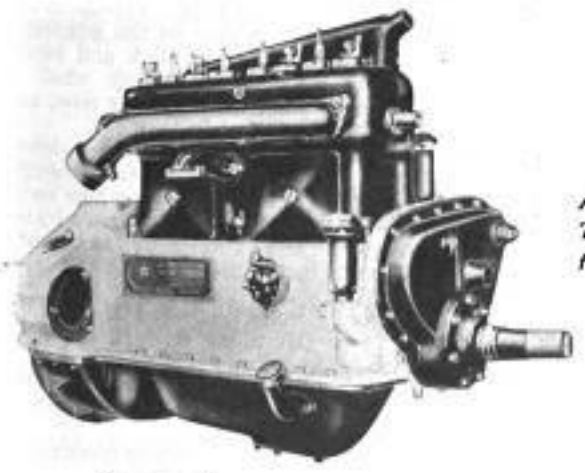
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(Continued from Page 70)

about the best friend I got on the ship. Benny lends me money."

"Same here!" affirmed Bilge conscientiously. "That's why we're doing it for him. This is just a friendly act of self-sacrifice on our part."

"Not that Benny's a-going to look at it that way at all, is my opinion," vouchsafed Dyckman. "However, what's the scheme?"

"Simple enough. Benny's got the second dog. He's cleaning up some of the captain's papers for him and he's got to stay till he gets through. He might get off a little before eight, and he might not get off till a little after; but we lay for him when he comes to the dock, meet him casual-like, start up the hill with him, and there at the turn beyond Mrs. O'Callaghan's store is one of these Irish blind alleys. At the end of the alley is a donkey stable, and over the stable is a loft full of straw."

"And I suppose I might be excused for wondering how you know that?" said Dyckman. "S'pose you laid up there some night when you got seasick from watching so many schooners crossing the bar, hey?"

The listening Ma smiled at this, though he knew its intimation was base and improbable. Bilge, however, chose to overlook it as a bit of harmless persiflage, and went forward with:

"We can toll him into the donkey shed most likely with some excuse or other; we might even toll him up into the hay if we're any good on imagination—some yarn about Ma bein' sick up there or something. Anyhow, the minute he stops tollin' we grab him, tie him up and take him up there and keep him nice and quiet till just time to make the seven-thirty boat in the morning. Benny's reasonable. He won't make much fuss when he finds we simply ain't a-goin' to let him commit matrimonial suicide. He'll even take it philosophic."

"All right," said Dyckman, evidently won to the idea. "Meet you here at seven bells."

"Seven bells is right," responded the satisfied tones of Bilge; and the conversation ended.

"Why," remarked Ma within himself, "I know that donkey house. It ain't so far from here. It's in the middle of this block somewhere, and this house rams back into the middle of the block. Blast me if I don't allow 'at that's just about the donkey house right out the window there. Seems to me I can smell it. Ain't that a-goin' to be tough, though? Benny tied up right through the wall from where he's supposed to be married. Ain't it?" And Ma smiled ironically. "S'posin' now there was a way through to the donkey house from here, and there was a trapdoor in the roof or something, which o' course there ain't; but supposin' there was!"

And then as if halted by the futility of such speculation Ma's mind turned to a more pressing question.

"But say! Where's the other end of this wire?" he demanded aloud, and taking off the earpiece stared at it inquisitively. "In the back room of O'Connor's pub, huh? That's the only place where Bilge and Dyckman would both meet up at this time of day. Good place for a dictaphone too; for there's more enlisted men's private chitchat in that back room than any place else on the beach."

Looking down Ma noticed that his captive had regained consciousness, as revealed by the beady twinkle of the eyes.

"In O'Connor's, huh?" he demanded, holding the earpiece to the sight of the man on the floor and kicking his long flanks inquiringly.

The man was stubborn at first and would not answer. Ma in consequence stirred him up more earnestly, whereat he grunted painfully and appeared to nod assent.

"'Lowed it," said Ma. "'Lowed it when my apple cyart first driv up!"

And he settled himself comfortably for another prolonged spell of listening, during which he gained an astounding conception of the amount of information that may be gathered if an alien ear were only cocked to hear the chance remarks of twenty men in the course of an hour as they sat for a few minutes in changing groups in the somewhat private alcove at the rear of Jerry O'Connor's bar and contributed each his choice bits of latest news to the sum of general knowledge.

Ma learned, for instance, by piecing these bits of news together, that the U. S. S. Gallagher had that day been in contact with an enemy submarine, that she had dropped depth charges on him and crippled him so that he was able to make way only on the surface, but that there in open battle the German had planted a chance shell in the engine room of the Gallagher, crippling her speed to fourteen knots, after which the Hun mechanic worked frantically upon his damaged valves so that ultimately and before the assistance the Gallagher's radio had summoned could arrive the enemy was able to submerge successfully.

"That shore is tough luck!" growled Ma, and then paused to reflect and marvel.

Nobody ashore knew this story; no sailor not upon the Gallagher herself, which was still at sea, knew it in its entirety; yet the gossip of enlisted men, each with his little piece of news that had somehow come leaking from the radio rooms of different ships, helped to piece out the narrative, which, however it might err in details and slop over in exaggerations, doubtless approximated the general truth; and though the facts could be of no definite aid to the enemy, who of course had his own source of information, it nevertheless pointed the way to danger.

"Why, why," reflected Ma, "what this guy, a-settin' here all day long, piecin' together the talk in Jerry O'Connor's barroom—what he don't know about what the old flotilla's doin' there don't nobody need to tell him at all. All he requires is a scheme for gettin' the old dope out; and I reckon he's got that." Ma turned again to a contemplation of the array of bottles of ink and chemicals. "A window that looks out on the harbor, a glass that picks out the number of every ship that goes out, and a dictaphone that hears all the gossip of the flotilla—say, purty slick, what! And I got the bird right under my feet! But here, you yellow dog!"—and Ma was addressing the man on the floor—"you-all couldn't do this by yo'se'f. You must 'a' had a partner to set here listenin' when ——"

The sailor did not finish the sentence; the receiver of the dictaphone dropped with a clatter and Ma's head fell forward under the impact of a crushing blow from behind, while crimson drops sprayed the sheet of blotting paper on the old table. The third figure in the room stooped at once and began cutting the gag from the mouth of the prostrate spy and unbinding his hands and feet. The prostrate one rose with ugly wrath in his small wicked eye and kicked vengefully in his turn at the limp figure in the chair. When it collapsed and sank like a sack of sand to the floor the kicking was continued maliciously. It was this kicking that Ma felt first. He knew that his ribs were being dented and splintered by something, but he knew no more, for unconsciousness came again, and he did not hear the debate that went on over his senseless body.

"Let go! He's gone!" growled the second spy, who as to appearance was as roughly got up as the other, and who, sneaking soft-footed to the door according to his habit, had discerned the situation and dealt the too venturesome Ma a killing blow with the butt of his revolver. "You only make him bleed, and that's difficult to get rid of. He's dead," he announced, after feeling hastily for his pulse.

"What'll we do with him? Damn Yankee snoop!" inquired the first spy.

"At midnight, or before even, it will be easy enough to slip him out and drop him in the bay."

The tall man looked at the limp thing on the floor and shuddered. "God!" he said. "I don't want it round here till midnight. I have work to do."

"Then we'll pitch it outside till it's safe to move it the rest of the way," proposed the other cheerfully. Together they took "it" up.

But old Ma Ford, old only to the extent of his twenty-seven vigorous years, toughened by a long youth in the great outdoors of Texas, hardened by two years as brakeman on a railroad, seasoned by one whole enlistment on that rummy old prune barge, the cruiser San Diego, and now hardened again, case-hardened, perhaps, by a long winter on a United States destroyer, where in these combing British seas a man fought each day for the mere privilege of keeping on board and doing his daily duty—Ma was in no danger of becoming an "it" from a mere smash on the back of his head and sundry mulelike tramplings of his ribs. Ma, as they picked him up, was faintly conscious.

"Didn't bleed much," said the tall man.

"Lucky! That's because I killed him so dead," explained the other blithely.

"Serves him right; damned Yankee pig!"

But these voices registered as no more than confused and distant murmurings on Ma's disturbed mental apparatus. Nor had he any definite idea how far they bore his sagging body, though it seemed that they carried him far and through tortuous winding channels, since every sway and twist was an exquisite bit of agony to his pommeled ribs and bashed and aching head. At length, after some eternities, they dropped him on a pile of rocks, and he lay wondering for ages and ages, with a thing like a chariot race going on in the back of his mind.

His mental state was dreamlike and unsatisfactory. His mind was full of a great regret—regret that he had let the spy get away from him, two spies in fact, for there must have been two, since two men were surely carrying him, and it must have been that the second of them had struck him down from behind. But bigger far was the regret about Benny and his wedding. The blue eyes of Minnie, and the too large but wistful and wonderfully appealing mouth, came up before him like a dream, pleadingly.

"It shore is a shame, honey! It shore is a shame!" he found himself trying to say over and over to her. "That there Bilge Kennedy ain't got no more heart than a concrete pup, he ain't."

But saying this did not in his dream keep the two tears out of the eyes of the distressed woman-child, Minnie O'Mahony, and it did not take the terrible regret out of the mind of Ma. "Jest naturally made a plain fool of myself; jest naturally did—did—did," he kept saying to himself over and over again. "Busted me on the bean, that's what they did, huh? . . . What's this yere I'm a-layin' on?"

He thrust out an inquiring hand.

"'Tain't rocks; it's straw!" he soliloquized. "Gosh, it felt like rocks at first. Easier now, what, Old Girl! Come near bashin' your bally brains out, them spies, didn't they? Thought they had, I reckon, or they wouldn't 'a' quit. That's what you can figure about the Germans allus—allus make some miscalculation. First off it's this drive, and then it's that drive, and then it's the U-boats, and then it's the East Front, and then it's the West Front, and then it's them Eye-talians; but there's allus some figure lackin' in their addin' machines. Hell! It's up to us to lick them Germans, and here I am a-layin' here."

Ma tried experimentally to raise his head. A pungent ammonialike smell was in his nostrils. Ma sniffed it inquiringly, reminiscently.

"Smells like the donkey house," he commented. "I knowed that donkey house was somewhere round."

Wearied by this much mental effort the man dropped off to sleep and dozed painfully but restfully till wakened by an argument below, carried on in tones that sounded exceedingly familiar.

"Can it, Bilge!" said a stout voice. "You can't string me any further than right here."

"I'm not stringing you, Benny," was asseverated in hurt tones. "He's right up there over our heads now."

"If he was sick how in time would he get up there?" demanded the voice of Benny, suspicious and impatient. "I've got to hurry along."

"Ma's your best friend, except me," reproached Bilge; "and you won't climb four steps into a hayloft to answer his dying request."

"I don't hear him breathe or moan or anything," said Benny after a silence in which he had evidently been listening intently.

"He's probably too weak to move," argued Bilge mendaciously. "Maybe he's dead by now."

Ma contrived a long, blithering sigh.

"There!" exclaimed Bilge. "Hear that?"

But there was a tremble in Bilge's voice as if he had seen a ghost, and his knees joggled each other uncertainly.

"That was a donkey," theorized Benny.

"It shore was," Ma confided to himself, never too overcome by any situation to miss the humor of it, especially when the shaft pointed at himself.

"Here!" proposed Benny, exasperated. "It's getting near to nine o'clock. Give me the flash, and in four seconds I'll prove that you're a bigger liar than old Kaiser Bill."

Ma saw the tiny circle of light flickering on the rafters above him and heard quick light feet on the ladder. A moment later Benny stood in the loft with an incoherent ejaculation on his lips.

"Ma! For the love of Mike!" he exclaimed, suddenly bending over the prostrate man. "Are you dying?"

"Thank you, Benny, for comin'," said Ma faintly. "You shore have done me a good turn."

Bilge, who had rushed hurriedly up after Benny with intent to grapple with him there, barely escaped tumbling down the ladder in his surprise and amazement at this uncanny confirmation of his supposed falsehood, but recovered himself in time.

"Ma!" he whispered hoarsely, hypocritically. "Ma! Are you there?"

"You didn't 'low I could git away from here, did you?" reproached the prostrate and dissimulating sailor.

The quick inference that Ma, by some lucky chance asleep in the old donkey house, had overheard the colloquy with Benny, swiftly discerned the part he was to play and was doing his part like the loyal soul he was, stimulated Bilge to a rapid recovery of his own self-possession.

"Are you able to talk now, Ma? Able to tell me anything?" he inquired in tones that were cunningly freighted with the accents of anxious sympathy.

"Spies!" gasped Ma faintly. "They hit me and slung me down here. Look for a door somewheres round."

For a moment Bilge was overcome with fresh astonishment, as well as genuinely alarmed at the obvious condition of Ma; and then this surprising word about spies inflamed his mind with an instant desire for action and revenge for this assault upon his friend and upon the uniform of the United States. Snatching the flashlight from Benny's hand the rufous-headed machinist's mate swung it round him swiftly, then halted and steadied the tiny spot of light straight before him on a short door of rough planks, thick and old, but newly joined to form a door set in an opening which itself appeared to have been recently chipped in the wall about it.

"That's it," decided Ma, lifting a dizzy head for a moment. "I never seen it before, but that's it, I reckon, all right. They're somewhere to hell and gone behind that door; a room that looks out on the harbor, all fixed up with telescopes, dictaphones and this yere invisible ink. I tied one of 'em up, but the other one clouted me and they thought I was dead."

Bilge glanced at the door and then at Ma breathing painfully after the effort of so much speech; then he swore, a low fervent oath that was almost like a prayer, and began to examine the door critically, even to thrusting his finger into the keyhole, which was so huge that it could have been fitted only by one of those giant keys that unlock garden or lodge gates in Ireland.

There was no knob or latch on the outside of the door. It offered nothing that afforded a hold. Bilge applied pressure to the door, gently, then firmly, and at last violently. It sprang slightly but did not yield.

"I better go tell the constabulary," he decided.

"The constabulary nothin'!" panted Ma. "Run quick and round up a bunch of the beach patrol. Pick the first three of 'em you see, and that's enough. Le's take these fellows in ourself and lead 'em up on the hill and hand 'em over to the admiral—dictaphones and invisible ink and letters and everything—just to show what us Americans is like. He likes us now, and he'll like us all the better then."

"But Benny ——" began Bilge, involuntarily giving his paramount thought away, though the young man whose name had been blurted out was too excited by the spy news and too humbled by the memory of his recent incredulity to notice it.

"Sure! Benny'll stay here with me; won't you, Benny?" covered Ma cannily. "I can't be left alone, with these fellows liable to come out any minute."

"Sure," said Benny. "I've got an important engagement, but I'll stick here with you till Bilge gets back."

"Quick!" urged Ma. "The birds might get suspicious and hop the coop."

Bilge in great excitement clambered down and made a hasty exit.

"Are you much hurt, Ma?" inquired Benny, bending down anxiously.

"Hurt? I'm fakin'," snickered Ma in a contemptuous whisper. "I got a confession to make to you, Benny: I and Bilge has been buttin' in on your matrimonial intentions. We didn't want you to marry this yere girl to-night, and we framed up to get you here and kidnap you."

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"You darn hounds!" exclaimed Benny, bristling like a terrier at sight of a bear.

"Wait a minute," pleaded Ma. "Don't you call no names yet. I come over to talk to your little girl this afternoon and try and reason with her; but, say, Benny, she's just the sweetest thing I ever laid eyes on, and if you don't git down out of this haymow and run —— What time is it?"

"Five minutes to nine," said Benny, consulting his wrist.

"If you don't git down out of this donkey house and strike round the corner for the lovin', waitin' arms of Minnie O'Mahony I'll just about get up and knock your brains plumb out."

"Fell for her, hey? Some girl, what!" Benny chuckled exuberantly; and then inquired anxiously: "And it's all a stall about you being hurt, and the spies?"

"Keep that there light away. It hurts my eye," warned Ma in sudden fear that Benny might discern a trace of blood upon the straw at his back. "Strategy!" he continued with a grin. "When this yere Bilge Kennedy gets so bull-headed you cain't reason with him you got to resort to strategy. Hop along now, Benny, and marry that girl, and look out that you don't run into Bilge comin' back, for he'll nab you shore."

"Nab me?" said Little Benny Riley indignantly. "Lucky for him he didn't nab me! Ma, I like you, and I used to like that crazy Bilge, but if you two or either of you had interfered with me keeping faith with Minnie to-night I'd have assassinated you; that's what I'd have done—assassinated you! Get me?"

"I get you, and we'd 'a' deserved to be assassinated. I would, anyhow, because I've seen the girl. Bilge wouldn't, for he didn't have the ground to know no better. Skin out now. Leave me that light!"

"What are you going to say to Bilge when he comes back?"

Benny had paused a moment to rejoice in the discomfiture of the man who had plotted so recklessly against the happiness of his heart.

"I reckon somep'n'll occur to me to say to him," drawled Ma. "Run along, I tell you!"

"But say!" proposed Benny forgivingly, "bring him round to supper. There'll be wedding eats about ten o'clock. That'll be a good way to rub it in on him."

"Eats? Where?"

"At the house!"

"But her mother's due to be raisin' the roof about that time."

"Not after Father Brown talks to her," smiled Benny confidently. "Ma, I'm sure much obliged for the good turn you've done me to-night." And the eager bridegroom wrung his shipmate's hand in brief farewell. "Eats about ten," he whispered up from the direction of the ladder, and the boson's mate heard him groping his way outward.

"So far, durned good!" Ma reflected when the prolonged silence indicated that Benny had safely departed to those loving waiting arms; and then the prostrate one began slowly to test his capabilities for action.

He flexed first one leg and then the other, and slowly rolled over. As he lifted himself on all fours the soreness in his sides made the beads of sweat stand out on his brow, but he persisted, nevertheless, and crawling painfully to the door examined it carefully for himself.

"Looks to me like this would be their main entrance," he soliloquized. "How would donkey drivin' do for a profession for a couple of spies anyhow? 'Bout the safest thing anybody could imagine, what! The inspectors watch the trains and the ships, but do they watch these country-lookin' guys that comes walkin' into town with their carts full of cabbages or spuds or whatever it is that you see 'em all the time haulin' in and out? That fellow I saw was sure a good imitation of a farmer, all right."

Ma sat back on his knees, contemplated the keyhole and calculated the size of the key that would fit it.

"The crowbar that unlocks that door must be too big to carry round with 'em," he reasoned. "They must keep it hid about the door here somewhere. If they're both inside it's inside, and if one of 'em is out it's outside. My ma used to leave the key under the doormat," his thought rambled on as he felt carefully in the straw and about the sill at the front of the door. "Or over on the top of the window frame." His fingers skirted the top of the door and the sill beneath the rafters of the donkey house. "Or"—and he shot the tiny circle of light aimlessly about the old loft—"or somewheres handy but out of sight."

Handy would be anywhere within reach in a progress from the door to the ladder. Crawling along this line across the straw Ma felt about until his hand encountered one of the supporting posts of the roof. Pulling away the straw from the base of the post his light revealed a sort of shrinkage crack between post and flooring. In the slot thus formed was the key.

"'Pears like I ain't such a gosh-danged fool after all," he murmured contentedly. "'Bout the size of the Judson's anchor," he commented, and sat up balancing the key.

There came a rattling of the hasp on the door below—a very slight rattling, but one that Ma's ear caught quickly, and with instant presence of mind he slipped the key back into its slot, pushed the straw over it, and rolled softly into the position in which Bilge and Benny had found him. If this was Bilge returning with reënforcements, well and good; but if it was one of the spies, all might be over with Ma. Hence these precautions. And they were necessary, for he had hardly composed himself with the searchlight beneath him, yet ready to his hand, when there were light footsteps on the ladder. In another moment a hand was groping in the straw at the base of the post, and thereafter a light was flashed carelessly in Ma's direction.

"Dead enough, damn him!" said a voice, and then the sailorman heard the key softly inserted in the lock.

Every movement had been furtive, as if the spy were used by habit and considerable practice to make his way thus cautiously and swiftly in and out. Even the door turned noiselessly upon its hinges, and closed with a soft pish like the slow cut of a whip through the air. For a few seconds, perhaps a full minute, Ma lay perfectly still, and then without moving anything but an arm he flashed on his light and inspected the door. It was closed tight enough, but as his ears had assured him it had not been relocked. The key still stood in the outside.

"That means he's comin' back soon," argued Ma. "Where the devil is this yere Bilge? I ain't never been in a hurry to see that strawberry-headed machinist's mate but oncet or twicet in my life, but I begin to be in a hurry now."

As if to punish Ma for his impatience a donkey lifted up his voice and brayed, a whole-hearted confession of stable ennui and asinine boredom, an enormous, strident, echo-wakening heehaw that made more noise than a siren on one of the "P" boats, and startled the sailor so that cold chills chased themselves up and down his spine.

"Don't do that agin, will you, pardner?" he murmured earnestly. "My nerves won't stand it."

But now came the welcome sound of groping feet on the cobbles without, followed presently by low voices inside. When one of these became recognizable as belonging to Bilge, Ma reached over with his flashlight and sent its rays down the ladder.

"That you, Benny?" inquired Bilge.

"Git up here quick!" ordered Ma sharply. "You might 'a' tuck all night."

"I wanted to get my particular three patrols," apologized Bilge. "Think I'd let anybody else but Judson men cop off the D. C. M.'s on this raid?" And there climbed into the light Wart Kessler, Elbert Owens and Kid Maguire, each uniformed as the flotilla beach patrol is uniformed, in blues plus khaki belts and leggings, each with his short policeman's club gripped tightly, and all very excited and determined.

Bilge's return was also reënforced by the person of Dyckman, looking rather sheepish through having missed connections at first and leaving Bilge alone as the executive of their doubtful purpose upon the person of Little Benny Riley.

"Hur-r-r-s-s-sh!" whispered Ma as Bilge's tones grew too loud. "One feller's come back. He's left the key in the door, so they must figure on comin' out in a minute, prob'ly to carry my remains to the reduction works."

"What do we do then?" inquired Wart, who assumed leadership of the trio. "What's the idea?"

"Why, we just stick round," explained Ma, his voice rambling as indicating the development of no clear campaign of action; "and when he comes back we bust him on the beezer. Don't hesitate none, you-all fellers, but bust him! He put a lump as big as an ash can on my after dome and I bled round like a stuck pig; besides which the

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other guy kicked in my slats so's my insides is all disarranged and I cain't set up hardly. Stand not upon the order of your bustin' either, but bust at once, the minute he opens the door."

"Isn't there some other way out of this hole of theirs?" inquired Bilge.

"There is," recalled Ma. "There is at least one other way; and here, I reckon, is a better idea than just waitin' for this guy to come back: You patrols go round to Mrs. O'Mahony's. The house is empty; most likely it's not locked. Go in and go upstairs, turn to the left—left, remember—and you'll find a door there. Go into a kind of storeroom like, full of the ghosts of cast-off furniture, and take off your shoes and keep still. Don't go gropin' round, but wait, or you'll fall over something and give the snap away. When you hear the devil of a row in front of you, why, crash, and crash quick, for that means that Bilge and Dyckman is in there givin' 'em both the Kaiser's saloot. You know what that is, don't you?"

The three patrols grinned appreciatively and prepared again to descend the ladder, when the now hypersensitive ear of Ma detected a sound somewhere back behind the door.

"Whist! Too late! They're comin' out," he whispered, and relapsed once more into the rigid figure of death, dousing the flashlight with a final wiggle of his thumb as Bilge, Dyckman and the three patrolmen flattened themselves against the wall on either side of the door.

After as much as a minute, perhaps, the door opened softly, and a man holding a light in front of him came out, and as if his business were with that grim presence yonder he pointed the luminous spot at the recumbent body of the sailor and moved two steps toward it, when Ma casually opened his eyes. The man started with a wheezing gasp at the spectacle of the dead awakening, and involuntarily recoiled, at the same time passing the light to his left hand while the right reached for his hip pocket. It engaged, however, instead of the grip of an automatic, the iron hand of Bilge.

"Quiet now," said Bilge soothingly. "Germany's game is up. This is where Uncle Sam takes on."

Dyckman at the same moment closed upon the hand holding the flashlight, in the rays of which, lifted for a moment as the spy struggled, he had a vision of three men in navy-patrol uniform with clubs poised above his head, and a shriek, half in terror and half in warning, broke from the throat of the astounded man.

"Look out behind!" ordered Ma sharply; and the three patrolmen, leaping the struggling heap where the spy was being borne to the floor, followed a patter of scudding footsteps back along a passage and in where a door was slammed suddenly in their faces.

"Bust it!" roared Ma, who had come tottering after with his light. "Bust it quick!"

The patrolmen threw themselves against it stoutly, but it resisted all advances till, Bilge and Dyckman coming in with a sullen prisoner, Bilge added his weight determinedly, and the panel crashed in.

"He went yon way, I reckon," said Ma, groping excitedly for the door in the opposite wall; but the fugitive had taken advantage of the delay at the other door to barricade this one by setting a trunk or chest behind it, so that the patrolmen were still engaged in forcing a passage here when shriek on shriek came agonizing up from somewhere beyond and below.

"*Poco pronto*, there!" prayed Ma. "He's murderin' Mrs. O'Mahony. There's stairs beyond the other door. Git down quick!"

Notwithstanding his weakened condition, however, he managed to clatter down the stairs almost upon the heels of the patrolmen, his blood congealing at the thought of the carnage his eyes would encounter. Instead, he beheld the fugitive prostrate and helpless, with Mrs. O'Mahony towering over, menacing the man with the poker, with which she had evidently felled him, and upbraiding her captive in words of reviling and tones of exultation.

"Ye thafe! Ye burglar! Ye murtherin' Hun! To come sneakin' and stealin' down through people's houses," she panted hoarsely. "Ye tried to kill me, so ye did! Ye pushed me head agin the wall hard enough to crack the nut of me, ye did; and it's the deil's own child ye are by the look av ye."

Her eyes grew large and round when she beheld the four sailors tumbling down upon her.

"Mercy! Mercy me!" she breathed. "Where the old scratch did ye drop from, I want to know?"

"This yere man's a German spy 'at you've caught, Mrs. O'Mahony," said Ma politely.

"A German spy, is it?" she demanded fiercely. "Wid me own Terence a corpril in the Royal Irish Fusiliers!"

Mrs. O'Mahony made as if she would demolish the spy's head entirely with another blow of her poker, whereat the fellow howled and pleaded.

"We nabbed another in the donkey house," explained Ma, "and was chasin' this one through some kind of a misfit furniture store upstairs."

"The retirin' room of McCarthy's ghost these twinty years!" explained Mrs. O'Mahony, still laboring under great excitement. "Sure and I thought 'twas old McCarthy himself when he come at me first, till I see these little weasel eyes that was never on any McCarthy, alive or dead."

There came a thunderous banging on the door outside. "Open! Leave open in the name of the King!" was bawled sonorously and long.

"Mercy! Mercy me!" quavered Mrs. O'Mahony, glancing weakly from one face to another and then at the closed door.

"In the sacrid name of the King!" roared the voice again; and the pounding began once more upon the door.

"Open it! Open it quick!" besought Mrs. O'Mahony, who seemed at this dread hail to have lost the power of action.

Wart Kessler opened the door, and a man entered wearing the uniform of an army officer, while behind him appeared the sergeant who had done the knocking and the bawling, and who was backed by a squad of men in khaki, with a glitter of brass buttons and fixed bayonets. The officer was Captain Hobbes, a red-headed, blue-eyed, quick-thinking boy of twenty-four, who was a veteran of Mesopotamia, of Egypt and the Somme, and who, with fourteen punctures by shrapnel healing in his anatomy, rested from actual fighting and kept a sharp eye out at this important post for enemies of the Empire.

"I am sorray, Bridget O'Mahony," said the captain in a bored sort of way, "but it has become necessary to arrest you for harboring spies in your house."

"Harborin' spies, is it?" gasped Mrs. O'Mahony weakly. "There's niver been a man in this house in weeks excipt this craychure here wid his bleedin' head, where I give him a knock wid me poker."

At this juncture Bilge and Dyckman, who had paused to make their prisoner secure by the tying of his hands, came down the stairs and crowded into the little room.

"For the love of St. Patrick!" wheezed Mrs. O'Mahony, who was growing apoplectic.

"This yere's the other one, captain," announced Ma, with a gesture of turning over the two prisoners. "I got suspicious of these birds here this afternoon, and we been layin' for 'em."

"Good work, men," said Captain Hobbes briefly, looking a bit surprised.

Bilge, having thoughtfully brought along an armful of evidence in the way of the receiving end of a dictaphone and a rather recklessly selected miscellany of letters, bottles and chemicals from the desk, passed the whole over to a man designated by the sergeant to receive it.

"'Pears to me," reproved Ma in that slow way of his, "that you-all are sort of careless when you let guys like that come into town and carry on the way they been carryin' on."

"It may interest you, Mister Yankee Sailor," said Captain Hobbes crisply, "to know that we have been keen after these fellows since before they came here from Dublin. We have read every line that went to them before they read it. We have read every line they sent out. We have a nice scrapbook of all the cute little letters they have been writing with invisible ink. We have only been waiting for their affiliations to develop, and we were getting ready to take them to-night. In fact ——"

Captain Hobbes paused dramatically and lifted his hand, for again there was noise and clatter above, banging rifle butts, rattle of scabbards and clumping of hob-nailed shoes, following which a corporal and a squad of soldiers came crowding eagerly down the stair.

"Gosh!" conceded Bilge admiringly. "You fellers are on the job all right!"





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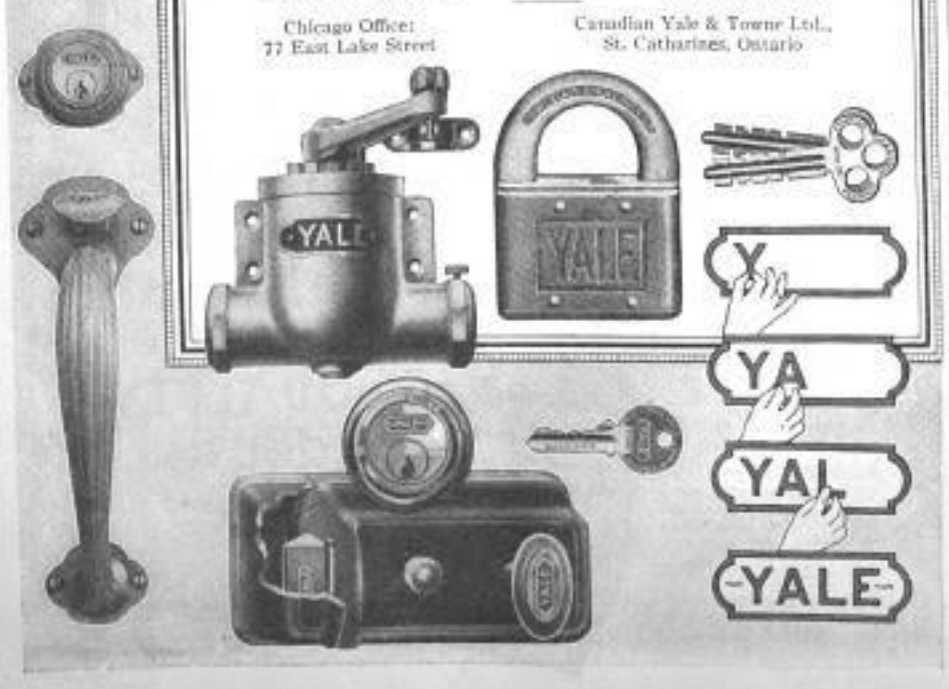
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"But we just naturally beat you to it, like us Americans always does," boasted Ma, childishly proud of his achievement. "I never seen these birds till five o'clock, and yere I hand 'em over to you and all the evidence at somewheres about a quarter to ten."

"You Americans are very wonderful," admitted Captain Hobbes, smiling good-naturedly, as though he were amused rather than offended at this exhibition of Yankee-sailor assurance.

"We wouldn't 'a' been so darn wonderful, though, if Mrs. O'Mahony didn't knock this guy down with a poker, thinkin' he was a burglar," Ma admitted honestly. "He would 'a' got plumb away. You ain't so certain about wantin' to arrest her now, in them circumstances, are you?"

"Perhaps not," confessed Captain Hobbes, and summoned his sergeant and the corporal into conference by a nod of the chin and a stride toward a corner a little apart.

Succeeding this conference the corporal and six men marched off with the prisoners and the evidence, while the captain ordered the balance of his force up the stairs to conclude the raiding of the spy's nest and made ready to follow after.

"We shall require your statements at headquarters to-morrow," he announced to the sailors.

"We shore would love to come, but I reckon that there's a subject on which you-all would wish to consult our force commander," said Ma with great dignity.

"It is," said the captain briefly. "Take the men's names," he nodded to the sergeant; and when this was done, he followed his squad clomp-clomp, rattle-rattle, up the stairs.

"It's about time we got back on our beat," suggested Wart.

"It sure is," agreed the two other patrolmen, and they hustled away, leaving Ma, Bilge and Dyckman confronting Mrs. O'Mahony, who, gradually recovering from her emotions of fear, excitement and surprise, seemed now to wonder what excuse for remaining this final trio of her guests could muster.

"Don't appear that we-all have got any particular business intrudin' on you, Mis' O'Mahony, a-clutterin' up yore settin' room," recognized Ma. "With your kind permission we'll borry the front door to git out of!"

"Help yourself!" said Mrs. O'Mahony rather dryly. "Help yourself!"

"Benny!" blurted Bilge suddenly, with an inquiring eye bent on Ma. "What become of Benny?"

"Benny!" exclaimed Ma. "By golly, Benny! I plumb forgot about Benny. I ain't thought about him for nigh onto an hour. You know anything about Benny, Mrs. O'Mahony?"

"'Deed and I don't!" snapped Mrs. O'Mahony shortly, and then looked toward the door, for it appeared that another descent of some sort was about to be made upon her privacy.

There was a note of revelry outside, of quick steps, of rapid-fire conversation, interspersed with snatches of song and excited laughter, succeeding which there framed itself in the upper half of the door, which had been left open by the departing patrolmen, the florid, amiable face of Father Brown, with just the faintest trace of a guilty conscience in his eye, as he gazed toward Mrs. O'Mahony with an embarrassed cough and an apologetic look upon his kindly features.

"Good evenin' to ye, Father Brown!" said the widow, dropping a very humble curtsy. "Sure and I suppose 'tis your own sweet, innocent soul that's heard about the goin's on in me house to-night and has been outraged by it."

"Mrs. O'Mahony!" replied Father Brown with a swelling voice and a determined air, as if both to cry that voluble lady down and to get a doubtful business over, "I have this night married your daughter Minnie to Mr. Benjamin Riley, the Yankee sailor!"

"Father Brown!" gasped Mrs. O'Mahony, and became immediately speechless with dismay and consternation. Yet the reproach that for a moment was in her eye faded out before the bland, steady gaze of her spiritual counselor.

"I thought it best," said the priest benignly. "Ye were far too hot against the lad. He will be a true son to ye and a faithful husband to Minnie. Good night, Mrs. O'Mahony."

"Father, father!" urged Mrs. O'Mahony, cringing as she detected the note of rebuke. "Ye will not misjudge me, will ye that? I always liked the Riley lad. 'Twas only that Patsy Cadogan ——"

"Benny Riley is your daughter's husband now," interrupted the father with his most beatific smile; "and here he is with his bride, and ne'er a sweeter one ever did I see."

Under the tall priest's arm, as if they had been hiding behind the skirts of his soutane, appeared Benny and Minnie. Mrs. O'Mahony with motherly arms gathered them both unhesitatingly to her bosom, bestowing presently a kiss on Benny that knocked off his round sailor hat and added greatly to his embarrassment, a state of mind which he covered somewhat by waving his hand out the door and shouting into the darkness, "Pedro! Bring in the eats!"

Immediately there presented himself the Filipino cook of the U. S. Destroyer Judson, with his assistants Juan and Eduardo, grinning under burdens of various suggestive shapes. Following them crowded in half a dozen other American sailors, Jimmie Jurgenson and Bunny McIntyre leading, and each with an Irish girl by his side.

Mrs. O'Mahony fell back abashed, murmuring incoherently, while the Filipino trio took possession of the table and began to build it out with other bits of adaptable furniture, and to spread thereon a destroyer cook's notion of a wedding supper in Ireland.

"Glory be!" sighed the widow as the feeling of helplessness and surrender to the inevitable surged again and again over her surprised and but recently embattled soul. "Sure and the Yankees is takin' everything," she declared resignedly. "A minute ago they was takin' spies in me attic and bringin' the house down about me head. Now they might as well take my daughter and be done with it. Why, Father Brown, if one of these young sprigs should propose voylently to marry me, I have no sperrit left in me widowed heart that I should prevint them." The lady laughed hysterically.

"I believe ye, Mrs. O'Mahony," chortled the priest. "I have long perceived in yer conversation, though ye did not perceive it yourself, that ye had a secret admiration for the Yanks."

"Durned if I ever 'lowed anybody could call me a Yank half a dozen times in one night and get away with it," muttered Ma, of Texas, under his breath.

"This one in particular I've took a likin' to," said Mrs. O'Mahony, indicating the hunched and suffering Ma.

"Yes," retorted that one dryly. "You-all took a likin' to me this afternoon. You was aimin' for to express it with a bar mop."

"Oh! Acushla!" laughed Mrs. O'Mahony. "Ye should not hold an old woman's playful disposition against her. You Yanks is playful yourself."

And the lady moved off among her guests with some waking realization of the circumstances that just now obtained in her home, and that she owed some obligations to the company in general.

"Ma," said Benny with a fond handshake, "if it wasn't for you we might not be so happy all of us to-night."

And the bridegroom turned a reproachful gaze on the rapt and transported Bilge, who from the moment his eyes fell upon the bride had suffered a strange fluttery feeling on the port side of his bosom.

"Ma? Him?" retorted Bilge, darkling quickly; "he nagged me into the scheme himself. If it wasn't for that old horned toad I would 'a' been your best man."



# The Wood of Many Meanings

## By Maude Radford Warren

TO MY roused imagination the wood seemed to shiver suddenly and then stand still under a torrent of shattering sound. French cannon boomed to the right and German cannon boomed to the left, and about us the shells fell with a noise like the first half round of thunder or the double slamming of some monstrous and mighty door. Flying shrapnel clattered on the branches of the trees above us. I cowered among the grenade bags of supplies which I was carrying, hastily slipped one of the bags on top of my head, and spun round to see whether I could discover a dugout.

W——, my companion, who has no nerves and who is one of the slowest though best creatures in the world, looked placidly upward and drawled:

"The one day, too, when we haven't been able to borrow helmets!"

That is one of the pictures which spring into my mind when I think of that Alsatian wood I both loved and hated. In my early days of canteen work I did not realize what a compelling force the wood was to be. Then it was merely on the fringe of my consciousness—it was something that wasn't villages and wasn't people; something green out there on the horizon. Later, when I began to work on the rolling canteen, the wood, as it were, insisted upon forcing itself on me.

I realized that it was the green route through which all the soldiers of our division passed on their way to the trenches. I saw it as the last barrier between us civilians and the Germans.

The time came when I entered its outer borders; and then slowly it began to have for me a personality vivid and yet inscrutable. At first I was struck with the soaring quality of the green arches. Through its outer borders, on a floor of grass and flowers and the ancient brown dust of leaves, I could walk freely among the strong graceful trunks of the trees, as between pillars in a cathedral. The light shed itself down, amber-green and soft; the birds and little ground creatures were still; it was a place, one would suppose, for silence; for a sort of serene musing.

Walking among the outer margins, I felt about the wood an alluring elegance which made me almost unaware that it could have sharp or strong or even brutal meanings. It was easy to forget that it had a history. Yet it had been standing for untold ages; it was young when contending races and clans began to fight for the Vosges Mountains and their surrounding plains. It was here in medieval times, when the German hordes were struggling, as they are now, to conquer France. Back and forth between its soaring arches forgotten armies have fought.

### On the Edge of the Front

Within the memory of people still alive is the bitter fighting that took place under these very trees during the Franco-Prussian War between the Alsatians, who wanted to keep their integrity pure, and the polluting Germans. This slim beech tree that has stepped out into the midst of a brown path must have taken its first shoot about the time the Germans finally conquered the wood. That little maverick of a cedar must have been born when the French won back this part of Alsace.

But in these first days of exploring the wood I saw only its beauty; felt only its immediate living. I was as careless of its history as I was of its strength. I did not know that it was a wood of a thousand meanings, a thousand aspects. Its face near the fighting line I guessed was different; yet I did not realize its sinister side until I had gone well beyond its borders.

I had been transferred to W——'s rolling canteen because it developed that this route was the longest and hardest and the worst in need of two workers. Since we were not allowed to carry a map, we sometimes lost our way. This never worried us; we knew that some M. P. would send us back before we got into Germany.

One day we were looking for a certain battery and we turned into a beautiful wood road. We had shot down it about a mile when a horrified M. P. burst out upon us, pointing to the sky above us and to something that lay behind him. Above us was a German observation balloon; behind him evidently lay the second-line trenches; but I could hardly believe they were there. Under the lovely beech trees were shelters and dugouts, looking very like the log cabins about certain summer hotels at home.

I could see two privates, off duty, swinging in hammocks made of chicken wire. Two squads were eating breakfast at tables decorated with flowers. Other boys were shouldering bread in great baskets or, two and two, carrying ammunition; but the green wood somehow made their tasks seem play. The sentry in his little shelter, despite his bayonet and helmet, seemed only like some decorative part of a military show. Some little mascot puppies playing at his feet added to the illusion of leisure. In short, the whole effect was that of a carefree summer holiday. The M. P. made wild gestures and said:

"Beat it out of here quick, with that car! Why, the major wouldn't even allow the ambulance in this morning. Balloon's rubbering to beat the deuce; and if it gets on to the fact that we're here—well, good night!"

As it was impossible to beat it without making a noise, we called for volunteers to help us push the car, and twenty willing soldiers escorted us back to the margin of the wood, telling us the while of the great work their battalion had been doing against the Germans for the past week.

### Lafe's Tribute

A trifle subdued, W—— and I departed from the wood. As we reached a certain smooth road, along which travel daily many ammunition wagons, we met a mule skinner walking. He was going in the direction of a certain military graveyard, where are buried Americans and French and Germans, Senegalese and Moroccans and Tunisians—Christians and Mohammedans. Over the mule skinner's right arm hung a French wreath. With his left hand he was leading a sullen-looking mule. As we were about to pass him our engine died. W—— got out to crank up and the mule skinner stopped to watch and to talk to us. Meantime an M. P. strolled down.

"Where you goin' with that, Lafe?" he asked, nodding at the wreath.

"Well," replied Lafe, with a hitch at the mule, "there was a damn fool I used to sleep with, and he got his two nights ago. He was a hell of a good fellow, and I bought this wreath to put on his cross."

W—— and I skirted the wood till we reached the town of ——, frequently shelled by the Germans. Some of the soldiers say the inhabitants always know when the shelling is to take place, and those who can do so depart for the time being to neighboring towns, while the others shelter in the cellars. W—— and I meant merely to pass through, since there is a Y hut in the place; but we found there Lieutenant G——, who pleaded with us to stay.

"The Y hut was all sold out yesterday," he said, "and the secretary has gone down to B—— for supplies. Some companies that weren't expected were piled in on us here and one of the kitchens is out of commission; so we are getting only two meals a day. We need the stuff. Besides, we never know when we'll be sent into the trenches, or how long we'll have to stay. Look at companies F, G and H of our battalion! They went up for four days and they've been in twelve already. I'm sure they didn't take up enough luxuries to last for more than a day or two. I'm advising my boys to stock up and go slow against the time they'll be in the same kind of luck."

W—— and I looked at each other; then I made a proposal that I suppose no man would have had the assurance to make.




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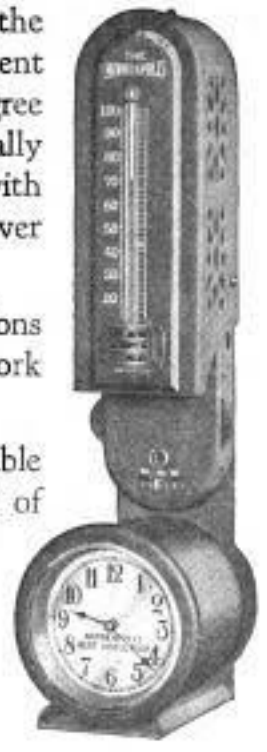
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Maybe I couldn't have done it if I had not had the vision of soldier boys pent up in holes in the ground, with no chance for exercise and deprived of cigarettes, on which they depend, in a way, as much as they do on their bayonets.

"Lieutenant G——," I said, "we don't like to think about companies F, G and H with nothing to smoke and no chocolate, and no paper to write home on, and nothing to read. Won't you let your soldiers wait till to-morrow for supplies? And won't you give us a detail to help carry supplies down to those boys in the trenches?"

At the time all I was afraid of was that he would say the trench was no place for a woman, whereas all I wanted was that he should consider me a Y worker capable of carrying forty pounds. For the rest, I know I was expecting a good deal in suggesting that the commanding lieutenant of one company should lend me his men for the convenience of other companies.

I scarcely realized that each squad is like a family, and each platoon and company like a set of closely knit relatives. I suppose, trying as I did to live up to our slogan of "No favorites!" I assumed that his whole regiment must be precious to Lieutenant G. In a way, it was; but, in another way, to ask him to lend his men to help companies F, G and H was like asking him to give up a member of his family to go forth and do altruistic service in the wide, wide world. I did not know till afterward that, to oblige us, he had to call in his squad corporals and revise his plans for the day.

But the army has a real *esprit de corps*, and the kindly lieutenant gave us a detail of private soldiers and a guide. We took the rolling canteen to the farthest point where traffic was allowed and left it in the care of an interested M. P. We then put supplies in many grenade bags, loaded up our light packs, and set off down a road that led between wheat fields toward the woods. The guide ordered us to walk separated from each other at a distance of seventy-five paces.

"We're in full sight of the Germans here," he said; "if we were in a bunch and they could get us with a couple of shells they'd send them over. But if we're separated they'll think it hardly worth while; and they might think you were a German lady going out to work on the land."

The German women were working in beet fields that alternated with the wheat fields. As the eight of us plodded past there we heard the sharp resonant rhythm of a German plane, very close. As I learned afterward the others stood stock-still, expecting to be taken for trees, but I dived into the wheat. The ground was soggy, but I felt quite comfortable and safe there, peering up though the yellow wheat and red poppies at that bird of death. The wood had given me a feeling of confidence that morning. I was more sure that I was safe than I was that I could ever get up again with that weight of forty pounds.

### A New Use for Helmets

The path we took ought to have given me pause, for it bore an irregular fringe of fresh shell holes. Moreover, from it we could look straight over No Man's Land into Germany. There was the line of German trenches and the fringe of trees that marked their wood, which was own sister to our wood. Nothing troubled me except the constant offers of the detail to relieve me of my load. I told them I had no reason for being in that place unless I was carrying cigarettes to soldiers who would have to do without them if I didn't go along. They replied that any woman who carried herself there, and who the boys would know wasn't just a trench tourist, had full reason for coming. They argued that I could travel as an entertainer and tell stories to the boys while W—— disposed of the goods.

What finally seemed to convince them was my argument that, if I could carry my godson, who weighs fifty-five wriggling pounds, up and down stairs, I could easily carry forty inanimate pounds any distance. To divert their attention I accused a big Scandinavian boy from northern Michigan of having too heavy a weight. He stopped.

"I ban see if she ban too heavy," he said. He took off his helmet and examined it. "No; she ban n't too heavy," he decided.

"How do you know?" I asked curiously.

"If my helmet she sweats," he replied, "the load ban too heavy."

By this time we had left the wheat fields and were in the wood. Besides the Scandinavian lad, there was a man from Kerry and four boys from Portland, Oregon. They all assured us they were glad to be with us and told us the kind of jobs they had been released from for the day.

We proceeded along a narrow slippery path by the side of which ran a buzz wire, which we were in constant danger of tripping over. A buzz wire is a telephone wire with an accompanying sound so jangled and discordant that no German tapper can listen in successfully to any conversation. Above the path raspberry vines, eye-high, waved back and forth. Here and there we crossed, running, a bare stretch of ground within range of the German snipers; and then we descended into a shallow trench and walked, bowed, in it till the danger spot was passed.

Presently we struck into a broad road over which the trees made an arching roof. Insensibly the distance between us all had lessened and we were holding a conversation; the Oregon boys and I were shouting back and forth comments on the roses of Portland when suddenly the guide made wild gestures, his face a horrified and warning mask. He ran back to us, whispering:

"Say, don't talk! There's some queer thing about the sound here, so that it carries to the Germans; and they always shoot if they hear a word."

We not only fell silent but we walked on tiptoe. After two or three minutes we came to some wayside dumps, over one of which bent a tall sergeant, evidently counting. He did not pay attention to us until I was passing him; then, seeing a woman, he nearly lost his balance.

### A Look Into a Dugout

"A lady!" he said in a big booming bass that could have carried to Berlin. "Say, lady, just as soon as I get this gas and ammunition counted I'm going where you folks have got to—— Say, a lady here!"

The fear—paralysis—with which that bullet-inviting voice had stricken me passed. I fled from his amiable booming, the rest of the detail also making good time. I have a feeling that the sergeant watched us with open mouth; but there are times in one's life when one wants to stay, and other times when one wants to go. Never have I been so glad to leave anyone as to get away from that cordial sergeant.

We came at last to a trampled area, lightly concealed by trees, at the far end of which was a wide trench.

"There you are," our guide said; "there's the beginning of the first-line trenches. You wind along here from strong point to strong point in a semicircle till you get round to the canal. There're just a few fellows here at this first point."

As we approached the trench we could see a curly red head sticking up, which the guide addressed:

"Say, Pete, look round here. I've brought an honest-to-God lady to see you."

To which Pete responded gruffly:

"Go to hell! You're always trying to spring some rotten joke."

When I scrambled into the trench Pete's face grew as red as his hair, and he goggled and gasped. And then was repeated the same scene of cordial welcome that always ensues when our soldier boys see an American woman.

A young lieutenant rose from a dugout; behind him were two Frenchmen—an officer and an interpreter. The officer must have thought I did not understand any French, for he swore several times, and then remarked that he had lived in those trenches for four years, and that this was the first time a woman had set foot in that wood or descended into the trenches. And I must say that the look of the trenches bore him out.

"Wouldn't you like to go down and see our big dugout?" the lieutenant asked, waving toward a gash in the ground. "I have forty boys in it. They were out on a nasty sort of patrol last night and they're all asleep; but it's time for them to wake up now, for their mess is ready."

I scrambled down the slippery steps of the dugout, entered the low doorway and found myself in a dark narrow tunnel lighted by two bits of flickering candles. I could see long rows of brown-covered bunks in three tiers, glooming away into shadow. Upon each bunk lay a boy in khaki. I felt the way I do when I go upstairs to wake my two little godsons from their sleep. I looked down on the soldier nearest me. His young face was rather tired, and the hand flung at his side twitched as I watched him. Under my gaze he opened his eyes, stared at me, and muttered:

"Another damn dream!"

I suppose he saw presently that I was a real woman; and maybe he felt the choke in my throat, because his stare relaxed. He smiled, took hold of the end of my coat, and said:

"Hello!"

"Breakfast's ready, soldier boys," I told them.

I can see now one frowzy red head rising slowly off the pillow and a pair of round childish blue eyes that looked as if they were "seein' things at night." Other eyes stared; there were smiles and greetings, and presently we all billowed up into the wood again.

We women canteen workers always, I think, feel humble and undeserving because these soldier boys are so glad to see us and fairly hang upon our words. Perhaps they would be embarrassed and wondering if they knew how we feel; how we look on them as heroes and saviors, and as little boys that we'd like to protect—only we can't, because they have to protect us and the whole civilized world besides.

After we had decided upon the amount of supplies we could leave with this particular lot of soldiers, we went on, declining their invitation to mess. We had so much walking to do that we had time for only a sandwich on the march. The lieutenant warned me that I was going to meet some mud and lent me his hip-high trench boots.

A trench is no place in which to develop one's sense of direction or one's flair for geography. We had to proceed from strong point to strong point in a twisting ditch made of sticky red mud. The strong points seemed to be merely places where the dugouts were exceptionally deep and shell-proof and the trenches well riveted. In each we found "upstairs" a knot of half a dozen men; and as our voices floated down into the dugouts we'd hear a cry of "Company's come!" And by twos and threes half a platoon of men would swarm up, glad to see us and glad to have our supplies.

It was weary, weary walking. The lieutenant's rubber boots were considerably longer than my feet and twice as wide. They slipped in the trench and my feet slipped inside them, and I kept fearing that I could not walk so fast as the detail.

Never have I felt so tired. The monotony of the progress added to the weariness; just twisting red walls, the blue sky above, and, beneath, duck walks lost in puddles. Occasionally a shell tore into the wood; now and then we heard the sharp ping of a bullet. On such occasions the protective sense of those blessed boys obliged one or another of them to say:

"They're not firing at us, ma'am."

Now and then we would come upon a bit of trench that was well riveted, floored with a duck walk that did not slide under us, and roofed with swaying raspberry vines that struck at our faces as we twisted and turned. Again, the trench would be so deep as to the mud underfoot and so shallow as to the walls that we had to climb up and run a few feet along what ought to have been the parapet. When we did that I let my eyes flicker into No Man's Land—just a tangle of wire and grass, like the waves of the sea, and red poppies and blue cornflowers, and beyond the glory of color those silent German trenches. I always enjoyed getting back into the mud.

Part of my journey was solaced by one of the detail.

### The Orderly's Fiction

"I wish any fellow that's a mamma-boy and thinks he's got it hard could have my job," he said. "I'm the major's mounted orderly and I have to ride and walk in all sorts of dangerous places. Just last night a sniper tried to get me. One of the bullets slammed into an oak tree not three feet from where I stood. Three nights ago, though, I sure thought they had me. I was bringing dispatches from Divisional Headquarters to the major when someone sniped me. I think it was an escaped German prisoner who had somehow got on to the value of the dispatches I was carrying."

He had dropped his voice and looked very important. I rather guessed I was in for a piece of fiction and I gratified him by asking:

"Were they very important dispatches?"

"You bet you! I'll tell you what was in them, but please don't let it out for a couple of days. The general sent word to our major that, unless he is obliged to countermand the order, three nights from now we are to bombard the Germans for eight hours steady. That's why the artillery has been hurrying up. We're to bombard them from Toul to here. Well, then we're to go over the top and practically end this here war. Our division is to do the main work and our regiment is to be given the place of honor. We have got a device that will test out whether —— is really mined, like they say. If it is we'll blow the Germans to blazes with their own mines before they evacuate. If it is not we'll save it from bombardment as much as we can, and go on and push the Germans out of it, and use it as military headquarters."

At last we left the trenches and found ourselves on a well-shaded road. It began as if it meant to run along interminably under green-draped trees; but suddenly it led us into an ugly triangular gap in which not a tree was standing. They lay on the ground, splintered and dying. Overhead a rude sort of camouflage had been attempted; but the burlap hung listlessly, as if it expected presently to be torn by shells.

On the outskirts of the gap were trees, half shorn. In their crotches dead branches had caught. Two or three broken observation trees still had bits of ladder clinging to them. On one of these trees some humorist had drawn in chalk a big grotesque face—a sort of Halloween pumpkin design. Low flat hillocks of dugouts rose, roofed with raw red clay, logs, boughs, sandbags or iron sheathing—all shrapnel-proof, but not proof against the direct fall of a shell.

### Cigars Well Won

From these dugouts came a captain and two lieutenants, and a score of staring privates. Never had W—— and I received such a welcome.

"God bless you!" the captain said. "My boys have been in here twenty days and not a smoke among them. We've all been pretty nearly at our wit's end."

"We've not nearly enough supplies here for a company," I said; "but we've a good deal in our rolling canteen at ——" I made a mental wish that the officers would offer to get supplies for these platoons and retail them to the men. "There must be some way," I hinted, "of getting smokes to smokeless boys."

"There is," said the captain. "We'll pool all the money we have and get all the stuff you have. We'll send back a big detail with you."

"I'll have to borrow a detail from one of you two," said the first lieutenant, "for of course I can't take any of my stokes mortars out of their trenches."

"If I can borrow some money from you I'll lend you a detail," said the second lieutenant.

The first lieutenant launched on a eulogy of his stokes mortar.

"These boys," he said, "have been in that trench since the first of June. We've given up hope of being relieved. We believe that all the other trench mortars in the world must have gone into the infantry. There they've been, getting food when they could, without smokes, and all the time smiling and doing good work. Say! Those fellows know how to kill Germans! The reason why I want the best box of cigars you have, as my particular present to them, is because last week they turned the Germans out of their communication trench that they thought they had dug unbeknownst to us. They took off their dead and wounded, but they couldn't take off the pools of blood."

"I want a few cigars," said the second lieutenant, "for a squad I put out in a sap. I told them to stay there till I sent for them; then, when our company was shifted to some trenches lower down, I told a sergeant to call them in. He forgot it, and naturally the new company moving in knew nothing about them. Their food was to be brought to them at midnight. The first midnight nothing came, but a heavy bombardment was on and they supposed it was too hot for the ration detail; so they ate their iron rations and sat tight. Second midnight, nothing. On the third midnight a runner, with blood in his eye, arrived with his tale of woe. I believe the mess sergeant himself went down with food; but still, I think something else is coming to those fellows."

The captain went off on some business while W—— and I and the two lieutenants retired into a dugout to estimate supplies

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and decide upon the number of the detail we should need. While we were there we heard some heavy though brief shelling above us. When our work was done we ascended to go in search of the captain.

A few score yards away we saw a camouflaged shed that had evidently suffered in the recent shelling, and not far away a circle of laughing privates, one of whom, a dark lad from the Middle West, seemed to be acting a charade. We drew near, and at his officer's behest he did it all over again, without any self-consciousness.

"It's funnier to a person who lives here," he explained. "You see that there torn camouflage, and the busted shed, and the busted tables? Well, that shed was for the officers' mess, and the kitchen outside was where all our food was cooked, and the tables was where they cut up the meat and bread. Well, the captain has a cook named Guffy, an old guy that is a grand cook; his hot biscuits and doughnuts would make you forget there is a war. Well, Guffy has had a hunch for a few days that something was going to happen to the shed. 'Cap'n,' he'd say three times a day—'better serve the next meal in the dugout, cap'n.'

"But the captain had no hunch; and he told him to go on with his hot biscuits and keep his shirt on. A little while ago Guffy went pleading to the captain to have dinner in the dugout. The captain shut him up. He went into the shed there and set the tables, and carried in a big pan of hot biscuits. The captain was sitting there, talking to the lieutenant, when—biff!—there came a shell and took off the corner of the shed and sent those tables to blazes.

"Guffy yells out: 'Cap'n, I'm agoing to put the dinner in the dugout!' And he lights out of the shed, the hot biscuits in his hand, and beats it to the dugout. I chased along after him; but I laughed so hard I couldn't run, for the shells came butting in on Guffy's party, and every time one hit. When the danger was all over, mind you, Guffy'd sunk down behind a tree, holding the biscuits out at arms' length. He did it graceful, like those prima donnas you see in a lot of swishing skirts. I pretty near expected his coat tails to rise up above him in a chiffon wave.

"And when Guffy got into the dugout he poked his head up and asked me to tell the kitchen police to see whether the kitchen was busted, and if it wasn't, to haul it down to the dugout, so he could warm up the biscuits."

### *Captain and Doctor Too*

When we reached the captain's dugout we found him in the doorway, polishing his shoes. He was a big man from the Northwest, of Scandinavian blood, and presently he spoke almost as if he were carrying on his lieutenant's democratic exposition:

"I'm supposed to have a striker for this, of course; but, upon my word, there's something in me that won't let me order a soldier, over here to fight, to polish my shoes unless I can't possibly find time to do it myself.

"Of course," he went on, "there are times when I can't wait on myself. For example, the other night, about eleven o'clock, I got here after a hard day's work. I found one of my soldiers sick. I'm a bit of a doctor and I made up my mind that he had appendicitis. I knew it would be practically an all-night job to look after him; so I said to my orderly: 'I'm going to be busy for some time on this job, and I wish you'd see to my clothes until I've got time to get round to it myself.'

"Well, I had to get a doctor, and then I had to convince him that the boy had appendicitis and that he couldn't wait till to-morrow to be carried down to the hospital. Then I had to engineer things to get him taken straight to —— for the operation. So it was two in the morning before I got to my dugout. The striker had brushed my clothes and put a polish on my boots fit for a general to shave himself by. Somehow he'd rustled a clean pair of sheets for me and had even turned down the bed."

Inside the dugout we found that Guffy had contrived a tablecloth out of towels in honor of company and had picked a bouquet of poppies, cornflowers and some delicate little pink flowers, which no one could name. And there were the biscuits and the doughnuts. And I think Guffy was peeping through a crevice to see whether we enjoyed our food; but he did not appear, having learned that I had heard the story of his flight from the shelled kitchen.

As we went away we took a short cut and came presently upon implements of war—coils of barbed wire; dumps of ammunition; sheds; corrugated shelters; empty machine-gun wagons; a trio of mules in a dugout; and everywhere splintered trees. Usually the point at which the upper part was broken from the trunk was splintered into the shape of a worn-out palm-leaf fan, all irregular spikes, sticking up in a semicircumference.

We had just reached the road again when suddenly we heard the sharp bark of a machine gun.

Several times I have been under bombs and shell fire; sometimes only two or three bombs were dropped. The shelling has never lasted more than a few minutes, but I am always afraid. I always want to run away somewhere; even if my feet can't, my mind flies. And what I think of racingly is the bravery of our soldiers—yes, and of our enemies too—who can bear that roaring menace hour after hour. The actual killing and wounding is relatively slight contrasted with the number of shells that are cast; but the suffering from fear and suspense is unthinkable.

### *Regular Shock Troops*

As W—— and I fled I looked back, and I felt almost as if it were palpable—the sinister power of the wood. Ahead, the road and the ripe wheat fields; behind, a green curtain let down in front of menace and horror! The aspect of peace had gone; the illusion of returning war had gone. It was as if the wood were pushing us out, so that it could go on with its dark work uninterruptedly.

There had been enough of play and content; the time had come for the sinister business of which the wood was both background and instrument.

That bombardment behind us brought back the details of the wood—the earth of it sunken into trenches and dugouts or reared into parapets; its barbed wire and machine-gun nests and batteries. I saw it now as a wicked camouflage for the cruel ends of war; and I thought of the many young men who through the centuries had died there, with their earthly lives all unlived, their heads low on the blue cornflowers. I thought of the wounded who have lain there looking up at the green arches and marveling at this war and at life.

All night, at intervals, they bombarded each other, our soldiers and the Germans. From the green of our wood and from theirs leaped the vivid fire of a barrage. A few miles away we lay safe, we Y people; and we pondered about the soldiers we knew and worked with. Out there in that bitter wood they kept watch in the strong points. Shell fire took toll of them in dugouts; machine-gun fire bit out at the sentries—and they waited, as silent and intent as the wood itself, for whoso might come out across No Man's Land. And no one came very far.

Those young Western boys went over the top and met the enemy on the very fringe of their own barrage, pushed them back into their barrage, bayoneted them and shot them and took them prisoners, all just before the gray dawn, with the wood rising behind them like a black wall.

It was a victory on no mean scale. It strengthened the sense of comradeship of our lads; it added to their sense of competence; made them surer than ever that the war ought to come soon to a victorious finish for the Allies.

Said a humorous one, when I visited him in the hospital:

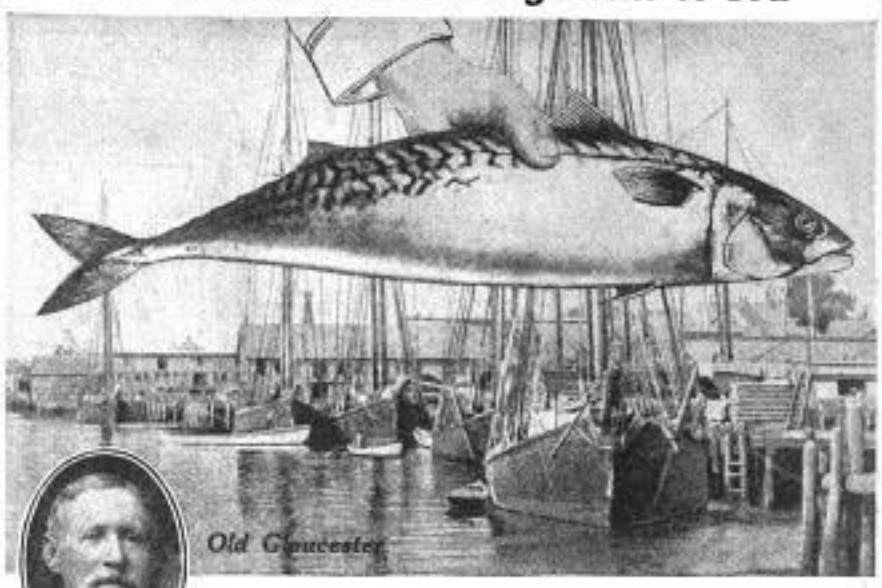
"Well, General Pershing ought to know we're shock troops by this time, and take us out to another part of the line. I'll say I'm sick of this wood. There's something about it I plain don't like since this fight. I'm satisfied if I never go back to it. I suppose it's because I'm wounded; but I kind of think of it like a devil, grinning, and I'd like to smash its face."

I know what he meant. But I know, too, that for all its fresh scars since that fight—trees down and earth torn up—the wood can renew itself. It is sinister because Germany is an enemy. When Germany has been conquered the green peace will come back to those springing forest aisles.

It is as if this wood has known it was not meant for war. It has an inscrutable patience that we poor war-harried human beings do not know how to share. It is a wood of many meanings and it knows the power of waiting.


# Salt Mackerel

## Direct from the Fishing Boats to You






*Your pail is ready—fat, meaty, juicy mackerel —send no money—try the fish first.*

Frank E. Davis PRESIDENT

It's thirty-four years, come next September, since I began supplying the choicest of Gloucester's famous mackerel direct to the homes of families throughout the country.

### Our Own Home Kind

People here in Gloucester, the leading fish port of America, laughed at me when I began to sell mackerel by mail. They didn't realize how hard it is for other people to get good fish. But I did. So I decided to make it easy for everybody, everywhere, to have full-flavored, wholesome fish, the kind we pick for our own eating here at Gloucester. 85,000 families are buying from us today.

### Fishmen for Generations

You see, I *know* fish. My folks, 'way back, have always been fishmen. They helped found Gloucester in 1623. My boyhood days were spent aboard fishing boats. Catching fish, knowing the choicest and picking 'em out, cleaning and curing them the *right* way, has been my life's job.

### Thirty Years' Development

Today our business is housed in a modern, four-story, concrete building, with 20,000 square feet of floor space; fitted with the most improved and sanitary equipment for cleaning and packing fish. Standing at the water's edge, the fishermen's catches are brought right into the building. They go to your table with "the tang of the sea" in them.

**Such a *Good* Breakfast!**

A fat, tender, juicy Davis' Mackerel broiled to a sizzling brown, some butter, a sprinkling of pepper, a touch of lemon, if you wish—how good it smells, how tempting it looks, how it tickles the palate, and, oh, how it satisfies!—the favorite breakfast dish of thousands.

### Fall Mackerel, Fat and Tender

Most of the fish your dealer can buy are Spring fish, thin, dry, and tasteless. What I've selected for you are Fall fish, juicy and fat with the true salty-sea mackerel flavor. We clean and wash them before weighing. You pay *only* for *net* weight. *No heads and no tails.* Just the white, thick, meaty portions—the parts that make the most delicious meal imaginable. You probably have never tasted salt mackerel as good as mine.

### Send No Cash—Try the Mackerel First

I want you to know before you pay that my fish will please you. If there is any possibility of a risk, I want it to be at my expense. Just mail the coupon today, and I'll ship at once a pail of my mackerel containing **10** fish, each fish sufficient for 3 or 4 people, *all charges prepaid*, so that your family can have a real Gloucester treat Sunday morning.

Then—if my mackerel are not better than any you have ever tasted, send back the rest at my expense.

If you *are* pleased with them—and I'm sure you will be—send me $4.90, and at the same time ask for "Descriptive List of Davis' Fish," sold only direct, never to dealers. *Remember:* Meat, flour, potatoes, *everything* has gone 'way up in price. In comparison, Davis' mackerel is low. An economical food—so good to eat, so nutritious! The "Sea Food Cook Book" that goes with the fish will tell you just how to prepare them.



Mail the coupon now with your business card, letterhead or reference.

**Frank E. Davis Co.**
**84 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.**

*The Frank E. Davis Company is prepared to supply, at interesting prices, its product to boarding schools, hotels, institutions, clubs and hospitals. Write for special list.*

**Frank E. Davis Co.,**
**84 Central Wharf Gloucester, Mass.**

Without obligation please send me, all charges prepaid, a pail of Davis' Mackerel—to contain 10 fish, each fish sufficient for 3 or 4 people. I agree to remit $4.90 in ten days or return the fish.

Name_____

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# "CONTACT!"

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grades. There is no place for malingerers, shirks, cowards or the members of the let-George-do-it fraternity.

Now, as I have said, these boats are long and lean, and they are jammed from bow to stern with machinery. They are tremendously powered, with great boiler capacity and enormous turbine propulsion. The machine space is by far the greater space on the ship, and though on the newer and larger destroyers the quarters for officers and men are adequate they are no more than that. There isn't any too much room. Man is subordinated to gear, and the destroyer is a complexly geared and delicately organized machine.

It is of comparatively shallow draft and can be stopped and started quickly. Our newer destroyers are all oil burners and carry, as instruments for strafing the Hun, big guns and small guns, torpedoes and depth charges; to say nothing of a few rifles and cutlasses in handy position in case there should be a return to the old hand-to-hand stuff, as there has been on several occasions since this war began. "Repel boarders!" has been heard on the decks of ships in the seas about England notwithstanding the long range of the guns and the idea that that sort of naval fighting vanished with the wooden ships.

Our older destroyers were high forward, but the newer ones taper back with flush decks and without a break, and resemble a long sharp dart. There is not a great deal of freeboard, and they are most decisive and insistent looking craft as they move about, with their four stacks testifying to the engine and boiler push that is concealed within them, and their guns and torpedoes and depth charges proving the offensive power that is on the decks. In short, a destroyer is a most formidable-appearing instrument of warfare; and it is just as formidable as it looks to be.

When we first joined with the British Navy in foreign waters in the laudable enterprise of hunting the Hun the work of the destroyers was largely patrol work—that is, they went out on beats, like naval policemen, each to its section of the submarine-infested seas, and stayed out as long as ordered, patrolling with ceaseless vigilance, watching for periscopes, for the feather of them, for oil slicks, for any sign of the murderers lurking beneath the surface.

### The Destroyers' Odd Jobs

Presently the convoy system was adopted and the work of the destroyers became largely defensive instead of offensive. They were detailed to go with ships, carrying either supplies or troops from America or returning to America in ballast for new loads. They meet the incoming ships at given points and guard them through the danger zones, and they take them out beyond the danger zones on their way back. The American destroyers have operated in greatest numbers in two specified areas, and are operating in those areas as I write.

Incidentally they have done all sorts of odd jobs, such as rescuing survivors, laying courses, guarding mining operations and other similar employments. The destroyer is the handy man of the Navy. He can do anything that any other ship can do—except tote as great guns as the dreadnoughts and cruisers—and a lot of jobs that other craft cannot do.

Viewed from the angle of the safe and steady shore the life on a destroyer is as hard as it is unstable, but they love it. One would think that the men, after banging about the rough seas on one of these high-powered, plunging, rolling, tossing instruments of death and destruction, would seek quieter berths, and more comfortable; but not these Americans. They go back to them by choice.

The adventure is there, and the chance of contact with the Germans. They may get a sub. Or, joy of joys, they may one day run smack into a gun fight with German ships. That keeps them at it.

You'd think to hear them talk that the opportunity of banging away at a German with their guns, and of being banged away at by the Germans, was one of the ineffable happinesses of life. They do not pray for their daily bread. What they pray for is a chance to bag a submarine or, if especially blessed, to get into a gun fight with a German and slaughter him and sink him and generally muss him up. The lust of blood is not upon them. They are clear-eyed, upstanding, two-fisted American boys, but they are also fighting American boys, and there isn't one of them who wouldn't give six months' pay for an opportunity to close in on a German ship and drill her full of holes.

Life on a destroyer isn't so bad when the weather is fair to decent, for the chance of getting something always buoys, and the work of convoying has the advantage of proximity, at any rate. The tough days are when the ship is off on her own, with nothing in sight. Then it is lonesome. With a convoy there are other destroyers, and the big ranks of big ships are company, and there is always signaling going on back and forth, and communication with folks. But life on a destroyer, when the weather is bad and the seas are running high, is real, stark, primitive, seafaring life. It is absolutely incredible how one of those long, lean, rangy things can roll and toss and wallow and shake from the pounding of the engines, and smell from the fumes of the oil and all the other fumes, and how wet it can be.

Wet! Why, it's drier forty feet below the surface of the sea than it is on a destroyer out in a storm.

### Round Things to Sit On

I have forgotten most of my physics, but I suppose there is a point at which an object, rolling from side to side while suspended in an aqueous compound, will so far shift the center of its gravity as to describe a complete parabola—I trust my terms are correct. That is, after a ship, say, rolls to the starboard as far as it can go, it then can, if it tries, roll a bit farther, and keep on rolling until it gets to be bottom side up. Well, it is my opinion that these derned destroyers, on occasion, try just that trick. None of them has done the trick yet, but that doesn't keep them from trying it. Now this, of course, is the landlubber view of it. Speak about this matter to the officers or men of any destroyer and they will hoot you to humiliation, telling you that their particular ship is the best sea ship in the lot, that she makes better weather of it, is steadier and more seaworthy and far more comfortable than any of the other tubs that are bluffing their way along in the flotilla. And at the exact moment when they are enunciating this loyal doctrine their own ship is rolling fifty degrees or more.

There are no cushioned corners, or padded smoke rooms or neat little sheltered nooks on a destroyer. There is the deck. If you don't like the deck go below. If you don't like it below hop overboard. Those are the alternatives. If you stay on deck you are banged round until you imagine yourself giving an imitation of the gun that got loose on the ship—you know, the Victor Hugo piece we used to recite in school—and it isn't so much of an imitation at that. The only thing to do is to get hold of something and hang on. If you go below you have the walls of the ship to fall against—but hevings! How she shakes from the pound of the engines and how she smells from the fumes of the engine room and the various other contraptions that clutter the thing up from stem to stern! If you jump overboard—well, why not?

There is one place on deck where there is a chance to sit down, under the bridge, and usually there are a lot of round things to sit on. Sitting there, with the water coming—the very wet and very cold water—one ordinarily begins to debate with himself on the tremendous leverage that patriotism exerts on the life of the man. Here are these lads withstanding this sort of thing day after day and night after night—for what? Certainly not for the few dollars a month they get. And your thought takes flight until there begins to creep up from the back of your head a sort of benumbing query as to whether it is possible that these round things you are sitting on may be depth charges. They are round things—depth charges are. And they are full of T N T, and they make a horrible mess when they go off. And they do go off. Well, anyhow, you edge along into the spume and spray, and continue your exordium anent patriotism out on the deck, hanging to a stanchion and wondering what sort of an idiot a landlubber really

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is who goes to sea on one of these instruments of torture and tribulation. I haven't really classified myself yet. Each time I think I have the classification ready to set down another and higher degree occurs to me.

There is a rather commodious chart room up above on the newer types of American destroyers; and a spacious bridge, which is covered and canvased and affords some protection to the navigators. But in stormy weather a destroyer is no luxurious abode. Take that from me, if you please. Life on one is a perpetual shaking, tossing, pounding, careering, slipping, sliding, and everybody is wet, drenched, all the time. Men stay up until they are too exhausted to stay up longer, and then lie down and sleep wherever they are. Until one is exhausted it is impossible to sleep, and then after the exhaustion that comes from life on a destroyer it is possible to sleep anywhere.

Now think of all this, and then put it into a winter atmosphere. Make it a time when the thermometer is away down about zero, and the spray freezes as it hits the ship, and the wind blows not only a gale but an ice-laden gale, freezing the very marrow of you, no matter how warmly you may be clothed; when the ship rolls and plunges and buries itself in the raging waters of a sea that is gray and dour and insatiable, and colder than the gale; when the dark, sullen clouds hang low and threatening, and the snow comes horizontally at you, stinging and frosting wherever it strikes. Get that, if you can, and you will have something of an idea of life on a destroyer at sea, with nothing to do but stay out as long as ordered, and nowhere to go but into the teeth of the gale.

And they love it. They love it! Any Germans who come to battle grips with those young Americans are in for a very busy day.

### They Who Shell Lifeboats

Long months of submarine warfare have taught the Germans many tricks, and the British and Americans as many more. In its simplest terms the German principle of submarine frightfulness is to be as frightful as possible without being caught at it, and the opposed principle of the Americans and the British is to catch the German before he can be frightful. From the very nature of the dastardly work the German submarine is a sneak, a viper in the water, that strikes and runs, a butcher, a murderer who hopes and plans to be unseen and undetected. He mounts guns, sometimes big guns, and he uses them for shelling defenseless craft, preferably lifeboats or rafts crowded with cold and miserable survivors. He carries torches that drip burning naphtha with which to burn, and bombs that fit to the sides of ships to destroy, both for use when he has by chance found a ship that is not escorted. He has many rounds of ammunition stored on deck in water-tight cases of galvanized iron. He has all the appliances for frightfulness, and each series of U-boats that is put in commission is an improvement in quality for butchery over the preceding one.

Thus the race for supremacy, for greater efficiency in frightfulness on the one hand and for offense against frightfulness on the other, is stern and unending. When the Germans began their campaign of unrestricted submarine attack they had excellent submarines, but their present newer ones are greatly improved over the first ones. Likewise, when the British began to fight the submarine they were not nearly so well equipped as they are now, and American inventive genius has helped in no small degree toward making the antisubmarine warfare effective. Both sides are constantly making improvements, adding appliances, but the Americans and the English have rather outdistanced Fritz in some phases, and the position of the marauder, which at the beginning of the campaign was that of a freebooter who could go about where he wanted to go and do what he wanted to do, has now become a restricted and a dangerous one, and Fritz must get what he can, rather than pick and choose; and while he is getting he is in constant danger of being blown out of the water or shattered and sunk with all on board.

There was a time when he operated like a highwayman on a road that had only scattered guards, holding up ship after ship and sinking them right and left. The submarine fighters did gallant, effective, glorious service, but the areas were too wide at the time, and the S O S calls came in from a dozen quarters at once. There is a classic in our Navy, an S O S wireless picked up by an American captain one day when Fritz was especially vicious and successful. The captain of an American merchant ship had been attacked by a German submarine. He fought gallantly, but was torpedoed. He sent S O S after S O S and had no reply; nor did any destroyer come to his rescue. His last message was:

"Sinking rapidly by the stern. Latitude—, longitude—. Have I no damn friends?"

But as the campaign of frightfulness developed and as the Americans came into the war there was constant development of devices to make the position of this wide-ranging murderer more difficult. Now, as I have said, the German submarine is a sneak, a coward, a lurker round the corner to strike when no one is looking or listening. Consequently the chief aim and endeavor of those fighting the German was to see to it that someone always was looking, and someone always was listening! That, and to develop methods by which to learn at just what particular corner Fritz lurked. Also, to make that corner uninhabitable for Fritz—or any other corner or area he might infest.

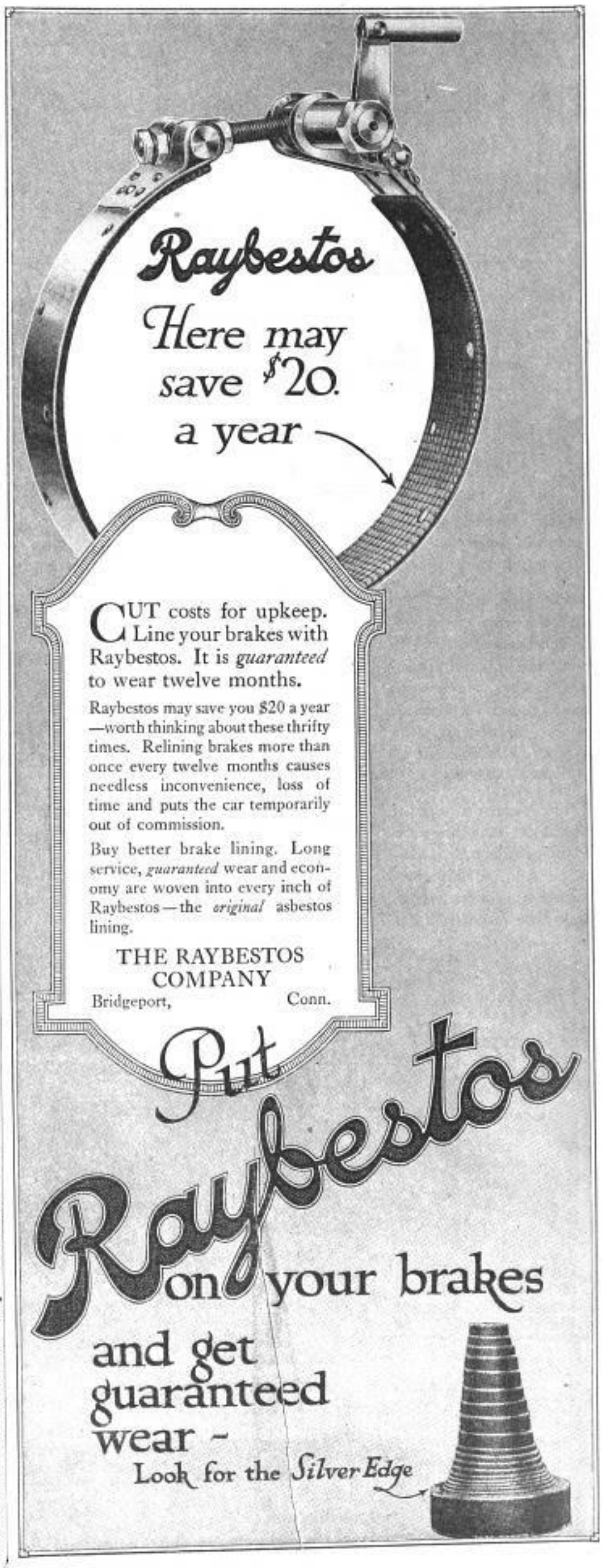
### The Deadly Ash Can

Contrary to the popular idea, the submarine is not an exclusively underwater boat. Far from it. Most of its offensive operations are conducted when it is on the surface, and it uses its submersible qualities for hiding, for escaping, for avoiding detection until a quarry is sighted. If the subs were always on the surface there would be nothing to it, for they could be destroyed by gunfire or by ramming. The problem is to find him when he is under the surface or to get him after he has gone down. This has led to the development of detecting apparatus and appliances of various sorts, and to the production of the depth charge, an antisubmarine contraption that has caused Fritz to realize that unrestricted submarine warfare is not the picnic he found it when he began.

The depth charge is known in the Navy as the "egg" or the "ash can." It is a tremendous body of exceedingly high explosive, suitably incased, that can be set to explode at various depths beneath the surface of the water. It is projected overboard at times and in places where there is reason to believe there is a submarine beneath, and it has a wide destructive area. I have seen many of them exploded. The resultant column of water looks as much like the first great upthrowing of the Monarch Geyser in Yellowstone Park as anything I can call to mind. When one or more of these depth charges go off alongside or near *unter wasser* Fritz, it is good-by, Fritz. When a few of them explode only approximately in his vicinity the German beneath, even if he is not destroyed, is so shaken as to be out of commission for a time. They are grand little discouragers of frightfulness, those depth charges.

When a destroyer sees a submarine on or near the surface the proposition is a simple one, though the chances always are that Fritz has seen the destroyer by medium of his periscope before the destroyer has seen him. What the destroyer has to do is to get to the spot where the submarine was observed, firing as it goes from its guns, if guns can be brought to bear, and plaster the spot with depth charges dropped at the point of disappearance or wherever seems advisable, for there is no telling which way Fritz will go after he dives, and the wise and experienced destroyer skipper barrages the place, to make sure.

However, Fritz is not always on the water, but when he is observing and not hiding his periscope is sticking up. Now a periscope is a tube about four inches across at the top, and sticks a couple of feet out of the water. If you have ever looked for anything on the surface of the sea from the deck of a ship you will appreciate the extreme difficulty of picking up a tube four inches across at the top, sticking two or three feet out of the water, a mile or two miles away. Still, it has been done. However, if the submarine is moving beneath the water, with periscope up, the protruding periscope leaves a wake, which is known navally as the "feather," and the feather is often discernible when the periscope is not. Further, the submarine when running close beneath the surface leaves what is known



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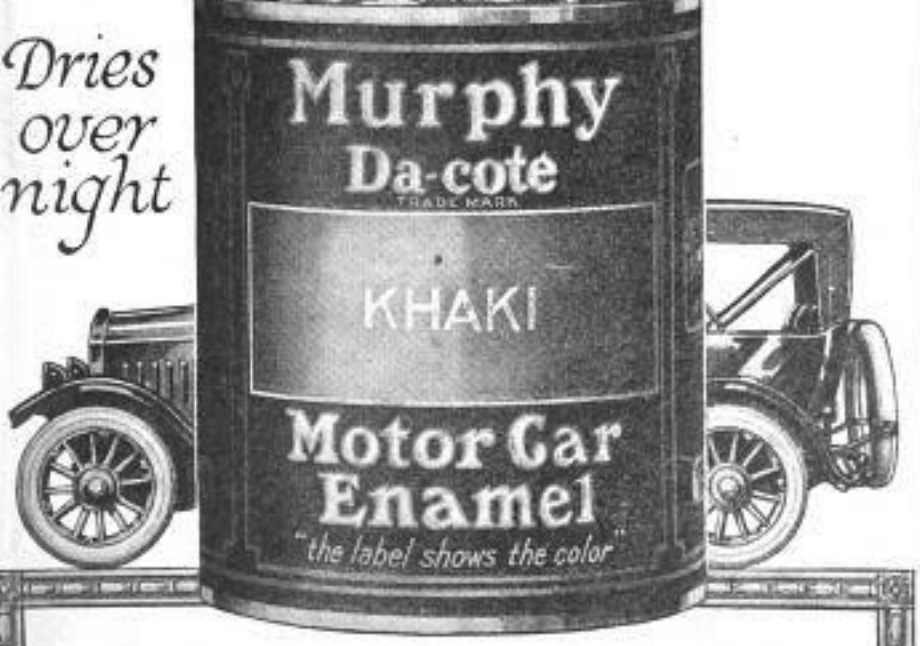
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as an "oil slick." That is, the oil that is discharged in the exhaust floats on the top of the water in telltale streaks or blobs, and where there is an oil slick there also is likely to be a destroyer; pronto—and the merry little depth charge goes down, in the hope of shaking and shattering Fritz.

"Oil slick" is American terminology. The British Admiralty did not approve of the use of the term at first, but nobody in the Admiralty could present a better descriptive phrase, so now it is officially recognized, but with due British reservations. After the war it will not be good form.

A depth charge on deck or in its crate is only potentially dangerous, for it explodes only under certain conditions, and has a safety pin which precludes its going off so long as that pin is in place. Indeed, you may hammer a depth charge or drop it—that is, you may, if you like—and it will not explode. Its business is getting Fritz beneath the surface of the sea.

Naval officers say it is harmless when it is safe—that is, it is safe when it is harmless, if you get what I mean. Personally I do not trust them. There is too much T N T in those eggs to impel me to be familiar with them. What they mean, of course, is that the depth charge while resting in its rack is innocuous; but they have their fingers crossed, just the same, and there isn't one of them who does not do honor to John Mackenzie, a chief boatswain's mate, who, with that spirit that is so apparent in the American Navy that only the very infrequent lack of it and not the possession of it by the men causes remark, saved his ship, saved his shipmates and won official commendation.

This ship is a converted yacht, not large but effective, and was one winter morning on convoy duty, in a sea that shook and staggered the tiny boat, tossed her about like a chip, flung her from side to side, lifted her to the top of enormous waves, to drop her with great shuddering thuds into the hollows. She had a depth charge perched on her stern in a crate or box, ready for dropping on Fritz, and when after one especially fierce onslaught by the waves the little yacht fell—literally fell—back into the trough of the angry sea from the crest of a wave the crate shook loose from its lashings. The crate bounced overboard, but the egg—the depth charge—in its casing fell inboard, and rolled about from side to side, banging from stanchion to stanchion, from rail to rail, back and forth across the wet and slippery deck.

A sailor near by shouted: "The pin's out!" That meant that the egg might explode, and everybody in that ship knew if it did explode the little yacht would be torn to pieces.

### *John Mackenzie's Gallant Act*

"I'll get it!" yelled Mackenzie; and he steadied himself on the swaying deck, rushed forward, and flung himself on the rolling, charging instrument of death. Like a thing alive it dodged him. Mackenzie chased it about the deck—off to fifty degrees of a roll one moment and then tossed high, stern up—flung himself at it three times, and the fourth time tackled it, with arms round it, heaved it up on the flat end and sat on it. The skipper headed the little ship up into the sea, lines were passed to Mackenzie and the egg was firmly lashed.

"Had not Mackenzie acted immediately as he did," the report of the commanding officer said, "and the charge had remained on deck and been washed round with the sea, its buoy section no doubt would have become detached, and the depth charge detonated. Mackenzie in acting as he did exposed his life and prevented the probable loss of the ship and the entire crew, for had the depth charge exploded on the quarter-deck, with the wind and the sea that existed at the time, there is no doubt that the ship would have been lost."

Mackenzie is a hero, a typical American naval hero, but not the only one. There are dozens and scores of instances of similar heroism, to be recorded sometime, now buried in reports! Many acts of simple devotion to duty that no doubt will be recognized with naval honors in due time; for those American sailors over there, in those stormy waters are gloriously upholding the traditions of the service.

There were the men of one destroyer, for example, who unhesitatingly jumped overboard in heavy wintry seas to rescue survivors of a torpedoed hospital ship; men of another who jumped overboard to rescue German sailors from a German submarine which had just surrendered; men who unhesitatingly have taken their lives in their hands time and time again to do heroic things. I could fill the pages with the stories of them had I the space, but it isn't necessary. All that I need say is that the American sailors in foreign waters are proving themselves to be true Americans; and that is all the commendation they ask.

But I must retell the story of "Rebel" Ingram, the gunner's mate who unhesitatingly made the ultimate sacrifice to save his ship and his mates. It is a simple chronicle of a man's devotion to duty, to his ship and to his comrades, and as heroic a story as our Navy boasts. One of our destroyers was torpedoed by a German submarine. The torpedo came aft. The depth charges on a destroyer, or most of them, are carried aft. A torpedo striking at or near them would explode them, with much greater consequent damage to the ship than the torpedo itself might cause.

### *Brave Ingram's Heroism*

Ingram was on deck. He saw the torpedo coming, close inboard. He had two courses of action: He might run forward and save himself; he might run aft and try to save the ship and his shipmates. Unhesitatingly he ran aft to release the depth charges before the torpedo reached the ship if possible. There was no chance for Ingram, for even if he reached the depth charges and released them in time the impact of the torpedo, which could not be deflected, would probably kill or maim him; but he didn't stop for that.

He almost won his race. He reached the after big gun on the side of the ship the torpedo was coming. Just as he reached the gun the torpedo struck. The gun was hurled overboard and all that was seen of Ingram was a splatter of red—nothing more. He was blown to pulp.

There have been other Ingrams in our Navy, and will be plenty more, heroes who have met and will meet situations with the heroism that considers nothing but the duty of the moment—least of all their own lives. Simple, clear-eyed, straightforward chaps, modest but unafraid, doing their share toward winning the war in whatever station they may be, types of the best young manhood America can boast, from North, East, South and West—husky, hearty and happy, and all American, from peak of cap to tip of shoe.

Nowadays when a destroyer goes to sea it goes with the basic idea of protecting a convoy—or a single ship, it may be—from the German submarines, and of getting any submarine that may dispute that protection with it. "When a destroyer goes to sea" is not a proper way of putting it, for that implies that a destroyer sometimes does not go to sea. It does. A destroyer always goes to sea. The highest ideal of the men in direction of the base from which the destroyers of which I am writing operate is a harbor clean of destroyers; and they see to it that it is clean, mostly. They send them out. Unless heavy repairs are needed forty-eight hours is a long stay inside. "Get busy!" is the watchword.

"Two of my boilers are down," reports a destroyer captain.

"Well, you've got two working, haven't you? What are you grousing about? Get out to sea!"

So, off they go, and pick up their convoys at the appointed rendezvous, three or four of them, six of them, or as many as may be needed; and always they are on time. At the moment the commander of the troop or merchant ship that is coming in has been told to expect them, there they are, popping up over the horizon in formation, and immediately they begin the work of shepherding and guarding the big fellows, who have their precious stores of troops or supplies. They circle round, always with a ceaseless lookout, herding, tending, protecting—reminding one of nothing so much as highly trained, intelligent and vigilant collies watching over and protecting a flock of big fat sheep.

If a periscope appears they dash at it. If a slick of oil is seen they bombard it with depth charges. If perchance a submarine comes to the surface they unlimber their big guns and shell it down, harrying the Hun ceaselessly and watching their trusts with unsleeping vigilance. And when they herd the convoys into port they signal "Good-by!" and dash off for another job,

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never resting, never lingering—at once hawks and shepherds.

"Good-by!" signaled the young American commander of one of these protecting flotillas to the commander of the convoy, who he thought was a merchant captain. "Good-by! Congratulate you on your excellent seamanship. Worthy of highest praise."

"Thank you," came the reply from the flagship of the convoy, a big passenger liner. "Praise appreciated."

And the signature to that signal was that of one of the best-known rear admirals in the British Navy!

Apprehension of what the submarine may do to them is never within the calculation of a destroyer crew. They have no fear of Fritz, and hold him in contempt so far as sinking a destroyer is concerned, but recognize the craftiness, the alertness and the sneakiness of him just the same, and know that at any minute he may bob up in the middle of a convoy and get a ship or two. The greater danger is collision. Fogs come, and the destroyers are constantly moving about, restlessly charging up and down and all round the convoy, and the ships run dark, and it is so easy, in such circumstances, to run into another ship, or for another ship to get afoul of yours. It is a ticklish, nerve-racking business, and no wonder the men come in pale and drawn, dead for sleep, and with their nerves ajangle; particularly after a foggy escort over a submarine-infested sea; for fog also is what Fritz likes and what gives him cover for his nefariousness.

There have been collisions. Ships have run afoul of one another. Two of our destroyers came together, and the stern of one was blown off by the explosion of her depth charges; but marvels of seamanship are matters of the moment with these young skippers, and collisions are by far less frequent than is to be expected. They do do wonderful things in handling those high-powered, sensitive, virile destroyers, maneuvering them as skillfully as a juggler spins his plates—here and there, back and forth, zigzag after zigzag, circle after circle; and when Fritz appears they pounce on him like wolves, and depth-charge him to the bottom.

### *Courtesies of the Sea*

The sign is oil. If after a depth charge has been dropped oil in large quantities comes up it is fairly certain that something approximating a hit has been made. If oil and wreckage come the certainty is greater, but the thing all strain to see is the submarine itself rising from the water with the Huns scrambling out of it. Failing that, if a man or two come up—or a few of the flat hats the German sailors wear—the proof is good; but when the only evidence is oil or wreckage they barrage that spot unceasingly with depth charges, nor go away for hours and hours. They stick, those fellows, and leave nothing to surmise.

The way they handle those ships is marvelous—nothing less. And funny things occur. One night in a heavy sea an American destroyer with a lot of survivors on board signaled to a British destroyer: "Can you take off some of our survivors?"

The British captain knew it would take some very fancy seamanship to lay his destroyer alongside the American, with the sea that was running, without banging into her and possibly injuring or sinking both ships. He was not keen about it, but he figured that the American thought he could do it or he would not have made the signal, and that being the case it was not in the book of an English naval officer not to try anything an American naval officer suggested, and hence must think he could do.

Meantime the American captain was a bit jerky himself. He had more survivors than he could handle, and he wanted to transship some of them, but he knew how dangerous that laying alongside by the English destroyer would be. He stood on the bridge, nervously smoking a big black cigar, and watched the English destroyer maneuver. It was pretty seamanship. The English destroyer came round, came up and laid alongside as gently as if the maneuver were taking place in a lake instead of on a sea where the waves were tremendous. The English captain stood on the starboard end of his bridge and the American captain on the port end of his, talking, while the survivors were transshipped, the American still puffing at his big black cigar.

The transshipment was made with the captains conducting a conversation under difficulties, as at one moment the Englishman would be far above the head of the American and at the next moment the American would be up and the Englishman down.

"Would you care to come aboard?" asked the American.

"Thanks, no," replied the Englishman. "I must be going now. I like your company, but the fact is I can't stand that cigar of yours."

And off he went.

There is plenty of humor about it. After a stormy trip, participated in by British and American destroyers, when the destroyers were about to go their separate ways a joshing American on one of our destroyers signaled to a British compatriot, miles away: "Thanks, sweetheart."

Not to be outdone in courtesy or josh the English destroyer came back seven miles and signaled: "Good night, darling."

### *Pretty Well Known*

An almost stereotyped report of a destroyer captain is as follows: "Destroyer dropped depth charge over swirl left by conning tower. Turned with full helm to port. Followed heavy slick. Dropped second and third depth charges. Wreckage and much oil came to the surface; but after cruising in vicinity till daybreak nothing more was seen."

That briefly summarizes much of the encounter work of the destroyers. Sometimes there is more to report, sometimes there is less. But always, whenever there is a reasonable excuse for it, either in sight of a submarine submerging or of a periscope going down, or the feather of one, or the swirl of the water after submersion, or an oil slick—the depth charges are sent on their errands of Hun-getting.

Even if the depth charges do not totally disable the German submarine two or three discharged in the vicinity of one have the effect of so shaking up the men and of disorganizing its delicate machinery that it is practically out of commission for a time. And the depth charges are so set for explosion that they follow the submarine down a long way if desired before they agitate, wreck or demolish it. Not a German submarine officer or man, captured and taken aboard a destroyer, but has looked at the eggs with shuddering curiosity.

And all the time the men are out, keenly and unceasingly, for a "Known." Attacks prove themselves. For example, there was no doubt about the British patrol that, while picking up survivors from a torpedoed ship that had been hit in a convoy, sighted a periscope. The patrol jumped over to the spot and dropped depth charges. The submarine came up suddenly, almost in the middle of the great mountain of water the charges threw up. The British destroyer fired several shots. One hit and split the submarine's conning tower. Then, to make it good and sure, the British ship rammed the submarine and cut it cleanly into two parts. Both parts sank. That was a "Known" without any qualifications.

Thus they go fighting, rescuing, always hoping that some German destroyers may heave in sight so they may get a gun fight, always happy, always full of pep and spirit, careless of the hardships and discomforts, at it day and night, night and day, and looking at it, all with the true American sense of humor, great boys on a great job, and doing it—doing it—doing it!

Everything seems a laugh. A sailor stood at the rail of a destroyer watching a torpedo fired by a Hun coming straight on. Fortunately something happened, and the torpedo passed by.

"What did you do when you saw it coming?" I asked him.

"Gosh," he replied, "I couldn't think of anything else to do so I stood pat and drew in my stomach."

But everything isn't a laugh. It is stern, hard, devoted work, and the men have the vision of it. When the Destroyer Jacob Jones went down an officer died from exposure and wounds. He was on a raft. Just before the end came he lifted his head and whispered to the few shipmates suffering with him on the raft: "Say, can you see the Statue of Liberty? I can." And then he died.

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# FOOD AND FUEL

(Continued from Page 22)

of this cereal out of the normal consumption. When we take into consideration the facts that, generally speaking, our 1917 crops were far below average and that in spite of such failures we shipped abroad $1,400,000,000 worth of food, the accomplishment begins to loom large. There was an increase of 844,600,000 pounds in our exports of meats and fats, and a further increase of 80,900,000 bushels in our shipments of cereals and cereal products. This achievement in a year when the total nutritional production of the country was nearly nine per cent below the average of the three previous years is a gratifying result.

Though these accomplishments are splendid, and speak volumes for the cooperative spirit of the American people, we are not out of the woods. Our crops are going to be better this year, and the British grain crop is the biggest since 1868. It is certain, therefore, that in the coming months we shall have bread of improved quality. The chances are that all of the allied nations will use the same formula, and the mixing of flour with substitutes will be done systematically at the mills instead of in our kitchens. It is likely we shall have to continue the stint on sugar until the war is over, but such fruits as raisins, prunes, figs and dates may well be used in place of sugar; so the sacrifice here will not be great.

In no line are we facing actual want providing the good work continues.

Just how the little savings mount up is evident from the fact that if each home in the United States saves one ounce of meat daily it means 465,000,000 pounds annually; one slice of bread saved each day means 365,000,000 loaves annually; one piece of butter saved daily amounts to 114,000,000 pounds annually; and one cup of milk saved each day means 912,000,000 quarts, or the product of 400,000 cows each year.

### More Chewing and Less Eating

The average person to-day has a very different idea of food from the one that prevailed before the war. We now look upon the human body as an engine that must be repaired, stoked, oiled and regulated. We must have fuel food, building or repair food, and regulating food. The desk worker needs only one-half as much fuel as the blacksmith or the soldier. The average woman who takes little exercise needs only one-third the food required by the average man engaged in muscular work. Children need a lot of fuel, as they burn it quickly. A girl of fourteen will require more than a full-grown woman, and a boy of fifteen needs more than a business man. People thus vary in their needs very much as different types of automobiles vary in the amount of gasoline they require.

For fuel we need starchy foods, sugars and fats. About eighty-five per cent of the calories required by the body should come from this group. For repair work we need proteins and mineral salts. These include beans, peas, lean meats, fish, eggs, milk and fowl.

For regulating purposes water is the most important food. It is thus evident that in feeding the human engine we must have not simply a sufficient quantity but a proper mixture of food. We must utilize the fuel so that we shall secure full value of it without clinkers, or waste, or injury to the machinery.

There can be no proper conservation of food if we just swallow it. Some people put food into their stomachs as they would pack a trunk or fill a hod with coal. Mouth, stomach and bowels must do team work or there will be waste. Eating is a lot of fun and worth doing well, but unfortunately the average person does not chew his food long enough actually to taste its real flavor. The person who bolts his food generally consumes one-third more than is required. If we bring good cheer with us to the table, dismiss worry and kick out all the grouches our food and doctor bills will be materially reduced, waste will be less and Mr. Hoover will be pleased.

Not only are we learning a lot about the things we have always eaten but war has taught us that there are other foods that we may properly introduce to our menus. Experiments by the Department of Agriculture show that we may successfully prepare food from the common soy bean and use this product as a partial substitute for meat. These soy-bean dishes are well suited for canning, and the matter has been brought to the attention of the National Canners' Association. Of no small importance are the experiments with sunflower seeds. The Muscovite eats these seeds much as we eat peanuts, roasted or raw. Sunflower seeds, ground to flour, make a palatable and nutritious bread.

In Russia hundreds of thousands of acres are planted with two varieties of sunflowers, one yielding small seeds suitable for oil making, and the other large seeds for human food. Sunflower oil compares fairly well with olive oil and is also used for making soap. An acre of land is said to produce fifty bushels of seeds, and each bushel will produce one gallon of oil. The residue is an excellent fodder for cattle, and the plant stocks dried in stacks yield a ton of first-class fuel to the acre.

### Novel Sea Foods

Our great oceans, covering as they do so much of the globe, are naturally being looked to more and more as a source of food supply. We have discovered a considerable variety of edible seaweeds, and it develops that Japan has been awake for some time to the value of seaweed as a food. On certain parts of our own coast rockweed is now being gathered in large quantities and prepared for market.

Over in Sweden an interesting experiment is under way. An attempt is being made to break the high meat prices through the distribution of seal meat. More than a quarter million pounds of this meat have already been sold, and reports indicate that a considerable quantity of this food is going into Germany. The seal meat is said to be nourishing and, when not spoiled by an oily taste, much resembles beef, the only objection being its darker color. The seal meat costs a quarter as much as beef. Practically unlimited supplies of seals are to be had on the coast of Sweden. Germany is more than likely to attempt sealing operations on her own account, as she will be able to bring home the catch in the security of neutral territorial waters once she gains the shelter of North Cape.

In the United States, however, we are endeavoring to lessen the call on livestock by attempting to increase the consumption of the varieties of fish found in our own waters. Among the elements of difficulty in the Food Administration's fish program were the naval needs for men and boats, the scarcity of materials for nets, high prices of fish, due to increased demands, and state restrictions. Notwithstanding such handicaps the Government's efforts have succeeded in popularizing a number of varieties of fish that were little known, just as wholesome and far cheaper. The countries that eat less fish per person than ourselves are Belgium, Spain, Holland, France, Germany, Italy and Russia. On the other hand, we appear to be slackers in this fish-substitution game, when we compare our average national consumption of 18 pounds per capita with that of the United Kingdom, where 65 pounds are eaten per capita annually. Canada consumes 57 pounds; Sweden, 52; Norway, 44; Denmark, 39; and Portugal, 37 pounds. Yet in the value of the yearly catch the United States shows $150,000,000 as compared with $52,000,000 for Great Britain, $50,000,000 for Japan, $50,000,000 for Russia, $40,000,000 for Canada and $33,000,000 for France.

Germany's annual fish production at the outbreak of the war was valued at $12,000,000, and that of Norway, Sweden and Denmark at $25,000,000.

Up to the present time we have little more than touched the possibilities for food relief that exist in the fish industry. Take the migratory fish found in the coastwise waters at or near the surface or in the sounds and bays adjacent to the shore. There are more than fifty varieties in this group, but the principal sales center on only two—bluefish and mackerel. Let us take a second group—the ground-fish varieties which inhabit the bottom areas of the sea and are almost entirely captured on fishing banks or grounds at various points in the open ocean. The public has an intimate acquaintance with only two varieties of ground fish—cod and halibut; but there are at least a dozen varieties well suited for food.

Of the fresh-water fish there are fully three dozen kinds that provide wholesome food, but the public insists on eating either whitefish or trout.

### Lessened Restrictions on Fishing

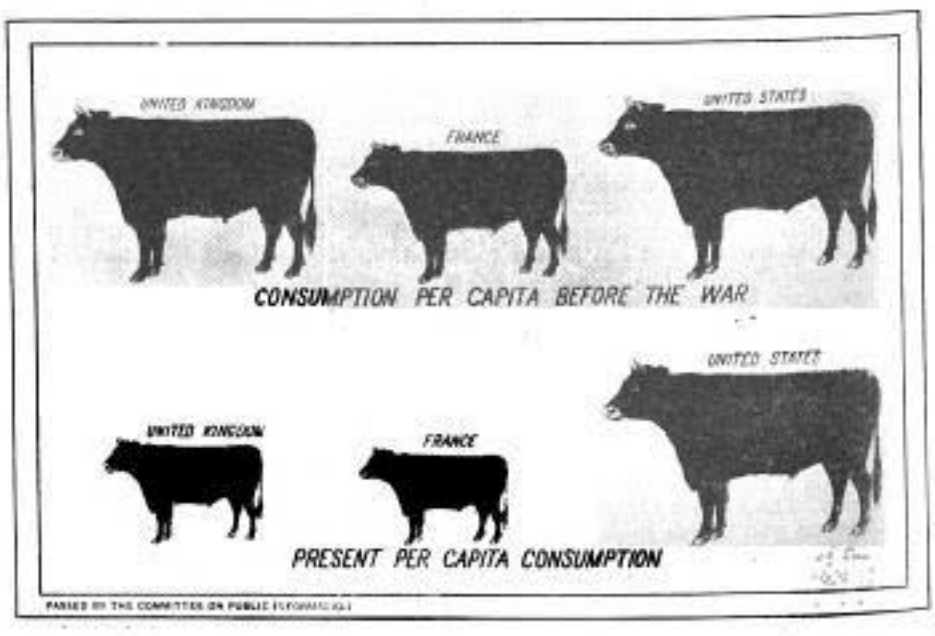
I do not believe any act of the Food Administrator has been more beneficial than his licensing of fishermen, which enabled him to bring the fishing industry under Federal control and permitted the doing away with state restrictions. The supply of fish was seriously threatened by substantial losses through the recruiting of fishermen for naval service, and the requisitioning of deep-sea trawlers and other vessels for government use. This has largely been made up, however, by the employment of purse seines and several other forbidden forms of producing gear which may now be used without regard to closed seasons.

The ban was also lifted on night fishing and torch fishing.

Up to this time the country was threatened with a fish famine. Prices were rising and the outlook for relieving the beef situation through the substitution of fish was not good. Some of the state conservation laws were a menace instead of a help. Red tape was prevalent. One boat off Atlantic City caught two hundred barrels of weakfish, and the game warden compelled the fishermen to throw away this catch of 40,000 pounds because the fish were caught within the three-mile limit. These fish could have been sold for three or four cents a pound and would have relieved a lot of poor people who were paying thirty cents a pound for meat.

Such handicaps, however, have been removed and the present increased production and consumption of fish by Americans are permitting the export of important tonnages of meat to our soldiers and our allies in France. So long as we people on this side of the ocean continue in our fight with the same enthusiasm and patriotism that are

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(Continued from Page 94)

now being displayed by most of our citizens our men on the battle front will not lack food, and the people working here at home will not have to imitate the Teutons and adopt mental suggestion as a substitute for food or invent special drugs to allay the pangs of hunger.

We can render effective service in numerous ways, but none is more important than close supervision of our vegetable waste and garbage. Of cities with a population of more than 100,000, twenty-five throw away $2,400,000 worth of grease, $1,000,000 worth of tankage, 8,000,000 pounds of glycerin and 200,000,000 pounds of soap-making material. Twenty-nine, with a total population of 17,000,000, discard annually 1,000,000 tons of garbage, which would produce 70,000,000 pounds of grease, valued at $8,500,000, and 150,000 tons of fertilizer, valued at $2,250,000.

### *Some Big Leaks*

Excluding cities of 100,000 population and over, the garbage wasted would produce annually 120,000,000 pounds of pork, worth $20,000,000 at prevailing prices. The output of glycerin in garbage now wasted would supply 8,000,000 pounds of nitroglycerin annually and would yield soap stock for the manufacture of 200,000,000 commercial cakes of soap weighing twelve ounces each. Every city should have its own reduction plant and save this enormous waste. In the matter of vegetable waste one of our leading chemists after conducting an exhaustive investigation says that there is marked fertilizing value in such common refuse as banana peels, orange peels, grapefruit peels, lemon peels, apple parings, cantaloupe rinds, potato parings, pea pods, bean strings and stems, tea leaves, coffee grounds, eggshells, bones, peanut shells, tobacco and fruit stones. When spaded into the soil they give not only chemical plant food but valuable humus. Much of our kitchen waste is valuable feed for poultry.

Another serious food problem deals with the question of feed for our horses. Twenty-seven million horses are literally eating their heads off in the United States to-day. One horse consumes hay enough to supply a cow, and one cow furnishes milk and butter enough for a whole family of children. The oats and corn fed to a horse will supply cereals and flour for a family. Every motor truck that supplants three or four horses solves the food problem for at least two families. Every automobile that releases horses now used for passenger travel or that aids the railroads accomplishes a similar service. It is interesting to note in this connection that a movement is on foot to condemn horses that are defective and have no market value. These animals could be utilized for food, and in addition would afford quite a supply of oil, leather and glycerin.

Dean Hoskins, of New York University, asserts that every barren animal and every old horse conserved is a liability we cannot afford in our present emergency. He gives eight reasons why horse meat should be used as a food, some of which are: The large foreign population already is used to it; the flesh is rich and nutritious; it is cheaper than any other meat; it would solve the problem of the humane societies in that horses unable to work could be condemned and sold for food; it would conserve oats needed for human consumption in the form of breakfast foods; and every crippled horse kept by its owner in the hope of recovery consumes in weight eight times as much food a day as would sustain a man.

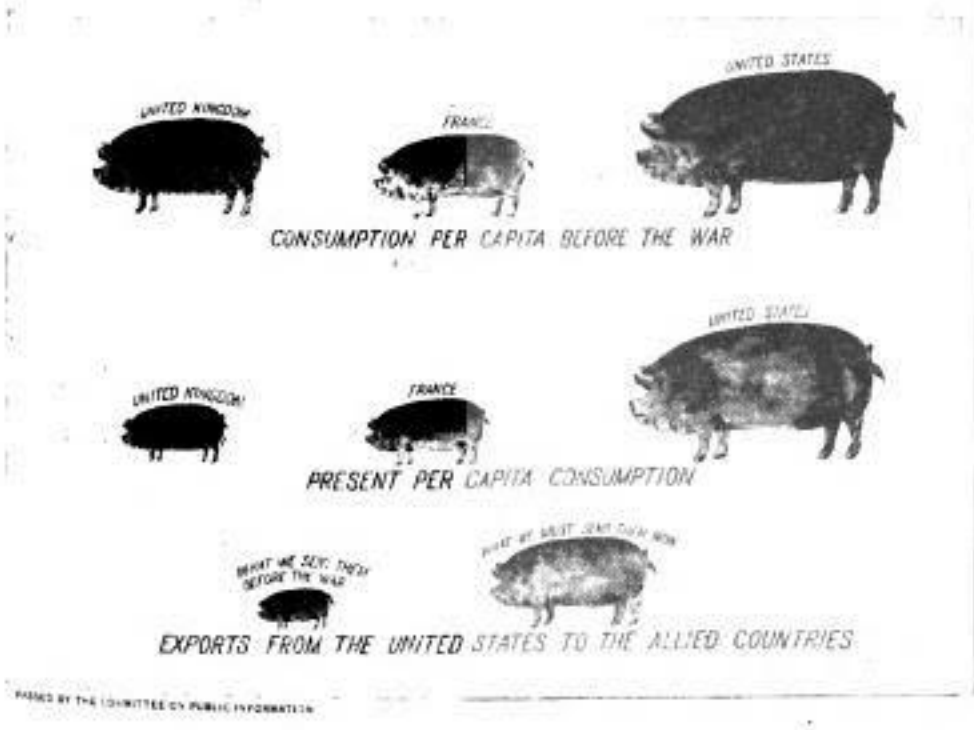
From being a nation of wasters we are progressing slowly but surely along the road to economy and thrift. True, we still keep cats, which are parasites, and object to pigs, which are producers. Many towns have suspended ordinances prohibiting pigs and have thereby shown that they place their duty to the nation above their local pride. We have more than 400,000,000 acres of unimproved land in this country, and our farmers are making great strides toward getting a considerable part of it under cultivation. It is estimated that the land occupied by one average stump will produce twenty-five to fifty cents' worth of food a year. Of course, there is already a shortage of farm labor, and we must abandon crops requiring large amounts of hand labor and substitute therefor crops that can be grown with less man power to the acre. Peas and beans play important parts in this changed farming, as they produce food for both man and beast and can be raised with little effort.

There is the closest kind of relationship to-day between the man with a gun and the acre with a crop.

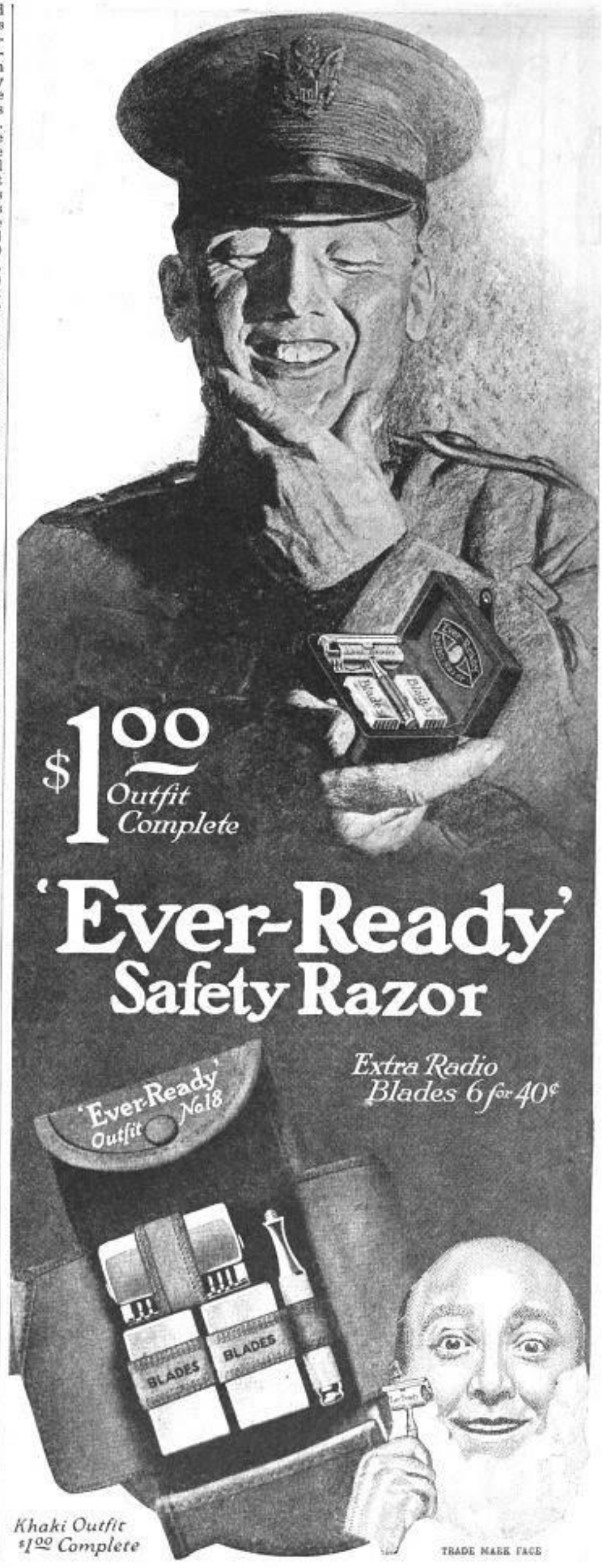
### *Our Coal Situation*

Taking it all and all, the American farmer has rendered a splendid service this past year. The war has caused him to find many sources of waste which a few years ago were considered negligible. As an instance of this, $20,000,000 was saved last year in Kansas alone by cleaner wheat threshing. To encourage cleaner threshing and to educate wheat farmers to the value of going over the fields a second time and of rethreshing straw in the stacks, the Food Administration organized a Grain Threshing Division. It has added millions of bushels of wheat to the supply available for threshing and has added millions of dollars to the pocketbooks of American farmers. In Kansas at least 3,500,000 bushels were saved by raking and cleaning up the fields, through tight-bottom bundles and wagons, and through inspection and repair of machines. In addition to this the conservation of wheat previously wasted in the straw stacks and not cleaned up round the threshing machines was estimated at more than 5,000,000 bushels.

So much for a few thoughts on food. Let me now proceed to touch on several high spots in fuel conservation. Above all else it is essential that the American people should understand that the scarcity of coal is not due to any falling off in production. While all the other important coal-producing nations in the world have been showing material decreases in their fuel output this country has been forging ahead at a faster pace than ever before in history. In 1914 we produced 513,525,477 tons; in 1915 we mined 531,619,487 tons; in 1916 our production was 590,698,175 tons; and last year the output rose to 652,000,000 tons.




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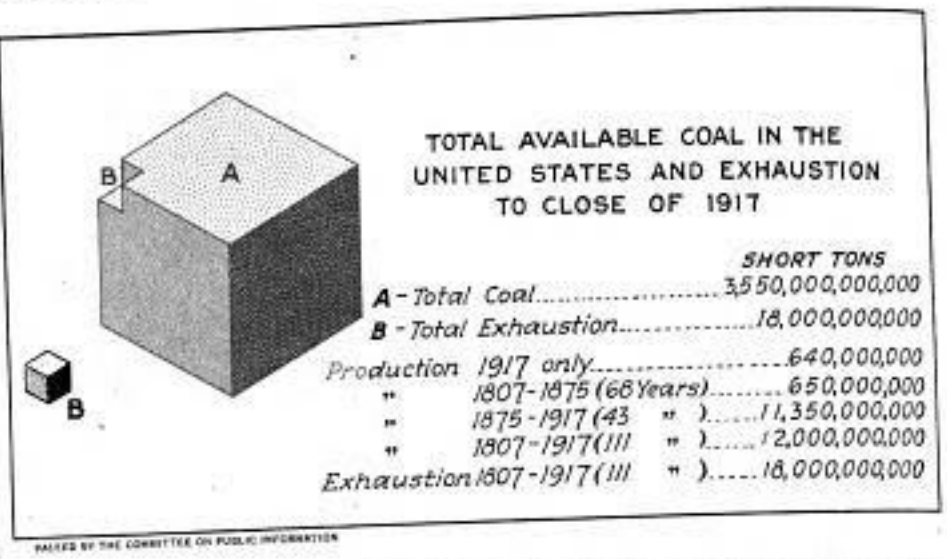
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These figures are in short tons and include both anthracite and bituminous coal.

The Fuel Administration started its new coal year April first, at which time a number of important rulings were put into effect. A careful survey of all our national fuel requirements resulted in the establishment of a coal-production figure that stands as a goal toward which the Government and the coal industry are striving. This preliminary estimate of total requirements calls for 735,000,000 short tons of coal for the year ending March 31, 1919. During the first four months of this new coal year the United States mined 205,694,000 net tons of bituminous coal and 31,666,560 net tons of anthracite.

This means that we are producing at the rate of approximately 712,000,000 tons annually, or about 23,000,000 tons less than our estimated requirements. On the other hand, let us not forget that we have fewer men in the mines and that so far this year we have shown a gain of 18,000,000 net tons over the output of coal in the United States for the same period last year.

### What Shall We Do About It?

More than one-third of our new coal year has passed, and these months have been the time when we look for maximum production. It requires a full measure of optimism, therefore, and no small amount of imagination to initiate the belief that we can get the coal industry on a higher plane of production this fall and winter, when more cars will be carrying our Western foodstuffs to the seaboard and our transportation systems will be battling with snow and ice. If the estimated fuel requirements of 735,000,000 tons are correct we shall be compelled to save in some way 25,000,000 to 50,000,000 tons of coal this year. What have we done and what are we doing to meet this critical situation?

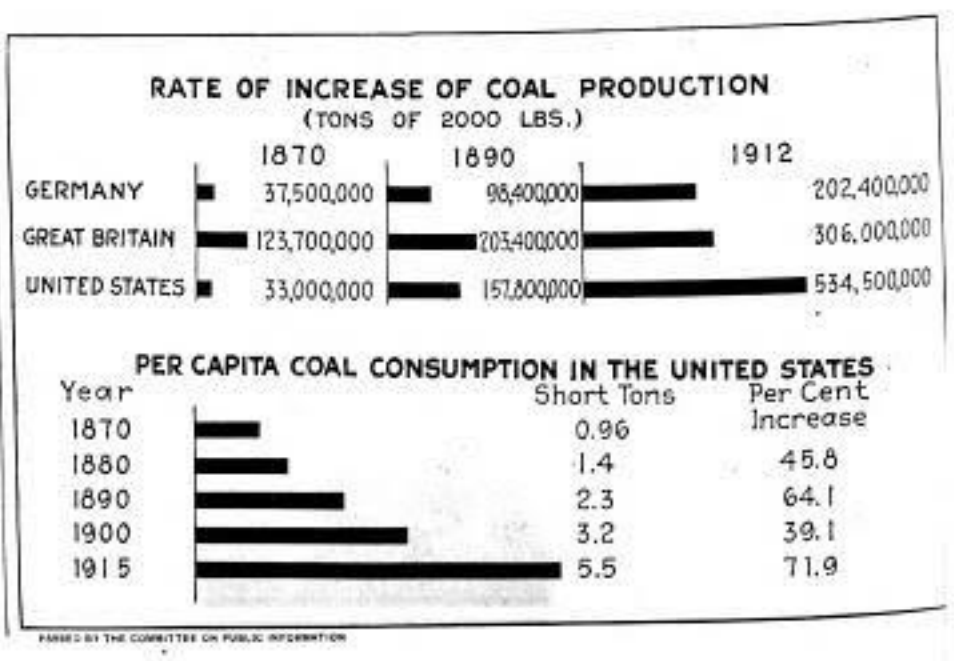
Every mine owner and miner in America to-day looks upon a ton of coal not as a unit quantity of fuel but as a ton of material from which we can make twenty-five three-inch shells or two hundred and fifty steel helmets for our boys in France. The people of America must view coal in that way. The fireman in an industrial plant must say: "This ton of coal I am going to save will drive a 15,000-ton troopship loaded with 3500 soldiers two-thirds of a mile." Every family that saves two tons of coal this winter gives Uncle Sam the fuel necessary to carry twelve tons of food to France. If each household in the United States were to save one ton of coal next winter the sacrifice would not be formidable and the sum total of such conservation would be about 15,000,000 tons of fuel released to Uncle Sam for essential war work.

### More Moisture and Less Coal

It is difficult, if not impossible, to lay down a fixed set of rules for house heating and then insist that everyone everywhere shall religiously observe such regulations. It is but natural in our Northern States, where the winters are more severe, that the people should want a higher inside house temperature so that the individual coming in out of the snow and cold will be able to warm up. However, the fact remains that we have been prodigal in the use of our domestic coals, and as a people we have paid little attention to the question of temperature and humidity in our homes. In our modern houses we are apt to get an excessive amount of heat and an insufficient amount of moisture, which not only makes the air oppressive and uncomfortable but accounts for a large percentage of catarrh, colds and other diseases of the nose and throat. Dry air at seventy degrees may feel cooler than moist air at sixty degrees. Mother Nature has provided the people of this earth with a great bed blanket in the form of moisture; take the blanket away or thin it out and we all get cold. Moisture is extremely necessary to life.

It is for this reason that a thermometer is not a true guide to the problem of warming a house. Our artificial habits have made us extremely sensitive to heat and cold. Luxuries have become necessities, and we have gone on trying to remake our bodies to meet existing conditions. We manufacture heat for our homes and run the temperature inside our houses up to seventy degrees and often more. Let us assume that the outside temperature is twenty-four degrees and the average outside humidity is seventy-eight per cent, which means that the air is seventy-eight per cent saturated with moisture. A person comes from this atmosphere into a house where though the temperature is

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seventy degrees the humidity is only twenty per cent. What happens? The warm dry air in the house steals the moisture from the individual's body and dries the person out, very much as wet clothes are dried out on a wash line. In other words, the moisture of our bodies evaporates into the air very rapidly at the surface of our skin. As evaporation causes loss of heat it is quite easy to see why we feel chilly and uncomfortable when at the same time the thermometer in the house is up in the seventies. Often in the summer, with the outside temperature at only seventy, we have noticed how excessively hot it seems. Yet in the winter in our homes with the thermometer at the same point we sit, with windows and doors shut tight to keep out the cold air, and shiver. The sole reason for this is the great amount of moisture in the air in the first instance and the lack of it in the latter case.

### When Humidity Helps

In the matter of health this subject is important, for excessive dryness has a very deleterious effect upon the lungs and the delicate lining membrane of the throat and nasal passages. Furthermore, the high dry heat of our homes, offices and public buildings frequently shrinks and damages furniture, books and pictures. Cracks in the cabinetwork of houses are caused by the dry air drawing out the particles of moisture. It is for this reason that in our museums and great art galleries much attention is paid to the interior moisture conditions, for we cannot afford to have our expensive pictures ruined and our valuable art treasures, furniture and mummies become worthless. Sometimes we take better care of the dead than we do of the living.

Since it is true, therefore, that the temperature at the same point will produce varying sensations of cold and heat, depending on the amount of moisture existing in the air, it is foolish to attempt to lay down a fixed standard of temperature for comfortable living without due regard to the moisture. Every house should have a hygrometer as well as a thermometer, and as much attention should be paid to humidity readings as to temperature readings. All schools, theaters and large buildings can install a mechanical apparatus for producing the right humidity in the interior air. This simple solution of the problem for the average householder is not possible, due to the cost of such an equipment. However, there are a number of simple remedies that may be applied. One satisfactory way to "humidify" a house is to place a heavy, thick, soaking-wet bath towel over the radiator and leave it there long enough to dry out. It can then be moistened again and again if necessary. If hung over the back of the radiator it will not be unsightly and may not be noticed. Let us not forget in this connection that moist air retains its heat much longer than dry air; hence less coal is needed to keep such air warm.

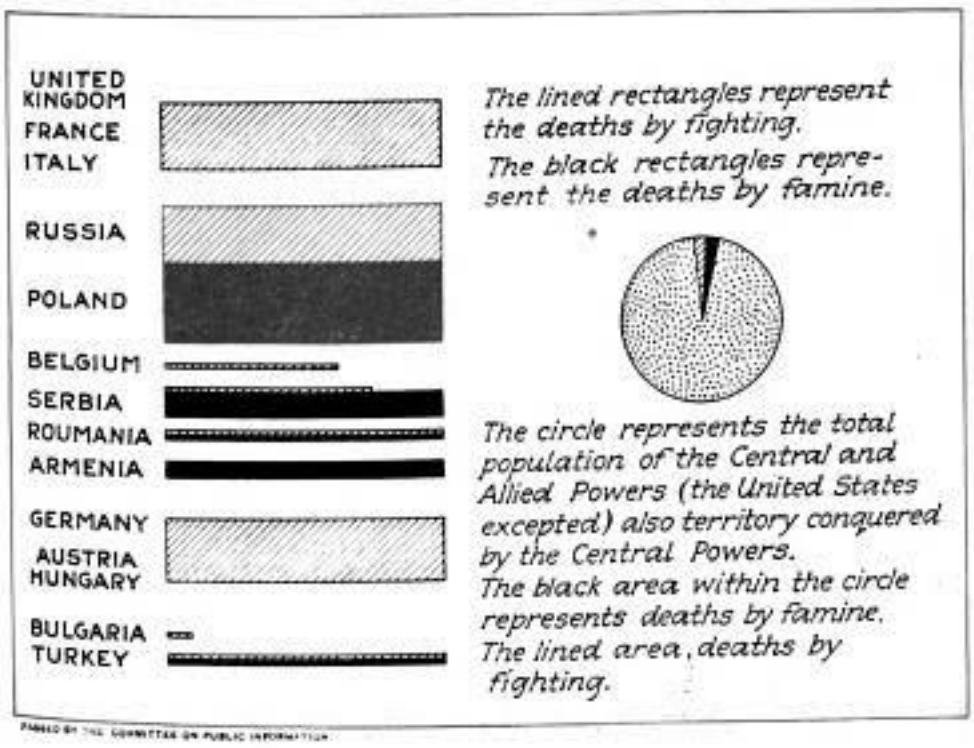
If air is used for heating it is necessary to open up the register and put in a lot of soaking-wet muslin, such as an old sheet, and allow the heat to pass by it, so instead of being delivered dry into the rooms it is moisture laden. By this means the percentage of moisture in many instances has been constantly held at fifty-four degrees when the temperature of the room has been sixty-six degrees Fahrenheit. Plates of silica and sand made under a patented process have been successfully introduced near the firepot in hot-air heaters, with the result that humidities of forty-eight to fifty-six degrees have been maintained in the whole house. These plates are very porous and in many instances water exceeding thirty quarts has been evaporated from them in twenty-four hours. Even a boiling kettle in a room is helpful, but not always practicable. When plants droop we water them; let us give a little of the same attention to ourselves. By so doing our coal bills will be less, our health improved and our body comfort increased.

Now let us assume that we have a fair understanding of the question of humidity and that the atmosphere in our homes will be maintained with an adequate moisture content. What then is the best temperature to fix as a sort of objective in our house-heating plans? As before stated, I do not believe in any inflexible rules or maximum limits. Strong, healthy people can live in a temperature of fifty-five or sixty degrees; children in school need sixty-eight to seventy degrees; and old, anæmic or sick persons may at times require a temperature as high as eighty degrees. As a general rule, however, in an atmosphere containing proper moisture a temperature of sixty-four degrees is scientifically best for the human race. This is what may be technically called our "optimum" temperature, or the degree of heat in which we thrive best. Above or below this temperature we cannot fight, or run, or digest our food so well. Excellent authorities maintain that the "optimum" temperature for maximum mental activity is forty degrees, but I am afraid most of us would find this quite uncomfortable as a steady thing.

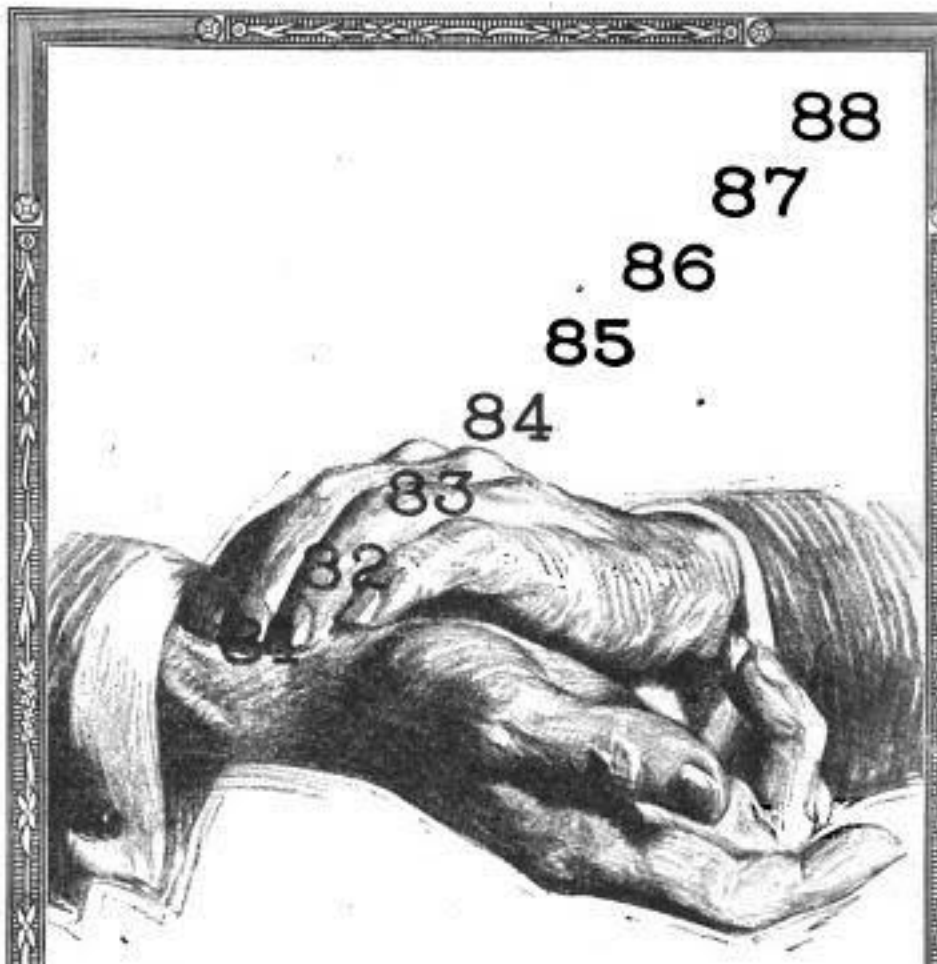
### Furnace Draft Regulation

As to one thing, however, there is very little difference of opinion. The rooms we sleep in should never be heated above fifty degrees, if at all; and the windows should be wide open if the weather permits. This overcomes the bad effects of living in a temperature that is too uniform. It is well known that variations of temperature are stimulating and improve health. Colds and other diseases of the respiratory organs come with twice the frequency to those who live in rooms with a uniform temperature. Changes brought about by frequently opening the windows are extremely healthful and provide that variability of temperature that enables a person to resist disease better.

In the actual consumption of coal for house heating there are numerous other ways to save fuel besides maintaining a lower temperature and increasing humidity. The average consumer should be as careful as possible in his selection of a proper coal. In many regions where coal is not scarce such care in purchasing fuel can be exercised to great advantage. In the matter of firing coal no one set of rules will work satisfactorily in all cases. The kind of heating apparatus has a great deal to do with it.








"Broker,"
Actual Size




# "'That won't do!' said the doctor counting my pulse—

"—Then he looked at the cigar I was smoking and told me it was too strong for me. So I switched to Girards."

Here was another case of a man smoking *the wrong kind of cigar*. And it was showing up in his heart action and his nerves. Normally, his pulse should have registered around 72 beats per minute. But here it was climbing clear up to 88.

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# When Belgium Stemmed the Tide

Four years ago the Belgian Army, war-worn and weak in numbers, confronted the Germans on the Yser. From Liège to the last narrow strip of their country they had resisted the invaders inch by inch, glorious even in retreat.

At the Yser the Belgians performed a signal service to the Allied cause by holding the Germans while the gaps were being closed in the Franco-British lines to the rear.

Four years have passed, and the same nations are still at death grips along the Western front. America, too, is there, and has this opportunity because the Belgians kept the enemy from crossing the Yser long ago.

The same unfaltering courage, the same inspiration for sacrifice in our army abroad and in our citizens at home will give us victory.

The complete mobilization of the whole people is necessary and the telephone service has an increasingly important part in speeding the national effort.

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No factor in the operation of a house-heating furnace is more important than draft regulation. The majority of furnaces have three dampers. One of these is on the ash-pit door, one on the firing door and one in the pipe connecting the furnace with the chimney. It is impossible to formulate any rule for the exact adjustment of the dampers. The proper practice must be ascertained by trial. In general the way to make the fire burn faster is to open the damper in the pipe leading to the chimney and open the damper in the ash-pit door. The damper in the firing door is not so easy to adjust because there is no simple way to determine the completeness of combustion. However, when bituminous coal is fired this damper should be slightly open all the time. In burning anthracite or coke, enough air for complete combustion may enter the furnace through various leaks, even when the firing-door damper is completely closed.

With most coals fires should be cleaned only once or twice in twenty-four hours. If alternate firing is employed the cleaning should be done just before firing the fresh charge, and only one-half of the grate cleaned at a time. This method prevents the creation of smoke and the resulting losses because the side of the fire on which there is uncoked coal is not disturbed. Do not poke and slice the fire more than necessary, and do not break the bed with a bar from the top. See that the maximum firing charge is not more than four or five inches thick. Break all lumps into pieces. Firing large lumps is wasteful. Have all doors on the boiler fit snug and do not allow material to wedge between the doors and the furnace frame; this would admit unnecessary air and cause useless combustion. Prevent the accumulation of clinkers in the fire and do not allow too much ashes on the grates. Be careful in shaking the ashes and do not shake through unburned fuel. The first glow in the ash pit is a warning to stop. In winter weather maintain the fuel bed ten to twelve inches thick. In mild weather decrease the depth of active fuel by keeping a layer of ashes on the grate under the live coals. Keep flue clean by brushing once a week and remove ashes from the ash pit frequently.

### *Other Simple Economies*

A very important saving in coal will result if all families living in large houses will heat fewer rooms. If only five rooms are heated in a seven-room house the family can get along comfortably and not have to endure any real hardship. Let us not forget that consumptives are cured by living outdoors. If the house temperature is maintained at sixty-five degrees instead of seventy-two degrees the resultant saving in coal will amount to about eighteen per cent annually. A further economy will come from shortening the heating season. In most homes the furnace is started too early in the fall and is continued in operation too late in the spring. If even one grate is available in the house the solution for a short season is at hand, for all that is necessary is to light a grate fire for a few hours on chilly evenings.

The conservation of domestic coal must not end with our simply giving careful attention to the household furnace. We must watch all our lights and use only the most economical bulbs. These latter should be of as low candlepower or wattage as is permissible. Gas fixtures should be in the best condition and mantle burners should be substituted for the open-flame burners. The flat-flame burner uses more than twice as much gas as a mantle burner, and gives less light. Every mantle burner substituted for a flat-flame burner saves a couple of ounces of coal daily. In the kitchen, fireless cookers should be used if feasible. Considerable fuel can also be saved by arranging the cooking so that the stoves are heated for the shortest possible time each day. Coal should be purchased as near home as practicable and the householder should buy a full wagonload if he can; this reduces labor and cost of delivery.

If the scraper for cleaning the smoke passages in the kitchen stove is lost, buy another and use it often. Do not run the range for the single purpose of heating tank water. Be economical of hot water in all cases. To heat one gallon of water from, say, forty degrees to one hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit requires about a quarter pound of coal in actual practice. If we use ten gallons of hot water in taking a bath, at the above rate we consume approximately two and a half pounds of coal. It is therefore plain to be seen how great is the fuel waste when we allow hot water to run indiscriminately. Even in our use of cold water we should exercise care, for some of our small municipal plants consume as much as a pound of coal in pumping twenty-five gallons of water. How often do we leave the faucet open for no particular reason at all; or perhaps we want a cold drink and waste five gallons of water to get it. People stopping in hotels are perhaps the worst offenders along these lines, for here such things as water and towels add no extra charge to the individual's bill.

A few timely suggestions to the American housewife relative to economy in operating the ordinary kitchen range have been prepared by the United States Bureau of Mines. Among other things the bureau includes the following information: "With a big fire a little air is needed over the coal as well as through it. If soft coal is used in the range allow just enough air to come through the damper over the fire to make the flames so short they will not reach the second row of stove lids. Close the top draft damper when the flames get shorter than the first row of stove lids. When it is necessary to carry a fire overnight fill the fire box with coal, cover over tightly with ashes and close all dampers. To start the fire, open the damper below the grate and the one in the stovepipe. Break up the coke in the fire box with a poker, rattling the ash into the ash box. Save what coal and coke you can from the ashes and use when you have a good fire. When the fire is well started close the damper in the smoke pipe as much as you can to maintain the fire you need. Open this damper to prevent smoking while putting in fresh coal. Damper control is the secret of economical heating."

If any American believes that the Government is asking of the individual more than it should let such person ponder over the fact that nearly sixty per cent of the families living in Berlin last winter cooked, ate and slept in the same room. Too many of us continue to talk of our troubles and are grieved because the world doesn't stand at attention while our personal distress is relieved. Thousands of Americans look out upon the horizon of their lives and see a glowworm think it is a conflagration. What does it matter if the mortgage is due! That is nothing to the sorrow of Mrs. Smith next door, who has a wonderful son already sleeping in a grave in France. If business is bad and prices are high, remember here in the United States we have more of the good things of life right now than anywhere else on earth, and do not forget that more people have died of starvation in Europe and Asia this last year than have succumbed to enemy bullets.

### *No Victories for Weepers*

This is no day to whine and practice self-pity. It is a time that calls for decision and action. All worth-while things are difficult. We learn by trying. Every day we delay our fight means a stronger enemy. The trouble is not our inability to bear adversity but rather our inability to forget prosperity. Sorrow like bad weather comes without being sent for, but it will pay no debt and add nothing to the force of our effort. We might as well try to catch the wind in a net as to expect victory from a nation of weepers. It is our sacred duty to strangle the grumblers and mourners. Griefs appear swift and remedies slow, but time tames the greatest sorrow. No mine or mill or factory can set a new high figure for production if the men working there are morose and dreary.

Let us chase away the joy slacker. We must pool not only our material forces but our glee forces. The man who holds the ladder is as bad as the one who climbs up it into your house and steals your goods. Any person in America to-day who goes about shrouded in gloom is as much a member of the Kaiser's Army as the surly Prussian who carries a gun. We are up against a dehumanized nation—a country whose soul has been shriveled and benumbed by the poison of hate and self-worship. We are fighting a people devoted to scientific barbarism—a government whose record of broken treaties and hideous cruelties goes back as far as its history. In order to win and silence forever the Huns and their Kaiser, who impudently anoints himself as the "Sword of God," we must forget our petty troubles and present a self-sacrificing and cheerful nation behind a brave and cheerful army.

Let us grin and work and fight.

# THE CZECHO-SLOVAKS

(Continued from Page 5)

his intention to do this act of justice. He issued an imperial decree in which he declared that "in consideration of the former constitutional position of Bohemia, and remembering the power and glory which its crown had given to his ancestors, . . . he gladly recognized the rights of the kingdom, and was willing to confirm this assurance by taking the coronation oath." Thus the head of the house of Hapsburg formally recognized the historic rights of the kingdom of Bohemia, so persistently and continuously infringed and contemned since 1620, and agreed to be crowned king in Prague, as he had been crowned king in Budapest. Arrangements were to be made whereby Bohemia should gain the same rights as Hungary, independence in domestic affairs and union with Austria and Hungary for certain general purposes. The Dual Monarchy was to become a Triple Monarchy. A beginning was to be made in the federalization of a country where the principle of federalism was absolutely the only one that could assure contentment, justice, equity to the various component races.

When men nowadays, in their solicitude for the integrity of Austria, state that all that is needed there is not the independence of the long and grossly maltreated races but the application of the federal principle, they speak as if this were an easy possibility. They ignore the teachings of history, of the history of the past fifty years: teachings which show that their optimistic expedient has been knocked galley-west and is as dead as Queen Anne. Austria was far nearer becoming a federal state in 1871 than she has been at any moment since, and nearer still than she is or could be at the present moment or after the present war.

### *Betrayed by the Hapsburgs*

In 1871 Austria was on the verge, as stated, of adopting the federal principle. What happened to arrest her? The two inveterate, age-long, implacable enemies of the Slavs intervened peremptorily to veto this project—and Francis Joseph was false to his promise, thus adding to the despicable record of the Hapsburgs for faithlessness and treachery. The Germans of Austria, the Magyars of Hungary announced that they would never tolerate a self-governing Bohemia. The Emperor's plans were bitterly opposed by the Germans of Austria, who, as the dominant class and also as a minority of the whole population, feared the loss of their supremacy, feared the rise of the Slavs, whom they hated. The Slavs were bitterly opposed also by the Magyars of Hungary, who feared that the recognition of the Slavic state of Bohemia would rouse the Slavic peoples of Hungary, among whom were the Slovaks, the Croatians and the Slovenes, to demand the same rights, and the Magyars were determined not to share with them their privileged position; were, on the contrary, determined to make them Magyars by compulsion, to stamp out completely their separate identity and personality.

The decree which was to place Bohemia on an equality with Austria and Hungary never came. The Hapsburgs betrayed the Slavs once more—not, however, for the last time.

For the past fifty years the history of the Czecho-Slovaks has been the history of a people essentially one—one in race, one in language, one in aspiration—yet artificially divided and both subject to the control of forces outside themselves. The fortunes of the Czechs have been determined by their connection with Austria; the fortunes of the Slovaks by their connection with Hungary. The former have fared better than the latter, inasmuch as oppression in Austria has been more difficult to practice than it has been in Hungary, owing to various reasons. In both countries there has been oppression, and in both the spirit of nationality has steadily grown under circumstances highly adverse.

In Bohemia the history of the fifty years has been the history of a linguistic and national feud. Slav has confronted German during all these years in continuous and angry opposition. These internal racial struggles of Bohemia have foreshadowed in miniature the gigantic racial struggle of to-day. The spirit of freedom versus the spirit of autocracy, the right of the Slavs to the enjoyment of life, liberty and property versus the claim of the Germans to hegemony, have been the conflicting forces that have dominated the internal politics of the land of Huss. Bohemia has been a veritable caldron of superheated passions. A climax was reached as early as 1903 when, on the floor of the Austrian Parliament, the Pan-Germans, infuriated by the claims of the Czechs, cheered the house of Hohenzollern.

The Compromise of 1867 was, then, a victory for the Magyars and the Germans; and not only for the Germans of Austria but for the Germans of Prussia. During the war of 1866 Bismarck had sought to play off the enemies or dissatisfied subjects of Austria against that country. He published a manifesto to the Czechs at the moment Prussia's armies were about to cross into Bohemia, promising to respect their "historic rights" and announcing that the victory of Prussia would mean that the hour would have "struck" for Bohemia and Moravia, as for Hungary, to realize their national ambitions. However, the hour had struck for Hungary, but not for the other two, and Bismarck had supported the stronger and now sided with her. He desired Austria as an ally, and as such she could be serviceable only if she was a strong military power and if the domination was in the hands of the German element. Here we have in process of formation that Austro-German alliance which since then has been the basis of the political system of Europe.

Tremendous was the indignation of the Czechs at the grand refusal, the treachery of the governing authorities; but they were powerless. This indignation was prevented from becoming something more dangerous by a vigorous employment of all the powers of the state, preventive censorship, arbitrary condemnations of contumacious Czechs, confiscations, dissolutions of societies, manipulation of offices and office-holders.

It was difficult, however, to silence the voice of a proud and indomitable race whose sons were willing and ready to face suffering and even death for their country. Austria did not dare abolish outright the local legislatures of Bohemia and Moravia, but her ministries displayed every art in gerrymandering electoral districts, in using immense government pressure in tricking, intimidating, nullifying the voters so as to get those legislatures under their control. Every conceivable attempt was made to assure the domination of Bohemia by the German element of the population over the Czech element, which constituted the overwhelming majority.

### *The Czechs' Long Fight*

The Czechs stuck to their guns, firing them off whenever they could, sometimes with considerable explosions. Year in, year out, under all kinds of political weather, they kept their courage, they intensified their tenacity, they clung to their aim, the autonomy of Bohemia. They did not rebel—the odds would have been too great against success—but they prepared for happier days. They labored incessantly to increase their economic strength and prosperity; they used what political rights and power they possessed under the constitution to get larger rights and greater power. They seized every opportunity to block the work of the Bohemian Diet or of the Austrian Parliament until some concession of importance was made to them—either the appointment of Czechs to minor offices or the right to use their language in the schools or in public offices. As Austrian ministries had a way of falling into distress, as from time to time they needed Czech votes, they were forced to pay the price.

Thus as decade after decade went by the Czechs developed not only their national consciousness, which hardly needed development, but their economic and their intellectual and general social individuality, more and more richly, more and more sharply. The obstacles in their way were numerous, the deceptions and disappointments unhappily recurrent; they were fighting men who had no scruples and whose promises were written in water; but despite all they steadily progressed. In 1914 the Czech nationality was riper, better equipped, more insistent than ever. The history of




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these tense years cannot be summarized. Suffice it to say it was the history of a nation that had once been captain of its own destinies and was resolved to become captain again.

Two obstacles were constantly in the way—the pretensions of the Germans and the pretensions of the Magyars, pretensions that the Dual Monarchy belonged to them and that the Slavs, the majority, were not to have a "look-in"; were to sit in the seats of the lowly and be content with being governed by their betters. The struggle has been implacable and it has been renewed with each rising sun. As the racial hatreds grew to such a pitch, parliamentary institutions, which gave them opportunity for expression, were more and more infringed by the Hapsburgs, and long before 1914 constitutional government was virtually dead in Austria.

In Hungary the reign of violence was, during these years, still more open and shameless. In 1867 the Magyars became absolute masters of Hungary, and they have remained such until to-day. In that country the situation of the non-Magyars—that is, of the Slavs—has been intolerable. It is time for the Western world to discard one of its illusions—namely, the belief, derived from the times of Louis Kossuth and entirely unjustified even in his day, that Hungary is a land passionately pledged to the service of freedom. The Magyars wanted then what they still insist upon—freedom for themselves, freedom to oppress others.

The violence of their rule has finally become generally known. The fundamental and absorbing purpose of the Magyars has been not to live and let live, but forcibly to compel the other races to become Magyars. This policy of Magyarization they have steadily persisted in. They have insisted upon the use of the Magyar language in public offices, courts, schools and in the railway service—wherever, in short, it has been possible. It is stated that there is not a single inscription in any post office or railway station in all Hungary except in the Magyar language. The Magyars have, in fact, refused to make any concessions to the various peoples who live with them within the boundaries of Hungary. They have, indeed, tried in every way to stamp out all peculiarities.

### *Magyar Chicanery*

For nearly fifty years this policy has been followed, and it has not succeeded. Hungary has not been Magyarized, because the power of resistance of the other races has proved too strong. But in the attempt, which in the last decade has grown sharper and sbriller than ever, the Magyar minority has stopped at nothing. It has committed innumerable tricks, acts of arbitrary power, breaches of the law, in order to crush out all opposition. Political institutions have been distorted into engines of ruthless oppression, political life has steadily deteriorated in character and purpose under the influence of an overmastering purpose which has recognized no bounds. Hungary, which boasts itself a land of freedom, has insured freedom only to the dominant race, the Magyars, and, as a matter of fact, to only a small minority of them. For every other race Hungary has been a land of unbridled despotism. Every imaginable instrument has been used to crush the Slavs or convert them into Magyars—corruption and gross illegalities in the administrative service, in the control of elections, persecution of independent newspapers, suppression of schools, the firm determination to prevent these subject peoples—for such they virtually are, though theoretically fellow citizens—from developing their own languages, literatures, arts, economic life, ideals. The situation has been galling to the Slavs and the other peoples. Magyar misrule has steadily increased in intensity, has in our time vitiated and corrupted the national life and has made Hungary a tinder box of disaffection and racial animosities.

Among the subject peoples so outrageously governed are the Slovaks, twin brothers, as already stated, of the Czechs. The Slovaks have not been allowed their own primary schools except in a few cases; much less have they been allowed secondary schools. They have not had their own courts, all law appointments being reserved for the Magyars. Their press has been muzzled or suppressed. Their leaders have been hounded into prison on the flimsiest pretexts. Even their local administration has been in the hands of the Magyars, and in the national parliament in Budapest they had before the war just two members to represent them, though they numbered three million people and the Magyars only nine millions.

It is no wonder that in 1914 the oppressed peoples of Austria-Hungary desired the destruction of this monstrous political and social system which was the synonym of shrieking injustice and inhumanity; no wonder that there rang through the Czecho-Slovak countries the cry that "This war will at last deliver us from the yoke of the Hapsburgs, the Germans and the Magyars." Austria-Hungary cumbers the earth and should be swept off it. It has never given freedom to its peoples, and this world must and shall belong to the free. The Hapsburgs, as well as the Hohenzollerns and the house of Osman, have been tried and emphatically found wanting. The Czechs, who in 1870 indignantly protested against the rape of Alsace-Lorraine by the Germans, should have the support in their struggle for independence of all those who are resolved to right the wrong done in 1870. This gigantic contest of our day should not end until gigantic changes are made in the map of Europe and until the bounds of human freedom are gigantically expanded. When that is done the Allies will have acquitted themselves like men, conscious of their opportunity and of their responsibility. Having accomplished that they will receive the praise of "well done, thou good and faithful servant," and the world may look forward to a long stretch of peace.

### *The Pan-German Plot*

The record of Austria in Bohemia, of Hungary in Slovakia, is a record of oppression, continuous, implacable, unbridled. The present war was begun by this arch-oppressor of the Slavs. In 1914 Austria-Hungary attacked the Serbs, another and related branch of the Slavic race. In doing this she was but continuing beyond her borders the policy long followed within them. As the Slavs stood right across the path of her present ambitions and those of her ally, Germany, they must first be swept aside. In addition, the opportunity would be offered of using the Slavs of Austria-Hungary in a crusade which had as its fundamental purpose the triumph of Germanism over Slavism throughout the world. Then let the Teutonic Powers extend their rule over Southeastern Europe and begin the conquest of Asia.

In this anti-Slav combination the Magyars, the fiercest haters of the Slavs, played an important and aggressive rôle. Despite the systematic persecution of the Slavs for fifty years the latter were nevertheless growing stronger in intelligence, in wealth and in community of feeling. Pan-Germanism was the sworn enemy of Slavic development anywhere and everywhere, and Pan-Germanism was the most aggressive force in Europe. The creation of Central Europe was on the cards in Germany long before the outbreak of the war. Germany's intimate connection with Austria-Hungary, with Turkey and with Bulgaria, where ruled a German prince, was steadily becoming closer. A war of aggression and aggrandizement would make it tight and permanent. Central Europe would emerge as a fact and would easily be made impregnable.

Certain obstacles stood in the way—Serbia, which must therefore be crushed; the Czecho-Slovaks, opposed for centuries to the Germans and therefore not to be won over to coöperation in any such scheme—they could be crushed by a war and then Germanized; also the Poles could similarly be controlled by a war and their fate settled once and for all. All Slavic nationalist aspirations could thus be completely annihilated, and the path of Pan-German progress would open wide and unobstructed.

This scheme involved, then, the annihilation of the Czecho-Slovaks. The Czecho-Slovaks understood this clearly, and since August, 1914, they have done their utmost to thwart it. They have rendered every service in their power to the Allies. Their present activity in Russia and Siberia is only the latest and most sensational evidence of their devotion to the cause for which France, Great Britain, Italy, Serbia, Belgium and America are fighting. For them the war, which was intended by those who plotted and began it as their death knell, became instantly a war of independence. By the aid they have given the Allies, unasked, unexpected, and thoug

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long cavalierly treated by the Allies, they have placed the latter under the heaviest obligations. Only by plain and incredible treachery to sorely tried friends can the Allies consent to a peace that would hand them back to their former tyrants. If the Allied world is willing to abandon them, then at least let it cease to talk of fighting for international morality, for freedom and for democracy.

The Czecho-Slovaks have, since August, 1914, done what they could to block the plans of Berlin and Vienna. Owing to their geographical position between the upper and nether millstones, their action for a long while could be only passive; also, owing to the political fact that they had no control of the government but that the authorities of Vienna controlled the machinery and were able to mobilize the Czecho-Slovaks as units in the Austrian armies. Nevertheless, their passive resistance has been a great service to the Allies and has also tested the strength of the resolution, the devotion of the Czechs to our cause. They refused to swear loyalty to Austria. They refused to subscribe to war loans or to surrender their foodstuffs. And, far more important, Czech soldiers, wherever and whenever possible, refused to march and fight for Austria.

### *Austria's Bloody Revenge*

They thus did what they could—and it was much—to bring about the disasters that befell the Austro-Hungarian armies in the first year of the war. They contributed greatly to the disorganization of the Austrian Government and society. If this record could be told in detail the world would see how much it owes to this valiant people. They have constantly shown their hostility to Austria. Repeated popular demonstrations in little villages as well as in Prague, refusals to fire on Serbs and Russians, attacks upon their German officers, surrender en masse to the enemy whenever possible—such have been their methods.

Of course, the Austrian Government pronounced all this high treason, and fearful has been its revenge. Czech soldiers in large numbers have been shot down as traitors; Czech civilian leaders have been arrested, imprisoned, shot, or have fled the country by the thousands. Despite all this the nation has stood firm and has accepted the leadership of a self-constituted National Council, with Professor Masaryk at its head, a man long respected and very influential, who early escaped from Bohemia and has been directing affairs from abroad, mainly from London. Masaryk's life has been declared forfeited by the Austrian authorities, but he goes his stormy way and has at last won the official recognition of Great Britain, France, Italy and the United States for a government that exists as yet only in the minds and hearts of the Bohemian people, that does not control an inch of Bohemian soil, that does not wield any part of the governmental machinery of Bohemia, but that is at the present moment a powerful and an increasing factor in the world struggle.

The National Council has declared the independence of the Czecho-Slovaks; England, France, Italy and the United States have recognized it. Czecho-Slovak armies are fighting on the Western Front, under their own flags, side by side with the Allies. But as all the world knows they have been performing their most wonderful service in Russia, alone and unaided until the last few weeks. There, in that maelstrom of disorder and darkness, they have pointed the path and carried the necessary work a long way forward.

Early in 1917 there were more than three hundred thousand Czech prisoners in Russia. Many of them were enrolled in the Russian Army; all of them would have been had not the old imperial régime been disinclined to use them. However, in spite of opposition a Czech legion was early formed. The services of these soldiers to the Allied cause were praised in the official Russian communications of February 2, 1916, and March 29, 1917. A large number of Czech soldiers have been decorated. In the fighting in the Dobrudja, in October, 1916, many thousands of Czechs took part and were praised in the order of the day for having "fought heroically."

In France a Czecho-Slovak legion was early created. On the very day after the declaration of war in 1914 four hundred and seventy-one Czech residents in France volunteered and joined the French Army, and by October they were in the trenches in Champagne. In May, 1916, they took part in the offensive near Neuville St. Vaast, sustaining heavy losses; later they were in the battle of the Somme. Many Czechs have been sent to Saloniki. It has been estimated that their losses in killed, wounded and disabled amount to more than fifty per cent. The Czechs have enlisted in English, Canadian and Italian armies. Wherever they have seen a chance to serve, thither they have hastened.

In return for this their country has been fearfully punished. The persecutions to which Bohemia has been subjected by Austrians and by Germans have been similar to those visited upon Alsace-Lorraine, Poland, Serbia, Belgium. The prisons have been packed, executions of civilians and of soldiers have been very frequent. Many of the condemned are women. The houses of Bohemian patriots have been raided, their papers seized, their property confiscated, their families, friends and relatives persecuted.

Notice that in all this the Czecho-Slovaks have been peculiarly isolated, have stood alone. Not until very recently have they received any official recognition from the Allies. They were representatives of a country which aspired to independence but whose independence did not exist in fact, and whose independence none of the Allies for whom they were working recognized. Indeed, at various critical moments in the past four years the Allies, including the United States, have toyed with their oppressor and have shown that they were willing to recognize the integrity of Austria-Hungary if Austria-Hungary would only withdraw from Germany. The integrity of Austria-Hungary means just one thing—the continuance of racial tyranny in a redoubled and more envenomed spirit than ever. To the Czecho-Slovaks, and to them alone, belongs the meed of praise and appreciation that they are now receiving. But the praise and appreciation have been forced slowly and reluctantly from the Allies. The Czecho-Slovaks have hitherto done far more for the Allies than the Allies have done for them.

### *The Prediction of Palacky*

A people that has shown such intelligence, such an appreciation of the issues involved in the present struggle, in which the Allies have made such errors of judgment, have so often hesitated, delayed, backed and filled; a people that has displayed such unanimity of feeling and such a sense of subordination to its leaders, is a people worthy of independence, and which, under most perplexing and unfavorable conditions, has given every evidence that it will know how to use its independence wisely when it comes.

For four years, along with fighting and suffering, the Czecho-Slovaks have gradually been building up the fabric of a state which only awaits victory to be put in power. The Czecho-Slovaks will not be found unprepared when the time arrives for the statesmanship of the country to grapple with the problem of political construction. All that remains to be done is to pry Austro-Hungarian control loose, and then Bohemia will be free. The famous remark of Palacky, one of the greatest of Bohemians of fifty years ago, will then receive its sanction and its proof: "We existed before Austria, and shall exist after her."

An independent Czecho-Slovak state will have a population of eleven or twelve millions. In its political principles as well as in its historic souvenirs, in its outlook upon life and in its aspirations, it will take its place naturally among the freedom-loving peoples. In 1848, when Palacky, the great historian and statesman, started the modern phase of the struggle against the Germans, the Magyars and the Hapsburgs, he chose as his motto that of the French Revolution—"Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." The new state is pledged to democracy by every fiber of its being. It will be a republic too. Thus it will represent, in the very heart of Europe, the principles of government and society to which our own country is forever dedicated. We should count it an inestimable honor as well as a priceless opportunity to be able to contribute to the full extent of our powers to the erection of that state. If we care anything about the progressive liberation of the world our responsibility is great and our duty clear.


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# THE ROARING ROAD

(Continued from Page 9)

"Oh, daddy! You mustn't!" Dorothy, it is to be feared, had been listening outside the door. "You're—it—it's dangerous! You're just doing it to give Toodles his chance. I won't ——"

"Dorothy, child, the water's boiling," gently reprimanded the Bear. "What's the matter with you kids? When a man gets past forty-five and sprouts a few gray hairs everybody thinks he's on the last lap. Everybody thinks the old motor and the old man have run their last race. Some folks have been carrying round a shovel all summer looking for an easy place to dig a hole. Rot! Here's where we fool 'em."

"But daddy," Dorothy protested, "it's been over six years since you drove in a regular race. And they're framing against you. Isn't that what Toodles says?"

"All the more reason why I should jump into it," roared the Bear. "If they frame on me I'll let 'em have it. Don't you suppose I've learned a few things in my time? Pshaw! I'm not tied to a rocking-chair. I'm only forty-eight. There's many an old grayhead that'll be roaring along in the lead when you younger bloods are in the pits. If I can't win on youth I'll win on brains. Now you kids trot along home. And just naturally keep your heads shut. I'm not in my second childhood."

The next morning when J. D. entered the salesroom he was greeted by a gasp of astonishment. His grizzly hair was clipped short, the characteristic felt hat had given place to a nifty cross-barred cap, and he wore a light suit that in smartness rivaled the triggest salesman's. Ten years—outwardly—had dropped away from the Bear.

"Well, sonny," he greeted the astonished Toodles with the title that never failed to rouse the young man's ire, "some class to grandpa, huh? How's the new motor's digestion this morning? Able to hold down a soft boiled egg?"

"You'll hear from us later," Toodles flared. "You'll notice the dust."

"Good news—good news," chided J. D. "I was fearing you might quit."

He climbed to the Bear Den, sat down and gripped his cigar. In his eyes there blazed the fierceness of battle. Strategy, strategy—that was it. Toodles and the Kummer he did not even concede to be dangerous. But brains alone could defeat the might of the allied Fargot and Kodick teams. Patiently the old strategist set himself to exploring the highways of his long-past racing days. One car against six—that was a handicap. Hour by hour he crouched in his chair, burning cigar after cigar as incense before the illusive idol of Imagination. Suddenly a knock jarred its way rudely into his dreams.

"Come in!" he growled impatiently.

The door swung open to admit a dark-skinned, slim young man, dressed in echoing gray plaid.

"By thunder!" murmured J. D. to himself. "Think of the devil ——"

Aloud he did not speak.

"Howdy, Mr. Ward," greeted the young man. "Heard you were looking for a driver for the Vanderbilt. Decided I'd drop in and talk it over."

J. D. sat back in his chair, stared vigorously, then grinned a strange hard grin. "By gad, Roget," he said slowly, "you've got nerve."

"Never mind that, Mr. Ward," returned the young man calmly. "You want a driver. I want a job. Let's ——"

"A job!" J. D. bellowed. "Have you quit the Kodick team?"

For this was Aristide Roget, the great American-French driver and chief lieutenant of the hateful Kodick-Fargot combination. Roget had just walked calmly into his office and asked for a job. It was incredible. But J. D. kept down his resentment.

Roget's dark face clouded. "No, I didn't quit," he snapped. "I was fired. I'm the goat. Those three bright drivers of yours are on the Kodick pay roll. Do you know how they got there? Simply let it be known they were going to file a complaint with the A. A. A. board. Of course they had evidence; it has been pretty rotten, I guess. The Kodick would be barred from the track. So they're on the pay roll, and I'm off—me and Ben Griggs. Canned like common chauffeurs."

"Well, by thunder!" rumbled J. D. "That's justice hot off the stove! But it's my cars you've been framing against. No sympathy for you here, young man."

"I'm not looking for sympathy," returned Roget angrily. "I want just one chance to hit back. One wallop at that gang."

For a long minute J. D.'s eyes bored into the flushed face of his old enemy. Was this another elaborate scheme to place spies behind the steering wheels of his cars? Or was it a real opportunity? In either case it would bear testing.

"You and Griggs come over here tomorrow morning," he ordered. "I'm going to drive one car myself; but I've two empties. I'll take a chance on you fellows. We'll settle the salary question to-morrow."

There was no trouble over salary. Roget and Griggs hardly looked at the figures on the contracts before scrawling their names. Both were prime drivers. But—they had illegally framed against the Darco all summer. Scowling over his office desk the fact loomed ever larger to J. D. that he had now two drivers whom he couldn't trust—Roget and Griggs. Could he trust the third?

"I'll lick myself into shape," he muttered. "It's time to get busy."

Forthwith he plunged into the reorganization of the new team. With the enthusiasm of a boy he doffed the natty gray suit and became a grease-smeared, beoveralled fanatic. Presently a mystery developed that attracted the attention even of Toodles, busy as he was finishing his new Kummer. Every morning at eight o'clock the three Darco cars would roll out of the garage and disappear for the day. Round five they would return. Finally Toodles decided to do a little special investigating.

Hiring an inclosed rent car he followed; the chase led to the gates of Ascot Park. Toodles climbed on top of his car and peered over the lofty fence. Lined up on the cement mile track before the vacant grand stand was the Darco team. A roar rose in unison; the three cars rolled round at fifty miles, then as they entered the home stretch were off to a flying start. Toodles gripped the fence. It was a race! Ten times the cars whizzed round, then in the last lap J. D.'s big Number Eleven crept out from the others and finished a good three lengths ahead. Later the Bear took the track alone, and shot round twenty-five miles at tremendous speed. Toodles snapped a stop watch on one of the laps—forty-four and three-fifths seconds! Gasping he climbed down and drove back to the salesroom.

"Only two-fifths of a second behind the record for the course!" the young man mused. "And somebody said they never came back!"

Engrossed in his work J. D. all but dropped Toodles and the Kummer from his mind. His worries were elsewhere. Plot and think as he might, no strategic idea had developed. Then one morning Roget walked in, grinning.

"Say, chief," he hailed, "what do you know? Those ex-drivers of yours are worrying. Or so I hear. Not about us—it's this new Kummer wagon. It seems Toodles Walden went down to Santa Monica the other morning before the motor cops were out, and shoved his new bus ten laps at about ninety-two per hour. Oldham's real fussed."

"Who said so?" J. D. growled.

"Jimmy Barnes, Oldham's mechanician. He was trying to pump me."

"What did you tell him?" asked the Bear quickly.

"Trust Little Arthur," laughed Roget. "I filled him so full I bet he busted on his way home. I told him I wasn't supposed to talk, but the Kummer was a Darco. I said it was good for better than a hundred miles an hour and would win the Vanderbilt sure, but we were keeping the new motor covered so we could sell all the old Darcos on hand before springing it."

"By gad, Roget, I'll raise your salary for that!" roared the Bear.

"Then raise mine, too," objected Griggs, crawling out from under the car. "I started that story. Walden never went down to Santa Monica. I ran into Oldham downtown and he seemed so swelled up that I thought I'd take him down. So I sped up the Kummer to ninety-two miles. Say, boss, what's a Kamp motor? Oldham asked me if the Kummer had a Kamp motor. I never heard of it before."

But J. D. was staring at nothing. For a long minute he stared. From the fountain

(Continued on Page 113)

(Continued from Page 110)

of his subconsciousness was trickling an idea, drop by drop; gradually the drops merged into a compact rivulet, and on its crest came riding the great scheme.

"How about it, boss? Don't I get that raise?" Griggs persisted, but J. D. was already on his way.

"You sure do!" he roared back over his shoulder. "What's more, you'll get that chance you're after."

He rushed into his office and seized a pencil. In five minutes a telegram was on its way to Detroit, demanding immediate shipment by fast express of the two Kamp motors—the provoking experiments that had such resemblance to the engine under the hood of the Kummer.

The Kamps arrived the day before the practice trials were to begin for the Vanderbilt. They were hauled out to a little private garage behind Toodles' new bungalow in Hollywood; Roget's and Griggs' two Darcos followed, and the Kamp motors were swiftly installed.

"Now, Old-Sleuths," J. D. addressed his two drivers, who had been poking inquisitive noses round the strange new engines, "you've got two fancy bunches of metal that are the fastest power plants ever put into a racing car. But—this is confidential, understand?—the durned things won't stay together more than fifty miles at high speed. Why? I wish to God I knew! Now, you show up at Santa Monica for practice to-morrow, and every morning; and rave about the new Darco motors. Get up little races; take bets. Do two laps at top speed. That's all—understand? Two laps. You'll make your fortunes."

"That's nice," said Griggs, "but what's the big idea?"

"Oh, nothing," parried J. D. His doubts still haunted him. Could a wasp be made stingproof by calling it a fly? "Tell you, boys," he growled, "you'll put it over better if you don't know the inside stuff. I'll let you in the night before the race. Meanwhile it's good pocket money."

All three left the place, grinning.

It remained in those next days for J. D. to drop round the track and behold his great scheme developing with marvelous smoothness. Roget and Griggs were born confidence men. For three successive mornings in their Kamp-equipped Darcos they burned the pavements at a pace that left Ritz, Oldham and the rest in a state of panic. The first morning the mighty Ritz of the Fargot team had snatched up the bet, with the instant loss of a week's salary and the unwelcome gain of some pounds of California dust. Oldham and Kerhoff in their Kodicks had shared the same dust. Even Toodles and the Kummer had suffered the first heart-breaking of their young careers.

It lasted only two laps; but it was impressive. Darcos had never traveled so fast before. So fully did Roget and Griggs usurp the center of attention that nobody noticed Old J. D. in the third Darco, jogging round the course at the sane snail's pace of eighty miles an hour. Nor did anyone hear the soft-spoken pledges J. D. whispered to his old Pal. But the tried old motor seemed to understand, for whether it chuckled along at sixty or plunged thunderingly ahead at ninety it missed not a single bark from its heavy iron throat.

The evening before the great race the two Darcos were run once more into the little Hollywood garage, and their own rightful motors reinstalled.

"Now they'll last more than fifty-one miles," growled Old J. D.

The hard training of those weeks had done wonders for the Bear. His rough old hide looked brown and hard.

"I said I'd give you the inside stuff. Well, you've probably guessed it. Ritz and Oldham have plumb forgotten their combination—that's most of it. They're trying to figure out some way individually whereby they can grab better than fourth place." He turned away, casually adding: "I've instructed Tom Darby to tell somebody to tell Oldham that those were only Kamp motors after all."

"For the love of Mike, boss," Roget exclaimed, gaping, "what did you do that for?"

"Here I've gone and built up the Darco a new reputation, and you throw it away like that!" mourned Griggs, half-angry.

Old J. D. regarded them amusedly. "I'm plumb ashamed for you boys," he said indulgently. "You forget Oldham knows all about the Kamp motor and its weakness."

"That's what we're telling you!" shouted Roget.

"Very well," retorted the Bear coolly. "Put yourselves in his place. You're out on the track against two cars that you think can go like the devil—for a sixth of the distance. What, naturally, will you do?"

"Open up and try to run 'em down," suggested Griggs.

"Sure you will! And then suppose they aren't flimsy motors after all, but durable motors; like my old Darcos, for instance?"

"Whoop!" exploded Roget. He saw the scheme in a flash. "Oh, boy! The Darco is the strongest motor of them all! What a licking we'll hand 'em!"

Griggs, too, was grinning, but ruefully, as befits one about to be thrown to the wolves. So J. D. concluded the great scheme:

"Now, see here, any licking that bunch gets will depend on you fellows. I'm going to win that race. But I can't do it unless you boys keep going wide open until something busts. Every mile they chase you will count. It's a race to see which wears out first. Now, you boys have motives of your own. But I'll give either of you a ten-dollar bonus for every mile you're in the lead. A hundred miles, a thousand dollars. Make it the whole three hundred, and it'll be three thousand. But don't forget if you're there near the end I might run over you. I'll be in a hurry about that time—anxious to get back to my rocking-chair!"

But Old J. D. gripped his cigar very thoughtfully as he drove his way home. He was tired—extremely tired. In these last days of final practice he had realized that even forty-eight years will take their toll. Visualizing those endless curves and thundering straightaways of the Santa Monica course, the veteran fearlessly wondered what would be the end. Two hundred and ninety-four miles to drive—and he with nerves long past their prime! Would it be an instant of enforced relaxation, a mere flicker of wavering attention—then a plunge, a crash, a jolt of pain, and a white card coldly raised to blot out forever his number on the score-board? Not his number only, but the Darco's number too. He thought of Burman, at Corona, snatched horribly from life just when victory was in grasp.

The roaring road had taken young men, glorious men in the flush of vigor.

Then slowly the iron in him, the solid male force that underlay his aggressiveness, climbed up and crushed the depressing thoughts. His strategy left no room for weakness; Roget and Griggs were to sacrifice their cars deliberately in the hope of luring their opponents to overstrain themselves; the winning of the race, once the foe was wrecked, was the sole task of Old J. D. Ward. Then another phantom crept in: Would the fly turn wasp? Could he trust Griggs and Roget? Well, the morrow would show. He was grinning his old Bear's grin again that night before he went quietly to sleep.

All night the three boulevards that led to Santa Monica were three dazzling fairy paths of light down which countless giant fireflies wound their way toward the sea.

The morning was cool for October. By eleven the great grand stand was a vivid carpet of race-mad humanity. Back in eleventh starting position Old J. D. Ward calmly studied the crowd and counted the foe. There were twenty-one cars in all, grouped compactly three abreast, snorting and smoking like demon cavalry of a futurist's nightmare. The Bear was chuckling quietly. Over at the pits a half hour ago he had caught words of a heated dispute between the Fargot and Kodick drivers.

The two Darcos of Roget and Griggs had drawn respectively third and fifth positions; they'd have to drive fast for a while anyhow, mused J. D. quizzically, to keep out of the way. He was more interested in watching the type of start taken by the foe. Would Ritz and Oldham plunge madly after the supposed Kamps, bent on running them down in the first half century? Through the haze he could see the white outlines of Toodles' Kummer. Too bad Tom Darby was riding with Toodles. J. D. could have used wily Darby himself. Beyond was Ritz's black bulky Fargot, with Oldham's yellow Kodick somewhat nearer. Suddenly a thunderous volcano of noise spilled down from the grand stand. The first car was off!

J. D. gripped the wheel with his huge firm paws. The cars in front moved up.


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Roget got away; then an unknown, then Griggs. Both Darcos started like madmen. They were playing the game! J. D. saw the starter's arm poised over Ritz, and leaned forward as it fell. Flame leaped from the Fargot's exhaust; with a wild mad lunge it was gone. How the crowd yelled! But the Bear smiled grimly.

Toodles' Kummer took an easy start. "That's old Darby!" thought the Bear. Then Oldham in his Kodick spurted fire, even as Ritz. The car on J. D.'s left dissolved noisily into the haze; the starter was beside him. The moment had arrived! Years rolled away and were nowhere; it was only yesterday, it seemed, that he had awaited that same signal. The hand fell sharply; the Bear's heart missed a beat, but his paws held true; he was off. Before him stretched the road, the roaring road of two hundred and ninety-four miles, the bleak houses of failure and the black hovels of death lining its flaming course, at its end the Castle of Fame. Neatly, efficiently, J. D. skidded round the first turn. No stops this trip.

Seven laps—fifty-six miles—and the grand stand was a riot. Such speed so early in the race—were the drivers crazy? Griggs careened round the San Vicente turn and ripped by with the old Darco wide open. In his smoke was Roget; he had just lost first place and ten dollars to his team mate. A black car lunged frantically three hundred feet behind; two lengths back was the yellow Kodick. Ritz and Oldham were driving like madmen. Once those rickety Kamp motors broke, their path would be clear. Why didn't they break?

But the ninth lap passed; and still the Darcos led. Roget had gone back to earning ten dollars every thirty-nine seconds. The full Fargot and Kodick teams thundered behind, all evidence of judgment flung to the winds. A certain mob panic possessed them, a madness to head the flying Darcos, and in that angry scramble it was every man for himself. Already Jackson, a lesser Fargot light, had gone out with an engine that clattered strangely.

And back in eighth place Old J. D. jogged contentedly along. "They're climbing the greased pole," he grunted to himself. "Let 'em waste themselves."

The great scheme was succeeding beyond his hopes. But how long would the Darcos themselves stand that killing pace? Even J. D. was astonished at the speed of the old motors. It quickened his confidence. He could get there too, when the moment came. One more worry was being slowly erased with each lap—Roget and Griggs were holding true. Once more in the Bear's racing life he was proving that there are few incentives like revenge.

But J. D. had no eyes in the back of his head, and his mechanician overlooked the danger. Just behind, another car was slipping easily along; a white car—Toodles' Kummer.

Fourteen laps sped by and the second hundred miles was well under way when the expected began to happen. The leading car staggered into the pit; it was Roget, and the Darco had burned out its clutch. The slim Frenchman waved a debonair hand to J. D. speeding by. He had earned a goodly bonus.

The burden was now on Griggs, and Ritz with a triumphant roar crowded past and took first, only to lose it a lap later to Oldham in the Kodick. If there was any real friendship between the two it ended there. And presently Griggs, with an unexpected tremendous rush, swept past both Oldham and Ritz and tenaciously resumed his task of picking up ten dollars per mile. Roget had hogged it all while he lasted.

"There goes the other Darco!" shrieked a frenzied fan.

It was true; Old J. D. was in the race. With the calmness of a veteran warrior the Bear advanced to the attack.

So it happened that J. D. was in plain sight when his great scheme collapsed with a crash in the twenty-second lap. Griggs, yet leading, skidded round the Soldiers' Home turn; there was a sharp explosion as a left front tire blew out. The Darco staggered, then plunged for the crowd. Griggs hurled his weight against the wheel. The racer swung athwart the course and locked wheels with Ritz's Fargot. The two machines, in a hopeless tangle, cannoned into the raised railway tracks outside the curve.

Griggs and his mechanician picked th selves out of the wreckage, stopped enough to see Ritz and his mate crawl unhurt, then with the air of two small at a circus walked across the track and down on the curb. Now they could w the other fellows work.

J. D. took one glance at the wreck.

"Sooner than I'd thought, old Pal," muttered. "But they got Ritz."

Had he the strength to complete running down of Kerhoff and Compt He must risk it. He pushed his throttl its final limit and shot forward to do duty. And even as he did so he heard a at his side, and foot by foot a ghostly w monster crept up, stayed abreast, sw ahead.

J. D. coolly dropped back. Here w new ally. Let Toodles run them whil lasted.

Five laps Toodles led the field at a that the weakened Kodicks could stand. Just at the end of the twe seventh, the lucky three-times-nine, de came to the mighty "I am." Oldh crawled miserably into his pit; his r crankshaft bearings had burned out. P ently he walked over to Roget's cold Da glanced at the motor, stared; and, as truth smote his eyes, slumped down w ily against the scoreboard.

The next lap wiped the track cle Kerhoff coasted in with a broken conn ing rod. The Fargot-Kodick combinat was smashed for good.

When Toodles stopped for a tire cha in the twenty-ninth a fanatical fire of flamed up in Old J. D.'s eyes. He sw into first place. He was leading—vindi ing the old motor before the eyes of whole universe! Neither he nor it ready for the junkpile. Now let the kno ers talk of rocking-chairs! Six more b laps, and they would flash together past checkered flag; the old motor and the man!

But the Bear was very tired. He driving, he knew, on power drawn not al from the thundering engine, but from core and soul of his strength. Behind loomed Toodles and the white Kumm gaining perceptibly. The body-racked Bear braced himself and called on the Da for its last iota of power. The Kumm ceased to gain. If only he could hold now!

Two laps slipped by, then the thi finally the fourth; no change, though gap was narrow. J. D. lost on the straig aways and gained by sheer nerve on turns. The Darco thundered past the p the grand stand was a roaring Bed Dimly he caught a glimpse of a brilli green flag: "You are on your last lap!

Slowly the Kummer gained. A mile, the big white hood crept alongside. turn was coming; the Kummer was g Afterward it appeared again, and the cars rocked together down the San Vic straightaway. The Kummer led. No n tricks; speed alone could do it now. J fought with the wheel. The track w blurred outline; the iron resistance of man was breaking. Three miles to go. as he could, the Kummer slowly ahead. Then abruptly the gap seeme narrow. The old red Darco like a tong flame seemed to reach out for the w monster that was snatching victory aw and got it. Gradually the Kummer away and was lost in the dust behind.

A hurricane of sound swept up; a g checkered flag crackled in the B face. He straightened; a broad grin t figured the haggard face. Again, after and defeat, the old motor and the old were once again champions of the ro road!

"What in thunder happened to the mer?" growled Old J. D. the next tir met Darby.

"Didn't I tell you? We ran out of declared the mechanician.

"How'd the Kummer happen to q the Bear asked Toodles three days la

"Ran out of gas, durn it!" bl replied that young man.

"Humph!" grunted the old man. you stopped at the pit after I did!"

For the winter season a new Darco appeared on the market. Under its was a new motor—the motor that had out of gas."



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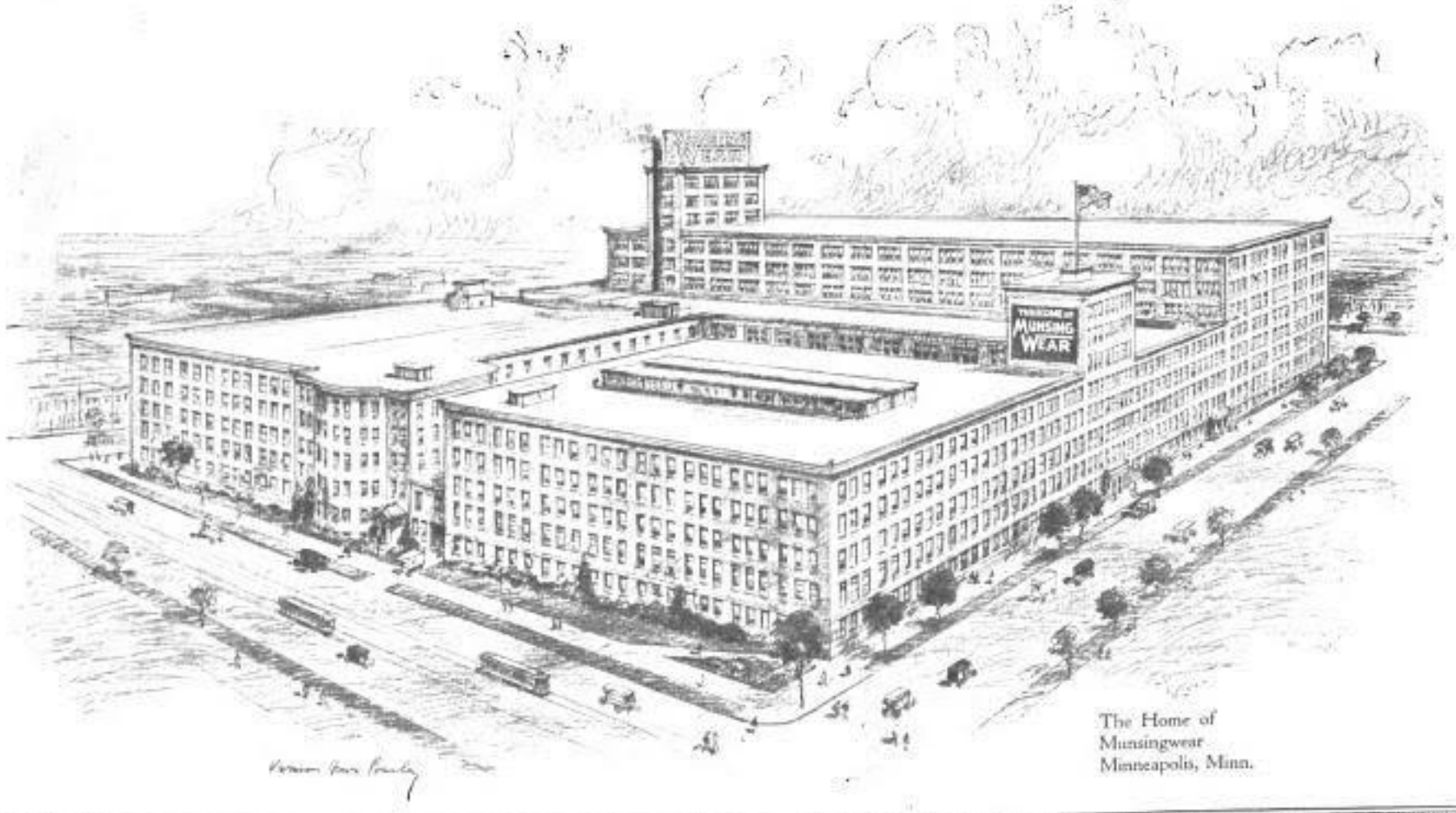
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# THE SPITE ATTACK

## By Elizabeth Frazer

THE third phase of the great German offensive of 1918 began with the first light of dawn on July the fifteenth. In Paris, fifty-one miles behind Château-Thierry, that distant bombardment, violent beyond all precedent, could be distinctly heard. It could be heard, but the explosions were not like real explosions. They were like tiny, far-away echoes, ghosts of explosions—as if baseballs were being hurled with extreme force against a wall heavily padded with cotton wool. Pluff! Pluff-pluff! Pluff! Pluff! Pluff! Pluff! Distinct, yet muted, they came, those distant thuds; denatured, so to speak, with all the sound violence extracted.

Parisians rose from their beds, stepped to the windows and leaned from their casements to listen. But immediately the nearer night noises of the city eclipsed those distant ghost roars of battle. The whir of a belated taxi through the deserted streets, the hollow ring of footsteps on the pavement, even the blinking of an eyelid—and those soft sinister booms were completely blotted out. But back in bed once more, with the windows shutting out the city sounds, the dull pounding commenced again, steady, persistent as the beat of the blood in the arteries: Pluff! Pluff-pluff! Pluff!

Thus at Paris, the heart of the world. But up at Château-Thierry, the seat of alarms, it was a vastly different affair. There was nothing dim, distant, dissolved, denatured or cotton-woolly about the cannonading in that sector. It was the storm center of the tornado. The air was thick with clamor. The heavy guns bellowed incessantly. In order to hear each other men had to lean close and shout, and then it was only by the lip movement that they could be understood. It was like trying to speak during the rushing thunder of an express train. The Prussian storm troops were attacking formidably, with all their immense prestige, and the Americans were responding coolly, methodically as the Concord minutemen, with machine gun and rifle.

It cannot be said that the Prussians were cowards. They had been ordered to hold their position at any cost; and they fought ferociously, until they were dropped by the bayonet. In their machine-gun pits twenty and thirty Hun gunners were found, piled in heaps, slain by the bayonet, showing they had resisted desperately to the end; and the path to those same pits could be traced by American dead. Neither side asked or gave any quarter, and in those first fierce days of the offensive few prisoners were taken.

### The Ebb Tide

DESPITE the redoubtable blows of the famous iron-disciplined Prussian Guards and the Bavarian Reserves, shock troops alleged to be irresistible, despite also the hail of bullets and gas shells and high explosives right in their faces, the Americans started a counter-drive. The Germans had initiated this game called "drive," and now the Americans, under Foch and Pershing, were ramming that same game down their throats. And slowly the German line began to recoil. Slowly those Prussians and Bavarians, fighting like tigers, began to retire. For the first time since America's entry into the war she began to land substantial body blows upon the enemy; for the first time that enemy began to stagger under the terrible punishing force of those blows, delivered with the whole weight of a powerful angry nation behind them. The Germans had started out to stampede the Americans; the Americans retorted by stampeding the Germans—a little.

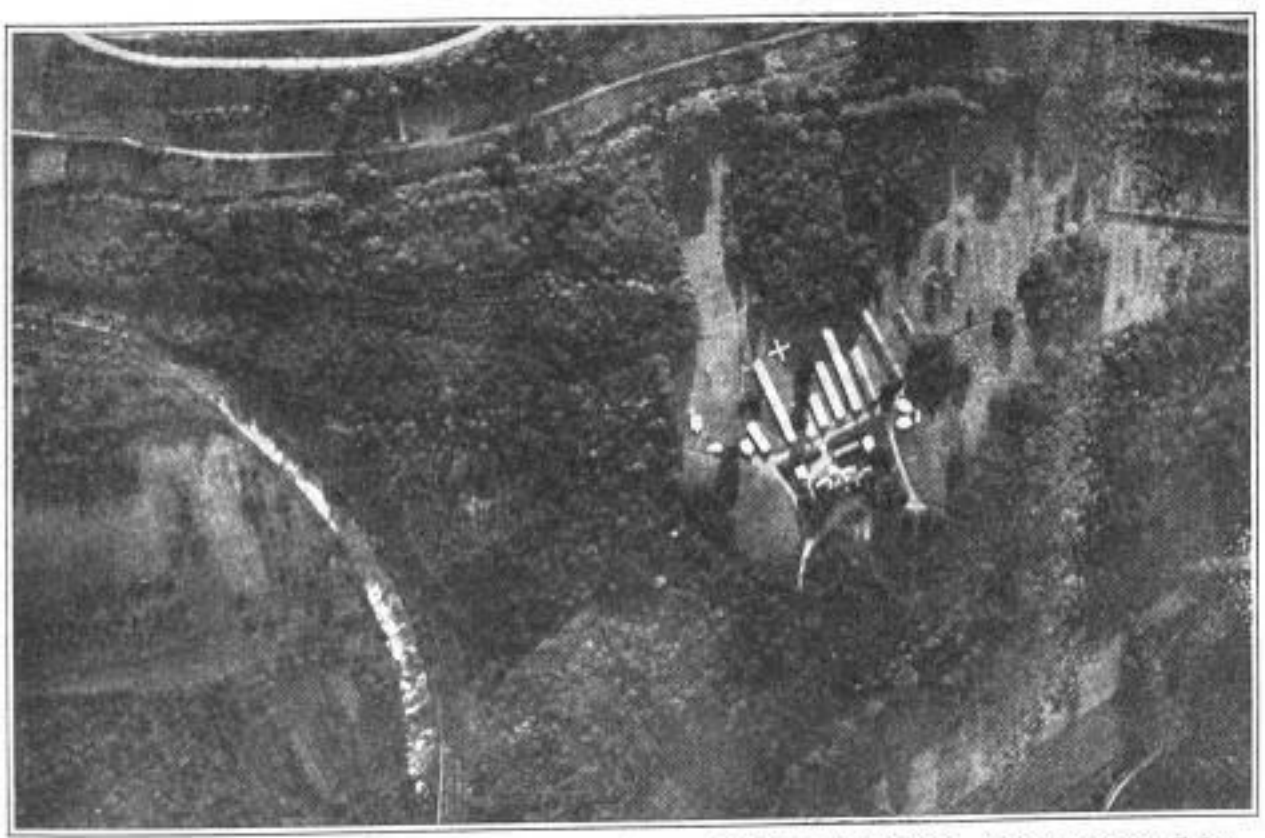
And now began two tides: one tide strong, and hourly growing stronger, sweeping the Hun back, pressing into tighter corners and hotter hells, victorious; the other tide composed of those who fell—a quiet, stricken, bloody tide, ebbing slowly toward the rear.

PHOTOGRAPH PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION



PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

*Tent-Ward Showing Damage Caused by German Bombs.* ***This Red Cross Military Hospital Was Bombed by German Planes During the July Offensive While the Americans Were Winning at Château-Thierry***



***American Red Cross Hospital Which Was Bombed by German Airplanes in July, 1918. This Air Picture, Taken at a Height of Several Thousand Feet, Shows Clearly the White Hospital Tents and the White Cross. The Germans Bombed It on a Brilliant Moonlight Night from a Height of Less Than 500 Meters***

### A Busy Night at the Hospital

THE hospital was waiting to receive them, surgeons and nurses in aprons and caps. In the kitchen a soldier, told off as cook, stoked the big kitchen range until it glowed incandescent on top, and the huge marmites of coffee and cocoa disseminated a fragrant aroma through the house. Ambulances, a steady stream, began to climb the dark, wooded hill road. Two lanterns, like bright, glowing eyes, fastened on either side of the entrance gate, guided them into the grounds. In the rear of the château, in front of the admission tent, they halted; deposited their burdens—silent, immobile, blanket-swathed figures, whose white bandages showed deep crimson stains—retrieved blankets and stretchers; snatched a hasty gulp of strong black coffee, and rumbled off for another load. More drew up, unloaded, departed. And still more and more and more. What a traffic in the dead of night! The traffic sergeant gave low, terse orders. A hooded lantern gleamed here and there. Over all was the infernal voice of the cannon, and those swift, stabbing, crimson flames across the sky.

Inside the admission tent, despite the rush and the constant influx of fresh stretchers, a clean-cut order prevailed. Men, sorely wounded, rested on their litters without change for a few minutes, while their infected clothes were removed and a brief history taken, after which they were borne off by brancardiers directly to the X-ray and operating rooms. Thus with all haste and yet with all order a constant sorting went on, the serious operative cases going forward, the lighter cases remaining behind. These latter were helped into clean pyjamas, given hot soup or cocoa—some of them during the fury of the attack had not tasted food for more than twenty-four hours—their wounds re-bandaged, and put to bed to await their turn in the long procession that led to the operating table. And some of these latter, shelled incessantly,



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under constant shock and stress, not having closed an eye for seventy-two hours, took the high dive into deep oblivion with the coffee cup still in their hands, and slept solidly for a night and a day on end.

The cots in the admission ward filled up. The stream of badly wounded moved forward and the fresh stream from the ambulances flowed in to its place. Everywhere could be heard a continuous low drone of conversation. There was no excitement. But neither was there silence nor sadness—though some were dying—nor groaning nor evidence of pain. They were talking, indeed, but it was noticeable that no one spoke of his wounds or his sufferings, though some had lain twenty-four hours and more on the field or in the dugouts under intense barrage before they could be brought in. But it was not of this they spoke. The battle, what had happened up there, still intoxicated them, still held their brains in thrall. They talked of horrible, grotesque, fantastic and sanguinary things in low, level, dispassionate tones, as if they were discussing the weather:

"I saw my captain and my lieutenant blown straight to hell; it was a head-on collision with a high explosive. My captain was a fine fellow. He always seen we had a place to sleep, and if there was anything to eat going we got it. I was handed one in the chest. We was creeping up on a nest of their machine guns that the dirty boches had hid in a tree. I couldn't bandage my chest wound, and I was spitting blood pretty bad, so I lay down in a shallow shell hole for the rest of the day.

"Along toward night I says to a comrade shot through the arm, who had crawled in alongside: 'Steve,' I says, 'we've got to beat it. This is getting too lively for me.' By that time the shells was busting at regular intervals at a distance of about five feet apart. No use scrouchin' down to dodge 'em; if you did you lost your interval—see? And the next one caught you straight! So we just stood up and walked along kind of slow. We made it that way for about a mile, stumbling along, not going too fast or too slow, for fear of losing that danged interval, when suddenly I flopped down. I'd been bleeding pretty freely right along.

"'Steve,' I says, 'I'm not going to make it. You hike on.'

"But he helped me to stand, and so we kind of leaned up against each other like some of these funny dead drunks you see, and staggered along until presently we saw something looming ahead. I let out a feeble little yip. It was a French machine gun right on top of us, and they was just drawing off to fire! Yes, sir! That holler, for all it was so feeble, was the best little piece of business I ever pulled!"

### *Men and Events in Heroic Size*

SOME of their stories, I am bound to say, were whoppers, and their figures as inflated as those of watered stock. They saw things heroic size. This phase of battlefield psychology is well known to war surgeons. One soldier, for example, declared his entire division had been wiped out. Another made modest mention of the fact that his company alone, single-handed, against overwhelming odds, had started the Hun on his return trip to Berlin.

"Aw, dry up!" groaned out an exasperated realist, with a grimace of pain. "You four-flushers make me sick, blowing like that!"

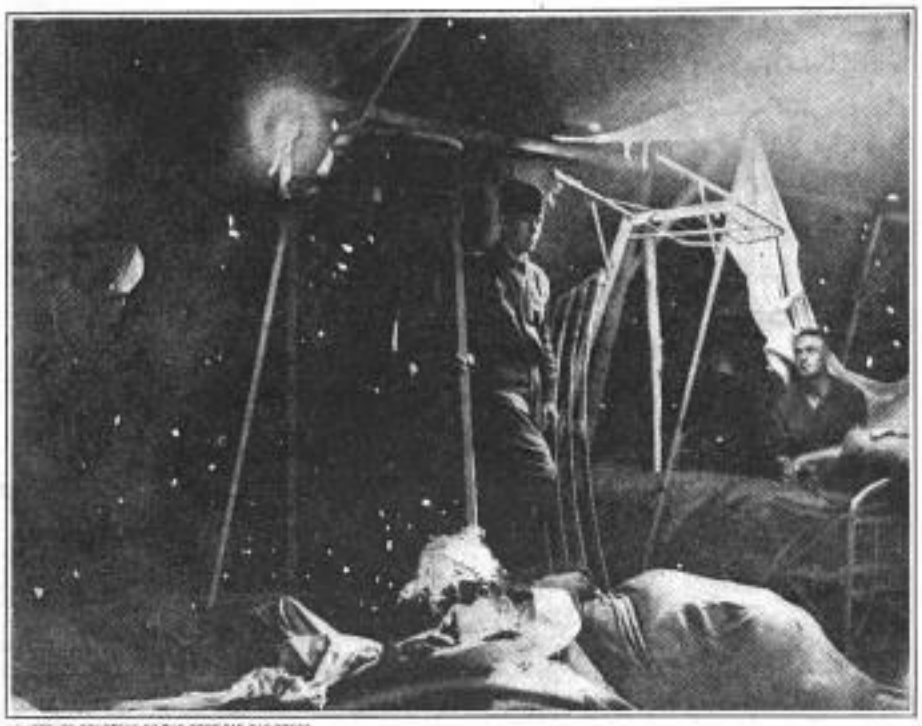
"Well, anyhow," retorted the youth who had boasted of his company, "we whaled 'em in that pocket!"

The realist lifted himself with labor, for a contemptuous look at the optimist.

"What's the matter with your eye?" he demanded.

"Left it on the battlefield to look after things," said the other with utter sang-froid. "What's a little private eye or two in a war of this size?"

"Well, you're no tin-horn sport!" admitted the realist grimly. And he laid himself down again.



PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

*The Interior of a Tent Forming Part of the Hospital as it Looked After the Spite Attack by Hun Bombing Planes. The White Spots are Holes Torn by Shrapnel*

Near the entrance to the admission tent lay a man on a stretcher, his leg bandaged above the knee. The trouser leg had been cut away, the white bandage gleamed ominously red, and down his leggings, down to the heel of his heavy boot, oozed slow drops of red which formed a dark pool on the stretcher. His eyes were closed; his eyelids were violet; his face, under the gleam of the surgeon's torch, showed ghastly white; and a week's growth of black beard emphasized the pallor.

"Get him right up to the house," commanded the surgeon after an expert squint, not so much at the leg as at another bandage round the chest. "Have you taken his history?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then shoot him in ahead of the others. Tell the nurse to have him X-rayed at once, and pass him into the operating room. It's a long chance at that."

The brancardiers bore him away.

Down in the other wards the cots were fast filling with the gassed. For these, in an evacuation surgical hospital, nothing could be done save to remove their gas-impregnated garments, bandage their blisters and burns, feed them, rest them—and rush them on to the rear. Upon one of the beds lay a boy, gassed by phosgene. He lay in a kind of stupor, wondrously beautiful and pale, a statue carved in pure marble, the mobile boyish mouth curved in a faint smile. No visible breath. No pulse. And for him, too, rest—absolute rest.

Still the cannons thundered and their vivid flames painted momentarily the black sky. The ambulances never ceased their steady rumble. The drivers got down for a draught of hot coffee, a word with the sergeant, and then drove off in the dark. It was an unending procession.

And now another tent down in the grounds, isolated from the others, began to be filled. Some of the occupants were wounded, some gassed; some groaned and called out in guttural accents of agony, of fear; some were too far gone to groan. A guard stood at the door.

"Guess they think we're going to murder them!" opined he grimly to the brancardiers as they bore in still another litter.

"We caught quite a bunch to-night between the devil and the deep blue sea," remarked a brancardier jovially. "Now then—steady! One—two—three! Drop the stretcher!" They lifted the silent figure into the bed. "This poor devil is almost in. He'll be going west before long. Here's another. Says his name is Max. All right, Max! You're in America now! Nothing but a kid—is he? Can you make out what he's chewing the rag about?"

The guard bent down his head. The German prisoner, young, pale, with still a lingering, childlike softness of contour about the chin, rolled his head ceaselessly to and fro, to and fro, while he muttered in a delirium of pain: "Oh, my poor old mother! Oh, my little sister! The Germans did not want the war!" Over and over again, like a litany.

Up in the pre-operative ward in the château the beds and the floor and the hallway were encumbered with men on stretchers waiting to be fed into the X-ray room. Here, as down in the admission ward, there was a constant circulation, the gravest cases being rapidly pushed forward and fresh stretchers from the outside filling their places. Suddenly an orderly, who had been bending above a still figure on a cot, straightened himself, and with panic in his face stepped across the room to the nurse.

"That guy in the corner's dying, I think," he muttered in her ear. "Anyhow, he's stopped breathing."

### *An Encounter With an S. I. W.*

HASTILY the nurse sought the alleged moribund's cot, leaned down and felt his pulse. Normal. She held her palm above his nostrils. The man was sound asleep! He was slumbering softly, tranquilly, like a babe in its crib. The orderly, accustomed to the labored, stertorous respirations of those who fight a running fight with death, thought a man must be dying if he did not make a noise!

Stepping carefully along that crowded corridor I bent down to rearrange the blanket of a stretcher case, and asked the soldier how he did.

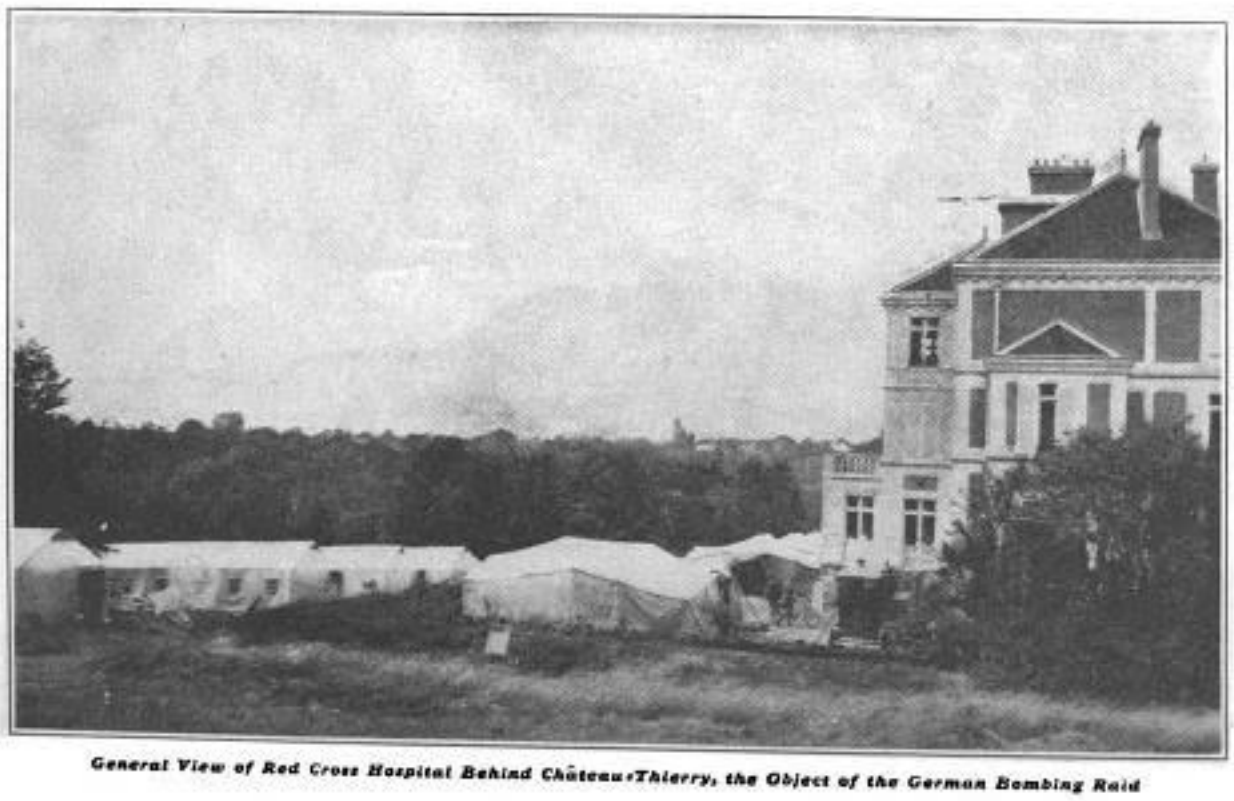
"I'm all right," he replied quietly. "It's only my foot. I was cleaning my automatic and suddenly it went off accidentally and shot me through the ankle."

At that word "accidentally" a kind of cold chill assailed me. Why had he used that ill-omened word at all? Before now I had heard of the S. I. W.'s—self-inflicted wounds. These were soldiers who, through cowardice or momentary panic or spite, raging against some real or fancied wrong committed by a superior officer, shot themselves in the hand or foot in order to be sent back to the rear. In any aggregation of humans mounting up to more than a million there are bound to be a few such weaklings.

not this youth with the quiet voice and the candid eyes! A second he explained the incident, elaborating the details with painstaking care—and the second time he used the fatal word. My heart troubled. My head—cool, hard, alien, dispassionate observer that sits aloft in us all—whispered that this foolish lad had given the game clean away by the double use of the damning word. But my heart cried out that his story might be true.

Angry at myself, and more at this savage war and those monstrous engines, masters, the guns, that put to the same ac all men, whether str weak, I passed the doors of the operatin to the deserted veran sat down upon the A stray hound, coi the lower step, stil my coming, thrust i

(Continued on Pag



*General View of Red Cross Hospital Behind Château-Thierry, the Object of the German Bombing Raid*

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# FOR THE PICTURES

## By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

JOHN—"GRIZZLY"—GAVIN, middleweight champion of all the world, and the most distinguished knocker-out of his generation, squirmed on a chair in the star dressing room of the Imperial Vaudeville Theater and tried to do two things at once, but with indifferent success, for Nature had designed him on simple and elemental lines.

The champion was attempting to give an interview to a representative of the press—giving it as a cow gives milk, by having it wheedled out of her in driblets—and at the same time he was endeavoring to make safe and cautious double-entry into a pair of purple silk tights—quite an undertaking for a man unacquainted with high-browed reporters and unused to fleshings of any sort.

Gavin did not wish to offend the interviewer, who was young enough to denounce himself as a "special writer" and seemed sensitive about it; neither did he wish to split the tights, which were new and dangerously thin, and the mighty intellect which had dragged John Gavin from a machine shop to the very pinnacle of fame was vibrating rapidly between two points of distraction. Those who have never been bombarded with personal questions while struggling with a new pair of purple silk tights can never appreciate the delicacy of the situation.

"Er—Mr. Gavin," said the journalist hopefully, "would you mind telling the readers of the Morning Messenger what you think of the theatrical business? I mean how does the stage appeal to you from the standpoint of a pugilist?"

"Rotten!" growled the champion as he carefully eased a bulging calf into its silken sheath. "Rotten!"

The interviewer brightened perceptibly. Here, he told himself, was something worth while.

"You mean, then," said he eagerly, "that the moral influence of the theater is—is ——"

"Moral influence, hell!" grunted Gavin. "I don't know nothing about moral influence. I ain't no preacher, and I ain't no knocker either."

"But," said the perplexed youth, "you just said the stage was rotten."

"Any business," remarked the champion, "is rotten when you want to be doing something else. I'm a fighter, I am; and I'd rather step four rounds with Cockeyed Mahoney than make a fool of myself in front of an audience. But my manager signed a contract and it's up to me to deliver. Me, I think the show business is rotten."

"I see. Your criticism is based on purely personal grounds."

"Yeh. I guess so. Write it up any way you like. You'll do it anyhow."

The young man looked rather bewildered, but caught his breath and tried a new tack.

"Mr. Gavin," said he, "would you mind telling me why they call you 'Grizzly'? Is it because you fight like a bear?"

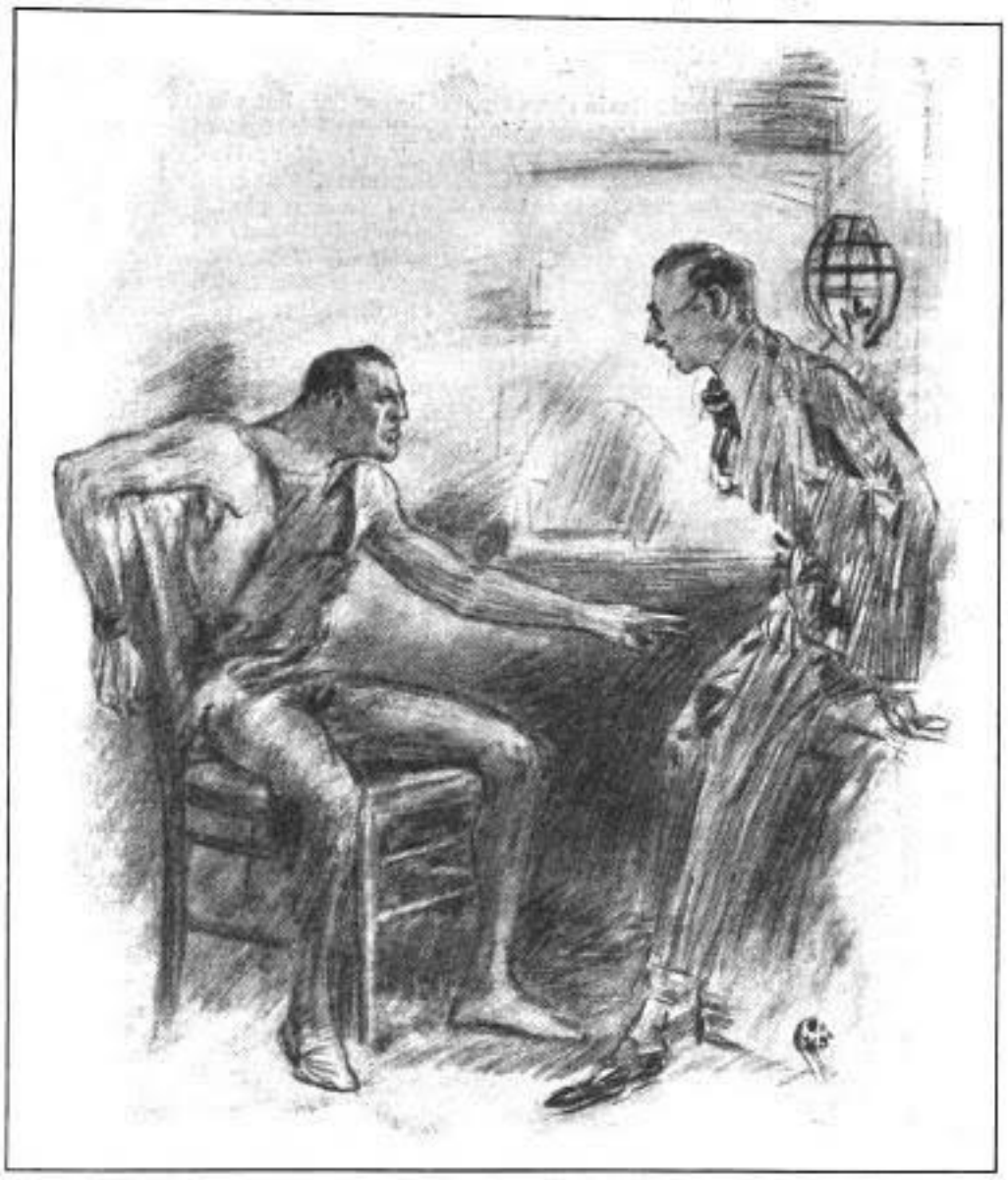
"If I fought like a bear," said the champion, "I would have been licked long ago. All a grizzly can do is to get you into a clinch and hug you to death. That ain't fighting."

The champion rose and surveyed his purple legs, examining their reflection in the mirror and nearly twisting his head off in order to secure a rear view.

"Then why do they call you 'Grizzly'?"

"Because I'm so hairy. They hung that name on me out West, and it'll stick, I guess. That's why I have to wear these fool things. And my chest—say, if I had 'Welcome' worked on it I could lay down on my back and pass for a door mat." Again the champion studied his reflection in the glass, running the tips of his fingers over his silken thighs. "They feel kind of smooth and nice at that," said he, half apologetically but with a trace of pride. "Cotton is good enough for anybody; but silk—well, silk is class. You got to admit it—silk is class. . . . Anything else you want to ask me?"

"Why, yes. Some of the boys in the office want to know how long it will take you to whip Mr. Summers. This isn't for publication, you understand. I—I think they might make some bets."



"Confident? Say, as Sure as You're Setting There I'll Tear His Block Off!"

Grizzly Gavin grinned from ear to ear.

"Yeh. They might—if they knew. Listen: If I knew the answer to that question I'd win myself wealthy, snowballing the right round in the mutuals. It's sure to be a big betting fight, and I'd get rich."

"You're confident of beating him, of course?"

Gavin stopped grinning and his brows wrinkled into an ugly scowl. "Confident? Say, as sure as you're setting there I'll tear his block off! I'll fix that jaw of his so he can't wag it at no more newspaper men in a hurry! I'll knock him kicking like a shot rabbit—you can bet your last nickel on it!"

"They say that Mr. Summers is very scientific."

"Yeh," said Gavin with great scorn. "All them fighters that can't stand a good wallop, they have to be clever. They run, and they duck, and they sidestep, and they poke at you with a straight left that wouldn't dent a derby hat, but when it comes to real fighting—huh, they ain't there!"

"I gather, then, that you haven't a very high opinion of Mr. Summers."

"Don't gather the pot till all the chips is in. Swifty Summers is no soft proposition and no push-over. He's licked some tough men. He's fast on his feet, he's clever and he's tricky as the devil. And when he gets an opening for that right hand there ain't no cream puff in the glove when it comes across. There's a kick in it—a good kick. He's no cinch, but I'll tear into him so hard that he'll never get a chance to set himself and land with his right. I'll run him ragged, and if I can stop him in the first round I'll do it. There's one thing you can say about me if you want to—I never yet let a man stay a minute longer than I could help. I don't believe in stalling to give the crowd a run for its money. I'm out to win, and win quick. That's why they come to see me fight. I'll be right on top of Summers the minute that bell rings."

"May I quote you as saying that?"

"Sure, quote me! Why not? Everybody knows that's my style of fighting. I go to 'em and trade slams till they drop. That's how I got my title, and by the way, the championship belt is in the trunk there. It cost a thousand bucks—all solid gold where it ain't silk ribbon, and that diamond ain't no phony stone, either. Want to see it?"

"I'd be delighted," murmured the reporter. "I never saw a championship belt before. I—I am not attached to the sporting department. I write special articles ——"

"Yeh," said Gavin dryly as he bent over the trunk. "I kind of thought you wasn't no sporting editor when you first come in. . . . Now, this belt was presented to me by—oh, well, read for yourself what it says. Pretty good from the guys in a man's home town, eh?"

II

THE American prize ring has produced hundreds of sports, four or five genuine sportsmen and a genius or two. Swifty Summers, christened Alexander Kittredge Duncan, was neither a sport nor a sportsman, but he came very close to the last classification. The proof is in the fact that though he flourished more than a few years ago his record remains green—if not fragrant—in the memories of those who have followed the ring and ringsters for a decade or so.

Summers was the first real captain of the padded-mitt industry; the first pugilist to recognize the dollar-and-cent possibilities of the profession of fisticuffs. We have had many "price fighters" since his day, but not one of them could have taught Summers anything new in the use of the double or triple cross, or the knack of taking an unfair advantage of an opponent while making it seem perfectly fair to a referee, or the crowning art of scooping in the loosely held dollar of commerce.

From time to time a great many men thought they were "managing" Summers' business affairs, but when the loot was divided they discovered that they had been in error. There was never a "manager's cut."

Starting with a fair education, Summers read books and newspapers and made a careful study of men. He could talk easily and entertainingly on any topic of general interest, and with such choice of vernacular as to be understood by a bank president or a safe blower. He looked like a gentleman, there were times when he acted like one, and he dressed with the quiet but elegant taste of a pork-packer's grandson.

Lady interviewers listened to his soft, well-modulated voice and went away to rave inkily about his intelligent brown eyes, his perfect poise and the charm of his personality. Unquestionably Swifty Summers was a very smooth article. When on dress parade he might have borrowed a graduating class from the president of a female seminary; but stripped down to his warped and twisted soul he was as unscrupulous as a scorpion, and fully as dangerous. There was not a trick in his trade which he did not know and use, and sometimes he invented new ones, as was the case in his first important ring battle.

Said Cockeyed Mahoney, the Fighting Stevedore, to his chief second: "He's a nice-spoken lad, this Summers, an' I kind o' hate to muss'm up. When we was in that first clinch he whispers to me how his father is in the gallery, and asks me not to show'm up too bad before the old man. I think I'll box easy for a few rounds, then go git'm."

"Nix!" advised the chief second. "You ain't no boxer, and he is. Tear into him!"

"No-o," said Mahoney; "he ast me like a gentleman, and I'll let'm stay a while—on account of his old man. I'll go easy at first."

While Mahoney was going easy he bumped into a right hook coming hard. When he recovered consciousness he was a sadder, madder man, but not nearly so mad as he was later when he ascertained that Summers was an orphan.

Now Grizzly Gavin and Mahoney were friends in spite of three hard battles, and Gavin knew the story about

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Swifty's old man. He had heard other stories as well, and was resolved not to listen to any proposition from Summers, in the ring or out of it; but it often happens that the man who will not listen to conversation will lend both ears to the soothing rustle of greenbacks. Four days before the battle for the middleweight championship of the world Joe Wells entered Gavin's training quarters with a message from the enemy. Wells was Gavin's manager, caring no more for money than a Circassian beauty does for her hair.

"Summers wants to see us to-night," said Wells.

"Leave him tell his troubles to a policeman!" growled Gavin, who was irritable. Most men are irritable after a long siege of training.

"He's got some proposition about making a barrel of dough," continued Wells. "He wouldn't tell me what it is, but he says it's a cinch. He wants to talk it over with you and see what you think about it."

"Huh! Figuring on some kind of a frame, eh?"

"He says not. Says the fight has got to be on the level, and here's the angle I don't get. Here's his message: 'You tell that big stiff of a Gavin that he can clean up fifty thousand dollars on the side—fifty thousand without betting a cent or posting a nickel—and he'll get it no matter which one of us wins.'"

"'No matter which one of us wins!'" repeated Gavin. "I don't get the angle either. Fifty thousand dollars—and no betting to be done. I don't get it."

"He says it won't take five minutes to explain the whole business, and then you can take it or leave it. It wouldn't do any harm to listen, John."

"Yeh, but suppose we're seen talking together. Right away the papers would yell that we were framing the fight. You know, and I know, that we wouldn't frame nothing; but Summers would frame his own brother. It would look bad."

"He thought of that. He said that at ten o'clock sharp he'd drive by here in a closed hack and pick us up down at the railroad crossing."

"And the hack driver would spill it, sure!"

"Now listen, John. You ought to know that a hack driver never spills nothing. He's wise. It's part of his trade to keep his mouth shut."

"I don't care," said the champion. "I can't take chances on any newspaper talk."

"No," said Wells, "I guess you're right, John. . . . Fifty thousand bucks, whether you win or whether you lose. . . . It sounds like new stuff."

"Look here," said Gavin suddenly, "if you're so crazy to know about it why not meet the hack and tell Summers to get out. The hack can drive on, and me and you and him will have a chat—down the railroad track where it's quiet."

"Keno!" exclaimed the manager. "Might as well find out what he's got, eh?"

"Yeh," grunted Gavin. "And if he makes any funny cracks at me I'll just poke him one for luck. You tell him so."

At five minutes after ten the champion eased himself out of the back door of his training quarters, traversed an alley, skulked round two corners and arrived at the railroad crossing. The night was quite dark, but Gavin had no trouble in recognizing Summers, who stepped from underneath a tree to greet him. The challenger was far too clever to annoy Gavin with a sartorial display; he wore a thick sweater, dark trousers, rubber-soled shoes and a cap. His conversation was also suited to the occasion.

"How're you, champ? You look pretty fit."

"Never you worry about me," snapped Gavin. "I'm fit enough to knock your head off."

Summers laughed.

"When you worked in the machine shop," said he, "you quit when the whistle blew. You didn't carry your tools with you all the time. Let's not quarrel till we get paid for it."

Gavin grunted and led the way down the railroad track, followed by Summers and Joe Wells. When he had gone two hundred yards he faced about suddenly.

"Now talk," said he, "and talk quick. What have you got?"

"The softest thing in the world," replied Summers. "I've got a line on a man who can take moving pictures of this fight."

"Moving pictures?" asked Gavin stupidly.

Though it may seem incredible to the youngsters, accustomed to a motion-picture theater on every downtown block, there was a time, and not so very long ago, when the amazing future of a giant industry was safely locked inside a few strange-looking cameras; and even the men who carried them had but a faint conception of their commercial and artistic possibilities. Most of those men are now millionaires many times over.

"Moving pictures?" repeated Gavin again.

"That's it. You remember they took moving pictures of the Carson fight?"

"Yeh," said Gavin, "I heard about it."

"Well," said Summers, "they've learned a lot since then. This fellow—his name's Isaacs—and his cousin controls a string of theaters all over the country; tells me he's prepared to handle the picture end without our putting up a nickel. He says if the fight is a good one he can guarantee that our bit won't be less than a hundred thousand, cold. That's on a percentage basis, of course. The fight club might have to be cut in on a piece of the dough, but the big chunk splits three ways—just you and me and Isaacs. How does that sound to you?"

"Reasonable," chirped Joe Wells. "They made a barrel of dough out of the Carson pictures—I know that."

"And these pictures will beat the Carson pictures all hollow," said Summers. "They've made improvements in the camera."

"Yeh," said Gavin shrewdly, "it listens fine; but what does this here Isaacs mean when he says 'if it's a good fight'?"

"Why," smiled Summers, "a good fight from a picture standpoint. Lots of action ——"

"There'll be action enough," growled Gavin.

"There's always plenty of action when I fight."



*Gavin Was Playing With Him, Hitting Him at Will as He Wabbled Wearily Along the Ropes*

Summers proceeded, calmly ignoring the interruption: "Action, and it'll have to last long enough so the film'll be worth charging a dollar to see. Now, for instance, if one of us should be dropped cold in the first round the pictures wouldn't draw—the show would be too short, understand?"

"You bet I understand," sneered the champion. "Come on, Joe. We might have known this crook would spring something like that. I won't frame for nobody, dough or no dough!"

"Just a minute!" pleaded Summers. "That 'dough or no dough' stuff sounds great, but it's foolishness. You ain't such a money getter that you can afford to pass up fifty thousand bucks. Mike McCue had the title for three years before you licked him. Where's Mike now? Working in a lumber yard in Sacramento! Mike was a spender when he had it; you're blowing yours now. Don't be a fool, Gavin! Have you got fifty thousand salted down anywhere? Have you got twenty-five? Have you got enough to live soft the rest of your life? You bet you haven't—and neither have I! Here's fifty thousand for you and fifty thousand for me; and the beauty of it is we don't have to do anything wrong to get it. We can box a nice exhibition for a few rounds and then cut loose in earnest, and they'll think we've only been feeling each other out. Fifty thousand bucks, as sure as death and taxes! . . . Do you want to go back to the machine shop when you're through fighting?"

"No-o," said Gavin, who had been thinking of Mike McCue sweating in the lumber yard at three dollars a day. "No-o, but if I fall for this what'll keep you from trying to slip one over on me?"

Summers turned to Wells with a gesture of disgust.

"No wonder he needs a smart business manager!" complained the challenger. "What will I get if I win this fight? Five or six thousand dollars at the outside; and for that I'd toss away a fortune!" He whirled and confronted the champion. "Ain't we both interested in the pictures? Use your head, Gavin, use your head!"

"Yeh," retorted Gavin, "it's my head that tells me your word ain't good for a nickel!"

"So that's it?" cried Summers angrily. "My word ain't good, eh? Well, I'll make it good with the fairest proposition you ever listened to!" He fumbled in a hip pocket, brought out a leather bill fold and opened it. "You don't trust me, Gavin, but I'm going to trust you. Here's a thousand-dollar note—oh, strike a match and look at it! It ain't Confederate money! A thousand-dollar note—and it's yours if I try to slip anything over on you. Put it in your pocket, and if I don't live up to any agreement we might make you can keep it. And you're to be the judge. I'll leave it to you when the fight is over. Is that fair or not?"

John Gavin stood with head lowered, twisting the bit of paper in his fingers. The silence lengthened until it became almost painful. He was the middleweight champion of the world, but never before had he held a thousand-dollar note in his hands.

"Where is this Isaacs?" he asked at last without looking up. "I—I guess Joe ought to have a talk with him."

"He'll be at the Occidental Hotel to-morrow morning," said Summers. "All he wants is a promise that the fight'll last at least four rounds. It's a straight business proposition with him. He can't go to a lot of expense to make some pictures that won't draw."

Gavin tucked the note in his fob pocket.

"It's a go," said he slowly; "and I'll hold this piece of dough as a forfeit. We'll box four rounds for the pictures, but—watch out for yourself in the fifth!"

"The same to you!" grinned Summers. "It's a real old knock-down-and-drag-out after the fourth round—and may the best man win!"

He held out his hand and Gavin took it.

"That'll be me," said the champion. "Yeh, I'll shake on it!"

### III

A BATTLE for a world's championship is hedged about with a tremendous amount of pomp and circumstance. The dignified preliminaries have changed very little in twenty years. The great and the near-great must be introduced to the impatient multitude, and so must every tin-eared, dent-nosed, like-weighted gladiator wishing to "challench d' winner." A cat may look at a king, and on the day of a championship event the lowly pork-and-beaner may grasp the hand which grasps a title.

The gloves must be examined by the referee, by the principals, by the chief seconds and trainers, by the towel-swingers and bottle-holders and all others considering themselves interested. Photographs must be taken showing champion and challenger crouched and scowling at each other, the referee posed in the exact center, trying hard to look like the great man he feels himself to be. These things, and many others, always happen when a championship is in the balance.

John Gavin sat in his corner, grim and silent, wearing his professional face. Preliminaries always annoyed the champion. While he waited for the clearing of the ring his eyes wandered to the pine platform where the motion-picture camera was located. It was the first one he had ever seen, and Gavin studied it curiously. Out of this insignificant box was to come the money which should erase the machine shop from his future calculations—"fifty thousand sure, maybe seventy-five," Isaacs had told Joe Wells. Gavin found himself pitying Mike McCue, whose championship had vanished and left no lucrative film record behind; and with a vague feeling of uneasiness he remembered that many of his friends were betting on him to win inside of four rounds. He knew that by abandoning his usual thunderbolt style of attack he was betraying a public confidence; but, as Joe Wells had pointed out, the gamblers wouldn't give him a cent of their winnings, and a man had a right to feather his nest deep and soft while feathers were flying.

In the opposite corner sat the challenger, noticeably pale and evidently nervous, but nodding and smiling in response to the shrill greetings of friends and backers. He is only the thick-skulled, unimaginative, old-style type of bruiser, fighting always with his hands and never with his head, who endures the final agony of waiting without feeling the strain. Tiny beads of sweat dampened Summers' forehead; his hands were in constant motion; his feet shuffled over the canvas. Not once did he glance in the direction of the motion-picture camera.

"Look at him!" said Wells to Gavin. "Scared stiff, and spitting cotton!"

"Don't fool yourself!" grunted the champion. "I've met him in three fights, and he always looks like he's licked before he starts. He's cool enough when he gets going."

The great moment arrived at last. The men, stripped to trunks and shoes, stood in their corners while the announcer bawled his way through the time-honored formula. Gavin, hairy and broad-shouldered as a gorilla, the true type

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fighting man, bulked large when compared with his slender, flat-muscled opponent. High on the pine platform a sleek, oily, full-jeweled person began turning a crank, and a second later the gong cut through the tense silence.

Gavin shuffled rapidly to the center, head down and right hand poised as if to annihilate his opponent with one mighty swing. Summers met him and immediately began dancing in and out, feinting with light lefts. Gavin rushed, there was a flurry of smothered blows and they clinched. Summers' lips did not move, but his head was on Gavin's shoulder and the champion caught the message:

"Make it look good, champ! Four rounds—for the pictures. You rush me and I'll block."

Gavin backed out of the clinch and rushed, his guard held low. As he plunged in, ready to swing, Summers took one lightning step forward and to the left, and as he did so he whipped his right fist across, backed up by one hundred and fifty pounds of bone, muscle and sinew. Gavin saw the blow coming, and in that astounded fraction of an instant he realized that he had been tricked into leaving his jaw wide open to the same vicious swinging hook that had finished poor, generous Mahoney. He saw it coming, and that was all. Before he could duck his head or raise his shoulder Summers' famous knockout punch crashed home on the point of his chin, and Gavin dropped like a log, face down on the canvas.

There followed an interval of blackness and oblivion, and then the prostrate gladiator became aware of a terrific volume of sound beating in on him from four sides of the ring—the wild hysterical yelling of men who see a championship changing hands. A new note struck in, clear and sharp, very close to Gavin's ear:

"Eight!"

Then Gavin knew where he was and remembered what had happened to him. He struggled to his knees, but the sunlit arena swung in dizzying circles before his glazed eyes and there was no strength in him anywhere—nothing but weakness and a sickening sensation of nausea. He knew that he must be on his feet inside of two seconds, but his numbed brain could not transmit its commands to the sprawling limbs. Gavin dropped forward, supporting most of his weight on his hands, and in this position he heard the count reach nine.

Had his very life depended on his getting to his feet he could not have tried harder, but the paralyzing effect of that treacherous blow was not to be thrown off by a sheer effort of the will. If Gavin had succeeded in rising he would have been an open target before as merciless a fighter as ever lived, but the champion did not think of this. He only knew that he must be on his feet before the count reached ten. . . . Now if he could just get that right knee off the canvas.

A hand slapped him smartly on the shoulder and three words came to him: "Ten—and out!"

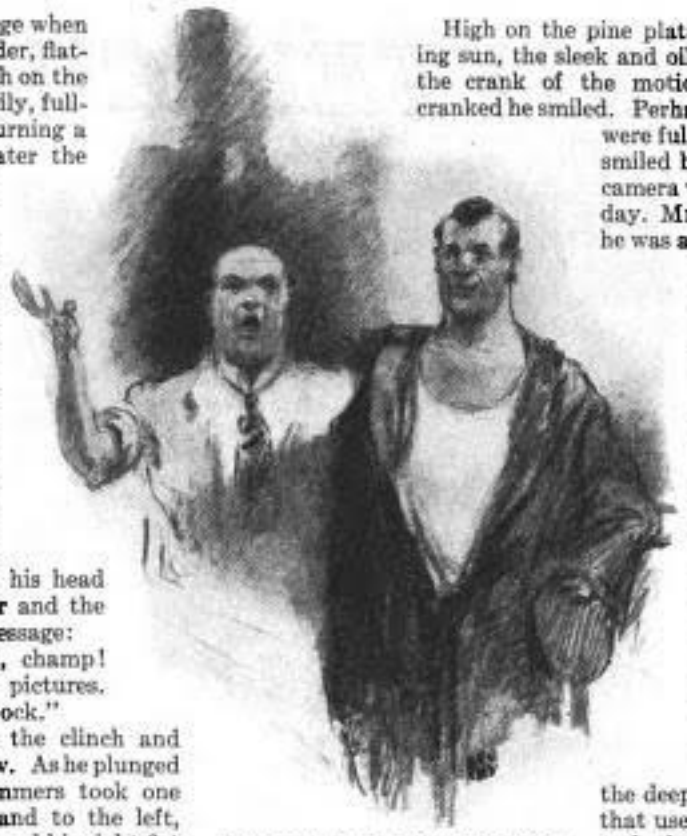
The fight was over; and Gavin had sold the championship of the world for a thousand-dollar note, which was good, and the word of a man whose word he had said was not good. He collapsed on his face and Summers picked him up and carried him to his corner.

The new champion looked down through the ropes at a white, wide-eyed young man who seemed to be trying to say something. It was Joe Wells, stunned by the sudden catastrophe to his own personal fortunes. As Summers placed the defeated fighter on his stool Gavin's eyes opened and he looked up at the man who had tricked him out of his title. "Oh, you dog! You dog!" muttered Gavin.

Then Summers did a very clever thing. He put both arms round Gavin's neck and bent close over him. Those who were in a position to see the little tableau thought the winner was whispering words of comfort to the loser; certainly the pitying smile on Summers' face seemed to indicate something of the sort.

But this is what he was saying: "If you squeal, you big hairy stiff, this crowd'll hang you, and your manager too! If you want to get out of this place alive you'll keep your trap shut!"

Even in his shaken and befuddled condition John Gavin realized that the advice was sound. In attempting to fool the public he himself had been fooled, and dared not lift unclean hands against his partner in crime. Summers had played it very safe.



*Summers Was the First Real Captain of the Padded-Mitt Industry*

High on the pine platform, black against the westering sun, the sleek and oily Mr. Isaacs continued to turn the crank of the motion-picture camera; and as he cranked he smiled. Perhaps he smiled because his pockets were full of winning tickets; perhaps he smiled because the film magazine of the camera was empty—had been empty all day. Mr. Isaacs was not a photographer; he was a cross between a confidence man and a sure-thing gambler. He had taken chances from time to time, but he had never taken so much as a snapshot in all his life.

*IV*

THE San Francisco that used to be was the winter Mecca of American sports and sporting men. There is a new San Francisco now, keeping open house for all the world and making the stranger feel his welcome as he feels it nowhere else, but the race tracks, the wide-open pool rooms, the gambling houses and the great world's championship battles are things of the past. They have vanished as completely as the deep-sea-going hacks, the cable cars that used to trundle up Market Street, and the wooden buildings that once lined that great thoroughfare. The good old days may have been bad old days—shockingly bad when judged by the strict, Middle Western standard of morality—but many a grizzled San Franciscan mentions them with a faint sigh of genuine regret. There was always something doing in old San Francisco, especially in the gay winter season, when the ponies were running and the town swarmed with turf followers.

What wonder, then, that Swifty Summers pointed his keen nose in the direction of the Golden Gate? The second year of his championship had been kind to him. He had defended his title three times without even having his hair mussed and had completed a successful theatrical tour. All his pockets were bulging with unspent money, and well he knew what city made the highest bid for men of his kidney. He started for San Francisco, fully intending to jostle the bookmakers into the bread line.

It often happens that the man who handles his own crooked game wisely proves himself a fool when he attempts to beat the crooked game owned and backed by the other fellow. Summers, a fox in the roped arena, was a goose in the betting ring. In the simple but expressive language of the track, the champion was a sucker for the horses.

Intent only on making a killing and confident that his exclusive inside information would cause great financial distress on Bookmakers' Row, Summers handed over to the block men the larger portion of the money that he had pried out of the effete East. The killing did not materialize and he then plunged wildly to recoup. Five as-good-as-guaranteed tips went wrong, and the champion awoke to the fact that he must return to his own game.

Indolent by nature, Summers had promised himself a winter of soft living and easy money. He had no wish to undergo the weary grind of training for a hard fight; he felt that he had earned a rest. Before his bank roll grew thin he had been almost discourteous to the boxing promoters. These had urged the claims of an extremely tough youth named Dugan, a Coast product who had blazed his way to prominence, leaving a trail of battered middleweights in his wake. Summers had insisted that Dugan "get a reputation"—an excuse much used by champions when wishing to sidetrack a dangerous climber.

One rainy afternoon at the race track Summers was learnedly discussing mud runners with Omaha Slim and keeping a wary eye on the betting ring. While thus engaged he caught a glimpse of a back and shoulders that seemed strangely familiar to him.

"Just like I'm tellin' you," Omaha was saying; "them dinky-legged beetles go good in the slop. You saw Amphion win the last race. Now on a dry track that dawg wouldn't have been one, two, nowheres. His legs would have hurt him, and ——"

"Hold on a minute," interrupted Summers, shifting his position. "Ain't that John Gavin over there, with his back to us?"

"Yeh, that's him. He's round here a lot this winter."

"What's he doing?"

"Not much of anything. He's on the toboggan for fair. I guess he never got over that quick trimming you handed him. Kind of broke his heart, they say. Broke him every other way too. Yeh, he's round here, bettin' with the dollar books, doin' the best he can, same as the rest of us."

"He chased me all over the country last year," said Summers, "hollering for a return match. I let him holler."

"He won't be chasin' anybody now," said Omaha. "He's got some trouble with his back—rheumatism, maybe. And he wears a big pair of black-rimmed cheaters, so I guess his eyes ain't what they used to be. They go quick when they go, these tough sluggers, don't they?"

"You bet. Then he's quit fighting?"

"Quit fighting everything but booze. He could have had a match with Dugan last September, but he passed it up. Prob'ly thought Dugan was hard game. Yeh, John was a good ole wagon, but he done broke down."

"Tough luck," said Summers; and nearly meant it.

Later in the afternoon he managed to contrive a meeting with the former champion. Summers expected hard words, and was even prepared to block a wild swing for his jaw, but Gavin greeted him with a mildness almost pathetic. His spirit seemed quite broken.

"Why, hello, Swifty! They told me you was here. How's things?"

"Fine," said Summers, making a swift survey of his victim.

Gavin needed a shave, a cleaner collar would not have hurt his appearance, and the suit that he wore was downright shabby.

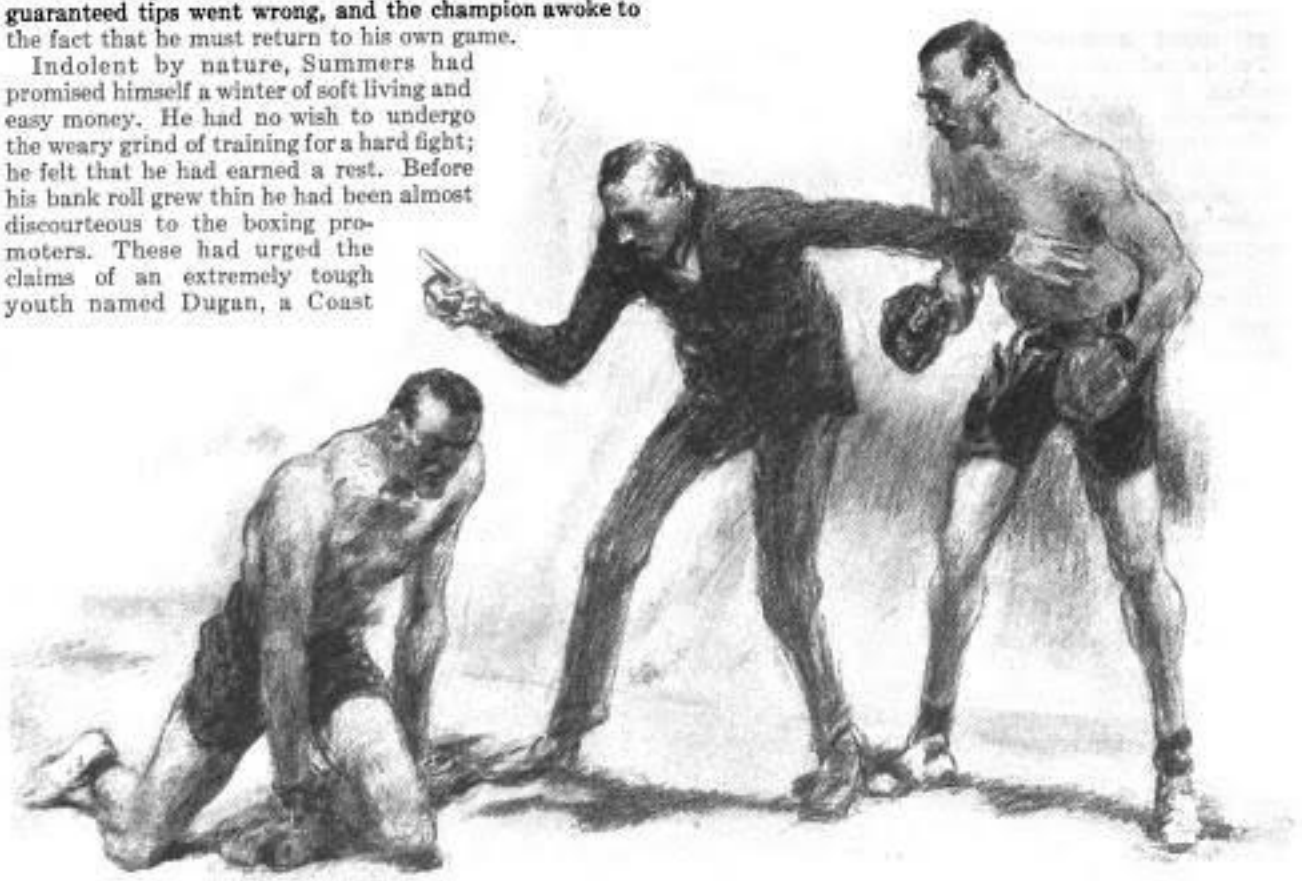
"You look it," said Gavin. "Buy you a drink?"

Swifty accepted the invitation, and ordered a glass of sherry, but Gavin demanded his own private bottle and poured out a very stiff jolt.

"Here's luck!" said he, and gulped it down without blinking.

Summers watched him curiously out of the corner of his eye.

"Have another?" asked the champion. "I'll take a cigar this time." *(Continued on Page 125)*



*Then Gavin Knew Where He Was and Remembered What Had Happened to Him. He Struggled to His Knees*

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# THERE!—By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

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*Moonlight Silhouette. Men Going Over Conquered Ground to Their Trenches for the Night*

CAPTAIN VANSITTART, United States Artillery, stumbled over something soft in the deep, dark trench. His companion checked the fall with a ready hand, spoke in a voice that hinted at the smile one could not see.

"*A la bonne heure!* You have not wakened him!"

"Is he only asleep, *mon commandant?*" queried the American doubtfully in his slow, precise college French.

"*En effet!* What would you? They are so tired, the poor devils! Let them sleep. The hour is not yet come. So long as the sentinels are alert."

The French battalion commander resumed his progress. The American found it an effort to keep up. The impedimenta of a trench were not yet so familiar to him as to be unconsciously avoided. Besides, his mind wrestled with an incongruity, was concerned with something more than the mere difficulties of locomotion. He voiced his thoughts in a tone of puzzled admiration as he came side by side again in a wider portion of the trench.

"But how can they sleep—to-night? Surely they know?"

The commandant shrugged his shoulders.

"They know—*ma foi, oui!* But after four years—one finishes by being habituated ——" His explanation was interrupted by the necessity of passage round a narrow traverse. "*C'est un vrai poilu, celui-là—un des anciens.* It is not the first time he has seen the Marne."

The American thrilled at the little confident laugh of his companion. He was new to the battlefield. His battery was still in training at a distant base camp. He himself had very recently been attached to a French artillery group for a short experience of the real thing before his precious guns and horses and men were intrusted to his responsibility in the swift and unexpected crises of battle. Then very suddenly, without warning, the French division with which he had just begun to identify himself had been moved from its quiet sector of the line, had found itself in that arena whereon the eyes of all the world were focused. They were of those who were to withstand the boche in his supreme effort!

There had been days of feverish expectation, followed by days of doubt, of all manner of hypotheses, as dawn after dawn of perfect summer weather opened to sunny hours when still the attack did not come. Behind them was Paris—tense with anxiety—the nerve center of the entire Alliance, so near that they almost looked over their shoulders to it in their consciousness of its perilous proximity. They must not break, whatever the strain! Their eyes turned again over the quiet undulating countryside toward the enemy, who indeed from time to time woke thundering echoes by a bombardment that was promptly reciprocated, but otherwise betrayed no hint of his intentions. The aëroplanes were like birds circling in flocks before the migration.

Then, on that sunlit morning which now seemed infinitely remote, though no second dawn had yet replaced it, the colonel of his artillery group had led him aside, had whispered:

"To-morrow—at daybreak!"

He had immediately begged permission to witness the attack from a forward observation post, had received it in acknowledgment of his plea that it was essential he should see for himself the German method of attack.

The observation post was on a height overlooking a basin of low ground through which ran the opposing trenches. He had accompanied the French gunner officer thither at nightfall, had installed himself. From an armored emplacement in a reserve trench just below the summit of the height he had looked down upon a dimly perceived landscape hushed in such profound peace that even the occasional outburst of a machine gun seemed to have no more importance than the chatter of a bird startled from its roost. He had thrilled in his knowledge of the fallaciousness of this peace, was irresistibly impelled to penetrate beneath its surface. The French artilleryman had agreed that nothing was to be expected for some hours yet; had concurred, with a smile and a shrug of the shoulders, in the suggestion that the American should visit the front-line trenches below; should return before midnight. He would understand the plan of defense so much better if he had seen those trenches, it was admitted.

So Captain Vansittart found himself accompanying a battalion commander of the ——th of the line in a tour of the battalion's sector. The commandant explained matters to him.

"The defense is organized in depth—is elastic," he said. "The enemy may penetrate a certain distance—several kilometers even—and yet the barrier remain unbroken. He constantly runs his head against new and unexpected defenses until he becomes exhausted. And then it is our turn. The front lines are overwhelmed almost at once, of course—that is foreseen."

"Yes," said the American, "but what happens to you in that case?"

The commandant sketched a little gesture of indifference that was sublime in its untheatrical sincerity.

"*C'est toujours la France,*" he said simply. "*On peut mourir ici comme ailleurs.*"

The American had no word to say.

A little farther on the *chef de bataillon* stopped before the entrance to a dugout. An *adjutant*—in the French Army the senior noncommissioned officer—standing by the orifice saluted.

"Where is the captain?"

"At the listening post, *mon commandant.*"

The battalion commander nodded tolerance of this zeal.

"*Bien.* Is everything ready with the company?"

"Everything, *mon commandant.*"

"Take particular care that all have their gas masks ready for instant use. It may be to-night, we know."

He hesitated for a fraction of a second, looked sharply into the disciplined face of the *adjutant.*

"There will be no retreat, comprends—this time!"

The *adjutant* uttered just a little another little laugh of confidence that to which the American had thrilled a few minutes previously.



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*A Vivid Picture of a Battle Scene During the Hours of Darkness*

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*"Nous sommes un peu là, nous autres, mon commandant!"* he said, an accent of pride mingling with his restrained jocularity.

*"Nous sommes un peu là"*—it was the sacramental phrase; the phrase that had passed, grimly humorous, from lip to lip on the Marne and the Ourcq in the long ago; the phrase that had brought the smile over locked teeth as it followed, like an antistrophe, the inflexible *"On ne passe pas!"* in the hell of Verdun; the phrase that had been muttered, an invoked tradition, on countless days and nights of battle, charged with memories of stoic endurance, invigorating by the malicious implication of its simple statement of fact. In it was summed up the poilu's attitude to the war; a phrase apt to all occasions, used in all. It was not new to Captain Vansittart—he had read it many times in books—but as he heard it now, for the first time from the authentic lips, its full significance flashed upon him.

They were still there—some!—these French soldiers, as his own men might say, nearly translating the phrase. They were still there after four years of strain and suffering and effort unimaginable—incredible to their children when they should narrate them; still there after four years of unflinching resistance to every variant of stratagem and horror evolved by a race that glorifies its barbarity by pointing to its aptitude for war; they were still there, barring the road, unconquerable.

Captain Vansittart looked at the calm figure of the *adjutant* with almost the humility of a conscript of 1814 contemplating an Immortal of the Old Guard—or, among his own ancestry, a soldier of the draft of 1863 suddenly face to face with a veteran of Hancock's Second Corps. There was so much glory to overtake.

Even while these thoughts were passing through his mind there was a sudden lighting up of the eastern horizon above the dark parapet of the trench, a long thunderous roll and roar punctuated by heavy shocks that surged in one mighty wave of sound from the distance in front and extended illimitably on either hand. The three men stiffened in one simultaneous start, stood fixed in a paralysis of suspense. The seconds dragged themselves out, one—two—three. Would those first shells never fall? They came—high overhead—fiercely sibilant in their approach, indefinitely multiplied. They passed, not with the normal whine and wail, but like flocks of driven spirits gobbling despairfully in distress at their vertiginous speed. They passed, diminishing to inaudibility; were immediately succeeded by others.

Another moment and the western horizon flashed and thundered in answer. Neither ceased.

The battalion commander turned to the American:

"It is beginning. You would do well to hasten to your observation post, monsieur. That is a gas barrage behind our front line. It may fall upon us here at any moment. You will have an interesting spectacle from your hill. *Bonne chance, monsieur!*"

They parted with a clasp of the hand, reciprocal good wishes. The commandant sent for his captain. The American hurried through an endless maze of trenches toward his post. He arrived after what seemed an eternity of desperate effort, a purgatorial passage under a vault that flickered from dazzling irradiations to blackness and back again; amid a chaos of noise that hazed the senses and yet goaded him to a bewildered flurry of speed; through trenches now so thronged with men that progress was almost impossible, now utterly deserted at a moment when he was baffled by a choice of ways; upward at last, straight across the open upon the side of the hill that loomed finally above him. He had narrowly escaped a shot from the sentry who challenged startlingly—he had forgotten mere men in this elemental conflict of infernal horizons opening in flare and thunder upon the night on either hand—as he dropped into the trench. He ran through groups of men dispersing to their dugouts after an inspection of gas masks. At last he lifted the gas-proof blankets which covered the entrance to the observation post, stood breathless.



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*An Officer Making His Last Round at Night, Looking Into the Dugouts to See That Everything is All Right*

The French lieutenant looked up from the telephone into which he was speaking, nodded a welcome. He made a gesture toward the observation slit. The American stepped toward it, looked out.

The battalion commander had not exaggerated the advantages of his prospect. The spectacle was more than interesting; it was magnificent. From end to end of the eastern horizon toward which he gazed sudden sheets of white light leaped high and ceaselessly, now spectrally silhouetting vague hill masses, now faintly irradiating them against a darker sky, anon dazzling him with a broad flare of brilliance too intense for vision, flung like an incandescent wall up to the very zenith and vanishing in velvet blackness. A flickering play of soft lights and shadows over the low ground beneath him to his left hinted at the similar illumination of the horizon behind. From both horizons, but more distinctly from that in front, arrived a steady succession of metallic slams, of dull thuds, of sharper crashes, or definitely spaced and momentarily dominant heavy roars, all following one another haphazard, with no rhythm of accentuation but with the deliberate persistence of many batteries working comfortably at their diverse normality.

Not yet was the moment of frenzied fury. Overhead the whine and scream and rumble of the flying projectiles made a continuous sound that, once remarked in the brief intervals between loud detonations, never left the ears. Mingled with it, sometimes in flights that monopolized the sky, was that distressful gobbling plaint of missiles that seemed conscious of some menace more uncanny, more dreadful than the rest, locked yet for a space within them.

"Gas shells," said a voice by the American's side.

It was the artillery observer. His face, emphasized with a contrast of dark eyes and a little dark mustache upon its pallor, showed vivid in a sudden bright reflection.

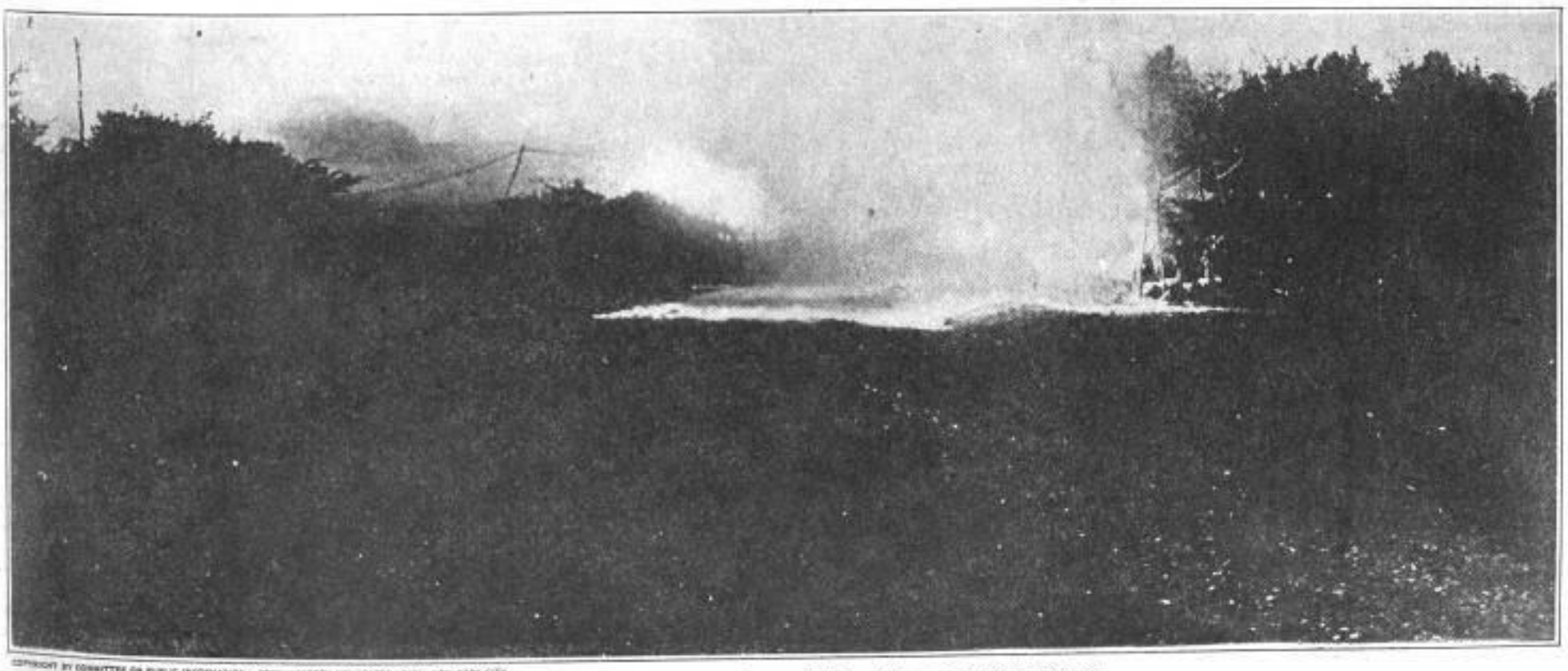
"It is the fluid in them which makes that curious noise. There is a heavy gas barrage on the gun positions. My battery is out of action—changing ground."

The American tried to imagine the scene behind them—the plunging, frightened horses, irritated by the gas shields over their nostrils—a tightly fitting bag over the muzzle; the frantically striving drivers, the hurrying gunners, unhuman in their masks as they hooked in the teams, swiftly packed up the necessaries, strove to comprehend orders that could not be shouted, that were given by signs; while the deadly gas drifted over all, slaying with one chance unlucky breath of it, arriving in ever-renewed quantities with rush after rush through the air that finished in the treacherously muffled burst, invisible in the night save when a wreathing fume was illuminated by the brief gun flashes of some adjacent battery that still fired.

He achieved a vague mental glimpse of it—telepathically sharpened perhaps by the proximity of this companion whose troubled face showed that he at least could fully realize his comrades' difficulties—but felt that he failed in adequate conception. He turned again to the leaping aurora on the horizon, to a reperception of the hurrying shells. The explosions of all alike, whether loud or muffled, were lost in the discharges of the guns. None burst in the vicinity of the observation post.

The spectacle continued through an indefinite period, punctuated at intervals by absences of the French officer from his side as he endeavored vainly to renew telephonic communication with his battery. He heard him exchanging hypotheses with the telephonists, speaking to the group headquarters. The line at least was still intact, then. It was the battery that was at fault. The American gathered from the conversation with headquarters that it had had to change position more than once. At last he heard

*(Continued on Page 130)*



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*A Battery of Field Artillery in France, Firing a Barrage at Break of Day*

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# THE WILDCAT

## By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

WHEN Cassius Wyble came down from his mountains to the 2000-population metropolis of Clayburg on his half-yearly trip for supplies he thought the old custom of Muster Day had been revived.

No fewer than eleven men in khaki were lounging round the station platform or sitting on the steps of the North America general store. Enlistment posters, too, flared from windows and walls.

These posters—except for their pretty pictures—meant nothing at all to Cash Wyble. For, as with his parents and grandparents, his knowledge of the written or printed word was purely a matter of hearsay.

Yet the sight of the eleven men in newfangled uniform—so like in color to his own butternut homespuns—interested Cash.

"What's all the boys doin'—togged up thataway?" he demanded of the North America's proprietor. "Waitin' for the band?"

"Waiting to be shipped to Camp Lee," answered the local merchant prince; adding, as Cash's burnt-leather face grew blanker: "Camp Lee, down in V'ginia, you know. Training camp for the war."

"War?" queried Cash, preparing to grin, at prospect of a joke. "What war?"

"What war?" echoed the dumfounded storekeeper. "Why, *the* war, of course! Where in blazes have you been keeping yourself?"

"I been up home, where I b'long," said Cash sulkily. "What with the hawgs, an' crops an' skins an' sich, a busy man's got no time traipsin' off to the city every minute. Twice a year does me pretty nice. An' now s'pose you tell me what war you're blattin' about."

The storekeeper told him. He told him in the simplest possible language. Yet half—and more than half—of the explanation went miles above the listening mountaineer's head. Cash gathered, however, that the United States was fighting Germany.

Germany he knew by repute for a country or a town on the far side of the world. Some of its citizens had even invaded his West Virginia mountains, where their odd diction and porcelain pipes roused much derision among the cultured hillfolk.

"Germany?" mused Cash when the narrative was ended. "We're to war with Germany, hey? Sakes, but I wisht I'd knowed that yesterday! A couple of Germans went right past my shack. I could 'a' shot 'em as easy as toad pie."

The North America's proprietor valued Cash Wyble's sparse trade, as he valued that of other mountaineers who made Clayburg their semiannual port of call. If on Cash's report these rustics should begin a guerilla warfare upon their German neighbors, more of them would presently be lodged in jail than the North America could well afford to spare from its meager customer list.

Wherefore the proprietor did some more explaining. Knowing the mountaineer brain, he made no effort to point out the difference between armed Germans and noncombatants. He merely said that the Government had threatened to lock up any West Virginian who should kill a German—this side of Europe. It was a new law, he continued, and one that the revenue officers were bent on enforcing.

Cash sighed and reluctantly bade farewell to an alluring dream that had begun to shape itself in his simple brain—a dream of "laying out" in cliff-top brush, waiting with true elephant patience until a German neighbor should stroll, unsuspecting, along the trail below and should move slowly within range of the antique Wyble rifle.

It was a sweet fantasy, and hard to banish. For Cash certainly could shoot. There was scarce a man in the Cumberlands or the Appalachians who could outshoot him. Shooting and a native knack at moonshining were Cash's only real accomplishments. Whether stalking a shy old stag or potting a revenue officer on the sky line, the man's aim was uncannily true. In a region of born marksmen his skill stood forth supreme.

He felt not the remotest hatred for any of these local Germans. In an impersonal way he rather liked one or two of them. Yet, if the law had really been off ——

The zest of the man hunt tingled pleasantly in the marksman's blood. And he resented this unfair new revenue ruling, which permitted and even encouraged the killing of Germans in Europe and yet ordained a closed season on them in West Virginia. Still, there was no sense in a busy man's risking jail or a fine by indulging his sporting tastes. So Cash tried to forget the temptation, and proceeded to the more material task of trafficking for his next half year's supplies.

A few months later the draft caught Cash Wyble and carried him away in its swirling flood, depositing him in due time, with a quantity of similar mountaineer flotsam, in the training mill of Camp Lee.

No half-grown wildcat dragged by the scruff of the neck from the sanctuary of its tree hole was ever one-tenth so ragingly indignant as was Cash at his impressment into his country's service. Born and bred of fellow illiterates in the wildest corner of the Cumberland Range, thirty-two miles from the nearest railroad, he knew nothing and cared less about the affairs of the world that lay beyond the circling blue mountain walls.

To Cash all persons who lived outside that circle were "Foreigners," even if their habitat was the adjoining county of his own state.

He had heard of England and of France and of Europe, in much the same vague fashion as he had heard of Germany. He knew the name of the President of the United States; of the governor of West Virginia; of the mayor of Clayburg. Also of the political party whose ticket his father had always voted, and which Cash, in consequence, voted. He knew there had been a Civil War and—from pictures and from paternal description—he knew the types of uniforms each side had worn. The foregoing facts comprised his total knowledge of American politics and of world history.

As to the causes and the occasion and the stakes of the present war he had not an inkling. Nor could the explanations of slightly better-informed recruits make the matter much clearer to him. It most certainly roused no trace of enthusiasm or of patriotism in his indignant breast. All he knew or was interested in was that he had been forced to leave his shack and his straggly mountain-side farm and his hidden moonshine still, at the very worst possible season for leaving any of them.

He had been coerced into riding innumerable miles to a foreigner state that seemed all bottomland, and there was herded with more men than he had known were on earth. He had been dressed in an amazing suit; made to wear socks and underclothes for the first time in his life; and daily put through a series of physical evolutions whose import was a sealed book to him. In all weathers, too, he must wear shoes.

Like the aforesaid caught wildcat Cash Wyble rebelled at every inch of the way. For his first two months of captivity he spent more time in the guardhouse than out of it. On his first day at camp he tried to thrash a lieutenant who was lining up a rawly shambling company and who spoke with unwelcomed sharpness to the mountaineer. Scarce had Cash atoned for this crime when he succeeded in giving a very creditable thrashing to a sergeant who was teaching his squad the mysteries of 'bout face.

Hearing that the near-by city of Petersburg was larger than Clayburg—which he knew to be the biggest metropolis in America—Cash set out to nail the lie by a personal inspection of Petersburg. He neglected to apply for leave, so was held up by the first sentinel he met.

Cash explained very politely his reason for quitting camp. But the pig-headed sentinel still refused to let him pass. Two minutes later a fast-summoned corporal and two men were using all their strength to pry Wyble loose from the luckless sentry. And again the guardhouse had Cash as a transient and blasphemous guest.

He was learning much more of kitchen-police work than of guard mount. At the latter task he was a failure. The first night he was assigned to beat pacing, the relief found him restfully snoring, on his back, his rifle stuck up in front of him by means of its bayonet thrust into the ground. Cash had seen no good reason why he should walk to and fro for hours when there was nothing exciting to watch for and when he had been awake since early morning. Therefore he had gone to sleep. And his subsequent guardhouse stay filled him with uncomprehending fury.

The salute, too, struck him as the height of absurdity—as a bit of tomfoolery in which he would have no part. Not that he was exclusive, but what was the use of touching one's forelock to some officer one had never before met? He was willing to nod pleasantly and even to say "Howdy, Cap?" when his company captain passed by him for the first time in the morning. But he saw no use in repeating that or any other form of salutation when the same captain chanced to meet him a half fifteen minutes later.

Cash Wyble's case was not in any way unique among Camp Lee's thirty thousand new soldiers. Hundreds of mountaineers were in still worse mental plight. And the tact as well as the skill of their officers was strained well-nigh to the breaking point in shaping the amorphous backwoods raw material into trim soldiers.

Not all members of the mountain draft were as fiercely resentful as was Cash. But many others of them were like unbroken colts. The strange frequency of washing and shaving, and the wearing of uniform clothes were the chief puzzles.



By Sunrise He Had Located the German Who Had Put Him on His Mettle Two Days Before

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The company captain labored with Cash again and again, pointing out the need of neat cleanliness, of promptitude, of vigilance; trying to make him understand that a salute is not a sign of servility; seeking to imbue him with the spirit of patriotism and of discipline. But to Cash the whole thing was infinitely worse and more bewildering than had been the six months he had once spent in Clayburg jail for mayhem.

Three things alone mitigated his misery at Camp Lee: The first was the shooting; the second was his monthly pay—which represented more real money than he ever had had in his pocket at any one time; the third was the food—amazing in its abundance and luxurious variety, to the always-hungry mountaineer.

But presently the target shooting palled. As soon as he had mastered carefully the intricacies of the queer new rifle they gave him, the hours at the range were no more inspiring to him than would be, to Paderewski, the eternal playing of the scale of C with one finger.

To Cash the target shooting was child's play. Once he grasped the rules as to sights and elevations and became used to the feel of the army rifle, the rest was drearily simple.

He could outshoot practically every man at Camp Lee. This gave him no pride. He made himself popular with men who complimented him on it by assuring them modestly that he outshot them not because he was such a dead shot but because they shot so badly.

The headiest colt in time will learn the lesson of the breaking pen. And Cash Wyble gradually became a soldier. At least he learned the drill and the regulations and how to keep out of the guardhouse—except just after pay day; and his lank figure took on a certain military spruceness. But under the surface he was still Cash Wyble. He behaved, because there was no incentive at the camp that made disobedience worth while.

Then after an endless winter came the journey to the seaboard and the embarkation for France; and the awesome sight of a tossing gray ocean a hundred times wider and rougher than Clayburg River in freshet time. Followed a week of agonized terror, mingled with an acute longing to die. Then ensued a week of calm water, during which one might refill the oft-emptied inner man.

A few days later Cash was bumping along a newly repaired French railway in a car whose announced capacity was forty men or eight horses. And thence to billet in a half-wrecked village, where his regiment was drilled and redrilled in the things they had toiled so hard at Camp Lee to master, and in much that was novel to the men.

Cash next came to a halt in a network of trenches overlooking a stretch of country that had been tortured into hideousness—a region that looked like a Doré nightmare. It was a waste of hillocks and gullies and shell holes and blasted big trees and frayed copses and split bowlders and seared vegetation. When Cash heard it was called No Man's Land he was not surprised. He well understood why no man—not even an ignorant foreigner—cared to buy such a tract.

He was far more interested in hearing that a tangle of trenches, somewhat like his regiment's own, lay three miles northeastward, at the limit of No Man's Land, and that those trenches were infested with Germans.

Germans were the people Cash Wyble had come all the way to France to kill. And once more the thrill of the man hunt swept pleasantly through his blood. He had no desire to risk prison. So he had made very certain by repeated inquiry that this particular section of France was in Europe; and that no part of it was within the boundaries or the jurisdiction of the sovereign state of West Virginia. Here, therefore, the law was off on Germans, and he could not get into the slightest trouble with the hated revenue officers by shooting as many of the foe as he could go out and find.

Cash enjoyed the picture he conjured up—a picture of a whole bevy of Germans seated at ease in a trench, smoking porcelain pipes and conversing with one another in comically broken English; of himself stealing toward them, and from the shelter of one of those hillock bowlders opening a mortal fire on the unsuspecting foreigners.

It was a quaint thought, and one that Cash loved to play with.

Also it had an advantage that most of Cash's vivid mind pictures had not. For, in part, it came true.

The Germans, on the thither side of No Man's Land, seemed bent on jarring the repose and wrenching the nerve of their lately arrived Yankee neighbors. Not only were those veteran official entertainers, Minnie and Bertha, and their equally vocal artillery sisters called into service for the purpose, but a dense swarm of snipers were also impressed into the task.

Now this especial reach of No Man's Land was a veritable snipers' paradise. There was cover—plenty of it—everywhere. A hundred sharpshooters of any scouting prowess at all could deploy at will amid the tumble of bowlders and knolls and twisted tree trunks and battered foliage and craters.

The long spell of wet weather had precluded the burning away of undergrowth. There were tree tops and hill summits whence a splendid shot could be taken at unwary Americans in the lower front-line trenches and along the rising ground at the rear of the Yankee lines. Yes, it was a stretch of ground laid out for the joy of snipers. And the German sharpshooters took due advantage of this bit of luck. The whine of a high-power bullet was certain to follow the momentary exposure of any portion of khaki anatomy above or behind the parapets. And in disgustingly many instances the bullet did not whine in vain. All of which kept the newcomers from getting any excess joy out of trench life.

To mitigate the annoyance there was a call for volunteer sharpshooters to scout cautiously through No Man's Land and seek to render the boche sniping a less safe and exhilarating sport than thus far it had been. The job was full of peril, of course. For there was a more than even chance of the Yankee snipers' being sniped by the rival sharpshooters, who were better acquainted with the ground.

Yet at the first call there was a clamorous throng of volunteers. Many of these volunteers admitted under pressure that they knew nothing of scout work and that they had not so much as qualified in marksmanship. But they craved a chance at the boche. And grouchily did they resent the swift weeding-out process that left their services uncalled for.

Cash Wyble was the first man accepted for the dangerous detail. And for the first time since the draft had caught him his burnt-leather face expanded into a grin that could not have been wider unless his flaring ears had been set back.

With two days' rations and a goodly store of cartridges he fared forth that night into No Man's Land. Dawn was not yet fully gray when the first crack of his rifle was wafted back to the trenches.

Then the artillery firing, which was part of the day's work, set in. And its racket drowned the noise of any shooting that Cash might be at.

Forty-eight hours passed. At dawn of the third day Cash came back to camp. He was tired and horribly thirsty; but his lantern-jawed visage was one unmarred mask of bliss.

"Twelve," he reported tersely to his captain. "At least," he continued in greater detail, "twelve that I'm dead sure of. Nice big ones, too, some of 'em."

"Nice big ones!" repeated the captain in admiring disgust. "You talk as if you'd been after wild turkeys!"

"A heap better'n wild-turkey shootin'!" grinned Cash. "An' I got twelve that I'm sure of. There was one, though, I couldn't get. A he-one, at that. He's sure some German, that feller! He's as crafty as they make 'em. I couldn't ever come up to him or get a line on him. I'll bet I throwed away thutty ca'tridges on jes' that one Dutchy. An' by an' by he found out what I was arter. Then there was fun, Cap! Him and I did have one fine shootin' match! But I was as good at hidin' as he was. And there couldn't neither one of us seem to git 'tother. Most of the rest of 'em was as easy to git as a settin' hen. But not him. I'd 'a' laid out there longer for a crack at him but I couldn't find no water. If there'd been a spring or a water seep anywheres there I'd 'a' stayed till doomsday but what I'd 'a' got him. Soon's I fill up with some water I'm goin' back arter him. He's well wuth it. I'll bet that cuss don't weigh an ounce under two hundred pound."

Cash's smug joy in his exploit and his keen anticipation of a return trip were dashed by the captain's reminder that war is not a hunting jaunt; and that Wyble must return to his loathed trench duties until such time as it should seem wise to those above him to send him forth again.

Cash could not make head or tail out of such a command. After months of grinding routine he had at last found a form of recreation that not only dulled his sharply constant homesickness but that made up for all he had gone through. And now he was told he could go forth on such delightful excursions only when he might chance to be sent!

Red wrath boiled hot in the soul of Cash Wyble. Experience had taught him the costly folly of venting such



*And at Last He Was Out, Under the Foggy Stars, With Excited Germans Firing in His General Direction and Loosing Off Star Shells*

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rage on a commissioned officer. So he hunted up Top Sergeant Mahan of his own company and laid his griefs before that patient veteran.

Top Sergeant Mahan—formerly of the Regular Army—listened with true sympathy to the complaint; and listened with open enthusiasm to the tale of the two days of forest skulking. But he could offer no help in the matter of returning to the *baltue*.

"The cap'n was right," declared Mahan. "They wanted to throw a little lesson into those boche snipers and make them ease up on their heckling. And you gave them a man's-size dose of their own physic. There's not one sniper out there to-day, to ten who were on deck three days ago. You've done your job. And you've done it good and plenty. But it's done—for a while anyhow. You weren't brought over here to spend your time in prowling around No Man's Land on a still hunt for stray Germans. That isn't Uncle Sam's way. Don't go grouching over it, man! You'll be remembered, all right. And if they get pesky again you'll be the first one sent out to abate them. You can count on it. Till then, go ahead with your regular work and forget the sniper job."

"But, Sarge!" pleaded Cash, "you don't git the idee. You don't git it at all. Those Germans will be shyer'n scat, now that I've flushed 'em. An' the longer the news has a chance to git round among 'em, the shyer they're due to git. Why, even if I was to go out thar straight off it ain't likely I'd be able to pot one where I potted three before. It's the same diff'rence as it is between the first flushin' of a wild-turkey bunch an' the second. An' if I've got to wait long there'll be no downin' *any* of 'em. Tell that to the Cap. Make him see if he wants them cusses he better let me git 'em while they're still gittable."

In vain did Top Sergeant Mahan go over and over the same ground, trying to make Cash see that the company captain and those above him were not out for a record in the matter of ambushed Germans.

Wyble had struck one idea he could understand, and he would not give it up.

"But, Sarge," he urged desperately, "I'm no durn good here foolin' around with drill an' relief an' diggin' an' all that. Any mudback can do them things if you folks is sot on havin' 'em done. But there ain't another man in all this outfit who can shoot like I can; or has the knack of 'layin' out'; or of stalkin'. Pop got the trick of it from gran'ther. An' gran'ther got if off th' Injuns in th' old days. If you folks is out to git Germans I'm the feller to git 'em fer you. Nice big ones. If you're here jes' to play sojer, any poor fool c'n play it fer you as good as me."

"I've just told you," began the sergeant, "that we——"

"'Nuther thing!" suggested Cash brightly. "These Germans must have villages somewe'res. All folks do. Even Injuns. Some place where they live when they ain't on the warpath. Get leave an' rations an' ca'tridges for me—for a week, or maybe two—an' I'll gar'ntee to scout till I find one of them villages. The Dutchies won't be expectin' me. An' I c'n likely pot a whole mess of 'em before they c'n git to cover.

"Say!" he went on eagerly, a bit of general information flashing into his memory. "Did you know Germans was a kind of Confed'? The fightin' Germans, I mean. Well, they are. The hull twelve I got was dressed in gray Confed' uniform, same as pop used to wear. I got his old uniform to home. Lord, but pop would sure lay into me if he knowed I was pepperin' his old side partners like that! I'd figgered that all Germans was dressed like the ones back home. But they've got reg'lar uniforms. Confed' uniforms, at that. I wonder does our gin'ral know about it?"

Again the long-suffering Mahan tried to set him right; this time as to the wide divergence between the gray-backed troops of Ludendorff and the Confederacy's gallant soldiers. But Cash merely nodded cryptically, as always he did when he thought his foreigner fellow soldiers were trying to take advantage of his supposed ignorance. And he swung back to the theme nearest his heart.

"Now about that snipin' business," he pursued, "even if the Cap don't want too many of 'em shot up, he sure won't be so cantankerous as to keep me from tryin' to git that thirteenth feller! I mean the one that kep' blazin' at me whiles I kep' blazin' at him; an' the both of us too cute to show an inch of target to t'other or stay in the same patch of cover after we'd fired. That Dutchy sure c'n scout grand! He's a born woodsman. An' you-all don't want it to be said the Germans has got a better sniper than what we've got, do you? Well, that's jes' what will be said by everyone in this yer county unless you let me down him. Come on, Sarge! Let me go back arter him! I been thinkin' up a trick gran'ther got off'n th' Injuns. It oughter land him sure. Let me go try! I b'lieve that feller can't weigh an ounce less'n two-twenty. Leave me have one more go arter him; and I'll bring him in to prove it!"

Top Sergeant Mahan's patience stopped fraying, and ripped from end to end.

"You seem to think this war is a cross between a mountain feud and a deer hunt!" he growled. "Isn't there any way of hammering through your ivory mine that we aren't here to pick off unsuspecting Germans and make a tally of the kill? And we aren't here to brag about the size of the men we shoot either. We're here, you and I, to obey orders and do our work. You'll get plenty of shooting before you go home again, don't worry. Only you'll do it the way you're told to. After all the time you've spent in the hoosgow since you joined, I should think you'd know that."

But Cash Wyble did not know it. He said so—loudly, offensively, blasphemously. He said many things—things that in any other army than his own would have landed him against a blank wall facing a firing squad. Then he slouched off by himself to grumble.

As far as Cash Wyble was concerned the war was a failure—a total failure. The one bright spot in its workaday monotony was blurred for him by the orders of his stupid superiors. In his vivid imagination that elusive German sniper gradually attained a weight not far from three hundred pounds.

In sour silence Cash sulked through the rest of the day's routine. In his heart boiled black rebellion. He had learned his soldier trade, back at Camp Lee, because it had been very strongly impressed upon him that he would go to jail if he did not. For the same reason he had not tried to desert. He had all the true mountaineer horror for prison. He had toned down his native temper and stubbornness because failure to do so always landed him in the guardhouse—a place that, to his mind, was almost as terrible as jail.

But out here in the wilderness there were no jails. At least Cash had seen none. And he had it on the authority of Top Sergeant Mahan himself that this part of France was not within the legal jurisdiction of West Virginia—the only region, as far as Cash actually knew, where men are put in prison for their misdeeds. Hence the rules governing Camp Lee could not be supposed to obtain out here. All of which comforted Cash not a little.

To him "patriotism" was a word as meaningless as was "discipline." The law of force he recognized—the law that had hog-tied him and flung him into the Army. But the higher law which makes men risk their all, right blithely, that their country and civilization may triumph—this was as much a mystery to Cash Wyble as to any army mule.

Just now he detested the country that had dragged him away from his lean shack and forbade him to disport himself as he chose in No Man's Land. He hated his country; he hated his Army; he hated his regiment. Most of all he loathed his captain and Top Sergeant Mahan.

At Camp Lee he had learned to comport himself more or less like a civilized recruit because there was no breach of discipline worth the penalty of the guardhouse. Out here it was different.

That night Private Cassius Wyble got hold of two other men's emergency rations, a bountiful supply of water and a stuffing pocketful of cartridges. With these and his adored rifle he eluded the sentries—a ridiculously easy feat for so skilled a woodsman — and went over the top and on into No Man's Land.



*So He Was Taken to the Captain, a Man Who Had Lived for Five Years in New York*

By daylight he had trailed and potted a German sniper.

By sunrise he had located the man against whom he had sworn his strategy feud—the German who had put him on his mettle two days before.

Cash did not see his foe. And when from the edge of a rock he fired at a puff of smoke in a clump of trees no resultant body came tumbling earthward. And thirty seconds later a bullet from quite another part of the clump spatted hotly against the rock edge five inches from his head.

Cash smiled beatifically. He recognized the tactics of his former opponent. And once more the merry game was on.

To make perfectly certain of his rival's identity Cash wiggled low in the undergrowth until he came to a jut of rock about seven feet long and two feet high. Lying at full length behind this low barrier, and parallel to it, Cash put his hat on the toe of his boot and cautiously lifted his foot until the hat's sugar-loaf crown protruded a few inches above the top of the rock.

On the instant, from the tree clump, snapped the report of a rifle. The bullet, ignoring the hat, nicked the rock comb precisely above Cash's upturned face. He nodded approval, for it told him that his enemy was not only a good forest fighter but that he recognized the same skill in Wyble.

Thus began two days of delightful pastime for the exiled mountaineer. Thus, too, began a series of offensive and defensive maneuvers worthy of Natty Bumppo and Old Sleuth combined.

It was not until Cash abandoned the hunt long enough to find and shoot another German sniper and appropriate the latter's uniform that he was able, under cover of dusk, to get near enough to the tree clump for a fair sight of his antagonist. At which juncture a snap shot from the hip ended the duel.

Cash's initial thrill of triumph, even then, was dampened. For the sniper—to whom by this time he had credited the size of Goliath at the very least—proved to be a wizened little fellow, not much more than five feet tall.

Still Cash had won. He had outgeneraled a mighty clever sharpshooter. He had gotten what he came out for, and two other snipers, besides. It was not a bad bag. As there was nothing else to stay there for, and as his water was gone, as well as nearly all his cartridges, Cash shouldered his rifle and plodded wearily back to camp for a night's rest.

There to his amazed indignation he was not received as a hero, even when he sought to recount his successful adventures. Instead, he was arrested at once on a charge of technical desertion, and was lodged in the local substitute for a regular guardhouse.

Bewildered wrath smothered him. What had he done, to be arrested again? True, he had left camp without leave. But had he not atoned for this peccadillo fiftyfold by the results of his absence? Had he not killed three men whose business it was to shoot Americans? Had he not killed the very best sniper the Germans could hope to possess?

Yet, they had not promoted him. They had not so much as thanked him. Instead, they had stuck him here in the hoosgow. And Mahan had said something about a court-martial.

It was black ingratitude! That was what it was. That and more. Such people did not deserve to have the services of a real fighter like himself.

Which started another train of thought.

Apparently—except on special occasions—the Americans did not send men out into the wilderness to take pot shots at the lurking foe. And apparently that was just what the Germans always did. He had full proof, indeed, of the German custom. For had he not found a number of the graybacks thus happily engaged? Not for one occasion only, but as a regular thing?

Yes, the Germans had sense enough to appreciate a good fighter when they had one. And they knew how to make use of him in a way to afford innocent pleasure to himself and much harm to the enemy. That was the ideal life for a soldier—"laying out" and sniping the foe. Not kitchen-police work and endless drill and digging holes and taking baths. Sniping was the job for a he-man, if one had to be away from home at all. And in the German ranks alone was such happy employment to be found.

When Cash calmly and definitely made up his mind to desert to the Germans he was troubled by no scruples at all. Even the dread of the mysterious court-martial added little weight to his decision. The deed seemed to him not a whit worse than was the leaving of one farmer's employ, back home, to take service with another who offered more congenial work.

Wherefore he deserted.

It was not at all difficult for him to escape from the elementary cell in which he was confined. It was a mere matter of strategy and luck. So was his escape to No Man's Land.

Unteroffizier Otto Schrabstaetter an hour later conducted to his company commander a lanky and leather-faced man in khaki uniform who had accosted a sentry with the pacific plea that he be sworn in as a member of the German Army.

The sentry did not know English; nor did Unteroffizier Otto Schrabstaetter. And though Cash addressed them both in a very fair imitation of the guttural English he had heard used by the West Virginia Germans—and which he fondly believed to be pure German—they did not understand a word of his plea. So he was taken to the captain, a man who had lived for five years in New York.

With the Unteroffizier at his side and with two armed soldiers just behind him Cash confronted the captain, and under the latter's volley of barked questions told his story. Ten minutes afterward he was repeating the same tale to a flint-faced man with a fox-brush mustache—Colonel von Scheurer, commander of the regiment that held that section of the first-line trench.

*(Concluded on Page 38)*

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# Poor Richard's Come-Back

## The Vision by the Soap Box

*We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.*
*POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC.*




## By Wallace Irwin

SIGISMUND SHUCK was a spirit insurgent,
Full of reforms which were glowingly urgent.
If any new movement appeared in the land
Sig, to be sure, was right there with the band.
Verbal velocity,
Platform ferocity
Made him the prophet of class animosity;
And being of those to whom phrases are sweet,
Who'd always much rather be talking than eat,
'Tis a wonder that Sig hadn't perished
On what he was nourished.

He was strong for relieving all jails of their residents
And filling the void with directors and presidents.
He'd a neat little plan
For the saving of man;
In brief it consisted in legalized seizure
Of business sections
In forty directions;
He'd rechristen Wall Street the Garden of Leisure,
Where dear proletariat
All could make merry at
Incomes of two hundred dollars a day—
For four hours of work and free Saturdays, say.
The gist of his song
As life passed along
Was: "Nothing is right because everything's wrong.
The world cannot move
Till we thoroughly prove
That the weak are appointed to manage the strong."

Sig had a grand mental diagram drawn
By which he'd arrange the millennium's dawn.
Child-birth, religion, the plumbing of cities
Should all be arranged by a chain of committees.
Committees to Sig were the great panacea,
The crystallized juice of the perfect idea.
Would you wipe out, say, poverty, ignorance, crime,
Restore all the virtues a set at a time?
Whist! 'Twas a pretty
Plan, and a pity
Ne'er thought of before.
Form a committee!
The worst, then, is o'er.

Sigismund Shuck had a large way of thinking.
Had a passion for Russian
And platform discussion—
Which same, to my mind, is more deadly than drinking.
It took him to beer halls up dubious alleys
To mix in debates before Soviet rallies,
And it took him each night to the nearly fresh air
To bang
And harangue
In radical slang
As he stood on a soap box, addressing the square.

In the heyday of youth he was met like a flame
By a beautiful proletar-ratty named Mame.
They were wed,
So 'tis said;
But in Sig's lofty head,
Where thoughts universal were always majestic,
There wasn't much room for the stuff called domestic.
True, there came children, some seven or eight,
Which caused him small grief,
For he shared the belief
That children by rights should be raised by the state.

Now Mame when she married her Sigismund Shuck
Had been, as the saying goes, Soviet-struck.
She had met him at radical rallies and sich,
Drinking claret by tubs
At liberal clubs
Or posing in tea rooms called Hole in the Ditch.
Her head had gone round with his program, which proved
That poverty could, would and should be removed.
Good land!
It was grand,
Though full of hard words she could not understand;
But she knew that his dreams,
His wonderful schemes
Would open the world like a vast cornucopia,
And land them at once in a rent-free Utopia.

Alas! When she'd wed him she found for a starter
She'd married a martyr!
Now a martyr, you know, friends, makes wonderful reading
Two or three centuries after his bleeding;
But for working in team he's a fidgety shoe mate
And punk beyond words as a legalized roommate.
Sig worked now and then at some low occupation—
Picker and sorter
Or mixer of mortar—
But he couldn't be nice to the vile corporation
Who ruined his heyday
And fined him on pay day,
Never admired him,
Frequently fired him
As soon as they'd hired him.
He branded all work as a system of slavery,
Stormed at employers with vocalized bravery
And scarified wealth as the wages of knavery.

The consequence was that poor Sigismund sat
Most of his time round his ramshackle flat
Writing a book weighing nearly a ton
Merely to ask, "When Will Justice be Done?"
Meanwhile the mystic,
Capitalistic
Class who are banded to kill the artistic,
Sent around bills with precision accursed,
Prompt on the first.
And what of his Mame? In default of his labors
She cooked for the quality, washed for the neighbors.
His children, you say?
Just let them play—
Youth should be gay.
Wee girls and boys,
Alleyward slinking:
Don't make a noise!
Father is thinking.

When Mamie complained, as she did now and then,
Her talented husband would nibble his pen
And clearly explain how their struggle and worry
Was just temporary.
In a year—
Maybe two—
You would hear
Something new.
Then a crash
And a smash
Would make hash
Out of cash.
Each trust
Would go bust,
Its lust
Turned to dust.
Then gas rates and rentals no longer would trouble you—
Just wait till the rise of the I-double-W

When a free distribution would go through the land;
Pianos and carpets and furniture grand
Would fall at your doorstep like dice from the dice box;
Wine, fish and poultry would fill up the ice box;
And just like Aladdin's own palace bewitchin'
You could visit a gorgeous municipal kitchen,
Show at the wicket
The people's meal ticket
Without any puncher to spoil it with punches
Through infinite series of dinners and lunches.

Once in the course of their married career
Sig got some money. It came rather queer
And should have been Mame's, for her half-uncle Bill,
A hated bourgeois
With a Yankee patois,
Left one thousand dollars to Mame in his will.
When the Shucks got the money
Sig said to his honey:
"Since the new social order is coming on fast
And money won't count any more,
We ought to spend this while its value shall last—
Let's go for a month at the shore."
So quite disregarding defaults in the rent
And bills from the butcher and greengrocer gent,
They went.
They wardrobed themselves in splendiferous style;
Sig decked his jeans with the rest of their pile,
Hired a fast motor and whizzed like hot stuff
Out to the coast resort, Bulge-on-the-Bluff.
There they fared very well, as signed statements attested,
Flocked with fine birds and the beaches infested.
They filled up on terrapin, fritters and romaine,
Danced half the night, had a wee touch of ptomaine,
Allowed each small Shuck
To run quite amuck,
Tipped the blackhanders with dollars and quarters—
In fact were just average summer resorters.

"This is the life!"
Murmured his wife.
"It's big!"
Smiled Sig;
But after three weeks
He shook in his breeks

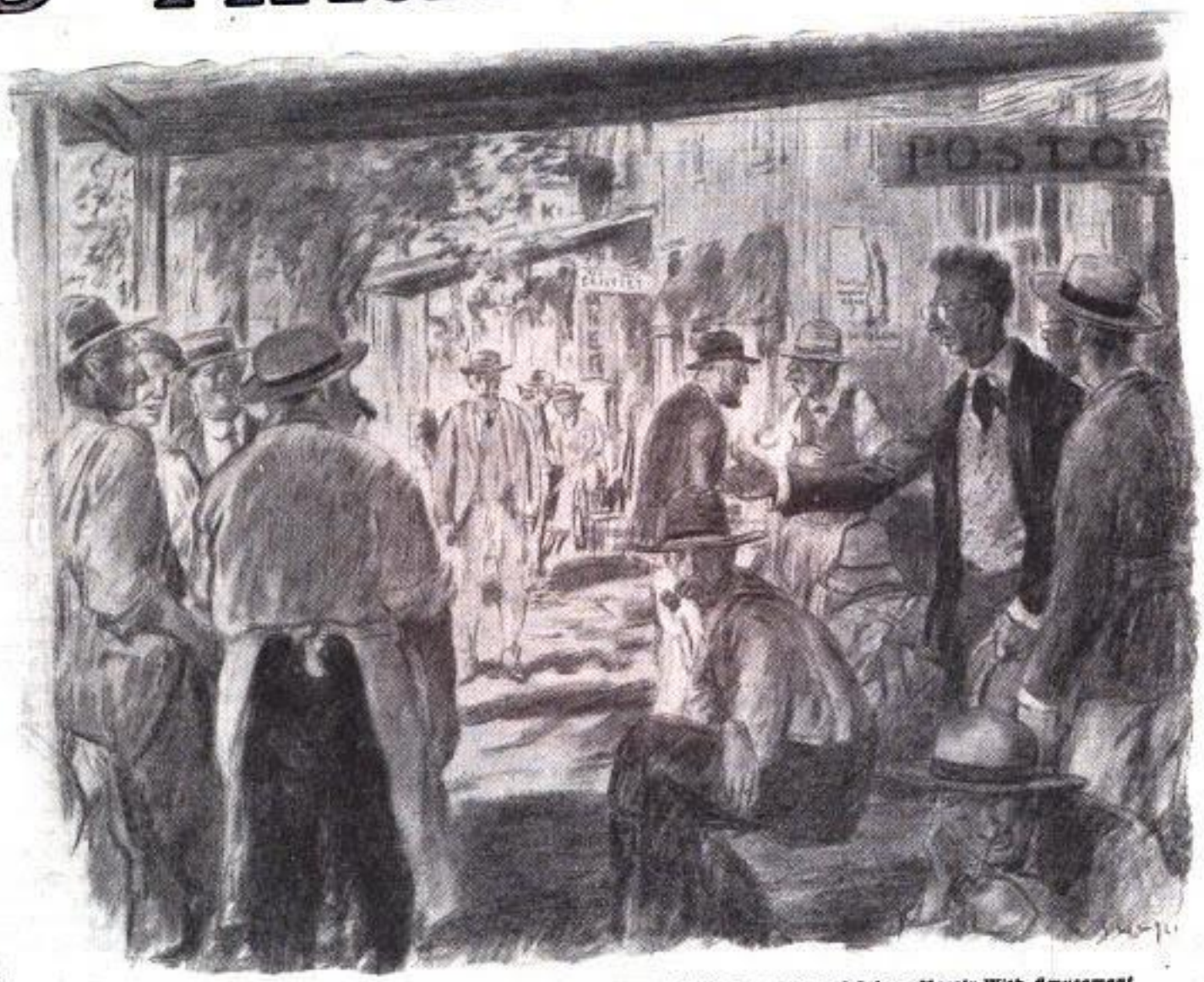
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# OLD THRIFTY

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT



*It Struck Mr. Penrose That Some of the Auditors Were Listening With Approval and Others Merely With Amusement*

BEING then eighteen years of age, Fritz Bender sailed from Hamburg in the steerage in 1864. Landing in New York the middle of May he proceeded to Chicago as rapidly as the means of transportation permitted.

His ideas of America were few in number and of a general but satisfying sort—to wit: That it was the land of liberty and opportunity for the poor man, that the Northern States were engaged in a war with the Southern States to abolish slavery, that a farm hand could earn wages that sounded fairly incredible in Germany.

He could speak only a little very broken English, and could not read the tongue at all; but through the mediums of German-speaking acquaintances and of newspapers in that language which came to his hand and of the very atmosphere round him he received the impression of a deep stir and stress. Fortunes of war were not favoring the side to which his simple-minded sympathies naturally attached. General Grant—off in some indistinctly imagined place called the Wilderness—had been losing men at a frightful rate. There was an air of anxiety, an emotional strain everywhere.

This impressed the young immigrant unexpectedly. What he had come to America for—really—was the wages. But as he read what the German papers had to say and listened to some German orators he was troubled by a doubt as to the adequacy of that motive. They said, in effect, that a man who wished to enjoy liberty and opportunity ought to be willing to fight for it.

He tarried in Chicago until, one early June day, he learned that a calamity had befallen. General Grant had been repulsed at Cold Harbor with staggering losses. That afternoon he enlisted.

And he was agreeably surprised at receiving five hundred and twenty-seven dollars—three hundred and two dollars being the cash bounty offered by the Federal Government for volunteers, one hundred and fifty dollars the local bounty, and seventy-five dollars the state bounty. He had heard of a bounty, but his idea had been that only citizens of the country could claim it. He purchased a stout money belt and went into training with his fortune strapped round his waist. He saw no really active service and was honorably discharged at the close of the war next spring, when he resumed his original plan of hiring out as a farm laborer.

Two of his fellow immigrants had gone to a small settlement of German farmers in Northern Indiana. There Fritz went and promptly found work. Meanwhile he had been making progress in English, and in a community where German was commonly spoken he quickly got in touch with conditions. Among other things he learned that money was scarce and these farmers paid interest at the rate of ten per cent a year.

But stocky, broad-shouldered, red-cheeked Fritz was strongly conservative by nature. He watched, listened, judged. Only when he felt quite sure of his ground did he unstrap the money belt and lend its contents. Being a frugal person he saved more than half his wages too.

His settlement was called Hamburg. So far as the usual phenomena of a town went it consisted of a church, a schoolhouse, a blacksmith shop and a little general store. Grundyville, on the railroad, was the market town.

At twenty-six Fritz married Sophie Sigel. At thirty-five he moved to Grundyville, where he erected a one-story wooden structure, twelve feet wide by twenty deep, with a neat blue sign on the front gable which read, "Fritz Bender, Banker." To that the money belt had finally grown. The sign dilated him with proud satisfaction. But, in fact, his capital was only four thousand dollars.

That was the way it went with him—no speculations, no windfalls, no sudden gains; but a slow, sure accretion won by thrift and industry, and sound judgment and honest dealing. In his simple uncontentious way he was always extolling thrift. By the time he was forty the native population thereabouts had given him the nickname of Old Thrifty. Those who had been reared under European conditions couldn't so readily see where the joke came in. But both sorts of population had complete confidence in the little bank.

Fritz always felt that this banking business had been a purely fortuitous digression. What he really coveted was land—those fat acres, flourishing with wheat and corn, and meadows with plump cattle grazing.

In time he bought an eighty; and in time he had a half section—three hundred and twenty acres—fronting the main road for a solid mile, with a good wire fence and every fence post sharpened to a point at the top and whitewashed. Sharpening all those posts and keeping them whitewashed cost quite a bit of money—an extravagance, no doubt, in a way. But it looked so beautiful—those straight white posts marching down the road for a solid mile against the background of green pasture and growing grain! Fritz always wanted to take off his hat to them, and felt an almost sacred emotion as at beholding a celestial scene.

But when he achieved this the hair was thin over his round head, and half white; his bushy mustache was gray and he had six grandchildren. In one respect he had suffered disappointment—all three of his children were girls, and of the six grandchildren only two were male.

August, 1914, made a deep stir thereabouts. Fritz' sympathies, like those of practically all his German friends, inclined decidedly to the Fatherland. But in all the neighborly discussion of the following two years one simple proposition formed the sheet anchor of his policy—namely: "They all got to leave this United States alone."

As relations between America and Germany grew strained resentment against this country's course increased among many of his old friends round Hamburg. Fritz himself was distressed, but he wouldn't join in denunciations of Washington—simply shook his head and repeated his comprehensive platform: "They got to leave this United States alone."

He was not disputatious or assertive, seldom arguing and always listening much more than he talked. But as a rupture seemed imminent he quietly took the necessary steps to convert his bank into the First National, under a charter from Washington. When the official parchment arrived he contemplated the great seal of the United States in the lower left-hand corner with a deep, silent satisfaction.

The little wooden structure that had originally housed the bank was now occupied by a shop where bicycles might be repaired and like tinkering done. Fritz had put up a fine two-story brick building, forty feet front by sixty deep—the most imposing on Main Street. His bank occupied half the ground floor, the other half being occupied by a hardware store. In the middle of the galvanized-iron cornice appeared the legend "Bender Block," in letters a foot high and painted bright blue.

When war was declared Fritz put a flagstaff, as tall as the building itself, on the roof of the Bender Block and flew from it an American flag that seemed almost in danger of oversetting the building, like too large a sail. Also, he carried on an active verbal propaganda, but strictly in his own nondisputatious, unarguing way—thus:

"So that's the new team you got, Anton. My, that's a fine team!" For a few minutes he would exchange horse lore with the proud owner of the animals; then, patting the near mare's broad flank: "Fellows that start in the world like you and me, Anton, don't get teams like that in Germany. It's only in the United States we get 'em. How much this mare weigh? Eighteen hundred, I guess."

Or, as a horny fist passed a check over the counter of the bank for deposit: "Great price we're getting now for corn, August. I sold mine this week too." And after some conversation on the subject of corn—as he handed the pass book back with the credit duly entered: "Where else chaps like you and me get a hundred and sixty acres that make fifty bushels corn to the acre at a dollar a bushel? We get it nowhere except in the United States, August."

He had come to America with a naïve idea that it was the land of liberty and opportunity. For him—and for most of his fellow immigrants who were sensible, industrious and thrifty—it had been the land of liberty and opportunity. So the old man could see no reason for revising his original idea.

This simple-minded obstinacy exasperated Karl Bopp, who could prove by endless quotations from books and magazines that the liberty and opportunity were mere illusion, and America in fact was enslaved and devoured by Capitalism. Karl's quotations rather made Fritz' head whirl, but failed to convince him that there was anything illusory about his half section or Anton Braun's five-hundred-dollar work team or August Uhrlaub's corn money.

Karl was a Socialist; and it especially surprised and grieved Fritz that those who took the lead in denouncing America and upholding Germany were of the younger generation, born on American soil and acquainted with the Fatherland only at secondhand. Karl's own father had prospered sufficiently under the slavery of American Capitalism to send the young man to college for four years; also, as Fritz suspected, to support him in the main ever since.

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It being reported to him that Karl stigmatized him as a tool of Morgan he replied in astonishment: "Morgan! Heavens! That man Morgan ain't heard yet I'm alive!"

He applied his propaganda to the young man thus: "That's a very nice car your father got, Karl. It's good luck for you he didn't stay back in the Fatherland that you like so much to talk about. If he stayed back there you ain't driving his automobile to town on a spring day when the corn is to be planted. Believe me, you ain't! Probably you're walking two miles to your job in wooden shoes to earn thirty-six cents a day. That's the way I had it. You get, before this, two years' military service shining the lieutenant's boots. I like to hear you tell that lieutenant he's a tool of Morgan. Heavens, how swift the kick!"

But Karl repeated that Fritz was not only a tool of Morgan but an ignorant old blockhead, incapable of understanding either economics or politics.

Others drew away from him. As he persisted in flying the biggest American flag on the tallest pole he could find, and presently plastered the windows of his bank with posters of the first Liberty Loan, coolness rose between himself and a good many of his old patrons out Hamburg way. That thrifty clientèle—the original mainstay of the bank—noticeably fell off. As a matter of business he could well have stuck to his guns. But it wounded him. He was seventy-one now and had long cherished an idea of retiring to his half section and dying just a farmer. He decided to sell his bank, and for that purpose inserted an advertisement in a monthly journal devoted to banking.

There was something rather melancholy in that too—a subtle foreshadowing of the time when he would be retiring permanently from all earthly affairs. On the day he read his advertisement in the banking journal he walked home in a rather heavy frame of mind.

He lived in a two-story white house with an L—only a few rods off Main Street—with his wife, a widowed daughter and a granddaughter. A row of patriarchal maples lined the street in front of the house and there were half a dozen fine oaks in the dooryard. Between two of them a hammock was swung. As Fritz neared the gate in the picket fence he saw that the hammock was occupied, and a sore spot in his heart smarted afresh.

One of the persons in the hammock was his granddaughter, Mina—as blond and rosy as her grandmother had been when he first saw her, and younger by several years, for Mina was only eighteen.

The other person was red-cheeked and round-faced too; but his hair stood up in a ridiculously luxuriant shock and he wore gold-bowed spectacles that seemed out of place on his youthful face. That was Otto Dorn, son of Hermann Dorn, cashier of Fritz' bank. Fritz had known him—and his father, too, for that matter—since the swaddling-clothes stage; had been fond of him and watched his progress through the public school with approval. When the youth went to college Fritz naturally lost touch with him more or less.

And here was Otto at twenty-one, dismissed from college for contumacious and slothful conduct, and violently attached to Karl Bopp—wearing his hair like Karl's and affecting spectacles, and spouting all that sorry stuff out of the books about Capitalism and Wage Slavery; also taking Karl's pro-German stand on the war.

The two in the hammock were leaning shoulder to shoulder, swinging, the boy talking, the girl laughing. The old man's heart smarted afresh. Mina was his flesh and blood and the apple of his eye. But he was too wise to provoke a rebellion. When Mina looked quickly round at the clicking of the gate, turned a bit rosier, and called out gayly, "Hello, grandfather!" he replied gravely, "Good evening, Schatz; how d'do, Otto," and followed the plank walk on to the house.

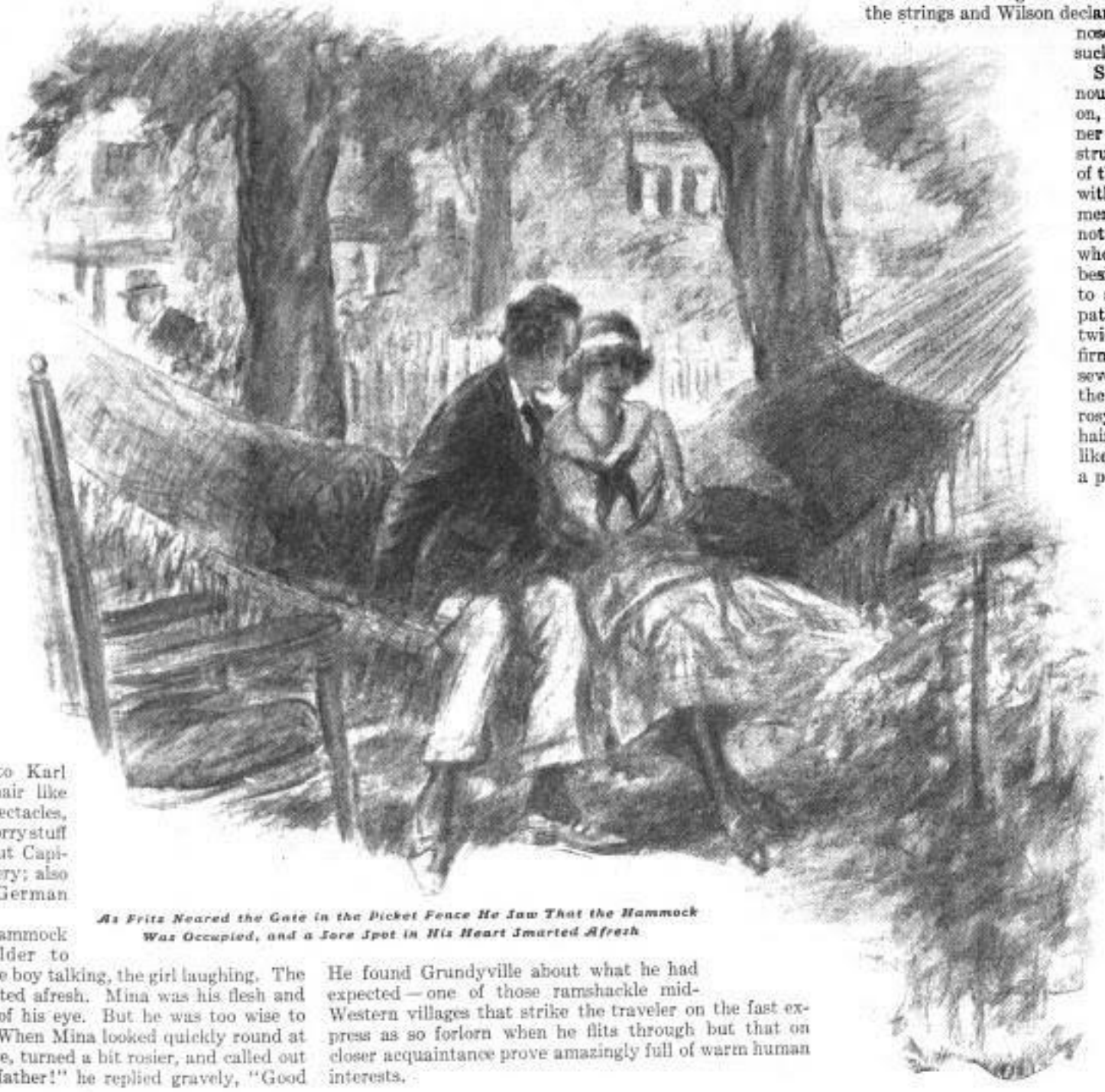
For the time being the graver affair of the hammock drove the bank sale and the advertisement quite out of his head. There was something odd about the advertisement—an oddity which, that same afternoon, caught the eye of Thomas Penrose, cashier of the Tanners' National Bank of Oakum, Wisconsin. The banking journal contained two pages of advertisements of banks and bank stocks for sale. Generally speaking they were signed "X. Y. Z." or "Country Banker" or "Opportunity" or by some such pseudonym. But Fritz' advertisement was signed "Stars and Stripes."

That oddity arrested Mr. Penrose's attention. As he sat pondering the advertisement he kept combing his shiny brown mustache between thumb and forefinger with a mechanical motion. He wore a beard, which also was shiny and curly, and he was what is known as a dish-faced man, meaning that his profile was of the concave order, so that his bulgy brow seemed fairly in danger of toppling over on his nubbin nose.

His personal affairs were in an alarming condition; and the result of his cogitation was a letter, on the finely engraved stationery of the bank, to "Stars and Stripes," in care of the banking journal.

Three days later he received a reply from Fritz—not typewritten, like his letter, but penned in a hand that contained reminiscences of German script. The reply described the condition of the bank and invited a personal interview. From his bankers' directory Mr. Penrose learned that President Bender's institution had a capital of twenty-five thousand dollars, a surplus of five thousand and deposits of a hundred and seventy thousand. He decided to investigate, but he proposed to take a look at the lay of the land on his own account before opening negotiations with his correspondent.

Unannounced, therefore, he dropped off the local accommodation train one June afternoon in 1917 and permitted a dilapidated chaise to haul him to the Grundyville House—at whose meager and shabby aspect he shuddered unwarrantably. In fact, the meals, cooked by the landlord's wife and served by his daughter on the one long, oilcloth-covered table in the dining room, were very good, and the feather bed, though warm, was soft.



*As Fritz Neared the Gate in the Picket Fence He Saw That the Hammock Was Occupied, and a Sore Spot in His Heart Smarted Afresh*

He found Grundyville about what he had expected—one of those ramshackle mid-Western villages that strike the traveler on the fast express as so forlorn when he flits through but that on closer acquaintance prove amazingly full of warm human interests.

Walking up the one business street, after leaving his bag at the hotel, he passed the bank—then closed for the day—and observed with interest that the plate-glass front window was crowded with Liberty Loan posters. A group of men under a wooden awning farther on attracted his attention and he strolled thither. The awning, he found, projected from the front of the post office. There were about a dozen men under it, in idling attitude—apparently awaiting the distribution of the mail that his train had brought. Some of them appeared to be farmers and others townsfolk. They were listening to a tall young man who stood on the first of the two steps leading to the post-office door.

The speaker appeared to be some years under thirty, but he had that neutral, dustlike sort of hair and complexion—the former waving in a luxuriant pompadour—on which Time does not register very definitely, and if any beard grew in that dusty soil it was imperceptible. From a sharp nose his face fell away in gradual recessions down to the point of a long in-sloping chin, and the general effect of elongation was carried out in a thin neck and narrow sloping shoulders.

He was not addressing anyone in particular, but his speech flowed on with little emphasis and not much change of tone, like a meandering stream. Its constant tone was sarcastic, implying a lofty sort of indulgence for his auditors' understanding; and what immediately struck Mr. Penrose was the extraordinary mobility of his wide mouth. He commonly spoke rather out of one corner of it, and it seemed to slide round on his long chin—standing, so to speak, first on one foot, then on the other.

"Look up your newspaper files," he was saying, a good deal as one might answer a child's question about the weather by pointing to the rain on the window pane. "A year ago England held up some meat shipments—probably rotten meat, sold at five hundred per cent profit. The packers saw they stood to lose a million or two, so they pulled the string and Wilson was blustering at England. It's all in your newspapers. Trouble is, you don't remember this month what you read last month. Morgan saw how the game was going plain enough. He saw England and France were busted higher'n Gilderoy's kite, so he and his gang stood to lose the billion or two they loaned 'em. They saw the only way out was to get the United States to guarantee the debt, so they pulled the strings and Wilson declared war. It's plain as the nose on your face, but you suckers all fall for it."

So the speaker's monotonous sarcastic speech flowed on, commonly out of the corner of his mobile mouth. It struck Mr. Penrose that some of the auditors were listening with approval and others merely with amusement. He noticed another young man, who stood on the first step beside the speaker as though to signify an intimate sympathy with him and who twice or thrice threw in a confirmatory remark. He was several years younger than the speaker; round-faced and rosy-cheeked, with his yellow hair in a towering pompadour, like the orator's, and wearing a pair of gold-bowed spectacles that looked out of place. While he listened to his friend his rosy young face wore a fixed frown as of intense and formidable determination.

And presently Mr. Penrose heard something that interested him more particularly.

"Capitalists' war?" the speaker was saying. "Whose else war would it be? Anybody with eyes in his head knows this land of the free and home of the brave can't wag a finger until the capitalists say so. You can see how it works right here at home. Who's pulling the strings here? Who's trying to get you to toss your good money into

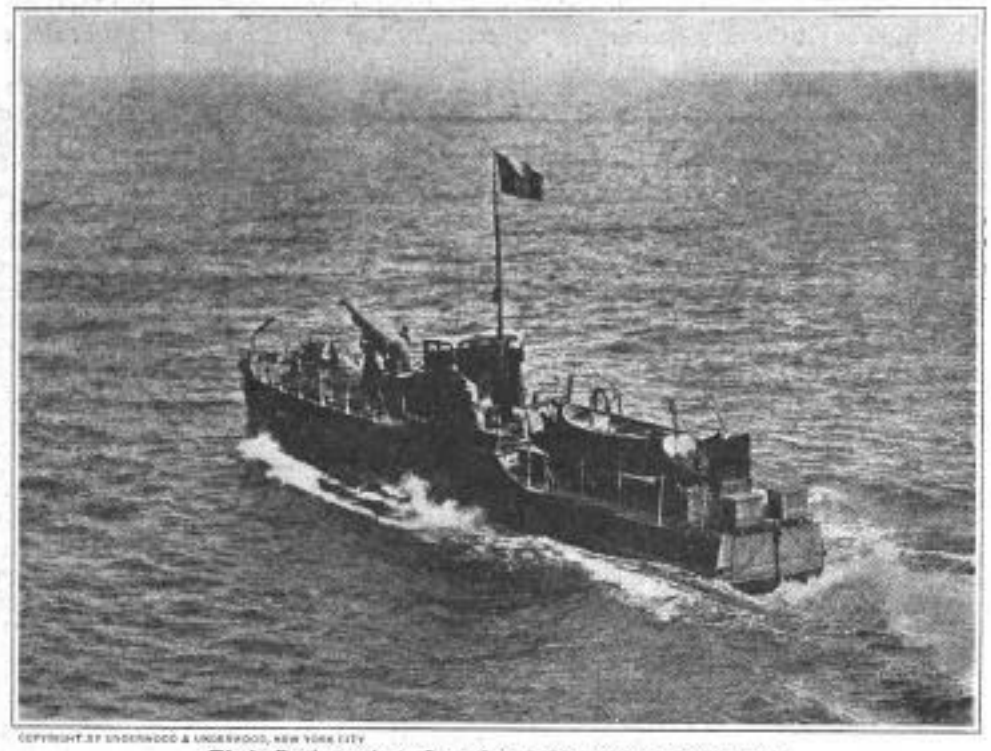
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# THE SEA TERRIER

## By Samuel G. Blythe

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*Their Business is to Drop Depth Charges on Submarines*

"CORN—MEAL—MUSH!" Out of a welter of signals, orders, reports of positions and all the varied language of operations at sea, those three strange, irrelevant words—"Corn—Meal—Mush!"—came drifting down the antennæ of a big British warship to the radio man.

He copied them mechanically, wondering what new idiot was loose on the face of the waters or, mayhap, what familiar old idiot in a fresh guise. Radio men are callous creatures. They sit in communication with all the wireless world, and not much astonishes them. All's grist that comes to their receiving mill—potential grist, anyhow. So this radio man took it down "Corn—Meal—Mush!" and being of the land where they do not know that comestible, it was all bosh to him, for he wasn't able to interpret it even in terms of sustenance.

"Honey—Bunny—Razmataz—Hink—Dink—Kalamazoo!"

"Quack! Quack!"

The radio man's mind was in a whirl, but his hand copied steadily. Here was something new, something more maniacal than the weirdest efforts of the lunatics at large on the sea; but it must have its meaning, and he transferred the jargon to his pad.

"Ding—Dong—Bell!"

More of it apparently. Let alone one unfamiliar naval bedlamite, there were several loose upon the sea, and with use of the radio.

"Water—Slaughter—Walla Walla—Hop—Skip—Jump—Bing!"

"Quack! Quack!"

The radio man had a quick look round to see if he was awake. He was. All the familiar paraphernalia of the wireless room were in sight, and through the heaving porthole he could see the white-tipped waves racing past. Off in the distance there were some small craft—trawlers, no doubt, or drifters. It was real enough.

"Tom—Dick—Harry!"

### *The Mystery Untangled*

THERE was more of it. Somebody out at sea had gone crazy. There was a stark, staring madman pushing this gibberish out into the ether. That was clear enough.

"Eeney—Meeney—Oh Boy—Crab—Lobster—Mayonnaise!"

"Quack! Quack!"

The radio man rang nervously for the orderly. "'Ere," he said when the orderly came, "take this down to the executive. There's a blinkin' flock of ducks about that's gone balmy."

Still it came: "Red—White—Blue"; "Jump—Jim—Crow"; "Sun—Moon—Stars"; "Sand—Clay—Mud," and after each section of jabber always: "Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack!"

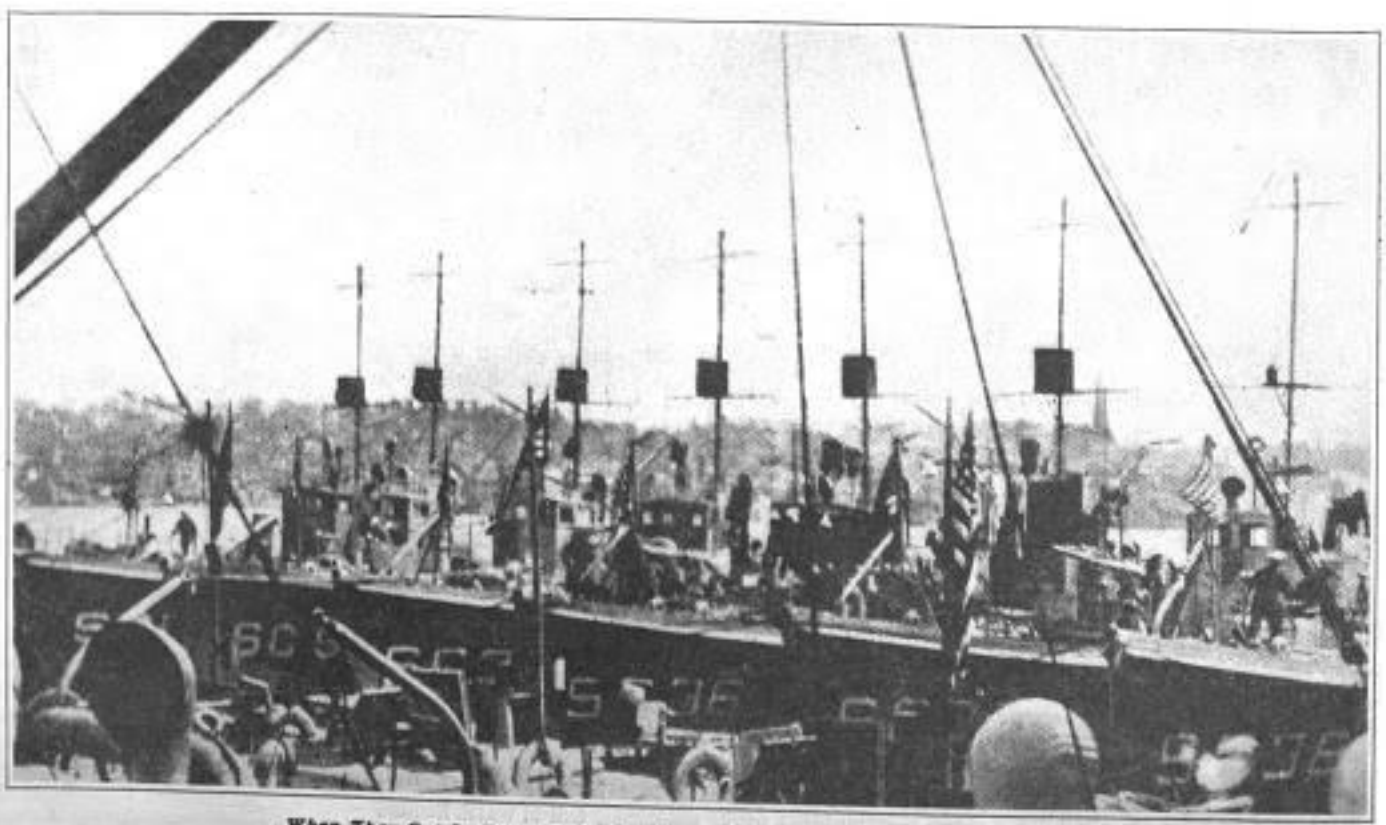
"What's this stuff?" asked the executive, surging into the wireless room. "Where'd it come from?"

"Don't know, sir. 'Ad it off the wireless last hour or so. Somebody's quack-quackin' all hover the bloomin' place."

The executive studied it. The captain studied it. It was referred to the Admiralty. There the flag lieutenant studied it, and the admiral studied it. Everybody studied it; and that night at the club the British liaison officer said to the American senior in command: "Extraordinary lot of gibberish our radio men picked up to-day. Can't make anything out of it. Lot of ding-dong-belling and quack-quacking all about."

The American senior in command laughed. "Why," he said, "that gibberish is merely our submarine chasers calling to their mates."

And so it turned out, much to the relief of the British radio man. Our submarine chasers hunt in allotted packs, according to a system of their own. Inasmuch as there are scores of them, the Navy Department didn't bother to give them names, but allotted to each a number only. "S. C. 467," or whatever the number is, is the only titular dignity they get, painted in white on their sharp bows and liberally bestowed on other points of observation, such as the lookout and the bridge. Wherefore a system of operating names was devised for these terriers of the sea, and when they are out they call and are called by their allotted signals of associated words, purposely simple in order that there may be no mistake in memorizing and transmitting; and the gibberish is the code used in giving orders, which is constantly changed and susceptible to infinite variation.



*When They Get In They Must Turn To and Get Shipshape for the Next Foray*

The following "Quack! Q means that the order given is stood and has been executed.

From that day when the first sounded over British waters un these tiny craft have been st boldly out to sea, defying the and the winds, hunting the Hu marines—scores of them, like in a pod, ranging over their areas on ceaseless quest for the r ous boche sea slug. And ma very uncomfortable for him, it said without revealing any secrets.

"What do you do when it rough you can't stay out at s asked the skipper of one of t sturdy old salt aged twenty-fiv was a haberdasher who owned a boat in days of peace, and cu a dash with it on the waters ar to his home city.

### *Never Too Rough*

"SON," replied this grizzled v of many a tussle with Nep and that goes literally—"son," registering surprise at the landl liness that prompted so inane a tion, "it never gets that rough.

That is the fact. It never ge rough. I saw a number of the gray terriers come nosing in from a trick at sea, son of it, when the wind had been howling a gale a waters had ceaselessly hurled over them, buried tossed them, heaved them, rolled them until it looke they never could stagger back to even keel again; wi storm had battered their small bridges, torn awa hamper, flooded their innermost recesses, forced th live on cold food because the galley range could lighted, deprived them of even the comfort of a cup coffee; when sleep had been impossible, and stirring the ship an enterprise for a Blondin; when one-third crew on one boat were vomiting blood because intensity of their seasickness; when every man crew was dead for sleep, worn with watching, with muscle aching from the labor and the bruises of the It hadn't been too rough for them. It couldn't be stayed out and finished their job, with no thought ing until the trick was done. Too rough? Not fo American boys.

And as they nosed into the quay, these terrie shouted gayly at their mates on other chasers: "H Had contact with a Hun yesterday!" And they pr to tie up and get out on deck all their clothes, b stores and other dripping gear to dry in the sun prel to nosing ou on the co quest. Not of complain reference weather. N lable about of sleep an credible ha it all. Not save the "Had cont a Hun yes

The terri sea—and riers, at quick, acti ligent an geous dow last gasp hundred feet over twelve a feet beam, rising but from th and crow jammed for finding ing sub twenty-fo each cr

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# JAVA HEAD

## By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



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"THE stupid bruiser!" Edward Dunsack declared in a thin bitterness that startled the girl at his side. "The low sea bully!" He was gazing at the resolute back of Captain Ammidon. A surprising hatred filled him at the memory of the other's intolerant gaze, the careless contempt of his words. He thought, oddly enough, of the delicate and ingenious tortures practiced on offenders in China; the pleasant mental picture followed of Ammidon bowed in a wooden collar, of Gerrit Ammidon bambooed, sliced, slowly choking. . . . With an intense sense of horror he caught himself dwelling on these dripping visions. His hands clasped rigidly, a sweat stood out on his brow, in a realization that was at once dread and a self-loathing.

About him lay the tranquil Salem water, the still wharves, the familiar roofs and green tree tops. This wasn't Canton, he told himself, but America. There was Nettie; only a few streets away was his father's house, his own home, all solid and safe and reassuring. China was a thing of the past, its insidious secret hold broken. It was now only a dream of evil fascination from which he had waked to the reality, the saving substance of Derby Wharf.

"It's his domineering manner," he explained the outburst to Nettie; "all shipmasters have it—as if the world were a vessel they damned from a quarter-deck in the sky. I never could put up with them."

"He is very kind, really," she replied, looking away over the harbor. "It is so queer—marrying a Chinese woman like that. How will he ever get along with her or be happy?"

"He won't," Edward Dunsack asserted. "Leave that to time." He studied her attentively. "Was it anything to you?" he asked.

"It might have been," she acknowledged listlessly, her gaze still on the horizon. "He came to see me two or three times, quite differently from other nice men, and took me to a concert at the Philharmonic Society. He was getting to like me, I could tell that, when grandfather interfered ——"

"I see," Dunsack interrupted; "with the immorality of the supermoral."

"Whatever it was, he was past bearing. No one could blame Gerrit for getting into a fury. The next day I stood almost in this spot—it was late afternoon, too—and watched the Nautilus sail away. All the canvas was set and I could see her for a long time. When the last trace had gone it seemed to me that my life had sunk, too—out there."

"The old man's a fool," he said bluntly of his father. "How do you suppose he got hold of a Manchu?" he shifted his thought, addressing the stillness about them rather than his companion. "Don't imagine for a minute that you are superior to her," he told Nettie more directly. "There is nothing more remarkable. They must be gorgeous." A faint color stained his long cheeks. "What incredible luck!" he murmured.

He was thinking avidly of the women of China—the little gay girls like toys, the momentary glimpses of enameled faces in hurrying red-flowered sedan chairs, faces of ivory stained with carmine, in gold-crusted headdresses. A sudden impatience at Nettie Vollar's obvious person and clothes expanded to a detestation of an atmosphere he had but a minute or so before welcomed as an escape from something infinitely worse than death. Now it seemed impossible to spend a life in Salem. It would have been better, when he had been released by Heard & Co., to take the position open to him in the Dutch Hong.

He was in a continual state of such vacillation, as if he were the seat of two separate and antagonistic personalities; rather, he changed the figure, in him the East struggled with the West. It was necessary for the latter to triumph. The difficulty lay in the fact that the first was represented by an actual circumstance, while the other was only a dim apprehension, a weakened allegiance to ties never strong.

He cursed the extraordinary chance that, against every probability, had brought the chest of opium safely to him here. Its purchase had been the result of habit evading his will; he had dispatched it—in that seesawing contest—by a precarious route, half hoping that it would be lost or seized; and when he had seen the chest carried down Hardy Street to his door a species of terror had fastened upon him, a premonition of an evil spirit flickering above him in a turning of oily smoke. Why hadn't he pitched the thing into the water at the foot of their yard! There was time still; he would take the balls of opium and dispose of them secretly. A sudden energy, a renewed sense of strength flooded him. This distaste for Nettie changed into a pity at the ill luck that had followed her; she didn't deserve it. Generous emotions expanded his heart. He dreamed of taking hold of his father's small commerce in rum and sugar with the West Indies and turning it into a concern as rich and powerful as Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone.

Why not?

They, too, would have a big white house on Washington Square or Chestnut Street, with servants—Chinese servants—and horses and great ships sailing in, laden with the East. Why not, indeed! He, Edward Dunsack, had more brains than Jeremy Ammidon, that stiff old man with a face the color of a damask plum. His niece would go to all the balls at Franklin and Hamilton Halls, the injustice of her position overcome by an impressively increasing fortune. Abstractedly he patted her shoulder with a hand as long and gaunt and yellow as his face. All this would come as a result of throwing the opium into the harbor. It was as good as accomplished.

In the face of his prospective well-being he felt already the equal of anyone in Salem. If Gerrit Ammidon had married a Manchu lady it was his privilege—no, duty—to call and put his experience in things Chinese at their command. She would speak only a little if any English; no one here understood the preparation of her food—her delicate necessity for dishes not the property of an entire household; a hundred such details of which the infinitely cruder West must be ignorant. He thought complacently that he would understand her better than anyone else in Salem, in Boston, in America—far better than her husband. She would without doubt learn to depend on him; they would laugh together at the manners and people about them. Ammidon would be away for long periods on the China service ——

His dreams broke off with a sardonic laugh, a repetition of the tone in which he had objurgated the shipmaster. Such visions were the property of youth—and he was forty-two. Forty-two, and nothing more than a discredited clerk who had fled across the world from a shadow. But he was right—he had seen white men who had caught the breath of China accepting just such opportunities as the one offered to him after his dismissal by Augustine Heard. At the Dutch Hong he'd be expected to talk about his late employer. Such situations, he had realized in a rarely illuminating flash, were only temporary, a descending flight.

These men resembled the fate of, say, a brig sailing into the China Sea in all the perfection of order of the British Marine; at, perhaps, Hong-Kong, sold to a native firm, she would be refitted under an extravagant flag, and slowly the order would depart until in a slovenly tangle of rigging and defilement she'd be seen yawing on secret and nauseous errands.

A homely chime of bells was repeated from the town; suddenly the water of the harbor seemed faintly dyed with carmine.

"It will be getting on to supper," Nettie said.

They walked slowly from the wharf, turned silently into Derby Street and Hardy on their way home. Beyond the inner fence of the garden the thick uneven sod reaching to the water was dark and cool against the luminous flush of evening. A sound of frying and a heavy odor came from the kitchen, and Kate Vollar's voice informed them that the meal was ready.

Barzil Dunsack bowed his head over the table and pronounced a grace in startlingly resonant tones, the reverent humility of his words oddly emphasized by a sort of angry impatience. It seemed as if he at once subjected himself to his God and expressed a certain dissatisfaction with his forbearance. Edward Dunsack was plunged in the thought of the resolution he intended to fulfill that evening.

The throwing away of the opium had lost a part of its symbolic meaning. It now seemed even a little rash, when he could find an immediate highly profitable market—the opium had cost him seven hundred dollars in China. But he must, he realized, be firm. Afterward, in his room, facing away from the street over darkening yards and gables and foliage, he stood gazing at the chest of mango wood that held the drug. He unlocked and lifted the lid. On the tray before him were twenty balls, each the size of his two fists, wrapped in a hard skin of poppy leaves, and there was a similar number underneath. It was obvious that he couldn't carry a tray through the house, and he took out two balls, after which he secured the remainder.

He walked quickly down the stair and through the close turning of the lower hall that led through a side door to the yard. A pale rectangle of lamplight fell from the sitting-room window over a brick path and ground tramped bare

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of grass; a clinking of dishes sounded in the kitchen. The sod was wet, and perhaps eight feet below the wooden buttress of the land the water showed impenetrably black.

Safely there he passed a tense hand over a brow suddenly wet; he was shaking as if in the grip of a chill. His condition needed drastic measures. The cold heavy opium gave out its tantalizing odor. In a minute it would be disposed of and he would go for more. He calculated that this necessitated twenty trips at the present rate—a bag might serve his purpose better.

He raised an arm with an opium ball, but his hand remained suspended in air. An inarticulate protest seized him, a suffocating sense of impending loss. He would never be able to get Patna opium here; it was a valuable medical property. His nerves shook at the thought of its delights. Then, as if without his volition and against every intention, his arm described a short arc, and his hand was empty. There was the impact of a solid object striking the water, a faint ripple on the motionless expanse, and then absolute silence.

He was aghast at his wanton act, the irreparable waste of a precious substance; and he cursed in a low audible Cantonese. Whose concern was it if he did very occasionally smoke a "pistol"? How could it possibly matter! The dreams about a great foreign commerce, a white house like the Ammidons', were futile; it was too late. He could expect nothing from life but the unspeakable monotony of his father's dwelling, the bare office. He had worked hard, been as full of splendid early resolutions as anyone, and he wasn't blamable if chance balked his ambition. A soul was nothing more than a twisting leaf in the wind of Fate. There remained only to take what escape was offered—golden visions, luxury, beauty beyond all earth.

His contrary determination seemed of less actuality than the imagined echoing of the splash that still hung in his brain. It was a thing far away, belonging to another time, another man; like the memory of a period of charming ignorance. The thought of it wove a strand of melancholy into his present mature realization like the delicate scent of blossoming trees borne to him on the evening air, barely perceptible and then lost in the pungency of the opium. The latter became, mystically, all China, the irresistible fascination that had gradually possessed his imagination, dulling the associations of his heredity and birth, calling him farther and farther into its secretive heart.

He returned to his room, where he put back the second ball in the tray of its chest. An extraordinary weariness hung over him; there was a sense of leaden weight in his arms and feet. Flashes of a different perception pierced his apathy. A voice, seemingly outside his being, whispered of danger, evil and danger. . . . . A twisting leaf, he told himself again with his deep fatalism.

The memory of Gerrit Ammidon's crisp blue gaze, his vigorous gestures and speech, became an intolerable affront, representing the far lost point of his own departure. His contrary feelings met and grappled in his mind; but in the end the past, Salem, was always defeated, weaker, more faintly perceived. In a great many essentials, he told himself, he had become Chinese in sympathy and fiber.

The lamp threw a smooth gleam over the mango-wood chest, and he bent, turning the key in the ornamental brass lock. He could reconsider the disposal of the opium to-morrow; there was no hurry; he had no intention of becoming a victim to the drug. That would be stupidity, the negation of all the philosophy he had gained. Very occasionally——

His thoughts swung to the surprising fact of Ammidon's Chinese wife; if, as he had first suspected, she was a common woman of the port who had made a fool of the dull sailor, he perceived the making of a very entertaining comedy. There would be the keenest irony in exposing her to himself before the complacent ignorance of her husband. He knew such women; convicted in Chinese, perhaps before the entire Ammidon family, not a muscle of her face would betray surprise or concern. She might try to murder him, very ingeniously, but never would she descend to the intrigue, the lies of a Western woman placed in the same position. She'd stoically accept the situation. These visions ran rapidly, vividly through his brain; he was accustomed to them; a greater part of his waking life was filled with such pictures, infinitely more alluring, persuasive than the disappointing actuality. He got out of his clothes, and in a loose gown of black silk sat at his open window, his chin sunk in the palm of a hand, his face set against the night.

The next morning at the breakfast table he listened with a twisted mouth to his father's long dogmatic grace before meat. His sister sat opposite their parent, her gaze lowered in a perpetual amazement, her entire person stamped with a stupid humility. There was nothing humble, however, in Nettie; the crisp French coloring positively crackled with an electric energy; her mouth was set in a rebellious red blot. Studying her, Edward Dunsack saw that she was prettier than he had first realized on his return to Salem. He speculated over the story she had told him yesterday about Gerrit Ammidon's attachment. What an incredible idiot their father had been! Edward would have relished Gerrit as a brother-in-law; good would have come to them all from such a connection.

If he had been in America at the time no such error would have been permitted. With his counsel Nettie would have caught Ammidon beyond any escape. He wondered if the girl had actually cared for the shipmaster or if the affair had been nothing more than a sop to her wounded pride and isolation. In a way beyond his present understanding this seemed to be considerably important. If she had loved him no one could predict what her attitude might be in any future development of their contact; but if her pride only had been involved, injured, she might readily be an instrument for his own obscure purposes.

The office where Barzil Dunsack conducted the limited affairs of his West India trading was a small one-room building back of the dwelling. There was a high desk at which a clerk stood or balanced on a long-legged stool, a more formal secretary against the length of the wall, with a painted model of a full ship, the spars and standing rigging slack and the whole gray with dust, a built-in cupboard opposite, a dilapidated chair or so and a twelve-plate iron stove for wood. A window looked out across the grass to the harbor and another opened blankly against a board fence.

There Edward Dunsack made a column of entries in a script fine and regular but occasionally showing an uncontrollably tremulous line. He was conscious of this tendency growing through the past year, and he surveyed his writing with a feeling of angry dismay. Try as he might, with a frowning concentration, to pen the words and numerals firmly, presently his attention would slip, his hand waver ever so slightly, and a sudden stricken appearance of old age fasten on the characters. . . . By heaven, to-night he'd throw all that stinking stuff away!

Outside the day was immaculate, the expanse of the water was like celestial silk, such sails as he saw resembled white clouds. The early morning bird song had subsided, but a persistent robin was whistling from the grass by the open door. The curdlike petals of a magnolia were slowly shifting obliquely to the ground; he could hear the stir of Derby Street. He was inexpressibly weary of the struggle always racking his being; it seemed to him that in the midst of a serene world he was tormented by some inimicable and fatal power.

He fastened his thoughts on commonplace happier objects—on the page under his hand, the entries of Medford rum and sugar cane and molasses, and the infinitely larger affairs of Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone. There was no reason why he shouldn't call on Jeremy Ammidon's family. The latter had signified by his visit the desire to end the misunderstanding between them. He was as well born as Gerrit Ammidon; only ill chance had made them seem differently situated. Anyhow, unlike Canton, mere exterior position had comparatively little weight in Salem. The shipmasters, the more important merchants, arrogated a certain superiority to themselves; but it broke down before the inborn democracy of the local spirit.

That afternoon, he decided, he'd be in Pleasant Street; and later he dressed with the most particular care. A growing doubt seized him as he mounted the outside steps of the Ammidons' impressive house; but he crushed it down and firmly rapped with the polished knocker on the opened door.

The family, a servant told him, was in the garden; and he followed through a large white-paneled hall into a formal drawing-room and green space beyond. He was again uncertain before the number of people grouped about a summerhouse and apparently watching his approach with cold surprise. But Gerrit Ammidon stepped forward and greeted him with an adequately level civility.

"You know my father," he said, and Jeremy Ammidon, his heavy body in linen, above which his face was dusky, put out an abrupt hand. There was a Mr. Brevard, a slender unconcerned person in very fashionable but restrained clothes; William Ammidon's wife, a large woman in India muslin, handsome enough, Edward Dunsack conceded, in the American sense; a daughter of William's, a girl blooming into womanhood, far too vigorous and brightly colored for his taste; and Gerrit's wife.

The last had been hidden from him at first, and he saw her suddenly, completely. His surprise caused him to stand in an awkward suspense—never had he imagined that a woman, even a Manchu, could be so beautiful! He recognized in a score of unmistakable details that she was of irreproachably high birth—her satins were embroidered with the symbols of nobility and matrimonial felicity; the gold finger-nail guards, the jade and flowering pearls, her earrings and tasseled tobacco pouch and ivory fan, were all in the most superlative manner.

A deep pleasurable excitement filled him as he made his greeting in correct Chinese. The long delicate oval of her face showed no emotion at the sound of her native speech and she returned his periods in a slowly chosen mechanical English. Edward Dunsack thought that as he spoke an expression of distaste stamped Gerrit's features. However, he was left in no doubt. "My wife," the other instructed him, "prefers to speak English. That is the only way she has of picking it up."

A contempt filled Dunsack, which he was barely able to keep from his voice and manner. He nodded shortly, and subsided into a study of Taou Yuen so open that she must have become aware of his interest. Seated on the bench that circled the interior of the latticed summerhouse she moved so that he could no longer see her face.

Brevard was beside her, talking in a low amused voice; there was a ringing peal of laughter from Sidsall Ammidon and a fainter infinitely well-bred ripple from Taou Yuen. The brilliant patch of her gown made an extraordinary effect in the Salem garden. Edward Dunsack recognized the scents that stirred from her, more Eastern and disturbing even than opium; there was a subtle natural odor of musk, the perfumes of hers and clove blossoms and santal. A curious double feeling possessed him in the split consciousness which he was capable—had the sensation of having come, in the sunafternoon garden, on overwhelming disaster; and the same time he was enraged by the play of that had given such woman to Gerrit Ammidon, and denied him, his special appreciation Oriental charm, slightest satisfaction more general hatred Gerrit tightened to assuming resentment at other's blind fortune.



"Goodness, Uncle Edward," Nettie Exclaimed, "You Scared Me, You Looked So Like a Chinee!"

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One thing was unmistakably borne upon him—in spite of the courtesy he was meeting, it was clear that he could not hope to become a customary visitor at the Ammidons'. He was put definitely outside the community of interests in which Brevard easily entered. William Ammidon joined them, and something like astonishment at Dunsack's presence was visible on his complacent face.

He remained, however, in a stubborn resistance to small adverse signs, in the hope of gaining some additional facts about Taou Yuen. She had been, he learned, a widow, and Gerrit had married her with her father-in-law's consent, though the latter was a rich official. He wanted to ask a thousand questions, but he knew that, even if the Ammidons were too dense to grasp his curiosity, Taou Yuen would comprehend his impoliteness. Nowhere else could be found the wisdom and poise of a Manchu lady.

Jeremy Ammidon, in a lawn chair, a smoking cheroot in his fingers, asked him about affairs of Chinese government and commerce. As the old man talked he flushed darkly with quick indignation.

"The English have made our political diplomats look like stuffed gulls!" he declared. "Look at their orders in council and the British prize courts," he proceeded, waving his cheroot; "stop an American vessel anywhere and pretend to find a deserting English sailor. With the Treaty of Ghent and cod-headed commissioners and a Congress that wouldn't know a ship from a bread barge the country's going to hell on greased ways! I've said it a thousand times and any man not a complete ass knows that you can't run a government without a strong head. Locofocos," he muttered.



*"Most of the Captains Like China," Taou Yuen Said. "They are So Far Away From Their Families ——"*

Edward Dunsack listened to this tirade with an air of polite attention which hid completely the fact that he scarcely heard or comprehended a word. His thoughts were filled by the fragrant vision of Taou Yuen; already he was deep in the problem of how to see her again, to-morrow. It would be excessively difficult. Eastern women never, if they could avoid it, walked; and they were, he knew, entirely without the necessity that drove the women of Salem into a ceaseless round of calling and gossip. It was probable that, except to ride, she wouldn't leave the house and grounds. He cursed the chance quarrel that had set a customary void between the houses of Dunsack and Ammidon, the unfortunate affair of his sister and Vollar inescapably adding to the permanency of the breach; he particularly cursed Nettie. There, however, his mind took up the twisted thread of the vague possibility that the latter might be useful to him.

He was amazed at the way in which his premonitions fitted into the pattern of situations yet to be materialized. Edward Dunsack turned from his contemplation of Taou Yuen to a careful consideration of Gerrit Ammidon. The latter had a countenance which showed strong, easily summoned emotions. It was an intolerant face, Dunsack judged, and yet sentimental; and it was surprisingly young, guileless. At the same time it was unusually determined—an affair of uncomplicated surfaces, direct gaze, marked bone.

He questioned sharply, irritably, the length to which his projections had reached. What were they all about? The answer was presented by the glittering figure of the Manchu; she had risen and was standing in the entrance of the summerhouse. He thought with a jerking pulse of Oriental similes: She was a lotus woman, a green slip of willow, an ambrosial moon, a mustard flower. Her teeth were white buds, her breasts blanched almonds.

His entire life in China had been a preparation for the realization of the present moment. The sense of danger, of anger at Gerrit Ammidon, perished before the supreme emotion called up by Taou Yuen. He wanted to embrace her satin-shod feet, to cling to her odorous hands, such hands as were never formed outside of China, like petals of coral. Not only her bodily charm intoxicated him but the thought of her subtle mind added its attraction, its shadows never to be pierced by the blunted Western instinct, the knowledge of pleasures like perfumes, the calm blend of the eight diagrams of Confucius, the stoicism of the Buddhistic soul revolving perpetually in the urn of Fate, and of the Tao of Lao-tsze.

Brevard left with an easy familiarity, already planning a return, that filled Edward Dunsack with resentful envy. The sun had disappeared behind the house; long cool shadows swept down the garden; it was past time for him to go. A reluctance to move from the magic of Taou Yuen possessed him; he was unable to think how, when, he would next see her. He raged at the prohibition against speaking Chinese; that ability should give him an overwhelming advantage of Gerrit Ammidon. This was, of course, the reason that he had been virtually commanded to limit himself to English. Many of the forms of extreme Chinese courtesy were impossible to express in another language.

Finally he rose; in departing he emphasized the importance of Jeremy Ammidon—Taou Yuen should recognize and applaud that. He saw that she was watching him obliquely, her lips in repose, her hands still among the satin draperies. An American would have betrayed something of her reaction to him; he could have discovered a trace, an indication of her thoughts; but the Manchu's face was as inscrutable as porcelain. William Ammidon nodded, the old man responded to his leave-taking with a degree of warmness, Gerrit at least smiled in a not unfriendly manner. Edward Dunsack bowed to Taou Yuen, and she gravely inclined her head. He had a last glimpse of her glowing in the green light of the inclosure of rosebushes and poplars, emerald sod and twisting lilac trees.

At the supper table his sister's appearance in somber untidy black barège, Nettie's unrestrained gestures and speech, the coarse red cloth and plain boiled fare—all added to a discontent that he could scarcely restrain. With the utmost discrimination in delicate shades of beauty and luxury, he was yet condemned to spend his days in surroundings hardly raised above poverty-stricken squalor. Incongruous as it was, he could yet imagine Taou Yuen moving with a certain appropriateness about the Ammidons' spacious grounds and house; but he was absolutely unable to picture her here, on Hardy Street.

All the vivid scenes that continually formed and shifted in his mind gathered about Gerrit Ammidon's wife. He used this phrase in a contemptuously satirical manner; it was impossible for Ammidon actually to marry a Manchu. Such racial mating, he told himself, would be no true marriage. There were too many deep antipathies of flesh and spirit; the man was too—too stupidly normal. Sooner or later he would swing back to his own. With him, Edward Dunsack, it was different; he always had an inner kinship with China; at first sight its streets and sounds, odors and ways, had seemed familiar, admirable.

The realization of this, when his place with Heard & Co. collapsed, had sent him back to America in a strange dread. He remembered how the vague fear had followed him to Derby Wharf. Now he laughed at it, welcoming every Chinese instinct he had. They seemed to throw a bridge across enormous difficulties, bringing him finally to Taou Yuen.

He lingered at the table after supper, his head sunk on his chest, revolving the various aspects of his position. One thing was definite—he must have Taou Yuen; it was unthinkable that she should continue with Gerrit Ammidon. It needed skillful planning, tortuous execution, but in the end he'd get his desire. He had no doubt of that. It was necessary. If she opposed him she would discover that he, too, could be subtle, Oriental—yes, dangerous. None of the stupid inhibitions that, for example, bound his father interfered with the free exercise of his personal wishes. He was beyond primitive morality. An ecstasy of contemplation ravished his senses.

"Goodness, Uncle Edward," Nettie exclaimed, "you scared me, you looked so like a Chinee!"

"There are no such people," he retorted sharply, exasperated by the vulgar error. Nettie was undismayed; and when in reply to a question she learned that he had been at the Ammidons' her surprise increased his irritation. He saw from her manner that his calling there had been at least unexpected. She interrupted the preparation of the table for breakfast, and dropped into a chair beyond him, her hands—the sleeves were rolled back to her elbows—clasped before her.

"You must tell me everything!" she declared eagerly. "What is she like? Do they seem happy? Did he hold her hand? Do Chinese women kiss? Is she tall or ——"

"I can't remember a question out of your rattle," he interrupted her.

He was about to give expression to his admiration for Taou Yuen, when he stopped, with tight lips. Here, perhaps, was the lever by which so much was to be shifted.

"She's Chinese," he said indifferently; "and that means yellow." Nettie made a gesture of distaste. "They seem to get along well enough. Of course it's ridiculous to call it a marriage, and it seems to me very questionable to impose it on the Ammidons as that. The thing is—how long will it last, how soon will he get tired of her and send her back to Canton?"

Nettie Vollar closed her eyes; her hands were rigid. The lamplight streaming up over her face showed Edward that it was tense and pale and answered a question. Her feeling for Gerrit Ammidon had been more than a mere hurt pride. In addition to that he saw beyond any doubt the proof of its existence still. This complicated his problem; inspired only by a resentment that he might fan into hatred, she would be far more pliable than in the grip of a genuine affection for Gerrit Ammidon. He understood the processes of the former, a flexible and useful steel; but no one could predict the vagaries, the absurd self-sacrifices of love. Well, he'd have to work with what offered. That, he realized, was the strength of his philosophy—he accepted promptly without vain regret the means that lay at his hand.

*(Continued on Page 113)*

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 19, 1918


## If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

## Draft Ages

WITH great care, using all available data, the War Department worked out a set of tables showing how many soldiers might be expected from the different age classifications of men subject to the new draft.

It calculated that there were a little more than two million males aged nineteen and twenty, and that they would yield a little more than one million effective soldiers. As to males aged thirty-two to forty-five, it calculated the total number at slightly more than ten millions, and that they would yield barely six hundred thousand effective soldiers. Roughly, the net yield under the first age classification would be fifty out of a hundred; in the second age classification it would be only six out of a hundred; or, with roughly one-fifth the total number of men, the first age classification would yield nearly double the number of soldiers.

Only eight per cent of the young men would be married or have dependents. More than seventy-five per cent of the older men would be married or have dependents. Exemptions for industrial reasons would be relatively much more numerous among the older men than among the younger.

The tables show conclusively, and in a nutshell, why soldiers must be sought mainly among young men.

## Better Times

IT IS not a bad antidote nowadays to glance back at eighteenth-century society on the pages of Fielding, Smollett, Defoe. In spite of this war's enormities it is a far better world to-day; men are much kinder and juster. Nowhere in the United States would a typical crowd, peacefully employed, at seeing a stranger stricken with death feel anything but pity. If they could not help him they would at least show respect for his condition. When Fielding was in the last stages of dropsy, having lost all use of his limbs, his countenance so ghastly that he presented "a spectacle of the highest horror," he was carried to a boat through a crowd, "few of whom failed of paying their compliments to me by all manner of insults and jests on my misery"; not that they knew who he was or had the slightest cause for personal ill will toward him, but because a man in his condition was a proper object of contempt and derision—as wolves are said to turn upon a lame member of the pack. In the same journal Fielding relates with approval this anecdote of his "ever-honored and beloved friend," Judge Burnet: A prisoner pleaded "It is hard, my lord, to hang a poor man for stealing a horse." The judge replied "You are not to be hanged, sir, for stealing a horse, but you are to be hanged that horses may not be stolen."

It is a much better world. Nations that can present a valid claim to civilization grow kinder and juster.

## The Other Side of the Debt

THERE cannot be a debtor without a creditor. If the Government owes thirty billion dollars, or whatever sum, at the end of the war it will be owing to citizens of the United States—twenty millions of them now; we may hope more than thirty millions finally. Every dollar of government liability on account of the debt is an asset for some individual bondholder. Every dollar the Government takes in taxes to pay interest goes to an individual bondholder.

Keep in mind that mainly whatever war consumes is produced during the war, and when war ends the citizens of the United States, taken collectively, will have paid and canceled the whole bill. They will have supplied all the steel, leather, cloth, food, powder, and what not, that the war has consumed. So far as they are concerned, taken collectively, the whole affair is forever over with. But the Government will still have an adjustment to make among its citizens. The man who saved and put money or credit at its disposal will hold its bond or stamp. It must assess the whole people to pay him his interest or principal.

Now, as a strictly economic proposition, without regard to the greater factors that make war horrible, the man who saves money during the war which he would otherwise have spent unprofitably and puts it into government paper comes out ahead of the game. He emerges with an asset—the best in the world—and with a more intelligent command of his income and outgo. Economically speaking, a great many people can be actually better off because of the war—depending upon the exertion they make to save right now. The option is open to you.

## Business in Wartime

THE Tariff Commission has been investigating the condition of the glass industry and finds that in all branches war very seriously handicapped it. The supply of imported ingredients, notably potash, was cut off. Experimenting to discover domestic substitutes for these ingredients took a long time. There were great difficulties in transportation of materials and fuel and in delivering finished products. Some markets were lost. Some staple products could be turned out or disposed of in only limited quantities.

Nevertheless, commercial production has increased and the export trade extended to countries not hitherto reached in certain lines by American manufacturers. "The consensus of opinion of glass manufacturers is that war . . . has stimulated the industry to a remarkable degree, and been the principal factor in the development of a number of new branches of manufacture. . . . The information obtained by the commission warrants the conclusion that a new era has set in for the industry."

Of the chief foreign competitors, Belgium and France have suffered extensive destruction as to glass manufacture. Exports from Germany and Austria are shut off. We have already taken their places to an important extent in making optical glass, our product in that line now equaling the finest known in Europe before the war.

As to cheap foreign labor after the war one paragraph is significant: "Without the aid of a human hand an automatic machine now produces complete one-dram bottles at the rate of a hundred and sixty-five a minute. The labor cost is 'practically nothing,' said a manufacturer. In making window glass a machine blower in the most efficient American factory can blow a cylinder thirty-nine feet long and thirty-two inches in diameter in less time than a Belgian hand blower can blow one five feet long and fifteen inches in diameter."

There are few businesses for which war does not spell opportunity as well as handicap. The problem is to find and take advantage of the opportunities.

## Inevitable Profits

IN ITS search for profiteers the vigilant Federal Trade Commission overlooked a round dozen of them; possibly it overlooked them because they are controlled by the United States Government.

The concerns referred to are the Federal Reserve Banks. They are agencies of the Government. Presumably, they are not operated for profit, but to perform certain important functions for the benefit of the public. Yet war has decidedly increased their profits because it has thrown an enormous volume of business into their hands. They handle this business under rules laid down by Congress and the Reserve Board appointed by the President. Those rules were designed for public benefit, not for profit. But because the volume of business has greatly increased, profits have risen, and it would be difficult to frame any practicable set of rules that would not have that result. Profits of the Bank of England have increased greatly, not because it is trying to gouge the public but because its volume of business has increased.

A large part of the profiteering that the Trade Commission did not overlook is due to the same cause. For any normal business that is soundly organized a rapid increase in the volume of trade handled and in the turnover of capital will raise profits—without any intention to gouge on the part of the management and without any oppressive practices.

Price fixing limits the rise in profits but does not prevent it. The way to deal with this inevitable phenomenon is by a war-profits tax.

## Business After the War

A VERY able business man recently gave his associates his opinion of economic conditions after the war. He saw swollen prices, billions of inflated currency, heavy taxes, millions of soldiers looking for jobs when war's enormous demands for goods had ceased; strikes, turmoil, idle munition plants. He believed that looking back over war's vast senseless destruction men would feel a profound disillusionment. Times would be bad.

Within a week, as it happened, another business man, as able and of as great reputation as the first, gave his view of after-war conditions. He saw a far more abundant supply of money for industrial expansion than ever before, war-financing having disclosed unknown possibilities in that direction. He saw industry, thanks to war, much better organized than ever before; an ample labor supply and a better equipment than ever before for maintaining amicable relations between capital and labor. Taxes would be high, but production would be greater, giving a bigger fund to pay taxes out of. Reconstruction and deferred improvements would create tremendous demands for materials and labor. Manufacturers and merchants would have a new idea of the world's buying power. Plans that would have looked too big in 1913 would look small after the war. Coming of peace after this war nightmare would stimulate men, and as they looked back on the tremendous things they had accomplished since 1914 they would look to the future with higher hope and greater confidence than ever before. Times would be good.

Both of these men—one an Englishman, the other an American—were equally right.

If we look at it in the first way times will be bad. If we look at it in the second way times will be good. What business conditions are after the war will depend first of all upon the state of our minds. If we keep our courage, our punch, our common sense, try hard to harmonize our differences and pull together, we shall have good times. Otherwise we shall have bad times.

## Price Fixing

OUR price fixing began in August, 1917. By that time England had in force a quite extensive system for the arbitrary regulation of prices by the government. But from July, 1914, to August, 1917, commodity prices in England, taken as a whole, advanced a hundred and twenty per cent; and in the United States only ninety-five per cent. By the spring of 1917 commodity prices in England had a little more than doubled since the outbreak of the war; and had increased about seventy per cent in the United States, where there was no political interference with their movement.

From then to the spring of 1918 prices in both countries advanced about ten per cent, though the incidence of government regulation was necessarily different in the two countries.

There will be here a fine field for expert investigation and debate after the war—to wit: As to what probable effect arbitrary price-fixing regulations really have upon the whole movement of commodity prices. We say an "arbitrary" price, meaning that the Government marks down a figure and says "This commodity shall sell at that price." Still it is not so arbitrary.

The Government must fix the price in view of conditions over which it has no control. Before the Government took a hand in the matter prices generally had risen eighty-five per cent since the outbreak of the war. Government fixed a price on wheat more than a hundred per cent above the pre-war price. Its price fixing was controlled by market conditions.

Government intervention since the war has deluded some people into the notion that Government can really shape prices at its will. In fact, it can do no such thing.

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# Game Laws of Location Hunters

## By ROB WAGNER

A "NO SHOOTING" sign in Southern California does not necessarily refer to firearms; it may mean cameras; in fact, the machinelike clicking of the movie camera has long ago displaced the percussive resonance of the dear old shotgun and rifle, and incidentally there are more game wardens watching our sportsmanship than ever pursued the bird butchers.

Two factors have led to the increasing stringency of the game laws of movieland: One was the perfectly lawless shooting by the pioneers; and the other was—and is, to a large extent—due to the outrageous conduct of the comedy studios when on location. There is hardly a spot in the Southwest that has not been "killed"—or at least wounded—by the cinemaniacs, and the few locations that remain have become the most-sought-for prizes of this royal sport.

Take, for instance, the Yndart place in Pasadena, one of the most beautiful estates in California; and not a foot of it has been shot for a motion picture. True, some of our more enterprising poachers have concealed their cameras behind hedgerows and in laundry wagons, but no one has succeeded in filming any good stuff. Last week a Clingstone director set up his camera on the sidewalk and tried to shoot through the pickets, but pretty soon a gardener appeared with a bucket of Paris green, and wheresoever the camera was moved there he was, right in front of the lens, painting the fence. 'Tis said the director made his Nemesis use three buckets of paint—but the picture was not shot! Señor Orestes Yndart took a violent dislike to the moving pictures after having seen the San Gabriel Mission used as a background for a custard comedy.

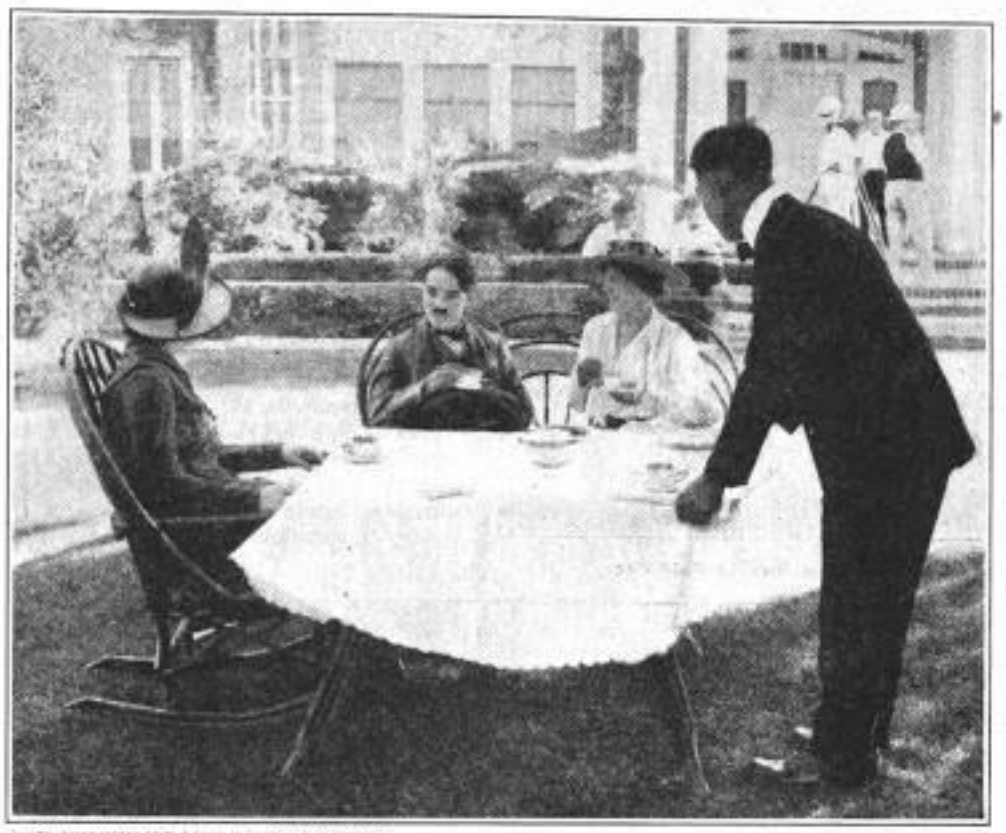


PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE CHARLIE CHAPLIN FILM COMPANY

*Kind-Hearted Society People Sometimes Serve Tea to the Poor Struggling Actors*

### The Specialist in Backgrounds

IMAGINE, then, the challenge tossed at me when Ames, the director of production, poked his head into my office a week ago and said: "Hawley, we begin the Fairfax story on the tenth, and the old man is dead set on using the Yndart place. What can you do about it?"

"Well," I replied, "as they say in a certain disgusting language: 'The ghost is perfectly willing, but the meat is awful weak.' Tell the old man, with my compliments, that there isn't a chance. If anybody could get permission 'tis your little Georgie Porgie, for my good-looking Spanish mother is related to the Yndarts, but she can't budge the old boy an inch from his prohibition. Nor is there the slightest opportunity to steal the loke, for the prejudices have been communicated to eight caretakers and eleven dogs. The last pirates who tried to steal that location arrived offstage minus their trouser seats and two perfectly good cameras."

When Ames had gone, Miss Blowitz, my stenographer, turned and said: "Looks like a job for Miss Westlake. Perhaps she can land the place through his daughter, Carmelita. I often see their names together in the society columns."

This little dialogue may give some idea of the queer position I hold with The Filmart Motion Picture Company. I am the location man, and I am expected to find and arrange for any background the most vivacious scenario writer suggests. Is it Sahara Desert stuff? All right; out near Oxnard there are miles of rolling sand dunes. India? We have religious communities with the most exotic—and esoteric—Hindu environments. A location for a low-temperature romance? Wonderful snow stuff may be found up in Bear Valley and at Tahoe. Italy? Russia? China? Such touches are found in every cosmopolis.

My filing cabinet contains a photographic record of nearly every possible artistic need. Suppose the script calls for action outside a stage entrance. I turn to my location cards and find seventeen so catalogued. Others are labeled Italian villas, Spanish churches, prisons, parks, Chinatown, marshes, orange groves, cemeteries, cafeterias. On each card is pasted the photograph of the chosen spot, by the side of which we find the address, owner, party in charge, phone, light, distance from studio, price for shooting, and remarks. Under the latter head there will be notes like these:

"Owner friendly, but particular; won't have fire scenes or permit smoke pots." "Owner O. K., but Seventh Day Adventist—no shooting on Saturdays." "Keeps chickens; objects to explosions." "Owner a crab; can be reached through Henry Milton."

The qualifications for a location man are peculiar. He is supposed to be the grand little fixer, going about among the citizenry, arranging permission for our artists to register their flickering emotions wheresoever they will. Naturally he meets up with all kinds of bigots, crabs and extortionists who need subduing. This calls for qualities—not brains; as a result many of the studios have employed us personality guys—beautiful fellows with distinguished fronts, charming manners and a studied technic for the glad hand and the mix. Besides my red hair and irresistibility the peculiar excellence I bring to my profession is the fact that I was born here—a very unusual accomplishment—and that I know every foot of the country from Mexico to Oregon. Besides, my social standing is secure as Gibraltar, for even my father saw his first sunrise in Los Angeles.

### Not Like the Good Old Days

PEOPLE not living in movieland have an idea that everybody is tickled to death to let the picture companies shoot scenes in their front yards—just for the fun of seeing them made and meeting the actors. But this is not so. The townsfolk out here have developed certain prejudices, and in some places we are about as welcome as a colony of lepers. This is largely due to past profanities and the ever-increasing number of companies searching the highways and byways for something that has not been shot to death. Hence the necessity for regular departments, and location men who are hard of hearing when the villagers protest.

In the good old days—say five years ago—we could shoot anything, for the novelty of the adventure outweighed any inconvenience we might impose upon the




PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE THOMAS H. INCE STUDIOS

*In the Sophisticated Village of Los Angeles Even "German Soldiers" in the Streets Will Attract Not the Least Attention*



PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE CHARLIE CHAPLIN FILM COMPANY

*The English Hosts of This Bunch of Mummers are Not a Bit Shocked at "the Kaiser" Snooping About*

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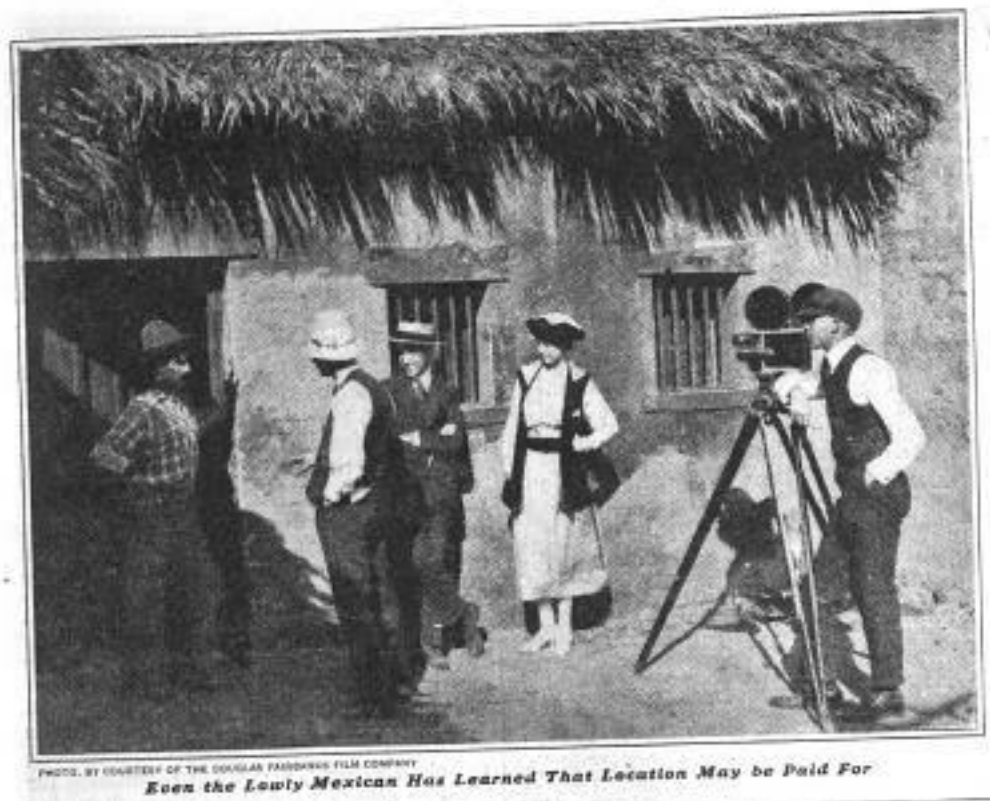


PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS FILM COMPANY

*Even the Lowly Mexican Has Learned That Location May be Paid For*

owners of locations. In fact, the first directors had no necessity for location hounds, but went about shooting whomever—and whatever—they pleased, and their pleasures were not temperate. It was this amazing assumption that the whole world was a public game preserve, with an open season lasting the year round, that finally brought the deluge.

I came into the work just as Bill Condon and the old Climax were passing into eclipse. In fact, I was with this famous director when he blew up. Bill was one of the greatest individualists of the period before the photoplay became a social product. He wrote most of his own stories and shot them just as he damn pleased. The man was a genius in his way, but he needed room. Though he functioned magnificently in the desert or the mountains where there was nobody to challenge his art, the city was likely to regard him as a pest. He was one of those single-purpose individuals who brook no authority or interference. Beginning life as a plumber he had been brought up in a profession that develops strong individualities, and when he became a movie director his ruthless methods were his greatest capital. As for locations, he just went out and took them, as though the owners or authorities were mere figures of speech. Had he wanted to shoot a scene in Westminster Abbey all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't have kept him out.

### *Mira Vista Gets Fed Up*

THE Climax at that time had a studio at Mira Vista, a small fashionable resort up the coast. Like many towns in those expanding days, the Mira Vistitas had been stricken with cinemasipelas, and through the efforts of the Boosters' Club and the C. of C. had induced the Climax to locate "in their midst," and actually had donated ten beautiful acres for their purposes. Naturally, Bill felt a proprietary interest in the town.

I was just out of college at the time and joined the company because of my social acquaintance in Mira Vista. It was up to me to mix in so that we could use the most exclusive sets in that modern paradise. It wasn't long, however, before the making of pictures began to bore the ennuied inhabitants of this overrich colony, most of the overlords having come to California for rest and refuge from a tempestuous world; and soon complaints began to pour in telling how our beautiful heroes and hero-ines had broken ferns, trampled flower beds, and even splashed into the most private sanctuaries of the owners. One protest stated that an epicurean horse had eaten a horticultural delicacy costing the owner twelve hundred dollars, while another insisted that a bunch of ill-mannered extras had made way with two boxes of panetelas, a tin of cigarettes and three bottles of expensive strong waters from the library buffet!

Then the authorities, who had been so enthusiastic about our coming to Mira Vista, began to grow churlish—and all because Bill regarded the business section of the town as a bunch of sets designed for his personal use. Feeling he had carte blanche to go the artistic limit, he pulled some fire scenes that broke every sacred ordinance and held up traffic for two of the busiest hours of the day. I remember one occasion of a tradesman coming out and complaining that we were holding customers away from his shop and the firemen squirting him with their hoses! It was a grand joke. Then one day we got a letter from the Benedicts telling us they objected to having Indians yelping up their cañon.

"Well, whaddaya think o' that?" sniffed the great Bill Condon. "Where do they think Indian pictures are made? In Indianapolis? If they don't like my Indians, why don't they drive 'em out? I'd like to shoot a picture like that. Say, Hawley, what's the matter with these here mutts? They ast us up here, didn't they? And gave us this lot, didn't they? Well, why didn't they investigate before gettin' so damn cordial? If they don't like our business, why don't they move?"

In rendering abstract justice one must endeavor to get both points of view. From Bill Condon's: Imagine the nerve of a lot of millionaires inviting a movie company to their exclusive colony, because of the social pep it would introduce into their shattered lives, and then bellyachin' because lions are creatures of the night! One can't make animal pictures without animals—can one? Yet the night songs of our lions evidently disturbed the servants' rest and frightened the coming generation of millionaires. And it was not alone the roar from the jungle that got their aristocratic goats—it was the aroma. Whenever the wind was in the right direction, even the orchid houses and wine cellars were no refuge from that grand old menagerie bouquet. But the real break came when Bill shot his famous whale story. I must tell of this, for its consequences were a turning point in the fortunes of the moving picture industry.

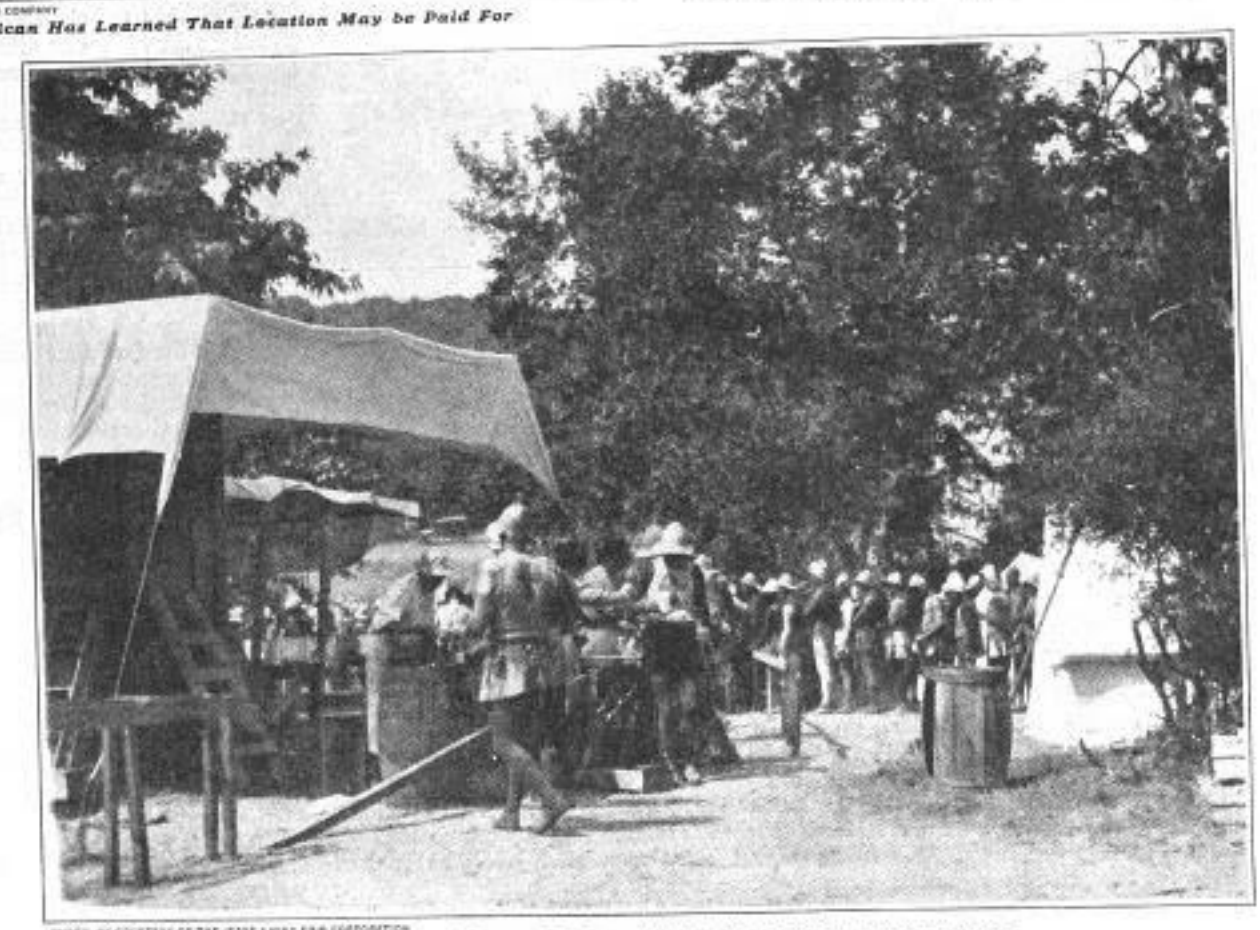


PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE JESSE LASKY FILM CORPORATION

*Lady Fingers and Cheese Crackers Will Not Satisfy Our Hungry Extras*

### *Bill Condon's Whale Drama*

FIVE years ago the jungle drama was in its glory, and when it came to the animal stuff Bill Condon was a bear. He had shot everything from trained fleas to elephants and ostriches, and was looking for new zoological worlds to conquer. Then one day Stanley Barryworth came in from a deep-sea story and announced that they had passed a dead whale about ten miles off shore.

"A whale! Ju-duss-preest!" Quick as a flash those moving-picture brains of Condon's were at work. Here, indeed, was a new beastie! If one could have peeked in the director's fertile sconce he would have been amazed at its kaleidoscopic workings: Alaska; fishermen sight whale; harpoons; fight with monster; revenue cutter sighted; fishermen frightened; beach whale; fight between whalers and U.S. officers; Harry LeGrande captured by whalers; tortured; Harry rescued by beautiful Eskimo maid—Bessie Flopit; love stuff; more fight; capture of whalers; Bessie squares whalers; banquet on beach; more love stuff; fade out with Bessie and Harry standing on the whale in tight clinch; silhouette against aurora borealis.

It is the men with wits like Condon's who make scenario departments so utterly useless.

The scheme was to run out, capture the brute, anchor him beyond the kelp,

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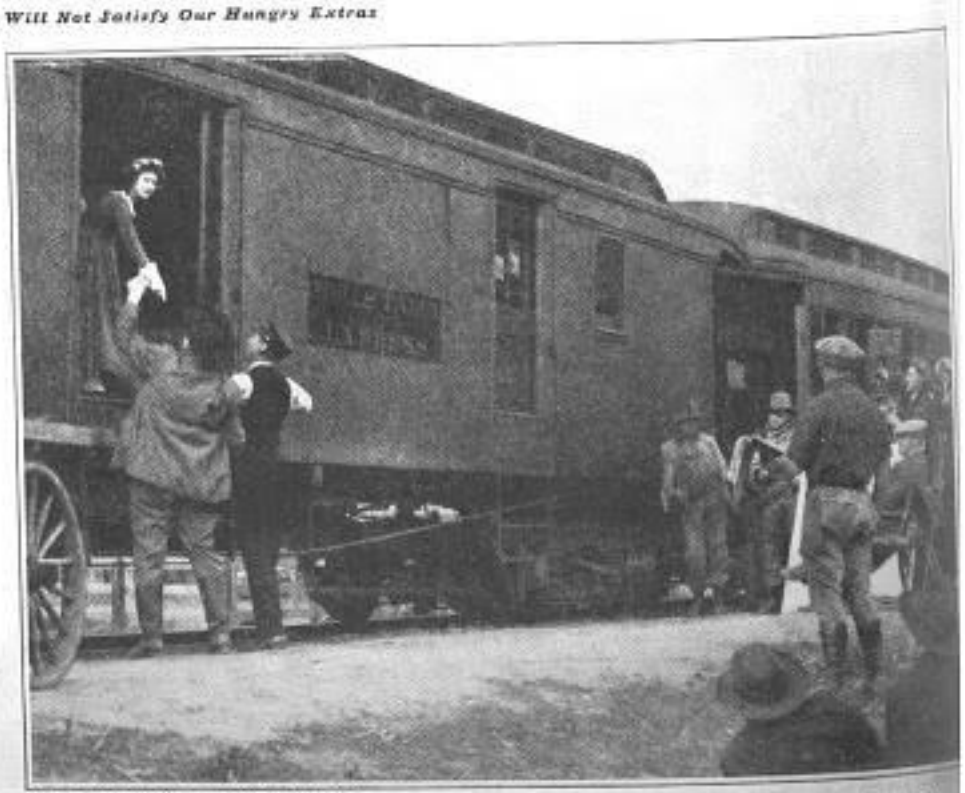


PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE MOROSCO-PALLAS STUDIO

*If the Station Master Won't Stop the Train for a Simple Scene Like This—Then We Buy a Ticket and He Has to Flag It*

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"With vigor and vim in body and limb — *Campbell's Tomato* just keeps me in trim!"

cup (i. e., one-half pint or a large soup plateful) of milk soup flavored with vegetables yields a little more energy to the body than the same amount of milk. A thick meat soup with pieces of meat and vegetables in it, a fish chowder, or a rich vegetable soup, such as cream of tomato, yields half again as much energy as the milk;

## So says the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture

The above extract is a *photographic reproduction* from the *Weekly News Letter* issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. Notice that it says a Cream of Tomato Soup yields 50 per cent more energy than the same amount of milk. This fact—proven by the dietary specialists of the Department—is one evidence of the exceptional food value you get from

# Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is not only a wholesome stimulus and appetizer but it has a special value in strengthening digestion and aiding the body processes which create energy and vigor.

By means of the improved Campbell method we retain completely the remarkable tonic properties of the fresh vine-ripened tomato in this tempting soup. And we heighten these qualities by skilful blending with other choice ingredients.

The contents of each can just as you receive it produces two cans of rich soup, perfectly cooked and seasoned—ready to serve on your table in three minutes.

Simply by adding milk instead of water, you have a Cream of Tomato that is full of pure nourishment, delicious and economical. It involves no cooking cost for you, no labor, no waste.

You can make it even heartier by adding croutons, grated cheese, boiled rice or noodles. Served in any of these ways it becomes in itself a substantial part of the meal.




The practical way is to order *Campbell's Tomato Soup* by the dozen. In this way you save extra deliveries, and have it right at hand when you want it. How is your supply today?

**21 kinds** **12c a can**

## Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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# HIGH TENSION

## By Henry Leverag

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR F. WITTMA



*The Coupling Link Between Sub and Freighter Grew Incandescent*

WHEN little Josephine Haff broke a bottle of pure grape juice over the wooden stem of the war freighter she christened it the Blue Pigeon.

It took the ways and glided out into the murky waters of the Penobscot. It was engined, rigged and brought round to Boston in the short time of eighteen days.

There at India Wharf a cargo was placed aboard which had been brought up in sundry ships from the mouth of the Amazon. This cargo, to the weight of five thousand tons, consisted of crude rubber for England and France.

The American Shipping Board's flag hung at the jack staff of the Blue Pigeon as she cleared the port and set out for her convoy. American seamen had quartered themselves in the fo'castle of the freighter. Marines to the number of a score, under the leadership of a Hartford ensign, attended to the little details of two four-inch guns which had been mounted on the forepeak and the quarter-deck of the Blue Pigeon.

In one way only did the freighter differ from other ships of the same wooden construction: She was electric-driven. Her eighteen-hundred horse-power turbines were direct-coupled to a dynamo, which in turn was connected to a driving motor—the shaft of which was also the propeller shaft of the Blue Pigeon.

It was believed by the sharps of the Shipping Board and the designers of the Blue Pigeon that a considerable saving in coal and engine-room force could be gained by the electric drive. It was expensive to install and somewhat theoretical in design, but as McGovern, of McGovern & Sterne, had stated: "What other way is there to secure a considerable reduction in speed between a turbine and a propeller?"

The great electrical shops at Poughkeepsie had furnished the after-equipment of the freighter. They had also sent along an electrician who saw to it that a careful record was made of the Blue Pigeon's voyage as a guide for future installations of a similar nature. Ditmar had come aboard at the India Wharf. He was a wizened dwarf who wore bifocal glasses and perpetually smoked long Wheeling stogies which stank worse than German cigarettes.

Micky McMasters, captain of the Blue Pigeon, had turned Ditmar and his luggage over to Mike Monkey, first engineer of the freighter. Mike had taken one sharp glance at the form of the electrician, then had led the way down through the engine-room gratings and pointed out a cubby-hole or ditty-box which was defaced with pictures of play actresses, left there by a member of the trial crew.

"And may he stay there with his volt-meters and am-meters and his rope-yarn stogies!" declared Mike to McMasters. "That lump ov slag—an electrician? He's an anarchist wot's escaped from Ellis Island. He don't know a high-speed turbine from a music box. He's a cross-compound between a smoke bomb and a camouflaged amateur. He don't bring us no luck either."

Micky stared out over the bridge-rail canvas of the freighter and studied the speckless sea which bowed ahead in a sparkling wilderness of crisscrossed waves.

Boston harbor lay astern. The New England coast was fast disappearing into the gloom and the swelter of the dying day. A red sun was going down through the land haze like a cherry in a dark-brown cocktail.

"You'll keep your opinions to yourself!" the little cockney skipper of the Blue Pigeon exclaimed. "You wouldn't know a bloomin' electrician if he shocked you with ten thousand volts. You're a Clyde-bank man who can see only steam and crown sheets."

Mike Monkey grasped the bridge rail with the strength of two grimy sets of fingers. He squinted forward and blinked his lashless eyelids. He gulped twice.

"I ain't no lightning conductor," he admitted, "but the likes ov that lump of clinkers wot the Shippin' Board sent to us ain't goin' to teach me anythin' about electricity. Ain't I been runnin' dynamos on ships for the four bloody years ov the war? Ain't ye always had a light in your cabin?"

"Sure!" grinned Micky, resting his hand on the engine-room telegraph. "Sure! Sometimes it was a candle and sometimes it was a deck lamp what the galley boy brought. You were always short-circuited. 'Alf the time you were tinkering with connections."

Mike turned on the bridge and glared toward the engine-room companion. "That Ditmar," he said, pursing his lips in and out—"that electrician what's come aboard to make a report to the makers ov th' electric drive reminds me a wee bit ov the lad who installed the balanced draft on the old freighter Ivanhoe out ov the Mersey. He fiddled an' fiddled, an' the first thing you know we burnt out the tubes an' tube sheets. He didn't know a Scotch boiler needs nursin' like a bairn. The same is the case ov this electric drive. It's workin'. Let it alone—I say."

Micky nodded at this. The Blue Pigeon was gliding across the sea at the steady rate of eleven knots. Her wooden hull and side timbers had found themselves over the period of the trial trip. She was the largest ship of her construction in existence. Five months before her launching the birds were building nests in the trees out of which she had been fashioned.

Mike Monkey summed up the patent drive of the freighter with a last rasp toward electricity and gear reduction.

"Ships nowadays," he said, fishing in the grimy pockets of his short jacket for a plug of tobacco—"ships are not the same. I minds the time when we had five triple-door return-tubular boilers, four expansions, with the high and low together and the intermediates close-set by the stoke-hold bulkhead, an' a slow-movin' propeller what did the work with judgment and percision. Wot have we got now?"

Micky McMasters heard the little engineer grind his yellow teeth and simmer like a caldron over a hot fire.

"Wot have we got now? I'll tell ye wot! We got a battery—they call it—ov automatic-stoker boilers wot can't be repaired. We got patent $CO_2$ compensated draft. We got a whinin', whirlin' turbine wot drives a whackin' rotar-generator; an'—an' behint all this is a switchboard an' a water rheostat an' a slow-speed motor wot's big enough to dam the Clyde. All this I have detected in the engine room an' stokehold ov this ship. There's other contraptions too numerous to mention. D'ye mean to tell me—a first engineer with seven certificates—that it takes that paraphernalia to drive a ship?"

Micky McMasters hadn't intimated anything. He rounded upon the Scotch-Irish engineer with close-bitten words:

"Below!" he barked like a Boston bulldog. "Stow your jaw tackle and get down to your electricity. Wiggle the volts and 'ump up a knot more speed. We're meeti convoy hoff 'Alifax waters. We ain't meetin' it if you slam on some more juice!"

"Juice," grinned Mike Monkey. "Juice is good take it out ov that Ditmar fellow. I'll make him damn kilowatts."

Mike swung off the bridge of the Blue Pigeo bounced from the deck. He hurried aft and disap down the engine-room companion with a last glare the form of the little skipper.

Swarming through the iron ladders like an agile of the jungle, he reached the polished plates of the room. He stood swaying before the huge cylinder contained the single-direction turbine and the hig generator or dynamo. From this ran great cables duits the thickness of a man's leg. These cables ter in a switchboard with an automatic control that worked by push buttons from a score of positi the ship.

Blinking and working his tobacco into a ball of engineer searched about for Ditmar. He saw appear from the shaft alley and wipe his hands on piece of waste. He stooped and stared at the hig aft the switchboard. It reached from the lower ski freighter to the sweep of the deck beams. It was the side ribs. It was, according to the builders, current, low-speed reversible motor with an infini ber of speed changes. Its shaft, gleaming bright half light of the engine room, was direct-couple propeller shaft of the ship.

"So help me"—blurted the first engineer—"so if I ever thought an engine room could be like this possible—even if I see it. Where's all the ron steam gone? A turbine an' a generator an' a mo four-eyed lump ov a designer wot thinks in mi and measures the coal consumption by means o rule an' a table of lograthams—wotever they are

Mike was steaming up for an explosion. He d eyes about the engine room, turned, spat to the plates and started toward the stokehold, which ward the second bulkhead.

He ducked beneath a strong door and sto Before him was a well-arranged battery of Scotch two on each side of the ship. Beyond them lo bilge pumps, force-feed pumps, injectors and a piping which terminated in the sea plate.

Ditmar, in shirt sleeves and with a foot-lo canted in his mouth, had one door open. The s stood by his side held a pyrometer, whose end thrust into the coals. The designer and electr taking notes every so often.

Mike stiffened like a policeman who has d felon on his beat. He leaped across the fire-ro reached and wound a skinny pair of arms roun trician.

He shouted, for all the ship to hear: "Ye mise ov slag! Ye fiddlin' fool! Ain't the skipper aske speed on the hooker? How we goin' to do it with furnace doors open? Out with ye an' your dar

Mike accompanied the order by a vigorous th general direction of the engine room. Ditma slipped and fell over a coal scoop. He rose an

*(Continued on Page 26)*

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THE quota of *Comfort Cars* which we are authorized by the Government to build, will soon be exhausted.

Hupmobile manufacturing resources are being speedily converted to the war service of the nation.

While turning whole-heartedly to war-work, we look forward to the triumph of our arms and the resumption of usual business at a not far distant day.

Until that great day dawns, we feel perfectly secure in trusting Hupmobile reputation to the performance of those *Comfort Cars* now in the hands of their owners.



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(Continued from Page 24)

about for his glasses. He dropped his stogie as he secured them and wiped the coal dust from their surfaces.

"I'll report you," he said, too softly for Mike to notice. "I'll inform the designers and owners that you refused to allow me to make a comprehensive test of the relation of $CO_2$ draft on the influence of differentially compensated direct-connected generators and motors. I shall!"

Mike mopped his brow with the sleeve of his jacket. He coughed behind his hand as the electrician disappeared through the bulkhead door after a venomous glance in the general direction of the boilers.

"A hae put my foot in it," Mike said, reaching and snatching up the Wheeling stogie. "A hae gone an' done it. Likewise I got a chew!" His jaws clamped down on the stogie as he turned and stared at the grinning circle of coal passers and stokers. His expression changed as he caught the reflected glow from the open door where Ditmar had been making his observations.

"Shut that!" he snarled savagely. "Build the steam, ye muckers! She's droppin' to the two-hundred mark!"

Shovels scraped as Mike made his way through the engine-room bulkhead, shot a shrewd glance toward Ditmar's cubby-hole, then mounted the ladders and stood at the railing round the deck companion for a breath of air.

He chewed with his yellow teeth, grinding the stogie to a pulp. He blessed Wheeling that the cigar was long enough to suit his appetite. He spat now and then over the wooden rail of the freighter. His grease-rimmed eyes swung till they fastened on the bridge of the freighter.

Micky McMasters stood against the canvas rail with his elbows crooked in the attitude of a man who was searching for something. In Micky's hands rested a decrepit telescope which had been bent and straightened like an ancient candle.

Mike leaned outboard and stared over the wild waste of waters. Night had almost fallen on the sea. Ahead of the plunging freighter a light shone, pale and yellow. It rose and fell. It was on the low masthead of a destroyer which had followed the Blue Pigeon out of Boston Harbor.

"The first convoy!" grinned Mike. "We're under the benevolent protection ov the Seven Nations. We're armed with two four-inchers. But ——"

Mike removed the cud of tobacco, stared at it with deep concern, then popped it back into his mouth. "But," he continued, "we're loaded chock-a-block with fine Para rubber. Like as not the damn Kaiser's automobile needs tires. Like as not it does!"

The morning dawned damp and cheerless. Micky hurried the freighter along with every pound of steam he could coax from Mike Monkey and the stokehold crew. He personally dropped below the gratings and held a long talk with Ditmar. The electrician and designer had little to say concerning the first engineer's treatment. His mind was filled with figures and facts. He dwelt for some lengths on the advantages of turbo-driven generators and slow-speed motors. He declared behind his stogie that they were going to revolutionize ocean freightage.

Micky climbed to the deck with his head in a maze. He knew no more about electricity than the average housewife. He believed that it came from the clouds or lightning. He could see its results, however, and they were good. The Blue Pigeon, for all her beam and dead-weight tons, walked across the surface of the deep at the set speed of twelve knots. There was no vibration to speak of. The huge propeller astern moved at the stately rate of seventy-five revolutions a minute. The indicator counter on the bridge had not varied three per cent over two watches.

"Blym fine boat!" the little cockney told Red Landyard, his Yankee mate. "She's made of green timber and wooden treenails. She's born of the war out of the brains of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. She's well hated too—by Mike Monkey!"

The mate glanced at the engine-room companion. For a wonder the first engineer was not perched at the head of the ladder.

"Mike and that guy with the glasses don't hitch—do they?"

Micky grinned. "Not has you can notice," he said blithely. "They're of two bloomin' schools as wide apart as Rotherhithe and Mayfair. Mike knows steam, but Ditmar knows juice! Juice is the coming stuff. Them U-boats run on juice and meanness. They collect the juice while they're stewin' on the surface of the deep."

The Yankee mate leaned over the bridge rail and glanced keenly toward the smudge of smoke which marked the convoying destroyer. He squinted his eyes and reached for a pair of twelve-diameter glasses which were racked in the chart rack.

"More ships!" he announced to Micky after a careful search of the sea beyond the four-inch gun on the fo'castle of the freighter. "Many more ships, well to the north'ard! That's the fleet waitin' for us—I guess!"

"There's a sausage balloon over the farthermost starboard cruiser," confirmed Micky after a minute survey through his battered telescope. "Hit's the fleet for blighty—well convoyed. Wouldn't wonder if we get back 'ome safely."

The destroyer ahead of the Blue Pigeon hoisted an arrangement of four flags from her bridge halyards. Micky reached to the chart rack-and-fished forth a well-thumbed code book. He went through its pages. He glanced up once or twice and squinted at the signal intended for him.

Replacing the book with a start he blurted: "Tell that swab of a first engineer to turn on more juice. The destroyer reports U-boats in the regular Atlantic lanes. Says we're to join the fleet with circumstance and dispatch. Don't 'e know we're steamin' to the limit of our ability—which is considerable?"

The mate picked up the speaking tube and held discourse with Mike Monkey. He dropped the tube as if it were hot. He turned toward the dancing skipper, who had already acquainted the two gun crews that Diesel-Fische were to be expected.

"Mike says Ditmar has disconnected a part of the switchboard. He says anything is liable to happen." The mate blinked and stared at the speaking tube.

Micky gulped. He strode to the lee rail and hauled in on the log line. Drawing a silver watch from his pocket he timed one hundred revolutions. He checked this timing with the tail-shaft indicator.

"We're doin' well enough," he said to Red Landyard. "'Ere's 'opin' we always do as good. That electrician has cut out everything but speed. I figure 'e knows 'is business. If anything's wrong hit's that damn cinder-savin' Mike Monkey. 'E's husbandin' on steam—that's what 'e's doin'!"

The freighter wallowed through a cross sea of harrowed waves. The bow dipped and lifted. The gun crews coiled about the guns in the manner of men who know their position. Lookouts swarmed up the standing rigging, which was of steel wire rope, and searched the surface of the ocean. No periscope or white water showed.

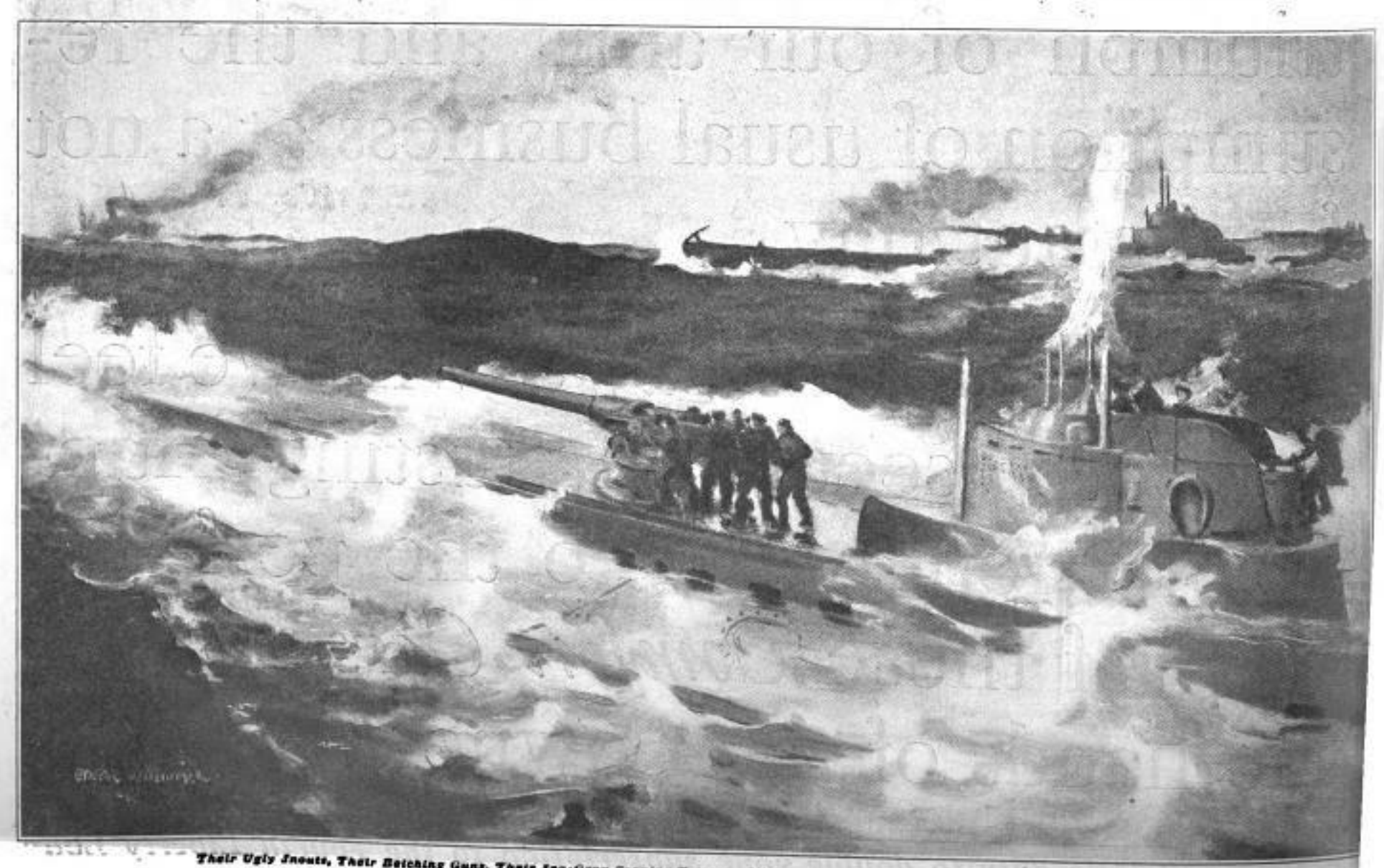
Nearing the collected fleet out of Halifax and other Atlantic ports the Blue Pigeon rounded, sheered off thirty degrees and awaited orders as the screw died slowly to headway and fifty revolutions.

A plume of white smoke shot up from the farthermost destroyer. An answer came from the sausage balloon, which was hovering above the fleet like a hawk over a brood of chickens.

Micky reached for the engine-room telegraph as a gun was fired from a black-and-white camouflaged cruiser of the Berwick class.

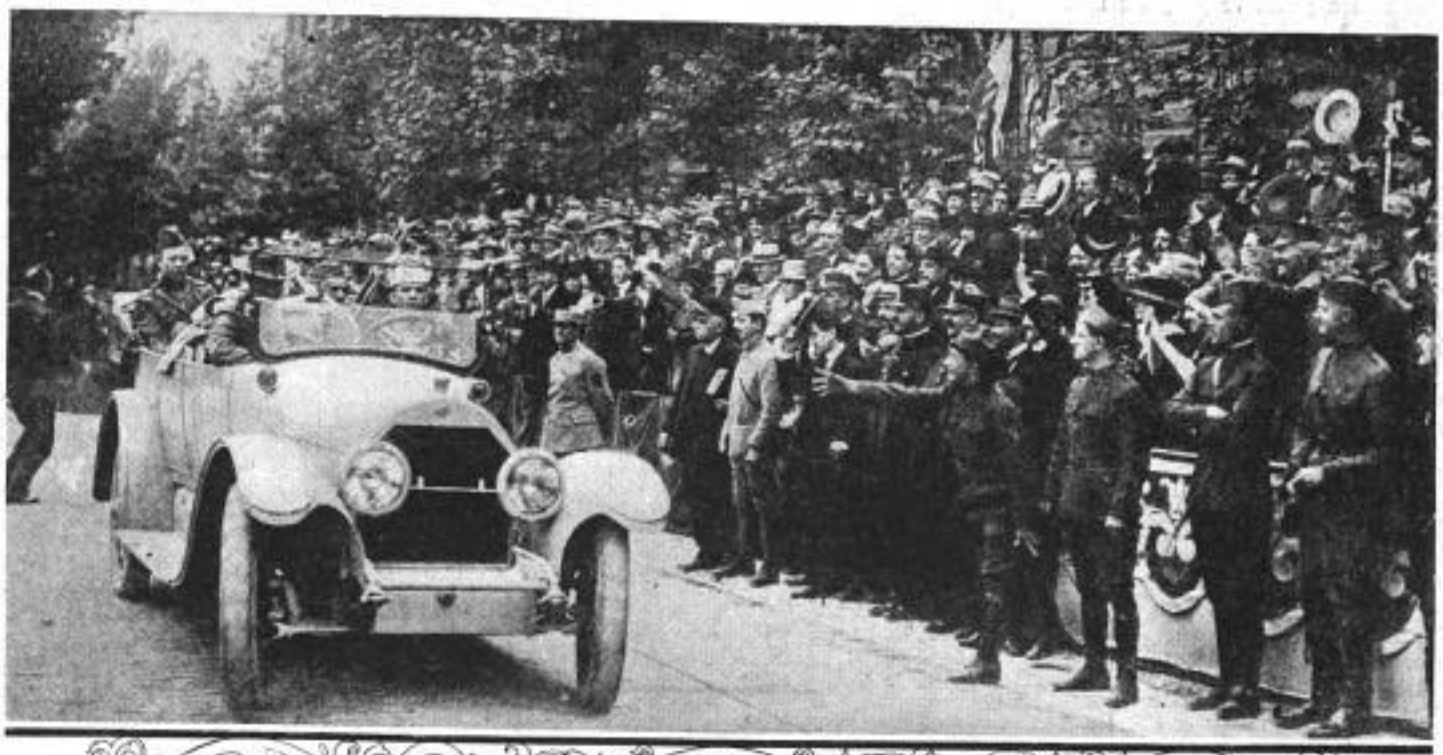
"We're off!" he said, ringing for full speed. "They've set twelve knots all the woiy across the western ocean. I 'ope we can stay with the bunch to blighty. It'll be a test for Ditmar and his lightning juice. 'Ear the screw thrashing. She's modern—she is!"

(Continued on Page 28)



Their Ugly Snouts, Their Belching Guns, Their Sea-Gray Conning Towers—All Drove the Spike of Despair Into the Little Skipper's Heart

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(Continued from Page 26)

Nightfall and a velvet void through which the freighter glided like a shadow within a shadow found the turbine engine and the motor dynamo of the Blue Pigeon working into harmony and musical perfection. The soft whine of the brushes from the direct-current driving unit called across the water. It was like a pæan to progress and invention.

The convoyed group of ships consisted of nine freighters, two transports and a supply collier with derrick masts. Its formation was such as to offer the smallest mark for lurking U-boats. The outer fringe of destroyers resembled the firing line of a Flanders trench. The inner resistance to attack would be the supplementary destroyers, cruisers and the well-manned guns on the freighters.

Micky had opened his orders received from the British Admiralty by wireless. He was to proceed with the fleet until such time as a determined assault should justify full speed ahead and a fan formation for the entire fleet. In this event each ship was to take care of itself and proceed to its port of call unconvoyed.

Leaden sky and gray-surfaced ocean gave place to bright days and a sparkling sea, over which the great fleet proceeded in much the same manner the India boats had avoided Napoleon's attempts to reduce the sea power of Great Britain.

Mid-Atlantic was reached. Mike had widened the barrier between himself and Ditmar by a general air of superiority and a strutting glide that was crusted with ego. The first engineer declared that the electric propulsion was an open book to him. He went further and confided to his second engineer that Ditmar was only an apprentice from a big shop, and as useless as a grease cup on a fire box.

Micky was far too busy obeying his instructions and avoiding the other ships of the fleet to realize that a hate had been sown within the engine-room staff which might lead to dire results. Mike was in charge of the engines. Ditmar had no power to give orders. He held the precarious position of a supercargo who kept stock of amperes and volts and kilowatts, and who made many heat tests as to the rise in temperature of armature coils and compound-wound fields when under fifty per cent overload over long periods of time.

The deep peace that had brooded over the freighter and the western ocean was broken as a bubble bursts in calm air. Mid-Atlantic had been passed on the northern, or summer, route. A leading destroyer had poked her sharp, straight bow three leagues ahead of the fleet. This destroyer suddenly changed from a gliding gray shadow to a leaping thing of steel and crimson flame. It flung its signals to the bridge halyards as it wirelessed the warning.

No less than five supersubs of a new construction, mounting seven-inch guns fore and aft, had risen from the surface of the sea and taken observations which were calculated to prove serious to the advancing fleet.

Micky had caught the scurrying flurry that had struck within the armada. He had acted as instructed. The wheel of the Blue Pigeon was brought up fully twenty degrees. This maneuver swung the wooden stem of the freighter toward the south. She barely missed the long overhang of a Great Lakes boat which was loaded to the Plimsoll mark with copper ingots. The torrent of anathema that descended from the demibridge of the freighter was followed by the warning calls and shouts from the derrick-masted collier, across whose bows Micky had sheered.

Thrusting his fist out over the lee rail of the Blue Pigeon the little skipper let loose a volcano of choice Rotherhithe and Billingsgate as he straightened the course sufficient to pass the collier and at the same time take the opening that offered for safety and sea room.

He rang for all speeds. He danced on the bridge as he snatched for his decrepit telescope.

He turned and shouted to the Hartford ensign: "Load and fire! Fire at anything! There's five subs on the port quarter! Five bloomin' Hun fishes; and they're all hafter hour cargo of Para rubber!"

Red Landyard, the Yankee mate, stripped off his pea-jacket and joined the crew of the forward gun. The freighter plowed southward with a belching funnel and her turbine whining across the waters as Mike and the stokehold gang built the fires in the Scotch boilers.

Above the whine of the turbine sounded the humming dynamo, which was doing its best to answer the call for more current to the driving motor. This motor had its field coils multiplied and all its resistance cut out at the rheostat. Ditmar, with stogie extended and eyes brightened, hovered about the big inclosed drum and listened for warning sounds. He adjusted the brushes with the hand control. He worked in the gloom like a spirit to electricity. He tested the bearings and poured two gallons of lubricating oil into the ring oilers where they opened on the top of the supporting blocks.

The speed of the Blue Pigeon reached thirteen-point-eight knots. Beyond this it would not go. Micky danced upon the bridge and hurled choice cockney oaths down through the speaking tube. Now and then the little skipper shot a swift glance astern. His eyes were narrowed to the lurking possibilities. The fleet had scattered like wild geese before a hunter's gun.

A supersub emerged a scant three miles to windward of the freighter and let fly a seven-inch projectile, which soared over the Blue Pigeon's funnel and kept going with a noise like a window shade flying up. A second sub emerged and joined in the pursuit. They gained slowly. Their ugly snouts, their belching guns, their sea-gray conning towers with sparlike periscopes—all drove the spike of despair into the little skipper's heart. He held on grimly. He saw scant hope. The surface speed of the U-boats, with their high-powered Diesel engines, was all of fifteen knots. They had been designed to run down and destroy the middle-speed war bottoms which America was launching in ever-increasing numbers.



*The Designer and Electrician Was Taking Notes Every So Often*

The stern of the fast-flying freighter as she bored her way toward the south and east was a fair mark. A raking shot cleared the jackstaff, smashed the after-gun platform and burst full and square beneath the forward-gun platform, after shearing some of the stays of the funnel and carrying away two of the stanchions of the bridge.

This shot was followed by a deluge of shrapnel, which was designed to clear the upper works of the freighter and otherwise trim her speed. The Diesel-Fische had the range and they used it. There was no avoiding the hurricane of Krupp steel which avalanched upon the American ship. The final and finishing salvo was aimed just above the water line. One shell of this salvo reached its mark. It exploded in the shaft alley of the freighter, sheared two of the upper casing's holding bolts and otherwise wrecked the motor which drove the ship.

Mike Monkey and the most of his crew reached the deck by way of the iron ladders which extended upward through the engine-room gratings. Micky and Red Landyard, who had survived the bursting shell forward, joined the irate engineer at the companion. The cloud of steam and smoke, the odor and fumes from burning insulation, the final result of being hulled astern and having a seven-inch projectile explode in a closed compartment, were discouraging in the extreme.

Micky leaned one singed ear and listened. He heard the last whine of the turbine. He detected the grating of smashed brushes on a short-circuited commutator. He blinked and sniffed the air. He wheeled and leaned over the rail of the freighter. The fleet had vanished with the destroyers. Two very determined U-boats, with a commander in the conning tower of each, and a dungaree-clad crew of Hun pirates swarming the flush decks, were advancing like timber wolves to pluck a fat lamb.

The Hartford ensign attempted to repair his naval rifle for a final shot. He was seeing red. Micky realizing the odds against them shouted a warning. Four seven-inch guns loaded, and with lanyards taut, were more than a match for the smashed gun of the freighter.

"They want our damn rubber!" sobbed Micky with clenched fists. "The snakes 'ave the drop on us! We'll fight it out another woiy. All hands get below in the engine room. There's a chance in a million we can 'old the ship from there."

The lieutenant who climbed to the forepeak of the freighter by way of the chains signaled the nearest U-boat that the ship was far from being in their possession. He had seen the determined end of a Lee-Enfield rifle protruding from the engine-room hatchway. He had taken in the details of a hastily erected barricade aft the shattered funnel and deckhouse. More than these things, however, he had fired the shot that had exploded in the shaft alley of the Blue Pigeon. It had most certainly wrecked everything connected with the motive power. The cloud of steam, the stench of burning rubber and insulation were the causes of the freighter's inaction even in the face of capture.

"I dank we tow!" he shouted through cupped hands. "I dank you send a hawser aboard. Dis shib is out of commission."

Micky and Mike Monkey nodded at this sage conclusion on the part of the German lieutenant. There was little doubt that towing would be necessary in order to secure the cargo of rubber.

"And while they're danking they'll tow," whispered Mike, "I'll hunt up Ditmar and look round a wee bit. It'll be dark as a pocket down below. It'll be blacker than that on deck. I've an idea there's much left ov the engines. Th' cast-iron casing ov the motor is cracked—but what ov that!"

"Make your report," Micky whispered grimly. "We'll 'old the bloody after-deck till they yank us into Wilhelmshaven—if they can."

Mike descended the ladders and searched about in the gloom of the wrecked engine room for some sign of the electrician. He was forced to blink his eyes twice before he detected Ditmar's form aft of the cracked casing of the driving motor.

The electrician was making a careful inventory of the damage done by the German seven-inch shell. He had out a steel rule and a notebook. A pencil instead of the usual stogie extended from his mouth. His polished glasses gleamed in the half light from the deck companion like two white eyes of burnished hate. He glared at Mike Monkey, and then went on with his scrutiny.

"Wot happened?" asked the first engineer. "I heard a wee noise when the shell exploded. I climbed to the deck, after shuttin' off the main steam leader—according to instructions which are down on my papers. Wot happened?"

Ditmar laid his steel scale on the starboard lug of the motor, removed his glasses, polished them with a small handkerchief, then said cuttingly:

"Much has happened. The carbon brushes have been driven from the commutating point; the casing is cracked in three distinct places; the field windings are exposed, and two coils at least have been short-circuited by flying particles of steel from the projectile."

Mike gasped and rimmed a greasy fist round his right eye socket. He stooped and peered into the shaft alley. The stout timbering of the ship was exposed through the sheathing. Two ribs hung by treenails. The propeller shaft, however, was intact.

"We can get up some sort ov speed?" he asked hopefully. "We are not entirely at the mercy ov the Hun!"

Ditmar stared upward. "It is now night," he said with a voice of precision. "By three o'clock in the morning I can repair part if not all of the damage done to the motor. Notify Mr. McMasters."

Mike bristled. "Notify him yourself," he said. "I have my own work. Like as not ye will be running a power plant in a German prison before a week is by. They're goin' to tow us into Kiel."

Ditmar reached and secured his steel rule. He felt of its edge. His bushy brows thatched forward over his eyes. They touched the metal bows of his spectacles. His mouth hardened. He glanced upward for a second time. The crack of a rifle sounded as Red Landyard tried a pot shot at the Germans swarming up over the fo'castle head.

The companionway darkened with marines and the remnant of the Blue Pigeon's crew, who were still fighting mad. An oiler paused on an upper grating and brandished a Stillson wrench.

Mike shouted. He repeated his demand. The oiler swung downward and advanced through the gloom to the first engineer's side.

"Call the crew wot's left," rasped Mike. "We're goin' to repair this motor. We'll take orders from this four-eyed designer who got us in all ov this trouble. But for his damn electric drive an' high-speed turbine we'd ov escaped the Hun. There's too many kinks in his machinery to work. That seven-inch shell would have gone clean through the ship from stern to stem if his motor hadn't stopped it."

"You are insulting!" This came from Ditmar.

"Sure."

"You have no conception of the merits of electricity."

"Juice ain't in my line!"

(Concluded on Page 30)

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# Skookum



The Nation's Supreme

# apples

**The SAVE-THE-SUGAR,** *single crust, deep English apple pie. Delicious with Skookum.*

**Recipe—the Save-the-Sugar Apple Pie**

Use prime Skookum apples as per calendar. Slice, fill dish. Use minimum sweetening (see Sugar Notice below). Half teaspoon salt; little nutmeg; two teaspoons butter in bits all over apples; add three teaspoons cold water. Cover with good paste. Bake 40 minutes.



## An Apple Empire in an Alpine Wonderland

EVERY Skookum apple is grown within sight of a Pacific Northwest mountain peak.

The altitude, the remarkable volcanic-ash soil, unquestionably develop sturdy trees and rich apples. It is pure Science that Skookum apples are thus not only luscious but vigorous fruit.

*Every apple a cup of Nature's supreme vintage!*



—the magnificent Skookum dessert. Serve on a doily with a bit of red, white and blue!

## Millions may Measure the Riches in Apples

THE family history is the fundamental of the 100-per-cent baby of perfection. The bed-rock basis of the good apple is the stock.

Two loaves may look alike. The difference may be chalk and cheese. Two apples may look plump, yet one is only "4 to 5" in the "Pomological Scale of 10"; low in nutrition, low in *vitality*. The other is "9 to 10" in the scale, and the microscope of Science finds this apple's cells are swollen with juices rich in sugar and in nutritive minerals, and high in *vitality*.

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Skookum apples stand for an important *National Best Apple Service*. The fundamental of this service, namely, "grandest varieties," is certified by Science. The significance of the scientific formula is thus simple as a yardstick, and just as true: Science measures by the "Pomological Scale of 10"; desiring to obtain the greatest possible deliciousness and value in your apples, *you* may measure by the name of the best apples that Nature and intensive American industrialism have to offer: "*Skookum.*"

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**The save-the-sugar big Skookum baked apple—it is supreme.**



## Skookum Applecraft Calendar

**IT is important, to enjoy their supreme riches at their best, to use the varieties during the months of their prime and to discriminate between culinary and dessert (eating raw) varieties.**

Calendar shows varieties, months during which they are prime, and uses. "C. D."; means used for both Culinary and Dessert. "D" means for Dessert only. "C" means for Culinary only. Notes at end of line are just little suggestions.

**OCT. - NOV.**
1. Grimes (C.D.) fine eating and baker
2. Jonathan (C.D.) excellent eating

**OCT. - NOV. - DEC.**
3. Winter Banana (C.D.) golden sauce

**NOV. - DEC.**
4. Delicious (D.) wonderful eater
5. Wagener (C.D.) good all around

**NOV. - DEC. - JAN.**
6. Spitzenberg (C.D.) quality through
7. Ortley (C.D.) good baker

**DEC. - JAN. - FEB.**
8. Stayman (C.D.) good all around

**DEC. - JAN. - FEB. - MAR.**
9. Rome Beauty (C.D.) champion baker

**JAN. - FEB. - MAR.**
10. White Winter Pearmain (C.D.) fine for salads

**FEB. - MAR. - APR.**
11. Winesap (D.) premier eater

**FEB. - MAR. - APR. - MAY**
12. Arkansas Black (C.) long keeper

**MAR. - APR. - MAY**
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(Concluded from Page 28)

"It is the business of every engineer who takes pride in himself to learn a little about electricity and magnetism."

Mike Monkey gulped. "I'll put that in my pipe an' draw on it," he said, gripping the elbow of the oiler. "Just now we are too beset to worry about the idiosyncrasies an' ramifications ov juice. Ye can have my crew to make the necessary repairs. I'll see McMasters myself."

The desperateness of the situation dawned upon Mike Monkey's thrifty brain as he reached the deck and crouched down beside the little skipper's side.

The fore-part of the freighter swarmed with Germans, who had by tacit agreement drawn a dead line aft the wrecked funnel and deckhouse. They had attempted to advance upon the determined crew, but had been met at point-blank range by a shot from Red Landyard's rifle. The Yankee mate had been reading of the latest exploits of his brothers in France, and was determined to sell his life to the highest bidder.

Mike wormed round and stared through a crack in the barricade. He saw the lurking flush deck of a venomous-looking U-boat, which had the freighter under its guns in a manner that caused the first engineer to blink and keep his eyes closed over the period of ten seconds.

He turned toward McMasters and pressed his lips to the skipper's right ear.

"We can fix the motive power."

"'Ow soon?"

"I can have it all ready by three—by six bells in the mornin' watch. D'ye think there is a chance ov a rescue by then?"

"The wireless is gone. The convoy 'as scattered to the four winds. The destroyers 'ave taken charge of the troopships and left us to our fate with the 'Un!"

"Wot are they goin' to do?"

"They're takin' overside a steel hawser. I 'eard the order given, not a bell ago. See, we're 'eading into the wind. A big sub is shackled up to us. They'll try the far northern route round Ireland. It's a whacking shyme—with all our work."

Mike lay back and stared up at the yellow stars. They rocked across a velvet void as the ship swung and surged slowly to windward.

Red Landyard, with his rifle under his arm, crawled forward from the wreckage of the after deckhouse. He pressed to Mike Monkey's side and gripped the engineer with fingers of steel.

"What's the situation below?" he asked.

"There ain't no situation. There's a weepin' wreck ov a direct-connected motor what's cracked. We can't move the propeller until it is repaired."

"How long will that take?"

"Ditmar—I'll have it done by six bells in the morning watch—if I go to work."

"What's to prevent you going to work?" The mate's voice held a Down East rasp that troubled Mike.

"Nothing," he answered truthfully. "There's naught save wot's the use. We're bein' towed to prison."

Red Landyard cocked the rifle, moved it round and pressed it against the engineer's side.

"Go now, damn you!" he drawled. "Get below and get that motor fixed. Slide, you cinder rat. Slide! Hear me? Slide!"

Mike twisted away from the rifle's muzzle and squirmed down the engine-room companion. The mate reached over and touched McMasters with the butt of the rifle.

"Can you see?" he asked.

"Sure! I see too bloomin' much. The Germans are thicker than flies about a tart. They've shackled a steel hawser to the capstan. The other end is aboard the U-boat. They're towing us at the reduced speed of three knots an hour. They're headin' for the Pole. They're gettin' out of the Atlantic lanes."

"Can't we cut the hawser and rush the prize crew?"

Micky stared at the Yankee. "If we do that," he said after thought—"if we try that we will be fired upon by the U-boat what's towin', to say nothin' of the one what's 'angin' round."

"The other one is gone. I've been searching for it over the watch. It started out to lee'ard. We ought to handle the bunch on the forepeak."

"We could do that—at a pinch. The U-boat ahead is the trouble. She's blym well awake. She's snakin' us along toward the submarine trust at Wilhelmshaven."

The Yankee thought deeply. He was very serious and very wide awake. He had resolved not to be taken into Germany as a prisoner. The coming dawn would reveal a lonely stretch of water upon which almost anything in the way of a surprise might be carried out.

Raising his head above the barricade he sniffed the air. He turned and stared aft. He listened and pressed his fingers to his forehead.

"There'll be fog," he said. "Fog or a murky dawn. Mike says the engine force can repair the motor by six bells. Suppose we leave the problem of cutting the hawser until then."

"It's our cable!" blurted Micky, now thoroughly roused. "They broke it out of the chain locker forward. Part of it's still in the locker. They only used a cable's length of it."

"Is that a fact, gentlemen?"

Red Landyard and Micky wheeled like two quick cats. Ditmar's head showed above the engine-room companion. His great bifocal glasses gleamed in the half light. His expression was one of intent curiosity.

"It's a fact!" said the Yankee.

"Then it will be possible to sever the cable without the Germans' knowledge. I take it that there is a way through the ship from aft forward—without being seen on the deck?"

"There is!" the mate declared. "There's bulkhead doors and a run below the forehold which could be used by a small man."

Ditmar rubbed his hands dryly. "The capstan to which the cable is fastened?" he began, then paused.

"Sure—the capstan," said Micky, nudging the Yankee.

"This capstan is set on the forepeak, or raised deck, forward?"

"Look and see."

The electrician nodded toward Micky. "I will take your word. I am a socialist and believe in all men—save the Vandals. I have a plan which may be of use to you. There is only one objection to the operation of this plan."

"What is it?" asked Micky.

"The first engineer of this ship must take my orders. I must have sole charge of the engine room and the repairs. You two shall arrange a little surprise party for the Germans when I give the word. You are expected to capture the fore part of the ship after the steel cable is severed. It is my opinion that the plan will work—particularly if there is a light fog at three o'clock or later in the morning."

The electrician's voice had taken on new power. Micky glanced at the intent face and fanatic eyes. He caught the shimmer of hate which lurked there for the Hun. It brooded ill for those forward of the Blue Pigeon's waist.

"Go ahead!" consented the little skipper. "You 'ave the ship—below the deck. Tell Mike Monkey to come to me. I'll give 'im 'is walkin' papers and a whackin' piece of my mind. 'E's the pest of the western ocean. 'E's got no ideas like you 'ave—though I'm blym sure I don't know what you're goin' to do. Send 'im to me!"

Micky's interview with the first engineer was short and bitter. He finished by leveling a revolver at Mike Monkey's greasy head as that disciple of Watt ducked below to assist Ditmar at his plan.

The sounds that resounded below the engine-room companion as the freighter was dragged across the sea from south to north denoted considerable activity of a constructive order. Mike Monkey's voice was conspicuous by its silence. Now and then the incisive tones of Ditmar struck up through the gratings. That electrician had charge of things, and was making the necessary repairs to the motor with the feeble aid of the stokehold and engine-room crews.

It was sometime after midnight when other sounds came up to Red Landyard and Micky McMasters. These sounds were farther forward. They concerned the fire room and the getting up of steam. Doors were softly opened and closed. Shovels scraped. Pinch bars and slice bars grated. Men cursed with lurid strength.

The prize crew of Germans forward took scant interest in the affairs of the after part of the ship. Three marines guarded the steel hawser, which was wound about the capstan, and whose loose end disappeared down through the chain locker's hawse hole.

The towing sub had all it could do to jerk the ship along at a scant three knots. The long steel cable dipped and rose from the surface of the sea. It was shackled to an after wet gun on the flush deck of the submarine.

Ditmar sent up word finally. This word was terse and to the point. "Be ready to take possession of the ship at seven bells," communicated an oiler in a gritty whisper. "He says at three-thirty, Mr. McMasters."

Red Landyard gathered together his crew. He arranged the marines at vantage points within the wreckage of the after-gun platform and under the shelter of the rails. They all had side arms or brass belaying pins. They were American marines, who also had been reading of the exploits of their brothers across the sea.

The mist that rose from the sea was hardly thick enough to screen all observations. Red was forced to work with caution. He squinted forward now and then and studied the huddled forms of the Germans on the forepeak.

They had already taken notice of the smudge of smoke that crowned the Blue Pigeon's broken funnel. They were helpless, however, to prevent the after guard of the freighter from doing anything with the fires or engines.

A long, gliding descent down an oily mound of water, a slow, steady pull from the supersub, a winding shroud of damp sea mist—all marked the hour for the attempt to save the freighter for the Allies.

Ditmar appeared like a singed jack-in-the-box. He rimmed the companionway with his eyes. He crawled forward and gripped McMasters' arm. He raised his voice so that Red Landyard could hear him.

"We're ready," he said. "I've connected up everything. We had trouble crawling from the stokehold to the hatch under the chain locker. There's a foot or two of bilge water in the lower part of this ship. I managed to do it."

Micky glanced at Ditmar's knees and trousers. They were black with muck and grime.

"I managed to do it," continued the electrician, polishing his glasses and glaring forward. "All's ready. The first engineer has orders to close the switch leading from the dynamo to the conduit I've laid along the holds and up into the chain locker. This conduit is directly coupled with the steel rope by which the submarine is towing the ship."

Micky braced himself and stared at the electrician. He furrowed his brow. He was searching for a light in the mystery.

"She's coupled!" continued Ditmar with pride. "The towing cable is part of the circuit leading from the fifteen-hundred kilowatt dynamo, through the metal skin of the U-boat, back by the sea water and into this ship by the sea plate which is connected to the opposite brush holders of the generating unit."

Red Landyard nodded. "I don't see all of it," he admitted, "but it sounds promising. What's going to happen?"

Ditmar stared forward. "There's enough fog," he said. "Are you ready to rush the prize crew?"

"We've been ready for three hours!" Micky McMasters bristled like a dog that had been waiting for a bone.

"Then I shall notify the first engineer to close the switch. The turbine is racing under no load."

Marines stiffened and crouched. Red Landyard cocked his rifle. The ensign from Hartford crawled out upon the dark deck. The crew gathered up timbers and belaying pins. They clustered about the companion to the engine room.

A grind of work being done rasped upward. The soft whine of the high-speed turbine changed to a long grunt as it took the short-circuiting load when Mike Monkey closed the switch. A hush was on the waters of the deep. Men gripped their weapons and crouched for a spring.

Ditmar appeared and pointed forward. "Watch the cable," he told McMasters. "Keep watching it. There's eighteen or nineteen hundred kilowatts of electricity going through it. Its resistance i Watch it!"

At first the little skipper of t Pigeon saw nothing save a thin li vanished in the direction of the g marine. This cable sagged into the raised and strained to bowstring s ness. It dipped again. It came o the waves; and this time steam lift its strands. A soft glow ran along it Dark red changed to cherry red. I and hissed. It straightened. The U-b swallowed in a fog's bank. The coup between this boat and the freight incandescent.

Micky stood erect and stared with open mouth and wild eyes. T became white-hot. It flared the ni stretched under the strain. The appeared, then was swallowed up in mist. The prize crew of three had the phenomenon. They backed aw the smoking capstan. One lean called down the fo'castle hatch.

Ditmar gripped McMasters' arm. your time," he said. "She'll at little more, then she'll pull apart whitest place. You see," he add pride, "that the resistance offered towing cable to the electricity we erating in the turbo-dynamo is t for it to stand. In other words the like the filament of an electric lamp. do the same thing a filament wou exposed to air—burn out!"

"Come on!" shouted Micky Landyard. "At the Hun, boys! make any bleedin' bones about it—

Ditmar held out a restrainin "Wait," he cautioned. "The cabl burned out yet. See! It is going! is—gone!"

The ship's bow swung a degre steel hawser, drawn to pencil thinn hissing into the brine. Red La Micky McMasters, the Hartford and a determined squad of wild-e rines and American seamen crept wreckage of the quarter-deck and forward. One shot was fired. The a blur and a savage attack which to be resisted for any length of tim

Micky staggered back and gras broken spokes of the wheel. "Can y me full speed?" he shot between h toward Ditmar.

"Certainly. Your engine-room l is working. Mr. Monkey is wait the switch that will start the drivin I attended to all that. Also to M key."

Micky reached and rang for ful He swung up the wheel and peere and over the fo'castle, where Red L and the marines were mopping up of the Germans.

A dense bank of fog lifted slight sub showed, broadside to the seas. missed her tow. Micky swore as s seven-inch shell hurtled over the f He felt the grip of the propeller Monkey closed the switch and st driving motor. The fog closed do

Driving south by east, with all f ing and the propeller gripping de the following seas, the Blue Pigeo her blinded pursuer. The last s the wet guns of the U-boat had wild. They were aimed at noth fixed than wet sea mist.

It was graying dawn when Mic the wheel over to a quarterma dropped down through the en companion.

"We're hout of hit!" he shou oilers and stokers. "We're clear suit! Where's Ditmar?"

An under engineer pointed t ditty-box forward the ladder turned and hurried across the p peered inside. He widened his e sight.

Mike Monkey was sitting on a In Mike's hand was a book wh carefully scanning. Over the shoulder Ditmar leaned. The was saying in pedantic tones:

"You see the ship is wood; t was insulated from the cable. T mills of the cable were not enou the heavy amperage, or curren through them. The circuit fro of the dynamo to the other was t conduit, thence through the tow thence through the U-boat and other pole of the dynamo by wa and the sea plate. It's very sim

Micky leaned forward. Th Mike Monkey's hands was an treatise on electricity and mag



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# THE MISSING CLINK

## By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY L. M. GARTLAND

"HONEY?"

"Yeh?"

"That white lady what owed you them fo' dollars; she didn't happen to pay you to-day, did she now?"

"How for that interest you?" inquired the woman suspiciously.

Cæsar Godfrey hastened to camouflage. He crossed the immaculate crease of his right trouser leg over the equally immaculate crease of the other, inscribed ellipses in the air with the polished point of the projecting light-tan shoe, carefully inspected his dusky hands and injected all the wealth of a perturbed good nature into an affectionate smile.

"Just int'rested—that's all."

"Hmph!" sniffed his radiantly plumaged wife. "You-all ain't broke again?"

Cæsar nodded violently in the affirmative. "That's me."

Pearl Godfrey placed large competent hands on her slender hips and surveyed her spouse contemptuously. "You ain't never nothin' but broke, is you?"

"My health ain't so good——"

"Shsh! Yo're as husky as any man in this neighborhood. They ain't nothin' the matter with yo' health. It's all in yo're pants pockets. Money don't stay in there no longer'n water. What you done with them week's wages?"

"Lost 'em."

"Craps?"

"Hawses. Honest, hon, I had a sure thing up at Latonia—chancet to make nearly a hunderd dollars."

"Sure thing!" she snorted. "The only sure thing in this world, Cæsar Godfrey, is that you-all ain't got the sense of a new-born jackass. You an' money wasn't never no more meant to be frien's than you an' work. What happen to that horse you bet on?"

"He done fall down," proclaimed Cæsar sadly as he rescued a cigarette from a tin, glass-jeweled case and tapped it gently on his finger nail.

"Fall down flat in the home stretch when he been leadin' the field. He would of won hands down. That's why I broke."

"Any horse would of fell down prospecting he knew you bet on him."

"'Bout that money the white lady was goin' to give you——"

"Yo' ain't talkin' to me at all. I works mornin's an' afternoon's fo' fo'-fifty a week an' yo' makes eight dollars. I don't see what call you got comin' to me——"

"I'll give it back Sat'day—sure. Mebbe"—slyly—"we mought go downtown an' buy that silk dress you been lookin' at."

Pearl's eyes gleamed. Cæsar had opposed the purchase of that dress for a month. Said her wages as cook were necessary to the proper maintenance of their own ménage, and Pearl stood too profoundly in awe of her stylish, strapping husband to have dared make the purchase without his consent.

"You mean that?" she questioned eagerly.

He nodded. "Yeh—sure do. Always mean what I says."

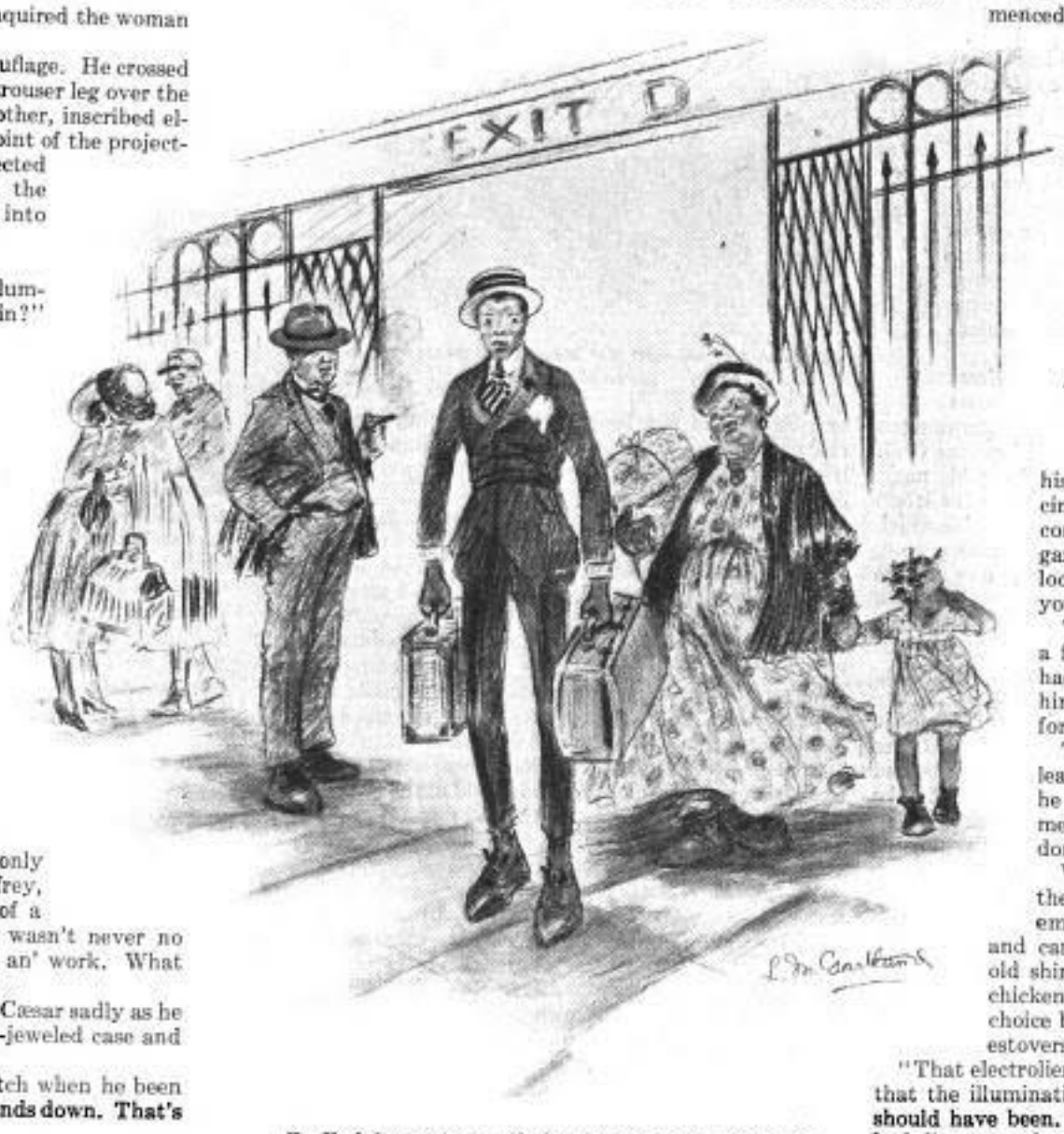
Pearl was skeptical. "You go down with me now an' pay the first dollar down?"

It was good strategy on Pearl's part, and for the moment Cæsar was nonplused. A dollar down—the payment of the ensuing dollars became imperative. So, even though he had entertained no idea of allowing Pearl the dress, Cæsar made the best of a lost dollar.

"If you gotta have it thataway."

The dollar was duly paid in at the Paris Style Shop, the flagrant dress carefully selected and reverently laid aside, and three dollars passed over to the eager Cæsar. Whereupon Pearl returned to the home of her white folks to cook the evening meal—and Cæsar got busy.

Hiring a small one-horse dray he went with it to his three-room cottage on Fifteenth Street and loaded thereon one phonograph, several dozen records, a brazenly gilded electrolier, an imitation-leather easy-chair and his wife's evening gown—a salmon-pink satin creation, gift from a former employer of his wife. These he took to a loan shark and borrowed the sum of twenty dollars, with interest at the rate of twenty per cent a month. He pocketed the twenty, folding it carefully over the three secured that day from his wife and placing the whole in a wallet which contained something more than one hundred dollars.




*He Had Strategically Made the Acquaintance of an Alarmingly Portly and Intransigently Black Washlady*

Fortune had smiled upon Cæsar Godfrey that day. His Latonia sure thing had proved a sure thing indeed, and his two two-dollar mutual tickets had netted him a trifle more than ninety dollars.

The temptation was too much. Money is money and made for spending, and the feel of so great a quantity put the virus of wanderlust in Cæsar's blood. His assets now consisted of one well-packed straw suitcase carefully checked at the Louisville & Nashville Depot, one hundred and twenty-three dollars in cash, and a determination forcibly to break the bonds of matrimony.

His employer stood for a touch of two dollars and a half, which happened to be the exact amount due Cæsar on the week's wages. Cæsar's employer was wise beyond his generation.

So was Cæsar.

He visited a labor agent from Cincinnati and was ordered to sign a labor contract. That easily forgotten formality attended to, Cæsar agreed to report at the Louisville & Nashville Depot at six-fifty-three to catch the northbound express.

He was on time. To be exact, he was two hours ahead of time, hidden behind a warehouse across the railroad yards watching apprehensively for the crimson hat, the yellow waist and the blue skirt which would betoken his wife's proximity. With the whistle of the locomotive as it groaned into the yards two things became apparent to Cæsar: First that his wife had not yet discovered the looting of her home by its lord and master; and second—that if she had she did not yet suspect the enormity of his planning.

Precisely five minutes before leaving time for the train a perspiring Cæsar Godfrey secured a long green ticket from the waiting labor agent, and when the train pulled out he was seated as inconspicuously as possible in a dirty velvet chair, white eyes roving first to the right and then to the left. It was not until the city's sky line had disappeared behind the serried line of Northern Alabama's hills that Cæsar Godfrey breathed a wholly comfortable breath.

But with the coming of that breath he commenced to enjoy life as it had not been his pleasure in years. He surveyed his fellow travelers, ranging in hue from ebony to a light aristocratic cream. More than one damosel on the Jim Crow car smiled approvingly upon Cæsar's glaring pulchritude and commented favorably upon the undeniably ultra cut of his clothes.

At eight-fifteen the following morning Cæsar Godfrey arrived in Cincinnati. He had strategically made the acquaintance of an alarmingly portly and intransigently black washlady, and much to her astonishment insisted on carrying her suitcase to the street. It marked an epoch in the colored lady's life. To Cæsar Godfrey it was merely a clever move. For he was quite sure that his device would effectively fool the Cincinnati representative of his labor man's concern—a slant-eyed individual who was gazing with all eyes in search of a good-looking, well-dressed, able-bodied single young negro.

That night at eleven o'clock, happier for a few drinks and the knowledge that he had traveled thus far without expense to himself, Cæsar Godfrey boarded a train for New York.

The train pulled out. Cæsar Godfrey leaned back in his seat and slept. And as he slept he smiled the smile of contentment in the knowledge of good work well done.

When Pearl Godfrey returned home from the house where she held rank as culinary empress she switched on the electric lights and carefully placed on the center table an old shirtwaist which contained half of a fried chicken, an exceedingly generous portion of choice bacon, three fresh eggs and four pears—estovers for her adored consort.

"That electrolier!" snapped Pearl impatiently, noticing that the illumination in the front room was not what it should have been. Then she realized that the electrolier had disappeared.

But it was not until she had gone over the house with infinite care that she realized that something was radically wrong, and that her Cæsar, and not a burglar, was at the bottom of it. Even then she had no hint that he had deserted her. It was not until she emerged from her home and faced a gossipy neighbor.

"Evenin', Missus Godfrey."

"Evenin', Missus Sampson."

"I ain't seen Cæsar round this evenin'."

"That so?"

"Yeh. I ain't seen him sence he was here this afternoon with that wagon."

A cold chill crept slowly down Pearl's spine, but her face remained impassive. "Ain't it so?"

"I sure thought you-alls was movin'."

"No, we ain't movin'."

"Peter 'lows he seen Cæsar takin' that stuff to the loan man."

"Is it so, now?"

"That's so. He was sayin' to me t'night, was Peter, that he been knowin' you-alls for a heap of years an' ef you needed money seems as ef you would of come to him."

"We ain't needin' money, thank you, Missus Sampson. We was just sellin' that ol' stuff because we didn't think it was good enough for us. We're 'lowin' to get a outfit of Queen William an' Mary furniture. Ef there was any of that we sold you might like fo' yo' place maybe I could arrange it so's you could get it cheap. I was sayin' last night to Cæsar that maybe we ought to give you-alls a chance to buy it."

A half hour later she presented herself before the loan shark.

"Yes, Cæsar pawned that stuff," he snapped. "What about it?"

"Nothin'," she returned dazedly. "Jes' wanted to know—that's all."

"You ain't trying to pull the old gag about it not belonging to him, are you? Because I warn you right now——"

"No," she returned wearily. "It was all right for him to pawn it, on'y—it is mine."

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She reached her home via the alley which intersects the block, turned out the light and seated herself in the decrepit easy-chair which her departed husband had not considered worthy of carting to the loan shark. She understood now. Pearl was miserable. Her pride had received its death-blow. In an hour, a minute, she had irrecoverably lost caste. In the twinkling of an eye she had been precipitated from the eminence of social leader to the nethermost depths of social oblivion. Worse, she knew that from this hour forth she was the accepted butt of Darktown's humor and poisoned darts of innuendo.

It hurt, hurt all the way through. She knew that her scourging would be mercilessly conducted. Cæsar Godfrey had committed the unpardonable sin; and she speculated on his ingratitude.

Two years before, at the time of Cæsar's advent, Pearl had been a very wise and very popular virgin. Full blown, blessed with a rich chocolate complexion and a figure that caused many an Ethiopian eye to glisten, a "cemetery" graduate, soprano lead in the Baptist church choir—she had never even admitted the presence of a social rival. Colored society bowed down before her as its unmarried chocolate queen.

Cæsar had appeared on the scene, "just up from Mobile," and Pearl's hitherto impregnable heart had leaped. Nor was she alone in the instantaneous attraction toward the flashing young blood from the Gulf.

Cæsar was a knight-errant both ways from his neck. His clothes were always immaculate and cut in the latest mode of Darktown fashion; he boasted an education which displayed itself in an alarming vocabulary and a truly startling familiarity with out-of-the-way places of the world. He was a stentorian and profound speaker, with ideas of his own. The social graces were at his finger tips. He danced divinely, courted exquisitely, and sent the hearts of dozens of amorous swains scuttling to their long broad-toed boots.

Cæsar, to use the vernacular, was Pearl's meat. Aside from the real affection in the matter it was strictly up to her to cut him out from the herd; and to that end she planned a campaign which for sheer strategy will long live in the history of the city's black belt.

Cæsar didn't have a chance from the moment that he realized that Pearl, of all the girls in the set, sneered at him and his graces. He set out to tame her, to bring from her an admission that he assayed a hundred per cent. And the deadly virus of proximity did the rest.

Their wedding marked an epoch. It reached new heights in elegance, heights that have never since been even remotely approached. Pearl's trousseau, collected from various former employers—for Pearl was exceedingly well liked among the city's white folks—was a shimmering sheen of silk and satin and crêpe de Chine and Georgette. Pink, blue, green, yellow—even unto a lavender negligée, which disappeared from the home where she was then employed as nurse. The mistress, discovering its loss, accused Pearl, and the bride-to-be affected astonishment.

"Take it? Law', Missus Robinson, of course I took it! Didn't you done give it to me?"

"Give it to you! You must be out of your senses, Pearl. I haven't had that negligée four months, and it cost more than twenty dollars."

"Didn't I ast you for it las' week?"

"Yes."

"An' when I done that didn't you say 'Oh, of course I'll give it to you'?"

The mistress of the house shook her head exasperatedly: "Certainly I said that—sarcastically. And you knew I didn't mean a word of it."

"But yo' said I could have it, Missus Robinson, an' yo' cain't be blamin' me when I didn't know yo' was jokin'. I never took nothin' in my life didn't belong to me. 'Course ef 'twas a mistake I'll bring it back, an' take out the alteration what I done."

Pearl kept the negligée. She married Cæsar. And for a month he was her abject slave. More—the reigning queen of the married set was promptly and effectively displaced, and Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey became the social mentors. There was an elegance about Cæsar which could not be denied. The other negroes stood in profound awe of it. As for Pearl—she blossomed superbly and drew the lines of social demarkation so that all might see and heed.

But after a delirious month Cæsar's ardor cooled. His wife was a radiant beauty, but she was his wife,



"Nigger, I'm Warnin' Yo' Now, Yo'd Better Steer Clear of My Gal"

and Cæsar had not been given to wasting his manifold charms upon any one person of the feminine gender. It irked him to know that his gallant days were over. He commenced to fidget in the traces.

Pearl saw the handwriting on the wall. And she knew that above all things she must hold Cæsar. To that end she indulged him. She never quarreled, she loaned him money, she refrained from nagging when he lost job after job and complained that it was due to the condition of his health.

True, her affection for him waned a trifle and she found it in her heart to wish that she had not flaunted Simeon Broughton with her capture—for Simeon made eighteen dollars a week, every week—but the fact remained that the loss of Cæsar would spell social disaster.

Simeon Broughton was all that Cæsar was not. He was about seven shades darker—and proud of the fact. He had none of Cæsar's elegance. In fact, as Simeon put it: "Ise jes' plain nigger, wivout none of de sassiety airs yo' swell coons put on."

By profession Simeon was community gardener in summer and community janitor in winter—that is, he chaperoned lawns and gardens in the warm weather and nursed furnaces in the winter for the white folks of a certain neighborhood. He was greatly in demand, but confined his patrons to eighteen. On eighteen dollars, he figured, he could live extremely well and put eight in the bank every Monday morning.

He was a huge man, deep-chested and ham-fisted. He lived in an alley a half block from the Godfrey cottage, and thereby automatically removed himself from the socially elect, for the handicap of living in an alley may not be overcome in the war for social recognition among city negroes. But at that it was estimated by the statistically inclined that Simeon had more than three thousand dollars in the bank, and more than one butterfly would have cheerfully lost caste for the sake of casting her matrimonial lot with him.

Early in the game, however, Simeon had cast covetous eyes on the classic lines of Pearl's face and figure. "Ef 'twasn't fo' dat soshul ambition of hern," quoth Simeon, "she'd make a pow'ful fine wife."

Simeon tried to convert his lady fair to a realization of the worth-whileness of things material as against the ephemeral. And he was on the fair road to success when Cæsar Godfrey appeared on the scene and took her from under his very nose.

Simeon's first impulse was primal. He experienced an almost uncontrollable desire to reach out one muscular arm and squash "dat no-'count Bo Brum'l," a phrase taken bodily from a former employer of Cæsar's.

After the marriage of Cæsar and Pearl, Simeon settled grimly into the slough of despond. He became a hopeless recluse. As though to spite Fate he changed his mode of living, took on two extra patrons and put twelve dollars every week in the bank. With gossipy exaggeration it became bruited round that he was saving twenty dollars a week; and occasionally, when Cæsar had been unlucky with the dice and unable to hold a job, Pearl laboring over a kitchen stove on the Highlands would think longingly of the comforts which might have been hers had she resisted the temptation of social position.

With the defection of the wanderlusty Cæsar her position became unbearable. Social rivals making large capital from her position stepped above her head, and she was accorded the scant sympathy ever given a woman whose charms have been unable to hold a husband. The fact that Pearl bore her cross with smiling indifference fooled no one. And as time went on her hurt pride turned gradually into hatred for Cæsar and for his actions in robbing her of the only thing it had been in his power to give—unassailable social eminence.

In his two-room shack up the alley Simeon Broughton watched and said nothing. At first he was unable to grasp the full potentialities of the situation. His love for Pearl had developed in geometric progression to her unattainability. And now that she had been left flat and friendless, without even the dignity of grass widowhood, he waited for her to turn to him. And eventually she did.

Simeon was consideration itself. Pearl saw him through new eyes. Though no word of the grand passion was spoken between them she saw that his affection for her flamed more fiercely than ever, and her philosophy experienced drastic changes. If she could only divorce Cæsar, marry Simeon and have the material things of life she'd be content to eschew frivolity, demanding only one thing—that Simeon depart from his alley home and live on an avenue. Pearl was becoming daily more firmly convinced of the fact that she had been dazzled by the immaculate Cæsar. She knew now that she would be infinitely better off as Simeon's petted darling than as Cæsar's hard-worked slave. She became almost glad—now that the verbal barbs of the neighborhood did not sting so sharply as they had at first—that Cæsar had departed from her life.

At the end of six months Pearl visited a lawyer and laid the case before him. Three months later her decree was granted, and Mrs. Pearl Godfrey blossomed forth once more as a single woman.

That night Simeon appeared at her home in a new gray suit and a gray felt hat. His number-eleven shoes scintillated. His copper complexion was burnished. And he proposed.

Pearl accepted him—on condition that he move from alley to street.

"It ain't that I don't love yo', Simeon; but 'tis that I couldn't live in no alley."

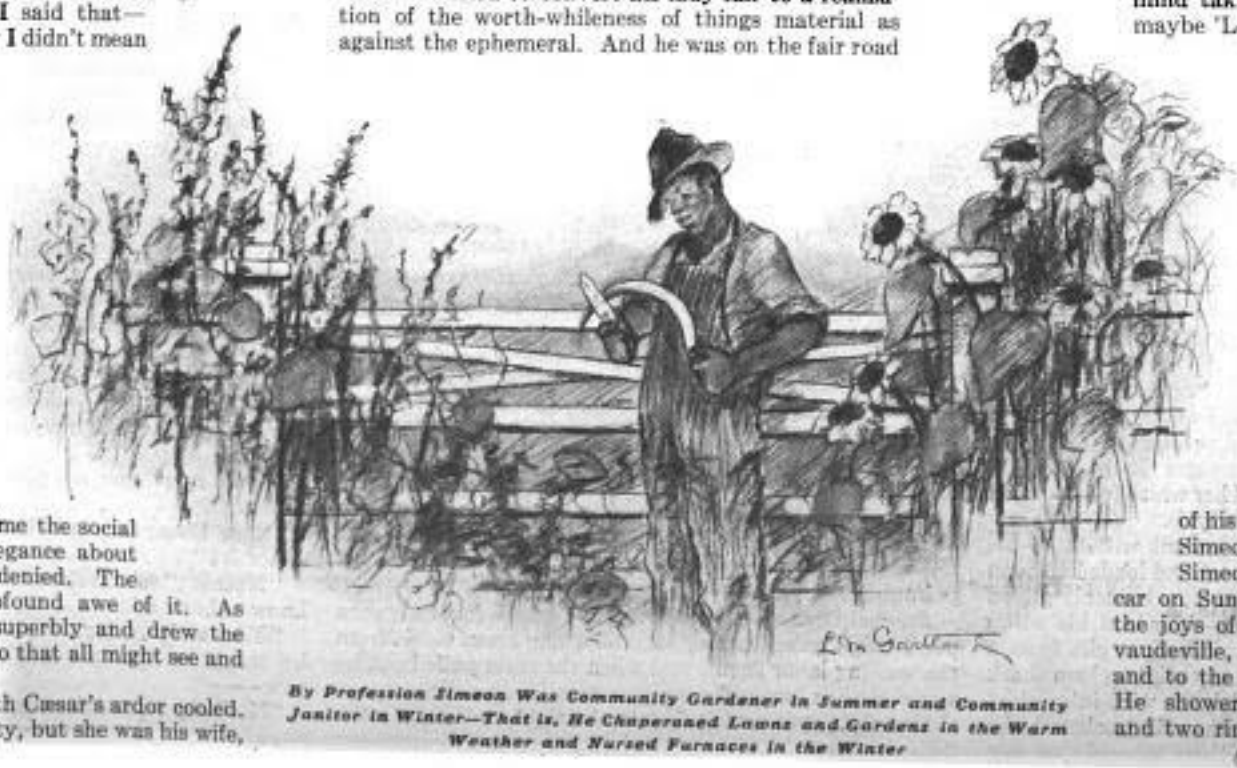
"Yo'—yo'—ain't gwine want me to trot round sassiety wid yo', is it, honey?"

"I'm sick an' ti'ed of sassiety!" she snapped viciously. "It ain't get nobody nowhere. Nothin' but a lot of fumadiddle. On'y—I'd hate to live in the alley if you wouldn't mind taking a house on Fifteenth Street or maybe 'Leventh Avenue."

Simeon promised. In the rapturous delirium of his new-found happiness he would have promised almost anything. And the following day, splendid in her grass widowhood and in the achievement in engaging herself to the wealthiest man in the neighborhood, Pearl regained much of the social caste that she had lost.

She insisted on a long engagement. She had learned by experience that love fulfilled anaesthetized, and she wished to flaunt her good fortune in the faces of the proletariat.

Simeon played up to her beyond fondest expectations. Of his dollar-a-week employers, for whom Simeon had done several favors, allowed Simeon the use of his two-seated car on Sundays, and Pearl was initiated into the joys of plutocracy. Simeon took her to vaudeville, where she sat regally in box and to the best negro moving-picture show. He showered her with candy and flowers and two rings which were fourteen carat



By Profession Simeon Was Community Gardener in Summer and Community Janitor in Winter—That is, He Chaperoned Lawns and Gardens in the Warm Weather and Nursed Furnaces in the Winter

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contained genuine stones. Society he shunned. Dances he hated. And save for the consuming desire to regain her lost social position and thus "show them niggers a thing or two" Pearl Godfrey was blissfully happy for nearly five months, until, less than a month before the nuptial date, Cæsar Godfrey returned to the city!

His recrudescence created a furore. If he had been a fashion plate before he visited New York he was a sartorial epic now. He wore a Panama hat, horn-rimmed spectacles, a blue-serge coat, silk shirt, white-flannel trousers and white shoes and socks. He carried a Malacca stick and boasted that his trunk contained the latest from Fifth Avenue tailors. His accent was bewildering to the Southern darkies. It smacked of English and had been acquired from his West Indian negro friends in New York. In an hour he had been placed on a social pedestal far higher than any he had ever attained during his former tenure of office.

His meeting with his ex-wife took place a half hour after he reached the city. He met her on the street, and after her first shock of stunned surprise she tried to pass him haughtily. But he would have none of that. Pearl, too, was dressed in the latest fashion and she seemed prosperous, and though she did not suspect it Cæsar was none too plentifully supplied with money.

"Hello, hon," said he wheedlingly.

"I ain't yo' hon."

"If that's the way yo' treat yo're husband——"

It was her moment of triumph. "Whose husband?"

"Yo'res."

"Hmph! I don't hardly think so. I'se been divo'ced f'um you most six months."

"Divo'ced? Hon——"

"Yes"—viciously—"an' in less'n a month I'se goin' to marry Simeon Broughton. So the farther yo' keep yo' wuthless self away f'um me the better off yo'll be."

Followed a working out of the Tantalus fable. Removed from him Pearl Godfrey was more desirable than ever. Cæsar recalled his long residence on luxury's lap, his wife providing the majority of the dollars necessary to the maintenance of their establishment. Those had been the gloriously happy days—for, after all, Pearl was as pulchritudinous as any girl Cæsar had ever met, North, South or East. And she was cultured and refined to a degree.

The New York sojourn had dissipated much of the wanderlust, and Cæsar found himself longing for the home he had forsaken and which was now closed to him. More—he resented the fact that his wife had engaged herself to the man who was everything that he, Cæsar, was not. Wherefore he proceeded to pay court to Pearl once again. And Pearl was raised to a seventh heaven of delight at the triumph thus accorded her.

She had no intention of remarrying Cæsar—not at first. But she was flattered beyond words, and when a woman is sufficiently flattered by a man she may tend toward thoughtlessness. So she saw a great deal of her ex-husband and allowed the gracious charm of his sunny personality to weave its way once more into her soul, while she made big bluff Simeon Broughton miserable. So much so that Simeon carried the war direct to his rival. They met in a soft-drink stand and over ginger ale Simeon broached the subject in his customary unpolished manner.

"Nigger, I'm warnin' yo' now, yo'd better steer clear of my gal."

"Yo' gal? She's my wife."

"Yo' mean she was yo' wife."

"Yeh—an' that ain't sayin' she won't be again."

"Yo' mean yo' 'tentions is serious?"

"I reckon that's up to me an' her."

"I got a speshul reason fo' wantin' to know thatabout." Cæsar's eyes narrowed. He was secretly afraid of his rival's brawn. "Yo' ain't thinkin' of gettin' rough?"

"Dat ain't it, a-tall."

"Then what?"

Simeon glanced about apprehensively. "Yo' sho' yo' wants to marry Pearl?"

"Yeh."

"Den listen to whut I'se sayin': I don't!"

"Huh?" Cæsar straightened. This was a new angle altogether, and temporarily destroyed his mental equilibrium.

"Here's de how of it, Cæsar. Maybe yo' ain't hear'n tell of a 'oman here in town name' Livonia Paisley, eh?"

"That vodavil girl?"

"Yeh."

"How come you to know her?"

"Nev' min' how come I know her. I know her, an' da's all. An' I'm a-tootin' dat she's the all-firedest best-lookin' gal I ev' sot eyes on! I'm here to admit dat she got my number goin' an' a-comin'. She's done got stranded here an' I sorter been helpin' her, which is de how of she an' I become good friends. I was sorter figgerin' ef you was anxious to marry Pearl mebbe I wouldn't hab no trouble gettin' rid of her an' tyin' up wid dis here Livonia 'oman; an' I jes' wanted to know fust off ef yo' was serious, an' second off how much yo'd take to go ahead wid Pearl so's she wouldn't have no soot against me fo' britch of promise."

Cæsar's eyes glittered. "Yo' mean yo'd pay me to co't Pearl?"

"Da's it—an' hab her break off wid me."

"So's yo' can marry dis here vodavil gal?"

"Perzactly."

Cæsar cleared his throat. "'Bout twenty-five dollars?" he hazarded, amazed at his own temerity.

"Make it twenty."

"Cash?"

Simeon produced a wallet stuffed with much-thumbed bills and flipped three fives and five ones across the table. "How 'bout dat?"

Cæsar grabbed them eagerly. "It's a bargain."

Cæsar redoubled his attentions to his ex-wife, and at the same time Simeon saw only enough of her to satisfy Madam Grundy. Darktown's tongue wagged, but not too avidly. The situation in itself was intriguing and the injection of the stranded actress into the domestic affairs of the Godfreys was not to be overlooked.

Whereupon Cæsar's vanity and his weakness where the fair sex was concerned proved Cæsar's undoing. He could not resist making the acquaintance of the luxurious Livonia Paisley, then resident at an exclusive colored hotel on Fifteenth Street.

From the moment he bowed low over her hand and discovered that she was originally from New York and that she was delighted with and impressed by his familiarity with Ninth Avenue, Pearl was out of the race.

Livonia was to him all that a woman should be. Further, Livonia was beautiful in an elegantly yellow way, and she was of the stage.

Cæsar had long since harbored the belief that the footlights were his forte. He danced well, had a not unpleasing baritone and a smile which Livonia delightedly declared should net him forty dollars a week once he got a line of patter and a chance to exhibit before the booking agent of the North. She opened new vistas to Cæsar, and of a sudden Pearl and her possession became very small fry indeed. Pearl, compared with Livonia, was a bit of polished glass beside the Koh-i-Noor. As suddenly as he had recommenced his courtship of his ex-wife Cæsar Godfrey dropped her and threw himself, literally and figuratively, at the feet of the exotic Livonia.

She received his attentions graciously—and frequently. She let it be distinctly understood that the man who courted her must be anything but a piker. And she meant too much to Cæsar. He took her automobile riding; he even held a job for two weeks that she might have the luxuries she craved. He gave her a ring and much candy. He even bought her a Georgette waist which cost six dollars. And when he was flat broke he borrowed twenty-five dollars more from Simeon Broughton, who seemed ignorant of Cæsar's attentions to Livonia and a bit bewildered that Pearl did not extend to him the icy mitten forthwith.

So under the very eyes of the blind Simeon the courtship of Cæsar and Livonia progressed apace. Within a month Cæsar's credit was exhausted, and he went to Simeon for more money.

A kind neighbor had that day gone to Simeon with the story of Cæsar's treachery. The neighbor in question had no love for Cæsar and secretly hoped that the mighty Simeon would proceed to exterminate his fiancée's ex-husband. So it was that Cæsar found his erstwhile friend quaking with righteous anger.

"Nigger!" thundered Simeon, "what all dis t'ing I been hearin'?"

"What thing?" countered Cæsar shakily.

"'Bout you trottin' round wid my gal?"

"Somebody been lyin' to yo'," maintained Cæsar craftily.

"'E ain't been lyin', an' yo' knows it. I ain't so blind I cain't see a moon in de darkness. I'm a-tellin' yo' dis, yo' ace o' spades, ef yo' should ever pull any traipsin' wid dat Livonia gal yo' take my advice an' never let me sot eyes on yo' no more. I ain't neber been no bad man, but mebbe yo' ain't know I carry dis——" He produced a small, wicked automatic and laid it between them on the table. Cæsar felt the cold perspiration start out on his forehead and trickle down the sides of his nose. "Da's my little pe-suader, Cæsar, an' I ain't in de habit ob missin'. All I'm sayin' is dat if yo' an' Livonia gets too thick wid one another yo' better not heave to wind'ard ob me. Not a-tall, 'cause ef you do dere'll be a-plenty soft music an' flowers, an' yo' won't know nothin' 'bout it."

Cæsar was terrified as terror comes to few men. All his latent fear of the giant opposite flooded to the surface. With a charming display of true oratorical and political prowess he explained convincingly that it was all a part of his campaign for Pearl—that she had been too indifferent to him and so, in his loyalty to Simeon, his benefactor, he had seized upon the impregnably virtuous Livonia to rouse Pearl's jealousy and her love. Simeon heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"Da's diffrunt," he said happily. "Da's absotively an' ontirely diffrunt."

With which Cæsar borrowed another twenty-five dollars and rose hastily. At the door Simeon gave a last hint of menace. "Ise sorry I mesjudge' yo', Cæsar. 'Cause Ise tellin' yo' right now dat ef any man cut up fool wid dat Livonia an' I eber sot eyes on him again they wouldn't be enuf ob him lef' to make a fust-class sieve."

And that night Cæsar Godfrey eloped with Livonia Paisley. They left the city at six-forty for Knoxville.

Darktown hummed with speculation. But Simeon did not glower. He presented himself before Pearl, a marriage license in his pocket, and suggested an immediate marriage. And Pearl, considerably bewildered by the recent love tangles, grabbed the bird in the hand, and evening found them man and wife.

Cæsar Godfrey and Livonia Paisley sat up all night in the day coach and arrived in Knoxville very early the following morning. At the depot she excused herself, promised to meet Cæsar there in an hour and a half, sent him out to look over the city, and proceeded to purchase a ticket to New York.

When Cæsar returned she had gone. Even then he did not suspect that she was on a fast train approaching Johnson City en route for the metropolis, nor that she was at that moment thumbing over with great gusto thirty crisp, new five-dollar bills.

Those thirty five-dollar bills represented payment in full for vampire services rendered to one Simeon Broughton, husband to Pearl Godfrey-Broughton.

And Simeon, busy in his community gardening with the luscious sweetness of Pearl's kisses still fragrant on his lips, talked to himself as he worked: "It ain't cost but two hundred an' fifty dollars," he muttered happily; "an' as it got me a fine wife an' skeered dat yaller Cæsar so's he'll neber come widin a hundred miles ob dis town again—I guess it been cheap at de price!"





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# THE WILDCAT

(Concluded from Page 12)

A little to Cash's aggrieved surprise, neither the captain nor the colonel seemed interested in his prowess as a sharpshooter or in his ill-treatment at the hands of his own Army. Instead, they asked an interminable series of questions that seemed to have no bearing at all on his case.

They wanted, for instance, to know the name of his regiment; its quota of men; how long they had been in France; what sea route they had taken in crossing the ocean; from what port they had sailed; and the approximate size of the convoy. They wanted to know what regiments lay to either side of Cash's in the American trenches; how many men per month America was sending overseas and where they usually landed. They wanted to know a thousand things more, of the same general nature.

Cash saw no reason why he should not satisfy their silly curiosity. And he proceeded to do so to the best of his ability. But as he did not know so much as the name of the port whence he had shipped to France, and as the rest of his tactical knowledge was on the same plane, the fast-barked queries presently took on a tone of exasperation.

This did not bother Cash. He was doing his best. If these people did not like his answers that was no affair of his. He was here to fight, not to talk. His attention wandered.

Presently he interrupted the colonel's most searching questions to ask: "You-all don't happen to be the Kaiser, do you? I s'pose not though. I'll bet that old Kaiser must weigh ——"

A thundered oath brought him back to the subject in hand, and the cross-questioning went on. But all the queries elicited nothing more than a mass of misinformation, delivered with such palpable genuineness of purpose that even Colonel von Scheurer could not doubt the man's good faith.

And at last the two officers began to have a very fair estimate of the mountaineer's character and of the reasons that had brought him thither.

Still it was the colonel's mission in life to suspect—to take nothing for granted. And after all, this yokel and his queer story were no more bizarre than was many a spy trick played by Germany upon her foes. Spies were bound to be good actors. And this lantern-jawed fellow might possibly be a character actor of high ability. Colonel von Scheurer sat for a moment in silence, peering up at Cash from beneath a thatch of stiff-haired brows. Then he ordered the captain and the others to leave the dugout.

Alone with Wyble the colonel still maintained his pose of majestic surveillance.

Then with no warning he spat forth the question: "*Wer bist du?*"

Not the best character actor unhung could have simulated the owlish ignorance in Cash's face. Not the shrewdest spy could have had time to mask a knowledge of German. And, as Colonel von Scheurer well knew, no spy who did not understand German would have been sent to enlist in the German Army.

The colonel at once was satisfied that the newcomer was not a spy. Yet to make doubly certain of the recruit's willingness to serve against his own country Von Scheurer sought another test. Pulling toward him a scratch pad he picked up a pencil from the table before him and proceeded to make a rapid sketch. When the sketch was complete he detached the top sheet and showed it to Cash. On it was drawn a rough likeness of the American flag.

"What is that?" he demanded.

"Old Glory," answered Cash after a leisurely survey of the picture; adding in friendly patronage: "And not bad drawed, at that."

"It is the United States flag," pursued the colonel, "as you say. It is the national emblem of the country where you were born; the country you are renouncing, to become a subject of the All Highest."

"Meanin' Gawd?" asked Cash.

He wanted to be sure of every step. While he did not at all know the meaning of "renounce," yet his attendance at mountain camp-meeting revivals had given him a possible inkling as to what "All Highest" meant.

"What?" inquired the puzzled colonel, not catching his drift.

"The 'All Highest' is Gawd, ain't it?" said Cash.

"It is His Imperial Majesty, the Kaiser," sharply retorted the scandalized colonel.

"Oh!" exclaimed Cash, much interested. "I see. In Wes' V'ginny we call Him 'Gawd.' An' over in this neck of the woods your Dutch name for Him is 'Kaiser.' What a ninny I am! I'd allers had the idee the Kaiser was jes' a man, with somethin' the same sort of job as Pres'dent Wilson's. But ——"

"This picture represents the flag of the United States," resumed the impatient Von Scheurer, waiving the subject of theology for the point in hand. "You have renounced it. You have declared your wish to fight against it. Prove that. Prove it by tearing that sketch in two—and spitting upon it!"

"Hold on!" interposed Cash, speaking with tolerant kindness as to a somewhat stupid child. "Hold on, Cap! You got me wrong. Or maybe I didn't make it so very clear. I didn't ever say I wanted to fight Old Glory. All I said I wanted to do was to fight that crowd of smart Alecks over yonder who jail me all the time an' won't let me fight in my own way. I've got nothin' agin th' old flag. Why, that 'ere's the flag I was borned under! Me an' pop an' gran'ther an' the hull b'ilin' of us—as fur back as there was any 'Merica, I reckon. I don't go 'round wavin' it none. That ain't my way. But I sure ain't goin' to tear it up. And I most gawdamighty sure ain't goin' to spit on it. I ——"

He checked himself. Not that he had no more to say, but because to his astonishment he found he was beginning to lose his temper. This phenomenon halted his speech and turned his wondering thoughts inward.

Cash could not understand his own strange surge of choler. He had not been aware of any special interest in the American flag. A little bunting representation of the Stars and Stripes—now faded close to whiteness—hung on the wall of his shack at home, where his grandmother, a rabid Unionist, had hung it nearly sixty years earlier, when West Virginia had refused to join the Confederacy. Every day of his life Cash had seen it there; had seen without noting or caring.

Camp Lee, too, had been ablaze with American flags. And after he had learned the rules as to the flag salute Cash had never given the banners a second thought. The regimental flags, too, here in France, had seemed to him but a natural part of the Army's equipment, and no more to be venerated than the twin bars on his captain's tunic.

Thus he could not in the very least account for the fiery flare of rebellion that gripped him at this ramrodlike Prussian's command to defile the emblem. Yet grip him it did. And it held him there, quivering and purple, the strange emotion waxing more and more overpoweringly potent at each passing fraction of a second. Dumb and shaking he glowered down at the amused colonel.

Von Scheurer watched him placidly for a few moments; then with a short laugh he advanced the test. Reaching for the sheet of paper whereon he had sketched the flag the colonel held it lightly between the fingers of his outstretched hands.

"It is really a very simple thing to do," he said carelessly, yet keeping a covert watch upon the mountaineer. "And it is a thing that every loyal German subject should rejoice to do. All I required was that you first tear the emblem in two and then spit upon it—as I do now."

But the colonel did not suit action to words. As his fingers tightened on the sheet of paper the dugout echoed to a low snarl that would have done credit to a Cumberland catamount.

And with the snarl six feet of lean and wiry bulk shot through the air across the narrow table that separated Cash from the colonel.

Von Scheurer with admirable presence of mind snatched his pistol from its temporary resting place in his lap. With the speed of the wind he seized the weapon. But with the speed of the whirlwind Cash Wyble was upon him, his clawlike fingers deep in the colonel's full throat, his hundred and sixty pounds of bone and gristle smiting Von Scheurer on chest and shoulder.

Cash had literally risen in air and pounced on the Prussian. Under the impact Von Scheurer's chair collapsed. Both men shot to earth, the colonel undermost and the pistol flying unheeded from his grasp. Over, too, went the table, and the electric light upon it. And the dugout was in pitch blackness.

There in the dark Cash Wyble deliriously tackled his prey, making queer and hideous little worrying sounds now and then far down in his throat, like a dog that mangles its meat.

And there the sentry from the earthen passageway found them when he rushed in with an electric torch, and followed by a rabble of fellow soldiers.

Cash at sound of the running footsteps jumped to his feet. The man he had attacked was lying very still, in a crumpled and yet sprawling heap—in a posture never designed by Nature.

With one wild sweep of his windmill arms Cash grabbed up the sheet of paper on which Von Scheurer had made his life's last sketch. With a simultaneous sweep he knocked the glass-bulbed torch from the sentinel, just as a rifle or two were centering their aim toward him; and, head down, he tore into the group of men who blocked the dugout entrance.

Cash had a faintly conscious sense of dashing down one passageway and up another, following by forestry instinct the course he had noted when he was led into the colonel's presence.

He collided with a sentinel; he butted another from his flying path. He heard yells and shots—especially shots. Once something hit him on the shoulder, whirling him half round without breaking his stride. Again something hot whipped him across the cheek. And at last he was out, under the foggy stars, with excited Germans firing in his general direction and loosing off stray shells.

Again instinct and scout skill came to the rescue as he plunged into a bramble thicket and wriggled through long grass on his heaving stomach.

An hour before dawn Cash Wyble was led before his sleepy and unloving company commander. The returned wanderer was caked with dirt and blood. His face was scored by briers. Across one cheek ran the red wale of a bullet. A very creditable flesh wound adorned his left shoulder. His clothes were in ribbons.

Before the captain could frame the first of a thousand scathing words Cash broke out pantingly: "Stick me in the hosegow if you're a mind to, Cap! Stick me there for life. Or wish me onto a kitchen-police job forever! I'm not kickin'. It's comin' to me, all right, arter what I done.

"I git the drift of the hull thing now. I'm onter what it means. It—it means Old Glory! It means—*this!*"

He stuck out one muddy hand wherein was clutched a wad of scratch-pad paper.

Then the company commander did a thing that stamped him as a genius. Instead of administering the planned rebuke and following it by sending the wretch to the guardhouse he began to ask questions.

"What do you make of it all?" dazedly queried the captain of Top Sergeant Mahan when Cash had been taken to the trench hospital to have his shoulder dressed.

"Well, sir," reported Mahan meditatively, "for one thing, I take it, we've got a new soldier in the company. A soldier, not a varmint. For another thing, I take it, Uncle Sam's got a new American on his list of nephews. And—and, unless I'm wrong, Kaiser Bill is short one crackajack sniper and one perfectly good Prussian colonel too. What a funny thing, sir,



# FROM HIM WHO WAITS

## By William H. Hamby

BECK had long since left the last trace of a road and the wheels of the sturdy little machine plowed valiantly into the desert sand. As the sun climbed higher and the heat grew more intense Beck's companion, a man with smooth pink lips and restless eyes, looked off to the south, where the Salton Sea glinted evilly in the glaring desert light, and then glanced back across that shimmering waste of sand and alkali and death.

"I say, Beck"—the tone was a soft purr—"do we need to move that gold mine any farther back into the desert? Suppose this flivver bursts a blood vessel or loses a lung —— What then?"

"What then?" Beck was a large man, with a full face and prominent eyes. "It would probably be ten or fifteen years before they found our bones. Nobody ever comes this way, and no man on foot could live across eighty miles of that."

Latimer moistened his lips. The heat made even the skin thirsty.

"I don't see why one place is not as good for a gold mine as another."

He was manifestly uneasy. The big man at the wheel laughed.

"It is, when it comes to selling it. But it's my motto to put trouble as far off as I can. The more desert we get between us and the easy mark the sounder we shall sleep. By the way, did that widow make much of a howl yesterday when you relieved her of the responsibility of handling her insurance money?"

"No." Latimer passed a smooth, soft hand across his pink lips to wipe the sand away. "She blubbered a little, but directly gathered her kids up and beat it to an agency to look for a job. I don't mind that sort. It is the kind that hang round the hall for weeks at a time, and keep straining your intellect for new reasons why there are no dividends, that gets my goat."

"That is exactly why we are going to locate this claim far away from the busy haunts of men," grinned Beck. "I've bought up three hundred and twenty acres just south of the Salton Sea. It starts from that big hump yonder that looks like a camel's back. We'll sort of stake it off. Had to pay three hundred dollars for it—but it will make a dandy gold mine."

Latimer's restless eyes came back from the desert and smiled at his partner; his smile seemed Nature's very stamp of wistful sincerity.

"We won't sell stock—have not time; we'll sell the whole thing to a friend of mine back home. He has always looked up to me as a being of superior intelligence and I want to live up to my reputation. George would eat arsenic out of my hand if I told him it was sugar."

"How much is he good for?" The big man's prominent eyes were always greedy for more.

"Not a whole lot, I'm afraid," answered Latimer. "But we'll take it clean, whatever there is."

Opening a coal mine is hard work; and it is risky, both physically and financially. George Walters owned forty acres of land two miles north of Maltsville. All of the Maltsville country is underlaid by a vein of coal varying in thickness from twenty-two inches to four feet. The thinner is not profitable, but two companies were mining a thirty-eight-inch vein.

In boring a well Walters found four feet of coal at a depth of two hundred feet. There was no coal shortage in those days; it was before the war, or even a rumor of war, and coal mines were not especially profitable. Failing to interest any company in the development of his property, he mortgaged the forty acres for two thousand dollars, hired two men, and, by working sixteen hours a day himself, opened a small mine, with the crudest sort of machinery.

It was good coal and he started two wagons peddling it out to local users in Maltsville at two dollars and a quarter a ton. For four years he barely made a living out of it. Sometimes he was in debt, sometimes a little ahead; but it was hard work and a lot of worry. Then came the big war and the scarcity of coal—the price jumped from two and a quarter dollars to four and a half a ton.

Then one day, still grimed from head to foot with coal dust and with a miner's lamp on his cap, he stood at the top of the shaft holding a check for fifty-two thousand dollars in his hand. He had sold his coal mine at last.

That evening George sat on a porch screened by vines, shyly edging his chair nearer and nearer a sweet-voiced vision in white as he began to tell her, haltingly but exultantly, the story that had ached to be told for four long, hard years; and the girl was waiting with fluttering breath.

A light, breezy step was on the sidewalk. George paused until it should pass. But it turned in, instead, and George shifted his chair back a little and turned his head so he could see the caller in the moonlight.

"Well, I declare!" he said under his breath. "If it isn't Harold Latimer!"

### II

"YES, sir." Latimer struck a match on his shoe, lighted a cigar and leaned back in his chair. "I said to my partner: 'I've got enough—I've made my pile. I've got a friend back in Missouri I am going to let in on this.'"

The girl looked at George with a shy, fond pride. For an hour the two of them had listened in eager fascination to the colorful romance of Latimer's life in the Far West.

"We had not gone two hundred feet in this desert mine," continued Latimer lazily, "when we saw it was the richest thing we had struck. It was then I said to my partner: 'What is the use? I've got more than I need—more than an honest man can spend in a lifetime. I'm going back to old Mizzoo.' That evening I rang for one of my chauffeurs—I keep three cars, you know—and ordered him to drive to the station. I said to him: 'My man, if you had a friend that gave you his last marble when you were boys together—and, when there was only twenty-five cents between you for a circus ticket, he made you take it, while he stayed out—my man,' I says, 'would you go on rolling in wealth and leave him to plug along at hard work?' 'I don't know, sir,' he replied, 'what I would do; but I know what you will do.'" Latimer laughed appreciatively. "They all know what a soft heart I've got.

"So here I am!" He rose. "But I must go. Come over to the hotel and take lunch with me to-morrow, George, and I'll fix you up with a gold mine that will make you dream of the golden streets. Good night!"

He squeezed the girl's hand and shook hands warmly with Walters.

Most men are very sure that if they had ten thousand or forty thousand or a hundred thousand dollars they would salt it down and be sure of a living for the rest of their lives. George Walters had thought that; but he saw now how small fifty thousand dollars was compared to wealth like Latimer's. The interest on that would be only three thousand a year; and Elsie —— Why, Elsie ought to have everything lovely that could be bought! He wanted to give her more than any girl in Maltsville ever had. If there was a fortune out there in the desert by the Salton Sea for him he would be foolish not to take it.

### III

"EASY?" Latimer leaned forward in one of the leather chairs of the West Promoting Company and smiled at Beck. "Why, eating strawberries and cream is manual labor compared to it. He'll be here to-morrow with his whole roll; and it is some roll, for he just sold a coal mine!"

"That is sure good talk," said Beck. "The Children of Israel never needed manna after a holiday any worse than we need dough right now. We've got to beat it inside of a week—and nothing to go on. That old patriarch with the whiskers and the palsy that talks about—my—my—starving grandchildren!"—Beck mimicked him perfectly—"is about to bring on the deluge."

"Don't worry," reassured Latimer. "My friend George to the rescue!"

But it was three days before George Walters arrived, which did not at all decrease his welcome. Latimer almost hugged him—did pat him on the shoulders half a dozen times—and Beck gripped his hand crushingly.

"We have the deed all ready," said Latimer, glancing George over to see whether there was a bulge in any of his pockets that looked like fifty-two thousand dollars.

"All right," said Walters. "I'm glad everything is all ready." His mild blue eyes glanced toward Beck and he asked Latimer apologetically: "Harold, could I see you alone a few minutes before we sign up?"

"Sure! Sure! Come right in here." He immediately led the way into a private office.

"I didn't hesitate, Harold"—George still spoke with soft-voiced apology—"about turning over the money to you in Maltsville because I didn't trust you."

"Oh, I know that, George." Latimer reached over and patted his knee. "Don't I know you, good old George?"

"Of course I'm taking your word for this," Walters hesitated, "because you have had so much more experience than I have. Now—I don't mean the least bit of doubt—but, Harold, you are sure this is a good investment?"

"The best; absolutely the best I have ever seen!" replied Latimer warmly—and truthfully from his standpoint.

"And there is a two-hundred-foot shaft already down?"

"If there isn't," smiled Latimer, "I'll dig it."

Walters fumbled in his pocket for a pencil and scribbled on the back of an old envelope.

"Would you mind to sign this?"

Latimer had such a strong impulse to laugh as he read it that he bit his lip: "If the mine ain't as represented I agree to refund the money."

This was too good to keep. He got up and took it out to Beck. They choked and gurgled and punched each other in the ribs.

Latimer came back directly with both their names signed to the agreement.

Walters unbuttoned his vest, took a check book and pen from the inside pocket, and began to write.

"I told you to bring the price in currency." Latimer spoke a little sharply. "They won't take your check here."

George's blue eyes looked surprised, hurt.

"Why not? My check is good—I've got the money in the Maltsville bank."

Latimer was disappointed, but dared not show it; anyway, they could have the check guaranteed by wire.

"All right; that will be all right. I'll cash it myself."

"I reckon," Walters remarked as he held the check in his fingers a moment to dry, "it would have been more businesslike to have gone and seen the mine first; but I'm taking your word for it, Harold. I'm trusting you."

"You can trust me, George, with your last dollar."

"I am," said Walters. "But we'll go and see the mine now."

"All right." Latimer took the check and stuck it in his pocket. "We'll go out to-morrow."

"No," said Walters; "I've got to see it right away—I can't wait. I want you and Mr. Beck to go along with me and show me all you can about the country. I've got a machine hired down there, waitin' for us."

Latimer and Beck had a chance for only a brief word aside. They had to do it or create suspicion in Walter's mind, and until this check was cashed suspicion was to be avoided.

"We'll show him the old Smelldon Mine," said Latimer in an undertone. "Don't worry! I can convince Old George that posies grow in hell."

They acceded cheerfully to Walter's insistence and went down on the elevator to the street, where they found a battered but serviceable flivver, with a long, lank, sunburned driver, waiting for them.

"I'll stop at San Bernardino," said Latimer aside to Beck, "and wire about this check."




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# Funny thing happened

the other morning in the Pullman dressing room. You know there is always one youth who tries to conceal that it's his first Pullman trip by getting dressed before six and then sitting in the dressing room for two hours, smoking, and taking up room needed for bags and suit cases.

One of these pests recently added light conversation to his other offences.

"I see you use Mennen's Shaving Cream," he said to me. "I was reading an ad about it yesterday, written by a wise guy named Jim Henry. He's a hot-air artist aw'right. Is the stuff any good?"

Then he caught sight of my name engraved on my bag, and the dressing room became less crowded immediately.

Since the Boss made me start writing these ads, over a million men have become addicts to Mennen's, and I suppose ten million have become familiar with my name from seeing it so often; yet I doubt if a hundred people, outside of my customers, know that I am Jim Henry, Mennen Salesman.

It's a big satisfaction, though, to know that each morning a million men build up a creamy Mennen lather without rubbing in with fingers; using cold water if they like—and lots of it; and then enjoy the sort of shave that gives one a hunch that it's going to be a pretty good day after all.

"Jim Henry" may not mean much to you, but Mennen's Shaving Cream will mean pleasant shaves for the rest of your life if you will send 12c. for one of my demonstrator tubes.

*Jim Henry*

(*Mennen Salesman*)




**JIM HENRY.**
**House of Mennen,**
**42 Orange Street, Newark, N. J.**

Dear Jim:
I've used everything and doubt if a shave can be pleasant. Prove it! Here is 12c.

Name_____

Address_____


The old Smelldon Mine, one of the many desert ventures, was forty miles north of the Salton Sea tract they had deeded to Walters.

"Turn here," Beck directed the driver. "Our mine is by that butte yonder."

But the lank driver, instead, turned the machine southeast and plunged the kicking wheels into the deep sand.

"Nope!" he said briefly. "The land in that deed ain't up there. It's forty miles south of here. I know this country like a book—used to be a government surveyor."

### IV

LATIMER was distinctly nervous. This was not from the slight embarrassment he might feel over the absence of improvements on the mine they had sold Walters. He could explain that all right. He remembered how he had worked George fifty times when they were boys and always got away with it. There was no end to the yarns and plausible explanations that gullible old George would swallow. It was really George's quarter that time they went to the circus. He had asked George to let him look at it—and then slipped off and went into the circus himself, afterward persuading George it was best, for he could tell about it so much better.

No; he could manage George all right. He would tell him he had hired that shaft sunk and thought it had been done. What worried Latimer was the desert. He was afraid of the desert. He hated it. There were too many stories, verified by bleached bones, of men who had gone out and never had come back.

He kept thinking now, as he sat silent or nervously glib beside Walters: "Suppose this old trap does break now?"

Beck rode with the driver and they seemed to find little to talk about. From time to time Beck glanced back at Latimer with an accusing question in his eye: "What have you let us in for?"

It was five o'clock when the plucky little machine plowed its way toward the camel-like hump south of Salton Sea.

Beck turned and gave Latimer a most significant look; and Latimer glanced ahead to see what was the matter. There, near the center of the patch of desert they had deeded to Walters, stood two tents, their very newness and whiteness looking more bizarre than the desert itself.

"What is that?" Latimer turned to Walters.

"Merely your construction camp, I suppose," replied George matter-of-factly.

"Oh, yes." Latimer caught at this explanation glibly. "I remember now we told Jensen to send a couple of men out and finish up some assay work."

"We'll stop here," Walters said to the driver when they were two hundred yards from the tents. Beck and Latimer got out, giving each other telepathic glances of inquiry and warning. "Take the machine on to the camp," Walters directed. "I want Mr. Latimer and Mr. Beck to give me some idea of the lines here."

Latimer took the lead. His tongue had returned to its cunning. He began to talk glibly of the vast wealth in these sands—picked up a handful and showed Walters how it fairly glittered with desert gold. He led the way through the sand and heat—it was still over a hundred at five o'clock—along what he described as the direction of the main vein. He broke off suddenly and whirled about.

"Where is that car going?" The little machine was plowing away from the camp toward the south.

"Going to El Centro for supplies, I guess," remarked Walters. "Let's go down to the camp and look at the shaft," he suggested, and dropped in behind the two.

"Beck," said Latimer, "Jensen told you they were down two hundred feet on the shaft, didn't he?"

Beck caught the import.

"Well, he said they would be down two hundred feet by to-day if nothing happened; but I have not seen him since you went East. I hope he hasn't laid down on us."

There were two tents. In front of one was a small oil stove, and just inside the door a keg of water, a box of crackers and another of canned goods. On a cot was stretched a leathery-looking old-timer—a typical prospector—reading a week-old paper. Nowhere in sight was there a sign that a shovel had ever been stuck in the sand.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Beck. "If Jensen hasn't laid down on us! He has not sunk that shaft at all. Hey, you!" He turned to the man in the tent. "Are you working for Jensen?"

The old-timer never lowered his paper; never even looked toward him.

"Not as anybody can notice."

"We can have some supper pretty soon, can't we?" Walters asked.

The miner sat up on the bed and yawned.

"Yep—as soon as the sun is down. Don't want to sunburn my neck cooking over that thing in daylight."

Directly after sundown they sat in front of the tent and ate off a dry-goods box. The food was rough but sufficient. Beck and Latimer were more and more puzzled, but had not been able to get aside for a discussion of this amazing situation. Whatever it meant, they must keep this greenhorn mollified and deceived until they could get returns on the check.

"It will be pleasanter riding back after dark," remarked Latimer, lighting a cigar after they had finished supper. "How soon do you expect your chauffeur back?"

"Not very soon," replied Walters.

He was sitting facing the west. A little light yet lingered and his face looked sort of sad and disappointed; but something in his mild blue eyes puzzled Latimer. Old George had never looked like that before.

"Pete," Walters turned to the leathery cook, "bring out the picks and shovels."

A forty-volt shock could not have startled Beck and Latimer more than this sudden tone of command. Two picks and two shovels were brought from the tent and thrown down beside them.

"Latimer"—somehow George's blue eyes no longer looked mild; they held smoldering danger as he turned upon him—"you have lied to me once too often. You and your partner are going to sink a shaft there two hundred feet deep."

### V

THEY were exceedingly indignant. They stormed and swore and threatened.

"Why, you poor boob," said Latimer, "we'll have you sent to the penitentiary for this."

But George merely grinned slowly and pushed the hair up from his forehead.

"What for?"

"For trying to intimidate us—force us to work against our will."

"I'm not," remarked George. "I merely came out with you to see my mine. And I'm going to stay with you. I don't intend to try to force you to work or force you to stay. You are as free as two coyotes. But ——" He turned to the leathery man. "Pete, provisions and water are too scarce to waste on bums. For every four hours' work give these gents one meal and a pint of water. They don't eat again until they have dug four hours. And, as you slept this afternoon, I'll turn in now and let you boss the work until midnight. I've had rather a trying day of it. You have your gun? Or do you want mine?"

"I've got it," said the old miner cheerfully; "and don't you worry. I'll see that these frisky gents get in a good night's work."

George turned on the two and grinned slowly as he remarked:

"Pete is a brother of the widow whose insurance you invested. And my chauffeur, who will bring us up provisions once or twice a week, is a nephew of the old man with the palsy whose grandchildren are destitute. Good night, gentlemen!"

There was sullen rebellion in camp for two hours after Walters had gone to sleep. Beck and Latimer walked off into the dark, discussing their plight, swearing at each other, cursing George, the desert, and the God who made them. Pete, the old miner, merely sat in front of the tent and smoked, a most serviceable gun across his knee. He made no effort to restrain them—only chuckled at the thought of their trying to escape. At ten o'clock they came back and sullenly picked up the shovels. Pete told them where and how to work. After they had dug four hours he allowed them to go to bed.

Sore and blistered already, they awoke next morning as the blasting sun came up over the desert. In an hour the heat was over a hundred. By noon it had gone to one hundred and twenty-six. The wind off that shimmering dead expanse was like a breath of hell. They were choking for a drink; but they had had their pint of water at breakfast.

They stuck it out until three o'clock; then, despite the terrific heat, they took pick and shovel and went back to the job. They were dirty now and the sweat ran down their faces until it blinded them. Their hands were raw with blisters; they cursed with every lick. But at seven o'clock they had earned another meal and another drink.

Days followed, all alike. They thought of their soft beds and hard drinks back in Los Angeles; they thought of rich food and cool sea winds; they thought of that fifty-thousand-dollar check, still in Latimer's pocket.

"Do you suppose the fool knows enough to stop payment?" asked Beck, mopping his grimy forehead on a dirty sleeve.

"I doubt it," replied Latimer. "Let's hope for the best."

Twice a week the machine came with water and provisions, but there was no danger of the two getting a ride out.

Two weeks passed and the shaft was going down. Walters and Pete rigged up a sort of windlass, with a rope and bucket, and made Beck work it while Latimer dug below. They were down only fifty feet and the two diggers began to despair.

"Somehow," whined Latimer one day as they stood at the mouth of the shaft and looked over the glittering desert, "I had a hunch the first time we came out here that it would get me. We'll never get out alive."

"Let's tackle 'em with the picks, then," proposed Beck savagely.

"Not much!" said Latimer. "The devils never sleep, and they've always got their hands on the guns."

### VI

THEY were back at work.

"I wonder," said Latimer, "what this layer of stuff is? That boob keeps watching it and testing it. He's doing something to it every time I'm up there. He was down measurin' how thick it is this morning. Heard him talking to that hack driver that brings the provisions as though it is something he has been reading and studying about."

"He probably thinks it's melted silver," said Beck, too weary to even swear any more. "I got it figured out how he had all this outfit up here. He stopped off at El Centro and came up here, and discovered you were stringing him before he went on to Los Angeles."

The next trip the machine made, George left the driver to help Pete guard the provisions while he went to town. He was gone four days. When he came back he called the two diggers up. As he looked them over that slow grin covered his face.

"I'm ashamed to have as tough-looking hobos as you working for me," he said in his mild, good-natured tone. "I'm going to fire you. Clark will let you ride in with us if you will make good that twenty thousand insurance you stole from his uncle and the thirty thousand you stole from Pete's sister."

The two battered, crushed and desperate specimens gulped and looked furtively across the desert. To be left here meant sure death by torture!

"We ain't got it. We are broke. Honest to God, we are!"

"You've got that check of mine," said George. "Indorse that over to them."

Two days later Beck and Latimer met in the back room of a downtown saloon. Their office had been closed and they were in hiding.

"Do you suppose that check was good?" asked Beck, fishing up a quarter for the drinks.

"I know it was," said Latimer. "I telegraphed just to find out; he hadn't had sense enough to stop payment."

As they sipped their drinks slowly, to make them last, Latimer reached down and picked up a three-days-old paper someone had dropped.

"Good Lord!" he said, shaking. "Look here!"

He shoved the paper under Beck's nose.

"GREAT POTASH DISCOVERY!

"George T. Walters, a coal-mine operator from Missouri, finds, near the Salton Sea, one of the richest deposits of potash in the world. Will make America independent of Germany for potash. Mr. Walters was offered a million dollars this morning for his claim, but refused it," and so on.

Latimer's and Beck's eyes met and held for a long sad minute.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Beck.

"I have been, already," replied Latimer. "And we dug up a million for him while working in hell! Ain't this a rotten world?"

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# OUT-OF-DOORS

## Odds and Ends of Sport

CONSIDER the sturgeon and her ways. She is not much to look at, but Solomon in all his glory never got a hundred and fifty dollars a barrel for caviar in the best Jerusalem market. Genuine Russian caviar made in Sandusky, Ohio, used to be eight dollars a barrel. Sturgeon used to be three cents a pound. Now I presume one would be lucky to get it at six bits a pound, and very likely it would be made out of catfish at that, just as most sturgeon roe is made to-day.

The two best American fresh-water fishes, from a food viewpoint, in the opinion of many are the whitefish and the wall-eyed pike or pike perch. The table price of these fishes has more than doubled in the last two years. Even the bullhead is chirking up nowadays. Twenty to thirty cents a pound for fish on the hoof is nothing to jar a housewife these days.

Some Americans are restless over certain of the governmental regulations that now are being put out. For instance, the ladies rebel at the thought of shoes not more than eight inches in height, which must be either white or black or one of the two ordained shades of tan. The ladies ought not to complain, because the gentlemen are now told just how long their sack coats may be, and how many pockets they may have.

A great deal of waste attaches to careless handling of sporting gear. Angling material is especially perishable, and should be well looked after, not only with the view of preventing waste but in the way of increasing efficiency.

Does your casting line kink and curl up when you cast? Is it hard to keep the line straight on the water? If so the truth probably is one of two things—either at some time in the history of that line you used a spinner on it or else you left it rolled up tight on the reel all winter long. Either of these practices will ruin a good fly-casting line, and a good fly-casting line costs about seven and a half dollars to-day.

Of the fly-casting lines there are two types, the enameled and the vacuum dressed, each of which has its adherents. It does not do an enameled line much good, if any, to use grease on it, and some dealers think that it hurts the enameled line. These lines cast smoothly after they are worn smooth by use. Some of the long-distance casters employ them, but use on them graphite, powdered very fine, which makes them dirty and untidy in use in actual fishing.

### Winter Quarters for Lines

A vacuum-dressed line is soft and should lie straight on the water. It does good to keep this sort of line well greased with deer fat—that is the same as saying mutton fat in this country—and, indeed, such a line ought to be treated in that way frequently. You can apply the deer fat, which any good sporting-goods store will sell you, by filling in the belt leaves of a little leather pad and running this up and down your line. Don't be afraid to get the line very greasy. Then run it through your hands to smooth off the grease. If you do this at least once a week, or even once a day in your actual fishing season, and then lay away the line, either well greased or put down in a jar and covered with grease, you will be using your line in the way that is approved by most of the angling sharks.

It is especially important to do what most of us forget to do when we have come in from a fishing trip, and that is to take the fly-casting line off the reel altogether. Most casting reels have the barrel entirely too small, and if you wind a line, especially a fine tapered line, on such a reel it is bound to get kinks, crimps and curls in it. These will be almost permanent if you leave the line on its reel all winter. The next season will mean that your line will not be straight, and you will have your own troubles in getting it straight.

Therefore, always when you are through for the time with your fly line take it off, grease it, if it is vacuum-dressed, and throw it into a large loose loop which you can hold in your left hand, say a foot or a foot and a half in size across. Tie this loop loosely together with a bit of string, and either hang the line on a nail or throw it loosely in a drawer.

Attention has been called, perhaps, in these columns very long ago to the efficacy of an old bicycle wheel rim, which is hollow and will hold a line nicely. A line stored away on such a base is not going to curl next year.

For the bait-casting line not so much can be done. Being of soft silk it is not damaged so much by being left on a reel, but as a good many of these lines have a little paraffin put in them in spite of all, even they are very likely to get kinks. Also, they have an annoying disposition to rot when left tight coiled. The better a bait-casting line is the more perishable it is. Raw silk needs drying.

No one can tell how many good fly rods have been ruined by failure to keep up the lashings and wrappings, failure to revarnish every year and failure to keep the rod dry. A good fly rod to-day may cost forty dollars up—that is, if of the most expensive type. Such a rod ought not to be left out-of-doors overnight. At the close of each day's fishing it ought to be taken apart and wiped dry; it is especially desirable to take your handkerchief and wipe the tip dry when you have finished fishing. When you go home with your rod don't leave it in the case and don't stand it up in the closet on end. If the rod is in a canvas case don't tie it tight, but let it lie in the case loose. Then take the top strings of the case and form a loop and hang your rod with all the others over a nail in your gun closet. This will have a tendency to keep it in better condition. The resiliency of a fly rod is all there is to it. Once the varnish is gone the rod is gone, and each year a man ought to go over his fly rods before the fishing season begins.

### Care of Reels and Guides

Your fly-casting reel often is smaller of barrel than your bait-casting reel. The best types have large barrels—I think that the English make better fly reels than we do in America, though as to bait reels the situation is entirely different. Even a rather high-priced fly-casting reel may weaken in the click or get sand in the plates. It is not a bad idea each winter to take down your fly reel and go over it, cleaning it and oiling it.

The cleaning of a bait-casting reel is a different proposition. Nine men out of ten who undertake to dismount a high-priced, well-made bait-casting reel will find that when they put it together it does not run quite so freely as it did before. In all likelihood this is because too much oil has been left on the plates or bearings. If you find it necessary after very heavy casting to oil your bait-casting reel, first clean it absolutely clean and then put on the very least little bit of the thinnest oil you have. Wipe off this oil so that you can hardly see there is any left. Then in screwing the plates and other parts of your reel together be sure that you do not make the plates too tight, and also be sure that they are screwed down equally on all sides—that is, a little at one screw and a little at each of the others—don't screw down one side of the reel plate and then the other. If you do you will not leave the bearings flat and parallel.

It is worth while to look at the guides on all your rods. The guides on the short modern bait-casting rod are very often made of agate, and are about as sure not to fray a line as anything can be. On a fly rod, however, the guides usually are of wire, and one of these may get worn so that it will cut or fray your line in casting. This is especially true of a tip guide that has been in use for some time. Some fly rods are built with agate tip guides, and with the hand guide or the one nearest to the reel also of agate. This material, however, is apt to get cracked or broken or to be knocked out of place. There is a very fine tip guide obtainable made of extremely hard steel. This guide will not wear like the soft-metal ones that we used to have on our fly rods.

How do you keep your flies? A screw-top mason jar is about as good a receptacle as any to keep out the moths; but, of course, if you pour your flies in and let them jell


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Odorless Gas Heater

**Radiant Heat!**—*projected rays*, like the sun's. They penetrate, but are not absorbed by the atmosphere; do not devitalize the air you breathe. No stuffiness. Different from all other room heaters!

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**Powerful.** The Lawson takes up little space, yet gives out more heat than ordinary stoves of larger size and higher price. There's an economical size for the largest to the smallest room.

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*Insist on the genuine—look for the name Lawson. Write for folder.*

**Lawson Manufacturing Co. of Pittsburgh**

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Lawson Odorless Gas Heaters are carried in stock and supplied to dealers by these wholesale distributors.




Pat. Dec. 6, 1910

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| No. 210 | 10 x 12 ft. |
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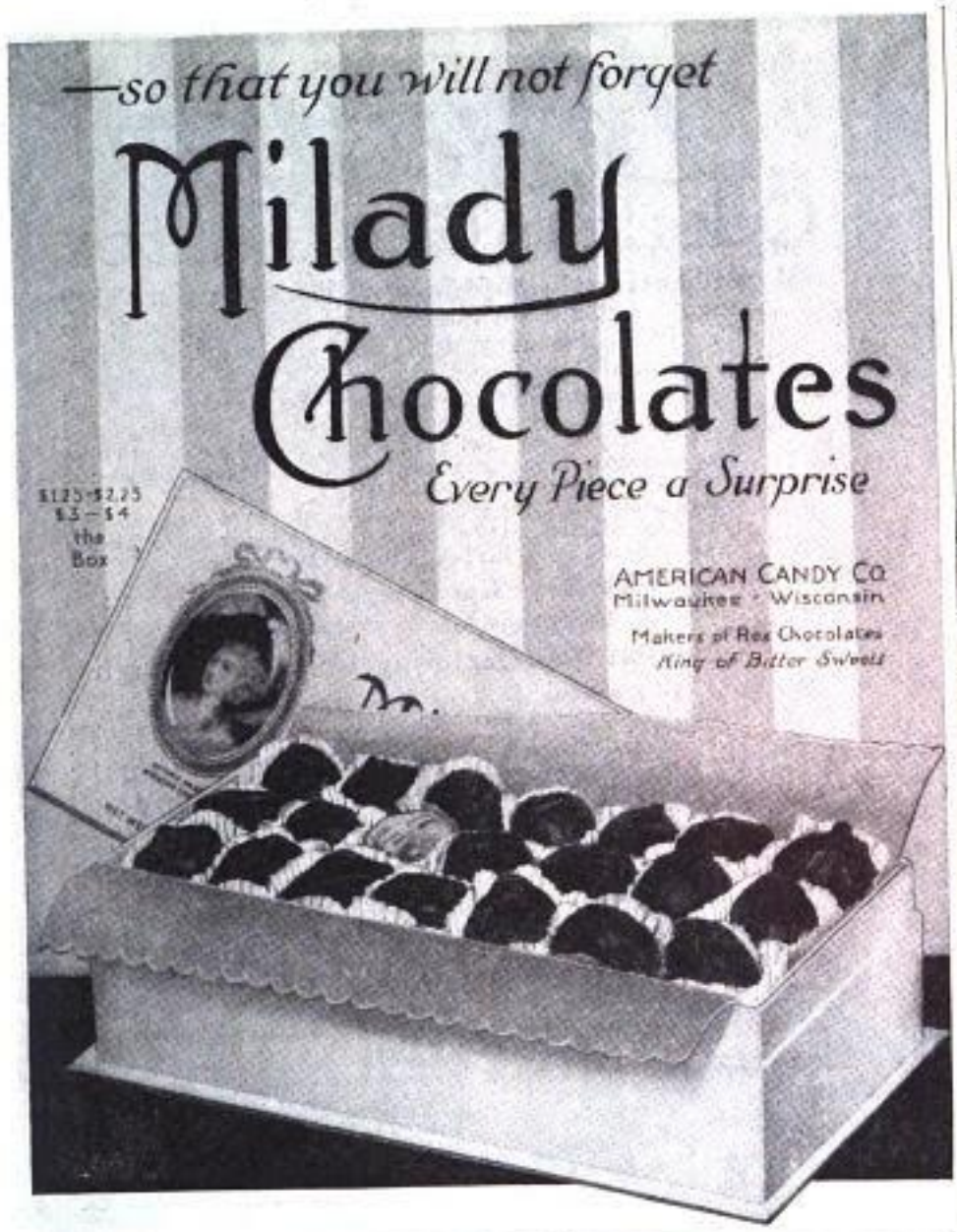
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*Goggles for every need—in work, rest or play*

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*Makers of Optical Goods Since 1870*

in the winter you will have your own troubles sorting them out in the spring. That method is better for the large flies, such as bass flies.

The use of snelled flies is decreasing every year, and perhaps will decrease more rapidly now that all angling goods are getting higher priced and more difficult to obtain. Some men like to fish with more than one fly, and I presume there will always be a certain amount of use for the snelled fly, though, with many others, personally I have not used the snelled fly for many years. More than one fly is apt to get tangled up more readily in actual fishing, especially on a brushy stream. The eyed fly is a better investment, as the snell is not there to break off at the head after two or three years, as so often occurs in the snelled patterns. You can carry more eyed flies in the same space of tackle box than you can of snelled, and they are less apt to get entangled. They are distinctly better for keeping, because they may be stowed away in compact form.

Most eyed flies are kept in the metal tackle boxes, where they come in under the little clips. These boxes are practical, though a trifle heavy to carry on the stream if one has a very large assortment of flies. They are good when it comes to keeping out moths in the winter time after the angler is done fishing. None the less and notwithstanding, these boxes do sometimes get a little bent or sprung when one has carried them together in his pockets or his angling bag, so sometimes the edges of the lids do not come tight together. I went to Europe on a trip one time, and when I came back found that I had lost about one hundred and fifty dollars' worth of flies. Just a little carelessness in putting away the fly box had allowed a tiny crevice, into which some busy moths had forced their way.

At different times one has spoken of the value of bicycle tape, or, better yet, of the Z. O. surgeon's tape, which can be obtained at retail, and which is about as indispensable an item in the sporting outfit as anything you can think of. For instance, just the other day in a sporting paper I was reading of a woman's notion about keeping condensed milk in camp—you know how that stuff is going to ooze out after you have punched a couple of holes in the top of the tin. This lady said it was the custom in her camp just to stick a piece of surgeon's tape over these two perforations in the top of the can. It worked perfectly. This is a mighty good thing to remember.

But in regard to metal fly boxes, the tape may also be useful, and I am putting it in use this winter in my boudoir in the following fashion: I paste round all the edges of my metal fly books a strip of this tape. It holds the lid down and absolutely keeps out all moths. Therefore the heathen moth may rage. Worth remembering, very likely.

### *Waders in Cold Storage*

Rubber goods are getting higher and higher in price all the time. How do you keep your wading stockings or trousers? A good many city anglers live in apartments, which usually are steam-heated. A pair of rubber waders may have cost twenty, twenty-five, thirty-five or forty dollars. Two or three winters in a hot closet is apt to kill the life of the rubber and leave them worthless. If you have a cold-storage room or a locker room that is not heated, always keep your rubber boots and waders there and not in a heated apartment. It will add several hundredfold to the length of their lives. Heat and grease are the worst enemies that rubber has.

In these times of high-priced sporting goods perhaps you will want to tie your own leaders. If so you will want to know how to buy high-class gut. The tests of this are fairly well known. A strand of the gut should feel round between the fingers. If you hold it up between your two thumbs and fingers and look along it toward the light it will reflect the light evenly if it is round, otherwise not. It is best to soak gut, especially fine gut, overnight before you begin to tie your leaders. Always test your leaders as soon as they are tied. Not one of them is stronger than its weakest point, and quite often the double leader knot which you have executed so carefully will cut when you put on strain. Keep on retying the broken leader until you know it is sufficiently strong throughout. Don't trust to anything at all except the actual test.

Do you tie your own flies? It is a beau ful art, but one which it were not profitat to undertake to describe here, even wi illustrations. I don't know that anyo can learn to tie a fly from reading a bo though a few general ideas may be h therefrom.

Watch some man do it who knows how that is the easiest way to learn, precis as it is the easiest way to learn how to t a fly.

It is very simple to tie the bucktail of which much has been written, but making of even the standard patterns, s as you see sold commercially, is a far m difficult art. Not one amateur fly-tier i hundred ever becomes really proficient have one friend who weighs two hundr odd pounds and has a hand on him of v adequate dimensions, yet he ties the n delicate flies I have ever seen and a lutely true to pattern. The art of fly-t is handed down in Scotland and Engl from generation to generation. It is w derful how some of the girls and wo in the factories in the old country wil gross after gross of the most delicate m patterns, and will have each one absolu true to the pattern, and therefore each the other.

Of late the so-called bass-bug or c bodied bass fly with feather or bu wings and tail has come into rapid v I presume that almost anyone ties flies enough to make this lure in practical f A study of it not long ago put the noti my own mind that this thing would d trout as well as bass, and I began ex menting, invoking also the aid of al friends.

It was obvious early in the experi that when you build a fly which absol will float all the time the cork body i large to be true to the average patte the artificial trout fly—that is to sa the standard idea of how such a fly s look.

We learned also that when you wra cork tightly under tinsel or silk it see lose a lot of its floating power—it is th or displacement of the cork body. tends to float the fly, and I believe yo find this for yourself.

### *Hints on Tying Flies*

Curiously enough, it was in far-o ifornia that I got the most help in th periments. Mr. Charles E. Van H California, wrote something which n of interest to others of the craft:

"I could not resist the temptat monkey a little with the cork prop It was like a resurrection. I experi with a lot of those things many ye when the cocked-tail and scale-wi had their little run. Made them o straw, quills and gut, with rabbit an rel whiskers for tails. Also, playe scale wings from my own tarpon; t shaded body, three or four shade belly to back. Had the midge-fly one summer—Numbers sixteen, e and twenty hooks. Found I was c clumsy casting by using overlight

"Then came the Halford Up-eyed Fell for that also—one of the first icans, I think, to play them in A waters. Plenty of opportunity to real thing in the New England mea Adirondack streams. Then my wing bumped me, and I went bac to first principles, except for the wi am satisfied with it on most of the of the country, as it is a good type and can be sunk if necessary.

"As you say, our streams are, them and especially our Western rough for the orthodox dry-fly w we Americans are too energetic t correct form when other methods fish. I work now on the principle Doctor Prime laid down, that should not be 'a tame imitation of but an artistic suggestion of it,' a now that in rapid water and wit tinually moving fly the fish sh offered a fly of general form and c will suggest some insect that is fo think that fully as much depend light cast and simulated struggle wrecked fly done by an experienc as on the pattern, shape or size o allowing that the fly is seasona course, the Royal Coachman n been nor probably ever will be a for."

So there was another new notio where the subject seemed to h

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(Concluded from Page 46)

exhausted. The so-called spread-wing style is done with a single feather tied on top by the rib at the head of the fly. It has a V cut out of the feather behind, the point of the V at the rib of the feather. Put this sort of wing on a cork-body fly, and dress it up with considerable hackles, and you have a fly which is pretty nearly dry—as near as any fly can be dry which is not very bulky in body. In use I thought these did very well, indeed, and when sometimes the body covering got soaked I found I could dry this fly more quickly than I could the average fly with the heavy hackles. I thought the general resemblance to the floating insect as good as most—perhaps better. But law! law! who knows what a trout wants!

Another Californian, an amateur of observing habits and long angling experience, adds some information about rods which may be worth keeping in mind by cognoscenti. He says:

"The rod you mention—seven-and-a-quarter ounce, ten feet three inches—would, I imagine, be too powerful for me. Anything over nine feet six inches I consider too long for fishing. My favorite rod weighs six ounces, and is nine feet six inches long. There is a spear in the butt, a thing I would not be without on a rod, which weighs one ounce, and the three-and-three-quarter-ounce reel makes an almost perfect balance. I find I can cast as long a line with this as I can fish properly. I am not a spectacular long-distance man. I imagine if I ever attended a tournament I would have to have a handicap of at least thirty feet to get into the also-ran division."

### *Some Fine Points*

"If one would cast a dry fly accurately at one hundred and ten feet, which is not near the record, the odds are about five to one against hooking a fish if one rose to fly, for the reason that there would be a lot of slack lying on the water, and it would be very difficult to keep a tight line on the fish. Of course, fishing downstream with a wet fly the line is much straighter between the tip and the fly, and there is much better chance of landing a trout with a long line out.

"For dry fly work anything over seventy-five feet is taking chances of pricking the fish and not doing anything else besides scaring him."

The foregoing are words of a fisherman and not a tournament man, and they are very much in accord with the experience of most anglers. As the foregoing writer is an engineer, perhaps we may value also his statements in regard to certain rather technical details as to rods.

Comparing a high-class English rod with a high-class American rod, he finds the center of gravity of the English rod sixteen and a half inches above the upper end of the handle, eighteen inches in the American rod, and has this comment:

"If we allow a distance of three-quarters of an inch from the upper end of the handle to the ball of the thumb, we find that with a five-and-a-half-ounce rod the distance from the ball of the thumb to the balancing point is ten and five-eighths inches for the American, seven and a quarter inches for the English rod. On my rod I used a reel which, together with the line, etc., weighs eight ounces. With this combination I bring the center of gravity, or balancing point, about four inches from the ball of the thumb, which is about right. From the two sets of figures it is easy to realize that unless a fairly heavy reel was used the average tournament rod would be top-heavy.

"The factor of the number of vibrations per minute is one which will tell more about the casting qualities of a rod than any other. A rod with one hundred and five vibrations per minute will be full of pep, but when the vibrations are only ninety to ninety-five you have one of the willowy wands that bend on a graceful curve all the way up, but are not worth a curse for dry-fly work."

The general conclusions derivable from the foregoing will have suggested themselves to the average angler who has taken several degrees in fly fishing. I have myself put about three ounces of lead wire on the inside of my fly-casting reel which I use on one of my more powerful rods. In actual fishing this summer I found that I was hooking trout quite as well as—and it seemed to me better than—was the case ten or fifteen years ago, when my sight was better. I believe that is attributable to the fact that I followed the tip of the above-quoted gentleman, and put this wire in the reel—it makes the motion of the tip of the rod very much quicker, so that one hooks a fish very much more readily at the rise.

How far is top-hole in long-distance fly casting? I don't know. Do you? The records are changing all the time. With a six-ounce fly rod a man not long ago cast a fly one hundred and seventeen feet six inches. With the quarter-ounce bait two hundred and nine feet has been done. With a half-ounce bait, two hundred and seventy-eight feet. A salmon fly has been cast one hundred and forty-eight feet.

As to accuracy in light fly work, it is not in the least unusual to see club records of ninety-nine and fourteen-fifteenths—practically perfect work, so far as accuracy is concerned. Accuracy contests in park work or tournament work I should think more useful than the long-distance work. Long-distance competition has a tendency to dispose a man to use the stiffer rods and heavier tackle.

If you will go to a tournament and watch a man cast over one hundred feet of salmon line you will see a ripple of water ten feet long and six inches wide every time the line is lifted from the water at the end of the cast. That would scare a fish out into the high grass. Still, all this club work certainly does have the virtue of acquainting one with the tools he intends to use, just as the old specialized target range rifle, impossible as it would be as a military rifle, taught many a man how to be a good military shot.

A few records of a Western casting club may not be out of the way, though they are not offered in any way as final: Quarter-ounce accuracy, 99.8; dry fly accuracy, 99.9—also practically perfect casting with the bait rod. It would not be surprising to see a perfect score turned in at any time by some of these persistent practicers of the game.

We are hearing from abroad reports which seem to indicate that the marksmanship of the American soldiers is proving better than that of the European troops. It is not the case, of course, that we are to-day a nation of expert riflemen. There is no more reason for that supposition than for an equal number of men living in the Italian Alps or the Tyrol, where considerable practice is done with rifles on the range and in mountain work. But it is no doubt true that there is more amateur acquaintance with rifles and shotguns in America than in any European country, and perhaps our sport of trap shooting has done a great deal to familiarize the average American with the shotgun. It is absolutely astonishing, the degree of skill which has been attained by some of the high-class professional, and even high-class amateur users of the shotgun.

There are no official records of trap shooting prior to 1908, but for ten years the Interstate Trap Shooting Association has had available the records of a number of different shooters. Of three men whose records have been kept for ten years one has a combined average of .9652 on more than fifty thousand flying targets fired at. Only twice in ten years did this shooter drop below ninety-six per cent, and three times he bettered ninety-seven per cent. The nearest competitor to him has a ten years' average of .9632; and the third man averaged .9480. There is yet another shooter in America who on a nine years' average never has gone below ninety-six per cent, and twice has passed the ninety-seven per cent average. Yet another has done better than ninety-six per cent for seven years; still another has bettered that for six years; and another has bettered it for five years. One professional trap shooter has averaged ninety-eight per cent for an entire year. A one-armed trap shooter has averaged better than ninety-five per cent for six years. An amateur in five years averaged .9564. The highest point reached by amateurs was gained by a man who averaged better than ninety-seven per cent for three years, his average for four years being .9714.

These figures, which are given without names for obvious reasons, show a degree of skill little less than marvelous. We also have several professional rifle shots in this country, exhibition shots who use the .22 rifle, whose records run right along in the same classes. The excellence of the weapons and ammunition employed by these shooters is well-attested, and their steadiness of nerve and absolute accuracy of correlation show the care that they have taken of themselves, as well as it shows the possibilities of training of the human hand and eye. It is natural that a people which would produce such men as these, and which would be interested in their performances and which would compete with them in their performances, should turn out a great many men to whom rifle or shotgun shooting is a sort of instinct. General Pershing is said to lay great stress upon rifle fire. He knows his men.

A gentleman in British Columbia confirms the statement of an earlier contributor as to the color of a swan's bill in its first year: "On Sumas Prairie I saw a flock of geese, as I thought, on the borders of the lake, and when they started to fly was near enough to knock one over. Upon examination I found the bird of a dirty white, with red-colored legs and bill. A friend who was with me and who had lived on the prairie said that it was a bird that had been hatched that year, and that the legs and bill would be black the next year. That bird was shot in the month of January."

An interesting fact about leather is brought out by another man, an old-time woodsman: "What is said about telling pigskin reminds me that a deerskin, and I believe the skin of any animal that sheds its horns annually, is so porous that you can breathe through it. You can breathe through a buckskin glove or buck leather; or suck air through the same easily. It has been my test for my gloves, leggings and moccasins since I went into the Michigan woods in 1855. The deerskin tanned in the red coat or spring dress is finer, firmer and more durable than that tanned in the blue coat—the fall or winter dress of the deer."

### *Twelve-Pound Rainbows*

Of course, everyone who has worn buckskin gloves or moccasins knows that very often he has sheepskin or horsehide put off on him. Most of the so-called moose moccasins are made out of horsehide, or even cow leather. Here is where we learn how to apply the buckskin test for the sake of the earnest young salesman. All old-timers know that the best buckskin is made from deer killed in the summer coat, but it is against the law in these times to kill deer at that season, so perhaps we shall have to take our buckskin made out of fall hides, or horsehides, or almost anything else.

I did not myself ever stop to think of the fact that every horn-shedding animal has a skin that is porous when made into leather. The finest of the old skin dresses I ever saw among the Indians were made of the skins of the bighorn and dressed by the Gros Ventre squaws—that tribe always had the best reputation among the old-time plainsmen for making good buckskin. I cannot recall that I ever saw any buckskin made from antelope hides—I should not want to see any, nowadays—but this certainly is an animal which sheds its horns every year. Scientists for some time denied the assertion of the old plainsmen to that effect, but it was long since well established. I have had the horn come off of an antelope in my hand, the pith below appearing covered with fine black specks like hair. This was late in May.

An earnest young angler of New York, by the name of Robert H. Davis, once mildly inquired of me whether there ever was such a thing as a twelve-pound rainbow trout. This morning's mail brings in from Dr. K. Christofferson, of Sault Sainte Marie, a photograph of the record rainbow of the Sault Rapids, nineteen and a half pounds—not, however, taken on the rod. The same gentleman writes that twenty-five thousand rainbow trout have been placed in the Sault Rapids this summer. This was the first time anglers had been permitted to see the rapids for two years, the Government having forbidden approach to the great locks to each and every person, no matter what his intentions might be.

"Believe me," writes this gentleman, "we feasted our eyes upon every detail, and it was with reluctance that we turned away, knowing that we would not see the rapids again until the war is over. There is a big change in them because of the dam across the river above the bridge. The water is very low, and one could wade almost to the center. This will surely make an ideal fly-fishing stream, as we believe there will be sufficient deep holes left to hold the big fellows. So far I have not caught a single trout, but the shad flies are on. Wish we could try the rapids."

## Camping

### By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

QUEER — three old pals like you and Bill and me,
Who've camped so many summer moons together,
Should get our camping half the earth apart
This August weather.

Odd—when our tastes are very much alike,
We've picked such widely different situations—
Though Bill and I have hit the same old trail
Among the hills which seem like close relations.

You know the lake, the long low house of logs;
To every querying leaf you know the answer
In light and shadow on these forest walls;
You—off in France, sir!

You know the Allée Verte, the Golden Pool,
The sunny sand bar where your moose was standing;
You know the way the boats lie up the bank
Among the spruce and alders round the landing.

But Bill and I don't even know the town
Where "A. E. F." means *you*, across the billow;
Yet know it's home—because Old Glory waves
Over your pillow.

A gray old port that Julius Cæsar saw;
A thousand thousand brown-clad warriors, hailing
From shores that Cæsar never heard of; thus
It's all I know — imagination's failing.

I dream of lines of barracks on a hill —
Or is it in a valley?—horses tramping,
Mighty guns rumbling, regiments that drill,
Hoarse orders shouted — is that like your camping?

Ours is another sort; the peaceful days,
The quiet mountains; yet at any minute
We'd leave this heaven for that hell, to be
With you, and in it.

We two can't fight. Though Bill, at fifty-odd,
Hankers to be an ace, through clouds a-kiting;
But War Departments scorn the likes of us;
*You'll* do our fighting.

We think it safe with you; we think *you'll* win
The war, and personally nab the Kaiser;
Yet — only come back safe! We'll never ask
Medals and honors — just your lifted visor.

But if the Great Adventure calls you, lad,
Cutting you free of life's uncertain tether,
You'll wait a while, beyond, for Bill and me?
And then, sometime again, we'll camp together.

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# THE SPITE ATTACK

(Continued from Page 4)

muzzle into my lap and licked my hand. And so we sat in mute companionship, the dog and I, and listened to the pounding of the guns. And it seemed to me that night that the dog had the best of it!

Presently a scream—or, to speak more exactly, a yell—pierced the quiet of the house and brought me, startled, to my feet. It was not a cry of terror or of anguish—nothing at all like that. It was the loud, chesty, rebellious roar of a lusty infant asserting his human rights. But this particular infant was well within the draft limits. Softly I crossed the hall, the dog tagging my footsteps, and opened the door of the operating room. In that brilliantly lighted little theater of healing and pain three tables were occupied, three teams of surgeons were working.

On the table nearest the door a big red-headed young colossus, with the chest and huge freckled arms of a Samson, was just going under ether. Or rather, he was not going to do any such thing if he could help himself. At the head of the table, behind him, sat the anæsthetist. With one hand she held the ether cone over his nose while with the other she poured the ether over the cotton. Perhaps the giant had taken fifteen or twenty whiffs—just enough to decide he didn't like the smell and that he was going to be boss of his nose! At the hot-water tap stood the major, soaping his hands for this new case while the nurse tied on a sterile apron.

As I opened the door the young giant, with a swift twist of his head—the only part of him that was free—whirled the offending cone to the floor. It was for all the world like the action of an obstreperous young colt refusing the bridle. The anæsthetist retrieved it, affixed it firmly to his nose and soaked it in ether.

Sounded a muffled roar: "Stop! Stop, I tell yah! Don't you know how to stop?" More ether. "Stop you!" By this time he was struggling violently. He had taken just enough to be rebellious, and he looked sufficiently strong to rise up and walk off with the table strapped to his back. "I want—I—wanta—wanta ——"

"Easy there, old man," counseled the major reassuringly. "Take it easy."

### *Redhead Has His Way*

But Redhead did not intend to take it easy or any other way. Another whisk of the head. Off flew the ether cone. This time the major himself picked it up and took the anæsthetist's chair. But before he could readjust the cone the blue eyes in the crimson face beneath opened widely, the giant struggled determinedly and roared in strangled tones:

"I—I—wanta—I wantas-s-s—I wanta—spit!"

The major chuckled as he lifted the cone. "All right, old man, shoot! Now then—count. One — two — three. Louder! Breathe deep. Four—five—six. That's the stuff! Seven. Keep it up! Loud! Ten ——"

The breathing turned into a strong regular snore, and soon the giant had slid fathoms deep into the state of profound unconsciousness. Softly I closed the door.

Some of these men, strong husky youngsters, pulsing with life, hard as nails from their free out-of-door habits, are about as easy to put under ether as would be a wild steer off the range. Every atom of their physical nature rebels at surrendering consciousness. Others go under like lambs. It is largely a matter of temperament. Once a private laughed as they lifted him upon the table, and catching a whiff of ether he chuckled: "Hi! Give me my gas mask!" Then he cuddled the cone comfortably into place over his nose, settled down to snooze, and took the high dive into complete unconsciousness without a single kick.

The next morning broke into one of those exquisite soft mellow days for which this part of the country, called by the French the heart of France, seems celebrated. It was like a perfect rose, a day when Nature, by her clear sheer beauty, seems to shame man for his deeds of anger and blood. Still the ambulances climbed the hill, a steady stream, and vanished to the rear. At the moment, however, they were carrying more gassed than wounded. And thus the surgeons were snatching a rest. One or two of them appeared in the doorway for a moment, pale, with circles under the eyes and heavy lines from nostril to jaw. When they walked, it was slowly, and I had the impression that they might make it on a dead level, but that they would stumble over a pin.

When the major appeared he proposed a walk to the laundry plant. The change of linen on a thousand to fifteen hundred beds a night during a rush means a well-organized washing system—and this hospital had to depend on the village women. We strolled through one of the loveliest woods in France, the branches overhead interlacing into Gothic arches of lucid green, while far above, great white billowy clouds, like graceful schooners under full sail, bowled along through the deep uncharted blue of some unknown port. And as we strolled the major spoke of something extraordinary that had occurred the night before.

"It was a queer piece of psychology," he said, "and I don't know that I can get it over to you. It will probably sound unreal, exaggerated, in this calm morning sunshine. But you must try to realize the setting; try to comprehend the tensity, the strain of that operating room. We had been operating for twenty-four solid hours without a break, upon our men. Fine brave fellows, who went on the table without a groan. Men shot to pieces, horribly mangled, done to death. It's heartbreaking work, if one's got any heart to break. At the end of the night we all felt mighty blue. Then they brought in an American captain, a medical officer, already in a moribund condition. Well, to see one of our own corps in that state touched us pretty close. He was blown to pieces. He hadn't a chance, and he knew it. And the sight of his calm, his high fine courage, hit us hard. But we did what we could for him—which was just nothing at all. After that was over I called out: 'Fetch in the boches!'"

### *A Typical Case of Shell Shock*

"And as they brought in the first German wounded I was aware of a peculiar atmosphere, a sense of strain, a clear antagonism in the room. It was like a live magnetic current. You cannot conceive—nobody can—the terrific night we'd been through trying to salvage our brave fellows. The emotional stress was stupendous. Well, now we were looking on those who had caused that ruin, and the revulsion of feeling ran high. As the anæsthetist fixed the ether cone in place on the Prussian he said to me: 'Sir, would you consider it a crime if I were just to go on pouring ether on this Hun's nose?'

"That brought a laugh and cleared the strained atmosphere. And we cleaned up their wounded exactly as if they had been our own. But I'll not deny we were glad when it was done!"

Returning to the château the major suddenly stopped and inquired: "Have you ever seen any cases of shell shock?"

I had not, though I had heard of them in the French and British armies.

"We don't know exactly what it is yet," continued the major. "Nobody does. But we have a special American hospital for its treatment. Look here: You see those two chaps crouching down by the steps? They both have it—hard."

I looked. I had noted those two hunched figures before, and had taken them for orderlies, dead with fatigue, snatching a few minutes' sleep. Now I looked closer. And looking closer I perceived it was not fatigue that caused them to squeeze themselves into the smallest possible space; it was not fatigue that caused them to hunch their shoulders and bow their backs as before a storm, draw their heads down into the curved hollow of their chests and try to hide themselves in the ground. It was fear—abject, ghastly, insane fear. They were obsessed, petrified, rendered deaf and dumb—by fear.

The major bent down to one, laid a hand on his shoulder, spoke a friendly word. The man's fixed gaze stared straight through him as if he had been composed of air. He was deaf to reason, deaf to human appeal—but not deaf to the roar of the cannon. For each time that an ambulance rolled by or distant thunder issued from the clouds banking in the western sky his head jerked in the direction of the sound as though pulled by invisible wires. But not one word would he utter. Only his eyes seemed alive,

(Continued on Page 53)

(Continued from Page 50)

wild, dark, affrighted. For the moment he was not human, but an effigy galvanized by fear. The noise, the continuous shelling, with probably some additional culminating shock, had temporarily bereft him of reason. For both of these men were unwounded, unscathed.

Later, in the admission ward, with the help of an orderly I induced one of these men to eat. The other patients watched with indifference. They had long since become hardened to uglier sights than that of a man crazed in battle. It was like feeding an infant ostrich. The mouth opened methodically to receive the food, but not one move, not one sound would he make. One hand upheld in air, the index finger raised, marked the tensity of his strained attention. His blue eyes forever darted from side to side. At each distant volley his body trembled and shook. And those straining eyes, full of horror, and that raised index finger followed questing through the air for the sound. It was infinitely pitiful.

"Don't coddle him!" called the major, passing through. "It's the worst thing in the world you can do."

"May I see if I can get him to talk?"

"Certainly. But treat him like an ordinary individual."

"He's afraid to talk," said the orderly, pausing by the stretcher. "He's a nut. He thinks if he opens his mouth the Germans will hear him and send over a shell."

In taking his record I discovered his first name was Thomas.

"Why, Thomas," I said, "I've a brother by that name. What do they call you—Tom?" For the first time his eyes fixed themselves on mine. "No, no, don't point up there!" For now his index finger was lifted toward the canvas roof, upon which the first pattering drops of the storm were beginning to fall, and his wide blue eyes were straining after the sound. "It's raining, Tom," I explained. "Rain, rain, rain. You know what rain is! Now put that hand inside."

### How Tom Came Back

With the faint, troubled smile of a child he obeyed. But the next instant that listening index finger was upraised again in the air. Resolutely I thrust his hand under the blanket.

"Look at me, Tom. Tom! Look!" He brought his strained gaze down from the roof. "Look round you and see where you are. Do you see those nurses? Do you see these beds? You're in a hospital. You're not fighting now. No shells can get you here. So you've got to buck up and feed yourself. We're all busy here. Take your spoon. Now! Can you find the road to your mouth?"

With another smile, infinitely pathetic, he managed to convey a very wabbly loaded spoon somewhere near the region of his face. The second one found the goal. But it was a prodigious effort. The sweat poured off him. His startled blue eyes lost their fixed glare. Still he had not spoken. When finally he finished the soup and started to haul the blanket up over his head I drew it back and tucked it firmly under his chin. And again those blue eyes smiled! And now for the first time he recognized I was a woman. Before then I had simply been a vague irritant which prevented his proper listening.

With hesitation he pointed to his shirt pocket. This was the first movement, unconnected with his obsession, he had made of his own initiative. Thomas was coming on! I drew forth a small worn black leather Testament and laid it in his hands. With trembling fingers, for at intervals he still quaked like a leaf, he opened to a photograph—most obviously himself and his young wife. At sight of this girl looking out at him with frank laughing eyes a ray of joy broke across his troubled countenance. He stared hard, his face working—and then he burst into sobs.

"Who is it, Tom? Your brother?"

He shook his head violently and pointed to himself. And now the fugitive smile reappeared.

"Not you!" I exclaimed in hearty surprise.

He nodded, fully absorbed. But still he would not commit himself to speech.

"Then tell me. Say it. Speak!"

He thumped on his chest to indicate it was himself; his face worked; his eyes begged, implored me not to insist, not to drag him forth from his cellule of silence.

"Who is that, Tom?"

He shut his eyes, opened his mouth, and with the sweat starting out on his forehead he pronounced huskily: "Me!"

The sound of his own voice seemed to terrify him utterly, and again he burst into tears.

"And who is this with you, Thomas—your grandmother?"

Again that ray of vivid joy. No need to ask Thomas' sentiments about his wife! That one look told it all. Again the violent head shake.

"Thomas, it's no use shaking your head at me. You've got to tell me who this lady is!"

And with a tremulous laugh and an effort that brought the tears into his eyes and mine Thomas responded proudly, brokenly: "My wife!"

The ice was broken. In stumbling accents, like a child, Thomas began to talk. And when an hour later he was evacuated back to a base which treats these mental breakdowns it was Thomas himself, from the dark interior of the ambulance where he lay on a stretcher, who called out weakly: "Good-by, miss! Good luck!"

Thus Thomas came back from the land of fear.

Later I went down through the wards searching for the man who had shot himself through the ankle.

"Oh, you mean the S. I. W.?" replied the nurse to my interrogation. "Well, he's keeping pretty quiet this morning. There he is."

"But he's not an S. I. W.," I protested rather faintheartedly. "He told me it was an accident."

"Maybe he did," she retorted with a significant smile.

"Well? Did he confess later?"

"No. Not consciously. But after the operation, while he was coming out from under ether, he gave the whole thing away. He blabbed the entire story before all the men. It seemed he had a grievance against some officer and took this way of getting out from under his command. Somebody," she finished humorously, "ought to tell those S. I. W.'s that they can't get away with those accidental-on-purpose self-inflicted wounds. Lie as they may, when they're put under ether out plumps the truth. All the ward hears it, and the poor devil, regaining consciousness, wonders why it is that all his comrades turn away their eyes or look him up and down with a cold, contemptuous stare. That chap down there is suffering agonies right now. You see he has pulled up the sheet over his head and is pretending to be asleep."

### Cheerful Patients

A word to the wise is sufficient. Those privates who try to take the law into their own hands and change the deal by means of a self-inflicted wound, heed the advice of this friendly nurse—and don't. You can't get away with it. Ether will find your guilty secret out. Fortunately, cases of this type are few and far between.

As the afternoon waned into evening and darkness fell the cannons resumed their bellowing, and the ambulances, which during the day had fallen off, began once more to climb the hill. And this time it was not only gassed that were flowing in but wounded as well. Despite the swiftness and the precision with which the hospital machinery moved the stretchers began to congest, to mass, to lie in the corridors, on the porch, and down on the moon-blanched grass. Men shattered and torn to pieces, patient, incomparably brave, with a smile or a joke for the orderlies who worked among them, lay in the open night under the stars awaiting their turn at the table.

Ah, those dark, silent, blanket-draped figures, lying so still under the moon! Those ghastly pale faces smudged with mud and blood, summoning a smile from their fainting souls as they look up into your eyes! All the papers were glowing with the magnificent deeds of the American heroes. Well, here they were, those heroes, lying before our eyes mangled, torn, bleeding to death with a smile. Somehow in the face of all this the glory and the bombast of those printed eulogies seemed tawdry and cheap.

One of the wounded men on a stretcher called attention to the night. And it was a night worthy of attention. The moon—large, lustrous, flat as an ancient golden plate of Babylon, chased with strange designs—was just appearing over the somber pine woods and drowning the fields and the hospital tents in a glimmering silver mist.


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But it was not the beauty that the private remarked.

"Fine night for a Hun raid!" he observed grimly; and raising himself with effort on one elbow he stared about him at the hospital tents and the château crowded with helpless men. But if this evacuation hospital was to be bombed—which at the moment I did not believe—it would be an act of sheer wanton brutality, of inhuman reprisal because our troops were winning at Château-Thierry. For on a night of brilliant moonshine like this those blanched tents and the huge white cross on the grass—insigne of mercy—were visible at a height of ten thousand feet. No, certainly the Germans would not bomb this hospital. They had bombed other hospitals before, it was true, but they would not bomb this one. Why, they had flown over it dozens of times! Thus we all argued.

The early hours of night passed, to the wounded mortally slow, each second packed to its full weight of agony. Down in the wards the cases already operated on were being settled into their cots and, according to how the ether took them, they were laughing, sobbing or reliving the grotesque scenes of the battlefield. No lights here, save the blanched moon rays which filtered in or the occasional gleam of an electric torch directing the movements of the brancardiers. On the beaten grassy sod of the tent floor their heavy tread fell noiselessly; their voices were hushed; and one sensed rather than saw many presences in that dark place. Some of the men were asleep; some, too ill to sleep, racked by anguish, by thirst or a mortal restlessness, called feebly for a drink. One there was, lying high on his pillows, passing in pain, who punctuated each gasping respiration with a long-drawn "O-o-o! O-o-o!"

### *A Plucky Lad's Letter*

By his side another, obviously coming out of ether, babbled, babbled ceaselessly, in dull drugged tones. A nurse sat by him.

"Say," his voice, weak, dragging, half submerged in unconsciousness, came out of the dark, "are—are you—my mother?"

"No, boy. Go to sleep."

Again the submerged, dragging voice: "Don't seem—to have no appetite—for sleeping. . . . Fine appetite—for fighting. . . . No appetite—for sleep. . . . Haven't slept—I don't know when. . . . Shelling. Say, they murdered us—in that wood ——"

"Sh!" whispered the nurse. "There's a man in the next bed that's pretty bad who's trying to sleep. You wouldn't like to wake him, would you?"

"Sure not!" He caught hold of the soothing hand and held it fast with the instinctive tenacious grip of a drowsy baby. "Worse off than me, is he? . . . I've not got much the matter with —— Oh, God!"—this in a high wrenched voice of clear agony—"what have you done to me? I can't—I can't move!"

"Sh! It's all right. But you mustn't try to move, boy! Lie right still."

"Awright! . . . Say, did you say you was my mother?"

"No."

"I knew you wasn't my mother! But you kind of sound—like her. . . . But she's far away from here—I know that. . . . Can't fool me! . . . I'm in a hospital. Say, are you my sister?"

"No. I'm the nurse. Try to sleep, old top."

"Awright—anything to please a lady. . . . Say, my mother'd hate to see me like this, wouldn't she? . . . Say, the folks at home don't know a damn thing about this war—what goes on up there. . . . I'm not going to write to my mother about being here. . . . What's the use? . . . Did you say that guy in the next bed was worse off than me?"

"Yes."

"Is that him making that noise in his throat?"

"Yes. Does it bother you?"

"Hell, no! Say, ask him what his outfit is. . . . Maybe he got his in that wood along with me." Suddenly, before the nurse could thwart him, he sprang to a sitting position and shouted in a strong, clear voice: "Say, are they any fellows here from my outfit?"

"What's your outfit?" came a husky voice from across the aisle.

"Blank machine guns. Battery C."

No reply.

"Wait until morning," soothed the nurse as she eased him gently back again.

"Then you can look up your comrades. And don't move quick like that again, sonny. It's bad for you. It might start you to bleeding. Lie still. Try to sleep."

"Don't want to sleep. . . . Any fool can sleep. . . . Say, do you know why they didn't answer when I called out to see if any of my outfit was here? . . . It's because there ain't any of the outfit left but me! . . . The whole blank division's gone—wiped out—shot to hell. They murdered us in that wood ——"

"Sh! Sh! There's lots left up there, boy! Don't you fret. They're cleaning the boches right out. We're so proud of you we can't see straight. Now go to sleep. Try. Just a little. Won't you try?"

"Awright! . . . Say, you sound an awful lot like my mother. . . . Can I have a drink? . . . More."

"It'll make you sick, boy. Now lie still . . . still . . . still . . . very . . . ve-ry ——"

"Say!"

"Sh!"

"No, but say—I want to say something. . . . Will you write a letter to my captain?"

"Yes, in the morning."

"No—right now. I want you to send it off right now—before they move out."

"All right, old man. What do you want to say?"

"Write this:" The voice was clear and smooth now.

"'*Dear Captain:* I'm so sorry I disappointed you that I can't sleep. I'm trying, but I can't. I'm here in the hospital. They've took off my leg, I think, but I'm not sure yet. But what I wanted to say was this: I gave the orders just as you told me. But the damn cooks ran away. I couldn't much blame them. The Huns would have shot them to hell if they'd stayed. But I gave the orders, exactly as you said. I wanted you to know.'

"That's all."

Still holding the nurse's hand he appeared to drowse. She breathed a sigh of relief, and gently, very gently, sought to disengage herself. Instantly the grip tightened. And the private's voice, quiet, utterly rational, sounded out of the dark:

"Say, you know my captain—he was killed. He was standing just a little way in front of me as I came up to give my report, and a shell busted straight in front of us and tore his whole ——"

"Sh! Sh!"

"My captain, he was a fine captain. . . . He—sure was kind—to us—all ——"

### *Bombs Begin to Fall*

The voice, weak, dragging, came to a halt, paused, died away. At last the boy slept.

And now the tremulous moaning sigh of the dying man was the only sound in the ward.

"O-o-o! O-o-o! O-o-o!" He was passing fast on his lonely road.

It drew on toward midnight. The moonlight, now at full strength, bathed the tents and the road in a radiant silvery flood. Down behind the wards a grove of somber pines seemed to draw all the darkness of the night into its own heart and leave the surrounding air clear and pale like a halo. One expected to see fairies with lustrous iridescent wings and morning-glory skirts come trooping out from that solemn enchanted wood to dance among the crimson poppies.

On the rear porch of the château the line of waiting stretchers had been moved inside. The stream trickled, man by man, through the X-ray room into the operating theater. There, under a brilliant concentrated light, the surgeons toiled, without ever glancing up, under a tremendous pressure. But they were catching up with the game.

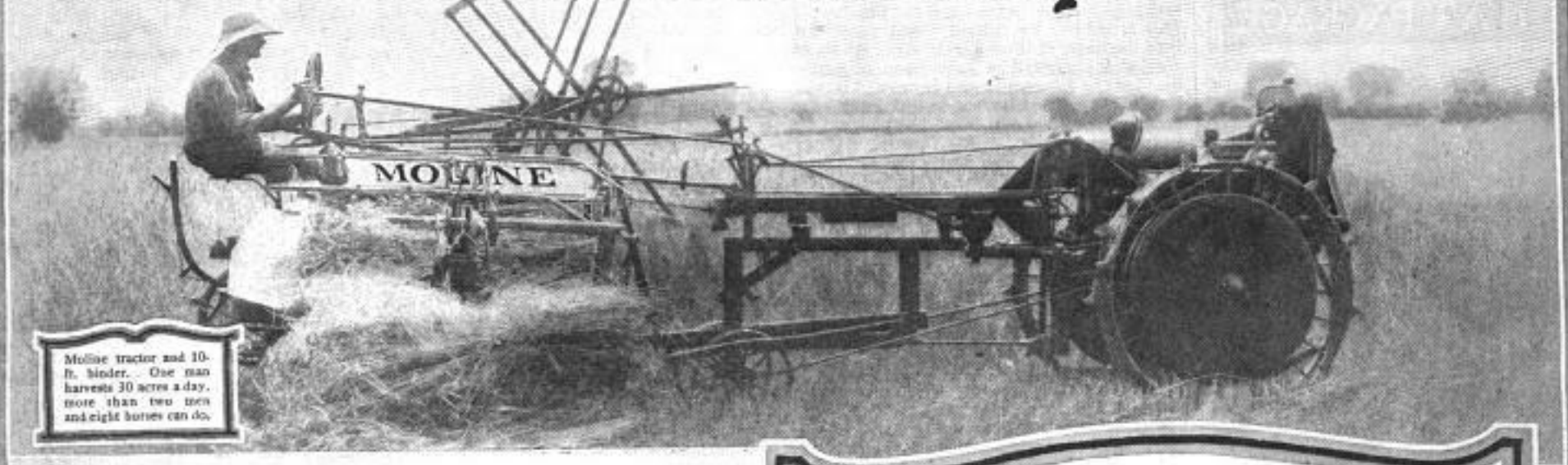
Suddenly, between the moon and the blanched earth, whirled a monstrous black shape. Lower and lower it swooped. And now the air was filled with a terrible vibrating hum. The interrupted drone of twin motors chanted louder and louder. It became an enveloping, stupefying roar. Not continuous, but rhythmical, rising and falling, savage beating waves of sound.

C-r-r—ash! A blinding flash. All creation seemed to go up in the earth-shaking roar of explosion. The air was black with acrid smoke.

C-r-r—ash! Again. A tent, struck squarely, was slit to ribbons. Terror insensate, blind, gripped one by the throat.

*(Concluded on Page 56)*

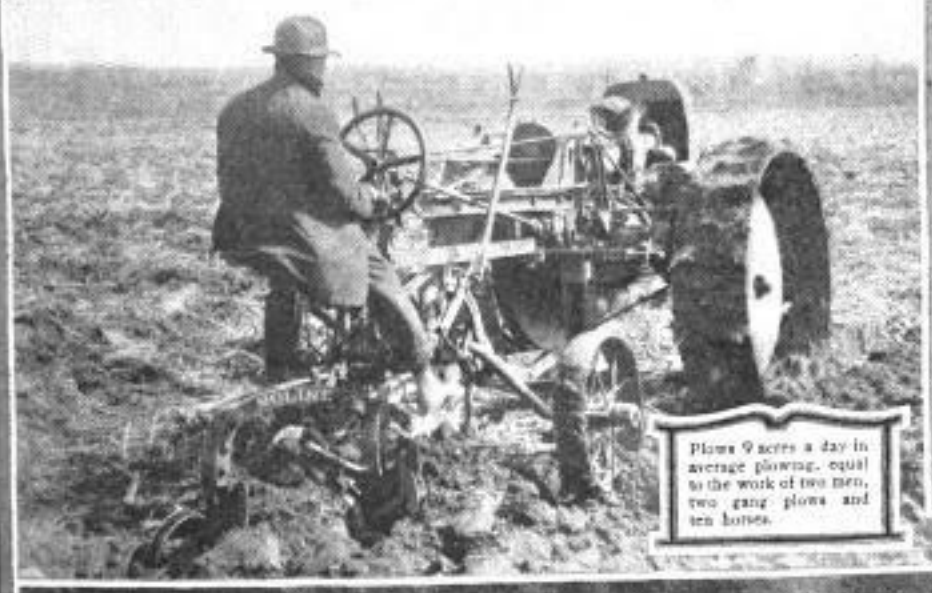
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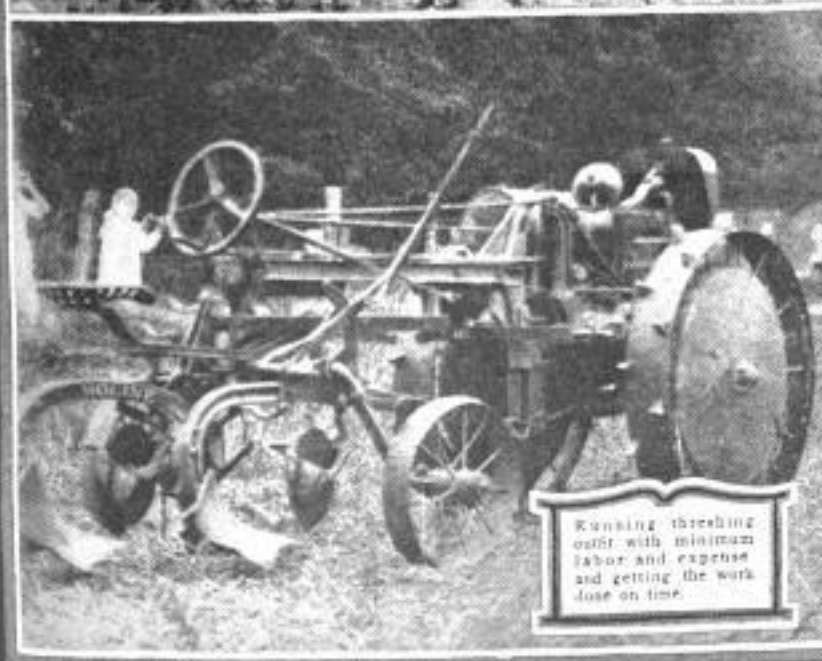
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(Concluded from Page 54)

"The boches! They're bombing us! They're bombing the hospital!"

Screams, groans, horror indescribable. Men with broken arms and legs threw themselves out of their beds, sought refuge underneath. Wounds broke open. A shell-shock patient sprang from his cot with a crazy yell and ran out into the night. Down, down, he rushed, panting, down into the heart of those black pines. Another shell-shock case flew to a heap of army blankets in the corner and burrowed out of sight. He fancied he was in a dugout. An orderly who kept his head found time to bend down and tuck his feet in, saying: "Now they won't find you, old sport!"

A high shrill scream. Another. The wounded were being hit again. The dark air was filled with death. Pieces of shrapnel hurtled through the air like knives. The tent walls gaped with holes like a sieve. And still that deafening roar of twin motors, which seemed settling right on their heads. An orderly standing in the moon-blanched road scuttled like a rabbit to cover. He flung himself under the wheels of an ambulance. And there his destiny found him. A piece of shrapnel passed through his body. His soul took instant flight.

Up in the operating room the surgeons worked on, their faces the color of chalk. Whang! Whang! Pieces of metal bit into the iron shutters. The windows splintered into a million shards. One flying bit of shell whizzed through the air, less than four feet from Major M—— and lodged in the opposite wall. The orderly fled in blind panic.

"Hi! Go and stand in the corner for a dunce!" commanded the major sternly. Turning to his surgeons he said: "Come on, men. We can't let our patients suffer!" and faced back to the table. His cheerful sang-froid stiffened the nerve of them all. The orderly crawled out from his corner. The nurse handed round tin hats. Silent, they bent to their tasks.

And still overhead the terrific ear-splitting bourdon, the infernal interrupted drone of a machine swooping down to less than three hundred meters in order to make no mistake! C-r-r—ash! Another blind, earth-rocking roar. It was the third bomb. And again it hit the mark. Luckily it was the recreation tent—and nobody was playing just then! Good-by, phonograph. Good-by, comfortable easy-chairs! Screams from the adjoining tent as the whistling missiles flew.

But by now another blessed racket had set up. Crack! Crack! Crack-crack! The antiaircraft guns began to bellow from a dozen concealed points. Sparks of fire burst in the clear upper air. Would the boche plane drop its fourth bomb? One waited in anguished suspense. And now that infernal vibration began to lift; the savage rhythmical whir sounded less and less fierce, died down, faded away. The French guns had scared the intruder off.

The surgeons straightened backs, which despite themselves had humped beneath the iron hail, drew deep breaths, and smiled at each other with lips that were still a trifle stiff.

"Scared pea green!" admitted one.

"Thought it was going to roost on the rooftop all night."

"Gee! Some roar!"

Yes, it was over. It had lasted just six minutes! For six eternity-long minutes hell had yawned wide. Then, suddenly as it came, the danger had passed.

Major M—— settled his tin hat firmly on his head and, looking like a mandarin in his long white blouse, started forth to estimate the damage and collect the rewounded for operation. Fortunately one of the large tents which had been struck square amidships was empty. Here twisted beds, gutted mattresses, bits of uniforms and tatters of clothes were pasted over the landscape as if a degenerate monster had been at play. In another ward he discovered the patients down on all fours, just clambering out from under cover.

"What's all this? What are you doing under those beds?" demanded the major in mock severity.

An Irishman poked out his head from his refuge, but cautiously, like a tortoise emerging from its shell.

"We were blown here, sir!" he explained solemnly.

The burst of laughter that followed this mendacious sally cleared the atmosphere. With the aid of nurses and orderlies the patients were got back to bed; shattered nerves were soothed by sleeping potions; the rewounded victims carried up to the château; one shell-shock case was retrieved from his dugout and the other from the wood; the dead orderly was tenderly borne away; the wounded nurse, struck in the side by flying metal, brought in for operation—and a semblance of peace settled down once more over the hospital.

Up in the operating room Joe, one of the toughest little toughs that the Bowery ever reared, and one of the gamest sports, was being prepared for the table. He was one of the bomb victims. By a perverse freak of fate a second piece of shrapnel had reentered his old wound. He had been struck twice in exactly the same spot. And as that spot was a sizable hole in his back, and as he had already acquired pneumonia to boot, Joe was staggering under the envious darts and slings of a very adverse circumstance indeed. He had grim need for all of his toughness now!

"Them blanky dash boches," commented Joe weakly to the orderly who was stripping him, "they ain't no slouches when it comes to hittin' de mark. Look at me now. They had two shells wit' my name on, and both of 'em found me out. And I ain't no general, nor yet a colonel—dem big guys is easy to find. What's more, them two shells pinked me twice in de same spot—a double bull's-eye. Can youse beat it? If they got a toid shell wit' my name on it—it's good night, chicken, wit' Joe!"

"If they've got a third shell with your name on it, kiddo, you call an alibi," advised the orderly.

"I'm a-callin' one right now, friend, and don't you fergit it," retorted Joe earnestly. "I ain't takin' no chances wit' dem blanky dash boches!"

They lifted him onto the table.

Outside, the moon, high, pale, tranquil, drenched the dark earth with a silvery flood. The somber pines sucking the blackness from the surrounding air still seemed the abode of enchantment. It appeared incredible that a short half hour ago this quiet landscape had witnessed such an atrocious deed. The raid had been an act of wanton, inhuman brutality. In honest, open warfare the Americans were winning at Château-Thierry, and in revenge the Huns had wreaked their rage on helpless wounded men. It was a futile, insane act.

Nor did it achieve its end—to terrorize the enemy. On the contrary, that enemy, with a white flame of wrath burning high in its heart, kept steadfastly on with its appointed work. The surgeons, the nurses, the orderlies, the drivers—redoubled their vigilant care. The ambulances continued to rumble in, a steady stream. From their dark interiors stretchers were lifted gently out and deposited on the grass. Again it was a wave of gassed. Among them moved orderlies and nurses with food and soothing lotions for the burns. When the tents were filled the lighter cases lay out on their blankets under the moon. It was like a vast gypsy encampment. The men leaned on their elbows, drank hot coffee and talked of horrible, grotesque, fantastic and sanguinary things in low, level, dispassionate tones as if they were discussing the weather.

Up there the battle still raged with a ferocious violence unconceived of in far-away safe America. Overhead the sullen German cannon still boomed and boomed and boomed.

And still the Americans advanced—advanced—advanced!

# OLD THRIFTY

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Morgan's pot? Why, it's Fritz Bender, the banker, the man who's got rich off your sweat. He can't get any favors from the big banks unless he does as Morgan tells him to, so he's blowing the bugle and waving the flag and shearing the sheep."

All of which furnished Mr. Penrose with food for thought. Returning to the hotel he found his fat, lazy and loquacious landlord comfortably disposed in an ancient rocking-chair under the wooden awning in front. He surmised that this landlord would be a reservoir of local history, so he drew a chair alongside. His surmise proved correct. All he had to do was turn the spigot and the landlord flowed copiously. Before the evening meal was announced Mr. Penrose knew practically all there was to be known about Fritz Bender—and incidentally about Karl Bopp, the socialist orator of the post-office steps.

While acquiring this information the cashier now and then combed down his shiny brown mustache with the ends of a thumb and forefinger, and now and then toyed with his curly beard. His mind was very busy indeed, for his situation was as unpromising as a man's could well be, and for a week, like a wild animal in a cage, he had been restlessly seeking a way out. He was very thoughtful during the evening meal and finally decided—on the principle of any port in a storm—to spend the evening in an attempt to form the acquaintance of Karl Bopp.

It proved even easier than he had expected. Sauntering up Main Street in the direction of a little tobacco shop and pool room that the landlord had mentioned he encountered the object of his particular interest sauntering down street and talking out of the corner of his mouth to the red cheeked, bespectacled, sternly frowning young man who had stood beside him on the post-office step. From listening to the landlord Mr. Penrose knew that this younger man was son of the cashier of Fritz Bender's bank, and noticeably attentive to Fritz Bender's granddaughter.

Mr. Penrose planted himself in front of the sauntering pair and addressed the older with a genial air:

"Excuse me, I'm a stranger here, but I heard you talking on the post-office step this afternoon and you said some things that interested me. I'd never heard them put that way before. I'm a business man and don't get time to read as much as I'd like to, but when I find anybody that I think I can get some useful information out of I like to take advantage of it. If you're not above talking with strangers and have a few minutes to spare I'd like to ask you a question. I'll walk back down street with you, if you don't object."

He was beaming broadly as he said it, like a soul as friendly and guileless as Santa Claus; and to the orator this was grateful as water to a thirsty traveler in the desert. This stranger was considerably older than himself; his clothing suggested a station in the world decidedly above that of haphazard Grundyville street-corner audiences. A deep gratification warmed the younger man. His receding face expanded widely in a flattered smile and he extended a bony hand, introducing himself and his companion by name.

As they started down the street, three abreast, Mr. Penrose began with the earnest manner of a man bracing his faculties to grapple with a difficult problem.

"You said that no matter how good crops were, or how high prices were, all the profits of farming were bound to go, in the end, to the big capitalists. Now I've noticed that it did generally work out that way more or less; but I'd like to know how you figure out a rule that makes it work out that way."

Karl was immediately and luxuriously at home—feeling a sort of gratitude to the stranger for bringing up that particular phase of the general subject, because, in fact, he had just read a book about it. He began with the introduction, and his little-emphasized talk flowed on. Now and then he repeated his habitual gesture—a loose-jointed outflung motion of the hand as of one easily disposing of a light object. The flow of language was scarcely interrupted as they sat down on the wooden bench in front of the hotel, to which Mr. Penrose had led the way.

Listening, the cashier now and then sagely nodded or looked round with an air of surprise and admiration as the force and novelty of an idea struck him. Now and then he asked a question. Young Otto Dorn sitting on the other side of Karl Bopp—with his frown of intense determination—now and then threw in a remark. But largely it was a monologue. At times it gave Mr. Penrose the suggestion of perpetual motion.

As twilight began to thicken the young disciple exhibited signs of restlessness, and presently with a mumbled apology took himself away—for he was to see Mina that evening, and at twenty-one there are limi

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even to a Socialist's devotion to abstract ideas. That gave Mr. Penrose an opportunity to inquire about the youth, and Karl enlightened him in the manner of an indulgent master speaking of an apt pupil. Soon after, Mr. Penrose brought up the subject of banking, and for an hour Karl expounded the rôle which that art played in the great tragedy of capitalistic exploitation.

"I'm a banker myself," the listener finally confessed, "and I've often been struck by what you say about bankers—that they're men of mechanical minds. I know a good many bankers and I don't believe there's a man in the lot who understands any more than a wooden Indian about the real principles of it. I bet there wouldn't be three men in a bankers' convention that ever heard of Kratsky."

"Kautsky," Karl corrected him good-naturedly.

"Yes, Kautsky," Mr. Penrose resumed. "I've often been struck by that myself. I go on doing things day after day, you see, without ever thinking, or knowing, how"—he strove to recall a fit phrase and compromised by making a wide, stiff-armed gesture and adding—"how they will pan out. I'm satisfied there ought to be, on the board of directors of every bank, a man who's studied all those things and knows the history and theory of it all. I believe it would be a better bank if it had a man on the board who could tell the other directors what things really meant."

"Why, undoubtedly," Karl replied, as though his companion were saying that twice two are four.

"The mechanical part of banking, now," Mr. Penrose observed, "counting up the money and making the loans and all that—why, anybody can do it with a little training. But the history and theory—that takes a lot of ability and study."

Karl brushed a hand across his waving pompadour and replied by way of a modest illustration: "I've spent ten years at it. I took up the study of economics in a serious way when I was eighteen, and I've been at it ever since."

"I can see by your talk that you've worked hard," the cashier replied gravely. He combed his mustache and repeated like a man fully convinced: "Yes, sir; I believe there ought to be a man like that on the board of directors of every bank."

It was eleven o'clock when the new-found friends tore themselves apart. Going up to his clean, cheaply furnished little bedroom Mr. Penrose sat down on the one chair and thought over the events of the day. Then he laughed without making a sound.

Next morning Mr. Penrose introduced himself to Fritz Bender, and the two spent the forenoon going over the affairs of the little bank and discussing the purchase. The cashier found it an admirably managed concern with first-class assets, a considerable part of which were of such a nature that they could be promptly converted into cash. Fritz owned twenty thousand dollars of the capital stock, the remaining five thousand dollars being nearly all owned by Hermann Dorn, the cashier. They agreed upon thirty-five thousand dollars as the purchase price.

Mr. Penrose explained that he was acting not for himself but for two wealthy clients of the Tanners' National Bank of Oakum, who were investing heavily in small country banks because—with all this ferment of Socialism and the high taxes that seemed to be coming—they considered such investments the safest that could be made. Though he was authorized to act he thought it best to run back to Oakum for a couple of days in order to secure the express sanction of his principals. He left affairs in that juncture with a promise to reappear Friday and conclude the deal.

And after taking leave of the banker he had an hour and a half in which to fulfill the engagement with Karl Bopp that he had made the night before.

The following Thursday he dropped off the afternoon accommodation train at Southley, five miles from Grundyville, where he remained for supper. Completing the journey by automobile he arrived at the Grundyville House just after dark and went at once to a bedroom. At half-past eight Karl Bopp strolled into the shabby little hotel office, found it empty as he had expected, noted the number of Mr. Penrose's room on the register, went upstairs and tapped at the door.

It was rather warm upstairs and Mr. Penrose had removed his coat and vest. He greeted his long-faced, slope-shouldered young friend with the warmest cordiality, even calling him by his first name as they shook hands; but he spoke in a subdued tone and peeked into the hall to make sure no one was there before closing the door.

Favoring Karl with a jolly wink and beaming as though they were engaged in a humorous conspiracy, he explained: "As I told you before, it's foolish to stir up a lot of talk and prejudice beforehand. We want to keep it strictly under our hats until it's all done. Then we'll come out and say, 'Here it is; it's done,' and people will accept it." He expanded his mouth, laughing at people's foolish docility, but the laughter was only a sort of dry cackle.

Karl's large loose mouth also expanded in humorous appreciation, and he replied lightly, "Sure! They've got to be led like children."

"Our young associate understands what he's to do?" Mr. Penrose inquired more gravely.

And Karl lightly replied, "Oh, yes; Otto understands it. The boy's got a good head."

The resources of the room in the way of furniture were very limited. "Suppose you pull the chair up here by the bed," Mr. Penrose suggested. "Then I'll sit on the bed and we can look things over together."

He then extracted from his brown bag a big envelope that seemed to be full of papers and sat down on the bed.

"You see into these things without anybody having to explain 'em to you," he began flatteringly. "As you said, finance is nothing more than passing round pieces of paper. That's all there is to it—just handing slips of paper round. It's only farmers and workingmen that plank down real money when they buy things. Smart people just scratch off a piece of paper. You understand it as well as Morgan does. All I need do now is just to explain the mechanics of the thing to you."

With that he drew a handful of papers from the envelope, arranged them on the bed and launched into the mechanical explanation. As he had anticipated, Karl readily comprehended the principles involved and needed only some drilling on the mechanical details. After two hours they separated, both highly satisfied and looking hopefully to the morrow.

At a quarter to twelve next day young Otto Dorn was waiting nervously in Art Bentley's, where there was a cigar stand up in front; then a small, ancient and fly-specked soda-water fountain; then a rather dilapidated pool table. An air of frowsiness pervaded the little establishment, and evenings the air was apt to be thick with tobacco smoke; but at a quarter to twelve business was stagnant. Besides the proprietor, who sat with his feet up, reading the sporting page of a newspaper, the only occupants were Otto and Eph, colored hostler at the Grundyville House livery stable, who was languidly practicing shots on the pool table.

Otto had been waiting there more than an hour, momentarily expecting a message either by telephone or messenger. So when the telephone rang at a quarter to twelve he bounded up, saying to the proprietor, "Guess that's for me."

The message was for him, but by no means what he had expected; for as he applied the receiver to his ear the guttural voice of Mina's grandfather greeted him:

"I want you should come over to the bank, Otto. Come back to my room. I be waiting for you there."

A panicky sensation assailed the young man. How, he wondered, did Mina's grandfather know that he was waiting in Art Bentley's? With a foreboding that something had gone wrong, and with tingling pulses, he hastened down street to the bank. When he entered it, only his father, the cashier, was in the neat banking room—behind the paneled-oak counter. His father seemed disturbed and threw an anxious, questioning glance across the counter at him. But in his own disturbance and uncertainty Otto didn't wish to talk to his father. With averted eyes he hastened down the outside of the counter to the president's plain little office at the rear.

The president was waiting for him there, standing by the desk in the center of the room. He was old and heavy, his sparse white hair in the usual disorder and his bushy mustache in the usual need of trimming. His face was deeply seamed and his baggy old clothes seemed never to have had any pretension to style. The tarnished collar button that fastened his limp collar showed, for he wore no necktie. Yet this rustic figure was strangely disconcerting to the young man. He felt a formidable mass and weight in it, as though it were made of solid, enduring stuff. Ideas that had been rioting in his head half an hour before seemed to break foolishly against it like soap bubbles against a wall.

The old man greeted him merely with a nod, motioning to a seat at the desk, and Otto dropped into the chair with a good deal the fluttered feeling of an urchin under the minatory eye of the schoolmaster. When Fritz deliberately seated himself on the other side of the desk the simple act was somehow like formally calling a court to order. Fritz's guttural voice carried a tone of heavy and ominous sarcasm:

"You ain't expecting to meet me here, Otto. You're expecting to meet your friend, Mr. Penrose, and your other friend, Karl Bopp. You're expecting they're going to elect you director of the bank. That's fine job for you. You're fine chap to be director of a bank, too, Otto. But your friend, Mr. Penrose, has got another engagement from electing you director of a bank. A good United States bank examiner has got him—with handcuffs. He's going along to the penitentiary. We got to see now what we should do with you in the mess you get yourself into. I like to have your opinion about it."

As Otto's panicky forebodings that something had gone wrong resolved themselves into a far more menacing shape than he had ever thought of, the color faded in his youthful face and in a horrified paralysis he could only stare stonily across the desk, and swallow.

"You maybe be on your way to the penitentiary, too, Otto," Fritz resumed ruthlessly. "It's due to you from your own acts." He waited an instant and added, with no sign of yielding: "I ain't told your father yet. I want to hear what you got to say for yourself first; then I make up my mind."

"Why—I was to be a director temporarily," Otto confessed confusedly; "just temporarily—until they found somebody to take my place. Karl was to be a director. He thought it would be a fine thing for him—give him standing with the people. Probably he wanted the salary too. Mr. Penrose promised him twelve hundred a year. Of course, I wanted to help him if I could. I was to be a director temporarily—just to help out. Of course, that was to be after Mr. Penrose bought your stock—when he owned the bank. I supposed he could put me in for a director if he wanted to—when he owned the bank. I didn't mean to do anything dishonest. You don't think I'd do anything dishonest, Father Fritz?" he pleaded—it being the first time he had called Mina's grandfather by that name in quite a while. Yet there was nothing really disingenuous about his so calling him now. It was merely that in his tribulation he instinctively reached out a hand to this solid old man.

"I know you did something dishonest," Fritz replied remorselessly. "I got the proof of it."

Opening a drawer he took out an engraved slip of paper and laid it on the desk where Otto could stare at it.

"You mean to tell me you didn't write that check and sign that name to it?" he demanded.

Like everything else about the affair, that engraved slip of paper now looked momentously different from the way it had looked before. In Fritz's hands it somehow took on a color entirely different from the color it had worn in Mr. Penrose's hands.

Otto could only stammer: "Why, yes; I did write the check. Mr. Penrose said that was the usual way. Karl said it was all right. They said financing things was always done that way—just making out a slip of paper. Mr. Penrose said it was the usual way. He said he meant to have his office boy sign the checks before he left home, but forgot it. He said anybody could do it—it didn't matter as long as there were two checks. Karl wrote a check too," he added, brightening a bit, as though that were a telling point.

"I know about Karl's writing," the old man replied with his ominous sarcasm.

"I want to know about you now. Somebody tells you it's the usual way to sign another name to a check on a bank where you ain't got any money; and you do it. How long you think you keep out of jail on such plan as that?"

Otto's blond head dropped and he muttered miserably: "They said it was all right. I supposed Mr. Penrose knew. You see, as soon as Mr. Penrose took charge of the bank he was going to tear up the checks. They weren't to be used at all. He said that was the usual way—just something to make a showing. Karl was sure it was all right."

"Then why you disguise your hand when you write that check?" Fritz demanded.

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"You Maybe be on Your Way to the Penitentiary, Too, Otto," Fritz Resumed Ruthlessly

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# Conservation

## It's your duty to get every last ampere out of your old battery







It is the duty of each and every one of us to conserve all labor and material in every way possible.

If you neglect your battery, if you don't care how you drive your car, if you wear out the heart of its electrical system—you are working against your country's interest.

*Therefore:*

Don't neglect the hydrometer test.

Don't neglect filling with pure water.

Don't overwork, overheat or starve your battery.

Don't face the winter without letting us look over your battery and tell you if it needs attention.

Don't forget to call on us and get complete information on how to prolong your battery's life.

*Willard Service.*



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Still more miserably Otto fumbled: "Well, Mr. Penrose said that would be the better way. Karl did it too. He said of course it wouldn't look right to have the checks in Karl's hand and mine—we should disguise our hands. But as he was going to tear the checks up right away it wouldn't matter."

"It was to fool me, Otto," Fritz retorted bluntly. "Penrose was to pass the checks on me, I mustn't know you and Karl had written 'em. It was to fool me. Was there nothing in your heart, boy, that told you that was wrong?"

And Otto blurted: "I didn't like to do it, Father Fritz. I didn't like to do—any of it. But I wanted to help Karl. I thought Mr. Penrose knew. He said it was all right. Karl seemed to know it was all right. I didn't want to seem—foolish and green by hanging back when they said it was the usual way."

Fritz waited a moment and commented: "That's about what I thought. A stranger comes along and tells you it's fashionable to forge checks. You don't want to seem green, and you want to help Karl. That's a fine recommendation for a bank director, Otto."

He let that sink in for another moment, and resumed:

"Your friend, Mr. Penrose, has been stealing from the bank he's cashier of. Probably he's been stealing for a long while and speculating. Probably he wins something and pays back and then steals again. By and by it gets so big he can't cover it up any more. They found already forty thousand dollars he's stolen. He's pretty sure to get found out next time the bank examiner comes in, which may be any day. He's desperate for some way to get out of it. He sees my advertisement of this bank for sale and he thinks it's pretty good idea to come down here and get hold this bank and lift forty, fifty thousand dollars good bonds and commercial paper out of it and cover up what he's short in his bank in Wisconsin.

"What he's short up there means penitentiary if he's found out. But he's mighty smart in that crook kind of way that ain't ever very smart after all. He thinks he can juggle things down here so the criminal law can't touch him. He comes down here and he makes acquaintance with Karl Bopp. He's smart enough to see that with such an idiot like Karl Bopp and such another idiot like you it might be pretty easy to juggle it round. He'll make you two directors and then he'll tell you what to do, because he knows all about the inside workings of a bank and you two don't know anything. He'll show you the 'usual way.'" Fritz emphasized those words with heavy sarcasm.

"He'll have you vote a loan of a thousand dollars to a wooden Indian in front a cigar store; and two thousand to tailor-shop dummy; and two thousand, maybe, to a wax head in a milliner's window, and so on. With you two fine directors it take him about forty, fifty minutes to get the forty, fifty thousand dollars he wants, and probably the law can't touch him for it at all. Anyway he got all the chances of good long fight with the law, and if he gets caught up there in Wisconsin he ain't got any more chance than a rat in a trap. You bet it looks pretty good to him.

"So he gets hold Karl Bopp and flatters him till he's all blowed up like ten-cent balloon—and just as easy to handle. And Karl Bopp gets hold you like I pull the string on a jumping jack. He tells Karl banking and finance is all bogus anyhow—just pieces of paper. Of course, Karl knows that already. He's read it in his Socialist books.

"He's told me he's buying the bank for two men up at Oakum—customers of his bank. He tells Karl he's to pay me thirty-five thousand dollars for the bank, and Karl and you are to write two checks on the Oakum bank for seventeen thousand, five hundred dollars apiece. He's brought a rubber stamp down with him, so he certifies those two checks as cashier of the Oakum bank. Well, a check certified by a national bank is good. I would have accepted those two certified checks without question—especially when I know I'm dealing with the cashier of the bank. Most any banker would.

"He deposits those two checks to his credit in my bank here. Then he is going to give me a check on this bank for thirty-five thousand dollars and take the stock. He knows I won't draw the money out for some time. I let it stay here in the bank until I get around to invest it. He tells Karl that as soon as he gets the stock in his hands he'll elect himself and Karl and you directors, and then he'll be in full charge of the bank. So he'll just tear up those two bogus checks and put some dummy notes in their place. He says that's the way it's usually done—just pieces of paper. I admit it was smart, Otto—mighty smart, with that crook smartness. I would have taken those checks and your Mr. Penrose would have got the bank. Maybe you know what that means?"

He seemed to be asking a question, and paused for a reply, but Otto merely shook a dejected head.

"It means the crook pretty soon loots the bank altogether. My liability and your father's liability runs for a year after we sell our stock. Probably it ruins your father altogether—with all he has saved for his old age and your mother's. Maybe it take good part of what I have saved so the children have something solid to remember me by and maybe find it easier to make their way through the world because the old man worked diligently all his long life and was always laying by something—for his own comfort and his wife's, and always with a loving thought for his children and then his grandchildren. It means maybe that five, six hundred people round here lose the money they sweat for and laid by so they and their children have some defense. That's what your friend, Mr. Penrose, means. I be glad when he's safe in the penitentiary because such chaps like him is my enemy just like a hawk is the enemy of a hen. Americans round here make their joke about me. They call me Old Thrifty. But they bring me their money and from the beginning when they put their money in my hands, by Gott, I guard it with my blood. I'm bad enemy to such chaps like Penrose. He get pretty bad sentence if I'm the judge.

"Now I show you how smart he is. He gets hold Karl Bopp and is tickled like he got hold of a gold mine. He thinks it better to trust Karl a little—which shows he's a blockhead. So he tells Karl in strict confidence he's going to make him director of the bank on account of his wonderful knowledge of political economy. Karl is all swelled up so he can't keep it to himself. He tells you in strict confidence, and you're all swelled up about it and tell Mina in strict confidence, and Mina tells her mother, and my daughter at once tells me."

He waited a moment to let that, also, sink in.

"See what a wonderful conspiracy you smart people make—smart Mr. Penrose, and wise Karl Bopp, that can tell the President how to run the United States and how everything in the world ought to be made over, and you, Otto, that think yourself pretty wise too. You make a conspiracy that is like little children trying to make a house of blocks without knowing one block must be square on top of another, so it all falls over fast as they build. As soon as I hear Mr. Penrose is going to make Karl Bopp director of the bank it is like a clap of thunder. I go quick to the telephone, for long distance to Chicago and Wisconsin, and spend half the night at it. I know easy enough a man with Mr. Penrose's experience that is going to make Karl Bopp director of a bank is up to something crooked.

"That bank examiner for the Oakum district hears a clap of thunder too. It don't take him long when he once gets busy. He finds forty thousand dollars short and gets here half past nine this morning. But I asked him to wait a little. I want to make sure what Mr. Penrose is going to do. So he waits till Mr. Penrose gives me the bogus checks."

The old man reflected a moment and added: "I feel almost sorry for Karl Bopp when he comes in and finds Mr. Penrose arrested. He looks more like a fool than ever I saw a man look before."

Otto was listening, agape, half-paralyzed, with a sensation of the world falling in ruins on his head. Fritz turned a rather ominous gaze upon him and added: "I'm an enemy to such chaps like Karl Bopp too. He is full of conceit because his head is stuffed with things out of books, but he is ignorant as a child about how men get their bread. This Penrose comes along and makes a fool of him—just like you could give little Lisa a new penny and tell her it's a five-dollar gold piece. He swallows Penrose's yarn and then you swallow it from Karl. That's the way it goes—Karl swallows some yarn in a book and passes it on to somebody else. Such chaps is bad eggs—like quacks that go round giving people whisky and laudanum. He's got two ideas—to get attention to himself and to make trouble. He tries to set people against the war. He tries to set 'em against industry and thrift. I don't like him.

"You got good honest blood in your veins, Otto. I know your father and grandfather—mother and grandmother too. You're over twenty-one years old now. You're country is at war. It's time you should choose."

He laid a forefinger on the engraved slip of paper. "That check is a forgery. Maybe you wouldn't like that your father and mother should see you in the prisoner's dock at court on trial for forgery, with good prospects of a term in prison."

Though Otto's head was swarming with alarming thoughts he had not up to that moment considered so dire a contingency. It sent the blood out of his cheeks and brought his heart into his throat.

"It would break their hearts. I'll do anything you say," he blurted in a panic.

Fritz nodded toward the slip of paper. "I told you I've given Mr. Penrose credit for that. If I tear up that check probably I lose seventeen thousand five hundred dollars, for if he claims the money I've got nothing to show. I've got to give it to him. I've known you since a baby, my boy. I used to think about you just about like my own grandchildren. I hope you're going to be worth seventeen thousand five hundred dollars."

Otto hung his head.

"You like Mina, I guess, and she likes you," the old man continued remorselessly. "I tell you now I put you in jail with good will before I take a chance her marrying a man that won't work and save for her and stand up for his country. I'm pretty bad-hearted old tool of Morgan when it comes to my Mina marrying a man that's a traitor to work and traitor to the country that gives workingmen best chance they ever got in the world. I got plenty capitalist-slavery chains for chap like that that comes round Mina."

"I'm willing to work; I'm not a traitor, Father Fritz," Otto pleaded out of an utter defeat.

"That's what Karl Bopp says," Fritz replied. "Soon as the world goes crazy and adopt all his theories, then he's ready to be a fine worker and fine loyal citizen. I want a man that's some good in the kind of world that we've got right now."

"I'll do what you say, Father Fritz," said Otto in unconditional surrender.

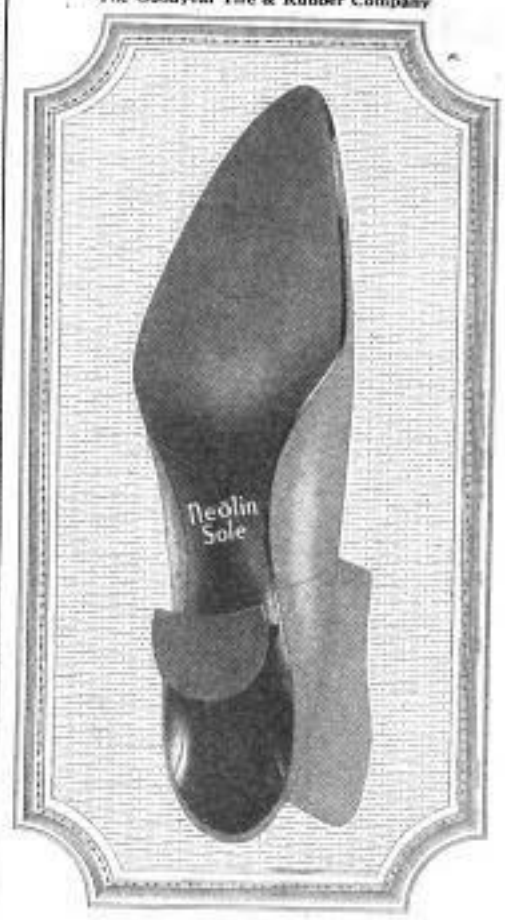
"I don't say anything very hard to do, Otto," the old man replied. "I say go get yourself a haircut like a white man and take off the spectacles you don't need and go to work on my farm like your bread and butter depend on it. Newspapers say there's going to be training camps for officers pretty soon. My two grandsons go. I leave that to you. For six months, unless you go to training camp, you work on my farm like you had to for bread and butter. For six months you let Mina alone. Then I guess maybe we tear up the check, my boy. Mina will tell you Morgan's tool got some soft spots in his heart."

"I always knew that," the youth murmured.

"He's seventy-one years old now," Fritz commented after a moment. "Pretty soon he's going to die. Maybe when he's dead the Captain going to find plenty foolishness in his record, but the Captain ain't going to find he didn't stick by his guns according to his lights."

Otto comprehended the significance of this general remark when the old man added: "I ain't tearing up Karl Bopp's check. He answers for what he did in fact instead of in theory. If he gets off at the trial and it teaches him something about the real world he lives in I be well satisfied. My grandsons go in the training camp. Many got to die for this country. Times like these we got to be thrashed out, Otto. Chaff got to go in the furnace."


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# SENSE AND NONSENSE

### *Speaking of Thrift*

"LAS' night," said Uncle Peter as he reached for the remnants of a palm-leaf fan on the cabin step below him, "I dremp a dream. I dremp dat I was settin' in front of a gre't big dish er fried bacon, an' a platter er ham an' aigs, an' a bowl er tu'nip greens wid a piece er side meat as big as my haid layin' in de mi'st of 'em, an'——"

"Man!" cried Viney. "Stop! Stop right whar you is, er someone'll come 'long an' heah you talkin' dat kind er talk an' youse li'ble to be sent to de calaboose fo' bein' a p'o-German. Don't you know dat ef you goes on havin' dreams lak dem, youse gwine to help p'vent dis heah thriftin' dey's all talkin' 'bout?"

"How come?" queried Uncle Peter with open-mouthed astonishment.

"Dey says," explained Viney, "dat de things you dreams 'bout am de things youse got yo' mind sot on endurin' de daytime, and ef yo' mind am gwine to be buzzin' roun' on de subjic' er vittles all de time you ain't gwine to be able to 'commonize when you does git 'nough money in yo' pocket fo' to buy sich a meal as you p'escribes."

"'Commonize!" echoed Uncle Peter in an aggrieved tone; "well, gre't day, what's I been doin' but dat? Heah I has done trained my ol' nose so dat hit am sass'fied to git de smell er fryin' bacon as we passes de white folkses' kitchens, when my mouf has to go widout de tas'e. Ef dat ain't 'commonizin' I'd lak to know whut am!"

"I'll lay you dat you don't smell no fryin' bacon up at Miss Fanny's house, 'case dey ain't been had none fo' de las' six monfs. I knows, fo' I sort er keeps my eye out fo' some when Ise wukkin' roun', an' I ain't nevah run into a mite."

"I reckon youse right," agreed Uncle Peter; "I ain't smelled none up at Slocumses' fo' a fact." Then after a moment's silence: "I reckon dat's part er de thriftin' dat am goin' on now, an' aftah de wah am winned, folks is gwine back to de way things was befo' de Germans tried to bust up de worl'."

"Gwine back nothin'!" asserted Viney. "I reckon you ain't been up to de Cotehouse to heah de speakin' lately er you wouldn't be sayin' 'gwine back.'"

"I ain't been much er nowheres of late," said Uncle Peter, "on 'count er de inflamity er de jug'lar vein in my laig whut comes on of a evenin'."

"Me an' Isom was up to de speakin' las' night to heah Cunnel Slocum," said Viney, "an' hit ce'tainly was gran' to heah de way he talked an' laid down de law to de folkses whut was dere. He don't nevah git to do much er dat kind er layin' down in de house 'caze Miss Fanny am mos' usually doin' hit, but he sho' did make de most er his chancet at de Cotehouse. Hit was gran'."

"Whut did he say?"

"He tol' 'em dat ef dey was anyone presen' whut thought dis heah thriftin' am gwine to stop when de wah do, dey am got to tu'n roun' an' git on de right road. He say dat dis am on'y de fust lesson whut folks am doin' now, an' dat dey's a mighty heap of 'em yet whut ain't commenced to learn how to keep fum livin' too fur ovah de edge of enough. He said dat de Pres'dent er de Newnited States cain't run de country all by hisse'f ef de folkses in hit don' he'p him run hit an' dat de one er de bes' ways to he'p him am fo' dem to learn dis heah thriftin' an' to keep hangin' on to hit aftah dey learns hit, wah er no wah. De main thing, he say, am to save up an' put by, an' ef you evah does have to spen' any of de savin's to learn how to spen' hit de right way."

"I reckon," said Uncle Peter musingly, "hit do put backbone in a pusson fo' to lay by somep'n eve'y now an' den, even ef hit ain't no bigger'n de widder's mite er de wicked flea dat de preachah was mentionin'."

"Cunnel Slocum say dat de mo' folks lays by de less dey'll habe fo' to spen' on foolishness, an' he say dat de rich am gwine to set de sample to de po'. He mus' 'a' meant hit, too, 'caze Miss Fanny's done had bread-puddin' three times in de las' week an' de cunnel ain't nevah made a soun'."

"Ef folks stops spendin' money on foolishness," observed Uncle Peter, "dey'll all live plain, jes' lak dey done aftah de Civil Wah."

"An' ef dey lives plain," added Viney, "dey's all gwine to be happier, an' dey's gwine to be real socialarity 'mongst 'em, jes' lak dey was when de cunnel an' Miss Fanny was fust ma'ied. Dem use' to be happy days when Miss Fanny nevah owned but one Sunday-go-to-meetin' dress an' hit was a black silk one dat she wo' to eve'ything whut come along, fum a high tea to a fun'al. In dem days Cunnel Slocum didn't use' to be no mo' temperish dan a lamb. Hit wa'n't twel de gals was mighty near growed up dat things commence' to change in de house. De fust yeah dey come home fum boadin' school dey had de whole place upstirred. Dat was de time dey tuck down all de pitchers off de pahlor an' settin'-room walls an' brung home a lot er scratchy-lookin' things of trees an' mountains, an' de like, an' stuck 'em up on de walls. Dey called 'em itchin's, an' hit was a good name, too, fo' my ol' hands fai'ly itched to yank them things down an' put back de ol' ones dey had drug up to de garret. An' den Miss Fanny's Brussels cyarpets wa'n't good 'nough fo' 'em an' dey worried dey pa twel he give Miss Fanny de money to git some li'l' measly lookin' rugs whut de gals called old-rental rugs, an' whut didn't begin to kiver up de flo'. Fum de looks of dem rugs de folks whut rented 'em fust must ce'tainly have give 'em hahd wear 'caze I 'skivered mo' places dan one whar de nap was wo' thin. An' didn't dem gals say dat dem wo'-out spots was what made de rugs mo' val'ble!

"Den dey commence' thinkin' up one new-fangledy doin's aftah anothah fo' de table, sich as puttin' tidies in 'tween de plates, an' gawmin' up eve'ybody's place wid all de knives an' forks an' spoons dey could git roun' 'em. Dey wasn't sca'cely a week'd pass dat dem gals didn't have Miss Fanny chasin' roun' aftah some new notion er othah. An' de mo' unplain dey kep' on livin' de wusser Cunnel Slocum's tempah improved. De bitteres' wuds I evah heerd out'n him was de time he got aholt er one er de guess towels."

"Whut kind er towels am dem?"

"Guess towels, Uncle Peter, am de kind dat you guesses you am to use, but ef you does use 'em youse missed you' guess. Hit was de day Miss Fanny got de house all ready fo' de sewin' circle dat Cunnel Slocum mistook one er dem towels while he was shavin'. An' he carried on so when Miss Fanny hollered out dat dem towels was fo' comp'ny, dat we had to close de upstairs winders twel de cunnel had cl'ared his mind.

"Yes," said Viney after a thoughtful pause, "dis heah thriftin' folks am doin' now ce'tainly has brung 'em back to plain livin'. Miss Fanny ner no one else am wastin' any time makin' guess towels an' embroiderin' dese heah filly centralpieces fo' de dinin'-room tables. Dey's all come to see what a powerful lot er nothin' dem things 'mounts to anyhow. Yes, Uncle Peter, you cain't pick out a fam'ly in dis town belongin' to de topmost qual'ty whut ain't stahted in to stick clost to dis heah thriftin' endurin' de wah an' aftahwards too."

"How 'bout de yuther folks whut ain't topmost?"

"Uncle Peter, when de quality sets de pace in plain livin' you couldn't beat de yuther folks 'way fum hit wid a stick!"

BLANCHE GOODMAN.

### *Put 'em Down*

[Suggested by The Kaiserite in America—One Hundred and One German Lies, issued by the Committee on Public Information.]

*IF YOU hear a furtive rumor that the President is dead,*
*It's a lie—*
*Nail it!*
*If you hear an allegation that someone has heard it said*
*That with blood of draft resisters Gotham's streets are running red,*
*Don't let it by—*
*Impale it!*

*If you're told, in strictest confidence, that Pershing's on the run,*
*It's a josh—*
*Don't repeat it!*
*If some raker in the ashes of the blaze of '61*
*Says the U. C. V. have tendered their allegiance to the Hun,*
*He's a boche—*
*Make him eat it!*

*If you hear of Crowder flirting with a moving-picture vamp,*
*It's the bunk—*
*Help remove it!*
*If some quidnunc says the rookies in a certain training camp*
*Have to pungle half a dollar for a three-cent postage stamp,*
*Tell the skunk*
*He must prove it!*

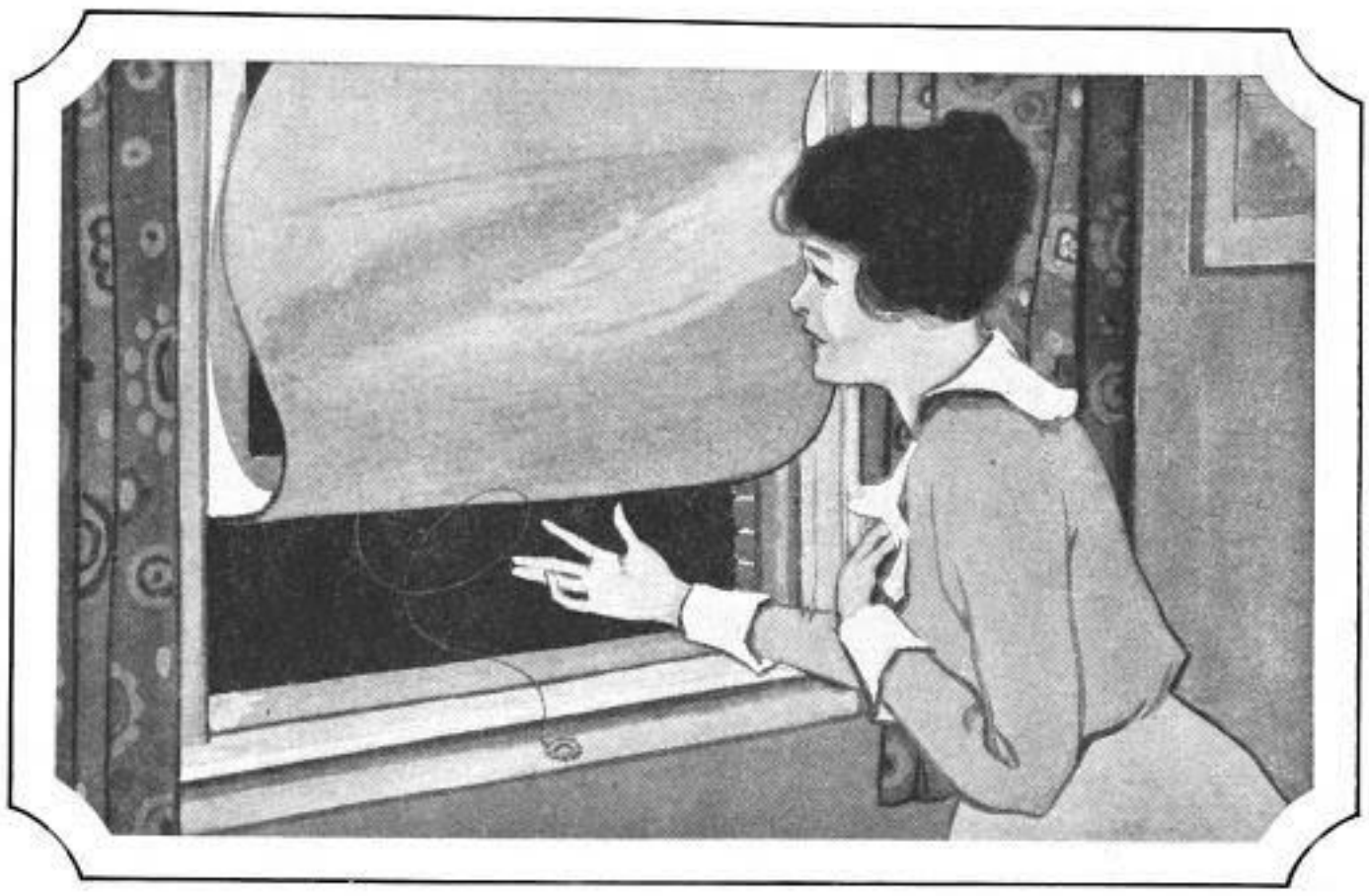
*If a whisper chance to reach you that the Y is selling booze,*
*It is mud—*
*Reject it!*
*If you get the information that the soldiers swap their shoes*
*To a syndicate of chaplains for Milwaukee's famous brews,*
*It's a dud—*
*Vivisect it!*

*If you're told that Mr. Baker claims descent from George the Third,*
*It's a joke*
*On the teller!*
*If some passer-on informs you that a friend of his has heard*
*That the Hoovers lavish sugar on their pet canary bird,*
*Take a poke*
*At the feller!*

*If you hear of Lansing gambling, or of Daniels getting drunk,*
*Scarify*
*Their decrier!*
*If you hear an intimation that our bonds are worthless junk,*
*And that McAdoo is packing the exchequer in his trunk,*
*It's a lie—*
*Swat the liar!*

—W. E. Neeve.





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***Why Brenlin outwears two or three ordinary window shades***

NO doubt you have struggled with the problem of keeping your shades attractive looking. But how soon they get cracks and pinholes! How soon they sag and wrinkle! That is because all ordinary shades have a "filling" of chalk and clay to give body to the coarsely woven cloth. At your windows, this "filling" soon gets shaken loose in tiny spots, the loose material sags. How ugly your shades look!

Hundreds of other people have solved this problem with Brenlin—the long-wearing window shade material. Brenlin wears and wears! It hangs smooth and straight. No cracks, no pinholes! You are amazed at the length of time it wears—and still looks well.

That is because Brenlin contains no "filling" to fall out when severe strains come. It is just a fine, closely woven cloth prepared by a special process to be as durable a shade material as it is possible to make.

Brenlin is especially treated so that it will not sag or wrinkle. It is tinted by hand with an extra quality color, which keeps the material supple and reveals its beautiful linen-like texture. Neither sun nor rain will destroy this color.

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*This is due to the blanket of air between the glass and the shade, which retards the radiation of heat through the window.*

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*See that your shades are in good condition and keep them drawn in cold weather.*



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# MARRIED

## By MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

FOR the moment they had all gone away and left me in the bedroom that was presently to be mine no more. Perhaps they thought that I wanted to say good-by alone to this intimate background of my girlhood; but as I stood before the mirror pinning on my hat with unsteady fingers I gave no more definite thought to my past than I was giving to my future. It was all a shimmering mirage of happiness.

There was a knock at the door, tentative, then masterful, and Dick's voice called, "Coming, Rhoda darling?"

I opened the door, letting in a wave of gay sound that surged up from the wedding guests, waiting to see us go. As my eyes met Dick's the talk and laughter faded; I saw and heard and felt only him. I melted into his arms, but even as I looked up into his dark, radiant face I saw it grow intent, practical, and he said with a hint of matter-of-factness in his tone: "We mustn't spend too much time in saying good-by to them all, dearest. Where's your dress-suit case?"

I'm afraid I should have forgotten it. Dick found it, reminded me to bring my bouquet, and then tucking me under his arm swept me along the upper hall. At the head of the stairs we paused, and as I gazed down on all those dear people I did indeed realize that I was leaving girlhood behind. There was mother with a mechanical smile fixed on her pretty, tired face; there was father standing by her—dear father, whom my wedding had turned into a kind of superior errand boy; there were my brothers, the ushers' nosegays in their buttonholes rather faded. There was Helen Kaye, my matron of honor. As my quick glance rippled over her face I noticed its sober expression, and I wondered at it. There was Sara Lister. On her face, too, was a strange look—unhappy, bitter. Arrested, I noticed several older people, off guard, because all eyes were fixed on the staircase. Their faces were not exactly unhappy, but grave.

Except for Helen and Sara, all the young people were smiling, reflecting my own romantic excitement. Most of them were secretly putting themselves in the places of Dick and me.

"See, Dick," I murmured; "some of them seem so—so—almost melancholy."

"Yes," he said; "older people especially think weddings are sadder than funerals. That's because they've seen some promising marriages go on the rocks. But we'll show 'em! Dear, we've got to start; don't forget to sling that bouquet. All this absent-mindedness of yours is deeply flattering to me; I love to have you forget the world for my distinguished sake—but remember, on that bouquet center some young spinster's shy hopes."

I laughed a little tearfully, and as Dick rushed me downstairs I threw the bouquet, noticing that Bessie Wilde caught it. Then I bent my head to avoid the stinging showers of rice—for those were the days before the gentle rain of confetti and rose leaves had been invented. A race through the hall, a confused impression of laughing faces, shining eyes, parted lips, soft lights, all under pelting rice; then, on the front steps, quick kisses from my brothers and long embraces from father and mother; Dick leading me down to the carriage; then mother running after us for one more kiss. The driver cracked his whip; I leaned out, waving and weeping, to see mother and father standing on the curb, looking after me with such love and yearning. In Dick's arms I shed some more tears; then I drew a long sigh and whispered: "And now we'll be happy ever after."

"Happy ever after, dearest," Dick said.

Thus I started my apprenticeship in the most neglected profession in the world. Happy ever after! What couple does not say it—and how many couples know what they are talking about! Happy ever after, said we, and, at the time that we spoke, about one couple in every eighteen was being divorced—and to-day it is said to be one in twelve! They can't want divorce, or else they would not make permanent whole-hearted marriage vows at the altar. They can't want unhappiness—and no unhappiness can be greater than that induced by a marriage gone wrong.

Happy ever after! No wonder middle-aged people look on weddings as sadder than funerals. I wonder why they don't try harder to educate prospective married couples—and I wonder whether the couples would listen to them.



*Dick Said Cuttingly That if I Would Take the Trouble to Add and Subtract I Could See That Our Expenditures for the Month Had Been Something Over a Hundred Dollars More Than He Earned*

In the engagement days their ears and minds are too much bound about with illusions for anything to penetrate. In the apprentice time of the first year of marriage they are pretty difficult of approach—so sure that what they are going through with is unique. And yet there is no reason on earth why the average married couple should not be happy ever after.

Dick and I were and are an average married couple. We have had no experience that is not common to tens of thousands of other couples. We are not unusual in background, or equipment, or mental powers, or personal appearance, or clothes, or house, or expenditure. The only excuse for mentioning us is just that we are so much like the common run of people and, therefore, are significant. In those early days we thought of course that we were different from other couples. Clear-eyed now, I look back with wonder and compassion and tenderness upon us as we were then. In the first place no two had ever loved as we had—or ever could. Dick and I said so to each other in our engagement days, and I also said so to my mother.

"Well, dear," she replied, "I only hope you will be as happy as your father and I are. Brought up with us as you have been, you have every reason to believe in the strength and stability of love."

I made no reply, because I did not want to hurt mother's feelings. But I marveled at her for comparing our love with hers and father's.

"As if Dick and I could ever," I thought, "drop down to the placid content of my parents! Why, they can sit together all evening and just read, and never say a word! And often when mother comes into the room father does not look up from his paper, but merely gives a vague little smile and goes on reading. And they just call each other 'dear,' unless one of them is sick or going away on a journey or something. No, their love isn't like ours."

Perhaps if mother had told me exactly what was passing through my mind I might have taken the first step forward in my preparation for marriage. Yet I dare say she did not know my thoughts. To her, I don't doubt, the happiness of her and father was as obvious a phenomenon as that of Dick and me was to me.

She and I had the same appreciation for what was good and sound in life, but we had a different sense of values, a different vocabulary for loving.

She did, indeed, tell me that I must not expect to stay forever on the dizzying heights of emotion; and one or two older married women tried to tell me the same thing.

"Love changes," they said; "you can't expect it always to be as it is in honeymoon days. But if you are sensible something else comes—something permanent and better."

To do the graduates of marriage justice there are always some of them who talk like that to an engaged girl; but that is not education for marriage—it's only a warning, generally unheeded; a hint that education is needed, but not a textbook, not any real teaching. When mother said that to me I felt that she simply did not understand the quality of the love Dick and I knew. When other married women added their warnings I was not shaken by this further emphasis. I think I resented that word sensible. It sounded so disillusioning. I did, indeed, reflect that the few marriages I knew anything about had the humdrum quality of that of my parents; very well; that just proved that Dick and I would be exceptions. I had a sense of pity for these women whose love had grown gray while mine was so golden. In short, when, because all the world loves a lover, older people put me on guard, I reacted exactly as the average romantic girl does. I was an especially incorrigible romantic.

During my engagement days I thought I was reasonable because I once said to Dick, "You and I both have our faults, dear, but we shall love them away from each other."

I suppose I had some obscure feeling that my recognition that we were not perfect would magic away all imperfections. Naturally we were on our best behavior with each other, and so no faults were on the surface. As Dick has said since, we were so busy bluffing each other that we had no time to get acquainted. If we had a lovers' quarrel the cause of it first seemed a tragedy, and then, when it had been soothed away, a trifle. I had not lived twenty-one years without developing some sex antagonism. All men and all women have it. Men, I had discovered, had certain faults which no girl likes. But, so my unconscious reasoning went, because I loved Dick he could not have any of the faults common to his sex.

And Dick idealized me. I remember one night when he painted every man's ideal of what a woman should be—and rarely is. And he called it me.

"What is so wonderful about you, Rhoda darling," he said, "is that you are thoroughly feminine, and yet you are so reasonable! You have the best qualities of both sexes. You understand as the ordinary girl does not—you can get a man's point of view—can be fair. Then you care about things the ordinary girl is not interested in—things a man cares about, needs sympathy for. You've got a grasp of a man's interests, a man's needs. You've escaped all the limitations of your sex."

Poor Dick! I look back and smile wistfully now at him for believing all that of me. And I was vain enough to believe it too. My grasp simply meant that I had tact enough to say yes and no at the right time. I had a woman's faculty for half-understanding—the sort of thing that makes many a man think his wife has a real comprehension of his business. I was just an ordinary bright girl, half educated, as so many American girls are, and thrown neck and crop into my life job without any training for it whatever.

The average girl, when she marries, is pretty crude material for wifehood. Her studies come first, and then society or else earning her living, and then marriage; each period has its own separate category, but there is no unifying training all along the line which will fit her adequately for her job of marriage. To be fitted to win a husband is not at all the same thing as to be fitted for the housekeeping trade. What she is trained for, though perhaps instinctively, is the assumption of the qualities which will get her a husband. As Dean Swift said, she spends her time making a net instead of a cage. For the marriage market she must be attractive, well-dressed, accomplished. The man who is drawn by this surface assumes that under it are the solid qualities that will make a marriage go well—knowledge of home making, domestic finance, cooking, executive skill, tact, adaptability, industry and self-reliance. He sees her,

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*As Dick Rushed Me Downstairs I Threw the Bouquet*

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just as she sees him, crowned by a gracious and misty halo—the perfect mate.

In Dick's characterization of me the word I liked best was feminine. That word has three interpretations—the woman's, the man's before marriage, and the man's after marriage. What the woman means by it is that combination of charm, self-seeking, unselfishness, unreasonableness, devotion, indirection, clingingness and exaction that is just herself. The man's definition before marriage embraces his conception of the qualities of the girl he loves, which are charm, sweetness, reliance on his judgment and protection, tender helplessness, gayety, unexpectedness, ingenuity, competence and sympathy. What he means by feminine after marriage is usually unreasonableness, the faculty of arguing in a circle or jumping to the wrong conclusion, obstinacy, subtle dishonesty, partial or total inefficiency, extravagance, weakness and parasitism, all interwoven with a charm that, however maddened he may be, holds him in its delicate determined tentacles.

I am a good deal of a feminist and therefore I deplore that triple interpretation. For the sake of her sex as well as for the sake of her own married happiness the ideally wise girl ought to make more uniform the connotations of that word feminine. Before her marriage she may be just as charmingly helpless as the average man desires his sweetheart to be. Dick was tenderly amused when I forgot my wedding suitcase, but I'd not care to risk forgetting my suitcase to-day. He'd smile indulgently and he'd feel superior. I'd rather have his good opinion than his indulgence. After her marriage the girl should show that she has all the practical common sense and self-reliance that a man demands in his wife; all the ability to follow his argument which he would expect from a brother man; all the will and the power to give him a square deal, and to stand in all matters with him shoulder to shoulder that he expects from his mate.

Our honeymoon! Unhappy the woman who cannot look back on her honeymoon as the beautiful synthesis of her first youth and first happiness. Many a time the reality and glory of those weeks have been my inspiration for the wisdom and strength I needed to help me solve some matrimonial difficulty when Dick couldn't see my point and I couldn't see his. The love of those days was not any more real than the love of later days; simply it had less to contend with, because we were in the misty rosy dawn of our life together, not in the white revealing glare of common day.

Our honeymoon lasted three months. Dick had not had anything that could be called a vacation since he had left college and entered his cousin's engineering firm. My whole life had been a vacation, only I did not know it. We had a dozen glorious weeks in Maine, doing the outdoor things which Dick loved, and which I, for his sake, learned to like. Some people we knew were there—Helen and Dwight Kaye among them, and Sara Lister, without her husband. I remember remarking to Dick that it was selfish of Sara to go away on a vacation her husband could not share. Sara teased us a good deal, but Helen was almost fiercely protective of us.

It was early autumn when we took possession of our charming little flat in which mother had installed our furnishings. I shall never forget our first dinner together—a dinner that mother's cook had prepared. The dreams we built that night, of perfect harmony, eternal bliss! There we sat, two people of different sexes, with different temperaments, different background, different upbringing, different tastes, and expected by the sheer force of our love for each other to be happy ever after! We thought we knew each other; we had only been attracted by each other. We thought we had reflected about marriage; we had really given it a mistaken superficial consideration.

Dick had been brought up in a formal household where everything was done with system, and much time and money were thereby saved. He preferred simple food, but he liked it well cooked and nicely served. After his college days he had lived in good boarding houses or small hotels, where he got what he wanted when he wanted it. At the time of our marriage he was twenty-eight, and his salary was twenty-five hundred dollars. He was deeply interested in his work and would undoubtedly progress to a higher salary, but because he was a relative of the head of the firm he had to make good more obviously than an outsider. Since he was twenty-eight he had rather passed the period of liking a preponderance of social gayeties.

I had been brought up in a well-to-do, happy-go-lucky household. My mother, I think, had once had a sense of system, but father was never on time for anything and did not know what the word tidy meant. I had had the ordinary finishing-school education and had then come home to be with mother—nominally. Really I saw as little of her as if I had been earning my living, for I worked very hard at society. Eleven was my usual hour for breakfast, and either our indulgent cook or my mother got it for me. Since we had only one maid, who had her days out, I had learned a little bit about housework—that is, I could get a breakfast if it involved no cooking more strenuous than bacon or eggs, or a steak, and coffee. I had often got Sunday supper alone. I had assisted mother in preparing dinner and knew such facts as that potatoes should be boiled about twenty or thirty minutes. Therefore I considered myself well qualified to keep house. Dick took it for granted that we should do without a maid, but he suggested that we should take our dinners with a family who served meals in our apartment house. I agreed.

Of equipment to be a man's financial partner I had something less than nothing. In my girlhood my father paid for my food. I chose my clothes, my father paid for them, and if my bills were too heavy my mother, as I have since learned, did without something so that the cost of feminine apparel would not strike father as excessive. If there was some extra thing I wanted or some extra pleasure that my pocket money would not cover I coaxed father or mother until I got it. I never had to do without anything I coveted. All my knowledge of what money would get or how far it would go had to do with extras. I had no knowledge whatever of the primitive expenditures necessary in running a home. In short, I knew nothing whatever of budget making. I had the cake attitude toward life, when what I needed was the daily-bread attitude.

Apprenticeship in marriage means first the heart-shaking knowledge which comes to each that the other is not perfect at all, but only a faulty human being; and second, the limping down from the heights to the level of daily living and the attempt at readjustment on this new level. But the difficulty is that full and complete and tolerant thinking is not brought to bear on this readjustment. Each one is perhaps still a bit blinded against truth by the illusions born in the engagement and honeymoon months. Each has a fiercely struggling ego. Each wishes to shape the other "nearer to the heart's desire." In short, it is the tendency of faulty human nature that each one of the couple shall try to reform the other, shall see the other's faults more clearly than he sees his own.

Sometimes there are a number of issues, none of them very important, yet bulking into a long nagging total. Sometimes there are only two or three main issues. Often these concern the struggle for selfish dominance on the part of one or the other. Often, as in our case, the main difficulty hinges on the matter of spending; the wife has not been trained to understand how to buy and save; she is a poor executive. But whatever the cause, this kind of friction comes to almost every couple, with accompanying disillusion and even despair.

Sometimes a wife or husband has said to me, "We have never had a cross word."

If one party of that "we" is dead then I put down the remark to idealization; if they are both alive I put it down to possible forgetfulness or to probable plain lying.

Our series of special domestic grievances began with the facts that I was unpunctual and absent-minded. The first morning in our new home I had breakfast on time. Every morning after that for a week I was late. I always had some excuse that sounded perfectly reasonable to me; the kettle was slow to boil or the kitchen clock was wrong or the toast wouldn't get brown. Dick was indulgent—and ate too fast. On the seventh morning he proposed that I get up a bit earlier to allow a margin for accident.

That night, I remember, we went to the wedding of Bessie Wilde, the girl who had caught my wedding bouquet, and Tom Stillman. I lived over all my own wedding emotions. I was also very glad to see my friends again. It was the first time I had had any reunion with them, any opportunity to show Dick and myself in the married state, except to Helen and Dwight Kaye and Sara Lister. They were there, and Frank Lister, too, and we six had supper together. The only flaw in the evening was that Frank and Sara said disagreeable things to each other and Helen and I had to smooth things over. I whispered to Helen that she looked happier than she had at my wedding, and long afterward I remembered the queer startled look she gave me.

Altogether I had a very exalted time, and almost felt as if I were being married all over again. Frank and Sara drove us home, and after we were alone and I had done talking of ourselves I said: "And didn't Bessie look sweet? Wasn't she a lovely bride?"

"Lovely bride, yes," Dick replied. "If she and Tom could just go through life walking up to the altar to be married or, better still, driving off alone when the thing was over—they'd be all right. For the rest—old Tom has my sympathy, though it may be some time before he sees he needs it."

"Whatever do you mean, Dick?" I cried. "I thought you liked Bessie. I know you took her to parties before I

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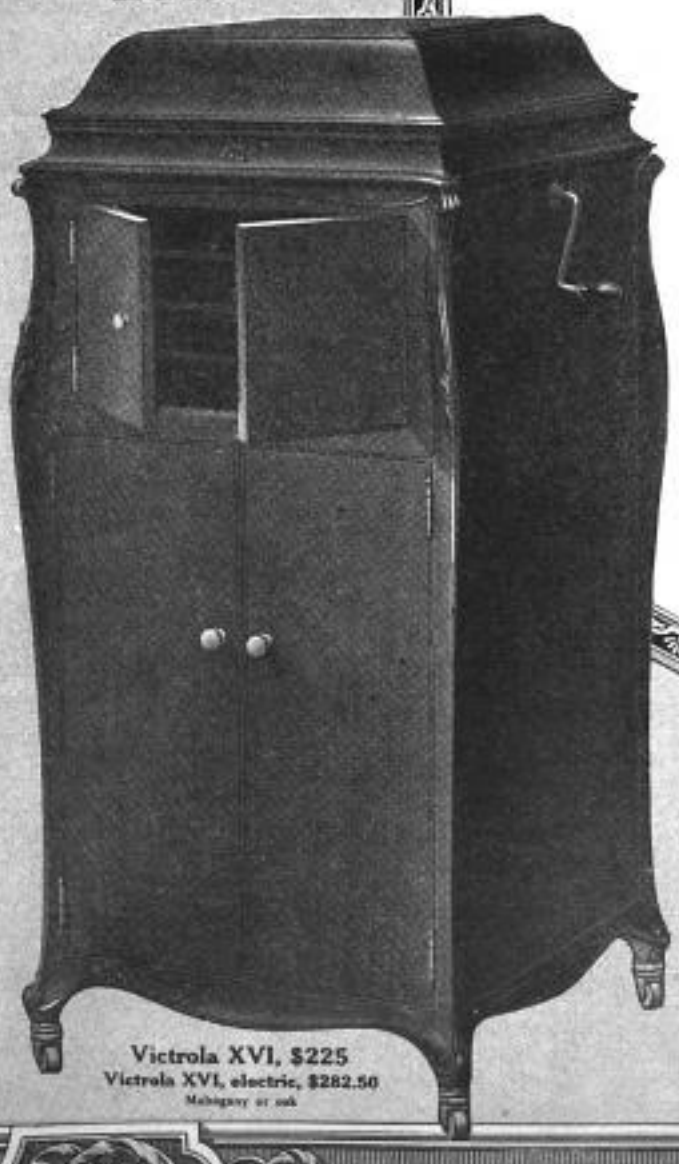
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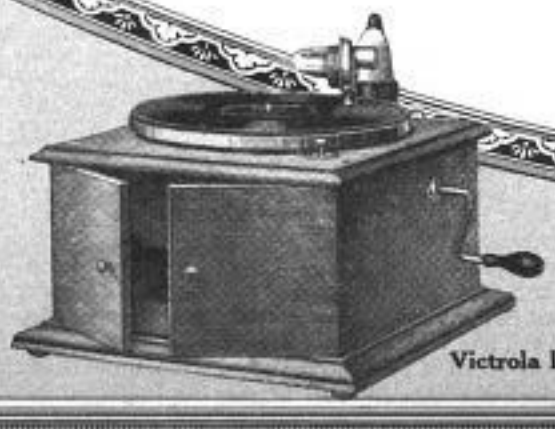

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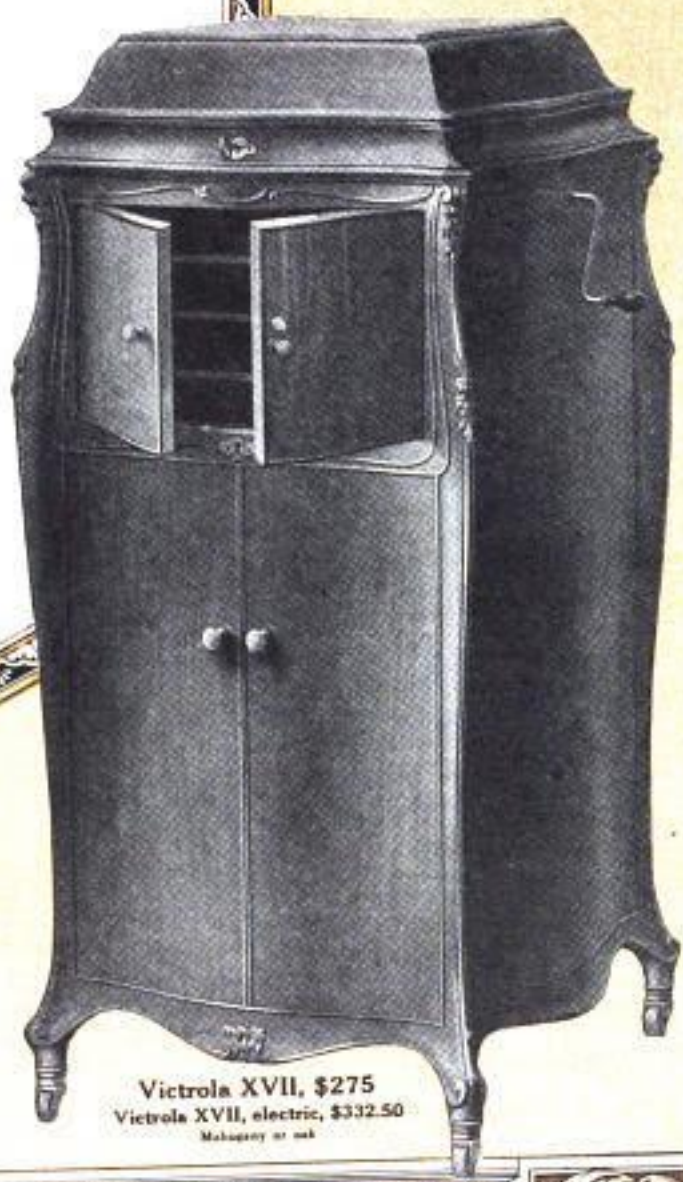
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appeared. And you once said you thought her singing was wonderful."

"Oh, yes; I like Bessie as a pretty girl," he said. "But as a wife I turn down my thumbs, thank you. Her one question in life is what she can get out of people; now 'people' has turned into Tom. She'll suck him dry."

"Why, she adores Tom!" I cried.

I felt affronted. The curious thing is that if Dick had made this criticism of Bessie before we were married I might have offered a weak protest, but on the whole I should have agreed with him. I should somehow have felt that in decrying Bessie and her ways he was praising me. But now that I was married I felt as if in his attack on Bessie he was attacking the whole sex, and indirectly, and of course unintentionally, me. I suppose this means that on certain points married women have a keen sex loyalty. We hate—we "nice" women—to be considered parasites; so much so that our first impulse is to fly to the defense of a parasite and try to prove she is only misunderstood. So I said to Dick: "Bessie adores Tom; she would not have dreamed of marrying him if she didn't love him, and she's giving up her career."

"You bet you! Those'll be her excuses for imposing on him. She'd have adored any man with enough money to support her better than her father can."

Dick was so sleepy that we dropped the matter then, but next morning when I was getting breakfast I thought of what he had said. Then I began to relive the evening. I stood over the sink with the empty kettle in my hand, my face a regular prototype of that old-fashioned chromo called Dreaming.

The next thing I knew Dick had taken the kettle, filled it, and set it on the lighted gas stove. Then he went out to the ice chest after the eggs and bacon.

"How lovely that you're going to help, dear," I called. "I'll slice the bread and set the table, and we'll be ready in a jiffy."

It never occurred to me that Dick was angry, for I'd never seen him in that state. I noticed that he did not talk much at breakfast, but I was talking a good deal myself. When he kissed me good-by he said: "Now, beloved, if you don't have breakfast on time to-morrow I'll have to teach you a lesson. You don't want to be like Bessie Stillman, you know."

He was gone before I could protest. What he said made me uncomfortable, not because I thought I had been at fault but because I considered that Dick had been guilty of a joke in bad taste. It was afternoon before the feeling wore off.

Next morning at quarter of eight, the breakfast hour, Dick came into the dining room. The table was set, the coffee on the stove, the toast making, and I was cutting the oranges in two. But nothing was quite ready. Dick came over to me, kissed me silently and went into the hall. I heard the front door close. I supposed he had gone to bring the newspaper inside. I wondered why he was so long. I put breakfast on the table—and still he did not come. I was pretty slow to realize that he was not coming back.

The average bride will know the course of my emotion—amazement; the slow realization that this treatment was what my husband called "teaching me a lesson"; anger; hurt pride; despairing grief. Over and over that profitless circle I went all day long, while the cold food stood on the table. At five I cleared things away and put on my prettiest gown.

Toward six the telephone rang. Over it came Dick's voice, forced, hard: "I thought I could come back for dinner, but I don't feel up to facing all those people. I'll get something downtown; then I'll be home."

He rang off. And I had planned such a pretty scene of forgiveness, dramatized his sorrow at having made me suffer so much! I threw myself on my bed and wept even more desperately than I had supposed I could. I was still sobbing, my face hidden, when Dick returned. He entered the room, and I felt him looking at me. Then he went into the kitchen. Presently he came back with some tea and toast.

"Eat these, dear," he said gently.

He spoke not like a lover, eager to be forgiven and to forgive, but like a firm doctor. When I had taken the food he told me I could join him in the living room. I accepted that as a hint that I had better wash and powder my face. Then I went into the living room, wistful, my arms outstretched—to find him grave and remote.

"I don't want to kiss you yet," he said; "we've got to talk this thing through first."

He proceeded to talk. Now I can see what he meant, but then I did not half grasp it. What he meant was that he had been thoroughly trained himself for his job in life and could not understand any self-respecting person undertaking a job for which she was not trained or for which she would not take training. To refuse to be trained meant either lack of intelligence or lack of moral integrity. If I lacked those it meant that he was mistaken in the wife he had chosen, and consequent lifelong unhappiness for us both. But he thought I simply had not got down to a rock-bottom understanding of what my share in our partnership was to be, since he did not mean his wife to approach the Bessie Stillman type.

His business, he said, was to work at his profession and provide the money for our home; mine was to work in my home and spend that money wisely. He had purposely arranged that too much work should not fall on me, by taking the main meal outside. The one imperative requirement so far was that I should get his breakfast and not he, and that that breakfast should be on time. If it were not he would have to hurry through it, which would be bad for his health and bad for his work.

"There's no need to hurry through," I said at this point; "the head of the firm is your cousin. He wouldn't care if you were a few minutes late."

"That remark just proves what a false view you have of life. And I thought you understood!"

"I understand," I said bitterly, "that you are reminding me that I am economically dependent on you; that you think you have the power of controlling my actions because you pay the bills."

"Don't be so unreasonable," he flared; "so—so feminine!"

Oh, the bitterness of that first long quarrel! And at last, because we had somehow to crawl back to a reconciliation, I said that I had been inconsiderate in having breakfast late and would not offend again; and Dick said he might perhaps have put the matter to me more tenderly. But he only said that; he honestly believed that nothing but a cave-man dent on the head would teach me where I stood. As for me, I did not think I had been inconsiderate at all; I thought Dick had been so, in demanding anything of me that did not come natural to my temperament. I hated his masterfulness, his certainty that he was totally in the right. Poor little people that we were! Each had just discovered that the other was not an angel at all—merely an average human being!

That was the beginning of a long struggle between us, sometimes concealed, sometimes merely silent, sometimes open. From that time forward we were secretly critical of each other, on the alert for faults. Never again did I have breakfast late, though at first in order to avoid the danger I had to allow an absurd margin of time. I stopped



"She'd Have Adored Any Man With Enough Money to Support Her Better Than Her Father Can"

wool gathering when I was supposed to be at work. But my lack of training led me into other mistakes. I could have admitted these the more easily if only I could have convinced myself that I had been in the wrong about that breakfast matter. My idea, vaguely, was that if only Dick loved me enough he would have thought everything I did was right.

Young married couples are likely to believe that the first great quarrelsome attempt to reach adjustment is to be the last. On the contrary, one crisis seems to breed another. Our next overt disagreement rose on the subject of entertaining and of accepting invitations. Now that autumn was in full swing I thought we ought to begin to pay back the many functions that had been given us in our engagement days. When I put it that way to Dick he frowned. He was a hospitable soul and he liked to have people about him, but he did not want the sense of obligation in his social life. As the bills did not come in for some time there was at first no question of expense, but Dick objected to the elaborateness of my dinners.

"What's the use of so many courses?" he complained; "the people leave so much on their plates, and everyone overeats."

"Well, they gave us as many courses," I replied; "and we must have things nice."

I wonder how many wives use that expression "have things nice" to cover extravagance and emulation. I wonder how many use that bludgeon of obligation as an excuse for display, for falling into that game—at the best absurd, and at the worst dishonest—called "keeping up appearances." Dick and I on twenty-five hundred a year were trying to compete socially with five-thousand-dollar-a-year people, were giving entertainments that would have been expensive enough for ten-thousand-dollar-a-year people.

"Once we get these debts paid off," Dick said, "our dinners have got to be simpler, or else we've just got to cut out entertaining."

Of course he enjoyed the dinners while they were going on. He liked to see me at the head of the table, a pretty and capable hostess—his wife, whom his men guests admired. He liked the sense of dispensing hospitality. I remember particularly the night we had the Kayes and the Listers how pleased he was with the way things went, and how he reassured me when I asked him if he was certain I was ever so much nicer than Helen or Sara. That was a night when we both forgot our difficulties.

I hoped it had escaped Dick's attention that we could not give so many dinners without being bound to accept others that were offered us. I led him into a good deal of that, and two or three evenings a week he went out when he was really too tired to enjoy himself and was wondering how the late hours would affect his work next day. But, as I afterward found out, he meant to yield a bit to me on this point. He reasoned that, as he was seven years older than I, his thirst for social doings was more quenched than mine; that when we had children I should necessarily be kept a good deal at home, and he meant I should have my little fling while I could.

It was when the bills came in that our deepest quarreling began—deepest because it was most fundamental. As I have said, I knew nothing whatever of budget making. I ordered what we needed and at the beginning of each month brought the bills to Dick. In September the bills were small, because we had not begun to entertain. In October we gave a few dinners, and the bills were heavy enough to make Dick shake his head and whistle. This attitude did not disquiet me. I reasoned that we had to pay off our social obligations; if I had been buying clothes maybe I should have felt guilty, but what I spent for the dinners I considered was spent for the two of us. Those October bills would have been heavier than they were if mother had not lent her maid and if I had not been using flour, crocks of butter, eggs and various other staples, all of which mother had given me as part of her wedding present. But in November mother's maid balked at so much extra work; the staples, like the deacon's one-hoss shay, gave out all together; the cateress raised her prices; and I bought a rug we needed for the guest room in place of one mother was lending me. That could have waited, but it was a great bargain. I did not really examine those bills, but I did feel uneasy, on the fourth of December, when Dick sat down to look them over. They came to more than three hundred dollars.

Dick's manner really did frighten me. He was angry, but he kept his temper. He was patient, but I could feel the edge of contempt in his voice. This angered as well as frightened me. The American ideal of the expenditure of women is wrong; it is that a husband ought somehow or other to get his wife everything she wants. She should spend, and he should manage to pay the bills. I suppose I had absorbed that view.

Dick said cuttingly that if I would take the trouble to add and subtract I could see that our expenditures for the month had been something over a hundred dollars more than he earned. I made all the excuses I could—that it was not fair to consider November a typical month; that it wasn't my fault if the cost of living was high. If I said anything reasonable it was buried in my unreasonable remarks. I refused to see that we were living beyond our means, and that so far I had made no attempt whatever at budget making. I was far from knowing then what I know now, that it is the wife's business to lead the husband in economy. What wearied Dick, and infuriated him, too, was the sense that over and over again he had let me see what he demanded of his mate, and that I could not or would not respond. Moreover, my conduct had forced him into the attitude the American man most detests—that of seeming, when he checks his wife's expenditures,

(Continued on Page 74)

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THE tremendous ability of Goodyear S-V Solid Truck Tires to assimilate severe punishment is constantly reaffirmed in owners' stirring narratives of their performance.

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In the section of the city from which the truck starts its delivery trip, the littered spaces in front of loading platforms present varied kinds of tire hazard such as broken glass, sections of crates with projecting nails and metal barrel hoops.

The facts related in this instance are typical of many found in an enormous accumulation of nation-wide evidence dealing with the tenacity of the S-V.

It remains to set down that whereas their most sensational long-distance scores have been made over good city pavements, they have also run up unprecedented mileage figures in cases where trucks travel outside of cities and encounter very indifferent roads and particularly bad unpaved areas.

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# SOLID TIRES

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(Continued from Page 70)

either to be stingy or not to be earning enough. He likes to have the munificent pose.

Like all too many young wives I had expected too much of sheer marriage. There is no magic about marriage. In itself it is nothing but a static social convention. If it is to be dynamic, to bring happiness, to be a light to the soul and a warmth to the heart—it must be served and worked for. Love has to be measured by the way it goes along with other forces in life, by the way it unifies the two diverse personalities. I had come ignorant to a state requiring cool knowledge. Hurt, angry, muddled, I was no fire-bringer to the hearth of our house of life.

The apparent result of that conflict was that I agreed to work out with Dick a household budget, and to live up to it. On the surface I succeeded—that is, I kept the monthly expenses down to what he thought they should be, but I managed only by using the money my father and uncles had given me for wedding presents and by paying cash for certain items so they need not show on the bills. If I had put half the time on really studying my problem that I put on evading the study of it I should have educated myself long before I did. It had not yet dawned on me that a wife must be a productive helpmeet, not a mere middleman who purchases—and sometimes badly at that; I did not see that the wife must create.

We were at that point which almost every married couple reaches—when each thinks any faults would be preferable to just those the spouse has. On the surface we were reconciled, but underneath there was division. We were critical of each other, afraid of each other, sparring and blundering. For all that my resentment was not expressed Dick felt it. I looked on him as tyrannical and selfish, unwilling to see anyone's point of view but his own, determined that I should live up to his ideals, unwilling to compromise, self-righteous—and all because he was a man and was supporting me. He looked on me as feminine, with the uncomplimentary interpretation of the word. He began to generalize about women, I combating his conclusions. The reason we came into conflict there was that women like to stick to concrete cases, and they have a better sense of reality than men. Dick would sometimes lose sight of a particular case, or of reality, in the face of those general truths he thought he had abstracted from reality. I was afraid he meant me in all his abstractions. And all the time we loved each other and were longing to come together on some livable and lasting basis.

We both realized that we had nerves—a term for our dissatisfaction with each other. Things that I never noticed in him began to irritate me. I suppose the mere fact that people live in the same or adjoining bedrooms means a certain amount of disillusionment and strain. At any rate small habits began to be annoying that I think would never have counted if we had not both been suffering from a really fundamental danger. I don't agree with Shakspere that "when the greater malady is fixed the lesser is scarce felt." It certainly is not true when one is adjusting oneself to matrimony. I noticed a way Dick had, when talking, of throwing out his left thumb, and I disliked it. I bit my nails when I was excited or deeply interested, and he hated that. He roweled his chin when he was reading the editorial pages of the paper, and that maddened me. I waggled my foot as I sewed, and that got on his nerves. He snored if he turned over at night, and that always woke me, and I didn't like broken sleep. I always chewed a pen handle when I was composing a letter, and he objected to that. Any couple knows the number of little things in married life that have to be ignored, or walked round, or else reformed. Unfortunately Dick and I tried to reform each other.

"Would you mind stopping that?" one of us would say with icy pleasantness. "Ordinarily I shouldn't mind, but to-night it seems to get on my nerves."

"Sorry," the other would reply stiffly—and would refrain for five minutes.

Doubtless this personal irritation was a phase of the sex antagonism latent in every couple, and likely to remain anything but dormant in the process of adjustment. It was a manifestation, too, of the attempt of each to master the other. I should have despised Dick if he had let me succeed, yet I kept trying. I had liked him before I ever loved him because he was masterful. Yet now I kept pitting my individuality against his. Of course we were both selfish. A man is selfish because of the hold he gets through the fact that the woman is economically dependent on him. A woman is selfish because of the hold she gets through the man's chivalry. Many a husband expects the best of the steak or the top of the milk or the softest chair and the brightest light—for the sole reason that he pays the bills. Many a woman takes it for granted that on a wet night if letters have to be posted it is her husband who must walk a block to post them. If there is a mouse in the trap and it has to be drowned she takes it for granted that he'll have to drown it, because she'd rather not.

One night we were going to a dance and were to call for Bessie and Tom Stillman. When we were ushered into their apartment we could hear them quarreling. It was shocking; their maid was giggling in the kitchen; we sat in the living room, and in their room Tom stormed at her for her extravagance. It appeared that she had bought some white fox furs; they seemed the last straw, for he kept mentioning dresses and hats and jewelry and china. She said other women had things; why shouldn't she? It was all nonsense that he couldn't afford them; other men could get them for their wives. She meant to have them too. Maybe if he wasn't so fond of talking to other pretty women she would spend less. But she meant to pay him out. There was such despair in Tom's voice. Finally Bessie wept; his storming



*"That's the Stuff, Mother!" He Would Say With Gusto. "You Must Give Rhoda the Recipe"*

dwindled, turned to comforting and then to pleading. And there we sat, uncomfortable, unable not to hear, not meeting each other's eyes.

"Well," Dick said at last, "it may be bad form to say it in the woman's own house, but considering her extravagance and jealousy, I prophesy one of three things for her: Tom will divorce her; or he will kill her; or he will put up with her and find some woman that will show him not only mercy but understanding."

I wondered if he were sorry for himself as well as for Tom; and though I was ashamed of Bessie, sex antagonism in me was rampant against the two men. Of the four of us only Bessie really enjoyed herself that night. As I danced and laughed and talked I kept thinking how miserable I was.

Sara Lister was there without Frank, and when I asked after him she said he had had a tantrum and might come to take her home and might not. Helen Kaye was there with her husband, evidently radiantly happy. We sat out a dance together, and I looked at her and envied her.

"You have a bride's face," I told her.

"I'm glad I do," she said; "but I don't want to feel like anything but a wife. I shall always look back to your wedding as the time when I really began to be married."

She wanted me to question her, but I turned my head and stared at the dancers.

"Rhoda dear," Helen said; "you know you're just like a sister to me. If anything's troubling you—I know I could help."

So I was showing my unhappiness! Well, no one need guess what it was about. Helen could have helped me at that moment, but I did not believe it. I had not even confided in mother; no one should know how wretched I was. I put my hand in hers and shook my head. She began to talk generalities till a partner claimed me.

That winter seemed to be a long series of quarrels between Dick and me. I remember once when we were spending a week-end with an uncle and aunt of his he spoke to me, the day after our arrival, only in order to tell me how to behave.

"You must be sure," he said, "to be on time for luncheon here; Aunt Mildred is rather a martinet about that. I can see myself that you are down on the dot for breakfast and dinner. Then, like a good girl, don't talk to anyone while Belle is playing the piano; the family don't like it. And maybe you'd better talk just a little less to Belle's husband and more to Uncle Henry."

And so on. I flamed out at him hotly with the usual line of protest. Before we were married he had thought everything I did perfect. He had never accused me of lack of tact, to say nothing of bad manners. I was just the same person I had been; if anything had changed it was his love. Toward the end of our quarrel I cried:

"Anyhow no matter what I'm like, people will find it out sooner or later. There's no need of your wanting me to put my best foot foremost. Sooner or later the good and bad of people are both apparent."

Upon which Dick gave me a quick, keen look and remarked: "That's the most sensible thing I've heard you say for a long time."

We went back home utterly wretched. The day after our return, when Dick had gone to work, I picked up the paper and saw on the first page an account of Sara Lister's divorce! Now, when I see the announcement of the divorce proceedings of someone with whom I am acquainted, I feel sorry; I may even quiver with sympathy at the thought of the long road of suffering that must have paved the way to that divorce. But I don't feel horror; I don't feel as if the world had turned over—as I did when I read the names of Sara and Frank Lister. For what I thought of was that Sara and Frank had believed themselves as deeply in love as ever Dick and I. They had set out on their matrimonial journey with as good prospects as any two people possibly could have. They had love, youth, health, good looks, sufficient money, good social connections, plenty of friends. They had been as sure of themselves as my husband and I. And now they were being divorced—divorced with all sorts of dreadful sordid details.

I must have had an inspiration of good sense that morning. For instead of assuming that Frank must be at fault I stopped thinking about the Listers entirely and began to think of ourselves. What were we going to do about our unhappiness? So far we took it for granted that we loved each other and that we should stay together. Neither of us had dreamed of parting. But would love last that was nagged and even tortured as ours was? Might not, some day, the thought of separation come to one or both of us? What were we getting out of life in our present unhappy state? Where did we expect to arrive? Things could not go on as they were; we could not stand the strain of this surface union when we were worlds apart so far as all the real things that make for union were concerned.

Dick and I together so far had not been able to solve our problem. As for me, I had not tried. But I could try. I called up Helen Kaye and asked her if she could come to me at once. I fancy she knew why I wanted her; in ten minutes she arrived to find me still sitting over the unwashed dishes, the newspaper in my hands.

"Helen," I said; "you have guessed I'm not happy, though I hope no one else knows it. When I read about Sara ——"

"I know," she interrupted; "it's often the sight of something in the lives of our friends that pulls us up short and gives us a chance to begin over. It was seeing you and Dick the night you were married, when I was so wretched, and realizing that I had started as you were starting that made me begin again and make our married life what it ought to be. I know what you're going to tell me, Rhoda, because I've been through it."

I stared at her, and she laughed.

"Oh, my dear, I know," she cried; "you think your misery is unique, just as you supposed your love was unique. Well, it isn't. If married women told the truth ninety-nine out of a hundred of them would admit that they had wished more than once during the first year that they had never got married."

"Oh, but I've never —— And if I thought Dick had ——"

"Stop short!" Helen said; "you're not concerned with Dick just now. Simply get hold of these big truths: That if you can't be happy married you can't be happy at all; that you must be at least half at fault, and perhaps more; and that you aren't fit to live in a world of two unless you can assume the other party's point of view a good share of the time. Now go ahead and tell me."

So I talked my heart out to Helen. There was no detail I did not tell her. She was so determined to prove to me that my experience was the common lot that sometimes she took the tale from my lips. I was swept bare, receptive, ready for a new departure in conduct and ideals. What Helen said to me does not signify; it isn't advice

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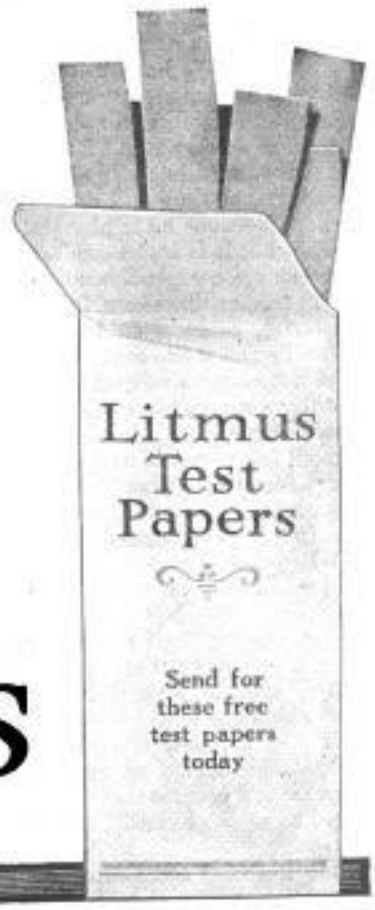
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that counts, but the application of it. I know now that as a girl I had heard more than one person say that the first year of marriage was the difficult year; only they had never gone into details. A dozen or fifteen years ago, when I was married, people did not talk so much as they do now about the difficulties of married life. So I had no philosophy of apprenticeship to fall back on. But talking to Helen I began to see how I could get a workable theory of tolerance and wisdom and sympathy for the man I loved, who had to live with me.

I came at last to see that however Dick might have been at fault in little things in the essentials he had been right and I had been wrong. To be happy a couple must agree in their point of view on the fundamentals of life. If any woman is in doubt of that let her read George Eliot's Middlemarch, the best study of incompatibility ever penned. Looking at the havoc Rosamund wrought ought to be a lesson to anyone. I admitted to myself that I had been a poor partner to Dick. I blocked out schemes for my reformation. I made up my mind, for the big things, that I should get the training he had a right to expect; and for the little things, that every time I felt like reforming a fault in him I should attempt to reform one in myself first; that would be much more workable even than a mutual improvement society of two. My first year had taught me that if I couldn't learn I certainly had no right to begin to teach.

I, who had never thought before, spent that whole day in thinking. No wonder my head ached by dinner time—but my heart felt better than it had for many a month. When Dick came home I said nothing of the effects Sara Lister's divorce had had on me. I did not say that the thing that had shocked me into common sense was the fear that we might sometime be like the Listers. Not till much later did he learn what had been my starting point. What I did say convinced him that my attitude had changed and that I really meant to be a partner.

From that time on I studied and observed and worked and blundered, and by degrees succeeded. This daily job of marriage requires constant thought and observation. The average marriage isn't likely to go wrong from any one cause but from a number of causes working together. It behooves a canny wife to watch the causes. If she knows on which side her spiritual bread is buttered she won't let any cause of friction grow up to any size. Some compromises have to be made, some opinions kept locked up or changed, some avoidance made—and that is not ideal: it is merely inevitable. It is not enough that each does his own work in the partnership, and does not impose on the other. It is essential that each shall have the attitude of giving rather than getting, and shall nip the heads of little weeds of discord that could flourish disastrously. It all means attention to that personal culture which makes for tolerance and wisdom.

But after the main lines of success in marriage are learned it is still necessary for a wife to be on guard. Human character is a strange thing and marriage does not necessarily quench its vagaries. Marriage is primarily a woman's business. It was not instituted to suit man, who seemed to be pretty well suited with the promiscuity of his savage days. Feminist though I am I believe that it lies more in a wife's hands than in a husband's to make a marriage go right or wrong. The ideal, from the stage of apprenticeship onward, would be for neither one to desire the mastery; to have in marriage no question of leadership but a confederation of two. Confederation is the most promising ideal for the "Great Society," and it looks as if it were workable. So it should be in human affairs, but if it cannot be in any little house of life then the man should be the leader. I don't know why this should be so: perhaps because he is physically stronger, but I am convinced that it is so. I don't really believe that it is woman's economic dependence upon man that accounts wholly for his masterfulness and for her willingness to let him seem masterful, often with the secret reservation to be the leader herself if she can. I have known many women who were not economically dependent—that is, who were rich in their own right or else made money for themselves. Those women and their husbands had just as many problems of adjustments as couples like Dick and me, and the wise wives among them consented to the leadership of their husbands, because they knew that their mutual happiness was thus better conserved.

When a marriage is happy, however, the question of leadership may be implicit, but it is not a matter of consequence. The significant thing is that two people by understanding their mutual job, by studying each other, by giving rather than grasping, by developing the same tastes, even at a sacrifice, by putting self as far in the background as it will go—those two have come to a workable and valuable companionship. Thus trained in the difficult profession of marriage their love grows deeper, because it becomes more sympathetic, more understanding, has more of gentleness and wisdom.

My husband came round the room, sidling between the dancing couples; I watched with melting pride his tall well-set figure, his kindling smile. He plumped down beside me and asked, "Well, what do you want, Rhoda?"

"Want, dear?"

"Yes; ever since I've been sitting out these two dances with Kate Barnum you've been eying me and eying me. I thought you must either be bored with Dwight Kaye—you hardly talked to him at all—or else tired and anxious to get home."

"I'm all right; I didn't know I had been eying you, dear."

"Well, for heaven's sake!" cried Dick disgustedly. "I half suspected it was nothing after all, and I was really interested in what Kate was saying, and now she's dancing with someone else!"

Just here I could have said any one of two or three quite true things which would have put Dick in a good humor. I could have said, for example, "I suppose I was looking at you because I consider you the handsomest man in the room, and I wanted to please my eyes."

But what I did say, quickly and a bit sharply, was, "What was Kate Barnum talking about that was so very interesting to you? Herself? That's her usual topic."

"Meow! Meow! Come on; let's finish this dance," was Dick's reply. "I expect if Kate had been one of your prematrimonial friends she'd be full of virtues. As she is one of mine she's full of faults."

He spoke half laughingly and I thought he was joking, but I can look back and see that he was in dead earnest. Without realizing it I had annoyed him by a tactless obtrusion of my claim on him. A man values freedom more than any other right. That is why he resents jealousy in his wife. A woman, on the contrary, does not particularly value freedom and is usually flattered if her husband is jealous. Her definition of jealousy is likely to be too narrow; she is mainly conscious of it as applying to some possible rival in the affections. A man knows that jealousy need not be intensively concentrated on a particular person but may be extensive, spreading like a clinging net over every phase of domestic living. When he parts with any portion of his freedom he wants to do so as a gift; he opposes a claim. He is much quicker than a woman is to see the relation between claims and jealousy. He wants to give the woman he loves every symbol of his emotional and practical value, yet his most central soul he means to keep uncharted. An understanding or self-suppressing or indifferent wife respects this preserve. The less a woman tries to explore it, stake it out and run up the flag of self in it, the more of it her husband will yield unasked. Only too many wives poach; they shout in capital letters "MINE!" It is this kind of claim that makes a man first wonder what has become of his freedom and then decide that his wife is a jealous woman.

I am inclined to blame not man nor woman, but Nature, who is so wasteful. She is a safe person to abuse. She is an unscrupulous cruel old jade in her indifference to results. She has made the sexes so different that they can never quite understand each other; at the best they must allow, through love and sympathy, for those points wherein they sheer away from each other. All she wants is babies with which to keep her world going; the happiness of the producers of the babies she leaves in their own hands. The most wasteful thing she does, from the point of view of happiness, is to let a man pursue a woman, while the woman retreats; and then, once the woman is won, the man wants to add other things to her, while she, who had been reluctant to take anything, now wants not only to keep what has been given her of his life but to have more.

I had never been considered a jealous person, for I had always been ready to see beauty and charm and brains in other girls. In our engagement days Dick and I suffered practically nothing from jealousy. Once, indeed, he sulked because I danced four times in succession with Bessie Stillman's cousin. This was a tribute to my power and I enjoyed it the more because I had a sense of guilt. Once, too, I was half jealous and pretended to be wholly so—for the luxury of making up afterward. A lovers' quarrel was about due. People can't keep up the emotional tension of the average engagement without quarreling, and I found a cause in the facts that he went driving with Bessie Stillman and wore a flower she gave him. He was immensely flattered by my green-eye exhibition.

I never dreamed that jealousy would disturb our lives. For one thing, in those ideal plans we had made as to our future happiness, we had assumed full confidence.

"We'll tell each other not only all that happens," I remember once saying to Dick in our engagement days, "but we must tell each other everything we think too; mustn't we? No reserves?"

"No reserves," he had replied confidently.

Well, I am a very happy wife, but there are times when I certainly should feel very much disturbed if Dick told me what he was thinking of, and other times when I should disturb him if I told him everything that was in my mind. If we were again making that promise to each other I should put it this way: "We must tell each other the thoughts that will interest or please each other, and keep back any that are not suited to all those ideal vows we took at the altar."

As I look back now I can see that Dick made an attempt, doubtless unconscious, to mark out certain private claims for himself in the unexplored wilderness of matrimony; he counted on a certain freedom of personality. I must have had some subconscious warning of it, because I can recall so clearly the first time he expressed himself. We had been talking as usual of how radiantly happy we were going to be.

"One thing, we've both got sense," Dick said; "we won't interfere with each other's rights. You know my cousin, Wade Wilmot? He explodes every once in a while to me about his wife. She actually used to open his letters! When he got her straightened out about that she used to examine the postmarks and now when he opens them she either reads them over his shoulder or else asks him what they are about."

"Reading anybody else's letters is inexcusable," I agreed; "still, I should think he'd want her to see them."

"But not when she assumes it as her right, her graft in marriage, so to speak," Dick said. "He never gets out of his chair but she asks him where he is going. He never leaves the house in the evenings but she wants to know why he has to go and how long he'll be and couldn't he change his plans anyhow. She has no respect for his time in the office; she keeps calling him up to know if he can't bring home a steak from down town, or meet her for luncheon, or go and meet Uncle William's train, or come home by way of South Water Street to see if there aren't some unusual bargains in fruit or eggs. What is particularly maddening about her is that there isn't any use in talking to her. She can't see that she is infringing on his personality, trying to possess him as a mother her small untutored child or a master his slave. She thinks that all she does is done in the name of their partnership. She can't see that she has no right to dictate the terms of the partnership. What happens is an unholy row, a period of polite tolerance, which gradually wears off and they get back to livable terms, where they stay until she makes him explode again."

It's a curious fact that until a girl or woman develops real sex loyalty she always feels that when another woman is being blamed she is being praised. What I felt as we talked was not at all that Dick was expressing himself on the subject of man's rights, but rather that he was contrasting unfavorably with me his cousin's wife. What I should have done was not welter in soft emotion by his side dreaming of me as the ideal wife and of us as the ideal couple. I should have begun to think about marriage.

"Here," I should have reflected, "is a man of twenty-eight used to having his own way, and with certain principles of freedom. I must find out what they are in detail and do my best to conform to them. Moreover, this man has evidently been complained to by married men; he must know what the notions of his married friends are as to what marriage should be. I must see how workable those notions are."

Of course as much sense as that in a romantic girl of twenty-one would be unusual. As I have said in talking of our first year of marriage, any thinking either of us had done on the subject had been very superficial. Even these remarks of Dick came from his general instinct for freedom, his sense for safety and comfort rather than from any real reflection. He was sure, as I was, that our marriage was not going to have the difficulties of other people's marriages.

During the first year of our life together Dick could not pull with me, as I have shown, because of my lack of training in economy and finance and because of my slowness in grasping the fact that unless I trained myself to my obligations we could not be happy. By the second year we had surmounted this difficulty; we had also made the various essential compromises concerning each other's habits and idiosyncrasies. In fine we knew each other's main limitations and had at least a grounding in the habit of standing from under and of tolerance. Indeed, things were going so well with us that I suppose we thought our real matrimonial troubles were all past.

My actual position, though I did not know it, was this: I loved and depended upon Dick more than ever, for I had given up foolish extravagant entertaining, which we could not afford, and was devoting myself almost entirely to my home. I had fallen into the attitude of just waiting for Dick to get back. Now of course his return should have been the main event of the day. But I should have had my spare time on developing interests which would have made his return better worth while, not to me but to him. Very few women can satisfy a man by smiling and just being themselves, meaning by that a self that does not have to seek additions. Here and there a woman can be found who is so sweet, so like a heavenly pillow that all she has to do is hold out her arms to a man and invite him; but that is nothing else. But born luck like that doesn't often come to a woman. Mostly she has to keep developing her personality, or, if not that, adding to her range of interests that she can have something to talk about to her husband besides the high cost of living. A man can love his wife without being especially interested in her, but if he likes her and is interested in her it's a more satisfying matrimony.

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But I used to daydream about Dick in my spare time instead of reading or going to a concert or a matinée, or to see a friend, or to some sensible club—that is, I was not carrying in any outside contributions to our spiritual matrimonial stores. Dick, his first troubles of adjustment over and his nerves at ease, was reaching out for fresh interests. I had married him for countless reasons, one being that he was mentally on the alert, sure to get on in the world. But a man who makes progress in his career, if he is the broadest type of man, makes progress in other ways too. Dick had plenty of spare energy; it was not used up any more in friction with me, and it was reaching out for employment. Later I said bitterly that I was not enough for him. It was not that; he had the instinct of keeping me as the center, but of enriching his life in all possible ways.

That little incident with Kate Barnum at the dance should have shown me that Dick's new vigorous interest, outside his work and me, was Friends with a capital F. Since we were not seeing a lot of people through big and small entertainments, what more natural than that we should see a few and see them often? What more natural than that Dick should summon his own old friends rather than my old friends? It was scarcely reasonable to expect that in a matter so instinctive and unconscious as this Dick would start a new group belonging to us both. Such a group cannot be made all of a sudden and artificially.

It was Bessie Stillman who first talked to me about a husband's friends. I have known her all my life. I cannot say that I approve of her, though I admire her talent—she is a professional singer—and I am sorry for her because of her terrible and unconscious egotism, and because of the passionate temperament which so often gets her into difficulties. She had been married a few months after I had. One afternoon she called on me and, as is rather her habit, began freeing her mind upon the subject of men.

"Husbands," she said, "are unreasonable animals anyhow. The more one of them prides himself upon his logic the more you may look in him for extreme unreasonableness. And one of their most unreasonable characteristics is to expect us to like their relatives and their old friends."

As Bessie imposed most shockingly upon Tom it seemed rather funny to hear her talking of the unreasonableness of men.

"Oh, I think," I defended, "that we ought to accept the old friends and the relatives. It's only loyal."

"Of course you accept them!" interrupted Bessie. "But your husband expects you not only to do for them but to feel about them as if you had picked them out. How can you take a pack of strangers to your bosom and honestly like them? Your husband goes on wishing to see them, and you have all the trouble of looking after them. The worst of it is he always knows that however amiable you pretend to be you fee they are a duty, and he resents it."

"What does Tom do?" I said, laughing.

Tom Stillman was a doctor of rapidly growing practice.

"Oh, my dear, such frumps of doctors and medical students as he has for friends! My only comfort is that the women are homely and with no more charm than their own thermometers. They are as safe to leave a man with as a bearded lady would be."

When Bessie or any other woman made a remark implying the necessity of guarding a husband from the charms of other women I always took it as a joke.

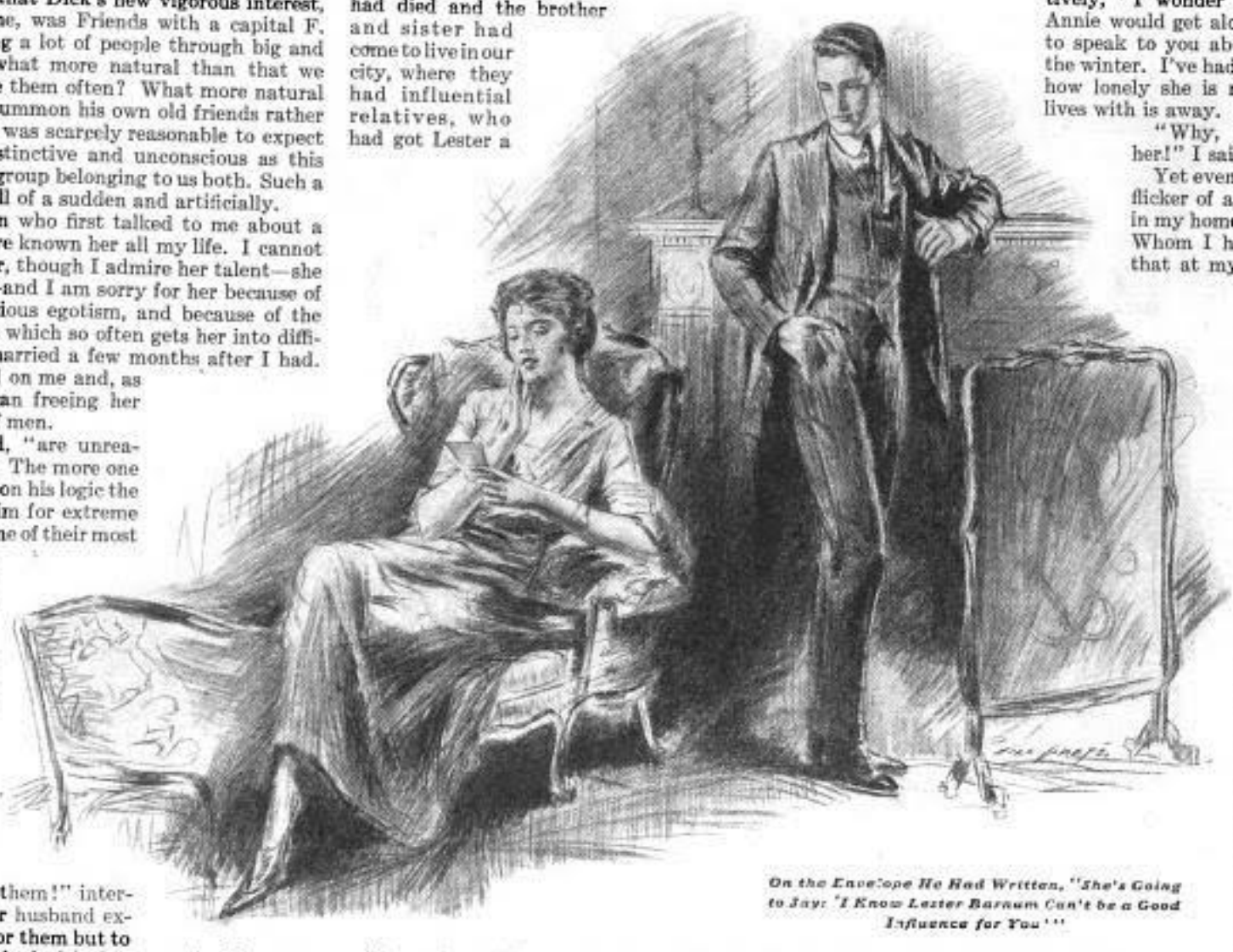
"You may laugh," Bessie said with a hard, bitter note in her voice, "but if your husband were a doctor and you had just found out that neurasthenic women came and wept on his shoulder ——"

She walked away, and I remembered that Helen Kaye, trying to be tolerant about Bessie, had remarked that jealousy in its poor way was an erratic proof of union.

I wish I had realized then that jealousy would not exist if there were not a great difference between the way men love and the way women love—for I fell into the mistake of thinking that something was wrong with Dick's love because his for me was not exactly like mine for him. A woman's love is steadier than a man's, and warmer. But her whole nature is more static than his, more content with love as love. In her heart of hearts she prefers to be appraised by the world according to her love. The world appraises a man and he appraises himself by his work. More often than not he gives the best of himself as a creator while she gives the best of herself as a lover. Indeed, one of his finest acts of creation is in winning his woman and bringing her to love.

At the moment, Bessie's generalizations set me reflecting more or less idly upon the four or five friends Dick liked most. Unfortunately I did not reflect deeply enough to see that there must be something wrong with me for disliking all of them. If I had supreme confidence in Dick's taste in choosing a wife I should have trusted his taste in choosing friends. There was Charlie Sanderson; everybody knew he drank too much. There was Fred Knight, a silly gyrating monkey of a man, always making foolish jokes. There was Lester Barnum, Kate Barnum's brother; though he had been in the city only a short time everyone acquainted with him had heard that he was an inveterate gambler.

The Barnums had lived in New York and Dick had known them in his college days. Kate was four or five years older than he, and he had not seen much of her. The Barnums had suffered, just before our marriage, a bad financial crash; the father had died and the brother and sister had come to live in our city, where they had influential relatives, who had got Lester a position and sent Kate to a business college. As they were attractive they soon had a wide circle of friends. I had asked them to dinner, but I had not seen either of them again until the night I had "eyed" Dick away from his successful conversation with Kate.



*On the Envelope He Had Written, "She's Going to Say: 'I Know Lester Barnum Can't be a Good Influence for You'"*

Finally there was Dick's cousin, Wade Wilmot. I had had a prejudice against him ever since my marriage because he had told his marital difficulties to Dick. Besides, he was always talking about the trouble interfering "in-laws" can cause, a topic that made me vaguely uneasy.

"Dick," he would say, "never borrow money of your wife's relatives. Because if you can't get it paid back right off she'll nag you to a shadow with 'When do you think we'll be able to pay back Uncle Jim?' Suppose you do pay it back, and make good to the extent that you can give her all she wants. Maybe some day when you're thinking by George mighty few men have worked so hard and deserved so much as you have, you give her a chance to tell you what a smart chap you are. Will she say that? She will not. She'll say 'Yes, it's grand we've done so well, and what we have to thank is that thousand dollars Uncle Jim lent us.' She'll have the nerve to say 'we.' You can't get away from it."

About the only time I had ever pondered on the matter of the relation of in-laws to family life was to sympathize with the in-laws. I had been spending the afternoon with Helen Kaye at a time when her mother and her husband's mother were visiting her. She was very sweet to her mother-in-law, but I noticed that if she asked for advice or for an opinion it was to her mother she turned. She felt as if her mother belonged to the family but as if her husband's mother were a kind of outsider to whom she had a noble duty, which she would fully perform. None of all this, however, was in my mind when I told Dick that Aunt Annie Kilburn and her daughters were going to take the apartment just under us. I dare say I had it in mind that if I must see a good deal of Dick's friends for whom I did not care I had better have an anchor close to windward in the shape of people nearer to me even than my own friends.

Aunt Annie had helped to bring me up and I loved her and was used to her peculiarities. She was a chirrupy little body, who never by any chance let you finish what you were going to say. She took it out of your mouth just as she took your sewing if she saw you were tired, or your cooking if you needed a rest. That trick of interrupting was the only trait she had that disturbed me. Her daughters, Stella and Isabel, were in the late twenties, but they had kept the ways of eighteen. I mean they were breezy, even boisterous; they romped noisily, giggled a good deal and joked in an obvious way. I did not mind their domestic vigor because I was accustomed to it. Dick had occasionally met them and I took it for granted that he liked them. When I told him of their coming he said meditatively, "I wonder how mother and Aunt Annie would get along? I have been going to speak to you about inviting mother for the winter. I've had a letter from her saying how lonely she is now that the sister she lives with is away. I thought ——"

"Why, yes, of course; invite her!" I said warmly.

Yet even as I spoke I felt a little flicker of apprehension. A woman in my home whom I did not know! Whom I had met only once, and that at my wedding, when I had been in no condition to judge character! I should love her, of course, but ——

"Mother can teach you a lot," Dick went on; "she's one grand cook, Rhoda; and there are some things she makes better than anyone else on earth."

Well, that remark gave me no pang, for there were some things I thought my mother could cook as no one else on earth could. I had already drawn the conclusion that a lot of things that we call best we do so only because we are used to them. I think it's rather nice for a man to believe his mother has some capabilities his wife can't equal. I'm really pretty sorry for a mother that has to give up her son to another woman. In nine cases out of ten that other woman finds defects in her husband for which she secretly blames his mother's training. The wife does not always remember, as she takes possession of her man, that the good in him that makes her happy is largely due to his mother's guidance. She does not remember that because she has married him she has not only given him herself but she has in large part taken him away from his mother. It has to be so, even when the mother is brave and says she has gained a daughter, not lost a son. A man's married interest removes him one step farther from the hearth of his father and mother, just as did first his school and then his work. What makes me sympathize with mothers-in-law is not contact with my own, but thoughts about the way I'll feel when my little Richie falls in love.

But all this wisdom came later. At the moment I was shocked to find that though I was welcoming the thought that Aunt Annie and my cousins would be with me all winter I shrank from the close association with Dick's mother. Because my conscience hurt I tried thereafter every time I saw Dick's four friends whom I particularly disliked to be very nice to them. Just once I failed, and of course that was the time that counted. It happened one Sunday. All morning I had been putting up pears so as to have such work out of the way when Mother Wilmot arrived the next day. I had given Dick a scratch luncheon, over which he had been good-natured, knowing that I was suffering from the tail end of the preserving season, and he agreed with my suggestion that we go to my mother's for supper. It was past three before my kitchen was tidy. I flopped upon my bed with a long sigh of relief. I thought somewhat of calling out to Dick to go for a walk as he had been in the house all day and was bored. But I didn't, and prepared for a nap. I had scarcely dozed off when the doorbell rang and Dick entered with a pleased smile to say that the Barnums had come.

(Continued on Page 84)

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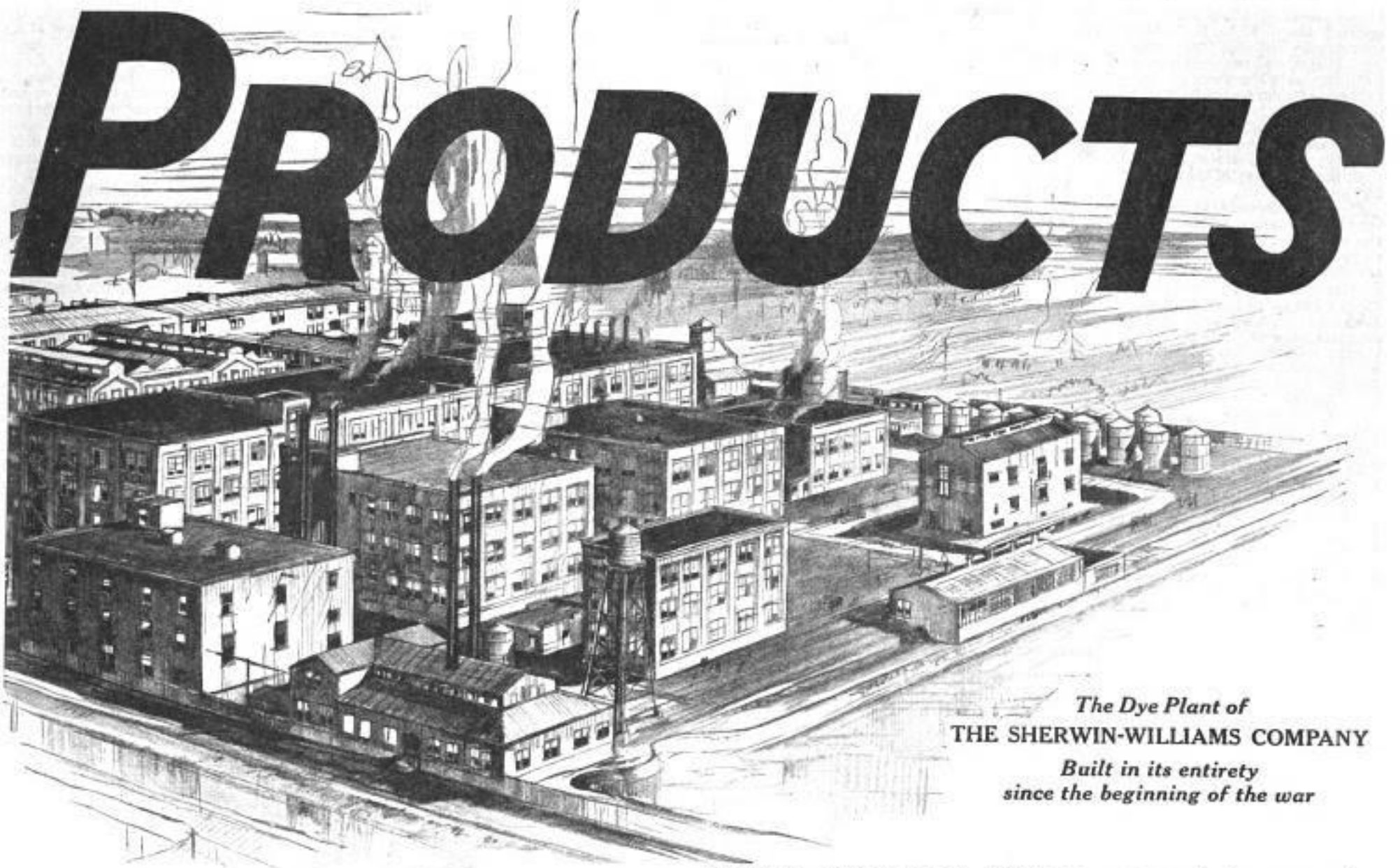
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(Continued from Page 81)

I dressed and went into the living room, to find Dick, all his boredom quite gone, having a beautiful time. Presently Charlie Sanderson arrived, and after that the movement to depart which I had observed in Kate Barnum—some women show it in the tensity of their ankles—quite disappeared. She wouldn't go till she had savored this new unattached man. By a quarter past five, the time I had planned to leave for mother's, Fred Knight came. There they were, four out of five of my *bêtes noires*, with no notion apparently of getting up to go. Of course I should have seen the funny side of it, but I didn't. I was tired and hungry and cross.

My share in the conversation was confined to mechanical smiles, the while I generalized about Kate Barnum, pondering over Bessie Stillman's characterization of her. Bessie, who resented her because Tom liked her, said she was the sort of woman that went round trying to sympathize with other women's husbands. I wondered how much there might be in that; certainly she talked more to my husband and to Tom Stillman and to Helen Kaye's husband than she did to any of the unmarried men I had seen her with.

She was, I thought, at the dangerous age for the unattached attractive woman—between thirty and thirty-five. She had by no means given up the thought of marriage, and yet she had no suitor with marked intentions. But she was the sort of woman who had to have masculine companionship. Had she, I wondered, chosen to look for it among men who would be readier to give it than unmarried men—readier, because it was apparently so safe? It was not a comfortable thought—and I wanted them all to go home.

As I was wishing it for the hundredth time they rose en masse.

"Look here!" cried Dick; "you're just all going to take potluck with us. Let's make them stay to supper, Rhoda."

"Yes, do stay," I said.

But my tone said, "I don't mean that. I ask you because I must. Please go home!"

Dick looked at me swiftly. I had seen such a look on his face once in the days of our first readjustment, and I mended my manners and did my honest best to mend my feelings.

"Look here," I said; "I do truly want you all to stay, only I haven't a thing in the house fit for dress-up company. But I do make good waffles, and if you'll stay for waffles with Vermont maple sirup and coffee—and Dick could go to the delicatessen ——"

No, Dick shouldn't go to the delicatessen; yes, they'd all stay and help make the waffles. Of course I did not want them in the kitchen. Kate said she'd help by keeping a few of the men off me in the living room. Lester Barnum helped make the waffles, and he really was useful—if only I could have forgotten that he gambled. Dick made the coffee and set the table. The little party really wasn't much trouble.

When they had all gone, about ten o'clock, Dick said, half laughing, half grim, "Well, old lady, you gave me a bad minute there, but you came up to the scratch beautifully."

At the moment it seemed to me a cruel remark. Here I was, expecting to be praised for my goodness in consenting to this supper after my hard day, and to be petted because I had not been able to go to mother's. I should have seen that I had really been put to very little trouble, and that if a group of my own old friends had been calling I would have shown more interest than I had in Dick's friends. With just a little tact I might have brought Dick to the point where he would have been praising lavishly whatever good there was in my conduct. What I did was flame out at him:

"I think I deserve a good deal of credit for coming to the scratch at all, worn out as I was! You shouldn't have invited them to supper when we had an engagement somewhere else."

This remark, implying the right to control Dick's freedom of hospitality, naturally annoyed him.

"The arrangement to go to your mother's for Sunday night supper is always an elastic one," he said. "As for inviting them, didn't we arrange this summer that we'd keep open house on Sunday? If you'd planned to do your preserving yesterday ——"

I poured out a number of reasons why the preserving couldn't have been done the day before, and my feelings working up as I went along I finished with the remark: "And when just that combination of people came it was a little too much!"

"It strikes me as a pretty good combination," said Dick dangerously.

"Charlie Sanderson!" I cried. "Why, I could smell whisky on his breath! And Fred Knight with his idiotic puns! All we needed to make the circle complete was your cousin Wade! When Lester Barnum came into the kitchen I could have screamed. I think that man ——"

"Well, what do you think of Lester?" said Dick icily. "Wait a moment first."

He wrote a line on the back of an envelope and added, "Go ahead!"

"Oh, what I think of him is just what everyone knows: he goes mad over cards and roulette and such things. I'm sure he can't be a good influence for you."

Dick smiled sardonically and handed me the envelope. On it he had written, "She's going to say: 'I know Lester Barnum can't be a good influence for you.'"

"Now then," Dick said, "we'll end this right here and now. At different times you've made exactly the same remark about each of the four men I care most about. The amount of it is that you're jealous of my friends, and you've got to justify it somehow, and you put it on the grounds that their influence isn't good ——"

"They've all got bad habits ——"

"I'm no weakling," Dick went on stormily. "Can't you see where your logic leads you? If you pursued it to the end it would mean that no decent man could be allowed abroad unless a moral keeper had him on a leash. It's jealousy ——"

"It isn't!"

"I used to be told," Dick went on, "that married women were always jealous of their husbands' former friends and made it their business to break off the old connections. Wade used to say they had always some high moral ground for their interference. I didn't suppose you'd be that sort of woman, but whether you are or not I'm not going to have it. I've never interfered with you and your friends, and I'll see to it, hereafter, that you don't interfere with mine. A man's past is his own, and he has every right to carry it into the future when it does not interfere with what he owes his wife. Every married man has a right to live a certain part of his life alone or with other people, without any disloyalty to his wife."

We quarreled and argued, and I wept. Dick and I always talked things out. That doesn't mean that we always came to any definite analysis of a given situation. In this case, for instance, each of us secretly felt that an apology was due from the other, but neither of us really apologized. I said, when we got to the melting stage, that I wanted to do every bit as much for Dick's friends as for my own, and that another time I'd plan to rest all Sunday morning so as to be ready for a whole townful in the afternoon. I also said that if I hadn't seemed cordial it was because I was so tired, and of course I knew that drinkers and gamblers couldn't make a drunkard and gambler of Dick. He said he was sorry I was tired, and that my waffles were delicious, and that I looked very pretty if I was tired. He added that Charlie Sanderson was fighting an inherited evil and needed the help of his friends, and that Fred Knight's jokes might be silly, but that they covered poor health and very sad home conditions. But, Dick went on, he liked those men because he liked them and he was not in any respect excusing his friendship.

We closed our discussion, apparently on the old loving terms, but the subject was not by any means closed and each of us had secret reservations. I did not really believe I was jealous of Dick's friends, because that word had never before been applied to me. Theoretically I thought he had a right to his friends; what I meant was that he had a right to all those I liked, and the ones I liked were the ones he was most indifferent to. Moreover, I knew that I was willing to throw away every single one of my friends if he wanted me to, and I was hurt because I knew he would not have been willing to give his up if I had wanted him to. But what prevented me from really thrashing out the situation for myself and arriving at a sense of being at fault was the fact that I kept brooding over one sentence Dick had uttered:

"Every married man has a right to live a certain part of his life alone or with other people, without any disloyalty to his wife."

How those words hurt! I might have reflected that as soon as married people begin talking about their rights to each other they are sure to say things that hurt. But what cut me was that this dictum of my husband's was a direct negation of one of our favorite early vows—that we should do everything together, share everything in common. When we were engaged or first married, I thought, Dick would never have wanted to live a part of his life alone or with other people! Conclusion—he didn't love me so much as he used to or so much as I loved him!

If only the average girl could in the first few months of marriage take a sudden jump forward to the philosophy of fifty, and then come back and apply it to the experience of the early twenties! What a lot of energy would be saved! But I have noticed this—that even the wife who has the most liberal notions of a husband's freedom and who truly wants him to be interested socially always prefers him to be talking to an attractive woman who is very much in love with some other man. And further, she always prefers it if his outside interests coincide as nearly as possible with her own. My struggles not to monopolize my husband's soul have taught me that almost every wife, deeply in love, has a certain amount of jealousy where her man is concerned, and simply has to educate it out of herself. It takes good hard discipline to do it, too. Even to this day I find myself thinking such things as this:

"I don't see why Dick wants to go on that long tramp with Charlie Sanderson when I'd go with him if he asked me."

Or, "I don't think Miss Henry ought to call Dick by his Christian name."

Or, "Dick seems amused at that woman's rattle. He wouldn't like it if I talked to another man the way she's talking to him."

Now, when such a thought comes, I can laugh it away. At the beginning, before I realized that I was unjustifiably jealous, I could only embrace such a thought and be miserable. I kept mourning because I was not all in all to Dick, because he wanted to live a part of his life with other people. I couldn't see that he always had done so; that for whole hours at his business, riding home or out socially he was not living his life with me. There were hours when I wasn't living my life with him—not if I were really attending to business. I am wise enough now to know that this life with other people is the best thing in the world for the life man and wife live together.

Meantime Mother Wilmot came, and despite my best efforts with myself she spoiled my sense of home. I honestly did my best to be nice to her, but I was discontented all the time. A dozen things upset me. For one thing she took command of the kitchen to cook Dick's favorite food. I did not see that her cooking was at all unusual but he was constantly praising her.

"That's the stuff, mother!" he would say with gusto over some dish. "You must give Rhoda the recipe."

"Of course I will!" she would beam; "but you know, son, there's a good deal in the way you put things together." Then, to take the curse off this implication, she would add, "And then, I was cooking long before Rhoda was born."

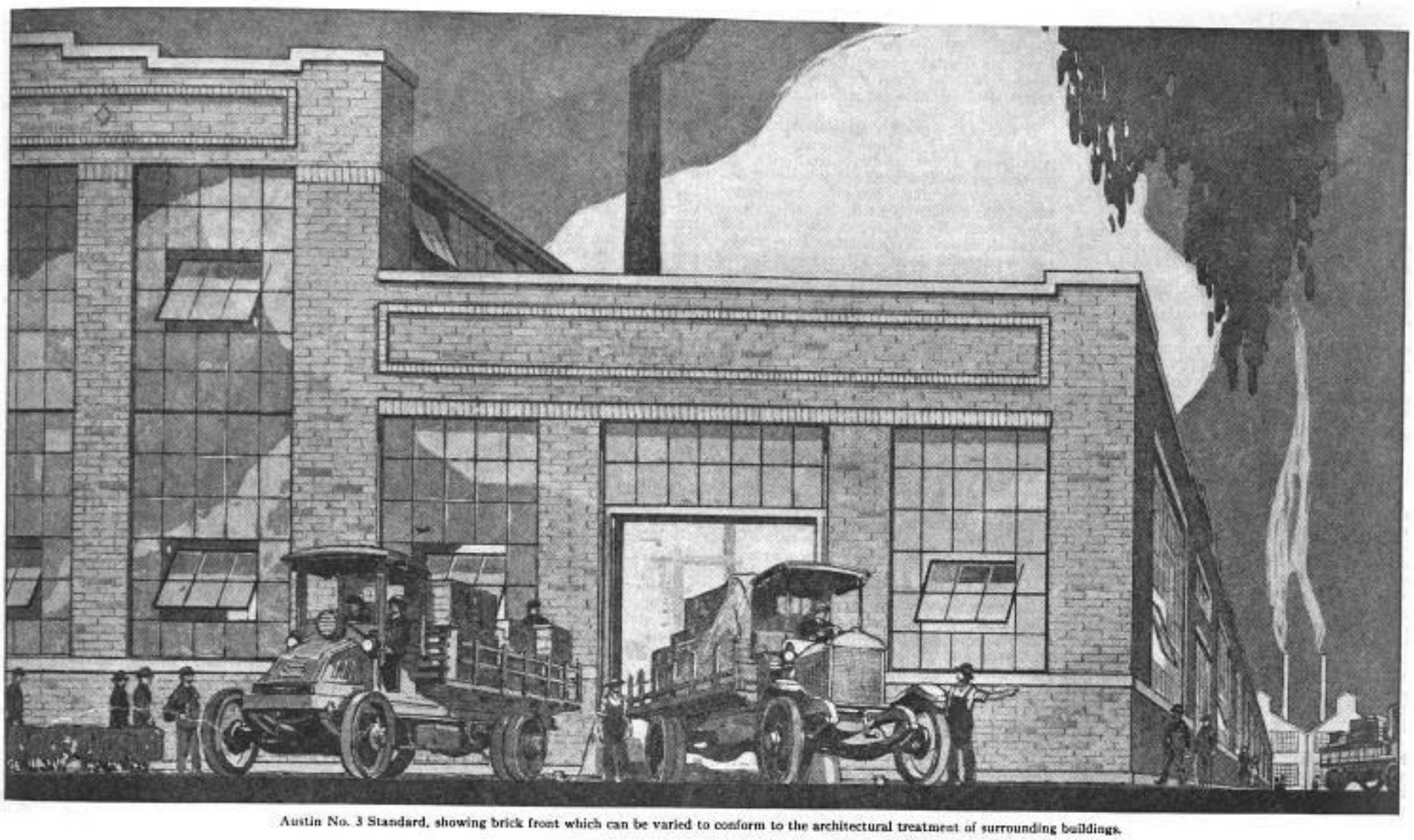
"Rhoda's a good cook," Dick would say loyally, "but there are some things, mother, that just nobody but you can make."

When she was in the kitchen she acted as if she were there to save her child from death through indigestion. Of course she

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"Men are All Alike, Once They Know You Love Them," Bessie Said Bitterly



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did not mean that. Whenever Dick spoke about her cooking as if he had been perishing for it during our married life I knew he did not mean that either. I told myself that I must remember she was an oldish woman, happy in still being of use to her son. But oh, how she did patronize me when we were alone!

"When you are my age, my dear," was one of her stock remarks, "perhaps you will think differently."

What irritated me most was her attitude toward Aunt Annie. If Aunt Annie came in alone, Mother Wilmot would sit in the living room with us, but she kept her eyebrows lifted disapprovingly. When Aunt Annie interrupted me Mother Wilmot would wait till she had ended, and would then remark to me, "Now dear, will you finish what you were saying?"

Then poor Aunt Annie would fall silent and meek while I would talk, chiefly to her, till I had brought her back to her usual state of chirrupy animation. If my cousins came in Mother Wilmot would rise, saying deprecatingly to me, "Too much gayety for my old ears, my dear."

Marriage has taught me that even if one doesn't love one's relatives, preferring as companions the relatives of one's husband or wife, still one is more loyal in service to one's own blood kin. It isn't because of congeniality, for if husbands and wives were to grow apart as do parents and children and brothers and sisters because of diversity of tastes and interests, there would be almost as many divorces as marriages. It is due, this strong loyalty, to having been brought up in the same environment, sharing the same past, learning together the first lessons in the strange adventure of life.

A man rarely tries to separate his wife from her people, though he may draw a line and state that beyond it he will allow no interference or influence from them. An unscrupulous wife is likely to try to take her husband away from his kin chiefly for the purpose of making him wholly hers. A father rarely interferes with the family life of his son or daughter but a mother is prone to feel that she ought to count in the new household. All the judges of the courts of domestic relations who have expressed themselves in print as to the causes which lead to quarrels between married couples and perhaps to separation and divorce agree that a large proportion of the trouble comes from the interference of relatives.

With Dick and me this jealousy of each other's relatives did not take a very acute form. It merely added another disturbing element to the situation in which we were already involved. Unconsciously Dick assumed his mother's attitude toward Aunt Annie, and thought I spent too much time with her. Why did I need Aunt Annie when I had his mother right in the house? But this he did not put into words, nor did I put into words my resentment of the way Mother Wilmot tried to push off Aunt Annie. But all this was just one more cause of marital rankling.

It was at this psychological moment that Dick and Kate Barnum intensified their friendship. I have no doubt that Dick was unconsciously influenced not only by my unwillingness to make of her a chimney-corner friend, but also by my half-unconscious jealousy of her. No doubt, too, she went more than half way in the friendship. It is strange that a bachelor doesn't like being pursued, while a married man rather enjoys it. Also, a friendship between a married man and a woman single or married seems to mature pretty quickly. We had met Kate here and there, and Dick had mentioned running across her down town and taking her to luncheon once; and another time Lester and Kate had driven him into the country to keep a business appointment. But I had no notion of the strength of Dick's interest in Kate until the night of the spring dance of the country club to which we belonged.

Dick danced with Kate almost as many times as he did with me, and twice they disappeared to sit out their dances. Bessie Stillman coming upon me in the dressing room, where with Helen Kaye's help I was repairing a torn hem, patted my cheek and said, "What! Is it really torn? I thought you came here to cry your eyes out because that tiger lady, Kate Barnum, is eating Dick up."

Helen and Bessie never did get on very well, and now Helen said sharply, "Don't be a goose, Bessie! Dick's all right. I'm sure Rhoda doesn't want to keep him tied up to her apron strings!"

Bessie leaned against the dressing table, her dark beautiful face very mournful.

"Men are all alike, once they know you love them," she said bitterly. "I wish I knew what neurasthenic patient my husband is holding the hands of to-night."

She turned and went toward the door, calling over her shoulder, "Give him a Roland for his Oliver, Rhoda. It's an old device, but serviceable. Come along and flirt with someone—Dwight Kaye, for choice."

"Bessie is intolerable," Helen said, flushing. "I forgive her only because I know she's so wretched. Of course Dwight likes to talk to pretty women, and I—I like him to. And I'd rather have him talk to you than to anyone else."

Well, I didn't want to talk to Dwight. I wanted to hide in that dressing room until it was time to go home, and then have Dick worried because he couldn't find me. But I was afraid if I stayed there Kate might somehow get the dances I had with Dick. So I went out, with Helen's gentle warning in my ears, "You look a little grave to-night, dear; smile!"

I smiled as best I could, and danced out the rest of my dances, and said nothing to Dick till we got home. But then I said too much. From laughing and petting me Dick turned furiously angry, and we talked so loud that Mother Wilmot kept coughing from her room to warn us. I cannot bear to remember even now what we said, but at the close of our quarrel Dick was ten times as friendly toward Kate as he had been at the beginning. One thing he said was that this jealousy of Kate was of a piece with my jealousy of his men friends and of everything he wanted to do, and that he was going on with this friendship and all others he had; he would share them with me so far as might be; for the rest, they were his own.

From that time on, it seemed to me, Dick and Kate overlooked no chances. At the club dances she had just about one dance less with him than I had. I think that occasionally they met down town and twice a week they played tennis. Of course both Mother Wilmot and Aunt Annie saw that things were wrong and suspected why. They said nothing, but Mother Wilmot's manner to me plainly showed that she considered me an unreasonable, spoiled, exacting girl, who could never understand Dick as his mother did; but at least his mother would try to make up to him as far as she could, for his wife's failure. Aunt Annie, of course, held that I was a devoted, neglected, unhappy wife, and she did her best to shelter me with her unspoken sympathy; whatever happened I should have my own people to fall back upon. Naturally I liked her point of view better than I did Mother Wilmot's. Naturally, also, this division of interest did not make for harmony either between Dick and Aunt Annie or between Dick and me.

Dick kept his word about sharing Kate with me. I was included in her dinner invitations. I was at liberty to go along with Dick and watch the tennis games at the country club.

Often I did go, not because I wanted to but because I was afraid of what people might think unless I showed that I was countenancing the friendship. I might have spared myself the pain. I know now that no one gave the association of Dick and Kate more than a passing thought; to them she was just our family friend, as her brother Lester was.

Time after time I sat beside the tennis court, miserably watching the two of them. Sometimes Helen Kaye sat with me. No woman in the world ever had a better friend than Helen was, so tactful, so tender. She knew I was unhappy, and knew why, but she never tried to force my confidence. Sometimes when the staring green and white of the court blurred behind a mist of tears, she would touch my hand softly.

One day when I was watching Dick and Kate in a foursome, thinking how happy they looked and how wretched I was, I broke my silence and said to Helen,

"I can't seem to bear it, Helen. Don't you —— Don't you really mind it when Dwight ——"

Dwight loved Helen, but all our world knew that he was something of a lady-killer. I had seen him at luncheon with other women, and out walking with them.

"I did mind at first," Helen said slowly; "but if a wife expects to be happy she just has to accommodate herself to her husband's temperament. And I do want to be happy. So—what I try to do is to make his friends my own. His private secretary now —— I think a secretary, Rhoda —— Well, I always make friends of his secretaries and of all the other women he likes, as far as they will let me. You see, I know I'm the only person Dwight loves, and that's all that really matters."

"Oh, I could never make a friend of Kate Barnum," I said despairingly.

"Yes, you could. She's awfully nice, really. If you'd only try, Rhoda. The only thing I mind now is when a woman confides something or other to Dwight and implies that he's not to tell me. I hate that and I always shall."

"Oh, but how could they? And how could a husband ——"

"Well," said Helen with a wry smile, "we'd better not go into that. But they can, and they do. And after all, Rhoda, it wouldn't be quite honorable for a man to give away anyone else's confidence. If I told you something and made you promise never to tell a soul, would you go and tell Dick?"

"I—I'm afraid I should," I said guiltily, "if I thought telling it would make him interested in what I was saying."

Along with the silent claim I was making that Dick should give up his friendship with Kate went countless other mental restrictions. The difference between men and women when they begin to disregard each other's freedom is that men become tyrannical and impose burdens, while women make restrictions. The husband says, "You shall!" The wife says, "You shall not!" Time after time I didn't see why Dick wanted to do this or that—which meant that I was making a claim that he should not do it. We were punctiliously pleasant to each other—and both wretched. Once or twice we had an hour or two when we forgot everything except that we loved each other. But such hours were like little islands in a rushing flood. We slipped back into the flood without building a bridge to the mainland. We should have talked the matter out, and yet as neither of us was prepared to yield anything it may be that the talking would have led to nothing but increased pain.

A manifestation of my misery of jealousy was that I accumulated a store of grievances

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(Concluded from Page 88)

against Dick. Several times in my life I have encountered the woman with grievances. They come either from jealousy or from sex antagonism. Such a woman has apparently a thirst for perfection, for nothing ever quite suits her; she has a gift for ferreting out the disadvantages of every situation. No matter what her husband does he ought to have done something different. I had for the time being the mood of that sort of woman. The saving grace I had just then was that I kept still. I had vowed not to reopen the subject of Kate until Dick did—and yet it was I who spoke first. I met Lester Barnum one afternoon just as I was going into our apartment house, listened to an allusive remark of his about Kate's "new job," made appropriate reply, and then went upstairs as if on the wings of flame. Dick had just got home.

"Lester Barnum tells me," I said, "that you got a position for Kate in your firm as joint secretary for you and the chief engineer."

"Yes, I should have told you myself if ——"

"I know all about women secretaries," I said with deadly quietness. "Kate has had a few months' experience as a secretary, I know; but she couldn't be good enough for such a position if she didn't get it by favor. I demand that you let her go. I simply won't have her in your office!"

"I can't let you interfere with office matters, Rhoda," Dick said.

"Seeing her every two or three days isn't enough," I cried bitterly; "you must see her every day! Well, you can just choose between us."

"I shall do no such thing. There is no choice. You are my wife."

He went into his room and began to dress. We were to go to a dinner and a dance at the country club that night. For weeks I had felt ill, as well as unhappy. If only Dick would come to me. All he did was to call out pleasantly that he would hook me up when I was ready. His cue was to ignore the scene. Suddenly I grew hard and quiet. Very well; I would keep up till I dropped. Dick came to my room and put his arms round me. I could not respond. I think my stillness rather alarmed him.

At dinner that night the Stillmans sat at our table. Bessie took too much wine and sneered at her husband when he tried to restrain her. The rest of us laughed off the incident, but it was really very painful. When the dancing began I welcomed the chance to get away. The evening was about half over when in the middle of a waltz with Tom Stillman I asked him if he would mind sitting the rest of it out, as I felt faint. All the seats in the veranda were occupied, so we found a dark bench amid the shrubberies. Then I leaned back, exhausted and miserable.

Presently we heard the rattling run of steps on the gravel. The branches in front of us were swept aside, and Bessie stood there, panting, disheveled.

"You!" she shrieked at her husband; "who is charming you to-night?"

He pulled her down on the seat beside us and put his hand over her mouth.

"This is intolerable!" he said, addressing neither of us. "This woman keeps asserting herself, insisting on her own right to the mastery. Her career—what's that? What does her singing amount to? A woman can express herself only through her husband and her home! Bessie can make good only for and through me! But she wants to be the center always and everywhere, claims every shred of my time, doesn't want me to look at another woman."

Bessie sank back against his arm.

"Oh, I've lost you! I've lost you!" she cried.

I could hear Dick's footsteps crunching along the gravel.

"Rhoda, are you here?" he called anxiously.

"Here, with Bessie and Tom," I replied.

"Lost me! If you have it's your own fault," Tom said. "How can you expect me to love you? I'm sick to death of your jealousy ——"

Dick stood before us. I stumbled up from the bench and held out my arms to him. As he led me away I could hear Bessie sobbing pitifully and Tom's voice softening as he talked to her.

"Take me home, please," I said to Dick.

"I thought you looked pale and tired, so I came after you," he said. "Lester has his uncle's car; he'll drive us home."

All the way home Dick held me in his arms. I am sure we both kept thinking over that dreadful scene between Bessie and her husband. Yet when we spoke it was not of them.

"Mother's visit is about over, dear," Dick said. "She spoke to me yesterday about having soon to go back. I hope we can always have our people to visit us but not again for such a long time. I'm afraid I didn't realize, dear, that the relatives on both sides can bring in an alien atmosphere to a home—that is, if they become too definitely a part of the home."

"I needn't see so much of Aunt Annie if she annoys you," I whispered.

"I am going to try harder than I have to get used to her ways," he said.

Then we fell silent. Neither of us had said what was in the foreground of our minds, yet what we had said paved the way to understanding and to reconciliation; we were in a mood to be patient and tender with each other and self-condemnatory. I thought again, and in a newly illumined way, of Bessie and her husband. Her jealousy had driven them worlds apart. At the best Tom would seek his compensation in his work and his friends; at the worst he would find some woman who would give him the kind of love he wanted. All that was holding them together was the bond of the child that was to come. Bessie had lifted up before me the mirror of my own conduct. I now saw Dick's point of view, realized that I had cabined and confined him. I saw that the only way I could save that little citadel of self I had built in him was to make no unfair claim.

When we were at home I held out my arms to Dick. Before I could speak he said, "I want to tell you, dear; Kate has just become engaged to Charlie Sanderson."

Somehow I felt no relief whatever. Kate seemed to have dropped out of my consciousness.

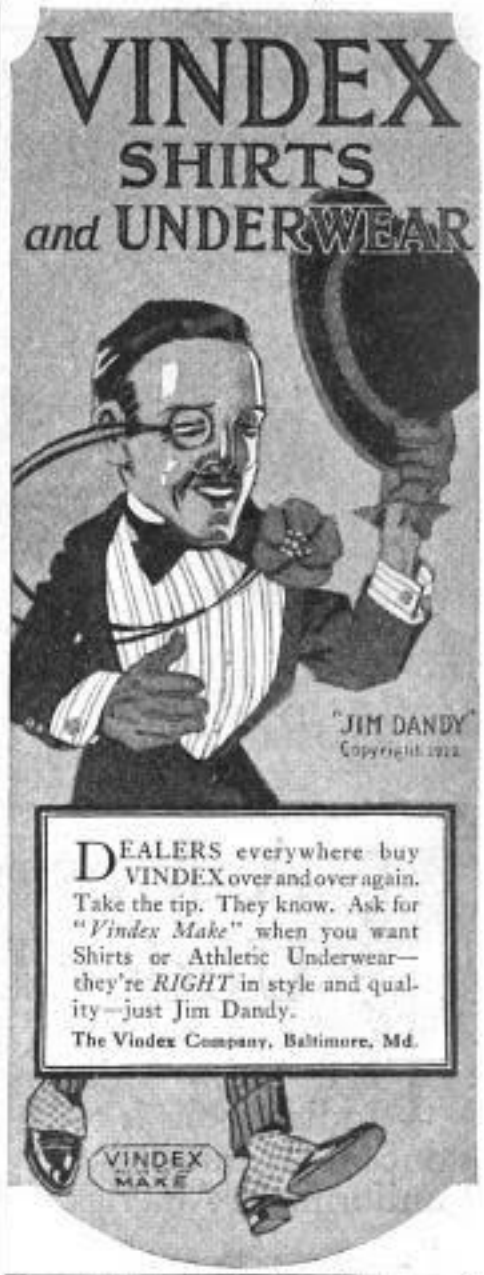
"She doesn't seem to matter now," I whispered. "I've been wanting to tell you, Dick. Our house of life—it won't be just two any more."

Under all Dick's adoring words I kept thinking of Tom and Bessie. What if I had so drained Dick of love of me that only our child could be our reason for union! In that wonderful hour with my happiness over our reconciliation was mingled gratitude that I had seen my madness before it was too late. I took a new degree in wisdom that night. I had learned that I must root out jealousy, and must watch with unremitting care and patience the place where it had been, for I knew it would be as eager to come back as Canada thistles. I knew, too, that the exercise of patience, tolerance and tenderness will cure jealousy.

Editor's Note — This is the first in a series of stories by Mrs. Warren. The second and last will appear in an early issue.



*When the Dancing Began I Welcomed the Chance to Get Away*





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# THE SEA TERRIERS

(Continued from Page 16)

every inch of space utilized, and every compartment a cubby-hole; bridge, guns, lookout, depth charges, wireless and three powerful gasoline engines; complicated listening and locating devices; a tiny galley where, when the seas breaking inboard do not entirely engulf him, a cook prepares their hasty meals; sleeping quarters where the men—sometimes—get a little sleep, provided the ship isn't rolling so badly that they can't stay in their bunks; compact, courageous, consistent little warships—the terriers of the sea.

And wet—always, always wet, unless the weather is clear and the sea is calm—but good sea boats. They wangle through somehow. They weather it out. The roll of them is a peculiar roll; when there is a heavy sea on, a most disconcerting roll. Over she goes, thirty, forty degrees, until you think she never will come back, and begin to speculate on the quality of your life preserver—over—over—good-by, boys, I'm through—stops—staggers—trembles, and begins to scramble back through the spume; slowly—slowly—then quickening, and you brace the other way to prepare for the roll off into the opposite trough—brace—hang on—she's clambering back, doggedly pulling herself out of it—setting her teeth into the equilibrium like the terrier she is.

Two degrees back—ten—fifteen—coming up—and everybody braced for the roll the other way. Then, bang! Another wave catches her, and she stops halfway, shakes and shivers and tumbles back to where she came from, twists herself out of it, and tries again to scuffle back to her normal—hanging on—hanging on—good stuff—now she's going to make it—up—up—doggedly—determinedly—gallantly —— Biff! Old Nep has hit her another whang on the quarter; but he can't get her—she shoves a sardonic snout at him and comes back—comes back—comes back! Old Nep can't whip her—he can't faze her. Presently with a mighty shake she rises up to evens again, and plugs ahead, with the water gushing off her deck, and her men soaked and everything afloat. Together, the terrier and the terriers grin at the sea and scoff.

"Not yet, old top, not yet! Nothing doing. Hawk—Eagle—Gull. Oak—Ash—Maple. Rinkum, Dinkum, Allagazam. Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack!" And rallying her tossing pack about her, off she goes, listening, looking, trailing, day and night without end—trailing the Hun.

### *Risky, But it Worked*

They stay a certain number of days in port and work a certain number of days at sea, nosing out in packs and operating according to a general rule as to disposition—that is, formative disposition at sea, not general disposition. The general disposition of those terriers is ugly, not to say ferocious, so far as the Hun submarines are concerned. There isn't enough mercy in that bunch to crowd the eye of a needle. "Go get 'em!" is the war cry when they start out, and the proudest pennant they can display when they come back is "We got one!"

They are mostly reserve lads, officers and men, who came fresh into the Navy soon after war was declared, though now and then a commander of an S. C. is an old navy man who was a warrant officer before he went into the fuss. They do amazing stunts. One of the terriers is commanded by a lad who before the war had occupation on a Western ranch. At dusk one night he ran close up with his S. C. to a dangerous floating German mine, right in the pathway of the S. C.'s and of general traffic. This destroying agent had escaped the mine sweepers, and it was a Menace with a capital M. The commanding officer knew it was his duty to destroy it, and he tried. Night was settling down. The visibility was almost zero. He tried to set it off by rifle shots at it, but he couldn't hit a detonater.

Wherefore, being a lad who operates off his own bat and not tied down by any naval precedent—there undoubtedly is a naval regulation as to what must be done in these circumstances, for there are naval regulations about everything, from the manner to attack a fort to the exact way the ship's hen should lay an egg—he decided to arrange matters with that mine so it should be harmless during the night and destroyable in the morning. He ordered the wherry dropped into the water, took off a line and rowed to the mine. Then he expertly lassoed the mine, made the noose all fast, and rowed back to the ship with the other end of the line. This he secured to the stern of his S. C., and towed that mine behind in his various wanderings all that night. When morning came he blew up the mine. Fancy that, you rocking-chair sailors—bobbing about through the darkness of a black night with a mine towing a hundred feet or so astern—a mine big enough to blow forty S. C.'s into bits!

"Good Lord!" said the commanding officer when report was made; "that thing might easily have drifted on to you and blown the whole lot of you out of the water."

"I know it," replied the lad off the ranch, "but I took that chance and watched it; and if I hadn't picked it up it might have blown up some other fellow who couldn't see it in the dark."

The business of the submarine chaser is pithily expressed in the naval designation of them. That is what they are for—to chase submarines. They were built for that purpose, and are operated exclusively with that object in view. They have no other prerogatives or procedure. They are organized and equipped for submarine chasing and destroying, and that is the beginning, the course and the end of them. They chase submarines exactly as a terrier chases a rat or a rabbit. They get on the trail and stay on it. They never quit, never lag, never falter so long as there is a chance that the quarry may be caught. They are insistent, numerous, importunate, tireless, quick, nervous and vital. They stick.

### *When It Rains Depth Charges*

They are as mobile as a boat can be, immediately responsive to the rudder, high-powered, and built for action, not for comfort or cruising. You can cut circles with them or turn them in their own length. They are a hundred and ten feet of organized efficiency, and, though the actual experience of them has shown places where they might be improved, as a whole they do their job very well. The Navy Department rushed out a lot of them, and at the base in England where I looked them over there was a very sizable fleet of them, and more coming. The crew is two officers and twenty or twenty-two men. Six of these men run the engines. The rest have their various duties—as listeners, depth-charge men, and so on; and each terrier is a complete instrument of Hun destruction when she goes out. They are not heavily armed, for their business isn't to shoot submarines, though that can be done if necessary, but to locate them and drop depth charges on them. The engines are amidships, and each chaser is triple-screwed. They have a good speed and a sizable cruising radius. The bridge is amidships, with a lookout above, and each ship is fully equipped with the latest devices for signaling and listening.

Generally speaking—and all speaking about this phase of it must be very general—the object of the chase of a chaser or a flock of them is to get what is called a "fix." That is, they go out and patrol in a specified area for the purpose of locating submarines. Now the manner of getting a fix is extremely interesting and quite efficient. Also, it is not for discussion here. It is sufficient to say that the completed "fix" locates the submarines with reasonable accuracy—that is, determines the place beneath the water where the submarine is lurking, of the route on which it is proceeding. When the fix is determined the chasers go to it with all speed, and it begins to rain depth charges on Fritz.

If so be Fritz is encountered on the surface, the S. C. leaps up to him and whangs at him with her guns. There isn't one of all the scores of them that would hesitate a second before tackling the biggest German submarine that is in commission. But that chance rarely comes, for Fritz isn't taking any of that medicine when he can avoid it. His game is to stay hidden if he can until some safe easy potshots at supply or troop or hospital ships are afforded.

Any sort of sea tosses a hundred-and-ten-foot boat about, and the waters where this particular squadron of chasers operates are not particularly pacific. Naturally it is easier to get a fix when the sea is calm, if any Hun is about, than when the sea is





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high and the chaser is bobbing round like a cork. Still, Fritz is under in all sorts of weather; hence the terriers are out in all sorts too; and they do not hug the shore, either. They go away out to sea in quest of their prey, ranging for miles and miles, farther than one unexperienced of them would think, listening, trailing, always on the job, relentlessly and tirelessly.

A pack of them were coming in on the morning I arrived at the base, and a pack going out, all alike, so far as one could see, except for the white numbers painted on their bows. The incomers nosed along, seeking mooring places by the sides of others that had come in ahead of them, all navy gray, to the last exposed inch of them, all geared and hampered with the tools of their trade; and on the decks of them were the lads of the crew, mostly in blue dungarees, hatless to the last lad of them, hoisting out bedding and stores and piling all on the deck to dry in the sun before they went out again. This gave the incomers the curious appearance of floating back yards with the bedding and clothing flapping on the lines stretched fore and aft.

The outgoers were spick-and-span, cleared and stowed, with the crews of them at their stations, the officers on the bridge; the engines throbbing and the pennants and signals flying. There had been a heavy sea outside, and the incomers were battered a bit, and the paint of them dulled by the salt spray that had been dashing against it for hours and hours. The incoming crews were weary and unshaven, and their dungarees were soiled and dirty, while the outgoers were fresh and brisk and clean. Later I saw that outgoing bunch come back, and they, too, were unshaven, and their bedding was hung out to dry, and the clothes of them flapped from the lines stretched fore and aft. Chasing the Hun submarine is no tea party. It is hard, grueling, insistent work.

When they get in they must turn to and get shipshape for the next foray. There are countless things to be done aboard a chaser after a cruise before she can go cruising again, from shifting and replenishing stores to making repairs and repainting. Not much time is allowed for rest, and there is no liberty until the ship is ready. So the chasers lie there in port, in long bobbing rows, with the crews stripped, usually to undershirts and trousers, feverishly getting shipshape so they can go ashore and taste the delights of liberty. There may be a dozen of them—two dozen—picture it for yourself; and each little ship is as busy a craft as you ever saw, either out or in. For ceaseless activity I think the S. C.'s top anything in the Navy. They are never still a minute.

### A Nautical Nut-Farmer

There is a small American supply ship for the repair of them stationed at this base, and the United States is building an extensive machine shop at the quay that has been assigned to them. The British Admiralty has given over a certain section of the port to the terriers, and the United States is hastening to install repair machinery and fill storehouses with supplies. The men on the supply ship keep those shops running night and day, but with the additions that are coming for the fleet much greater repair facilities are needed. The executive offices for the United States are located at the edge of the quay, so the commanding officer can look out his window and see his terriers at any time, save when they are ranging out at sea. In the executive offices the various activities of operation and administration are conducted.

There isn't much room for a guest on an S. C.; wherever one is he feels himself in the way. The bridge is bridge and chart room combined. The compartments below have each their navigating and operating uses as well as their uses for sleep and sustenance. The engine rooms are packed with machinery and the decks are covered with gear. So an outsider does the best he can, hangs on when she rolls, watches the various operations as well as may be, and generally is not at all averse to getting back to shore.

The men come from all parts of the United States. Of the crew on one chaser I visited there were men from ten states, from California to Massachusetts; and no two from the same city or village. The commander was from the South, and the second in command from Vermont. Oddly enough, the bulk of the crew were not from coast states, but from the interior. None of them had had any seafaring experience before they enlisted in the Navy; but they were all genuine gobs now, naval in walk, talk and action. No youth is so adaptable as our youth, and these lads have taken over the stern life of the sea as readily as they would shift occupation at home.

I saw a conference between a large number of the officers of the chasers and some of the older naval hands who are in command. They were talking over things, making reports and offering and getting suggestions; keen, browned, alert young fellows, well set up, lean, sinewy, capable, eagerly on the job, with ideas of their own as to practice and operation, and submitting these ideas enthusiastically; open for suggestion, free in criticism, each wanting to get the best there is out of the crews and the ships.

"Where do the officers come from?" I asked an executive officer long in the Navy.

"Everywhere," he said.

"Were they sailors?"

"Not many of them; some had had experience in motor boats and yachts and were amateur navigators, but the way they have picked it up is marvelous. Let me give you an illustration. When I was organizing the first flotilla that came over I questioned the young chaps who came before me as officers for the chasers. Of the first five on one day one had been a shoe salesman, another an accountant, another a nut inspector and another an actor."

"Nut inspector?" I said. "What's that?"

"He worked on a pecan ranch down South somewhere."

### Brave Lads and Bully Boys

"They had had some sailing experience and had taken short special courses at a training school. Now of that bunch three are in command of chasers to-day; four brought their ships across, and the actor is a unit commander, and a mighty good one too. That's where we got them. The Navy just reached out and collected them here, there and everywhere, and they are good stuff and making sailors of themselves mighty fast."

Brought their ships across! I looked into that, for until that moment it had not occurred to me that these ships, these tiny craft, had not always been on the English side. Well, they brought them across, each one of them—sailed them from the United States to this British port—many others like them, and some even smaller have been brought across—and got away with it. They took these one-hundred-and-ten-foot boats and fared forth with them on the Atlantic in the stormy springtime, manned by crews that mostly had never been to sea before, and officered largely by men who had never commanded or navigated anything larger than a catboat.

They sailed them from America to Rendezvous X, to Rendezvous Y, to Rendezvous Z, and thence to where I saw them, more than three thousand miles—bluffed the eternal seas, laughed at Old Father Neptune, scoffed at Davy Jones and his locker—sailed them from shore to shore, and never lost a man or a ship. They beat their way through storms, tossed about in mountainous seas, rolled and wallowed in desperate troughs, fought—fought—fought for every inch of the way, and brought them in. Some were battered, some had bridges and deck work torn away. Some had engine trouble. Some leaked. Some broke down in various ways. But they brought them in—these raw sailor lads and these raw officers—fought the sea with superb contempt for its prowess, and with the unquenchable spirit of youth. And there they are. So, too, are others at other bases—sailed across the seas by these American lads.

They were wet most of the time, hungry much of the time, and held to cold food for considerable periods because the seas were too heavy to allow use of the stoves in the galleys. They had little sleep and less comfort. They were thrown about, battered, tossed, bruised. They stood unceasing watch and surmounted excessive difficulty, but they brought them in—seasick, some of them; weary, all of them; nerves at severest strain; fighting every inch of the way, but courage never daunted, spirit never quailing. They brought them in—brave lads and bully boys, they brought them in!

And now they take them out to the far seas beyond the base, and navigate them all about, loaded with T N T to drop on the

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Hun, on ceaseless vigil, buffeting the seas, prepared for instant fight. When the history of this war, and our part in it, comes to be written there should be an epic for these American lads who, raw and green to the ways of the sea, have won glory for themselves in these cockleshells—have faced and beaten the angers of the deep in these tiny craft—faced them and beaten them with the high, indomitable, laughing spirit of American youth.

Let me tell you the story of a cruise of one unit of the terriers not long ago—we began operations at this base in June—which may be considered a recital of many cruises and which will show how the game is played.

On a certain morning this unit went out, and as soon as the terriers were in location they caught the sound of a submarine. They tried for a fix but could not get one, because of the faintness of the sound and the heavy sea that was running. Probably, too, Fritz stopped his engines and laid by, submerged. At any rate they circled and zigzagged for two hours and a half and then got the sound of the submarine again. It was apparent that the submarine had begun circling with them, for as they went their devious but always appointed ways the sound of the submarine was noted here and there, in such a manner as to make it certain that while they were circling on the surface trying to get contact with him, Fritz, too, was circling beneath them, equally determined to keep away from contact.

Twice they were very near the submarine, but before the fix had been established Fritz had ducked.

The wind grew fresher and the sea heavier. The terriers were rolling awash, and using hydrophones, as well as fixing, was a very difficult proposition. After an hour or two more of this ring-around-a-rosy they got a fix and put a barrage of depth charges all round the spot. Fritz was too foxy for them, for instead of going out he turned in a short circle inside of them, and escaped anything but a shaking up. The terriers kept at it, and that night Fritz stuck up his periscope a mile away to see what it was all about. The terriers jumped for it, but before they got there Fritz had ducked again. The terriers did not falter. They kept circling and listening until midnight.

The gale increased. The sea was very rough. Even those experienced mariners, accustomed to heavy seas, say it was unusually rough, from which it may be concluded that the terriers were under water most of the time, and rolling frightfully. The best hydrophone man in the outfit became too seasick to go on. He stuck until he fainted, however. At four o'clock in the morning they had a good fix. They had Fritz right where they wanted him. Just as they were ready to go to it a destroyer loomed out of the dark, churning along despite the frantic signals of the terriers to get off on his own business, and Fritz dropped like a stone as far as he could go.

### The Patient Q Ship

They got contact again at five-thirty, and chased after it. Fritz eluded them. Then they circled, circled, circled until eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when contact was made and a fix obtained. At noon they paid their explosive respects to Fritz with a lot more depth charges, and that time the telltale oil came to the surface. The weather was worse. The seas were very high. They stuck, bombing the Hun with all they had, and then came in, confident they had settled that Hun. In that chase they went more than a hundred miles, and the chart of it looks like a Chinese war map. Most of the time the S. C.'s were rolling so much it was impossible to stand without being tied or braced, and the galley was out of commission, so there was no hot food or coffee.

They stayed on that chase in that horrible weather for twenty-five and a half hours, with every man alert, no thought of sleep or rest, with the sea pounding them and the gale almost blowing them off the deck, cold, wet to their various skins, subsisting on canned food; and they were as gay as larks when they came in, for the chances are they got their sub, and more power to them!

Like the men on the destroyers and the men in the submarines, they are buoyed by the eternal hope that next time out they may get their Hun. You never know your luck. A Fritz may be waiting right round the corner. You never can tell, so go to it, my bullies, and good fortune that may have evaded you all those long, weary watches may drop a Hun into your maw this next time.

They are all cheered over the story of the skipper of the British Q ship, or mystery ship, operating out of that same port. One day a signal came in that a ship had been torpedoed outside, and every S. C. in the port was hustled out to see about it and get the torpedoer while the getting was good. The terriers scampered out in a long procession, and incessant quack-quacks resounded from those ancient shores as they put to sea.

When they got out they found the torpedoed ship was the British Q ship and that their services were not needed. The British skipper, after waiting for nearly three years, had his chance and got his submarine. He was proceeding like a tramp coast steamer; and Fritz bit, and torpedoed him. Then the usual stunts were done. The panic crew of the Q ship, rigged up to represent merchantmen, and women, had their carefully rehearsed panic on deck, and then squealing with assumed fright tumbled into the boats and pulled away, leaving concealed the gun crews at their stations.

The Hun bit. Notwithstanding the fact that Q ships are now obsolete and that the Germans are not taking much of them these days, this Fritz bit. A Q ship is generally stuffed with wood so it will sink slowly if at all. Also, it has trick deckhouses, sides and other properties. In the old days when Fritz torpedoed a ship and the crew was away he waited a time and then came aboard to steal all food, clothing, brass and everything else movable that he could find. The trick was for the gunners to remain, no matter how much preliminary shelling Fritz did to make sure before he boarded the ship, and when the Germans came point-blank, to get them. At a signal from the officers in command the deckhouses dropped away, the sides dropped down and displayed British gunners at British guns, who made short work of the Hun.

### Methodical Mine Layers

Naturally this game gave Fritz pause, and after trying it several times and getting the worst of it he took to torpedoing his ships, making sure of his hits and not investigating further. No Q business for him if caution would protect him. However, this Fritz bit, came to the surface and slid alongside of Q. The skipper waited until Fritz was point-blank and then—smash!—bang!—down came the deckhouse and the sides, and before Fritz knew what hit him he had twenty holes in him from very penetrating guns and was on his unmourned way to the bottom.

Well, the point of that story is that this skipper waited nearly three years for his chance and then got it, and the terriers expect every trip they make to be their lucky one. Perhaps it will be. Who can tell? They chalk on their depth charges such legends as "A gift from S. C. 489" or "An Anti-Hun pill from S. C. 576," and there isn't one of them who isn't sure that this time—this time—a sure fix will be made and a Hun submarine torn into jagged pieces by the depth charges dropped by his own terrier.

Nor does a trip without event dampen their enthusiasm, for the chance is always before them. Hope—they are the champion hopers of the universe, those chaser gobs.

Nothing shows the way the Hun mind works any better than his mine laying. He carries eighteen, and he lays them six in a row in certain places. Every day the channel is swept and the mines taken, if there are any. Fritz knows that, but his is an orderly and disciplined mind. Next time he comes he lays his mines six in a row, in exactly the same spots where he laid them before, and where they were swept and found. You'd think he'd try some other spots, on the chance that the mine sweepers wouldn't find his engines of destruction. Not Fritz. He has been told, and he does what he is told.

The work of the terriers is effective, and will be more so as the grasp of it becomes firmer and the practice of it more advanced. As it is, the terriers are making it much more difficult for Fritz—oh, very much more difficult!—and they have hopes of making it quite impossible. They are the lads who can do it too. Make a note of that!


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# GAME LAWS OF LOCATION HUNTERS

(Continued from Page 22)

and the next morning to tow him up-shore a few miles by some cliffs and beach the beggar. Then, after shooting the big stuff, to turn him over to Bud Nolan for a couple of comedies.

But while mortals sleep the cosmic forces still go on, and in the wee small hours of that fatal night, while Mira Vista lay deep in the hay, the whale, gently rising on the highest tide of the year, and no doubt lured by the gentle perfume of the night, broke from his moorings, and found, high on the beach just below The Inn, a last resting place.

Good taste and a reverence for chaste English must edit an intimate account of what that unwelcome visitor did to Mira Vista. I might gently insinuate, however, that his presence was inharmonious with the rare perfumes native to that idyllic spot. Within two hours all the cottagers along the shore had found refuge in near-by watering places, and those back in the hills sought sanctuary among the rose geraniums during the in-shore breezes of the afternoon.

"Big Minnie," as the studio bunch irreverently referred to the dead, loved Mira Vista and was loath to leave, as was discovered when twenty-two motor boats, of various mouse power, tried to pull her into deep water. Burning was next attempted, as Bill Condon insisted that whale oil was most inflammable. Naught but a beautiful lilac steam resulted. A great hole was dug in the sand, but a fool tide filled it up before Minnie could be rolled in.

### *The Disappearance of Big Minnie*

The following morning a heroic endeavor was made to saw the old girl into segments, but the sawyers were unequal to the dreadful task, and then—ah, then!—Bill made a decision that was to mark an epoch in the history of the cinema.

At two A. M., when the once-happy Mira Vista was quiet as a cemetery, a great detonation was heard for miles round, and Condon standing on a hillside out of the town remarked: "Lord, what a punch! I wish I could have shot that scene."

Bill's was the kind of mind that would have seen a good scenario in the killing of his mother with a hatchet.

None of us ever saw what really became of Big Minnie, for Bill had arranged to take the company to Los Angeles immediately after applying the spark, but photographic accounts all agreed that the whale had been merely transferred from the beach to the landscape, much of her draping the beautiful Georgian façade of The Inn.

The white marble fronts of several Italian palaces close by looked like the mural decorations of an abattoir, and every million-dollar cottage and bungalow as far as the eye could reach was garnished with kerosene, broken saws, whalebone—and things; and from every tree and pergola in the landscape hung little festoons of blubber!

Since that fateful day no picture company has ever been to Mira Vista, even on location, and I have been told that not a charred stick of the Climax studio remains to remind the villagers of their cinemasipelas.

The Climax was not the only offender in those budding—and bursting—days. Other studios in Hollywood and Los Angeles were making perfect pests of their performances. Comedy companies would spread rich lawns with their custard mayonnaise, dramatic directors would march outraging armies through tender citrus nurseries and cause explosions in the big punches that would addle expensive setting eggs for miles round.

"Who called this stuff the silent drama?" would be the headline of a vitriolic attack in the local paper—and all because some company was making night scenes that necessitated yelping cowboys shooting up a mining town. School-teachers and civic uplifters even objected to bathing girls and harem ladies draping themselves about the soda fountains, and when some daring classicist would try to stage a nature dance in a public park their indignation knew no bounds. Even the most prejudiced movie man must acknowledge that there was much merit in the objections of our best people. And it was the Bill Condons who caused this wrath to coalesce.

After several free and happy years of lawless shooting the explosion of Big Minnie was the signal for the counter offensive. Right away, instead of cities inviting studios to come to their industrial rescue, at the mere threat of such a calamity protective leagues were organized to exclude us. In our own bailiwick restrictive ordinances began to appear that insinuated most exultingly that we were not artists. Our only friends were the real estaters, who exhibited the most alluring figures to show how much money we had brought to the city. Still, it was evident that many of the villagers were perfectly willing to forgo our fiscal boost if they could unload our society.

Time passes quickly in movieland, and though it was but a few years ago, all—or most—of this stuff is ancient history. A few companies still occasionally embarrass the rest of us, but for the most part we have been shaken down, districted and regulated until now our industry is regarded with the same respect as other canning factories. I sincerely believe that the best studios, even in aristocratic Hollywood, are generally looked upon as an asset rather than as a liability.

This does not mean, however, that the spirit of the contest is entirely absent. No, it has simply been changed from brutal war to sport; nowadays we match wits with other fellows. Mr. D. Rottyn-Rich won't let us shoot his place for a picture—and we wish to shoot it. That's all. And we wouldn't even have this contest had it not been for the artistic anarchies of our pioneers. We are paying the price of a glorious but misspent youth.

I have already indicated that location hunting is now an important department of a large studio—especially to those that sometimes have as many as thirty companies scattered over the map, every one of which is working under permit. We wouldn't dream of staging a battle picture on a Miller and Lux ranch or of shooting an elopement from the second story of a Pasadena palace without first securing permission, and paying rent for the privilege—if demanded.

Permits cost all the way from a few dollars up to several hundred, depending on the time we take and the character of a location. A theater, for instance, will charge from twenty to fifty dollars, juice included. When we shoot residential interiors we have to furnish our own juice, the local equipment being inadequate to carry the load of our heavy lights. In this case we bring our own dynamos on a motor truck or install transformers on a high-power line close by.

### *Vanity of Vanities*

Human vanity is one of our greatest assets. When we want to film an audience the director will come out and say: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, the Filmart Company wishes to shoot about fifty feet of film, and if you'll be good, and laugh and applaud when I tell you to, we'll get some bully stuff, and then you'll all have a chance to see your beautiful maps when the picture is released." This latter remark is what works the magic—down under his skin everybody wishes to act, and to see his map upon the screen. I do—and I like myself; especially a certain profile that makes me look quite as beautiful as Stanley Barryworth! All men are fearfully vain—else why do they wear mustaches and peek at themselves in elevator mirrors? So we may turn on ten flaming arcs and twenty special lights right into the face of an audience; and so alert is everyone to see his precious front that the most myopic will not shade his eyes nor the fritter face avert his gaze.

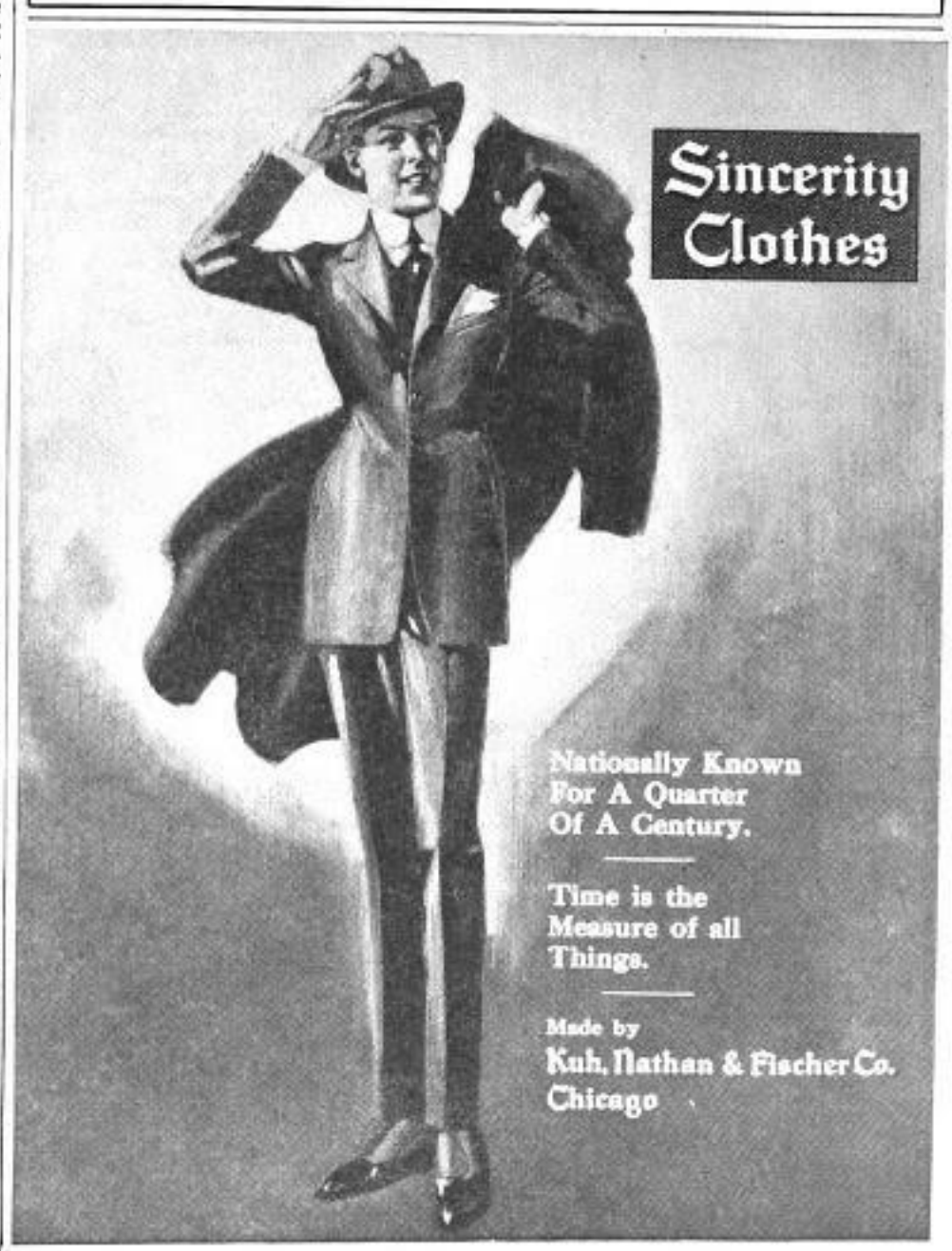
Besides money and vanities we have other compensations to offer; just think what we can do in the way of publicity! The railroads know this and will grant us any reasonable courtesy; but sometimes a small official will refuse to stop a limited train at a flag station merely to let us shoot an arrival. In that case we simply buy a ticket; and they have to flag the train. Also think what we could do to a railroad if we wished to get snippy. At one time the

(Continued on Page 101)

The pictures you are planning to send to that Soldier of yours—they must soon be on the way if you would make sure that he has them to gladden his heart on Christmas morning.

*There's a photographer in your town.*

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CONSTANT skin contact is the secret of comfortable underwear. Cooper's-Bennington has accomplished this by knitting on spring needles a fabric of great elasticity.

It stretches to meet body conformation, but instantly returns to shape when pressure is removed. There is no dragging, binding, or falling in folds.

And this elasticity prevents thread strain. As a result the garment lasts longer, gives greater service, proves more satisfactory.

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(Continued from Page 99)

I. X. L. was in open warfare with the Mammoth studio, and wouldn't let them shoot so much as a dissolving clinch on the end of an observation car; so what does the Mammoth do? Nothing; except all their comedies occurred on that line, and every time the studio staged a wreck the burning cars were easily identified by the carefully stenciled letters, I. X. L. R. R.

A few reels of this, and peace was restored.

Among merchants and manufacturers there is a sort of freemasonry, and as they regard us as an industry with tremendous booster possibilities their sense of propaganda permits them to let us film their plants, so the securing of industrial locations is fairly easy.

Then again, movie actors vote, the same as the working class, so elected officials are just as kind to us as they dare to be. For instance, though all days are holy to artists there are many of our fellow citizens who object to mob scenes in the boulevards during Sunday service, and the police enforce this one respect upon us. Otherwise our latitude is great.

Our real troubles are with the householders and the landed proprietors. There being no particular novelty or fascination in seeing our grease-painted pets prancing about we are suffered rather than welcomed.

"I'm sorry, old man, but I let the Eureka use my place for one scene. 'It wouldn't take over two hours,' said the fellow who got it; and those devils were hanging round for three days, and they pulled one mob scene that pretty nearly wore out the lawn."

Many rich people feel it beneath them to charge us rent of twenty or more dollars a day, but some enterprising location man invented the scheme of donating these sums to the Red Cross, and now we are stuck for many places we would otherwise have got for nothing, and a lot of well-to-do people are achieving patriotic credit for our donations.

### The Clinching Argument

As location scouting has become a real outdoor sport there is no reason why women should not participate, especially as they are more expert than men in the use of our peculiar charms. When I became engaged to Virginia Westlake she interested herself tremendously in my work, and through her social mixing the Filmart has secured some fine locations.

"Oh, George," she whispered to me out at the country club the other day, "I've fixed it for that Japanese garden of the Hole-Works. I told Mrs. Works she ought to have a few hundred feet of her kids at play. 'You should do it for their sakes,' I said, 'so when they grow up they can see how they ran and laughed as little children.' And then I used your clincher: 'It is a shame not to record your present beauty so your grandchildren may know you in your youth!' She grew quite excited over the idea and asked how she could have it done. 'Oh, the studios often take a few feet like that to pay for the privilege of using a garden; I'm sure one of them would be glad to do it; I'll speak to Mr. Hawley about it.' So all you have to do is to call upon the lady and arrange the date."

"And in regard to the Bolton place," she telephoned the next day; "you know Jean Bolton loves to be photographed with celebrities—her library is full of such pictures. I could land her easily if you wanted the place for a star production instead of the stock five-reeler you propose."

"Well," said I, "there is no reason why Gerald Fairfax shouldn't run out and walk through a fake scene so that Miss Bolton can hold his hand in a still, and after that we can shoot our regular stuff. She'll never know."

And thus it is arranged.

The stars are much easier to locate than the stock companies, and often the owners are so pleased to have them as society pets they will even offer them additional inducements. "For Miss Vivian Vane? Why, certainly! I'd be delighted to have her use my place, and tell her that she is welcome to use my apartments for her dressing room, and if you'll let me know the number of people who will be here I'll serve tea."

These offers are sometimes embarrassing to us, for the average society person has had little experience in feeding extras. So dramatic are the appetites of our unappreciated Hamlets that their dietary demands are likely to be unappeased by lady fingers and cheese crackers. In out-of-the-way places we have even had strikes on our hands when the coffee didn't come up to mother's standard.

When we desire a location for several days in succession we try to arrange our schedule to shoot when the family is away. Only this morning I got a long-distance call from the Bolsa Chica Gun Club: "Oh, I say, George," the voice said, "I've just called up the house and the butler tells me the place is overrun with a lot of monks and things, and that they'll be there for several days. Can't you call off your gang on Thursday, for I'm giving a party on that day, and it'll be no place for monks."

Of course, I called them off, though I assured him my monks would feel at home in the most disreputable company.

It is a hard statement to prove, but the fact is nevertheless true, that movie directors are human beings and have a certain sense of fairness. We can understand, for instance, that a wedding or a funeral is intensely personal and the participants might not wish to see their scenes included in a photodrama of doubtful ethics; but what stirs up our sporting blood is to have perfectly legitimate public performances and places denied us.

People with ordinary cameras will wander the world, shooting peasants and palaces with permission and gratitude, or at least forbearance; but just stick a movie camera up anywhere and instantly the villagers—especially those with long memories—will see a chance to extort or graft.

Anyone has a perfect right to take a picture of a row of houses across the street. On the other hand there is nothing to prevent the tenants of said houses prancing up and down in front of their places, waving brooms or mops, and thus spoiling the picture. And that is what many of them will do, unless we come across with gentle bribes for everybody within the range of the camera. It is this bleeding of our companies, because we are supposed to be rotten with money, that so challenges us to get scenes without expense.

Ordinarily if we wish to use a man's yard and front door we offer to pay, but often a company doing straight dramatic stuff in the street, that interferes with nobody, will be held up by one smart Aleck who will crab a picture from beginning to end.

"Say, old man, may I borrow that broom for a few minutes?"

"The rent on that broom is two dollars," the grinning devil will say; and if his price is cheaper than delaying the company while we send for one we are stuck. Don't ever tell a location man about the extortions of European peasantry. We have a few over here. Why, even a neighbor will come along when we are shooting an apparently empty house, and claiming ownership will demand five dollars. As we can't afford the time to disprove his assertions we have to pay unless we can outwit him.

### Handling the Cut-Ups

The comedy studios suffer most from the smart Alecks and extortionists, and consequently they have a more highly perfected technic of witmatching. The custardists pull so much ad-lib stuff they often do not take the trouble to secure permission to shoot a spontaneous scene. But as these tumultuous artists are likely to collide a couple of breakaway automobiles in one's front yard the villagers have achieved stupendous prejudices.

The brightest trick of the comedy companies is to carry their own police. So well done is this studio employee that the crowd usually believes him to be the real thing, and consequently respects his authority. Once in a while some wise guy in the side lines knows the gag and starts kidding the cop, but I remember one time when the tables were turned on the local cut-ups, and the neighborhood has never stopped kidding them.

A director was all set up for a certain scene when a bunch of roughnecks started in to crab the picture, so he sent his assistant in to telephone for help. Pretty soon up drove a patrol wagon, and after giving the six cops the pinch sign they bundled the crowd into the wagon and drove off. But as the wagon and cops were all from the studio they simply rode the foolish boys round the town and then let them out in the suburbs. In the meantime the director shot his scenes.

Another bit of strategy that usually works is to pull off a counter attraction so as to divert the nuisances. Some old busybody down the street, who has perhaps been refused extra work at the studio, will butt in.

"Say, Mrs. Murphy, are you going to let them movie fellas use your front gate? Well, nick 'em for twenty-five; they'll pay it all right if they want the location real bad."

An argument starts, and while the storm is raging people are seen running down the street.

"Wow, what's the excitement, Al? A fight?"

And sure enough, down in front of the barber shop two brutal creatures are profanely beating each other up. So great is the fascination of violence that a fight or a fire will always draw a crowd. But our violence always stops when the whistle blows, for by that time we have shot our scene in sweet solitude.

Someone will have to get up a new ethics defining what constitutes theft in this game. If shooting pictures without permission is stealing, then I'll have to admit that we are forced into a life of crime. But if the shooting is painless and the thing we steal leaves the victim no poorer, then we refuse to believe that we have worked any injury. On the contrary, society as a whole is made richer by our celluloid pilferings. Is stealing a look at a pretty girl immoral?

### Circus Strategy

Take the case of filming a circus parade, for instance. The cost of staging such a show is well-nigh prohibitive, and the circus people knowing this hold us up to the point of absurdity. But there is no law forbidding one's taking pictures in public thoroughfares; nor is there a law forbidding a man's blowing smoke in front of our camera or walking up and down looking into the lens. Many circuses have men employed for just such purposes.

Therefore we have to hide our cameras in moving vans, taxicabs or behind signboards in order to shoot. One director I know had a phony camera set up, and while he ostentatiously quarreled with the circus man another camera concealed in a switchman's tower only thirty feet away was shooting the scene desired. The action in this case showed a young girl dashing out of the crowd, and to the surprise of everybody she called to a Roman riding a horse, and as he recognized her he reached down and pulled her up into his arms and rode out of the picture in a blissful clinch. Of course, the Roman had been planted by the director, and immediately after the scene both actors left the parade and ducked into a waiting auto.

This episode reminds me of another sprightly adventure of which I shamefully admit the authorship. I was with the Clingstone Comedy Company at the time and we wanted the scene of a girl going up to ask a crossing policeman a question, and then throwing her arms round his neck and kissing him. I tried to arrange for one of our own cops to do the part, but the chief said it wouldn't be safe to make a substitution during the busy part of the day, and that was just the time we wished to shoot it. So we decided to take a chance on having the girl kiss a real cop.

The next day I went down to pick out my happy victim, for we didn't want the scene spoiled by a great indignation. So after asking directions from eight of these human semaphores I decided on a big Irishman on the corner of ——th and Spring. He looked kindly and his nationality was propitious, for no Irishman would ever get sore at being kissed by a pretty girl.

Saturday at high noon—whatever that is—a young handsome girl from the country, carrying a suitcase, was seen to dodge the traffic and walk up to Officer Geegan—we will call him—and after whispering something to him, which caused him to stoop, threw her arms round his neck and gave him a resounding smack. At the same moment a closed taxicab passed round and an anxious camera man within reeled off the amorous scene.

No actor could have registered such perfect surprise as did the blushing traffic officer, and no paid bunch of extras could have shown the ribald joy of the midday shoppers. The cop was a real sport, and instead of crabbing called out to the grinning director: "Don't you have to make a retake on scenes like this?"

The whole police force saw the picture when it was released; but I have heard

(Concluded on Page 103)




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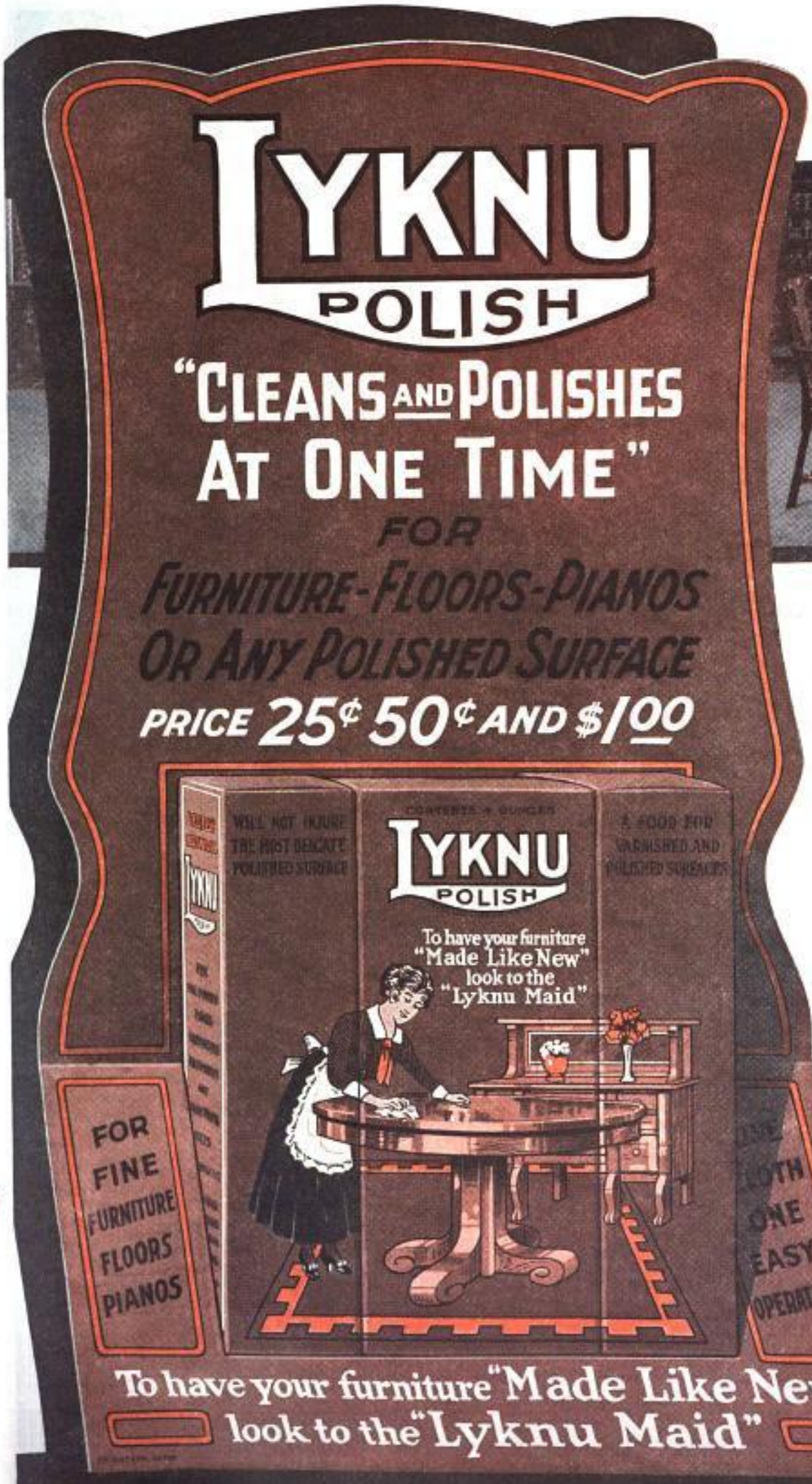
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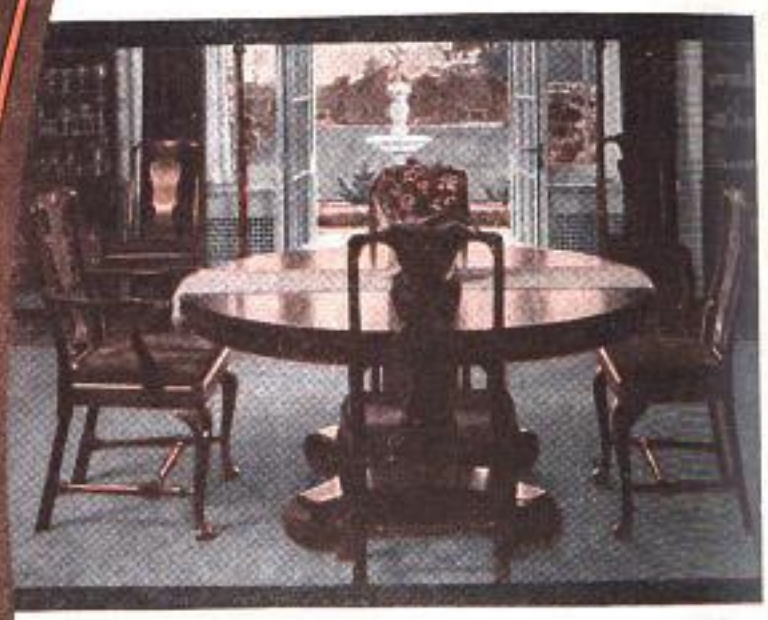
*No. 11 of a Series*

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**25c, 50c, $1.00**

*If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name and 25c for bottle, mailed prepaid.*

Lyknu Polish Manufacturing Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

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(Concluded from Page 101)

that Mrs. Geegan wouldn't go near the horrid show.

And this reminds me of another kind of larceny that we practice with diabolic glee, for it saves us a heap of money and the results are impossible of imitation. These are the pictures of crowds who innocently perform for us.

The registering of interest, horror, surprise or merriment is too much for hired atmospheres, for the technic of the average extra man is not conspicuously convincing; but a real crowd is elementally truthful. So if we wish to get true expressions of human emotions we have to frame an accident, quarrel or comedy, and then have a concealed camera shoot the crowd square in the face. In order to get a good registration of horror George Middleton went so far as to drop a dummy from an airplane at the beach one day.

This same director wished to film a crowd witnessing a prize fight without having to pay a thousand dollars for the scene, so he put up a sign on the boardwalk inviting the bunch in. But beach crowds are canny, and everybody suspected some bunk whereby he would be expected to pay two bits or so, and only a few went in. Strategy was then resorted to. A beach crowd always gathers to see a scene shot outdoors, so George set up his camera down on the sand, pulled off a few phony scenes, each time working his way back to the prize ring.

Finally he said: "We'll shoot the next scene inside, boys."

"Shall I let the crowd in?" asked his assistant.

"Aw, that's all right, if they behave themselves," called the innocent George.

And sure enough, a thousand or more unpaid extras crowded in and furnished the atmosphere for nothing.

### Sleuthing Out Love-Lots

Automobile races are spectacular affairs that lend themselves to fine dramatic punches, but it is pretty hard to use them, because one may not interrupt such terrific action just to shoot a scene. The prize for having overcome this difficulty goes to Ben Bluett of the Bioscope. What does he do but enter a car in the last Vanderbilt race with Frank Goodhue as driver. Frank had been an old-time racer before he became a camera man, so he knew both angles of the game. On the day of the great auto classic no one knew that the big red car—Number Seventeen—was naught but a studio prop. Running third for most of the way the crowd on the long San Vincente straightaway was shocked to see it skid and turn over when going at a terrific speed.

As most of the cameras on the job that day were on the curves it was considered the height of good luck that the Bioscope fellow got the scene. Afterward Frank and the car were used in all the necessary close-ups. It was bright of Bluett to frame such a picture, and brighter that he secured the services of a daredevil who could turn his car over in such circumstances.

In a sport where the shooting has become harder and harder and the huntsmen increasingly numerous the keenest of rivalries develop. The prop men are fairly friendly and often telephone from studio to studio borrowing chairs, meat axes and what not, but you can bet we don't give away any locations we've dug up and consider ours by right of discovery.

In my peregrinations about Southern California I have secured fifty-six photographic records of possible love-lots which I guard most jealously. Yet every now and then I go to a new release and discover that one of the other hounds has beaten me to it. I forgot that maybe you do not talk our language, so I'll explain that a love-lot is the technical name for a romantic location; a picturesque spot in which to stage the dissolving clinch at the end of the story. A fine love-lot is a cinema pearl of great value.

This studio rivalry has often resulted in encounters. Suppose two rival companies arrive at a chosen locality at the same time! On one occasion the Climax and the Bioscope met up in Topanga Cañon to make battle pictures. The rival directors each claimed the location for his studio. Language ensued that caused several live oaks to wither and die, but neither artist would give in. Finally each gave the pinch signal to his retainers, and a sham battle was pulled off that was not in either script.

If one of those armies had attacked a civil populace the blank cartridges would have stampeded it in great fear, but when two movie armies met and tried to kid each other into believing that they meant business the result was not convincing; besides, these extra people all know one another, and belong to the same order, so the fighting was not fruitful of decisive results. Finally the less stubborn of the directors picked up his marionettes and went off farther up the cañon.

Another queer encounter took place out in the San Fernando. The Mammoth owns several hundred acres of shooting there, but what was to stop the Climax from using a location just outside the Mammoth line? Nothing, except the wind, for in this strange battle victory lay on the side with the heaviest smoke pots, and the Mammoth being close to its base it simply deluged the enemy with impenetrable smoke.

The big dramatic studios all stand in dread of the custardists, for to the violent and happy comedians no location is sacred, and they regard the stealing of a rival set as one of their finest jokes. Imagine building a great temple as a background for a sublime allegory, and a week before it is released to find the world laughing at a cataclysmic chase of hooligans all over its classic façade! To guard against this sort of comic piracy the set is covered with the builders' advertisements except at the time it is being used.

One famous burglary occurred on the Mammoth lot right in the middle of the day, when twenty or thirty companies were working all round. One bright and sunny day in February the usual crowd of tourists was there, and among the sightseeing busses wandering round was one from a rival studio. Arriving in front of a certain set that had been built at great cost several of the occupants got out to inspect the make-believe castle interior, and all the time they were on the stage a camera concealed in the rubberneck wagon was grinding off a record of a well-rehearsed little scene. The Mammoth officials never knew—and won't till they read this—how their set was stolen.

### Celluloid Superburglars

The great difficulty in guarding against the jolly burglaries of the comedy studios is due to the outrageous hours they keep. They'll get up at sunrise to shoot an auto race before the motor cops are out, or if they hear we have secured a fleet of airplanes they may sneak in at one A. M., shoot during the burning of a bunch of flares, and be off and away before the sleeping watchman is aware of the joke. One of the superburglars of our craft has such a magnificent record that he has been bought by one studio after another, until his resourcefulness is now rewarded with a huge salary. And the best—or worst—of it is, he knows the inside of every picture plant in movieland. His success suggests a highly moral scenario entitled: The Reward of Vice. It may be our ethical inheritance from the past, but many studios regard this kind of poaching as a fine and noble sport!

I hope I have not given the impression that the life of the location scouts is one of perpetual stealing. Most of these adventures resulted from a sudden mushroom growth that ruthlessly made its own code according to necessities. Now, however, the industry is at last on its feet and our ethics are well defined.

In our office we are under the strictest injunction to obey the government regulations regarding shooting fortifications, shipyards or other scenes that are liable to confiscation or censorship; we must secure permits and pay for important locations, obtaining signed releases from the owners, and in case of damage we hold ourselves entirely responsible. Nowadays when we go on location we insist upon the owner or a representative being present, and we take along studio attendants whose sole duty is to see that no vandalism takes place. The extras are no longer permitted to stroll all over the establishment, but must sit in the company machines until the director is ready to shoot.

This does not mean that our wits have been put on ice. On the contrary, our job is merely to find new locations, and then to get a full permit for shooting; and I can assure you the stealing of the picture was child's play compared to the latter.

Wheresoever the story be environed it is up to us to furnish the atmosphere.

"George, I want an old English garden with a brick wall; you'll have to find one where the owner has gone away and neglected the place, for it must be full of weeds."

That's a jolly assignment, is it not? Last week I motored three hundred miles to discover a swamp with certain grasses; and returned to find exactly what I wanted over at Bimini, only three miles away. Our greatest cross is a horticultural one. Palms and eucalypti grow everywhere in Southern California, yet seventy-five per cent of our locations must be in northern latitudes.

### The Fade-Out on the Pier

If things go on as they are now all our outside locations will soon be exhausted or closed to us. As it is we are depending less and less on the world of realities and are building our own sets. California has its own characteristic architecture, so the few period houses that give other local color have been shot to pieces. Either we shall have to go to the actual places in the stories or, as I say, erect our own sets. Already many studios have streets that, with but a few changes, can be used over and over again; also public buildings and typical residences built on the lot are left standing so that they can be used for new stories.

Well, we win. The Filmart will begin shooting the Yndart place next Monday. My social accomplice turned the trick that will be the talk of movieland.

"George," said Virginia Westlake as we motored down to Seal Beach last night, "I feel a bit guilty over the way I have been wasting my time. You know how decent everybody is when his patriotism is appealed to? Why, even the tightest have melted when they felt the simple granting of a movie permit was helping the country. But sometimes we use patriotism for ulterior purposes—and I don't think it right.

"Knowing Carmelita Yndart's interest in the Red Star, I joined so as to frame up a propaganda film which would let you in to shoot your own stuff; and the scheme worked perfectly. We spent all day yesterday picking out locations on the estate. But when I saw the heart that she was putting into her work I suddenly developed a greater concern for the wounded horses and dogs of war than I had for perfectly sound movie actors, so that is the last location I am going to get for the Filmart. I'm going into the service."

"And I have been thinking," I replied, "that I'd rather try to shoot a real location—like Berlin—than to go after its counterfeit over here. Let us leave this perfectly useful industry to the old men and the children."

"Now, George, you've said something! I've been waiting to hear that sentiment for a year. And—and—if you make good on it I'll promise, in your absence, to find the location for that domestic-happiness story you've talked so much about."

A certain delicacy of feeling forbids my telling of the fade-out in the moonlight on the end of the long pier.




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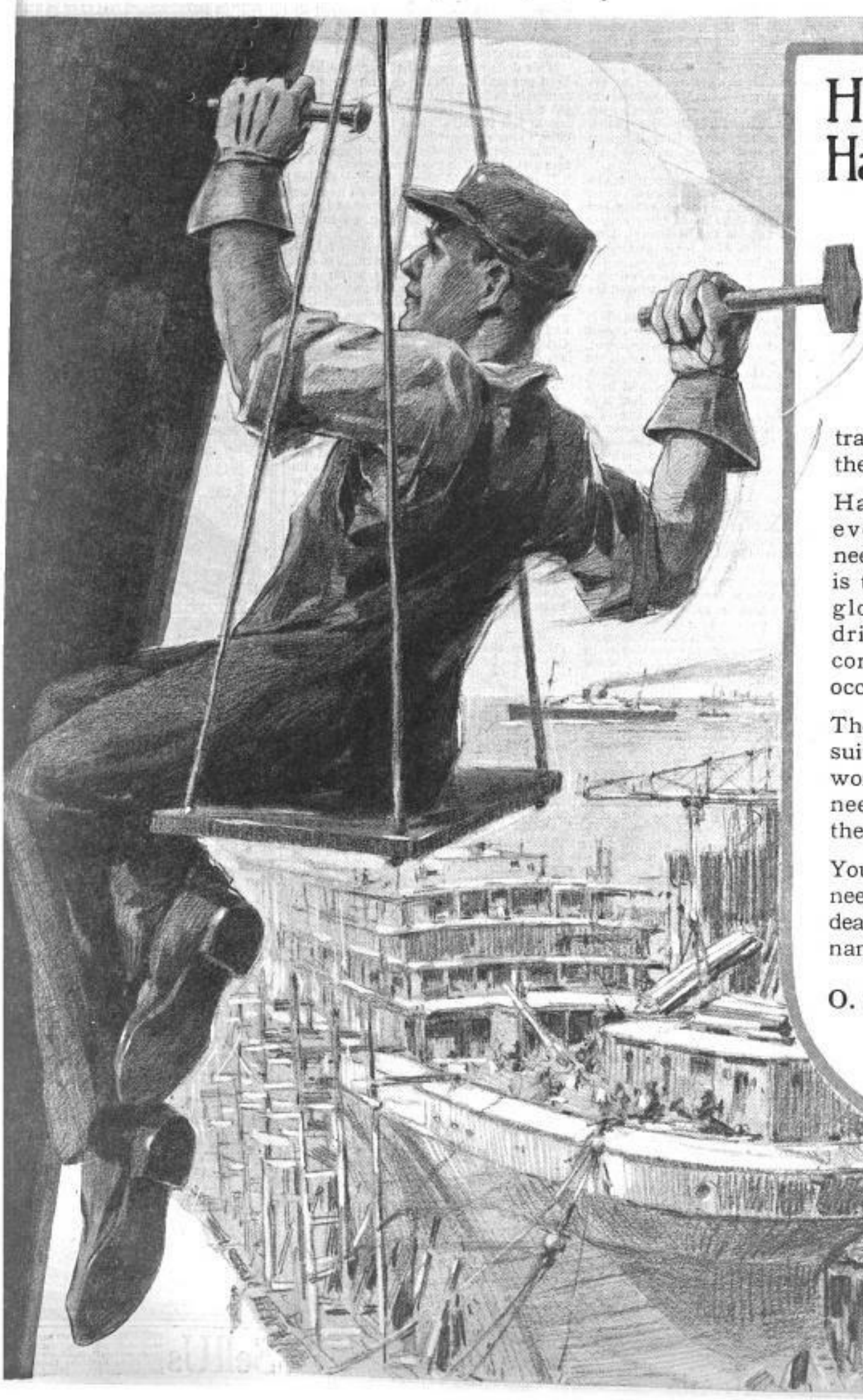
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# POOR RICHARD'S COME-BACK

(Continued from Page 13)

When the management sent up a bill
labeled "Dig!"
Sig called it an insult to social democracy,
Cursed the hotel as a den of plutocracy,
Finally paid,
And his exodus made
With his wife and his children. As flat was
his wallet
As the present position of Robert La
Follette.

When they got to the city they found that
the hard
Landlord had pounced
On their flat and had bounced
Most of their furniture out in the yard.
Sigismund yelled, growing red in the ears:
'It's a plot against me by those vile profit-
eers!"
But his Mame, giving way to a sort of de-
spair,
Flopped in a chair by the side of the gutter
And gave herself vent to a long-suppressed
mutter:
"I should like to suggest
That I've labored ten years and have had
my first rest.
It went pretty fine,
But I'm free to opine
That we ought to start in now along a new
line.
In all these long years, by some psychical
quirk,
You've done the thinking while I've done
the work.
But now I repeat —
Since we're out in the street —
It's time the Old Man was becoming effectual
And letting his wife do the high intellec-
tual."
"Meaning," he snorted, and chewed at the
bridle,
"That I should keep busy while you remain
idle?"

"Something like that,"
She answered him flat.
"While you've run the universe *I've* slaved
and chored,
Kept bed and board
For Milord."
This was an earful!
He raged something fearful.
"Why taunt me now with the poor contribu-
tion
You've made to my lifework of world revo-
lution?"
He might have asked more, but her chilliness
grew
As she gathered her children and stiffly with-
drew,
Remarking she knew
His punk point of view,
Which added no chew
To the family stew.
Good night and
adieu
To the word-
barbecue.
Phew!
Poor Sigismund sighed. He had married a
shrew.
Then he turned his great brain on an open-
air speech
To make on his soap box to-night by
the park;
A stinging invective, a strenuous speech
Aimed at the plutocrat's ways that
are dark.
He would hammer old Plute,
The brute,
Down to his knees
With such questions as these:
"When will the epoch of reason have birth?
How long will vile poverty cumber the
earth?"

*II*

'TIS strange that the box that is builded
for soap —
That symbol of cleanliness, industry, hope —
Should, when it is voided of cakes saponaceous,
Serve as a rostrum
For many a nostrum
As grimy as sin and which smells like — good
gracious!
'Tis strange that the soap box should offer
a spacious
Field to the prophets who advocate slaughter
Of everything friendly to hot suds and water!
Should stand as a roundabout, sly sympathizer
With the work
Of the Turk
And the deeds of the Kaiser
By scorning obedience, shouting resentment
And preaching the doctrine of world discontentment!

Yet such was the box which our Sigismund
Shuck
Set in free air
Out by the square,
Mounted, a base for the pose that he struck.
No sooner to-night
Was he poised on the height
Under a capitalistic arc light
Than those who had dodged Crowder's law,
work or fight,
Throngedfrom their restful, habitual benches
Like Germans pronged suddenly out of their
trenches.

The night being balmy, the crowd, so it
seemed,
Was larger than Sigismund's fancy had
dreamed.
They gathered so near that his elbows could
poke 'em,
Crying, "Oh, soak 'em!
Choke 'em!"
But as Sigismund stood on his eminence
there
A psychical something seemed thick in the
air,
A something which stared at him out of the
trees
Like a specter unseen —
You know what I mean —
A thing that sticks round and just rattles
your ease.

However, great Sigismund threw out his
vest,
Filled up his chest
And the ranks of the chronic insurgents
addressed:
"When will the epoch of reason have birth?"
He paused for a space,
Screwed up his face —
"How long will vile poverty clutter the
earth?"

'Twas then the reply
Loomed high —
My, oh my!
Towering right over him, catching his eye,
A giant iron statue rose out of the throng.
Built by some maker
Of hardware and knockers,
Clad like a Quaker
In quaint knickerbockers,
The walking colossus came striding along,
Shaking the earth with its Juggernaut tread
As it lumbered right up to the soap box
and said:
"Sigismund Shuck, since your questions are
two,
Kindly step down. I will answer for you."

Though mightily scared,
Sigismund dared
To croak, "Who are you with your butt-in
so ranklin'?"
Such a clang as the toiler
Bangs forth from a boiler
Rang high:
"Who am I?
At your service, plain old-fashioned Benja-
min Franklin."

And the next that he knew, with the rudest
of shocks
An iron hand yanked Sigismund off of his
box,
While on the frail platform one metal-cast
shoe
Stepped up, went through.
The statue, iron-wigged and devoid of a
hat,
Now smiled on the throng like a good dem-
ocrat
And mildly began:
"As a practical man,
Let me answer the questions — I think there
are two —
Which our serious friend has propounded
to you.
Firstly: When will the epoch of reason have
birth?
Second: How long will poverty clutter the
earth?

"Let us pause for a season
And contemplate reason.
Reason is merely a state of the eyes;
'Tis easy to see it as soon as you're wise.
While the fool with the rainbow goes flirting
and flitting,
Reason stays home and attends to the knit-
ting.





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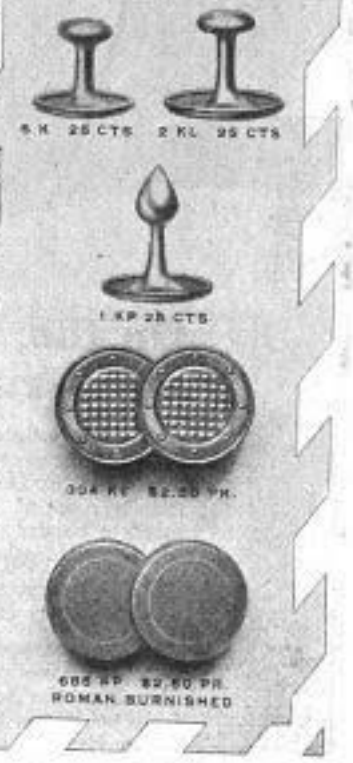
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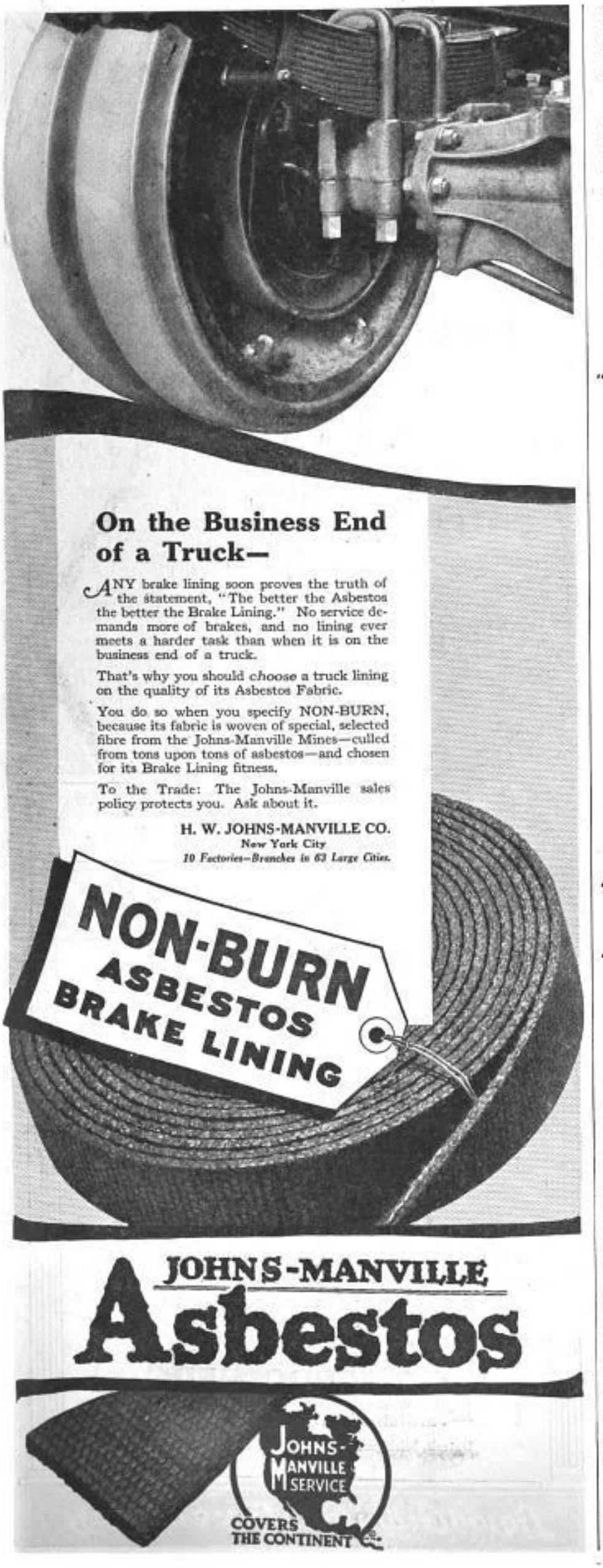
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The way to gain reason—this logic is cool—
Is merely to pause and stop being a fool.
'Tis foolish for doctors with science insistent
To write out prescriptions for ills nonexistent
While plenty of lusty diseases go raging
With nary attempt to effect their assuaging.
Thus fools stand in tatters
Discussing high matters,
Giving advice to fine tailors and hatters,
Attempting to prove to the sloth and the shirk
That the world can go on without patience and work;
That fields can be plowed without horses and motors;
That crops can be gleaned
And streets can be cleaned
By election reforms and appeal to the voters;
That privates should all sit on generals' benches
And nothing but generals serve in the trenches.
Such reason, my friends, would fill many a barrel
And tickle the ghost of the late Lewis Carroll.

"Now speaking of poverty—good sir or madam,
This is the curse of our ancestor, Adam:
Till the end of all time man shall feed himself—how?
By relaxing his pores and thus wetting his brow.
Call yourselves radicals, plain opportunists,
Trotskiviks, Bolsheviks, anarchs, communists:
Call yourselves Jabberwocks, bluebirds or goats—
I know what you are by the hang of your coats.
The same lack-a-daisy,
Perfectly lazy
People who always have driven me crazy.
While you hide your true state in elaborate fables,
Vending vile sloth under beautiful labels,
You gather in mass meetings, ask in dismay
Why your breeches grow holier every day.
A garment will ne'er grow the fresher, my friend,
With two folks to tear it and no one to mend.
Continual dripping will wear a stone thin,
But a million fine words will not fill a peck bin.
While Industry whistles along with his load
The mendicant Laziness crawls on the road
And hobnobs with Poverty, who, in the race,
Will always slow down to the lazy man's pace.

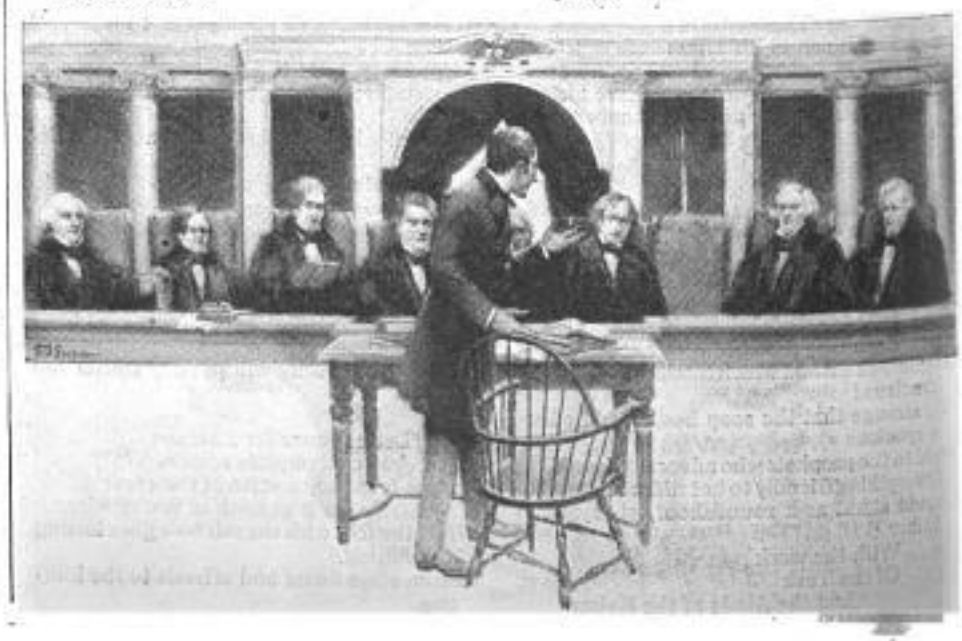
"My friends, take the case here of Sigismund Shuck"—
Here the tall statue its finger outstuck
At Sig, whose analysis
Suffered paralysis—
"While our Allies are bearding the beast of Berlin
Sig lingers at home and still waggles his chin,
Stirring up strife,
Neglecting his wife
And having, as some say, the time of his life.
Time, Wisdom's tool,
In the hands of the fool
Merely cuts fingers.
Sigismund lingers,
Wasting his prime,
Playing with Time!
While chains must be struck from the races enslaved,
While gold must be gathered, while bread must be saved,
Dark is his guilt.
Awake! There are armies and fleets to be built,
There is wheat to be farmed for two continents' need
And grist to be ground, twenty nations to feed.
Sigismund Shuck,
Down in your muck
You ask, to be sure,
What is poverty's cure—
I'll give you a remedy plain as it's pure:
Work, save, trust in industry rather than luck
And purge your ideas of Sigismund Shuck."

* * * *

What happened to Sig it is hopeless to guess,
For the end of the speech was a wonderful mess
In which the great statue, regardless of shrieks,
Raised Sig from the earth by the slack of his breeks.
Whist, whist!
In a mist
Like a twist
Of the wrist
Of a smart hypnotist
The statue and orator suddenly faded,
Much as you'd duck from a crap game that's raided.

Some say that old Ben took the prophet of strife
Back to his wife
And forced him to promise a usefuller life.
Some say that Sig's record so filled him with shame
That he went to a justice and altered his name
To Abe Lincoln Kidd.

Whatever he did
His former disciples who'd been on the scene
And listened to Benjamin's logic, scared green,
Had cast away sloth and gone seeking positions
In various factories making munitions.
And in one of the mills which by methods corrosive
Makes a surpassingly frightful explosive
They found an industrious workman named Kidd
Whose resemblance to Sigismund couldn't be hid.
Pretty and quaint
Is the picture they paint:
On the hill stands a house with a rose-covered gate
Where Mr. Kidd's kids and his chickens and mate
Live neatly
And sweetly,
Contented completely.
Says Kidd, "Since this war is much worse than old Sherman's,
I'll save some good money and spoil some bad Germans.
For I'm one of the nation that's learning to know
If you rob the good soil then the tree will not grow.
And never a country where liberty dwells
Is builded by slackers and rank ne'er-do-wells.
The fellow who can't help himself, it's a cinch,
Can't help Uncle Sam when it comes to a pinch."



# GUARDING YOUR TREASURE—By Albert W. Atwood

WITH millions of new subscribers to the Fourth Liberty Loan the serious problems already raised by the sale of bonds to vast numbers of people who had never before owned an investment security press even more urgently for solution. It is a wonderful thing to have induced all these people to save their money and invest it not only in democracy and freedom but in the world's premier security, a United States Government bond. But the majority were wholly unacquainted with financial and investment affairs, and it might have been expected that many of them would lose their bonds, be relieved of them by theft, exchange them for other securities or articles of less value, and in some cases use the bonds as counters for speculation or other operations that might not help in the prosecution of the war.

All these things have occurred on a more or less extensive scale, and they militate seriously against the benefit to be derived from the sale of Liberty Bonds, both to the nation and to the individual. Nor are these questions solely connected with the ignorance of the masses of the people. Few persons of superior intelligence will lose their bonds or leave them where thieves break in and steal, but only those who are unusually sophisticated in matters financial are sure proof against the temptation to dabble in get-rich-quick and speculative market ventures, a tendency that is increased of course by the possession of added means, whether it be in the form of cash or high-class negotiable securities.

These problems lie deep in the heart of the nonmilitary war program. If there is anything aside from the immediate military aspect of the war that we all agree is necessary to win the conflict it is thrift. Saving has been dinned into the ears of the American people until only the supremely stupid and selfish can fail to realize its necessity. But only a few technical financial experts have ever fully appreciated the fact that thrift is useless unless its proceeds can be safely invested and kept from all harm after they have been invested. The safe investment is provided for superbly in the Liberty Bonds, and on a scale new to the world. But through the fault of no one, indeed very largely because of the inherent and ineradicable weaknesses of human nature, the safe-keeping of them has not been so well provided for. If it were as simple for the masses to keep a Liberty Bond securely as it is to buy it, if they could be made to understand the technic of keeping it and the technic of selling it in case of absolute necessity—then indeed would thrift be doubly crowned and assured of its rightful fruits.

### *The Epidemic of 1916*

One of the persistent chronic diseases of the American body politic is the swindling promoter, the get-rich-quick "broker." He changes his methods from year to year and from generation to generation, but he is always with us. He is always up to a new game, ready to separate people from their money in one way or another. Indeed a high authority whom I consulted before writing this article made this strange and gloomy statement:

"I advise you not to write such an article. Everything in the nature of an exposure of get-rich-quick methods always does harm. Why? Because the faker has the article reprinted and shows it to his victims, exclaiming: 'See, here is the way the swindlers work. Here are their methods exposed. Now see how we protect you from all this.'"

Of course, this is an extreme statement, but it shows how persistent is the evil to be dealt with. Now it will be remembered by those who notice such phenomena that the great stock-market boom of 1916 was accompanied by the worst outbreak of the get-rich-quick disease ever known in the history of mankind. It was a perfect mania of worthless stock jobbing, and promoting schemes, largely of automobile, oil and mining companies. But with the decline in stock-market activity which came after we entered the war the promoting orgy also declined. In New York City some twenty-five fake "brokers" failed in the course of a few months. But the slippery gentlemen themselves did not die. A few escaped to other lands, but most of them went into their regular period of retirement, only to come forth—rather more quietly, it is true—after the flotation of the Liberty Loans.

There is less enthusiasm in the air now than in 1916 for the purchase of stocks, good or bad, and perhaps the masses of the people are less prosperous, though that is debatable. But the masses have infinitely larger sums saved up in the form of Liberty Bonds than they had two and a half years ago. Besides, there are many thousands of women who are earning wages, big wages, for the first time. The swindlers are working on the principle that a poor man possessed of a valuable document for the first time cannot keep it. He is naturally an easier victim than persons who have had long experience in handling valuable documents.

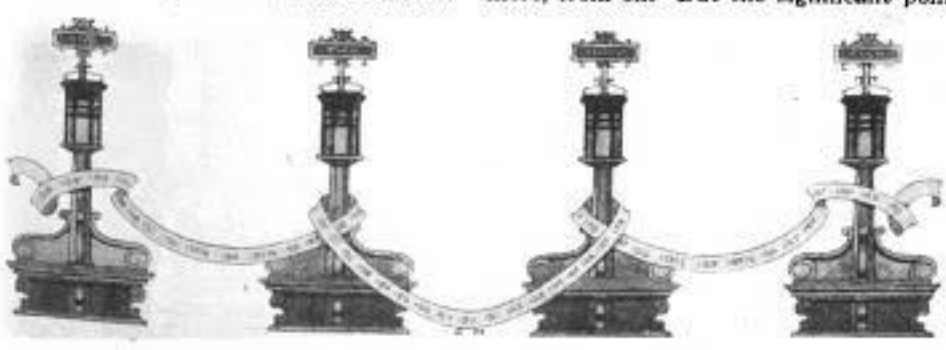
### *Plausible Fallacies*

Obviously there are no reliable figures to show how many Liberty Bonds have been traded for stocks of doubtful value. One authority says that the figure runs into the hundreds of millions of dollars and that since the flotation of Liberty Loans began eighty-five per cent of all stocks of doubtful value placed upon the market have been paid for in Liberty Bonds. The evil is sufficiently serious at any rate.

It is easy enough to understand why ignorant people buy worthless stocks in normal times, but it is much more difficult to comprehend the philosophy, or lack of it, that leads them to buy such stocks with Liberty Bonds. For obviously the promoter does not keep the bond. He sells it and thus helps that much to depress the price of Government securities and lower the Government's credit. As Secretary McAdoo has said, every purchaser of a Liberty Bond should realize that "the only genuine help he gives his Government is by keeping his bond as an investment as long as it is possible to do so."

Of course, there is a false philosophy, the direct descendant of Mandeville's Fable of the Bees, which held private vices to be public benefits, which is well expressed in the title of a little poem, "Buy a Bond and Pass it On." Naturally the slick promoter tries to foster this idea. His favorite bait for catching the sucker just now is the oil industry. He is willing to accept Liberty Bonds in payment at higher prices than they are selling for on the Stock exchange, provided the investor will accept in return stocks that are perhaps worthless. He argues that oil is an essential industry.

An Oklahoma newspaper estimates that of all the oil produced in that state in 1917 the stock-promoting companies have been able to produce only .000168 per cent. Even from a selfish point of view little is to be gained and much lost from buying such stock. Fabulous fortunes have been made in oil. Swedish farmers, untutored Indians and all manner of men are reaping huge incomes, sometimes a million a year or more, from oil. But the significant point







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is that none of the big incomes have been derived by small investors' buying stock in a speculative oil company promoted through flamboyant advertising.

Some of the methods employed by swindlers are interesting. One man offered twenty-one shares of a certain well-known and valuable stock in return for Liberty Bonds, and spoke of its "book value" being $3486 as against a par value of three thousand dollars for three Liberty Bonds. This was perfectly true, but he did not mention the fact that you could sell the Liberty Bonds in the market for several hundred dollars more than the stock. Another favorite trick of a few unscrupulous dealers is to join their more reputable fellows in selling Liberty Bonds during the drives, but quietly urge the purchasers at the same time to take five or six shares of some doubtful stock along with the bond.

It would be both impossible and unwise to prevent entirely the use of Liberty Bonds for the purchase of other sound securities or the use of such other securities to buy Liberty Bonds. The ideal way to buy a Liberty Bond is out of present or future savings. But rather than not buy at all it may be better to buy out of past savings. Many people who had no present or prospective savings, or perhaps mistakenly thought they had none, have sold good securities or borrowed upon them in order to buy Liberties and do their part.

Now the reverse practice, of using Liberties to buy other securities, is not so necessary, but it cannot be wholly abolished. You cannot stop a man who has a thousand-dollar Liberty Bond and an account at a bank or broker's from putting up that bond as collateral with which to buy reputable seven per cent bonds. It enables him apparently to increase his income without selling his Liberty Bond; and if he has ample means with which to pay off his loan both he and the bank or broker gain and the Government suffers no direct loss, because the Liberty Bond is kept intact.

### *Bonds for Merchandise*

But such a practice must be carefully safeguarded and restricted and should not be widely encouraged. It makes for expansion of bank credits just as much as if the stocks purchased were of doubtful value. Then of course such a practice makes for speculation unless one is unusually careful and conservative, and if the speculation turns out to be a very bad one it might even become necessary for the bank to protect itself by selling the Liberty Bond. Finally, any wide encouragement of this custom would lead many fakers to enter the business and further the very conditions so much criticized in the first part of this article.

Many small Liberty Bonds have been disposed of through merchants in exchange for goods, but the Treasury Department has frowned upon this practice for obvious reasons. Though a reputable merchant would of course take the bonds in at their market value his less reliable fellow would either take them at a ruinous discount or if accepting them at the market value would give poor goods in exchange. But a more serious objection to the practice lies in the fact that its official recognition would result in its being so widely adopted as to defeat one of the great objects of the Liberty Bond issues, the conservation of labor and material. It is not presumed that anyone will buy a Liberty Bond who has not enough other money to maintain himself in health and efficiency. Therefore the cashing in of Liberty Bonds to buy merchandise probably means extravagance, which is just what it is hoped the Liberty Loan issues will prevent.

No doubt one fundamental reason for the decline in Liberty Bond prices between loans has been the persistent desire of many people to spend cash or its equivalent whenever they have it. No good will be permanently accomplished by Liberty Loan campaigns unless along with them go equally powerful campaigns of thrift. A man went into a New England savings bank where he had paid all but two dollars on a fifty-dollar bond. He handed the clerk a twenty-dollar bill to take the two dollars out of, and a few minutes later an officer of the savings bank saw the owner of the bond offering it for sale in the national bank a few blocks away. That man was not an investor in any sense of the word.

His highest ideal in life was probably the blowing in of his money.

The inability, or failure for whatever reason, of many small holders to keep their Liberty Bonds has been rendered all the more serious by the fact that so many of the small bonds have been sold at prices far below those prevailing on the recognized stock exchanges. This has resulted in wholly unnecessary losses on the part of persons who could not afford them.

### *The Safety of Registered Bonds*

But it is not the pirate promoter or the less honorable merchant that is primarily responsible for the sacrifice of small Liberty Bonds in saloons, cigar stores, pawnshops, and the like. The disagreeable but unvarnished truth is that hundreds of thousands of people do not know of any other way of selling a bond. They have no bank accounts, and the average day laborer with a fifty-dollar bond would be afraid to go to a reputable brokerage office; and if he did the broker might not be willing to buy the bond unless the workman was identified, a business requirement which merely puzzles and baffles the more ignorant.

It is a highly interesting fact that many snide brokers have fences working for them in saloons and cigar stores picking up small bonds at thirty-five and forty dollars and turning them over to the brokers, who bunch them and sell them at a profit in the market. If a barkeep can pick up a dollar here and there by the necessities and ignorance of his patrons it is bad enough. But it is very bad indeed when he is in the pay of a dishonest broker.

It is certain that no person, no matter how ignorant, will lose his Liberty Bond or have it stolen or be cheated out of it at an unfair price if he opens an account in a good savings bank and consults a banker before selling his bond.

The Treasury Department and the Federal Reserve Banks are pushing a campaign of education to induce people to convert their coupon bonds into registered bonds. In the First, Second and Third Loans the amount of coupon bonds sold exceeded the registered about seven and a half times. Anyone who has the first rudiments of financial knowledge is aware of the fact that a coupon bond that is lost or stolen is rarely recovered, whereas a registered bond is quite easily replaced. But the coupon bonds are more easily handled and sold, and are more convenient for all people with business experience and knowledge. When kept in safe-deposit vaults and boxes they are safe enough for all practical purposes.

But the more ignorant know nothing of these differences. They bought coupon bonds simply because that was the kind handed out to them in all cases unless they asked specifically for registered. But the ignorant people had no bank accounts, they had no safe-deposit boxes, and consequently no place to keep the easily lost coupon bonds except about their persons or in the house.

But any bondholder can exchange a coupon bond for a registered bond without cost. It is one protection that he can avail himself of without having a bank account or a safe-deposit box, and for the smallest denomination of bond. A letter addressed to the Treasury Department will bring the desired instructions.

*(Concluded on Page 113)*



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(Concluded from Page 110)

In the Pittsburgh steel district some of the workers pasted their bonds on the wall like so much paper. Everywhere millions of people carry Liberty Bonds upon their persons. I have no doubt the police all over the country could tell many stories of Liberty Bonds found on dead bodies. In other words the bonds have been carried round like so much currency. And naturally many have been lost and stolen—with the result that reputable brokers sometimes hesitate to purchase bonds from persons not known to them.

This is where the bank comes in, and especially the savings bank. The savings banks throughout the country have a unique opportunity to serve in this connection. By receiving Liberty Bonds for safe-keeping they perform a real and important patriotic service, and with advantage to themselves. Already large numbers of savings banks have adopted plans for the safe-keeping of bonds without charge, and the number is constantly increasing. When I say without charge it is not intended to intimate that most banks will care for bonds belonging to nondepositors. But many savings banks will open an account for the nominal sum of one dollar; others will take three dollars and others five dollars.

The situation comes to this: The owner of a fifty-dollar bond can open an account usually and leave his bond in perfectly safe hands by merely turning the coupon on the bond in as an initial deposit. With banks that start an account at one dollar—and many of them do—a single coupon on a fifty-dollar bond is more than sufficient. Successive coupons are collected by the bank and credited to the owner on his regular pass book like so much cash, saving him the trouble of even going to the bank to cash his coupons.

Then, too, the public is quite familiar with the savings-bank pass book, and a depositor is less likely to lose a pass book than a mere receipt for a bond. Savings banks have a highly perfected system of identifying depositors so that the chance of a depositor suffering permanently through the loss of his book, or of money being paid to the wrong person, or anything of that kind, is reduced to almost nothing. Naturally when savings banks accept Liberty Bonds for deposit they throw the same system of safeguards and precautions about the business as they do in the case of money.

Providing such facilities for safe-keeping tends of course to prevent people from selling bonds; and it also encourages them to save, because the coupons themselves become interest-bearing deposits as fast as they mature. The bank is benefited because its deposits are increased and because the bondholders will tell their friends that here is a safe way of keeping Liberty Bonds. Of course, the banks are compelled to limit the free safe-keeping of bonds to relatively small amounts, three hundred dollars or five hundred dollars. Stingy people have taken as much as five thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds and several thousand dollars in securities to savings banks, expecting them to be kept free.

Once a person has a bank account, either in a savings or commercial institution, the sale of a Liberty Bond in case the money is absolutely needed is a simple matter. Either the bank itself will sell the bond through a reputable broker or will put the depositor in connection with such a broker and supply such identification as may be necessary. Small Liberty Bonds can always be sold through a member of the stock exchange at a price only one-tenth of one per cent less than the price for one-thousand-dollar bonds, which is of course quoted daily in the newspapers. The commission charged usually averages thirty cents, the commissions which the stock exchange charges on Liberty Bonds being less than one-fourth those that the exchange charges the public on any other class of securities.

# JAVA HEAD

(Continued from Page 19)

"Ammidon seems worn," he said generally; "they were in the garden, and I had a few words privately with him." Nettie glanced swiftly across the table; her lips moved; but she repressed the obvious question trembling on them. "He showed, I think," he continued carefully, "a very improper interest in you."

"How?"

"He asked if you were well and happy. I most certainly told him, for any number of reasons, for pride alone, that you were."

"Then you told a lie!" she cried in a tone so hard that it surprised him.

"Of course," he went on smoothly, "I know that you are not; almost all your circumstances prohibit that. But I don't intend to circulate it in Salem. Opinion here may have forced you into a long loneliness, but I shan't give anyone the satisfaction of knowing it. And after all, you have your grandfather mostly to blame. You would have been married to Gerrit Ammidon now if he hadn't interfered; you would have been walking about the Ammidons' garden with your hand on his arm in place of that Chinese prostitute."

"I don't see why you should make me so miserable," she declared. "I don't care anything about the garden; it isn't that. Why do you suppose he brought such a woman home?"

"Pique," he told her; "he couldn't care for her in the way he might for, well—you. As I said, he'll drop her on his next voyage to Shanghai; he will leave her and probably never come back to Salem again. I hear that Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone are planning a new policy—bigger ships, clippers in the China and California trade; and that means removal to Boston. The facilities here are no longer suitable for large ships and direct cargoes."

She moved, her chin fell upon her hands, propped up with her elbows on the table. Apparently Edward Dunsack was gazing at the wall beyond her. Her breast gave a single sharp heave. When Nettie looked up her face was flushed.

"I wish that I were really a bad woman," she spoke in a low vibrant voice.

"What is bad and what is good?" He still seemed to ignore her, considering a question that had no personal bearing. "In one country a thing is thought wrong and in another it is the highest virtue. In one age this or that is condemned, when, turn the calendar, everyone is praising it." He became confidential, the image of kindness. "I'll tell you what I think is wicked," he pronounced, leaning toward her, "and that is the way you two were kept apart; unchristian is what I call it."

"Gerrit doesn't care," she said.

"How do you know?" he demanded. "I cannot agree with you. I don't find a great deal in him to admire, he is too simple and transparent; but there's no doubt of this, he is faithful. One idea, one affection is all his head will hold."

"That's a beautiful trait."

A palpable wistfulness settled over her.

"It's greatly admired," he agreed, "though not by me. I believe in taking what is yours, what you need from life. I suppose that I have been away from conventions so long that they have lost their importance. They seem to me of no greater weight than barriers of straw. But of course that mightn't suit you; probably, living in Salem as you have, its opinion is highly important."

"Salem!" she exclaimed bitterly. "What has it ever been to me but an unfair judgment? I owe Salem no consideration; I can't see that I owe any to life."

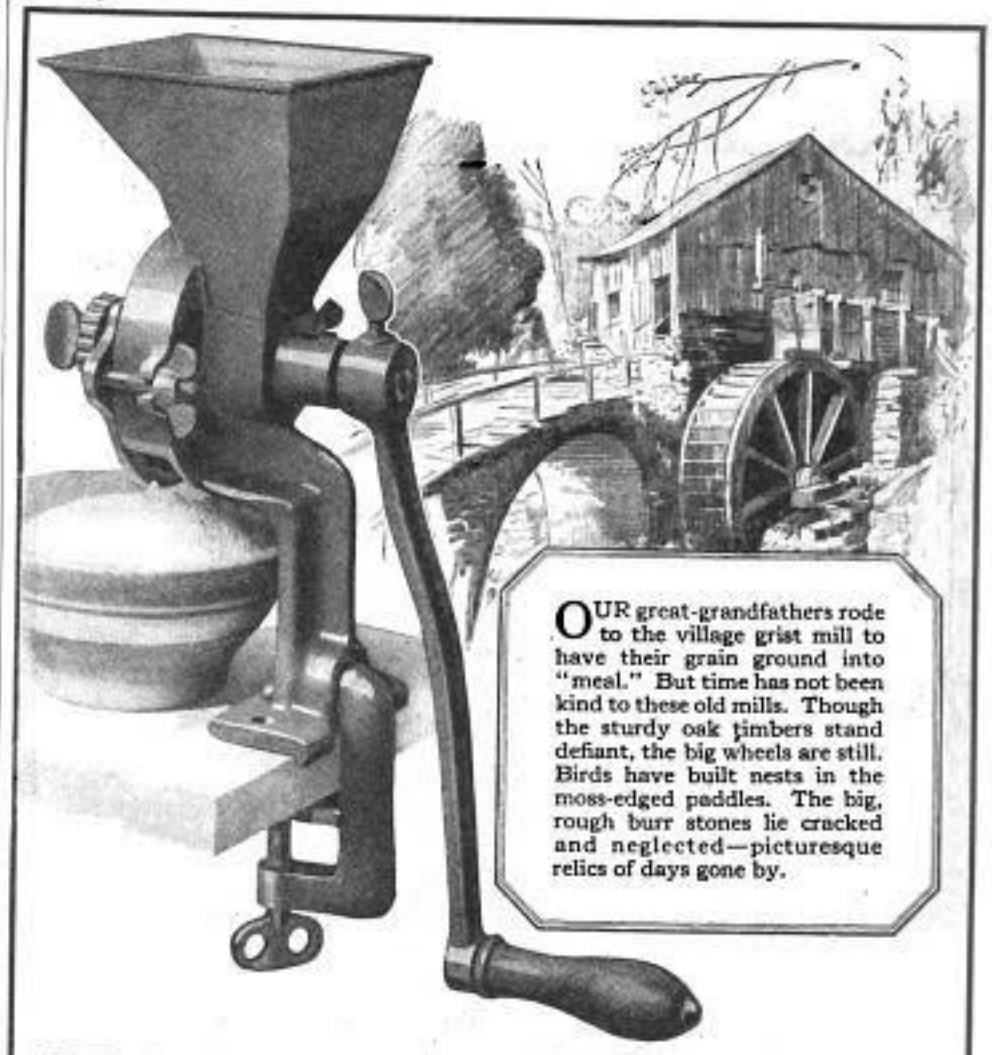
"I don't want to insist on that," he proceeded deliberately. "The tragedy of your position is that, married to Ammidon, everything in the past would have been overlooked, forgotten. Even now ——"

He stopped with a gesture indicating the presence still of large possibilities.

What a vacillating fool the girl was! He could say no more at present; and he rose, leaving the room, with Nettie staring dully across the table.

He went outside to the grass fronting on the harbor. Here last night he had thrown the opium into the water. It seemed to him that he had lived through a complete existence since then; the presence of Taou Yuen had created a new world. He thought she walked to him through the gloom; he saw her slender body grow brighter as she approached; he heard her speak in a low native murmur; their hands caught in an eager tangle.

He put aside momentarily the problem of the difficulties of going again to the Ammidons' for an easier one—the bringing of Gerrit Ammidon here. He was confident

OUR great-grandfathers rode to the village grist mill to have their grain ground into "meal." But time has not been kind to these old mills. Though the sturdy oak timbers stand defiant, the big wheels are still. Birds have built nests in the moss-edged paddles. The big, rough burr stones lie cracked and neglected—picturesque relics of days gone by.

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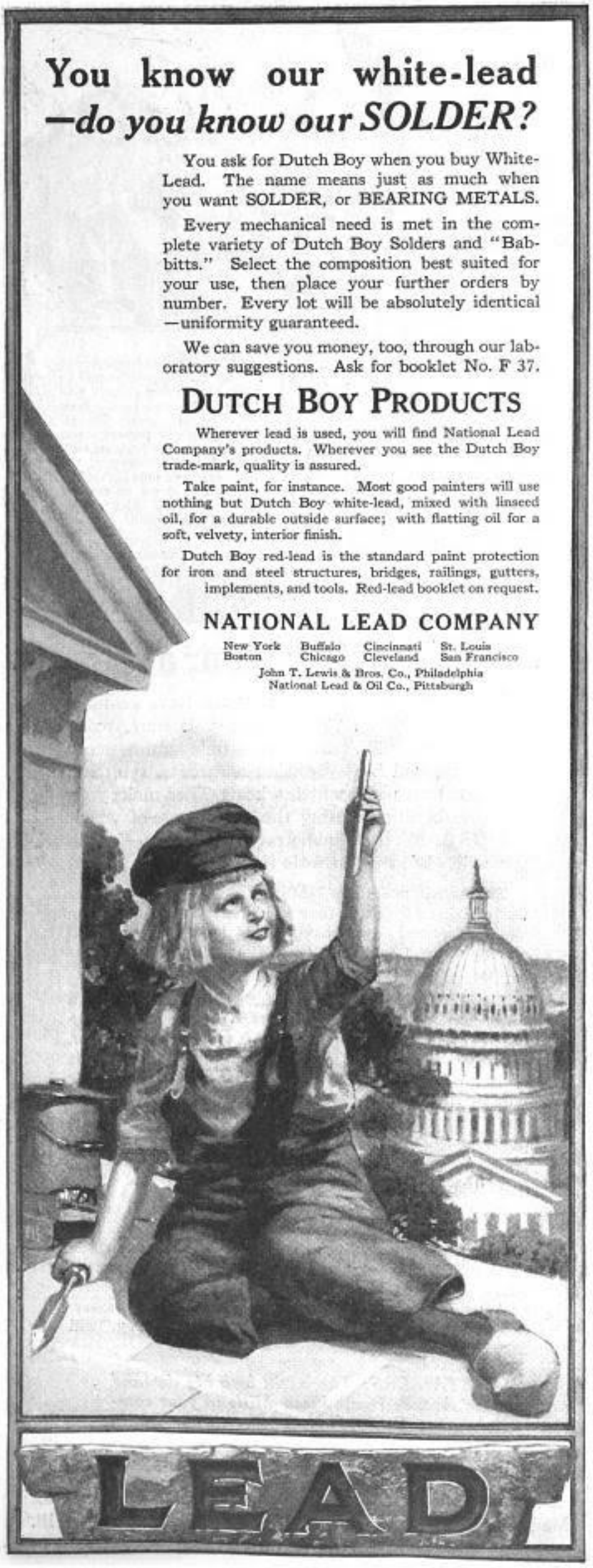
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that, thrown together on the still rim of the water, at evening, the emotion born between his niece and the shipmaster and prematurely choked would revive. He had no means of knowing Ammidon's present exact feeling for Nettie; he was counting only on a general theory of men and nature at large. He was already convinced from very wide knowledge, experience, that the other could not form a permanent attachment to the Manchu; and Nettie's great difference, together with the romance of her unhappy position, must have a potent effect on the fellow's evident sentimentality. A dank air rose from the water, like the smell of death; and with an uncontrollable shiver he turned back toward the house.

In his room Edward Dunsack recalled that he had promised himself to throw away the remainder of the opium on this and succeeding nights. In view of that his movements were inexplicable; he got out from a locked chest the *yen tsiang*, a heavy tube of dark wood inlaid with silver ideograms and with a diminutive earthen cup at one end. Then he produced a small brass lamp, brushes, long needles and a metal rod. Taking off his clothes and in the somber black folds of the silk robe he made various minutely careful preparations. Finally, extended on his bed, he dipped the end of the rod into opium the color of tar, held it for a bubbling moment near the blaze of the lamp, and then crowded the drug into the pipe. He held the bowl to the flame and drew in a long deep inhalation. A second followed, and the pipe was empty. He repeated this until he had smoked a mace.

A vivacious and brilliant state of being flooded him; he felt capable of profoundly witty conversation, and laughed at the solemn absurdities of the Ammidons, at his father attempting to call down a blessing out of the empty sky upon their food, at his sister's lugubrious countenance, the childish emotions of Nettie. What a nonsensical strutting business life was.

The confines of his room were lost in an amber radiance that filled all space; it was at once a light and a perfume, and was charged with a sense of impending delight. A sparkling crimson shape floated down from infinite space—Taou Yuen. She wore a bridal costume, cunningly embroidered with the phœnix; a band of red silk about her brow bore the eight copper figures of the beings who are immortal, with a hood of thin gold plate. Her hair was ornamented by the pure green jade pins of summer, and her hanging wrists were laden with fretted white bracelets. Her face shone like the spring moon veiled in low pale mists.

He raised his bony arms—the wide silk sleeves falling back—his emaciated yellow hands. From under his dark eyelids there was a glitter of vision like the sheen on mica. Taou Yuen floated nearer.

Edward Dunsack woke suddenly, at the darkest ebb of night, and started hurriedly to his feet. A sickening vertigo, a whirling head sent him lurching across the room. He came in contact with a chest of drawers, and clung to it with the feeling that his legs were shriveling beneath him. His consciousness slowly returned, and with it a pain like ruthless tearing fingers searched his body. The rectangle of the open window, only less dark than the room, promised a relief from the strangled effort of his breathing, and he fell across the ledge, lifting his face to a starless and unstirring heat. Waves of complete physical exhaustion passed over him. An utter horror fastened on his brain.

"O God," he said with numb lips, "we thank thee for this, thy daily blessing——"

He broke off with an effort. That was his father pronouncing a grace.

"O God," he said again, when it seemed to him that in the darkness he saw the blank placidity of a Buddha carved from gray stone. Tears ran over his sunken cheeks, salt and warm like blood.

### VI

THE night was so oppressive, continuing such an unusually sultry period for the season that Sidsall, ordinarily impervious to the effects of weather, was unable to sleep. Though the door between her room and her parents' was shut, she heard her father—his step, at once quick and firm, was easily recognizable—moving about beyond. Her restlessness increased and she got up, crossing the floor to the window open on the garden, where she knelt, the thick plait of her hair across her cheek and shoulder, with her arms propped on the ledge. The depths of sky were hidden in a darkness like night made visible; and in place of moving air there were slow waves of perfume, now from the lilacs and now from the opening hedge of June roses.

Her brain was filled by a multitude of minor images and speculations, but fixed at their back was the presence of Roger Brevard. She approved of him absolutely. He had exactly the formal manner that gave her a pleasant sense of delicate importance; and his clothes were beautiful, a sprig of rose geranium in a buttonhole and his gloves and boots immaculate. She liked rather slight graceful men, she thought, with the quiet voices of a polite ancestry. Naturally Olive Wibird preferred less restrained companions, though heaven knew that Olive appeared to make all kinds welcome. Olive's opinion of Roger Brevard would have been very different if he had asked her to dance.

Sidsall recalled the quadrille he had led her through at Lacy's party; he had been a perfect partner, at once light and firm. He had been a habitual caller at Java Head before that occasion, and had come in the same manner since. That is, casually viewed, his visits seemed the same; but in reality there were some small yet significant differences. They were all held in his attitude of the afternoon when he had stayed talking exclusively to her on the steps.

She couldn't say just what the change was—when she attempted to examine it her thoughts became confused and turned to a hundred absurd considerations, such as, at present, the loveliness of the night. The scents of the flowers were overwhelming. He got on, too, better than almost anyone else with her Uncle Gerrit's Manchu wife. She had watched them together until it had dawned on her that the two had some important qualities in common—they both seemed to stand a little aside from the world, as if they were against the wall at a cotillon. She thought this in spite of the fact that it was precisely what Roger Brevard never did; it was true in the mysterious way of so much now that came from ideas over which she had no control.

The subject of Uncle Gerrit's wife—she had not yet been told or decided for herself what to call her—was inexhaustibly enthralling. But before she was again fairly launched in it she paused to wonder at the appearance of the dreadful Dunsack man on their lawn. His hollow yellow cheeks and staring brown eyes, which somehow made her think of pain, his restless hands and speech—all repelled her violently. Taou—Taou Yuen hadn't liked him either; when, after the longest time, he had gone, she replied to a short comment from her Sidsall's, father:

"Rotten wood cannot be carved."

Someone else had mentioned opium. She had intended to ask more particularly about this, but it slipped from her mind. She remembered that her grandfather made one of his familiar exclamations peppered with an appalling word. He was really very embarrassing, and she was glad that Roger Brevard had left. It was a bad example for Laurel, too, who copied him, and only that morning had said "My God!" to Miss Gomes.

Her mind swung back to the consideration of the Manchu. The latter was the fact upon which Camilla was so insistent, that in this case a Manchu was a noble, almost a princess. Camilla suffered dreadfully from the endless questions put to her outside their house about Uncle Gerrit's wife. She had more than once wept at the public blot laid on them. Laurel was frankly inquisitive, and Janet as puzzling as usual.

The clothes of course were enchanting, the richness of the materials and hand embroidery marvelous; her jewelry was never ending. It didn't seem quite like clothing, in the sense of her own tarlatan and crinoline; her waist, which Hodie wouldn't properly lace, and tulle draping; there was a certain resemblance to the dressing in Van Amburgh's circus; but—in spite of Camilla's private laments—every inch of it was distinguished. The layers of paint upset them, but Uncle Gerrit had explained a little impatiently that it was a Manchu custom adding that the world couldn't all be measured and judged by Salem.

Sidsall liked her rather than not, she decided; and determined to make an effort to know her better. She wanted especially to discover the nature of the

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(Continued from Page 114)

bond that held one to the other, and explore in safety the depths of love. She could not help feeling that her uncle's affair, extraordinary as it was, must throw light on the whole complicated business of marriage.

The clock in the hall struck an indeterminate half hour, it appeared to grow lighter outside, and there was a twittering of birds under the eaves. From above came the vigorous harsh cawing of crows. Suddenly sleepy she returned to bed, and almost immediately the room was flooded with sunlight.

It was an accepted fact now that Taou Yuen, the Garden of Peaches, stayed in her room until long after breakfast; and when Sidsall, rising from the table, found a servant taking up a pot of hot water for tea, she secured it and knocked carefully on the door above. The slurring, hesitating voice said "Come in," and she entered with a diffidence covered by a cheerfully polite morning greeting. She found the other in crêpe de Chine pantaloons wrapped tightly about her ankles and bound over quilted muslin socks with gay brocaded ribbons, and a short floating gown of gray silk worked with willow leaves. Her hair was an undisturbed complication of lustrous black, gold bodkins and flowers massed on either side; and her face, without paint or powder, was as smooth as ivory and the color of very pale coffee and cream.

Sidsall saw that she was at her toilet, and she put down the pot of steaming water, moving toward the door; but Taou Yuen with a charmingly shy gesture begged her to stay. The Manchu swiftly drew a cup of tea from silvery leaves, filled and lighted the minute bowl of her tobacco pipe, deeply inhaled the smoke, then returned to a mirror.

Fascinated, Sidsall followed every motion.

Taou Yuen polished her face sharply with a hot damp cloth and then dipped her fingers in a jar that held a sticky amber substance.

"Honey," she said briefly, rubbing it into her cheeks and palms.

Next she attacked her eyebrows, and skillfully wielding a thin silk cord left arches like pencil markings. At times she interrupted her preparations to turn to Sidsall with a little smile so engaging that the girl smiled sympathetically in answer. There were a gilt-paper box of rice powder with which she drenched her countenance, leaves of carmine she transferred to her cheeks with a wet finger, and a silver pot of rouge from which she coated her lips.

As she gazed approvingly at her reflection Sidsall said, "It's very beautiful."

Taou Yuen's eyes, drawn up toward her temples, shone gayly; and, close to Sidsall, she touched the latter affectionately on the cheek. The cold sharp contact of the long curving finger nail gave the girl an unpleasant shock. It seemed lifeless or like the scratching of a beetle. Suddenly the woman's glittering gaze, her expressionless face stiff with paint, the blaze of her barbaric colors, filled Sidsall with a shrinking that was almost dread.

She was even more oppressed by an instinctive feeling of what she could express to herself only as cruelty hidden under the other's scented embroidery. At the same time her curiosity persisted, conquered. She was unable, however, to think of any possible manner of introducing the new subject of her interest, love, and was forced to be content with an indifferent opening.

"We were all quite surprised when Mr. Dunsack called yesterday," she said. "He isn't in the least a friend of the family. Grandfather went to sea with his father, but even they didn't speak for years in Salem. The Dunsacks are a little common."

"I know," Taou Yuen replied. "Mr. Dunsack—a long time in Canton, at the American agent's. China is bad for men like him. Black spirits get in them, and the ten sins."

"He stared at you in the rudest way."

"He never saw a Manchu lady before. In China the dog would not have passed by the first gate. Here it is nothing to be a Manchu or an honorable wife; it is all like the tea houses and rice villages. Men walk up to you with bold eyes. I tell Gerrit and he laughs. I stay in the room and he brings me shamefully down. This Mr. Dunsack comes and the wise old man talks to him like a son. He touches your mother's hand. He sees the young girls like spring flowers."

"We wouldn't let him really bother us," Sidsall explained; "probably if he comes again we'll all be out."

Taou Yuen made a comment in Chinese.

"A bad thought is a secret knife," she continued; "it is more dangerous than the anger of the Emperor; a sickness that kills with the stink of bodies already dead."

This seemed rather absurd to Sidsall. She considered once more the introduction of the subject of her new concern; but in spite of Taou Yuen's extravagant appearance there was a quality of being that made impossible any blunt interrogation. She had a decidedly aloof manner. Her mother, Sidsall recognized, and the older women they knew had a trace of this; but in the Manchu it was carried infinitely farther. Her feeling for the other shifted rapidly from attitude to attitude.

She watched, she was certain, these same sensations come over her Aunt Caroline Saltonstone, Mrs. Clifford and Mrs. Wibird, who called on Gerrit Ammidon's wife that afternoon. They were sitting with their crinoline widespread against their chairs, gazing with a concerted battery of curiosity at Taou Yuen's shimmering figure in the drawing-room, screened against the sun. Mrs. Wibird, Sidsall thought—a woman of fat and faded prettiness, with wine-red splotches beneath her eyes, and a voice that went on and on in the relating of various petty emotional disturbances—must have resembled Olive as a girl. It was probable then that Olive would look like her mother when in turn she was middle-aged. Mrs. Clifford, huddled in her perpetual shawl, however hot the day, more than ever suggested a haggard marble in somberly rich clothes. Aunt Caroline sat with complacent hands and loud inattentive speech.

Taou Yuen smiled at them placidly.

"Our men," said Mrs. Clifford, "went out to China for years. It never occurred to them, however, to marry a Chinese woman; but I dare say they didn't see the right sort."

"Most of the captains like China," Taou Yuen said. "They are so far away from their families ——"

She made a brief philosophical gesture, and Madra Clifford studied her with a narrowed gaze.

"It would be the same," she continued, "if Chinamen came to America."

Mrs. Wibird shuddered. "A yellow skin," she cried impetuously; "I can't bide the thought!"

"I'm sure we'd be tremendously interested," Mrs. Saltonstone hurriedly put in, "if you'd tell us about your wedding. A Chinese wedding must be—be very gay, with firecrackers and ——"

"My marriage with Captain Ammidon was not beautiful—I was a widow and he foreign. The Manchu wedding is very nice. First there is the engagement ceremony. I sit like this"—she sank gracefully to the floor, cross-legged—"on the bed with my eyes shut, and if I am noble two princesses come and put the *ju yi*—it's jade and means all joy—on my lap. Two little silk bags hang from the buttons of my gown with gold coins, and two gold rings on my fingers must be marked with *Ta hsi;* that's great happiness."

"I'm told polygamy is an active practice," Mrs. Wibird remarked with a rising interest.

"Yes?" Taou Yuen asked.

"One man—a lot of wives."

"The Emperor has a great many; and some Manchus take a second and third. You think that is wrong here. Who knows? The Chinese women are very good, very modest. The Four Books for Girls teach perfect submission; the five virtues are benevolence, righteousness, propriety, wisdom, sincerity. Confucius says, 'The root is filial piety.'"

"Very admirable," Mrs. Wibird nodded, agitating the small dyed ostrich plumes tipped with marabou of her bonnet; but it was clear to Sidsall that this was not the revelation for which she had hoped. A momentary silence, the edge of an uneasiness enveloped the visitors.

"What lovely satins!" Mrs. Saltonstone commented.

"Please—I have a box full; you will let me give you some?"

"Indeed yes, and thank you!"

Mrs. Wibird, growing resentful, said that a cousin of her aunt's had been a missionary to China, "and did a very blessed work too."

Taou Yuen smoothly agreed that it was quite possible. "Our poor have a great


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many wrong and lustful ideas," she acknowledged; "they tell lies and beat their wives and gamble. The higher classes too—the mandarins and princes—use the people for their own security and rob them. Sometimes the law is not honest, and a man with gold gets free when a laborer is put in the bamboo cage."

Mrs. Clifford said very vigorously, "Ha!"

The silence returned, intensified.

"I remember," the Manchu went on; "this will amuse you. My father-in-law, who was in the Canton customs, told me that some boxes of Bibles came out from America, with other objects, and when they were opened at the mission they were the wrong ones and were filled with rum."

There was not, however, any marked appreciation of this on the part of the Salem women. They rose to leave, and Taou Yuen sank on her knee. She gazed without a trace of emotion at the three flooding the door with their belled skirts.

"They are the same everywhere," she told the girl.

The latter moved out into the garden. There she subconsciously picked a rose and fastened it in her hair; her thoughts turned to Roger Brevard. In his place her Uncle Gerrit came out through the drawing-room window. The usual shadow of the house, lengthening with afternoon, was pleasantly enveloping, and they walked slowly over the grass. "A flower in your hair," he said; "and by yourself. You must have been thinking about true love."

She blushed vividly at this unexpected angle on her mind and found it impossible to meet his keen blue eyes.

"Love must be a remarkable thing."

She raised a swift glance to his face and discovered that he had not spoken to her at all, but, hat in hand, was looking away with an expression of abstraction.

"I mean the unreasonable, silly, divine kind," he specified, now gazing at her quizzically, as if lost in a mood over which he had no control; "the sort that is as long as life, and stronger. It is entirely different and ages older than the reasonable logical love, all proper and suitable and civilized; or the love that is the result of a determination. The result of a determination," he repeated, frowning darkly at their feet.

Sidsall held her breath, thrilled by the wealth of what she had heard, fearful of diverting what might be yet revealed. But he moved away abruptly in a manner that enforced solitude, and stood apparently examining the rockery.

Her brain rang with the splendid phrase, "Love as long as life, and stronger." It seemed to clarify and state so much of her lately confused being. Hodie, artfully drawn into the consideration of earthly affection, was far less satisfactory than Gerrit Ammidon. She dwelt on the treasure beyond moth or rust, lost in an ecstasy of contemplation expressed in her customary explosive amens. At the same time she admitted that lower unions were blessed of God, and recommended Sidsall to think on "a man who had seen the light, and by no means a sea captain."

Sidsall had replied cuttingly, "I think you must forget where you are!"

"I forget nothing," Hodie stoutly maintained; "I'll witness before anyone."

She settled the flounces of Sidsall's skirt with a deft hand.

Walking toward the Saltonstones' for tea, with a mulberry silk parasol casting a shifting glow on her expanse of clear madras, Sidsall wondered at the sudden change of almost all her interests and preoccupations. It was very disturbing—she fell into daydreams that carried her fancy away on a search that was a longing, a soft confusion of opening her arms to mystery. This varied with restless melancholy; the old securities of her life were hidden in a mist of uncertainty in which her consciousness was troubled by nameless pressures; something within her held almost desperately back from further adventuring. But all the time a latent fascination was drawing her on, putting aside the curtain for her better view.

The Saltonstones' dwelling on Chestnut Street was one of a pair—a large solid square of brick—with two identical ornate white porticoes and rows of windows keyed in white stone. Within, the staircase swept up to a slender pillared opening, through which Lacy, calmly dressing, waved a deliberate hand. Mrs. Saltonstone was seated by the tall gilt-framed mirror on a low mirable stand between long front windows. "As usual," she said, in connection with her daughter, "Lacy's as cool as a water main key. Gets it from James; they wouldn't hurry if ——" She searched in vain for an expression of her family's composure. "Now I am an impetuous woman."

She promptly exhibited this quality in the vigor with which she met the wrong canister of tea brought by a servant. She didn't intend to serve Padre Souchong to a lot of people who apparently confuse afternoon tea with an invitation to dine.

In the small press which followed Sidsall stopped in the dining room with Lacy and Olive Wibird. The latter was still talking.

"He sat holding my hand right on the bench by your hedge, Sidsall, and said that nothing could keep him from coming back for me; but he died of yellow fever in Batavia."

She left in the company of a man of fifty anyhow, with a glistening bald head, a silly smirking bow and a flood of compliments. Lacy moved away and Sidsall found herself facing Roger Brevard.

"That looks remarkably like a garden," he said, waving toward an open door.

The sun had become obscured in a veil of cloud, drooping until it almost seemed to rest on the bright green foliage; her companion's mood, too, was shadowed.

"I thought you'd be here," he added outside, "and looked for you at once."

"There was something special you wanted to say?"

"My dear child," he answered, "can't you guess how absolutely refreshing you are? No, I have nothing special. But you'll soon get used to men round with no more reason than you yourself."

She studied this seriously; and, as its complimentary intent emerged, a correspondingly color stained her cheeks. Her gaze rested on him for the fleetest moment possible, and to his surprise she saw that he was frowning.

"I came here just to see you. No," he corrected his period, "only to see you." His manner was surprisingly abrupt and disconcerting. "I can quite realize," he went on, "that I shouldn't say any of this. You on the other hand it is the most natural thing in the world. I have been listening to the conventional babble of teas and cotillons for so long that you are like a breath of life—youth. Certainly that is appropriate

(Continued on Page 121)



*By Heaven, To-Night He'd Throw All That Stinking Stuff Away!*

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(Continued from Page 118)

I think," he told her, "that you are the youngest thing alive." Then he laughed. "So young that I have annoyed you."

"I feel a great deal older than I did—well, last month," she said.

"That is a tragedy."

She felt that if he were still amused at her she was furious; but he was even graver than before.

"To tell you helps hurry the charm to an end. That is what might be complained against me. Yet flowers will open, you know; and it might as well be in an honest sun."

"I don't understand," she admitted, troubled.

"Why, it means, Sidsall, that I am offering you an experienced hand, that I'm certain I can do you more good than harm——"

"That's silly," she interrupted. "If you mean that we might be friends, really confidential friends, it would help me awfully. But then it's so one-sided."

"You'll have to overlook that," he replied; "probably all that I can give you, experience, isn't worth the smallest of your feelings. Probably you won't need me for an instant. Certainly the pleasure will be mine."

"You didn't understand," she told him with dignity; "it's the other way round. I am not a particle interesting, and everyone agrees that I'm too healthy. But I can't help it if my cheeks are red and mother won't let me have powder."

It was obviously impossible to explain about Hodie and the lacing.

"I like it," he insisted. "I'll admit that I am unfashionable there. I think we'll hit on a great deal to share privately."

There was a faint patter among the leaves, and a cold drop of rain fell on Sidsall's arm. Others struck Roger Brevard, but he continued without apparently noticing them:

"You must understand that I am entirely at your service. Sometimes, although they won't come yet, there are things a—a friend can do better than one's family. You'll ask me, Sidsall?"

"Yes," she said solemnly.

More rain struck her; she could see it now plainly, falling between them. Roger Brevard's face was dark, the frown still scarred his forehead. Personally she was happier than she remembered ever being before, and she wondered at his severity of bearing.

"But you must go in at once," he cried, suddenly energetic, his familiar self. "You are getting wetter every minute."

The clouds dissolved into a late sunlight that streamed in long bars through the canopies of elms on the streets. From her windows Sidsall saw a world of flashing greenery and limpid sky. Usually when she was happy she sang unimportant bits of light song, but her present state was serious and inarticulate. The indeterminate questions, the disturbing vague moods of the past days somehow combined and took on the tangible shape of Roger Brevard. Her curiosity about love was resolved into a sudden inner shrinking from its possibilities and meaning.

She was lost in her aloofness from mundane affairs. Taou Yuen in whispering silk, her grandfather's rotund tones, Laurel and Camilla and her mother—were distant, immaterial. In the evening she sat on the front steps, a web of white, dreamily intent on the shimmering sweep of Washington Square. After a little she was joined by Gerrit Ammidon. He wore linen trousers and a short blue sea jacket; and the wavering, delicately lavender trail of smoke from his cheroot was like her floating thoughts.

"Already," he said, "I am full of getting back on my ship."

She smiled at him absently.

"The land doesn't do for a sailor," he continued; "they are always into trouble on shore. I can't say why it should be so, but it is. If there's not one kind there is another; rum and such varnish for the able seaman, and—and complications for a master. I suppose that's because there are so confounded many unexpected currents and slants of wind, as you might say. On shipboard everything pretty much is charted; a thing will be followed more or less by a fixed consequence. The waves break so and so on coral or rocks or sand; there is usually the sun for an observation; a good man knows his ship—how many points she'll hold on the wind, how a cargo must be stowed, when to take in the light canvas. You can give the man at the wheel a course and turn in or stay on deck and beat your way through hell. It's exact, you know. But on shore——"

He made a hopeless gesture.

"There are no regulations," he observed moodily; "or else nobody follows them. Collisions all the time, sinkings and derelicts drifting round, awash and dismasted, but they are everywhere. That fellow, Edward Dunsack——"

He stopped, lost in speculation.

Then, "He seems harmless enough," he resumed; "even pitiful; but he sticks in your head. I wish I'd never brought his damned chest to Salem. A fool would have known better. I'm worse—a childish fool. A derelict," he said again. "You are smashing over a swell at twelve knots or more, everything spread, when in a hollow there it is squarely across your bow. No time to shift the wheel, and a ship's missing, perhaps in a hundred fathom. It might be the best ship afloat, the best master and stoutest crew, but in a minute she's only a salty tangle."

He laughed uneasily at the vividness of his fancy. "If it's hard for us, what must it be for Taou Yuen?" he demanded. "Married to me! Here! That's courage for you."

He tramped down the steps, across Pleasant Street, with his bare head sunk, and vanished into the obscurity of the Square. She caught a last glimmer of white trousers, a faint rapid gleam where his lighted cheroot described the arc of a passionate gesture on the night.

The spring, like the full buds of the hedge roses in the Ammidons' garden, swiftly passed into early summer. The flowers against the house showed gay perennial colors, the stocks and larkspur and clove pinks succeeded the retreating flood of the lilacs. The days were still yellow pools of heat, or else cooled by the faintly salt sea wind drawing down the elms and chestnuts, followed by purple-green nights of moonlight. They seemed to Sidsall to hold everything in a pause. She saw less and less of Taou Yuen, who now scarcely came out of her room except for an occasional ride in the barouche with Mrs. Ammidon or a contemplative hour in the garden, usually at dusk. Apparently content with the elaborate rearrangement of her headdress, she sat for long periods gazing out over Washington Square, idle except for the regular tap of her pipe emptying the ashes of the minute bowl.

Yet Sidsall's first interest in her had almost completely shifted to Gerrit Ammidon. He evidently preferred her company to that of the other members of his family, and they often took short largely silent walks, usually down to the Salem Marine Railway, where the Nautilus was undergoing repairs. His protracted silences were broken by the sudden vehement protests against the generally muddled aspect of affairs or longer monologues of inner questioning and search. He almost never referred to her or made her a part of a conversation; she was free to dwell on her own emotions while he, with a corrugated brow, went on in his tortuous and solitary course.

On an afternoon when they had walked to the foot of Briggs Street and were gazing out over the tranquil water of Collins Cove Gerrit Ammidon asked abruptly: "Have you seen Nettie Vollar lately?"







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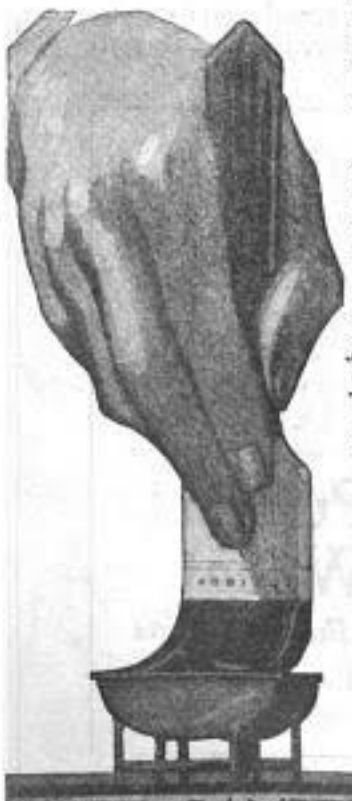
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Sidsall was unable to remember exactly when she had. She rather thought she had caught a glimpse of her in Lawrence Place with books under her arm, which she was probably taking from the Athenæum for her grandfather. Anyone, she told herself privately, could see that Nettie Vollar wouldn't care for books.

Something had occurred or threatened to occur between her uncle and Nettie; what it was she had never been told; but she realized that only one thing could really happen between a man and a girl—they must have been in love. In the interest of this she recalled Nettie Vollar's appearance, but was unable to discover any marked attractions. Nettie had a good figure, rather full for her age, and totally different from her own square solidity. Her hair was coarse and carelessly arranged, her clothes noticeable for a love of brightness rather than care in the spending of a small sum.

Gerrit Ammidon had the strangest tastes!

He was standing immobile, looking across the Cove as if he were on a quarter-deck searching for a hidden land. His legs were slightly spread, firmly planted in a manner to defeat any sudden lurching. She grew a little impatient at him staring like a block at nothing at all; she felt older than he, superior in the knowledge of life; he seemed hardly more than an absurd boy. She had a desire to shake him. He was so—so impracticable.

"Don't you think we'd better be going?" she asked finally.

Gerrit Ammidon turned and followed her obediently.

There were lights in the rope walk on Briggs Street; through a window she could see a man pacing down the long narrow interior laying a strand of hemp from the burden on his shoulders. It made her shudder to think of the monotonous passage forward and back, an eternity of slow-twisting rope. Yet life was something like that—she took the happenings of each day and wove them into a strand dark and bright; a strand, she realized, that grew stronger as it lengthened. That would be true of everyone—of her companion, and grandfather, and Hodie.

They reached the house as the family were gathering in the dining room, when Sidsall found Roger Brevard unexpectedly staying for supper. She met his direct greeting and smile with a warm stir of pleasure and sat in a happy silence listening to the voices about the table. Her uncle had brought his wife down, and the candles glittering among the lusters on the walls spread their light over the Manchu's strange vivid figure. Everything about life was so confusing, Sidsall thought. The night flowed in at the open windows, drenched with magic; here were candles, but outside were stars. The port in its engraved glass decanter seemed to burn with a ruby flame.

"Bah!" her grandfather was exclaiming. "I'll put a thousand dollars on Gerrit and the Nautilus against any clipper built; but mind, in all weathers!"

"Voyage by voyage," William Ammidon insisted, "he would be left in the harbor. The California gold deposits ——"

Later a crowd, slowly collecting, recalled the fact that the Salem Band was to play that night in the Square.

"Oh, mother, look," Laurel cried; "they've got lamps in their hats!"

Small wavering flames were being lighted on the musicians' hats; there were melancholy disconnected hoots from bassoons and the silver clear scale of a bugle.

"Can't I get nearer, mother?" Laurel implored as usual. "Can't I go and see the little lamps on their heads?"

"Sidsall and I will look after her," Roger Brevard put in, and almost immediately the three were entering Washington Square.

The throng was thickest directly behind the band, radiating in thinning numbers to the wooden boundary fence. Laurel led them to an advantageous position, where they could watch the curious effects of the ring of lights above intent faces drawn hollow-cheeked by the vigorous blowing of instruments. The leader, in the center of the flickering smoky illumination, now beat with his arms in one direction, now in another.

A second selection followed, and a third, during which in surprising pauses the band shouted a concerted "Hurrah!" Sidsall was infinitely contented. How splendidly erect and calm and distinguished Roger Brevard was! She hated younger men; they were only boys who kept up a senseless talk about college humor. He saw instantly that the people were crushing her skirts, and firmly conducted them out of the crowd.

It was nicer here beyond the wavering dark mass; a waltz flowed about her so gracious and beautiful that her eyes filled with tears.

But Laurel had to be taken home; and clasping Mr. Brevard's hand the little girl talked volubly as they moved away.

"And so," she said, "I told her to keep her topsails full."

"What?" he demanded.

"She was falling off, you know—losing way. Hell's hatches ——"

"Laurel!" Sidsall corrected her sharply. "No, you mustn't laugh at her."

Only Gerrit Ammidon was on the steps, the other men were in the library; her mother had gone up with Janet. Laurel left them, and without speech they walked through the house to the lawn. The stars had apparently retreated to new infinities of distance and night, there was a throb of music so faint that it might be only an echoing memory; Roger Brevard's face was pale and strained.

He asked, "Have you forgotten that we are friends?"

"No," she returned seriously, lifting her look to his.

He was very close to her and her heart beat unsteadily. She had a choking premonition of what was about to occur, but she stood without the slightest attempt to prevent his kiss. It affected him even more than herself, for he stepped back sharply with his hands clenched.

Roger was silent for so long that she said timidly, "I didn't mind, so much."

"Thank you," he replied almost harshly. "There's no need for you to regret it. No need, no need. But if it were only a year more ——"

"We all grow older," she told him wisely.

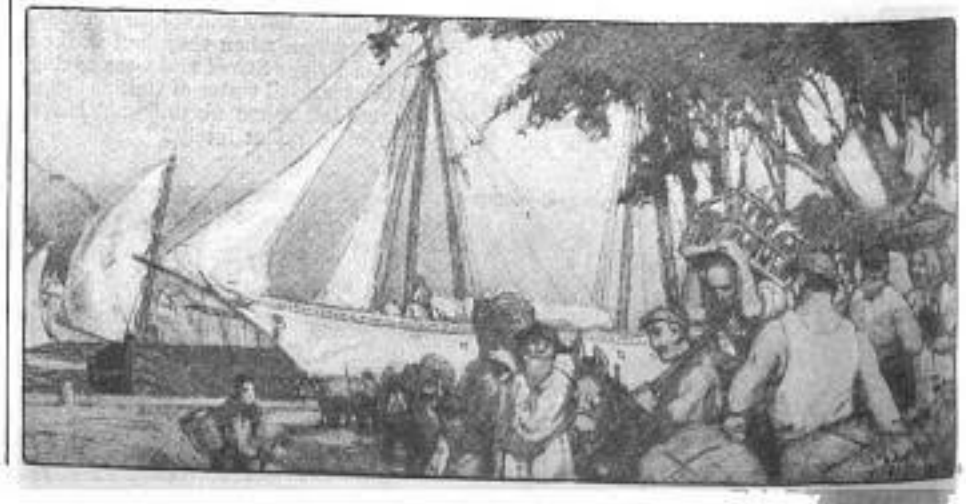
"So we do, Sidsall; and we change. But you should stay exactly as you are now, white and young and fragrant. Never the fruit but always the blossom, and always a night in early summer. The afterwards, the rest, is an indifferent performance."

"I don't understand," her voice was shadowed.

"Sidsall, for a moment. Don't move—opening petals; shy, pure heart—loveliness."

"I don't understand," she repeated, but the trouble had vanished. She even smiled at him; she was filled with an absolute security in her vision of Roger Brevard. Why, she had no need to question; it was an instinct beyond search and above knowledge; perhaps, she thought as they turned toward the house, its name was Love.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



# FOR THE PICTURES

(Continued from Page 7)

Again Gavin poured a staggering libation and hurried it on its way.

"Hitting that stuff awful hard, ain't you?" queried Summers.

"The doctor tells me to lay off, but—I can stand it," answered Gavin; and as if anxious to prove his assertion he slopped out a third drink, filling the glass to the brim. "Things going fine with you, eh? Well, I wish't I could say the same. I ain't been doing much this last year—gone stale or something. But there's a battle or two left in me yet."

"Sure there is!" agreed Summers.

"You know, Swifty," said Gavin, becoming confidential after his third double portion, "that was a rotten dirty trick you played on me, and it left me in a fix where I couldn't say a word. Not a word! I fired Joe Wells, though. Yeh, I got rid of him. He oughta known that fellow Isaacs was the bunk."

"The film turned out bad," explained Summers quickly.

"But Isaacs cashed a lot of tickets in the pool rooms afterward," said Gavin. "Oh, I'm wise enough—now. You—you want to know what made me the sorest?"

"Go ahead!" grinned Summers. "Get it off your chest."

"You wouldn't fight me again. You wouldn't make a return match. I—I thought I was entitled to one. And that stuff you handed the reporters about not having to bother with a man you'd licked in a punch—that was pretty raw too. That hurt. Yeh, you gimme all the worst of it when I was chasing you for that return match."

Gavin was reaching out to pour himself another drink, but Summers laid his hand on John's wrist. "Maybe I was saving you for this winter," said he softly.

Gavin peered incredulously through his black-rimmed spectacles.

"Saving me? Quit your kidding!"

"But I might be kidding on the square," persisted Summers.

"You couldn't even kid on the square!" Gavin spoke bitterly. "You won't fight me again, and you know it!"

"How much of a gate would we draw?"

"Fifteen thousand anyway—maybe twenty. The town's full of money this year. . . . But you don't mean it."

The champion patted Gavin on the shoulder, and his smile was friendliness itself.

"The reason I get away with things," said he, "is because nobody ever knows just what I mean. It's a good system. Can you put yourself in shape—some kind of shape?"

"I'd jump out of my coffin to get in shape to lick you!"

"Well," said Summers, "don't go to too much trouble on my account, old boy. I'll see you in a few days. And in the meantime, booze ain't any good to train on."

Summers walked away, but from the edge of the betting ring he glanced back toward the bar. He was in time to see Gavin swallow another large drink.

That night Andy Cullen, promoter of boxing contests, accepted an invitation to dine with Summers.

"He wants to talk business," thought Cullen as he hung up the receiver. "The bookmakers have got his dough and now he'll be reasonable."

The exact nature of the business that Summers wished to discuss proved somewhat of a surprise to Cullen.

"You want to fight Gavin again! But Gavin's all in—down and out. The fight wouldn't draw flies!"

"You're a smart fellow," grinned Summers. "You're ace-high with the newspaper men. You can make it draw."

"How?"

"By playing it up as a grudge fight. Everybody remembers how he hollered—how he chased me all over the country. To be candid with you, I didn't want to fight him then. Maybe I was a little lucky to stop him with a punch, and I didn't want to take chances on him again. It's different now. You get Gavin to come out with a challenge and a good strong statement burning me up for not giving him a return match. That'll start everybody to talking, and at the right time I'll get sore and call his bluff."

"All fine as silk," interrupted the promoter, "but Dugan is the man they want to see you fight. Gavin is drinking himself to death. He kills about a quart a day out at the track. Now, Dugan ——"

Summers rapped gently on the table with his closed fist and his brown eyes grew hard as moss agates.

"Nothing—doing—on—Dugan. I told you that before. I don't mind telling you something else: I won't train for a hard fight. I'm the champion. I'm the one they want to see, and I intend to dictate terms. Gavin is the only man I'll meet. A daylight fight, and moving pictures. I'll stall along for seven or eight rounds, then I'll drop him right in front of the camera. That knowledge ought to be worth something to you—in a betting way. Now, do you want the match or not?"

"Oh, hell!" grumbled Cullen. "If you insist on robbing a graveyard I might as well be the undertaker!"

"That's talking sense. Now get hold of Gavin and break the news to him. The split will be eighty-twenty."

"That's an awful short loser's end," objected Cullen.

"It's plenty long enough for Gavin. Man alive, have you seen him lately? He looks like a bum. Oh, yes, one thing more."

"What's that?" demanded Cullen suspiciously.

"Gavin had better do his training up in the mountains, where too many wise people won't see him. I think he'll try hard to get into shape for a fight—he believes he owes me a licking; but trying and doing are two different things. Ship him to some mountain resort where he'll be out of the way. We don't want everybody in the world to know that we've picked a dead one."

"You're a wonder!" exclaimed the admiring Cullen. "You think of everything, don't you?"

"I figure all the angles," was the modest reply.

v

MIGHTY indeed is the noble institution known as the press.

Two days later John Gavin, assisted from his sarcophagus by Mr. Cullen's clever press agent, let out a ferocious and defiant roar which echoed and reëchoed among the sporting pages. Summers, said Gavin, was afraid to fight him again—had been dodging him for two years. He had won the title with a lucky punch, and had proved that such was the case by refusing to make another match. Summers, said Gavin, was a fluke champion.

The fluke champion, when interviewed about the matter, managed to convey the impression that he was not fight-hungry, but stated that should this hunger develop there were others whose claims took precedence of Gavin's.

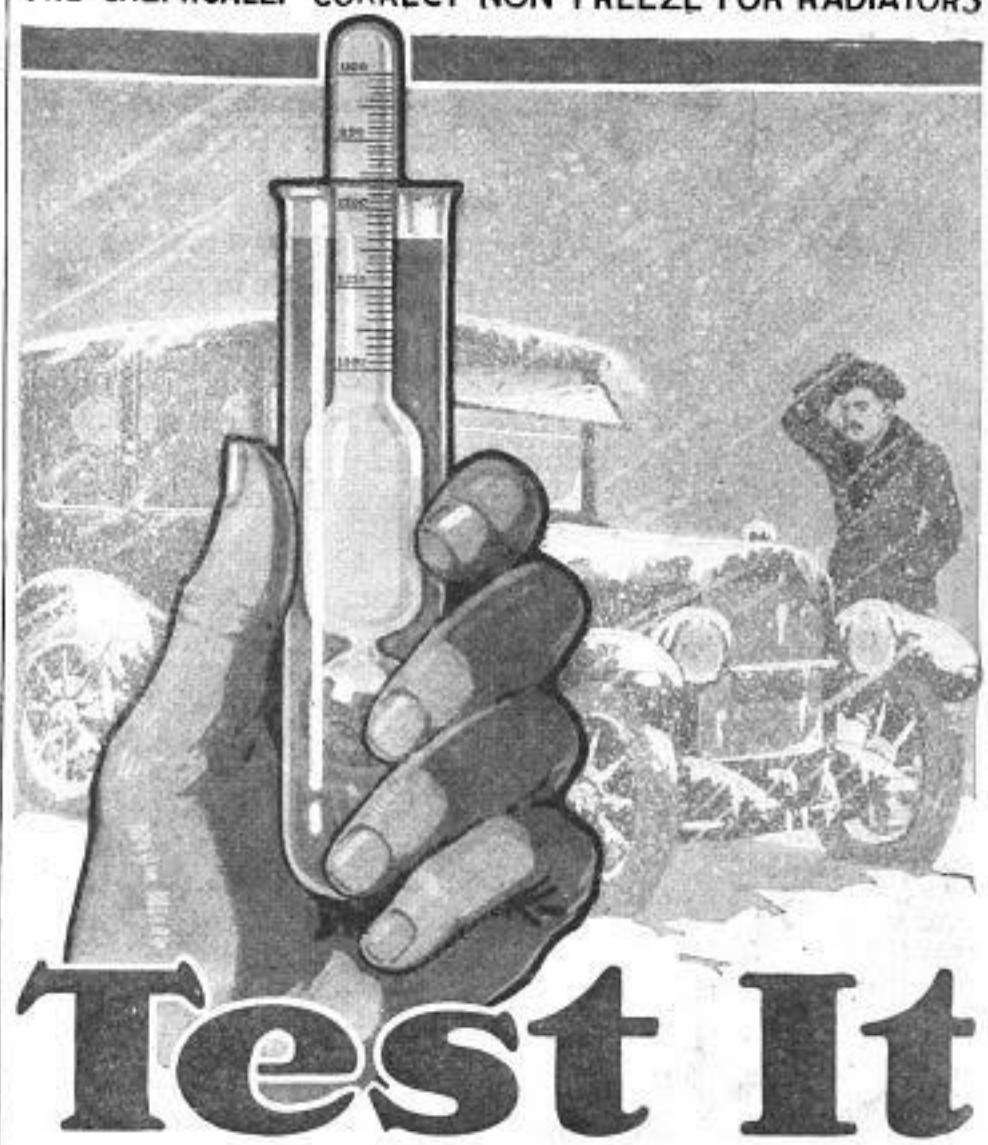
Gavin replied with a double-column blast; and the great unenlightened public began to sit up and rub its eyes, demanding to know what all the noise was about. The effect of this campaign was to stimulate interest in the former champion and create a desire to see the question settled with fists rather than linotype machines. For a solid week Summers and Gavin fought each other all over the keyboards of sporting-department typewriters, at the end of which time the champion descended from his high horse and articles of war were signed.

Gavin went to the mountains while Summers crossed the bay, establishing his training camp at Alameda. For weeks the daily doings of the gladiators were recorded in the public prints. Both men, said the scribes, were making ready for the fight of their lives. On the eve of battle they were reported to be "in the pink of condition" and "fit as fiddles," though what a fiddle looks like when it is fit is one of the things that "no fellah can find out."

Summers was a topheavy favorite in the pool rooms at odds of two to one. The race-track gamblers covered the short-end sympathy bets, and pooh-poohed the idea that Gavin might come back. Pugilism was not their game, but they had seen Gavin paying heavy court to his private bottle, and cheerfully bet twos to win ones. No man, they said, could fight a hard draw with John Barleycorn and knock out Swifty Summers all in the same season. It was a foregone conclusion that the only way the grizzly could regain his title was to drop the champion for the count.

Gavin arrived in San Francisco at eleven o'clock in the morning on the day of the


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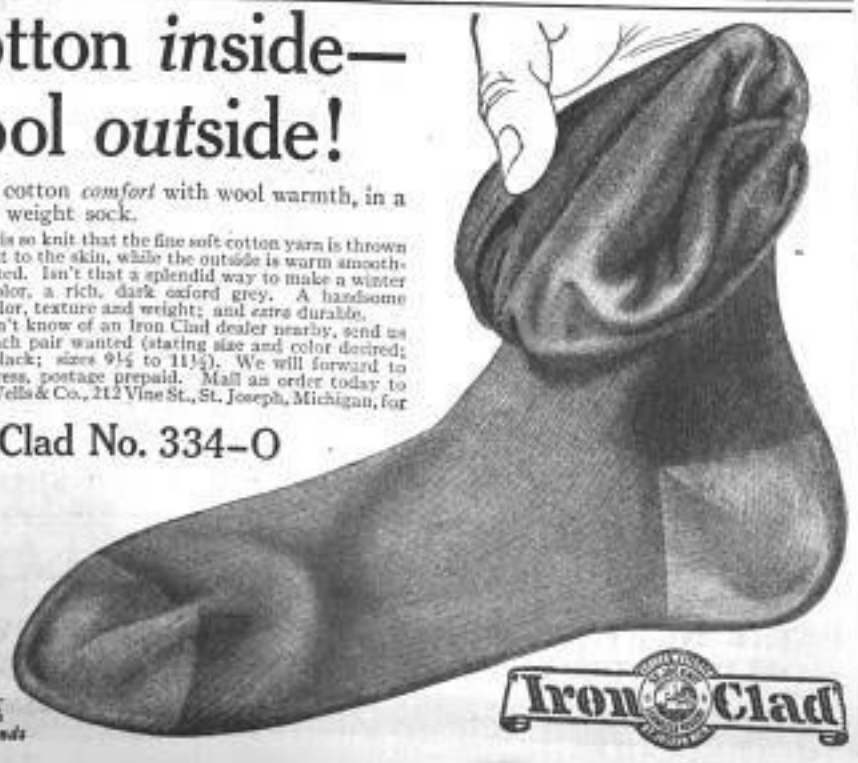
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fight. The men were to weigh in at noon at a pool room on Eddy Street, and when the former champion and his handlers arrived the place was packed to the doors and the overflow blocked the sidewalk. There was little curiosity as far as Summers was concerned; most of the sporting men had visited his training camp and were satisfied with his condition. Gavin they had not seen, and they swallowed the newspaper reports with a grain of salt. They wanted to see the challenger, stripped to the skin, on the platform of the weighing machine. The sidewalk crowd gave Gavin a cheer when he appeared, grim and tanned and sullen, a cap pulled low over his eyes and the collar of his heavy sweater rolled up till it covered his ears. They saw no more of him than the tip of his nose and the straight line of his mouth, and they got nothing out of him, though they patted him on the shoulders and slapped him on the back and showered him with good wishes.

Gavin elbowed his way straight to the entrance, looking neither to the right nor the left. He knew that the shoulder-patters and back-slappers would give Summers the same welcome they had given him, and in his simple honest heart John Gavin hated a hypocrite. Just as he crossed the threshold the clatter of hoofs, the rattle of carriage wheels and loud cheering announced the arrival of the champion.

A grievous disappointment was in store for the lucky ones in the inner room. They saw John Gavin make the weight—they saw his lean sunburned face with the skin drawn tight over the cheek bones and the angle of the jaw, and they saw his bare legs. They wanted to see his shoulders and chest, his back—and, most of all, the muscles covering his stomach, if any. But John climbed on the platform clad in a soft gray shirt, which covered him completely from neck to knees; and the bar, set at the prescribed notch, did not even quiver. The most disappointed man in the room was Swifty Summers, hurriedly divesting himself of his clothing, pretending a lack of interest but furtively watching every move that Gavin made.

"He's a pound or so under," thought the champion. "Now is he in condition or has he been taking mud baths to get the belly off him? Hell! He can't be in condition!"

Not a word passed between the fighters, and it was remarked afterward that Gavin never even so much as looked at Summers. Summers noticed this, and it added to his slight feeling of uneasiness. Men who are about to fight a grudge fight do not exchange pleasantries while weighing in, but it is seldom that a challenger loses a chance to size up a champion.

For the second time in his life Gavin sat in his corner and looked at a motion-picture camera. To be exact, he looked at a whole battery of cameras, for film will buckle and Cullen was taking no chances. Gavin scowled and nursed the bulge of his right glove in the cup of the left. He was thinking of Mr. Isaacs—Mr. Isaacs and the camera that did not shoot because it was not loaded.

Gavin's chief second nudged him.

"Hey! Wake up! They want you for the snapshots! Lemme have that bathrobe."

Gavin shook his head and marched to the middle of the ring, completely covered from neck to heels. Not since he entered the arena had he shown anything but his ankles, and this prolonged exhibition of modesty was more than a nervous man could bear.

"Going to wear that thing all the afternoon?" sneered the champion. "Afraid to take it off, or what?"

Gavin did not even turn his head in Summers' direction. He seemed to be giving all his attention to the fussy little photographer. He kept his opponent under tension to the very last instant, then tossed his bathrobe behind him and drew a deep breath, his great hairy chest rising almost to his chin. Several thousand citizens drew deep breaths with him, letting them out in low whistles of amazement and admiration, for if ever a fighting man looked fit it was John Gavin that day.

Summers knew condition when he saw it, and here was a miracle—a broken-down, tippling has-been suddenly returned to his prime. The lean flanks, the hard ridges guarding the abdomen, the powerful shoulder muscles rippling under the hairy skin—this was the Gavin of two years ago—Gavin, or a counterfeit that would have deceived the élite.

Yes, it was the physical shell of John Gavin; but what was inside it? And how had he managed to turn back the clock! As they fell into fighting pose the challenger looked the champion straight in the eye and grinned.

"I got you where I want you now," said John. "Right where I been trying to get you for two years. Look me over!"

"Look you over!" answered the quick-witted Summers. "I'll knock you over, same as I did before!"

"When you used to be a pool shark, trimming suckers," said Gavin, "did you carry your cue with you all the time? We're here to get our pictures took, not to fight. You'll get all the fighting you want in a few minutes."

"Gentlemen! Gent-lemen!" murmured the referee.

When the gong rang it was the old Gavin who came charging out of his corner, bent on fighting his old fight—a human battering ram hurrying into action at close range. Summers had been given a moment in which to think, and he had decided on a plan of battle based on the assumption that the challenger was nothing more than the hard-looking shell of his former self. How could a man drink a quart of whisky a day and come back—in five weeks? The thing was an impossibility!

"He looks good," Summers had said to his seconds, "and it's a cinch he's worked hard, but he can't last. I'll keep away from him for a few rounds, and when he begins to slow up I'll pick him to pieces at long range."

The plan was a good one, but before the fight was ten seconds old Summers realized that it would be extremely difficult to keep away from Gavin for any length of time. The champion feinted and danced, sidestepped and turned, twisted and dodged, but Gavin was always there in front of him, hammering away with both fists. Summers ducked into a clinch, but was glad to duck out of it again. He prided himself on the strength of his arms, but he might as well have tried to pin the pistons of a locomotive as to smother those short tearing jolts to his midsection. Gavin was too strong to be handled in the clinches, and the punishing power in the few long-range body blows that crashed through the champion's guard warned him not to stand and play for an opening through which to shoot his famous right hook.

Driven into a corner, Summers tried to clinch again. This time Gavin almost cracked his ribs in a crushing embrace, holding him long enough to ask him two questions: "Thought you was picking on a cripple, hey? What do you think of your cripple now?"

Having asked his questions Gavin hurled Summers halfway across the ring and renewed the attack. Round and round they went, Summers retreating under cover of a hurried and harmless left jab, Gavin crowding him closely, and finding time to talk to his man between flurries:

"You fought me to reform me, hey? . . . Thought I was hitting the booze pretty hard? . . . So did everybody else. . . . Guess that's the reason you didn't bother to train. . . . Looked pretty soft to you, didn't I? . . . Well, I'm the hardest soft guy you ever saw!"

"What's he talking about?" demanded Summers' chief second when the round was over. "I never saw him talk in a fight before."

"He's put one over on me somehow," mumbled the champion. "I don't know how, but he's done it."

"He ain't put nothin' over on you yet. He can't hit you. You'll lick him, sure."

"Yes," said Summers, "I'll lick him, but—I wish I'd trained harder for this bird!" *(Concluded on Page 129)*



(Concluded from Page 126)

Eminent experts agree that the champion's only chance to retain his title came early in the second round. Gavin slipped and left an opening for his jaw, and when Summers saw it he forgot all about his agreement that there should be eight rounds of film—forgot everything but the opportunity to extricate himself from a dangerous situation. Quick as a flash Summers set himself and let fly with his main battery, putting into the shot everything that he had or was or hoped to be. It was the sort of right-hand punch that makes and unmakes champions, it was beautifully timed and perfectly executed, it went straight to the chin, and it dropped John Gavin to his knees.

The referee began to count, marking time with his right hand and holding Summers at bay with his left. Gavin shook his head, like a swimmer coming to the surface after a dive. Then he looked up at Summers skirmishing in and out, his right hand poised for the finishing blow; and as he looked, Gavin's mouth curved into a scornful grin. He gathered himself together as a sprinter gathers himself for a crouching start.

"Just wanted to see if you could hurt me, Swifty. . . . You can't; it ain't in you. Now look out for yourself!"

He came to his feet with a rush, diving straight at Summers, who stood his ground and aimed a short uppercut at Gavin's chin. The uppercut missed connections, but Gavin's right fist did not. It crashed home just below the rib line, and it sent the champion reeling backward to the ropes, sick and dizzy.

Very few world's champions have lost their titles without making a desperate attempt to hold them. Summers was tricky and unscrupulous; he took the best of it whenever he could and disdained the even break; but underneath all his treachery and meanness was the heart of a fighting man. The tide of battle had turned against him with a swiftness almost incredible, but with the ropes chafing his back the champion made his stand, fighting as he had never fought in his life. Time after time he rocked Gavin's head with rights and lefts, putting into them everything that the damaging body blow had left him, and taking a savage beating in return. Just before the bell rang Gavin landed another pile-driving punch below the rib line and Summers' knees bent under him. He would have slipped to the floor had not Gavin hauled him into a clinch.

"You're licked," said John, "but I ain't through with you yet. Die game—for the pictures!"

As far as Summers was concerned the fight ended then and there. He went to his corner whipped and knowing that he was whipped. He could never hope to hit Gavin any harder than he had hit him in the second round, and Gavin had stayed down only five seconds.

It was in the third round that Gavin added insult to injury. He had just flattened Summers' nose with an overhand swing, and was holding the champion on his feet with his face turned to the camera so that the blood would show.

"I musta looked pretty bad to you that day at the track," said Gavin. "Glasses, and a lame back and everything. Yeh, I practiced looking bad for a couple of months before you showed up. I knew you wouldn't fight me again unless you thought I was all in. You fell for it. . . . All right, referee. He's hanging on; I ain't."

And later:

"The only way to catch a crook is to play him crooked. . . . There's real fillum in these cameras to-day. . . . Turn your head a little so they can get a picture of how pretty you look!"

With half a minute remaining, Gavin shot a short ugly hook through Summers' wavering guard and knocked out three of his most cherished teeth. The champion flopped limply into a clinch and received his final bit of astounding information:

"Burnt sugar and water looks a lot like booze. . . . Pours like booze, too, but it don't do you no harm. . . . If it did I'd be dead now. . . . Yeh, I guess the bartender that made my private stock'll win him some dough to-day!"

Summers' chief second waved the bottle of smelling salts back and forth under the champion's battered nose.

"He's murderin' you," said the adviser. "Can't you mix it or nothing?"

"Burnt sugar!" groaned Summers. "Burnt sugar and water!"

"Hey, have a sniff o' this!" ordered the chief second. "Your mind is wanderin'!"

Toward the end of the fourth round the crowd began to yell at the referee to stop the fight. Summers was barely able to remain on his feet and Gavin was playing with him, hitting him at will as he wabbled wearily along the ropes.

The referee glanced doubtfully at Andy Cullen, huddled up in his ringside box, a life-size portrait of woe too deep for words. Cullen had bet more money than he cared to think about, but he owned a third of the motion pictures, and a clean knockout might enhance their value and put him even with the world again. The promoter shook his head slightly, and the referee sidled over to where Gavin was alternately thumping Summers in the ribs and holding him on his feet to keep him from falling.

"Gwan, John!" muttered the official. "Gwan, finish it! He's out now—out on his feet!"

Gavin glanced at the battery of cameras and grinned.

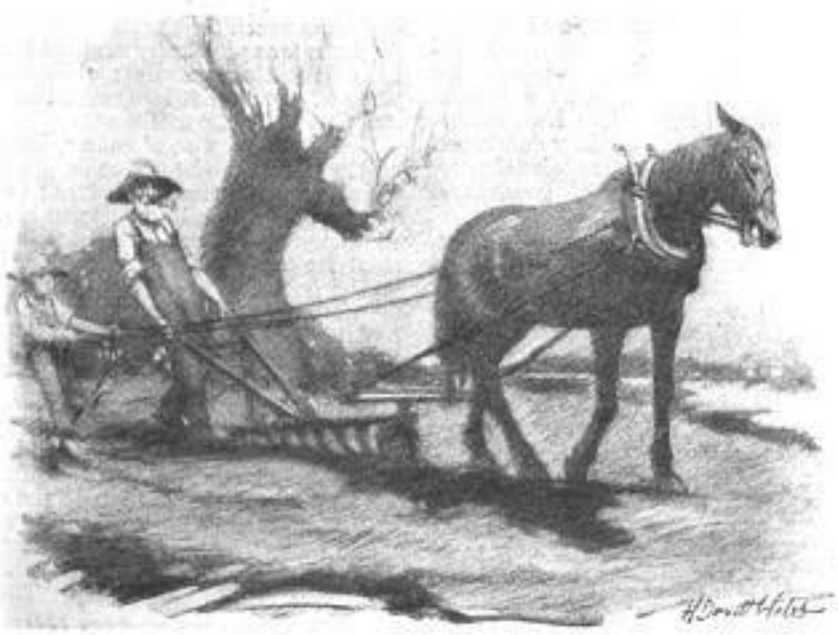
"Come on, champ," he whispered. "This is where you get it good—for the pictures!"

He backed Summers clear across the ring, halting him close to the ropes and directly underneath the lenses, jolted him once or twice to straighten him up and then pinned his arms at his sides.

"Hey, you guys up there!" bawled Gavin, addressing the photographers. "Got plenty of fillum left, have you? None of them boxes empty? . . . All right. Git this, all of you; it's going to be good!"

He released Summers, stepped quickly away from him and back again, feinting savagely at the sore ribs with his left hand. Summers dropped his guard and bent forward, and as he did so Gavin's right glove swung full and clean against his chin. The champion of the world plunged head first through the ropes, breaking one telegraph instrument and knocking three reporters and one special writer out of their chairs.

"There you are!" grinned the new-old champion as he looked down on his work and saw that it was good. "That ought to make a swell finish—for the pictures!"




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# THERE!

(Continued from Page 9)

the joyful shout of his companion, one-half of a rapid colloquy. Communication was reëstablished.

At that moment there was a sudden louder sibilance in the air, a series of deafening crashes upon the brow of the hill, following one another as though they would never cease, merging with a double shock in a simultaneity of arrival, ever and ever nearer. The thunders of that flashing eastern horizon had leaped to an increased vehemence, a feverishly rapid succession of violent paroxysms that swallowed the rolling, drumlike discharges of the quick-firing field artillery.

"Shortening the range!" cried the Frenchman, once more at his side. "Intensive bombardment. Our turn now!"

The American divined the sense of his ejaculations from such syllables as were not lost in this welter of roar and crash and near explosion. A curious exhilaration mingled with his sense of insecurity; the mighty drama was fairly commenced, fascinating by the immensity of its issues.

"Look!" shouted his companion, clutching at his arm and pointing to the low ground close in front and to the left of them.

Down there great founts of ruddy living flame, breaking out of briefly perceived masses of thick and lazy smoke, were spouting up with detonations that thus clearly heard amid this uproar must have been appalling at their origins.

"Minenwerfer!" continued the Frenchman. "Preparing the way for the infantry at dawn!"

Those fiendishly monstrous explosions were erupting, more rapidly and widely sown than one could count, over the trench system through which Captain Vansittart had wandered that evening. He thought of the battalion commander, remembered his sublimely simple phrase, "*On peut mourir ici comme ailleurs.*" Men were certainly dying down there.

His altruistic attention to the fate of those below was violently terminated by a stunning shock, a roar that seemed to swallow him, incredibly savage.

He picked himself up, dazed and trembling; saw above his head the flickering sky where had been the armored roof of his shelter. A shell had burst at the entrance, had destroyed the emplacement. He looked for his companions. A livid flash, simultaneous with another shattering roar close at hand, revealed the telephonists stretched in odd attitudes, motionless, over the case which had contained their instruments. The only survivor? No—the French lieutenant was crawling from under the ruin of the roof, dragging a box.

"Quick!" he said. "We must find another place. Help me with these flares."

It was a relief to have a definite task, however humble, in this bewildering, unnerving fury of explosions. He seized one end of the heavy box, stumblingly followed his companion along a trench empty of any other living being.

Suddenly the Frenchman threw himself into a shell hole torn in what had been the parapet. The American followed. Both worked feverishly to build up the gashed and scattered sandbags into a wall round them. It was protection, except from a direct hit. Once more they could stare at the ceaselessly irradiated horizon, could gaze down upon the fulminating eruptions below. The crack of a rifle shot, the rap-rap of a machine gun from those depths they would have welcomed as a human sound. There was none. The heavy detonations alone persisted, terribly dominant.

Suddenly from below came a faint clamor, the noise—just audible—of gongs and whistles.

"The gas alarm!" said the Frenchman.

The American shuddered, imagining the insidious horror mingling with those violent terrors that never ceased. They were still there, those Frenchmen, though—still there! He thought of the *adjutant* and his confident little laugh, wondered ——

The air was suddenly full of a disturbing, rapidly increasing noise—no longer the ordinary hissing rush of arriving high-explosive. It reached a termination without the expected crash; he could scarcely distinguish quick, muffled bursts against the distant rolling thunders suddenly more prominent. A second later the sound was renewed—a flight of gobble-gobble demons hurling themselves straight upon him with irresistible fury. He ducked his head just as they were silenced in a succession of insignificant little cracks close in the trench. Something splashed on his face.

He heard the Frenchman shout, caught the word: "Gas!"

In a wild spasm of alarm he held his breath, fitted his mask with trembling fingers that, nevertheless, were swift. His companion was already protected when he glanced at him.

His nostrils tightly clipped, he tried to breathe regularly through the little rubber mouthpiece inside the mask, which communicated with the thick air pipe attached to the box of chemicals. He succeeded easily, though not with comfort. He wondered for how many hours he could endure this restraint upon his lungs.

In salvo after salvo the gas shells continued to swoop down upon the brow of the hill and now through the uncanny ululation of their flight came the loud and rapidly repeated notes of the warning gongs. Through a broken-down gap in their wall of sandbags the American looked along the trench. It was suddenly alive with men swarming up from an adjacent dugout. A high-explosive shell had penetrated the shelter.

The panic-stricken survivors tumbled out, one after the other, to find themselves in the deadly danger signaled by the dolorously sounding gongs.

There was a confusion of men struggling to adjust their masks as they jostled against each other. Some succeeded. Others were a fraction of a second too slow. Two men reeled up against the sandbags close to the American in violent and continued spasms of sneezing they could not check. He watched them, fascinated with horror, as they pressed the masks close to their faces in a vain attempt to protect themselves while their bodies jerked with the uncontrollable convulsion of the sneeze that could no longer be inhibited. With fiendishly malicious cunning the Germans were mingling sternutatory shells, otherwise harmless, with those filled with phosgene and mustard gas. One whiff of their contents and an unappeasable sneezing fit prevented the adjustment of the mask, insuring at each recovery a deep inhalation of the fatal phosgene. First one, then the other, of the two men dropped his mask, clutched blindly in the air and sank to the ground. The trench was again empty.

Through the remainder of that night of horror, seemingly prolonged beyond all terrestrial standards, the American cowered side by side with the Frenchman behind the protection of their sandbags. No form of activity was justifiable or necessary. They were cut off from direct communication with the Frenchman's battery; waited only for that moment when their pre-arranged sequence of flares should summon its barrage of bursting shells upon its allotted sector.

The American watched the ceaseless bombardment of the trench system below. It seemed impossible that anything could survive there. A dull despair had succeeded to his exhilaration of the beginning of the bombardment, a depression of spirits caused as much by the unalleviated pressure of the mask clips upon his nostrils as by this overwhelming manifestation of the enemy's gun power. He would have given all he possessed for one deep free breath of pure air; was physically tempted to tear off this suffocating restraint; while the faint, pungent odor, penetrating even through the mask, forbade the madness.

Conversation was, of course, impossible, and never had he longed so desperately for the sound of a human voice. In addition, a spot upon his face burned upon his nerves as though they were touched with a red-hot iron. He remembered the splash he had received from the first gas shells, diagnosed it—mustard gas! He cursed softly, without removing the rubber mouthpiece from his lips. This pain increased from moment to moment until it seemed to focus all his faculties on one agonized spot, blinding his perceptions to all but the haziest consciousness of what was occurring round him.

Suddenly he noticed that the gun flashes were no longer conspicuous in the eastern sky, though the thunderous roar was undiminished. The horizon was suffused with a yellowish-gray light, against which the hills were clearly silhouetted. The plain

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(Continued from Page 130)

below became faintly visible, stretching round to his left in a valley between him and an opposing height. It was dawn.

His companion clutched his arm, pointed below. A long belt of fog overlay the plain, rolled slowly from the east. Both searched it through their glasses, failed to penetrate it. It was the artificial mist enveloping the attack.

The Frenchman sprang to his feet, flung open the box of flares, fired into the air a sequence of red and green and golden lights, which drifted distinct against the paling sky. From the hill upon the other side of the narrow valley to their left similar flares were soaring up from a score of points. In a long line across the mouth of the valley they shot up, one after the other, from the menaced trenches. Behind them in immediate answer the artillery thunder increased spasmodically to one appalling, enduring roar that had no gaps. Over that belt of fog appeared innumerable pinpoints of scintillating yellow flame.

Had the enemy left his trenches? It was impossible to discern any movement in that shrouding mist. But suddenly, distinct even amid that deafening fury of the guns, they heard a multitudinous, rapidly reiterated pop-pop-pop-pop-pop that seemed to issue from the whole length of the belt of fog. It was the famous German machine-gun barrage which accompanies the attack, a complete system of sustained cross fires delivered by highly trained gunners dodging forward from cover to cover which creates a zone of death in front of the assault far more annihilating than that of the most intense artillery fire.

The hostile bombardment, which had slackened but slightly if at all from its first furious commencement, was now hailing upon the defense with an inconceivable violence. The hill from which the American watched the shrouded battle below shook as though about to disintegrate under the incessant blasts that seemed to shatter down the sky as they upheaved the earth. Volumes of heavy smoke rolled across it, blotting out all vision from time to time. The summit of the twin low height at the other side of the valley was crowned with dense and drifting fumes, belted and veined with lines of smoke upon its flanks in which the glint of fire flickered continually; it appeared a volcano in eruption, lava streams trickling to its base.

Across the valley between these portals, preceding the belt of mist now thinning in the first light of the sun, was a wall of smoke, black and brown and yellow, which shot up from a thousand points at once, was reënforced by fresh explosions ere the vomits of the first had plumed and drifted in the windless air. It rolled very slowly, almost perceptibly, but with real progress, up the valley. It was the creeping artillery barrage of the attack. Behind it, audible despite its incessant crashing thunders, the myriad crepitations of the tireless machine guns moved slowly forward also. It seemed impossible that any resistance could survive in such an inferno of destruction; that this colossal deployment of gun power must irresistibly blast a way for the German legions massed somewhere out of sight toward the east.

Of the defense the American could see but little. Both he and his companion were still muzzled in their gas masks, could not converse. From time to time, as the hostile barrage in the valley crept forward, the Frenchman fired fresh signals into the sky—little points of color now against the blue—bidding his battery shorten the range. Other signals shot up at intervals amid the tiny white shrapnel bursts which covered the floor of the valley behind that wall of smoke. The American could not decide whether they were theirs or the enemy's.

The loud, reiterated discharges of machine guns close at hand broke into those shell crashes upon the hill, so long continued that he had become almost oblivious of them. It brought him back to his immediate environment. He looked along the trench. It was now manned with French soldiers, their faces grotesque in the masks under their steel helmets, who hoisted machine gun after machine gun on the parapet and poured a plunging and enfilade fire into the valley below. They worked with a concentrated intensity of purpose which heeded not the sudden eructations of black smoke obliterating first one and then another group of them, the constant crack-crack-crack of shrapnel in the air above, the insidious poisoned atmosphere enveloping them with its invisible death. They seemed dumb, unhuman creatures in the enforced silence of their gas masks; seemed a fantastic race of battle kobolds born with this blunted uniformity of featureless countenance, with such agility did they perform their tasks in them.

Here and there one physically weaker than his fellows destroyed the illusion. Men overcome by fainting sickness, the result of their long-protracted muzzling, reeled against the trench wall, tore at the masks. Other men leaped at them, bound their wrists behind their backs. Many of the wounded were thus forcibly restrained from an involuntary suicide. But still, all along the parapet, the machine guns hammered death into the valley below.

Down there the attack was evidently progressing. The wall of the barrage smoke had passed almost out of sight up the valley at the left. Behind it the shrapnel puffs still clustered in multitudes over a drifting reek of fumes. Under it must be passing the German battalions hurrying into the gap. The American searched for them with his glasses, caught here and there a scintillation of steel reflecting the sun, now well above the hills, but could distinguish nothing more. The clattering of the machine guns, minute but distinct in the unceasing thunders of the artillery, had also passed well to his left. He looked down the slope in front of him, half expecting to see swarms of gray-clad figures surging up with the bayonet to flatten out this salient. There seemed to be some sort of conflict in progress at the bottom, but the flank on the hill was empty except for flying geysers of earth and smoke. Far away at his right, almost behind him, on the other side of the hill, he thought he heard a faint chatter of busy machine guns.

He suddenly comprehended the enemy tactics. The Germans were not trying to crush in the entire line at a blow. They were blasting gaps here and there, filtering through them. His hill was being ignored except for the violent bombardment which kept the defenders in their trenches, forbade it as a starting point for counter-attacks on the flank of their advance. If the German progress up the valleys on either side of it continued, evacuation and destruction en masse were the only alternatives. He wondered to what extent the former was still practicable.

He put his face close to his companion's ear, shouted through the mask a phrase expressive of his doubts. The Frenchman had also been anxiously considering the battlefield. He shrugged his shoulders, shouted similarly through his mask.

"We can do nothing more. My battery cannot see my signals. We are falling back everywhere. Look!"

The trench behind them was being rapidly evacuated. A long, straggling file of men was passing round the brow of the hill amid such a hail of shells that it was marvelous that any survived.

"They are too many for us. It is the retreat again!" shouted the Frenchman into the American's ear as though personally exasperated with him. "You are too late, *messieurs les Américains!* They will be in Paris before you can save us."

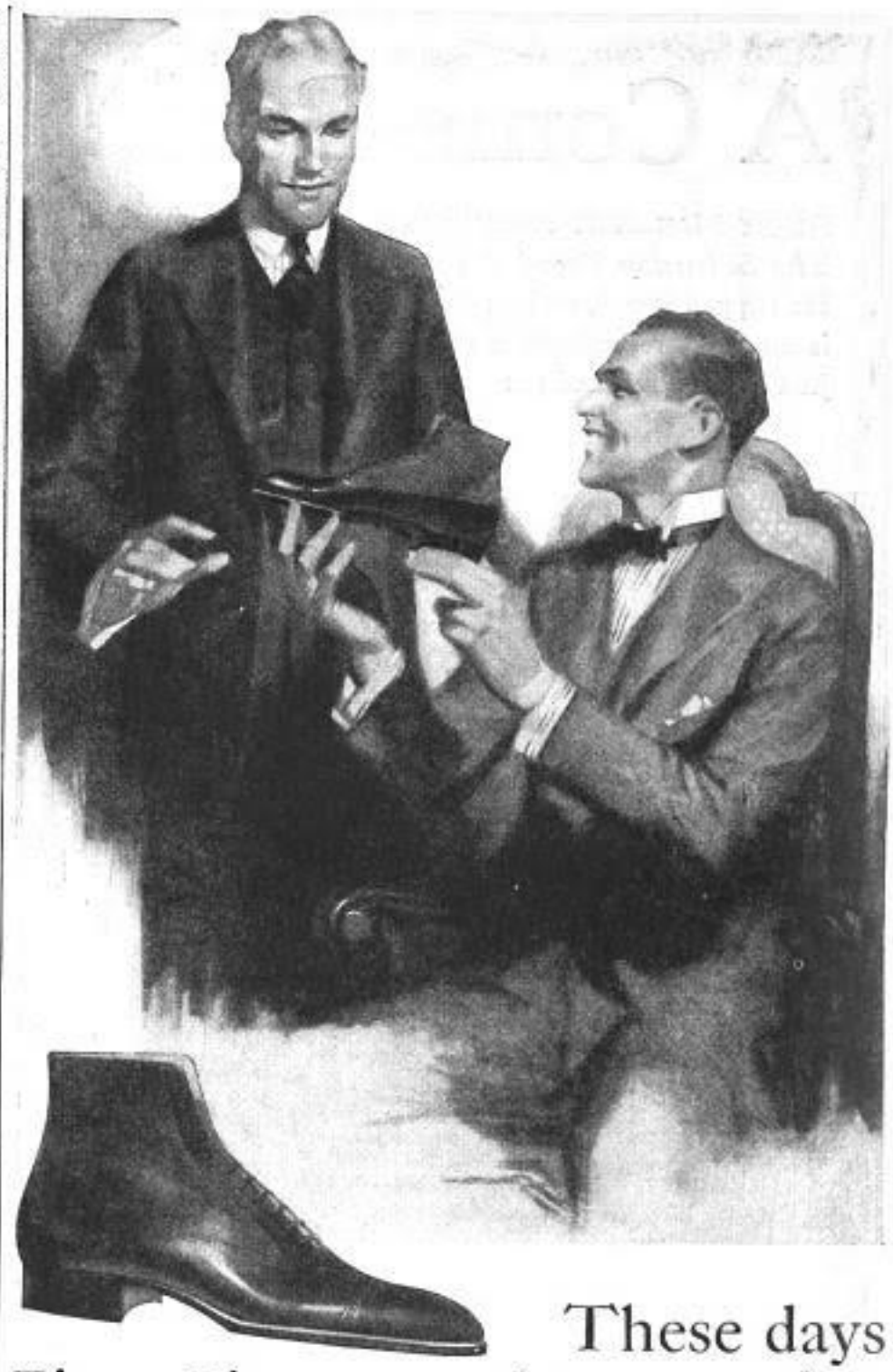
The Frenchman sat down in the shell hole as though resigning himself to death rather than witness this collapse of his cause. The American muttered a savage curse, vaguely comprehensive, at stupidity, both individual and national, and dragged his companion to his feet.

"Guess I'm going to have a whack at 'em anyway before they get to Paris!" he said to himself. "Come on!" He indicated the last clause by a gesture reënforced with a tug at the Frenchman's arm.

He was consumed with anxiety to get away, to get away quickly—not because of a mere craven desire to save his skin, but because he felt overpoweringly that his existence on earth would not be justified until he had participated actively in one real American battle against the boche. He was convinced that whatever else happened such a battle would be fought long before the enemy got to Paris. He and his hundreds of thousands of comrades had not come to France on a joy trip to witness a German triumphal procession down the Champs Elysées.

He pulled his companion after him into the trench, followed in the wake of the retreating infantry.

He could never clearly recall the details of the hours that followed. His memory was a blur of pictures to which he could assign neither definite place nor chronological order. He remembered the crushing fatigue

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that fell upon him suddenly in their desperate scramble over that shell-tormented hillside, had dazed, half perceptions of miraculous escapes. He remembered the increasing discomfort of breathing through the mask, half suffocated, his stomach sick with exhaustion and with the minute quantities of gas that had filtered through. He remembered the burning agony of that splash upon his face, becoming more and more intense with every moment. Those were the near things, the real things, the consciousness of his continuing personality.

Outside that was a dream world which changed from setting to setting. Now he and the Frenchman were tramping along a road in the rear of a body of hurrying soldiers who left behind a trail of men unable to keep up. Now they were alone, stumbling over a plowed field; it was very hot then, he remembered, and the gas masks had been intolerable. Was it then that his comrade had taken fresh masks from a couple of prone figures and they had fitted them with held breath? He remembered that at that time he had an acute perception of the danger in the air. Ah, yes—that was because, a little earlier, crossing a sunlit meadow, pocked here and there with shell holes, they had seen a group of soldiers fling off their masks as though definitely out of danger—and then fall choking to the ground. Gas was all about them.

Then there had been a phase when they had become entangled with what seemed a whole army in retreat—infantry, artillery, motor lorries, horsemen, wagons of the train, ambulances—all inextricably mixed up on an endless road that passed through empty villages.

All that had been before they slept in the wood. He could not remember how they got there or when. But when they awoke the sun was the sun of afternoon, low in the sky. They woke refreshed, freed from the intolerable gas masks—they must have doffed them before sleeping, but here the air was good, so good to inhale in deep chestfuls!

And from that moment his memory had no gaps. They had eaten provisions from their haversacks and listened to the loud and persistent thunders of the battle. They were very near the firing line—perhaps it had fallen back on them while they slept—for shells were wailing and rumbling over the tree tops and a battery was banging away with deafening, metallic detonations somewhere in the vicinity. A little farther off, away from the sun, the irregular rapid crackle of rifles, the indefatigable hammering of machine guns told of a desperate conflict still in progress.

The Frenchman and he discussed the situation, decided to go in search of that near-by battery. They found it without much trouble. It was spaced along a hedge; four gray guns, with open caissons at their sides, attended by crouching figures who worked at the extreme of urgency. The long brass cartridge cases gleamed in the sun as they passed rapidly from hand to hand, disappeared for a second in which the gun cracked with an ear-splitting report, jerked back onto a heap of their spent predecessors. The muzzles of the guns, hidden in the foliage of the hedge, coughed their projectiles, twenty-five to the minute, toward a village five hundred yards away.

A road led up to the village, at right angles to the hedge. It was deserted, except for some prone and motionless figures strewn like bundles of old clothes along its surface.

So much the two companions noticed as they ran across the field toward the guns. The commander of the battery stopped in his regular pacing up and down behind his weapons, looked at them expectantly as though imagining them to be messengers, then perceiving they were not turned from them with a petulant gesture. They accosted him.

He turned an irritable eye upon the American, remarked the U. S. R. upon his collar.

"You would do well to get away from here, monsieur. We are a rearguard without supports and without orders. We shall be overwhelmed at any moment." He finished with an outburst of savage irony, the wild, reckless injustice of a man utterly overwrought. "This is no place for a neutral. But your army would be welcome if it means to fight."

The American flushed up in a glare of anger—and then forgave.

"By God!" he ejaculated. "I don't go back another step!" He translated the affirmation for the Frenchman's benefit.

The battery commander shrugged his shoulders with an insulting indifference.

The lieutenant saluted and proffered his services. The battery commander accepted them curtly, admitted that he had lost all his officers, bade him take over a section of the guns. The American followed his comrade. A moment later a shrapnel shell bursting just above the hedge struck down a couple of men from an already depleted crew. The gun remained undischarged.

With a glad cry Captain Vansittart whipped off his coat, dashed to the service of the weapon. He labored at it frenziedly with a couple of other men who smiled a welcome, exulting in the rapid detonations of the gun hurling death upon the boche eight hundred meters away.

Suddenly there was a cry. The range was altered, shortened. Glancing through the hedge he saw a few scattered soldiers dashing across the field from the village, faintly heard hoarse cheers amid the smoke-whelmed houses.

His companion of the night approached him.

"Retreat again!" he said bitterly. "They are sending for the teams. *Mon Dieu, qu'est-ce qu'on peut faire?* They are crushing us under their numbers. If only you Americans had come in a year ago!"

Captain Vansittart answered not a word. His face grim, the bitterness of death in his soul, he pulled the firing cord of his gun, hurled yet another shell into the village.

The "Cease Fire!" sounded. The gun teams were galloping toward them across the field. From the village emerged a swarm of gray-clad men who ran toward them. Rifle bullets commenced to crack round the ears of the gunners.

At that moment a motorcyclist hurtled in a cloud of dust along the road. He flung himself from his machine, rushed toward the battery commander.

"Hold firm!" he shouted. "Help is coming! Hold firm!"

Another second and the teams were racing back again, the guns sending *rafale* upon *rafale* of shrapnel upon the Germans at the edge of the village. The foremost fell ere they could dash back to cover one more.

A desperate duel of field guns and rifles firing almost point-blank at each other commenced, continued through minutes long as hours. The American wondered how long it would be before the methodical machine guns would be brought into action and settle the contest. Time after time a swarm of Germans tried to debouch from the village; time after time a few scattered survivors raced back under the cracking white shrapnel puffs.

Suddenly there was a roar of voices behind, a tumult of hoarse cheers. Captain Vansittart glanced over his shoulder, saw brown-clad infantry coming up at the double, wide across the fields in rear of him. English? No! With a wild exultation, with a fierce deep joy that surpassed any gladness of his life he recognized an American college yell. He reëchoed it with a schoolboy whoop as he discharged his gun, gleefully blasting a passage for those so desperately longed-for comrades who were yet in time.

The Americans came up, passed through the guns, now silenced, in a torrent of brown-clad men. They shouted like demons as they waved their rifles, broke a scrambling passage through the hedge, and one cry, loud, insistent, indefinitely repeated, was dominant among the whoops and yells and catcalls of the excited men: "Lusitania!—Lusitania!—Lusitania!"

They could not shout it loud enough, the name of the crime they had come so far to avenge.

They swept across the fields toward the village, disappeared into the smoke. The battery opened fire once more, lengthened its range again and again as message after message was signaled back from the village. The crackle of the rifles grew fainter, more and more distant.

Once more the battery teams came racing across the fields. As the guns limbered up for the advance the battery commander approached the American, performed the salute of courtesy from one Allied officer to another.

"My apologies—and my compliments, monsieur," he said. "*Mon Dieu, mais vous êtes un peu là, vous aussi, les Américains!*"

Captain Vansittart thought of the *adjutant* in the advanced trench—"*un peu fil!*" and glowed with a splendid pride. Yes—they were there; they also—some! The phrase welcomed them as equals into the immortal brotherhood.

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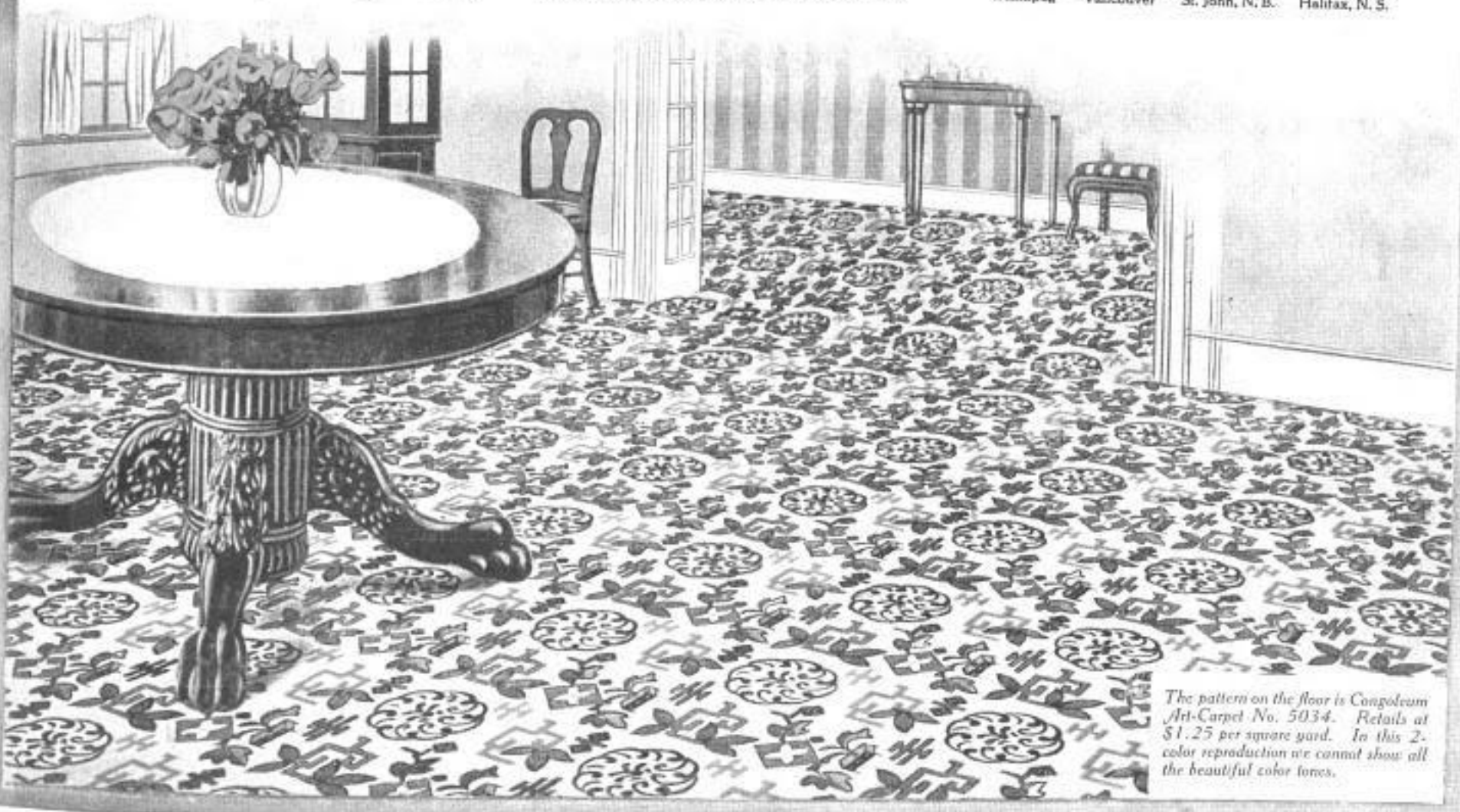
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# THE MARNE

## By EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

EVER since the age of six Troy Belknap, of New York, had embarked for Europe every June on the fastest steamer of one of the most expensive lines.

With his family he had descended at the dock from a large noiseless motor, had kissed his father good-by, turned back to shake hands with the chauffeur—a particular friend—and trotted up the gangplank behind his mother's maid, while one welcoming steward captured Mrs. Belknap's bag and another led away her miniature French bulldog—also a particular friend of Troy's.

From that hour all had been delight. For six golden days Troy had ranged the decks, splashed in the blue salt water brimming his huge procelain tub, lunched and dined with the grown-ups in the Ritz restaurant, and swaggered about in front of the children who had never crossed before and didn't know the stewards, or the purser, or the captain's cat, or on which deck you might exercise your dog, or how to induce the officer on the watch to let you scramble up for a minute to the bridge. Then, when these joys began to pall, he had lost himself in others, deeper and dearer. Another of his cronies, the library steward, had unlocked the bookcase doors for him, and buried for hours in the depths of a huge library armchair—there weren't any to compare with it on land—he had ranged through the length and breadth of several literatures.

These six days of bliss would have been too soon over if they had not been the mere prelude to intenser sensations. On the seventh morning—generally at Cherbourg—Troy Belknap followed his mother and his mother's maid and the French bull up the gangplank and into another large noiseless motor, with another chauffeur—French, this one—to whom he was also deeply attached, and who sat grinning and cap-touching at the wheel. And then—in a few minutes, so swiftly and smilingly was the way of Mrs. Belknap smoothed—the noiseless motor was off, and they were rushing eastward through the orchards of Normandy.

The little boy's happiness would have been complete if there had been more time to give to the beautiful things that flew past them—thatched villages with square-towered churches in hollows of the deep green country or gray shining towns above rivers on which cathedrals seemed to be moored like ships; miles and miles of field and hedge and park falling away from high-terraced houses, and little embroidered stone manors reflected in reed-grown moats under ancient trees.

Unfortunately Mrs. Belknap always had pressing engagements in Paris. She had made appointments beforehand with all her dressmakers, and, as Troy was well aware, it was impossible at the height of the season to break such engagements without losing one's turn and having to wait weeks and weeks to get a lot of nasty rags that one had seen—by that time—on the back of every other woman in the place.

Luckily, however, even Mrs. Belknap had to eat; and during the halts in the shining towns, where a succulent luncheon was served in a garden or a flowery courtyard, Troy had time, as he grew bigger, to slip away alone and climb to the height where the cathedral stood or at least to loiter and gaze in the narrow, crooked streets, between gabled crossbeamed houses, each more picture-bookishly quaint than its neighbors.

In Paris, in their brightly lit and beflowered hotel drawing-room, he was welcomed by Madame Lebuc, an old French lady smelling of crape, who gave him lessons and took him and the bulldog for walks, and who, as he grew older, was supplemented and then replaced by an ugly, vehement young tutor of half-English descent, whose companionship opened fresh fields and pastures to Troy's dawning imagination.

Then in July—always at the same date—Mr. Belknap was deposited at the door by the noiseless motor, which had been down to Havre to fetch him; and a few days later they all got into it, and while Madame Lebuc, pressing a packet of chocolates into her pupil's hand, waved a damp farewell from the doorway, the Pegasus motor flew up the Champs-Elysées, devoured the leafy alleys of the Bois and soared away to the new horizons.

Most often they were mountain horizons, for the tour invariably ended in the Swiss Alps. But there always seemed to be new ways—looked out by Mr. Belknap on the map—of reaching their destination; ways lovelier, more winding, more wonderful, that took in vast sweeping visions of France from the Seine to the Rhone. And when Troy grew older the vehement young tutor went with them; and once they all stopped and lunched at his father's house, on the edge of a gabled village in the Argonne, with a view stretching away for miles toward the Vosges and Alsace. Mr. and Mrs. Belknap were very kind people, and it would never have occurred to them to refuse M. Gantier's invitation to lunch with his family; but they had no idea of the emotions stirred in their son's eager bosom by what seemed to them merely a rather inconvenient deviation from their course. Troy himself was hardly aware of these emotions at the time, though his hungry interest in life always made him welcome the least deflection from the expected. He had simply thought what kind, jolly people the Gantiers were, and what fun it was to be inside one of the quaint stone houses, with small windowpanes looking on old box gardens, that he was always being whisked past in the motor. But later he was to relive that day in all its homely details.



*In Among the Throng Troy Began to See the Torn Blue Uniform of Wounded Soldiers Limping on Bandaged Legs*

### II

THEY were at St. Moritz—as usual.

Troy and M. Gantier had been for a tramp across the Val Inuretta, and coming home late were rushing into their evening clothes to join Mr. and Mrs. Belknap at dinner—as they did now regularly, Troy having reached the virile age of fifteen, and having to justify the possession of a smoking jacket and patent-leather shoes. He was just out of his bath and smothered in towels, when the tutor opened the door and thrust in a newspaper.

"There will be war—I must leave to-morrow."

Troy dropped the towels.

War! War! War against his beautiful France! And this young man, his dearest friend and companion, was to be torn from him suddenly, senselessly, torn from their endless talks, their long walks in the mountains, their elaborately planned courses of study—archæology, French literature, medieval philosophy, the Divine Comedy, and vistas and vistas beyond; to be torn from all this and to disappear from Troy Belknap's life into the black gulf of this unfathomable thing called war, that seemed suddenly to have escaped out of the history books like a dangerous lunatic escaping from the asylum in which he was supposed to be securely confined!

Troy Belknap was stunned.

He pulled himself together to bid a valiant farewell to M. Gantier—the air was full of the Marseillaise and Sambre et Meuse, and everybody knew the Russians would be in



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Berlin in six weeks; but once his tutor was gone the mystery and horror again closed in on him.

France, his France, attacked, invaded, outraged—and he, a poor helpless American boy, who adored her, and could do nothing for her—not even cry, as a girl might! It was bitter.

His parents, too, were dreadfully upset; and so were all their friends. But what chiefly troubled them was that they could get no money, no seats in the trains, no assurance that the Swiss frontier would not be closed before they could cross the border. These preoccupations seemed to leave them for the moment no time to think about France; and Troy, during those first days, felt as if he were an infant Winkelried with all the shafts of the world's woe gathered into his inadequate breast.

For France was his holiday world, the world of his fancy and imagination, a great traceried window opening on the universe. And now in the hour of her need all he heard about him was the worried talk of people planning to desert her!

Safe in Paris Mr. and Mrs. Belknap regained their balance. Having secured—for a sum that would have fitted up an ambulance—their passages on a steamer sailing from England they could at length look about them, feel sorry, and subscribe to all the budding war charities. They even remembered poor Madame Lebuc, stranded by the flight of all her pupils, and found a job for her in a refugee bureau.

Then, just as they were about to sail, Mrs. Belknap had a touch of pneumonia and was obliged to postpone her departure; while Mr. Belknap, jamming his possessions into a single suitcase, dashed down to Spain to take ship at Málaga. The turn affairs were taking made it advisable for him to get back as quickly as possible; and his wife and son were to follow from England in a month.

All the while there came no news of M. Gantier. He had rejoined his *dépôt* at once, and Troy had had a post card from him, dated the sixth of August, and saying that he was leaving for the Front. After that, silence.

Troy poring over the morning papers and slipping out alone to watch for the noon communiqués in the windows of the Paris Herald read of the rash French advance in Alsace, and the enemy's retaliatory descent on the region the Belknaps had so often sped over. And one day among the names of the ruined villages he lit on that of the little town where they had all lunched with the Gantiers. He saw the box garden with the hornbeam arbor where they had gone to drink coffee, old M. Gantier ceremoniously leading the way with Mrs. Belknap; he saw Mme. Gantier, lame and stout, hobbling after with Mr. Belknap; a little old aunt with bobbing curls; the round-faced Gantier girl, shy and rosy; an incredibly dried and smoked and aged grandfather, with Voltairean eyes and sly snuff-taking gestures; and his own friend, the eldest of the four brothers. He saw all these modest beaming people grouped about Mme. Gantier's coffee and Papa Gantier's best bottle of "*Fine*"; he smelt the lime blossoms and box, he heard the bees in the lavender, he looked out on the rich fields and woods and the blue hills bathed in summer light. And he read: "Not a house is standing. The curé has been shot. A number of old people were burnt in the hospice. The mayor and five of the principal inhabitants have been taken to Germany as hostages."

The year before the war, he remembered, old M. Gantier was mayor!

He wrote and wrote, after that, to his tutor; wrote to his *dépôt*, to his Paris address, to the ruin that had been his home—but had no answer. And finally, amid the crowding horrors of that dread August he forgot even M. Gantier and M. Gantier's family, forgot everything but the spectacle of the Allied Armies swept back from Liège, from Charleroi, from Mons, from Laon, and the hosts of evil surging nearer and ever nearer to the heart of France.

His father, with whom he might have talked, was gone; and Troy could not talk to his mother. Not that Mrs. Belknap was not kind and full of sympathy; as fast as the bank at home cabled funds she poured them out for war charities. But most of her time was spent in agitated conference with her compatriots, and Troy could not bear to listen to their endlessly reiterated tales of flight from Nauheim or Baden or Brussels, their difficulties in drawing money, hiring motors, bribing hotel porters, battling for seats in trains, recovering lost luggage, cabling for funds, and their general tendency to regard the war as a mere background to their personal grievances.

"You were exceedingly rude to Mrs. Sampson, Troy," his mother said to him, surprised one day by an explosion of temper. "It is natural she should be nervous at not being able to get staterooms; and she had just given me five hundred dollars for the American Ambulance."

"Giving money's no use," the boy growled, obscurely irritated. And when Mrs. Belknap exclaimed "Why, Troy, how callous—with all this suffering!" he slunk out without answering, and went downstairs to lie in wait for the evening papers.

The misery of feeling himself a big boy, long-limbed, strong-limbed, old enough for evening clothes, champagne, the classics, biology and views on international politics, and yet able to do nothing but hang about marble hotels and pore over newspapers, while rank on rank and regiment on regiment, the youth of France and England, swung through the dazed streets and packed the endless trains—the misery of this was so great to Troy that he became, as the days dragged on, more than ever what his mother called "callous," sullen, humiliated, resentful, at being associated with all the rich Americans flying from France.

At last the turn of the Belknaps came too; but as they were preparing to start news came that the German Army was at Lille and civilian travel to England interrupted.

It was the fateful week, and every name in the bulletins—Amiens, Compiègne, Rheims, Meaux, Senlis—evoked in Troy Belknap's tortured imagination visions of ancient beauty and stability. He had done that bit of France alone with M. Gantier the year before, while Mrs. Belknap waited in Paris for belated clothes; and the thought of the great stretch of desolation spreading and spreading like a leprosy over a land so full of the poetry of the past and so rich in a happy prosperous present was added to the crueler vision of the tragic and magnificent armies that had failed to defend it.

Troy, as soon as he was reassured about his mother's health, had secretly rejoiced at the accident that had kept them in France. But now his joy was turned to bitterness. Mrs. Belknap, in her horrified surprise at seeing her plans again obstructed, lost all sense of the impending calamity except as it affected her safety and Troy's, and joined in the indignant chorus of compatriots stranded in Paris, and obscurely convinced that France ought to have seen them safely home before turning her attention to the invader.

"Of course, I don't pretend to be a strategist," whimpering or wrathful ladies used to declare, their jewel boxes clutched in one hand, their passports in the other, "but one can't help feeling that if only the French Government had told our Ambassador in time trains might have been provided."

"Or why couldn't Germany have let our Government know? After all, Germany has no grievance against America."

"And we've really spent enough money in Europe for some consideration to be shown us," the woeful chorus went on.

The choristers were all good and kindly persons, shaken out of the rut of right feeling by the first real fright of their lives. But Troy was too young to understand this and to foresee that once in safety they would become the passionate advocates of France, all the more fervent in their championship because of their reluctant participation in her peril.

"What did I do? Why, I just simply stayed in Paris. Not to run away was the only thing one could do to show one's sympathy," he heard one of the passport clutchers declare a year later in a New York drawing-room.

Troy, from the height of his youthful indignation, regarded them all as heartless egoists, and fled away into the streets from the sound of their lamentations.

But in the streets was fresh food for misery; for every day the once empty vistas were filled with trains of farm wagons drawn by slow country horses and heaped with furniture and household utensils; and beside the carts walked lines of haggard people—old men and women with vacant faces, mothers hugging hungry babies, and children limping after them with heavy bundles. The fugitives of the Marne were pouring into Paris.

Troy dashed into the nearest shops, bought them cakes and fruit, followed them to the big hippodrome, where they were engulfed in the dusty arena, and finally, in despair at his inability to do more than gape and pity, he tried to avoid the streets they followed on their way into Paris from St. Denis and Vincennes.

Then one day, in the sunny desert of the Place de la Concorde, he came on a more cheering sight. A motley band of civilians—young, middle-aged and even gray-headed—were shambling along together, badged and be-ribboned, in the direction of the Invalides; and above them floated the American flag. Troy flew after it and caught up with the last marchers.

"Where are we going? . . . Foreign Legion," an olive-faced dago answered joyously in broken American. "All 'Nited States citizens. . . . Come and join up, sonny!"

And for one mad moment Troy thought of risking the adventure.

But he was too visibly only a schoolboy still; and with tears of envy in his smarting eyes he stood, small and useless, on the pavement, and watched the heterogeneous band under the beloved flag disappearing in the doorway of the registration office.

When he got back to his mother's drawing-room the tea table was still surrounded, and a lady was saying: "I've offered anything for a special train, but they won't listen!"

And another, in a stricken whisper: "If they do come, what do you mean to do about your pearls?"

### III

THEN came the Marne, and suddenly the foreigners caught in Paris by the German advance became heroes—or mostly heroines—who had stayed there to reassure their beloved city in her hour of need.

"We all owe so much to Paris," murmured Mrs. Belknap, in lovely convalescent clothes, from her sofa corner. "I'm sure we can none of us ever cease to be thankful for this chance of showing it."

She had sold her staterooms to a compatriot who happened to be in England, and was now cabling home to suggest to Mr. Belknap that she should spend the winter in France and take a job on a war charity. She was not strong enough for nursing, but she thought it would be delightful to take convalescent officers for drives in the Bois in the noiseless motor. "Troy would love it too," she cabled.

Mr. Belknap, however, was unmoved by these arguments. "Future too doubtful," he cabled back. "Insist on your sailing. Staterooms November tenth paid for. Troy must return to school."

"Future too doubtful" impressed Mrs. Belknap more than "Insist," though she made a larger use of the latter word in explaining to her friends why after all she was obliged to give up her projected war work. Meanwhile, having quite recovered she rose from her cushions, donned a nurse's garb, poured tea once or twice at a fashionable hospital, and on the strength of this effort obtained permission to carry supplies—in her own motor—to the devastated regions.

Troy of course went with her, and thus had his first glimpse of war.

Fresh in his mind was a delicious July day at Rheims with his tutor, and the memory of every detail noted on the way along the green windings of the Marne, and at Meaux, Montmirail and Epernay. Now, traversing the same towns, he seemed to be looking into murdered faces, vacant and stony. Where he had seen the sociable, gossiping life of the



*She Did Not Exasperate Her Friends by Professions of Pacifism, She Simply Declared That the War Bored Her*

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narrow streets, young men lounging at the blacksmith's, blue-sleeved carters sitting in the wineshops while their horses shook off the flies in the hot sunshine of the village square, black-pinafored children coming home from school, the fat curé stopping to talk to little old ladies under the church porch, girls with sleek hair calling to each other from the doorways of the shops, and women in sunburnt gingham bending over the village wash trough or leaning on their rakes among the hayricks—where all this had been, now only a few incalculably old people sat in the doorways and looked with bewildered eyes at strange soldiers fulfilling the familiar tasks.

This was what war did! It emptied towns of their inhabitants as it emptied veins of their blood; it killed houses and lands as well as men. Out there a few miles beyond the sunny vineyards and the low hills men were dying at that very moment by hundreds, by thousands—and their motionless young bodies must have the same unnatural look as these wan ruins, these gutted houses and sterile fields. War meant death, death, death.

By a special favor the staff officer who accompanied them managed to extend their trip to the ruined château of Mondement, the pivot on which the battle had turned. He had himself been in the thick of the fight, and standing before the shattered walls of the old house he explained the struggle for the spur of Mondement—the advance of the gray masses across the plain, their capture of the ridge, which was the key to the road to Paris; then the impetuous rush of General Humbert's infantry; repulsed, returning; repulsed again, and again attacking; the hand-to-hand fighting in court and gardens; the French infantry's last irresistible dash, the batteries rattling up, getting into place on the ridge, and flinging back the gray battalions from the hillside into the marshes.

Mrs. Belknap smiled and exclaimed, with vague comments and a wandering eye, for the officer, carried away by his subject, had forgotten her and become technical; while Troy, his map spread on the top of a wall, followed every word and gesture with a devouring gaze that absorbed at the same time all the details of the immortal landscape.

The Marne—this was the actual setting of the battle of the Marne! This happy, temperate landscape, with its sheltering woods, its friendly fields and downs flowing away to a mild sky, had looked on at the most awful conflict in history. Scenes of anguish and heroism that ought to have had some titanic background of cliff and chasm had unrolled themselves among harmless fields and along woods roads where wild strawberries grew and children cut hazel switches to drive home their geese. A name of glory and woe was attached to every copse and hollow, and to each gray steeple above the village roofs.

Troy listened, his heart beating higher at each exploit, till he forgot the horror of war and thought only of its splendors. Oh, to have been there too! To have had even the smallest share in those great hours! To be able to say, as this young man could say: "Yes, I was in the battle of the Marne"; to be able to break off, and step back a yard or two, correcting oneself critically: "No—it was here the general stood when I told him our batteries had got through"; or "This is the very spot where the first seventy-five was trained on the valley. I can see the swaths it cut in the Bavarians as they swarmed up at us a third and fourth time."

Troy suddenly remembered a bit of Henry the Fifth that M. Gantier had been fond of quoting:

*And gentlemen in England now a-bed*
*Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,*
*And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks*
*That fought with us.*

Ah, yes—ah, yes—to have been in the battle of the Marne!

On the way back, below the crest of the hill, the motor stopped at the village church and the officer jumped down.

"Some of our men are buried here," he said.

Mrs. Belknap, with a murmur of sympathy, caught up the bunch of roses she had gathered in the ravaged garden of the château, and they picked their way among the smashed and slanting stones of the cemetery to a corner behind the church where wooden crosses marked a row of fresh graves. Half-faded flowers in bottles were thrust into the loose earth, and a few tin wreaths hung on the arms of the crosses.



*And Beside the Carts Walked Lines of Haggard People—Old Men and Women With Vacant Faces, Mothers Hugging Hungry Babies, and Children Limping After Them With Heavy Bundles*

Some of the graves bore only the date of the battle, with *Pour la France* or *Priez pour lui*; but on others names and numbers had been roughly burnt into the crosses.

Suddenly Troy stopped short with a cry.

"What is it?" his mother asked.

She had walked ahead of him to the parapet overhanging the valley, and forgetting her roses she leaned against the low cemetery wall while the officer took up his story.

Troy made no answer. Mrs. Belknap stood with her back to him, and he did not ask her to turn. He did not want her, or anyone else, to read the name he had just read; of a sudden there had been revealed to him the deep secretiveness of sorrow. But he stole up to her and drew the flowers from her hand while she continued with vague inattentive murmurs to follow the officer's explanations. She took no notice of Troy, and he went back to the grave and laid the roses on it.

On the cross he had read: "September 8, 1914. Paul Gantier, ——th Chasseurs à pied."

"Oh, poor fellows—poor fellows! Yes, that's right, Troy; put the roses on their graves," Mrs. Belknap assented approvingly as she picked her way back to the motor.

### IV

THE tenth of November came, and they sailed.

The week in the steamer was intolerable, not only because they were packed like herrings and Troy, who had never known discomfort before, had to share his narrow cabin with two young German-Americans full of open brag about the Fatherland, but also because of the same eternally renewed anecdotes among the genuine Americans about the perils and discomforts they had undergone, and the general disturbance of their plans.

Most of the passengers were in ardent sympathy with the Allies and hung anxiously on the meager wirelesses; but a flat-faced professor with lank hair, having announced that there were two sides to every case, immediately raised up a following of unnoticed ladies who couldn't believe all that was said of the Germans, and hoped that America would never be drawn in; while even among the right-minded there subsisted a vague feeling that war was an avoidable thing which one had only to reprobate enough to prevent its recurrence.

They found New York—Mrs. Belknap's New York—buzzing with war charities yet apparently unaware of the war. That at least was Troy's impression during the twenty-four hours before he was packed off to school to catch up with his interrupted studies.

At school he heard the same incessant war talk and found the same fundamental unawareness of the meaning of the war. At first the boys were very keen to hear his story, but he described what he had seen so often—and especially his haunting impressions of the Marne—that they named him "Marny Belknap."

The masters were mostly frankly for the Allies, but the rector had given out that neutrality was the attitude approved by the Government, and therefore a patriotic duty; and one Sunday after chapel he gave a little talk to explain why the President thought it right to try to keep his people out of the dreadful struggle. The words duty and responsibility and fortunate privilege recurred often in this address, and it struck Troy as odd that the lesson of the day happened to be the story of the Good Samaritan.

When he went home for the Christmas holidays everybody was sending toys and sugar plums to the Belgian war orphans, with little notes from "Happy American children" requesting to have their gifts acknowledged.

"It makes us so happy to help!" beaming young women declared with a kind of ghoulish glee, doing up parcels, planning war tableaux and charity dances, rushing to propaganda lectures given by handsome French officers and keeping up a kind of continuous picnic on the ruins of civilization.

Mr. and Mrs. Belknap had inevitably been affected by the surrounding atmosphere.

"The tragedy of it—the tragedy!—no one can tell who hasn't seen it and been through it," Mrs. Belknap would begin, looking down her long dinner table between the orchids and the candelabra; and the pretty women and prosperous men would interrupt their talk and listen for a moment, half absently, with spurts of easy indignation that faded out again as they heard the story oftener.

After all, Mrs. Belknap wasn't the only person who had seen a battlefield! Lots and lots more were pouring home all the time with fresh tales of tragedy; the Marne had become, in a way, an old story. People wanted something newer.

And then, why hadn't Joffre followed up the offensive? The Germans were wonderful soldiers, after all. . . . Yes, but such beasts; sheer devils. Here was Mr. So-and-So, just back from Belgium—such horrible stories—really unrepeatable!

"Don't you want to come and hear them, my dear? Dine with us to-morrow; he's promised to come unless he's summoned to Washington. But do come, anyhow; the Jim Cottages are going to dance after dinner."

In time Mrs. Belknap, finding herself hopelessly outstoried, outcharitied, outadventured, began insensibly to take a calmer and more distant view of the war. What was the use of trying to keep up her own enthusiasm when that of her audience had flagged? Wherever she went she was sure to meet other ladies who had arrived from France much more recently and had done and seen much more than she had. One after another she saw them received with the same eagerness.

"Of course we all know about the marvelous things you've been doing in France—your wonderful war work!"

Then, like herself, they were superseded by some later arrival, who had been nearer the Front, or had raised more money, or had had an audience with the Queen of the Belgians, or an autograph letter from Lord Kitchener. No one was listened to for long, and the most eagerly sought-for were like the figures in a movie show, forever breathlessly whisking past to make way for others.

Mr. Belknap had always been less eloquent about the war than his wife; but somehow Troy had fancied he felt it more deeply. Gradually, however, he, too, seemed to accept the situation as a matter of course, and Troy, coming home for the Easter holidays, found at the family table a large sonorous personage—a senator, just back from Europe—who, after rolling out vague praises of France and England, insidiously began to hint that it was a pity to see such wasted heroism, such suicidal determination on the part of the Allies to resist all offers of peace from an enemy so obviously their superior.

"She wouldn't be if America came in!" Troy blurted out, reddening at the sound of his voice.

"America?" someone playfully interjected; and the senator laughed and said something about geographical immunity.

*(Continued on Page 74)*

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# DECORATED

## By RING W. LARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, April 2.

*FRIEND AL:* Well Al yesterday was April Fool and you ought to seen what I pulled on 1 of the boys Johnny Alcock and it was a screen and some of the boys is still laughing over it yet but he is 1 of the kind that he can't see a joke at their own expenses and he swelled up like a poison pup and now he is talking about he will get even with me, but the bird that gets even with me will half to get up a long time before revelry eh Al.

Well Al I will tell you what I pulled on him and I bet you will bust your sides. Well it seems like Johnny has got a girl in his home town Riverside, Ill. near Chi and that is he don't know if he has got her or not because him and another bird was both makeing a play for her, but before he come away she told him to not worry, but the other bird got himself excused out of the draft with a cold sore or something and is still there in the old town yet where he can go and call on her every night and she is libel to figure that maybe she better marry him so as she can have some of her evenings to herself and any way she might as well of told Johnny to not scratch himself over here as to not worry because for some reason another the gal didn't write to him last month at lease he didn't get no letters and maybe they got lost or she had writers cramps or something but any way every time the mail come and nothing for him he looked like he had been caught off second base.

Well the day before yesterday he was reading 1 of the letters he got from this baby 5 or 6 wks. ago on acct. of not haveing nothing better to read and he left the envelope lay on the floor and I was going to hand it back to him but I happened to think that yesterday would be April Fool so I kept a hold of the envelope and I got a peace of paper and wrote April Fool on it and stuck it in the envelope and fixed it up so as it would look like a new letter and I handed it to him yesterday like it was mail that had only just came for him and you ought to see him when he tore it open and didn't find nothing only April Fool in it. At first he couldn't say nothing but finely he says "That's some comedy Keefe. You ought to be a end man in the stretcher bearers minstrels" and he didn't crack a smile so I said "What's the matter with you can't you take a joke?" So he said "What I would like to take is a crack at your jaw." So I said "Well it's to bad your arms is both paralyzed." Well Al they's nothing the matter with his arms and I was just kidding him because as far as him hitting anybody is conserned I was just as safe as the gen. staff because he ain't much bigger than a cootie and for him to reach my jaw he would half to join the aviation.

Well of course he didn't start nothing but just said he would get back at me if it took him till the duration of the war and I told some of the other boys about putting it over on him and they couldn't hardly help from smileing but he acts like a baby and don't speak to me and I suppose maybe he thinks that makes me feel bad but I got to be 25 yrs. old before I ever seen him and if his head was blowed off tomorrow A.M. I would try and show up for my 3 meals a day if you could call them that.

But speaking about April Fool Al I just stopped writeing to try and light a cigarette with 1 of these here French matchs and every one of them is a April Fool and I guess the parents of the kids over here don't never half to worry about them smokeing to young because even if they had a box of cigarettes hid in their cradle they would be of age before they would run across a match that lit and I wouldn't be scared to give little Al a bunch and turn him loose in a bbl. of gasoline.



*And He Read it and When He Got Through He Says "Well It Looks Suspicious All Right"*

Well Al I suppose you been reading in the papers about the Dutchmens starting a drive vs. the English up in the northren part of the section and at first it looked like the English was going to leave them walk into the Gulf Stream and scald themself to death but now it seems like we have got them slowed up at lease that's the dope we get here but for all the news we get a hold of we might as well of jumped to the codfish league on the way over and once in a wile some of the boys gets a U. S. paper a mo. old but they hog onto it and don't leave nobody else see it but as far as I am conserned they can keep it because I haven't no time to waist reading about the Frisco fair or the Federal League has blowed up and etc. And of course they's plenty of newspapers from Paris but all printed in la la la so as every time you come to a word you half to rumage through the dictionary and even when you run it down its libel to mean 20 different articles and by the time you figured out whether they are talking about a st. car or a hot bath or a raisin or what and the he-ll they are talking about they wouldn't be no more news to it then the bible and it looks to me Al like it would be a good idear if you was to drop me a post card when the war is over so as I can tell Capt. Seeley or he will still be running us ragged to get in shape a couple yrs. after the last of the Dutchmens lays molting in the grave.

Jokeing to 1 side Al you probably know what's going on a long wile before we do and the only chance we would have to know how a battle come out would be if we was in it and they's no chance of that unless they send us up to the northern part of the section to help out because Van Hindenburg must have something under his hat besides bristles and he ain't a sucker enough to start driveing vs. the front that we are behind it unless he is so homesick that he can't stand it no longer in France. Your pal, JACK



*Maybe I Will Half to Let My Mustache Grow So as They Will Think Maybe I am a Dutchman*

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, April 6.

*FRIEND AL:* Well Al 1 of the Chi newspapers is getting out a paper in Paris and printed in English and I just seen a copy of it where the Allys has finely got wise to themself and made 1 man gen. of all the Allys and it was a sucker play to not do that long ago only it looks to me like they pulled another boner by makeing a Frenchman the gen. and I suppose they done it for a complement to the Frenchmens on acct. of the war being here, but even suppose this here Foch is a smart gen. and use his brains and etc. it looks to me like it would of been a whole lot better to of picked out a man that can speak English because suppose we was all in a big battle or something and he wanted we should go over the top and if he said it in French why most of the boys hasn't made no attempts to master the language and as far as they was conserned he might as well be telling them to wash their neck. Or else they would half to be interpeters to translate it out in English what he was getting at and by the time he give the orders to fire and the interpeter looked it up and seen what it meant in English and then tell us about it the Dutchmens would be putting peep holes through us with a bayonet and besides the French word for fire in English is feu in French and you say it like it was few and if Gen. Foch yelled few we might think he was complaining of the heat.

But at that its better to have 1 man running it even a Frenchman then a lot of different gens. telling us to do this in that and the other thing every one of them different and suppose they done that in baseball Al and a club had 3 or 4 mgrs. and suppose for inst. it come up to the 9th. inning and we needed some runs and it was Benz's turn to hit and 1 mgr. would tell him to go up and hit for himself and another mgr. would tell Murphy to go up and hit for him and another mgr. would send Risberg up and another would send Russell and the next thing you know they would be 2 of them swinging from 1 side of the plate and 2 from the other side and probably busting each other in the bean with their bats but you take most bird's beans and what would break would be Mr. Bat. But its the same in war like in baseball and you got to have 1 man running it. With a lot of different gens. in command, 1 of them might tell the men to charge while another was telling them to pay cash.

Jokeing to 1 side Al some of our boys have overtook a section up along the Moose river and I wouldn't dast write about it only its been printed in the papers all ready so I am not giveing away no secrets to the Dutchmens. At lease they don't mind us writeing something that's came out in the papers though as far as I can see how would the Dutchmens know it any more if it was in the papers or not, because they ain't so choked with jack over in Germany that they are going to spend it on U. S. papers a mo. old and even when they got them they would half to find somebody that could read English and hadn't been killed for it and it would be like as if I should spend part of my $15 dollars a mo. subscribeing to the Chop Suey Bladder that you would half to lay on your stomach and hold it with your feet to get it right side up and even then it wouldn't mean nothing. But any way the Dutchmens is going to know sooner or later that we are in the war and what's the differents if they meet us at the Moose or the Elks? Jokeing a side Al I guess you won't be supprised to hear how I have picked up in the riffle practice and I knew right along that I couldn't hardly help from being a A No. 1 marksman because a man that had almost perfect control in pitching you might say would be bound to shoot straight when they got the hang of it and don't be supprised if I write you 1 of these days that I been appointed a snipper that sets up in a tree somewheres and picks off the boshs whenever they stick their head up and they call them snippers so pretty soon my name is libel to be Jack Snipe instead of Jack Keefe, but seriously Al I can pick off them targets like they was cherrys or something and maybe I won't half to go in the trenchs at all.

I guess I all ready told you about that little trick I pulled on Johnny Alcock for a April Fool gag and at first he swelled up like a poison pup and wouldn't talk to me and said he wouldn't never rest till he got even. Well he finely got a real letter from the gal back home and she is still waiting for him yet so he feels O.K. again and I and him are on speaking turns again and I am glad to no; be scraping with him because I don't never feel right unless I am pals with everybody but they can't nobody stay sore at me very long and even when some of the boys in baseball use to swell up when I pulled 1 of my gags on them it wouldn't last long because I would just smile at them and they would half to smile back and be pals and I always say that if a man can't take a joke he better take acid or something and make a corps out of himself instead of a moosey.

Your pal, JACK

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, April 1.

*FRIEND AL:* Well Al I don't suppose you knew a detective but when it comes to being a dick it looks like I don't half to salute Wm. Burns or Shylock or of them.

Seriously Al I come onto something today that may turn out to be something big and then again it may not it looks like it was something big only of course it has to be kept a secret till I get the goods on a certain bird I won't pull it till I have got him right and in that way won't suspect nothing until its to late. But I know wouldn't breath a word about it and besides it would hurt nothing if you did because by the time you get letter the whole thing will be over and this bird to refer will probably own a peace of land in France 2 ft. frontidge and 6 ft. deep. But you will wonder am I trying to get at so maybe I better explain myself

Well Al they's a big bird in our Co. name Geo. and that's a German name because look at Schaefer use to play ball in our league and it was spelt different they called him Germany and he thought he was funny use to pull gags on the field but I guess he didn't think funny the day Griffith sent him up to hit against me pinch 1 day at Washington and if the ball he hit went straight out instead of straight up it would of near cleared the infield. But any way this bird Sh our Co. is big enough to have a corporal to himself they must of spent the first Liberty Loan on his unifo he hasn't hardly said a word since we been in Fra for a wile we figured it was just because he was a co

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to grouchy to talk, but now I wouldn't be supprised Al if the real reason was on acct. of him being a Dutchman and maybe can't talk English very good. Well I would feel pretty mean to be spying on most of the boys that's been good pals with me, but when a man is a pro German spy himself they's no question of friendship and etc. and whatever I can do to show this bird up I won't hesitate a minute.

Well Al this bird was writeing a letter last night and he didn't have no envelope and he asked me did I have 1 and I said no and he wouldn't of never spoke only to say Gimme but when I told him I didn't have no envelope he started off somewheres to get 1 and he dropped the last page out of the letter he had been writeing and it was laying right there along side of me and of course I wouldn't of paid no tension to it only it was face up so as I couldn't help from seeing it and what I seen wasn't no words like a man would write in a letter but it was a bunch of marks like a x down at the bottom and they was a whole line of them like this

x x x x x x x x x x x x x x

Well that roused up my suspicions and I guess you know I am not the kind that reads other people's letters even if I don't get none of my own to read but this here letter I kind of felt like they was something funny about it like he was writeing in ciphers or something so I picked the page up and read it through and sure enough they was parts of it in ciphers and if a man didn't have the key you couldn't tell what and the he-ll he was getting at.

Well Al I was still studing the page yet when he come back in and they wasn't nothing for me to do only set on it so as he wouldn't see I had it and he come over and begin looking for it and I asked him had he lost something to throw him off the track and he said yes but he didn't say what it was and that made it all the more suspicious so he finely give up looking and went out again.

Well I have got it put away where he can't get a hold of it because I showed it to Johnny Alcock this A.M. and asked him if it didn't look like something off color and he said yes it did and if he was me he would turn it over to Capt. Seeley but on 2d thoughts he said I better keep it a wile and at the same time keep a eye on Shaffer and get more evidents vs. him and then when I had him dead to rights I could turn the letter and the rest of the evidents over to Capt. Seeley and then I would be sure to get the credit for showing him up.

Well Al I figure this 1 page of his letter is enough or more then enough only of course its best to play safe and keep my eyes pealed and see what comes off and I haven't got time to copy down the whole page Al and besides they's a few sentences that sounds O.K. and I suppose he put them in for a blind but you can't get away from them x marks Al and I will write down a couple other sentences and I bet you will agree that they's something fishy about them and here is the sentences to which I refer:

"In regards to your question I guess I understand O.K. In reply will say yes I. L. Y. more than Y. L. M. Am I right."

"Have you saw D. Give him a ring and tell the old spinort I am W. C. T. U. outside of a little Vin Blank."

Can you make heads or tales out of that Al? I guess not and neither could anybody else except they had the key to it and the best part of it is his name is signed down at the bottom and if he can explain that line of talk he is a wonder but he can't explain it Al and all as he can do is make a clean brest of the whole business and Alcock thinks the same way and Alcock says he wished he had of been the 1 that got a hold of this evidents because whoever turned it over to Capt. Seeley along with what other facts I can get a hold of will just about get a commission in the intelligents dept. and that's the men that looks after the pro German spys Al and gets the dope on them and shows them up and I would probably have my head quarters in Paris and get good money besides my expenses and I would half to pass up the chance to get in the trenchs and fight but they's more ways of fighting then 1 and in this game Al a man has got to go where they send you and where they figure they would do the most good and if my country needs me to track after spys I will sacrifice my own wishs though I would a whole lot rather stay with my pals and fight along side of them and not snoop round Paris fondleing door nobs like a night watchman. But Alcock says he would bet money that is where I will land and he says "You ought to feel right at home in the intelligents dept. like a camel in Lake Erie" and he says the first chance I get I better try and start up a conversation with Shaffer and try and lead him on and that the way they trap them is to ask them a whole lot of questions and see what they have got to say and if you keep fireing questions at them they are bound to get balled up and then its good night.



*When a Gal Gets Stuck on You They Will Tell You Everything They Know*

Well I don't suppose it seems possible to you stay at homes that they could be such a thing like a pro German spy in the U. S. army and how did he get there and why did they leave him in and etc. Well Al you would be supprised to know how many of them has slipped in and Alcock says that at first it amounted to about 200% but the intelligents officers has been on their sent all the wile and most of them has been nailed and when they get them they shoot them down like a dog and that's what Shaffer will get Al and he is out of luck to be so big because all as the fireing squad would half to do would be look at their compass and see if he was east or west of them and then face their riffle in that direction and let go.

I will write and let you know how things comes along.

Your pal, JACK

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, April 14.

*FRIEND AL:* Well Al I am closeing the net of evidents around Shaffer and I guess I all ready got enough on him to make out a case that he couldn't never wrinkle out of it but Capt. Seeley is away and I can't do nothing till he gets back.

I had my man on the grill today Al and I thought he would be a fox and not criminate himself but I guess I went at him so smooth he didn't never suspect nothing till along towards the finish and then it was to late. I don't remember all that was said but it run along these lines like as follows: In the first place I asked him where he lived and he says Milwaukee Ave. in Chi and I don't know if you know it or not Al but that's a st. where they have got traffic policemens at the corners to blow their whistle once for the Germans to go north and south and twice for them to go east and west. So then I said was he married and he says no. So then I asked him where he was born and he said "What and the he-ll are you the personal officer?" So I laughed it off and said "No but I thought maybe we come from the same part of the country." So he says something about everybody didn't half to come from the country but he wouldn't come out and say where he did come from so then I kind of led around to the war and I made the remark that the German driveup on the north side of France didn't get very far and he says maybe they wasn't through. How was that for a fine line of talk Al and he might as well of said he hoped the Germans wouldn't never be stopped.

Well for a minute I couldn't hardly help from takeing a crack at him but in these kind of matters Al a man has got to keep a hold of themself or they will loose their quarry so I kind of forced a smile and said "Well I guess they would of kept going if they could of." And then he says "Yes but they half to stop every once in a wile to bring up Van Hindenburg." So I had him traped Al and quick is a flash I said "Who told you their plans?" And he says "Oh he-ll my mother in law" and walked away from me.

Well Al it was just like sometimes when they are trying a man for murder and he says he couldn't of did it because he was over to the Elite jazing when it come off and a little wile later the lawyer asks him where did he say he was at when the party was croked and he forgets what he said the 1st. time and says he was out to Lincoln Pk. kidding the bison or something and the lawyer points out to the jury where his storys don't jib and the next thing you know he is dressed up in a hemp collar a couple sizes to small.

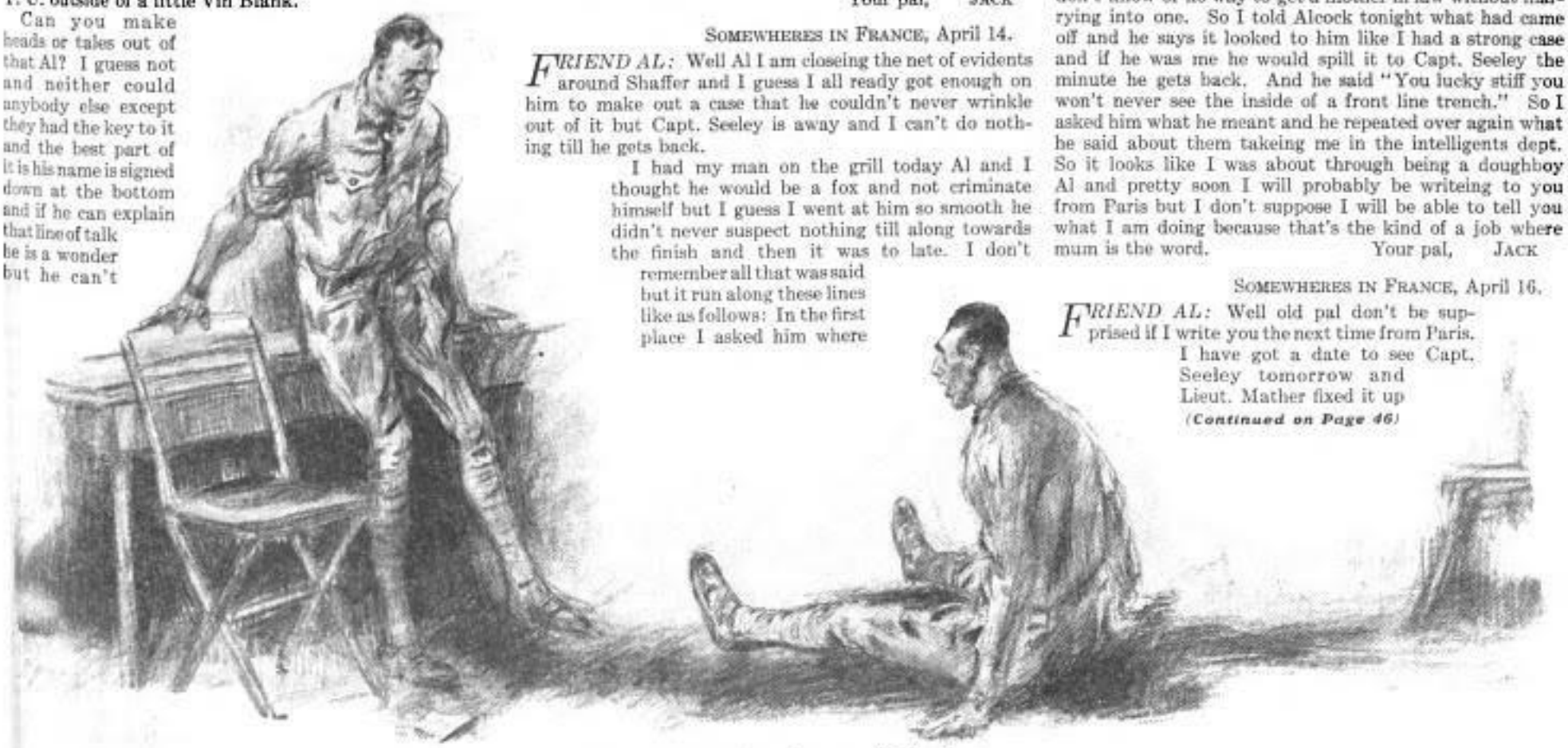
And that's the same way I triped Shaffer getting him to say he wasn't married and finely when I have him cornered he busts out about his mother in law. Well Al I don't know of no way to get a mother in law without marrying into one. So I told Alcock tonight what had came off and he says it looked to him like I had a strong case and if he was me he would spill it to Capt. Seeley the minute he gets back. And he said "You lucky stiff you won't never see the inside of a front line trench." So I asked him what he meant and he repeated over again what he said about them takeing me in the intelligents dept. So it looks like I was about through being a doughboy Al and pretty soon I will probably be writeing to you from Paris but I don't suppose I will be able to tell you what I am doing because that's the kind of a job where mum is the word.

Your pal, JACK

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, April 16.

*FRIEND AL:* Well old pal don't be supprised if I write you the next time from Paris. I have got a date to see Capt. Seeley tomorrow and Lieut. Mather fixed it up

*(Continued on Page 46)*



*I Must of Hit Something Sharp on the Way Down*

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# Bedford Loses His Business Leg

## By ROBERT R. UPDEGRAFF

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

"THE newspapers make me tired," grunted Marshall Bedford as he sat, feet crossed, his twenty-dollar tan shoes balanced precariously on the edge of the waste-basket at the side of his big mahogany desk, reading the Boston morning paper.

"What now?" ventured Potter Haskins from his desk in the corner, where he was busily engaged in opening his chief's mail.

"'Millions made in war profits; manufacturers show inordinate greed,'" read Bedford from the headlines. "They make me weary, always raving about profiteering. Why, if a man makes any money at all in business these days he's profiteering and ought to be in jail, according to the newspapers. I'd like to know how in the name of common sense they think the Government would float the Liberty Loans and raise revenue if business men didn't make lots of money. Just because some of us are long-headed and patriotic enough to see the country's need—why, the bunch of thirty-dollar-a-week-know-it-alls in the newspaper offices sling mud and yell 'Profiteer' all the time."

Throwing the paper into the basket Marshall Bedford, president and eighty-five per cent stockholder of the world-famous Bedford Shoe Corporation — the name is camouflage, as are the names of all the individuals mentioned in this story — turned to the pile of mail which his secretary had just placed on his desk, a massive piece of furniture which was oftener than not half covered with samples of the coming season's new lasts in shoes, both men's and boys', with here and there a dainty piece of feminine footwear from the new Factory G appearing among its masculine neighbors like a graceful little canoe among a fleet of big canal boats and snub-nosed little tugs.

On the top of the pile of mail was a night letter. Bedford frowned slightly as he smoothed it out and read it, then suddenly smiled.

"Ask Mr. Brink to step in, Potter; and tell him to bring the latest production report."

A minute later the door opened and Brink entered and handed his chief the production report.

"Coming up a little more all the time," Bedford mused as he tilted back his chair and ran his forefinger down the neatly typewritten columns of the report covering factories A to F for the month of October, 1917, and the first five days of November.

"Yes," said Brink, one-share secretary of the company and its efficient sales manager; "October averaged well over fifteen thousand pairs a day, not counting Factory G; and the first five days of November, since the new machines have been in operation, we've averaged nearly sixteen thousand pairs a day. Getting better prices now too."

"Yes; if we can get our production up to full sixteen thousand pairs a day and keep it there November will show a bigger profit than any two months together last year."

"Well, we'll need it," said Brink, "for if we have to take any army contracts our profits will begin to show a decline. Only yesterday Evans told me of another factory that is losing its profitable commercial business on account of its army contracts.

"Government orders don't show near the profit, with commercial prices where they are to-day."

"That's what I wanted to speak to you about. Maybe we won't have to take any government business."

"How so?" asked Brink.

For answer Bedford handed him the night letter. Brink glanced at the signature first. It was from the governor:

BOSTON, November 5, 1917.

MR. MARSHALL BEDFORD, President,
The Bedford Shoe Corporation,
Marshalltown, Massachusetts.

Will you take chairmanship of the subcommittee on shoes, of State Council of Defense, dealing with the problems connected with the production of army shoes in the factories of this Commonwealth, particularly with reference to labor and supplies of raw materials for factories working on government contracts? Meeting of all committee chairmen at my office 11 o'clock Thursday morning. Earnestly urge that you serve.

Brink read it and looked puzzled.

"Don't you see?" said Bedford, smiling shrewdly. "If I were chairman of that committee it might not look right for me to be bidding on army shoe contracts."

"Ho ho! I begin to get you!"



*"You'll Excuse His Swearin', Won't You, Sir? He Ain't a Bit Profane, Johnny Ain't. He Was Jest Jo Het Up"*

"Great guns!" exclaimed Bedford, glancing at the little gold clock on his desk. "If I'm to make that meeting I'll have to get the nine fifty-seven for Boston. Potter, my car at once."

Four minutes later Bedford sank into the fourteen-inch upholstery of his big gray limousine and was rolled luxuriously to the station, arriving just as the Boston train came rumbling in.

"Call for me at our Boston office at three this afternoon, John, and bring the new car. This one's too bumpy for long rides."

"Yes, sir," replied the chauffeur.

As the train sped Bostonward Bedford's thoughts were concerned with army shoes. When the Government had asked him to submit samples and prices on army shoes he had of course immediately ordered samples made up on the Munson last. It was hinted in the trade that two manufacturers who were no more anxious to drop any of their profitable commercial business than was he had been guilty of submitting samples to the Quartermaster's Department so poorly made that they were not calculated to pass. The pair of honestly made army shoes on the corner of his desk back in the office testified convincingly that he would stoop to no such unpatriotic expedient. They were Bedford standard all the way through, and were now ready to submit; he was only waiting for a quotation on the leather for these shoes, and that quotation was in the mail. But this invitation from the governor might prove a great business blessing! It would mean extra work, but what of that? Every man had to do his bit.

It was nearly a week after the State House conference that the telephone in Bedford's office rang for the eleventh time that morning. "Mr. Davis calling from Lynn, sir," reported Potter Haskins, answering the phone.

Bedford picked up the instrument on his own desk. "Hello, Davis; what's up now?" That "What's up now?" fairly represented Bedford's state of mind for the past week. Long ago he had discovered that being chairman of the subcommittee on shoes was not merely a nice honorary title that would help to add a little to his prestige and perhaps release him from bidding on army contracts, but that it was a real war job, with a generous touch of Shermanism attached to it.

"What? A little louder, please. . . . You say Caliway & Cox aren't shipping you enough sole leather and you can't keep up deliveries on your government contracts? . . . How much are they sending you?" Bedford picked up a pencil and made some figures on a scratch pad. "All right, I'll get right after them. Sorry you're having so much trouble. Good-by."

"Call Caliway & Cox, Potter," said Bedford irritably; "and get hold of Caliway himself. I've got to have this thing out. These government contracts simply must be given precedence, and these tanners have got to have it put up to them straight."

"Look here, Caliway," spoke Bedford ten minutes later when the head of the Boston leather firm was on the wire; "I've just had another kick about you fellows on slow deliveries on sole leather for army shoes. That's the fourth I've had this week. Now you, and half a dozen other tanners, have got to buck up and come to time on this government stuff or —— What? . . . Then cut some of your customers short on stuff for the commercial trade; the government orders have got to have priority, even if other manufacturing has to be curtailed."

At the other end of the wire in Boston, sitting in his office in the heart of the leather district, Caliway winced. Bedford was an old friend and one of his largest customers, and he knew that he must be considerably worked up to talk so harshly. Evidently as chairman of the subcommittee on shoes Bedford was having his troubles. But wasn't he, Caliway, doing his best? He wanted to help the Government, and he also wanted to take care of his old customers.

"All right," he replied, seeing red for a minute, "if I'm to keep up on deliveries on government stuff I'll have to turn down that order you sent me Wednesday for sole leather for those new fall lasts of yours. I knew I oughtn't to take it, but I was afraid you wouldn't be able to get that quantity any place else, so I thought I'd take a chance and try to take care of you. But I'll mail the order back to you."

"Oh, Caliway, don't say that, for heaven's sake!" Bedford broke in. "Cut somebody else if you have to, but don't cut us. . . . Hold on now. I'll be in Boston to-morrow and I'll run in and have a talk with you."

But Marshall Bedford did not go to Boston the next day. He went that evening, but not for the purpose of seeing Caliway. He went to catch the midnight train for New York in answer to a telegram from Hustis Wiltworth, a dollar-a-year man who was at the head of the shoe-purchasing bureau of the Quartermaster's Department, located in New York. The telegram asked if it would be convenient for Bedford to come down for an important conference. Up until the past few months Wiltworth had been a successful and very prosperous big New York shoe jobber, representing several well-known shoes. He knew the shoe business from sole leather to sales. From the minute he had closed up his jobbing business and taken hold of the bureau it had been run on a strictly business basis. He and his associates had the respect and confidence of the entire industry.

Bedford welcomed the opportunity for a session with Wiltworth, for there was much he wanted to learn about the possible needs of the Quartermaster's Department, for the information of his committee. He was glad, too, to be away from his telephone for a day, for this job of being government clearing house for trouble in the shoe industry of the state was more patriotic than pleasant. And incidentally this would give him an opportunity to explain to Wiltworth why he had not submitted samples and prices on army shoes, though he imagined Wiltworth already realized that it would not be fitting, in the light of his new position.

He put the sample pair of army shoes into his grip before leaving the office; he would take it along and show it to Wiltworth if the occasion presented itself, just as an evidence of his own good faith in planning to quote the Government prior to receiving his appointment.

At eleven o'clock the next morning, after the rest had left, Bedford and Wiltworth sat alone, chatting, in the latter's stuffy little office on the seventh floor of an East Side office building, an office that contrasted rudely with

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Wiltworth's large, airy, beautifully furnished front office in a handsome Fourth Avenue office building.

"Now that we have these other matters settled," Wiltworth was saying, "I want to ask how many pairs of army shoes your factories can turn out for us in the first four months of 1918."

After what Wiltworth had told him of the seriousness of the situation and the need for heroic measures, and after catching the big broad-gauge honest spirit of the man before him, Bedford saw matters in a new light, and felt ashamed that he had meant to try to hide behind his committee chairmanship as a pretext for not taking army shoe orders for his factories.

"Well," said Bedford, reaching into his grip for the sample pair, and thanking heaven that he had brought it along, "I want to talk to you about that. How many pairs do you think we ought to make?"

Wiltworth shook his head. "That's for you to say, not for me to dictate," he replied.

Bedford picked up a slip of paper and began figuring. On a pinch he might turn Factory A over to government orders entirely. That would mean dropping, among other good lasts, the high-price army officer's shoe for the retail trade, which was selling wonderfully well and bringing in a tidy profit. But these were war-times.

The average daily output of Factory A was approximately 2000 pairs. That would mean 56,000 pairs a month or 224,000 pairs in four months.

"Well," he announced finally, a feeling of patriotic generosity surging over him, "you can put me down for two hundred and twenty-five thousand pairs between now and April thirtieth, Mr. Wiltworth."

Wiltworth reached for a sheet headed "Production Promises" and entered with his lead pencil on the first blank line: "Bedford Shoe Corporation, April 30, 1918, 225,000 pairs."

"Say," he exclaimed suddenly, a minute later, "can't you stay down overnight and go up home with me for the evening? Mrs. Wiltworth would be delighted to see you, and there are lots more things about this army shoe business that we ought to talk over together."

"All right," agreed Bedford, mentally sweeping aside some plans of his own for the evening. He knew he ought to get all the information he could on the shoe situation to report to his committee. "I'll drop round about five o'clock."

"Better make it six; I never get away before that—my nine-to-four office hours are a thing of the past," laughed Wiltworth.

At six o'clock Bedford called at Wiltworth's office, anticipating a restful ride in the latter's big limousine out to his delightful Westchester County estate. What was his surprise, therefore, when Wiltworth explained to him as they descended in the creaky elevator that he wasn't using his limousine any more, but an "eighty-passenger Interborough"; and as he led the way across to Fourth Avenue to the Subway he explained that he had closed up his big place up in Westchester County and he and his wife were living in a little apartment up in Harlem with one maid. Didn't think it was right to have a retinue of servants when man power, which now meant woman power as well, was so precious; and as for his car, the draft had taken his chauffeur, and he didn't think it patriotic to try to find another one.

This from Wiltworth, of all men! Wiltworth, whose middle name was Luxury, and who was epicurean in everything from hors d'œuvres to Oriental rugs.

As he was squeezed forcibly into a Dyckman Street express Bedford thought guiltily of his own garage full of cars, and their two chauffeurs, his and Mrs. Bedford's.

That evening was a revelation to Bedford. He was astonished to learn, for one thing, that this camping-out business was not exactly a joke, that as a matter of fact Wiltworth was actually forced to economize because his income had practically stopped short. He had swung all of the factories he represented over to army shoes; and Bedford was amazed when Wiltworth told him that he was not taking a cent of commission on the army production of these factories he had represented for so many years. He admitted that he had a perfect right to, morally, but not patriotically.

Another fact that surprised Bedford was that the Quartermaster's Department had to figure on five to seven pairs of shoes per year for every soldier! Why, at that rate it would take enormous production to meet the Army's needs!

Wiltworth told him all he knew—which was much, because of his confidential position—of the War Department's plans to speed up the country's war preparations, and of the real seriousness of the situation. For the first time Bedford began to realize what the war was going to mean to business and to the public. It was plain to be seen that the business man and the private citizen, the ultimate consumer of peacetimes, could receive scant consideration in the face of the imperative requirements of the Army and the Navy.

Bedford left for his hotel shortly before midnight, feeling very sober indeed. One thing was sure, he would devote all his time if necessary to the work of the subcommittee on shoes. His own business could run itself; as a patriotic citizen he would devote himself to his war job.

The next morning Bedford went to Wiltworth's office to sign the contract for the 225,000 pairs of army shoes. When they were seated Wiltworth drew out the Promised Production sheet on which he had entered the Bedford Shoe Corporation's estimate the day before, and calmly asked as he rubbed out the "225,000 pairs," which he had written in lead pencil: "Now, Mr. Bedford, how many pairs of army shoes can I put you down for?"

For half a second Bedford was flabbergasted. He almost gasped. Not so much because of what his friend had asked as because of the matter-of-fact way he had asked it. It was almost uncanny; the man must be a mind reader! Then the shrewd insight that made Marshall Bedford the successful business man that he was asserted itself and he saw in a flash that the diplomacy and finesse which Wiltworth had used with such masterful success as a salesman for his own jobbing business he was now using with equal success for Uncle Sam. He had made no comment on Bedford's 225,000-pair offer the day before; he had merely taken him home with him for a little lesson in patriotism.

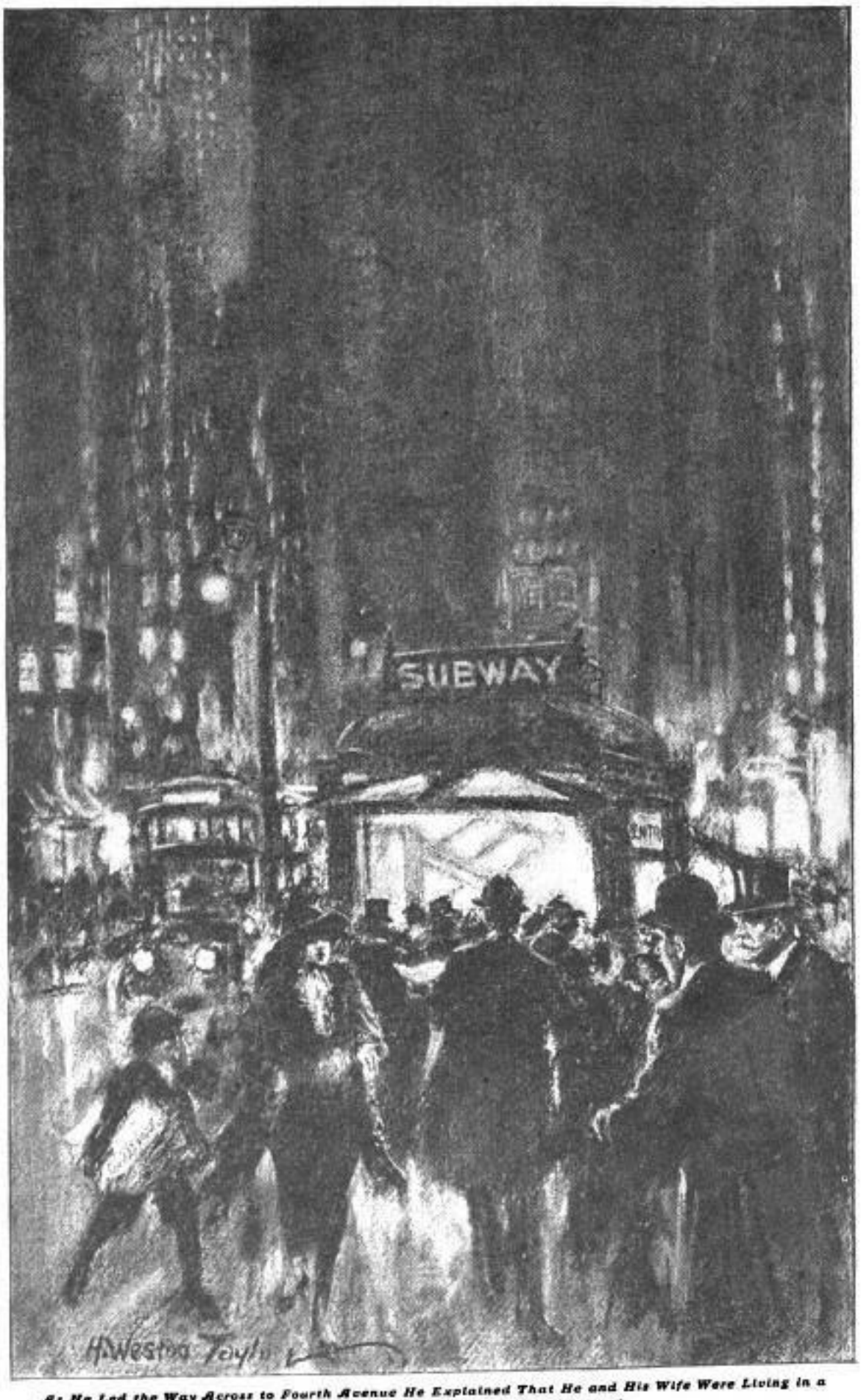
Indeed, before midnight Wiltworth's injection had begun to work in Bedford's system, and at three, as he turned over restlessly for the four-billionth time, Factory B of the Bedford Shoe Corporation had been booked for government production dating from December first.

"Double my figure of yesterday," replied Bedford with perfect composure, his training as a gentleman and a business man having won out over his first surprise. "As for the price, I'll have to figure it over again now; I'll let you know in a day or two."

The next morning, back at his desk, after clearing up the accumulated mail and telegrams of the past two days and putting in two solid hours doing telephone truant-officer work as chairman of the subcommittee on shoes, Bedford turned to the task of figuring a price on the army shoes. He had already telephoned Caliway of Caliway & Cox and told him of his need of sole leather for 450,000 pairs of the Munson last, and Caliway had quoted him a good figure and promised prompt deliveries. And he already had prices on upper leather, and everything else necessary. He could actually turn out forty-five hundred pairs a day in the two factories, but four thousand pairs was enough. He had to look out for his own interests a little.

For half an hour he figured. The tanners were giving him a specially close price on leather, there would be no selling expense on this order; they could ship in carload lots. He was surprised to find how low a figure he could quote and still make a fair profit. It figured out $5.76 a pair.

Well, there ought to be a little something extra on such an order. Unusual times ought to make unusual profits. Anyway, they ought to get a few cents a pair to sort of offset the loss of the season's sales on the officer's last and some of their other extra profitable specialties. Call it five cents; that would make the price $5.81, and that was reasonable enough for so good a shoe. He turned




*As He Led the Way Across to Fourth Avenue He Explained That He and His Wife Were Living in a Little Apartment Up in Harlem With One Maid*

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to Potter Haskins and dictated a letter to Wiltworth quoting the price.

As he finished and wadded up the sheet on which he had figured and tossed it into the wastebasket his son, Marshall, Junior, burst into his office.

"Dad, I've enlisted!" he cried proudly.

Bedford was thunderstruck. He had steeled himself to the idea of the boy's going some time, for next year he would be twenty-one and under the draft; but, parentlike, he had kept putting off the thought as long as possible, for his son was but a boy who knew nothing about the grimness of war, and who should not be expected to go until he was called.

"No!" was all he could say, hardly believing his ears.

"Yep! I'm to be in a machine-gun company!"

"In a machine-gun company!" horrified. "What made you enlist in a machine-gun company?"

"Oh, I wanted to be where there would be something doing."

Bedford groaned. "Nonsense, Marsh," he exclaimed with sudden sternness; "I refuse to permit you to enlist yet."

"Too late, dad; I've already done it."

"Marsh, Marsh, what made you do it?" exclaimed the father in deep distress.

"Why, dad, you've got no kick coming. You got me going this morning, telling me about how you'd enlisted Factories A and B that you've spent twelve years building up. If you didn't want me to enlist you oughtn't to have come home from New York all slopping over with patriotism. Why, dad," exclaimed the boy earnestly, "you know you'd expect me to feel ashamed of you if you didn't do just every little thing you could in a business way to help win this war—if you held back a shoe that would help the Government or charged a cent more than you ought to. Well, I'd expect you to feel ashamed of me if I wasn't willing to be as patriotic as my dad. We young fellows who can't help by turning important businesses over to the service of Uncle Sam have got to take guns over there and fight. You furnish the shoes, dad, and I'll furnish the shoots! Got to go home now and break the news to mother. See you at dinner. So long."

And before Bedford could speak the door slammed and his boy had gone.

He sat for four full minutes looking unseeingly at the little gold clock on his desk. A machine-gun company—he wanted to be "where there would be something doing." "You'd expect me to feel ashamed of you . . . if you held back a shoe that would help the Government or charged a cent more than you ought to." A flush of shame spread over Bedford's face and heart. He had been patting himself on the back for his patriotism, when as a matter of fact, judging by his own son's standard, he was a slacker and a profiteer!

He fumbled in the wastebasket and drew out the sheet on which he had so recently figured the price on the army shoe. Smoothing it out he looked at it. What right had the Bedford Shoe Corporation to that extra five cents a pair? And why shouldn't he give the Army the complete output of Factories A and B?

"Potter," he said suddenly, "I've made a mistake of five cents a pair in that letter to Mr. Wiltworth. It figures $5.76 instead of $5.81. And tell Mr. Wiltworth that we figure on turning out five hundred pairs a day more than I mentioned to him."

And Marshall Bedford locked his desk and went home to see his boy and stand by the boy's mother.



*He Paused, Then Turned and Pointed to a Little Cigar Store Two Doors From the Corner*

II

ON SUNDAY, January twenty-seventh, the midnight train out of New York for Washington carried a restless passenger in Upper Twelve, Car Four. Climbing into his berth at eleven o'clock, Marshall Bedford had squirmed awkwardly out of his clothes, crawled between the sheets, turned his back resolutely to the aisle and tried to go to sleep. But sleep was not to be coaxed to his wide-awake eyes. Whether it was the unaccustomed altitude of his berth that bothered his lower-berth sensibilities, or the glare from the aisle lights, or the evening spent with Hustis Wiltworth that kept him awake Bedford could not tell at first. But when he found himself admitting grudgingly that an upper berth was after all a trifle more springy and comfortable and airy than a lower, and after the porter had turned out the lights, then Bedford knew that it was the session with Wiltworth that was responsible for his wakefulness.

He had met the latter at his club and they had dined together and then sat for three hours discussing army shoes. He had expected to receive warm commendation from Wiltworth for his patriotic action in turning the complete production capacity of Factory B as well as Factory A over to army shoes. And Wiltworth certainly had thanked him. But one sentence stuck in Bedford's mind: "Our bureau is leaving it largely to the individual manufacturer to decide how patriotic he wants to be in this matter of turning over his facilities to the Government."

It was not the sentence itself as Bedford analyzed it, lying there in his berth, but the way Wiltworth had said it, that made it stick in his mind. Somehow it had almost sounded as though Wiltworth did not think the Bedford Shoe Corporation was doing enough!

The sentence revolved and revolved in Bedford's brain. A man of clear concise thought, he did not often let his mind get thus muddled up with a chance sentence. Was it the expression in Wiltworth's big gray eyes or the inflection of the words "how patriotic" that had left the peculiarly disconcerting impression?

"How patriotic"—why there was only one degree of patriotism possible. Could it be that Wiltworth really felt that the Bedford Shoe Corporation should take over an even larger chunk of the army-shoe manufacturing?

(Continued on Page 97)

# SAVING AND SERVING

## By Floyd W. Parsons

PHOTOGRAPHS FURNISHED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

THERE is no doubt that all of America is awake and that the whole nation is in the war with both feet. The chief questions to-day are: To what degree are we willing to carry our individual sacrifices? How great is the personal responsibility we each propose to assume? The fellow in Europe who upset the hive is going to get blessed well stung. But the speed of victory depends on the size and force of our collective effort. This is a time when danger and indifference grow on one stalk. Down in Washington are famous college presidents and great captains of industry working for the Government day and night without thought of recompense. These men need no urging, for war to them is real indeed since their sons are on the battle front in France and they are determined that their boys shall not outdo them in patriotic service. Nor is it necessary to preach duty to the housewife whose husband has gone across, or to the old coal miner who, though retired, has given up his well-earned chair and pipe to go back underground and mine coal to make shells for his grandson Jack to shoot at the Huns.

Not one American in a hundred to-day is inactive through desire, but to many the war is so very distant. These are the ones who kick for more sugar, damn the bread, criticize the coal companies and curse the railroads. If the majority of our citizens were of this species we should be about as safe as a cathedral in Belgium, and soon the Teutons would make our eastern coast look like Resurrection Day. It is all very well to commence slowly, for delay is better than disaster; but there is a time to execute as well as deliberate, and the hour has come for us to strike with all the vigor we possess. This is an era when our existence is not measured by figures on a calendar but by epochs made up of deeds. We must keep the needle of our purpose pointing steadily to a single resolve, and we must be ever on the alert to show the industrial slackers and the people who insist on living in the normal pre-war fashion that as citizens and friends they are about as welcome as a gas attack. Deeds are the fruits; words only the leaves. It is the empty vessel and the wagon without a load that make the most noise.

The men appointed to direct our war work are coming to realize full well that only through establishing confidence can they gain the complete trust and the resulting maximum coöperation of the people. Ulcers that are hidden cannot be handily cured, and it is a part of our democratic plan to air our mistakes to the rim of high heaven. But not all of our achievements have been in error, and I want to tell something of a few things that have been accomplished.

Good savers are good servers, and the months of labor of the Conservation Division of the War Industries Board in Washington bears out the truth of this thought. Surprising results have been attained along lines of economy in the consumption of wool, leather, tin, paint, rubber, steel, furniture, hardware and agricultural implements. The accomplishments up to date are all the more creditable when we bear in mind that in most industries it is impossible to effect savings through radical changes without giving the people engaged in the business several months' notice concerning the proposed new restrictions.

Let us briefly survey the wool situation. It is estimated that the Army, Navy and Red Cross requirements for the next twelve months will be 900,000,000 pounds of wool, while this country's annual production will total less than 300,000,000 pounds. In the face of such a situation it is unlikely any considerable quantity of wool will be available for civilian uses in future months. Australia, South America—particularly Argentina—and South Africa will furnish us with the larger part of the wool we consume, and it is evident that every pound we save is likewise a pound of shipping saved.

The average soldier uses sixty-five pounds of wool a year; the average civilian, five pounds. With only 3,000,000 men under arms, therefore, we create immediately an additional requirement of 180,000,000 pounds. Both men and women will have to wear plainer clothes and only styles that are economical in yardage. Next year there will be only ten styles of men's sack suits—that is, each manufacturer will have to limit his output to ten styles, which compares with a production by individual firms of thirty to forty styles for men heretofore. In the past there were twenty-two styles of boys' suits, but from now on there will be but three. These restrictions will save much wool in the matter of samples and the consequent reduction in dealers' stocks, but the greater economy will come from cutting out features such as belts, flaps, pleats, cuffs, patch pockets, double-breasted sack coats and vests and detachable linings in all double coats. Only one vent will be allowed in the skirt of a coat, and the length will be limited to thirty inches based on a thirty-six size. Coat facings are not to exceed four and one-half inches in width, and waistcoat facings shall not be more than one and three-quarter inches wide. Side and back straps and flaps are to be eliminated from trousers, and in overcoats there will be savings from cutting out all double-breasted models and from reducing the length.

Surprising economies have been effected through reducing the size of the swatches, or samples, that the salesmen carry. These samples have been cut down to a six-by-nine-inch size, and the saving therefrom will average better

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than twenty per cent, or 450,000 yards of cloth. Through all branches of the clothing industry the saving for twelve months from current regulations is placed at three million yards of cloth.

Perhaps one of the most interesting of recent developments in wool conservation is the design of a cotton blanket that may be substituted for the more common wool blanket in military and civilian use. One-quarter-inch cotton blankets are now being made that are as warm as one-quarter-inch wool blankets. The former are close woven with a thick nap. Certain styles of cotton blankets are now actually warmer than the woolen products. Careful tests have shown that if we rate a five-pound all-wool blanket at 100, these special designs of cotton blankets will run 126 in heat-retaining qualities. The United States Bureau of Standards in connection with certain manufacturers is endeavoring to perfect a cloth that will contain certain percentages of virgin wool, cotton and reworked wool, and that will possess wearing qualities and give a desirable appearance.

Though it is true that our climate does not permit us to grow the highest grade of wool, the industry can and should be materially enlarged. Eighty-four per cent of the farms in the United States have no sheep, while it is a fact that these valuable animals can be raised profitably on almost any kind of farm in the ratio of one sheep to every three acres, without interfering with other livestock or agricultural products. Basing our estimates on present values sheep can be raised more economically than any other kind of livestock. They can subsist largely on forage, weeds and grass, and they eat almost nothing that has value as human food. Labor requirements are also less. One thing is sure—we cannot have much wool for civilian uses unless civilians get busy and raise it.

### Cotton Substitutes

WE ALSO have a problem facing us in the matter of a sufficient supply of cotton. The crop in the South will be large, but the enormous production hoped for in Texas has met with disaster. Economy in cotton consumption, therefore, must be stringent. The war has developed many uses for cotton that are new. Formerly linen was used exclusively for airplane wings because it did not rip when punctured by a bullet; but the world's supply of flax, from which linen was made, came principally from Belgium, and when Germany captured these fields other nations had to look for a linen substitute. The solution of the problem was realized through the production of a mercerized cotton fabric which possesses the favorable linen characteristics without its brittleness. The cotton industry has rendered the nation a further service by developing a special cloth which makes an excellent substitute for the rubber gas masks and rubber coats so necessary to the Army.

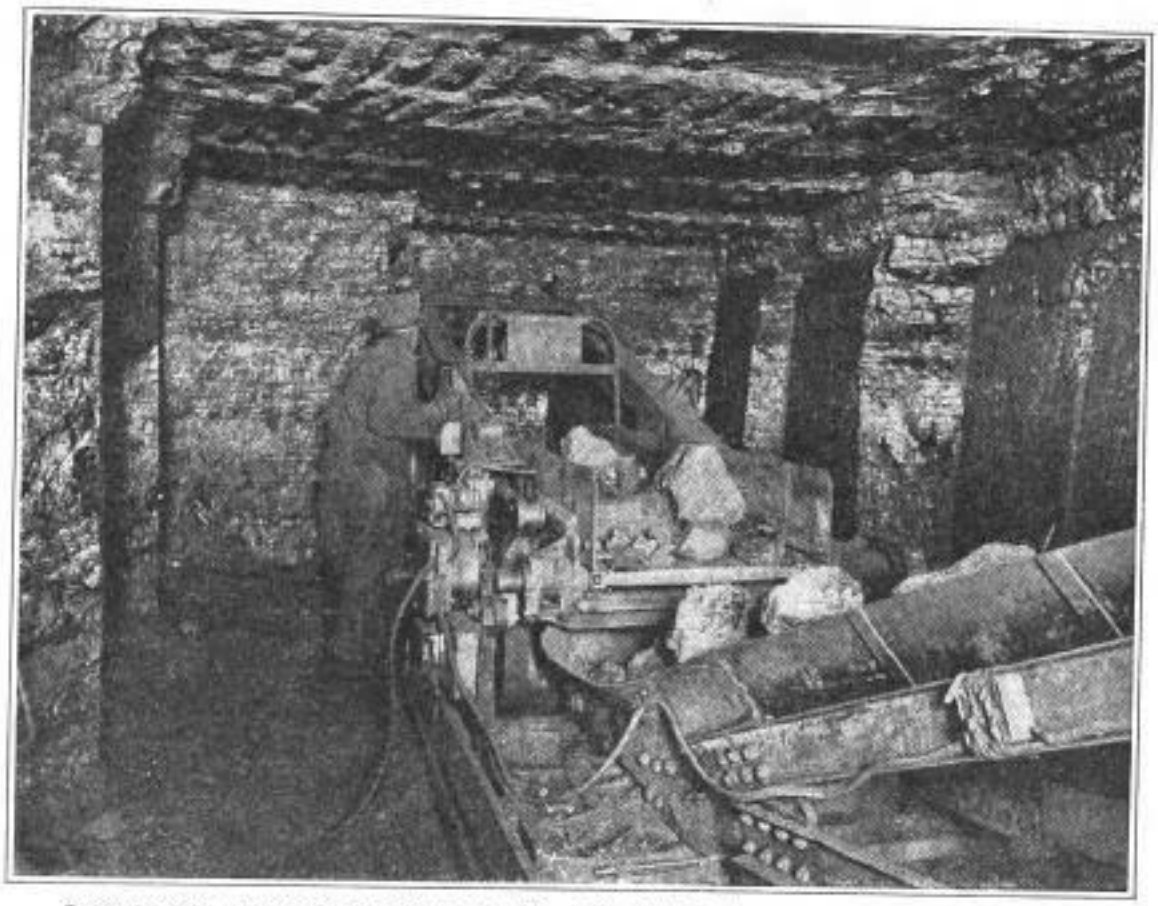
In order to show the extent to which cotton is employed for war purposes it is only necessary to state that the Navy recently ordered 200,000,000 yards of cotton gauze for surgical purposes. This yardage would reach from Washington to the battle front in France and back seventeen times, or lap the earth four times with a good margin left over. A second order of the Navy called for 85,000,000 yards of blue and brown denims, which alone is equal to one-third the total annual productive capacity for this cloth in the United States. During this past summer the various branches of the military service purchased nearly 30,000,000 pieces of summer underwear and upward of 14,000,000 pairs of cotton socks, not to mention large quantities of other articles composed wholly or in part of cotton.

Not everyone knows that cotton is a very important war essential entirely aside from its uses in the manufacture of cloth and oil. It is the short fuzz on the cotton seeds that is converted into nitro cotton—a most important ingredient of explosives. All of the smokeless powders used by the Army and Navy are dissolved cotton, while this same product in another form is the basis of the films for still and moving pictures. The surgeon and scientist find abundant use for the cotton product collodion, in sealing wounds and preparing laboratory materials. Even that annoying corn on our little toe is treated with a cotton solution, while the dainty toilet articles on milady's dresser that so resemble ivory are manufactured from this same wonderful product. It is helping us bridge over the shortage in leather through providing us with a substitute, and is earning a high place on the roster of human necessities.

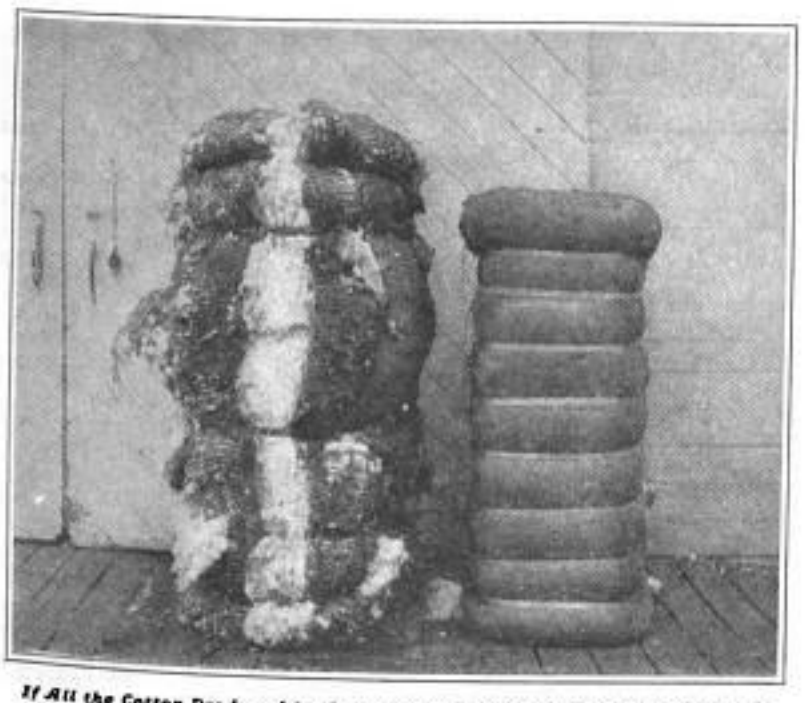
This wider employment of cotton, however, renders it advisable that we seek all possible substitutes, and considerable progress has been made along such lines of relief. Paraffin paper is now being offered as a substitute for gauze and has proved especially valuable in the treatment of burns. Chemists have also developed a successful wood-pulp absorbent resembling cotton for surgical dressings. An important discovery by a Japanese in California has to do with the production of an excellent substitute for cotton from two kinds of seaweed. They are boiled together in water with wood ashes and then in water mixed with rice bran. The material is then bleached and fibers suitable for manufacture into textiles are extracted. Since the supply of seaweed is practically inexhaustible such a process if refined and put into commercial practice would help materially in relieving a strained situation.




*A Traveling Anti-Waste Exhibit in a Large Manufacturing Plant Where Thousands are Employed*



*Every Effort is Being Made to Devise Machines That Will Produce More Coal With Fewer Men. Here is a Mechanical Device That Mines the Coal and Conveys it to the Car*



*If All the Cotton Produced in America Were Properly Subjected to High-Density Baling, Dozens of Ships and Thousands of Cars Would be Released for Other War Supplies. These Bales Weigh Practically the Same*

### Economies in Steel

IN CONSERVING the nation's supply of steel the Government is working along extremely sane lines. Investigations have been made of all sources of consumption, and curtailments have been ordered in such a way that the greater savings will come from eliminating waste due largely to varied tastes. The more we study our national industrial situation the more evident it becomes that most of our extravagances, as well as our discontents, rise from humoring our desires rather than from satisfying our wants.

Take our agricultural industry. Here it has been found possible to cut out more than 2000 sizes and types of farming implements, exclusive of rakes, harrows, harvesting machines, and so on. This reduction will leave 600 types for present and future use. In the matter of buggies and spring wagons a ninety-five per cent reduction in types has been ordered. This will leave one style of buggy and two styles of spring wagons. In farm wagons there will be only one-fifth as many styles and but one standard tread. There have been 287 sizes and types of auto tires, which are now cut to thirty-three and will be cut to nine in two years. There were approximately 550 types of metal beds; in the future there will be only thirty.

It is considered certain that such reductions in variety will bring about a material saving in steel. It is further believed that the adoption of these and similar schedules will reduce the amount of material in stock, and decrease the capital tied up by the manufacturer and dealer. There will also be savings from making fewer parts, for it takes time to change the rolls. The manufacturer can profitably melt down some of these same rolls, for they are made of a grade of steel that is much needed in war work.

Material savings are being effected in a number of industries where the average layman would naturally anticipate very slight opportunities for worth-while economies. For instance, in the manufacture of women's corsets the consumption of steel totals 15,000 tons annually. Some saving is possible here, but expert opinion brought forth the fact that these steel corsets are quite essential to many women, especially those engaged in various forms of physical labor. It is expected that several thousand tons of steel will be saved by curtailments in the manufacture of caskets and by regulations covering the design and production of stoves and furnaces. A considerable economy will result from reducing the height of metal beds and from eliminating many ideas embodied in their manufacture, based on nothing more substantial than ornamental fancy. In the

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# THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

## By Julian Street

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

TO SAY that either one of them was actually light-headed on that sultry afternoon when they sat in the shade of a great tree in the château garden and, with me as listener, conversed upon the character of woman, would perhaps be to overstate, though certainly they were not normal. As for myself, having been wounded at Bois Fleury five weeks before, I was much further advanced toward recovery than they; for though our cases were similar, both of them had fallen in the more recent fighting about Montigny Wood. It was, indeed, the similarity of our cases that brought us together. Being fractured legs—and in the case of the major an elbow too—we had been evacuated from base hospitals to this modernized fifteenth-century palace on the Loire, where Doctor Bronson, the great Iowa orthopedist, with his staff, has been miraculously mending men since the winter of 1915–16.

I was enjoying my second week out-of-doors in a wheel chair; the two others, very thin and with hospital pallor showing curiously beneath the remnants of battle-field bronze, were out for the first time. None of us had met before, nor did we so much as know one another's names; in the early process of recuperation one doesn't care what people's names are; one lies or sits, as the case may be, and wonders how long it will be before one gets about again, and whether one will be as good as new when healed; and one dreams of getting back to the Front if recovery means that, or of getting back home if it does not. And of course there is inevitably a woman about whom one thinks and would like to talk.

Over here in France nostalgia troubles us enough when we are well; we are constantly endeavoring to become intimate enough with this comrade or that to warrant talking about "her" and showing "her" picture; but whereas when we are strong our activities and such natural reserve as we may have and the consciousness that every other soldier, from private to general, has a girl to talk about, combine to repress our expansive instincts, it is different when we are casualties. Then we are idle, bored, impatient, weak. We want a listener, nor do we greatly care who he may be or whether he listens out of interest, courtesy, pity or because he cannot get away. What we crave is the sound of our own voice mentioning familiar places and people; for all our thinking of them does not conjure them half so close as talking brings them.

The captain and I, deposited by our Red Cross nurses under the great tree's spreading branches, had begun to get acquainted. He was a man of about thirty years, spoke with the accent of the South, and had large blue eyes, earnest and ingenuous, like those of a solemn child. I was becoming conscious of an effort on his part, at once amusing and pathetic, so to direct the conversation that presently he could speak of the woman who was on his mind, when a pretty blond nurse wheeled the major up, and without so much as by-your-leave made him a member of our group, saying "Now you three can visit for a while."

The newcomer was a handsome aquiline man, nearer forty than thirty, with a calm, intelligent, humorous dark eye and an air of breeding and sophistication.

"I hope you don't object to my joining you, gentlemen?" he asked as the pretty nurse took her way back along the gravel walk toward the lace-carved limestone portal of the château. His eyes, following the graceful receding figure, held the shadow of a quizzical smile as he added: "My nurse didn't give you much choice in the matter."

We assured him he was welcome. I observed that the captain also looked after the nurse, but with a wistful expression.

"She's beautiful!" he murmured.

"Yes," replied the major; "and beautiful women generally know that they can do with us as they will. No doubt that is why she failed to consult you before depositing me here."

"I wasn't thinking of that," replied the captain, still looking up the walk over which the nurse had passed. "I was thinking she looked a little like a girl I know at home."

"Then," said the major, "you know a mighty pretty girl at home."



"The Plaintive Notes, Heard Too Regularly, Became a Whine"

"She's more than that," said the captain. "She's like an angel."

The major nodded. "It's the angel type," he said—"the golden-haired, calla-lily sort of girl, with eyes in which a tender look can be turned on at will."

"Rather," corrected the captain, "in which a tender look resides because a tender soul looks out through the eyes. It is their expression that makes such women look angelic, and it must be the touch of real angel in them that makes the expression."

"That at least is what they wish us to think," the major said.

"But don't you think so?"

"Why not consider pretty women simply as pretty women?" asked the major in reply. "What is the use in confusing them with angels? What do we know about angels, anyway? Even less than we know about women. And if we start mixing up the two in our minds doesn't that muddle us all the more? I prefer to consider women as human beings with foibles and frailties corresponding to those of men. A lot of the trouble in this world comes from the fact that men won't do that. They won't accept woman as an equal—or an inferior—but are determined to set her up as something to be worshiped. They are always ready to construct, upon the foundation of mere physical beauty, a shimmering superhuman structure which they proclaim to be her character, but which as a matter of fact has no existence save in the masculine imagination. Woman knows that she is human, but she is flattered by such nonsense and therefore encourages man in his delusions."

The captain was gazing at the major with a look between astonishment and horror.

"But surely, sir," he exclaimed, "you wouldn't say that a woman who looks like an angel and whose every action bears out the ——"

"I'm generalizing, of course," said the other.

"But don't you believe that physiognomy almost invariably reflects character?"

"In men—yes," the major replied. "A man of peculiar intellectuality, integrity, force, daring, or what not, usually carries in his face the signs of his outstanding trait. We see that in the service, over here. But with women it is different. Some of the best women in the world haven't a sign of beauty or even of expression. Likewise many women with bad faces possess admirable traits. Sheer beauty indicates little or nothing. One of the prettiest women I ever saw was a murderess—one of those murderesses who can't be convicted and who, after the trial, draw large salaries in vaudeville. Another was a showgirl with the face of an angel, the figure of a bacchante, and the principles of a Neapolitan *camorrista*. All my experience indicates that whereas a man's face is revealing, a woman's is concealing; that great beauty in a woman blinds men as automobile headlights blind small animals. Perhaps a rabbit thinks an automobile is an angel—until it hits him. Who knows? Aside from the pleasure it affords the eye, beauty is nothing but a danger signal. Nor is that an offhand conclusion. As a matter of fact I am here—a more or less shattered soldier—because of the most angelic-looking woman I have ever seen."

"But so am I!" the captain exclaimed.

The major smiled. "I'm here," he said, "to get away from her."

The captain stared.

"But," he cried, "I can't —— That is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of!"

"In what respect?" inquired the other.

"Why, that one of us should—and that the other—that our experiences must have been so utterly unlike!"

"She made you happy?"

"No," returned the captain after a moment's hesitation, "she didn't."

"They seldom do."

"But it wasn't her fault," the captain put in quickly. "She made a sacrifice requiring the greatest nobility of character—the greatest self-abnegation." He was gazing out across the garden and there was a remote look in his eyes, as though he saw a vision of her there amid the flowers and the swimming sunlight.

For a time we were silent, each of us dwelling with his own thoughts.

"I judge from your speech," said the major to the captain presently, "that you are from the South?"

"Yes," replied the latter, still gazing at the garden. "Atlanta."

"I don't know the South. Are you by any chance acquainted with New England?"

"Not at all."

"I come from Boston."

"I'm a Californian," I said in reply to a look of interrogation from the major. "I never was east of the Rockies until I came on with my unit, to sail."

"Good," he said. "We don't know one another or one another's habitat; I haven't heard your names and you probably haven't heard mine. Moreover, one of you is an engineer and the other a medical man, while I'm an infantryman due to go home pretty soon with a worthless elbow. The chances are we'll never meet again after we leave here. We are, in effect, Canterbury pilgrims. Well, then, suppose we make our present situation count for something.

"What do you say to throwing the conventions overboard and telling our respective stories instead of talking abstractions all round them?"

The captain looked interested.

"It will entertain us," pursued the major, "and will do no one any harm, since it is practically impossible that any one of us might know the ladies figuring in the tales related by the others."

"I must admit," the captain said, "that I have the greatest curiosity to hear the story that accounts for such conclusions as you have expressed."

"And I," the major returned with a little smile, "should like to hear about the lady who not only looked an angel

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but proved to be one. Who knows but she may restore my faith in the type?"

"I should like to hear both," I declared, "though I can offer nothing in return. I'm engaged to a dark-eyed girl with freckles; she is stockily built, untemperamental, and has an overdeveloped right arm and a hideous collection of silver cups which she has won at tennis. She's just a comfortable kind of girl with no story to her. If I get home we shall marry, settle on a ranch, play tennis, ride good horses and raise a family of freckled children—at least I hope they'll be freckled."

"Great!" said the captain.

"Yes," agreed the major. "Long may you play doubles. We'll chalk you up as having told your story." Then, to the captain: "And now may we have yours?"

"Any value that there may be in my story," began the captain slowly when we had lighted fresh cigarettes and settled ourselves comfortably, "depends upon a comprehension of the woman I had hoped to marry; and that, unfortunately, is something I can hardly give you. There was a radiance, a glory about her beauty that acted on the senses as glittering sunlight acts upon the eyes. That is not hyperbole. It is fact. Men were dazzled by her, and even women could not debate whether or not she was beautiful. They didn't want to debate it, either, for her beauty had a purely spiritual quality that made everybody love her. Yet she was perfectly unconscious of the stupendous effect that she created.

"Her hair was the color of pure old gold—not the touched-up imitation, but the real thing—and was piled up in a soft coronal which caught the light in such a way as to suggest a shimmering halo. Her complexion was beyond all art; her features were classic but were lightened by the play of expression over her face, especially about the mouth—which was of the most delightful ductility—and the large, well-separated gray-blue eyes; for there was no phase of feeling, from the greatest tenderness and compassion to the most perfect appreciation of the whimsical, that was a stranger to her or that her mouth and eyes failed to reflect.

"I first saw her at a ball at a winter resort in the South, where she was stopping with her mother. Her praises had already been sung to me, and I was prepared to be disappointed. Then I saw her, and the first thing I thought of was that she looked like an angel out of heaven.

"Something—I do not know what—made me avoid meeting her that evening. I simply took a place where I could watch her, and so far as possible never lost sight of her until about eleven, when she took her mother upstairs. The mother, I learned, was a widow, a semi-invalid, and it was characteristic of the daughter that instead of taking her mother up, leaving her in her room and returning to the ballroom, she did not come back. She was always like that—always a model of devotion.

"That night I knew that there was such a thing as love at first sight—something I had not hitherto believed in." He turned upon the major a look of inquiry mingled with gentle defiance as he added: "Probably *you* don't believe in it now?"

"I have experienced something of the sort myself," the other replied. "I'll tell you of it later."

The admission seemed to encourage the captain.

"I met her next day," he continued, "and thenceforth I hardly knew myself. I should explain that I had always been diffident with women. Southern men, remembering the heroism of their women in the war between the States, are said to have a tendency to exalt the sex, but in my case it was more than that. Shyness with me amounted to an affliction. Yet now, in the presence of the most fascinating woman I had ever known, a woman constantly surrounded by men, I acquired ease and confidence in a degree that actually amazed me. Instead of feeling that I was the least favored of her admirers, I knew, as though she herself had told me so in words, that my chances were of the best. Instead of feeling, as usual, that I was being tolerated, I felt certain, when I had known her but a few weeks, that she cared for me. But perhaps the greatest proof of our extraordinary companionableness lay not so much in what we said to each other as in what we did not say—that is, in the long exquisite silences that fell between us, when we seemed to vibrate to each other's thought. That was the keynote of our relationship—understanding."

"You felt," interrupted the major, who had listened attentively, "not only that she understood you but that you understood her equally well?"

"Oh, yes," said the captain. "She herself said that no one had ever understood her as I did."

"A woman used to tell me that," said the major with a reminiscent smile.

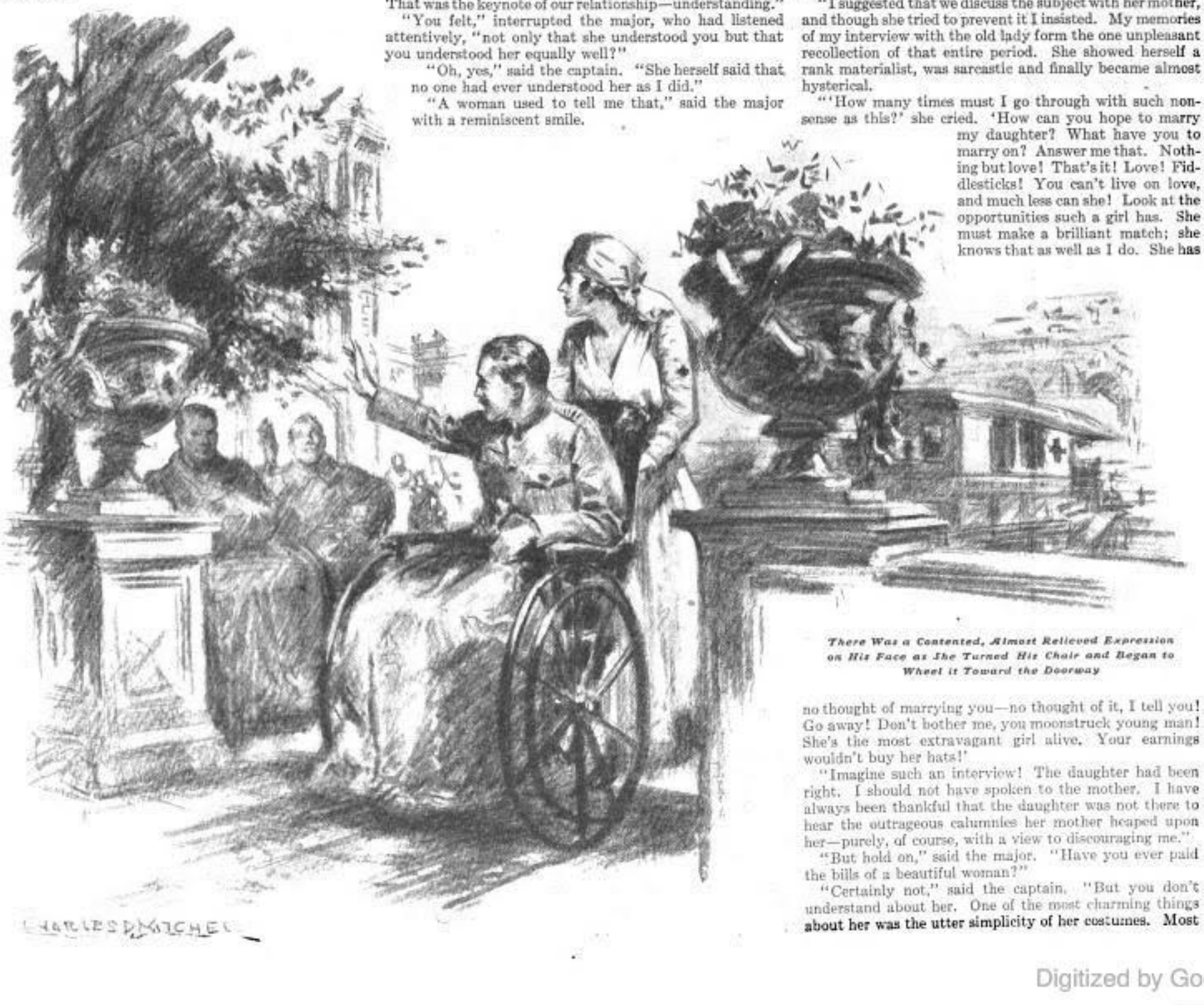
"Then you know how wonderful a relationship like that can be," said the captain. "In less than a month we were engaged. We were out sailing on a glorious moonlight night when I told her that I loved her and asked her to be my wife. According to my nature, to common sense, and to everything I had heard of such affairs, I should have been in terror lest she refuse me. But I was not. I was not afraid, but spoke with a kind of exultant confidence. Please believe it wasn't vanity in me. It had nothing to do with vanity. There had been some subtle sort of communication. Our love was understood without the speaking of a word.

"Of her circumstances I knew in a general way that she and her mother lived on an income left to them by her father. The mother was, as I have said, an invalid, and had to be taken here and there for her health. The daughter was at times like a trained nurse to her, and stood ready always to abandon her pleasures at the mother's slightest whim. The old lady was autocratic, high-tempered, exacting, querulous—not at all an agreeable person.

"I had been employed for some years by a firm of constructing engineers and was at this time about to launch out for myself. So far as the prospects for our marriage were concerned, this meant one of two things: Either we might marry soon and scrape along on my small income until I built up a good business, or we might wait and see how the new venture turned out. As the latter course might entail a delay of several years I naturally favored the immediate plunge. I felt that with her as my wife there was no obstacle I could not overcome. She, however, was saner. She pointed out that while a wife might encourage a man, so could the desire to marry encourage him; that whereas a fiancée did not hamper a man, a wife and family very definitely hampered him; and that in justice to us both I ought to be absolutely free and alone to make my fight for success. Moreover, of course her mother would have to live with us, and again there might be children, so that as a married man I should have to shoulder a good deal of additional expense and responsibility.

"I suggested that we discuss the subject with her mother, and though she tried to prevent it I insisted. My memories of my interview with the old lady form the one unpleasant recollection of that entire period. She showed herself a rank materialist, was sarcastic and finally became almost hysterical.

"'How many times must I go through with such nonsense as this?' she cried. 'How can you hope to marry my daughter? What have you to marry on? Answer me that. Nothing but love! That's it! Love! Fiddlesticks! You can't live on love, and much less can she! Look at the opportunities such a girl has. She must make a brilliant match; she knows that as well as I do. She has



*There Was a Contented, Almost Relieved Expression on His Face as She Turned His Chair and Began to Wheel it Toward the Doorway*

no thought of marrying you—no thought of it, I tell you! Go away! Don't bother me, you moonstruck young man! She's the most extravagant girl alive. Your earnings wouldn't buy her hats!'

"Imagine such an interview! The daughter had been right. I should not have spoken to the mother. I have always been thankful that the daughter was not there to hear the outrageous calumnies her mother heaped upon her—purely, of course, with a view to discouraging me."

"But hold on," said the major. "Have you ever paid the bills of a beautiful woman?"

"Certainly not," said the captain. "But you don't understand about her. One of the most charming things about her was the utter simplicity of her costumes. Most

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women couldn't wear such plain things, but she was so superb, so statuesque that she adorned and enriched the simplest attire."

"No doubt," said the major politely. "I was thinking of my own experience. I have generally found that the more beautiful a woman is the more clothes mean to her. Also as one who has paid the dressmakers' bills of a beauty who affected astonishing simplicity, I should say offhand that the truly superb simplicity of which you speak is an effect attained only by the smartest and most costly dressmakers."

"Well," returned the captain, "though I don't pretend to know about women's clothes I do know about this woman. She was the sort who is absolutely above clothes; she wasn't conscious of them; she would simply wear something and, whatever it might be, look wonderful. She couldn't have been extravagant! That was out of the question. She hadn't the money." He sighed, threw away the end of his cigarette, looked out over the baking garden and added: "And that was what put an end to things for us."

"Money, you mean?"

"Yes. We were engaged for two years. During that time I saw her only twice. I worked like a dog and sacrificed all pleasures in order to save. Things began to look up. My business grew. Then, just as it began to appear we should soon be able to marry, these damned boches undertook to upset the world, and construction work in my line practically ceased. At first we hoped the war would end quickly—everybody thought so—but pretty soon we saw that it was not going to do that, and our hopes began to melt like soap bubbles. When I realized that it meant another long wait I wanted to go and see her and talk it over, but in the interest of economy I abandoned the idea. Nothing I ever did took more force of character than that one piece of self-denial. Meanwhile, I kept telling myself that bad as things were they might be ever so much worse. After all, it was not as though I had lost her.

"Then came a letter. I can't say just what it was about that letter that alarmed me. Outwardly there was nothing. But between the lines I read disaster. Immediately I telegraphed that I was coming, but before I could leave there came a wire from her asking me to await a second letter. Had I followed my impulse and taken the first train my story might perhaps have a different ending. However, I did not. And when the letter came it was too late. She had burned her bridges behind her. She was already married to another man."

"She did that?" exclaimed the major after a pregnant pause. "And yet you never blamed her?"

"Not after the first burst of pain," said the captain; "and even then I could blame her only for having withheld the facts which she revealed for the first time in that final letter. What could she do? Her mother's health had caused them to live for years beyond their income. Their principal was exhausted. She had staked their last dollars against my chances of success. Well then—to that extent which of us had failed the other? Wasn't it I who had failed her rather than she who had failed me?"

"You're a white man!" gasped the major.

"Not particularly," said the captain, embarrassed at this turn of things. "Look at it from any side you like—what could she do? As she said in the letter, she herself could have lived on a small sum had she been alone. She would have asked nothing better than to have worked and supported herself until we could marry. But under the circumstances that was obviously out of the question. The constant attention required by her mother necessitated her remaining at home. And even had that difficulty been eliminated, how could a girl like that earn enough to send her mother with an attendant to the South in the winter and the mountains in the summer—as the physicians pronounced necessary? You see it was an *impasse* for us. Poor girl! God, what a heart she had! Even as she wrote that letter she was not thinking of the horror she herself faced but of the suffering to be endured by me.

"For a number of years a man of wealth had been paying her attention. Time and again she had refused him, but he had known her circumstances, and waited. And at last the waiting game had won. 'I have told him frankly,' she wrote, 'that I do not love him, that I can never love him, but that I will marry him in order to provide for mother if he wishes to accept me upon such terms. He is ready to do so. We are to be married at once.'

"Imagine a man who would drive a bargain like that with a sensitive and spiritual woman!"

"It is hard to fancy such a creature," said the major thoughtfully. "Offhand he seems rather like an ogre in a fairy tale."

"Yes," agreed the captain. "Not only that unimaginable man but the whole episode has always seemed unreal to me. No doubt that very fact helped me to sustain the shock. For some months I went about like a man mercifully drugged. Then presently, when I began to get my feet on the ground again and saw that there was nothing to work for any more, I closed out the remnants of my business, and as soon as possible went into a training camp. And so at last I got over here in time to stop a machine-gun bullet."

"You never saw her again?"

"Just once, and quite by chance. After preliminary training my unit was transported to an embarkation camp near New York. On my first leave spent in the city I found myself thinking constantly of her, and even imagining that I heard her voice behind me or glimpsed her approaching in the crowd. I didn't know that she was in New York; I didn't know where she might be; but the thought of meeting her haunted me. Of course I had long wished passionately to know how life was using her, whether she had found it endurable, whether or not she had changed greatly; and yet I was afraid to know. I used to take out the picture of her that I always carried, look at it, and try to imagine what it would be like now, if she were really there before me in the flesh. How would it affect me, I wondered? Would the old anguish be rekindled, or was there no more feeling left for it to feed upon? I did not know.

"One afternoon, a few days before we were to sail, I went with some of our fellows to an officers' club which had been opened in the former residence of a wealthy citizen. Ascending the stairs I had a presentiment of her, so strong that on reaching the room above, where some ladies were acting as hostesses, I feared to look up. And when I did look up it was to find her standing there.

"I don't know what we said at first, but I remember having the illusion that my body had melted like wax and that my spirit was living vapor, floating in the air. I was invisible except my eyes, which were kept from vanishing only by the intensity with which they held to her. I remember seeing her walk downstairs and enter her automobile while, as it seemed to me, I floated along like a toy balloon attached to her by a thread.

"In her limousine we drove out into the country, and then back—for I had to be at camp again that night. It was a strange talk we had. There was so much that was trembling, quivering, just under the surface of our conversation, so many questions not to be asked, so many answers not to be given, so many avowals not to be made. The air about us was saturated with passionate, unspoken thoughts, like electricity in the atmosphere before a thunderstorm.

"At first we tried to inform each other, not so much by direct statement as by implication; and correspondingly to comprehend much from the most shadowy utterances. More than once, when looking into her face for indications of what her life in the past two years had been, I would catch her curiously inspecting me in the same way, and would know that she was wondering too. Then we would feel embarrassed, and instead of speaking out would take refuge in small talk.

"It was all so different, so unnatural that I began to feel suffocated. I was actually glad when we turned back toward the city. And yet as our time together grew less and less I kept thinking to myself how horrible it was that this meeting, which might be our last, should be ruined by a constraint so false, so hideously unlike the spiritual harmony we used to know. I regretted that I had seen her again—regretted it as years before I had regretted looking into the coffin of a dead playmate, thereby supplanting my mental image of him as a happy lively boy, with a new and ghastly image of his figure lying amid lilies, under glass.

"As we passed out of Central Park at Fifty-ninth Street on our way down to the station, where she was driving me, she said something casual about the statue of General Sherman which stands there—that, when it was but a matter of minutes until we should part! It was grotesque! A wave of rebellion swept over me.

"'So,' I said, 'having nothing real to say, we must talk about statuary?'

"At that she reached out and touched my hand for an instant, and as I looked at her a wonderful light came flooding into her eyes. Then without any preamble she said:

"'My husband is kind to me. I am grateful to him. My mother has every comfort now, and her health seems to improve. I still feel that I did the only thing there was to do, and my greatest sorrow has been and always will be the cruelty to you. I live for my mother, the war and memories of what was. Life would be much more supportable for me if I could know that you—that there is someone ——'

"'Then be happy,' I said, 'for there is someone!' And I drew from my pocket the little morocco case containing her photograph.

"She took the case, and through her tears looked at the picture—a snapshot, showing her laughing, taken when I first knew her.

"'We used to laugh, didn't we?' she said. Then she added: 'Your picture of me for over there should not be a laughing picture. There is no more laughter in our world.'

"I explained that it was the only likeness of her that I had, small enough to carry constantly.

"'To-morrow,' she said, 'I will have another made—a picture of the woman whose heart goes with you and whose prayers attend you. Just one print, for you alone.'

"The new picture reached me just before I sailed. I have carried it ever since. To me, as I have said before, it is the portrait of an angel. No duplicate of it exists. In the farewell note with which it was inclosed she assured me of that. It is something entirely between her and me. That means a good deal to me. I thought of it when I was hit. I lay for a while in a shell hole turning things over in my mind, and the thought kept recurring: 'My uniform and equipment are the same as those of thousands of other fellows. If this is my finish they'll find me here, and I'll look pretty much like any other soldier killed in action; but they'll go through my effects and they'll find her picture in my pocket; and then I won't be like the rest. For she will give me individuality. We look a lot alike on the outside, but we're mighty different when it comes to the more personal things we carry in our pockets and our hearts.'"

He stopped speaking. We waited for a little while to see if he had finished; then thanked him for the story.

"Oh, I've enjoyed it," he said. "It's a luxury to talk of her." Then: "And now, major, it is your turn."

"Your description of this lady," the major began slowly, "might almost pass for that of the one of whom I am going to tell; with the qualification, however, that it describes her as she seemed to me when I first met her. In justice to the lady you have pictured, moreover, I should add that there are minor points in which the two would not resemble each other physically, while in character they would seem to represent opposite extremes. You spoke of large eyes set well apart. The beauty of the one of whom I speak was of the golden kind you have described, but though her eyes were of that heavenly blue, and were much admired—especially by men, for women sometimes said her eyes were predatory—they were not very large and were a little bit too close together. These defects were, however, almost completely overcome by the long upturning lashes which, when I first knew her and was feeling poetic about her, used to cause me to liken her eyes to mountain lakes with tall ferns growing at their margins. Also, her eyes were extraordinarily expressive. There was in them a veiled burning something which made them magnetic, mysterious, exciting, intoxicating. Even after I knew that the stories they told, and that her lips told, were utterly false, I have looked into her eyes and felt the strong spell of them overcoming me. To this spell

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"Her Praises Had Already Been Sung to Me, and I Was Prepared to be Disappointed. Then I Saw Her"

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# PLACES OF DREADFUL NIGHT

## By GEORGE PATTULLO



TWO red-necked doughboys were trudging up the muddy main street of a village about fifteen miles behind the front lines, in the Montdidier sector. It was a sweet, mellow afternoon, and they had been shooting craps in lee of the church with some guys from the medical corps.

Along came a girl in a blue-gray uniform, who helped run the local Y. M. C. A. canteen. She was young, exceeding fair to see, and very well-bred; and she smiled and said "Hello!" For soldiers were just soldiers to her, and not individuals.

"Say," inquired one of them, turning his head for another look, "what's that girl's name anyhow?"

The other pondered a moment, snapped his fingers as a jog to memory, and then gave it up.

"Search me!" he answered. "But she sure can snore!"

"Boy, howdy! Where do you get that stuff, you rummy?"

"I'm giving it to you straight. Go and ask Slim if it ain't so. She slep' right beside me and Slim last night."

The statement was startling but true. With another Y. M. C. A. woman sharing her blankets she had slept not far from him and Slim, with only a bush between. I was there and slept not so many yards distant from the same bush, having horned in for the night between a young lieutenant of infantry and the brigade gas officer. Scattered up and down and round the fields were scores of soldiers and officers, snoring peacefully, with their noses pointed to the starry sky. What's more, there were probably half a hundred French civilians occupying choice bed sites under the brow of a ridge and just beyond a small orchard off the main highway.

It was not a picnic party or a frolic or a thrilling adventure or anything of that description. We were there because we didn't want to get bumped off and because we needed sleep. There was no sleep left in the dog-goned village and —— But I'll do the square thing by all concerned and tell you about it, for in the story of that night and certain other nights spent in towns and hamlets of cruelly harried France lies a warning to stay-at-homes of what war is growing to be for the civilian population—terror and death and ruin from out the dark.

### *All Front and No Back*

THE Front is no longer in the trenches. That used to be a figure of speech; to-day it is literally a fact. The Front has leap-frogged over the trenches—twenty, fifty, a hundred miles. Month by month the air forces of the belligerents carry it farther and farther, making life a hideous nightmare for the inhabitants of hundreds of cities and towns and villages remote from the sound of the guns.

You read much in your newspapers of raids on London and Paris, of Allied forays against Rhine towns and boche arsenals and military works. But the attacks on the capitals are sporadic undertakings. What you hear very little about is the nightly systematic assault on the morale of troops and civilians by bombing. That has developed on both sides to a point at which soldiers would almost prefer to be in the trenches to resting in towns within fifty miles of the front line.

During the year I have been with the American Expeditionary Force, I have seen aërial warfare progress from occasional attacks on important centers and rest billets to steady, merciless, scientific harassment of cantonments, railheads, junctions, large villages and towns. The night raiders carry on a ceaseless campaign to shatter the nerve of the fighting man and wear down the morale of the civilian population in all the territory they can reach.

More and more the war is getting up in the air. Planes above and gas on the ground threaten to become the decisive factors. The rate at which the employment of both has developed points to future warfare as a hideous contest of laboratory experts and a pitiless slaughter of noncombatants to supplement the slaughter of soldiers.

Were a hostile army to secure a footing anywhere near the American borders it could wreck by night raids every city and town within two hundred miles of its front. A year or two and the Atlantic itself will be no barrier. A year or two and a European power could wage dreadful war against us without an invader's ever setting foot on our shores. Which is another excellent reason why the present fight should be carried to a knockout, that some safeguards may be obtained for a permanent peace.

If Germany is not beaten before 1920 we shall see giant dreadnoughts crossing the seas a few thousand yards above the waves—all bound eastward, I hope.

But there I go like a swivel-chair expert, handing out predictions and prophecy, whereas all I set out to give was the unvarnished tale of how the Hun bombed us out of the village of X, so that we were fain to repose on the hard ground in close proximity to a fairly thin crop of wheat.

But let me repeat—the Front is coming back to the noncombatants faster and faster. In large areas of France and Germany, wives and mothers, sweethearts and grandmothers, old men and babies are almost as much on the Front as the troops in the trenches. They are constantly exposed to a terrible death without the power of striking back. If ever there be another war, which God forbid, you'll be as much in the zone of fighting in New York and Chicago, in St. Louis and Kansas City and San Francisco, in Salt Lake City and Worcester, in Dallas and Detroit, as the soldiers on the firing line.

Think that over. Think that over; then, on the first still, starry night step out and take a look at your home and its surroundings. Let the precious peace and content of it seep into your soul. In that home is all you hold dear. For it—and them—you toil and plan and guide your life.

Take a glance at the sky. Imagine you hear in the upper reaches the terrible drone of enemy machines. Comes a lurid glare, the rending crash of a raider's bomb, falling walls and a smother of dust. Tiny flames are licking and writhing in a huge crater where your house stood a moment before; and somewhere amid the smoking débris lie the broken bodies of your nearest and dearest.

Go out and picture it to yourself. Why shouldn't it happen to you? It has happened to thousands upon thousands of noncombatants in Europe. Go out and let the picture sink into your mind; and if you don't come back with your teeth set in a fierce and holy determination to beat the warmakers into helplessness for eternity, if you don't come back with a grim resolve to hold out against any compromise or patched-up peace—and a patched-up peace is precisely what Germany will try to put over in the near future—then there is something wrong with your works.

I have seen eleven thousand people pouring out of a French city to sleep in the quarries and fields, night after night. I have seen the roads leading from a score of towns behind the battle lines black with peaceful noncombatants, wheeling bedding and mattresses for a night's rest in the open. I have seen —— But let's get back to my cozy bed beyond X.

We were *en repos*. The division was in the line and making it hot for Heinie. One of the regiments had taken Cantigny, but the regiment to which I was temporarily attached happened to be out for a rest. It was billeted in various villages of the region, a portion of it in X, which was also brigade headquarters. Besides several hundred of our own soldiers there were a few French in the place and quite a flock of camions. These were lined up alongside the highway which ran through X, and they gave the village the appearance of a concentration point.

### *How the Enemy Plays it Safe*

EVERY night boche bombing machines came over that area to drop their tons of high explosives upon the American billets. Every night, from ten-thirty till two o'clock, we heard the rhythmical savage drone of their motors far up in the heavens. Every night our houses quivered to the shock of near-by explosions.

A small place about a mile from us appeared to be their special target. Again and again they bombed it, until, to the infantry resting there and the inhabitants who still clung to their homes, the dark hours became a shuddering horror.

Our turn arrived. We had long expected it and were ready. Trenches had been dug here and there for refuge, and everyone who felt inclined went into them on the approach of the raiders.

A select little coterie had been hustling there nightly at the first sound of the enemy machines. The bulk of the soldiers and the majority of the officers and civilians, however, gave no heed to the attacks. They slept tranquilly throughout the bombing, and either scorned to take cover or were too indifferent to the danger to do so. That is the way of the American soldier. He appears to regard caution as the badge of cowardice, the white feather, and goes calmly ahead, often taking wholly unnecessary chances—and suffering wholly unnecessary losses in consequence. It may be magnificent, but it isn't scientific war, and we are up against an antagonist who never neglects a safeguard, never takes a chance that does not serve a military purpose, and never sacrifices men except in attack. You may respect the courage of a bull which awaits in the middle of the track, with lowered head, the onrush of the engine, but you don't particularly admire his intelligence. Doubtless our men will change their viewpoint as time

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goes on, because war is a cold-blooded business, and as the French say: "You can't successfully oppose flesh and blood against a machine."

It was a still, clear night.

"No use going to bed," warned the brigade gas officer. "Why the devil can't it cloud up for a change?"

The majority ignored his prediction and turned in. About ten-thirty o'clock we caught the faint, distant hum of the boche's twin motors. Followed a scramble out of bed and a hurried exodus of sundry officers from billets. They headed for the nearest refuge, fearlessly led by a staff officer who had formerly been with the artillery. He wore a trench coat over his pajamas, high, thick trench boots and a tin hat. Arrived close to the mouth of the trench, which was in a garden back of a large house, they found their progress barred by three elderly fat Frenchwomen, residents of the village. One was afflicted with asthma and none of them showed any speed.

The raider was now over the village, circling to get the drop on his objective. But chivalry still lives, I am proud to say! Instead of brushing the ladies to one side or running over them, as their instincts prompted, the officers fell in behind, that the trio might gain the refuge first. It just shows what civilization will do for a man. To be sure, they felt like bouncing a rock off the foremost, who held up the entire party by her waddling bulk, yet they were able to pace slowly in rear without betraying a single murderous impulse.

And then she stuck. Merciful heavens, she stuck in the mouth of the trench! And now the boche airman was directly overhead, seemingly poised to let one go.

We dropped our nonchalance then and there. Our careless but jerky and breathless whispering ceased, and we fell madly upon the unfortunate lady to wrench her from her peril. I grabbed an arm, the staff officer got hold of a—he got a good hold—and we pulled. All together—a major, two captains, and aids beyond count—we pulled. She came with an abrupt give, and the opening was clear. Once more the Frenchwoman started in.

"Sideways, ma'am," implored the major; "sideways!"

Well, she filtered through somehow, and her two companions followed. The one with the asthma was wheezing painfully. She uttered little plaintive whimpers.

### *Time to be Up and Moving*

ACCORDING to seniority the major now had right of way, but the staff officer in pajamas beat him to it. He crowded close on the heels of the ladies, with the major right at his elbow. And then abruptly the line stopped a second time.

"For the love of Mike, move up!" cried those in rear.

"Get a move on! What're you stopping here for?" demanded the major. "We aren't half deep enough yet."

"If you will kindly step off my shoelaces, sir," answered the staff officer icily, "I shall be glad to move."

Just then came the tearing crash of the raider's bombs, and everybody grew rigid. But the murderer had missed. He dropped three on the edge of the village—one in an orchard, two in a wheat field. So after a while, when the noise of his machine had died, we came out of the trench and went to bed.

There are no *abris* in these small villages, no protection against bombs but what the trenches afford. And trenches are only of service against flying splinters. A direct hit would kill everybody in them.

It is true that many of the houses have cellars, but if a bomb struck a house the cellar is where it would explode, so that the residents in a village are helpless against aërial attacks. Round some of the larger towns they have posted antiaircraft batteries, but the lesser communities are lucky if they get a machine gun or two. I have heard them chattering and whirring like mad things during half a dozen raids, but never to my knowledge did they stop the raider from flying where he wanted. It is commonly said that airmen fear machine-gun barrages more than any other defense, and that many a night killer has been brought down by them, which statement I am prepared to accept. But I never saw it done, and I've seen a boche raider skim so close over our billets that it looked as though he could have been reached with a stone.

Next night we had another visitor. I heard the noise of his machine round eleven o'clock, but did not rise from bed. My billet was in a house facing on a lane, not fifty yards from a tent hospital in which were many wounded from the battle of Cantigny.

He was flying very low. An officer from Oklahoma who happened to be reposing in a field that night, for his health, told me next day that the boche descended within three or four hundred feet of the housetops. I doubt it, but anyway he was close above us.

Listen, old-timers—*écoutez moi*—whenever you hear a raider above you in the night get out of bed. Stand up on your hind legs. You won't be half so scared. I have tried all known methods—in a trench, sitting in a chair, in the street, in bed and under the bed—and the very best method of keeping a firm grip on your nerve is to be up and moving. The very worst is lying still under the covers. The waiting becomes then an unutterable agony of suspense.

Well, I lay there like a sick fish, and perspired. Whuh-whish! Bang! The bomb made two distinct sounds in its descent. I hit the floor about the time a shower of tile and dirt and dust struck the bed. Windows were falling somewhere, the glass tinkling in cascades.

Whuh-whish! Bang! A second bomb exploded. And now, mingled with the choking dust that surged through the door, was a sharp, stinging odor that burned my windpipe and made me gasp. Of course, I made sure I was gassed, but it was only the gas of the chemicals in the bomb, which you always get in close proximity to a detonation.

Next instant a dim groping figure appeared in the doorway and a voice sobbed in terror: "Oh, m'sieu, m'sieu!" It was the ancient landlady of my billet, a woman well beyond the allotted span. She came trembling and crying into the room, feeling her way blindly through the smother, and all she could say was "Oh, m'sieu, m'sieu!" Over and over again she cried it, moaning and weeping.

It happened that a machine-gun major occupied the room above; and I shouted up to him:

"Oh, H——, are you all right?"

No answer, and I yelled again. Then somebody turned over in bed. I heard a grunt and "Ho—hum—all ri'." Silence once more.

The landlady's married daughter had now arrived from the back of the house and took charge of her. I went upstairs to investigate. There was H—— in bed, sound asleep. I woke him up to find out whether he was perfectly well.

"Ho—hum—where the Sam Hill—yes, all ri'. Is that you, George? Wha's the matter?"

He had heard the bombs, of course; his room had rocked to them; but he was fresh from a dugout in a warm sector of the front line and utterly exhausted after four days without sleep. So in his dreams he was back in that dugout, and the raider's bombs were merely a new kind of shell.

Heinie managed to hit the village twice that night. His first bomb demolished a house across the lane from our billet and killed a mule in the yard; a second did some damage on the edge of X.

We looked at the holes in the earth, at the shattered walls and roofs, at the torn carcasses of sundry animals. And that night quite a number of us went quietly forth to sleep under the stars, a safe distance from town.

Arriving late I could not find my friends in the gloom.

"Oh, S——," I yelled, "where are you?"

Enemy airmen were already droning overhead, en route for the capital.

"Here!" replied the brigade gas officer from the darkness. "Front, show the gentleman his room. All those with a bath are gone, sir."

### *Safe and Sound in the Fields*

I CRAWLED in, between him and a lieutenant of infantry, under the brow of a ridge. The gas officer wore spurs for some reason or other—he had formerly been with the artillery, I take it. However that may be, he wore them and, being a stickler on matters military, refused to take the wretched things off so long as he was in uniform and with his boots on. It gave him a devilish advantage over us when an argument rose about covers in the chill of early morning.

That was the night the two Y. M. C. A. women slept on the hard ground. They took it as a fine lark, and we could hear them giggling as the boche planes went winging high in air. No bombs were dropped on X, but several villages adjacent to us were severely strafed.

What wonder that sleeping out grew to be popular in all that region! Both soldiers and civilians did it. They would pick out a nice spot in a field about three or four hundred yards from town, carry out some bedding shortly after nine o'clock, and obtain a sound night's rest. All round them bombs would be crashing; often they could lie snugly under the blankets and watch the boches dropping them in their own communities; but they were safe. And at dawn they returned.

Mark that. Despite the nightly punishment and the havoc wrought among their homes, the bulk of the civilian population did not forsake their towns. They stuck it out, carrying on their farming during the day as though nothing were wrong with the world.

Such are the nights the population, and the American soldier, spend close behind the Front. Come with me now down the long white road leading Parisward from X, down the white road that runs through Beauvais. It is congested with motor trucks at this hour, which is eight o'clock of a June evening, but it is a noble avenue, bordered with magnificent trees.

And Beauvais is a noble old city. It was the chief town of the Bellovaci when the Romans invaded Gaul under Cæsar, and it has withstood many a stout assault since. The English failed to take it in 1433, and the celebrated Jeanne Hachette led its brave burghers against Charles the Bold in 1472. There is a statue to her in Beauvais, unless the Hun has knocked it down very recently. The cathedral is one of the largest in France, a dream creation of flying buttresses, on the order of Notre Dame in Paris. For many years the city has been an important manufacturing center noted for its silks and carpets and tapestries.

As we near Beauvais you can see the vast upper body of the cathedral

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DRAWING BY CHARLES HARGENS, JR.

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# JAVA HEAD

## By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGE

### VII

THE days to Nettie Vollar seemed to be both unutterably dull and colored by a possibility of excitement like an undercurrent of hardly perceptible fever. Hermother, it was true, took on herself most of the duties of Barzil Dunsack's house; but there were still a large number of little things that returned unvaried with every morning, noon and night for the girl's attention. The cause of any impending excitement—except the mere presence of Gerrit Ammidon in Salem, now surely of no moment to her—she was unable to place. The feeling that pervaded her most was the heavy conviction that her life was a complete waste; she had the sensation of being condemned to stay in surroundings, in a service that never for a moment represented her desire or true capabilities. Her family, as she had grown into maturity, seemed strange, her place there an unhappy accident.



*His Voice Rang in a Slow, Emphasized Fervor: "'Thine Own Wickedness Shall Correct Thee, and Thy Backslidings Shall Reprove Thee'"*

At her brightest periods she pictured being suddenly, arbitrarily removed into happier appropriate regions. For a time that vision had assumed the tangible shape of Gerrit Ammidon; then this comfortable figure had abruptly left her to an infinitely more seldom return of her faint indefinite hope.

Through the inordinate number of hours when she was potentially alone she had developed a strain of almost painful thought, out of keeping with the whole of her naturally unreflective being. In moments such as the present—she was sitting in her room overlooking Hardy Street on its landward reach—she followed the slow turnings of her mind in the manner of a child spelling out a sentence. Two things seemed to her of the first importance—the existence into which she had been forced by the circumstance of her birth, and her unknown father himself; unknown, that is, except for vague promptings and desires, which for want of a better reason she traced to his personality. That he was superior, in that he had had a distinct measure of gentle blood, she was assured by her mother on one of the rare occasions when the subject was touched between them. To that she credited the greater part of her obscure dissatisfaction with conditions which she described as mean.

The latter evidently didn't disturb her mother or grandfather; she realized that the long-drawn silent severity of the old man had crushed what spirit her mother may have had. It was clear that the elder woman had been very pretty, with wide fluttering eyes that made you think of gray moths, and delicately colored cheeks; but all that had been crushed too. She was meek in a way that filled her daughter with determined resentment and fear. The resentment sprang from the silent assertion that she wouldn't be worn down like that; the fear followed the realization of the rigid power of the old man and the weight of all that held her powerless to escape. Naturally she was rather cheerful than somber; an involuntary gayety burst from her in the drabbest moments; she even defied Barzil Dunsack with ribbons and flowers on her bonnet.

The prospect from her window offered no relief from the interior. It was true that in the other direction she could catch glimpses of the harbor; by leaning out she could get the comparatively full sweep at the bottom of the street. But there were usually things ugly and restraining between her and the freedom of the horizon. Her favorite place had been at the edge of the grass above the tide; but since his return Edward Dunsack had hit upon it too; and his proximity made her increasingly uneasy. For one thing he talked to himself out loud, principally in Chinese, and the sliding unintelligible tongue, accompanied by the sight of his gaunt yellow face, his inattentive fixed eyes, gave her an icy shiver. It was almost worse when he conversed with her in a palpable effort at an effect of sympathy.

She rose and wandered finally to the embankment of the garden. The water shimmered under the full flood of afternoon; she was gazing at the distance in an aimless manner that had lately fastened on her, when she heard a stirring of the grass behind her and Edward Dunsack approached. He was livid in the pitiless light, and seemed terribly fragile, a thing that a mere clap of thunder might crumble to nothing; she felt that she could sweep him away with a broom; yet at the same time there were startling gleams of inner violence, a bitter energy, an effect of deepness that appalled her.

"If you should ask me," he declared, "if my opinion is of any value, I'd say that Ammidon owed you considerable. He led you to expect something better than his running away without a word; I'd have an explanation out of him. Of course if he had come back married—this affair with a Chinese woman isn't that—it would be all over. But somehow with things as they are I can't believe that it is."

"Do you expect me to go to their house, as you did?" she replied resentfully.

He turned such a malicious face on her that instinctively she moved back. For a moment he was silent, his meager leaden lips drawn tight over dark teeth in a dry grin, his fingers like curved wires; then relaxing he cursed the entire house of Ammidon.

"The truth is," he ended, "that you were a little fool. You had everything, everything in your hand and threw it away."

His gaze strayed from her to the surface of the water a short distance from the land.

"Threw it away," he repeated; "it can't be got in this country either."

He was, she thought, crazy. However, all that he said about Gerrit lingered in her mind; it fanned to new life the embers of her rebellion. If a chance should come she would let Gerrit Ammidon know something of the wrong he had done her. As her uncle had pointed out, the Chinese woman was different from an American, a white woman. Their entire position, Gerrit's and her own, was peculiar, outside ordinary judgments.

She saw him occasionally from a distance, as she must continue to do while he was in Salem, since no opportunity had been made for them to exchange words. That must come from Gerrit.

Her mother called her, and she went in, finding the elder in the kitchen.

"I can't ge
enough heat t
bake," she worried
"you can bear you
hand right in th
oven. Your grand
father won't hav
his sponge biscui
for supper."

"I certainly
wouldn't let i
bother me," Nettie
declared.

"Just tell him
and let him say
what he likes."

Her mother
turned, palpably
startled.

"But ——" she
began weakly.

"I know exactly
what you're going
to say," Nettie cut
in; "he has it every
night and he'll ex-
pect it. How much,
I'd like to ask,
have you been ex-
pecting all your
life, and getting
nothing? And now
I am the same. I
don't believe we're
as wicked as grand-
father lets on; and
I'm certain he's
not as good as he
thinks. I don't ad-
mit we are going to
hell, either; if I did
I can tell you I'd be different. I'd have a good time, like some other girls I see. I guess it would be good, anyhow—with silk flounces four yards around. I'm what I am because I don't listen to him; I don't pay any attention to the pious old women who make long faces at us."

"You mustn't talk like that, Nettie," her mother protested anxiously. "It has a right hard sound. Your grandfather is a very upright, religious man. It's proper for those who sin to suffer in this world that they may be humble for the next."

"I don't want to be humble," Nettie told her. "The Ammidons aren't humble. Mrs. Saltonstone isn't."

A pain deepened visibly on the elder's pale countenance.

"You mustn't think it doesn't hurt me, Nettie, to—to see you away from all the pleasure. It tears at my heart dreadful. That is part of the punishment."

The girl made a vivid gesture.

"But you sit back and take it!" she cried. "You talk of it as punishment. I won't! I won't! I'm going to do something different."

"What?" her mother demanded, terrified.

"I don't know," Nettie admitted. "But if I had it to do over I'd kiss Gerrit Ammidon as soon as he looked for it."

"Nettie, do you—do you think he wanted to marry you?"

"Yes," she answered shortly. "He's like that. Whatever you might say against him he's honest."

Her mother began to cry—large slow tears that rolled out of her eyes without a sound. She sat with lax, hopeless hands in her lap of cheap worn dress stuff. Nettie Vollar felt no impulse toward crying; she was bright with anger—anger at what Barzil Dunsack had done with her mother, at the harm he had worked in her.

"You are a saint compared to Uncle Edward," she asserted. "I don't know what's wrong with him, but there is something."

"I've noticed it too: times his eyes are glazed like, and then his staring at you like a cat. It's a fact he doesn't eat right, and he forgets what's said as soon as a body speaks. Might he have some Chinese disease, do you think?"

"It's not like a real sickness. . . ."

The evening in the dreary sitting room with only the reddish illumination of one lamp was almost unendurable. Her grandfather sat with broad wasted hands gripping his shrunken knees, his eyes gazing stonily out above a nose netted with fine blue veins and harsh mouth almost concealed by the curtain of beard. Edward rose uneasily and returned, casting a swelling and diminishing shadow—obscurely unnatural like himself—over the faded and weather-stained wall paper. Her mother was bowed, speechless. Nettie wanted to scream, to horrify them all with

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some outrageous remark. She would have liked to knock the lamp from the table, send it crashing over the floor, and see the flames spread out, consume the house, consume ——

She stopped, horrified at her thoughts.

She didn't want things like that in her mind, she continued, but the echo of dancing, of music, of the Salem Band marching up Essex Street with Mr. Morse playing his celebrated silvery fanfare on the bugle. She wanted to laugh, to talk—yes, to love! Why, she was young, barely twenty-one; and here she was in a house like the old cemetery on Charter Street. Before they went to bed her grandfather would read out from the Bible, but always the Old Testament. Finally he rose and secured the volume, bound in dusty calf, its pages brown along the edges. His voice rang in a slow emphasized fervor:

"'Hast thou not procured this unto thyself, in that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, when he led thee by the way?

"'And now what hast thou to do in the way of Egypt, to drink the waters of Sihor? or what hast thou to do in the way of Assyria, to drink the waters of the river?

"'Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee: know therefore and see that it is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, and that my fear is not in thee, saith the Lord God of hosts.

"'For of old time I have broken thy yoke, and burst thy bands; and thou saidst, I will not transgress; when upon every high hill and under every green tree thou wanderest, playing the harlot.

"'Yet I had planted thee a noble vine, wholly a right seed: how then art thou turned into the degenerate plant of a strange vine unto me?

"'For though thou wash thee with nitre ——'"

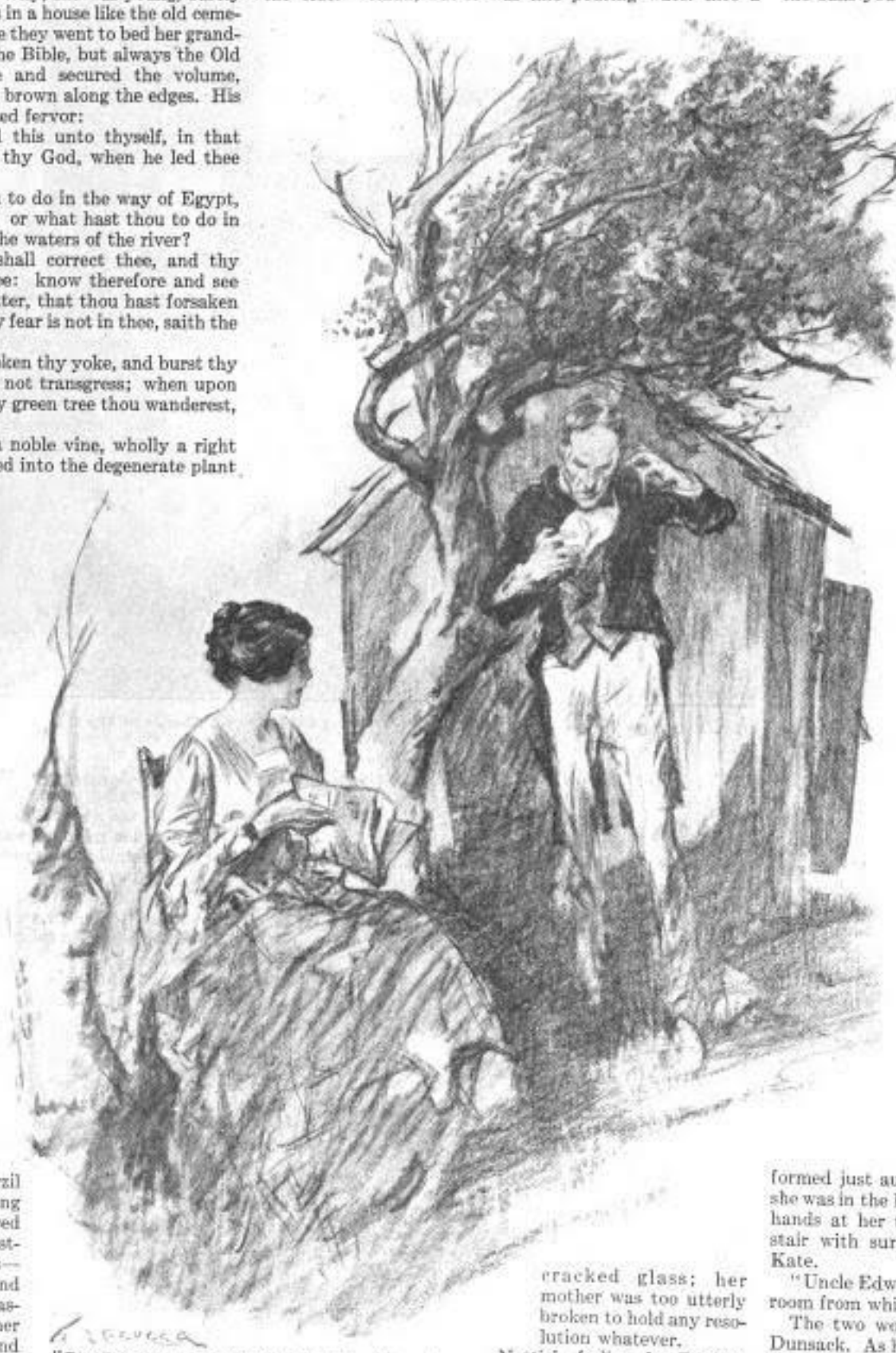
Nettie was impressed, intimidated, in spite of the contrary resolution in the kitchen. The words seemed to burn into her mother, herself, like boiling fat from a pan; and a great relief flooded her when she could escape again to the temporary relief of her room. It was hot, the windows were up, and she made no light, that might attract mosquitoes or force her to draw the close shades. She stood undressed, luxuriating in the sense of freedom of body. She was richly white in the gloom: her full young beauty gave her a feeling of contentment and strength, and equally a great loneliness. It wasn't corrupt, a "degenerate plant," she thought with a passionate conviction like a cry.

She determined to say no prayer to such a ruthless Being; yet soon after, in her coarse nightgown, she found herself kneeling by the bed with hard-clasped hands. It was a prayer for which Barzil Dunsack would have had nothing but condemnation. She implored the dark, the mystery of Augustness, for carnal and light things—yes, for waltzes and quadrilles and songs and pleasure—young pleasure, all the aching desires of her health and spirit and nature and years; but most for love. She said the last blindly in an instinct without definition, with the feeling that it was the key, the door, to everything else; and in her mind rose the image of Gerrit Ammidon. She saw his firm direct countenance, the frosty blue eyes and human warmth. He needn't have come at all, she added, if it had been only to double the dreariness of her existence.

She wondered a little, her emotion subsiding, at the interest her uncle showed in her affairs. It wasn't like what else she had gathered of him; and she searched, but without success, for any hidden reason he might have. He actively blackened the name of Ammidon while he was lost in too great an indifference to be moved by any but extraordinary pressures. Everything left his mind, as her mother had said, almost immediately. Suddenly weary, she gave up all effort at understanding.

A wind moved in from the sea, fluttering the light curtains, and brought her a sense of coolness and release. It came from the immense free sweep of ocean, to which **her sinking consciousness turned in peaceful recognition and surrender.**

Altogether in the days that followed she realized a greater degree of mental freedom than before her revolt. She had removed herself, it appeared, a little outside the family, almost as if she were studying them calmly through a window. A large part of the terror her grandfather had possessed for her had disappeared, leaving for her recognition a very old and worn man; she was sorry for her mother with a deep affection mixed with impatience. At first she had tried to put something of her own revived spirit into the older woman, but it was like pouring water into a cracked glass; her mother was too utterly broken to hold any resolution whatever.



*"The Truth is," He Ended, "That You Were a Little Fool. You Had Everything, Everything, in Your Hand and Threw it Away"*

Nettie's feeling for Edward Dunsack became an instinctive deep distrust. It was almost impossible for her to remain when—as he so often did now—he approached her to talk about the injustice of her mode of life and the debt Gerrit Ammidon owed her. He would stand with his fingers twitching, talking in a rapid sharp voice, blinking continuously against any light brighter than that of a shaded room or dusk. He seldom left the office or went out through the day; his place at the dinner table was far more often empty than not. But after their early supper, in the long, late June twilights, he had an inexhaustible desire for her to stroll with him. She occasionally agreed, for the reason that they invariably passed in the vicinity of Washington Square and Pleasant Street and saw the impressive block of the Ammidon mansion. However, they never met any of its inmates. Once they had walked directly by the entrance. Some girls, perhaps a woman, certainly two men, were grouped in the doorway; it was growing dark and Nettie couldn't be certain.

Edward Dunsack clearly hesitated before the bricks leading in between the high white fence posts topped with carved twisting flames; and in a sudden agony at the possibility of his stopping, Nettie hurried on, her cheeks flaming and her heart, she thought, thumping in her throat.

Her uncle followed her. There was a trail of intimate merriment from the portico, a man's voice mingling gayly with those of the girls.

"That was the Brevard who's in the Mongolian Marine Insurance Company," Edward Dunsack informed her. "I hear he's a great hand for leading cotillons and balls—the balls you ought to take part in."

On and on he went with the familiar recital of her wrongs. It carried them all the way over Pleasant and Essex and Derby Streets, home.

The next day, however, he was forced to go about the town, and returned for dinner in a state of excitement evident to anyone.

He ate without attention whatever was before him, and, extravagantly pleasant, related how he had conversed with Mrs. Gerrit Ammidon in the family carriage in front of the countinghouse of Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone on Liberty Street. Nettie was surprised that his concern was caused by such a commonplace event.

"The women of China ——"

Words failing him, he waved a thin, dry hand. His father frowned heavily. Then abruptly, as if he had been snatched out of his chair by an invisible powerful clutch, he started up and disappeared.

The afternoon passed the full, and Nettie, bound in preparation for supper, for Redmond's, the Virginia Oysterman's at Derby Wharf, stood waiting for some money.

"I can't think where I left my reticule," her mother called, "unless it's in Edward's room, where I cleaned this morning. Just run up and see. He'll be at the office."

Above, Nettie found the door closed, but it opened readily as she turned the knob: she went in without hesitation. The interior she naturally thought was empty; and then with an unreasoning cold fear she saw that Edward Dunsack was lying on the bed. Some of his clothes were tumbled on the floor, and he wore his black Chinese gown. The room was permeated with a heavy smooth odor; on a stand at her uncle's hand was a curious collection of strange objects—a little brass lamp with a flickering bluish flame, a black-and-silver object like a swollen unnatural pipe, stained bodkins, a lump of what she took to be tar.

Her attention was caught by Edward Dunsack's face; it had fallen back with his pinched chin pointing toward the ceiling, it was the color of yellow clay, and through his half-opened eyelids was an empty glimmer of gray-white. She shrank away involuntarily, and the word "Dead!" formed just audibly on her trembling lips. In an instant she was in the hall, calling in a panic-stricken voice, her icy hands at her throat; and her grandfather mounted the stair with surprising agility, followed by his daughter, Kate.

"Uncle Edward," Nettie articulated, waving toward the room from which she had fled.

The two women followed the rigid advance of Barzil Dunsack. As he saw the figure of his son there was a stabbing gasp of his breath. He halted for a moment, and it seemed to Nettie Vollar that suddenly his determined carriage crumbled, his shoulders sagged; then he went forward. The bed had high slender posts that at one time supported a canopy, but now they were bare, and an old hand held to one as he bent over.

"Is he dead?" the older woman asked.

Barzil Dunsack made no immediate reply; his gaze turned from his son to the stand, the fluttering lamp and its accessories. His head moved slowly in the act of sniffing the pungent haze swimming in the interior. Nettie could see his face, and she was appalled by an expression grimmer than any she remembered; it was harsh, implacable and stricken, as empty of blood as the countenance on the bed. The hand on the post tightened until it, too, was linen white.

Nettie drew close to her mother's side, putting a supporting arm about the soft shaking shoulders.

"No," said Barzil Dunsack in a booming voice, "not dead, and yet dead forever. Go downstairs," he commanded.

**They backed, confused, to the door. "If Edward is sick ——" Kate Vollar began.**

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The old man's face blazed with intolerable pain and anger. "Woman," he demanded, "can you cure what God has smitten?"

His eyes alone, hard and bright in the seamed and hairy face, drove them out into the hall.

Below in the sitting room Nettie exclaimed: "He might have told us something!"

"Whatever it is," her mother returned, "it's dreadful bad. I've felt that all along about Edward; he's never been himself this last time."

Mechanically she found her reticule beside the painted ostrich egg from Africa.

"You'll have to get the oysters anyhow," she told her daughter, maintaining the inevitable pressure of small necessities that defied all tragedy and death.

Nettie escaped with an enormous relief into the sunny normal tranquillity of the afternoon. The house had become too horrible to bear; and even on the thronged length of Derby Wharf, like a street robbed of its supports and thrust out into the harbor, she was followed by the vision of Edward Dunsack's peaked clayey face.

She got the oysters, and in an overwhelming reluctance to return walked out to the end of the wharf, where a ship was discharging her cargo—heavy plaited mats of cassia with a delicate scent, red and blue slabs of marble, baskets of granular cakes of gray camphor, rough brown logs of teak, smooth dull yellow rolls of gamboge, bags with sharp conflicting odors, baled silks and half chests of tea wrapped in bamboos and matting painted with the ship's name, Rose and Rosalie.

There Nettie found herself beside a little girl clasping the hand of a bulky old gentleman in pongee and a palm-leaf hat and following every operation with a grave critical regard.

"I guess," the little girl said to her companion, "it's only the cheap sort of tea, a late picking, or it would be in canisters."

She was, Nettie realized, the youngest Ammidon child with her grandfather. The latter looked round and recognized Nettie Vollar.

"How's Barzil Dunsack?" he asked immediately.

She was at a loss for an answer, since she could not describe the subject of the inquiry as all right or explain their unhappy condition.

"Intend to stop in," Jeremy Ammidon continued. "Last time I was there I went up like a rocket."

Laurel—that was the child's name, she remembered—gazed at her intently.

"I was saying to grandfather," she repeated precisely, "that this wasn't really much of a cargo. Nothing like the one Uncle Gerrit brought back in the Nautilus. We were having an argument about Salem too. But of course all the big cargoes are going into Boston," she sturdily confronted the flushed old man.

"You're William all over again," he asserted, almost annoyed.

Both their expressions grew stubborn in a manner that in view of their great difference in age and experience Nettie thought quite absurd. What a beautiful dress the child had on—Porto Rico drawn work, with pale yellow ribbons to her bonnet! "I wish you'd stay here a minute with Nettie Vollar," Jeremy told her, "while I see the wharfinger."

He went unhurried along the wharf, and Laurel Ammidon drew closer to her.

"She's not much of a ship, either," Laurel said, indicating the Rose and Rosalie. "She's built like—like grandfather. They're different now. I went to New York to see the Sea Witch launched, and she's the tallest vessel afloat, with three standing skysail yards and ringtail and water sails. She's black and has a gilded dragon for a figurehead; and, though she went out in a gale, ran to Rio in twenty-five days. I talked to Captain Waterman too; he commanded the Natchez, you know."

"You've studied a lot on ships," Nettie commented.

"I know the main truck from a jewel block," Laurel replied complacently. "But Camilla's a frightful lubber. I should think she'd make Uncle Gerrit sick. She does me."

Nettie Vollar was seized by the temptation to question Laurel about Gerrit Ammidon, about his wife—anything that touched or concerned him. A wave of emotion swept over her, a loneliness and desire the cause of which she would not face. She wanted to take Laurel's hand in hers, and with the old ponderous comfortable gentleman go up to the serenity of their gardens and wide happy house. She wanted Gerrit Ammidon to smile at her with his eyes blue like a fair sea. . . . His father was returning.

Laurel again grasped the large hand and they turned to leave. Jeremy Ammidon nodded to Nettie. Nothing remained for her but the house on Hardy Street. Then she saw that the others had stopped and were signaling for her.

"Captain Dunsack . . . old friend," the elder said abruptly. "Stubborn as the devil! No worse than me, though; no worse than me. Confounded proud too! You let me know if there is anything—that is, if you need ——"

He stopped, breathing stormily, glaring at her in an assumed angry impatience.

"Thank you," she answered, "but there's nothing."

What most shocked her on the return home was the manner in which their life callously continued when she felt it should have been shattered by their suffering in Edward Dunsack's room; yet not so much theirs as her grandfather's. He took his place at the head of the table, the grace went up as loudly as ever above their heads; but in spite of that she saw that the old man suddenly looked infinitely older. His knife slipped insecurely and scraped against the plate in fumbling and palsied hands. All at once she had a feeling of gazing straight into his heart and finding—like a burning ruby hidden in earth—such an agony beneath his schooled exterior that she choked thinking about it.

Nettie wondered what he would do if she put an affectionate arm about his neck and told him of their sympathy. She knew now that her Uncle Edward had been smoking opium, and that it was a worse vice, more hopeless and destructive, than drink. But she was certain that he'd repel her; he looked on them all—Edward Dunsack, her mother and herself—as sinful, "degenerate plants." Even now, she realized, there was no weakening of his spiritual fibers such as had plainly overtaken his physical being. He had a blasting contempt for the unrighteous flesh.

When they had risen from the table Edward Dunsack appeared, and sinking weakly into a chair demanded a cup of tea. He knew nothing of their discovery, of the fact that they had stood above his revolting insensibility. After the tea he seemed to revive; he lighted a cheroot and said something about going out. It wasn't possible, however; his knees sagged walking the length of the floor; in the sitting room he fell into a leaden apathy. Nettie Vollar's gaze rested on the volume of the life of the missionary who had died at such an early age on the Isle of France. The lamplight spread over the depressing mustard-yellow paint of the woodwork with its obviously false graining and deepened the blackness of the fireplace. Throughout the reading of the Scripture Edward Dunsack never shifted his slumped position; his face, with smudged closed eyes, seemed fixed in a skeptical smile. The hollows of his temples were green.

The reading finished, old Barzil said: "I wish to speak to Edward alone."

The latter straightened up. "Eh!" he exclaimed. "What?"

He resettled his stock and crossed a knee with a show of ease. Nettie followed her mother from the room. Her last impression was that of a startling resemblance between young man and old—her uncle's face was as ruined as the other's—between father and son.

"I wish he'd go away," her mother surprisingly asserted; "I won't sleep for thinking of him lying there like a corpse."

"He'll not," Nettie replied, musing; "something is holding him we still don't know of."

She had lately begun to realize a great many things of which only a month before she had not been aware—that sudden illuminating view of old Barzil's inner pain, of her mother's wasted spirit, and the sense that some unguessed potent motive was at the back of her Uncle Edward's apparently erratic strolling and reiterations. Nettie stopped to wonder a little at the change in herself; she was more alive, more included. There were no reasons that she could see why this should be so; never had the present, the entire future, been darker. With her deeper consciousness, too, came an increased shrinking from life, a greater capacity for injury; and there could be no doubt that it was an older Nettie Vollar who in her mirror returned the questioning in the resentful black eyes.

No further mention was made of the opium, no hint escaped from the two men of what Barzil Dunsack had said to his son after the evening reading of the Bible. An evidence of the miserable episode was visible for a while in the difficulty of any attempted general conversation; then that died away and everything was apparently as it had been before. But the rising gayety and widespread public preparations at the

(Continued on Page 106)



*Nettie Could See His Face: It Was Harsh, Implacable and Stricken, as Empty of Blood as the Countenance on the Bed*

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 26, 1918


## If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

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## Education

ONE day early in September a little company of men met in an office. They were about to undertake one of the weightiest businesses that can devolve upon American men. One of them was the superintendent of education; the others were principals of the several public schools of the city. The school year was beginning. From that day on until June the minds of more than fifty thousand young Americans would be officially in the hands of the men in that room. Their discussion, in a general way, was as to how they should deal with those young minds.

The superintendent presented a very important idea—namely, that the children's compositions should be kept in portfolios, with the names and grades marked on the outside; also that a hundred per cent in spelling should be required of graduates. Somebody earnestly urged that more attention should be paid to oral arithmetic. Nobody even hinted that the subject of a world war might be mentioned during the year to those fifty thousand young Americans.

And that particular city is typical. Most of our public-school instruction in this year 1918 is ordered like that—with reference to how high a pupil should stand in spelling and what attention should be given to oral arithmetic, but with no reference to anything that has happened since July, 1914.

Some millions of young Americans sit day after day within walls that hear no echoes from Metz and St. Quentin—whose echoes, in fact, take no cognizance that such a thing as a Western Front exists in the world. They are the only walls of that description in all America.

If you are of age probably you do not realize that the fighting round Santiago, Cuba, is the latest American military exploit which is brought to the attention of the coming generation by those who are specially trained and paid to engage its attention.

It is an old and melancholy subject—this scholasticism of most of our public-school instruction, its obstinate detachment from life.

Some weeks ago we saw a big brown tent pitched a few rods off the main street of a village. The banner over the entrance said Chautauqua. The tent was packed and overflowing with an audience listening to a young man in khaki. Considered strictly as a literary performance, it was not a remarkable war lecture; but we saw dozens of children sitting breathless—there a boy with parted lips, his eyes rapt and shining; here a girl whose slim throat contracted with emotion.

That figure on the platform had been in it; his hands had touched the guns; his eyes had seen the trenches. He would be an awful blockhead who could not take that for a point of departure and get those children interested in American history. But next week those same children would sit half stupefied over a colorless account of the War of 1812.

They say it cannot be done; that the textbooks were all prepared long before the war; that education must begin with the old stuff. All the same, it will be done. It has got to be done.

Boring children and then complaining that they will not learn properly is not educating them. Public-school instruction must find its points of departure in the living bustling world, to which pupils' interest naturally runs.

## More!

ONE day comes Secretary Baker with a detailed statement that the War Department must have seven billion dollars more than it figured on a few months ago—raising the year's war bill above thirty billions. There are the objects and the items, calculated to a dollar.

Next day comes Mr. Hoover with a statement that we must ship seventeen million tons of food across the Atlantic—all worked out to the last ton on the basis of carefully examined facts. Three and a half million American soldiers in France must be fed; the needs of the allied armies and civilian populations are just so much.

That is the law of this war. Its one persistent word is More!

You know what you have done to meet the war in saving food, fuel and money. It is not enough. Look about—on any city street, into any hotel, in a country town, on a farm. Compare what you see with what you have read about conditions where there is a real war pinch. You know well enough that the belt can be tightened many notches.

We have now entered the great year of the war. We can finish it within a twelvemonth; but probably by nothing short of the greatest effort of which we are capable. That German line is still a long way from the Rhine. Say to yourself "More!" with every motion you make—until the Kaiser says "Enough!"

## Necessaries

IF THE question had come up during the Civil War anyone would have said that a device by which a man could talk to his neighbors over a wire was certainly unessential; but we consider telephones essential nowadays.

With the exception of wheat, there has hardly been an article of food on which Europe and America have leaned more heavily during the war than on potatoes, which were unknown to white men until Spaniards discovered them in South America in the sixteenth century.

A few years before Europe saw the first potato it saw the first portable timepiece, or watch, which we should hardly know how to get along without now. Yet, if you consider it, to only one person out of a thousand is a watch really essential. The other nine hundred and ninety-nine could get along without portable timepieces if they only thought so.

Adam Smith reports: "The first person in England who wore stockings is said to have been Queen Elizabeth, who received them as a present from the Spanish Ambassador." We could go back to winding our legs in cloth and get through the day's work.

Taine suggests that civilization began in England when the population found out how to warm a habitation without suffocating in smoke.

At every step backward along the human path something that we now, as a matter of course, take to be essential to living disappears. At every step forward some new convenience gets woven into our habits; so that we presently, as a matter of course, take it for an essential; and once we have so taken it, it becomes just as essential as anything else.

Fifty years hence the essentialness of automobiles will no more be questioned than the essentialness of watches or stoves.

## The Value of an Income

A PROPERLY graded income tax is the fairest of taxes; but it is impossible to devise any broad scheme of taxation that bears with exact equality on those subject to it.

In 1916 only some fourteen thousand farmers reported taxable income—or, roughly, one out of four hundred; while about one doctor out of fourteen and one lawyer out of five paid income tax. Those facts have been held up as evidence of the comparative poverty of farming; but one must have a very limited knowledge of American life not to know that a farmer with a net cash income of four thousand dollars a year is, at least nine times out of ten, much better off in every material way than a city professional man with the same income. He pays no house rent, an item that probably absorbs a fifth of the income of a man in a big city earning four thousand a year. He gets a great deal of food without cash outlay. Nine times out of ten he enjoys that satisfaction which comes of a secure independent position; while a city doctor earning four thousand a year treads a more or less precarious path, with anxieties over his family's future. In satisfactions, a farmer's four-thousand-dollar net cash income is worth more than a city professional man's income of the same amount.

What sane man would hesitate between choice of a four-thousand-dollar income from investments, that came to him regularly and certainly without effort on his part, and a like income to be earned by work that consumed most of his daylight hours week in and week out, with the standing chance that it might stop at the end of any week through his illness or loss of his position?

As a means of satisfaction the first income is worth double the second.

At its best, taxation is only a rough approximation to the equities of the case—tolerable when it bears with comparative lightness upon the whole sum of national income.

## Farms and Railroads

IN RAILROAD parlance an original shipment is one that is not received from any other line, but starts its journey on the line in question. Year after year about two-fifths of all the grain raised in the United States—wheat, corn, oats, barley, rye and buckwheat—moves on railroads in original shipments. In some cases the same grain may be counted twice, as where it is shipped from a country elevator to a terminal warehouse, then presently taken out of the terminal warehouse and shipped to the seaboard.

From twenty to forty per cent more than all the cotton produced in the country moves on railroads in original shipments—being shipped, warehoused and shipped again, so that in tonnage "originating on line" the roads handle the whole crop and from one-fifth to two-fifths more. Original rail shipments of tobacco amount to more than double the crop; and of wool they amount to from two and a half to three times the total domestic product—but here imported wool counts in railroad returns.

These figures, compiled by the Department of Agriculture from Interstate Commerce Commission reports, give as impressive an idea as anything well could of the tremendous rôle that land transportation by rail plays in American industry, and particularly in farm industry.

The rate advances ordered by Director McAdoo have been accepted without question or complaint by everybody, with the negligible exception of a few who are professionally engaged in attacking railroad charges. Undoubtedly the country at large understands that its paramount interest in railroads is in good service.

## Growing

PIG iron is the basic article for iron and steel products. In 1913—our best year before the war—we made thirty-one million tons of it against Germany's nineteen million tons and England's ten million. The Government is calculating on something over twenty million tons of steel in the last half of 1918.

In 1913 we exported, in round numbers, a billion dollars' worth of manufactures, against a little over two billion by Great Britain and a little under two billion by Germany.

In 1917 our exports of manufactures were somewhat over four billions; England's about two billions; Germany's practically nil.

The Census Bureau calculated the value of all manufactures in 1914 at twenty-four billion dollars. Our imports of raw materials to be used in manufactures have doubled since then. Probably the value of manufactures has doubled. Allow for a seventy-five-per-cent advance in commodity prices, and there is still a large gain. Gross value of farm products in 1917 was double the 1913 figure. Individual bank deposits were twenty-six billions in 1917 against seventeen billions in 1913.

The dark side of war absorbs attention. It ought to. But economically there are great offsets to the losses—wholly due to better organization, higher energy, and more teamwork in the broadest sense. If the war ends next year the United States will be stronger industrially and economically than it ever was before. It should face the future with a higher confidence than ever before.

That future will be in our own hands. If we can use the opportunity intelligently there is nothing to fear.

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# THE SUBMERGED SLEUTHS

## By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

THE original submarine was called Nemo—or was Nemo the name of the captain? It is a long time since I read Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea—but anyhow there was a Nemo in it somewhere, and in these war days that is a very good name for all our submarines operating in foreign waters—an excellent name—so in the course of this narrative of the doings of our underseas craft I shall call each one the United States Submarine Nemo, and if the enemy can get any information out of that he is smarter than he has yet shown himself to be.

To proceed: One of the lads on the United States Submarine Nemo was by way of being a song-and-dance artist before he put on the navy blue, and he cheered the crew of his sub on the long vigils with songs and parodies of his own contrivance. A favorite on Nemo is a parody of that good old one Sailing, and this is the way it begins:

*Trailing, trailing, under the bounding main;*
*The sub comes up, and looks around, and then goes down again.*

There is plenty more, but those two lines are enough, for in them is epitomized the work of the submarine operating defensively in war waters; that is, the United States submarine and the English submarine—which are not out to sink merchant vessels or hospital ships or to shell survivors in lifeboats, but are detailed to stalk the German subs who take their pleasure in such murderous diversions—stalk them and fight them, and sink them if possible; to warn surface vessels of their proximity, and to engage enemy war craft if any should appear; but that is a far cry. Just at present the Germans are not taking much of that sort of war.

Potentially, and in the stories of the sea, life on a submarine is an adventure of great excitement and not without its romance. Actually, life on a submarine is a long, monotonous, dreary grind, a ceaseless vigil, an uncomfortable and cramped billet, a succession of days and nights cooped up in small spaces, entirely surrounded by machinery, and a nerve-straining occupation where a mistake may mean a disaster, not to the enemy but to the man who makes it and those under sea with him. Always, of course, there is the chance that a fight may develop; that the much-desired contact may come the way of the various Nemos that sleuth back and forth on patrol in the prescribed areas; that a Fritz may be heard, seen, chased and sunk—where there is oil there is hope—but Fritz can see and hear as well as the next one, and his business is to keep out of the way of Nemos, just as it is the business of the Nemos to get in his way and stop and sink him.

### No Events

THE consequence is that a patrol cruise of a Nemo usually is a patrol cruise and no more—a certain number of days and nights during which the Nemo stays out at sea, listening—listening—listening for the Hun, down most of the daytime, coming up at night for a few hours of fresh air, with the men standing their tricks at all the various and complicated valves, gauges, tank controls, rudder controls, engine controls, air controls and no end of other controls while nothing happens. "No events," as the submarine captains put it.

Not an event save the skillful and eager management of a big, sensitive, delicately balanced mass of machinery; not an event but days and nights of the most acute and nerve-straining vigilance; not an event but the exercise of superb caution every minute and superb ability in order that there may be no mistake and no accident; for when all's said and done, despite the numerous improvements in submarines, one mistake and down you go, maybe never to come up; one undetected flaw in vital machinery, one major error of judgment—and it is likely to be Kitty bar the door.

Still, when you have done this sort of thing week in and week out, with proved, picked, highly trained and specialized crews, it must be allowed that there is a certain monotony about it. It isn't very exciting to sit for a four-hour trick with eyes fixed on depth meters, hands on wheels, ears glued to listeners, hands grasping valve controls, or to stand straining at the periscope, sweeping a tenantless horizon and a vacant sea surface—not very exciting, especially as the only person who can see anything but the machinery he operates or the sweating sides of the sub is the man at the periscope, and most of the time all he can see is salt water. The novelty of being down in a submarine soon wears off. It is a grind, but those capable young persons who run our Nemos eat it up. They are as eager at the end of a patrol as they were at the beginning of one, and many of them reënlist for the service.

When you come to think of it there is the same sort of exaltation about handling a submarine as there is in flying an airship. In each case you are bluffing Nature. Here is an enormous contraption of steel and machinery, with guns and torpedoes, and carrying a lot of men, that you maneuver with the greatest ease and certainty. If you want her to float she floats. If you want her to dive she dives. If you want to go fast you go fast. If you want to go slowly you go slowly. If you desire to proceed fifteen or fifty or a hundred feet beneath the surface all that is necessary is to give the word, and obediently and quickly Nemo dives headlong or sinks as gracefully as a leaf falls to the desired depth and stays there as long as you please. A five-word command and you are up again. And everybody aboard has a hand in the doing of these marvels—a sort of band of prestidigitators putting something over on Mother Nature every minute.

Then, too, there is the chance—always the chance—that a Hun may be seen and taken—that there may be a fight, and the torpedo men are just as eager and just as alert, when they come back to the mother ship to lay alongside for a time, as they are when they begin the new adventure that marks each separate voyage. On a submarine, as on a destroyer, you never know your luck.

It wasn't so long ago that one of our submarines out on patrol sighted a German.

For five days and nights the crew of that Nemo had been patrolling, back and forth and back and forth, sighting nothing but an occasional trawler or merchant vessel; and then one morning off to the starboard there came into the vision of the periscope a Hun, awash on the surface and proceeding slowly.

### When Sub Meets Sub

"ENEMY submarine on the starboard bow," said the man at the periscope as calmly as if sighting enemy submarines on the starboard bow was an hourly occurrence.

The men on watch were at their stations, of course, and the rest of the crew were in their bunks or gathered aft in the engine room, but the interior of that Nemo came to life as if every man in it had been stirred to action by an electric shock.

Evidently the Hun saw the Nemo about the same time the Nemo saw her, for the Hun drew off to starboard and in a few moments went down precipitately. The Hun had nothing on the Nemo, for she went down also. Then began a long trailing game, a blind listening contest. The men at the hydrophones sat oblivious of all else, straining their ears to catch the thud of the Hun's propellers. Every man on the Nemo was at highest tension. There wasn't a sound save the low orders of the control officer, the responses of the men after each order had been carried out, and the officer's "Very good."

We maneuvered as circumstances dictated, still listening, and wishing for forty more mechanical ears than we had. This continued for nearly four hours. Then the listeners heard the German's propellers and reported: "Sound of propellers dead ahead, sir."

We came up with a bang, and, sure enough, there was the German, dead ahead, proceeding at about six knots. Every exterior detail of her was visible. We steadied, pointed, and fired two torpedoes. The Hun saw them coming, zigzagged and poured out a dense black smoke from her exhaust.

There was a flash from the stern of the Hun, and then, zip! came a shell. Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! came four more.

"What do you know about that?" asked the captain, of the crew in general. "The guy is firing at us. Give him a couple more torps."

We snap-fired two more torpedoes at him, but he wasn't taking any. He dived and disappeared, this time for good and all; and long hours of listening did not reveal him again. After the second torpedo of the snaps the Hun listed violently and we had hopes. Also, we had contact, and that is the phase of it that buoys. Some day—some day—every




*Breaking it Gently*

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Nemo will have its chance, and a few hours like those repay for months of patrol with "No events."

The Huns are not keen about this submarine-against-submarine stuff. They run usually. They prefer hospital ships and lifeboats to Nemos or to the British subs. Fritz isn't anxious for combat. What he likes is a big, broad-sided merchantman or troop or hospital ship to fire at, undeterred by destroyers or other harassing disturbers; and he generally turns tail when another submarine comes after him.

On another occasion when a Nemo was cruising at night on the surface they saw some merchantmen and some trawlers and drew away, for it is the business of a submarine to see and not be seen; but also it is the business of the submarines, when seen, to send up recognition signals for reasons that shall be set forth later. The patrol continued, and two hours later something showed about a mile away, off the starboard bow. This something looked like a fishing boat. Cautious advances were made, and then suddenly the lookout in the tower said "Submarine!" and dropped below, pulling down the hatch. There were two or three commands in the control compartment, and Nemo sank like a stone.

Then began a sleuthing match, a stalking of the quarry that was as stealthy as an Apache trailing an enemy, and as relentless. It might be that Fritz was sticking round. There was no way to see. All we could do was to listen.

After a time we took a quick look with the periscope. "Holy mackerel!" said the man who had the eyes. "There she is. Close aboard."

Fritz had just come to the surface. His bow was up, and the stern well down in the water. "Snap shot!" ordered the captain. That was the only chance.

The Nemo was pointed and the torpedo snapped. Just before the torpedo Fritz began to go down. He, too, had taken the chance of a look round, and he got below before the torpedo reached him. It was an escape of seconds, for the torpedo was straight, but it was enough, in two ways: It was enough to let Fritz by, and it was enough for him, because he scuttled away under the water, and he was twice as big and powerful as the Nemo that had at him.

### *When a Mistake Was Made*

I HAVE told these incidents baldly, instead of burning red fire and putting on the tremolo for the recital, because in all my experience with men who do things round this globe the least melodramatic in their aspects and their operations are the men who man the submarines. I have been down with them and watched them at their work, and it is my opinion that for calm, nonspectacular efficiency, for absolute cold-chilled nerve and for utter absence of pose and side, and for modesty of demeanor, they have no superiors in any branch of the service. It doesn't sound very thrilling to say that the United States Submarine Nemo cast off at such an hour, proceeded to sea, and remained on patrol a certain number of days; but for all that there isn't a day that isn't a drama or a night that is not a melodrama, considered as a feat of seamanship, navigation, mechanical knowledge and efficiency and scientific mastery of opposed forces by the officers as well as the expert application of that mastery by the men.

There isn't a minute when a submarine is at sea or under sea when an error is not capable of developing into a disaster. Consider for a moment the cold, unwarped judgment that must be set upon the submarine before she goes out. Every one of the complicated mechanical details—and the submarine is a colossal congeries of mechanical detail—must be in perfect order, so that there may be no untoward occurrence and the submarine may return safely to port as well as remain safely on duty. Every valve, every control, every minute section must be working perfectly and must be kept working perfectly. Every possible mistake must be guarded against. The fallibility of the human mind must be reckoned with. Certain dependence must be placed on others to do essential portions of the work of operation. Courage must be known, and oftentimes subjected to great strains.

The pilot of an airship, for example, in difficulties has an unimpeded air space to operate in, and a chance of making a landing on all the face of the earth. A submarine in difficulties has nowhere to go but down, and unless she can be made lighter than the water that surrounds her the crew of it are done. Working smoothly a submarine handles as easily as a motor launch; but let the valves get wrong or the tanks too full or the air fail and the men in the recalcitrant craft are looking into the eyes of a terrible death, death cooped up in impenetrable steel walls, death from suffocation, which is one of the most frightful ways that death can come.

"No events," records the captain; or he tells with a wealth of nautical detail of his various divings and risings, of his courses here and there, of how he saw a stray tramp steamer or two, and picked up a trawler here and there—"No events." Yet every minute was an event, for all the time he was out he was, in a most matter-of-fact way, to be sure, but none the less certainly, doing what verges on the miraculous, operating and maintaining hundreds of tons of steel under water, swimming like a fish with a vast conglomeration of machinery, steel plates, high explosives—to say nothing of a considerable quantity of human freight.

They take it as a matter of course that they will come back successfully, and they do; but, for all that death is always grinning at them through the thick glass in the eyeports. Something goes wrong. If that something cannot be corrected there they are, and their air supply is sure to be exhausted after a certain time. They laugh at the thought that anything can go wrong, but ——

United States Submarine Nemo was on patrol, everything working smoothly, the men at their stations, in their bunks or talking in little groups in the open spaces. An order was given. A mistake was made. A valve was opened too far. A tank was heavily overflooded. Instead of descending a few feet the Nemo went down like a shot—down—down—until the needle on the pressure gauge registered one hundred and twenty-seven pounds, which means she dropped to almost three hundred feet. The Nemo was not built to go to that depth. Theoretically, of course, she could withstand such pressure, but practically it was not wise to get her into that position.

At one hundred and twenty-seven the needle hung, quivered and steadied. The Nemo was on bottom, and apparently on soft bottom, for she had settled into it with no jar—mud, most likely—stuck in the mud three hundred feet below the surface of the water. And if they couldn't get her off soon they all knew what would happen. Death was not only grinning through the eyeports at them but gibbering.

As calmly as if they were on practice patrol not half a mile from the mother ship, the captain gave his orders. He tried to blow out his tanks. There was too much pre against him. He quietly went through expedient expedient calculated to get the Nemo to rise. She d rise. Instead she lay there, immobile, bow tilted dow an angle of two and one-half degrees. One hundred twenty-seven pounds' pressure puts all the valves and on a submarine to severe test. The stern tube valves t to leak. Water seeped in. Presently there was a good in the bilges. Order after order was given calmly, a calmly carried out by the crew. There was no const tion. There was no hurry. There was no ineffici Everything was done, methodically and efficiently, th knowledge and the experience of the commander indic

The Nemo didn't budge. She lay there with her n the mud, quivering somewhat from the efforts made w her to get her in motion, but stuck—stuck, it seemed, and fast.

"All hands aft!" ordered the captain.

The crew, except those needed at the controls, cro to the far stern of the ship.

"Start motors!"

The motors began to hum. The men in the stern their bodies—teetered up and down—as an aid. The rose slowly, but did not break away. The angle be three degrees—four—five—six.

### *Like Floating Stilettos*

THEN with a shake and a shock the Nemo started up idly, at an angle of fifty degrees, plunged for the t if alive and ashamed of lingering so long in the allen

When she had risen a hundred feet, which only t few seconds, the captain ordered: "Open middle b Kingston for blowing."

"Middle ballast Kingston open, sir," reported the man.

"Very good."

It was as unemotional as if they were out on pra

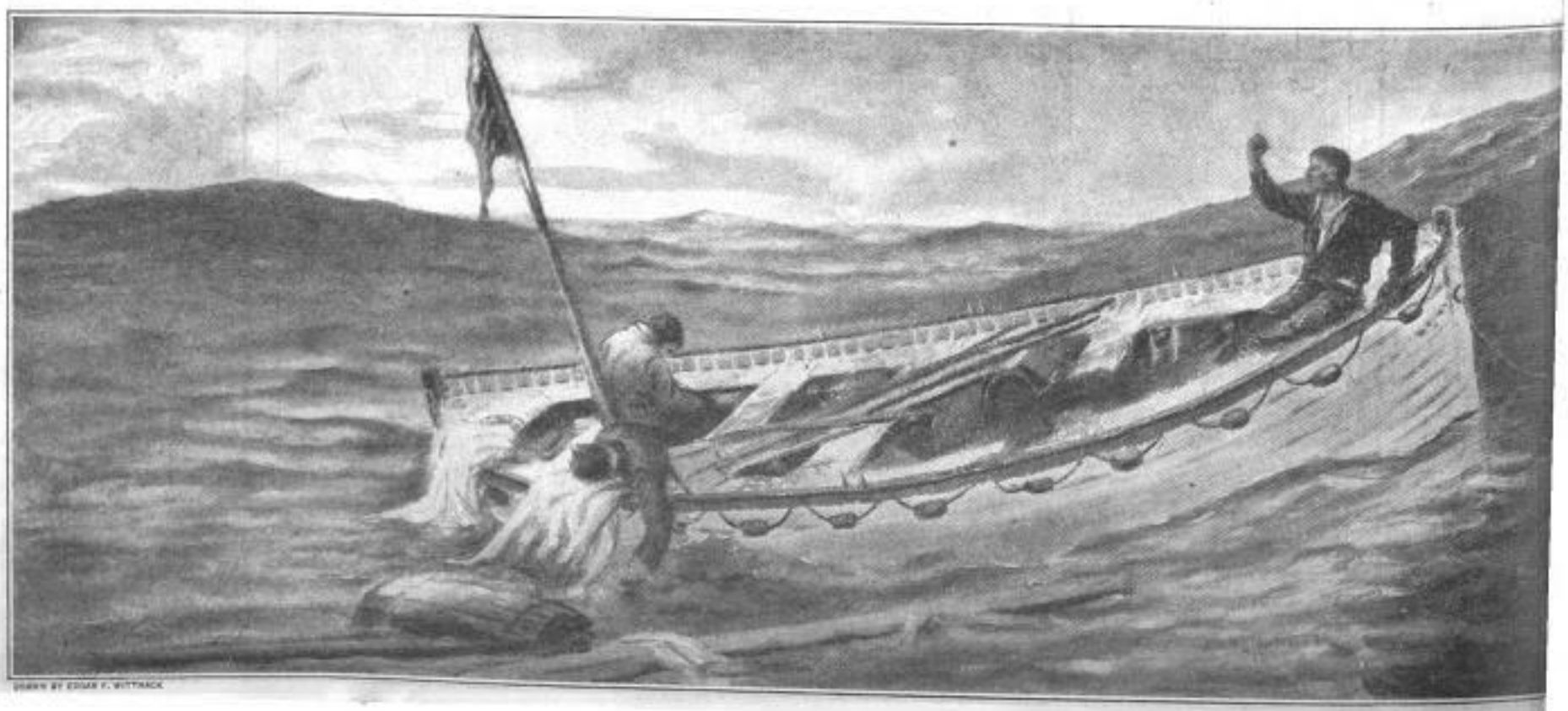
The pressure in the tank jerked open the starboard so quickly that one of the slide blocks broke, thus pre ing the closing of the valve, but the Nemo was started a few seconds later she broached on top, came up a lunge, as a swimmer comes up from a dive, rising porpoise, and then settled back on the surface, afloat on even keel. They had been down one hour and minutes, fighting with death.

And later the captain reported: "There was no par excitement. Every man stood by his station as calmly efficiently as if at drill."

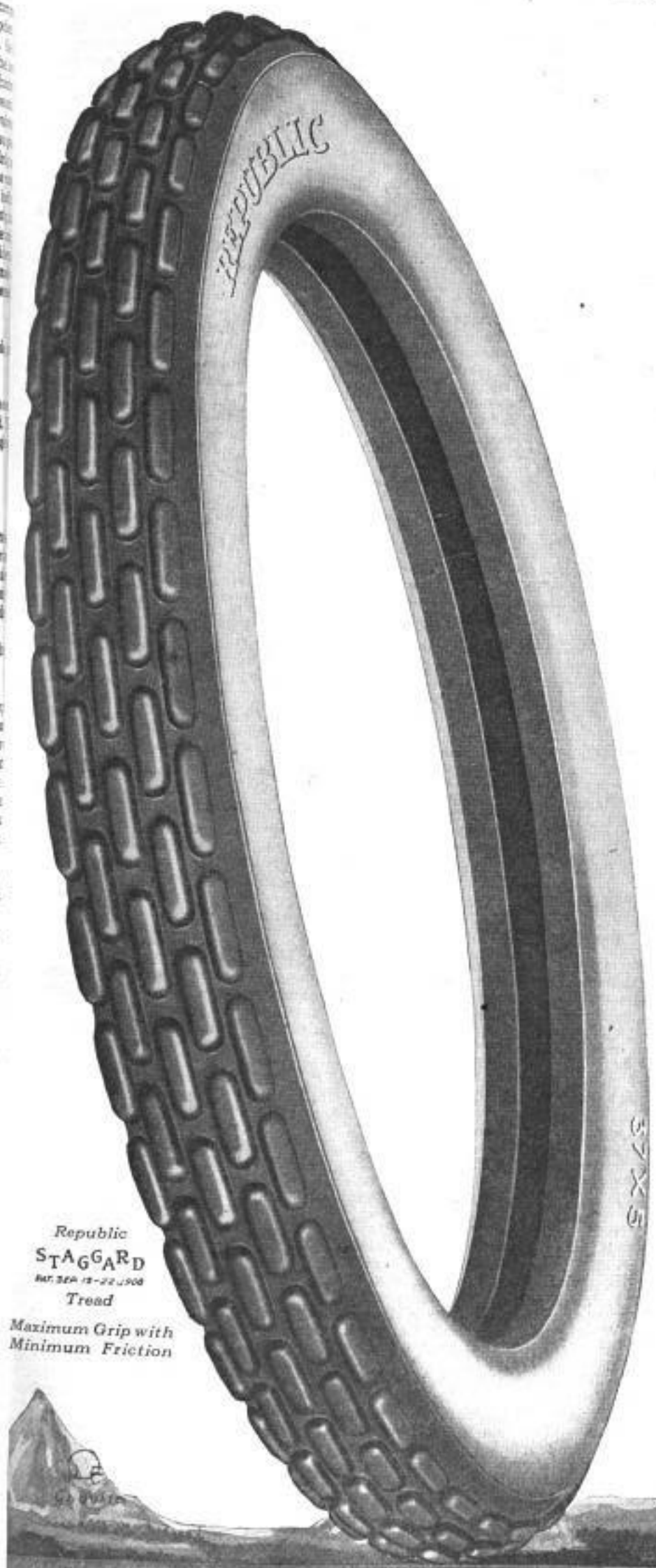
Those were American sailors, and there are thous upon thousands of them in foreign waters, men just these, on all sorts of ships; to say nothing of hundre thousands of the same caliber waiting at home for chance. Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!

The submarine mother ship came up from the marine base to the destroyer base where I was, to hav bottom scraped, and I went back with her, convoyed two restless destroyers through the dangerous sea. were no alarms. Everything went peacefully as migh and when we swung into the inner harbor where the marines lay I had my first sight of our Nemos. A co them nestled round a buoy, looking like nothing so with their sharp sterns all pointing out harbor, as a tion of floating stilettos.

(Continued on Page 24)



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# A Tread as Good As It Is Safe

Driving conditions, from now until next spring, especially demand tougher, safer tires.

That demand clearly indicates Republic Tires, with tread of Staggard Studs.

Republic Staggard tread *is* safer; it *does* last longer in rough winter service.

No other non-skid is so scientifically built to hold the road.

It gives *maximum grip with minimum friction* on wet or snowy streets and roads.

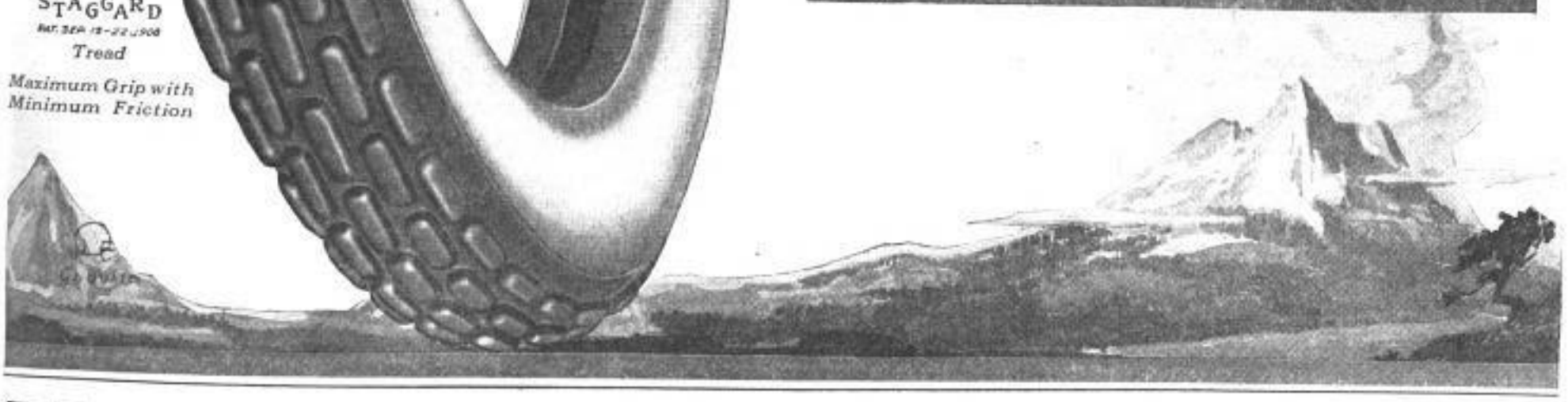
Its Prōdium-toughened rubber resists to the utmost the slashing effects of sharp ice, and wears very slowly, like finely hardened steel.

Car owners who have learned to set store by Republic Tires in fair weather—and they are legion—will doubly value them after a winter's experience.

*Republic Inner Tubes, both Black-Line Red and Gray, have a reputation for freedom from trouble*

**The Republic Rubber Corporation**
Youngstown, Ohio

*Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread*



# REPUBLIC TIRES

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(Continued from Page 22)

The submarine mother ship functions for the submarines exactly as the big supply ships function for the destroyers. She is the guide, philosopher, friend, doctor, purveyor and director. She has stores, machine shops, and all the paraphernalia needed to keep the subs in order and to feed and supply the men who operate them. She lies in one of the most beautiful landlocked harbors I have ever seen, and she hums with activity day and night.

"Sir," said the captain of a Nemo that had been under repair, to the commanding officer, "I desire permission to submerge at eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Very good," replied the C. O.

"Sir," said I to the C. O., "I desire permission to submerge with him."

"Very good," he repeated; and the next morning they gave me a suit of overalls and a pea jacket, and I did that same.

Years ago—nearly twenty, I should say—I went down the Potomac River from Washington with sections of the naval committees of the Senate and the House, at the invitation of one or the other of the rival submarine builders, I have forgotten which—to have it proved to the satisfaction of the statesmen who were making appropriations for naval construction that an iron boat really could operate beneath the water, and that it was a practicable and formidable instrument of offense and defense. I went down in that submarine. As I recall it, the late Senator Bacon, of Georgia, and the late Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, were two of the fellow passengers on that perilous trip. We dived, stayed under a few minutes, and came up, and all thought we had had a most remarkable and almost miraculous experience.

### Going Down

Compared with the Nemo I went down on this time, that submarine was a toothpick alongside a railroad tie, for size; and compared with some we have, and are building, she was even smaller, by comparison, than that. Also, so far as efficiency, improvement and general advance of construction are concerned, that first submarine was merely a rough working model, a toy.

They put me up on the bridge, alongside a keen-eyed, browned, agile young sailor who handled signals, and the captain; the preliminary orders were given, and the Nemo moved out to sea smoothly and quietly. There were certain compass matters to be regulated while we were topside, and these were regulated as we cruised about.

Then the captain said to me: "Drop down below, for we are going to dive."

There was a hatchway, a tubular hatch, and on the sides of that hatch two or three projecting iron steps. Also two hand ropes. So, not being a skilled submarine merger or emerger, I practically dropped and landed in the middle of more sorts of machinery than I had ever seen before, than I fancied there could be. The captain and the sailor came after me. The hatch was slammed. Going down!

There were eight men in that place, stowed away among various intricacies of machinery; and I made a somewhat bulky ninth. The captain was one, a lieutenant was another, and the rest were men of various ratings, at their stations. One man sat on a low box, or bench, and controlled the engines. Two others crouched with their hands grasping good-sized brass wheels, not unlike automobile steering wheels, only larger; and directly in front of each were two depth gauges, eighteen to twenty inches across, on the faces of which flickered long sensitive needles, and round the edges of which were set figures, from one to three hundred, as I recall them; possibly higher than that.

The lieutenant stood watching these gauges over the heads of the crouching wheelmen. Close to these was another man, who operated the vents, and on the other side of the compartment other men who did strange but effective things with levers. A great gyroscopic compass took up a lot of space, and pipes and tubes and other mechanical things were strung about in bewildering confusion. This was the operating compartment, the heart of the sub.

The lieutenant gave a series of orders, supplemented now and then by a direction from the captain. The men at the various controls reported the execution of the orders as soon as the necessary operations had been made, and in the words of the command. That was about all the conversation there was. I tried to keep out of the way, with ill success at times. The indicators of the depth gauges began to move—five feet—ten feet—fifteen feet—with the sharp eye of the lieutenant always on them, as he gave his orders to open this or close that, in the process of stabilizing the ship.

Twenty feet—twenty-five feet—thirty feet—thirty-five feet—we went down without a jar, holding level at various depths for processes that appeared important, but that meant nothing in my young life. Presently we were at sixty feet, and cruised about a bit. After that we went deeper and climbed higher. For a time we were not far beneath the surface, trying the periscope. The periscope is a tube that moves up and down in a casing, and is the eye of the ship. It is a vertical telescope, the angles of refraction being so arranged that the sight is horizontal while the instrument itself is vertical. It revolves in a complete circle, and is turned by means of two brass projecting handles at its lower end. The man operating it stands with his eyes to the eyepiece, and constantly turns the periscope, sweeping the surface of the waters, moving his head and body with it, of course, in order to retain his field of vision. A periscope is made of metal. It is long and heavy. Swinging it about and standing at strained attention at it for a few hours at a time is a man's job.

The hydrophones are forward. Our skipper gave his listeners some practice, for there were plenty of ships about and he constantly demanded report on their positions as per compass. These orders go to the listeners through speaking tubes, and are passed along by the lieutenant, who is executive officer and who stands by the depth gauges. They let me have various looks. I picked up several ships, including an American destroyer or two and some British ships. The periscope in good light sets them forth plainly. A ship a mile or so away passed over the field of vision in complete miniature. A destroyer at that distance looks like a ship about two feet long, but every detail of her is seen.

Descents in ordinary form are made so easily and steadily that there is no sensation of dropping about them. The only guide to where you are is the depth gauge. Nor is there any difference that is apparent at a hundred feet over five feet. It is all calm, level, steady. A quick dive gives somewhat the sensation of a quick dropping of an elevator, but only somewhat. Indeed, the ordinary sensation of diving in a submarine is no sensation at all. You would know nothing about it if the depth gauges were not making telltale fluctuations before your eyes.

### When Matches Won't Light

Cruising is the same. You hear the water rushing along the sides when submerged, but the movement of the boats is so steady that there is little sensation of movement. When they are awash the story is different. A submarine rolls gracefully, and persistently, about half over in a heavy sea, when she is proceeding on the surface of a rough sea; and the interior thereof—with the motion and the smell of the oils and various other things—is no place for a person with a squeamish inside—no place at all—the zero of habitations. But below the surface, far enough down, with a heavy sea above, the submarine oscillates pleasantly, swings gently from side to side, and is a comfortable place of abode.

The engines and the galley, an electric range, are aft, the operating compartment amidships, and the bunk room and torpedo tubes forward, in the smaller boats. In the big ones there are torpedo tubes both forward and aft. When a torpedo is fired the torpedo isn't aimed, but the boat is, for the tubes are fixed. The captain and the lieutenant have bunks; the men sleep in berths that let down and are ranged in tiers; and the guest has a cot.

I was curious to know what the men did on these long trips, aside from their station duties and watches. I discovered. They sleep. There is more sleeping done on a submarine, and less sleeping also, than on any other craft afloat. That is, when the men are off watch they spend much of their time in bed, but when they are on watch there never was a more wide-awake and more vigilant lot of youngsters. They have some reading matter, and spin yarns in the engine room and in the forward compartments, but largely they sleep the off-watch hours away, and it is amazing how much sleeping one can do. It is no trick at all to stay in bed, snoozing, for twelve hours; no trick at all, that is, for a guest. The men take their sleep in shorter stretches, but they take a lot of it.

After a submerged run of twelve hours or so the air gets a bit heavy, though not at all oppressively so. One notices it when a trial is made at lighting a match. Matches start bluely, gasp and go out. If by the skillful utilization of the sulphur on the sticks a cigarette is lighted, the cigarette, despite most valorous efforts, burns only half an inch or so before it expires languidly. Water is precious. An allotment of a small amount is made each day, and that must suffice for face and hand washing and other purposes. There is none for shaving, or not much, and as a consequence when a submarine comes in after a cruise the men bring in with them variously assorted whiskers. The food is good, for the electric ranges work well, and the supplies are plentiful and varied. The men are under the strictest discipline, of course, and are allowed two cigarettes a day when below—if they can get them going and keep them afire.

After about three days of a cruise the Nemo begins to sweat. Moisture condenses on the inside of the steel plates and drips off, steadily and with a malignity that is common to inanimate things concerning which there is a great essay to be written—On the Utter Depravity of Inanimate Things. Have at it some day. Clothes become clammy and moist, and the whole ship gets moister inside. But what of it? Each night we come to the surface and let the cool, sweet, fresh ocean air in; and submarining is submarining, and is taken as it comes. But a nonsweating submarine would be an advance in that phase of naval architecture—a distinct advance.

A long stay down gives a heavy feeling in the head and forces an increased respiration. Sometimes battery fumes are annoying, and if by chance any fumes of gasoline are escaping there is a noticeable exhilaration when coming to the surface. "Gasoline jags," the sub men call them, but they are hardly that. The gasoline fumes gently jingle the crew, and next day the headache is most marked.

### Recognition Signals

So they go for days and nights, ranging back and forth over their given beats, listening, looking, watching for Hun subs—mostly listening. The perfect submarine of the future will be one gigantic ear, or a pair of them, one on each side. Ears—ears—ears—that is what they need; and that, through the inventive genius of Americans, is what they are getting. Their contests mostly are contests of blind listening. They cannot see when they are below, but they can hear, and must. Every minute of a submarine cruise the listeners are at their posts, ears straining at the hydrophones to detect the beat of another propeller—no matter whether it is propeller of friend or of foe. That part of it will take care of itself—detect the beat and let Nature take its course. Once the telltale noise is heard and up they come for a quick look, and if nothing is seen drop down to trail again, following the sound like Apaches—following—following—changing course to keep along with it, maneuvering to get closer to it, hoping it may be a Fritz.

That is all there is to the warfare of submarine against submarine—ears. Fundamentally, I mean. The submarine that gets the best ears will do the best work. Of course the human equation will count, too, for ears must be operated, and what they hear put to advantage, but there is no need of going into that phase of it. We have the human equation in full and effective supply. Give them the ears they need and the results will come immediately. And we're getting them—the ears. Improvements are being made every day. Presently the perfect submarine will be evolved, the submarine that will be primarily an ear—an ear before it is anything else; and tacked to that all the other machinery for operation that now exists, and will exist in improved form. Then it will be all over.

When a submarine leaves a base to go on patrol it becomes the free and independent ranger of all the seas; also the object of suspicion for all other craft. In the large way one submarine, whether ours or English or Hun, looks like another submarine. That is, at distance they are all long, low-lying craft, with certain similar protuberances in the way of bridges, conning towers, periscopes, and so on. The motto of the surface craft is: All submarines look alike to us, and it is up to the friend to prove himself a friend or take whatever may arrive in the way of shot, shell, ramming, depth charges, or any of the other pleasant little devices for rending undersea craft apart and sending them to the bottom.

A submarine on patrol is distinctly off his own. Of course he has his orders, knows his beats, and is to stay out a certain length of time, but his hand is against the hand of every other craft, unless proved a friend; and the hand of every other craft is against him. The orders are: If you see a submarine slog it unless it gives the proper recognition signals and proves up to be a friend; and don't wait too long, either, for recognition signals. A reasonable time only, and then go to it. Likewise that is the schedule on which the submarine operates. Take nothing for granted. Hit and hit quickly, unless you get the signal that it is a friend.

### An Added Danger

This adds a certain spice to submarine patrolling. The submarine captain and crew must look out not only for foes but must equally be on guard for friends. An American destroyer or other war craft is very likely to, and quite justified too, in taking a shot at any submarine that appears unless that submarine proves up; and an English destroyer or sloop is expected to do the same thing. Take nothing for granted. If the sub is a friend let the sub say so. There are adequate signals to be given. If the sub is an enemy two minutes' delay before attacking it may mean the escape of it. One sub looks like another sub. Go to it unless it advances, friend, and gives the countersign.

It is a hazardous game, this submarining. Two minutes' delay in sending up a recognition signal may mean a barrage of depth charges that will shake that recalcitrant submarine to pieces or the perforation of it by shells. Those destroyer and sloop chaps are very quick on the trigger. So the submarine is wary. Nemo keeps out of the way. When a ship is sighted, if it is a friendly ship, as it usually is, Nemo ducks and disappears, unless the ship is too near, and then the recognition signal is given. If a submarine is heard or sighted the utmost precautions are taken to find if it is Hun or English. That isn't so difficult as may be imagined, for the courses of patrol are known to all commanders, and the chances are vastly in favor of any submarine sighted by a Nemo being a Hun. Still, there have been run-ins between friendly submarines, as the completed naval history of this war will show.

Firing at friends by friends from surface ships is more common. That is, delays in sending up recognition signals have caused hostile attack on Allied submarines by Allied ships, for the law of the sea is exact. Every submarine that shows is held to be an enemy submarine until it proves that it is a friend. That is the drastic rule. If it is an enemy it is wanted. If it is a friend let it say so. Otherwise, watch out! Wherefore, as I have said, the submarine on patrol is a free moral agent. It is entirely off its own. The hand of every man is against it until it shows its colors, and oftentimes that hand is a hasty hand, an insistent hand, a heavy hand.

Sights at sea, especially at night, are dim and sometimes uncertain. A submarine sees something. It looks like another submarine. Fritz often camouflages. He hoists a sail, when he is running on the surface, to make himself look like a trawler, and at a distance the silhouette of a trawler, with a short mast forward, the derrick amidships, the small deck house and the rectangular sail it often carries aft, is strikingly like that of a submarine. It takes a lot of looking to make the distinction, and a lot of restraint not to let go a torpedo or two, until it is certain just what is in sight.

However, the submarine has the advantage. He can let down and use his periscope and hang round unobserved, if lucky, until he makes sure. He is in constant touch with patrols, too, who tell him where other submarines have been sighted, and off he plugs to those locations to see what he can see and find what he can find. There is some zest to the life, even if the crew does have to stay jammed into such close quarters; and mostly there are no events, save a patrol well and faithfully made.

One of our subs was peacefully proceeding, a short distance beneath the surface, when there came a great whirring through the hydrophones.

(Continued on Page 26)

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(Concluded from Page 24)

"Aëroplane above, sir," reported the listener.

The captain stuck up his periscope and had a look. It was a friendly aëroplane, and he didn't bother.

The aëroplane flew back again, turned and made another flight. After the third flight the captain had another look. He saw that the pilot was working feverishly to let loose a depth charge on him, but that apparently the releasing apparatus was stuck.

The flyer made a fourth trip, and a fifth. "That bird is in earnest," said the captain. "I'll go up and give him the glad hand."

The submarine rose—and the aëroplane swung at it again. From it came pop-pop-pop-poppity-pop!

"His engine's missing," thought the captain as he sent up his recognition signal. But the aëroplane's engine wasn't missing. The popping the captain heard was from the aëroplane's machine gun, and that recognition signal didn't get up a second too soon.

Any hard feelings? Not in the least. A dinner in port on the first convenient occasion ended that episode, with reciprocal good will and admiration. And there have been other occasions when friend has popped at friend, one way or another. It is all part of the stern game of war.

Show us, is the demand, for this game admits of nothing on supposition. It is a game of realities, stark and stern. Everything beneath the sea is potentially an enemy to everything else beneath the sea and above it, and the only way to escape attack from friend is to give the countersign. Otherwise, take your chances. Submarine and antisubmarine warfare is no tea party where the fact that one is present assumes that one is desirable and friendly and nice folks. In this game everything is a Hun until proved not a Hun. Fritz is not getting by on friendly assumption, even if real friends are sometimes mussed up a bit here and there.

Strange things happen. A Nemo was patrolling, and located a German submarine not far away. Maneuvering for position, the Nemo heard another enemy submarine a considerable distance off to the starboard. That was good, hunting two of them at the same time, and the crew of the Nemo cheered up amazingly and prepared to get after them both. There was a period of cautious reconnoiter and maneuver, for it was not known whether the German subs had seen and heard Nemo.

Presently Nemo came up to have a look, and discovered one of the German subs not far away, a quarter of a mile or so, just rising to the surface. Nemo swung to take a shot, and while swinging noted that the German was doing the same thing. Before Nemo was head on there came a tremendous explosion close by the German submarine, which rose in the air in the midst of a mighty column of water. The periscope and conning tower could be seen distinctly in the giant swirl of it. Then the German disappeared.

Nemo cruised about, and saw the oil on the water; submerged, but could find no trace. Then presently the listeners heard the high-pitched code call of a German submarine, repeated over and over again. The other German was somewhere off in the depths calling for her mate. Nemo put on a similar high-pitched call, but got no response, and after sticking round for a long time went along. Nobody knows what happened, but presumably the German's torpedo exploded either in the tube or just after leaving it. Anyhow, that Hun seems to have been disposed of effectively.

Another time a submarine on the surface, or near it, blew up with a mighty blast. Patrols rushed over. There was nothing save a rising and frightful mess of human remains, wreckage and clothing. A sea boot that belonged to a German floated up, and a cap or two. There was some sort of German inscription on the boot, which has not yet been deciphered. The Hun indulges a fantastic proclivity for marking his possessions. He writes on everything. The life preservers that some U-boat survivors, picked up by one of our destroyers, used had painted on one side of them Wilhelm, and on the other side *Gott*.

They have their troubles, these subs. Machinery breaks, valves stick, engines kick up and kick over, and a thousand and one problems present themselves. A Nemo came in one day and reported by signal: "Starboard engine disabled; port engine under repair; one-fourth of crew on sick list with influenza." Pleasant little place to have that miserable influenza that has been devastating England and Europe—down in a submarine! I can imagine the delights of a temperature of one hundred and two, alternating with chills of forty below zero and a headache that would split a concrete skull, in a narrow berth of a submarine, a hundred feet or so below water, with the plates sweating and the batteries odoriferously in evidence, and the acid fumes floating about, and so on.

Do they mind it? They do not. Before those influenza boys were steady on their pins they were clamoring to get back to the job. We know about the navy spirit, and what it is and what it means; but after my experiences with those submarine sailors and the knowledge I got of their mode of life, I venture to reserve a portion of that navy spirit as the property of the submarine sailors. If there is a navy spirit, an American spirit, an on-the-job spirit—those boys have it, and theirs is the tough end of the job too.

As I have before remarked: Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue! coupled—as my British friends would say—coupled with the names of the men who sail under the seas in our submarines.

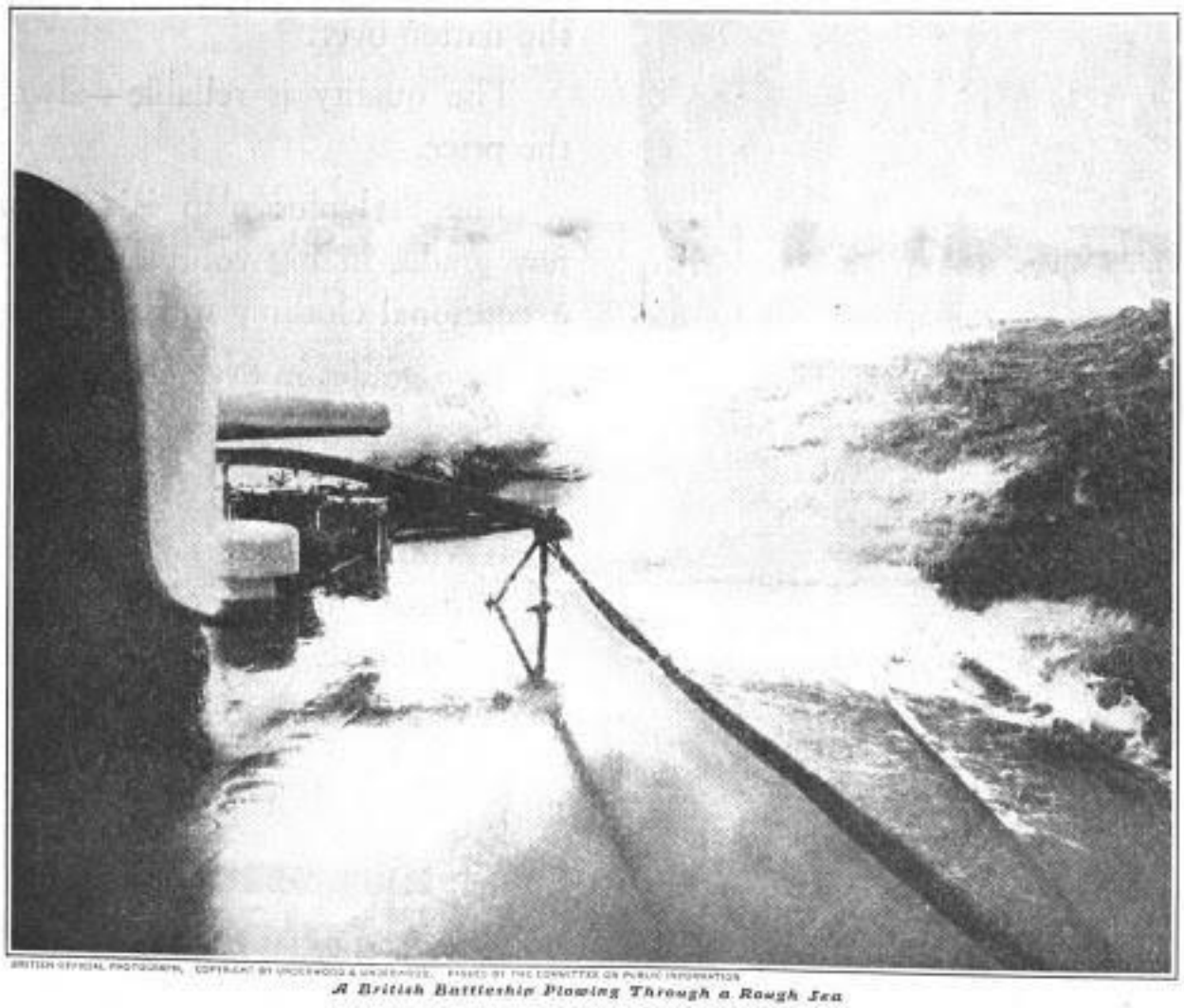
# The Salvor Versus the Submarine

## By ROBERT G. SKERRETT

TAKING a bone from a hungry dog is risky business. Robbing the U-boat of its prey is proving of pretty much the same venturesome order. But, even so, the thing is being done right straight along, week in and week out, over on the other side of the Atlantic. And what makes the subject of especial interest to us is the fact that American genius and Yankee cunning are now playing a very important part in this vitally necessary work. Within the last few months the United States has become represented in the Joint Salvage Council of the Allies, and we are ready to do our full share in the field of maritime wrecking.

Besides sending to Europe some of the best of our civilian and naval salvage experts, we have equipped and dispatched a number of vessels that are uniquely outfitted for the speedy and effective handling of damaged or sunken ships. These boats have reached their appointed stations over there.

Back about February the Government, profiting by experience abroad, decided to take over the control of maritime salvage operations along our coasts and likewise in European waters where American ships were concerned. To this end there was created a special salvage division, and its personnel was recruited from officers in the Construction Corps of the Navy and men in private undertakings familiar with such tasks.



*A British Battleship Plowing Through a Rough Sea*

The first work of our experts sent to the other side was to study conditions and to devise ways in which we could act to best advantage. The salvage steamers since prepared for the service embody everything thought essential to effective operations, and reflect the judgment of men whose brilliant achievements in a peculiarly difficult branch of engineering have placed us in the very forefront of the art.

Our salvage corps in Europe, however, is not succoring or refloating American ships only, as was originally intended. We have pooled our skill and equipment with those of our allies and are now actively coöperating with the Salvage Department of the British Admiralty. And that we may have an idea of the capacity of the men we have sent abroad, just let us review briefly some of the amazing things they have done in American waters in the past few years. They tell better than anything else just what Yankee resourcefulness really means—a resourcefulness that does not hesitate to put tried agencies at work in untried fields and by means of sheer audacity to accomplish the seemingly impossible.

To begin with, there was the S. S. Royal George, a big liner of fifteen thousand tons, which ran high upon the rocks in the St. Lawrence—that graveyard of ships—while racing seaward during a heavy fog. Substantially forty per cent of her underwater plating was damaged and great rents torn in her steel skin, through which the river ebbed and flowed freely.

The vessel had in her at the time of her grounding only a moderate amount of cargo, and there was, therefore, comparatively little that could be taken out of her to lighten her. This was done, but it failed to break the grip of the bowlders that had pierced her bottom; and it was found impossible to drag her off bodily, despite the efforts of a flotilla of powerful tugs, augmented by a number of larger steamers. To make things worse, the rise and fall of the tide was a matter of sixteen feet, and the Royal George struck at high tide.

A New York salvage expert was summoned to Quebec and, undismayed by the problem, promised to get the ship off; and he did so. He sealed the decks and hatches above the injured holds, fitted air locks to the hatch covers, and then went ahead as if his job were one of subaqueous tunneling. He turned compressed air into the flooded compartments, and in an astonishingly brief span of minutes forced the invading water down and outward through the rock-torn gaps until the water was level with the top edge of the uppermost injury. Then he sent his gangs of sand hogs down through the air locks into the holds.

These men, who had also learned their trade in driving tunnels under rivers, laid planks over the wounds, starting at the top of each, and filled the crevices with clay. The compressed air helped to hold these "pudge" boards in place and at the same time drove the water down and out as the rents were gradually covered. In this way the Royal George was given sufficient buoyancy to raise her clear of the river bed and permit her to be towed into deep water; but this was only half the task.

Winter was near at hand and with it the likelihood of the St. Lawrence's freezing before the liner could be taken to the nearest dry dock and made fit for sea. A great deal of money was at stake, and her owners wanted to get her back to England so that she could be overhauled and made ready for service.

The situation was met in a thoroughly original manner: the steamship was repaired just where she floated.

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(Continued from Page 26)

The sand hogs made patterns of the patch plates needed to seal each wound in the hull. These patterns showed, also, just where threaded bolts were to be screwed into the patch plates, and these marks corresponded exactly with others placed round the injuries, where holes were drilled through the sound steel of the hull and temporarily plugged with wooden stoppers from within.

As each patch plate of steel was made ready it was lowered over the side of the ship and brought into position by divers standing upon a submerged and weighted platform. At the right moment the wooden stoppers were pulled out and the bolts on the patch plate shoved inward. Working quickly, the sand hogs fitted nuts on the bolts and screwed them tight; and in this way the patch plate was drawn securely into place, a lavish use of red lead effectually completing the seal. The repairs thus made were found, when the ship was docked at Halifax for inspection, to be so sound that nothing more was done on her at the time, and the Royal George ran thence to England laden with a profitable cargo of lumber.

Again, the steamship Uranium, bound for New York via Halifax, stranded upon the rocks just outside of that Nova Scotian port. She was refloated after five days of work and towed into Halifax; but, as luck would have it, the only suitable dry dock was occupied. The question was how to get her to New York, where she could be properly docked and overhauled without delay. Her bow and forward bottom were seriously damaged and it was quite impossible for her to put to sea in that condition.

Compressed air, resorted to by an American salvage expert, saved the day. The wounds were covered from within with sheets of flexible lead so bent that they fitted snugly over the rents. Upon the lead sheeting was laid a mattress of cement. When the injured compartments were charged with compressed air the temporary patches were held securely against the pounding sea, and the craft reached New York after a two days' run with her damaged holds substantially dry. She made the trip loaded with a valuable cargo.

There was the case of the steamship Zeeland, hastening up the St. Lawrence for a load of munitions, which was driven far up on the flats during a period of foggy weather. The mud was dredged from both sides of her and a path dug sternward back to the river channel, and the ship lightened to the utmost by the removal of water ballast, coal and much of her portable equipment. Even so, powerful tugs and other craft were unable to free her because she rested upon a mound of mud immediately beneath her that could not be cleared away.

### Clever Work

The man who salved the Royal George effected the release of the Zeeland. He did it by means of a film of air bubbles discharged from holes tapped in the bottom of the liner. The compressed air passing outward and upward broke the suctionlike grip of the mud, freed the ship, and permitted her to be towed back into the river's fairway.

Finally, to skip many other notable performances, there was the big tanker Gut Heil, sunk in the Mississippi just below Baton Rouge, which was raised by means of compressed air after lying on the river bed, abandoned for quite five years. In sinking she had turned over on her side, and in the course of her submergence had become filled with many hundreds of tons of silt. The problem was to get rid of this burden, turn the ship upright in shallow and nontidal waters, and then refloat her so that she might be taken down to New Orleans for repairs.

Compressed air did the trick. Buoyancy so obtained and cunningly distributed righted the vessel after she had been freed of the bulk of the mud within her. The task was one that involved the nicest sort of juggling with water ballast and buoyancy so that the ship would come slowly upright and not swing violently back upon an even keel and then lurch over in the opposite direction and fill and sink again. The salvors had to control a dead weight of quite five thousand tons. The performance stands without a parallel in the annals of marine wrecking.

And what about the divers who have gone over with our flotilla of salvage craft? For, after all, a great deal depends in most marine wrecking undertakings, especially if a ship be sunk, upon the capacity and courage of the underwater workers. The British believe that the limiting operating depth is thirty-five fathoms—two hundred and ten feet—when the man is peculiarly rugged and fit for diving. On the other hand, our naval divers have descended more than three hundred feet below the surface and have rendered useful service there in effecting the refloating of a sunken submarine.

Again, the opinion holds abroad that it would not be commercially practicable to undertake salvage work at a greater depth than a hundred and twenty feet; and yet American divers have gone down into the frigid inky gloom of a foundered ship, one hundred and sixty feet below the surface, and have recovered from her some tons of mail pouches, a large quantity of silver bullion and the purser's safe. To do this they had to cut through the upturned steel side of the vessel and to follow a slanting, slimy and devious pathway to their goal in the very bowels of the craft.

These performances on the part of our people mean that salvage operations over there may be carried out successfully on deeply sunken ships either in seeking to raise them bodily or to recover parts of their cargoes, the divers, at the maximum submergences, merely serving to guide by telephone the needful mechanical efforts, originating above, upon the wrecking steamers.

The fundamental reason for this widened operative zone on the part of the subaqueous toiler is the use of compressed air drawn from storage flasks instead of being furnished by hand-driven pumps, which at times are dangerously uncertain. Further, with an ample and unfailing flow of this vital element assured, it is now possible for the diver to control his air supply to a nicety, and to meet confidently the changing requirements of his more or less hazardous environment.

### Gallant British Wreckers

Finally, as a result of experiments made by the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery of our Navy Department, it has been found practicable and safe to reduce considerably the length of time a diver must remain in the water when coming up from a deep descent in order to bring about a readjustment of certain physical conditions induced by the compressed air he has breathed. By the prompt use of the recompression chamber, one of which is on each of our salvage boats, the development of "bends" can be prevented and the aftermath of still graver bodily reactions effectually offset.

With our men collaborating with the English and French experts, there is good reason to believe that 1918 will prove a bumper year in neutralizing the grim activities of the Kaiser's U-boats. Indeed, this cannot help but be so if we recall what the British have already accomplished in reclaiming ships that have been sunk or in working them into port after they have been grievously injured.

One of our own salvors has paid this spontaneous tribute to his English professional brethren:

"For sheer grit and dogged persistence, I take off my hat to the British wreckers. I first saw them in action when they made port with the torpedoed Celtic last April. She was hard hit. Her great bulk of twenty-one thousand tons was made heavier and more difficult to handle by reason of the water that had poured into her through her gaping side. The Irish Sea at that particular time was in an ugly mood, thanks to a nasty wind; and, believe me, it was a man-sized job to get hold of that ship and to tow her into a haven, all the while battling with the threatening sea to keep the craft from filling up and going to the bottom.

"The Celtic was potted somewhere in the neighborhood of the entrance to St. George's Channel, where a number of other big ocean-going vessels had fallen prey to lurking U-boats. Within an amazingly brief while after she sent out her S O S calls, a flotilla of salvage vessels and tugs were gathered about her.

"The stricken craft rolled deeply and sluggishly as the waves beat angrily against her massive hull. The salvors' problem was to get alongside of her for the twofold purpose of putting pumps aboard and of securing lines by which she could be towed into harbor. Her fires were out and her own pumps were, therefore, incapable of helping. The risks involved on the part of the wrecking boats were not unlike those of sidling up against the bluff shoulder of a rocky billow-washed headland.

"The little salvage vessels stuck valiantly to their job, even though more than one of them was smashed grievously against the liner's steel body. Despite all the handicaps, the wreckers toiled undismayed and finally landed their self-propelled pumps on the sloping and slippery deck of the wounded Celtic. With these powerful pumps discharging thousands of tons of water hourly, the salvors fought on more nearly even terms with the menacing sea, and were able to work the injured liner havenward and to guide her safely through mine fields—a peril to friend and foe alike that beset them at several points during the passage.

"It was a fine example of British pluck, seamanship and applied mechanics. In the end the work of the submarine was neutralized and the U-boat robbed of a seemingly certain victim."

Up to date the Salvage Department of the British Admiralty has been able to restore to service in the neighborhood of four hundred and fifty sunken or damaged ships, and by these performances has been able to discount the ravages of the rabid U-boats by well over a million tons of ocean-going bottoms. This branch of the fighting fleet—for it is a recognized part of the regular navy—has come entirely into being since the outbreak of war.

Strange as it may seem, the British Navy, with its enormous peacetime fleet, was well-nigh entirely lacking in salvage facilities until the concluding months of 1914. Various disasters had quite failed to awaken the authorities to the need of government-owned salvage craft and wrecking gear. At the start the Admiralty's Salvage Section was devoted to taking care of stricken battle craft; but by October, 1915, its main function had become that of dealing with damaged or sunken merchantmen. Mines, storms, collisions and the sinister submarine had by then taken such a toll of tonnage that it was imperative that something be done toward offsetting the losses—in short, to refloat and to repair any sizable vessel which could be saved.

The man chosen to head the newly formed department of the Admiralty is not a naval officer. He is a practical and very successful marine salvor. Captain Fred W. Young, the man in question, is a bluff, sea-tanned type of British mariner who scoffs at gold trappings and prefers to work in his shirt sleeves. He can well afford to neglect the mere badges of authority, for he has behind him a record of things done in the field of wrecking that has won for him world-wide recognition.

### Submerged Pontoons

Ten years ago he wrought a salvage wonder when he turned over H. M. S. Gladiator, lying on her side in the open waters of The Solent, and refloated that dead weight of six thousand tons notwithstanding the fact that the cruiser had a hole in her side fifty feet long which reached from her gunwale down to within a few inches of her bilge keel. He did this by means of submergible pontoons. Since then he has gone on adding to his laurels. No wonder the lords of the Admiralty have given him a free hand.

Captain Young first recruited from civil salvage enterprises a corps of experts and a force of divers familiar with the waters contiguous to the British Isles; and he also requisitioned some of their vessels. The next step was to outfit a goodly number of obsolete gunboats by placing aboard an array of portable pumps, no end of piping, long lengths of chain cables, heavy wire hawsers, massive blocks, diving gear, air compressors, oxyacetylene blowpipes for cutting metal, line-firing guns, wireless apparatus, and a long list of paraphernalia peculiar to the wrecking business.

The converted gunboats have proved to be especially suited for the work now cut out for them; and for good and sufficient reasons it has been found advisable not to strip them entirely of their armaments—this not only to hold off submarines that might interfere with the reclamation efforts but actually to help save the damaged ships by sinking them before trying to refloat them.

Quite eighty per cent of the work of the Admiralty Salvage Department lies in succoring a wounded ship before she can go to the bottom in deep water, as instanced in the case of the big liner Celtic. This does not mean necessarily getting the damaged craft directly into port, but, more often than otherwise, constitutes keeping her afloat until she can be towed close to shore and beached, preferably, in a more or less protected position, sheltered from the sweep of storm-tossed seas.

In order to lend assistance promptly, the coasts of the British Isles are divided into a number of districts in which are placed groups of salvage vessels, with trained personnels, ready to be hastened to any ship in distress within any of these operative zones. Where the exigencies of the case demand it aid is dispatched from several of the nearest stations.

A large freighter, laden with a cargo of foodstuffs valued at fifteen million dollars, was torpedoed by an unseen U-boat shortly after entering the home waters over there. Salvage vessels were rushed to her relief; but she went to the bottom a short way offshore in fairly deep water. Her shelter deck, fifty-seven feet above the keel, was just awash for about two hours at low tide. The torpedo that got the ship tore a hole in her side forty feet long and twenty-eight feet wide. Before the war a craft so circumstanced would have been declared a total loss, in all likelihood, and left untouched, or have been blown up if an obstruction to navigation.

But the Salvage Department looked upon her as a promising problem, and Captain Young's men tackled that job, fortified by special facilities which have been developed or perfected since 1914. Among these are the submergible electric pump and the so-called standard patch.

### Pertinacity Wins

The ordinary wrecking or lift pump, which is operated at the surface, can raise water only a matter of twenty-eight feet or so, while the submergible pump can be lowered deep into the flooded interior of a sunken ship and lift out of her hundreds of tons of water hourly to a height of from seventy-five to eighty feet. Electric current is supplied by means of an armored cable from one of the salvage boats, and this connection can be broken and the pumps left safely in the hold of the wreck in case of stormy weather and the temporary abandonment of operations.

Pumps of this sort were placed deep down in the submerged stokehold of the freighter in question, and by the aid of divers accustomed to the perilous work of exploring the interior of sunken ships holes were drilled and blasted in divisional walls of steel, so that the water could drain into a common sump in the stokehold and engine room and thence be discharged surfaceward. In this way the freighter was lightened sufficiently at low tide so that part of her cargo could be removed and her position shifted into shallower water. There she was temporarily patched, thousands of tons of the goods aboard were unloaded, refloated by further pumping, and then towed to port for permanent repairs.

But the salvors' operations are sometimes rudely interrupted and their labors discounted and multiplied. The weather is one of the foes to success and the interfering submarine is another. A seven-thousand-ton cargo carrier had nearly reached her haven when she was intercepted by a U-boat and torpedoed. Her captain promptly headed her for the shore and beached her in shallow water before rescuing tugs hove in sight. The Salvage Department then took her in charge, closed the gaping hole in her side by means of a standard patch, pumped her out, and a few days later had her afloat and bound for the nearest repair base.

But the enemy was alert and, before the harbor was made, torpedoed her again. The second injury was on the side opposite the patch; but, notwithstanding the force of the explosion the temporary closure remained substantially water-tight.

The ship was once more beached and patched; but she had been landed in an awkward place and was so high and dry that she could not be pulled into deep water. In order to refloat her, sliding ways were built under her, much as was done in the case of the U. S. S. Monongahela, which was carried ashore by a tidal wave in the West Indies in the late sixties. The vessel was then launched without further mishap and a little while later was overhauled and refitted for active service.

The so-called standard patch is really an adaptation of the patch plates devised for

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the repair of the S. S. Royal George. It is doubtful whether our experts will use it at all, since the patch plate is believed to be easier to make and susceptible of quicker adjustment. The standard patch, however, has proved of undeniable value, and has made it possible to save many a vessel that might still be resting on the sea bed. It is fashioned of planking six inches thick, strengthened by metal strips, and modeled so that it will fit snugly against the outside of a ship and effectually cover the injured area.

The form of this patch depends upon the shape of the vessel and the particular part damaged. First, divers are sent down with an adjustable mold of wood prepared after the known contours of the craft in question; and the underwater workers set this against the hull and mark just how the patch must be made to seal the hole. After that, the patch is constructed ashore or possibly on one of the salvage vessels.

When ready it is lowered over the side and guided into place by divers working both outside and within the wounded craft; then it is drawn snugly into place by means of hawsers attached to the inner face of the patch and leading into the vessel; finally the timber shield is secured firmly by bolts passing out through the sound shell plating of the hull.

Before the war it was not thought practicable to raise a sunken vessel of more than sixteen hundred tons by means of pontoons attached to wire hawsers passed beneath a ship, because it was feared that a heavier load would cause the steel lines to deform or cut right through the hull plating. Even so, a laden collier, representing a dead weight of substantially twenty-eight hundred tons, was lifted from a depth of seventy-two feet.

Sixteen nine-inch wire ropes were placed under her in the form of loops and secured to four big salvage craft placed above and on either side of the wreck. Then compressed air was employed to drive the water out of the collier's ballast tanks and some of her lower compartments. Thus lightened, the boat was got clear of the bottom and carried shoreward a distance of more than a mile, where she was eventually refloated by conventional salvage operations.

### *Sinking to Save*

The American tanker O. B. Jennings, carrying sixteen thousand tons of oil, collided last April in the English Channel with a large freighter, also partly laden with oil and other highly inflammable commodities. The stem of the latter vessel tore a great rent in the tanker's side and the friction caused by the impact set the Jennings aflame. The rescuing tugs found it impossible to subdue the blaze, and to save the splendid ship and her valuable cargo she was deliberately sunk by gunfire.

Divers afterward closed the wound occasioned by the collision and plugged the holes made by the shells. The Jennings was raised, towed to port, and temporarily repaired and run to the United States for thorough overhauling. On the fifth of August, unfortunately, the tanker was attacked by a U-boat off the coast of Virginia when homeward bound and sent to a watery grave.

The British ship that collided with the Jennings also took fire, and the explosions that followed killed pretty nearly all of her crew. Notwithstanding she was so dangerous as a powder magazine, the wreckers undauntedly approached her to save her. The character of the men in the salvage flotilla was splendidly evidenced by their courage in boarding the flaming freighter in order to attach hawsers so that she might be pulled stern first against the wind for the purpose of preventing the spread of the conflagration within her.

After towing the vessel for nine hours a mine exploded under her, parting one of the cables, and a moment later two other mines burst beneath her stern. Finding it impossible to get hold of her again, the craft was sunk by gunfire near an exposed inlet on the south coast of England. The steamer has since been raised.

### *Dangerous Work*

As might well be expected, the Germans are alive to what is being done to negative their destructive efforts, and U-boats are continually on the alert to interrupt the wreckers at their tasks. Upon two occasions at least, hostile submarines have stolen close enough to their quondam prey to launch torpedoes at the salvage craft, and have succeeded in sinking several of them.

Again, vessels of the salvage fleet have stumbled upon mines more than once, and a number of them have been damaged or sent to the bottom through these mishaps. The weather is plainly not the only thing that adds to the hazards of the salvors' labors; but there is still another menace, which frequently develops within the injured ships themselves. Certain cargoes—such as grains, other vegetable matter, meats, and so on—when exposed to the action of sea water give off poisonous gases, and these have proved extremely troublesome and even fatal where the men were unfamiliar with their noxious character.

One of the worst of these has been sulphureted hydrogen, generated by decomposed cereals. The chemists who have done so much toward developing antidotes for the treatment of soldiers gassed on the firing lines have found ways to neutralize the cargo gases, and the simple expedient of spraying the rotting freight with a prescribed mixture has practically disposed of the asphyxiating menace.

Some chemicals essential to waging war also react when exposed to water and give off both poisonous and explosive gases, and these can be disposed of successfully only by stimulated ventilation and by taking other precautionary measures.

For instance, one American salvage concern was called upon to refloat a ship sunk in the harbor of St. John, New Brunswick. Among the cargo were a good many tons of calcium carbide, which, when water worked into the containers, gave off acetylene gas and also heated the metal tanks to the point of red-heat. At low tide the whole inside of the ship above water was filled with the gas, and the explosive fumes remained in pockets when other parts of the craft were cleared of it by ventilating blowers.

As a very low percentage of acetylene in the air makes an explosive mixture, it was necessary to devise some form of detector. As a result an ingenious and simple gas gun was evolved, and by taking samples of the atmosphere within the steamer it was possible to tell quickly and surely whether danger lurked there for the wreckers. The gas gun will play a helpful part abroad among the craft of our salvage flotilla.

The question naturally arises: What can be done in cases of ships a hundred and more feet down? A submarine, because of the pressure-resisting type of hull and its normal fitness to run under water, lends itself exceptionally well to raising by means of compressed air applied internally so as to provide buoyancy while expelling the invading water.

This is not practicable in the ordinary ship, unless she be in a position where it is possible for divers to work inside her, strengthening her decks, sealing hatches, and otherwise bracing her to hold, without rupturing, the expansive or bursting force of the confined buoyant air.

Therefore, the main refloating agency will, in most cases of deeply sunken craft, have to be applied externally in the form of a direct lift and through the medium of pontoons.

### *A New Instrument*

As we know, the British salvors did this very thing in raising, from a depth of seventy-two feet, a collier involving a dead weight of twenty-eight hundred tons. In cases of this sort one very vexatious part of the problem is to get the wire-rope slings evenly distributed beneath the ship, and to put enough of them in place to divide up the total burden so that no single cable will bear a load sufficient to crush in the vessel's structure. The layman may not realize it, but a large craft is really a pretty ticklish thing to handle when filled with water, and the careless application of lifting forces may all too easily break the boat's back.

A big American engineering concern has given us an instrument that will make it practicable to salve ships of some thousands of tons' dead weight which lie deeply submerged.

This apparatus is an evolution of the towing machine that is in constant service in the moving of long strings of heavy-laden coal barges, and the like. In short, it is the automatic tension engine. With each sling or sustaining cable controlled by a mechanism of this sort, it will be feasible, so the experts say, to insure a uniformity of action and a perfect equalizing of the entire load represented by the sunken craft and its cargo.

British salvors have already shown how the big wire hawsers can be passed down and under a vessel not only lying totally submerged but when more or less deeply embedded in the mud of the sea floor. A diver with a hose discharging compressed air can achieve a great deal in a short time in clearing away the mud or sand beneath a ship, thus forming tunnels through which the slings can be led.

Starting with light lines, and gradually increasing the ropes in size, it is a comparatively easy matter eventually to get heavy steel cables in place under a vessel. It was in this way that our divers outside of Honolulu got the heavy supporting loops under the U. S. Submarine F-4 and made it feasible to drag that boat into shallow water from a depth of three hundred and six feet, and to raise her.

### *Costly Undertakings*

We have proved practicable, in times of peace, salvage tasks that the British have essayed only under the impelling stress of war. Again, a desperate shortage of seagoing tonnage has brought about wrecking feats that would probably not have been dreamed of commercially because of the great expense involved.

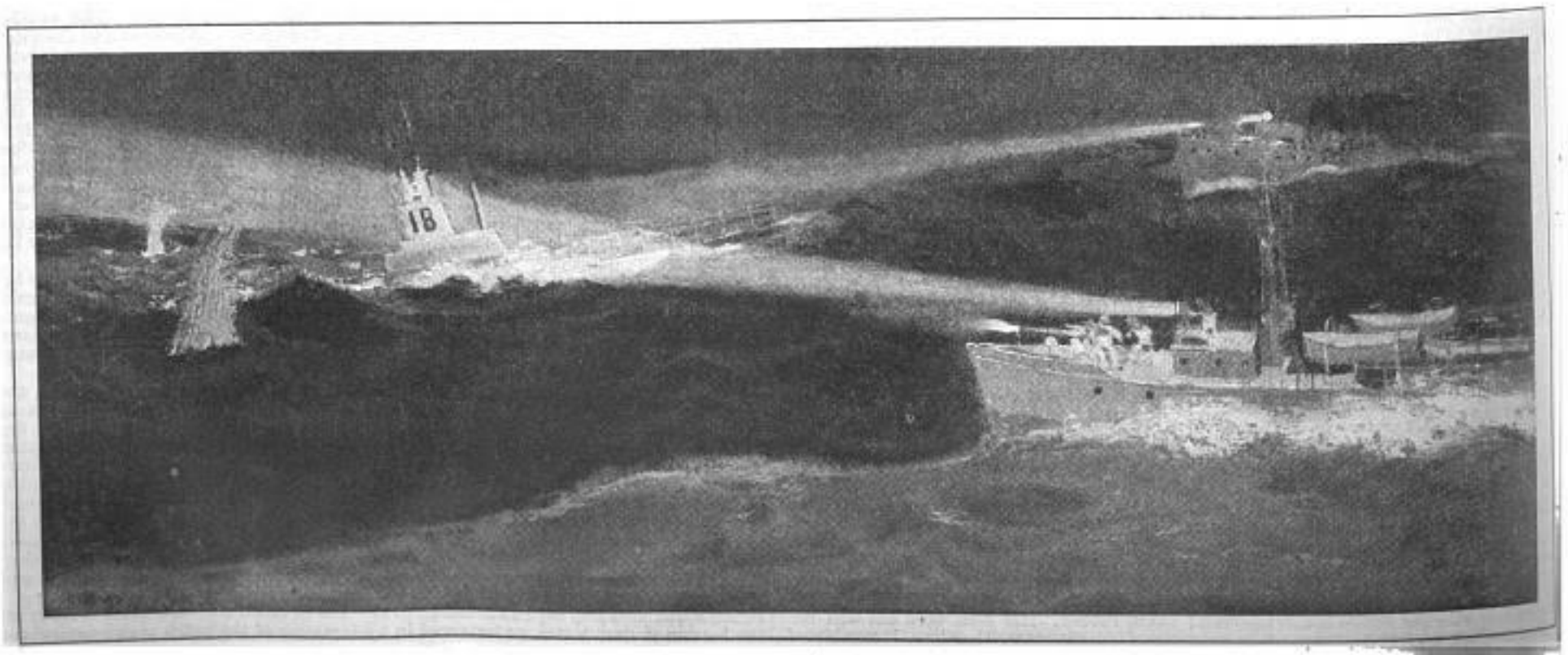
However, with substantially unlimited funds now at their disposal, the salvage engineers are taking long chances and doing amazing things. Meantime they are learning much that will cheapen operations in the years to come, when the wreckers will be asked to consider with the cold eye of business the question of refloating or raising hundreds and hundreds of ships which now, for various reasons, cannot be given consideration.

We have gone to Europe to help in a great work and our men can be counted upon to do their part in offsetting the ravages of the Kaiser's U-boats. They are likewise over there to profit by the experience of the British, French and Italian salvors. If the enemy's submarines continue to raid our coastal waters and to add materially to their grim toll, we shall have plenty to engage the attention of the domestic division of our Navy's salvage corps; and our work abroad will then stand us in good stead.

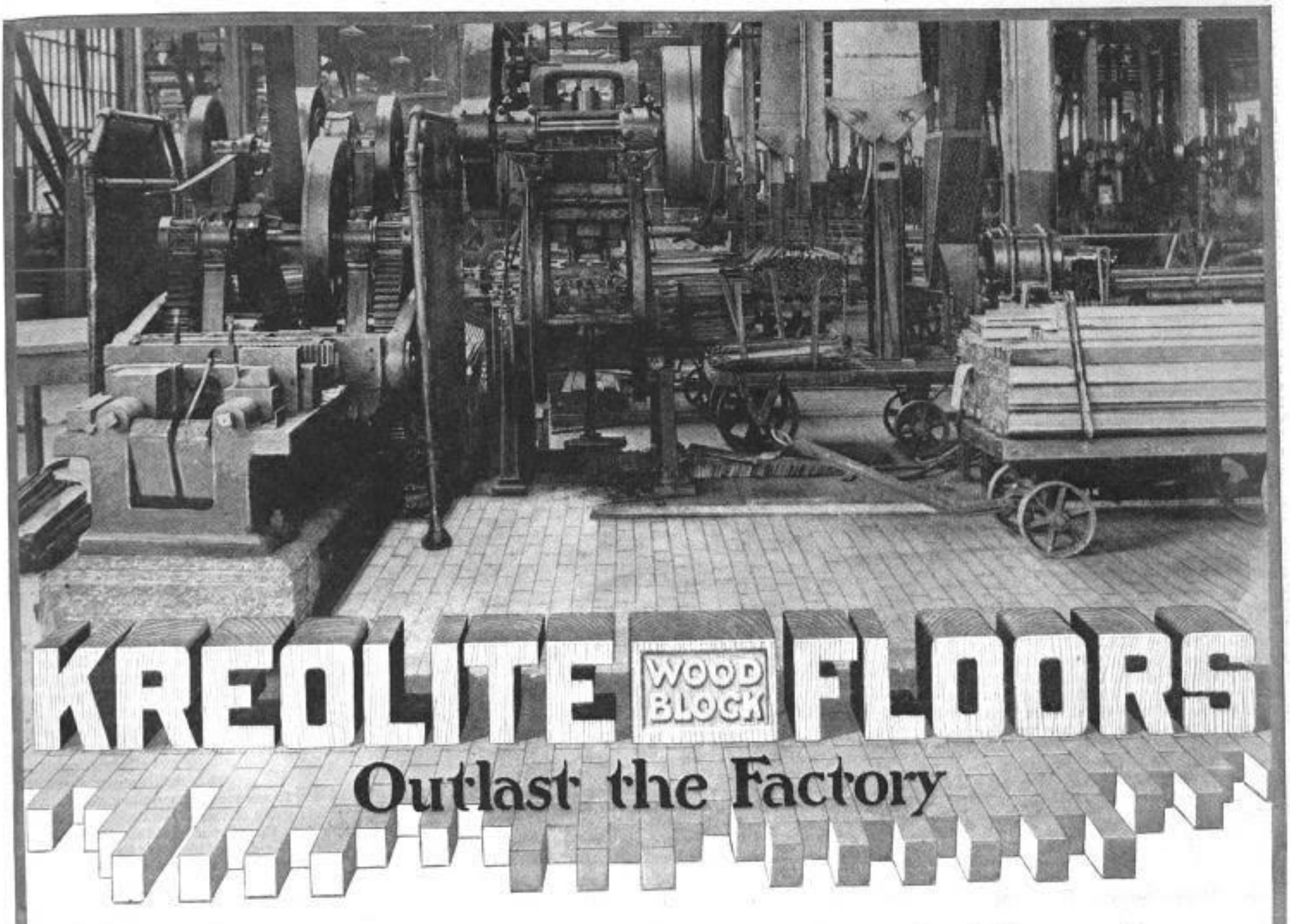
The men who in this fashion are fighting the sinister Teuton sea asps, who are battling with the treacherous, changeful sea, and who are trying to minimize navigational accidents induced by dimmed beacons and blinded running lights, are, indeed, a splendid body.

They are facing perils and struggling with difficulties that demand complete self-forgetfulness and unfaltering determination to succeed, if it be physically and humanly possible.

Theirs is a he-man's job; and they are tackling it like red-blooded, two-fisted fighters. They are heroes—all of them.




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"Fenestra" steel window sashing produced in these factories, calls for a floor that will stand heavy trucking and contact with the sharp steel edges and corners of the material used.

* * *

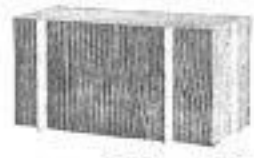
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# BENWAY'S LUCK

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

TOM BENWAY'S grandfather was fond of aphorisms, usually of a horsy flavor. One of them was: "If a colt's got any temper in him you can be tolerably sure you've got him broke when he gets to be about twelve years old, but not before then."

And respecting his grandson he often gave his son this advice or remonstrance: "Larruping a high-tempered colt don't do any good, Jim." Sometimes this remonstrance saved young Tom's hide, and sometimes not; for all the Benway men had hot tempers.

Departing this life Grandfather Benway left to his grandson a legacy of five thousand dollars, stipulating that it was to be handed over to him whenever, after reaching the age of twenty-one, he bought a farm and married. At the age of twenty-two, having completed his four years' course at the state agricultural college, Tom fulfilled both conditions by marrying Elt Rogers' daughter and purchasing the old Bilsborrow place.

Concerning both ventures the neighborhood was inclined to skepticism. As to the wife, it said Elt Rogers' daughter was used to more money and a better way of living than young Benway could give her; she'd never be satisfied on the ramshackle old Bilsborrow place. As to the farm, when Ezra Lanham was reminded that Tom bought it for a song he retorted: "'Tain't worth a song—half swamp and half sand. If that's what a boy gits by four years at agricultural college I'd ruther my boys went fishin'."

The Bilsborrow place was low ground—the lowest part a wet, heavy black soil known as muck land; the higher part decidedly sandy; and all the soil "sourer'n swill," Ezra said.

But the muck land ran back to a pond, and the shore of this pond was a deposit of marl. To sweeten that sour soil and make it fertile one had only to dig out the marl and spread it over the ground. Tom Benway knew the marl was there before he bought the place. He'd had all the soil carefully analyzed; he was building on science. Yet that boggy pasture of muck must be thoroughly regenerated by the plow, the lowest spots drained by tile; the sand must be built up. That meant hard work, scientific planning and time.

Probably only a rather obstinate and self-confident young man would have undertaken it. "All the Benway men is stubborn as mules and cross-grained as hickory knots," said Ezra Lanham.

It took three years of hard work and all Tom's money; but by the middle of June, 1918, he surveyed the result with a deep and just satisfaction. The ramshackle, contemptible old Bilsborrow place was a picture in green hues—the darkest hue for the mint on the muck land, another shade for the onions; then on the higher, sandy soil, the greens of the corn and potatoes. Every row marched straight as a ruler, with not a weed in between; and all visibly growing with such vigor that it seemed every particular stalk and leaf felt bound to make up at a leap for thirty years of half sterility. Travelers by motor and wagon slowed down, as they passed the place, to admire it.

Benway's satisfaction was like that of an artist who after long effort stands back to survey his canvas and feels that he has achieved a masterpiece. Almost anybody could take a good farm and raise good crops on it; but he had made this green fertility out of the waste with his own brain and muscle. A light of inner contentment brooded in his gray eyes; his shaven lips bent slightly with a smile; he slipped a brown arm round his wife's waist as she sat beside him on the edge of the old side porch at sunset and remarked out of his satisfying dream:

"We'll fix the old house up right this fall, Nellie."

But perhaps for a young man inclined to be headstrong and self-confident it wasn't altogether good to have such causes for self-approbation. At any rate when he added "We'll show the slow pokes what farming ought to be," it was by no means free of vainglory.



*It Was Like a Boy That This Casual Insult Should be Just the Last Straw That Gave His Misfortune a Barb and Drove it Home*

She was wearing a calico dress, as most farmers' wives did; but it was not merely a dress; it had an air. And her dark hair was coiled and braided as though she had been going to a party. He had to wear overalls and thick dusty boots; but if there was ever a day when she couldn't slip on a fresh-looking dress and touch up her hair before supper she accused herself of letting down.

The baby was two years old now. There had been plenty of real, muscle-trying work to be got through with day after day round the old house, which was dingy and inconvenient. They'd had to economize closely these three years while they were getting a start. Many a time she looked at her pretty hands with a little ache in her heart—observing that in the perpetual battle between manicuring and dishwater the dishwater was getting rather the best of it. Many a night she went to bed dog-tired. Their diversions were comparatively few.

It grieved Benway to see her look tired and the marks of toil on her pretty hands. He would have slaved for her; died for her—but keeping one's touchy temper in hand is different. There were times when he said things that he bitterly repented of a quarter of an hour later. At such times she needed to call up a little more of that stanchness which carried her through day by day.

But this sunset, as they sat side by side on the edge of the old side porch, his arm round her waist, there was no memory of the lapses of his unruly temper between them. The house stood on a small knoll near the road, with seven big oak trees about it. From the side porch they could look off over that flourishing green picture under the mellow light of sunset. With these war prices for all sorts of farm produce, the old place was simply growing bunches of greenbacks. They had won.

Such was the happy situation in mid-June. And on the twenty-first of that month—by a malevolent freak unknown to the oldest inhabitant and unmatched in the records of the weather bureau—a killing frost fell. Benway's low-lying farm got the full brunt of it. That morning under a careless rising sun the beautiful green picture was all wiped out, and in its place lay an expanse of withered dead brown—as though the desolate ghost of the farm had abruptly come back into its own. Except the garden on the knoll by the house not a growing thing was left.

Benway had not only used up all his money, he had gone nine hundred dollars in debt. It was bitter. He surveyed the ruin from the old side porch without a word.

About half past eleven he came into the kitchen, where his wife was getting dinner, dropped himself into a chair and dropped his battered cloth hat on the floor. She avoided looking at him, because—after all the brave, cheerful words she had spoken that morning, and tried to make sound convincing—she didn't wish him to see how red her eyes were. Yet without looking she was acutely aware of him.

He was wearing thick muddy shoes, overalls and a collarless calico shirt—an exceedingly undistinguished costume. But he stood six feet and weighed a hundred and eighty. Cords of muscle ran down his bare brown arms. In spite of the chill air his shirt was open at the neck, baring a triangle of tanned chest and the round column of his neck. His brown hair inclined to be curly. To the young woman, who was frying potatoes in a skillet at the moment and whose heart throbbed with pity at the base of her throat, he was substantially the same as Napoleon on the morrow of Waterloo—only worse than that, for in a long game fight he had won a clean bright victory by all the rules; and then by a sort of monstrous jest it had been snatched away.

She wished to say something quite incidental; but all she could think of was: "Jennie telephoned she was coming out this afternoon to take Bobbie and me for a little ride." Jennie was her elder sister, married to Wilbur Leffingwell, cashier of the bank at Fulton, and able to maintain an automobile regardless of frost. The bitter thought occurred to Benway that Jennie would be commiserating her, and probably in secret thinking it was just what she might have expected when she married that blockhead Tom Benway.

He ignored her remark, but made one of his own, his moody eyes on the floor: "I may as well enlist, Nell. Nothing for me to do here. The Government will allow you thirty dollars a month. That's about as much as I can do for you. I can be some use with a musket." That was what he had been thinking about all the forenoon.

His startled wife gave a mournful little cry: "And leave us, Tom?"—meaning herself and the baby. It was a heartachy little cry, accusing him of deserting them. Standing by the stove, one hand on the skillet, the other holding a big spoon, but still a picture of dismay, she urged: "You oughtn't to, Tom. It's not your place. The Government doesn't want you in the Army. It wants you on the farm. You're in Class Fqur. A man that can raise as much food on the old Bilsborrow place as you'd have raised this year if it hadn't been for the frost ought to stay here until he's called. If they need you more in the Army than here they'll call you."

Then, the first keen shock of the proposal having passed, she divined that his idea of enlisting was only a gesture of wrath and desperation. Stung by a sense of intolerable wrong he lunged as a goaded colt leaps over a bank or into a wall. It hurt her, for she felt it to be a weakness in him. But she had learned that if he was prone to fall he was always struggling to his feet again, and opposition was poor tactics with him.

So she concluded her argument in the following illogical fashion: Giving the potatoes another turning over with the spoon so they would brown properly she stepped to his chair, hugged his curly head against her breast and said in his ear, under her breath: "You couldn't help the frost, honey. Don't bother any more about it just now. Wait a while before you decide anything."

He knew well enough in the bottom of his heart that his idea of enlisting was only a gesture of desperation and wounded pride; and that she knew it too. He was at once humiliated and comforted. And there the matter rested.

The next day he took his cherished team—bays, fourteen hands high, both of them, and clean as whistles—and went to work hauling gravel for the road commissioners at six dollars a day, which with careful management would buy feed for the horses and meet their living expenses.

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But that fall from the estate of farmer to hired hand was not the limit of his degradation. He owed the Fulton County Bank nine hundred dollars, due in October. Obviously there would be no money in October.

He had taken care to say on every apt occasion that Wilbur Leffingwell, cashier of the Fulton County Bank, was a good fellow. But there was this fact between them: The elder Rogers sister had married Wilbur Leffingwell; she had a nice little house in town, a maid, an automobile; she bought her clothes in Sauganoc City—when she didn't buy them in Detroit or Chicago. The younger Rogers sister had married Tom Benway; she lived in the ramshackle old Bilsborrow place, did her own housework, and now and then appeared in a dress that looked suspiciously like one Mrs. Leffingwell had worn the season before.

There was that fact between them. The prosperous husband of a Rogers sister was ten years older than the frost-blighted one. He was lean and rather leathern of countenance; a precise, dryish sort of man. When young Tom laid the financial situation before him, the cashier rubbed his long leathern chin and remarked dryly that there would be no trouble about renewing the note for a year; Tom could just ask Father Rogers to sign the renewal with him and undoubtedly Father Rogers would do it.

Whereupon Tom swallowed and his eyes fell. Bottling up his speech he left the bank with a furious determination to see it in hell before he would ask his father-in-law to sign a note with him. That humiliation rankled.

It came on to the tenth of July, Benway still hauling gravel for the road commissioners. It was a hot day, and the hauling was heavy. He felt an odd, penetrating compassion for his sweaty toiling horses—as though he had dragged them down to a loss of caste and a special servitude and degradation in having to work for wages. He got off the wagon to ease their load up the long hill and tramped along beside the wagon wheel, in rusty shoes and overalls, his calico shirt wide open at the neck, a battered straw hat on his curly head, his gray eyes looking out somberly from under its brim, his lips firmly shut—a man doggedly bending his back under misfortune.

He heard the honk of an automobile horn some distance behind him; then closer and more insistent. The graveled roadway was narrow up the hill, with soft dirt at the sides. He didn't propose to pull over into the soft dirt, where very likely the ponderous wagon would stick; so he trudged on. The horn clamored just behind him and he heard angry shouts. But in hardly more than a minute he would be at the top of the hill; the car could wait that long, it seemed, with no great hardship; so he kept to the firm roadway.

Reaching the top of the hill he pulled over and saw a green touring car with the top down roll past the other side of the wagon. A swarthy, hatchet-faced man was at the wheel, and there were two other men in the car. So much Tom saw at a glance. Then the hatchet-faced driver, craning his neck, looked across the flanks of the horses and called Benway a vile name. The next moment there was a cracking sound; the off mare reared and threw herself aside; both horses were jumping. Benway reined them in, quieted them with his voice, and ran round to see what had happened.

After passing the wagon the hatchet-faced chauffeur had thrown his car toward the horses, crowding in on them. The end of a mud guard had struck the mare's knee, a corner of the folded top had torn her shoulder. Both wounds were bleeding, and the mare, running with sweat from her long pull up the hill, was quivering with fright and pain.

Abuse of a horse under any circumstances provoked Benway's wrath. This wanton injury to his own tired horse—well, he looked down the road after the fleeing car; a turgid vein stood out on his square tanned forehead; his eyes changed to a darker color; his jaws set; his chest swelled out. If he could have laid a hand on the hatchet-faced man just then there would very likely have been a case for the coroner.

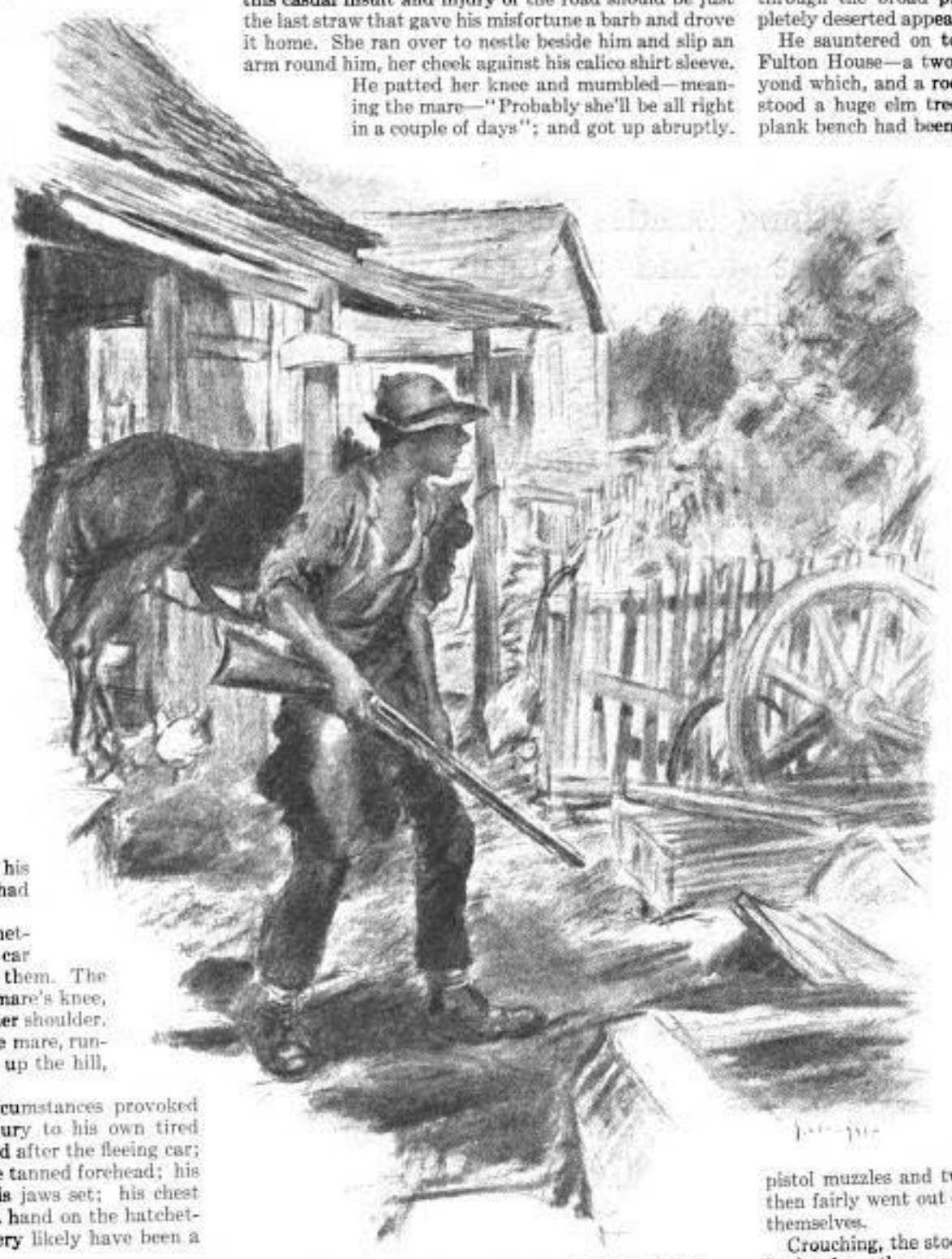
When he reached his destination, where the gravel was to be dumped, two or three men noticed the mare's hurts and remarked upon them. Benway recited the circumstances in the fewest possible words—not in a way to invite conversation. He didn't want to talk to anybody about anything.

This gravel wagon was a ponderous affair, the box hung low between broad-tired iron wheels. The box itself was made of loose two-inch planks. To dump the load one turned the planks up edgewise, whereupon the gravel fell through. It required considerable strength; often two men worked together at it. Benway dumped his load alone, and as his strong hands gripped the planks they itched for a grip on that hatchet-faced chauffeur. The men recognized his mood and discreetly let him alone.

On the way back for another load he pulled into his dooryard to give the mare's wounds such surgery as he could. Wounded, she must go on with her day's work; outraged, he must go on with his day's work. The compulsion and the helplessness ground him as between two millstones. Doubtless the green touring car was far off now and he would never see it again. One must just grin and bear it.

Nell came out when he drove into the yard, and he could hardly bear to tell her about it. Talking—vain words—humiliated him. She exclaimed with pity and indignation over the mare's wounds; helped him wash them and bind up the knee—and all the while furtively watching him. He was too leaden, avoiding her eyes. When the surgery was finished he went into the kitchen to wash his hands and get a drink. Coming back across the side porch he stepped down on the ground, still avoiding his wife's eyes, and looked a moment at his hurt horse. . . . He couldn't even save his horse from having her shoulder torn by a hatchet-faced dog in an automobile! Such was his helplessness! Abruptly he sat down on the edge of the porch and for the first time since the frost bowed his face in his hands.

Her heart was riven. After all, he was only twenty-five—almost what one might call a boy. It was like a boy that this casual insult and injury of the road should be just the last straw that gave his misfortune a barb and drove it home. She ran over to nestle beside him and slip an arm round him, her cheek against his calico shirt sleeve. He patted her knee and mumbled—meaning the mare—"Probably she'll be all right in a couple of days"; and got up abruptly.



*Running to the Doorway Lem Noted a Moving Dust Cloud Three-Quarters of a Mile Away*

About thirty minutes had then elapsed since the green touring car struck his horse. He gave a final look to the mare's bandaged knee, and combed down her mane with his hand. While he was doing that Nell heard the telephone ringing and went inside to answer it. Benway had climbed into his wagon and was driving out of the yard, when she called to him excitedly from the doorway and ran toward him.

II

MEANWHILE the green touring car, having reached a point a mile west of the village of Fulton, turned south and described a flanking or encircling movement, thus entering the village from the east, when it stopped at the curb on the corner in front of the post office.

The hatchet-faced driver was distinguished—in addition to the forward thrust of his high-bridged nose—by a pair of restless eyes, dark and round as a hawk's. Beside him on the front seat sat a stocky man whose gray felt hat was pulled down over his brows and who looked out from under the brim with a sarcastic squint. The other passenger, on the back seat, was tall and lean, with heavy jaws and a mouth as straight as though it had been marked out with a ruler. He had been in the village of Fulton once before this; but that was five years ago, and he wished to refresh his recollection. Alighting from the car at the post office, therefore, he sauntered up Main Street.

This was half past two of a Wednesday afternoon when corn must be cultivated, wheat and barley harvested, the second growth of alfalfa cut, apples and berries picked, potatoes sprayed—when, in fact, the long days were too short for all the work to be done in that region. Besides, the thermometer under the awning in front of Alf Rexford's drug store registered ninety-two degrees above zero. So Main Street presented a very deserted appearance, which pleased the tall man.

Midway down the block he passed the Fulton County Bank, and the glance which he sent in a casual manner through the broad plate-glass window disclosed a completely deserted appearance there; which also pleased him.

He sauntered on to the next corner, occupied by the Fulton House—a two-story red-brick structure—just beyond which, and a rod or so back from the street corner, stood a huge elm tree, round whose mighty bole a rude plank bench had been constructed.

Three men sat on this shady bench, gossiping. The one in the middle—coatless and vestless like the other two—was rather under medium size, wiry and middle-aged. He wore a bushy red mustache; and a heavy watch chain, from which a lodge emblem depended, dangled from the watch pocket in his trousers and was looped round the suspender above the pocket.

That much the tall man noticed as, glancing from the street corner, his eyes casually met the eyes of the man on the bench. The tall man's mind mechanically registered this comment: "A rube"; and therewith dismissed the person on the bench—who, in fact, excited no more interest in him than the plank on which he sat or the dog that drowsed in the dust at his feet.

Well pleased, the tall man turned and retraced his steps to the car, moving a little more briskly. The car then rolled smoothly down the curb to a position in front of the Fulton County Bank, which the tall man entered, closely followed by the stocky man carrying a brown leather bag, while the hatchet-faced chauffeur sat at the wheel, his engine running and a heavy automatic pistol lying on the seat just under his coat tail.

Cashier Leffingwell was alone in the bank at the moment. He rose from his desk rather languidly, stepped to the brass wicket in the glass screen that surmounted the counter and picked up the twenty-dollar bill which the tall stranger had asked him to change. The next moment his mind comprehended two black and deadly pistol muzzles and two glowering, murderous faces—and then fairly went out of commission, his hands going up of themselves.

Crouching, the stocky man with the bag had run noiselessly along the counter and through the little parlor at

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# An Announcement About the Shortage of Clicquot Club

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## GINGER ALE



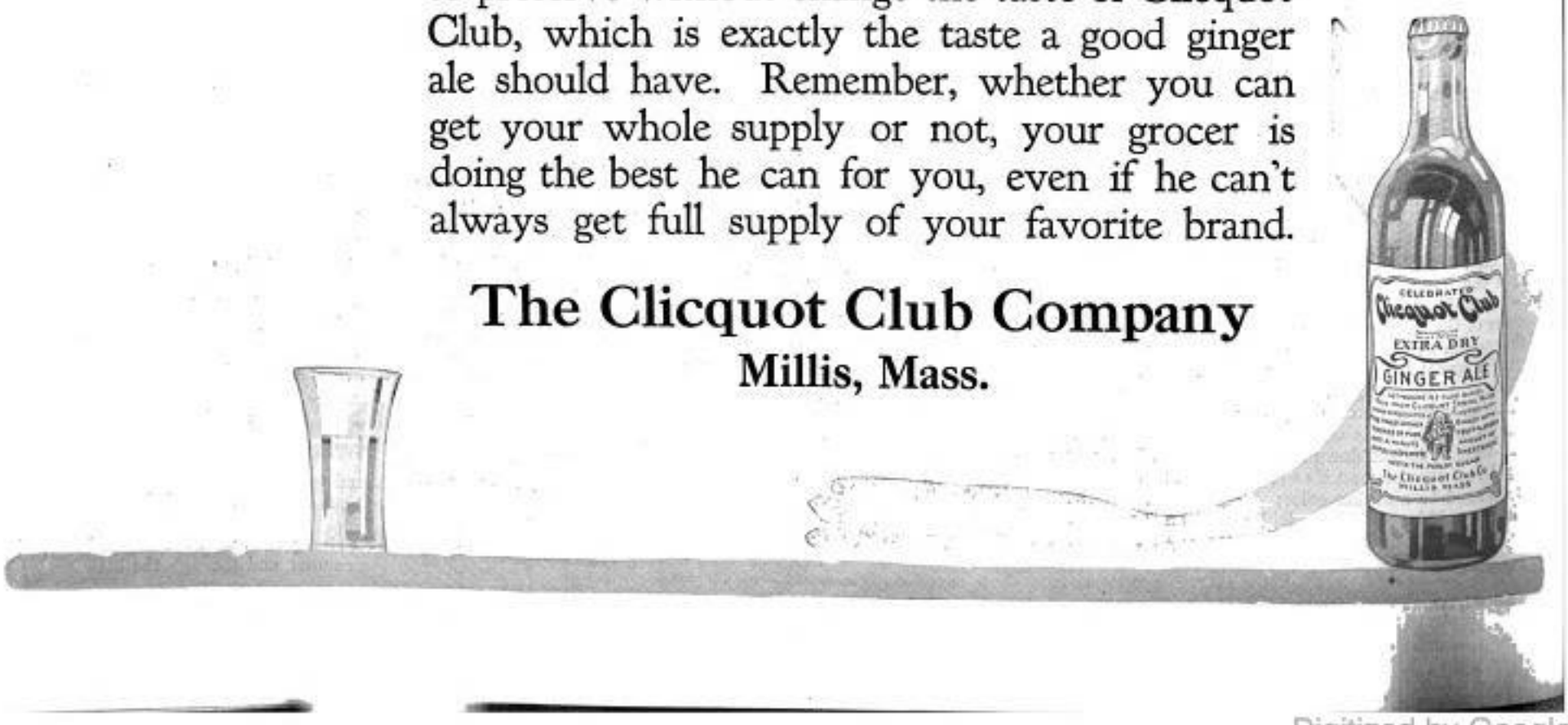
BECAUSE of war-time necessity, our sugar supply has been greatly restricted. We are indeed glad that our soldiers and sailors, our people in their homes, and our allies abroad are going to have this sugar.

We are content to wait till it is reasonable that we should have the sugar we need to make Clicquot Club Ginger Ale.

A beverage can be sweetened with something besides sugar, but our scientists have not yet found a sugar substitute which we are willing to use in Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. The absolute purity of this product means so much that we prefer to have the rapid growth of our sales retarded temporarily rather than to permit Clicquot Club Ginger Ale to deteriorate in quality.

One of the things we are most anxious to do is to preserve without change the taste of Clicquot Club, which is exactly the taste a good ginger ale should have. Remember, whether you can get your whole supply or not, your grocer is doing the best he can for you, even if he can't always get full supply of your favorite brand.

**The Clicquot Club Company**
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the rear, one of whose doors opened to the space inside the counter. So he was fairly at the cashier's elbow when the two pistol muzzles revealed themselves.

The tall man came behind the counter also, ran into the open vault, then to the money drawer beneath the counter. It was all done very swiftly, in a sort of breathless rush. But the cashier, hands up, looking into a deadly weapon and into the stocky man's deadlier face, had time—deep within him—to experience a sensation as of falling through space, together with a cavernous goneness. So when the tall man, having finished with the money drawer, leaped toward him, gun in hand and tigerish, Cashier Leffingwell thought he was going to be killed, and he thought of his wife and child. His pale face puckered, for those are thoughts to pierce the marrow of any man. When the tall man merely commanded "Get into the vault," he obeyed promptly and with a blessed sense of relief.

All this had been quickly accomplished. The job was done and the brown bag contained twelve thousand dollars. The hurrying robbers grinned at each other as they ran for the door.

They should not have run. In the last four months they had robbed three small banks in outlying parts of Chicago, with one murder and one victim still in the hospital in a precarious condition. They had concluded that it would be well to choose another scene for their next operation, and the tall man had recalled Fulton. They had rehearsed the affair carefully, selecting the route they would take in driving from Chicago to Fulton and the somewhat different one on which they would get back as soon as possible, for there is no hiding place like a big city. But in Chicago the vital thing was a quick getaway—fast work, a leap into the car and off at top speed; five minutes' start was everything. So at Fulton they ran for the bank door and the waiting car, which was an error.

While the robbery was going forward William Callahan, judge of probate court, had come paddling across the street from the court house—which sat back forty feet or so off Main Street—in his shirt sleeves, a bank passbook grasped in his right hand, progressing at the rate of a tortoise, his broad red face all screwed up with the affliction of sixty years and two hundred and forty pounds under a temperature of ninety-two in the shade. If upon opening the bank door he had seen two strangers merely walking briskly from the little parlor at the rear, one of them carrying a brown bag, he would undoubtedly have stepped aside to let them pass.

But he saw two strangers running, and a strange automobile, with the engine going, waiting at the curb. His mind was by no means so slow as his body. The tall man, being in the lead, brushed by him, by which time the judge had got into action. Dropping his passbook and crying "Hold on there!" he laid two capable hands on the stocky man's arm.

It might still have been managed. A vigorous punch would have knocked the wind out of the judge. But the stocky man's nerves were on edge; Chicago precedents were in his mind. His pistol barked. Judge Callahan reeled, clutched wildly out for support and fell to the floor. The car was already in motion when the stocky man sprang into it, and gathering speed swiftly. When it passed the Fulton House corner it was going forty miles an hour—and fifty at the next corner—with long empty stretches of good country road ahead. It still seemed a good get-away.

The pistol shot wrought an instantaneous transformation in Main Street. People popped from doorways; heads popped from upstairs windows. The village had not been asleep. It had merely been waiting for something—anything—to happen. At the suggestion of a happening it was immediately astir. Men were running toward the bank. Excited questions were shouted.

The wiry, undersized man with bushy red mustache and dangling watch chain whom the tall robber had noticed sitting on the bench beneath the big elm stood up, listening, when he heard the shot. Almost at once he saw a green touring car with the top down, containing three men, rush westward past the Fulton House corner, and put his short legs in brisk motion. His name was Milton Scars, and he was sheriff of Fulton County.

When he reached the bank two men were already bending over Judge Callahan. The sheriff ran by them. The interior of the bank seemed quite empty. But his shouts were rewarded by a sound of kicking on the inside of the closed vault door, and by putting his ear to the crack in the door he could get Cashier Leffingwell's instructions for releasing the combination lock. In a minute he had the door open; in another minute he had the cashier's story.

By that time Doctor Barker had arrived and was kneeling over Judge Callahan; also an excited, constantly-augmenting crowd filled the cement sidewalk and was beginning to overflow into the street. Ignoring victim, doctor and crowd, the sheriff moved with speed and precision. Selecting three individuals in the crowd he addressed each of them individually, to the same effect—namely: "Grab an automobile, get some men and guns, follow the robbers along the Polkville road; remember, a green touring car with the top down; be fast."

Lank Ed Dexter, in a flapping vest—county clerk of Fulton County, and a considerable figure in local politics, personally acquainted with every inhabitant of the region over ten years of age and with every crossroads—was just joining the crowd. Him the sheriff immediately commandeered, getting his attention by gripping his arm.

"Ed, the bank's been robbed. They've shot Judge Callahan. Three men in a green touring car, top down, did it. They've gone west on the Polkville road. You run upstairs there to the telephone office and put those girls at work. Call up Hi Matters at Peter's Corners; then call up Polkville. Call up every farmhouse beginning four miles out. Keep track of that green car. If they turn off you can trace 'em. Stay right there, Ed; keep the wires busy. Never mind people that just want to talk."

And as the lank county clerk loped toward the stairway that led up to the telephone office the sheriff ran to the jail. Before his election to this office he had served four years as deputy sheriff and in that capacity had gained much experience in running down automobiles which set local authority at naught. But little more than five minutes after the shot was fired the sheriff was turning west in Main Street, astride a motorcycle, hatless, goggled, the gutta-percha butt of a revolver sticking out of his hip pocket.

Meanwhile the green touring car was making fifty miles an hour over a broad, smooth state road. To its occupants' urban eyes the landscape over which they rushed seemed almost empty of humanity. Usually they would see no sign of life as they sped past a farmhouse. Here and there, over the broad undulating fields, a man was driving a harvesting machine, or two or three men were getting in hay. It seemed an excellent get-away.

The tall man, who captained the enterprise, had calculated on the telephone and laid out a course which avoided the town of Polkville, eleven miles west of Fulton. He had not taken Peter's Corners into calculation because he was not aware of it. Any road guide might be excused for ignoring Peter's Corners, for it was only a spot where two main roads crossed, with a little



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crossroads general store on the right and a country blacksmith shop on the left. But nowadays the blacksmith shop was aspiring. Two posts at the roadside in front of it supported a large signboard on which appeared the rudely lettered word "Garage." This was the establishment of Hi Matters; but Hi had gone fishing and the place was in charge of his apprentice, literal-minded and bullet-headed Lem Winterbotham.

Running from the telephone to the doorway Lem noted a moving dust cloud over the crown of the hill three-quarters of a mile away, as though a car were passing, headed west.

Peter's Corners seemed as deserted as everything else when it swiftly rose on the vision of the hatchet-faced driver of the green car. He observed no sign of life about the sleepy little general store on the right or the shabby little blacksmith shop on the left, and his alert eyes only mechanically registered a clump of bushes on the left beyond the blacksmith shop. The bushes reeled backward as the car sped by. Then the country air was rent by a great roar, instantly followed by the sound of a number of smart little blows against the body of the car. Something stung the tall man's arm, and the robbers' nerves had scarcely absorbed that shock when all of them heard the most unwelcome of noises—the ghastly whistle of air escaping from a punctured tire.

The hatchet-faced driver mechanically pressed the accelerator down to the floor board and the car leaped into higher speed. In a moment Peter's Corners was far behind; the still country air and the empty country scene enveloped them; but the left-hand rear wheel was pounding on a perfectly flat tire. At that speed it wouldn't do. The driver slowed.

The tall man stood up, steadying himself by holding to the side and back of the car, and looked behind. Nothing in sight, and not a sound.

"We may as well change it," he said.

The car stopped. All three sprang out and addressed themselves without a word to the changing of the tire. They were silent because speech was utterly futile. As to their feelings, the tall man would have given the entire contents of the brown bag for one fair shot at the person who had saluted them out of the bushes at Peter's Corners with both barrels of a shotgun, the shells loaded for duck, and punctured a tire. Bullet-headed Lem Winterbotham, having quickly reloaded his weapon, had stood for a moment in the bushes in an attitude of challenge, but as the car rushed on out of sight he returned to the blacksmith shop with a rather contemptuous idea of the robbers, and telephoned to Fulton.

The three men worked rapidly, yet it took them a good five minutes to change the tire. They had gone barely half a mile farther when they saw a farmhouse a few rods ahead at the right and a woman in a shapeless calico dress standing by an oak tree at the roadside looking in their direction. When they got a little nearer she turned and ran toward the house. As they passed, the woman, still running, threw a glance at them over her shoulder. They saw excitement in her face. Undoubtedly she was going to the telephone. That salute at Peter's Corners was notice that they had underestimated the efficiency of pursuit by wire.

The tall man thought he heard the faint, prolonged blast of an automobile horn in the rear. Obviously they must get off that main road.

He craned forward, studying the roadway, and in a moment directed the driver: "Turn to the right there; run slower after you turn."

He had meant to take a right-hand crossroad some two miles farther on in order to avoid the town of Polkville. No doubt this crossroad would answer just as well, and by running slower they would probably escape attention—for a car moving at fifty miles an hour and upward is a conspicuous object.

The crossroad was hilly and by no means so good as the highway they left—being narrow and very indifferently "improved" by dumping loose gravel on the dirt. Over some stretches traffic had pounded the gravel down to a fairly smooth surface. In other places it left much to be desired. The hatchet-faced driver kept the car down to thirty or thirty-five miles an hour. But a hot, still emptiness enveloped them and in spite of mishaps the tall man, two minutes after they turned into the crossroad, felt it was a very good get-away.

### III

YOUNG Tom Benway, sitting on a hard board across the box of his empty, ponderous and bumpy gravel wagon was thinking for the moment of something besides his own misfortunes and humiliations. The news his wife had given him set up an excited speculation in his mind.

The description was not only a green touring car with the top down, containing three men; but a green Eclipse car—for by that time the two men in Fulton who casually noted the make of the car when it rolled into town had reported that detail. Tom had noticed the distinctive hubs of the car that contained his enemies. He felt pretty sure it was an Eclipse. Naturally he was speculating on the probability that his enemies were the bank robbers. Like every other right-minded person he hoped the robbers would be hanged, for Judge Callahan was a deservedly popular man, and the report said his wound was dangerous. But the probability that the robbers were the very men who had struck his mare lent a special zest to Tom's hopes in that respect.

He was speculating about it—aimlessly enough, because he was a good four miles off the state road between Fulton and Polkville, along which the robbers had fled.

At their own slow gait the horses pulled the clumsy wagon over the crown of a hill and started down the other side. Tom then heard the blast of a horn behind him. He stood up in the wagon, looking back, and just before the crown of the hill which he had passed a moment before cut off his vision he saw a green touring car with the top down roll swiftly into view on the top of the next hill. He looked ahead, spoke sharply to his horses, and further astonished them by lashing the flank of each with the knotted ends of his lines. Trotting downhill with a heavy wagon was poor horsemanship, but when the horses reached the bottom of the hill they were galloping. Tom hit them another cut, reined them in sharply and pulled over to the right.

When the hatchet-faced chauffeur reached the top of the hill he saw, down below, a heavy work wagon, a team and a driver in overalls who was standing up in the wagon and seemed to be having some trouble in managing his horses. He automatically blew his horn. His keen and expert eyes noted that the beaten roadway at the foot of the hill was narrow, only a single track, running through what looked like a pocket of deep loose sand. At the right the roadway was bounded by a long, rank tangle of sumac. At the left the ground fell away sharply to low, wet-looking pasture. Anyone who has tried it knows that deep, loose sand is poor stuff to manipulate a car in. If there is a worn wheel track through it one can stick to the track. Otherwise one is in difficulties.

The man at the wheel took it all in expertly and noted that the wagon did not stand parallel with the road, but at an angle to it. Yet its tail fairly cleared the track; there was room to pass; and he was in a hurry. So with another honk he let the car take advantage of the down grade.

Whatever trouble the overalled driver was having with his horses he could look over his shoulder at the oncoming car, whose momentum increased with the grade. The chauffeur's eyes were on the road; but there was an instant in which it occurred to the stocky man beside him that this overalled youth was the same man whose horse they had bumped. That impression instantly merged into another—the impression of the man in the wagon shouting to his horses and throwing himself back on the lines with all his might. The horses, excited and on edge from the gallop, responded promptly. Those in the car had time to see the tail of the wagon projecting over the wheel tracks and to give a three-voiced yell. Getting the car out of the track through the sand and materially checking it were alike impossible. Two of the men were in the act of springing up and the chauffeur was throwing himself violently to the left when, with a rending crash, the car struck the end of the wagon.

### IV

SHERIFF SEARS saw a woman in a shapeless calico dress standing at the roadside in front of a farmhouse. Seeing him she began waving her hands. He slowed down, running toward her and craning over.

"They took the next road to the right; I saw 'em from an upstairs window," she shouted.

But the sheriff didn't get the last of it. At "next road to the right" he nodded and put on speed.

Some rough and hilly patches of that crossroad were worse going for a motorcycle than for an automobile; but he calculated they couldn't lose him far. Soon, topping a hill, he looked down on a surprising scene.

The wreck of a green touring car lay mainly off at the left of the road on sharply sloping ground, though some wreckage was scattered elsewhere. A pair of bay horses dragging a gravel wagon were disappearing over the top of the opposite hill—but going only at an ineffectual kind of gallop, for the left hind wheel had been knocked off the wagon and the dragging axle acted as a brake. A human figure hung in the wreckage of the car. Another human figure, in overalls, lay flat on its back, with arms extended, on the right-hand side of the road. As the sheriff dismounted this figure sat up with a blank expression, and he recognized young Tom Benway. Simultaneously an automobile horn shrieked some little distance to the east and was answered by farther horns. The sheriff then saw a tall person dazedly getting to all fours on the soft, wet pasture land at the left of the road, and drew his revolver.

When the first pursuing car arrived Sheriff Sears had the tall robber in custody—still decidedly limp and half stunned. The stocky robber was recovered in an insensible condition from the lowland at the left. The hatchet-faced chauffeur was evidently worst hurt of all, but still breathing. Young Doctor Arthur arriving in the third car found both his legs broken and signs of internal injury.

Besides the first pursuit which Sheriff Sears had organized, volunteers had joined in the chase, not only from Fulton but from several farmhouses where there happened to be a man and an automobile available. Soon there were a dozen cars and thirty or more men on the scene. As the robbers were captured there would have been little for them to do—except listen, with exclamations of satisfaction and admiration to Tom Benway's terse statement of how it happened—but for the following circumstances:

Before the first car arrived, Sheriff Sears noticed a brown leather bag lying on the ground some distance to the left of the wrecked car. A second glance showed that it was open and some of its precious contents spilled out. He marched his dazed prisoner over there and stood guard until Elt Rogers coming in the second car took charge of the treasure. Not a great many minutes later Cashier Leffingwell reached the scene, and to him the bag was naturally delivered. He examined its contents and announced that two thousand dollars was

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missing. So the gathering addressed itself to searching for the money.

The roadway itself and the falling ground at the left lay quite bare and open, with not even a weed big enough to conceal an object of the bulk of a bundle of bank notes. A very few minutes was sufficient to convince any reasonable person that no bundles of bank notes lay there. The wrecked car certainly contained no objects of that description. A number of men expressed the opinion that Cashier Leffingwell was mistaken; but the cashier was very positive. He was personally acquainted with the money in his bank, and after checking over the contents of the bag the third time he recalled distinctly that four packages of brand-new twenty-dollar gold certificates, each package containing five hundred dollars, had been lying on top of the neatly corded little stack of bank notes in the vault. The robbers certainly took them, for they would have been the first bundles of money coming to their hands when they rifled the vault. Besides, he had looked over the vault before leaving the bank and was certain all the bank notes were taken. It was those four particular packages that were missing now. Cashier Leffingwell was as certain of that as of his own name.

So the search was renewed and extended. All the ground, even beyond a radius from the wreck which probability prescribed, was carefully gone over. Even the thicket of sumac at the right of the road was searched with care. The tall robber was questioned; but having recovered his mental faculties he contented himself with telling the questioners cynically to go to hell. He was searched. His two insensible companions also were searched—for which there was ample time before the motor hearse from Polkville, hastily improvised into an ambulance, arrived to take them away. Many theories were advanced—none of them sounding very plausible—and a good hour and a half consumed.

After the first half hour Sheriff Sears took only a very perfunctory part in the search. The deputy sheriff arriving in the fifth or sixth car had brought a pair of handcuffs and the sheriff gave the tall prisoner to his keeping. Then, mostly, he just stood round or sat in the dusty grass by the roadside looking on.

Tom Benway, limping somewhat from the injury he had received when thrown from his wagon, lent a hand in the search. There was a fixed line down the center of his forehead; he looked gloomy or sullen. His horses, tired to begin with, and dragging a heavy wagon on three wheels, hadn't gone far. A farmer's boy brought them back and told him the wagon was beside the road just over the hill. Tom seemed not much interested in the fate of the vehicle. He tied his horses by the lines to a sumac root and continued his search doggedly for the missing money.

The money wasn't there. Even Cashier Leffingwell reluctantly accepted that conclusion. The general opinion was that if it had really been taken from the bank it must somehow have got lost on the way; but a number of substantial citizens assured the cashier that he'd find the money somewhere round the bank; the robbers must have dropped it at the beginning of their flight.

One by one the cars with their passengers disappeared over the hill. Only Sheriff Sears and Tom Benway were left on the scene of the wreck. The sheriff righted his motorcycle, which he had overturned in the grass by the roadway, and lifted it round to head toward town. Tom walked over and untied his horses. When he straightened up from his stooping posture—that sullen line still down the center of his forehead—the sheriff was standing beside him.

With a prickling of nerves and a sudden hum of blood in his ears Tom looked down into the face of a wiry, undersized, middle-aged man with a bushy red mustache and a heavy dangling gold watch chain and lodge emblem which had faintly moved the tall robber to mirth. The way this man's blue eyes looked into his eyes might have reminded him of the shiny blade of a sword.

"I hear you've been having bad luck, Tom," said the sheriff.

As the young man, rather groping for a foothold, said nothing, the sheriff added: "Crops all gone; cleaned out, eh? Must have been two, three years you've been working to make something out of that old Bilsborrow place."

"Three years," said Tom automatically, and still groping.

"Three," the sheriff repeated. "Lot of hard work gone for nothing. Expectations gone. Hard luck. Maybe you're in debt some, too, eh?"

It might seem an impertinent question, in spite of the friendly tone; but in his confusion Tom answered simply: "I owe the bank nine hundred dollars."

"Nine hundred," the sheriff repeated. "Maybe Leffingwell's been sort of grumpy about renewing it too. I see. Sore at the game, eh? Sore at the bank too. Working for the road commissioners and got your mare bumped. Sore at that too. I sort of doped it out that way."

He lifted a hand with a bent forefinger and combed down his bushy mustache, reflecting a moment.

"I don't know how this war strikes you," he observed, when his bright blue eyes returned to the young man's frowning face, "but I been thinking a good deal about it. My boy's over there, you know—Ezra. I been thinking a good deal about it," he repeated. "Five, six million dead, I suppose; and more to come. Maybe Ezra among 'em. I'm a Republican myself; but I guess Wilson's said some things they'll be teaching the children in time to come. The way it strikes me, what's the good of all that if we're going to be just as ornery as we used to be? Fight and die for liberty and make the world safe for democracy—over in France, eh? And we go ahead robbing and soaking each other just the same, eh? The way it strikes me, can't we do something for those boys right here—try to make what they're doing worth while? Get me? Fighting over there, and why can't we be kind and decent over here? When a fellow stubs his toe give him a boost up instead of a kick in the pants. I been thinking a good deal about it, and that's what it comes to. I want to act over here so I can be sort of waving my hand to Ezra and saying: 'All right; I'm on the job best I know too.' Get the idea?"

If the young man got it he could only stare with round astonished eyes.

"You knew Ezra first-rate," the sheriff resumed—unconsciously using the past tense. "Guess you and him were pretty good friends. You're exempt, and that's right. But just exempt from carrying a musket, eh? You ain't exempt from all the other things. No man is. Man that deserts his post over there gets shot. Excuses don't go. That's right too. I don't believe you're a deserter by nature. I guess it was just an accident."

Benway reddened under his tan but could find no words.

"I'm sheriff, you know," the small man went on. "My business is to catch people that need catching. Feather in my cap too. Newspapers play it up—clever work, fine officer, good thing at election time. I don't mind telling you that's the way it struck me at first. We get in the habit of it. I suppose you had three, four minutes from the time the car struck your wagon until I came in sight. If you'd been thrown out where you was lying when I saw you the wagon would have run over you. Never heard of a man thrown out of a wagon so he struck flat on his back. You limped on the right leg when I first saw you; then on the left leg. When Leffingwell said the money was missing it didn't take me a great while to figure it out.

"I could have turned the trick easy as falling off a log. Just gone away, and slipped back after dark and laid for you when you came to get the money and nabbed you. Easy as falling off a log. Feather in my cap, too, eh? That's the way it struck me at first. We get into the habit. How much fighting and dying for is that worth? I could see it all—young man, ambitious, high-tempered, hard on the bit. Frost comes along and knocks you galley-west. Sore all over. Sore at the bank too. Just full of bile and naturally aching to bust something. You see the money bag—four nice new packages; two thousand dollars. Been stolen anyway. You grab 'em—like a colt kicking over the traces.

"You've got a fine wife—a boy. You've got a good father and mother. You've got yourself. Pretty raw for you when the whole county stands up and points a finger at you and puts the brand on you, eh? I figure that if you could have put that money back in the bag ten minutes after you took it you'd have crawled from here to Fulton on your hands and knees to do it. Ain't that so?"

The young man's eyes had fallen and he mumbled "Yes."

"I thought so," said the sheriff with satisfaction. "The way it strikes me, we're all at war. Be a soldier. Go dig that money out of the sand and I'll say you and I found it there."

Benway stepped over to the deep loose sand in the middle of the roadway, where nobody had thought of looking, and unearthed four packages of new gold certificates.

He had no words, but as he silently wrung the little sheriff's hand, he drew his other hand across his eyes. The two men plodded silently up the hill side by side, the sheriff pushing his motorcycle. At the top of the hill he started the machine and mounted—Tom mechanically pausing the while. As he rolled away the sheriff smiled, waved his hand and called out, "Soldiers, eh?"

With a nod he was off—swiftly disappearing round the bend.

After supper that evening Benway sat beside his wife on the edge of the old side porch, his arm round her. She still glowed and throbbed with his wonderful exploit. Single-handed—or with only an old gravel wagon—her hero had stopped the bank robbers! Ever since he came home—the news having preceded him—she had been shining with pride in him. She had even tried to make the baby understand it—laughing at her attempt, because she was so full of joy she must laugh at something. Her eyes and lips told how loyally her heart bowed to him. His father and mother had called up; other congratulations had come in.

All the while he was thinking how different it might have been—her head and the other heads bowed with shame.

Looking out over the farm he was thinking hardly at all of his blasted crops. They seemed merely an incident or accident. For one thing, he was thinking how his life had lain in the little sheriff's hands—and been handed back to him unflawed. Crops seemed merely an incident.

Once, quite irrelevantly as it seemed to his wife, he said, "Milt Sears is a good man." And much more irrelevantly he added solemnly, "I want to be a good man, Nell." The word "soldiers" echoed in his mind.






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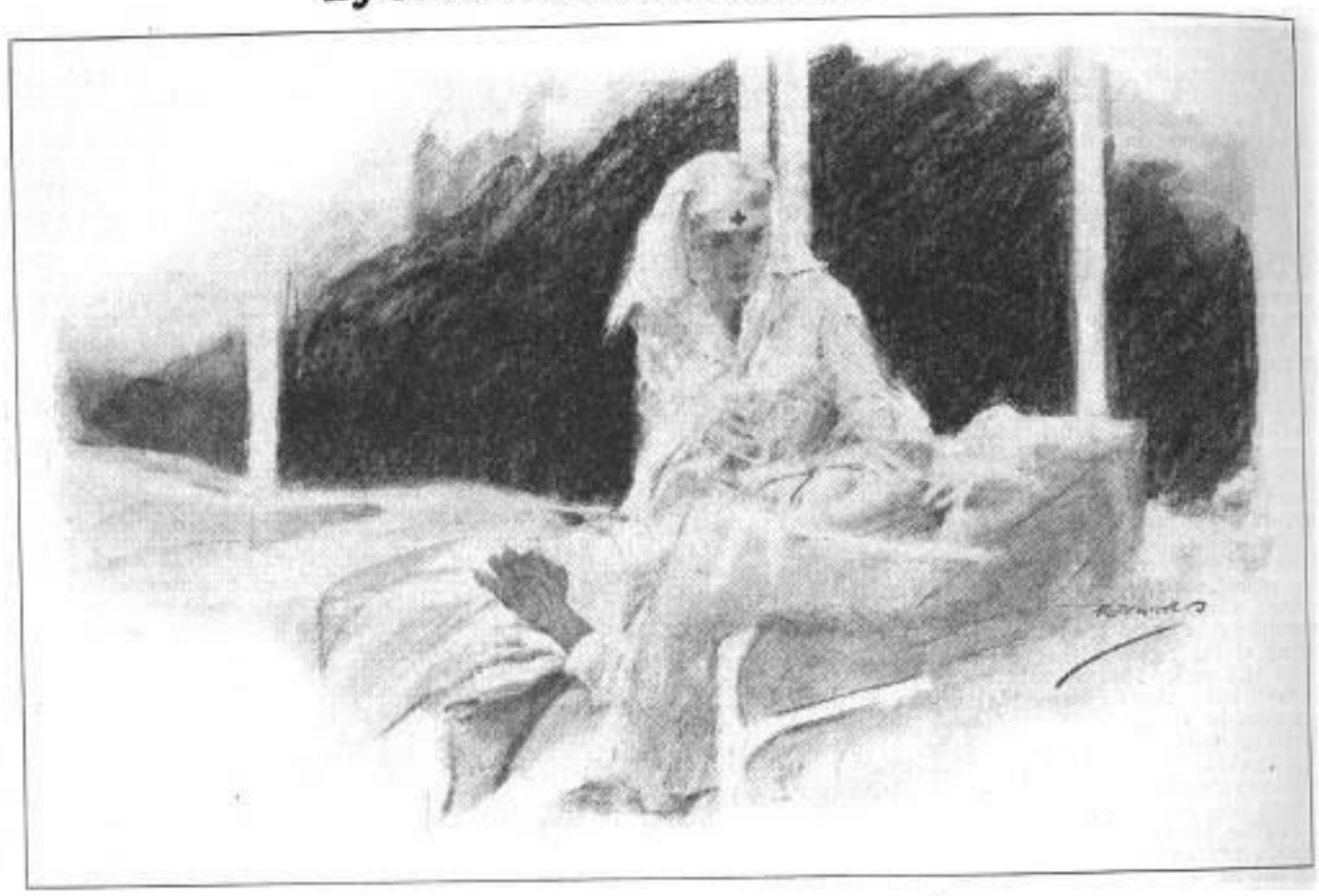
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# A Cup of Water to the Thirsty

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART



A BOY has been wounded—an American boy; one of the boys you watched marching down the street, very proud and a little self-conscious, on his way to camp or to transport. He is a very nice boy. He makes little or no fuss about it. He lies still and waits. He is afraid to ask what is wrong with him, because he may be going to lose a leg, or something. And he is still more afraid he may groan or faint, or do something else idiotic.

So he lies wherever he has been placed, and after a time things begin to happen to him. There is an ambulance, and then a courtyard and a building. There is more waiting here, in a corridor of the hospital, perhaps, his stretcher flat on the floor, and an increasing line of other stretchers on either side. Again he waits; and at last he goes into the operating room.

Up to that time he has been in the hands of men: his own company, stretcher bearers, ambulance drivers, field surgeons. Now, at last, there are women.

Very probably, as he begins to come out of the anæsthetic, he thinks he is back at home. There is a merciful period when he thinks he will just turn over for another nap. Only—he is thirsty. He is horribly thirsty.

The whole purpose of this article is that there shall be beside that boy's bed a trained and gentle woman who will give that boy a drink.

That is only the beginning, of course. He is prostrate, helpless and in pain. Every thing must be done for him; he must, in good time, be answered when he insists on knowing what is wrong with him. If it involves maiming he must be soothed like a sick baby until the first shock is over. He must be made comfortable in the way that only a good nurse can bring comfort. But, most important of all, he must have skilled attention; he must live, if that be humanly possible. The spark of life must be fanned unceasingly. There must be enough nurses to carry out the surgeons' orders; if his pulse fails, to stimulate him; to watch for the wicked seeping hemorrhage that may make its presence known too late; to guard him in his delirium.

He must, in a word, be mothered, but with such mothering as only the trained observer can give. It is not enough that the best medical and surgical attention in the world is his. The surgeon can go so far, and so far only. From the time the boy leaves the operating room his chance of life is in the care he receives in his ward.

But, at the present moment, at the end of September, 1918, there are not nearly enough nurses in France for our present needs. There are, at present, some seven thousand nurses in France. Yet the estimate is that fifteen thousand nurses are needed for each million men. In other words, seven thousand women are doing the work which requires twenty-six thousand. Even by working, as they are, from eighteen to twenty hours a day, with five to ten minutes for meals, this cannot possibly insure the care that is required.

Nurses are being recruited with fair rapidity. To the first of September there had been assigned to war service something over fifteen thousand; but there are thirty-two great base hospitals in American camps and cantonments alone, averaging perhaps a hundred nurses to each. The American Army in Italy is cabling for nurses. The French Commission of the Red Cross wires that four thousand more nurses are needed at once. It wires, indeed, that five hundred nurses are needed to a division, which is about double the previous estimate of fifteen thousand nurses for each million men.

### Wanted: 50,000 Nurses

This change in estimate is probably due to the fact that in our camps a certain amount of dependence has been placed on the enlisted men, either convalescent or detached for the purpose, as helpers in hospital wards. But the truth is that the enlisted man, with the best intention in the world, cannot give a wounded man the care he requires. Some months ago I protested against this practice, which was, however, largely the result of necessity.

The Surgeon-General has asked for a total in France of twenty-five thousand nurses by the first of January, and that fifty thousand nurses be available by the first of July next year. Those are almost impossible figures. Nursing is a highly technical profession, particularly surgical nursing. The supply to be drawn on is strictly limited. But the country has already done the impossible. There were said to be only seven barrel straighteners in the United States when war began, a barrel straightener being an absolute essential in the manufacture of a rifle. Yet we are turning out millions of rifles to-day, all with their barrels properly straightened to shoot accurately at the Hun.

The situation as to nurses is now the most crying need of the Army. It is our right to demand for our boys the best of care; but it is our privilege to make certain sacrifices that they may have this care. The situation is extremely critical. Hospitals must go on at home; must not be handicapped. They are short of nurses as it is. The public health must be conserved. And yet we must care for our wounded in France and here at home.

Briefly the problem is this: There are perhaps seventy thousand trained graduates from American hospitals to-day. Even without the war emergency, they have proved to be too few. The increasing emphasis among medical men on care rather than on drugs has resulted in an increasing call for trained women in sickness. Public health departments, in their attempts to isolate the tuberculous in great sanatoria, make insistent demands, which must be met.

Yet, out of the seventy thousand nurses in this country, next July must see, as nearly as possible, fifty thousand in military service.

To meet this demand abroad and to keep our institutions going at home, two things must be done, and must be done at once. The country must realize, first of all, that this is one of the most serious crises of the war.

It affects our victory profoundly. On the care a wounded man receives depends the time in which he returns to the battle line; depends often whether he goes back at all to fight again. And it affects the morale of the army to a very real extent. A wounded man must never feel neglected. He may know that behind him there are ammunition and artillery and supplies of all sorts; but those things are mighty little comfort to him in his hour of need.

Still more important is it that he should be nursed by women who speak his language. To want the simplest thing and not be able to ask for it; to wish to have a letter sent home and not be able to do it; to want reassurance that he will live, that he will be a man again, that he may even fight once more—he should have that, surely. Yet to-day there are some of our boys who have not this comfort. And it is more far-reaching than that, for there are some of them who have fought their last battle and must die with their last messages unsent; must go dumb into the Great Silence.

Is America, which has for years boasted the best trained nursing in the world, to fall behind Japan in the Russo-Japanese War in the nursing of her wounded? Yet that is very likely to happen unless something is done at once.

It is time we faced this. Every now and then some well-meaning person, ignorant

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of the facts, reports that the nursing situation is all right. It is all wrong: and the matter cannot be remedied until we are willing to know the facts as they lie before me on my writing table, signed by the people who have the situation in charge.

Nothing too good can be said for the nurses themselves. Nursing is an idealistic profession. Naturally it has come forward splendidly. To say that twenty-three thousand women have enrolled in the Red Cross, without other urge than the desire to serve, is to say that one-third of the trained women of the country have already volunteered. Suppose, on the declaration of war, one-third of the men who were available for the army had volunteered!

Not all of these women, however, are available for foreign service; but already in Europe our nurses have been under fire, have been wounded and, some of them, decorated for conspicuous heroism.

Read this, from Miss Julia Stimson, chief nurse of the American Red Cross in France:

"Summoned in an emergency to take care of American soldiers in a hospital near the Front, twenty Red Cross nurses were packed in a large motor omnibus and sent to Beauvais. When the town was reached, at ten P. M., the place was in such absolute blackness that it was impossible to read the signs in the streets and difficult to keep in the road. By means of occasional flashes from a hand torch it was possible to follow the guide to the Ecole Professionnelle, which had just that day become an American Red Cross hospital.

"We drove into a courtyard; some voices were heard; and people came out with exclamations of welcome. By this time the siren was sounding the warning of the air raid, and guns were booming. The nurses were hurried into a pitch-black room, because it was explained that it was unsafe for them to stay out in the open. They could not see the faces of the people who were speaking, and not even a cigarette light was allowed.

"For a few minutes talk was rapid while the situation was explained. There were about two hundred American patients in the building; also a few French soldiers left from the preceding organization. The civilian employees had left because of the severe raids. Gas, electricity and water mains had been put out of business, and operations had been carried on the night before by the light of hand electric torches.

"It was stated that at least eight of the new nurses would be needed that night, and volunteers were asked for. Every one of the twenty volunteered. The first eight women who could be touched in the darkness, much as children pick leaders in a game, were put over on one side, while the rest were conducted to an empty ward. The eight night nurses, discarding their hats and coats, were taken to pitch-black wards full of wounded men.

"As the truck, with all their bags, had not yet appeared, they had to go to work in their blue serge dresses. When the chief nurse saw them the next morning, with their faces and dresses covered with dust from the trip, with towels pinned across the front of their cloth dresses, she could not help thinking that some of the illustrators of modern magazines would change their opinion of war nurses if they could see this group."

### *Underpaid Professions*

So we see a splendid army of women bravely casting their comfort and safety into the crucible of war; but an army small, inadequate, and doomed to be sacrificed on the altar of its own high purpose. Already they are overworked; some of them are ill; others are working on, fighting exhaustion. We cannot spare one of them; but we are dooming a certain percentage inevitably.

There are slackers everywhere. Probably there are slackers among the nursing ranks, but I fancy the percentage is very low. Consecrated to service as these women are, they find in war the fruition of their years of training. But there are very real reasons why a certain number cannot go. Age and physical disability are two. Some of them have dependents. Comparatively few trained nurses have saved any money. It is the poorest paid of all professions, except the church, considering the length of training involved. It is a sad commentary on our civilization that these idealistic professions, both consecrated to service, must pay the toll of comparative poverty.

But there is another reason why certain nurses are ineligible for foreign service; why a certain number of our boys may ask for water and fail to be understood; why France and England are already helping us to bear our nursing burdens. This is the ruling that prohibits nurses with relatives in the army abroad from going overseas. Recently the order has been altered, permitting nurses who are wives and sisters of soldiers to go; but the change ends there.

It is a barrier that will undoubtedly be removed very soon. With the rapidly increasing army, it will soon be impossible to find a hundred nurses in the country without relatives in France. In other words, as the necessity for nurses increases, the number who are eligible automatically decreases.

Every nurse in the country who can serve must serve. Our men must be cared for. We cannot afford the reproach of that failure; and though we gain everything else, and fail in this one regard, we have lost the respect of the world.

England has handled her wounded magnificently. France has evoked a nursing system out of the chaos that followed the dissolution of the religious sisterhoods, which had been responsible for her nursing; but she evoked it as a war necessity. Are we to fail?

### *A Criminal Waste*

The order forbidding relatives of soldiers to go to France had its origin abroad and was dictated by a real necessity. So far as it relates to the untrained woman, it is still wise and right. It is easy to imagine the confusion resulting from the efforts these women might make to see their wounded. But the army nurse is as much a soldier as the men in the trenches; as much under discipline. Undoubtedly she would stick by her post and her work willingly under any circumstances. In any case she is governed by military law.

To remove this barrier, then, is one way of increasing an available supply of nurses. There is another one, which must be taken by a certain percentage of the people themselves. This is the use of the trained nurse as a luxury.

In too many homes to-day women are knitting socks for the soldiers while a hospital graduate nurse, sadly needed by her country, is employed to perform the duties that woman should be doing. In times of peace there is no reason why the rich, if they so desire, should not employ trained nurses for the responsibilities they evade themselves. But these are not times of peace. Every household to-day that knows of the scarcity of trained women and still retains one is a slacker household.

And I think it not too much to say that any trained nurse who so forgets her oath of service has missed entirely the spirit of her great calling. She is rare. She in no sense represents her profession; but she exists, just as the slacker exists in every profession and in every walk of life.

The summoning of the trained nurse for trivial ailments must be abolished also. In these times it is criminal waste of a strictly limited military asset. It is worse than the wasting of food, because the element of cruelty enters into it. It involves insufficient care for the helpless here and abroad. It means, in the shortage which already confronts us, that those who really need nursing shall have to do without it.

The Surgeon-General is asking for a thousand nurses a week. Where are they coming from? Recruits are bravely coming in, gathering together that ominous list of rubber boots and field uniforms and blankets and nurses' instruments; courageously turning their faces toward the hospitals of France and Italy and, before long, Russia. But they are not enough. The demand is increasingly insistent; the supply is inadequate at the best.

Let our girls and young women enter hospital training schools. They can be useful from the first; and they will liberate for war service increasing numbers of fully or—as time goes on—of partly trained nurses for France. They will be doing national service as truly as though they wore a soldier's uniform.

But they will be doing something else, indirectly of as great a benefit to their country. They will come from their training equipped for the years ahead. For sophistication they will have substituted knowledge; for the dream world of youth, a real world—of suffering sometimes, but of infinite recompense.



The "Ballymede" Model
(Weatherproof Coat)
Length 46 inches
Full back
Quarter silk lined

It isn't right to buy your overcoat without careful investigation these economical days. You should make a real overcoat investment; not a speculation.

The "R&W" Highland Heather is doubly popular now. It gives every kind of service without sacrificing style. It's the one coat you should buy--rainproof, fashionable and economical.

At your dealer's.

Look for the "R & W" label.

*Makers of good overcoats, raincoats, trousers, fancy and dress waistcoats, smoking jackets, bathrobes, summer clothing, golf and automobile apparel.*

Rosenwald & Weil
*Clothing Specialties*
CHICAGO

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# As to the Charms of Tobacco

LARUS & BROTHER CO.,
Richmond, Va.

My dear Sirs:

As a pipe-smoker of some 40 years I feel that I really must write to tell you that after all these years I have at last found a really satisfying tobacco, namely, your Plug Slice Edgeworth that comes in slabs. I have now been smoking it for about one year, but have not written before because I wanted to learn whether the charm of this tobacco would, like so many others, wear off. I now find that the more I smoke it, the more necessary it becomes to my bodily comfort.

(Signed) ——————




We value the above letter highly, but we had to argue down grave doubts before dwelling upon the *charm* of any smoking tobacco. But then women probably never read tobacco advertisements.

For years Woman never openly recognized but one serious rival. Much talk has been made about the bravery of the man who first dared to eat an oyster. What about the bold man who first dared to leave a woman for a smoke? We often wonder if Sir Walter Raleigh, brave as he was, ever told Queen Elizabeth the truth about his long absences. If she ever caught him quietly enjoying his pipe—well, as we know, she was quite a spirited woman.

Nowadays, ask any young woman if she objects to smoking, and her reply invariably is, "No, I like it." And they choose men who smoke. They know smokers are better-natured.

All men who smoke aren't good-natured, nor all men who don't ill-natured, but the best-natured men are almost all smokers.

A pipeful of the right tobacco can charm away most of the small frets of daily life.

The difficulty is to come upon a tobacco that brings such a charm into your life. Edgeworth is one of the tobaccos bought by our Government to soothe the jangled nerves of our men in the trenches. Edgeworth is the resource of many, many men pushing things along over here, but it may not, perhaps, be the tobacco for you.

We don't want to prejudice you against Edgeworth by boosting it too much, but we certainly would enjoy learning what you personally think of it.

If you're willing to risk a postcard, we'll risk the tobacco. Send us your address together with that of the dealer ordinarily supplying you, and we will despatch to you generous samples of Edgeworth in both forms —Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is pressed into cakes, then cut by sharp knives into very thin moist slices. Rub a slice between the hands and it makes an average pipe-load.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed comes prepared to pour straight into your pipe. It packs nicely, and burns freely, evenly to the very bottom, getting better and better.

Edgeworth is sold in sizes convenient for all purchasers. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in pocket-size packages sells for 15c; larger sizes, 30c and 65c; tin humidor, $1.25; in glass jars, $1.30. Edgeworth Plug Slice costs 15c, 30c, 65c, and $1.20.

When the samples arrive, scrape out your pipe for a new guest. Fill the bowl with a generous load. Light up, lean back in your friendly old chair, and take a puff or two—the first two for pure enjoyment—then some time later, when you feel quite ready, take a puff or two slowly, estimatingly, to decide just what you think of Edgeworth. Is this the tobacco you have been looking for so long?

For the free samples upon which we ask your judgment, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

***To Retail Tobacco Merchants*** — If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.


# DECORATED

(Continued from Page 7)

for me to see him but I had to convince the lieut. that it wasn't no monkey business because they's always a whole lot of riffs and raffs asking Capt. Seeley can they have a word with him and what they want is to borry his knife to pair their finger nails.

But I guess he won't be sorry he seen me Al not when I show him the stuff I have got on this bird and he will probably shake me by the hand and say "Well Keefe Uncle Sam is proud of you but you are waisting your time here and I will be sorry to loose you but it looks like you belong in other fields." And he will wire a telegram to the gen. staff reccomending me to go to Paris.

I guess I all ready told you some of the stuff I have got on this bird but I have not told you all because the best one didn't only happen last night. Well on acct. of I and Alcock being friends he has kind of been keeping a eye pealed on Shaffer to help me out and he found a letter last night that Shaffer had wrote and this time it was the whole letter with the address and everything and who do you suppose it was to? Well Al it was to Van Hindenburg himself and I have got it right here where I can keep a eye on it and believe me its worth watching and I wished I could send it to you so you could see for yourself what kind of a bird we are dealing with. But that's impossible Al but they's nothing to keep me from copping it off.

Well the letter is wrote in German and to show you what a foxy bird he is he wrote it out in printing so as if it got found by somebody they couldn't prove he wrote it because when words is wrote out in printing it looks just the same who ever wrote it and you can't tell. But he wasn't foxy enough to not sign G. S. down to the bottom of it and that stands for his name George Shaffer and he is the only G. S. in the Co. so it looks like we had him up in a tree. Here is what the letter says:

"Field Marshall Van Hindenburg, % Die Vierten Dachshunds, Deutscher Armee, Flanders. 500,000 U. S. Soldaten schon in Frankreich doch. In Lauterbach habe Ich mein Strumpf verloren und ohne Strumpf gehe Ich nicht heim. xxxxxxxxx G. S."

Notice them x marks again Al like in the other letter and the other letter was probably to Van Hindenburg to and I only wished I knew what the x marks means but maybe some of the birds that's all ready in the intelligents dept. can figure it out. But they's no mystery about the rest of it Al because Alcock understands German and he translated it out what the German words means and here is what it means.

500,000 United States soldiers in France all ready yet. Will advise you when to attack on this front.

How is that Al for a fine trader and spy to tell the gen. of the German army how many soldiers we got over here and to not attack till Shaffer says the word and he was probably going to say it wile we was all asleep or something. But thanks to me Al he will be the one that is asleep and it will be some sleep Al and it will make old Rip and Winkle look like they had the colic and when the boys finds out what I done for them I guess they won't be nothing to good for me. But it will be to late for them to show their appreciations because I won't be here no more and the boys probably won't see me again till its all over and we are back in the old U. S. because Alcock was talking to a bird that's in the int. dept. and he says 1 of their dutys was to keep away from everybody and not leave them know who you are. Because of course if word got out that you was a spy chaser the spys wouldn't hardly run up and kiss you on the st. but they would duck when they seen you and you would have as much chance to catch them as though you was trolling for wales with a grass hopper.

And from this bird's dope that Alcock was talking to I will half to leave off my uniform and wear plain close and maybe wear false whiskers and etc. so as people who see me the 1st. time I will look different to them the next time they see me and maybe I will half to let my mustache grow and grease it so as they will think maybe I am a Dutchman and if they are working for the Kaiser I could maybe pump them.

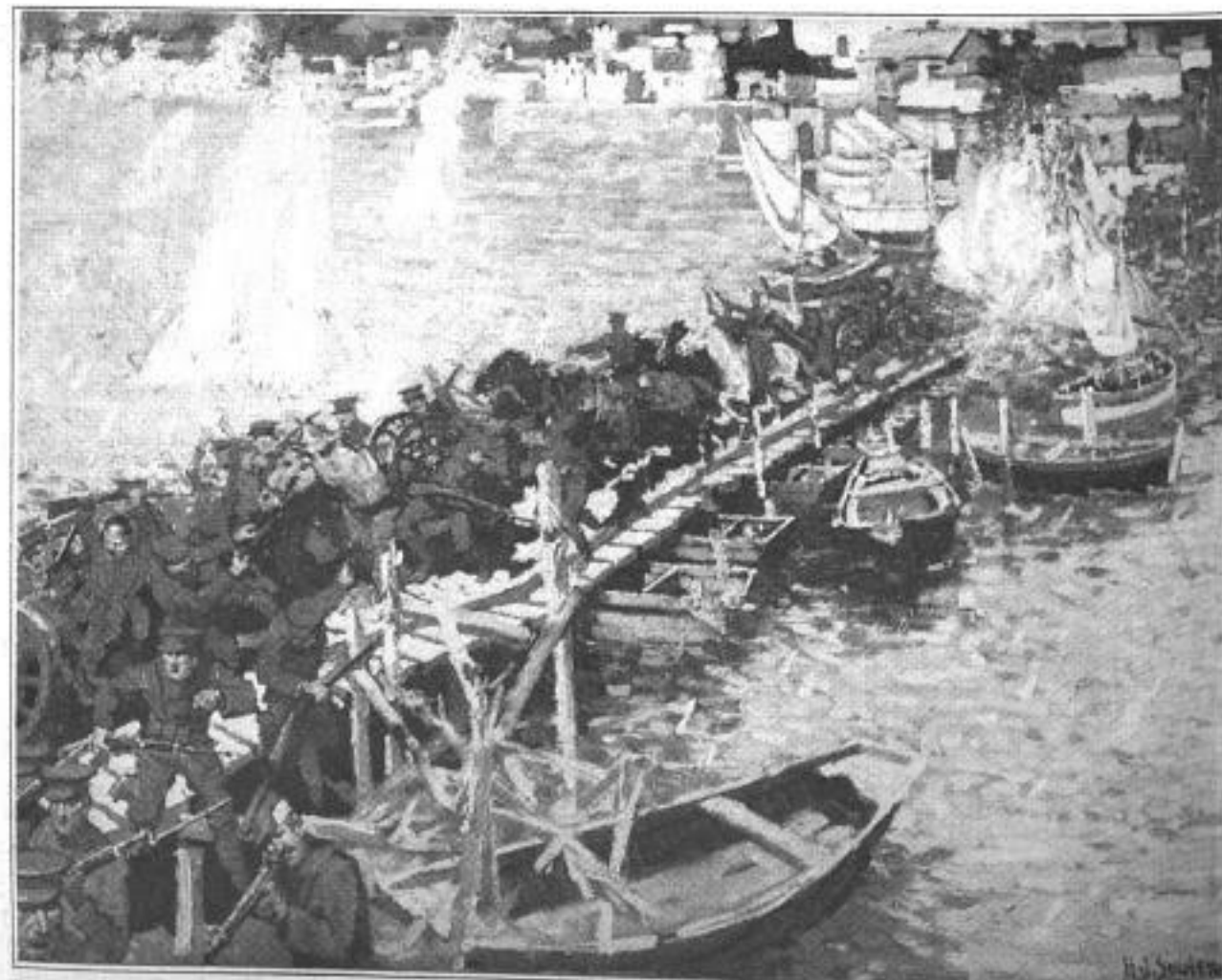
But they's 1 thing I don't like about it Al because Alcock says Paris is full of women that isn't exactly spys but they have been made a fool out of and they are some German's duke but the Dutchmens tells them a whole lot of things that Uncle Sam would like to know and I would half to find them things out and the only way to do that would be to get them stuck on me and I guess that wouldn't be no chore but when a gal gets stuck on you they will tell you everything they know and wile with most gals I ever seen they could do that without dropping another nickle still and all it would be different with these gals in Paris that's been the tools of some Dutchmens because you take a German and he don't never stop braging till he inhales a bayonet.

But it don't seem fair to make love to them and pertend like I was nuts over them and then when I had learned all they was to know I would half to get rid of them and cast them to 1 side and god knows how many wounds I will leave behind me but probably as many as though I was a regular soldier or snipper but then I wouldn't feel so bad about it because it would be men and not girlies but everything goes in war fair as they say Al and if Uncle Sam and Gen. Pershing asks me to do it I will do whatever they ask me and they can't nobody really hold it vs. me because of why I am doing it.

But talking about snippers Al I noticed today that I wasn't near as good as usual in the riffle practice and it was like as if I was haveing a slump like some of the boys does in baseball when they go along 5 or 6 days without finding out who is umpireing the bases and I am afraid that is how it would be with me in snipping I would be O. K. part of the time and the rest of the time I couldn't hit Europe and maybe I would all down when they was depending on me and then I would feel like a rummy so I guess I better not try and show up so good in practice even when I do feel O. K. because they might make a snipper out of me without knowing my weakness and I figure its something the matter with my eyes. Besides Al it don't seem like its a fair game to be pecking away at somebody that they can't see you and aren't looking for no supprise and its a whole lot different then fighting with a bayonet where its man to man and may the best man win.

Well Al I guess I have told you all the news and things is going along about as usual and they don't seem to be no prospects of us overtakeing a section up to the front but its just train and train and train and if the ball clubs had a training trip like we been

(Concluded on Page 49)



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(Concluded from Page 46)

haveing they would be so tired by the 1 of May that they wouldn't run out a base on balls. Yesterday we past by a flock of motor Lauras that was takeing wounded back to a base hospital somewheres and Alcock was talking to 1 of the drivers and he said that over 100% of the birds that's getting wounded and killed these days is the snippers and the boshs don't never rest till they find out where there nests is at and then they get all their best marksmens and aim at where they think the snipper has got his nest and then its good night snipper and he is either killed right out or looses a couple of legs or something. I certainly feel sorry for the boys that's wounded Al and every time we see a bunch of them all us boys is crazy to get up there to the front and get even for what they done.

Well old pal I will half to get busy now and overlook the dope I have got on Shaffer so as I will have everything in order for Capt. Seeley and I will write and let you know how things comes out.

Your pal, JACK

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, April 18.

*FRIEND AL:* Well Al they's a whole lot of birds that thinks they are wise and always trying to pull off something on somebody but once in a wile they pick out the wrong bird to pull it on and then the laugh is on the smart Alex themself.

Well Alcock and some of them thought they was putting up a game on me and was going to make me look like a monkey but before I get through with them Al they will be the suckers and I will be giveing them the horse laugh but what I ought to do is bust them in the jaw and if I was running this war every bird that tried to pull off some practical joke to put a man in bad, I would give a lead shower in their honor some A. M. before breakfast.

Alcock was trying to make me believe that 1 of the boys in the Co. name Geo. Shaffer was a German spy or something and they framed up a letter like as if he wrote it to Van Hindenburg giveing away secrets in German about our army and etc. but they made the mistake of signing his initials to the letter so when I come to think it over I seen it must be a fake because a bird that was a real spy wouldn't never sign their own name to a letter but they would sign John Smith or something.

But any way I had a hold of this letter and a peace of another letter that Shaffer really did write it and I thought I would show them to Capt. Seeley and play it safe because they might be something in them after all and any way it would give him a good laugh. So yesterday I went and seen him and he says "Well Keefe what can I do for you?" So I said "You can't do nothing for me sir but this time I can do something for you. What would you think if I told you they was a trader and a German spy in your Co." So he says "I would think you were crazy." So I said "I am afraid you will half to think so then but maybe you won't think I am so crazy when I show you the goods."

So then Al I pulled that 1st. peace of a letter on him and showed it to him and he read it and when he got through he says "Well it looks suspicious all right. It looks like the man that wrote it was hacking up a big plot to spring a few dependents on his local board the next time they draft him." So I said "The bird that wrote that letter is a Dutchman name Geo. Shaffer." So Capt. Seeley says "Well I wish him all the luck in the world and a lot of little Shaffers." So I said "Yes but what about them x marks and all them letters without no words to them?" So he said "Didn't you never correspond with a girl and put some of them xs down to the bottom of your letter?" So I says "I have wrote letters to a whole lot of girls but I never had to write nothing in ciphers because I wasn't never ashamed of anything I wrote." So he said "Well your lady friends was all cheated then because this is ciphers all right but its the kind of messages they love to read because it means kisses."

Well Al of course I knew it meant something like that but I didn't think a big truck horse like Shaffer would make such a mushmellow out of himself. But anyway I said to Capt. Seeley I says "All right but what about them other initials without no words to go with them?" And he says "Well that's some more ciphers but they's probably a little gal out in Chi that don't half to look at no key to figure it out."

So then I pulled the other letter on him the I in German and he also smiled when he read this one and finely he says "Some of your pals has been playing a trick on you like when you come over on the ship and the best thing you can do is tear the letters up and keep it quite and don't leave nobody know you fell for it. And now I have got a whole lot to tend to so good by."

So that's all that was said between us and I come away and come back to quarters and Alcock and 2 or 3 of the other boys was there and Alcock knew where I had been and I suppose he had told the other birds and they was all set to give me the Mary ha ha but I beat them to it.

"Well Alcock" I says when I come in "you are some joke Smith but you wouldn't think you was so funny if I punched your jaw." So he turned kind of pail but he forced a smile and says "Well I guess the Vin Blank is on you this time." So I said "You won't get no Vin Blank off me but what you are libel to get is a wallop in the jaw." So he says "You crabbed at me a wile ago for not takeing a joke but it looks like you was the one that couldn't take them now." So I said "What I would like to take is a poke at your nose." So that shut him up and they didn't none of them get their laugh because I had them scared and if they had of laughed I would of made them swallow it.

So after all Al the laugh is on them because their gag fell dead and I guess the next time they try and pull some gag they will pick out some hick from some X roads to pull it on and not a bird that has traveled all over the big leagues and seen all they is to see.

Well Al I am tickled to death I won't half to give up my uniform and snoop around Paris like a white wings double crossing women and spying and etc. and even if the whole thing hadn't of been just a joke I was going to ask Capt. Seeley to not reccomend me to no int. dept. but jest leave me be where I am at so as when the time comes I can fight fair like man to man and not behind no woman's skirts like a cur.

So you see Al everything is O. K. after all and the laugh is on Alcock and his friends because they was the ones that expected to do all the laughing but instead of that I made a monkey out of them.

Your pal, JACK

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, April 23.

*FRIEND AL:* Well Al if you would see my face you would think I had been attending a barage or something or else I had been in a bar room fight only of course if it was a fair fight I wouldn't be so kind of marred up like I am. But I had a accident Al and fell over a bunk and lit on the old bean and the result is Al that I have got a black eye and a bad nose and my jaw is swole a little and my ears feels kind of dull like so I guess the ladys wouldn't call me Handsome Jack if they seen me but it will be all O.K. in a few days and I will be the same old Jack.

But I will tell you how it come off. I was setting reading a letter from Florrie that all as she said in it was that she had boughten herself a new suit that everybody says was the cutest she ever had on her back just like I give a dam because by the time I see her in it she will of gave it to little Al's Swede. But any way I was reading this letter when in come Shaffer the bird that was mixed up in that little gag about the fake spy and he come up to me and says "Well you big snake who's male are you reading now?" Well Al him calling me big is like I would say hello Jumbo to a flee. But any way I says "My own male and who and the he—ll male would I be reading?" So he said "Well its hard to tell because you stole some of mine and read it and not only that but you showed it to the whole A. E. F. so now stand up and take what's comeing to you."

Well Al I thought he was just kidding so I says "I come over here to fight Germans and not 1 of my own pals." So he says "Don't call me no pal, but if you come to fight Germans now is your chance because you say I'm 1 of them."

Well he kind of made a funny motion like he wanted to spar or wrestle or something and I thought he meant it in a friendly way like we sometimes pull off a rough house once in a wile so I stood up but before I had a chance to take holds with him he cut loose at me with his fists doubled up and I kind of triped or something and fell over a bench and I must of hit something sharp on the way down and I kind of got scratched up but they are only scratchs and don't amt. to nothing. Only I wished I knew he had of been serious and I would of made a punching bag out of him and you can bet that the next time he wants to start something I won't wait to see if he is jokeing but I will tear into him and he will think he run into a Minne Weffers.

Well I suppose Alcock was sore at me for getting the best of him and not falling for his gag and he was afraid to tackle me himself and he told big Shaffer a peck of lies about some dam letter or something and said I stole it and it made Shaffer sore and no wonder because who wouldn't be sore if they thought somebody was reading their male. But a man like Shaffer that if he stopped a shell the Dutchmens would half to move back a ways so as they would be room enough in France to bury him hasn't got no right to pick on a smaller man especially when I wasn't feeling good on acct. of something I eat but at that Al size don't make no difference and its the bird that's got the nerve and knows how that can knock them dead and if Shaffer had of gave me any warning he would of been the 1 that is scratched up instead of I though I guess he is to lucky to trip over a kit bag and fall down and cut himself.

But my scratchs don't really amt. to nothing Al and in a few days I will be like new.

Your pal, JACK

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, April 25.

*FRIEND AL:* Well old pal I have got some big news for you now. We been ordered up to the front and its good by to this Class D burg and now for some real actions and I am tickled to death and I only hope the Dutchmens will loose their minds and try and start something up on the section where we are going to and I can't tell you where its at Al but you keep watching the papers and even if the boshs don't start nothing maybe we will start something on our own acct. and the next thing you know you will read where we have got them on the Lincoln highway towards Russia and believe me Al we won't half to stop every little wile to bring up no Van Hindenburg but we will run them ragged and they say the Germans is the best singers and when they all bust out with Comrades they will make the Great Lakes band sound like the Russia artillery.

Well Al I am so excited I can't write much and I have got a 100 things to tend to so I will half to cut this letter short.

Well some of the other birds like Alcock and them is pertending like they was tickled to death to but believe me Al if the orders was changed all of a sudden and they told us we was going to stay here till the duration of the war we wouldn't half to call on the Engrs. to dam their tear ducks. But they pertend like they are pleased and keep whistleing so as they won't blubber and today they all laughed their heads off at something that come out in the Co. paper that some of the boys gets out but they laughed like they was nervous instead of enjoying it.

Well what come out in the paper was supposed to be a joke on me and if they think its funny they are welcome and I would send the paper to you that its in only I haven't got only the 1 copy so I will copy it down and you can see for yourself what a screen it is. Well they's 1 peace that's got up to look like it was the casuality list in some regular newspaper and it says:

WOUNDED IN ACTION

Privates.

Jack Keefe, Chicago, Ill (Very).

And then they's another peace that reads like this:

DECORATED

"The Company has won its first war honors and Private Jack Keefe is the lucky dog. Private Keefe has been decorated by Gen. George Shaffer of the 4th. Dachshunds for extreme courage and cleverness in showing up a dangerous nest of spies. Keefe was hit four times by large caliber shells before he could say surrender. He was decorated with the Order of the Schwarz Auge, the Order of the Rot Nase and the Order of the Blumenkohl Ohren, besides which a Right Cross was hung on his jaw. Private Keefe takes his honors very modestly, no one having even heard him mention them except in stifled tones during the night."

Well Al all right if they can find something to amuse themself and they need it I guess. But they better remember that they's plenty of time for the laugh to be on the other foot before this war is over.

Your pal, JACK




*This fire destroyed nearly 1,000,000 bushels of grain at Daw's Stores, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

# Burning Up Bread

## We've Been Doing It for Years!

¶ Let's stop it. Last winter when our allies needed millions of bushels of grain to help them avert famine, millions of bushels were being destroyed by fire in America because not safeguarded by concrete. In one fire alone in Brooklyn, nearly 1,000,000 bushels of grain were destroyed.

¶ Foodstuffs will be scarce during and after the war. Everyone's interest demands that further waste be prevented by storing them in fireproof structures.

When you use concrete, transportation, skilled labor and steel, of which there are none to spare, are released for urgent war needs.

¶ Whether you are going to build a

*Coal Pocket or Silo*
*Factory or Warehouse*
*Dam or Power Plant*
*Railroad or Marine Terminal*
*Water or Sewer System*
*Oil Storage Tank or Watering Trough*

—any structure from the smallest to the largest and all kinds and sizes between—*Use Concrete.*

Concrete consumes nothing. It adds to the permanent wealth of the nation. It means a strong second line of defense.

**You Build But Once With Concrete.**

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CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

W.S.S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT


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**Dust is Germ-Laden**

The swirling dust plants millions of disease germs on your face. When you shave you rub these germs into your skin; you risk dangerous and unsightly infections.

The safe shave is the Antiseptic Shave that kills the germs on face, fingers, brush and razor.

**LYSOL**

**Antiseptic Shaving Cream**

gives the dependable Antiseptic Shave because it contains Lysol, one of the world's best germicides. Its luxuriant lather protects your skin from blood diseases while giving you the close, clean, all-satisfying shave.

Protect your health by using Lysol Shaving Cream. You will enjoy its creamy lather. The price is only 25c a tube, ask your druggist.

Made by
LEHN & FINK, Inc., Manufacturing Chemists
Makers of Pebeco Tooth Paste and Lysol Disinfectant
96 William Street New York

*The statement made in our advertisement of Lysol Shaving Cream in this publication on June 29th to the effect that we had been granted a license to make this product by the Federal Trade Commission, was inserted owing to a clerical error. The license we hold is for the manufacture of Pebeco Tooth Paste and has no connection with Lysol products.*




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THE UTMOST IN QUALITY, FROM the exquisite packaging to the rich chocolate coating and fresh, creamy centers of the chocolates. Exclusive methods make Bryn Mawr chocolates different. Make their acquaintance.

At better class stores—if not near you write us direct, enclosing $1.25 for Bryn Mawr Perfected Package. You'll order again.

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What every young husband and Every young wife should know
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*Table contents & commendations on request*

AMERICAN PUB. CO., 1013 Witmer Bldg., Philadelphia

# SAVING AND SERVING

(Continued from Page 11)

linings of refrigerators former requirements called for 12,000 tons of steel; the present plan is to substitute sheet zinc for this steel. As an example of how small needs rapidly mount into totals of considerable magnitude it is interesting to note that 5000 tons of steel were consumed last year in the manufacture of steel automobile license tags. A scheme is now on foot that will substitute a specially designed paper product for the steel tags. The paper tags will cost but ten cents apiece, whereas each of the steel ones retailed for about sixty-five cents.

The foregoing are but a few of the moves aimed at steel conservation that are now being promulgated by our duly appointed representatives in Washington. Final victory in the present struggle must rest with the side that continuously brings the greatest amount of steel products to the firing line. Before the United States entered the fight the Teutons had gained control of about 29,000,000 tons annual steel-ingot capacity; the Allies owned only about 15,000,000 tons. The Germans didn't utilize all of their capacity, while the Entente did get about 7,000,000 tons from us, so that the disparity between the steel resources of the belligerents was not so great, though the undoubted advantage lay with the Huns. America's participation in the conflict contributed more than 40,000,000 additional tons to the cause of the Allies, so that our advantage over Germany is increasing daily. The Central Powers fight outward with a system that requires a minimum of new construction; the Allies have been fighting inward, and as a consequence have had to convert steel not only into shells and guns but into railroads and ships. As this latter work becomes more nearly completed we can convert more tons of steel into munitions, and the Huns will be deluged in the storm.

There is nothing patriotic Americans can do that will add greater impetus to our national war effort than to economize to the last extreme on every pound of steel going into civil use. In the production of a single carload of pig iron it is necessary to utilize one and a half cars of coal, half a car of limestone and two cars of ore. And this is not all, for in the refining and manufacturing processes that follow the production of the raw pig there occurs the maximum consumption of skill and industrial energy.

Germany is fully aware of the vital need for her holding her iron reserves, and we shall find that she has massed her best men and constructed her strongest defenses just north of Verdun, which great fortress is located directly south of the French iron deposits the Huns so quickly seized on their initial drive into France. This richly mineralized region is twice as valuable as any other area now being fought for, and it is these iron reserves that the United States evidently intends shall be restored to the French nation on the coming of peace. The Teuton fangs will never be pulled so long as Europe's principal iron-ore deposits remain under the control of the Hun.

### *The Army Ragpickers*

Fortunately the Allied nations realize in full the immeasurable value of steel as humanity's chief servant, and as a consequence the salvage brigade or "ragpickers" that follow the tide of battle are a much more important adjunct to the military than their humble vocation would indicate. Their work is done under the greatest risk and their accomplishments are frequently amazing. Recently in one month, in the wake of a single army in France, the "ragpickers" collected 2200 tons of iron and steel, thirty-three tons of copper, 1,200,000 rifle cartridges, 1950 trench bombs, 1400 rifles, fifty-five tons of bronze and nickel, 2900 varieties of tools and three-fourths of a mile of narrow-gauge railway. Shall we here at home, living and working in absolute security, be less saving of war essentials than the "ragpickers" who labor unceasingly and unafraid on fields where shells are bursting and in places where they are targets for boche gunners in swooping airplanes?

The British general commanding the Allies in the Holy Land attributed his victory more to the successful construction of a 150-mile water line built of twelve-inch steel pipe than to victories of arms. The Sinai Desert had theretofore defeated all armies, and credit for present successes must be accorded the pipes and rails of steel that carried the necessary water and food to these brave men fighting in the land where Christendom was born. The grimy workers in the Pennsylvania mills where the pipes were made did their full share, as well as the intrepid Tommies who charged the Turks.

Without an abundance of steel no nation to-day could accomplish much on the battlefield; however, even this prime requisite in the business of making war would be unavailing if we failed to practice economy all along the line in our daily life. In order to utilize the products made from steel we must have among other things an abundance of leather, rubber, tin, lumber, manganese, lead and ammonia. Take, for instance, the question of an adequate supply of leather. No material antedates it as an important human commodity, and no natural product at the present time has a more varied and persistent use. The value of leather was established when the first beast was killed by man, who took the hide and used it for raiment. The first effort of the first human being was to secure food, and the first by-product was leather. From an oversupply of this material in the early ages we have come to a time when we cannot get sufficient of it for our wants. War has made the situation worse, and thousands of Americans are now devoting much thought and time to the saving of leather and the development of substitutes.

### *Leather from Fish Skins*

Our Government has already let contracts for more than 20,000,000 pairs of army shoes. The Allies are buying millions of dollars' worth of American leather, so that notwithstanding our large imports of hides from South America the scarcity in leather for civilian use is serious. England and France long ago designed national standards for shoes to prevent wasteful consumption through a multiplicity of styles, and our Conservation Bureau in Washington has formulated regulations that will materially reduce leather consumption. Among other requirements it is specified that the height of shoes shall not exceed nine inches; children's and misses' shoes shall not be more than seven inches high; men's shoes shall be black or one of two shades of tan; women's footwear shall be white, black, tan or gray. Only two shades of tan and two shades of gray are allowed. In the matter of height the restrictions apply to cloth-top shoes as well as to those with leather uppers.

The limitations placed on the shoe industry, as in other lines of business, are designed to save shipping as well as leather. Practically all of our kid and goat skins are imported from China, India and Africa. Since the war commenced kid has advanced from 72 cents to $1.06 a foot; calf has gone up from 30 cents to 66 cents, and sole leather from 52 cents to 88 cents. Such increases account for the higher shoe prices now prevailing.

The Bureau of Standards in Washington is carrying on tests in leather that will greatly benefit the nation. The tensile and tearing resistance at different parts of the hide are being determined. Other investigations deal with shoe leather and fiber composition materials intended as a substitute for sole leather. Studies are being made of the relative merits of different waterproofing treatments. These last tests have taken into consideration the effect of waterproofing materials upon the wearing quality of sole leather. Soldiers at Camp Meade, Maryland, are wearing half soles, or taps, of the same leather, the tap on one shoe being treated, while the other sole is used untreated. Service tests are also being made to determine the relative water-resisting properties of vegetable-tanned as compared with chrome retanned upper leather. In this case the shoes, which are made with the right and left uppers of different leathers, are used under conditions that keep the uppers wet the greater part of the time. They are inspected after each day's wear and dried out before being used again.

The soles being of the same material the difference in the amount of water absorbed by the uppers is determined approximately by weighing before and after the shoes are dried.

With reference to the use of fiber composition soles on army shoes careful laboratory and service tests already indicate that the wearing quality of the better grades of composition soles compares favorably with that of good oak-tanned sole leather.

In collaboration with the Bureau of Fisheries scientists in the Bureau of Standards are investigating the problem of tanning shark and other fish skins. A large number of skins have been distributed among the various tanners, who are experimenting with methods of producing tanned skins of a quality that may be employed as a substitute for certain grades of leather. The tests have not proved successful in all cases, but quite a number of tanned skins thus treated have given encouraging results.

It is very likely that further experiments will develop methods of tanning by which fish skins may be made into leather adapted for useful purposes.

In its consumption of leather the Government is exercising good judgment and setting a wise example. On each fabricated ship of our new merchant marine there are fourteen transom seats and backs which require upholstering. Formerly leather was used for such purposes, but the Shipping Board decided that all the real leather available should go into shoes, saddles, harness and other military supplies, so artificial leather was specified both here and in our fighting craft; and a real economic gain is the result.

In dozens of other cases the war demands for leather have caused the increasing use of substitutes. In the automobile and carriage industries alone 25,000,000 yards of leather substitutes are used annually in the manufacture of tops. Another 10,000,000 yards of such material are used each year in the upholstering of automobiles. Only twenty-five per cent of the motor cars made in America in 1917 were finished in real leather. Approximately 127,000,000 hat sweats are manufactured in this country each year. Leather was formerly employed, but now sixty per cent of the sweat bands in hats are made of artificial leather, and a tremendous saving has resulted. Similar economies have been effected by using leather substitutes in bookbinding and furniture manufacture, as well as in the production of bags, trunks, camera cases, gloves, putties, gun cases, belts and pillows.

### *Substitutes for Tin*

One of the lessons the war has taught is our ability to get along without many things that were heretofore considered quite essential to our comfortable existence. We produce very little tin, and since the requirements for this metal are extensive very little of the material remains for domestic use. In order to meet the needs of the situation plans were perfected whereby a solder is produced for employment in roofing, radiators, canning, and so on, in which cadmium is substituted for four-fifths of the tin formerly used. The Germans are getting along without tin; it is possible we could now do the same in our domestic life. In addition to the savings in solder we have reduced the quantity of tin in babbitts from ninety per cent to a much lower figure. A new lead babbitt has been invented and preliminary tests of it look promising. Low-grade babbitts are now used in the construction of all machines except in the building of airplanes.

It is well understood by those familiar with the situation that our citizens must exercise extreme economy in the consumption of tin if we are going to have enough for boat fittings, cooking utensils and food containers. Already the Army is looking to the use of paper for food cans instead of tin.

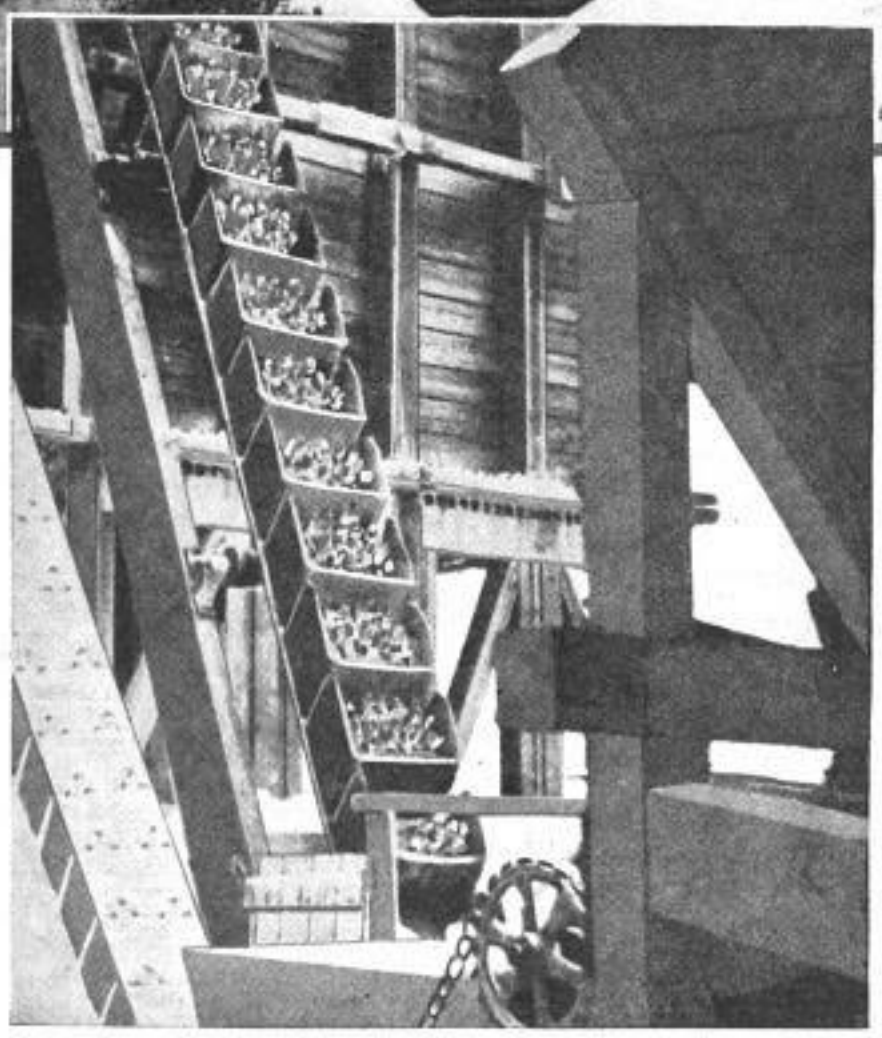
One of the very interesting materials that has occupied the attention of our Government is ammonia. Few of our so-called essential ingredients are more important. Fortunately our leaders were foresighted enough to anticipate trouble in this quarter and immediate steps were taken to erect fixation plants. New by-product coke ovens will help a lot and an aluminum nitrate plant will give us an additional twenty-five tons of ammonia daily. The health of any nation, and particularly of an army in the field, is largely dependent on a proper equipment for the refrigeration of

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*3 24-inch United States Rubber Company Relio Conveyor Belts carrying gravel*



*32-inch United States Rubber Company Granite Elevator Belt carrying crushed rock at the plant of a stone company*

# These Better Belts are the Cheapest Labor

Man power is at a premium.

Speed and continuous operation in every line of production tax the efficiency of almost every industry.

In hundreds of plants where these discordant conditions have resulted in confusion, harmony has been restored by the installation of efficient, economical United States Rubber conveyor and elevator belts.

Production engineers in factories, mines and mills everywhere are discovering the great speed-up that these belts give. The reliability and stability of this labor element plus the low cost per ton of material conveyed or elevated make an acceptable showing in production costs.

U. S. Conveyor and Elevator Belts are especially made for specific uses. Their construction is scientific and exact, based on long years of successful manufacture and a knowledge of operating conditions to be met in all lines of industry.

Among this class of U. S. Belts that are delivering 100% service are our famous Silvertown Elevator Belting and Relio Conveyor Belting.

Because of our factories in the big centers east and west, with branches in the principal cities and agencies everywhere, our service to U. S. Rubber Belting users is most prompt and efficient.

*We invite all interested in lowering production costs and speeding up output to write for advice or information on any belting problem.*

## United States Rubber Company

**Mechanical Goods Division**

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perishables, and ammonia is vital to the operation. Uncle Sam thought the situation was sufficiently critical to justify Federal control, so he ordered that all refrigeration warehouses should obtain licenses and arranged to supervise the price and distribution of our ammonia production.

Ammonia is playing an indispensable part in our war program besides fulfilling an important service in our ice and refrigeration industries. In solving the problem the Government discovered that there were 20,000 places in the United States where ammonia compressors were in more or less constant operation. These ranged from the big 4000-ton plant down to the little half-ton machine installed in a butcher's shop. The total consumption of these machines was about 250,000,000 pounds of ammonia annually, and refrigeration experts determined that the waste in operating the plants was enormous. As a consequence a carefully prepared campaign of education was launched and the interest of the plant employees was enlisted by the establishment of a bonus system at many places. In some plants the consumption of ammonia was reduced seventy-five per cent.

Aside from the question of materials essential in our war work we have two important limiting factors—man power and transportation facilities. Without either our whole program breaks down. Immediately on the outbreak of hostilities our economists vigorously attacked wasteful practices in the transportation and handling of freight, so that to-day we can point to real savings through the release of railroad cars, motors and men. The average dry-goods salesman formerly carried with him on the road ten to twenty trunks; he has been asked to cut this equipment to four trunks or less. As an indication of what has thereby been accomplished it is interesting to know that one large dry-goods wholesaler has taken 1800 trunks off the road and put them in a storehouse. This case is not an exception. Another smaller dry-goods concern cut down in six months from 133 to 69 trunks, while at the same time the company's business was 100 per cent greater and no more salesmen were employed than formerly. Another concern by packing hosiery more carefully effected a saving of 25 per cent in space. A hat manufacturer, by placing three hats in a box instead of one, in nine months saved 239 carloads of freight space.

In the United States we have only 9700 baggage cars, and a great number of these are now used on troop trains for dining cars as well as for transporting baggage. One troop train recently arrived in New York nine hours late because of hot boxes on box cars used instead of baggage cars for diners. It is such things that must be remedied.

### Voluntary Coöperation

Perhaps some of our housewives grumbled a little at first when they were requested to carry parcels, forgo return privileges, and so on, but they may know now that these small sacrifices have not been in vain. In many of our large stores savings on deliveries are as high as 35 per cent. A list of thirty-three department stores shows that these concerns have saved the labor of 303 men out of 848 originally employed. These same stores previously employed 324 automobiles, but now use only 195. At the same time horses and wagons were entirely eliminated. In revising their systems of sorting, wrapping and routing these companies saved 60 additional men. One retailer reduced his delivery men from 57 to 28. Another investigation showed that 42 small stores located in 30 towns reduced the frequency of deliveries and cut the number of delivery men from 116 to 55. Every man thus released is an asset to the Government in its war effort.

The best part of this valuable conservation work lies in the fact that practically all of the economies effected were brought about purely by voluntary coöperation on the part of the companies. The Government has avoided taking any arbitrary stand and has found it unnecessary to issue positive restrictive orders. It is expected that economies will result and that the merchants will give the public the full benefit of all such savings.

Retailers who do not reduce prices when such savings have occurred are considered unpatriotic. It is not likely they will go to the end unmasked.

Federal control of our railroads has not been in operation long enough to secure all the economies that are hoped for. However, in the matter of increased car loading the results up to date have been splendid. On most roads the increase in tons per loaded car has averaged ten to fifteen per cent in recent months. In this campaign for heavier loading the railroads have had the hearty coöperation of shippers. What this all means in terms of increased transportation efficiency is easily understood when the reader takes into consideration the fact that if we add an average of three tons to each carload our transportation lines will carry 42,000,000,000 ton-miles more freight in a single year with the same number of cars. Other important changes have eliminated 2,250,000 miles a month of unessential passenger-train mileage, relieved the likelihood of congestion by making it permissible to transfer power from one road to another and by allowing traffic to be diverted to the more level and less crowded routes, made possible the common use of terminal facilities at large commercial centers, and rendered practicable the classification of freight by the originating roads so that trains may be run through from East to West and vice versa without reswitching.

### Minimum Loading Rules

Of no little importance was the institution of "sailing days" in the handling of less-than-carload freight. In many cases regular cars previously loaded daily are now forwarded but three times a week, which is resulting in a decrease of fifty per cent in the number of cars used and an increase of one hundred per cent in the tonnage per car handled. Freight for export is now routed via the line that reaches the pier alongside the steamer; this adds to the relief at seaboard terminals. There is also a considerable saving in power and time resulting from running locomotives through over more than one road in connection with troop and freight movements.

Perhaps no measure of relief in our national transportation problem is affording such speedy and satisfactory results as the campaign for maximum loading of all cars. In previous times it was customary often to put only 12,000 or 15,000 pounds of eggs in a refrigerator car. The Food Administration now requests that the minimum load in such cars shall be 24,000 pounds, which can be done without entailing any undue proportion of breakage. In other food products the specified minimum weights of carload shipments are as follows: Canned peas, meats, tomatoes, beans, corn and salmon, 60,000 pounds; flour, cornmeal, oatmeal, rice, sugar, coffee, and so on, 60,000 pounds; cured beef, pork, mutton and other meats, 30,000 pounds. All of which weight provisions apply to intrastate as well as interstate shipments. When two or more shippers consolidate their less-than-carload shipments each one is obligated to see that the car is loaded to at least the prescribed minimum.

As an example of what may still be done along these lines to effect transportation economy let me cite the investigations of the Storage Committee of the War Industries Board with reference to improved methods of baling cotton. Early this year studies were made looking to a better system of packing army supplies with a view to conserving ocean shipping space. Much time was devoted to an investigation of cotton, and it was found that a readjustment of freight rates which will provide minimum rates for loading freight cars to their maximum capacity is all that is required to induce high-density baleage. In no other industry is it possible to accomplish a greater saving of car and ship space than in cotton.

American baling methods are the worst in the world. The present average density of the American cotton bale is about 22 pounds per cubic foot; the Egyptian, 37 pounds; the Indian, 45 pounds; and some Chinese bales, 55 pounds. High-density baling here in America would mean the release of dozens of ships now carrying cotton. The cost of equipment for high-density compression would be exceedingly small compared with the outlay necessary for new ships. No harm is done the cotton through its being squeezed into less compass. One authority states that if American cotton were baled at the density of the Indian and Egyptian bale thirty per cent of the shipping space now used would be available for other war commodities. In less than three weeks in February of this year, during the period of greatest ship shortage, we exported 116,000 bales of cotton. If we had exported only high-density bales the same space in the ships could have carried 40,000 additional bales, or there would have been available 8000 tons of cargo space for other supplies.

Preferential rates for a more effective use of cargo and freight car space would largely solve the problem, for this plan would reimburse the cotton producer for the cost of condensing the bale. Such a premium on greater density would result in bales of a smaller and more uniform size. This would permit better stacking of the cotton in carriers and warehouses, less jute and burlap would be used, metal straps would be shortened, and the fire hazard would be reduced. At the present time there is very little incentive for the cotton ginner to turn out high-density bales. For instance, 100 bales of cotton produced at Monticello, Georgia, is carried 40 miles to Macon in the ordinary gin-bale form and requires three cars for the journey of 40 miles. After being recompressed at Macon to a density of 22½ pounds it is moved to Savannah, Georgia—a distance of 192 miles—in two cars. The freight rate from Monticello to Savannah is 39 cents a hundredweight, and out of this the railroad pays the compress at Macon 8½ cents a hundredweight for reducing the size of the bales. But if the ginner at Monticello purchases the necessary equipment and produces bales having a density of 35 pounds he is penalized for so doing by being compelled to pay the same rate, namely, 39 cents a hundredweight, for moving his cotton from Monticello to Savannah, notwithstanding the fact that in such case the cotton is loaded but once and is carried direct to Savannah, 100 bales in one car. Under existing conditions it requires 16 car-days to transport 100 bales of cotton from the gin to a port; when the bales are properly compressed the hauling effort is only 3 car-days, or a saving of 81 per cent. Such an economy is surely worth striving for.

### Freight by Motor Truck

In our great effort to provide a more adequate distribution system we are getting no little relief from our waterways and highways. More than 350,000,000 tons of freight are now hauled by motor vehicles over American roads annually. The prevailing cost of this hauling is 23 cents per ton per mile, and since the average haul is 8 miles it is evident that our bill for transportation by motor over the public roads is $644,000,000 each year. It is the opinion of many that the bulk of all freight to be transported up to a distance of 100 miles will soon be carried by motor trucks. It takes only 300,000 tons of steel to build 200,000 motor trucks, but it requires five times that much steel to build 1250 locomotives and 50,000 steel freight cars which have only the same ton-mile freight-carrying capacity as the trucks. In such case the use of trucks would mean a saving of more than 1,000,000 tons of steel.

It is of course true that the increased use of motor trucks confronts us with a serious highways problem, and at a time when most of the materials for road building are needed badly for war purposes. Limestone, so commonly used on our highways, is largely employed as a flux in making iron. Other road-building materials are also scarce and labor is not plentiful. As is the case in most of Europe, many American roads are now falling into bad repair through neglect, and the consequent wear and tear on vehicles in such localities costs enough daily to keep these main highways in first-class condition. The secret of good roads is the application of the "stitch in time" policy. Bad breaks cannot come unless little ones are overlooked. Perhaps the greatest economy in the maintenance of our highways will come from more stringent speed regulation. The chief injury to road surfaces comes from fast-moving vehicles. The driving force of self-propelled vehicles is nearly horizontal and tends to tear away the surface of the road. This shearing force not only becomes greater with the speed but increases in proportion to the square of the speed. Taking ten miles as a unit, the shearing force is four times as great at twenty miles, nine times as great at thirty, and twenty-five times as great at fifty as it is at ten miles per hour.

In a recent article in these columns I dealt with methods that might be employed to save coal in house heating. Let me now touch briefly on the larger opportunities for

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fuel conservation that are presented in the railroad and industrial fields. About thirty per cent of all the coal produced in America each year is consumed by our manufacturing and power plants. The railroads burn up approximately one-fourth of our total coal output, so it is evident that in making and hauling our various products we consume more fuel than in any other way.

Before the war the railroad coal bill amounted to $140,000,000 annually. At the present time our transportation systems are spending at the rate of $415,000,000 each year for bituminous coal, and if we add on the cost for hauling and handling, and then further include the expenditures for fuel oil, we find that the total annual fuel bill of American railroads is now $650,000,000. Therefore, for every one per cent of fuel saving that is effected the roads will profit to the extent of $6,500,000 yearly.

The Fuel Conservation Section of the United States Railroad Administration has under way an extensive campaign of education on fuel consumption that is already bearing fruit. The firemen on the locomotives are reminded that there is no material difference between their work here at home and what it would be in France. They are cautioned to remember that our American roads are no less military lines than the roads operated by Uncle Sam on the other side. Every possible effort is being made to equip locomotives with all available mechanical devices that are designed to economize in coal, and the use of superheaters, automatic fire doors, and so on, is greater than ever before; however, emphasis is being laid on the truth that the dominant factor at present is personal effort, and vigorous measures are being pursued to impress firemen with the seriousness of the situation and how great and unusual is their opportunity to show their loyalty and patriotism.

A close relationship has been established between locomotive maintenance and fuel economy. Great stress is being placed on the necessity for keeping boilers clean, for this not only results in fuel savings but increases engine efficiency and prolongs the life of flues and fire-box sheets. Tests indicate that one-sixteenth of an inch of scale increases the fuel cost 15 per cent, and one-quarter inch of scale increases the coal cost 60 per cent. Authorities state that frequent and thorough boiler washing would save the nation's railroads $50,000,000 annually on fuel consumed.

### Train Economies

Coal savings on the railroads, however, do not begin and end with the locomotive boiler. It is necessary that the valves be set properly, the flues be kept clean and steam leaks about the cylinders and steam chests eliminated. After all this is in order the trainman has his chance to serve in the good cause by stopping the train-line leaks before starting on the trip. Steam losses due to porous hose, worn gaskets, and so on, are direct coal losses. The farsighted trainman to-day always carries a gasket or two in his pocket so that he can quickly apply first-aid treatment the moment a leak occurs. Another common trouble that proper care will avoid is sticking brakes. This condition simply bleeds the boiler, for it requires much coal to pull a train against locked brakes.

In former times the directors of fuel-economy campaigns for the railroads focused their attention almost entirely on the locomotive firemen, but war has made us more analytical, and we know now that the trainmen can serve as effectively as the enginemen. Here are a few hints for conductors and brakemen that will save some tons of coal:

Try to keep your train moving. Anticipate and prepare for station work if you are in freight service. Encourage the quicker handling of passengers, mail and express if you are in passenger service. The effort required to make up delays takes fuel.

Keep train lines tight. Leaks can usually be found in the cross-over connection joints or in the air-hose gaskets.

Leaky steam-hose connections in passenger service and drip cocks too wide open waste fuel. Overheated coaches and sleeping cars also cause waste. Do whatever you can to check such loss.

Frequent inspections of car trucks and prompt attention to hot journals will avoid unnecessary friction and train delays. Journal friction means coal; hot boxes are frequently too long neglected, resulting in extra and unnecessary stops. If you are operating on single track bear in mind that when you make an unnecessary stop you not only give rise to fuel loss on your own train but on many other trains on the line.

Watch the brake shoes on your train; dragging shoes, whether due to stuck brakes or to train-line leaks, result in serious fuel loss.

Do not fail to get down early enough to go out on time. The influence of a good start frequently runs throughout the day.

In the consumption of coal for industrial uses the United States Fuel Administration has recently made rapid advances along lines of economy. In some cities the municipal plants and privately owned central stations have been interconnected and individual savings of 6000 to 10,000 tons annually have been effected thereby. Water-power companies have altered their contracts so that power which is available only parts of the year when the water is high will all be used. A saving of 100,000 tons of coal yearly will result from one such change in a Middle West city.

### Daylight Saving

In a number of localities there is a similar utilization of excess water power. As a result of connecting in small isolated plants in New York and Chicago the inspectors report an annual saving of 80,000 tons. The skip-stop system on street railways has been adopted by one-third of our electric lines and will result in an economy of nearly 600,000 tons annually.

Daylight saving from March 31 to October 27, when all clocks will be moved back one hour, will approximate something like 1,250,000 tons of coal.

Every steam plant in the United States has been examined and reported upon. In each town of 15,000 or more people a fuel-conservation committee has been appointed. Every factory in the country has been asked to organize a factory conservation committee to make a study of possible fuel savings. In states where this latter plan has been longest in operation coal savings of 10 to 35 per cent are reported. In Pennsylvania and several other states barrooms are down to 50 per cent of their former illumination. Economies in such matters as elevator service and lighting in hotels and office buildings are saving thousands of tons of fuel monthly. In numerous instances material savings are resulting from the utilization of exhaust steam and the substitution of natural gas, wood and oil for coal. The heating value of oil is considerably higher than that of coal for equal weights. A barrel of oil weighing 330 pounds and containing 42 gallons is equivalent in comparative heat values to 480 pounds of coal averaging 13,000 B. T. U. per pound. Oil occupies 50 per cent less space than coal and is about one-third less in weight for equal heat values. Wherever oil can be burned economically to-day it is the fuel consumer's duty to use it. Under steam boilers it will give at least 80 per cent efficiency, which is eight to ten per cent better than the best practice in burning coal.

The public response to Doctor Garfield's pleas that every possible pound of coal be saved has been so whole-hearted that if no unexpected setback in fuel transportation occurs the situation throughout the nation will be more satisfactory during the coming months than it was last winter. Of course, we are not entirely out of the woods and must continue our maximum efforts along lines of economy. The miners are now producing cleaner coal than ever before. They are working more days and more hours per day than they used to, and they are not observing so many holidays. As one example of this new spirit the men have agreed to mine coal instead of attending funerals in a body, and since there are on an average about 300 deaths of miners in the hard-coal region each year the effect of this new policy will increase production about 300,000 tons, which means that 30,000 additional families will each get ten more tons of coal this winter. That the miners are now standing faithfully by their guns is evident from the record in the anthracite field, where with a labor shortage of 33,000 men the coal companies in the last five months have produced 1,091,887 gross tons more coal than they did in the same period last year. There can be no better proof that the industry is now applying intensive and economic methods.

The American people, however, must do their part equally well. We must watch our electric lights on our streets, in our homes and in our offices. We must be content with less frequent elevator service. More gas meters must be installed in our homes, and wherever it is possible wood should be burned in preference to coal. A chunk of firewood will help heat the house quickly and save one or two shovels of coal. It is estimated that one cord of stump wood from each acre of farm lots in New York State alone would save 1,125,000 tons of coal. And let us remember further that when we save a pound of paper we save three pounds of coal. If we save two pounds of cement we have saved another pound of coal. From the minute we get up until we go to bed the constant watchword must be "Save."

I started this article while en route West, and I am writing these concluding paragraphs while again on the train, but returning East from the Rockies. We are picking up a batch of raw recruits at each station and here one may see the bare hearts of these people who live on our plains. I have long thought the West was fully in the war. Now I know that if there were still any lingering doubt in my mind on that point the uncertainty has been removed. I have seen the drafted men leave from towns in the East. Bands played martial music, flags were waved and mothers shed tears. The sorrow of parting pulls equally on the heartstrings of people no matter where they live, but the farther we get from the seat of war the greater appears the sacrifice. The Huns might bombard New York, but it would be a long and bloody march to Hastings, Nebraska.

### The Patriotic West

I watched the good-bys that were said as these husky farmer lads climbed aboard. The whole population seemed to be at the station. The bands played Joan of Arc, and looking over the crowds it was not difficult to pick out the fathers, mothers and sisters of the recruits called. The eyes of the men were moist, but their jaws were set and their faces grim. The women tried to smile through their tears and look brave, but generally failed in their effort. Here and there someone would lift up a baby in arms and a strong young man would lean out through the car window, press the child to his breast and give the infant a convulsive kiss. At one town where thirty-two men were leaving there were two young women, both wearing wedding rings that were shiny in their newness. One of the girls was radiant and smiling. On the station platform before the crowd she had resolved to look and live the part of a soldier's wife. But the other girl, God bless her, she couldn't be anything but just a woman and a wife. The crowd didn't matter; there was only one man in all the world that counted—her man—and he was going to war. It required all the strength of the two old people who were with her to keep her from falling to the station floor. As the train pulled out I watched the girl brace herself for a final effort; she waved, smiled and then her head fell forward in a faint.

A suspicion had crossed my mind as I watched the actions of this girl and her young husband, who had interested me more than anyone else in the big crowd collected at the station. I went back into the next car filled with drafted men and sought him out. He was tall and broad, with tousled hair and clear blue eyes. His coat sleeves were two inches too short for his long arms, and I soon learned that he was but a few days out of the harvest field. Like most of his kind, frankness was his prime virtue, and not suspecting that I was interested in his own particular case he was quite unrestrained in his recital. The parting had left him a little troubled and any reversion to the folks at home brought a note of sadness to his voice; but underneath it all was an ardor of real patriotism that was supreme in its simple, fervent expression. His heart had been set on going with the other boys, and when his young wife had told him that he could give a good reason for claiming deferred classification he had finally decided to stand pat, and she acquiesced, so neither of them had said a word. But as I returned to my seat in the car ahead I could not help but picture a day in the future when the boys come home and these soldiers march happily down Main Street. One of them will be mighty proud of the brave little mother and baby waving a fond welcome from the crowd on the curb. Again it will be proved that oaks may fall while slender reeds brave the storm. Moist eyes do not indicate the absence of a stout heart.

### The Alphabet of One Letter

The next station was the last stop where we picked up new recruits, and when I climbed down on the platform my gaze centered on a group of three. The women's handkerchiefs told most of the story. The old grandmother was mute and dazed; the mother silently wiped her eyes; the father was in overalls and had evidently just left his work long enough to see his boy off. His right hand held a heavy pair of working gloves, while his left arm was placed gently about the shoulders of his wife. I pretended to seek information and asked the name of the town. Then I inquired if they had a boy going away, and for reply the mother simply nodded, but the father with a far-off look in his eyes said: "He's a dead shot and I bet he'll get a lot of Huns." To him the war was right at hand and his boy was already blazing away at the enemy. When the train pulled out of the station a few minutes later this little trio had moved away from the crowd and was the last group down the track to wave a farewell to their boy and the other young Americans who were starting on the first lap of their long journey over there.

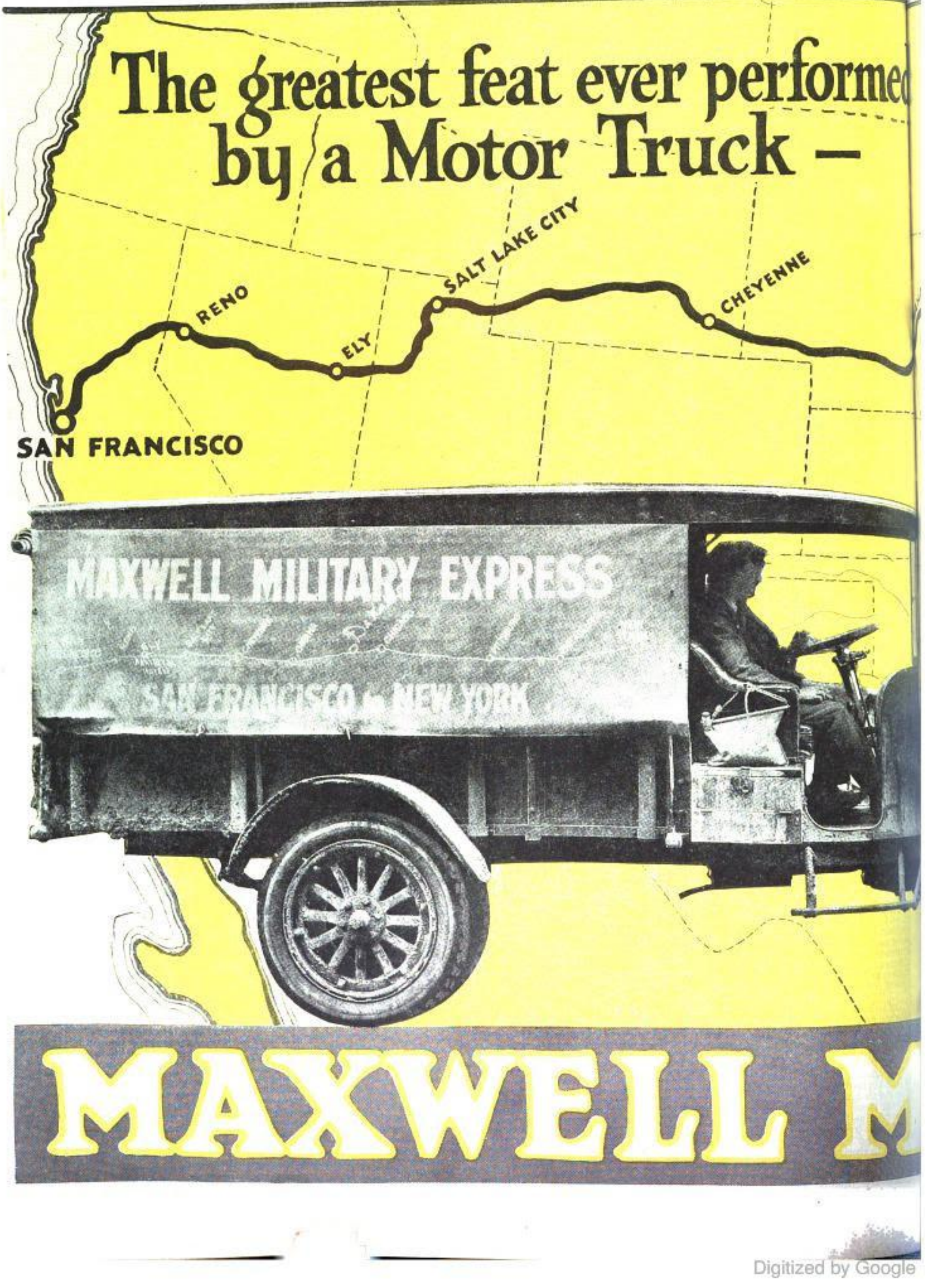
If any of our citizens are half-hearted in the performance of their present wartime duties let me prescribe a visit to the local railroad station when mothers and fathers are saying good-by to their boys going to war. If the scene there enacted does not awaken a feeling of shame in such people, then they must be possessed of a rubber conscience. To-day we must be either anvil or hammer. There is no place of idleness for any American who breathes. We might as well try to keep a sausage in a dog's kennel as to look for an easy peace. It is foolish to waste words on any enemy who denies a basic principle. Often a donkey believes himself a deer until he tries to leap a ditch. Mere discussion will never convince the Kaiser he was once a crying babe, for even history has failed to impress on him that Cæsar and Napoleon are now but so much inert earth crumbling in a vault. We used to think egotism was an alphabet of one letter, but recent events have proved that it is a word commencing with "K" and ending with "r."

And while we are saving all the material things so essential to final victory let us not overlook the fact that the greatest prodigality in the world to-day is wasting time. Every hour that now bears no fruit deserves no name. The minutes never work, but they do eat and rust and destroy. Of course there must be time for rest and play so as to invigorate brain and body and give them a renewed appetite for labor. However, recreation in this fateful era must have its limits and its prescribed place on each person's daily schedule. We must not work at haphazard but do only the things that count for most in winning the war. Efficiency will come only from concentration. Divided attention means broken force. The greyhound that starts many hares generally kills none. We now have a single mighty task to perform. Let us turn neither to the right nor to the left until it is done.



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# The greatest feat ever performed by a Motor Truck —




MAXWELL M


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# Across the Continent

## — San Francisco to New York —

## In 17 Days, 8 Hours, 20 Minutes

When Ray McNamara drove the Maxwell Motor Truck across the continent from San Francisco to New York, he achieved another world's record for the Maxwell.

Carrying a load of military supplies from Australia for France, the "Maxwell Military Express" made the trans-continental journey in the record time of 17 days, 8 hours and 20 minutes.

That was 16½ days ahead of the schedule we published on the day the Maxwell Truck started, which schedule called for 100 miles per day—34 days.

In fact the Maxwell did it in just about half the estimated time as you have seen. The Maxwell Truck exceeded even the driver's enthusiastic confidence in it, for it beat his confidential schedule too.

You see, the Maxwell engineer, like the good general he is, had given himself a safety factor in his official (published) schedule.

That was to guard against adverse weather conditions and unavoidable accidents.

So he had made one of his own—one he called his "confidential" schedule—in which he predicted that, everything favoring, and barring any delay or untoward event, he would make the trip in 19 days.

And he stopped two to six hours at every important Maxwell distributing center to let delegations of dealers see the truck.

And though innumerable other stops were made for photographing—and one even to haul out a ditched tourist—he did cover the 3428.7 miles in less than 17½ days elapsed time. That's an average of nearly 200 miles per day—197.8 to be exact.

No. It wasn't a speed stunt.

For—here is the really remarkable phase of the test—never once did the car exceed normal trucking speed—20 miles per hour. "Save once," says the driver, "when coming down a mountain after a rain, the wheels couldn't get traction and we did slide down at more than the legal limit."

It was the wonderful consistency of the Maxwell that achieved the result—a steady average—day in and day out of 16.54 miles per hour; and the maximum speed was 20. We submit that any motor truck that can do that, can do any work you may ever call upon it to perform.

Yet it was a logical performance, not at all surprising to anyone who knows this Maxwell Motor Truck.

For the same motor that made the world's record "Non-stop" run—22,022 miles in 44 consecutive days and nights' continuous running—was under the hood.

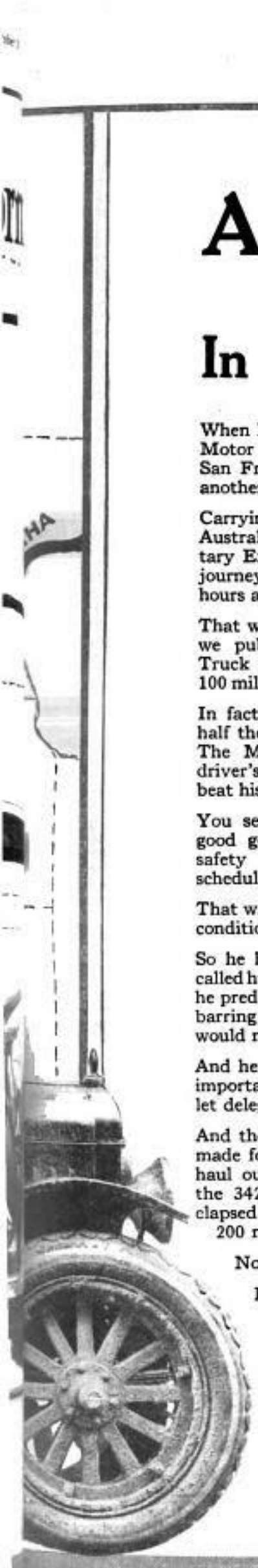
The same clutch, same transmission; and the load was carried by that stout axle especially designed and made for this Maxwell Motor Truck.

The same engineering skill and the same quality of workmanship and materials that enabled the Maxwell passenger car to achieve World's Records in Reliability and in Fuel Economy also made it certain that this Maxwell Motor Truck would fulfill all expectations.

When you consider that the time made was twice as fast as fast freight—and almost as fast as the special fruit trains which are run on express schedules—you will appreciate that this was indeed the greatest feat ever performed by a Motor Truck, comparable in price or capacity.

The story of that demonstration is so interesting, we have published a little booklet in which details of gasoline consumption, tire mileage (only one "puncture" on the entire trip), altitudes reached, etc., are given in brief, but complete form.

That booklet is yours for the asking.






**Maxwell Motor Company, Inc.**
**Detroit, Michigan**

**TOR TRUCKS**

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# PLACES OF DREADFUL NIGHT

(Concluded from Page 16)

looming high above the city like one of those dream castles in a Maxfield Parrish decoration. And the countryside is smiling and serene in the soft radiance of the setting sun.

Yet there is something wrong. Something has happened in Beauvais, for thousands of its inhabitants are pouring out of the city. The road we are on fairly swarms with them. Women of all ages, men too old or infirm for military service, boys and girls and little children, babes in arms—all are leaving Beauvais behind them.

The heads of families carry bundles of bedding. Some trundle wheelbarrows loaded with mattresses and quilts; others are using the baby carriage to transport their night's equipment, for in France the family baby carriage serves about the same purposes that a flivver does in an American household. Whenever a French provincial woman has parcels to carry she gets out the baby carriage, and she always takes it to market with her, returning with it heaped with purchases.

The scene looks almost like an evacuation, except that the refugees are burdened with so few belongings.

"What is the matter, madame?"

"*Les avions*," is the terse reply, which explains everything.

These good citizens of Beauvais are going out to sleep in the fields and quarries and whatever tiny villages happen to be free of troops in that vicinity. For the pigs of Germans came over last night and bombed the place, wrecking several buildings, taking toll of some helpless noncombatants and wounded, and doing damage to a hospital.

"*Oui*, and they used three big bombs chained together *comme ça, m'sieu!*" cries a middle-aged man with an illuminating gesture. "Because of course they can do the more murder that way, *n'est-ce-pas?*"

You can bet they have no intention of seeking refuge in a town where Americans are billeted, for that would be out of the frying pan into the fire.

"*Oo, là, là!* No, m'sieu. They will go there too—*les avions*. We have a very comfortable place in a cave."

There are huge deep caves and tunnels everywhere in this portion of France, and after seeing what handy things they can be the American soldier is speculating on the advisability of building a few back home when he returns.

### Camping Out in the Suburbs

Let us halt beside the road and see what happens. The Beauvaisans move on toward their various destinations, in eddying, broken streams. Some will pick a smooth spot on the ground at the edge of a wheat field; those with the means to hire a night's lodging or who have friends in the neighboring villages will probably secure a roof to cover them, will very possibly sleep in a bed.

Along every road leading from the city they are trudging, the majority heading for the quarries, which seem to offer the best protection. Some are gloomy and sullen; others are merely fearful. Quite a percentage takes it philosophically, even cheerfully; they laugh and joke as though on a picnic. Mingled with the refugees are some French soldiers taking care of those in whom they are interested. They take the most solicitous care; they go along with their arms round the girls' waists, strolling slowly and buzzing like bees, after the fashion of lovers throughout France. And the young boys and girls romp, heedless of the danger that has driven them from their homes.

A couple of anchored balloons sway gently in the air currents thousands of feet above Beauvais. Their outlines grow dimmer and dimmer. Night is shutting down.

The hours pass. The roads are now deserted. Occasionally a lightless automobile goes screeching toward the city or a dispatch carrier on a motorcycle whizzes by with a vicious flick, bound for the Front. And once a long train of trucks lumbers up the road, carrying supplies to the troops.

Along about midnight comes a sound. You recognize it and sit up, your gaze turned toward Beauvais. The boche raiders are approaching.

The sound swells to a throbbing hymn of hate. A moment, and the antiaircraft batteries open up. They bark and they cough, the shells whining toward the sky, to explode with soft, muffled floofs.

Suddenly a dazzling shaft of light pierces the upper dark, from the direction of the city. It moves jerkily from side to side, frantically probing the night skies for the raiders. A second and a third join in the hunt. Soon half a dozen searchlights are raking the heavens, but all the while the sinister drone of the *avions* increases in volume.

Suddenly the searchlights all focus on a point above the heart of the city, and the ground under us trembles to the bombs. A few minutes of rocking explosions, of breathless suspense, and the searchlights once more resume their darting hunt.

There is a sound of rushing airplanes overhead. It grows fainter and fainter. Presently off in the northeast you see a flicker of flame in the sky, like a rag burning. It spreads to the proportions of a torch and falls toward the earth—one of the assassins of the night going to its doom. And the raid is over.

Or take a trip to Creil, which is a railhead, and consequently a special target for boche malevolence. Creil is another place of dreadful night. Heinie goes after it with that peculiar clocklike regularity characteristic of his frightfulness. Of all the towns and cities I have seen it furnishes the most striking evidence of the air raiders' handiwork. There are portions that look like a city of living dead. Indeed, your first impression is that the Hun has not left a house undamaged, so fearsome is the havoc; but a closer inspection corrects that idea.

### The Caves of Refuge

Yet despite the ruin, despite the nightly peril, a considerable percentage of the inhabitants remains. They carry on their business during the day, and at night most of them depart to caves for safety. There are two especially large ones in that vicinity, capable of housing thousands.

These caves are really tunnels and they make ideal shelters. As many as seventeen hundred men, women and children have found refuge in one of them for a night.

The average Frenchman has pretty sound ideas about comfort. Therefore when he goes out to sleep in a cave he carries along a mattress and plenty of covers. Also he has a lantern, a loaf of bread and a bottle of light wine, so the whole family have a bite to eat and manage to obtain plenty of sleep. Having been doing this sort of thing for months the people of Creil were well organized for it, and many refugees had little alcoves and corners curtained off in the caves.

A couple of us went up there one night in late June and we saw two brand-new babies. They had been born in one of the caves the previous night. An expatriated American woman who conducts a contagious-disease hospital in Creil helped take care of the mothers.

There is one consolation for the Allied troops and civilian populations in all this: For every ton of bombs the boche drops on French and English towns and cities and cantonments we give him back two—aye, three—tons. I wouldn't live in one of the Rhine towns which are the targets for the Royal Flying Corps bombers, for Bertha Krupp's income.

Night bombing and aërial warfare can be developed to a point where it will absolutely shatter the nerve of the enemy civilian population. The Allies are making rapid strides in that direction already. It remains for America to deliver the overwhelming force, to make night hideous for every German city and town in its western provinces—and then go over and give Berlin a taste of the war it started. German morale could not long stand the strain.

"Planes in the air and gas on the ground"—people at home have not the faintest conception of what a factor gas has become. And its use grows daily. Gas can make any position untenable, and a belligerent can cause more casualties by a three-hour drenching of an enemy stronghold with the deadly poison than by a furious artillery bombardment, followed by a charge.

The extent of losses from gas is not generally known. Casualties due to this cause must certainly exceed the total casualties due to shells, machine-gun and rifle fire in the day-to-day struggle of holding the line.

I was in a sector of the Front one night in April when the boches sent over more than three thousand gas shells into one small ruined village held by our troops. It was favorable weather for the operation of the fumes. The battalion occupying that village was practically wiped out for a while. Next day our ambulances carried more than seven hundred men back to hospital.

An astonishingly small number of them died from the effects, but all were put out of the fighting for the time being. It would have taken an attack in force by the boches, with hours of artillery preparation, to accomplish the same results against that regiment.

However, the American batteries retaliated in kind. They gave good measure too—five for one or thereabouts.

You may recall, in the earlier part of this article, how a major slept soundly throughout the bombing of X, though one explosion occurred within a few yards of his billet. He was all in, utterly spent from sleepless days and nights at the Front.

The most lasting impression one carries from the Front is that of unutterable exhaustion. I have seen men, after they came out from a *tour* in the line, go sound asleep standing up. When the artillery is returning for a rest you can see the men asleep on their horses, chins sunk on their chests.

An officer entered a brigade headquarters to make some kind of report. He had been eight days with his battalion in a hot sector—a sure-enough he-sector. Several times in the course of conversation with the brigadier he nodded. Finally his head dropped slowly on one side, his eyes closed, and he began to snore, right in the middle of their talk. So they put him in a bed just as he was, and let him sleep.

Another time I dropped in at a billet to see a bunch of younger officers, just out of the line, and not yet settled. They were haggard and drawn, with telltale circles round their eyes. All they wanted was sleep; they could think of nothing else.

One filled a washpan with water, intending to clean up, but put it down.

"Oh, damn washing!" he muttered, and in another minute was sound asleep in a chair.

The others followed suit. Without waiting to undress they piled onto beds and benches and bedrolls, and were off to byebye.

The explanation does not lie wholly in lack of sleep in the trenches. It is true that they must be up all night—everybody—and that during the day there are so many interruptions, and so much to be done, that real rest is out of the question; but the average soldier is young enough and hard enough to withstand the physical fatigue. What saps every ounce of vitality he possesses is the nervous strain, the constant tension.

### Some Nervous Heroes

That is what breaks men. And it is for that reason younger men stand up better at the Front. The tough-fibered man of middle age can go through the physical strain, but the nervous tension is apt to get him. He doesn't snap back so quickly after a short rest as a youngster.

Consequently rest and freedom from strain are essential when they come out. But how are they to be had with enemy airmen paying nightly visits to the rest areas? And bombing from the skies is worse on the nerves than severe shelling. Nine out of ten soldiers will tell you that.

We had several wounded officers in the tent hospital at X who were in the Battle of Cantigny. The morning after our worst air raid I went to find out how they were getting on. A doctor was chaffing them.

"What do you know about this?" he inquired. "They were scared half to death last night."

"Well, who wouldn't be? One of those birds is a thousand times worse than shelling," declared one.

"I'd rather be up in the front trenches in the thickest of it, any time, than go through another night like that," added a lieutenant who had been shot through both legs going over the top. Having seen something of shell fire also, I agreed.

The British are terrors at day strafing. It is nothing for flocks of Royal Flying Corps machines to skim over the enemy lines, bombing dumps and troop trains and junctions, and shooting up with machine guns marching columns on the roads, even the men in the trenches. In this fashion they have broken up many an attack, retarded several offensives.

The Americans have had some lively experiences with boche flyers who came over to attack troops on the road; they have also been subjected to machine-gun fire from enemy planes above their trenches.

The prize experience fell to the —— Division in June, which had been holding a sector since the latter part of April. One day a plane with Allied markings came flying over that area. An American battalion marching along a road saw it coming and craned their necks to watch. Some waved at the gallant airman, who was bearing down toward the tree tops that bordered the highway. Next moment he was shooting into them with a machine gun, and they scattered for cover.

The chief supply officer of the division was bowling along a road in his automobile when he heard the plane above him. Glancing up and perceiving that it was an Allied machine, he waved his hand for good luck. The flyer waved back and then Rat-tat-tat, whir-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!—he proceeded to shoot up the supply officer. Instantly the driver of the car stepped on her, as the saying goes, and tore out for safety; but the plane was far faster. Speedily discovering this the colonel stopped his car and hid behind a tree. The driver got down behind a stone milepost.

### He Meant Well

Next, the raider visited a certain headquarters. Among the soldiers on duty there was a striker named Fogarty. He had often seen French and American flyers come over the château and drop messages in leather tubes, so he determined to be first outside to get this one. Out he ran and stood on the lawn, staring upward. The visitor dropped a small bomb on him. It knocked Fogarty cold for a while, but fortunately did not kill him.

"What's that —— fool doing?" roared the general. "Bring him down! Get the machine guns after him."

The machine guns began a furious chatter, but not before the airman had dropped a couple more bombs. After that he flew triumphantly away and dispersed a battalion of French Territorials which was coming up the road. They took to the long grass unanimously.

Well, for a solid hour the intrepid visitor hovered over that area, shooting up whatever and whomever he could find. He missed only one town. And then they brought him down, with a machine-gun bullet through the shoulder.

Judge of their dismay when he turned out to be an Ally, a member of a British squadron! You should have heard the roars of wrath.

"Gentlemen, I am exceedingly sorry for the mistake," said the English commander, when he came over later to explain and apologize; "but—er—the fact is, the young gentleman is an American. His name is ——, and his home is in New York."

That altered the case. When they heard that, everybody sat back and howled. They forgot about poor Fogarty, and a couple of mules the flyer had killed. The chief supply officer even forgot his own wrongs.

"By Jove, he's a good un!" he cried. "I never saw such nerve; nor better flying. Why, that kid was fairly brushing the tree tops when he got after me. He could make that machine of his skin the cat; and shoot! Wow, he could let 'em go from any angle! So he thought all the time he was strafing the Hun, hey? Well, well! Great! Fine! Bully! He's a game boy. Darned if he didn't do a swell job!"

It transpired that the young American was on his first flight with some British airmen who had started that morning for the Hun lines, to strafe concentration points and troops on the march. They went through some clouds and he became separated from the others. On emerging he thought he was over enemy ground, being deceived by the topography of the country and a line of railroad. So he went to it.

"I wish you to know," added the English commander gravely, "that the young gentleman has now volunteered to go over and bomb Berlin."

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# MARRIED

## By MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

II

WHEN my husband came into the library that afternoon to look for me I little knew that the first step was about to be taken in the most hazardous episode of our married life. I was yawning over a magazine, but when I heard Dick I put on the face of bright interest that a loving and wise wife reserves for her husband. He bent over and kissed me.

"Hello, old girl," he said; "bit bored?"

When two people have lived several years together and really love each other unselfishly a bright surface manner does not necessarily deceive.

"We-ell, no, not bored exactly," I said; "but I don't seem to have so very much to do, Dick, now that the children are not only in school but taking French and music and wanting to play out till six. Well, it almost makes me feel as if Othello's occupation's gone indeed. I can find enough to do, of course; and there's always the club, only it's been so dull this last year or two. If only the friends I like were nearer! Oh, well, I'm not grouching, dear. I think it's really the depression everyone feels on account of the war."

Dick nodded soberly.

"I sometimes wonder," he said, "how far one ought to let the deep spiritual indignation one feels affect one's practical daily conduct."

"Of course," I rejoined, "one can brood over this war till one is of no use to oneself or to anyone else. I don't want to do that. Oh, I'm all right, dear; I feel selfish when I think how I have you safe, and the children; and so many poor mothers over there have lost everything—husband, children, home."

Dick patted my hand and I leaned my head against him. For the first time in my life I was restless. There lay behind me an interval of several years of married peace and prosperity. Dick and I understood each other very well; it was a long time since we had known the slightest matrimonial ripple. He liked the way I ran our house, and brought up the children, and exercised, and talked and read. I liked his devotion to the children and me. We and his work absorbed him; he never looked at any other woman, and of late years I could hardly get him out in the evenings. He was now a partner in the firm, and his work seemed to become yearly more exacting. What I was suffering from was a dead level of content. I felt like echoing the demand of my little boy, Richie, when he first began to know that his world was capable of constant enlargement: "I want sutting I haven't had."

"How about a little ol' last year's car?" asked Dick.

"I don't believe I'd have the nerve to drive it, and of course we can't afford a chauffeur. Otherwise a car would be fine."

Dick moved away and sat down opposite me. I knew by his face that he had something to say; that it was of importance but not disquieting. He fumbled in his pocket and brought out two small jewel cases. It wasn't a birthday, so I supposed they meant some unexpected firm dividend. I opened them.

"But—but, Dick!" I gasped. "Diamonds! Why, that ring must be worth a thousand! And that bar pin!"

"From now on, Rhoda," said Dick, trying to speak without excitement, "you can have anything you want—within reason, that is."

I was Dick's financial partner to the extent of living within my household and dress allowance. I knew the amount of his salary, and of his stock in the company. I knew that he was paying for his partnership by degrees. We spent four thousand dollars, and the rest of his earnings went toward the partnership and into investments. The money his grandmother had left him I knew had gone into buying a foundry business in partnership with Charlie Sanderson. But since I had none of the income from these investments I had not followed them in detail.

"Yes," said Dick, answering my mute question, "I had quite a bit of money in Steel, which has multiplied itself so much that I am dizzy looking at it. Then that foundry; lucky we'd got it on its feet. We've just consolidated with a big company. We have war orders to burn. Yes, Rhoda, in a mild way you might call us rich."

"Oh, if I could have a pony for the children," I cried.

"You can; and that French governess who comes for three hours a week you may have all the time if you want her."

"And I could have a sun parlor built on, with a sleeping porch over it for you."

"Go on; you've not begun," Dick urged.

"I've always wanted a set of sables," I said.

"Get a sable coat," said Dick magnificently.



*"Dick," I Said, "Don't You See That We've Got to the Point Where We Must Get All the New Fresh Interests We Can——"*

That set me off. My mind leaped at once to things I had never really wanted as Rhoda Wilmot, but might have wanted as a rich woman: jewels and gowns; a car with a chauffeur; furniture and china and flowers; people to wait on me ——

"Oh, Dick," I sighed; "may I try it a little while? Could I be a parasite without your scolding? Just make the most of what youth and good looks I have left ——"

I paused for him to tell me I was as pretty as I had ever been, and then I said: "No; women in the thirties can't be that. But I sometimes feel as if I never have been so pretty as I could be if I made a business of it. I mean, I'd like to be pretty for a little while just to please myself, not you."

"Here, don't go and make me jealous of my lady rival," laughed Dick.

Then I praised him a little for his wonderful foresight in investing in Steel, and in buying the foundry with Charlie Sanderson.

"I expect Kate Sanderson will be wearing cloth of gold," I remarked.

"Meow!" said Dick, a comment he rarely makes on my remarks.

Kate Sanderson had no children and used her superfluous energy in a restless search for excitement. She had always complained to me of being cramped for lack of money. I wondered now how she would spend. She had already managed to get a very pretty house.

"Dick," I said suddenly, "I never have liked this house very much. I did when we first moved into it, and then it was fun to save and pay for it. But for some time now I've felt as if it didn't express us ——"

I stopped, wondering when I had caught that phrase. What I meant was that I'd like a house rather nicer than Kate Sanderson's.

"Well, any house expresses me that's warm in winter, and has a sunny dining room, and a bed for me that isn't a camel back," Dick said. "Is there another house round here you'd like to rent?"

One of my castles in the air drifted down to take earthly substance.

"I—I'd like to build, Dick," I cried. "Oh, Dick, to plan and superintend it, and get the things I want for it ——"

"We-ell," said Dick slowly, "it might be a fine interest for you. Only remember, Rhoda, I can't give any of my time to it. I'll want to see each set of plans, of course, but once I've O. K.'d them I don't want to hear another thing about the house till you lead me into it."

"Agreed; how much money may I have?"

"Well, what kind of house do you want? About how many rooms?" he countered.

"Oh, rooms for each of the children, and a large living room with light on three sides; and a sun parlor and sleeping porches and —— Oh, well, of course I'll limit it to what you can afford."

"Will twenty-five thousand do you?" he said.

I hadn't dreamed of more than fifteen thousand, which was what Kate Sanderson's had cost. But already my dreams of spending had expanded. I felt a little sense of clutching take birth in me. .. I showed Dick a poker face and said: "That's without the land, I suppose?"

Dick laughed.

"Have it as you like and where you like; you've earned that house. But keep the expense, outside the land, within that sum."

I was intoxicated with delight, with a coming sense of power. How innocent I was of the dangers upon which I was embarking! How little I realized that money doesn't get people anything. I didn't believe then what I firmly believe now, that more couples are separated by wealth, especially acquired wealth, than by poverty. So long as a husband and wife are poor, or only moderately well-off, their interests must be the same. It is a matter of mutual concern that the bill for food be cut down next month; a matter of discussion as to whether a five-dollar margin shall go for new sofa cushions or for books. The amusements which they can afford they must take in common; and they wish to, because together, by careful saving, they have created the chance to enjoy the play or the concert they propose to see and hear. They both make; they spend together.

But when money begins to come freely the case alters. Their path may seem to lead through an easeful, flower-starred green meadow. New interests spring up as if by magic. New friends appear who show them new ways of spending money. Before they realize it they begin to have diverse interests. He does man's things and she woman's things. They no longer have little daily important problems to mull over. They do not earn together or save together or spend together. Above all, they do not talk together. Long before they know what has happened the character of their easeful green meadow changes; the flowers turn to weeds, the paths are lost, and lucky indeed are the couple if they are not separated forever by dark jungle growths and impassable chasms.

Scarcely had I got over the first dizziness of Dick's announcement when Kate Sanderson ran in to see me. Her husband had told her the news of her wealth at half past four, and she had got downtown before the shops closed and had bought a smart suit she had been coveting for a fortnight.

*(Continued on Page 65)*

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Style 5847—"Commodore." Heavy worsted, plaited, with deep sailor collar. Finest pearl buttons. All popular shades.

Style 1108—"Night Watch." Finest zephyr wool, full-fashioned model. All newest color combinations.

Style 1275—"Quarter-deck." Pure zephyr wool, with convertible collar. Solid colors and combinations.

Style 3112—"Spray." Light-weight zephyr wool. Dutch collar with Jacquard trimming. All high shades.

Style 3260—"Wireless." Pure worsted model, with half-belted, Empire effect. All popular shades with contrasting stripes.





## *The* "ACE"

The sensational novelty knitted cap of the season. Can be worn two ways as pictured. Great for skating, autoing, sleighing and all outdoor winter sports. Finest ever made for school children. As suitable for men and boys as for women and girls.

WEAR

at the old price

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(Continued from Page 61)

We jubilated together incoherently for a few moments, and then she said: "I suppose you'll leave this house?"

"We're going to build."

"So am I," Kate said. "I've had a good chance for some time to sell, and I'm going to build in some suburb where the people count. Where I live, and here, where you live, they're so commonplace that it makes me dull just to pass them on the street."

"Where are you going?"

"It isn't decided yet," Kate said evasively.

For the moment the evasion escaped me. I knew that Kate belonged to several clubs and charity organizations, and worked like a beaver at them. She had a very fine executive power, and her gratuitous, eager services were always in demand. It was not until later on that I realized that Kate had social ambitions and hoped to use her club associations to further them. Her evasion meant that she had already determined upon the suburb where she would build, but had no intention of carrying me on her shoulders socially. At that time, however, I was merely concerned with finding land well situated and well wooded, and near enough to town so that Dick could get in easily to work.

Dick remarked that two of the men interested in the new foundry consolidation lived in Crichton Woods, and suggested that I look over that territory. It struck me that it would be well to go to a place where Dick already had connections. So Crichton Woods was on my list of North Shore suburbs. I had not lived most of my life in Chicago without knowing what places counted from a social standpoint, but that knowledge was quite in the back of my mind. When I started out next day with a list of plots to visit I was thinking of getting the best bargain.

A few days of searching convinced me that there were no bargains to be had. I had also become accustomed to high prices. And I most dreadfully wanted three acres in Crichton Woods which had a view of the lake, and beautiful trees. Only it cost as much as a farm. Hesitatingly, for the core of me was still thrifty, I took an option on it. Then, after I had been unable to find anything else I wanted, I told Dick what I had done and offered to build a cheaper house if only I could have that land. Dick laughed at me.

"Of course the land would cost that much," he said. "I didn't expect to get out of it for less. I shouldn't wonder if that was the piece Sanderson was talking about to me to-day. He said Kate wanted it but there was an option on it."

Quite unconsciously I had stolen a march on Kate. As I afterward learned, she had fallen behind me because she had been buying clothes. I felt a sense of rather unworthy triumph. Kate got land near by, and then revealed to me her social aims. Crichton Woods, I gathered, was a good place for a climber to begin. Meantime I had no thought of climbing. I was absorbed in the thought of my house.

Kate and I had the same architect—and naturally he wanted our houses to cost as much as possible. Very cleverly he influenced me. Mrs. Sanderson was having a bathroom for each guest room, and she was arranging for four guest rooms, because of course one must count on house parties. Well, I reflected, when the children were older they would be having friends, and of course each would want a separate room. Before I fully realized it I was committed to four more sleeping rooms than the family needed. Other additions were made here and there. Dick raised his eyebrows but did not comment.

At last a plan was drawn up that contented him and delighted me. Then I was told that it could not be carried out for twenty-five thousand dollars. I told the architect to simplify, for I could not and would not go higher. He was an astute person. He went to Dick, and Dick agreed that I should have the house I wanted, no matter what it cost.

Dick's generosity touched me, and allayed, for several months, my spending fever. But when the house was almost done there was the question of furniture. The things we had had for the old house would never do for the new house. When I said this to Dick he replied that he had expected me to buy a lot of new furniture. I am sure he was a little hurt when I wanted to rent our old house furnished, with the exception of a very few things for which we had strong sentiment. But all he said was that I might go ahead and get what I chose and send the bills to him. He showed me some checks that made me gasp. I decided that we could afford anything we liked, and I set out upon an orgy of spending.

I think that Dick and I began to drift apart first during those weeks when I was furnishing the house. For our first house we had chosen everything together, giving up this thing because it was too dear, choosing that at the sacrifice of something else. Our little deprivations drew us more closely together. After we were married every new thing we bought represented some saving we had made together; our home grew organically, not only as our salary lengthened, but as our hearts and minds and souls developed. But for the new house I put myself in the hands of an architect, and of artists and decorators. If I had meant what I said about wanting a home that expressed me I had failed. It was not a home but a successful product of



*I Did Fill the House, Pleased to Show My Western Friends How Many Important Eastern People Found Me Worth While*

highly paid professionals. Then there was the question of servants. Dick had named the sum I might have to spend yearly.

"You may have it," he said, "for that is the proportion of my earnings you've always had. But I don't see how you are going to spend it all. For, mind you, I don't want a whole lot of flapdoodle about my home."

"Of course not, dear," I said.

Already I was planning for what Dick called flapdoodle, but I meant it not to be apparent to him. If I had simple meals, and arranged so that servants would not be fussing over him, I knew he would be content. I meant to have a butler. I don't know just why I decided on a butler, for at that time I had no social ambitions. Probably I wanted him because Kate was going to have one. I told myself that I had to have servants enough to manage my house properly. A butler, an outdoor man, a cook, a combined waitress and parlor maid, an upstairs maid, and a laundress who could also be a sort of "tweeny." Then a French governess. Unconsciously I was trying to show Kate that I could live up to my money and house and servants.

So, early in the autumn I led Dick into his new house—the first time he had seen it, for he had been working like a madman. If its size and appointments a little dashed him, if the strange furniture and strange servants made him rather feel as if he were in a hotel, the eager faces of the children and me reassured him. At any rate, when he dropped into his old worn armchair in the library and pulled forward the same old reading lamp he said, in answer to my often-repeated question as to whether he truly, truly liked it:

"If you and the children are suited I am."

Mr. Cranston and Mr. Wainwright were the men with whom Dick and Charlie Sanderson were associated in the new business. Their wives called promptly on Kate and me. Mrs. Cranston, Kate told me, was very important, because she had excellent social connections not only in the West but also—supreme test—in the East. She cared very little for society, however. Mrs. Wainwright, on the contrary, was one of those executive social leaders who are not happy unless they hold court in all the circles that count. She entertained; she hunted; she kept thoroughbred dogs; she was on the boards of most of the large charity organizations; and she had been the originator of half a dozen war activities.

"The least she can do," Kate commented, "when you think how much her husband is making out of the war."

That remark gave me a queer little shock. It was the first time I had reflected that the money I was spending had come to me as one of the results of this war that was breaking the hearts of women overseas. I resolved to extend my war charities—but it did not occur to me to make any real sacrifice or to give personal service.

The Cranstons and Wainwrights both invited us to dine. Kate was especially interested in the Wainwright invitation. When she found that we were invited for the same evening she twisted her eyebrows comically.

"I wager Mrs. Wainwright does not intend to sponsor us socially," she said. "She'll probably have a few half-and-half people to meet us, with maybe one or two couples who really count and who won't mind looking us over."

Kate took that dinner so seriously that she made me a little nervous about it.

I got a very expensive and beautiful gown, and I rested all day long beforehand—a tribute I had never before paid to a dinner. And I know that I had never looked so well or talked better. Dick's eyes showed his pride in me.

"Well, dear, I was very proud of you," he said as we drove home. "The sight of you repaid me for the darn dull time I had myself."

"Why, dear, didn't you like talking to Mrs. Wainwright?" I said with a touch of uneasiness.

"Oh, it's some years now since I was interested in the social rattle of women," he said. "If they really talked—And then you know I cannot stand these long courses."

I drooped a little. I had enjoyed the evening. My little triumph had rather gone to my head. I had been dreaming of a social career—oh, not a climbing career like Kate's, I told myself, but a real place marked out for me in a circle of nice people. By nice I meant fashionable, though perhaps on that night I did not realize how sharply ambition was stirring in me.

"Well," I said reluctantly, "I'll try to be content with luncheons and teas, and maybe after all this will be the end of our dinner invitations."

"Oh, I'm willing to be a burnt offering for you at a dinner now and then," Dick said. "There'll be plenty of good times for you."

There were. At the dinner to which Mrs. Cranston invited the Sandersons and us, all except ourselves were fashionables. When it was found that Dick and I played

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# The AEOLIAN COMPANY ANNOUNCES THE VOCALION RECORD

THIS important announcement chronicles the second great step taken by the Aeolian Company in its development of the higher musical values of the phonograph.

First: The Aeolian Vocalion—that wonderful phonograph which three years ago startled the musical world and leapt almost overnight into the premier position among all such instruments.

Second: The Vocalion Record—giving the Aeolian Vocalion, for the first time, a record fully worthy of its extraordinary powers of reproduction.

*Product of the World's Leading Music House*

For nearly half a century, the Aeolian Company has maintained its position as the foremost creative influence in the music industry. As a source of invention, progress, and improvement, no other house has even remotely approached this Company's notable record of achievement. Today the Aeolian Company stands without a rival in its comprehensive understanding of music and its broad and scientific knowledge of the various instruments for producing it.

*The New Musical Values of the Vocalion Record*

The phonograph record, as it has been known, is a marvelous invention. To hold in an inert and inarticulate disc the melodious notes of a human voice—the vibrant tones of a violin—almost baffles comprehension.

## The AEOLIAN COMPANY

AEOLIAN HALL

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The new Vocalion Record, however, comes a sympathetic step nearer to reality.

The new system under which it is produced, records the tone in its entirety. The finer overtones—those subtle partials that give to every instrument and voice its final touch of individuality and beauty—are, for the first time, caught and imprisoned by a far more delicate and scientific method.

Those who hear the new Vocalion Record are conscious of new impressions. To sight, the phonograph remains—to hearing it is gone. Full, rich and clear, all tones of instrument and human voice come to the ear filled with the beauty and individuality which are truly theirs.

# The AEOLIAN-VOCALION
## Plays all the music of the world

WITH the production of the new Vocalion Record, there is added one more to the many notable advantages possessed by the Aeolian-Vocalion.

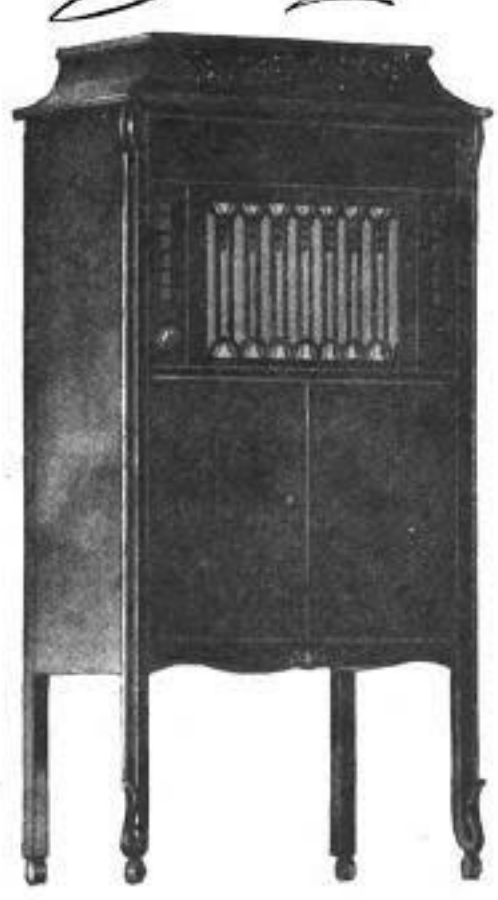
Not only do those who own this phonograph enjoy the exclusive privilege of using these new records but all the music of all the world is theirs to listen to as well. The Aeolian-Vocalion plays *every make of record.*

Due to its Universal Tone-Arm—the simplest and most scientific device of its kind—records of all kinds may be played on the Aeolian-Vocalion. Thus its owner's freedom of choice is not restricted. Like the pianist or violinist, there is nothing to prevent his playing and enjoying any selection that his taste or fancy dictates.

This, then, is an inestimable advantage that the Vocalion offers. And there are many others.

Does the purchaser who buys the Vocalion possess interpretative instinct—would he like to express something of his own feeling in the music his phonograph is playing? He may do so.





The Graduola—that unique and wonderful invention found alone on the Vocalion—enables him to shade and color the music to suit his taste.

In selecting his phonograph, does he desire to find a case that will harmonize with some particular scheme of furnishing? The Vocalion line includes a large number of beautiful "Period" designs which, though costing but little more than conventional models, are fully abreast of the best examples of modern furniture.

In a word, the Vocalion, as an instrument for the faithful reproduction of the true beauties of music, as an artistic means for musical self-expression, as a refined and handsome article of furniture, and as the agent through which all the musical performances of all the world's best artists become available, occupies a peculiar and distinctive position of leadership shared by no other instrument of its kind.

•

*Conventional models of the Aeolian-Vocalion, equipped with Graduola, are priced from $115 upward; without Graduola, from $50. Many beautiful Period models, priced from $240. All prices subject to change.*

*Aeolian branches and representatives in every principal city. Catalog of the Vocalion sent on request.*

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tennis and golf well we were invited to join the Country Club. We did, and it was here by degrees that I met most of the people on the North Shore who, as Kate called it, "counted." There are always a certain number of fashionables who give social recognition in return for competence at sports, or for great beauty, or great talent. I played rather unusual tennis, and I had my share of good looks. Besides, Dick was very popular.

So more and more social opportunities came, and when he saw my eager face as I proffered him this or that invitation to dinner Dick would not refuse to go. His own success had made him willing to let me have the kind I wanted, even though it was not the sort of thing of which he approved.

"It isn't," I said once in answer to an unspoken criticism of his, "as if I neglected the children. They are always in bed before we leave the house for dinner, and I sit with them while they have their supper."

"Oh, it isn't that," he said half crossly.

I suppose I should have noticed that his face was getting gaunt and weary. I ought to have seen that he couldn't work as hard as he was working at his new game and still spend himself dancing attendance on me at dinners.

"Well, if I don't neglect you or the children," I said, "what is it, dear, that you object to in my going about?"

"Well, Rhoda," said Dick slowly, "if this game interests you I want you to have it. But after these few months of running in your social treadmill I feel sure that all these constant dinners and entertainments don't get a person anywhere. There's too darn much meeting of people who care nothing for each other; too much empty animation."

"I'm sorry you don't like it," I said slowly.

"I'm afraid I can't stand much more of it, old girl," Dick returned soberly. Then he added: "Lots of these women you are with have unattached men hanging round to fill in—bachelors and widowers and such. Why can't you work Ralph in sometimes in my place?"

I know now that Dick expected me to refuse that suggestion; that he expected me to say what I would have said a year before, that I could be happy enough just dining quietly with him. But I seized on the idea eagerly. My brother Ralph was handsome, very presentable; he was always willing to meet new people.

"That's a good idea, dear," I said. "By next autumn I'll be solid enough with this crowd to try it on. Meantime, things are going to let up soon, now that summer is near. I shan't ask a thing of you this summer."

In that I kept my word, though a good deal of informal entertainment went on in our suburb since many people we knew went away in the winter rather than in summer. I learned to ride, rather giving up golf for it. I thought I was asking very little socially of Dick, but I did not notice that we were not doing things together as of old.

When autumn came I was ready for renewed social life. Kate had been running neck and neck with me in the race.

"People have been very nice to us both, and to our men," she said to me that autumn; "but I know well enough that they don't really consider us of them. Why should they? They've had money and place for a couple of generations; they hold the fort, and we are only the besiegers. Within this exclusive circle to which they have let us belong there is another circle still more intimate, where people give each other little dinners of eight or ten, say what they think without being quoted and have a beautiful time."

I think I made up my mind then that I would belong to that inner circle. One bad phase of my psychology was that I was not honest with myself, as Kate was. I preferred to do what I wanted to do without thinking it out clearly—else perhaps my conscience or taste would not have let me go on. What is there about sudden wealth that nearly always makes a woman lose her head? A man who gets rich suddenly can keep his. It may be that this is because he makes the money; he deals with the realities by which it is got. Doubtless he could not keep it if he lost his sense of values. It may be that a woman runs amuck because when she has a good deal of money and not much to do she is removed from realities, has no touchstone which invariably tells her the true from the false, the important from the unimportant.

Mrs. Cranston, I think, saw the way I was headed, for she said to me, when I showed her my engagement book for the first week of October: "My dear, you carry a child's zest into this sad old game of ours, and we all like you for it. But you'll lose it."

"Oh no, I won't!" I said confidently. "I'll never break down; my people never do."

"Ah, that isn't what I'm thinking of," she said.

It was the jewel of my soul that she was talking about, but I considered that she chose to look down from her most enviable position to warn a newcomer that her pinnacle was but shifting sand. I was not convinced.

Ralph worked beautifully into my new plans, with the result that at least twice a week I dined out without Dick. He had his supper with the children on those nights, and though my conscience pricked a little at leaving him still I always sat at the supper table with them, and saw Dick seated in his own chair with a newspaper before I left the house. I was a success; I was slowly working into that inner circle. I never asked myself what good the circle was going to do me after I had it. I simply enjoyed my triumphs, evening by evening.

But I burned the candle at both ends, and soon had to begin taking breakfast in bed. Here again my conscience pricked me, but since little Annette was very much flattered to pour the coffee for her father I felt that domestic proprieties were being observed. The fact is, I wasn't thinking. I did not see where my domestic life was going, because I was stupidly drunk with success. Dick and I rarely talked any more. I did not notice that. Just because I was living as I wanted to I took it for granted that Dick was satisfied. I think Dick had made it a grim point of honor with himself to let me do socially as I pleased. All autumn and winter and early spring I played my profitless game, not really seeing Dick.



*I Burned the Candle at Both Ends, and Soon Had to Begin Taking Breakfast in Bed*

Only once, briefly, did the scales drop from my eyes. That was on the occasion of Dick's birthday, when we dined alone in the little room where the breakfasts were served. He scarcely spoke, and it came to me suddenly that he had stopped talking to me about his business. That must mean that he was worn out.

"Dick, dear," I said, leaning across the table to him, "you are so tired. Can't you take a little vacation? Now—right off?"

"Cranston did ask me to go to the Painted Desert with him ——"

"Ah, no traveling," I said; "rest. Sitting still with a book will do you good. Can't you shut your eyes, dear, and see a lovely cool house, a green shore and blue water with a little boat dipping on it—I'll row you myself—and nice shady paths, and not a blessed business man or contract or foundry in sight!"

"Sounds good," he said with his old smile. "When I stop singing in the bathtub I know something is wrong with the works. If I could just go to a simple cottage somewhere—no flubdub ——"

"Settled!" I exclaimed, jumping up and leaning over him; "just leave it to me!"

"Oh, Rhoda," he murmured, "what's the good of the money if it doesn't mean the old happiness?"

"It will; it does," I said, not appreciating the connotation of his words, only seeing that he needed heartening and rest.

I really meant to take a small house in some quiet place, but in two years the word small had come to mean a different thing to me from what it did to Dick. I inquired of my friends and of agents about desirable places, wrote letters diligently—and found something wrong with whatever was suggested. Then Mrs. Wainwright heard of a place that I could rent in Bar Harbor—a striking bargain. The owners had always before occupied it themselves; their relatives lived on either side and would be sure to call. The servants would go with the cottage. Perhaps the price did seem steep, but think what I was getting! Mrs. Wainwright would stay a month with me if only I would seize this unparalleled chance. There was a wonderful soundproof tower that Dick could have for his very own. Oh, I would be an idiot if I missed this opportunity!

After all, I thought, the main thing was to get Dick away from business into a restful place. Anyone surely could be quiet in Bar Harbor; the country was the country if one cared to make it so.

My own inclinations changed my interpretation of Dick's needs. He thought nothing of the social connotations of Bar Harbor. The name sounded peaceful, and he agreed to take six weeks off.

When one July day we drove past magnificent "cottages," at which he looked with sardonic eyes, and reached our own big place, I did the best thing possible for myself. I put my hand on his and said chokingly: "Oh, Dick, I didn't understand—honestly! Of course I knew it was big—but not so big. It didn't seem that it was going to be this sort of thing. And anyway, there's the water."

"All right," he said quietly; "I guess if I'd asked you the price I might have understood."

I continued to withhold the price.

"Let's go straight to your tower, Dick," I begged, my face flushed, my eyes distressed.

The tower did have a beautiful view of blue water and green shores, and as I stood in a wide window with my hands on my husband's unresponsive arm my conscience lightened.

"It's absolutely soundless," I said eagerly; "I know you'll like it, Dick. You can rest here."

"We'll see," he said in the same quiet voice, the ominous note of which I failed to catch. I did not know that he had that moment put me on trial. He would give me this summer to get us back where we had been.

For a little while I acted as though I were on trial. I simplified my housekeeping as thoroughly as six servants would permit. I had the meals served on a small screened porch overlooking the water. Every day I took Dick for long drives. Now and then when I saw him starting off for a walk I joined him; but I had got out of the habit of walking, regarded it as a task, and was unable to conceal from him that from the very first step my object was to get back. It may be that if we could have remained alone all summer I could presently have neutralized the estranging effect of the big house, could have made Dick forget that we were surrounded by other mansions, were not in a still wilderness.

But the big house enforced its obligations. People began to call, and I was taken into the same kind of life that I had been living all winter. I had hoped that I need not include Dick in any degree; but after all I had to prove to these new people that I had a husband. Dick could at least sit at his own table for the few dinners I meant to give; it was not as if I asked him to go to the dances.

When Mrs. Wainwright appeared to make her visit her husband accompanied her. He came rather apologetically, with Dick's secretary, Susy Westlake. It was a shame, he said, to let business break into Dick's vacation, but new things had come up. I professed and felt indignation, but again my conscience was lightened; it was not my fault if Dick was working after all the trouble I had taken to see that things were kept quiet for him. It didn't matter now how full the house was.

I did fill the house, pleased to show my Western friends how many important Eastern people found me worth while. And Dick and Mr. Wainwright smoked far too much, discussing with nervous faces and tense voices the necessity of this output, the precariousness of that contract. Very often Dick took his meals alone in his quiet tower; sometimes he had a table set for two on the screened porch, abandoned by me as too small, and there he would dine with Susy Westlake. He no longer drove, but sometimes he and she strolled along secluded paths where Dick could forget that he was in a fashionable resort, could be sensible only of the green and the stillness.

Susy Westlake went with the green and the stillness. She was the rare type of business woman who can be competent without bustle, keen without assertion. Her voice and movements were gentle. She wore the fawns and russet shades that went with her brown eyes and hair. Walking beside Dick she seemed able to efface herself when he needed perfect solitude, and to glide to the surface when he needed companionship. Even if he had not been a one-woman's man Dick would probably not have fallen in love with Susy Westlake. She was not the kind to inspire love, but rather gentle sentiment, regrets, and dreams which soared beyond her. She had the effect of making Dick remember, very poignantly, the sort of unspoiled girl I had been. Through Susy's quiet attentions and unspoken sympathy he realized how little I saw what had happened to him or to us; how far apart he and I had drifted.

It was poor Kate Sanderson who saved me. As I look back on the main crises of my married life it has nearly always been the experience of some other married couple that has either warned me of breakers ahead or pointed me out a safe channel. As I said, Kate and I ran neck and neck

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socially, and when Kate knew I was renting a place in Bar Harbor she got one too—bigger than mine. She wanted to make use of my social connections. In this I took a half-contemptuous satisfaction—one sign of my moral deterioration. Charlie had stayed West during most of the summer; Kate said she could not keep him away from business. All winter I had thought he looked harassed and even ill, and had sometimes suggested to Kate that she get a substitute like Ralph. But Charlie was a lovable person and an entertaining talker; I dare say Kate understood that he was a big social asset.

One day toward the end of August Kate called me up and asked me nervously to come to see her. I managed to cancel my engagements and run over, but I arrived later than I promised.

"I hoped you'd come earlier," Kate said, "because Charlie will be here presently ——"

"I'll go before he comes," I promised her. "Is anything wrong?"

"It's Charlie," she replied; "he hasn't answered any of my letters all summer. I'd think there was another woman if I did not know better. And to-day I had a telegram from his secretary saying he would arrive on that early afternoon train, and that I was to cancel all engagements, as he wished to see me."

We were sitting in her beautiful sun porch, and even while I was trying to reassure her the door opened, Charlie came in with a stony, fixed stare, threw a packet of papers on the table beside Kate, sat down opposite us and said: "Well, the jig's up! I'm done."

I rose to go, but Kate clutched me.

"You haven't failed—you and Dick?" she cried.

"Yep, I've failed!" Charlie said; "but not in the way you mean. The doctors have told me I'm due to rest a couple of years or go into a madhouse or die ——"

"Oh, nonsense," said Kate trembling; "they don't know what they're talking about!"

I stood there, uncertain whether to go or not.

"How about your not knowing what you're talking about?" said Charlie explosively. "How closely have you been watching my health? What do you know of the nights I haven't slept, of the days I couldn't think because my brainpan was turned into a red-hot cap?"

"A few weeks' rest ——" began Kate.

"Keep on your own side," said Charlie harshly; "I'm done; I know it; so I've sold out."

"Sold—out?" she gasped.

Again I tried to go, but Kate held me. Charlie acted as if I were not there.

"Oh, not everything; for instance, the big house is yours—deed in that envelope. There are bonds and stocks and safe investments that will keep you going. I'm off to-morrow."

"Off? Where?"

"To rest; to see if I can ever get well."

"I don't believe I can start to-morrow," calculated Kate. "Can you wait till next week? We can go ——"

"*We* are not going!" said Charlie. "Get that straight! You've everything you care for represented in those envelopes."

Then at last I did get away. I was sick with pity and fear. There had been something final in Charlie's manner. And indeed, from that time on, the two virtually separated. Later Charlie came back to her, but their married happiness was ended forever.

I am afraid I gave small thought to poor Kate that afternoon as I walked slowly homeward. It was not Kate and Charlie I was seeing, but Dick and myself.

Most women, I believe, wake up suddenly to a difficult marital situation and then look back and see that it may have been existing for some time, and that many significant little events prepared for it. The next step, if the woman has sufficient courage and common sense, is to ponder it carefully and to try to change it by the most effective method. When I had been over my ground again and again I went back to the big cottage, now grown so hateful to me. I was to have dined out, but I made my excuses, and then I had dinner laid for just Dick and me on the screened porch. I put on a gown Dick liked, and I set out to reconquer my own kingdom.

But from the very first moment when we sat down together, and when Dick realized that I had something to say to him, I saw that he did not mean to meet me in this crisis as he had in the others of our married life.

"Dick," I said, when the dessert had been carried away, "I don't know what has been wrong with me for two years. I've been blind—or mad. I haven't been your partner. I didn't see where I was going. But I'm sick to death of it all now. I want to start over ——"

I went round to his chair and knelt beside him, leaning my head against his arm. He did not touch me.

"Aren't you going to—help me, Dick?" I asked with a frightened gasp.

"I don't just see what I can do, Rhoda," he said gently and wearily.

He had a curiously passive and detached attitude. It was as if he were saying: "I don't know whether anything can be done or not. But you got us into this trouble; now get us out."

As I knelt there I had more real fear of my future than I ever had had. I saw that if my neglect had been intentional Dick might have forgiven me after a stormy scene. What he had felt most was my unawareness that anything was wrong, my selfish absorption in my own concerns which made me unable to see that he and I had no longer a life in common.

For a few moments I felt absolutely helpless and despairing. I had a momentary impulse to make the most of that helplessness, and trusting to Dick's chivalry to throw the burden of our restoration on him. But I knew that, suppose I did that and succeeded, the price I would have to pay would be too heavy; I would forfeit his respect. The only thing I could do would be to fight and win back alone.

"You can do this, Dick," I said with a vigor I was far from feeling: "Come with me up to the Kayes' cottage; they've left it already. It's only about seventy miles north of here. Just let us stay there alone. We can fish and tramp ——"

Dick moved the arm against which my head rested.

"I don't see how I can do that, Rhoda," he said half fretfully. "I'm used to it here now, and Susy Westlake can take my letters. We're going back in a couple of weeks anyhow. I plain don't want to move."

"Dick, if you'll do this for me," I pleaded, "I'll never again ask you to do another thing you don't want to as long as I live. Please! I don't deserve it, but be generous."

Dick gave in, but he was cross and nervous. He sat up too late that night doing some last work with Susy Westlake, and afterward slept badly. I spent the evening and half the night packing—not only clothes but stores. I was sure Helen Kaye would have left no food behind, and perhaps no blankets. As we drove away next morning Dick was as moody and disgruntled a man as ever was dragged off unwilling by his wife.

Never have I suffered as I did during the next two or three days. I felt much as does a girl on the point of being jilted—determined to act as if things were still right, determined to let none of her own conduct be at fault. I took on my shoulders the burdens of two. And burdens they were. It was not easy to do housework again; I soon found how much the fact of being waited on constantly had contributed to my selfishness. I thought entirely too much of my own comfort. But even then I realized that the drudgery was a help, for after I had got the breakfast out of the way the natural thing was to go in to where Dick was smoking and see what he wanted to do. The very facts of our camping-out made me put him first rather than myself.

I got him to go fishing and tramping with me. And oh, how hard it was to find things to talk about! There had been nothing in my interests for two years for which he cared anything, and I was all out of touch with his work. It was the topic of the war that saved me. Dick got interested in giving me a coherent account of the causes that had led to it.

Gradually I came to see that he had remained far more sensitive to the misery of the war than I had, and that his conscience had all along been offended by our spending so much money that had been drawn from war profits. Without talking much about the future of our spending, or the past, I got him to talk about the particular kinds of war relief in which he was interested. Then, gradually, I planned with him as to what we should do for war relief on a larger scale in the autumn.

After about a fortnight I ventured a personal talk again. We were sitting in the little living room, gay with Indian colors. A big fire was crackling on the hearth. Dick was smoking in front of it, looking more like his old self than he had since the war began. Then I once more ate humble pie, and added:

"What I want to do is sell or rent the big house and go back to our old home. The lease expires in October and we haven't renewed. We can build on that sun parlor and the sleeping porches ——"

"Why, you wouldn't be contented there," Dick protested; "you never really were."

That was a hard battle. I told Dick that I couldn't get where I wanted to if I had to keep the big house. Just to have it would mean too much entertaining and display. The old home wasn't just what I wanted, but it was the best place from which to begin again. But I found that Dick liked the men he went into town with on the train in winter; that he liked to be in touch with Mr. Wainwright and Mr. Cranston, and that he liked our grounds. I fancy, too, that the old house would have seemed cramped to him after the spaciousness of the new.

But the scent of battle was indeed in my nostrils. If I had to then I would build up the right kind of old associations in this new house. I began by reducing the number of servants, giving up forever a butler. I let all those I had go, and got, after considerable trouble, three who had already worked for us, and whom Dick liked. Then I took on some household duties myself. I refused every single invitation I had, even for woman things.

I went nowhere except to war-relief meetings, and whenever Dick came into the house he found me there.

But it was pretty hard to convince Dick, to make him see I was doing not only what was wise but what I preferred. Time and again I would think my battle over, only to find that I was mistaken. The division between us was a subtle thing. We talked together as we had three years before, and we saw a lot of the children, but often there would be a certain clashing-to of the gates of Dick's soul, just when I thought it was free to me. The fact was he had lost the finest kind of faith in me, and the rebirth of that sort of faith is slow.

I count my victory from the night when I tried to put him a little in the wrong.

"Dick," I said, when the spring days were coming on and we were sitting in the library where we could see the tulip beds just set out, "I've stopped the madness of spending. Won't you try to stop the madness of overwork?"

"I'm not overworking," he said in the keep-off voice husbands use when they are making the distinction "my job and yours."

"Well, when even Mrs. Cranston speaks of it, and when even Mr. Wainwright says there is no need, and when the children look at your face for permission to laugh ——"

Dick lowered his pipe.

"They don't do that, Rhoda?"

I pushed a footstool over and sat at his feet.

"Dick," I said, "do you know we're getting to be middle-aged? Yes; and don't you see that we've got to the point where we must get all the new fresh interests we can, and develop them together ——"

Dick scraped his chair half impatiently.

"I wasn't going to say for the sake of our love," I went on, "though there's that; but I was going to say for the sake of our minds and souls. Think over the people we know who've come to midchannel days. Even when marriage has been successful, and finances are all right, isn't there something lacking with a lot of them? Aren't they narrow or old in feeling? I'm afraid people have got to work to keep youth in their hearts, just as much as a beauty has to work to keep it in her face. I'm afraid at midchannel time people can't risk either overemphasis or underemphasis; they have to look after balance and sanity as they never did before."

"You're getting to be a regular platform preacher," Dick said; "this means old-friend golf again, and tennis. All right. I guess you're all right, dear."

He bent down and kissed me, and somehow I knew that, perhaps without realizing it, he had taken me back fully. Just a few nights later we had a brief talk which was perhaps the frankest of our married life. We had come back from the golf course and were out looking at the garden.

"Well, old girl," Dick said as we were walking by the tulip bed, "you've made good, all right."

"Dick," I said slowly, "do you know that you touch there the hardest thing a woman meets in adaptation to married life—not being told by her husband that she's made good so much as the knowledge that he sets the standards for the making good, provides the interpretations. She has to succeed by his standards, not her own."

While Dick considered this I asked: "What is hardest for a man?"

"I believe," he said, "it is the fact that he is accustomed in his daily work to efficiency; he goes after it and gets it by the most direct method. Now he wants his wife to be a capable executive, and yet he can't get that by the direct methods he uses in other places. Chivalry stands in the way and confuses some of his decisions. That gets on his nerves. Yes, I believe that's his biggest hurdle."

We had the sense of having made a big discovery in married life. What was more important, we could discuss it impersonally; that proved how well we marched in accord.

Marriage isn't just a state of wedlock. Some fifteen years of marriage have convinced me that it is not to be regarded as the common lot, or as a reward for happiness, or as a mere state of wedlock, but as a business, and one that has more unforeseen checks and accidents than any other in the world, because in no other does the factor of self so constantly obtrude. It is a business that exacts unremitting attention if it is going to declare enough dividends to support, spiritually and mentally, the two stockholders.

If this attention is given by both parties to the contract, then that longing for perfection called love may become enduring and lifelong, may beautify and enhance the existence of each—that is, the dreams with which they set out on the marriage day may in the end come true.

(THE END)



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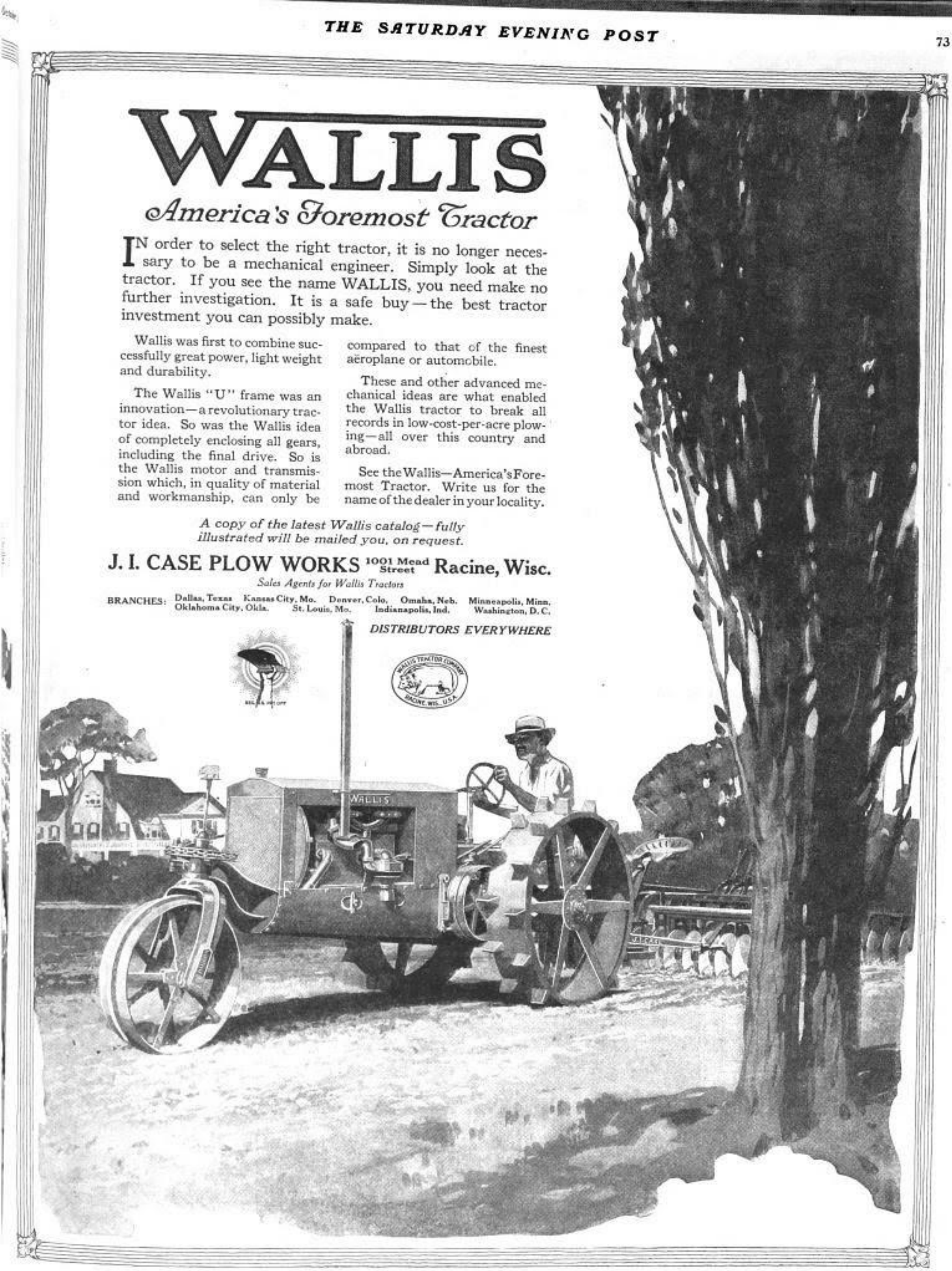
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# THE MARNE

(Continued from Page 5)

"They can't touch us. This isn't our war, young man."

"It may be by the time I'm grown up," Troy persisted, burning redder.

"Well," returned the senator good-humoredly, "you'll have to hurry, for the economists all say it can't last more than a year longer. Lord Reading told me ——"

"There's been misery enough, in all conscience!" sighed a lady, playing with her pearls.

And Mr. Belknap added gravely: "By the time Troy grows up I hope wars and war talk will be over for good and all."

"Oh, well—at his age every fellow wants to go out and kill something," remarked one of his uncles sympathetically.

Troy shuddered at the well-meant words. "To go out and kill something!" They thought he regarded the war as a sport, just as they regarded it as a moving-picture show! As if anyone who had had even a glimpse of it could ever again think with joy of killing! His boy's mind was sorely exercised to define the urgent emotions with which it labored. To save France—that was the clear duty of the world as he saw it. But none of these kindly careless people about him knew what he meant when he said France. Bits of M. Gantier's talk came back to him, embodying that meaning:

"Whatever happens, keep your mind keen and clear; open as many windows on the universe as you can."

To Troy France had been the biggest of those windows.

The young tutor had never declaimed about his country; he had simply told her story and embodied her ideals in his own impatient, questioning and yet ardent spirit. "*Le monde est aux enthousiastes*," he had once quoted; and he had shown Troy how France had always been alive in every fiber and how her inexhaustible vitality had been perpetually nourished on criticism, analysis and dissatisfaction.

"Self-satisfaction is death," he had said; "France is the phœnix country, always rising from the ashes of her recognized mistakes."

Troy felt what a wonderful help it must be to have that long rich past in one's blood. Every stone that France had carved, every song she had sung, every new idea she had struck out, every beauty she had created in her thousand fruitful years—was a tie between her and her children. These things were more glorious than her battles, for it was because of them that all civilization was bound up in her, and that nothing that concerned her could concern her only.

V

"IT SEEMS too absurd," said Mrs. Belknap; "but Troy will be eighteen this week. And that means," she added with a sigh, "that this horrible war has been going on for three whole years. Do you remember, dearest, your fifteenth birthday was on the very day that odious archduke was assassinated? We had a picnic on the Morteratsch."

"Oh, dear," cried Sophy Wicks, flinging her tennis racket into the air with a swing that landed it in the middle of the empty court, "perhaps that's the reason he's never stopped talking about the war for a single minute since!"

Round the big tea table under the trees there was a faint hush of disapproval. A year before Sophy Wicks' airy indifference to the events that were agitating the world had amused some people and won the frank approval of others. She did not exasperate her friends by professions of pacifism, she simply declared that the war bored her; and after three years of vain tension, of effort in the void, something in the baffled American heart whispered that, things being as they were, she was perhaps right.

But now things were no longer as they had been. Looking back, Troy surveyed the gradual development of the war feeling as it entered into a schoolboy's range of vision. He had begun to notice the change before the sinking of the Lusitania. Even in the early days, when his school fellows had laughed at him and called him Marny, some of them had listened to him and imitated him. It had become the fashion to have a collection of war trophies from the battlefields. The boys' sisters were adopting war orphans at long distance, and when Troy went home for the holidays he heard more and more talk of war charities, and noticed that the funds collected were no longer raised by dancing and fancy balls. People who used the war as an opportunity to have fun were beginning to be treated almost as coldly as the pacifists.

But the two great factors in the national change of feeling were the Lusitania and the training camps.

The Lusitania showed America what the Germans were, Plattsburg tried to show her the only way of dealing with them.

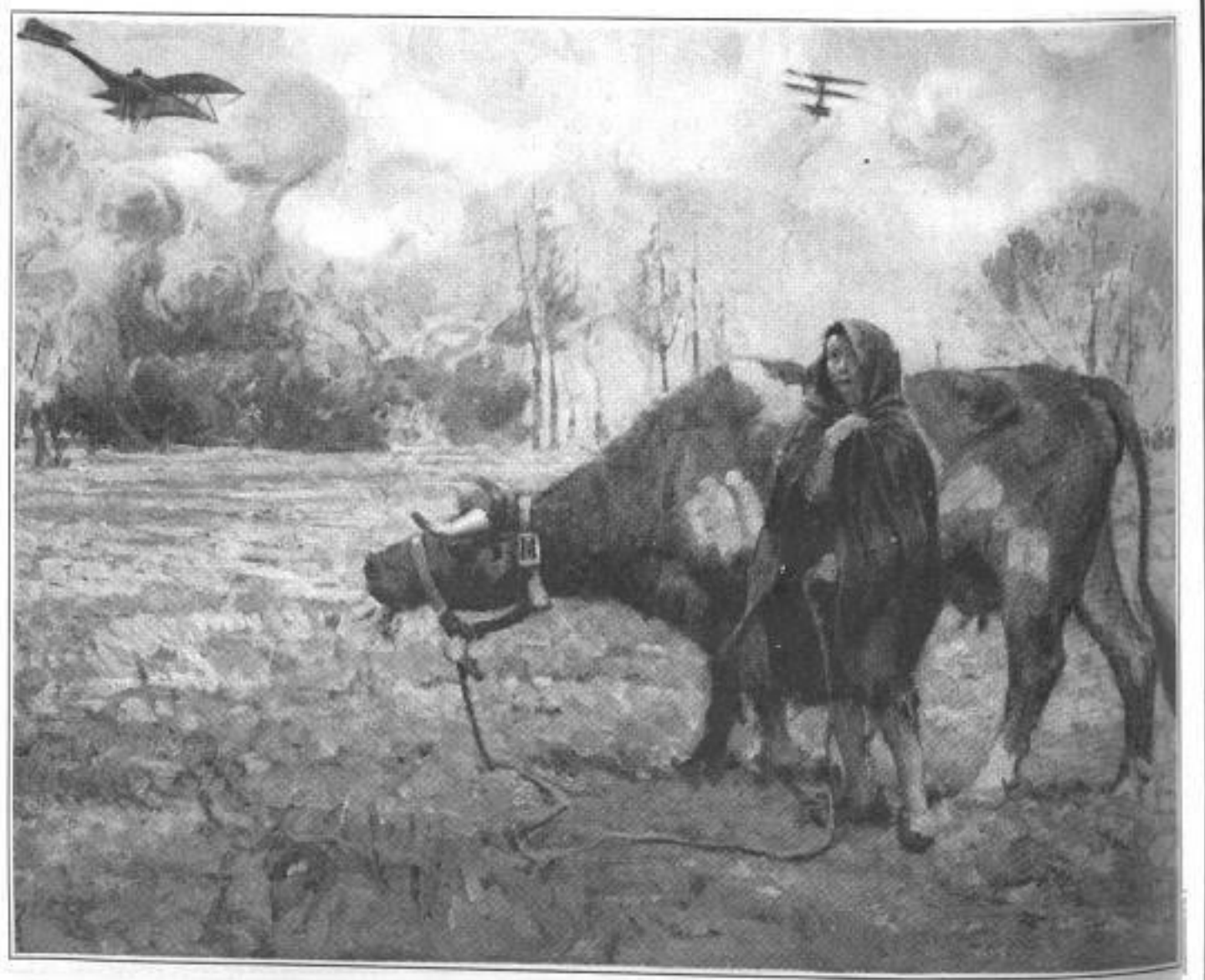
Both events called forth a great deal of agitated discussion, for if they focused the popular feeling for war they also gave the opponents of war in general a point of departure for their arguments. For a while feeling ran high and Troy, listening to the heated talk at his parents' table, perceived with disgust and wonder that at the bottom of the anti-war sentiment—whatever specious impartiality it put on—there was always the odd belief that life in itself—just the mere raw fact of being alive—was the one thing that mattered, and getting killed the one thing to be avoided.

This new standard of human dignity plunged Troy into the lowest depths of pessimism. And it bewildered him as much as it disgusted him, since it did away at a stroke with all that gave any interest to the fact of living. It killed romance, it killed poetry and adventure, it took all the meaning out of history and conduct and civilization. There had never been anything worth while in the world that had not had to be died for, and it was as clear as day that a world which no one would die for could never be a world worth being alive in.

Luckily most people did not require to reason the matter out in order to feel as Troy did, and in the long run the Lusitania and Plattsburg won the day. America tore the gag of neutrality from her lips, and with all the strength of her liberated lungs claimed her right to a place in the struggle. The pacifists crept into their holes, and only Sophy Wicks remained unconverted.

Troy Belknap, tall and shy and awkward, lay at her feet and blushed and groaned inwardly at her wrongheadedness. All the other girls were war mad; with the rupture of diplomatic relations the country had burst into flame, and with the declaration of war the flame had become a conflagration. And now having at last a

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definite and personal concern in the affair everyone was not only happier but more sensible than when a perpetually thwarted indignation had had to expend itself in vague philanthropy.

It was a peculiar cruelty of Fate that made Troy feel Miss Wicks' indifference more than the zeal of all the other young women gathered about the Belknap tennis court. In spite of everything he found her more interesting, more inexhaustible, more "his size," as they said at school, than any of the gay young war goddesses who sped their tennis balls across the Belknap court.

It was a Long Island Sunday in June. A caressing warmth was in the air and a sea breeze stirred the tops of the lime branches. The smell of fresh haycocks blew across the lawn, and a sparkle of blue water and a dipping of white sails showed through the trees beyond the hayfields.

Mrs. Belknap smiled indulgently on the pleasant scene; her judgment of Sophy Wicks was less severe than that of the young lady's contemporaries. What did it matter if a chit of eighteen, having taken up a foolish attitude, was too self-conscious to renounce it?

"Sophy will feel differently when she has nursed some of our own soldiers in a French base hospital," she said, addressing herself to the disapproving group.

The young girl raised her merry eyebrows. "Who'll stay and nurse granny if I go to a French base hospital? Troy, will you?" she suggested.

The other girls about the tea table laughed. Though they were only Troy's age, or younger, they did not mind his being teased, for he seemed only a little boy to them, now that they all had friends or brothers in the training camps or on the way to France. Besides, though they disapproved of Sophy's tone her argument was unanswerable. They knew that her precocious wisdom and self-confidence had been acquired at the head of her grandmother's household, and that there was no one else to look after poor old paralytic Mrs. Wicks and the orphan brothers and sisters to whom Sophy was mother and guardian.

Two or three of the young men present were in uniform, and one of them, Mrs. Belknap's nephew, had a captain's double bar on his shoulder. What did Troy Belknap and Sophy Wicks matter to young women playing a last tennis match with heroes on their way to France?

The game began again with much noise and cheerful wrangling. Mrs. Belknap walked toward the house to welcome a group of visitors, and Miss Wicks remained beside the tea table, alone with Troy. She was leaning back in a wide basket chair, her thin ankles in white openwork stockings thrust out under her short skirt, her arms locked behind her thrown-back head. Troy lay on the ground and plucked at the tufts of grass at his elbow. Why was it that with all the currents of vitality flowing between this group of animated girls and youths he could feel no nearness but hers? The feeling was not particularly agreeable, but there was no shaking it off; it was like a scent that has got into one's clothes. He was not sure that he liked her, but he wanted to watch her, to listen to her, to defend her against the mockery and criticism in the eyes of the others. At this point his powers of analysis gave out and his somewhat extensive vocabulary failed him. After all, he had to fall back on the stupid old school phrase: She was "his size"—that was all.

"Why do you always say the war bores you?" he asked abruptly, without looking up.

"Because it does, my boy; and so do you, when you hold forth about it."

He was silent, and she touched his arm with the tip of her swinging tennis shoe. "Don't you see, Troy, it's not our job—not just now, anyhow. So what's the use of always jawing about it?"

She jumped up, recovered her racket, and ran to take her place in a new set beside Troy's cousin, the captain.

### VI

IT WAS not his job—that was the bitter drop in all the gladness.

At last what Troy longed for had come—his country was playing her part. And he, who had so watched and hoped and longed for the divine far-off event, had talked of it early and late, to old and young, had got himself laughed at, scolded, snubbed, ridiculed, nicknamed, commemorated in a school-magazine skit in which "Marne" and "yarn" and "oh, darn" formed the refrain of a lyric beginning "Oh say, have you heard Belknap flap in the breeze?" He, who had borne all the scoldings and all the ridicule, sustained by a mysterious secret faith in the strength of his cause, now saw that cause triumph, and all his country waving with flags and swarming with khaki, while he had to stand aside and look on, because his coming birthday was only his nineteenth. He remembered the anguish of regret with which he had seen M. Gantier leave St. Moritz to join his regiment, and thought now with passionate envy of his tutor's fate. "*Dulce et decorum est . . .*" The old hackneyed phrase had taken on a beauty that filled his eyes with tears.

Eighteen—and nothing doing till he was twenty-one! He could have killed the cousins and uncles strutting about in uniform and saying: "Don't fret, old man—there's lots of time. The war is sure to last another four years."

To say that, and laugh—how little they must know of what war meant!

It was an old custom in the Belknap family to ask Troy what he wanted for his birthday. The custom, according to tradition, had originated on his sixth anniversary, when, being given a rabbit with ears that wiggled, he had grown very red and stammered out: "I did so want a 'cyclopedia!

Since then he had always been consulted on the subject with a good deal of ceremony, and had spent no little time and thought in making a judicious choice in advance. But this year his choice took no thinking over.

"I want to go to France," he said immediately.

"To France?"

It instantly struck his keen ears that there was less surprise than he had feared in Mr. Belknap's voice.

"To France, my boy? The Government doesn't encourage foreign travel just now."

"I want to volunteer in the Foreign Legion," said Troy, feeling as if the veins of his forehead would burst.

Mrs. Belknap groaned, but Mr. Belknap retained his composure.

"My dear chap, I don't think you know much about the Foreign Legion. It's a pretty rough berth for a fellow like you. And they're as likely as not," he added carelessly, "to send you to Morocco or the Kamerun."

Troy knowing this to be true hung his head.

"Now," Mr. Belknap continued, taking advantage of his silence, "my counter proposition is that you should go to Brazil for three months with your Uncle Tom Jarvice, who is being sent down there on a big engineering job. It's a wonderful opportunity to see the country—see it like a prince, too, for he'll have a special train at his disposal. Then, when you come back," he continued, his voice weakening a little under the strain of Troy's visible inattention, "we'll see."

"See what?"

"Well—I don't know. A camp—till it's time for Harvard."

"I want to go to France at once, father," said Troy, with the voice of a man.

"To do what?" wailed his mother.

"Oh, any old thing—drive an ambulance," Troy struck out at random.

"But, dearest," she protested, "you could never even learn to drive a car!"

"That's only because it never interested me."

"But one of those huge ambulances—you'll be killed!"

"Father!" exclaimed Troy, in a tone that seemed to say "Aren't we out of the nursery, at least?"

"Don't talk to him like that, Josephine," said Mr. Belknap, visibly wishing that he knew how to talk to his son himself, but perceiving that his wife was on the wrong tack.

"Don't you see, father, that there's no use talking at all? I'm going to get to France, anyhow."

"In defiance of our wishes?"

"Oh, you'll forget all that later," said Troy.

Mrs. Belknap began to cry, and her husband turned on her.

"My dear, you're really—really —— I understand Troy!" he blurted out, his veins swelling too.

"But if the Red Cross is to send you on that mission to Italy, why shouldn't Troy wait and go as your secretary?" Mrs. Belknap said, tacking skillfully.

Mr. Belknap, who had not yet made up his mind to accept the mission, made it up





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on the instant. "Yes, Troy—why not? I shall be going myself—in a month or so."

"I want to go to France," said his son. And he added, laughing with sudden courage: "You see, you've never refused me a birthday present yet."

*VII*

FRANCE again—France at last! As the cliffs grew green across the bay he could have knelt to greet them; as he hurried down the gangplank with the eager, jostling crowd he could have kissed the sacred soil they were treading.

The very difficulties and delays of the arrival thrilled and stimulated him, gave him a keener sense of his being already a humble participant in the conflict. Passports, identification papers, sharp interrogatories, examinations, the enforced surrendering of keys and papers—how different it all was from the old tame easy landings, with the noiseless motor waiting at the dock, and France lying safe and open before them whichever way they chose to turn!

On the way over many things had surprised and irritated him—not least the attitude of some of his fellow passengers. The boat swarmed with young civilians, too young for military service, or having, for some more or less valid reason, been exempted from it. They were all pledged to some form of relief work and all overflowing with zeal. "France" was as often on their lips as on Troy's. But some of them seemed to be mainly concerned with questions of uniform and rank. The steamer seethed with wrangles and rivalries between their various organizations, and now and then the young crusaders seemed to lose sight of the object of their crusade—as had too frequently been the case with their predecessors.

Very few of the number knew France or could speak French, and most of them were full of the importance of America's mission. This was Liberty's chance to enlighten the world; and all these earnest youths apparently regarded themselves as her chosen torchbearers.

"We must teach France efficiency," they all said with a glowing condescension.

The women were even more sure of their mission; and there were plenty of them, middle-aged as well as young, in uniform, too, cock-hatted, badged and gaitered—though most of them, apparently, were going to sit in the offices of Paris war charities; and Troy had never noticed that Frenchwomen had donned khaki for that purpose.

"France must be purified," these young Columbias proclaimed. "Frenchmen must be taught to respect women. We must protect our boys from contamination—the dreadful theaters, and the novels, and the boulevards. Of course, we mustn't be hard on the French, for they've never known home life of the family—but we must show them. We must set the example."

Troy, sickened by their blatancy, had kept to himself for the greater part of the trip; but during the last days he had been drawn into talk by a girl who reminded him of Miss Wicks, though she was in truth infinitely prettier. The evenings below decks were long, and he sat at her side in the saloon and listened to her.

Her name was Hinda Warlick, and she came from the Middle West. He gathered from her easy confidences that she was singing in a suburban church choir while waiting for a vaudeville engagement. Her studies had probably been curtailed by the need of preparing a repertoire, for she appeared to think that Joan of Arc was a Revolutionary hero who had been guillotined with Marie Antoinette for blowing up the Bastille; and her notions of French history did not extend beyond this striking episode. But she was ready and eager to explain France to Troy, and to the group of young men who gathered about her, listening to her piercing accents and gazing into her deep blue eyes.

"We must carry America right into the heart of France—for she has got a great big splendid heart, in spite of everything," Miss Warlick declared. "We must teach her to love children and home and the outdoor life; and you American boys must teach the young Frenchmen to love their mothers. You must set the example. Oh, boys, do you know what my ambition is? It's to organize an Old Home Week just like ours, all over France, from Harver right down to Marseilles. And all through the devastated regions too. Wouldn't it be lovely if we could get General Pershing to let us keep Home Week right up at the Front, at Eep and Leal and Rams, and all those martyr cities—right close up in the trenches? So that even the Germans would see us and hear us, and perhaps learn from us too? For you know we mustn't despair of teaching even the Germans!"

Troy as he crept away heard one young man, pink and shockheaded, murmur shyly to the prophetess: "Hearing you say this has made it all so clear to me." And an elderly gentleman, adjusting his eyeglasses, added with nasal emphasis: "Yes, Miss Warlick has expressed in a very lovely way what we all feel—that America's mission is to contribute the human element to this war."

"Oh, good God!" Troy groaned, crawling to his darkened cabin. He remembered M. Gantier's phrase, "Self-satisfaction is death," and felt a sudden yearning for Sophy Wicks' ironic eyes and her curt "What's the use of jawing?"

He had been for six months on his job, and was beginning to know something about it—to know, for instance, that Nature had never meant him for an ambulance driver. Nevertheless, he had stuck to his task with such a dogged determination to succeed that after several months about the Paris hospitals he was beginning to be sent to exposed sectors.

His first sight of the desolated country he had traversed three years earlier roused old memories of the Gantier family, and he wrote once more to their little town, but again without result. Then one day he was sent to a sector of the Vosges which was held by American troops. His heart was beating hard as the motor rattled over the hills, through villages empty of their inhabitants, like those of the Marne, but swarming with big fair-haired soldiers. The land lifted and dipped again, and he saw ahead of him the ridge once crowned by M. Gantier's village, and the wall of the terraced garden, with the hornbeam arbor putting forth its early green. Everything else was in ruins—pale, weather-bleached ruins over which the rains and suns of three years had passed effacingly. The church, once so firm and foursquare on the hill, was now a mere tracery against the clouds; the hospice roofless, the houses all gutted and bulging, with black smears of smoke on their inner walls. At the head of the street a few old women and children were hoeing vegetables before a row of tin-roofed shanties, and a Y. M. C. A. hut flew the Stars and Stripes across the way.

Troy jumped down and began to ask questions. At first the only person who recognized the name of Gantier was an old woman too frightened and feeble-minded to answer intelligibly. Then a French territorial, who was hoeing with the women, came forward. He belonged to the place and knew the story.

"M. Gantier—the old gentleman? He was mayor, and the Germans took him. He died in Germany. The young girl—Mlle. Gantier—was taken with him. No, she's not dead. . . . I don't know. . . . She's shut up somewhere in Germany—queer in the head, they say. . . . The sons—ah, you knew Monsieur Paul? He went first . . . . What, the others? . . . Yes; the three others—Louis at Notre Dame de Lorette; Jean on a submarine; poor little Félix, the youngest, of the fever at Saloniki. *Voilà.* . . . The old lady? Ah, she and her sister went away—some charitable people took them, I don't know where. I've got the address somewhere."

He fumbled, and brought out a strip of paper on which was written the name of a town in the center of France.

"There's where they were a year ago. . . . Yes, you may say, there's a family gone—wiped out. How often I've seen them all sitting there, laughing and drinking coffee under the arbor! They were not rich, but they were happy, and proud of each other. That's over."

He went back to his hoeing.

After that, whenever Troy Belknap got back to Paris, he hunted for the surviving Gantiers. For a long time he could get no trace of them; then he remembered his old governess, Mme. Lebuc, for whom Mrs. Belknap had found employment in a refugee bureau.

He ran down Mme. Lebuc, who was still at her desk in the same big room, facing a row of horsehair benches packed with tired people waiting their turn for a clothing ticket or a restaurant card.

Mme. Lebuc had grown much older, and her filmy eyes peered anxiously through

(Continued on Page 81)

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(Continued from Page 78)

large spectacles before she recognized Troy. Then, after tears and raptures, he set forth his errand, and she began to peer again anxiously, shuffling about the bits of paper on the desk and confusing her records hopelessly.

"Why, is that you?" cried a gay young voice.

And there, on the other side of the room, sat one of the young war goddesses of the Belknap tennis court, trim, uniformed, important, with a row of bent backs in shabby black before her desk.

"Ah, Miss Batchford will tell you—she's so quick and clever."

Mme. Lebuc sighed, resigning herself to chronic bewilderment.

Troy crossed to the other desk. An old woman sat before it, in threadbare mourning, a crape veil on her twitching head. She spoke in a low voice, slowly, taking a long time to explain; each one of Miss Batchford's quick questions put her back, and she had to begin all over again.

"Oh, these refugees!" cried Miss Batchford, stretching a bangled arm above the crape veil to clasp Troy's hand. "Do sit down, Mr. Belknap. *Dépêchez-vous, s'il vous plaît,*" she said, not too unkindly, to the old woman; and added to Troy: "There's no satisfying them."

At the sound of Troy's name the old woman had turned her twitching head, putting back her veil. Her eyes met Troy's, and they looked at each other doubtfully. Then—"Madame Gantier!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, yes," she said, the tears running down her face.

Troy was not sure if she recognized him, though his name had evidently called up some vague association. He saw that most things had grown far off to her, and that for the moment her whole mind was centered on the painful and humiliating effort of putting her case to this strange young woman who snapped out questions like a machine.

"Do you know her?" asked Miss Batchford, surprised.

"I used to, I believe," Troy answered.

"You can't think what she wants—just everything! They're all alike. She wants to borrow five hundred francs to furnish a flat for herself and her sister."

"Well, why not?"

"Why, we don't lend money, of course. It's against all our principles. We give work or relief in kind—that's what I'm telling her."

"I see. Could I give it to her?"

"What—all that money? Certainly not! You don't know them!"

Troy shook hands and went out into the street to wait for Mme. Gantier; and when she came he told her who he was. She cried and shook a great deal, and he called a cab and drove her home to the poor lodging where she and her sister lived. The sister had become weak-minded, and the room was dirty and untidy, because, as Mme. Gantier explained, her lameness prevented her from keeping it clean, and they could not afford a charwoman. The pictures of the four dead sons hung on the wall, a wisp of crape above each, with all their ribbons and citations. But when Troy spoke of old M. Gantier and the daughter Mme. Gantier's face grew like a stone, and her sister began to whimper like an animal.

Troy remembered the territorial's phrase: "You may say there's a family wiped out."

He went away, too shy to give the five hundred francs in his pocket.

One of his first cares on getting back to France had been to order a headstone for Paul Gantier's grave at Mondement. A week or two after his meeting with Mme. Gantier his ambulance was ordered to Epernay, and he managed to get out to Mondement and have the stone set up and the grave photographed. He had brought some flowers to lay on it, and he borrowed two tin wreaths from the neighboring crosses, so that Paul Gantier's mound should seem the most fondly tended of all. He sent the photograph to Mme. Gantier, with a five-hundred-franc bill; but after a long time his letter came back from the post office.

The two old women had gone.

### VIII

IN FEBRUARY Mr. Belknap arrived in Paris on a mission. Tightly buttoned into his Red Cross uniform, he looked to his son older and fatter but more important and impressive than usual.

He was on his way to Italy, where he was to remain for three months, and Troy learned with dismay that he needed a secretary, and had brought none with him because he counted on his son to fill the post.

"You've had nearly a year of this, old man, and the Front's as quiet as a church. As for Paris, isn't it too frivolous for you? It's much farther from the war nowadays than New York. I haven't had a dinner like this since your mother joined the Voluntary 'Rationing League.'" Mr. Belknap smiled at him across their little table at the Nouveau Luxe.

"I'm glad to hear it—about New York, I mean," Troy answered composedly. "It's our turn now. But Paris isn't a bit too frivolous for me. Which shall it be, father—the Palais Royal or the Capucines? They say the new *revue* there is great fun."

Mr. Belknap was genuinely shocked. He had caught the war fever late in life and late in the war, and his son's flippancy surprised and pained him.

"The theater? We don't go to the theater." He paused to light his cigar, and added, embarrassed: "Really, Troy, now there's so little doing here, don't you think you might be more useful in Italy?"

Troy was anxious, for he was not sure that Mr. Belknap's influence might not be sufficient to detach him from his job on a temporary mission; but long experience in dealing with parents made him assume a greater air of coolness as his fears increased.

"Well, you see, father, so many other chaps have taken advantage of the lull to go off on leave that if I asked to be detached now—well, it wouldn't do me much good with my chief," he said cunningly, guessing that if he appeared to yield his father might postpone action.

"Yes, I see," Mr. Belknap rejoined, impressed by the military character of the argument. He was still trying to get used to the fact that he was himself under orders, and nervous visions of a sort of mitigated court-martial came to him in the middle of pleasant dinners or jumped him out of his morning sleep like an alarm clock.

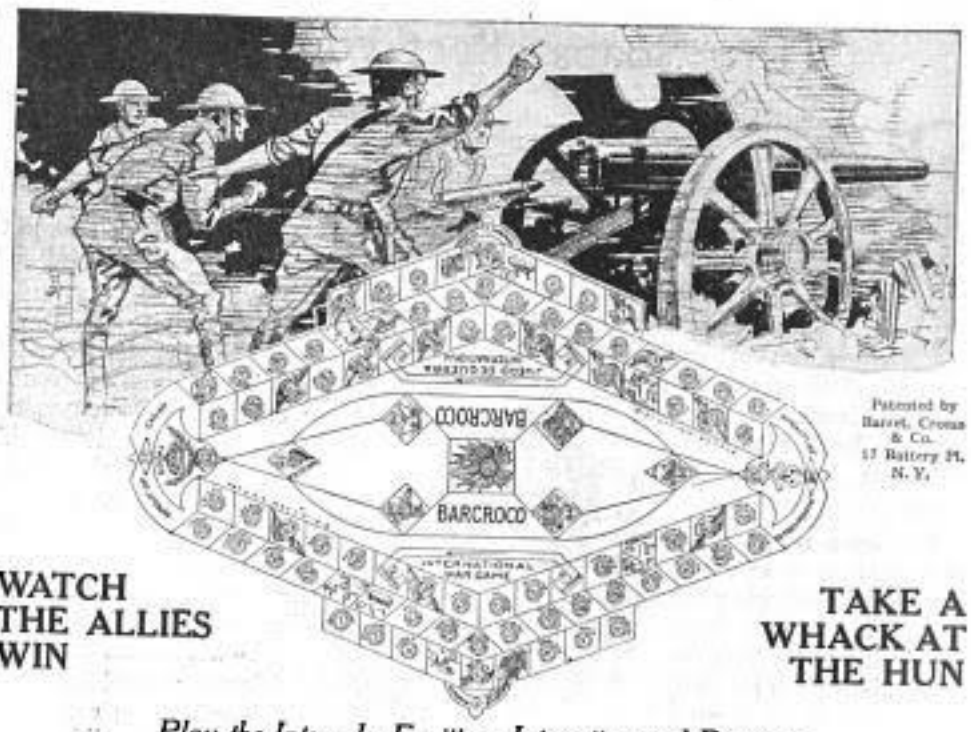
Troy saw that his point was gained; but he regretted having proposed the Capucines to his father. He himself was not shocked by the seeming indifference of Paris; he thought the gay theaters, the crowded shops, the restaurants groaning with abundance, were all healthy signs of the nation's irrepressible vitality. But he understood that America's young zeal might well be chilled by the first contact with this careless exuberance so close to the lines where young men like himself were dying day by day in order that the curtain might ring up punctually on low-necked *revues*, and fat neutrals feast undisturbed on lobster and champagne. Only now and then he asked himself what had become of the Paris of the Marne, and what would happen if ever again —— But that, of course, was nonsense.

Mr. Belknap left for Italy—and two days afterward Troy's ambulance was roused from semi-inaction and hurried to Beauvais. The retreat from St. Quentin had begun, and Paris was once again the Paris of the Marne.

The same—but how different!—were the tense days that followed. Troy Belknap, instead of hanging miserably about marble hotels and waiting with restless crowds for the communiqués to appear in the windows of the newspaper offices, was in the thick of the retreat, swept back on its tragic tide, his heart wrung but his imagination hushed by the fact of participating in the struggle, playing a small, dumb, indefatigable part, relieving a little fraction of the immense anguish and the dreadful disarray.

The mere fact of lifting a wounded man "so that it wouldn't hurt"; of stiffening one's lips to a smile as the ambulance pulled up in the market place of a terror-stricken village; of calling out "*Nous les tenons!*" to whimpering women and bewildered old people; of giving a lift to a family of footsore refugees; of prying open a tin of condensed milk for the baby or taking down the address of a sister in Paris, with the promise to bring her news of the fugitives; the heat and the burden and the individual effort of each minute carried one along through the endless yet breathless hours—backward and forward, backward and forward, between Paris and the fluctuating Front, till in Troy's weary brain the ambulance took on the semblance of a tireless gray shuttle humming in the hands of Fate.

It was on one of these trips that for the first time he saw a trainload of American


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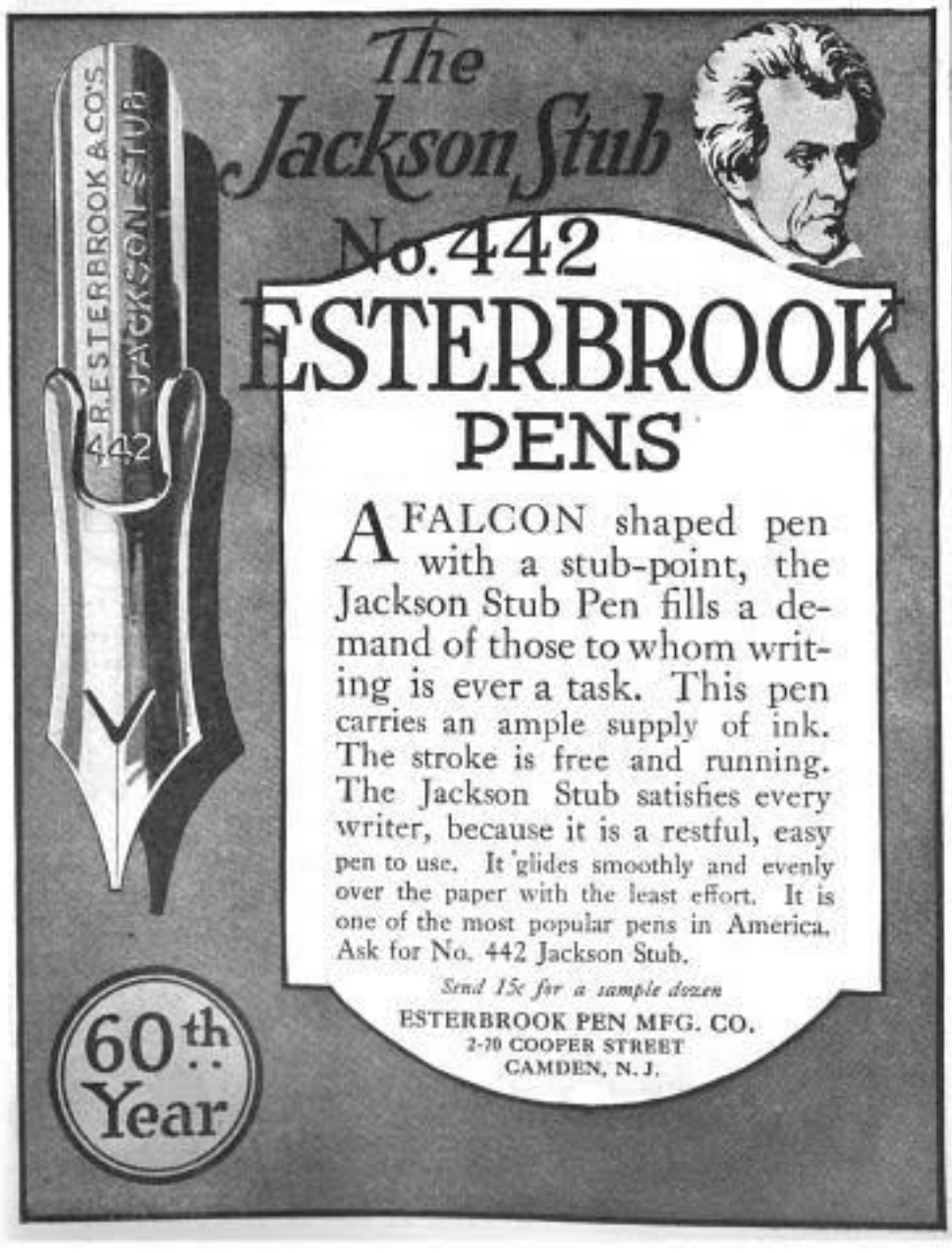
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soldiers on the way to the battle front. He had, of course, seen plenty of them in Paris during the months since his arrival; seen them vaguely roaming the streets, or sitting in front of cafés, or wooed by polyglot sirens in the obscure promiscuity of cinema palaces.

At first he had seized every chance of talking to them; but either his own shyness or theirs seemed to paralyze him. He found them, as a rule, bewildered, depressed and unresponsive. They wanted to kill Germans all right, they said; but this hanging round Paris wasn't what they'd bargained for; and there was a good deal more doing back home at Podunk or Tombstone or Deposit.

It was not only the soldiers who took this depreciatory view of France. Some of the officers whom Troy met at his friends' houses discouraged him more than the enlisted men with whom he tried to make friends in the cafés. They had more definite and more unfavorable opinions as to the country they had come to defend. They wanted to know, in God's name, where in the blasted place you could get fried hominy and a real porterhouse steak for breakfast, and when the ball-game season began, and whether it rained every day all the year round; and Troy's timid efforts to point out some of the compensating advantages of Paris failed to excite any lasting interest.

But now he seemed to see a different race of men. The faces leaning from the windows of the train glowed with youthful resolution. The soldiers were out on their real business at last, and as Troy looked at them, so alike and so innumerable, he had the sense of a force inexorable and exhaustless, poured forth from the reservoirs of the new world to replenish the wasted veins of the old.

"Hooray!" he shouted frantically, waving his cap at the passing train; but as it disappeared he hung his head and swore under his breath. There they went, his friends and fellows, as he had so often dreamed of seeing them, racing in their hundreds of thousands to the rescue of France; and he was still too young to be among them, and could only yearn after them with all his aching heart!

After a hard fortnight of day-and-night work he was ordered a few days off, and sulkily resigned himself to inaction. For the first twenty-four hours he slept the leaden sleep of weary youth, and for the next he moped on his bed in the infirmary; but the third day he crawled out to take a look at Paris.

The long-distance bombardment was going on, and now and then at irregular intervals there was a more or less remote crash, followed by a long reverberation. But the life of the streets was not affected. People went about their business as usual, and it was obvious that the strained look on every face was not caused by the random fall of a few shells, but by the perpetual vision of that swaying and receding line on which all men's thoughts were fixed. It was sorrow, not fear, that Troy read in all those anxious eyes—sorrow over so much wasted effort, such high hopes thwarted, so many dear-bought miles of France once more under the German heel.

That night when he came home he found a letter from his mother. At the very end, in a crossed postscript, he read: "Who do you suppose sailed last week? Sophy Wicks. Soon there'll be nobody left! Old Mrs. Wicks died in January—did I tell you?—and Sophy has sent the children to Long Island with their governess and rushed over to do Red Cross nursing. It seems she had taken a course at the Presbyterian Hospital without anyone's knowing it. I've promised to keep an eye on the children. Let me know if you see her."

Sophy Wicks in France! There was hardly room in his troubled mind for the news. What Sophy Wicks did or did not do had shrunk to utter insignificance in the crash of falling worlds. He was rather sorry to have to class her with the other hysterical girls fighting for a pretext to get to France; but what did it all matter, anyhow? On the way home he had overheard an officer in the street telling a friend that the Germans were at Creil.

Then came the day when the advance was checked. General Mangin's glorious counter attack gave France new faith in her armies, and Paris irrepressibly burst at once into abounding life. It was as if she were ashamed of having doubted, as if she wanted by a livelier renewal of activities to proclaim her unshakable faith in her defenders. In the perpetual sunshine of the most golden of springs she basked and decked herself, and mirrored her recovered beauty in the Seine.

And still the cloudless weeks succeeded each other, days of blue warmth and nights of silver luster; and still, behind the impenetrable wall of the Front, the beast dumbly lowered and waited. Then one morning toward the end of May Troy, waking late after an unusually hard day, read: "The new German offensive has begun. The Chemin des Dames has been retaken by the enemy. Our valiant troops are resisting heroically."

Ah, now indeed they were on the road to Paris!

In a flash of horror he saw it all. The bitter history of the war was reenacting itself, and the battle of the Marne was to be fought again.

The misery of the succeeding days would have been intolerable if there had been time to think of it. But day and night there was no respite for Troy's service; and being by this time a practiced hand he had to be continually on the road.

On the second day he received orders to evacuate wounded from an American base hospital near the Marne. It was actually the old battleground he was to traverse; only before he had traversed it in the wake of the German retreat, and now it was the Allied troops who, slowly, methodically, and selling every inch dear, were falling back across the sacred soil. Troy faced eastward with a heavy heart.

### IX

THE next morning at daylight they started for the Front.

Troy's breast swelled with the sense of the approach to something bigger than he had yet known. The air of Paris that day was heavy with doom. There was no mistaking its taste on the lips. It was the air of the Marne that he was breathing.

Here he was, once more involved in one of the great convulsions of Destiny, and still almost as helpless a spectator as when, four years before, he had strayed the burning desert of Paris and cried out in his boy's heart for a share in the drama. Almost as helpless, yes; in spite of his four more years, his grown-up responsibilities, and the blessed uniform, thanks to which he, even he, a poor little ambulance driver of nineteen, ranked as a soldier of the great untried Army of his country. It was something—it was a great deal—to be even the humblest part, the most infinitesimal cog in that mighty machinery of the future; but it was not enough at this turning point of history for one who had so lived it all in advance, who was so aware of it now that it had come, who had carried so long on his lips the taste of its scarcely breathable air.

As the ambulance left the gates of Paris and hurried eastward in the gray dawn this sense of going toward something new and overwhelming continued to grow in Troy. It was probably the greatest hour of the war that was about to strike—and he was still too young to give himself to the cause he had so long dreamed of serving.

From the moment they left the gates the road was encumbered with huge gray motor trucks, limousines, motorcycles, long trains of artillery, army kitchens, supply wagons—all the familiar elements of the procession he had so often watched unrolling itself endlessly east and west from the Atlantic to the Alps. Nothing new in the sight—but something new in the faces! A look of having got beyond the accident of living, and accepted what lay over the edge, in the dim land of the final. He had seen that look, too, in the days before the Marne.

Most of the faces on the way were French; as far as Epernay they met their compatriots only in isolated groups. But whenever one of the motor trucks lumbering by bore a big U. S. on its rear panel Troy pushed his light ambulance ahead and skimmed past, just for the joy of seeing the fresh young heads rising pyramidwise above the sides of the lorry, hearing the snatches of familiar songs—"Hail, hail, the gang's all here!" and "We won't come back till it's over over here!"—and shouting back in reply to a stentorian "Hi, kid, beat it!" "Bet your life I will, old man!"

Hubert Jacks, the young fellow who was with him, shouted back, too, as lustily; but between times he was more occupied with the details of their own particular job—to which he was newer than Troy—and seemed not to feel so intensely the weight of impending events.

(Continued on Page 85)

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(Continued from Page 82)

As they neared the Montmirail monument: "Ever been over this ground before?" Troy asked carelessly.

And Jacks answered: "N-no."

"Ah—I have. I was here just after the battle of the Marne, in September, 'fourteen."

"That so? You must have been quite a kid," said Jacks with indifference, filling his pipe.

"Well—not quite," Troy rejoined sulkily; and they said no more.

At Epernay they stopped for lunch, and found the place swarming with troops. Troy's soul was bursting within him; he wanted to talk and remember and compare. But his companion was unimaginative, and perhaps a little jealous of his greater experience.

"He doesn't want to show that he's new at the job," Troy decided.

They lunched together in a corner of the packed restaurant, and while they were taking coffee some French officers came up and chatted with Troy. To all of them he felt the desperate need of explaining that he was driving an ambulance only because he was still too young to be among the combatants.

"But I shan't be—soon!" he always added, in the tone of one who affirms. "It's merely a matter of a few weeks now."

"Oh, you all look like babies—but you all fight like devils," said a young French lieutenant seasoned by four years at the Front. And another officer added gravely: "Make haste to be old enough, *cher monsieur*. We need you all—every one of you."

"Oh, we're coming—we're all coming!" Troy cried.

That evening after a hard and harrowing day's work between *postes de secours* and a base hospital they found themselves in a darkened village, where, after a summary meal under flying shells, someone suggested ending up at the Y. M. C. A. hut.

The shelling had ceased, and there seemed nothing better to do than to wander down the dark street to the underground shelter packed with American soldiers. Troy was sleepy and tired, and would have preferred to crawl into his bed at the inn; he felt more keenly than ever the humiliation—the word was stupid, but he could find no other—of being among all these young men, only a year or two his seniors, and none, he was sure, more passionately eager than himself for the work that lay ahead, and yet so hopelessly divided from him by that stupid difference in age. But Hubert Jacks was seemingly unconscious of this, and only desirous of ending his night cheerfully. It would have looked unfriendly not to accompany him, so they pushed their way together through the cellar door surmounted by the sociable red triangle.

It was a big cellar, but brown uniforms and ruddy faces crowded it from wall to wall. In one corner the men were sitting on packing boxes at a long table made of boards laid across barrels, the smoky light of little oil lamps reddening their cheeks and deepening the furrows in their white foreheads as they labored over their correspondence. Others were playing checkers or looking at the illustrated papers, and everybody was smoking and talking—not in large groups, but quietly, by twos or threes. Young women in trig uniforms, with fresh innocent faces, moved among the barrels and boxes, distributing stamps or books, chatting with the soldiers, and being generally homelike and sisterly. The men gave them back glances as honest, and almost as innocent, and an air of simple daylight friendliness pervaded the Avernian cave.

It was the first time that Troy had ever seen a large group of his compatriots so close to the fighting Front and in an hour of ease, and he was struck by the gravity of the young faces and the low tones of their talk. Everything was in a minor key. No one was laughing or singing or larking; the note was that which might have prevailed in a club of quiet elderly men or in a drawing-room where the guests did not know each other well. Troy was all the more surprised because he remembered the jolly calls of the young soldiers in the motor trucks, and the songs and horseplay of the gangs of trench diggers and hut builders he had passed on the way. Was it that his compatriots did not know how to laugh when they were at leisure, or was it rather that in the intervals of work the awe of the unknown laid its hand on these untried hearts?

Troy and Jacks perched on a packing box and talked a little with their neighbors; but suddenly they were interrupted by the noise of a motor stopping outside. There was a stir at the mouth of the cavern and a girl said eagerly: "Here she comes!"

Instantly the cellar woke up. The soldiers' faces grew young again, they flattened themselves laughingly against the walls of the entrance, the door above was cautiously opened, and a girl in a long blue cloak appeared at the head of the stairs.

"Well, boys—you see I managed it!" she cried; and Troy instantly recognized the piercing accents and azure gaze of Miss Hinda Warlick.

"She managed it!" the whole cellar roared as one man, drowning her answer in a cheer; and "Of course I did!" she continued, laughing and nodding right and left as she made her triumphant way down the lane of khaki to what, at her appearance, had somehow instantly become the stage at the farther end of a packed theater. The elderly Y. M. C. A. official who accompanied her puffed out his chest like a general and blinked knowingly behind his gold eyeglasses.

Troy's first movement had been one of impatience. He hated all that Miss Warlick personified, and hated it most of all on this sacred soil and at this fateful moment, with the iron wings of doom clanging so close above their heads. But it would have been almost impossible to fight his way out through the crowd that had closed in behind her—and he stayed.

The cheering subsided, she gained her improvised platform—a door laid on some biscuit boxes—and the recitation began.

She gave them all sorts of things, ranging from grave to gay, and extracting from the sentimental numbers a peculiarly piercing effect that hurt Troy like the twinge of a dental instrument. And her audience loved it all indiscriminately and voraciously, with souls hungry for the home flavor and long nurtured on what Troy called "cereal fiction."

It might have been funny if it had not been so infinitely touching. They were all so young, so serious, so far from home and bound on a quest so glorious! And there overhead, just above them, brooded and clanged the black wings of their doom. Troy's mockery was softened to tenderness, and he felt, under the hard shell of his youthful omniscience, the stir of all the things to which the others were unconsciously responding.

"And now, by special request, Miss Warlick is going to say a few words," the elderly eyeglassed officer importantly announced.

Ah, what a pity! If only she had ended on that last jolly chorus, so full of artless laughter and tears! Troy remembered her dissertations on the steamer, and winced at a fresh display of such fatuity in such a scene.

She had let the cloak slip from her shoulders, and stepped to the edge of her unsteady stage. Her eyes burned large in a face grown suddenly grave. For a moment she reminded him again of Sophy Wicks. "Only a few words, really," she began apologetically; and the cellar started a cheer of protest:

"No—not that kind. Something different."

She paused long enough to let the silence prepare them—sharp little artist that she was! Then she leaned forward.

"This is what I want to say. I've come from the French Front—pretty near the edge. They're dying there, boys—dying by thousands, now this minute. But that's not it. I know—you want me to cut it out, and I'm going to. But this is why I began that way—because it was my first sight of—things of that sort. And I had to tell you ——"

She stopped, pale, her pretty mouth twitching.

"What I really wanted to say is this: Since I came to Europe, nearly a year ago, I've got to know the country they're dying for—and I understand why they mean to go on and on dying—if they have to—till there isn't one of them left. Boys—I know France now—and she's worth it! Don't you make any mistake! I have to laugh now when I remember what I thought of France when I landed. My! How d'you suppose she'd got on so long without us? Done a few things too—poor little toddler! Well, it was time we took her by the hand, and showed her how to behave. And I wasn't the only one, either. I guess most of us thought we'd have to teach her her letters. Maybe some of you boys right here felt that way too?"




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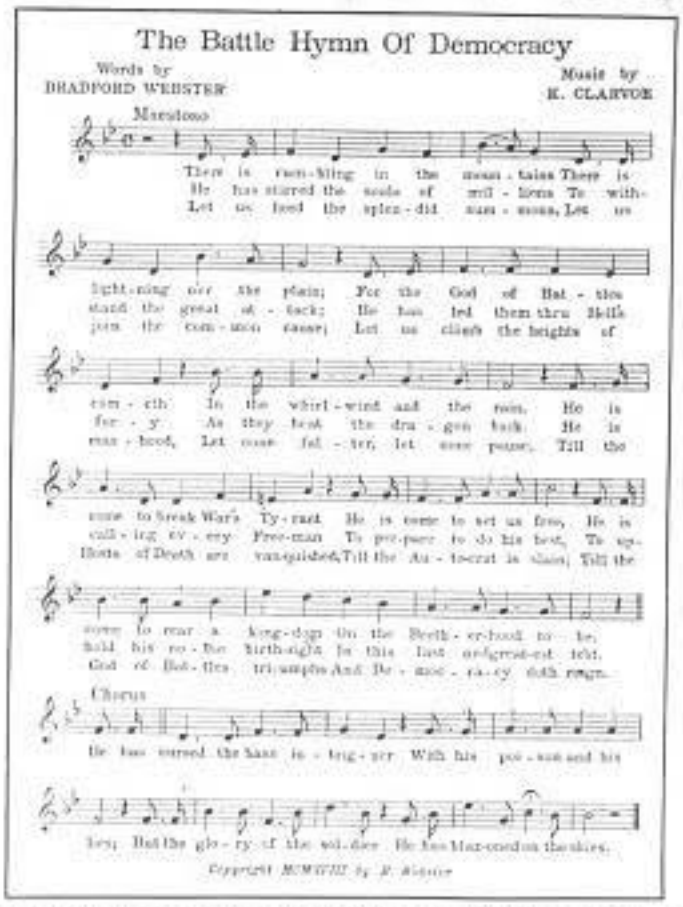
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Music by K. CLARVOE

Maestoso

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He has stirred the souls of mil - lions To with-
Let us heed the spir - it stan - mons, Let us

light-ning o'er the plain; For the God of Bat - tles
stand the great at - tack; He has led them thru Hells
join the com - mon cause; Let us climb the heights of

rum - ble In the whirl - wind and the rain. He is
for - ty As they hear the dra - gon hark. He is
ran - hood, Let none fal - ter, let none pause, Till the

come to break War's Ty - rant He is come to set us free, He is
call - ing ev - ery Free-man To pre-pare to do his best, To up-
Hosts of Death are van-quished,Till the Au - tocrat is slain, Till the

come to rear a king-dom On the Broth - er-hood to be,
hold his no - ble birth-right In this last ondgreat-est fight,
God of Bat - tles triumphs And De - moc - ra - cy doth reign.

Chorus

He has sowed the hast - ning sor - row With his ter - rors and his

fears; But the glo - ry of the sol-diers He has blaz-oned on the skies.

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A guilty laugh, and loud applause.

"Thought so," said Miss Warlick, smiling.

"Well," she continued, "there wasn't hardly anything I wasn't ready to teach them. On the steamer coming out with us there was a lot of those Amb'lance boys. My! How I gassed to them. I said the French had got to be taught how to love their mothers—I said they hadn't any home feeling—and didn't love children the way we do. I've been round among them some since then, in the hospitals, and I've seen fellows lying there shot 'most to death, and their little old mothers in white caps arriving from way off at the other end of France. Well, those fellows know how to see their mothers coming even if they're blind, and how to hug 'em even if their arms are off! And the children—the way they go on about the children! Ever seen a French soldier yet that didn't have a photograph of a baby stowed away somewhere in his dirty uniform? I never have. I tell you, they're white! And they're fighting as only people can who feel that way about mothers and babies. The way we're going to fight; and maybe we'll prove it to 'em sooner than any of us think.

"Anyhow, I wanted to get this off my chest to-night; not for you, only for myself. I didn't want to have a shell get me before I'd said 'Veever la France!' before all of you.

"See here, boys—the Marsellaze!"

She snatched a flag from the wall, drawing herself up to heroic height; and the whole cellar joined her in a roar.

x

THE next morning Jacks dragged Troy out of bed by the feet. The room was still dark, and through the square of the low window glittered a bunch of stars.

"Hurry call to Montmirail—step lively!" Jacks ordered, his voice thick with sleep.

All the old names; with every turn of the wheel they seemed to be drawing nearer and nearer to the ravaged spot of earth where Paul Gantier slept his faithful sleep. Strange if to-day, of all days, Troy should again stand by his friend's grave!

They pushed along eastward under the last stars, the roll of the cannon crashing through the quiet dawn. The birds flew up with frightened cries from the trees along the roadside; rooks cawed their warning from clump to clump and gathered in the sky in dark triangles flying before the danger.

The east began to redden through the dust haze of the cloudless air. As they advanced the road became more and more crowded, and the ambulance was caught in the usual dense traffic of the Front—artillery, field kitchens, motor trucks, horse wagons, haycarts packed with refugees, and popping motorcycles zigzagging through the tangle of vehicles. The movement seemed more feverish and uncertain than usual, and now and then the road was jammed, and curses, shouts and the crack of heavy whips sounded against the incessant cannonade that hung its iron curtain above the hills to the northeast. The faces of soldiers and officers were unshaved, sallow, drawn with fatigue and anxiety. Women sat sobbing on their piled-up baggage, and here and there by the roadside a little country cart had broken down and the occupants sat on the bank watching the confusion like impassive lookers-on.

Suddenly in the thickest of the struggle a heavy lorry smashed into Troy's ambulance, and he felt the unmistakable wrench of the steering gear. The car shook like a careening boat, and then righted herself and stopped.

"Oh, hell!" shouted Jacks in a fury.

The two lads jumped down, and in a few minutes they saw that they were stranded beyond remedy. Tears of anger rushed into Troy's eyes. On this day of days he was not even to accomplish his own humble job!

Another ambulance of their own formation overtook them, and it was agreed that Jacks, who was the sharper of the two, was to get a lift to the nearest town and try to bring back a spare part or, failing that, pick up some sort of car in which they could continue their work.

Troy was left by the roadside. Hour after hour he sat there waiting and cursing his fate. When would Jacks be back again? Not at all, most likely; it was ten to one he would be caught on the way and turned into some pressing job. He knew, and Troy knew, that their ambulance was for the time being a hopeless wreck, and would probably have to stick ignominiously in its ditch till someone could go and fetch a new axle from Paris. And meanwhile, what might not be happening nearer by?

The rumble and thump of the cannonade grew more intense; a violent engagement was evidently going on not far off. Troy pulled out his map and tried to calculate how far he was from the Front; but the Front at that point was a wavering and incalculable line. He had an idea that the fighting was much nearer than he or Jacks had imagined. The place at which they had broken down must be about fifteen miles from the Marne. But could it be possible that the Germans had crossed the Marne?

Troy grew hungry, and thrust his hand in his pocket to pull out a sandwich. With it came a letter of his mother's, carried off in haste when he left Paris the previous morning. He re-read it with a mournful smile. "Of course, we all know the Allies must win; but the preparations here seem so slow and blundering; and the Germans are still so strong." Thump, thump, the artillery echoed: "Strong!" And just at the end of the letter, again: "I do wonder if you'll run across Sophy."

He lit a cigarette and shut his eyes and thought. The sight of Miss Warlick had made Sophy Wicks' presence singularly vivid to him; he had fallen asleep thinking of her the night before. How like her to have taken a course at the Presbyterian Hospital without letting anyone know! He wondered that he had not suspected, under her mocking indifference, an ardor as deep as his own, and he was ashamed of having judged her as others had, when for so long the thought of her had been his torment and his joy. Where was she now? he wondered. Probably in some hospital in the south or the center; the authorities did not let beginners get near the Front, though of course it was what all the girls were mad for. Well, Sophy would do her work wherever it was assigned to her; he did not see her intriguing for a showy post.

Troy began to marvel again at the spell of France—his France! Here was a girl who had certainly not come in quest of vulgar excitement as so many did. Sophy had always kept herself scornfully aloof from the pretty ghouls who danced and picnicked on the ruins of the world. He knew that her motives, so jealously concealed, must have been as pure and urgent as his own. France, which she hardly knew, had merely guessed at through the golden blur of a six weeks' midsummer trip. France had drawn her with an irresistible pressure; and the moment she had felt herself free she had come. "Whither thou goest, I will go; . . . thy people shall be my people." Yes, France was the Naomi country that had but to beckon, and her children rose and came.

Troy was exceedingly tired; he stretched himself on the dusty bank, and the noise of the road traffic began to blend with the cannonade in his whirling brain. Suddenly he fancied the Germans were upon him. He thought he heard the peppering volley of machine guns, shouts, screams, rifle shots close at hand.

He sat up and rubbed his eyes.

What he had heard was the cracking of whips and the shouting of carters urging tired farm horses along. Down a by-road at his left a stream of haggard country people were pouring from the direction of the Marne. This time only a few were in carts; the greater number were flying on their feet, the women carrying their babies, the old people bent under preposterous bundles, blankets, garden utensils, cages with rabbits, an agricultural prize framed and glazed, a wax wedding wreath under a broken globe. Sick and infirm people were dragged and shoved along by the older children; a goitered idiot sat in a wheelbarrow pushed by a girl, and laughed and pulled its tongue.

In among the throng Troy began to see the torn blue uniform of wounded soldiers limping on bandaged legs. Others, too, not wounded, elderly haggard territorials, with powder-black faces, bristling beards, and the horror of the shell roar in their eyes. One of them stopped near Troy, and in a thick voice begged for a drink—just a drop of anything, for God's sake. Others followed, pleading for food and drink. "Gas, gas!" a young artilleryman gasped at him through distorted lips. The Germans were over the Marne, they told him; the Germans were coming. It was hell back there; no one could stand it.

Troy ransacked the ambulance, found water, brandy, biscuits, condensed milk.

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(Continued from Page 86)

and set up an impromptu canteen. But the people who had clustered about him were pushed forward by others, crying: "Are you mad to stay here? The Germans are coming!" And in a feeble panic they pressed on.

One old man, trembling with fatigue, and dragging a shaking little old woman, had spied the stretcher beds inside the ambulance, and without asking leave scrambled in and pulled his wife after him. They fell like logs onto the gray blankets, and a livid territorial with a bandaged arm drenched in blood crawled in after them and sank on the floor. The rest of the crowd had surged by.

As he was helping the wounded soldier to settle himself in the ambulance Troy heard a new sound down the road. It was a deep, continuous rumble, the rhythmic growl of a long train of army trucks. The way must have been cleared to let them by, for there was no break or faltering in the ever-deepening roar of their approach.

A cloud of dust rolled ahead, growing in volume with the growing noise; now the first trucks were in sight, huge, square, olive-brown motor trucks stacked high with scores and scores of bronzed soldiers. Troy jumped to his feet with a shout. It was an American regiment being rushed to the Front!

The refugees and the worn-out blue soldiers fell back before the triumphant advance, and a weak shout went up. The bronzed soldiers shouted back, but their faces were grave and set. It was clear that they knew where they were going, and to what work they had been so hurriedly summoned.

"It's hell back there!" a wounded territorial called out, pointing backward over his bandaged shoulder, and another cried: "*Vive l'Amérique!*"

"*Vive la France!*" shouted the truckful abreast of Troy, and the same cry burst from his own lungs. A few miles off the battle of the Marne was being fought again; and here were his own brothers rushing forward to help! He felt that his greatest hour had struck.

One of the trucks had halted for a minute just in front of him, marking time, and the lads leaning over its side had seen him and were calling out friendly college yells.

"Come along and help!" cried one as the truck got under way again.

Troy glanced at his broken-down motor; then his eye lit on a rifle lying close by in the dust of the roadside. He supposed it belonged to the wounded territorial who had crawled into the ambulance.

He caught up the rifle, scrambled up over the side with the soldier's help, and was engulfed among his brothers. Furtively he had pulled the ambulance badge from his collar—but a moment later he realized the uselessness of the precaution. All that mattered to anyone just then was that he was one more rifle for the Front.

### XI

ON THE way he tried to call up half-remembered snatches of military lore. If only he did not disgrace them by a blunder!

He had talked enough to soldiers, French and American, in the last year. He recalled odd bits of professional wisdom, but he was too excited to piece them together. He was not in the least afraid of being afraid, but his heart sank at the dread of doing something stupid, inopportune, idiotic. His envy of the youths beside him turned to veneration. They had all been in the front line and knew its vocabulary, its dangers and its dodges. All he could do was to watch and imitate.

Presently they were all tumbled out of the motors and drawn up by the roadside. An officer bawled unintelligible orders, and the men executed mysterious movements in obedience.

Troy crept close to the nearest soldier and copied his gestures awkwardly—but no one noticed. Night had fallen, and he was thankful for the darkness. Perhaps by to-morrow morning he would have picked up a few of their tricks. Meanwhile, apparently all he had to do was to march, march, march, at a sort of breakneck trot that the others took as lightly as one skims the earth in a dream. If it had not been for his pumping heart and his aching, bursting feet Troy at moments would have thought it was a dream.

Rank by rank they pressed forward in the night toward a skyline torn with intermittent flame.

"We're going toward a battle," Troy sang to himself, "toward a battle, toward a battle!" But the words meant no more to him than the doggerel the soldier was chanting at his elbow.

They were in a wood, slipping forward cautiously, beating their way through the undergrowth. The night had grown cloudy, but now and then the clouds broke and a knot of stars clung to a branch like swarming bees.

At length a halt was called in a clearing, and then the group to which Troy had attached himself was ordered forward. He did not understand the order, but seeing the men moving he followed, like a mascot dog trotting after its company; and they began to beat their way onward, still more cautiously, in little crawling lines of three or four. It reminded Troy of playing Indian in his childhood.

"Careful! Watch out for 'em!" the soldier next to him whispered, clutching his arm at a noise in the underbrush; and Troy's heart jerked back violently, though his legs were still pressing forward.

They were here, then; they might be close by in the blackness, behind the next tree bole, in the next clump of bushes—the destroyers of France, old M. Gantier's murderers, the enemy to whom Paul Gantier had given his life! These thoughts slipped confusedly through Troy's mind, scarcely brushing it with a chill wing. His main feeling was one of a base physical fear, and of a newly awakened moral energy which had the fear by the throat and held it down with shaking hands. Which of the two would conquer, how many yards farther would the resolute Troy drag on the limp coward through this murderous wood? That was the one thing that mattered.

At length they dropped down into a kind of rocky hollow, overhung with bushes, and lay there, finger on trigger, hardly breathing. "Sleep a bit if you can—you look beat," whispered the friendly soldier.

Sleep!

Troy's mind was whirling like a machine in a factory blazing with lights. His thoughts rushed back over the miles he had traveled since he had caught up the rifle by the roadside.

"My God!" he suddenly thought. "What am I doing here, anyhow? I'm a deserter."

Yes; that was the name he would go by if ever his story became known. And how should it not become known? He had deserted—deserted not only his job and his ambulance and Jacks, who might come back at any moment—it was a dead certainty to him now that Jacks would come back—but, also, incredible perfidy, the poor worn-out old couple and the wounded territorial who had crawled into the ambulance. He, Troy Belknap, United States Army ambulance driver, and sworn servant of France, had deserted three sick and helpless people who, if things continued to go badly, would almost certainly fall into the hands of the Germans. It was too horrible to think of; and so after a minute or two he ceased to think of it—at least with the surface of his mind.

"If it's a court-martial, it's a court-martial," he reflected and began to stretch his ears again for the sound of men slipping up in the darkness through the bushes.

But he was really horribly tired, and in the midst of the tension the blaze of lights in his head went out, and he fell into a half-conscious doze. When he started into full consciousness again the men were stirring, and he became aware that the sergeant was calling for volunteers.

Volunteers for what? He didn't know and was afraid to ask. But it became clear to him that the one chance to wash his guilt away—was that funny, old-fashioned phrase a quotation, and where did it come from?—was to offer himself for the job, whatever it might be.

The decision once taken he became instantly calm, happy and alert. He observed the gesture made by the other volunteers and imitated it. It was too dark for the sergeant to distinguish one man from another, and without comment he let Troy fall into the line of men who were creeping up out of the hollow. He understood now that they were being sent out on a scouting expedition.

The awful cannonade had ceased, and as they crawled along single file between the trees the before-dawn twitter of birds rained down on them like dew, and the woods smelled like the woods at home.

They came to the end of the trees, and guessed that the dark wavering wall ahead





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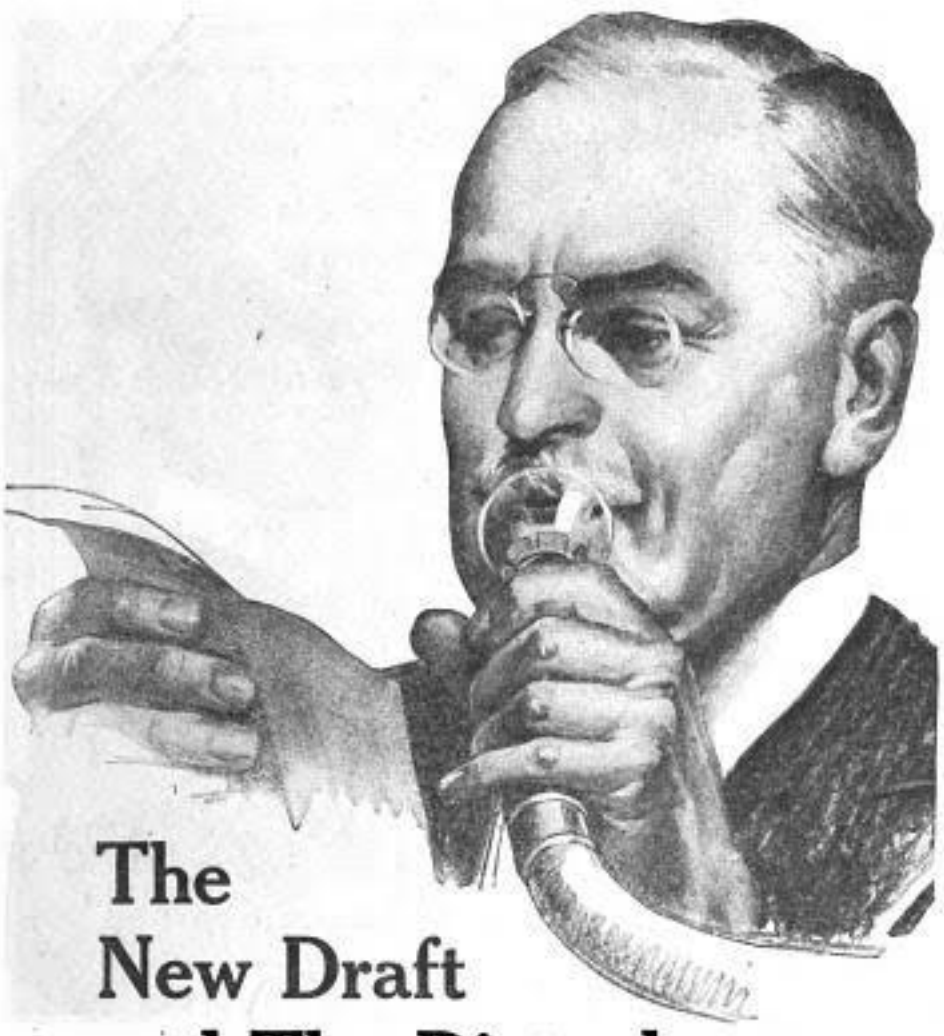
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was the edge of a wheat field. Someone whispered that the Marne was just beyond the wheat field, and that the red flares they saw must be over Château-Thierry.

The momentary stillness laid a reassuring touch on Troy's nerves, and he slipped along adroitly at the tail of the line, alert but cool. Far off the red flares still flecked the darkness, but they did not frighten him. He said to himself: "People are always afraid in their first battle. I'm not the least afraid, so I suppose this is not a battle." And at the same moment there was a small, shrieking explosion, followed by a horrible rattle of projectiles that seemed to spring up out of the wheat at their feet.

The men dropped on their bellies and crawled away from it, and Troy crawled after, sweating with fear. He had not looked back, but he knew that some of the men must be lying where they had dropped; and suddenly it occurred to him that it was his business to go back and see.

Was it, though? Or would that be disobeying orders again?

He did not stop to consider. The ambulance driver's instinct was uppermost, and he turned and crawled back, straight back to the place that the horrible explosion had come from. The firing had stopped, but in the thin darkness he saw a body lying in front of him in the flattened wheat. He looked back and saw that the sergeant and the rest of the men were disappearing at the right; then he ramped forward again, forward, till he touched the arm of the motionless man and whispered: "Hi, kid, it's me."

He tried to rouse the wounded man, to pull him forward, to tow him like a barge along the beaten path in the wheat. But the man groaned and resisted. He was evidently in great pain, and Troy, whom a year's experience in ambulance work had enlightened, understood that he must be either carried away or left where he was.

Troy raised his head an inch or two and looked about him. In the east, beyond the wheat, a pallor was creeping upward, drowning the last stars. Anyone standing up would be distinctly visible against that pallor. With a sense of horror and reluctance and dismay he lifted the wounded man and stood up. As he did so he felt a small tap on his back, between the shoulders, as if someone had touched him from behind. He half turned to see who it was, and doubled up, slipping down with the wounded soldier in his arms.

### XII

TROY, burning with fever, lay on a hospital bed.

He was not very clear where the hospital was or how he had got there, and he did not greatly care. All that was left of clearness in his brain was filled with the bitter sense of his failure. He had abandoned his job to plunge into battle, and before he had seen a German or fired a shot he found himself ignominiously laid by the heels in a strange place full of benevolent-looking hypocrites whose least touch hurt him a million times more than the German bullet.

It was all a stupid, agitating muddle, in the midst of which he tried in vain to discover what had become of Jacks, what had happened to the ambulance, and whether the old people and the wounded territorial had been heard of. He insisted particularly on the latter point to the cruel, shaved faces that were always stooping over him, but they seemed unable to give him a clear answer—or else their cruelty prompted them to withhold what they knew. He groaned and tossed and got no comfort, till suddenly, opening his eyes, he found Jacks sitting by his bed.

He poured out his story to Jacks in floods and torrents; there was no time to listen to what his friend had to say. He went in and out of the whole business with him, explaining, arguing and answering his own arguments. Jacks, passive and bewildered, sat by the bed and murmured "All right—all right" at intervals. Then he too disappeared, giving way to other unknown faces.

The third night—someone said it was the third night—the fever dropped a little. Troy felt more quiet, and Jacks, who had turned up again, sat beside him and told him all the things he had not been able to listen to the first day—all the great things in which he had played an unconscious part.

"Battle of the Marne? Sure you were in it! In it up to the hilt, you lucky kid!"

And what a battle it had been! The Americans had taken Vaux and driven the Germans back across the bridge at Château-Thierry; the French were pressing hard on their left flank, the advance on Paris had been checked—and the poor old couple and the territorial in the ambulance had not fallen into enemy hands.

As Troy lay and listened, tears of weakness and joy ran down his face. The Germans were back across the Marne, and he had really been in the action that had sent them there! The road to Paris was barred.

There was just one thing he had not told Jacks—a little thing that Jacks would not have understood. Out in the wheat, when he had felt that tap on the shoulder, he had turned round quickly, thinking a friend had touched him. At the same instant he had stumbled and fallen, and his eyes had grown dark; but through the darkness he still felt confusedly that a friend was near, if only he could lift his lids and look.

He did lift them at last; and there in the dawn he saw a French soldier, haggard and battle worn, looking down at him. The soldier wore the uniform of the *chasseurs à pied*, and his face was the face of Paul Gantier, bending low and whispering: "*Mon petit—mon pauvre petit gars.*" Troy heard the words distinctly; he knew the voice as well as he knew his mother's. His eyes shut again, but he felt Gantier's arms under his body, felt himself lifted, lifted, till he seemed to float in the arms of his friend.

He said nothing of that to Jacks or anyone, and now that the fever had dropped he was glad he had held his tongue. Someone told him that a sergeant of the *chasseurs à pied* had found him and brought him in to the nearest *poste de secours*, where Jacks providentially had run across him and carried him back to the base. They told him that his rescue had been wonderful but that nobody knew what the sergeant's name was or where he had gone to.

"If ever a man ought to have had the Croix de Guerre ——!" one of the nurses interjected emotionally.

Troy listened and shut his lips. It was really none of his business to tell these people where the sergeant had gone to; but he smiled a little when the doctor said: "Chances are a man like that hasn't got much use for decorations."

And then the emotional nurse added: "Well, you must just devote the rest of your life to trying to find him."

Ah, yes, he would do that, Troy swore—he would do it on the battlefields of France.

## THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

(Continued from Page 14)

her voice added, for it was full of rich sympathetic notes, and could upon occasion take a plaintive tone that made one's heart-strings vibrate tenderly.

"You spoke of love at first sight. When I first met her I thought I had encountered it, though I cannot now believe that the emotion was truly love."

"Still," put in the captain, "you were certain at the time that you loved her?"

"It seemed so—yes."

"Then what else could it have been?"

"In retrospect," said the major, "I believe it to have been a tremendous physical attraction."

The captain was evidently thinking more of his own case than the major's. "It was not so with me," he said. "Beautiful as she was, the first attraction was not physical but spiritual."

"But," returned the major, "when one loves can one divorce physical from spiritual attraction?

"It seems to me that great love is a blending of many adductive forces—a cable, one might say, the various strands of which cannot be segregated."

"Sometimes," the captain replied, "that may be true. I think, however, that the finest attraction may be purely spiritual. In the case of which I have told you it was the wonderful nature of the woman that I sensed so strongly; sensitiveness, responsiveness, gayety, tenderness, sweetness—qualities of which, I contend, her physical embodiment was merely an expression. And that, I judge, is where our creeds differ. You, as I understand it, disassociate beauty of person from beauty of character."

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(Continued from Page 90)

"I think," said the major, "that they may or may not accompany each other, but that neither is necessary to the other. Where there is supreme physical beauty all else may exist in the eye of the beholder. You understand, of course," he added courteously, "that I am now generalizing from my own experience, without reference to yours?"

"Quite so."

"This lady," the major continued, "unlike the lady of whom you have told us, was endowed with the strongest purely physical attraction I have ever met with. Nine out of ten men felt it the moment they laid eyes on her, and very often proceeded immediately to make fools of themselves.

"Physical attraction is a curious force. It is one of the greatest assets a human being can have. The man or woman possessing it is at an enormous advantage. But there is some sort of prudery about us which tends to make us look at it askance or wish to deny the existence of it, as though it were something to be ashamed of. Both men and women—I am speaking of Anglo-Saxons—like to dwell upon the spiritual in their affairs of the heart, and minimize the physical. From my point of view such a course prevents the proper comprehension of fundamental truths.

"The adoration of men was the food on which this woman lived; yet she never seemed to raise a hand to get it. She didn't have to. It came flooding to her as naturally as water runs downhill. Seeing that she made no apparent effort to attract men many persons came to believe that she was indifferent to men, or, if not that, that she was at most friendly and impersonal with them.

"Such an air of friendly impersonality may be very tantalizing to a man. It makes a woman seem mysterious and desirable, and stimulates man—who, with a kind of queer perversity, always desires the chaste, remote and unattainable—to try to gain for himself a place in her thoughts. Men were always trying to impress themselves upon this woman, with the general result that the more they tried to do so the more captivated they themselves became. Constantly there arrived new recruits, to fall violently in love with her. Then in almost every case would come a crisis, in which the man, being refused—but in a sentimental, tender way, calculated to keep him hoping, aspiring and attending—would charge her with having trifled with him. But her technic was such that she was always in position to reply that she had thought of him merely as one with whom she had a rare and beautiful friendship, that she had done nothing to encourage hopes beyond such a friendship, and that in view of these circumstances he was treating her unjustly. She would look at him with eyes surprised and grieved—perhaps even through tears if the case proved difficult to handle; whereupon he would become contrite, self-reproachful, apologetic, and, often enough, more in love with her than ever.

"This indirect allurement is the most dangerous kind of allurement; it is insidious like a contagious disease the presence of which one does not suspect until one is down with it. Yet a woman who has such power will use it as deliberately, as calculatingly as a cowboy uses a lasso.

"What with her various allurements and blandishments, her various gifts and tricks, she was able to keep many men enthralled at once, causing each to suppose either that he was rising to the position of prime favorite or else that he had already attained such a position and was linked to her by a very special bond of sympathetic understanding. And to do her justice I must admit that she was capable of giving men a kind of comprehending companionship which made her very fascinating.

"She had what would have been for the average woman a very comfortable income, but so long as she had cash for current needs it did not trouble her to owe money—unless those to whom she owed it became pressing in their demands. Then she would turn her thrilling, pathetic, tear-filled eyes upon some poor, susceptible, tender-hearted devil of a banker or broker, and put a quaver in her voice, and tell how she had been imposed upon by someone, and how cruel the world was to her, and how she didn't know what she was going to do; and he would palpitate and say 'Poor, brave little woman!' and would make a fictitious investment for her, and give her the proceeds; whereupon she would proceed as though her finances were in sound condition, spending money with insane extravagance until she was again in a hole, when the entire farce would be repeated, either with the same man or with a new one.

"As for the old conventional fiction that the woman who takes money from a man is thereby compromised, she knew the tender-hearted, sentimental male too well to take any stock in that. Everyone who knows anything of the world knows that a man will often be more generous with a distressed angel, the hem of whose garment he touches with the utmost reverence, than with a mistress. Few men are so hard as to have lost the taste for being chivalrous upon occasion, and no man lives who does not like to think of himself as presenting a picture of chivalry in the eyes of a beautiful woman—eyes which can look first helpless and appealing, then thankful and admiring; which can say more effectively than words could say it: 'You wonderful man, you! There was no one else to whom I could have brought my poor little troubles—no one else who would have understood or from whom I could have accepted help.'

"You may be sure there was no mention of dressmakers' bills in the stories she told men to account for her dilemmas. No, indeed! The stories made her noble and pathetic; or an innocent creature persecuted for her beauty. I know of at least one instance—and I have no doubt there were others—in which, when she was being harried for several thousand dollars she owed for clothes, she obtained a considerable loan from an admirer by leading him to suppose that she had guilelessly accepted the financial aid pressed upon her by another man, whom she had supposed to be merely a disinterested and generous friend, but who was now taking advantage of her obligation to him by annoying her with unwelcome attentions. Her story was that she wished to repay this amatory brute and dismiss him from her life.

"Do not imagine that these convenient fictions of hers appeared to her as cold falsehoods. Upon the contrary, she had a strong dramatic sense and had told the stories so often that she herself believed them, and saw herself as a figure pathetic, picturesque, persecuted and always noble. She was like a child lost in the rôle of Cinderella, sorry for herself to the point of tears.

"And so, you see, a hungry and theatrical egotism, very beautifully concealed, was her dominating characteristic. It accounted for everything she did—especially for what she did with men and money. To feed her egotism she must have plenty of both. She was the high priestess of Self; her own beauty was her religion; men were her congregation; money the incense to be burned. Nor do I believe that the men who most devoutly worshiped her ever attained an adoration for her quite so exalted as her own self-adoration.

"Yet she was clever enough to conceal this religion of hers from all save a very few persons. This she did by affecting extraordinary genuineness and modesty. Indeed one might say that her special pose was freedom from pose."

"But," put in the captain, "do you mind my asking how you were able to see through her if she had the faculty for so universally deceiving men?"

"But I was not able to!" protested the major. "God forbid that I should claim powers of divination in these matters! Upon the contrary, I fancy I was for a considerable time more deceived than any of the others. I kept coming back for more. And in the end I think she made a greater fool of me."

"She threw you over?"

"No," returned the major with a sardonic smile; "she married me. Then I began to find out these things I have been telling you. It is through matrimony that most men find out. Until a man is married to a woman he knows practically nothing of her."

"I can't agree with you," exclaimed the captain. "You imply that all husbands understand their wives. Don't some of the most ghastly misunderstandings that occur in life arise between husband and wife? And on the other hand, what human relationship can be more beautiful, more subtle than a perfect understanding between lovers? Take my own case: Do you suppose her husband has ever comprehended her as I do? No! Not a thousandth part so well! The proof is that she repeated, as we parted in New York, the



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thing she used to say—that no one had ever understood her as I did."

"Oh," said the major gently, "I'm not saying there can't be exceptional cases. You yourself say that your case was exceptional. Let me remind you again that I am only generalizing from my own experience—which, I hardly need point out, was altogether unlike yours.

"Put yourself in my place. Suppose you had married the lady of your heart. Then suppose you had begun to discover that everything you had believed to be pure gold, from her spirit to her hair, was, so to speak, touched up."

"Even her hair?" cried the captain.

"Even her hair," the other replied. "And that symbolizes precisely the thing of which I spoke a moment ago, to which you took exception—that is, the sort of thing we learn only through marriage. It is not until after marriage that they let down their hair, or their character, before us. It is not until then that we discover their facial or spiritual cosmetics. The fact that a woman's hair is naturally light brown, instead of gold, is not perhaps important, but it is something of a shock to learn that she blondines her soul.

"I used to compare certain tones in her voice to plaintive notes of a cello. But do you suppose a virtuoso, when he acquires a new cello, knows everything there is to know about it—every little trick it can develop—every tone of which it is capable? No. He does not know that cello until he has possessed it for a time. Then he learns its individual tricks. He may discover that certain tones are not so fine as he at first supposed. Well, even that I discovered! My cello squeaked. The plaintive notes, heard too regularly, became a whine.

"And then the little tricks, tricks, tricks! Imagine one's feelings on discovering that one gesture after another was altogether artificial. Imagine the dawning realization that little mannerisms and allurements which you had regarded as natural expressions of a sentiment for you—for you personally—were neither genuine nor exclusive, but had been employed and continued to be employed upon a succession of other men."

"But I don't quite see yet," said the captain, "precisely how you discovered all these things."

"I have purposely avoided being too specific," replied the major, "but I will give you an example: Not long after we were married my wife announced to me that she had invited a bride and groom to dinner. The latter, she told me, was an old friend; the bride she had not met.

"Very well; they arrived at our house. The bride, a silly little thing, had evidently heard from her husband enough to make her jealous of my wife. From the first she took a 'You-can't-get-him-away-from-me-now' tone which, though it was in bad taste, I did not think much of until, later in the evening, when she had perhaps drunk a sip too much champagne for her foolish little head, she blurted out a remark—half jesting, half spiteful—which contained enough chronology to reveal to me not merely that my wife had been engaged to her husband but that her engagement to this man had actually overlapped, by a considerable period, her engagement to me."

"No!" exclaimed the captain.

"Yes, indeed. And more than that, I have since learned of her engagement, at the same time, to a third man."

"It's incredible!" ejaculated the captain. "I can't imagine such a woman."

"In order to gather something of what I went through," said the major, "just suppose, for the sake of argument, that you had married the lady of whom you have told us, and that the subsequent revelations had been as I have described. Suppose she proved herself a vain, self-seeking man hunter. And suppose she kept on being one as though marriage should make no difference. Suppose your house was forever full of moonstruck males who could scarcely conceal their hatred of you—hatred based on a belief, inculcated by her, that they 'understood' her, and that you, coarse-grained creature that you were, did not. And then, at last, suppose, what practically amounted to an admission from her, that she married you for money. Suppose yourself her husband, envied by the men she had jilted, yet yourself envying them."

"But I can't imagine such a thing—not about her!"

"Of course not," said the major. Then after a pause, during which he seemed to be in deep thought, he said: "Our two stories open an interesting field for speculation. The question is: Which of us is better off? Is it better to have loved and lost, or to have loved, possessed and sustained disillusionment?"

The captain pondered.

"That's hard to say, isn't it?" he answered presently.

"Yes. You see if I hadn't married her I should have gone on dreaming of her as an angel among women. I should have had an ideal, but not the truth. As it is, I have the truth, but no ideal. Which is better for a man, I wonder?"

"For myself," said the captain slowly, "I should not wish to live if I were to find out that she was not the woman I know her to be. I'd rather be deluded always than to face so hideous a truth—if that were the truth. Without my belief in her there'd be nothing left. Absolutely nothing."

Hearing a step on the gravel walk behind him he turned his head. A nurse was coming toward us.

"She's coming for me," he said, speaking quickly. "I've been thinking—they couldn't look alike—those two women. Not really. Alike perhaps in coloring—in purely superficial things. But not in expression—not in what makes a face. I want you both to see her picture."

He drew from his breast pocket a small leather case, snapped it open and handed it to me. It was indeed the presentment of surpassing womanly loveliness; the features classically perfect, the expression tender, spiritual, sweet.

With a remark intended to convey something of my admiration I passed the picture to the major. The captain, I observed, watched him narrowly as he inspected it.

"It is truly an exquisite face," he said as he passed it back.

"But the resemblance?" the other demanded in an eager voice.

"As you surmised," returned the major, "it is of the slightest. This is much the finer face."

As the captain returned the case to his pocket his nurse came up.

"I've come to take you in," she said, seizing hold of the handle at the back of the chair. "It's time your dressing was changed."

There was a contented, almost relieved expression on his face as she turned his chair and began to wheel it toward the doorway.

"They couldn't look alike, those two," he said, glancing triumphantly over his shoulder. "You see, after all, you can't get away from physiognomy." Then with a wave of the hand he bade us good day.

"I'm sorry I couldn't contribute something more adequate to this afternoon's symposium," I said to the major after a time, as our nurses came together down the walk.

"You'd better not be," he returned with his peculiar ironical smile. "Stop in my room as you go by—will you? The first room to the left of the entrance."

The pretty blond nurse wheeled him ahead. Mine followed. We entered his room behind him.

"Please give me my portfolio," he said to his nurse.

She laid it on the bed beside his chair. With his uninjured hand he fumbled momentarily among the papers, then drew from an envelope a photograph, which he passed to me.

It was an exact duplicate of the one in the captain's little leather case.

"My goodness!" cried the pretty blond nurse, looking over my shoulder at the picture. "Will wonders never cease! Here's my major, just like all the rest of 'em, showing off a girl's photograph! And just when I've been boasting this very afternoon that he was the one man in the whole place that wasn't given to that kind of thing!"

"But you're quite right," he said to her with his characteristic smile. "I don't make a practice of it. This happens to be a particular case. This gentleman knows a good deal about her."

His nurse leaned over, the better to inspect the picture.

"She's mighty good-looking," she declared. "And such pretty hair too!" As she spoke she raised her hand and tucked in a hairpin. Then she asked: "Who is she, anyhow?"

The major shot a sidelong glance at me as he replied.

"My wife," he said.

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# BEDFORD LOSES HIS BUSINESS LEG

(Continued from Page 10)

Already their commercial business would be seriously injured by the loss of the production of Factories A and B. Surely no further sacrifice could be expected.

The train pulled out with Marshall Bedford still trying to register sleep. As the train stretched across the Jersey meadows he pulled the blanket up over his ears to shut out the sharp clickety-click of the car wheels which could be heard through the ventilators above his head. The wheels and the rails seemed to have something to ask him. With monotonous rhythm they clicked:

"Factory A and Factory B—what's the matter with Factory C? Factory A and Factory B—what's the matter with Factory C?"

At Trenton, unable to shake the monotonously insistent question, Bedford sat up in his berth and turned on the light by his head. He would read. Opening the front cover of a magazine which he took from his bag, he was confronted by one of his own advertisements, a full-page ad of the new officers' boot. He sighed as he looked at it. There would be no more of that last to sell. And wouldn't the dealers be sore! Continuing to leaf through the magazine he found a promising story.

But as he read, the story was accompanied by that diabolical rhythm from the wheels: "Factory A and Factory B—what's the matter with Factory C?"

At Baltimore the next morning Bedford almost lost his chance at a seat in the restaurant car, after standing for half an hour in a long line of Washington-bound army officers, to get hold of the Western Union boy who was going through the train collecting telegrams.

Grasping the stub of pencil with the chewed point tendered by the boy, he scrawled the following brief message to Hustis Wiltworth:

"Will turn Factory C over to army shoes at once. Will wire estimate on quantity upon return to my office."

When the train reached Washington, Bedford stepped onto the platform with a happy feeling. The Bedford Shoe Corporation was now patriotically going fifty-fifty with the Government. Factories A, B and C for Uncle Sam; Factories D, E and F for the trade. Factory G didn't count.

Handing the porter two Thrift Stamps, his customary tipping currency of late, he picked up his bag, spurning the solicitation of a redcap, squared his broad shoulders, lifted his chin, inhaled a deep draft of the fresh morning air and started down the platform, a splendid picture of the successful middle-aged business man.

It was only seven-forty-five, and he was sure Copeland, who was of course the first man he wanted to see, would not be at his office for an hour at least; so after telephoning five hotels in an unsuccessful effort to get reservation for the night he checked his bag and stepped out of the station. A brisk walk in the fresh air would do him good.

Washington looked unusually bleak and cold and un-Washingtonlike. A rather heavy fall of snow covered the ground, and gave the Billy Sunday tabernacle over at the left of the station the appearance of a huge Eskimo igloo.

Bedford walked over toward the center of the city, thinking about his mission. He was there primarily in the interest of the subcommittee on shoes, to see if the committee looking after financial matters for the manufacturers of the New England section could not find some way to speed up payments. Many manufacturers were up against it, with heavy inventories of leather for government contracts and huge pay rolls to meet, in the face of very slow payments from the Government for the shoes they were shipping. Bedford himself was beginning to feel the pinch for working capital. Besides, he wanted to move round and get all the general information he could on the war situation in general and the probable shoe requirements for the next year in particular. He hoped to get away by night.

As he turned a corner, whom should he meet but the very man he wanted to see, Victor Copeland, president of the State Street Bank of Boston, now a dollar-a-yearling, one of a board of three who were looking after financial and credit matters pertaining to New England industries.

"Well, if it isn't Marshall Bedford! Come right on down to the office with me, Marshall. It seems mighty good to see someone from one's own board of directors. Got your wire yesterday. We'll get at your problems right away. Lucky you met me or you wouldn't have been able to see me until after ten o'clock. New rule—no callers allowed in office buildings before ten. That gives us a good two hours or more to work before our troubles start for the day."

"Two hours or more? What sort of office hours do you folks observe down here anyway?"

"Oh, we don't observe office hours at all," laughed Copeland. "We work about thirty hours a day most days; busy days more. My day yesterday finished at an important conference at the New Willard that lasted until one-forty-five this morning. This war is making owls of us war Washingtonians. When I get back to good old Boston again I won't be able to sleep more than three or four hours without getting up for a conference of some sort! Guess I'll call directors' meetings at midnight hereafter," he chuckled, slapping Bedford on the back boyishly. "How would you like that?"

"Guess I can stand anything in the night line after trying to sleep in Mr. Pullman's attic last night!"

Doing a day's business in Washington takes two days now, for there are so many clamoring for the attention of every person in authority. It followed, therefore, that five o'clock that evening found Bedford with only about half of his mission accomplished.

"If you get stuck for a place to sleep to-night look me up at six o'clock," Copeland had invited when he had left him at eleven in the morning. "I'm roughing it in a couple of rooms. Have an extra bed that isn't much like you're used to, but it's heaps softer than the Capitol steps, at that!"

After spending thirty minutes and forty-five cents in telephoning to various hotels, and something over a dollar fifty in taxi fares, Bedford gave up trying to squeeze into a hotel and made his way to Copeland's office. He was unbelievably weary from his day's activities, and having seen a sample of the intense pressure under which Copeland and his associates were working he was expecting to see his friend worn to a fringe.

But not so! He was in good spirits and greeted him with enthusiasm.

"I'm glad you came back," he declared. "We will have dinner together and then go up to my rooms. I'll be pretty busy this evening going over the day's mail and some important reports, but you won't mind entertaining yourself, I know. When you get tired of reading and feel sleepy—why, you can sneak off into the bedroom and turn in. Wardell, of the New York Cosmopolitan Trust, and Kensington, of the Chicago National Commerce, are to drop in at eleven o'clock for a session; we have to meet once a week to compare notes and work out policies, and night is our only chance. They expect to bring a new man with them to-night—Walker, of the San Francisco Western National. But you needn't let the conference bother you; you can just shut the door and snore to your heart's content."

Bedford almost gasped. "At it since seven-thirty this morning and now starting in on a second day's work! Why, I don't see how you stand it!"

For just a second a shade of weariness passed over Copeland's face.

"Well, Bedford, one of the things I've learned since I've come to Washington is that this war can't be confined to the front-line trenches; a lot of battles are going on right now all over this country that our grandchildren won't read about in their school histories."

Two hours later as the two men made their way along a dimly lighted hall in what once had been a fine Washington residence but which had long since outlived its aristocracy and Copeland opened the door to his rooms Bedford got a new shock. He had expected to find his friend comfortably located in a cozy little suite of two


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*Originators of Steel Equipment*
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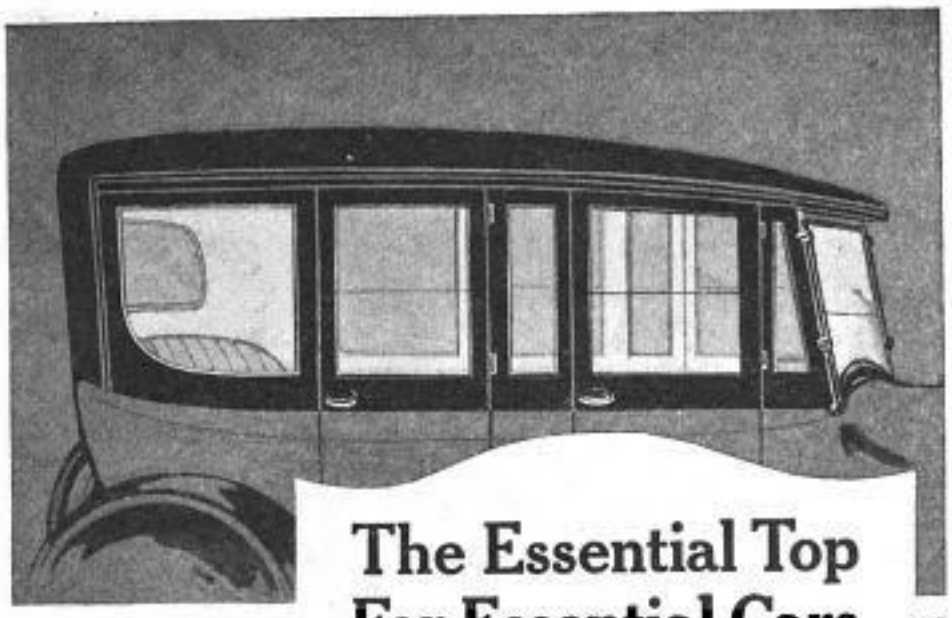
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Art Metal
Steel Office Furniture
Safes and Files


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# The Essential Top For Essential Cars

***Solid Comfort in Any Weather***

EVERY time you lay up a car that ought to be in service you are tending to paralyze America's activities. And every time you rely on side curtains as a shield against cold, rain, snow and sleet, you expose yourself and passengers to discomfort and hardship—often sickness. Don't do either.

Instead, put a snug Anchor Top on your open car and drive in jolly comfort and safety—in town or country—regardless of the weather.

The coach-built Anchor Top gives an open car more utility and style than it had when new. So why lose half the use of your car and the money in it when our low prices for Anchor Tops will keep it in commission all year 'round?

Please don't confuse the Anchor creations with unsightly makeshifts that rattle and don't fit. Anchor Tops are designed by masters of coach work and fasten to the regular body irons perfectly. They harmonize charmingly with every line and curve—no overhanging, no squeaking. Anchor Top snugness keeps out cold, wind, snow and rain—the handsome dome light and attractive whipcord lining are admired everywhere.

Though light in weight an Anchor Top will last as long as your car itself.




## Rush Your Inquiry to Insure Delivery

If you own a Buick, Overland, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Dodge or Ford, write us immediately for photo-prints, prices and name of Anchor dealer in your town.

Wartime manufacturing and shipping difficulties make it positively necessary that all orders be in soon. Thousands of Anchor Tops will be wanted when too late—it happened last year. To be sure of your top, write today without fail for full information, and name your car and model.

**The Anchor Top & Body Company**
**633-7 South St., Cincinnati, Ohio**
*Fine Coach Builders for 30 Years*

Sedan Anchor Top Coupé (43)
Glass-Enclosed

Taking the Little Tots to School—And the Doctor on his Rounds


or three rooms and bath in some aristocratic bachelor apartment. Instead, what he beheld was two small, rather stuffy but clean rooms, one a sitting room, with antediluvian furniture, an old Brussels carpet on the floor and heavy draperies that seemed to have absorbed five years of odors from the kitchen below, the prevailing suggestion being of bacon and eggs, bacon well done. The other room, Bedford could see when Copeland had lighted the gas, was a bedroom, floor covered with matting which had reached the splintering stage, with two three-quarter iron beds, once probably white but now enameled a Nile green.

Copeland caught the look in Bedford's eyes. "Yes," he laughed. "Some different from my place out in Brookline, isn't it?"

It was! Six acres of wonderfully beautiful grounds surrounded Copeland's Brookline home, and the house itself—well the thought of Copeland's giving up such a home to come down and work for a dollar a year in two smelly little rooms, unquestionably the best to be had, simply staggered Bedford. He felt like a slacker when he thought of his own wonderful home with its rich Oriental rugs and its private bath for every bedroom.

"Enlisted for the period of the war," remarked Copeland, smiling.

At ten o'clock the lines of the book Bedford was reading began to run together on the page. Copeland with a green celluloid visor shading his eyes was sitting at the little student's desk in the corner, poring over typewritten reports.

"Well, I'm going to bed," announced Bedford, yawning. And in less than fifteen minutes he was sleeping soundly in the rockiest bed he had slept in since those days back on the farm when corn husks were considered quite good enough for the boys' mattresses.

It must have been after midnight when he awoke, the keen edge of his weariness slept off. He could hear low voices in the next room in earnest conversation. Evidently the three bankers who had been in Washington for some time were giving some pointers to the new man from San Francisco.

"You'll find that the business men who come down here to Washington to see about government orders divide themselves into three general classes—pikers, profiteers and patriots.

"The pikers are men who want to do as little for the Government, and get as much from it, as they can. They scent a further shortage of materials and they are scared stiff over the fuel situation. They want to take just enough government work to get preferential treatment. Often they'll bid ridiculously low to get a contract just for that reason.

"As for the profiteers, some of them want to swallow the whole Quartermaster's Department! Sometimes you think at first that they are patriots—until you begin to get a line on the prices they plan to quote."

"Yes," broke in one of the others, "but sometimes they are pikers too; they want to take only the cream of the orders that they can handle easily, but they want inordinate profits on those small orders."

"Yes," agreed Copeland, "and then there are the patriots—the one hundred percenters. Thank God for them! They come down here with a now-what-can-my-business-do-for-the-Government attitude. They are willing to turn as much or as little of their capacity over to the War Department as the situation requires; and when it comes to price they lay their costs on the table and ask for suggestions. And their number is increasing by leaps and bounds these days, as business men get thoroughly roused.

"Our job is twofold: We are here to look out for the financial interests of our various districts first of all, but we are also here to make patriots out of the pikers and profiteers whenever we get the chance. Most American business men are patriotic enough, once they understand the seriousness of the situation ——"

"And you can well believe," broke in one of the others, "that the situation is very serious. At the War Department I learned confidentially to-day the actual figures on the number of men we are now planning to set down in France by the first of next July—you remember the President hinted in an interview two or three days ago that we would have twice as many men in France next June as at first planned. Well, that means ——"

He lowered his voice so that Bedford could just barely hear the figure that was mentioned. But he did hear it, and it m him sit up in bed. It was impossible! T number of men could not be trained equipped in six months.

"And we are going to put it throug we can get the manufacturers of this co try to speed up their part of the prog sufficiently—clothes and blankets shoes, and all that sort of thing. Bu means everybody's got to double up or h new sources of supply have got to be op up."

At a quarter past one, when Bed dropped off to sleep, the conference still going on. When he awoke again sun was shining in the one little windo the bedroom. He looked over at C land's bed. It was empty. He hopped o bed and looked at his watch. It was se thirty. On the bureau was a note:

*Marshall:* Sorry to have to slip without saying "good morning," b didn't think you'd want to get up so e Take lunch with me at the Raleigh at 1 if you can. V.

Somehow Bedford felt like a little from the country visiting a busy sophisticated city cousin.

And all day long that feeling laste everywhere he went he found that fo time being his name and his enormous business meant little to wartime Was ton—excepting as to how many pai army shoes he could make in the ne or eight months. He lunched with C land at twelve-thirty and found him cheery and very alert, and loaded w whole lot of most astonishing new about army equipment requirements. War Department had really got going was gaining momentum every hour! only concern seemed to be as to wh the country industrially could be ma see the emergency and would rise to

At four-seven that afternoon Be sank wearily into a day-coach seat Pennsylvania train due in New Yo ten-fifteen P. M. If the train got in on he could catch the midnight for Bost

Riding in a day coach was a rather experience for Bedford, but to one th had made up his mind—the railroads s no longer use their precious coal a comotives to pull four thousand pou parlor car for him when eighteen hu pounds of day coach would do the jo

Just before the train started an ol with seamed face and snow-white slipped timidly into the seat beside all the other seats being occupied. "I the worst of these day coaches," th Bedford. "You have to sit next to al of riffraff."

With trembling hands the old adjusted her spectacles and then drew her reticule a crumpled letter, writ lead pencil and bearing at the top sheet, Bedford noticed, the famili triangle of the Y. M. C. A. This lett old lady proceeded to read, her lips m over the words so rapidly that B knew she must know it all by hear frequent reading. A tear rolled dow withered cheek. Then another, and an Then a little sob escaped her.

"You'll excuse me," she said co tially, turning her tear-streaked f Bedford.

Bedford nodded politely, smiling In spite of himself. "Certainly," h

"You see," said the little old la just got this letter from John yest and I've been kind o' readin' it th again. John's my boy, you know. such a good boy too. I s'pose you met up with him?" Bedford sho head. "Well, I didn't know but you had run across him in your trav worked on the railroad. Had a fi too—got twenty-two dollars a week poor boy"—and the tears started down her brave old face again—"h work on the railroad no more wh comes back. He's—he's—lost a leg finished abruptly. "You know h over with the Canadians the secon of the war."

"How did he come to do that?" Bedford with kindly interest.

"Why, when he went to enlist Ottawa," explained the little lady, r ing the import of Bedford's question asked him where he came from and Baltimore and they said they couldn United Statesers and for him to go o walk round the block and when h back he'd be a Canadian; and h And the little lady glowed with pri

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(Continued from Page 98)

"I see," said Bedford. "He is a real patriot."

The mother nodded her head vigorously. "Johnny always was," she asserted. "But poor boy, he's lost a leg now. I'll just show you part of his letter," she exclaimed suddenly, folding the last sheet of the letter so that Bedford could read only the last paragraph.

"Well, Ma" [said the last paragraph in a shaky hospital hand], "I might as well tell you now that I'm at the hospital. I got to lose a leg, the doc says, and he's going to operate this afternoon. It ain't losing the leg that bothers me much, but it makes me feel awful sore to be queered this way so as I can't get back into the fight. Don't you worry none, Ma, cause I'll come through all right, and it'll be all over before you get this letter at all, being so far off. If I should kick in and never come back—but shaw, I'm going to, all right—why you know me, Ma. I wouldn't have no regrets except that I couldn't be transferred to the U. S. Army, so I could die under the good old Stars and Stripes. Well, the nurses is coming for me now, so so long, Ma. Write when you can to Your John."

Down at the bottom, in a fainter, shakier hand, Bedford read a postscript:

"P.S. Well, I came through all right, Ma. They cut off my leg, but by God they can't cut off my fight! I've got to get into it again somehow, soon as I can get round."

"You'll excuse his swearin', won't you, sir?" the little white-haired mother asked anxiously, watching Bedford's eyes as he read down to the last line. "He ain't a bit profane, Johnny ain't. He was jest so het up."

"Bless your heart, my good woman, of course he isn't profane! Why, that's religion," asserted Bedford, his voice husky because his Adam's apple stuck halfway up in his throat. "Your boy is a hero."

The words sounded foolish and futile to Bedford after he had uttered them. Somehow nothing seemed adequate to the occasion, and he sat for a minute in embarrassed silence.

"The poor boy wants to be transferred to our Army," said the little lady finally, "so I just thought I'd run down to Washington to-day and see Mr. Baker and see if I couldn't get him transferred from the Canadians, as sort of a little surprise, don't you know?"

"How did you make out?" asked Bedford, curious to know how Washington would handle such a case.

"Why, Mr. Baker wasn't in to-day, so they told me to write him all about it in a letter and they'd see just what could be done," she explained, perfectly satisfied.

"Thank God for some information clerk with tact and a heart," thought Bedford to himself.

The old lady had evidently relieved her mind and heart, for she suddenly folded the letter and deposited it in her reticule. Then she drew forth a half-knit gray sock, adjusted her spectacles again and with a kindly, almost a chummy, sidelong smile at her seat mate proceeded to knit and think, knit and think, in composed silence.

Just as the train was pulling into Baltimore, past the everlasting rows and rows and rows of houses, she looked up and said softly: "I'm so glad that Johnny's comin' back. What would be the good in anything—money or anything—if our boys wasn't never comin' back to us?"

And Marshall Bedford, millionaire manufacturer, whose name was an international word for shoes in both Americas, and was emblazoned in six-foot letters on a big signboard that the train was even at that minute flashing past, turned his kindly face to her and said very simply, "Not a bit of good, little mother."

He was thinking what it would mean if his own boy, who had sailed for France just eight days before, should never come back.

At Baltimore the little white-haired lady slipped out in the aisle, stopped just a moment to give Bedford a quaint little curtsy, which he acknowledged with his very best grace, and shuffled out with the crowd.

For the next hour Bedford sat, his elbow on the window sill, chin resting on his palm. "Well, I came through all right, Ma. They cut off my leg, but by God they can't cut off my fight!" "If I should kick in and never come back ——" "Why you know me, Ma." Over and over phrases from the boy's letter ran through Bedford's weary mind in jumbled sequence. Somehow that phrase "You know me, Ma," meant so much more than the words said. What was it? Why, it was the same thing that Copeland had been talking about at midnight the night before—it was one-hundred-per-cent patriotism. "You know me, Ma, I'm game to go the limit," it said. And the postscript—"They cut off my leg, but by God they can't cut off my fight!"—that was one-hundred-per-cent grit.

Bedford suddenly wished that he too could lose a leg for his country. He would gladly if ——

### III

ON WEST Thirty-eighth Street, New York, a little way east from Sixth Avenue, is a small shop. Just inside the door is a telephone booth. It was in this telephone booth that Marshall Bedford lost his business leg; not charging valiantly across No Man's Land amid the thunder of cannon and the cries of dying men. No: the first phase of the battle of Marshalltown, Massachusetts, was fought soberly, calmly—but none the less heroically—at eleven-forty P. M. under the stairway to the Thirty-eighth Street station of the Sixth Avenue L, with no din but the rumble of an uptown local coming to a stop overhead, and no cry but the half-intelligible calls of the L guards.

The battle of Marshalltown, Massachusetts, had as a matter of fact started back just the other side of Trenton, New Jersey, when Private Patriotism had suddenly suggested to Marshall Bedford: "Why don't you have done with this halfway patriotism? The Army needs shoes—millions of pairs of them. Why don't you just forget considerations of profit during the war and turn your entire plant over to the Government and help get our Army shod?"

And Bedford had been almost swept off his feet for a minute until Private Profit had counterattacked.

"There is no need for such a sacrifice," explained Private Profit. "The war can't last very much longer, and it isn't up to you to ruin your commercial business. Why, it would mean losing your thousands of good dealers, and it would take you months, perhaps years, to get back on the same footing again. As for this 'one-hundred-per-cent patriotism,' public speakers and government officials have to use it as a sort of slogan, but it isn't meant to be taken too seriously. Dividing the production of a great plant like yours on a fifty-fifty basis is magnificently generous and patriotic."

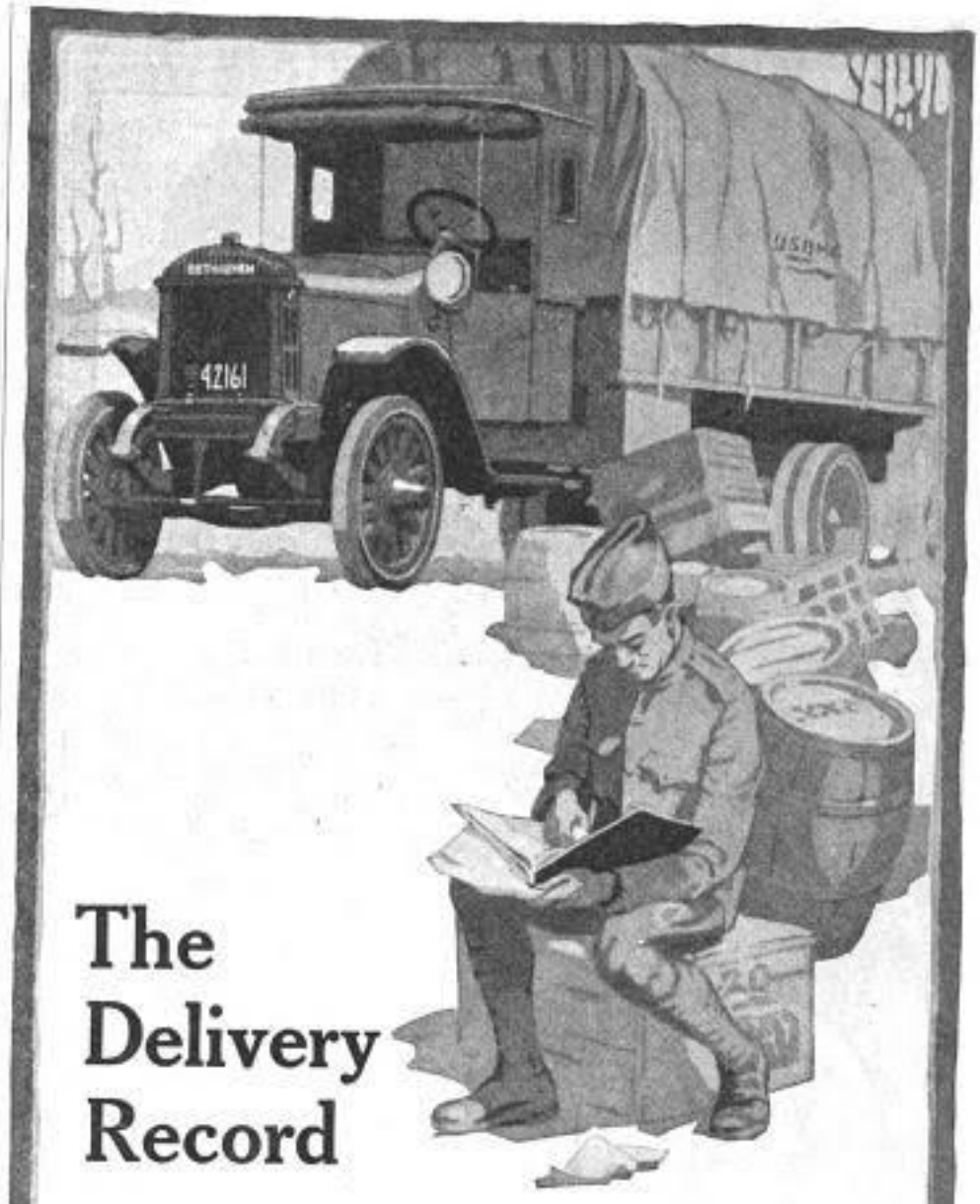
"Yes, but ——" began Private Patriotism. And the battle was on. Mile after mile as the train flew on through the night, a driving snow, half hail, beating against the windows, the quiet man sat with his chin resting on his hand, gazing unseeingly out into the storm. Occasionally he would reach up and rub his forehead as though his head ached. And once he got up and walked to the rear platform and tried to smoke. But he had abruptly thrown his cigar, half smoked, over the rail and walked back to his seat.

The little white-haired lady with the crumpled letter was right. "What would be the good in anything—money or anything—if our boys wasn't never comin' back to us?" What if Marsh should never come back? What would be the use of the great Bedford Shoe Corporation to him if he and mother were left all alone in the big house when the war was all over? God! This war must be ended! Think of the millions of little white crosses over in France! How many more would there have to be? Why was the war dragging so anyway? Why was it that this great rich country hadn't just risen up in its might and ended this war? Suppose the war should last three years more, why, Marsh would be sure to be—the war must be stopped—it must be!

Bedford had an insane desire to jump off the train and start running everywhere—east, west, north, south—like a modern Paul Revere, rousing people to the fact that they must hurry, that men were dying, thousands of them.

Manhattan Transfer; the tunnel under the Hudson; the big Pennsylvania Station.

Bedford took a deep breath and stretched himself to his full six feet as he stepped out onto Seventh Avenue. Here in New York the storm was half snow and half drizzle with a northeast wind blowing; the sidewalks were slushy. But he did not care; he


The Delivery Record

Your delivery record will show your Bethlehem Motor Truck to be your truest wartime economy—low first cost—more miles per gallon—low cost per ton mile—dependable delivery. Bethlehem Internal Gear Drive Motor Trucks break delivery and economy records in every business and they'll take *your* loads off your mind.

| 1½ Ton Chassis | 2½ Ton Chassis | 3½ Ton Chassis |
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| $1765 | $2165 | $3265 |

F. O. B. ALLENTOWN

Gray & Davis Electric Starting and Lighting on all models—Examine a Bethlehem.

The Motor Truck bought to-day without Electric Starting and Lighting will be out of date to-morrow

BETHLEHEM
Internal Gear Drive
MOTOR TRUCKS
Dependable Delivery

The Motor Truck bought to-day without Electric Starting and Lighting will be out of date to-morrow

BETHLEHEM MOTORS CORP'N. ALLENTOWN, PA.


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would walk over to the Grand Central; he must stretch his legs before being cooped up in a train again; and his grip was not heavy. He turned up his overcoat collar and started out. Maybe the fresh air and the swirling storm would freshen him up and drive these foolish unbusinesslike thoughts from his mind.

"They cut off my leg, but by God they can't cut off my fight! I've got to get into it again somehow, soon as I can get round."

That crumpled letter haunted Bedford!

"As a matter of fact," said Private Profit, "that's just ordinary soldier talk. Your own boy—any boy over there in the exciting atmosphere of the battlefield and the dramatic surroundings of the hospital would have written just such a letter. It just sort of gets into their blood."

"You bet it does!" agreed Private Patriotism as Bedford turned, half blinded by the storm, into Thirty-eighth Street from Seventh Avenue, pulling his head farther down into the heavy fur collar of his big overcoat. "That is, if you're real American it does. Why, don't you remember the way your own boy talked before he went away? That wasn't the result of battlefield excitement; it was just clean-cut Americanism, the kind you've taught the boy yourself. Didn't you remark, yourself, back there at Baltimore, that you wished you could lose a leg for your country? Well, aren't there different kinds of legs—business legs, for instance?"

Bedford had been fighting off that suggestion for hours; now it had actually come out.

"More of this hero stuff," sneered Private Profit.

"Shut up!" snapped Bedford half aloud. He was nettled and irritated. He, who was known in the business world as a man of clear thinking and quick and definite decisions, had been letting himself fight foolishly over a question half the way from Washington. It must end! Not one step farther would he go until this question of patriotism or profit was settled, once and for all. He stopped short.

Glancing up he found himself under the protection of an L station stairway.

"The way the whole thing sizes up is this," he stated to himself: "Like many other businesses our business has two legs and two arms. The factory and the organization are the two arms; the right leg is the goodwill of the general public; the left leg is our sales distribution through thousands of retail stores. If we turn our whole business over to the Government service it will mean losing a leg, the sales-distribution leg, and we should have to hobble round on one leg for a long time after this war is won, for it takes years to build up a nation-wide distribution like ours."

Well—what of it? What if they did lose a business leg? That needn't take away their fight, need it? Was he any less of a man than the son of the little white-haired lady? Couldn't he start all over again after the war and grow a distribution leg again?

The Government needed shoes—needed them violently.

And the Bedford Shoe Corporation could make more than twice as many as they were planning to make.

An elevated train came rumbling into the station above his head. The gates clanged open, then closed again. A surface trolley clattered past. A policeman came down the avenue, his heavy shoes sloshing along through the slush.

From the shadow of the elevated stairway a very determined voice addressed the policeman: "Where's the nearest telephone, officer?"

The officer turned, half startled at the voice from the shadow. He paused, spat brownly, then turned and pointed to a little shop near the corner.

"Right there. Better hurry up; he'll be closin' soon."

Bedford started for the cigar store. "Well—you know me, Uncle Sam," he said half aloud.

Entering the store he tossed a half dollar on the counter. "Pick me out a couple of good cigars while I telephone."

In an uptown apartment house a man jumped out of his warm bed and hurried down the hall, shivering in his pajamas, to answer the phone.

"Yes, this is Wiltworth."

"Well," said the voice from the little cigar store in West Thirty-eighth Street, "this is Bedford. Sorry to bother you at this time of night, old man, but when a man's leg is sort of hanging loose he wants to have it amputated right away and r go dragging it round the country!"

Wiltworth rubbed his eyes and wonde if he was dreaming. "What?"

"Just this," said the voice, laughi "Beginning to-morrow morning the B ford Shoe Corporation is enlisted one h dred per cent in the service of the Uni States Government for the duration of war. Uncle Sam can have every pair shoes we can make—and what's more, can make his own price.

"And"—as an afterthought—"if Red Cross needs women's shoes for relief work—why, it can have the en output of our new Factory G."

Bedford reached Marshalltown at o'clock the next morning and went righ his office.

"Potter, round up the family," directed; which was his way of calling t meeting of all the executives.

Half an hour later eight men, repres ing the eight divisions of the business, f production to publicity, were seate Bedford's office.

"Gentlemen," said Bedford, "at ele forty last night this entire business enlisted in the service of Uncle Sam. F to-day on we make nothing but army s until the Government has enough."

Without waiting for the gasps of as ishment to subside Bedford went on t them the whole story; showed them wadded sheet of paper which repres his proposed profiteering, told them about his trip to Washington and his b under the L station, and explained though they would be able to save the arms of their business, the factory an organization, they would surely lose the distribution leg.

"Now," he continued, "we're not t sorry for ourselves, or heroic, or any like that. We're soldiers, you unders fighting the battle of Marshalltown, sachusetts, and we've got to do our We'll make less profit, but we'll have more peace of mind."

At this point Mr. Thaddeus Te treasurer of the Bedford Shoe Corpor for the past twenty-six years, and a pat old soul, spoke up: "Never mind losing profits, Mr. Bedford. If we ha anything to sell the public, and won't perhaps until the war is over, we can our advertising and save all that mo

Several of the others nodded approval.

Bedford smiled at the old man. Telfrey," he said, "if you were fi over in France and you were injur that they had to amputate one of you would you say to the surgeon 'Now tor, just cut off the other leg too, an me off so I can never walk round a Well, neither are we going to cut other leg of our business deliberately goodwill we have built round our and trade-mark may be about all t we'll have to limp round on for som after this war is won.

"Of course, we'll change to an e different style of advertising. Inst talking everlastingly about 'style, and fit; style, quality and fit,' we 'Bedford Shoes, Enlisted for the This is a time of tremendous change commercial life of the world," he wa "a time when more than one busine has been a leader in its field for gene will sink into comparative oblivion new businesses under the guiding h keen strategists will become world almost overnight. It is a time of danger, when no business, no matte great its fame or its factories, can af go to sleep for a single season.

"I'm sure I don't want any travel ing out of the train window as he pas factory five years from to-day saying seat mate: 'Well, if there isn't the ol ford shoe plant! That was quite a its day; used to wear Bedfords myse along.'"

Then changing the subject H turned to Brink, the secretary an manager.

"Mr. Brink, there won't be muc for the sales department to do rou for the next year or so. I suggest th take Billings of the Chicago territo go down to South America and stu shoe situation. For a long time I that we have not been getting a thir business we ought to get from there haven't suggested doing anything it because we couldn't keep ahead

(Concluded on Page 105)

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PARIS GARTERS
are made for you

Men of America:
You Set the Pace!
Discriminating men everywhere have discovered as you have, that

PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you




mean perfect garter service and satisfaction.
Your preference has been reflected the world over.

A. STEIN & COMPANY
Makers
Children's HICKORY Garters




Makes the Best Dishes Better

Faust Chile Powder is a "different" seasoning.
You use it instead of pepper, spices, etc. It's a combination of all of them, except salt. For salad dressings, meats, gravies, stews, soups, there's nothing quite so good. Sold by most dealers in 10c., 15c. and 1 lb. cans. If your dealer hasn't it, send 15c. for 1½-oz. canand Recipe Pamphlet prepared by Henry Dietz, formerly chef of the historic Faust Cafe and Zero Mill.

DEALERS—Ask Your Jobber. JOBBERS—Write Us.
C. F. Blanke Tea & Coffee Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Manufacturers of the world-famous *Faust Instant Coffee & Tea.* Faust Instant Coffee is now in the service of the Government and its product will therefore be undistributable until victory crowns our arms. Faust Instant Tea, however, is still available at 10c.—from dealers or by mail.




USN
DECK PAINT

Dries quickly, and acquires a hard, enamel surface that is easy to dust or wash. Hot water will not mar or crack it. If you don't know who sells it in your town, write us.

THE BILLINGS-CHAPIN CO.
Boston Cleveland New York

for porches, floors and walls
DRIES HARD OVERNIGHT

600 Shaves From One Blade

Yes, and more. That's the record of many men who shave themselves. Old blades made keener than new—in 10 seconds. For all Safety Razors. Quick, velvety shaves for life with wonderful, new

Rotastrop

Just drop blade in, turn handle. Nothing to get out of order. Machine gives "feel and the action" just like a barber strops a razor. 10 Days' Free Trial—write for booklet. State make of razor.



Burke Mfg. Co., Dept. 271, Dayton, O.

(Concluded from Page 102)

North American business any too well. But now that we're likely to be limping round on one leg for months after the war gets cleared up it would be an opportune time to get in touch with South American conditions and make a drive for distribution. That will put us in a more independent position with local trade too."

It was the eighth of August, a day during that terrible hot spell when the entire East sizzled in a temperature running above 100 degrees officially—and you know how reluctant those official thermometers are to admit the truth!—with nothing to make life endurable except the wonderful news from France: The Hun was on the run!

Well, Brink and Billings sailed for Buenos Aires three weeks later in search of an artificial leg—and I guess that's all there is to the story. Sounds like an Alger book, doesn't it?" said Bedford, smiling, as he stopped to mop his face with his handkerchief. "Whew, but isn't this heat fierce!"

Sitting tilted back in his desk chair, his neatly shod feet crossed and balanced on the edge of the wastebasket at the side of his desk, he had told me the whole story, told it modestly, matter-of-factly, growing grave at times, at other times smiling almost boyishly as he related incidents that appealed to his sense of humor, now that he could see them in perspective.

I started to ask a question. As if anticipating me Bedford went on: "Yes, I've lost my business leg, all right." He reached into a desk drawer for a correspondence folder which bulged fatly with letters and telegrams. "These dealers have all definitely dropped our line and taken on others because we couldn't take care of them. And a lot of them are just plain peeved. By the first of October there won't be a pair of Bedford shoes on the market unless it is some little left-over stock of odd sizes."

"You can't mean that literally!" I exclaimed. "No more Bedford shoes? Why, that's unthinkable!"

"Literally," he replied. "We haven't shipped a shoe since the first of May except to Uncle Sam.

"I know what you're going to ask next," he continued. "The same thing a dozen others have asked me, in perfectly good faith too. You're going to ask: 'Was such a sacrifice necessary?'"

I nodded; the question had been on the tip of my tongue but I had hesitated to put it.

For answer he reached for a copy of the New York Times of that morning, which lay on the table behind him. "See that headline?"

I had seen it, but I read it again: "Allies cross Vesle in force, seize highway; British troops smash into Lys salient."

"Without meaning to detract one little mite from the bravery and heroism of the men who are making all this glorious news over there these days, I want to tell you that it never could have happened had not a large number of American business men months ago turned themselves and their businesses wholly over to the job of equipping and outfitting the million and a quarter of American soldiers who have gone across up to date—almost twice the number Foch dared hope for this summer. We're months ahead of our schedule.

"I want to tell you," he repeated earnestly, tapping the newspaper headlines, "that part of this advance was made right here in the old U. S. A. Hoover says food will win the war, and Hurley says fleets will win the war—and they are both right. But so will factories. Only the other day I was reading in some book or magazine that nations didn't win victories any more, they manufacture them; and I believe it's more than half true. It's just as Copeland said: There are thousands of battles going on in this war that will not figure much in our school histories. The battles of Bridgeport and Hog Island and Cleveland and Portland, Oregon, and Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, and thousands upon thousands of other cities and towns and hamlets—even little Marshalltown, Massachusetts—are counting tremendously in this war."

The almost deafening clatter and whir of the shoe machines from the rows of great factories flanking the little administration building broke upon my ears with fresh meaning.

"Machine guns," I remarked, nodding toward the open windows.

"Yes," replied Bedford, "machine guns, shooting shoes to Pershing. My, but how I wish that all of our folks could be made to realize that fully!" he exclaimed earnestly. "The one fly in the ointment of our patriotic service now is labor troubles. Two important departments are boiling for a strike this minute. Like most everybody else, these workers think that because the whole plant is running at full capacity on army shoes that we are literally coining money on fat government contracts, and they want a chunk of it. As a matter of fact our profit last month was almost a third less—not in percentage, mind you, but in actual dollars and cents—than it would have been on commercial business.

"But good gracious, I can't say much about the workers! It took Wiltworth, and three months' time, and a trip to Washington, and a lot of staggering facts from high authorities, before I was convinced that this war meant me! And then it took a little white-haired lady with a crumpled letter to shame me into doing my duty. But if only they could understand the terrible seriousness of the situation! If only they could realize that to leave a machine for a week, or for a single day, at a time like this is just about the same as if a bunch of soldiers over there in the front-line trenches laid down their rifles and struck for more pay or shorter fighting hours just as the Germans were starting a gigantic drive!

"It isn't that the men and women behind the desks and the machines are any less patriotic than their soldier sons and brothers and sweethearts. It's just that the war is so far away that they can't smell the smoke or hear the shells bursting. But, thank heaven, they're getting the spirit now; they are coming to realize more every day that they are actually enlisted. And it is they who are fighting the battles of Schenectady and Fall River and Duluth and Brookside Farm and Leadville and Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. It isn't the big executives in the front offices so much; they are just a sort of General Staff—important, to be sure, but absolutely impotent without the great army of workers who man the machine guns of industry. How I wish I could make them all see it!

"There's just one thing I'm afraid of," he continued, suddenly changing the subject as his eye rested on the newspaper headlines, "and it is that now that we are beginning to get good news from France we Americans—business men and workers alike—will begin to think that it's all over and we don't need to bother about one-hundred-per-cent patriotism any longer. A taste of victory such as we are getting is often more dangerous to the victors than to the vanquished. Wouldn't it be awful if we should get one leg over the fence, so to speak, and then hesitate on the top long enough for the boche to push us back so we'd have to climb clear up again?

"Of course, it isn't necessary that every business turn itself inside out for the Government as we have done, but it certainly is necessary, and will continue to be necessary right up to the time Pershing comes sailing home with our boys, for every business man and every worker in America to have the one-hundred-per-cent spirit, and be ready to make whatever sacrifice the Government has to ask. We've just got to buck up and grin, not grumble, while we're on the operating table—and not yell for anæsthetics either!"

He stopped short and smiled. "I run on like a Fourth of July orator, don't I?"

"It's the best Fourth of July oration I ever heard," I replied. "I've sort of caught that Paul Revere feeling you spoke of. I'd like nothing better than to write this story of yours and spread it through all of Uncle Sam's cities and towns and farms."

"Positively no!" he said, shaking his head emphatically.

"Positively yes!" I replied more emphatically. "It's a good win-the-war story; and we all need such stories just now to keep us on our patriotic toes."

"Well," he said after a minute, "perhaps—but you'd have to camouflage it very heavily so I shouldn't show through the least bit. You'd have to use some other commodity—shoes, for instance."

I nodded.

"Even at that," he continued, "half a dozen big manufacturers I know would be dead sure you were telling their story. Why—I'll bet if you write that story twelve hundred business men who run across it will say, 'Why, that sounds almost like my story!' And probably thousands of workers who read it will say, 'That sounds something like the story of our plant.'"

And in a way it is!



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# JAVA HEAD

(Continued from Page 19)

approach of the Fourth of July made Nettie's existence drabber than ever. Then there was unusual planning, for later in the month President Polk was to be in Salem.

The various military organizations drilled incessantly: the Salem Light Infantry, the Mechanic Light Infantry, the Salem Cadets and Independents and squad of the Salem Artillery might be seen at any hour of the morning or early evening smartly marching and countermarching, led by Flag's or the Salem Band. Strange constructions of light wood climbed in Washington Square—the set pieces of the celebrated pyrotechnist secured at a "staggering expense." Preliminary strings of firecrackers were exploded by impatient boys, and the dawn of the holiday was greeted with a sustained uproar of powder.

All this was communicated to Nettie in the form of a determination to forget the dreariness of home and for once anyhow be a part of the careless holiday town. Edward Dunsack opened the day by deprecating what fireworks Salem could show and recalling the extravagant art of China in that particular. No one, he said, of the least moment would be abroad in the rabble; and he intended to spend the day over the invoice of a schooner returned from Curaçao. She was glad of this, for it left her free to get an uninterrupted pleasure from the morning parade, the floats and fantasies, the afternoon drilling in Washington Square, and see the last colored disk of the fireworks. Maybe, she told herself, tying the becoming ribbon of her bonnet beneath a round chin with a lurking dimple, maybe she wouldn't come back home once during the entire day! She ignored, in the rush of her spirits, even her mother's lonely labors; for once they'd have to do without her. Nettie took a scarlet merino shawl for the cooler evening, shook forward the little black curls about her face, and hurried away from Hardy Street.

She was swept along in the crowd on Essex Street until, before the office of the Salem Register, she found a place that commanded the parade. There Nettie lost all memory of the dreariness that pressed upon her; she became one of the throng applauding the members of the East India Marine Society carrying the palanquin from the Museum in native dress, or stood with sentimental tears blurring her vision. The parade ended and currents of people swept toward dinner; but she stopped at a baker's and got a paper of seedcakes made in the shape of oak leaves, and sat contentedly eating them in the Common.

The thought of Gerrit Ammidon, with all the other deeper aspects of her life, was thrust into the back of her consciousness; she was existing as she breathed—without will; the instinctive lighter qualities had her in full possession. She felt that her cheeks were glowing, and she hummed the refrains of the music she had heard. One by one the military companies marched into the Square. She was fascinated by the tall leather helmets and silver straps under severe young lips. The Newburyport men were in a new scarlet uniform; that was the Boston Brass Band—it was painted on the bass drum—with the Independents; there were the Beverly Taylor Guards. The massed onlookers filled the broad plain.

The drilling and countermarching proceeded and the afternoon waned. At the dispersal of the spectacle, when for an hour or two Washington Square was comparatively deserted, when the sun sank lower and lower over the roofs of Brown Street and the gold haze thickened, turning to blue, Nettie became quieter but no less happy. The time sped; never was she conscious of being lonely, by herself in a multitude composed of grouped families and friends. It was all such a beautiful relief to the other constant dwelling on somber and hopeless facts! Already people were streaming in under the wooden arched gates for the evening display; already she could see a star in the clear-shining green east.

The fireworks, the papers said, were to be in two parts, ending with a bombardment of Vera Cruz, five hundred feet long, and a series of triumphal arches with full-length portraits in colored lights of celebrated Americans.

There was a sudden salute of artillery, and a flight of rockets soared upward in long flaming curves, bursting in showers of dissolving ruby and silver against the night. Bengola lights casting a blue glare over the standing mob and farther house fronts were followed by a great Peruvian Cross, a silvery fountain of water and Grand Representation of Bunker Hill Monument.

With this the first came all too soon to an end, and Nettie was folding her shawl about her shoulders, when almost the entire Ammidon family were upon her. In an instinctive confusion she saw William Ammidon and his wife with their daughters, the old man, Jeremy, and Gerrit.

They stopped before her in an assured, not unkindly inquisitiveness, the girls fresh and bright-faced, with crisp lovely clothes; their mother, in a smart mantle and little bonnet with knots of French flowers, greeted her with a direct question tempered by a smile. William Ammidon, smoking, was unconcerned; while Gerrit stayed obscured outside the group.

"Whom are you with, Nettie?" Rhoda Ammidon asked; and when she admitted that she was alone the elder, with visible disapproval, asserted:

"That won't do at all in this rough assembly. I must see that you are taken care of." She hesitated with a slight frown on her handsome brow. "But you will want to see the rest of the fireworks. Yes, what you must do is come over to our steps; the view from there is fairly good, and then someone can walk home with you."

They moved resolutely forward, giving Nettie Vollar no opportunity for protest, the expression of what she might prefer; and with so many determined minds she drooped silently into their progress. She was beside Rhoda Ammidon; the girls trooped on before, and the men—Gerrit Ammidon—followed. Her peace of mind had been broken into a hundred half-formed doubts and acute questions. She wished that she had declined to go with them. The invitation—no, command—had been a criticism, really. Now after so long it wasn't necessary for them to become suddenly responsible for her.

The happiness of the day sank a little, thoughts of her mother and grandfather and Uncle Edward returned. But at the same time she realized that she was near Gerrit once more. That made a confusion of her emotions that hid what she most felt about him. It wasn't a proximity that meant anything, however; it had been utterly different when he came to see her before his marriage. Yet just the fact of his being close behind her and that she would be on the steps at the Ammidons' with him undoubtedly had a power to stir her heart.

It brought, like her carefree excursion, a certain momentary glow, a warmth without relation to what had gone before or might follow; there was the same quality of momentary rest, refreshment, complete and isolated as a jewel in a ring. She didn't analyze it further, but drifted with the vigorous chattering tide of the Ammidons.

They arrived at an impressive entrance open on a high dim interior. Jeremy and William Ammidon went in, Rhoda lingered while a chair was brought for her, and Sidsall and Camilla, Laurel and Janet ranged themselves facing the Square. Gerrit hung silent in the doorway.

"Perhaps Taou Yuen will come down," Rhoda Ammidon suggested, and Nettie's throat was pinched at the possibility of seeing Gerrit's Chinese wife.

But he answered shortly in the negative. Taou Yuen preferred to stay in her room; the view from her window was better than this.

The latter was easily possible, for here the set pieces were almost unintelligible—an impressive beehive could be seen surrounded by swarming golden bees, a pyramid of Roman candles discharged their rushes of colored balls and streamers; but the bombardment of Vera Cruz was a cause of bitter complaint to the children.

The fireworks had ceased to have the slightest significance for Nettie; she was luxuriating in the suavity of the Ammidon steps and company. It seemed to her that an actual air of ease rolled out over her from within. Seen from her place of vantage the great throng in the Square was without feature, the passers-by on Pleasant Street—as Edward Dunsack and herself had been—were unimportant. The massive portico and dignified fence, the sense of spaciousness and gardens and lofty formal ceilings, the feeling of fine silks and round, clear, direct voices, of servants for everything,

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(Continued from Page 106)

everyone, transcended in force all her speculations. She was familiar—who wasn't in Salem?—with the meaning of the house name, Java Head. It was more—quite heaven.

Thoughts of Gerrit winged in and out of her mind like wayward birds. She turned with studied caution and glanced swiftly but intently at as much of his countenance as she could see. Her memory vividly supplied the rest. There wasn't another like it—one so clear and compelling to read—in the world.

The past in which he had had a part seemed like an impossibly happy dream. She was hardly able to believe that he had been in their sitting room, walked with her in the evening to the grassy edge of the harbor or held her fingers in his hard cool grasp. Now she wondered if he were contented. She couldn't quite decide from glimpses of his face; but something that had nothing to do with vision disturbed her with the certainty that he was troubled. It might mean unhappiness, but she wasn't sure.

"Now there go the arches!" a young voice exclaimed, "and I just can't see anything. You'd never know at all it was a temple of eight columns. Oh, look—there's a number coming out! 'July fourth, seventeen seventy-six.'" A tide of hand-clapping swept over the dark masses. "No," Laurel continued, "that's Salem. . . . It's Washington; no, General Taylor."

The amazing day, Nettie realized, was over. The people flowed back through the gates like a lake breaking in streams from its bank; there was a stir on the steps. Looking up she saw that the stars were obscured and a low rumble of thunder sounded from a distance; a flash lit the horizon. Now she must go back, return to Hardy Street, to her bitter grandfather like an iron statue eaten by rust and storms, to Edward Dunsack following her with his dragging feet and thin insinuating voice, to her hopeless mother.

"It's the powder," she heard, about what she had no conception.

Rhoda Ammidon turned decidedly to her.

"It was nice to have you, Nettie," she declared; "but we must see about getting you safely home. The carriage would be best, since it's threatening rain."

She didn't, she replied, want to give them so much bother; she often went on errands after supper, she'd be all right.

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Ammidon interrupted impatiently.

Then Gerrit advanced from the doorway.

"I'll walk down with her," he said almost roughly. "No need to take the horses out so late."

Nettie Vollar thought that his sister-in-law's mouth tightened in protest, but he gave them no chance for further argument. He descended the steps with a quick grinding tread, and she was forced to hurry through her acknowledgments in order to overtake him.

The night at once absorbed them.

The air, charged with the fumes of gunpowder and rumbling with low intermittent thunder, was oppressive and disturbing. Gerrit's head was exactly opposite her own, and she could see his profile, pale and still, moving on a changing dark background. He walked with the short firm stride men acquire on the unsteady decks of vessels, swinging his arms but slightly. Neither spoke. The rain, Nettie saw, was hanging off; probably it would not reach Salem. Washington Square was already empty except for a small obscure stir by the scaffolding for the fireworks. A murmur of young voices came from a door on Bath Street. Such minute observations filled her mind; beneath their surface she was conscious of a deep, a fathomless turmoil. It was a curious sensation, curious because she couldn't tell whether it was happiness or misery. One now exactly resembled the other to Nettie Vollar.

She grasped, however, one difference—it was happiness now; the misery belonged to to-morrow. But suddenly that last unrealized fact—at once immaterial and the most leaden reality of all—lost its weight. The greater freedom she had lately grown into became an absolute indifference, a half willful and half automatic shutting of her eyes to everything but the present, the actuality of Gerrit Ammidon walking by her side. She wanted him to speak, so that she could discover his thoughts, feelings; yet she was reluctant to have their companionship of silence broken. Words, almost all the possible terms she could imagine, would only emphasize the distance between them.

She was thinking of one now—a word he had never pronounced but which she felt had been, however obscurely, at the back of the attention he had paid her—love. It was a queer thing. It seemed to be—everyone agreed that it was—of the greatest, perhaps the first importance; and yet all sorts of other considerations—some insignificant and others mean, and more, yes, cowardly—held it in check, drove it back out of sight, as you might hurriedly shut some shabby object into a closet at the arrival of visitors.

"How have you been?" he demanded in the abrupt voice of the expression of his determination to see her home.

Well enough, she assured him, if he meant her health. He glanced at her with somber eyes.

"Not altogether," he admitted; "it included your family, things generally."

"They are as bad as possible," she told him.

She admitted this frankly, a part of her entire surrender to the moment, careless of how it might affect him.

"They would be," he muttered savagely. "It's a habit—here."

The "here," she knew, referred to life on shore; his gloomy attitude toward the management and affairs of the land had caused her a great deal of precious laughter. He had revealed a most astonishing ignorance of necessities that she had understood instinctively when hardly more than a child; and this simplicity had as much as anything brought her affection for him to life. At the same time she in particular had felt the justice of a great many of his charges. But no one could reasonably hope for the sort of world—a world as orderly and trim as that of a narrow ship—he thought should be brought about by a mere command. Nettie wished that it could! She sighed, gazing at him.

"Then it's no better than before?" he asked, adding with a descriptive gesture: "The town and people?"

"I hardly speak to ten in a year, outside the stores and like that. Of course they nod going into church; or a lady—I mean really your sister-in-law—will say something nice, even do what you saw to-night. Though it's the first time anything like that has happened."

She caught a repressed bitter oath.

"I suppose I'll get used to it," she continued. But "No, I won't" she added differently; "never, never, never!"

He said with an incredible stupidity, "If you were a man now ——"

She wondered angrily if he'd rather have her a man; there had been a time, Nettie reflected, when such a possibility would have stirred him to violent protest. And this brought out the reflection that while at one time he might have cared for her, now perhaps he was merely sorry for her unhappiness. Yes, this must be it. She had a momentary fatal impulse to throw back at him scornfully any such small kindness. She didn't, she told herself, want condescending sympathy. What silenced her was the sudden knowledge that she did; she wanted anything whatsoever from Gerrit Ammidon. The fact that he had a Chinese wife was powerless to lessen her feeling in the smallest degree. On the contrary, she was shocked to find that it had increased immensely; it was growing with every minute.

She wondered drearily if her stubborn love—the term took its place without remark in the procession of her thoughts—for Gerrit didn't, in spite of her protest to the contrary, stamp her as quite bad. Perhaps her grandfather was right about them all—her mother and Uncle Edward and herself—and they were wicked, lost! The energy with which she had combated this charge, now faced by the circumstance of her realized affection for a man married to someone else, even Chinese, wavered. All the cheerful influences of the day, rising to the supreme tranquil hour on the Ammidon porch, sank to dejection; it was like the flight of the rockets.

She walked listlessly; her brain was numb; she was terribly tired. Gerrit Ammidon's head was bent and she was unable to see his expression. He might even have forgotten, by the token of his self-absorbed progress, that she was at his side.

"There's going to be a stir in Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone," he said presently, "when my father hears of the new program. Everything is turning to the fastest California runs possible. William and James Saltonstone want me to take




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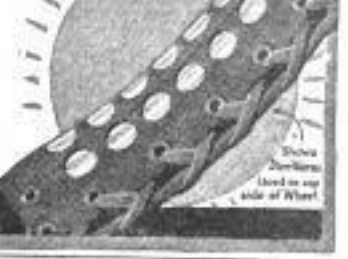
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command of a clipper. But I find I'm like my father, Nettie; all my experience has been in the East and the China service. I'm used to it; I'd never get on navigating a passenger boat, a packet ship, from Boston to San Francisco and San Francisco to Boston. The other's in my blood, too—running the northeast trades to Brazil and coming up into the southwest passage winds for the Cape of Good Hope. A long reach nearly to Australia, and then north again to the Indian Ocean and southeast trades.

"I'm fit for that, for long voyages, a blue-water sailor and all it means; but—battering back and forward round the Horn with my deck cluttered up by prospectors and shore crews the mates would have to beat into the rigging!"

His exclamation refused every face of such a possibility. She understood his necessity completely; and the brief account of such far happy journeys, safe from everything that Salem had come to mean for her, filled her with longing.

"I'm beginning to see," he took up again the self-examination, "that I am to blame for a good deal that I've found fault with in others. I mean that I'm a different variety of animal, and naturally no judge of the kinds of holes they live in or the way their affairs are managed."

"You are worlds better!" she cried.

He turned to her, obviously startled, and she held for a long breath his unguarded intense gaze.

"Not very useful, I am afraid," he replied at last; "not to-day, anyhow. I belong to a life that is dying, Nettie; mark my words, dying if not already dead. And I'm newfangled to my father. It goes as quickly as that."

This was a fresh mood to all her knowledge of his impatient arrogance, and one that sent her to him in a passionate unperceived emotion. They had arrived at her home and were waiting aimless and silent. Beyond, the gate to the yard was standing open, and Nettie saw that his discovery of the fact had occurred at the identical moment of her own. She made an involuntary movement forward, and he followed her through to the blurred tangle of bushes and bare trodden earth. Mutely they turned to the sod spread at the harbor.

The thunder had died away, but pale sheets of reflected lightning hovered at short intervals low in the sky. Directly above them stars shone again. The window of the sitting room still bore the illumination of the lamp within; and Nettie could picture her mother, with stained and rough hands loose on their wrists, opposite Barzil Dunsack's gaunt set countenance.

"You said something about things as bad as possible."

In a level voice she told him about her discovery of Edward Dunsack unconscious in his black wrap on the bed.

"I thought he had died," she repeated almost monotonously; "he had such a yellow gone look."

"But that can't be allowed!" he cried. "You mustn't see it! Indecent, worse. The beast will have to be removed. No one will hear of his staying about with two women and a fanatical old man."

She was afraid that he would go into the house at once and reappear with her uncle, very much in the manner of a dog with a rat. Her sense of a worldly knowledge, a philosophy of realization far deeper than his own, returned.

Things couldn't be disposed of in that easy manner; it was probable that they couldn't be disposed of, righted, at all. Her mother, with her help, must continue to keep Barzil's home; there was no other place for Edward Dunsack to go.

"He won't hurt us," she said vaguely. "It's principally bad for him. Then at first I didn't know. You get used to so much."

He, Gerrit Ammidon, wouldn't have it, he asserted in a heated return of his familiar dictatorial manner. The fellow would be out of there to-morrow. It was a damned unendurable outrage!

She smiled softly, and laid a momentary hand on his sleeve.

"That's nothing, Gerrit; nothing compared to the rest, to me."

He frowned down at her out of the gloom.

"What am I to do?" she asked.

He again cursed Salem and the world with which he had proclaimed himself out of date and sympathy. This, though it communicated to her a certain warm comfort, resolved nothing, made no reply to her question. To-morrow offered precisely the same hopeless outlook of yesterday. No answer from Gerrit, Gerrit married, was possible. She saw that.

"I'm not fit to go round on land blundering and setting tongues to clapping," he declared. "I ought to be locked in my cabin when the ship's in port, and let out only after sail's made again."

She heard a slight movement in the grass, and turning sharply caught the vague outline of a man, the thin unsubstantial shape of Edward Dunsack. He vanished immediately; Gerrit, absorbed in bitter thought, had missed him. Strangely her uncle only filled her mind with the image of China, the China that had ruined him and which, too, in the form of a woman, a Manchu, had destroyed the hope of any acceptable existence of her own.

"Great pretensions and idiotic results!" he went on. "No ballast! Take what your grandfather said to me—nothing in that unexpected or to drive a man off. Yet off I go and ——"

He halted oddly, just as her breath was suspended at the admittance which she was certain must follow. But he fell into another glooming silence. After all, she couldn't expect him to continue that development. A different man might; and Nettie wasn't sure of her refusal to listen . . . to the end. But she was familiar with Gerrit's unbending conception of the necessity of truth alone. If he married a woman—yellow, black, anything—he would perform the obligation to the entire boundary of his promise. Good and bad seemed equally united against her. Little flashes of resentment struck through her leaden conviction that all this was useless.

"I must be of some use to you."

But Nettie realized there was only one way in which he could help her; only one thing she wanted—could take—from him. She was terrified at the completeness with which love had possessed her, making every other fact and consideration of little interest or importance. Suddenly it seemed as if she were being swept by an overwhelming current farther and farther out from safety into a bottomless immensity that would claim her life.

"Yet," he cried, "if I lift a hand here in Salem, if I as much as cross the street to speak to you—the clapping tongues! I can do you nothing but harm. Though Rhoda might ——"

"I don't want your Rhoda!" she interrupted passionately. "I've managed without them all up to now."

He raised his arms in a hopeless gesture.

"Nothing's to be done," she concluded. "I saw that all along—that is, this last time."

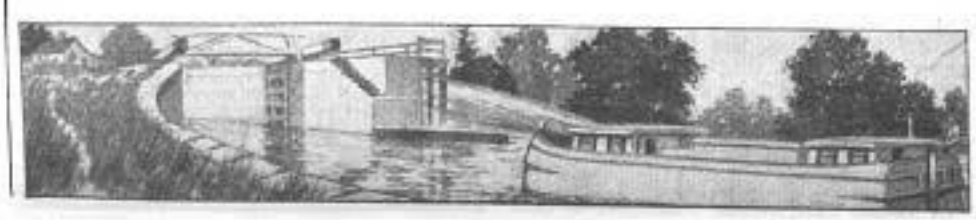
"It's late," he muttered absently; "you have had a day."

He turned mechanically and moved away from the indefinite black rim of the harbor. The lamp in the sitting room had been extinguished, the house was dark. A brief embarrassment seized her as he stood trying vainly to find something confident, even adequate to say for farewell. And as the stir of his footfalls died away up Hardy Street the memory of his last futile words mocked her laboring heart.

She turned and faced Edward Dunsack advancing from an obscurity deeper than the rest. He murmured approvingly; she caught words of commendation and unspeakable reassurance. She hurried away blindly, sick to the inmost depths of her being. The morning, when she had tied her gay bonnet ribbons and started out with the scarlet merino shawl on her arm, seemed to belong to a long, long time ago, to a girl. . . .

The popping of a final string of firecrackers died outside.

(TO BE CONTINUED)





In Active Service

Edwin P. Kohl, whose picture appears above, although still in his twenties, has been *in active service* for eleven years—one year with Uncle Sam and ten years with us.

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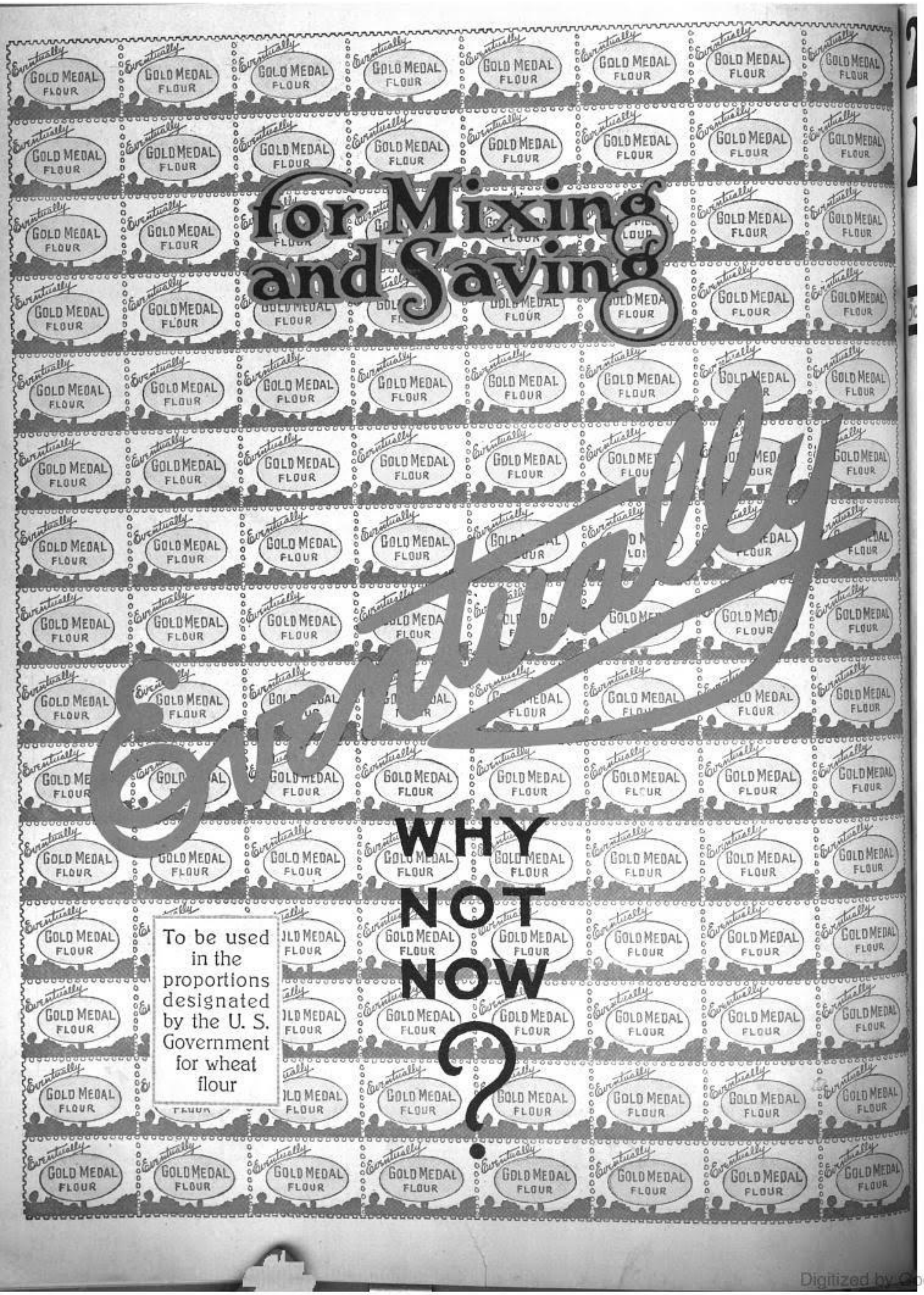
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An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A.D. 1728 by Benjamin Franklin

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### There is no safer health than apple-health

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2. **Jonathan**—October, November. Eating
3. **Banana**—Oct., Nov., Dec. Eating and
4. **Spitzenberg**—November, December, Ja eating and cooking.
5. **Ortley**—Nov., Dec., Jan. Eating and
6. **Delicious**—November, December. Ea
7. **Wagener**—Nov., Dec. Eating and co
8. **Stayman**—Dec., Jan., Feb. Eating ar
9. **Rome Beauty**—December, January, Fel Supreme baker. Excellent eating.
10. **White Winter Pearmain**—Januar March. Cooking and eating.
11. **Arkansas Black**—February, March. Cooking only.
12. **Newtown**—March, April, May. Cooki
13. **Winesap**—Feb., March, April. Eati

Go by the calendar, and you apple's goodness and blame the

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# CALL UP THE BALLOON

## By Lieut. H. K. Black, Flying Officer Observer, R. F. C., C. F. A.

WHEN, after some two years of fairly strenuous service in the field artillery in France, my transfer to the kite-balloon section of the Royal air force was completed, I found myself at wing headquarters waiting to report my arrival to the officer commanding. I had always been used to seeing fairly elderly men wearing the badges of a lieutenant colonel, so I was hardly prepared for the young officers of the flying corps. None of them were present, however, when I arrived. The sergeant major told me they would be back about five o'clock. He took me into a very comfortable mess room, put cigarettes and magazines at my disposal and left me.

Then and there I began to like the flying corps immensely. I was very comfortable and possibly a little drowsy. My magazine slipped unheeded to the floor as I watched the smoke from my cigarette curling up to the ceiling. A door slammed and I awoke. A young man, bundled up in a leather flying coat, exploded into the room. I got up leisurely and nodded to him.

"Are you the adjutant?" I inquired casually.

"No," the young man responded as he struggled out of his overcoat. "No, not exactly; I'm the colonel."

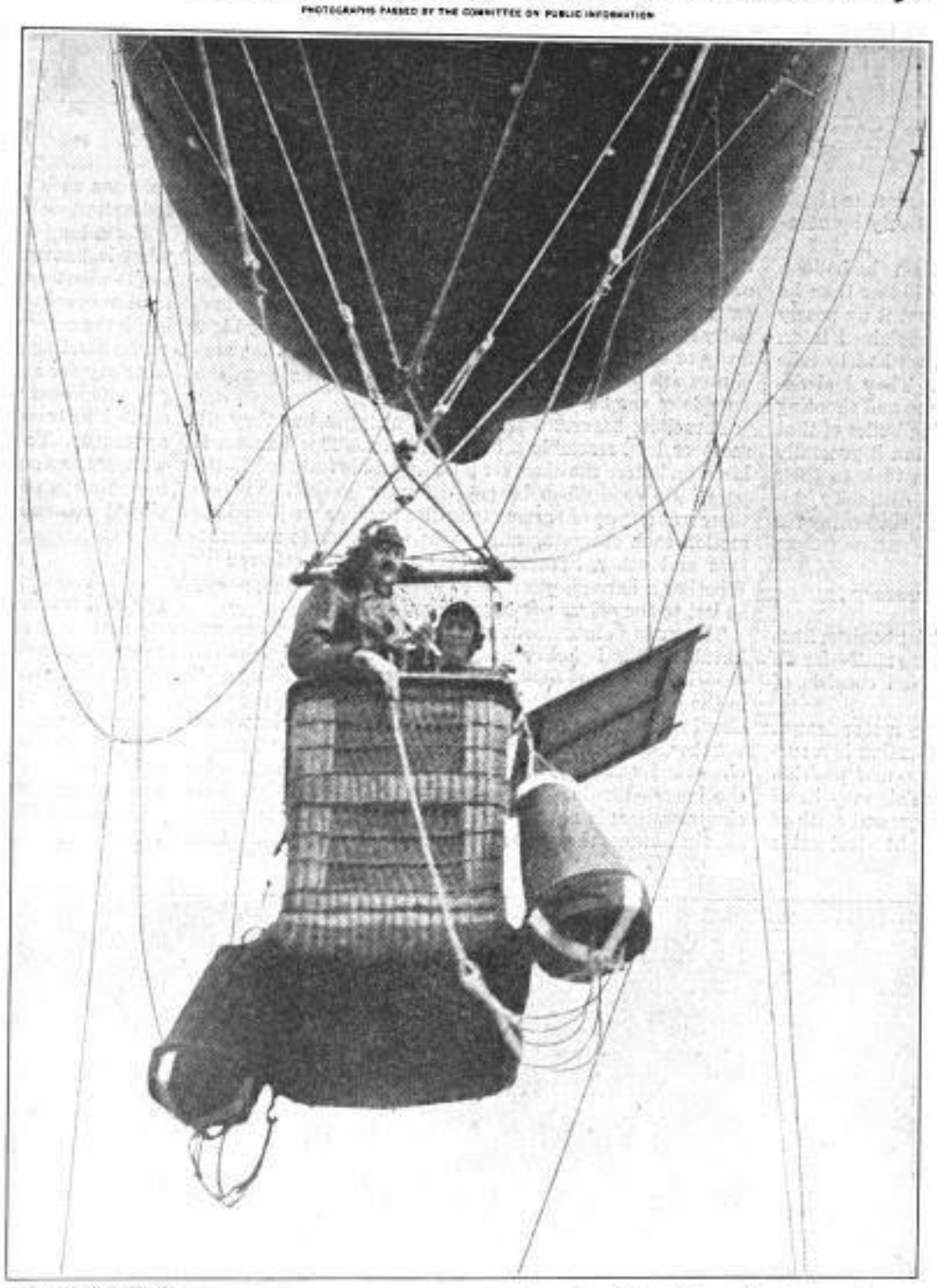
He saw the joke quicker than I did and laughed over it while I tried to apologize through my own laughter.

This incident, however, coming as it did on my entrance to the balloon service, did me one good turn: It got me an identity with the colonel. He could never forget me after that. There was no chance that I would be "one" of his officers—I should have a status all my own from then on, and it would be my own fault if I did not improve on it.

The colonel called up an officer, who assigned me to a section, and then I clambered into a motor tender and left for my new home.

Though balloons and their functions are becoming better known now, still there are comparatively very few people who know anything about observation balloons except that they go up in the air.

PHOTOGRAPHS PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION



*The Basket of a British Observation Balloon. The Two Cone-Shaped Bags Hanging on the Outside are Parachutes, One of Which is Attached to Each Observer. Upon the Flat Board Protruding From the Basket is a Map. The Observer in the Foreground Holds in His Left Hand a Telephone by Which He Communicates With Those on the Ground*

In the Royal air force at the present time there is one balloon wing to an army, and as there were five British armies in France when I left, there were five balloon wings. Each wing is divided into several companies. The number is elastic. Each company is divided into two balloon sections, and each section owns and operates one balloon. There are several officers in a section, who take their turns at observing, but no matter how many there are—if one would believe those same officers—there are never nearly enough officers to do the work. As a matter of fact, when there is plenty of work to be done, as there was in 1917, the balloons are somewhat understaffed; but, then, where there is plenty of work the same thing probably holds good in every branch of the service.

Though the entire air service is a new thing in this war and, therefore, a good deal talked of, still it is the aëroplane which attracts the most attention. There are several reasons for this, chiefly because there are considerably more aëroplanes than balloons. Moreover, the aëroplane navigates and fights in the air, and its performances are very spectacular from a newspaper point of view and from the Hun-killing standpoint. Though the aëroplane kills individual Huns by shooting them down to earth with a mighty crash it is largely through the agency of the observation balloon that the Hun batteries are smashed up. Moreover, considerably more Huns meet their death by our artillery fire, directed by balloons, than by air fighting. It is true that aëroplanes direct artillery fire also, but not with nearly so much accuracy as the balloon is capable of.

I wish I could tell some of the things I have seen some aëroplanes do—how they registered their batteries on altogether the wrong targets, and a few other things. They were doing their best, I know, but they were handicapped by three things: Antiaircraft fire, the fact that they were moving very fast through the air over the target, and the limitations of their communication.

Since one is absolutely stationary in a balloon an observer can check observations very accurately. The antiaircraft fire is not so intense against a kite balloon, though sometimes it is uncomfortable enough. Further than that, the balloon has the advantage of speaking directly over the telephone to the battery with which it is working. I know that on many occasions—I don't intend to say how many—when I went to complete a shoot which an aëroplane had commenced I found our battery shooting wide of the target.

For fighting, for bombing, for reconnaissance, for keeping Fritz blinded in the air—our aëroplanes are unbeatable; but for artillery observation I am confident from my experience that the observation balloon is the best observation post yet invented. People will challenge that statement, I know, but I think anyone who has done observation from a balloon and from an aëroplane will corroborate my statement.

At a height of four thousand feet on a clear day one can detect with strong binoculars a difference of fifteen feet in the fall of a shell.

Up till the spring of 1917 the balloon was *persona non grata* with a great majority of artillerists, but during that spring the sausages came into their own, and their importance has been recognized ever since. I do not desire to belittle the utility of aëroplanes in the least. The point I am trying to drive home is the relative importance of the balloons for purposes of observation.

The balloon section I first joined was the one which, in the battle of Neuve Chapelle, when all communication with the rear had failed, stayed in the air for twenty-nine consecutive hours and kept headquarters informed of the entire progress of the battle. That section has, hung in its mess room, framed copies of the letters of thanks from the divisional, corps and army commanders and the commander in chief.

To describe things briefly, then, an observation balloon is not spherical but elongated; in fact, it looks like a huge sausage, and generally goes by that name. The balloon will



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lift approximately a ton. Of course, the higher the balloon goes the less weight it will lift, as the air is of less density at heights than on the ground. The density of the air at a given height is in a constant ratio to that at ground level, and so the aneroid barometer can be used to register altitudes.

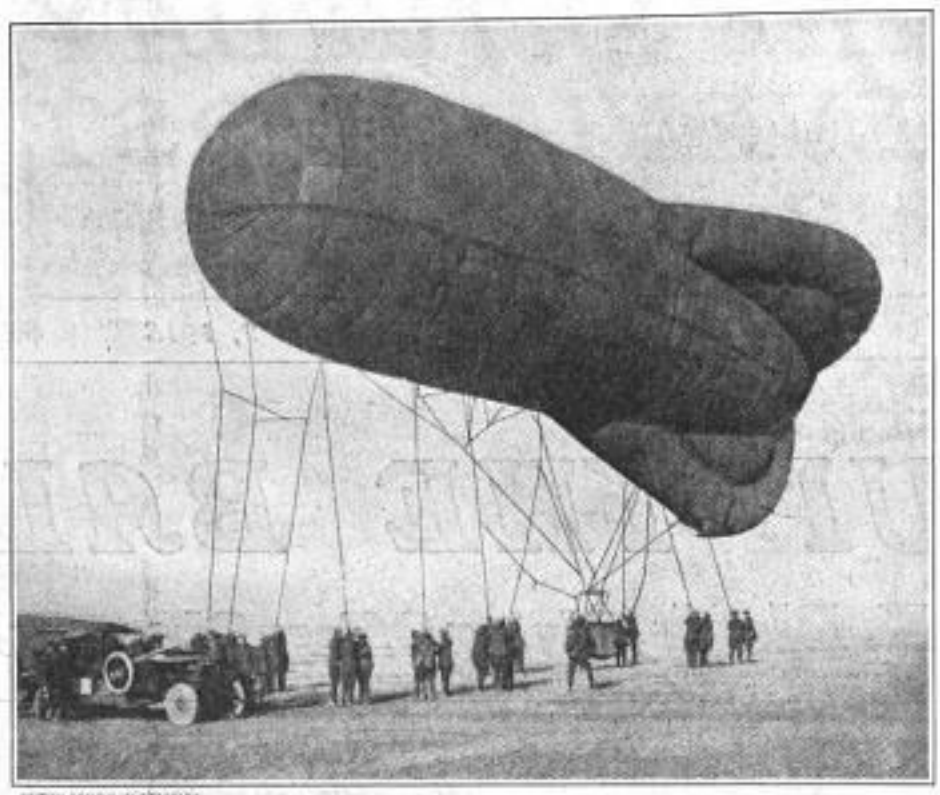
The balloon is generally made of silk, coated with a rubber solution. It is anchored by a steel cable about the thickness of a lead pencil, which is capable of enduring great strain.

The old lady was in error when she inquired of a balloon officer why they didn't have a rope ladder or something instead of climbing up and down that steel cable.

The motor winch, which lets the balloon up and hauls it down, is mounted on a motor truck and can, therefore, move about the country under its own power. It is therefore possible to let the balloon, with the observers, up into the air and then, by running the winch forward along a road, get considerably closer to the Hun's lines than would be possible otherwise.

Though it is not altogether possible to conceal the whereabouts of a balloon section we found it advisable to refrain from forcing ourselves on the Hun's attention while the balloon was on the ground. While there the sausage made a shining mark for the Hun's artillery, and he could strafe us very effectively by aëroplane observation.

In the air it was a different matter. When the balloon was up Fritz could see the balloon much better than he could on the ground, but he could not shoot it up nearly so well. This apparent paradox will be explained later. While a flight was being made, however, we had to take our chances with the hostile aëroplanes. They had developed a nasty habit of flying over the lines and shooting tracer bullets into the gas bag. If a flaming bullet of that sort punctured the gas bag the result was that it generally came down in flames, while the observers took to their parachutes. Though we considered this distinctly unpleasant, like the Kaiser we always blamed the enemy for starting the trouble.



BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH

*A British Observation Balloon About to Ascend to Watch Enemy Movements.*

*A Large Electric Windlass on the Lorry Controls the Balloon*

### *Balloon Observers in Harness*

WHAT with the balloon crew proper, telephonists, linemen, riggers, transport men and cooking staff—for we lived high in the balloon service—a section consists of slightly less than one hundred men.

A balloon section is a mobile unit, entirely motor drawn. It can pack up and move itself to a new location in a surprisingly short space of time. Arrived at a new position a bed is prepared for the balloon itself. This may be of several different characters, but usually a ground cloth of canvas is staked to the ground and a light steel cable fastened round it with pickets. The balloon is fastened down to this ridge wire, as it is called, and weighted down with sandbags.

The telephonists erect a portable chart room and run their wires from that to the traveling telephone exchange, which also is in a motor truck. A knockdown wireless hut is also generally erected.

One of the big advantages a kite balloon has over an aëroplane for observation work is that the balloon has direct telephonic communication. The observer in the balloon has a head and breast telephone set fastened to his body, and from the basket he can speak to the chart room, the exchange, any of his batteries, and also with the balloons on either side of him.

The basket is made of wickerwork and is about four by five feet in dimensions; some balloons have been tried with two somewhat smaller single-man baskets. The basket is equipped with the telephone, binoculars of varying powers, a barometer, a thermometer, a compass, a prepared map board with the maps of the area fastened to it, and either a Pitot tube or an anemometer to measure the velocity of the wind. One more parachute than there are passengers is hung over the side of the basket. The extra one is for use in case one parachute becomes a casualty for any reason. In a high wind a parachute may blow away or become crushed by hitting something. The parachutes are packed in cone-shaped cases and hang on the outside of the basket.

Parachute harnesses are of different types, but they all, more or less, resemble a breeches buoy. This harness is laced on before the observer goes up and is fastened to the parachute rope when he gets into the basket. Though there was a type of harness issued to us when we joined the section each observing officer was at liberty to manufacture and use a harness of his own if he preferred it. Whether a harness was safe to use or not could generally be left to the officer who was going to use it.

The main points about a harness are: It must be comfortable—if it is heavy and uncomfortable it weighs the observer down and affects his efficiency during a long spell in the basket; it must be loose enough not to impede the circulation in the bitter cold of high altitudes in winter weather, and tight enough so that it will not slip when the observer jumps, and leave him suspended more or less by the knees—landing on the back of the neck under these circumstances is not a practice to be encouraged; above all, the harness that gives the best results must be one that will not get in the observer's way in the basket. Harnesses that flop about, getting tangled with the telephones and the binoculars, have ruined many a promising shoot. There have been times, even in civilian life, when a man with a very equable temper has been reduced to ungovernable rage by a poor telephone connection. On active service the telephone service is never all that could be desired. So, take a telephone that is not all it should be, add to that a high wind and a swinging basket, and further complicate matters by a parachute harness that is determined to get itself mixed up in the wires, and you have all that is necessary to cause a rupture between the artillery and the balloon.

After all, an artillery officer is only human and he thinks a lot of his arm of the service. It took a long time for the balloon service to convince the artillery that the balloons could help them to any great extent. The artillery fought shy of the sausages for a long time, and it wasn't until well into 1917 that they really believed in balloons. That confidence, so laboriously built up, can be destroyed very easily by a poor telephone. It was our experience that the closer liaison we kept up with the artillery the better were our results. When the balloonists visited the artillery and the artillerists visited the balloons each one found out that the other was a regular fellow and only too anxious to work to the common end.

For a long time the telephone system was operated on what is known as the earth-return system—that is, one single wire was run between the two stations, and by each station connecting the other side of the telephone to the earth the current passed along the single wire and returned to the starting point through the ground. This was unsatisfactory for several reasons. First, it caused induction—one could hear several conversations going on at once; and second, Fritz could hear our conversations with his listening apparatus. To make it more difficult for him to hear what we were saying and to improve the service generally the metallic system was adopted—that is, the whole of the circuit was carried by two wires strung off the ground.

### *Initiated by the Major*

SOME sections had three or four switchboards, and in those cases the exchange took on more or less the appearance of a city exchange, and at times was just about as busy, also. We have had as many as fifty-eight batteries on our exchange at one time, and these, with our connections to company and wing headquarters, the transport lines, the balloons on either side of us and with the buried cables running in every direction, made us a tangible factor in the communication system of the armies.

An exhaustive description of balloons and their equipment cannot of course be crowded into this amount of space, but I think that with this the reader can get a sort of idea that will make what follows more clear.



BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH

*Observers Fixing On Harness Which is Connected With the Parachute. Note the Fur-Lined Boots They Wear*

When I reported from wing headquarters to company headquarters I was received by the company commander, a major, who was six feet four inches in height and nearly as broad as he was long. He weighed about seventeen or eighteen stone, which works out at about the neighborhood of two hundred and fifty pounds. On the occasion before mentioned, when a balloon stayed twenty-nine hours in the air, he was the chap who had done nineteen hours of the twenty-nine in the basket. A fine character or a worse balloonatic I never saw. He simply loved it.

When I reported to him he assigned me to a section and took me down himself to introduce me. When he presented me to my future messmates—a wonderful bunch of fellows—he put a nickname on me which I

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# THE PRINCE AND THE PIKER

## By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR



When He Came Back He Brought Mrs. Harold Crudson and Her Epochal Six Trunks Back With Him

"He who is too liberal cannot long continue so; he will become poor and contemptible. . . .

"And . . . he cannot retrace his steps and replenish his finances without being accused of avarice." —MACHIAVELLI—*The Prince.*

THE Prince was Harold Crudson, only son and heir apparent of Old Oliver P. Crudson, who had a title of his own, being High-Muck-a-Muck of Middleville, which is no inconsiderable place in the eyes of its inhabitants. To particularize, Middleville had then the courthouse of the county, two banks, eight churches, nearly seven miles of paved street, an electric-light plant, a public square with a band stand, where the band boys played regularly on Saturday nights, a three-story brick hotel, two newspapers, a progressive class of people, a canning factory, a culture club and a rosy future. To be a leading or even a prominent citizen of such a town is no little or light thing; to be High-Muck-a-Muck of it puts a man pretty well up on the perilous pinnacle of pride and power.

If you wanted anything in Middleville—an accommodation at one of the banks, public office of any kind, an easy letdown or favorable decision in civil or criminal proceedings, a contract, a franchise, an organ for the church or a vacant lot for a circus performance—you went to see Old Oliver first; if you were wise you did. And you took your little *quid pro quo* along with you and contrived to let the old gentleman know that you had it, even if you didn't crudely haul it out and lay it on his desk; supposing that you were wide-awake, onto the ropes and of a sage, reflective temperament. In other words, if you had any cutaneous disorder on back or palm Old Doctor Crudson was willing and able to relieve the itch, but being similarly afflicted himself he wanted to be sure that the palliative scratching or greasing would be reciprocal.

Of course, Prince Harold was made an exception to this proviso. Anything that Harold wanted he got, and if there had been any difficulty about it Old Lady Crudson would have seen to it that it was overcome. Born in the purple, Harold's face during his infancy instantly assumed that royal complexion at any denial of his wishes, and his supplementary and stentorian bellow invariably brought the household to time in mighty short order. A little prince!—and he looked it every inch of him, with his bright handsome face and sunny curls, and his slender well-formed body arrayed in costly garments of the most picturesque juvenile mode. All the women said so—even those with boys of their own.

"Doesn't he just look a little prince!"

Behaved like one, too, for the bellowing was infrequent after all. It wasn't often necessary to bellow. He had a charming smile too; something very gracious and winning about it, and there wasn't a mean hair on his curly little pate. Everybody said so.

Messer Niccolo Machiavelli, of Florence, Italy, prefacing his well-known Teutonic treatise already quoted, observed that "those who court the favor of princes generally present them with whatever they possess that is most rare, curious and valuable." That observation, however, applied rather to the courtiers of the H. M. than to those of his son. Harold's little playmates found him tolerably indifferent to their possessions and liberal enough with his own, as soon as their novelty had in some degree worn off. He would give away anything that he didn't particularly value, and do it in a careless, splendid way that made him highly popular. He enjoyed being popular. Sometimes he would give things that he really did care for.

"That's all right," he would say, waving protestations of gratitude aside with princely grace. "That's all right. Keep it if you want. I can get my old man to get me another easy enough."

And it was easy enough.

"Bless his generous little soul!" his fond mother would exclaim; "he would give away his head. Father, you must really get him another."

Father chuckled good-naturedly. "Get him another head?" he asked. "Might help him, at that. Well, he comes by his generousness honestly, Mariar. I gave a feller a street-car franchise this morning. Worth a considerable more than a twenty-two rifle, I should say. But, then, it didn't cost me anything." He chuckled again. "I suppose I'll have to come across," he concluded; "but you hadn't ought to let 'em work you, Harold. They'll do it every time if you let 'em. What made you give it to him, son?"

"He thought I wouldn't," replied little Harold. "I called his bluff, though. I guess he thought I was a piker; but I fooled him."

Number Seven, the accommodation, pulled into Middleville depot. Some four or five people got off and two of them climbed into the Hollister House bus, which presently started and went jolting and swaying up Main Street. It had proceeded half a block or more when a rotund youngish gentleman, with a heavy seal-brown mustache and much watch chain, hurried out of the baggage room, carrying what was then known as a gripsack. He stopped at the edge of the platform, looked after the disappearing bus, dropped his grip, and swore with an emphasis that brought a titter from the lingering loafers and clamorous offers of assistance from three or four barefooted urchins. One of these latter was a bullet-headed, freckled boy of perhaps twelve years, who looked a trifle cleaner and was not so noisy if no less earnest than his companions, and the belated traveler picked him for the job.

He was certainly a small boy for a large-size heavy grip, but he tackled it manfully and staggered off in the wake of the rotund gentleman, traversing the five long blocks to the Hollister without setting his burden down once. The other boys tagged along. At the hotel the owner of the gripsack tendered a nickel.

"It's worth a dime," said the boy. He was breathless with the exertion, and sweat rolled down his freckled, uninteresting face, but he spoke calmly.

"But you'll take a nickel," the rotund gentleman asserted in a rotund voice and with a dark scowl.

"I'll take what's fair and right, and that's a dime," returned the boy, looking steadily into the scowl.

"If you get anything more it'll be a swift kick."

"I'll get five cents more. I earned it, and I'll get it."

There was no doubt of tha being his intention. The trav eler knew determination whe he saw it and with a laug tossed him the coin required As he disappeared within the Hollis ter's doors a chorus of congratulatio rose from the boys who had tagged.

"Good for you, Jimmy!"

"Couldn't razzle-dazzle ole Jimmy could he?"

"You bet he couldn't, the ole skate!"

They clustered round Jimmy, who grinned—a sort o sober grin—and turned to go. They lined up with hin lovingly.

"Where'll we go blow it?" one asked, throwing his arm affectionately over Jimmy's shoulder.

Jimmy stopped. "Blow what?"

"That ten cents."

"I'm not going to blow it."

He spoke with the same calmness, the same unabashed determination that he had shown in his insistence on th additional nickel, and as the comradely hand dropped from his shoulder he saved them the trouble of remonstrance by walking away from them. That he was pursued by a yel of derision did not appear to disconcert him in the least.

"What you fellows hollering about?"

A stylish two-seated phaëton was drawn up near the curb. The tightly checked pawing horse that drew it wa groomed to the last glossy hair, the harness glittered with silver plate, the negro driver wore a plug hat and a tightly buttoned livery coat. Behind the driver sat our curly-headed friend, Harold Crudson, who surveyed the gang with languid but not unfriendly interest as he dangled one silk-stockinged leg over the side of the vehicle.

"What's the trouble?" asked Harold.

Oddly enough the boys did not seem to resent the silk stocking or the beautifully laundered and befrilled waist They grinned recognition and answered the question readily

"Jimmy Wilkes. He got a dime for carrying an old skate's grip up to the hotel. The man wanted to give him a nickel, but Jimmy hung right onto him, and we stood by Jimmy. Then Jimmy tells us that he ain't going to blow nothing—after we'd stood by him; and he's gone off now with his fist curled round them ten cents tighter'n a clam."

Harold smiled contemptuously. "I bet he hung on if there was a nickel in it. You fellows were suckers if you thought he was going to spend anything. Not Jimmy. He's a piker if ever there was one, Jimmy Wilkes is."

He slid his other silken leg over and dropped to the curb. "Say, I've got a loose quarter in my jeans," he observed genially. "Jeff, you tell mom that I'll be back right away if she comes out before I get back. C'm'on, fellows I'll treat."

Jimmy Wilkes, the little piker, went straight home to the piking little cottage on the south side of the tracks, where he lived with his mother, who did plain sewing and

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dressmaking in a piking little way and got along pretty well, thank you, considering. Mrs. Wilkes stopped her machine at the sound of his whistle and gave him a welcoming smile, at which he uncurled his tight fist and displayed not ten, but forty-five cents.

"My gracious!" exclaimed the mother. "You must have been busy to-day, Jimmy."

"I sorted out a barrel of apples for Mr. Watson and swept out the store," said Jimmy pridefully. "I got fifteen cents for that, and Mr. Watson gave me the specks when I got through. I'm going to take my wagon and get them after supper. They'll make good apple butter. 'Nen I run an errant for Mr. Payne at the bank and mowed a lawn on Bolivia Avenue. The lady said I could come and cut it again in about two weeks. After that I went down to the depot, and I got ten cents for carrying a man's valise; and that made it."

"Goodness!" said Mrs. Wilkes. "If you keep on this way you'll have more money than some folks have hay by the time school opens again."

"I'll have enough to buy me a new suit of clothes, I bet you!" declared Jimmy with a confident nod. "And enough for somep'n else too. But that's a secrut."

He laughed gleefully and looked at the calendar with the lady feeding chickens on it that ornamented the wall. There was a date a little more than a week ahead that marked the anniversary of Mrs. Wilkes' birth.

"Keeping secrets from your poor old mother! All right for you, Jimmy!"

The machine whirred, and Jimmy climbed on a chair and took a cast-iron-elephant bank from the clock shelf. Into this he dropped his forty-five cents and then made entries in an old copy book, ruled under headings "By mony what I have urned" and "To mony what I have spent"; after which he put the copy book away and announced that he was going out to weed them onions.

"They're looking fine," he said. "I bet we'll have a couple of bushel dry to put away for the winter besides what we sell. And the 'taters are settin' awful thick."

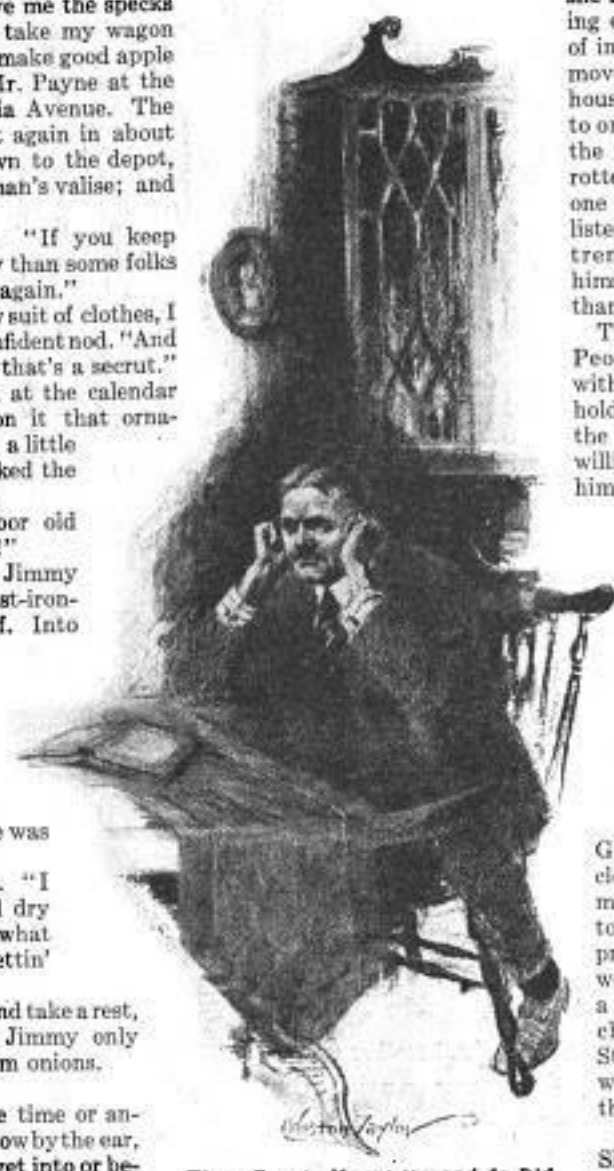
"I think you ought to lay down and take a rest, Jimmy," said his mother. But Jimmy only laughed and went out to weed them onions.

Mistakes will happen. At some time or another we inevitably take the wrong sow by the ear, put the saddle on the wrong horse, get into or before the wrong box—the jury box, for instance—and get in wrong, more or less, by consequence. We may be sage as Solon and perspicacious as the Pythian Oracle—which Oliver P. Crudson really wasn't—and yet make an occasional bonehead play. Oliver P. Crudson made his mistake by electing the wrong district attorney, a man without the least sense of gratitude for favors past or to come. Something was saved out of the wreck that followed: the house, which was in Mrs. Crudson's name, and a certain amount of real and personal property that was likewise exempt from restitution and not absolutely needed to keep O. P. out of the penitentiary. But the house had to be sold and much of the other realty disposed of; the phaëton and the silver-plated harness went with the rest, and Oliver P. Crudson's funeral expenses made quite a sizable hole in the ready money. For the old gentleman went. He didn't like sympathy and there must have been penetrable stuff here and there in his hide, for avoidance hurt him. He had been a High-Muck-a-Muck so long that any other existence seemed hardly worth while beginning; and so the young Prince came into his depleted own.

His title was pretty well established by this time. He was nineteen then and in his freshman year at a freshwater college where princes were few and far between. So far as his opportunities went Harold hit up a tremendous pace, taking a tumble now and then, as the faculty interposed obstacles or brought him up with a round turn, but dusting off his knees and speeding up again with undiminished ardor and with an enthusiastic following, which included sophomores and even seniors. Rather a bad influence, the faculty thought, but youth will have its follies and allowances must be made when allowances are too liberal and easily exceeded. And when Crudson did apply himself to study he showed considerable aptitude. Moreover, his winning smile and frank, pleasant manner had their effect even on these dour pedants, so that they only conditioned him instead of expelling him outright, and he was in the second day of his probation when the home troubles began and his scholastic career ended.

He left a wide circle of eternally devoted friends and admirers of his princely qualities, one or two of whom he has since seen and touched; a reputation as a high roller, that still endures in tradition; and a nice little mess of debts, which Old Lady Crudson's attorneys settled for twenty cents on the dollar—a settlement that cut the creditors' profits to almost nothing.

For a month or two after the expensive funeral Harold looked the field of employment over. He decided that he had to get to work, Middleville having no leisure class to speak of within business hours, and his mother being poor company and so foolishly apprehensive of the future that she almost insisted on confining expenses within the limit of income. They had already moved into a modest little house and cut down the help to one woman by the day, and the woman's cooking was so rotten that Harold had to take one of his meals at the Hollister; but even with this retrenchment Harold found himself shorter of loose change than he liked.



*Those Beasts Meant It; and So Did Beatrice, on Whom He Had Lavished Thousands—Yes, Thousands!*

There were jobs enough. People rather sympathized with the boy, and so far from holding him accountable for the sins of his father were willing, some of them, to help him along. Joel Peters, the druggist, would have given him a job. Joel figured that it was our duty to help the widow and the fatherless, and Old Oliver had his good points, too, when you come to think it over, and a boy like Harold, with his college clothes and good looks, wouldn't keep no trade away from the soda fountain. Felix Ginsberg, the one-price clothier and gents' furnisher, made Harold a proposition, too, but to the general surprise Harold finally went to work for Slayden, who kept a grocery and general merchandise store on Main Street. Another thing that was surprising to many was that Harold made good.

"An A 1 clerk," said Slayden to his wife, who had objected to the raise of Harold's wages. "The customers like him and like to have him wait on 'em. By gravy, they'd sooner have him wait on 'em than me; and with most clerks it's the other way about. Another thing, my dear: he'll sell 'em things they hadn't got any notion of buying when they come into the store. Johnny-on-the-spot, he is, and I can afford to pay him good wages."

"You can't tell me!" said Mrs. Slayden viciously. "And lots of good his wages do him. He never saves a cent. I'd watch my cash drawer if I was you. And bumming round at the Hollister bar and Hank Firelong's, playing cards and billiards and who knows what, up to all hours! Nice doings! And swaggering round in them dude clothes—anybody would think he was the boss and you was the clerk. You'd think he was working in a bank instead of a grocery and dry-goods store. Jimmy Wilkes in the bank doesn't begin to dress the way he does."

Slayden chuckled. "I should say he didn't. And Jimmy's one customer that Harold can't stick for anything he doesn't need. He'll never set the town afire, though. He just about knows enough to add a column of figures and hang on to what he's got."

"That's something," said the lady.

"As for him spending his money, that's none of my business," Slayden went on; "and I don't care what he does nights or how late he stays up s'long's he's at the store on time in the morning and hustles the way he does all day. I'm not buying his clothes, so that part of it don't worry me; and he's putting more money in my pocket than he's taking out of the cash drawer, you can bet on that. Boss or no boss, he's learning me a thing or two about the business."

It was all true enough. Harold was showing a positive genius for business; and he was also setting the pace and the fashion for the gilded youth of Middleville when the toils of the day were ended. A prince, as ever, and by popular acclaim, he had the true princely phraseology down pat, to wit:

"What's a dollar, more or less?"

"This is on me, boys."

"Surest thing you know! How much do you want?"

"Call a hack, Sam—a couple of hacks."

"I'll see you and raise you." Business of raising.

"Give me the checks, waiter."

"The best in the house; the best is none too good for us."

"Keep the change."

"We've only one life to live."

Handsome, well-dressed, ready-tongued, quick-witted, open-handed and good-humored—except round home, where Old Lady Crudson was surely a trial, moping or fussing—the Prince was a marked contrast to Jimmy the Piker, who, from errand boy in the bank, had been advanced to the post of a junior clerk at a salary that was in accordance with the bank's conservative policy. He had never shown any particular ability and hadn't an atom of personal charm. A very uninteresting and ordinary young fellow, but steady and dependable. Not especially popular with other young men, either; but not disliked, except by the swift set that trained more or less with the Prince, and there were those who stoutly maintained that Jimmy wasn't a bad sort and was as square as a tile. But there was no doubt that he was thrifty. He had a phraseology, too, from which may be selected:

"No."

"What's the price of it?"

"Don't throw that away."

"I'm not a betting man."

"Every little helps."

"Let's figure it out and see exactly."

"I can't afford it."

"Quite a little wear in it yet."

"That's something I can do without."

Jimmy and his mother still lived in the piking little cottage on the south side of the tracks; Mrs. Wilkes still did plain sewing and dressmaking, and Jimmy still worked in the garden evenings; there were always dry onions for the winter, besides what they sold, and the potatoes generally set well, to say nothing of the tomatoes and the beans and peas and the cucumbers, lettuce, sweet corn, summer squash and small fruits. It beats all, as Jimmy often remarked, what you can get out of a little fifty-by-a-hundred-and-twenty-five-foot lot. About all a small family can use and put up, with a mess for the neighbors now and then, and the best kind of exercise. If you had wanted to know exactly how much the Wilkes lot yielded, what it cost for fertilizer and seed and Paris green, and so on, how much was used, sold or given away—Jimmy could have hauled down a little set of canvas-covered books and told you to a cent. He liked to keep track of things, Jimmy did—a picayunish, penny-pinching trait that was often commented on. Jimmy tried to justify it on the theory that you could check up and see what it paid to raise and what was cheaper to buy in the season. The same with all expenditures and receipts. If you found that you were spending too much for some one thing you could cut down; or, vice versa, you could branch out somewhere else if you wanted to. You knew where you were. Mrs. Wilkes kept complete housekeeping books on that principle. Imagine it! Well, it takes all kinds of people to make a world! For a business, of course, that was all right; but keeping accounts for a back-garden truck patch and the housekeeping for two persons and an old tomcat! Well, I'd hate to be that careful!

Slayden kept his phenomenal clerk for nearly two years and then let him go. It was either that or hand the business over to him. As it was, Harold had been drawing out more money than Slayden himself. "Yes, he was worth it—in a way," Slayden acknowledged. "I'll give him credit for what he's entitled to; but his idees was too big for me, and he wasn't satisfied to let me have my way. Now I'll tell you: Mr. Harold Crudson don't run his own business in no way to make me want to let him run mine. He ain't only broke most of the time, but he's in the hole; and I know and you know that the old lady stakes him right along, and that ain't right. Not when it's a young man and he's making good money himself. No, it ain't right. He's out on the road now. Took Edmondson's job with the Wallis-Meeking folks in Chicago. Edmondson's quit the road. We'll see him every three weeks or a month. I guess he'll be selling me more goods than I can handle, but maybe not. He'll sell goods, though. That's where he shines—and I don't say that some of his ideas ain't good. I'll miss him, all right."

Others missed him. He was missed in the little back room over Henley's barber shop, and in Hank Firelong's saloon and Riordan's pool and billiard parlors, among other places. He was mourned on front porches on some of the best streets in town. Bright-eyed and blatant youth, blear-eyed and beery age and sorts between spoke of him affectionately and regretfully.

"This here don't seem like the same place with him gone," said Ben Durfy, one of the blear-eyed, with deep feeling. "There is not a soul has asked me have I a mouth on me this blessed evening. A thrue sport! A prince, so he was!"

"The only trouble with him was his short memory," observed Walt Sowbray, the liveryman. "He forgot to

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pay me the little bill he's been owing me for six months or more. And it ain't so dad-blamed little, at that."

"You ain't the only one," said Dick Cooper, a lanky youth who worked for Ginsberg and aspired to princely honors himself. "He owes me money; but I ain't afraid he won't pay me. He won't hold out on you when he's got it—whether he owes you or not."

There was a chorus of assent that would have pleased Harold if he could have heard it, but Sowbray didn't look quite convinced.

Before Harold left town to embark on his short but brilliant career as traveling salesman he went to the bank to cash a check that his mother had indorsed. Jimmy Wilkes, who was now assistant cashier, was at the paying-teller's window and Harold flicked the check at him with his customary jest: "I hate to do it, Wilkes. I know how it hurts you to hand over money."

"Not so much when I've something to show for it," replied Jimmy soberly. "Going to leave us, I hear. How do you want this?"

"Just plain ordinary cash that strangers won't be afraid to take," said Harold. "The kind that's easy to pass."

"I'd sooner give you a kind that it would be easy for you to hold on to," Jimmy told him. "Speaking as a friend ——"

"As a what?" Harold gave him a cool stare and smiled unpleasantly. Jimmy didn't seem to mind, though.

"Speaking as a well-wisher, then—as a small-sized stick-in-the-mud, if you like—I'd salt down a little of what I made if I were you, Crudson. It don't hurt anybody to have a little capital to fall back on, and a fellow as smart as you are could do lots with it. I've often thought so. Of course, it isn't any of my business."

"That's true, it isn't," agreed Harold sweetly. "Speaking as a man who's in here to do business and not to ask for any of your damn advice I should say you had your nerve. Say, Jamsey, any time I get to shutting up my poor little pennies in the dark and putting a double lock on them for fear they'd get away from me and act foolishly I hope somebody will choke me with cheeseparings scraped thin. I don't have to do that. Don't you worry about me needing capital. When I need any I'll get it, and I won't get it by living like a Chinaman, either. Any fool can save money."

"Some I know can't," retorted Jimmy, still good-humoredly, as he pushed out the little pile of bills. "Well, good luck to you."

Harold lit the cigarette that he had inserted in a long tube of clouded amber and then picked up the money and thrust it magnificently into his trousers pocket.

"I know you don't believe in luck, but I'm just as much obliged," he said; "and, honest, I'm sorry for you. So long!"

It usually takes time to get on to all the little kinks of selling on the road. It took Harold no time at all—absolutely. What Slayden's hadn't taught him he seemed to know instinctively, and after his third or fourth trip out the Wallis-Meekin folks were already patting themselves on the back and finding themselves short of an excuse for raising the fellow's salary. He broke the record for climbing up that salary scale, and he might have gone a little higher at the end of about three years if he had kept on; but on one of his trips to Middleville Slayden told him that he had given his order for everything he needed to Liggett & Thompson's man. Harold smiled at the long gray ash that he delicately knocked off his superlative cigar and said that that was all right.

"I'm quitting the road, anyway," he added.

"What are you going to do?" inquired Slayden in an uninterested manner.

"I'm going to start a real live store here," replied Harold. "A modern, up-to-date, up-and-coming department store. I'm going to get the cream of the trade and spoil your days of ease and nights of slumber. You'll have to hustle and sit up nights to make a living."

"Ya-as?" said Slayden with a half yawn. "I reckon I might as well save myself all that worry and sell out before it's too everlasting late. I would if I hadn't heard you talk before. Talk is cheap, Harold; but it takes money to start department stores."

"Wait and see," said Harold.

Whether it had been one of Harold's big ideas all along, nursed until the time was ripe for its development, or whether it was a sudden resolution inspired by pique—is perhaps uncertain. In any event, the Crudson & Blinn department store was started in the remodeled opera house building within six months. As Slayden had sapiently observed it took money; and Harold had no money. He had acquired a wide circle of acquaintance, including some people who had it; an enviable popularity; a discriminating palate; a critical but tolerant judgment of the mimic art and its professors, male and female; and a good knowledge of his business; but with the exception of the last item all this called for the expenditure of money rather than its accumulation. Harold had a capital time, therefore, but he was no capitalist. On the other hand, Blinn had oodles of it.

It was said that Harold hypnotized Blinn, who was a middle-aged merchant of some experience, a dry, silent, sandy-haired little man whose small-town business had reached its maximum growth and obliged him to invest his surplus in farm mortgages at a conservative five per cent. Harold had cultivated him carefully and impressed him tremendously, that was certain, not only by selling the little man good goods and making the price right, but by giving him pointers on business that Blinn had adopted and found profitable. With that there was an odd mutual liking. At the psychological moment Blinn had to foreclose on one of his mortgages and bid in a farm that he had no real use for. At the same time he had an offer for his small-town business, so on the whole Harold found him easy. Then Harold took the matter of credit up with the Wallis-Meeking people and they were mighty decent. Altogether the new store had a good start and Harold took his place among the solid and leading citizens of Middleville.

One fine day he went to Chicago on a business trip that was prolonged for nearly a month, and when he came back he brought Mrs. Harold Crudson and her epochal six trunks back with him. They went to the Hollister and lived there until the new house was built. There wouldn't have been room even for the trunks in Old Lady Crudson's little shack.

Style! Style wasn't any name for it. And the bride had the face and the figure to swing it. They made an elegant couple—she with her swell Chicago "frocks," she called 'em—and hats and her diamonds and her complexion; and Harold dressed up to the nines as usual, but toned a few shades as to his clothes since the college and Slayden store days. Sort of quieter, but no Felix Ginsberg hand-me-downs, you bet. A prosperous-looking man, and just a little tending to portliness; handsome as ever, but not quite so fresh appearing—a little harder in the eyes and softer of flesh; debonair and open-handed as of old, but not often seen at Firelong's and Riordan's, and mixing less with the old crowd. He had less time, he said. None of the old crowd held it against him. When he met them his smile was as cordial, his greeting as hearty, and his response to a touch as ready as they had always found them. He was still the Prince.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Terry McCabe in English; "what a swath he'd cut in politics! He could have anything he wanted. I'd like to get him on the ticket; but I guess he's doing pretty well with the store."

He was. Jimmy Wilkes, now cashier in the Farmers and Drovers' National, gave him no more presumptuous advice. Slayden had his hustling days and his wakeful nights, as Harold had predicted. The big store kept things that neither Slayden nor any of the others had dreamed of keeping, and sold things at prices that they knew, by George, couldn't be bought wholesale at that figure! Not everything, but some things. By page advertisements in the papers and by gorgeous window displays Harold kept the Middleville public informed as to these conditions, and the Middleville public crowded the store's aisles day in and day out, the year round. No, Harold needed no advice from Jimmy the Piker—Jimmy, who still lived with his mother in the little cottage, worked in the garden evenings and wore clothes that bordered on shabbiness. Mrs. Wilkes was not doing plain sewing now, however; and she did drive to her W. C. T. U. and W. R. C. meetings and to church and such in a neat little buggy that Jimmy had bought her, drawn by a fat little plug of a pony. That—and the installation of some new furniture and fixings—was all the style that the Wilkeses put on. They didn't buy any more butcher meat and they turned out the gas if they left the room for as much as five minutes.

"Style!" Jimmy moralized. "What is style? Nine times out of ten it's trying to make other folks feel uncomfortable and ignorant by doing fool things in a new-fangled way and parading a mess of useless truck that costs more money than you can afford. Style means plated jewelry and shoddy cloth and paper collars and high-heeled shoes and tight corsets ——"

"Gracious, Jimmy!" said his mother.

"—— and false hair and padding and piffle and poppycock," Jimmy concluded with a burst.

"Don't you think this check silk is real stylish, Jimmy?" asked his mother, smoothing down the front of her new dress and smiling complacently.

"That's different," said Jimmy. "Yes, it looks fine, mother; and you look finer than any silk I've ever seen. I guess I'll have to go and spruce up myself if I'm going to be your beau to-night."

"You're a nice beau to have any time, son," said Mrs. Wilkes, regarding him with the fondness that even mothers of pikers seem to feel for their offspring. "I'm not the only one that thinks so either."

At this Jimmy blushed. It wasn't generally known, but the insinuation had a foundation of fact. It came out a month or two later when Susy Tait went down to the depot with Jimmy and his mother and publicly and tearfully embraced the young man as he leaned from the car window. A dozen or two other young men went from Middleville on that same train, and nearly every one of them left weeping women on the platform. For they

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When the Evening Papers are Flung on Lawns and in Doorways Trembling Hands Pick Them Up and Turn Their Pages to the Fateful "List"

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# CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

## By Frederick Orin Bartlett

ILLUSTRATED BY LEJAREN À HILLER

WHEN the United States of America finally declared war against His Satanic Majesty, Wilhelm of Prussia, Carter nodded his approval. The nation's decision was reached at a time when he was in a particularly generous mood, for things had been coming his way for some time and he had finally settled down comfortably to enjoy them. In the preceding fall he had reached the goal of his ambition, the managership of the New York office of the Atlas Company, where he had been employed for twenty-five years. This carried a salary of seventy-five hundred—some jump from the petty twelve hundred on which he had started; even some jump from the forty-five hundred he had been drawing for the past year.

The increase allowed Carter to make several very satisfactory changes: first, to move from the rented house in Edgemere, where he had lived for five years, to a house of his own in the same town, for which he gave a warranty deed to his wife; to take his son Ben out of a commercial school and send him to Harvard for a liberal education; and to purchase a classy little runabout. There were certain other perquisites, too, which made the world a better place to live in, such as an added servant, a finer table, and, finally, the privilege of taking the eight-ten to town instead of the seven-fifteen.

Carter enjoyed all these luxuries as only a man can who has worked hard for them and waited long. He had promised them to his pretty wife the day he married her, and now, after twenty years, he had made good. It was worth something to see him, after a substantial breakfast, kiss Kitty good-by on the front porch, give a proprietary look at the neat shingled house, and stroll down the gravelly path at a leisurely pace, stopping at the gate to light a fat cigar and wave a second adieu to the little woman, who was still pretty and who he knew admired him from the crown of his head to the tips of his shoes. She was that kind.

On the eight-ten he was meeting a new class of neighbors—all eight to ten thousand dollar men, with a few above that figure, though the latter generally moved to the Heights at round twelve thousand. They were men whose lives were now polished and round like stones on the seashore within reach of the waves. They varied, mostly, in their dimensions, with of course some differences of political coloring. But they were fast becoming neutral even in politics. With America at war the old issues were disappearing.

Most of the men had long since become used to each other, but Carter, sitting in the smoker—it was almost like a private car reserved for those not due at their offices until nine—was actually thrilled by his associates. And if ever he found an opportunity to refer among them to "my son at Harvard" he was puffed up all the rest of the day. The only thing he regretted was that the war had done away with football, because in high school the lad had promised to make a name for himself in the game. Still, even that had its redeeming features: his neck was safe. Though the boy was climbing toward six feet and weighed, at eighteen, round one hundred and seventy, he threw himself into the line in those final school games with a recklessness that made Carter, looking on, catch his breath.

Carter had not been able to keep pace with the boy's physical growth. It still seemed to him but a brief time ago that he had been carrying him round in his arms as a baby. And he had carried him for miles. He had not been able to keep his hands off him. He had loved to feel the downy head against his cheek and the frightened little heart pounding against his own. Night after night he had walked the floor with him with a sense of creation akin to God's. And when anything was really the matter with the child Carter became a trembling wreck.

When Ben had run the gauntlet of his first three years Kitty had often wished the lad had a sister or brother to play with, but Carter felt differently. Good Lord, this one had almost cost her life, and he did not intend to let her face the danger again! He himself would not live through another such period for a hundred thousand dollars. Nor, for that matter, the subsequent period for all the joy mixed with the anxiety there was in it. He could not afford it—either in dollars and cents or in nervous energy. Those were days when he had to make every dollar and every minute count. He had no more than squeezed through as it was.

Well, those days were something to look back upon now with a smile. They even played their part in the present. They afforded the contrast necessary to allow him to extract to the last drop his final triumphant success. Some of those who had never taken the seven-fifteen did not know what it meant to take the eight-ten.



When Anything Was Really the Matter With the Child Carter Became a Trembling Wreck

Carter, who had previously been content with one paper, now bought the Times and the Sun at the station and glanced through the headlines. He had read with a thrill of pride, as did everyone in the whole car on that early spring morning, the President's declaration of war.

He was sitting beside Culver, of the Second National Bank, and exclaimed: "Guess that'll make Wilhelm sit up and take notice, eh?"

Culver was an older man. Carter could have punched him for his response in a level voice: "Yes. But it's going to make us sit up and take notice too."

"What do you mean?" demanded Carter with a trace of aggressiveness.

"I mean that our resources are going to be tested to the limit before we're through with this."

"You wait until the Huns see Uncle Sam with his sleeves rolled up. Wouldn't surprise me any if they quit."

Carter shifted his seat to a place near Barclay and Newell, who were leading a group in three cheers for the President. And on his way downtown that day he stopped to buy a flag and pole to be sent to the house. Before he reached his office these flags of red and white and blue had begun to appear in numbers on the tops of buildings and from windows, brightening the dull gray backgrounds as with flowers. It made him want to cheer. It made him walk more erect. The whole downtown atmosphere became vibrant. The declaration of war was the sole topic of conversation in the office, and one of the first things he did was to ring up Kitty and tell her about it.

"Well, old girl, we've done it!" he exclaimed.

"Done what?" she asked anxiously.

"Declared war," he announced, as though in some way he had been personally concerned in the act. "Guess that will make the Huns rub their eyes."

"War?" trembled Kitty.

"You bet! Fritzie waited a little too long with his apologies that last time."

In the succeeding days Carter followed the nation's preparations for the task ahead with a feeling of reflected glory. His favorite phrase was: "We're going at it man-fashion."

He was keen for conscription and liked to speak of a possible army of two million. When the First Liberty Loan came along he subscribed for a thousand dollars. He would have taken more, but he found that his personal expenses had taken in the last few months a decided jump. It was costing him more than twice as much to maintain his new house as it had his old. Besides that, Ben's expenses at college were a considerable item. His car, too, was costing more than he had anticipated, and he had added unconsciously a lot to his everyday expenditures. He was smoking better cigars, eating better lunches and wearing better clothes. At the same time each one of these items was costing more. However, his new position in a way called for these things, and, besides, he was entitled to them. He had worked hard for them and they were the fair reward of attainment.

Carter had hoped to do better on the Second Liberty Loan, but when the time came he found it difficult to take out even another thousand. He rather resented the way Newell, the overzealous member of the local committee, harried him about it. When Newell suggested that he double the amount the man was presuming to know Carter's circumstances better than he himself knew them.

He had answered rather tartly:

"I'm capable of deciding my investments for myself."

In the interval between the two loans both the servants had asked for an increase in wages, and Carter had been forced to pay it or see them go. Kitty had suggested that she be allowed to get along with one and undertake some of the housework herself, but he had set his foot down on that.

"You've had your share of housework, little woman," he said. "It's time you took a rest and enjoyed yourself."

But the servants were not the only ones who held Carter up. The grocer, the butcher and the iceman all conspired against him. When the Government began to take control under Hoover and fix prices for some of the essentials Carter was outspoken in his approval.

"It's time something of the sort was done to check the food pirates," he declared to Culver.

"Where's this government control going to stop?" questioned the latter.

"I don't know and I don't care," replied Carter aggressively.

"It's a type of paternalism, and that's dangerous," suggested Culver.

Carter replied with a glittering generality: "Your Uncle Sam has rolled up his shirt sleeves and means business."

Carter always chuckled contentedly over the cartoons of the tall, lank figure with the lean face, grimly set jaws and starred top hat. It expressed for him in a human way his own patriotism. It filled him with pride and gave him confidence. It satisfied his traditional conception of Americanism. He even saw in the face a reflection of his own ancestors who had fought at Bunker Hill and through the Civil War. It was distinctly New England, but New England was still in his mind distinctly America.

And yet Carter was puzzled at first when he read the names appearing in the final draft lists—puzzled and a bit worried. These names were not like those that were signed to the Declaration of Independence or those who fell at Bunker Hill. Decidedly they were more like those found in to-day's New York directory. This might have been expected, and yet it gave Carter something of a shock until one afternoon he saw a regiment of khaki-clad men marching down Fifth Avenue. Then he felt a lump in his throat that prevented him from cheering as loud as he wished. In uniform and marching to the stirring music of a military band these men were, every mother's son of them, Americans. He saw the same lean faces, the same lank, sinewy bodies, the same clear eyes and set jaws. Their lips were sealed, so that it did not matter what language they spoke. In khaki they were all Americans—the same who fought at Bunker Hill.

The sight sent Carter home with a renewed enthusiasm, which helped him survive the shock of the news that the cook had, without notice, packed up her trunk and left to take some sort of job in a factory. But fortunately he had brought along with him a sirloin steak, which, broiled, made a very satisfactory dinner. A week later the second girl left.

Mrs. Carter took it good-humoredly, even with a certain amount of relief. She had turned to Red Cross work and one thing or another, but still she missed the care of her own home. Furthermore, she had been genuinely disturbed by the way the expenses had been creeping up. But Carter stormed round and spent half the next day trying to find some new girls. The agencies showed him a few old women and shook their heads.

"We can't compete with the factories," they said sadly.

"But, hang it all, what's a man going to do?" he inquired petulantly.

The agencies, perforce, left him to answer that for himself.

As a matter of fact Carter was not wholly unselfish in his desire to relieve his wife of the housework—particularly the culinary part of it. She did her conscientious best, but she had never been able satisfactorily to master the fine art of cooking. Possibly it was because she herself was more or less indifferent to what she ate. A slice of bread and a cup of tea were enough at any time to satisfy her, so that when she did cook it was always for him and without any other personal interest in the result. Sometimes she forgot; in fact, more often than not she forgot. Perhaps it was only some one little thing, like leaving the baking powder out of the biscuits or the sugar out of

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the pies. Or if she did get everything in, perhaps she failed to remember in time that the mixture was in the oven. When she began fooling round with war recipes she found herself even more bewildered. Lord knows, it calls for deft fingers and inborn skill to make a good pie crust out of honest wheat flour, with all thought of economy thrown to the winds. It requires nothing short of genius to produce the same results with substitutes for everything except the apples.

She tried all one afternoon and created something that had a fairly good surface appearance. She waited anxiously until Carter tasted it, and then asked: "How do you like it, Ben?"

"You want the truth?" he returned.

"Of course there is no white flour in the crust, but ——"

"There isn't anything in it that ought to be in a pie," he declared. "It tastes to me as though it were made out of sawdust and motor oil."

He did not eat it. It might have been possible had he been starving, but he was in no such unfortunate condition. A man does not ask for apple pie because of its calory content, but because he wants apple pie. It is a matter of taste. A primary essential is, then, not that it shall look like apple pie, but that it shall have the flavor of apple pie. He had been fond of apple pie all his life, and it certainly seemed like an innocent enough addiction. That was equally true of doughnuts and coffee for breakfast. He had enjoyed them all his life until they had become an integral part of the morning meal. As a result of long practice Mrs. Carter had finally succeeded in perfecting herself in the art of doughnut making. But now instead of frying them in fat, she began to use an excellent vegetable substitute. Not only that, but she followed this by using a sirup for the sugar, and using eighty per cent barley flour and twenty of wheat. She had been given the recipe by the local conservation board and been assured that the product was very satisfactory.

From the viewpoint of the conservation board that may have been true, but to Carter it was nothing short of criminal to allow these balls of fried barley flour to masquerade under the same name.

"Don't call 'em doughnuts," he growled, "'cause they aren't. Invent a new name for them."

"War doughnuts?" suggested Mrs. Carter anxiously.

"War nothing!" sputtered Carter. "They don't even belong to the same family."

Whereupon he turned to his coffee, sweetened with a new kind of sticky substance that tasted like an inferior grade of molasses. There were those who maintained that it was just as good as sugar for sweetening. They were liars—bold-faced liars or they had lost their sense of taste. They belonged to the same class as people who maintained that coffee was better without sugar—that so one enjoyed the taste of the native berry. One might just as well argue that flapjacks for the same reason were best without sirup; cake without frosting; bread without butter.

Carter found his breakfast spoiled for him at precisely the period in life when he was prepared most to enjoy his breakfast. This was extremely irritating. It sent him to the office every morning with a grouch that did not wear off until toward noon, when it was renewed by having to pay twice what he should for a tasteless lunch. His cigars were the only thing that held up well in flavor, and he began to smoke too many of them.

Carter still followed each day's news of the nation's part in the great war with honest pride. He liked the big way his country was going about its preparations. He rolled the dramatic figures over his tongue and gloated over the scale of the various projects. Six hundred millions appropriated for airplanes!

"We'll show 'em," he announced to Culver. "We'll have the air over there black with planes!"

And that job at Hog Island! They were planning to build fifty ways there inside of a year—just put them down on a marshy island.

"Nothing small about your Uncle Sam," he chuckled.

When the inevitable scandals began to be whispered and congressional investigations were started Carter frowned.

"If these stories are true," he declared, "the grafters ought to be lynched; if they're not we ought to lynch the darn-fool congressmen who are interrupting the game."

The investigations took place, changes were made, and the work went on, with the investigations soon forgotten. Nothing could check the onward movement. Pershing landed in France, and soon was followed by his men. Work on the same gigantic scale was begun on the other side. Docks were built, railroads laid down overnight, warehouses put up almost between dawn and twilight. This vanguard saw big and built big, and when the news of its accomplishment began to filter across to the men at home it made every American feel bigger.

At the close of his freshman year in June, Ben came back home, and that personal interest took the place of every other in Carter's mind. The boy was looking fine. Drill with the Harvard regiment had taken the place of athletics and had left him as rugged and tanned as a seasoned soldier. Carter proudly took the boy to town with him on the eight-ten and introduced him to the crowd. Then he introduced him to everyone in the office, including Stetson, the second vice president. There was some design in this. He was preparing the way for an opening here for Ben as soon as the lad was through college. With the benefit of the experience Carter could give him the boy ought to climb high in the Atlas.

Ben had acquired poise in this last year. He met these men with an assurance and charm of manner tempered with respectful deference that surprised his father. It was clear that the boy made a very pleasant impression.



*"The Way I Feel, Nothing Short of a Chance With the Bayonet Will Satisfy Me. That's Why I Went In for the Marines"*

At lunch Ben repeated to his father some of the experiences he had heard from college mates who had gone over to drive ambulances. The boy was full of it and his cheeks grew flushed as he talked. Carter became disturbed.

"That's all very well," broke in Carter; "but those fellows might have made themselves more useful if they had waited until they were of age. Both President Lowell and the War Department are advising men to wait and finish their college courses, aren't they?"

"Yes," admitted Ben; "they advise that."

"Well, it's sound advice," declared Carter. "A man with a college education and Plattsburg on top of that is worth twenty ambulance drivers. Officers are what we need."

"I suppose so," agreed Ben abstractedly.

The reply left Carter more comfortable. The boy was only just nineteen, and that gave him two more years before he was twenty-one. By that time the war would be over. Carter was sure of it. The nation by then would be in full stride, and when that time came that was to be the end. Of course, if by any chance the war should be prolonged—why, then the boy would have to go. But that contingency was two years off—two long years off. In the meanwhile the boy could feel that he was getting his training. He was going to make a better officer for waiting. He would gain in experience and judgment—two most necessary qualifications for an officer. Carter proceeded to enlarge on that subject. But the boy listened indifferently. Carter's position, however, was sound, and the more he talked the more he convinced himself of this, so that he succeeded in putting himself enough at ease to talk of the war in a general way.

"Sort of makes a man glad he's an American to be living in these days, eh, Ben?"

"You bet!" nodded Ben.

"The rest of the world thought we'd gone soft, but your old Uncle Sam has shown that he still has fighting stuff in him. It took us some time to get stirred up, but once started—woof!"

"We've got a big job on our hands," said Ben.

"The bigger the better," declared Carter. "It takes a big job to wake us up."

The boy was surprised and encouraged by his father's aggressive attitude, and yet when he ventured to reintroduce the subject of ambulance service he saw his father shy off again. He was puzzled by this and went away after lunch to meet his chum Stanley.

A week later, as Carter was about to settle down on the front porch for an after-dinner smoke, Ben came along, took his arm and led him down the graveled path toward the road—out of sight of the house, where Mrs. Carter was washing the dishes. The boy kept his father's arm in an unusually demonstrative manner until he stopped beneath an electric light.

Then he asked quite casually: "Dad, got your fountain pen with you?"

"Eh?"

The lad held out a paper.

"What in thunder is this?" demanded Carter.

"My enlistment papers, dad. I went down to the Marine Recruiting Office the other day and passed my physical. Now—they've left a place along the dotted line for you to sign because I'm under age."

The thing that astonished Carter most after the initial shock was a feeling of helplessness. It was as though his relations with his son had suddenly changed and the son had become the father. He was a foot shorter than the boy anyway, and now he felt two feet shorter. He saw a new light in the boy's eyes, heard a fresh note of dominance. And yet it was only a brief time ago—a pitifully brief time ago—that he had been holding this same boy in his arms as a baby. Now he stood at the lad's mercy, even though he still saw below the stalwart figure of the boy-man the downy-headed baby.

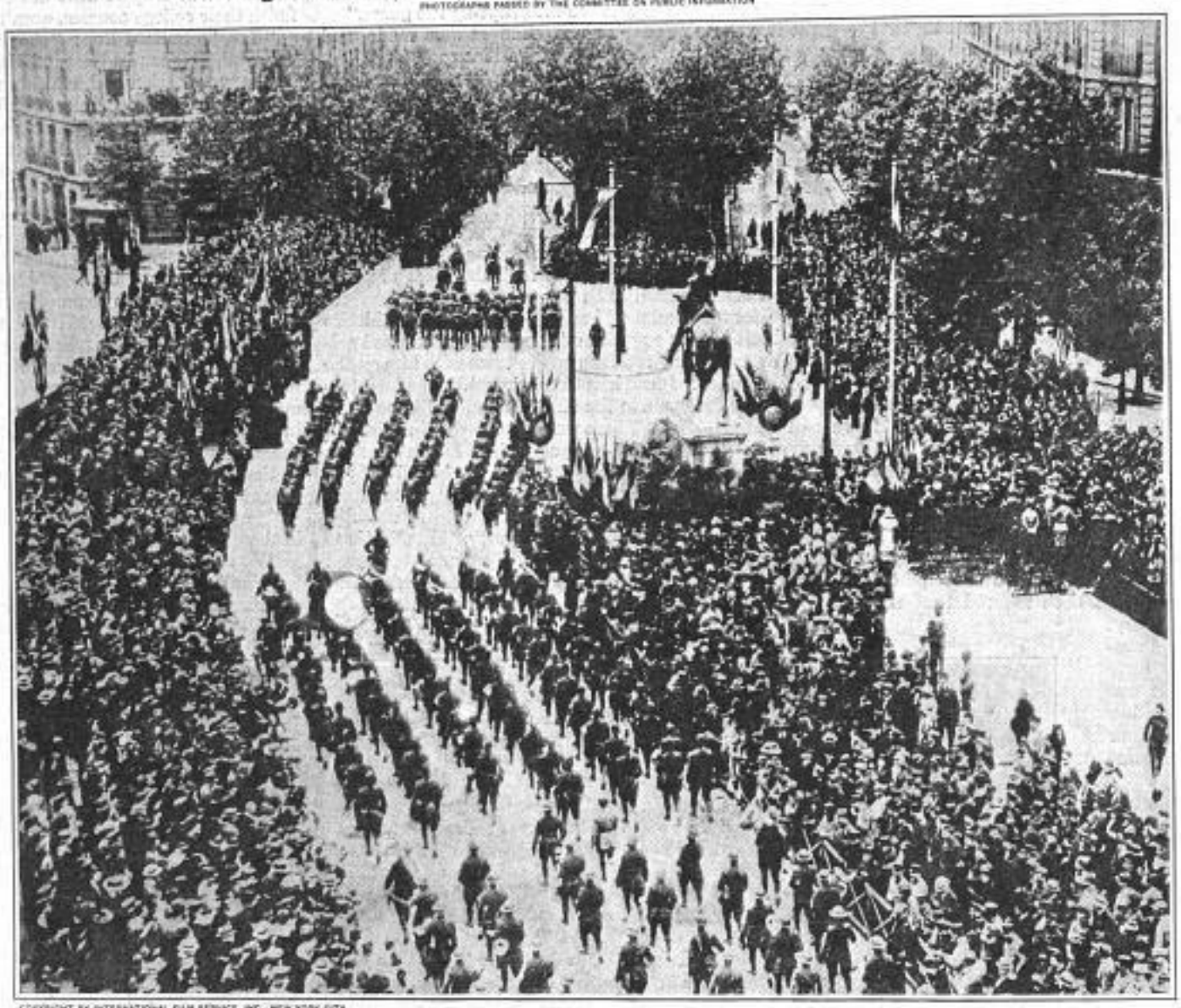
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# Homo Americanus in Gay Paree

## By ELIZABETH FRAZER

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*American Military Bands Passing in Review at the Renaming of the Avenue du Trocadéro, in Paris, the Avenue du Président Wilson*

AMERICA'S day in Paris! Fourth of July, 1918! Stars and Stripes everywhere—rippling bravely from the flagpoles high over French Government buildings; drooping from innumerable windows; gathered into gorgeous clusters down the beautiful vistas of the Rue de la Paix; fluttering from messengers' bicycles, cabbies' whips and huge lumbering military lorries; hawked by raucous street venders; pinned proudly to women's blouses and men's lapels; decking every public monument, festooning every public square—a splendid, bright carnival blaze of color.

And thronging the streets was the gay French populace, never gayer of heart, eager to meet and to greet the American heroes fresh from Château-Thierry. Since the dawn of day they had been up, swarming like bees in all the principal thoroughfares, searching a good spot from which to view the procession. Hard-handed, soft-hearted papas and mammas, and boys and girls, butchers and bakers and cabinetmakers, little *modistes* and *couturières*, bare-headed, sunny-haired *midinettes* and liveried bottle-imps of *chasseurs*, with their arms full of brave red roses to throw at these big awkward strange soldier-men who had come overseas to fight their war.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, resounded their sturdy feet by scores of thousands on the pavement long before the more leisurely citizens were out of bed. For it was not yet six o'clock! Clouds passed over the face of the sun, warm showers fell, wetting the holiday crowd; and still they laughed and swarmed, and still their numbers grew. Out into wide statue-engirdled Place de la Concorde they surged—just as in former days they had surged, a passionate, mercurial, freedom-loving people, to see the heads of the tyrants fall beneath the guillotine. The crowd was the same and the underlying spirit was the same—save that now it was not in stern judgment they were streaming forth, but in joyous happy gratitude.

### The Defenders of the Road to Paris

SOME thousands contented themselves by remaining in the great square, and climbed upon carts, platforms and chairs which enterprising speculators had collected and were vending at colossal prices. Twenty sous for a chair. Ten sous for a cart. Six sous to sit on a man's shoulder. And why not? 'Twas a very good place, a man's strong shoulder, for a *petite bonne femme*—and only six sous! Other scores of eager thousands pressed on up the broad shady chestnut-lined Avenue Champs-Elysées toward the Place d'Iéna, where the parade would start.

Everybody knew who these particular American soldiers were. Nobody had to be told. The Parisian scans his newspaper as the sailor scans the sea. There is not a better-posted man in France than the cabby who haughtily refuses to take you as a fare because forsooth he wants to read the afternoon communiqué! And thus they knew right well who were these American soldiers. They were the ones who had held up the triumphant tide of Prussians—held them up at the point of the bayonet until fresh reënforcements could be found and the road to Paris blocked. And it was they who had blocked that road, as well the Parisians knew.

Call it a miracle; call it chance; call it the psychological moment—call it anything you like; but the pluck, the dash, the clean hard stamina displayed by that small contingent of American troops in a supremely crucial hour acted as a tonic on all of the Allied forces. And from that moment the enemy began to give. The Americans themselves did not realize the value of the situation they had saved. How could they? Rushed into the sector, hurled into the hottest forefront of the line when that line was beginning to crack—they did not know they were defending the road to Paris. They did not even know in which direction Paris lay.

Said one marine to another: "Say, what's the name of this here town we're taking?"

He didn't know the name of the town, but he knew extremely well they were taking it! Even to this day there is scarce an American soldier who can pronounce the name Château-Thierry. But they don't need to. It's back history. They took it long ago! And that sufficed. It sufficed the Parisians, anyway, on Fourth of July. After four years of heart-scald and misery they can read between the lines of a communiqué and know what lies behind as well as their superiors. And they realized, none better, that somehow or other in those few days of savage resistance the balance of power had shifted to the Allies; the beam had tipped. Tipped ever so slightly—but tipped! Paris, their city, the light of the world, was freed from the menace of the Prussian horde. And it was the Americans who had tipped the scale.

Any Parisian could have told you that on this glorious safe and sane Fourth of July. A good many of them did. Gay, fervent, warm-hearted, they shook you by the hand—that is, they did if you looked like the kind of person one naturally shakes hands with in a crowd—and they poured out their pride and emotion and joy. *Les Américains*, they were all right, the way they fought *là-bas!* Superb, *hein?* In effect, they were just as fine fighters as Frenchmen—which was the very tip-toppermost high summit of praise. But how big they were! Giants, in effect! Were all Americans big like that? And how freely and gracefully they strode along! What shoulders, and as slim in the waist as a virgin—a fine race, *bon Dieu!*

And regard these rows of smiling, white sound teeth! But these Americans had just as good teeth as Frenchmen! *C'est épatant!*

And was it true they shaved each day, even up on the line of fire? One heard they had bathing machines—yes, on wheels, *parbleu!* In a camion; and these camions went right up to the firing lines. A soldier undressed, stepped inside, twisted a handle, and a sprinkler overhead showered hot water all over his body. What a clean race! *C'est épatant, ça!*

Why, he had a son in the war, gloriously killed at Verdun, and that *pauvre enfant* would come home on permission, his skin scaly all over like the head of a vulture. It was incredible, but true, scaly as a vulture. His mother had put him in a bathtub, and then, weeping, called the father to observe—and there was that white skin, for the boy had the milk-white skin of his mother, scaly all over like a vulture. . . . Ah, yes, killed on the field of honor before Verdun. Shot between the eyes as he was making a charge. A *caporal*. *Voici* his picture. It would be seen he resembled the mother. Ah, yes!

### An Ovation for the Yanks

AND then, fearing the conversation was becoming too sad for the American fête, he changed the subject by remarking that the long-range gun, the Grosse Bertha, that dirty big female, that *vilaine fille*, was not spitting to-day. Doubtless the Americans had shut her mouth. They had dropped some pills down her throat that had affected her digestion. And then he jerked his thumb upward, where directly overhead in the limpid air an aëroplane, like a sportive porpoise, was diving and leaping and looping the loop, and suggested that doubtless that would be one of those new American Liberté motors of which there would be soon twenty thousand on the line. And when they arrived—*oh, là là!* Then the boche would take a dose of little iron pills each night—*hein?*

It was a grand day, full of heart-warming fellowship.

Up near the grand stand the crowd was condensed into one huge nosegay of black bobbing heads. If you were on the inside layer of that closely serried mass you could not possibly detach yourself to move toward the outside, not even were you in a *voiture*. You and your horse must stay put. Up on the grandstand famous personages made their appearance, ambassadors and ministers, the great of earth. They were greeted with cheers, but not with a real ovation. They were not the stars in this cast! Who cares for diplomats, phrase-makers, phrase-breakers, swivel-chair nobles, when the real heroes, the French and the American poilus, the saviors of Paris, pass by? Certainly not the Paris populace.

And so they gave the celebrities a good-natured cheer, just to prove they bore them no grudge, and then turned their gaze, thousands on thousands of bright Gallic eyes, upon the exact point down the street where the American soldiers would arrive. And suddenly a shout—no, not

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exactly a shout; rather, a big happy hurrah—burst simultaneously from thousands of grateful happy hearts.

Here they come! *Les Américains!* Here they come! Strong emotion swept the crowd like a breeze. *Vive l'Amérique! Vive les Américains!* And all that excited sea of souls laughed and cried and shouted and sobbed and rocked in glad exultation over these fine, big, clean *garçons* who had fought so splendidly, so desperately, so victoriously beside their own brave poilus.

On they came, French and American, their bayonets glittering in the sun, their faces wreathed in smiles, their eyes—well, not quite straight dead ahead! For who can discipline his eyes, when plump! a bombardment of roses or a barrage of violets hits one straight on the nose? Had it been a shell, what a different story! But to-day it is a battle not of iron hail but of roses. Garlands of roses round their necks, roses behind their ears, roses in their cartridge belts, roses in the nozzles of their guns, which lately spouted flame and shortly will again.

*Mais, mon Dieu, comme ils sont adorables, ces Américains!* No need to explain to these marines what *adorable* means! It is the same in every tongue. And now roses are kissed before they are flung, and gallantly caught and kissed again. Black eyes on the pavement and gray eyes on the march exchange introductions and flattering remarks. The entente becomes more cordial by the minute.

Up on the grandstand grave, brave words are being spoken. Handkerchiefs are out. Men and women wipe their eyes. The speaker retires in a glow of satisfied emotion. He thinks he has made a fine speech. Gray-bearded orator! It is not your words that made them laugh and cry. To-day deeds speak louder than words—and even now those deeds, in the flesh, are marching down the avenue with roses in their cartridge belts and rifles in their hands. To-morrow they will return. They will return to their shallow trenches, to their stuffy dugouts, to the skirmishing like Indians from tree to tree in the woods, or to the drab monotony of life *en repos*. But to-day is Fourth of July in Paris! And these soldiers have earned this day of joy.



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*American Troops Greeted by the People of Paris*

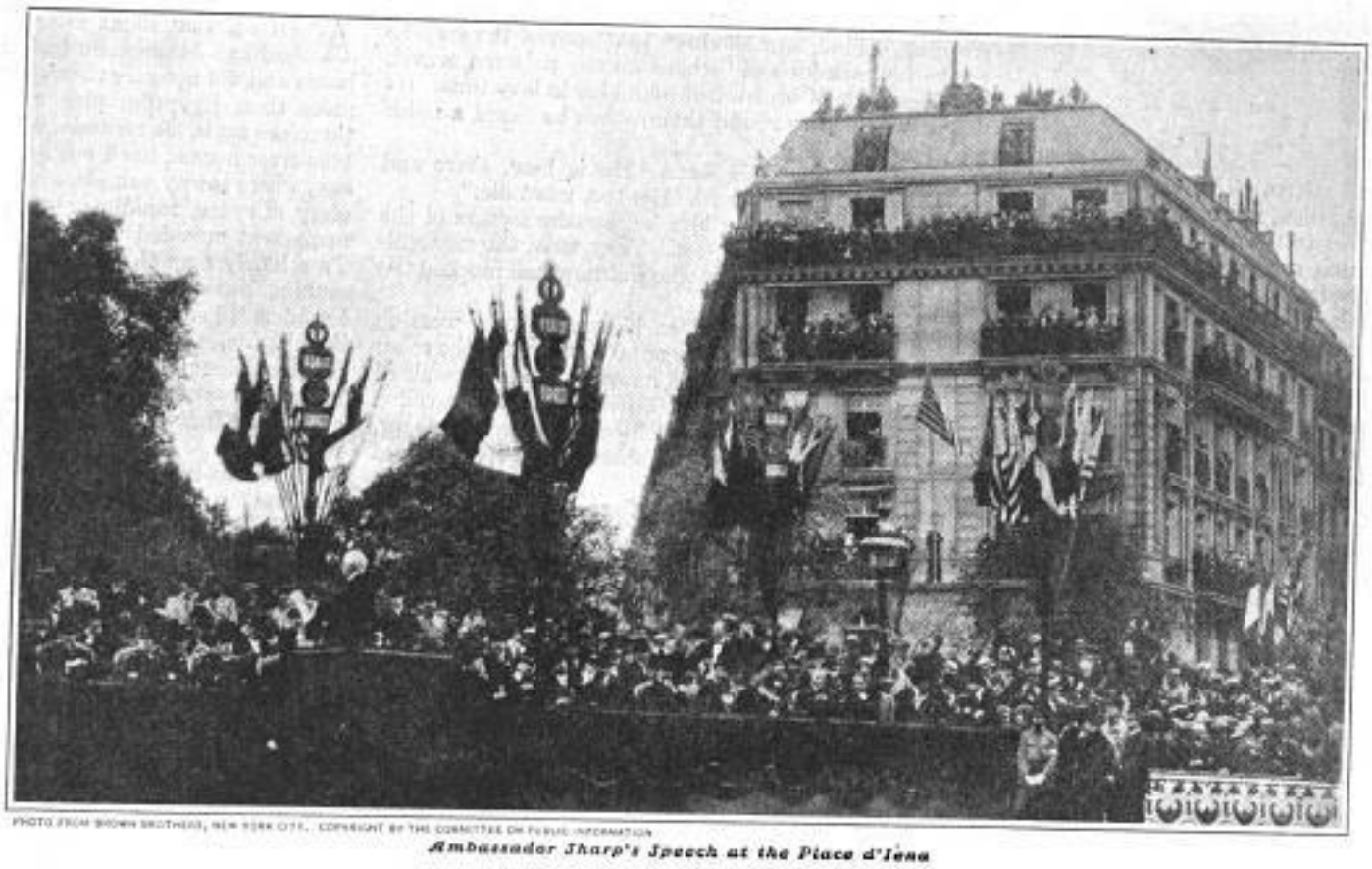


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*Ambassador Sharp's Speech at the Place d'Iena*

### *Coming!*

JUST a year ago another small band of American troops marched down this same chestnut-lined Avenue of the Elysian Fields, with the French populace watching on the side lines. But then there were more tears than applause. That was France's black hour. With Russia crumbling into anarchy, Italy in parlous state, a disastrous and sanguinary Champagne offensive just behind them, their politics unstable, their fighters somber, war-weary, and still bearing on their shoulders the crucificial burden of the conflict—is it any wonder that women, looking on that first brave little contingent of foreign troops who knew no more than babes in the cradle the dark sea of anguish in which France seemed drowning, sobbed openly or murmured: "Yes, yes, here they come—*les Américains! Braves gens!* But alas, how long will that little untrained handful last in the frightful caldron of war? France is lost. Our race is doomed. All our young men are being killed and our old men are dying broken-hearted. O my God, how much longer must we endure?"

Since then a year had passed—and what a change had been wrought! Especially the last three months of springtime, when two hundred thousand to three hundred thousand troops had been landed monthly upon the coast of France. Men, men, men! On they came, a steady flood, so that presently, from seeing a knot of Americans here and a knot there upon the streets, and pausing to smile at the novel sight, one began to see them by whole trainloads, by camions, processions on the boulevards, streaming by for hours; and soldiers fresh from American camps lifting their caps and shouting a welcome to Paris as their trucks whirled by en route for the railwaystations. Ten thousand a day.



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*Fourth of July Was Celebrated in Paris With as Much Spirit as in the United States*

Parisians began to sit up and take notice of this peaceful invasion, which was not so much an invasion as it was a vision, a dream beginning to come true. As a matter of fact, Paris caught but the briefest glimpse of them; they swarmed the streets for a couple of hours between trains, sipped curaçao or *grog américain* at the Café de la Paix; and were swallowed up in that grim mysterious region of the Front. And once out of Paris they did not return. Thus, it was fresh contingents which Paris daily saw rushing through. It is not to be conceived that this transportation was done with any splurge, any demonstration or loud boastful toasts. On the contrary it was only when one chanced to be at the station or on the boulevard when a contingent was shifting that one became aware what an abundance of khaki adorned the landscape. And as the result of this big silent panorama there began to be a thrill in the air, a tonic, a definite promise of hope. The March offensive, with its loss of territory, had been a bitter pill. The consequent depression and lowering of morale had been an even greater catastrophe. British papers were saying openly: "America, it is up to you. Unless you save us we are lost. Come. Come quickly!"

And so America began to hurl them in: Men, men, men. Perhaps some day a genius will adequately describe, in epic form, all this mighty labor of the transportation of millions of men. But more likely it will be a movie! Parisians did not see the beginning of this labor, and did not see the end. They only saw a big swift current on the move. And the more they watched this grand and silent spectacle of power the higher their spirits soared. Ah, those dirty pigs of boches, who would like to loot and pollute Paris, they would strike a fine surprise, eh, when they struck that hard American wall!

### *Roses, Kisses and Clinking Glasses*

AND the splendid gallant part of it all was that when the supreme hour of trial came the French did not have to abate one jot of their pride in the American prowess. For it was American troops in that grim period who stemmed the tide, who closed the road to Paris. They paid the price in blood, and the price was high. But had it been ten times higher it would have been worth while. For that single episode showed both friends and foe where the balance of power lay.

It was all of these hidden secret things, all the long weary months of tension, discouragement, grief, all the deep national undercurrents—swinging together in one strong joyous river of pride—which gave this particular Fourth of July parade a peculiar significance.

So who cared what the diplomats said up there? Not Paris. Not the people. Not the staunch little poilus, home on leave. They knew their own affairs! And war is preëminently the affair of the poilu. And so flowers for these *braves garçons*. Battles of roses. Kisses and handclasps and laughter and tears, drinks in the cafés and incomprehensible toasts. Isn't that better than windy eloquence? I'll say it is, friend!

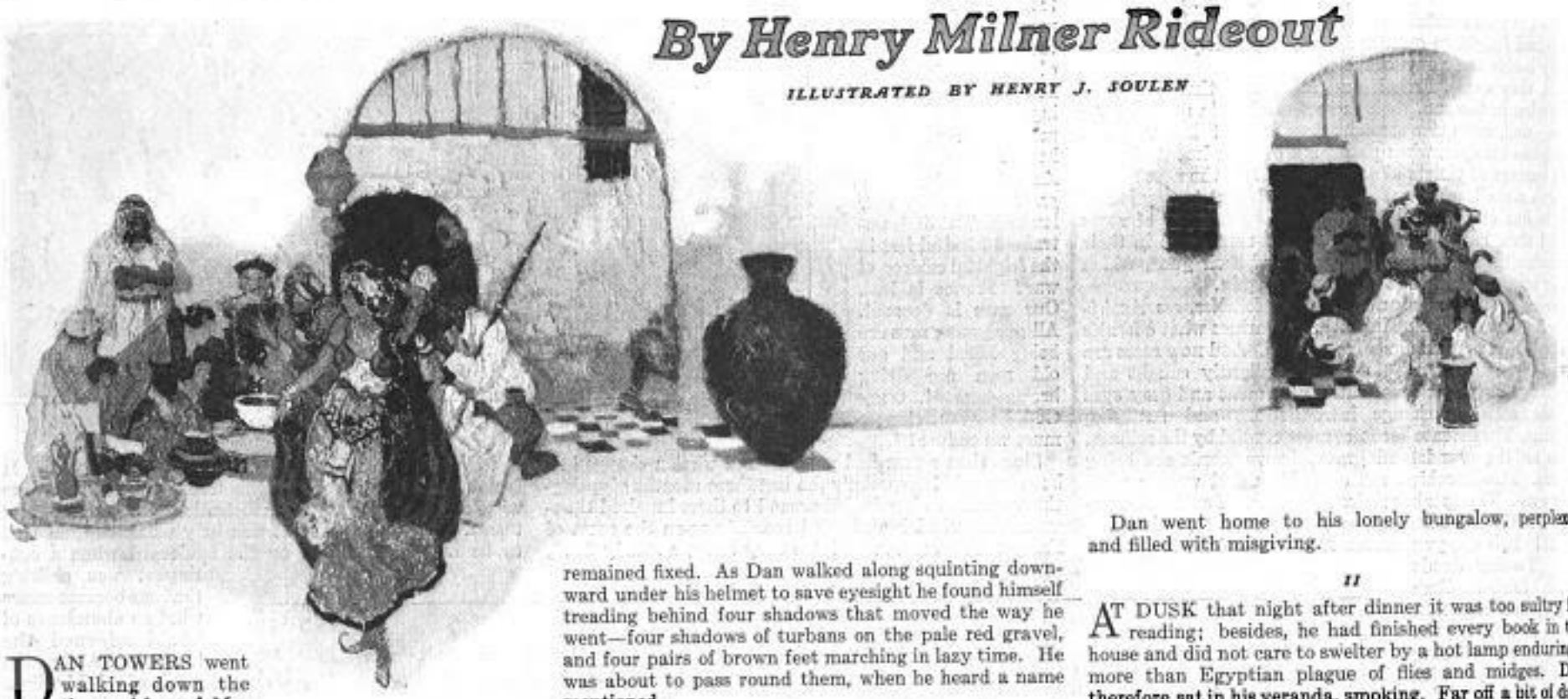
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# SURPRISING GRACE

## By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN



DAN TOWERS went walking down the thoroughfare of Mayaganj on a hot noonday, half asleep, with eyes half closed against the glare. Rain had fallen, mild Bengal showers darkening the brick-dust road to a cherry red that now turned pink under the blazing sun. Steam rose among the sandals, brown legs and bedraggled white dhotis of the throng. Dan remembered how he had first landed in Mayaganj as a stranger to wade through mudholes; and how since then the Maharajah had roused from lethargy to make a village lane that shed water and dried. It was some good anyway, some gain; all due to a poor little fanatic called Hury Seke, who had bearded the Maharajah in his palace and frightened him with Pentecostal thunder.

"That far ahead," considered Mr. Towers drowsily. "Not much, but it's something."

As he went thus meditative in a smell of drying umbrellas and men he approached a sound that made him wake, listen and look about—a familiar sound in India, the uplifted voice of wayside preaching; yet an odd sound, for lo, the words were the words of Bengal, but the pious, doleful singsong that of Western pulpit oratory.

"And so, my brethren," it proclaimed, "what is this message I bring unto you? Is it of the price of jute? Oh, no! Is it of food, and drink, and viands, and provender, and beverage, and belly affairs? Of little fish in bitter oil, and rice, and pān, and cigarat? Is it of such things, bought and sold and merchandised and trafficked in with annas and with pies? No, oh no, my friends! Nay, I say unto you that it is not!"

The preacher, a young baboo, stood under a great green holy tree in the market place exhorting earnestly. His brown face glistened with sweat and fervor. He seemed uplifted, a stranger upon Mars' Hill. The crowd about him—coolies, peddlers, lean rivermen ashore from jute dinghies, tailors, messengers and naked children, a crowd of white garments and brown skins—listened with the polite and rather tired curiosity of Eastern passers-by.

"What, then, is it? Behold, I will tell and prophesy unto you."

Dan paused like the rest by the shade of the religious fig tree and gave ear while this young convert launched boldly upon an ocean of metaphysics and began to circumnavigate. The fellow was quite honest. If Dan smiled he did it privately, considering what deeps were being sailed by what queer mariner of the spirit: prophet, hearers and leafy tabernacle were so ancient, the doctrine ancient likewise, and good—yet so fantastic in a mixture of Bengali and Chadband.

Four rough-looking men stood in front of Towers, talking, laughing and spitting betel juice like blood all over the road. As they turned away one of them, the burliest, opened his broad red-stained mouth to shout mockery:

"'Lift up my veil,' says the new bride. 'I'm a-going to manage your house for you!'"

A few of the unthinking laughed at this proverb. The evangelist calmly continued his sermon under the tree. Dan, having business to do, soon afterward went his way down the village street. The fitful rain had ceased, and white noonday scorched all things in a heat that danced along the fronts of mud houses and the shallow cloisters of shops. Amid this colorless boiling of air only shadows remained fixed. As Dan walked along squinting downward under his helmet to save eyesight he found himself treading behind four shadows that moved the way he went—four shadows of turbans on the pale red gravel, and four pairs of brown feet marching in lazy time. He was about to pass round them, when he heard a name mentioned.

"Runa? Of course it is Runa. He is here, there and everywhere. Runa is a devil. He, too, must die."

Dan looked up. Before him he saw the owners of the shadow turbans and bare feet. They were the same ill-favored men, in dirty white, who but now had mocked the preacher.

A quiet man by nature, Dan happened to be wearing old deck shoes that made little or no sound upon the road; and now as he overheard this name of Runa he walked even more quietly, for he had a friend sometimes called Runa, sometimes called Mr. la Flèche of Chandernagor, a modest member of the police whom he greatly admired and liked.

"Your liver!" cried one of the four. It was he who had bellowed that joke about the new bride. "No. We need not kill Runa. But we can end him. Alive. Put him out forever. *Fut.* So." The man made some gesture near his face. "Alive, but ended. That is the better way."

"How?" asked another of the ill-favored ones in dirty white. "Tell us what you mean, Ram Lal. Time is short."

Ram Lal the burly was about to answer, when he raised his turbaned head, listened and glanced behind. His companions did likewise. Dan saw bloodshot eyes glowering as he passed. There was nothing to do but pass, though he would have liked to hear more of this conversation. The four ruffians gave him a humble salaam.

"Yes, you say true," the ready voice of Ram Lal overtook him. "People heard the Barisal Guns last night. It is a good sign for the jute, brothers. We shall have more rain, by the blessing of the gods."

This sanctimonious prediction met with favor, for Ram Lal's brethren chuckled as at a bit of well-timed waggery. Someone muttered that "that son of a pig could not understand us if he heard." Dan ignored the epithet, though he knew it to be aimed at his back. He marched serenely on. Later, when he glanced behind, the four strangers were going down under pipal shade to the blaze of the river, where their white figures mingled and were lost in a confusion made by other white figures, carriers of lumpy cloth bundles and gleaming brass bowls, who jostled, yelled obscenity, and fought for place in the ferryman's barge.

"Wish this son of a pig had heard the rest of it," thought Dan. "If I knew where Runa was—to get word to him. Humph! They said the time was short."



*Within, Dan's Patient Allowed Himself to Doze, and Thus They Sailed, All Tight and Cosy, Through Hot Weather in the Sunderbans*

Dan went home to his lonely bungalow, perplexed and filled with misgiving.

II

AT DUSK that night after dinner it was too sultry for reading; besides, he had finished every book in the house and did not care to swelter by a hot lamp enduring a more than Egyptian plague of flies and midges. Dan therefore sat in his veranda, smoking. Far off a bit of dark blue river burned itself out under silhouettes of trees; the sky, where tawny vampires had tumbled and swooped in a glory of space, rapidly faded, darkened, and became the firmament crowded with soft large stars close overhead. To a lonely man this change was beautiful yet mournful, making Nature seem a time-worn goddess, calm but not beneficent, her world an alien empire, too old. Even the little lights, which now began to blink, smoky-red, in jute dinghies along the *kul* or hovels along the country road, brought a sense of homelike things removed, translated and made inaccessible. Dan felt forlorn as he watched them.

"And somewhere among all this," he thought, "I've got a friend in danger. And I don't know where or why; or how to help him."

While Towers debated whether to take a melancholy ramble or go lie awake in bed under mosquito curtains there came bobbing round the corner of his bungalow a lighted lantern. The man who carried it, a lean sheeted ghost, climbed the veranda stairs and bowed low.

"To Tawah Sahib," murmured this lantern bearer, "my master sends a chit."

He salaamed again, delivered a strip of folded paper, knelt beside the chair and held up his lantern so that Dan could read.

By his sharp nose, drooping white mustache and pointed turban Dan recognized an old retainer of the Maharajah's.

"Very well, Dhirendra," said Mr. Towers, and opened the letter.

It bore no signature, but the writing was the large copybook hand of the lordling of Mayaganj.

"Can you not come up to the palace at once?" it ran. "I should like to talk with you about a friend of ours."

Now being no frequenter of palaces and hardly more than a well-wisher to this Maharajah, Dan could easily have put off such an invitation; but the "friend of ours" in a region where he saw few friends, or none at all, might well be Runa—that very Runa la Flèche whom the four strangers at the bazaar had threatened. In all likelihood it was Runa. The message chimed too well with his late anxiety for Dan to disregard it.

"Lead on, Dhirendra," he said, rising. "I'll go back with you."

Dhirendra's lantern showed the way over the lawn, round the dark house, into a path hedged with green bamboo. As they went they saw one other light, from the kitchen, a jungle bower in which the cook and the grass cutter were chanting a duet:

*I had fourteen annas when I came to town,*
*But her name was Little Mango!*

to the music of flute and drum.

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This rowdy entertainment they soon left behind as the tall tiger grass and taller trees surrounded them with a whispering silence and a sword-play of shadow blades. They mounted a gentle slope of woodland until before them rose an old wall, its base mottled in the lantern-light, its top against the stars black as a dungeon. In this wall Dhirendra unlocked a narrow door, which he swung open and, when they had passed through, locked again. They stood in the palace garden.

"My master glad to see the Sahib to-night," declared the Maharajah's messenger.

A reddish god threatened them with four gigantic sandstone arms as they began to climb the garden path; a troop of humping dark things that fled along the battlemented wall, sinuous, like a frieze of cats and serpents intermingled, told the two men they were followed and watched by the Maharajah's monkeys; but such nocturnal sights being familiar Dan and his guide trudged upward without pause. Past the starry water of a tank, past the checkered marble floor of a pavilion they came to the high terrace, where, parting tangled shrubbery, they burst from darkness into a great blaze from lighted windows all a-row, open, level with the ground.

"Much company to-night," said Dan.

"Much," replied Dhirendra. "In there, sir. My master expects you."

So saying the fellow blew out his lantern and flitted away under a heavy arcade. Towers, who needed no usher, let him go, and through one of the lighted windows entered the audience hall, a pillared vault, miserably hot, crowded at one end with men sitting on the floor. There was indeed much company. Hideous ornate lamps overhead, all writhing brass and dangling crystal, burned whatever last breath of air had found its way indoors, and poured down their light upon a white-robed concourse of men who squatted round a circle. It was a circle of yellow matting, tarnished and greasily rubbed, round the circumference of which, like hours round a clock, ran painted squares of black and red containing Chinese numerals.

"A quiet family game," thought Dan, who had often seen the like elsewhere. He might have stepped from India into Bangkok or Macao. Silver coins lay scattered upon the hours of this clock, and directly before him a fat Chinaman, calmer than any god, sat hauling in white cowries from a pile, four at a time, with a short-handled rake. The players watched, gloomy but intent. No one marked the entrance of Dan except the Chinaman's cashier, a rather pretty little Singhalese with his hair in a round comb. He alone glanced up, turning upon Mr. Towers the languidly cunning orbs of Ceylon's isle.

"*Si*," proclaimed the god-surpassing banker, whose rake had left four snowy shells alone on the mat. He filled a copper bowl with fresh cowries, inverted it, and sat impassive, ready for another deal.

"*Char, char!*" yelped the Singhalese, who began to collect and pay out so fast that the matting hissed with sliding coins. "Four has won. Four. Again, again! Place, place quickly! We play again."

It was a marvel to see this girlish man as he hunkered there, his brown hands catching, counting and flinging silver across the circle, quick as a conjurer. Every piece of money scooted to the right hour. Dan, who admired any form of skill, stood admiring this, when suddenly the cashier looked backward again, grinned slyly, bent a bad coin with his teeth, threw it away, held out his hand to someone for another, and said in a mixture of soft English and hard vernacular:

"Yea-us, sah. Hees Highneeze, he awaiting for you in hees beelyard room. Yea-us, sah. . . . Lead not taken. Silver required, please."

A flutter of white garments and a chinking of money passed about the circle as Dan turned away to follow the Singhalese's direction. The gaming proceeded without interruption, sedately. Even as a breakage of law it seemed very dull. There was no talk, not a murmur; and when Dan had taken a few steps down the dark corridor that entered the sandstone labyrinth of the palace not a sound followed him. He groped forward in a subterranean quiet. Once or twice, passing the blackness of a cross corridor, he had to stop and think, for fear of turning wrong; but presently a dim glow straight ahead reminded him in what quarter lay the billiard room. At last he reached a vaulted doorway and could see again.

"Good evening," said a weary voice.

"Good evening, sir," replied Dan.

At the far end of a somber room one shaded lamp made a round light on the green acreage of an English billiard table.

Behind it loomed a huge man in white, who seemed to be playing listlessly with pellets on the cloth. These pellets glistened as Dan drew nearer.

"Thank you for coming," said the huge man in white, bending to look under the lamp. It was the bull of this labyrinth. His broad brown face, hanging jowls and mournful stare were those of the Maharajah. "How are you? . . . Pretty, aren't they?"

The pellets with which his great dark hands were playing Dan now saw to be pearls—a score or so of pearls, shining on the billiard cloth. They reminded him of early dewdrops scattered on nasturtium leaves.

"Very pretty, sir."

"Not worn often enough," said the lord of the palace. "There's a couple of them going faint. Do you see?"

"I'm no judge."

The bulky potentate looked at him askance.

"No. You don't waste *your* time," he declared morosely. "You have something better to do. They are trash."

"I never said that," Dan replied. "Did you ask me here, sir, to talk pearls?"

For the first time during their acquaintance the Maharajah laughed. It was a short laugh, but for the moment it made his face brighter than ever before, less heavy and pouting, almost kind.

"You're right," he agreed. "We always clash, don't we? I try to put words in your mouth, as my English agent used to say. No, you are quite right. We were to discuss a friend of ours. Wait."

With that he gathered the pearls off the billiard cloth and swept them into a soft-leather pouch, which he stowed away somewhere among the white folds covering his bosom.

"Come along, if you please." With a rolling gait the lord of the palace led the way under a heavy arch into another dark and stifled corridor. Dan, following, could see him only as a cloud of whiteness that filled the passage, till suddenly he pushed aside a curtain and appeared obscurely, beckoning, in a wedge of smoky lamplight.

The lamp, a tin affair with fishtail wick and blackened chimney, burned on a gorgeous ebony table carved in the likeness of three elephants' heads. It dispelled enough darkness to show another vaulted room, a low cot midway on the floor, and a ghostly servant who stood waving a two-handed palm fan taller than himself back and forth over something dark that lay upon the cot.

"Why, it's not Runa?" whispered Dan, advancing and bending down to look.

"Talk aloud. You need not whisper." The Maharajah followed gloomily. "Sometimes he won't wake if you shout at him."

The occupant of the charpoy stirred, mumbled, but remained asleep. Dan stood watching him. It was a white man, but not Runa la Flèche. This was Dan's day to meet evangelists; for here lay another—a little crack-brained wanderer whom he had first known aboard ship, traveling alone, ignorant, penniless, to convert India by the gift of tongues.

"I gave him money," said the Maharajah, pointing round about; "and off he went on a spree of paint again. Look!"

All over the walls of the cavernous room, up and down hill in sprawling white characters, as if a prisoner had bedaubed his cell, ran painted legends:

DAY OF OUT POURING AT HAND
QUIT SINING, WORMS DYETH NOT
HURY SEKE JEHOVAH
WRATH TO COME ALL DRUNKS HURY

Dan smiled.

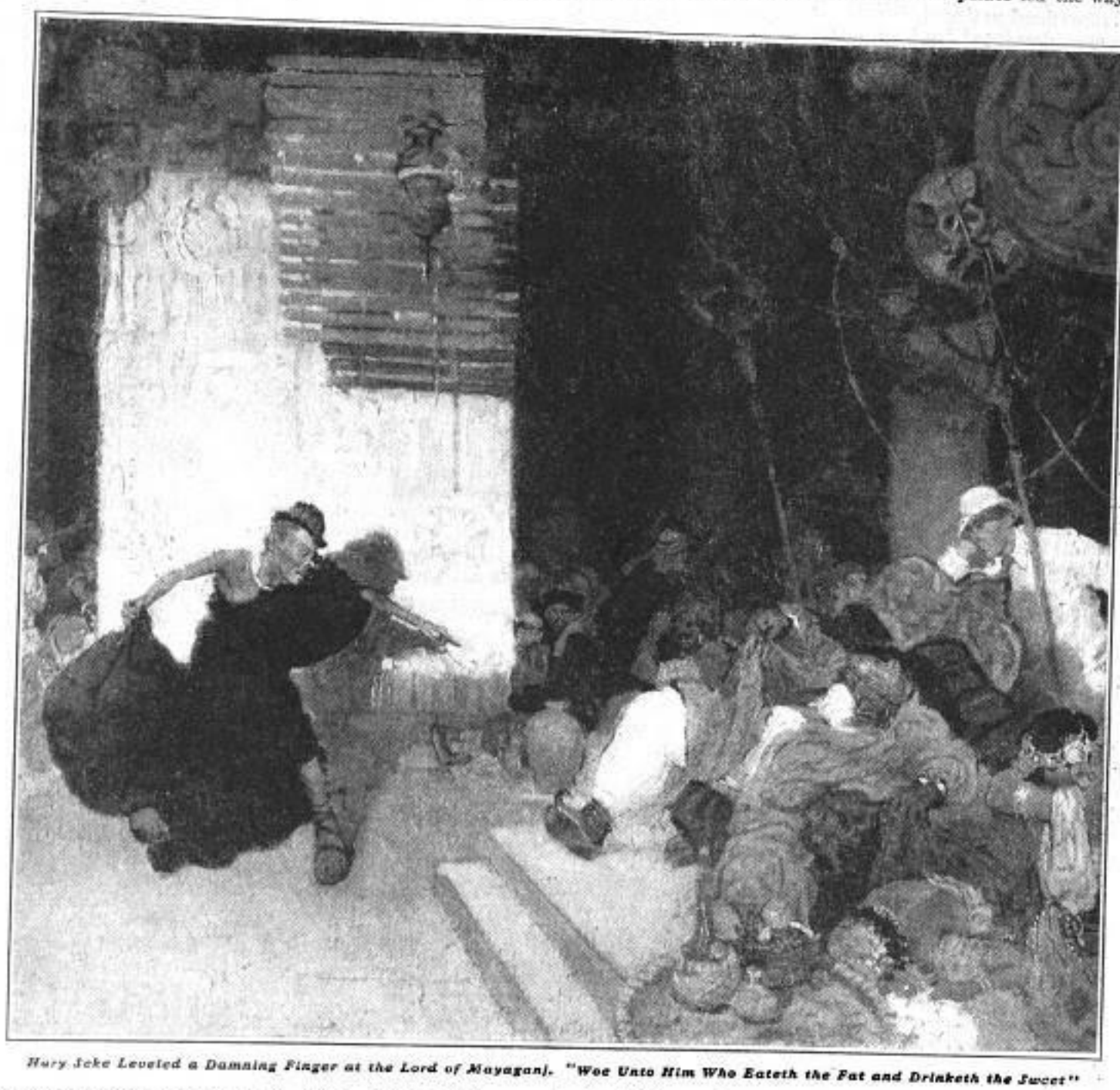
"Still at it," he murmured. "Lives up to his nickname."

He listened to the sick man's breathing. By the sound he knew this poor little outcast, driven by wild visions, had come to a bad pass.

"How long has he been like this?"

"Some days," replied the Maharajah. "Oh, yes, I had doctors up from Calcutta. They called it sun, overdoing, neglect of himself; if he was to live he must get out of this and go home, they said."

Towers looked down at him whom they called Hury Seke. Under his long black robe the man's body appeared flat, sunken, worn out; and his face, always grimy, had the pallor and hollowness of a death mask.



*Hury Seke Leveled a Damning Finger at the Lord of Mayaganj. "Woe Unto Him Who Eateth the Fat and Drinketh the Sweet"*

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"If 'twas advice you called me in for," said Dan, "I think the doctors were right. Sooner he does get out the better."

A look of distress came into the Maharajah's broad brown face.

"He won't go. That's just it. He won't budge. When he's awake, Towers, he really is —— He's what your people call a holy terror."

Dan laughed inwardly. It was droll to see this mighty bull, this god of riches and power, here in his own stronghold quailing before a wisp of mankind whom he could pick up with one hand. But Dan understood; for he remembered how Hury Seke could talk, even to lords and rulers, when as a Pentecostal Brother he had his hour of speech upon him.

At that moment the black robe stirred on the cot. Hury Seke opened his eyes—pale eyes, dazed, yet too bright. He seemed to know both his visitors.

"'My words shall fall as the dew,'" he said in a dry, feverish voice. Then closing his eyes he muttered, tossed and lay still. "I'm a-goin', boys; I'm a-goin' to the House of the Overcomers. In Jerusalem. Yeah. The golden, with milk and honey blessed. That's what I'm a-layin' for next."

The words trailed away into silence. Dan shook his head, not liking what he had seen and heard.

But the Maharajah lost no time in such thoughts.

"Come here!" He plucked his guest by the sleeve. "Come quickly! If he should begin again —— I tell you, the man's nine devils and a goat."

They left the little figure quiet on the charpoy, while his ghostly attendant waved the tall palm leaf back and forth, fluttering the lamp so that shadows jumped and played and gave a gloomy semblance of motion to the writing round the walls.

### III

ONCE more in his billiard room the Maharajah heaved a long breath.

"That's over," he said. "I wanted you to see. Have a smoke."

From a tarnished gold casket he gave Dan his choice of black eight-inch cigars. Dan lighted one and perched on the corner of the billiard table. The lordling backed himself mountainously into a high chair with the aid of a cue, which he sat holding like a monarch enthroned, scepter in hand.

"Look here, Towers, what am I to do?"

"Send him home."

"He won't go!" roared the monarch.

"Yes, he will. I'll persuade him down to Calcutta for you."

His Highness the Maharajah bounced on his chair for joy.

"You'll take him? Really?" he cried; and his face beamed like a moon. "That's a bargain, Towers. Look here, you put him aboard ship, I'll give him three or four hundred pounds—whatever is right—and off he sails! Now that's a bargain, then, isn't it? You don't know how grateful ——"

Dan lifted his cigar to signify halt. He was thinking.

"No. No money in hand. Not for Hury Seke," he answered. "The little cuss would only buy more paint and start again. Here's my proposal: Ship him off as a destitute British subject, or American; hand over your four or five hundred pounds to the captain of the ship privately, in trust for him, and cable ahead so that he'll be looked after on landing. What do you think of that?"

The Maharajah tapped his cue gently on the floor and considered.

"I think it's damned good," he replied. "We'll do it. There's one affair settled." The speaker sat watching the butt of his cue with big mournful eyes that brooded. "I wish it were the only affair on my mind to-night." He glanced up, shook his head wearily and continued tapping. "Dare say you saw a lot of low company in the other room out there as you came through? Yes. Very dull game, wasn't it? There's someone among them who means to kill me to-night. Another silly ass trying to murder me. Exceedingly annoying, Towers."

Dan grinned at him through the smoke.

"You take it cool enough."

"Have a drink? No? Then I will, to pass the time." The Lord of Mayaganj slid from his chair, waddled over to a taboret, and poured himself a whisky and soda. "Why as to that, death means nothing to me."

It was evident he spoke the truth. He stood there, glass in hand, forgetting to drink in his despondency. Dan sat quietly entertained, remembering how this majestical brown stoic had run away from Hury Seke's bed and thinking how curious are the fears and braveries of men.

Presently the Maharajah set down his peg untasted, to lumber aimlessly back and forth in the dark vault. He had stopped to light a cigarette—the match disclosing boredom in every fold of his countenance—when there came a sound of bare feet along the stone floor.

"Een a few meenit, sah, you may come," declared a languid voice. "Yea-us, sah. Een five meenit now, I theenk."

It was the Singhalese gamester's voice. He paused, cringing, beyond the lamplight, which showed his cunning face, his soft eyes, and his oily hair held back by the round comb. He seemed girlish and mischievous. But what overcame Dan at this second glimpse of him was a puzzled conviction that he was no stranger. Somewhere Dan had known this Singhalese before.

"Picked the right one, have you?" asked the Maharajah carelessly.

"Oh, yea-us. Indeed the right one, sah."

Another cringe, another wave of the hands accompanied the answer; and this time the fellow glanced at Dan, fawning.

Dan slid from the billiard table and stood on foot. He felt a shock of recognition. This ingratiating juggler of coins was a fraud. It could not be possible; but in that flying glance, in some hidden mockery of the eyes or faint curl of the mouth, he had seen his friend Runa la Flèche.

The Maharajah lifted his forgotten glass and drank. In doing so he presented to them the breadth of his back.

"Runa!" Dan formed the name silently on his lips, and made a gesture signifying: "Wait. I want to see you!"

It might have been a mistake; perhaps it was; for he of the round comb looked blank and smiled a smile of unmeaning flattery. The Maharajah turned and spoke:

"I'll come to you in five minutes."

"Verree good, sah," replied the Singhalese, and bowing withdrew like a white shadow.

Dan saw him pass into the far corridor, and said nothing. The Lord of Mayaganj offered no explanation, but came and laid a gold hunting-case watch open on the green cloth, then resumed his lumbering meditation up and down the room. "What a nuisance!" he muttered. "Silly duffers, always at it." He passed and repassed the table, bending magnificently down to consult his watch. After several tours he halted there and put the timepiece back among his clothes.



*The Maharajah Lifted His Forgotten Glass and Drank*

"Forty-six, forty-seven," he murmured to himself; and then to Dan: "Coming with me?" he said. "Do if you like. About forty-nine times, this will make, that some idiot's tried to kill me. Can't remember now, but I keep them written down in a book. Let's go see if my hour has struck to-night. Shall I die now, Towers?"

For the first time Dan really understood and liked the man. "No. Not you."

The misanthrope nodded, his broad brown face composed, happy, as though he looked forward to a game worth playing.

"What will you bet?" he grunted. "Shall we go see? Don't expose yourself."

They crossed the room and entered that passageway down which the Singhalese had vanished. Dan tried to go foremost, but the Maharajah punched him back into second place with a fat yet mighty elbow. For some time they felt their way between stone walls in moldy darkness; then a glimmer of light reached them, with a chinking and rustling that Towers knew to come from the gamblers in the great hall.

He was wondering what his leader expected might happen, when it happened with a vengeance.

As they passed a crossroad in this maze where corridors met, some dusky thing leaped off the floor at the Maharajah's throat. It fell short, tripped by the Singhalese, who darted from nowhere and stuck out his foot cleverly. A weapon fell clattering upon stone. Dan found himself astride a naked body that fought like a serpent.

"Take him!" said Runa's voice.

Two or three men hauled the writhing body from between Dan's knees and rushed it away into the dark. A moment later the corridors were empty and still as before.

"Very good," said the Maharajah. "Well tripped, well caught. He didn't hurt you, Towers? Then let us watch the game out there awhile."

### IV

BLAZING lamps in the hall of audience made them wink as they entered it from the corridors. Unbroken, the play went on quietly, everyone a-squat; the godlike Chinaman presided with bowl of cowries and rake, the Singhalese tossed and caught silver as though he had never dreamed of quitting his place. Round the tawny circle of matting a few white-clad reprobates bowed their turbans low when they saw the Lord of the House; but the rest of the ring sat fast, paying attention only to their wagers. Dan's host climbed to a gilt throne which a pair of servants drew forward, and there sat looking on, complacent though rather scornful. He had enjoyed the late excitement, for his big eyes glowed, and from time to time sought Dan's with sidelong irony, as if to convey that all pastimes with money were dull after such little games with death in the dark. Presently he said as much:

"Very tame, is it not, Towers?"

Dan gave a nod, for the gambling was truly insipid; but his thoughts were elsewhere.

"I suppose I must keep the pot boiling." His haughty friend beckoned a servant, by whose hand he placed a few bets of gold and silver at random. "Poor wretches, they think they're having sport."

He gave no heed to the turns of fortune, but let his men play for him. Dan stood behind the gilt chair and watched only the Singhalese. There the fellow squatted across the ring, catching and counting and tossing nimbly, accurately, with the skill of lifelong habit. Surely it was not Runa. Once in a lull he paused, rested, drew a sigh, and glanced round about with his soft brown eyes met the scrutiny which Dan held fixed upon him. He smiled and bowed droopingly, as though tired of his labor. No, it could not be Runa. Towers began to doubt his own eyesight; it could not even have been this round-combed effeminate whose shadow came from nowhere to trip the murderer in the passage.

On went the play, endless and meaningless. The hour grew late, the hot room hotter, the bad air worse, and Dan more and more sleepy. He made up his mind to say good night, having seen enough.

As he turned to do so there came a rush of bare feet and sweeping garments down the corridor into the room. Hury Seke the invalid had got out of bed and come to join this house party. From the archway staggered a thin, black-robed form with a gray face of wrath and glittering eyes.

"Ye serpents!" The small fanatic, ghastly as though risen from the tomb, spoke with a voice of thunder. "Ye generation of vipers!"

Dan saw the Maharajah collapse and dwindle on his shining chair. All the company were jerked upright, scandalized. Even the Chinaman, yellow and placid among those brown faces, looked up mildly, forgetting to count.

"And you, O King!" Hury Seke leveled a damning finger at the Lord of Mayaganj. "Woe unto him who eateth the fat and drinketh the sweet, and sendeth no portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared. Woe unto him who layeth pitfalls for the feet of the innocent. Lo, the sow hath returned to her wallowing. And beside him stood Mattithiah, and Shema, and Anaiah on his right hand." The speaker pointed, beginning with Towers, at each man round the fan-tan mat, as if calling them opprobrious names one by one. "And on his left hand Pedaiah, and Mishael, and Hashbadana, and Meshullam. Vipers, by gorry! And to you, O King, I say unto you, the dog hath returned to his vomit!"

Mr. Towers thought it high time for intervention. Deserting the gilt chair and its confounded occupant, he approached his old acquaintance with a smile.

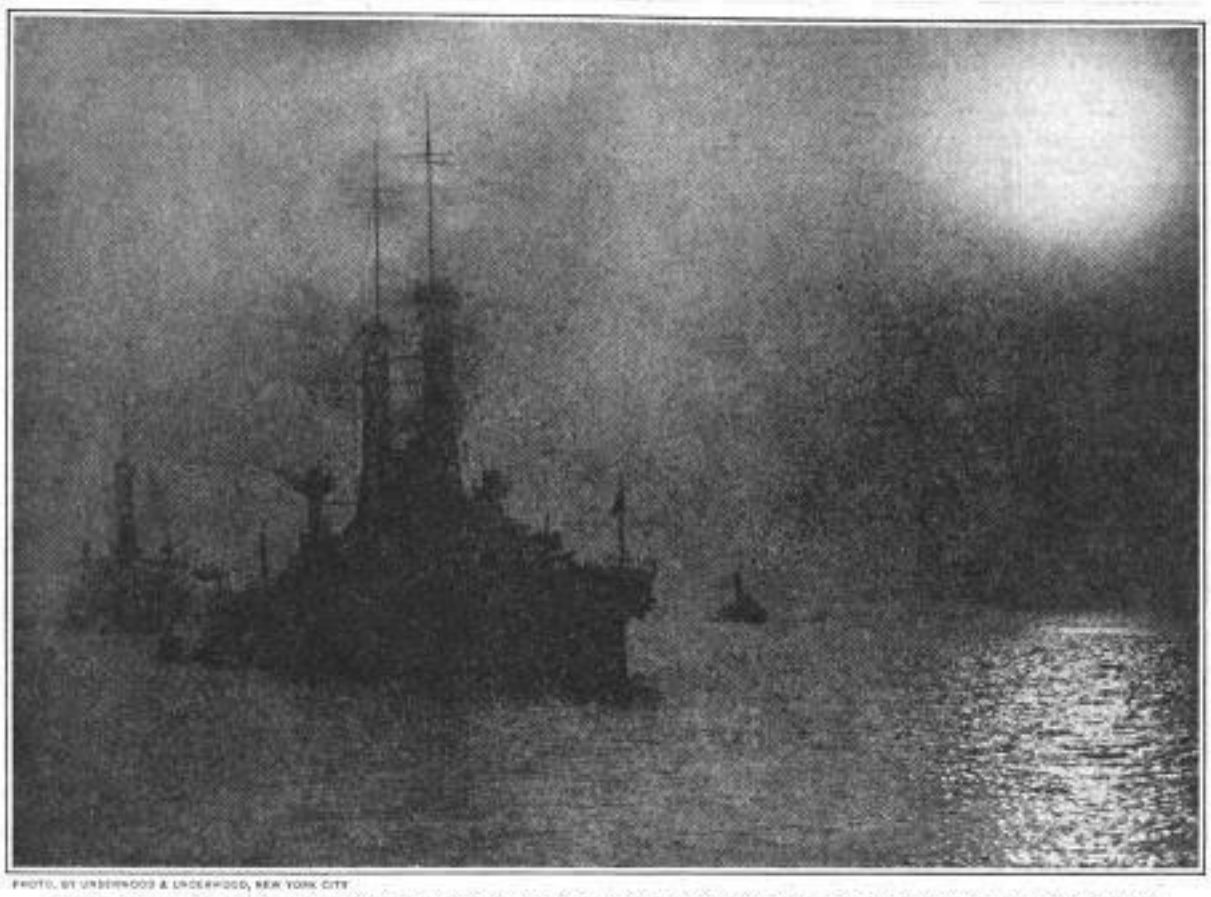
"Hello, Hury," said Dan. "How are you? Let's go have a talk about this. Haven't seen you for many a long day." He linked arms and turned the man about. "How are you, anyway, old stiff? Come talk it over."

(Continued on Page 26)

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# READY!—By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

PHOTOGRAPHS PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION



PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

*When That Battle Comes, There Need be No Fear That Our Flag Will Not be Flying in the Thick of It*

WE WERE sitting at dinner with the admiral on his flagship, the U. S. S. ——. I say the U. S. S. —— because it is so required of me, neither more nor less being admissible in the public prints; and it may be as well, for the elision gives the fancy of the reader free rein, and his local patriotism excellent scope, inasmuch as all our battleships are called after states of the Union, and the name of any favorite state may be supplied to this ship in question with excellent chance of correct designation should the matter seem important. However ——

We were sitting at dinner with the admiral on his flagship and ragging a bit the two English four-stripers who were of the company on the quality of English humor, as we found it in print and in speech, quoting scraps of it and contrasting these with the jest American, which we set forth as having the more catholic appeal. The English four-stripers were valiant in the defense of their native jocosities, but overwhelmed with example and the instance direct. Finally, as if to put an end to it, one of the four-stripers with great earnestness of manner said: "You may say what you like about it, but I assure you, gentlemen, British jokes are not to be laughed at!"

### *The Parable of the Wandering Scribe*

NOR American, either, in these parts where I am writing; which vibrant truth was made so apparent on the day when the American commander in chief, noting the British beef boat of the fleet approaching, flying the white flag with the red bull rampant in the middle of it, ventured the remark to certain of the royalty standing by: "That is the first time I have ever seen the real British ensign"; and was gravely rebuked for it in the newspapers of the following morning in this wise: "An amusing instance of the astonishing unfamiliarity of the Americans with British flags was observed when the American admiral mistook the flag of the fleet beef boat for the national ensign."

John Bull—John Bull—"oh, ain't it the truth?" as we all shouted when the English four-striper rallied to the defense of the humor of his country—ain't it the truth? Thus I am led to the consideration of other matters British that are not to be laughed, or sneezed, at, and chief among these is the strict limitation that is placed on writings concerning the Grand Fleet, its particulars or its components. The British Navy, it seems, is impersonal save when one of its topside personages makes it personal to himself. To all others it is sea power.

Wherefore, dearly beloved brethren, I speak to you a parable in this wise: A certain man set out from his home and made a long and toilsome journey into warring foreign lands and across turbulent foreign waters seeking for a sustenance, and word and sight of it, for which his people were sore stricken to have knowledge concerning. After adventure by flood and field he came one day upon a place where this sustenance was more abundant and grateful than elsewhere in all the world, and he gave a glad cry and marveled greatly, saying:

"Here, now, is journey's end. Here have I discovered what I long have sought. Here is shown before my eyes, fevered with diligent and unceasing search, that which is the acme of my desire and the desire of my people, balm for my starved spirit, food for my famished zeal, pabulum for my eager endeavor, and heartening for those I have left behind. Here shall I remain and partake freely, for in all the lands over wh have sought, and the w thereof, there is no place w I may obtain word and of sustenance compare this, and nothing tantam So shall I abide here in p and content, and send wri home to my people that may know what manne sustenance this is I have fo and examine into my rep thereof, and be apprised o the various matters conne therewith."

"Nay," said one who st beside; and being of autho he spoke truly. "It shall be as you say. Of all the sustenance spread before you may observe and part freely, and we have great in holding you welcome to sight and the partaking, no writings may go thithe your people, nor may th be any speech concerning th things. It is so spoken and dained."

"To what end, then," asl the man, "has it served me come upon this place? It wo have been as well had I ne fallen upon it, as has been lot."

"How now," replied he who stood beside, "is it sufficient to you that you shall see all this, and partal rather than that you should exclaim in this wise upon t ordinances that have been set about it?"

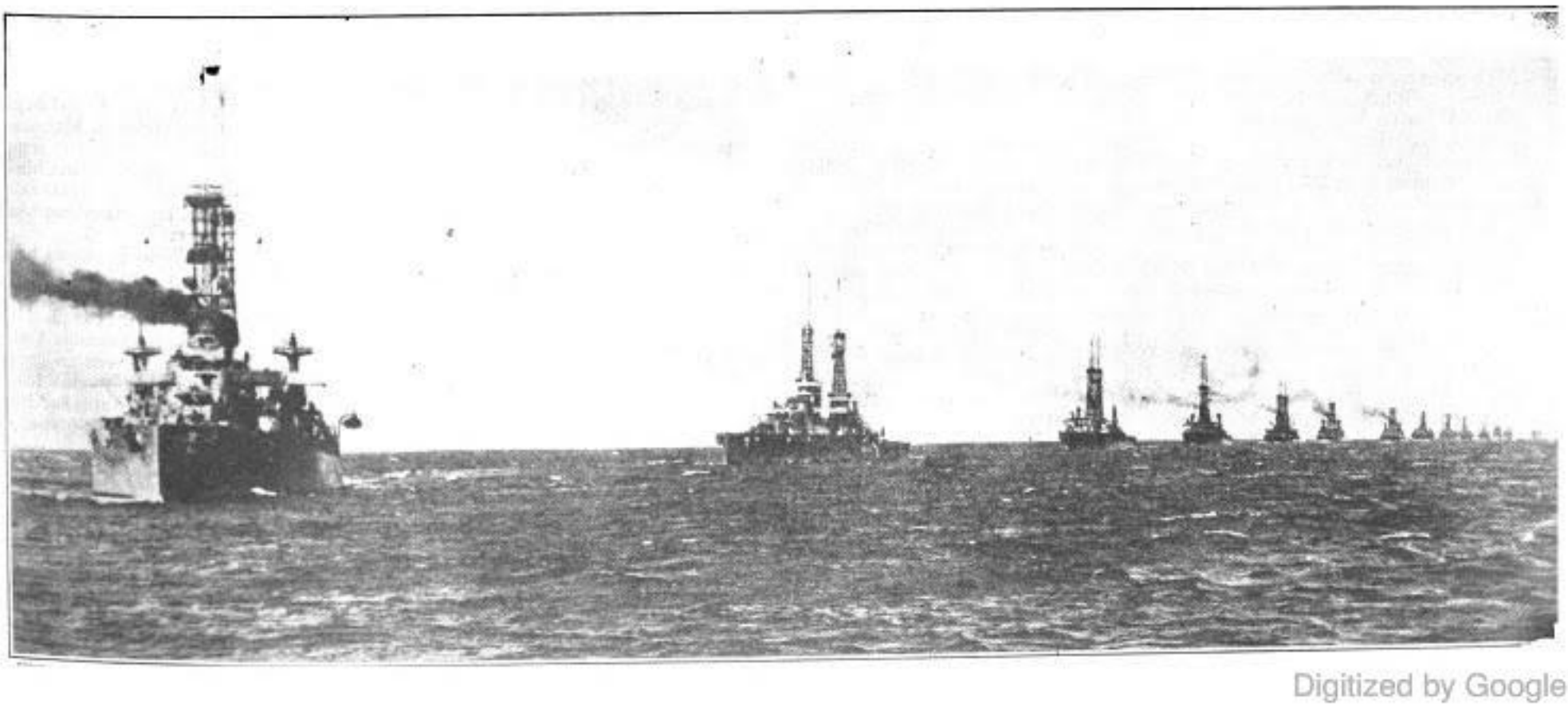
"It seemeth insufficient," rejoined the man; "for wh profits it me to see and know of this sustenance, and pa take thereof, when it is forbidden me to tell my people, w are sore stricken to hear definite matters concerning the things?"

### *The Scribe Weepeth Bitter Tears*

"IT IS so spoken and ordained," said he who stood besic "and there shall be no recourse else save this alone: Y may send writings to your people that you came upon t sustenance of which they stand in need and yearn f understanding, that it has waxed great and mighty—b no more."

Whereupon the man wept exceeding bitter tears a made loud lamentation and beat upon his breast, teari his hair and rending his garments, but to no avail, for who stood beside was a Competent Sustenance Authorit

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# The Coming Winter in Russia



*In the Open Markets in Moscow Cloth Remnants May Still be Purchased*



PHOTOGRAPHS PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

*Black Loaves in the Market at Samara*




*When a Petrograd Dealer Unearths a Case of Shoes He Sends a "Sandwich Man" Out to Announce the News*

## By Oliver M. Sayler

WINTER comes early in Russia, and it stays late. From May to September the Russian crowds in his spring and his summer and his autumn. Every year in this brief growing period the peasant must raise all of the grain that his own millions and the millions of the cities will need in the long cold white months ahead, for the Russian has no way of storing grain against a time of need. Whatever the harvest, so will the winter be.

For five long weeks, during the past summer, I crossed the endless plains of Russia and the doubly endless miles of Siberia. Every day as I looked through my mud-spattered car window I could see the fields stretching away from the railroad untouched by this season's plow. Once in a while in a lonely corner a few square rods were under cultivation. And after this little oasis came the dismal stretch of untilled acres once more. This, then, was Russia's preparation for the coming winter. By now the grain has been harvested and the peasant sits guarding it with the gun he brought home from the Front. He has planted for himself, and only for himself, and he doesn't intend to share with anyone. He has written the record of Russia for the winter of 1918–19 and the book is already closed. The world can only look on now in helpless pity while hundreds of thousands of Russians add their names in starvation to the red roster of the revolution.

### *The Vanishing Wheat Crop*

IF I HAD been going into Russia instead of coming out I should have been dumfounded at this inexplicable situation. Had not Russia been hungry for two winters—seriously hungry last winter? Wasn't this the grain soil of one of the greatest grain countries in the world? Hadn't the soldiers come home from the Front to seize their share of the newly divided land? Early in the war there might not have been enough laborers for the fields, but surely that difficulty had been overcome. Here was demand, crying, pleading demand, from Moscow and Petrograd and every city and town the length and breadth of the country. Why, then, these thousands upon thousands of miles of fallow fields?

I began to acquire an answer to this question early last fall on my way into Russia. All through the Siberian wheat country I was on the lookout for some evidences of the wheat. The grain, of course, had long been cut and the fields were now snow sprinkled. There was bread at the station markets, great loaves big enough for a family for a week. But there were no elevators, no warehouses, no place to store the wheat and facilitate its shipment. Near the freight platform in one town hundreds of bushels of wheat in flimsy sacks were piled up on the damp ground. The soldiers who were loading a box car often burst open a sack, and the ground was littered with the wasted grain.

One day in Moscow, therefore, I asked a Russian business man where Russia stored her grain. The winter had passed without starvation but not without hunger, and we were talking of the season ahead and of its hopes and fears.

"I didn't see any warehouses along the Trans-Siberian Railroad," I said. "But surely you have grain elevators somewhere in Russia in which you store your surplus wheat."

"Elevators?" he said. "We haven't any elevators. The only ones we ever had in all Russia were at Libau, on the Baltic, and at Odessa, on the Black Sea. And now the Germans hold Libau, while they have torn Odessa from us and added it to Ukrainia."

"You see," he went on, "the Russian peasant never threshes his grain until he is ready to use it or to sell it. He has only his crowded thatched hut to live in and sometimes a thatched tumble-down outbuilding. But he has no place to keep his wheat and rye if he threshes them. They would simply rot on his hands. And so he stacks up the sheaves in the field until the tax collector or the grain merchant comes or his own meal bin runs low. Of course he loses the outer sheaves exposed to the rain and snow, but the stack is reasonably proof against everything except fire.

"If the peasant has to carry his stack over into the second or third summer, though, he is likely to lose his entire harvest from rot. That is what began to happen the first year after the war started. By the mobilization of many million troops we had overtaxed our transportation system, and there weren't enough cars to carry the grain from the fields to the cities. Each year the war lasted the situation grew worse. The rolling stock on our railroads began to fall to pieces. Cars were congested in districts where they weren't needed. With all our men in the army there weren't enough to repair the cars or to operate the trains. Still, the peasant hoped for better days and he had the habit, and so he planted his fields in the spring and harvested them in the summer. Two or three years of fruitless toil and wasted crops, however, took all the heart out of his efforts. Then came the revolution, and people told him he was free. In the old days he had hated the city and everyone in it because of its oppression. Six months after the revolution he began to hate it again because it took all his grain and gave him in return worthless paper money. Therefore, sullen and defiant, the Russian peasant this summer will grow only as much grain on his new-won acres as he needs for his own family. And the cities can look out for themselves!"

That is the explanation of the panorama of idle fields that passed ominously by my car window on my long way out to the east. The peasant has been as good as his word. He has lit the fuse, and he is waiting patiently for the explosion that will bring Russia to her senses.

Next winter's catastrophe is not some sudden thing. It has been a long time on the way. Russia was hungry winter before last—the final months of the imperial régime. The world didn't know that, because the Allied censorship saw fit to put a good face on a desperate situation. Russia was hungry and a million troops had deserted from the Front before the Czar fell. All these facts I found discussed freely when I reached Russia. No one deceived himself, as many have done outside of Russia, with the idea that the revolution was to blame, or any of the parties to the revolution. Russia's disaster has been seen by Russians for just what it is—the inevitable result of war on a country that has not been organized for war. To be sure, there were a few sunny, heartening days in March, 1917, when everyone flamed with the hope that the revolution would save the nation from impending disaster. France had celebrated her Feast of Pikes, July 14, 1790, under the same delusion, and Russians kissed each other in the public streets. And then again in November, after a disillusioning summer, hope sprang up once more—this time only in the Utopian imaginations of the idealists among the Bolsheviki and those who caught their contagion. Most of the Russians either saw deeper disaster and humiliation ahead or, in the case of the peasants, took no interest in the outcome once they had the land divided among them.

And so the food barometer has gone down ever since the fall of 1916, not gradually and deceptively with the aid of science and organization, as in Germany, but by sudden and violent descents and even occasional upturnings. Just how the descent started I do not know, for I did not arrive in Russia until the danger point of storm had been reached. But there is ample testimony in Russian literature and from travelers how well and how plentifully the Russian fed before the war.

### *Overfeeding and Starvation*

"OH, YOU should see what we had to eat in peacetime!" said a young man of nineteen to me one day. His father was a Moscow millionaire, but that hadn't prevented the coming of hollows into his cheeks—the mark of insufficient nourishment in the months while he was shooting up to the stature of manhood.

"The most wonderful white bread in the world!" he went on almost plaintively in his retrospect to the days when he had gone to school in England and spent his vacations in the rich Russian countryside. "And butter from Siberia; and eggs, all you could wish. And tea from China and sugar from our own Crimea. All kinds of meats and vegetables. And sweets and candies and cakes and ices until you ate yourself sick!"

By the autumn of 1917 food conditions in Russia had fallen in three years of war from this plane of plenty to a critical estate of immediate hunger, with starvation following inevitably in its train. On the basis of data compiled in September, 1917, Henry C. Sherman, of Columbia University, has recently stated that "there seems no good reason to doubt the general conclusion that Russia's food supply is just about sufficient in total food value for the needs of her population provided the food can be properly distributed."

But for four years now Russia's food has not been properly distributed. Rich food-producing districts, like the Caucasus and the Crimea, have been overfed, while the northern provinces have suffered from increasing want. The railroads have been less able each year to distribute the nation's food output properly. In addition to the continued aggravation of the transportation problem another far more serious blow was struck last spring at Russia's food supply. The defection of Ukrainia and its practical seizure by Germany have cut off completely the leading

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# JAVA HEAD

## By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

VIII

THE dejection, the sense of a difference that held from him any comprehension of the vast maze of shore life, persisted as Gerrit Ammidon walked toward home. It was such an unusual feeling that he was conscious of it; he examined and speculated upon his despondency as if it had been something actually before him. The result of this was a still increased disturbance. He didn't like such strange qualities arbitrarily forcing their way into his being—he had the navigator's necessity for a clear understanding of the combined elements within and without, which resulted in a harmonious, or at least predictable movement. He distrusted all fogs. In a manner the course before him was plain—married to Taou Yuen, shipmaster in his family's firm, he had simple duties to perform, no part of which included sailing in strange or dangerous waters; yet though this was beyond argument he was troubled by a great number of obscure pressures, unpleasant conditions of mind, such as his feeling of sudden impotence in any affair more complicated than those controlled from the quarter-deck of a ship.

Gradually, however, his normal indignation returned; the contempt for a society without perceptible justice centered principally in what Nettie Vollar had had from life. This, he assured himself, wasn't because he was in any way involved in her; but because it was such a flagrant case. She was a very nice girl. It was entirely allowable that he should admit that. As a fact he warmly felt that he was her friend. The past justified—no, insisted on—that at least. He wondered exactly how fond he had been of her—in other words, how near he had come to marrying her. It had been an obvious possibility, he decided; but the desire had never become actual. No, his feeling for her had never broken the bounds of a natural liking and a desire to secure decent treatment for her. The last had been vain.

If his mental searching had ended there it would have presented no difficulties, created no fog; but unfortunately there was another element, which he admitted with great reluctance, an inborn discomfort. Though he had been clear about what had actually happened with Nettie there was reasonable doubt that the same limitations had operated with her. Briefly, she had missed him more than he had realized. He explained this to his sense of innate masculine diffidence by the loneliness of her days. She had missed him; something within whispered that she still did. Women, he remembered hearing, were like that.

In the light, the possibility of this he saw that he had done her a great wrong. It had been his damned headlong ignorance of the dangerous quality of life, the irresponsibility of a child with gunpowder. With all this in his mind it seemed doubly imperative that he should do something for her; he owed her, he was forced to admit, more than a mere impersonal consideration. His thoughts returned unbidden to the fact that she—she had liked him. He insisted almost angrily on the past tense, but it surprised him and gave him a perceptible warm glow. Nettie was very pleasing; he inferred that she was a creature of deep emotions, affections.

At this he shook himself abruptly—such things were not permissible. Gerrit felt a swift sense of shame; they injured Nettie. His mind shifted to Taou Yuen. He found her asleep on the day bed she preferred, her elaborate headdress resting above the narrow pillow of black wicker. He could distinguish her face, pallid in the blue gloom, and a delicate, half-shut hand. He was flooded with the intense admiration that increasingly formed his chief thought of her. This, with the obvious racial difference, put her, as it were, on an elevation—a beautifully lacquered vase above his own blundering person. She was calm, serious and good, in the absolute Western definitions of those terms; she had her emotions under faultless control. Taou Yuen should be an ideal wife for any man; she was, he corrected the form sharply. All that he knew of her was admirable; the part that constantly baffled him didn't touch their relationship.

It was reasonable to expect small differences between her and Salem. At times her calm chilled him by a swift glimpse of utter coldness; at times he would have liked her gravity to melt into something less than ivory perfection. Even her goodness had oppressed him. The last hadn't the human quality, for instance, of Nettie Vollar's goodness, colored by rebellion, torn by doubt, and yet triumphing. If he only understood the three religions of China, if he were an intellectual man, Gerrit realized, he could have grasped his wife more fully. He was completely ignorant of Chinese history, of all the forces that had united to form Taou Yuen. For instance, he was unable to reconcile her elevated spirit with the absurd superstitions that influenced almost her every act—the enormous number of lucky and unlucky days, the coin hung on his bed, the yellow charm against sickness and the red against evil spirits. Only yesterday she had burnt a paper form representing thunder and drunk its ashes in a cup of tea. She was tremendously in earnest about the evil spirits—they were, she maintained, lurking everywhere, in all shapes and degrees of harm. Edward Dunsack was possessed, she declared; but he had pointed out that opium was a sufficient explanation of anything evil in him, and that it was unnecessary to look for more fantastic possibilities.

He lay awake for a comparatively long while, as he had several times lately, divided between his consciousness and the regular breathing of his wife. If the past had brought Nettie Vollar to depend on him in some slight degree Taou Yuen did so absolutely; except for him she was lost in a strange world. Yet Taou Yuen didn't seem helpless in the manner of Nettie. He had once before thought of the former as finely tempered steel. Her transcendent resignation, with its consequent lack of sympathetic contact with the imperfect humanity of—well, Nettie, gave Taou Yuen a dangerous freedom from all that bound Salem in comparative safety.

He dressed first, as usual, in the morning, while she stirred only enough to get her pipe and tobacco on the floor at her side. Outside the elms were losing their fresh greenness in the dusty film of midsummer; the square held an ugly litter from the fireworks of last evening.

William, too, was about, but he was uncommunicative, his brow scored in a frown. Their father, always down before the others, had returned from the inspection of his trees and was tramping back and forth in the library. The elder seemed unrested by the night; his skin, as Rhoda had pointed out, was baggy.

"Now that the Nautilus is afloat again," Jeremy Ammidon said, "you'll want to be at sea."

Examining this natural conclusion Gerrit was surprised, startled to find that it was no longer true. For the first time in his memory he was not anxious to be under sail. This of course was caused by a natural perplexity about Taou Yuen's comfort and happiness.

"I don't know what the firm's plans are for me," he answered cautiously. "There is some talk of taking me out of the China trade for the California runs. I shouldn't like that."

Jeremy was turning at his secretary, and he stopped to pound his fist on its narrow ledge.

"It's that damned Griffiths again and his cursed jackknife hull!" he exclaimed. The dark tide suffused his countenance. Gerrit studied him thoughtfully; he didn't know just how much William had yet told their father about the sweeping changes taking place in Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone. He did see, however, that it was unwise to excite the old gentleman unduly.

"I was saying only yesterday," he put in pacifically, "that you and myself are getting to be old models ——"

He broke off as William entered the library. The latter evidently grasped at once the subject of their discussion, for he went on in a firm voice somewhat contradicted by a restrained but palpable anxiety:

"Now, father, this was bound to come up, and you must sit down and listen quietly." The elder, on the verge of a tempestuous reply, constrained himself to a painful attention. "It's useless



*He Rose With a Nod of Finality, and James Saltonstone Remarked, "Jeremy to the Life"*

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to point out to you the beneficial changes in sea carrying, for you are certain to deny their good and drag out the past. So I am simply forced to tell you that after careful consideration we have decided to line the firm with the events of the day and hold our place in the growing pressure of competition. This may sound brutal, but it was forced on us by the attitude you have adopted. Shortly, this is what we intend, in fact are doing:

"Orders have been placed with George Raynes at Portsmouth and Jackson up in Boston for clippers of a thousand and twelve hundred tons, and another is almost ready to be launched from Curtis' Chelsea shipyard. It oughtn't to be necessary to call your attention again to the fact that the Sea Witch has cut the passage from Hong-Kong to something like three months. And the profits of the California trade will be enormous and depend entirely on speed.

"I'll admit that this is a big thing, it will cut sharply into our funds—something like a quarter of a million dollars. But if you will be patient for a little only I can promise that you'll see astonishing returns. At the same time we have no intention of giving up China and India, but we'll limit ourselves more closely in the nature of the cargoes, practically nothing but tea unbroken from Canton to New York. I'll be glad to go into all this in detail at the countinghouse, where we have the statistics and specifications."

To Gerrit's surprise Jeremy Ammidon sat quietly at the end of William's speech; he wasn't even looking at them, but had his gaze bent upon the floor. There was a commanding, even impressive quality in his silence that forced the respect of both his sons. More—it made Gerrit overwhelmingly conscious of his affection, his deep admiration for his father. He recalled the latter's memorable voyage in the little Two Capes—the bark of two hundred and nine tons—into the dangers, so imminent to a master, of uncomprehended waters and thousands of miles with for the most part only the sheerest dead reckoning.

Jeremy Ammidon said finally:

"If it's done it's done. I used to think there were two Ammidons in the firm, not to mention Gerrit; but it seems there's only one—a man who has never been to sea." He rose and marched, slower and more ponderous than ever before, to the cupboard where he kept the square bottle of Medford rum; there with trembling hands he poured himself out a measure. He shut the glass door, but stood for an oppressive while with his back to the room, seeing what old vision of struggle or accomplishment?

"I suppose I've been a damned nuisance about the countinghouse for a long time," he pronounced, turning.

William rose. "You made it," he said; "it's you. God forgive me if I have been impatient or forgetful of all we owe you."

There was a stir of skirts in the doorway, and Rhoda entered.

"Breakfast ——"

She broke off, and with a quick glance at her husband and Gerrit went at once up to Jeremy Ammidon.

"They've been bothering you again," she declared, and turned an expression of bright anger on the younger men. "Ah, how hard and hateful and blind you are!" she cried.

William, with a hopeless gesture, went from the room. Gerrit moved to a window facing the square; but he saw nothing of its sultry yellow-green expanse—he was remembering how as a child, his mother already dead, a nurse had held him up on Derby Wharf to see his father sweep into port from the long voyage to the East. He caught again the resonant voice, as if sounding from staunch ribs of oak, the tremendous vigor of the arm that swept him up to a bearded face. He couldn't bring himself to move now and see an old haggard man clinging with tremulous emotion and tears to the sympathy, the strength of a woman.

Later in the morning, to his immense relief, Jeremy Ammidon regained a surprising amount of composure. At first determined never to return to Liberty Street, toward noon Gerrit found him in the hall with his broad hat and wanghee.

"I'll just have a slant at those specifications," he remarked. "Like as not they've left off the hatch coamings."

Gerrit suggested, "Since it's so hot why don't you have the carriage round?"

Old Jeremy voiced his customary disparagement of that vehicle. "If I see that I'm going to be late for dinner," he added, "I'll get one of the young men to fetch me something. I don't want to give Rhoda any trouble."

Still, on the steps he lingered, gazing pridefully up at the bulk of the house he had built; his eyes rested on the brass plate engraved with the words Java Head on the dignified white door.

"A lot of talk when I had that done," he commented; "people said they'd never heard of it, ought to have my name there for convenience if nothing else. They didn't know. It would take a sailor for that. Don't forget to tell Rhoda not to wait if I'm late. All those girls of hers get hungry. I expect William consulted Laurel about this new move," he ended with a gleam of humor. "She's a great hand for a clipper since she talked to Captain Waterman."

He was down the steps, starting deliberately across the street. Gerrit heard a last mutter of doubt. The bulky slow figure in yellow Chinese silk moved away, and Gerrit returned to the shadowed tranquillity of the library.

More than any other place in the house it bore the impression of his father. He wandered about the room, lost in its associations, stopped in front of the tall narrow walnut bookcase and took out one of the small company of Jeremy Ammidon's logs, reading here and there in the precise script:

"Tuesday, December 24. 132 days out. All this day gentle breezes and cloudy. Saw kelp, birds, etc.

"Tacked ship to the eastward under short sail. At daylight made all sail to SW. Gentle breezes and clear pleasant weather. Saw huge shoals of flying fish."

"May 19, 11 days out. Hainan in sight bearing from W by N to NNW. At sunset the breeze died away and hauled off the land. All night light breezes. Made all possible sail to the SSW. At the same time set the extremity of Hainan which bore NW by N to N. Past three Chinese vessels steering NNE. Saw much scum on the water and at 11 A. M. lost sight of land."

"November 14, 65 days out. These twenty-four hours commences with variable breezes at west and smooth sea. Saw brig steering to the Eastward. The land of Sumatra bearing SW by W to SE by S. Tied rips."

He returned the log to its resting place with a quiet smile at the last period. It was all incredibly simple—a lost simplicity of navigation and a lost innocent wonder at the Mare Atlanticum of old fable.

Neither William nor Jeremy Ammidon was present for dinner. They were, Gerrit concluded, submerged in the effort to bring the changing activities of the firm into the latter's comprehension. His foot was on the stair leading up to his wife when there was a violent knocking on the front door. It sounded with a startling resonance in the shut hall, and Gerrit instinctively answered without waiting for a servant. The flushed and breathless young man before him was evidently perturbed by his appearance. He stammered:

"Captain Ammidon, you—you must come down to the countinghouse. At once, please!"

His thoughts, directed upon his father, gathered into a chilling certainty.

"Captain Jeremy is sick?" he demanded instantly.

The hesitation of the other seemed to confirm an infinitely greater calamity.

"Dead?" he asked again, in a flooding misery of apprehension.

The clerk nodded.

"In a second, like," he said. "All we know they were talking in Mr. William Ammidon's room—one of the boys was out that minute getting the old gentleman some lunch—when we heard a fall, it was quite plain, and Mr. Saltonstone ——"

"That will do," Gerrit cut him short.

He turned into the house, rapidly considering what must follow. He'd go, certainly; but first he must warn Rhoda. She would have the girls to prepare—Rhoda had always been exceptionally considerate and fond of Jeremy Ammidon.

He found her at the entrance to her room and said, "My father is dead."

Her warm color sank and tears filled her eyes.

Hurrying over Bath Street to Liberty his grief was held in check by the pressing actualities of the moment. He had time, however, to feel glad that he had spent the morning largely in warm thoughts of the dead man.

He passed rapidly into the entrance of the offices of Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone. Immediately on the right there was an open railed inclosure of desks, in the center of which a group of clerks watched him with mingled respect and curiosity as he continued to the inner shut space. It was a large bright room with windows on Charter Street. William's expansive flat-topped desk with its inked green baize was on the left, and under a number of framed sere ships' letters and privateersmen's Bonds of the War of 1812 Gerrit saw the heavy body extended on a broad wooden bench, a familiar orange Bombay handkerchief spread over the face.



"What in the Name of All the Heavens Would I Do With Tsou Yuen?" He Demanded

Never in all the memory of his brother had William Ammidon been so stricken. As he entered James Saltonstone left, studying a list hastily scribbled on a half sheet of the firm's writing paper. He nodded silently to Gerrit, who advanced to the covered face and lifted the handkerchief. There were still traces of congestion, but a marble-like pallor had taken the place of the familiar ruddy color. Something of the heaviness of his old age, the blurring thickness of long inactivity, had vanished, giving his still countenance an expression of vigor, resolution, contradicted by an arm trailing like the loose end of a heavy rope on the floor.

William, with a clenched hand on his desk, spoke with difficulty:

"You must know this, Gerrit; and then I'll ask you never to allude to it again. It might be argued that—that James and I killed him, but absolutely without intention, by accident. Gerrit, I loved him more than I took time to know. Well, you may or may not have heard that we own two topsail schooners in the opium trade, between India, Ningpo and Amoy, but you do know how father detested anything to do with the drug. We said nothing to him about this; it seemed necessary—no, permissible. But to-day when we were coming to a peaceable understanding about the new contracts he stumbled over one of the schooner's manifests. Mislaid, you see—a clerk! It swept him to his feet in a rage—he couldn't speak, and—and he had walked; it was hot. . . ."

Gerrit Ammidon made no answer. There was nothing to be said. At the same time he was shaken by a burning anger at the cupidity, the blind ugly grasping to which Jeremy had been sacrificed. A gulf opened between him and his brother with James Saltonstone; he was as different from them as the sea was from the land, as the wind-swept deck of the Nautilus was from this dry building with its stifling papers and greed. He might be in the service of

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the firm—Gerrit was not incorporated in the partnership—he might carry their cargoes for the multiplication of the profit, but his essential service and responsibility—his life—were addressed to another and infinitely higher and more difficult consummation than the stowed kegs of Spanish dollars, the bills of sale. This was composed of the struggle with the immeasurable elements of the seas and winds, the safety of lives, the endless trying of his endurance and will and luck.

"Now"—he spoke with a perceptible bitterness—"you can have your way without interference, without his mixing up your papers or making the blunders of a slow sort of honesty."

"I am under no obligation to your judgment or opinion," William replied stiffly. "There are always complications you will never penetrate or carry. At present your assistance is more necessary than any display of temper."

The funeral gathered and ebbed in a long procession of carriages through a sultry noon, the service at the grave concluded by the symbolic dropping of the earth on Jeremy Ammidon's coffin lowered into the deep narrow clay pit. The small varied throng lingered for a breath, as if unable to take their attention from the raw opening that had absorbed the shipmaster; and then there was a determined and reassuring commonplace murmur, a hurrying away into the warm web of the day.

The evening was the loveliest that summer and the garden of Java Head could afford; a slow moon disentangled itself from the indigo foliage at the back of the stable and soared with an increasing brilliancy, bathing the sod and summer-house and poplars, the metallic box borders and spiked flower beds in a crystal clearness. The Ammidons sat about the willow, Rhoda with a hand affectionately on her husband's arm, the children—Laurel and Janet staying without remark long past their accustomed hours for bed—still and white under the blanching moon. Gerrit intently studied his wife, Taou Yuen, in a concentrated manner. She, too, was in white, the Chinese mark of sorrow.

Suddenly in the face of his suffering and memories she had appeared startlingly remote, as if from standing close beside him she were moving farther and farther away. The image was made profoundly disconcerting by the fact that neither acted of his own accord; it took the aspect of a purely arbitrary phenomenon over which they had no control. At the same time Nettie Vollar was surprisingly near, actual—he could see every line and shading of her vivid face; he felt the warm impact of her instant sympathy. He had caught a glimpse of Barzil Dunsack at the funeral; but the other was immediately hidden by the crowd, and Gerrit had been unable to discover whether his son and daughter or Nettie had accompanied him.

His thoughts turned in a score of associations and questions to Nettie; but when he found himself trying to picture her exact employment at the present moment he was angrily aroused. He had, he realized, considered nothing else for the past hour; and his preoccupation was growing more intense, personal. He stirred abruptly and fixed his mind on the imminent changes from his father's death. First the possibility would develop of his becoming a member of the firm. But to this he silently declared he would not agree. His gaze rested with a faint underlying animosity on William, seated upright in a somber absorption, and with a disparagement of the latter's activities and scale of values. Gerrit saw that there must be a pacific legal knot to straighten out; the division of Jeremy's estate would require time—he had somewhere heard that such affairs often dragged on for a year. And now he was in a fever of impatience to be away—safe—at sea. He added the more portentous word with the vague self-assurance that it was only the customary expression of his notable ignorance of land; but it echoed with an ominous special insistence in his mind.

The Nautilus, he recalled, was once more afloat, repaired; and a plan occurred to him that seemed to dispose of all his difficulties, even of the distasteful possibility of the California clipper service. He could take the ship as part of his inheritance; and though ostensibly sailing her in the interest of the firm make such voyages and ports, carry such cargoes as his independence dictated. The Nautilus, with a cargo out of tin and dyes and cotton manufactures and forty or fifty thousand trade dollars, would represent a sum of nearly two hundred thousand; but as a family they were very rich; he'd have more than that, and bank the remainder intact to the credit of his wife.

There were many practical aspects of his marriage that he had not stopped to weigh in its precipitant haste. The problem, pointed out by Rhoda, of his absence from Taou Yuen on cruise could not be solved with the facility he had taken for granted. It was as impossible to leave her happily here—he was aware of her growing impatience with Western habit—as it would be for him to become a contented part of Chinese home life; and not only was she uncomfortably cramped and sick on shipboard, but he doubted whether he could persuade his crews to sail with her. Superstitious able-seamen balked at the presence of even a normal wife aft; and a Chinese would be regarded as a sign of certain disaster.

He would have to establish her somewhere in the East Indies; and he viewed with a new dislike all such tropical settings. His entire life threatened to become an affair of damnable palm trees and Oriental stenches. Gerrit Ammidon broke into a cold sweat at the realization of the far more direct implication that had taken substance in his mind. The thing was going entirely too far! He wondered irritably at the obscure cause for such violent inner agitations.

Rhoda Ammidon with a dim smile rose, gathering her daughters about her, and departed in a glimmer of muslin. Taou Yuen with her murmuring formal politeness moved away, too, leaving the brothers together. Whatever sympathetic intercourse they might otherwise have had, whatever shared memories of their boyhood and their father, were made impossible by William's admission of the immediate cause of the elder's death.

"The Saltonstones are going into Boston this fall," William said abruptly. "It is necessary for one of us to live there; and Caroline always has had a hankering for wider society. Rhoda, I was surprised to learn, wishes to remain here at Java Head; for a year or so anyway. She has a very real affection for the place. But I tell her, when the younger girls are older, Boston, or perhaps New York, will give them far greater opportunities. Sidsall, stranger still, was in tears at the whole thing; she seemed ridiculously upset about leaving."

The vision of Nettie Vollar persisted, bright and disturbing. Once he was at sea, Gerrit told himself, on the circumscribed freedom of his quarter-deck, he would lose the unsettling fever burning at that instant in his veins. But the memory of long solitary passages with nothing to distract his mind through week upon week after the ship took the trades, when hour upon hour his thoughts turned inward on themselves and reviewed every past act and feeling, made doubtful even that old release. The trouble was that he instinctively avoided any square facing of the tangle that had multiplied with such amazing rapidity—like a banyan tree—about the present and the shadowed future. This he was forced to admit, but grimly added that there could be only one answer to whatever he might lay bare—the adherence to the single fundamental duty of which he never lost sight. No port was gained by changing blindly from course to course; that way lay the reefs. A man could but keep steadily by the compass. That, at least, was all he could see, propose, for himself, being rather limited and lacking the resources that others of greater knowledge so confidently explored.

After breakfast on the following morning he mounted the dignified staircase, with the sweeping railing of red narra wood and high Palladian window at the turn, to his wife. In their room he was bathed in a cold sweat of dismay at a suddenly detached view of Taou Yuen in her complete Manchu mourning for his father. An unhemmed garment of coarse white hemp hung in ravelings about slippers of sackcloth; what had been an elaborate headdress was hidden under a binding of the bleached hemp; she wore no paint or flowers; her pins and earrings were pasted with dough; and her expression was drugged with the contemplative fervor of what had evidently been a religious observation.

"For the wise old man, for your father," she said.

She was exhausted and sank down on the day bed; but almost immediately her hand reached out in the direction of her pipe, and she smiled faintly at him. He clenched his sinewy hands, the muscles of his jaw knotted as he gazed steadily at the woman, the Manchu woman he had of his own free accord married. It sickened him that for the drawing of a breath he regarded Taou Yuen with such appalling injustice—injustice, the evil he hated and condemned more than other. What, in the name of God, was he made of that he should sink so low!

"We'll leave here soon," he declared abruptly; "the Nautilus will be ready for sea almost any time."

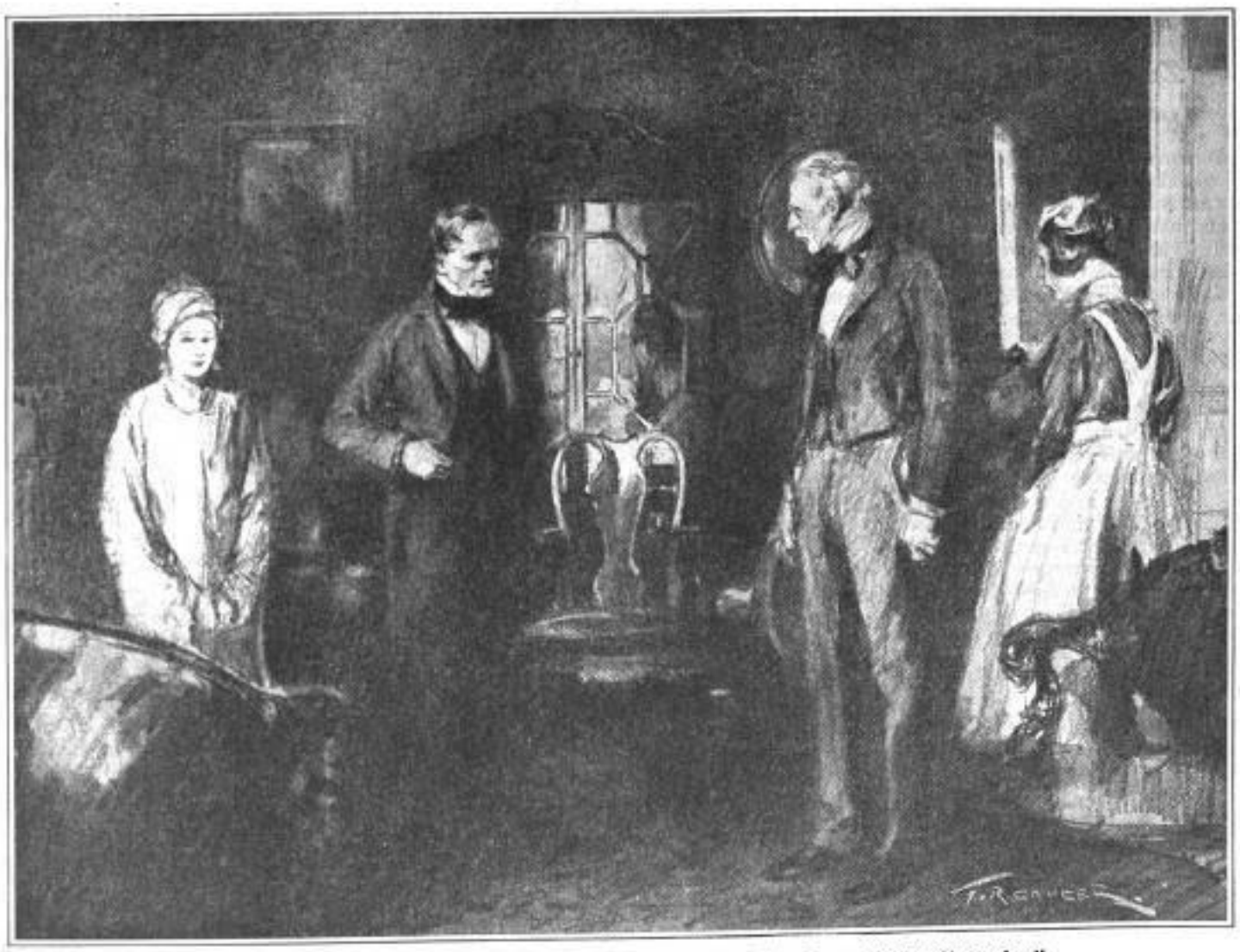
He could recognize from his slight knowledge of her that Taou Yuen welcomed the news.

"Shanghai?" she asked.

He nodded. It came over him that he was no longer young. His father had retired from the sea within a few years of his own present age and built Java Head, the house that was to be a final harbor of unalloyed happiness. No such prospect awaited him; he had one of the premonitions that were more certain than the most solid realities—as long as he lived he must sail his ships, struggling with winds and calms, with currents and cockling and placid seas. Well, that was natural, inevitable, what he would have chosen. At the same time he dwelt with a sensation of loneliness on the green garden and drawing-room filled in May with the scent of lilacs, of Rhoda surrounded by her girls.

When the question of the division of Jeremy Ammidon's estate came up he was, as he had foreseen, urged to become a partner in the firm; and when that failed he was told that it was his vested duty to

(Continued on Page 38)



"I Can Tell You in a Breath—Nettie Was Badly Injured in That Cursed Rabble Yesterday"

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# You up-and-doing men!

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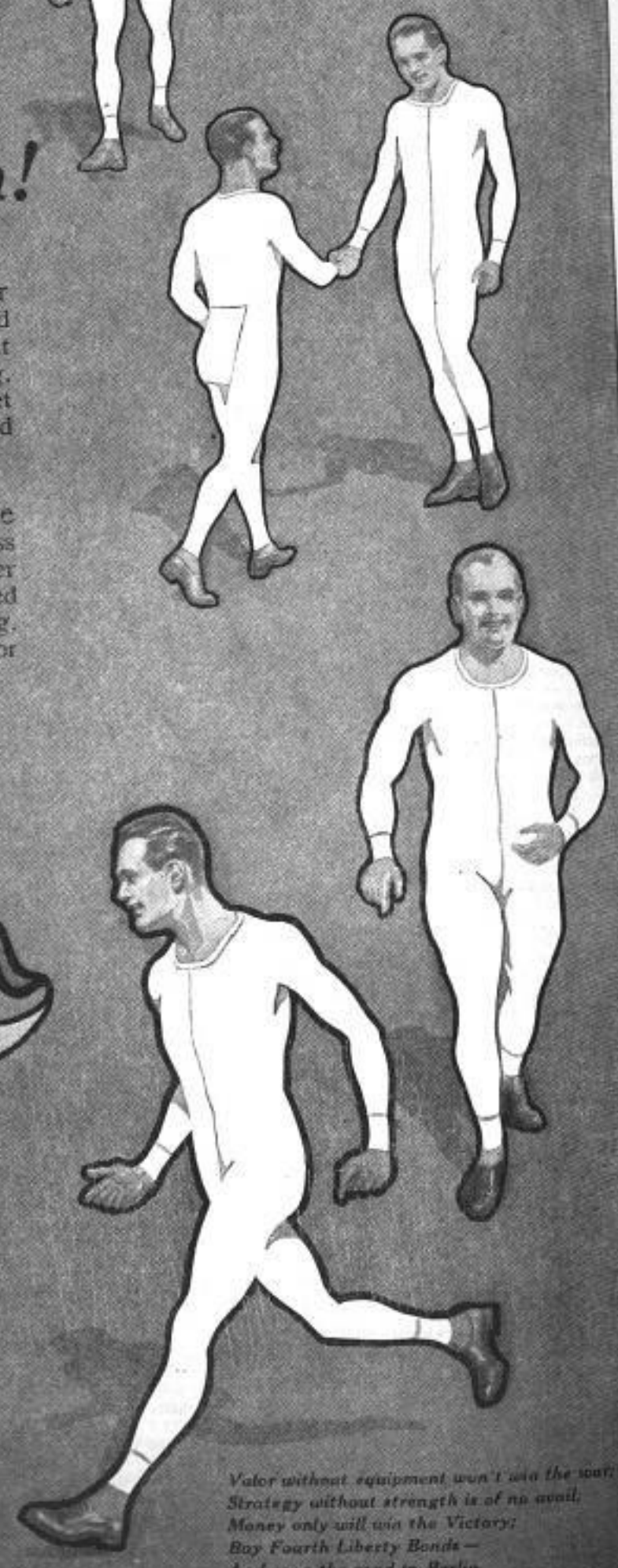
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*Valor without equipment won't win the war;*
*Strategy without strength is of no avail;*
*Money only will win the Victory;*
*Buy Fourth Liberty Bonds—*
*And open the road to Berlin*


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(Continued from Page 63)

Many a tumbler expires with a bang
As pan calls to skillet with berserker clang,
While the garbage pail yawns like the black pit of Tophet
To swallow the losses which might have been profit.
Oh, what is the cause of this vigorous storm?
Has Zylophone Pink made a vow to reform?
Has love of her art
So entered her heart
That she's changed to a zealot, is acting the part?
Nay! Nay!
I sorrow to say
That this furious energy, scorning delay,
Is due to an impulse more human, no doubt—
This is our Zylophone's afternoon out.

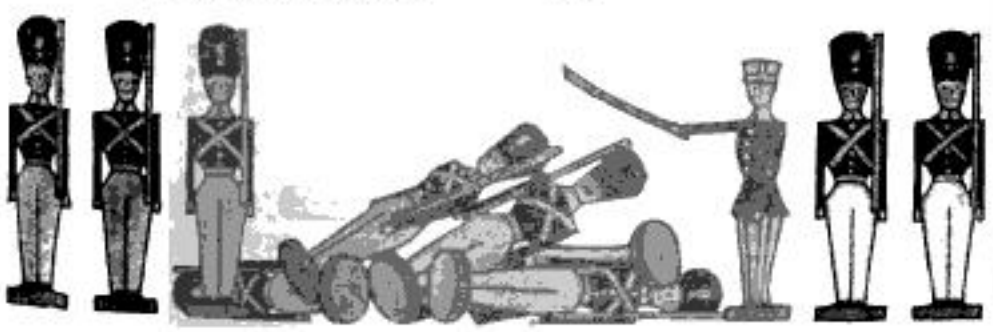
It is done. Now she flies to her dainty boudoir
And swaddles her form in a *costume de soir;*
Next she raises the mattress and gazes in pride
On a plum-colored stocking, ingeniously tied.
Her ruby-ringed fingers delve deep to the toe—
What's this? Ho ho!
Bank notes, by Jo!
Forty-nine dollars in currency battered,
Perfectly good, though a little mite tattered.
What is the reason — we'll soon change our tense—
For her opulent manner of hurrying hence?
Come, let us follow her salmon-topped shoes,
Awning-striped skirt, puffy-ruffle-ish blooze,
And Dolly Siss hat with its plumage asway—
For Zylophone Pink is now well under way.

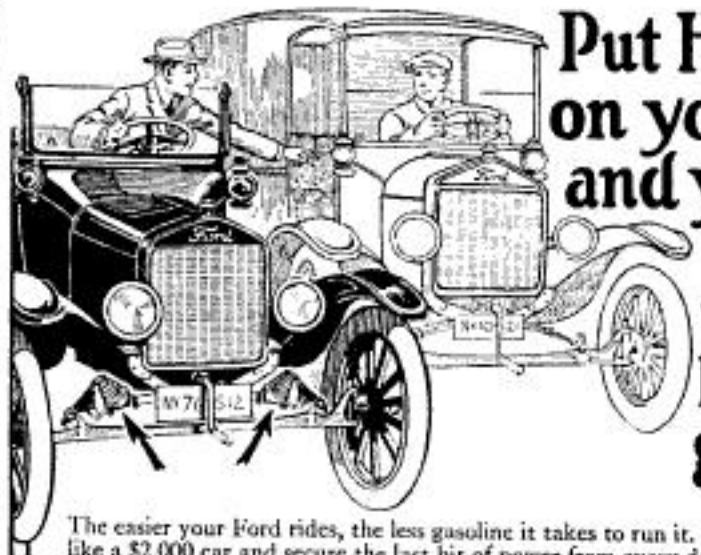
Shedding bright hues like the feathers of Polly
She hailed a green trolley
Headed toward folly.
At last gleamed the sign of that famous sartorium,
Zizzbaum & Shucker's Department Emporium.
Restraining a shout
Zylo climbed out,
Strongly inspired for the forthcoming bout.
On the first floor, third aisle, in a deep estuary,
Flourished the sign "Cut in Fine Stationery,"
And there loomed the object of all her desire—
Marked down to ninety-nine cents to the quire,
Strawberry pink and initialed in blue,
The paper of love! Quickly Zylophone drew
A bill from her hand bag. She felt rather grand
As she waddled away with the box in her hand,
Thinking already of letters to please
Her duplicate husbands when sent overseas.

Her thoughts of adorning
Her person with mourning
Brought her at last to the hosiery counter,
Where she purchased twelve pairs like an any-amounter.
The price had gone up on the sample appraised;
But she could afford it — her pay had been raised.
A sign boosting Savings Stamps tempted her not;
Her mind on more practical matters was sot.
"Um honey!"
Her money
Writhed in its bag—
A big spending jag,
Quite unintended,
Impended;
For there in large bottles was plainly displayed
The purplest perfume that has ever been made,
Marked Fairyland Dream.
Her face was abeam—
Who ever smelled scent of so noble a sort
Offered for two-twenty-seven per quart?

She bought some. Then smooth as a duck through its ponds
Her progress she took,
Disdaining to look
At numerous booths selling Liberty Bonds.
Stemming the throng with contemptuous shoves
She landed at last in the region of gloves;
Tried black ones. They fitted.
She paid and then flitted
In search of a hat; but her will was outwitted
By the juiciest bait that had tempted her yet—
A coconut-ivory manicure set
With wreaths of forget-me-nots artfully painted
In colors so dainty that Zylo near fainted.
How perfect she thought it!
She bought it,
Piled it atop of her bundles and brought it
Through hurrying throngs in the constant direction
Of the Milliner's Section.
Hats!
Rats!
It's a bromide to say that the feminine head
Is turned by a hat. That's too often been said.
But as Zylophone's salmon-topped footsteps drew near
The Tempter was whispering soft in her ear,
"Daughter of Zion,
Stop! Take a try-on!"
A cozy creation of mournfulest black
With a watershed front and a cupola back
Struck Zylo as neat.
"It's jes' mos' too sweet,"
She simpered,
Then whimpered,
"The price is some dearer
Than what I done 'spected."
But quite undejected
She blissfully worshiped herself in the mirror,
Then hastened to pay.
She wore it away.
Her next solemn mission — she almost turned pale—
Was to outfit herself in a long mourning veil.
The crape which was offered seemed just a bit plain
For Zylo's complexion.
Her final selection
Was something adorned with a black daisy chain
Which the milliner tied round her sad oh-you-kiddo hood,
Giving an aspect of Viennese widowhood.

As the afternoon languished, that all might admire,
She marched to the street in her somber attire.
Though the tops of her shoes were still pinkish in shade
A very fine picture of woe she displayed.
Just a bit shy,
Pride filled her eye.
Colored pedestrians passing her by
Stopped to admire Sister Zylophone Pink
Perched on Despair's very outermost brink.
Weary of sporting her garments of woe
She was starting back home when her Fate whispered "Whoa!"
There on a corner
A sign: Wagg & Warner—
Genuine Jewelry — Good As the Real.
The window was gleaming
With fruits of her dreaming—
Gem-studded service pins! Such an appeal
Whetted her zeal.
She rushed to the counter, enjoyed a great thrill
When she had acquired for a five-dollar bill
A glass-studded pin with two pretty blue stars
To honor her husbands now working for Mars.
Then she hailed a blue taxi, and riding at ease



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[1083]

### Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
2 cups boiling water
¼ cup lukewarm water
½ cup sugar
1 cake yeast
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water, let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

### Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour), 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture—add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

### Quaker Oats Muffins

½ cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder, mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.


Waved a black glove to the driver: "Home, please!"

*III*

THE taxi was late
To arrive at the gate
Of the noble McRoodle,
Where the widow got out, fairly laden with boodle.
She stole like a mouse
Down the path, round the house,
Which strenuous haste, I am led to believe, meant
That duty belated outmatched her bereavement.
As she flamed up the steps like a tar-colored torch
A specter waylaid her upon the back porch.
Was it a haunt?
Straight-backed and gaunt
In an infantry hat and broad breeches of khaki,
Smoking a pipeful of army tobacky.
A sergeant's peaked chevrons adorning his sleeve,
Loomed the tall sight that she couldn't believe—
None other than Marmaduke Bolingbroke Pink.
Her still wedded husband! As quick as a wink
Zylophone, dropping her bundles pell-mell,
Whirtled "Diskuvvud!" and gracefully fell
Over his arm.
It did him no harm
For he let her down soft like a bowlful of jell.

"Now look ayere, honey," he said pretty soon,
When Zylophone Pink had completed her swoon,
"Ah hasn't got time fo' to galavant ver' long—
Ah's off jes' an hour on a sho't-order furlong;
Ah's come fo' the puppose o' beggin' yo' pahdon—
But Ah ain't hangin' round laik no ol' Enoch Arden."
Catching sight of her mourning he solemnly said,
"What's got in yo' haid?
Who's daid?"
"Th' ain't nobuddy yet"—this she managed to rattle—
"But sence mah two husbands done gone into battle——"
"Oh Gaby,
Mah baby!"
The hero restored
Stood back and roared:
"Zylophone Pink,
Does y' axyully think
That Ah'm goin' to France with a yell and a bounce,
Capturin' towns Ah don' try to pronounce,
Jes' to git mahself killed?
Uh-uh!
Not me!
Dat style ain't mah build!
No, suh!
Yo'll see
When Ah get mah Hun-sticker fixed into line
The death rate's goan be t'other side o' the Rhine.
Ah joined this man's Ahmy with that thing in view:
To knock the galoshes
Off all them fool boshes
An' hurry back home when the pahty is through."

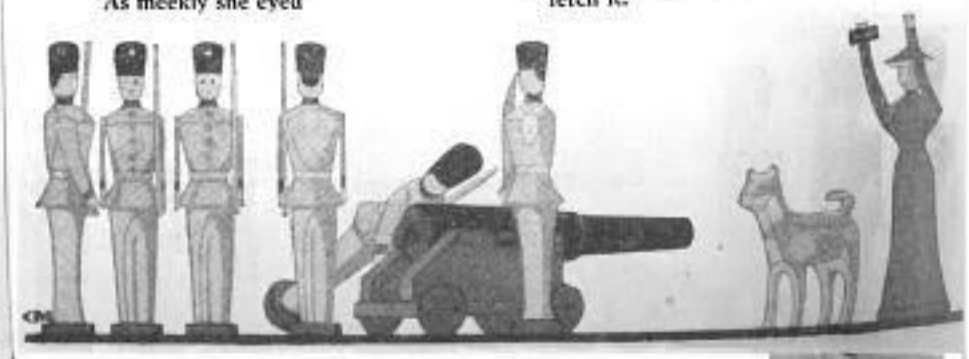
Bolingbroke Pink on the steps settled down—
'Twere useless to say he was sunburnt and brown;
But months of hard drilling inside a dry zone
Had made him a hero of bronzed flesh and bone—
And the feminine heart, as we know, is a glutton
For army insignia, tassel or button.
Zylophone sighed,
Swallowed her pride
As meekly she eyed
The warrior to whom she had once been a bride.
But Bolingbroke Pink was now fingering o'er
The boxes and packages strewn on the floor.
He looked at the bottle marked Fairyland Dream.
"Ain't dat a scream!"
At the pink letter paper, the gloves, ribbons, hose.
He murmured "Boy howdy!" It came through his nose.
"Yo' can butchah the Kaiser," he said after riflin'
The pile, "but yo' cain't stop a gal when she's triflin'."
"Aw Boly, mah Boly!" her accents were blue,
"Be kind to me, honey. I got these fo' you."
"Fo' me?" His reply, like her mourning, was black.
"Stockin's, perfum'ry an' veils in a stack?
Ef yo' got those fo' me yo' can take 'em all back."
However, he softened to tell her at last,
"Ah'm off fo' the camp so mah leave won't git past.
But ere Ah depaht
Ah'll speak f'om mah heart:
Ef yo' want to help me an' yo' old Uncle Sam,
Heah's somepn what am.
Go to yo' kitchen an' stick to yo' ham;
Mind Mistah Hoovah whatever he tell yo';
Don't th'ow away what the butchah man sell yo';
Save meat,
Wheat,
Fodder to eat."
"Oh glory!" cried Zylo, "that's jes' what Mis' Roodle
Always done tell me—the hull dahn kee-boodle."
"She's tellin' yo' right." Here the hero sans fear
Jerked his sombrero athwart his left ear.
"Th' po'k yo' don't eat goes right into the line
An' carries the doughboys across that ole Rhine;
Bread scraps yo' save adds jes' one extra punch
To land on Bill Kaiser raight nex' to his lunch;
Frills an' fool ruffs,
Doodads an' puffs,
Millionaire stuffs
That yo' leave on the countah an' simply don' buy
Saves gold—my, oh my!
Fo' billiums an' squilliums o' Liberty Loans
To plant Mistah Hindenbug undah the stones."

The black Sergeant Pink gave a smiling salute
And added a kiss to the bargain to boot.
"Ef somepn should hit me,
Or Heinie should git me,
Cut out de black mou'nin' an' crape-hangin' damp—
Yo' can paste up mah name with a Wah Savin' Stamp."

Whereat her bronze Mars like the king's bodyguard
Made a right face and marched out of the yard.

*IV*

NEXT morning when Mrs. McRoodle went out
To the kitchen, equipped with her usual doubt,
She came upon Zylophone, working with dash,
Turning old mutton scraps into a hash.
Several bundles—she never did learn
What was inside—
Were properly tied
And labeled "N. G. Pleez Reetirn."
Over the sink, almost touching the edge,
Was pinned a large placard—the Hoover Food Pledge.
Cried Mrs. McRoodle, quite numb:
"Has the great Kingdom come?"
Smiled Zylophone Pink: "It's the truth—
Ah won't stretch it—
It ain't done come yet. But Ah's helpin' to fetch it."



# KIDNAPING CUPID

(Continued from Page 19)

"O-o-o-oh!" exclaimed the girl, and welcomed him with both hands, strong little hands and yet tender, so that the very touch of them contributed at once to the further breaking down of the osseous structure of Ma's resolution.

"And we sort of heard out on the ship," began Ma, but was checked by Minnie, who, blushing prettily, placed a finger on her lips and shook her blond head at him in warning that he must not babble secrets where even the walls have ears.

"But tell me about Benny! Isn't Benny that wonderful?" she demanded, with features perfectly radiant.

"He shore is!" deposed Ma fervently, though his mind scattered wildly as he marveled how ever he could break to this confiding little creature ——

"Tell me about him! What kind of a man is he on shipboard?"

"He's jest about the nicest boy on that ship," affirmed Ma, cracking his finger joints in embarrassment while his eyes skirted the room and then ventured back to the face before him.

"And does the captain like him?" she asked anxiously.

"You can take it that he does, Miss Minnie. If the captain didn't like him Benny wouldn't be a yeoman at all; he'd be just a plain deckwasher or something."

"Oh, and do the boys like him?"

"They jest about say their prayers to 'im," declared Ma, gulping at the largest figure of speech his mind could muster. "There ain't a more pop'lar man on the ship, less'n it's Bilge, and Bilge is so ugly and unfavored by Nature that every human bein' that sees him just naturally his heart goes out to him in pure sympathy."

"Oh, I'm that glad!" gurgled Minnie, jumping up and down. "That's what they all say."

"You been asking 'em, I suppose," smiled Ma.

"'Deed and I do," admitted Minnie with that sunny smile which, together with the soft Irish burr of her voice, was melting the heart of Ma as if it were a thing of wax.

For a minute the needles played hide and seek with the stubby white fingers, while the sweater grew by a row of stitches and the sailor boy could find no word for his palsied tongue.

"We're not going to live with mother when we're married," confided the girl with a touch of sadness.

"No?" asked Ma, with intonations of concern.

"Mother isn't nice to Benny," explained Minnie.

"Not nice to him?" inquired Ma, pretending to be amazed. "Nobody can help bein' nice to Benny."

"Mother can that," declared Minnie with a sober nod and an emphasis that was very significant. "She can help being nice to anybody that she doesn't like."

"And ain't got no particular use for American sailors, huh?"

"Sure and she has," affirmed Minnie with a change of tone and a toss of her little head while her fingers played rapidly with the knitting needles. "Sure and she does; only she wants me to marry Farmer Cadogan's Patsy, that's got seventeen cows and a meadow. But I love Benny."

"Benny! Why, Benny's got a hundred thousand dollars!" exclaimed Ma, startled to recall the fact. "Do you know how much a hundred thousand dollars is? Why, for that you-all can buy a ranch and a whole herd of white-faces down where I come from."

Minnie did not start.

She knitted on in silence for as much as two stitches and a half, or maybe three, and then she turned blue perturbed eyes on Ma, with a sudden pallor coming to her cheeks.

"Benny never told me that," she admitted with a little gasp of fright.

"He told me oncet," affirmed Ma; "and what Benny tells me is the truth, by gum! But—— What you scared of?"

The knitting lay in a little heap in Minnie's lap and her breath was coming quickly.

"A man with twenty thousand pounds doesn't marry a girl with—with nothing—over here. His folks—his solicitors wouldn't allow him."

Minnie's paleness grew; for a moment it seemed as if her heart had almost stopped beating, and her hand was pressed sharply to her bosom.

"Do you think," she whispered haltingly, "that he didn't mean it?"

"Who? Benny?"

"When he said that he would marry me—to-to-night?"

"Mean it?" echoed Ma, his heart filling like a balloon in his breast. "He meant it with every bit of man that's in him!"

Now, as Bilge had put it once, "there is something about Ma that when he says a thing and wants you to believe it you just can't help doing it." Perhaps that is one reason why they call him Ma.

"Oh, I am that glad!" said the little woman with a relieved sigh. But she was still in a doubtful mood. "What for was it, do you think, that Benny didn't tell me that he was rich?" she asked after an interval.

"I reckon he just wanted to make sure you-all wasn't marryin' him for his money," suggested Ma.

"For his money?" echoed the modest little voice. "Benny knew I wouldn't do that. I just love Benny! Perhaps it was on account of his father and mother. I fancy he thought if I knew they were rich I'd make sure they wouldn't like me, and then I wouldn't marry him. Oh, I did hope—do you think, Mr.—Mr. Ford ——"

The little lady stood up suddenly and confronted Ma with her hands behind her back, the trim figure erect—trim but inclined to plumpness—and asked straightforwardly, with the blue eyes searching, with the wistful lips yearning: "Do you think that Benny's father and mother will like me?"

"Honey, they shore would love you!" affirmed Ma gallantly, with a wide two-armed gesture of the plains. "Nobody on earth could help likin' you at the first look. I'm plumb in love with you myself, and if Benny don't marry you—why, my flat hat and my old flat head is in the ring right now."

Minnie laughed heartily, entirely reassured.

"But look here," inquired the sailor, "how do you figure to pull off this stunt of gettin' married to-night, with your ma agin you like she is?"

"Why, we have the ——"

Minnie began to explain confidentially, and then checked herself, gazing at Ma inquisitively, as demanding why if he was such a warm friend of Benny's he did not know their plans. That look finished Ma.

"Miss Minnie," he blurted frankly, "I tell you the honest old Jerusalem gospel truth: Benny didn't take me into his confidence none at all about these here obsequies of his. He knew that Bilge and me was against 'em on principle. I just heard that he was a-goin' to commit matrimony to-night, and I come over here to persuade you not to do it. I've fell for you flatter'n ever Benny did, and I just want to tell you that they might be some scheme or other pulled off by a bunch of mush-brained gobs to keep Benny from keepin' his appointment with you to-night, and maybe it would be to yore advantage to sort of pass me out the details."

"Oh!" gasped Minnie. "They couldn't be so cruel, because ——" And her little chin got a pucker in it that was most distressing to behold.

"They could be just that big darned fools," insisted Ma. "Look at me!"

And by a gesture and an expression of self-scorn he indicated his presence there and the errand upon which he had come.

Minnie was a discerning person. She neither argued nor reproached, but at once began to explain.

"Benny has the second dog to-night. That lets him off at eight. He'll be here at nine. Mother comes up for tea at five, then goes back to the store and stays till about ten. Father Brown is going to marry us at nine-thirty."

"Where?"

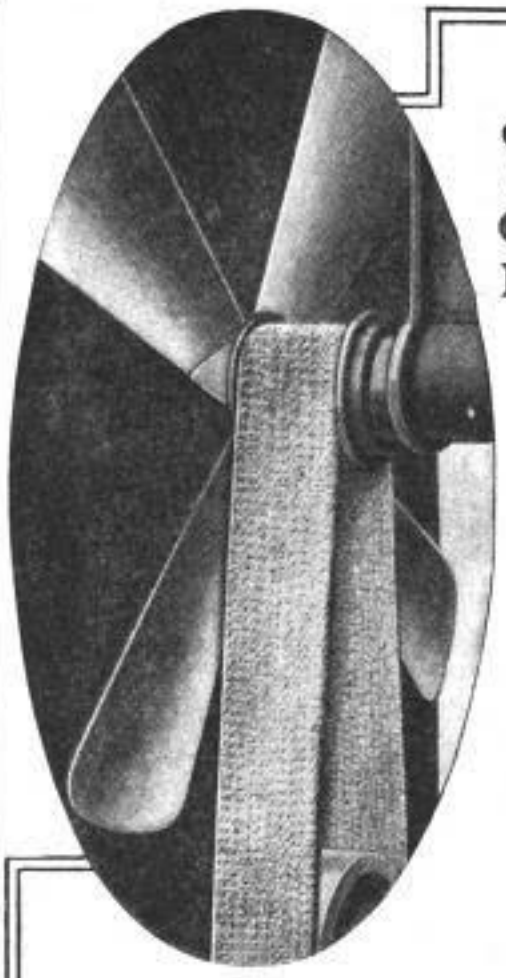
"At the cathedral; and then come home and break the news to mother."

"And how did you come it over Father Brown with your ma ——"

"Father Brown likes Benny. He'd do anything for him."

"Which shows that Father Brown ain't no bad judge of humanity," commented Ma; "but he must be a brave man, knowin' your mother like he prob'ly does."

"Mother?" Minnie laughed musically. "Mother will wilt when Father Brown tells her it's he that's done it, and all for the

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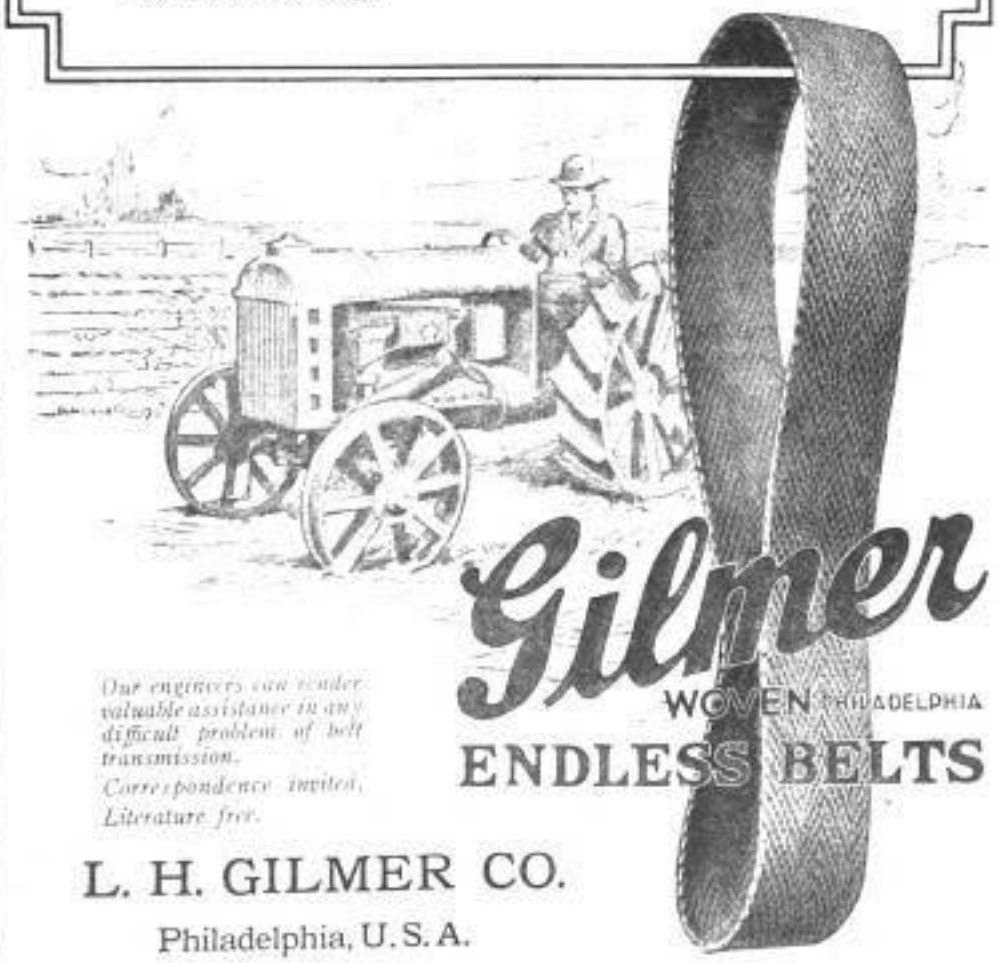
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best. 'Tis not against the likes of him that she'd be holding out at all, at all."

Ma weighed this estimate of the probabilities gravely and seemed to be fairly well satisfied with its correctness.

"And so, Miss Minnie," he inquired, "all 'at you want done to insure yore perpetual happiness from this time on and forever is for one first-class yeoman, Little Benny Riley by name, to be delivered to these here premises right side up with care, on or before nine o'clock to-night?"

Minnie blushed and nodded.

"Traitor that I am, I will see that he is yere or my name ain't Ford and Texas ain't the greatest state in the whole plumb world," declared Ma.

Minnie crooked a playful finger at Ford and wrinkled up her nose amiably.

"You can be the first to kiss the bride," she smiled.

"I'd a heap sight ruther kiss her now," he plucked up courage to say.

"It can't be did," laughed Minnie, proudly displaying her acquisition of a fleeting and unlovely American idiom.

"I reckon not," sighed Ma ruefully.

Minnie glanced at the clock, and guided as by a premonition stepped to the door and looked down the street.

"Mother is coming!" she exclaimed quickly. "You must go."

Ma paled at the news and hastily gathered his flat hat unto him. The prospect of meeting Mrs. O'Mahony face to face when he had just agreed openly to compound treason against his own intents of half an hour ago, as well as to conspire against Bilge and the will of this irascible Irish matron, was by no means inviting.

"No! Not that way!" commanded Minnie as Ma started for the door. "Mother might suspect something. Here!" The girl caught hold of the sailor's arm and spun him round with a surprising display of youthful strength. "Go up the stairs there. Take the door you see at the turn. Go through it to a passage that leads out, take two turns to the right and one to the left, and you come out on the alley."

There it was, the typical Irish direction, "two turns to the right and one to the left," and so on, perfectly simple in sound and perfectly bewildering in fact. Yet Ma, though suspecting that he was about to plunge into labyrinthine entanglements of attics strange and passages tortuous and mystifying, that would lead him anywhere but where he wished to go, plunged upward recklessly, for there was an urgency in Minnie's tones which he had not the strength to deny. The young man found himself almost immediately in a room that evidently constituted the sleeping apartment of a female. At any rate there was a bed in it; and an array of feminine garments hanging along the wall, with a sort of dressing table at one side surmounted by a mirror. His very presence in such an apartment tended to excitement and confusion, so that Ma hurried to a door that he discerned, half concealed beneath the garments on the walls, a door with the knob unconnected with the lock and planted midway of the central panel, as Irish knobs are wont to be planted.

Through this door Ma undertook to make a hasty and noiseless exit as he heard heavy steps on the flagged floor below and the vibrant voice of Mrs. O'Mahony greeting her daughter, at first with undoubted affection in its tones and then complaining querulously that the teakettle was not yet put to boil.

The door opened very stiffly. It took all of Ma's strength to budge it, in fact, and when it yielded a scraping sound issued from behind as if something heavy within were stowed against it.

"Faith and did ye hear anything upstairs?" inquired the mother's penetrating voice.

"No, mother," Minnie answered blandly after an interval of silence.

"'Tis myself has the better ears then," alleged a self-satisfied tone; "or McCarthy's ghost is walkin' in broad daylight and not on a Chuesday."

Succeeding this a heavy foot was planted on the stair.

Ma thrusting in a hasty hand through the crack in the door identified a chest of some sort as blocking his advance, and hesitated, darting an anxious glance back round the wall of the room behind him, to discern if perhaps there was another door that he had overlooked. Yes, there it was, on the opposite side of the room, plainly visible now, though from where he had stood before shadows had concealed it.

"Wait a minute, mother; I want to show you this," called the voice of Minnie, with a note of trepidation in it that escaped the mother or was misinterpreted by her; but the sailor understood it very well. It was a device to delay Mrs. O'Mahony and enable him to get clear and away.

But Mrs. O'Mahony would not thus be detained. Her feet pounded upward. There was no time therefore for Ma to venture crossing the room to see if the other door opened easier—no time to pause and count on his fingers or toes whether this was the right turn or not he had taken. There was time only to lift the heavy chest noiselessly a little aside from the door, to slip quickly through the narrow opening thus permitted and stand breathless and thanking his lucky star that Mrs. O'Mahony, toiling upward, would find nothing in sight to confirm her well-grounded suspicions.

Ma remained motionless till the stairs assured him that a heavy body had creaked downward again, meanwhile taking stock of the room in which he found himself. It appeared to be a sort of limbo of discarded souls of things no longer useful. The window had not been washed in generations, and the dim light that struggled through the dust-enameled panes was barely sufficient to reveal the shapes of old chests, cupboards and stacks of broken or dismantled furniture. Through this after a time Ma began to pick his way, slowly and noiselessly, for fear still of rousing that alert and acrid personality behind and below him.

And as he moved he speculated, at first in mere curiosity, at the strange shapes with which the room was filled, and then with something like method and intent as he discerned opposite him a door leading outward. Eventually he reached this door, stealing forward in ghostly fashion, but did not at once lay violent hands upon it from consideration of what might lie behind. Convinced now that he had taken the wrong way out of Mrs. O'Mahony's bedroom, Ma realized that he was scouting in foreign territory and applied a cautious eye where a time-eroded notch in the door afforded a comprehensive view of what lay immediately beyond. This at first appeared as no more than another bedroom, scantily yet peculiarly furnished, since amid a few dilapidated bits that looked as if they might have been recovered from the room in which he stood to make his survey, there were some things of a decidedly twentieth-century appearance.

Among these was a boxed affair that to Ma resembled nothing so much as the dictaphone he had seen on the stage in one scene of The Argyle Case. There was also a pair of exceedingly modern binoculars on a table, which, itself ancient enough, held an array of new-looking bottles of inks and a rack of test tubes containing chemicals in fluid form.

"What the tarnation kind of a layout is this?" inquired Ma beneath his breath. When no answer vouchsafed itself to this query his eye addressed its keen inquiring glance to the door that stood beyond the table. Through that, Ma judged, guessing recklessly at the architecture of the house, was the passageway that he required to make his exit to the street in safety.

But again there rose a question: Did this passageway, if passageway there were, conduct to a stair that led downward into the middle of somebody's living room, or did it lead outside to a street? If the latter, well; but if it led down inside, ill; for what was a man in a sailor's uniform going to have to offer by way of explanation in case he descended suddenly into the midst of some family at their tea? Ma reddened at the prospect of such embarrassment. He was deciding, however, that he would at least go across and try this door, when abruptly a key grated in the lock.

Locked! That was strange. This was somebody's outside door, then; and how did anybody get to that door so quietly? Ma should have heard the advancing footsteps booming in the passage. Since he did not he was scarcely surprised that the door was now opened very stealthily by a tall, roughly bewhiskered creature with weasel eyes and furtive manner, wearing the dress of a laborer and the superficial appearance of a shepherd or drover. His shoes and clothing were dust-covered, as if from tramping in the streets or upon country roads.

The newcomer's first act was suspicious. It was to survey swiftly every detail of the room, as making sure that nothing in it had been disturbed; and his second was to remove with care, as if to avoid disturbing any of the dust that adhered, his hat, his coat, his shoes and his trousers; after which he washed his hands and face, redressed himself in gentler garb, and appeared to proceed very directly to business by taking up the binoculars from the desk and beginning to sweep the harbor.

It seemed to Ma that he was studying particularly the anchorages of the destroyers. Occasionally he lowered the glasses and made notes with a pencil. Ma suspected that he was noting down the identification numbers of the ships, which his glasses of course would plainly make out, and the blood began to surge hot in the young sailor's veins. Next the man took up the earpiece of the dictaphone and listened interminably. Sometimes as he listened he smiled. At others his unappealing features assumed a bored expression. Eventually he put down the dictaphone and began to write, laboriously, painstakingly.

"If that feller's writin' to his girl he's shore tellin' it to her right," Ma remarked to himself impatiently.

Just then the writer leaned back with a sigh of satisfaction as at the conclusion of a task and lifted the page before him, when to Ma's surprise he saw that the writing upon it was slowly fading out. The top of the page was already blank; the characters were vanishing line by line, and only the last few remained freshly purple, and those were paling before the sailor's astonished eye.

"This yere whole thing is phony," decided Ma gravely when his watch upon the entire series of operations had consumed nearly an hour. "I'm a-goin' to jiujitsu this feller and sort of look him over."

Silently he untied and removed his shoes and then peered out again. The man was sweeping his letter through the air and fanning it till it should be dry, and presently he held it still again, a page of pristine whiteness. Succeeding this he began immediately to write upon it once more; but this time with ordinary-looking black ink instead of the brilliant purple he had employed before.

"That's the fake letter the censor reads," decided Ma, and communed with himself silently as follows: "And now for them little lessons in jiujitsu that Professor Smith give us all at B. N. Y. last winter"—B. N. Y. being sailorese for Brooklyn Navy Yard. "Lemme see; you stiffen the right hand, thus, and you chop the edge of it in sharp in the general vicinity of the Adam's apple, thus; and if you have done it right the victim immediately becomes unconscious without uttering a single sound. Yeh—that's the dope. Just like the prof. give it to us."

Ma pulled the door to him softly and swiftly, and with two long catlike strides was behind the man at the table with his right hand upraised, sharp, stiff and blade-like.

"Excuse me, stranger," began Ma, and the tall man turned in startled surprise, lowering his shoulder as if to open the way for the impending blow at his throat by the very act of reaching swiftly toward his hip. The hard hand of the boson's mate described its sharp and merciless arc, and the tall figure gasped and sank listless in the chair.

"Durned if it didn't work!" exclaimed Ma pleasantly. "Smith, you are all right. I always said you was all right too. I knowed if ever I got the chance —— There now! That'll do you fur a spell."

This last was addressed to the silent figure now upon the floor, for Ma had swiftly undone his black sailor neckerchief, made a huge knot in the center of it, and wadding the victim's own handkerchief into his mouth had gagged him securely with two passes about his neck and through the open jaws.

"Now for a piece of rope!"

No rope was handy, however, but a coil of the flexible dictaphone wire lay upon the table, and with loops from this Ma bound the tall man's feet and hands, kicked him rather carelessly out of the way and began a close examination of the table. At first it appeared to contain no drawers, but Ma's investigation was thorough, and presently he had brought to light a flat receptacle in the very top board of the table itself, containing letters written in that peculiar purple, which some treatment or application had now rendered fixed and stable. These purple characters were in German, and they were written over with black ink in English sentences that dealt with commonplaces, obviously designed to pass a censor.

"I got yuh, stranger," said Ma, looking downward and kicking at the hulk beneath him vigorously but not very effectively, because Ma was still in his stocking feet. "I got yuh. Yo're a spy all right, damn yuh!"

Ma next decided that it would be as well to don his shoes.

"Now we'll see what this thing has got to say," he remarked, enjoying the situation extravagantly as he picked up the dictaphone and began to listen. At first no sound came through at all, and then what did come was so astonishing that Ma nearly fell off the chair.

"Well, whaddaya know about that?" he gasped, and took the receiver from his ear to gaze at it for an incredulous moment after which he listened again.

"We just naturally got to save Benny from himself," the voice was saying.

"Still chewin' over that idea!" muttered Ma, a twinkle coming into his eye.

"It seems like a low-down trick to do," argued another voice on the wire, a voice that Ma instantly recognized as belonging to Dyckman.

"It's the only way to save him," said Bilge solemnly. "Old Ma was a-goin' to help me, but—but I think he's gone over to the enemy."

Ma reddened slightly.

"He was seen going into Mrs. O'Mahony's house more'n an hour ago, and I went there to ask for him—and Gee! the old woman chased me out. Flung a kettle of boiling tea at me, to be exact. Now here, Dyckman, is the dope: It's all set for the wedding to come off about nine to-night, and we got to kidnap Benny."

"Say you, Bilge! Say!"

Ma tried frantically to break in on the conversation, but presently it was borne upon him that this was only a one-way wire.

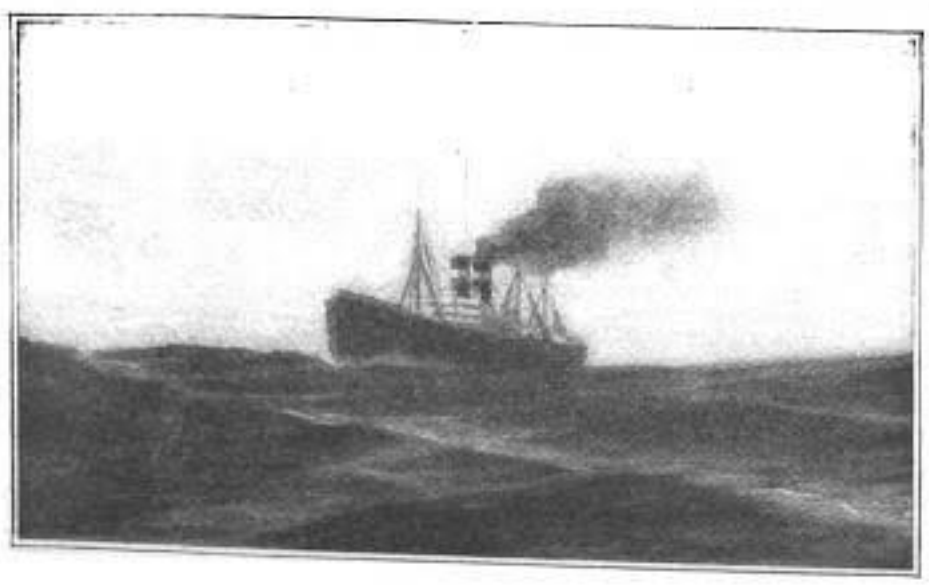
"Gosh!" he exclaimed futilely, and went on listening.

"But what's to hinder him marryin' the next time we're in?" argued Dyckman.

"Because there won't be no next time, Benny. He's on the list that's goin' home with this nucleus crew for a new destroyer to-morrow. That's why they're hurryin' up with this marryin' business. It's now night or never for that schemin' little minx that's got Benny snared."

"Well then, I'll help you," said Dyckman reluctantly. "But I ain't very strong for the job. Benny! Why, darn it, Benny

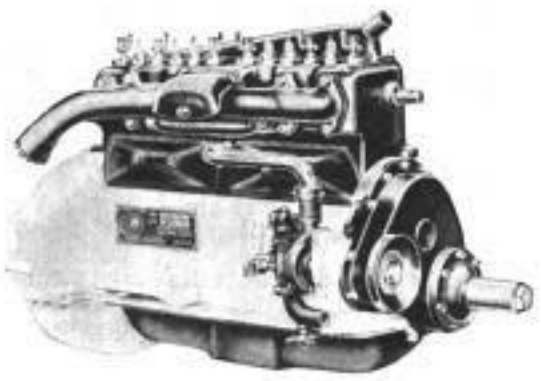
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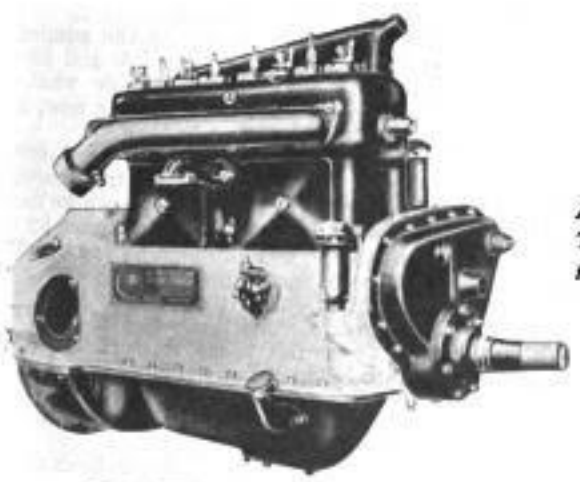
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about the best friend I got on the ship. Benny lends me money."

"Same here!" affirmed Bilge conscientiously. "That's why we're doing it for him. This is just a friendly act of self-sacrifice on our part."

"Not that Benny's a-going to look at it that way at all, is my opinion," vouchsafed Dyckman. "However, what's the scheme?"

"Simple enough. Benny's got the second dog. He's cleaning up some of the captain's papers for him and he's got to stay till he gets through. He might get off a little before eight, and he might not get off till a little after; but we lay for him when he comes to the dock, meet him casual-like, start up the hill with him, and there at the turn beyond Mrs. O'Callaghan's store is one of these Irish blind alleys. At the end of the alley is a donkey stable, and over the stable is a loft full of straw."

"And I suppose I might be excused for wondering how you know that?" said Dyckman. "S'pose you laid up there some night when you got seasick from watching so many schooners crossing the bar, hey?"

The listening Ma smiled at this, though he knew its intimation was base and improbable. Bilge, however, chose to overlook it as a bit of harmless persiflage, and went forward with:

"We can toll him into the donkey shed most likely with some excuse or other; we might even toll him up into the hay if we're any good on imagination—some yarn about Ma bein' sick up there or something. Anyhow, the minute he stops tollin' we grab him, tie him up and take him up there and keep him nice and quiet till just time to make the seven-thirty boat in the morning. Benny's reasonable. He won't make much fuss when he finds we simply ain't a-goin' to let him commit matrimonial suicide. He'll even take it philosophic."

"All right," said Dyckman, evidently won to the idea. "Meet you here at seven bells."

"Seven bells is right," responded the satisfied tones of Bilge; and the conversation ended.

"Why," remarked Ma within himself, "I know that donkey house. It ain't so far from here. It's in the middle of this block somewhere, and this house rams back into the middle of the block. Blast me if I don't allow 'at that's just about the donkey house right out the window there. Seems to me I can smell it. Ain't that a-goin' to be tough, though? Benny tied up right through the wall from where he's supposed to be married. Ain't it?" And Ma smiled ironically. "S'posin' now there was a way through to the donkey house from here, and there was a trapdoor in the roof or something, which o' course there ain't; but supposin' there was!"

And then as if halted by the futility of such speculation Ma's mind turned to a more pressing question.

"But say! Where's the other end of this wire?" he demanded aloud, and taking off the earpiece stared at it inquisitively. "In the back room of O'Connor's pub, huh? That's the only place where Bilge and Dyckman would both meet up at this time of day. Good place for a dictaphone too; for there's more enlisted men's private chitchat in that back room than any place else on the beach."

Looking down Ma noticed that his captive had regained consciousness, as revealed by the beady twinkle of the eyes.

"In O'Connor's, huh?" he demanded, holding the earpiece to the sight of the man on the floor and kicking his long flanks inquiringly.

The man was stubborn at first and would not answer. Ma in consequence stirred him up more earnestly, whereat he grunted painfully and appeared to nod assent.

"'Lowed it," said Ma. "'Lowed it when my apple cyart first driv up!"

And he settled himself comfortably for another prolonged spell of listening, during which he gained an astounding conception of the amount of information that may be gathered if an alien ear were only cocked to hear the chance remarks of twenty men in the course of an hour as they sat for a few minutes in changing groups in the somewhat private alcove at the rear of Jerry O'Connor's bar and contributed each his choice bits of latest news to the sum of general knowledge.

Ma learned, for instance, by piecing these bits of news together, that the U. S. S. Gallagher had that day been in contact with an enemy submarine, that she had dropped depth charges on him and crippled him so that he was able to make way only on the surface, but that there in open battle the German had planted a chance shell in the engine room of the Gallagher, crippling her speed to fourteen knots, after which the Hun mechanic worked frantically upon his damaged valves so that ultimately and before the assistance the Gallagher's radio had summoned could arrive the enemy was able to submerge successfully.

"That shore is tough luck!" growled Ma, and then paused to reflect and marvel.

Nobody ashore knew this story; no sailor not upon the Gallagher herself, which was still at sea, knew it in its entirety; yet the gossip of enlisted men, each with his little piece of news that had somehow come leaking from the radio rooms of different ships, helped to piece out the narrative, which, however it might err in details and slop over in exaggerations, doubtless approximated the general truth; and though the facts could be of no definite aid to the enemy, who of course had his own source of information, it nevertheless pointed the way to danger.

"Why, why," reflected Ma, "what this guy, a-settin' here all day long, piecin' together the talk in Jerry O'Connor's barroom—what he don't know about what the old flotilla's doin' there don't nobody need to tell him at all. All he requires is a scheme for gettin' the old dope out; and I reckon he's got that." Ma turned again to a contemplation of the array of bottles of ink and chemicals. "A window that looks out on the harbor, a glass that picks out the number of every ship that goes out, and a dictaphone that hears all the gossip of the flotilla—say, purty slick, what! And I got the bird right under my feet! But here, you yellow dog!"—and Ma was addressing the man on the floor—"you-all couldn't do this by yo'se'f. You must 'a' had a partner to set here listenin' when ——"

The sailor did not finish the sentence; the receiver of the dictaphone dropped with a clatter and Ma's head fell forward under the impact of a crushing blow from behind, while crimson drops sprayed the sheet of blotting paper on the old table. The third figure in the room stooped at once and began cutting the gag from the mouth of the prostrate spy and unbinding his hands and feet. The prostrate one rose with ugly wrath in his small wicked eye and kicked vengefully in his turn at the limp figure in the chair. When it collapsed and sank like a sack of sand to the floor the kicking was continued maliciously. It was this kicking that Ma felt first. He knew that his ribs were being dented and splintered by something, but he knew no more, for unconsciousness came again, and he did not hear the debate that went on over his senseless body.

"Let go! He's gone!" growled the second spy, who as to appearance was as roughly got up as the other, and who, sneaking soft-footed to the door according to his habit, had discerned the situation and dealt the too venturesome Ma a killing blow with the butt of his revolver. "You only make him bleed, and that's difficult to get rid of. He's dead," he announced, after feeling hastily for his pulse.

"What'll we do with him? Damn Yankee snoop!" inquired the first spy.

"At midnight, or before even, it will be easy enough to slip him out and drop him in the bay."

The tall man looked at the limp thing on the floor and shuddered. "God!" he said. "I don't want it round here till midnight. I have work to do."

"Then we'll pitch it outside till it's safe to move it the rest of the way," proposed the other cheerfully. Together they took "it" up.

But old Ma Ford, old only to the extent of his twenty-seven vigorous years, toughened by a long youth in the great outdoors of Texas, hardened by two years as brakeman on a railroad, seasoned by one whole enlistment on that rummy old prune barge, the cruiser San Diego, and now hardened again, case-hardened, perhaps, by a long winter on a United States destroyer, where in these combing British seas a man fought each day for the mere privilege of keeping on board and doing his daily duty—Ma was in no danger of becoming an "it" from a mere smash on the back of his head and sundry mulelike tramplings of his ribs. Ma, as they picked him up, was faintly conscious.

"Didn't bleed much," said the tall man.

"Lucky! That's because I killed him so dead," explained the other blithely.

"Serves him right; damned Yankee pig!"

But these voices registered as no more than confused and distant murmurings on Ma's disturbed mental apparatus. Nor had he any definite idea how far they bore his sagging body, though it seemed that they carried him far and through tortuous winding channels, since every sway and twist was an exquisite bit of agony to his pommeled ribs and bashed and aching head. At length, after some eternities, they dropped him on a pile of rocks, and he lay wondering for ages and ages, with a thing like a chariot race going on in the back of his mind.

His mental state was dreamlike and unsatisfactory. His mind was full of a great regret—regret that he had let the spy get away from him, two spies in fact, for there must have been two, since two men were surely carrying him, and it must have been that the second of them had struck him down from behind. But bigger far was the regret about Benny and his wedding. The blue eyes of Minnie, and the too large but wistful and wonderfully appealing mouth, came up before him like a dream, pleadingly.

"It shore is a shame, honey! It shore is a shame!" he found himself trying to say over and over to her. "That there Bilge Kennedy ain't got no more heart than a concrete pup, he ain't."

But saying this did not in his dream keep the two tears out of the eyes of the distressed woman-child, Minnie O'Mahony, and it did not take the terrible regret out of the mind of Ma. "Jest naturally made a plain fool of myself; jest naturally did—did—did," he kept saying to himself over and over again. "Busted me on the bean, that's what they did, huh? . . . What's this yere I'm a-layin' on?"

He thrust out an inquiring hand.

"'Tain't rocks; it's straw!" he soliloquized. "Gosh, it felt like rocks at first. Easier now, what, Old Girl! Come near bashin' your bally brains out, them spies, didn't they? Thought they had, I reckon, or they wouldn't 'a' quit. That's what you can figure about the Germans allus—allus make some miscalculation. First off it's this drive, and then it's that drive, and then it's the U-boats, and then it's the East Front, and then it's the West Front, and then it's them Eye-talians; but there's allus some figure lackin' in their addin' machines. Hell! It's up to us to lick them Germans, and here I am a-layin' here."

Ma tried experimentally to raise his head. A pungent ammonialike smell was in his nostrils. Ma sniffed it inquiringly, reminiscently.

"Smells like the donkey house," he commented. "I knowed that donkey house was somewhere round."

Wearied by this much mental effort the man dropped off to sleep and dozed painfully but restfully till wakened by an argument below, carried on in tones that sounded exceedingly familiar.

"Can it, Bilge!" said a stout voice. "You can't string me any further than right here."

"I'm not stringing you, Benny," was asseverated in hurt tones. "He's right up there over our heads now."

"If he was sick how in time would he get up there?" demanded the voice of Benny, suspicious and impatient. "I've got to hurry along."

"Ma's your best friend, except me," reproached Bilge; "and you won't climb four steps into a hayloft to answer his dying request."

"I don't hear him breathe or moan or anything," said Benny after a silence in which he had evidently been listening intently.

"He's probably too weak to move," argued Bilge mendaciously. "Maybe he's dead by now."

Ma contrived a long, blithering sigh.

"There!" exclaimed Bilge. "Hear that?"

But there was a tremble in Bilge's voice as if he had seen a ghost, and his knees joggled each other uncertainly.

"That was a donkey," theorized Benny.

"It shore was," Ma confided to himself, never too overcome by any situation to miss the humor of it, especially when the shaft pointed at himself.

"Here!" proposed Benny, exasperated. "It's getting near to nine o'clock. Give me the flash, and in four seconds I'll prove that you're a bigger liar than old Kaiser Bill."

Ma saw the tiny circle of light flickering on the rafters above him and heard quick light feet on the ladder. A moment later Benny stood in the loft with an incoherent ejaculation on his lips.

"Ma! For the love of Mike!" he exclaimed, suddenly bending over the prostrate man. "Are you dying?"

"Thank you, Benny, for comin'," said Ma faintly. "You shore have done me a good turn."

Bilge, who had rushed hurriedly up after Benny with intent to grapple with him there, barely escaped tumbling down the ladder in his surprise and amazement at this uncanny confirmation of his supposed falsehood, but recovered himself in time.

"Ma!" he whispered hoarsely, hypocritically. "Ma! Are you there?"

"You didn't 'low I could git away from here, did you?" reproached the prostrate and dissimulating sailor.

The quick inference that Ma, by some lucky chance asleep in the old donkey house, had overheard the colloquy with Benny, swiftly discerned the part he was to play and was doing his part like the loyal soul he was, stimulated Bilge to a rapid recovery of his own self-possession.

"Are you able to talk now, Ma? Able to tell me anything?" he inquired in tones that were cunningly freighted with the accents of anxious sympathy.

"Spies!" gasped Ma faintly. "They hit me and slung me down here. Look for a door somewheres round."

For a moment Bilge was overcome with fresh astonishment, as well as genuinely alarmed at the obvious condition of Ma; and then this surprising word about spies inflamed his mind with an instant desire for action and revenge for this assault upon his friend and upon the uniform of the United States. Snatching the flashlight from Benny's hand the rufous-headed machinist's mate swung it round him swiftly, then halted and steadied the tiny spot of light straight before him on a short door of rough planks, thick and old, but newly joined to form a door set in an opening which itself appeared to have been recently chipped in the wall about it.

"That's it," decided Ma, lifting a dizzy head for a moment. "I never seen it before, but that's it, I reckon, all right. They're somewhere to hell and gone behind that door; a room that looks out on the harbor, all fixed up with telescopes, dictaphones and this yere invisible ink. I tied one of 'em up, but the other one clouted me and they thought I was dead."

Bilge glanced at the door and then at Ma breathing painfully after the effort of so much speech; then he swore, a low fervent oath that was almost like a prayer, and began to examine the door critically, even to thrusting his finger into the keyhole, which was so huge that it could have been fitted only by one of those giant keys that unlock garden or lodge gates in Ireland.

There was no knob or latch on the outside of the door. It offered nothing that afforded a hold. Bilge applied pressure to the door, gently, then firmly, and at last violently. It sprang slightly but did not yield.

"I better go tell the constabulary," he decided.

"The constabulary nothin'!" panted Ma. "Run quick and round up a bunch of the beach patrol. Pick the first three of 'em you see, and that's enough. Le's take them fellows in ourself and lead 'em up on the hill and hand 'em over to the admiral—dictaphones and invisible ink and letter and everything—just to show what us Americans is like. He likes us now, and he'll like us all the better then."

"But Benny ——" began Bilge, involuntarily giving his paramount thought away, though the young man whose name had been blurted out was too excited by the spy news and too humbled by the memory of his recent incredulity to notice it.

"Sure! Benny'll stay here with me, won't you, Benny?" covered Ma cannily. "I can't be left alone, with these fellows liable to come out any minute."

"Sure," said Benny. "I've got an important engagement, but I'll stick here with you till Bilge gets back."

"Quick!" urged Ma. "The birds might get suspicious and hop the coop."

Bilge in great excitement clambered down and made a hasty exit.

"Are you much hurt, Ma?" inquired Benny, bending down anxiously.

"Hurt? I'm fakin'," snickered Ma in contemptuous whisper. "I got a confession to make to you, Benny: I and Bilge has been buttin' in on your matrimonial intentions. We didn't want you to marry that yere girl to-night, and we framed up to get you here and kidnap you."

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"You darn hounds!" exclaimed Benny, bristling like a terrier at sight of a bear.

"Wait a minute," pleaded Ma. "Don't you call no names yet. I come over to talk to your little girl this afternoon and try and reason with her; but, say, Benny, she's just the sweetest thing I ever laid eyes on, and if you don't git down out of this haymow and run —— What time is it?"

"Five minutes to nine," said Benny, consulting his wrist.

"If you don't git down out of this donkey house and strike round the corner for the lovin', waitin' arms of Minnie O'Mahony I'll just about get up and knock your brains plumb out."

"Fell for her, hey? Some girl, what!" Benny chuckled exuberantly; and then inquired anxiously: "And it's all a stall about you being hurt, and the spies?"

"Keep that there light away. It hurts my eye," warned Ma in sudden fear that Benny might discern a trace of blood upon the straw at his back. "Strategy!" he continued with a grin. "When this yere Bilge Kennedy gets so bull-headed you cain't reason with him you got to resort to strategy. Hop along now, Benny, and marry that girl, and look out that you don't run into Bilge comin' back, for he'll nab you shore."

"Nab me?" said Little Benny Riley indignantly. "Lucky for him he didn't nab me! Ma, I like you, and I used to like that crazy Bilge, but if you two or either of you had interfered with me keeping faith with Minnie to-night I'd have assassinated you; that's what I'd have done—assassinated you! Get me?"

"I get you, and we'd 'a' deserved to be assassinated. I would, anyhow, because I've seen the girl. Bilge wouldn't, for he didn't have the ground to know no better. Skin out now. Leave me that light!"

"What are you going to say to Bilge when he comes back?"

Benny had paused a moment to rejoice in the discomfiture of the man who had plotted so recklessly against the happiness of his heart.

"I reckon somep'n'll occur to me to say to him," drawled Ma. "Run along, I tell you!"

"But say!" proposed Benny forgivingly, "bring him round to supper. There'll be wedding eats about ten o'clock. That'll be a good way to rub it in on him."

"Eats? Where?"

"At the house!"

"But her mother's due to be raisin' the roof about that time."

"Not after Father Brown talks to her," smiled Benny confidently. "Ma, I'm sure much obliged for the good turn you've done me to-night." And the eager bridegroom wrung his shipmate's hand in brief farewell. "Eats about ten," he whispered up from the direction of the ladder, and the boson's mate heard him groping his way outward.

"So far, durned good!" Ma reflected when the prolonged silence indicated that Benny had safely departed to those loving waiting arms; and then the prostrate one began slowly to test his capabilities for action.

He flexed first one leg and then the other, and slowly rolled over. As he lifted himself on all fours the soreness in his sides made the beads of sweat stand out on his brow, but he persisted, nevertheless, and crawling painfully to the door examined it carefully for himself.

"Looks to me like this would be their main entrance," he soliloquized. "How would donkey drivin' do for a profession for a couple of spies anyhow? 'Bout the safest thing anybody could imagine, what! The inspectors watch the trains and the ships, but do they watch these country-lookin' guys that comes walkin' into town with their carts full of cabbages or spuds or whatever it is that you see 'em all the time haulin' in and out? That fellow I saw was sure a good imitation of a farmer, all right."

Ma sat back on his knees, contemplated the keyhole and calculated the size of the key that would fit it.

"The crowbar that unlocks that door must be too big to carry round with 'em," he reasoned. "They must keep it hid about the door here somewhere. If they're both inside it's inside, and if one of 'em is out it's outside. My ma used to leave the key under the doormat," his thought rambled on as he felt carefully in the straw and about the sill at the front of the door. "Or over on the top of the window frame." His fingers skirted the top of the door and the sill beneath the rafters of the donkey house. "Or"—and he shot the tiny circle of light aimlessly about the old loft—"or somewheres handy but out of sight."

Handy would be anywhere within reach in a progress from the door to the ladder. Crawling along this line across the straw Ma felt about until his hand encountered one of the supporting posts of the roof. Pulling away the straw from the base of the post his light revealed a sort of shrinkage crack between post and flooring. In the slot thus formed was the key.

"'Pears like I ain't such a gosh-danged fool after all," he murmured contentedly. "'Bout the size of the Judson's anchor," he commented, and sat up balancing the key.

There came a rattling of the hasp on the door below—a very slight rattling, but one that Ma's ear caught quickly, and with instant presence of mind he slipped the key back into its slot, pushed the straw over it, and rolled softly into the position in which Bilge and Benny had found him. If this was Bilge returning with reënforcements, well and good; but if it was one of the spies, all might be over with Ma. Hence these precautions. And they were necessary, for he had hardly composed himself with the searchlight beneath him, yet ready to his hand, when there were light footsteps on the ladder. In another moment a hand was groping in the straw at the base of the post, and thereafter a light was flashed carelessly in Ma's direction.

"Dead enough, damn him!" said a voice, and then the sailorman heard the key softly inserted in the lock.

Every movement had been furtive, as if the spy were used by habit and considerable practice to make his way thus cautiously and swiftly in and out. Even the door turned noiselessly upon its hinges, and closed with a soft pish like the slow cut of a whip through the air. For a few seconds, perhaps a full minute, Ma lay perfectly still, and then without moving anything but an arm he flashed on his light and inspected the door. It was closed tight enough, but as his ears had assured him it had not been relocked. The key still stood in the outside.

"That means he's comin' back soon," argued Ma. "Where the devil is this yere Bilge? I ain't never been in a hurry to see that strawberry-headed machinist's mate but oncet or twicet in my life, but I begin to be in a hurry now."

As if to punish Ma for his impatience a donkey lifted up his voice and brayed, a whole-hearted confession of stable ennui and asinine boredom, an enormous, strident, echo-wakening heehaw that made more noise than a siren on one of the "P" boats, and startled the sailor so that cold chills chased themselves up and down his spine.

"Don't do that agin, will you, pardner?" he murmured earnestly. "My nerves won't stand it."

But now came the welcome sound of groping feet on the cobbles without, followed presently by low voices inside. When one of these became recognizable as belonging to Bilge, Ma reached over with his flashlight and sent its rays down the ladder.

"That you, Benny?" inquired Bilge.

"Git up here quick!" ordered Ma sharply. "You might 'a' tuck all night."

"I wanted to get my particular three patrols," apologized Bilge. "Think I'd let anybody else but Judson men cop off the D. C. M.'s on this raid?" And there climbed into the light Wart Kessler, Elbert Owens and Kid Maguire, each uniformed as the flotilla beach patrol is uniformed, in blues plus khaki belts and leggings, each with his short policeman's club gripped tightly, and all very excited and determined.

Bilge's return was also reënforced by the person of Dyckman, looking rather sheepish through having missed connections at first and leaving Bilge alone as the executive of their doubtful purpose upon the person of Little Benny Riley.

"Hur-r-r-s-s-sh!" whispered Ma as Bilge's tones grew too loud. "One feller's come back. He's left the key in the door, so they must figure on comin' out in a minute, prob'ly to carry my remains to the reduction works."

"What do we do then?" inquired Wart, who assumed leadership of the trio. "What's the idea?"

"Why, we just stick round," explained Ma, his voice rambling as indicating the development of no clear campaign of action; "and when he comes back we bust him on the beezer. Don't hesitate none, you-all fellers, but bust him! He put a lump as big as an ash can on my after dome and I bled round like a stuck pig; besides which the

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other guy kicked in my slats so's my insides is all disarranged and I cain't set up hardly. Stand not upon the order of your bustin' either, but bust at once, the minute he opens the door."

"Isn't there some other way out of this hole of theirs?" inquired Bilge.

"There is," recalled Ma. "There is at least one other way; and here, I reckon, is a better idea than just waitin' for this guy to come back: You patrols go round to Mrs. O'Mahony's. The house is empty; most likely it's not locked. Go in and go upstairs, turn to the left—left, remember—and you'll find a door there. Go into a kind of storeroom like, full of the ghosts of cast-off furniture, and take off your shoes and keep still. Don't go gropin' round, but wait, or you'll fall over something and give the snap away. When you hear the devil of a row in front of you, why, crash, and crash quick, for that means that Bilge and Dyckman is in there givin' 'em both the Kaiser's saloot. You know what that is, don't you?"

The three patrols grinned appreciatively and prepared again to descend the ladder, when the now hypersensitive ear of Ma detected a sound somewhere back behind the door.

"Whist! Too late! They're comin' out," he whispered, and relapsed once more into the rigid figure of death, dousing the flashlight with a final wiggle of his thumb as Bilge, Dyckman and the three patrolmen flattened themselves against the wall on either side of the door.

After as much as a minute, perhaps, the door opened softly, and a man holding a light in front of him came out, and as if his business were with that grim presence yonder he pointed the luminous spot at the recumbent body of the sailor and moved two steps toward it, when Ma casually opened his eyes. The man started with a wheezing gasp at the spectacle of the dead awakening, and involuntarily recoiled, at the same time passing the light to his left hand while the right reached for his hip pocket. It engaged, however, instead of the grip of an automatic, the iron hand of Bilge.

"Quiet now," said Bilge soothingly. "Germany's game is up. This is where Uncle Sam takes on."

Dyckman at the same moment closed upon the hand holding the flashlight, in the rays of which, lifted for a moment as the spy struggled, he had a vision of three men in navy-patrol uniform with clubs poised above his head, and a shriek, half in terror and half in warning, broke from the throat of the astounded man.

"Look out behind!" ordered Ma sharply; and the three patrolmen, leaping the struggling heap where the spy was being borne to the floor, followed a patter of scudding footsteps back along a passage and in where a door was slammed suddenly in their faces.

"Bust it!" roared Ma, who had come tottering after with his light. "Bust it quick!"

The patrolmen threw themselves against it stoutly, but it resisted all advances till, Bilge and Dyckman coming in with a sullen prisoner, Bilge added his weight determinedly, and the panel crashed in.

"He went yon way, I reckon," said Ma, groping excitedly for the door in the opposite wall; but the fugitive had taken advantage of the delay at the other door to barricade this one by setting a trunk or chest behind it, so that the patrolmen were still engaged in forcing a passage here when shriek on shriek came agonizing up from somewhere beyond and below.

"*Poco pronto*, there!" prayed Ma. "He's murderin' Mrs. O'Mahony. There's stairs beyond the other door. Git down quick!"

Notwithstanding his weakened condition, however, he managed to clatter down the stairs almost upon the heels of the patrolmen, his blood congealing at the thought of the carnage his eyes would encounter. Instead, he beheld the fugitive prostrate and helpless, with Mrs. O'Mahony towering over, menacing the man with the poker, with which she had evidently felled him, and upbraiding her captive in words of reviling and tones of exultation.

"Ye thafe! Ye burglar! Ye murtherin' Hun! To come sneakin' and stealin' down through people's houses," she panted hoarsely. "Ye tried to kill me, so ye did! Ye pushed me head agin the wall hard enough to crack the nut of me, ye did; and it's the deil's own child ye are by the look av ye."

Her eyes grew large and round when she beheld the four sailors tumbling down upon her.

"Mercy! Mercy me!" she breathed. "Where the old scratch did ye drop from, I want to know?"

"This yere man's a German spy 'at you've caught, Mrs. O'Mahony," said Ma politely.

"A German spy, is it?" she demanded fiercely. "Wid me own Terence a corpril in the Royal Irish Fusiliers!"

Mrs. O'Mahony made as if she would demolish the spy's head entirely with another blow of her poker, whereat the fellow howled and pleaded.

"We nabbed another in the donkey house," explained Ma, "and was chasin' this one through some kind of a misfit furniture store upstairs."

"The retirin' room of McCarthy's ghost these twinty years!" explained Mrs. O'Mahony, still laboring under great excitement. "Sure and I thought 'twas old McCarthy himself when he come at me first, till I see these little weasel eyes that was never on any McCarthy, alive or dead."

There came a thunderous banging on the door outside. "Open! Leave open in the name of the King!" was bawled sonorously and long.

"Mercy! Mercy me!" quavered Mrs. O'Mahony, glancing weakly from one face to another and then at the closed door.

"In the sacrid name of the King!" roared the voice again; and the pounding began once more upon the door.

"Open it! Open it quick!" besought Mrs. O'Mahony, who seemed at this dread hail to have lost the power of action.

Wart Kessler opened the door, and a man entered wearing the uniform of an army officer, while behind him appeared the sergeant who had done the knocking and the bawling, and who was backed by a squad of men in khaki, with a glitter of brass buttons and fixed bayonets. The officer was Captain Hobbes, a red-headed, blue-eyed, quick-thinking boy of twenty-four, who was a veteran of Mesopotamia, of Egypt and the Somme, and who, with fourteen punctures by shrapnel healing in his anatomy, rested from actual fighting and kept a sharp eye out at this important post for enemies of the Empire.

"I am sorray, Bridget O'Mahony," said the captain in a bored sort of way, "but it has become necessary to arrest you for harboring spies in your house."

"Harborin' spies, is it?" gasped Mrs. O'Mahony weakly. "There's niver been a man in this house in weeks excipt this cray-chure here wid his bleedin' head, where I give him a knock wid me poker."

At this juncture Bilge and Dyckman, who had paused to make their prisoner secure by the tying of his hands, came down the stairs and crowded into the little room.

"For the love of St. Patrick!" wheezed Mrs. O'Mahony, who was growing apoplectic.

"This yere's the other one, captain," announced Ma, with a gesture of turning over the two prisoners. "I got suspicious of these birds here this afternoon, and we been layin' for 'em."

"Good work, men," said Captain Hobbes briefly, looking a bit surprised.

Bilge, having thoughtfully brought along an armful of evidence in the way of the receiving end of a dictaphone and a rather recklessly selected miscellany of letters, bottles and chemicals from the desk, passed the whole over to a man designated by the sergeant to receive it.

"'Pears to me," reproved Ma in that slow way of his, "that you-all are sort of careless when you let guys like that come into town and carry on the way they been carryin' on."

"It may interest you, Mister Yankee Sailor," said Captain Hobbes crisply, "to know that we have been keen after these fellows since before they came here from Dublin. We have read every line that went to them before they read it. We have read every line they sent out. We have a nice scrapbook of all the cute little letters they have been writing with invisible ink. We have only been waiting for their affiliations to develop, and we were getting ready to take them to-night. In fact ——"

Captain Hobbes paused dramatically and lifted his hand, for again there was noise and clatter above, banging rifle butts, rattle of scabbards and clumping of hob-nailed shoes, following which a corporal and a squad of soldiers came crowding eagerly down the stair.

"Gosh!" conceded Bilge admiringly. "You fellers are on the job all right!"





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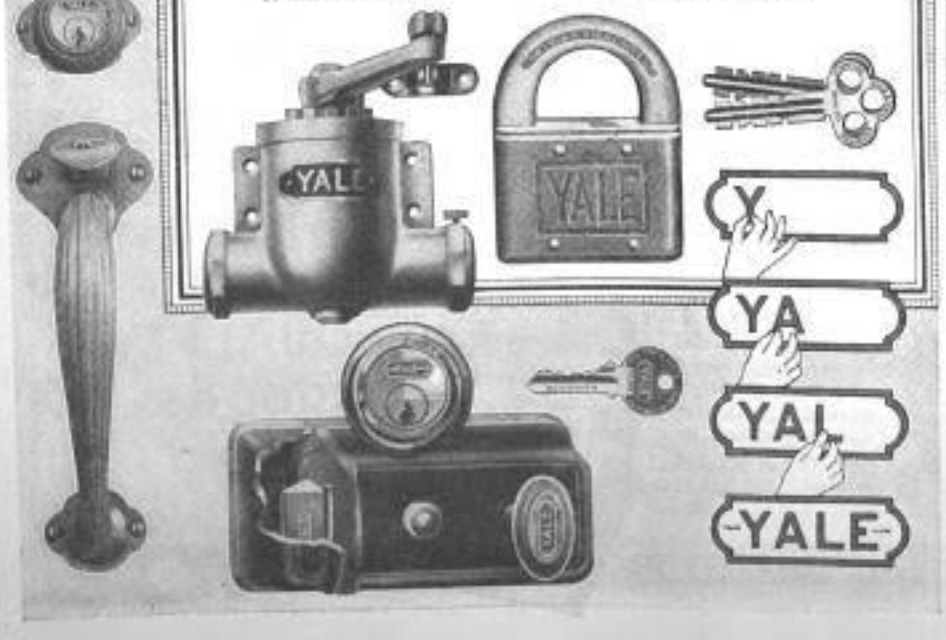
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"But we just naturally beat you to it, like us Americans always does," boasted Ma, childishly proud of his achievement. "I never seen these birds till five o'clock, and yere I hand 'em over to you and all the evidence at somewheres about a quarter to ten."

"You Americans are very wonderful," admitted Captain Hobbes, smiling good-naturedly, as though he were amused rather than offended at this exhibition of Yankee-sailor assurance.

"We wouldn't 'a' been so darn wonderful, though, if Mrs. O'Mahony didn't knock this guy down with a poker, thinkin' he was a burglar," Ma admitted honestly. "He would 'a' got plumb away. You ain't so certain about wantin' to arrest her now, in them circumstances, are you?"

"Perhaps not," confessed Captain Hobbes, and summoned his sergeant and the corporal into conference by a nod of the chin and a stride toward a corner a little apart.

Succeeding this conference the corporal and six men marched off with the prisoners and the evidence, while the captain ordered the balance of his force up the stairs to conclude the raiding of the spy's nest and made ready to follow after.

"We shall require your statements at headquarters to-morrow," he announced to the sailors.

"We shore would love to come, but I reckon that there's a subject on which you-all would wish to consult our force commander," said Ma with great dignity.

"It is," said the captain briefly. "Take the men's names," he nodded to the sergeant; and when this was done, he followed his squad clomp-clomp, rattle-rattle, up the stairs.

"It's about time we got back on our beat," suggested Wart.

"It sure is," agreed the two other patrolmen, and they hustled away, leaving Ma, Bilge and Dyckman confronting Mrs. O'Mahony, who, gradually recovering from her emotions of fear, excitement and surprise, seemed now to wonder what excuse for remaining this final trio of her guests could muster.

"Don't appear that we-all have got any particular business intrudin' on you, Mis' O'Mahony, a-clutterin' up yore settin' room," recognized Ma. "With your kind permission we'll borry the front door to git out of!"

"Help yourself!" said Mrs. O'Mahony rather dryly. "Help yourself!"

"Benny!" blurted Bilge suddenly, with an inquiring eye bent on Ma. "What become of Benny?"

"Benny!" exclaimed Ma. "By golly, Benny! I plumb forgot about Benny. I ain't thought about him for nigh onto an hour. You know anything about Benny, Mrs. O'Mahony?"

"'Deed and I don't!" snapped Mrs. O'Mahony shortly, and then looked toward the door, for it appeared that another descent of some sort was about to be made upon her privacy.

There was a note of revelry outside, of quick steps, of rapid-fire conversation, interspersed with snatches of song and excited laughter, succeeding which there framed itself in the upper half of the door, which had been left open by the departing patrolmen, the florid, amiable face of Father Brown, with just the faintest trace of a guilty conscience in his eye, as he gazed toward Mrs. O'Mahony with an embarrassed cough and an apologetic look upon his kindly features.

"Good evenin' to ye, Father Brown!" said the widow, dropping a very humble curtsy. "Sure and I suppose 'tis your own sweet, innocent soul that's heard about the goin's on in me house to-night and has been outraged by it."

"Mrs. O'Mahony!" replied Father Brown with a swelling voice and a determined air, as if both to cry that voluble lady down and to get a doubtful business over, "I have this night married your daughter Minnie to Mr. Benjamin Riley, the Yankee sailor!"

"Father Brown!" gasped Mrs. O'Mahony, and became immediately speechless with dismay and consternation. Yet the reproach that for a moment was in her eye faded out before the bland, steady gaze of her spiritual counselor.

"I thought it best," said the priest benignly. "Ye were far too hot against the lad. He will be a true son to ye and a faithful husband to Minnie. Good night, Mrs. O'Mahony."

"Father, father!" urged Mrs. O'Mahony, cringing as she detected the note of rebuke. "Ye will not misjudge me, will ye that? I always liked the Riley lad. 'Twas only that Patsy Cadogan ——"

"Benny Riley is your daughter's husband now," interrupted the father with his most beatific smile; "and here he is with his bride, and ne'er a sweeter one ever did I see."

Under the tall priest's arm, as if they had been hiding behind the skirts of his soutane, appeared Benny and Minnie. Mrs. O'Mahony with motherly arms gathered them both unhesitatingly to her bosom, bestowing presently a kiss on Benny that knocked off his round sailor hat and added greatly to his embarrassment, a state of mind which he covered somewhat by waving his hand out the door and shouting into the darkness, "Pedro! Bring in the eats!"

Immediately there presented himself the Filipino cook of the U. S. Destroyer Judson, with his assistants Juan and Eduardo, grinning under burdens of various suggestive shapes. Following them crowded in half a dozen other American sailors, Jimmie Jurgenson and Bunny McIntyre leading, and each with an Irish girl by his side.

Mrs. O'Mahony fell back abashed, murmuring incoherently, while the Filipino trio took possession of the table and began to build it out with other bits of adaptable furniture, and to spread thereon a destroyer cook's notion of a wedding supper in Ireland.

"Glory be!" sighed the widow as the feeling of helplessness and surrender to the inevitable surged again and again over her surprised and but recently embattled soul.

"Sure and the Yankees is takin' everything," she declared resignedly. "A minute ago they was takin' spies in me attic and bringin' the house down about me head. Now they might as well take my daughter and be done with it. Why, Father Brown, if one of these young sprigs should propose voylently to marry me, I have no sperrit left in me widowed heart that I should prevint them." The lady laughed hysterically.

"I believe ye, Mrs. O'Mahony," chortled the priest. "I have long perceived in yer conversation, though ye did not perceive it yourself, that ye had a secret admiration for the Yanks."

"Durned if I ever 'lowed anybody could call me a Yank half a dozen times in one night and get away with it," muttered Ma, of Texas, under his breath.

"This one in particular I've took a likin' to," said Mrs. O'Mahony, indicating the hunched and suffering Ma.

"Yes," retorted that one dryly. "You-all took a likin' to me this afternoon. You was aimin' for to express it with a bar mop."

"Oh! Acushla!" laughed Mrs. O'Mahony. "Ye should not hold an old woman's playful disposition against her. You Yanks is playful yourself."

And the lady moved off among her guests with some waking realization of the circumstances that just now obtained in her home, and that she owed some obligations to the company in general.

"Ma," said Benny with a fond handshake, "if it wasn't for you we might not be so happy all of us to-night."

And the bridegroom turned a reproachful gaze on the rapt and transported Bilge, who from the moment his eyes fell upon the bride had suffered a strange fluttery feeling on the port side of his bosom.

"Ma? Him?" retorted Bilge, darkling quickly; "he nagged me into the scheme himself. If it wasn't for that old horned toad I would 'a' been your best man."



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# The Wood of Many Meanings

## By Maude Radford Warren

TO MY roused imagination the wood seemed to shiver suddenly and then stand still under a torrent of shattering sound. French cannon boomed to the right and German cannon boomed to the left, and about us the shells fell with a noise like the first half round of thunder or the double slamming of some monstrous and mighty door. Flying shrapnel clattered on the branches of the trees above us. I cowered among the grenade bags of supplies which I was carrying, hastily slipped one of the bags on top of my head, and spun round to see whether I could discover a dugout.

W——, my companion, who has no nerves and who is one of the slowest though best creatures in the world, looked placidly upward and drawled:

"The one day, too, when we haven't been able to borrow helmets!"

That is one of the pictures which spring into my mind when I think of that Alsatian wood I both loved and hated. In my early days of canteen work I did not realize what a compelling force the wood was to be. Then it was merely on the fringe of my consciousness—it was something that wasn't villages and wasn't people; something green out there on the horizon. Later, when I began to work on the rolling canteen, the wood, as it were, insisted upon forcing itself on me.

I realized that it was the green route through which all the soldiers of our division passed on their way to the trenches. I saw it as the last barrier between us civilians and the Germans.

The time came when I entered its outer borders; and then slowly it began to have for me a personality vivid and yet inscrutable. At first I was struck with the soaring quality of the green arches. Through its outer borders, on a floor of grass and flowers and the ancient brown dust of leaves, I could walk freely among the strong graceful trunks of the trees, as between pillars in a cathedral. The light shed itself down, amber-green and soft; the birds and little ground creatures were still; it was a place, one would suppose, for silence; for a sort of serene musing.

Walking among the outer margins, I felt about the wood an alluring elegance which made me almost unaware that it could have sharp or strong or even brutal meanings. It was easy to forget that it had a history. Yet it had been standing for untold ages; it was young when contending races and clans began to fight for the Vosges Mountains and their surrounding plains. It was here in medieval times, when the German hordes were struggling, as they are now, to conquer France. Back and forth between its soaring arches forgotten armies have fought.

### On the Edge of the Front

Within the memory of people still alive is the bitter fighting that took place under these very trees during the Franco-Prussian War between the Alsatians, who wanted to keep their integrity pure, and the polluting Germans. This slim beech tree that has stepped out into the midst of a brown path must have taken its first shoot about the time the Germans finally conquered the wood. That little maverick of a cedar must have been born when the French won back this part of Alsace.

But in these first days of exploring the wood I saw only its beauty; felt only its immediate living. I was as careless of its history as I was of its strength. I did not know that it was a wood of a thousand meanings, a thousand aspects. Its face near the fighting line I guessed was different; yet I did not realize its sinister side until I had gone well beyond its borders.

I had been transferred to W——'s rolling canteen because it developed that this route was the longest and hardest and the worst in need of two workers. Since we were not allowed to carry a map, we sometimes lost our way. This never worried us; we knew that some M. P. would send us back before we got into Germany.

One day we were looking for a certain battery and we turned into a beautiful wood road. We had shot down it about a mile when a horrified M. P. burst out upon us, pointing to the sky above us and to something that lay behind him. Above us was a German observation balloon; behind him evidently lay the second-line trenches; but I could hardly believe they were there. Under the lovely beech trees were shelters and dugouts, looking very like the log cabins about certain summer hotels at home.

I could see two privates, off duty, swinging in hammocks made of chicken wire. Two squads were eating breakfast at tables decorated with flowers. Other boys were shouldering bread in great baskets or, two and two, carrying ammunition; but the green wood somehow made their tasks seem play. The sentry in his little shelter, despite his bayonet and helmet, seemed only like some decorative part of a military show. Some little mascot puppies playing at his feet added to the illusion of leisure. In short, the whole effect was that of a carefree summer holiday. The M. P. made wild gestures and said:

"Beat it out of here quick, with that car! Why, the major wouldn't even allow the ambulance in this morning. Balloon's rubbering to beat the deuce; and if it gets on to the fact that we're here—well, good night!"

As it was impossible to beat it without making a noise, we called for volunteers to help us push the car, and twenty willing soldiers escorted us back to the margin of the wood, telling us the while of the great work their battalion had been doing against the Germans for the past week.

### Lafe's Tribute

A trifle subdued, W—— and I departed from the wood. As we reached a certain smooth road, along which travel daily many ammunition wagons, we met a mule skinner walking. He was going in the direction of a certain military graveyard, where are buried Americans and French and Germans, Senegalese and Moroccans and Tunisians—Christians and Mohammedans. Over the mule skinner's right arm hung a French wreath. With his left hand he was leading a sullen-looking mule. As we were about to pass him our engine died. W—— got out to crank up and the mule skinner stopped to watch and to talk to us. Meantime an M. P. strolled down.

"Where you goin' with that, Lafe?" he asked, nodding at the wreath.

"Well," replied Lafe, with a hitch at the mule, "there was a damn fool I used to sleep with, and he got his two nights ago. He was a hell of a good fellow, and I bought this wreath to put on his cross."

W—— and I skirted the wood till we reached the town of ——, frequently shelled by the Germans. Some of the soldiers say the inhabitants always know when the shelling is to take place, and those who can do so depart for the time being to neighboring towns, while the others shelter in the cellars. W—— and I meant merely to pass through, since there is a Y hut in the place; but we found there Lieutenant G——, who pleaded with us to stay.

"The Y hut was all sold out yesterday," he said, "and the secretary has gone down to B—— for supplies. Some companies that weren't expected were piled in on us here and one of the kitchens is out of commission; so we are getting only two meals a day. We need the stuff. Besides, we never know when we'll be sent into the trenches, or how long we'll have to stay. Look at companies F, G and H of our battalion! They went up for four days and they've been in twelve already. I'm sure they didn't take up enough luxuries to last for more than a day or two. I'm advising my boys to stock up and go slow against the time they'll be in the same kind of luck."

W—— and I looked at each other; then I made a proposal that I suppose no man would have had the assurance to make.




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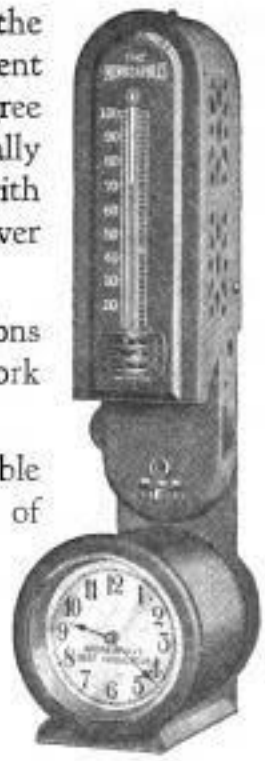
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Maybe I couldn't have done it if I had not had the vision of soldier boys pent up in holes in the ground, with no chance for exercise and deprived of cigarettes, on which they depend, in a way, as much as they do on their bayonets.

"Lieutenant G——," I said, "we don't like to think about companies F, G and H with nothing to smoke and no chocolate, and no paper to write home on, and nothing to read. Won't you let your soldiers wait till to-morrow for supplies? And won't you give us a detail to help carry supplies down to those boys in the trenches?"

At the time all I was afraid of was that he would say the trench was no place for a woman, whereas all I wanted was that he should consider me a Y worker capable of carrying forty pounds. For the rest, I know I was expecting a good deal in suggesting that the commanding lieutenant of one company should lend me his men for the convenience of other companies.

I scarcely realized that each squad is like a family, and each platoon and company like a set of closely knit relatives. I suppose, trying as I did to live up to our slogan of "No favorites!" I assumed that his whole regiment must be precious to Lieutenant G. In a way, it was; but, in another way, to ask him to lend his men to help companies F, G and H was like asking him to give up a member of his family to go forth and do altruistic service in the wide, wide world. I did not know till afterward that, to oblige us, he had to call in his squad corporals and revise his plans for the day.

But the army has a real *esprit de corps*, and the kindly lieutenant gave us a detail of private soldiers and a guide. We took the rolling canteen to the farthest point where traffic was allowed and left it in the care of an interested M. P. We then put supplies in many grenade bags, loaded up our light packs, and set off down a road that led between wheat fields toward the woods. The guide ordered us to walk separated from each other at a distance of seventy-five paces.

"We're in full sight of the Germans here," he said; "if we were in a bunch and they could get us with a couple of shells they'd send them over. But if we're separated they'll think it hardly worth while; and they might think you were a German lady going out to work on the land."

The German women were working in beet fields that alternated with the wheat fields. As the eight of us plodded past there we heard the sharp resonant rhythm of a German plane, very close. As I learned afterward the others stood stock-still, expecting to be taken for trees, but I dived into the wheat. The ground was soggy, but I felt quite comfortable and safe there, peering up though the yellow wheat and red poppies at that bird of death. The wood had given me a feeling of confidence that morning. I was more sure that I was safe than I was that I could ever get up again with that weight of forty pounds.

### A New Use for Helmets

The path we took ought to have given me pause, for it bore an irregular fringe of fresh shell holes. Moreover, from it we could look straight over No Man's Land into Germany. There was the line of German trenches and the fringe of trees that marked their wood, which was own sister to our wood. Nothing troubled me except the constant offers of the detail to relieve me of my load. I told them I had no reason for being in that place unless I was carrying cigarettes to soldiers who would have to do without them if I didn't go along. They replied that any woman who carried herself there, and who the boys would know wasn't just a trench tourist, had full reason for coming. They argued that I could travel as an entertainer and tell stories to the boys while W—— disposed of the goods.

What finally seemed to convince them was my argument that, if I could carry my godson, who weighs fifty-five wriggling pounds, up and down stairs, I could easily carry forty inanimate pounds any distance. To divert their attention I accused a big Scandinavian boy from northern Michigan of having too heavy a weight. He stopped.

"I han see if she han too heavy," he said. He took off his helmet and examined it. "No; she ban n't too heavy," he decided.

"How do you know?" I asked curiously.

"If my helmet she sweats," he replied, "the load ban too heavy."

By this time we had left the wheat fields and were in the wood. Besides the Scandinavian lad, there was a man from Kerry and four boys from Portland, Oregon. They all assured us they were glad to be with us and told us the kind of jobs they had been released from for the day.

We proceeded along a narrow slippery path by the side of which ran a buzz wire, which we were in constant danger of tripping over. A buzz wire is a telephone wire with an accompanying sound so jangled and discordant that no German tapper can listen in successfully to any conversation. Above the path raspberry vines, eye-high, waved back and forth. Here and there we crossed, running, a bare stretch of ground within range of the German snipers; and then we descended into a shallow trench and walked, bowed, in it till the danger spot was passed.

Presently we struck into a broad road over which the trees made an arching roof. Insensibly the distance between us all had lessened and we were holding a conversation; the Oregon boys and I were shouting back and forth comments on the roses of Portland when suddenly the guide made wild gestures, his face a horrified and warning mask. He ran back to us, whispering:

"Say, don't talk! There's some queer thing about the sound here, so that it carries to the Germans; and they always shoot if they hear a word."

We not only fell silent but we walked on tiptoe. After two or three minutes we came to some wayside dumps, over one of which bent a tall sergeant, evidently counting. He did not pay attention to us until I was passing him; then, seeing a woman, he nearly lost his balance.

### A Look Into a Dugout

"A lady!" he said in a big booming bass that could have carried to Berlin. "Say, lady, just as soon as I get this gas and ammunition counted I'm going where you folks have got to —— Say, a lady here!"

The fear—paralysis—with which that bullet-inviting voice had stricken me passed. I fled from his amiable booming, the rest of the detail also making good time. I have a feeling that the sergeant watched us with open mouth; but there are times in one's life when one wants to stay, and other times when one wants to go. Never have I been so glad to leave anyone as to get away from that cordial sergeant.

We came at last to a trampled area, lightly concealed by trees, at the far end of which was a wide trench.

"There you are," our guide said; "there's the beginning of the first-line trenches. You wind along here from strong point to strong point in a semicircle till you get round to the canal. There're just a few fellows here at this first point."

As we approached the trench we could see a curly red head sticking up, which the guide addressed:

"Say, Pete, look round here. I've brought an honest-to-God lady to see you."

To which Pete responded gruffly:

"Go to hell! You're always trying to spring some rotten joke."

When I scrambled into the trench Pete's face grew as red as his hair, and he goggled and gasped. And then was repeated the same scene of cordial welcome that always ensues when our soldier boys see an American woman.

A young lieutenant rose from a dugout; behind him were two Frenchmen—an officer and an interpreter. The officer must have thought I did not understand any French, for he swore several times, and then remarked that he had lived in those trenches for four years, and that this was the first time a woman had set foot in that wood or descended into the trenches. And I must say that the look of the trenches bore him out.

"Wouldn't you like to go down and see our big dugout?" the lieutenant asked, waving toward a gash in the ground. "I have forty boys in it. They were out on a nasty sort of patrol last night and they're all asleep; but it's time for them to wake up now, for their mess is ready."

I scrambled down the slippery steps of the dugout, entered the low doorway and found myself in a dark narrow tunnel lighted by two bits of flickering candles. I could see long rows of brown-covered bunks in three tiers, glooming away into shadow. Upon each bunk lay a boy in khaki. I felt the way I do when I go upstairs to wake my two little godsons from their sleep. I looked down on the soldier nearest me. His young face was rather tired, and the hand flung at his side twitched as I watched him. Under my gaze he opened his eyes, stared at me, and muttered:

"Another damn dream!"

I suppose he saw presently that I was a real woman; and maybe he felt the choke in my throat, because his stare relaxed. He smiled, took hold of the end of my coat, and said:

"Hello!"

"Breakfast's ready, soldier boys," I told them.

I can see now one frowzy red head rising slowly off the pillow and a pair of round childish blue eyes that looked as if they were "seein' things at night." Other eyes stared; there were smiles and greetings, and presently we all billowed up into the wood again.

We women canteen workers always, I think, feel humble and undeserving because these soldier boys are so glad to see us and fairly hang upon our words. Perhaps they would be embarrassed and wondering if they knew how we feel; how we look on them as heroes and saviors, and as little boys that we'd like to protect—only we can't, because they have to protect us and the whole civilized world besides.

After we had decided upon the amount of supplies we could leave with this particular lot of soldiers, we went on, declining their invitation to mess. We had so much walking to do that we had time for only a sandwich on the march. The lieutenant warned me that I was going to meet some mud and lent me his hip-high trench boots.

A trench is no place in which to develop one's sense of direction or one's flair for geography. We had to proceed from strong point to strong point in a twisting ditch made of sticky red mud. The strong points seemed to be merely places where the dugouts were exceptionally deep and shell-proof and the trenches well riveted. In each we found "upstairs" a knot of half a dozen men; and as our voices floated down into the dugouts we'd hear a cry of "Company's come!" And by twos and threes half a platoon of men would swarm up, glad to see us and glad to have our supplies.

It was weary, weary walking. The lieutenant's rubber boots were considerably longer than my feet and twice as wide. They slipped in the trench and my feet slipped inside them, and I kept fearing that I could not walk so fast as the detail.

Never have I felt so tired. The monotony of the progress added to the weariness; just twisting red walls, the blue sky above, and, beneath, duck walks lost in puddles. Occasionally a shell tore into the wood; now and then we heard the sharp ping of a bullet. On such occasions the protective sense of those blessed boys obliged one or another of them to say:

"They're not firing at us, ma'am."

Now and then we would come upon a bit of trench that was well riveted, floored with a duck walk that did not slide under us, and roofed with swaying raspberry vines that struck at our faces as we twisted and turned. Again, the trench would be so deep as to the mud underfoot and so shallow as to the walls that we had to climb up and run a few feet along what ought to have been the parapet. When we did that I let my eyes flicker into No Man's Land—just a tangle of wire and grass, like the waves of the sea, and red poppies and blue cornflowers, and beyond the glory of color those silent German trenches. I always enjoyed getting back into the mud.

Part of my journey was solaced by one of the detail.

### The Orderly's Fiction

"I wish any fellow that's a mamma-boy and thinks he's got it hard could have my job," he said. "I'm the major's mounted orderly and I have to ride and walk in all sorts of dangerous places. Just last night a sniper tried to get me. One of the bullets slammed into an oak tree not three feet from where I stood. Three nights ago, though, I sure thought they had me. I was bringing dispatches from Divisional Headquarters to the major when someone sniped me. I think it was an escaped German prisoner who had somehow got on to the value of the dispatches I was carrying."

He had dropped his voice and looked very important. I rather guessed I was in for a piece of fiction and I gratified him by asking:

"Were they very important dispatches?"

"You bet you! I'll tell you what was in them, but please don't let it out for a couple of days. The general sent word to our major that, unless he is obliged to countermand the order, three nights from now we are to bombard the Germans for eight hours steady. That's why the artillery has been hurrying up. We're to bombard them from Toul to here. Well, then we're to go over the top and practically end this here war. Our division is to do the main work and our regiment is to be given the place of honor. We have got a device that will test out whether —— is really mined, like they say. If it is we'll blow the Germans to blazes with their own mines before they evacuate. If it is not we'll save it from bombardment as much as we can, and go on and push the Germans out of it, and use it as military headquarters."

At last we left the trenches and found ourselves on a well-shaded road. It began as if it meant to run along interminably under green-draped trees; but suddenly it led us into an ugly triangular gap in which not a tree was standing. They lay on the ground, splintered and dying. Overhead a rude sort of camouflage had been attempted; but the burlap hung listlessly, as if it expected presently to be torn by shells.

On the outskirts of the gap were trees, half shorn. In their crotches dead branches had caught. Two or three broken observation trees still had bits of ladder clinging to them. On one of these trees some humorist had drawn in chalk a big grotesque face—a sort of Halloween pumpkin design. Low flat hillocks of dugouts rose, roofed with raw red clay, logs, boughs, sandbags or iron sheathing—all shrapnel-proof, but not proof against the direct fall of a shell.

### Cigars Well Won

From these dugouts came a captain and two lieutenants, and a score of staring privates. Never had W—— and I received such a welcome.

"God bless you!" the captain said. "My boys have been in here twenty days and not a smoke among them. We've all been pretty nearly at our wit's end."

"We've not nearly enough supplies here for a company," I said; "but we've a good deal in our rolling canteen at ——" I made a mental wish that the officers would offer to get supplies for these platoons and retail them to the men. "There must be some way," I hinted, "of getting smokes to smokeless boys."

"There is," said the captain. "We'll pool all the money we have and get all the stuff you have. We'll send back a big detail with you."

"I'll have to borrow a detail from one of you two," said the first lieutenant, "for of course I can't take any of my stokes mortars out of their trenches."

"If I can borrow some money from you I'll lend you a detail," said the second lieutenant.

The first lieutenant launched on a eulogy of his stokes mortar.

"These boys," he said, "have been in that trench since the first of June. We've given up hope of being relieved. We believe that all the other trench mortars in the world must have gone into the infantry. There they've been, getting food when they could, without smokes, and all the time smiling and doing good work. Say! Those fellows know how to kill Germans! The reason why I want the best box of cigars you have, as my particular present to them, is because last week they turned the Germans out of their communication trench that they thought they had dug unbeknownst to us. They took off their dead and wounded, but they couldn't take off the pools of blood."

"I want a few cigars," said the second lieutenant, "for a squad I put out in a sap. I told them to stay there till I sent for them; then, when our company was shifted to some trenches lower down, I told a sergeant to call them in. He forgot it, and naturally the new company moving in knew nothing about them. Their food was to be brought to them at midnight. The first midnight nothing came, but a heavy bombardment was on and they supposed it was too hot for the ration detail; so they ate their iron rations and sat tight. Second midnight, nothing. On the third midnight a runner, with blood in his eye, arrived with his tale of woe. I believe the mess sergeant himself went down with food; but, still, I think something else is coming to those fellows."

The captain went off on some business while W—— and I and the two lieutenants retired into a dugout to estimate supplies

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and decide upon the number of the detail we should need. While we were there we heard some heavy though brief shelling above us. When our work was done we ascended to go in search of the captain.

A few score yards away we saw a camouflaged shed that had evidently suffered in the recent shelling, and not far away a circle of laughing privates, one of whom, a dark lad from the Middle West, seemed to be acting a charade. We drew near, and at his officer's behest he did it all over again, without any self-consciousness.

"It's funnier to a person who lives here," he explained. "You see that there torn camouflage, and the busted shed, and the busted tables? Well, that shed was for the officers' mess, and the kitchen outside was where all our food was cooked, and the tables was where they cut up the meat and bread. Well, the captain has a cook named Guffy, an old guy that is a grand cook; his hot biscuits and doughnuts would make you forget there is a war. Well, Guffy has had a hunch for a few days that something was going to happen to the shed. 'Cap'n,' he'd say three times a day—'better serve the next meal in the dugout, cap'n.'

"But the captain had no hunch; and he told him to go on with his hot biscuits and keep his shirt on. A little while ago Guffy went pleading to the captain to have dinner in the dugout. The captain shut him up. He went into the shed there and set the tables, and carried in a big pan of hot biscuits. The captain was sitting there, talking to the lieutenant, when—biff!—there came a shell and took off the corner of the shed and sent those tables to blazes.

"Guffy yells out: 'Cap'n, I'm agoing to put the dinner in the dugout!' And he lights out of the shed, the hot biscuits in his hand, and beats it to the dugout. I chased along after him; but I laughed so hard I couldn't run, for the shells came butting in on Guffy's party, and every time one hit. When the danger was all over, mind you, Guffy'd sunk down behind a tree, holding the biscuits out at arms' length. He did it graceful, like those prima donnas you see in a lot of swishing skirts. I pretty near expected his coat tails to rise up above him in a chiffon wave.

"And when Guffy got into the dugout he poked his head up and asked me to tell the kitchen police to see whether the kitchen was busted, and if it wasn't, to haul it down to the dugout, so he could warm up the biscuits."

### *Captain and Doctor Too*

When we reached the captain's dugout we found him in the doorway, polishing his shoes. He was a big man from the Northwest, of Scandinavian blood, and presently he spoke almost as if he were carrying on his lieutenant's democratic exposition:

"I'm supposed to have a striker for this, of course; but, upon my word, there's something in me that won't let me order a soldier, over here to fight, to polish my shoes unless I can't possibly find time to do it myself.

"Of course," he went on, "there are times when I can't wait on myself. For example, the other night, about eleven o'clock, I got here after a hard day's work. I found one of my soldiers sick. I'm a bit of a doctor and I made up my mind that he had appendicitis. I knew it would be practically an all-night job to look after him; so I said to my orderly: 'I'm going to be busy for some time on this job, and I wish you'd see to my clothes until I've got time to get round to it myself.'

"Well, I had to get a doctor, and then I had to convince him that the boy had appendicitis and that he couldn't wait till to-morrow to be carried down to the hospital. Then I had to engineer things to get him taken straight to —— for the operation. So it was two in the morning before I got to my dugout. The striker had brushed my clothes and put a polish on my boots fit for a general to shave himself by. Somehow he'd rustled a clean pair of sheets for me and had even turned down the bed."

Inside the dugout we found that Guffy had contrived a tablecloth out of towels in honor of company and had picked a bouquet of poppies, cornflowers and some delicate little pink flowers, which no one could name. And there were the biscuits and the doughnuts. And I think Guffy was peeping through a crevice to see whether we enjoyed our food; but he did not appear, having learned that I had heard the story of his flight from the shelled kitchen.

As we went away we took a short cut and came presently upon implements of war—coils of barbed wire; dumps of ammunition; sheds; corrugated shelters; empty machine-gun wagons; a trio of mules in a dugout; and everywhere splintered trees. Usually the point at which the upper part was broken from the trunk was splintered into the shape of a worn-out palm-leaf fan, all irregular spikes, sticking up in a semicircumference.

We had just reached the road again when suddenly we heard the sharp bark of a machine gun.

Several times I have been under bombs and shell fire; sometimes only two or three bombs were dropped. The shelling has never lasted more than a few minutes, but I am always afraid. I always want to run away somewhere; even if my feet can't, my mind flies. And what I think of racingly is the bravery of our soldiers—yes, and of our enemies too—who can bear that roaring menace hour after hour. The actual killing and wounding is relatively slight contrasted with the number of shells that are cast; but the suffering from fear and suspense is unthinkable.

### *Regular Shock Troops*

As W—— and I fled I looked back, and I felt almost as if it were palpable—the sinister power of the wood. Ahead, the road and the ripe wheat fields; behind, a green curtain let down in front of menace and horror! The aspect of peace had gone; the illusion of returning war had gone. It was as if the wood were pushing us out, so that it could go on with its dark work uninterruptedly.

There had been enough of play and content; the time had come for the sinister business of which the wood was both background and instrument.

That bombardment behind us brought back the details of the wood—the earth of it sunken into trenches and dugouts or reared into parapets; its barbed wire and machine-gun nests and batteries. I saw it now as a wicked camouflage for the cruel ends of war; and I thought of the many young men who through the centuries had died there, with their earthly lives all unlived, their heads low on the blue cornflowers. I thought of the wounded who have lain there looking up at the green arches and marveling at this war and at life.

All night, at intervals, they bombarded each other, our soldiers and the Germans. From the green of our wood and from theirs leaped the vivid fire of a barrage. A few miles away we lay safe, we Y people; and we pondered about the soldiers we knew and worked with. Out there in that bitter wood they kept watch in the strong points. Shell fire took toll of them in dugouts; machine-gun fire bit out at the sentries—and they waited, as silent and intent as the wood itself, for whoso might come out across No Man's Land. And no one came very far.

Those young Western boys went over the top and met the enemy on the very fringe of their own barrage, pushed them back into their barrage, bayoneted them and shot them and took them prisoners, all just before the gray dawn, with the wood rising behind them like a black wall.

It was a victory on no mean scale. It strengthened the sense of comradeship of our lads; it added to their sense of competence; made them surer than ever that the war ought to come soon to a victorious finish for the Allies.

Said a humorous one, when I visited him in the hospital:

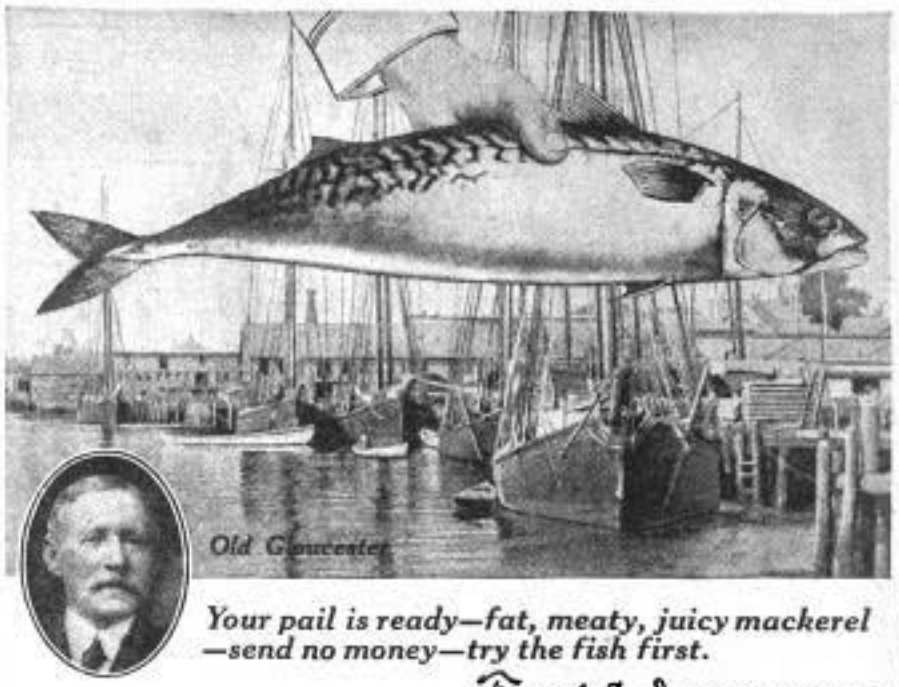
"Well, General Pershing ought to know we're shock troops by this time, and take us out to another part of the line. I'll say I'm sick of this wood. There's something about it I plain don't like since this fight. I'm satisfied if I never go back to it. I suppose it's because I'm wounded; but I kind of think of it like a devil, grinning, and I'd like to smash its face."

I know what he meant. But I know, too, that for all its fresh scars since that fight—trees down and earth torn up—the wood can renew itself. It is sinister because Germany is an enemy. When Germany has been conquered the green peace will come back to those springing forest aisles.

It is as if this wood has known it was not meant for war. It has an inscrutable patience that we poor war-harried human beings do not know how to share. It is a wood of many meanings and it knows the power of waiting.


# Salt Mackerel

## Direct from the Fishing Boats to You




*Your pail is ready—fat, meaty, juicy mackerel —send no money—try the fish first.*

Frank E. Davis PRESIDENT

It's thirty-four years, come next September, since I began supplying the choicest of Gloucester's famous mackerel direct to the homes of families throughout the country.

### Our Own Home Kind

People here in Gloucester, the leading fish port of America, laughed at me when I began to sell mackerel by mail. They didn't realize how hard it is for other people to get good fish. But I did. So I decided to make it easy for everybody, everywhere, to have full-flavored, wholesome fish, the kind we pick for our own eating here at Gloucester. 85,000 families are buying from us today.

### Fishmen for Generations

You see, I *know* fish. My folks, 'way back, have always been fishmen. They helped found Gloucester in 1623. My boyhood days were spent aboard fishing boats. Catching fish, knowing the choicest and picking 'em out, cleaning and curing them the *right* way, has been my life's job.

### Thirty Years' Development

Today our business is housed in a modern, four-story, concrete building, with 20,000 square feet of floor space; fitted with the most improved and sanitary equipment for cleaning and packing fish. Standing at the water's edge, the fishermen's catches are brought right into the building. They go to your table with "the tang of the sea" in them.

**Such a *Good* Breakfast!**

A fat, tender, juicy Davis' Mackerel broiled to a sizzling brown, some butter, a sprinkling of pepper, a touch of lemon, if you wish—how good it smells, how tempting it looks, how it tickles the palate, and, oh, how it satisfies!—the favorite breakfast dish of thousands.

### Fall Mackerel, Fat and Tender

Most of the fish your dealer can buy are Spring fish, thin, dry, and tasteless. What I've selected for you are Fall fish, juicy and fat with the true salty-sea mackerel flavor. We clean and wash them before weighing. You pay *only* for *net* weight. *No heads and no tails.* Just the white, thick, meaty portions—the parts that make the most delicious meal imaginable. You probably have never tasted salt mackerel as good as mine.

### Send No Cash—Try the Mackerel First

I want you to know before you pay that my fish will please you. If there is any possibility of a risk, I want it to be at my expense. Just mail the coupon today, and I'll ship at once a pail of my mackerel containing **10** fish, each fish sufficient for 3 or 4 people, *all charges prepaid*, so that your family can have a real Gloucester treat Sunday morning.

Then—if my mackerel are not better than any you have ever tasted, send back the rest at my expense.

If you *are* pleased with them—and I'm sure you will be—send me $4.90, and at the same time ask for "Descriptive List of Davis' Fish," sold only direct, never to dealers. *Remember:* Meat, flour, potatoes, *everything* has gone 'way up in price. In comparison, Davis' mackerel is low. An economical food—so good to eat, so nutritious! The "Sea Food Cook Book" that goes with the fish will tell you just how to prepare them.



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*The Frank E. Davis Company is prepared to supply, at interesting prices, its product to boarding schools, hotels, institutions, clubs and hospitals. Write for special list.*

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# "CONTACT!"

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grades. There is no place for malingerers, shirks, cowards or the members of the let-George-do-it fraternity.

Now, as I have said, these boats are long and lean, and they are jammed from bow to stern with machinery. They are tremendously powered, with great boiler capacity and enormous turbine propulsion. The machine space is by far the greater space on the ship, and though on the newer and larger destroyers the quarters for officers and men are adequate they are no more than that. There isn't any too much room. Man is subordinated to gear, and the destroyer is a complexly geared and delicately organized machine.

It is of comparatively shallow draft and can be stopped and started quickly. Our newer destroyers are all oil burners and carry, as instruments for straffing the Hun, big guns and small guns, torpedoes and depth charges; to say nothing of a few rifles and cutlasses in handy position in case there should be a return to the old hand-to-hand stuff, as there has been on several occasions since this war began. "Repel boarders!" has been heard on the decks of ships in the seas about England notwithstanding the long range of the guns and the idea that that sort of naval fighting vanished with the wooden ships.

Our older destroyers were high forward, but the newer ones taper back with flush decks and without a break, and resemble a long sharp dart. There is not a great deal of freeboard, and they are most decisive and insistent looking craft as they move about, with their four stacks testifying to the engine and boiler push that is concealed within them, and their guns and torpedoes and depth charges proving the offensive power that is on the decks. In short, a destroyer is a most formidable-appearing instrument of warfare; and it is just as formidable as it looks to be.

When we first joined with the British Navy in foreign waters in the laudable enterprise of hunting the Hun the work of the destroyers was largely patrol work—that is, they went out on beats, like naval policemen, each to its section of the submarine-infested seas, and stayed out as long as ordered, patrolling with ceaseless vigilance, watching for periscopes, for the feather of them, for oil slicks, for any sign of the murderers lurking beneath the surface.

### The Destroyers' Odd Jobs

Presently the convoy system was adopted and the work of the destroyers became largely defensive instead of offensive. They were detailed to go with ships, carrying either supplies or troops from America or returning to America in ballast for new loads. They meet the incoming ships at given points and guard them through the danger zones, and they take them out beyond the danger zones on their way back. The American destroyers have operated in greatest numbers in two specified areas, and are operating in those areas as I write.

Incidentally they have done all sorts of odd jobs, such as rescuing survivors, laying courses, guarding mining operations and other similar employments. The destroyer is the handy man of the Navy. He can do anything that any other ship can do—except tote as great guns as the dreadnoughts and cruisers—and a lot of jobs that other craft cannot do.

Viewed from the angle of the safe and steady shore the life on a destroyer is as hard as it is unstable, but they love it. One would think that the men, after banging about the rough seas on one of these high-powered, plunging, rolling, tossing instruments of death and destruction, would seek quieter berths, and more comfortable; but not those Americans. They go back to them by choice.

The adventure is there, and the chance of contact with the Germans. They may get a sub. Or, joy of joys, they may one day run smack into a gun fight with German ships. That keeps them at it.

You'd think to hear them talk that the opportunity of banging away at a German with their guns, and of being banged away at by the Germans, was one of the ineffable happinesses of life. They do not pray for their daily bread. What they pray for is a chance to bag a submarine or, if especially blessed, to get into a gun fight with a German and slaughter him and sink him and generally muss him up. The lust of blood is not upon them. They are clear-eyed, upstanding, two-fisted American boys, but they are also fighting American boys, and there isn't one of them who wouldn't give six months' pay for an opportunity to close in on a German ship and drill her full of holes.

Life on a destroyer isn't so bad when the weather is fair to decent, for the chance of getting something always buoys, and the work of convoying has the advantage of proximity, at any rate. The tough days are when the ship is off on her own, with nothing in sight. Then it is lonesome. With a convoy there are other destroyers, and the big ranks of big ships are company, and there is always signaling going on back and forth, and communication with folks. But life on a destroyer, when the weather is bad and the seas are running high, is real, stark, primitive, seafaring life. It is absolutely incredible how one of those long, lean, rangy things can roll and toss and wallow and shake from the pounding of the engines, and smell from the fumes of the oil and all the other fumes, and how wet it can be.

Wet! Why, it's drier forty feet below the surface of the sea than it is on a destroyer out in a storm.

### Round Things to Sit On

I have forgotten most of my physics, but I suppose there is a point at which an object, rolling from side to side while suspended in an aqueous compound, will so far shift the center of its gravity as to describe a complete parabola—I trust my terms are correct. That is, after a ship, say, rolls to the starboard as far as it can go, it then can, if it tries, roll a bit farther, and keep on rolling until it gets to be bottom side up. Well, it is my opinion that these derned destroyers, on occasion, try just that trick. None of them has done the trick yet, but that doesn't keep them from trying it. Now this, of course, is the landlubber view of it. Speak about this matter to the officers or men of any destroyer and they will hoot you to humiliation, telling you that their particular ship is the best sea ship in the lot, that she makes better weather of it, is steadier and more seaworthy and far more comfortable than any of the other tubs that are bluffing their way along in the flotilla. And at the exact moment when they are enunciating this loyal doctrine their own ship is rolling fifty degrees or more.

There are no cushioned corners, or padded smoke rooms or neat little sheltered nooks on a destroyer. There is the deck. If you don't like the deck go below. If you don't like it below hop overboard. Those are the alternatives. If you stay on deck you are banged round until you imagine yourself giving an imitation of the gun that got loose on the ship—you know, the Victor Hugo piece we used to recite in school—and it isn't so much of an imitation at that. The only thing to do is to get hold of something and hang on. If you go below you have the walls of the ship to fall against—but hevings! How she shakes from the pound of the engines and how she smells from the fumes of the engine room and the various other contraptions that clutter the thing up from stem to stern! If you jump overboard—well, why not?

There is one place on deck where there is a chance to sit down, under the bridge, and usually there are a lot of round things to sit on. Sitting there, with the water coming—the very wet and very cold water—one ordinarily begins to debate with himself on the tremendous leverage that patriotism exerts on the life of the man. Here are these lads withstanding this sort of thing day after day and night after night—for what? Certainly not for the few dollars a month they get. And your thought takes flight until there begins to creep up from the back of your head a sort of benumbing query as to whether it is possible that these round things you are sitting on may be depth charges. They are round things—depth charges are. And they are full of T N T, and they make a horrible mess when they go off. And they do go off. Well, anyhow, you edge along into the spume and spray, and continue your exordium anent patriotism out on the deck, hanging to a stanchion and wondering what sort of an idiot a landlubber really

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is who goes to sea on one of these instruments of torture and tribulation. I haven't really classified myself yet. Each time I think I have the classification ready to set down another and higher degree occurs to me.

There is a rather commodious chart room up above on the newer types of American destroyers; and a spacious bridge, which is covered and canvased and affords some protection to the navigators. But in stormy weather a destroyer is no luxurious abode. Take that from me, if you please. Life on one is a perpetual shaking, tossing, pounding, careering, slipping, sliding, and everybody is wet, drenched, all the time. Men stay up until they are too exhausted to stay up longer, and then lie down and sleep wherever they are. Until one is exhausted it is impossible to sleep, and then after the exhaustion that comes from life on a destroyer it is possible to sleep anywhere.

Now think of all this, and then put it into a winter atmosphere. Make it a time when the thermometer is away down about zero, and the spray freezes as it hits the ship, and the wind blows not only a gale but an ice-laden gale, freezing the very marrow of you, no matter how warmly you may be clothed; when the ship rolls and plunges and buries itself in the raging waters of a sea that is gray and dour and insatiable, and colder than the gale; when the dark, sullen clouds hang low and threatening, and the snow comes horizontally at you, stinging and frosting wherever it strikes. Get that, if you can, and you will have something of an idea of life on a destroyer at sea, with nothing to do but stay out as long as ordered, and nowhere to go but into the teeth of the gale.

And they love it. They love it! Any Germans who come to battle grips with those young Americans are in for a very busy day.

### They Who Shell Lifeboats

Long months of submarine warfare have taught the Germans many tricks, and the British and Americans as many more. In its simplest terms the German principle of submarine frightfulness is to be as frightful as possible without being caught at it, and the opposed principle of the Americans and the British is to catch the German before he can be frightful. From the very nature of the dastardly work the German submarine is a sneak, a viper in the water, that strikes and runs, a butcher, a murderer who hopes and plans to be unseen and undetected. He mounts guns, sometimes big guns, and he uses them for shelling defenseless craft, preferably lifeboats or rafts crowded with cold and miserable survivors. He carries torches that drip burning naphtha with which to burn, and bombs that fit to the sides of ships to destroy, both for use when he has by chance found a ship that is not escorted. He has many rounds of ammunition stored on deck in water-tight cases of galvanized iron. He has all the appliances for frightfulness, and each series of U-boats that is put in commission is an improvement in quality for butchery over the preceding one.

Thus the race for supremacy, for greater efficiency in frightfulness on the one hand and for offense against frightfulness on the other, is stern and unending. When the Germans began their campaign of unrestricted submarine attack they had excellent submarines, but their present newer ones are greatly improved over the first ones. Likewise, when the British began to fight the submarine they were not nearly so well equipped as they are now, and American inventive genius has helped in no small degree toward making the antisubmarine warfare effective. Both sides are constantly making improvements, adding appliances, but the Americans and the English have rather outdistanced Fritz in some phases, and the position of the marauder, which at the beginning of the campaign was that of a freebooter who could go about where he wanted to go and do what he wanted to do, has now become a restricted and a dangerous one, and Fritz must get what he can, rather than pick and choose; and while he is getting he is in constant danger of being blown out of the water or shattered and sunk with all on board.

There was a time when he operated like a highwayman on a road that had only scattered guards, holding up ship after ship and sinking them right and left. The submarine fighters did gallant, effective, glorious service, but the areas were too wide at the time, and the S O S calls came in from a dozen quarters at once. There is a classic in our Navy, an S O S wireless picked up by an American captain one day when Fritz was especially vicious and successful. The captain of an American merchant ship had been attacked by a German submarine. He fought gallantly, but was torpedoed. He sent S O S after S O S and had no reply; nor did any destroyer come to his rescue. His last message was:

"Sinking rapidly by the stern. Latitude —, longitude —. Have I no damn friends?"

But as the campaign of frightfulness developed and as the Americans came into the war there was constant development of devices to make the position of this wide-ranging murderer more difficult. Now, as I have said, the German submarine is a sneak, a coward, a lurker round the corner to strike when no one is looking or listening. Consequently the chief aim and endeavor of those fighting the German was to see to it that someone always was looking, and someone always was listening! That, and to develop methods by which to learn at just what particular corner Fritz lurked. Also, to make that corner uninhabitable for Fritz—or any other corner or area he might infest.

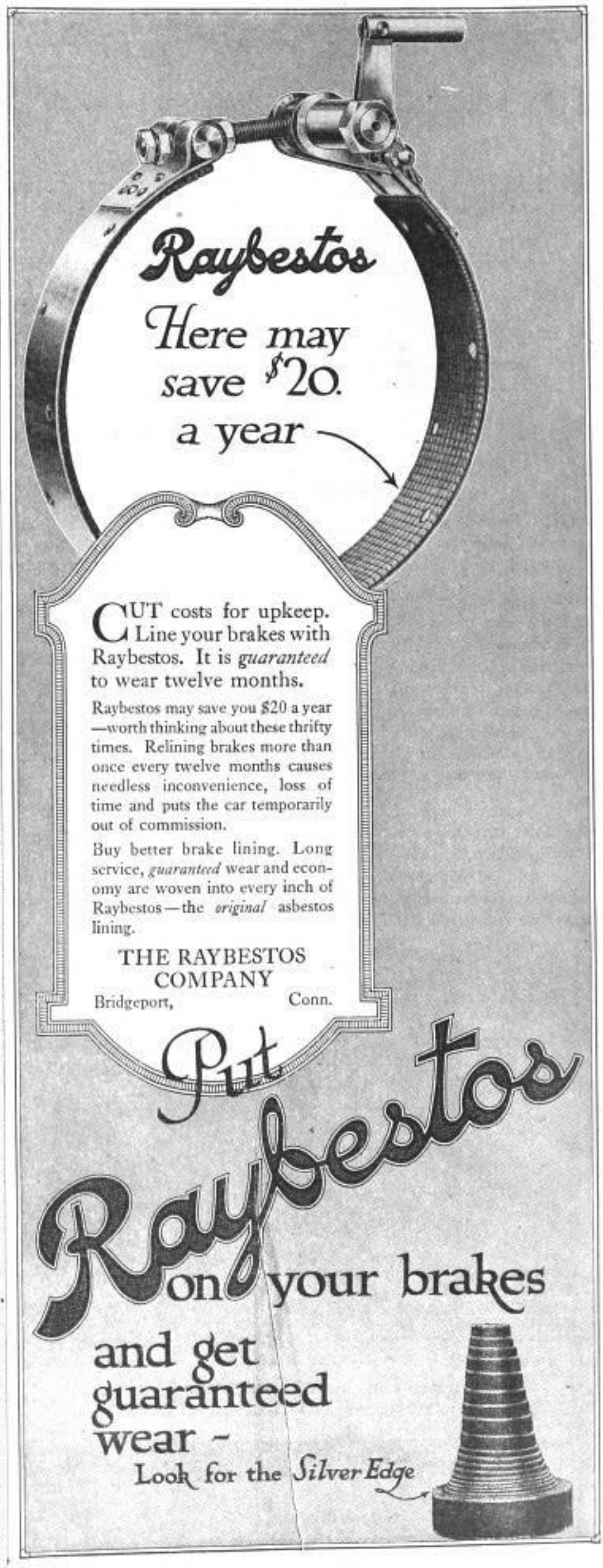
### The Deadly Ash Can

Contrary to the popular idea, the submarine is not an exclusively underwater boat. Far from it. Most of its offensive operations are conducted when it is on the surface, and it uses its submersible qualities for hiding, for escaping, for avoiding detection until a quarry is sighted. If the subs were always on the surface there would be nothing to it, for they could be destroyed by gunfire or by ramming. The problem is to find him when he is under the surface or to get him after he has gone down. This has led to the development of detecting apparatus and appliances of various sorts, and to the production of the depth charge, an antisubmarine contraption that has caused Fritz to realize that unrestricted submarine warfare is not the picnic he found it when he began.

The depth charge is known in the Navy as the "egg" or the "ash can." It is a tremendous body of exceedingly high explosive, suitably incased, that can be set to explode at various depths beneath the surface of the water. It is projected overboard at times and in places where there is reason to believe there is a submarine beneath, and it has a wide destructive area. I have seen many of them exploded. The resultant column of water looks as much like the first great upthrowing of the Monarch Geyser in Yellowstone Park as anything I can call to mind. When one or more of these depth charges go off alongside or near *unter wasser* Fritz, it is good-by, Fritz. When a few of them explode only approximately in his vicinity the German beneath, even if he is not destroyed, is so shaken as to be out of commission for a time. They are grand little discouragers of frightfulness, those depth charges.

When a destroyer sees a submarine on or near the surface the proposition is a simple one, though the chances always are that Fritz has seen the destroyer by medium of his periscope before the destroyer has seen him. What the destroyer has to do is to get to the spot where the submarine was observed, firing as it goes from its guns, if guns can be brought to bear, and plaster the spot with depth charges dropped at the point of disappearance or wherever seems advisable, for there is no telling which way Fritz will go after he dives, and the wise and experienced destroyer skipper barrages the place, to make sure.

However, Fritz is not always on the water, but when he is observing and not hiding his periscope is sticking up. Now a periscope is a tube about four inches across at the top, and sticks a couple of feet out of the water. If you have ever looked for anything on the surface of the sea from the deck of a ship you will appreciate the extreme difficulty of picking up a tube four inches across at the top, sticking two or three feet out of the water, a mile or two miles away. Still, it has been done. However, if the submarine is moving beneath the water, with periscope up, the protruding periscope leaves a wake, which is known navally as the "feather," and the feather is often discernible when the periscope is not. Further, the submarine when running close beneath the surface leaves what is known



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as an "oil slick." That is, the oil that is discharged in the exhaust floats on the top of the water in telltale streaks or blobs, and where there is an oil slick there also is likely to be a destroyer; pronto—and the merry little depth charge goes down, in the hope of shaking and shattering Fritz.

"Oil slick" is American terminology. The British Admiralty did not approve of the use of the term at first, but nobody in the Admiralty could present a better descriptive phrase, so now it is officially recognized, but with due British reservations. After the war it will not be good form.

A depth charge on deck or in its crate is only potentially dangerous, for it explodes only under certain conditions, and has a safety pin which precludes its going off so long as that pin is in place. Indeed, you may hammer a depth charge or drop it—that is, you may, if you like—and it will not explode. Its business is getting Fritz beneath the surface of the sea.

Naval officers say it is harmless when it is safe—that is, it is safe when it is harmless, if you get what I mean. Personally I do not trust them. There is too much T N T in those eggs to impel me to be familiar with them. What they mean, of course, is that the depth charge while resting in its rack is innocuous; but they have their fingers crossed, just the same, and there isn't one of them who does not do honor to John Mackenzie, a chief boatswain's mate, who, with that spirit that is so apparent in the American Navy that only the very infrequent lack of it and not the possession of it by the men causes remark, saved his ship, saved his shipmates and won official commendation.

This ship is a converted yacht, not large but effective, and was one winter morning on convoy duty, in a sea that shook and staggered the tiny boat, tossed her about like a chip, flung her from side to side, lifted her to the top of enormous waves, to drop her with great shuddering thuds into the hollows. She had a depth charge perched on her stern in a crate or box, ready for dropping on Fritz, and when after one especially fierce onslaught by the waves the little yacht fell—literally fell—back into the trough of the angry sea from the crest of a wave the crate shook loose from its lashings. The crate bounced overboard, but the egg—the depth charge—in its casing fell inboard, and rolled about from side to side, banging from stanchion to stanchion, from rail to rail, back and forth across the wet and slippery deck.

A sailor near by shouted: "The pin's out!" That meant that the egg might explode, and everybody in that ship knew if it did explode the little yacht would be torn to pieces.

### *John Mackenzie's Gallant Act*

"I'll get it!" yelled Mackenzie; and he steadied himself on the swaying deck, rushed forward, and flung himself on the rolling, charging instrument of death. Like a thing alive it dodged him. Mackenzie chased it about the deck—off to fifty degrees of a roll one moment and then tossed high, stern up—flung himself at it three times, and the fourth time tackled it, with arms round it, heaved it up on the flat end and sat on it. The skipper headed the little ship up into the sea, lines were passed to Mackenzie and the egg was firmly lashed.

"Had not Mackenzie acted immediately as he did," the report of the commanding officer said, "and the charge had remained on deck and been washed round with the sea, its buoy section no doubt would have become detached, and the depth charge detonated. Mackenzie in acting as he did exposed his life and prevented the probable loss of the ship and the entire crew, for had the depth charge exploded on the quarter-deck, with the wind and the sea that existed at the time, there is no doubt that the ship would have been lost."

Mackenzie is a hero, a typical American naval hero, but not the only one. There are dozens and scores of instances of similar heroism, to be recorded sometime, now buried in reports! Many acts of simple devotion to duty that no doubt will be recognized with naval honors in due time; for those American sailors over there, in those stormy waters are gloriously upholding the traditions of the service.

There were the men of one destroyer, for example, who unhesitatingly jumped overboard in heavy wintry seas to rescue survivors of a torpedoed hospital ship; men of another who jumped overboard to rescue German sailors from a German submarine which had just surrendered; men who unhesitatingly have taken their lives in their hands time and time again to do heroic things. I could fill the pages with the stories of them had I the space, but it isn't necessary. All that I need say is that the American sailors in foreign waters are proving themselves to be true Americans; and that is all the commendation they ask.

But I must retell the story of "Rebel" Ingram, the gunner's mate who unhesitatingly made the ultimate sacrifice to save his ship and his mates. It is a simple chronicle of a man's devotion to duty, to his ship and to his comrades, and as heroic a story as our Navy boasts. One of our destroyers was torpedoed by a German submarine. The torpedo came aft. The depth charges on a destroyer, or most of them, are carried aft. A torpedo striking at or near them would explode them, with much greater consequent damage to the ship than the torpedo itself might cause.

### *Brave Ingram's Heroism*

Ingram was on deck. He saw the torpedo coming, close inboard. He had two courses of action: He might run forward and save himself; he might run aft and try to save the ship and his shipmates. Unhesitatingly he ran aft to release the depth charges before the torpedo reached the ship if possible. There was no chance for Ingram, for even if he reached the depth charges and released them in time the impact of the torpedo, which could not be deflected, would probably kill or maim him; but he didn't stop for that.

He almost won his race. He reached the after big gun on the side of the ship the torpedo was coming. Just as he reached the gun the torpedo struck. The gun was hurled overboard and all that was seen of Ingram was a splatter of red—nothing more. He was blown to pulp.

There have been other Ingrams in our Navy, and will be plenty more, heroes who have met and will meet situations with the heroism that considers nothing but the duty of the moment—least of all their own lives. Simple, clear-eyed, straightforward chaps, modest but unafraid, doing their share toward winning the war in whatever station they may be, types of the best young manhood America can boast, from North, East, South and West—husky, hearty and happy, and all American, from peak of cap to tip of shoe.

Nowadays when a destroyer goes to sea it goes with the basic idea of protecting a convoy—or a single ship, it may be—from the German submarines, and of getting any submarine that may dispute that protection with it. "When a destroyer goes to sea" is not a proper way of putting it, for that implies that a destroyer sometimes does not go to sea. It does. A destroyer always goes to sea. The highest ideal of the men in direction of the base from which the destroyers of which I am writing operate is a harbor clean of destroyers; and they see to it that it is clean, mostly. They send them out. Unless heavy repairs are needed forty-eight hours is a long stay inside. "Get busy!" is the watchword.

"Two of my boilers are down," reports a destroyer captain.

"Well, you've got two working, haven't you? What are you grousing about? Get out to sea!"

So, off they go, and pick up their convoys at the appointed rendezvous, three or four of them, six of them, or as many as may be needed; and always they are on time. At the moment the commander of the troop or merchant ship that is coming in has been told to expect them, there they are, popping up over the horizon in formation, and immediately they begin the work of shepherding and guarding the big fellows, who have their precious stores of troops or supplies. They circle round, always with a ceaseless lookout, herding, tending, protecting—reminding one of nothing so much as highly trained, intelligent and vigilant collies watching over and protecting a flock of big fat sheep.

If a periscope appears they dash at it. If a slick of oil is seen they bombard it with depth charges. If perchance a submarine comes to the surface they unlimber their big guns and shell it down, harrying the Hun ceaselessly and watching their trusts with unsleeping vigilance. And when they herd the convoys into port they signal "Good-by!" and dash off for another job,

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(Concluded from Page 90)

never resting, never lingering—at once hawks and shepherds.

"Good-by!" signaled the young American commander of one of these protecting flotillas to the commander of the convoy, who he thought was a merchant captain. "Good-by! Congratulate you on your excellent seamanship. Worthy of highest praise."

"Thank you," came the reply from the flagship of the convoy, a big passenger liner. "Praise appreciated."

And the signature to that signal was that of one of the best-known rear admirals in the British Navy!

Apprehension of what the submarine may do to them is never within the calculation of a destroyer crew. They have no fear of Fritz, and hold him in contempt so far as sinking a destroyer is concerned, but recognize the craftiness, the alertness and the sneakiness of him just the same, and know that at any minute he may bob up in the middle of a convoy and get a ship or two. The greater danger is collision. Fogs come, and the destroyers are constantly moving about, restlessly charging up and down and all round the convoy, and the ships run dark, and it is so easy, in such circumstances, to run into another ship, or for another ship to get afoul of yours. It is a ticklish, nerve-racking business, and no wonder the men come in pale and drawn, dead for sleep, and with their nerves ajangle; particularly after a foggy escort over a submarine-infested sea; for fog also is what Fritz likes and what gives him cover for his nefariousness.

There have been collisions. Ships have run afoul of one another. Two of our destroyers came together, and the stern of one was blown off by the explosion of her depth charges; but marvels of seamanship are matters of the moment with these young skippers, and collisions are by far less frequent than is to be expected. They do do wonderful things in handling those high-powered, sensitive, virile destroyers, maneuvering them as skillfully as a juggler spins his plates—here and there, back and forth, zigzag after zigzag, circle after circle; and when Fritz appears they pounce on him like wolves, and depth-charge him to the bottom.

### Courtesies of the Sea

The sign is oil. If after a depth charge has been dropped oil in large quantities comes up it is fairly certain that something approximating a hit has been made. If oil and wreckage come the certainty is greater, but the thing all strain to see is the submarine itself rising from the water with the Huns scrambling out of it. Failing that, if a man or two come up—or a few of the flat hats the German sailors wear—the proof is good; but when the only evidence is oil or wreckage they barrage that spot unceasingly with depth charges, nor go away for hours and hours. They stick, those fellows, and leave nothing to surmise.

The way they handle those ships is marvelous—nothing less. And funny things occur. One night in a heavy sea an American destroyer with a lot of survivors on board signaled to a British destroyer: "Can you take off some of our survivors?"

The British captain knew it would take some very fancy seamanship to lay his destroyer alongside the American, with the sea that was running, without banging into her and possibly injuring or sinking both ships. He was not keen about it, but he figured that the American thought he could do it or he would not have made the signal, and that being the case it was not in the book of an English naval officer not to try anything an American naval officer suggested, and hence must think he could do.

Meantime the American captain was a bit jerky himself. He had more survivors than he could handle, and he wanted to transship some of them, but he knew how dangerous that laying alongside by the English destroyer would be. He stood on the bridge, nervously smoking a big black cigar, and watched the English destroyer maneuver. It was pretty seamanship. The English destroyer came round, came up and laid alongside as gently as if the maneuver were taking place in a lake instead of on a sea where the waves were tremendous. The English captain stood on the starboard end of his bridge and the American captain on the port end of his, talking, while the survivors were transshipped, the American still puffing at his big black cigar.

The transshipment was made with the captains conducting a conversation under difficulties, as at one moment the Englishman would be far above the head of the American and at the next moment the American would be up and the Englishman down.

"Would you care to come aboard?" asked the American.

"Thanks, no," replied the Englishman. "I must be going now. I like your company, but the fact is I can't stand that cigar of yours."

And off he went.

There is plenty of humor about it. After a stormy trip, participated in by British and American destroyers, when the destroyers were about to go their separate ways a joshing American on one of our destroyers signaled to a British compatriot, miles away: "Thanks, sweetheart."

Not to be outdone in courtesy or josh the English destroyer came back seven miles and signaled: "Good night, darling."

### Pretty Well Known

An almost stereotyped report of a destroyer captain is as follows: "Destroyer dropped depth charge over swirl left by conning tower. Turned with full helm to port. Followed heavy slick. Dropped second and third depth charges. Wreckage and much oil came to the surface; but after cruising in vicinity till daybreak nothing more was seen."

That briefly summarizes much of the encounter work of the destroyers. Sometimes there is more to report, sometimes there is less. But always, whenever there is a reasonable excuse for it, either in sight of a submarine submerging or of a periscope going down, or the feather of one, or the swirl of the water after submersion, or an oil slick—the depth charges are sent on their errands of Hun-getting.

Even if the depth charges do not totally disable the German submarine two or three discharged in the vicinity of one have the effect of so shaking up the men and of disorganizing its delicate machinery that it is practically out of commission for a time. And the depth charges are so set for explosion that they follow the submarine down a long way if desired before they agitate, wreck or demolish it. Not a German submarine officer or man, captured and taken aboard a destroyer, but has looked at the eggs with shuddering curiosity.

And all the time the men are out, keenly and unceasingly, for a "Known." Attacks prove themselves. For example, there was no doubt about the British patrol that, while picking up survivors from a torpedoed ship that had been hit in a convoy, sighted a periscope. The patrol jumped over to the spot and dropped depth charges. The submarine came up suddenly, almost in the middle of the great mountain of water the charges threw up. The British destroyer fired several shots. One hit and split the submarine's conning tower. Then, to make it good and sure, the British ship rammed the submarine and cut it cleanly into two parts. Both parts sank. That was a "Known" without any qualifications.

Thus they go fighting, rescuing, always hoping that some German destroyers may heave in sight so they may get a gun fight, always happy, always full of pep and spirit, careless of the hardships and discomforts, at it day and night, night and day, and looking at it, all with the true American sense of humor, great boys on a great job, and doing it—doing it—doing it!

Everything seems a laugh. A sailor stood at the rail of a destroyer watching a torpedo fired by a Hun coming straight on. Fortunately something happened, and the torpedo passed by.

"What did you do when you saw it coming?" I asked him.

"Gosh," he replied, "I couldn't think of anything else to do so I stood pat and drew in my stomach."

But everything isn't a laugh. It is stern, hard, devoted work, and the men have the vision of it. When the Destroyer Jacob Jones went down an officer died from exposure and wounds. He was on a raft. Just before the end came he lifted his head and whispered to the few shipmates suffering with him on the raft: "Say, can you see the Statue of Liberty? I can." And then he died.

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# FOOD AND FUEL

(Continued from Page 22)

of this cereal out of the normal consumption. When we take into consideration the facts that, generally speaking, our 1917 crops were far below average and that in spite of such failures we shipped abroad $1,400,000,000 worth of food, the accomplishment begins to loom large. There was an increase of 844,600,000 pounds in our exports of meats and fats, and a further increase of 80,900,000 bushels in our shipments of cereals and cereal products. This achievement in a year when the total nutritional production of the country was nearly nine per cent below the average of the three previous years is a gratifying result.

Though these accomplishments are splendid, and speak volumes for the coöperative spirit of the American people, we are not out of the woods. Our crops are going to be better this year, and the British grain crop is the biggest since 1868. It is certain, therefore, that in the coming months we shall have bread of improved quality. The chances are that all of the allied nations will use the same formula, and the mixing of flour with substitutes will be done systematically at the mills instead of in our kitchens. It is likely we shall have to continue the stint on sugar until the war is over, but such fruits as raisins, prunes, figs and dates may well be used in place of sugar; so the sacrifice here will not be great.

In no line are we facing actual want providing the good work continues.

Just how the little savings mount up is evident from the fact that if each home in the United States saves one ounce of meat daily it means 465,000,000 pounds annually; one slice of bread saved each day means 365,000,000 loaves annually; one piece of butter saved daily amounts to 114,000,000 pounds annually; and one cup of milk saved each day means 912,000,000 quarts, or the product of 400,000 cows each year.

### More Chewing and Less Eating

The average person to-day has a very different idea of food from the one that prevailed before the war. We now look upon the human body as an engine that must be repaired, stoked, oiled and regulated. We must have fuel food, building or repair food, and regulating food. The desk worker needs only one-half as much fuel as the blacksmith or the soldier. The average woman who takes little exercise needs only one-third the food required by the average man engaged in muscular work. Children need a lot of fuel, as they burn it quickly. A girl of fourteen will require more than a full-grown woman, and a boy of fifteen needs more than a business man. People thus vary in their needs very much as different types of automobiles vary in the amount of gasoline they require.

For fuel we need starchy foods, sugars and fats. About eighty-five per cent of the calories required by the body should come from this group. For repair work we need proteins and mineral salts. These include beans, peas, lean meats, fish, eggs, milk and fowl.

For regulating purposes water is the most important food. It is thus evident that in feeding the human engine we must have not simply a sufficient quantity but a proper mixture of food. We must utilize the fuel so that we shall secure full value of it without clinkers, or waste, or injury to the machinery.

There can be no proper conservation of food if we just swallow it. Some people put food into their stomachs as they would pack a trunk or fill a hod with coal. Mouth, stomach and bowels must do team work or there will be waste. Eating is a lot of fun and worth doing well, but unfortunately the average person does not chew his food long enough actually to taste its real flavor. The person who bolts his food generally consumes one-third more than is required. If we bring good cheer with us to the table, dismiss worry and kick out all the grouches our food and doctor bills will be materially reduced, waste will be less and Mr. Hoover will be pleased.

Not only are we learning a lot about the things we have always eaten but war has taught us that there are other foods that we may properly introduce to our menus. Experiments by the Department of Agriculture show that we may successfully prepare food from the common soy bean and use this product as a partial substitute for meat. These soy-bean dishes are well suited for canning, and the matter has been brought to the attention of the National Canners' Association. Of no small importance are the experiments with sunflower seeds. The Muscovite eats these seeds much as we eat peanuts, roasted or raw. Sunflower seeds, ground to flour, make a palatable and nutritious bread.

In Russia hundreds of thousands of acres are planted with two varieties of sunflowers, one yielding small seeds suitable for oil making, and the other large seeds for human food. Sunflower oil compares fairly well with olive oil and is also used for making soap. An acre of land is said to produce fifty bushels of seeds, and each bushel will produce one gallon of oil. The residue is an excellent fodder for cattle, and the plant stocks dried in stacks yield a ton of first-class fuel to the acre.

### Novel Sea Foods

Our great oceans, covering as they do so much of the globe, are naturally being looked to more and more as a source of food supply. We have discovered a considerable variety of edible seaweeds, and it develops that Japan has been awake for some time to the value of seaweed as a food. On certain parts of our own coast rockweed is now being gathered in large quantities and prepared for market.

Over in Sweden an interesting experiment is under way. An attempt is being made to break the high meat prices through the distribution of seal meat. More than a quarter million pounds of this meat have already been sold, and reports indicate that a considerable quantity of this food is going into Germany. The seal meat is said to be nourishing and, when not spoiled by an oily taste, much resembles beef, the only objection being its darker color. The seal meat costs a quarter as much as beef. Practically unlimited supplies of seals are to be had on the coast of Sweden. Germany is more than likely to attempt sealing operations on her own account, as she will be able to bring home the catch in the security of neutral territorial waters once she gains the shelter of North Cape.

In the United States, however, we are endeavoring to lessen the call on livestock by attempting to increase the consumption of the varieties of fish found in our own waters. Among the elements of difficulty in the Food Administration's fish program were the naval needs for men and boats, the scarcity of materials for nets, high prices of fish, due to increased demands, and state restrictions. Notwithstanding such handicaps the Government's efforts have succeeded in popularizing a number of varieties of fish that were little known, just as wholesome and far cheaper. The countries that eat less fish per person than ourselves are Belgium, Spain, Holland, France, Germany, Italy and Russia. On the other hand, we appear to be slackers in this fish-substitution game, when we compare our average national consumption of 18 pounds per capita with that of the United Kingdom, where 65 pounds are eaten per capita annually. Canada consumes 57 pounds; Sweden, 52; Norway, 44; Denmark, 39; and Portugal, 37 pounds. Yet in the value of the yearly catch the United States shows $150,000,000 as compared with $52,000,000 for Great Britain, $50,000,000 for Japan, $50,000,000 for Russia, $40,000,000 for Canada and $31,000,000 for France.

Germany's annual fish production at the outbreak of the war was valued at $12,000,000, and that of Norway, Sweden and Denmark at $25,000,000.

Up to the present time we have little more than touched the possibilities for food relief that exist in the fish industry. Take the migratory fish found in the coastwise waters at or near the surface or in the sounds and bays adjacent to the shore. There are more than fifty varieties in this group, but the principal sales center on only two—bluefish and mackerel. Let us take a second group—the ground-fish varieties which inhabit the bottom areas of the sea and are almost entirely captured on fishing banks or grounds at various points in the open ocean. The public has an intimate acquaintance with only two varieties of ground fish—cod and halibut; but there are at least a dozen varieties well suited for food.

Of the fresh-water fish there are fully three dozen kinds that provide wholesome food, but the public insists on eating either whitefish or trout.

### Lessened Restrictions on Fishing

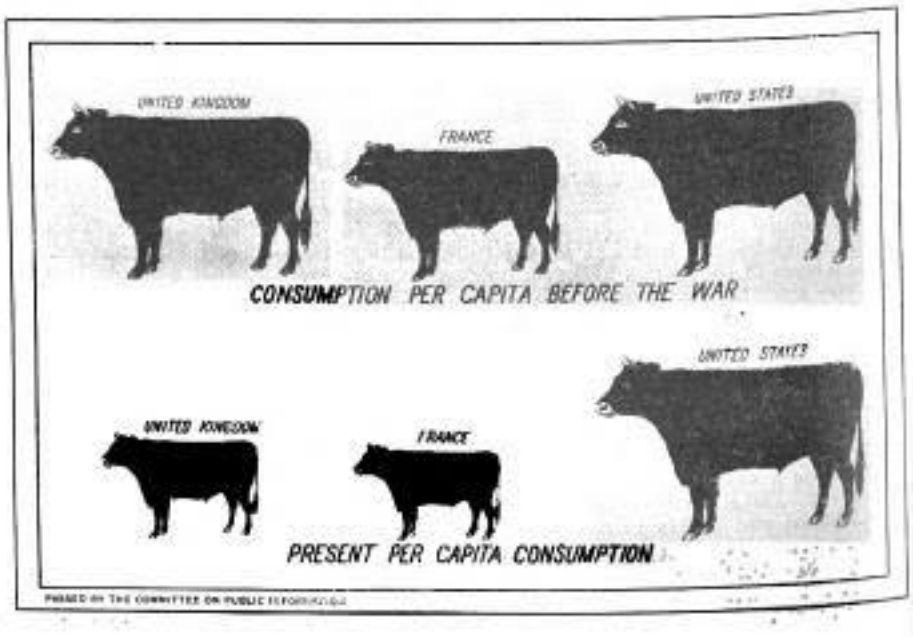
I do not believe any act of the Food Administrator has been more beneficial than his licensing of fishermen, which enabled him to bring the fishing industry under Federal control and permitted the doing away with state restrictions. The supply of fish was seriously threatened by substantial losses through the recruiting of fishermen for naval service, and the requisitioning of deep-sea trawlers and other vessels for government use. This has largely been made up, however, by the employment of purse seines and several other forbidden forms of producing gear which may now be used without regard to closed seasons.

The ban was also lifted on night fishing and torch fishing.

Up to this time the country was threatened with a fish famine. Prices were rising and the outlook for relieving the beef situation through the substitution of fish was not good. Some of the state conservation laws were a menace instead of a help. Red tape was prevalent. One boat off Atlantic City caught two hundred barrels of weakfish, and the game warden compelled the fishermen to throw away this catch of 40,000 pounds because the fish were caught within the three-mile limit. These fish could have been sold for three or four cents a pound and would have relieved a lot of poor people who were paying thirty cents a pound for meat.

Such handicaps, however, have been removed and the present increased production and consumption of fish by Americans are permitting the export of important tonnages of meat to our soldiers and our allies in France. So long as we people on this side of the ocean continue in our fight with the same enthusiasm and patriotism that are

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now being displayed by most of our citizens our men on the battle front will not lack food, and the people working here at home will not have to imitate the Teutons and adopt mental suggestion as a substitute for food or invent special drugs to allay the pangs of hunger.

We can render effective service in numerous ways, but none is more important than close supervision of our vegetable waste and garbage. Of cities with a population of more than 100,000, twenty-five throw away $2,400,000 worth of grease, $1,000,000 worth of tankage, 8,000,000 pounds of glycerin and 200,000,000 pounds of soap-making material. Twenty-nine, with a total population of 17,000,000, discard annually 1,000,000 tons of garbage, which would produce 70,000,000 pounds of grease, valued at $8,500,000, and 150,000 tons of fertilizer, valued at $2,250,000.

### Some Big Leaks

Excluding cities of 100,000 population and over, the garbage wasted would produce annually 120,000,000 pounds of pork, worth $20,000,000 at prevailing prices. The output of glycerin in garbage now wasted would supply 8,000,000 pounds of nitroglycerin annually and would yield soap stock for the manufacture of 200,000,000 commercial cakes of soap weighing twelve ounces each. Every city should have its own reduction plant and save this enormous waste. In the matter of vegetable waste one of our leading chemists after conducting an exhaustive investigation says that there is marked fertilizing value in such common refuse as banana peels, orange peels, grapefruit peels, lemon peels, apple parings, cantaloupe rinds, potato parings, pea pods, bean strings and stems, tea leaves, coffee grounds, eggshells, bones, peanut shells, tobacco and fruit stones. When spaded into the soil they give not only chemical plant food but valuable humus. Much of our kitchen waste is valuable feed for poultry.

Another serious food problem deals with the question of feed for our horses. Twenty-seven million horses are literally eating their heads off in the United States to-day. One horse consumes hay enough to supply a cow, and one cow furnishes milk and butter enough for a whole family of children. The oats and corn fed to a horse will supply cereals and flour for a family. Every motor truck that supplants three or four horses solves the food problem for at least two families. Every automobile that releases horses now used for passenger travel or that aids the railroads accomplishes a similar service. It is interesting to note in this connection that a movement is on foot to condemn horses that are defective and have no market value. These animals could be utilized for food, and in addition would afford quite a supply of oil, leather and glycerin.

Dean Hoskins, of New York University, asserts that every barren animal and every old horse conserved is a liability we cannot afford in our present emergency. He gives eight reasons why horse meat should be used as a food, some of which are: The large foreign population already is used to it; the flesh is rich and nutritious; it is cheaper than any other meat; it would solve the problem of the humane societies in that horses unable to work could be condemned and sold for food; it would conserve oats needed for human consumption in the form of breakfast foods; and every crippled horse kept by its owner in the hope of recovery consumes in weight eight times as much food a day as would sustain a man.

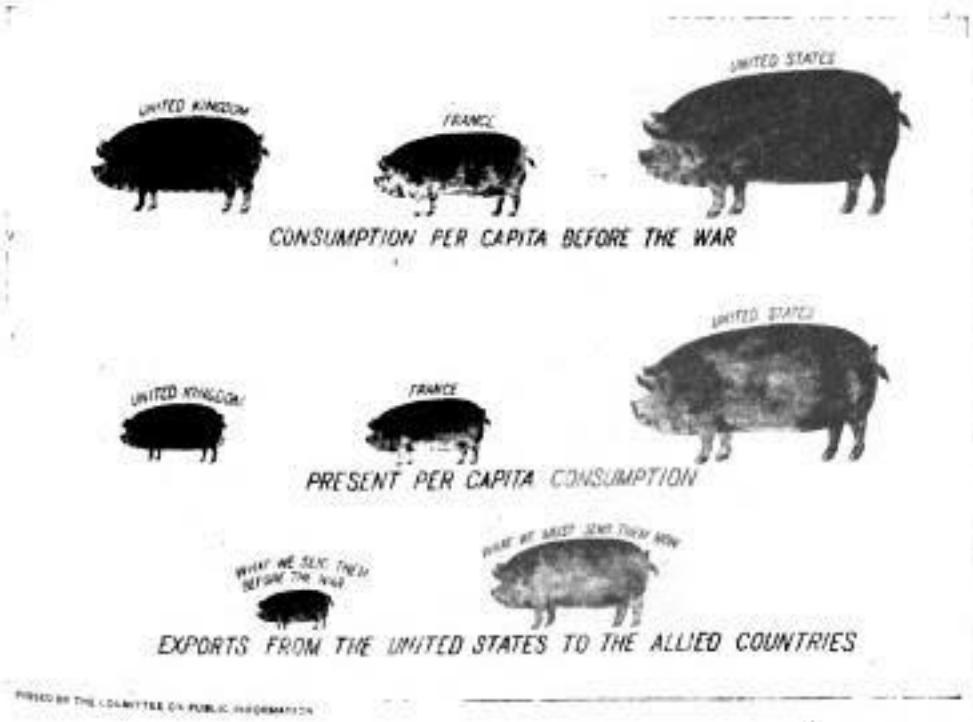
From being a nation of wasters we are progressing slowly but surely along the road to economy and thrift. True, we still keep cats, which are parasites, and object to pigs, which are producers. Many towns have suspended ordinances prohibiting pigs and have thereby shown that they place their duty to the nation above their local pride. We have more than 400,000,000 acres of unimproved land in this country, and our farmers are making great strides toward getting a considerable part of it under cultivation. It is estimated that the land occupied by one average stump will produce twenty-five to fifty cents' worth of food a year. Of course, there is already a shortage of farm labor, and we must abandon crops requiring large amounts of hand labor and substitute therefor crops that can be grown with less man power to the acre. Peas and beans play important parts in this changed farming, as they produce food for both man and beast and can be raised with little effort.

There is the closest kind of relationship to-day between the man with a gun and the acre with a crop.

### Our Coal Situation

Taking it all and all, the American farmer has rendered a splendid service this past year. The war has caused him to find many sources of waste which a few years ago were considered negligible. As an instance of this, $20,000,000 was saved last year in Kansas alone by cleaner wheat threshing. To encourage cleaner threshing and to educate wheat farmers to the value of going over the fields a second time and of rethreshing straw in the stacks, the Food Administration organized a Grain Threshing Division. It has added millions of bushels of wheat to the supply available for threshing and has added millions of dollars to the pocketbooks of American farmers. In Kansas at least 3,500,000 bushels were saved by raking and cleaning up the fields, through tight-bottom bundles and wagons, and through inspection and repair of machines. In addition to this the conservation of wheat previously wasted in the straw stacks and not cleaned up round the threshing machines was estimated at more than 5,000,000 bushels.

So much for a few thoughts on food. Let me now proceed to touch on several high spots in fuel conservation. Above all else it is essential that the American people should understand that the scarcity of coal is not due to any falling off in production. While all the other important coal-producing nations in the world have been showing material decreases in their fuel output this country has been forging ahead at a faster pace than ever before in history. In 1914 we produced 513,525,477 tons; in 1915 we mined 531,619,487 tons; in 1916 our production was 590,098,175 tons; and last year the output rose to 652,000,000 tons.




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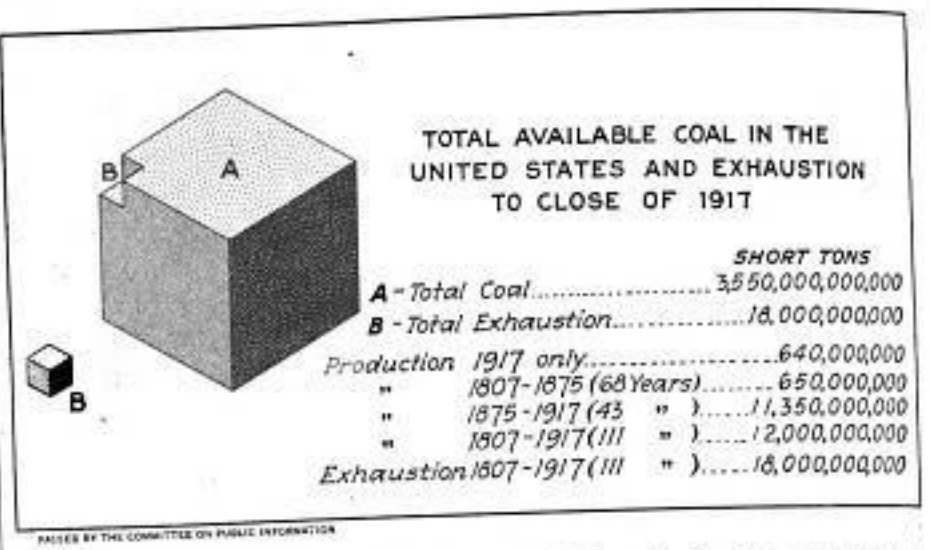

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These figures are in short tons and include both anthracite and bituminous coal.

The Fuel Administration started its new coal year April first, at which time a number of important rulings were put into effect. A careful survey of all our national fuel requirements resulted in the establishment of a coal-production figure that stands as a goal toward which the Government and the coal industry are striving. This preliminary estimate of total requirements calls for 735,000,000 short tons of coal for the year ending March 31, 1919. During the first four months of this new coal year the United States mined 205,694,000 net tons of bituminous coal and 31,666,560 net tons of anthracite.

This means that we are producing at the rate of approximately 712,000,000 tons annually, or about 23,000,000 tons less than our estimated requirements. On the other hand, let us not forget that we have fewer men in the mines and that so far this year we have shown a gain of 18,000,000 net tons over the output of coal in the United States for the same period last year.

### *What Shall We Do About It?*

More than one-third of our new coal year has passed, and these months have been the time when we look for maximum production. It requires a full measure of optimism, therefore, and no small amount of imagination to initiate the belief that we can get the coal industry on a higher plane of production this fall and winter, when more cars will be carrying our Western foodstuffs to the seaboard and our transportation systems will be battling with snow and ice. If the estimated fuel requirements of 735,000,000 tons are correct we shall be compelled to save in some way 25,000,000 to 50,000,000 tons of coal this year. What have we done and what are we doing to meet this critical situation?

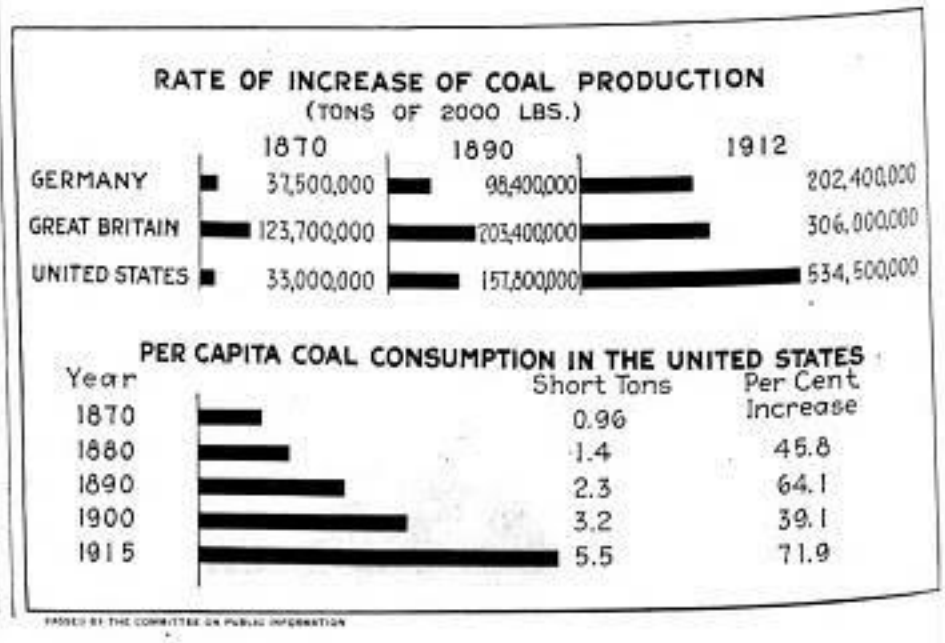
Every mine owner and miner in America to-day looks upon a ton of coal not as a unit quantity of fuel but as a ton of material from which we can make twenty-five three-inch shells or two hundred and fifty steel helmets for our boys in France. The people of America must view coal in that way. The fireman in an industrial plant must say: "This ton of coal I am going to save will drive a 15,000-ton troopship loaded with 3500 soldiers two-thirds of a mile." Every family that saves two tons of coal this winter gives Uncle Sam the fuel necessary to carry twelve tons of food to France. If each household in the United States were to save one ton of coal next winter the sacrifice would not be formidable and the sum total of such conservation would be about 15,000,000 tons of fuel released to Uncle Sam for essential war work.

### *More Moisture and Less Coal*

It is difficult, if not impossible, to lay down a fixed set of rules for house heating and then insist that everyone everywhere shall religiously observe such regulations. It is but natural in our Northern States, where the winters are more severe, that the people should want a higher inside house temperature so that the individual coming in out of the snow and cold will be able to warm up. However, the fact remains that we have been prodigal in the use of our domestic coals, and as a people we have paid little attention to the question of temperature and humidity in our homes. In our modern houses we are apt to get an excessive amount of heat and an insufficient amount of moisture, which not only makes the air oppressive and uncomfortable but accounts for a large percentage of catarrh, colds and other diseases of the nose and throat. Dry air at seventy degrees may feel cooler than moist air at sixty degrees. Mother Nature has provided the people of this earth with a great bed blanket in the form of moisture; take the blanket away or thin it out and we all get cold. Moisture is extremely necessary to life.

It is for this reason that a thermometer is not a true guide to the problem of warming a house. Our artificial habits have made us extremely sensitive to heat and cold. Luxuries have become necessities, and we have gone on trying to remake our bodies to meet existing conditions. We manufacture heat for our homes and run the temperature inside our houses up to seventy degrees and often more. Let us assume that the outside temperature is twenty-four degrees and the average outside humidity is seventy-eight per cent, which means that the air is seventy-eight per cent saturated with moisture. A person comes from this atmosphere into a house where though the temperature is

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seventy degrees the humidity is only twenty per cent. What happens? The warm dry air in the house steals the moisture from the individual's body and dries the person out, very much as wet clothes are dried out on a wash line. In other words, the moisture of our bodies evaporates into the air very rapidly at the surface of our skin. As evaporation causes loss of heat it is quite easy to see why we feel chilly and uncomfortable when at the same time the thermometer in the house is up in the seventies. Often in the summer, with the outside temperature at only seventy, we have noticed how excessively hot it seems. Yet in the winter in our homes with the thermometer at the same point we sit, with windows and doors shut tight to keep out the cold air, and shiver. The sole reason for this is the great amount of moisture in the air in the first instance and the lack of it in the latter case.

### When Humidity Helps

In the matter of health this subject is important, for excessive dryness has a very deleterious effect upon the lungs and the delicate lining membrane of the throat and nasal passages. Furthermore, the high dry heat of our homes, offices and public buildings frequently shrinks and damages furniture, books and pictures. Cracks in the cabinetwork of houses are caused by the dry air drawing out the particles of moisture. It is for this reason that in our museums and great art galleries much attention is paid to the interior moisture conditions, for we cannot afford to have our expensive pictures ruined and our valuable art treasures, furniture and mummies become worthless. Sometimes we take better care of the dead than we do of the living.

Since it is true, therefore, that the temperature at the same point will produce varying sensations of cold and heat, depending on the amount of moisture existing in the air, it is foolish to attempt to lay down a fixed standard of temperature for comfortable living without due regard to the moisture. Every house should have a hygrometer as well as a thermometer, and as much attention should be paid to humidity readings as to temperature readings. All schools, theaters and large buildings can install a mechanical apparatus for producing the right humidity in the interior air. This simple solution of the problem for the average householder is not possible, due to the cost of such an equipment. However, there are a number of simple remedies that may be applied. One satisfactory way to "humidify" a house is to place a heavy, thick, soaking-wet bath towel over the radiator and leave it there long enough to dry out. It can then be moistened again and again if necessary. If hung over the back of the radiator it will not be unsightly and may not be noticed. Let us not forget in this connection that moist air retains its heat much longer than dry air; hence less coal is needed to keep such air warm.

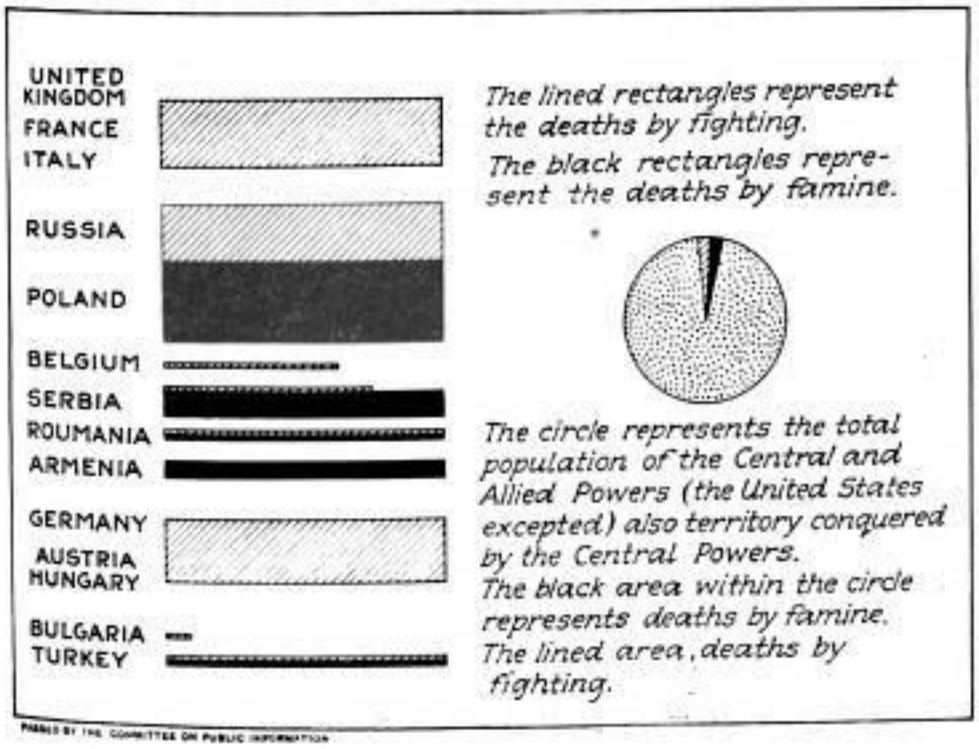
If air is used for heating it is necessary to open up the register and put in a lot of soaking-wet muslin, such as an old sheet, and allow the heat to pass by it, so instead of being delivered dry into the rooms it is moisture laden. By this means the percentage of moisture in many instances has been constantly held at fifty-four degrees when the temperature of the room has been sixty-six degrees Fahrenheit. Plates of silica and sand made under a patented process have been successfully introduced near the firepot in hot-air heaters, with the result that humidities of forty-eight to fifty-six degrees have been maintained in the whole house. These plates are very porous and in many instances water exceeding thirty quarts has been evaporated from them in twenty-four hours. Even a boiling kettle in a room is helpful, but not always practicable. When plants droop we water them; let us give a little of the same attention to ourselves. By so doing our coal bills will be less, our health improved and our body comfort increased.

Now let us assume that we have a fair understanding of the question of humidity and that the atmosphere in our homes will be maintained with an adequate moisture content. What then is the best temperature to fix as a sort of objective in our house-heating plans? As before stated, I do not believe in any inflexible rules or maximum limits. Strong, healthy people can live in a temperature of fifty-five or sixty degrees; children in school need sixty-eight to seventy degrees; and old, anæmic or sick persons may at times require a temperature as high as eighty degrees. As a general rule, however, in an atmosphere containing proper moisture a temperature of sixty-four degrees is scientifically best for the human race. This is what may be technically called our "optimum" temperature, or the degree of heat in which we thrive best. Above or below this temperature we cannot fight, or run, or digest our food so well. Excellent authorities maintain that the "optimum" temperature for maximum mental activity is forty degrees, but I am afraid most of us would find this quite uncomfortable as a steady thing.

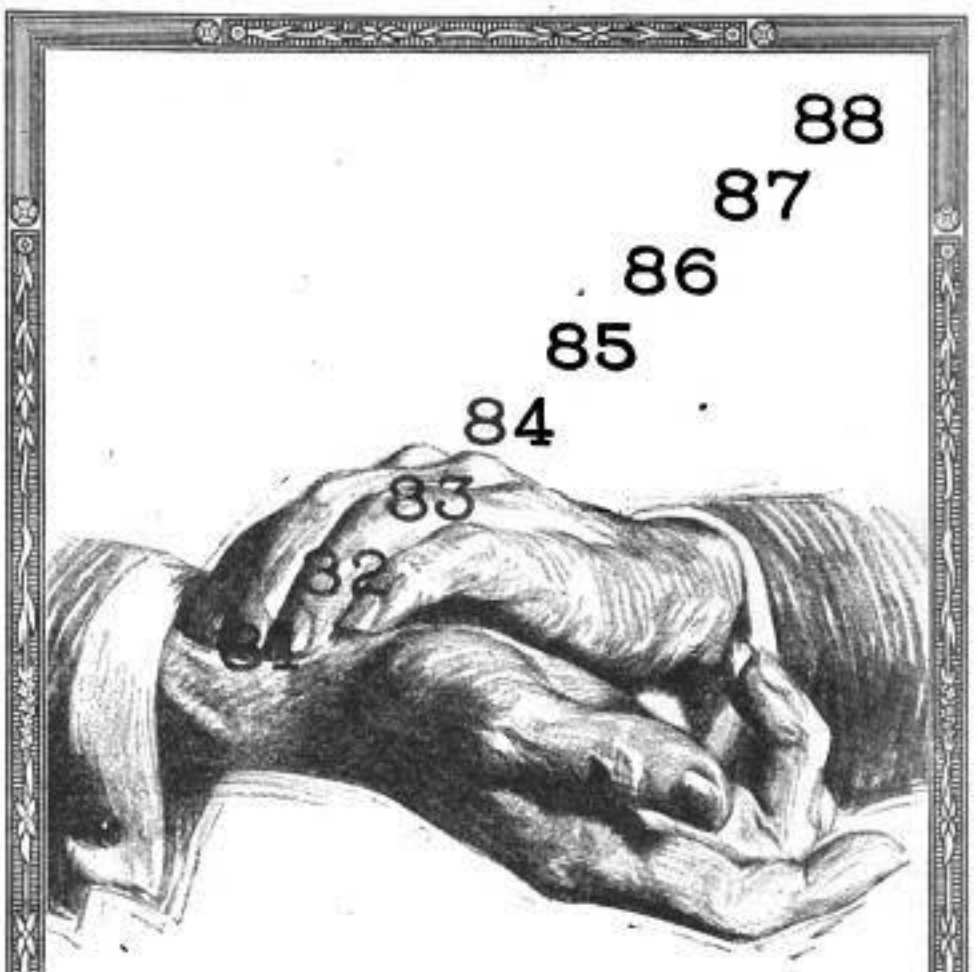
### Furnace Draft Regulation

As to one thing, however, there is very little difference of opinion. The rooms we sleep in should never be heated above fifty degrees, if at all; and the windows should be wide open if the weather permits. This overcomes the bad effects of living in a temperature that is too uniform. It is well known that variations of temperature are stimulating and improve health. Colds and other diseases of the respiratory organs come with twice the frequency to those who live in rooms with a uniform temperature. Changes brought about by frequently opening the windows are extremely healthful and provide that variability of temperature that enables a person to resist disease better.

In the actual consumption of coal for house heating there are numerous other ways to save fuel besides maintaining a lower temperature and increasing humidity. The average consumer should be as careful as possible in his selection of a proper coal. In many regions where coal is not scarce such care in purchasing fuel can be exercised to great advantage. In the matter of firing coal no one set of rules will work satisfactorily in all cases. The kind of heating apparatus has a great deal to do with it.




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# When Belgium Stemmed the Tide

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At the Yser the Belgians performed a signal service to the Allied cause by holding the Germans while the gaps were being closed in the Franco-British lines to the rear.

Four years have passed, and the same nations are still at death grips along the Western front. America, too, is there, and has this opportunity because the Belgians kept the enemy from crossing the Yser long ago.

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No factor in the operation of a house-heating furnace is more important than draft regulation. The majority of furnaces have three dampers. One of these is on the ash-pit door, one on the firing door and one in the pipe connecting the furnace with the chimney. It is impossible to formulate any rule for the exact adjustment of the dampers. The proper practice must be ascertained by trial. In general the way to make the fire burn faster is to open the damper in the pipe leading to the chimney and open the damper in the ash-pit door. The damper in the firing door is not so easy to adjust because there is no simple way to determine the completeness of combustion. However, when bituminous coal is fired this damper should be slightly open all the time. In burning anthracite or coke, enough air for complete combustion may enter the furnace through various leaks, even when the firing-door damper is completely closed.

With most coals fires should be cleaned only once or twice in twenty-four hours. If alternate firing is employed the cleaning should be done just before firing the fresh charge, and only one-half of the grate cleaned at a time. This method prevents the creation of smoke and the resulting losses because the side of the fire on which there is uncoked coal is not disturbed. Do not poke and slice the fire more than necessary, and do not break the bed with a bar from the top. See that the maximum firing charge is not more than four or five inches thick. Break all lumps into pieces. Firing large lumps is wasteful. Have all doors on the boiler fit snug and do not allow material to wedge between the doors and the furnace frame; this would admit unnecessary air and cause useless combustion. Prevent the accumulation of clinkers in the fire and do not allow too much ashes on the grates. Be careful in shaking the ashes and do not shake through unburned fuel. The first glow in the ash pit is a warning to stop. In winter weather maintain the fuel bed ten to twelve inches thick. In mild weather decrease the depth of active fuel by keeping a layer of ashes on the grate under the live coals. Keep flue clean by brushing once a week and remove ashes from the ash pit frequently.

### *Other Simple Economies*

A very important saving in coal will result if all families living in large houses will heat fewer rooms. If only five rooms are heated in a seven-room house the family can get along comfortably and not have to endure any real hardship. Let us not forget that consumptives are cured by living outdoors. If the house temperature is maintained at sixty-five degrees instead of seventy-two degrees the resultant saving in coal will amount to about eighteen per cent annually. A further economy will come from shortening the heating season. In most homes the furnace is started too early in the fall and is continued in operation too late in the spring. If even one grate is available in the house the solution for a short season is at hand, for all that is necessary is to light a grate fire for a few hours on chilly evenings.

The conservation of domestic coal must not end with our simply giving careful attention to the household furnace. We must watch all our lights and use only the most economical bulbs. These latter should be of as low candlepower or wattage as is permissible. Gas fixtures should be in the best condition and mantle burners should be substituted for the open-flame burners. The flat-flame burner uses more than twice as much gas as a mantle burner, and gives less light. Every mantle burner substituted for a flat-flame burner saves a couple of ounces of coal daily. In the kitchen, fireless cookers should be used if feasible. Considerable fuel can also be saved by arranging the cooking so that the stoves are heated for the shortest possible time each day. Coal should be purchased as near home as practicable and the householder should buy a full wagonload if he can; this reduces labor and cost of delivery.

If the scraper for cleaning the smoke passages in the kitchen stove is lost, buy another and use it often. Do not run the range for the single purpose of heating tank water. Be economical of hot water in all cases. To heat one gallon of water from, say, forty degrees to one hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit requires about a quarter pound of coal in actual practice. If we use ten gallons of hot water in taking a bath, at the above rate we consume approximately two and a half pounds of coal. It is therefore plain to be seen how great is the fuel waste when we allow hot water to run indiscriminately. Even in our use of cold water we should exercise care, for some of our small municipal plants consume as much as a pound of coal in pumping twenty-five gallons of water. How often do we leave the faucet open for no particular reason at all; or perhaps we want a cold drink and waste five gallons of water to get it. People stopping in hotels are perhaps the worst offenders along these lines, for here such things as water and towels add no extra charge to the individual's bill.

A few timely suggestions to the American housewife relative to economy in operating the ordinary kitchen range have been prepared by the United States Bureau of Mines. Among other things the bureau includes the following information: "With a big fire a little air is needed over the coal as well as through it. If soft coal is used in the range allow just enough air to come through the damper over the fire to make the flames so short they will not reach the second row of stove lids. Close the top draft damper when the flames get shorter than the first row of stove lids. When it is necessary to carry a fire overnight fill the fire box with coal, cover over tightly with ashes and close all dampers. To start the fire, open the damper below the grate and the one in the stovepipe. Break up the coke in the fire box with a poker, rattling the ash into the ash box. Save what coal and coke you can from the ashes and use when you have a good fire. When the fire is well started close the damper in the smoke pipe as much as you can to maintain the fire you need. Open this damper to prevent smoking while putting in fresh coal. Damper control is the secret of economical heating."

If any American believes that the Government is asking of the individual more than it should let such person ponder over the fact that nearly sixty per cent of the families living in Berlin last winter cooked, ate and slept in the same room. Too many of us continue to talk of our troubles and are grieved because the world doesn't stand at attention while our personal distress is relieved. Thousands of Americans look out upon the horizon of their lives and see ing a glowworm think it is a conflagration. What does it matter if the mortgage is due? That is nothing to the sorrow of Mrs. Smith next door, who has a wonderful son already sleeping in a grave in France. If business is bad and prices are high, remember here in the United States we have more of the good things of life right now than anywhere else on earth, and do not forget that more people have died of starvation in Europe and Asia this last year than have succumbed to enemy bullets.

### *No Victories for Weepers*

This is no day to whine and practice self-pity. It is a time that calls for decision and action. All worth-while things are difficult. We learn by trying. Every day we delay our fight means a stronger enemy. The trouble is not our inability to bear adversity but rather our inability to forget prosperity. Sorrow like bad weather comes without being sent for, but it will pay no debt and add nothing to the force of our effort. We might as well try to catch the wind in a net as to expect victory from a nation of weepers. It is our sacred duty to strangle the grumblers and mourners. Griefs appear swift and remedies slow, but time tames the greatest sorrow. No mine or mill or factory can set a new high figure for production if the men working there are morose and dreary.

Let us chase away the joy slacker. We must pool not only our material forces but our glee forces. The man who holds the ladder is as bad as the one who climbs up it into your house and steals your goods. Any person in America to-day who goes about shrouded in gloom is as much a member of the Kaiser's Army as the surly Prussian who carries a gun. We are up against a dehumanized nation—a country whose soul has been shriveled and benumbed by the poison of hate and self-worship. We are fighting a people devoted to scientific barbarism—a government whose record of broken treaties and hideous cruelties goes back as far as its history. In order to win and silence forever the Huns and their Kaiser, who impudently anoints himself as the "Sword of God," we must forget our petty troubles and present a self-sacrificing and cheerful nation behind a brave and cheerful army.

Let us grin and work and fight.

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# THE CZECHO-SLOVAKS

(Continued from Page 5)

his intention to do this act of justice. He issued an imperial decree in which he declared that "in consideration of the former constitutional position of Bohemia, and remembering the power and glory which its crown had given to his ancestors, . . . he gladly recognized the rights of the kingdom, and was willing to confirm this assurance by taking the coronation oath." Thus the head of the house of Hapsburg formally recognized the historic rights of the kingdom of Bohemia, so persistently and continuously infringed and contemned since 1620, and agreed to be crowned king in Prague, as he had been crowned king in Budapest. Arrangements were to be made whereby Bohemia should gain the same rights as Hungary, independence in domestic affairs and union with Austria and Hungary for certain general purposes. The Dual Monarchy was to become a Triple Monarchy. A beginning was to be made in the federalization of a country where the principle of federalism was absolutely the only one that could assure contentment, justice, equity to the various component races.

When men nowadays, in their solicitude for the integrity of Austria, state that all that is needed there is not the independence of the long and grossly maltreated races but the application of the federal principle, they speak as if this were an easy possibility. They ignore the teachings of history, of the history of the past fifty years: teachings which show that their optimistic expedient has been knocked galley-west and is as dead as Queen Anne. Austria was far nearer becoming a federal state in 1871 than she has been at any moment since, and nearer still than she is or could be at the present moment or after the present war.

### *Betrayed by the Hapsburgs*

In 1871 Austria was on the verge, as stated, of adopting the federal principle. What happened to arrest her? The two inveterate, age-long, implacable enemies of the Slavs intervened peremptorily to veto this project—and Francis Joseph was false to his promise, thus adding to the despicable record of the Hapsburgs for faithlessness and treachery. The Germans of Austria, the Magyars of Hungary announced that they would never tolerate a self-governing Bohemia. The Emperor's plans were bitterly opposed by the Germans of Austria, who, as the dominant class and also as a minority of the whole population, feared the loss of their supremacy, feared the rise of the Slavs, whom they hated. The Slavs were bitterly opposed also by the Magyars of Hungary, who feared that the recognition of the Slavic state of Bohemia would rouse the Slavic peoples of Hungary, among whom were the Slovaks, the Croatians and the Slovenes, to demand the same rights, and the Magyars were determined not to share with them their privileged position; were, on the contrary, determined to make them Magyars by compulsion, to stamp out completely their separate identity and personality.

The decree which was to place Bohemia on an equality with Austria and Hungary never came. The Hapsburgs betrayed the Slavs once more—not, however, for the last time.

For the past fifty years the history of the Czecho-Slovaks has been the history of a people essentially one—one in race, one in language, one in aspiration—yet artificially divided and both subject to the control of forces outside themselves. The fortunes of the Czechs have been determined by their connection with Austria; the fortunes of the Slovaks by their connection with Hungary. The former have fared better than the latter, inasmuch as oppression in Austria has been more difficult to practice than it has been in Hungary, owing to various reasons. In both countries there has been oppression, and in both the spirit of nationality has steadily grown under circumstances highly adverse.

In Bohemia the history of the fifty years has been the history of a linguistic and national feud. Slav has confronted German during all these years in continuous and angry opposition. These internal racial struggles of Bohemia have foreshadowed in miniature the gigantic racial struggle of to-day. The spirit of freedom versus the spirit of autocracy, the right of the Slavs to the enjoyment of life, liberty and property versus the claim of the Germans to hegemony, have been the conflicting forces that have dominated the internal politics of the land of Huss. Bohemia has been a veritable caldron of superheated passions. A climax was reached as early as 1903 when, on the floor of the Austrian Parliament, the Pan-Germans, infuriated by the claims of the Czechs, cheered the house of Hohenzollern.

The Compromise of 1867 was, then, a victory for the Magyars and the Germans; and not only for the Germans of Austria but for the Germans of Prussia. During the war of 1866 Bismarck had sought to play off the enemies or dissatisfied subjects of Austria against that country. He published a manifesto to the Czechs at the moment Prussia's armies were about to cross into Bohemia, promising to respect their "historic rights" and announcing that the victory of Prussia would mean that the hour would have "struck" for Bohemia and Moravia, as for Hungary, to realize their national ambitions. However, the hour had struck for Hungary, but not for the other two, and Bismarck had supported the stronger and now sided with her. He desired Austria as an ally, and as such she could be serviceable only if she was a strong military power and if the domination was in the hands of the German element. Here we have in process of formation that Austro-German alliance which since then has been the basis of the political system of Europe.

Tremendous was the indignation of the Czechs at the grand refusal, the treachery of the governing authorities; but they were powerless. This indignation was prevented from becoming something more dangerous by a vigorous employment of all the powers of the state, preventive censorship, arbitrary condemnations of contumacious Czechs, confiscations, dissolutions of societies, manipulation of offices and office-holders.

It was difficult, however, to silence the voice of a proud and indomitable race whose sons were willing and ready to face suffering and even death for their country. Austria did not dare abolish outright the local legislatures of Bohemia and Moravia, but her ministries displayed every art in gerrymandering electoral districts, in using immense government pressure in tricking, intimidating, nullifying the voters so as to get those legislatures under their control. Every conceivable attempt was made to assure the domination of Bohemia by the German element of the population over the Czech element, which constituted the overwhelming majority.

### *The Czechs' Long Fight*

The Czechs stuck to their guns, firing them off whenever they could, sometimes with considerable explosions. Year in, year out, under all kinds of political weather, they kept their courage, they intensified their tenacity, they clung to their aim, the autonomy of Bohemia. They did not rebel—the odds would have been too great against success—but they prepared for happier days. They labored incessantly to increase their economic strength and prosperity; they used what political rights and power they possessed under the constitution to get larger rights and greater power. They seized every opportunity to block the work of the Bohemian Diet or of the Austrian Parliament until some concession of importance was made to them—either the appointment of Czechs to minor offices or the right to use their language in the schools or in public offices. As Austrian ministries had a way of falling into distress, as from time to time they needed Czech votes, they were forced to pay the price.

Thus as decade after decade went by the Czechs developed not only their national consciousness, which hardly needed development, but their economic and their intellectual and general social individuality, more and more richly, more and more sharply. The obstacles in their way were numerous, the deceptions and disappointments unhappily recurrent; they were fighting men who had no scruples and whose promises were written in water; but despite all they steadily progressed. In 1914 the Czech nationality was riper, better equipped, more insistent than ever. The history of




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these tense years cannot be summarized. Suffice it to say it was the history of a nation that had once been captain of its own destinies and was resolved to become captain again.

Two obstacles were constantly in the way—the pretensions of the Germans and the pretensions of the Magyars, pretensions that the Dual Monarchy belonged to them and that the Slavs, the majority, were not to have a "look-in"; were to sit in the seats of the lowly and be content with being governed by their betters. The struggle has been implacable and it has been renewed with each rising sun. As the racial hatreds grew to such a pitch, parliamentary institutions, which gave them opportunity for expression, were more and more infringed by the Hapsburgs, and long before 1914 constitutional government was virtually dead in Austria.

In Hungary the reign of violence was, during these years, still more open and shameless. In 1867 the Magyars became absolute masters of Hungary, and they have remained such until to-day. In that country the situation of the non-Magyars—that is, of the Slavs—has been intolerable. It is time for the Western world to discard one of its illusions—namely, the belief, derived from the times of Louis Kossuth and entirely unjustified even in his day, that Hungary is a land passionately pledged to the service of freedom. The Magyars wanted then what they still insist upon—freedom for themselves, freedom to oppress others.

The violence of their rule has finally become generally known. The fundamental and absorbing purpose of the Magyars has been not to live and let live, but forcibly to compel the other races to become Magyars. This policy of Magyarization they have steadily persisted in. They have insisted upon the use of the Magyar language in public offices, courts, schools and in the railway service—wherever, in short, it has been possible. It is stated that there is not a single inscription in any post office or railway station in all Hungary except in the Magyar language. The Magyars have, in fact, refused to make any concessions to the various peoples who live with them within the boundaries of Hungary. They have, indeed, tried in every way to stamp out all peculiarities.

### *Magyar Chicanery*

For nearly fifty years this policy has been followed, and it has not succeeded. Hungary has not been Magyarized, because the power of resistance of the other races has proved too strong. But in the attempt, which in the last decade has grown sharper and shriller than ever, the Magyar minority has stopped at nothing. It has committed innumerable tricks, acts of arbitrary power, breaches of the law, in order to crush out all opposition. Political institutions have been distorted into engines of ruthless oppression, political life has steadily deteriorated in character and purpose under the influence of an overmastering purpose which has recognized no bounds. Hungary, which boasts itself a land of freedom, has insured freedom only to the dominant race, the Magyars, and, as a matter of fact, to only a small minority of them. For every other race Hungary has been a land of unbridled despotism. Every imaginable instrument has been used to crush the Slavs or convert them into Magyars—corruption and gross illegalities in the administrative service, in the control of elections, persecution of independent newspapers, suppression of schools, the firm determination to prevent these subject peoples—for such they virtually are, though theoretically fellow citizens—from developing their own languages, literatures, arts, economic life, ideals. The situation has been galling to the Slavs and the other peoples. Magyar misrule has steadily increased in intensity, has in our time vitiated and corrupted the national life and has made Hungary a tinder box of disaffection and racial animosities.

Among the subject peoples so outrageously governed are the Slovaks, twin brothers, as already stated, of the Czechs. The Slovaks have not been allowed their own primary schools except in a few cases; much less have they been allowed secondary schools. They have not had their own courts, all law appointments being reserved for the Magyars. Their press has been muzzled or suppressed. Their leaders have been hounded into prison on the flimsiest pretexts. Even their local administration has been in the hands of the Magyars, and in the national parliament in Budapest they had before the war just two members to represent them, though they numbered three million people and the Magyars only nine millions.

It is no wonder that in 1914 the oppressed peoples of Austria-Hungary desired the destruction of this monstrous political and social system which was the synonym of shrieking injustice and inhumanity; no wonder that there rang through the Czecho-Slovak countries the cry that "This war will at last deliver us from the yoke of the Hapsburgs, the Germans and the Magyars." Austria-Hungary cumbers the earth and should be swept off it. It has never given freedom to its peoples, and this world must and shall belong to the free. The Hapsburgs, as well as the Hohenzollerns and the house of Osman, have been tried and emphatically found wanting. The Czechs, who in 1870 indignantly protested against the rape of Alsace-Lorraine by the Germans, should have the support in their struggle for independence of all those who are resolved to right the wrong done in 1870. This gigantic contest of our day should not end until gigantic changes are made in the map of Europe and until the bounds of human freedom are gigantically expanded. When that is done the Allies will have acquitted themselves like men, conscious of their opportunity and of their responsibility. Having accomplished that they will receive the praise of "well done, thou good and faithful servant," and the world may look forward to a long stretch of peace.

### *The Pan-German Plot*

The record of Austria in Bohemia, of Hungary in Slovakia, is a record of oppression, continuous, implacable, unbridled. The present war was begun by this arch-oppressor of the Slavs. In 1914 Austria-Hungary attacked the Serbs, another and related branch of the Slavic race. In doing this she was but continuing beyond her borders the policy long followed within them. As the Slavs stood right across the path of her present ambitions and those of her ally, Germany, they must first be swept aside. In addition, the opportunity would be offered of using the Slavs of Austria-Hungary in a crusade which had as its fundamental purpose the triumph of Germanism over Slavism throughout the world. Then let the Teutonic Powers extend their rule over Southeastern Europe and begin the conquest of Asia.

In this anti-Slav combination the Magyars, the fiercest haters of the Slavs, played an important and aggressive rôle. Despite the systematic persecution of the Slavs for fifty years the latter were nevertheless growing stronger in intelligence, in wealth and in community of feeling. Pan-Germanism was the sworn enemy of Slavic development anywhere and everywhere, and Pan-Germanism was the most aggressive force in Europe. The creation of Central Europe was on the cards in Germany long before the outbreak of the war. Germany's intimate connection with Austria-Hungary, with Turkey and with Bulgaria, where ruled a German prince, was steadily becoming closer. A war of aggression and aggrandizement would make it tight and permanent. Central Europe would emerge as a fact and would easily be made impregnable.

Certain obstacles stood in the way—Serbia, which must therefore be crushed; the Czecho-Slovaks, opposed for centuries to the Germans and therefore not to be won over to coöperation in any such scheme—they could be crushed by a war and then Germanized; also the Poles could similarly be controlled by a war and their fate settled once and for all. All Slavic nationalist aspirations could thus be completely annihilated, and the path of Pan-German progress would open wide and unobstructed.

This scheme involved, then, the annihilation of the Czecho-Slovaks. The Czecho-Slovaks understood this clearly, and since August, 1914, they have done their utmost to thwart it. They have rendered every service in their power to the Allies. Their present activity in Russia and Siberia is only the latest and most sensational evidence of their devotion to the cause for which France, Great Britain, Italy, Serbia, Belgium and America are fighting. For them the war, which was intended by those who plotted and began it as their death knell, became instantly a war of independence. By the aid they have given the Allies, unasked, unexpected, and thou

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long cavalierly treated by the Allies, they have placed the latter under the heaviest obligations. Only by plain and incredible treachery to sorely tried friends can the Allies consent to a peace that would hand them back to their former tyrants. If the Allied world is willing to abandon them, then at least let it cease to talk of fighting for international morality, for freedom and for democracy.

The Czecho-Slovaks have, since August, 1914, done what they could to block the plans of Berlin and Vienna. Owing to their geographical position between the upper and nether millstones, their action for a long while could be only passive; also, owing to the political fact that they had no control of the government but that the authorities of Vienna controlled the machinery and were able to mobilize the Czecho-Slovaks as units in the Austrian armies. Nevertheless, their passive resistance has been a great service to the Allies and has also tested the strength of the resolution, the devotion of the Czechs to our cause. They refused to swear loyalty to Austria. They refused to subscribe to war loans or to surrender their foodstuffs. And, far more important, Czech soldiers, wherever and whenever possible, refused to march and fight for Austria.

### *Austria's Bloody Revenge*

They thus did what they could—and it was much—to bring about the disasters that befell the Austro-Hungarian armies in the first year of the war. They contributed greatly to the disorganization of the Austrian Government and society. If this record could be told in detail the world would see how much it owes to this valiant people. They have constantly shown their hostility to Austria. Repeated popular demonstrations in little villages as well as in Prague, refusals to fire on Serbs and Russians, attacks upon their German officers, surrender en masse to the enemy whenever possible—such have been their methods.

Of course, the Austrian Government pronounced all this high treason, and fearful has been its revenge. Czech soldiers in large numbers have been shot down as traitors; Czech civilian leaders have been arrested, imprisoned, shot, or have fled the country by the thousands. Despite all this the nation has stood firm and has accepted the leadership of a self-constituted National Council, with Professor Masaryk at its head, a man long respected and very influential, who early escaped from Bohemia and has been directing affairs from abroad, mainly from London. Masaryk's life has been declared forfeited by the Austrian authorities, but he goes his stormy way and has at last won the official recognition of Great Britain, France, Italy and the United States for a government that exists as yet only in the minds and hearts of the Bohemian people, that does not control an inch of Bohemian soil, that does not wield any part of the governmental machinery of Bohemia, but that is at the present moment a powerful and an increasing factor in the world struggle.

The National Council has declared the independence of the Czecho-Slovaks; England, France, Italy and the United States have recognized it. Czecho-Slovak armies are fighting on the Western Front, under their own flags, side by side with the Allies. But as all the world knows they have been performing their most wonderful service in Russia, alone and unaided until the last few weeks. There, in that maelstrom of disorder and darkness, they have pointed the path and carried the necessary work a long way forward.

Early in 1917 there were more than three hundred thousand Czech prisoners in Russia. Many of them were enrolled in the Russian Army; all of them would have been had not the old imperial régime been disinclined to use them. However, in spite of opposition a Czech legion was early formed. The services of these soldiers to the Allied cause were praised in the official Russian communications of February 2, 1916, and March 29, 1917. A large number of Czech soldiers have been decorated. In the fighting in the Dobrudja, in October, 1916, many thousands of Czechs took part and were praised in the order of the day for having "fought heroically."

In France a Czecho-Slovak legion was early created. On the very day after the declaration of war in 1914 four hundred and seventy-one Czech residents in France volunteered and joined the French Army, and by October they were in the trenches in Champagne. In May, 1916, they took part in the offensive near Neuville St. Vaast, sustaining heavy losses; later they were in the battle of the Somme. Many Czechs have been sent to Saloniki. It has been estimated that their losses in killed, wounded and disabled amount to more than fifty per cent. The Czechs have enlisted in English, Canadian and Italian armies. Wherever they have seen a chance to serve, thither they have hastened.

In return for this their country has been fearfully punished. The persecutions to which Bohemia has been subjected by Austrians and by Germans have been similar to those visited upon Alsace-Lorraine, Poland, Serbia, Belgium. The prisons have been packed, executions of civilians and of soldiers have been very frequent. Many of the condemned are women. The houses of Bohemian patriots have been raided, their papers seized, their property confiscated, their families, friends and relatives persecuted.

Notice that in all this the Czecho-Slovaks have been peculiarly isolated, have stood alone. Not until very recently have they received any official recognition from the Allies. They were representatives of a country which aspired to independence but whose independence did not exist in fact, and whose independence none of the Allies for whom they were working recognized. Indeed, at various critical moments in the past four years the Allies, including the United States, have toyed with their oppressor and have shown that they were willing to recognize the integrity of Austria-Hungary if Austria-Hungary would only withdraw from Germany. The integrity of Austria-Hungary means just one thing—the continuance of racial tyranny in a redoubled and more envenomed spirit than ever. To the Czecho-Slovaks, and to them alone, belongs the meed of praise and appreciation that they are now receiving. But the praise and appreciation have been forced slowly and reluctantly from the Allies. The Czecho-Slovaks have hitherto done far more for the Allies than the Allies have done for them.

### *The Prediction of Palacky*

A people that has shown such intelligence, such an appreciation of the issues involved in the present struggle, in which the Allies have made such errors of judgment, have so often hesitated, delayed, backed and filled; a people that has displayed such unanimity of feeling and such a sense of subordination to its leaders, is a people worthy of independence, and which, under most perplexing and unfavorable conditions, has given every evidence that it will know how to use its independence wisely when it comes.

For four years, along with fighting and suffering, the Czecho-Slovaks have gradually been building up the fabric of a state which only awaits victory to be put in power. The Czecho-Slovaks will not be found unprepared when the time arrives for the statesmanship of the country to grapple with the problem of political construction. All that remains to be done is to pry Austro-Hungarian control loose, and then Bohemia will be free. The famous remark of Palacky, one of the greatest of Bohemians of fifty years ago, will then receive its sanction and its proof: "We existed before Austria, and shall exist after her."

An independent Czecho-Slovak state will have a population of eleven or twelve millions. In its political principles as well as in its historic souvenirs, in its outlook upon life and in its aspirations, it will take its place naturally among the freedom-loving peoples. In 1848, when Palacky, the great historian and statesman, started the modern phase of the struggle against the Germans, the Magyars and the Hapsburgs, he chose as his motto that of the French Revolution—"Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." The new state is pledged to democracy by every fiber of its being. It will be a republic too. Thus it will represent, in the very heart of Europe, the principles of government and society to which our own country is forever dedicated. We should count it an inestimable honor as well as a priceless opportunity to be able to contribute to the full extent of our powers to the erection of that state. If we care anything about the progressive liberation of the world our responsibility is great and our duty clear.


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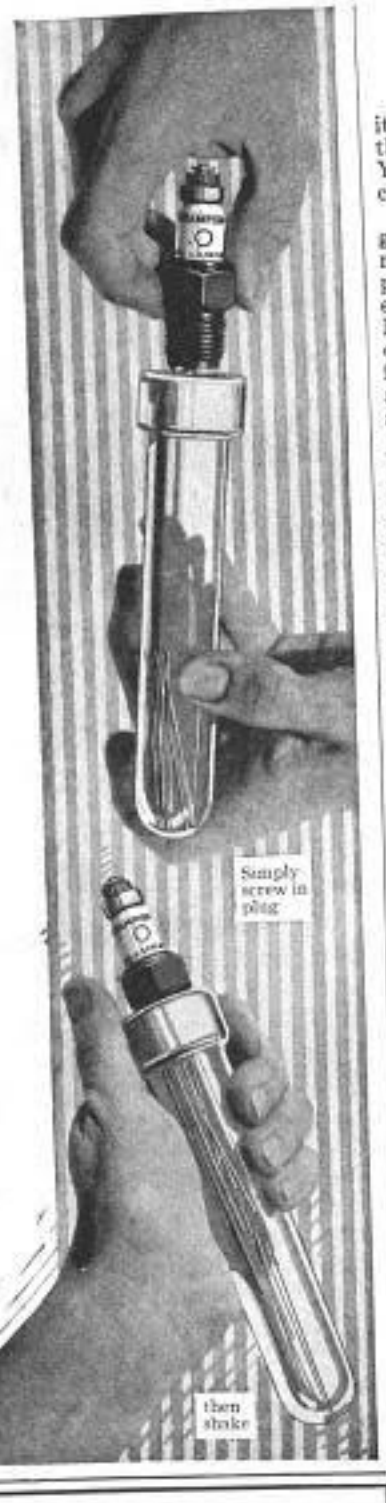
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# THE ROARING ROAD

(Continued from Page 9)

"Oh, daddy! You mustn't!" Dorothy, it is to be feared, had been listening outside the door. "You're—it—it's dangerous! You're just doing it to give Toodles his chance. I won't ——"

"Dorothy, child, the water's boiling," gently reprimanded the Bear. "What's the matter with you kids? When a man gets past forty-five and sprouts a few gray hairs everybody thinks he's on the last lap. Everybody thinks the old motor and the old man have run their last race. Some folks have been carrying round a shovel all summer looking for an easy place to dig a hole. Rot! Here's where we fool 'em."

"But daddy," Dorothy protested, "it's been over six years since you drove in a regular race. And they're framing against you. Isn't that what Toodles says?"

"All the more reason why I should jump into it," roared the Bear. "If they frame on me I'll let 'em have it. Don't you suppose I've learned a few things in my time? Pshaw! I'm not tied to a rocking-chair. I'm only forty-eight. There's many an old grayhead that'll be roaring along in the lead when you younger bloods are in the pits. If I can't win on youth I'll win on brains. Now you kids trot along home. And just naturally keep your heads shut. I'm not in my second childhood."

The next morning when J. D. entered the salesroom he was greeted by a gasp of astonishment. His grizzly hair was clipped short, the characteristic felt hat had given place to a nifty cross-barred cap, and he wore a light suit that in smartness rivaled the triggest salesman's. Ten years—outwardly—had dropped away from the Bear.

"Well, sonny," he greeted the astonished Toodles with the title that never failed to rouse the young man's ire, "some class to grandpa, huh? How's the new motor's digestion this morning? Able to hold down a soft boiled egg?"

"You'll hear from us later," Toodles flared. "You'll notice the dust."

"Good news—good news," chided J. D. "I was fearing you might quit."

He climbed to the Bear Den, sat down and gripped his cigar. In his eyes there blazed the fierceness of battle. Strategy, strategy—that was it. Toodles and the Kummer he did not even concede to be dangerous. But brains alone could defeat the might of the allied Fargot and Kodick teams. Patiently the old strategist set himself to exploring the highways of his long-past racing days. One car against six—that was a handicap. Hour by hour he crouched in his chair, burning cigar after cigar as incense before the illusive idol of Imagination. Suddenly a knock jarred its way rudely into his dreams.

"Come in!" he growled impatiently.

The door swung open to admit a dark-skinned, slim young man, dressed in echoing gray plaid.

"By thunder!" murmured J. D. to himself. "Think of the devil ——"

Aloud he did not speak.

"Howdy, Mr. Ward," greeted the young man. "Heard you were looking for a driver for the Vanderbilt. Decided I'd drop in and talk it over."

J. D. sat back in his chair, stared vigorously, then grinned a strange hard grin. "By gad, Roget," he said slowly, "you've got nerve."

"Never mind that, Mr. Ward," returned the young man calmly. "You want a driver. I want a job. Let's ——"

"A job!" J. D. bellowed. "Have you quit the Kodick team?"

For this was Aristide Roget, the great American-French driver and chief lieutenant of the hateful Kodick-Fargot combination. Roget had just walked calmly into his office and asked for a job. It was incredible. But J. D. kept down his resentment.

Roget's dark face clouded. "No, I didn't quit," he snapped. "I was fired. I'm the goat. Those three bright drivers of yours are on the Kodick pay roll. Do you know how they got there? Simply let it be known they were going to file a complaint with the A. A. A. board. Of course they had evidence; it has been pretty rotten, I guess. The Kodick would be barred from the track. So they're on the pay roll, and I'm off—me and Ben Griggs. Canned like common chauffeurs."

"Well, by thunder!" rumbled J. D. "That's justice hot off the stove! But it's my cars you've been framing against. No sympathy for you here, young man."

"I'm not looking for sympathy," returned Roget angrily. "I want just one chance to hit back. One wallop at that gang."

For a long minute J. D.'s eyes bored into the flushed face of his old enemy. Was this another elaborate scheme to place spies behind the steering wheels of his cars? Or was it a real opportunity? In either case it would bear testing.

"You and Griggs come over here tomorrow morning," he ordered. "I'm going to drive one car myself; but I've two empties. I'll take a chance on you fellows. We'll settle the salary question to-morrow."

There was no trouble over salary. Roget and Griggs hardly looked at the figures on the contracts before scrawling their names. Both were prime drivers. But—they had illegally framed against the Darco all summer. Scowling over his office desk the fact loomed ever larger to J. D. that he had now two drivers whom he couldn't trust—Roget and Griggs. Could he trust the third?

"I'll lick myself into shape," he muttered. "It's time to get busy."

Forthwith he plunged into the reorganization of the new team. With the enthusiasm of a boy he doffed the natty gray suit and became a grease-smeared, beoveralled fanatic. Presently a mystery developed that attracted the attention even of Toodles, busy as he was finishing his new Kummer. Every morning at eight o'clock the three Darco cars would roll out of the garage and disappear for the day. Round five they would return. Finally Toodles decided to do a little special investigating.

Hiring an inclosed rent car he followed; the chase led to the gates of Ascot Park. Toodles climbed on top of his car and peered over the lofty fence. Lined up on the cement mile track before the vacant grand stand was the Darco team. A roar rose in unison; the three cars rolled round at fifty miles, then as they entered the home stretch were off to a flying start. Toodles gripped the fence. It was a race! Ten times the cars whizzed round, then in the last lap J. D.'s big Number Eleven crept out from the others and finished a good three lengths ahead. Later the Bear took the track alone, and shot round twenty-five miles at tremendous speed. Toodles snapped a stop watch on one of the laps—forty-four and three-fifths seconds! Gasping he climbed down and drove back to the salesroom.

"Only two-fifths of a second behind the record for the course!" the young man mused. "And somebody said they never came back!"

Engrossed in his work J. D. all but dropped Toodles and the Kummer from his mind. His worries were elsewhere. Plot and think as he might, no strategic idea had developed. Then one morning Roget walked in, grinning.

"Say, chief," he hailed, "what do you know? Those ex-drivers of yours are worrying. Or so I hear. Not about us—it's this new Kummer wagon. It seems Toodles Walden went down to Santa Monica the other morning before the motor cops were out, and shoved his new bus ten laps at about ninety-two per hour. Oldham's real fussed."

"Who said so?" J. D. growled.

"Jimmy Barnes, Oldham's mechanician. He was trying to pump me."

"What did you tell him?" asked the Bear quickly.

"Trust Little Arthur," laughed Roget. "I filled him so full I bet he busted on his way home. I told him I wasn't supposed to talk, but the Kummer was a Darco. I said it was good for better than a hundred miles an hour and would win the Vanderbilt sure, but we were keeping the new motor covered so we could sell all the old Darcos on hand before springing it."

"By gad, Roget, I'll raise your salary for that!" roared the Bear.

"Then raise mine, too," objected Griggs, crawling out from under the car. "I started that story. Walden never went down to Santa Monica. I ran into Oldham downtown and he seemed so swelled up that I thought I'd take him down. So I sped up the Kummer to ninety-two miles. Say, boss, what's a Kamp motor? Oldham asked me if the Kummer had a Kamp motor. I never heard of it before."

But J. D. was staring at nothing. For a long minute he stared. From the fountai

(Continued on Page 113)

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(Continued from Page 110)

of his subconsciousness was trickling an idea, drop by drop; gradually the drops merged into a compact rivulet, and on its crest came riding the great scheme.

"How about it, boss? Don't I get that raise?" Griggs persisted, but J. D. was already on his way.

"You sure do!" he roared back over his shoulder. "What's more, you'll get that chance you're after."

He rushed into his office and seized a pencil. In five minutes a telegram was on its way to Detroit, demanding immediate shipment by fast express of the two Kamp motors—the provoking experiments that had such resemblance to the engine under the hood of the Kummer.

The Kamps arrived the day before the practice trials were to begin for the Vanderbilt. They were hauled out to a little private garage behind Toodles' new bungalow in Hollywood; Roget's and Griggs' two Darcos followed, and the Kamp motors were swiftly installed.

"Now, Old-Sleuths," J. D. addressed his two drivers, who had been poking inquisitive noses round the strange new engines, "you've got two fancy bunches of metal that are the fastest power plants ever put into a racing car. But—this is confidential, understand?—the durned things won't stay together more than fifty miles at high speed. Why? I wish to God I knew! Now, you show up at Santa Monica for practice to-morrow, and every morning; and rave about the new Darco motors. Get up little races; take bets. Do two laps at top speed. That's all—understand? Two laps. You'll make your fortunes."

"That's nice," said Griggs, "but what's the big idea?"

"Oh, nothing," parried J. D. His doubts still haunted him. Could a wasp be made stingproof by calling it a fly? "Tell you, boys," he growled, "you'll put it over better if you don't know the inside stuff. I'll let you in the night before the race. Meanwhile it's good pocket money."

All three left the place, grinning.

It remained in those next days for J. D. to drop round the track and behold his great scheme developing with marvelous smoothness. Roget and Griggs were born confidence men. For three successive mornings in their Kamp-equipped Darcos they burned the pavements at a pace that left Ritz, Oldham and the rest in a state of panic. The first morning the mighty Ritz of the Fargot team had snatched up the bet, with the instant loss of a week's salary and the unwelcome gain of some pounds of California dust. Oldham and Kerhoff in their Kodicks had shared the same dust. Even Toodles and the Kummer had suffered the first heart-breaking of their young careers.

It lasted only two laps; but it was impressive. Darcos had never traveled so fast before. So fully did Roget and Griggs usurp the center of attention that nobody noticed Old J. D. in the third Darco, jogging round the course at the sane snail's pace of eighty miles an hour. Nor did anyone hear the soft-spoken pledges J. D. whispered to his old Pal. But the tried old motor seemed to understand, for whether it chuckled along at sixty or plunged thunderingly ahead at ninety it missed not a single bark from its heavy iron throat.

The evening before the great race the two Darcos were run once more into the little Hollywood garage, and their own rightful motors reinstalled.

"Now they'll last more than fifty-one miles," growled Old J. D.

The hard training of those weeks had done wonders for the Bear. His rough old hide looked brown and hard.

"I said I'd give you the inside stuff. Well, you've probably guessed it. Ritz and Oldham have plumb forgotten their combination—that's most of it. They're trying to figure out some way individually whereby they can grab better than fourth place." He turned away, casually adding: "I've instructed Tom Darby to tell somebody to tell Oldham that those were only Kamp motors after all."

"For the love of Mike, boss," Roget exclaimed, gaping, "what did you do that for?"

"Here I've gone and built up the Darco a new reputation, and you throw it away like that!" mourned Griggs, half-angry.

Old J. D. regarded them amusedly. "I'm plumb ashamed for you boys," he said indulgently. "You forget Oldham knows all about the Kamp motor and its weakness."

"That's what we're telling you!" shouted Roget.

"Very well," retorted the Bear coolly. "Put yourselves in his place. You're out on the track against two cars that you think can go like the devil—for a sixth of the distance. What, naturally, will you do?"

"Open up and try to run 'em down," suggested Griggs.

"Sure you will! And then suppose they aren't flimsy motors after all, but durable motors; like my old Darcos, for instance?"

"Whoop!" exploded Roget. He saw the scheme in a flash. "Oh, boy! The Darco is the strongest motor of them all! What a licking we'll hand 'em!"

Griggs, too, was grinning, but ruefully, as befits one about to be thrown to the wolves. So J. D. concluded the great scheme:

"Now, see here, any licking that bunch gets will depend on you fellows. I'm going to win that race. But I can't do it unless you boys keep going wide open until something busts. Every mile they chase you will count. It's a race to see which wears out first. Now, you boys have motives of your own. But I'll give either of you a ten-dollar bonus for every mile you're in the lead. A hundred miles, a thousand dollars. Make it the whole three hundred, and it'll be three thousand. But don't forget if you're there near the end I might run over you. I'll be in a hurry about that time—anxious to get back to my rocking-chair!"

But Old J. D. gripped his cigar very thoughtfully as he drove his way home. He was tired—extremely tired. In these last days of final practice he had realized that even forty-eight years will take their toll. Visualizing those endless curves and thundering straightaways of the Santa Monica course, the veteran fearlessly wondered what would be the end. Two hundred and ninety-four miles to drive—and he with nerves long past their prime! Would it be an instant of enforced relaxation, a mere flicker of wavering attention—then a plunge, a crash, a jolt of pain, and a white card coldly raised to blot out forever his number on the score-board? Not his number only, but the Darco's number too. He thought of Burman, at Corona, snatched horribly from life just when victory was in grasp.

The roaring road had taken young men, glorious men in the flush of vigor.

Then slowly the iron in him, the solid male force that underlay his aggressiveness, climbed up and crushed the depressing thoughts. His strategy left no room for weakness; Roget and Griggs were to sacrifice their cars deliberately in the hope of luring their opponents to overstrain themselves; the winning of the race, once the foe was wrecked, was the sole task of Old J. D. Ward. Then another phantom crept in: Would the fly turn wasp? Could he trust Griggs and Roget? Well, the morrow would show. He was grinning his old Bear's grin again that night before he went quietly to sleep.

All night the three boulevards that led to Santa Monica were three dazzling fairy paths of light down which countless giant fireflies wound their way toward the sea.

The morning was cool for October. By eleven the great grand stand was a vivid carpet of race-mad humanity. Back in eleventh starting position Old J. D. Ward calmly studied the crowd and counted the foe. There were twenty-one cars in all, grouped compactly three abreast, snorting and smoking like demon cavalry of a futurist's nightmare. The Bear was chuckling quietly. Over at the pits a half hour ago he had caught words of a heated dispute between the Fargot and Kodick drivers.

The two Darcos of Roget and Griggs had drawn respectively third and fifth positions; they'd have to drive fast for a while anyhow, mused J. D. quizzically, to keep out of the way. He was more interested in watching the type of start taken by the foe. Would Ritz and Oldham plunge madly after the supposed Kamps, bent on running them down in the first half century? Through the haze he could see the white outlines of Toodles' Kummer. Too bad Tom Darby was riding with Toodles. J. D. could have used wily Darby himself. Beyond was Ritz's black bulky Fargot, with Oldham's yellow Kodick somewhat nearer. Suddenly a thunderous volcano of noise spilled down from the grand stand. The first car was off!

J. D. gripped the wheel with his huge firm paws. The cars in front moved up.


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Roget got away; then an unknown, then Griggs. Both Darcos started like madmen. They were playing the game! J. D. saw the starter's arm poised over Ritz, and leaned forward as it fell. Flame leaped from the Fargot's exhaust; with a wild mad lunge it was gone. How the crowd yelled! But the Bear smiled grimly.

Toodles' Kummer took an easy start. "That's old Darby!" thought the Bear. Then Oldham in his Kodick spurted fire, even as Ritz. The car on J. D.'s left dissolved noisily into the haze; the starter was beside him. The moment had arrived! Years rolled away and were nowhere; it was only yesterday, it seemed, that he had awaited that same signal. The hand fell sharply; the Bear's heart missed a beat, but his paws held true; he was off. Before him stretched the road, the roaring road of two hundred and ninety-four miles, the bleak houses of failure and the black hovels of death lining its flaming course, at its end the Castle of Fame. Neatly, efficiently, J. D. skidded round the first turn. No stops this trip.

Seven laps—fifty-six miles—and the grand stand was a riot. Such speed so early in the race—were the drivers crazy? Griggs careened round the San Vicente turn and ripped by with the old Darco wide open. In his smoke was Roget; he had just lost first place and ten dollars to his team mate. A black car lunged frantically three hundred feet behind; two lengths back was the yellow Kodick. Ritz and Oldham were driving like madmen. Once those rickety Kamp motors broke, their path would be clear. Why didn't they break?

But the ninth lap passed; and still the Darcos led. Roget had gone back to earning ten dollars every thirty-nine seconds. The full Fargot and Kodick teams thundered behind, all evidence of judgment flung to the winds. A certain mob panic possessed them, a madness to head the flying Darcos, and in that angry scramble it was every man for himself. Already Jackson, a lesser Fargot light, had gone out with an engine that clattered strangely.

And back in eighth place Old J. D. jogged contentedly along. "They're climbing the greased pole," he grunted to himself. "Let 'em waste themselves."

The great scheme was succeeding beyond his hopes. But how long would the Darcos themselves stand that killing pace? Even J. D. was astonished at the speed of the old motors. It quickened his confidence. He could get there too, when the moment came. One more worry was being slowly erased with each lap—Roget and Griggs were holding true. Once more in the Bear's racing life he was proving that there are few incentives like revenge.

But J. D. had no eyes in the back of his head, and his mechanician overlooked the danger. Just behind, another car was slipping easily along; a white car—Toodles' Kummer.

Fourteen laps sped by and the second hundred miles was well under way when the expected began to happen. The leading car staggered into the pit; it was Roget, and the Darco had burned out its clutch. The slim Frenchman waved a debonair hand to J. D. speeding by. He had earned a goodly bonus.

The burden was now on Griggs, and Ritz with a triumphant roar crowded past and took first, only to lose it a lap later to Oldham in the Kodick. If there was any real friendship between the two it ended there. And presently Griggs, with an unexpected tremendous rush, swept past both Oldham and Ritz and tenaciously resumed his task of picking up ten dollars per mile. Roget had hogged it all while he lasted.

"There goes the other Darco!" shrieked a frenzied fan.

It was true; Old J. D. was in the race. With the calmness of a veteran warrior the Bear advanced to the attack.

So it happened that J. D. was in plain sight when his great scheme collapsed with a crash in the twenty-second lap. Griggs, yet leading, skidded round the Soldiers' Home turn; there was a sharp explosion as a left front tire blew out. The Darco staggered, then plunged for the crowd. Griggs hurled his weight against the wheel. The racer swung athwart the course and locked wheels with Ritz's Fargot. The two machines, in a hopeless tangle, cannoned into the raised railway tracks outside the curve.

Griggs and his mechanician picked themselves out of the wreckage, stopped long enough to see Ritz and his mate crawl free, unhurt, then with the air of two small boys at a circus walked across the track and sat down on the curb. Now they could watch the other fellows work.

J. D. took one glance at the wreck.

"Sooner than I'd thought, old Pal," he muttered. "But they got Ritz."

Had he the strength to complete the running down of Kerhoff and Compton? He must risk it. He pushed his throttle to its final limit and shot forward to do his duty. And even as he did so he heard a roar at his side, and foot by foot a ghostly white monster crept up, stayed abreast, swept ahead.

J. D. coolly dropped back. Here was a new ally. Let Toodles run them while he lasted.

Five laps Toodles led the field at a pace that the weakened Kodicks could not stand. Just at the end of the twenty-seventh, the lucky three-times-nine, defeat came to the mighty "I am." Oldham crawled miserably into his pit; his main crankshaft bearings had burned out. Presently he walked over to Roget's cold Darco, glanced at the motor, stared; and, as the truth smote his eyes, slumped down wearily against the scoreboard.

The next lap wiped the track clean. Kerhoff coasted in with a broken connecting rod. The Fargot-Kodick combination was smashed for good.

When Toodles stopped for a tire change in the twenty-ninth a fanatical fire of joy flamed up in Old J. D.'s eyes. He swept into first place. He was leading—vindicating the old motor before the eyes of the whole universe! Neither he nor it was ready for the junkpile. Now let the knockers talk of rocking-chairs! Six more brief laps, and they would flash together past the checkered flag: the old motor and the old man!

But the Bear was very tired. He was driving, he knew, on power drawn not alone from the thundering engine, but from the core and soul of his strength. Behind him loomed Toodles and the white Kummer, gaining perceptibly. The body-racked old Bear braced himself and called on the Darco for its last iota of power. The Kummer ceased to gain. If only he could hold it now!

Two laps slipped by, then the third; finally the fourth; no change, though the gap was narrow. J. D. lost on the straightaways and gained by sheer nerve on the turns. The Darco thundered past the pits; the grand stand was a roaring Bedlam. Dimly he caught a glimpse of a brilliant green flag: "You are on your last lap!"

Slowly the Kummer gained. A mile, and the big white hood crept alongside. A turn was coming; the Kummer was gone. Afterward it appeared again, and the two cars rocked together down the San Vicente straightaway. The Kummer led. No more tricks; speed alone could do it now. J. D. fought with the wheel. The track was a blurred outline; the iron resistance of the man was breaking. Three miles to go. Try as he could, the Kummer slowly drew ahead. Then abruptly the gap seemed to narrow. The old red Darco like a tongue of flame seemed to reach out for the white monster that was snatching victory away—and got it. Gradually the Kummer fell away and was lost in the dust behind.

A hurricane of sound swept up; a gaudy checkered flag crackled in the Bear's face. He straightened; a broad grin transfigured the haggard face. Again, after years and defeat, the old motor and the old man were once again champions of the roaring road!

"What in thunder happened to the Kummer?" growled Old J. D. the next time he met Darby.

"Didn't I tell you? We ran out of gas!" declared the mechanician.

"How'd the Kummer happen to quit?" the Bear asked Toodles three days later.

"Ran out of gas, durn it!" blithely replied that young man.

"Humph!" grunted the old man. "And you stopped at the pit after I did!"

For the winter season a new Darco model appeared on the market. Under its hood was a new motor—the motor that had "run out of gas."



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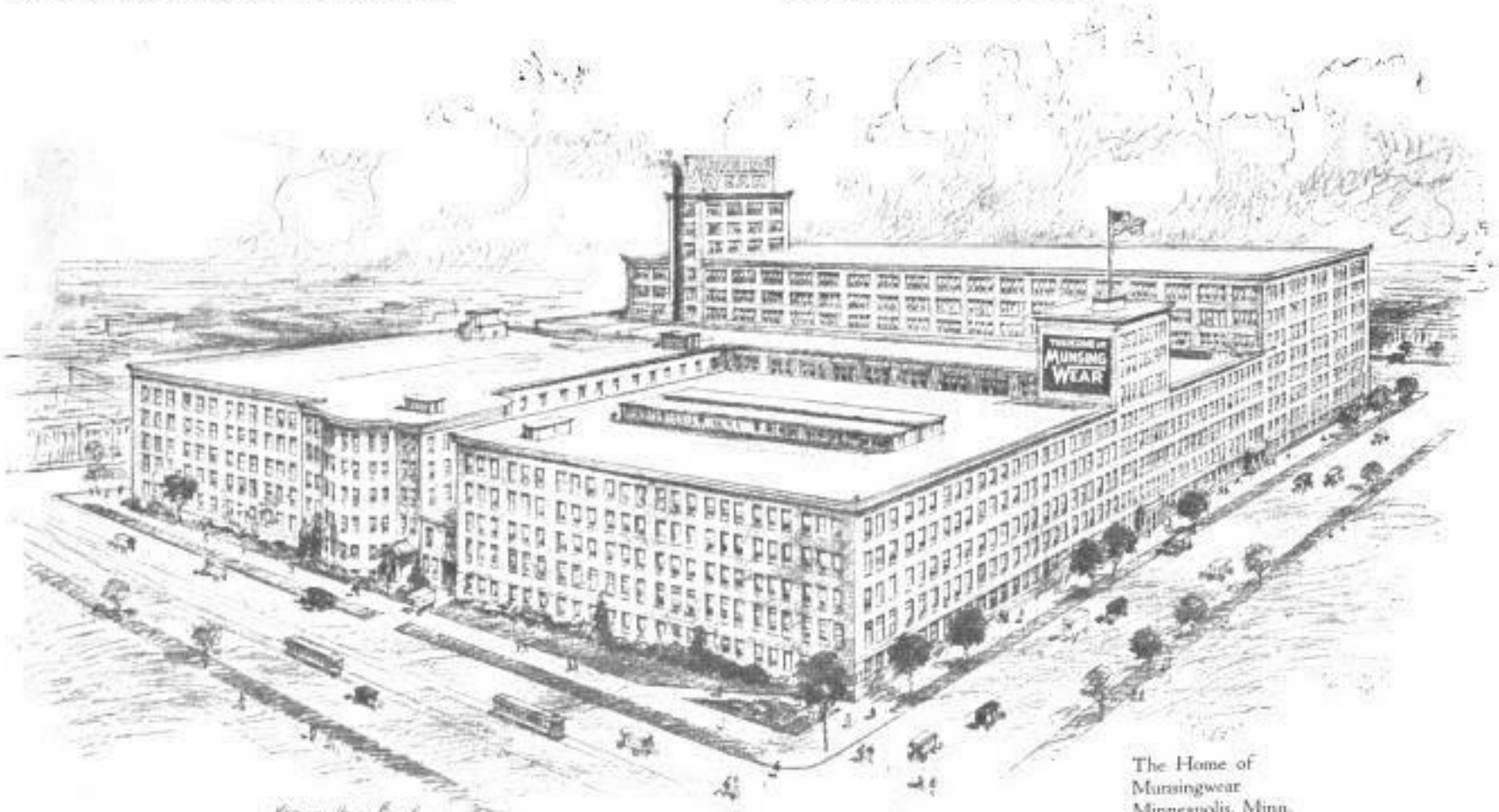
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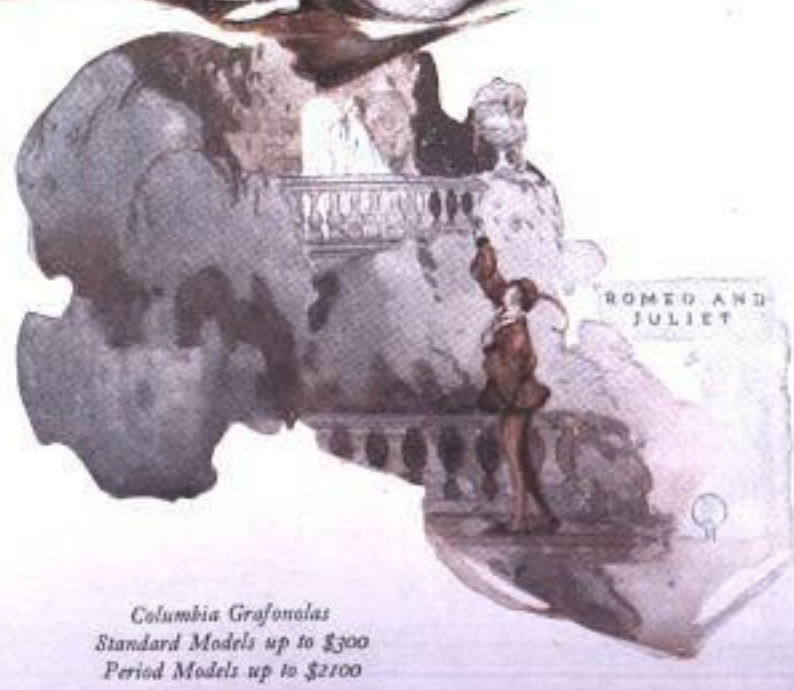
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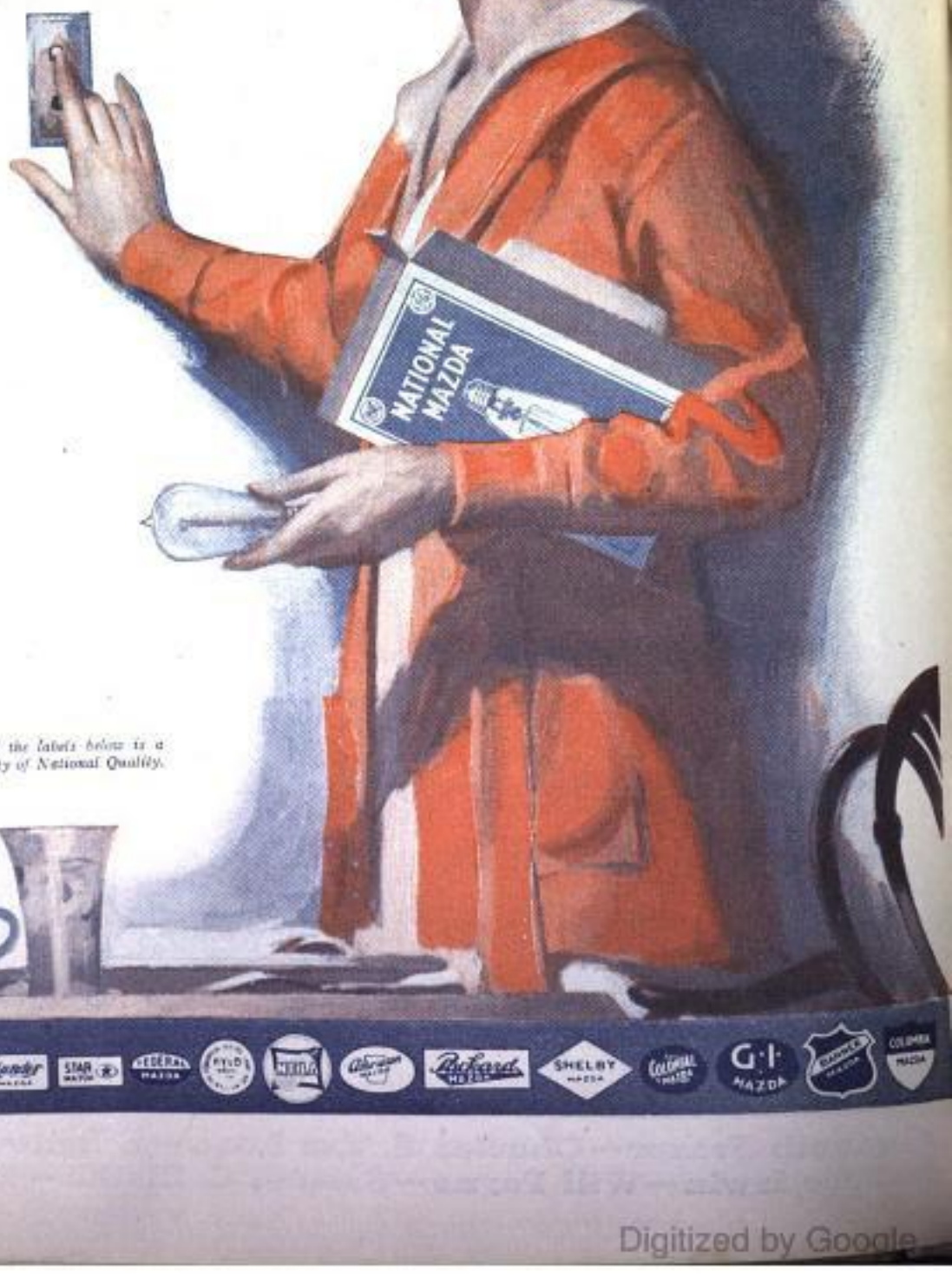
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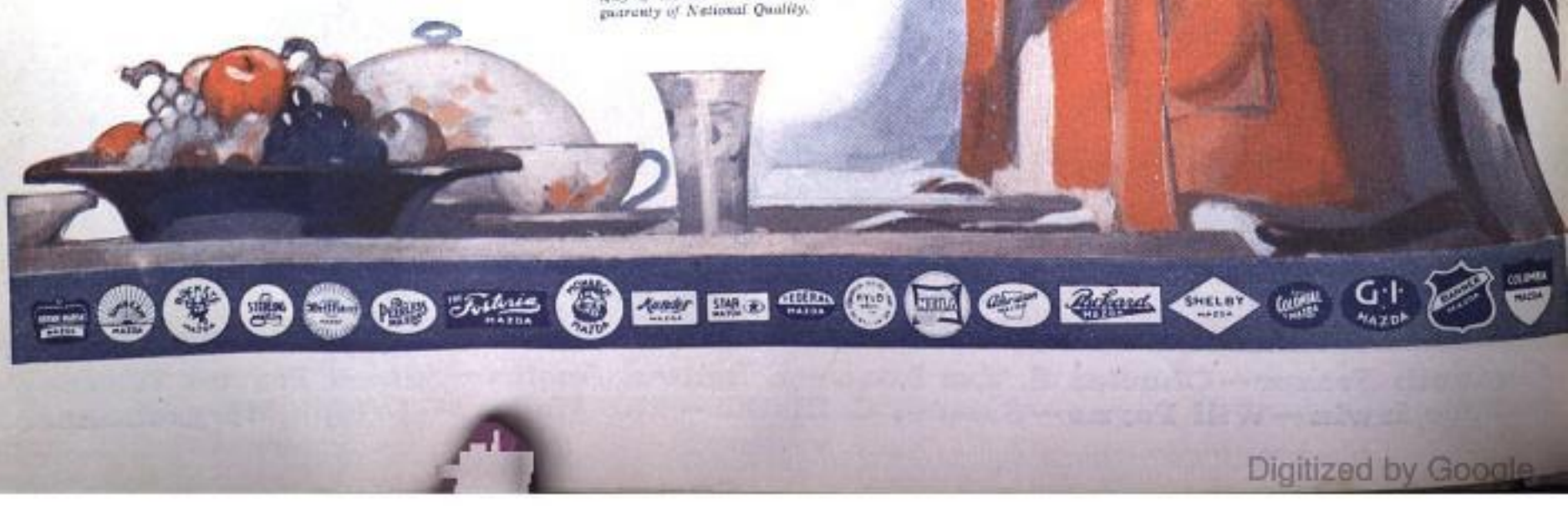


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# THE SPITE ATTACK

## By Elizabeth Frazer

THE third phase of the great German offensive of 1918 began with the first light of dawn on July the fifteenth. In Paris, fifty-one miles behind Château-Thierry, that distant bombardment, violent beyond all precedent, could be distinctly heard. It could be heard, but the explosions were not like real explosions. They were like tiny, far-away echoes, ghosts of explosions—as if baseballs were being hurled with extreme force against a wall heavily padded with cotton wool. Pluff! Pluff-pluff! Pluff! Pluff! Pluff! Pluff! Distinct, yet muted, they came, those distant thuds; denatured, so to speak, with all the sound violence extracted.

Parisians rose from their beds, stepped to the windows and leaned from their casements to listen. But immediately the nearer night noises of the city eclipsed those distant ghost roars of battle. The whir of a belated taxi through the deserted streets, the hollow ring of footsteps on the pavement, even the blinking of an eyelid—and those soft sinister booms were completely blotted out. But back in bed once more, with the windows shutting out the city sounds, the dull pounding commenced again, steady, persistent as the beat of the blood in the arteries: Pluff! Pluff-pluff! Pluff!

Thus at Paris, the heart of the world. But up at Château-Thierry, the seat of alarms, it was a vastly different affair. There was nothing dim, distant, dissolved, denatured or cotton-woolly about the cannonading in that sector. It was the storm center of the tornado. The air was thick with clamor. The heavy guns bellowed incessantly. In order to hear each other men had to lean close and shout, and then it was only by the lip movement that they could be understood. It was like trying to speak during the rushing thunder of an express train. The Prussian storm troops were attacking formidably, with all their immense prestige, and the Americans were responding coolly, methodically as the Concord minutemen, with machine gun and rifle.

It cannot be said that the Prussians were cowards. They had been ordered to hold their position at any cost; and they fought ferociously, until they were **dropped by the bayonet.** In their machine-gun pits twenty and thirty Hun gunners were found, piled in heaps, slain by the bayonet, showing they had resisted desperately to the end; and the path to those same pits could be traced by American dead. Neither side asked or gave any quarter, and in those first fierce days of the offensive few prisoners were taken.

### *The Ebb Tide*

DESPITE the redoubtable blows of the famous iron-disciplined Prussian Guards and the Bavarian Reserves, shock troops alleged to be irresistible, despite also the hail of bullets and gas shells and high explosives right in their faces, the Americans started a counter-drive. The Germans had initiated this game called "drive," and now the Americans, under Foch and Pershing, were ramming that same game down their throats. And slowly the German line began to recoil. Slowly those Prussians and Bavarians, fighting like tigers, began to retire. For the first time since America's entry into the war she began to land substantial body blows upon the enemy; for the first time that enemy began to stagger under the terrible punishing force of those blows, delivered with the whole weight of a powerful angry nation behind them. The Germans had started out to stampede the Americans; the Americans retorted by stampeding the Germans—a little.

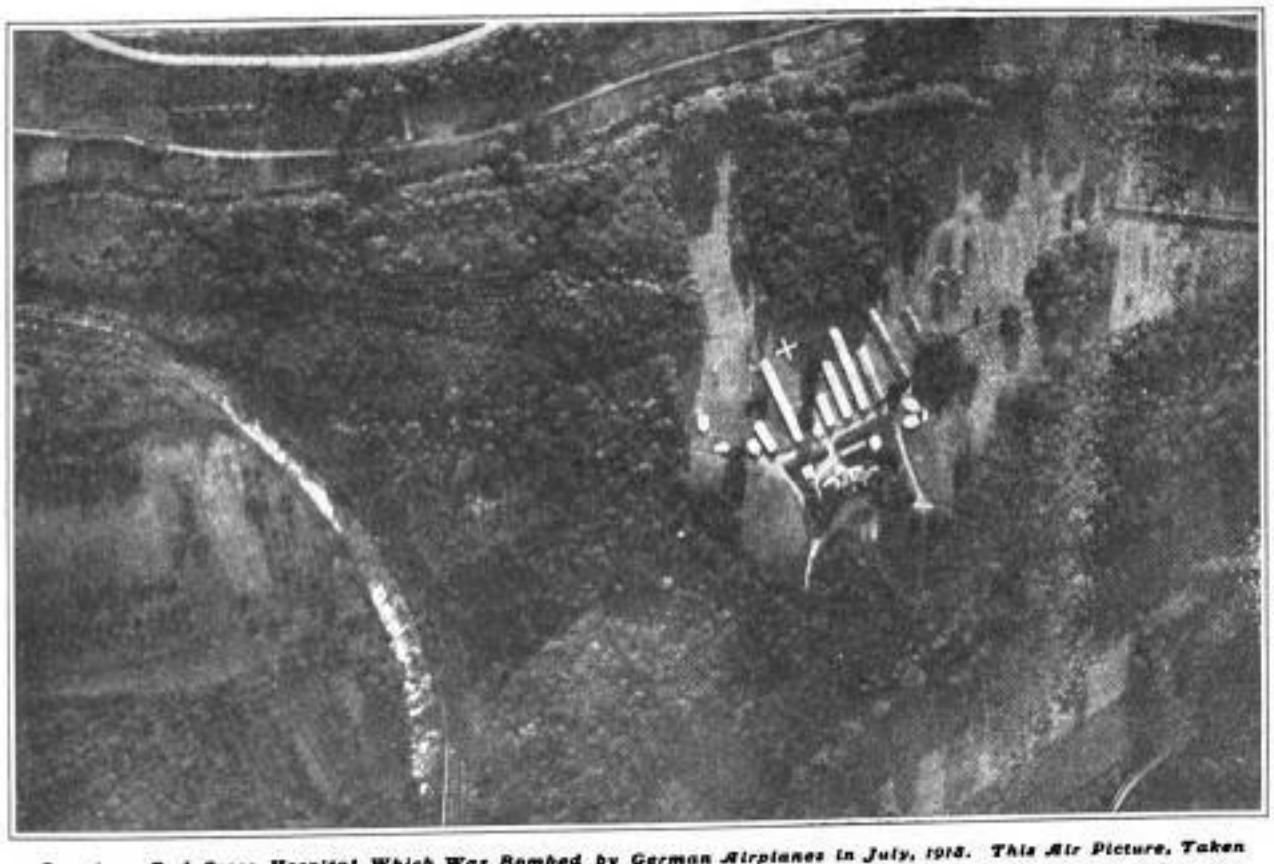
And now began two tides: one tide strong, and hourly growing stronger, sweeping the Hun back, pressing into tighter corners and hotter hells, victorious; the other tide composed of those who fell—a quiet, stricken, bloody tide, ebbing slowly toward the rear.

PHOTOGRAPHS PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION



PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

*Tent-Ward Showing Damage Caused by German Bombs. This Red Cross Military Hospital Was Bombed by German Planes During the July Offensive While the Americans Were Winning at Château-Thierry*



*American Red Cross Hospital Which Was Bombed by German Airplanes in July, 1918. This Air Picture, Taken at a Height of Several Thousand Feet, Shows Clearly the White Hospital Tents and the White Cross. The Germans Bombed it on a Brilliant Moonlight Night from a Height of Less Than 300 Meters*

### *A Busy Night at the Hospital*

THE hospital was waiting to receive them, surgeons and nurses in aprons and caps. In the kitchen a soldier, told off as cook, stoked the big kitchen range until it glowed incandescent on top, and the huge marmites of coffee and cocoa disseminated a fragrant aroma through the house. Ambulances, a steady stream, began to climb the dark, wooded hill road. Two lanterns, like bright, glowing eyes, fastened on either side of the entrance gate, guided them into the grounds. In the rear of the château, in front of the admission tent, they halted; deposited their burdens—silent, immobile, blanket-swathed figures, whose white bandages showed deep crimson stains—retrieved blankets and stretchers; snatched a hasty gulp of strong black coffee, and rumbled off for another load. More drew up, unloaded, departed. And still more and more and more. What a traffic in the dead of night! The traffic sergeant gave low, terse orders. A hooded lantern gleamed here and there. Over all was the infernal voice of the cannon, and those swift, stabbing, crimson flames across the sky.

Inside the admission tent, despite the rush and the constant influx of fresh stretchers, a clean-cut order prevailed. Men, sorely wounded, rested on their litters without change for a few minutes, while their infected clothes were removed and a brief history taken, after which they were borne off by brancardiers directly to the X-ray and operating rooms. Thus with all haste and yet with all order a constant sorting went on, the serious operative cases going forward, the lighter cases remaining behind. These latter were helped into clean pyjamas, given hot soup or cocoa—some of them during the fury of the attack had not tasted food for more than twenty-four hours—their wounds re-bandaged, and put to bed to await their turn in the long procession that led to the operating table. And some of these latter, shelled incessantly,



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under constant shock and stress, not having closed an eye for seventy-two hours, took the high dive into deep oblivion with the coffee cup still in their hands, and slept solidly for a night and a day on end.

The cots in the admission ward filled up. The stream of badly wounded moved forward and the fresh stream from the ambulances flowed in to its place. Everywhere could be heard a continuous low drone of conversation. There was no excitement. But neither was there silence nor sadness—though some were dying—nor groaning nor evidence of pain. They were talking, indeed, but it was noticeable that no one spoke of his wounds or his sufferings, though some had lain twenty-four hours and more on the field or in the dugouts under intense barrage before they could be brought in. But it was not of this they spoke. The battle, what had happened up there, still intoxicated them, still held their brains in thrall. They talked of horrible, grotesque, fantastic and sanguinary things in low, level, dispassionate tones, as if they were discussing the weather:

"I saw my captain and my lieutenant blown straight to hell; it was a head-on collision with a high explosive. My captain was a fine fellow. He always seen we had a place to sleep, and if there was anything to eat going we got it. I was handed one in the chest. We was creeping up on a nest of their machine guns that the dirty boches had hid in a tree. I couldn't bandage my chest wound, and I was spitting blood pretty bad, so I lay down in a shallow shell hole for the rest of the day.

"Along toward night I says to a comrade shot through the arm, who had crawled in alongside: 'Steve,' I says, 'we've got to beat it. This is getting too lively for me.' By that time the shells was busting at regular intervals at a distance of about five feet apart. No use scrouchin' down to dodge 'em; if you did you lost your interval—see? And the next one caught you straight! So we just stood up and walked along kind of slow. We made it that way for about a mile, stumbling along, not going too fast or too slow, for fear of losing that danged interval, when suddenly I flopped down. I'd been bleeding pretty freely right along.

"'Steve,' I says, 'I'm not going to make it. You hike on.'

"But he helped me to stand, and so we kind of leaned up against each other like some of these funny dead drunks you see, and staggered along until presently we saw something looming ahead. I let out a feeble little yip. It was a French machine gun right on top of us, and they was just drawing off to fire! Yes, sir! That holler, for all it was so feeble, was the best little piece of business I ever pulled!"

### Men and Events in Heroic Size

SOME of their stories, I am bound to say, were whoppers, and their figures as inflated as those of watered stock. They saw things heroic size. This phase of battlefield psychology is well known to war surgeons. One soldier, for example, declared his entire division had been wiped out. Another made modest mention of the fact that his company alone, single-handed, against overwhelming odds, had started the Hun on his return trip to Berlin.

"Aw, dry up!" groaned out an exasperated realist, with a grimace of pain. "You four-flushers make me sick, blowing like that!"

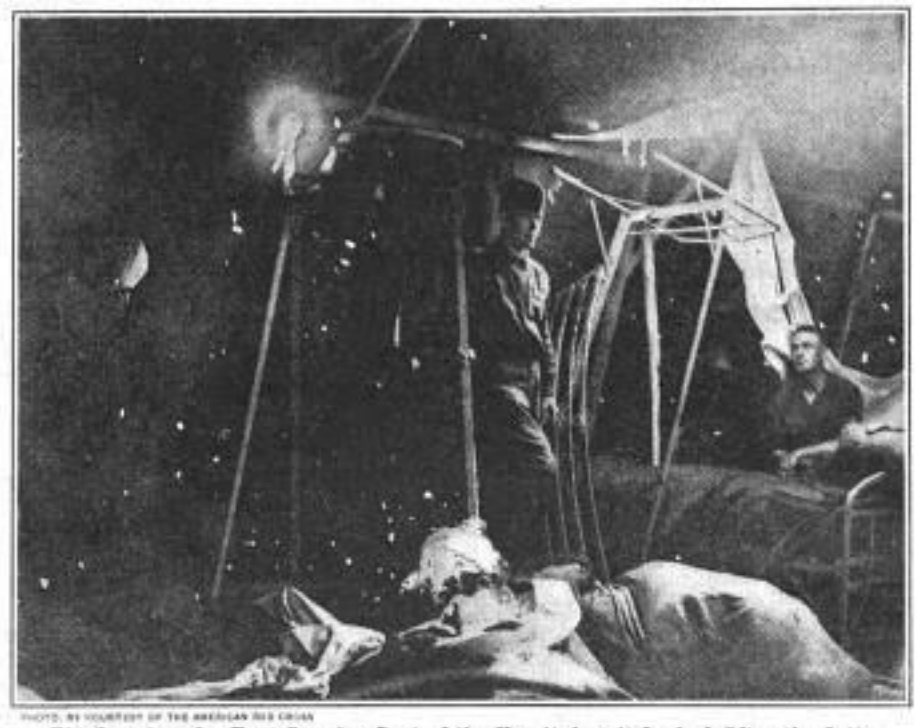
"Well, anyhow," retorted the youth who had boasted of his company, "we whaled 'em in that pocket!"

The realist lifted himself with labor, for a contemptuous look at the optimist.

"What's the matter with your eye?" he demanded.

"Left it on the battlefield to look after things," said the other with utter sang-froid. "What's a little private eye or two in a war of this size?"

"Well, you're no tin-horn sport!" admitted the realist grimly. And he laid himself down again.



PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

*The Interior of a Tent Forming Part of the Hospital as it Looked After the Spite Attack by Hun Bombing Planes. The White Spots are Holes Torn by Shrapnel*

Near the entrance to the admission tent lay a man on a stretcher, his leg bandaged above the knee. The trouser leg had been cut away, the white bandage gleamed ominously red, and down his leggings, down to the heel of his heavy boot, oozed slow drops of red which formed a dark pool on the stretcher. His eyes were closed; his eyelids were violet; his face, under the gleam of the surgeon's torch, showed ghastly white; and a week's growth of black beard emphasized the pallor.

"Get him right up to the house," commanded the surgeon after an expert squint, not so much at the leg as at another bandage round the chest. "Have you taken his history?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then shoot him in ahead of the others. Tell the nurse to have him X-rayed at once, and pass him into the operating room. It's a long chance at that."

The brancardiers bore him away.

Down in the other wards the cots were fast filling with the gassed. For these, in an evacuation surgical hospital, nothing could be done save to remove their gas-impregnated garments, bandage their blisters and burns, feed them, rest them—and rush them on to the rear. Upon one of the beds lay a boy, gassed by phosgene. He lay in a kind of stupor, wondrously beautiful and pale, a statue carved in pure marble, the mobile boyish mouth curved in a faint smile. No visible breath. No pulse. And for him, too, rest—absolute rest.

Still the cannons thundered and their vivid flames painted momentarily the black sky. The ambulances never ceased their steady rumble. The drivers got down for a draught of hot coffee, a word with the sergeant, and then drove off in the dark. It was an unending procession.

And now another tent down in the grounds, isolated from the others, began to be filled. Some of the occupants were wounded, some gassed; some groaned called out in guttural accents of ag of fear; some were too far gone to gr A guard stood at the door.

"Guess they think we're going to s der them!" opined he grimly to brancardiers as they bore in still anc litter.

"We caught quite a bunch to-r between the devil and the deep blue s remarked a brancardier jovially. "' then—steady! One—two—three! ] the stretcher!" They lifted the s figure into the bed. "This poor de almost in. He'll be going west b long. Here's another. Says his r is Max. All right, Max! You're in Am now! Nothing but a kid—is he? you make out what he's chewing th about?"

The guard bent down his head. German prisoner, young, pale, with s lingering, childlike softness of cot about the chin, rolled his head ceasel to and fro, to and fro, while he mut in a delirium of pain: "Oh, my poo mother! Oh, my little sister! The mans did not want the war!" Over over again, like a litany.

Up in the pre-operative ward ir château the beds and the floor an hallway were encumbered with men on stretchers w to be fed into the X-ray room. Here, as down in th mission ward, there was a constant circulation, the gr cases being rapidly pushed forward and fresh stret from the outside filling their places. Suddenly an or who had been bending above a still figure on a straightened himself, and with panic in his face st across the room to the nurse.

"That guy in the corner's dying, I think," he mut in her ear. "Anyhow, he's stopped breathing."

### An Encounter With an S. I. W.

HASTILY the nurse sought the alleged moribund' leaned down and felt his pulse. Normal. Sh her palm above his nostrils. The man was sound a He was slumbering softly, tranquilly, like a babe crib. The orderly, accustomed to the labored, stert respirations of those who fight a running fight with thought a man must be dying if he did not make a

Stepping carefully along that crowded corridor down to rearrange the blanket of a stretcher case, a the soldier how he did.

"I'm all right," he replied quietly. "It's only m I was cleaning my automatic and suddenly it went cidentally and shot me through the ankle."

At that word "accidentally" a kind of cold chill a me. Why had he used that ill-omened word at all? now I had heard of the S. I. W.'s—self-inflicted w These were soldiers who, through cowardice or mom panic or spite, raging against some real or fancied committed by a superior officer, shot themselves hand or foot in order to be sent back to the re any aggregation of humans mounting up to more million there are bound to be a few such weaklings not this youth wi quiet voice and th candid eyes! A seco he explained the i elaborating the deta painstaking care— second time he us fatal word. My he troubled. My hea cool, hard, alien, dis ate observer that aloft in us all—w that this foolish given the game cle by the double use damning word. heart cried out that might be true.

Angry at myself, more at this savag those monstrou masters, the guns put to the same all men, whether weak, I passed t doors of the operat to the deserted ver sat down upon t A stray hound, the lower step, s my coming, thru

(Continued on P



*General View of Red Cross Hospital Behind Château-Thierry, the Object of the German Bombing Raid*

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# FOR THE PICTURES

## By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

JOHN—"GRIZZLY"—GAVIN, middleweight champion of all the world, and the most distinguished knocker-out of his generation, squirmed on a chair in the star dressing room of the Imperial Vaudeville Theater and tried to do two things at once, but with indifferent success, for Nature had designed him on simple and elemental lines.

The champion was attempting to give an interview to a representative of the press—giving it as a cow gives milk, by having it wheedled out of her in driblets—and at the same time he was endeavoring to make safe and cautious double-entry into a pair of purple silk tights—quite an undertaking for a man unacquainted with high-browed reporters and unused to fleshings of any sort.

Gavin did not wish to offend the interviewer, who was young enough to denounce himself as a "special writer" and seemed sensitive about it; neither did he wish to split the tights, which were new and dangerously thin, and the mighty intellect which had dragged John Gavin from a machine shop to the very pinnacle of fame was vibrating rapidly between two points of distraction. Those who have never been bombarded with personal questions while struggling with a new pair of purple silk tights can never appreciate the delicacy of the situation.

"Er—Mr. Gavin," said the journalist hopefully, "would you mind telling the readers of the Morning Messenger what you think of the theatrical business? I mean how does the stage appeal to you from the standpoint of a pugilist?"

"Rotten!" growled the champion as he carefully eased a bulging calf into its silken sheath. "Rotten!"

The interviewer brightened perceptibly. Here, he told himself, was something worth while.

"You mean, then," said he eagerly, "that the moral influence of the theater is—is ——"

"Moral influence, hell!" grunted Gavin. "I don't know nothing about moral influence. I ain't no preacher, and I ain't no knocker either."

"But," said the perplexed youth, "you just said the stage was rotten."

"Any business," remarked the champion, "is rotten when you want to be doing something else. I'm a fighter, I am; and I'd rather step four rounds with Cockeyed Mahoney than make a fool of myself in front of an audience. But my manager signed a contract and it's up to me to deliver. Me, I think the show business is rotten."

"I see. Your criticism is based on purely personal grounds."

"Yeh. I guess so. Write it up any way you like. You'll do it anyhow."

The young man looked rather bewildered, but caught his breath and tried a new tack.

"Mr. Gavin," said he, "would you mind telling me why they call you 'Grizzly'? Is it because you fight like a bear?"

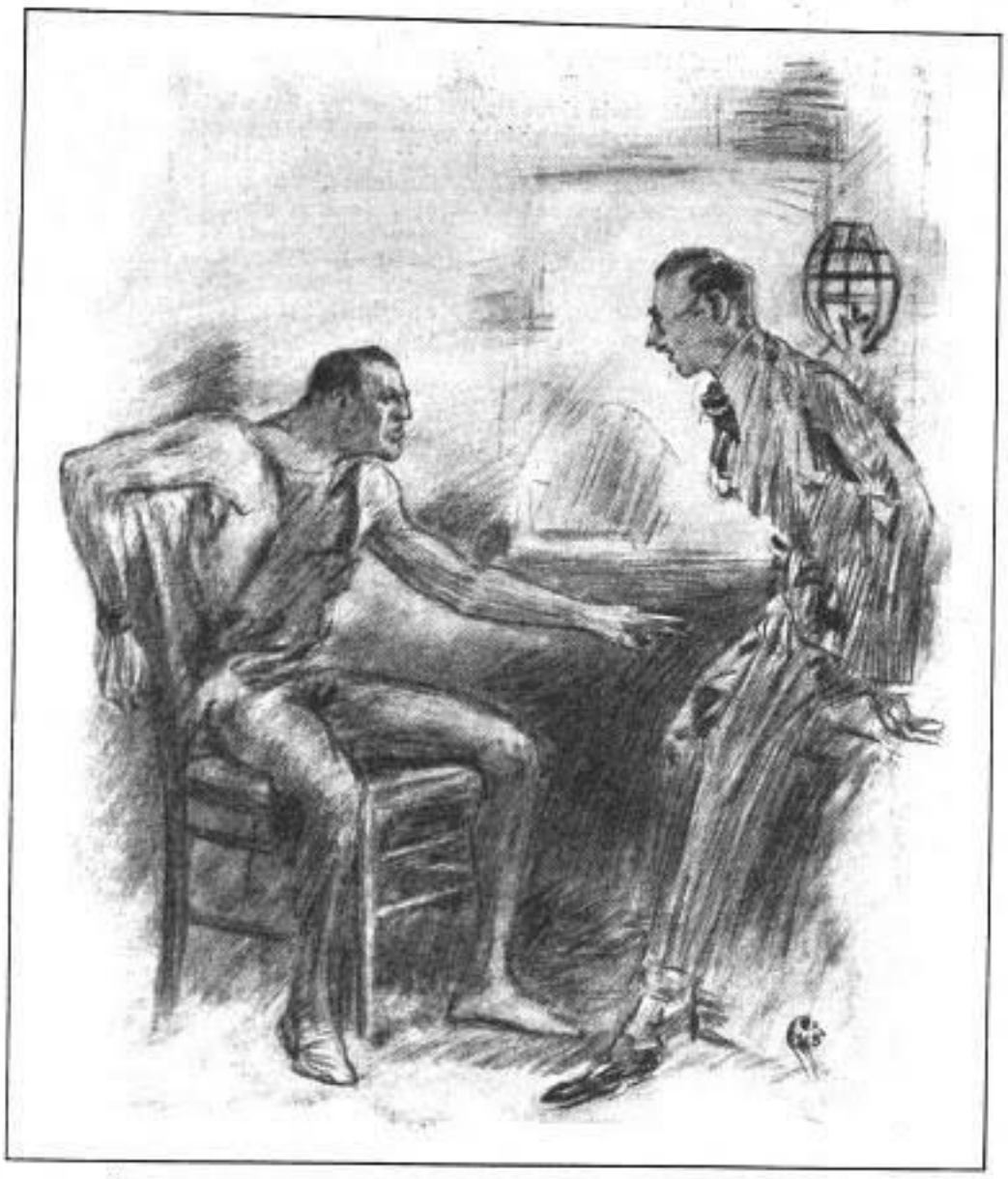
"If I fought like a bear," said the champion, "I would have been licked long ago. All a grizzly can do is to get you into a clinch and hug you to death. That ain't fighting."

The champion rose and surveyed his purple legs, examining their reflection in the mirror and nearly twisting his head off in order to secure a rear view.

"Then why do they call you 'Grizzly'?"

"Because I'm so hairy. They hung that name on me out West, and it'll stick, I guess. That's why I have to wear these fool things. And my chest—say, if I had 'Welcome' worked on it I could lay down on my back and pass for a door mat." Again the champion studied his reflection in the glass, running the tips of his fingers over his silken thighs. "They feel kind of smooth and nice at that," said he, half apologetically but with a trace of pride. "Cotton is good enough for anybody; but silk—well, silk is class. You got to admit it—silk is class. . . . Anything else you want to ask me?"

"Why, yes. Some of the boys in the office want to know how long it will take you to whip Mr. Summers. This isn't for publication, you understand. I—I think they might make some bets."



"Confident? Say, as Sure as You're Setting There I'll Tear His Block Off!"

Grizzly Gavin grinned from ear to ear.

"Yeh. They might—if they knew. Listen: If I knew the answer to that question I'd win myself wealthy, snowballing the right round in the mutuals. It's sure to be a big betting fight, and I'd get rich."

"You're confident of beating him, of course?"

Gavin stopped grinning and his brows wrinkled into an ugly scowl. "Confident? Say, as sure as you're setting there I'll tear his block off! I'll fix that jaw of his so he can't wag it at no more newspaper men in a hurry! I'll knock him kicking like a shot rabbit—you can bet your last nickel on it!"

"They say that Mr. Summers is very scientific."

"Yeh," said Gavin with great scorn. "All them fighters that can't stand a good wallop, they have to be clever. They run, and they duck, and they sidestep, and they poke at you with a straight left that wouldn't dent a derby hat, but when it comes to real fighting—huh, they ain't there!"

"I gather, then, that you haven't a very high opinion of Mr. Summers."

"Don't gather the pot till all the chips is in. Swifty Summers is no soft proposition and no push-over. He's licked some tough men. He's fast on his feet, he's clever and he's tricky as the devil. And when he gets an opening for that right hand there ain't no cream puff in the glove when it comes across. There's a kick in it—a good kick. He's no cinch, but I'll tear into him so hard that he'll never get a chance to set himself and land with his right. I'll run him ragged, and if I can stop him in the first round I'll do it. There's one thing you can say about me if you want to—I never yet let a man stay a minute longer than I could help. I don't believe in stalling to give the crowd a run for its money. I'm out to win, and win quick. That's why they come to see me fight. I'll be right on top of Summers the minute that bell rings."

"May I quote you as saying that?"

"Sure, quote me! Why not? Everybody knows that's my style of fighting. I go to 'em and trade slams till they drop. That's how I got my title, and by the way, the championship belt is in the trunk there. It cost a thousand bucks—all solid gold where it ain't silk ribbon, and that diamond ain't no phony stone, either. Want to see it?"

"I'd be delighted," murmured the reporter. "I never saw a championship belt before. I—I am not attached to the sporting department. I write special articles ——"

"Yeh," said Gavin dryly as he bent over the trunk. "I kind of thought you wasn't no sporting editor when you first come in. . . . Now, this belt was presented to me by—oh, well, read for yourself what it says. Pretty good from the guys in a man's home town, eh?"

*II*

THE American prize ring has produced hundreds of sports, four or five genuine sportsmen and a genius or two. Swifty Summers, christened Alexander Kittredge Duncan, was neither a sport nor a sportsman, but he came very close to the last classification. The proof is in the fact that though he flourished more than a few years ago his record remains green—if not fragrant—in the memories of those who have followed the ring and ringsters for a decade or so.

Summers was the first real captain of the padded-mitt industry; the first pugilist to recognize the dollar-and-cent possibilities of the profession of fisticuffs. We have had many "price fighters" since his day, but not one of them could have taught Summers anything new in the use of the double or triple cross, or the knack of taking an unfair advantage of an opponent while making it seem perfectly fair to a referee, or the crowning art of scooping in the loosely held dollar of commerce.

From time to time a great many men thought they were "managing" Summers' business affairs, but when the loot was divided they discovered that they had been in error. There was never a "manager's cut."

Starting with a fair education, Summers read books and newspapers and made a careful study of men. He could talk easily and entertainingly on any topic of general interest, and with such choice of vernacular as to be understood by a bank president or a safe blower. He looked like a gentleman, there were times when he acted like one, and he dressed with the quiet but elegant taste of a pork-packer's grandson.

Lady interviewers listened to his soft, well-modulated voice and went away to rave inkily about his intelligent brown eyes, his perfect poise and the charm of his personality. Unquestionably Swifty Summers was a very smooth article. When on dress parade he might have borrowed a graduating class from the president of a female seminary; but stripped down to his warped and twisted soul he was as unscrupulous as a scorpion, and fully as dangerous. There was not a trick in his trade which he did not know and use, and sometimes he invented new ones, as was the case in his first important ring battle.

Said Cockeyed Mahoney, the Fighting Stevedore, to his chief second: "He's a nice-spoken lad, this Summers, an' I kind o' hate to muss'm up. When we was in that first clinch he whispers to me how his father is in the gallery, and asks me not to show'm up too bad before the old man. I think I'll box easy for a few rounds, then go git'm."

"Nix!" advised the chief second. "You ain't no boxer, and he is. Tear into him!"

"No-o," said Mahoney; "he ast me like a gentleman, and I'll let'm stay a while—on account of his old man. I'll go easy at first."

While Mahoney was going easy he bumped into a right hook coming hard. When he recovered consciousness he was a sadder, madder man, but not nearly so mad as he was later when he ascertained that Summers was an orphan.

Now Grizzly Gavin and Mahoney were friends in spite of three hard battles, and Gavin knew the story about

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Swifty's old man. He had heard other stories as well, and was resolved not to listen to any proposition from Summers, in the ring or out of it; but it often happens that the man who will not listen to conversation will lend both ears to the soothing rustle of greenbacks. Four days before the battle for the middleweight championship of the world Joe Wells entered Gavin's training quarters with a message from the enemy. Wells was Gavin's manager, caring no more for money than a Circassian beauty does for her hair.

"Summers wants to see us to-night," said Wells.

"Leave him tell his troubles to a policeman!" growled Gavin, who was irritable. Most men are irritable after a long siege of training.

"He's got some proposition about making a barrel of dough," continued Wells. "He wouldn't tell me what it is, but he says it's a cinch. He wants to talk it over with you and see what you think about it."

"Huh! Figuring on some kind of a frame, eh?"

"He says not. Says the fight has got to be on the level, and here's the angle I don't get. Here's his message: 'You tell that big stiff of a Gavin that he can clean up fifty thousand dollars on the side—fifty thousand without betting a cent or posting a nickel—and he'll get it no matter which one of us wins.'"

"'No matter which one of us wins!'" repeated Gavin. "I don't get the angle either. Fifty thousand dollars—and no betting to be done. I don't get it."

"He says it won't take five minutes to explain the whole business, and then you can take it or leave it. It wouldn't do any harm to listen, John."

"Yeh, but suppose we're seen talking together. Right away the papers would yell that we were framing the fight. You know, and I know, that we wouldn't frame nothing; but Summers would frame his own brother. It would look bad."

"He thought of that. He said that at ten o'clock sharp he'd drive by here in a closed hack and pick us up down at the railroad crossing."

"And the hack driver would spill it, sure!"

"Now listen, John. You ought to know that a hack driver never spills nothing. He's wise. It's part of his trade to keep his mouth shut."

"I don't care," said the champion. "I can't take chances on any newspaper talk."

"No," said Wells, "I guess you're right, John. . . . Fifty thousand bucks, whether you win or whether you lose. . . . It sounds like new stuff."

"Look here," said Gavin suddenly, "if you're so crazy to know about it why not meet the hack and tell Summers to get out. The hack can drive on, and me and you and him will have a chat—down the railroad track where it's quiet."

"Keno!" exclaimed the manager. "Might as well find out what he's got, eh?"

"Yeh," grunted Gavin. "And if he makes any funny cracks at me I'll just poke him one for luck. You tell him so."

At five minutes after ten the champion eased himself out of the back door of his training quarters, traversed an alley, skulked round two corners and arrived at the railroad crossing. The night was quite dark, but Gavin had no trouble in recognizing Summers, who stepped from underneath a tree to greet him. The challenger was far too clever to annoy Gavin with a sartorial display; he wore a thick sweater, dark trousers, rubber-soled shoes and a cap. His conversation was also suited to the occasion.

"How're you, champ? You look pretty fit."

"Never you worry about me," snapped Gavin. "I'm fit enough to knock your head off."

Summers laughed.

"When you worked in the machine shop," said he, "you quit when the whistle blew. You didn't carry your tools with you all the time. Let's not quarrel till we get paid for it."

Gavin grunted and led the way down the railroad track, followed by Summers and Joe Wells. When he had gone two hundred yards he faced about suddenly.

"Now talk," said he, "and talk quick. What have you got?"

"The softest thing in the world," replied Summers. "I've got a line on a man who can take moving pictures of this fight."

"Moving pictures?" asked Gavin stupidly.

Though it may seem incredible to the youngsters, accustomed to a motion-picture theater on every downtown block, there was a time, and not so very long ago, when the amazing future of a giant industry was safely locked inside a few strange-looking cameras; and even the men who carried them had but a faint conception of their commercial and artistic possibilities. Most of those men are now millionaires many times over.

"Moving pictures?" repeated Gavin again.

"That's it. You remember they took moving pictures of the Carson fight?"

"Yeh," said Gavin, "I heard about it."

"Well," said Summers, "they've learned a lot since then. This fellow—his name's Isaacs—and his cousin controls a string of theaters all over the country; tells me he's prepared to handle the picture end without our putting up a nickel. He says if the fight is a good one he can guarantee that our bit won't be less than a hundred thousand, cold. That's on a percentage basis, of course. The fight club might have to be cut in on a piece of the dough, but the big chunk splits three ways—just you and me and Isaacs. How does that sound to you?"

"Reasonable," chirped Joe Wells. "They made a barrel of dough out of the Carson pictures—I know that."

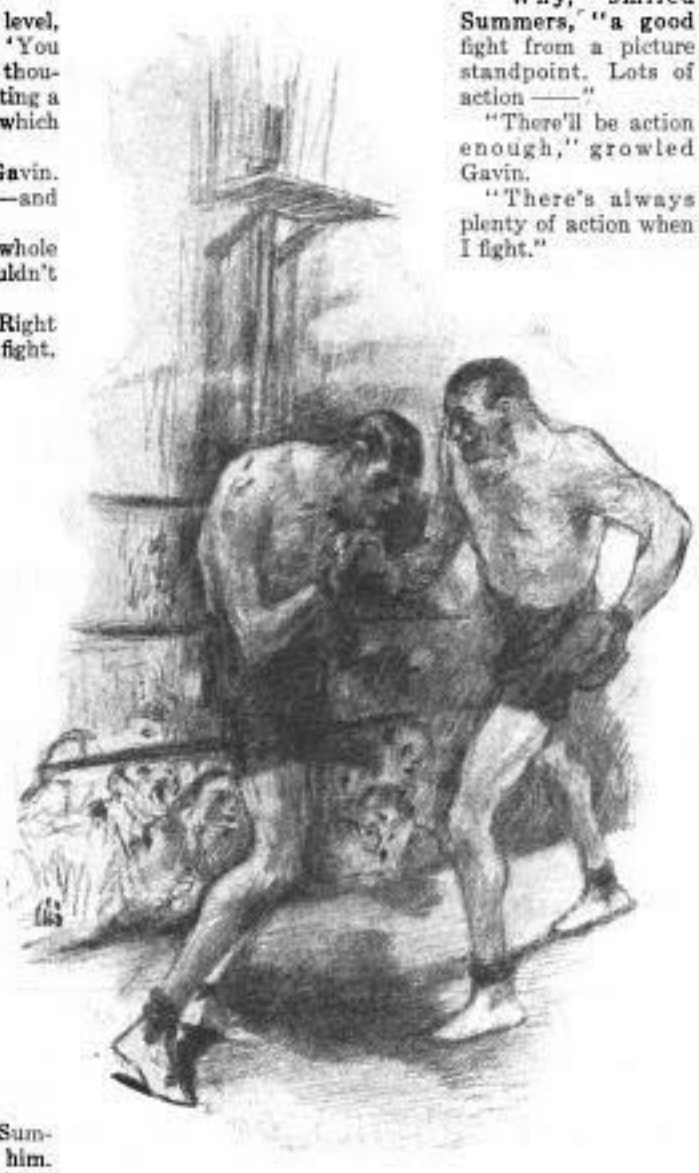
"And these pictures will beat the Carson pictures all hollow," said Summers. "They've made improvements in the camera."

"Yeh," said Gavin shrewdly, "it listens fine; but what does this here Isaacs mean when he says 'if it's a good fight'?"

"Why," smiled Summers, "a good fight from a picture standpoint. Lots of action——"

"There'll be action enough," growled Gavin.

"There's always plenty of action when I fight."



*Gavin Was Playing With Him, Hitting Him at Will as He Wabbled Wearily Along the Ropes*

Summers proceeded, calmly ignoring the interruption: "Action, and it'll have to last long enough so the film'll be worth charging a dollar to see. Now, for instance, if one of us should be dropped cold in the first round the pictures wouldn't draw—the show would be too short, understand?"

"You bet I understand," sneered the champion. "Come on, Joe. We might have known this crook would spring something like that. I won't frame for nobody, dough or no dough!"

"Just a minute!" pleaded Summers. "That 'dough or no dough' stuff sounds great, but it's foolishness. You ain't such a money getter that you can afford to pass up fifty thousand bucks. Mike McCue had the title for three years before you licked him. Where's Mike now? Working in a lumber yard in Sacramento! Mike was a spender when he had it; you're blowing yours now. Don't be a fool, Gavin! Have you got fifty thousand salted down anywhere? Have you got twenty-five? Have you got enough to live soft the rest of your life? You bet you haven't—and neither have I! Here's fifty thousand for you and fifty thousand for me; and the beauty of it is we don't have to do anything wrong to get it. We can box a nice exhibition for a few rounds and then cut loose in earnest, and they'll think we've only been feeling each other out. Fifty thousand bucks, as sure as death and taxes! . . . Do you want to go back to the machine shop when you're through fighting?"

"No-o," said Gavin, who had been thinking of Mike McCue sweating in the lumber yard at three dollars a day. "No-o, but if I fall for this what'll keep you from trying to slip one over on me?"

Summers turned to Wells with a gesture of disgust.

"No wonder he needs a smart business manager!" complained the challenger. "What will I get if I win this fight? Five or six thousand dollars at the outside; and for that I'd toss away a fortune!" He whirled and confronted the champion. "Ain't we both interested in the pictures? Use your head, Gavin, use your head!"

"Yeh," retorted Gavin, "it's my head that tells me your word ain't good for a nickel!"

"So that's it?" cried Summers angrily. "My word ain't good, eh? Well, I'll make it good with the fairest proposition you ever listened to!" He fumbled in a hip pocket, brought out a leather bill fold and opened it. "You don't trust me, Gavin, but I'm going to trust you. Here's a thousand-dollar note—oh, strike a match and look at it! It ain't Confederate money! A thousand-dollar note—and it's yours if I try to slip anything over on you. Put it in your pocket, and if I don't live up to any agreement we might make you can keep it. And you're to be the judge. I'll leave it to you when the fight is over. Is that fair or not?"

John Gavin stood with head lowered, twisting the bit of paper in his fingers. The silence lengthened until it became almost painful. He was the middleweight champion of the world, but never before had he held a thousand-dollar note in his hands.

"Where is this Isaacs?" he asked at last without looking up. "I—I guess Joe ought to have a talk with him."

"He'll be at the Occidental Hotel to-morrow morning," said Summers. "All he wants is a promise that the fight'll last at least four rounds. It's a straight business proposition with him. He can't go to a lot of expense to make some pictures that won't draw."

Gavin tucked the note in his fob pocket.

"It's a go," said he slowly; "and I'll hold this piece of dough as a forfeit. We'll box four rounds for the pictures, but—watch out for yourself in the fifth!"

"The same to you!" grinned Summers. "It's a real old knock-down-and-drag-out after the fourth round—and may the best man win!"

He held out his hand and Gavin took it.

"That'll be me," said the champion. "Yeh, I'll shake on it!"

### III

A BATTLE for a world's championship is hedged about with a tremendous amount of pomp and circumstance. The dignified preliminaries have changed very little in twenty years. The great and the near-great must be introduced to the impatient multitude, and so must every tin-eared, dent-nosed, like-weighted gladiator wishing to "challench d' winner." A cat may look at a king, and on the day of a championship event the lowly pork-and-beaner may grasp the hand which grasps a title.

The gloves must be examined by the referee, by the principals, by the chief seconds and trainers, by the towel-swingers and bottle-holders and all others considering themselves interested. Photographs must be taken showing champion and challenger crouched and scowling at each other, the referee posed in the exact center, trying hard to look like the great man he feels himself to be. These things, and many others, always happen when a championship is in the balance.

John Gavin sat in his corner, grim and silent, wearing his professional face. Preliminaries always annoyed the champion. While he waited for the clearing of the ring his eyes wandered to the pine platform where the motion-picture camera was located. It was the first one he had ever seen, and Gavin studied it curiously. Out of that insignificant box was to come the money which should erase the machine shop from his future calculations—"fifty thousand sure, maybe seventy-five," Isaacs had told Joe Wells. Gavin found himself pitying Mike McCue, whose championship had vanished and left no lucrative film record behind; and with a vague feeling of uneasiness he remembered that many of his friends were betting on him to win inside of four rounds. He knew that by abandoning his usual thunderbolt style of attack he was betraying a public confidence; but, as Joe Wells had pointed out, the gamblers wouldn't give him a cent of their winnings, and a man had a right to feather his nest deep and soft while feathers were flying.

In the opposite corner sat the challenger, noticeably pale and evidently nervous, but nodding and smiling in response to the shrill greetings of friends and backers. It is only the thick-skulled, unimaginative, old-style type of bruiser, fighting always with his hands and never with his head, who endures the final agony of waiting without feeling the strain. Tiny beads of sweat dampened Summers' forehead; his hands were in constant motion; his feet shuffled over the canvas. Not once did he glance in the direction of the motion-picture camera.

"Look at him!" said Wells to Gavin. "Scared stiff, and spitting cotton!"

"Don't fool yourself!" grunted the champion. "I seen him in three fights, and he always looks like he's licked before he starts. He's cool enough when he gets going."

The great moment arrived at last. The men, stripped to trunks and shoes, stood in their corners while the announcer bawled his way through the time-honored formula. Gavin, hairy and broad-shouldered as a gorilla, the true type of

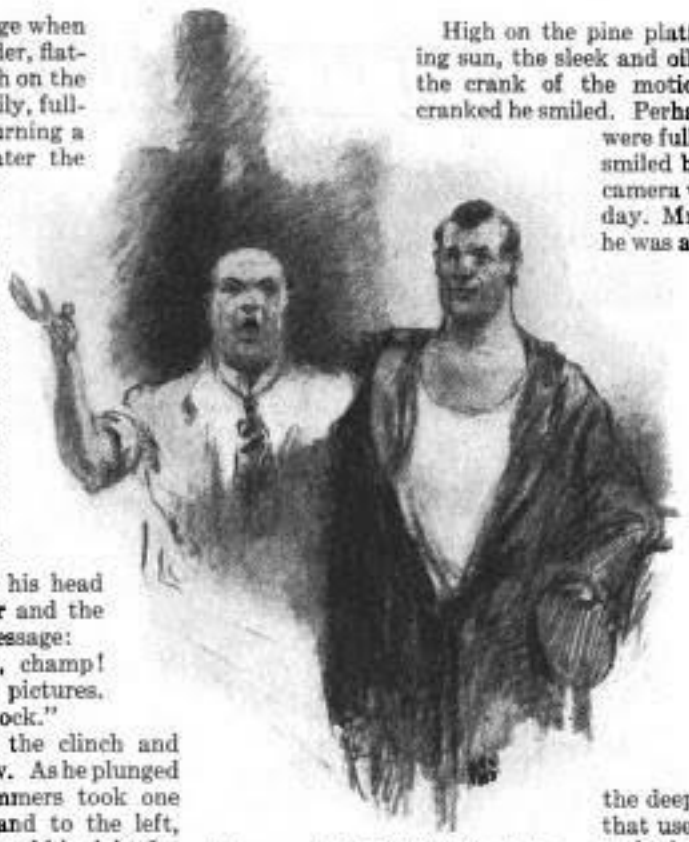
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fighting man, bulked large when compared with his slender, flat-muscled opponent. High on the pine platform a sleek, oily, full-jeweled person began turning a crank, and a second later the gong cut through the tense silence.

Gavin shuffled rapidly to the center, head down and right hand poised as if to annihilate his opponent with one mighty swing. Summers met him and immediately began dancing in and out, feinting with light lefts. Gavin rushed, there was a flurry of smothered blows and they clinched. Summers' lips did not move, but his head was on Gavin's shoulder and the champion caught the message:

"Make it look good, champ! Four rounds—for the pictures. You rush me and I'll block."

Gavin backed out of the clinch and rushed, his guard held low. As he plunged in, ready to swing, Summers took one lightning step forward and to the left, and as he did so he whipped his right fist across, backed up by one hundred and fifty pounds of bone, muscle and sinew. Gavin saw the blow coming, and in that astounded fraction of an instant he realized that he had been tricked into leaving his jaw wide open to the same vicious swinging hook that had finished poor, generous Mahoney. He saw it coming, and that was all. Before he could duck his head or raise his shoulder Summers' famous knockout punch crashed home on the point of his chin, and Gavin dropped like a log, face down on the canvas.



*Summers Was the First Real Captain of the Padded-Mitt Industry*

There followed an interval of blackness and oblivion, and then the prostrate gladiator became aware of a terrific volume of sound beating in on him from four sides of the ring—the wild hysterical yelling of men who see a championship changing hands. A new note struck in, clear and sharp, very close to Gavin's ear:

"Eight!"

Then Gavin knew where he was and remembered what had happened to him. He struggled to his knees, but the sunlit arena swung in dizzying circles before his glazed eyes and there was no strength in him anywhere—nothing but weakness and a sickening sensation of nausea. He knew that he must be on his feet inside of two seconds, but his numbed brain could not transmit its commands to the sprawling limbs. Gavin dropped forward, supporting most of his weight on his hands, and in this position he heard the count reach nine.

Had his very life depended on his getting to his feet he could not have tried harder, but the paralyzing effect of that treacherous blow was not to be thrown off by a sheer effort of the will. If Gavin had succeeded in rising he would have been an open target before as merciless a fighter as ever lived, but the champion did not think of this. He only knew that he must be on his feet before the count reached ten. . . . Now if he could just get that right knee off the canvas.

A hand slapped him smartly on the shoulder and three words came to him: "Ten—and out!"

The fight was over; and Gavin had sold the championship of the world for a thousand-dollar note, which was good, and the word of a man whose word he had said was not good. He collapsed on his face and Summers picked him up and carried him to his corner.

The new champion looked down through the ropes at a white, wide-eyed young man who seemed to be trying to say something. It was Joe Wells, stunned by the sudden catastrophe to his own personal fortunes. As Summers placed the defeated fighter on his stool Gavin's eyes opened and he looked up at the man who had tricked him out of his title. "Oh, you dog! You dog!" muttered Gavin.

Then Summers did a very clever thing. He put both arms round Gavin's neck and bent close over him. Those who were in a position to see the little tableau thought the winner was whispering words of comfort to the loser; certainly the pitying smile on Summers' face seemed to indicate something of the sort.

But this is what he was saying: "If you squeal, you big hairy stiff, this crowd'll hang you, and your manager too! If you want to get out of this place alive you'll keep your trap shut!"

Even in his shaken and befuddled condition John Gavin realized that the advice was sound. In attempting to fool the public he himself had been fooled, and dared not lift unclean hands against his partner in crime. Summers had played it very safe.

High on the pine platform, black against the westering sun, the sleek and oily Mr. Isaacs continued to turn the crank of the motion-picture camera; and as he cranked he smiled. Perhaps he smiled because his pockets were full of winning tickets; perhaps he smiled because the film magazine of the camera was empty—had been empty all day. Mr. Isaacs was not a photographer; he was a cross between a confidence man and a sure-thing gambler. He had taken chances from time to time, but he had never taken so much as a snapshot in all his life.

### IV

THE San Francisco that used to be was the winter Mecca of American sports and sporting men. There is a new San Francisco now, keeping open house for all the world and making the stranger feel his welcome as he feels it nowhere else, but the race tracks, the wide-open pool rooms, the gambling houses and the great world's championship battles are things of the past. They have vanished as completely as the deep-sea-going hacks, the cable cars that used to trundle up Market Street, and the wooden buildings that once lined that great thoroughfare. The good old days may have been bad old days—shockingly bad when judged by the strict, Middle Western standard of morality—but many a grizzled San Franciscan mentions them with a faint sigh of genuine regret. There was always something doing in old San Francisco, especially in the gay winter season, when the ponies were running and the town swarmed with turf followers.

What wonder, then, that Swifty Summers pointed his keen nose in the direction of the Golden Gate? The second year of his championship had been kind to him. He had defended his title three times without even having his hair mussed and had completed a successful theatrical tour. All his pockets were bulging with unspent money, and well he knew what city made the highest bid for men of his kidney. He started for San Francisco, fully intending to jostle the bookmakers into the bread line.

It often happens that the man who handles his own crooked game wisely proves himself a fool when he attempts to beat the crooked game owned and backed by the other fellow. Summers, a fox in the roped arena, was a goose in the betting ring. In the simple but expressive language of the track, the champion was a sucker for the horses.

Intent only on making a killing and confident that his exclusive inside information would cause great financial distress on Bookmakers' Row, Summers handed over to the block men the larger portion of the money that he had pried out of the effete East. The killing did not materialize and he then plunged wildly to recoup. Five as-good-as-guaranteed tips went wrong, and the champion awoke to the fact that he must return to his own game.

Indolent by nature, Summers had promised himself a winter of soft living and easy money. He had no wish to undergo the weary grind of training for a hard fight; he felt that he had earned a rest. Before his bank roll grew thin he had been almost discourteous to the boxing promoters. These had urged the claims of an extremely tough youth named Dugan, a Coast product who had blazed his way to prominence, leaving a trail of battered middleweights in his wake. Summers had insisted that Dugan "get a reputation"—an excuse much used by champions when wishing to sidetrack a dangerous climber.

One rainy afternoon at the race track Summers was learnedly discussing mud runners with Omaha Slim and keeping a wary eye on the betting ring. While thus engaged he caught a glimpse of a back and shoulders that seemed strangely familiar to him.

"Just like I'm tellin' you," Omaha was saying; "them dinky-legged beetles go good in the slop. You saw Amphion win the last race. Now on a dry track that dawg wouldn't have been one, two, nowheres. His legs would have hurt him, and ——"

"Hold on a minute," interrupted Summers, shifting his position. "Ain't that John Gavin over there, with his back to us?"

"Yeh, that's him. He's round here a lot this winter."

"What's he doing?"

"Not much of anything. He's on the toboggan for fair. I guess he never got over that quick trimming you handed him. Kind of broke his heart, they say. Broke him every other way too. Yeh, he's round here, bettin' with the dollar books, doin' the best he can, same as the rest of us."

"He chased me all over the country last year," said Summers, "hollering for a return match. I let him holler."

"He won't be chasin' anybody now," said Omaha. "He's got some trouble with his back—rheumatism, maybe. And he wears a big pair of black-rimmed cheaters, so I guess his eyes ain't what they used to be. They go quick when they go, these tough sluggers, don't they?"

"You bet. Then he's quit fighting?"

"Quit fighting everything but booze. He could have had a match with Dugan last September, but he passed it up. Prob'ly thought Dugan was hard game. Yeh, John was a good ole wagon, but he done broke down."

"Tough luck," said Summers; and nearly meant it.

Later in the afternoon he managed to contrive a meeting with the former champion. Summers expected hard words, and was even prepared to block a wild swing for his jaw, but Gavin greeted him with a mildness almost pathetic. His spirit seemed quite broken.

"Why, hello, Swifty! They told me you was here. How's things?"

"Fine," said Summers, making a swift survey of his victim.

Gavin needed a shave, a cleaner collar would not have hurt his appearance, and the suit that he wore was downright shabby.

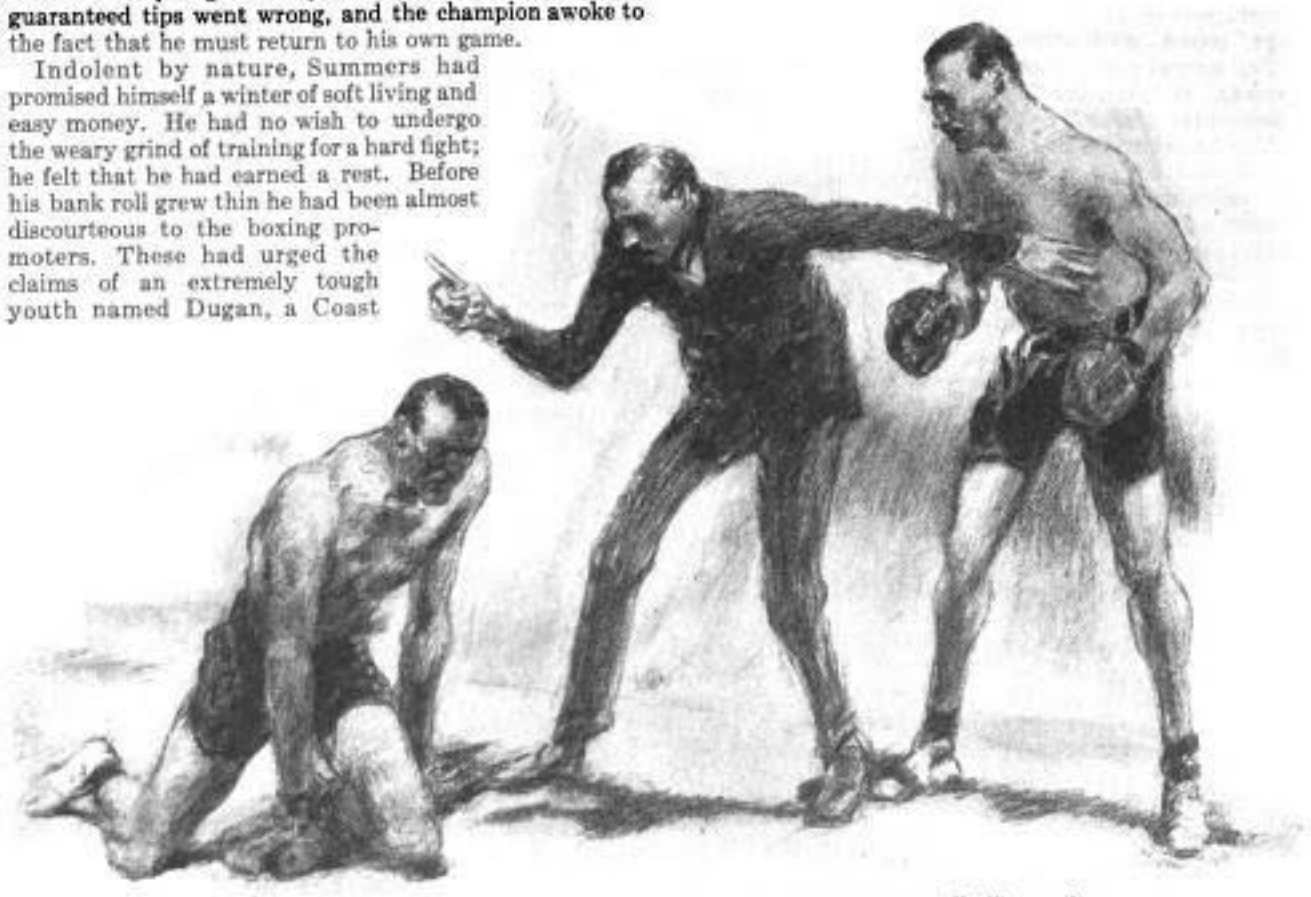
"You look it," said Gavin. "Buy you a drink?"

Swifty accepted the invitation, and ordered a glass of sherry, but Gavin demanded his own private bottle and poured out a very stiff jolt.

"Here's luck!" said he, and gulped it down without blinking.

Summers watched him curiously out of the corner of his eye.

"Have another?" asked the champion. "I'll take a cigar this time." *(Continued on Page 125)*



*Then Gavin Knew Where He Was and Remembered What Had Happened to Him. He Struggled to His Knees*

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# THERE!—By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

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*Moonlight Silhouette. Men Going Over Conquered Ground to Their Trenches for the Night*

CAPTAIN VANSITTART, United States Artillery, stumbled over something soft in the deep, dark trench. His companion checked the fall with a ready hand, spoke in a voice that hinted at the smile one could not see.

"*A la bonne heure!* You have not wakened him!"

"Is he only asleep, *mon commandant?*" queried the American doubtfully in his slow, precise college French.

"*En effet!* What would you? They are so tired, the poor devils! Let them sleep. The hour is not yet come. So long as the sentinels are alert."

The French battalion commander resumed his progress. The American found it an effort to keep up. The impedimenta of a trench were not yet so familiar to him as to be unconsciously avoided. Besides, his mind wrestled with an incongruity, was concerned with something more than the mere difficulties of locomotion. He voiced his thoughts in a tone of puzzled admiration as he came side by side again in a wider portion of the trench.

"But how can they sleep—to-night? Surely they know?"

The commandant shrugged his shoulders.

"They know—*ma foi, oui!* But after four years—one finishes by being habituated ——" His explanation was interrupted by the necessity of passage round a narrow traverse. "*C'est un vrai poilu, celui-là—un des anciens.* It is not the first time he has seen the Marne."

The American thrilled at the little confident laugh of his companion. He was new to the battlefield. His battery was still in training at a distant base camp. He himself had very recently been attached to a French artillery group for a short experience of the real thing before his precious guns and horses and men were intrusted to his responsibility in the swift and unexpected crises of battle. Then very suddenly, without warning, the French division with which he had just begun to identify himself had been moved from its quiet sector of the line, had found itself in that arena whereon the eyes of all the world were focused. They were of those who were to withstand the boche in his supreme effort!

There had been days of feverish expectation, followed by days of doubt, of all manner of hypotheses, as dawn after dawn of perfect summer weather opened to sunny hours when still the attack did not come. Behind them was Paris—tense with anxiety—the nerve center of the entire Alliance, so near that they almost looked over their shoulders to it in their consciousness of its perilous proximity. They must not break, whatever the strain! Their eyes turned again over the quiet undulating countryside toward the enemy, who indeed from time to time woke thundering echoes by a bombardment that was promptly reciprocated, but otherwise betrayed no hint of his intentions. The aëroplanes were like birds circling in flocks before the migration.

Then, on that sunlit morning which now seemed infinitely remote, though no second dawn had yet replaced it, the colonel of his artillery group had led him aside, had whispered:

"To-morrow—at daybreak!"

He had immediately begged permission to witness the attack from a forward observation post, had received it in acknowledgment of his plea that it was essential he should see for himself the German method of attack.

The observation post was on a height overlooking a basin of low ground through which ran the opposing trenches. He had accompanied the French gunner officer thither at nightfall, had installed himself. From an armored emplacement in a reserve trench just below the summit of the height he had looked down upon a dimly perceived landscape hushed in such profound peace that even the occasional outburst of a machine gun seemed to have no more importance than the chatter of a bird startled from its roost. He had thrilled in his knowledge of the fallaciousness of this peace, was irresistibly impelled to penetrate beneath its surface. The French artilleryman had agreed that nothing was to be expected for some hours yet; had concurred, with a smile and a shrug of the shoulders, in the suggestion that the American should visit the front-line trenches below; should return before midnight. He would understand the plan of defense so much better if he had seen those trenches, it was admitted.

So Captain Vansittart found himself accompanying a battalion commander of the ——th of the line in a tour of the battalion's sector. The commandant explained matters to him.

"The defense is organized in depth—is elastic," he said. "The enemy may penetrate a certain distance—several kilometers even—and yet the barrier remain unbroken. He constantly runs his head against new and unexpected defenses until he becomes exhausted. And then it is our turn. The front lines are overwhelmed almost at once, of course—that is foreseen."

"Yes," said the American, "but what happens to you in that case?"

The commandant sketched a little gesture of indifference that was sublime in its untheatrical sincerity.

"*C'est toujours la France,*" he said simply. "*On peut mourir ici comme ailleurs.*"

The American had no word to say.

A little farther on the *chef de bataillon* stopped before the entrance to a dugout. An *adjutant*—in the French Army the senior noncommissioned officer—standing by the orifice saluted.

"Where is the captain?"

"At the listening post, *mon commandant.*"

The battalion commander nodded tolerance of this zeal.

"*Bien.* Is everything ready in the company?"

"Everything, *mon commandant.*"

"Take particular care the men have their gas masks ready for instant use. It may be to-night, you know."

He hesitated for a fraction of a second, looked sharply into the dimly seen face of the *adjutant.*

"There will be no retreat, Laporte—this time!"

The *adjutant* uttered just such another little laugh of confidence as that to which the American had thrilled a few minutes previously.



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*A Vivid Picture of a Battle Scene During the Hours of Darkness*

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*"Nous sommes un peu là, nous autres, mon commandant!"* he said, an accent of pride mingling with his restrained jocularity.

*"Nous sommes un peu là"*—it was the sacramental phrase; the phrase that had passed, grimly humorous, from lip to lip on the Marne and the Ourcq in the long ago; the phrase that had brought the smile over locked teeth as it followed, like an antistrophe, the inflexible *"On ne passe pas!"* in the hell of Verdun; the phrase that had been muttered, an invoked tradition, on countless days and nights of battle, charged with memories of stoic endurance, invigorating by the malicious implication of its simple statement of fact. In it was summed up the poilu's attitude to the war; a phrase apt to all occasions, used in all. It was not new to Captain Vansittart—he had read it many times in books—but as he heard it now, for the first time from the authentic lips, its full significance flashed upon him.

They were still there—some!—these French soldiers, as his own men might say, nearly translating the phrase. They were still there after four years of strain and suffering and effort unimaginable—incredible to their children when they should narrate them; still there after four years of unflinching resistance to every variant of stratagem and horror evolved by a race that glorifies its barbarity by pointing to its aptitude for war; they were still there, barring the road, unconquerable.

Captain Vansittart looked at the calm figure of the *adjutant* with almost the humility of a conscript of 1814 contemplating an Immortal of the Old Guard—or, among his own ancestry, a soldier of the draft of 1863 suddenly face to face with a veteran of Hancock's Second Corps. There was so much glory to overtake.

Even while these thoughts were passing through his mind there was a sudden lighting up of the eastern horizon above the dark parapet of the trench, a long thunderous roll and roar punctuated by heavy shocks that surged in one mighty wave of sound from the distance in front and extended illimitably on either hand. The three men stiffened in one simultaneous start, stood fixed in a paralysis of suspense. The seconds dragged themselves out, one—two—three. Would those first shells never fall? They came—high overhead—fiercely sibilant in their approach, indefinitely multiplied. They passed, not with the normal whine and wail, but like flocks of driven spirits gobbling despairfully in distress at their vertiginous speed. They passed, diminishing to inaudibility; were immediately succeeded by others.

Another moment and the western horizon flashed and thundered in answer. Neither ceased.

The battalion commander turned to the American:

"It is beginning. You would do well to hasten to your observation post, monsieur. That is a gas barrage behind our front line. It may fall upon us here at any moment. You will have an interesting spectacle from your hill. *Bonne chance, monsieur!*"

They parted with a clasp of the hand, reciprocal good wishes. The commandant sent for his captain. The American hurried through an endless maze of trenches toward his post. He arrived after what seemed an eternity of desperate effort, a purgatorial passage under a vault that flickered from dazzling irradiations to blackness and back again; amid a chaos of noise that hazed the senses and yet goaded him to a bewildered flurry of speed; through trenches now so thronged with men that progress was almost impossible, now utterly deserted at a moment when he was baffled by a choice of ways; upward at last, straight across the open upon the side of the hill that loomed finally above him. He had narrowly escaped a shot from the sentry who challenged startlingly—he had forgotten mere men in this elemental conflict of infernal horizons opening in flare and thunder upon the night on either hand—as he dropped into the trench. He ran through groups of men dispersing to their dugouts after an inspection of gas masks. At last he lifted the gas-proof blankets which covered the entrance to the observation post, stood breathless.



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*An Officer Making His Last Round at Night, Looking Into the Dugouts to See That Everything Is All Right*

The French lieutenant looked up from the telephone into which he was speaking, nodded a welcome. He made a gesture toward the observation slit. The American stepped toward it, looked out.

The battalion commander had not exaggerated the advantages of his prospect. The spectacle was more than interesting; it was magnificent. From end to end of the eastern horizon toward which he gazed sudden sheets of white light leaped high and ceaselessly, now spectrally silhouetting vague hill masses, now faintly irradiating them against a darker sky, anon dazzling him with a broad flare of brilliance too intense for vision, flung like an incandescent wall up to the very zenith and vanishing in velvet blackness. A flickering play of soft lights and shadows over the low ground beneath him to his left hinted at the similar illumination of the horizon behind. From both horizons, but more distinctly from that in front, arrived a steady succession of metallic slams, of dull thuds, of sharper crashes, or definitely spaced and momentarily dominant heavy roars, all following one another haphazard, with no rhythm of accentuation but with the deliberate persistence of many batteries working comfortably at their diverse normality.

Not yet was the moment of frenzied fury. Overhead the whine and scream and rumble of the flying projectiles made a continuous sound that, once remarked in the brief intervals between loud detonations, never left the ears. Mingled with it, sometimes in flights that monopolized the sky, was that distressful gobbling plaint of missiles that seemed conscious of some menace more uncanny, more dreadful than the rest, locked yet for a space within them.

"Gas shells," said a voice by the American's side.

It was the artillery observer. His face, emphasized with a contrast of dark eyes and a little dark mustache upon its pallor, showed vivid in a sudden bright reflection.

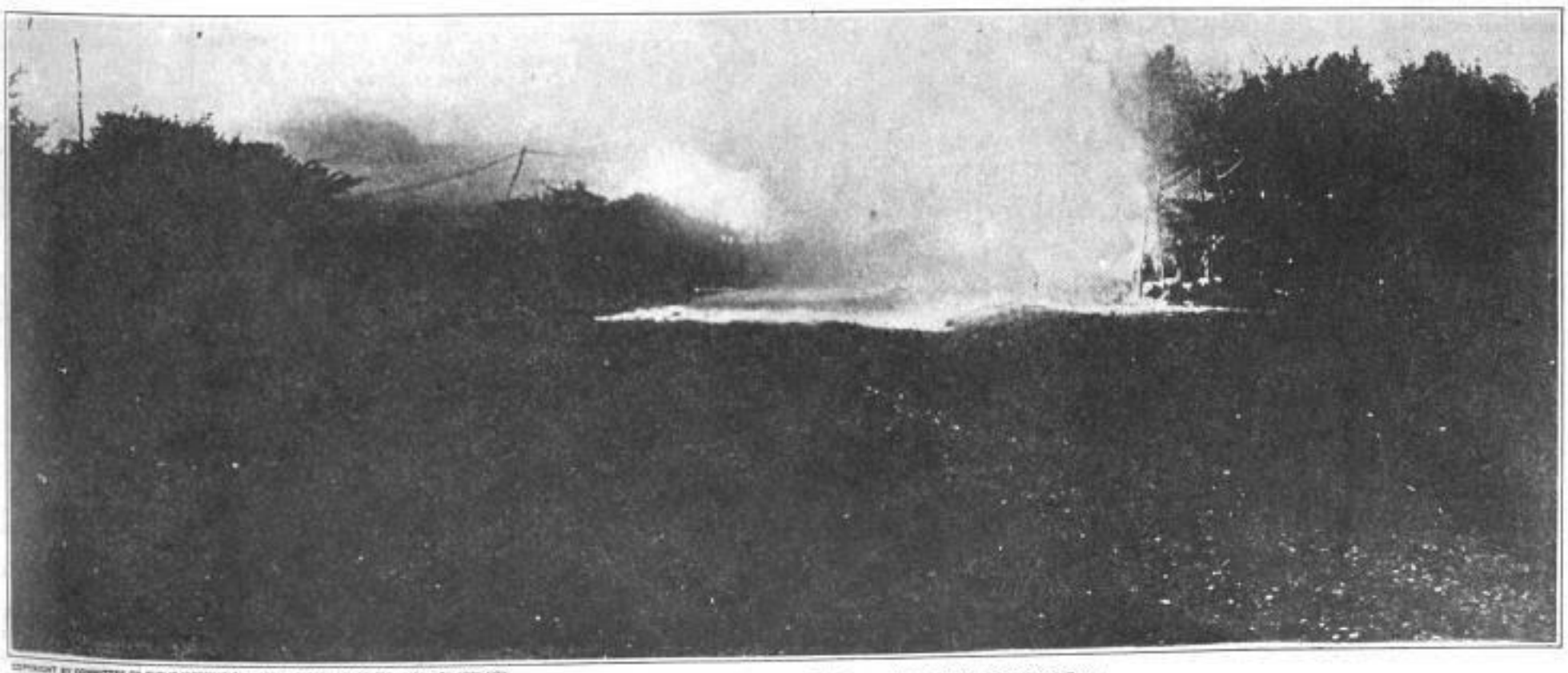
"It is the fluid in them which makes that curious noise. There is a heavy gas barrage on the gun positions. My battery is out of action—changing ground."

The American tried to imagine the scene behind them—the plunging, frightened horses, irritated by the gas shields over their nostrils—a tightly fitting bag over the muzzle; the frantically striving drivers, the hurrying gunners, unhuman in their masks as they hooked in the teams, swiftly packed up the necessaries, strove to comprehend orders that could not be shouted, that were given by signs; while the deadly gas drifted over all, slaying with one chance unlucky breath of it, arriving in ever-renewed quantities with rush after rush through the air that finished in the treacherously muffled burst, invisible in the night save when a wreathing fume was illuminated by the brief gun flashes of some adjacent battery that still fired.

He achieved a vague mental glimpse of it—telepathically sharpened perhaps by the proximity of this companion whose troubled face showed that he at least could fully realize his comrades' difficulties—but felt that he failed in adequate conception. He turned again to the leaping aurora on the horizon, to a reperception of the hurrying shells. The explosions of all alike, whether loud or muffled, were lost in the discharges of the guns. None burst in the vicinity of the observation post.

The spectacle continued through an indefinite period, punctuated at intervals by absences of the French officer from his side as he endeavored vainly to renew telephonic communication with his battery. He heard him exchanging hypotheses with the telephonists, speaking to the group headquarters. The line at least was still intact, then. It was the battery that was at fault. The American gathered from the conversation with headquarters that it had had to change position more than once. At last he heard

*(Continued on Page 130)*



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*A Battery of Field Artillery in France, Firing a Barrage at Break of Day*

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# THE WILDCAT

## By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

WHEN Cassius Wyble came down from his mountains to the 2000-population metropolis of Clayburg on his half-yearly trip for supplies he thought the old custom of Muster Day had been revived.

No fewer than eleven men in khaki were lounging round the station platform or sitting on the steps of the North America general store. Enlistment posters, too, flared from windows and walls.

These posters—except for their pretty pictures—meant nothing at all to Cash Wyble. For, as with his parents and grandparents, his knowledge of the written or printed word was purely a matter of hearsay.

Yet the sight of the eleven men in newfangled uniform—so like in color to his own butternut homespuns—interested Cash.

"What's all the boys doin'—togged up thataway?" he demanded of the North America's proprietor. "Waitin' for the band?"

"Waiting to be shipped to Camp Lee," answered the local merchant prince; adding, as Cash's burnt-leather face grew blanker: "Camp Lee, down in V'ginia, you know. Training camp for the war."

"War?" queried Cash, preparing to grin, at prospect of a joke. "What war?"

"What war?" echoed the dumfounded storekeeper. "Why, *the* war, of course! Where in blazes have you been keeping yourself?"

"I been up home, where I b'long," said Cash sulkily. "What with the hawgs, an' crops an' skins an' sich, a busy man's got no time traipsin' off to the city every minute. Twice a year does me pretty nice. An' now s'pose you tell me what war you're blattin' about."

The storekeeper told him. He told him in the simplest possible language. Yet half—and more than half—of the explanation went miles above the listening mountaineer's head. Cash gathered, however, that the United States was fighting Germany.

Germany he knew by repute for a country or a town on the far side of the world. Some of its citizens had even invaded his West Virginia mountains, where their odd diction and porcelain pipes roused much derision among the cultured hillfolk.

"Germany?" mused Cash when the narrative was ended. "We're to war with Germany, hey? Sakes, but I wisht I'd knowed that yesterday! A couple of Germans went right past my shack. I could 'a' shot 'em as easy as toad pie."

The North America's proprietor valued Cash Wyble's sparse trade, as he valued that of other mountaineers who made Clayburg their semiannual port of call. If on Cash's report these rustics should begin a guerilla warfare upon their German neighbors, more of them would presently be lodged in jail than the North America could well afford to spare from its meager customer list.

Wherefore the proprietor did some more explaining. Knowing the mountaineer brain, he made no effort to point out the difference between armed Germans and noncombatants. He merely said that the Government had threatened to lock up any West Virginian who should kill a German—this side of Europe. It was a new law, he continued, and one that the revenue officers were bent on enforcing.

Cash sighed and reluctantly bade farewell to an alluring dream that had begun to shape itself in his simple brain—a dream of "laying out" in cliff-top brush, waiting with true elephant patience until a German neighbor should stroll, unsuspecting, along the trail below and should move slowly within range of the antique Wyble rifle.

It was a sweet fantasy, and hard to banish. For Cash certainly could shoot. There was scarce a man in the Cumberlands or the Appalachians who could outshoot him. Shooting and a native knack at moonshining were Cash's only real accomplishments. Whether stalking a shy old stag or potting a revenue officer on the sky line, the man's aim was uncannily true. In a region of born marksmen his skill stood forth supreme.

He felt not the remotest hatred for any of these local Germans. In an impersonal way he rather liked one or two of them. Yet, if the law had really been off ——

The zest of the man hunt tingled pleasantly in the marksman's blood. And he resented this unfair new revenue ruling, which permitted and even encouraged the killing of Germans in Europe and yet ordained a closed season on them in West Virginia. Still, there was no sense in a busy man's risking jail or a fine by indulging his sporting tastes. So Cash tried to forget the temptation, and proceeded to the more material task of trafficking for his next half year's supplies.

A few months later the draft caught Cash Wyble and carried him away in its swirling flood, depositing him in due time, with a quantity of similar mountaineer flotsam, in the training mill of Camp Lee.

No half-grown wildcat dragged by the scruff of the neck from the sanctuary of its tree hole was ever one-tenth so ragingly indignant as was Cash at his impressment into his country's service. Born and bred of fellow illiterates in the wildest corner of the Cumberland Range, thirty-two miles from the nearest railroad, he knew nothing and cared less about the affairs of the world that lay beyond the circling blue mountain walls.

To Cash all persons who lived outside that circle were "Foreigners," even if their habitat was the adjoining county of his own state.

He had heard of England and of France and of Europe, in much the same vague fashion as he had heard of Germany. He knew the name of the President of the United States; of the governor of West Virginia; of the mayor of Clayburg. Also of the political party whose ticket his father had always voted, and which Cash, in consequence, voted. He knew there had been a Civil War and—from pictures and from paternal description—he knew the types of uniforms each side had worn. The foregoing facts comprised his total knowledge of American politics and of world history.

As to the causes and the occasion and the stakes of the present war he had not an inkling. Nor could the explanations of slightly better-informed recruits make the matter much clearer to him. It most certainly roused no trace of enthusiasm or of patriotism in his indignant breast. All he knew or was interested in was that he had been forced to leave his shack and his straggly mountain-side farm and his hidden moonshine still, at the very worst possible season for leaving any of them.

He had been coerced into riding innumerable miles to a foreigner state that seemed all bottomland, and there was herded with more men than he had known were on earth. He had been dressed in an amazing suit; made to wear socks and underclothes for the first time in his life; and daily put through a series of physical evolutions whose import was a sealed book to him. In all weathers, too, he must wear shoes.

Like the aforesaid caught wildcat Cash Wyble rebelled at every inch of the way. For his first two months of captivity he spent more time in the guardhouse than out of it. On his first day at camp he tried to thrash a lieutenant who was lining up a rawly shambling company and who spoke with unwelcomed sharpness to the mountaineer. Scarce had Cash atoned for this crime when he succeeded in giving a very creditable thrashing to a sergeant who was teaching his squad the mysteries of 'bout face.

Hearing that the near-by city of Petersburg was larger than Clayburg—which he knew to be the biggest metropolis in America—Cash set out to nail the lie by a personal inspection of Petersburg. He neglected to apply for leave, so was held up by the first sentinel he met.

Cash explained very politely his reason for quitting camp. But the pig-headed sentinel still refused to let him pass. Two minutes later a fast-summoned corporal and two men were using all their strength to pry Wyble loose from the luckless sentry. And again the guardhouse had Cash as a transient and blasphemous guest.

He was learning much more of kitchen-police work than of guard mount. At the latter task he was a failure. The first night he was assigned to beat pacing, the relief found him restfully snoring, on his back, his rifle stuck up in front of him by means of its bayonet thrust into the ground. Cash had seen no good reason why he should walk to and fro for hours when there was nothing exciting to watch for and when he had been awake since early morning. Therefore he had gone to sleep. And his subsequent guardhouse stay filled him with uncomprehending fury.

The salute, too, struck him as the height of absurdity—as a bit of tomfoolery in which he would have no part. Not that he was exclusive, but what was the use of touching one's forelock to some officer one had never before met? He was willing to nod pleasantly and even to say "Howdy, Cap?" when his company captain passed by him for the first time in the morning. But he saw no use in repeating that or any other form of salutation when the same captain chanced to meet him a bare fifteen minutes later.

Cash Wyble's case was not in any way unique among Camp Lee's thirty thousand new soldiers. Hundreds of mountaineers were in still worse mental plight. And the tact as well as the skill of their officers was strained well-nigh to the breaking point in shaping the amorphous backwoods rabble into trim soldiers.

Not all members of the mountain draft were so fiercely resentful as was Cash. But many others of them were like unbroken colts. The strange frequency of washing and of shaving, and the wearing of underclothes were their chief puzzles.



By Sunrise He Had Located the German Who Had Put Him on His Mettle Two Days Before

The company captain labored with Cash again and again, pointing out the need of neat cleanliness, of promptitude, of vigilance; trying to make him understand that a salute is not a sign of servility; seeking to imbue him with the spirit of patriotism and of discipline. But to Cash the whole thing was infinitely worse and more bewildering than had been the six months he had once spent in Clayburg jail for mayhem.

Three things alone mitigated his misery at Camp Lee: The first was the shooting; the second was his monthly pay—which represented more real money than he ever had had in his pocket at any one time; the third was the food—amazing in its abundance and luxurious variety, to the always-hungry mountaineer.

But presently the target shooting palled. As soon as he had mastered carefully the intricacies of the queer new rifle they gave him, the hours at the range were no more inspiring to him than would be, to Paderewski, the eternal playing of the scale of C with one finger.

To Cash the target shooting was child's play. Once he grasped the rules as to sights and elevations and became used to the feel of the army rifle, the rest was drearily simple.

He could outshoot practically every man at Camp Lee. This gave him no pride. He made himself popular with men who complimented him on it by assuring them modestly that he outshot them not because he was such a dead shot but because they shot so badly.

The headiest colt in time will learn the lesson of the breaking pen. And Cash Wyble gradually became a soldier. At least he learned the drill and the regulations and how to keep out of the guardhouse—except just after pay day; and his lank figure took on a certain military spruceness. But under the surface he was still Cash Wyble. He behaved, because there was no incentive at the camp that made disobedience worth while.

Then after an endless winter came the journey to the seaboard and the embarkation for France; and the awesome sight of a tossing gray ocean a hundred times wider and rougher than Clayburg River in freshet time. Followed a week of agonized terror, mingled with an acute longing to die. Then ensued a week of calm water, during which one might refill the oft-emptied inner man.

A few days later Cash was bumping along a newly repaired French railway in a car whose announced capacity was forty men or eight horses. And thence to billet in a half-wrecked village, where his regiment was drilled and redrilled in the things they had toiled so hard at Camp Lee to master, and in much that was novel to the men.

Cash next came to a halt in a network of trenches overlooking a stretch of country that had been tortured into hideousness—a region that looked like a Doré nightmare. It was a waste of hillocks and gullies and shell holes and blasted big trees and frayed copses and split bowlders and seared vegetation. When Cash heard it was called No Man's Land he was not surprised. He well understood why no man—not even an ignorant foreigner—cared to buy such a tract.

He was far more interested in hearing that a tangle of trenches, somewhat like his regiment's own, lay three miles northeastward, at the limit of No Man's Land, and that those trenches were infested with Germans.

Germans were the people Cash Wyble had come all the way to France to kill. And once more the thrill of the man hunt swept pleasantly through his blood. He had no desire to risk prison. So he had made very certain by repeated inquiry that this particular section of France was in Europe; and that no part of it was within the boundaries or the jurisdiction of the sovereign state of West Virginia. Here, therefore, the law was off on Germans, and he could not get into the slightest trouble with the hated revenue officers by shooting as many of the foe as he could go out and find.

Cash enjoyed the picture he conjured up—a picture of a whole bevy of Germans seated at ease in a trench, smoking



*And at Last He Was Out, Under the Foggy Stars, With Excited Germans Firing in His General Direction and Loosing Off Star Shells*

porcelain pipes and conversing with one another in comically broken English; of himself stealing toward them, and from the shelter of one of those hillock bowlders opening a mortal fire on the unsuspecting foreigners.

It was a quaint thought, and one that Cash loved to play with.

Also it had an advantage that most of Cash's vivid mind pictures had not. For, in part, it came true.

The Germans, on the thither side of No Man's Land, seemed bent on jarring the repose and wrenching the nerve of their lately arrived Yankee neighbors. Not only were those veteran official entertainers, Minnie and Bertha, and their equally vocal artillery sisters called into service for the purpose, but a dense swarm of snipers were also impressed into the task.

Now this especial reach of No Man's Land was a veritable snipers' paradise. There was cover—plenty of it—everywhere. A hundred sharpshooters of any scouting prowess at all could deploy at will amid the tumble of bowlders and knolls and twisted tree trunks and battered foliage and craters.

The long spell of wet weather had precluded the burning away of undergrowth. There were tree tops and hill summits whence a splendid shot could be taken at unwary Americans in the lower front-line trenches and along the rising ground at the rear of the Yankee lines. Yes, it was a stretch of ground laid out for the joy of snipers. And the German sharpshooters took due advantage of this bit of luck. The whine of a high-power bullet was certain to follow the momentary exposure of any portion of khaki anatomy above or behind the parapets. And in disgustingly many instances the bullet did not whine in vain. All of which kept the newcomers from getting any excess joy out of trench life.

To mitigate the annoyance there was a call for volunt sharpshooters to scout cautiously through No M Land and seek to render the boche sniping a less safe exhilarating sport than thus far it had been. The job full of peril, of course. For there was a more than e chance of the Yankee snipers' being sniped by the ri sharpshooters, who were better acquainted with ground.

Yet at the first call there was a clamorous throng volunteers. Many of these volunteers admitted un pressure that they knew nothing of scout work and tl they had not much as qualified marksmanship. E they craved a char at the boche. A grouchily did th resent the swi weeding-out proce that left their ser ices uncalled for.

Cash Wyble w the first man a cepted for the da gerous detail. Ar for the first tin since the draft hs caught him hi burnt-leather fa expanded into a gri that could not hav been wider unle his flaring ears ha been set back.

With two day rations and a goodl store of cartridge he fared forth tha night into No Man' Land. Dawn wa not yet fully gra when the first crac of his rifle wa wafted back to the trenches.

Then the artillery firing, which was part of the day's work, set in. And its racket drowned the noise of any shooting that Cash might be at.

Forty-eight hours passed. At dawn of the third day Cash came back to camp. He was tired and horribly thirsty; but his lantern-jawed visage was one unmarred mask of bliss.

"Twelve," he reported tersely to his captain. "At least," he continued in greater detail, "twelve that I'm dead sure of. Nice big ones, too, some of 'em."

"Nice big ones!" repeated the captain in admiring disgust. "You talk as if you'd been after wild turkeys!"

"A heap better'n wild-turkey shootin'!" grinned Cash. "An' I got twelve that I'm sure of. There was one, though, I couldn't get. A he-one, at that. He's sure some German, that feller! He's as crafty as they make 'em. I couldn't ever come up to him or get a line on him. I'll bet I throwed away thutty ca'tridges on jes' that one Dutchy. An' by an' by he found out what I was arter. Then there was fun, Cap! Him and I did have one fine shootin' match! But I was as good at hidin' as he was. And there couldn't neither one of us seem to git 'tother. Most of the rest of 'em was as easy to git as a settin' hen. But not him. I'd 'a' laid out there longer for a crack at him but I couldn't find no water. If there'd been a spring or a water seep anywheres there I'd 'a' stayed till doomsday but what I'd 'a' got him. Soon's I fill up with some water I'm goin' back arter him. He's well wuth it. I'll bet that cuss don't weigh an ounce under two hundred pound."

Cash's smug joy in his exploit and his keen anticipation of a return trip were dashed by the captain's reminder that war is not a hunting jaunt; and that Wyble must return to his loathed trench duties until such time as it should seem wise to those above him to send him forth again.

Cash could not make head or tail out of such a command. After months of grinding routine he had at last found a form of recreation that not only dulled his sharply constant homesickness but that made up for all he had gone through. And now he was told he could go forth on such delightful excursions only when he might chance to be sent!

Red wrath boiled hot in the soul of Cash Wyble. Experience had taught him the costly folly of venting such

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rage on a commissioned officer. So he hunted up Top Sergeant Mahan of his own company and laid his griefs before that patient veteran.

Top Sergeant Mahan—formerly of the Regular Army—listened with true sympathy to the complaint; and listened with open enthusiasm to the tale of the two days of forest skulking. But he could offer no help in the matter of returning to the *kaltse*.

"The cap'n was right," declared Mahan. "They wanted to throw a little lesson into those boche snipers and make them ease up on their heckling. And you gave them a man's-size dose of their own physic. There's not one sniper out there to-day, to ten who were on deck three days ago. You've done your job. And you've done it good and plenty. But it's done—for a while anyhow. You weren't brought over here to spend your time in prowling around No Man's Land on a still hunt for stray Germans. That isn't Uncle Sam's way. Don't go grouching over it, man! You'll be remembered, all right. And if they get pesky again you'll be the first one sent out to abate them. You can count on it. Till then, go ahead with your regular work and forget the sniper job."

"But, Sarge!" pleaded Cash, "you don't git the idee. You don't git it at all. Those Germans will be shyer'n scat, now that I've flushed 'em. An' the longer the news has a chance to git round among 'em, the shyer they're due to git. Why, even if I was to go out thar straight off it ain't likely I'd be able to pot one where I potted three before. It's the same diff'rence as it is between the first flushin' of a wild-turkey bunch an' the second. An' if I've got to wait long there'll be no downin' *any* of 'em. Tell that to the Cap. Make him see if he wants them cusses he better let me git 'em while they're still gittable."

In vain did Top Sergeant Mahan go over and over the same ground, trying to make Cash see that the company captain and those above him were not out for a record in the matter of ambushed Germans.

Wyble had struck one idea he could understand, and he would not give it up.

"But, Sarge," he urged desperately, "I'm no durn good here foolin' around with drill an' relief an' diggin' an' all that. Any mudback can do them things if you folks is sot on havin' 'em done. But there ain't another man in all this outfit who can shoot like I can; or has the knack of 'layin' out'; or of stalkin'. Pop got the trick of it from gran'ther. An' gran'ther got if off th' Injuns in th' old days. If you folks is out to git Germans I'm the feller to git 'em fer you. Nice big ones. If you're here jes' to play sojer, any poor fool c'n play it fer you as good as me."

"I've just told you," began the sergeant, "that we——"

"'Nuther thing!" suggested Cash brightly. "These Germans must have villages somewe'res. All folks do. Even Injuns. Some place where they live when they ain't on the warpath. Get leave an' rations an' ca'tridges for me—for a week, or maybe two—an' I'll gar'ntee to scout till I find one of them villages. The Dutchies won't be expectin' me. An' I c'n likely pot a whole mess of 'em before they c'n git to cover.

"Say!" he went on eagerly, a bit of general information flashing into his memory. "Did you know Germans was a kind of Confed'? The fightin' Germans, I mean. Well, they are. The hull twelve I got was dressed in gray Confed' uniform, same as pop used to wear. I got his old uniform to home. Lord, but pop would sure lay into me if he knowed I was pepperin' his old side partners like that! I'd figgered that all Germans was dressed like the ones back home. But they've got reg'lar uniforms. Confed' uniforms, at that. I wonder does our gin'ral know about it?"

Again the long-suffering Mahan tried to set him right; this time as to the wide divergence between the gray-backed troops of Ludendorff and the Confederacy's gallant soldiers. But Cash merely nodded cryptically, as always he did when he thought his foreigner fellow soldiers were trying to take advantage of his supposed ignorance. And he swung back to the theme nearest his heart.

"Now about that snipin' business," he pursued, "even if the Cap don't want too many of 'em shot up, he sure won't be so cantankerous as to keep me from tryin' to git that thirteenth feller! I mean the one that kep' blazin' at me whiles I kep' blazin' at him; an' the both of us too cute to show an inch of target to t'other or stay in the same patch of cover after we'd fired. That Dutchy sure c'n scout grand! He's a born woodsman. An' you-all don't want it to be said the Germans has got a better sniper than what we've got, do you? Well, that's jes' what will be said by everyone in this yer county unless you let me down him. Come on, Sarge! Let me go back arter him! I been thinkin' up a trick gran'ther got off'n th' Injuns. It oughter land him sure. Let me go try! I b'lieve that feller can't weigh an ounce less'n two-twenty. Leave me have one more go arter him; and I'll bring him in to prove it!"

Top Sergeant Mahan's patience stopped fraying, and ripped from end to end.

"You seem to think this war is a cross between a mountain feud and a deer hunt!" he growled. "Isn't there any way of hammering through your ivory mine that we aren't here to pick off unsuspecting Germans and make a tally of the kill? And we aren't here to brag about the size of the men we shoot either. We're here, you and I, to obey orders and do our work. You'll get plenty of shooting before you go home again, don't worry. Only you'll do it the way you're told to. After all the time you've spent in the hoosgow since you joined, I should think you'd know that."

But Cash Wyble did not know it. He said so—loudly, offensively, blasphemously. He said many things—things that in any other army than his own would have landed him against a blank wall facing a firing squad. Then he slouched off by himself to grumble.

As far as Cash Wyble was concerned the war was a failure—a total failure. The one bright spot in its work-a-day monotony was blurred for him by the orders of his stupid superiors. In his vivid imagination that elusive German sniper gradually attained a weight not far from three hundred pounds.

In sour silence Cash sulked through the rest of the day's routine. In his heart boiled black rebellion. He had learned his soldier trade, back at Camp Lee, because it had been very strongly impressed upon him that he would go to jail if he did not. For the same reason he had not tried to desert. He had all the true mountaineer horror for prison. He had toned down his native temper and stubbornness because failure to do so always landed him in the guardhouse—a place that, to his mind, was almost as terrible as jail.

But out here in the wilderness there were no jails. At least Cash had seen none. And he had it on the authority of Top Sergeant Mahan himself that this part of France was not within the legal jurisdiction of West Virginia—the only region, as far as Cash actually knew, where men are put in prison for their misdeeds. Hence the rules governing Camp Lee could not be supposed to obtain out here. All of which comforted Cash not a little.

To him "patriotism" was a word as meaningless as was "discipline." The law of force he recognized—the law that had hog-tied him and flung him into the Army. But the higher law which makes men risk their all, right blithely, that their country and civilization may triumph—this was as much a mystery to Cash Wyble as to any army mule.

Just now he detested the country that had dragged him away from his lean shack and forbade him to disport himself as he chose in No Man's Land. He hated his country; he hated his Army; he hated his regiment. Most of all he loathed his captain and Top Sergeant Mahan.

At Camp Lee he had learned to comport himself more or less like a civilized recruit because there was no breach of discipline worth the penalty of the guardhouse. Out here it was different.

That night Private Cassius Wyble got hold of two other men's emergency rations, a bountiful supply of water and a stuffing pocketful of cartridges. With these and his adored rifle he eluded the sentries—a ridiculously easy feat for so skilled a woodsman — and went over the top and on into No Man's Land.



*So He Was Taken to the Captain, a Man Who Had Lived for Five Years in New York*

By daylight he had trailed and potted a German sniper.

By sunrise he had located the man against whom he had sworn his strategy feud—the German who had put him on his mettle two days before.

Cash did not see his foe. And when from the edge of a rock he fired at a puff of smoke in a clump of trees no resultant body came tumbling earthward. And thirty seconds later a bullet from quite another part of the clump spatted hotly against the rock edge five inches from his head.

Cash smiled beatifically. He recognized the tactics of his former opponent. And once more the merry game was on.

To make perfectly certain of his rival's identity Cash wiggled low in the undergrowth until he came to a jut of rock about seven feet long and two feet high. Lying at full length behind this low barrier, and parallel to it, Cash put his hat on the toe of his boot and cautiously lifted his foot until the hat's sugar-loaf crown protruded a few inches above the top of the rock.

On the instant, from the tree clump, snapped the report of a rifle. The bullet, ignoring the hat, nicked the rock comb precisely above Cash's upturned face. He nodded approval, for it told him that his enemy was not only a good forest fighter but that he recognized the same skill in Wyble.

Thus began two days of delightful pastime for the exiled mountaineer. Thus, too, began a series of offensive and defensive maneuvers worthy of Natty Bumppo and Old Sleuth combined.

It was not until Cash abandoned the hunt long enough to find and shoot another German sniper and appropriate the latter's uniform that he was able, under cover of dusk, to get near enough to the tree clump for a fair sight of his antagonist. At which juncture a snap shot from the hip ended the duel.

Cash's initial thrill of triumph, even then, was dampened. For the sniper—to whom by this time he had credited the size of Goliath at the very least—proved to be a wizened little fellow, not much more than five feet tall.

Still Cash had won. He had outgeneraled a mighty clever sharpshooter. He had gotten what he came out for, and two other snipers, besides. It was not a bad bag. As there was nothing else to stay there for, and as his water was gone, as well as nearly all his cartridges, Cash shouldered his rifle and plodded wearily back to camp for a night's rest.

There to his amazed indignation he was not received as a hero, even when he sought to recount his successful adventures. Instead, he was arrested at once on a charge of technical desertion, and was lodged in the local substitute for a regular guardhouse.

Bewildered wrath smothered him. What had he done, to be arrested again? True, he had left camp without leave. But had he not atoned for this peccadillo fiftyfold by the results of his absence? Had he not killed three men whose business it was to shoot Americans? Had he not killed the very best sniper the Germans could hope to possess?

Yet, they had not promoted him. They had not so much as thanked him. Instead, they had stuck him here in the hoosgow. And Mahan had said something about a court-martial.

It was black ingratitude! That was what it was. That and more. Such people did not deserve to have the services of a real fighter like himself.

Which started another train of thought.

Apparently—except on special occasions—the Americans did not send men out into the wilderness to take pot shots at the lurking foe. And apparently that was just what the Germans always did. He had full proof, indeed, of the German custom. For had he not found a number of the graybacks thus happily engaged? Not for one occasion only, but as a regular thing?

Yes, the Germans had sense enough to appreciate a good fighter when they had one. And they knew how to make use of him in a way to afford innocent pleasure to himself and much harm to the enemy. That was the ideal life for a soldier—"laying out" and sniping the foe. Not kitchen-police work and endless drill and digging holes and taking baths. Sniping was the job for a he-man, if one had to be away from home at all. And in the German ranks alone was such happy employment to be found.

When Cash calmly and definitely made up his mind to desert to the Germans he was troubled by no scruples at all. Even the dread of the mysterious court-martial added little weight to his decision. The deed seemed to him not a whit worse than was the leaving of one farmer's employ, back home, to take service with another who offered more congenial work.

Wherefore he deserted.

It was not at all difficult for him to escape from the elementary cell in which he was confined. It was a mere matter of strategy and luck. So was his escape to No Man's Land.

Unteroffizier Otto Schrabstaetter an hour later conducted to his company commander a lanky and leather-faced man in khaki uniform who had accosted a sentry with the pacific plea that he be sworn in as a member of the German Army.

The sentry did not know English; nor did Unteroffizier Otto Schrabstaetter. And though Cash addressed them both in a very fair imitation of the guttural English he had heard used by the West Virginia Germans—and which he fondly believed to be pure German—they did not understand a word of his plea. So he was taken to the captain, a man who had lived for five years in New York.

With the Unteroffizier at his side and with two armed soldiers just behind him Cash confronted the captain, and under the latter's volley of barked questions told his story. Ten minutes afterward he was repeating the same tale to a flint-faced man with a fox-brush mustache—Colonel von Scheurer, commander of the regiment that held that section of the first-line trench.

*(Concluded on Page 38)*

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# Poor Richard's Come-Back

## The Vision by the Soap Box

*We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.*
*POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC.*




## By Wallace Irwin

SIGISMUND SHUCK was a spirit insurgent,
Full of reforms which were glowingly urgent.
If any new movement appeared in the land
Sig, to be sure, was right there with the band.
Verbal velocity,
Platform ferocity
Made him the prophet of class animosity;
And being of those to whom phrases are sweet,
Who'd always much rather be talking than eat,
'Tis a wonder that Sig hadn't perished
On what he was nourished.

He was strong for relieving all jails of their residents
And filling the void with directors and presidents.
He'd a neat little plan
For the saving of man;
In brief it consisted in legalized seizure
Of business sections
In forty directions;
He'd rechristen Wall Street the Garden of Leisure,
Where dear proletariat
All could make merry at
Incomes of two hundred dollars a day—
For four hours of work and free Saturdays, say.
The gist of his song
As life passed along
Was: "Nothing is right because everything's wrong.
The world cannot move
Till we thoroughly prove
That the weak are appointed to manage the strong."

Sig had a grand mental diagram drawn
By which he'd arrange the millennium's dawn.
Child-birth, religion, the plumbing of cities
Should all be arranged by a chain of committees.
Committees to Sig were the great panacea,
The crystallized juice of the perfect idea.
Would you wipe out, say, poverty, ignorance, crime,
Restore all the virtues a set at a time?
Whist! 'Twas a pretty
Plan, and a pity
Ne'er thought of before.
Form a committee!
The worst, then, is o'er.

Sigismund Shuck had a large way of thinking.
Had a passion for Russian
And platform discussion—
Which same, to my mind, is more deadly than drinking.
It took him to beer halls up dubious alleys
To mix in debates before Soviet rallies,
And it took him each night to the nearly fresh air
To bang
And harangue
In radical slang
As he stood on a soap box, addressing the square.

In the heyday of youth he was met like a flame
By a beautiful proletar-ratty named Mame.
They were wed,
So 'tis said;
But in Sig's lofty head,
Where thoughts universal were always majestic,
There wasn't much room for the stuff called domestic.
True, there came children, some seven or eight,
Which caused him small grief,
For he shared the belief
That children by rights should be raised by the state.

Now Mame when she married her Sigismund Shuck
Had been, as the saying goes, Soviet-struck.
She had met him at radical rallies and sich,
Drinking claret by tubs
At liberal clubs
Or posing in tea rooms called Hole in the Ditch.
Her head had gone round with his program, which proved
That poverty could, would and should be removed.
Good land!
It was grand,
Though full of hard words she could not understand;
But she knew that his dreams,
His wonderful schemes
Would open the world like a vast cornucopia,
And land them at once in a rent-free Utopia.

Alas! When she'd wed him she found for a starter
She'd married a martyr!
Now a martyr, you know, friends, makes wonderful reading
Two or three centuries after his bleeding;
But for working in team he's a fidgety shoe mate
And punk beyond words as a legalized roommate.
Sig worked now and then at some low occupation—
Picker and sorter
Or mixer of mortar—
But he couldn't be nice to the vile corporation
Who ruined his heyday
And fined him on pay day,
Never admired him,
Frequently fired him
As soon as they'd hired him.
He branded all work as a system of slavery,
Stormed at employers with vocalized bravery
And scarified wealth as the wages of knavery.

The consequence was that poor Sigismund sat
Most of his time round his ramshackle flat
Writing a book weighing nearly a ton
Merely to ask, "When Will Justice be Done?"
Meanwhile the mystic,
Capitalistic
Class who are banded to kill the artistic,
Sent around bills with precision accursed,
Prompt on the first.
And what of his Mame? In default of his labors
She cooked for the quality, washed for the neighbors.
His children, you say?
Just let them play—
Youth should be gay.
Wee girls and boys,
Alleyward slinking:
Don't make a noise!
Father is thinking.

When Mamie complained, as she did now and then,
Her talented husband would nibble his pen
And clearly explain how their struggle and worry
Was just temporary.
In a year—
Maybe two—
You would hear
Something new.
Then a crash
And a smash
Would make hash
Out of cash.
Each trust
Would go bust,
Its lust
Turned to dust.
Then gas rates and rentals no longer would trouble you—
Just wait till the rise of the I-double-W

When a free distribution would go through the land;
Pianos and carpets and furniture grand
Would fall at your doorstep like dice from the dice box;
Wine, fish and poultry would fill up the ice box;
And just like Aladdin's own palace bewitchin'
You could visit a gorgeous municipal kitchen,
Show at the wicket
The people's meal ticket
Without any puncher to spoil it with punches
Through infinite series of dinners and lunches.

Once in the course of their married career
Sig got some money. It came rather queer
And should have been Mame's, for her half-uncle Bill,
A hated bourgeois
With a Yankee patois,
Left one thousand dollars to Mame in his will.
When the Shucks got the money
Sig said to his honey:
"Since the new social order is coming on fast
And money won't count any more,
We ought to spend this while its value shall last—
Let's go for a month at the shore."
So quite disregarding defaults in the rent
And bills from the butcher and greengrocer gent,
They went.
They wardrobed themselves in splendiferous style;
Sig decked his jeans with the rest of their pile,
Hired a fast motor and whizzed like hot stuff
Out to the coast resort, Bulge-on-the-Bluff.
There they fared very well, as signed statements attested,
Flocked with fine birds and the beaches infested.
They filled up on terrapin, fritters and romaine,
Danced half the night, had a wee touch of ptomaine,
Allowed each small Shuck
To run quite amuck,
Tipped the blackhanders with dollars and quarters—
In fact were just average summer resorters.

"This is the life!"
Murmured his wife.
"It's big!"
Smiled Sig;
But after three weeks
He shook in his breeks

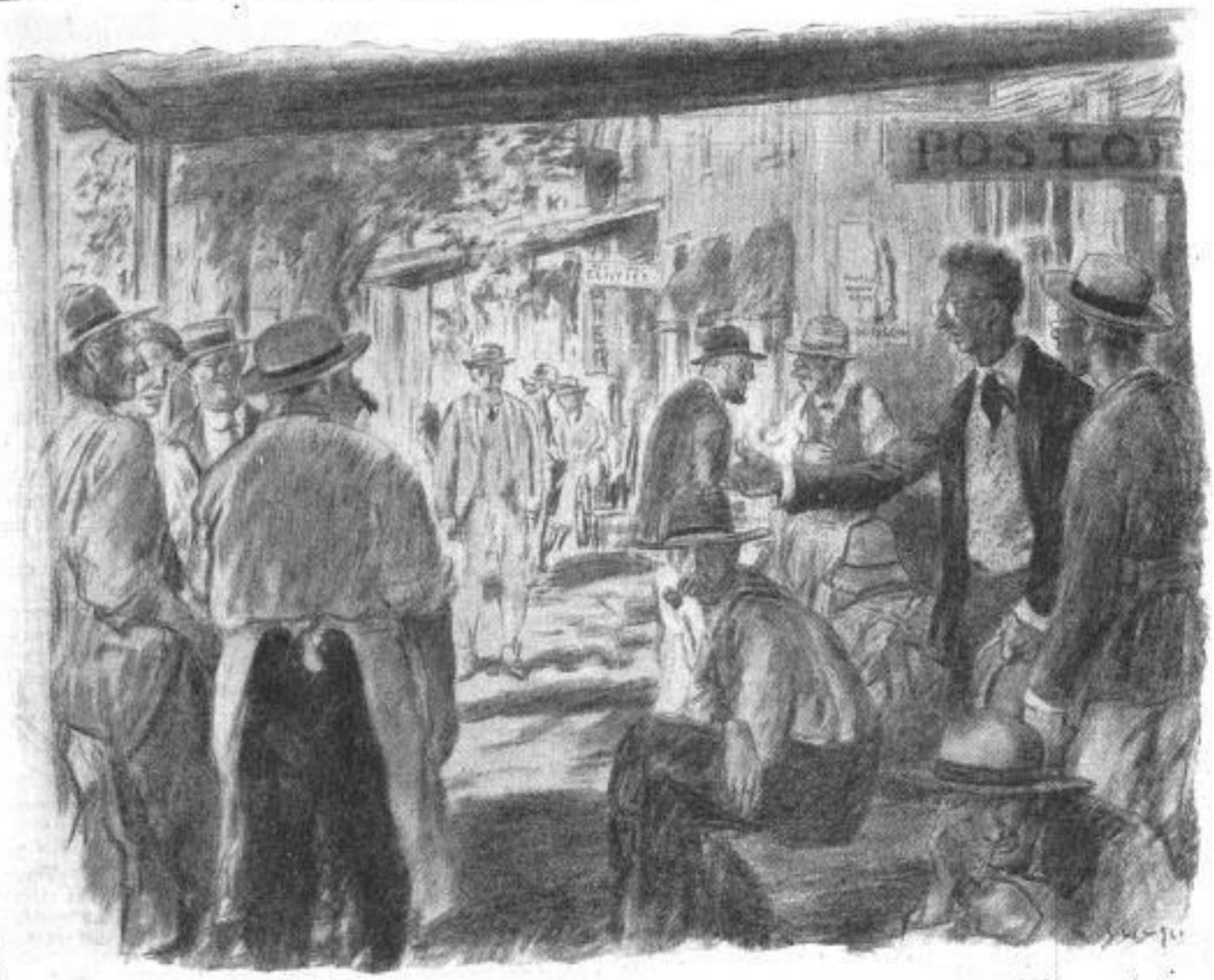
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# OLD THRIFTY

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT




*It Struck Mr. Penrose That Some of the Auditors Were Listening With Approval and Others Merely With Amusement*

BEING then eighteen years of age, Fritz Bender sailed from Hamburg in the steerage in 1864. Landing in New York the middle of May he proceeded to Chicago as rapidly as the means of transportation permitted.

His ideas of America were few in number and of a general but satisfying sort—to wit: That it was the land of liberty and opportunity for the poor man, that the Northern States were engaged in a war with the Southern States to abolish slavery, that a farm hand could earn wages that sounded fairly incredible in Germany.

He could speak only a little very broken English, and could not read the tongue at all; but through the mediums of German-speaking acquaintances and of newspapers in that language which came to his hand and of the very atmosphere round him he received the impression of a deep stir and stress. Fortunes of war were not favoring the side to which his simple-minded sympathies naturally attached. General Grant—off in some indistinctly imagined place called the Wilderness—had been losing men at a frightful rate. There was an air of anxiety, an emotional strain everywhere.

This impressed the young immigrant unexpectedly. What he had come to America for—really—was the wages. But as he read what the German papers had to say and listened to some German orators he was troubled by a doubt as to the adequacy of that motive. They said, in effect, that a man who wished to enjoy liberty and opportunity ought to be willing to fight for it.

He tarried in Chicago until, one early June day, he learned that a calamity had befallen. General Grant had been repulsed at Cold Harbor with staggering losses. That afternoon he enlisted.

And he was agreeably surprised at receiving five hundred and twenty-seven dollars—three hundred and two dollars being the cash bounty offered by the Federal Government for volunteers, one hundred and fifty dollars the local bounty, and seventy-five dollars the state bounty. He had heard of a bounty, but his idea had been that only citizens of the country could claim it. He purchased a stout money belt and went into training with his fortune strapped round his waist. He saw no really active service and was honorably discharged at the close of the war next spring, when he resumed his original plan of hiring out as a farm laborer.

Two of his fellow immigrants had gone to a small settlement of German farmers in Northern Indiana. There Fritz went and promptly found work. Meanwhile he had been making progress in English, and in a community where German was commonly spoken he quickly got in touch with conditions. Among other things he learned that money was scarce and these farmers paid interest at the rate of ten per cent a year.

But stocky, broad-shouldered, red-cheeked Fritz was strongly conservative by nature. He watched, listened, judged. Only when he felt quite sure of his ground did he unstrap the money belt and lend its contents. Being a frugal person he saved more than half his wages too.

His settlement was called Hamburg. So far as the usual phenomena of a town went it consisted of a church, a schoolhouse, a blacksmith shop and a little general store. Grundyville, on the railroad, was the market town.

At twenty-six Fritz married Sophie Sigel. At thirty-five he moved to Grundyville, where he erected a one-story wooden structure, twelve feet wide by twenty deep, with a neat blue sign on the front gable which read, "Fritz Bender, Banker." To that the money belt had finally grown. The sign dilated him with proud satisfaction. But, in fact, his capital was only four thousand dollars.

That was the way it went with him—no speculations, no windfalls, no sudden gains; but a slow, sure accretion won by thrift and industry, and sound judgment and honest dealing. In his simple uncontentious way he was always extolling thrift. By the time he was forty the native population thereabouts had given him the nickname of Old Thrifty. Those who had been reared under European conditions couldn't so readily see where the joke came in. But both sorts of population had complete confidence in the little bank.

Fritz always felt that this banking business had been a purely fortuitous digression. What he really coveted was land—those fat acres, flourishing with wheat and corn, and meadows with plump cattle grazing.

In time he bought an eighty; and in time he had a half section—three hundred and twenty acres—fronting the main road for a solid mile, with a good wire fence and every fence post sharpened to a point at the top and whitewashed. Sharpening all those posts and keeping them whitewashed cost quite a bit of money—an extravagance, no doubt, in a way. But it looked so beautiful—those straight white posts marching down the road for a solid mile against the background of green pasture and growing grain! Fritz always wanted to take off his hat to them, and felt an almost sacred emotion as at beholding a celestial scene.

But when he achieved this the hair was thin over his round head, and half white; his bushy mustache was gray and he had six grandchildren. In one respect he had suffered disappointment—all three of his children were girls, and of the six grandchildren only two were male.

August, 1914, made a deep stir thereabouts. Fritz' sympathies, like those of practically all his German friends, inclined decidedly to the Fatherland. But in all the neighborly discussion of the following two years one simple proposition formed the sheet anchor of his policy—namely: "They all got to leave this United States alone."

As relations between America and Germany grew strained resentment against this country's course increased among many of his old friends round Hamburg. Fritz himself was distressed, but he wouldn't join in denunciations of Washington—simply shook his head and repeated his comprehensive platform: "They got to leave this United States alone."

He was not disputatious or assertive, seldom arguing and always listening much more than he talked. But as a rupture seemed imminent he quietly took the necessary steps to convert his bank into the First National, under a charter from Washington. When the official parchment arrived he contemplated the great seal of the United States in the lower left-hand corner with a deep, silent satisfaction.

The little wooden structure that had originally housed the bank was now occupied by a shop where bicycles might be repaired and like tinkering done. Fritz had put up a fine two-story brick building, forty feet front by sixty deep—the most imposing on Main Street. His bank occupied half the ground floor, the other half being occupied by a hardware store. In the middle of the galvanized-iron cornice appeared the legend "Bender Block," in letters a foot high and painted bright blue.

When war was declared Fritz put a flagstaff, as tall as the building itself, on the roof of the Bender Block and flew from it an American flag that seemed almost in danger of oversetting the building, like too large a sail. Also, he carried on an active verbal propaganda, but strictly in his own nondisputatious, unarguing way—thus:

"So that's the new team you got, Anton. My, that's a fine team!" For a few minutes he would exchange horse lore with the proud owner of the animals; then, patting the near mare's broad flank: "Fellows that start in the world like you and me, Anton, don't get teams like that in Germany. It's only in the United States we get 'em. How much this mare weigh? Eighteen hundred, I guess."

Or, as a horny fist passed a check over the counter of the bank for deposit: "Great price we're getting now for corn, August. I sold mine this week too." And after some conversation on the subject of corn—as he handed the pass book back with the credit duly entered: "Where else chaps like you and me get a hundred and sixty acres that make fifty bushels corn to the acre at a dollar a bushel? We get it nowhere except in the United States, August."

He had come to America with a naïve idea that it was the land of liberty and opportunity. For him—and for most of his fellow immigrants who were sensible, industrious and thrifty—it had been the land of liberty and opportunity. So the old man could see no reason for revising his original idea.

This simple-minded obstinacy exasperated Karl Bopp, who could prove by endless quotations from books and magazines that the liberty and opportunity were mere illusion, and America in fact was enslaved and devoured by Capitalism. Karl's quotations rather made Fritz' head whirl, but failed to convince him that there was anything illusory about his half section or Anton Braun's five-hundred-dollar work team or August Uhrlaub's corn money.

Karl was a Socialist; and it especially surprised and grieved Fritz that those who took the lead in denouncing America and upholding Germany were of the younger generation, born on American soil and acquainted with the Fatherland only at secondhand. Karl's own father had prospered sufficiently under the slavery of American Capitalism to send the young man to college for four years; also, as Fritz suspected, to support him in the main ever since.

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It being reported to him that Karl stigmatized him as a tool of Morgan he replied in astonishment: "Morgan! Heavens! That man Morgan ain't heard yet I'm alive!"

He applied his propaganda to the young man thus: "That's a very nice car your father got, Karl. It's good luck for you he didn't stay back in the Fatherland that you like so much to talk about. If he stayed back there you ain't driving his automobile to town on a spring day when the corn is to be planted. Believe me, you ain't! Probably you're walking two miles to your job in wooden shoes to earn thirty-six cents a day. That's the way I had it. You get, before this, two years' military service shining the lieutenant's boots. I like to hear you tell that lieutenant he's a tool of Morgan. Heavens, how swift the kick!"

But Karl repeated that Fritz was not only a tool of Morgan but an ignorant old blockhead, incapable of understanding either economics or politics.

Others drew away from him. As he persisted in flying the biggest American flag on the tallest pole he could find, and presently plastered the windows of his bank with posters of the first Liberty Loan, coolness rose between himself and a good many of his old patrons out Hamburg way. That thrifty clientèle—the original mainstay of the bank—noticeably fell off. As a matter of business he could well have stuck to his guns. But it wounded him. He was seventy-one now and had long cherished an idea of retiring to his half section and dying just a farmer. He decided to sell his bank, and for that purpose inserted an advertisement in a monthly journal devoted to banking.

There was something rather melancholy in that too—a subtle foreshadowing of the time when he would be retiring permanently from all earthly affairs. On the day he read his advertisement in the banking journal he walked home in a rather heavy frame of mind.

He lived in a two-story white house with an L—only a few rods off Main Street—with his wife, a widowed daughter and a granddaughter. A row of patriarchal maples lined the street in front of the house and there were half a dozen fine oaks in the dooryard. Between two of them a hammock was swung. As Fritz neared the gate in the picket fence he saw that the hammock was occupied, and a sore spot in his heart smarted afresh.

One of the persons in the hammock was his granddaughter, Mina—as blond and rosy as her grandmother had been when he first saw her, and younger by several years, for Mina was only eighteen.

The other person was red-cheeked and round-faced too; but his hair stood up in a ridiculously luxuriant shock and he wore gold-bowed spectacles that seemed out of place on his youthful face. That was Otto Dorn, son of Hermann Dorn, cashier of Fritz' bank. Fritz had known him—and his father, too, for that matter—since the swaddling-clothes stage; had been fond of him and watched his progress through the public school with approval. When the youth went to college Fritz naturally lost touch with him more or less.

And here was Otto at twenty-one, dismissed from college for contumacious and slothful conduct, and violently attached to Karl Bopp—wearing his hair like Karl's and affecting spectacles, and spouting all that sorry stuff out of the books about Capitalism and Wage Slavery; also taking Karl's pro-German stand on the war.

The two in the hammock were leaning shoulder to shoulder, swinging, the boy talking, the girl laughing. The old man's heart smarted afresh. Mina was his flesh and blood and the apple of his eye. But he was too wise to provoke a rebellion. When Mina looked quickly round at the clicking of the gate, turned a bit rosier, and called out gayly, "Hello, grandfather!" he replied gravely, "Good evening, Schatz; how d'do, Otto," and followed the plank walk on to the house.

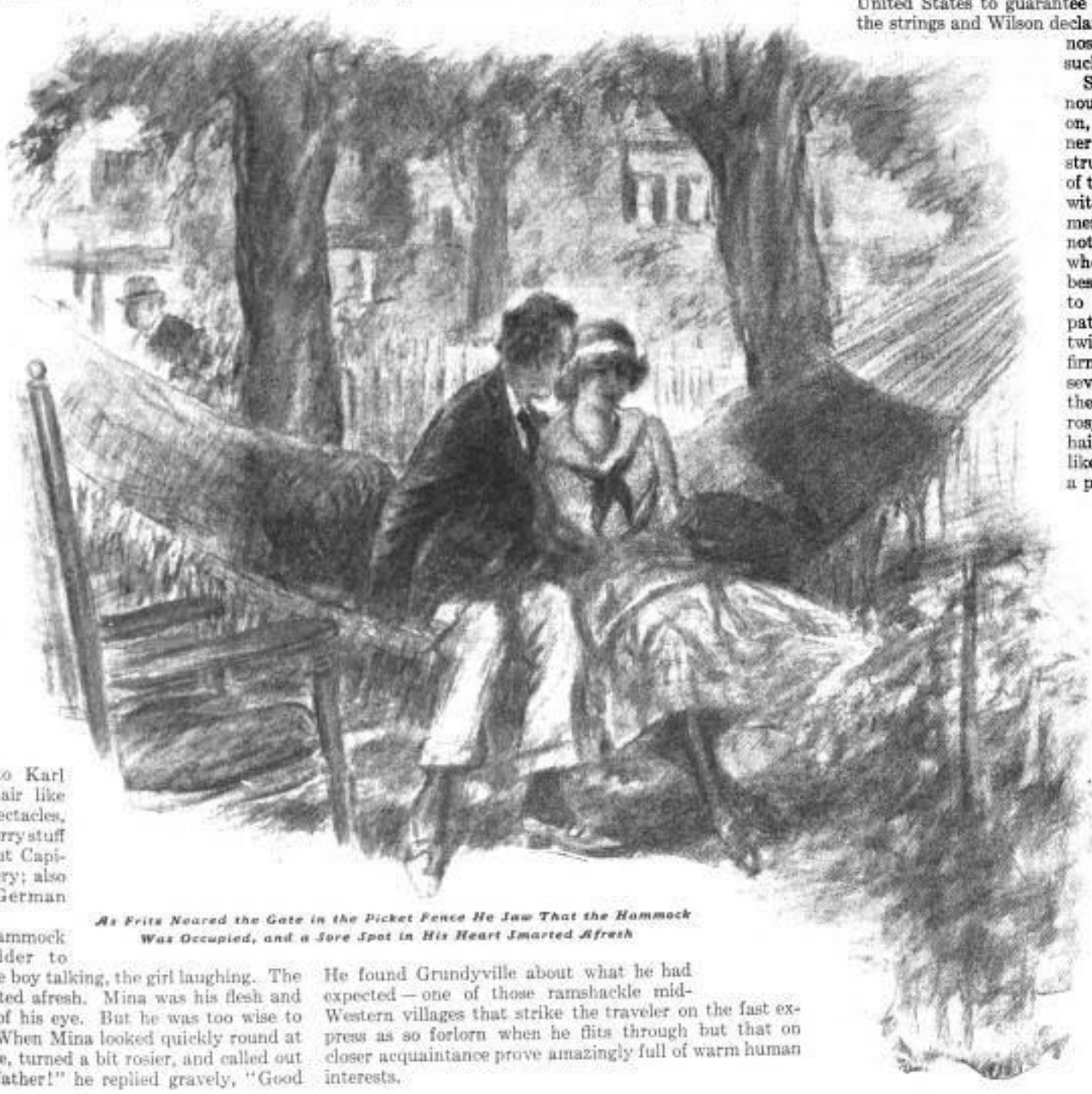
For the time being the graver affair of the hammock drove the bank sale and the advertisement quite out of his head. There was something odd about the advertisement—an oddity which, that same afternoon, caught the eye of Thomas Penrose, cashier of the Tanners' National Bank of Oakum, Wisconsin. The banking journal contained two pages of advertisements of banks and bank stocks for sale. Generally speaking they were signed "X. Y. Z." or "Country Banker" or "Opportunity" or by some such pseudonym. But Fritz' advertisement was signed "Stars and Stripes."

That oddity arrested Mr. Penrose's attention. As he sat pondering the advertisement he kept combing his shiny brown mustache between thumb and forefinger with a mechanical motion. He wore a beard, which also was shiny and curly, and he was what is known as a dish-faced man, meaning that his profile was of the concave order, so that his bulgy brow seemed fairly in danger of toppling over on his nubbin nose.

His personal affairs were in an alarming condition; and the result of his cogitation was a letter, on the finely engraved stationery of the bank, to "Stars and Stripes," in care of the banking journal.

Three days later he received a reply from Fritz—not typewritten, like his letter, but penned in a hand that contained reminiscences of German script. The reply described the condition of the bank and invited a personal interview. From his bankers' directory Mr. Penrose learned that President Bender's institution had a capital of twenty-five thousand dollars, a surplus of five thousand and deposits of a hundred and seventy thousand. He decided to investigate, but he proposed to take a look at the lay of the land on his own account before opening negotiations with his correspondent.

Unannounced, therefore, he dropped off the local accommodation train one June afternoon in 1917 and permitted a dilapidated chaise to haul him to the Grundyville House—at whose meager and shabby aspect he shuddered unwarrantably. In fact, the meals, cooked by the landlord's wife and served by his daughter on the one long, oilcloth-covered table in the dining room, were very good, and the feather bed, though warm, was soft.



*As Fritz Neared the Gate in the Picket Fence He Saw That the Hammock Was Occupied, and a Sore Spot in His Heart Smarted Afresh*

He found Grundyville about what he had expected—one of those ramshackle mid-Western villages that strike the traveler on the fast express as so forlorn when he flits through but that on closer acquaintance prove amazingly full of warm human interests.

Walking up the one business street, after leaving his bag at the hotel, he passed the bank—then closed for the day—and observed with interest that the plate-glass front window was crowded with Liberty Loan posters. A group of men under a wooden awning farther on attracted his attention and he strolled thither. The awning, he found, projected from the front of the post office. There were about a dozen men under it, in idling attitude—apparently awaiting the distribution of the mail that his train had brought. Some of them appeared to be farmers and others townsfolk. They were listening to a tall young man who stood on the first of the two steps leading to the post-office door.

The speaker appeared to be some years under thirty, but he had that neutral, dustlike sort of hair and complexion—the former waving in a luxuriant pompadour—on which Time does not register very definitely, and if any beard grew in that dusty soil it was imperceptible. From a sharp nose his face fell away in gradual recessions down to the point of a long in-sloping chin, and the general effect of elongation was carried out in a thin neck and narrow sloping shoulders.

He was not addressing anyone in particular, but his speech flowed on with little emphasis and not much change of tone, like a meandering stream. Its constant tone was sarcastic, implying a lofty sort of indulgence for his auditors' understanding; and what immediately struck Mr. Penrose was the extraordinary mobility of his wide mouth. He commonly spoke rather out of one corner of it, and it seemed to slide round on his long chin—standing, so to speak, first on one foot, then on the other.

"Look up your newspaper files," he was saying, a good deal as one might answer a child's question about the weather by pointing to the rain on the window pane. "A year ago England held up some meat shipments—probably rotten meat, sold at five hundred per cent profit. The packers saw they stood to lose a million or two, so they pulled the string and Wilson was blustering at England. It's all in your newspapers. Trouble is, you don't remember this month what you read last month. Morgan saw how the game was going plain enough. He saw England and France were busted higher'n Gilderoy's kite, so he and his gang stood to lose the billion or two they loaned 'em. They saw the only way out was to get the United States to guarantee the debt, so they pulled the strings and Wilson declared war. It's plain as the nose on your face, but you suckers all fall for it."

So the speaker's monotonous sarcastic speech flowed on, commonly out of the corner of his mobile mouth. It struck Mr. Penrose that some of the auditors were listening with approval and others merely with amusement. He noticed another young man, who stood on the first step beside the speaker as though to signify an intimate sympathy with him and who twice or thrice threw in a confirmatory remark. He was several years younger than the speaker; round-faced and rosy-cheeked, with his yellow hair in a towering pompadour, like the orator's, and wearing a pair of gold-bowed spectacles that looked out of place. While he listened to his friend his rosy young face wore a fixed frown as of intense and formidable determination.

And presently Mr. Penrose heard something that interested him more particularly.

"Capitalists' war?" the speaker was saying. "Whose else war would it be? Anybody with eyes in his head knows this land of the free and home of the brave can't wag a finger until the capitalists say so. You can see how it works right here at home. Who's pulling the strings here? Who's trying to get you to toss your good money into

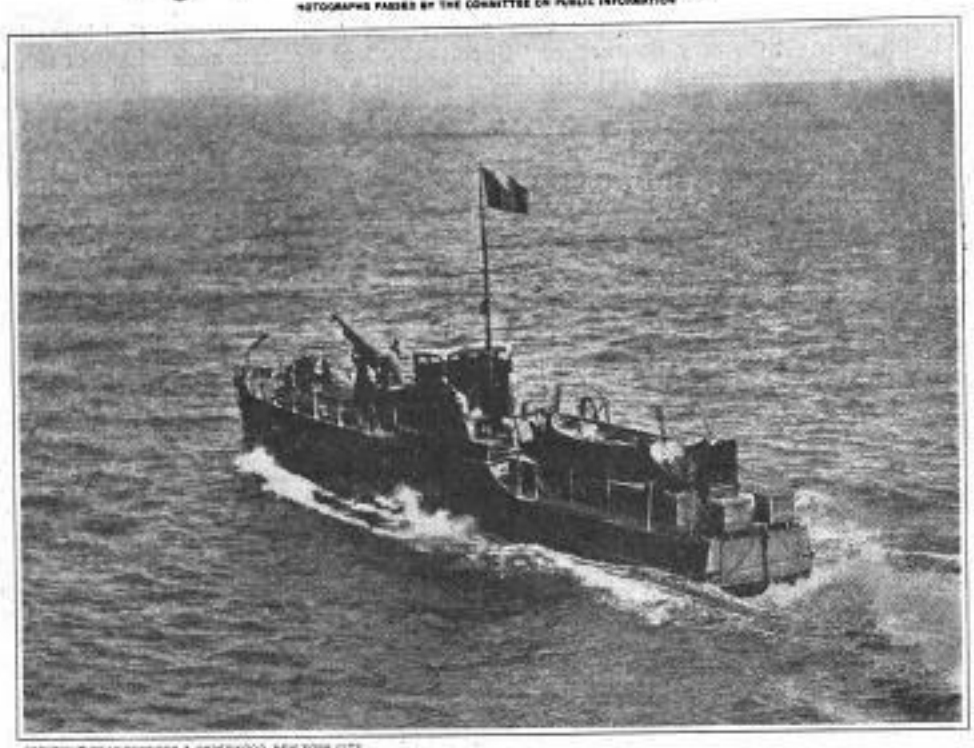
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# THE SEA TERRIERS

## By Samuel G. Blythe

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*Their Business Is to Drop Depth Charges on Submarines*

CORN—MEAL—MUSH!"

Out of a welter of signals, orders, reports of positions and all the varied language of operations at sea, those three strange, irrelevant words—"Corn—Meal—Mush!"—came drifting down the antennæ of a big British warship to the radio man.

He copied them mechanically, wondering what new idiot was loose on the face of the waters or, mayhap, what familiar old idiot in a fresh guise. Radio men are callous creatures. They sit in communication with all the wireless world, and not much astonishes them. All's grist that comes to their receiving mill—potential grist, anyhow. So this radio man took it down "Corn—Meal—Mush!" and being of the land where they do not know that comestible, it was all bosh to him, for he wasn't able to interpret it even in terms of sustenance.

"Honey—Bunny—Razmataz—Hink—Dink—Kalamazoo!"

"Quack! Quack!"

The radio man's mind was in a whirl, but his hand copied steadily. Here was something new, something more maniacal than the weirdest efforts of the lunatics at large on the sea; but it must have its meaning, and he transferred the jargon to his pad.

"Ding—Dong—Bell!"

More of it apparently. Let alone one unfamiliar naval bedlamite, there were several loose upon the sea, and with use of the radio.

"Water—Slaughter—Walla Walla—Hop—Skip—Jump—Bing!"

"Quack! Quack!"

The radio man had a quick look round to see if he was awake. He was. All the familiar paraphernalia of the wireless room were in sight, and through the heaving porthole he could see the white-tipped waves racing past. Off in the distance there were some small craft—trawlers, no doubt, or drifters. It was real enough.

"Tom—Dick—Harry!"

### The Mystery Untangled

THERE was more of it. Somebody out at sea had gone crazy. There was a stark, staring madman pushing this gibberish out into the ether. That was clear enough.

"Eeney—Meeney—Oh Boy—Crab—Lobster—Mayonnaise!"

"Quack! Quack!"

The radio man rang nervously for the orderly. "'Ere," he said when the orderly came, "take this down to the executive. There's a blinkin' flock of ducks about that's gone balmy."

Still it came: "Red—White—Blue"; "Jump—Jim—Crow"; "Sun—Moon—Stars"; "Sand—Clay—Mud," and after each section of jabber always: "Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack!"

"What's this stuff?" asked the executive, surging into the wireless room. "Where'd it come from?"

"Don't know, sir. 'Ad it off the wireless last hour or so. Somebody's quack-quackin' all hover the bloomin' place."

The executive studied it. The captain studied it. It was referred to the Admiralty. There the flag lieutenant studied it, and the admiral studied it. Everybody studied it; and that night at the club the British liaison officer said to the American senior in command: "Extraordinary lot of gibberish our radio men picked up to-day. Can't make anything out of it. Lot of ding-dong-belling and quack-quacking all about."

The American senior in command laughed. "Why," he said, "that gibberish is merely our submarine chasers calling to their mates."

And so it turned out, much to the relief of the British radio man. Our submarine chasers hunt in allotted packs, according to a system of their own. Inasmuch as there are scores of them, the Navy Department didn't bother to give them names, but allotted to each a number only. "S. C. 467," or whatever the number is, is the only titular dignity they get, painted in white on their sharp bows and liberally bestowed on other points of observation, such as the lookout and the bridge. Wherefore a system of operating names was devised for these terriers of the sea, and when they are out they call and are called by their allotted signals of associated words, purposely simple in order that there may be no mistake in memorizing and transmitting; and the gibberish is the code used in giving orders, which is constantly changed and susceptible to infinite variation. The following "Quack! Quack!" means that the order given is understood and has been executed.

From that day when the first quack sounded over British waters until now these tiny craft have been standing boldly out to sea, defying the waters and the winds, hunting the Hun submarines—scores of them, like as peas in a pod, ranging over their allotted areas on ceaseless quest for the murderous boche sea slug. And making it very uncomfortable for him, it may be said without revealing any naval secrets.

"What do you do when it gets so rough you can't stay out at sea?" I asked the skipper of one of them, a sturdy old salt aged twenty-five, who was a haberdasher who owned a motor boat in days of peace, and cut quite a dash with it on the waters adjacent to his home city.

### Never Too Rough

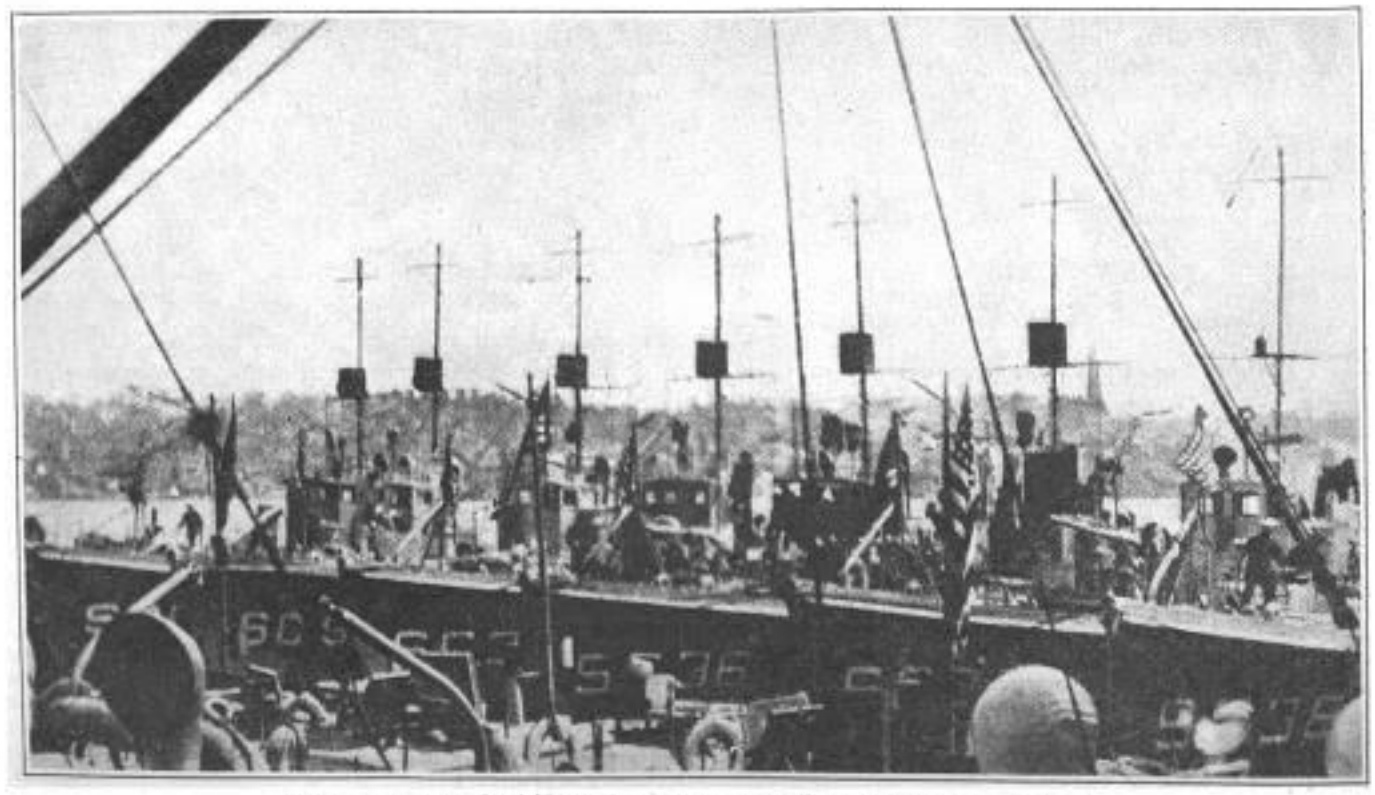
"SON," replied this grizzled veteran of many a tussle with Neptune—and that goes literally—"son," he said, registering surprise at the landlubberliness that prompted so inane a question, "it never gets that rough."

That is the fact. It never gets that rough. I saw a number of these tiny gray terriers come nosing in from a trick at sea, some days of it, when the wind had been howling a gale and the waters had ceaselessly hurled over them, buried them, tossed them, heaved them, rolled them until it looked as if they never could stagger back to even keel again; when the storm had battered their small bridges, torn away their hamper, flooded their innermost recesses, forced them to live on cold food because the galley range couldn't be lighted, deprived them of even the comfort of a cup of hot coffee; when sleep had been impossible, and stirring about the ship an enterprise for a Blondin; when one-third of the crew on one boat were vomiting blood because of the intensity of their seasickness; when every man in each crew was dead for sleep, worn with watching, with every muscle aching from the labor and the bruises of the tossing. It hadn't been too rough for them. It couldn't be. They stayed out and finished their job, with no thought of homing until the trick was done. Too rough? Not for those American boys.

And as they nosed into the quay, these terriers, they shouted gayly at their mates on other chasers: "Hey, ho! Had contact with a Hun yesterday!" And they proceeded to tie up and get out on deck all their clothes, bedding, stores and other dripping gear to dry in the sun preliminary to nosing out again on the ceaseless quest. Not a word of complaint. Not a reference to the weather. Not a syllable about the lack of sleep and the incredible hardship of it all. Not a word save the exultant "Had contact with a Hun yesterday!"

The terriers of the sea—and bull terriers, at that!—quick, active, intelligent and courageous down to the last gasp; only a hundred and ten feet over all, and twelve and a half feet beam, with deck rising but a few feet from the water, and crowded and jammed with gear for finding and fighting submarines; twenty-four men on each craft, with

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*When They Get In They Must Turn To and Get Shipshape for the Next Foray*

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# JAVA HEAD

## By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



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"THE stupid bruiser!" Edward Dunsack declared in a thin bitterness that startled the girl at his side. "The low sea bully!" He was gazing at the resolute back of Captain Ammidon. A surprising hatred filled him at the memory of the other's intolerant gaze, the careless contempt of his words. He thought, oddly enough, of the delicate and ingenious tortures practiced on offenders in China; the pleasant mental picture followed of Ammidon bowed in a wooden collar, of Gerrit Ammidon bambooed, sliced, slowly choking. . . . With an intense sense of horror he caught himself dwelling on these dripping visions. His hands clasped rigidly, a sweat stood out on his brow, in a realization that was at once dread and a self-loathing.

About him lay the tranquil Salem water, the still wharves, the familiar roofs and green tree tops. This wasn't Canton, he told himself, but America. There was Nettie; only a few streets away was his father's house, his own home, all solid and safe and reassuring. China was a thing of the past, its insidious secret hold broken. It was now only a dream of evil fascination from which he had waked to the reality, the saving substance of Derby Wharf.

"It's his domineering manner," he explained the outburst to Nettie; "all shipmasters have it—as if the world were a vessel they damned from a quarter-deck in the sky. I never could put up with them."

"He is very kind, really," she replied, looking away over the harbor. "It is so queer—marrying a Chinese woman like that. How will he ever get along with her or be happy?"

"He won't," Edward Dunsack asserted. "Leave that to time." He studied her attentively. "Was it anything to you?" he asked.

"It might have been," she acknowledged listlessly, her gaze still on the horizon. "He came to see me two or three times, quite differently from other nice men, and took me to a concert at the Philharmonic Society. He was getting to like me, I could tell that, when grandfather interfered ——"

"I see," Dunsack interrupted; "with the immorality of the supermoral."

"Whatever it was, he was past bearing. No one could blame Gerrit for getting into a fury. The next day I stood almost in this spot—it was late afternoon, too—and watched the Nautilus sail away. All the canvas was set and I could see her for a long time. When the last trace had gone it seemed to me that my life had sunk, too—out there."

"The old man's a fool," he said bluntly of his father. "How do you suppose he got hold of a Manchu?" he shifted his thought, addressing the stillness about them rather than his companion. "Don't imagine for a minute that you are superior to her," he told Nettie more directly. "There is nothing more remarkable. They must be gorgeous." A faint color stained his long cheeks. "What incredible luck!" he murmured.

He was thinking avidly of the women of China—the little gay girls like toys, the momentary glimpses of enameled faces in hurrying red-flowered sedan chairs, faces of ivory stained with carmine, in gold-crusted headdresses. A sudden impatience at Nettie Vollar's obvious person and clothes expanded to a detestation of an atmosphere he had but a minute or so before welcomed as an escape from something infinitely worse than death. Now it seemed impossible to spend a life in Salem. It would have been better, when he had been released by Heard & Co., to take the position open to him in the Dutch Hong.

He was in a continual state of such vacillation, as if he were the seat of two separate and antagonistic personalities; rather, he changed the figure, in him the East struggled with the West. It was necessary for the latter to triumph. The difficulty lay in the fact that the first was represented by an actual circumstance, while the other was only a dim apprehension, a weakened allegiance to ties never strong.

He cursed the extraordinary chance that, against every probability, had brought the chest of opium safely to him here. Its purchase had been the result of habit evading his will; he had dispatched it—in that seesawing contest—by a precarious route, half hoping that it would be lost or seized; and when he had seen the chest carried down Hardy Street to his door a species of terror had fastened upon him, a premonition of an evil spirit flickering above him in a turning of oily smoke. Why hadn't he pitched the thing into the water at the foot of their yard! There was time still; he would take the balls of opium and dispose of them secretly. A sudden energy, a renewed sense of strength flooded him. This distaste for Nettie changed into a pity at the ill luck that had followed her; she didn't deserve it. Generous emotions expanded his heart. He dreamed of taking hold of his father's small commerce in rum and sugar with the West Indies and turning it into a concern as rich and powerful as Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone.

Why not?

They, too, would have a big white house on Washington Square or Chestnut Street, with servants—Chinese servants—and horses and great ships sailing in, laden with the East. Why not, indeed! He, Edward Dunsack, had more brains than Jeremy Ammidon, that stiff old man with a face the color of a damask plum. His niece would go to all the balls at Franklin and Hamilton Halls, the injustice of her position overcome by an impressively increasing fortune. Abstractedly he patted her shoulder with a hand as long and gaunt and yellow as his face. All this would come as a result of throwing the opium into the harbor. It was as good as accomplished.

In the face of his prospective well-being he felt already the equal of anyone in Salem. If Gerrit Ammidon had married a Manchu lady it was his privilege—no, duty—to call and put his experience in things Chinese at their command. She would speak only a little if any English; no one here understood the preparation of her food—her delicate necessity for dishes not the property of an entire household; a hundred such details of which the infinitely cruder West must be ignorant. He thought complacently that he would understand her better than anyone else in Salem, in Boston, in America—far better than her husband. She would without doubt learn to depend on him; they would laugh together at the manners and people about them. Ammidon would be away for long periods on the China service ——

His dreams broke off with a sardonic laugh, a repetition of the tone in which he had objurgated the shipmaster. Such visions were the property of youth—and he was forty-two. Forty-two, and nothing more than a discredited clerk who had fled across the world from a shadow. But he was right—he had seen white men who had caught the breath of China accepting just such opportunities as the one offered to him after his dismissal by Augustine Heard. At the Dutch Hong he'd be expected to talk about his late employer. Such situations, he had realized in a rarely illuminating flash, were only temporary, a descending flight.

These men resembled the fate of, say, a brig sailing into the China Sea in all the perfection of order of the British Marine; at, perhaps, Hong-Kong, sold to a native firm, she would be refitted under an extravagant flag, and slowly the order would depart until in a slovenly tangle of rigging and defilement she'd be seen yawing on secret and nauseous errands.

A homely chime of bells was repeated from the town; suddenly the water of the harbor seemed faintly dyed with carmine.

"It will be getting on to supper," Nettie said.

They walked slowly from the wharf, turned silently into Derby Street and Hardy on their way home. Beyond the inner fence of the garden the thick uneven sod reaching to the water was dark and cool against the luminous flush of evening. A sound of frying and a heavy odor came from the kitchen, and Kate Vollar's voice informed them that the meal was ready.

Barzil Dunsack bowed his head over the table and pronounced a grace in startlingly resonant tones, the reverent humility of his words oddly emphasized by a sort of angry impatience. It seemed as if he at once subjected himself to his God and expressed a certain dissatisfaction with his forbearance. Edward Dunsack was plunged in the thought of the resolution he intended to fulfill that evening.

The throwing away of the opium had lost a part of its symbolic meaning. It now seemed even a little rash, when he could find an immediate highly profitable market—the opium had cost him seven hundred dollars in China. But he must, he realized, be firm. Afterward, in his room, facing away from the street over darkening yards and gables and foliage, he stood gazing at the chest of mango wood that held the drug. He unlocked and lifted the lid. On the tray before him were twenty balls, each the size of his two fists, wrapped in a hard skin of poppy leaves, and there was a similar number underneath. It was obvious that he couldn't carry a tray through the house, and he took out two balls, after which he secured the remainder.

He walked quickly down the stair and through the close turning of the lower hall that led through a side door to the yard. A pale rectangle of lamplight fell from the sitting-room window over a brick path and ground tramped bare

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of grass; a clinking of dishes sounded in the kitchen. The sod was wet, and perhaps eight feet below the wooden buttress of the land the water showed impenetrably black.

Safely there he passed a tense hand over a brow suddenly wet; he was shaking as if in the grip of a chill. His condition needed drastic measures. The cold heavy opium gave out its tantalizing odor. In a minute it would be disposed of and he would go for more. He calculated that this necessitated twenty trips at the present rate—a bag might serve his purpose better.

He raised an arm with an opium ball, but his hand remained suspended in air. An inarticulate protest seized him, a suffocating sense of impending loss. He would never be able to get Patna opium here; it was a valuable medical property. His nerves shook at the thought of its delights. Then, as if without his volition and against every intention, his arm described a short arc, and his hand was empty. There was the impact of a solid object striking the water, a faint ripple on the motionless expanse, and then absolute silence.

He was aghast at his wanton act, the irreparable waste of a precious substance; and he cursed in a low audible Cantonese. Whose concern was it if he did very occasionally smoke a "pistol"? How could it possibly matter! The dreams about a great foreign commerce, a white house like the Ammidons', were futile; it was too late. He could expect nothing from life but the unspeakable monotony of his father's dwelling, the bare office. He had worked hard, been as full of splendid early resolutions as anyone, and he wasn't blamable if chance balked his ambition. A soul was nothing more than a twisting leaf in the wind of Fate. There remained only to take what escape was offered—golden visions, luxury, beauty beyond all earth.

His contrary determination seemed of less actuality than the imagined echoing of the splash that still hung in his brain. It was a thing far away, belonging to another time, another man; like the memory of a period of charming ignorance. The thought of it wove a strand of melancholy into his present mature realization like the delicate scent of blossoming trees borne to him on the evening air, barely perceptible and then lost in the pungency of the opium. The latter became, mystically, all China, the irresistible fascination that had gradually possessed his imagination, dulling the associations of his heredity and birth, calling him farther and farther into its secretive heart.

He returned to his room, where he put back the second ball in the tray of its chest. An extraordinary weariness hung over him; there was a sense of leaden weight in his arms and feet. Flashes of a different perception pierced his apathy. A voice, seemingly outside his being, whispered of danger, evil and danger. . . . A twisting leaf, he told himself again with his deep fatalism.

The memory of Gerrit Ammidon's crisp blue gaze, his vigorous gestures and speech, became an intolerable affront, representing the far lost point of his own departure. His contrary feelings met and grappled in his mind; but in the end the past, Salem, was always defeated, weaker, more faintly perceived. In a great many essentials, he told himself, he had become Chinese in sympathy and fiber.

The lamp threw a smooth gleam over the mango-wood chest, and he bent, turning the key in the ornamental brass lock. He could reconsider the disposal of the opium to-morrow; there was no hurry; he had no intention of becoming a victim to the drug. That would be stupidity, the negation of all the philosophy he had gained. Very occasionally——

His thoughts swung to the surprising fact of Ammidon's Chinese wife; if, as he had first suspected, she was a common woman of the port who had made a fool of the dull sailor, he perceived the making of a very entertaining comedy. There would be the keenest irony in exposing her to himself before the complacent ignorance of her husband. He knew such women; convicted in Chinese, perhaps before the entire Ammidon family, not a muscle of her face would betray surprise or concern. She might try to murder him, very ingeniously, but never would she descend to the intrigue, the lies of a Western woman placed in the same position. She'd stoically accept the situation. These visions ran rapidly, vividly through his brain; he was accustomed to them; a greater part of his waking life was filled with such pictures, infinitely more alluring, persuasive than the disappointing actuality. He got out of his clothes, and in a loose gown of black silk sat at his open window, his chin sunk in the palm of a hand, his face set against the night.

The next morning at the breakfast table he listened with a twisted mouth to his father's long dogmatic grace before meat. His sister sat opposite their parent, her gaze lowered in a perpetual amazement, her entire person stamped with a stupid humility. There was nothing humble, however, in Nettie; the crisp French coloring positively crackled with an electric energy; her mouth was set in a rebellious red blot. Studying her, Edward Dunsack saw that she was prettier than he had first realized on his return to Salem. He speculated over the story she had told him yesterday about Gerrit Ammidon's attachment. What an incredible idiot their father had been! Edward would have relished Gerrit as a brother-in-law; good would have come to them all from such a connection.

If he had been in America at the time no such error would have been permitted. With his counsel Nettie would have caught Ammidon beyond any escape. He wondered if the girl had actually cared for the shipmaster or if the affair had been nothing more than a sop to her wounded pride and isolation. In a way beyond his present understanding this seemed to be considerably important. If she had loved him no one could predict what her attitude might be in any future development of their contact; but if her pride only had been involved, injured, she might readily be an instrument for his own obscure purposes.

The office where Barzil Dunsack conducted the limited affairs of his West India trading was a small one-room building back of the dwelling. There was a high desk at which a clerk stood or balanced on a long-legged stool, a more formal secretary against the length of the wall, with a painted model of a full ship, the spars and standing rigging slack and the whole gray with dust, a built-in cupboard opposite, a dilapidated chair or so and a twelve-plate iron stove for wood. A window looked out across the grass to the harbor and another opened blankly against a board fence.

There Edward Dunsack made a column of entries in a script fine and regular but occasionally showing an uncontrollably tremulous line. He was conscious of this tendency growing through the past year, and he surveyed his writing with a feeling of angry dismay. Try as he might, with a frowning concentration, to pen the words and numerals firmly, presently his attention would slip, his hand waver ever so slightly, and a sudden stricken appearance of old age fasten on the characters. . . . By heaven, to-night he'd throw all that stinking stuff away!

Outside the day was immaculate, the expanse of the water was like celestial silk, such sails as he saw resembled white clouds. The early morning bird song had subsided, but a persistent robin was whistling from the grass by the open door. The curdlike petals of a magnolia were slowly shifting obliquely to the ground; he could hear the stir of Derby Street. He was inexpressibly weary of the struggle always racking his being; it seemed to him that in the midst of a serene world he was tormented by some inimicable and fatal power.

He fastened his thoughts on commonplace happier objects—on the page under his hand, the entries of Medford rum and sugar cane and molasses, and the infinitely larger affairs of Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone. There was no reason why he shouldn't call on Jeremy Ammidon's family. The latter had signified by his visit the desire to end the misunderstanding between them. He was as well born as Gerrit Ammidon; only ill chance had made them seem differently situated. Anyhow, unlike Canton, mere exterior position had comparatively little weight in Salem. The shipmasters, the more important merchants, arrogated a certain superiority to themselves; but it broke down before the inborn democracy of the local spirit.

That afternoon, he decided, he'd be in Pleasant Street; and later he dressed with the most particular care. A growing doubt seized him as he mounted the outside steps of the Ammidons' impressive house; but he crushed it down and firmly rapped with the polished knocker on the opened door.

The family, a servant told him, was in the garden; and he followed through a large white-paneled hall into a formal drawing-room and green space beyond. He was again uncertain before the number of people grouped about a summerhouse and apparently watching his approach with cold surprise. But Gerrit Ammidon stepped forward and greeted him with an adequately level civility.

"You know my father," he said, and Jeremy Ammidon, his heavy body in linen, above which his face was dusky, put out an abrupt hand. There was a Mr. Brevard, a slender unconcerned person in very fashionable but restrained clothes; William Ammidon's wife, a large woman in India muslin, handsome enough, Edward Dunsack conceded, in the American sense; a daughter of William's, a girl blooming into womanhood, far too vigorous and brightly colored for his taste; and Gerrit's wife.

The last had been hidden from him at first, and he saw her suddenly, completely. His surprise caused him to stand in an awkward suspense—never had he imagined that a woman, even a Manchu, could be so beautiful! He recognized in a score of unmistakable details that she was of irreproachably high birth—her satins were embroidered with the symbols of nobility and matrimonial felicity; the gold finger-nail guards, the jade and flowering pearls, her earrings and tasseled tobacco pouch and ivory fan, were all in the most superlative manner.

A deep pleasurable excitement filled him as he made his greeting in correct Chinese. The long delicate oval of her face showed no emotion at the sound of her native speech and she returned his periods in a slowly chosen mechanical English. Edward Dunsack thought that as he spoke an expression of distaste stamped Gerrit's features. However, he was left in no doubt. "My wife," the other instructed him, "prefers to speak English. That is the only way she has of picking it up."

A contempt filled Dunsack, which he was barely able to keep from his voice and manner. He nodded shortly, and subsided into a study of Taou Yuen so open that she must have become aware of his interest. Seated on the bench that circled the interior of the latticed summerhouse she moved so that he could no longer see her face.

Brevard was beside her, talking in a low amused voice: there was a ringing peal of laughter from Sidsall Ammidon and a faint infinitely well-bred ripple from Taou Yuen. The brilliant patch of her gown made an extraordinary effect in the Salem garden. Edward Dunsack recognized the scents that stirred from her, more Eastern and disturbing even than opium; there was a subtle natural odor of musk, the perfumes of henna and clove blossoms and santal. A curious double feeling possessed him: in the split consciousness of which he was capable—he had the sensation of having come, in the suave afternoon garden, on overwhelming disaster; and at the same time he was enraged by the play of Fate that had given such a woman to Gerrit Ammidon, and denied him, with his special appreciation of Oriental charm, the slightest satisfaction. A more general hatred of Gerrit tightened to a consuming resentment at the other's blind fortune.



"Goodness, Uncle Edward," Nettie Exclaimed, "You Scared Me, You Looked So Like a Chinese!"

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One thing was unmistakably borne upon him—in spite of the courtesy he was meeting, it was clear that he could not hope to become a customary visitor at the Ammidons'. He was put definitely outside the community of interests in which Brevard easily entered. William Ammidon joined them, and something like astonishment at Dunsack's presence was visible on his complacent face.

He remained, however, in a stubborn resistance to small adverse signs, in the hope of gaining some additional facts about Taou Yuen. She had been, he learned, a widow, and Gerrit had married her with her father-in-law's consent, though the latter was a rich official. He wanted to ask a thousand questions, but he knew that, even if the Ammidons were too dense to grasp his curiosity, Taou Yuen would comprehend his impoliteness. Nowhere else could be found the wisdom and poise of a Manchu lady.

Jeremy Ammidon, in a lawn chair, a smoking cheroot in his fingers, asked him about affairs of Chinese government and commerce. As the old man talked he flushed darkly with quick indignation.

"The English have made our political diplomats look like stuffed gulls!" he declared. "Look at their orders in council and the British prize courts," he proceeded, waving his cheroot; "stop an American vessel anywhere and pretend to find a deserting English sailor. With the Treaty of Ghent and cod-headed commissioners and a Congress that wouldn't know a ship from a bread barge the country's going to hell on greased ways! I've said it a thousand times and any man not a complete ass knows that you can't run a government without a strong head. Locofocos," he muttered.



*"Most of the Captains Like China," Taou Yuen Said. "They are So Far Away From Their Families ——"*

Edward Dunsack listened to this tirade with an air of polite attention which hid completely the fact that he scarcely heard or comprehended a word. His thoughts were filled by the fragrant vision of Taou Yuen; already he was deep in the problem of how to see her again, to-morrow. It would be excessively difficult. Eastern women never, if they could avoid it, walked; and they were, he knew, entirely without the necessity that drove the women of Salem into a ceaseless round of calling and gossip. It was probable that, except to ride, she wouldn't leave the house and grounds. He cursed the chance quarrel that had set a customary void between the houses of Dunsack and Ammidon, the unfortunate affair of his sister and Vollar inescapably adding to the permanency of the breach; he particularly cursed Nettie. There, however, his mind took up the twisted thread of the vague possibility that the latter might be useful to him.

He was amazed at the way in which his premonitions fitted into the pattern of situations yet to be materialized. Edward Dunsack turned from his contemplation of Taou Yuen to a careful consideration of Gerrit Ammidon. The latter had a countenance which showed strong, easily summoned emotions. It was an intolerant face, Dunsack judged, and yet sentimental; and it was surprisingly young, guileless. At the same time it was unusually determined—an affair of uncomplicated surfaces, direct gaze, marked bone.

He questioned sharply, irritably, the length to which his projections had reached. What were they all about? The answer was presented by the glittering figure of the Manchu; she had risen and was standing in the entrance of the summerhouse. He thought with a jerking pulse of Oriental similes: She was a lotus woman, a green slip of willow, an ambrosial moon, a mustard flower. Her teeth were white buds, her breasts blanched almonds.

His entire life in China had been a preparation for the realization of the present moment. The sense of danger, of anger at Gerrit Ammidon, perished before the supreme emotion called up by Taou Yuen. He wanted to embrace her satin-shod feet, to cling to her odorous hands, such hands as were never formed outside of China, like petals of coral. Not only her bodily charm intoxicated him but the thought of her subtle mind added its attraction, its shadows never to be pierced by the blunted Western instinct, the knowledge of pleasures like perfumes, the calm blend of the eight diagrams of Confucius, the stoicism of the Buddhistic soul revolving perpetually in the urn of Fate, and of the Tao of Lao-tsze.

Brevard left with an easy familiarity, already planning a return, that filled Edward Dunsack with resentful envy. The sun had disappeared behind the house; long cool shadows swept down the garden; it was past time for him to go. A reluctance to move from the magic of Taou Yuen possessed him; he was unable to think how, when, he would next see her. He raged at the prohibition against speaking Chinese; that ability should give him an overwhelming advantage of Gerrit Ammidon. This was, of course, the reason that he had been virtually commanded to limit himself to English. Many of the forms of extreme Chinese courtesy were impossible to express in another language.

Finally he rose; in departing he emphasized the importance of Jeremy Ammidon—Taou Yuen should recognize and applaud that. He saw that she was watching him obliquely, her lips in repose, her hands still among the satin draperies. An American would have betrayed something of her reaction to him; he could have discovered a trace, an indication of her thoughts; but the Manchu's face was as inscrutable as porcelain. William Ammidon nodded, the old man responded to his leave-taking with a degree of warmness, Gerrit at least smiled in a not unfriendly manner. Edward Dunsack bowed to Taou Yuen, and she gravely inclined her head. He had a last glimpse of her glowing in the green light of the inclosure of rose-bushes and poplars, emerald sod and twisting lilac trees.

At the supper table his sister's appearance in somber untidy black barège, Nettie's unrestrained gestures and speech, the coarse red cloth and plain boiled fare—all added to a discontent that he could scarcely restrain. With the utmost discrimination in delicate shades of beauty and luxury, he was yet condemned to spend his days in surroundings hardly raised above poverty-stricken squalor. Incongruous as it was, he could yet imagine Taou Yuen moving with a certain appropriateness about the Ammidons' spacious grounds and house; but he was absolutely unable to picture her here, on Hardy Street.

All the vivid scenes that continually formed and shifted in his mind gathered about Gerrit Ammidon's wife. He used this phrase in a contemptuously satirical manner; it was impossible for Ammidon actually to marry a Manchu. Such racial mating, he told himself, would be no true marriage. There were too many deep antipathies of flesh and spirit; the man was too—too stupidly normal. Sooner or later he would swing back to his own. With him, Edward Dunsack, it was different; he always had an inner kinship with China; at first sight its streets and sounds, odors and ways, had seemed familiar, admirable.

The realization of this, when his place with Heard & Co. collapsed, had sent him back to America in a strange dread. He remembered how the vague fear had followed him to Derby Wharf. Now he laughed at it, welcoming every Chinese instinct he had. They seemed to throw a bridge across enormous difficulties, bringing him finally to Taou Yuen.

He lingered at the table after supper, his head sunk on his chest, revolving the various aspects of his position. One thing was definite—he must have Taou Yuen; it was unthinkable that she should continue with Gerrit Ammidon. It needed skillful planning, tortuous execution, but in the end he'd get his desire. He had no doubt of that. It was necessary. If she opposed him she would discover that he, too, could be subtle, Oriental—yes, dangerous. None of the stupid inhibitions that, for example, bound his father interfered with the free exercise of his personal wishes. He was beyond primitive morality. An ecstasy of contemplation ravished his senses.

"Goodness, Uncle Edward," Nettie exclaimed, "you scared me, you looked so like a Chinee!"

"There are no such people," he retorted sharply, exasperated by the vulgar error. Nettie was undismayed; and when in reply to a question she learned that he had been at the Ammidons' her surprise increased his irritation. He saw from her manner that his calling there had been at least unexpected. She interrupted the preparation of the table for breakfast, and dropped into a chair beyond him, her hands—the sleeves were rolled back to her elbows—clasped before her.

"You must tell me everything!" she declared eagerly. "What is she like? Do they seem happy? Did he hold her hand? Do Chinese women kiss? Is she tall or ——"

"I can't remember a question out of your rattle," he interrupted her.

He was about to give expression to his admiration for Taou Yuen, when he stopped, with tight lips. Here, perhaps, was the lever by which so much was to be shifted.

"She's Chinese," he said indifferently; "and that means yellow." Nettie made a gesture of distaste. "They seem to get along well enough. Of course it's ridiculous to call it a marriage, and it seems to me very questionable to impose it on the Ammidons as that. The thing is—how long will it last, how soon will he get tired of her and send her back to Canton?"

Nettie Vollar closed her eyes; her hands were rigid. The lamplight streaming up over her face showed Edward that it was tense and pale and answered a question. Her feeling for Gerrit Ammidon had been more than a mere hurt pride. In addition to that he saw beyond any doubt the proof of its existence still. This complicated his problem; inspired only by a resentment that he might fan into hatred, she would be far more pliable than in the grip of a genuine affection for Gerrit Ammidon. He understood the processes of the former, a flexible and useful steel; but no one could predict the vagaries, the absurd self-sacrifices of love. Well, he'd have to work with what offered. That, he realized, was the strength of his philosophy—he accepted promptly without vain regret the means that lay at his hand.

*(Continued on Page 113)*

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 19, 1918


## If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

## Draft Ages

WITH great care, using all available data, the War Department worked out a set of tables showing how many soldiers might be expected from the different age classifications of men subject to the new draft.

It calculated that there were a little more than two million males aged nineteen and twenty, and that they would yield a little more than one million effective soldiers. As to males aged thirty-two to forty-five, it calculated the total number at slightly more than ten millions, and that they would yield barely six hundred thousand effective soldiers. Roughly, the net yield under the first age classification would be fifty out of a hundred; in the second age classification it would be only six out of a hundred; or, with roughly one-fifth the total number of men, the first age classification would yield nearly double the number of soldiers.

Only eight per cent of the young men would be married or have dependents. More than seventy-five per cent of the older men would be married or have dependents. Exemptions for industrial reasons would be relatively much more numerous among the older men than among the younger.

The tables show conclusively, and in a nutshell, why soldiers must be sought mainly among young men.

## Better Times

IT IS not a bad antidote nowadays to glance back at eighteenth-century society on the pages of Fielding, Smollett, Defoe. In spite of this war's enormities it is a far better world to-day; men are much kinder and juster. Nowhere in the United States would a typical crowd, peacefully employed, at seeing a stranger stricken with death feel anything but pity. If they could not help him they would at least show respect for his condition. When Fielding was in the last stages of dropsy, having lost all use of his limbs, his countenance so ghastly that he presented "a spectacle of the highest horror," he was carried to a boat through a crowd, "few of whom failed of paying their compliments to me by all manner of insults and jests on my misery"; not that they knew who he was or had the slightest cause for personal ill will toward him, but because a man in his condition was a proper object of contempt and derision—as wolves are said to turn upon a lame member of the pack. In the same journal Fielding relates with approval this anecdote of his "ever-honored and beloved friend," Judge Burnet: A prisoner pleaded "It is hard, my lord, to hang a poor man for stealing a horse." The judge replied "You are not to be hanged, sir, for stealing a horse, but you are to be hanged that horses may not be stolen."

It is a much better world. Nations that can present a valid claim to civilization grow kinder and juster.

## The Other Side of the Debt

THERE cannot be a debtor without a creditor. If the Government owes thirty billion dollars, or whatever sum, at the end of the war it will be owing to citizens of the United States—twenty millions of them now; we may hope more than thirty millions finally. Every dollar of government liability on account of the debt is an asset for some individual bondholder. Every dollar the Government takes in taxes to pay interest goes to an individual bondholder.

Keep in mind that mainly whatever war consumes is produced during the war, and when war ends the citizens of the United States, taken collectively, will have paid and canceled the whole bill. They will have supplied all the steel, leather, cloth, food, powder, and what not, that the war has consumed. So far as they are concerned, taken collectively, the whole affair is forever over with. But the Government will still have an adjustment to make among its citizens. The man who saved and put money or credit at its disposal will hold its bond or stamp. It must assess the whole people to pay him his interest or principal.

Now, as a strictly economic proposition, without regard to the greater factors that make war horrible, the man who saves money during the war which he would otherwise have spent unprofitably and puts it into government paper comes out ahead of the game. He emerges with an asset—the best in the world—and with a more intelligent command of his income and outgo. Economically speaking, a great many people can be actually better off because of the war—depending upon the exertion they make to save right now. The option is open to you.

## Business in Wartime

THE Tariff Commission has been investigating the condition of the glass industry and finds that in all branches war very seriously handicapped it. The supply of imported ingredients, notably potash, was cut off. Experimenting to discover domestic substitutes for these ingredients took a long time. There were great difficulties in transportation of materials and fuel and in delivering finished products. Some markets were lost. Some staple products could be turned out or disposed of in only limited quantities.

Nevertheless, commercial production has increased and the export trade extended to countries not hitherto reached in certain lines by American manufacturers. "The consensus of opinion of glass manufacturers is that war . . . has stimulated the industry to a remarkable degree, and been the principal factor in the development of a number of new branches of manufacture. . . . The information obtained by the commission warrants the conclusion that a new era has set in for the industry."

Of the chief foreign competitors, Belgium and France have suffered extensive destruction as to glass manufacture. Exports from Germany and Austria are shut off. We have already taken their places to an important extent in making optical glass, our product in that line now equaling the finest known in Europe before the war.

As to cheap foreign labor after the war one paragraph is significant: "Without the aid of a human hand an automatic machine now produces complete one-dram bottles at the rate of a hundred and sixty-five a minute. The labor cost is 'practically nothing,' said a manufacturer. In making window glass a machine blower in the most efficient American factory can blow a cylinder thirty-nine feet long and thirty-two inches in diameter in less time than a Belgian hand blower can blow one five feet long and fifteen inches in diameter."

There are few businesses for which war does not spell opportunity as well as handicap. The problem is to find and take advantage of the opportunities.

## Inevitable Profits

IN ITS search for profiteers the vigilant Federal Trade Commission overlooked a round dozen of them; possibly it overlooked them because they are controlled by the United States Government.

The concerns referred to are the Federal Reserve Banks. They are agencies of the Government. Presumably, they are not operated for profit, but to perform certain important functions for the benefit of the public. Yet war has decidedly increased their profits because it has thrown an enormous volume of business into their hands. They handle this business under rules laid down by Congress and the Reserve Board appointed by the President. Those rules were designed for public benefit, not for profit. But because the volume of business has greatly increased, profits have risen, and it would be difficult to frame any practicable set of rules that would not have that result. Profits of the Bank of England have increased greatly, not because it is trying to gouge the public but because its volume of business has increased.

A large part of the profiteering that the Trade Commission did not overlook is due to the same cause. For any normal business that is soundly organized a rapid increase in the volume of trade handled and in the turnover of capital will raise profits—without any intention to gouge on the part of the management and without any oppressive practices.

Price fixing limits the rise in profits but does not prevent it. The way to deal with this inevitable phenomenon is by a war-profits tax.

## Business After the War

A VERY able business man recently gave his associates his opinion of economic conditions after the war. He saw swollen prices, billions of inflated currency, heavy taxes, millions of soldiers looking for jobs when war's enormous demands for goods had ceased; strikes, turmoil, idle munition plants. He believed that looking back over war's vast senseless destruction men would feel a profound disillusionment. Times would be bad.

Within a week, as it happened, another business man, as able and of as great reputation as the first, gave his view of after-war conditions. He saw a far more abundant supply of money for industrial expansion than ever before, war-financing having disclosed unknown possibilities in that direction. He saw industry, thanks to war, much better organized than ever before; an ample labor supply and a better equipment than ever before for maintaining amicable relations between capital and labor. Taxes would be high, but production would be greater, giving a bigger fund to pay taxes out of. Reconstruction and deferred improvements would create tremendous demands for materials and labor. Manufacturers and merchants would have a new idea of the world's buying power. Plans that would have looked too big in 1913 would look small after the war. Coming of peace after this war nightmare would stimulate men, and as they looked back on the tremendous things they had accomplished since 1914 they would look to the future with higher hope and greater confidence than ever before. Times would be good.

Both of these men—one an Englishman, the other an American—were equally right.

If we look at it in the first way times will be bad. If we look at it in the second way times will be good. What business conditions are after the war will depend first of all upon the state of our minds. If we keep our courage, our punch, our common sense, try hard to harmonize our differences and pull together, we shall have good times. Otherwise we shall have bad times.

## Price Fixing

OUR price fixing began in August, 1917. By that time England had in force a quite extensive system for the arbitrary regulation of prices by the government. But from July, 1914, to August, 1917, commodity prices in England, taken as a whole, advanced a hundred and twenty per cent; and in the United States only ninety-five per cent. By the spring of 1917 commodity prices in England had a little more than doubled since the outbreak of the war; and had increased about seventy per cent in the United States, where there was no political interference with their movement.

From then to the spring of 1918 prices in both countries advanced about ten per cent, though the incidence of government regulation was necessarily different in the two countries.

There will be here a fine field for expert investigation and debate after the war—to wit: As to what probable effect arbitrary price-fixing regulations really have upon the whole movement of commodity prices. We say an "arbitrary" price, meaning that the Government marks down a figure and says "This commodity shall sell at that price." Still it is not so arbitrary.

The Government must fix the price in view of conditions over which it has no control. Before the Government took a hand in the matter prices generally had risen eighty-five per cent since the outbreak of the war. Government fixed a price on wheat more than a hundred per cent above the pre-war price. Its price fixing was controlled by market conditions.

Government intervention since the war has deluded some people into the notion that Government can really shape prices at its will. In fact, it can do no such thing.

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# Game Laws of Location Hunters

## By ROB WAGNER

A "NO SHOOTING" sign in Southern California does not necessarily refer to firearms; it may mean cameras; in fact, the machinelike clicking of the movie camera has long ago displaced the percussive resonance of the dear old shotgun and rifle, and incidentally there are more game wardens watching our sportsmanship than ever pursued the bird butchers.

Two factors have led to the increasing stringency of the game laws of movieland: One was the perfectly lawless shooting by the pioneers; and the other was—and is, to a large extent—due to the outrageous conduct of the comedy studios when on location. There is hardly a spot in the Southwest that has not been "killed"—or at least wounded—by the cinemaniacs, and the few locations that remain have become the most-sought-for prizes of this royal sport.

Take, for instance, the Yndart place in Pasadena, one of the most beautiful estates in California; and not a foot of it has been shot for a motion picture. True, some of our more enterprising poachers have concealed their cameras behind hedgerows and in laundry wagons, but no one has succeeded in filming any good stuff. Last week a Clingstone director set up his camera on the sidewalk and tried to shoot through the pickets, but pretty soon a gardener appeared with a bucket of Paris green, and wheresoever the camera was moved there he was, right in front of the lens, painting the fence. 'Tis said the director made his Nemesis use three buckets of paint—but the picture was not shot! Señor Orestes Yndart took a violent dislike to the moving pictures after having seen the San Gabriel Mission used as a background for a custard comedy.

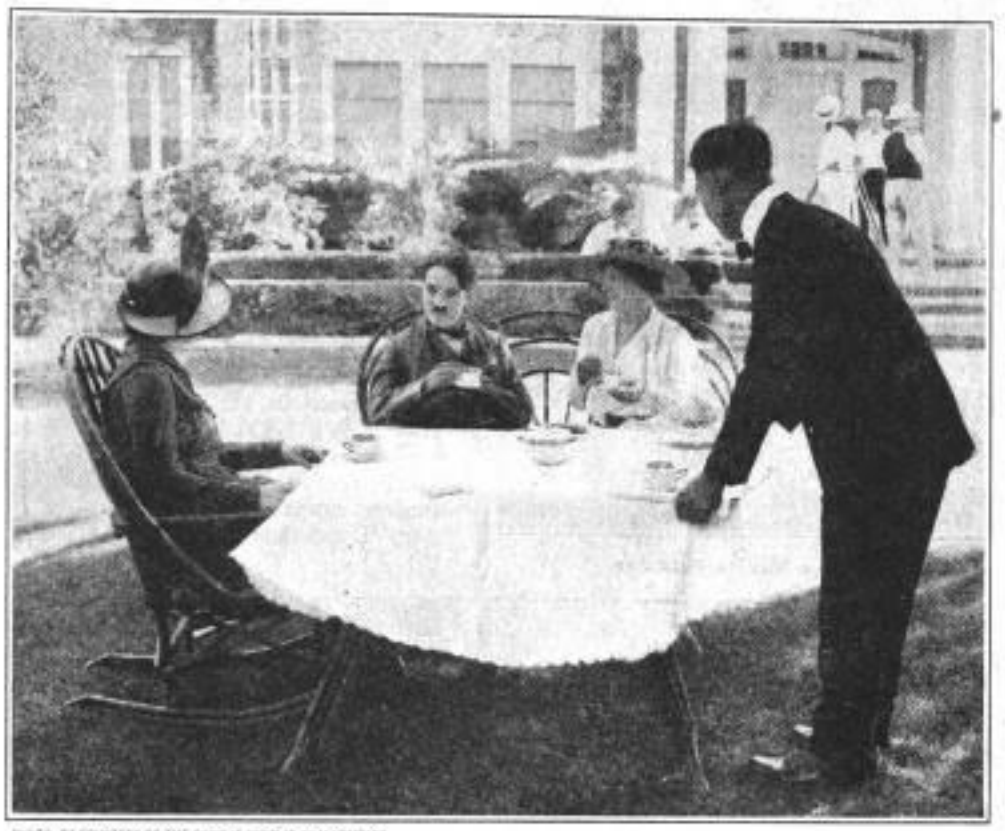


PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE CHARLIE CHAPLIN FILM COMPANY

*Kind-Hearted Society People Sometimes Serve Tea to the Poor Struggling Actors*

### The Specialist in Backgrounds

IMAGINE, then, the challenge tossed at me when Ames, the director of production, poked his head into my office a week ago and said: "Hawley, we begin the Fairfax story on the tenth, and the old man is dead set on using the Yndart place. What can you do about it?"

"Well," I replied, "as they say in a certain disgusting language: 'The ghost is perfectly willing, but the meat is awful weak.' Tell the old man, with my compliments, that there isn't a chance. If anybody could get permission 'tis your little Georgie Porgie, for my good-looking Spanish mother is related to the Yndarts, but she can't budge the old boy an inch from his prohibition. Nor is there the slightest opportunity to steal the loke, for the prejudices have been communicated to eight caretakers and eleven dogs. The last pirates who tried to steal that location arrived offstage minus their trouser seats and two perfectly good cameras."

When Ames had gone, Miss Blowitz, my stenographer, turned and said: "Looks like a job for Miss Westlake. Perhaps she can land the place through his daughter, Carmelita. I often see their names together in the society columns."

This little dialogue may give some idea of the queer position I hold with The Filmart Motion Picture Company. I am the location man, and I am expected to find and arrange for any background the most vivacious scenario writer suggests. Is it Sahara Desert stuff? All right; out near Oxnard there are miles of rolling sand dunes. India? We have religious communities with the most exotic—and esoteric—Hindu environments. A location for a low-temperature romance? Wonderful snow stuff may be found up in Bear Valley and at Tahoe. Italy? Russia? China? Such touches are found in every cosmopolis.

My filing cabinet contains a photographic record of nearly every possible artistic need. Suppose the script calls for action outside a stage entrance. I turn to my location cards and find seventeen so catalogued. Others are labeled Italian villas, Spanish churches, prisons, parks, Chinatown, marshes, orange groves, cemeteries, cafeterias. On each card is pasted the photograph of the chosen spot, by the side of which we find the address, owner, party in charge, phone, light, distance from studio, price for shooting, and remarks. Under the latter head there will be notes like these:

"Owner friendly, but particular; won't have fire scenes or permit smoke pots." "Owner O. K., but Seventh Day Adventist—no shooting on Saturdays." "Keeps chickens; objects to explosions." "Owner a crab; can be reached through Henry Milton."

The qualifications for a location man are peculiar. He is supposed to be the grand little fixer, going about among the citizenry, arranging permission for our artists to register their flickering emotions wheresoever they will. Naturally he meets up with all kinds of bigots, crabs and extortionists who need subduing. This calls for qualities—not brains; as a result many of the studios have employed us personality guys—beautiful fellows with distinguished fronts, charming manners and a studied technic for the glad hand and the mix. Besides my red hair and irresistibility the peculiar excellence I bring to my profession is the fact that I was born here—a very unusual accomplishment—and that I know every foot of the country from Mexico to Oregon. Besides, my social standing is secure as Gibraltar, for even my father saw his first sunrise in Los Angeles.

### Not Like the Good Old Days

PEOPLE not living in movieland have an idea that everybody is tickled to death to let the picture companies shoot scenes in their front yards—just for the fun of seeing them made and meeting the actors. But this is not so. The townsfolk out here have developed certain prejudices, and in some places we are about as welcome as a colony of lepers. This is largely due to past profanities and the ever-increasing number of companies searching the highways and byways for something that has not been shot to death. Hence the necessity for regular departments, and location men who are hard of hearing when the villagers protest.

In the good old days—say five years ago—we could shoot anything, for the novelty of the adventure outweighed any inconvenience we might impose upon the



PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE THOMAS H. INCE STUDIOS

*In the Sophisticated Village of Los Angeles Even "German Soldiers" in the Streets Will Attract Not the Least Attention*



PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE CHARLIE CHAPLIN FILM COMPANY

*The English Hosts of This Bunch of Mummers are Not a Bit Shocked at "the Kaiser" Snooping About*

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PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS FILM COMPANY

*Even the Lowly Mexican Has Learned That Location May be Paid For*

owners of locations. In fact, the first directors had no necessity for location hounds, but went about shooting whomever—and whatever—they pleased, and their pleasures were not temperate. It was this amazing assumption that the whole world was a public game preserve, with an open season lasting the year round, that finally brought the deluge.

I came into the work just as Bill Condon and the old Climax were passing into eclipse. In fact, I was with this famous director when he blew up. Bill was one of the greatest individualists of the period before the photoplay became a social product. He wrote most of his own stories and shot them just as he damn pleased. The man was a genius in his way, but he needed room. Though he functioned magnificently in the desert or the mountains where there was nobody to challenge his art, the city was likely to regard him as a pest. He was one of those single-purpose individuals who brook no authority or interference. Beginning life as a plumber he had been brought up in a profession that develops strong individualities, and when he became a movie director his ruthless methods were his greatest capital. As for locations, he just went out and took them, as though the owners or authorities were mere figures of speech. Had he wanted to shoot a scene in Westminster Abbey all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't have kept him out.

### *Mira Vista Gets Fed Up*

THE Climax at that time had a studio at Mira Vista, a small fashionable resort up the coast. Like many towns in those expanding days, the Mira Vistitas had been stricken with cinemasipelas, and through the efforts of the Boosters' Club and the C. of C. had induced the Climax to locate "in their midst," and actually had donated ten beautiful acres for their purposes. Naturally, Bill felt a proprietary interest in the town.

I was just out of college at the time and joined the company because of my social acquaintance in Mira Vista. It was up to me to mix in so that we could use the most exclusive sets in that modern paradise. It wasn't long, however, before the making of pictures began to bore the ennuied inhabitants of this overrich colony, most of the overlords having come to California for rest and refuge from a tempestuous world; and soon complaints began to pour in telling how our beautiful heroes and hero-ines had broken ferns, trampled flower beds, and even splashed into the most private sanctuaries of the owners. One protest stated that an epicurean horse had eaten a horticultural delicacy costing the owner twelve hundred dollars, while another insisted that a bunch of ill-mannered extras had made way with two boxes of panetelas, a tin of cigarettes and three bottles of expensive strong waters from the library buffet!

Then the authorities, who had been so enthusiastic about our coming to Mira Vista, began to grow churlish—and all because Bill regarded the business section of the town as a bunch of sets designed for his personal use. Feeling he had carte blanche to go the artistic limit, he pulled some fire scenes that broke every sacred ordinance and held up traffic for two of the busiest hours of the day. I remember one occasion of a tradesman coming out and complaining that we were holding customers away from his shop and the firemen squirting him with their hoses! It was a grand joke. Then one day we got a letter from the Benedicts telling us they objected to having Indians yelping up their cañon.

"Well, whaddaya think o' that?" sniffed the great Bill Condon. "Where do they think Indian pictures are made? In Indianapolis? If they don't like my Indians, why don't they drive 'em out? I'd like to shoot a picture like that. Say, Hawley, what's the matter with these here mutts? They ast us up here, didn't they? And gave us this lot, didn't they? Well, why didn't they investigate before gettin' so damn cordial? If they don't like our business, why don't they move?"

In rendering abstract justice one must endeavor to get both points of view. From Bill Condon's: Imagine the nerve of a lot of millionaires inviting a movie company to their exclusive colony, because of the social pep it would introduce into their shattered lives, and then bellyachin' because lions are creatures of the night! One can't make animal pictures without animals—can one? Yet the night songs of our lions evidently disturbed the servants' rest and frightened the coming generation of millionaires. And it was not alone the roar from the jungle that got their aristocratic goats—it was the aroma. Whenever the wind was in the right direction, even the orchid houses and wine cellars were no refuge from that grand old menagerie bouquet. But the real break came when Bill shot his famous whale story. I must tell of this, for its consequences were a turning point in the fortunes of the moving-picture industry.

### *Bill Condon's Whale Drama*

FIVE years ago the jungle drama was in its glory, and when it came to the animal stuff Bill Condon was a bear. He had shot everything from trained fleas to elephants and ostriches, and was looking for new zoölogical worlds to conquer. Then one day Stanley Barryworth came in from a deep-sea story and announced that they had passed a dead whale about ten miles off shore.

"A whale! Ju-duss-preest!" Quick as a flash those moving-picture brains of Condon's were at work. Here, indeed, was a new beastie! If one could have peeked in the director's fertile sconce he would have been amazed at its kaleidoscopic workings: Alaska; fishermen sight whale; harpoons; fight with monster; revenue cutter sighted; fishermen frightened; beach whale; fight between whalers and U. S. officers; Harry LeGrande captured by whalers; tortured; Harry rescued by beautiful Eskimo maid—Bessie Flopit; love stuff; more fight; capture of whalers; Bessie squares whalers; banquet on beach; more love stuff; fade out with Bessie and Harry standing on the whale in tight clinch; silhouette against aurora borealis.

It is the men with wits like Condon's who make scenario departments so utterly useless.

The scheme was to run out, capture the brute, anchor him beyond the kelp,

*(Continued on Page 99)*

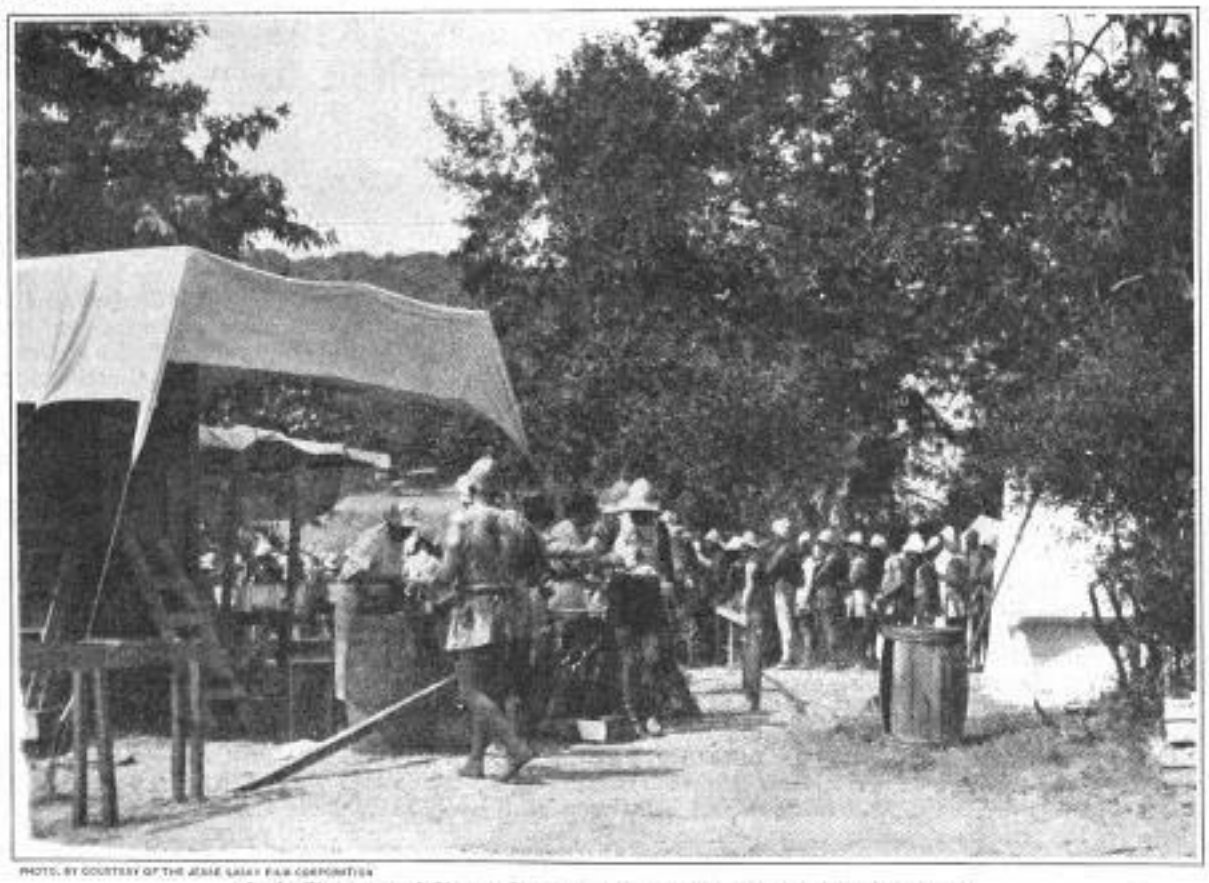


PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE JESSE LASKY FILM CORPORATION

*Lady Fingers and Cheese Crackers Will Not Satisfy Our Hungry Extras*



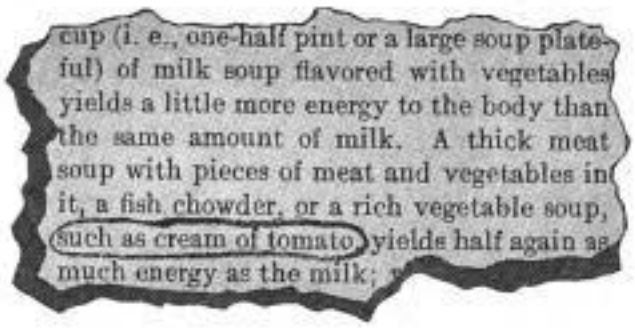
PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE NORMAN PEERLESS STUDIO

*If the Station Master Won't Stop the Train for a Simple Scene Like This—Then We Buy a Ticket and He Has to Flag It*

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"With vigor and vim in body and limb—
*Campbell's Tomato* just keeps me in trim!"


cup (i. e., one-half pint or a large soup plate-ful) of milk soup flavored with vegetables yields a little more energy to the body than the same amount of milk. A thick meat soup with pieces of meat and vegetables in it, a fish chowder, or a rich vegetable soup, such as cream of tomato, yields half again as much energy as the milk;

## So says the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture

The above extract is a *photographic reproduction* from the *Weekly News Letter* issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. Notice that it says a Cream of Tomato Soup yields 50 per cent more energy than the same amount of milk. This fact—proven by the dietary specialists of the Department—is one evidence of the exceptional food value you get from

# Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is not only a wholesome stimulus and appetizer but it has a special value in strengthening digestion and aiding the body processes which create energy and vigor.

By means of the improved Campbell method we retain completely the remarkable tonic properties of the fresh vine-ripened tomato in this tempting soup. And we heighten these qualities by skilful blending with other choice ingredients.

The contents of each can just as you receive it produces two cans of rich soup, perfectly cooked and seasoned—ready to serve on your table in three minutes.

Simply by adding milk instead of water, you have a Cream of Tomato that is full of pure nourishment, delicious and economical. It involves no cooking cost for you, no labor, no waste.

You can make it even heartier by adding croutons, grated cheese, boiled rice or noodles. Served in any of these ways it becomes in itself a substantial part of the meal.




The practical way is to order *Campbell's Tomato Soup* by the dozen. In this way you save extra deliveries, and have it right at hand when you want it. How is your supply today?

**21 kinds** **12c a can**

**Campbell's Soups**

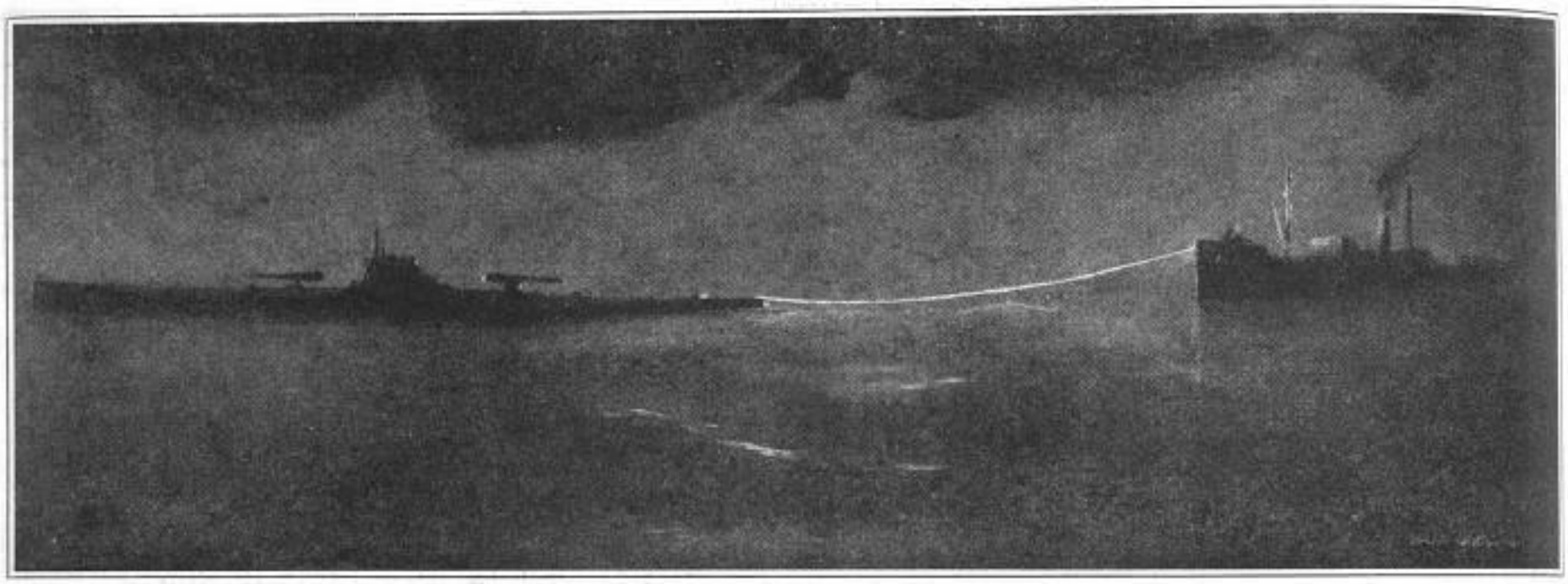
LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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# HIGH TENSION

## By Henry Leverage

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK



*The Coupling Link Between Sub and Freighter Grew Incandescent*

WHEN little Josephine Haff broke a bottle of pure grape juice over the wooden stem of the war freighter she christened it the Blue Pigeon.

It took the ways and glided out into the murky waters of the Penobscot. It was engined, rigged and brought round to Boston in the short time of eighteen days.

There at India Wharf a cargo was placed aboard which had been brought up in sundry ships from the mouth of the Amazon. This cargo, to the weight of five thousand tons, consisted of crude rubber for England and France.

The American Shipping Board's flag hung at the jack staff of the Blue Pigeon as she cleared the port and set out for her convoy. American seamen had quartered themselves in the fo'castle of the freighter. Marines to the number of a score, under the leadership of a Hartford ensign, attended to the little details of two four-inch guns which had been mounted on the forepeak and the quarter-deck of the Blue Pigeon.

In one way only did the freighter differ from other ships of the same wooden construction: She was electric-driven. Her eighteen-hundred horse-power turbines were direct-coupled to a dynamo, which in turn was connected to a driving motor—the shaft of which was also the propeller shaft of the Blue Pigeon.

It was believed by the sharps of the Shipping Board and the designers of the Blue Pigeon that a considerable saving in coal and engine-room force could be gained by the electric drive. It was expensive to install and somewhat theoretical in design, but as McGovern, of McGovern & Sterne, had stated: "What other way is there to secure a considerable reduction in speed between a turbine and a propeller?"

The great electrical shops at Poughkeepsie had furnished the after-equipment of the freighter. They had also sent along an electrician who saw to it that a careful record was made of the Blue Pigeon's voyage as a guide for future installations of a similar nature. Ditmar had come aboard at the India Wharf. He was a wizened dwarf who wore bifocal glasses and perpetually smoked long Wheeling stogies which stank worse than German cigarettes.

Micky McMasters, captain of the Blue Pigeon, had turned Ditmar and his luggage over to Mike Monkey, first engineer of the freighter. Mike had taken one sharp glance at the form of the electrician, then had led the way down through the engine-room gratings and pointed out a cubby-hole or ditty-box which was defaced with pictures of play actresses, left there by a member of the trial crew.

"And may he stay there with his volt-meters and am-meters and his rope-yarn stogies!" declared Mike to McMasters. "That lump ov slag—an electrician? He's an anarchist wot's escaped from Ellis Island. He don't know a high-speed turbine from a music box. He's a cross-compound between a smoke bomb and a camouflaged amateur. He don't bring us no luck either."

Micky stared out over the bridge-rail canvas of the freighter and studied the speckless sea which bowed ahead in a sparkling wilderness of crisscrossed waves.

Boston harbor lay astern. The New England coast was fast disappearing into the gloom and the swelter of the dying day. A red sun was going down through the land haze like a cherry in a dark-brown cocktail.

"You'll keep your opinions to yourself!" the little cockney skipper of the Blue Pigeon exclaimed. "You wouldn't know a bloomin' electrician if he shocked you with ten thousand volts. You're a Clyde-bank man who can see only steam and crown sheets."

Mike Monkey grasped the bridge rail with the strength of two grimy sets of fingers. He squinted forward and blinked his lashless eyelids. He gulped twice.

"I ain't no lightning conductor," he admitted, "but the likes ov that lump of clinkers wot the Shippin' Board sent to us ain't goin' to teach me anythin' about electricity. Ain't I been runnin' dynamos on ships for the four bloody years ov the war? Ain't ye always had a light in your cabin?"

"Sure!" grinned Micky, resting his hand on the engine-room telegraph. "Sure! Sometimes it was a candle and sometimes it was a deck lamp what the galley boy brought. You were always short-circuited. 'Alf the time you were tinkering with connections."

Mike turned on the bridge and glared toward the engine-room companion. "That Ditmar," he said, pursing his lips in and out—"that electrician what's come aboard to make a report to the makers ov th' electric drive reminds me a wee bit ov the lad who installed the balanced draft on the old freighter Ivanhoe out ov the Mersey. He fiddled an' fiddled, an' the first thing you know we burnt out the tubes an' tube sheets. He didn't know a Scotch boiler needs nursin' like a bairn. The same is the case ov this electric drive. It's workin'. Let it alone—I say."

Micky nodded at this. The Blue Pigeon was gliding across the sea at the steady rate of eleven knots. Her wooden hull and side timbers had found themselves over the period of the trial trip. She was the largest ship of her construction in existence. Five months before her launching the birds were building nests in the trees out of which she had been fashioned.

Mike Monkey summed up the patent drive of the freighter with a last rasp toward electricity and gear reduction.

"Ships nowadays," he said, fishing in the grimy pockets of his short jacket for a plug of tobacco—"ships are not the same. I minds the time when we had five triple-door return-tubular boilers, four expansions, with the high and low together and the intermediates close-set by the stoke-hold bulkhead, an' a slow-movin' propeller what did the work with judgment and percision. Wot have we got now?"

Micky McMasters heard the little engineer grind his yellow teeth and simmer like a caldron over a hot fire.

"Wot have we got now? I'll tell ye wot! We got a battery—they call it—ov automatic-stoker boilers wot can't be repaired. We got patent $CO_2$ compensated draft. We got a whinin', whirlin' turbine wot drives a whackin' rotar-generator; an'—an' behint all this is a switchboard an' a water rheostat an' a slow-speed motor wot's big enough to dam the Clyde. All this I have detected in the engine room an' stokehold ov this ship. There's other contraptions too numerous to mention. D'ye mean to tell me—a first engineer with seven certificates—that it takes that paraphernalia to drive a ship?"

Micky McMasters hadn't intimated anything. He rounded upon the Scotch-Irish engineer with close-bitten words:

"Below!" he barked like a Boston bulldog. "Stow your jaw tackle and get down to your electricity. Wiggle the volts and 'ump up a knot more speed. We're meetin' the convoy hoff 'Alifax waters. We ain't meetin' it if you don't slam on some more juice!"

"Juice," grinned Mike Monkey. "Juice is good! I'll take it out ov that Ditmar fellow. I'll make him eat his damn kilowatts."

Mike swung off the bridge of the Blue Pigeon and bounced from the deck. He hurried aft and disappeared down the engine-room companion with a last glare toward the form of the little skipper.

Swarming through the iron ladders like an agile creature of the jungle, he reached the polished plates of the engine room. He stood swaying before the huge cylinder which contained the single-direction turbine and the high-speed generator or dynamo. From this ran great cables in conduits the thickness of a man's leg. These cables terminated in a switchboard with an automatic control that could be worked by push buttons from a score of positions on the ship.

Blinking and working his tobacco into a ball of ire, the engineer searched about for Ditmar. He saw an oiler appear from the shaft alley and wipe his hands on a dainty piece of waste. He stooped and stared at the high casing aft the switchboard. It reached from the lower skin of the freighter to the sweep of the deck beams. It was stayed to the side ribs. It was, according to the builders, a direct-current, low-speed reversible motor with an infinite number of speed changes. Its shaft, gleaming brightly in the half light of the engine room, was direct-coupled to the propeller shaft of the ship.

"So help me"—blurted the first engineer—"so help me, if I ever thought an engine room could be like this! It ain't possible—even if I see it. Where's all the romance ov steam gone? A turbine an' a generator an' a motor an' a four-eyed lump ov a designer wot thinks in microfarads and measures the coal consumption by means ov a slide rule an' a table of lograthams—wotever they are."

Mike was steaming up for an explosion. He darted his eyes about the engine room, turned, spat to the polished plates and started toward the stokehold, which was forward the second bulkhead.

He ducked beneath a strong door and stood erect. Before him was a well-arranged battery of Scotch boilers—two on each side of the ship. Beyond them loomed the bilge pumps, force-feed pumps, injectors and a maze of piping which terminated in the sea plate.

Ditmar, in shirt sleeves and with a foot-long stogie canted in his mouth, had one door open. The stoker who stood by his side held a pyrometer, whose end had been thrust into the coals. The designer and electrician was taking notes every so often.

Mike stiffened like a policeman who has detected a felon on his beat. He leaped across the fire-room plates, reached and wound a skinny pair of arms round the electrician.

He shouted, for all the ship to hear: "Ye miserable lump ov slag! Ye fiddlin' fool! Ain't the skipper asked for more speed on the hooker? How we goin' to do it with ye akeepin' furnace doors open? Out with ye an' your damn tests!"

Mike accompanied the order by a vigorous thrust in the general direction of the engine room. Ditmar skidded, slipped and fell over a coal scoop. He rose and searched

*(Continued on Page 26)*

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While turning whole-heartedly to war-work, we look forward to the triumph of our arms and the resumption of usual business at a not far distant day.

Until that great day dawns, we feel perfectly secure in trusting Hupmobile reputation to the performance of those *Comfort Cars* now in the hands of their owners.

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(Continued from Page 24)

about for his glasses. He dropped his stogie as he secured them and wiped the coal dust from their surfaces.

"I'll report you," he said, too softly for Mike to notice. "I'll inform the designers and owners that you refused to allow me to make a comprehensive test of the relation of $CO_2$ draft on the influence of differentially compensated direct-connected generators and motors. I shall!"

Mike mopped his brow with the sleeve of his jacket. He coughed behind his hand as the electrician disappeared through the bulkhead door after a venomous glance in the general direction of the boilers.

"A hae put my foot in it," Mike said, reaching and snatching up the Wheeling stogie. "A hae gone an' done it. Likewise I got a chew!" His jaws clamped down on the stogie as he turned and stared at the grinning circle of coal passers and stokers. His expression changed as he caught the reflected glow from the open door where Ditmar had been making his observations.

"Shut that!" he snarled savagely. "Build the steam, ye muckers! She's droppin' to the two-hundred mark!"

Shovels scraped as Mike made his way through the engine-room bulkhead, shot a shrewd glance toward Ditmar's cubby-hole, then mounted the ladders and stood at the railing round the deck companion for a breath of air.

He chewed with his yellow teeth, grinding the stogie to a pulp. He blessed Wheeling that the cigar was long enough to suit his appetite. He spat now and then over the wooden rail of the freighter. His grease-rimmed eyes swung till they fastened on the bridge of the freighter.

Micky McMasters stood against the canvas rail with his elbows crooked in the attitude of a man who was searching for something. In Micky's hands rested a decrepit telescope which had been bent and straightened like an ancient candle.

Mike leaned outboard and stared over the wild waste of waters. Night had almost fallen on the sea. Ahead of the plunging freighter a light shone, pale and yellow. It rose and fell. It was on the low masthead of a destroyer which had followed the Blue Pigeon out of Boston Harbor.

"The first convoy!" grinned Mike. "We're under the benevolent protection ov the Seven Nations. We're armed with two four-inchers. But ——"

Mike removed the cud of tobacco, stared at it with deep concern, then popped it back into his mouth. "But," he continued, "we're loaded chock-a-block with fine Para rubber. Like as not the damn Kaiser's automobile needs tires. Like as not it does!"

The morning dawned damp and cheerless. Micky hurried the freighter along with every pound of steam he could coax from Mike Monkey and the stokehold crew. He personally dropped below the gratings and held a long talk with Ditmar. The electrician and designer had little to say concerning the first engineer's treatment. His mind was filled with figures and facts. He dwelt for some lengths on the advantages of turbo-driven generators and slow-speed motors. He declared behind his stogie that they were going to revolutionize ocean freightage.

Micky climbed to the deck with his head in a maze. He knew no more about electricity than the average housewife. He believed that it came from the clouds or lightning. He could see its results, however, and they were good. The Blue Pigeon, for all her beam and dead-weight tons, walked across the surface of the deep at the set speed of twelve knots. There was no vibration to speak of. The huge propeller astern moved at the stately rate of seventy-five revolutions a minute. The indicator counter on the bridge had not varied three per cent over two watches.

"Blym fine boat!" the little cockney told Red Landyard, his Yankee mate. "She's made of green timber and wooden treenails. She's born of the war out of the brains of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. She's well hated too—by Mike Monkey!"

The mate glanced at the engine-room companion. For a wonder the first engineer was not perched at the head of the ladder.

"Mike and that guy with the glasses don't hitch—do they?"

Micky grinned. "Not has you can notice," he said blithely. "They're of two bloomin' schools as wide apart as Rotherhithe and Mayfair. Mike knows steam, but Ditmar knows juice! Juice is the coming stuff. Them U-boats run on juice and meanness. They collect the juice while they're stewin' on the surface of the deep."

The Yankee mate leaned over the bridge rail and glanced keenly toward the smudge of smoke which marked the convoying destroyer. He squinted his eyes and reached for a pair of twelve-diameter glasses which were racked in the chart rack.

"More ships!" he announced to Micky after a careful search of the sea beyond the four-inch gun on the fo'castle of the freighter. "Many more ships, well to the north'ard! That's the fleet waitin' for us—I guess!"

"There's a sausage balloon over the farthermost starboard cruiser," confirmed Micky after a minute survey through his battered telescope. "Hit's the fleet for blighty—well convoyed. Wouldn't wonder if we get back 'ome safely."

The destroyer ahead of the Blue Pigeon hoisted an arrangement of four flags from her bridge halyards. Micky reached to the chart rack and fished forth a well-thumbed code book. He went through its pages. He glanced up once or twice and squinted at the signal intended for him.

Replacing the book with a start he blurted: "Tell that swab of a first engineer to turn on more juice. The destroyer reports U-boats in the regular Atlantic lanes. Says we're to join the fleet with circumstance and dispatch. Don't 'e know we're steamin' to the limit of our ability—which is considerable?"

The mate picked up the speaking tube and held discourse with Mike Monkey. He dropped the tube as if it were hot. He turned toward the dancing skipper, who had already acquainted the two gun crews that Diesel-Fische were to be expected.

"Mike says Ditmar has disconnected a part of the switchboard. He says anything is liable to happen." The mate blinked and stared at the speaking tube.

Micky gulped. He strode to the lee rail and hauled in on the log line. Drawing a silver watch from his pocket he timed one hundred revolutions. He checked this timing with the tail-shaft indicator.

"We're doin' well enough," he said to Red Landyard. "'Ere's 'opin' we always do as good. That electrician has cut out everything but speed. I figure 'e knows 'is business. If anything's wrong hit's that damn cinder-savin' Mike Monkey. 'E's husbandin' on steam—that's what 'e's doin'!"

The freighter wallowed through a cross sea of harrowed waves. The bow dipped and lifted. The gun crews coiled about the guns in the manner of men who know their position. Lookouts swarmed up the standing rigging, which was of steel wire rope, and searched the surface of the ocean. No periscope or white water showed.

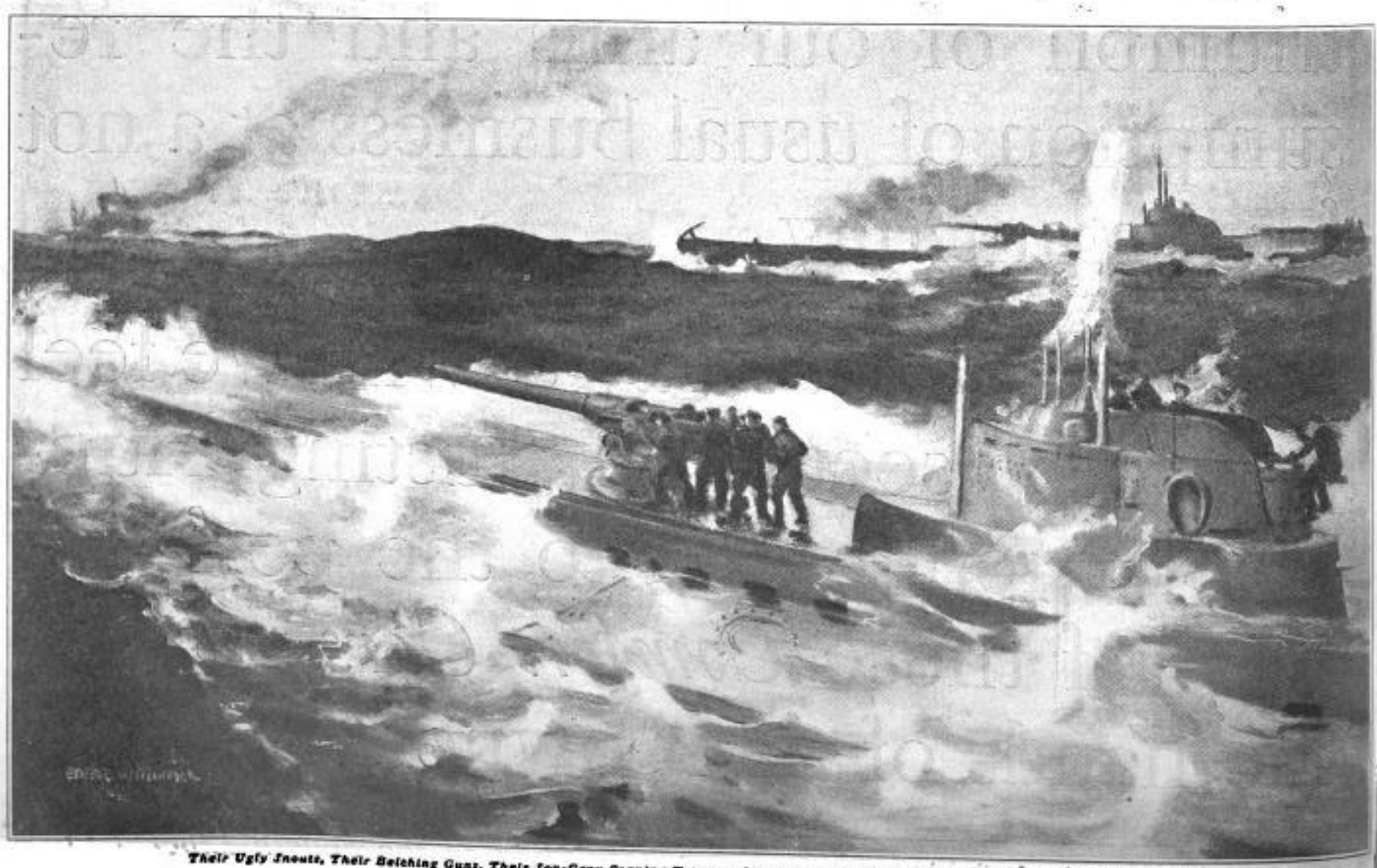
Nearing the collected fleet out of Halifax and other Atlantic ports the Blue Pigeon rounded, sheered off thirty degrees and awaited orders as the screw died slowly to headway and fifty revolutions.

A plume of white smoke shot up from the farthermost destroyer. An answer came from the sausage balloon, which was hovering above the fleet like a hawk over a brood of chickens.

Micky reached for the engine-room telegraph as a gun was fired from a black-and-white camouflaged cruiser of the Berwick class.

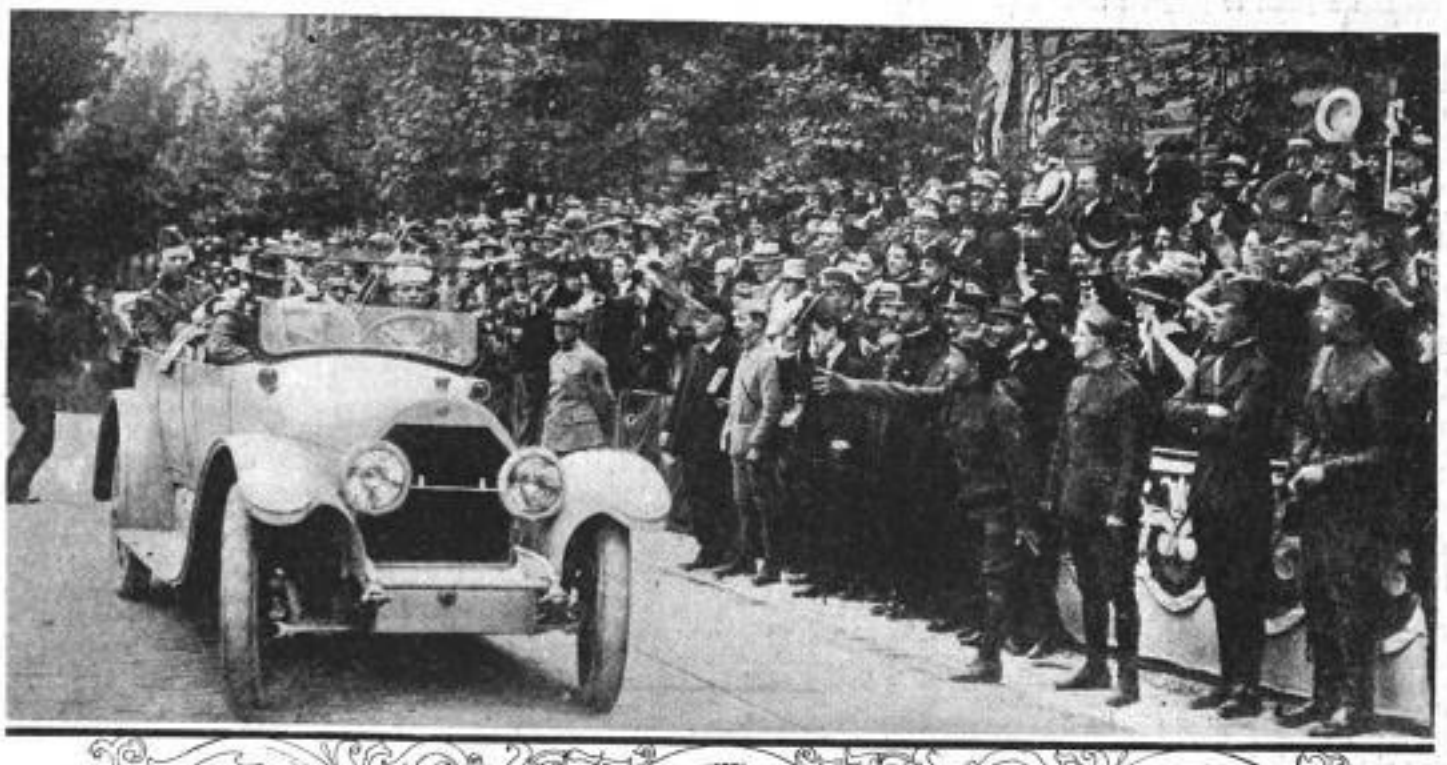
"We're off!" he said, ringing for full speed. "They've set twelve knots all the woy across the western ocean. I 'ope we can stay with the bunch to blighty. It'll be a test for Ditmar and his lightning juice. 'Ear the screw thrashing. She's modern—she is!"

(Continued on Page 28)



Their Ugly Snouts, Their Belching Guns, Their Sea-Gray Conning Towers—All Drove the Spike of Despair Into the Little Skipper's Heart

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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY = DETROIT, MICH.

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(Continued from Page 26)

Nightfall and a velvet void through which the freighter glided like a shadow within a shadow found the turbine engine and the motor dynamo of the Blue Pigeon working into harmony and musical perfection. The soft whine of the brushes from the direct-current driving unit called across the water. It was like a paean to progress and invention.

The convoyed group of ships consisted of nine freighters, two transports and a supply collier with derrick masts. Its formation was such as to offer the smallest mark for lurking U-boats. The outer fringe of destroyers resembled the firing line of a Flanders trench. The inner resistance to attack would be the supplementary destroyers, cruisers and the well-manned guns on the freighters.

Micky had opened his orders received from the British Admiralty by wireless. He was to proceed with the fleet until such time as a determined assault should justify full speed ahead and a fan formation for the entire fleet. In this event each ship was to take care of itself and proceed to its port of call unconvoyed.

Leaden sky and gray-surfaced ocean gave place to bright days and a sparkling sea, over which the great fleet proceeded in much the same manner the India boats had avoided Napoleon's attempts to reduce the sea power of Great Britain.

Mid-Atlantic was reached. Mike had widened the barrier between himself and Ditmar by a general air of superiority and a strutting glide that was crusted with ego. The first engineer declared that the electric propulsion was an open book to him. He went further and confided to his second engineer that Ditmar was only an apprentice from a big shop, and as useless as a grease cup on a fire box.

Micky was far too busy obeying his instructions and avoiding the other ships of the fleet to realize that a hate had been sown within the engine-room staff which might lead to dire results. Mike was in charge of the engines. Ditmar had no power to give orders. He held the precarious position of a supercargo who kept stock of amperes and volts and kilowatts, and who made many heat tests as to the rise in temperature of armature coils and compound-wound fields when under fifty per cent overload over long periods of time.

The deep peace that had brooded over the freighter and the western ocean was broken as a bubble bursts in calm air. Mid-Atlantic had been passed on the northern, or summer, route. A leading destroyer had poked her sharp, straight bow three leagues ahead of the fleet. This destroyer suddenly changed from a gliding gray shadow to a leaping thing of steel and crimson flame. It flung its signals to the bridge halyards as it wirelessed the warning.

No less than five supersubs of a new construction, mounting seven-inch guns fore and aft, had risen from the surface of the sea and taken observations which were calculated to prove serious to the advancing fleet.

Micky had caught the scurrying flurry that had struck within the armada. He had acted as instructed. The wheel of the Blue Pigeon was brought up fully twenty degrees. This maneuver swung the wooden stem of the freighter toward the south. She barely missed the long overhang of a Great Lakes boat which was loaded to the Plimsoll mark with copper ingots. The torrent of anathema that descended from the demibridge of the freighter was followed by the warning calls and shouts from the derrick-masted collier, across whose bows Micky had sheered.

Thrusting his fist out over the lee rail of the Blue Pigeon the little skipper let loose a volcano of choice Rotherhithe and Billingsgate as he straightened the course sufficient to pass the collier and at the same time take the opening that offered for safety and sea room.

He rang for all speeds. He danced on the bridge as he snatched for his decrepit telescope.

He turned and shouted to the Hartford ensign: "Load and fire! Fire at anything! There's five subs on the port quarter! Five bloomin' Hun fishes; and they're all hafter hour cargo of Para rubber!"

Red Landyard, the Yankee mate, stripped off his pea-jacket and joined the crew of the forward gun. The freighter plowed southward with a belching funnel and her turbine whining across the waters as Mike and the stokehold gang built the fires in the Scotch boilers.

Above the whine of the turbine sounded the humming dynamo, which was doing its best to answer the call for more current to the driving motor. This motor had its field coils multiplied and all its resistance cut out at the rheostat. Ditmar, with stogie extended and eyes brightened, hovered about the big inclosed drum and listened for warning sounds. He adjusted the brushes with the hand control. He worked in the gloom like a spirit to electricity. He tested the bearings and poured two gallons of lubricating oil into the ring oilers where they opened on the top of the supporting blocks.

The speed of the Blue Pigeon reached thirteen-point-eight knots. Beyond this it would not go. Micky danced upon the bridge and hurled choice cockney oaths down through the speaking tube. Now and then the little skipper shot a swift glance astern. His eyes were narrowed to the lurking possibilities. The fleet had scattered like wild geese before a hunter's gun.

A supersub emerged a scant three miles to windward of the freighter and let fly a seven-inch projectile, which soared over the Blue Pigeon's funnel and kept going with a noise like a window shade flying up. A second sub emerged and joined in the pursuit. They gained slowly. Their ugly snouts, their belching guns, their sea-gray conning towers with sparlike periscopes—all drove the spike of despair into the little skipper's heart. He held on grimly. He saw scant hope. The surface speed of the U-boats, with their high-powered Diesel engines, was all of fifteen knots. They had been designed to run down and destroy the middle-speed war bottoms which America was launching in ever-increasing numbers.



*The Designer and Electrician Was Taking Notes Every So Often*

The stern of the fast-flying freighter as she bored her way toward the south and east was a fair mark. A raking shot cleared the jackstaff, smashed the after-gun platform and burst full and square beneath the forward-gun platform, after shearing some of the stays of the funnel and carrying away two of the stanchions of the bridge.

This shot was followed by a deluge of shrapnel, which was designed to clear the upper works of the freighter and otherwise trim her speed. The Diesel-Fische had the range and they used it. There was no avoiding the hurricane of Krupp steel which avalanched upon the American ship. The final and finishing salvo was aimed just above the water line. One shell of this salvo reached its mark. It exploded in the shaft alley of the freighter, sheared two of the upper casing's holding bolts and otherwise wrecked the motor which drove the ship.

Mike Monkey and the most of his crew reached the deck by way of the iron ladders which extended upward through the engine-room gratings. Micky and Red Landyard, who had survived the bursting shell forward, joined the irate engineer at the companion. The cloud of steam and smoke, the odor and fumes from burning insulation, the final result of being hulled astern and having a seven-inch projectile explode in a closed compartment, were discouraging in the extreme.

Micky leaned one singed ear and listened. He heard the last whine of the turbine. He detected the grating of smashed brushes on a short-circuited commutator. He blinked and sniffed the air. He wheeled and leaned over the rail of the freighter. The fleet had vanished with the destroyers. Two very determined U-boats, with a commander in the conning tower of each, and a dungaree-clad crew of Hun pirates swarming the flush decks, were advancing like timber wolves to pluck a fat lamb.

The Hartford ensign attempted to repair his naval rifle for a final shot. He was seeing red. Micky realizing the odds against them shouted a warning. Four seven-inch guns loaded, and with lanyards taut, were more than a match for the smashed gun of the freighter.

"They want our damn rubber!" sobbed Micky with clenched fists. "The snakes 'ave the drop on us! We'll fight it out another woiy. All hands get below in the engine room. There's a chance in a million we can 'old the ship from there."

The lieutenant who climbed to the forepeak of the freighter by way of the chains signaled the nearest U-boat that the ship was far from being in their possession. He had seen the determined end of a Lee-Enfield rifle protruding from the engine-room hatchway. He had taken in the details of a hastily erected barricade aft the shattered funnel and deckhouse. More than these things, however, he had fired the shot that had exploded in the shaft alley of the Blue Pigeon. It had most certainly wrecked everything connected with the motive power. The cloud of steam, the stench of burning rubber and insulation were the causes of the freighter's inaction even in the face of capture.

"I dank we tow!" he shouted through cupped hands. "I dank you send a hawser aboard. Dis shib is out of commission."

Micky and Mike Monkey nodded at this sage conclusion on the part of the German lieutenant. There was little doubt that towing would be necessary in order to secure the cargo of rubber.

"And while they're danking they'll tow," whispered Mike, "I'll hunt up Ditmar and look round a wee bit. It'll be dark as a pocket down below. It'll be blacker than that on deck. I've an idea there's much left ov the engines. The cast-iron casing ov the motor is cracked—but what ov that!"

"Make your report," Micky whispered grimly. "We'll 'old the bloody after-deck till they yank us into Wilhelmshaven—if they can."

Mike descended the ladders and searched about in the gloom of the wrecked engine room for some sign of the electrician. He was forced to blink his eyes twice before he detected Ditmar's form aft of the cracked casing of the driving motor.

The electrician was making a careful inventory of the damage done by the German seven-inch shell. He had out a steel rule and a notebook. A pencil instead of the usual stogie extended from his mouth. His polished glasses gleamed in the half light from the deck companion like two white eyes of burnished hate. He glared at Mike Monkey, and then went on with his scrutiny.

"Wot happened?" asked the first engineer. "I heard a wee noise when the shell exploded. I climbed to the deck, after shuttin' off the main steam leader—according to instructions which are down on my papers. Wot happened?"

Ditmar laid his steel scale on the starboard leg of the motor, removed his glasses, polished them with a small handkerchief, then said cuttingly:

"Much has happened. The carbon brushes have been driven from the commutating point; the casing is cracked in three distinct places; the field windings are exposed, and two coils at least have been short-circuited by flying particles of steel from the projectile."

Mike gasped and rimmed a greasy fist round his right eye socket. He stooped and peered into the shaft alley. The stout timbering of the ship was exposed through the sheathing. Two ribs hung by treenails. The propeller shaft, however, was intact.

"We can get up some sort ov speed?" he asked hopefully. "We are not entirely at the mercy ov the Hun?"

Ditmar stared upward. "It is now night," he said with a voice of precision. "By three o'clock in the morning I can repair part if not all of the damage done to the motor. Notify Mr. McMasters."

Mike bristled. "Notify him yourself," he said. "I have my own work. Like as not ye will be running a power plant in a German prison before a week is by. They're goin' to tow us into Kiel."

Ditmar reached and secured his steel rule. He felt of its edge. His bushy brows thatched forward over his eyes. They touched the metal bows of his spectacles. His mouth hardened. He glanced upward for a second time. The crack of a rifle sounded as Red Landyard tried a pot shot at the Germans swarming up over the fo'castle head.

The companionway darkened with marines and the remnant of the Blue Pigeon's crew, who were still fighting mad. An oiler paused on an upper grating and brandished a Stillson wrench.

Mike shouted. He repeated his demand. The oiler swung downward and advanced through the gloom to the first engineer's side.

"Call the crew wot's left," rasped Mike. "We're goin' to repair this motor. We'll take orders from this four-eyed designer who got us in all ov this trouble. But for his damn electric drive an' high-speed turbine we'd ov escaped the Hun. There's too many kinks in his machinery to work. That seven-inch shell would have gone clear through the ship from stern to stem if his motor hadn't stopped it."

"You are insulting!" This came from Ditmar.

"Sure."

"You have no conception of the merits of electricity."

"Juice ain't in my line!"

(Concluded on Page 30)

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# Skookum



The Nation's Supreme apples

*The SAVE-THE-SUGAR, single crust, deep English apple pie. Delicious with Skookum.*

**Recipe—the Save-the-Sugar Apple Pie**

Use prime Skookum apples as per calendar. Slice, fill dish. Use minimum sweetening (see Sugar Notice below). Half teaspoon salt; little nutmeg; two teaspoons butter in bits all over apples; add three teaspoons cold water. Cover with good paste. Bake 40 minutes.



## An Apple Empire in an Alpine Wonderland

EVERY Skookum apple is grown within sight of a Pacific Northwest mountain peak.

The altitude, the remarkable volcanic-ash soil, unquestionably develop sturdy trees and rich apples. It is pure Science that Skookum apples are thus not only luscious but vigorous fruit.

*Every apple a cup of Nature's supreme vintage!*



—the magnificent Skookum dessert. Serve on a doily with a bit of red, white and blue!

## Millions may Measure the Riches in Apples

THE family history is the fundamental of the 100-per-cent baby of perfection. The bed-rock basis of the good apple is the stock.

Two loaves may look alike. The difference may be chalk and cheese. Two apples may look plump, yet one is only "4 to 5" in the "Pomological Scale of 10"; low in nutrition, low in *vitality*. The other is "9 to 10" in the scale, and the microscope of Science finds this apple's cells are swollen with juices rich in sugar and in nutritive minerals, and high in *vitality*.

All the thirteen Skookum varieties of apples are at the top of the "Pomological Scale of 10." Many of them *are* "10." They are Science's apples of *class*. The same resourcefulness which has made American industry lead the world has made possible these magnificent Skookum apple orchards devoted exclusively to varieties the grandest Science knows.

Skookum apples stand for an important *National Best Apple Service*. The fundamental of this service, namely, "grandest varieties," is certified by Science. The significance of the scientific formula is thus simple as a yardstick, and just as true: Science measures by the "Pomological Scale of 10"; desiring to obtain the greatest possible deliciousness and value in your apples, *you* may measure by the name of the best apples that Nature and intensive American industrialism have to offer: "*Skookum*."

**Buy by the box—cost is much lower**

***Save the Country. Save the candy—big, luscious, Sugary Skookum EATING Apples INSTEAD. Always!***

**The save-the-sugar big Skookum baked apple—it is supreme.**



## Skookum Applecraft Calendar

**IT is important, to enjoy their supreme riches at their best, to use the varieties during the months of their prime and to discriminate between culinary and dessert (eating raw) varieties.**

Calendar shows varieties, months during which they are prime, and uses. "C. D." means used for both Culinary and Dessert. "D" means for Dessert only. "C" means for Culinary only. Notes at end of line are just little suggestions.

OCT. - NOV.
1. Grimes (C.D.) fine eating and baker
2. Jonathan (C.D.) excellent eating

OCT. - NOV. - DEC.
3. Winter Banana (C.D.) golden sauce

NOV. - DEC.
4. Delicious (D.) wonderful eater
5. Wagener (C.D.) good all around

NOV. - DEC. - JAN.
6. Spitzenberg (C.D.) quality through
7. Ortley (C.D.) good baker

DEC. - JAN. - FEB.
8. Stayman (C.D.) good all around

DEC. - JAN. - FEB. - MAR.
9. Rose Beauty (C.D.) champion baker

JAN. - FEB. - MAR.
10. White Winter Pearmain (C.D.) fine for salads

FEB. - MAR. - APR.
11. Winesap (D.) premier eater

FEB. - MAR. - APR. - MAY
12. Arkansas Black (C.) long keeper

MAR. - APR. - MAY
13. Newtown (C.D.) grand eater

**GO BY THE CALENDAR**
**and you will not blame the apple**



—apple sauce like a dish of gold. Try with a Skookum Winter Banana.

## Skookum Apple Butter

adds enticing flavor to unsatisfactory war breads. You'll like the fruity, spicy flavor. Sealed jars protect its goodness. Try it and save half the cost of creamery butter. At all first-class grocers.

**SUGAR NOTICE!**

**Save-the-Sugar Apple Recipes** — Skookum apples are rich with sugar (go by the calendar). Baking in pies or pan whole brings out the sweetness; they form largely their own syrup. You may therefore use minimum sugar, corn syrup or molasses. Corn syrup's sweetness is much multiplied by adding two tablespoons sugar to one cup syrup.




**Two Grades of Skookum Apples:** "*Dessert*" grade, in wrapper, with trademark; supreme quality, color and form. "*Utility*" grade, in plain wrapper, lower in cost. Same as "Dessert," except as to color and form.

**WHOLESALERS, RETAILERS:** You can take Skookum into your business and grow up with it year after year. Our helps tie you directly to our publicity. Retailers, ask your jobbers. Jobbers, ask the North American Fruit Exchange, your city, or write us.

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(Concluded from Page 28)

"It is the business of every engineer who takes pride in himself to learn a little about electricity and magnetism."

Mike Monkey gulped. "I'll put that in my pipe an' draw on it," he said, gripping the elbow of the oiler. "Just now we are too beset to worry about the idiosyncrasies an' ramifications ov juice. Ye can have my crew to make the necessary repairs. I'll see McMasters myself."

The desperateness of the situation dawned upon Mike Monkey's thrifty brain as he reached the deck and crouched down beside the little skipper's side.

The fore part of the freighter swarmed with Germans, who had by tacit agreement drawn a dead line aft the wrecked funnel and deckhouse. They had attempted to advance upon the determined crew, but had been met at point-blank range by a shot from Red Landyard's rifle. The Yankee mate had been reading of the latest exploits of his brothers in France, and was determined to sell his life to the highest bidder.

Mike wormed round and stared through a crack in the barricade. He saw the lurking flush deck of a venomous-looking U-boat, which had the freighter under its guns in a manner that caused the first engineer to blink and keep his eyes closed over the period of ten seconds.

He turned toward McMasters and pressed his lips to the skipper's right ear.

"We can fix the motive power."

"'Ow soon?"

"I can have it all ready by three—by six bells in the mornin' watch. D'ye think there is a chance ov a rescue by then?"

"The wireless is gone. The convoy 'as scattered to the four winds. The destroyers 'ave taken charge of the troopships and left us to our fate with the 'Un!"

"Wot are they goin' to do?"

"They're takin' overside a steel hawser. I 'eard the order given, not a bell ago. See, we're 'eading into the wind. A big sub is shackled up to us. They'll try the far northern route round Ireland. It's a whacking shyme—with all our work."

Mike lay back and stared up at the yellow stars. They rocked across a velvet void as the ship swung and surged slowly to windward.

Red Landyard, with his rifle under his arm, crawled forward from the wreckage of the after deckhouse. He pressed to Mike Monkey's side and gripped the engineer with fingers of steel.

"What's the situation below?" he asked.

"There ain't no situation. There's a weepin' wreck ov a direct-connected motor what's cracked. We can't move the propeller until it is repaired."

"How long will that take?"

"Ditmar—I'll have it done by six bells in the morning watch—if I go to work."

"What's to prevent you going to work?" The mate's voice held a Down East rasp that troubled Mike.

"Nothing," he answered truthfully. "There's naught save wot's the use. We're bein' towed to prison."

Red Landyard cocked the rifle, moved it round and pressed it against the engineer's side.

"Go now, damn you!" he drawled. "Get below and get that motor fixed. Slide, you cinder rat. Slide! Hear me? Slide!"

Mike twisted away from the rifle's muzzle and squirmed down the engine-room companion. The mate reached over and touched McMasters with the butt of the rifle.

"Can you see?" he asked.

"Sure! I see too bloomin' much. The Germans are thicker than flies about a tart. They've shackled a steel hawser to the capstan. The other end is aboard the U-boat. They're towing us at the reduced speed of three knots an hour. They're headin' for the Pole. They're gettin' out of the Atlantic lanes."

"Can't we cut the hawser and rush the prize crew?"

Micky stared at the Yankee. "If we do that," he said after thought—"if we try that we will be fired upon by the U-boat what's towin', to say nothin' of the one what's 'angin' round."

"The other one is gone. I've been searching for it over the watch. It started out to lee'ard. We ought to handle the bunch on the forepeak."

"We could do that—at a pinch. The U-boat ahead is the trouble. She's blym well awake. She's snakin' us along toward the submarine trust at Wilhelmshaven."

The Yankee thought deeply. He was very serious and very wide awake. He had resolved not to be taken into Germany as a prisoner. The coming dawn would reveal a lonely stretch of water upon which almost anything in the way of a surprise might be carried out.

Raising his head above the barricade he sniffed the air. He turned and stared aft. He listened and pressed his fingers to his forehead.

"There'll be fog," he said. "Fog or a murky dawn. Mike says the engine force can repair the motor by six bells. Suppose we leave the problem of cutting the hawser until then."

"It's our cable!" blurted Micky, now thoroughly roused. "They broke it out of the chain locker forward. Part of it's still in the locker. They only used a cable's length of it."

"Is that a fact, gentlemen?"

Red Landyard and Micky wheeled like two quick cats. Ditmar's head showed above the engine-room companion. His great bifocal glasses gleamed in the half light. His expression was one of intent curiosity.

"It's a fact!" said the Yankee.

"Then it will be possible to sever the cable without the Germans' knowledge. I take it that there is a way through the ship from aft forward—without being seen on the deck?"

"There is!" the mate declared. "There's bulkhead doors and a run below the forehold which could be used by a small man."

Ditmar rubbed his hands dryly. "The capstan to which the cable is fastened?" he began, then paused.

"Sure—the capstan," said Micky, nudging the Yankee.

"This capstan is set on the forepeak, or raised deck, forward?"

"Look and see."

The electrician nodded toward Micky. "I will take your word. I am a socialist and believe in all men—save the Vandals. I have a plan which may be of use to you. There is only one objection to the operation of this plan."

"What is it?" asked Micky.

"The first engineer of this ship must take my orders. I must have sole charge of the engine room and the repairs. You two shall arrange a little surprise party for the Germans when I give the word. You are expected to capture the fore part of the ship after the steel cable is severed. It is my opinion that the plan will work—particularly if there is a light fog at three o'clock or later in the morning."

The electrician's voice had taken on new power. Micky glanced at the intent face and fanatic eyes. He caught the shimmer of hate which lurked there for the Hun. It brooded ill for those forward of the Blue Pigeon's waist.

"Go ahead!" consented the little skipper. "You 'ave the ship—below the deck. Tell Mike Monkey to come to me. I'll give 'im 'is walkin' papers and a whackin' piece of my mind. 'E's the pest of the western ocean. 'E's got no ideas like you 'ave—though I'm blym sure I don't know what you're goin' to do. Send 'im to me!"

Micky's interview with the first engineer was short and bitter. He finished by leveling a revolver at Mike Monkey's greasy head as that disciple of Watt ducked below to assist Ditmar at his plan.

The sounds that resounded below the engine-room companion as the freighter was dragged across the sea from south to north denoted considerable activity of a constructive order. Mike Monkey's voice was conspicuous by its silence. Now and then the incisive tones of Ditmar struck up through the gratings. That electrician had charge of things, and was making the necessary repairs to the motor with the feeble aid of the stokehold and engine-room crews.

It was sometime after midnight when other sounds came up to Red Landyard and Micky McMasters. These sounds were farther forward. They concerned the fire room and the getting up of steam. Doors were softly opened and closed. Shovels scraped. Pinch bars and slice bars grated. Men cursed with lurid strength.

The prize crew of Germans forward took scant interest in the affairs of the after part of the ship. Three marines guarded the steel hawser, which was wound about the capstan, and whose loose end disappeared down through the chain locker's hawse hole.

The towing sub had all it could do to jerk the ship along at a scant three knots. The long steel cable dipped and rose from the surface of the sea. It was shackled to an after wet gun on the flush deck of the submarine.

Ditmar sent up word finally. This word was terse and to the point. "Be ready to take possession of the ship at seven bells," communicated an oiler in a gritty whisper. "He says at three-thirty, Mr. McMasters."

Red Landyard gathered together his crew. He arranged the marines at vantage points within the wreckage of the after-gun platform and under the shelter of the rails. They all had side arms or brass belaying pins. They were American marines, who also had been reading of the exploits of their brothers across the sea.

The mist that rose from the sea was hardly thick enough to screen all observations. Red was forced to work with caution. He squinted forward now and then and studied the huddled forms of the Germans on the forepeak.

They had already taken notice of the smudge of smoke that crowned the Blue Pigeon's broken funnel. They were helpless, however, to prevent the after guard of the freighter from doing anything with the fires or engines.

A long, gliding descent down an oily mound of water, a slow, steady pull from the supersub, a winding shroud of damp sea mist—all marked the hour for the attempt to save the freighter for the Allies.

Ditmar appeared like a singed jack-in-the-box. He rimmed the companionway with his eyes. He crawled forward and gripped McMasters' arm. He raised his voice so that Red Landyard could hear him.

"We're ready," he said. "I've connected up everything. We had trouble crawling from the stokehold to the hatch under the chain locker. There's a foot or two of bilge water in the lower part of this ship. I managed to do it."

Micky glanced at Ditmar's knees and trousers. They were black with muck and grime.

"I managed to do it," continued the electrician, polishing his glasses and glaring forward. "All's ready. The first engineer has orders to close the switch leading from the dynamo to the conduit I've laid along the holds and up into the chain locker. This conduit is directly coupled with the steel rope by which the submarine is towing the ship."

Micky braced himself and stared at the electrician. He furrowed his brow. He was searching for a light in the mystery.

"She's coupled!" continued Ditmar with pride. "The towing cable is part of the circuit leading from the fifteen-hundred kilowatt dynamo, through the metal skin of the U-boat, back by the sea water and into this ship by the sea plate which is connected to the opposite brush holders of the generating unit."

Red Landyard nodded. "I don't see all of it," he admitted, "but it sounds promising. What's going to happen?"

Ditmar stared forward. "There's enough fog," he said. "Are you ready to rush the prize crew?"

"We've been ready for three hours!" Micky McMasters bristled like a dog that had been waiting for a bone.

"Then I shall notify the first engineer to close the switch. The turbine is racing under no load."

Marines stiffened and crouched. Red Landyard cocked his rifle. The ensign from Hartford crawled out upon the dark deck. The crew gathered up timbers and belaying pins. They clustered about the companion to the engine room.

A grind of work being done rasped upward. The soft whine of the high-speed turbine changed to a long grunt as it took the short-circuiting load when Mike Monkey closed the switch. A hush was on the waters of the deep. Men gripped their weapons and crouched for a spring.

Ditmar appeared and pointed forward. "Watch the cable," he told McMasters. "Keep watching it. There's eighteen or nineteen hundred kilowatts of electricity going through it. Its resistance is great. Watch it!"

At first the little skipper of the Blue Pigeon saw nothing save a thin line that vanished in the direction of the gray submarine. This cable sagged into the sea. It raised and strained to bowstring straightness. It dipped again. It came out from the waves; and this time steam lifted from its strands. A soft glow ran along its length. Dark red changed to cherry red. It dipped and hissed. It straightened. The U-boat was swallowed in a fog's bank. The coupling link between this boat and the freighter grew incandescent.

Micky stood erect and stared forward with open mouth and wild eyes. The cable became white-hot. It flared the night. It stretched under the strain. The U-boat appeared, then was swallowed up in driving mist. The prize crew of three had noticed the phenomenon. They backed away from the smoking capstan. One leaned and called down the fo'castle hatch.

Ditmar gripped McMasters' arm. "Now's your time," he said. "She'll stretch a little more, then she'll pull apart at the whitest place. You see," he added with pride, "that the resistance offered by the towing cable to the electricity we are generating in the turbo-dynamo is too great for it to stand. In other words the cable is like the filament of an electric lamp. It will do the same thing a filament would do if exposed to air—burn out!"

"Come on!" shouted Micky to Red Landyard. "At the Hun, boys! Don't make any bleedin' bones about it—either!"

Ditmar held out a restraining arm. "Wait," he cautioned. "The cable hasn't burned out yet. See! It is going! It is—it is—gone!"

The ship's bow swung a degree. The steel hawser, drawn to pencil thinness, fell hissing into the brine. Red Landyard, Micky McMasters, the Hartford ensign, and a determined squad of wild-eyed marines and American seamen crept over the wreckage of the quarter-deck and dashed forward. One shot was fired. The rest was a blur and a savage attack which was not to be resisted for any length of time.

Micky staggered back and grasped the broken spokes of the wheel. "Can you give me full speed?" he shot between his teeth toward Ditmar.

"Certainly. Your engine-room indicator is working. Mr. Monkey is waiting—at the switch that will start the driving motor. I attended to all that. Also to Mr. Monkey."

Micky reached and rang for full speed. He swung up the wheel and peered ahead and over the fo'castle, where Red Landyard and the marines were mopping up the last of the Germans.

A dense bank of fog lifted slightly. The sub showed, broadside to the seas. She had missed her tow. Micky swore as a ranging seven-inch shell hurtled over the freighter. He felt the grip of the propeller as Mike Monkey closed the switch and started the driving motor. The fog closed down.

Driving south by east, with all fires roaring and the propeller gripping deep within the following seas, the Blue Pigeon escaped her blinded pursuer. The last salvo from the wet guns of the U-boat had been very wild. They were aimed at nothing more fixed than wet sea mist.

It was graying dawn when Micky turned the wheel over to a quartermaster and dropped down through the engine-room companion.

"We're hout of hit!" he shouted to the oilers and stokers. "We're clear from pursuit! Where's Ditmar?"

An under engineer pointed toward the ditty-box forward the ladder. Micky turned and hurried across the plates. He peered inside. He widened his eyes to the sight.

Mike Monkey was sitting on a deck stool. In Mike's hand was a book which he was carefully scanning. Over the engineer's shoulder Ditmar leaned. The electrician was saying in pedantic tones:

"You see the ship is wood; therefore it was insulated from the cable. The circular mills of the cable were not enough to carry the heavy amperage, or current, we sent through them. The circuit from one pole of the dynamo to the other was through the conduit, thence through the towing hawser, thence through the U-boat and back to the other pole of the dynamo by way of the sea and the sea plate. It's very simple ——"

Micky leaned forward. The book in Mike Monkey's hands was an elementary treatise on electricity and magnetism.



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# THE MISSING CLINK

## By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY L. M. GARTLAND

"HONEY?"

"Yeh?"

"That white lady what owed you them fo' dollars; she didn't happen to pay you to-day, did she now?"

"How for that interest you?" inquired the woman suspiciously.

Cæsar Godfrey hastened to camouflage. He crossed the immaculate crease of his right trouser leg over the equally immaculate crease of the other, inscribed ellipses in the air with the polished point of the projecting light-tan shoe, carefully inspected his dusky hands and injected all the wealth of a perturbed good nature into an affectionate smile.

"Just int'rested—that's all."

"Hmph!" sniffed his radiantly plumaged wife. "You-all ain't broke again?"

Cæsar nodded violently in the affirmative. "That's me."

Pearl Godfrey placed large competent hands on her slender hips and surveyed her spouse contemptuously. "You ain't never nothin' but broke, is you?"

"My health ain't so good——"

"Shsh! Yo're as husky as any man in this neighborhood. They ain't nothin' the matter with yo' health. It's all in yo're pants pockets. Money don't stay in there no longer'n water. What you done with them week's wages?"

"Lost 'em."

"Craps?"

"Hawses. Honest, hon, I had a sure thing up at Latonia—chancet to make nearly a hunderd dollars."

"Sure thing!" she snorted. "The only sure thing in this world, Cæsar Godfrey, is that you-all ain't got the sense of a new-born jackass. You an' money wasn't never no more meant to be friens than you an' work. What happen to that horse you bet on?"

"He done fall down," proclaimed Cæsar sadly as he rescued a cigarette from a tin, glass-jeweled case and tapped it gently on his finger nail.

"Fall down flat in the home stretch when he been leadin' the field. He would of won hands down. That's why I broke."

"Any horse would of fell down prospecting he knew you bet on him."

"'Bout that money the white lady was goin' to give you——"

"Yo' ain't talkin' to me at all. I works mornin's an' afternoon's fo' fo'-fifty a week an' yo' makes eight dollars. I don't see what call you got comin' to me——"

"I'll give it back Sat'day—sure. Mebbe"—slyly—"we mought go downtown an' buy that silk dress you been lookin' at."

Pearl's eyes gleamed. Cæsar had opposed the purchase of that dress for a month. Said her wages as cook were necessary to the proper maintenance of their own ménage, and Pearl stood too profoundly in awe of her stylish, strapping husband to have dared make the purchase without his consent.

"You mean that?" she questioned eagerly.

He nodded. "Yeh—sure do. Always mean what I says."

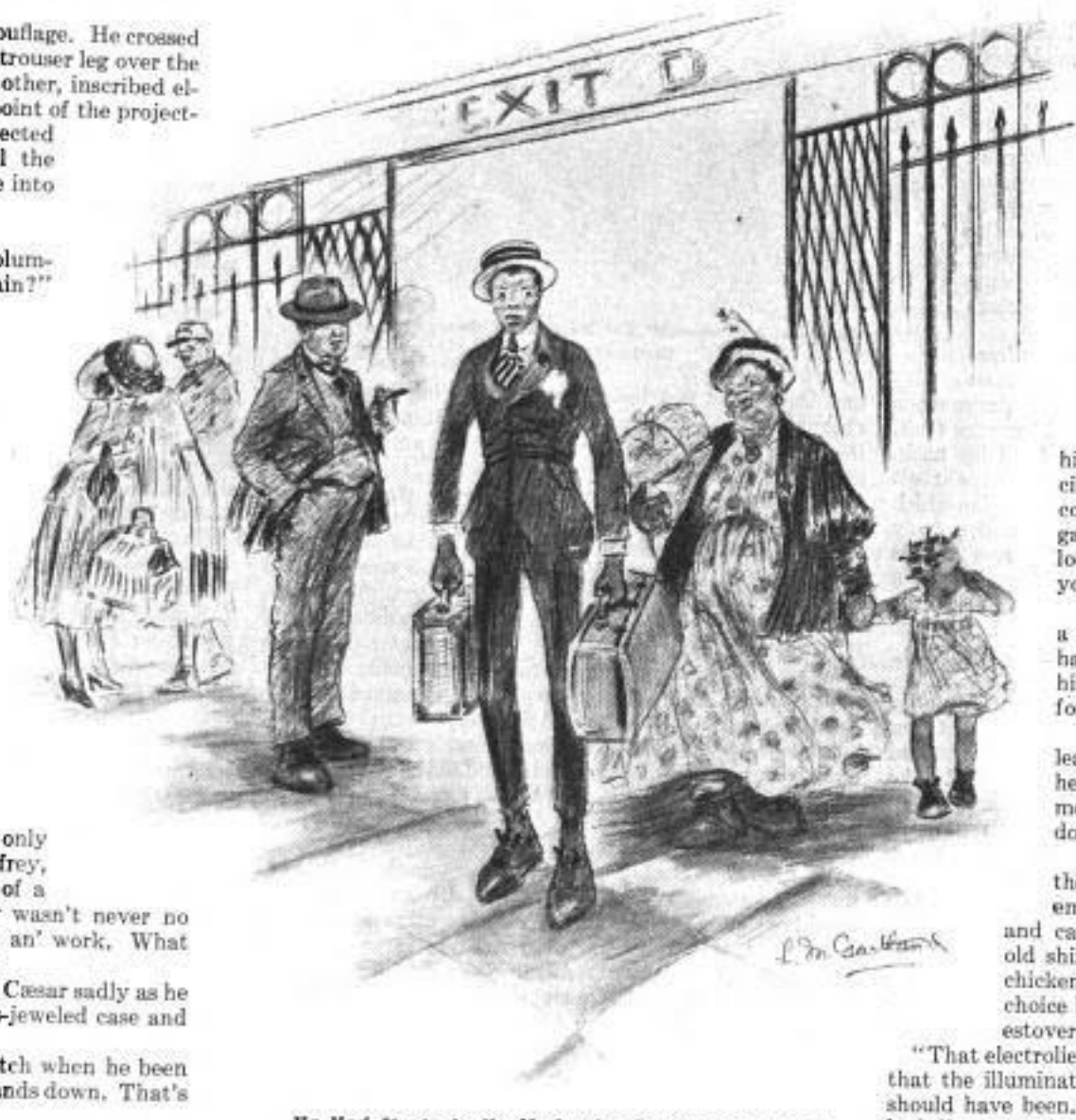
Pearl was skeptical. "You go down with me now an' pay the first dollar down?"

It was good strategy on Pearl's part, and for the moment Cæsar was nonplused. A dollar down—the payment of the ensuing dollars became imperative. So, even though he had entertained no idea of allowing Pearl the dress, Cæsar made the best of a lost dollar.

"If you gotta have it thataway."

The dollar was duly paid in at the Paris Style Shop, the flagrant dress carefully selected and reverently laid aside, and three dollars passed over to the eager Cæsar. Whereupon Pearl returned to the home of her white folks to cook the evening meal—and Cæsar got busy.

Hiring a small one-horse dray he went with it to his three-room cottage on Fifteenth Street and loaded thereon one phonograph, several dozen records, a brazenly gilded electrolier, an imitation-leather easy-chair and his wife's evening gown—a salmon-pink satin creation, gift from a former employer of his wife. These he took to a loan shark and borrowed the sum of twenty dollars, with interest at the rate of twenty per cent a month. He pocketed the twenty, folding it carefully over the three secured that day from his wife and placing the whole in a wallet which contained something more than one hundred dollars.




*He Had Strategically Made the Acquaintance of an Alarmingly Portly and Intransigently Black Washlady*

Fortune had smiled upon Cæsar Godfrey that day. His Latonia sure thing had proved a sure thing indeed, and his two two-dollar mutual tickets had netted him a trifle more than ninety dollars.

The temptation was too much. Money is money and made for spending, and the feel of so great a quantity put the virus of wanderlust in Cæsar's blood. His assets now consisted of one well-packed straw suitcase carefully checked at the Louisville & Nashville Depot, one hundred and twenty-three dollars in cash, and a determination forcibly to break the bonds of matrimony.

His employer stood for a touch of two dollars and a half, which happened to be the exact amount due Cæsar on the week's wages. Cæsar's employer was wise beyond his generation.

So was Cæsar.

He visited a labor agent from Cincinnati and was ordered to sign a labor contract. That easily forgotten formality attended to, Cæsar agreed to report at the Louisville & Nashville Depot at six-fifty-three to catch the northbound express.

He was on time. To be exact, he was two hours ahead of time, hidden behind a warehouse across the railroad yards watching apprehensively for the crimson hat, the yellow waist and the blue skirt which would betoken his wife's proximity. With the whistle of the locomotive as it groaned into the yards two things became apparent to Cæsar: First that his wife had not yet discovered the looting of her home by its lord and master; and second—that if she had she did not yet suspect the enormity of his planning.

Precisely five minutes before leaving time for the train a perspiring Cæsar Godfrey secured a long green ticket from the waiting labor agent, and when the train pulled out he was seated as inconspicuously as possible in a dirty velvet chair, white eyes roving first to the right and then to the left. It was not until the city's sky line had disappeared behind the serried line of Northern Alabama's hills that Cæsar Godfrey breathed a wholly comfortable breath.

But with the coming of that breath he commenced to enjoy life as it had not been his pleasure in years. He surveyed his fellow travelers, ranging in hue from ebony to a light aristocratic cream. More than one damosel on the Jim Crow car smiled approvingly upon Cæsar's glaring pulchritude and commented favorably upon the undeniably ultra cut of his clothes.

At eight-fifteen the following morning Cæsar Godfrey arrived in Cincinnati. He had strategically made the acquaintance of an alarmingly portly and intransigently black washlady, and much to her astonishment insisted on carrying her suitcase to the street. It marked an epoch in the colored lady's life. To Cæsar Godfrey it was merely a clever move. For he was quite sure that his device would effectively fool the Cincinnati representative of his labor man's concern—a slant-eyed individual who was gazing with all eyes in search of a good-looking, well-dressed, able-bodied single young negro.

That night at eleven o'clock, happier for a few drinks and the knowledge that he had traveled thus far without expense to himself, Cæsar Godfrey boarded a train for New York.

The train pulled out. Cæsar Godfrey leaned back in his seat and slept. And as he slept he smiled the smile of contentment in the knowledge of good work well done.

When Pearl Godfrey returned home from the house where she held rank as culinary empress she switched on the electric lights and carefully placed on the center table an old shirtwaist which contained half of a fried chicken, an exceedingly generous portion of choice bacon, three fresh eggs and four pears—estovers for her adored consort.

"That electrolier!" snapped Pearl impatiently, noticing that the illumination in the front room was not what it should have been. Then she realized that the electrolier had disappeared.

But it was not until she had gone over the house with infinite care that she realized that something was radically wrong, and that her Cæsar, and not a burglar, was at the bottom of it. Even then she had no hint that he had deserted her. It was not until she emerged from her home and faced a gossipy neighbor.

"Evenin', Missus Godfrey."

"Evenin', Missus Sampson."

"I ain't seen Cæsar round this evenin'."

"That so?"

"Yeh. I ain't seen him sence he was here this afternoon with that wagon."

A cold chill crept slowly down Pearl's spine, but her face remained impassive. "Ain't it so?"

"I sure thought you-alls was movin'."

"No, we ain't movin'."

"Peter 'lows he seen Cæsar takin' that stuff to the loan man."

"Is it so, now?"

"That's so. He was sayin' to me t'night, was Peter, that he been knowin' you-alls for a heap of years an' ef you needed money seems as ef you would of come to him."

"We ain't needin' money, thank you, Missus Sampson. We was just sellin' that ol' stuff because we didn't think it was good enough for us. We're 'lowin' to get a outfit of Queen William an' Mary furniture. Ef there was any of that we sold you might like fo' yo' place maybe I could arrange it so's you could get it cheap. I was sayin' last night to Cæsar that maybe we ought to give you-alls a chance to buy it."

A half hour later she presented herself before the loan shark.

"Yes, Cæsar pawned that stuff," he snapped. "What about it?"

"Nothin'," she returned dazedly. "Jes' wanted to know—that's all."

"You ain't trying to pull the old gag about it not belonging to him, are you? Because I warn you right now——"

"No," she returned wearily. "It was all right for him to pawn it, on'y—it is mine."

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She reached her home via the alley which intersects the block, turned out the light and seated herself in the decrepit easy-chair which her departed husband had not considered worthy of carting to the loan shark. She understood now. Pearl was miserable. Her pride had received its death-blow. In an hour, a minute, she had irrecoverably lost caste. In the twinkling of an eye she had been precipitated from the eminence of social leader to the nethermost depths of social oblivion. Worse, she knew that from this hour forth she was the accepted butt of Darktown's humor and poisoned darts of innuendo.

It hurt, hurt all the way through. She knew that her scourging would be mercilessly conducted. Cæsar Godfrey had committed the unpardonable sin; and she speculated on his ingratitude.

Two years before, at the time of Cæsar's advent, Pearl had been a very wise and very popular virgin. Full blown, blessed with a rich chocolate complexion and a figure that caused many an Ethiopian eye to glisten, a "cemetery" graduate, soprano lead in the Baptist church choir—she had never even admitted the presence of a social rival. Colored society bowed down before her as its unmarried chocolate queen.

Cæsar had appeared on the scene, "just up from Mobile," and Pearl's hitherto impregnable heart had leaped. Nor was she alone in the instantaneous attraction toward the flashing young blood from the Gulf.

Cæsar was a knight-errant both ways from his neck. His clothes were always immaculate and cut in the latest mode of Darktown fashion; he boasted an education which displayed itself in an alarming vocabulary and a truly startling familiarity with out-of-the-way places of the world. He was a stentorian and profound speaker, with ideas of his own. The social graces were at his finger tips. He danced divinely, courted exquisitely, and sent the hearts of dozens of amorous swains scuttling to their long broad-toed boots.

Cæsar, to use the vernacular, was Pearl's meat. Aside from the real affection in the matter it was strictly up to her to cut him out from the herd; and to that end she planned a campaign which for sheer strategy will long live in the history of the city's black belt.

Cæsar didn't have a chance from the moment that he realized that Pearl, of all the girls in the set, sneered at him and his graces. He set out to tame her, to bring from her an admission that he assayed a hundred per cent. And the deadly virus of proximity did the rest.

Their wedding marked an epoch. It reached new heights in elegance, heights that have never since been even remotely approached. Pearl's trousseau, collected from various former employers—for Pearl was exceedingly well liked among the city's white folks—was a shimmering sheen of silk and satin and crêpe de Chine and Georgette. Pink, blue, green, yellow—even unto a lavender negligée, which disappeared from the home where she was then employed as nurse. The mistress, discovering its loss, accused Pearl, and the bride-to-be affected astonishment.

"Take it? Law', Missus Robinson, of course I took it! Didn't you done give it to me?"

"Give it to you! You must be out of your senses, Pearl. I haven't had that negligée four months, and it cost more than twenty dollars."

"Didn't I ast you for it las' week?"

"Yes."

"An' when I done that didn't you say 'Oh, of course I'll give it to you'?"

The mistress of the house shook her head exasperatedly: "Certainly I said that—sarcastically. And you knew I didn't mean a word of it."

"But yo' said I could have it, Missus Robinson, an' yo' cain't be blamin' me when I didn't know yo' was jokin'. I never took nothin' in my life didn't belong to me. 'Course ef 'twas a mistake I'll bring it back, an' take out the alteration what I done."

Pearl kept the negligée. She married Cæsar. And for a month he was her abject slave. More—the reigning queen of the married set was promptly and effectively displaced, and Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey became the social mentors. There was an elegance about Cæsar which could not be denied. The other negroes stood in profound awe of it. As for Pearl—she blossomed superbly and drew the lines of social demarkation so that all might see and heed.

But after a delirious month Cæsar's ardor cooled. His wife was a radiant beauty, but she was his wife,



"Nigger, I'm Warnin' Yo' Now, Yo'd Better Steer Clear of My Gal"

and Cæsar had not been given to wasting his manifold charms upon any one person of the feminine gender. It irked him to know that his gallant days were over. He commenced to fidget in the traces.

Pearl saw the handwriting on the wall. And she knew that above all things she must hold Cæsar. To that end she indulged him. She never quarreled, she loaned him money, she refrained from nagging when he lost job after job and complained that it was due to the condition of his health.

True, her affection for him waned a trifle and she found it in her heart to wish that she had not flaunted Simeon Broughton with her capture—for Simeon made eighteen dollars a week, every week—but the fact remained that the loss of Cæsar would spell social disaster.

Simeon Broughton was all that Cæsar was not. He was about seven shades darker—and proud of the fact. He had none of Cæsar's elegance. In fact, as Simeon put it: "Ise jes' plain nigger, wivout none of de sassiety airs yo' swell coons put on."

By profession Simeon was community gardener in summer and community janitor in winter—that is, he chaperoned lawns and gardens in the warm weather and nursed furnaces in the winter for the white folks of a certain neighborhood. He was greatly in demand, but confined his patrons to eighteen. On eighteen dollars, he figured, he could live extremely well and put eight in the bank every Monday morning.

He was a huge man, deep-chested and ham-fisted. He lived in an alley a half block from the Godfrey cottage, and thereby automatically removed himself from the socially elect, for the handicap of living in an alley may not be overcome in the war for social recognition among city negroes. But at that it was estimated by the statistically inclined that Simeon had more than three thousand dollars in the bank, and more than one butterfly would have cheerfully lost caste for the sake of casting her matrimonial lot with him.

Early in the game, however, Simeon had cast covetous eyes on the classic lines of Pearl's face and figure. "Ef 'twasn't fo' dat soshul ambition of hern," quoth Simeon, "she'd make a pow'ful fine wife."

Simeon tried to convert his lady fair to a realization of the worth-whileness of things material as against the ephemeral. And he was on the fair road to success when Cæsar Godfrey appeared on the scene and took her from under his very nose.

Simeon's first impulse was primal. He experienced an almost uncontrollable desire to reach out one muscular arm and squash "dat no-'count Bo Brum'l," a phrase taken bodily from a former employer of Cæsar's.

After the marriage of Cæsar and Pearl, Simeon settled grimly into the slough of despond. He became a hopeless recluse. As though to spite Fate he changed his mode of living, took on two extra patrons and put twelve dollars every week in the bank. With gossipy exaggeration it became bruited round that he was saving twenty dollars a week; and occasionally, when Cæsar had been unlucky with the dice and unable to hold a job, Pearl laboring over a kitchen stove on the Highlands would think longingly of the comforts which might have been hers had she resisted the temptation of social position.

With the defection of the wanderlusty Cæsar her position became unbearable. Social rivals making large capital from her position stepped above her head, and she was accorded the scant sympathy ever given a woman whose charms have been unable to hold a husband. The fact that Pearl bore her cross with smiling indifference fooled no one. And as time went on her hurt pride turned gradually into hatred for Cæsar and for his actions in robbing her of the only thing it had been in his power to give—unassailable social eminence.

In his two-room shack up the alley Simeon Broughton watched and said nothing. At first he was unable to grasp the full potentialities of the situation. His love for Pearl had developed in geometric progression to her unattainability. And now that she had been left flat and friendless, without even the dignity of grass widowhood, he waited for her to turn to him. And eventually she did.

Simeon was consideration itself. Pearl saw him through new eyes. Though no word of the grand passion was spoken between them she saw that his affection for her flamed more fiercely than ever, and her philosophy experienced drastic changes. If she could only divorce Cæsar, marry Simeon and have the material things of life she'd be content to eschew frivolity, demanding only one thing—that Simeon depart from his alley home and live on an avenue. Pearl was becoming daily more firmly convinced of the fact that she had been dazzled by the immaculate Cæsar. She knew now that she would be infinitely better off as Simeon's petted darling than as Cæsar's hard-worked slave. She became almost glad—now that the verbal barbs of the neighborhood did not sting so sharply as they had at first—that Cæsar had departed from her life.

At the end of six months Pearl visited a lawyer and laid the case before him. Three months later her decree was granted, and Mrs. Pearl Godfrey blossomed forth once more as a single woman.

That night Simeon appeared at her home in a new gray suit and a gray felt hat. His number-eleven shoes scintillated. His copper complexion was burnished. And he proposed.

Pearl accepted him—on condition that he move from alley to street.

"It ain't that I don't love yo', Simeon; but 'tis that I couldn't live in no alley."

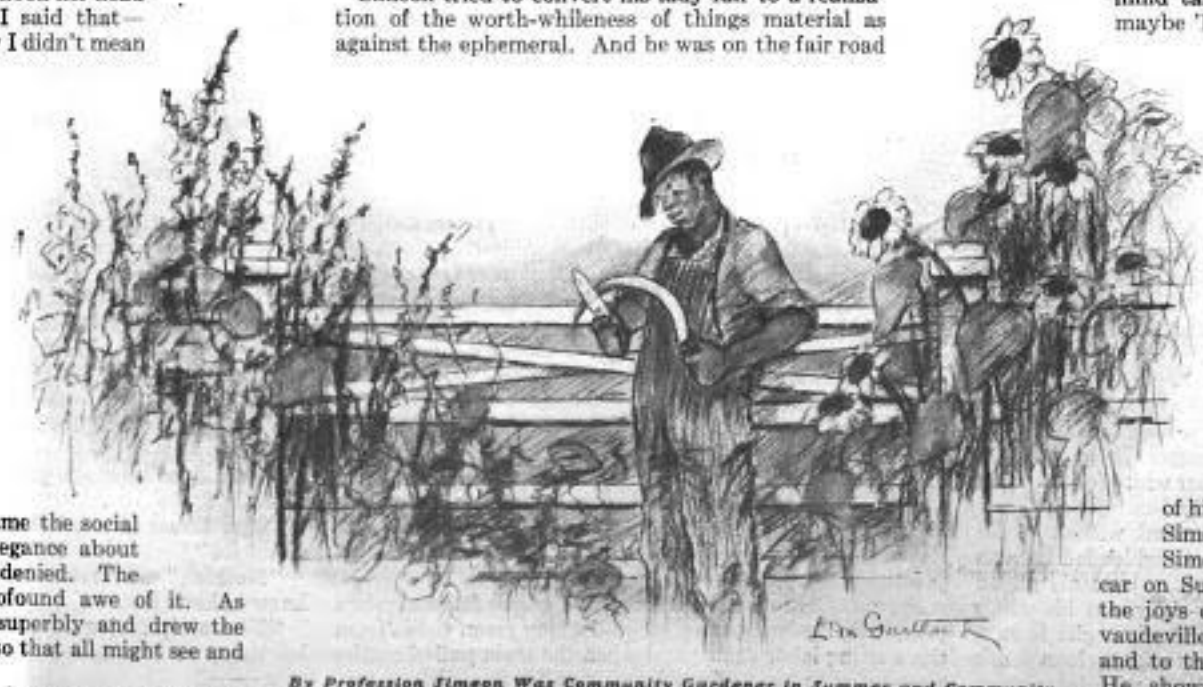
"Yo'—yo'—ain't gwine want me to trot round sassiety wid yo', is it, honey?"

"I'm sick an' ti'ed of sassiety!" she snapped viciously. "It ain't get nobody nowhere. Nothin' but a lot of fumdiddle. On'y—I'd hate to live in the alley if you wouldn't mind taking a house on Fifteenth Street or maybe 'Leventh Avenue."

Simeon promised. In the rapturous delirium of his new-found happiness he would have promised almost anything. And the following day, splendid in her grass widowhood and in the achievement in engaging herself to the wealthiest man in the neighborhood, Pearl regained much of the social caste that she had lost.

She insisted on a long engagement. She had learned by sad experience that love fulfilled is love anæsthetized, and she wished to flaunt her good fortune in the faces of the proletariat.

Simeon played up to her beyond fondest expectations. One of his dollar-a-week employers, for whom Simeon had done several favors, allowed Simeon the use of his two-seated work car on Sundays, and Pearl was initiated into the joys of plutocracy. Simeon took her to vaudeville, where she sat regally in boxes, and to the best negro moving-picture shows. He showered her with candy and flowers and two rings which were fourteen carat and



By Profession Simeon Was Community Gardener in Summer and Community Janitor in Winter—That Is, He Chaperoned Lawns and Gardens in the Warm Weather and Nursed Furnaces in the Winter

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contained genuine stones. Society he shunned. Dances he hated. And save for the consuming desire to regain her lost social position and thus "show them niggers a thing or two" Pearl Godfrey was blissfully happy for nearly five months, until, less than a month before the nuptial date, Cæsar Godfrey returned to the city!

His recrudescence created a furore. If he had been a fashion plate before he visited New York he was a sartorial epic now. He wore a Panama hat, horn-rimmed spectacles, a blue-serge coat, silk shirt, white-flannel trousers and white shoes and socks. He carried a Malacca stick and boasted that his trunk contained the latest from Fifth Avenue tailors. His accent was bewildering to the Southern darkies. It smacked of English and had been acquired from his West Indian negro friends in New York. In an hour he had been placed on a social pedestal far higher than any he had ever attained during his former tenure of office.

His meeting with his ex-wife took place a half hour after he reached the city. He met her on the street, and after her first shock of stunned surprise she tried to pass him haughtily. But he would have none of that. Pearl, too, was dressed in the latest fashion and she seemed prosperous, and though she did not suspect it Cæsar was none too plentifully supplied with money.

"Hello, hon," said he wheedlingly.

"I ain't yo' hon."

"If that's the way yo' treat yo're husband ——"

It was her moment of triumph. "Whose husband?"

"Yo'res."

"Hmph! I don't hardly think so. I'se been divo'ced f'um you most six months."

"Divo'ced? Hon ——"

"Yes"—viciously—"an' in less'n a month I'se goin' to marry Simeon Broughton. So the farther yo' keep yo' wuthless self away f'um me the better off yo'll be."

Followed a working out of the Tantalus fable. Removed from him Pearl Godfrey was more desirable than ever. Cæsar recalled his long residence on luxury's lap, his wife providing the majority of the dollars necessary to the maintenance of their establishment. Those had been the gloriously happy days—for, after all, Pearl was as pulchritudinous as any girl Cæsar had ever met, North, South or East. And she was cultured and refined to a degree.

The New York sojourn had dissipated much of the wanderlust, and Cæsar found himself longing for the home he had forsaken and which was now closed to him. More—he resented the fact that his wife had engaged herself to the man who was everything that he, Cæsar, was not. Wherefore he proceeded to pay court to Pearl once again. And Pearl was raised to a seventh heaven of delight at the triumph thus accorded her.

She had no intention of remarrying Cæsar—not at first. But she was flattered beyond words, and when a woman is sufficiently flattered by a man she may tend toward thoughtlessness. So she saw a great deal of her ex-husband and allowed the gracious charm of his sunny personality to weave its way once more into her soul, while she made big bluff Simeon Broughton miserable. So much so that Simeon carried the war direct to his rival. They met in a soft-drink stand and over ginger ale Simeon broached the subject in his customary unpolished manner.

"Nigger, I'm warnin' yo' now, yo'd better steer clear of my gal."

"Yo' gal? She's my wife."

"Yo' mean she was yo' wife."

"Yeh—an' that ain't sayin' she won't be again."

"Yo' mean yo' 'tentions is serious?"

"I reckon that's up to me an' her."

"I got a speshul reason fo' wantin' to know thatabout." Cæsar's eyes narrowed. He was secretly afraid of his rival's brawn. "Yo' ain't thinkin' of gettin' rough?"

"Dat ain't it, a-tall."

"Then what?"

Simeon glanced about apprehensively. "Yo' sho' yo' wants to marry Pearl?"

"Yeh."

"Den listen to whut I'se sayin': I don't!"

"Huh?" Cæsar straightened. This was a new angle altogether, and temporarily destroyed his mental equilibrium.

"Here's de how of it, Cæsar. Maybe yo' ain't hear'n tell of a 'oman here in town name' Livonia Paisley, eh?"

"That vodavil girl?"

"Yeh."

"How come you to know her?"

"Nev' min' how come I know her. I know her, an' da's all. An' I'm a-tootin' dat she's the all-firedest best-lookin' gal I ev' sot eyes on! I'm here to admit dat she got my number goin' an' a-comin'. She's done got stranded here an' I sorter been helpin' her, which is de how of she an' I become good friends. I was sorter figgerin' ef you was anxious to marry Pearl mebbe I wouldn't hab no trouble gettin' rid of her an' tyin' up wid dis here Livonia 'oman; an' I jes' wanted to know fust off ef yo' was serious, an' second off how much yo'd take to go ahead wid Pearl so's she wouldn't have no soot against me fo' britch of promise."

Cæsar's eyes glittered. "Yo' mean yo'd pay me to co't Pearl?"

"Da's it—an' hab her break off wid me."

"So's yo' can marry dis here vodavil gal?"

"Perzactly."

Cæsar cleared his throat. "'Bout twenty-five dollars?" he hazarded, amazed at his own temerity.

"Make it twenty."

"Cash?"

Simeon produced a wallet stuffed with much-thumbed bills and flipped three fives and five ones across the table. "How 'bout dat?"

Cæsar grabbed them eagerly. "It's a bargain."

Cæsar redoubled his attentions to his ex-wife, and at the same time Simeon saw only enough of her to satisfy Madam Grundy. Darktown's tongue wagged, but not too avidly. The situation in itself was intriguing and the injection of the stranded actress into the domestic affairs of the Godfreys was not to be overlooked.

Whereupon Cæsar's vanity and his weakness where the fair sex was concerned proved Cæsar's undoing. He could not resist making the acquaintance of the luxurious Livonia Paisley, then resident at an exclusive colored hotel on Fifteenth Street.

From the moment he bowed low over her hand and discovered that she was originally from New York and that she was delighted with and impressed by his familiarity with Ninth Avenue, Pearl was out of the race.

Livonia was to him all that a woman should be. Further, Livonia was beautiful in an elegantly yellow way, and she was of the stage.

Cæsar had long since harbored the belief that the footlights were his forte. He danced well, had a not unpleasing baritone and a smile which Livonia delightedly declared should net him forty dollars a week once he got a line of patter and a chance to exhibit before the booking agent of the North. She opened new vistas to Cæsar, and of a sudden Pearl and her possession became very small fry indeed. Pearl, compared with Livonia, was a bit of polished glass beside the Koh-i-Noor. As suddenly as he had recommenced his courtship of his ex-wife Cæsar Godfrey dropped her and threw himself, literally and figuratively, at the feet of the exotic Livonia.

She received his attentions graciously—and frequently. She let it be distinctly understood that the man who courted her must be anything but a piker. And she meant too much to Cæsar. He took her automobile riding; he even held a job for two weeks that she might have the luxuries she craved. He gave her a ring and much candy. He even bought her a Georgette waist which cost six dollars. And when he was flat broke he borrowed twenty-five dollars more from Simeon Broughton, who seemed ignorant of Cæsar's attentions to Livonia and a bit bewildered that Pearl did not extend to him the icy mitten forthwith.

So under the very eyes of the blind Simeon the courtship of Cæsar and Livonia progressed apace. Within a month Cæsar's credit was exhausted, and he went to Simeon for more money.

A kind neighbor had that day gone to Simeon with the story of Cæsar's treachery. The neighbor in question had no love for Cæsar and secretly hoped that the mighty Simeon would proceed to exterminate his fiancée's ex-husband. So it was that Cæsar found his erstwhile friend quaking with righteous anger.

"Nigger!" thundered Simeon, "what all dis t'ing I been hearin'?"

"What thing?" countered Cæsar shakily.

"'Bout you trottin' round wid my gal?"

"Somebody been lyin' to yo'," maintained Cæsar craftily.

"'E ain't been lyin', an' yo' knows it. I ain't so blind I cain't see a moon in de darkness. I'm a-tellin' yo' dis, yo' ace o' spades, ef yo' should ever pull any traipsin' wid dat Livonia gal yo' take my advice an' never let me sot eyes on yo' no more. I ain't neber been no bad man, but mebbe yo' ain't know I carry dis ——" He produced a small, wicked automatic and laid it between them on the table. Cæsar felt the cold perspiration start out on his forehead and trickle down the sides of his nose. "Da's my little pe-suader, Cæsar, an' I ain't in de habit ob missin'. All I'm sayin' is dat if yo' an' Livonia gets too thick wid one another yo' better not heave to wind'ard ob me. Not a-tall, 'cause ef you do dere'll be a-plenty soft music an' flowers, an' yo' won't know nothin' 'bout it."

Cæsar was terrified as terror comes to few men. All his latent fear of the giant opposite flooded to the surface. With a charming display of true oratorical and political prowess he explained convincingly that it was all a part of his campaign for Pearl—that she had been too indifferent to him and so, in his loyalty to Simeon, his benefactor, he had seized upon the impregnably virtuous Livonia to rouse Pearl's jealousy and her love. Simeon heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"Da's diffrunt," he said happily. "Da's absotively an' ontirely diffrunt."

With which Cæsar borrowed another twenty-five dollars and rose hastily. At the door Simeon gave a last hint of menace. "Ise sorry I mesjudge' yo', Cæsar. 'Cause Ise tellin' yo' right now dat ef any man cut up fool wid dat Livonia an' I eber sot eyes on him again they wouldn't be enuf ob him lef' to make a fust-class sieve."

And that night Cæsar Godfrey eloped with Livonia Paisley. They left the city at six-forty for Knoxville.

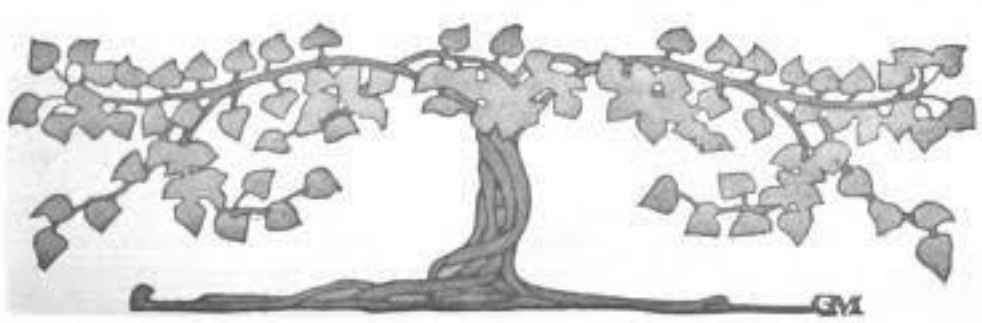
Darktown hummed with speculation. But Simeon did not glower. He presented himself before Pearl, a marriage license in his pocket, and suggested an immediate marriage. And Pearl, considerably bewildered by the recent love tangles, grabbed the bird in the hand, and evening found them man and wife.

Cæsar Godfrey and Livonia Paisley sat up all night in the day coach and arrived in Knoxville very early the following morning. At the depot she excused herself, promised to meet Cæsar there in an hour and a half, sent him out to look over the city, and proceeded to purchase a ticket to New York.

When Cæsar returned she had gone. Even then he did not suspect that she was on a fast train approaching Johnson City en route for the metropolis, nor that she was at that moment thumbing over with great gusto thirty crisp, new five-dollar bills.

Those thirty five-dollar bills represented payment in full for vampire services rendered to one Simeon Broughton, husband to Pearl Godfrey-Broughton.

And Simeon, busy in his community gardening with the luscious sweetness of Pearl's kisses still fragrant on his lips, talked to himself as he worked: "It ain't cost but two hundred an' fifty dollars," he muttered happily; "an' as it got me a fine wife an' skeered dat yaller Cæsar so's he'll neber come widin a hundred miles ob dis town again—I guess it been cheap at de price!"







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# THE WILDCAT

(Concluded from Page 12)

A little to Cash's aggrieved surprise, neither the captain nor the colonel seemed interested in his prowess as a sharpshooter or in his ill-treatment at the hands of his own Army. Instead, they asked an interminable series of questions that seemed to have no bearing at all on his case.

They wanted, for instance, to know the name of his regiment; its quota of men; how long they had been in France; what sea route they had taken in crossing the ocean; from what port they had sailed; and the approximate size of the convoy. They wanted to know what regiments lay to either side of Cash's in the American trenches; how many men per month America was sending overseas and where they usually landed. They wanted to know a thousand things more, of the same general nature.

Cash saw no reason why he should not satisfy their silly curiosity. And he proceeded to do so to the best of his ability. But as he did not know so much as the name of the port whence he had shipped to France, and as the rest of his tactical knowledge was on the same plane, the fast-barked queries presently took on a tone of exasperation.

This did not bother Cash. He was doing his best. If these people did not like his answers that was no affair of his. He was here to fight, not to talk. His attention wandered.

Presently he interrupted the colonel's most searching questions to ask: "You-all don't happen to be the Kaiser, do you? I s'pose not though. I'll bet that old Kaiser must weigh ——"

A thundered oath brought him back to the subject in hand, and the cross-questioning went on. But all the queries elicited nothing more than a mass of misinformation, delivered with such palpable genuineness of purpose that even Colonel von Scheurer could not doubt the man's good faith.

And at last the two officers began to have a very fair estimate of the mountaineer's character and of the reasons that had brought him thither.

Still it was the colonel's mission in life to suspect—to take nothing for granted. And after all, this yokel and his queer story were no more bizarre than was many a spy trick played by Germany upon her foes. Spies were bound to be good actors. And this lantern-jawed fellow might possibly be a character actor of high ability. Colonel von Scheurer sat for a moment in silence, peering up at Cash from beneath a thatch of stiff-haired brows. Then he ordered the captain and the others to leave the dugout.

Alone with Wyble the colonel still maintained his pose of majestic surveillance.

Then with no warning he spat forth the question: "*Wer bist du?*"

Not the best character actor unhung could have simulated the owlish ignorance in Cash's face. Not the shrewdest spy could have had time to mask a knowledge of German. And, as Colonel von Scheurer well knew, no spy who did not understand German would have been sent to enlist in the German Army.

The colonel at once was satisfied that the newcomer was not a spy. Yet to make doubly certain of the recruit's willingness to serve against his own country Von Scheurer sought another test. Pulling toward him a scratch pad he picked up a pencil from the table before him and proceeded to make a rapid sketch. When the sketch was complete he detached the top sheet and showed it to Cash. On it was drawn a rough likeness of the American flag.

"What is that?" he demanded.

"Old Glory," answered Cash after a leisurely survey of the picture; adding in friendly patronage: "And not bad drawed, at that."

"It is the United States flag," pursued the colonel, "as you say. It is the national emblem of the country where you were born; the country you are renouncing, to become a subject of the All Highest."

"Meanin' Gawd?" asked Cash.

He wanted to be sure of every step. While he did not at all know the meaning of "renounce," yet his attendance at mountain camp-meeting revivals had given him a possible inkling as to what "All Highest" meant.

"What?" inquired the puzzled colonel, not catching his drift.

"The 'All Highest' is Gawd, ain't it?" said Cash.

"It is His Imperial Majesty, the Kaiser," sharply retorted the scandalized colonel.

"Oh!" exclaimed Cash, much interested. "I see. In Wes' V'ginny we call Him 'Gawd.' An' over in this neck of the woods your Dutch name for Him is 'Kaiser.' What a ninny I am! I'd allers had the idee the Kaiser was jes' a man, with somethin' the same sort of job as Pres'dent Wilson's. But ——"

"This picture represents the flag of the United States," resumed the impatient Von Scheurer, waiving the subject of theology for the point in hand. "You have renounced it. You have declared your wish to fight against it. Prove that. Prove it by tearing that sketch in two—and spitting upon it!"

"Hold on!" interposed Cash, speaking with tolerant kindness as to a somewhat stupid child. "Hold on, Cap! You got me wrong. Or maybe I didn't make it so very clear. I didn't ever say I wanted to fight Old Glory. All I said I wanted to do was to fight that crowd of smart Alecks over yonder who jail me all the time an' won't let me fight in my own way. I've got nothin' agin th' old flag. Why, that 'ere's the flag I was borned under! Me an' pop an' gran'ther an' the hull b'ilin' of us—as fur back as there was any 'Merica, I reckon. I don't go 'round wavin' it none. That ain't my way. But I sure ain't goin' to tear it up. And I most gawdamighty sure ain't goin' to spit on it. I ——"

He checked himself. Not that he had no more to say, but because to his astonishment he found he was beginning to lose his temper. This phenomenon halted his speech and turned his wondering thoughts inward.

Cash could not understand his own strange surge of choler. He had not been aware of any special interest in the American flag. A little bunting representation of the Stars and Stripes—now faded close to whiteness—hung on the wall of his shack at home, where his grandmother, a rabid Unionist, had hung it nearly sixty years earlier, when West Virginia had refused to join the Confederacy. Every day of his life Cash had seen it there; had seen without noting or caring.

Camp Lee, too, had been ablaze with American flags. And after he had learned the rules as to the flag salute Cash had never given the banners a second thought. The regimental flags, too, here in France, had seemed to him but a natural part of the Army's equipment, and no more to be venerated than the twin bars on his captain's tunic.

Thus he could not in the very least account for the fiery flare of rebellion that gripped him at this ramrodlike Prussian's command to defile the emblem. Yet grip him it did. And it held him there, quivering and purple, the strange emotion waxing more and more overpoweringly potent at each passing fraction of a second. Dumb and shaking he glowered down at the amused colonel.

Von Scheurer watched him placidly for a few moments; then with a short laugh he advanced the test. Reaching for the sheet of paper whereon he had sketched the flag the colonel held it lightly between the fingers of his outstretched hands.

"It is really a very simple thing to do," he said carelessly, yet keeping a covert watch upon the mountaineer. "And it is a thing that every loyal German subject should rejoice to do. All I required was that you first tear the emblem in two and then spit upon it—as I do now."

But the colonel did not suit action to words. As his fingers tightened on the sheet of paper the dugout echoed to a low snarl that would have done credit to a Cumberland catamount.

And with the snarl six feet of lean and wiry bulk shot through the air across the narrow table that separated Cash from the colonel.

Von Scheurer with admirable presence of mind snatched his pistol from its temporary resting place in his lap. With the speed of the wind he seized the weapon. But with the speed of the whirlwind Cash Wyble was upon him, his clawlike fingers deep in the colonel's full throat, his hundred and sixty pounds of bone and gristle smiting Von Scheurer on chest and shoulder.

Cash had literally risen in air and pounced on the Prussian. Under the impact Von Scheurer's chair collapsed. Both men shot to earth, the colonel undermost and the pistol flying unheeded from his grasp. Over, too, went the table, and the electric light upon it. And the dugout was in pitch blackness.

There in the dark Cash Wyble deliriously tackled his prey, making queer and hideous little worrying sounds now and then far down in his throat, like a dog that mangles its meat.

And there the sentry from the earthen passageway found them when he rushed in with an electric torch, and followed by a rabble of fellow soldiers.

Cash at sound of the running footsteps jumped to his feet. The man he had attacked was lying very still, in a crumpled and yet sprawling heap—in a posture never designed by Nature.

With one wild sweep of his windmill arms Cash grabbed up the sheet of paper on which Von Scheurer had made his life's last sketch. With a simultaneous sweep he knocked the glass-bulbed torch from the sentinel, just as a rifle or two were centering their aim toward him; and, head down, he tore into the group of men who blocked the dugout entrance.

Cash had a faintly conscious sense of dashing down one passageway and up another, following by forestry instinct the course he had noted when he was led into the colonel's presence.

He collided with a sentinel; he butted another from his flying path. He heard yells and shots—especially shots. Once something hit him on the shoulder, whirling him half round without breaking his stride. Again something hot whipped him across the cheek. And at last he was out, under the foggy stars, with excited Germans firing in his general direction and loosing off star shells.

Again instinct and scout skill came to the rescue as he plunged into a bramble thicket and wriggled through long grass on his heaving stomach.

An hour before dawn Cash Wyble was led before his sleepy and unloving company commander. The returned wanderer was caked with dirt and blood. His face was scored by briers. Across one cheek ran the red wale of a bullet. A very creditable flesh wound adorned his left shoulder. His clothes were in ribbons.

Before the captain could frame the first of a thousand scathing words Cash broke out pantingly: "Stick me in the hoosgow if you're a mind to, Cap! Stick me there for life. Or wish me onto a kitchen-police job forever! I'm not kickin'. It's comin' to me, all right, arter what I done.

"I git the drift of the hull thing now. I'm onter what it means. It—it means Old Glory! It means—*this!*"

He stuck out one muddy hand wherein was clutched a wad of scratch-pad paper.

Then the company commander did a thing that stamped him as a genius. Instead of administering the planned rebuke and following it by sending the wretch to the guardhouse he began to ask questions.

"What do you make of it all?" dazedly queried the captain of Top Sergeant Mahan when Cash had been taken to the trench hospital to have his shoulder dressed.

"Well, sir," reported Mahan meditatively, "for one thing, I take it, we've got a new soldier in the company. A soldier, not a varmint. For another thing, I take it, Uncle Sam's got a new American on his list of nephews. And—and, unless I'm wrong, Kaiser Bill is short one crackajack sniper and one perfectly good Prussian colonel too. War's a funny thing, sir."



# FROM HIM WHO WAITS

## By William H. Hamby

BECK had long since left the last trace of a road and the wheels of the sturdy little machine plowed valiantly into the desert sand. As the sun climbed higher and the heat grew more intense Beck's companion, a man with smooth pink lips and restless eyes, looked off to the south, where the Salton Sea glinted evilly in the glaring desert light, and then glanced back across that shimmering waste of sand and alkali and death.

"I say, Beck"—the tone was a soft purr—"do we need to move that gold mine any farther back into the desert? Suppose this flivver bursts a blood vessel or loses a lung —— What then?"

"What then?" Beck was a large man, with a full face and prominent eyes. "It would probably be ten or fifteen years before they found our bones. Nobody ever comes this way, and no man on foot could live across eighty miles of that."

Latimer moistened his lips. The heat made even the skin thirsty.

"I don't see why one place is not as good for a gold mine as another."

He was manifestly uneasy. The big man at the wheel laughed.

"It is, when it comes to selling it. But it's my motto to put trouble as far off as I can. The more desert we get between us and the easy mark the sounder we shall sleep. By the way, did that widow make much of a howl yesterday when you relieved her of the responsibility of handling her insurance money?"

"No." Latimer passed a smooth, soft hand across his pink lips to wipe the sand away. "She blubbered a little, but directly gathered her kids up and beat it to an agency to look for a job. I don't mind that sort. It is the kind that hang round the hall for weeks at a time, and keep straining your intellect for new reasons why there are no dividends, that gets my goat."

"That is exactly why we are going to locate this claim far away from the busy haunts of men," grinned Beck. "I've bought up three hundred and twenty acres just south of the Salton Sea. It starts from that big hump yonder that looks like a camel's back. We'll sort of stake it off. Had to pay three hundred dollars for it—but it will make a dandy gold mine."

Latimer's restless eyes came back from the desert and smiled at his partner; his smile seemed Nature's very stamp of wistful sincerity.

"We won't sell stock—have not time; we'll sell the whole thing to a friend of mine back home. He has always looked up to me as a being of superior intelligence and I want to live up to my reputation. George would eat arsenic out of my hand if I told him it was sugar."

"How much is he good for?" The big man's prominent eyes were always greedy for more.

"Not a whole lot, I'm afraid," answered Latimer. "But we'll take it clean, whatever there is."

Opening a coal mine is hard work; and it is risky, both physically and financially. George Walters owned forty acres of land two miles north of Maltsville. All of the Maltsville country is underlaid by a vein of coal varying in thickness from twenty-two inches to four feet. The thinner is not profitable, but two companies were mining a thirty-eight-inch vein.

In boring a well Walters found four feet of coal at a depth of two hundred feet. There was no coal shortage in those days; it was before the war, or even a rumor of war, and coal mines were not especially profitable. Failing to interest any company in the development of his property, he mortgaged the forty acres for two thousand dollars, hired two men, and, by working sixteen hours a day himself, opened a small mine, with the crudest sort of machinery.

It was good coal and he started two wagons peddling it out to local users in Maltsville at two dollars and a quarter a ton. For four years he barely made a living out of it. Sometimes he was in debt, sometimes a little ahead; but it was hard work and a lot of worry. Then came the big war and the scarcity of coal—the price jumped from two and a quarter dollars to four and a half a ton.

Then one day, still grimed from head to foot with coal dust and with a miner's lamp on his cap, he stood at the top of the shaft holding a check for fifty-two thousand dollars in his hand. He had sold his coal mine at last.

That evening George sat on a porch screened by vines, shyly edging his chair nearer and nearer a sweet-voiced vision in white as he began to tell her, haltingly but exultantly, the story that had ached to be told for four long, hard years; and the girl was waiting with fluttering breath.

A light, breezy step was on the sidewalk. George paused until it should pass. But it turned in, instead, and George shifted his chair back a little and turned his head so he could see the caller in the moonlight.

"Well, I declare!" he said under his breath. "If it isn't Harold Latimer!"

*II*

"YES, sir." Latimer struck a match on his shoe, lighted a cigar and leaned back in his chair. "I said to my partner: 'I've got enough—I've made my pile. I've got a friend back in Missouri I am going to let in on this.'"

The girl looked at George with a shy, fond pride. For an hour the two of them had listened in eager fascination to the colorful romance of Latimer's life in the Far West.

"We had not gone two hundred feet in this desert mine," continued Latimer lazily, "when we saw it was the richest thing we had struck. It was then I said to my partner: 'What is the use? I've got more than I need—more than an honest man can spend in a lifetime. I'm going back to old Mizzoo.' That evening I rang for one of my chauffeurs—I keep three cars, you know—and ordered him to drive to the station. I said to him: 'My man, if you had a friend that gave you his last marble when you were boys together—and, when there was only twenty-five cents between you for a circus ticket, he made you take it, while he stayed out—my man,' I says, 'would you go on rolling in wealth and leave him to plug along at hard work?' 'I don't know, sir,' he replied, 'what I would do; but I know what you will do.'" Latimer laughed appreciatively. "They all know what a soft heart I've got.

"So here I am!" He rose. "But I must go. Come over to the hotel and take lunch with me to-morrow, George, and I'll fix you up with a gold mine that will make you dream of the golden streets. Good night!"

He squeezed the girl's hand and shook hands warmly with Walters.

Most men are very sure that if they had ten thousand or forty thousand or a hundred thousand dollars they would salt it down and be sure of a living for the rest of their lives. George Walters had thought that; but he saw now how small fifty thousand dollars was compared to wealth like Latimer's. The interest on that would be only three thousand a year; and Elsie —— Why, Elsie ought to have everything lovely that could be bought! He wanted to give her more than any girl in Maltsville ever had. If there was a fortune out there in the desert by the Salton Sea for him he would be foolish not to take it.

*III*

"EASY?" Latimer leaned forward in one of the leather chairs of the West Promoting Company and smiled at Beck. "Why, eating strawberries and cream is manual labor compared to it. He'll be here to-morrow with his whole roll; and it is some roll, for he just sold a coal mine!"

"That is sure good talk," said Beck. "The Children of Israel never needed manna after a holiday any worse than we need dough right now. We've got to beat it inside of a week—and nothing to go on. That old patriarch with the whiskers and the palsy that talks about—my—my—starving grandchildren!"—Beck mimicked him perfectly—"is about to bring on the deluge."

"Don't worry," reassured Latimer. "My friend George to the rescue!"

But it was three days before George Walters arrived, which did not at all decrease his welcome. Latimer almost hugged him—did pat him on the shoulders half a dozen times—and Beck gripped his hand crushingly.

"We have the deed all ready," said Latimer, glancing George over to see whether there was a bulge in any of his pockets that looked like fifty-two thousand dollars.

"All right," said Walters. "I'm glad everything is all ready." His mild blue eyes glanced toward Beck and he asked Latimer apologetically: "Harold, could I see you alone a few minutes before we sign up?"

"Sure! Sure! Come right in here." He immediately led the way into a private office.

"I didn't hesitate, Harold"—George still spoke with soft-voiced apology—"about turning over the money to you in Maltsville because I didn't trust you."

"Oh, I know that, George." Latimer reached over and patted his knee. "Don't I know you, good old George?"

"Of course I'm taking your word for this," Walters hesitated, "because you have had so much more experience than I have. Now—I don't mean the least bit of doubt—but, Harold, you are sure this is a good investment?"

"The best; absolutely the best I have ever seen!" replied Latimer warmly—and truthfully from his standpoint.

"And there is a two-hundred-foot shaft already down?"

"If there isn't," smiled Latimer, "I'll dig it."

Walters fumbled in his pocket for a pencil and scribbled on the back of an old envelope.

"Would you mind to sign this?"

Latimer had such a strong impulse to laugh as he read it that he bit his lip: "If the mine ain't as represented I agree to refund the money."

This was too good to keep. He got up and took it out to Beck. They choked and gurgled and punched each other in the ribs.

Latimer came back directly with both their names signed to the agreement.

Walters unbuttoned his vest, took a check book and pen from the inside pocket, and began to write.

"I told you to bring the price in currency." Latimer spoke a little sharply. "They won't take your check here."

George's blue eyes looked surprised, hurt.

"Why not? My check is good—I've got the money in the Maltsville bank."

Latimer was disappointed, but dared not show it; anyway, they could have the check guaranteed by wire.

"All right; that will be all right. I'll cash it myself."

"I reckon," Walters remarked as he held the check in his fingers a moment to dry, "it would have been more businesslike to have gone and seen the mine first; but I'm taking your word for it, Harold. I'm trusting you."

"You can trust me, George, with your last dollar."

"I am," said Walters. "But we'll go and see the mine now."

"All right." Latimer took the check and stuck it in his pocket. "We'll go out to-morrow."

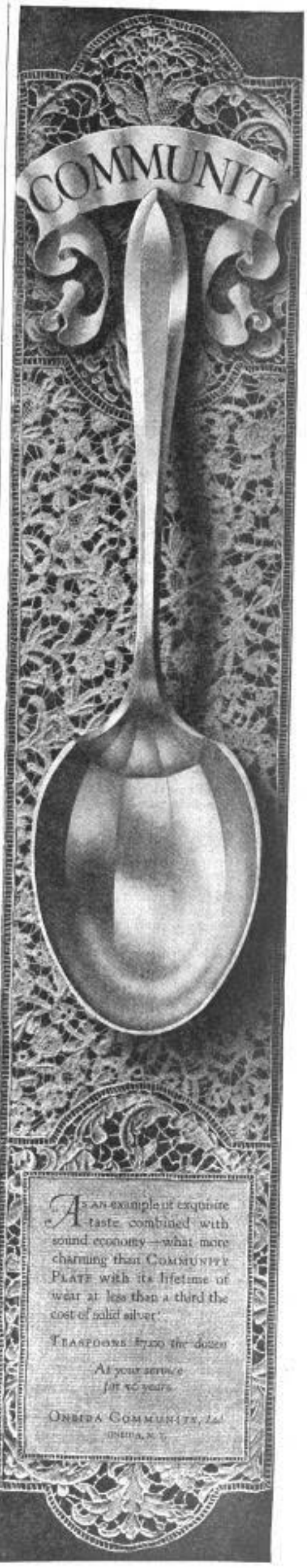
"No," said Walters; "I've got to see it right away—I can't wait. I want you and Mr. Beck to go along with me and show me all you can about the country. I've got a machine hired down there, waitin' for us."

Latimer and Beck had a chance for only a brief word aside. They had to do it or create suspicion in Walter's mind, and until this check was cashed suspicion was to be avoided.

"We'll show him the old Smelldon Mine," said Latimer in an undertone. "Don't worry! I can convince Old George that posies grow in hell."

They acceded cheerfully to Walter's insistence and went down on the elevator to the street, where they found a battered but serviceable flivver, with a long, lank, sunburned driver, waiting for them.

"I'll stop at San Bernardino," said Latimer aside to Beck, "and wire about this check."




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# Funny thing happened

the other morning in the Pullman dressing room. You know there is always one youth who tries to conceal that it's his first Pullman trip by getting dressed before six and then sitting in the dressing room for two hours, smoking, and taking up room needed for bags and suit cases.

One of these pests recently added light conversation to his other offences.

"I see you use Mennen's Shaving Cream," he said to me. "I was reading an ad about it yesterday, written by a wise guy named Jim Henry. He's a hot-air artist aw'right. Is the stuff any good?"

Then he caught sight of my name engraved on my bag, and the dressing room became less crowded immediately.

Since the Boss made me start writing these ads, over a million men have become addicts to Mennen's, and I suppose ten million have become familiar with my name from seeing it so often; yet I doubt if a hundred people, outside of my customers, know that I am Jim Henry, Mennen Salesman.

It's a big satisfaction, though, to know that each morning a million men build up a creamy Mennen lather without rubbing in with fingers; using cold water if they like—and lots of it; and then enjoy the sort of shave that gives one a hunch that it's going to be a pretty good day after all.

"Jim Henry" may not mean much to you, but Mennen's Shaving Cream will mean pleasant shaves for the rest of your life if you will send 12c. for one of my demonstrator tubes.

*Jim Henry*

(*Mennen Salesman*)




**JIM HENRY,**
**House of Mennen,**
**42 Orange Street, Newark, N. J.**

Dear Jim:
I've used everything and doubt if a shave can be pleasant. Prove it! Here is 12c.

Name_____

Address_____


The old Smelldon Mine, one of the many desert ventures, was forty miles north of the Salton Sea tract they had deeded to Walters.

"Turn here," Beck directed the driver. "Our mine is by that butte yonder."

But the lank driver, instead, turned the machine southeast and plunged the kicking wheels into the deep sand.

"Nope!" he said briefly. "The land in that deed ain't up there. It's forty miles south of here. I know this country like a book—used to be a government surveyor."

### IV

LATIMER was distinctly nervous. This was not from the slight embarrassment he might feel over the absence of improvements on the mine they had sold Walters. He could explain that all right. He remembered how he had worked George fifty times when they were boys and always got away with it. There was no end to the yarns and plausible explanations that gullible old George would swallow. It was really George's quarter that time they went to the circus. He had asked George to let him look at it—and then slipped off and went into the circus himself, afterward persuading George it was best, for he could tell about it so much better.

No; he could manage George all right. He would tell him he had hired that shaft sunk and thought it had been done. What worried Latimer was the desert. He was afraid of the desert. He hated it. There were too many stories, verified by bleached bones, of men who had gone out and never had come back.

He kept thinking now, as he sat silent or nervously glib beside Walters: "Suppose this old trap does break now?"

Beck rode with the driver and they seemed to find little to talk about. From time to time Beck glanced back at Latimer with an accusing question in his eye: "What have you let us in for?"

It was five o'clock when the plucky little machine plowed its way toward the camel-like hump south of Salton Sea.

Beck turned and gave Latimer a most significant look; and Latimer glanced ahead to see what was the matter. There, near the center of the patch of desert they had deeded to Walters, stood two tents, their very newness and whiteness looking more bizarre than the desert itself.

"What is that?" Latimer turned to Walters.

"Merely your construction camp, I suppose," replied George matter-of-factly.

"Oh, yes." Latimer caught at this explanation glibly. "I remember now we told Jensen to send a couple of men out and finish up some assay work."

"We'll stop here," Walters said to the driver when they were two hundred yards from the tents. Beck and Latimer got out, giving each other telepathic glances of inquiry and warning. "Take the machine on to the camp," Walters directed. "I want Mr. Latimer and Mr. Beck to give me some idea of the lines here."

Latimer took the lead. His tongue had returned to its cunning. He began to talk glibly of the vast wealth in these sands—picked up a handful and showed Walters how it fairly glittered with desert gold. He led the way through the sand and heat—it was still over a hundred at five o'clock—along what he described as the direction of the main vein. He broke off suddenly and whirled about.

"Where is that car going?" The little machine was plowing away from the camp toward the south.

"Going to El Centro for supplies, I guess," remarked Walters. "Let's go down to the camp and look at the shaft," he suggested, and dropped in behind the two.

"Beck," said Latimer, "Jensen told you they were down two hundred feet on the shaft, didn't he?"

Beck caught the import.

"Well, he said they would be down two hundred feet by to-day if nothing happened; but I have not seen him since you went East. I hope he hasn't laid down on us."

There were two tents. In front of one was a small oil stove, and just inside the door a keg of water, a box of crackers and another of canned goods. On a cot was stretched a leathery-looking old-timer—a typical prospector—reading a week-old paper. Nowhere in sight was there a sign that a shovel had ever been stuck in the sand.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Beck. "If Jensen hasn't laid down on us! He has not sunk that shaft at all. Hey, you!" He turned to the man in the tent. "Are you working for Jensen?"

The old-timer never lowered his paper; never even looked toward him.

"Not as anybody can notice."

"We can have some supper pretty soon, can't we?" Walters asked.

The miner sat up on the bed and yawned. "Yep—as soon as the sun is down. Don't want to sunburn my neck cooking over that thing in daylight."

Directly after sundown they sat in front of the tent and ate off a dry-goods box. The food was rough but sufficient. Beck and Latimer were more and more puzzled, but had not been able to get aside for a discussion of this amazing situation. Whatever it meant, they must keep this greenhorn mollified and deceived until they could get returns on the check.

"It will be pleasanter riding back after dark," remarked Latimer, lighting a cigar after they had finished supper. "How soon do you expect your chauffeur back?"

"Not very soon," replied Walters.

He was sitting facing the west. A little light yet lingered and his face looked sort of sad and disappointed; but something in his mild blue eyes puzzled Latimer. Old George had never looked like that before.

"Pete," Walters turned to the leathery cook, "bring out the picks and shovels."

A forty-volt shock could not have startled Beck and Latimer more than this sudden tone of command. Two picks and two shovels were brought from the tent and thrown down beside them.

"Latimer"—somehow George's blue eyes no longer looked mild; they held smoldering danger as he turned upon him—"you have lied to me once too often. You and your partner are going to sink a shaft there two hundred feet deep."

### V

THEY were exceedingly indignant. They stormed and swore and threatened.

"Why, you poor boob," said Latimer, "we'll have you sent to the penitentiary for this."

But George merely grinned slowly and pushed the hair up from his forehead.

"What for?"

"For trying to intimidate us—force us to work against our will."

"I'm not," remarked George. "I merely came out with you to see my mine. And I'm going to stay with you. I don't intend to try to force you to work or force you to stay. You are as free as two coyotes. But ——" He turned to the leathery man. "Pete, provisions and water are too scarce to waste on bums. For every four hours' work give these gents one meal and a pint of water. They don't eat again until they have dug four hours. And, as you slept this afternoon, I'll turn in now and let you boss the work until midnight. I've had rather a trying day of it. You have your gun? Or do you want mine?"

"I've got it," said the old miner cheerfully; "and don't you worry. I'll see that these frisky gents get in a good night's work."

George turned on the two and grinned slowly as he remarked:

"Pete is a brother of the widow whose insurance you invested. And my chauffeur, who will bring us up provisions once or twice a week, is a nephew of the old man with the palsy whose grandchildren are destitute. Good night, gentlemen!"

There was sullen rebellion in camp for two hours after Walters had gone to sleep. Beck and Latimer walked off into the dark, discussing their plight, swearing at each other, cursing George, the desert, and the God who made them. Pete, the old miner, merely sat in front of the tent and smoked, a most serviceable gun across his knee. He made no effort to restrain them—only chuckled at the thought of their trying to escape. At ten o'clock they came back and sullenly picked up the shovels. Pete told them where and how to work. After they had dug four hours he allowed them to go to bed.

Sore and blistered already, they awoke next morning as the blasting sun came up over the desert. In an hour the heat was over a hundred. By noon it had gone to one hundred and twenty-six. The wind off that shimmering dead expanse was like a breath of hell. They were choking for a drink; but they had had their pint of water at breakfast.

They stuck it out until three o'clock; then, despite the terrific heat, they took pick and shovel and went back to the job. They were dirty now and the sweat ran down their faces until it blinded them. Their hands were raw with blisters; they cursed with every lick. But at seven o'clock they had earned another meal and another drink.

Days followed, all alike. They thought of their soft beds and hard drinks back in Los Angeles; they thought of rich food and cool sea winds; they thought of that fifty-thousand-dollar check, still in Latimer's pocket.

"Do you suppose the fool knows enough to stop payment?" asked Beck, mopping his grimy forehead on a dirty sleeve.

"I doubt it," replied Latimer. "Let's hope for the best."

Twice a week the machine came with water and provisions, but there was no danger of the two getting a ride out.

Two weeks passed and the shaft was going down. Walters and Pete rigged up a sort of windlass, with a rope and bucket, and made Beck work it while Latimer dug below. They were down only fifty feet and the two diggers began to despair.

"Somehow," whined Latimer one day as they stood at the mouth of the shaft and looked over the glittering desert, "I had a hunch the first time we came out here that it would get me. We'll never get out alive."

"Let's tackle 'em with the picks, then," proposed Beck savagely.

"Not much!" said Latimer. "The devils never sleep, and they've always got their hands on the guns."

### VI

THEY were back at work.

"I wonder," said Latimer, "what this layer of stuff is? That boob keeps watching it and testing it. He's doing something to it every time I'm up there. He was down measurin' how thick it is this morning. Heard him talking to that hack driver that brings the provisions as though it is something he has been reading and studying about."

"He probably thinks it's melted silver," said Beck, too weary to even swear any more. "I got it figured out how he had all this outfit up here. He stopped off at El Centro and came up here, and discovered you were stringing him before he went on to Los Angeles."

The next trip the machine made, George left the driver to help Pete guard the provisions while he went to town. He was gone four days. When he came back he called the two diggers up. As he looked them over that slow grin covered his face.

"I'm ashamed to have as tough-looking hobos as you working for me," he said in his mild, good-natured tone. "I'm going to fire you. Clark will let you ride in with us if you will make good that twenty thousand insurance you stole from his uncle and the thirty thousand you stole from Pete's sister."

The two battered, crushed and desperate specimens gulped and looked furtively across the desert. To be left here meant sure death by torture!

"We ain't got it. We are broke. Honest to God, we are!"

"You've got that check of mine," said George. "Indorse that over to them."

Two days later Beck and Latimer met in the back room of a downtown saloon. Their office had been closed and they were in hiding.

"Do you suppose that check was good?" asked Beck, fishing up a quarter for the drinks.

"I know it was," said Latimer. "I telegraphed just to find out; he hadn't had sense enough to stop payment."

As they sipped their drinks slowly, to make them last, Latimer reached down and picked up a three-days-old paper someone had dropped.

"Good Lord!" he said, shaking. "Look here!"

He shoved the paper under Beck's nose.

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Latimer's and Beck's eyes met and held for a long sad minute.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Beck.

"I have been, already," replied Latimer. "And we dug up a million for him while working in hell! Ain't this a rotten world!"

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# OUT-OF-DOORS

## Odds and Ends of Sport

CONSIDER the sturgeon and her ways. She is not much to look at, but Solomon in all his glory never got a hundred and fifty dollars a barrel for caviar in the best Jerusalem market. Genuine Russian caviar made in Sandusky, Ohio, used to be eight dollars a barrel. Sturgeon used to be three cents a pound. Now I presume one would be lucky to get it at six bits a pound, and very likely it would be made out of catfish at that, just as most sturgeon roe is made to-day.

The two best American fresh-water fishes, from a food viewpoint, in the opinion of many are the whitefish and the wall-eyed pike or pike perch. The table price of these fishes has more than doubled in the last two years. Even the bullhead is chirking up nowadays. Twenty to thirty cents a pound for fish on the hoof is nothing to jar a housewife these days.

Some Americans are restless over certain of the governmental regulations that now are being put out. For instance, the ladies rebel at the thought of shoes not more than eight inches in height, which must be either white or black or one of the two ordained shades of tan. The ladies ought not to complain, because the gentlemen are now told just how long their sack coats may be, and how many pockets they may have.

A great deal of waste attaches to careless handling of sporting gear. Angling material is especially perishable, and should be well looked after, not only with the view of preventing waste but in the way of increasing efficiency.

Does your casting line kink and curl up when you cast? Is it hard to keep the line straight on the water? If so the truth probably is one of two things—either at some time in the history of that line you used a spinner on it or else you left it rolled up tight on the reel all winter long. Either of these practices will ruin a good fly-casting line, and a good fly-casting line costs about seven and a half dollars to-day.

Of the fly-casting lines there are two types, the enameled and the vacuum dressed, each of which has its adherents. It does not do an enameled line much good, if any, to use grease on it, and some dealers think that it hurts the enameled line. These lines cast smoothly after they are worn smooth by use. Some of the long-distance casters employ them, but use on them graphite, powdered very fine, which makes them dirty and untidy in use in actual fishing.

### Winter Quarters for Lines

A vacuum-dressed line is soft and should lie straight on the water. It does good to keep this sort of line well greased with deer fat—that is the same as saying mutton fat in this country—and, indeed, such a line ought to be treated in that way frequently. You can apply the deer fat, which any good sporting-goods store will sell you, by filling in the belt leaves of a little leather pad and running this up and down your line. Don't be afraid to get the line very greasy. Then run it through your hands to smooth off the grease. If you do this at least once a week, or even once a day in your actual fishing season, and then lay away the line, either well greased or put down in a jar and covered with grease, you will be using your line in the way that is approved by most of the angling sharks.

It is especially important to do what most of us forget to do when we have come in from a fishing trip, and that is to take the fly-casting line off the reel altogether. Most casting reels have the barrel entirely too small, and if you wind a line, especially a fine tapered line, on such a reel it is bound to get kinks, crimps and curls in it. These will be almost permanent if you leave the line on its reel all winter. The next season will mean that your line will not be straight, and you will have your own troubles in getting it straight.

Therefore, always when you are through for the time with your fly line take it off, grease it, if it is vacuum-dressed, and throw it into a large loose loop which you can hold in your left hand, say a foot or a foot and a half in size across. Tie this loop loosely together with a bit of string, and either hang the line on a nail or throw it loosely in a drawer.

Attention has been called, perhaps, in these columns very long ago to the efficacy of an old bicycle wheel rim, which is hollow and will hold a line nicely. A line stored away on such a base is not going to curl next year.

For the bait-casting line not so much can be done. Being of soft silk it is not damaged so much by being left on a reel, but as a good many of these lines have a little paraffin put in them in spite of all, even they are very likely to get kinks. Also, they have an annoying disposition to rot when left tight coiled. The better a bait-casting line is the more perishable it is. Raw silk needs drying.

No one can tell how many good fly rods have been ruined by failure to keep up the lashings and wrappings, failure to revarnish every year and failure to keep the rod dry. A good fly rod to-day may cost forty dollars up—that is, if of the most expensive type. Such a rod ought not to be left out-of-doors overnight. At the close of each day's fishing it ought to be taken apart and wiped dry; it is especially desirable to take your handkerchief and wipe the tip dry when you have finished fishing. When you go home with your rod don't leave it in the case and don't stand it up in the closet on end. If the rod is in a canvas case don't tie it tight, but let it lie in the case loose. Then take the top strings of the case and form a loop and hang your rod with all the others over a nail in your gun closet. This will have a tendency to keep it in better condition. The resiliency of a fly rod is all there is to it. Once the varnish is gone the rod is gone, and each year a man ought to go over his fly rods before the fishing season begins.

### Care of Reels and Guides

Your fly-casting reel often is smaller of barrel than your bait-casting reel. The best types have large barrels—I think that the English make better fly reels than we do in America, though as to bait reels the situation is entirely different. Even a rather high-priced fly-casting reel may weaken in the click or get sand in the plates. It is not a bad idea each winter to take down your fly reel and go over it, cleaning it and oiling it.

The cleaning of a bait-casting reel is a different proposition. Nine men out of ten who undertake to dismount a high-priced, well-made bait-casting reel will find that when they put it together it does not run quite so freely as it did before. In all likelihood this is because too much oil has been left on the plates or bearings. If you find it necessary after very heavy casting to oil your bait-casting reel, first clean it absolutely clean and then put on the very least little bit of the thinnest oil you have. Wipe off this oil so that you can hardly see there is any left. Then in screwing the plates and other parts of your reel together be sure that you do not make the plates too tight, and also be sure that they are screwed down equally on all sides—that is, a little at one screw and a little at each of the others—don't screw down one side of the reel plate and then the other. If you do you will not leave the bearings flat and parallel.

It is worth while to look at the guides on all your rods. The guides on the short modern bait-casting rod are very often made of agate, and are about as sure not to fray a line as anything can be. On a fly rod, however, the guides usually are of wire, and one of these may get worn so that it will cut or fray your line in casting. This is especially true of a tip guide that has been in use for some time. Some fly rods are built with agate tip guides, and with the hand guide or the one nearest to the reel also of agate. This material, however, is apt to get cracked or broken or to be knocked out of place. There is a very fine tip guide obtainable made of extremely hard steel. This guide will not wear like the soft-metal ones that we used to have on our fly rods.

How do you keep your flies? A screw-top mason jar is about as good a receptacle as any to keep out the moths; but, of course, if you pour your flies in and let them jell


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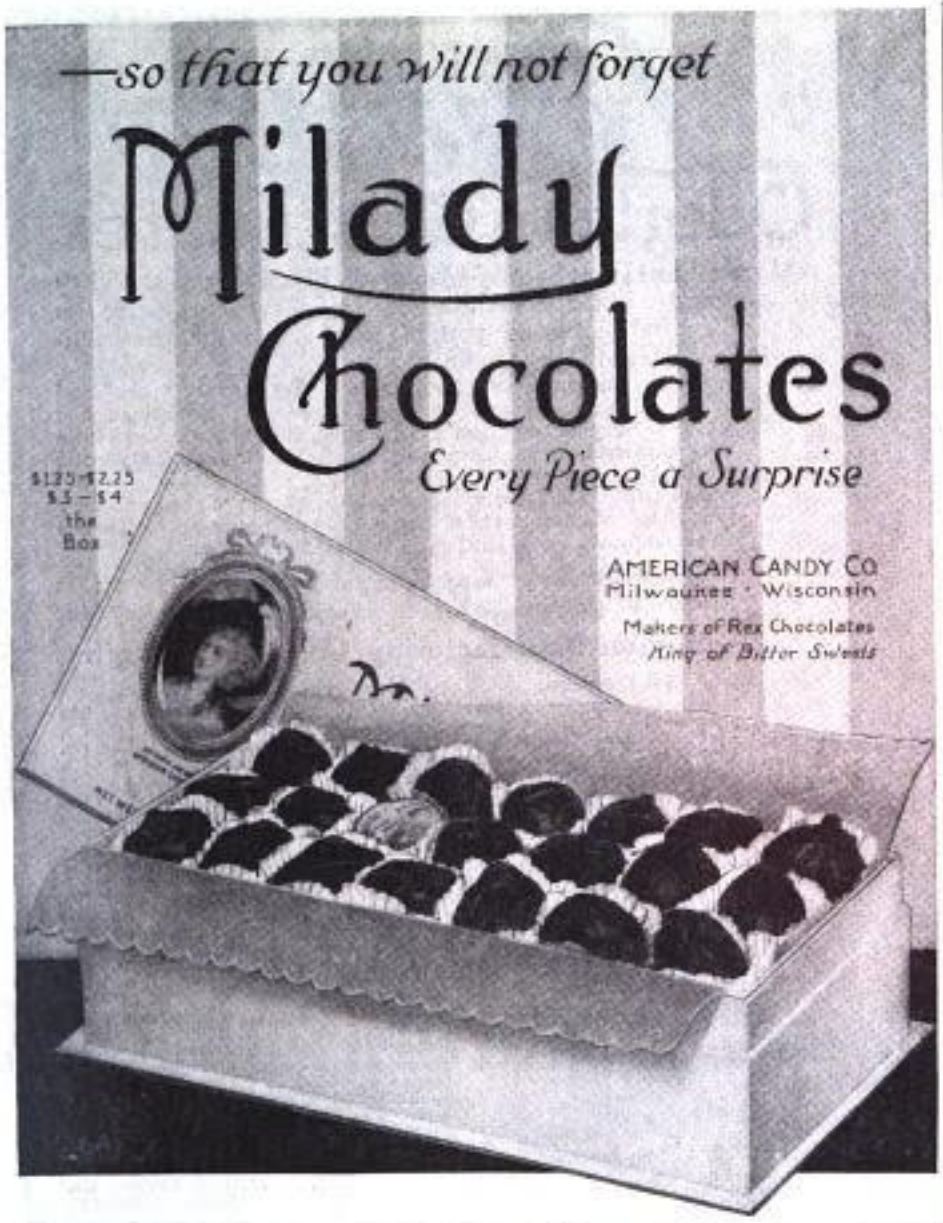
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in the winter you will have your own troubles sorting them out in the spring. That method is better for the large flies, such as bass flies.

The use of snelled flies is decreasing every year, and perhaps will decrease more rapidly now that all angling goods are getting higher priced and more difficult to obtain. Some men like to fish with more than one fly, and I presume there will always be a certain amount of use for the snelled fly, though, with many others, personally I have not used the snelled fly for many years. More than one fly is apt to get tangled up more readily in actual fishing, especially on a brushy stream. The eyed fly is a better investment, as the snell is not there to break off at the head after two or three years, as so often occurs in the snelled patterns. You can carry more eyed flies in the same space of tackle box than you can of snelled, and they are less apt to get entangled. They are distinctly better for keeping, because they may be stowed away in compact form.

Most eyed flies are kept in the metal tackle boxes, where they come in under the little clips. These boxes are practical, though a trifle heavy to carry on the stream if one has a very large assortment of flies. They are good when it comes to keeping out moths in the winter time after the angler is done fishing. None the less and notwithstanding, these boxes do sometimes get a little bent or sprung when one has carried them together in his pockets or his angling bag, so sometimes the edges of the lids do not come tight together. I went to Europe on a trip one time, and when I came back found that I had lost about one hundred and fifty dollars' worth of flies. Just a little carelessness in putting away the fly box had allowed a tiny crevice, into which some busy moths had forced their way.

At different times one has spoken of the value of bicycle tape, or, better yet, of the Z. O. surgeon's tape, which can be obtained at retail, and which is about as indispensable an item in the sporting outfit as anything you can think of. For instance, just the other day in a sporting paper I was reading of a woman's notion about keeping condensed milk in camp—you know how that stuff is going to ooze out after you have punched a couple of holes in the top of the tin. This lady said it was the custom in her camp just to stick a piece of surgeon's tape over these two perforations in the top of the can. It worked perfectly. This is a mighty good thing to remember.

But in regard to metal fly boxes, the tape may also be useful, and I am putting it in use this winter in my boudoir in the following fashion: I paste round all the edges of my metal fly books a strip of this tape. It holds the lid down and absolutely keeps out all moths. Therefore the heathen moth may rage. Worth remembering, very likely.

### *Waders in Cold Storage*

Rubber goods are getting higher and higher in price all the time. How do you keep your wading stockings or trousers? A good many city anglers live in apartments, which usually are steam-heated. A pair of rubber waders may have cost twenty, twenty-five, thirty-five or forty dollars. Two or three winters in a hot closet is apt to kill the life of the rubber and leave them worthless. If you have a cold-storage room or a locker room that is not heated, always keep your rubber boots and waders there and not in a heated apartment. It will add several hundredfold to the length of their lives. Heat and grease are the worst enemies that rubber has.

In these times of high-priced sporting goods perhaps you will want to tie your own leaders. If so you will want to know how to buy high-class gut. The tests of this are fairly well known. A strand of the gut should feel round between the fingers. If you hold it up between your two thumbs and fingers and look along it toward the light it will reflect the light evenly if it is round, otherwise not. It is best to soak gut, especially fine gut, overnight before you begin to tie your leaders. Always test your leaders as soon as they are tied. Not one of them is stronger than its weakest point, and quite often the double leader knot which you have executed so carefully will cut when you put on strain. Keep on retying the broken leader until you know it is sufficiently strong throughout. Don't trust to anything at all except the actual test.

Do you tie your own flies? It is a beautiful art, but one which it were not profitable to undertake to describe here, even with illustrations. I don't know that anyone can learn to tie a fly from reading a book, though a few general ideas may be had therefrom.

Watch some man do it who knows how—that is the easiest way to learn, precisely as it is the easiest way to learn how to cast a fly.

It is very simple to tie the bucktail fly, of which much has been written, but the making of even the standard patterns, such as you see sold commercially, is a far more difficult art. Not one amateur fly-tier in a hundred ever becomes really proficient. I have one friend who weighs two hundred-odd pounds and has a hand on him of very adequate dimensions, yet he ties the most delicate flies I have ever seen and absolutely true to pattern. The art of fly-tying is handed down in Scotland and England from generation to generation. It is wonderful how some of the girls and women in the factories in the old country will tie gross after gross of the most delicate midge patterns, and will have each one absolutely true to the pattern, and therefore each like the other.

Of late the so-called bass-bug or cork-bodied bass fly with feather or bucktail wings and tail has come into rapid vogue. I presume that almost anyone ties flies well enough to make this lure in practical form. A study of it not long ago put the notion in my own mind that this thing would do for trout as well as bass, and I began experimenting, invoking also the aid of all my friends.

It was obvious early in the experiments that when you build a fly which absolutely will float all the time the cork body is too large to be true to the average pattern of the artificial trout fly—that is to say, to the standard idea of how such a fly should look.

We learned also that when you wrap this cork tightly under tinsel or silk it seems to lose a lot of its floating power—it is the size or displacement of the cork body which tends to float the fly, and I believe you will find this for yourself.

### *Hints on Tying Flies*

Curiously enough, it was in far-off California that I got the most help in these experiments. Mr. Charles E. Van Horn, of California, wrote something which may be of interest to others of the craft:

"I could not resist the temptation to monkey a little with the cork proposition. It was like a resurrection. I experimented with a lot of those things many years ago when the cocked-tail and scale-wing flies had their little run. Made them of cork, straw, quills and gut, with rabbit and squirrel whiskers for tails. Also, played with scale wings from my own tarpon; tried the shaded body, three or four shades from belly to back. Had the midge-fly fad all one summer—Numbers sixteen, eighteen and twenty hooks. Found I was covering clumsy casting by using overlight stuff.

"Then came the Halford Up-eyed floater. Fell for that also—one of the first Americans, I think, to play them in American waters. Plenty of opportunity to do the real thing in the New England meadow and Adirondack streams. Then my spread wing bumped me, and I went back nearly to first principles, except for the wing, and am satisfied with it on most of the streams of the country, as it is a good type to float, and can be sunk if necessary.

"As you say, our streams are, most of them and especially our Western ones, too rough for the orthodox dry-fly work, and we Americans are too energetic to follow correct form when other methods get the fish. I work now on the principle that old Doctor Prime laid down, that the fly should not be 'a tame imitation of Nature, but an artistic suggestion of it,' and think now that in rapid water and with a continually moving fly the fish should be offered a fly of general form and color that will suggest some insect that is food, and I think that fully as much depends on the light cast and simulated struggle of a shipwrecked fly done by an experienced hand, as on the pattern, shape or size of the fly, allowing that the fly is seasonable. Of course, the Royal Coachman never has been nor probably ever will be accounted for."

So there was another new notion in flies, where the subject seemed to have been

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exhausted. The so-called spread-wing style is done with a single feather tied on top by the rib at the head of the fly. It has a V cut out of the feather behind, the point of the V at the rib of the feather. Put this sort of wing on a cork-body fly, and dress it up with considerable hackles, and you have a fly which is pretty nearly dry—as near as any fly can be dry which is not very bulky in body. In use I thought these did very well, indeed, and when sometimes the body covering got soaked I found I could dry this fly more quickly than I could the average fly with the heavy hackles. I thought the general resemblance to the floating insect as good as most—perhaps better. But law! law! who knows what a trout wants!

Another Californian, an amateur of observing habits and long angling experience, adds some information about rods which may be worth keeping in mind by cognoscenti. He says:

"The rod you mention—seven-and-a-quarter ounce, ten feet three inches—would, I imagine, be too powerful for me. Anything over nine feet six inches I consider too long for fishing. My favorite rod weighs six ounces, and is nine feet six inches long. There is a spear in the butt, a thing I would not be without on a rod, which weighs one ounce, and the three-and-three-quarter-ounce reel makes an almost perfect balance. I find I can cast as long a line with this as I can fish properly. I am not a spectacular long-distance man. I imagine if I ever attended a tournament I would have to have a handicap of at least thirty feet to get into the also-ran division."

### Some Fine Points

"If one would cast a dry fly accurately at one hundred and ten feet, which is not near the record, the odds are about five to one against hooking a fish if one rose to fly, for the reason that there would be a lot of slack lying on the water, and it would be very difficult to keep a tight line on the fish. Of course, fishing downstream with a wet fly the line is much straighter between the tip and the fly, and there is much better chance of landing a trout with a long line out.

"For dry fly work anything over seventy-five feet is taking chances of pricking the fish and not doing anything else besides scaring him."

The foregoing are words of a fisherman and not a tournament man, and they are very much in accord with the experience of most anglers. As the foregoing writer is an engineer, perhaps we may value also his statements in regard to certain rather technical details as to rods.

Comparing a high-class English rod with a high-class American rod, he finds the center of gravity of the English rod sixteen and a half inches above the upper end of the handle, eighteen inches in the American rod, and has this comment:

"If we allow a distance of three-quarters of an inch from the upper end of the handle to the ball of the thumb, we find that with a five-and-a-half-ounce rod the distance from the ball of the thumb to the balancing point is ten and five-eighths inches for the American, seven and a quarter inches for the English rod. On my rod I used a reel which, together with the line, etc., weighs eight ounces. With this combination I bring the center of gravity, or balancing point, about four inches from the ball of the thumb, which is about right. From the two sets of figures it is easy to realize that unless a fairly heavy reel was used the average tournament rod would be top-heavy.

"The factor of the number of vibrations per minute is one which will tell more about the casting qualities of a rod than any other. A rod with one hundred and five vibrations per minute will be full of pep, but when the vibrations are only ninety to ninety-five you have one of the willowy wands that bend on a graceful curve all the way up, but are not worth a curse for dry-fly work."

The general conclusions derivable from the foregoing will have suggested themselves to the average angler who has taken several degrees in fly fishing. I have myself put about three ounces of lead wire on the inside of my fly-casting reel which I use on one of my more powerful rods. In actual fishing this summer I found that I was hooking trout quite as well as—and it seemed to me better than—was the case ten or fifteen years ago, when my sight was better. I believe that is attributable to the fact that I followed the tip of the above-quoted gentleman, and put this wire in the reel—it makes the motion of the tip of the rod very much quicker, so that one hooks a fish very much more readily at the rise.

How far is top-hole in long-distance fly casting? I don't know. Do you? The records are changing all the time. With a six-ounce fly rod a man not long ago cast a fly one hundred and seventeen feet six inches. With the quarter-ounce bait two hundred and nine feet has been done. With a half-ounce bait, two hundred and seventy-eight feet. A salmon fly has been cast one hundred and forty-eight feet.

As to accuracy in light fly work, it is not in the least unusual to see club records of ninety-nine and fourteen-fifteenths—practically perfect work, so far as accuracy is concerned. Accuracy contests in park work or tournament work I should think more useful than the long-distance work. Long-distance competition has a tendency to dispose a man to use the stiffer rods and heavier tackle.

If you will go to a tournament and watch a man cast over one hundred feet of salmon line you will see a ripple of water ten feet long and six inches wide every time the line is lifted from the water at the end of the cast. That would scare a fish out into the high grass. Still, all this club work certainly does have the virtue of acquainting one with the tools he intends to use, just as the old specialized target range rifle, impossible as it would be as a military rifle, taught many a man how to be a good military shot.

A few records of a Western casting club may not be out of the way, though they are not offered in any way as final: Quarter-ounce accuracy, 99.8; dry fly accuracy, 99.9—also practically perfect casting with the bait rod. It would not be surprising to see a perfect score turned in at any time by some of these persistent practicers of the game.

We are hearing from abroad reports which seem to indicate that the marksmanship of the American soldiers is proving better than that of the European troops. It is not the case, of course, that we are to-day a nation of expert riflemen. There is no more reason for that supposition than for an equal number of men living in the Italian Alps or the Tyrol, where considerable practice is done with rifles on the range and in mountain work. But it is no doubt true that there is more amateur acquaintance with rifles and shotguns in America than in any European country, and perhaps our sport of trap shooting has done a great deal to familiarize the average American with the shotgun. It is absolutely astonishing, the degree of skill which has been attained by some of the high-class professional, and even high-class amateur users of the shotgun.

There are no official records of .trap shooting prior to 1908, but for ten years the Interstate Trap Shooting Association has had available the records of a number of different shooters. Of three men whose records have been kept for ten years one has a combined average of .9652 on more than fifty thousand flying targets fired at. Only twice in ten years did this shooter drop below ninety-six per cent, and three times he bettered ninety-seven per cent. The nearest competitor to him has a ten years' average of .9632; and the third man averaged .9480. There is yet another shooter in America who on a nine years' average never has gone below ninety-six per cent, and twice has passed the ninety-seven per cent average. Yet another has done better than ninety-six per cent for seven years; still another has bettered that for six years; and another has bettered it for five years. One professional trap shooter has averaged ninety-eight per cent for an entire year. A one-armed trap shooter has averaged better than ninety-five per cent for six years. An amateur in five years averaged .9564. The highest point reached by amateurs was gained by a man who averaged better than ninety-seven per cent for three years, his average for four years being .9714.

These figures, which are given without names for obvious reasons, show a degree of skill little less than marvelous. We also have several professional rifle shots in this country, exhibition shots who use the .22 rifle, whose records run right along in the same classes. The excellence of the weapons and ammunition employed by these shooters is well-attested, and their steadiness of nerve and absolute accuracy of correlation show the care that they have taken of themselves, as well as it shows the possibilities of training of the human hand and eye. It is natural that a people which would produce such men as these, and which would be interested in their performances and which would compete with them in their performances, should turn out a great many men to whom rifle or shotgun shooting is a sort of instinct. General Pershing is said to lay great stress upon rifle fire. He knows his men.

A gentleman in British Columbia confirms the statement of an earlier contributor as to the color of a swan's bill in its first year: "On Sumas Prairie I saw a flock of geese, as I thought, on the borders of the lake, and when they started to fly was near enough to knock one over. Upon examination I found the bird of a dirty white; with red-colored legs and bill. A friend who was with me and who had lived on the prairie said that it was a bird that had been hatched that year, and that the legs and bill would be black the next year. That bird was shot in the month of January."

An interesting fact about leather is brought out by another man, an old-time woodsman: "What is said about telling pigskin reminds me that a deerskin, and I believe the skin of any animal that sheds its horns annually, is so porous that you can breathe through it. You can breathe through a buckskin glove or buck leather; or suck air through the same easily. It has been my test for my gloves, leggings and moccasins since I went into the Michigan woods in 1855. The deerskin tanned in the red coat or spring dress is finer, firmer and more durable than that tanned in the blue coat—the fall or winter dress of the deer."

### Twelve-Pound Rainbows

Of course, everyone who has worn buckskin gloves or moccasins knows that very often he has sheepskin or horsehide put off on him. Most of the so-called moose moccasins are made out of horsehide, or even cow leather. Here is where we learn how to apply the buckskin test for the sake of the earnest young salesman. All old-timers know that the best buckskin is made from deer killed in the summer coat, but it is against the law in these times to kill deer at that season, so perhaps we shall have to take our buckskin made out of fall hides, or horsehides, or almost anything else.

I did not myself ever stop to think of the fact that every horn-shedding animal has a skin that is porous when made into leather. The finest of the old skin dresses I ever saw among the Indians were made of the skins of the bighorn and dressed by the Gros Ventre squaws—that tribe always had the best reputation among the old-time plainsmen for making good buckskin. I cannot recall that I ever saw any buckskin made from antelope hides—I should not want to see any, nowadays—but this certainly is an animal which sheds its horns every year. Scientists for some time denied the assertion of the old plainsmen to that effect, but it was long since well established. I have had the horn come off of an antelope in my hand, the pith below appearing covered with fine black specks like hair. This was late in May.

An earnest young angler of New York, by the name of Robert H. Davis, once mildly inquired of me whether there ever was such a thing as a twelve-pound rainbow trout. This morning's mail brings in from Dr. K. Christofferson, of Sault Sainte Marie, a photograph of the record rainbow of the Sault Rapids, nineteen and a half pounds—not, however, taken on the rod. The same gentleman writes that twenty-five thousand rainbow trout have been placed in the Sault Rapids this summer. This was the first time anglers had been permitted to see the rapids for two years, the Government having forbidden approach to the great locks to each and every person, no matter what his intentions might be.

"Believe me," writes this gentleman, "we feasted our eyes upon every detail, and it was with reluctance that we turned away, knowing that we would not see the rapids again until the war is over. There is a big change in them because of the dam across the river above the bridge. The water is very low, and one could wade almost to the center. This will surely make an ideal fly-fishing stream, as we believe there will be sufficient deep holes left to hold the big fellows. So far I have not caught a single trout, but the shad flies are on. Wish we could try the rapids."

## Camping

### By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

QUEER — three old pals like you and Bill and me,
Who've camped so many summer moons together,
Should get our camping half the earth apart
This August weather.

Odd—when our tastes are very much alike,
We've picked such widely different situations—
Though Bill and I have hit the same old trail
Among the hills which seem like close relations.

You know the lake, the long low house of logs;
To every querying leaf you know the answer
In light and shadow on these forest walls;
You—off in France, sir!

You know the Allée Verte, the Golden Pool,
The sunny sand bar where your moose was standing;
You know the way the boats lie up the bank
Among the spruce and alders round the landing.

But Bill and I don't even know the town
Where "A. E. F." means *you*, across the billow;
Yet know it's home—because Old Glory waves
Over your pillow.

A gray old port that Julius Cæsar saw;
A thousand thousand brown-clad warriors, hailing
From shores that Cæsar never heard of; thus
It's all I know — imagination's failing.

I dream of lines of barracks on a hill —
Or is it in a valley?—horses tramping,
Mighty guns rumbling, regiments that drill,
Hoarse orders shouted — is that like your camping?

Ours is another sort; the peaceful days,
The quiet mountains; yet at any minute
We'd leave this heaven for that hell, to be
With you, and in it.

We two can't fight. Though Bill, at fifty-odd,
Hankers to be an ace, through clouds a-kiting;
But War Departments scorn the likes of us;
*You'll* do our fighting.

We think it safe with you; we think *you'll* win
The war, and personally nab the Kaiser;
Yet — only come back safe! We'll never ask
Medals and honors — just your lifted visor.

But if the Great Adventure calls you, lad,
Cutting you free of life's uncertain tether,
You'll wait a while, beyond, for Bill and me?
And then, sometime again, we'll camp together.

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# THE SPITE ATTACK

(Continued from Page 4)

muzzle into my lap and licked my hand. And so we sat in mute companionship, the dog and I, and listened to the pounding of the guns. And it seemed to me that night that the dog had the best of it!

Presently a scream—or, to speak more exactly, a yell—pierced the quiet of the house and brought me, startled, to my feet. It was not a cry of terror or of anguish—nothing at all like that. It was the loud, chesty, rebellious roar of a lusty infant asserting his human rights. But this particular infant was well within the draft limits. Softly I crossed the hall, the dog tagging my footsteps, and opened the door of the operating room. In that brilliantly lighted little theater of healing and pain three tables were occupied, three teams of surgeons were working.

On the table nearest the door a big red-headed young colossus, with the chest and huge freckled arms of a Samson, was just going under ether. Or rather, he was not going to do any such thing if he could help himself. At the head of the table, behind him, sat the anæsthetist. With one hand she held the ether cone over his nose while with the other she poured the ether over the cotton. Perhaps the giant had taken fifteen or twenty whiffs—just enough to decide he didn't like the smell and that he was going to be boss of his nose! At the hot-water tap stood the major, soaping his hands for this new case while the nurse tied on a sterile apron.

As I opened the door the young giant, with a swift twist of his head—the only part of him that was free—whirled the offending cone to the floor. It was for all the world like the action of an obstreperous young colt refusing the bridle. The anæsthetist retrieved it, affixed it firmly to his nose and soaked it in ether.

Sounded a muffled roar: "Stop! Stop, I tell yah! Don't you know how to stop?" More ether. "Stop you!" By this time he was struggling violently. He had taken just enough to be rebellious, and he looked sufficiently strong to rise up and walk off with the table strapped to his back. "I want—I—wanta—wanta ——"

"Easy there, old man," counseled the major reassuringly. "Take it easy."

### Redhead Has His Way

But Redhead did not intend to take it easy or any other way. Another whisk of the head. Off flew the ether cone. This time the major himself picked it up and took the anæsthetist's chair. But before he could readjust the cone the blue eyes in the crimson face beneath opened widely, the giant struggled determinedly and roared in strangled tones:

"I—I—wanta—I wantas-s-s—I wanta—spit!"

The major chuckled as he lifted the cone. "All right, old man, shoot! Now then—count. One — two — three. Louder! Breathe deep. Four—five—six. That's the stuff! Seven. Keep it up! Loud! Ten ——"

The breathing turned into a strong regular snore, and soon the giant had slid fathoms deep into the state of profound unconsciousness. Softly I closed the door.

Some of these men, strong husky youngsters, pulsing with life, hard as nails from their free out-of-door habits, are about as easy to put under ether as would be a wild steer off the range. Every atom of their physical nature rebels at surrendering consciousness. Others go under like lambs. It is largely a matter of temperament. Once a private laughed as they lifted him upon the table, and catching a whiff of ether he chuckled: "Hi! Give me my gas mask!" Then he cuddled the cone comfortably into place over his nose, settled down to snooze, and took the high dive into complete unconsciousness without a single kick.

The next morning broke into one of those exquisite soft mellow days for which this part of the country, called by the French the heart of France, seems celebrated. It was like a perfect rose, a day when Nature, by her clear sheer beauty, seems to shame man for his deeds of anger and blood. Still the ambulances climbed the hill, a steady stream, and vanished to the rear. At the moment, however, they were carrying more gassed than wounded. And thus the surgeons were snatching a rest. One or two of them appeared in the doorway for a moment, pale, with circles under the eyes and heavy lines from nostril to jaw. When they walked, it was slowly, and I had the impression that they might make it on a dead level, but that they would stumble over a pin.

When the major appeared he proposed a walk to the laundry plant. The change of linen on a thousand to fifteen hundred beds a night during a rush means a well-organized washing system—and this hospital had to depend on the village women. We strolled through one of the loveliest woods in France, the branches overhead interlacing into Gothic arches of lucid green, while far above, great white billowy clouds, like graceful schooners under full sail, bowled along through the deep uncharted blue of some unknown port. And as we strolled the major spoke of something extraordinary that had occurred the night before.

"It was a queer piece of psychology," he said, "and I don't know that I can get it over to you. It will probably sound unreal, exaggerated, in this calm morning sunshine. But you must try to realize the setting; try to comprehend the tensity, the strain of that operating room. We had been operating for twenty-four solid hours without a break, upon our men. Fine brave fellows, who went on the table without a groan. Men shot to pieces, horribly mangled, done to death. It's heartbreaking work, if one's got any heart to break. At the end of the night we all felt mighty blue. Then they brought in an American captain, a medical officer, already in a moribund condition. Well, to see one of our own corps in that state touched us pretty close. He was blown to pieces. He hadn't a chance, and he knew it. And the sight of his calm, his high fine courage, hit us hard. But we did what we could for him—which was just nothing at all. After that was over I called out: 'Fetch in the boches!'"

### A Typical Case of Shell Shock

"And as they brought in the first German wounded I was aware of a peculiar atmosphere, a sense of strain, a clear antagonism in the room. It was like a live magnetic current. You cannot conceive—nobody can—the terrific night we'd been through trying to salvage our brave fellows. The emotional stress was stupendous. Well, now we were looking on those who had caused that ruin, and the revulsion of feeling ran high. As the anæsthetist fixed the ether cone in place on the Prussian he said to me: 'Sir, would you consider it a crime if I were just to go on pouring ether on this Hun's nose?'

"That brought a laugh and cleared the strained atmosphere. And we cleaned up their wounded exactly as if they had been our own. But I'll not deny we were glad when it was done!"

Returning to the château the major suddenly stopped and inquired: "Have you ever seen any cases of shell shock?"

I had not, though I had heard of them in the French and British armies.

"We don't know exactly what it is yet," continued the major. "Nobody does. But we have a special American hospital for its treatment. Look here: You see those two chaps crouching down by the steps? They both have it—hard."

I looked. I had noted those two hunched figures before, and had taken them for orderlies, dead with fatigue, snatching a few minutes' sleep. Now I looked closer. And looking closer I perceived it was not fatigue that caused them to squeeze themselves into the smallest possible space; it was not fatigue that caused them to hunch their shoulders and bow their backs as before a storm, draw their heads down into the curved hollow of their chests and try to hide themselves in the ground. It was fear—abject, ghastly, insane fear. They were obsessed, petrified, rendered deaf and dumb—by fear.

The major bent down to one, laid a hand on his shoulder, spoke a friendly word. The man's fixed gaze stared straight through him as if he had been composed of air. He was deaf to reason, deaf to human appeal—but not deaf to the roar of the cannon. For each time that an ambulance rolled by or distant thunder issued from the clouds banking in the western sky his head jerked in the direction of the sound as though pulled by invisible wires. But not one word would he utter. Only his eyes seemed alive.

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(Continued from Page 50)

wild, dark, affrighted. For the moment he was not human, but an effigy galvanized by fear. The noise, the continuous shelling, with probably some additional culminating shock, had temporarily bereft him of reason. For both of these men were unwounded, unscathed.

Later, in the admission ward, with the help of an orderly I induced one of these men to eat. The other patients watched with indifference. They had long since become hardened to uglier sights than that of a man crazed in battle. It was like feeding an infant ostrich. The mouth opened methodically to receive the food, but not one move, not one sound would he make. One hand upheld in air, the index finger raised, marked the tensity of his strained attention. His blue eyes forever darted from side to side. At each distant volley his body trembled and shook. And those straining eyes, full of horror, and that raised index finger followed questing through the air for the sound. It was infinitely pitiful.

"Don't coddle him!" called the major, passing through. "It's the worst thing in the world you can do."

"May I see if I can get him to talk?"

"Certainly. But treat him like an ordinary individual."

"He's afraid to talk," said the orderly, pausing by the stretcher. "He's a nut. He thinks if he opens his mouth the Germans will hear him and send over a shell."

In taking his record I discovered his first name was Thomas.

"Why, Thomas," I said, "I've a brother by that name. What do they call you—Tom?" For the first time his eyes fixed themselves on mine. "No, no, don't point up there!" For now his index finger was lifted toward the canvas roof, upon which the first pattering drops of the storm were beginning to fall, and his wide blue eyes were straining after the sound. "It's raining, Tom," I explained. "Rain, rain, rain. You know what rain is! Now put that hand inside."

### How Tom Came Back

With the faint, troubled smile of a child he obeyed. But the next instant that listening index finger was upraised again in the air. Resolutely I thrust his hand under the blanket.

"Look at me, Tom. Tom! Look!" He brought his strained gaze down from the roof. "Look round you and see where you are. Do you see those nurses? Do you see these beds? You're in a hospital. You're not fighting now. No shells can get you here. So you've got to buck up and feed yourself. We're all busy here. Take your spoon. Now! Can you find the road to your mouth?"

With another smile, infinitely pathetic, he managed to convey a very wabbly loaded spoon somewhere near the region of his face. The second one found the goal. But it was a prodigious effort. The sweat poured off him. His startled blue eyes lost their fixed glare. Still he had not spoken. When finally he finished the soup and started to haul the blanket up over his head I drew it back and tucked it firmly under his chin. And again those blue eyes smiled! And now for the first time he recognized I was a woman. Before then I had simply been a vague irritant which prevented his proper listening.

With hesitation he pointed to his shirt pocket. This was the first movement, unconnected with his obsession, he had made of his own initiative. Thomas was coming on! I drew forth a small worn black leather Testament and laid it in his hands. With trembling fingers, for at intervals he still quaked like a leaf, he opened to a photograph—most obviously himself and his young wife. At sight of this girl looking out at him with frank laughing eyes a ray of joy broke across his troubled countenance. He stared hard, his face working—and then he burst into sobs.

"Who is it, Tom? Your brother?"

He shook his head violently and pointed to himself. And now the fugitive smile reappeared.

"Not you!" I exclaimed in hearty surprise.

He nodded, fully absorbed. But still he would not commit himself to speech.

"Then tell me. Say it. Speak!"

He thumped on his chest to indicate it was himself; his face worked; his eyes begged, implored me not to insist, not to drag him forth from his cellule of silence.

"Who is that, Tom?"

He shut his eyes, opened his mouth, and with the sweat starting out on his forehead he pronounced huskily: "Me!"

The sound of his own voice seemed to terrify him utterly, and again he burst into tears.

"And who is this with you, Thomas—your grandmother?"

Again that ray of vivid joy. No need to ask Thomas' sentiments about his wife! That one look told it all. Again the violent head shake.

"Thomas, it's no use shaking your head at me. You've got to tell me who this lady is!"

And with a tremulous laugh and an effort that brought the tears into his eyes and mine Thomas responded proudly, brokenly: "My wife!"

The ice was broken. In stumbling accents, like a child, Thomas began to talk. And when an hour later he was evacuated back to a base which treats these mental breakdowns it was Thomas himself, from the dark interior of the ambulance where he lay on a stretcher, who called out weakly: "Good-by, miss! Good luck!"

Thus Thomas came back from the land of fear.

Later I went down through the wards searching for the man who had shot himself through the ankle.

"Oh, you mean the S. I. W.?" replied the nurse to my interrogation. "Well, he's keeping pretty quiet this morning. There he is."

"But he's not an S. I. W.," I protested rather faintheartedly. "He told me it was an accident."

"Maybe he did," she retorted with a significant smile.

"Well? Did he confess later?"

"No. Not consciously. But after the operation, while he was coming out from under ether, he gave the whole thing away. He blabbed the entire story before all the men. It seemed he had a grievance against some officer and took this way of getting out from under his command. Somebody," she finished humorously, "ought to tell those S. I. W.'s that they can't get away with those accidental-on-purpose self-inflicted wounds. Lie as they may, when they're put under ether out plumps the truth. All the ward hears it, and the poor devil, regaining consciousness, wonders why it is that all his comrades turn away their eyes or look him up and down with a cold, contemptuous stare. That chap down there is suffering agonies right now. You see he has pulled up the sheet over his head and is pretending to be asleep."

### Cheerful Patients

A word to the wise is sufficient. Those privates who try to take the law into their own hands and change the deal by means of a self-inflicted wound, heed the advice of this friendly nurse—and don't. You can't get away with it. Ether will find your guilty secret out. Fortunately, cases of this type are few and far between.

As the afternoon waned into evening and darkness fell the cannons resumed their bellowing, and the ambulances, which during the day had fallen off, began once more to climb the hill. And this time it was not only gassed that were flowing in but wounded as well. Despite the swiftness and the precision with which the hospital machinery moved the stretchers began to congest, to mass, to lie in the corridors, on the porch, and down on the moon-blanched grass. Men shattered and torn to pieces, patient, incomparably brave, with a smile or a joke for the orderlies who worked among them, lay in the open night under the stars awaiting their turn at the table.

Ah, those dark, silent, blanket-draped figures, lying so still under the moon! Those ghastly pale faces smudged with mud and blood, summoning a smile from their fainting souls as they look up into your eyes! All the papers were glowing with the magnificent deeds of the American heroes. Well, here they were, those heroes, lying before our eyes mangled, torn, bleeding to death with a smile. Somehow in the face of all this the glory and the bombast of those printed eulogies seemed tawdry and cheap.

One of the wounded men on a stretcher called attention to the night. And it was a night worthy of attention. The moon—large, lustrous, flat as an ancient golden plate of Babylon, chased with strange designs—was just appearing over the somber pine woods and drowning the fields and the hospital tents in a glimmering silver mist.


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But it was not the beauty that the private remarked.

"Fine night for a Hun raid!" he observed grimly; and raising himself with effort on one elbow he stared about him at the hospital tents and the château crowded with helpless men. But if this evacuation hospital was to be bombed—which at the moment I did not believe—it would be an act of sheer wanton brutality, of inhuman reprisal because our troops were winning at Château-Thierry. For on a night of brilliant moonshine like this those blanched tents and the huge white cross on the grass—insigne of mercy—were visible at a height of ten thousand feet. No, certainly the Germans would not bomb this hospital. They had bombed other hospitals before, it was true, but they would not bomb this one. Why, they had flown over it dozens of times! Thus we all argued.

The early hours of night passed, to the wounded mortally slow, each second packed to its full weight of agony. Down in the wards the cases already operated on were being settled into their cots and, according to how the ether took them, they were laughing, sobbing or reliving the grotesque scenes of the battlefield. No lights here, save the blanched moon rays which filtered in or the occasional gleam of an electric torch directing the movements of the brancardiers. On the beaten grassy sod of the tent floor their heavy tread fell noiselessly; their voices were hushed; and one sensed rather than saw many presences in that dark place. Some of the men were asleep; some, too ill to sleep, racked by anguish, by thirst or a mortal restlessness, called feebly for a drink. One there was, lying high on his pillows, passing in pain, who punctuated each gasping respiration with a long-drawn "O-o-o! O-o-o!"

### *A Plucky Lad's Letter*

By his side another, obviously coming out of ether, babbled, babbled ceaselessly, in dull drugged tones. A nurse sat by him.

"Say," his voice, weak, dragging, half submerged in unconsciousness, came out of the dark, "are—are you—my mother?"

"No, boy. Go to sleep."

Again the submerged, dragging voice: "Don't seem—to have no appetite—for sleeping. . . . Fine appetite—for fighting. . . . No appetite—for sleep. . . . Haven't slept—I don't know when. . . . Shelling. Say, they murdered us—in that wood ——"

"Sh!" whispered the nurse. "There's a man in the next bed that's pretty bad who's trying to sleep. You wouldn't like to wake him, would you?"

"Sure not!" He caught hold of the soothing hand and held it fast with the instinctive tenacious grip of a drowsy baby. "Worse off than me, is he? . . . I've not got much the matter with —— Oh, God!"—this in a high wrenched voice of clear agony—"what have you done to me? I can't—I can't move!"

"Sh! It's all right. But you mustn't try to move, boy! Lie right still."

"Awright! . . . Say, did you say you was my mother?"

"No."

"I knew you wasn't my mother! But you kind of sound—like her. . . . But she's far away from here—I know that. . . . Can't fool me! . . . I'm in a hospital. Say, are you my sister?"

"No. I'm the nurse. Try to sleep, old top."

"Awright—anything to please a lady. . . . Say, my mother'd hate to see me like this, wouldn't she? . . . Say, the folks at home don't know a damn thing about this war—what goes on up there. . . . I'm not going to write to my mother about being here. . . . What's the use? . . . Did you say that guy in the next bed was worse off than me?"

"Yes."

"Is that him making that noise in his throat?"

"Yes. Does it bother you?"

"Hell, no! Say, ask him what his outfit is. . . . Maybe he got his in that wood along with me." Suddenly, before the nurse could thwart him, he sprang to a sitting position and shouted in a strong, clear voice: "Say, are they any fellows here from my outfit?"

"What's your outfit?" came a husky voice from across the aisle.

"Blank machine guns. Battery C."

No reply.

"Wait until morning," soothed the nurse as she eased him gently back again.

"Then you can look up your comrades. And don't move quick like that again, sonny. It's bad for you. It might start you to bleeding. Lie still. Try to sleep."

"Don't want to sleep. . . . Any fool can sleep. . . . Say, do you know why they didn't answer when I called out to see if any of my outfit was here? . . . It's because there ain't any of the outfit left but me! . . . The whole blank division's gone—wiped out—shot to hell. They murdered us in that wood ——"

"Sh! Sh! There's lots left up there, boy! Don't you fret. They're cleaning the boches right out. We're so proud of you we can't see straight. Now go to sleep. Try. Just a little. Won't you try?"

"Awright! . . . Say, you sound an awful lot like my mother. . . . Can I have a drink? . . . More."

"It'll make you sick, boy. Now lie still . . . still . . . still . . . very . . . ve-ry ——"

"Say!"

"Sh!"

"No, but say—I want to say something. . . . Will you write a letter to my captain?"

"Yes, in the morning."

"No—right now. I want you to send it off right now—before they move out."

"All right, old man. What do you want to say?"

"Write this:" The voice was clear and smooth now.

"'*Dear Captain:* I'm so sorry I disappointed you that I can't sleep. I'm trying, but I can't. I'm here in the hospital. They've took off my leg, I think, but I'm not sure yet. But what I wanted to say was this: I gave the orders just as you told me. But the damn cooks ran away. I couldn't much blame them. The Huns would have shot them to hell if they'd stayed. But I gave the orders, exactly as you said. I wanted you to know.'

"That's all."

Still holding the nurse's hand he appeared to drowse. She breathed a sigh of relief, and gently, very gently, sought to disengage herself. Instantly the grip tightened. And the private's voice, quiet, utterly rational, sounded out of the dark:

"Say, you know my captain—he was killed. He was standing just a little way in front of me as I came up to give my report, and a shell busted straight in front of us and tore his whole ——"

"Sh! Sh!"

"My captain, he was a fine captain. . . . He—sure was kind—to us—all ——"

### *Bombs Begin to Fall*

The voice, weak, dragging, came to a halt, paused, died away. At last the boy slept.

And now the tremulous moaning sigh of the dying man was the only sound in the ward.

"O-o-o! O-o-o! O-o-o!" He was passing fast on his lonely road.

It drew on toward midnight. The moonlight, now at full strength, bathed the tents and the road in a radiant silvery flood. Down behind the wards a grove of somber pines seemed to draw all the darkness of the night into its own heart and leave the surrounding air clear and pale like a halo. One expected to see fairies with lustrous iridescent wings and morning-glory skirts come trooping out from that solemn enchanted wood to dance among the crimson poppies.

On the rear porch of the château the line of waiting stretchers had been moved inside. The stream trickled, man by man, through the X-ray room into the operating theater. There, under a brilliant concentrated light, the surgeons toiled, without ever glancing up, under a tremendous pressure. But they were catching up with the game.

Suddenly, between the moon and the blanched earth, whirled a monstrous black shape. Lower and lower it swooped. And now the air was filled with a terrible vibrating hum. The interrupted drone of twin motors chanted louder and louder. It became an enveloping, stupefying roar. Not continuous, but rhythmical, rising and falling, savage beating waves of sound.

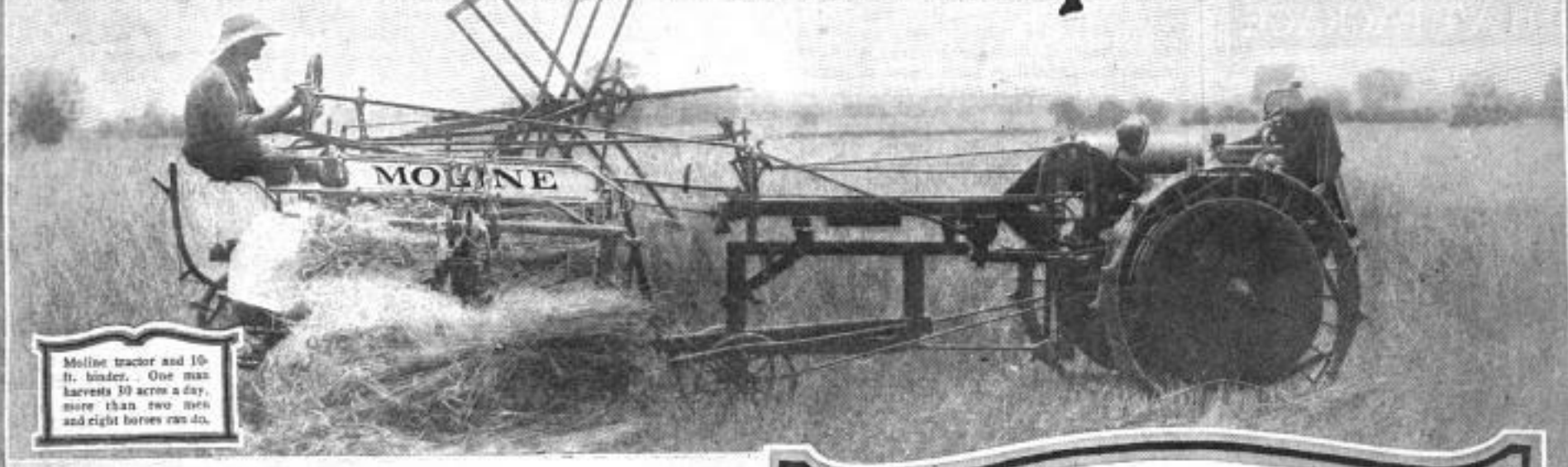
C-r-r—ash! A blinding flash. All creation seemed to go up in the earth-shaking roar of explosion. The air was black with acrid smoke.

C-r-r—ash! Again. A tent, struck squarely, was slit to ribbons. Terror insensate, blind, gripped one by the throat.

*(Concluded on Page 56)*

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# "It Solves the Farm Help Problem"




Moline tractor and 10-ft. binder. One man harvests 30 acres a day, more than two men and eight horses can do.



One man cultivates 14 to 20 acres a day with the Moline-Universal tractor, more than two men and four horses.



Plows 9 acres a day in average plowing, equal to the work of two men, two gang plows and ten horses.

THE Moline-Universal Tractor doubles a farmer's efficiency and reduces the use of horses to a minimum. Now when farms are drained of labor the Moline-Universal Tractor fills the breach and enables fewer men to produce more food. In Iowa, for instance, a corn farm of 400 acres is now operated with two men, two Moline-Universal Tractors and one team. Heretofore this farm required from 4 to 5 men and 8 to 10 teams. This instance is by no means exceptional, as many 160-acre farms are now operated by one man, a Moline-Universal Tractor and a single team. This is possible with the Moline-Universal Tractor because—

*(1) It does all farm work, INCLUDING CULTIVATING.*

*(2) It attaches direct to the implement, forming one compact unit. ONE MAN controls both tractor and implement from the seat of the implement, where he should sit in order to do good work.*

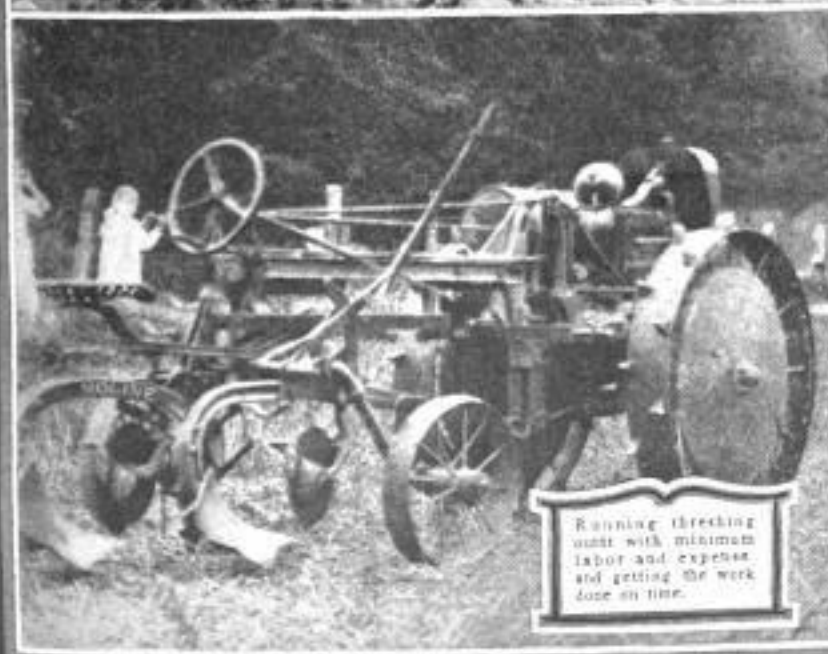
*(3) It has PLENTY OF POWER for all heavy work, yet is light enough to run economically on light jobs. We rate it at 9 h. p. on the drawbar and 18 h.p. at the belt. Under official test at the National Tractor Demonstration at Salina, Kan., it developed 20.05 h.p. on the drawbar and 26.48 h.p. at the belt—1 h.p. on the drawbar for each 169 lbs. of weight, establishing a new record in tractor efficiency.*

Far-sighted business men are recognizing the wonderful sales possibilities of the Moline-Universal Tractor and Moline power farming implements. Our new factory, which is the largest and best equipped exclusive tractor factory in the world, is working to full capacity, and we are now in position to add a limited number of progressive dealers.

Every person interested in increasing food production with less help will find our tractor catalog interesting. Send for it. Address Dept. D.

**Moline Plow Co., Moline, Ill.**

*Manufacturers of Quality Farm Implements since 1865*



Running threshing outfit with minimum labor and expense and getting the work done on time.



# MOLINE UNIVERSAL TRACTOR

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(Concluded from Page 54)

"The boches! They're bombing us! They're bombing the hospital!"

Screams, groans, horror indescribable. Men with broken arms and legs threw themselves out of their beds, sought refuge underneath. Wounds broke open. A shell-shock patient sprang from his cot with a crazy yell and ran out into the night. Down, down, he rushed, panting, down into the heart of those black pines. Another shell-shock case flew to a heap of army blankets in the corner and burrowed out of sight. He fancied he was in a dugout. An orderly who kept his head found time to bend down and tuck his feet in, saying: "Now they won't find you, old sport!"

A high shrill scream. Another. The wounded were being hit again. The dark air was filled with death. Pieces of shrapnel hurtled through the air like knives. The tent walls gaped with holes like a sieve. And still that deafening roar of twin motors, which seemed settling right on their heads. An orderly standing in the moon-blanched road scuttled like a rabbit to cover. He flung himself under the wheels of an ambulance. And there his destiny found him. A piece of shrapnel passed through his body. His soul took instant flight.

Up in the operating room the surgeons worked on, their faces the color of chalk. Whang! Whang! Pieces of metal bit into the iron shutters. The windows splintered into a million shards. One flying bit of shell whizzed through the air, less than four feet from Major M—— and lodged in the opposite wall. The orderly fled in blind panic.

"Hi! Go and stand in the corner for a dunce!" commanded the major sternly. Turning to his surgeons he said: "Come on, men. We can't let our patients suffer!" and faced back to the table. His cheerful sang-froid stiffened the nerve of them all. The orderly crawled out from his corner. The nurse handed round tin hats. Silent, they bent to their tasks.

And still overhead the terrific ear-splitting bourdon, the infernal interrupted drone of a machine swooping down to less than three hundred meters in order to make no mistake! C-r-r—ash! Another blind, earth-rocking roar. It was the third bomb. And again it hit the mark. Luckily it was the recreation tent—and nobody was playing just then! Good-by, phonograph. Good-by, comfortable easy-chairs! Screams from the adjoining tent as the whistling missiles flew.

But by now another blessed racket had set up. Crack! Crack! Crack-crack! The antiaircraft guns began to bellow from a dozen concealed points. Sparks of fire burst in the clear upper air. Would the boche plane drop its fourth bomb? One waited in anguished suspense. And now that infernal vibration began to lift; the savage rhythmical whir sounded less and less fierce, died down, faded away. The French guns had scared the intruder off.

The surgeons straightened backs, which despite themselves had humped beneath the iron hail, drew deep breaths, and smiled at each other with lips that were still a trifle stiff.

"Scared pea green!" admitted one.

"Thought it was going to roost on the rooftop all night."

"Gee! Some roar!"

Yes, it was over. It had lasted just six minutes! For six eternity-long minutes hell had yawned wide. Then, suddenly as it came, the danger had passed.

Major M—— settled his tin hat firmly on his head and, looking like a mandarin in his long white blouse, started forth to estimate the damage and collect the rewounded for operation. Fortunately one of the large tents which had been struck square amidships was empty. Here twisted beds, gutted mattresses, bits of uniforms and tatters of clothes were pasted over the landscape as if a degenerate monster had been at play. In another ward he discovered the patients down on all fours, just clambering out from under cover.

"What's all this? What are you doing under those beds?" demanded the major in mock severity.

An Irishman poked out his head from his refuge, but cautiously, like a tortoise emerging from its shell.

"We were blown here, sir!" he explained solemnly.

The burst of laughter that followed this mendacious sally cleared the atmosphere. With the aid of nurses and orderlies the patients were got back to bed; shattered nerves were soothed by sleeping potions; the rewounded victims carried up to the château; one shell-shock case was retrieved from his dugout and the other from the wood; the dead orderly was tenderly borne away; the wounded nurse, struck in the side by flying metal, brought in for operation—and a semblance of peace settled down once more over the hospital.

Up in the operating room Joe, one of the toughest little toughs that the Bowery ever reared, and one of the gamest sports, was being prepared for the table. He was one of the bomb victims. By a perverse freak of fate a second piece of shrapnel had reentered his old wound. He had been struck twice in exactly the same spot. And as that spot was a sizable hole in his back, and as he had already acquired pneumonia to boot, Joe was staggering under the envious darts and slings of a very adverse circumstance indeed. He had grim need for all of his toughness now!

"Them blanky dash boches," commented Joe weakly to the orderly who was stripping him, "they ain't no slouches when it comes to hittin' de mark. Look at me now. They had two shells wit' my name on, and both of 'em found me out. And I ain't no general, nor yet a colonel—dem big guys is easy to find. What's more, them two shells pinked me twice in de same spot—a double bull's-eye. Can youse beat it? If they got a toid shell wit' my name on it—it's good night, chicken, wit' Joe!"

"If they've got a third shell with your name on it, kiddo, you call an alibi," advised the orderly.

"I'm a-callin' one right now, friend, and don't you fergit it," retorted Joe earnestly. "I ain't takin' no chances wit' dem blanky dash boches!"

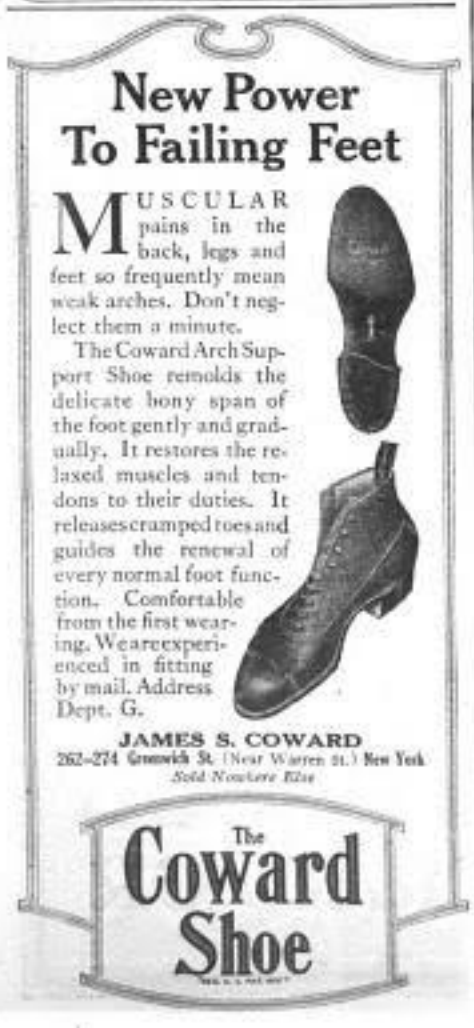
They lifted him onto the table.

Outside, the moon, high, pale, tranquil, drenched the dark earth with a silvery flood. The somber pines sucking the blackness from the surrounding air still seemed the abode of enchantment. It appeared incredible that a short half hour ago this quiet landscape had witnessed such an atrocious deed. The raid had been an act of wanton, inhuman brutality. In honest, open warfare the Americans were winning at Château-Thierry, and in revenge the Huns had wreaked their rage on helpless wounded men. It was a futile, insane act.

Nor did it achieve its end—to terrorize the enemy. On the contrary, that enemy, with a white flame of wrath burning high in its heart, kept steadfastly on with its appointed work. The surgeons, the nurses, the orderlies, the drivers—redoubled their vigilant care. The ambulances continued to rumble in, a steady stream. From their dark interiors stretchers were lifted gently out and deposited on the grass. Again it was a wave of gassed. Among them moved orderlies and nurses with food and soothing lotions for the burns. When the tents were filled the lighter cases lay out on their blankets under the moon. It was like a vast gypsy encampment. The men leaned on their elbows, drank hot coffee and talked of horrible, grotesque, fantastic and sanguinary things in low, level, dispassionate tones as if they were discussing the weather.

Up there the battle still raged with a ferocious violence unconceived of in far-away safe America. Overhead the sullen German cannon still boomed and boomed and boomed.

And still the Americans advanced—advanced—advanced!



# OLD THRIFTY

(Continued from Page 15)

Morgan's pot? Why, it's Fritz Bender, the banker, the man who's got rich off your sweat. He can't get any favors from the big banks unless he does as Morgan tells him to, so he's blowing the bugle and waving the flag and shearing the sheep."

All of which furnished Mr. Penrose with food for thought. Returning to the hotel he found his fat, lazy and loquacious landlord comfortably disposed in an ancient rocking-chair under the wooden awning in front. He surmised that this landlord would be a reservoir of local history, so he drew a chair alongside. His surmise proved correct. All he had to do was turn the spigot and the landlord flowed copiously. Before the evening meal was announced Mr. Penrose knew practically all there was to be known about Fritz Bender—and incidentally about Karl Bopp, the socialist orator of the post-office steps.

While acquiring this information the cashier now and then combed down his shiny brown mustache with the ends of a thumb and forefinger, and now and then toyed with his curly beard. His mind was very busy indeed, for his situation was as unpromising as a man's could well be, and for a week, like a wild animal in a cage, he had been restlessly seeking a way out. He was very thoughtful during the evening meal and finally decided—on the principle of any port in a storm—to spend the evening in an attempt to form the acquaintance of Karl Bopp.

It proved even easier than he had expected. Sauntering up Main Street in the direction of a little tobacco shop and pool room that the landlord had mentioned he encountered the object of his particular interest sauntering down street and talking out of the corner of his mouth to the red cheeked, bespectacled, sternly frowning young man who had stood beside him on the post-office step. From listening to the landlord Mr. Penrose knew that this younger man was son of the cashier of Fritz Bender's bank, and noticeably attentive to Fritz Bender's granddaughter.

Mr. Penrose planted himself in front of the sauntering pair and addressed the older with a genial air:

"Excuse me, I'm a stranger here, but I heard you talking on the post-office step this afternoon and you said some things that interested me. I'd never heard them put that way before. I'm a business man and don't get time to read as much as I'd like to, but when I find anybody that I think I can get some useful information out of I like to take advantage of it. If you're not above talking with strangers and have a few minutes to spare I'd like to ask you a question. I'll walk back down street with you, if you don't object."

He was beaming broadly as he said it, like a soul as friendly and guileless as Santa Claus; and to the orator this was grateful as water to a thirsty traveler in the desert. This stranger was considerably older than himself; his clothing suggested a station in the world decidedly above that of haphazard Grundyville street-corner audiences. A deep gratification warmed the younger man. His receding face expanded widely in a flattered smile and he extended a bony hand, introducing himself and his companion by name.

As they started down the street, three abreast, Mr. Penrose began with the earnest manner of a man bracing his faculties to grapple with a difficult problem.

"You said that no matter how good crops were, or how high prices were, all the profits of farming were bound to go, in the end, to the big capitalists. Now I've noticed that it did generally work out that way more or less; but I'd like to know how you figure out a rule that makes it work out that way."

Karl was immediately and luxuriously at home—feeling a sort of gratitude to the stranger for bringing up that particular phase of the general subject, because, in fact, he had just read a book about it. He began with the introduction, and his little-emphasized talk flowed on. Now and then he repeated his habitual gesture—a loose-jointed outflung motion of the hand as of one easily disposing of a light object. The flow of language was scarcely interrupted as they sat down on the wooden bench in front of the hotel, to which Mr. Penrose had led the way.

Listening, the cashier now and then sagely nodded or looked round with an air of surprise and admiration as the force and novelty of an idea struck him. Now and then he asked a question. Young Otto Dorn, sitting on the other side of Karl Bopp—with his frown of intense determination—now and then threw in a remark. But largely it was a monologue. At times it gave Mr. Penrose the suggestion of perpetual motion.

As twilight began to thicken the young disciple exhibited signs of restlessness, and presently with a mumbled apology took himself away—for he was to see Mina that evening, and at twenty-one there are limits

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(Continued from Page 56)

even to a Socialist's devotion to abstract ideas. That gave Mr. Penrose an opportunity to inquire about the youth, and Karl enlightened him in the manner of an indulgent master speaking of an apt pupil. Soon after, Mr. Penrose brought up the subject of banking, and for an hour Karl expounded the rôle which that art played in the great tragedy of capitalistic exploitation.

"I'm a banker myself," the listener finally confessed, "and I've often been struck by what you say about bankers—that they're men of mechanical minds. I know a good many bankers and I don't believe there's a man in the lot who understands any more than a wooden Indian about the real principles of it. I bet there wouldn't be three men in a bankers' convention that ever heard of Kratsky."

"Kautsky," Karl corrected him good-naturedly.

"Yes, Kautsky," Mr. Penrose resumed. "I've often been struck by that myself. I go on doing things day after day, you see, without ever thinking, or knowing, how"—he strove to recall a fit phrase and compromised by making a wide, stiff-armed gesture and adding—"how they will pan out. I'm satisfied there ought to be, on the board of directors of every bank, a man who's studied all those things and knows the history and theory of it all. I believe it would be a better bank if it had a man on the board who could tell the other directors what things really meant."

"Why, undoubtedly," Karl replied, as though his companion were saying that twice two are four.

"The mechanical part of banking, now," Mr. Penrose observed, "counting up the money and making the loans and all that—why, anybody can do it with a little training. But the history and theory—that takes a lot of ability and study."

Karl brushed a hand across his waving pompadour and replied by way of a modest illustration: "I've spent ten years at it. I took up the study of economics in a serious way when I was eighteen, and I've been at it ever since."

"I can see by your talk that you've worked hard," the cashier replied gravely. He combed his mustache and repeated like a man fully convinced: "Yes, sir; I believe there ought to be a man like that on the board of directors of every bank."

It was eleven o'clock when the new-found friends tore themselves apart. Going up to his clean, cheaply furnished little bedroom Mr. Penrose sat down on the one chair and thought over the events of the day. Then he laughed without making a sound.

Next morning Mr. Penrose introduced himself to Fritz Bender, and the two spent the forenoon going over the affairs of the little bank and discussing the purchase. The cashier found it an admirably managed concern with first-class assets, a considerable part of which were of such a nature that they could be promptly converted into cash. Fritz owned twenty thousand dollars of the capital stock, the remaining five thousand dollars being nearly all owned by Hermann Dorn, the cashier. They agreed upon thirty-five thousand dollars as the purchase price.

Mr. Penrose explained that he was acting not for himself but for two wealthy clients of the Tanners' National Bank of Oakum, who were investing heavily in small country banks because—with all this ferment of Socialism and the high taxes that seemed to be coming—they considered such investments the safest that could be made. Though he was authorized to act he thought it best to run back to Oakum for a couple of days in order to secure the express sanction of his principals. He left affairs in that juncture with a promise to reappear Friday and conclude the deal.

And after taking leave of the banker he had an hour and a half in which to fulfill the engagement with Karl Bopp that he had made the night before.

The following Thursday he dropped off the afternoon accommodation train at Southley, five miles from Grundyville, where he remained for supper. Completing the journey by automobile he arrived at the Grundyville House just after dark and went at once to a bedroom. At half-past eight Karl Bopp strolled into the shabby little hotel office, found it empty as he had expected, noted the number of Mr. Penrose's room on the register, went upstairs and tapped at the door.

It was rather warm upstairs and Mr. Penrose had removed his coat and vest. He greeted his long-faced, slope-shouldered young friend with the warmest cordiality, even calling him by his first name as they shook hands; but he spoke in a subdued tone and peeked into the hall to make sure no one was there before closing the door.

Favoring Karl with a jolly wink and beaming as though they were engaged in a humorous conspiracy, he explained: "As I told you before, it's foolish to stir up a lot of talk and prejudice beforehand. We want to keep it strictly under our hats until it's all done. Then we'll come out and say, 'Here it is; it's done,' and people will accept it." He expanded his mouth, laughing at people's foolish docility, but the laughter was only a sort of dry cackle.

Karl's large loose mouth also expanded in humorous appreciation, and he replied lightly, "Sure! They've got to be led like children."

"Our young associate understands what he's to do?" Mr. Penrose inquired more gravely.

And Karl lightly replied, "Oh, yes; Otto understands it. The boy's got a good head."

The resources of the room in the way of furniture were very limited. "Suppose you pull the chair up here by the bed," Mr. Penrose suggested. "Then I'll sit on the bed and we can look things over together."

He then extracted from his brown bag a big envelope that seemed to be full of papers and sat down on the bed.

"You see into these things without anybody having to explain 'em to you," he began flatteringly. "As you said, finance is nothing more than passing round pieces of paper. That's all there is to it—just handing slips of paper round. It's only farmers and workingmen that plank down real money when they buy things. Smart people just scratch off a piece of paper. You understand it as well as Morgan does. All I need do now is just to explain the mechanics of the thing to you."

With that he drew a handful of papers from the envelope, arranged them on the bed and launched into the mechanical explanation. As he had anticipated, Karl readily comprehended the principles involved and needed only some drilling on the mechanical details. After two hours they separated, both highly satisfied and looking hopefully to the morrow.

At a quarter to twelve next day young Otto Dorn was waiting nervously in Art Bentley's, where there was a cigar stand up in front; then a small, ancient and fly-specked soda-water fountain; then a rather dilapidated pool table. An air of frowsiness pervaded the little establishment, and evenings the air was apt to be thick with tobacco smoke; but at a quarter to twelve business was stagnant. Besides the proprietor, who sat with his feet up, reading the sporting page of a newspaper, the only occupants were Otto and Eph, colored hostler at the Grundyville House livery stable, who was languidly practicing shots on the pool table.

Otto had been waiting there more than an hour, momentarily expecting a message either by telephone or messenger. So when the telephone rang at a quarter to twelve he bounded up, saying to the proprietor, "Guess that's for me."

The message was for him, but by no means what he had expected; for as he applied the receiver to his ear the guttural voice of Mina's grandfather greeted him:

"I want you should come over to the bank, Otto. Come back to my room. I be waiting for you there."

A panicky sensation assailed the young man. How, he wondered, did Mina's grandfather know that he was waiting in Art Bentley's? With a foreboding that something had gone wrong, and with tingling pulses, he hastened down street to the bank. When he entered it, only his father, the cashier, was in the neat banking room—behind the paneled-oak counter. His father seemed disturbed and threw an anxious, questioning glance across the counter at him. But in his own disturbance and uncertainty Otto didn't wish to talk to his father. With averted eyes he hastened down the outside of the counter to the president's plain little office at the rear.

The president was waiting for him there, standing by the desk in the center of the room. He was old and heavy, his sparse white hair in the usual disorder and his bushy mustache in the usual need of trimming. His face was deeply seamed and his baggy old clothes seemed never to have had any pretension to style. The tarnished collar button that fastened his limp collar showed, for he wore no necktie. Yet this rustic figure was strangely disconcerting to the young man. He felt a formidable mass and weight in it, as though it were made of solid, enduring stuff. Ideas that had been rioting in his head half an hour before seemed to break foolishly against it like soap bubbles against a wall.

The old man greeted him merely with a nod, motioning to a seat at the desk, and Otto dropped into the chair with a good deal the fluttered feeling of an urchin under the minatory eye of the schoolmaster. When Fritz deliberately seated himself on the other side of the desk the simple act was somehow like formally calling a court to order. Fritz's guttural voice carried a tone of heavy and ominous sarcasm:

"You ain't expecting to meet me here, Otto. You're expecting to meet your friend, Mr. Penrose, and your other friend, Karl Bopp. You're expecting they're going to elect you director of the bank. That's fine job for you. You're fine chap to be director of a bank, too, Otto. But your friend, Mr. Penrose, has got another engagement from electing you director of a bank. A good United States bank examiner has got him—with handcuffs. He's going along to the penitentiary. We got to see now what we should do with you in the mess you get yourself into. I like to have your opinion about it."

As Otto's panicky forebodings that something had gone wrong resolved themselves into a far more menacing shape than he had ever thought of, the color faded in his youthful face and in a horrified paralysis he could only stare stonily across the desk, and swallow.

"You maybe be on your way to the penitentiary, too, Otto," Fritz resumed ruthlessly. "It's due to you from your own acts." He waited an instant and added, with no sign of yielding: "I ain't told your father yet. I want to hear what you got to say for yourself first; then I make up my mind."

"Why—I was to be a director temporarily," Otto confessed confusedly; "just temporarily—until they found somebody to take my place. Karl was to be a director. He thought it would be a fine thing for him—give him standing with the people. Probably he wanted the salary too. Mr. Penrose promised him twelve hundred a year. Of course, I wanted to help him if I could. I was to be a director temporarily—just to help out. Of course, that was to be after Mr. Penrose bought your stock—when he owned the bank. I supposed he could put me in for a director if he wanted to—when he owned the bank. I didn't mean to do anything dishonest. You don't think I'd do anything dishonest, Father Fritz?" he pleaded—it being the first time he had called Mina's grandfather by that name in quite a while. Yet there was nothing really disingenuous about his so calling him now. It was merely that in his tribulation he instinctively reached out a hand to this solid old man.

"I know you did something dishonest," Fritz replied remorselessly. "I got the proof of it."

Opening a drawer he took out an engraved slip of paper and laid it on the desk where Otto could stare at it.

"You mean to tell me you didn't write that check and sign that name to it?" he demanded.

Like everything else about the affair, that engraved slip of paper now looked momentously different from the way it had looked before. In Fritz's hands it somehow took on a color entirely different from the color it had worn in Mr. Penrose's hands.

Otto could only stammer: "Why, yes; I did write the check. Mr. Penrose said that was the usual way. Karl said it was all right. They said financing things was always done that way—just making out a slip of paper. Mr. Penrose said it was the usual way. He said he meant to have his office boy sign the checks before he left home, but forgot it. He said anybody could do it—it didn't matter as long as there were two checks. Karl wrote a check too," he added, brightening a bit, as though that were a telling point.

"I know about Karl's writing," the old man replied with his ominous sarcasm.

"I want to know about you now. Somebody tells you it's the usual way to sign another name to a check on a bank where you ain't got any money; and you do it. How long you think you keep out of jail on such plan as that?"

Otto's blond head dropped and he muttered miserably: "They said it was all right. I supposed Mr. Penrose knew. You see, as soon as Mr. Penrose took charge of the bank he was going to tear up the checks. They weren't to be used at all. He said that was the usual way—just something to make a showing. Karl was sure it was all right."

"Then why you disguise your hand when you write that check?" Fritz demanded.

(Concluded on Page 61)




"You Maybe be on Your Way to the Penitentiary, Too, Otto," Fritz Resumed Ruthlessly

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# Conservation

## It's your duty to get every last ampere out of your old battery







It is the duty of each and every one of us to conserve all labor and material in every way possible.

If you neglect your battery, if you don't care how you drive your car, if you wear out the heart of its electrical system—you are working against your country's interest.

*Therefore:*

Don't neglect the hydrometer test.

Don't neglect filling with pure water.

Don't overwork, overheat or starve your battery.

Don't face the winter without letting us look over your battery and tell you if it needs attention.

Don't forget to call on us and get complete information on how to prolong your battery's life.

*Willard Service.*




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(Concluded from Page 59)

Still more miserably Otto fumbled: "Well, Mr. Penrose said that would be the better way. Karl did it too. He said of course it wouldn't look right to have the checks in Karl's hand and mine—we should disguise our hands. But as he was going to tear the checks up right away it wouldn't matter."

"It was to fool me, Otto," Fritz retorted bluntly. "Penrose was to pass the checks on me, I mustn't know you and Karl had written 'em. It was to fool me. Was there nothing in your heart, boy, that told you that was wrong?"

And Otto blurted: "I didn't like to do it, Father Fritz. I didn't like to do—any of it. But I wanted to help Karl. I thought Mr. Penrose knew. He said it was all right. Karl seemed to know it was all right. I didn't want to seem—foolish and green by hanging back when they said it was the usual way."

Fritz waited a moment and commented: "That's about what I thought. A stranger comes along and tells you it's fashionable to forge checks. You don't want to seem green, and you want to help Karl. That's a fine recommendation for a bank director, Otto."

He let that sink in for another moment, and resumed:

"Your friend, Mr. Penrose, has been stealing from the bank he's cashier of. Probably he's been stealing for a long while and speculating. Probably he wins something and pays back and then steals again. By and by it gets so big he can't cover it up any more. They found already forty thousand dollars he's stolen. He's pretty sure to get found out next time the bank examiner comes in, which may be any day. He's desperate for some way to get out of it. He sees my advertisement of this bank for sale and he thinks it's pretty good idea to come down here and get hold this bank and lift forty, fifty thousand dollars good bonds and commercial paper out of it and cover up what he's short in his bank in Wisconsin.

"What he's short up there means penitentiary if he's found out. But he's mighty smart in that crook kind of way that ain't ever very smart after all. He thinks he can juggle things down here so the criminal law can't touch him. He comes down here and he makes acquaintance with Karl Bopp. He's smart enough to see that with such an idiot like Karl Bopp and such another idiot like you it might be pretty easy to juggle it round. He'll make you two directors and then he'll tell you what to do, because he knows all about the inside workings of a bank and you two don't know anything. He'll show you the 'usual way.'" Fritz emphasized those words with heavy sarcasm.

"He'll have you vote a loan of a thousand dollars to a wooden Indian in front a cigar store; and two thousand to tailor-shop dummy; and two thousand, maybe, to a wax head in a milliner's window, and so on. With you two fine directors it take him about forty, fifty minutes to get the forty, fifty thousand dollars he wants, and probably the law can't touch him for it at all. Anyway he got all the chances of good long fight with the law, and if he gets caught up there in Wisconsin he ain't got any more chance than a rat in a trap. You bet it looks pretty good to him.

"So he gets hold Karl Bopp and flatters him till he's all blowed up like ten-cent balloon—and just as easy to handle. And Karl Bopp gets hold you like I pull the string on a jumping jack. He tells Karl banking and finance is all bogus anyhow—just pieces of paper. Of course, Karl knows that already. He's read it in his Socialist books.

"He's told me he's buying the bank for two men up at Oakum—customers of his bank. He tells Karl he's to pay me thirty-five thousand dollars for the bank, and Karl and you are to write two checks on the Oakum bank for seventeen thousand, five hundred dollars apiece. He's brought a rubber stamp down with him, so he certifies those two checks as cashier of the Oakum bank. Well, a check certified by a national bank is good. I would have accepted those two certified checks without question—especially when I know I'm dealing with the cashier of the bank. Most any banker would.

"He deposits those two checks to his credit in my bank here. Then he is going to give me a check on this bank for thirty-five thousand dollars and take the stock. He knows I won't draw the money out for some time. I let it stay here in the bank until I get around to invest it. He tells Karl that as soon as he gets the stock in his hands he'll elect himself and Karl and you directors, and then he'll be in full charge of the bank. So he'll just tear up those two bogus checks and put some dummy notes in their place. He says that's the way it's usually done—just pieces of paper. I admit it was smart, Otto—mighty smart, with that crook smartness. I would have taken those checks and your Mr. Penrose would have got the bank. Maybe you know what that means?"

He seemed to be asking a question, and paused for a reply, but Otto merely shook a dejected head.

"It means the crook pretty soon loots the bank altogether. My liability and your father's liability runs for a year after we sell our stock. Probably it ruins your father altogether—with all he has saved for his old age and your mother's. Maybe it take good part of what I have saved so the children have something solid to remember me by and maybe find it easier to make their way through the world because the old man worked diligently all his long life and was always laying by something—for his own comfort and his wife's, and always with a loving thought for his children and then his grandchildren. It means maybe that five, six hundred people round here lose the money they sweat for and laid by so they and their children have some defense. That's what your friend, Mr. Penrose, means. I be glad when he's safe in the penitentiary because such chaps like him is my enemy just like a hawk is the enemy of a hen. Americans round here make their joke about me. They call me Old Thrifty. But they bring me their money and from the beginning when they put their money in my hands, by Gott, I guard it with my blood. I'm bad enemy to such chaps like Penrose. He get pretty bad sentence if I'm the judge.

"Now I show you how smart he is. He gets hold Karl Bopp and is tickled like he got hold of a gold mine. He thinks it better to trust Karl a little—which shows he's a blockhead. So he tells Karl in strict confidence he's going to make him director of the bank on account of his wonderful knowledge of political economy. Karl is all swelled up so he can't keep it to himself. He tells you in strict confidence, and you're all swelled up about it and tell Mina in strict confidence, and Mina tells her mother, and my daughter at once tells me."

He waited a moment to let that, also, sink in.

"See what a wonderful conspiracy you smart people make—smart Mr. Penrose, and wise Karl Bopp, that can tell the President how to run the United States and how everything in the world ought to be made over, and you, Otto, that think yourself pretty wise too. You make a conspiracy that is like little children trying to make a house of blocks without knowing one block must be square on top of another, so it all falls over fast as they build. As soon as I hear Mr. Penrose is going to make Karl Bopp director of the bank it is like a clap of thunder. I go quick to the telephone, for long distance to Chicago and Wisconsin, and spend half the night at it. I know easy enough a man with Mr. Penrose's experience that is going to make Karl Bopp director of a bank is up to something crooked.

"That bank examiner for the Oakum district hears a clap of thunder too. It don't take him long when he once gets busy. He finds forty thousand dollars short and gets here half past nine this morning. But I asked him to wait a little. I want to make sure what Mr. Penrose is going to do. So he waits till Mr. Penrose gives me the bogus checks."

The old man reflected a moment and added: "I feel almost sorry for Karl Bopp when he comes in and finds Mr. Penrose arrested. He looks more like a fool than ever I saw a man look before."

Otto was listening, agape, half-paralyzed, with a sensation of the world falling in ruins on his head. Fritz turned a rather ominous gaze upon him and added: "I'm an enemy to such chaps like Karl Bopp too. He is full of conceit because his head is stuffed with things out of books, but he is ignorant as a child about how men get their bread. This Penrose comes along and makes a fool of him—just like you could give little Lisa a new penny and tell her it's a five-dollar gold piece. He swallows Penrose's yarn and then you swallow it from Karl. That's the way it goes—Karl swallows some yarn in a book and passes it on to somebody else. Such chaps is bad eggs—like quacks that go round giving people whisky and laudanum. He's got two ideas—to get attention to himself and to make trouble. He tries to set people against the war. He tries to set 'em against industry and thrift. I don't like him.

"You got good honest blood in your veins, Otto. I know your father and grandfather—mother and grandmother too. You're over twenty-one years old now. You're country is at war. It's time you should choose."

He laid a forefinger on the engraved slip of paper. "That check is a forgery. Maybe you wouldn't like that your father and mother should see you in the prisoner's dock at court on trial for forgery, with good prospects of a term in prison."

Though Otto's head was swarming with alarming thoughts he had not up to that moment considered so dire a contingency. It sent the blood out of his cheeks and brought his heart into his throat.

"It would break their hearts. I'll do anything you say," he blurted in a panic.

Fritz nodded toward the slip of paper. "I told you I've given Mr. Penrose credit for that. If I tear up that check probably I lose seventeen thousand five hundred dollars, for if he claims the money I've got nothing to show. I've got to give it to him. I've known you since a baby, my boy. I used to think about you just about like my own grandchildren. I hope you're going to be worth seventeen thousand five hundred dollars."

Otto hung his head.

"You like Mina, I guess, and she likes you," the old man continued remorselessly. "I tell you now I put you in jail with good will before I take a chance her marrying a man that won't work and save for her and stand up for his country. I'm pretty bad-hearted old tool of Morgan when it comes to my Mina marrying a man that's a traitor to work and traitor to the country that gives workingmen best chance they ever got in the world. I got plenty capitalist-slavery chains for chap like that that comes round Mina."

"I'm willing to work; I'm not a traitor, Father Fritz," Otto pleaded out of an utter defeat.

"That's what Karl Bopp says," Fritz replied. "Soon as the world goes crazy and adopt all his theories, then he's ready to be a fine worker and fine loyal citizen. I want a man that's some good in the kind of world that we've got right now."

"I'll do what you say, Father Fritz," said Otto in unconditional surrender.

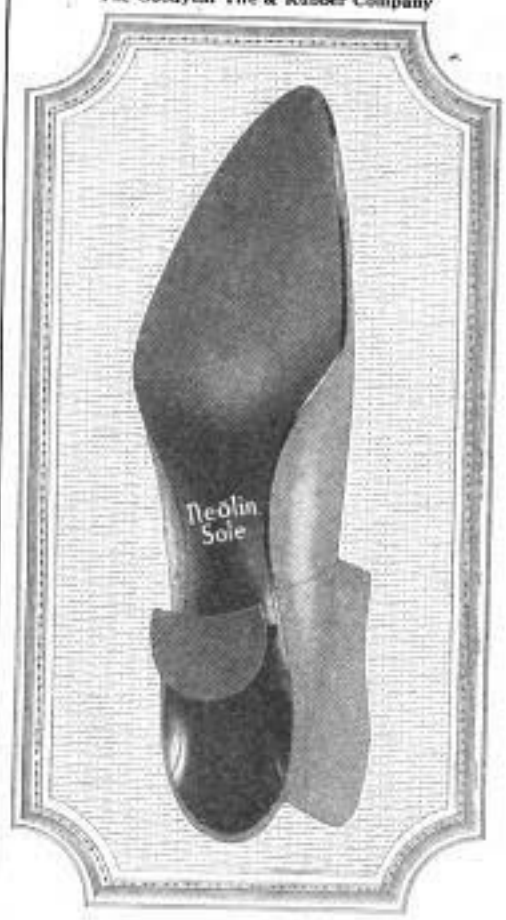
"I don't say anything very hard to do, Otto," the old man replied. "I say go get yourself a haircut like a white man and take off the spectacles you don't need and go to work on my farm like your bread and butter depend on it. Newspapers say there's going to be training camps for officers pretty soon. My two grandsons go. I leave that to you. For six months, unless you go to training camp, you work on my farm like you had to for bread and butter. For six months you let Mina alone. Then I guess maybe we tear up the check, my boy. Mina will tell you Morgan's tool got some soft spots in his heart."

"I always knew that," the youth murmured.

"He's seventy-one years old now," Fritz commented after a moment. "Pretty soon he's going to die. Maybe when he's dead the Captain going to find plenty foolishness in his record, but the Captain ain't going to find he didn't stick by his guns according to his lights."

Otto comprehended the significance of this general remark when the old man added: "I ain't tearing up Karl Bopp's check. He answers for what he did in fact instead of in theory. If he gets off at the trial and it teaches him something about the real world he lives in I be well satisfied. My grandsons go in the training camp. Many got to die for this country. Times like these we got to be thrashed out, Otto. Chaff got to go in the furnace."


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# SENSE AND NONSENSE

### *Speaking of Thrift*

"LAS' night," said Uncle Peter as he reached for the remnants of a palm-leaf fan on the cabin step below him, "I dremp a dream. I dremp dat I was settin' in front of a gre't big dish er fried bacon, an' a platter er ham an' aigs, an' a bowl er tu'nip greens wid a piece er side meat as big as my haid layin' in de mi'st of 'em, an' ——"

"Man!" cried Viney. "Stop! Stop right whar you is, er someone'll come 'long an' heah you talkin' dat kind er talk an' youse li'ble to be sent to de calaboose fo' bein' a p'o-German. Don't you know dat ef you goes on havin' dreams lak dem, youse gwine to help p'vent dis heah thriftin' dey's all talkin' 'bout?"

"How come?" queried Uncle Peter with open-mouthed astonishment.

"Dey says," explained Viney, "dat de things you dreams 'bout am de things youse got yo' mind sot on endurin' de daytime, and ef yo' mind am gwine to be buzzin' roun' on de subjic' er vittles all de time you ain't gwine to be able to 'commonize when you does git 'nough money in yo' pocket fo' to buy sich a meal as you p'escribes."

"'Commonize!" echoed Uncle Peter in an aggrieved tone; "well, gre't day, what's I been doin' but dat? Heah I has done trained my ol' nose so dat hit am sass'fied to git de smell er fryin' bacon as we passes de white folkses' kitchens, when my mouf has to go widout de tas'e. Ef dat ain't 'commonizin' I'd lak to know whut am!"

"I'll lay you dat you don't smell no fryin' bacon up at Miss Fanny's house, 'case dey ain't been had none fo' de las' six monfs. I knows, fo' I sort er keeps my eye out fo' some when Ise wukkin' roun', an' I ain't nevah run into a mite."

"I reckon youse right," agreed Uncle Peter; "I ain't smelled none up at Slocumses' fo' a fact." Then after a moment's silence: "I reckon dat's part er de thriftin' dat am goin' on now, an' aftah de wah am winned, folks is gwine back to de way things was befo' de Germans tried to bust up de worl'."

"Gwine back nothin'!" asserted Viney. "I reckon you ain't been up to de Cotehouse to heah de speakin' lately er you wouldn't be sayin' 'gwine back.'"

"I ain't been much er nowheres of late," said Uncle Peter, "on 'count er de inflamity er de jug'lar vein in my laig whut comes on of a evenin'."

"Me an' Isom was up to de speakin' las' night to heah Cunnel Slocum," said Viney, "an' hit ce'tainly was grun' to heah de way he talked an' laid down de law to de folkses whut was dere. He don't nevah git to do much er dat kind er layin' down in de house 'caze Miss Fanny am mos' usually doin' hit, but he sho' did make de most er his chancet at de Cotehouse. Hit was gran'."

"Whut did he say?"

"He tol' 'em dat ef dey was anyone presen' whut thought dis heah thriftin' am gwine to stop when de wah do, dey am got to tu'n roun' an' git on de right road. He say dat dis am on'y de fust lesson whut folks am doin' now, an' dat dey's a mighty heap of 'em yet whut ain't commenced to learn how to keep fum livin' too fur ovah de edge of enough. He said dat de Pres'-dent er de Newnited States cain't run de country all by hisse'f ef de folkses in hit don' he'p him run hit an' dat de one er de bes' ways to he'p him am fo' dem to learn dis heah thriftin' an' to keep hangin' on to hit aftah dey learns hit, wah er no wah. De main thing, he say, am to save up an' put by, an' ef you evah does have to spen' any of de savin's to learn how to spen' hit de right way."

"I reckon," said Uncle Peter musingly, "hit do put backbone in a pusson fo' to lay by somep'n eve'y now an' den, even ef hit ain't no bigger'n de widder's mite er de wicked flea dat de preachah was mentionin'."

"Cunnel Slocum say dat de mo' folks lays by de less dey'll habe fo' to spen' on foolishness, an' he say dat de rich am gwine to set de sample to de po'. He mus' 'a' meant hit, too, 'caze Miss Fanny's done had bread-puddin' three times in de las' week an' de cunnel ain't nevah made a soun'."

"Ef folks stops spendin' money on foolishness," observed Uncle Peter, "dey'll all live plain, jes' lak dey done aftah de Civil Wah."

"An' of dey lives plain," added Viney, "dey's all gwine to be happier, an' dey's gwine to be real socialarity 'mongst 'em, jes' lak dey was when de cunnel an' Miss Fanny was fust ma'ied. Dem use' to be happy days when Miss Fanny nevah owned but one Sunday-go-to-meetin' dress an' hit was a black silk one dat she wo' to eve'ything whut come along, fum a high tea to a fun'al. In dem days Cunnel Slocum didn't use' to be no mo' temperish dan a lamb. Hit wa'n't twel de gals was mighty near growed up dat things commence' to change in de house. De fust yeah dey come home fum boadin' school dey had de whole place upstirred. Dat was de time dey tuck down all de pitchers off de pahlor an' settin'-room walls an' brung home a lot er scratchy-lookin' things of trees an' mountains, an' de like, an' stuck 'em up on de walls. Dey called 'em itchin's, an' hit was a good name, too, fo' my ol' hands fai'ly itched to yank them things down an' put back de ol' ones dey had drug up to de garret. An' den Miss Fanny's Brussels cyarpets wa'n't good 'nough fo' 'em an' dey worried dey pa twel he give Miss Fanny de money to git some li'l' measly lookin' rugs whut de gals called old-rental rugs, an' whut didn't begin to kiver up de flo'. Fum de looks of dem rugs de folks whut rented 'em fust must ce'tainly have give 'em hahd wear 'caze I 'skivered mo' places dan one whar de nap was wo' thin. An' didn't dem gals say dat dem wo'-out spots was what made de rugs mo' val'ble!

"Den dey commence' thinkin' up one new-fangledy doin's aftah anothah fo' de table, sich as puttin' tidies in 'tween de plates, an' gawmin' up eve'yhody's place wid all de knives an' forks an' spoons dey could git roun' 'em. Dey wasn't sca'cely a week'd pass dat dem gals didn't have Miss Fanny chasin' roun' aftah some new notion er othah. An' de mo' unplain dey kep' on livin' de wusser Cunnel Slocum's tempah improved. De bitteres' wuds I evah heerd out'n him was de time he got aholt er one er de guess towels."

"Whut kind er towels am dem?"

"Guess towels, Uncle Peter, am de kind dat you guesses you am to use, but ef you does use 'em youse missed you' guess. Hit was de day Miss Fanny got de house all ready fo' de sewin' circle dat Cunnel Slocum mistook one er dem towels while he was shavin'. An' he carried on so when Miss Fanny hollered out dat dem towels was fo' comp'ny, dat we had to close de upstairs winders twel de cunnel had cl'ared his mind.

"Yes," said Viney after a thoughtful pause, "dis heah thriftin' folks am doin' now ce'tainly has brung 'em back to plain livin'. Miss Fanny ner no one else am wastin' any time makin' guess towels an' embroiderin' dese heah filly centralpieces fo' de dinin'-room tables. Dey's all come to see what a powerful lot er nothin' dem things 'mounts to anyhow. Yes, Uncle Peter, you cain't pick out a fam'ly in dis town belongin' to de topmost qual'ty whut ain't stahted in to stick clost to dis heah thriftin' endurin' de wah an' aftahwards too."

"How 'bout de yuther folks whut ain't topmost?"

"Uncle Peter, when de quality sets de pace in plain livin' you couldn't beat de yuther folks 'way fum hit wid a stick!"

BLANCHE GOODMAN.

### *Put 'em Down*

[Suggested by The Kaiserite in America—One Hundred and One German Lies, issued by the Committee on Public Information.]

*IF YOU hear a furtive rumor that the President is dead,*
*It's a lie—*
*Nail it!*
*If you hear an allegation that someone has heard it said*
*That with blood of draft resisters Gotham's streets are running red,*
*Don't let it by—*
*Impale it!*

*If you're told, in strictest confidence, that Pershing's on the run,*
*It's a josh—*
*Don't repeat it!*
*If some raker in the ashes of the blaze of '61*
*Says the U. C. V. have tendered their allegiance to the Hun,*
*He's a boche—*
*Make him eat it!*

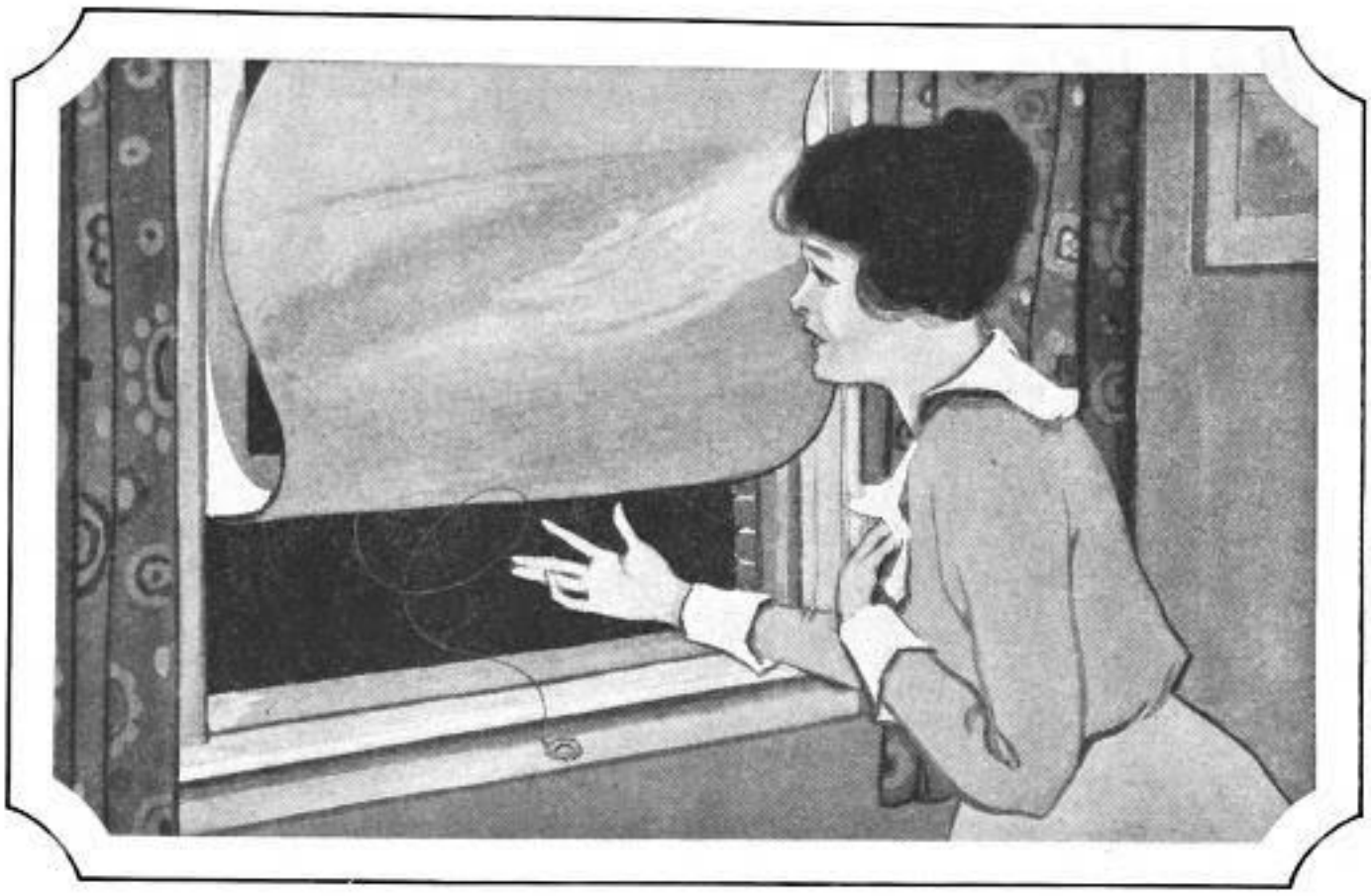
*If you hear of Crowder flirting with a moving-picture vamp,*
*It's the bunk—*
*Help remove it!*
*If some quidnunc says the rookies in a certain training camp*
*Have to pungle half a dollar for a three-cent postage stamp,*
*Tell the skunk*
*He must prove it!*

*If a whisper chance to reach you that the Y is selling booze,*
*It is mud—*
*Reject it!*
*If you get the information that the soldiers swap their shoes*
*To a syndicate of chaplains for Milwaukee's famous brews,*
*It's a dud—*
*Vivisect it!*

*If you're told that Mr. Baker claims descent from George the Third,*
*It's a joke*
*On the teller!*
*If some passer-on informs you that a friend of his has heard*
*That the Hoovers lavish sugar on their pet canary bird,*
*Take a poke*
*At the feller!*

*If you hear of Lansing gambling, or of Daniels getting drunk,*
*Scarify*
*Their decrier!*
*If you hear an intimation that our bonds are worthless junk,*
*And that McAdoo is packing the exchequer in his trunk,*
*It's a lie—*
*Swat the liar!* —W. E. Nesom.





# Its wearing qualities amaze you!

## *Why Brenlin outwears two or three ordinary window shades*

NO doubt you have struggled with the problem of keeping your shades attractive looking. But how soon they get cracks and pinholes! How soon they sag and wrinkle! That is because all ordinary shades have a "filling" of chalk and clay to give body to the coarsely woven cloth. At your windows, this "filling" soon gets shaken loose in tiny spots, the loose material sags. How ugly your shades look!

Hundreds of other people have solved this problem with Brenlin—the long-wearing window shade material. Brenlin wears and wears! It hangs smooth and straight. No cracks, no pinholes! You are amazed at the length of time it wears—and still looks well.

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Brenlin is especially treated so that it will not sag or wrinkle. It is tinted by hand with an extra quality color, which keeps the material supple and reveals its beautiful linen-like texture. Neither sun nor rain will destroy this color.

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# MARRIED

## By MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

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FOR the moment they had all gone away and left me in the bedroom that was presently to be mine no more. Perhaps they thought that I wanted to say good-by alone to this intimate background of my girlhood; but as I stood before the mirror pinning on my hat with unsteady fingers I gave no more definite thought to my past than I was giving to my future. It was all a shimmering mirage of happiness.

There was a knock at the door, tentative, then masterful, and Dick's voice called, "Coming, Rhoda darling?"

I opened the door, letting in a wave of gay sound that surged up from the wedding guests, waiting to see us go. As my eyes met Dick's the talk and laughter faded; I saw and heard and felt only him. I melted into his arms, but even as I looked up into his dark, radiant face I saw it grow intent, practical, and he said with a hint of matter-of-factness in his tone: "We mustn't spend too much time in saying good-by to them all, dearest. Where's your dress-suit case?"

I'm afraid I should have forgotten it. Dick found it, reminded me to bring my bouquet, and then tucking me under his arm swept me along the upper hall. At the head of the stairs we paused, and as I gazed down on all those dear people I did indeed realize that I was leaving girlhood behind. There was mother with a mechanical smile fixed on her pretty, tired face; there was father standing by her—dear father, whom my wedding had turned into a kind of superior errand boy; there were my brothers, the ushers' nosegays in their buttonholes rather faded. There was Helen Kaye, my matron of honor. As my quick glance rippled over her face I noticed its sober expression, and I wondered at it. There was Sara Lister. On her face, too, was a strange look—unhappy, bitter. Arrested, I noticed several older people, off guard, because all eyes were fixed on the staircase. Their faces were not exactly unhappy, but grave.

Except for Helen and Sara, all the young people were smiling, reflecting my own romantic excitement. Most of them were secretly putting themselves in the places of Dick and me.

"See, Dick," I murmured; "some of them seem so—so—almost melancholy."

"Yes," he said; "older people especially think weddings are sadder than funerals. That's because they've seen some promising marriages go on the rocks. But we'll show 'em! Dear, we've got to start; don't forget to sling that bouquet. All this absent-mindedness of yours is deeply flattering to me; I love to have you forget the world for my distinguished sake—but remember, on that bouquet center some young spinster's shy hopes."

I laughed a little tearfully, and as Dick rushed me downstairs I threw the bouquet, noticing that Bessie Wilde caught it. Then I bent my head to avoid the stinging showers of rice—for those were the days before the gentle rain of confetti and rose leaves had been invented. A race through the hall, a confused impression of laughing faces, shining eyes, parted lips, soft lights, all under pelting rice; then, on the front steps, quick kisses from my brothers and long embraces from father and mother; Dick leading me down to the carriage; then mother running after us for one more kiss. The driver cracked his whip; I leaned out, waving and weeping, to see mother and father standing on the curb, looking after me with such love and yearning. In Dick's arms I shed some more tears; then I drew a long sigh and whispered: "And now we'll be happy ever after."

"Happy ever after, dearest," Dick said.

Thus I started my apprenticeship in the most neglected profession in the world. Happy ever after! What couple does not say it—and how many couples know what they are talking about! Happy ever after, said we, and, at the time that we spoke, about one couple in every eighteen was being divorced—and to-day it is said to be one in twelve! They can't want divorce, or else they would not make permanent whole-hearted marriage vows at the altar. They can't want unhappiness—and no unhappiness can be greater than that induced by a marriage gone wrong.

Happy ever after! No wonder middle-aged people look on weddings as sadder than funerals. I wonder why they don't try harder to educate prospective married couples—and I wonder whether the couples would listen to them.



*Dick Said Cuttingly That if I Would Take the Trouble to Add and Subtract I Could See That Our Expenditures for the Month Had Been Something Over a Hundred Dollars More Than He Earned*

In the engagement days their ears and minds are too much bound about with illusions for anything to penetrate. In the apprentice time of the first year of marriage they are pretty difficult of approach—so sure that what they are going through with is unique. And yet there is no reason on earth why the average married couple should not be happy ever after.

Dick and I were and are an average married couple. We have had no experience that is not common to tens of thousands of other couples. We are not unusual in background, or equipment, or mental powers, or personal appearance, or clothes, or house, or expenditure. The only excuse for mentioning us is just that we are so much like the common run of people and, therefore, are significant. In those early days we thought of course that we were different from other couples. Clear-eyed now, I look back with wonder and compassion and tenderness upon us as we were then. In the first place no two had ever loved as we had—or ever could. Dick and I said so to each other in our engagement days, and I also said so to my mother.

"Well, dear," she replied, "I only hope you will be as happy as your father and I are. Brought up with us as you have been, you have every reason to believe in the strength and stability of love."

I made no reply, because I did not want to hurt mother's feelings. But I marveled at her for comparing our love with hers and father's.

"As if Dick and I could ever," I thought, "drop down to the placid content of my parents! Why, they can sit together all evening and just read, and never say a word! And often when mother comes into the room father does not look up from his paper, but merely gives a vague little smile and goes on reading. And they just call each other 'dear,' unless one of them is sick or going away on a journey or something. No, their love isn't like ours."

Perhaps if mother had told me exactly what was passing through my mind I might have taken the first step forward in my preparation for marriage. Yet I dare say she did not know my thoughts. To her, I don't doubt, the happiness of her and father was as obvious a phenomenon as that of Dick and me was to me.

She and I had the same appreciation for what was good and sound in life, but we had a different sense of values, a different vocabulary for loving.

She did, indeed, tell me that I must not expect to stay forever on the dizzying heights of emotion; and one or two older married women tried to tell me the same thing.

"Love changes," they said; "you can't expect it always to be as it is in honeymoon days. But if you are sensible something else comes—something permanent and better."

To do the graduates of marriage justice there are always some of them who talk like that to an engaged girl; but that is not education for marriage—it's only a warning, generally unheeded; a hint that education is needed, but not a textbook, not any real teaching. When mother said that to me I felt that she simply did not understand the quality of the love Dick and I knew. When other married women added their warnings I was not shaken by this further emphasis. I think I resented that word sensible. It sounded so disillusioning. I did, indeed, reflect that the few marriages I knew anything about had the humdrum quality of that of my parents; very well; that just proved that Dick and I would be exceptions. I had a sense of pity for those women whose love had grown gray while mine was so golden. In short, when, because all the world loves a lover, older people put me on guard, I reacted exactly as the average romantic girl does. I was an especially incorrigible romantic.

During my engagement days I thought I was reasonable because I once said to Dick, "You and I both have our faults, dear, but we shall love them away from each other."

I suppose I had some obscure feeling that my recognition that we were not perfect would magic away all imperfections. Naturally we were on our best behavior with each other, and so no faults were on the surface. As Dick has said since, we were so busy bluffing each other that we had no time to get acquainted. If we had a lovers' quarrel the cause of it first seemed a tragedy, and then, when it had been soothed away, a trifle. I had not lived twenty-one years without developing some sex antagonism. All men and all women have it. Men, I had discovered, had certain faults which no girl likes. But, so my unconscious reasoning went, because I loved Dick he could not have any of the faults common to his sex.

And Dick idealized me. I remember one night when he painted every man's ideal of what a woman should be—and rarely is. And he called it me.

"What is so wonderful about you, Rhoda darling," he said, "is that you are thoroughly feminine, and yet you are so reasonable! You have the best qualities of both sexes. You understand as the ordinary girl does not—you can get a man's point of view—can be fair. Then you care about things the ordinary girl is not interested in—things a man cares about, needs sympathy for. You've got a grasp of a man's interests, a man's needs. You've escaped all the limitations of your sex."

Poor Dick! I look back and smile wistfully now at him for believing all that of me. And I was vain enough to believe it too. My grasp simply meant that I had tact enough to say yes and no at the right time. I had a woman's faculty for half-understanding—the sort of thing that makes many a man think his wife has a real comprehension of his business. I was just an ordinary bright girl, half educated, as so many American girls are, and thrown neck and crop into my life job without any training for it whatever.

The average girl, when she marries, is pretty crude material for wifehood. Her studies come first, and then society or else earning her living, and then marriage; each period has its own separate category, but there is no unifying training all along the line which will fit her adequately for her job of marriage. To be fitted to win a husband is not at all the same thing as to be fitted for the housekeeping trade. What she is trained for, though perhaps instinctively, is the assumption of the qualities which will get her a husband. As Dean Swift said, she spends her time making a net instead of a cage. For the marriage market she must be attractive, well-dressed, accomplished. The man who is drawn by this surface assumes that under it are the solid qualities that will make a marriage go well—knowledge of home making, domestic finance, cooking, executive skill, tact, adaptability, industry and self-reliance. He sees her,

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*As Dick Rushed Me Downstairs I Threw the Bouquet*

(Continued from Page 64)

just as she sees him, crowned by a gracious and misty halo—the perfect mate.

In Dick's characterization of me the word I liked best was feminine. That word has three interpretations—the woman's, the man's before marriage, and the man's after marriage. What the woman means by it is that combination of charm, self-seeking, unselfishness, unreasonableness, devotion, indirection, clingingness and exaction that is just herself. The man's definition before marriage embraces his conception of the qualities of the girl he loves, which are charm, sweetness, reliance on his judgment and protection, tender helplessness, gayety, unexpectedness, ingenuity, competence and sympathy. What he means by feminine after marriage is usually unreasonableness, the faculty of arguing in a circle or jumping to the wrong conclusion, obstinacy, subtle dishonesty, partial or total inefficiency, extravagance, weakness and parasitism, all interwoven with a charm that, however maddened he may be, holds him in its delicate determined tentacles.

I am a good deal of a feminist and therefore I deplore that triple interpretation. For the sake of her sex as well as for the sake of her own married happiness the ideally wise girl ought to make more uniform the connotations of that word feminine. Before her marriage she may be just as charmingly helpless as the average man desires his sweetheart to be. Dick was tenderly amused when I forgot my wedding suitcase, but I'd not care to risk forgetting my suitcase to-day. He'd smile indulgently and he'd feel superior. I'd rather have his good opinion than his indulgence. After her marriage the girl should show that she has all the practical common sense and self-reliance that a man demands in his wife; all the ability to follow his argument which he would expect from a brother man; all the will and the power to give him a square deal, and to stand in all matters with him shoulder to shoulder that he expects from his mate.

Our honeymoon! Unhappy the woman who cannot look back on her honeymoon as the beautiful synthesis of her first youth and first happiness. Many a time the reality and glory of those weeks have been my inspiration for the wisdom and strength I needed to help me solve some matrimonial difficulty when Dick couldn't see my point and I couldn't see his. The love of those days was not any more real than the love of later days; simply it had less to contend with, because we were in the misty rosy dawn of our life together, not in the white revealing glare of common day.

Our honeymoon lasted three months. Dick had not had anything that could be called a vacation since he had left college and entered his cousin's engineering firm. My whole life had been a vacation, only I did not know it. We had a dozen glorious weeks in Maine, doing the outdoor things which Dick loved, and which I, for his sake, learned to like. Some people we knew were there—Helen and Dwight Kaye among them, and Sara Lister, without her husband. I remember remarking to Dick that it was selfish of Sara to go away on a vacation her husband could not share. Sara teased us a good deal, but Helen was almost fiercely protective of us.

It was early autumn when we took possession of our charming little flat in which mother had installed our furnishings. I shall never forget our first dinner together—a dinner that mother's cook had prepared. The dreams we built that night, of perfect harmony, eternal bliss! There we sat, two people of different sexes, with different temperaments, different background, different upbringing, different tastes, and expected by the sheer force of our love for each other to be happy ever after! We thought we knew each other; we had only been attracted by each other. We thought we had reflected about marriage; we had really given it a mistaken superficial consideration.

Dick had been brought up in a formal household where everything was done with system, and much time and money were thereby saved. He preferred simple food, but he liked it well cooked and nicely served. After his college days he had lived in good boarding houses or small hotels, where he got what he wanted when he wanted it. At the time of our marriage he was twenty-eight, and his salary was twenty-five hundred dollars. He was deeply interested in his work and would undoubtedly progress to a higher salary, but because he was a relative of the head of the firm he had to make good more obviously than an outsider. Since he was twenty-eight he had rather passed the period of liking a preponderance of social gayeties.

I had been brought up in a well-to-do, happy-go-lucky household. My mother, I think, had once had a sense of system, but father was never on time for anything and did not know what the word tidy meant. I had had the ordinary finishing-school education and had then come home to be with mother—nominally. Really I saw as little of her as if I had been earning my living, for I worked very hard at society. Eleven was my usual hour for breakfast, and either our indulgent cook or my mother got it for me. Since we had only one maid, who had her days out, I had learned a little bit about housework—that is, I could get a breakfast if it involved no cooking more strenuous than bacon or eggs, or a steak, and coffee. I had often got Sunday supper alone. I had assisted mother in preparing dinner and knew such facts as that potatoes should be boiled about twenty or thirty minutes. Therefore I considered myself well qualified to keep house. Dick took it for granted that we should do without a maid, but he suggested that we should take our dinners with a family who served meals in our apartment house. I agreed.

Of equipment to be a man's financial partner I had something less than nothing. In my girlhood my father paid for my food. I chose my clothes, my father paid for them, and if my bills were too heavy my mother, as I have since learned, did without something so that the cost of feminine apparel would not strike father as excessive. If there was some extra thing I wanted or some extra pleasure that my pocket money would not cover I coaxed father or mother until I got it. I never had to do without anything I coveted. All my knowledge of what money would get or how far it would go had to do with extras. I had no knowledge whatever of the primitive expenditures necessary in running a home. In short, I knew nothing whatever of budget making. I had the cake attitude toward life, when what I needed was the daily-bread attitude.

Apprenticeship in marriage means first the heart-shaking knowledge which comes to each that the other is not perfect at all, but only a faulty human being; and second, the limping down from the heights to the level of daily living and the attempt at readjustment on this new level. But the difficulty is that full and complete and tolerant thinking is not brought to bear on this readjustment. Each one is perhaps still a bit blinded against truth by the illusions born in the engagement and honeymoon months. Each has a fiercely struggling ego. Each wishes to shape the other "nearer to the heart's desire." In short, it is the tendency of faulty human nature that each one of the couple shall try to reform the other, shall see the other's faults more clearly than he sees his own.

Sometimes there are a number of issues, none of them very important, yet bulking into a long nagging total. Sometimes there are only two or three main issues. Often these concern the struggle for selfish dominance on the part of one or the other. Often, as in our case, the main difficulty hinges on the matter of spending; the wife has not been trained to understand how to buy and save; she is a poor executive. But whatever the cause, this kind of friction comes to almost every couple, with accompanying disillusion and even despair.

Sometimes a wife or husband has said to me, "We have never had a cross word."

If one party of that "we" is dead then I put down the remark to idealization; if they are both alive I put it down to possible forgetfulness or to probable plain lying.

Our series of special domestic grievances began with the facts that I was unpunctual and absent-minded. The first morning in our new home I had breakfast on time. Every morning after that for a week I was late. I always had some excuse that sounded perfectly reasonable to me; the kettle was slow to boil or the kitchen clock was wrong or the toast wouldn't get brown. Dick was indulgent—and ate too fast. On the seventh morning he proposed that I get up a bit earlier to allow a margin for accident.

That night, I remember, we went to the wedding of Bessie Wilde, the girl who had caught my wedding bouquet, and Tom Stillman. I lived over all my own wedding emotions. I was also very glad to see my friends again. It was the first time I had had any reunion with them, any opportunity to show Dick and myself in the married state, except to Helen and Dwight Kaye and Sara Lister. They were there, and Frank Lister, too, and we six had supper together. The only flaw in the evening was that Frank and Sara said disagreeable things to each other and Helen and I had to smooth things over. I whispered to Helen that she looked happier than she had at my wedding, and long afterward I remembered the queer startled look she gave me.

Altogether I had a very exalted time, and almost felt as if I were being married all over again. Frank and Sara drove us home, and after we were alone and I had done talking of ourselves I said: "And didn't Bessie look sweet? Wasn't she a lovely bride?"

"Lovely bride, yes," Dick replied. "If she and Tom could just go through life walking up to the altar to be married or, better still, driving off alone when the thing was over—they'd be all right. For the rest—old Tom has my sympathy, though it may be some time before he sees he needs it."

"Whatever do you mean, Dick?" I cried. "I thought you liked Bessie. I know you took her to parties before I

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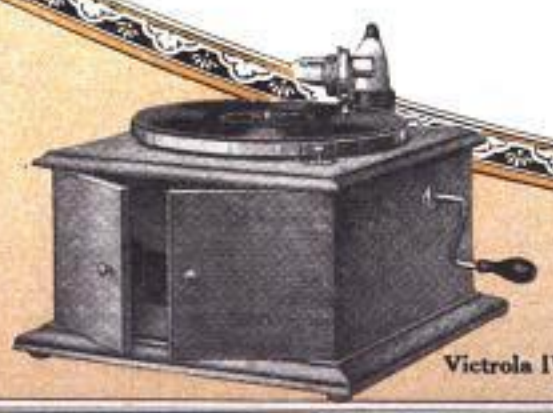
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(Continued from Page 67)

appeared. And you once said you thought her singing was wonderful."

"Oh, yes; I like Bessie as a pretty girl," he said. "But as a wife I turn down my thumbs, thank you. Her one question in life is what she can get out of people; now 'people' has turned into Tom. She'll suck him dry."

"Why, she adores Tom!" I cried.

I felt affronted. The curious thing is that if Dick had made this criticism of Bessie before we were married I might have offered a weak protest, but on the whole I should have agreed with him. I should somehow have felt that in decrying Bessie and her ways he was praising me. But now that I was married I felt as if in his attack on Bessie he was attacking the whole sex, and indirectly, and of course unintentionally, me. I suppose this means that on certain points married women have a keen sex loyalty. We hate—we "nice" women—to be considered parasites; so much so that our first impulse is to fly to the defense of a parasite and try to prove she is only misunderstood. So I said to Dick: "Bessie adores Tom; she would not have dreamed of marrying him if she didn't love him, and she's giving up her career."

"You bet you! Those'll be her excuses for imposing on him. She'd have adored any man with enough money to support her better than her father can."

Dick was so sleepy that we dropped the matter then, but next morning when I was getting breakfast I thought of what he had said. Then I began to relive the evening. I stood over the sink with the empty kettle in my hand, my face a regular prototype of that old-fashioned chromo called Dreaming.

The next thing I knew Dick had taken the kettle, filled it, and set it on the lighted gas stove. Then he went out to the ice chest after the eggs and bacon.

"How lovely that you're going to help, dear," I called. "I'll slice the bread and set the table, and we'll be ready in a jiffy."

It never occurred to me that Dick was angry, for I'd never seen him in that state. I noticed that he did not talk much at breakfast, but I was talking a good deal myself. When he kissed me good-by he said: "Now, beloved, if you don't have breakfast on time to-morrow I'll have to teach you a lesson. You don't want to be like Bessie Stillman, you know."

He was gone before I could protest. What he said made me uncomfortable, not because I thought I had been at fault but because I considered that Dick had been guilty of a joke in bad taste. It was afternoon before the feeling wore off.

Next morning at quarter of eight, the breakfast hour, Dick came into the dining room. The table was set, the coffee on the stove, the toast making, and I was cutting the oranges in two. But nothing was quite ready. Dick came over to me, kissed me silently and went into the hall. I heard the front door close. I supposed he had gone to bring the newspaper inside. I wondered why he was so long. I put breakfast on the table—and still he did not come. I was pretty slow to realize that he was not coming back.

The average bride will know the course of my emotion—amazement; the slow realization that this treatment was what my husband called "teaching me a lesson"; anger; hurt pride; despairing grief. Over and over that profitless circle I went all day long, while the cold food stood on the table. At five I cleared things away and put on my prettiest gown.

Toward six the telephone rang. Over it came Dick's voice, forced, hard: "I thought I could come back for dinner, but I don't feel up to facing all those people. I'll get something downtown; then I'll be home."

He rang off. And I had planned such a pretty scene of forgiveness, dramatized his sorrow at having made me suffer so much! I threw myself on my bed and wept even more desperately than I had supposed I could. I was still sobbing, my face hidden, when Dick returned. He entered the room, and I felt him looking at me. Then he went into the kitchen. Presently he came back with some tea and toast.

"Eat these, dear," he said gently.

He spoke not like a lover, eager to be forgiven and to forgive, but like a firm doctor. When I had taken the food he told me I could join him in the living room. I accepted that as a hint that I had better wash and powder my face. Then I went into the living room, wistful, my arms outstretched—to find him grave and remote.

"I don't want to kiss you yet," he said; "we've got to talk this thing through first."

He proceeded to talk. Now I can see what he meant, but then I did not half grasp it. What he meant was that he had been thoroughly trained himself for his job in life and could not understand any self-respecting person undertaking a job for which she was not trained or for which she would not take training. To refuse to be trained meant either lack of intelligence or lack of moral integrity. If I lacked those it meant that he was mistaken in the wife he had chosen, and consequent lifelong unhappiness for us both. But he thought I simply had not got down to a rock-bottom understanding of what my share in our partnership was to be, since he did not mean his wife to approach the Bessie Stillman type.

His business, he said, was to work at his profession and provide the money for our home; mine was to work in my home and spend that money wisely. He had purposely arranged that too much work should not fall on me, by taking the main meal outside. The one imperative requirement so far was that I should get his breakfast and not he, and that that breakfast should be on time. If it were not he would have to hurry through it, which would be bad for his health and bad for his work.

"There's no need to hurry through," I said at this point; "the head of the firm is your cousin. He wouldn't care if you were a few minutes late."

"That remark just proves what a false view you have of life. And I thought you understood!"

"I understand," I said bitterly, "that you are reminding me that I am economically dependent on you; that you think you have the power of controlling my actions because you pay the bills."

"Don't be so unreasonable," he flared; "so—so feminine!"

Oh, the bitterness of that first long quarrel! And at last, because we had somehow to crawl back to a reconciliation, I said that I had been inconsiderate in having breakfast late and would not offend again; and Dick said he might perhaps have put the matter to me more tenderly. But he only said that; he honestly believed that nothing but a cave-man dent on the head would teach me where I stood. As for me, I did not think I had been inconsiderate at all; I thought Dick had been so, in demanding anything of me that did not come natural to my temperament. I hated his masterfulness, his certainty that he was totally in the right. Poor little people that we were! Each had just discovered that the other was not an angel at all—merely an average human being!

That was the beginning of a long struggle between us, sometimes concealed, sometimes merely silent, sometimes open. From that time forward we were secretly critical of each other, on the alert for faults. Never again did I have breakfast late, though at first in order to avoid the danger I had to allow an absurd margin of time. I stopped



"She'd Have Adored Any Man With Enough Money to Support Her Better Than Her Father Can"

wool gathering when I was supposed to be at work. But my lack of training led me into other mistakes. I could have admitted these the more easily if only I could have convinced myself that I had been in the wrong about that breakfast matter. My idea, vaguely, was that if only Dick loved me enough he would have thought everything I did was right.

Young married couples are likely to believe that the first great quarrelsome attempt to reach adjustment is to be the last. On the contrary, one crisis seems to breed another. Our next overt disagreement rose on the subject of entertaining and of accepting invitations. Now that autumn was in full swing I thought we ought to begin to pay back the many functions that had been given us in our engagement days. When I put it that way to Dick he frowned. He was a hospitable soul and he liked to have people about him, but he did not want the sense of obligation in his social life. As the bills did not come in for some time there was at first no question of expense, but Dick objected to the elaborateness of my dinners.

"What's the use of so many courses?" he complained; "the people leave so much on their plates, and everyone overeats."

"Well, they gave us as many courses," I replied; "and we must have things nice."

I wonder how many wives use that expression "have things nice" to cover extravagance and emulation. I wonder how many use that bludgeon of obligation as an excuse for display, for falling into that game—at the best absurd, and at the worst dishonest—called "keeping up appearances." Dick and I on twenty-five hundred a year were trying to compete socially with five-thousand-dollar-a-year people, were giving entertainments that would have been expensive enough for ten-thousand-dollar-a-year people.

"Once we get these debts paid off," Dick said, "our dinners have got to be simpler, or else we've just got to cut out entertaining."

Of course he enjoyed the dinners while they were going on. He liked to see me at the head of the table, a pretty and capable hostess—his wife, whom his men guests admired. He liked the sense of dispensing hospitality. I remember particularly the night we had the Kayes and the Listers how pleased he was with the way things went, and how he reassured me when I asked him if he was certain I was ever so much nicer than Helen or Sara. That was a night when we both forgot our difficulties.

I hoped it had escaped Dick's attention that we could not give so many dinners without being bound to accept others that were offered us. I led him into a good deal of that, and two or three evenings a week he went out when he was really too tired to enjoy himself and was wondering how the late hours would affect his work next day. But, as I afterward found out, he meant to yield a bit to me on this point. He reasoned that, as he was seven years older than I, his thirst for social doings was more quenched than mine; that when we had children I should necessarily be kept a good deal at home, and he meant I should have my little fling while I could.

It was when the bills came in that our deepest quarreling began—deepest because it was most fundamental. As I have said, I knew nothing whatever of budget making. I ordered what we needed and at the beginning of each month brought the bills to Dick. In September the bills were small, because we had not begun to entertain. In October we gave a few dinners, and the bills were heavy enough to make Dick shake his head and whistle. This attitude did not disquiet me. I reasoned that we had to pay off our social obligations; if I had been buying clothes maybe I should have felt guilty, but what I spent for the dinners I considered was spent for the two of us. Those October bills would have been heavier than they were if mother had not lent her maid and if I had not been using flour, crocks of butter, eggs and various other staples, all of which mother had given me as part of her wedding present. But in November mother's maid balked at so much extra work; the staples, like the deacon's one-hoss shay, gave out all together; the cateress raised her prices; and I bought a rug we needed for the guest room in place of one mother was lending me. That could have waited, but it was a great bargain. I did not really examine those bills, but I did feel uneasy, on the fourth of December, when Dick sat down to look them over. They came to more than three hundred dollars.

Dick's manner really did frighten me. He was angry, but he kept his temper. He was patient, but I could feel the edge of contempt in his voice. This angered as well as frightened me. The American ideal of the expenditure of women is wrong; it is that a husband ought somehow or other to get his wife everything she wants. She should spend, and he should manage to pay the bills. I suppose I had absorbed that view.

Dick said cuttingly that if I would take the trouble to add and subtract I could see that our expenditures for the month had been something over a hundred dollars more than he earned. I made all the excuses I could—that it was not fair to consider November a typical month; that it wasn't my fault if the cost of living was high. If I said anything reasonable it was buried in my unreasonable remarks. I refused to see that we were living beyond our means, and that so far I had made no attempt whatever at budget making. I was far from knowing then what I know now, that it is the wife's business to lead the husband in economy. What wearied Dick, and infuriated him, too, was the sense that over and over again he had let me see what he demanded of his mate, and that I could not or would not respond. Moreover, my conduct had forced him into the attitude the American man most detests—that of seeming, when he checks his wife's expenditures,

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# Fifty Thousand Miles In Hard Service

THE tremendous ability of Goodyear S-V Solid Truck Tires to assimilate severe punishment is constantly reaffirmed in owners' stirring narratives of their performance.

On the 3½-ton Old Reliable truck operated by the World Motor Service of Chicago in combined city, suburban and country service, the Goodyear S-V dual Solid Truck Tire shown at the left delivered 50,000 miles and is still in service.

The S-V Tires on this truck traverse a territory ranging 40 miles out of Chicago and cover routes which test to the utmost all their staying powers.

> ***"Our work is very strenuous but Goodyear S-V Solid Truck Tires give us remarkable service. They resist conditions that literally tear other tires to pieces. One dual seems made of iron because it has given us 50,000 miles and is still running."—Mr. William Winkler, President of World Motor Service, Chicago.***

Grinding along under heavy cargoes of groceries, these tires are driven over wide systems of railroad tracks and they cross considerable stretches of bumpy brick pavements and others composed largely of broken stone with sharp edges.

In the section of the city from which the truck starts its delivery trip, the littered spaces in front of loading platforms present varied kinds of tire hazard such as broken glass, sections of crates with projecting nails and metal barrel hoops.

The facts related in this instance are typical of many found in an enormous accumulation of nation-wide evidence dealing with the tenacity of the S-V.

It remains to set down that whereas their most sensational long-distance scores have been made over good city pavements, they have also run up unprecedented mileage figures in cases where trucks travel outside of cities and encounter very indifferent roads and particularly bad unpaved areas.

Such evidence furnishes the all-important reason why Goodyear S-V Truck Tires are so broadly adopted in those classes of service for which the solid tire is best fitted.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

# SOLID TIRES

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either to be stingy or not to be earning enough. He likes to have the munificent pose.

Like all too many young wives I had expected too much of sheer marriage. There is no magic about marriage. In itself it is nothing but a static social convention. If it is to be dynamic, to bring happiness, to be a light to the soul and a warmth to the heart—it must be served and worked for. Love has to be measured by the way it goes along with other forces in life, by the way it unifies the two diverse personalities. I had come ignorant to a state requiring cool knowledge. Hurt, angry, muddled, I was no fire-bringer to the hearth of our house of life.

The apparent result of that conflict was that I agreed to work out with Dick a household budget, and to live up to it. On the surface I succeeded—that is, I kept the monthly expenses down to what he thought they should be, but I managed only by using the money my father and uncles had given me for wedding presents and by paying cash for certain items so they need not show on the bills. If I had put half the time on really studying my problem that I put on evading the study of it I should have educated myself long before I did. It had not yet dawned on me that a wife must be a productive helpmeet, not a mere middleman who purchases—and sometimes badly at that; I did not see that the wife must create.

We were at that point which almost every married couple reaches—when each thinks any faults would be preferable to just those the spouse has. On the surface we were reconciled, but underneath there was division. We were critical of each other, afraid of each other, sparring and blundering. For all that my resentment was not expressed Dick felt it. I looked on him as tyrannical and selfish, unwilling to see anyone's point of view but his own, determined that I should live up to his ideals, unwilling to compromise, self-righteous—and all because he was a man and was supporting me. He looked on me as feminine, with the uncomplimentary interpretation of the word. He began to generalize about women, I combating his conclusions. The reason we came into conflict there was that women like to stick to concrete cases, and they have a better sense of reality than men. Dick would sometimes lose sight of a particular case, or of reality, in the face of those general truths he thought he had abstracted from reality. I was afraid he meant me in all his abstractions. And all the time we loved each other and were longing to come together on some livable and lasting basis.

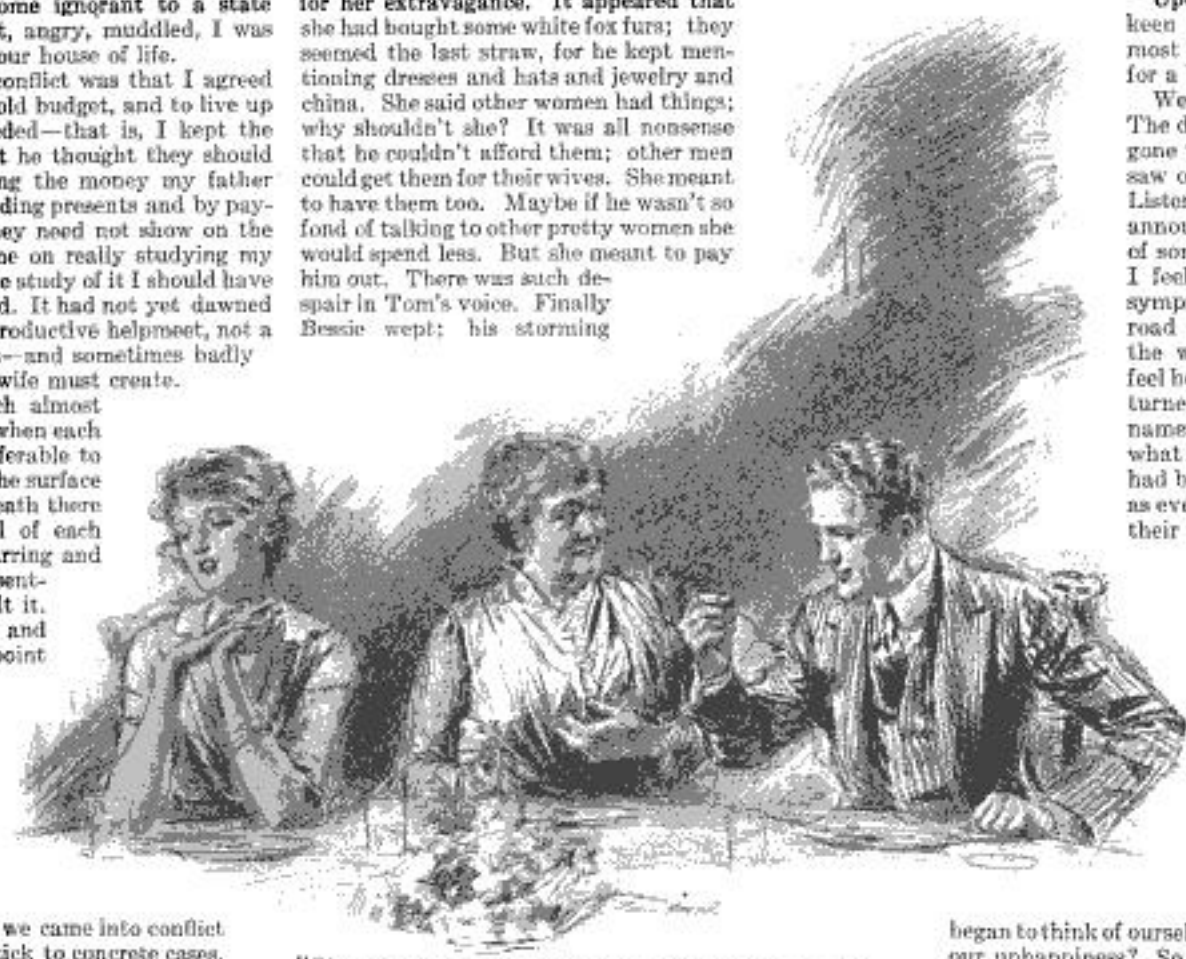
We both realized that we had nerves—a term for our dissatisfaction with each other. Things that I never noticed in him began to irritate me. I suppose the mere fact that people live in the same or adjoining bedrooms means a certain amount of disillusionment and strain. At any rate small habits began to be annoying that I think would never have counted if we had not both been suffering from a really fundamental danger. I don't agree with Shakspere that "when the greater malady is fixed the lesser is scarce felt." It certainly is not true when one is adjusting oneself to matrimony. I noticed a way Dick had, when talking, of throwing out his left thumb, and I disliked it. I bit my nails when I was excited or deeply interested, and he hated that. He roweled his chin when he was reading the editorial pages of the paper, and that maddened me. I waggled my foot as I sewed, and that got on his nerves. He snored if he turned over at night, and that always woke me, and I didn't like broken sleep. I always chewed a pen handle when I was composing a letter, and he objected to that. Any couple knows the number of little things in married life that have to be ignored, or walked round, or else reformed. Unfortunately Dick and I tried to reform each other.

"Would you mind stopping that?" one of us would say with icy pleasantness. "Ordinarily I shouldn't mind, but to-night it seems to get on my nerves."

"Sorry," the other would reply stiffly—and would refrain for five minutes.

Doubtless this personal irritation was a phase of the sex antagonism latent in every couple, and likely to remain anything but dormant in the process of adjustment. It was a manifestation, too, of the attempt of each to master the other. I should have despised Dick if he had let me succeed, yet I kept trying. I had liked him before I ever loved him because he was masterful. Yet now I kept pitting my individuality against his. Of course we were both selfish. A man is selfish because of the hold he gets through the fact that the woman is economically dependent on him. A woman is selfish because of the hold she gets through the man's chivalry. Many a husband expects the best of the steak or the top of the milk or the softest chair and the brightest light—for the sole reason that he pays the bills. Many a woman takes it for granted that on a wet night if letters have to be posted it is her husband who must walk a block to post them. If there is a mouse in the trap and it has to be drowned she takes it for granted that he'll have to drown it, because she'd rather not.

One night we were going to a dance and were to call for Bessie and Tom Stillman. When we were ushered into their apartment we could hear them quarreling. It was shocking; their maid was giggling in the kitchen; we sat in the living room, and in their room Tom stormed at her for her extravagance. It appeared that she had bought some white fox furs; they seemed the last straw, for he kept mentioning dresses and hats and jewelry and china. She said other women had things; why shouldn't she? It was all nonsense that he couldn't afford them; other men could get them for their wives. She meant to have them too. Maybe if he wasn't so fond of talking to other pretty women she would spend less. But she meant to pay him out. There was such despair in Tom's voice. Finally Bessie wept; his storming



"That's the Stuff, Mother!" He Would Say With Gusto. "You Must Give Rhoda the Recipe"

dwindled, turned to comforting and then to pleading. And there we sat, uncomfortable, unable not to hear, not meeting each other's eyes.

"Well," Dick said at last, "it may be bad form to say it in the woman's own house, but considering her extravagance and jealousy, I prophesy one of three things for her: Tom will divorce her; or he will kill her; or he will put up with her and find some woman that will show him not only mercy but understanding."

I wondered if he were sorry for himself as well as for Tom; and though I was ashamed of Bessie, sex antagonism in me was rampant against the two men. Of the four of us only Bessie really enjoyed herself that night. As I danced and laughed and talked I kept thinking how miserable I was.

Sara Lister was there without Frank, and when I asked after him she said he had had a tantrum and might come to take her home and might not. Helen Kaye was there with her husband, evidently radiantly happy. We sat out a dance together, and I looked at her and envied her.

"You have a bride's face," I told her.

"I'm glad I do," she said; "but I don't want to feel like anything but a wife. I shall always look back to your wedding as the time when I really began to be married."

She wanted me to question her, but I turned my head and stared at the dancers.

"Rhoda dear," Helen said; "you know you're just like a sister to me. If anything's troubling you—I know I could help."

So I was showing my unhappiness! Well, no one need guess what it was about. Helen could have helped me at that moment, but I did not believe it. I had not even confided in mother; no one should know how wretched I was. I put my hand in hers and shook my head. She began to talk generalities till a partner claimed me.

That winter seemed to be a long series of quarrels between Dick and me. I remember once when we were spending a week-end with an uncle and aunt of his he spoke to me, the day after our arrival, only in order to tell me how to behave.

"You must be sure," he said, "to be on time for luncheon here; Aunt Mildred is rather a martinet about that. I can see myself that you are down on the dot for breakfast and dinner. Then, like a good girl, don't talk to anyone while Belle is playing the piano; the family don't like it. And maybe you'd better talk just a little less to Belle's husband and more to Uncle Henry."

And so on. I flamed out at him hotly with the usual line of protest. Before we were married he had thought everything I did perfect. He had never accused me of lack of tact, to say nothing of bad manners. I was just the same person I had been; if anything had changed it was his love. Toward the end of our quarrel I cried:

"Anyhow no matter what I'm like, people will find it out sooner or later. There's no need of your wanting me to put my best foot foremost. Sooner or later the good and bad of people are both apparent."

Upon which Dick gave me a quick, keen look and remarked: "That's the most sensible thing I've heard you say for a long time."

We went back home utterly wretched. The day after our return, when Dick had gone to work, I picked up the paper and saw on the first page an account of Sara Lister's divorce! Now, when I see the announcement of the divorce proceedings of someone with whom I am acquainted, I feel sorry; I may even quiver with sympathy at the thought of the long road of suffering that must have paved the way to that divorce. But I don't feel horror; I don't feel as if the world had turned over—as I did when I read the names of Sara and Frank Lister. For what I thought of was that Sara and Frank had believed themselves as deeply in love as ever Dick and I. They had set out on their matrimonial journey with as good prospects as any two people possibly could have. They had love, youth, health, good looks, sufficient money, good social connections, plenty of friends. They had been as sure of themselves as my husband and I. And now they were being divorced—divorced with all sorts of dreadful sordid details.

I must have had an inspiration of good sense that morning. For instead of assuming that Frank must be at fault I stopped thinking about the Listers entirely and began to think of ourselves. What were we going to do about our unhappiness? So far we took it for granted that we loved each other and that we should stay together. Neither of us had dreamed of parting. But would love last that was nagged and even tortured as ours was? Might not, some day, the thought of separation come to one or both of us? What were we getting out of life in our present unhappy state? Where did we expect to arrive? Things could not go on as they were; we could not stand the strain of this surface union when we were worlds apart so far as all the real things that make for union were concerned.

Dick and I together so far had not been able to solve our problem. As for me, I had not tried. But I could try. I called up Helen Kaye and asked her if she could come to me at once. I fancy she knew why I wanted her; in ten minutes she arrived to find me still sitting over the unwashed dishes, the newspaper in my hands.

"Helen," I said; "you have guessed I'm not happy, though I hope no one else knows it. When I read about Sara——"

"I know," she interrupted; "it's often the sight of something in the lives of our friends that pulls us up short and gives us a chance to begin over. It was seeing you and Dick the night you were married, when I was so wretched, and realizing that I had started as you were starting that made me begin again and make our married life what it ought to be. I know what you're going to tell me, Rhoda, because I've been through it."

I stared at her, and she laughed.

"Oh, my dear, I know," she cried; "you think your misery is unique, just as you supposed your love was unique. Well, it isn't. If married women told the truth ninety-nine out of a hundred of them would admit that they had wished more than once during the first year that they had never got married."

"Oh, but I've never —— And if I thought Dick had ——"

"Stop short!" Helen said; "you're not concerned with Dick just now. Simply get hold of these big truths: That if you can't be happy married you can't be happy at all: that you must be at least half at fault, and perhaps more: and that you aren't fit to live in a world of two unless you can assume the other party's point of view a good share of the time. Now go ahead and tell me."

So I talked my heart out to Helen. There was no detail I did not tell her. She was so determined to prove to me that my experience was the common lot that sometimes she took the tale from my lips. I was swept bare, receptive, ready for a new departure in conduct and ideals. What Helen said to me does not signify; it isn't advice

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that counts, but the application of it. I know now that as a girl I had heard more than one person say that the first year of marriage was the difficult year; only they had never gone into details. A dozen or fifteen years ago, when I was married, people did not talk so much as they do now about the difficulties of married life. So I had no philosophy of apprenticeship to fall back on. But talking to Helen I began to see how I could get a workable theory of tolerance and wisdom and sympathy for the man I loved, who had to live with me.

I came at last to see that however Dick might have been at fault in little things in the essentials he had been right and I had been wrong. To be happy a couple must agree in their point of view on the fundamentals of life. If any woman is in doubt of that let her read George Eliot's Middlemarch, the best study of incompatibility ever penned. Looking at the havoc Rosamund wrought ought to be a lesson to anyone. I admitted to myself that I had been a poor partner to Dick. I blocked out schemes for my reformation. I made up my mind, for the big things, that I should get the training he had a right to expect; and for the little things, that every time I felt like reforming a fault in him I should attempt to reform one in myself first; that would be much more workable even than a mutual improvement society of two. My first year had taught me that if I couldn't learn I certainly had no right to begin to teach.

I, who had never thought before, spent that whole day in thinking. No wonder my head ached by dinner time—but my heart felt better than it had for many a month. When Dick came home I said nothing of the effects Sara Lister's divorce had had on me. I did not say that the thing that had shocked me into common sense was the fear that we might sometime be like the Listers. Not till much later did he learn what had been my starting point. What I did say convinced him that my attitude had changed and that I really meant to be a partner.

From that time on I studied and observed and worked and blundered, and by degrees succeeded. This daily job of marriage requires constant thought and observation. The average marriage isn't likely to go wrong from any one cause but from a number of causes working together. It behooves a canny wife to watch the causes. If she knows on which side her spiritual bread is buttered she won't let any cause of friction grow up to any size. Some compromises have to be made, some opinions kept locked up or changed, some avoidance made—and that is not ideal: it is merely inevitable. It is not enough that each does his own work in the partnership, and does not impose on the other. It is essential that each shall have the attitude of giving rather than getting, and shall nip the heads of little weeds of discord that could flourish disastrously. It all means attention to that personal culture which makes for tolerance and wisdom.

But after the main lines of success in marriage are learned it is still necessary for a wife to be on guard. Human character is a strange thing and marriage does not necessarily quench its vagaries. Marriage is primarily a woman's business. It was not instituted to suit man, who seemed to be pretty well suited with the promiscuity of his savage days. Feminist though I am I believe that it lies more in a wife's hands than in a husband's to make a marriage go right or wrong. The ideal, from the stage of apprenticeship onward, would be for neither one to desire the mastery; to have in marriage no question of leadership but a confederation of two. Confederation is the most promising ideal for the "Great Society," and it looks as if it were workable. So it should be in human affairs, but if it cannot be in any little house of life then the man should be the leader. I don't know why this should be so: perhaps because he is physically stronger, but I am convinced that it is so. I don't really believe that it is woman's economic dependence upon man that accounts wholly for his masterfulness and for her willingness to let him seem masterful, often with the secret reservation to be the leader herself if she can. I have known many women who were not economically dependent—that is, who were rich in their own right or else made money for themselves. Those women and their husbands had just as many problems of adjustments as couples like Dick and me, and the wise wives among them consented to the leadership of their husbands, because they knew that their mutual happiness was thus better conserved.

When a marriage is happy, however, the question of leadership may be implicit, but it is not a matter of consequence. The significant thing is that two people by understanding their mutual job, by studying each other, by giving rather than grasping, by developing the same tastes, even at a sacrifice, by putting self as far in the background as it will go—those two have come to a workable and valuable companionship. Thus trained in the difficult profession of marriage their love grows deeper, because it becomes more sympathetic, more understanding, has more of gentleness and wisdom.

My husband came round the room, sidling between the dancing couples; I watched with melting pride his tall well-set figure, his kindling smile. He plumped down beside me and asked, "Well, what do you want, Rhoda?"

"Want, dear?"

"Yes; ever since I've been sitting out these two dances with Kate Barnum you've been eying me and eying me. I thought you must either be bored with Dwight Kaye—you hardly talked to him at all—or else tired and anxious to get home."

"I'm all right; I didn't know I had been eying you, dear."

"Well, for heaven's sake!" cried Dick disgustedly. "I half suspected it was nothing after all, and I was really interested in what Kate was saying, and now she's dancing with someone else!"

Just here I could have said any one of two or three quite true things which would have put Dick in a good humor. I could have said, for example, "I suppose I was looking at you because I consider you the handsomest man in the room, and I wanted to please my eyes."

But what I did say, quickly and a bit sharply, was, "What was Kate Barnum talking about that was so very interesting to you? Herself? That's her usual topic."

"Meow! Meow! Come on; let's finish this dance," was Dick's reply. "I expect if Kate had been one of your prematrimonial friends she'd be full of virtues. As she is one of mine she's full of faults."

He spoke half laughingly and I thought he was joking, but I can look back and see that he was in dead earnest. Without realizing it I had annoyed him by a tactless obtrusion of my claim on him. A man values freedom more than any other right. That is why he resents jealousy in his wife. A woman, on the contrary, does not particularly value freedom and is usually flattered if her husband is jealous. Her definition of jealousy is likely to be too narrow; she is mainly conscious of it as applying to some possible rival in the affections. A man knows that jealousy need not be intensively concentrated on a particular person but may be extensive, spreading like a clinging net over every phase of domestic living. When he parts with any portion of his freedom he wants to do so as a gift; he opposes a claim. He is much quicker than a woman is to see the relation between claims and jealousy. He wants to give the woman he loves every symbol of his emotional and practical value, yet his most central soul he means to keep uncharted. An understanding or self-suppressing or indifferent wife respects this preserve. The less a woman tries to explore it, stake it out and run up the flag of self in it, the more of it her husband will yield unasked. Only too many wives poach; they shout in capital letters "MINE!" It is this kind of claim that makes a man first wonder what has become of his freedom and then decide that his wife is a jealous woman.

I am inclined to blame not man nor woman, but Nature, who is so wasteful. She is a safe person to abuse. She is an unscrupulous cruel old jade in her indifference to results. She has made the sexes so different that they can never quite understand each other; at the best they must allow, through love and sympathy, for those points wherein they sheer away from each other. All she wants is babies with which to keep her world going; the happiness of the producers of the babies she leaves in their own hands. The most wasteful thing she does, from the point of view of happiness, is to let a man pursue a woman, while the woman retreats; and then, once the woman is won, the man wants to add other things to her, while she, who had been reluctant to take anything, now wants not only to keep what has been given her of his life but to have more.

I had never been considered a jealous person, for I had always been ready to see beauty and charm and brains in other girls. In our engagement days Dick and I suffered practically nothing from jealousy. Once, indeed, he sulked because I danced four times in succession with Bessie Stillman's cousin. This was a tribute to my power and I enjoyed it the more because I had a sense of guilt. Once, too, I was half jealous and pretended to be wholly so—for the luxury of making up afterward. A lovers' quarrel was about due. People can't keep up the emotional tension of the average engagement without quarreling, and I found a cause in the facts that he went driving with Bessie Stillman and wore a flower she gave him. He was immensely flattered by my green-eye exhibition.

I never dreamed that jealousy would disturb our lives. For one thing, in those ideal plans we had made as to our future happiness, we had assumed full confidence.

"We'll tell each other not only all that happens," I remember once saying to Dick in our engagement days, "but we must tell each other everything we think too; mustn't we? No reserves?"

"No reserves," he had replied confidently.

Well, I am a very happy wife, but there are times when I certainly should feel very much disturbed if Dick told me what he was thinking of, and other times when I should disturb him if I told him everything that was in my mind. If we were again making that promise to each other I should put it this way: "We must tell each other the thoughts that will interest or please each other, and keep back any that are not suited to all those ideal vows we took at the altar."

As I look back now I can see that Dick made an attempt, doubtless unconscious, to mark out certain private claims for himself in the unexplored wilderness of matrimony; he counted on a certain freedom of personality. I must have had some subconscious warning of it, because I can recall so clearly the first time he expressed himself. We had been talking as usual of how radiantly happy we were going to be.

"One thing, we've both got sense," Dick said; "we won't interfere with each other's rights. You know my cousin, Wade Wilmot? He explodes every once in a while to me about his wife. She actually used to open his letters! When he got her straightened out about that she used to examine the postmarks and now when he opens them she either reads them over his shoulder or else asks him what they are about."

"Reading anybody else's letters is inexcusable," I agreed; "still, I should think he'd want her to see them."

"But not when she assumes it as her right, her graft in marriage, so to speak," Dick said. "He never gets out of his chair but she asks him where he is going. He never leaves the house in the evenings but she wants to know why he has to go and how long he'll be and couldn't he change his plans anyhow. She has no respect for his time in the office; she keeps calling him up to know if he can't bring home a steak from down town, or meet her for luncheon, or go and meet Uncle William's train, or come home by way of South Water Street to see if there aren't some unusual bargains in fruit or eggs. What is particularly maddening about her is that there isn't any use in talking to her. She can't see that she is infringing on his personality, trying to possess him as a mother her small untutored child or a master his slave. She thinks that all she does is done in the name of their partnership. She can't see that she has no right to dictate the terms of the partnership. What happens is an unholy row, a period of polite tolerance, which gradually wears off and they get back to livable terms, where they stay until she makes him explode again."

It's a curious fact that until a girl or woman develops real sex loyalty she always feels that when another woman is being blamed she is being praised. What I felt as we talked was not at all that Dick was expressing himself on the subject of man's rights, but rather that he was contrasting unfavorably with me his cousin's wife. What I should have done was not welter in soft emotion by his side dreaming of me as the ideal wife and of us as the ideal couple. I should have begun to think about marriage.

"Here," I should have reflected, "is a man of twenty-eight used to having his own way, and with certain principles of freedom. I must find out what they are in detail and do my best to conform to them. Moreover, this man has evidently been complained to by married men; he must know what the notions of his married friends are as to what marriage should be. I must see how workable those notions are."

Of course as much sense as that in a romantic girl of twenty-one would be unusual. As I have said in talking of our first year of marriage, any thinking either of us had done on the subject had been very superficial. Even these remarks of Dick came from his general instinct for freedom, his sense for safety and comfort rather than from any real reflection. He was sure, as I was, that our marriage was not going to have the difficulties of other people's marriages.

During the first year of our life together Dick could not pull with me, as I have shown, because of my lack of training in economy and finance and because of my slowness in grasping the fact that unless I trained myself to my obligations we could not be happy. By the second year we had surmounted this difficulty; we had also made the various essential compromises concerning each other's habits and idiosyncrasies. In fine we knew each other's main limitations and had at least a grounding in the habit of standing from under and of tolerance. Indeed, things were going so well with us that I suppose we thought our real matrimonial troubles were all past.

My actual position, though I did not know it, was this: I loved and depended upon Dick more than ever, for I had given up foolish extravagant entertaining, which we could not afford, and was devoting myself almost entirely to my home. I had fallen into the attitude of just waiting for Dick to get back. Now of course his return should have been the main event of the day. But I should have put my spare time on developing interests which would have made his return better worth while, not to me but to him. Very few women can satisfy a man by smiling and just being themselves, meaning by that a self that does not have to seek additions. Here and there a woman can be found who is so sweet, so like a heavenly pillow that all she has to do is hold out her arms to a man and invite him; he wants nothing else. But born luck like that doesn't often come to a woman. Mostly she has to keep developing her personality, or, if not that, adding to her range of interests so that she can have something to talk about to her husband besides the high cost of living. A man can love his wife without being especially interested in her, but if he loves her and is interested in her it's a more satisfying kind of matrimony.

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(Continued from Page 78)

But I used to daydream about Dick in my spare time instead of reading or going to a concert or a matinée, or to see a friend, or to some sensible club—that is, I was not carrying in any outside contributions to our spiritual matrimonial stores. Dick, his first troubles of adjustment over and his nerves at ease, was reaching out for fresh interests. I had married him for countless reasons, one being that he was mentally on the alert, sure to get on in the world. But a man who makes progress in his career, if he is the broadest type of man, makes progress in other ways too. Dick had plenty of spare energy; it was not used up any more in friction with me, and it was reaching out for employment. Later I said bitterly that I was not enough for him. It was not that; he had the instinct of keeping me as the center, but of enriching his life in all possible ways.

That little incident with Kate Barnum at the dance should have shown me that Dick's new vigorous interest, outside his work and me, was Friends with a capital F. Since we were not seeing a lot of people through big and small entertainments, what more natural than that we should see a few and see them often? What more natural than that Dick should summon his own old friends rather than my old friends? It was scarcely reasonable to expect that in a matter so instinctive and unconscious as this Dick would start a new group belonging to us both. Such a group cannot be made all of a sudden and artificially.

It was Bessie Stillman who first talked to me about a husband's friends. I have known her all my life. I cannot say that I approve of her, though I admire her talent—she is a professional singer—and I am sorry for her because of her terrible and unconscious egotism, and because of the passionate temperament which so often gets her into difficulties. She had been married a few months after I had. One afternoon she called on me and, as is rather her habit, began freeing her mind upon the subject of men.

"Husbands," she said, "are unreasonable animals anyhow. The more one of them prides himself upon his logic the more you may look in him for extreme unreasonableness. And one of their most unreasonable characteristics is to expect us to like their relatives and their old friends."

As Bessie imposed most shockingly upon Tom it seemed rather funny to hear her talking of the unreasonableness of men.

"Oh, I think," I defended, "that we ought to accept the old friends and the relatives. It's only loyal."

"Of course you accept them!" interrupted Bessie. "But your husband expects you not only to do for them but to feel about them as if you had picked them out. How can you take a pack of strangers to your bosom and honestly like them? Your husband goes on wishing to see them, and you have all the trouble of looking after them. The worst of it is he always knows that however amiable you pretend to be you fee they are a duty, and he resents it."

"What does Tom do?" I said, laughing.

Tom Stillman was a doctor of rapidly growing practice.

"Oh, my dear, such frumps of doctors and medical students as he has for friends! My only comfort is that the women are homely and with no more charm than their own thermometers. They are as safe to leave a man with as a bearded lady would be."

When Bessie or any other woman made a remark implying the necessity of guarding a husband from the charms of other women I always took it as a joke.

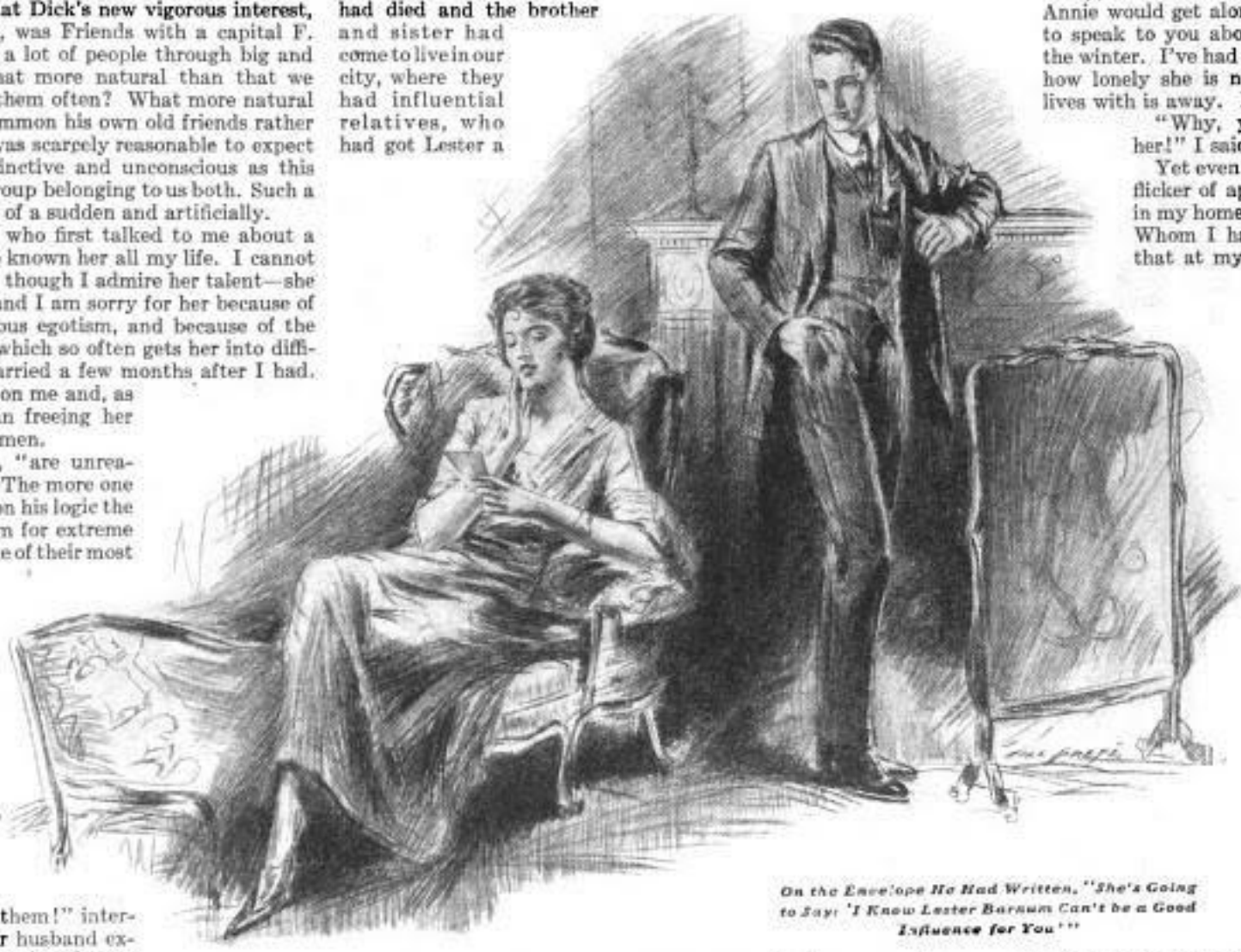
"You may laugh," Bessie said with a hard, bitter note in her voice, "but if your husband were a doctor and you had just found out that neurasthenic women came and wept on his shoulder ——"

She walked away, and I remembered that Helen Kaye, trying to be tolerant about Bessie, had remarked that jealousy in its poor way was an erratic proof of union.

I wish I had realized then that jealousy would not exist if there were not a great difference between the way men love and the way women love—for I fell into the mistake of thinking that something was wrong with Dick's love because his for me was not exactly like mine for him. A woman's love is steadier than a man's, and warmer. But her whole nature is more static than his, more content with love as love. In her heart of hearts she prefers to be appraised by the world according to her love. The world appraises a man and he appraises himself by his work. More often than not he gives the best of himself as a creator while she gives the best of herself as a lover. Indeed, one of his finest acts of creation is in winning his woman and bringing her to love.

At the moment, Bessie's generalizations set me reflecting more or less idly upon the four or five friends Dick liked most. Unfortunately I did not reflect deeply enough to see that there must be something wrong with me for disliking all of them. If I had supreme confidence in Dick's taste in choosing a wife I should have trusted his taste in choosing friends. There was Charlie Sanderson; everybody knew he drank too much. There was Fred Knight, a silly gyrating monkey of a man, always making foolish jokes. There was Lester Barnum, Kate Barnum's brother; though he had been in the city only a short time everyone acquainted with him had heard that he was an inveterate gambler.

The Barnums had lived in New York and Dick had known them in his college days. Kate was four or five years older than he, and he had not seen much of her. The Barnums had suffered, just before our marriage, a bad financial crash; the father had died and the brother and sister had come to live in our city, where they had influential relatives, who had got Lester a position and sent Kate to a business college. As they were attractive they soon had a wide circle of friends. I had asked them to dinner, but I had not seen either of them again until the night I had "eyed" Dick away from his successful conversation with Kate.



*On the Envelope He Had Written, "She's Going to Say: 'I Know Lester Barnum Can't be a Good Influence for You'"*

Finally there was Dick's cousin, Wade Wilmot. I had had a prejudice against him ever since my marriage because he had told his marital difficulties to Dick. Besides, he was always talking about the trouble interfering "in-laws" can cause, a topic that made me vaguely uneasy.

"Dick," he would say, "never borrow money of your wife's relatives. Because if you can't get it paid back right off she'll nag you to a shadow with 'When do you think we'll be able to pay back Uncle Jim?' Suppose you do pay it back, and make good to the extent that you can give her all she wants. Maybe some day when you're thinking by George mighty few men have worked so hard and deserved so much as you have, you give her a chance to tell you what a smart chap you are. Will she say that? She will not. She'll say 'Yes, it's grand we've done so well, and what we have to thank is that thousand dollars Uncle Jim lent us.' She'll have the nerve to say 'we.' You can't get away from it."

About the only time I had ever pondered on the matter of the relation of in-laws to family life was to sympathize with the in-laws. I had been spending the afternoon with Helen Kaye at a time when her mother and her husband's mother were visiting her. She was very sweet to her mother-in-law, but I noticed that if she asked for advice or for an opinion it was to her mother she turned. She felt as if her mother belonged to the family but as if her husband's mother were a kind of outsider to whom she had a noble duty, which she would fully perform. None of all this, however, was in my mind when I told Dick that Aunt Annie Kilburn and her daughters were going to take the apartment just under us. I dare say I had it in mind that if I must see a good deal of Dick's friends for whom I did not care I had better have an anchor close to windward in the shape of people nearer to me even than my own friends.

Aunt Annie had helped to bring me up and I loved her and was used to her peculiarities. She was a chirrupy little body, who never by any chance let you finish what you were going to say. She took it out of your mouth just as she took your sewing if she saw you were tired, or your cooking if you needed a rest. That trick of interrupting was the only trait she had that disturbed me. Her daughters, Stella and Isabel, were in the late twenties, but they had kept the ways of eighteen. I mean they were breezy, even boisterous; they romped noisily, giggled a good deal and joked in an obvious way. I did not mind their domestic vigor because I was accustomed to it. Dick had occasionally met them and I took it for granted that he liked them. When I told him of their coming he said meditatively, "I wonder how mother and Aunt Annie would get along? I have been going to speak to you about inviting mother for the winter. I've had a letter from her saying how lonely she is now that the sister she lives with is away. I thought ——"

"Why, yes, of course; invite her!" I said warmly.

Yet even as I spoke I felt a little flicker of apprehension. A woman in my home whom I did not know! Whom I had met only once, and that at my wedding, when I had been in no condition to judge character! I should love her, of course, but ——

"Mother can teach you a lot," Dick went on; "she's one grand cook, Rhoda; and there are some things she makes better than anyone else on earth."

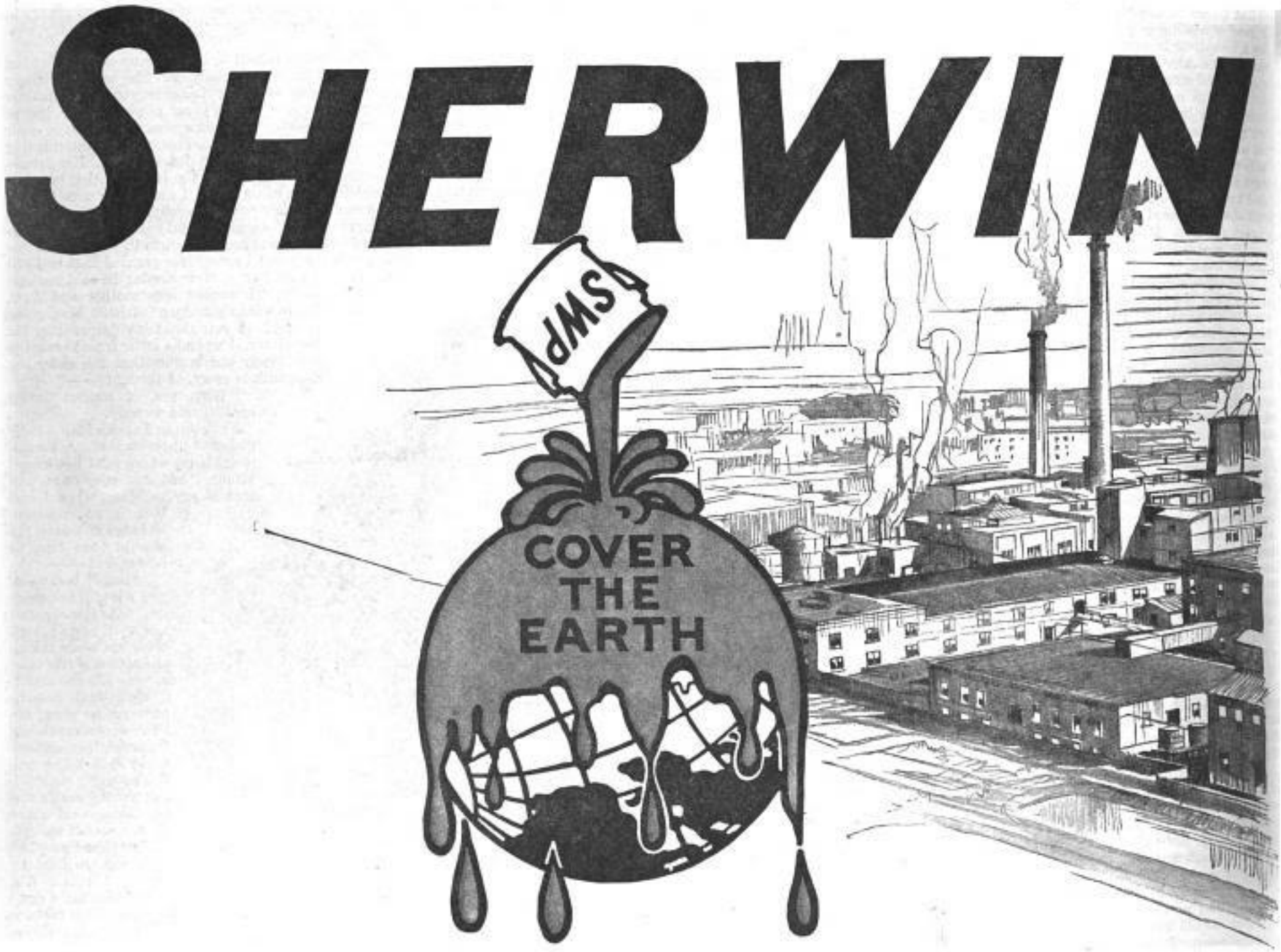
Well, that remark gave me no pang, for there were some things I thought my mother could cook as no one else on earth could. I had already drawn the conclusion that a lot of things that we call best we do so only because we are used to them. I think it's rather nice for a man to believe his mother has some capabilities his wife can't equal. I'm really pretty sorry for a mother that has to give up her son to another woman. In nine cases out of ten that other woman finds defects in her husband for which she secretly blames his mother's training. The wife does not always remember, as she takes possession of her man, that the good in him that makes her happy is largely due to his mother's guidance. She does not remember that because she has married him she has not only given him herself but she has in large part taken him away from his mother. It has to be so, even when the mother is brave and says she has gained a daughter, not lost a son. A man's married interest removes him one step farther from the hearth of his father and mother, just as did first his school and then his work. What makes me sympathize with mothers-in-law is not contact with my own, but thoughts about the way I'll feel when my little Richie falls in love.

But all this wisdom came later. At the moment I was shocked to find that though I was welcoming the thought that Aunt Annie and my cousins would be with me all winter I shrank from the close association with Dick's mother. Because my conscience hurt I tried thereafter every time I saw Dick's four friends whom I particularly disliked to be very nice to them. Just once I failed, and of course that was the time that counted. It happened one Sunday. All morning I had been putting up pears so as to have such work out of the way when Mother Wilmot arrived the next day. I had given Dick a scratch luncheon, over which he had been good-natured, knowing that I was suffering from the tail end of the preserving season, and he agreed with my suggestion that we go to my mother's for supper. It was past three before my kitchen was tidy. I flopped upon my bed with a long sigh of relief. I thought somewhat of calling out to Dick to go for a walk as he had been in the house all day and was bored. But I didn't, and prepared for a nap. I had scarcely dozed off when the doorbell rang and Dick entered with a pleased smile to say that the Barnums had come.

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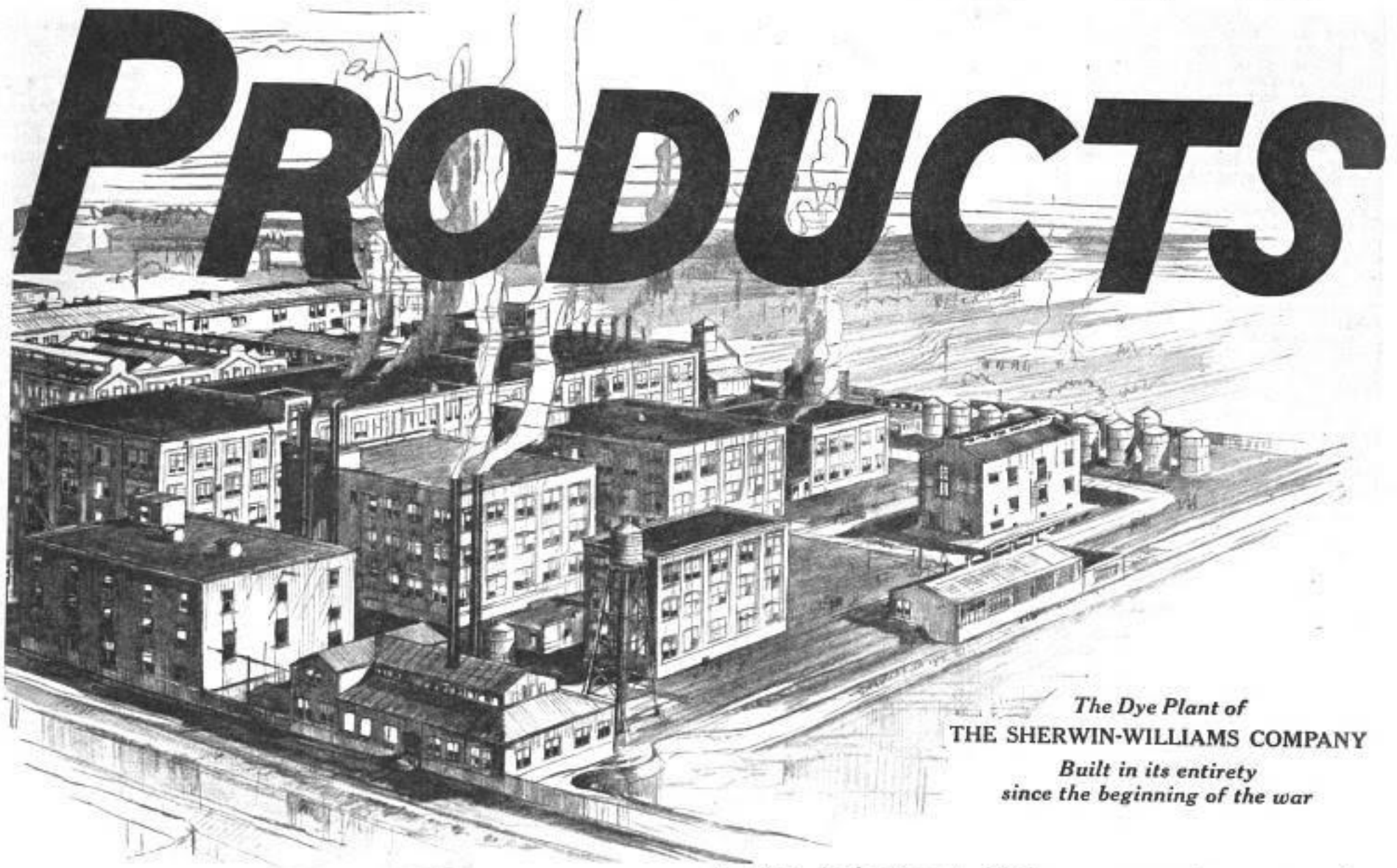
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(Continued from Page 81)

I dressed and went into the living room, to find Dick, all his boredom quite gone, having a beautiful time. Presently Charlie Sanderson arrived, and after that the movement to depart which I had observed in Kate Barnum—some women show it in the tensity of their ankles—quite disappeared. She wouldn't go till she had savored this new unattached man. By a quarter past five, the time I had planned to leave for mother's, Fred Knight came. There they were, four out of five of my *bêtes noires*, with no notion apparently of getting up to go. Of course I should have seen the funny side of it, but I didn't. I was tired and hungry and cross.

My share in the conversation was confined to mechanical smiles, the while I generalized about Kate Barnum, pondering over Bessie Stillman's characterization of her. Bessie, who resented her because Tom liked her, said she was the sort of woman that went round trying to sympathize with other women's husbands. I wondered how much there might be in that; certainly she talked more to my husband and to Tom Stillman and to Helen Kaye's husband than she did to any of the unmarried men I had seen her with.

She was, I thought, at the dangerous age for the unattached attractive woman—between thirty and thirty-five. She had by no means given up the thought of marriage, and yet she had no suitor with marked intentions. But she was the sort of woman who had to have masculine companionship. Had she, I wondered, chosen to look for it among men who would be readier to give it than unmarried men—readier, because it was apparently so safe? It was not a comfortable thought—and I wanted them all to go home.

As I was wishing it for the hundredth time they rose en masse.

"Look here!" cried Dick; "you're just all going to take potluck with us. Let's make them stay to supper, Rhoda."

"Yes, do stay," I said.

But my tone said, "I don't mean that. I ask you because I must. Please go home!"

Dick looked at me swiftly. I had seen such a look on his face once in the days of our first readjustment, and I mended my manners and did my honest best to mend my feelings.

"Look here," I said; "I do truly want you all to stay, only I haven't a thing in the house fit for dress-up company. But I do make good waffles, and if you'll stay for waffles with Vermont maple sirup and coffee—and Dick could go to the delicatessen ——"

No, Dick shouldn't go to the delicatessen; yes, they'd all stay and help make the waffles. Of course I did not want them in the kitchen. Kate said she'd help by keeping a few of the men off me in the living room. Lester Barnum helped make the waffles, and he really was useful—if only I could have forgotten that he gambled. Dick made the coffee and set the table. The little party really wasn't much trouble.

When they had all gone, about ten o'clock, Dick said, half laughing, half grim, "Well, old lady, you gave me a bad minute there, but you came up to the scratch beautifully."

At the moment it seemed to me a cruel remark. Here I was, expecting to be praised for my goodness in consenting to this supper after my hard day, and to be petted because I had not been able to go to mother's. I should have seen that I had really been put to very little trouble, and that if a group of my own old friends had been calling I would have shown more interest than I had in Dick's friends. With just a little tact I might have brought Dick to the point where he would have been praising lavishly whatever good there was in my conduct. What I did was flame out at him:

"I think I deserve a good deal of credit for coming to the scratch at all, worn out as I was! You shouldn't have invited them to supper when we had an engagement somewhere else."

This remark, implying the right to control Dick's freedom of hospitality, naturally annoyed him.

"The arrangement to go to your mother's for Sunday night supper is always an elastic one," he said. "As for inviting them, didn't we arrange this summer that we'd keep open house on Sunday? If you'd planned to do your preserving yesterday ——"

I poured out a number of reasons why the preserving couldn't have been done the day before, and my feelings working up as I went along I finished with the remark: "And when just that combination of people came it was a little too much!"

"It strikes me as a pretty good combination," said Dick dangerously.

"Charlie Sanderson!" I cried. "Why, I could smell whisky on his breath! And Fred Knight with his idiotic puns! All we needed to make the circle complete was your cousin Wade! When Lester Barnum came into the kitchen I could have screamed. I think that man ——"

"Well, what do you think of Lester?" said Dick icily. "Wait a moment first."

He wrote a line on the back of an envelope and added, "Go ahead!"

"Oh, what I think of him is just what everyone knows: he goes mad over cards and roulette and such things. I'm sure he can't be a good influence for you."

Dick smiled sardonically and handed me the envelope. On it he had written, "She's going to say: 'I know Lester Barnum can't be a good influence for you.'"

"Now then," Dick said, "we'll end this right here and now. At different times you've made exactly the same remark about each of the four men I care most about. The amount of it is that you're jealous of my friends, and you've got to justify it somehow, and you put it on the grounds that their influence isn't good ——"

"They've all got bad habits ——"

"I'm no weakling," Dick went on stormily. "Can't you see where your logic leads you? If you pursued it to the end it would mean that no decent man could be allowed abroad unless a moral keeper had him on a leash. It's jealousy ——"

"It isn't!"

"I used to be told," Dick went on, "that married women were always jealous of their husbands' former friends and made it their business to break off the old connections. Wade used to say they had always some high moral ground for their interference. I didn't suppose you'd be that sort of woman, but whether you are or not I'm not going to have it. I've never interfered with you and your friends, and I'll see to it, hereafter, that you don't interfere with mine. A man's past is his own, and he has every right to carry it into the future when it does not interfere with what he owes his wife. Every married man has a right to live a certain part of his life alone or with other people, without any disloyalty to his wife."

We quarreled and argued, and I wept. Dick and I always talked things out. That doesn't mean that we always came to any definite analysis of a given situation. In this case, for instance, each of us secretly felt that an apology was due from the other, but neither of us really apologized. I said, when we got to the melting stage, that I wanted to do every bit as much for Dick's friends as for my own, and that another time I'd plan to rest all Sunday morning so as to be ready for a whole townful in the afternoon. I also said that if I hadn't seemed cordial it was because I was so tired, and of course I knew that drinkers and gamblers couldn't make a drunkard and gambler of Dick. He said he was sorry I was tired, and that my waffles were delicious, and that I looked very pretty if I was tired. He added that Charlie Sanderson was fighting an inherited evil and needed the help of his friends, and that Fred Knight's jokes might be silly, but that they covered poor health and very sad home conditions. But, Dick went on, he liked those men because he liked them and he was not in any respect excusing his friendship.

We closed our discussion, apparently on the old loving terms, but the subject was not by any means closed and each of us had secret reservations. I did not really believe I was jealous of Dick's friends, because that word had never before been applied to me. Theoretically I thought he had a right to his friends; what I meant was that a right to all those I liked, and th liked were the ones he was most ind to. Moreover, I knew that I was w throw away every single one of my if he wanted me to, and I was hurt I knew he would not have been w give his up if I had wanted him t what prevented me from really th out the situation for myself and at a sense of being at fault was that I kept brooding over one Dick had uttered:

"Every married man has a right a certain part of his life alone or wit people, without any disloyalty to hi

How those words hurt! I migh reflected that as soon as married pe gin talking about their rights to ea they are sure to say things that hu what cut me was that this dictum husband's was a direct negation o our favorite early vows—that we do everything together, share every common. When we were engaged married, I thought, Dick would ne wanted to live a part of his life with other people! Conclusion—h love me so much as he used to or so I loved him!

If only the average girl could in few months of marriage take a sudd forward to the philosophy of fifty, a come back and apply it to the expe the early twenties! What a lot o would be saved! But I have notice that even the wife who has the mos notions of a husband's freedom truly wants him to be interested always prefers him to be talkin attractive woman who is very muc with some other man. And furt always prefers it if his outside coincide as nearly as possible with My struggles not to monopolize band's soul have taught me that every wife, deeply in love, has a amount of jealousy where her ma cerned, and simply has to educate herself. It takes good hard discipli it, too. Even to this day I find thinking such things as this:

"I don't see why Dick wants t that long tramp with Charlie Sa when I'd go with him if he asked me

Or, "I don't think Miss Henry call Dick by his Christian name."

Or, "Dick seems amused at that rattle. He wouldn't like it if I t another man the way she's talking

Now, when such a thought com laugh it away. At the beginning, realized that I was unjustifiably could only embrace such a though miserable. I kept mourning becau not all in all to Dick, because he to live a part of his life with othe I couldn't see that he always had that for whole hours at his busine home or out socially he was not life with me. There were hours wasn't living my life with him— were really attending to busines wise enough now to know life with other people is the b in the world for the life man live together.

Meantime Mother Wilm and despite my best efforts self she spoiled my sense of honestly did my best to be n but I was discontented all A dozen things upset me. thing she took command kitchen to cook Dic ite food. I did not her cooking was a usual but he was c praising her.

"That's the mother!" he would gusto over some di must give Rhoda th

"Of course I w would beam; "but y son, there's a goo the way you put t gether." Then, to curse off this implic would add, "And t cooking long befo was born."

"Rhoda's a goo Dick would say loy there are some things, mother, nobody but you can make."

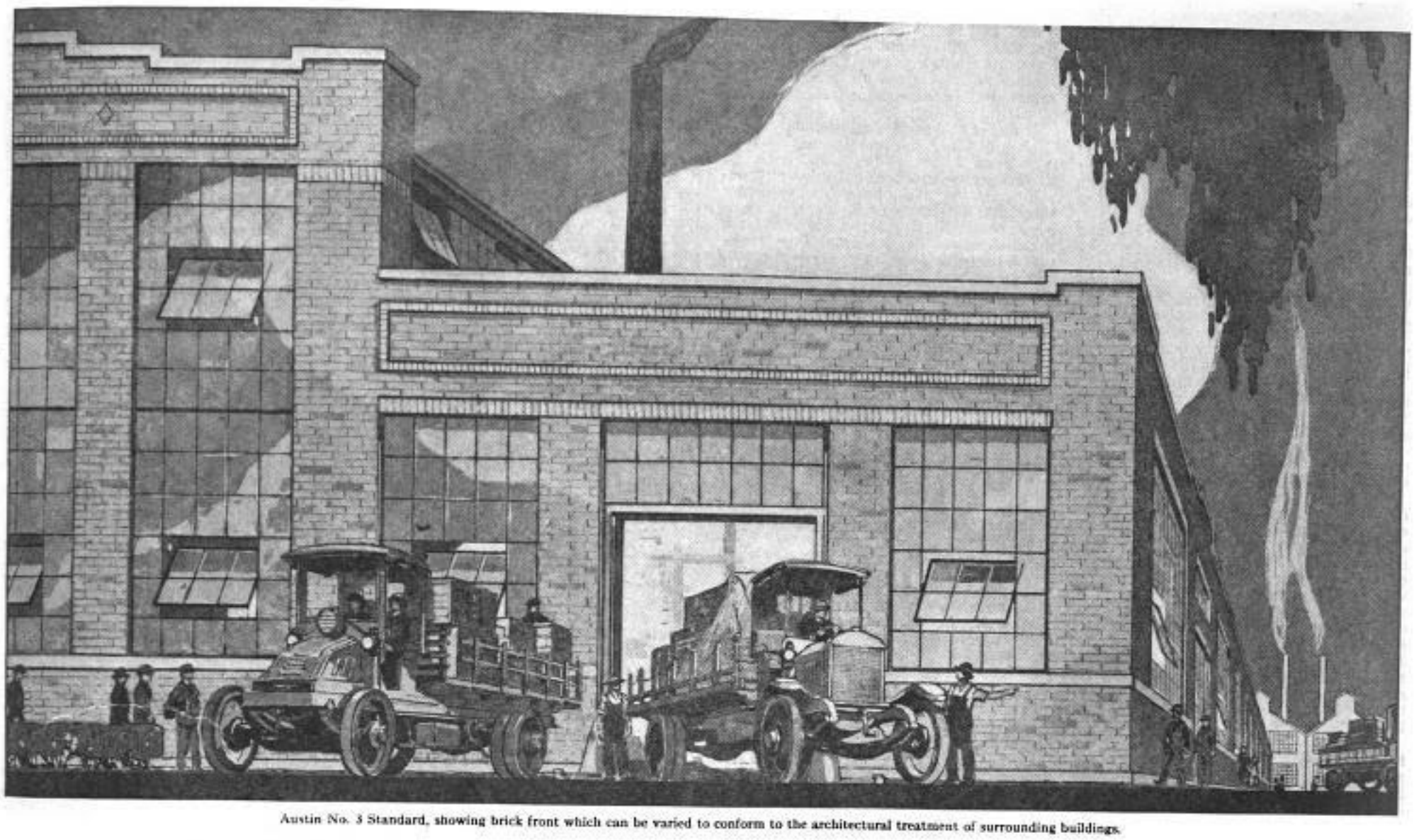
When she was in the kitchen as if she were there to save her death through indigestion. Of

(Continued on Page 8



"Men are All Alike, Once They Know You Love Them," Bessie Said Bitterly

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did not mean that. Whenever Dick spoke about her cooking as if he had been perishing for it during our married life I knew he did not mean that either. I told myself that I must remember she was an oldish woman, happy in still being of use to her son. But oh, how she did patronize me when we were alone!

"When you are my age, my dear," was one of her stock remarks, "perhaps you will think differently."

What irritated me most was her attitude toward Aunt Annie. If Aunt Annie came in alone, Mother Wilmot would sit in the living room with us, but she kept her eyebrows lifted disapprovingly. When Aunt Annie interrupted me Mother Wilmot would wait till she had ended, and would then remark to me, "Now dear, will you finish what you were saying?"

Then poor Aunt Annie would fall silent and meek while I would talk, chiefly to her, till I had brought her back to her usual state of chirrupy animation. If my cousins came in Mother Wilmot would rise, saying deprecatingly to me, "Too much gayety for my old ears, my dear."

Marriage has taught me that even if one doesn't love one's relatives, preferring as companions the relatives of one's husband or wife, still one is more loyal in service to one's own blood kin. It isn't because of congeniality, for if husbands and wives were to grow apart as do parents and children and brothers and sisters because of diversity of tastes and interests, there would be almost as many divorces as marriages. It is due, this strong loyalty, to having been brought up in the same environment, sharing the same past, learning together the first lessons in the strange adventure of life.

A man rarely tries to separate his wife from her people, though he may draw a line and state that beyond it he will allow no interference or influence from them. An unscrupulous wife is likely to try to take her husband away from his kin chiefly for the purpose of making him wholly hers. A father rarely interferes with the family life of his son or daughter but a mother is prone to feel that she ought to count in the new household. All the judges of the courts of domestic relations who have expressed themselves in print as to the causes which lead to quarrels between married couples and perhaps to separation and divorce agree that a large proportion of the trouble comes from the interference of relatives.

With Dick and me this jealousy of each other's relatives did not take a very acute form. It merely added another disturbing element to the situation in which we were already involved. Unconsciously Dick assumed his mother's attitude toward Aunt Annie, and thought I spent too much time with her. Why did I need Aunt Annie when I had his mother right in the house? But this he did not put into words, nor did I put into words my resentment of the way Mother Wilmot tried to push off Aunt Annie. But all this was just one more cause of marital rankling.

It was at this psychological moment that Dick and Kate Barnum intensified their friendship. I have no doubt that Dick was unconsciously influenced not only by my unwillingness to make of her a chimney-corner friend, but also by my half-unconscious jealousy of her. No doubt, too, she went more than half way in the friendship. It is strange that a bachelor doesn't like being pursued, while a married man rather enjoys it. Also, a friendship between a married man and a woman single or married seems to mature pretty quickly. We had met Kate here and there, and Dick had mentioned running across her down town and taking her to luncheon once; and another time Lester and Kate had driven him into the country to keep a business appointment. But I had no notion of the strength of Dick's interest in Kate until the night of the spring dance of the country club to which we belonged.

Dick danced with Kate almost as many times as he did with me, and twice they disappeared to sit out their dances. Bessie Stillman coming upon me in the dressing room, where with Helen Kaye's help I was repairing a torn hem, patted my cheek and said, "What! Is it really torn? I thought you came here to cry your eyes out because that tiger lady, Kate Barnum, is eating Dick up."

Helen and Bessie never did get on very well, and now Helen said sharply, "Don't be a goose, Bessie! Dick's all right. I'm sure Rhoda doesn't want to keep him tied up to her apron strings!"

Bessie leaned against the dressing table, her dark beautiful face very mournful.

"Men are all alike, once they know you love them," she said bitterly. "I wish I knew what neurasthenic patient my husband is holding the hands of to-night."

She turned and went toward the door, calling over her shoulder, "Give him a Roland for his Oliver, Rhoda. It's an old device, but serviceable. Come along and flirt with someone—Dwight Kaye, for choice."

"Bessie is intolerable," Helen said, flushing. "I forgive her only because I know she's so wretched. Of course Dwight likes to talk to pretty women, and I—I like him to. And I'd rather have him talk to you than to anyone else."

Well, I didn't want to talk to Dwight. I wanted to hide in that dressing room until it was time to go home, and then have Dick worried because he couldn't find me. But I was afraid if I stayed there Kate might somehow get the dances I had with Dick. So I went out, with Helen's gentle warning in my ears, "You look a little grave to-night, dear; smile!"

I smiled as best I could, and danced out the rest of my dances, and said nothing to Dick till we got home. But then I said too much. From laughing and petting me Dick turned furiously angry, and we talked so loud that Mother Wilmot kept coughing from her room to warn us. I cannot bear to remember even now what we said, but at the close of our quarrel Dick was ten times as friendly toward Kate as he had been at the beginning. One thing he said was that this jealousy of Kate was of a piece with my jealousy of his men friends and of everything he wanted to do, and that he was going on with this friendship and all others he had; he would share them with me so far as might be; for the rest, they were his own.

From that time on, it seemed to me, Dick and Kate overlooked no chances. At the club dances she had just about one dance less with him than I had. I think that occasionally they met down town and twice a week they played tennis. Of course both Mother Wilmot and Aunt Annie saw that things were wrong and suspected why. They said nothing, but Mother Wilmot's manner to me plainly showed that she considered me an unreasonable, spoiled, exacting girl, who could never understand Dick as his mother did; but at least his mother would try to make up to him as far as she could, for his wife's failure. Aunt Annie, of course, held that I was a devoted, neglected, unhappy wife, and she did her best to shelter me with her unspoken sympathy; whatever happened I should have my own people to fall back upon. Naturally I liked her point of view better than I did Mother Wilmot's. Naturally, also, this division of interest did not make for harmony either between Dick and Aunt Annie or between Dick and me.

Dick kept his word about sharing Kate with me. I was included in her dinner invitations. I was at liberty to go along with Dick and watch the tennis games at the country club.

Often I did go, not because I wanted to but because I was afraid of what people might think unless I showed that I was countenancing the friendship. I might have spared myself the pain. I know now that no one gave the association of Dick and Kate more than a passing thought; to them she was just our family friend, as her brother Lester was.

Time after time I sat beside the tennis court, miserably watching the two of them. Sometimes Helen Kaye sat with me. No woman in the world ever had a better friend than Helen was, so tactful, so tender. She knew I was unhappy, and knew why, but she never tried to force my confidence. Sometimes when the staring green and white of the court blurred behind a mist of tears, she would touch my hand softly.

One day when I was watching Dick and Kate in a foursome, thinking how happy they looked and how wretched I was, I broke my silence and said to Helen,

"I can't seem to bear it, Helen. Don't you —— Don't you really mind it when Dwight ——"

Dwight loved Helen, but all our world knew that he was something of a lady-killer. I had seen him at luncheon with other women, and out walking with them.

"I did mind at first," Helen said slowly; "but if a wife expects to be happy she just has to accommodate herself to her husband's temperament. And I do want to be happy. So—what I try to do is to make his friends my own. His private secretary now —— I think a secretary, Rhoda —— Well, I always make friends of his secretaries and of all the other women he likes, as far as they will let me. You see, I know I'm the only person Dwight loves, and that's all that really matters."

"Oh, I could never make a friend of Kate Barnum," I said despairingly.

"Yes, you could. She's awfully nice, really. If you'd only try, Rhoda. The only thing I mind now is when a woman confides something or other to Dwight and implies that he's not to tell me. I hate that and I always shall."

"Oh, but how could they? And how could a husband ——"

"Well," said Helen with a wry smile, "we'd better not go into that. But they can, and they do. And after all, Rhoda, it wouldn't be quite honorable for a man to give away anyone else's confidence. If I told you something and made you promise never to tell a soul, would you go and tell Dick?"

"I—I'm afraid I should," I said guiltily, "if I thought telling it would make him interested in what I was saying."

Along with the silent claim I was making that Dick should give up his friendship with Kate went countless other mental restrictions. The difference between men and women when they begin to disregard each other's freedom is that men become tyrannical and impose burdens, while women make restrictions. The husband says, "You shall!" The wife says, "You shall not!" Time after time I didn't see why Dick wanted to do this or that—which meant that I was making a claim that he should not do it. We were punctiliously pleasant to each other—and both wretched. Once or twice we had an hour or two when we forgot everything except that we loved each other. But such hours were like little islands in a rushing flood. We slipped back into the flood without building a bridge to the mainland. We should have talked the matter out, and yet as neither of us was prepared to yield anything it may be that the talking would have led to nothing but increased pain.

A manifestation of my misery of jealousy was that I accumulated a store of grievances

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(Concluded from Page 88)

against Dick. Several times in my life I have encountered the woman with grievances. They come either from jealousy or from sex antagonism. Such a woman has apparently a thirst for perfection, for nothing ever quite suits her; she has a gift for ferreting out the disadvantages of every situation. No matter what her husband does he ought to have done something different. I had for the time being the mood of that sort of woman. The saving grace I had just then was that I kept still. I had vowed not to reopen the subject of Kate until Dick did—and yet it was I who spoke first. I met Lester Barnum one afternoon just as I was going into our apartment house, listened to an allusive remark of his about Kate's "new job," made appropriate reply, and then went upstairs as if on the wings of flame. Dick had just got home.

"Lester Barnum tells me," I said, "that you got a position for Kate in your firm as joint secretary for you and the chief engineer."

"Yes, I should have told you myself if ——"

"I know all about women secretaries," I said with deadly quietness. "Kate has had a few months' experience as a secretary, I know; but she couldn't be good enough for such a position if she didn't get it by favor. I demand that you let her go. I simply won't have her in your office!"

"I can't let you interfere with office matters, Rhoda," Dick said.

"Seeing her every two or three days isn't enough," I cried bitterly; "you must see her every day! Well, you can just choose between us."

"I shall do no such thing. There is no choice. You are my wife."

He went into his room and began to dress. We were to go to a dinner and a dance at the country club that night. For weeks I had felt ill, as well as unhappy. If only Dick would come to me. All he did was to call out pleasantly that he would hook me up when I was ready. His cue was to ignore the scene. Suddenly I grew hard and quiet. Very well; I would keep up till I dropped. Dick came to my room and put his arms round me. I could not respond. I think my stillness rather alarmed him.

At dinner that night the Stillmans sat at our table. Bessie took too much wine and sneered at her husband when he tried to restrain her. The rest of us laughed off the incident, but it was really very painful. When the dancing began I welcomed the chance to get away. The evening was about half over when in the middle of a waltz with Tom Stillman I asked him if he would mind sitting the rest of it out, as I felt faint. All the seats in the veranda were occupied, so we found a dark bench amid the shrubberies. Then I leaned back, exhausted and miserable.

Presently we heard the rattling run of steps on the gravel. The branches in front of us were swept aside, and Bessie stood there, panting, disheveled.

"You!" she shrieked at her husband; "who is charming you to-night?"

He pulled her down on the seat beside us and put his hand over her mouth.

"This is intolerable!" he said, addressing neither of us. "This woman keeps asserting herself, insisting on her own right to the mastery. Her career—what's that? What does her singing amount to? A woman can express herself only through her husband and her home! Bessie can make good only for and through me! But she wants to be the center always and everywhere, claims every shred of my time, doesn't want me to look at another woman."

Bessie sank back against his arm.

"Oh, I've lost you! I've lost you!" she cried.

I could hear Dick's footsteps crunching along the gravel.

"Rhoda, are you here?" he called anxiously.

"Here, with Bessie and Tom," I replied.

"Lost me! If you have it's your own fault," Tom said. "How can you expect me to love you? I'm sick to death of your jealousy ——"

Dick stood before us. I stumbled up from the bench and held out my arms to him. As he led me away I could hear Bessie sobbing pitifully and Tom's voice softening as he talked to her.

"Take me home, please," I said to Dick.

"I thought you looked pale and tired, so I came after you," he said. "Lester has his uncle's car; he'll drive us home."

All the way home Dick held me in his arms. I am sure we both kept thinking over that dreadful scene between Bessie and her husband. Yet when we spoke it was not of them.

"Mother's visit is about over, dear," Dick said. "She spoke to me yesterday about having soon to go back. I hope we can always have our people to visit us but not again for such a long time. I'm afraid I didn't realize, dear, that the relatives on both sides can bring in an alien atmosphere to a home—that is, if they become too definitely a part of the home."

"I needn't see so much of Aunt Annie if she annoys you," I whispered.

"I am going to try harder than I have to get used to her ways," he said.

Then we fell silent. Neither of us had said what was in the foreground of our minds, yet what we had said paved the way to understanding and to reconciliation; we were in a mood to be patient and tender with each other and self-condemnatory. I thought again, and in a newly illumined way, of Bessie and her husband. Her jealousy had driven them worlds apart. At the best Tom would seek his compensation in his work and his friends; at the worst he would find some woman who would give him the kind of love he wanted. All that was holding them together was the bond of the child that was to come. Bessie had lifted up before me the mirror of my own conduct. I now saw Dick's point of view, realized that I had cabined and confined him. I saw that the only way I could save that little citadel of self I had built in him was to make no unfair claim.

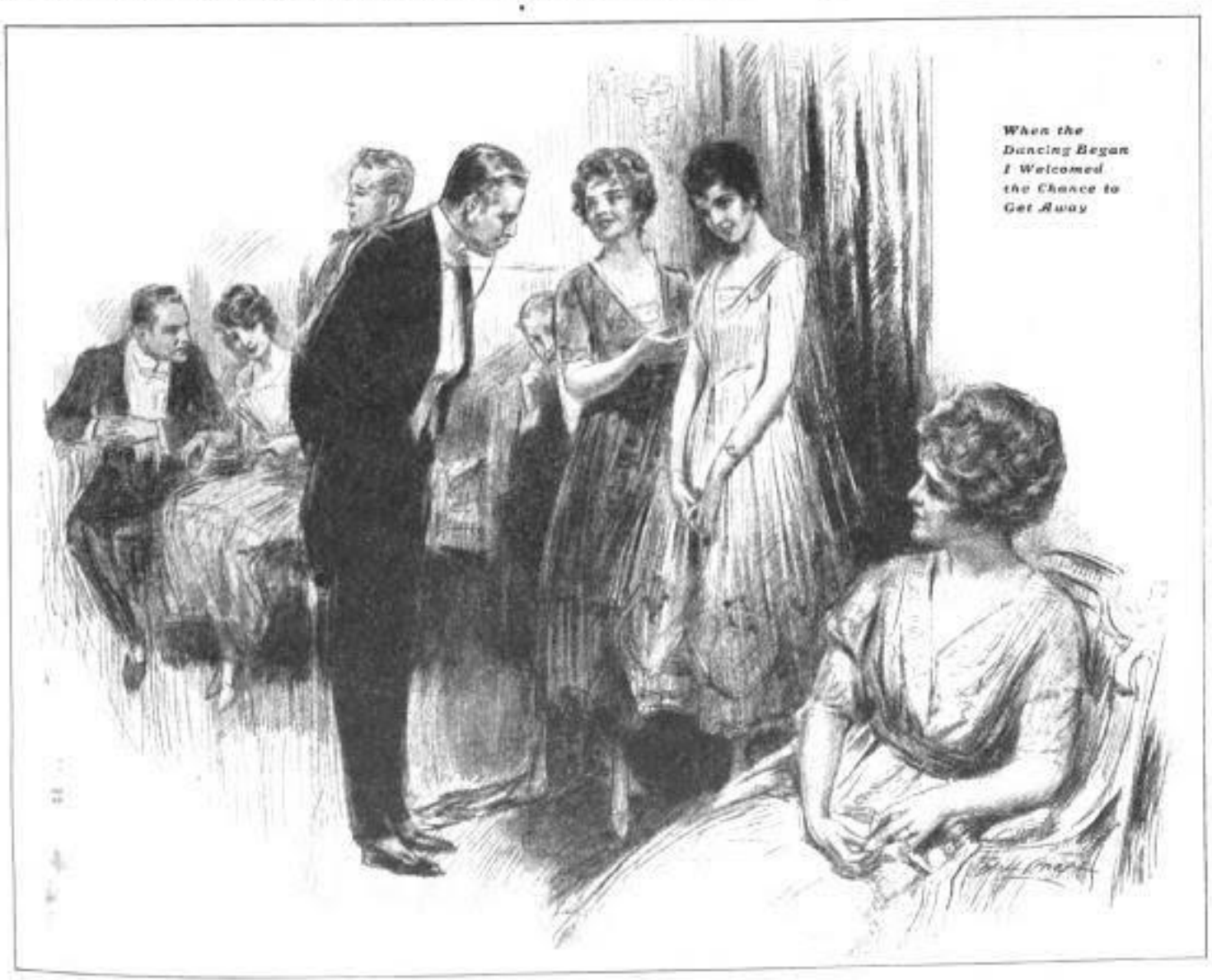
When we were at home I held out my arms to Dick. Before I could speak he said, "I want to tell you, dear; Kate has just become engaged to Charlie Sanderson."

Somehow I felt no relief whatever. Kate seemed to have dropped out of my consciousness.

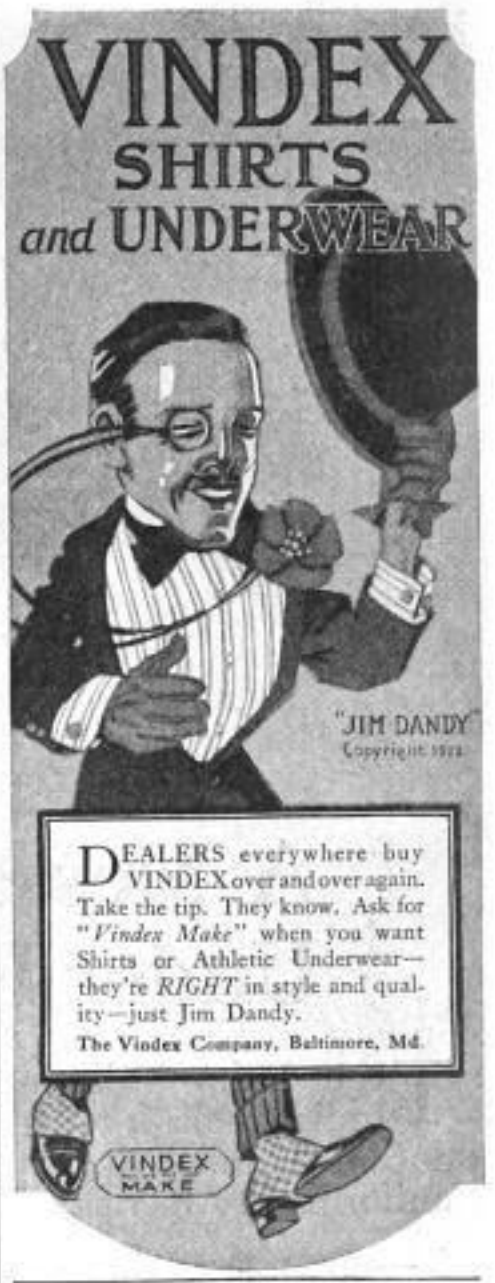
"She doesn't seem to matter now," I whispered. "I've been wanting to tell you, Dick. Our house of life—it won't be just two any more."

Under all Dick's adoring words I kept thinking of Tom and Bessie. What if I had so drained Dick of love of me that only our child could be our reason for union! In that wonderful hour with my happiness over our reconciliation was mingled gratitude that I had seen my madness before it was too late. I took a new degree in wisdom that night. I had learned that I must root out jealousy, and must watch with unremitting care and patience the place where it had been, for I knew it would be as eager to come back as Canada thistles. I knew, too, that the exercise of patience, tolerance and tenderness will cure jealousy.

Editor's Note—This is the first in a series of stories by Mrs. Warren. The second and last will appear in an early issue.



When the Dancing Began I Welcomed the Chance to Get Away





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# THE SEA TERRIERS

(Continued from Page 16)

every inch of space utilized, and every compartment a cubby-hole; bridge, guns, lookout, depth charges, wireless and three powerful gasoline engines; complicated listening and locating devices; a tiny galley where, when the seas breaking inboard do not entirely engulf him, a cook prepares their hasty meals; sleeping quarters where the men—sometimes—get a little sleep, provided the ship isn't rolling so badly that they can't stay in their bunks; compact, courageous, consistent little warships—the terriers of the sea.

And wet—always, always wet, unless the weather is clear and the sea is calm—but good sea boats. They wangle through somehow. They weather it out. The roll of them is a peculiar roll; when there is a heavy sea on, a most disconcerting roll. Over she goes, thirty, forty degrees, until you think she never will come back, and begin to speculate on the quality of your life preserver—over—over—good-by, boys, I'm through—stops—staggers—trembles, and begins to scramble back through the spume; slowly—slowly—then quickening, and you brace the other way to prepare for the roll off into the opposite trough—brace—hang on—she's clambering back, doggedly pulling herself out of it—setting her teeth into the equilibrium like the terrier she is.

Two degrees back—ten—fifteen—coming up—and everybody braced for the roll the other way. Then, bang! Another wave catches her, and she stops halfway, shakes and shivers and tumbles back to where she came from, twists herself out of it, and tries again to scuffle back to her normal—hanging on—hanging on—good stuff—now she's going to make it—up—up—doggedly—determinedly—gallantly —— Biff! Old Nep has hit her another whang on the quarter; but he can't get her—she shoves a sardonic snout at him and comes back—comes back—comes back! Old Nep can't whip her—he can't faze her. Presently with a mighty shake she rises up to evens again, and plugs ahead, with the water gushing off her deck, and her men soaked and everything afloat. Together, the terrier and the terriers grin at the sea and scoff.

"Not yet, old top, not yet! Nothing doing. Hawk—Eagle—Gull. Oak—Ash—Maple. Rinkum, Dinkum, Allagazam. Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack!" And rallying her tossing pack about her, off she goes, listening, looking, trailing, day and night without end—trailing the Hun.

### *Risky, But It Worked*

They stay a certain number of days in port and work a certain number of days at sea, nosing out in packs and operating according to a general rule as to disposition—that is, formative disposition at sea, not general disposition. The general disposition of those terriers is ugly, not to say ferocious, so far as the Hun submarines are concerned. There isn't enough mercy in that bunch to crowd the eye of a needle. "Go get 'em!" is the war cry when they start out, and the proudest pennant they can display when they come back is "We got one!"

They are mostly reserve lads, officers and men, who came fresh into the Navy soon after war was declared, though now and then a commander of an S. C. is an old navy man who was a warrant officer before he went into the fuss. They do amazing stunts. One of the terriers is commanded by a lad who before the war had occupation on a Western ranch. At dusk one night he ran close up with his S. C. to a dangerous floating German mine, right in the pathway of the S. C.'s and of general traffic. This destroying agent had escaped the mine sweepers, and it was a Menace with a capital M. The commanding officer knew it was his duty to destroy it, and he tried. Night was settling down. The visibility was almost zero. He tried to set it off by rifle shots at it, but he couldn't hit a detonater.

Wherefore, being a lad who operates off his own bat and not tied down by any naval precedent—there undoubtedly is a naval regulation as to what must be done in these circumstances, for there are naval regulations about everything, from the manner to attack a fort to the exact way the ship's hen should lay an egg—he decided to arrange matters with that mine so it should be harmless during the night and destroyable in the morning. He ordered the wherry dropped into the water, took off a line and rowed to the mine. Then he expertly lassoed the mine, made the noose all fast, and rowed back to the ship with the other end of the line. This he secured to the stern of his S. C., and towed that mine behind in his various wanderings all that night. When morning came he blew up the mine. Fancy that, you rocking-chair sailors—bobbing about through the darkness of a black night with a mine towing a hundred feet or so astern—a mine big enough to blow forty S. C.'s into bits!

"Good Lord!" said the commanding officer when report was made; "that thing might easily have drifted on to you and blown the whole lot of you out of the water."

"I know it," replied the lad off the ranch, "but I took that chance and watched it; and if I hadn't picked it up it might have blown up some other fellow who couldn't see it in the dark."

The business of the submarine chaser is pithily expressed in the naval designation of them. That is what they are for—to chase submarines. They were built for that purpose, and are operated exclusively with that object in view. They have no other prerogatives or procedure. They are organized and equipped for submarine chasing and destroying, and that is the beginning, the course and the end of them. They chase submarines exactly as a terrier chases a rat or a rabbit. They get on the trail and stay on it. They never quit, never lag, never falter so long as there is a chance that the quarry may be caught. They are insistent, numerous, importunate, tireless, quick, nervous and vital. They stick.

### *When it Rains Depth Charges*

They are as mobile as a boat can be, immediately responsive to the rudder, high-powered, and built for action, not for comfort or cruising. You can cut circles with them or turn them in their own length. They are a hundred and ten feet of organized efficiency, and, though the actual experience of them has shown places where they might be improved, as a whole they do their job very well. The Navy Department rushed out a lot of them, and at the base in England where I looked them over there was a very sizable fleet of them, and more coming. The crew is two officers and twenty or twenty-two men. Six of these men run the engines. The rest have their various duties—as listeners, depth-charge men, and so on; and each terrier is a complete instrument of Hun destruction when she goes out. They are not heavily armed, for their business isn't to shoot submarines, though that can be done if necessary, but to locate them and drop depth charges on them. The engines are amidships, and each chaser is triple-screwed. They have a good speed and a sizable cruising radius. The bridge is amidships, with a lookout above, and each ship is fully equipped with the latest devices for signaling and listening.

Generally speaking—and all speaking about this phase of it must be very general—the object of the chase of a chaser or a flock of them is to get what is called a "fix." That is, they go out and patrol in a specified area for the purpose of locating submarines. Now the manner of getting a fix is extremely interesting and quite efficient. Also, it is not for discussion here. It is sufficient to say that the completed "fix" locates the submarines with reasonable accuracy — that is, determines the place beneath the water where the submarine is lurking, of the route on which it is proceeding. When the fix is determined the chasers go to it with all speed, and it begins to rain depth charges on Fritz.

If so be Fritz is encountered on the surface, the S. C. leaps up to him and whangs at him with her guns. There isn't one of all the scores of them that would hesitate a second before tackling the biggest German submarine that is in commission. But that chance rarely comes, for Fritz isn't taking any of that medicine when he can avoid it. His game is to stay hidden if he can until some safe easy potshots at supply or troop or hospital ships are afforded.

Any sort of sea tosses a hundred-and-ten-foot boat about, and the waters where this particular squadron of chasers operates are not particularly pacific. Naturally it is easier to get a fix when the sea is calm, if any Hun is about, than when the sea is





# A GREAT WAR SONG

The Battle Hymn Of Democracy

Words by BRADFORD WEBSTER — Music by K. CLARVOE




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high and the chaser is bobbing round like a cork. Still, Fritz is under in all sorts of weather; hence the terriers are out in all sorts too; and they do not hug the shore, either. They go away out to sea in quest of their prey, ranging for miles and miles, farther than one unexperienced of them would think, listening, trailing, always on the job, relentlessly and tirelessly.

A pack of them were coming in on the morning I arrived at the base, and a pack going out, all alike, so far as one could see, except for the white numbers painted on their bows. The incomers nosed along, seeking mooring places by the sides of others that had come in ahead of them, all navy gray, to the last exposed inch of them, all geared and hampered with the tools of their trade; and on the decks of them were the lads of the crew, mostly in blue dungarees, hatless to the last lad of them, hoisting out bedding and stores and piling all on the deck to dry in the sun before they went out again. This gave the incomers the curious appearance of floating back yards with the bedding and clothing flapping on the lines stretched fore and aft.

The outgoers were spick-and-span, cleared and stowed, with the crews of them at their stations, the officers on the bridge; the engines throbbing and the pennants and signals flying. There had been a heavy sea outside, and the incomers were battered a bit, and the paint of them dulled by the salt spray that had been dashing against it for hours and hours. The incoming crews were weary and unshaven, and their dungarees were soiled and dirty, while the outgoers were fresh and brisk and clean. Later I saw that outgoing bunch come back, and they, too, were unshaven, and their bedding was hung out to dry, and the clothes of them flapped from the lines stretched fore and aft. Chasing the Hun submarine is no tea party. It is hard, grueling, insistent work.

When they get in they must turn to and get shipshape for the next foray. There are countless things to be done aboard a chaser after a cruise before she can go cruising again, from shifting and replenishing stores to making repairs and repainting. Not much time is allowed for rest, and there is no liberty until the ship is ready. So the chasers lie there in port, in long bobbing rows, with the crews stripped, usually to undershirts and trousers, feverishly getting shipshape so they can go ashore and taste the delights of liberty. There may be a dozen of them—two dozen—picture it for yourself; and each little ship is as busy a craft as you ever saw, either out or in. For ceaseless activity I think the S. C.'s top anything in the Navy. They are never still a minute.

### A Nautical Nut-Farmer

There is a small American supply ship for the repair of them stationed at this base, and the United States is building an extensive machine shop at the quay that has been assigned to them. The British Admiralty has given over a certain section of the port to the terriers, and the United States is hastening to install repair machinery and fill storehouses with supplies. The men on the supply ship keep those shops running night and day, but with the additions that are coming for the fleet much greater repair facilities are needed. The executive offices for the United States are located at the edge of the quay, so the commanding officer can look out his window and see his terriers at any time, save when they are ranging out at sea. In the executive offices the various activities of operation and administration are conducted.

There isn't much room for a guest on an S. C.; wherever one is he feels himself in the way. The bridge is bridge and chart room combined. The compartments below have each their navigating and operating uses as well as their uses for sleep and sustenance. The engine rooms are packed with machinery and the decks are covered with gear. So an outsider does the best he can, hangs on when she rolls, watches the various operations as well as may be, and generally is not at all averse to getting back to shore.

The men come from all parts of the United States. Of the crew on one chaser I visited there were men from ten states, from California to Massachusetts; and no two from the same city or village. The commander was from the South, and the second in command from Vermont. Oddly enough, the bulk of the crew were not from coast states, but from the interior. None of them had had any seafaring experience before they enlisted in the Navy; but they were all genuine gobs now, naval in walk, talk and action. No youth is so adaptable as our youth, and these lads have taken over the stern life of the sea as readily as they would shift occupation at home.

I saw a conference between a large number of the officers of the chasers and some of the older naval hands who are in command. They were talking over things, making reports and offering and getting suggestions; keen, browned, alert young fellows, well set up, lean, sinewy, capable, eagerly on the job, with ideas of their own as to practice and operation, and submitting these ideas enthusiastically; open for suggestion, free in criticism, each wanting to get the best there is out of the crews and the ships.

"Where do the officers come from?" I asked an executive officer long in the Navy.

"Everywhere," he said.

"Were they sailors?"

"Not many of them; some had had experience in motor boats and yachts and were amateur navigators, but the way they have picked it up is marvelous. Let me give you an illustration. When I was organizing the first flotilla that came over I questioned the young chaps who came before me as officers for the chasers. Of the first five on one day one had been a shoe salesman, another an accountant, another a nut inspector and another an actor."

"Nut inspector?" I said. "What's that?"

"He worked on a pecan ranch down South somewhere."

### Brave Lads and Bully Boys

"They had had some sailing experience and had taken short special courses at a training school. Now of that bunch three are in command of chasers to-day; four brought their ships across, and the actor is a unit commander, and a mighty good one too. That's where we got them. The Navy just reached out and collected them here, there and everywhere, and they are good stuff and making sailors of themselves mighty fast."

Brought their ships across! I looked into that, for until that moment it had not occurred to me that these ships, these tiny craft, had not always been on the English side. Well, they brought them across, each one of them—sailed them from the United States to this British port—many others like them, and some even smaller have been brought across—and got away with it. They took these one-hundred-and-ten-foot boats and fared forth with them on the Atlantic in the stormy springtime, manned by crews that mostly had never been to sea before, and officered largely by men who had never commanded or navigated anything larger than a catboat.

They sailed them from America to Rendezvous X, to Rendezvous Y, to Rendezvous Z, and thence to where I saw them, more than three thousand miles—bluffed the eternal seas, laughed at Old Father Neptune, scoffed at Davy Jones and his locker—sailed them from shore to shore, and never lost a man or a ship. They beat their way through storms, tossed about in mountainous seas, rolled and wallowed in desperate troughs, fought—fought—fought for every inch of the way, and brought them in. Some were battered, some had bridges and deck work torn away. Some had engine trouble. Some leaked. Some broke down in various ways. But they brought them in—these raw sailor lads and these raw officers—fought the sea with superb contempt for its prowess, and with the unquenchable spirit of youth. And there they are. So, too, are others at other bases—sailed across the seas by these American lads.

They were wet most of the time, hungry much of the time, and held to cold food for considerable periods because the seas were too heavy to allow use of the stoves in the galleys. They had little sleep and less comfort. They were thrown about, battered, tossed, bruised. They stood unceasing watch and surmounted excessive difficulty, but they brought them in—seasick, some of them; weary, all of them; nerves at severest strain; fighting every inch of the way, but courage never daunted, spirit never quailing. They brought them in—brave lads and bully boys, they brought them in!

And now they take them out to the far seas beyond the base, and navigate them all about, loaded with T N T to drop on the

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Hun, on ceaseless vigil, buffeting the seas, prepared for instant fight. When the history of this war, and our part in it, comes to be written there should be an epic for these American lads who, raw and green to the ways of the sea, have won glory for themselves in these cockleshells—have faced and beaten the angers of the deep in these tiny craft—faced them and beaten them with the high, indomitable, laughing spirit of American youth.

Let me tell you the story of a cruise of one unit of the terriers not long ago—we began operations at this base in June—which may be considered a recital of many cruises and which will show how the game is played.

On a certain morning this unit went out, and as soon as the terriers were in location they caught the sound of a submarine. They tried for a fix but could not get one, because of the faintness of the sound and the heavy sea that was running. Probably, too, Fritz stopped his engines and laid by, submerged. At any rate they circled and zigzagged for two hours and a half and then got the sound of the submarine again. It was apparent that the submarine had begun circling with them, for as they went their devious but always appointed ways the sound of the submarine was noted here and there, in such a manner as to make it certain that while they were circling on the surface trying to get contact with him, Fritz, too, was circling beneath them, equally determined to keep away from contact.

Twice they were very near the submarine, but before the fix had been established Fritz had ducked.

The wind grew fresher and the sea heavier. The terriers were rolling awash, and using hydrophones, as well as fixing, was a very difficult proposition. After an hour or two more of this ring-around-a-rosy they got a fix and put a barrage of depth charges all round the spot. Fritz was too foxy for them, for instead of going out he turned in a short circle inside of them, and escaped anything but a shaking up. The terriers kept at it, and that night Fritz stuck up his periscope a mile away to see what it was all about. The terriers jumped for it, but before they got there Fritz had ducked again. The terriers did not falter. They kept circling and listening until midnight.

The gale increased. The sea was very rough. Even those experienced mariners, accustomed to heavy seas, say it was unusually rough, from which it may be concluded that the terriers were under water most of the time, and rolling frightfully. The best hydrophone man in the outfit became too seasick to go on. He stuck until he fainted, however. At four o'clock in the morning they had a good fix. They had Fritz right where they wanted him. Just as they were ready to go to it a destroyer loomed out of the dark, churning along despite the frantic signals of the terriers to get off on his own business, and Fritz dropped like a stone as far as he could go.

### *The Patient Q Ship*

They got contact again at five-thirty, and chased after it. Fritz eluded them. Then they circled, circled, circled until eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when contact was made and a fix obtained. At noon they paid their explosive respects to Fritz with a lot more depth charges, and that time the telltale oil came to the surface. The weather was worse. The seas were very high. They stuck, bombing the Hun with all they had, and then came in, confident they had settled that Hun. In that chase they went more than a hundred miles, and the chart of it looks like a Chinese war map. Most of the time the S. C.'s were rolling so much it was impossible to stand without being tied or braced, and the galley was out of commission, so there was no hot food or coffee.

They stayed on that chase in that horrible weather for twenty-five and a half hours, with every man alert, no thought of sleep or rest, with the sea pounding them and the gale almost blowing them off the deck, cold, wet to their various skins, subsisting on canned food; and they were as gay as larks when they came in, for the chances are they got their sub, and more power to them!

Like the men on the destroyers and the men in the submarines, they are buoyed by the eternal hope that next time out they may get their Hun. You never know your luck. A Fritz may be waiting right round the corner. You never can tell, so go to it, my bullies, and good fortune that may have evaded you all those long, weary watches may drop a Hun into your maw this next time.

They are all cheered over the story of the skipper of the British Q ship, or mystery ship, operating out of that same port. One day a signal came in that a ship had been torpedoed outside, and every S. C. in the port was hustled out to see about it and get the torpedoer while the getting was good. The terriers scampered out in a long procession, and incessant quack-quacks resounded from those ancient shores as they put to sea.

When they got out they found the torpedoed ship was the British Q ship and that their services were not needed. The British skipper, after waiting for nearly three years, had his chance and got his submarine. He was proceeding like a tramp coast steamer; and Fritz bit, and torpedoed him. Then the usual stunts were done. The panic crew of the Q ship, rigged up to represent merchantmen, and women, had their carefully rehearsed panic on deck, and then squealing with assumed fright tumbled into the boats and pulled away, leaving concealed the gun crews at their stations.

The Hun bit. Notwithstanding the fact that Q ships are now obsolete and that the Germans are not taking much of them these days, this Fritz bit. A Q ship is generally stuffed with wood so it will sink slowly if at all. Also, it has trick deckhouses, sides and other properties. In the old days when Fritz torpedoed a ship and the crew was away he waited a time and then came aboard to steal all food, clothing, brass and everything else movable that he could find. The trick was for the gunners to remain, no matter how much preliminary shelling Fritz did to make sure before he boarded the ship, and when the Germans came point-blank, to get them. At a signal from the officers in command the deckhouses dropped away, the sides dropped down and displayed British gunners at British guns, who made short work of the Hun.

### *Methodical Mine Layers*

Naturally this game gave Fritz pause, and after trying it several times and getting the worst of it he took to torpedoing his ships, making sure of his hits and not investigating further. No Q business for him if caution would protect him. However, this Fritz bit, came to the surface and slid alongside of Q. The skipper waited until Fritz was point-blank and then—smash!—bang!—down came the deckhouse and the sides, and before Fritz knew what hit him he had twenty holes in him from very penetrating guns and was on his unmourned way to the bottom.

Well, the point of that story is that this skipper waited nearly three years for his chance and then got it, and the terriers expect every trip they make to be their lucky one. Perhaps it will be. Who can tell? They chalk on their depth charges such legends as "A gift from S. C. 489" or "An Anti-Hun pill from S. C. 576," and there isn't one of them who isn't sure that this time—this time—a sure fix will be made and a Hun submarine torn into jagged pieces by the depth charges dropped by his own terrier.

Nor does a trip without event dampen their enthusiasm, for the chance is always before them. Hope—they are the champion hopers of the universe, those chaser gobs.

Nothing shows the way the Hun mind works any better than his mine laying. He carries eighteen, and he lays them six in a row in certain places. Every day the channel is swept and the mines taken, if there are any. Fritz knows that, but his is an orderly and disciplined mind. Next time he comes he lays his mines six in a row, in exactly the same spots where he laid them before, and where they were swept and found. You'd think he'd try some other spots, on the chance that the mine sweepers wouldn't find his engines of destruction. Not Fritz. He has been told, and he does what he is told.

The work of the terriers is effective, and will be more so as the grasp of it becomes firmer and the practice of it more advanced. As it is, the terriers are making it much more difficult for Fritz—oh, very much more difficult!—and they have hopes of making it quite impossible. They are the lads who can do it too. Make a note of that!


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# GAME LAWS OF LOCATION HUNTERS

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and the next morning to tow him up-shore a few miles by some cliffs and beach the beggar. Then, after shooting the big stuff, to turn him over to Bud Nolan for a couple of comedies.

But while mortals sleep the cosmic forces still go on, and in the wee small hours of that fatal night, while Mira Vista lay deep in the hay, the whale, gently rising on the highest tide of the year, and no doubt lured by the gentle perfume of the night, broke from his moorings, and found, high on the beach just below The Inn, a last resting place.

Good taste and a reverence for chaste English must edit an intimate account of what that unwelcome visitor did to Mira Vista. I might gently insinuate, however, that his presence was inharmonious with the rare perfumes native to that idyllic spot. Within two hours all the cottagers along the shore had found refuge in near-by watering places, and those back in the hills sought sanctuary among the rose geraniums during the in-shore breezes of the afternoon.

"Big Minnie," as the studio bunch irreverently referred to the dead, loved Mira Vista and was loath to leave, as was discovered when twenty-two motor boats, of various mouse power, tried to pull her into deep water. Burning was next attempted, as Bill Condon insisted that whale oil was most inflammable. Naught but a beautiful lilac steam resulted. A great hole was dug in the sand, but a fool tide filled it up before Minnie could be rolled in.

### The Disappearance of Big Minnie

The following morning a heroic endeavor was made to saw the old girl into segments, but the sawyers were unequal to the dreadful task, and then—ah, then!—Bill made a decision that was to mark an epoch in the history of the cinema.

At two A. M., when the once-happy Mira Vista was quiet as a cemetery, a great detonation was heard for miles round, and Condon standing on a hillside out of the town remarked: "Lord, what a punch! I wish I could have shot that scene."

Bill's was the kind of mind that would have seen a good scenario in the killing of his mother with a hatchet.

None of us ever saw what really became of Big Minnie, for Bill had arranged to take the company to Los Angeles immediately after applying the spark, but photographic accounts all agreed that the whale had been merely transferred from the beach to the landscape, much of her draping the beautiful Georgian façade of The Inn.

The white marble fronts of several Italian palaces close by looked like the mural decorations of an abattoir, and every million-dollar cottage and bungalow as far as the eye could reach was garnished with kerosene, broken saws, whalebone—and things; and from every tree and pergola in the landscape hung little festoons of blubber!

Since that fateful day no picture company has ever been to Mira Vista, even on location, and I have been told that not a charred stick of the Climax studio remains to remind the villagers of their cinemasipelas.

The Climax was not the only offender in those budding—and bursting—days. Other studios in Hollywood and Los Angeles were making perfect pests of their performances. Comedy companies would spread rich lawns with their custard mayonnaise, dramatic directors would march outraging armies through tender citrus nurseries and cause explosions in the big punches that would addle expensive setting eggs for miles round.

"Who called this stuff the silent drama?" would be the headline of a vitriolic attack in the local paper—and all because some company was making night scenes that necessitated yelping cowboys shooting up a mining town. School-teachers and civic uplifters even objected to bathing girls and harem ladies draping themselves about the soda fountains, and when some daring classicist would try to stage a nature dance in a public park their indignation knew no bounds. Even the most prejudiced movie man must acknowledge that there was much merit in the objections of our best people. And it was the Bill Condons who caused this wrath to coalesce.

After several free and happy years of lawless shooting the explosion of Big Minnie was the signal for the counter offensive. Right away, instead of cities inviting studios to come to their industrial rescue, at the mere threat of such a calamity protective leagues were organized to exclude us. In our own bailiwick restrictive ordinances began to appear that insinuated most exultingly that we were not artists. Our only friends were the real estaters, who exhibited the most alluring figures to show how much money we had brought to the city. Still, it was evident that many of the villagers were perfectly willing to forgo our fiscal boost if they could unload our society.

Time passes quickly in movieland, and though it was but a few years ago, all—or most—of this stuff is ancient history. A few companies still occasionally embarrass the rest of us, but for the most part we have been shaken down, districted and regulated until now our industry is regarded with the same respect as other canning factories. I sincerely believe that the best studios, even in aristocratic Hollywood, are generally looked upon as an asset rather than as a liability.

This does not mean, however, that the spirit of the contest is entirely absent. No, it has simply been changed from brutal war to sport; nowadays we match wits with other fellows. Mr. D. Rottyn-Rich won't let us shoot his place for a picture—and we wish to shoot it. That's all. And we wouldn't even have this contest had it not been for the artistic anarchies of our pioneers. We are paying the price of a glorious but misspent youth.

I have already indicated that location hunting is now an important department of a large studio—especially to those that sometimes have as many as thirty companies scattered over the map, every one of which is working under permit. We wouldn't dream of staging a battle picture on a Miller and Lux ranch or of shooting an elopement from the second story of a Pasadena palace without first securing permission, and paying rent for the privilege—if demanded.

Permits cost all the way from a few dollars up to several hundred, depending on the time we take and the character of a location. A theater, for instance, will charge from twenty to fifty dollars, juice included. When we shoot residential interiors we have to furnish our own juice, the local equipment being inadequate to carry the load of our heavy lights. In this case we bring our own dynamos on a motor truck or install transformers on a high-power line close by.

### Vanity of Vanities

Human vanity is one of our greatest assets. When we want to film an audience the director will come out and say: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, the Filmart Company wishes to shoot about fifty feet of film, and if you'll be good, and laugh and applaud when I tell you to, we'll get some bully stuff, and then you'll all have a chance to see your beautiful maps when the picture is released." This latter remark is what works the magic—down under his skin everybody wishes to act, and to see his map upon the screen. I do—and I like myself; especially a certain profile that makes me look quite as beautiful as Stanley Barryworth! All men are fearfully vain—else why do they wear mustaches and peek at themselves in elevator mirrors? So we may turn on ten flaming arcs and twenty special lights right into the face of an audience; and so alert is everyone to see his precious front that the most myopic will not shade his eyes nor the fritter face avert his gaze.

Besides money and vanities we have other compensations to offer; just think what we can do in the way of publicity! The railroads know this and will grant us any reasonable courtesy; but sometimes a small official will refuse to stop a limited train at a flag station merely to let us shoot an arrival. In that case we simply buy a ticket; and they have to flag the train. Also think what we could do to a railroad if we wished to get snippy. At one time the

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The pictures you are planning to send to that Soldier of yours—they must soon be on the way if you would make sure that he has them to gladden his heart on Christmas morning.

*There's a photographer in your town.*

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I. X. L. was in open warfare with the Mammoth studio, and wouldn't let them shoot so much as a dissolving clinch on the end of an observation car; so what does the Mammoth do? Nothing; except all their comedies occurred on that line, and every time the studio staged a wreck the burning cars were easily identified by the carefully stenciled letters, I. X. L. R. R.

A few reels of this, and peace was restored.

Among merchants and manufacturers there is a sort of freemasonry, and as they regard us as an industry with tremendous booster possibilities their sense of propaganda permits them to let us film their plants, so the securing of industrial locations is fairly easy.

Then again, movie actors vote, the same as the working class, so elected officials are just as kind to us as they dare to be. For instance, though all days are holy to artists there are many of our fellow citizens who object to mob scenes in the boulevards during Sunday service, and the police enforce this one respect upon us. Otherwise our latitude is great.

Our real troubles are with the householders and the landed proprietors. There being no particular novelty or fascination in seeing our grease-painted pets prancing about we are suffered rather than welcomed.

"I'm sorry, old man, but I let the Eureka use my place for one scene. 'It wouldn't take over two hours,' said the fellow who got it; and those devils were hanging round for three days, and they pulled one mob scene that pretty nearly wore out the lawn."

Many rich people feel it beneath them to charge us rent of twenty or more dollars a day, but some enterprising location man invented the scheme of donating these sums to the Red Cross, and now we are stuck for many places we would otherwise have got for nothing, and a lot of well-to-do people are achieving patriotic credit for our donations.

### The Clinching Argument

As location scouting has become a real outdoor sport there is no reason why women should not participate, especially as they are more expert than men in the use of our peculiar charms. When I became engaged to Virginia Westlake she interested herself tremendously in my work, and through her social mixing the Filmart has secured some fine locations.

"Oh, George," she whispered to me out at the country club the other day, "I've fixed it for that Japanese garden of the Hole-Works. I told Mrs. Works she ought to have a few hundred feet of her kids at play. 'You should do it for their sakes,' I said, 'so when they grow up they can see how they ran and laughed as little children.' And then I used your clincher: 'It is a shame not to record your present beauty so your grandchildren may know you in your youth!' She grew quite excited over the idea and asked how she could have it done. 'Oh, the studios often take a few feet like that to pay for the privilege of using a garden; I'm sure one of them would be glad to do it; I'll speak to Mr. Hawley about it.' So all you have to do is to call upon the lady and arrange the date."

"And in regard to the Bolton place," she telephoned the next day; "you know Jean Bolton loves to be photographed with celebrities—her library is full of such pictures. I could land her easily if you wanted the place for a star production instead of the stock five-reeler you propose."

"Well," said I, "there is no reason why Gerald Fairfax shouldn't run out and walk through a fake scene so that Miss Bolton can hold his hand in a still, and after that we can shoot our regular stuff. She'll never know."

And thus it is arranged.

The stars are much easier to locate than the stock companies, and often the owners are so pleased to have them as society pets they will even offer them additional inducements. "For Miss Vivian Vane? Why, certainly! I'd be delighted to have her use my place, and tell her that she is welcome to use my apartments for her dressing room, and if you'll let me know the number of people who will be here I'll serve tea."

These offers are sometimes embarrassing to us, for the average society person has had little experience in feeding extras. So dramatic are the appetites of our unappreciated Hamlets that their dietary demands are likely to be unappeased by lady fingers and cheese crackers. In out-of-the-way places we have even had strikes on our hands when the coffee didn't come up to mother's standard.

When we desire a location for several days in succession we try to arrange our schedule to shoot when the family is away. Only this morning I got a long-distance call from the Bolsa Chica Gun Club: "Oh, I say, George," the voice said, "I've just called up the house and the butler tells me the place is overrun with a lot of monks and things, and that they'll be there for several days. Can't you call off your gang on Thursday, for I'm giving a party on that day, and it'll be no place for monks."

Of course, I called them off, though I assured him my monks would feel at home in the most disreputable company.

It is a hard statement to prove, but the fact is nevertheless true, that movie directors are human beings and have a certain sense of fairness. We can understand, for instance, that a wedding or a funeral is intensely personal and the participants might not wish to see their scenes included in a photodrama of doubtful ethics; but what stirs up our sporting blood is to have perfectly legitimate public performances and places denied us.

People with ordinary cameras will wander the world, shooting peasants and palaces with permission and gratitude, or at least forbearance; but just stick a movie camera up anywhere and instantly the villagers—especially those with long memories—will see a chance to extort or graft.

Anyone has a perfect right to take a picture of a row of houses across the street. On the other hand there is nothing to prevent the tenants of said houses prancing up and down in front of their places, waving brooms or mops, and thus spoiling the picture. And that is what many of them will do, unless we come across with gentle bribes for everybody within the range of the camera. It is this bleeding of our companies, because we are supposed to be rotten with money, that so challenges us to get scenes without expense.

Ordinarily if we wish to use a man's yard and front door we offer to pay, but often a company doing straight dramatic stuff in the street, that interferes with nobody, will be held up by one smart Aleck who will crab a picture from beginning to end.

"Say, old man, may I borrow that broom for a few minutes?"

"The rent on that broom is two dollars," the grinning devil will say; and if his price is cheaper than delaying the company while we send for one we are stuck. Don't ever tell a location man about the extortions of European peasantry. We have a few over here. Why, even a neighbor will come along when we are shooting an apparently empty house, and claiming ownership will demand five dollars. As we can't afford the time to disprove his assertions we have to pay unless we can outwit him.

### Handling the Cut-Ups

The comedy studios suffer most from the smart Alecks and extortionists, and consequently they have a more highly perfected technic of witmatching. The custardists pull so much ad-lib stuff they often do not take the trouble to secure permission to shoot a spontaneous scene. But as these tumultuous artists are likely to collide a couple of breakaway automobiles in one's front yard the villagers have achieved stupendous prejudices.

The brightest trick of the comedy companies is to carry their own police. So well done is this studio employee that the crowd usually believes him to be the real thing, and consequently respects his authority. Once in a while some wise guy in the side lines knows the gag and starts kidding the cop, but I remember one time when the tables were turned on the local cut-ups, and the neighborhood has never stopped kidding them.

A director was all set up for a certain scene when a bunch of roughnecks started in to crab the picture, so he sent his assistant in to telephone for help. Pretty soon up drove a patrol wagon, and after giving the six cops the pinch sign they bundled the crowd into the wagon and drove off. But as the wagon and cops were all from the studio they simply rode the foolish boys round the town and then let them out in the suburbs. In the meantime the director shot his scenes.

Another bit of strategy that usually works is to pull off a counter attraction so as to divert the nuisances. Some old busybody down the street, who has perhaps been refused extra work at the studio, will butt in.

"Say, Mrs. Murphy, are you going to let them movie fellas use your front gate? Well, nick 'em for twenty-five; they'll pay it all right if they want the location real bad."

An argument starts, and while the storm is raging people are seen running down the street.

"Wow, what's the excitement, Al? A fight?"

And sure enough, down in front of the barber shop two brutal creatures are profanely beating each other up. So great is the fascination of violence that a fight or a fire will always draw a crowd. But our violence always stops when the whistle blows, for by that time we have shot our scene in sweet solitude.

Someone will have to get up a new ethics defining what constitutes theft in this game. If shooting pictures without permission is stealing, then I'll have to admit that we are forced into a life of crime. But if the shooting is painless and the thing we steal leaves the victim no poorer, then we refuse to believe that we have worked any injury. On the contrary, society as a whole is made richer by our celluloid pilferings. Is stealing a look at a pretty girl immoral?

### Circus Strategy

Take the case of filming a circus parade, for instance. The cost of staging such a show is well-nigh prohibitive, and the circus people knowing this hold us up to the point of absurdity. But there is no law forbidding one's taking pictures in public thoroughfares; nor is there a law forbidding a man's blowing smoke in front of our camera or walking up and down looking into the lens. Many circuses have men employed for just such purposes.

Therefore we have to hide our cameras in moving vans, taxicabs or behind signboards in order to shoot. One director I know had a phony camera set up, and while he ostentatiously quarreled with the circus man another camera concealed in a switchman's tower only thirty feet away was shooting the scene desired. The action in this case showed a young girl dashing out of the crowd, and to the surprise of everybody she called to a Roman riding a horse, and as he recognized her he reached down and pulled her up into his arms and rode out of the picture in a blissful clinch. Of course, the Roman had been planted by the director, and immediately after the scene both actors left the parade and ducked into a waiting auto.

This episode reminds me of another sprightly adventure of which I shamefully admit the authorship. I was with the Clingstone Comedy Company at the time and we wanted the scene of a girl going up to ask a crossing policeman a question, and then throwing her arms round his neck and kissing him. I tried to arrange for one of our own cops to do the part, but the chief said it wouldn't be safe to make a substitution during the busy part of the day, and that was just the time we wished to shoot it. So we decided to take a chance on having the girl kiss a real cop.

The next day I went down to pick out my happy victim, for we didn't want the scene spoiled by a great indignation. So after asking directions from eight of these human semaphores I decided on a big Irishman on the corner of ——th and Spring. He looked kindly and his nationality was propitious, for no Irishman would ever get sore at being kissed by a pretty girl.

Saturday at high noon—whatever that is—a young handsome girl from the country, carrying a suitcase, was seen to dodge the traffic and walk up to Officer Geegan—we will call him—and after whispering something to him, which caused him to stoop, threw her arms round his neck and gave him a resounding smack. At the same moment a closed taxicab passed round and an anxious camera man within reeled off the amorous scene.

No actor could have registered such perfect surprise as did the blushing traffic officer, and no paid bunch of extras could have shown the ribald joy of the midday shoppers. The cop was a real sport, and instead of crabbing called out to the grinning director: "Don't you have to make a retake on scenes like this?"

The whole police force saw the picture when it was released; but I have heard

(Concluded on Page 103)




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* * *

Let us strive, in these abnormal times, to keep whatever we can normal. One way, therefore, is to use these "Stock Limit Tags" and order accounting-recording supplies you are certain to need 30 or 60 days farther ahead than in peace-times.

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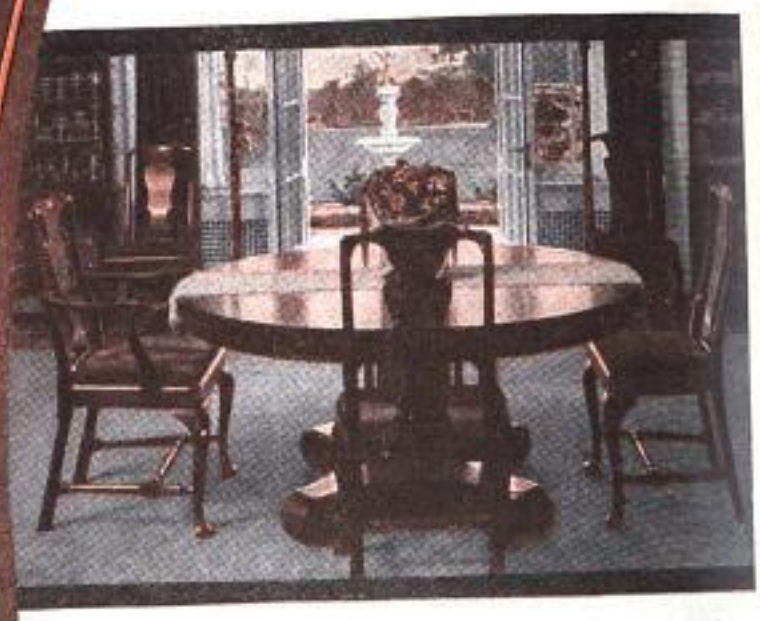
No. 14 of a Series

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# A Labor-Saving Reminder

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*If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name and 25c for bottle, mailed prepaid.*

Lyknu Polish Manufacturing Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

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(Concluded from Page 101)

that Mrs. Geegan wouldn't go near the horrid show.

And this reminds me of another kind of larceny that we practice with diabolic glee, for it saves us a heap of money and the results are impossible of imitation. These are the pictures of crowds who innocently perform for us.

The registering of interest, horror, surprise or merriment is too much for hired atmospheres, for the technic of the average extra man is not conspicuously convincing; but a real crowd is elementally truthful. So if we wish to get true expressions of human emotions we have to frame an accident, quarrel or comedy, and then have a concealed camera shoot the crowd square in the face. In order to get a good registration of horror George Middleton went so far as to drop a dummy from an airplane at the beach one day.

This same director wished to film a crowd witnessing a prize fight without having to pay a thousand dollars for the scene, so he put up a sign on the boardwalk inviting the bunch in. But beach crowds are canny, and everybody suspected some bunk whereby he would be expected to pay two bits or so, and only a few went in. Strategy was then resorted to. A beach crowd always gathers to see a scene shot outdoors, so George set up his camera down on the sand, pulled off a few phony scenes, each time working his way back to the prize ring.

Finally he said: "We'll shoot the next scene inside, boys."

"Shall I let the crowd in?" asked his assistant.

"Aw, that's all right, if they behave themselves," called the innocent George.

And sure enough, a thousand or more unpaid extras crowded in and furnished the atmosphere for nothing.

### Sleuthing Out Love-Lots

Automobile races are spectacular affairs that lend themselves to fine dramatic punches, but it is pretty hard to use them, because one may not interrupt such terrific action just to shoot a scene. The prize for having overcome this difficulty goes to Ben Bluett of the Bioscope. What does he do but enter a car in the last Vanderbilt race with Frank Goodhue as driver. Frank had been an old-time racer before he became a camera man, so he knew both angles of the game. On the day of the great auto classic no one knew that the big red car—Number Seventeen—was naught but a studio prop. Running third for most of the way the crowd on the long San Vincente straightaway was shocked to see it skid and turn over when going at a terrific speed.

As most of the cameras on the job that day were on the curves it was considered the height of good luck that the Bioscope fellow got the scene. Afterward Frank and the car were used in all the necessary close-ups. It was bright of Bluett to frame such a picture, and brighter that he secured the services of a daredevil who could turn his car over in such circumstances.

In a sport where the shooting has become harder and harder and the huntsmen increasingly numerous the keenest of rivalries develop. The prop men are fairly friendly and often telephone from studio to studio borrowing chairs, meat axes and what not, but you can bet we don't give away any locations we've dug up and consider ours by right of discovery.

In my peregrinations about Southern California I have secured fifty-six photographic records of possible love-lots which I guard most jealously. Yet every now and then I go to a new release and discover that one of the other hounds has beaten me to it. I forgot that maybe you do not talk our language, so I'll explain that a love-lot is the technical name for a romantic location; a picturesque spot in which to stage the dissolving clinch at the end of the story. A fine love-lot is a cinema pearl of great value.

This studio rivalry has often resulted in encounters. Suppose two rival companies arrive at a chosen locality at the same time! On one occasion the Climax and the Bioscope met up in Topanga Cañon to make battle pictures. The rival directors each claimed the location for his studio. Language ensued that caused several live oaks to wither and die, but neither artist would give in. Finally each gave the pinch signal to his retainers, and a sham battle was pulled off that was not in either script.

If one of those armies had attacked a civil populace the blank cartridges would have stampeded it in great fear, but when two movie armies met and tried to kid each other into believing that they meant business the result was not convincing; besides, these extra people all know one another, and belong to the same order, so the fighting was not fruitful of decisive results. Finally the less stubborn of the directors picked up his marionettes and went off farther up the cañon.

Another queer encounter took place out in the San Fernando. The Mammoth owns several hundred acres of shooting there, but what was to stop the Climax from using a location just outside the Mammoth line? Nothing, except the wind, for in this strange battle victory lay on the side with the heaviest smoke pots, and the Mammoth being close to its base it simply deluged the enemy with impenetrable smoke.

The big dramatic studios all stand in dread of the custardists, for to the violent and happy comedians no location is sacred, and they regard the stealing of a rival set as one of their finest jokes. Imagine building a great temple as a background for a sublime allegory, and a week before it is released to find the world laughing at a cataclysmic chase of hooligans all over its classic façade! To guard against this sort of comic piracy the set is covered with the builders' advertisements except at the time it is being used.

One famous burglary occurred on the Mammoth lot right in the middle of the day, when twenty or thirty companies were working all round. One bright and sunny day in February the usual crowd of tourists was there, and among the sightseeing busses wandering round was one from a rival studio. Arriving in front of a certain set that had been built at great cost several of the occupants got out to inspect the make-believe castle interior, and all the time they were on the stage a camera concealed in the rubberneck wagon was grinding off a record of a well-rehearsed little scene. The Mammoth officials never knew—and won't till they read this—how their set was stolen.

### Celluloid Superburglars

The great difficulty in guarding against the jolly burglaries of the comedy studios is due to the outrageous hours they keep. They'll get up at sunrise to shoot an auto race before the motor cops are out, or if they hear we have secured a fleet of airplanes they may sneak in at one A. M., shoot during the burning of a bunch of flares, and be off and away before the sleeping watchman is aware of the joke. One of the superburglars of our craft has such a magnificent record that he has been bought by one studio after another, until his resourcefulness is now rewarded with a huge salary. And the best—or worst—of it is, he knows the inside of every picture plant in movieland. His success suggests a highly moral scenario entitled: The Reward of Vice. It may be our ethical inheritance from the past, but many studios regard this kind of poaching as a fine and noble sport!

I hope I have not given the impression that the life of the location scouts is one of perpetual stealing. Most of these adventures resulted from a sudden mushroom growth that ruthlessly made its own code according to necessities. Now, however, the industry is at last on its feet and our ethics are well defined.

In our office we are under the strictest injunction to obey the government regulations regarding shooting fortifications, shipyards or other scenes that are liable to confiscation or censorship; we must secure permits and pay for important locations, obtaining signed releases from the owners, and in case of damage we hold ourselves entirely responsible. Nowadays when we go on location we insist upon the owner or a representative being present, and we take along studio attendants whose sole duty is to see that no vandalism takes place. The extras are no longer permitted to stroll all over the establishment, but must sit in the company machines until the director is ready to shoot.

This does not mean that our wits have been put on ice. On the contrary, our job is merely to find new locations, and then to get a full permit for shooting; and I can assure you the stealing of the picture was child's play compared to the latter.

Wheresoever the story be environed it is up to us to furnish the atmosphere.

"George, I want an old English garden with a brick wall; you'll have to find one where the owner has gone away and neglected the place, for it must be full of weeds."

That's a jolly assignment, is it not? Last week I motored three hundred miles to discover a swamp with certain grasses; and returned to find exactly what I wanted over at Bimini, only three miles away. Our greatest cross is a horticultural one. Palms and eucalypti grow everywhere in Southern California, yet seventy-five per cent of our locations must be in northern latitudes.

### The Fade-Out on the Pier

If things go on as they are now all our outside locations will soon be exhausted or closed to us. As it is we are depending less and less on the world of realities and are building our own sets. California has its own characteristic architecture, so the few period houses that give other local color have been shot to pieces. Either we shall have to go to the actual places in the stories or, as I say, erect our own sets. Already many studios have streets that, with but a few changes, can be used over and over again; also public buildings and typical residences built on the lot are left standing so that they can be used for new stories.

Well, we win. The Filmart will begin shooting the Yndart place next Monday. My social accomplice turned the trick that will be the talk of movieland.

"George," said Virginia Westlake as we motored down to Seal Beach last night, "I feel a bit guilty over the way I have been wasting my time. You know how decent everybody is when his patriotism is appealed to? Why, even the tightest have melted when they felt the simple granting of a movie permit was helping the country. But sometimes we use patriotism for ulterior purposes—and I don't think it right.

"Knowing Carmelita Yndart's interest in the Red Star, I joined so as to frame up a propaganda film which would let you in to shoot your own stuff; and the scheme worked perfectly. We spent all day yesterday picking out locations on the estate. But when I saw the heart that she was putting into her work I suddenly developed a greater concern for the wounded horses and dogs of war than I had for perfectly sound movie actors, so that is the last location I am going to get for the Filmart. I'm going into the service."

"And I have been thinking," I replied, "that I'd rather try to shoot a real location—like Berlin—than to go after its counterfeit over here. Let us leave this perfectly useful industry to the old men and the children."

"Now, George, you've said something! I've been waiting to hear that sentiment for a year. And—and—if you make good on it I'll promise, in your absence, to find the location for that domestic-happiness story you've talked so much about."

A certain delicacy of feeling forbids my telling of the fade-out in the moonlight on the end of the long pier.









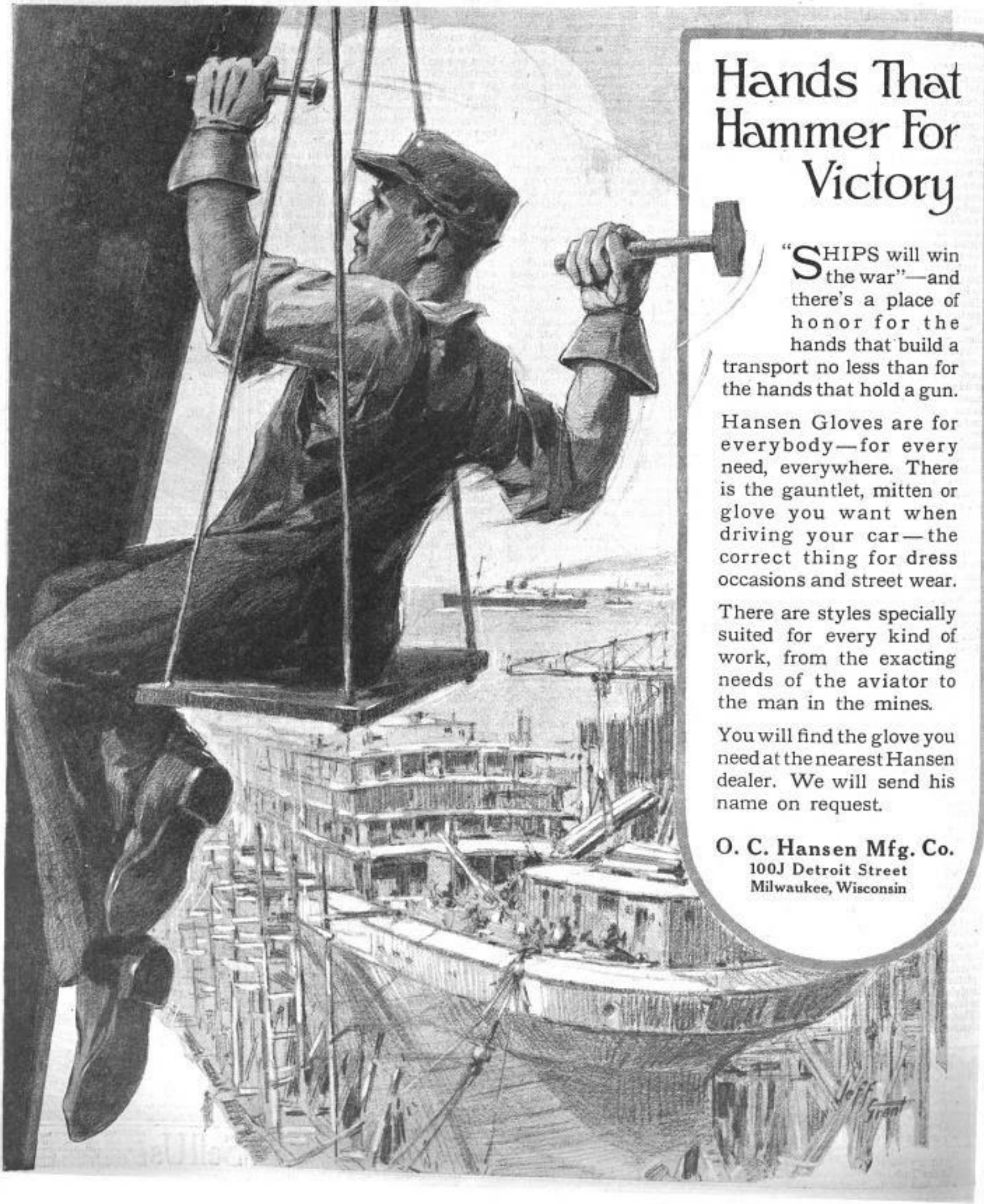




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# POOR RICHARD'S COME-BACK

(Continued from Page 13)

When the management sent up a bill
labeled "Dig!"
Sig called it an insult to social democracy,
Cursed the hotel as a den of plutocracy,
Finally paid,
And his exodus made
With his wife and his children. As flat was
his wallet
As the present position of Robert La
Follette.

When they got to the city they found that
the hard
Landlord had pounced
On their flat and had bounced
Most of their furniture out in the yard.
Sigismund yelled, growing red in the ears:
"It's a plot against me by those vile profit-
eers!"
But his Mame, giving way to a sort of de-
spair,
Flopped in a chair by the side of the gutter
And gave herself vent to a long-suppressed
mutter:
"I should like to suggest
That I've labored ten years and have had
my first rest.
It went pretty fine,
But I'm free to opine
That we ought to start in now along a new
line.
In all these long years, by some psychical
quirk,
You've done the thinking while I've done
the work.
But now I repeat —
Since we're out in the street —
It's time the Old Man was becoming effectual
And letting his wife do the high intellec-
tual."
"Meaning," he snorted, and chewed at the
bridle,
"That I should keep busy while you remain
idle?"

"Something like that,"
She answered him flat.
"While you've run the universe *I've* slaved
and chored,
Kept bed and board
For Milord."
This was an earful!
He raged something fearful.
"Why taunt me now with the poor contribu-
tion
You've made to my lifework of world revo-
lution?"
He might have asked more, but her chilliness
grew
As she gathered her children and stiffly with-
drew,
Remarking she knew
His punk point of view,
Which added no chew
To the family stew.
Good night and
adieu
To the word-
barbecue.
Phew!
Poor Sigismund sighed. He had married a
shrew.
Then he turned his great brain on an open-
air speech
To make on his soap box to-night by
the park;
A stinging invective, a strenuous speech
Aimed at the plutocrat's ways that
are dark.
He would hammer old Plute,
The brute,
Down to his knees
With such questions as these:
"When will the epoch of reason have birth?
How long will vile poverty cumber the
earth?"

*II*

'TIS strange that the box that is builded
for soap —
That symbol of cleanliness, industry, hope —
Should, when it is voided of cakes sapona-
ceous,
Serve as a rostrum
For many a nostrum
As grimy as sin and which smells like — good
gracious!
'Tis strange that the soap box should offer
a spacious
Field to the prophets who advocate slaughter
Of everything friendly to hot suds and water!
Should stand as a roundabout, sly sympa-
thizer
With the work
Of the Turk
And the deeds of the Kaiser
By scorning obedience, shouting resentment
And preaching the doctrine of world discon-
tentment!

Yet such was the box which our Sigismund
Shuck
Set in free air
Out by the square,
Mounted, a base for the pose that he struck.
No sooner to-night
Was he poised on the height
Under a capitalistic arc light
Than those who had dodged Crowder's law,
work or fight,
Throngedfrom their restful, habitual benches
Like Germans pronged suddenly out of their
trenches.

The night being balmy, the crowd, so it
seemed,
Was larger than Sigismund's fancy had
dreamed.
They gathered so near that his elbows could
poke 'em,
Crying, "Oh, soak 'em!
Choke 'em!"
But as Sigismund stood on his eminence
there
A psychical something seemed thick in the
air,
A something which stared at him out of the
trees
Like a specter unseen —
You know what I mean —
A thing that sticks round and just rattles
your ease.

However, great Sigismund threw out his
vest,
Filled up his chest
And the ranks of the chronic insurgents
addressed:
"When will the epoch of reason have birth?"
He paused for a space,
Screwed up his face —
"How long will vile poverty clutter the
earth?"

'Twas then the reply
Loomed high —
My, oh my!
Towering right over him, catching his eye,
A giant iron statue rose out of the throng.
Built by some maker
Of hardware and knockers,
Clad like a Quaker
In quaint knickerbockers,
The walking colossus came striding along.
Shaking the earth with its Juggernaut tread
As it lumbered right up to the soap box
and said:
"Sigismund Shuck, since your questions are
two,
Kindly step down. I will answer for you."

Though mightily scared,
Sigismund dared
To croak, "Who are you with your butt-in
so ranklin'?"
Such a clang as the toiler
Bangs forth from a boiler
Rang high:
"Who am I?
At your service, plain old-fashioned Benja-
min Franklin."

And the next that he knew, with the rudest
of shocks
An iron hand yanked Sigismund off of his
box,
While on the frail platform one metal-cast
shoe
Stepped up, went through.
The statue, iron-wigged and devoid of a
hat,
Now smiled on the throng like a good dem-
ocrat
And mildly began:
"As a practical man,
Let me answer the questions — I think there
are two —
Which our serious friend has propounded
to you.
Firstly: When will the epoch of reason have
birth?
Second: How long will poverty clutter the
earth?

"Let us pause for a season
And contemplate reason.
Reason is merely a state of the eyes;
'Tis easy to see it as soon as you're wise.
While the fool with the rainbow goes flirting
and flitting,
Reason stays home and attends to the knit-
ting.





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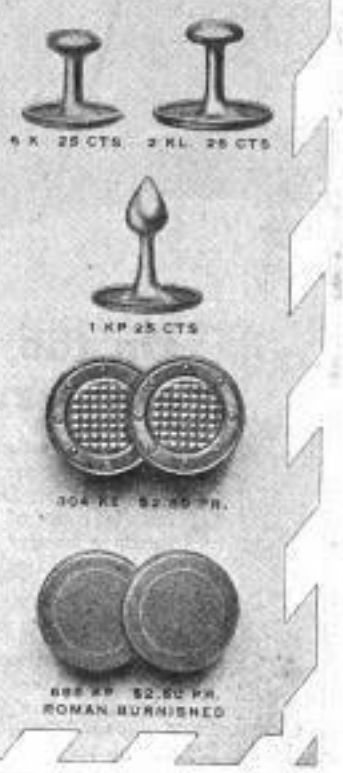
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The way to gain reason—this logic is cool—
Is merely to pause and stop being a fool.
'Tis foolish for doctors with science insistent
To write out prescriptions for ills nonexistent
While plenty of lusty diseases go raging
With nary attempt to effect their assuaging.
Thus fools stand in tatters
Discussing high matters,
Giving advice to fine tailors and hatters,
Attempting to prove to the sloth and the shirk
That the world can go on without patience and work;
That fields can be plowed without horses and motors;
That crops can be gleaned
And streets can be cleaned
By election reforms and appeal to the voters;
That privates should all sit on generals' benches
And nothing but generals serve in the trenches.
Such reason, my friends, would fill many a barrel
And tickle the ghost of the late Lewis Carroll.

"Now speaking of poverty—good sir or madam,
This is the curse of our ancestor, Adam:
Till the end of all time man shall feed himself—how?
By relaxing his pores and thus wetting his brow.
Call yourselves radicals, plain opportunists,
Trotskiviks, Bolsheviks, anarchs, communists:
Call yourselves Jabberwocks, bluebirds or goats—
I know what you are by the hang of your coats.
The same lack-a-daisy,
Perfectly lazy
People who always have driven me crazy.
While you hide your true state in elaborate fables,
Vending vile sloth under beautiful labels,
You gather in mass meetings, ask in dismay
Why your breeches grow holier every day.
A garment will ne'er grow the fresher, my friend,
With two folks to tear it and no one to mend.
Continual dripping will wear a stone thin,
But a million fine words will not fill a peck bin.
While Industry whistles along with his load
The mendicant Laziness crawls on the road
And hobnobs with Poverty, who, in the race,
Will always slow down to the lazy man's pace.

"My friends, take the case here of Sigismund Shuck"—
Here the tall statue its finger outstuck
At Sig, whose analysis
Suffered paralysis—
"While our Allies are bearding the beast of Berlin
Sig lingers at home and still waggles his chin,
Stirring up strife,
Neglecting his wife
And having, as some say, the time of his life.
Time, Wisdom's tool,
In the hands of the fool
Merely cuts fingers.
Sigismund lingers,
Wasting his prime,
Playing with Time!
While chains must be struck from the races enslaved,
While gold must be gathered, while bread must be saved,
Dark is his guilt.
Awake! There are armies and fleets to be built,
There is wheat to be farmed for two continents' need
And grist to be ground, twenty nations to feed.
Sigismund Shuck,
Down in your muck
You ask, to be sure,
What is poverty's cure—
I'll give you a remedy plain as it's pure:
Work, save, trust in industry rather than luck
And purge your ideas of Sigismund Shuck."

* * * *

What happened to Sig it is hopeless to guess,
For the end of the speech was a wonderful mess
In which the great statue, regardless of shrieks,
Raised Sig from the earth by the slack of his breeks.
Whist, whist!
In a mist
Like a twist
Of the wrist
Of a smart hypnotist
The statue and orator suddenly faded,
Much as you'd duck from a crap game that's raided.

Some say that old Ben took the prophet of strife
Back to his wife
And forced him to promise a usefuller life.
Some say that Sig's record so filled him with shame
That he went to a justice and altered his name
To Abe Lincoln Kidd.

Whatever he did
His former disciples who'd been on the scene
And listened to Benjamin's logic, scared green,
Had cast away sloth and gone seeking positions
In various factories making munitions.
And in one of the mills which by methods corrosive
Makes a surpassingly frightful explosive
They found an industrious workman named Kidd
Whose resemblance to Sigismund couldn't be hid.
Pretty and quaint
Is the picture they paint:
On the hill stands a house with a rose-covered gate
Where Mr. Kidd's kids and his chickens and mate
Live neatly
And sweetly,
Contented completely.
Says Kidd, "Since this war is much worse than old Sherman's,
I'll save some good money and spoil some bad Germans.
For I'm one of the nation that's learning to know
If you rob the good soil then the tree will not grow.
And never a country where liberty dwells
Is builded by slackers and rank ne'er-do-wells.
The fellow who can't help himself, it's a cinch,
Can't help Uncle Sam when it comes to a pinch."



# GUARDING YOUR TREASURE—By Albert W. Atwood

WITH millions of new subscribers to the Fourth Liberty Loan the serious problems already raised by the sale of bonds to vast numbers of people who had never before owned an investment security press even more urgently for solution. It is a wonderful thing to have induced all these people to save their money and invest it not only in democracy and freedom but in the world's premier security, a United States Government bond. But the majority were wholly unacquainted with financial and investment affairs, and it might have been expected that many of them would lose their bonds, be relieved of them by theft, exchange them for other securities or articles of less value, and in some cases use the bonds as counters for speculation or other operations that might not help in the prosecution of the war.

All these things have occurred on a more or less extensive scale, and they militate seriously against the benefit to be derived from the sale of Liberty Bonds, both to the nation and to the individual. Nor are these questions solely connected with the ignorance of the masses of the people. Few persons of superior intelligence will lose their bonds or leave them where thieves break in and steal, but only those who are unusually sophisticated in matters financial are sure proof against the temptation to dabble in get-rich-quick and speculative market ventures, a tendency that is increased of course by the possession of added means, whether it be in the form of cash or high-class negotiable securities.

These problems lie deep in the heart of the nonmilitary war program. If there is anything aside from the immediate military aspect of the war that we all agree is necessary to win the conflict it is thrift. Saving has been dinned into the ears of the American people until only the supremely stupid and selfish can fail to realize its necessity. But only a few technical financial experts have ever fully appreciated the fact that thrift is useless unless its proceeds can be safely invested and kept from all harm after they have been invested. The safe investment is provided for superbly in the Liberty Bonds, and on a scale new to the world. But through the fault of no one, indeed very largely because of the inherent and ineradicable weaknesses of human nature, the safe-keeping of them has not been so well provided for. If it were as simple for the masses to keep a Liberty Bond securely as it is to buy it, if they could be made to understand the technic of keeping it and the technic of selling it in case of absolute necessity—then indeed would thrift be doubly crowned and assured of its rightful fruits.

### The Epidemic of 1916

One of the persistent chronic diseases of the American body politic is the swindling promoter, the get-rich-quick "broker." He changes his methods from year to year and from generation to generation, but he is always with us. He is always up to a new game, ready to separate people from their money in one way or another. Indeed a high authority whom I consulted before writing this article made this strange and gloomy statement:

"I advise you not to write such an article. Everything in the nature of an exposure of get-rich-quick methods always does harm. Why? Because the faker has the article reprinted and shows it to his victims, exclaiming: 'See, here is the way the swindlers work. Here are their methods exposed. Now see how we protect you from all this.'"

Of course, this is an extreme statement, but it shows how persistent is the evil to be dealt with. Now it will be remembered by those who notice such phenomena that the great stock-market boom of 1916 was accompanied by the worst outbreak of the get-rich-quick disease ever known in the history of mankind. It was a perfect mania of worthless stock jobbing, and promoting schemes, largely of automobile, oil and mining companies. But with the decline in stock-market activity which came after we entered the war the promoting orgy also declined. In New York City some twenty-five fake "brokers" failed in the course of a few months. But the slippery gentlemen themselves did not die. A few escaped to other lands, but most of them went into their regular period of retirement, only to come forth—rather more quietly, it is true—after the flotation of the Liberty Loans.

There is less enthusiasm in the air now than in 1916 for the purchase of stocks, good or bad, and perhaps the masses of the people are less prosperous, though that is debatable. But the masses have infinitely larger sums saved up in the form of Liberty Bonds than they had two and a half years ago. Besides, there are many thousands of women who are earning wages, big wages, for the first time. The swindlers are working on the principle that a poor man possessed of a valuable document for the first time cannot keep it. He is naturally an easier victim than persons who have had long experience in handling valuable documents.

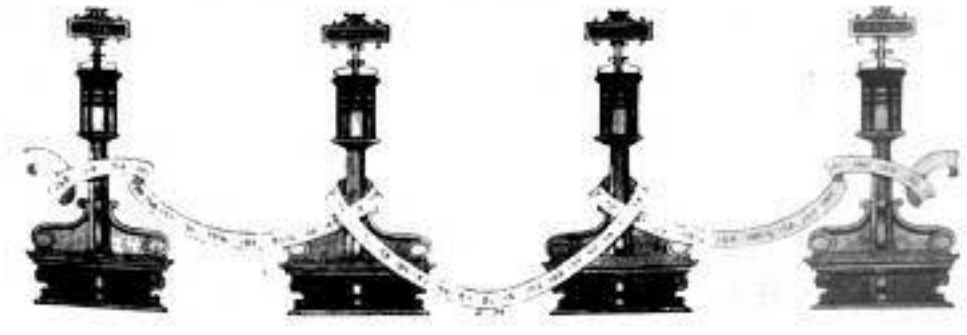
### Plausible Fallacies

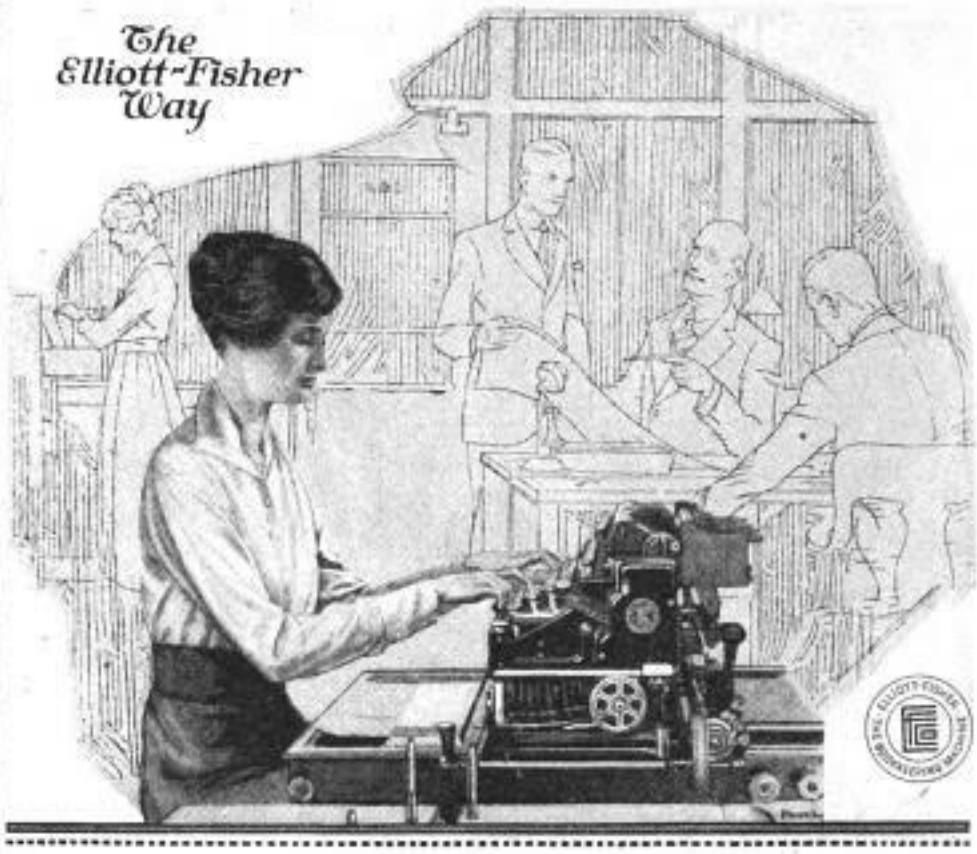
Obviously there are no reliable figures to show how many Liberty Bonds have been traded for stocks of doubtful value. One authority says that the figure runs into the hundreds of millions of dollars and that since the flotation of Liberty Loans began eighty-five per cent of all stocks of doubtful value placed upon the market have been paid for in Liberty Bonds. The evil is sufficiently serious at any rate.

It is easy enough to understand why ignorant people buy worthless stocks in normal times, but it is much more difficult to comprehend the philosophy, or lack of it, that leads them to buy such stocks with Liberty Bonds. For obviously the promoter does not keep the bond. He sells it and thus helps that much to depress the price of Government securities and lower the Government's credit. As Secretary McAdoo has said, every purchaser of a Liberty Bond should realize that "the only genuine help he gives his Government is by keeping his bond as an investment as long as it is possible to do so."

Of course, there is a false philosophy, the direct descendant of Mandeville's Fable of the Bees, which held private vices to be public benefits, which is well expressed in the title of a little poem, "Buy a Bond and Pass it On." Naturally the slick promoter tries to foster this idea. His favorite bait for catching the sucker just now is the oil industry. He is willing to accept Liberty Bonds in payment at higher prices than they are selling for on the Stock exchange, provided the investor will accept in return stocks that are perhaps worthless. He argues that oil is an essential industry.

An Oklahoma newspaper estimates that of all the oil produced in that state in 1917 the stock-promoting companies have been able to produce only .000168 per cent. Even from a selfish point of view little is to be gained and much lost from buying such stock. Fabulous fortunes have been made in oil. Swedish farmers, untutored Indians and all manner of men are reaping huge incomes, sometimes a million a year or more, from oil. But the significant point




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is that none of the big incomes have been derived by small investors' buying stock in a speculative oil company promoted through flamboyant advertising.

Some of the methods employed by swindlers are interesting. One man offered twenty-one shares of a certain well-known and valuable stock in return for Liberty Bonds, and spoke of its "book value" being $3486 as against a par value of three thousand dollars for three Liberty Bonds. This was perfectly true, but he did not mention the fact that you could sell the Liberty Bonds in the market for several hundred dollars more than the stock. Another favorite trick of a few unscrupulous dealers is to join their more reputable fellows in selling Liberty Bonds during the drives, but quietly urge the purchasers at the same time to take five or six shares of some doubtful stock along with the bond.

It would be both impossible and unwise to prevent entirely the use of Liberty Bonds for the purchase of other sound securities or the use of such other securities to buy Liberty Bonds. The ideal way to buy a Liberty Bond is out of present or future savings. But rather than not buy at all it may be better to buy out of past savings. Many people who had no present or prospective savings, or perhaps mistakenly thought they had none, have sold good securities or borrowed upon them in order to buy Liberties and do their part.

Now the reverse practice, of using Liberties to buy other securities, is not so necessary, but it cannot be wholly abolished. You cannot stop a man who has a thousand-dollar Liberty Bond and an account at a bank or broker's from putting up that bond as collateral with which to buy reputable seven per cent bonds. It enables him apparently to increase his income without selling his Liberty Bond; and if he has ample means with which to pay off his loan both he and the bank or broker gain and the Government suffers no direct loss, because the Liberty Bond is kept intact.

### *Bonds for Merchandise*

But such a practice must be carefully safeguarded and restricted and should not be widely encouraged. It makes for expansion of bank credits just as much as if the stocks purchased were of doubtful value. Then of course such a practice makes for speculation unless one is unusually careful and conservative, and if the speculation turns out to be a very bad one it might even become necessary for the bank to protect itself by selling the Liberty Bond. Finally, any wide encouragement of this custom would lead many fakers to enter the business and further the very conditions so much criticized in the first part of this article.

Many small Liberty Bonds have been disposed of through merchants in exchange for goods, but the Treasury Department has frowned upon this practice for obvious reasons. Though a reputable merchant would of course take the bonds in at their market value his less reliable fellow would either take them at a ruinous discount or if accepting them at the market value would give poor goods in exchange. But a more serious objection to the practice lies in the fact that its official recognition would result in its being so widely adopted as to defeat one of the great objects of the Liberty Bond issues, the conservation of labor and material. It is not presumed that anyone will buy a Liberty Bond who has not enough other money to maintain himself in health and efficiency. Therefore the cashing in of Liberty Bonds to buy merchandise probably means extravagance, which is just what it is hoped the Liberty Loan issues will prevent.

No doubt one fundamental reason for the decline in Liberty Bond prices between loans has been the persistent desire of many people to spend cash or its equivalent whenever they have it. No good will be permanently accomplished by Liberty Loan campaigns unless along with them go equally powerful campaigns of thrift. A man went into a New England savings bank where he had paid all but two dollars on a fifty-dollar bond. He handed the clerk a twenty-dollar bill to take the two dollars out of, and a few minutes later an officer of the savings bank saw the owner of the bond offering it for sale in the national bank a few blocks away. That man was not an investor in any sense of the word.

His highest ideal in life was probably the blowing in of his money.

The inability, or failure for whatever reason, of many small holders to keep their Liberty Bonds has been rendered all the more serious by the fact that so many of the small bonds have been sold at prices far below those prevailing on the recognized stock exchanges. This has resulted in wholly unnecessary losses on the part of persons who could not afford them.

### *The Safety of Registered Bonds*

But it is not the pirate promoter or the less honorable merchant that is primarily responsible for the sacrifice of small Liberty Bonds in saloons, cigar stores, pawnshops, and the like. The disagreeable but unvarnished truth is that hundreds of thousands of people do not know of any other way of selling a bond. They have no bank accounts, and the average day laborer with a fifty-dollar bond would be afraid to go to a reputable brokerage office; and if he did the broker might not be willing to buy the bond unless the workman was identified, a business requirement which merely puzzles and baffles the more ignorant.

It is a highly interesting fact that many snide brokers have fences working for them in saloons and cigar stores picking up small bonds at thirty-five and forty dollars and turning them over to the brokers, who bunch them and sell them at a profit in the market. If a barkeep can pick up a dollar here and there by the necessities and ignorance of his patrons it is bad enough. But it is very bad indeed when he is in the pay of a dishonest broker.

It is certain that no person, no matter how ignorant, will lose his Liberty Bond or have it stolen or be cheated out of it at an unfair price if he opens an account in a good savings bank and consults a banker before selling his bond.

The Treasury Department and the Federal Reserve Banks are pushing a campaign of education to induce people to convert their coupon bonds into registered bonds. In the First, Second and Third Loans the amount of coupon bonds sold exceeded the registered about seven and a half times. Anyone who has the first rudiments of financial knowledge is aware of the fact that a coupon bond that is lost or stolen is rarely recovered, whereas a registered bond is quite easily replaced. But the coupon bonds are more easily handled and sold, and are more convenient for all people with business experience and knowledge. When kept in safe-deposit vaults and boxes they are safe enough for all practical purposes.

But the more ignorant know nothing of these differences. They bought coupon bonds simply because that was the kind handed out to them in all cases unless they asked specifically for registered. But the ignorant people had no bank accounts, they had no safe-deposit boxes, and consequently no place to keep the easily lost coupon bonds except about their persons or in the house.

But any bondholder can exchange a coupon bond for a registered bond without cost. It is one protection that he can avail himself of without having a bank account or a safe-deposit box, and for the smallest denomination of bond. A letter addressed to the Treasury Department will bring the desired instructions.

(Concluded on Page 113)



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(Concluded from Page 110)

In the Pittsburgh steel district some of the workers pasted their bonds on the wall like so much paper. Everywhere millions of people carry Liberty Bonds upon their persons. I have no doubt the police all over the country could tell many stories of Liberty Bonds found on dead bodies. In other words the bonds have been carried round like so much currency. And naturally many have been lost and stolen—with the result that reputable brokers sometimes hesitate to purchase bonds from persons not known to them.

This is where the bank comes in, and especially the savings bank. The savings banks throughout the country have a unique opportunity to serve in this connection. By receiving Liberty Bonds for safe-keeping they perform a real and important patriotic service, and with advantage to themselves. Already large numbers of savings banks have adopted plans for the safe-keeping of bonds without charge, and the number is constantly increasing. When I say without charge it is not intended to intimate that most banks will care for bonds belonging to nondepositors. But many savings banks will open an account for the nominal sum of one dollar; others will take three dollars and others five dollars.

The situation comes to this: The owner of a fifty-dollar bond can open an account usually and leave his bond in perfectly safe hands by merely turning the coupon on the bond in as an initial deposit. With banks that start an account at one dollar—and many of them do—a single coupon on a fifty-dollar bond is more than sufficient. Successive coupons are collected by the bank and credited to the owner on his regular pass book like so much cash, saving him the trouble of even going to the bank to cash his coupons.

Then, too, the public is quite familiar with the savings-bank pass book, and a depositor is less likely to lose a pass book than a mere receipt for a bond. Savings banks have a highly perfected system of identifying depositors so that the chance of a depositor suffering permanently through the loss of his book, or of money being paid to the wrong person, or anything of that kind, is reduced to almost nothing. Naturally when savings banks accept Liberty Bonds for deposit they throw the same system of safeguards and precautions about the business as they do in the case of money.

Providing such facilities for safe-keeping tends of course to prevent people from selling bonds; and it also encourages them to save, because the coupons themselves become interest-bearing deposits as fast as they mature. The bank is benefited because its deposits are increased and because the bondholders will tell their friends that here is a safe way of keeping Liberty Bonds. Of course, the banks are compelled to limit the free safe-keeping of bonds to relatively small amounts, three hundred dollars or five hundred dollars. Stingy people have taken as much as five thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds and several thousand dollars in securities to savings banks, expecting them to be kept free.

Once a person has a bank account, either in a savings or commercial institution, the sale of a Liberty Bond in case the money is absolutely needed is a simple matter. Either the bank itself will sell the bond through a reputable broker or will put the depositor in connection with such a broker and supply such identification as may be necessary. Small Liberty Bonds can always be sold through a member of the stock exchange at a price only one-tenth of one per cent less than the price for one-thousand-dollar bonds, which is of course quoted daily in the newspapers. The commission charged usually averages thirty cents, the commissions which the stock exchange charges on Liberty Bonds being less than one-fourth those that the exchange charges the public on any other class of securities.

# JAVA HEAD

(Continued from Page 19)

"Ammidon seems worn," he said generally; "they were in the garden, and I had a few words privately with him." Nettie glanced swiftly across the table; her lips moved; but she repressed the obvious question trembling on them. "He showed, I think," he continued carefully, "a very improper interest in you."

"How?"

"He asked if you were well and happy. I most certainly told him, for any number of reasons, for pride alone, that you were."

"Then you told a lie!" she cried in a tone so hard that it surprised him.

"Of course," he went on smoothly, "I know that you are not; almost all your circumstances prohibit that. But I don't intend to circulate it in Salem. Opinion here may have forced you into a long loneliness, but I shan't give anyone the satisfaction of knowing it. And after all, you have your grandfather mostly to blame. You would have been married to Gerrit Ammidon now if he hadn't interfered; you would have been walking about the Ammidons' garden with your hand on his arm in place of that Chinese prostitute."

"I don't see why you should make me so miserable," she declared. "I don't care anything about the garden; it isn't that. Why do you suppose he brought such a woman home?"

"Pique," he told her; "he couldn't care for her in the way he might for, well—you. As I said, he'll drop her on his next voyage to Shanghai; he will leave her and probably never come back to Salem again. I hear that Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone are planning a new policy—bigger ships, clippers in the China and California trade; and that means removal to Boston. The facilities here are no longer suitable for large ships and direct cargoes."

She moved, her chin fell upon her hands, propped up with her elbows on the table. Apparently Edward Dunsack was gazing at the wall beyond her. Her breast gave a single sharp heave. When Nettie looked up her face was flushed.

"I wish that I were really a bad woman," she spoke in a low vibrant voice.

"What is bad and what is good?" He still seemed to ignore her, considering a question that had no personal bearing. "In one country a thing is thought wrong and in another it is the highest virtue. In one age this or that is condemned, when, turn the calendar, everyone is praising it." He became confidential, the image of kindness. "I'll tell you what I think is wicked," he pronounced, leaning toward her, "and that is the way you two were kept apart: unchristian is what I call it."

"Gerrit doesn't care," she said.

"How do you know?" he demanded. "I cannot agree with you. I don't find a great deal in him to admire, he is too simple and transparent; but there's no doubt of this, he is faithful. One idea, one affection is all his head will hold."

"That's a beautiful trait."

A palpable wistfulness settled over her.

"It's greatly admired," he agreed, "though not by me. I believe in taking what is yours, what you need from life. I suppose that I have been away from conventions so long that they have lost their importance. They seem to me of no greater weight than barriers of straw. But of course that mightn't suit you; probably, living in Salem as you have, its opinion is highly important."

"Salem!" she exclaimed bitterly. "What has it ever been to me but an unfair judgment? I owe Salem no consideration; I can't see that I owe any to life."

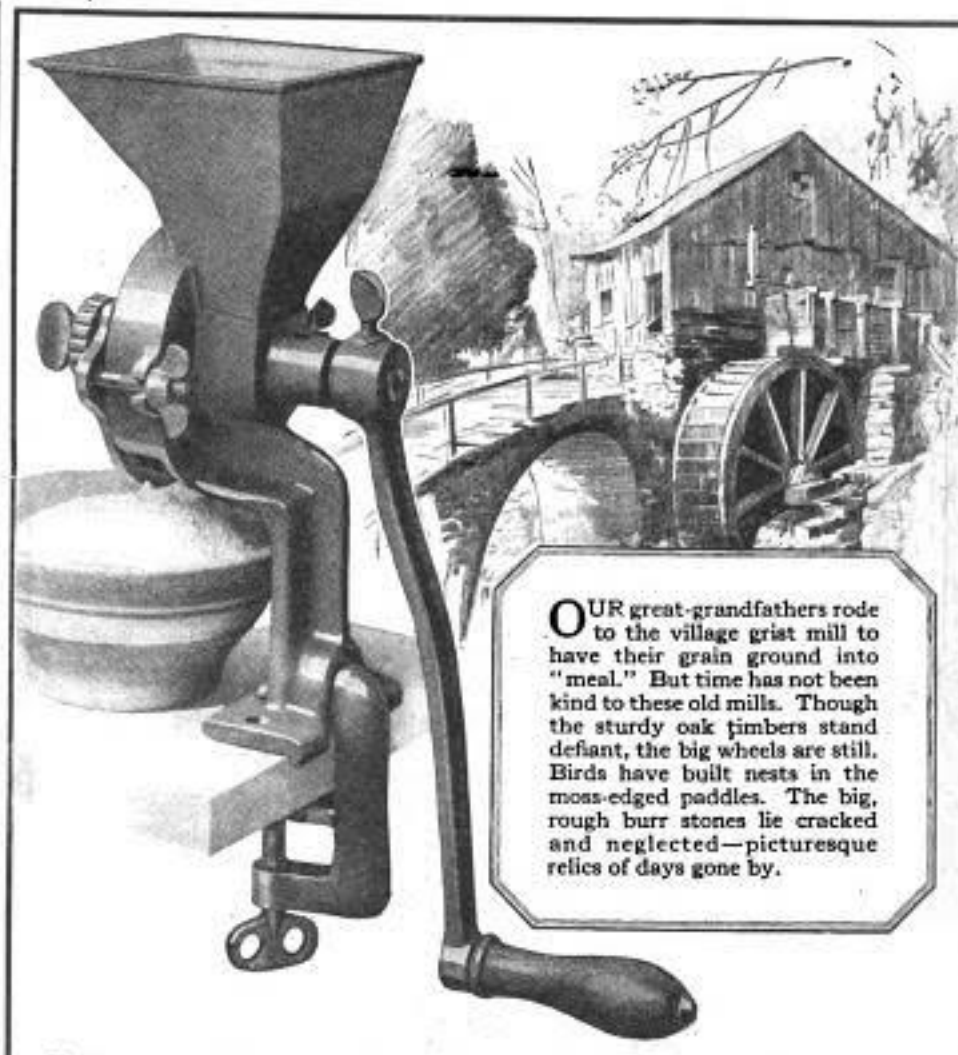
"I don't want to insist on that," he proceeded deliberately. "The tragedy of your position is that, married to Ammidon, everything in the past would have been overlooked, forgotten. Even now ——"

He stopped with a gesture indicating the presence still of large possibilities.

What a vacillating fool the girl was! He could say no more at present; and he rose, leaving the room, with Nettie staring dully across the table.

He went outside to the grass fronting on the harbor. Here last night he had thrown the opium into the water. It seemed to him that he had lived through a complete existence since then; the presence of Taou Yuen had created a new world. He thought she walked to him through the gloom; he saw her slender body grow brighter as she approached; he heard her speak in a low native murmur; their hands caught in an eager tangle.

He put aside momentarily the problem of the difficulties of going again to the Ammidons' for an easier one—the bringing of Gerrit Ammidon here. He was confident

OUR great-grandfathers rode to the village grist mill to have their grain ground into "meal." But time has not been kind to these old mills. Though the sturdy oak timbers stand defiant, the big wheels are still. Birds have built nests in the moss-edged paddles. The big, rough burr stones lie cracked and neglected—picturesque relics of days gone by.

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that, thrown together on the still rim of the water, at evening, the emotion born between his niece and the shipmaster and prematurely choked would revive. He had no means of knowing Ammidon's present exact feeling for Nettie; he was counting only on a general theory of men and nature at large. He was already convinced from very wide knowledge, experience, that the other could not form a permanent attachment to the Manchu; and Nettie's great difference, together with the romance of her unhappy position, must have a potent effect on the fellow's evident sentimentality. A dank air rose from the water, like the smell of death; and with an uncontrollable shiver he turned back toward the house.

In his room Edward Dunsack recalled that he had promised himself to throw away the remainder of the opium on this and succeeding nights. In view of that his movements were inexplicable; he got out from a locked chest the *yen tsiang*, a heavy tube of dark wood inlaid with silver ideograms and with a diminutive earthen cup at one end. Then he produced a small brass lamp, brushes, long needles and a metal rod. Taking off his clothes and in the somber black folds of the silk robe he made various minutely careful preparations. Finally, extended on his bed, he dipped the end of the rod into opium the color of tar, held it for a bubbling moment near the blaze of the lamp, and then crowded the drug into the pipe. He held the bowl to the flame and drew in a long deep inhalation. A second followed, and the pipe was empty. He repeated this until he had smoked a mace.

A vivacious and brilliant state of being flooded him; he felt capable of profoundly witty conversation, and laughed at the solemn absurdities of the Ammidons, at his father attempting to call down a blessing out of the empty sky upon their food, at his sister's lugubrious countenance, the childish emotions of Nettie. What a nonsensical strutting business life was.

The confines of his room were lost in an amber radiance that filled all space; it was at once a light and a perfume, and was charged with a sense of impending delight. A sparkling crimson shape floated down from infinite space—Taou Yuen. She wore a bridal costume, cunningly embroidered with the phœnix; a band of red silk about her brow bore the eight copper figures of the beings who are immortal, with a hood of thin gold plate. Her hair was ornamented by the pure green jade pins of summer, and her hanging wrists were laden with fretted white bracelets. Her face shone like the spring moon veiled in low pale mists.

He raised his bony arms—the wide silk sleeves falling back—his emaciated yellow hands. From under his dark eyelids there was a glitter of vision like the sheen on mica. Taou Yuen floated nearer.

Edward Dunsack woke suddenly, at the darkest ebb of night, and started hurriedly to his feet. A sickening vertigo, a whirling head sent him lurching across the room. He came in contact with a chest of drawers, and clung to it with the feeling that his legs were shriveling beneath him. His consciousness slowly returned, and with it a pain like ruthless tearing fingers searched his body. The rectangle of the open window, only less dark than the room, promised a relief from the strangled effort of his breathing, and he fell across the ledge, lifting his face to a starless and unstirring heat. Waves of complete physical exhaustion passed over him. An utter horror fastened on his brain.

"O God," he said with numb lips, "we thank thee for this, thy daily blessing——"

He broke off with an effort. That was his father pronouncing a grace.

"O God," he said again, when it seemed to him that in the darkness he saw the blank placidity of a Buddha carved from gray stone. Tears ran over his sunken cheeks, salt and warm like blood.

### VI

THE night was so oppressive, continuing such an unusually sultry period for the season that Sidsall, ordinarily impervious to the effects of weather, was unable to sleep. Though the door between her room and her parents' was shut, she heard her father—his step, at once quick and firm, was easily recognizable—moving about beyond. Her restlessness increased and she got up, crossing the floor to the window open on the garden, where she knelt, the thick plait of her hair across her cheek and shoulder, with her arms propped on the ledge. The depths of sky were hidden in a darkness like night made visible; and in place of moving air there were slow waves of perfume, now from the lilacs and now from the opening hedge of June roses.

Her brain was filled by a multitude of minor images and speculations, but fixed at their back was the presence of Roger Brevard. She approved of him absolutely. He had exactly the formal manner that gave her a pleasant sense of delicate importance; and his clothes were beautiful, a sprig of rose geranium in a buttonhole and his gloves and boots immaculate. She liked rather slight graceful men, she thought, with the quiet voices of a polite ancestry. Naturally Olive Wibird preferred less restrained companions, though heaven knew that Olive appeared to make all kinds welcome. Olive's opinion of Roger Brevard would have been very different if he had asked her to dance.

Sidsall recalled the quadrille he had led her through at Lacy's party; he had been a perfect partner, at once light and firm. He had been a habitual caller at Java Head before that occasion, and had come in the same manner since. That is, casually viewed, his visits seemed the same; but in reality there were some small yet significant differences. They were all held in his attitude of the afternoon when he had stayed talking exclusively to her on the steps.

She couldn't say just what the change was—when she attempted to examine it her thoughts became confused and turned to a hundred absurd considerations, such as, at present, the loveliness of the night. The scents of the flowers were overwhelming. He got on, too, better than almost anyone else with her Uncle Gerrit's Manchu wife. She had watched them together until it had dawned on her that the two had some important qualities in common—they both seemed to stand a little aside from the world, as if they were against the wall at a cotillon. She thought this in spite of the fact that it was precisely what Roger Brevard never did; it was true in the mysterious way of so much now that came from ideas over which she had no control.

The subject of Uncle Gerrit's wife—she had not yet been told or decided for herself what to call her—was inexhaustibly enthralling. But before she was again fairly launched in it she paused to wonder at the appearance of the dreadful Dunsack man on their lawn. His hollow yellow cheeks and staring brown eyes, which somehow made her think of pain, his restless hands and speech—all repelled her violently. Taou—Taou Yuen hadn't liked him either; when, after the longest time, he had gone, she replied to a short comment from her Sidsall's, father:

"Rotten wood cannot be carved."

Someone else had mentioned opium. She had intended to ask more particularly about this, but it slipped from her mind. She remembered that her grandfather made one of his familiar exclamations peppered with an appalling word. He was really very embarrassing, and she was glad that Roger Brevard had left. It was a bad example for Laurel, too, who copied him, and only that morning had said "My God!" to Miss Gomes.

Her mind swung back to the consideration of the Manchu. The latter was the fact upon which Camilla was so insistent, that in this case a Manchu was a noble, almost a princess. Camilla suffered dreadfully from the endless questions put to her outside their house about Uncle Gerrit's wife. She had more than once wept at the public blot laid on them. Laurel was frankly inquisitive, and Janet as puzzling as usual.

The clothes of course were enchanting, the richness of the materials and hand embroidery marvelous; her jewelry was never ending. It didn't seem quite like clothing, in the sense of her own tarlatan and crinoline; her waist, which Hodie wouldn't properly lace, and tulle draping; there was a certain resemblance to the dressing in Van Amburgh's circus; but—in spite of Camilla's private laments—every inch of it was distinguished. The layers of paint upset them, but Uncle Gerrit had explained a little impatiently that it was a Manchu custom adding that the world couldn't all be measured and judged by Salem.

Sidsall liked her rather than not, she decided; and determined to make an effort to know her better. She wanted especially to discover the nature of the

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(Continued from Page 114)

bond that held one to the other, and explore in safety the depths of love. She could not help feeling that her uncle's affair, extraordinary as it was, must throw light on the whole complicated business of marriage.

The clock in the hall struck an indeterminate half hour, it appeared to grow lighter outside, and there was a twittering of birds under the eaves. From above came the vigorous harsh cawing of crows. Suddenly sleepy she returned to bed, and almost immediately the room was flooded with sunlight.

It was an accepted fact now that Taou Yuen, the Garden of Peaches, stayed in her room until long after breakfast; and when Sidsall, rising from the table, found a servant taking up a pot of hot water for tea, she secured it and knocked carefully on the door above. The slurring, hesitating voice said "Come in," and she entered with a diffidence covered by a cheerfully polite morning greeting. She found the other in crêpe de Chine pantaloons wrapped tightly about her ankles and bound over quilted muslin socks with gay brocaded ribbons, and a short floating gown of gray silk worked with willow leaves. Her hair was an undisturbed complication of lustrous black, gold bodkins and flowers massed on either side; and her face, without paint or powder, was as smooth as ivory and the color of very pale coffee and cream.

Sidsall saw that she was at her toilet, and she put down the pot of steaming water, moving toward the door; but Taou Yuen with a charmingly shy gesture begged her to stay. The Manchu swiftly drew a cup of tea from silvery leaves, filled and lighted the minute bowl of her tobacco pipe, deeply inhaled the smoke, then returned to a mirror.

Fascinated, Sidsall followed every motion.

Taou Yuen polished her face sharply with a hot damp cloth and then dipped her fingers in a jar that held a sticky amber substance.

"Honey," she said briefly, rubbing it into her cheeks and palms.

Next she attacked her eyebrows, and skillfully wielding a thin silk cord left arches like pencil markings. At times she interrupted her preparations to turn to Sidsall with a little smile so engaging that the girl smiled sympathetically in answer. There were a gilt-paper box of rice powder with which she drenched her countenance, leaves of carmine she transferred to her cheeks with a wet finger, and a silver pot of rouge from which she coated her lips.

As she gazed approvingly at her reflection Sidsall said, "It's very beautiful."

Taou Yuen's eyes, drawn up toward her temples, shone gayly; and, close to Sidsall, she touched the latter affectionately on the cheek. The cold sharp contact of the long curving finger nail gave the girl an unpleasant shock. It seemed lifeless or like the scratching of a beetle. Suddenly the woman's glittering gaze, her expressionless face stiff with paint, the blaze of her barbaric colors, filled Sidsall with a shrinking that was almost dread.

She was even more oppressed by an instinctive feeling of what she could express to herself only as cruelty hidden under the other's scented embroidery. At the same time her curiosity persisted, conquered. She was unable, however, to think of any possible manner of introducing the new subject of her interest, love, and was forced to be content with an indifferent opening.

"We were all quite surprised when Mr. Dunsack called yesterday," she said. "He isn't in the least a friend of the family. Grandfather went to sea with his father, but even they didn't speak for years in Salem. The Dunsacks are a little common."

"I know," Taou Yuen replied. "Mr. Dunsack—a long time in Canton, at the American agent's. China is bad for men like him. Black spirits get in them, and the ten sins."

"He stared at you in the rudest way."

"He never saw a Manchu lady before. In China the dog would not have passed by the first gate. Here it is nothing to be a Manchu or an honorable wife; it is all like the tea houses and rice villages. Men walk up to you with bold eyes. I tell Gerrit and he laughs. I stay in the room and he brings me shamefully down. This Mr. Dunsack comes and the wise old man talks to him like a son. He touches your mother's hand. He sees the young girls like spring flowers."

"We wouldn't let him really bother us," Sidsall explained; "probably if he comes again we'll all be out."

Taou Yuen made a comment in Chinese.

"A bad thought is a secret knife," she continued; "it is more dangerous than the anger of the Emperor; a sickness that kills with the stink of bodies already dead."

This seemed rather absurd to Sidsall. She considered once more the introduction of the subject of her new concern; but in spite of Taou Yuen's extravagant appearance there was a quality of being that made impossible any blunt interrogation. She had a decidedly aloof manner. Her mother, Sidsall recognized, and the older women they knew had a trace of this; but in the Manchu it was carried infinitely farther. Her feeling for the other shifted rapidly from attitude to attitude.

She watched, she was certain, these same sensations come over her Aunt Caroline Saltonstone, Mrs. Clifford and Mrs. Wibird, who called on Gerrit Ammidon's wife that afternoon. They were sitting with their crinoline widespread against their chairs, gazing with a concerted battery of curiosity at Taou Yuen's shimmering figure in the drawing-room, screened against the sun. Mrs. Wibird, Sidsall thought—a woman of fat and faded prettiness, with wine-red splotches beneath her eyes, and a voice that went on and on in the relating of various petty emotional disturbances—must have resembled Olive as a girl. It was probable then that Olive would look like her mother when in turn she was middle-aged. Mrs. Clifford, huddled in her perpetual shawl, however hot the day, more than ever suggested a haggard marble in somberly rich clothes. Aunt Caroline sat with complacent hands and loud inattentive speech.

Taou Yuen smiled at them placidly.

"Our men," said Mrs. Clifford, "went out to China for years. It never occurred to them, however, to marry a Chinese woman; but I dare say they didn't see the right sort."

"Most of the captains like China," Taou Yuen said. "They are so far away from their families ——"

She made a brief philosophical gesture, and Madra Clifford studied her with a narrowed gaze.

"It would be the same," she continued, "if Chinamen came to America."

Mrs. Wibird shuddered. "A yellow skin," she cried impetuously; "I can't bide the thought!"

"I'm sure we'd be tremendously interested," Mrs. Saltonstone hurriedly put in, "if you'd tell us about your wedding. A Chinese wedding must be—be very gay, with firecrackers and ——"

"My marriage with Captain Ammidon was not beautiful—I was a widow and he foreign. The Manchu wedding is very nice. First there is the engagement ceremony. I sit like this"—she sank gracefully to the floor, cross-legged—"on the bed with my eyes shut, and if I am noble two princesses come and put the *ju yi*—it's jade and means all joy—on my lap. Two little silk bags hang from the buttons of my gown with gold coins, and two gold rings on my fingers must be marked with *Ta hsi*; that's great happiness."

"I'm told polygamy is an active practice," Mrs. Wibird remarked with a rising interest.

"Yes?" Taou Yuen asked.

"One man—a lot of wives."

"The Emperor has a great many; and some Manchus take a second and third. You think that is wrong here. Who knows? The Chinese women are very good, very modest. The Four Books for Girls teach perfect submission; the five virtues are benevolence, righteousness, propriety, wisdom, sincerity. Confucius says, 'The root is filial piety.'"

"Very admirable," Mrs. Wibird nodded, agitating the small dyed ostrich plumes tipped with marabou of her bonnet; but it was clear to Sidsall that this was not the revelation for which she had hoped. A momentary silence, the edge of an uneasiness enveloped the visitors.

"What lovely satins!" Mrs. Saltonstone commented.

"Please—I have a box full; you will let me give you some?"

"Indeed yes, and thank you!"

Mrs. Wibird, growing resentful, said that a cousin of her aunt's had been a missionary to China, "and did a very blessed work too."

Taou Yuen smoothly agreed that it was quite possible. "Our poor have a great


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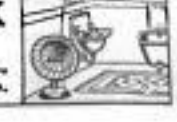
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many wrong and lustful ideas," she acknowledged; "they tell lies and beat their wives and gamble. The higher classes too—the mandarins and princes—use the people for their own security and rob them. Sometimes the law is not honest, and a man with gold gets free when a laborer is put in the bamboo cage."

Mrs. Clifford said very vigorously, "Ha!"

The silence returned, intensified.

"I remember," the Manchu went on; "this will amuse you. My father-in-law, who was in the Canton customs, told me that some boxes of Bibles came out from America, with other objects, and when they were opened at the mission they were the wrong ones and were filled with rum."

There was not, however, any marked appreciation of this on the part of the Salem women. They rose to leave, and Taou Yuen sank on her knee. She gazed without a trace of emotion at the three flooding the door with their belled skirts.

"They are the same everywhere," she told the girl.

The latter moved out into the garden. There she subconsciously picked a rose and fastened it in her hair; her thoughts turned to Roger Brevard. In his place her Uncle Gerrit came out through the drawing-room window. The usual shadow of the house, lengthening with afternoon, was pleasantly enveloping, and they walked slowly over the grass. "A flower in your hair," he said; "and by yourself. You must have been thinking about true love."

She blushed vividly at this unexpected angle on her mind and found it impossible to meet his keen blue eyes.

"Love must be a remarkable thing."

She raised a swift glance to his face and discovered that he had not spoken to her at all, but, hat in hand, was looking away with an expression of abstraction.

"I mean the unreasonable, silly, divine kind," he specified, now gazing at her quizzically, as if lost in a mood over which he had no control; "the sort that is as long as life, and stronger. It is entirely different and ages older than the reasonable logical love, all proper and suitable and civilized; or the love that is the result of a determination. The result of a determination," he repeated, frowning darkly at their feet.

Sidsall held her breath, thrilled by the wealth of what she had heard, fearful of diverting what might be yet revealed. But he moved away abruptly in a manner that enforced solitude, and stood apparently examining the rockery.

Her brain rang with the splendid phrase, "Love as long as life, and stronger." It seemed to clarify and state so much of her lately confused being. Hodie, artfully drawn into the consideration of earthly affection, was far less satisfactory than Gerrit Ammidon. She dwelt on the treasure beyond moth or rust, lost in an ecstasy of contemplation expressed in her customary explosive amens. At the same time she admitted that lower unions were blessed of God, and recommended Sidsall to think on "a man who had seen the light, and by no means a sea captain."

Sidsall had replied cuttingly, "I think you must forget where you are!"

"I forget nothing," Hodie stoutly maintained; "I'll witness before anyone."

She settled the flounces of Sidsall's skirt with a deft hand.

Walking toward the Saltonstones' for tea, with a mulberry silk parasol casting a shifting glow on her expanse of clear madras, Sidsall wondered at the sudden change of almost all her interests and preoccupations. It was very disturbing—she fell into daydreams that carried her fancy away on a search that was a longing, a soft confusion of opening her arms to mystery. This varied with a restless melancholy; the old securities of her life were hidden in a mist of uncertainty in which her consciousness was troubled by nameless pressures; something within her held almost desperately back from further adventuring. But all the time a latent fascination was drawing her on, putting aside the curtain for her better view.

The Saltonstones' dwelling on Chestnut Street was one of a pair—a large solid square of brick—with two identical oval white porticoes and rows of windows keyed in white stone. Within, the staircase swept up to a slender pillared opening, through which Lacy, calmly dressing, waved a deliberate hand. Mrs. Saltonstone was seated by the tall gilt-framed mirror on a low marble stand between long front windows. "As usual," she said, in connection with her daughter, "Lacy's as cool as a water monkey. Gets it from James; they wouldn't hurry if ——" She searched in vain for an expression of her family's composure. "Now I am an impetuous woman."

She promptly exhibited this quality in the vigor with which she met the wrong canister of tea brought by a servant. She didn't intend to serve Padre Souchong to a lot of people who apparently confused afternoon tea with an invitation to dinner.

In the small press which followed Sidsall stopped in the dining room with Lacy and Olive Wibird. The latter was still talking.

"He sat holding my hand right on that bench by your hedge, Sidsall, and said that nothing could keep him from coming back for me; but he died of yellow fever in Batavia."

She left in the company of a man of fifty anyhow, with a glistening bald head, a silly smirking bow and a flood of compliments. Lacy moved away and Sidsall found herself facing Roger Brevard.

"That looks remarkably like a garden," he said, waving toward an open door.

The sun had become obscured in a veil of cloud, drooping until it almost seemed to rest on the bright green foliage; her companion's mood, too, was shadowed.

"I thought you'd be here," he added outside, "and looked for you at once."

"There was something special you wanted to say?"

"My dear child," he answered, "can't you guess how absolutely refreshing you are? No, I have nothing special. But you'll soon get used to men round with no more reason than yourself."

She studied this seriously; and, as its complimentary intent emerged, a corresponding color stained her cheeks. Her gaze rested on him for the fleetest moment possible, and to her surprise she saw that he was frowning.

"I came here just to see you. No," he corrected his period, "only to see you." His manner was surprisingly abrupt and disconcerting. "I can quite realize," he went on, "that I shouldn't say any of this. Yet on the other hand it is the most natural thing in the world. I have been listening to the conventional babble of teas and cotillons for so long that you are like a breath of lost youth. Certainly that is appropriate.

(Continued on Page 121)



*By Heaven, To-Night He'd Throw All That Stinking Stuff Away!*

(Continued from Page 118)

I think," he told her, "that you are the youngest thing alive." Then he laughed. "So young that I have annoyed you."

"I feel a great deal older than I did—well, last month," she said.

"That is a tragedy."

She felt that if he were still amused at her she was furious; but he was even graver than before.

"To tell you helps hurry the charm to an end. That is what might be complained against me. Yet flowers will open, you know; and it might as well be in an honest sun."

"I don't understand," she admitted, troubled.

"Why, it means, Sidsall, that I am offering you an experienced hand, that I'm certain I can do you more good than harm ——"

"That's silly," she interrupted. "If you mean that we might be friends, really confidential friends, it would help me awfully. But then it's so one-sided."

"You'll have to overlook that," he replied; "probably all that I can give you, experience, isn't worth the smallest of your feelings. Probably you won't need me for an instant. Certainly the pleasure will be mine."

"You didn't understand," she told him with dignity; "it's the other way round. I am not a particle interesting, and everyone agrees that I'm too healthy. But I can't help it if my cheeks are red and mother won't let me have powder."

It was obviously impossible to explain about Hodie and the lacing.

"I like it," he insisted. "I'll admit that I am unfashionable there. I think we'll hit on a great deal to share privately."

There was a faint patter among the leaves, and a cold drop of rain fell on Sidsall's arm. Others struck Roger Brevard, but he continued without apparently noticing them:

"You must understand that I am entirely at your service. Sometimes, although they won't come yet, there are things a—a friend can do better than one's family. You'll ask me, Sidsall?"

"Yes," she said solemnly.

More rain struck her; she could see it now plainly, falling between them. Roger Brevard's face was dark, the frown still scarred his forehead. Personally she was happier than she remembered ever being before, and she wondered at his severity of bearing.

"But you must go in at once," he cried, suddenly energetic, his familiar self. "You are getting wetter every minute."

The clouds dissolved into a late sunlight that streamed in long bars through the canopies of elms on the streets. From her windows Sidsall saw a world of flashing greenery and limpid sky. Usually when she was happy she sang unimportant bits of light song, but her present state was serious and inarticulate. The indeterminate questions, the disturbing vague moods of the past days somehow combined and took on the tangible shape of Roger Brevard. Her curiosity about love was resolved into a sudden inner shrinking from its possibilities and meaning.

She was lost in her aloofness from mundane affairs. Taou Yuen in whispering silk, her grandfather's rotund tones, Laurel and Camilla and her mother—were distant, immaterial. In the evening she sat on the front steps, a web of white, dreamily intent on the shimmering sweep of Washington Square. After a little she was joined by Gerrit Ammidon. He wore linen trousers and a short blue sea jacket; and the wavering, delicately lavender trail of smoke from his cheroot was like her floating thoughts.

"Already," he said, "I am full of getting back on my ship."

She smiled at him absently.

"The land doesn't do for a sailor," he continued; "they are always into trouble on shore. I can't say why it should be so, but it is. If there's not one kind there is another; rum and such varnish for the able seaman, and—and complications for a master. I suppose that's because there are so confounded many unexpected currents and slants of wind, as you might say. On shipboard everything pretty much is charted; a thing will be followed more or less by a fixed consequence. The waves break so and so on coral or rocks or sand; there is usually the sun for an observation; a good man knows his ship—how many points she'll hold on the wind, how a cargo must be stowed, when to take in the light canvas. You can give the man at the wheel a course and turn in or stay on deck and beat your way through hell. It's exact, you know. But on shore ——"

He made a hopeless gesture.

"There are no regulations," he observed moodily; "or else nobody follows them. Collisions all the time, sinkings and derelicts drifting round, awash and dismasted, but they are everywhere. That fellow, Edward Dunsack ——"

He stopped, lost in speculation.

Then, "He seems harmless enough," he resumed; "even pitiful; but he sticks in your head. I wish I'd never brought his damned chest to Salem. A fool would have known better. I'm worse—a childish fool. A derelict," he said again. "You are smashing over a swell at twelve knots or more, everything spread, when in a hollow there it is squarely across your bow. No time to shift the wheel, and a ship's missing, perhaps in a hundred fathom. It might be the best ship afloat, the best master and stoutest crew, but in a minute she's only a salty tangle."

He laughed uneasily at the vividness of his fancy. "If it's hard for us, what must it be for Taou Yuen?" he demanded. "Married to me! Here! That's courage for you."

He tramped down the steps, across Pleasant Street, with his bare head sunk, and vanished into the obscurity of the Square. She caught a last glimmer of white trousers, a faint rapid gleam where his lighted cheroot described the arc of a passionate gesture on the night.

The spring, like the full buds of the hedge roses in the Ammidons' garden, swiftly passed into early summer. The flowers against the house showed gay perennial colors, the stocks and larkspur and clove pinks succeeded the retreating flood of the lilacs. The days were still yellow pools of heat, or else cooled by the faintly salt sea wind drawing down the elms and chestnuts, followed by purple-green nights of moonlight. They seemed to Sidsall to hold everything in a pause. She saw less and less of Taou Yuen, who now scarcely came out of her room except for an occasional ride in the barouche with Mrs. Ammidon or a contemplative hour in the garden, usually at dusk. Apparently content with the elaborate rearrangement of her headdress, she sat for long periods gazing out over Washington Square, idle except for the regular tap of her pipe emptying the ashes of the minute bowl.

Yet Sidsall's first interest in her had almost completely shifted to Gerrit Ammidon. He evidently preferred her company to that of the other members of his family, and they often took short largely silent walks, usually down to the Salem Marine Railway, where the Nautilus was undergoing repairs. His protracted silences were broken by the sudden vehement protests against the generally muddled aspect of affairs or longer monologues of inner questioning and search. He almost never referred to her or made her a part of a conversation; she was free to dwell on her own emotions while he, with a corrugated brow, went on in his tortuous and solitary course.

On an afternoon when they had walked to the foot of Briggs Street and were gazing out over the tranquil water of Collins Cove Gerrit Ammidon asked abruptly: "Have you seen Nettie Vollar lately?"







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Sidsall was unable to remember exactly when she had. She rather thought she had caught a glimpse of her in Lawrence Place with books under her arm, which she was probably taking from the Athenæum for her grandfather. Anyone, she told herself privately, could see that Nettie Vollar wouldn't care for books.

Something had occurred or threatened to occur between her uncle and Nettie; what it was she had never been told; but she realized that only one thing could really happen between a man and a girl—they must have been in love. In the interest of this she recalled Nettie Vollar's appearance, but was unable to discover any marked attractions. Nettie had a good figure, rather full for her age, and totally different from her own square solidity. Her hair was coarse and carelessly arranged, her clothes noticeable for a love of brightness rather than care in the spending of a small sum.

Gerrit Ammidon had the strangest tastes!

He was standing immobile, looking across the Cove as if he were on a quarter-deck searching for a hidden land. His legs were slightly spread, firmly planted in a manner to defeat any sudden lurching. She grew a little impatient at him staring like a block at nothing at all; she felt older than he, superior in the knowledge of life; he seemed hardly more than an absurd boy. She had a desire to shake him. He was so—so impracticable.

"Don't you think we'd better be going?" she asked finally.

Gerrit Ammidon turned and followed her obediently.

There were lights in the rope walk on Briggs Street; through a window she could see a man pacing down the long narrow interior laying a strand of hemp from the burden on his shoulders. It made her shudder to think of the monotonous passage forward and back, an eternity of slow-twisting rope. Yet life was something like that—she took the happenings of each day and wove them into a strand dark and bright; a strand, she realized, that grew stronger as it lengthened. That would be true of everyone—of her companion, and grandfather, and Hodie.

They reached the house as the family were gathering in the dining room, when Sidsall found Roger Brevard unexpectedly staying for supper. She met his direct greeting and smile with a warm stir of pleasure and sat in a happy silence listening to the voices about the table. Her uncle had brought his wife down, and the candles glittering among the lusters on the walls spread their light over the Manchu's strange vivid figure. Everything about life was so confusing, Sidsall thought. The night flowed in at the open windows, drenched with magic; here were candles, but outside were stars. The port in its engraved glass decanter seemed to burn with a ruby flame.

"Bah!" her grandfather was exclaiming. "I'll put a thousand dollars on Gerrit and the Nautilus against any clipper built; but mind, in all weathers!"

"Voyage by voyage," William Ammidon insisted, "he would be left in the harbor. The California gold deposits ——"

Later a crowd, slowly collecting, recalled the fact that the Salem Band was to play that night in the Square.

"Oh, mother, look," Laurel cried; "they've got lamps in their hats!"

Small wavering flames were being lighted on the musicians' hats; there were melancholy disconnected hoots from bassoons and the silver clear scale of a bugle.

"Can't I get nearer, mother?" Laurel implored as usual. "Can't I go and see the little lamps on their heads?"

"Sidsall and I will look after her," Roger Brevard put in, and almost immediately the three were entering Washington Square.

The throng was thickest directly behind the band, radiating in thinning numbers to the wooden boundary fence. Laurel led them to an advantageous position, where they could watch the curious effects of the ring of lights above intent faces drawn hollow-cheeked by the vigorous blowing of instruments. The leader, in the center of the flickering smoky illumination, now beat with his arms in one direction, now in another.

A second selection followed, and a third, during which in surprising pauses the band shouted a concerted "Hurrah!" Sidsall was infinitely contented. How splendidly erect and calm and distinguished Roger Brevard was! She hated younger men; they were only boys who kept up a senseless talk about college humor. He saw instantly that the people were crushing her skirts, and firmly conducted them out of the crowd.

It was nicer here beyond the wavering dark mass; a waltz flowed about her so gracious and beautiful that her eyes filled with tears.

But Laurel had to be taken home; and clasping Mr. Brevard's hand the little girl talked volubly as they moved away.

"And so," she said, "I told her to keep her topsails full."

"What?" he demanded.

"She was falling off, you know—losing way. Hell's hatches ——"

"Laurel!" Sidsall corrected her sharply. "No, you mustn't laugh at her."

Only Gerrit Ammidon was on the steps, the other men were in the library; her mother had gone up with Janet. Laurel left them, and without speech they walked through the house to the lawn. The stars had apparently retreated to new infinities of distance and night, there was a throb of music so faint that it might be only an echoing memory; Roger Brevard's face was pale and strained.

He asked, "Have you forgotten that we are friends?"

"No," she returned seriously, lifting her look to his.

He was very close to her and her heart beat unsteadily. She had a choking premonition of what was about to occur, but she stood without the slightest attempt to prevent his kiss. It affected him even more than herself, for he stepped back sharply with his hands clenched.

Roger was silent for so long that she said timidly, "I didn't mind, so much."

"Thank you," he replied almost harshly. "There's no need for you to regret it. No need, no need. But if it were only a year more ——"

"We all grow older," she told him wisely.

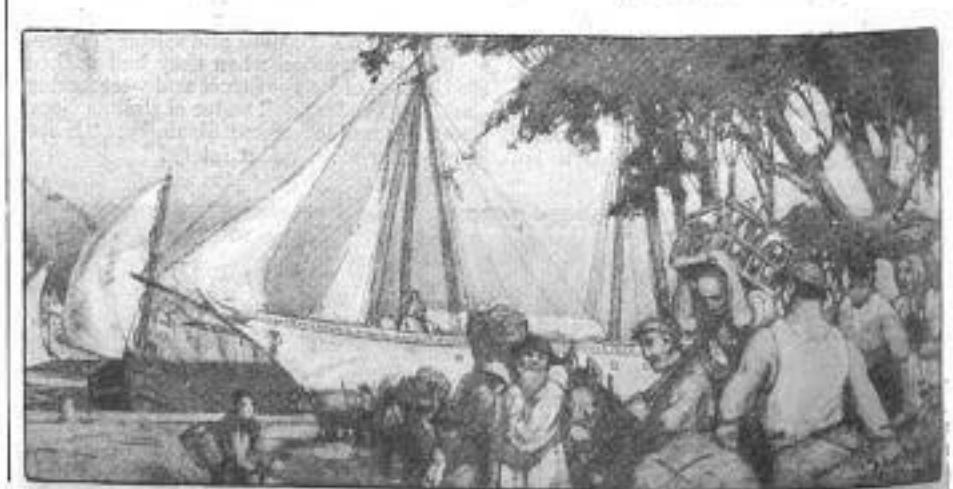
"So we do, Sidsall; and we change. But you should stay exactly as you are now, white and young and fragrant. Never the fruit but always the blossom, and always a night in early summer. The afterwards, the rest, is an indifferent performance."

"I don't understand," her voice was shadowed.

"Sidsall, for a moment. Don't move—opening petals; shy, pure heart—loveliness."

"I don't understand," she repeated, but the trouble had vanished. She even smiled at him; she was filled with an absolute security in her vision of Roger Brevard. Why, she had no need to question; it was an instinct beyond search and above knowledge; perhaps, she thought as they turned toward the house, its name was Love.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



# FOR THE PICTURES

(Continued from Page 7)

Again Gavin poured a staggering libation and hurried it on its way.

"Hitting that stuff awful hard, ain't you?" queried Summers.

"The doctor tells me to lay off, but—I can stand it," answered Gavin; and as if anxious to prove his assertion he slopped out a third drink, filling the glass to the brim. "Things going fine with you, eh? Well, I wish't I could say the same. I ain't been doing much this last year—gone stale or something. But there's a battle or two left in me yet."

"Sure there is!" agreed Summers.

"You know, Swifty," said Gavin, becoming confidential after his third double portion, "that was a rotten dirty trick you played on me, and it left me in a fix where I couldn't say a word. Not a word! I fired Joe Wells, though. Yeh, I got rid of him. He oughta known that fellow Isaacs was the bunk."

"The film turned out bad," explained Summers quickly.

"But Isaacs cashed a lot of tickets in the pool rooms afterward," said Gavin. "Oh, I'm wise enough—now. You—you want to know what made me the sorest?"

"Go ahead!" grinned Summers. "Get it off your chest."

"You wouldn't fight me again. You wouldn't make a return match. I—I thought I was entitled to one. And that stuff you handed the reporters about not having to bother with a man you'd licked in a punch—that was pretty raw too. That hurt. Yeh, you gimme all the worst of it when I was chasing you for that return match."

Gavin was reaching out to pour himself another drink, but Summers laid his hand on John's wrist. "Maybe I was saving you for this winter," said he softly.

Gavin peered incredulously through his black-rimmed spectacles.

"Saving me? Quit your kidding!"

"But I might be kidding on the square," persisted Summers.

"You couldn't even kid on the square!" Gavin spoke bitterly. "You won't fight me again, and you know it!"

"How much of a gate would we draw?"

"Fifteen thousand anyway—maybe twenty. The town's full of money this year. . . . But you don't mean it."

The champion patted Gavin on the shoulder, and his smile was friendliness itself.

"The reason I get away with things," said he, "is because nobody ever knows just what I mean. It's a good system. Can you put yourself in shape—some kind of shape?"

"I'd jump out of my coffin to get in shape to lick you!"

"Well," said Summers, "don't go to too much trouble on my account, old boy. I'll see you in a few days. And in the meantime, booze ain't any good to train on."

Summers walked away, but from the edge of the betting ring he glanced back toward the bar. He was in time to see Gavin swallow another large drink.

That night Andy Cullen, promoter of boxing contests, accepted an invitation to dine with Summers.

"He wants to talk business," thought Cullen as he hung up the receiver. "The bookmakers have got his dough and now he'll be reasonable."

The exact nature of the business that Summers wished to discuss proved somewhat of a surprise to Cullen.

"You want to fight Gavin again! But Gavin's all in—down and out. The fight wouldn't draw flies!"

"You're a smart fellow," grinned Summers. "You're ace-high with the newspaper men. You can make it draw."

"How?"

"By playing it up as a grudge fight. Everybody remembers how he hollered—how he chased me all over the country. To be candid with you, I didn't want to fight him then. Maybe I was a little lucky to stop him with a punch, and I didn't want to take chances on him again. It's different now. You get Gavin to come out with a challenge and a good strong statement burning me up for not giving him a return match. That'll start everybody to talking, and at the right time I'll get sore and call his bluff."

"All fine as silk," interrupted the promoter, "but Dugan is the man they want to see you fight. Gavin is drinking himself to death. He kills about a quart a day out at the track. Now, Dugan ——"

Summers rapped gently on the table with his closed fist and his brown eyes grew hard as moss agates.

"Nothing—doing—on—Dugan. I told you that before. I don't mind telling you something else: I won't train for a hard fight. I'm the champion. I'm the one they want to see, and I intend to dictate terms. Gavin is the only man I'll meet. A daylight fight, and moving pictures. I'll stall along for seven or eight rounds, then I'll drop him right in front of the camera. That knowledge ought to be worth something to you—in a betting way. Now, do you want the match or not?"

"Oh, hell!" grumbled Cullen. "If you insist on robbing a graveyard I might as well be the undertaker!"

"That's talking sense. Now get hold of Gavin and break the news to him. The split will be eighty-twenty."

"That's an awful short loser's end," objected Cullen.

"It's plenty long enough for Gavin. Man alive, have you seen him lately? He looks like a bum. Oh, yes, one thing more."

"What's that?" demanded Cullen suspiciously.

"Gavin had better do his training up in the mountains, where too many wise people won't see him. I think he'll try hard to get into shape for a fight—he believes he owes me a licking; but trying and doing are two different things. Ship him to some mountain resort where he'll be out of the way. We don't want everybody in the world to know that we've picked a dead one."

"You're a wonder!" exclaimed the admiring Cullen. "You think of everything, don't you?"

"I figure all the angles," was the modest reply.

v

MIGHTY indeed is the noble institution known as the press.

Two days later John Gavin, assisted from his sarcophagus by Mr. Cullen's clever press agent, let out a ferocious and defiant roar which echoed and reëchoed among the sporting pages. Summers, said Gavin, was afraid to fight him again—had been dodging him for two years. He had won the title with a lucky punch, and had proved that such was the case by refusing to make another match. Summers, said Gavin, was a fluke champion.

The fluke champion, when interviewed about the matter, managed to convey the impression that he was not fight-hungry, but stated that should this hunger develop there were others whose claims took precedence of Gavin's.

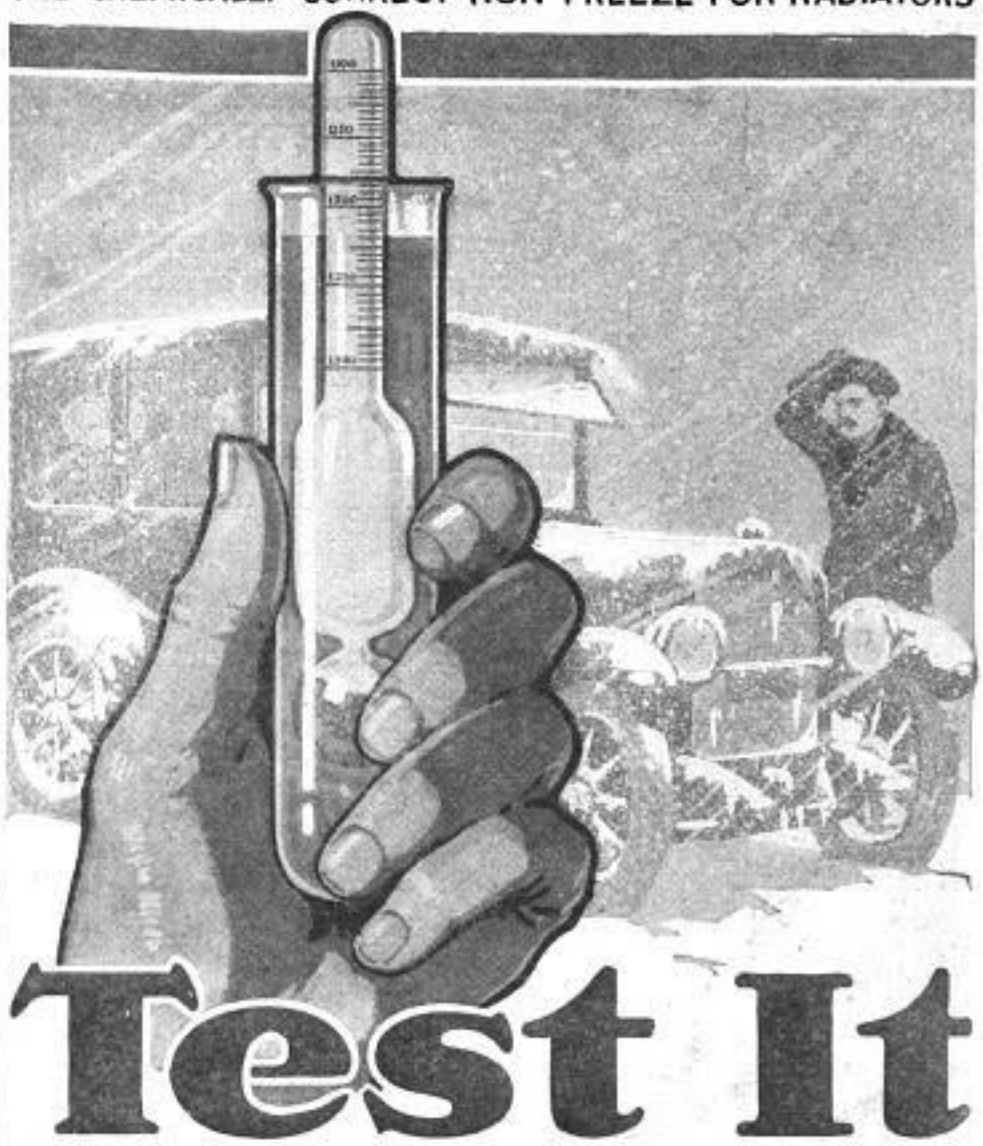
Gavin replied with a double-column blast; and the great unenlightened public began to sit up and rub its eyes, demanding to know what all the noise was about. The effect of this campaign was to stimulate interest in the former champion and create a desire to see the question settled with fists rather than linotype machines. For a solid week Summers and Gavin fought each other all over the keyboards of sporting-department typewriters, at the end of which time the champion descended from his high horse and articles of war were signed.

Gavin went to the mountains while Summers crossed the bay, establishing his training camp at Alameda. For weeks the daily doings of the gladiators were recorded in the public prints. Both men, said the scribes, were making ready for the fight of their lives. On the eve of battle they were reported to be "in the pink of condition" and "fit as fiddles," though what a fiddle looks like when it is fit is one of the things that "no fellah can find out."

Summers was a topheavy favorite in the pool rooms at odds of two to one. The race-track gamblers covered the short-end sympathy bets, and pooh-poohed the idea that Gavin might come back. Pugilism was not their game, but they had seen Gavin paying heavy court to his private bottle, and cheerfully bet twos to win ones. No man, they said, could fight a hard draw with John Barleycorn and knock out Swifty Summers all in the same season. It was a foregone conclusion that the only way the grizzly could regain his title was to drop the champion for the count.

Gavin arrived in San Francisco at eleven o'clock in the morning on the day of the


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fight. The men were to weigh in at noon at a pool room on Eddy Street, and when the former champion and his handlers arrived the place was packed to the doors and the overflow blocked the sidewalk. There was little curiosity as far as Summers was concerned; most of the sporting men had visited his training camp and were satisfied with his condition. Gavin they had not seen, and they swallowed the newspaper reports with a grain of salt. They wanted to see the challenger, stripped to the skin, on the platform of the weighing machine. The sidewalk crowd gave Gavin a cheer when he appeared, grim and tanned and sullen, a cap pulled low over his eyes and the collar of his heavy sweater rolled up till it covered his ears. They saw no more of him than the tip of his nose and the straight line of his mouth, and they got nothing out of him, though they patted him on the shoulders and slapped him on the back and showered him with good wishes.

Gavin elbowed his way straight to the entrance, looking neither to the right nor the left. He knew that the shoulder-patters and back-slappers would give Summers the same welcome they had given him, and in his simple honest heart John Gavin hated a hypocrite. Just as he crossed the threshold the clatter of hoofs, the rattle of carriage wheels and loud cheering announced the arrival of the champion.

A grievous disappointment was in store for the lucky ones in the inner room. They saw John Gavin make the weight—they saw his lean sunburned face with the skin drawn tight over the cheek bones and the angle of the jaw, and they saw his bare legs. They wanted to see his shoulders and chest, his back—and, most of all, the muscles covering his stomach, if any. But John climbed on the platform clad in a soft gray shirt, which covered him completely from neck to knees; and the bar, set at the prescribed notch, did not even quiver. The most disappointed man in the room was Swifty Summers, hurriedly divesting himself of his clothing, pretending a lack of interest but furtively watching every move that Gavin made.

"He's a pound or so under," thought the champion. "Now is he in condition or has he been taking mud baths to get the belly off him? Hell! He can't be in condition!"

Not a word passed between the fighters, and it was remarked afterward that Gavin never even so much as looked at Summers. Summers noticed this, and it added to his slight feeling of uneasiness. Men who are about to fight a grudge fight do not exchange pleasantries while weighing in, but it is seldom that a challenger loses a chance to size up a champion.

For the second time in his life Gavin sat in his corner and looked at a motion-picture camera. To be exact, he looked at a whole battery of cameras, for film will buckle and Cullen was taking no chances. Gavin scowled and nursed the bulge of his right glove in the cup of the left. He was thinking of Mr. Isaacs—Mr. Isaacs and the camera that did not shoot because it was not loaded.

Gavin's chief second nudged him.

"Hey! Wake up! They want you for the snapshots! Lemme have that bathrobe."

Gavin shook his head and marched to the middle of the ring, completely covered from neck to heels. Not since he entered the arena had he shown anything but his ankles, and this prolonged exhibition of modesty was more than a nervous man could bear.

"Going to wear that thing all the afternoon?" sneered the champion. "Afraid to take it off, or what?"

Gavin did not even turn his head in Summers' direction. He seemed to be giving all his attention to the fussy little photographer. He kept his opponent under tension to the very last instant, then tossed his bathrobe behind him and drew a deep breath, his great hairy chest rising almost to his chin. Several thousand citizens drew deep breaths with him, letting them out in low whistles of amazement and admiration, for if ever a fighting man looked fit it was John Gavin that day.

Summers knew condition when he saw it, and here was a miracle—a broken-down, tippling has-been suddenly returned to his prime. The lean flanks, the hard ridges guarding the abdomen, the powerful shoulder muscles rippling under the hairy skin—this was the Gavin of two years ago—Gavin, or a counterfeit that would have deceived the élite.

Yes, it was the physical shell of John Gavin; but what was inside it? And how had he managed to turn back the clock? As they fell into fighting pose the challenger looked the champion straight in the eye and grinned.

"I got you where I want you now," said John. "Right where I been trying to get you for two years. Look me over!"

"Look you over!" answered the quick-witted Summers. "I'll knock you over, same as I did before!"

"When you used to be a pool shark, trimming suckers," said Gavin, "did you carry your cue with you all the time? We're here to get our pictures took, not to fight. You'll get all the fighting you want in a few minutes."

"Gentlemen! Gent-lemen!" murmured the referee.

When the gong rang it was the old Gavin who came charging out of his corner, bent on fighting his old fight—a human battering ram hurrying into action at close range. Summers had been given a moment in which to think, and he had decided on a plan of battle based on the assumption that the challenger was nothing more than the hard-looking shell of his former self. How could a man drink a quart of whisky a day and come back—in five weeks? The thing was an impossibility!

"He looks good," Summers had said to his seconds, "and it's a cinch he's worked hard, but he can't last. I'll keep away from him for a few rounds, and when he begins to slow up I'll pick him to pieces at long range."

The plan was a good one, but before the fight was ten seconds old Summers realized that it would be extremely difficult to keep away from Gavin for any length of time. The champion feinted and danced, sidestepped and turned, twisted and dodged, but Gavin was always there in front of him, hammering away with both fists. Summers ducked into a clinch, but was glad to duck out of it again. He prided himself on the strength of his arms, but he might as well have tried to pin the pistons of a locomotive as to smother those short tearing jolts to his midsection. Gavin was too strong to be handled in the clinches, and the punishing power in the few long-range body blows that crashed through the champion's guard warned him not to stand and play for an opening through which to shoot his famous right hook.

Driven into a corner, Summers tried to clinch again. This time Gavin almost cracked his ribs in a crushing embrace, holding him long enough to ask him two questions: "Thought you was picking on a cripple, hey? What do you think of your cripple now?"

Having asked his questions Gavin hurled Summers halfway across the ring and renewed the attack. Round and round they went, Summers retreating under cover of a hurried and harmless left jab, Gavin crowding him closely, and finding time to talk to his man between flurries:

"You fought me to reform me, hey? . . . Thought I was hitting the booze pretty hard? . . . So did everybody else. . . . Guess that's the reason you didn't bother to train. . . . Looked pretty soft to you, didn't I? . . . Well, I'm the hardest soft guy you ever saw!"

"What's he talking about?" demanded Summers' chief second when the round was over. "I never saw him talk in a fight before."

"He's put one over on me somehow," mumbled the champion. "I don't know how, but he's done it."

"He ain't put nothin' over on you yet. He can't hit you. You'll lick him, sure."

"Yes," said Summers, "I'll lick him, but—I wish I'd trained harder for this bird!" *(Concluded on Page 129)*



(Concluded from Page 126)

Eminent experts agree that the champion's only chance to retain his title came early in the second round. Gavin slipped and left an opening for his jaw, and when Summers saw it he forgot all about his agreement that there should be eight rounds of film—forgot everything but the opportunity to extricate himself from a dangerous situation. Quick as a flash Summers set himself and let fly with his main battery, putting into the shot everything that he had or was or hoped to be. It was the sort of right-hand punch that makes and unmakes champions, it was beautifully timed and perfectly executed, it went straight to the chin, and it dropped John Gavin to his knees.

The referee began to count, marking time with his right hand and holding Summers at bay with his left. Gavin shook his head, like a swimmer coming to the surface after a dive. Then he looked up at Summers skirmishing in and out, his right hand poised for the finishing blow; and as he looked, Gavin's mouth curved into a scornful grin. He gathered himself together as a sprinter gathers himself for a crouching start.

"Just wanted to see if you could hurt me, Swifty. . . . You can't; it ain't in you. Now look out for yourself!"

He came to his feet with a rush, diving straight at Summers, who stood his ground and aimed a short uppercut at Gavin's chin. The uppercut missed connections, but Gavin's right fist did not. It crashed home just below the rib line, and it sent the champion reeling backward to the ropes, sick and dizzy.

Very few world's champions have lost their titles without making a desperate attempt to hold them. Summers was tricky and unscrupulous; he took the best of it whenever he could and disdained the even break; but underneath all his treachery and meanness was the heart of a fighting man. The tide of battle had turned against him with a swiftness almost incredible, but with the ropes chafing his back the champion made his stand, fighting as he had never fought in his life. Time after time he rocked Gavin's head with rights and lefts, putting into them everything that the damaging body blow had left him, and taking a savage beating in return. Just before the bell rang Gavin landed another pile-driving punch below the rib line and Summers' knees bent under him. He would have slipped to the floor had not Gavin hauled him into a clinch.

"You're licked," said John, "but I ain't through with you yet. Die game—for the pictures!"

As far as Summers was concerned the fight ended then and there. He went to his corner whipped and knowing that he was whipped. He could never hope to hit Gavin any harder than he had hit him in the second round, and Gavin had stayed down only five seconds.

It was in the third round that Gavin added insult to injury. He had just flattened Summers' nose with an overhand swing, and was holding the champion on his feet with his face turned to the camera so that the blood would show.

"I musta looked pretty bad to you that day at the track," said Gavin. "Glasses, and a lame back and everything. Yeh, I practiced looking bad for a couple of months before you showed up. I knew you wouldn't fight me again unless you thought I was all in. You fell for it. . . . All right, referee. He's hanging on; I ain't."

And later:

"The only way to catch a crook is to play him crooked. . . . There's real fillum in these cameras to-day. . . . Turn your head a little so they can get a picture of how pretty you look!"

With half a minute remaining, Gavin shot a short ugly hook through Summers' wavering guard and knocked out three of his most cherished teeth. The champion flopped limply into a clinch and received his final bit of astounding information:

"Burnt sugar and water looks a lot like booze. . . . Pours like booze, too, but it don't do you no harm. . . . If it did I'd be dead now. . . . Yeh, I guess the bartender that made my private stock'll win him some dough to-day!"

Summers' chief second waved the bottle of smelling salts back and forth under the champion's battered nose.

"He's murderin' you," said the adviser. "Can't you mix it or nothing?"

"Burnt sugar!" groaned Summers. "Burnt sugar and water!"

"Hey, have a sniff o' this!" ordered the chief second. "Your mind is wanderin'!"

Toward the end of the fourth round the crowd began to yell at the referee to stop the fight. Summers was barely able to remain on his feet and Gavin was playing with him, hitting him at will as he wabbled wearily along the ropes.

The referee glanced doubtfully at Andy Cullen, huddled up in his ringside box, a life-size portrait of woe too deep for words. Cullen had bet more money than he cared to think about, but he owned a third of the motion pictures, and a clean knockout might enhance their value and put him even with the world again. The promoter shook his head slightly, and the referee sidled over to where Gavin was alternately thumping Summers in the ribs and holding him on his feet to keep him from falling.

"Gwan, John!" muttered the official. "Gwan, finish it! He's out now—out on his feet!"

Gavin glanced at the battery of cameras and grinned.

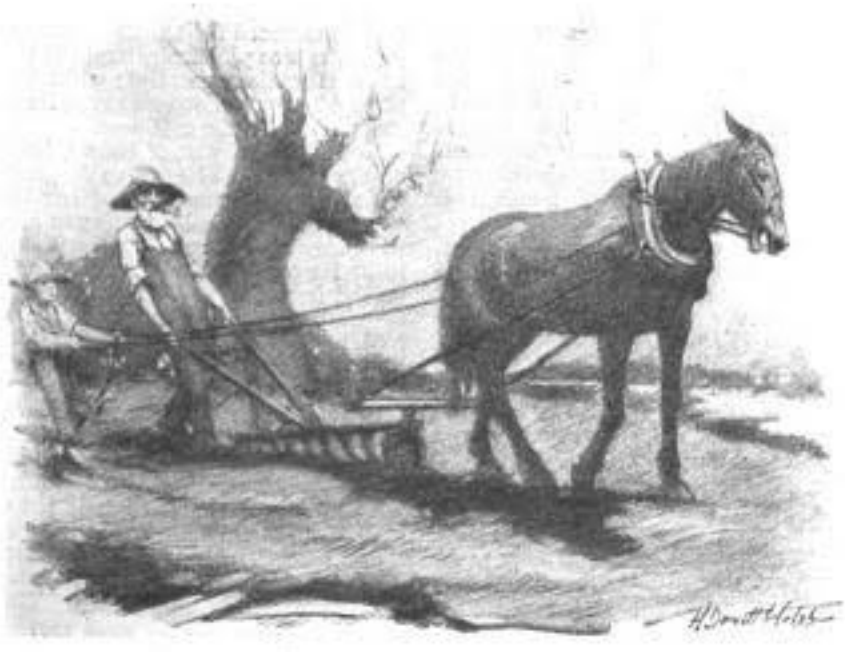
"Come on, champ," he whispered. "This is where you get it good—for the pictures!"

He backed Summers clear across the ring, halting him close to the ropes and directly underneath the lenses, jolted him once or twice to straighten him up and then pinned his arms at his sides.

"Hey, you guys up there!" bawled Gavin, addressing the photographers. "Got plenty of fillum left, have you? None of them boxes empty? . . . All right. Git this, all of you; it's going to be good!"

He released Summers, stepped quickly away from him and back again, feinting savagely at the sore ribs with his left hand. Summers dropped his guard and bent forward, and as he did so Gavin's right glove swung full and clean against his chin. The champion of the world plunged head first through the ropes, breaking one telegraph instrument and knocking three reporters and one special writer out of their chairs.

"There you are!" grinned the new-old champion as he looked down on his work and saw that it was good. "That ought to make a swell finish—for the pictures!"




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# THERE!

(Continued from Page 9)

the joyful shout of his companion, one-half of a rapid colloquy. Communication was reëstablished.

At that moment there was a sudden louder sibilance in the air, a series of deafening crashes upon the brow of the hill, following one another as though they would never cease, merging with a double shock in a simultaneity of arrival, ever and ever nearer. The thunders of that flashing eastern horizon had leaped to an increased vehemence, a feverishly rapid succession of violent paroxysms that swallowed the rolling, drumlike discharges of the quick-firing field artillery.

"Shortening the range!" cried the Frenchman, once more at his side. "Intensive bombardment. Our turn now!"

The American divined the sense of his ejaculations from such syllables as were not lost in this welter of roar and crash and near explosion. A curious exhilaration mingled with his sense of insecurity; the mighty drama was fairly commenced, fascinating by the immensity of its issues.

"Look!" shouted his companion, clutching at his arm and pointing to the low ground close in front and to the left of them.

Down there great founts of ruddy living flame, breaking out of briefly perceived masses of thick and lazy smoke, were spouting up with detonations that thus clearly heard amid this uproar must have been appalling at their origins.

"Minenwerfer!" continued the Frenchman. "Preparing the way for the infantry at dawn!"

Those fiendishly monstrous explosions were erupting, more rapidly and widely sown than one could count, over the trench system through which Captain Vansittart had wandered that evening. He thought of the battalion commander, remembered his sublimely simple phrase, *"On peut mourir ici comme ailleurs."* Men were certainly dying down there.

His altruistic attention to the fate of those below was violently terminated by a stunning shock, a roar that seemed to swallow him, incredibly savage.

He picked himself up, dazed and trembling; saw above his head the flickering sky where had been the armored roof of his shelter. A shell had burst at the entrance, had destroyed the emplacement. He looked for his companions. A livid flash, simultaneous with another shattering roar close at hand, revealed the telephonists stretched in odd attitudes, motionless, over the case which had contained their instruments. The only survivor? No—the French lieutenant was crawling from under the ruin of the roof, dragging a box.

"Quick!" he said. "We must find another place. Help me with these flares."

It was a relief to have a definite task, however humble, in this bewildering, unnerving fury of explosions. He seized one end of the heavy box, stumblingly followed his companion along a trench empty of any other living being.

Suddenly the Frenchman threw himself into a shell hole torn in what had been the parapet. The American followed. Both worked feverishly to build up the gashed and scattered sandbags into a wall round them. It was protection, except from a direct hit. Once more they could stare at the ceaselessly irradiated horizon, could gaze down upon the fulminating eruptions below. The crack of a rifle shot, the rap-rap of a machine gun from those depths they would have welcomed as a human sound. There was none. The heavy detonations alone persisted, terribly dominant.

Suddenly from below came a faint clamor, the noise—just audible—of gongs and whistles.

"The gas alarm!" said the Frenchman.

The American shuddered, imagining the insidious horror mingling with those violent terrors that never ceased. They were still there, those Frenchmen, though—still there! He thought of the *adjutant* and his confident little laugh, wondered ——

The air was suddenly full of a disturbing, rapidly increasing noise—no longer the ordinary hissing rush of arriving high-explosive. It reached a termination without the expected crash; he could scarcely distinguish quick, muffled bursts against the distant rolling thunders suddenly more prominent. A second later the sound was renewed—a flight of gobble-gobble demons hurling themselves straight upon him with irresistible fury. He ducked his head just as they were silenced in a succession of insignificant little cracks close in the trench. Something splashed on his face.

He heard the Frenchman shout, caught the word: "Gas!"

In a wild spasm of alarm he held his breath, fitted his mask with trembling fingers that, nevertheless, were swift. His companion was already protected when he glanced at him.

His nostrils tightly clipped, he tried to breathe regularly through the little rubber mouthpiece inside the mask, which communicated with the thick air pipe attached to the box of chemicals. He succeeded easily, though not with comfort. He wondered for how many hours he could endure this restraint upon his lungs.

In salvo after salvo the gas shells continued to swoop down upon the brow of the hill and now through the uncanny whistle tion of their flight came the loud and rapidly repeated notes of the warning gongs. Through a broken-down gap in their wall of sandbags the American looked along the trench. It was suddenly alive with men swarming up from an adjacent dugout. A high-explosive shell had penetrated the shelter.

The panic-stricken survivors tumbled out, one after the other, to find themselves in the deadly danger signaled by the dolorously sounding gongs.

There was a confusion of men struggling to adjust their masks as they jostled against each other. Some succeeded. Others were a fraction of a second too slow. Two men reeled up against the sandbags close to the American in violent and continued spasms of sneezing they could not check. He watched them, fascinated with horror, as they pressed the masks close to their faces in a vain attempt to protect themselves while their bodies jerked with the uncontrollable convulsion of the sneeze that could no longer be inhibited. With fiendishly malicious cunning the Germans were mingling sternutatory shells, otherwise harmless, with those filled with phosgene and mustard gas. One whiff of their contents and an unappeasable sneezing fit prevented the adjustment of the mask, insuring at each recovery a deep inhalation of the fatal phosgene. First one, then the other, of the two men dropped his mask, clutched blindly in the air and sank to the ground. The trench was again empty.

Through the remainder of that night of horror, seemingly prolonged beyond all terrestrial standards, the American covered side by side with the Frenchman behind the protection of their sandbags. No form of activity was justifiable or necessary. They were cut off from direct communication with the Frenchman's battery; waited only for that moment when their pre-arranged sequence of flares should summon its barrage of bursting shells upon its allotted sector.

The American watched the ceaseless bombardment of the trench system below. It seemed impossible that anything could survive there. A dull despair had succeeded to his exhilaration of the beginning of the bombardment, a depression of spirits caused as much by the unalleviated pressure of the mask clips upon his nostrils as by this overwhelming manifestation of the enemy's gun power. He would have given all he possessed for one deep free breath of pure air; was physically tempted to tear off this suffocating restraint; while the faint, pungent odor, penetrating even through the mask, forbade the madness.

Conversation was, of course, impossible, and never had he longed so desperately for the sound of a human voice. In addition, a spot upon his face burned upon his nerves as though they were touched with a red-hot iron. He remembered the splash he had received from the first gas shells, diagnosed it—mustard gas! He cursed softly, without removing the rubber mouthpiece from his lips. This pain increased from moment to moment until it seemed to focus all his faculties on one agonized spot, blinding his perceptions to all but the haziest consciousness of what was occurring round him.

Suddenly he noticed that the gun flashes were no longer conspicuous in the eastern sky, though the thunderous roar was undiminished. The horizon was suffused with a yellowish-gray light, against which the hills were clearly silhouetted. The plain

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(Continued from Page 130)

below became faintly visible, stretching round to his left in a valley between him and an opposing height. It was dawn.

His companion clutched his arm, pointed below. A long belt of fog overlay the plain, rolled slowly from the east. Both searched it through their glasses, failed to penetrate it. It was the artificial mist enveloping the attack.

The Frenchman sprang to his feet, flung open the box of flares, fired into the air a sequence of red and green and golden lights, which drifted distinct against the paling sky. From the hill upon the other side of the narrow valley to their left similar flares were soaring up from a score of points. In a long line across the mouth of the valley they shot up, one after the other, from the menaced trenches. Behind them in immediate answer the artillery thunder increased spasmodically to one appalling, enduring roar that had no gaps. Over that belt of fog appeared innumerable pinpoints of scintillating yellow flame.

Had the enemy left his trenches? It was impossible to discern any movement in that shrouding mist. But suddenly, distinct even amid that deafening fury of the guns, they heard a multitudinous, rapidly reiterated pop-pop-pop-pop-pop that seemed to issue from the whole length of the belt of fog. It was the famous German machine-gun barrage which accompanies the attack, a complete system of sustained cross fires delivered by highly trained gunners dodging forward from cover to cover which creates a zone of death in front of the assault far more annihilating than that of the most intense artillery fire.

The hostile bombardment, which had slackened but slightly if at all from its first furious commencement, was now hailing upon the defense with an inconceivable violence. The hill from which the American watched the shrouded battle below shook as though about to disintegrate under the incessant blasts that seemed to shatter down the sky as they upheaved the earth. Volumes of heavy smoke rolled across it, blotting out all vision from time to time. The summit of the twin low height at the other side of the valley was crowned with dense and drifting fumes, belted and veined with lines of smoke upon its flanks in which the glint of fire flickered continually; it appeared a volcano in eruption, lava streams trickling to its base.

Across the valley between these portals, preceding the belt of mist now thinning in the first light of the sun, was a wall of smoke, black and brown and yellow, which shot up from a thousand points at once, was reënforced by fresh explosions ere the vomits of the first had plumed and drifted in the windless air. It rolled very slowly, almost perceptibly, but with real progress, up the valley. It was the creeping artillery barrage of the attack. Behind it, audible despite its incessant crashing thunders, the myriad crepitations of the tireless machine guns moved slowly forward also. It seemed impossible that any resistance could survive in such an inferno of destruction; that this colossal deployment of gun power must irresistibly blast a way for the German legions massed somewhere out of sight toward the east.

Of the defense the American could see but little. Both he and his companion were still muzzled in their gas masks, could not converse. From time to time, as the hostile barrage in the valley crept forward, the Frenchman fired fresh signals into the sky—little points of color now against the blue—bidding his battery shorten the range. Other signals shot up at intervals amid the tiny white shrapnel bursts which covered the floor of the valley behind that wall of smoke. The American could not decide whether they were theirs or the enemy's.

The loud, reiterated discharges of machine guns close at hand broke into those shell crashes upon the hill, so long continued that he had become almost oblivious of them. It brought him back to his immediate environment. He looked along the trench. It was now manned with French soldiers, their faces grotesque in the masks under their steel helmets, who hoisted machine gun after machine gun on the parapet and poured a plunging and enfilade fire into the valley below. They worked with a concentrated intensity of purpose which heeded not the sudden eructations of black smoke obliterating first one and then another group of them, the constant crack-crack-crack of shrapnel in the air above, the insidious poisoned atmosphere enveloping them with its invisible death. They seemed dumb, unhuman creatures in the enforced silence of their gas masks; seemed a fantastic race of battle kobolds born with this blunted uniformity of featureless countenance, with such agility did they perform their tasks in them.

Here and there one physically weaker than his fellows destroyed the illusion. Men overcome by fainting sickness, the result of their long-protracted muzzling, reeled against the trench wall, tore at the masks. Other men leaped at them, bound their wrists behind their backs. Many of the wounded were thus forcibly restrained from an involuntary suicide. But still, all along the parapet, the machine guns hammered death into the valley below.

Down there the attack was evidently progressing. The wall of the barrage smoke had passed almost out of sight up the valley at the left. Behind it the shrapnel puffs still clustered in multitudes over a drifting reek of fumes. Under it must be passing the German battalions hurrying into the gap. The American searched for them with his glasses, caught here and there a scintillation of steel reflecting the sun, now well above the hills, but could distinguish nothing more. The clattering of the machine guns, minute but distinct in the unceasing thunders of the artillery, had also passed well to his left. He looked down the slope in front of him, half expecting to see swarms of gray-clad figures surging up with the bayonet to flatten out this salient. There seemed to be some sort of conflict in progress at the bottom, but the flank on the hill was empty except for flying geysers of earth and smoke. Far away at his right, almost behind him, on the other side of the hill, he thought he heard a faint chatter of busy machine guns.

He suddenly comprehended the enemy tactics. The Germans were not trying to crush in the entire line at a blow. They were blasting gaps here and there, filtering through them. His hill was being ignored except for the violent bombardment which kept the defenders in their trenches, forbade it as a starting point for counter-attacks on the flank of their advance. If the German progress up the valleys on either side of it continued, evacuation and destruction en masse were the only alternatives. He wondered to what extent the former was still practicable.

He put his face close to his companion's ear, shouted through the mask a phrase expressive of his doubts. The Frenchman had also been anxiously considering the battlefield. He shrugged his shoulders, shouted similarly through his mask.

"We can do nothing more. My battery cannot see my signals. We are falling back everywhere. Look!"

The trench behind them was being rapidly evacuated. A long, straggling file of men was passing round the brow of the hill amid such a hail of shells that it was marvelous that any survived.

"They are too many for us. It is the retreat again!" shouted the Frenchman into the American's ear as though personally exasperated with him. "You are too late, *messieurs les Américains!* They will be in Paris before you can save us."

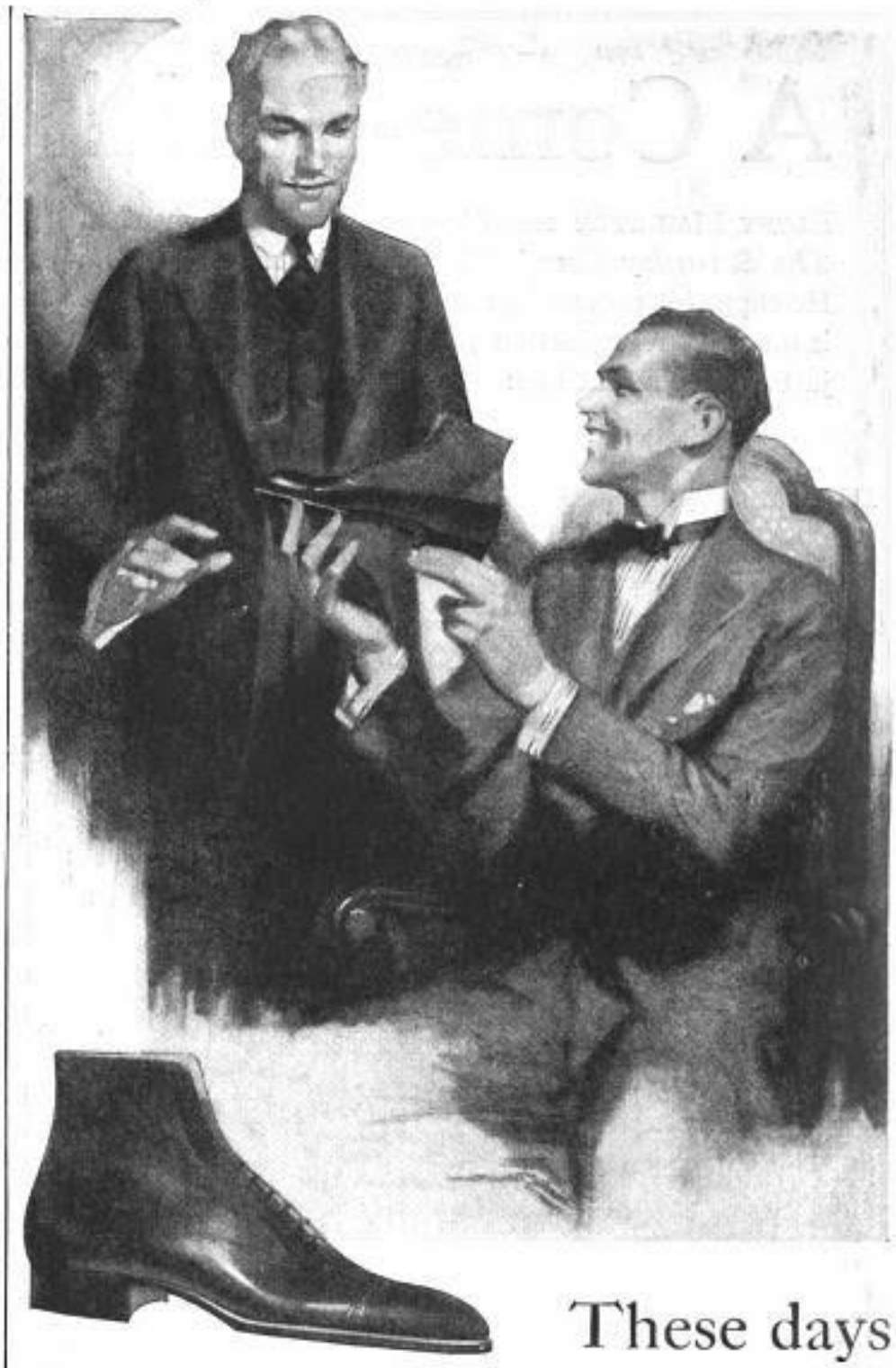
The Frenchman sat down in the shell hole as though resigning himself to death rather than witness this collapse of his cause. The American muttered a savage curse, vaguely comprehensive, at stupidity, both individual and national, and dragged his companion to his feet.

"Guess I'm going to have a whack at 'em anyway before they get to Paris!" he said to himself. "Come on!" He indicated the last clause by a gesture reënforced with a tug at the Frenchman's arm.

He was consumed with anxiety to get away, to get away quickly—not because of a mere craven desire to save his skin, but because he felt overpoweringly that his existence on earth would not be justified until he had participated actively in one real American battle against the boche. He was convinced that whatever else happened such a battle would be fought long before the enemy got to Paris. He and his hundreds of thousands of comrades had not come to France on a joy trip to witness a German triumphal procession down the Champs Elysées.

He pulled his companion after him into the trench, followed in the wake of the retreating infantry.

He could never clearly recall the details of the hours that followed. His memory was a blur of pictures to which he could assign neither definite place nor chronological order. He remembered the crushing fatigue

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that fell upon him suddenly in their desperate scramble over that shell-tormented hillside, had dazed, half perceptions of miraculous escapes. He remembered the increasing discomfort of breathing through the mask, half suffocated, his stomach sick with exhaustion and with the minute quantities of gas that had filtered through. He remembered the burning agony of that splash upon his face, becoming more and more intense with every moment. Those were the near things, the real things, the consciousness of his continuing personality.

Outside that was a dream world which changed from setting to setting. Now he and the Frenchman were tramping along a road in the rear of a body of hurrying soldiers who left behind a trail of men unable to keep up. Now they were alone, stumbling over a plowed field; it was very hot then, he remembered, and the gas masks had been intolerable. Was it then that his comrade had taken fresh masks from a couple of prone figures and they had fitted them with held breath? He remembered that at that time he had an acute perception of the danger in the air. Ah, yes—that was because, a little earlier, crossing a sunlit meadow, pocked here and there with shell holes, they had seen a group of soldiers fling off their masks as though definitely out of danger—and then fall choking to the ground. Gas was all about them.

Then there had been a phase when they had become entangled with what seemed a whole army in retreat—infantry, artillery, motor lorries, horsemen, wagons of the train, ambulances—all inextricably mixed up on an endless road that passed through empty villages.

All that had been before they slept in the wood. He could not remember how they got there or when. But when they awoke the sun was the sun of afternoon, low in the sky. They woke refreshed, freed from the intolerable gas masks—they must have doffed them before sleeping, but here the air was good, so good to inhale in deep chestfuls!

And from that moment his memory had no gaps. They had eaten provisions from their haversacks and listened to the loud and persistent thunders of the battle. They were very near the firing line—perhaps it had fallen back on them while they slept—for shells were wailing and rumbling over the tree tops and a battery was banging away with deafening, metallic detonations somewhere in the vicinity. A little farther off, away from the sun, the irregular rapid crackle of rifles, the indefatigable hammering of machine guns told of a desperate conflict still in progress.

The Frenchman and he discussed the situation, decided to go in search of that near-by battery. They found it without much trouble. It was spaced along a hedge; four gray guns, with open caissons at their sides, attended by crouching figures who worked at the extreme of urgency. The long brass cartridge cases gleamed in the sun as they passed rapidly from hand to hand, disappeared for a second in which the gun cracked with an ear-splitting report, jerked back onto a heap of their spent predecessors. The muzzles of the guns, hidden in the foliage of the hedge, coughed their projectiles, twenty-five to the minute, toward a village five hundred yards away.

A road led up to the village, at right angles to the hedge. It was deserted, except for some prone and motionless figures strewn like bundles of old clothes along its surface.

So much the two companions noticed as they ran across the field toward the guns. The commander of the battery stopped in his regular pacing up and down behind his weapons, looked at them expectantly as though imagining them to be messengers, then perceiving they were not turned from them with a petulant gesture. They accosted him.

He turned an irritable eye upon the American, remarked the U. S. R. upon his collar.

"You would do well to get away from here, monsieur. We are a rearguard without supports and without orders. We shall be overwhelmed at any moment." He finished with an outburst of savage irony, the wild, reckless injustice of a man utterly overwrought. "This is no place for a neutral. But your army would be welcome if it means to fight."

The American flushed up in a glare of anger—and then forgave.

"By God!" he ejaculated. "I don't go back another step!" He translated the affirmation for the Frenchman's benefit.

The battery commander shrugged his shoulders with an insulting indifference.

The lieutenant saluted and proffered his services. The battery commander accepted them curtly, admitted that he had lost all his officers, bade him take over a section of the guns. The American followed his comrade. A moment later a shrapnel shell bursting just above the hedge struck down a couple of men from an already depleted crew. The gun remained undischarged.

With a glad cry Captain Vansittart whipped off his coat, dashed to the service of the weapon. He labored at it frenziedly with a couple of other men who smiled a welcome, exulting in the rapid detonations of the gun hurling death upon the boche eight hundred meters away.

Suddenly there was a cry. The range was altered, shortened. Glancing through the hedge he saw a few scattered soldiers dashing across the field from the village, faintly heard hoarse cheers amid the smoke-whelmed houses.

His companion of the night approached him.

"Retreat again!" he said bitterly. "They are sending for the teams. *Mon Dieu, qu'est-ce qu'on peut faire?* They are crushing us under their numbers. If only you Americans had come in a year ago!"

Captain Vansittart answered not a word. His face grim, the bitterness of death in his soul, he pulled the firing cord of his gun, hurled yet another shell into the village.

The "Cease Fire!" sounded. The gun teams were galloping toward them across the field. From the village emerged a swarm of gray-clad men who ran toward them. Rifle bullets commenced to crack round the ears of the gunners.

At that moment a motorcyclist hurtled in a cloud of dust along the road. He flung himself from his machine, rushed toward the battery commander.

"Hold firm!" he shouted. "Help is coming! Hold firm!"

Another second and the teams were racing back again, the guns sending *rafale* upon *rafale* of shrapnel upon the Germans at the edge of the village. The foremost fell ere they could dash back to cover once more.

A desperate duel of field guns and rifles firing almost point-blank at each other commenced, continued through minutes long as hours. The American wondered how long it would be before the methodical machine guns would be brought into action and settle the contest. Time after time a swarm of Germans tried to debouch from the village; time after time a few scattered survivors raced back under the cracking white shrapnel puffs.

Suddenly there was a roar of voices behind, a tumult of hoarse cheers. Captain Vansittart glanced over his shoulder, saw brown-clad infantry coming up at the double, wide across the fields in rear of him. English? No! With a wild exultation, with a fierce deep joy that surpassed any gladness of his life he recognized an American college yell. He reëchoed it with a schoolboy whoop as he discharged his gun, gleefully blasting a passage for those so desperately longed-for comrades who were yet in time.

The Americans came up, passed through the guns, now silenced, in a torrent of brown-clad men. They shouted like demons as they waved their rifles, broke a scrambling passage through the hedge, and one cry, loud, insistent, indefinitely repeated, was dominant among the whoops and yells and catcalls of the excited men: "Lusitania!—Lusitania!—Lusitania!"

They could not shout it loud enough, the name of the crime they had come so far to avenge.

They swept across the fields toward the village, disappeared into the smoke. The battery opened fire once more, lengthened its range again and again as message after message was signaled back from the village. The crackle of the rifles grew fainter, more and more distant.

Once more the battery teams came racing across the fields. As the guns limbered up for the advance the battery commander approached the American, performed the salute of courtesy from one Allied officer to another.

"My apologies—and my compliments, monsieur," he said. "*Mon Dieu, mais vous êtes un peu là, vous aussi, les Américains!*"

Captain Vansittart thought of the *adjutant* in the advanced trench—"*un peu là!*" and glowed with a splendid pride. Yes—they were there; they also—some! The phrase welcomed them as equals into the immortal brotherhood.

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The New 3-Yard-Wide

# CONGOLEUM
Gold Seal
# ART-CARPETS

## For that room that won't take a rug to advantage—

—consider the new Congoleum Art-Carpets in the special *three-yard width*.

Congoleum Art-Rugs are known the country over for their artistic beauty, their wonderful wearing qualities, their convenience, and their low price.

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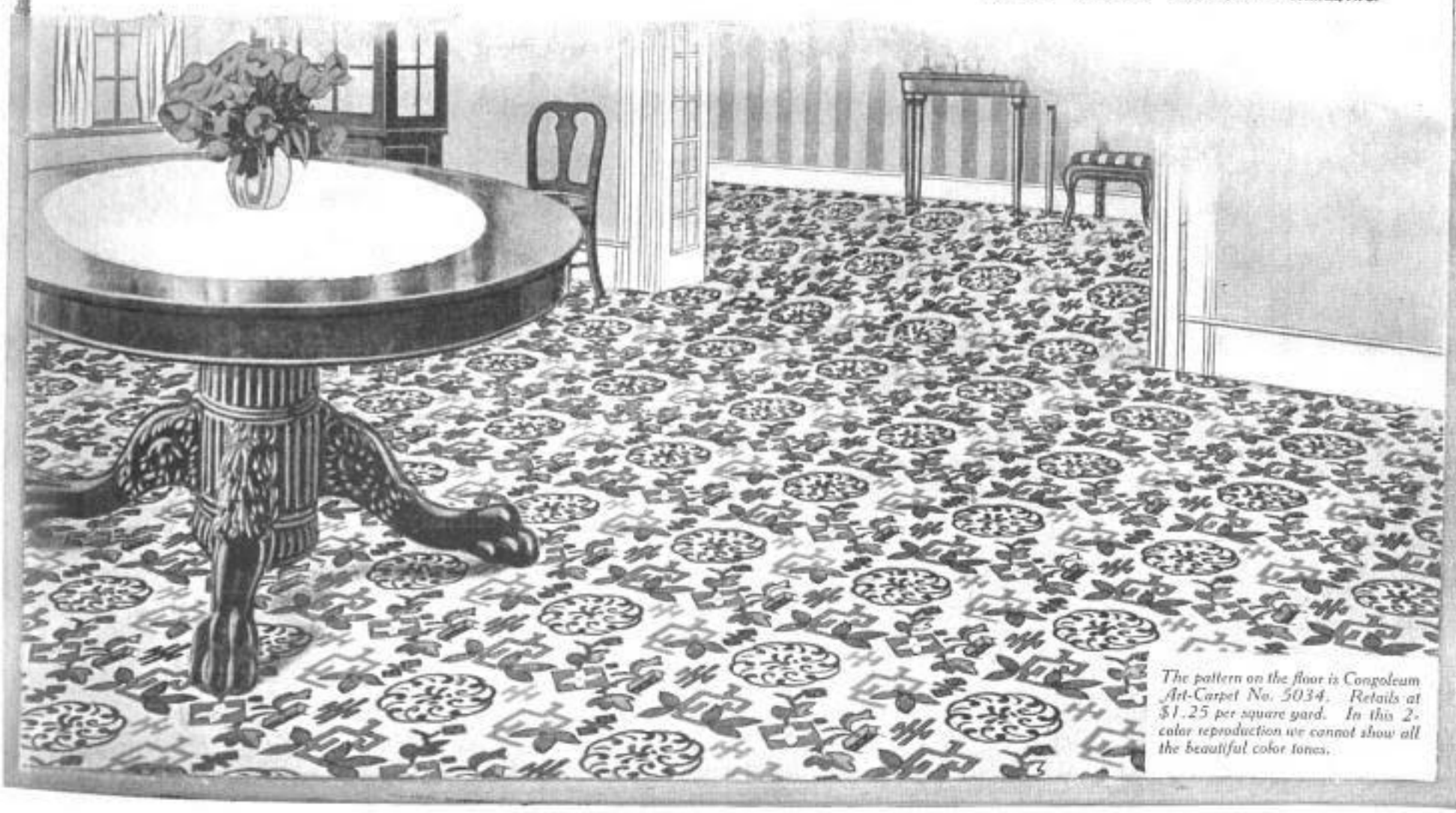
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*The pattern on the floor is Congoleum Art-Carpet No. 5034. Retails at $1.25 per square yard. In this 2-color reproduction we cannot show all the beautiful color tones.*

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## *Behind this Guarantee —a Century's Reputation*

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JOHN J. CONWAY

Aviation Camp,
Arcadia, Florida.

## *Do you know Coleo?*

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# THE MARNE

## By EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

EVER since the age of six Troy Belknap, of New York, had embarked for Europe every June on the fastest steamer of one of the most expensive lines.

With his family he had descended at the dock from a large noiseless motor, had kissed his father good-by, turned back to shake hands with the chauffeur—a particular friend—and trotted up the gangplank behind his mother's maid, while one welcoming steward captured Mrs. Belknap's bag and another led away her miniature French bulldog—also a particular friend of Troy's.

From that hour all had been delight. For six golden days Troy had ranged the decks, splashed in the blue salt water brimming his huge procelain tub, lunched and dined with the grown-ups in the Ritz restaurant, and swaggered about in front of the children who had never crossed before and didn't know the stewards, or the purser, or the captain's cat, or on which deck you might exercise your dog, or how to induce the officer on the watch to let you scramble up for a minute to the bridge. Then, when these joys began to pall, he had lost himself in others, deeper and dearer. Another of his cronies, the library steward, had unlocked the bookcase doors for him, and buried for hours in the depths of a huge library armchair—there weren't any to compare with it on land—he had ranged through the length and breadth of several literatures.

These six days of bliss would have been too soon over if they had not been the mere prelude to intenser sensations. On the seventh morning—generally at Cherbourg—Troy Belknap followed his mother and his mother's maid and the French bull up the gangplank and into another large noiseless motor, with another chauffeur—French, this one—to whom he was also deeply attached, and who sat grinning and cap-touching at the wheel. And then—in a few minutes, so swiftly and smilingly was the way of Mrs. Belknap smoothed—the noiseless motor was off, and they were rushing eastward through the orchards of Normandy.

The little boy's happiness would have been complete if there had been more time to give to the beautiful things that flew past them—thatched villages with square-towered churches in hollows of the deep green country or gray shining towns above rivers on which cathedrals seemed to be moored like ships; miles and miles of field and hedge and park falling away from high-terraced houses, and little embroidered stone manors reflected in reed-grown moats under ancient trees.

Unfortunately Mrs. Belknap always had pressing engagements in Paris. She had made appointments beforehand with all her dressmakers, and, as Troy was well aware, it was impossible at the height of the season to break such engagements without losing one's turn and having to wait weeks and weeks to get a lot of nasty rags that one had seen—by that time—on the back of every other woman in the place.

Luckily, however, even Mrs. Belknap had to eat; and during the halts in the shining towns, where a succulent luncheon was served in a garden or a flowery courtyard, Troy had time, as he grew bigger, to slip away alone and climb to the height where the cathedral stood or at least to loiter and gaze in the narrow, crooked streets, between gabled crossbeamed houses, each more picture-bookishly quaint than its neighbors.

In Paris, in their brightly lit and beflowered hotel drawing-room, he was welcomed by Madame Lebuc, an old French lady smelling of crape, who gave him lessons and took him and the bulldog for walks, and who, as he grew older, was supplemented and then replaced by an ugly, vehement young tutor of half-English descent, whose companionship opened fresh fields and pastures to Troy's dawning imagination.

Then in July—always at the same date—Mr. Belknap was deposited at the door by the noiseless motor, which had been down to Havre to fetch him; and a few days later they all got into it, and while Madame Lebuc, pressing a packet of chocolates into her pupil's hand, waved a damp farewell from the doorway, the Pegasus motor flew up the Champs-Elysées, devoured the leafy alleys of the Bois and soared away to the new horizons.

Most often they were mountain horizons, for the tour invariably ended in the Swiss Alps. But there always seemed to be new ways—looked out by Mr. Belknap on the map—of reaching their destination; ways lovelier, more winding, more wonderful, that took in vast sweeping visions of France from the Seine to the Rhone. And when Troy grew older the vehement young tutor went with them; and once they all stopped and lunched at his father's house, on the edge of a gabled village in the Argonne, with a view stretching away for miles toward the Vosges and Alsace. Mr. and Mrs. Belknap were very kind people, and it would never have occurred to them to refuse M. Gantier's invitation to lunch with his family; but they had no idea of the emotions stirred in their son's eager bosom by what seemed to them merely a rather inconvenient deviation from their course. Troy himself was hardly aware of these emotions at the time, though his hungry interest in life always made him welcome the least deflection from the expected. He had simply thought what kind, jolly people the Gantiers were, and what fun it was to be inside one of the quaint stone houses, with small windowpanes looking on old box gardens, that he was always being whisked past in the motor. But later he was to relive that day in all its homely details.



*In Among the Throng*
*Troy Began to See the Torn Blue Uniform of*
*Wounded Soldiers Limping on Bandaged Legs*

### II

THEY were at St. Moritz—as usual.

Troy and M. Gantier had been for a tramp across the Val Inuretta, and coming home late were rushing into their evening clothes to join Mr. and Mrs. Belknap at dinner—as they did now regularly, Troy having reached the virile age of fifteen, and having to justify the possession of a smoking jacket and patent-leather shoes. He was just out of his bath and smothered in towels, when the tutor opened the door and thrust in a newspaper.

"There will be war—I must leave to-morrow."

Troy dropped the towels.

War! War! War against his beautiful France! And this young man, his dearest friend and companion, was to be torn from him suddenly, senselessly, torn from their endless talks, their long walks in the mountains, their elaborately planned courses of study—archæology, French literature, medieval philosophy, the Divine Comedy, and vistas and vistas beyond; to be torn from all this and to disappear from Troy Belknap's life into the black gulf of this unfathomable thing called war, that seemed suddenly to have escaped out of the history books like a dangerous lunatic escaping from the asylum in which he was supposed to be securely confined!

Troy Belknap was stunned.

He pulled himself together to bid a valiant farewell to M. Gantier—the air was full of the Marseillaise and Sambre et Meuse, and everybody knew the Russians would be in



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Berlin in six weeks; but once his tutor was gone the mystery and horror again closed in on him.

France, his France, attacked, invaded, outraged—and he, a poor helpless American boy, who adored her, and could do nothing for her—not even cry, as a girl might! It was bitter.

His parents, too, were dreadfully upset; and so were all their friends. But what chiefly troubled them was that they could get no money, no seats in the trains, no assurance that the Swiss frontier would not be closed before they could cross the border. These preoccupations seemed to leave them for the moment no time to think about France; and Troy, during those first days, felt as if he were an infant Winkelried with all the shafts of the world's woe gathered into his inadequate breast.

For France was his holiday world, the world of his fancy and imagination, a great traceried window opening on the universe. And now in the hour of her need all he heard about him was the worried talk of people planning to desert her!

Safe in Paris Mr. and Mrs. Belknap regained their balance. Having secured—for a sum that would have fitted up an ambulance—their passages on a steamer sailing from England they could at length look about them, feel sorry, and subscribe to all the budding war charities. They even remembered poor Madame Lebuc, stranded by the flight of all her pupils, and found a job for her in a refugee bureau.

Then, just as they were about to sail, Mrs. Belknap had a touch of pneumonia and was obliged to postpone her departure; while Mr. Belknap, jamming his possessions into a single suitcase, dashed down to Spain to take ship at Málaga. The turn affairs were taking made it advisable for him to get back as quickly as possible; and his wife and son were to follow from England in a month.

All the while there came no news of M. Gantier. He had rejoined his *dépôt* at once, and Troy had had a post card from him, dated the sixth of August, and saying that he was leaving for the Front. After that, silence.

Troy poring over the morning papers and slipping out alone to watch for the noon communiqués in the windows of the Paris Herald read of the rash French advance in Alsace, and the enemy's retaliatory descent on the region the Belknaps had so often sped over. And one day among the names of the ruined villages he lit on that of the little town where they had all lunched with the Gantiers. He saw the box garden with the hornbeam arbor where they had gone to drink coffee, old M. Gantier ceremoniously leading the way with Mrs. Belknap; he saw Mme. Gantier, lame and stout, hobbling after with Mr. Belknap; a little old aunt with bobbing curls; the round-faced Gantier girl, shy and rosy; an incredibly dried and smoked and aged grandfather, with Voltairean eyes and sly snuff-taking gestures; and his own friend, the eldest of the four brothers. He saw all these modest beaming people grouped about Mme. Gantier's coffee and Papa Gantier's best bottle of "*Fine*"; he smelt the lime blossoms and box, he heard the bees in the lavender, he looked out on the rich fields and woods and the blue hills bathed in summer light. And he read: "Not a house is standing. The curé has been shot. A number of old people were burnt in the hospice. The mayor and five of the principal inhabitants have been taken to Germany as hostages."

The year before the war, he remembered, old M. Gantier was mayor!

He wrote and wrote, after that, to his tutor; wrote to his *dépôt*, to his Paris address, to the ruin that had been his home—but had no answer. And finally, amid the crowding horrors of that dread August he forgot even M. Gantier and M. Gantier's family, forgot everything but the spectacle of the Allied Armies swept back from Liège, from Charleroi, from Mons, from Laon, and the hosts of evil surging nearer and ever nearer to the heart of France.

His father, with whom he might have talked, was gone; and Troy could not talk to his mother. Not that Mrs. Belknap was not kind and full of sympathy; as fast as the bank at home cabled funds she poured them out for war charities. But most of her time was spent in agitated conference with her compatriots, and Troy could not bear to listen to their endlessly reiterated tales of flight from Nauheim or Baden or Brussels, their difficulties in drawing money, hiring motors, bribing hotel porters, battling for seats in trains, recovering lost luggage, cabling for funds, and their general tendency to regard the war as a mere background to their personal grievances.

"You were exceedingly rude to Mrs. Sampson, Troy," his mother said to him, surprised one day by an explosion of temper. "It is natural she should be nervous at not being able to get staterooms; and she had just given me five hundred dollars for the American Ambulance."

"Giving money's no use," the boy growled, obscurely irritated. And when Mrs. Belknap exclaimed "Why, Troy, how callous—with all this suffering!" he slunk out without answering, and went downstairs to lie in wait for the evening papers.

The misery of feeling himself a big boy, long-limbed, strong-limbed, old enough for evening clothes, champagne, the classics, biology and views on international politics, and yet able to do nothing but hang about marble hotels and pore over newspapers, while rank on rank and regiment on regiment, the youth of France and England, swung through the dazed streets and packed the endless trains—the misery of this was so great to Troy that he became, as the days dragged on, more than ever what his mother called "callous," sullen, humiliated, resentful, at being associated with all the rich Americans flying from France.

At last the turn of the Belknaps came too; but as they were preparing to start news came that the German Army was at Lille and civilian travel to England interrupted.

It was the fateful week, and every name in the bulletins—Amiens, Compiègne, Rheims, Meaux, Senlis—evoked in Troy Belknap's tortured imagination visions of ancient beauty and stability. He had done that bit of France alone with M. Gantier the year before, while Mrs. Belknap waited in Paris for belated clothes; and the thought of the great stretch of desolation spreading and spreading like a leprosy over a land so full of the poetry of the past and so rich in a happy prosperous present was added to the crueler vision of the tragic and magnificent armies that had failed to defend it.

Troy, as soon as he was reassured about his mother's health, had secretly rejoiced at the accident that had kept them in France. But now his joy was turned to bitterness. Mrs. Belknap, in her horrified surprise at seeing her plans again obstructed, lost all sense of the impending calamity except as it affected her safety and Troy's, and joined in the indignant chorus of compatriots stranded in Paris, and obscurely convinced that France ought to have seen them safely home before turning her attention to the invader.

"Of course, I don't pretend to be a strategist," whimpering or wrathful ladies used to declare, their jewel boxes clutched in one hand, their passports in the other, "but one can't help feeling that if only the French Government had told our Ambassador in time trains might have been provided."

"Or why couldn't Germany have let our Government know? After all, Germany has no grievance against America."

"And we've really spent enough money in Europe for some consideration to be shown us," the woeful chorus went on.

The choristers were all good and kindly persons, shaken out of the rut of right feeling by the first real fright of their lives. But Troy was too young to understand this and to foresee that once in safety they would become the passionate advocates of France, all the more fervent in their championship because of their reluctant participation in her peril.

"What did I do? Why, I just simply stayed in Paris. Not to run away was the only thing one could do to show one's sympathy," he heard one of the passport clutchers declare a year later in a New York drawing-room.

Troy, from the height of his youthful indignation, regarded them all as heartless egoists, and fled away into the streets from the sound of their lamentations.

But in the streets was fresh food for misery; for every day the once empty vistas were filled with trains of farm wagons drawn by slow country horses and heaped with furniture and household utensils; and beside the carts walked lines of haggard people—old men and women with vacant faces, mothers hugging hungry babies, and children limping after them with heavy bundles. The fugitives of the Marne were pouring into Paris.

Troy dashed into the nearest shops, bought them cakes and fruit, followed them to the big hippodrome, where they were engulfed in the dusty arena, and finally, in despair at his inability to do more than gape and pity, he tried to avoid the streets they followed on their way into Paris from St. Denis and Vincennes.

Then one day, in the sunny desert of the Place de la Concorde, he came on a more cheering sight. A motley band of civilians—young, middle-aged and even gray-headed—were shambling along together, badged and beribboned, in the direction of the Invalides; and above them floated the American flag. Troy flew after it and caught up with the last marchers.

"Where are we going? . . . Foreign Legion," an olive-faced dago answered joyously in broken American. "All 'Nited States citizens. . . . Come and join up, sonny!"

And for one mad moment Troy thought of risking the adventure.

But he was too visibly only a schoolboy still; and with tears of envy in his smarting eyes he stood, small and useless, on the pavement, and watched the heterogeneous band under the beloved flag disappearing in the doorway of the registration office.

When he got back to his mother's drawing-room the tea table was still surrounded, and a lady was saying: "I've offered anything for a special train, but they won't listen!"

And another, in a stricken whisper: "If they do come, what do you mean to do about your pearls?"

### III

THEN came the Marne, and suddenly the foreigners caught in Paris by the German advance became heroes—or mostly heroines—who had stayed there to reassure their beloved city in her hour of need.

"We all owe so much to Paris," murmured Mrs. Belknap, in lovely convalescent clothes, from her sofa corner. "I'm sure we can none of us ever cease to be thankful for this chance of showing it."

She had sold her staterooms to a compatriot who happened to be in England, and was now cabling home to suggest to Mr. Belknap that she should spend the winter in France and take a job on a war charity. She was not strong enough for nursing, but she thought it would be delightful to take convalescent officers for drives in the Bois in the noiseless motor. "Troy would love it too," she cabled.

Mr. Belknap, however, was unmoved by these arguments. "Future too doubtful," he cabled back. "Insist on your sailing. Staterooms November tenth paid for. Troy must return to school."

"Future too doubtful" impressed Mrs. Belknap more than "Insist," though she made a larger use of the latter word in explaining to her friends why after all she was obliged to give up her projected war work. Meanwhile, having quite recovered she rose from her cushions, donned a nurse's garb, poured tea once or twice at a fashionable hospital, and on the strength of this effort obtained permission to carry supplies—in her own motor—to the devastated regions.

Troy of course went with her, and thus had his first glimpse of war.

Fresh in his mind was a delicious July day at Rheims with his tutor, and the memory of every detail noted on the way along the green windings of the Marne, and at Meaux, Montmirail and Epernay. Now, traversing the same towns, he seemed to be looking into murdered faces, vacant and stony. Where he had seen the sociable, gossiping life of the



*She Did Not Exasperate Her Friends by Professions of Pacifism. She Simply Declared That the War Bored Her*

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narrow streets, young men lounging at the blacksmith's, blue-sleeved carters sitting in the wineshops while their horses shook off the flies in the hot sunshine of the village square, black-pinafored children coming home from school, the fat curé stopping to talk to little old ladies under the church porch, girls with sleek hair calling to each other from the doorways of the shops, and women in sunburnt gingham bending over the village wash trough or leaning on their rakes among the hayricks—where all this had been, now only a few incalculably old people sat in the doorways and looked with bewildered eyes at strange soldiers fulfilling the familiar tasks.

This was what war did! It emptied towns of their inhabitants as it emptied veins of their blood; it killed houses and lands as well as men. Out there a few miles beyond the sunny vineyards and the low hills men were dying at that very moment by hundreds, by thousands—and their motionless young bodies must have the same unnatural look as these wan ruins, these gutted houses and sterile fields. War meant death, death, death.

By a special favor the staff officer who accompanied them managed to extend their trip to the ruined château of Mondement, the pivot on which the battle had turned. He had himself been in the thick of the fight, and standing before the shattered walls of the old house he explained the struggle for the spur of Mondement—the advance of the gray masses across the plain, their capture of the ridge, which was the key to the road to Paris; then the impetuous rush of General Humbert's infantry; repulsed, returning; repulsed again, and again attacking; the hand-to-hand fighting in court and gardens; the French infantry's last irresistible dash, the batteries rattling up, getting into place on the ridge, and flinging back the gray battalions from the hillside into the marshes.

Mrs. Belknap smiled and exclaimed, with vague comments and a wandering eye, for the officer, carried away by his subject, had forgotten her and become technical; while Troy, his map spread on the top of a wall, followed every word and gesture with a devouring gaze that absorbed at the same time all the details of the immortal landscape.

The Marne—this was the actual setting of the battle of the Marne! This happy, temperate landscape, with its sheltering woods, its friendly fields and downs flowing away to a mild sky, had looked on at the most awful conflict in history. Scenes of anguish and heroism that ought to have had some titanic background of cliff and chasm had unrolled themselves among harmless fields and along woods roads where wild strawberries grew and children cut hazel switches to drive home their geese. A name of glory and woe was attached to every copse and hollow, and to each gray steeple above the village roofs.

Troy listened, his heart beating higher at each exploit, till he forgot the horror of war and thought only of its splendors. Oh, to have been there too! To have had even the smallest share in those great hours! To be able to say, as this young man could say: "Yes, I was in the battle of the Marne"; to be able to break off, and step back a yard or two, correcting oneself critically: "No—it was here the general stood when I told him our batteries had got through"; or "This is the very spot where the first seventy-five was trained on the valley. I can see the swaths it cut in the Bavarians as they swarmed up at us a third and fourth time."

Troy suddenly remembered a bit of Henry the Fifth that M. Gantier had been fond of quoting:

*And gentlemen in England now a-bed*
*Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,*
*And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks*
*That fought with us.*

Ah, yes—ah, yes—to have been in the battle of the Marne!

On the way back, below the crest of the hill, the motor stopped at the village church and the officer jumped down.

"Some of our men are buried here," he said.

Mrs. Belknap, with a murmur of sympathy, caught up the bunch of roses she had gathered in the ravaged garden of the château, and they picked their way among the smashed and slanting stones of the cemetery to a corner behind the church where wooden crosses marked a row of fresh graves. Half-faded flowers in bottles were thrust into the loose earth, and a few tin wreaths hung on the arms of the crosses.

Some of the graves bore only the date of the battle, with *Pour la France* or *Priez pour lui;* but on others names and numbers had been roughly burnt into the crosses.

Suddenly Troy stopped short with a cry.

"What is it?" his mother asked.

She had walked ahead of him to the parapet overhanging the valley, and forgetting her roses she leaned against the low cemetery wall while the officer took up his story.

Troy made no answer. Mrs. Belknap stood with her back to him, and he did not ask her to turn. He did not want her, or anyone else, to read the name he had just read; of a sudden there had been revealed to him the deep secretiveness of sorrow. But he stole up to her and drew the flowers from her hand while she continued with vague inattentive murmurs to follow the officer's explanations. She took no notice of Troy, and he went back to the grave and laid the roses on it.

On the cross he had read: "September 8, 1914. Paul Gantier, ——th Chasseurs à pied."

"Oh, poor fellows—poor fellows! Yes, that's right, Troy; put the roses on their graves," Mrs. Belknap assented approvingly as she picked her way back to the motor.



*And Beside the Carts Walked Lines of Haggard People—Old Men and Women With Vacant Faces, Mothers Hugging Hungry Babies, and Children Limping After Them With Heavy Bundles*

### IV

THE tenth of November came, and they sailed.

The week in the steamer was intolerable, not only because they were packed like herrings and Troy, who had never known discomfort before, had to share his narrow cabin with two young German-Americans full of open brag about the Fatherland, but also because of the same eternally renewed anecdotes among the genuine Americans about the perils and discomforts they had undergone, and the general disturbance of their plans.

Most of the passengers were in ardent sympathy with the Allies and hung anxiously on the meager wirelesses; but a flat-faced professor with lank hair, having announced that there were two sides to every case, immediately raised up a following of unnoticed ladies who couldn't believe all that was said of the Germans, and hoped that America would never be drawn in; while even among the right-minded there subsisted a vague feeling that war was an avoidable thing which one had only to reprobate enough to prevent its recurrence.

They found New York—Mrs. Belknap's New York—buzzing with war charities yet apparently unaware of the war. That at least was Troy's impression during the twenty-four hours before he was packed off to school to catch up with his interrupted studies.

At school he heard the same incessant war talk and found the same fundamental unawareness of the meaning of the war. At first the boys were very keen to hear his story, but he described what he had seen so often—and especially his haunting impressions of the Marne—that they named him "Marny Belknap."

The masters were mostly frankly for the Allies, but the rector had given out that neutrality was the attitude approved by the Government, and therefore a patriotic duty; and one Sunday after chapel he gave a little talk to explain why the President thought it right to try to keep his people out of the dreadful struggle. The words duty and responsibility and fortunate privilege recurred often in this address, and it struck Troy as odd that the lesson of the day happened to be the story of the Good Samaritan.

When he went home for the Christmas holidays everybody was sending toys and sugar plums to the Belgian war orphans, with little notes from "Happy American children" requesting to have their gifts acknowledged.

"It makes us so happy to help!" beaming young women declared with a kind of ghoulish glee, doing up parcels, planning war tableaux and charity dances, rushing to propaganda lectures given by handsome French officers and keeping up a kind of continuous picnic on the ruins of civilization.

Mr. and Mrs. Belknap had inevitably been affected by the surrounding atmosphere.

"The tragedy of it—the tragedy!—no one can tell who hasn't seen it and been through it," Mrs. Belknap would begin, looking down her long dinner table between the orchids and the candelabra; and the pretty women and prosperous men would interrupt their talk and listen for a moment, half absently, with spurts of easy indignation that faded out again as they heard the story oftener.

After all, Mrs. Belknap wasn't the only person who had seen a battlefield! Lots and lots more were pouring home all the time with fresh tales of tragedy; the Marne had become, in a way, an old story. People wanted something newer.

And then, why hadn't Joffre followed up the offensive? The Germans were wonderful soldiers, after all. . . . Yes, but such beasts; sheer devils. Here was Mr. So-and-So, just back from Belgium—such horrible stories—really unrepeatable!

"Don't you want to come and hear them, my dear? Dine with us to-morrow; he's promised to come unless he's summoned to Washington. But do come, anyhow; the Jim Cottages are going to dance after dinner."

In time Mrs. Belknap, finding herself hopelessly outstoried, outcharitied, outadventured, began insensibly to take a calmer and more distant view of the war. What was the use of trying to keep up her own enthusiasm when that of her audience had flagged? Wherever she went she was sure to meet other ladies who had arrived from France much more recently and had done and seen much more than she had. One after another she saw them received with the same eagerness.

"Of course we all know about the marvelous things you've been doing in France—your wonderful war work!"

Then, like herself, they were superseded by some later arrival, who had been nearer the Front, or had raised more money, or had had an audience with the Queen of the Belgians, or an autograph letter from Lord Kitchener. No one was listened to for long, and the most eagerly sought-for were like the figures in a movie show, forever breathlessly whisking past to make way for others.

Mr. Belknap had always been less eloquent about the war than his wife; but somehow Troy had fancied he felt it more deeply. Gradually, however, he, too, seemed to accept the situation as a matter of course, and Troy, coming home for the Easter holidays, found at the family table a large sonorous personage—a senator, just back from Europe—who, after rolling out vague praises of France and England, insidiously began to hint that it was a pity to see such wasted heroism, such suicidal determination on the part of the Allies to resist all offers of peace from an enemy so obviously their superior.

"She wouldn't be if America came in!" Troy blurted out, reddening at the sound of his voice.

"America?" someone playfully interjected; and the senator laughed and said something about geographical immunity.

*(Continued on Page 74)*

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# DECORATED

## By RING W. LARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, April 2.

*FRIEND AL:* Well Al yesterday was April Fool and you ought to seen what I pulled on 1 of the boys Johnny Alcock and it was a screen and some of the boys is still laughing over it yet but he is 1 of the kind that he can't see a joke at their own expenses and he swelled up like a poison pup and now he is talking about he will get even with me, but the bird that gets even with me will half to get up a long time before revelry eh Al.

Well Al I will tell you what I pulled on him and I bet you will bust your sides. Well it seems like Johnny has got a girl in his home town Riverside, Ill. near Chi and that is he don't know if he has got her or not because him and another bird was both makeing a play for her, but before he come away she told him to not worry, but the other bird got himself excused out of the draft with a cold sore or something and is still there in the old town yet where he can go and call on her every night and she is libel to figure that maybe she better marry him so as she can have some of her evenings to herself and any way she might as well of told Johnny to not scratch himself over here as to not worry because for some reason another the gal didn't write to him last month at lease he didn't get no letters and maybe they got lost or she had writers cramps or something but any way every time the mail come and nothing for him he looked like he had been caught off second base.

Well the day before yesterday he was reading 1 of the letters he got from this baby 5 or 6 wks. ago on acct. of not haveing nothing better to read and he left the envelope lay on the floor and I was going to hand it back to him but I happened to think that yesterday would be April Fool so I kept a hold of the envelope and I got a peace of paper and wrote April Fool on it and stuck it in the envelope and fixed it up so as it would look like a new letter and I handed it to him yesterday like it was mail that had only just came for him and you ought to see him when he tore it open and didn't find nothing only April Fool in it. At first he couldn't say nothing but finely he says "That's some comedy Keefe. You ought to be a end man in the stretcher bearers minstrels" and he didn't crack a smile so I said "What's the matter with you can't you take a joke?" So he said "What I would like to take is a crack at your jaw." So I said "Well it's to bad your arms is both paralyzed." Well Al they's nothing the matter with his arms and I was just kidding him because as far as him hitting anybody is conserned I was just as safe as the gen. staff because he ain't much bigger than a cootie and for him to reach my jaw he would half to join the aviation.

Well of course he didn't start nothing but just said he would get back at me if it took him till the duration of the war and I told some of the other boys about putting it over on him and they couldn't hardly help from smileing but he acts like a baby and don't speak to me and I suppose maybe he thinks that makes me feel bad but I got to be 25 yrs. old before I ever seen him and if his head was blowed off tomorrow A.M. I would try and show up for my 3 meals a day if you could call them that.



*And He Read it and When He Got Through He Says "Well it Looks Suspicious All Right"*

But speaking about April Fool Al I just stopped writeing to try and light a cigarette with 1 of these here French matchs and every one of them is a April Fool and I guess the parents of the kids over here don't never half to worry about them smokeing to young because even if they had a box of cigarettes hid in their cradle they would be of age before they would run across a match that lit and I wouldn't be scared to give little Al a bunch and turn him loose in a bbl. of gasoline.

Well Al I suppose you been reading in the papers about the Dutchmens starting a drive vs. the English up in the northren part of the section and at first it looked like the English was going to leave them walk into the Gulf Stream and scald themself to death but now it seems like we have got them slowed up at lease that's the dope we get here but for all the news we get a hold of we might as well of jumped to the codfish league on the way over and once in a wile some of the boys gets a U. S. paper a mo. old but they hog onto it and don't leave nobody else see it but as far as I am conserned they can keep it because I haven't no time to waist reading about the Frisco fair or the Federal League has blowed up and etc. And of course they's plenty of newspapers from Paris but all printed in la la la so as every time you come to a word you half to rumage through the dictionary and even when you run it down its libel to mean 20 different articles and by the time you figured out whether they are talking about a st. car or a hot bath or a raisin or what and the he-ll they are talking about they wouldn't be no more news to it then the bible and it looks to me Al like it would be a good idear if you was to drop me a post card when the war is over so as I can tell Capt. Seeley or he will still be running us ragged to get in shape a couple yrs. after the last of the Dutchmens lays molting in the grave.

Jokeing to 1 side Al you probably know what's going on a long wile before we do and the only chance we would have to know how a battle come out would be if we was in it and they's no chance of that unless they send us up to the northern part of the section to help out because Van Hindenburg must have something under his hat besides bristles and he ain't a sucker enough to start driveing vs. the front that we are behind it unless he is so homesick that he can't stand it no longer in France. Your pal, JACK



*Maybe I Will Half to Let My Mustache Grow So as They Will Think Maybe I am a Dutchman*

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, April 6.

*FRIEND AL:* Well Al 1 of the Chi newspapers is getting out a paper in Paris and printed in English and I just seen a copy of it where the Allys has finely got wise to themself and made 1 man gen. of all the Allys and it was a sucker play to not do that long ago only it looks to me like they pulled another boner by makeing a Frenchman the gen. and I suppose they done it for a complement to the Frenchmens on acct. of the war being here, but even suppose this here Foch is a smart gen. and use his brains and etc. it looks to me like it would of been a whole lot better to of picked out a man that can speak English because suppose we was all in a big battle or something and he wanted we should go over the top and if he said it in French why most of the boys hasn't made no attempts to master the language and as far as they was conserned he might as well be telling them to wash their neck. Or else they would half to be interpeters to translate it out in English what he was getting at and by the time he give the orders to fire and the interpeter looked it up and seen what it meant in English and then tell us about it the Dutchmens would be putting peep holes through us with a bayonet and besides the French word for fire in English is feu in French and you say it like it was few and if Gen. Foch yelled few we might think he was complaining of the heat.

But at that its better to have 1 man running it even a Frenchman then a lot of different gens. telling us to do this in that and the other thing every one of them different and suppoee they done that in baseball Al and a club had 3 or 4 mgrs. and suppose for inst. it come up to the 9th. inning and we needed some runs and it was Benz's turn to hit and 1 mgr. would tell him to go up and hit for himself and another mgr. would tell Murphy to go up and hit for him and another mgr. would send Risberg up and another would send Russell and the next thing you know they would be 2 of them swinging from 1 side of the plate and 2 from the other side and probably busting each other in the bean with their bats but you take most bird's beans and what would break would be Mr. Bat. But its the same in war like in baseball and you got to have 1 man running it. With a lot of different gens. in command, 1 of them might tell the men to charge while another was telling them to pay cash.

Jokeing to 1 side Al some of our boys have overtook a section up along the Moose river and I wouldn't dast write about it only its been printed in the papers all ready so I am not giveing away no secrets to the Dutchmens. At lease they don't mind us writeing something that's came out in the papers though as far as I can see how would the Dutchmens know it any more if it was in the papers or not, because they ain't so choked with jack over in Germany that they are going to spend it on U. S. papers a mo. old and even when they got them they would half to find somebody that could read English and hadn't been killed for it and it would be like as if I should spend part of my $15 dollars a mo. subscribeing to the Chop Suey Bladder that you would half to lay on your stomach and hold it with your feet to get it right side up and even then it wouldn't mean nothing. But any way the Dutchmens is going to know sooner or later that we are in the war and what's the differents if they meet us at the Moose or the Elks? Jokeing a side Al I guess you won't be supprised to hear how I have picked up in the riffle practice and I knew right along that I couldn't hardly help from being a A No. 1 marksman because a man that had almost perfect control in pitching you might say would be bound to shoot straight when they got the hang of it and don't be supprised if I write you 1 of these days that I been appointed a snipper that sets up in a tree somewheres and picks off the boshs whenever they stick their head up and they call them snippers so pretty soon my name is libel to be Jack Snipe instead of Jack Keefe, but seriously Al I can pick off them targets like they was cherrys or something and maybe I won't half to go in the trenchs at all.

I guess I all ready told you about that little trick I pulled on Johnny Alcock for a April Fool gag and at first he swelled up like a poison pup and wouldn't talk to me and said he wouldn't never rest till he got even. Well he finely got a real letter from the gal back home and she is still waiting for him yet so he feels O. K. again and I and him are on speaking turns again and I am glad to not be scraping with him because I don't never feel right unless I am pals with everybody but they can't nobody stay sore at me very long and even when some of the boys in baseball use to swell up when I pulled 1 of my gags on them it wouldn't last long because I would just smile at them and they would half to smile back and be pals and I always say that if a man can't take a joke he better take acid or something and make a corps out of himself instead of a monkey.

Your pal, JACK

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, April 11.

*FRIEND AL:* Well Al I don't suppose you knew I was a detective but when it comes to being a dick it looks like I don't half to salute Wm. Burns or Shylock or none of them.

Seriously Al I come onto something today that may turn out to be something big and then again it may not but it looks like it was something big only of course it has got to be kept a secret till I get the goods on a certain bird and I won't pull it till I have got him right and in that way he won't suspect nothing until its to late. But I know you wouldn't breath a word about it and besides it wouldn't hurt nothing if you did because by the time you get this letter the whole thing will be over and this bird to who I refer will probably own a peace of land in France with a 2 ft. frontidge and 6 ft. deep. But you will wonder what am I trying to get at so maybe I better explain myself.

Well Al they's a big bird in our Co. name Geo. Shaffer and that's a German name because look at Schaefer that use to play ball in our league and it was spelt different but they called him Germany and he thought he was funny and use to pull gags on the field but I guess he didn't feel so funny the day Griffith sent him up to hit against me in the pinch 1 day at Washington and if the ball he hit had of went straight out instead of straight up it would of pretty near cleared the infield. But any way this bird Shaffer in our Co. is big enough to have a corporal to himself and they must of spent the first Liberty Loan on his uniform and he hasn't hardly said a word since we been in France and for a wile we figured it was just because he was a crab and

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to grouchy to talk, but now I wouldn't be supprised Al if the real reason was on acct. of him being a Dutchman and maybe can't talk English very good. Well I would feel pretty mean to be spying on most of the boys that's been good pals with me, but when a man is a pro German spy himself they's no question of friendship and etc. and whatever I can do to show this bird up I won't hesitate a minute.

Well Al this bird was writeing a letter last night and he didn't have no envelope and he asked me did I have 1 and I said no and he wouldn't of never spoke only to say Gimme but when I told him I didn't have no envelope he started off somewheres to get 1 and he dropped the last page out of the letter he had been writeing and it was laying right there along side of me and of course I wouldn't of paid no tension to it only it was face up so as I couldn't help from seeing it and what I seen wasn't no words like a man would write in a letter but it was a bunch of marks like a x down at the bottom and they was a whole line of them like this

x x x x x x x x x x x x x x

Well that roused up my suspicions and I guess you know I am not the kind that reads other people's letters even if I don't get none of my own to read but this here letter I kind of felt like they was something funny about it like he was writeing in ciphers or something so I picked the page up and read it through and sure enough they was parts of it in ciphers and if a man didn't have the key you couldn't tell what and the he-ll he was getting at.

Well Al I was still studing the page yet when he come back in and they wasn't nothing for me to do only set on it so as he wouldn't see I had it and he come over and begin looking for it and I asked him had he lost something to throw him off the track and he said yes but he didn't say what it was and that made it all the more suspicious so he finely give up looking and went out again.

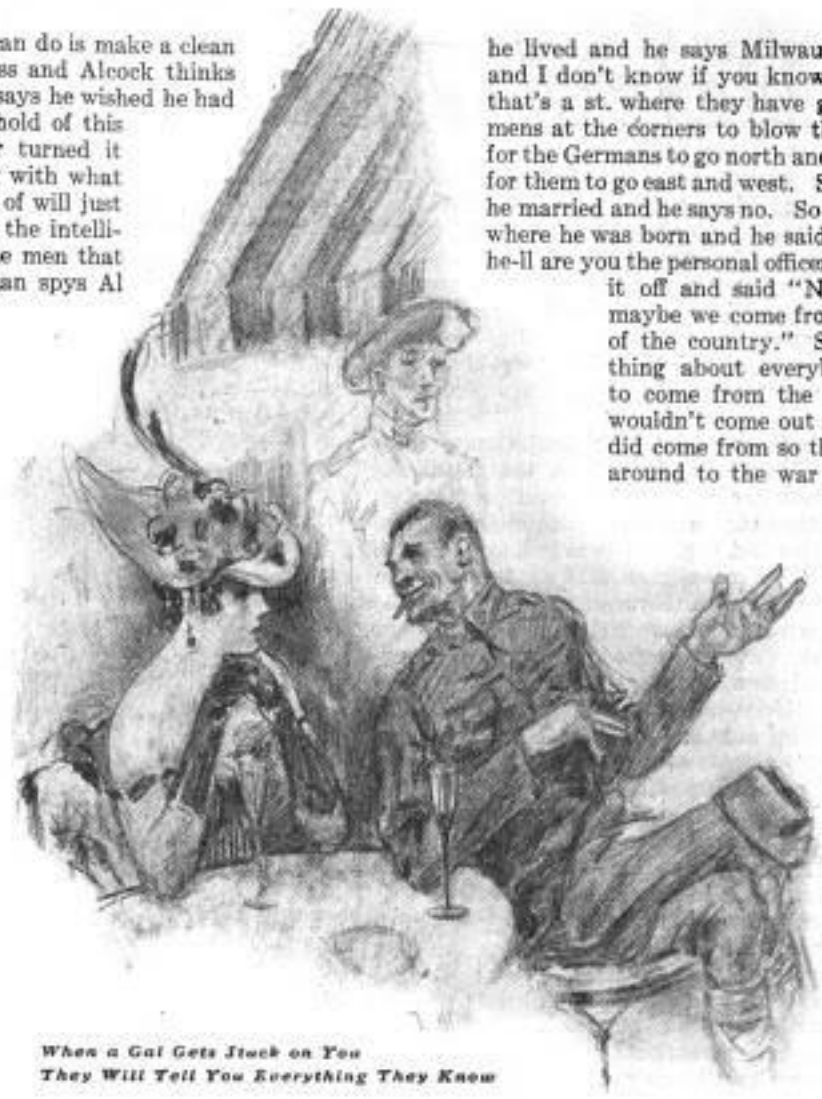
Well I have got it put away where he can't get a hold of it because I showed it to Johnny Alcock this A.M. and asked him if it didn't look like something off color and he said yes it did and if he was me he would turn it over to Capt. Seeley but on 2d thoughts he said I better keep it a wile and at the same time keep a eye on Shaffer and get more evidents vs. him and then when I had him dead to rights I could turn the letter and the rest of the evidents over to Capt. Seeley and then I would be sure to get the credit for showing him up.

Well Al I figure this 1 page of his letter is enough or more then enough only of course its best to play safe and keep my eyes pealed and see what comes off and I haven't got time to copy down the whole page Al and besides they's a few sentences that sounds O.K. and I suppose he put them in for a blind but you can't get away from them x marks Al and I will write down a couple other sentences and I bet you will agree that they's something fishy about them and here is the sentences to which I refer:

"In regards to your question I guess I understand O.K. In reply will say yes I. L. Y. more than Y. L. M. Am I right."

"Have you saw D. Give him a ring and tell the old spinort I am W. C. T. U. outside of a little Vin Blank."

Can you make heads or tales out of that Al? I guess not and neither could anybody else except they had the key to it and the best part of it is his name is signed down at the bottom and if he can explain that line of talk he is a wonder but he can't explain it Al and all as he can do is make a clean brest of the whole business and Alcock thinks the same way and Alcock says he wished he had of been the 1 that got a hold of this evidents because whoever turned it over to Capt. Seeley along with what other facts I can get a hold of will just about get a commission in the intelligents dept. and that's the men that looks after the pro German spys Al and gets the dope on them and shows them up and I would probably have my head quarters in Paris and get good money besides my expenses and I would half to pass up the chance to get in the trenchs and fight but they's more ways of fighting then 1 and in this game Al a man has got to go where they send you and where they figure they would do the most good and if my country needs me to track after spys I will sacrifice my own wishs though I would a whole lot rather stay with my pals and fight along side of them and not snoop round Paris fondleing door nobs like a night watchman. But Alcock says he would bet money that is where I will land and he says "You ought to feel right at home in the intelligents dept. like a camel in Lake Erie" and he says the first chance I get I better try and start up a conversation with Shaffer and try and lead him on and that the way they trap them is to ask them a whole lot of questions and see what they have got to say and if you keep fireing questions at them they are bound to get balled up and then its good night.



*When a Gal Gets Stuck on You*
*They Will Tell You Everything They Know*

Well I don't suppose it seems possible to you stay at homes that they could be such a thing like a pro German spy in the U. S. army and how did he get there and why did they leave him in and etc. Well Al you would be suprised to know how many of them has slipped in and Alcock says that at first it amounted to about 200% but the intelligents officers has been on their sent all the wile and most of them has been nailed and when they get them they shoot them down like a dog and that's what Shaffer will get Al and he is out of luck to be so big because all as the fireing squad would half to do would be look at their compass and see if he was east or west of them and then face their riffle in that direction and let go.

I will write and let you know how things comes along.

Your pal, JACK

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, April 14.

*FRIEND AL:* Well Al I am closeing the net of evidents around Shaffer and I guess I all ready got enough on him to make out a case that he couldn't never wrinkle out of it but Capt. Seeley is away and I can't do nothing till he gets back.

I had my man on the grill today Al and I thought he would be a fox and not criminate himself but I guess I went at him so smooth he didn't never suspect nothing till along towards the finish and then it was to late. I don't remember all that was said but it run along these lines like as follows: In the first place I asked him where he lived and he says Milwaukee Ave. in Chi and I don't know if you know it or not Al but that's a st. where they have got traffic policemens at the corners to blow their whistle once for the Germans to go north and south and twice for them to go east and west. So then I said was he married and he says no. So then I asked him where he was born and he said "What and the he-ll are you the personal officer?" So I laughed it off and said "No but I thought maybe we come from the same part of the country." So he says something about everybody didn't half to come from the country but he wouldn't come out and say where he did come from so then I kind of led around to the war and I made the remark that the German driveup on the north side of France didn't get very far and he says maybe they wasn't through. How was that for a fine line of talk Al and he might as well of said he hoped the Germans wouldn't never be stopped.

Well for a minute I couldn't hardly help from takeing a crack at him but in these kind of matters Al a man has got to keep a hold of themself or they will loose their quarry so I kind of forced a smile and said "Well I guess they would of kept going if they could of." And then he says "Yes but they half to stop every once in a wile to bring up Van Hindenburg." So I had him traped Al and quick is a flash I said "Who told you their plans?" And he says "Oh he-ll my mother in law" and walked away from me.

Well Al it was just like sometimes when they are trying a man for murder and he says he couldn't of did it because he was over to the Elite jazing when it come off and a little wile later the lawyer asks him where did he say he was at when the party was croked and he forgets what he said the 1st. time and says he was out to Lincoln Pk. kidding the bison or something and the lawyer points out to the jury where his storys don't jib and the next thing you know he is dressed up in a hemp collar a couple sizes to small.

And that's the same way I triped Shaffer getting him to say he wasn't married and finely when I have him cornered he busts out about his mother in law. Well Al I don't know of no way to get a mother in law without marrying into one. So I told Alcock tonight what had came off and he says it looked to him like I had a strong case and if he was me he would spill it to Capt. Seeley the minute he gets back. And he said "You lucky stiff you won't never see the inside of a front line trench." So I asked him what he meant and he repeated over again what he said about them takeing me in the intelligents dept. So it looks like I was about through being a doughboy Al and pretty soon I will probably be writeing to you from Paris but I don't suppose I will be able to tell you what I am doing because that's the kind of a job where mum is the word.

Your pal, JACK

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, April 16.

*FRIEND AL:* Well old pal don't be suprised if I write you the next time from Paris. I have got a date to see Capt. Seeley tomorrow and Lieut. Mather fixed it up

(Continued on Page 46)



*I Must of Hit Something Sharp on the Way Down*

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# Bedford Loses His Business Leg

## By ROBERT R. UPDEGRAFF

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

"THE newspapers make me tired," grunted Marshall Bedford as he sat, feet crossed, his twenty-dollar tan shoes balanced precariously on the edge of the waste-basket at the side of his big mahogany desk, reading the Boston morning paper.

"What now?" ventured Potter Haskins from his desk in the corner, where he was busily engaged in opening his chief's mail.

"'Millions made in war profits; manufacturers show inordinate greed,'" read Bedford from the headlines. "They make me weary, always raving about profiteering. Why, if a man makes any money at all in business these days he's profiteering and ought to be in jail, according to the newspapers. I'd like to know how in the name of common sense they think the Government would float the Liberty Loans and raise revenue if business men didn't make lots of money. Just because some of us are long-headed and patriotic enough to see the country's need—why, the bunch of thirty-dollar-a-week-know-it-alls in the newspaper offices sling mud and yell 'Profiteer' all the time."

Throwing the paper into the basket Marshall Bedford, president and eighty-five per cent stockholder of the world-famous Bedford Shoe Corporation—the name is camouflage, as are the names of all the individuals mentioned in this story—turned to the pile of mail which his secretary had just placed on his desk, a massive piece of furniture which was oftener than not half covered with samples of the coming season's new lasts in shoes, both men's and boys', with here and there a dainty piece of feminine footwear from the new Factory G appearing among its masculine neighbors like a graceful little canoe among a fleet of big canal boats and snub-nosed little tugs.

On the top of the pile of mail was a night letter. Bedford frowned slightly as he smoothed it out and read it, then suddenly smiled.

"Ask Mr. Brink to step in, Potter; and tell him to bring the latest production report."

A minute later the door opened and Brink entered and handed his chief the production report.

"Coming up a little more all the time," Bedford mused as he tilted back his chair and ran his forefinger down the neatly typewritten columns of the report covering factories A to F for the month of October, 1917, and the first five days of November.

"Yes," said Brink, one-share secretary of the company and its efficient sales manager; "October averaged well over fifteen thousand pairs a day, not counting Factory G; and the first five days of November, since the new machines have been in operation, we've averaged nearly sixteen thousand pairs a day. Getting better prices now too."

"Yes; if we can get our production up to full sixteen thousand pairs a day and keep it there November will show a bigger profit than any two months together last year."

"Well, we'll need it," said Brink, "for if we have to take any army contracts our profits will begin to show a decline. Only yesterday Evans told me of another factory that is losing its profitable commercial business on account of its army contracts.

"Government orders don't show near the profit, with commercial prices where they are to-day."

"That's what I wanted to speak to you about. Maybe we won't have to take any government business."

"How so?" asked Brink.

For answer Bedford handed him the night letter. Brink glanced at the signature first. It was from the governor:

BOSTON, November 5, 1917.

MR. MARSHALL BEDFORD, President,
The Bedford Shoe Corporation,
Marshalltown, Massachusetts.

Will you take chairmanship of the subcommittee on shoes, of State Council of Defense, dealing with the problems connected with the production of army shoes in the factories of this Commonwealth, particularly with reference to labor and supplies of raw materials for factories working on government contracts? Meeting of all committee chairmen at my office 11 o'clock Thursday morning. Earnestly urge that you serve.

Brink read it and looked puzzled.

"Don't you see?" said Bedford, smiling shrewdly. "If I were chairman of that committee it might not look right for me to be bidding on army shoe contracts."

"Ho ho! I begin to get you!"



"You'll Excuse His Swearin', Won't You, Sir? He Ain't a Bit Profane, Johnny Ain't. He Was Jest So Het Up"

"Great guns!" exclaimed Bedford, glancing at the little gold clock on his desk. "If I'm to make that meeting I'll have to get the nine fifty-seven for Boston. Potter, my car at once."

Four minutes later Bedford sank into the fourteen-inch upholstery of his big gray limousine and was rolled luxuriously to the station, arriving just as the Boston train came rumbling in.

"Call for me at our Boston office at three this afternoon, John, and bring the new car. This one's too bumpy for long rides."

"Yes, sir," replied the chauffeur.

As the train sped Bostonward Bedford's thoughts were concerned with army shoes. When the Government had asked him to submit samples and prices on army shoes he had of course immediately ordered samples made up on the Munson last. It was hinted in the trade that two manufacturers who were no more anxious to drop any of their profitable commercial business than was he had been guilty of submitting samples to the Quartermaster's Department so poorly made that they were not calculated to pass. The pair of honestly made army shoes on the corner of his desk back in the office testified convincingly that he would stoop to no such unpatriotic expedient. They were Bedford standard all the way through, and were now ready to submit; he was only waiting for a quotation on the leather for these shoes, and that quotation was in the mail. But this invitation from the governor might prove a great business blessing! It would mean extra work, but what of that? Every man had to do his bit.

It was nearly a week after the State House conference that the telephone in Bedford's office rang for the eleventh time that morning. "Mr. Davis calling from Lynn, sir," reported Potter Haskins, answering the phone.

Bedford picked up the instrument on his own desk. "Hello, Davis; what's up now?" That "What's up now?" fairly represented Bedford's state of mind for the past week. Long ago he had discovered that being chairman of the subcommittee on shoes was not merely a nice honorary title that would help to add a little to his prestige and perhaps release him from bidding on army contracts, but that it was a real war job, with a generous touch of Shermanism attached to it.

"What? A little louder, please. . . . You say Caliway & Cox aren't shipping you enough sole leather and you can't keep up deliveries on your government contracts? . . . How much are they sending you?" Bedford picked up a pencil and made some figures on a scratch pad. "All right, I'll get right after them. Sorry you're having so much trouble. Good-by."

"Call Caliway & Cox, Potter," said Bedford irritably; "and get hold of Caliway himself. I've got to have this thing out. These government contracts simply must be given precedence, and these tanners have got to have it put up to them straight."

"Look here, Caliway," spoke Bedford ten minutes later when the head of the Boston leather firm was on the wire; "I've just had another kick about you fellows on slow deliveries on sole leather for army shoes. That's the fourth I've had this week. Now you, and half a dozen other tanners, have got to buck up and come to time on this government stuff or —— What? . . . Then cut some of your customers short on stuff for the commercial trade; the government orders have got to have priority, even if other manufacturing has to be curtailed."

At the other end of the wire in Boston, sitting in his office in the heart of the leather district, Caliway winced. Bedford was an old friend and one of his largest customers, and he knew that he must be considerably worked up to talk so harshly. Evidently as chairman of the subcommittee on shoes Bedford was having his troubles. But wasn't he, Caliway, doing his best? He wanted to help the Government, and he also wanted to take care of his old customers.

"All right," he replied, seeing red for a minute, "if I'm to keep up on deliveries on government stuff I'll have to turn down that order you sent me Wednesday for sole leather for those new fall lasts of yours. I knew I oughtn't to take it, but I was afraid you wouldn't be able to get that quantity any place else, so I thought I'd take a chance and try to take care of you. But I'll mail the order back to you."

"Oh, Caliway, don't say that, for heaven's sake!" Bedford broke in. "Cut somebody else if you have to, but don't cut us. . . . Hold on now. I'll be in Boston to-morrow and I'll run in and have a talk with you."

But Marshall Bedford did not go to Boston the next day. He went that evening, but not for the purpose of seeing Caliway. He went to catch the midnight train for New York in answer to a telegram from Hustis Wiltworth, a dollar-a-year man who was at the head of the shoe-purchasing bureau of the Quartermaster's Department, located in New York. The telegram asked if it would be convenient for Bedford to come down for an important conference. Up until the past few months Wiltworth had been a successful and very prosperous big New York shoe jobber, representing several well-known shoes. He knew the shoe business from sole leather to sales. From the minute he had closed up his jobbing business and taken hold of the bureau it had been run on a strictly business basis. He and his associates had the respect and confidence of the entire industry.

Bedford welcomed the opportunity for a session with Wiltworth, for there was much he wanted to learn about the possible needs of the Quartermaster's Department, for the information of his committee. He was glad, too, to be away from his telephone for a day, for this job of being government clearing house for trouble in the shoe industry of the state was more patriotic than pleasant. And incidentally this would give him an opportunity to explain to Wiltworth why he had not submitted samples and prices on army shoes, though he imagined Wiltworth already realized that it would not be fitting, in the light of his new position.

He put the sample pair of army shoes into his grip before leaving the office; he would take it along and show it to Wiltworth if the occasion presented itself, just as an evidence of his own good faith in planning to quote the Government prior to receiving his appointment.

At eleven o'clock the next morning, after the rest had left, Bedford and Wiltworth sat alone, chatting, in the latter's stuffy little office on the seventh floor of an East Side office building, an office that contrasted rudely with

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Wiltworth's large, airy, beautifully furnished front office in a handsome Fourth Avenue office building.

"Now that we have these other matters settled," Wiltworth was saying, "I want to ask how many pairs of army shoes your factories can turn out for us in the first four months of 1918."

After what Wiltworth had told him of the seriousness of the situation and the need for heroic measures, and after catching the big broad-gauge honest spirit of the man before him, Bedford saw matters in a new light, and felt ashamed that he had meant to try to hide behind his committee chairmanship as a pretext for not taking army shoe orders for his factories.

"Well," said Bedford, reaching into his grip for the sample pair, and thanking heaven that he had brought it along, "I want to talk to you about that. How many pairs do you think we ought to make?"

Wiltworth shook his head. "That's for you to say, not for me to dictate," he replied.

Bedford picked up a slip of paper and began figuring. On a pinch he might turn Factory A over to government orders entirely. That would mean dropping, among other good lasts, the high-price army officer's shoe for the retail trade, which was selling wonderfully well and bringing in a tidy profit. But these were war-times.

The average daily output of Factory A was approximately 2000 pairs. That would mean 56,000 pairs a month or 224,000 pairs in four months.

"Well," he announced finally, a feeling of patriotic generosity surging over him, "you can put me down for two hundred and twenty-five thousand pairs between now and April thirtieth, Mr. Wiltworth."

Wiltworth reached for a sheet headed "Production Promises" and entered with his lead pencil on the first blank line: "Bedford Shoe Corporation, April 30, 1918, 225,000 pairs."

"Say," he exclaimed suddenly, a minute later, "can't you stay down overnight and go up home with me for the evening? Mrs. Wiltworth would be delighted to see you, and there are lots more things about this army shoe business that we ought to talk over together."

"All right," agreed Bedford, mentally sweeping aside some plans of his own for the evening. He knew he ought to get all the information he could on the shoe situation to report to his committee. "I'll drop round about five o'clock."

"Better make it six; I never get away before that—my nine-to-four office hours are a thing of the past," laughed Wiltworth.

At six o'clock Bedford called at Wiltworth's office, anticipating a restful ride in the latter's big limousine out to his delightful Westchester County estate. What was his surprise, therefore, when Wiltworth explained to him as they descended in the creaky elevator that he wasn't using his limousine any more, but an "eighty-passenger Interborough"; and as he led the way across to Fourth Avenue to the Subway he explained that he had closed up his big place up in Westchester County and he and his wife were living in a little apartment up in Harlem with one maid. Didn't think it was right to have a retinue of servants when man power, which now meant woman power as well, was so precious; and as for his car, the draft had taken his chauffeur, and he didn't think it patriotic to try to find another one.

This from Wiltworth, of all men! Wiltworth, whose middle name was Luxury, and who was epicurean in everything from hors d'œuvres to Oriental rugs.

As he was squeezed forcibly into a Dyckman Street express Bedford thought guiltily of his own garage full of cars, and their two chauffeurs, his and Mrs. Bedford's.

That evening was a revelation to Bedford. He was astonished to learn, for one thing, that this camping-out business was not exactly a joke, that as a matter of fact Wiltworth was actually forced to economize because his income had practically stopped short. He had swung all of the factories he represented over to army shoes; and Bedford was amazed when Wiltworth told him that he was not taking a cent of commission on the army production of these factories he had represented for so many years. He admitted that he had a perfect right to, morally, but not patriotically.

Another fact that surprised Bedford was that the Quartermaster's Department had to figure on five to seven pairs of shoes per year for every soldier! Why, at that rate it would take enormous production to meet the Army's needs!

Wiltworth told him all he knew—which was much, because of his confidential position—of the War Department's plans to speed up the country's war preparations, and of the real seriousness of the situation. For the first time Bedford began to realize what the war was going to mean to business and to the public. It was plain to be seen that the business man and the private citizen, the ultimate consumer of peacetimes, could receive scant consideration in the face of the imperative requirements of the Army and the Navy.

Bedford left for his hotel shortly before midnight, feeling very sober indeed. One thing was sure, he would devote all his time if necessary to the work of the subcommittee on shoes. His own business could run itself; as a patriotic citizen he would devote himself to his war job.

The next morning Bedford went to Wiltworth's office to sign the contract for the 225,000 pairs of army shoes. When they were seated Wiltworth drew out the Promised Production sheet on which he had entered the Bedford Shoe Corporation's estimate the day before, and calmly asked as he rubbed out the "225,000 pairs," which he had written in lead pencil: "Now, Mr. Bedford, how many pairs of army shoes can I put you down for?"

For half a second Bedford was flabbergasted. He almost gasped. Not so much because of what his friend had asked as because of the matter-of-fact way he had asked it. It was almost uncanny; the man must be a mind reader! Then the shrewd insight that made Marshall Bedford the successful business man that he was asserted itself and he saw in a flash that the diplomacy and finesse which Wiltworth had used with such masterful success as a salesman for his own jobbing business he was now using with equal success for Uncle Sam. He had made no comment on Bedford's 225,000-pair offer the day before; he had merely taken him home with him for a little lesson in patriotism.

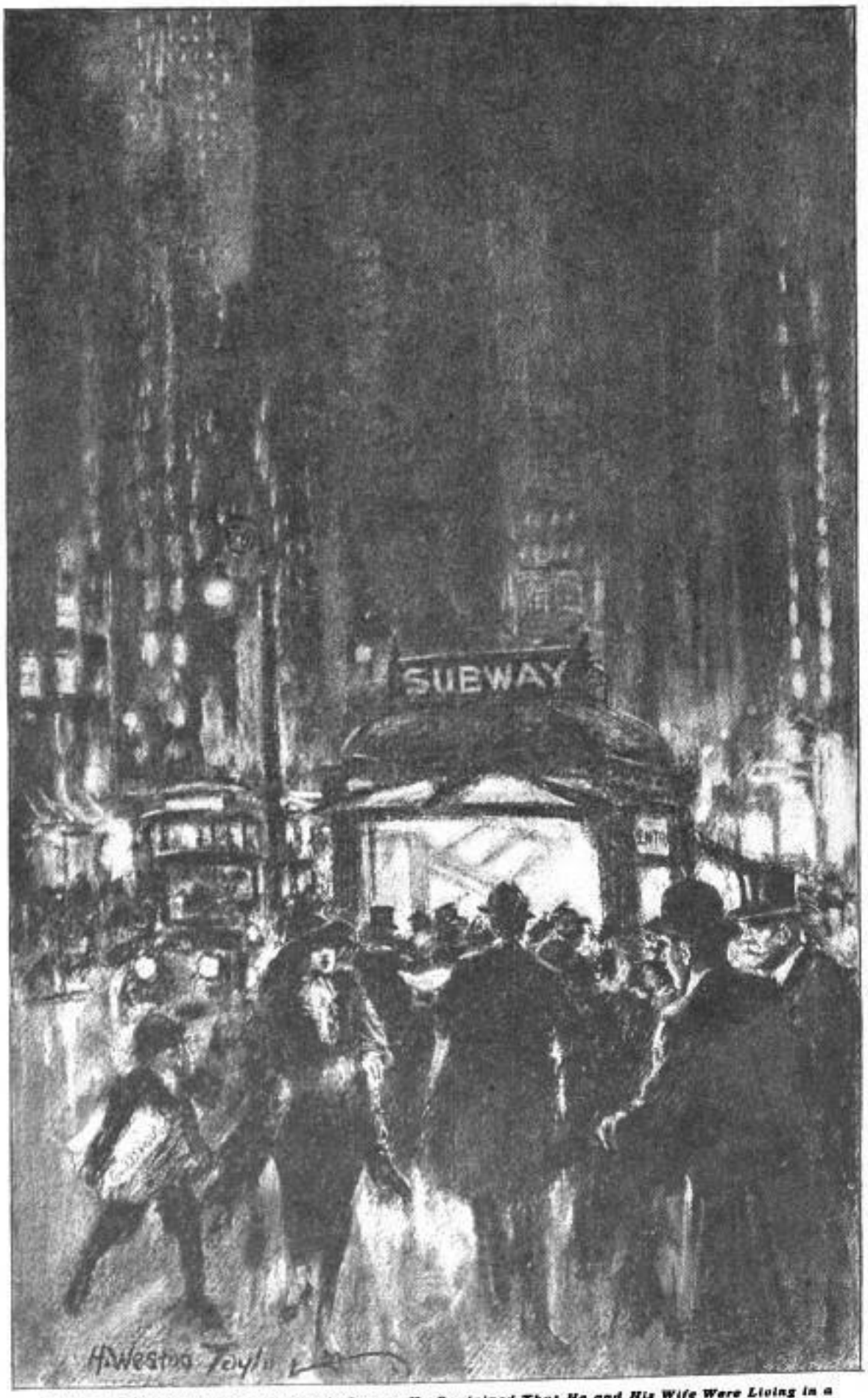
Indeed, before midnight Wiltworth's injection had begun to work in Bedford's system, and at three, as he turned over restlessly for the four-billionth time, Factory B of the Bedford Shoe Corporation had been booked for government production dating from December first.

"Double my figure of yesterday," replied Bedford with perfect composure, his training as a gentleman and a business man having won out over his first surprise. "As for the price, I'll have to figure it over again now; I'll let you know in a day or two."

The next morning, back at his desk, after clearing up the accumulated mail and telegrams of the past two days and putting in two solid hours doing telephone truant-officer work as chairman of the subcommittee on shoes, Bedford turned to the task of figuring a price on the army shoes. He had already telephoned Caliway of Caliway & Cox and told him of his need of sole leather for 450,000 pairs of the Munson last, and Caliway had quoted him a good figure and promised prompt deliveries. And he already had prices on upper leather, and everything else necessary. He could actually turn out forty-five hundred pairs a day in the two factories, but four thousand pairs was enough. He had to look out for his own interests a little.

For half an hour he figured. The tanners were giving him a specially close price on leather, there would be no selling expense on this order; they could ship in carload lots. He was surprised to find how low a figure he could quote and still make a fair profit. It figured out $5.76 a pair.

Well, there ought to be a little something extra on such an order. Unusual times ought to make unusual profits. Anyway, they ought to get a few cents a pair to sort of offset the loss of the season's sales on the officer's last and some of their other extra profitable specialties. Call it five cents; that would make the price $5.81, and that was reasonable enough for so good a shoe. He turned




*As He Led the Way Across to Fourth Avenue He Explained That He and His Wife Were Living in a Little Apartment Up in Harlem With One Maid*

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to Potter Haskins and dictated a letter to Wiltworth quoting the price.

As he finished and wadded up the sheet on which he had figured and tossed it into the wastebasket his son, Marshall, Junior, burst into his office.

"Dad, I've enlisted!" he cried proudly.

Bedford was thunderstruck. He had steeled himself to the idea of the boy's going some time, for next year he would be twenty-one and under the draft; but, parentlike, he had kept putting off the thought as long as possible, for his son was but a boy who knew nothing about the grimness of war, and who should not be expected to go until he was called.

"No!" was all he could say, hardly believing his ears.

"Yep! I'm to be in a machine-gun company!"

"In a machine-gun company!" horrified. "What made you enlist in a machine-gun company?"

"Oh, I wanted to be where there would be something doing."

Bedford groaned. "Nonsense, Marsh," he exclaimed with sudden sternness; "I refuse to permit you to enlist yet."

"Too late, dad; I've already done it."

"Marsh, Marsh, what made you do it?" exclaimed the father in deep distress.

"Why, dad, you've got no kick coming. You got me going this morning, telling me about how you'd enlisted Factories A and B that you've spent twelve years building up. If you didn't want me to enlist you oughtn't to have come home from New York all slopping over with patriotism. Why, dad," exclaimed the boy earnestly, "you know you'd expect me to feel ashamed of you if you didn't do just every little thing you could in a business way to help win this war—if you held back a shoe that would help the Government or charged a cent more than you ought to. Well, I'd expect you to feel ashamed of me if I wasn't willing to be as patriotic as my dad. We young fellows who can't help by turning important businesses over to the service of Uncle Sam have got to take guns over there and fight. You furnish the shoes, dad, and I'll furnish the shoots! Got to go home now and break the news to mother. See you at dinner. So long."

And before Bedford could speak the door slammed and his boy had gone.

He sat for four full minutes looking unseeingly at the little gold clock on his desk. A machine-gun company—he wanted to be "where there would be something doing." "You'd expect me to feel ashamed of you . . . if you held back a shoe that would help the Government or charged a cent more than you ought to." A flush of shame spread over Bedford's face and heart. He had been patting himself on the back for his patriotism, when as a matter of fact, judging by his own son's standard, he was a slacker and a profiteer!

He fumbled in the wastebasket and drew out the sheet on which he had so recently figured the price on the army shoe. Smoothing it out he looked at it. What right had the Bedford Shoe Corporation to that extra five cents a pair? And why shouldn't he give the Army the complete output of Factories A and B?

"Potter," he said suddenly, "I've made a mistake of five cents a pair in that letter to Mr. Wiltworth. It figures $5.76 instead of $5.81. And tell Mr. Wiltworth that we figure on turning out five hundred pairs a day more than I mentioned to him."

And Marshall Bedford locked his desk and went home to see his boy and stand by the boy's mother.



*He Paused, Then Turned and Pointed to a Little Cigar Store Two Doors From the Corner*

II

ON SUNDAY, January twenty-seventh, the midnight train out of New York for Washington carried a restless passenger in Upper Twelve, Car Four. Climbing into his berth at eleven o'clock, Marshall Bedford had squirmed awkwardly out of his clothes, crawled between the sheets, turned his back resolutely to the aisle and tried to go to sleep. But sleep was not to be coaxed to his wide-awake eyes. Whether it was the unaccustomed altitude of his berth that bothered his lower-berth sensibilities, or the glare from the aisle lights, or the evening spent with Hustis Wiltworth that kept him awake Bedford could not tell at first. But when he found himself admitting grudgingly that an upper berth was after all a trifle more springy and comfortable and airy than a lower, and after the porter had turned out the lights, then Bedford knew that it was the session with Wiltworth that was responsible for his wakefulness.

He had met the latter at his club and they had dined together and then sat for three hours discussing army shoes. He had expected to receive warm commendation from Wiltworth for his patriotic action in turning the complete production capacity of Factory B as well as Factory A over to army shoes. And Wiltworth certainly had thanked him. But one sentence stuck in Bedford's mind: "Our bureau is leaving it largely to the individual manufacturer to decide how patriotic he wants to be in this matter of turning over his facilities to the Government."

It was not the sentence itself as Bedford analyzed it, lying there in his berth, but the way Wiltworth had said it, that made it stick in his mind. Somehow it had almost sounded as though Wiltworth did not think the Bedford Shoe Corporation was doing enough!

The sentence revolved and revolved in Bedford's brain. A man of clear concise thought, he did not often let his mind get thus muddled up with a chance sentence. Was it the expression in Wiltworth's big gray eyes or the inflection of the words "how patriotic" that had left the peculiarly disconcerting impression?

"How patriotic"—why there was only one degree of patriotism possible. Could it be that Wiltworth really felt that the Bedford Shoe Corporation should take over an even larger chunk of the army-shoe manufacturing!

(Continued on Page 97)

# SAVING AND SERVING

## By Floyd W. Parsons

PHOTOGRAPHS PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

THERE is no doubt that all of America is awake and that the whole nation is in the war with both feet. The chief questions to-day are: To what degree are we willing to carry our individual sacrifices? How great is the personal responsibility we each propose to assume? The fellow in Europe who upset the hive is going to get blessed well stung. But the speed of victory depends on the size and force of our collective effort. This is a time when danger and indifference grow on one stalk. Down in Washington are famous college presidents and great captains of industry working for the Government day and night without thought of recompense. These men need no urging, for war to them is real indeed since their sons are on the battle front in France and they are determined that their boys shall not outdo them in patriotic service. Nor is it necessary to preach duty to the housewife whose husband has gone across, or to the old coal miner who, though retired, has given up his well-earned chair and pipe to go back underground and mine coal to make shells for his grandson Jack to shoot at the Huns.

Not one American in a hundred to-day is inactive through desire, but to many the war is so very distant. These are the ones who kick for more sugar, damn the bread, criticize the coal companies and curse the railroads. If the majority of our citizens were of this species we should be about as safe as a cathedral in Belgium, and soon the Teutons would make our eastern coast look like Resurrection Day. It is all very well to commence slowly, for delay is better than disaster; but there is a time to execute as well as deliberate, and the hour has come for us to strike with all the vigor we possess. This is an era when our existence is not measured by figures on a calendar but by epochs made up of deeds. We must keep the needle of our purpose pointing steadily to a single resolve, and we must be ever on the alert to show the industrial slackers and the people who insist on living in the normal pre-war fashion that as citizens and friends they are about as welcome as a gas attack. Deeds are the fruits; words only the leaves. It is the empty vessel and the wagon without a load that make the most noise.

The men appointed to direct our war work are coming to realize full well that only through establishing confidence can they gain the complete trust and the resulting maximum coöperation of the people. Ulcers that are hidden cannot be handily cured, and it is a part of our democratic plan to air our mistakes to the rim of high heaven. But not all of our achievements have been in error, and I want to tell something of a few things that have been accomplished.

Good savers are good servers, and the months of labor of the Conservation Division of the War Industries Board in Washington bears out the truth of this thought. Surprising results have been attained along lines of economy in the consumption of wool, leather, tin, paint, rubber, steel, furniture, hardware and agricultural implements. The accomplishments up to date are all the more creditable when we bear in mind that in most industries it is impossible to effect savings through radical changes without giving the people engaged in the business several months' notice concerning the proposed new restrictions.

Let us briefly survey the wool situation. It is estimated that the Army, Navy and Red Cross requirements for the next twelve months will be 900,000,000 pounds of wool, while this country's annual production will total less than 300,000,000 pounds. In the face of such a situation it is unlikely any considerable quantity of wool will be available for civilian uses in future months. Australia, South America—particularly Argentina—and South Africa will furnish us with the larger part of the wool we consume, and it is evident that every pound we save is likewise a pound of shipping saved.

The average soldier uses sixty-five pounds of wool a year; the average civilian, five pounds. With only 3,000,000 men under arms, therefore, we create immediately an additional requirement of 180,000,000 pounds. Both men and women will have to wear plainer clothes and only styles that are economical in yardage. Next year there will be only ten styles of men's sack suits—that is, each manufacturer will have to limit his output to ten styles, which compares with a production by individual firms of thirty to forty styles for men heretofore. In the past there were twenty-two styles of boys' suits, but from now on there will be but three. These restrictions will save much wool in the matter of samples and the consequent reduction in dealers' stocks, but the greater economy will come from cutting out features such as belts, flaps, pleats, cuffs, patch pockets, double-breasted sack coats and vests and detachable linings in all double coats. Only one vent will be allowed in the skirt of a coat, and the length will be limited to thirty inches based on a thirty-six size. Coat facings are not to exceed four and one-half inches in width, and waistcoat facings shall not be more than one and three-quarter inches wide. Side and back straps and flaps are to be eliminated from trousers, and in overcoats there will be savings from cutting out all double-breasted models and from reducing the length.

Surprising economies have been effected through reducing the size of the swatches, or samples, that the salesmen carry. These samples have been cut down to a six-by-nine-inch size, and the saving therefrom will average better

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than twenty per cent, or 450,000 yards of cloth. Through all branches of the clothing industry the saving for twelve months from current regulations is placed at three million yards of cloth.

Perhaps one of the most interesting of recent developments in wool conservation is the design of a cotton blanket that may be substituted for the more common wool blanket in military and civilian use. One-quarter-inch cotton blankets are now being made that are as warm as one-quarter-inch wool blankets. The former are close woven with a thick nap. Certain styles of cotton blankets are now actually warmer than the woolen products. Careful tests have shown that if we rate a five-pound all-wool blanket at 100, these special designs of cotton blankets will run 126 in heat-retaining qualities. The United States Bureau of Standards in connection with certain manufacturers is endeavoring to perfect a cloth that will contain certain percentages of virgin wool, cotton and reworked wool, and that will possess wearing qualities and give a desirable appearance.

Though it is true that our climate does not permit us to grow the highest grade of wool, the industry can and should be materially enlarged. Eighty-four per cent of the farms in the United States have no sheep, while it is a fact that these valuable animals can be raised profitably on almost any kind of farm in the ratio of one sheep to every three acres, without interfering with other livestock or agricultural products. Basing our estimates on present values sheep can be raised more economically than any other kind of livestock. They can subsist largely on forage, weeds and grass, and they eat almost nothing that has value as human food. Labor requirements are also less. One thing is sure—we cannot have much wool for civilian uses unless civilians get busy and raise it.

### Cotton Substitutes

WE ALSO have a problem facing us in the matter of a sufficient supply of cotton. The crop in the South will be large, but the enormous production hoped for in Texas has met with disaster. Economy in cotton consumption, therefore, must be stringent. The war has developed many uses for cotton that are new. Formerly linen was used exclusively for airplane wings because it did not rip when punctured by a bullet; but the world's supply of flax, from which linen was made, came principally from Belgium, and when Germany captured these fields other nations had to look for a linen substitute. The solution of the problem was realized through the production of a mercerized cotton fabric which possesses the favorable linen characteristics without its brittleness. The cotton industry has rendered the nation a further service by developing a special cloth which makes an excellent substitute for the rubber gas masks and rubber coats so necessary to the Army.

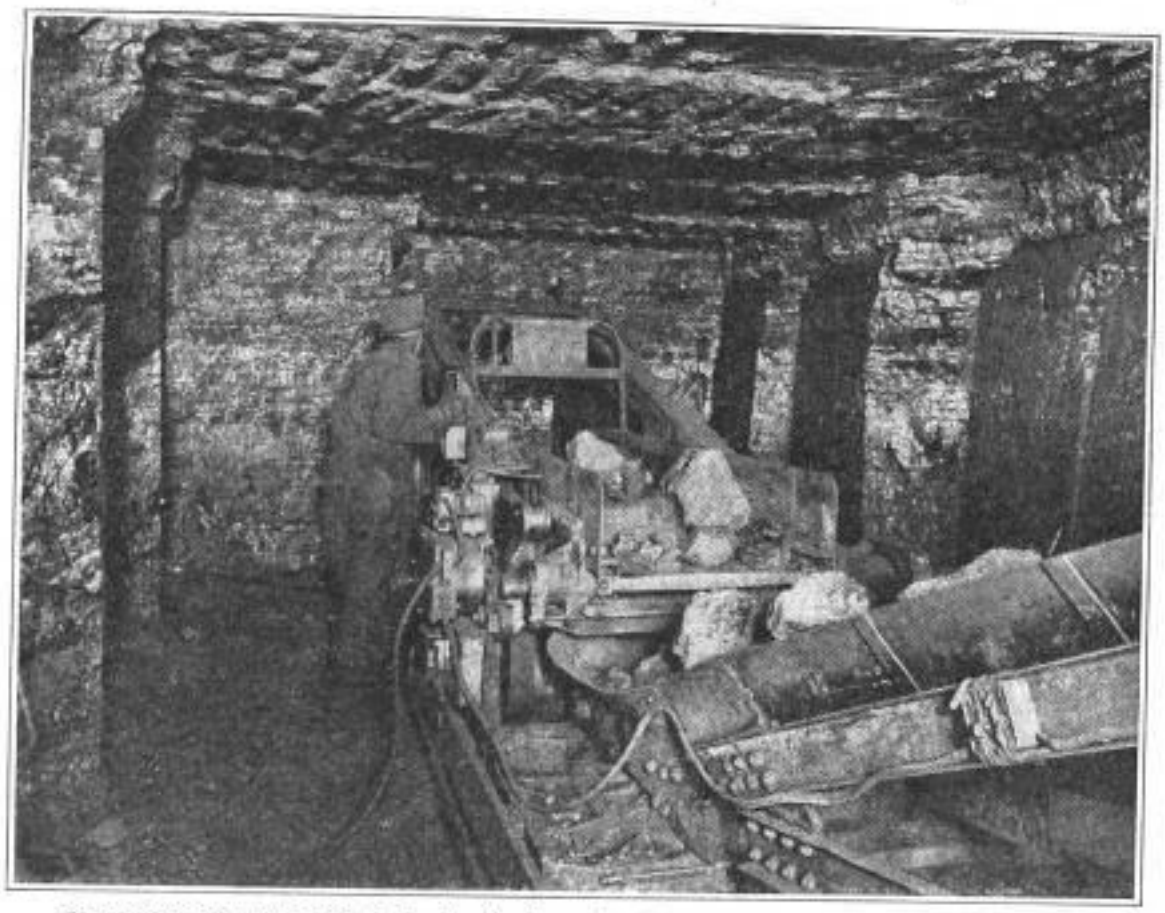
In order to show the extent to which cotton is employed for war purposes it is only necessary to state that the Navy recently ordered 200,000,000 yards of cotton gauze for surgical purposes. This yardage would reach from Washington to the battle front in France and back seventeen times, or lap the earth four times with a good margin left over. A second order of the Navy called for 85,000,000 yards of blue and brown denims, which alone is equal to one-third the total annual productive capacity for this cloth in the United States. During this past summer the various branches of the military service purchased nearly 30,000,000 pieces of summer underwear and upward of 14,000,000 pairs of cotton socks, not to mention large quantities of other articles composed wholly or in part of cotton.

Not everyone knows that cotton is a very important war essential entirely aside from its uses in the manufacture of cloth and oil. It is the short fuzz on the cotton seeds that is treated and given a bath in a mixture of acids and thus converted into nitro cotton—a most important ingredient of explosives. All of the smokeless powders used by the Army and Navy are dissolved cotton, while this same product in another form is the basis of the films for still and moving pictures. The surgeon and scientist find abundant use for the cotton product collodion, in sealing wounds and preparing laboratory materials. Even that annoying corn on our little toe is treated with a cotton solution, while the dainty toilet articles on milady's dresser that so resemble ivory are manufactured from this same wonderful product. It is helping us bridge over the shortage in leather through providing us with a substitute, and is earning a high place on the roster of human necessities.

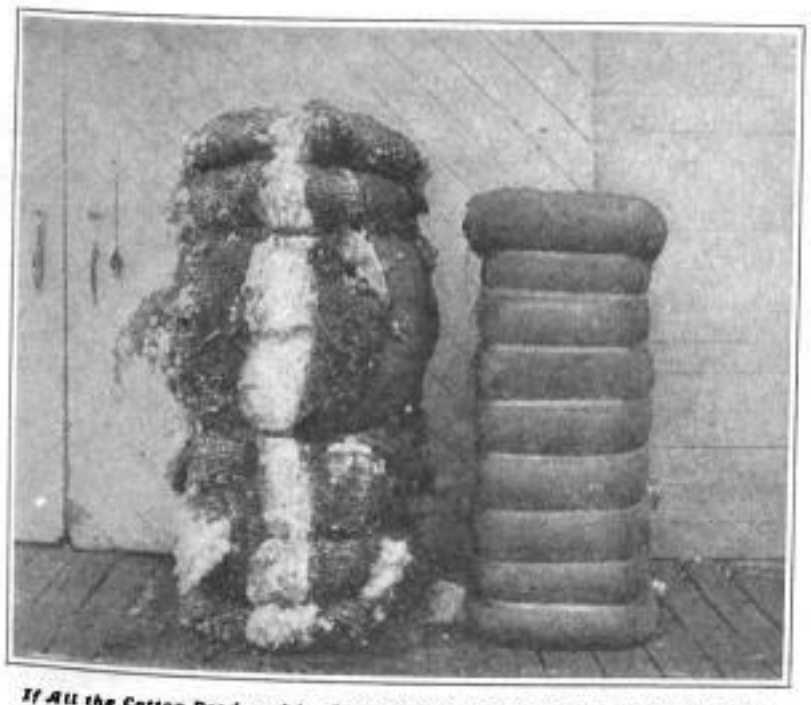
This wider employment of cotton, however, renders it advisable that we seek all possible substitutes, and considerable progress has been made along such lines of relief. Paraffin paper is now being offered as a substitute for gauze and has proved especially valuable in the treatment of burns. Chemists have also developed a successful wood-pulp absorbent resembling cotton for surgical dressings. An important discovery by a Japanese in California has to do with the production of an excellent substitute for cotton from two kinds of seaweed. They are boiled together in water with wood ashes and then in water mixed with rice bran. The material is then bleached and fibers suitable for manufacture into textiles are extracted. Since the supply of seaweed is practically inexhaustible such a process if refined and put into commercial practice would help materially in relieving a strained situation.




*A Traveling Anti-Waste Exhibit in a Large Manufacturing Plant Where Thousands are Employed*



*Every Effort is Being Made to Devise Machines That Will Produce More Coal With Fewer Men. Here is a Mechanical Device That Mines the Coal and Conveys it to the Car*



*If All the Cotton Produced in America Were Properly Subjected to High-Density Baling, Dozens of Ships and Thousands of Cars Would be Released for Other War Supplies. These Bales Weigh Practically the Same*

### Economies in Steel

IN CONSERVING the nation's supply of steel the Government is working along extremely sane lines. Investigations have been made of all sources of consumption, and curtailments have been ordered in such a way that the greater savings will come from eliminating waste due largely to varied tastes. The more we study our national industrial situation the more evident it becomes that most of our extravagances, as well as our discontents, rise from humoring our desires rather than from satisfying our wants.

Take our agricultural industry. Here it has been found possible to cut out more than 2000 sizes and types of farming implements, exclusive of rakes, harrows, harvesting machines, and so on. This reduction will leave 600 types for present and future use. In the matter of buggies and spring wagons a ninety-five per cent reduction in types has been ordered. This will leave one style of buggy and two styles of spring wagons. In farm wagons there will be only one-fifth as many styles and but one standard tread. There have been 287 sizes and types of auto tires, which are now cut to thirty-three and will be cut to nine in two years. There were approximately 550 types of metal beds; in the future there will be only thirty.

It is considered certain that such reductions in variety will bring about a material saving in steel. It is further believed that the adoption of these and similar schedules will reduce the amount of material in stock, and decrease the capital tied up by the manufacturer and dealer. There will also be savings from making fewer parts, for it takes time to change the rolls. The manufacturer can profitably melt down some of these same rolls, for they are made of a grade of steel that is much needed in war work.

Material savings are being effected in a number of industries where the average layman would naturally anticipate very slight opportunities for worth-while economies. For instance, in the manufacture of women's corsets the consumption of steel totals 15,000 tons annually. Some saving is possible here, but expert opinion brought forth the fact that these steel corsets are quite essential to many women, especially those engaged in various forms of physical labor. It is expected that several thousand tons of steel will be saved by curtailments in the manufacture of caskets and by regulations covering the design and production of stoves and furnaces. A considerable economy will result from reducing the height of metal beds and from eliminating many ideas embodied in their manufacture, based on nothing more substantial than ornamental fancy. In the

(Continued on Page 50)

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# THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

## By Julian Street

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

TO SAY that either one of them was actually light-headed on that sultry afternoon when they sat in the shade of a great tree in the château garden and, with me as listener, conversed upon the character of woman, would perhaps be to overstate, though certainly they were not normal. As for myself, having been wounded at Bois Fleury five weeks before, I was much further advanced toward recovery than they; for though our cases were similar, both of them had fallen in the more recent fighting about Montigny Wood. It was, indeed, the similarity of our cases that brought us together. Being fractured legs—and in the case of the major an elbow too—we had been evacuated from base hospitals to this modernized fifteenth-century palace on the Loire, where Doctor Bronson, the great Iowa orthopedist, with his staff, has been miraculously mending men since the winter of 1915–16.

I was enjoying my second week out-of-doors in a wheel chair; the two others, very thin and with hospital pallor showing curiously beneath the remnants of battle-field bronze, were out for the first time. None of us had met before, nor did we so much as know one another's names; in the early process of recuperation one doesn't care what people's names are; one lies or sits, as the case may be, and wonders how long it will be before one gets about again, and whether one will be as good as new when healed; and one dreams of getting back to the Front if recovery means that, or of getting back home if it does not. And of course there is inevitably a woman about whom one thinks and would like to talk.

Over here in France nostalgia troubles us enough when we are well; we are constantly endeavoring to become intimate enough with this comrade or that to warrant talking about "her" and showing "her" picture; but whereas when we are strong our activities and such natural reserve as we may have and the consciousness that every other soldier, from private to general, has a girl to talk about, combine to repress our expansive instincts, it is different when we are casualties. Then we are idle, bored, impatient, weak. We want a listener, nor do we greatly care who he may be or whether he listens out of interest, courtesy, pity or because he cannot get away. What we crave is the sound of our own voice mentioning familiar places and people: for all our thinking of them does not conjure them half so close as talking brings them.

The captain and I, deposited by our Red Cross nurses under the great tree's spreading branches, had begun to get acquainted. He was a man of about thirty years, spoke with the accent of the South, and had large blue eyes, earnest and ingenuous, like those of a solemn child. I was becoming conscious of an effort on his part, at once amusing and pathetic, so to direct the conversation that presently he could speak of the woman who was on his mind, when a pretty blond nurse wheeled the major up, and without so much as by-your-leave made him a member of our group, saying "Now you three can visit for a while."

The newcomer was a handsome aquiline man, nearer forty than thirty, with a calm, intelligent, humorous dark eye and an air of breeding and sophistication.

"I hope you don't object to my joining you, gentlemen?" he asked as the pretty nurse took her way back along the gravel walk toward the lace-carved limestone portal of the château. His eyes, following the graceful receding figure, held the shadow of a quizzical smile as he added: "My nurse didn't give you much choice in the matter."

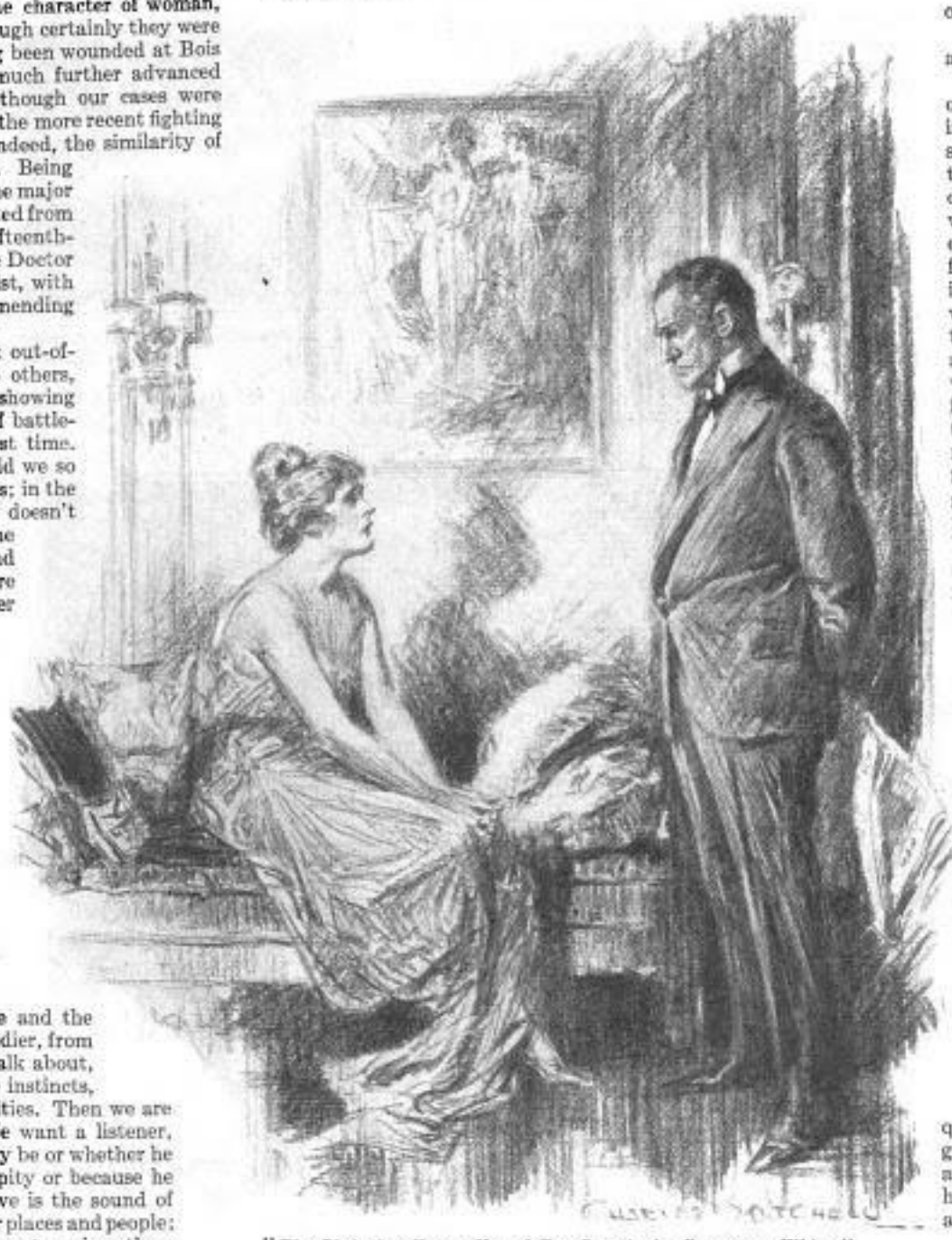
We assured him he was welcome. I observed that the captain also looked after the nurse, but with a wistful expression.

"She's beautiful!" he murmured.

"Yes," replied the major; "and beautiful women generally know that they can do with us as they will. No doubt that is why she failed to consult you before depositing me here."

"I wasn't thinking of that," replied the captain, still looking up the walk over which the nurse had passed. "I was thinking she looked a little like a girl I know at home."

"Then," said the major, "you know a mighty pretty girl at home."



"The Plaintive Notes, Heard Too Regularly, Became a Whine"

"She's more than that," said the captain. "She's like an angel."

The major nodded. "It's the angel type," he said—"the golden-haired, calla-lily sort of girl, with eyes in which a tender look can be turned on at will."

"Rather," corrected the captain, "in which a tender look resides because a tender soul looks out through the eyes. It is their expression that makes such women look angelic, and it must be the touch of real angel in them that makes the expression."

"That at least is what they wish us to think," the major said.

"But don't you think so?"

"Why not consider pretty women simply as pretty women?" asked the major in reply. "What is the use in confusing them with angels? What do we know about angels, anyway? Even less than we know about women. And if we start mixing up the two in our minds doesn't that muddle us all the more? I prefer to consider women as human beings with foibles and frailties corresponding to those of men. A lot of the trouble in this world comes from the fact that men won't do that. They won't accept woman as an equal—or an inferior—but are determined to set her up as something to be worshiped. They are always ready to construct, upon the foundation of mere physical beauty, a shimmering superhuman structure which they proclaim to be her character, but which as a matter of fact has no existence save in the masculine imagination. Woman knows that she is human, but she is flattered by such nonsense and therefore encourages man in his delusions."

The captain was gazing at the major with a look between astonishment and horror.

"But surely, sir," he exclaimed, "you wouldn't say that a woman who looks like an angel and whose every action bears out the ——"

"I'm generalizing, of course," said the other.

"But don't you believe that physiognomy almost invariably reflects character?"

"In men—yes," the major replied. "A man of peculiar intellectuality, integrity, force, daring, or what not, usually carries in his face the signs of his outstanding trait. We see that in the service, over here. But with women it is different. Some of the best women in the world haven't a sign of beauty or even of expression. Likewise many women with bad faces possess admirable traits. Sheer beauty indicates little or nothing. One of the prettiest women I ever saw was a murderess—one of those murderesses who can't be convicted and who, after the trial, draw large salaries in vaudeville. Another was a showgirl with the face of an angel, the figure of a bacchante, and the principles of a Neapolitan *camorrista*. All my experience indicates that whereas a man's face is revealing, a woman's is concealing; that great beauty in a woman blinds men as automobile headlights blind small animals. Perhaps a rabbit thinks an automobile is an angel—until it hits him. Who knows? Aside from the pleasure it affords the eye, beauty is nothing but a danger signal. Nor is that an offhand conclusion. As a matter of fact I am here—a more or less shattered soldier—because of the most angelic-looking woman I have ever seen."

"But so am I!" the captain exclaimed.

The major smiled. "I'm here," he said, "to get away from her."

The captain stared.

"But," he cried, "I can't —— That is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of!"

"In what respect?" inquired the other.

"Why, that one of us should—and that the other—that our experiences must have been so utterly unlike!"

"She made you happy?"

"No," returned the captain after a moment's hesitation, "she didn't."

"They seldom do."

"But it wasn't her fault," the captain put in quickly. "She made a sacrifice requiring the greatest nobility of character—the greatest self-abnegation." He was gazing out across the garden and there was a remote look in his eyes, as though he saw a vision of her there amid the flowers and the swimming sunlight.

For a time we were silent, each of us dwelling with his own thoughts.

"I judge from your speech," said the major to the captain presently, "that you are from the South?"

"Yes," replied the latter, still gazing at the garden. "Atlanta."

"I don't know the South. Are you by any chance acquainted with New England?"

"Not at all."

"I come from Boston."

"I'm a Californian," I said in reply to a look of interrogation from the major. "I never was east of the Rockies until I came on with my unit, to sail."

"Good," he said. "We don't know one another or one another's habitat; I haven't heard your names and you probably haven't heard mine. Moreover, one of you is an engineer and the other a medical man, while I'm an infantryman due to go home pretty soon with a worthless elbow. The chances are we'll never meet again after we leave here. We are, in effect, Canterbury pilgrims. Well, then, suppose we make our present situation count for something.

"What do you say to throwing the conventions overboard and telling our respective stories instead of talking abstractions all round them?"

The captain looked interested.

"It will entertain us," pursued the major, "and will do no one any harm, since it is practically impossible that any one of us might know the ladies figuring in the tales related by the others."

"I must admit," the captain said, "that I have the greatest curiosity to hear the story that accounts for such conclusions as you have expressed."

"And I," the major returned with a little smile, "should like to hear about the lady who not only looked an angel

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but proved to be one. Who knows but she may restore my faith in the type?"

"I should like to hear both," I declared, "though I can offer nothing in return. I'm engaged to a dark-eyed girl with freckles; she is stockily built, untemperamental, and has an overdeveloped right arm and a hideous collection of silver cups which she has won at tennis. She's just a comfortable kind of girl with no story to her. If I get home we shall marry, settle on a ranch, play tennis, ride good horses and raise a family of freckled children—at least I hope they'll be freckled."

"Great!" said the captain.

"Yes," agreed the major. "Long may you play doubles. We'll chalk you up as having told your story." Then, to the captain: "And now may we have yours?"

"Any value that there may be in my story," began the captain slowly when we had lighted fresh cigarettes and settled ourselves comfortably, "depends upon a comprehension of the woman I had hoped to marry; and that, unfortunately, is something I can hardly give you. There was a radiance, a glory about her beauty that acted on the senses as glittering sunlight acts upon the eyes. That is not hyperbole. It is fact. Men were dazzled by her, and even women could not debate whether or not she was beautiful. They didn't want to debate it, either, for her beauty had a purely spiritual quality that made everybody love her. Yet she was perfectly unconscious of the stupendous effect that she created.

"Her hair was the color of pure old gold—not the touched-up imitation, but the real thing—and was piled up in a soft coronal which caught the light in such a way as to suggest a shimmering halo. Her complexion was beyond all art; her features were classic but were lightened by the play of expression over her face, especially about the mouth—which was of the most delightful ductility—and the large, well-separated gray-blue eyes; for there was no phase of feeling, from the greatest tenderness and compassion to the most perfect appreciation of the whimsical, that was a stranger to her or that her mouth and eyes failed to reflect.

"I first saw her at a ball at a winter resort in the South, where she was stopping with her mother. Her praises had already been sung to me, and I was prepared to be disappointed. Then I saw her, and the first thing I thought of was that she looked like an angel out of heaven.

"Something—I do not know what—made me avoid meeting her that evening. I simply took a place where I could watch her, and so far as possible never lost sight of her until about eleven, when she took her mother upstairs. The mother, I learned, was a widow, a semi-invalid, and it was characteristic of the daughter that instead of taking her mother up, leaving her in her room and returning to the ballroom, she did not come back. She was always like that—always a model of devotion.

"That night I knew that there was such a thing as love at first sight—something I had not hitherto believed in." He turned upon the major a look of inquiry mingled with gentle defiance as he added: "Probably you don't believe in it now?"

"I have experienced something of the sort myself," the other replied. "I'll tell you of it later."

The admission seemed to encourage the captain.

"I met her next day," he continued, "and thenceforth I hardly knew myself. I should explain that I had always been diffident with women. Southern men, remembering the heroism of their women in the war between the States, are said to have a tendency to exalt the sex, but in my case it was more than that. Shyness with me amounted to an affliction. Yet now, in the presence of the most fascinating woman I had ever known, a woman constantly surrounded by men, I acquired ease and confidence in a degree that actually amazed me. Instead of feeling that I was the least favored of her admirers, I knew, as though she herself had told me so in words, that my chances were of the best. Instead of feeling, as usual, that I was being tolerated, I felt certain, when I had known her but a few weeks, that she cared for me. But perhaps the greatest proof of our extraordinary companionableness lay not so much in what we said to each other as in what we did not say—that is, in the long exquisite silences that fell between us, when we seemed to vibrate to each other's thought. That was the keynote of our relationship—understanding."

"You felt," interrupted the major, who had listened attentively, "not only that she understood you but that you understood her equally well?"

"Oh, yes," said the captain. "She herself said that no one had ever understood her as I did."

"A woman used to tell me that," said the major with a reminiscent smile.

"Then you know how wonderful a relationship like that can be," said the captain. "In less than a month we were engaged. We were out sailing on a glorious moonlight night when I told her that I loved her and asked her to be my wife. According to my nature, to common sense, and to everything I had heard of such affairs, I should have been in terror lest she refuse me. But I was not. I was not afraid, but spoke with a kind of exultant confidence. Please believe it wasn't vanity in me. It had nothing to do with vanity. There had been some subtle sort of communication. Our love was understood without the speaking of a word.

"Of her circumstances I knew in a general way that she and her mother lived on an income left to them by her father. The mother was, as I have said, an invalid, and had to be taken here and there for her health. The daughter was at times like a trained nurse to her, and stood ready always to abandon her pleasures at the mother's slightest whim. The old lady was autocratic, high-tempered, exacting, querulous—not at all an agreeable person.

"I had been employed for some years by a firm of constructing engineers and was at this time about to launch out for myself. So far as the prospects for our marriage were concerned, this meant one of two things: Either we might marry soon and scrape along on my small income until I built up a good business, or we might wait and see how the new venture turned out. As the latter course might entail a delay of several years I naturally favored the immediate plunge. I felt that with her as my wife there was no obstacle I could not overcome. She, however, was saner. She pointed out that while a wife might encourage a man, so could the desire to marry encourage him; that whereas a fiancée did not hamper a man, a wife and family very definitely hampered him; and that in justice to us both I ought to be absolutely free and alone to make my fight for success. Moreover, of course her mother would have to live with us, and again there might be children, so that as a married man I should have to shoulder a good deal of additional expense and responsibility.

"I suggested that we discuss the subject with her mother, and though she tried to prevent it I insisted. My memories of my interview with the old lady form the one unpleasant recollection of that entire period. She showed herself a rank materialist, was sarcastic and finally became almost hysterical.

"'How many times must I go through with such nonsense as this?' she cried. 'How can you hope to marry my daughter? What have you to marry on? Answer me that. Nothing but love! That's it! Love! Fiddlesticks! You can't live on love, and much less can she! Look at the opportunities such a girl has. She must make a brilliant match; she knows that as well as I do. She has no thought of marrying you—no thought of it, I tell you! Go away! Don't bother me, you moonstruck young man! She's the most extravagant girl alive. Your earnings wouldn't buy her hats!'

"Imagine such an interview! The daughter had been right. I should not have spoken to the mother. I have always been thankful that the daughter was not there to hear the outrageous calumnies her mother heaped upon her—purely, of course, with a view to discouraging me."

"But hold on," said the major. "Have you ever paid the bills of a beautiful woman?"

"Certainly not," said the captain. "But you don't understand about her. One of the most charming things about her was the utter simplicity of her costumes. Most



*There Was a Contented, Almost Relieved Expression on His Face as She Turned His Chair and Began to Wheel it Toward the Doorway*

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women couldn't wear such plain things, but she was so superb, so statuesque that she adorned and enriched the simplest attire."

"No doubt," said the major politely. "I was thinking of my own experience. I have generally found that the more beautiful a woman is the more clothes mean to her. Also as one who has paid the dressmakers' bills of a beauty who affected astonishing simplicity, I should say offhand that the truly superb simplicity of which you speak is an effect attained only by the smartest and most costly dressmakers."

"Well," returned the captain, "though I don't pretend to know about women's clothes I do know about this woman. She was the sort who is absolutely above clothes; she wasn't conscious of them; she would simply wear something and, whatever it might be, look wonderful. She couldn't have been extravagant! That was out of the question. She hadn't the money." He sighed, threw away the end of his cigarette, looked out over the baking garden and added: "And that was what put an end to things for us."

"Money, you mean?"

"Yes. We were engaged for two years. During that time I saw her only twice. I worked like a dog and sacrificed all pleasures in order to save. Things began to look up. My business grew. Then, just as it began to appear we should soon be able to marry, these damned boches undertook to upset the world, and construction work in my line practically ceased. At first we hoped the war would end quickly—everybody thought so—but pretty soon we saw that it was not going to do that, and our hopes began to melt like soap bubbles. When I realized that it meant another long wait I wanted to go and see her and talk it over, but in the interest of economy I abandoned the idea. Nothing I ever did took more force of character than that one piece of self-denial. Meanwhile, I kept telling myself that bad as things were they might be ever so much worse. After all, it was not as though I had lost her.

"Then came a letter. I can't say just what it was about that letter that alarmed me. Outwardly there was nothing. But between the lines I read disaster. Immediately I telegraphed that I was coming, but before I could leave there came a wire from her asking me to await a second letter. Had I followed my impulse and taken the first train my story might perhaps have a different ending. However, I did not. And when the letter came it was too late. She had burned her bridges behind her. She was already married to another man."

"She did that?" exclaimed the major after a pregnant pause. "And yet you never blamed her?"

"Not after the first burst of pain," said the captain; "and even then I could blame her only for having withheld the facts which she revealed for the first time in that final letter. What could she do? Her mother's health had caused them to live for years beyond their income. Their principal was exhausted. She had staked their last dollars against my chances of success. Well then—to that extent which of us had failed the other? Wasn't it I who had failed her rather than she who had failed me?"

"You're a white man!" gasped the major.

"Not particularly," said the captain, embarrassed at this turn of things. "Look at it from any side you like—what could she do? As she said in the letter, she herself could have lived on a small sum had she been alone. She would have asked nothing better than to have worked and supported herself until we could marry. But under the circumstances that was obviously out of the question. The constant attention required by her mother necessitated her remaining at home. And even had that difficulty been eliminated, how could a girl like that earn enough to send her mother with an attendant to the South in the winter and the mountains in the summer—as the physicians pronounced necessary? You see it was an *impasse* for us. Poor girl! God, what a heart she had! Even as she wrote that letter she was not thinking of the horror she herself faced but of the suffering to be endured by me.

"For a number of years a man of wealth had been paying her attention. Time and again she had refused him, but he had known her circumstances, and waited. And at last the waiting game had won. 'I have told him frankly,' she wrote, 'that I do not love him, that I can never love him, but that I will marry him in order to provide for mother if he wishes to accept me upon such terms. He is ready to do so. We are to be married at once.'

"Imagine a man who would drive a bargain like that with a sensitive and spiritual woman!"

"It is hard to fancy such a creature," said the major thoughtfully. "Offhand he seems rather like an ogre in a fairy tale."

"Yes," agreed the captain. "Not only that unimaginable man but the whole episode has always seemed unreal to me. No doubt that very fact helped me to sustain the shock. For some months I went about like a man mercifully drugged. Then presently, when I began to get my feet on the ground again and saw that there was nothing to work for any more, I closed out the remnants of my business, and as soon as possible went into a training camp. And so at last I got over here in time to stop a machine-gun bullet."

"You never saw her again?"

"Just once, and quite by chance. After preliminary training my unit was transported to an embarkation camp near New York. On my first leave spent in the city I found myself thinking constantly of her, and even imagining that I heard her voice behind me or glimpsed her approaching in the crowd. I didn't know that she was in New York; I didn't know where she might be; but the thought of meeting her haunted me. Of course I had long wished passionately to know how life was using her, whether she had found it endurable, whether or not she had changed greatly; and yet I was afraid to know. I used to take out the picture of her that I always carried, look at it, and try to imagine what it would be like now, if she were really there before me in the flesh. How would it affect me, I wondered? Would the old anguish be rekindled, or was there no more feeling left for it to feed upon? I did not know.

"One afternoon, a few days before we were to sail, I went with some of our fellows to an officers' club which had been opened in the former residence of a wealthy citizen. Ascending the stairs I had a presentiment of her, so strong that on reaching the room above, where some ladies were acting as hostesses, I feared to look up. And when I did look up it was to find her standing there.

"I don't know what we said at first, but I remember having the illusion that my body had melted like wax and that my spirit was living vapor, floating in the air. I was invisible except my eyes, which were kept from vanishing only by the intensity with which they held to her. I remember seeing her walk downstairs and enter her automobile while, as it seemed to me, I floated along like a toy balloon attached to her by a thread.

"In her limousine we drove out into the country, and then back—for I had to be at camp again that night. It was a strange talk we had. There was so much that was trembling, quivering, just under the surface of our conversation, so many questions not to be asked, so many answers not to be given, so many avowals not to be made. The air about us was saturated with passionate, unspoken thoughts, like electricity in the atmosphere before a thunderstorm.

"At first we tried to inform each other, not so much by direct statement as by implication; and correspondingly to comprehend much from the most shadowy utterances.




*"Her Praises Had Already Been Sung to Me, and I Was Prepared to be Disappointed. Then I Saw Her"*

More than once, when looking into her face for indications of what her life in the past two years had been, I would catch her curiously inspecting me in the same way, and would know that she was wondering too. Then we would feel embarrassed, and instead of speaking out would take refuge in small talk.

"It was all so different, so unnatural that I began to feel suffocated. I was actually glad when we turned back toward the city. And yet as our time together grew less and less I kept thinking to myself how horrible it was that this meeting, which might be our last, should be ruined by a constraint so false, so hideously unlike the spiritual harmony we used to know. I regretted that I had seen her again—regretted it as years before I had regretted looking into the coffin of a dead playmate, thereby supplanting my mental image of him as a happy lively boy, with a new and ghastly image of his figure lying amid lilies, under glass.

"As we passed out of Central Park at Fifty-ninth Street on our way down to the station, where she was driving me, she said something casual about the statue of General Sherman which stands there—that, when it was but a matter of minutes until we should part! It was grotesque! A wave of rebellion swept over me.

"'So,' I said, 'having nothing real to say, we must talk about statuary?'

"At that she reached out and touched my hand for an instant, and as I looked at her a wonderful light came flooding into her eyes. Then without any preamble she said:

"'My husband is kind to me. I am grateful to him. My mother has every comfort now, and her health seems to improve. I still feel that I did the only thing there was to do, and my greatest sorrow has been and always will be the cruelty to you. I live for my mother, the war and memories of what was. Life would be much more supportable for me if I could know that you—that there is someone ——'

"'Then be happy,' I said, 'for there is someone!' And I drew from my pocket the little morocco case containing her photograph.

"She took the case, and through her tears looked at the picture—a snapshot, showing her laughing, taken when I first knew her.

"'We used to laugh, didn't we?' she said. Then she added: 'Your picture of me for over there should not be a laughing picture. There is no more laughter in our world.'

"I explained that it was the only likeness of her that I had, small enough to carry constantly.

"'To-morrow,' she said, 'I will have another made—a picture of the woman whose heart goes with you and whose prayers attend you. Just one print, for you alone.'

"The new picture reached me just before I sailed. I have carried it ever since. To me, as I have said before, it is the portrait of an angel. No duplicate of it exists. In the farewell note with which it was inclosed she assured me of that. It is something entirely between her and me. That means a good deal to me. I thought of it when I was hit. I lay for a while in a shell hole turning things over in my mind, and the thought kept recurring: 'My uniform and equipment are the same as those of thousands of other fellows. If this is my finish they'll find me here, and I'll look pretty much like any other soldier killed in action; but they'll go through my effects and they'll find her picture in my pocket; and then I won't be like the rest. For she will give me individuality. We look a lot alike on the outside, but we're mighty different when it comes to the more personal things we carry in our pockets and our hearts.'"

He stopped speaking. We waited for a little while to see if he had finished; then thanked him for the story.

"Oh, I've enjoyed it," he said. "It's a luxury to talk of her." Then: "And now, major, it is your turn."

"Your description of this lady," the major began slowly, "might almost pass for that of the one of whom I am going to tell; with the qualification, however, that it describes her as she seemed to me when I first met her. In justice to the lady you have pictured, moreover, I should add that there are minor points in which the two would not resemble each other physically, while in character they would seem to represent opposite extremes. You spoke of large eyes set well apart. The beauty of the one of whom I speak was of the golden kind you have described, but though her eyes were of that heavenly blue, and were much admired—especially by men, for women sometimes said her eyes were predatory—they were not very large and were a little bit too close together. These defects were, however, almost completely overcome by the long upturning lashes which, when I first knew her and was feeling poetic about her, used to cause me to liken her eyes to mountain lakes with tall ferns growing at their margins. Also, her eyes were extraordinarily expressive. There was in them a veiled burning something which made them magnetic, mysterious, exciting, intoxicating. Even after I knew that the stories they told, and that her lips told, were utterly false, I have looked into her eyes and felt the strong spell of them overcoming me. To this spell

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# PLACES OF DREADFUL NIGHT

## By GEORGE PATTULLO



TWO red-necked doughboys were trudging up the muddy main street of a village about fifteen miles behind the front lines, in the Montdidier sector. It was a sweet, mellow afternoon, and they had been shooting craps in lee of the church with some guys from the medical corps.

Along came a girl, in a blue-gray uniform, who helped run the local Y. M. C. A. canteen. She was young, exceeding fair to see, and very well-bred; and she smiled and said "Hello!" For soldiers were just soldiers to her, and not individuals.

"Say," inquired one of them, turning his head for another look, "what's that girl's name anyhow?"

The other pondered a moment, snapped his fingers as a jog to memory, and then gave it up.

"Search me!" he answered. "But she sure can snore!"

"Boy, howdy! Where do you get that stuff, you rummy?"

"I'm giving it to you straight. Go and ask Slim if it ain't so. She slep' right beside me and Slim last night."

The statement was startling but true. With another Y. M. C. A. woman sharing her blankets she had slept not far from him and Slim, with only a bush between. I was there and slept not so many yards distant from the same bush, having horned in for the night between a young lieutenant of infantry and the brigade gas officer. Scattered up and down and round the fields were scores of soldiers and officers, snoring peacefully, with their noses pointed to the starry sky. What's more, there were probably half a hundred French civilians occupying choice bed sites under the brow of a ridge and just beyond a small orchard off the main highway.

It was not a picnic party or a frolic or a thrilling adventure or anything of that description. We were there because we didn't want to get bumped off and because we needed sleep. There was no sleep left in the dog-goned village and —— But I'll do the square thing by all concerned and tell you about it, for in the story of that night and certain other nights spent in towns and hamlets of cruelly harried France lies a warning to stay-at-homes of what war is growing to be for the civilian population—terror and death and ruin from out the dark.

### *All Front and No Back*

THE Front is no longer in the trenches. That used to be a figure of speech; to-day it is literally a fact. The Front has leap-frogged over the trenches—twenty, fifty, a hundred miles. Month by month the air forces of the belligerents carry it farther and farther, making life a hideous nightmare for the inhabitants of hundreds of cities and towns and villages remote from the sound of the guns.

You read much in your newspapers of raids on London and Paris, of Allied forays against Rhine towns and boche arsenals and military works. But the attacks on the capitals are sporadic undertakings. What you hear very little about is the nightly systematic assault on the morale of troops and civilians by bombing. That has developed on both sides to a point at which soldiers would almost prefer to be in the trenches to resting in towns within fifty miles of the front line.

During the year I have been with the American Expeditionary Force, I have seen aërial warfare progress from occasional attacks on important centers and rest billets to steady, merciless, scientific harassment of cantonments, railheads, junctions, large villages and towns. The night raiders carry on a ceaseless campaign to shatter the nerve of the fighting man and wear down the morale of the civilian population in all the territory they can reach.

More and more the war is getting up in the air. Planes above and gas on the ground threaten to become the decisive factors. The rate at which the employment of both has developed points to future warfare as a hideous contest of laboratory experts and a pitiless slaughter of noncombatants to supplement the slaughter of soldiers.

Were a hostile army to secure a footing anywhere near the American borders it could wreck by night raids every city and town within two hundred miles of its front. A year or two and the Atlantic itself will be no barrier. A year or two and a European power could wage dreadful war against us without an invader's ever setting foot on our shores. Which is another excellent reason why the present fight should be carried to a knockout, that some safeguards may be obtained for a permanent peace.

If Germany is not beaten before 1920 we shall see giant dreadnoughts crossing the seas a few thousand yards above the waves—all bound eastward, I hope.

But there I go like a swivel-chair expert, handing out predictions and prophecy, whereas all I set out to give was the unvarnished tale of how the Hun bombed us out of the village of X, so that we were fain to repose on the hard ground in close proximity to a fairly thin crop of wheat.

But let me repeat—the Front is coming back to the noncombatants faster and faster. In large areas of France and Germany, wives and mothers, sweethearts and grandmothers, old men and babies are almost as much on the Front as the troops in the trenches. They are constantly exposed to a terrible death without the power of striking back. If ever there be another war, which God forbid, you'll be as much in the zone of fighting in New York and Chicago, in St. Louis and Kansas City and San Francisco, in Salt Lake City and Worcester, in Dallas and Detroit, as the soldiers on the firing line.

Think that over. Think that over; then, on the first still, starry night step out and take a look at your home and its surroundings. Let the precious peace and content of it seep into your soul. In that home is all you hold dear. For it—and them—you toil and plan and guide your life.

Take a glance at the sky. Imagine you hear in the upper reaches the terrible drone of enemy machines. Comes a lurid glare, the rending crash of a raider's bomb, falling walls and a smother of dust. Tiny flames are licking and writhing in a huge crater where your house stood a moment before; and somewhere amid the smoking débris lie the broken bodies of your nearest and dearest.

Go out and picture it to yourself. Why shouldn't it happen to you? It has happened to thousands upon thousands of noncombatants in Europe. Go out and let the picture sink into your mind; and if you don't come back with your teeth set in a fierce and holy determination to beat the warmakers into helplessness for eternity, if you don't come back with a grim resolve to hold out against any compromise or patched-up peace—and a patched-up peace is precisely what Germany will try to put over in the near future—then there is something wrong with your works.

I have seen eleven thousand people pouring out of a French city to sleep in the quarries and fields, night after night. I have seen the roads leading from a score of towns behind the battle lines black with peaceful noncombatants, wheeling bedding and mattresses for a night's rest in the open. I have seen —— But let's get back to my cozy bed beyond X.

We were *en repos*. The division was in the line and making it hot for Heinie. One of the regiments had taken Cantigny, but the regiment to which I was temporarily attached happened to be out for a rest. It was billeted in various villages of the region, a portion of it in X, which was also brigade headquarters. Besides several hundred of our own soldiers there were a few French in the place and quite a flock of camions. These were lined up alongside the highway which ran through X, and they gave the village the appearance of a concentration point.

### *How the Enemy Plays it Safe*

EVERY night boche bombing machines came over that area to drop their tons of high explosives upon the American billets. Every night, from ten-thirty till two o'clock, we heard the rhythmical savage drone of their motors far up in the heavens. Every night our houses quivered to the shock of near-by explosions.

A small place about a mile from us appeared to be their special target. Again and again they bombed it, until, to the infantry resting there and the inhabitants who still clung to their homes, the dark hours became a shuddering horror.

Our turn arrived. We had long expected it and were ready. Trenches had been dug here and there for refuge, and everyone who felt inclined went into them on the approach of the raiders.

A select little coterie had been hustling there nightly at the first sound of the enemy machines. The bulk of the soldiers and the majority of the officers and civilians, however, gave no heed to the attacks. They slept tranquilly throughout the bombing, and either scorned to take cover or were too indifferent to the danger to do so. That is the way of the American soldier. He appears to regard caution as the badge of cowardice, the white feather, and goes calmly ahead, often taking wholly unnecessary chances—and suffering wholly unnecessary losses in consequence. It may be magnificent, but it isn't scientific war, and we are up against an antagonist who never neglects a safeguard, never takes a chance that does not serve a military purpose, and never sacrifices men except in attack. You may respect the courage of a bull which awaits in the middle of the track, with lowered head, the onrush of the engine, but you don't particularly admire his intelligence. Doubtless our men will change their viewpoint as time

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goes on, because war is a cold-blooded business, and as the French say: "You can't successfully oppose flesh and blood against a machine."

It was a still, clear night.

"No use going to bed," warned the brigade gas officer. "Why the devil can't it cloud up for a change?"

The majority ignored his prediction and turned in. About ten-thirty o'clock we caught the faint, distant hum of the boche's twin motors. Followed a scramble out of bed and a hurried exodus of sundry officers from billets. They headed for the nearest refuge, fearlessly led by a staff officer who had formerly been with the artillery. He wore a trench coat over his pajamas, high, thick trench boots and a tin hat. Arrived close to the mouth of the trench, which was in a garden back of a large house, they found their progress barred by three elderly fat Frenchwomen, residents of the village. One was afflicted with asthma and none of them showed any speed.

The raider was now over the village, circling to get the drop on his objective. But chivalry still lives, I am proud to say! Instead of brushing the ladies to one side or running over them, as their instincts prompted, the officers fell in behind, that the trio might gain the refuge first. It just shows what civilization will do for a man. To be sure, they felt like bouncing a rock off the foremost, who held up the entire party by her waddling bulk, yet they were able to pace slowly in rear without betraying a single murderous impulse.

And then she stuck. Merciful heavens, she stuck in the mouth of the trench! And now the boche airman was directly overhead, seemingly poised to let one go.

We dropped our nonchalance then and there. Our careless but jerky and breathless whispering ceased, and we fell madly upon the unfortunate lady to wrench her from her peril. I grabbed an arm, the staff officer got hold of a—he got a good hold—and we pulled. All together—a major, two captains, and aids beyond count—we pulled. She came with an abrupt give, and the opening was clear. Once more the Frenchwoman started in.

"Sideways, ma'am," implored the major; "sideways!"

Well, she filtered through somehow, and her two companions followed. The one with the asthma was wheezing painfully. She uttered little plaintive whimpers.

### *Time to be Up and Moving*

ACCORDING to seniority the major now had right of way, but the staff officer in pajamas beat him to it. He crowded close on the heels of the ladies, with the major right at his elbow. And then abruptly the line stopped a second time.

"For the love of Mike, move up!" cried those in rear.

"Get a move on! What're you stopping here for?" demanded the major. "We aren't half deep enough yet."

"If you will kindly step off my shoelaces, sir," answered the staff officer icily, "I shall be glad to move."

Just then came the tearing crash of the raider's bombs, and everybody grew rigid. But the murderer had missed. He dropped three on the edge of the village—one in an orchard, two in a wheat field. So after a while, when the noise of his machine had died, we came out of the trench and went to bed.

There are no *abris* in these small villages, no protection against bombs but what the trenches afford. And trenches are only of service against flying splinters. A direct hit would kill everybody in them.

It is true that many of the houses have cellars, but if a bomb struck a house the cellar is where it would explode, so that the residents in a village are helpless against aërial attacks. Round some of the larger towns they have posted antiaircraft batteries, but the lesser communities are lucky if they get a machine gun or two. I have heard them chattering and whirring like mad things during half a dozen raids, but never to my knowledge did they stop the raider from flying where he wanted. It is commonly said that airmen fear machine-gun barrages more than any other defense, and that many a night killer has been brought down by them, which statement I am prepared to accept. But I never saw it done, and I've seen a boche raider skim so close over our billets that it looked as though he could have been reached with a stone.

Next night we had another visitor. I heard the noise of his machine round eleven o'clock, but did not rise from bed. My billet was in a house facing on a lane, not fifty yards from a tent hospital in which were many wounded from the battle of Cantigny.

He was flying very low. An officer from Oklahoma who happened to be reposing in a field that night, for his health, told me next day that the boche descended within three or four hundred feet of the housetops. I doubt it, but anyway he was close above us.

Listen, old-timers—*écoutez moi*—whenever you hear a raider above you in the night get out of bed. Stand up on your hind legs. You won't be half so scared. I have tried all known methods—in a trench, sitting in a chair, in the street, in bed and under the bed—and the very best method of keeping a firm grip on your nerve is to be up and moving. The very worst is lying still under the covers. The waiting becomes then an unutterable agony of suspense.

Well, I lay there like a sick fish, and perspired. Whuh-whish! Bang! The bomb made two distinct sounds in its descent. I hit the floor about the time a shower of tile and dirt and dust struck the bed. Windows were falling somewhere, the glass tinkling in cascades.

Whuh-whish! Bang! A second bomb exploded. And now, mingled with the choking dust that surged through the door, was a sharp, stinging odor that burned my windpipe and made me gasp. Of course, I made sure I was gassed, but it was only the gas of the chemicals in the bomb, which you always get in close proximity to a detonation.

Next instant a dim groping figure appeared in the doorway and a voice sobbed in terror: "Oh, m'sieu, m'sieu!" It was the ancient landlady of my billet, a woman well beyond the allotted span. She came trembling and crying into the room, feeling her way blindly through the smother, and all she could say was "Oh, m'sieu, m'sieu!" Over and over again she cried it, moaning and weeping.

It happened that a machine-gun major occupied the room above; and I shouted up to him:

"Oh, H——, are you all right?"

No answer, and I yelled again. Then somebody turned over in bed. I heard a grunt and "Ho—hum—all ri'." Silence once more.

The landlady's married daughter had now arrived from the back of the house and took charge of her. I went upstairs to investigate. There was H—— in bed, sound asleep. I woke him up to find out whether he was perfectly well.

"Ho—hum—where the Sam Hill—yes, all ri'. Is that you, George? Wha's the matter?"

He had heard the bombs, of course; his room had rocked to them; but he was fresh from a dugout in a warm sector of the front line and utterly exhausted after four days without sleep. So in his dreams he was back in that dugout, and the raider's bombs were merely a new kind of shell.

Heinie managed to hit the village twice that night. His first bomb demolished a house across the lane from our billet and killed a mule in the yard; a second did some damage on the edge of X.

We looked at the holes in the earth, at the shattered walls and roofs, at the torn carcasses of sundry animals. And that night quite a number of us went quietly forth to sleep under the stars, a safe distance from town.

Arriving late I could not find my friends in the gloom.

"Oh, S——," I yelled, "where are you?"

Enemy airmen were already droning overhead, en route for the capital.

"Here!" replied the brigade gas officer from the darkness. "Front, show the gentleman his room. All those with a bath are gone, sir."

### *Safe and Sound in the Fields*

I CRAWLED in, between him and a lieutenant of infantry, under the brow of a ridge. The gas officer wore spurs for some reason or other—he had formerly been with the artillery, I take it. However that may be, he wore them and, being a stickler on matters military, refused to take the wretched things off so long as he was in uniform and with his boots on. It gave him a devilish advantage over us when an argument rose about covers in the chill of early morning.

That was the night the two Y. M. C. A. women slept on the hard ground. They took it as a fine lark, and we could hear them giggling as the boche planes went winging high in air. No bombs were dropped on X, but several villages adjacent to us were severely strafed.

What wonder that sleeping out grew to be popular in all that region! Both soldiers and civilians did it. They would pick out a nice spot in a field about three or four hundred yards from town, carry out some bedding shortly after nine o'clock, and obtain a sound night's rest. All round them bombs would be crashing; often they could lie snugly under the blankets and watch the boches dropping them in their own communities; but they were safe. And at dawn they returned.

Mark that. Despite the nightly punishment and the havoc wrought among their homes, the bulk of the civilian population did not forsake their towns. They stuck it out, carrying on their farming during the day as though nothing were wrong with the world.

Such are the nights the population, and the American soldier, spend close behind the Front. Come with me now down the long white road leading Parisward from X, down the white road that runs through Beauvais. It is congested with motor trucks at this hour, which is eight o'clock of a June evening, but it is a noble avenue, bordered with magnificent trees.

And Beauvais is a noble old city. It was the chief town of the Bellovaci when the Romans invaded Gaul under Cæsar, and it has withstood many a stout assault since. The English failed to take it in 1433, and the celebrated Jeanne Hachette led its brave burghers against Charles the Bold in 1472. There is a statue to her in Beauvais, unless the Hun has knocked it down very recently. The cathedral is one of the largest in France, a dream creation of flying buttresses, on the order of Notre Dame in Paris. For many years the city has been an important manufacturing center, noted for its silks and carpets and tapestries.

As we near Beauvais you can see the vast upper body of the cathedral

(Concluded on Page 58)



DRAWING BY CHARLES HARRIMAN, JR.

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# JAVA HEAD

## By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

VII

THE days to Nettie Vollar seemed to be both unutterably dull and colored by a possibility of excitement like an undercurrent of hardly perceptible fever. Hermother, it was true, took on herself most of the duties of Barzil Dunsack's house; but there were still a large number of little things that returned unvaried with every morning, noon and night for the girl's attention. The cause of any impending excitement—except the mere presence of Gerrit Ammidon in Salem, now surely of no moment to her—she was unable to place. The feeling that pervaded her most was the heavy conviction that her life was a complete waste; she had the sensation of being condemned to stay in surroundings, in a service that never for a moment represented her desire or true capabilities. Her family, as she had grown into maturity, seemed strange, her place there an unhappy accident.



*His Voice Rang in a Slow, Emphasized Fervor: "'Thine Own Wickedness Shall Correct Thee, and Thy Backslidings Shall Reprove Thee'"*

At her brightest periods she pictured being suddenly, arbitrarily removed into happier appropriate regions. For a time that vision had assumed the tangible shape of Gerrit Ammidon; then this comfortable figure had abruptly left her to an infinitely more seldom return of her faint indefinite hope.

Through the inordinate number of hours when she was potentially alone she had developed a strain of almost painful thought, out of keeping with the whole of her naturally unreflective being. In moments such as the present—she was sitting in her room overlooking Hardy Street on its landward reach—she followed the slow turnings of her mind in the manner of a child spelling out a sentence. Two things seemed to her of the first importance—the existence into which she had been forced by the circumstance of her birth, and her unknown father himself; unknown, that is, except for vague promptings and desires, which for want of a better reason she traced to his personality. That he was superior, in that he had had a distinct measure of gentle blood, she was assured by her mother on one of the rare occasions when the subject was touched between them. To that she credited the greater part of her obscure dissatisfaction with conditions which she described as mean.

The latter evidently didn't disturb her mother or grandfather; she realized that the long-drawn silent severity of the old man had crushed what spirit her mother may have had. It was clear that the elder woman had been very pretty, with wide fluttering eyes that made you think of gray moths, and delicately colored cheeks; but all that had been crushed too. She was meek in a way that filled her daughter with determined resentment and fear. The resentment sprang from the silent assertion that she wouldn't be worn down like that; the fear followed the realization of the rigid power of the old man and the weight of all that held her powerless to escape. Naturally she was rather cheerful than somber; an involuntary gayety burst from her in the drabbest moments; she even defied Barzil Dunsack with ribbons and flowers on her bonnet.

The prospect from her window offered no relief from the interior. It was true that in the other direction she could catch glimpses of the harbor; by leaning out she could get the comparatively full sweep at the bottom of the street. But there were usually things ugly and restraining between her and the freedom of the horizon. Her favorite place had been at the edge of the grass above the tide; but since his return Edward Dunsack had hit upon it too; and his proximity made her increasingly uneasy. For one thing he talked to himself out loud, principally in Chinese, and the sliding unintelligible tongue, accompanied by the sight of his gaunt yellow face, his inattentive fixed eyes, gave her an icy shiver. It was almost worse when he conversed with her in a palpable effort at an effect of sympathy.

She rose and wandered finally to the embankment of the garden. The water shimmered under the full flood of afternoon; she was gazing at the distance in an aimless manner that had lately fastened on her, when she heard a stirring of the grass behind her and Edward Dunsack approached. He was livid in the pitiless light, and seemed terribly fragile, a thing that a mere clap of thunder might crumble to nothing; she felt that she could sweep him away with a broom; yet at the same time there were startling gleams of inner violence, a bitter energy, an effect of deepness that appalled her.

"If you should ask me," he declared, "if my opinion is of any value, I'd say that Ammidon owed you considerable. He led you to expect something better than his running away without a word; I'd have an explanation out of him. Of course if he had come back married—this affair with a Chinese woman isn't that—it would be all over. But somehow with things as they are I can't believe that it is."

"Do you expect me to go to their house, as you did?" she replied resentfully.

He turned such a malicious face on her that instinctively she moved back. For a moment he was silent, his meager leaden lips drawn tight over dark teeth in a dry grin, his fingers like curved wires; then relaxing he cursed the entire house of Ammidon.

"The truth is," he ended, "that you were a little fool. You had everything, everything in your hand and threw it away."

His gaze strayed from her to the surface of the water a short distance from the land.

"Threw it away," he repeated; "it can't be got in this country either."

He was, she thought, crazy. However, all that he said about Gerrit lingered in her mind; it fanned to new life the embers of her rebellion. If a chance should come she would let Gerrit Ammidon know something of the wrong he had done her. As her uncle had pointed out, the Chinese woman was different from an American, a white woman. Their entire position, Gerrit's and her own, was peculiar, outside ordinary judgments.

She saw him occasionally from a distance, as she must continue to do while he was in Salem, since no opportunity had been made for them to exchange words. That must come from Gerrit.

Her mother called her, and she went in, finding the elder in the kitchen.

"I can't enough hea bake," she wor "you can bear hand right in oven. Your gr father won't his sponge bi for supper."

"I certai wouldn't le bother me," N declared.

"Just tell and let him what he likes.

Her mot turned, palp startled.

"But ——" began weakly.

"I know exa what you're g to say," Nettie in; "he has it e night and he'll pect it. How m I'd like to have you been pecting all y life, and get nothing? And I am the same don't believe w as wicked as gra father lets on; I'm certain not as good as thinks. I don't mit we are goin hell, either; if I I can tell you I'd be different. I'd have a good time, some other girls I see. I guess it would be good, a how—with silk flounces four yards around. I'm what I because I don't listen to him; I don't pay any attent to the pious old women who make long faces at us."

"You mustn't talk like that, Nettie," her mother p tested anxiously. "It has a right hard sound. Your gra father is a very upright, religious man. It's proper for th who sin to suffer in this world that they may be hum for the next."

"I don't want to be humble," Nettie told her. "' Ammidons aren't humble. Mrs. Saltonstone isn't."

A pain deepened visibly on the elder's pale countenan

"You mustn't think it doesn't hurt me, Nettie, t to see you away from all the pleasure. It tears at heart dreadful. That is part of the punishment."

The girl made a vivid gesture.

"But you sit back and take it!" she cried. "You tall it as punishment. I won't! I won't! I'm going to something different."

"What?" her mother demanded, terrified.

"I don't know," Nettie admitted. "But if I had it to over I'd kiss Gerrit Ammidon as soon as he looked for

"Nettie, do you—do you think he wanted to ma you?"

"Yes," she answered shortly. "He's like that. Wh ever you might say against him he's honest."

Her mother began to cry—large slow tears that ro out of her eyes without a sound. She sat with lax, hope hands in her lap of cheap worn dress stuff. Nettie Vo felt no impulse toward crying; she was bright with ange anger at what Barzil Dunsack had done with her moth at the harm he had worked in her.

"You are a saint compared to Uncle Edward," asserted. "I don't know what's wrong with him, but th is something."

"I've noticed it too: times his eyes are glazed like, then his staring at you like a cat. It's a fact he doesn't right, and he forgets what's said as soon as a body spea Might he have some Chinese disease, do you think?"

"It's not like a real sickness. . . ."

The evening in the dreary sitting room with only reddish illumination of one lamp was almost unendura Her grandfather sat with broad wasted hands gripping shrunken knees, his eyes gazing stonily out above a n netted with fine blue veins and harsh mouth almost c cealed by the curtain of beard. Edward rose uneasily returned, casting a swelling and diminishing shadow obscurely unnatural like himself—over the faded weather-stained wall paper. Her mother was bowed, spee less. Nettie wanted to scream, to horrify them all w

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some outrageous remark. She would have liked to knock the lamp from the table, send it crashing over the floor, and see the flames spread out, consume the house, consume ——

She stopped, horrified at her thoughts.

She didn't want things like that in her mind, she continued, but the echo of dancing, of music, of the Salem Band marching up Essex Street with Mr. Morse playing his celebrated silvery fanfare on the bugle. She wanted to laugh, to talk—yes, to love! Why, she was young, barely twenty-one; and here she was in a house like the old cemetery on Charter Street. Before they went to bed her grandfather would read out from the Bible, but always the Old Testament. Finally he rose and secured the volume, bound in dusty calf, its pages brown along the edges. His voice rang in a slow emphasized fervor:

"'Hast thou not procured this unto thyself, in that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, when he led thee by the way?

"'And now what hast thou to do in the way of Egypt, to drink the waters of Sihor? or what hast thou to do in the way of Assyria, to drink the waters of the river?

"'Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee: know therefore and see that it is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, and that my fear is not in thee, saith the Lord God of hosts.

"'For of old time I have broken thy yoke, and burst thy bands; and thou saidst, I will not transgress; when upon every high hill and under every green tree thou wanderest, playing the harlot.

"'Yet I had planted thee a noble vine, wholly a right seed: how then art thou turned into the degenerate plant of a strange vine unto me?

"'For though thou wash thee with nitre ——'"

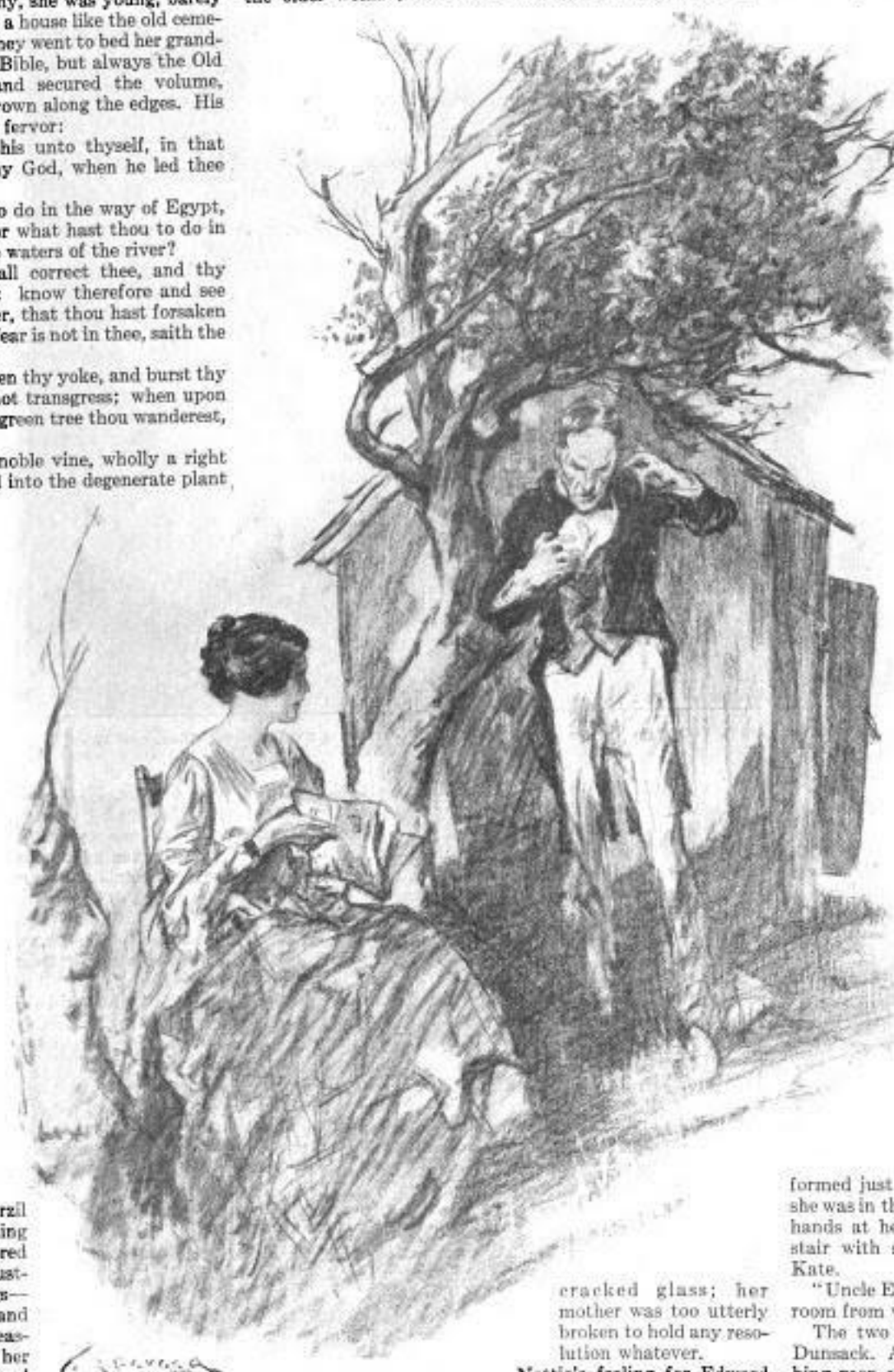
Nettie was impressed, intimidated, in spite of the contrary resolution in the kitchen. The words seemed to burn into her mother, herself, like boiling fat from a pan; and a great relief flooded her when she could escape again to the temporary relief of her room. It was hot, the windows were up, and she made no light, that might attract mosquitoes or force her to draw the close shades. She stood undressed, luxuriating in the sense of freedom of body. She was richly white in the gloom; her full young beauty gave her a feeling of contentment and strength, and equally a great loneliness. It wasn't corrupt, a "degenerate plant," she thought with a passionate conviction like a cry.

She determined to say no prayer to such a ruthless Being; yet soon after, in her coarse nightgown, she found herself kneeling by the bed with hard-clasped hands. It was a prayer for which Barzil Dunsack would have had nothing but condemnation. She implored the dark, the mystery of Augustness, for carnal and light things—yes, for waltzes and quadrilles and songs and pleasure—young pleasure, all the aching desires of her health and spirit and nature and years; but most for love. She said the last blindly in an instinct without definition, with the feeling that it was the key, the door, to everything else; and in her mind rose the image of Gerrit Ammidon. She saw his firm direct countenance, the frosty blue eyes and human warmth. He needn't have come at all, she added, if it had been only to double the dreariness of her existence.

She wondered a little, her emotion subsiding, at the interest her uncle showed in her affairs. It wasn't like what else she had gathered of him; and she searched, but without success, for any hidden reason he might have. He actively blackened the name of Ammidon while he was lost in too great an indifference to be moved by any but extraordinary pressures. Everything left his mind, as her mother had said, almost immediately. Suddenly weary, she gave up all effort at understanding.

A wind moved in from the sea, fluttering the light curtains, and brought her a sense of coolness and release. It came from the immense free sweep of ocean, to which her sinking consciousness turned in peaceful recognition and surrender.

Altogether in the days that followed she realized a greater degree of mental freedom than before her revolt. She had removed herself, it appeared, a little outside the family, almost as if she were studying them calmly through a window. A large part of the terror her grandfather had possessed for her had disappeared, leaving for her recognition a very old and worn man; she was sorry for her mother with a deep affection mixed with impatience. At first she had tried to put something of her own revived spirit into the older woman, but it was like pouring water into a cracked glass; her mother was too utterly broken to hold any resolution whatever.



*"The Truth is," He Ended, "That You Were a Little Fool. You Had Everything, Everything, in Your Hand and Threw it Away"*

Nettie's feeling for Edward Dunsack became an instinctive deep distrust. It was almost impossible for her to remain when—as he so often did now—he approached her to talk about the injustice of her mode of life and the debt Gerrit Ammidon owed her. He would stand with his fingers twitching, talking in a rapid sharp voice, blinking continuously against any light brighter than that of a shaded room or dusk. He seldom left the office or went out through the day; his place at the dinner table was far more often empty than not. But after their early supper, in the long, late June twilights, he had an inexhaustible desire for her to stroll with him. She occasionally agreed, for the reason that they invariably passed in the vicinity of Washington Square and Pleasant Street and saw the impressive block of the Ammidon mansion. However, they never met any of its inmates. Once they had walked directly by the entrance. Some girls, perhaps a woman, certainly two men, were grouped in the doorway; it was growing dark and Nettie couldn't be certain.

Edward Dunsack clearly hesitated before the bricks leading in between the high white fence posts topped with carved twisting flames; and in a sudden agony at the possibility of his stopping, Nettie hurried on, her cheeks flaming and her heart, she thought, thumping in her throat.

Her uncle followed her. There was a trail of intimate merriment from the portico, a man's voice mingling gayly with those of the girls.

"That was the Brevard who's in the Mongolian Marine Insurance Company," Edward Dunsack informed her. "I hear he's a great hand for leading cotillons and balls—the balls you ought to take part in."

On and on he went with the familiar recital of her wrongs. It carried them all the way over Pleasant and Essex and Derby Streets, home.

The next day, however, he was forced to go about the town, and returned for dinner in a state of excitement evident to anyone.

He ate without attention whatever was before him, and, extravagantly pleasant, related how he had conversed with Mrs. Gerrit Ammidon in the family carriage in front of the countinghouse of Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone on Liberty Street. Nettie was surprised that his concern was caused by such a commonplace event.

"The women of China ——"

Words failing him, he waved a thin, dry hand. His father frowned heavily. Then abruptly, as if he had been snatched out of his chair by an invisible powerful clutch, he started up and disappeared.

The afternoon passed the full, and Nettie, bound in preparation for supper, for Redmond's, the Virginia Oysterman's at Derby Wharf, stood waiting for some money.

"I can't think where I left my reticule," her mother called, "unless it's in Edward's room, where I cleaned this morning. Just run up and see. He'll be at the office."

Above, Nettie found the door closed, but it opened readily as she turned the knob: she went in without hesitation. The interior she naturally thought was empty; and then with an unreasoning cold fear she saw that Edward Dunsack was lying on the bed. Some of his clothes were tumbled on the floor, and he wore his black Chinese gown. The room was permeated with a heavy smooth odor; on a stand at her uncle's hand was a curious collection of strange objects—a little brass lamp with a flickering bluish flame, a black-and-silver object like a swollen unnatural pipe, stained bodkins, a lump of what she took to be tar.

Her attention was caught by Edward Dunsack's face; it had fallen back with his pinched chin pointing toward the ceiling, it was the color of yellow clay, and through his half-opened eyelids was an empty glimmer of gray-white. She shrank away involuntarily, and the word "Dead!" formed just audibly on her trembling lips. In an instant she was in the hall, calling in a panic-stricken voice, her icy hands at her throat; and her grandfather mounted the stair with surprising agility, followed by his daughter, Kate.

"Uncle Edward," Nettie articulated, waving toward the room from which she had fled.

The two women followed the rigid advance of Barzil Dunsack. As he saw the figure of his son there was a stabbing gasp of his breath. He halted for a moment, and it seemed to Nettie Vollar that suddenly his determined carriage crumbled, his shoulders sagged; then he went forward. The bed had high slender posts that at one time supported a canopy, but now they were bare, and an old hand held to one as he bent over.

"Is he dead?" the older woman asked.

Barzil Dunsack made no immediate reply; his gaze turned from his son to the stand, the fluttering lamp and its accessories. His head moved slowly in the act of sniffing the pungent haze swimming in the interior. Nettie could see his face, and she was appalled by an expression grimmer than any she remembered; it was harsh, implacable and stricken, as empty of blood as the countenance on the bed. The hand on the post tightened until it, too, was linen white.

Nettie drew close to her mother's side, putting a supporting arm about the soft shaking shoulders.

"No," said Barzil Dunsack in a booming voice, "not dead, and yet dead forever. Go downstairs," he commanded.

They backed, confused, to the door. "If Edward is sick ——" Kate Vollar began.

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The old man's face blazed with intolerable pain and anger. "Woman," he demanded, "can you cure what God has smitten?"

His eyes alone, hard and bright in the seamed and hairy face, drove them out into the hall.

Below in the sitting room Nettie exclaimed: "He might have told us something!"

"Whatever it is," her mother returned, "it's dreadful bad. I've felt that all along about Edward; he's never been himself this last time."

Mechanically she found her reticule beside the painted ostrich egg from Africa.

"You'll have to get the oysters anyhow," she told her daughter, maintaining the inevitable pressure of small necessities that defied all tragedy and death.

Nettie escaped with an enormous relief into the sunny normal tranquillity of the afternoon. The house had become too horrible to bear; and even on the thronged length of Derby Wharf, like a street robbed of its supports and thrust out into the harbor, she was followed by the vision of Edward Dunsack's peaked clayey face.

She got the oysters, and in an overwhelming reluctance to return walked out to the end of the wharf, where a ship was discharging her cargo—heavy plaited mats of cassia with a delicate scent, red and blue slabs of marble, baskets of granular cakes of gray camphor, rough brown logs of teak, smooth dull yellow rolls of gamboge, bags with sharp conflicting odors, baled silks and half chests of tea wrapped in bamboos and matting painted with the ship's name, Rose and Rosalie.

There Nettie found herself beside a little girl clasping the hand of a bulky old gentleman in pongee and a palm-leaf hat and following every operation with a grave critical regard.

"I guess," the little girl said to her companion, "it's only the cheap sort of tea, a late picking, or it would be in canisters."

She was, Nettie realized, the youngest Ammidon child with her grandfather. The latter looked round and recognized Nettie Vollar.

"How's Barzil Dunsack?" he asked immediately.

She was at a loss for an answer, since she could not describe the subject of the inquiry as all right or explain their unhappy condition.

"Intend to stop in," Jeremy Ammidon continued. "Last time I was there I went up like a rocket."

Laurel—that was the child's name, she remembered—gazed at her intently.

"I was saying to grandfather," she repeated precisely, "that this wasn't really much of a cargo. Nothing like the one Uncle Gerrit brought back in the Nautilus. We were having an argument about Salem too. But of course all the big cargoes are going into Boston," she sturdily confronted the flushed old man.

"You're William all over again," he asserted, almost annoyed.

Both their expressions grew stubborn in a manner that in view of their great difference in age and experience Nettie thought quite absurd. What a beautiful dress the child had on—Porto Rico drawn work, with pale yellow ribbons to her bonnet! "I wish you'd stay here a minute with Nettie Vollar," Jeremy told her, "while I see the wharfinger."

He went unhurried along the wharf, and Laurel Ammidon drew closer to her.

"She's not much of a ship, either," Laurel said, indicating the Rose and Rosalie. "She's built like—like grandfather. They're different now. I went to New York to see the Sea Witch launched, and she's the tallest vessel afloat, with three standing skysail yards and ringtail and water sails. She's black and has a gilded dragon for a figurehead; and, though she went out in a gale, ran to Rio in twenty-five days. I talked to Captain Waterman too; he commanded the Natchez, you know."

"You've studied a lot on ships," Nettie commented.

"I know the main truck from a jewel block," Laurel replied complacently. "But Camilla's a frightful lubber. I should think she'd make Uncle Gerrit sick. She does me."

Nettie Vollar was seized by the temptation to question Laurel about Gerrit Ammidon, about his wife—anything that touched or concerned him. A wave of emotion swept over her, a loneliness and desire the cause of which she would not face. She wanted to take Laurel's hand in hers, and with the old ponderous comfortable gentleman go up to the serenity of their gardens and wide happy house. She wanted Gerrit Ammidon to smile at her with his eyes blue like a fair sea. . . . His father was returning.

Laurel again grasped the large hand and they turned to leave. Jeremy Ammidon nodded to Nettie. Nothing remained for her but the house on Hardy Street. Then she saw that the others had stopped and were signaling for her.

"Captain Dunsack . . . old friend," the elder said abruptly. "Stubborn as the devil! No worse than me, though; no worse than me. Confounded proud too! You let me know if there is anything—that is, if you need ——"

He stopped, breathing stormily, glaring at her in an assumed angry impatience.

"Thank you," she answered, "but there's nothing."

What most shocked her on the return home was the manner in which their life callously continued when she felt it should have been shattered by their suffering in Edward Dunsack's room; yet not so much theirs as her grandfather's. He took his place at the head of the table, the grace went up as loudly as ever above their heads; but in spite of that she saw that the old man suddenly looked infinitely older. His knife slipped insecurely and scraped against the plate in fumbling and palsied hands. All at once she had a feeling of gazing straight into his heart and finding—like a burning ruby hidden in earth—such an agony beneath his schooled exterior that she choked thinking about it.

Nettie wondered what he would do if she put an affectionate arm about his neck and told him of their sympathy. She knew now that her Uncle Edward had been smoking opium, and that it was a worse vice, more hopeless and destructive, than drink. But she was certain that he'd repel her; he looked on them all—Edward Dunsack, her mother and herself—as sinful, "degenerate plants." Even now, she realized, there was no weakening of his spiritual fibers such as had plainly overtaken his physical being. He had a blasting contempt for the unrighteous flesh.

When they had risen from the table Edward Dunsack appeared, and sinking weakly into a chair demanded a cup of tea. He knew nothing of their discovery, of the fact that they had stood above his revolting insensibility. After the tea he seemed to revive; he lighted a cheroot and said something about going out. It wasn't possible, however; his knees sagged walking the length of the floor; in the sitting room he fell into a leaden apathy. Nettie Vollar's gaze rested on the volume of the life of the missionary who had died at such an early age on the Isle of France. The lamplight spread over the depressing mustard-yellow paint of the woodwork with its obviously false graining and deepened the blackness of the fireplace. Throughout the reading of the Scripture Edward Dunsack never shifted his slumped position; his face, with smudged closed eyes, seemed fixed in a skeptical smile. The hollows of his temples were green.

The reading finished, old Barzil said: "I wish to speak to Edward alone."

The latter straightened up. "Eh!" he exclaimed. "What?"

He resettled his stock and crossed a knee with a show of ease. Nettie followed her mother from the room. Her last impression was that of a startling resemblance between young man and old—her uncle's face was as ruined as the other's—between father and son.

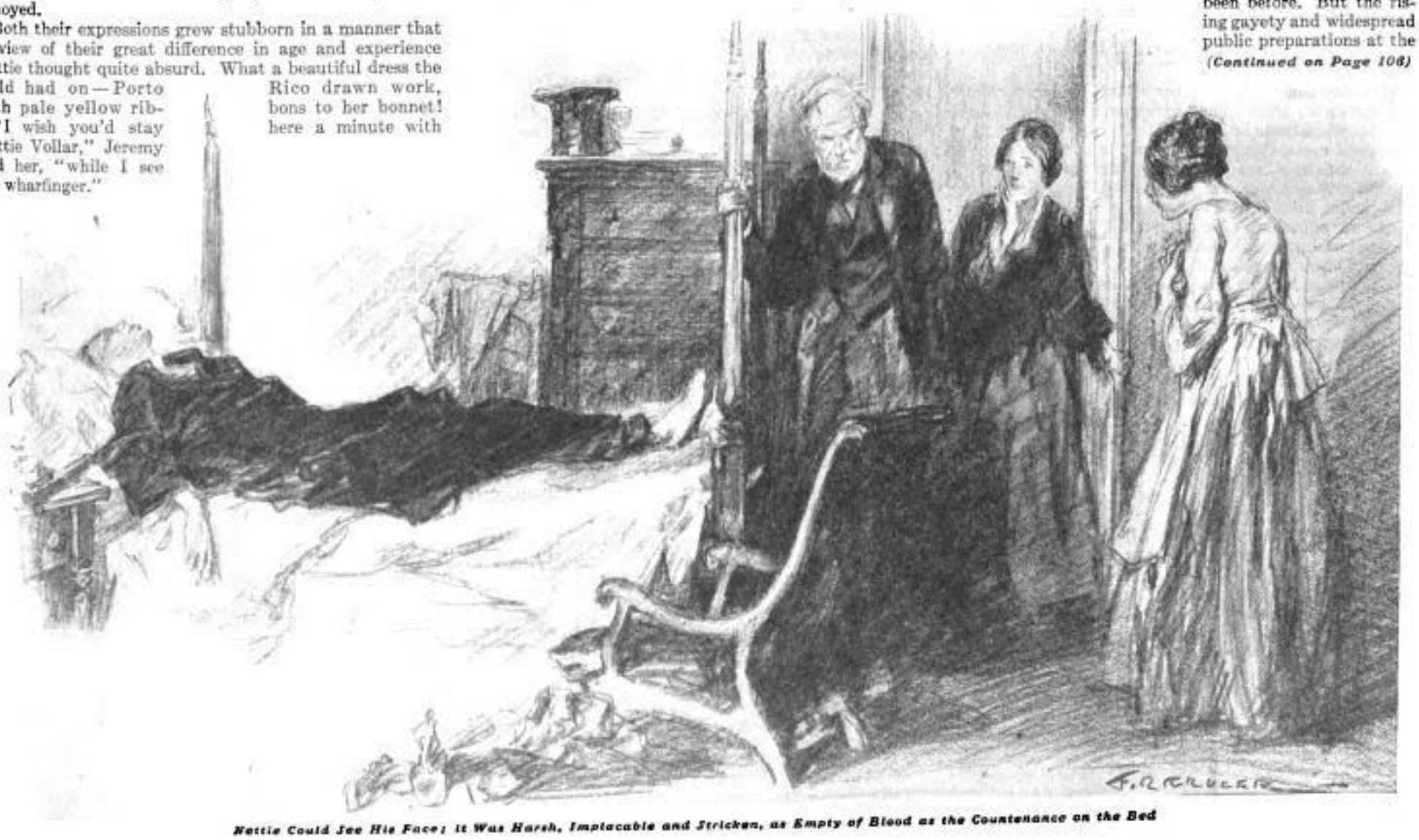
"I wish he'd go away," her mother surprisingly asserted; "I won't sleep for thinking of him lying there like a corpse."

"He'll not," Nettie replied, musing; "something is holding him we still don't know of."

She had lately begun to realize a great many things of which only a month before she had not been aware—that sudden illuminating view of old Barzil's inner pain, of her mother's wasted spirit, and the sense that some unguessed potent motive was at the back of her Uncle Edward's apparently erratic strolling and reiterations. Nettie stopped to wonder a little at the change in herself; she was more alive, more included. There were no reasons that she could see why this should be so; never had the present, the entire future, been darker. With her deeper consciousness, too, came an increased shrinking from life, a greater capacity for injury; and there could be no doubt that it was an older Nettie Vollar who in her mirror returned the questioning in the resentful black eyes.

No further mention was made of the opium, no hint escaped from the two men of what Barzil Dunsack had said to his son after the evening reading of the Bible. An evidence of the miserable episode was visible for a while in the difficulty of any attempted general conversation; then that died away and everything was apparently as it had been before. But the rising gayety and widespread public preparations at the

(Continued on Page 106)



*Nettie Could See His Face: It Was Harsh, Implacable and Stricken, as Empty of Blood as the Countenance on the Bed*

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 26, 1918


## If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

## Education

ONE day early in September a little company of men met in an office. They were about to undertake one of the weightiest businesses that can devolve upon American men. One of them was the superintendent of education; the others were principals of the several public schools of the city. The school year was beginning. From that day on until June the minds of more than fifty thousand young Americans would be officially in the hands of the men in that room. Their discussion, in a general way, was as to how they should deal with those young minds.

The superintendent presented a very important idea—namely, that the children's compositions should be kept in portfolios, with the names and grades marked on the outside; also that a hundred per cent in spelling should be required of graduates. Somebody earnestly urged that more attention should be paid to oral arithmetic. Nobody even hinted that the subject of a world war might be mentioned during the year to those fifty thousand young Americans.

And that particular city is typical. Most of our public-school instruction in this year 1918 is ordered like that—with reference to how high a pupil should stand in spelling and what attention should be given to oral arithmetic, but with no reference to anything that has happened since July, 1914.

Some millions of young Americans sit day after day within walls that hear no echoes from Metz and St. Quentin—whose echoes, in fact, take no cognizance that such a thing as a Western Front exists in the world. They are the only walls of that description in all America.

If you are of age probably you do not realize that the fighting round Santiago, Cuba, is the latest American military exploit which is brought to the attention of the coming generation by those who are specially trained and paid to engage its attention.

It is an old and melancholy subject—this scholasticism of most of our public-school instruction, its obstinate detachment from life.

Some weeks ago we saw a big brown tent pitched a few rods off the main street of a village. The banner over the entrance said Chautauqua. The tent was packed and overflowing with an audience listening to a young man in khaki. Considered strictly as a literary performance, it was not a remarkable war lecture; but we saw dozens of children sitting breathless—there a boy with parted lips, his eyes rapt and shining; here a girl whose slim throat contracted with emotion.

That figure on the platform had been in it; his hands had touched the guns; his eyes had seen the trenches. He would be an awful blockhead who could not take that for a point of departure and get those children interested in American history. But next week those same children would sit half stupefied over a colorless account of the War of 1812.

They say it cannot be done; that the textbooks were all prepared long before the war; that education must begin with the old stuff. All the same, it will be done. It has got to be done.

Boring children and then complaining that they will not learn properly is not educating them. Public-school instruction must find its points of departure in the living bustling world, to which pupils' interest naturally runs.

## More!

ONE day comes Secretary Baker with a detailed statement that the War Department must have seven billion dollars more than it figured on a few months ago—raising the year's war bill above thirty billions. There are the objects and the items, calculated to a dollar.

Next day comes Mr. Hoover with a statement that we must ship seventeen million tons of food across the Atlantic—all worked out to the last ton on the basis of carefully examined facts. Three and a half million American soldiers in France must be fed; the needs of the allied armies and civilian populations are just so much.

That is the law of this war. Its one persistent word is More!

You know what you have done to meet the war in saving food, fuel and money. It is not enough. Look about—on any city street, into any hotel, in a country town, on a farm. Compare what you see with what you have read about conditions where there is a real war pinch. You know well enough that the belt can be tightened many notches.

We have now entered the great year of the war. We can finish it within a twelvemonth; but probably by nothing short of the greatest effort of which we are capable. That German line is still a long way from the Rhine. Say to yourself "More!" with every motion you make—until the Kaiser says "Enough!"

## Necessaries

IF THE question had come up during the Civil War anyone would have said that a device by which a man could talk to his neighbors over a wire was certainly unessential; but we consider telephones essential nowadays.

With the exception of wheat, there has hardly been an article of food on which Europe and America have leaned more heavily during the war than on potatoes, which were unknown to white men until Spaniards discovered them in South America in the sixteenth century.

A few years before Europe saw the first potato it saw the first portable timepiece, or watch, which we should hardly know how to get along without now. Yet, if you consider it, to only one person out of a thousand is a watch really essential. The other nine hundred and ninety-nine could get along without portable timepieces if they only thought so.

Adam Smith reports: "The first person in England who wore stockings is said to have been Queen Elizabeth, who received them as a present from the Spanish Ambassador." We could go back to winding our legs in cloth and get through the day's work.

Taine suggests that civilization began in England when the population found out how to warm a habitation without suffocating in smoke.

At every step backward along the human path something that we now, as a matter of course, take to be essential to living disappears. At every step forward some new convenience gets woven into our habits; so that we presently, as a matter of course, take it for an essential; and once we have so taken it, it becomes just as essential as anything else.

Fifty years hence the essentialness of automobiles will no more be questioned than the essentialness of watches or stoves.

## The Value of an Income

A PROPERLY graded income tax is the fairest of taxes; but it is impossible to devise any broad scheme of taxation that bears with exact equality on those subject to it.

In 1916 only some fourteen thousand farmers reported taxable income—or, roughly, one out of four hundred; while about one doctor out of fourteen and one lawyer out of five paid income tax. Those facts have been held up as evidence of the comparative poverty of farming; but one must have a very limited knowledge of American life not to know that a farmer with a net cash income of four thousand dollars a year is, at least nine times out of ten, much better off in every material way than a city professional man with the same income. He pays no house rent, an item that probably absorbs a fifth of the income of a man in a big city earning four thousand a year. He gets a great deal of food without cash outlay. Nine times out of ten he enjoys that satisfaction which comes of a secure independent position; while a city doctor earning four thousand a year treads a more or less precarious path, with anxieties over his family's future. In satisfactions, a farmer's four-thousand-dollar net cash income is worth more than a city professional man's income of the same amount.

What sane man would hesitate between choice of a four-thousand-dollar income from investments, that came to him regularly and certainly without effort on his part, and a like income to be earned by work that consumed most of his daylight hours week in and week out, with the standing chance that it might stop at the end of any week through his illness or loss of his position?

As a means of satisfaction the first income is worth double the second.

At its best, taxation is only a rough approximation to the equities of the case—tolerable when it bears with comparative lightness upon the whole sum of national income.

## Farms and Railroads

IN RAILROAD parlance an original shipment is one that is not received from any other line, but starts its journey on the line in question. Year after year about two-fifths of all the grain raised in the United States—wheat, corn, oats, barley, rye and buckwheat—moves on railroads in original shipments. In some cases the same grain may be counted twice, as where it is shipped from a country elevator to a terminal warehouse, then presently taken out of the terminal warehouse and shipped to the seaboard.

From twenty to forty per cent more than all the cotton produced in the country moves on railroads in original shipments—being shipped, warehoused and shipped again, so that in tonnage "originating on line" the roads handle the whole crop and from one-fifth to two-fifths more. Original rail shipments of tobacco amount to more than double the crop; and of wool they amount to from two and a half to three times the total domestic product—but here imported wool counts in railroad returns.

These figures, compiled by the Department of Agriculture from Interstate Commerce Commission reports, give as impressive an idea as anything well could of the tremendous rôle that land transportation by rail plays in American industry, and particularly in farm industry.

The rate advances ordered by Director McAdoo have been accepted without question or complaint by everybody, with the negligible exception of a few who are professionally engaged in attacking railroad charges. Undoubtedly the country at large understands that its paramount interest in railroads is in good service.

## Growing

PIG iron is the basic article for iron and steel products. In 1913—our best year before the war—we made thirty-one million tons of it against Germany's nineteen million tons and England's ten million. The Government is calculating on something over twenty million tons of steel in the last half of 1918.

In 1913 we exported, in round numbers, a billion dollars' worth of manufactures, against a little over two billion by Great Britain and a little under two billion by Germany.

In 1917 our exports of manufactures were somewhat over four billions; England's about two billions; Germany's practically nil.

The Census Bureau calculated the value of all manufactures in 1914 at twenty-four billion dollars. Our imports of raw materials to be used in manufactures have doubled since then. Probably the value of manufactures has doubled. Allow for a seventy-five-per-cent advance in commodity prices, and there is still a large gain. Gross value of farm products in 1917 was double the 1913 figure. Individual bank deposits were twenty-six billions in 1917 against seventeen billions in 1913.

The dark side of war absorbs attention. It ought to. But economically there are great offsets to the losses—wholly due to better organization, higher energy, and more teamwork in the broadest sense. If the war ends next year the United States will be stronger industrially and economically than it ever was before. It should face the future with a higher confidence than ever before.

That future will be in our own hands. If we can use the opportunity intelligently there is nothing to fear.

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# THE SUBMERGED SLEUTHS

## By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

THE original submarine was called Nemo—or was Nemo the name of the captain? It is a long time since I read Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea—but anyhow there was a Nemo in it somewhere, and in these war days that is a very good name for all our submarines operating in foreign waters—an excellent name—so in the course of this narrative of the doings of our underseas craft I shall call each one the United States Submarine Nemo, and if the enemy can get any information out of that he is smarter than he has yet shown himself to be.

To proceed: One of the lads on the United States Submarine Nemo was by way of being a song-and-dance artist before he put on the navy blue, and he cheered the crew of his sub on the long vigils with songs and parodies of his own contrivance. A favorite on Nemo is a parody of that good old one Sailing, and this is the way it begins:

*Trailing, trailing, under the bounding main;*
*The sub comes up, and looks around, and then goes down again.*

There is plenty more, but those two lines are enough, for in them is epitomized the work of the submarine operating defensively in war waters; that is, the United States submarine and the English submarine—which are not out to sink merchant vessels or hospital ships or to shell survivors in lifeboats, but are detailed to stalk the German subs who take their pleasure in such murderous diversions—stalk them and fight them, and sink them if possible; to warn surface vessels of their proximity, and to engage enemy war craft if any should appear; but that is a far cry. Just at present the Germans are not taking much of that sort of war.

Potentially, and in the stories of the sea, life on a submarine is an adventure of great excitement and not without its romance. Actually, life on a submarine is a long, monotonous, dreary grind, a ceaseless vigil, an uncomfortable and cramped billet, a succession of days and nights cooped up in small spaces, entirely surrounded by machinery, and a nerve-straining occupation where a mistake may mean a disaster, not to the enemy but to the man who makes it and those under sea with him. Always, of course, there is the chance that a fight may develop; that the much-desired contact may come the way of the various Nemos that sleuth back and forth on patrol in the prescribed areas; that a Fritz may be heard, seen, chased and sunk—where there is oil there is hope—but Fritz can see and hear as well as the next one, and his business is to keep out of the way of Nemos, just as it is the business of the Nemos to get in his way and stop and sink him.

### No Events

THE consequence is that a patrol cruise of a Nemo usually is a patrol cruise and no more—a certain number of days and nights during which the Nemo stays out at sea, listening—listening—listening for the Hun, down most of the daytime, coming up at night for a few hours of fresh air, with the men standing their tricks at all the various and complicated valves, gauges, tank controls, rudder controls, engine controls, air controls and no end of other controls while nothing happens. "No events," as the submarine captains put it.

Not an event save the skillful and eager management of a big, sensitive, delicately balanced mass of machinery; not an event but days and nights of the most acute and nerve-straining vigilance; not an event but the exercise of superb caution every minute and superb ability in order that there may be no mistake and no accident; for when all's said and done, despite the numerous improvements in submarines, one mistake and down you go, maybe never to come up; one undetected flaw in vital machinery, one major error of judgment—and it is likely to be Kitty bar the door.

Still, when you have done this sort of thing week in and week out, with proved, picked, highly trained and specialized crews, it must be allowed that there is a certain monotony about it. It isn't very exciting to sit for a four-hour trick with eyes fixed on depth meters, hands on wheels, ears glued to listeners, hands grasping valve controls, or to stand straining at the periscope, sweeping a tenantless horizon and a vacant sea surface—not very exciting, especially as the only person who can see anything but the machinery he operates or the sweating sides of the sub is the man at the periscope, and most of the time all he can see is salt water. The novelty of being down in a submarine soon wears off. It is a grind, but those capable young persons who run our Nemos eat it up. They are as eager at the end of a patrol as they were at the beginning of one, and many of them reënlist for the service.

When you come to think of it there is the same sort of exaltation about handling a submarine as there is in flying an airship. In each case you are bluffing Nature. Here is an enormous contraption of steel and machinery, with guns and torpedoes, and carrying a lot of men, that you maneuver with the greatest ease and certainty. If you want her to float she floats. If you want her to dive she dives. If you want to go fast you go fast. If you want to go slowly you go slowly. If you desire to proceed fifteen or fifty or a hundred feet beneath the surface all that is necessary is to give the word, and obediently and quickly Nemo dives headlong or sinks as gracefully as a leaf falls to the desired depth and stays there as long as you please. A five-word command and you are up again. And everybody aboard has a hand in the doing of these marvels—a sort of band of prestidigitators putting something over on Mother Nature every minute.

Then, too, there is the chance—always the chance—that a Hun may be seen and taken—that there may be a fight, and the torpedo men are just as eager and just as alert, when they come back to the mother ship to lay alongside for a time, as they are when they begin the new adventure that marks each separate voyage. On a submarine, as on a destroyer, you never know your luck.

It wasn't so long ago that one of our submarines out on patrol sighted a German.

For five days and nights the crew of that Nemo had been patrolling, back and forth and back and forth, sighting nothing but an occasional trawler or merchant vessel; and then one morning off to the starboard there came into the vision of the periscope a Hun, awash on the surface and proceeding slowly.

### When Sub Meets Sub

"ENEMY submarine on the starboard bow," said the man at the periscope as calmly as if sighting enemy submarines on the starboard bow was an hourly occurrence.

The men on watch were at their stations, of course, and the rest of the crew were in their bunks or gathered aft in the engine room, but the interior of that Nemo came to life as if every man in it had been stirred to action by an electric shock.

Evidently the Hun saw the Nemo about the same time the Nemo saw her, for the Hun drew off to starboard and in a few moments went down precipitately. The Hun had nothing on the Nemo, for she went down also. Then began a long trailing game, a blind listening contest. The men at the hydrophones sat oblivious of all else, straining their ears to catch the thud of the Hun's propellers. Every man on the Nemo was at highest tension. There wasn't a sound save the low orders of the control officer, the responses of the men after each order had been carried out, and the officer's "Very good."

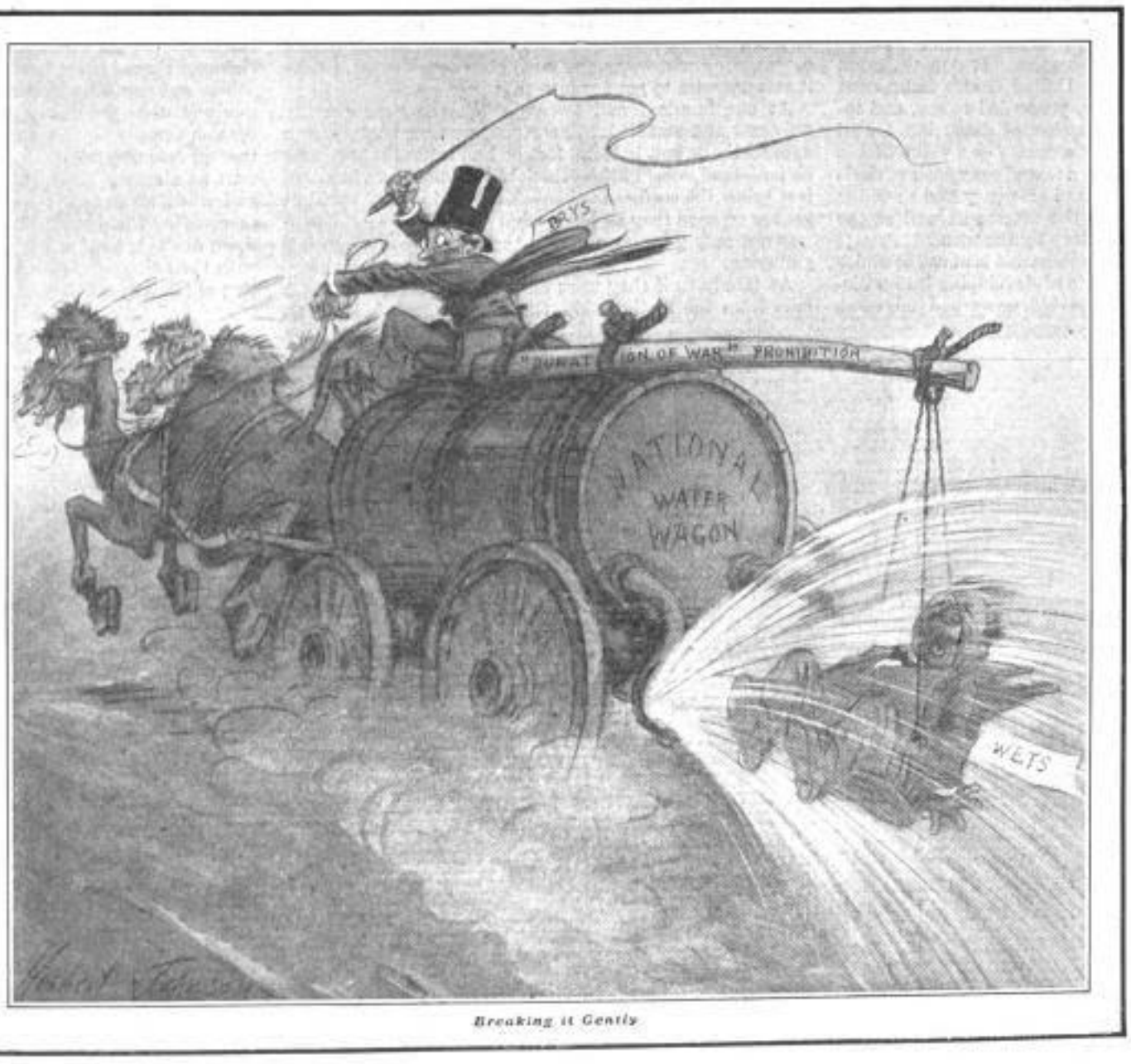
We maneuvered as circumstances dictated, still listening, and wishing for forty more mechanical ears than we had. This continued for nearly four hours. Then the listeners heard the German's propellers and reported: "Sound of propellers dead ahead, sir."

We came up with a bang, and, sure enough, there was the German, dead ahead, proceeding at about six knots. Every exterior detail of her was visible. We steadied, pointed, and fired two torpedoes. The Hun saw them coming, zigzagged and poured out a dense black smoke from her exhaust.

There was a flash from the stern of the Hun, and then, zip! came a shell. Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! came four more.

"What do you know about that?" asked the captain, of the crew in general. "The guy is firing at us. Give him a couple more torps."

We snap-fired two more torpedoes at him, but he wasn't taking any. He dived and disappeared, this time for good and all; and long hours of listening did not reveal him again. After the second torpedo of the snaps the Hun listed violently and we had hopes. Also, we had contact, and that is the phase of it that buoys. Some day—some day—every




*Breaking it Gently*

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Nemo will have its chance, and a few hours like those repay for months of patrol with "No events."

The Huns are not keen about this submarine-against-submarine stuff. They run usually. They prefer hospital ships and lifeboats to Nemos or to the British subs. Fritz isn't anxious for combat. What he likes is a big, broad-sided merchantman or troop or hospital ship to fire at, undeterred by destroyers or other harassing disturbers; and he generally turns tail when another submarine comes after him.

On another occasion when a Nemo was cruising at night on the surface they saw some merchantmen and some trawlers and drew away, for it is the business of a submarine to see and not be seen; but also it is the business of the submarines, when seen, to send up recognition signals for reasons that shall be set forth later. The patrol continued, and two hours later something showed about a mile away, off the starboard bow. This something looked like a fishing boat. Cautious advances were made, and then suddenly the lookout in the tower said "Submarine!" and dropped below, pulling down the hatch. There were two or three commands in the control compartment, and Nemo sank like a stone.

Then began a sleuthing match, a stalking of the quarry that was as stealthy as an Apache trailing an enemy, and as relentless. It might be that Fritz was sticking round. There was no way to see. All we could do was to listen.

After a time we took a quick look with the periscope. "Holy mackerel!" said the man who had the eyes. "There she is. Close aboard."

Fritz had just come to the surface. His bow was up, and the stern well down in the water. "Snap shot!" ordered the captain. That was the only chance.

The Nemo was pointed and the torpedo snapped. Just before the torpedo Fritz began to go down. He, too, had taken the chance of a look round, and he got below before the torpedo reached him. It was an escape of seconds, for the torpedo was straight, but it was enough, in two ways: It was enough to let Fritz by, and it was enough for him, because he scuttled away under the water, and he was twice as big and powerful as the Nemo that had at him.

### *When a Mistake Was Made*

I HAVE told these incidents baldly, instead of burning red fire and putting on the tremolo for the recital, because in all my experience with men who do things round this globe the least melodramatic in their aspects and their operations are the men who man the submarines. I have been down with them and watched them at their work, and it is my opinion that for calm, nonspectacular efficiency, for absolute cold-chilled nerve and for utter absence of pose and side, and for modesty of demeanor, they have no superiors in any branch of the service. It doesn't sound very thrilling to say that the United States Submarine Nemo cast off at such an hour, proceeded to sea, and remained on patrol a certain number of days; but for all that there isn't a day that isn't a drama or a night that is not a melodrama, considered as a feat of seamanship, navigation, mechanical knowledge and efficiency and scientific mastery of opposed forces by the officers as well as the expert application of that mastery by the men.

There isn't a minute when a submarine is at sea or under sea when an error is not capable of developing into a disaster. Consider for a moment the cold, unwarped judgment that must be set upon the submarine before she goes out. Every one of the complicated mechanical details—and the submarine is a colossal congeries of mechanical detail—must be in perfect order, so that there may be no untoward occurrence and the submarine may return safely to port as well as remain safely on duty. Every valve, every control, every minute section must be working perfectly and must be kept working perfectly. Every possible mistake must be guarded against. The fallibility of the human mind must be reckoned with. Certain dependence must be placed on others to do essential portions of the work of operation. Courage must be known, and oftentimes subjected to great strains.

The pilot of an airship, for example, in difficulties has an unimpeded air space to operate in, and a chance of making a landing on all the face of the earth. A submarine in difficulties has nowhere to go but down, and unless she can be made lighter than the water that surrounds her the crew of it are done. Working smoothly a submarine handles as easily as a motor launch; but let the valves get wrong or the tanks too full or the air fail and the men in the recalcitrant craft are looking into the eyes of a terrible death, death cooped up in impenetrable steel walls, death from suffocation, which is one of the most frightful ways that death can come.

"No events," records the captain; or he tells with a wealth of nautical detail of his various divings and risings, of his courses here and there, of how he saw a stray tramp steamer or two, and picked up a trawler here and there—"No events." Yet every minute was an event, for all the time he was out he was, in a most matter-of-fact way, to be sure, but none the less certainly, doing what verges on the miraculous, operating and maintaining hundreds of tons of steel under water, swimming like a fish with a vast conglomeration of machinery, steel plates, high explosives—to say nothing of a considerable quantity of human freight.

They take it as a matter of course that they will come back successfully, and they do; but, for all that death is always grinning at them through the thick glass in the eyeports. Something goes wrong. If that something cannot be corrected there they are, and their air supply is sure to be exhausted after a certain time. They laugh at the thought that anything can go wrong, but ——

United States Submarine Nemo was on patrol, everything working smoothly, the men at their stations, in their bunks or talking in little groups in the open spaces. An order was given. A mistake was made. A valve was opened too far. A tank was heavily overflooded. Instead of descending a few feet the Nemo went down like a shot—down—down—until the needle on the pressure gauge registered one hundred and twenty-seven pounds, which means she dropped to almost three hundred feet. The Nemo was not built to go to that depth. Theoretically, of course, she could withstand such pressure, but practically it was not wise to get her into that position.

At one hundred and twenty-seven the needle hung, quivered and steadied. The Nemo was on bottom, and apparently on soft bottom, for she had settled into it with no jar—mud, most likely—stuck in the mud three hundred feet below the surface of the water. And if they couldn't get her off soon they all knew what would happen. Death was not only grinning through the eyeports at them but gibbering.

As calmly as if they were on practice patrol not half a mile from the mother ship, the captain gave his orders. He tried to blow out his tanks. There was too much pressure against him. He quietly went through expedient after expedient calculated to get the Nemo to rise. She didn't rise. Instead she lay there, immobile, bow tilted down, at an angle of two and one-half degrees. One hundred and twenty-seven pounds' pressure puts all the valves and tubes on a submarine to severe test. The stern tube valves began to leak. Water seeped in. Presently there was a good deal in the bilges. Order after order was given calmly, and as calmly carried out by the crew. There was no consternation. There was no hurry. There was no inefficiency. Everything was done, methodically and efficiently, that the knowledge and the experience of the commander indicated.

The Nemo didn't budge. She lay there with her nose in the mud, quivering somewhat from the efforts made within her to get her in motion, but stuck—stuck, it seemed, hard and fast.

"All hands aft!" ordered the captain.

The crew, except those needed at the controls, crowded to the far stern of the ship.

"Start motors!"

The motors began to hum. The men in the stern used their bodies—teetered up and down—as an aid. The bow rose slowly, but did not break away. The angle became three degrees—four—five—six.

### *Like Floating Stilettos*

THEN with a shake and a shock the Nemo started up rapidly, at an angle of fifty degrees, plunged for the top as if alive and ashamed of lingering so long in the alien mud.

When she had risen a hundred feet, which only took a few seconds, the captain ordered: "Open middle ballast Kingston for blowing."

"Middle ballast Kingston open, sir," reported the valve man.

"Very good."

It was as unemotional as if they were out on practice.

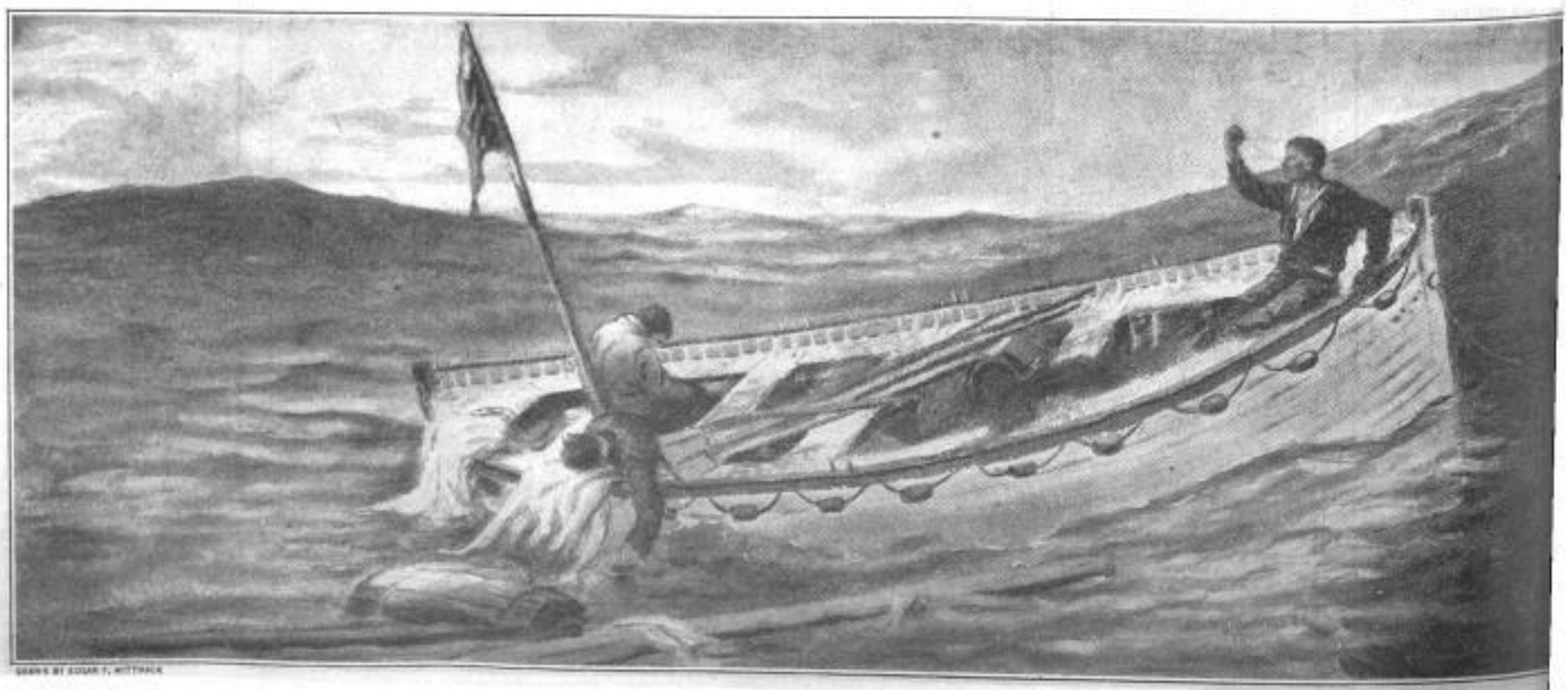
The pressure in the tank jerked open the starboard valve so quickly that one of the slide blocks broke, thus preventing the closing of the valve, but the Nemo was started, and a few seconds later she broached on top, came up with a lunge, as a swimmer comes up from a dive, rising like a porpoise, and then settled back on the surface, afloat and on even keel. They had been down one hour and ten minutes, fighting with death.

And later the captain reported: "There was no panic or excitement. Every man stood by his station as calmly and efficiently as if at drill."

Those were American sailors, and there are thousands upon thousands of them in foreign waters, men just like these, on all sorts of ships; to say nothing of hundreds of thousands of the same caliber waiting at home for their chance. Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!

The submarine mother ship came up from the submarine base to the destroyer base where I was, to have her bottom scraped, and I went back with her, convoyed by two restless destroyers through the dangerous sea. There were no alarms. Everything went peacefully as might be, and when we swung into the inner harbor where the submarines lay I had my first sight of our Nemos. A covey of them nestled round a buoy, looking like nothing so much with their sharp sterns all pointing out harbor, as a collection of floating stilettos.

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# REPUBLIC TIRES

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(Continued from Page 22)

The submarine mother ship functions for the submarines exactly as the big supply ships function for the destroyers. She is the guide, philosopher, friend, doctor, purveyor and director. She has stores, machine shops, and all the paraphernalia needed to keep the subs in order and to feed and supply the men who operate them. She lies in one of the most beautiful landlocked harbors I have ever seen, and she hums with activity day and night.

"Sir," said the captain of a Nemo that had been under repair, to the commanding officer, "I desire permission to submerge at eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Very good," replied the C. O.

"Sir," said I to the C. O., "I desire permission to submerge with him."

"Very good," he repeated; and the next morning they gave me a suit of overalls and a pea jacket, and I did that same.

Years ago—nearly twenty, I should say—I went down the Potomac River from Washington with sections of the naval committees of the Senate and the House, at the invitation of one or the other of the rival submarine builders, I have forgotten which—to have it proved to the satisfaction of the statesmen who were making appropriations for naval construction that an iron boat really could operate beneath the water, and that it was a practicable and formidable instrument of offense and defense. I went down in that submarine. As I recall it, the late Senator Bacon, of Georgia, and the late Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, were two of the fellow passengers on that perilous trip. We dived, stayed under a few minutes, and came up, and all thought we had had a most remarkable and almost miraculous experience.

### Going Down

Compared with the Nemo I went down on this time, that submarine was a toothpick alongside a railroad tie, for size; and compared with some we have, and are building, she was even smaller, by comparison, than that. Also, so far as efficiency, improvement and general advance of construction are concerned, that first submarine was merely a rough working model, a toy.

They put me up on the bridge, alongside a keen-eyed, browned, agile young sailor who handled signals, and the captain; the preliminary orders were given, and the Nemo moved out to sea smoothly and quietly. There were certain compass matters to be regulated while we were topside, and these were regulated as we cruised about.

Then the captain said to me: "Drop down below, for we are going to dive."

There was a hatchway, a tubular hatch, and on the sides of that hatch two or three projecting iron steps. Also two hand ropes. So, not being a skilled submarine merger or emerger, I practically dropped and landed in the middle of more sorts of machinery than I had ever seen before, than I fancied there could be. The captain and the sailor came after me. The hatch was slammed. Going down!

There were eight men in that place, stowed away among various intricacies of machinery; and I made a somewhat bulky ninth. The captain was one, a lieutenant was another, and the rest were men of various ratings, at their stations. One man sat on a low box, or bench, and controlled the engines. Two others crouched with their hands grasping good-sized brass wheels, not unlike automobile steering wheels, only larger; and directly in front of each were two depth gauges, eighteen to twenty inches across, on the faces of which flickered long sensitive needles, and round the edges of which were set figures, from one to three hundred, as I recall them; possibly higher than that.

The lieutenant stood watching these gauges over the heads of the crouching wheelmen. Close to these was another man, who operated the vents, and on the other side of the compartment other men who did strange but effective things with levers. A great gyroscopic compass took up a lot of space, and pipes and tubes and other mechanical things were strung about in bewildering confusion. This was the operating compartment, the heart of the sub.

The lieutenant gave a series of orders, supplemented now and then by a direction from the captain. The men at the various controls reported the execution of the orders as soon as the necessary operations had been made, and in the words of the command. That was about all the conversation there was. I tried to keep out of the way, with ill success at times. The indicators of the depth gauges began to move—five feet—ten feet—fifteen feet—with the sharp eye of the lieutenant always on them, as he gave his orders to open this or close that, in the process of stabilizing the ship.

Twenty feet—twenty-five feet—thirty feet—thirty-five feet—we went down without a jar, holding level at various depths for processes that appeared important, but that meant nothing in my young life. Presently we were at sixty feet, and cruised about a bit. After that we went deeper and climbed higher. For a time we were not far beneath the surface, trying the periscope. The periscope is a tube that moves up and down in a casing, and is the eye of the ship. It is a vertical telescope, the angles of refraction being so arranged that the sight is horizontal while the instrument itself is vertical. It revolves in a complete circle, and is turned by means of two brass projecting handles at its lower end. The man operating it stands with his eyes to the eyepiece, and constantly turns the periscope, sweeping the surface of the waters, moving his head and body with it, of course, in order to retain his field of vision. A periscope is made of metal. It is long and heavy. Swinging it about and standing at strained attention at it for a few hours at a time is a man's job.

The hydrophones are forward. Our skipper gave his listeners some practice, for there were plenty of ships about and he constantly demanded report on their positions as per compass. These orders go to the listeners through speaking tubes, and are passed along by the lieutenant, who is executive officer and who stands by the depth gauges. They let me have various looks. I picked up several ships, including an American destroyer or two and some British ships. The periscope in good light sets them forth plainly. A ship a mile or so away passed over the field of vision in complete miniature. A destroyer at that distance looks like a ship about two feet long, but every detail of her is seen.

Descents in ordinary form are made so easily and steadily that there is no sensation of dropping about them. The only guide to where you are is the depth gauge. Nor is there any difference that is apparent at a hundred feet over five feet. It is all calm, level, steady. A quick dive gives somewhat the sensation of a quick dropping of an elevator, but only somewhat. Indeed, the ordinary sensation of diving in a submarine is no sensation at all. You would know nothing about it if the depth gauges were not making telltale fluctuations before your eyes.

### When Matches Won't Light

Cruising is the same. You hear the water rushing along the sides when submerged, but the movement of the boats is so steady that there is little sensation of movement. When they are awash the story is different. A submarine rolls gracefully, and persistently, about half over in a heavy sea, when she is proceeding on the surface of a rough sea; and the interior thereof—with the motion and the smell of the oils and various other things—is no place for a person with a squeamish inside—no place at all—the zero of habitations. But below the surface, far enough down, with a heavy sea above, the submarine oscillates pleasantly, swings gently from side to side, and is a comfortable place of abode.

The engines and the galley, an electric range, are aft, the operating compartment amidships, and the bunk room and torpedo tubes forward, in the smaller boats. In the big ones there are torpedo tubes both forward and aft. When a torpedo is fired the torpedo isn't aimed, but the boat is, for the tubes are fixed. The captain and the lieutenant have bunks; the men sleep in berths that let down and are ranged in tiers; and the guest has a cot.

I was curious to know what the men did on these long trips, aside from their station duties and watches. I discovered. They sleep. There is more sleeping done on a submarine, and less sleeping also, than on any other craft afloat. That is, when the men are off watch they spend much of their time in bed, but when they are on watch there never was a more wide-awake and more vigilant lot of youngsters. They have some reading matter, and spin yarns in the engine room and in the forward compartments, but largely they sleep the off-watch hours away, and it is amazing how much sleeping one can do. It is no trick at all to stay in bed, snoozing, for twelve hours; no trick at all, that is, for a guest. The men take their sleep in shorter stretches, but they take a lot of it.

After a submerged run of twelve hours or so the air gets a bit heavy, though not at all oppressively so. One notices it when a trial is made at lighting a match. Matches start bluely, gasp and go out. If by the skillful utilization of the sulphur on the sticks a cigarette is lighted, the cigarette, despite most valorous efforts, burns only half an inch or so before it expires languidly. Water is precious. An allotment of a small amount is made each day, and that must suffice for face and hand washing and other purposes. There is none for shaving, or not much, and as a consequence when a submarine comes in after a cruise the men bring in with them variously assorted whiskers. The food is good, for the electric ranges work well, and the supplies are plentiful and varied. The men are under the strictest discipline, of course, and are allowed two cigarettes a day when below—if they can get them going and keep them afire.

After about three days of a cruise the Nemo begins to sweat. Moisture condenses on the inside of the steel plates and drips off, steadily and with a malignity that is common to inanimate things concerning which there is a great essay to be written—On the Utter Depravity of Inanimate Things. Have at it some day. Clothes become clammy and moist, and the whole ship gets moister inside. But what of it? Each night we come to the surface and let the cool, sweet, fresh ocean air in; and submarining is submarining, and is taken as it comes. But a nonsweating submarine would be an advance in that phase of naval architecture—a distinct advance.

A long stay down gives a heavy feeling in the head and forces an increased respiration. Sometimes battery fumes are annoying, and if by chance any fumes of gasoline are escaping there is a noticeable exhilaration when coming to the surface. "Gasoline jags," the sub men call them, but they are hardly that. The gasoline fumes gently jingle the crew, and next day the headache is most marked.

### Recognition Signals

So they go for days and nights, ranging back and forth over their given beats, listening, looking, watching for Hun subs—mostly listening. The perfect submarine of the future will be one gigantic ear, or a pair of them, one on each side. Ears—ears—ears—that is what they need; and that, through the inventive genius of Americans, is what they are getting. Their contests mostly are contests of blind listening. They cannot see when they are below, but they can hear, and must. Every minute of a submarine cruise the listeners are at their posts, ears straining at the hydrophones to detect the beat of another propeller—no matter whether it is propeller of friend or of foe. That part of it will take care of itself—detect the beat and let Nature take its course. Once the telltale noise is heard and up they come for a quick look, and if nothing is seen drop down to trail again, following the sound like Apaches—following—following—changing course to keep along with it, maneuvering to get closer to it, hoping it may be a Fritz.

That is all there is to the warfare of submarine against submarine—ears. Fundamentally, I mean. The submarine that gets the best ears will do the best work. Of course the human equation will count, too, for ears must be operated, and what they hear put to advantage, but there is no need of going into that phase of it. We have the human equation in full and effective supply. Give them the ears they need and the results will come immediately. And we're getting them—the ears. Improvements are being made every day. Presently the perfect submarine will be evolved, the submarine that will be primarily an ear—an ear before it is anything else; and tacked to that all the other machinery for operation that now exists, and will exist in improved form. Then it will be all over.

When a submarine leaves a base to go on patrol it becomes the free and independent ranger of all the seas; also the object of suspicion for all other craft. In the large way one submarine, whether ours or English or Hun, looks like another submarine. That is, at distance they are all long, low-lying craft, with certain similar protuberances in the way of bridges, conning towers, periscopes, and so on. The motto of the surface craft is: All submarines look alike to us, and it is up to the friend to prove himself a friend or take whatever may arrive in the way of shot, shell, ramming, depth charges, or any of the other pleasant little devices for rending underseas craft apart and sending them to the bottom.

A submarine on patrol is distinctly of his own. Of course he has his orders, knows his beats, and is to stay out a certain length of time, but his hand is against the hand of every other craft, unless proved a friend; and the hand of every other craft is against him. The orders are: If you see a submarine slog it unless it gives the proper recognition signals and proves up to be a friend; and don't wait too long, either, for recognition signals. A reasonable time only, and then go to it. Likewise that is the schedule on which the submarine operates. Take nothing for granted. Hit and hit quickly, unless you get the signal that it is a friend.

### An Added Danger

This adds a certain spice to submarine patrolling. The submarine captain and crew must look out not only for foes but must equally be on guard for friends. An American destroyer or other war craft is very likely to, and quite justified too, in taking a shot at any submarine that appears unless that submarine proves up; and an English destroyer or sloop is expected to do the same thing. Take nothing for granted. If the sub is a friend let the sub say so. There are adequate signals to be given. If the sub is an enemy two minutes' delay before attacking it may mean the escape of it. One sub looks like another sub. Go to it unless it advances, friend, and gives the countersign.

It is a hazardous game, this submarining. Two minutes' delay in sending up a recognition signal may mean a barrage of depth charges that will shake that recalcitrant submarine to pieces or the perforation of it by shells. Those destroyer and sloop chaps are very quick on the trigger. So the submarine is wary. Nemo keeps out of the way. When a ship is sighted, if it is a friendly ship, as it usually is, Nemo ducks and disappears, unless the ship is too near, and then the recognition signal is given. If a submarine is heard or sighted the utmost precautions are taken to find if it is Hun or English. That isn't so difficult as may be imagined, for the courses of patrol are known to all commanders, and the chances are vastly in favor of any submarine sighted by a Nemo being a Hun. Still, there have been runs between friendly submarines, as the completed naval history of this war will show.

Firing at friends by friends from surface ships is more common. That is, delays in sending up recognition signals have caused hostile attack on Allied submarines by Allied ships, for the law of the sea is exact. Every submarine that shows is held to be an enemy submarine until it proves that it is a friend. That is the drastic rule. If it is an enemy it is wanted. If it is a friend let it say so. Otherwise, watch out! Wherefore, as I have said, the submarine on patrol is a free moral agent. It is entirely off its own. The hand of every man is against it until it shows its colors, and oftentimes that hand is a hasty hand, an insistent hand, a heavy hand.

Sights at sea, especially at night, are dim and sometimes uncertain. A submarine sees something. It looks like another submarine. Fritz often camouflages. He hoists a sail, when he is running on the surface, to make himself look like a trawler, and at a distance the silhouette of a trawler, with a short mast forward, the derrick amidships, the small deck house and the rectangular sail it often carries aft, is strikingly like that of a submarine. It takes a lot of looking to make the distinction, and a lot of restraint not to let go a torpedo or two until it is certain just what is in sight.

However, the submarine has the advantage. He can let down and use his periscope and hang round unobserved, if lucky, until he makes sure. He is in constant touch with patrols, too, who tell him where other submarines have been sighted, and off he plugs to those locations to see what he can see and find what he can find. There is some zest to the life, even if the crew does have to stay jammed into such close quarters; and mostly there are no events, save a patrol well and faithfully made.

One of our subs was peacefully proceeding, a short distance beneath the surface, when there came a great whirring through the hydrophones.

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"Aëroplane above, sir," reported the listener.

The captain stuck up his periscope and had a look. It was a friendly aëroplane, and he didn't bother.

The aëroplane flew back again, turned and made another flight. After the third flight the captain had another look. He saw that the pilot was working feverishly to let loose a depth charge on him, but that apparently the releasing apparatus was stuck.

The flyer made a fourth trip, and a fifth. "That bird is in earnest," said the captain. "I'll go up and give him the glad hand."

The submarine rose—and the aëroplane swung at it again. From it came pop-pop-pop-poppity-pop!

"His engine's missing," thought the captain as he sent up his recognition signal. But the aëroplane's engine wasn't missing. The popping the captain heard was from the aëroplane's machine gun, and that recognition signal didn't get up a second too soon.

Any hard feelings? Not in the least. A dinner in port on the first convenient occasion ended that episode, with reciprocal good will and admiration. And there have been other occasions when friend has popped at friend, one way or another. It is all part of the stern game of war.

Show us, is the demand, for this game admits of nothing on supposition. It is a game of realities, stark and stern. Everything beneath the sea is potentially an enemy to everything else beneath the sea and above it, and the only way to escape attack from friend is to give the countersign. Otherwise, take your chances. Submarine and antisubmarine warfare is no tea party where the fact that one is present assumes that one is desirable and friendly and nice folks. In this game everything is a Hun until proved not a Hun. Fritz is not getting by on friendly assumption, even if real friends are sometimes mussed up a bit here and there.

Strange things happen. A Nemo was patrolling, and located a German submarine not far away. Maneuvering for position, the Nemo heard another enemy submarine a considerable distance off to the starboard. That was good, hunting two of them at the same time, and the crew of the Nemo cheered up amazingly and prepared to get after them both. There was a period of cautious reconnoiter and maneuver, for it was not known whether the German subs had seen and heard Nemo.

Presently Nemo came up to have a look, and discovered one of the German subs not far away, a quarter of a mile or so, just rising to the surface. Nemo swung to take a shot, and while swinging noted that the German was doing the same thing. Before Nemo was head on there came a tremendous explosion close by the German submarine, which rose in the air in the midst of a mighty column of water. The periscope and conning tower could be seen distinctly in the giant swirl of it. Then the German disappeared.

Nemo cruised about, and saw the oil on the water; submerged, but could find no trace. Then presently the listeners heard the high-pitched code call of a German submarine, repeated over and over again. The other German was somewhere off in the depths calling for her mate. Nemo put on a similar high-pitched call, but got no response, and after sticking round for a long time went along. Nobody knows what happened, but presumably the German's torpedo exploded either in the tube or just after leaving it. Anyhow, that Hun seems to have been disposed of effectively.

Another time a submarine on the surface, or near it, blew up with a mighty blast. Patrols rushed over. There was nothing save a rising and frightful mess of human remains, wreckage and clothing. A sea boot that belonged to a German floated up, and a cap or two. There was some sort of German inscription on the boot, which has not yet been deciphered. The Hun indulges a fantastic proclivity for marking his possessions. He writes on everything. The life preservers that some U-boat survivors, picked up by one of our destroyers, used had painted on one side of them Wilhelm, and on the other side *Gott*.

They have their troubles, these subs. Machinery breaks, valves stick, engines kick up and kick over, and a thousand and one problems present themselves. A Nemo came in one day and reported by signal: "Starboard engine disabled; port engine under repair; one-fourth of crew on sick list with influenza." Pleasant little place to have that miserable influenza that has been devastating England and Europe—down in a submarine! I can imagine the delights of a temperature of one hundred and two, alternating with chills of forty below zero and a headache that would split a concrete skull, in a narrow berth of a submarine, a hundred feet or so below water, with the plates sweating and the batteries odoriferously in evidence, and the acid fumes floating about, and so on.

Do they mind it? They do not. Before those influenza boys were steady on their pins they were clamoring to get back to the job. We know about the navy spirit, and what it is and what it means; but after my experiences with those submarine sailors and the knowledge I got of their mode of life, I venture to reserve a portion of that navy spirit as the property of the submarine sailors. If there is a navy spirit, an American spirit, an on-the-job spirit—those boys have it, and theirs is the tough end of the job too.

As I have before remarked: Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue! coupled—as my British friends would say—coupled with the names of the men who sail under the seas in our submarines.

# The Salvor Versus the Submarine

## By ROBERT G. SKERRETT

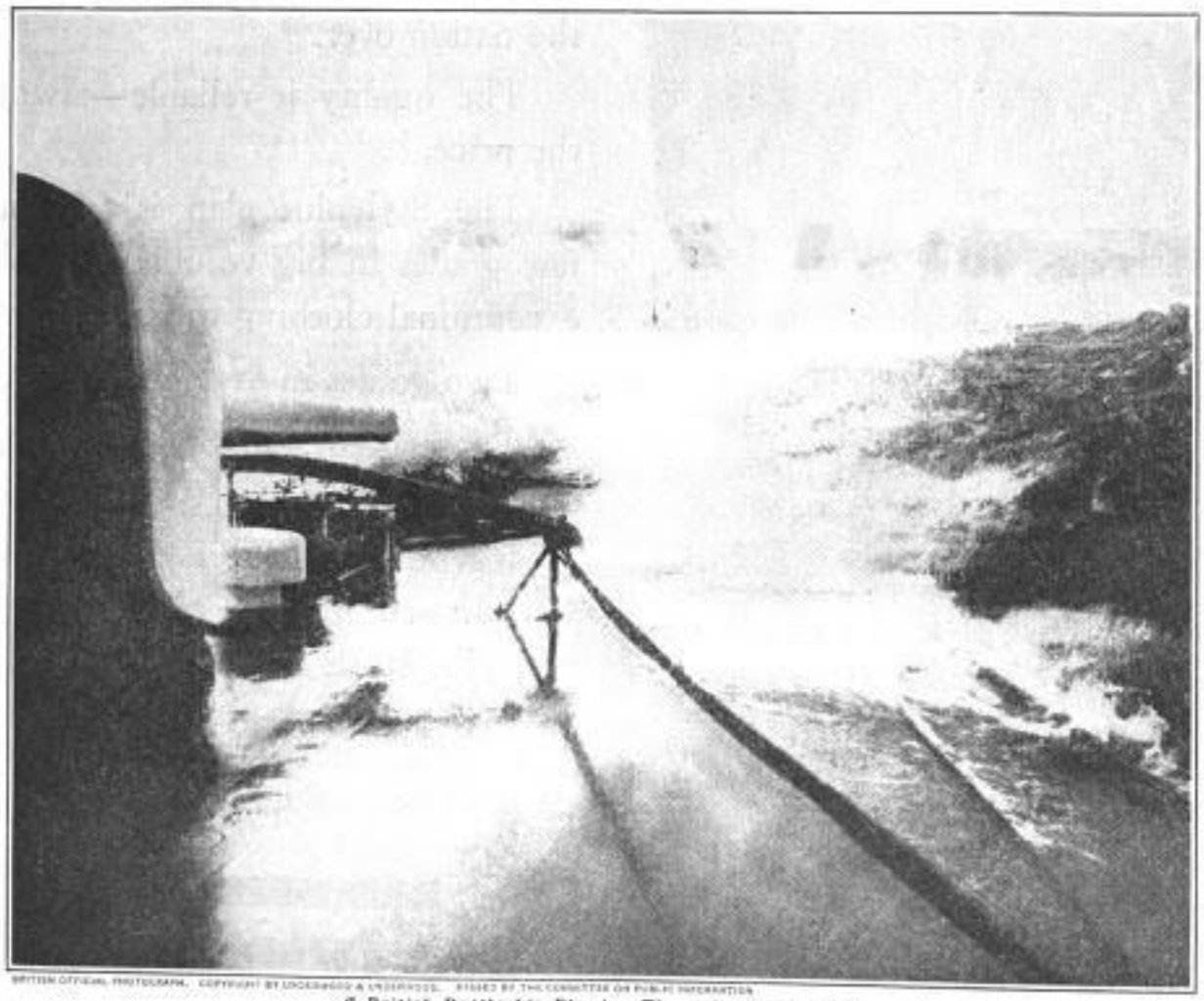
TAKING a bone from a hungry dog is risky business. Robbing the U-boat of its prey is proving of pretty much the same venturesome order. But, even so, the thing is being done right straight along, week in and week out, over on the other side of the Atlantic. And what makes the subject of especial interest to us is the fact that American genius and Yankee cunning are now playing a very important part in this vitally necessary work. Within the last few months the United States has become represented in the Joint Salvage Council of the Allies, and we are ready to do our full share in the field of maritime wrecking.

Besides sending to Europe some of the best of our civilian and naval salvage experts, we have equipped and dispatched a number of vessels that are uniquely outfitted for the speedy and effective handling of damaged or sunken ships. These boats have reached their appointed stations over there.

Back about February the Government, profiting by experience abroad, decided to take over the control of maritime salvage operations along our coasts and likewise in European waters where American ships were concerned. To this end there was created a special salvage division, and its personnel was recruited from officers in the Construction Corps of the Navy and men in private undertakings familiar with such tasks.

The first work of our experts sent to the other side was to study conditions and to devise ways in which we could act to best advantage. The salvage steamers since prepared for the service embody everything thought essential to effective operations, and reflect the judgment of men whose brilliant achievements in a peculiarly difficult branch of engineering have placed us in the very forefront of the art.

Our salvage corps in Europe, however, is not succoring or refloating American ships only, as was originally intended. We have pooled our skill and equipment with those of our allies and are now actively coöperating with the Salvage Department of the British Admiralty. And that we may have an idea of the capacity of the men we have sent abroad, just let us review briefly some of the amazing things they have done in American waters in the past few years. They tell better than anything else just what Yankee resourcefulness really means—a resourcefulness that does not hesitate to put tried agencies at work in untried fields and by means of sheer audacity to accomplish the seemingly impossible.



*A British Battleship Plowing Through a Rough Sea*

To begin with, there was the S. S. Royal George, a big liner of fifteen thousand tons, which ran high upon the rocks in the St. Lawrence—that graveyard of ships—while racing seaward during a heavy fog. Substantially forty per cent of her underwater plating was damaged and great rents torn in her steel skin, through which the river ebbed and flowed freely.

The vessel had in her at the time of her grounding only a moderate amount of cargo, and there was, therefore, comparatively little that could be taken out of her to lighten her. This was done, but it failed to break the grip of the bowlders that had pierced her bottom; and it was found impossible to drag her off bodily, despite the efforts of a flotilla of powerful tugs, augmented by a number of larger steamers. To make things worse, the rise and fall of the tide was a matter of sixteen feet, and the Royal George struck at high tide.

A New York salvage expert was summoned to Quebec and, undismayed by the problem, promised to get the ship off; and he did so. He sealed the decks and hatches above the injured holds, fitted air locks to the hatch covers, and then went ahead as if his job were one of subaqueous tunneling. He turned compressed air into the flooded compartments, and in an astonishingly brief span of minutes forced the invading water down and outward through the rock-torn gaps until the water was level with the top edge of the uppermost injury. Then he sent his gangs of sand hogs down through the air locks into the holds.

These men, who had also learned their trade in driving tunnels under rivers, laid planks over the wounds, starting at the top of each, and filled the crevices with clay. The compressed air helped to hold these "pudge" boards in place and at the same time drove the water down and out as the rents were gradually covered. In this way the Royal George was given sufficient buoyancy to raise her clear of the river bed and permit her to be towed into deep water; but this was only half the task.

Winter was near at hand and with it the likelihood of the St. Lawrence's freezing before the liner could be taken to the nearest dry dock and made fit for sea. A great deal of money was at stake, and her owners wanted to get her back to England so that she could be overhauled and made ready for service.

The situation was met in a thoroughly original manner: the steamship was repaired just where she floated.

(Continued on Page 29)

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(Continued from Page 26)

The sand hogs made patterns of the patch plates needed to seal each wound in the hull. These patterns showed, also, just where threaded bolts were to be screwed into the patch plates, and these marks corresponded exactly with others placed round the injuries, where holes were drilled through the sound steel of the hull and temporarily plugged with wooden stoppers from within.

As each patch plate of steel was made ready it was lowered over the side of the ship and brought into position by divers standing upon a submerged and weighted platform. At the right moment the wooden stoppers were pulled out and the bolts on the patch plate shoved inward. Working quickly, the sand hogs fitted nuts on the bolts and screwed them tight; and in this way the patch plate was drawn securely into place, a lavish use of red lead effectually completing the seal. The repairs thus made were found, when the ship was docked at Halifax for inspection, to be so sound that nothing more was done on her at the time, and the Royal George ran thence to England laden with a profitable cargo of lumber.

Again, the steamship Uranium, bound for New York via Halifax, stranded upon the rocks just outside of that Nova Scotian port. She was refloated after five days of work and towed into Halifax; but, as luck would have it, the only suitable dry dock was occupied. The question was how to get her to New York, where she could be properly docked and overhauled without delay. Her bow and forward bottom were seriously damaged and it was quite impossible for her to put to sea in that condition.

Compressed air, resorted to by an American salvage expert, saved the day. The wounds were covered from within with sheets of flexible lead so bent that they fitted snugly over the rents. Upon the lead sheeting was laid a mattress of cement. When the injured compartments were charged with compressed air the temporary patches were held securely against the pounding sea, and the craft reached New York after a two days' run with her damaged holds substantially dry. She made the trip loaded with a valuable cargo.

There was the case of the steamship Zeeland, hastening up the St. Lawrence for a load of munitions, which was driven far up on the flats during a period of foggy weather. The mud was dredged from both sides of her and a path dug sternward back to the river channel, and the ship lightened to the utmost by the removal of water ballast, coal and much of her portable equipment. Even so, powerful tugs and other craft were unable to free her because she rested upon a mound of mud immediately beneath her that could not be cleared away.

### Clever Work

The man who salved the Royal George effected the release of the Zeeland. He did it by means of a film of air bubbles discharged from holes tapped in the bottom of the liner. The compressed air passing outward and upward broke the suctionlike grip of the mud, freed the ship, and permitted her to be towed back into the river's fairway.

Finally, to skip many other notable performances, there was the big tanker Gut Heil, sunk in the Mississippi just below Baton Rouge, which was raised by means of compressed air after lying on the river bed, abandoned for quite five years. In sinking she had turned over on her side, and in the course of her submergence had become filled with many hundreds of tons of silt. The problem was to get rid of this burden, turn the ship upright in shallow and nontidal waters, and then refloat her so that she might be taken down to New Orleans for repairs.

Compressed air did the trick. Buoyancy so obtained and cunningly distributed righted the vessel after she had been freed of the bulk of the mud within her. The task was one that involved the nicest sort of juggling with water ballast and buoyancy so that the ship would come slowly upright and not swing violently back upon an even keel and then lurch over in the opposite direction and fill and sink again. The salvors had to control a dead weight of quite five thousand tons. The performance stands without a parallel in the annals of marine wrecking.

And what about the divers who have gone over with our flotilla of salvage craft? For, after all, a great deal depends in most marine wrecking undertakings, especially if a ship be sunk, upon the capacity and courage of the underwater workers. The British believe that the limiting operating depth is thirty-five fathoms—two hundred and ten feet—when the man is peculiarly rugged and fit for diving. On the other hand, our naval divers have descended more than three hundred feet below the surface and have rendered useful service there in effecting the refloating of a sunken submarine.

Again, the opinion holds abroad that it would not be commercially practicable to undertake salvage work at a greater depth than a hundred and twenty feet; and yet American divers have gone down into the frigid inky gloom of a foundered ship, one hundred and sixty feet below the surface, and have recovered from her some tons of mail pouches, a large quantity of silver bullion and the purser's safe. To do this they had to cut through the upturned steel side of the vessel and to follow a slanting, slimy and devious pathway to their goal in the very bowels of the craft.

These performances on the part of our people mean that salvage operations over there may be carried out successfully on deeply sunken ships either in seeking to raise them bodily or to recover parts of their cargoes, the divers, at the maximum submergences, merely serving to guide by telephone the needful mechanical efforts, originating above, upon the wrecking steamers.

The fundamental reason for this widened operative zone on the part of the subaqueous toiler is the use of compressed air drawn from storage flasks instead of being furnished by hand-driven pumps, which at times are dangerously uncertain. Further, with an ample and unfailing flow of this vital element assured, it is now possible for the diver to control his air supply to a nicety, and to meet confidently the changing requirements of his more or less hazardous environment.

### Gallant British Wreckers

Finally, as a result of experiments made by the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery of our Navy Department, it has been found practicable and safe to reduce considerably the length of time a diver must remain in the water when coming up from a deep descent in order to bring about a readjustment of certain physical conditions induced by the compressed air he has breathed. By the prompt use of the recompression chamber, one of which is on each of our salvage boats, the development of "bends" can be prevented and the aftermath of still graver bodily reactions effectually offset.

With our men collaborating with the English and French experts, there is good reason to believe that 1918 will prove a bumper year in neutralizing the grim activities of the Kaiser's U-boats. Indeed, this cannot help but be so if we recall what the British have already accomplished in reclaiming ships that have been sunk or in working them into port after they have been grievously injured.

One of our own salvors has paid this spontaneous tribute to his English professional brethren:

"For sheer grit and dogged persistence, I take off my hat to the British wreckers. I first saw them in action when they made port with the torpedoed Celtic last April. She was hard hit. Her great bulk of twenty-one thousand tons was made heavier and more difficult to handle by reason of the water that had poured into her through her gaping side. The Irish Sea at that particular time was in an ugly mood, thanks to a nasty wind; and, believe me, it was a man-sized job to get hold of that ship and to tow her into a haven, all the while battling with the threatening sea to keep the craft from filling up and going to the bottom.

"The Celtic was potted somewhere in the neighborhood of the entrance to St. George's Channel, where a number of other big ocean-going vessels had fallen prey to lurking U-boats. Within an amazingly brief while after she sent out her S O S calls, a flotilla of salvage vessels and tugs were gathered about her.

"The stricken craft rolled deeply and sluggishly as the waves beat angrily against her massive hull. The salvors' problem was to get alongside of her for the twofold purpose of putting pumps aboard and of securing lines by which she could be towed into harbor. Her fires were out and her own pumps were, therefore, incapable of helping. The risks involved on the part of the wrecking boats were not unlike those of sidling up against the bluff shoulder of a rocky billow-washed headland.

"The little salvage vessels stuck valiantly to their job, even though more than one of them was smashed grievously against the liner's steel body. Despite all the handicaps, the wreckers toiled undismayed and finally landed their self-propelled pumps on the sloping and slippery deck of the wounded Celtic. With these powerful pumps discharging thousands of tons of water hourly, the salvors fought on more nearly even terms with the menacing sea, and were able to work the injured liner havenward and to guide her safely through mine fields—a peril to friend and foe alike that beset them at several points during the passage.

"It was a fine example of British pluck, seamanship and applied mechanics. In the end the work of the submarine was neutralized and the U-boat robbed of a seemingly certain victim."

Up to date the Salvage Department of the British Admiralty has been able to restore to service in the neighborhood of four hundred and fifty sunken or damaged ships, and by these performances has been able to discount the ravages of the rabid U-boats by well over a million tons of ocean-going bottoms. This branch of the fighting fleet—for it is a recognized part of the regular navy—has come entirely into being since the outbreak of war.

Strange as it may seem, the British Navy, with its enormous peacetime fleet, was well-nigh entirely lacking in salvage facilities until the concluding months of 1914. Various disasters had quite failed to awaken the authorities to the need of government-owned salvage craft and wrecking gear. At the start the Admiralty's Salvage Section was devoted to taking care of stricken battle craft; but by October, 1915, its main function had become that of dealing with damaged or sunken merchantmen. Mines, storms, collisions and the sinister submarine had by then taken such a toll of tonnage that it was imperative that something be done toward offsetting the losses—in short, to refloat and to repair any sizable vessel which could be saved.

The man chosen to head the newly formed department of the Admiralty is not a naval officer. He is a practical and very successful marine salvor. Captain Fred W. Young, the man in question, is a bluff, sea-tanned type of British mariner who scoffs at gold trappings and prefers to work in his shirt sleeves. He can well afford to neglect the mere badges of authority, for he has behind him a record of things done in the field of wrecking that has won for him world-wide recognition.

### Submerged Pontoons

Ten years ago he wrought a salvage wonder when he turned over H. M. S. Gladiator, lying on her side in the open waters of The Solent, and refloated that dead weight of six thousand tons notwithstanding the fact that the cruiser had a hole in her side fifty feet long which reached from her gunwale down to within a few inches of her bilge keel. He did this by means of submergible pontoons. Since then he has gone on adding to his laurels. No wonder the lords of the Admiralty have given him a free hand.

Captain Young first recruited from civil salvage enterprises a corps of experts and a force of divers familiar with the waters contiguous to the British Isles; and he also requisitioned some of their vessels. The next step was to outfit a goodly number of obsolete gunboats by placing aboard an array of portable pumps, no end of piping, long lengths of chain cables, heavy wire hawsers, massive blocks, diving gear, air compressors, oxyacetylene blowpipes for cutting metal, line-firing guns, wireless apparatus, and a long list of paraphernalia peculiar to the wrecking business.

The converted gunboats have proved to be especially suited for the work now cut out for them; and for good and sufficient reasons it has been found advisable not to strip them entirely of their armaments—this not only to hold off submarines that might interfere with the reclamation efforts but actually to help save the damaged ships by sinking them before trying to refloat them.

Quite eighty per cent of the work of the Admiralty Salvage Department lies in succoring a wounded ship before she can go to the bottom in deep water, as instanced in the case of the big liner Celtic. This does not mean necessarily getting the damaged craft directly into port, but, more often than otherwise, constitutes keeping her afloat until she can be towed close to shore and beached, preferably, in a more or less protected position, sheltered from the sweep of storm-tossed seas.

In order to lend assistance promptly, the coasts of the British Isles are divided into a number of districts in which are placed groups of salvage vessels, with trained personnels, ready to be hastened to any ship in distress within any of these operative zones. Where the exigencies of the case demand it aid is dispatched from several of the nearest stations.

A large freighter, laden with a cargo of foodstuffs valued at fifteen million dollars, was torpedoed by an unseen U-boat shortly after entering the home waters over there. Salvage vessels were rushed to her relief; but she went to the bottom a short way offshore in fairly deep water. Her shelter deck, fifty-seven feet above the keel, was just awash for about two hours at low tide. The torpedo that got the ship tore a hole in her side forty feet long and twenty-eight feet wide. Before the war a craft so circumstanced would have been declared a total loss, in all likelihood, and left untouched, or have been blown up if an obstruction to navigation.

But the Salvage Department looked upon her as a promising problem, and Captain Young's men tackled that job, fortified by special facilities which have been developed or perfected since 1914. Among these are the submergible electric pump and the so-called standard patch.

### Pertinacity Wins

The ordinary wrecking or lift pump, which is operated at the surface, can raise water only a matter of twenty-eight feet or so, while the submergible pump can be lowered deep into the flooded interior of a sunken ship and lift out of her hundreds of tons of water hourly to a height of from seventy-five to eighty feet. Electric current is supplied by means of an armored cable from one of the salvage boats, and this connection can be broken and the pumps left safely in the hold of the wreck in case of stormy weather and the temporary abandonment of operations.

Pumps of this sort were placed deep down in the submerged stokehold of the freighter in question, and by the aid of divers accustomed to the perilous work of exploring the interior of sunken ships holes were drilled and blasted in divisional walls of steel, so that the water could drain into a common sump in the stokehold and engine room and thence be discharged surfaceward. In this way the freighter was lightened sufficiently at low tide so that part of her cargo could be removed and her position shifted into shallower water. There she was temporarily patched, thousands of tons of the goods aboard were unloaded, refloated by further pumping, and then towed to port for permanent repairs.

But the salvors' operations are sometimes rudely interrupted and their labors discounted and multiplied. The weather is one of the foes to success and the interfering submarine is another. A seven-thousand-ton cargo carrier had nearly reached her haven when she was intercepted by a U-boat and torpedoed. Her captain promptly headed her for the shore and beached her in shallow water before rescuing tugs hove in sight. The Salvage Department then took her in charge, closed the gaping hole in her side by means of a standard patch, pumped her out, and a few days later had her afloat and bound for the nearest repair base.

But the enemy was alert and, before the harbor was made, torpedoed her again. The second injury was on the side opposite the patch; but, notwithstanding the force of the explosion the temporary closure remained substantially water-tight.

The ship was once more beached and patched; but she had been landed in an awkward place and was so high and dry that she could not be pulled into deep water. In order to refloat her, sliding ways were built under her, much as was done in the case of the U. S. S. Monongahela, which was carried ashore by a tidal wave in the West Indies in the late sixties. The vessel was then launched without further mishap and a little while later was overhauled and refitted for active service.

The so-called standard patch is really an adaptation of the patch plates devised for

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the repair of the S. S. Royal George. It is doubtful whether our experts will use it at all, since the patch plate is believed to be easier to make and susceptible of quicker adjustment. The standard patch, however, has proved of undeniable value, and has made it possible to save many a vessel that might still be resting on the sea bed. It is fashioned of planking six inches thick, strengthened by metal strips, and modeled so that it will fit snugly against the outside of a ship and effectually cover the injured area.

The form of this patch depends upon the shape of the vessel and the particular part damaged. First, divers are sent down with an adjustable mold of wood prepared after the known contours of the craft in question; and the underwater workers set this against the hull and mark just how the patch must be made to seal the hole. After that, the patch is constructed ashore or possibly on one of the salvage vessels.

When ready it is lowered over the side and guided into place by divers working both outside and within the wounded craft; then it is drawn snugly into place by means of hawsers attached to the inner face of the patch and leading into the vessel; finally the timber shield is secured firmly by bolts passing out through the sound shell plating of the hull.

Before the war it was not thought practicable to raise a sunken vessel of more than sixteen hundred tons by means of pontoons attached to wire hawsers passed beneath a ship, because it was feared that a heavier load would cause the steel lines to deform or cut right through the hull plating. Even so, a laden collier, representing a dead weight of substantially twenty-eight hundred tons, was lifted from a depth of seventy-two feet.

Sixteen nine-inch wire ropes were placed under her in the form of loops and secured to four big salvage craft placed above and on either side of the wreck. Then compressed air was employed to drive the water out of the collier's ballast tanks and some of her lower compartments. Thus lightened, the boat was got clear of the bottom and carried shoreward a distance of more than a mile, where she was eventually refloated by conventional salvage operations.

### *Sinking to Save*

The American tanker O. B. Jennings, carrying sixteen thousand tons of oil, collided last April in the English Channel with a large freighter, also partly laden with oil and other highly inflammable commodities. The stem of the latter vessel tore a great rent in the tanker's side and the friction caused by the impact set the Jennings aflame. The rescuing tugs found it impossible to subdue the blaze, and to save the splendid ship and her valuable cargo she was deliberately sunk by gunfire.

Divers afterward closed the wound occasioned by the collision and plugged the holes made by the shells. The Jennings was raised, towed to port, and temporarily repaired and run to the United States for thorough overhauling. On the fifth of August, unfortunately, the tanker was attacked by a U-boat off the coast of Virginia when homeward bound and sent to a watery grave.

The British ship that collided with the Jennings also took fire, and the explosions that followed killed pretty nearly all of her crew. Notwithstanding she was so dangerous as a powder magazine, the wreckers undauntedly approached her to save her. The character of the men in the salvage flotilla was splendidly evidenced by their courage in boarding the flaming freighter in order to attach hawsers so that she might be pulled stern first against the wind for the purpose of preventing the spread of the conflagration within her.

After towing the vessel for nine hours a mine exploded under her, parting one of the cables, and a moment later two other mines burst beneath her stern. Finding it impossible to get hold of her again, the craft was sunk by gunfire near an exposed inlet on the south coast of England. The steamer has since been raised.

### *Dangerous Work*

As might well be expected, the Germans are alive to what is being done to negative their destructive efforts, and U-boats are continually on the alert to interrupt the wreckers at their tasks. Upon two occasions at least, hostile submarines have stolen close enough to their quondam prey to launch torpedoes at the salvage craft, and have succeeded in sinking several of them.

Again, vessels of the salvage fleet have stumbled upon mines more than once, and a number of them have been damaged or sent to the bottom through these mishaps. The weather is plainly not the only thing that adds to the hazards of the salvors' labors; but there is still another menace, which frequently develops within the injured ships themselves. Certain cargoes—such as grains, other vegetable matter, meats, and so on—when exposed to the action of sea water give off poisonous gases, and these have proved extremely troublesome and even fatal where the men were unfamiliar with their noxious character.

One of the worst of these has been sulphureted hydrogen, generated by decomposed cereals. The chemists who have done so much toward developing antidotes for the treatment of soldiers gassed on the firing lines have found ways to neutralize the cargo gases, and the simple expedient of spraying the rotting freight with a prescribed mixture has practically disposed of the asphyxiating menace.

Some chemicals essential to waging war also react when exposed to water and give off both poisonous and explosive gases, and these can be disposed of successfully only by stimulated ventilation and by taking other precautionary measures.

For instance, one American salvage concern was called upon to refloat a ship sunk in the harbor of St. John, New Brunswick. Among the cargo were a good many tons of calcium carbide, which, when water worked into the containers, gave off acetylene gas and also heated the metal tanks to the point of red-heat. At low tide the whole inside of the ship above water was filled with the gas, and the explosive fumes remained in pockets when other parts of the craft were cleared of it by ventilating blowers.

As a very low percentage of acetylene in the air makes an explosive mixture, it was necessary to devise some form of detector. As a result an ingenious and simple gas gun was evolved, and by taking samples of the atmosphere within the steamer it was possible to tell quickly and surely whether danger lurked there for the wreckers. The gas gun will play a helpful part abroad among the craft of our salvage flotilla.

The question naturally arises: What can be done in cases of ships a hundred and more feet down? A submarine, because of the pressure-resisting type of hull and its normal fitness to run under water, lends itself exceptionally well to raising by means of compressed air applied internally so as to provide buoyancy while expelling the invading water.

This is not practicable in the ordinary ship, unless she be in a position where it is possible for divers to work inside her, strengthening her decks, sealing hatches, and otherwise bracing her to hold, without rupturing, the expansive or bursting force of the confined buoyant air.

Therefore, the main refloating agency will, in most cases of deeply sunken craft, have to be applied externally in the form of a direct lift and through the medium of pontoons.

### *A New Instrument*

As we know, the British salvors did this very thing in raising, from a depth of seventy-two feet, a collier involving a dead weight of twenty-eight hundred tons. In cases of this sort one very vexatious part of the problem is to get the wire-rope slings evenly distributed beneath the ship, and to put enough of them in place to divide up the total burden so that no single cable will bear a load sufficient to crush in the vessel's structure. The layman may not realize it, but a large craft is really a pretty ticklish thing to handle when filled with water, and the careless application of lifting forces may all too easily break the boat's back.

A big American engineering concern has given us an instrument that will make it practicable to salve ships of some thousands of tons' dead weight which lie deeply submerged.

This apparatus is an evolution of the towing machine that is in constant service in the moving of long strings of heavy-laden coal barges, and the like. In short, it is the automatic tension engine. With each sling or sustaining cable controlled by a mechanism of this sort, it will be feasible, so the experts say, to insure a uniformity of action and a perfect equaling of the entire load represented by the sunken craft and its cargo.

British salvors have already shown how the big wire hawsers can be passed down and under a vessel not only lying totally submerged but when more or less deeply embedded in the mud of the sea floor. A diver with a hose discharging compressed air can achieve a great deal in a short time in clearing away the mud or sand beneath a ship, thus forming tunnels through which the slings can be led.

Starting with light lines, and gradually increasing the ropes in size, it is a comparatively easy matter eventually to get heavy steel cables in place under a vessel. It was in this way that our divers outside of Honolulu got the heavy supporting loops under the U. S. Submarine F-4 and made it feasible to drag that boat into shallow water from a depth of three hundred and six feet, and to raise her.

### *Costly Undertakings*

We have proved practicable, in times of peace, salvage tasks that the British have essayed only under the impelling stress of war. Again, a desperate shortage of seagoing tonnage has brought about wrecking feats that would probably not have been dreamed of commercially because of the great expense involved.

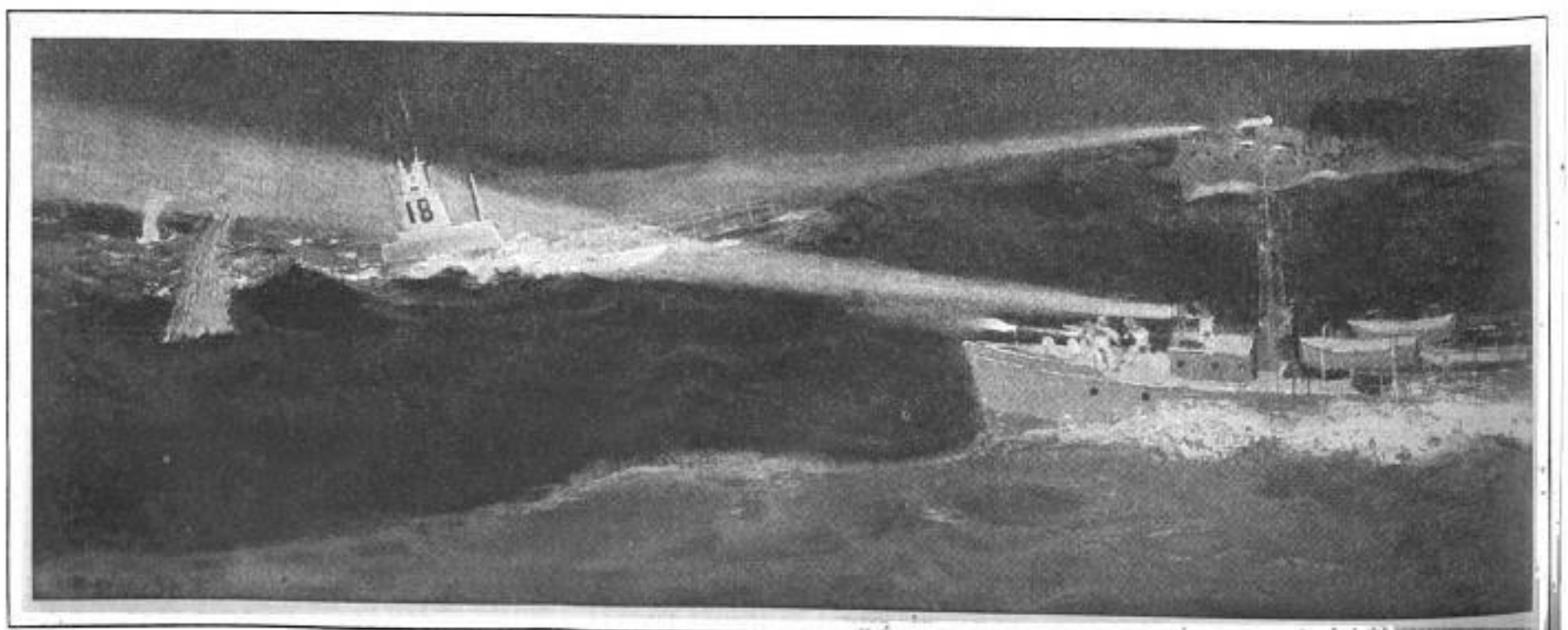
However, with substantially unlimited funds now at their disposal, the salvage engineers are taking long chances and doing amazing things. Meantime they are learning much that will cheapen operations in the years to come, when the wreckers will be asked to consider with the cold eye of business the question of refloating or raising hundreds and hundreds of ships which now, for various reasons, cannot be given consideration.

We have gone to Europe to help in a great work and our men can be counted upon to do their part in offsetting the ravages of the Kaiser's U-boats. They are likewise over there to profit by the experience of the British, French and Italian salvors. If the enemy's submarines continue to raid our coastal waters and to add materially to their grim toll, we shall have plenty to engage the attention of the domestic division of our Navy's salvage corps; and our work abroad will then stand us in good stead.

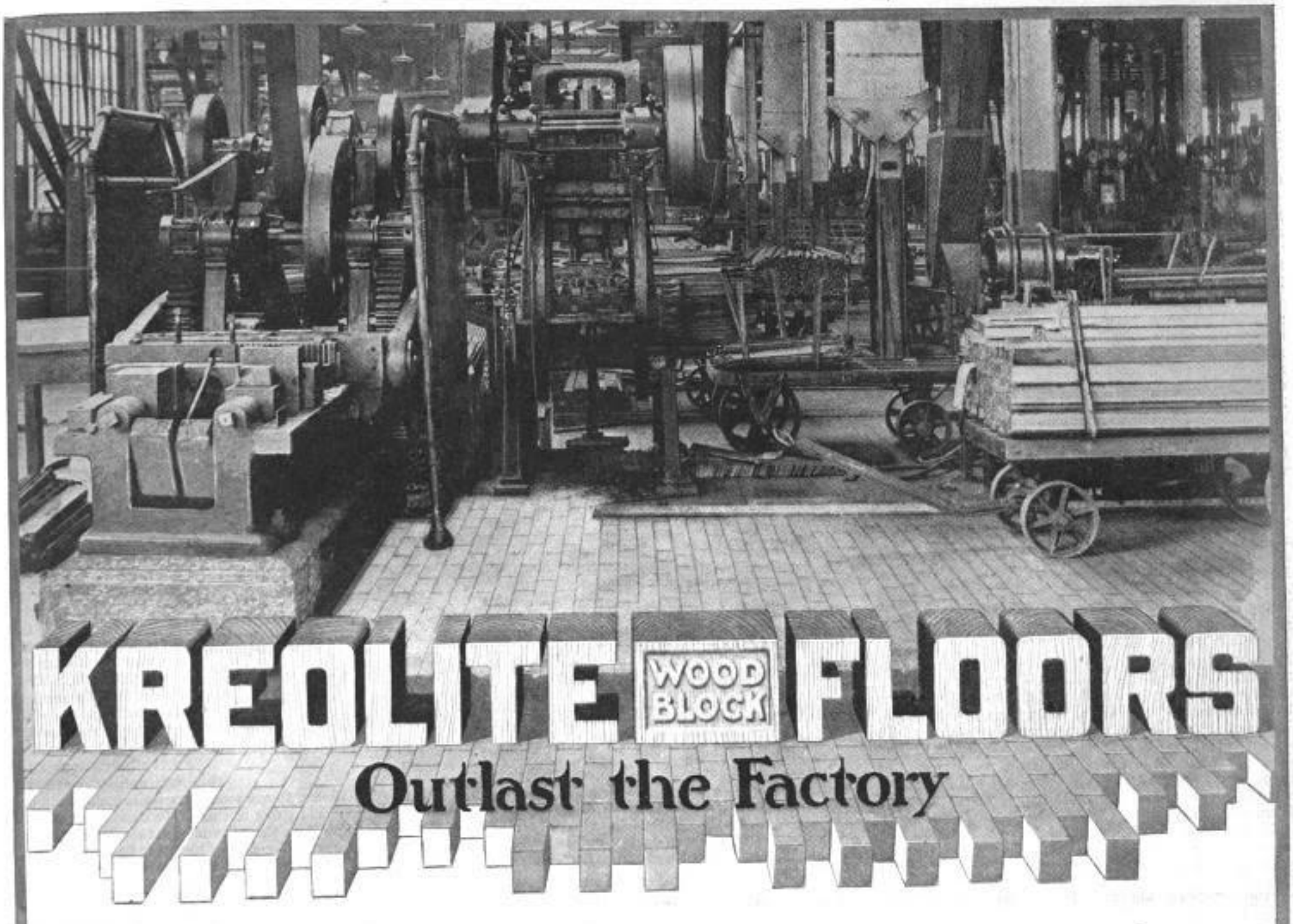
The men who in this fashion are fighting the sinister Teuton sea asps, who are battling with the treacherous, changeful sea, and who are trying to minimize navigational accidents induced by dimmed beacons and blinded running lights, are, indeed, a splendid body.

They are facing perils and struggling with difficulties that demand complete self-forgetfulness and unfaltering determination to succeed, if it be physically and humanly possible.

Theirs is a he-man's job; and they are tackling it like red-blooded, two-fisted fighters. They are heroes—all of them.




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# "Fenestra" Factory Kreolite-Block Floored

## —fourth Kreolite Block floor in six years for this concern

Wood is the ideal factory flooring—it has for most purposes the texture best suited to the conditions it must meet.

Kreolite Blocks make wood floors practical for factories—give an end-grain wearing surface—treated to insure durability and permanence.

And the treatment is so successful that Kreolite Blocks "outlast the factory."

Nothing else combines such softness, warmth and resilience with permanence.

The big share of our business comes from those who have tried everything and know from experience that Kreolite Block is the right combination of texture and permanence.

* * *

The Detroit Steel Products Company is a good example of the experienced satisfied user of Kreolite Block Floors.

Their first Kreolite Block floor was laid in September, 1911—another in October—another in November.

After five years' experience with these floors, Kreolite was again ordered for the big floor of the new sash shop—48,600 square feet—erected in 1916.

Kreolite Block had proven its desirability, its warmth, resilience and permanence, under the most trying conditions.

"Fenestra" steel window sashing produced in these factories, calls for a floor that will stand heavy trucking and contact with the sharp steel edges and corners of the material used.

* * *

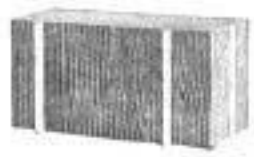
Kreolite Wood-Block Floors are particularly well adapted for use in Machine Shops, Foundries, Warehouses, Loading Platforms, Area Ways, Roundhouses, Paper Mills, Tanneries, Stables and Garages.

Without obligation on your part, we will have one of our Engineers call at your plant, study your floor problem and recommend the type of Kreolite Block and construction best suited to your needs.

Kreolite Wood-Block Floors are now in such general use that we can probably refer you to some one in your vicinity who can tell you about their experience with Kreolite Blocks.

Write us and we will respond with the information you desire.

*Our book* about Kreolite Factory Floors will interest industrial executives, construction engineers, architects and contractors. Write for it.



### For Street and Road Pavement

Kreolite Lug Wood Blocks prevent buckling and afford a safe and sure foothold for horses and perfect traction for automobiles. Write for booklet—"Why the Lugs?"

## The Jennison-Wright Company, Toledo, Ohio

Branches: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Toronto and other principal cities

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# BENWAY'S LUCK

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

TOM BENWAY'S grandfather was fond of aphorisms, usually of a horsy flavor. One of them was: "If a colt's got any temper in him you can be tolerably sure you've got him broke when he gets to be about twelve years old, but not before then."

And respecting his grandson he often gave his son this advice or remonstrance: "Larruping a high-tempered colt don't do any good, Jim." Sometimes this remonstrance saved young Tom's hide, and sometimes not; for all the Benway men had hot tempers.

Departing this life Grandfather Benway left to his grandson a legacy of five thousand dollars, stipulating that it was to be handed over to him whenever, after reaching the age of twenty-one, he bought a farm and married. At the age of twenty-two, having completed his four years' course at the state agricultural college, Tom fulfilled both conditions by marrying Elt Rogers' daughter and purchasing the old Bilsborrow place.

Concerning both ventures the neighborhood was inclined to skepticism. As to the wife, it said Elt Rogers' daughter was used to more money and a better way of living than young Benway could give her; she'd never be satisfied on the ramshackle old Bilsborrow place. As to the farm, when Ezra Lanham was reminded that Tom bought it for a song he retorted: "'Tain't worth a song—half swamp and half sand. If that's what a boy gits by four years at agricultural college I'd ruther my boys went fishin'."

The Bilsborrow place was low ground—the lowest part a wet, heavy black soil known as muck land; the higher part decidedly sandy; and all the soil "sourer'n swill," Ezra said.

But the muck land ran back to a pond, and the shore of this pond was a deposit of marl. To sweeten that sour soil and make it fertile one had only to dig out the marl and spread it over the ground. Tom Benway knew the marl was there before he bought the place. He'd had all the soil carefully analyzed; he was building on science. Yet that boggy pasture of muck must be thoroughly regenerated by the plow, the lowest spots drained by tile; the sand must be built up. That meant hard work, scientific planning and time.

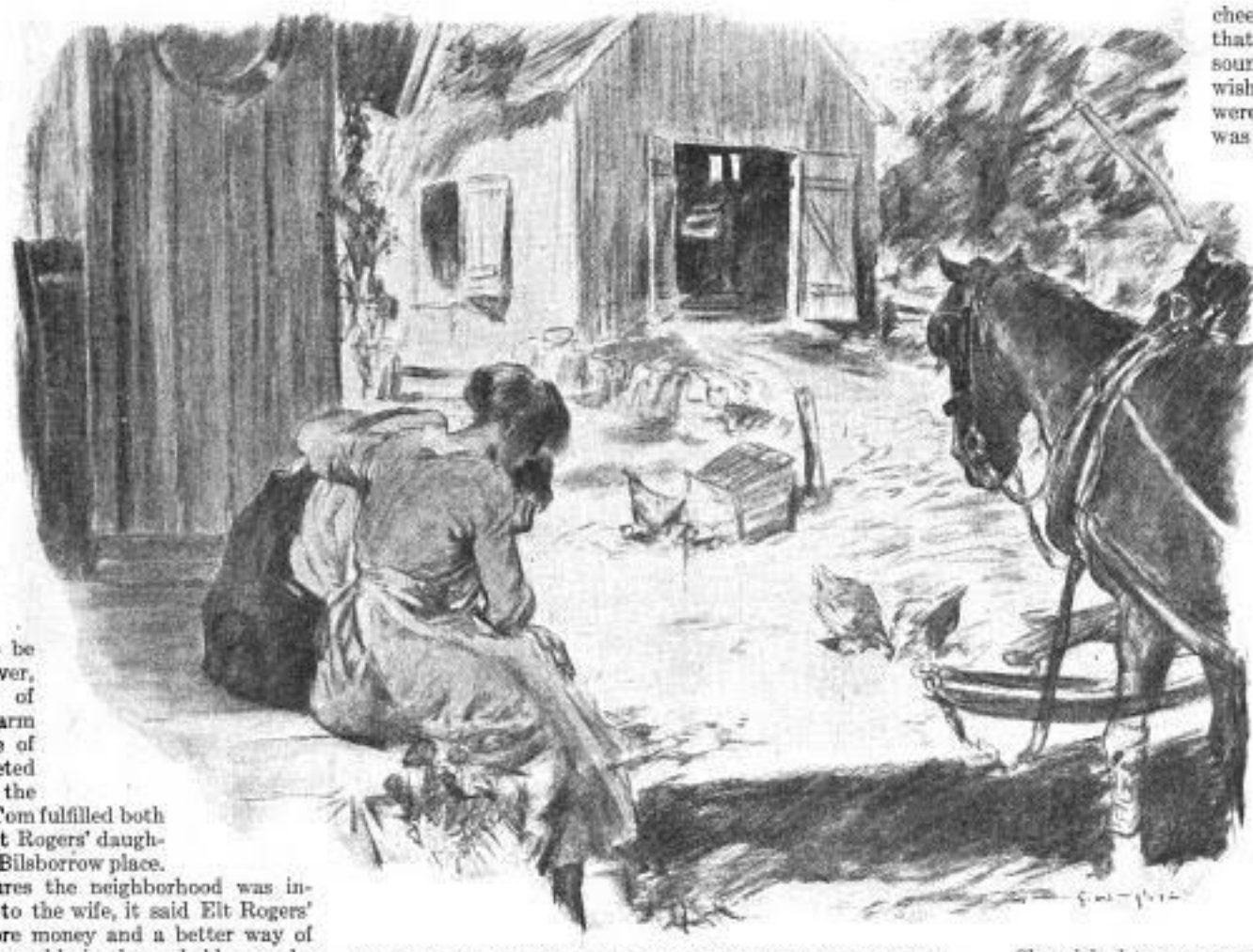
Probably only a rather obstinate and self-confident young man would have undertaken it. "All the Benway men is stubborn as mules and cross-grained as hickory knots," said Ezra Lanham.

It took three years of hard work and all Tom's money; but by the middle of June, 1918, he surveyed the result with a deep and just satisfaction. The ramshackle, contemptible old Bilsborrow place was a picture in green hues—the darkest hue for the mint on the muck land, another shade for the onions; then on the higher, sandy soil, the greens of the corn and potatoes. Every row marched straight as a ruler, with not a weed in between; and all visibly growing with such vigor that it seemed every particular stalk and leaf felt bound to make up at a leap for thirty years of half sterility. Travelers by motor and wagon slowed down, as they passed the place, to admire it.

Benway's satisfaction was like that of an artist who after long effort stands back to survey his canvas and feels that he has achieved a masterpiece. Almost anybody could take a good farm and raise good crops on it; but he had made this green fertility out of the waste with his own brain and muscle. A light of inner contentment brooded in his gray eyes; his shaven lips bent slightly with a smile; he slipped a brown arm round his wife's waist as she sat beside him on the edge of the old side porch at sunset and remarked out of his satisfying dream:

"We'll fix the old house up right this fall, Nellie."

But perhaps for a young man inclined to be headstrong and self-confident it wasn't altogether good to have such causes for self-approbation. At any rate when he added "We'll show the slow pokes what farming ought to be," it was by no means free of vainglory.



*It Was Like a Boy That This Casual Insult Should be Just the Last Straw That Gave His Misfortune a Barb and Drove it Home*

She was wearing a calico dress, as most farmers' wives did; but it was not merely a dress; it had an air. And her dark hair was coiled and braided as though she had been going to a party. He had to wear overalls and thick dusty boots; but if there was ever a day when she couldn't slip on a fresh-looking dress and touch up her hair before supper she accused herself of letting down.

The baby was two years old now. There had been plenty of real, muscle-trying work to be got through with day after day round the old house, which was dingy and inconvenient. They'd had to economize closely these three years while they were getting a start. Many a time she looked at her pretty hands with a little ache in her heart—observing that in the perpetual battle between manicuring and dishwater the dishwater was getting rather the best of it. Many a night she went to bed dog-tired. Their diversions were comparatively few.

It grieved Benway to see her look tired and the marks of toil on her pretty hands. He would have slaved for her; died for her—but keeping one's touchy temper in hand is different. There were times when he said things that he bitterly repented of a quarter of an hour later. At such times she needed to call up a little more of that stanchness which carried her through day by day.

But this sunset, as they sat side by side on the edge of the old side porch, his arm round her waist, there was no memory of the lapses of his unruly temper between them. The house stood on a small knoll near the road, with seven big oak trees about it. From the side porch they could look off over that flourishing green picture under the mellow light of sunset. With these war prices for all sorts of farm produce, the old place was simply growing bunches of greenbacks. They had won.

Such was the happy situation in mid-June. And on the twenty-first of that month—by a malevolent freak unknown to the oldest inhabitant and unmatched in the records of the weather bureau—a killing frost fell. Benway's low-lying farm got the full brunt of it. That morning under a careless rising sun the beautiful green picture was all wiped out, and in its place lay an expanse of withered dead brown—as though the desolate ghost of the farm had abruptly come back into its own. Except the garden on the knoll by the house not a growing thing was left.

Benway had not only used up all his money, he had gone nine hundred dollars in debt. It was bitter. He surveyed the ruin from the old side porch without a word.

About half past eleven he came into the kitchen, where his wife was getting dinner, dropped himself into a chair and dropped his battered cloth hat on the floor. She avoided looking at him, because—after all the brave, cheerful words she had spoken that morning, and tried to make sound convincing—she didn't wish him to see how red her eyes were. Yet without looking she was acutely aware of him.

He was wearing thick muddy shoes, overalls and a collarless calico shirt—an exceedingly undistinguished costume. But he stood six feet and weighed a hundred and eighty. Cords of muscle ran down his bare brown arms. In spite of the chill air his shirt was open at the neck, baring a triangle of tanned chest and the round column of his neck. His brown hair inclined to be curly. To the young woman, who was frying potatoes in a skillet at the moment and whose heart throbbed with pity at the base of her throat, he was substantially the same as Napoleon on the morrow of Waterloo—only worse than that, for in a long game fight he had won a clean bright victory by all the rules; and then by a sort of monstrous jest it had been snatched away.

She wished to say something quite incidental; but all she could think of was: "Jennie telephoned she was coming out this afternoon to take Bobbie and me for a little ride." Jennie was her elder sister, married to Wilbur Leffingwell, cashier of the bank at Fulton, and able to maintain an automobile regardless of frost. The bitter thought occurred to Benway that Jennie would be commiserating her, and probably in secret thinking it was just what she might have expected when she married that blockhead Tom Benway.

He ignored her remark, but made one of his own, his moody eyes on the floor: "I may as well enlist, Nell. Nothing for me to do here. The Government will allow you thirty dollars a month. That's about as much as I can do for you. I can be some use with a musket." That was what he had been thinking about all the forenoon.

His startled wife gave a mournful little cry: "And leave us, Tom?"—meaning herself and the baby. It was a heartachy little cry, accusing him of deserting them. Standing by the stove, one hand on the skillet, the other holding a big spoon, but still a picture of dismay, she urged: "You oughtn't to, Tom. It's not your place. The Government doesn't want you in the Army. It wants you on the farm. You're in Class Four. A man that can raise as much food on the old Bilsborrow place as you'd have raised this year if it hadn't been for the frost ought to stay here until he's called. If they need you more in the Army than here they'll call you."

Then, the first keen shock of the proposal having passed, she divined that his idea of enlisting was only a gesture of wrath and desperation. Stung by a sense of intolerable wrong he lunged as a goaded colt leaps over a bank or into a wall. It hurt her, for she felt it to be a weakness in him. But she had learned that if he was prone to fall he was always struggling to his feet again, and opposition was poor tactics with him.

So she concluded her argument in the following illogical fashion: Giving the potatoes another turning over with the spoon so they would brown properly she stepped to his chair, hugged his curly head against her breast and said in his ear, under her breath: "You couldn't help the frost, honey. Don't bother any more about it just now. Wait a while before you decide anything."

He knew well enough in the bottom of his heart that his idea of enlisting was only a gesture of desperation and wounded pride; and that she knew it too. He was at once humiliated and comforted. And there the matter rested.

The next day he took his cherished team—bays, fourteen hands high, both of them, and clean as whistles—and went to work hauling gravel for the road commissioners at six dollars a day, which with careful management would buy feed for the horses and meet their living expenses.

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(Continued from Page 32)

But that fall from the estate of farmer to hired hand was not the limit of his degradation. He owed the Fulton County Bank nine hundred dollars, due in October. Obviously there would be no money in October.

He had taken care to say on every apt occasion that Wilbur Leffingwell, cashier of the Fulton County Bank, was a good fellow. But there was this fact between them: The elder Rogers sister had married Wilbur Leffingwell; she had a nice little house in town, a maid, an automobile; she bought her clothes in Sauganoc City—when she didn't buy them in Detroit or Chicago. The younger Rogers sister had married Tom Benway; she lived in the ramshackle old Bilsborrow place, did her own housework, and now and then appeared in a dress that looked suspiciously like one Mrs. Leffingwell had worn the season before.

There was that fact between them. The prosperous husband of a Rogers sister was ten years older than the frost-blighted one. He was lean and rather leathern of countenance; a precise, dryish sort of man. When young Tom laid the financial situation before him, the cashier rubbed his long leathern chin and remarked dryly that there would be no trouble about renewing the note for a year; Tom could just ask Father Rogers to sign the renewal with him and undoubtedly Father Rogers would do it.

Whereupon Tom swallowed and his eyes fell. Bottling up his speech he left the bank with a furious determination to see it in hell before he would ask his father-in-law to sign a note with him. That humiliation rankled.

It came on to the tenth of July, Benway still hauling gravel for the road commissioners. It was a hot day, and the hauling was heavy. He felt an odd, penetrating compassion for his sweaty toiling horses—as though he had dragged them down to a loss of caste and a special servitude and degradation in having to work for wages. He got off the wagon to ease their load up the long hill and tramped along beside the wagon wheel, in rusty shoes and overalls, his calico shirt wide open at the neck, a battered straw hat on his curly head, his gray eyes looking out somberly from under its brim, his lips firmly shut—a man doggedly bending his back under misfortune.

He heard the honk of an automobile horn some distance behind him; then closer and more insistent. The graveled roadway was narrow up the hill, with soft dirt at the sides. He didn't propose to pull over into the soft dirt, where very likely the ponderous wagon would stick; so he trudged on. The horn clamored just behind him and he heard angry shouts. But in hardly more than a minute he would be at the top of the hill; the car could wait that long, it seemed, with no great hardship; so he kept to the firm roadway.

Reaching the top of the hill he pulled over and saw a green touring car with the top down roll past the other side of the wagon. A swarthy, hatchet-faced man was at the wheel, and there were two other men in the car. So much Tom saw at a glance. Then the hatchet-faced driver, craning his neck, looked across the flanks of the horses and called Benway a vile name. The next moment there was a cracking sound; the off mare reared and threw herself aside; both horses were jumping. Benway reined them in, quieted them with his voice, and ran round to see what had happened.

After passing the wagon the hatchet-faced chauffeur had thrown his car toward the horses, crowding in on them. The end of a mud guard had struck the mare's knee, a corner of the folded top had torn her shoulder. Both wounds were bleeding, and the mare, running with sweat from her long pull up the hill, was quivering with fright and pain.

Abuse of a horse under any circumstances provoked Benway's wrath. This wanton injury to his own tired horse—well, he looked down the road after the fleeing car; a turgid vein stood out on his square tanned forehead; his eyes changed to a darker color; his jaws set; his chest swelled out. If he could have laid a hand on the hatchet-faced man just then there would very likely have been a case for the coroner.

When he reached his destination, where the gravel was to be dumped, two or three men noticed the mare's hurts and remarked upon them. Benway recited the circumstances in the fewest possible words—not in a way to invite conversation. He didn't want to talk to anybody about anything.

This gravel wagon was a ponderous affair, the box hung low between broad-tired iron wheels. The box itself was made of loose two-inch planks. To dump the load one turned the planks up edgewise, whereupon the gravel fell through. It required considerable strength; often two men worked together at it. Benway dumped his load alone, and as his strong hands gripped the planks they itched for a grip on that hatchet-faced chauffeur. The men recognized his mood and discreetly let him alone.

On the way back for another load he pulled into his dooryard to give the mare's wounds such surgery as he could. Wounded, she must go on with her day's work; outraged, he must go on with his day's work. The compulsion and the helplessness ground him as between two millstones. Doubtless the green touring car was far off now and he would never see it again. One must just grin and bear it.

Nell came out when he drove into the yard, and he could hardly bear to tell her about it. Talking—vain words—humiliated him. She exclaimed with pity and indignation over the mare's wounds; helped him wash them and bind up the knee—and all the while furtively watching him. He was too leaden, avoiding her eyes. When the surgery was finished he went into the kitchen to wash his hands and get a drink. Coming back across the side porch he stepped down on the ground, still avoiding his wife's eyes, and looked a moment at his hurt horse. . . . He couldn't even save his horse from having her shoulder torn by a hatchet-faced dog in an automobile! Such was his helplessness! Abruptly he sat down on the edge of the porch and for the first time since the frost bowed his face in his hands.

Her heart was riven. After all, he was only twenty-five—almost what one might call a boy. It was like a boy that this casual insult and injury of the road should be just the last straw that gave his misfortune a barb and drove it home. She ran over to nestle beside him and slip an arm round him, her cheek against his calico shirt sleeve. He patted her knee and mumbled—meaning the mare—"Probably she'll be all right in a couple of days"; and got up abruptly.



*Running to the Doorway Lem Noted a Moving Dust Cloud Three-Quarters of a Mile Away*

About thirty minutes had then elapsed since the green touring car struck his horse. He gave a final look to the mare's bandaged knee, and combed down her mane with his hand. While he was doing that Nell heard the telephone ringing and went inside to answer it. Benway had climbed into his wagon and was driving out of the yard, when she called to him excitedly from the doorway and ran toward him.

II

MEANWHILE the green touring car, having reached a point a mile west of the village of Fulton, turned south and described a flanking or encircling movement, thus entering the village from the east, when it stopped at the curb on the corner in front of the post office.

The hatchet-faced driver was distinguished—in addition to the forward thrust of his high-bridged nose—by a pair of restless eyes, dark and round as a hawk's. Beside him on the front seat sat a stocky man whose gray felt hat was pulled down over his brows and who looked out from under the brim with a sarcastic squint. The other passenger, on the back seat, was tall and lean, with heavy jaws and a mouth as straight as though it had been marked out with a ruler. He had been in the village of Fulton once before this; but that was five years ago, and he wished to refresh his recollection. Alighting from the car at the post office, therefore, he sauntered up Main Street.

This was half past two of a Wednesday afternoon when corn must be cultivated, wheat and barley harvested, the second growth of alfalfa cut, apples and berries picked, potatoes sprayed—when, in fact, the long days were too short for all the work to be done in that region. Besides, the thermometer under the awning in front of Alf Rexford's drug store registered ninety-two degrees above zero. So Main Street presented a very deserted appearance, which pleased the tall man.

Midway down the block he passed the Fulton County Bank, and the glance which he sent in a casual manner through the broad plate-glass window disclosed a completely deserted appearance there; which also pleased him.

He sauntered on to the next corner, occupied by the Fulton House—a two-story red-brick structure—just beyond which, and a rod or so back from the street corner, stood a huge elm tree, round whose mighty bole a rude plank bench had been constructed.

Three men sat on this shady bench, gossiping. The one in the middle—coatless and vestless like the other two—was rather under medium size, wiry and middle-aged. He wore a bushy red mustache; and a heavy watch chain, from which a lodge emblem depended, dangled from the watch pocket in his trousers and was looped round the suspender above the pocket.

That much the tall man noticed as, glancing from the street corner, his eyes casually met the eyes of the man on the bench. The tall man's mind mechanically registered this comment: "A rube"; and therewith dismissed the person on the bench—who, in fact, excited no more interest in him than the plank on which he sat or the dog that drowsed in the dust at his feet.

Well pleased, the tall man turned and retraced his steps to the car, moving a little more briskly. The car then rolled smoothly down the curb to a position in front of the Fulton County Bank, which the tall man entered, closely followed by the stocky man carrying a brown leather bag, while the hatchet-faced chauffeur sat at the wheel, his engine running and a heavy automatic pistol lying on the seat just under his coat tail.

Cashier Leffingwell was alone in the bank at the moment. He rose from his desk rather languidly, stepped to the brass wicket in the glass screen that surmounted the counter and picked up the twenty-dollar bill which the tall stranger had asked him to change. The next moment his mind comprehended two black and deadly pistol muzzles and two glowering, murderous faces—and then fairly went out of commission, his hands going up of themselves.

Crouching, the stocky man with the bag had run noiselessly along the counter and through the little parlor at

(Continued on Page 37)

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# An Announcement About the Shortage of Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-Ko

## GINGER ALE



BECAUSE of war-time necessity, our sugar supply has been greatly restricted. We are indeed glad that our soldiers and sailors, our people in their homes, and our allies abroad are going to have this sugar.

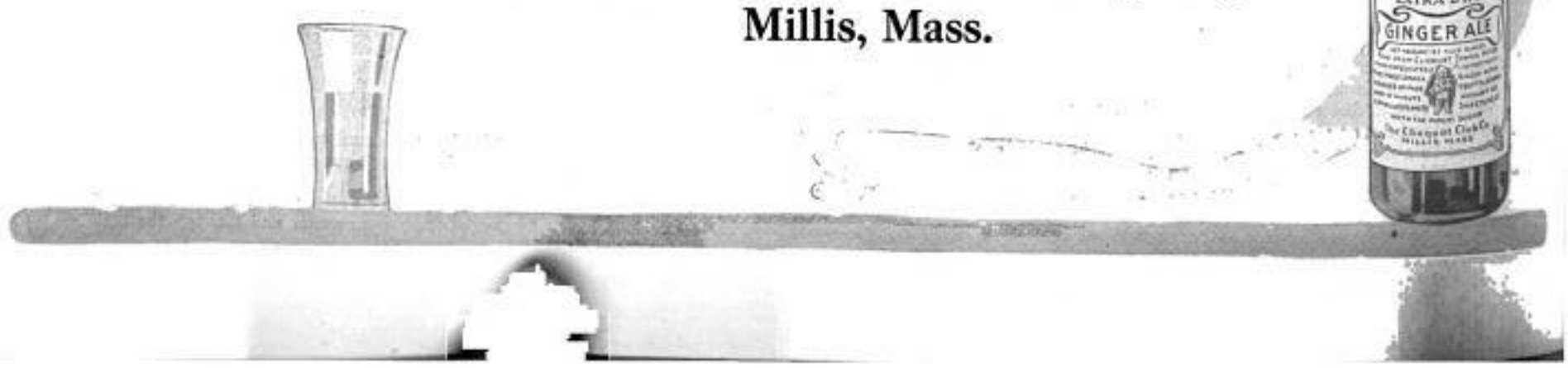
We are content to wait till it is reasonable that we should have the sugar we need to make Clicquot Club Ginger Ale.

A beverage can be sweetened with something besides sugar, but our scientists have not yet found a sugar substitute which we are willing to use in Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. The absolute purity of this product means so much that we prefer to have the rapid growth of our sales retarded temporarily rather than to permit Clicquot Club Ginger Ale to deteriorate in quality.

One of the things we are most anxious to do is to preserve without change the taste of Clicquot Club, which is exactly the taste a good ginger ale should have. Remember, whether you can get your whole supply or not, your grocer is doing the best he can for you, even if he can't always get full supply of your favorite brand.

**The Clicquot Club Company**
**Millis, Mass.**



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(Continued from Page 35)

the rear, one of whose doors opened to the space inside the counter. So he was fairly at the cashier's elbow when the two pistol muzzles revealed themselves.

The tall man came behind the counter also, ran into the open vault, then to the money drawer beneath the counter. It was all done very swiftly, in a sort of breathless rush. But the cashier, hands up, looking into a deadly weapon and into the stocky man's deadlier face, had time—deep within him—to experience a sensation as of falling through space, together with a cavernous goneness. So when the tall man, having finished with the money drawer, leaped toward him, gun in hand and tigerish, Cashier Leffingwell thought he was going to be killed, and he thought of his wife and child. His pale face puckered, for those are thoughts to pierce the marrow of any man. When the tall man merely commanded "Get into the vault," he obeyed promptly and with a blessed sense of relief.

All this had been quickly accomplished. The job was done and the brown bag contained twelve thousand dollars. The hurrying robbers grinned at each other as they ran for the door.

They should not have run. In the last four months they had robbed three small banks in outlying parts of Chicago, with one murder and one victim still in the hospital in a precarious condition. They had concluded that it would be well to choose another scene for their next operation, and the tall man had recalled Fulton. They had rehearsed the affair carefully, selecting the route they would take in driving from Chicago to Fulton and the somewhat different one on which they would get back as soon as possible, for there is no hiding place like a big city. But in Chicago the vital thing was a quick get-away—fast work, a leap into the car and off at top speed; five minutes' start was everything. So at Fulton they ran for the bank door and the waiting car, which was an error.

While the robbery was going forward William Callahan, judge of probate court, had come paddling across the street from the court house—which sat back forty feet or so off Main Street—in his shirt sleeves, a bank passbook grasped in his right hand, progressing at the rate of a tortoise, his broad red face all screwed up with the affliction of sixty years and two hundred and forty pounds under a temperature of ninety-two in the shade. If upon opening the bank door he had seen two strangers merely walking briskly from the little parlor at the rear, one of them carrying a brown bag, he would undoubtedly have stepped aside to let them pass.

But he saw two strangers running, and a strange automobile, with the engine going, waiting at the curb. His mind was by no means so slow as his body. The tall man, being in the lead, brushed by him, by which time the judge had got into action. Dropping his passbook and crying "Hold on there!" he laid two capable hands on the stocky man's arm.

It might still have been managed. A vigorous punch would have knocked the wind out of the judge. But the stocky man's nerves were on edge; Chicago precedents were in his mind. His pistol barked. Judge Callahan reeled, clutched wildly out for support and fell to the floor. The car was already in motion when the stocky man sprang into it, and gathering speed swiftly. When it passed the Fulton House corner it was going forty miles an hour—and fifty at the next corner—with long empty stretches of good country road ahead. It still seemed a good get-away.

The pistol shot wrought an instantaneous transformation in Main Street. People popped from doorways; heads popped from upstairs windows. The village had not been asleep. It had merely been waiting for something—anything—to happen. At the suggestion of a happening it was immediately astir. Men were running toward the bank. Excited questions were shouted.

The wiry, undersized man with burly red mustache and dangling watch chain whom the tall robber had noticed sitting on the bench beneath the big elm stood up, listening, when he heard the shot. Almost at once he saw a green touring car with the top down, containing three men, rush westward past the Fulton House corner, and put his short legs in brisk motion. His name was Milton Sears, and he was sheriff of Fulton County.

When he reached the bank two men were already bending over Judge Callahan. The sheriff ran by them. The interior of the bank seemed quite empty. But his shouts were rewarded by a sound of kicking on the inside of the closed vault door, and by putting his ear to the crack in the door he could get Cashier Leffingwell's instructions for releasing the combination lock. In a minute he had the door open; in another minute he had the cashier's story.

By that time Doctor Barker had arrived and was kneeling over Judge Callahan; also an excited, constantly-augmenting crowd filled the cement sidewalk and was beginning to overflow into the street. Ignoring victim, doctor and crowd, the sheriff moved with speed and precision. Selecting three individuals in the crowd he addressed each of them individually, to the same effect—namely: "Grab an automobile, get some men and guns, follow the robbers along the Polkville road; remember, a green touring car with the top down; be fast."

Lank Ed Dexter, in a flapping vest—county clerk of Fulton County, and a considerable figure in local politics, personally acquainted with every inhabitant of the region over ten years of age and with every crossroads—was just joining the crowd. Him the sheriff immediately commandeered, getting his attention by gripping his arm.

"Ed, the bank's been robbed. They've shot Judge Callahan. Three men in a green touring car, top down, did it. They've gone west on the Polkville road. You run upstairs there to the telephone office and put those girls at work. Call up Hi Matters at Peter's Corners; then call up Polkville. Call up every farmhouse beginning four miles out. Keep track of that green car. If they turn off you can trace 'em. Stay right there, Ed; keep the wires busy. Never mind people that just want to talk."

And as the lank county clerk loped toward the stairway that led up to the telephone office the sheriff ran to the jail. Before his election to this office he had served four years as deputy sheriff and in that capacity had gained much experience in running down automobiles which set local authority at naught. But little more than five minutes after the shot was fired the sheriff was turning west in Main Street, astride a motorcycle, hatless, goggled, the gutta-percha butt of a revolver sticking out of his hip pocket.

Meanwhile the green touring car was making fifty miles an hour over a broad, smooth state road. To its occupants' urban eyes the landscape over which they rushed seemed almost empty of humanity. Usually they would see no sign of life as they sped past a farmhouse. Here and there, over the broad undulating fields, a man was driving a harvesting machine, or two or three men were getting in hay. It seemed an excellent get-away.

The tall man, who captained the enterprise, had calculated on the telephone and laid out a course which avoided the town of Polkville, eleven miles west of Fulton. He had not taken Peter's Corners into calculation because he was not aware of it. Any road guide might be excused for ignoring Peter's Corners, for it was only a spot where two main roads crossed, with a little



With a Rending Crash the Car Struck the End of the Wagon






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crossroads general store on the right and a country blacksmith shop on the left. But nowadays the blacksmith shop was aspiring. Two posts at the roadside in front of it supported a large signboard on which appeared the rudely lettered word "Garage." This was the establishment of Hi Matters; but Hi had gone fishing and the place was in charge of his apprentice, literal-minded and bullet-headed Lem Winterbotham.

Running from the telephone to the doorway Lem noted a moving dust cloud over the crown of the hill three-quarters of a mile away, as though a car were passing, headed west.

Peter's Corners seemed as deserted as everything else when it swiftly rose on the vision of the hatchet-faced driver of the green car. He observed no sign of life about the sleepy little general store on the right or the shabby little blacksmith shop on the left, and his alert eyes only mechanically registered a clump of bushes on the left beyond the blacksmith shop. The bushes reeled backward as the car sped by. Then the country air was rent by a great roar, instantly followed by the sound of a number of smart little blows against the body of the car. Something stung the tall man's arm, and the robbers' nerves had scarcely absorbed that shock when all of them heard the most unwelcome of noises—the ghastly whistle of air escaping from a punctured tire.

The hatchet-faced driver mechanically pressed the accelerator down to the floor board and the car leaped into higher speed. In a moment Peter's Corners was far behind; the still country air and the empty country scene enveloped them; but the left-hand rear wheel was pounding on a perfectly flat tire. At that speed it wouldn't do. The driver slowed.

The tall man stood up, steadying himself by holding to the side and back of the car, and looked behind. Nothing in sight, and not a sound.

"We may as well change it," he said.

The car stopped. All three sprang out and addressed themselves without a word to the changing of the tire. They were silent because speech was utterly futile. As to their feelings, the tall man would have given the entire contents of the brown bag for one fair shot at the person who had saluted them out of the bushes at Peter's Corners with both barrels of a shotgun, the shells loaded for duck, and punctured a tire. Bullet-headed Lem Winterbotham, having quickly reloaded his weapon, had stood for a moment in the bushes in an attitude of challenge, but as the car rushed on out of sight he returned to the blacksmith shop with a rather contemptuous idea of the robbers, and telephoned to Fulton.

The three men worked rapidly, yet it took them a good five minutes to change the tire. They had gone barely half a mile farther when they saw a farmhouse a few rods ahead at the right and a woman in a shapeless calico dress standing by an oak tree at the roadside looking in their direction. When they got a little nearer she turned and ran toward the house. As they passed, the woman, still running, threw a glance at them over her shoulder. They saw excitement in her face. Undoubtedly she was going to the telephone. That salute at Peter's Corners was notice that they had underestimated the efficiency of pursuit by wire.

The tall man thought he heard the faint, prolonged blast of an automobile horn in the rear. Obviously they must get off that main road.

He craned forward, studying the roadway, and in a moment directed the driver: "Turn to the right there; run slower after you turn."

He had meant to take a right-hand crossroad some two miles farther on in order to avoid the town of Polkville. No doubt this crossroad would answer just as well, and by running slower they would probably escape attention—for a car moving at fifty miles an hour and upward is a conspicuous object.

The crossroad was hilly and by no means so good as the highway they left—being narrow and very indifferently "improved" by dumping loose gravel on the dirt. Over some stretches traffic had pounded the gravel down to a fairly smooth surface. In other places it left much to be desired. The hatchet-faced driver kept the car down to thirty or thirty-five miles an hour. But a hot, still emptiness enveloped them and in spite of mishaps the tall man, two minutes after they turned into the crossroad, felt it was a very good get-away.

### III

YOUNG Tom Benway, sitting on a hard board across the box of his empty, ponderous and bumpy gravel wagon was thinking for the moment of something besides his own misfortunes and humiliations. The news his wife had given him set up an excited speculation in his mind.

The description was not only a green touring car with the top down, containing three men; but a green Eclipse car—for by that time the two men in Fulton who casually noted the make of the car when it rolled into town had reported that detail. Tom had noticed the distinctive hubs of the car that contained his enemies. He felt pretty sure it was an Eclipse. Naturally he was speculating on the probability that his enemies were the bank robbers. Like every other right-minded person he hoped the robbers would be hanged, for Judge Callahan was a deservedly popular man, and the report said his wound was dangerous. But the probability that the robbers were the very men who had struck his mare lent a special zest to Tom's hopes in that respect.

He was speculating about it—aimlessly enough, because he was a good four miles off the state road between Fulton and Polkville, along which the robbers had fled.

At their own slow gait the horses pulled the clumsy wagon over the crown of a hill and started down the other side. Tom then heard the blast of a horn behind him. He stood up in the wagon, looking back, and just before the crown of the hill which he had passed a moment before cut off his vision he saw a green touring car with the top down roll swiftly into view on the top of the next hill. He looked ahead, spoke sharply to his horses, and further astonished them by lashing the flank of each with the knotted ends of his lines. Trotting downhill with a heavy wagon was poor horsemanship, but when the horses reached the bottom of the hill they were galloping. Tom hit them another cut, reined them in sharply and pulled over to the right.

When the hatchet-faced chauffeur reached the top of the hill he saw, down below, a heavy work wagon, a team and a driver in overalls who was standing up in the wagon and seemed to be having some trouble in managing his horses. He automatically blew his horn. His keen and expert eyes noted that the beaten roadway at the foot of the hill was narrow, only a single track, running through what looked like a pocket of deep loose sand. At the right the roadway was bounded by a long, rank tangle of sumac. At the left the ground fell away sharply to low, wet-looking pasture. Anyone who has tried it knows that deep, loose sand is poor stuff to manipulate a car in. If there is a worn wheel track through it one can stick to the track. Otherwise one is in difficulties.

The man at the wheel took it all in expertly and noted that the wagon did not stand parallel with the road, but at an angle to it. Yet its tail fairly cleared the track; there was room to pass; and he was in a hurry. So with another honk he let the car take advantage of the down grade.

Whatever trouble the overalled driver was having with his horses he could look over his shoulder at the oncoming car, whose momentum increased with the grade. The chauffeur's eyes were on the road; but there was an instant in which it occurred to the stocky man beside him that this overalled youth was the same man whose horse they had bumped. That impression instantly merged into another—the impression of the man in the wagon shouting to his horses and throwing himself back on the lines with all his might. The horses, excited and on edge from the gallop, responded promptly. Those in the car had time to see the tail of the wagon projecting over the wheel tracks and to give a three-voiced yell. Getting the car out of the track through the sand and materially checking it were alike impossible. Two of the men were in the act of springing up and the chauffeur was throwing himself violently to the left when, with a rending crash, the car struck the end of the wagon.

### IV

SHERIFF SEARS saw a woman in a shapeless calico dress standing at the roadside in front of a farmhouse. Seeing him she began waving her hands. He slowed down, running toward her and craning over.

"They took the next road to the right; I saw 'em from an upstairs window," she shouted.

But the sheriff didn't get the last of it. At "next road to the right" he nodded and put on speed.

Some rough and hilly patches of that crossroad were worse going for a motorcycle than for an automobile; but he calculated they couldn't lose him far. Soon, topping a hill, he looked down on a surprising scene.

The wreck of a green touring car lay mainly off at the left of the road on sharply sloping ground, though some wreckage was scattered elsewhere. A pair of bay horses dragging a gravel wagon were disappearing over the top of the opposite hill—but going only at an ineffectual kind of gallop, for the left hind wheel had been knocked off the wagon and the dragging axle acted as a brake. A human figure hung in the wreckage of the car. Another human figure, in overalls, lay flat on its back, with arms extended, on the right-hand side of the road. As the sheriff dismounted this figure sat up with a blank expression, and he recognized young Tom Benway. Simultaneously an automobile horn shrieked some little distance to the east and was answered by farther horns. The sheriff then saw a tall person dazedly getting to all fours on the soft, wet pasture land at the left of the road, and drew his revolver.

When the first pursuing car arrived Sheriff Sears had the tall robber in custody—still decidedly limp and half stunned. The stocky robber was recovered in an insensible condition from the lowland at the left. The hatchet-faced chauffeur was evidently worst hurt of all, but still breathing. Young Doctor Arthur arriving in the third car found both his legs broken and signs of internal injury.

Besides the first pursuit which Sheriff Sears had organized, volunteers had joined in the chase, not only from Fulton but from several farmhouses where there happened to be a man and an automobile available. Soon there were a dozen cars and thirty or more men on the scene. As the robbers were captured there would have been little for them to do—except listen, with exclamations of satisfaction and admiration to Tom Benway's terse statement of how it happened—but for the following circumstances:

Before the first car arrived, Sheriff Sears noticed a brown leather bag lying on the ground some distance to the left of the wrecked car. A second glance showed that it was open and some of its precious contents spilled out. He marched his dazed prisoner over there and stood guard until Elt Rogers coming in the second car took charge of the treasure. Not a great many minutes later Cashier Leffingwell reached the scene, and to him the bag was naturally delivered. He examined its contents and announced that two thousand dollars was

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missing. So the gathering addressed itself to searching for the money.

The roadway itself and the falling ground at the left lay quite bare and open, with not even a weed big enough to conceal an object of the bulk of a bundle of bank notes. A very few minutes was sufficient to convince any reasonable person that no bundles of bank notes lay there. The wrecked car certainly contained no objects of that description. A number of men expressed the opinion that Cashier Leffingwell was mistaken; but the cashier was very positive. He was personally acquainted with the money in his bank, and after checking over the contents of the bag the third time he recalled distinctly that four packages of brand-new twenty-dollar gold certificates, each package containing five hundred dollars, had been lying on top of the neatly corded little stack of bank notes in the vault. The robbers certainly took them, for they would have been the first bundles of money coming to their hands when they rifled the vault. Besides, he had looked over the vault before leaving the bank and was certain all the bank notes were taken. It was those four particular packages that were missing now. Cashier Leffingwell was as certain of that as of his own name.

So the search was renewed and extended. All the ground, even beyond a radius from the wreck which probability prescribed, was carefully gone over. Even the thicket of sumac at the right of the road was searched with care. The tall robber was questioned; but having recovered his mental faculties he contented himself with telling the questioners cynically to go to hell. He was searched. His two insensible companions also were searched—for which there was ample time before the motor hearse from Polkville, hastily improvised into an ambulance, arrived to take them away. Many theories were advanced—none of them sounding very plausible—and a good hour and a half consumed.

After the first half hour Sheriff Sears took only a very perfunctory part in the search. The deputy sheriff arriving in the fifth or sixth car had brought a pair of handcuffs and the sheriff gave the tall prisoner to his keeping. Then, mostly, he just stood round or sat in the dusty grass by the roadside looking on.

Tom Benway, limping somewhat from the injury he had received when thrown from his wagon, lent a hand in the search. There was a fixed line down the center of his forehead; he looked gloomy or sullen. His horses, tired to begin with, and dragging a heavy wagon on three wheels, hadn't gone far. A farmer's boy brought them back and told him the wagon was beside the road just over the hill. Tom seemed not much interested in the fate of the vehicle. He tied his horses by the lines to a sumac root and continued his search doggedly for the missing money.

The money wasn't there. Even Cashier Leffingwell reluctantly accepted that conclusion. The general opinion was that if it had really been taken from the bank it must somehow have got lost on the way; but a number of substantial citizens assured the cashier that he'd find the money somewhere round the bank; the robbers must have dropped it at the beginning of their flight.

One by one the cars with their passengers disappeared over the hill. Only Sheriff Sears and Tom Benway were left on the scene of the wreck. The sheriff righted his motorcycle, which he had overturned in the grass by the roadway, and lifted it round to head toward town. Tom walked over and untied his horses. When he straightened up from his stooping posture—that sullen line still down the center of his forehead—the sheriff was standing beside him.

With a prickling of nerves and a sudden hum of blood in his ears Tom looked down into the face of a wiry, undersized, middle-aged man with a bushy red mustache and a heavy dangling gold watch chain and lodge emblem which had faintly moved the tall robber to mirth. The way this man's blue eyes looked into his eyes might have reminded him of the shiny blade of a sword.

"I hear you've been having bad luck, Tom," said the sheriff.

As the young man, rather groping for a foothold, said nothing, the sheriff added: "Crops all gone; cleaned out, eh? Must have been two, three years you've been working to make something out of that old Bilsborrow place."

"Three years," said Tom automatically, and still groping.

"Three," the sheriff repeated. "Lot of hard work gone for nothing. Expectations gone. Hard luck. Maybe you're in debt some, too, eh?"

It might seem an impertinent question, in spite of the friendly tone; but in his confusion Tom answered simply: "I owe the bank nine hundred dollars."

"Nine hundred," the sheriff repeated. "Maybe Leffingwell's been sort of grumpy about renewing it too. I see. Sore at the game, eh? Sore at the bank too. Working for the road commissioners and got your mare bumped. Sore at that too. I sort of doped it out that way."

He lifted a hand with a bent forefinger and combed down his bushy mustache, reflecting a moment.

"I don't know how this war strikes you," he observed, when his bright blue eyes returned to the young man's frowning face, "but I been thinking a good deal about it. My boy's over there, you know—Ezra. I been thinking a good deal about it," he repeated. "Five, six million dead, I suppose; and more to come. Maybe Ezra among 'em. I'm a Republican myself; but I guess Wilson's said some things they'll be teaching the children in time to come. The way it strikes me, what's the good of all that if we're going to be just as ornery as we used to be? Fight and die for liberty and make the world safe for democracy—over in France, eh? And we go ahead robbing and soaking each other just the same, eh? The way it strikes me, can't we do something for those boys right here—try to make what they're doing worth while? Get me? Fighting over there, and why can't we be kind and decent over here? When a fellow stubs his toe give him a boost up instead of a kick in the pants. I been thinking a good deal about it, and that's what it comes to. I want to act over here so I can be sort of waving my hand to Ezra and saying: 'All right; I'm on the job best I know too.' Get the idea?"

If the young man got it he could only stare with round astonished eyes.

"You knew Ezra first-rate," the sheriff resumed—unconsciously using the past tense. "Guess you and him were pretty good friends. You're exempt, and that's right. But just exempt from carrying a musket, eh? You ain't exempt from all the other things. No man is. Man that deserts his post over there gets shot. Excuses don't go. That's right too. I don't believe you're a deserter by nature. I guess it was just an accident."

Benway reddened under his tan but could find no words.

"I'm sheriff, you know," the small man went on. "My business is to catch people that need catching. Feather in my cap too. Newspapers play it up—clever work, fine officer, good thing at election time. I don't mind telling you that's the way it struck me at first. We get in the habit of it. I suppose you had three, four minutes from the time the car struck your wagon until I came in sight. If you'd been thrown out where you was lying when I saw you the wagon would have run over you. Never heard of a man thrown out of a wagon so he struck flat on his back. You limped on the right leg when I first saw you; then on the left leg. When Leffingwell said the money was missing it didn't take me a great while to figure it out.

"I could have turned the trick easy as falling off a log. Just gone away, and slipped back after dark and laid for you when you came to get the money and nabbed you. Easy as falling off a log. Feather in my cap, too, eh? That's the way it struck me at first. We get into the habit. How much fighting and dying for is that worth? I could see it all—young man, ambitious, high-tempered, hard on the bit. Frost comes along and knocks you galley-west. Sore all over. Sore at the bank too. Just full of bile and naturally aching to bust something. You see the money bag—four nice new packages; two thousand dollars. Been stolen anyway. You grab 'em—like a colt kicking over the traces.

"You've got a fine wife—a boy. You've got a good father and mother. You've got yourself. Pretty raw for you when the whole county stands up and points a finger at you and puts the brand on you, eh? I figure that if you could have put that money back in the bag ten minutes after you took it you'd have crawled from here to Fulton on your hands and knees to do it. Ain't that so?"

The young man's eyes had fallen and he mumbled "Yes."

"I thought so," said the sheriff with satisfaction. "The way it strikes me, we're all at war. Be a soldier. Go dig that money out of the sand and I'll say you and I found it there."

Benway stepped over to the deep loose sand in the middle of the roadway, where nobody had thought of looking, and unearthed four packages of new gold certificates.

He had no words, but as he silently wrung the little sheriff's hand, he drew his other hand across his eyes. The two men plodded silently up the hill side by side, the sheriff pushing his motorcycle. At the top of the hill he started the machine and mounted—Tom mechanically pausing the while. As he rolled away the sheriff smiled, waved his hand and called out, "Soldiers, eh?"

With a nod he was off—swiftly disappearing round the bend.

After supper that evening Benway sat beside his wife on the edge of the old side porch, his arm round her. She still glowed and throbbed with his wonderful exploit. Single-handed—or with only an old gravel wagon—her hero had stopped the bank robbers! Ever since he came home—the news having preceded him—she had been shining with pride in him. She had even tried to make the baby understand it—laughing at her attempt, because she was so full of joy she must laugh at something. Her eyes and lips told how loyally her heart bowed to him. His father and mother had called up; other congratulations had come in.

All the while he was thinking how different it might have been—her head and the other heads bowed with shame.

Looking out over the farm he was thinking hardly at all of his blasted crops. They seemed merely an incident or accident. For one thing, he was thinking how his life had lain in the little sheriff's hands—and been handed back to him unflawed. Crops seemed merely an incident.

Once, quite irrelevantly as it seemed to his wife, he said, "Milt Sears is a good man." And much more irrelevantly he added solemnly, "I want to be a good man, Nell." The word "soldiers" echoed in his mind.






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# A Cup of Water to the Thirsty

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART



A BOY has been wounded—an American boy; one of the boys you watched marching down the street, very proud and a little self-conscious, on his way to camp or to transport. He is a very nice boy. He makes little or no fuss about it. He lies still and waits. He is afraid to ask what is wrong with him, because he may be going to lose a leg, or something. And he is still more afraid he may groan or faint, or do something else idiotic.

So he lies wherever he has been placed, and after a time things begin to happen to him. There is an ambulance, and then a courtyard and a building. There is more waiting here, in a corridor of the hospital, perhaps, his stretcher flat on the floor, and an increasing line of other stretchers on either side. Again he waits; and at last he goes into the operating room.

Up to that time he has been in the hands of men: his own company, stretcher bearers, ambulance drivers, field surgeons. Now, at last, there are women.

Very probably, as he begins to come out of the anæsthetic, he thinks he is back at home. There is a merciful period when he thinks he will just turn over for another nap. Only—he is thirsty. He is horribly thirsty.

The whole purpose of this article is that there shall be beside that boy's bed a trained and gentle woman who will give that boy a drink.

That is only the beginning, of course. He is prostrate, helpless and in pain. Every thing must be done for him; he must, in good time, be answered when he insists on knowing what is wrong with him. If it involves maiming he must be soothed like a sick baby until the first shock is over. He must be made comfortable in the way that only a good nurse can bring comfort. But, most important of all, he must have skilled attention; he must live, if that be humanly possible. The spark of life must be fanned unceasingly. There must be enough nurses to carry out the surgeons' orders; if his pulse fails, to stimulate him; to watch for the wicked seeping hemorrhage that may make its presence known too late; to guard him in his delirium.

He must, in a word, be mothered, but with such mothering as only the trained observer can give. It is not enough that the best medical and surgical attention in the world is his. The surgeon can go so far, and so far only. From the time the boy leaves the operating room his chance of life is in the care he receives in his ward.

But, at the present moment, at the end of September, 1918, there are not nearly enough nurses in France for our present needs. There are, at present, some seven thousand nurses in France. Yet the estimate is that fifteen thousand nurses are needed for each million men. In other words, seven thousand women are doing the work which requires twenty-six thousand. Even by working, as they are, from eighteen to twenty hours a day, with five to ten minutes for meals, this cannot possibly insure the care that is required.

Nurses are being recruited with fair rapidity. To the first of September there had been assigned to war service something over fifteen thousand; but there are thirty-two great base hospitals in American camps and cantonments alone, averaging perhaps a hundred nurses to each. The American Army in Italy is cabling for nurses. The French Commission of the Red Cross wires that four thousand more nurses are needed at once. It wires, indeed, that five hundred nurses are needed to a division, which is about double the previous estimate of fifteen thousand nurses for each million men.

### Wanted: 50,000 Nurses

This change in estimate is probably due to the fact that in our camps a certain amount of dependence has been placed on the enlisted men, either convalescent or detached for the purpose, as helpers in hospital wards. But the truth is that the enlisted man, with the best intention in the world, cannot give a wounded man the care he requires. Some months ago I protested against this practice, which was, however, largely the result of necessity.

The Surgeon-General has asked for a total in France of twenty-five thousand nurses by the first of January, and that fifty thousand nurses be available by the first of July next year. Those are almost impossible figures. Nursing is a highly technical profession, particularly surgical nursing. The supply to be drawn on is strictly limited. But the country has already done the impossible. There were said to be only seven barrel straighteners in the United States when war began, a barrel straightener being an absolute essential in the manufacture of a rifle. Yet we are turning out millions of rifles to-day, all with their barrels properly straightened to shoot accurately at the Hun.

The situation as to nurses is now the most crying need of the Army. It is our right to demand for our boys the best of care; but it is our privilege to make certain sacrifices that they may have this care. The situation is extremely critical. Hospitals must go on at home; must not be handicapped. They are short of nurses as it is. The public health must be conserved. And yet we must care for our wounded in France and here at home.

Briefly the problem is this: There are perhaps seventy thousand trained graduates from American hospitals to-day. Even without the war emergency, they had proved to be too few. The increasing emphasis among medical men on care rather than on drugs has resulted in an increasing call for trained women in sickness. Public health departments, in their attempts to isolate the tuberculous in great sanatoria, make insistent demands, which must be met.

Yet, out of the seventy thousand nurses in this country, next July must see, as nearly as possible, fifty thousand in military service.

To meet this demand abroad and to keep our institutions going at home, two things must be done, and must be done at once. The country must realize, first of all, that this is one of the most serious crises of the war.

It affects our victory profoundly. On the care a wounded man receives depends the time in which he returns to the battle line; depends often whether he goes back at all to fight again. And it affects the morale of the army to a very real extent. A wounded man must never feel neglected. He may know that behind him there are ammunition and artillery and supplies of all sorts; but those things are mighty little comfort to him in his hour of need.

Still more important is it that he should be nursed by women who speak his language. To want the simplest thing and not be able to ask for it; to wish to have a letter sent home and not be able to do it; to want reassurance that he will live, that he will be a man again, that he may even fight once more—he should have that, surely. Yet to-day there are some of our boys who have not this comfort. And it is more far-reaching than that, for there are some of them who have fought their last battle and must die with their last messages unsent; must go dumb into the Great Silence.

Is America, which has for years boasted the best trained nursing in the world, to fall behind Japan in the Russo-Japanese War in the nursing of her wounded? Yet that is very likely to happen unless something is done at once.

It is time we faced this. Every now and then some well-meaning person, ignorant

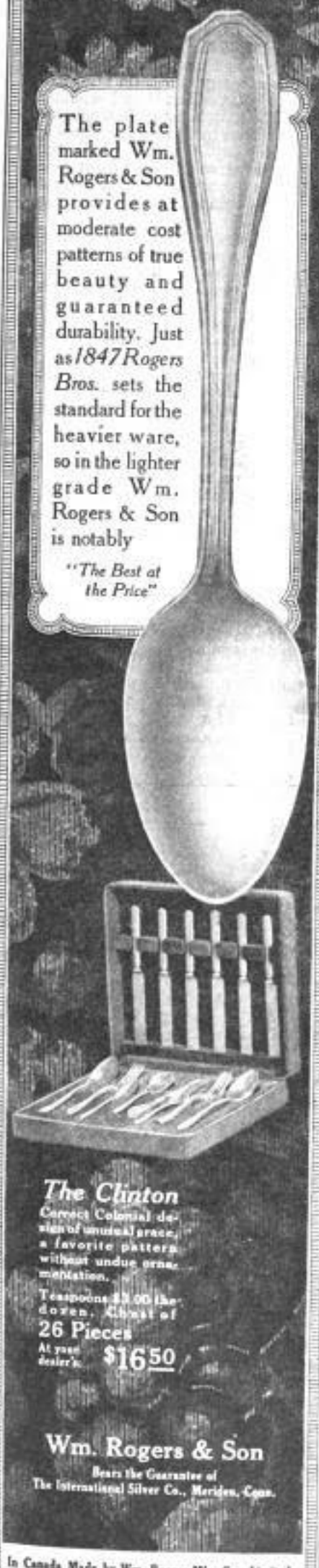
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THE SILVERPLATE OF
William Rogers
and his Son

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(Concluded from Page 42)

of the facts, reports that the nursing situation is all right. It is all wrong: and the matter cannot be remedied until we are willing to know the facts as they lie before me on my writing table, signed by the people who have the situation in charge.

Nothing too good can be said for the nurses themselves. Nursing is an idealistic profession. Naturally it has come forward splendidly. To say that twenty-three thousand women have enrolled in the Red Cross, without other urge than the desire to serve, is to say that one-third of the trained women of the country have already volunteered. Suppose, on the declaration of war, one-third of the men who were available for the army had volunteered!

Not all of these women, however, are available for foreign service; but already in Europe our nurses have been under fire, have been wounded and, some of them, decorated for conspicuous heroism.

Read this, from Miss Julia Stimson, chief nurse of the American Red Cross in France:

"Summoned in an emergency to take care of American soldiers in a hospital near the Front, twenty Red Cross nurses were packed in a large motor omnibus and sent to Beauvais. When the town was reached, at ten P. M., the place was in such absolute blackness that it was impossible to read the signs in the streets and difficult to keep in the road. By means of occasional flashes from a hand torch it was possible to follow the guide to the Ecole Professionnelle, which had just that day become an American Red Cross hospital.

"We drove into a courtyard; some voices were heard; and people came out with exclamations of welcome. By this time the siren was sounding the warning of the air raid, and guns were booming. The nurses were hurried into a pitch-black room, because it was explained that it was unsafe for them to stay out in the open. They could not see the faces of the people who were speaking, and not even a cigarette light was allowed.

"For a few minutes talk was rapid while the situation was explained. There were about two hundred American patients in the building; also a few French soldiers left from the preceding organization. The civilian employees had left because of the severe raids. Gas, electricity and water mains had been put out of business, and operations had been carried on the night before by the light of hand electric torches.

"It was stated that at least eight of the new nurses would be needed that night, and volunteers were asked for. Every one of the twenty volunteered. The first eight women who could be touched in the darkness, much as children pick leaders in a game, were put over on one side, while the rest were conducted to an empty ward. The eight night nurses, discarding their hats and coats, were taken to pitch-black wards full of wounded men.

"As the truck, with all their bags, had not yet appeared, they had to go to work in their blue serge dresses. When the chief nurse saw them the next morning, with their faces and dresses covered with dust from the trip, with towels pinned across the front of their cloth dresses, she could not help thinking that some of the illustrators of modern magazines would change their opinion of war nurses if they could see this group."

### *Underpaid Professions*

So we see a splendid army of women bravely casting their comfort and safety into the crucible of war; but an army small, inadequate, and doomed to be sacrificed on the altar of its own high purpose. Already they are overworked; some of them are ill; others are working on, fighting exhaustion. We cannot spare one of them; but we are dooming a certain percentage inevitably.

There are slackers everywhere. Probably there are slackers among the nursing ranks, but I fancy the percentage is very low. Consecrated to service as these women are, they find in war the fruition of their years of training. But there are very real reasons why a certain number cannot go. Age and physical disability are two. Some of them have dependents. Comparatively few trained nurses have saved any money. It is the poorest paid of all professions, except the church, considering the length of training involved. It is a sad commentary on our civilization that these idealistic professions, both consecrated to service, must pay the toll of comparative poverty.

But there is another reason why certain nurses are ineligible for foreign service; why a certain number of our boys may ask for water and fail to be understood; why France and England are already helping us to bear our nursing burdens. This is the ruling that prohibits nurses with relatives in the army abroad from going overseas. Recently the order has been altered, permitting nurses who are wives and sisters of soldiers to go; but the change ends there.

It is a barrier that will undoubtedly be removed very soon. With the rapidly increasing army, it will soon be impossible to find a hundred nurses in the country without relatives in France. In other words, as the necessity for nurses increases, the number who are eligible automatically decreases.

Every nurse in the country who can serve must serve. Our men must be cared for. We cannot afford the reproach of that failure; and though we gain everything else, and fail in this one regard, we have lost the respect of the world.

England has handled her wounded magnificently. France has evoked a nursing system out of the chaos that followed the dissolution of the religious sisterhoods, which had been responsible for her nursing; but she evoked it as a war necessity. Are we to fail?

### *A Criminal Waste*

The order forbidding relatives of soldiers to go to France had its origin abroad and was dictated by a real necessity. So far as it relates to the untrained woman, it is still wise and right. It is easy to imagine the confusion resulting from the efforts these women might make to see their wounded. But the army nurse is as much a soldier as the men in the trenches; as much under discipline. Undoubtedly she would stick by her post and her work willingly under any circumstances. In any case she is governed by military law.

To remove this barrier, then, is one way of increasing an available supply of nurses. There is another one, which must be taken by a certain percentage of the people themselves. This is the use of the trained nurse as a luxury.

In too many homes to-day women are knitting socks for the soldiers while a hospital graduate nurse, sadly needed by her country, is employed to perform the duties that woman should be doing. In times of peace there is no reason why the rich, if they so desire, should not employ trained nurses for the responsibilities they evade themselves. But these are not times of peace. Every household to-day that knows of the scarcity of trained women and still retains one is a slacker household.

And I think it not too much to say that any trained nurse who so forgets her oath of service has missed entirely the spirit of her great calling. She is rare. She in no sense represents her profession; but she exists, just as the slacker exists in every profession and in every walk of life.

The summoning of the trained nurse for trivial ailments must be abolished also. In these times it is criminal waste of a strictly limited military asset. It is worse than the wasting of food, because the element of cruelty enters into it. It involves insufficient care for the helpless here and abroad. It means, in the shortage which already confronts us, that those who really need nursing shall have to do without it.

The Surgeon-General is asking for a thousand nurses a week. Where are they coming from? Recruits are bravely coming in, gathering together that ominous list of rubber boots and field uniforms and blankets and nurses' instruments; courageously turning their faces toward the hospitals of France and Italy and, before long, Russia. But they are not enough. The demand is increasingly insistent; the supply is inadequate at the best.

Let our girls and young women enter hospital training schools. They can be useful from the first; and they will liberate for war service increasing numbers of fully or—as time goes on—of partly trained nurses for France. They will be doing national service as truly as though they wore a soldier's uniform.

But they will be doing something else, indirectly of as great a benefit to their country. They will come from their training equipped for the years ahead. For sophistication they will have substituted knowledge; for the dream world of youth, a real world—of suffering sometimes, but of infinite recompense.



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CHICAGO

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# As to the Charms of Tobacco

LARUS & BROTHER CO.,
Richmond, Va.
My dear Sirs:

As a pipe-smoker of some 40 years I feel that I really must write to tell you that after all these years I have at last found a really satisfying tobacco, namely, your Plug Slice Edgeworth that comes in slabs. I have now been smoking it for about one year, but have not written before because I wanted to learn whether the charm of this tobacco would, like so many others, wear off. I now find that the more I smoke it, the more necessary it becomes to my bodily comfort.

(Signed) ——————




We value the above letter highly, but we had to argue down grave doubts before dwelling upon the *charm* of any smoking tobacco. But then women probably never read tobacco advertisements.

For years Woman never openly recognized but one serious rival. Much talk has been made about the bravery of the man who first dared to eat an oyster. What about the bold man who first dared to leave a woman for a smoke? We often wonder if Sir Walter Raleigh, brave as he was, ever told Queen Elizabeth the truth about his long absences. If she ever caught him quietly enjoying his pipe—well, as we know, she was quite a spirited woman.

Nowadays, ask any young woman if she objects to smoking, and her reply invariably is, "No, I like it." And they choose men who smoke. They know smokers are better-natured.

All men who smoke aren't good-natured, nor all men who don't ill-natured, but the best-natured men are almost all smokers.

A pipeful of the right tobacco can charm away most of the small frets of daily life.

The difficulty is to come upon a tobacco that brings such a charm into your life. Edgeworth is one of the tobaccos bought by our Government to soothe the jangled nerves of our men in the trenches. Edgeworth is the resource of many, many men pushing things along over here, but it may not, perhaps, be the tobacco for you.

We don't want to prejudice you against Edgeworth by boosting it too much, but we certainly would enjoy learning what you personally think of it.

If you're willing to risk a postcard, we'll risk the tobacco. Send us your address together with that of the dealer ordinarily supplying you, and we will despatch to you generous samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is pressed into cakes, then cut by sharp knives into very thin moist slices. Rub a slice between the hands and it makes an average pipe-load.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed comes prepared to pour straight into your pipe. It packs nicely, and burns freely, evenly to the very bottom, getting better and better.

Edgeworth is sold in sizes convenient for all purchasers. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in pocket-size packages sells for 15c; larger sizes, 30c and 65c; tin humidor, $1.25; in glass jars, $1.30. Edgeworth Plug Slice costs 15c, 30c, 65c, and $1.20.

When the samples arrive, scrape out your pipe for a new guest. Fill the bowl with a generous load. Light up, lean back in your friendly old chair, and take a puff or two—the first two for pure enjoyment—then some time later, when you feel quite ready, take a puff or two slowly, estimatingly, to decide just what you think of Edgeworth. Is this the tobacco you have been looking for so long?

For the free samples upon which we ask your judgment, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

***To Retail Tobacco Merchants*** — If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel-post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.


# DECORATED

(Continued from Page 7)

for me to see him but I had to convince the lieut. that it wasn't no monkey business because they's always a whole lot of riffs and raffs asking Capt. Seeley can they have a word with him and what they want is to borry his knife to pair their finger nails.

But I guess he won't be sorry he seen me Al not when I show him the stuff I have got on this bird and he will probably shake me by the hand and say "Well Keefe Uncle Sam is proud of you but you are waisting your time here and I will be sorry to loose you but it looks like you belong in other fields." And he will wire a telegram to the gen. staff reccomending me to go to Paris.

I guess I all ready told you some of the stuff I have got on this bird but I have not told you all because the best one didn't only happen last night. Well on acct. of I and Alcock being friends he has kind of been keeping a eye pealed on Shaffer to help me out and he found a letter last night that Shaffer had wrote and this time it was the whole letter with the address and everything and who do you suppose it was to? Well Al it was to Van Hindenburg himself and I have got it right here where I can keep a eye on it and believe me its worth watching and I wished I could send it to you so you could see for yourself what kind of a bird we are dealing with. But that's impossible Al but they's nothing to keep me from copping it off.

Well the letter is wrote in German and to show you what a foxy bird he is he wrote it out in printing so as if it got found by somebody they couldn't prove he wrote it because when words is wrote out in printing it looks just the same who ever wrote it and you can't tell. But he wasn't foxy enough to not sign G. S. down to the bottom of it and that stands for his name George Shaffer and he is the only G. S. in the Co. so it looks like we had him up in a tree. Here is what the letter says:

"Field Marshall Van Hindenburg, % Die Vierten Dachshunds, Deutscher Armee, Flanders. 500,000 U. S. Soldaten schon in Frankreich doch. In Lauterbach habe Ich mein Strumpf verloren und ohne Strumpf gehe Ich nicht heim. xxxxxxxxx G. S."

Notice them x marks again Al like in the other letter and the other letter was probably to Van Hindenburg to and I only wished I knew what the x marks means but maybe some of the birds that's all ready in the intelligents dept. can figure it out. But they's no mystery about the rest of it Al because Alcock understands German and he translated it out what the German words means and here is what it means.

500,000 United States soldiers in France all ready yet. Will advise you when to attack on this front.

How is that Al for a fine trader and spy to tell the gen. of the German army how many soldiers we got over here and to not attack till Shaffer says the word and he was probably going to say it wile we was all asleep or something. But thanks to me Al he will be the one that is asleep and it will be some sleep Al and it will make old Rip and Winkle look like they had the colic and when the boys finds out what I done for them I guess they won't be nothing to good for me. But it will be to late for them to show their appreciations because I won't be here no more and the boys probably won't see me again till its all over and we are back in the old U. S. because Alcock was talking to a bird that's in the int. dept. and he says 1 of their dutys was to keep away from everybody and not leave them know who you are. Because of course if word got out that you was a spy chaser the spys wouldn't hardly run up and kiss you on the st. but they would duck when they seen you and you would have as much chance to catch them as though you was trolling for wales with a grass hopper.

And from this bird's dope that Alcock was talking to I will half to leave off my uniform and wear plain close and maybe wear false whiskers and etc. so as people who see me the 1st. time I will look different to them the next time they see me and maybe I will half to let my mustache grow and grease it so as they will think maybe I am a Dutchman and if they are working for the Kaiser I could maybe pump them.

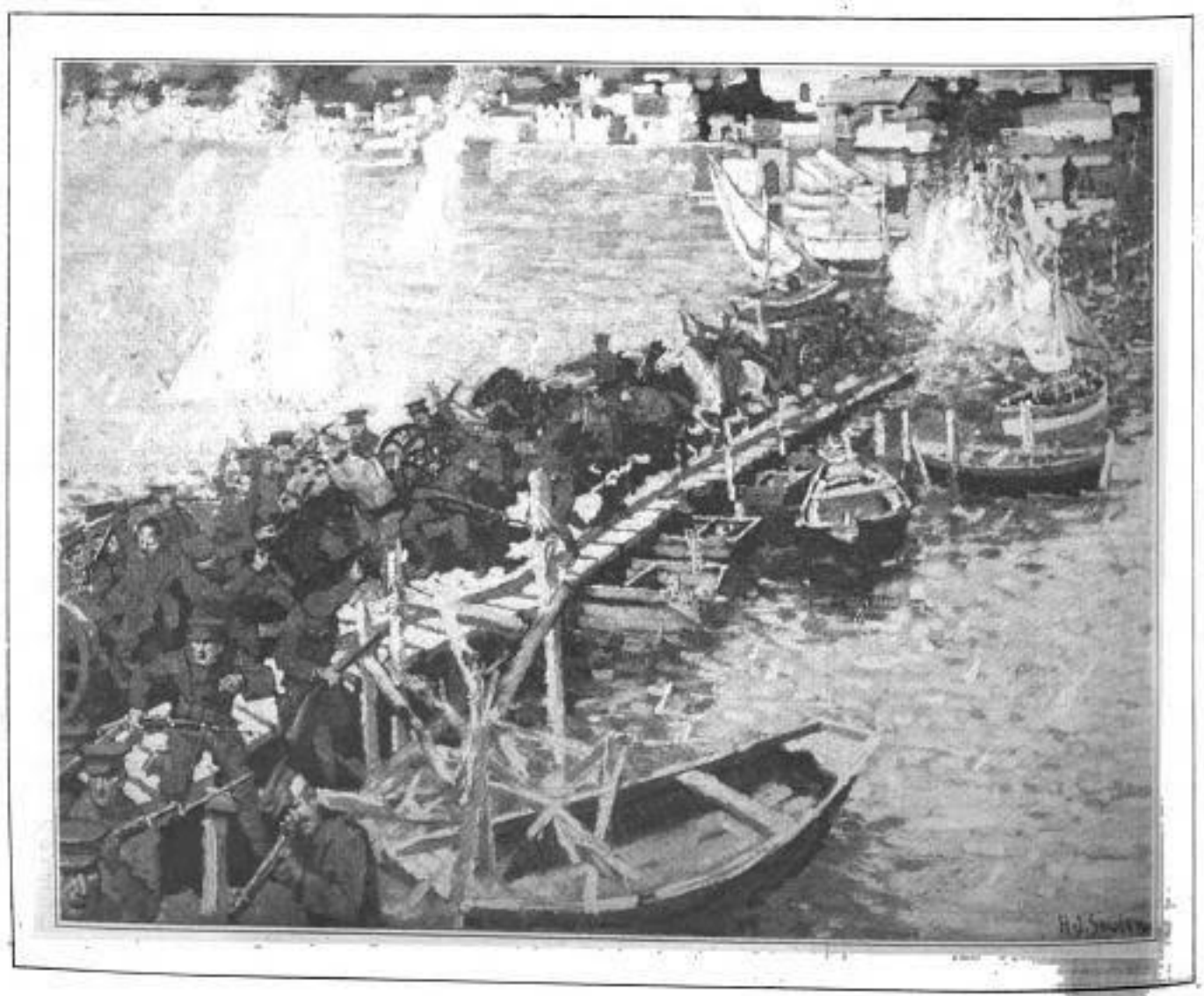
But they's 1 thing I don't like about it Al because Alcock says Paris is full of women that isn't exactly spys but they have been made a fool out of and they are some German's duke but the Dutchmens tells them a whole lot of things that Uncle Sam would like to know and I would half to find them things out and the only way to do that would be to get them stuck on me and I guess that wouldn't be no chore but when a gal gets stuck on you they will tell you everything they know and wile with most gals I ever seen they could do that without dropping another nickle still and all it would be different with these gals in Paris that's been the tools of some Dutchmens because you take a German and he don't never stop braging till he inhales a bayonet.

But it don't seem fair to make love to them and pertend like I was nuts over them and then when I had learned all they was to know I would half to get rid of them and cast them to 1 side and god knows how many wounds I will leave behind me but probably as many as though I was a regular soldier or snipper but then I wouldn't feel so bad about it because it would be men and not girlies but everything goes in war fair as they say Al and if Uncle Sam and Gen. Pershing asks me to do it I will do whatever they ask me and they can't nobody really hold it vs. me because of why I am doing it.

But talking about snippers Al I noticed today that I wasn't near as good as usual in the riffle practice and it was like as if I was haveing a slump like some of the boys does in baseball when they go along 5 or 6 days without finding out who is umpireing the bases and I am afraid that is how it would be with me in snipping I would be O. K. part of the time and the rest of the time I couldn't hit Europe and maybe I would all down when they was depending on me and then I would feel like a rummy so I guess I better not try and show up so good in practice even when I do feel O. K. because they might make a snipper out of me without knowing my weakness and I figure its something the matter with my eyes. Besides Al it don't seem like its a fair game to be pecking away at somebody that they can't see you and aren't looking for no supprise and its a whole lot different then fighting with a bayonet where its man to man and may the best man win.

Well Al I guess I have told you all the news and things is going along about as usual and they don't seem to be no prospects of us overtakeing a section up to the front but its just train and train and train and if the ball clubs had a training trip like we been

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(Concluded from Page 46)

haveing they would be so tired by the 1 of May that they wouldn't run out a base on balls. Yesterday we past by a flock of motor Lauras that was takeing wounded back to a base hospital somewheres and Alcock was talking to 1 of the drivers and he said that over 100% of the birds that's getting wounded and killed these days is the snippers and the boshs don't never rest till they find out where there nests is at and then they get all their best marksmens and aim at where they think the snipper has got his nest and then its good night snipper and he is either killed right out or looses a couple of legs or something. I certainly feel sorry for the boys that's wounded Al and every time we see a bunch of them all us boys is crazy to get up there to the front and get even for what they done.

Well old pal I will half to get busy now and overlook the dope I have got on Shaffer so as I will have everything in order for Capt. Seeley and I will write and let you know how things comes out.

Your pal, JACK

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, April 18.

*FRIEND AL:* Well Al they's a whole lot of birds that thinks they are wise and always trying to pull off something on somebody but once in a wile they pick out the wrong bird to pull it on and then the laugh is on the smart Alex themself.

Well Alcock and some of them thought they was putting up a game on me and was going to make me look like a monkey but before I get through with them Al they will be the suckers and I will be giveing them the horse laugh but what I ought to do is bust them in the jaw and if I was running this war every bird that tried to pull off some practical joke to put a man in bad, I would give a lead shower in their honor some A.M. before breakfast.

Alcock was trying to make me believe that 1 of the boys in the Co. name Geo. Shaffer was a German spy or something and they framed up a letter like as if he wrote it to Van Hindenburg giveing away secrets in German about our army and etc. but they made the mistake of signing his initials to the letter so when I come to think it over I seen it must be a fake because a bird that was a real spy wouldn't never sign their own name to a letter but they would sign John Smith or something.

But any way I had a hold of this letter and a peace of another letter that Shaffer really did write it and I thought I would show them to Capt. Seeley and play it safe because they might be something in them after all and any way it would give him a good laugh. So yesterday I went and seen him and he says "Well Keefe what can I do for you?" So I said "You can't do nothing for me sir but this time I can do something for you. What would you think if I told you they was a trader and a German spy in your Co." So he says "I would think you were crazy." So I said "I am afraid you will half to think so then but maybe you won't think I am so crazy when I show you the goods."

So then Al I pulled that 1st. peace of a letter on him and showed it to him and he read it and when he got through he says "Well it looks suspicious all right. It looks like the man that wrote it was hacking up a big plot to spring a few dependents on his local board the next time they draft him." So I said "The bird that wrote that letter is a Dutchman name Geo. Shaffer." So Capt. Seeley says "Well I wish him all the luck in the world and a lot of little Shaffers." So I said "Yes but what about them x marks and all them letters without no words to them?" So he said "Didn't you never correspond with a girl and put some of them xs down to the bottom of your letter?" So I says "I have wrote letters to a whole lot of girls but I never had to write nothing in ciphers because I wasn't never ashamed of anything I wrote." So he said "Well your lady friends was all cheated then because this is ciphers all right but its the kind of messages they love to read because it means kisses."

Well Al of course I knew it meant something like that but I didn't think a big truck horse like Shaffer would make such a mushmellow out of himself. But anyway I said to Capt. Seeley I says "All right but what about them other initials without no words to go with them?" And he says "Well that's some more ciphers but they's probably a little gal out in Chi that don't half to look at no key to figure it out."

So then I pulled the other letter on him the 1 in German and he also smiled when he read this one and finely he says "Some of your pals has been playing a trick on you like when you come over on the ship and the best thing you can do is tear the letters up and keep it quite and don't leave nobody know you fell for it. And now I have got a whole lot to tend to so good by."

So that's all that was said between us and I come away and come back to quarters and Alcock and 2 or 3 of the other boys was there and Alcock knew where I had been and I suppose he had told the other birds and they was all set to give me the Mary ha ha but I beat them to it.

"Well Alcock" I says when I come in "you are some joke Smith but you wouldn't think you was so funny if I punched your jaw." So he turned kind of pail but he forced a smile and says "Well I guess the Vin Blank is on you this time." So I said "You won't get no Vin Blank off me but what you are libel to get is a wallop in the jaw." So he says "You crabbed at me a wile ago for not takeing a joke but it looks like you was the one that couldn't take them now." So I said "What I would like to take is a poke at your nose." So that shut him up and they didn't none of them get their laugh because I had them scared and if they had of laughed I would of made them swallow it.

So after all Al the laugh is on them because their gag fell dead and I guess the next time they try and pull some gag they will pick out some hick from some X roads to pull it on and not a bird that has traveled all over the big leagues and seen all they is to see.

Well Al I am tickled to death I won't half to give up my uniform and snoop around Paris like a white wings double crossing women and spying and etc. and even if the whole thing hadn't of been just a joke I was going to ask Capt. Seeley to not reccomend me to no int. dept. but jest leave me be where I am at so as when the time comes I can fight fair like man to man and not behind no woman's skirts like a cur.

So you see Al everything is O. K. after all and the laugh is on Alcock and his friends because they was the ones that expected to do all the laughing but instead of that I made a monkey out of them.

Your pal, JACK

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, April 23.

*FRIEND AL:* Well Al if you would see my face you would think I had been attending a barage or something or else I had been in a bar room fight only of course if it was a fair fight I wouldn't be so kind of marred up like I am. But I had a accident Al and fell over a bunk and lit on the old bean and the result is Al that I have got a black eye and a bad nose and my jaw is swole a little and my ears feels kind of dull like so I guess the ladys wouldn't call me Handsome Jack if they seen me but it will be all O.K. in a few days and I will be the same old Jack.

But I will tell you how it come off. I was setting reading a letter from Florrie that all as she said in it was that she had boughten herself a new suit that everybody says was the cutest she ever had on her back just like I give a dam because by the time I see her in it she will of gave it to little Al's Swede. But any way I was reading this letter when in come Shaffer the bird that was mixed up in that little gag about the fake spy and he come up to me and says "Well you big snake who's male are you reading now?" Well Al him calling me big is like I would say hello Jumbo to a flee. But any way I says "My own male and who and the he—ll male would I be reading?" So he said "Well its hard to tell because you stole some of mine and read it and not only that but you showed it to the whole A. E. F. so now stand up and take what's comeing to you."

Well Al I thought he was just kidding so I says "I come over here to fight Germans and not 1 of my own pals." So he says "Don't call me no pal, but if you come to fight Germans now is your chance because you say I'm 1 of them."

Well he kind of made a funny motion like he wanted to spar or wrestle or something and I thought he meant it in a friendly way like we sometimes pull off a rough house once in a wile so I stood up but before I had a chance to take holds with him he cut loose at me with his fists doubled up and I kind of triped or something and fell over a bench and I must of hit something sharp on the way down and I kind of got scratched up but they are only scratchs and don't amt. to nothing. Only I wished I knew he had of been serious and I would of made a punching bag out of him and you can bet that the next time he wants to start something I won't wait to see if he is jokeing but I will tear into him and he will think he run into a Minne Weffers.

Well I suppose Alcock was sore at me for getting the best of him and not falling for his gag and he was afraid to tackle me himself and he told big Shaffer a peck of lies about some dam letter or something and said I stole it and it made Shaffer sore and no wonder because who wouldn't be sore if they thought somebody was reading their male. But a man like Shaffer that if he stopped a shell the Dutchmens would half to move back a ways so as they would be room enough in France to bury him hasn't got no right to pick on a smaller man especially when I wasn't feeling good on acct. of something I eat but at that Al size don't make no difference and its the bird that's got the nerve and knows how that can knock them dead and if Shaffer had of gave me any warning he would of been the 1 that is scratched up instead of I though I guess he is to lucky to trip over a kit bag and fall down and cut himself.

But my scratchs don't really amt. to nothing Al and in a few days I will be like new.

Your pal, JACK

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, April 25.

*FRIEND AL:* Well old pal I have got some big news for you now. We been ordered up to the front and its good by to this Class D burg and now for some real actions and I am tickled to death and I only hope the Dutchmens will loose their minds and try and start something up on the section where we are going to and I can't tell you where its at Al but you keep watching the papers and even if the boshs don't start nothing maybe we will start something on our own acct. and the next thing you know you will read where we have got them on the Lincoln highway towards Russia and believe me Al we won't half to stop every little wile to bring up no Van Hindenburg but we will run them ragged and they say the Germans is the best singers and when they all bust out with Comrades they will make the Great Lakes band sound like the Russia artillery.

Well Al I am so excited I can't write much and I have got a 100 things to tend to so I will half to cut this letter short.

Well some of the other birds like Alcock and them is pertending like they was tickled to death to but believe me Al if the orders was changed all of a sudden and they told us we was going to stay here till the duration of the war we wouldn't half to call on the Engrs. to dam their tear ducks. But they pertend like they are pleased and keep whistleing so as they won't blubber and today they all laughed their heads off at something that come out in the Co. paper that some of the boys gets out but they laughed like they was nervous instead of enjoying it.

Well what come out in the paper was supposed to be a joke on me and if they think its funny they are welcome and I would send the paper to you that its in only I haven't got only the 1 copy so I will copy it down and you can see for yourself what a screen it is. Well they's 1 peace that's got up to look like it was the casuality list in some regular newspaper and it says:

WOUNDED IN ACTION

Privates.

Jack Keefe, Chicago, Ill (Very).

And then they's another peace that reads like this:

DECORATED

"The Company has won its first war honors and Private Jack Keefe is the lucky dog. Private Keefe has been decorated by Gen. George Shaffer of the 4th. Dachshunds for extreme courage and cleverness in showing up a dangerous nest of spies. Keefe was hit four times by large caliber shells before he could say surrender. He was decorated with the Order of the Schwarz Auge, the Order of the Rot Nase and the Order of the Blumenkohl Ohren, besides which a Right Cross was hung on his jaw. Private Keefe takes his honors very modestly, no one having even heard him mention them except in stifled tones during the night."

Well Al all right if they can find something to amuse themself and they need it I guess. But they better remember that they's plenty of time for the laugh to be on the other foot before this war is over.

Your pal, JACK




*This fire destroyed nearly 1,000,000 bushels of grain at Dow's Stores, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

# Burning Up Bread

## We've Been Doing It for Years!

¶ Let's stop it. Last winter when our allies needed millions of bushels of grain to help them avert famine, millions of bushels were being destroyed by fire in America because not safeguarded by concrete. In one fire alone in Brooklyn, nearly 1,000,000 bushels of grain were destroyed.

¶ Foodstuffs will be scarce during and after the war. Everyone's interest demands that further waste be prevented by storing them in fireproof structures.

When you use concrete, transportation, skilled labor and steel, of which there are none to spare, are released for urgent war needs.

¶ Whether you are going to build a

*Coal Pocket or Silo*
*Factory or Warehouse*
*Dam or Power Plant*
*Railroad or Marine Terminal*
*Water or Sewer System*
*Oil Storage Tank or Watering Trough*

—any structure from the smallest to the largest and all kinds and sizes between—*Use Concrete.*

Concrete consumes nothing. It adds to the permanent wealth of the nation. It means a strong second line of defense.

**You Build But Once With Concrete.**

**PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION**

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CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

W.S.S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT


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**Dust is Germ-Laden**

The swirling dust plants millions of disease germs on your face. When you shave you rub these germs into your skin; you risk dangerous and unsightly infections.

The safe shave is the Antiseptic Shave that kills the germs on face, fingers, brush and razor.

**LYSOL**

**Antiseptic Shaving Cream**

gives the dependable Antiseptic Shave because it contains Lysol, one of the world's best germicides. Its luxuriant lather protects your skin from blood diseases while giving you the close, clean, all-satisfying shave.

Protect your health by using Lysol Shaving Cream. You will enjoy its creamy lather. The price is only 25c a tube, ask your druggist.

Made by
LEHN & FINK, Inc., Manufacturing Chemists
Makers of Pebeco Tooth Paste and Lysol Disinfectant
96 William Street New York

*The statement made in our advertisement of Lysol Shaving Cream in this publication on June 29th to the effect that we had been granted a license to make this product by the Federal Trade Commission, was inserted owing to a clerical error. The license we hold is for the manufacture of Pebeco Tooth Paste and has no connection with Lysol products.*




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Chocolates



THE *UTMOST* IN QUALITY, FROM the exquisite packaging to the rich chocolate coating and fresh, creamy centers of the chocolates. Exclusive methods make Bryn Mawr chocolates different. Make their acquaintance.

At better class stores—if not near you write us direct, enclosing $1.25 for Bryn Mawr Perfected Package. You'll order again.

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SEX FACTS MADE PLAIN
What every young man and Every young woman should know
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AMERICAN PUB. CO., 1013 Winton Bldg., Philadelphia

# SAVING AND SERVING

(Continued from Page 11)

linings of refrigerators former requirements called for 12,000 tons of steel; the present plan is to substitute sheet zinc for this steel. As an example of how small needs rapidly mount into totals of considerable magnitude it is interesting to note that 5000 tons of steel were consumed last year in the manufacture of steel automobile license tags. A scheme is now on foot that will substitute a specially designed paper product for the steel tags. The paper tags will cost but ten cents apiece, whereas each of the steel ones retailed for about sixty-five cents.

The foregoing are but a few of the moves aimed at steel conservation that are now being promulgated by our duly appointed representatives in Washington. Final victory in the present struggle must rest with the side that continuously brings the greatest amount of steel products to the firing line. Before the United States entered the fight the Teutons had gained control of about 29,000,000 tons annual steel-ingot capacity; the Allies owned only about 15,000,000 tons. The Germans didn't utilize all of their capacity, while the Entente did get about 7,000,000 tons from us, so that the disparity between the steel resources of the belligerents was not so great, though the undoubted advantage lay with the Huns. America's participation in the conflict contributed more than 40,000,000 additional tons to the cause of the Allies, so that our advantage over Germany is increasing daily. The Central Powers fight outward with a system that requires a minimum of new construction; the Allies have been fighting inward, and as a consequence have had to convert steel not only into shells and guns but into railroads and ships. As this latter work becomes more nearly completed we can convert more tons of steel into munitions, and the Huns will be deluged in the storm.

There is nothing patriotic Americans can do that will add greater impetus to our national war effort than to economize to the last extreme on every pound of steel going into civil use. In the production of a single carload of pig iron it is necessary to utilize one and a half cars of coal, half a car of limestone and two cars of ore. And this is not all, for in the refining and manufacturing processes that follow the production of the raw pig there occurs the maximum consumption of skill and industrial energy.

Germany is fully aware of the vital need for her holding her iron reserves, and we shall find that she has massed her best men and constructed her strongest defenses just north of Verdun, which great fortress is located directly south of the French iron deposits the Huns so quickly seized on their initial drive into France. This richly mineralized region is twice as valuable as any other area now being fought for, and it is these iron reserves that the United States evidently intends shall be restored to the French nation on the coming of peace. The Teuton fangs will never be pulled so long as Europe's principal iron-ore deposits remain under the control of the Hun.

### *The Army Ragpickers*

Fortunately the Allied nations realize in full the immeasurable value of steel as humanity's chief servant, and as a consequence the salvage brigade or "ragpickers" that follow the tide of battle are a much more important adjunct to the military than their humble vocation would indicate. Their work is done under the greatest risk and their accomplishments are frequently amazing. Recently in one month, in the wake of a single army in France, the "ragpickers" collected 2200 tons of iron and steel, thirty-three tons of copper, 1,200,000 rifle cartridges, 1950 trench bombs, 1400 rifles, fifty-five tons of bronze and nickel, 2900 varieties of tools and three-fourths of a mile of narrow-gauge railway. Shall we here at home, living and working in absolute security, be less saving of war essentials than the "ragpickers" who labor unceasingly and unafraid on fields where shells are bursting and in places where they are targets for boche gunners in swooping airplanes?

The British general commanding the Allies in the Holy Land attributed his victory more to the successful construction of a 150-mile water line built of twelve-inch steel pipe than to victories of arms. The Sinai Desert had theretofore defeated all armies, and credit for present successes must be accorded the pipes and rails of steel that carried the necessary water and food to these brave men fighting in the land where Christendom was born. The grimy workers in the Pennsylvania mills where the pipes were made did their full share, as well as the intrepid Tommies who charged the Turks.

Without an abundance of steel no nation to-day could accomplish much on the battlefield; however, even this prime requisite in the business of making war would be unavailing if we failed to practice economy all along the line in our daily life. In order to utilize the products made from steel we must have among other things an abundance of leather, rubber, tin, lumber, manganese, lead and ammonia. Take, for instance, the question of an adequate supply of leather. No material antedates it as an important human commodity, and no natural product at the present time has a more varied and persistent use. The value of leather was established when the first beast was killed by man, who took the hide and used it for raiment. The first effort of the first human being was to secure food, and the first by-product was leather. From an oversupply of this material in the early ages we have come to a time when we cannot get sufficient of it for our wants. War has made the situation worse, and thousands of Americans are now devoting much thought and time to the saving of leather and the development of substitutes.

### *Leather from Fish Skins*

Our Government has already let contracts for more than 20,000,000 pairs of army shoes. The Allies are buying millions of dollars' worth of American leather, so that notwithstanding our large imports of hides from South America the scarcity in leather for civilian use is serious. England and France long ago designed national standards for shoes to prevent wasteful consumption through a multiplicity of styles, and our Conservation Bureau in Washington has formulated regulations that will materially reduce leather consumption. Among other requirements it is specified that the height of shoes shall not exceed nine inches; children's and misses' shoes shall not be more than seven inches high; men's shoes shall be black or one of two shades of tan; women's footwear shall be white, black, tan or gray. Only two shades of tan and two shades of gray are allowed. In the matter of height the restrictions apply to cloth-top shoes as well as to those with leather uppers.

The limitations placed on the shoe industry, as in other lines of business, are designed to save shipping as well as leather. Practically all of our kid and goat skins are imported from China, India and Africa. Since the war commenced kid has advanced from 72 cents to $1.06 a foot; calf has gone up from 30 cents to 66 cents, and sole leather from 52 cents to 88 cents. Such increases account for the higher shoe prices now prevailing.

The Bureau of Standards in Washington is carrying on tests in leather that will greatly benefit the nation. The tensile and tearing resistance at different parts of the hide are being determined. Other investigations deal with shoe leather and fiber composition materials intended as a substitute for sole leather. Studies are being made of the relative merits of different waterproofing treatments. These last tests have taken into consideration the effect of waterproofing materials upon the wearing quality of sole leather. Soldiers at Camp Meade, Maryland, are wearing half soles, or taps, of the same leather, the tap on one shoe being treated, while the other sole is used untreated. Service tests are also being made to determine the relative water-resisting properties of vegetable-tanned as compared with chrome retanned upper leather. In this case the shoes, which are made with the right and left uppers of different leathers, are used under conditions that keep the uppers wet the greater part of the time. They are inspected after each day's wear and dried out before being used again.

The soles being of the same material the difference in the amount of water absorbed by the uppers is determined approximately by weighing before and after the shoes are dried.

With reference to the use of fiber composition soles on army shoes careful laboratory and service tests already indicate that the wearing quality of the better grades of composition soles compares favorably with that of good oak-tanned sole leather.

In collaboration with the Bureau of Fisheries scientists in the Bureau of Standards are investigating the problem of tanning shark and other fish skins. A large number of skins have been distributed among the various tanners, who are experimenting with methods of producing tanned skins of a quality that may be employed as a substitute for certain grades of leather. The tests have not proved successful in all cases, but quite a number of tanned skins thus treated have given encouraging results.

It is very likely that further experiments will develop methods of tanning by which fish skins may be made into leather adapted for useful purposes.

In its consumption of leather the Government is exercising good judgment and setting a wise example. On each fabricated ship of our new merchant marine there are fourteen transom seats and backs which require upholstering. Formerly leather was used for such purposes, but the Shipping Board decided that all the real leather available should go into shoes, saddles, harness and other military supplies, so artificial leather was specified both here and in our fighting craft; and a real economic gain is the result.

In dozens of other cases the war demands for leather have caused the increasing use of substitutes. In the automobile and carriage industries alone 25,000,000 yards of leather substitutes are used annually in the manufacture of tops. Another 10,000,000 yards of such material are used each year in the upholstering of automobiles. Only twenty-five per cent of the motor cars made in America in 1917 were finished in real leather. Approximately 127,000,000 hat sweats are manufactured in this country each year. Leather was formerly employed, but now sixty per cent of the sweat bands in hats are made of artificial leather, and a tremendous saving has resulted. Similar economies have been effected by using leather substitutes in bookbinding and furniture manufacture, as well as in the production of bags, trunks, camera cases, gloves, putties, gun cases, belts and pillows.

### *Substitutes for Tin*

One of the lessons the war has taught is our ability to get along without many things that were heretofore considered quite essential to our comfortable existence. We produce very little tin, and since the requirements for this metal are extensive very little of the material remains for domestic use. In order to meet the needs of the situation plans were perfected whereby a solder is produced for employment in roofing, radiators, canning, and so on, in which cadmium is substituted for four-fifths of the tin formerly used. The Germans are getting along without tin; it is possible we could now do the same in our domestic life. In addition to the savings in solder we have reduced the quantity of tin in babbitts from ninety per cent to a much lower figure. A new lead babbitt has been invented and preliminary tests of it look promising. Low-grade babbitts are now used in the construction of all machines except in the building of airplanes.

It is well understood by those familiar with the situation that our citizens must exercise extreme economy in the consumption of tin if we are going to have enough for boat fittings, cooking utensils and food containers. Already the Army is looking to the use of paper for food cans instead of tin.

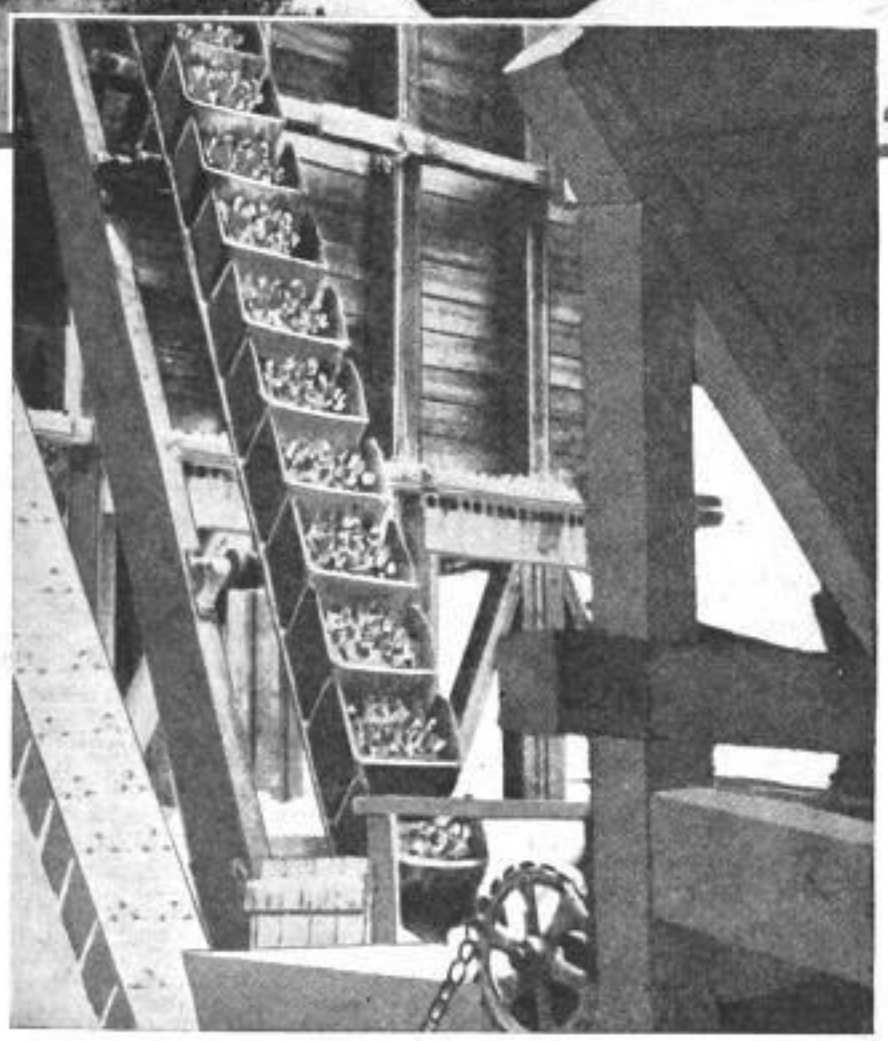
One of the very interesting materials that has occupied the attention of our Government is ammonia. Few of our so-called essential ingredients are more important. Fortunately our leaders were foresighted enough to anticipate trouble in this quarter and immediate steps were taken to erect fixation plants. New by-product coke ovens will help a lot and an aluminum nitrate plant will give us an additional twenty-five tons of ammonia daily. The health of any nation, and particularly of an army in the field, is largely dependent on a proper equipment for the refrigeration of

(Continued on Page 52)

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*3 24-inch United States Rubber Company Relio Conveyor Belts carrying gravel*



*32-inch United States Rubber Company Granite Elevator Belt carrying crushed rock at the plant of a stone company*

# These Better Belts are the Cheapest Labor

Man power is at a premium.

Speed and continuous operation in every line of production tax the efficiency of almost every industry.

In hundreds of plants where these discordant conditions have resulted in confusion, harmony has been restored by the installation of efficient, economical United States Rubber conveyor and elevator belts.

Production engineers in factories, mines and mills everywhere are discovering the great speed-up that these belts give. The reliability and stability of this labor element plus the low cost per ton of material conveyed or elevated make an acceptable showing in production costs.

U. S. Conveyor and Elevator Belts are especially made for specific uses. Their construction is scientific and exact, based on long years of successful manufacture and a knowledge of operating conditions to be met in all lines of industry.

Among this class of U. S. Belts that are delivering 100% service are our famous Silvertown Elevator Belting and Relio Conveyor Belting.

Because of our factories in the big centers east and west, with branches in the principal cities and agencies everywhere, our service to U. S. Rubber Belting users is most prompt and efficient.

*We invite all interested in lowering production costs and speeding up output to write for advice or information on any belting problem.*

## United States Rubber Company

**Mechanical Goods Division**

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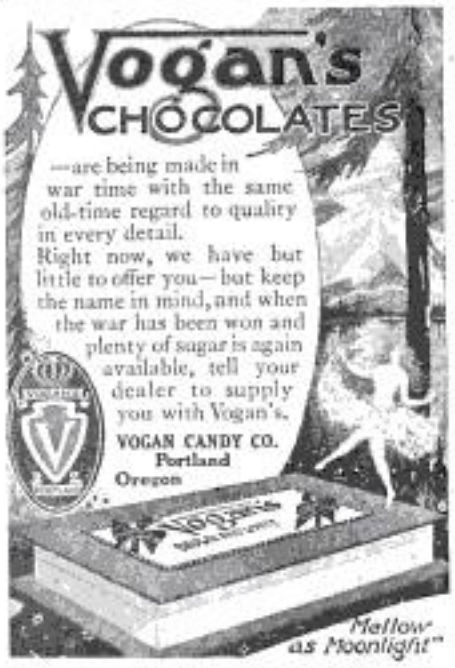


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—are being made in war time with the same old-time regard to quality in every detail.
Right now, we have but little to offer you—but keep the name in mind, and when the war has been won and plenty of sugar is again available, tell your dealer to supply you with Vogan's.
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Easy to apply as putty—lasting as iron. Repairs leaks, cracks and breaks at little cost. Get a can of SMOOTH-ON IRON CEMENT NO. 1 for every Household and Auto repair. Stops Auto Radiator leaks. 25c and 50c at hardware stores. Write for interesting booklet showing dozens of uses.
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Smooth-On Mfg. Co.
Jersey City, N.J., U.S.A.
REPAIRS CRACKS

(Continued from Page 50)

perishables, and ammonia is vital to the operation. Uncle Sam thought the situation was sufficiently critical to justify Federal control, so he ordered that all refrigeration warehouses should obtain licenses and arranged to supervise the price and distribution of our ammonia production.

Ammonia is playing an indispensable part in our war program besides fulfilling an important service in our ice and refrigeration industries. In solving the problem the Government discovered that there were 20,000 places in the United States where ammonia compressors were in more or less constant operation. These ranged from the big 4000-ton plant down to the little half-ton machine installed in a butcher's shop. The total consumption of these machines was about 250,000,000 pounds of ammonia annually, and refrigeration experts determined that the waste in operating the plants was enormous. As a consequence a carefully prepared campaign of education was launched and the interest of the plant employees was enlisted by the establishment of a bonus system at many places. In some plants the consumption of ammonia was reduced seventy-five per cent.

Aside from the question of materials essential in our war work we have two important limiting factors—man power and transportation facilities. Without either our whole program breaks down. Immediately on the outbreak of hostilities our economists vigorously attacked wasteful practices in the transportation and handling of freight, so that to-day we can point to real savings through the release of railroad cars, motors and men. The average dry-goods salesman formerly carried with him on the road ten to twenty trunks; he has been asked to cut this equipment to four trunks or less. As an indication of what has thereby been accomplished it is interesting to know that one large dry-goods wholesaler has taken 1800 trunks off the road and put them in a storehouse. This case is not an exception. Another smaller dry-goods concern cut down in six months from 133 to 69 trunks, while at the same time the company's business was 100 per cent greater and no more salesmen were employed than formerly. Another concern by packing hosiery more carefully effected a saving of 25 per cent in space. A hat manufacturer, by placing three hats in a box instead of one, in nine months saved 239 carloads of freight space.

In the United States we have only 9700 baggage cars, and a great number of these are now used on troop trains for dining cars as well as for transporting baggage. One troop train recently arrived in New York nine hours late because of hot boxes on box cars used instead of baggage cars for diners. It is such things that must be remedied.

### Voluntary Coöperation

Perhaps some of our housewives grumbled a little at first when they were requested to carry parcels, forgo return privileges, and so on, but they may know now that these small sacrifices have not been in vain. In many of our large stores savings on deliveries are as high as 35 per cent. A list of thirty-three department stores shows that these concerns have saved the labor of 303 men out of 848 originally employed. These same stores previously employed 324 automobiles, but now use only 195. At the same time horses and wagons were entirely eliminated. In revising their systems of sorting, wrapping and routing these companies saved 60 additional men. One retailer reduced his delivery men from 57 to 28. Another investigation showed that 42 small stores located in 30 towns reduced the frequency of deliveries and cut the number of delivery men from 116 to 55. Every man thus released is an asset to the Government in its war effort.

The best part of this valuable conservation work lies in the fact that practically all of the economies effected were brought about purely by voluntary coöperation on the part of the companies. The Government has avoided taking any arbitrary stand and has found it unnecessary to issue positive restrictive orders. It is expected that economies will result and that the merchants will give the public the full benefit of all such savings.

Retailers who do not reduce prices when such savings have occurred are considered unpatriotic. It is not likely they will go to the end unmasked.

Federal control of our railroads has not been in operation long enough to secure all the economies that are hoped for. However, in the matter of increased car loading the results up to date have been splendid. On most roads the increase in tons per loaded car has averaged ten to fifteen per cent in recent months. In this campaign for heavier loading the railroads have had the hearty coöperation of shippers. What this all means in terms of increased transportation efficiency is easily understood when the reader takes into consideration the fact that if we add an average of three tons to each carload our transportation lines will carry 42,000,000,000 ton-miles more freight in a single year with the same number of cars. Other important changes have eliminated 2,250,000 miles a month of unessential passenger-train mileage, relieved the likelihood of congestion by making it permissible to transfer power from one road to another and by allowing traffic to be diverted to the more level and less crowded routes, made possible the common use of terminal facilities at large commercial centers, and rendered practicable the classification of freight by the originating roads so that trains may be run through from East to West and vice versa without reswitching.

### Minimum Loading Rules

Of no little importance was the institution of "sailing days" in the handling of less-than-carload freight. In many cases regular cars previously loaded daily are now forwarded but three times a week, which is resulting in a decrease of fifty per cent in the number of cars used and an increase of one hundred per cent in the tonnage per car handled. Freight for export is now routed via the line that reaches the pier alongside the steamer; this adds to the relief at seaboard terminals. There is also a considerable saving in power and time resulting from running locomotives through over more than one road in connection with troop and freight movements.

Perhaps no measure of relief in our national transportation problem is affording such speedy and satisfactory results as the campaign for maximum loading of all cars. In previous times it was customary often to put only 12,000 or 15,000 pounds of eggs in a refrigerator car. The Food Administration now requests that the minimum load in such cars shall be 24,000 pounds, which can be done without entailing any undue proportion of breakage. In other food products the specified minimum weights of carload shipments are as follows: Canned peas, meats, tomatoes, beans, corn and salmon, 60,000 pounds; flour, cornmeal, oatmeal, rice, sugar, coffee, and so on, 60,000 pounds; cured beef, pork, mutton and other meats, 30,000 pounds. All of which weight provisions apply to intrastate as well as interstate shipments. When two or more shippers consolidate their less-than-carload shipments each one is obligated to see that the car is loaded to at least the prescribed minimum.

As an example of what may still be done along these lines to effect transportation economy let me cite the investigations of the Storage Committee of the War Industries Board with reference to improved methods of baling cotton. Early this year studies were made looking to a better system of packing army supplies with a view to conserving ocean shipping space. Much time was devoted to an investigation of cotton, and it was found that a readjustment of freight rates which will provide minimum rates for loading freight cars to their maximum capacity is all that is required to induce high-density baleage. In no other industry is it possible to accomplish a greater saving of car and ship space than in cotton.

American baling methods are the worst in the world. The present average density of the American cotton bale is about 22 pounds per cubic foot; the Egyptian, 37 pounds; the Indian, 45 pounds; and some Chinese bales, 55 pounds. High-density baling here in America would mean the release of dozens of ships now carrying cotton. The cost of equipment for high-density compression would be exceedingly small compared with the outlay necessary for new ships. No harm is done the cotton through its being squeezed into less compass. One authority states that if American cotton were baled at the density of the Indian and Egyptian bale thirty per cent of the shipping space now used would be available for other war commodities. In less than three weeks in February of this year, during the period of greatest ship shortage, we exported 116,000 bales of cotton. If we had exported only high-density bales the same space in the ships could have carried 40,000 additional bales, or there would have been available 8000 tons of cargo space for other supplies.

Preferential rates for a more effective use of cargo and freight car space would largely solve the problem, for this plan would reimburse the cotton producer for the cost of condensing the bale. Such a premium on greater density would result in bales of a smaller and more uniform size. This would permit better stacking of the cotton in carriers and warehouses, less jute and burlap would be used, metal straps would be shortened, and the fire hazard would be reduced. At the present time there is very little incentive for the cotton ginner to turn out high-density bales. For instance, 100 bales of cotton produced at Monticello, Georgia, is carried 40 miles to Macon in the ordinary gin-bale form and requires three cars for the journey of 40 miles. After being recompressed at Macon to a density of 22½ pounds it is moved to Savannah, Georgia—a distance of 192 miles—in two cars. The freight rate from Monticello to Savannah is 39 cents a hundredweight, and out of this the railroad pays the compress at Macon 8½ cents a hundredweight for reducing the size of the bales. But if the ginner at Monticello purchases the necessary equipment and produces bales having a density of 35 pounds he is penalized for so doing by being compelled to pay the same rate, namely, 39 cents a hundredweight, for moving his cotton from Monticello to Savannah, notwithstanding the fact that in such case the cotton is loaded but once and is carried direct to Savannah, 100 bales in one car. Under existing conditions it requires 16 car-days to transport 100 bales of cotton from the gin to a port; when the bales are properly compressed the hauling effort is only 3 car-days, or a saving of 81 per cent. Such an economy is surely worth striving for.

### Freight by Motor Truck

In our great effort to provide a more adequate distribution system we are getting no little relief from our waterways and highways. More than 350,000,000 tons of freight are now hauled by motor vehicles over American roads annually. The prevailing cost of this hauling is 23 cents per ton per mile, and since the average haul is 8 miles it is evident that our bill for transportation by motor over the public roads is $644,000,000 each year. It is the opinion of many that the bulk of all freight to be transported up to a distance of 100 miles will soon be carried by motor trucks. It takes only 300,000 tons of steel to build 200,000 motor trucks, but it requires five times that much steel to build 1250 locomotives and 50,000 steel freight cars which have only the same ton-mile freight-carrying capacity as the trucks. In such case the use of trucks would mean a saving of more than 1,000,000 tons of steel.

It is of course true that the increased use of motor trucks confronts us with a serious highways problem, and at a time when most of the materials for road building are needed badly for war purposes. Limestone, so commonly used on our highways, is largely employed as a flux in making iron. Other road-building materials are also scarce and labor is not plentiful. As is the case in most of Europe, many American roads are now falling into bad repair through neglect, and the consequent wear and tear on vehicles in such localities costs enough daily to keep these main highways in first-class condition. The secret of good roads is the application of the "stitch in time" policy. Bad breaks cannot come unless little ones are overlooked. Perhaps the greatest economy in the maintenance of our highways will come from more stringent speed regulation. The chief injury to road surfaces comes from fast-moving vehicles. The driving force of self-propelled vehicles is nearly horizontal and tends to tear away the surface of the road. This shearing force not only becomes greater with the speed but increases in proportion to the square of the speed. Taking ten miles as a unit, the shearing force is four times as great at twenty miles, nine times as great at thirty, and twenty-five times as great at fifty as it is at ten miles per hour.

In a recent article in these columns I dealt with methods that might be employed to save coal in house heating. Let me now touch briefly on the larger opportunities for

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fuel conservation that are presented in the railroad and industrial fields. About thirty per cent of all the coal produced in America each year is consumed by our manufacturing and power plants. The railroads burn up approximately one-fourth of our total coal output, so it is evident that in making and hauling our various products we consume more fuel than in any other way.

Before the war the railroad coal bill amounted to $140,000,000 annually. At the present time our transportation systems are spending at the rate of $415,000,000 each year for bituminous coal, and if we add on the cost for hauling and handling, and then further include the expenditures for fuel oil, we find that the total annual fuel bill of American railroads is now $650,000,000. Therefore, for every one per cent of fuel saving that is effected the roads will profit to the extent of $6,500,000 yearly.

The Fuel Conservation Section of the United States Railroad Administration has under way an extensive campaign of education on fuel consumption that is already bearing fruit. The firemen on the locomotives are reminded that there is no material difference between their work here at home and what it would be in France. They are cautioned to remember that our American roads are no less military lines than the roads operated by Uncle Sam on the other side. Every possible effort is being made to equip locomotives with all available mechanical devices that are designed to economize in coal, and the use of superheaters, automatic fire doors, and so on, is greater than ever before; however, emphasis is being laid on the truth that the dominant factor at present is personal effort, and vigorous measures are being pursued to impress firemen with the seriousness of the situation and how great and unusual is their opportunity to show their loyalty and patriotism.

A close relationship has been established between locomotive maintenance and fuel economy. Great stress is being placed on the necessity for keeping boilers clean, for this not only results in fuel savings but increases engine efficiency and prolongs the life of flues and fire-box sheets. Tests indicate that one-sixteenth of an inch of scale increases the fuel cost 15 per cent, and one-quarter inch of scale increases the coal cost 60 per cent. Authorities state that frequent and thorough boiler washing would save the nation's railroads $50,000,000 annually on fuel consumed.

### Train Economies

Coal savings on the railroads, however, do not begin and end with the locomotive boiler. It is necessary that the valves be set properly, the flues be kept clean and steam leaks about the cylinders and steam chests eliminated. After all this is in order the trainman has his chance to serve in the good cause by stopping the train-line leaks before starting on the trip. Steam losses due to porous hose, worn gaskets, and so on, are direct coal losses. The farsighted trainman to-day always carries a gasket or two in his pocket so that he can quickly apply first-aid treatment the moment a leak occurs. Another common trouble that proper care will avoid is sticking brakes. This condition simply bleeds the boiler, for it requires much coal to pull a train against locked brakes.

In former times the directors of fuel-economy campaigns for the railroads focused their attention almost entirely on the locomotive firemen, but war has made us more analytical, and we know now that the trainmen can serve as effectively as the enginemen. Here are a few hints for conductors and brakemen that will save some tons of coal:

Try to keep your train moving. Anticipate and prepare for station work if you are in freight service. Encourage the quicker handling of passengers, mail and express if you are in passenger service. The effort required to make up delays takes fuel.

Keep train lines tight. Leaks can usually be found in the cross-over connection joints or in the air-hose gaskets.

Leaky steam-hose connections in passenger service and drip cocks too wide open waste fuel. Overheated coaches and sleeping cars also cause waste. Do whatever you can to check such loss.

Frequent inspections of car trucks and prompt attention to hot journals will avoid unnecessary friction and train delays. Journal friction means coal; hot boxes are frequently too long neglected, resulting in extra and unnecessary stops. If you are operating on single track bear in mind that when you make an unnecessary stop you not only give rise to fuel loss on your own train but on many other trains on the line.

Watch the brake shoes on your train; dragging shoes, whether due to stuck brakes or to train-line leaks, result in serious fuel loss.

Do not fail to get down early enough to go out on time. The influence of a good start frequently runs throughout the day.

In the consumption of coal for industrial uses the United States Fuel Administration has recently made rapid advances along lines of economy. In some cities the municipal plants and privately owned central stations have been interconnected and individual savings of 6000 to 10,000 tons annually have been effected thereby. Water-power companies have altered their contracts so that power which is available only parts of the year when the water is high will all be used. A saving of 100,000 tons of coal yearly will result from one such change in a Middle West city.

### Daylight Saving

In a number of localities there is a similar utilization of excess water power. As a result of connecting in small isolated plants in New York and Chicago the inspectors report an annual saving of 80,000 tons. The skip-stop system on street railways has been adopted by one-third of our electric lines and will result in an economy of nearly 600,000 tons annually.

Daylight saving from March 31 to October 27, when all clocks will be moved back one hour, will approximate something like 1,250,000 tons of coal.

Every steam plant in the United States has been examined and reported upon. In each town of 15,000 or more people a fuel-conservation committee has been appointed. Every factory in the country has been asked to organize a factory conservation committee to make a study of possible fuel savings. In states where this latter plan has been longest in operation coal savings of 10 to 35 per cent are reported. In Pennsylvania and several other states barrooms are down to 50 per cent of their former illumination. Economies in such matters as elevator service and lighting in hotels and office buildings are saving thousands of tons of fuel monthly. In numerous instances material savings are resulting from the utilization of exhaust steam and the substitution of natural gas, wood and oil for coal. The heating value of oil is considerably higher than that of coal for equal weights. A barrel of oil weighing 330 pounds and containing 42 gallons is equivalent in comparative heat values to 480 pounds of coal averaging 13,000 B. T. U. per pound. Oil occupies 50 per cent less space than coal and is about one-third less in weight for equal heat values. Wherever oil can be burned economically to-day it is the fuel consumer's duty to use it. Under steam boilers it will give at least 80 per cent efficiency, which is eight to ten per cent better than the best practice in burning coal.

The public response to Doctor Garfield's pleas that every possible pound of coal be saved has been so whole-hearted that if no unexpected setback in fuel transportation occurs the situation throughout the nation will be more satisfactory during the coming months than it was last winter. Of course, we are not entirely out of the woods and must continue our maximum efforts along lines of economy. The miners are now producing cleaner coal than ever before. They are working more days and more hours per day than they used to, and they are not observing so many holidays. As one example of this new spirit the men have agreed to mine coal instead of attending funerals in a body, and since there are on an average about 300 deaths of miners in the hard-coal region each year the effect of this new policy will increase production about 300,000 tons, which means that 30,000 additional families will each get ten more tons of coal this winter. That the miners are now standing faithfully by their guns is evident from the record in the anthracite field, where with a labor shortage of 33,000 men the coal companies in the last five months have produced 1,091,887 gross tons more coal than they did in the same period last year. There can be no better proof that the industry is now applying intensive and economic methods.

The American people, however, must do their part equally well. We must watch our electric lights on our streets, in our homes and in our offices. We must be content with less frequent elevator service. More gas meters must be installed in our homes, and wherever it is possible wood should be burned in preference to coal. A chunk of firewood will help heat the house quickly and save one or two shovels of coal. It is estimated that one cord of stump wood from each acre of farm lots in New York State alone would save 1,125,000 tons of coal. And let us remember further that when we save a pound of paper we save three pounds of coal. If we save two pounds of cement we have saved another pound of coal. From the minute we get up until we go to bed the constant watchword must be "Save."

I started this article while en route West, and I am writing these concluding paragraphs while again on the train, but returning East from the Rockies. We are picking up a batch of raw recruits at each station and here one may see the bare hearts of these people who live on our plains. I have long thought the West was fully in the war. Now I know that if there were still any lingering doubt in my mind on that point the uncertainty has been removed. I have seen the drafted men leave from towns in the East. Bands played martial music, flags were waved and mothers shed tears. The sorrow of parting pulls equally on the heartstrings of people no matter where they live, but the farther we get from the seat of war the greater appears the sacrifice. The Huns might bombard New York, but it would be a long and bloody march to Hastings, Nebraska.

### The Patriotic West

I watched the good-bys that were said as these husky farmer lads climbed aboard. The whole population seemed to be at the station. The bands played Joan of Arc, and looking over the crowds it was not difficult to pick out the fathers, mothers and sisters of the recruits called. The eyes of the men were moist, but their jaws were set and their faces grim. The women tried to smile through their tears and look brave, but generally failed in their effort. Here and there someone would lift up a baby in arms and a strong young man would lean out through the car window, press the child to his breast and give the infant a convulsive kiss. At one town where thirty-two men were leaving there were two young women, both wearing wedding rings that were shiny in their newness. One of the girls was radiant and smiling. On the station platform before the crowd she had resolved to look and live the part of a soldier's wife. But the other girl, God bless her, she couldn't be anything but just a woman and a wife. The crowd didn't matter; there was only one man in all the world that counted—her man—and he was going to war. It required all the strength of the two old people who were with her to keep her from falling to the station floor. As the train pulled out I watched the girl brace herself for a final effort; she waved, smiled and then her head fell forward in a faint.

A suspicion had crossed my mind as I watched the actions of this girl and her young husband, who had interested me more than anyone else in the big crowd collected at the station. I went back into the next car filled with drafted men and sought him out. He was tall and broad, with tousled hair and clear blue eyes. His coat sleeves were two inches too short for his long arms, and I soon learned that he was but a few days out of the harvest field. Like most of his kind, frankness was his prime virtue, and not suspecting that I was interested in his own particular case he was quite unrestrained in his recital. The parting had left him a little troubled and any reversion to the folks at home brought a note of sadness to his voice; but underneath it all was an ardor of real patriotism that was supreme in its simple, fervent expression. His heart had been set on going with the other boys, and when his young wife had told him that he could give a good reason for claiming deferred classification he had finally decided to stand pat, and she acquiesced, so neither of them had said a word. But as I returned to my seat in the car ahead I could not help but picture a day in the future when the boys come home and these soldiers march happily down Main Street. One of them will be mighty proud of the brave little mother and baby waving a fond welcome from the crowd on the curb. Again it will be proved that oaks may fall while slender reeds brave the storm. Moist eyes do not indicate the absence of a stout heart.

### The Alphabet of One Letter

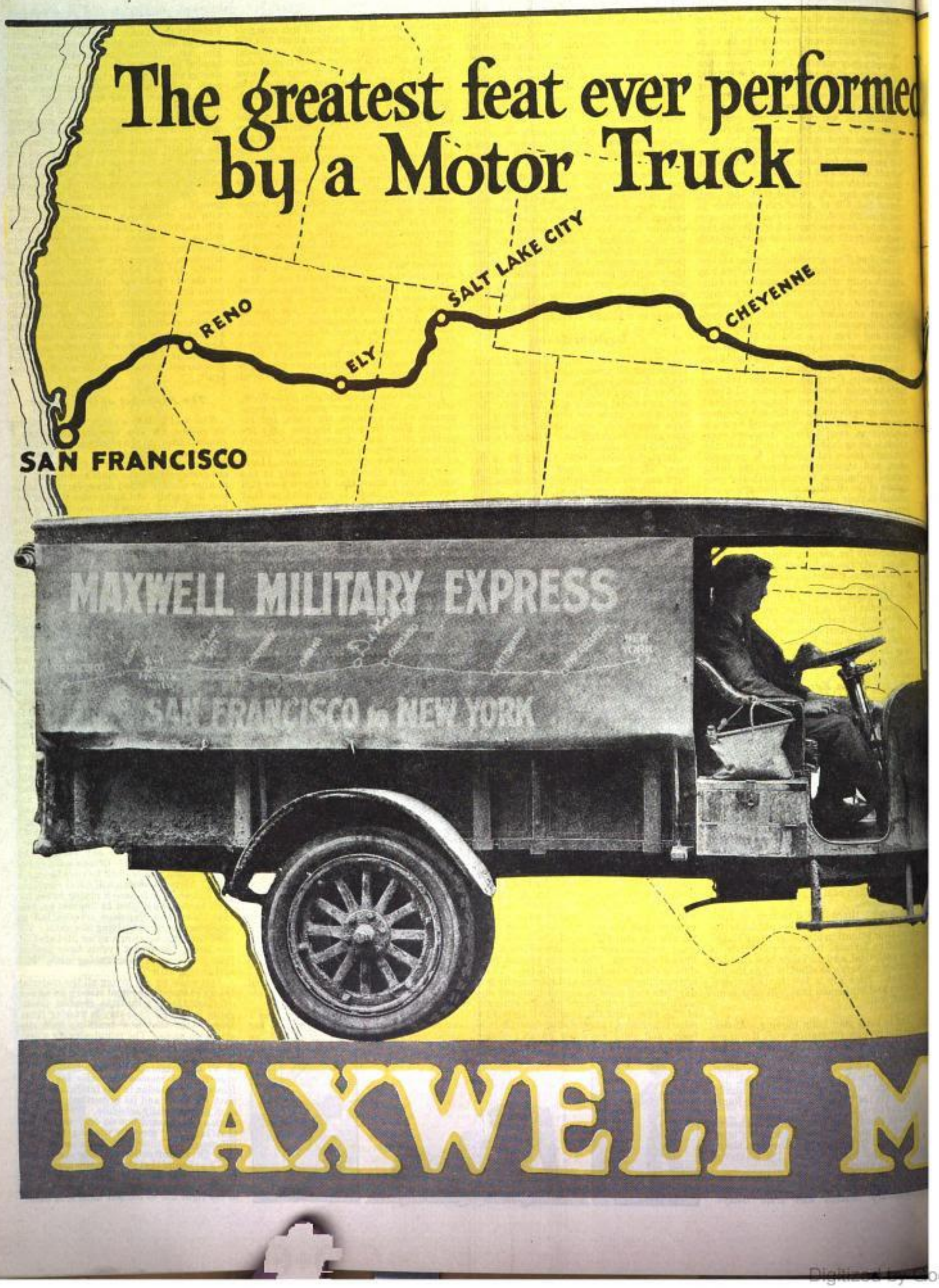
The next station was the last stop where we picked up new recruits, and when I climbed down on the platform my gaze centered on a group of three. The women's handkerchiefs told most of the story. The old grandmother was mute and dazed; the mother silently wiped her eyes; the father was in overalls and had evidently just left his work long enough to see his boy off. His right hand held a heavy pair of working gloves, while his left arm was placed gently about the shoulders of his wife. I pretended to seek information and asked the name of the town. Then I inquired if they had a boy going away, and for reply the mother simply nodded, but the father with a far-off look in his eyes said: "He's a dead shot and I bet he'll get a lot of Huns." To him the war was right at hand and his boy was already blazing away at the enemy. When the train pulled out of the station a few minutes later this little trio had moved away from the crowd and was the last group down the track to wave a farewell to their boy and the other young Americans who were starting on the first lap of their long journey over there.

If any of our citizens are half-hearted in the performance of their present wartime duties let me prescribe a visit to the local railroad station when mothers and fathers are saying good-by to their boys going to war. If the scene there enacted does not awaken a feeling of shame in such people, then they must be possessed of a rubber conscience. To-day we must be either anvil or hammer. There is no place of idleness for any American who breathes. We might as well try to keep a sausage in a dog's kennel as to look for an easy peace. It is foolish to waste words on any enemy who denies a basic principle. Often a donkey believes himself a deer until he tries to leap a ditch. Mere discussion will never convince the Kaiser he was once a crying babe, for even history has failed to impress on him that Cæsar and Napoleon are now but so much inert earth crumbling in a vault. We used to think egotism was an alphabet of one letter, but recent events have proved that it is a word commencing with "K" and ending with "r."

And while we are saving all the material things so essential to final victory let us not overlook the fact that the greatest prodigality in the world to-day is wasting time. Every hour that now bears no fruit deserves no name. The minutes never work, but they do eat and rust and destroy. Of course there must be time for rest and play so as to invigorate brain and body and give them a renewed appetite for labor. However, recreation in this fateful era must have its limits and its prescribed place on each person's daily schedule. We must not work at haphazard but do only the things that count for most in winning the war. Efficiency will come only from concentration. Divided attention means broken force. The greyhound that starts many hares generally kills none. We now have a single mighty task to perform. Let us turn neither to the right nor to the left until it is done.



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# Across the Continent

## — San Francisco to New York —

## In 17 Days, 8 Hours, 20 Minutes

When Ray McNamara drove the Maxwell Motor Truck across the continent from San Francisco to New York, he achieved another world's record for the Maxwell.

Carrying a load of military supplies from Australia for France, the "Maxwell Military Express" made the trans-continental journey in the record time of 17 days, 8 hours and 20 minutes.

That was 16½ days ahead of the schedule we published on the day the Maxwell Truck started, which schedule called for 100 miles per day—34 days.

In fact the Maxwell did it in just about half the estimated time as you have seen. The Maxwell Truck exceeded even the driver's enthusiastic confidence in it, for it beat his confidential schedule too.

You see, the Maxwell engineer, like the good general he is, had given himself a safety factor in his official (published) schedule.

That was to guard against adverse weather conditions and unavoidable accidents.

So he had made one of his own—one he called his "confidential" schedule—in which he predicted that, everything favoring, and barring any delay or untoward event, he would make the trip in 19 days.

And he stopped two to six hours at every important Maxwell distributing center to let delegations of dealers see the truck.

And though innumerable other stops were made for photographing—and one even to haul out a ditched tourist—he did cover the 3428.7 miles in less than 17½ days elapsed time. That's an average of nearly 200 miles per day—197.8 to be exact.

No. It wasn't a speed stunt.

For—here is the really remarkable phase of the test—never once did the car exceed normal trucking speed—20 miles per hour. "Save once," says the driver, "when coming down a mountain after a rain, the wheels couldn't get traction and we did slide down at more than the legal limit."

It was the wonderful consistency of the Maxwell that achieved the result—a steady average—day in and day out of 16.54 miles per hour; and the maximum speed was 20. We submit that any motor truck that can do that, can do any work you may ever call upon it to perform.

Yet it was a logical performance, not at all surprising to anyone who knows this Maxwell Motor Truck.

For the same motor that made the world's record "Non-stop" run—22,022 miles in 44 consecutive days and nights' continuous running—was under the hood.

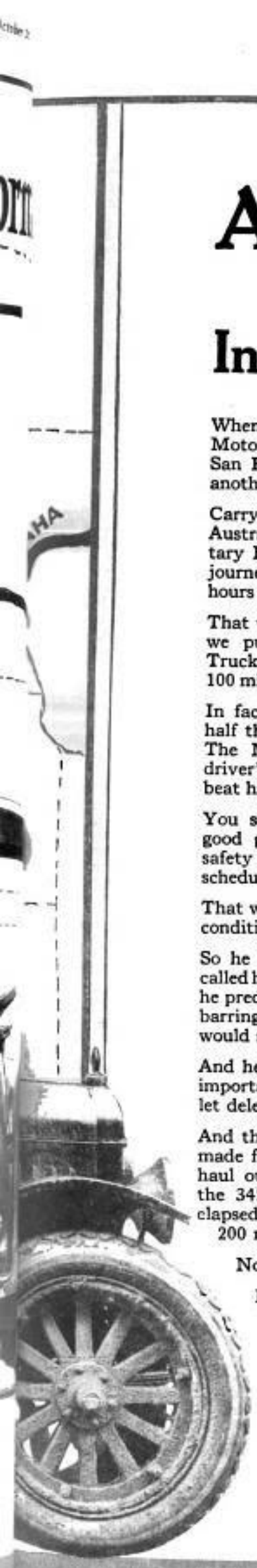
The same clutch, same transmission; and the load was carried by that stout axle especially designed and made for this Maxwell Motor Truck.

The same engineering skill and the same quality of workmanship and materials that enabled the Maxwell passenger car to achieve World's Records in Reliability and in Fuel Economy also made it certain that this Maxwell Motor Truck would fulfill all expectations.

When you consider that the time made was twice as fast as fast freight—and almost as fast as the special fruit trains which are run on express schedules—you will appreciate that this was indeed the greatest feat ever performed by a Motor Truck, comparable in price or capacity.

The story of that demonstration is so interesting, we have published a little booklet in which details of gasoline consumption, tire mileage (only one "puncture" on the entire trip), altitudes reached, etc., are given in brief, but complete form.

That booklet is yours for the asking.






**Maxwell Motor Company, Inc.**
**Detroit, Michigan**

**TOR TRUCKS**

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# PLACES OF DREADFUL NIGHT

(Concluded from Page 16)

looming high above the city like one of those dream castles in a Maxfield Parrish decoration. And the countryside is smiling and serene in the soft radiance of the setting sun.

Yet there is something wrong. Something has happened in Beauvais, for thousands of its inhabitants are pouring out of the city. The road we are on fairly swarms with them. Women of all ages, men too old or infirm for military service, boys and girls and little children, babes in arms—all are leaving Beauvais behind them.

The heads of families carry bundles of bedding. Some trundle wheelbarrows loaded with mattresses and quilts; others are using the baby carriage to transport their night's equipment, for in France the family baby carriage serves about the same purposes that a flivver does in an American household. Whenever a French provincial woman has parcels to carry she gets out the baby carriage, and she always takes it to market with her, returning with it heaped with purchases.

The scene looks almost like an evacuation, except that the refugees are burdened with so few belongings.

"What is the matter, madame?"

"*Les avions*," is the terse reply, which explains everything.

These good citizens of Beauvais are going out to sleep in the fields and quarries and whatever tiny villages happen to be free of troops in that vicinity. For the pigs of Germans came over last night and bombed the place, wrecking several buildings, taking toll of some helpless noncombatants and wounded, and doing damage to a hospital.

"*Oui*, and they used three big bombs chained together *comme ça, m'sieu!*" cries a middle-aged man with an illuminating gesture. "Because of course they can do the more murder that way, *n'est-ce-pas?*"

You can bet they have no intention of seeking refuge in a town where Americans are billeted, for that would be out of the frying pan into the fire.

"*Oo, là, là!* No, m'sieu. They will go there too—*les avions*. We have a very comfortable place in a cave."

There are huge deep caves and tunnels everywhere in this portion of France, and after seeing what handy things they can be the American soldier is speculating on the advisability of building a few back home when he returns.

### Camping Out in the Suburbs

Let us halt beside the road and see what happens. The Beauvaisans move on toward their various destinations, in eddying, broken streams. Some will pick a smooth spot on the ground at the edge of a wheat field; those with the means to hire a night's lodging or who have friends in the neighboring villages will probably secure a roof to cover them, will very possibly sleep in a bed.

Along every road leading from the city they are trudging, the majority heading for the quarries, which seem to offer the best protection. Some are gloomy and sullen; others are merely fearful. Quite a percentage takes it philosophically, even cheerfully; they laugh and joke as though on a picnic. Mingled with the refugees are some French soldiers taking care of those in whom they are interested. They take the most solicitous care; they go along with their arms round the girls' waists, strolling slowly and buzzing like bees, after the fashion of lovers throughout France. And the young boys and girls romp, heedless of the danger that has driven them from their homes.

A couple of anchored balloons sway gently in the air currents thousands of feet above Beauvais. Their outlines grow dimmer and dimmer. Night is shutting down.

The hours pass. The roads are now deserted. Occasionally a lightless automobile goes screeching toward the city or a dispatch carrier on a motorcycle whizzes by with a vicious flick, bound for the Front. And once a long train of trucks lumbers up the road, carrying supplies to the troops.

Along about midnight comes a sound. You recognize it and sit up, your gaze turned toward Beauvais. The boche raiders are approaching.

The sound swells to a throbbing hymn of hate. A moment, and the antiaircraft batteries open up. They bark and they cough, the shells whining toward the sky, to explode with soft, muffled floofs.

Suddenly a dazzling shaft of light pierces the upper dark, from the direction of the city. It moves jerkily from side to side, frantically probing the night skies for the raiders. A second and a third join in the hunt. Soon half a dozen searchlights are raking the heavens, but all the while the sinister drone of the *avions* increases in volume.

Suddenly the searchlights all focus on a point above the heart of the city, and the ground under us trembles to the bombs. A few minutes of rocking explosions, of breathless suspense, and the searchlights once more resume their darting hunt.

There is a sound of rushing airplanes overhead. It grows fainter and fainter. Presently off in the northeast you see a flicker of flame in the sky, like a rag burning. It spreads to the proportions of a torch and falls toward the earth—one of the assassins of the night going to its doom. And the raid is over.

Or take a trip to Creil, which is a railhead, and consequently a special target for boche malevolence. Creil is another place of dreadful night. Heinie goes after it with that peculiar clocklike regularity characteristic of his frightfulness. Of all the towns and cities I have seen it furnishes the most striking evidence of the air raiders' handiwork. There are portions that look like a city of living dead. Indeed, your first impression is that the Hun has not left a house undamaged, so fearsome is the havoc; but a closer inspection corrects that idea.

### The Caves of Refuge

Yet despite the ruin, despite the nightly peril, a considerable percentage of the inhabitants remains. They carry on their business during the day, and at night most of them depart to caves for safety. There are two especially large ones in that vicinity, capable of housing thousands.

These caves are really tunnels and they make ideal shelters. As many as seventeen hundred men, women and children have found refuge in one of them for a night.

The average Frenchman has pretty sound ideas about comfort. Therefore when he goes out to sleep in a cave he carries along a mattress and plenty of covers. Also he has a lantern, a loaf of bread and a bottle of light wine, so the whole family have a bite to eat and manage to obtain plenty of sleep. Having been doing this sort of thing for months the people of Creil were well organized for it, and many refugees had little alcoves and corners curtained off in the caves.

A couple of us went up there one night in late June and we saw two brand-new babies. They had been born in one of the caves the previous night. An expatriated American woman who conducts a contagious-disease hospital in Creil helped take care of the mothers.

There is one consolation for the Allied troops and civilian populations in all this: For every ton of bombs the boche drops on French and English towns and cities and cantonments we give him back two—aye, three—tons. I wouldn't live in one of the Rhine towns which are the targets for the Royal Flying Corps bombers, for Bertha Krupp's income.

Night bombing and aërial warfare can be developed to a point where it will absolutely shatter the nerve of the enemy civilian population. The Allies are making rapid strides in that direction already. It remains for America to deliver the overwhelming force, to make night hideous for every German city and town in its western provinces—and then go over and give Berlin a taste of the war it started. German morale could not long stand the strain.

"Planes in the air and gas on the ground"—people at home have not the faintest conception of what a factor gas has become. And its use grows daily. Gas can make any position untenable, and a belligerent can cause more casualties by a three-hour drenching of an enemy stronghold with the deadly poison than by a furious artillery bombardment, followed by a charge.

The extent of losses from gas is not generally known. Casualties due to this cause must certainly exceed the total casualties due to shells, machine-gun and rifle fire in the day-to-day struggle of holding the line.

I was in a sector of the Front one night in April when the boches sent over more than three thousand gas shells into one small ruined village held by our troops. It was favorable weather for the operation of the fumes. The battalion occupying that village was practically wiped out for a while. Next day our ambulances carried more than seven hundred men back to hospital.

An astonishingly small number of them died from the effects, but all were put out of the fighting for the time being. It would have taken an attack in force by the boches, with hours of artillery preparation, to accomplish the same results against that regiment.

However, the American batteries retaliated in kind. They gave good measure too—five for one or thereabouts.

You may recall, in the earlier part of this article, how a major slept soundly throughout the bombing of X, though one explosion occurred within a few yards of his billet. He was all in, utterly spent from sleepless days and nights at the Front.

The most lasting impression one carries from the Front is that of unutterable exhaustion. I have seen men, after they came out from a *tour* in the line, go sound asleep standing up. When the artillery is returning for a rest you can see the men asleep on their horses, chins sunk on their chests.

An officer entered a brigade headquarters to make some kind of report. He had been eight days with his battalion in a hot sector—a sure-enough he-sector. Several times in the course of conversation with the brigadier he nodded. Finally his head dropped slowly on one side, his eyes closed, and he began to snore, right in the middle of their talk. So they put him in a bed just as he was, and let him sleep.

Another time I dropped in at a billet to see a bunch of younger officers, just out of the line, and not yet settled. They were haggard and drawn, with telltale circles round their eyes. All they wanted was sleep; they could think of nothing else.

One filled a washpan with water, intending to clean up, but put it down.

"Oh, damn washing!" he muttered, and in another minute was sound asleep in a chair.

The others followed suit. Without waiting to undress they piled onto beds and benches and bedrolls, and were off to byebye.

The explanation does not lie wholly in lack of sleep in the trenches. It is true that they must be up all night—everybody—and that during the day there are so many interruptions, and so much to be done, that real rest is out of the question; but the average soldier is young enough and hard enough to withstand the physical fatigue. What saps every ounce of vitality he possesses is the nervous strain, the constant tension.

### Some Nervous Heroes

That is what breaks men. And it is for that reason younger men stand up better at the Front. The tough-fibered man of middle age can go through the physical strain, but the nervous tension is apt to get him. He doesn't snap back so quickly after a short rest as a youngster.

Consequently rest and freedom from strain are essential when they come out. But how are they to be had with enemy airmen paying nightly visits to the rest areas? And bombing from the skies is worse on the nerves than severe shelling. Nine out of ten soldiers will tell you that.

We had several wounded officers in the tent hospital at X who were in the Battle of Cantigny. The morning after our worst air raid I went to find out how they were getting on. A doctor was chaffing them.

"What do you know about this?" he inquired. "They were scared half to death last night."

"Well, who wouldn't be? One of those birds is a thousand times worse than shelling," declared one.

"I'd rather be up in the front trenches in the thickest of it, any time, than go through another night like that," added a lieutenant who had been shot through both legs going over the top. Having seen something of shell fire also, I agreed.

The British are terrors at day strafing. It is nothing for flocks of Royal Flying Corps machines to skim over the enemy lines, bombing dumps and troop trains and junctions, and shooting up with machine guns marching columns on the roads, even the men in the trenches. In this fashion they have broken up many an attack, retarded several offensives.

The Americans have had some lively experiences with boche flyers who came over to attack troops on the road; they have also been subjected to machine-gun fire from enemy planes above their trenches.

The prize experience fell to the —— Division in June, which had been holding a sector since the latter part of April. One day a plane with Allied markings came flying over that area. An American battalion marching along a road saw it coming and craned their necks to watch. Some waved at the gallant airman, who was bearing down toward the tree tops that bordered the highway. Next moment he was shooting into them with a machine gun, and they scattered for cover.

The chief supply officer of the division was bowling along a road in his automobile when he heard the plane above him. Glancing up and perceiving that it was an Allied machine, he waved his hand for good luck. The flyer waved back and then flat-tat-tat, whir-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!—he proceeded to shoot up the supply officer. Instantly the driver of the car stepped on her, as the saying goes, and tore out for safety; but the plane was far faster. Speedily discovering this the colonel stopped his car and hid behind a tree. The driver got down behind a stone milepost.

### He Meant Well

Next, the raider visited a certain headquarters. Among the soldiers on duty there was a striker named Fogarty. He had often seen French and American flyers come over the château and drop messages in leather tubes, so he determined to be first outside to get this one. Out he ran and stood on the lawn, staring upward. The visitor dropped a small bomb on him. It knocked Fogarty cold for a while, but fortunately did not kill him.

"What's that —— fool doing?" roared the general. "Bring him down! Get the machine guns after him."

The machine guns began a furious chatter, but not before the airman had dropped a couple more bombs. After that he flew triumphantly away and dispersed a battalion of French Territorials which was coming up the road. They took to the long grass unanimously.

Well, for a solid hour the intrepid visitor hovered over that area, shooting up whatever and whomever he could find. He missed only one town. And then they brought him down, with a machine-gun bullet through the shoulder.

Judge of their dismay when he turned out to be an Ally, a member of a British squadron! You should have heard the roars of wrath.

"Gentlemen, I am exceedingly sorry for the mistake," said the English commander, when he came over later to explain and apologize; "but—er—the fact is, the young gentleman is an American. His name is ——, and his home is in New York."

That altered the case. When they heard that, everybody sat back and howled. They forgot about poor Fogarty, and a couple of mules the flyer had killed. The chief supply officer even forgot his own wrongs.

"By Jove, he's a good un!" he cried. "I never saw such nerve; nor better flying. Why, that kid was fairly brushing the tree tops when he got after me. He could make that machine of his skin the cat; and shoot! Wow, he could let 'em go from any angle! So he thought all the time he was strafing the Hun, hey? Well, well! Great! Fine! Bully! He's a game boy. Darned if he didn't do a swell job!"

It transpired that the young American was on his first flight with some British airmen who had started that morning for the Hun lines, to strafe concentration points and troops on the march. They went through some clouds and he became separated from the others. On emerging he thought he was over enemy ground, being deceived by the topography of the country and a line of railroad. So he went to it.

"I wish you to know," added the English commander gravely, "that the young gentleman has now volunteered to go over and bomb Berlin."

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# MARRIED

## By MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

II

WHEN my husband came into the library that afternoon to look for me I little knew that the first step was about to be taken in the most hazardous episode of our married life. I was yawning over a magazine, but when I heard Dick I put on the face of bright interest that a loving and wise wife reserves for her husband. He bent over and kissed me.

"Hello, old girl," he said; "bit bored?"

When two people have lived several years together and really love each other unselfishly a bright surface manner does not necessarily deceive.

"We-ell, no, not bored exactly," I said; "but I don't seem to have so very much to do, Dick, now that the children are not only in school but taking French and music and wanting to play out till six. Well, it almost makes me feel as if Othello's occupation's gone indeed. I can find enough to do, of course; and there's always the club, only it's been so dull this last year or two. If only the friends I like were nearer! Oh, well, I'm not grouching, dear. I think it's really the depression everyone feels on account of the war."

Dick nodded soberly.

"I sometimes wonder," he said, "how far one ought to let the deep spiritual indignation one feels affect one's practical daily conduct."

"Of course," I rejoined, "one can brood over this war till one is of no use to oneself or to anyone else. I don't want to do that. Oh, I'm all right, dear; I feel selfish when I think how I have you safe, and the children; and so many poor mothers over there have lost everything—husband, children, home."

Dick patted my hand and I leaned my head against him. For the first time in my life I was restless. There lay behind me an interval of several years of married peace and prosperity. Dick and I understood each other very well; it was a long time since we had known the slightest matrimonial ripple. He liked the way I ran our house, and brought up the children, and exercised, and talked and read. I liked his devotion to the children and me. We and his work absorbed him; he never looked at any other woman, and of late years I could hardly get him out in the evenings. He was now a partner in the firm, and his work seemed to become yearly more exacting. What I was suffering from was a dead level of content. I felt like echoing the demand of my little boy, Richie, when he first began to know that his world was capable of constant enlargement: "I want sutting I haven't had."

"How about a little ol' last year's car?" asked Dick.

"I don't believe I'd have the nerve to drive it, and of course we can't afford a chauffeur. Otherwise a car would be fine."

Dick moved away and sat down opposite me. I knew by his face that he had something to say; that it was of importance but not disquieting. He fumbled in his pocket and brought out two small jewel cases. It wasn't a birthday, so I supposed they meant some unexpected firm dividend. I opened them.

"But—but, Dick!" I gasped. "Diamonds! Why, that ring must be worth a thousand! And that bar pin!"

"From now on, Rhoda," said Dick, trying to speak without excitement, "you can have anything you want—within reason, that is."

I was Dick's financial partner to the extent of living within my household and dress allowance. I knew the amount of his salary, and of his stock in the company. I knew that he was paying for his partnership by degrees. We spent four thousand dollars, and the rest of his earnings went toward the partnership and into investments. The money his grandmother had left him I knew had gone into buying a foundry business in partnership with Charlie Sanderson. But since I had none of the income from these investments I had not followed them in detail.

"Yes," said Dick, answering my mute question, "I had quite a bit of money in Steel, which has multiplied itself so much that I am dizzy looking at it. Then that foundry; lucky we'd got it on its feet. We've just consolidated with a big company. We have war orders to burn. Yes, Rhoda, in a mild way you might call us rich."

"Oh, if I could have a pony for the children," I cried.

"You can; and that French governess who comes for three hours a week you may have all the time if you want her."

"And I could have a sun parlor built on, with a sleeping porch over it for you."

"Go on; you've not begun," Dick urged.

"I've always wanted a set of sables," I said.

"Get a sable coat," said Dick magnificently.



*"Dick," I said, "Don't You See That We've Got to the Point Where We Must Get All the New Fresh Interests We Can——"*

That set me off. My mind leaped at once to things I had never really wanted as Rhoda Wilmot, but might have wanted as a rich woman: jewels and gowns; a car with a chauffeur; furniture and china and flowers; people to wait on me ——

"Oh, Dick," I sighed; "may I try it a little while? Could I be a parasite without your scolding? Just make the most of what youth and good looks I have left ——"

I paused for him to tell me I was as pretty as I had ever been, and then I said: "No; women in the thirties can't be that. But I sometimes feel as if I never have been so pretty as I could be if I made a business of it. I mean, I'd like to be pretty for a little while just to please myself, not you."

"Here, don't go and make me jealous of my lady rival," laughed Dick.

Then I praised him a little for his wonderful foresight in investing in Steel, and in buying the foundry with Charlie Sanderson.

"I expect Kate Sanderson will be wearing cloth of gold," I remarked.

"Meow!" said Dick, a comment he rarely makes on my remarks.

Kate Sanderson had no children and used her superfluous energy in a restless search for excitement. She had always complained to me of being cramped for lack of money. I wondered now how she would spend. She had already managed to get a very pretty house.

"Dick," I said suddenly, "I never have liked this house very much. I did when we first moved into it, and then it was fun to save and pay for it. But for some time now I've felt as if it didn't express us ——"

I stopped, wondering when I had caught that phrase. What I meant was that I'd like a house rather nicer than Kate Sanderson's.

"Well, any house expresses me that's warm in winter, and has a sunny dining room, and a bed for me that isn't a camel back," Dick said. "Is there another house round here you'd like to rent?"

One of my castles in the air drifted down to take earthly substance.

"I—I'd like to build, Dick," I cried. "Oh, Dick, to plan and superintend it, and get the things I want for it ——"

"We-ell," said Dick slowly, "it might be a fine interest for you. Only remember, Rhoda, I can't give any of my time to it. I'll want to see each set of plans, of course, but once I've O. K.'d them I don't want to hear another thing about the house till you lead me into it."

"Agreed; how much money may I have?"

"Well, what kind of house do you want? About how many rooms?" he countered.

"Oh, rooms for each of the children, and a large living room with light on three sides; and a sun parlor and sleeping porches and —— Oh, well, of course I'll limit it to what you can afford."

"Will twenty-five thousand do you?" he said.

I hadn't dreamed of more than fifteen thousand, which was what Kate Sanderson's had cost. But already my dreams of spending had expanded. I felt a little sense of clutching take birth in me. I showed Dick a poker face and said: "That's without the land, I suppose?"

Dick laughed.

"Have it as you like and where you like; you've earned that house. But keep the expense, outside the land, within that sum."

I was intoxicated with delight, with a coming sense of power. How innocent I was of the dangers upon which I was embarking! How little I realized that money doesn't get people anything. I didn't believe then what I firmly believe now, that more couples are separated by wealth, especially acquired wealth, than by poverty. So long as a husband and wife are poor, or only moderately well-off, their interests must be the same. It is a matter of mutual concern that the bill for food be cut down next month; a matter of discussion as to whether a five-dollar margin shall go for new sofa cushions or for books. The amusements which they can afford they must take in common; and they wish to, because together, by careful saving, they have created the chance to enjoy the play or the concert they propose to see and hear. They both make; they spend together.

But when money begins to come freely the case alters. Their path may seem to lead through an easeful, flower-starred green meadow. New interests spring up as if by magic. New friends appear who show them new ways of spending money. Before they realize it they begin to have diverse interests. He does man's things and she woman's things. They no longer have little daily important problems to mull over. They do not earn together or save together or spend together. Above all, they do not talk together. Long before they know what has happened the character of their easeful green meadow changes; the flowers turn to weeds, the paths are lost, and lucky indeed are the couple if they are not separated forever by dark jungle growths and impassable chasms.

Scarcely had I got over the first dizziness of Dick's announcement when Kate Sanderson ran in to see me. Her husband had told her the news of her wealth at half past four, and she had got downtown before the shops closed and had bought a smart suit she had been coveting for a fortnight.

*(Continued on Page 65)*

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Style 5847—"Commodore." Heavy worsted, plaited, with deep sailor collar. Finest pearl buttons. All popular shades.

Style 1108—"Night Watch." Finest zephyr wool, full-fashioned model. All newest color combinations.

Style 1275—"Quarter-deck." Pure zephyr wool, with convertible collar. Solid colors and combinations.

Style 3112—"Spray." Light-weight zephyr wool. Dutch collar with Jacquard trimming. All high shades.

Style 3260—"Wireless." Pure worsted model, with half-belted, Empire effect. All popular shades with contrasting stripes.






## *The* "ACE"

The sensational novelty knitted cap of the season. Can be worn two ways as pictured. Great for skating, autoing, sleighing and all outdoor winter sports. Finest ever made for school children. As suitable for men and boys as for women and girls.

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(Continued from Page 61)

We jubilated together incoherently for a few moments, and then she said: "I suppose you'll leave this house?"

"We're going to build."

"So am I," Kate said. "I've had a good chance for some time to sell, and I'm going to build in some suburb where the people count. Where I live, and here, where you live, they're so commonplace that it makes me dull just to pass them on the street."

"Where are you going?"

"It isn't decided yet," Kate said evasively.

For the moment the evasion escaped me. I knew that Kate belonged to several clubs and charity organizations, and worked like a beaver at them. She had a very fine executive power, and her gratuitous, eager services were always in demand. It was not until later on that I realized that Kate had social ambitions and hoped to use her club associations to further them. Her evasion meant that she had already determined upon the suburb where she would build, but had no intention of carrying me on her shoulders socially. At that time, however, I was merely concerned with finding land well situated and well wooded, and near enough to town so that Dick could get in easily to work.

Dick remarked that two of the men interested in the new foundry consolidation lived in Crichton Woods, and suggested that I look over that territory. It struck me that it would be well to go to a place where Dick already had connections. So Crichton Woods was on my list of North Shore suburbs. I had not lived most of my life in Chicago without knowing what places counted from a social standpoint, but that knowledge was quite in the back of my mind. When I started out next day with a list of plots to visit I was thinking of getting the best bargain.

A few days of searching convinced me that there were no bargains to be had. I had also become accustomed to high prices. And I most dreadfully wanted three acres in Crichton Woods which had a view of the lake, and beautiful trees. Only it cost as much as a farm. Hesitatingly, for the core of me was still thrifty, I took an option on it. Then, after I had been unable to find anything else I wanted, I told Dick what I had done and offered to build a cheaper house if only I could have that land. Dick laughed at me.

"Of course the land would cost that much," he said. "I didn't expect to get out of it for less. I shouldn't wonder if that was the piece Sanderson was talking about to me to-day. He said Kate wanted it but there was an option on it."

Quite unconsciously I had stolen a march on Kate. As I afterward learned, she had fallen behind me because she had been buying clothes. I felt a sense of rather unworthy triumph. Kate got land near by, and then revealed to me her social aims. Crichton Woods, I gathered, was a good place for a climber to begin. Meantime I had no thought of climbing. I was absorbed in the thought of my house.

Kate and I had the same architect—and naturally he wanted our houses to cost as much as possible. Very cleverly he influenced me. Mrs. Sanderson was having a bathroom for each guest room, and she was arranging for four guest rooms, because of course one must count on house parties. Well, I reflected, when the children were older they would be having friends, and of course each would want a separate room. Before I fully realized it I was committed to four more sleeping rooms than the family needed. Other additions were made here and there. Dick raised his eyebrows but did not comment.

At last a plan was drawn up that contented him and delighted me. Then I was told that it could not be carried out for twenty-five thousand dollars. I told the architect to simplify, for I could not and would not go higher. He was an astute person. He went to Dick, and Dick agreed that I should have the house I wanted, no matter what it cost.

Dick's generosity touched me, and allayed, for several months, my spending fever. But when the house was almost done there was the question of furniture. The things we had had for the old house would never do for the new house. When I said this to Dick he replied that he had expected me to buy a lot of new furniture. I am sure he was a little hurt when I wanted to rent our old house furnished, with the exception of a very few things for which we had strong sentiment. But all he said was that I might go ahead and get what I chose and send the bills to him. He showed me some checks that made me gasp. I decided that we could afford anything we liked, and I set out upon an orgy of spending.

I think that Dick and I began to drift apart first during those weeks when I was furnishing the house. For our first house we had chosen everything together, giving up this thing because it was too dear, choosing that at the sacrifice of something else. Our little deprivations drew us more closely together. After we were married every new thing we bought represented some saving we had made together; our home grew organically, not only as our salary lengthened, but as our hearts and minds and souls developed. But for the new house I put myself in the hands of an architect, and of artists and decorators. If I had meant what I said about wanting a home that expressed me I had failed. It was not a home but a successful product of



*I Did Fill the House, Pleased to Show My Western Friends How Many Important Eastern People Found Me Worth While*

highly paid professionals. Then there was the question of servants. Dick had named the sum I might have to spend yearly.

"You may have it," he said, "for that is the proportion of my earnings you've always had. But I don't see how you are going to spend it all. For, mind you, I don't want a whole lot of flapdoodle about my home."

"Of course not, dear," I said.

Already I was planning for what Dick called flapdoodle, but I meant it not to be apparent to him. If I had simple meals, and arranged so that servants would not be fussing over him, I knew he would be content. I meant to have a butler. I don't know just why I decided on a butler, for at that time I had no social ambitions. Probably I wanted him because Kate was going to have one. I told myself that I had to have servants enough to manage my house properly. A butler, an outdoor man, a cook, a combined waitress and parlor maid, an upstairs maid, and a laundress who could also be a sort of "tweeny." Then a French governess. Unconsciously I was trying to show Kate that I could live up to my money and house and servants.

So, early in the autumn I led Dick into his new house—the first time he had seen it, for he had been working like a madman. If its size and appointments a little dashed him, if the strange furniture and strange servants made him rather feel as if he were in a hotel, the eager faces of the children and me reassured him. At any rate, when he dropped into his old worn armchair in the library and pulled forward the same old reading lamp he said, in answer to my often-repeated question as to whether he truly, truly liked it:

"If you and the children are suited I am."

Mr. Cranston and Mr. Wainwright were the men with whom Dick and Charlie Sanderson were associated in the new business. Their wives called promptly on Kate and me. Mrs. Cranston, Kate told me, was very important, because she had excellent social connections not only in the West but also—supreme test—in the East. She cared very little for society, however. Mrs. Wainwright, on the contrary, was one of those executive social leaders who are not happy unless they hold court in all the circles that count. She entertained; she hunted; she kept thoroughbred dogs; she was on the boards of most of the large charity organizations; and she had been the originator of half a dozen war activities.

"The least she can do," Kate commented, "when you think how much her husband is making out of the war."

That remark gave me a queer little shock. It was the first time I had reflected that the money I was spending had come to me as one of the results of this war that was breaking the hearts of women overseas. I resolved to extend my war charities—but it did not occur to me to make any real sacrifice or to give personal service.

The Cranstons and Wainwrights both invited us to dine. Kate was especially interested in the Wainwright invitation. When she found that we were invited for the same evening she twisted her eyebrows comically.

"I wager Mrs. Wainwright does not intend to sponsor us socially," she said. "She'll probably have a few half-and-half people to meet us, with maybe one or two couples who really count and who won't mind looking us over."

Kate took that dinner so seriously that she made me a little nervous about it.

I got a very expensive and beautiful gown, and I rested all day long beforehand—a tribute I had never before paid to a dinner. And I know that I had never looked so well or talked better. Dick's eyes showed his pride in me.

"Well, dear, I was very proud of you," he said as we drove home. "The sight of you repaid me for the darn dull time I had myself."

"Why, dear, didn't you like talking to Mrs. Wainwright?" I said with a touch of uneasiness.

"Oh, it's some years now since I was interested in the social rattle of women," he said. "If they really talked—And then you know I cannot stand these long courses."

I drooped a little. I had enjoyed the evening. My little triumph had rather gone to my head. I had been dreaming of a social career—oh, not a climbing career like Kate's, I told myself, but a real place marked out for me in a circle of nice people. By nice I meant fashionable, though perhaps on that night I did not realize how sharply ambition was stirring in me.

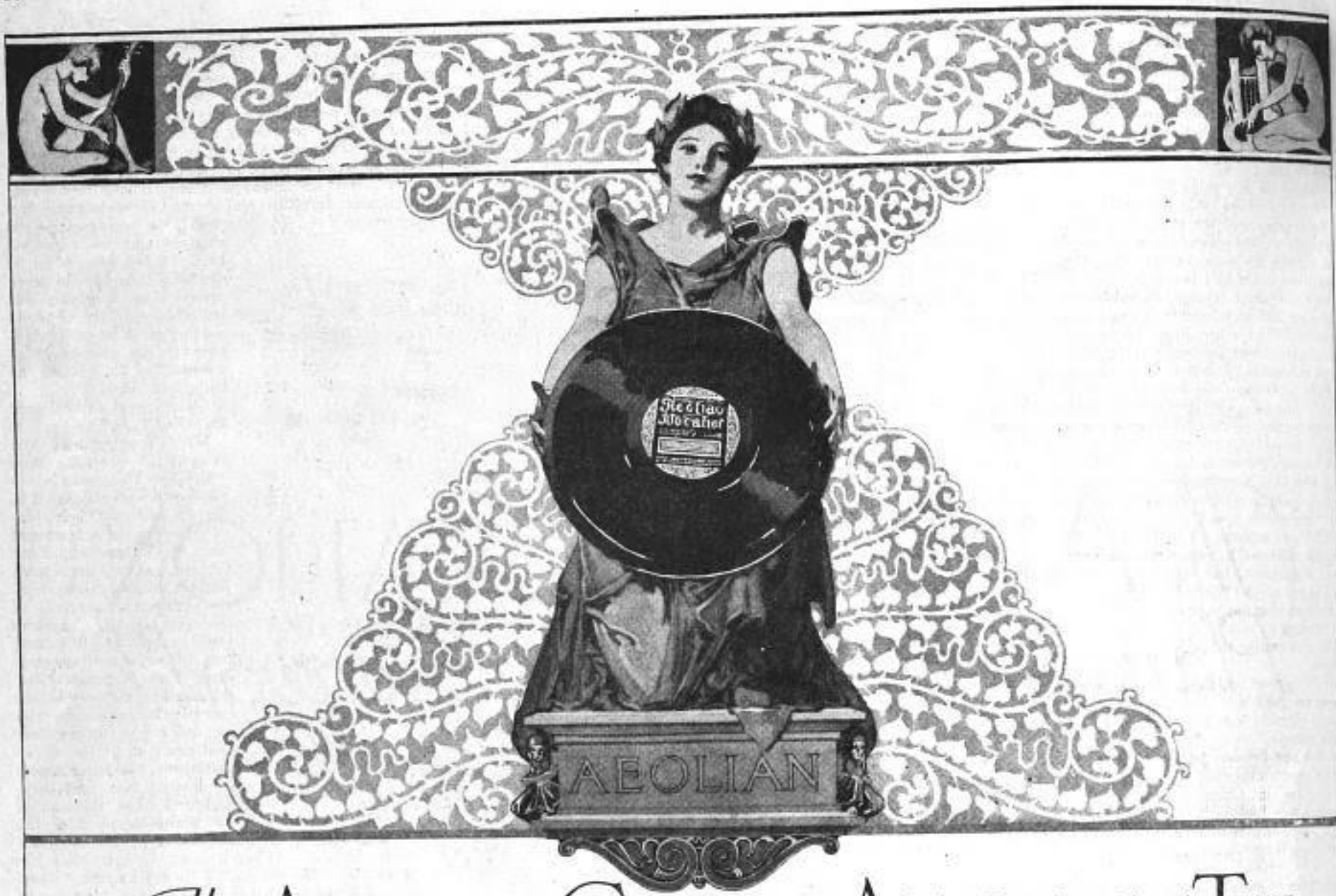
"Well," I said reluctantly, "I'll try to be content with luncheons and teas, and maybe after all this will be the end of our dinner invitations."

"Oh, I'm willing to be a burnt offering for you at a dinner now and then," Dick said. "There'll be plenty of good times for you."

There were. At the dinner to which Mrs. Cranston invited the Sandersons and us, all except ourselves were fashionables. When it was found that Dick and I played

(Continued on Page 68)

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# The AEOLIAN COMPANY ANNOUNCES THE VOCALION RECORD

THIS important announcement chronicles the second great step taken by the Aeolian Company in its development of the higher musical values of the phonograph.

First: The Aeolian Vocalion—that wonderful phonograph which three years ago startled the musical world and leapt almost overnight into the premier position among all such instruments.

Second: The Vocalion Record—giving the Aeolian Vocalion, for the first time, a record fully worthy of its extraordinary powers of reproduction.

*Product of the World's Leading Music House*

For nearly half a century, the Aeolian Company has maintained its position as the foremost creative influence in the music industry. As a source of invention, progress, and improvement, no other house has even remotely approached this Company's notable record of achievement. Today the Aeolian Company stands without a rival in its comprehensive understanding of music and its broad and scientific knowledge of the various instruments for producing it.

*The New Musical Values of the Vocalion Record*

The phonograph record, as it has been known, is a marvelous invention. To hold in an inert and inarticulate disc the melodious notes of a human voice—the vibrant tones of a violin—almost baffles comprehension.

## The AEOLIAN COMPANY

AEOLIAN HALL

New York London Paris

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The new Vocalion Record, however, comes a sympathetic step nearer to reality.

The new system under which it is produced, records the tone in its entirety. The finer overtones—those subtle partials that give to every instrument and voice its final touch of individuality and beauty—are, for the first time, caught and imprisoned by a far more delicate and scientific method.

Those who hear the new Vocalion Record are conscious of new impressions. To sight, the phonograph remains—to hearing it is gone. Full, rich and clear, all tones of instrument and human voice come to the ear filled with the beauty and individuality which are truly theirs.

# The AEOLIAN-VOCALION
## Plays all the music of the world

WITH the production of the new Vocalion Record, there is added one more to the many notable advantages possessed by the Aeolian-Vocalion.

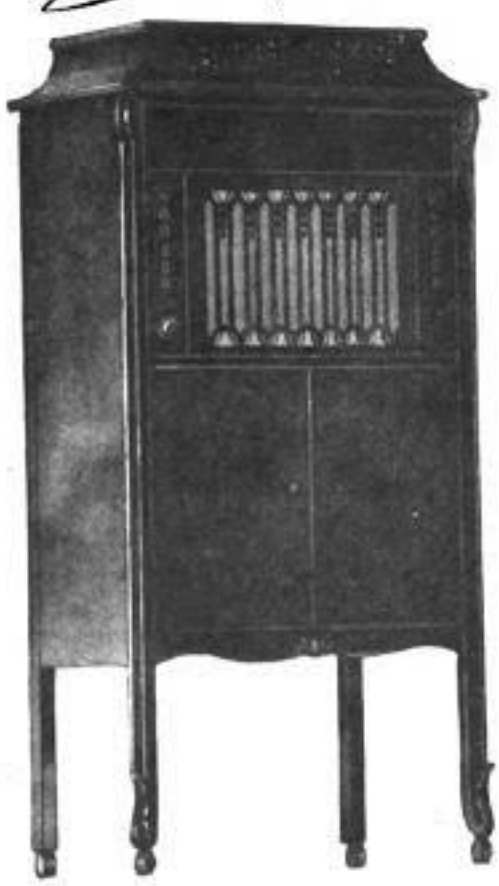
Not only do those who own this phonograph enjoy the exclusive privilege of using these new records but all the music of all the world is theirs to listen to as well. The Aeolian-Vocalion plays *every make of record*.

Due to its Universal Tone-Arm—the simplest and most scientific device of its kind—records of all kinds may be played on the Aeolian-Vocalion. Thus its owner's freedom of choice is not restricted. Like the pianist or violinist, there is nothing to prevent his playing and enjoying any selection that his taste or fancy dictates.

This, then, is an inestimable advantage that the Vocalion offers. And there are many others.

Does the purchaser who buys the Vocalion possess interpretative instinct—would he like to express something of his own feeling in the music his phonograph is playing? He may do so.





The Graduola—that unique and wonderful invention found alone on the Vocalion—enables him to shade and color the music to suit his taste.

In selecting his phonograph, does he desire to find a case that will harmonize with some particular scheme of furnishing? The Vocalion line includes a large number of beautiful "Period" designs which, though costing but little more than conventional models, are fully abreast of the best examples of modern furniture.

In a word, the Vocalion, as an instrument for the faithful reproduction of the true beauties of music, as an artistic means for musical self-expression, as a refined and handsome article of furniture, and as the agent through which all the musical performances of all the world's best artists become available, occupies a peculiar and distinctive position of leadership shared by no other instrument of its kind.

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*Conventional models of the Aeolian-Vocalion, equipped with Graduola, are priced from $115 upward; without Graduola, from $50. Many beautiful Period models, priced from $240. All prices subject to change.*

*Aeolian branches and representatives in every principal city. Catalog of the Vocalion sent on request.*

## The AEOLIAN COMPANY
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tennis and golf well we were invited to join the Country Club. We did, and it was here by degrees that I met most of the people on the North Shore who, as Kate called it, "counted." There are always a certain number of fashionables who give social recognition in return for competence at sports, or for great beauty, or great talent. I played rather unusual tennis, and I had my share of good looks. Besides, Dick was very popular.

So more and more social opportunities came, and when he saw my eager face as I proffered him this or that invitation to dinner Dick would not refuse to go. His own success had made him willing to let me have the kind I wanted, even though it was not the sort of thing of which he approved.

"It isn't," I said once in answer to an unspoken criticism of his, "as if I neglected the children. They are always in bed before we leave the house for dinner, and I sit with them while they have their supper."

"Oh, it isn't that," he said half crossly.

I suppose I should have noticed that his face was getting gaunt and weary. I ought to have seen that he couldn't work as hard as he was working at his new game and still spend himself dancing attendance on me at dinners.

"Well, if I don't neglect you or the children," I said, "what is it, dear, that you object to in my going about?"

"Well, Rhoda," said Dick slowly, "if this game interests you I want you to have it. But after these few months of running in your social treadmill I feel sure that all these constant dinners and entertainments don't get a person anywhere. There's too darn much meeting of people who care nothing for each other; too much empty animation."

"I'm sorry you don't like it," I said slowly.

"I'm afraid I can't stand much more of it, old girl," Dick returned soberly. Then he added: "Lots of these women you are with have unattached men hanging round to fill in—bachelors and widowers and such. Why can't you work Ralph in sometimes in my place?"

I know now that Dick expected me to refuse that suggestion; that he expected me to say what I would have said a year before, that I could be happy enough just dining quietly with him. But I seized on the idea eagerly. My brother Ralph was handsome, very presentable; he was always willing to meet new people.

"That's a good idea, dear," I said. "By next autumn I'll be solid enough with this crowd to try it on. Meantime, things are going to let up soon, now that summer is near. I shan't ask a thing of you this summer."

In that I kept my word, though a good deal of informal entertainment went on in our suburb since many people we knew went away in the winter rather than in summer. I learned to ride, rather giving up golf for it. I thought I was asking very little socially of Dick, but I did not notice that we were not doing things together as of old.

When autumn came I was ready for renewed social life. Kate had been running neck and neck with me in the race.

"People have been very nice to us both, and to our men," she said to me that autumn; "but I know well enough that they don't really consider us of them. Why should they? They've had money and place for a couple of generations; they hold the fort, and we are only the besiegers. Within this exclusive circle to which they have let us belong there is another circle still more intimate, where people give each other little dinners of eight or ten, say what they think without being quoted and have a beautiful time."

I think I made up my mind then that I would belong to that inner circle. One bad phase of my psychology was that I was not honest with myself, as Kate was. I preferred to do what I wanted to do without thinking it out clearly—else perhaps my conscience or taste would not have let me go on. What is there about sudden wealth that nearly always makes a woman lose her head? A man who gets rich suddenly can keep his. It may be that this is because he makes the money; he deals with the realities by which it is got. Doubtless he could not keep it if he lost his sense of values. It may be that a woman runs amuck because when she has a good deal of money and not much to do she is removed from realities, has no touchstone which invariably tells her the true from the false, the important from the unimportant.

Mrs. Cranston, I think, saw the way I was headed, for she said to me, when I showed her my engagement book for the first week of October: "My dear, you carry a child's zest into this sad old game of ours, and we all like you for it. But you'll lose it."

"Oh no, I won't!" I said confidently. "I'll never break down; my people never do."

"Ah, that isn't what I'm thinking of," she said.

It was the jewel of my soul that she was talking about, but I considered that she chose to look down from her most enviable position to warn a newcomer that her pinnacle was but shifting sand. I was not convinced.

Ralph worked beautifully into my new plans, with the result that at least twice a week I dined out without Dick. He had his supper with the children on those nights, and though my conscience pricked a little at leaving him still I always sat at the supper table with them, and saw Dick seated in his own chair with a newspaper before I left the house. I was a success; I was slowly working into that inner circle. I never asked myself what good the circle was going to do me after I had it. I simply enjoyed my triumphs, evening by evening.

But I burned the candle at both ends, and soon had to begin taking breakfast in bed. Here again my conscience pricked me, but since little Annette was very much flattered to pour the coffee for her father I felt that domestic proprieties were being observed. The fact is, I wasn't thinking. I did not see where my domestic life was going, because I was stupidly drunk with success. Dick and I rarely talked any more. I did not notice that. Just because I was living as I wanted to I took it for granted that Dick was satisfied. I think Dick had made it a grim point of honor with himself to let me do socially as I pleased. All autumn and winter and early spring I played my profitless game, not really seeing Dick.



*I Burned the Candle at Both Ends, and Soon Had to Begin Taking Breakfast in Bed*

Only once, briefly, did the scales drop from my eyes. That was on the occasion of Dick's birthday, when we dined alone in the little room where the breakfasts were served. He scarcely spoke, and it came to me suddenly that he had stopped talking to me about his business. That must mean that he was worn out.

"Dick, dear," I said, leaning across the table to him, "you are so tired. Can't you take a little vacation? Now—right off?"

"Cranston did ask me to go to the Painted Desert with him ——"

"Ah, no traveling," I said; "rest. Sitting still with a book will do you good. Can't you shut your eyes, dear, and see a lovely cool house, a green shore and blue water with a little boat dipping on it—I'll row you myself—and nice shady paths, and not a blessed business man or contract or foundry in sight!"

"Sounds good," he said with his old smile. "When I stop singing in the bathtub I know something is wrong with the works. If I could just go to a simple cottage somewhere—no fluhdub ——"

"Settled!" I exclaimed, jumping up and leaning over him; "just leave it to me!"

"Oh, Rhoda," he murmured, "what's the good of the money if it doesn't mean the old happiness?"

"It will; it does," I said, not appreciating the connotation of his words, only seeing that he needed heartening and rest.

I really meant to take a small house in some quiet place, but in two years the word small had come to mean a different thing to me from what it did to Dick. I inquired of my friends and of agents about desirable places, wrote letters diligently—and found something wrong with whatever was suggested. Then Mrs. Wainwright heard of a place that I could rent in Bar Harbor—a striking bargain. The owners had always before occupied it themselves; their relatives lived on either side and would be sure to call. The servants would go with the cottage. Perhaps the price did seem steep, but think what I was getting! Mrs. Wainwright would stay a month with me if only I would seize this unparalleled chance. There was a wonderful soundproof tower that Dick could have for his very own. Oh, I would be an idiot if I missed this opportunity!

After all, I thought, the main thing was to get Dick away from business into a restful place. Anyone surely could be quiet in Bar Harbor; the country was the country if one cared to make it so.

My own inclinations changed my interpretation of Dick's needs. He thought nothing of the social connotations of Bar Harbor. The name sounded peaceful, and he agreed to take six weeks off.

When one July day we drove past magnificent "cottages," at which he looked with sardonic eyes, and reached our own big place, I did the best thing possible for myself. I put my hand on his and said chokingly: "Oh, Dick, I didn't understand—honestly! Of course I knew it was big—but not so big. It didn't seem that it was going to be this sort of thing. And anyway, there's the water."

"All right," he said quietly; "I guess if I'd asked you the price I might have understood."

I continued to withhold the price.

"Let's go straight to your tower, Dick," I begged, my face flushed, my eyes distressed.

The tower did have a beautiful view of blue water and green shores, and as I stood in a wide window with my hands on my husband's unresponsive arm my conscience lightened.

"It's absolutely soundless," I said eagerly; "I know you'll like it, Dick. You can rest here."

"We'll see," he said in the same quiet voice, the ominous note of which I failed to catch. I did not know that he had that moment put me on trial. He would give me this summer to get us back where we had been.

For a little while I acted as though I were on trial. I simplified my housekeeping as thoroughly as six servants would permit. I had the meals served on a small screened porch overlooking the water. Every day I took Dick for long drives. Now and then when I saw him starting off for a walk I joined him; but I had got out of the habit of walking, regarded it as a task, and was unable to conceal from him that from the very first step my object was to get back. It may be that if we could have remained alone all summer I could presently have neutralized the estranging effect of the big house, could have made Dick forget that we were surrounded by other mansions, were not in a still wilderness.

But the big house enforced its obligations. People began to call, and I was taken into the same kind of life that I had been living all winter. I had hoped that I need not include Dick in any degree; but after all I had to prove to these new people that I had a husband. Dick could at least sit at his own table for the few dinners I meant to give; it was not as if I asked him to go to the dances.

When Mrs. Wainwright appeared to make her visit her husband accompanied her. He came rather apologetically, with Dick's secretary, Susy Westlake. It was a shame, he said, to let business break into Dick's vacation, but new things had come up. I professed and felt indignation, but again my conscience was lightened; it was not my fault if Dick was working after all the trouble I had taken to see that things were kept quiet for him. It didn't matter now how full the house was.

I did fill the house, pleased to show my Western friends how many important Eastern people found me worth while. And Dick and Mr. Wainwright smoked far too much, discussing with nervous faces and tense voices the necessity of this output, the precariousness of that contract. Very often Dick took his meals alone in his quiet tower; sometimes he had a table set for two on the screened porch, abandoned by me as too small, and there he would dine with Susy Westlake. He no longer drove, but sometimes he and she strolled along secluded paths where Dick could forget that he was in a fashionable resort, could be sensible only of the green and the stillness.

Susy Westlake went with the green and the stillness. She was the rare type of business woman who can be competent without bustle, keen without assertion. Her voice and movements were gentle. She wore the fawns and russet shades that went with her brown eyes and hair. Walking beside Dick she seemed able to efface herself when he needed perfect solitude, and to glide to the surface when he needed companionship. Even if he had not been a one-woman's man Dick would probably not have fallen in love with Susy Westlake. She was not the kind to inspire love, but rather gentle sentiment, regrets, and dreams which soared beyond her. She had the effect of making Dick remember, very poignantly, the sort of unspoiled girl I had been. Through Susy's quiet attentions and unspoken sympathy he realized how little I saw what had happened to him or to us; how far apart he and I had drifted.

It was poor Kate Sanderson who saved me. As I look back on the main crises of my married life it has nearly always been the experience of some other married couple that has either warned me of breakers ahead or pointed me out a safe channel. As I said, Kate and I ran neck and neck

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(Concluded from Page 68)

socially, and when Kate knew I was renting a place in Bar Harbor she got one too—bigger than mine. She wanted to make use of my social connections. In this I took a half-contemptuous satisfaction—one sign of my moral deterioration. Charlie had stayed West during most of the summer; Kate said she could not keep him away from business. All winter I had thought he looked harassed and even ill, and had sometimes suggested to Kate that she get a substitute like Ralph. But Charlie was a lovable person and an entertaining talker; I dare say Kate understood that he was a big social asset.

One day toward the end of August Kate called me up and asked me nervously to come to see her. I managed to cancel my engagements and run over, but I arrived later than I promised.

"I hoped you'd come earlier," Kate said, "because Charlie will be here presently ——"

"I'll go before he comes," I promised her. "Is anything wrong?"

"It's Charlie," she replied; "he hasn't answered any of my letters all summer. I'd think there was another woman if I did not know better. And to-day I had a telegram from his secretary saying he would arrive on that early afternoon train, and that I was to cancel all engagements, as he wished to see me."

We were sitting in her beautiful sun porch, and even while I was trying to reassure her the door opened, Charlie came in with a stony, fixed stare, threw a packet of papers on the table beside Kate, sat down opposite us and said: "Well, the jig's up! I'm done."

I rose to go, but Kate clutched me.

"You haven't failed—you and Dick?" she cried.

"Yep, I've failed!" Charlie said; "but not in the way you mean. The doctors have told me I'm due to rest a couple of years or go into a madhouse or die ——"

"Oh, nonsense," said Kate trembling; "they don't know what they're talking about!"

I stood there, uncertain whether to go or not.

"How about your not knowing what you're talking about?" said Charlie explosively. "How closely have you been watching my health? What do you know of the nights I haven't slept, of the days I couldn't think because my brainpan was turned into a red-hot cap?"

"A few weeks' rest ——" began Kate.

"Keep on your own side," said Charlie harshly; "I'm done; I know it; so I've sold out."

"Sold—out?" she gasped.

Again I tried to go, but Kate held me. Charlie acted as if I were not there.

"Oh, not everything; for instance, the big house is yours—deed in that envelope. There are bonds and stocks and safe investments that will keep you going. I'm off to-morrow."

"Off? Where?"

"To rest; to see if I can ever get well."

"I don't believe I can start to-morrow," calculated Kate. "Can you wait till next week? We can go ——"

"*We* are not going!" said Charlie. "Get that straight! You've everything you care for represented in those envelopes."

Then at last I did get away. I was sick with pity and fear. There had been something final in Charlie's manner. And indeed, from that time on, the two virtually separated. Later Charlie came back to her, but their married happiness was ended forever.

I am afraid I gave small thought to poor Kate that afternoon as I walked slowly homeward. It was not Kate and Charlie I was seeing, but Dick and myself.

Most women, I believe, wake up suddenly to a difficult marital situation and then look back and see that it may have been existing for some time, and that many significant little events prepared for it. The next step, if the woman has sufficient courage and common sense, is to ponder it carefully and to try to change it by the most effective method. When I had been over my ground again and again I went back to the big cottage, now grown so hateful to me. I was to have dined out, but I made my excuses, and then I had dinner laid for just Dick and me on the screened porch. I put on a gown Dick liked, and I set out to reconquer my own kingdom.

But from the very first moment when we sat down together, and when Dick realized that I had something to say to him, I saw that he did not mean to meet me in this crisis as he had in the others of our married life.

"Dick," I said, when the dessert had been carried away, "I don't know what has been wrong with me for two years. I've been blind—or mad. I haven't been your partner. I didn't see where I was going. But I'm sick to death of it all now. I want to start over ——"

I went round to his chair and knelt beside him, leaning my head against his arm. He did not touch me.

"Aren't you going to—help me, Dick?" I asked with a frightened gasp.

"I don't just see what I can do, Rhoda," he said gently and wearily.

He had a curiously passive and detached attitude. It was as if he were saying: "I don't know whether anything can be done or not. But you got us into this trouble; now get us out."

As I knelt there I had more real fear of my future than I ever had had. I saw that if my neglect had been intentional Dick might have forgiven me after a stormy scene. What he had felt most was my unawareness that anything was wrong, my selfish absorption in my own concerns which made me unable to see that he and I had no longer a life in common.

For a few moments I felt absolutely helpless and despairing. I had a momentary impulse to make the most of that helplessness, and trusting to Dick's chivalry to throw the burden of our restoration on him. But I knew that, suppose I did that and succeeded, the price I would have to pay would be too heavy; I would forfeit his respect. The only thing I could do would be to fight and win back alone.

"You can do this, Dick," I said with a vigor I was far from feeling: "Come with me up to the Kayes' cottage; they've left it already. It's only about seventy miles north of here. Just let us stay there alone. We can fish and tramp ——"

Dick moved the arm against which my head rested.

"I don't see how I can do that, Rhoda," he said half fretfully. "I'm used to it here now, and Susy Westlake can take my letters. We're going back in a couple of weeks anyhow. I plain don't want to move."

"Dick, if you'll do this for me," I pleaded, "I'll never again ask you to do another thing you don't want to as long as I live. Please! I don't deserve it, but be generous."

Dick gave in, but he was cross and nervous. He sat up too late that night doing some last work with Susy Westlake, and afterward slept badly. I spent the evening and half the night packing—not only clothes but stores. I was sure Helen Kaye would have left no food behind, and perhaps no blankets. As we drove away next morning Dick was as moody and disgruntled a man as ever was dragged off unwilling by his wife.

Never have I suffered as I did during the next two or three days. I felt much as does a girl on the point of being jilted—determined to act as if things were still right, determined to let none of her own conduct be at fault. I took on my shoulders the burdens of two. And burdens they were. It was not easy to do housework again; I soon found how much the fact of being waited on constantly had contributed to my selfishness. I thought entirely too much of my own comfort. But even then I realized that the drudgery was a help, for after I had got the breakfast out of the way the natural thing was to go in to where Dick was smoking and see what he wanted to do. The very facts of our camping-out made me put him first rather than myself.

I got him to go fishing and tramping with me. And oh, how hard it was to find things to talk about! There had been nothing in my interests for two years for which he cared anything, and I was all out of touch with his work. It was the topic of the war that saved me. Dick got interested in giving me a coherent account of the causes that had led to it.

Gradually I came to see that he had remained far more sensitive to the misery of the war than I had, and that his conscience had all along been offended by our spending so much money that had been drawn from war profits. Without talking much about the future of our spending, or the past, I got him to talk about the particular kinds of war relief in which he was interested. Then, gradually, I planned with him as to what we should do for war relief on a larger scale in the autumn.

After about a fortnight I ventured a personal talk again. We were sitting in the little living room, gay with Indian colors. A big fire was crackling on the hearth. Dick was smoking in front of it, looking more like his old self than he had since the war began. Then I once more ate humble pie, and added:

"What I want to do is sell or rent the big house and go back to our old home. The lease expires in October and we haven't renewed. We can build on that sun parlor and the sleeping porches ——"

"Why, you wouldn't be contented there," Dick protested; "you never really were."

That was a hard battle. I told Dick that I couldn't get where I wanted to if I had to keep the big house. Just to have it would mean too much entertaining and display. The old home wasn't just what I wanted, but it was the best place from which to begin again. But I found that Dick liked the men he went into town with on the train in winter; that he liked to be in touch with Mr. Wainwright and Mr. Cranston, and that he liked our grounds. I fancy, too, that the old house would have seemed cramped to him after the spaciousness of the new.

But the scent of battle was indeed in my nostrils. If I had to then I would build up the right kind of old associations in this new house. I began by reducing the number of servants, giving up forever a butler. I let all those I had go, and got, after considerable trouble, three who had already worked for us, and whom Dick liked. Then I took on some household duties myself. I refused every single invitation I had, even for woman things.

I went nowhere except to war-relief meetings, and whenever Dick came into the house he found me there.

But it was pretty hard to convince Dick, to make him see I was doing not only what was wise but what I preferred. Time and again I would think my battle over, only to find that I was mistaken. The division between us was a subtle thing. We talked together as we had three years before, and we saw a lot of the children, but often there would be a certain clashing-to of the gates of Dick's soul, just when I thought it was free to me. The fact was he had lost the finest kind of faith in me, and the rebirth of that sort of faith is slow.

I count my victory from the night when I tried to put him a little in the wrong.

"Dick," I said, when the spring days were coming on and we were sitting in the library where we could see the tulip beds just set out, "I've stopped the madness of spending. Won't you try to stop the madness of overwork?"

"I'm not overworking," he said in the keep-off voice husbands use when they are making the distinction "my job and yours."

"Well, when even Mrs. Cranston speaks of it, and when even Mr. Wainwright says there is no need, and when the children look at your face for permission to laugh ——"

Dick lowered his pipe.

"They don't do that, Rhoda?"

I pushed a footstool over and sat at his feet.

"Dick," I said, "do you know we're getting to be middle-aged? Yes; and don't you see that we've got to the point where we must get all the new fresh interests we can, and develop them together ——"

Dick scraped his chair half impatiently.

"I wasn't going to say for the sake of our love," I went on, "though there's that; but I was going to say for the sake of our minds and souls. Think over the people we know who've come to midchannel days. Even when marriage has been successful, and finances are all right, isn't there something lacking with a lot of them? Aren't they narrow or old in feeling? I'm afraid people have got to work to keep youth in their hearts, just as much as a beauty has to work to keep it in her face. I'm afraid at midchannel time people can't risk either overemphasis or underemphasis; they have to look after balance and sanity as they never did before."

"You're getting to be a regular platform preacher," Dick said; "this means old-friend golf again, and tennis. All right. I guess you're all right, dear."

He bent down and kissed me, and somehow I knew that, perhaps without realizing it, he had taken me back fully. Just a few nights later we had a brief talk which was perhaps the frankest of our married life. We had come back from the golf course and were out looking at the garden.

"Well, old girl," Dick said as we were walking by the tulip bed, "you've made good, all right."

"Dick," I said slowly, "do you know that you touch there the hardest thing a woman meets in adaptation to married life—not being told by her husband that she's made good so much as the knowledge that he sets the standards for the making good, provides the interpretations. She has to succeed by his standards, not her own."

While Dick considered this I asked: "What is hardest for a man?"

"I believe," he said, "it is the fact that he is accustomed in his daily work to efficiency; he goes after it and gets it by the most direct method. Now he wants his wife to be a capable executive, and yet he can't get that by the direct methods he uses in other places. Chivalry stands in the way and confuses some of his decisions. That gets on his nerves. Yes, I believe that's his biggest hurdle."

We had the sense of having made a big discovery in married life. What was more important, we could discuss it impersonally; that proved how well we marched in accord.

Marriage isn't just a state of wedlock. Some fifteen years of marriage have convinced me that it is not to be regarded as the common lot, or as a reward for happiness, or as a mere state of wedlock, but as a business, and one that has more unforeseen checks and accidents than any other in the world, because in no other does the factor of self so constantly obtrude. It is a business that exacts unremitting attention if it is going to declare enough dividends to support, spiritually and mentally, the two stockholders.

If this attention is given by both parties to the contract, then that longing for perfection called love may become enduring and lifelong, may beautify and enhance the existence of each—that is, the dreams with which they set out on the marriage day may in the end come true.

(THE END)



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# THE MARNE

(Continued from Page 5)

"They can't touch us. This isn't our war, young man."

"It may be by the time I'm grown up," Troy persisted, burning redder.

"Well," returned the senator good-humoredly, "you'll have to hurry, for the economists all say it can't last more than a year longer. Lord Reading told me ——"

"There's been misery enough, in all conscience!" sighed a lady, playing with her pearls.

And Mr. Belknap added gravely: "By the time Troy grows up I hope wars and war talk will be over for good and all."

"Oh, well—at his age every fellow wants to go out and kill something," remarked one of his uncles sympathetically.

Troy shuddered at the well-meant words. "To go out and kill something!" They thought he regarded the war as a sport, just as they regarded it as a moving-picture show! As if anyone who had had even a glimpse of it could ever again think with joy of killing! His boy's mind was sorely exercised to define the urgent emotions with which it labored. To save France—that was the clear duty of the world as he saw it. But none of these kindly careless people about him knew what he meant when he said France. Bits of M. Gantier's talk came back to him, embodying that meaning:

"Whatever happens, keep your mind keen and clear; open as many windows on the universe as you can."

To Troy France had been the biggest of those windows.

The young tutor had never declaimed about his country; he had simply told her story and embodied her ideals in his own impatient, questioning and yet ardent spirit. "*Le monde est aux enthousiastes*," he had once quoted; and he had shown Troy how France had always been alive in every fiber and how her inexhaustible vitality had been perpetually nourished on criticism, analysis and dissatisfaction.

"Self-satisfaction is death," he had said; "France is the phœnix country, always rising from the ashes of her recognized mistakes."

Troy felt what a wonderful help it must be to have that long rich past in one's blood. Every stone that France had carved, every song she had sung, every new idea she had struck out, every beauty she had created in her thousand fruitful years—was a tie between her and her children. These things were more glorious than her battles, for it was because of them that all civilization was bound up in her, and that nothing that concerned her could concern her only.

V

"IT SEEMS too absurd," said Mrs. Belknap; "but Troy will be eighteen this week. And that means," she added with a sigh, "that this horrible war has been going on for three whole years. Do you remember, dearest, your fifteenth birthday was on the very day that odious archduke was assassinated? We had a picnic on the Morteratsch."

"Oh, dear," cried Sophy Wicks, flinging her tennis racket into the air with a swing that landed it in the middle of the empty court, "perhaps that's the reason he's never stopped talking about the war for a single minute since!"

Round the big tea table under the trees there was a faint hush of disapproval. A year before Sophy Wicks' airy indifference to the events that were agitating the world had amused some people and won the frank approval of others. She did not exasperate her friends by professions of pacifism, she simply declared that the war bored her; and after three years of vain tension, of effort in the void, something in the baffled American heart whispered that, things being as they were, she was perhaps right.

But now things were no longer as they had been. Looking back, Troy surveyed the gradual development of the war feeling as it entered into a schoolboy's range of vision. He had begun to notice the change before the sinking of the Lusitania. Even in the early days, when his school fellows had laughed at him and called him Marny, some of them had listened to him and imitated him. It had become the fashion to have a collection of war trophies from the battlefields. The boys' sisters were adopting war orphans at long distance, and when Troy went home for the holidays he heard more and more talk of war charities, and noticed that the funds collected were no longer raised by dancing and fancy balls. People who used the war as an opportunity to have fun were beginning to be treated almost as coldly as the pacifists.

But the two great factors in the national change of feeling were the Lusitania and the training camps.

The Lusitania showed America what the Germans were, Plattsburg tried to show her the only way of dealing with them.

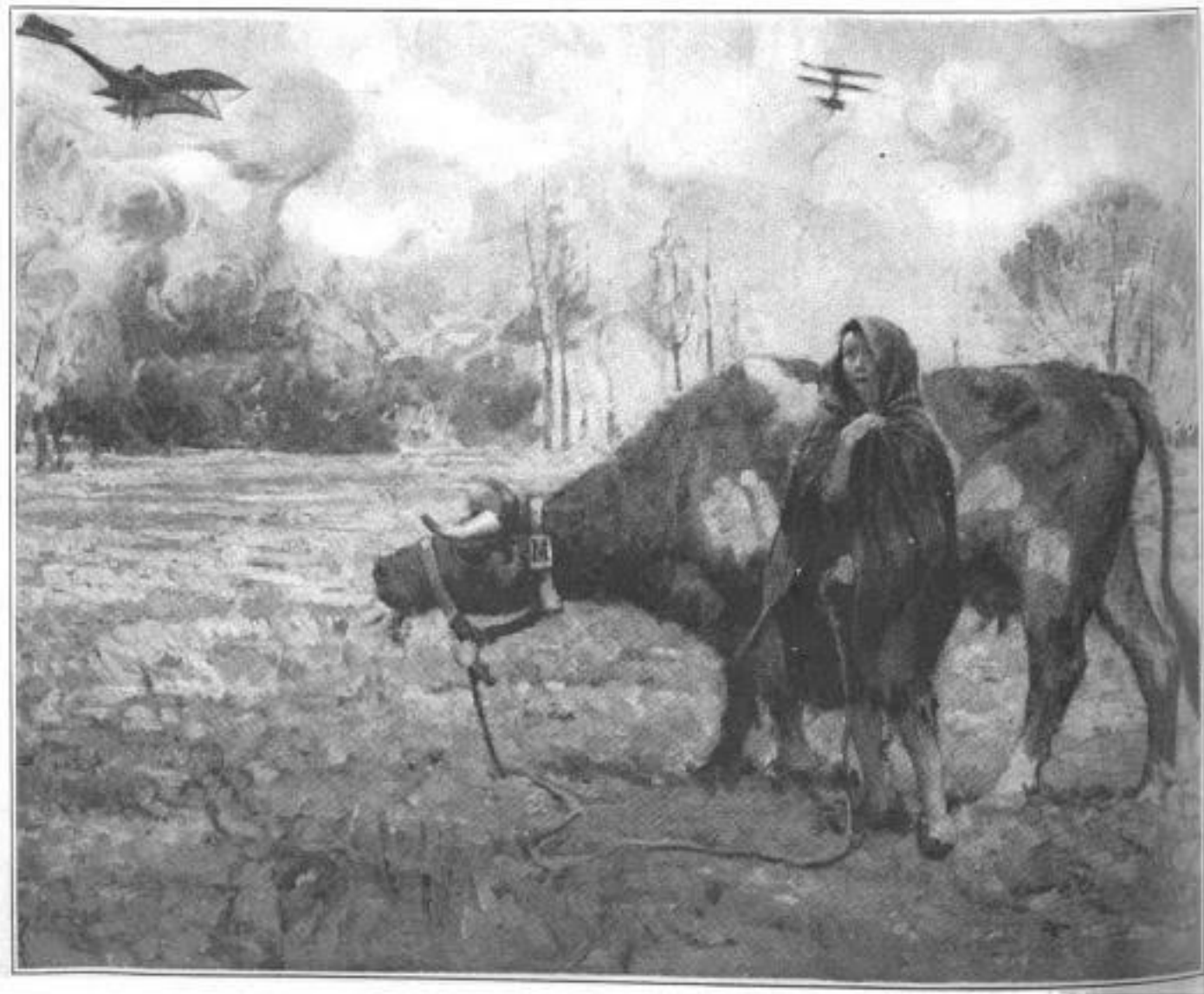
Both events called forth a great deal of agitated discussion, for if they focused the popular feeling for war they also gave the opponents of war in general a point of departure for their arguments. For a while feeling ran high and Troy, listening to the heated talk at his parents' table, perceived with disgust and wonder that at the bottom of the anti-war sentiment—whatever specious impartiality it put on—there was always the odd belief that life in itself—just the mere raw fact of being alive—was the one thing that mattered, and getting killed the one thing to be avoided.

This new standard of human dignity plunged Troy into the lowest depths of pessimism. And it bewildered him as much as it disgusted him, since it did away at a stroke with all that gave any interest to the fact of living. It killed romance, it killed poetry and adventure, it took all the meaning out of history and conduct and civilization. There had never been anything worth while in the world that had not had to be died for, and it was as clear as day that a world which no one would die for could never be a world worth being alive in.

Luckily most people did not require to reason the matter out in order to feel as Troy did, and in the long run the Lusitania and Plattsburg won the day. America tore the gag of neutrality from her lips, and with all the strength of her liberated lungs claimed her right to a place in the struggle. The pacifists crept into their holes, and only Sophy Wicks remained unconverted.

Troy Belknap, tall and shy and awkward, lay at her feet and blushed and groaned inwardly at her wrongheadedness. All the other girls were war mad; with the rupture of diplomatic relations the country had burst into flame, and with the declaration of war the flame had become a conflagration. And now having at last a

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definite and personal concern in the affair everyone was not only happier but more sensible than when a perpetually thwarted indignation had had to expend itself in vague philanthropy.

It was a peculiar cruelty of Fate that made Troy feel Miss Wicks' indifference more than the zeal of all the other young women gathered about the Belknap tennis court. In spite of everything he found her more interesting, more inexhaustible, more "his size," as they said at school, than any of the gay young war goddesses who sped their tennis balls across the Belknap court.

It was a Long Island Sunday in June. A caressing warmth was in the air and a sea breeze stirred the tops of the lime branches. The smell of fresh haycocks blew across the lawn, and a sparkle of blue water and a dipping of white sails showed through the trees beyond the hayfields.

Mrs. Belknap smiled indulgently on the pleasant scene; her judgment of Sophy Wicks was less severe than that of the young lady's contemporaries. What did it matter if a chit of eighteen, having taken up a foolish attitude, was too self-conscious to renounce it?

"Sophy will feel differently when she has nursed some of our own soldiers in a French base hospital," she said, addressing herself to the disapproving group.

The young girl raised her merry eyebrows. "Who'll stay and nurse granny if I go to a French base hospital? Troy, will you?" she suggested.

The other girls about the tea table laughed. Though they were only Troy's age, or younger, they did not mind his being teased, for he seemed only a little boy to them, now that they all had friends or brothers in the training camps or on the way to France. Besides, though they disapproved of Sophy's tone her argument was unanswerable. They knew that her precocious wisdom and self-confidence had been acquired at the head of her grandmother's household, and that there was no one else to look after poor old paralytic Mrs. Wicks and the orphan brothers and sisters to whom Sophy was mother and guardian.

Two or three of the young men present were in uniform, and one of them, Mrs. Belknap's nephew, had a captain's double bar on his shoulder. What did Troy Belknap and Sophy Wicks matter to young women playing a last tennis match with heroes on their way to France?

The game began again with much noise and cheerful wrangling. Mrs. Belknap walked toward the house to welcome a group of visitors, and Miss Wicks remained beside the tea table, alone with Troy. She was leaning back in a wide basket chair, her thin ankles in white openwork stockings thrust out under her short skirt, her arms locked behind her thrown-back head. Troy lay on the ground and plucked at the tufts of grass at his elbow. Why was it that with all the currents of vitality flowing between this group of animated girls and youths he could feel no nearness but hers? The feeling was not particularly agreeable, but there was no shaking it off; it was like a scent that has got into one's clothes. He was not sure that he liked her, but he wanted to watch her, to listen to her, to defend her against the mockery and criticism in the eyes of the others. At this point his powers of analysis gave out and his somewhat extensive vocabulary failed him. After all, he had to fall back on the stupid old school phrase: She was "his size"—that was all.

"Why do you always say the war bores you?" he asked abruptly, without looking up.

"Because it does, my boy; and so do you, when you hold forth about it."

He was silent, and she touched his arm with the tip of her swinging tennis shoe. "Don't you see, Troy, it's not our job—not just now, anyhow. So what's the use of always jawing about it?"

She jumped up, recovered her racket, and ran to take her place in a new set beside Troy's cousin, the captain.

### VI

IT WAS not his job—that was the bitter drop in all the gladness.

At last what Troy longed for had come—his country was playing her part. And he, who had so watched and hoped and longed for the divine far-off event, had talked of it early and late, to old and young, had got himself laughed at, scolded, snubbed, ridiculed, nicknamed, commemorated in a school-magazine skit in which "Marne" and "yarn" and "oh, darn" formed the refrain of a lyric beginning "Oh say, have you heard Belknap flap in the breeze?" He, who had borne all the scoldings and all the ridicule, sustained by a mysterious secret faith in the strength of his cause, now saw that cause triumph, and all his country waving with flags and swarming with khaki, while he had to stand aside and look on, because his coming birthday was only his nineteenth. He remembered the anguish of regret with which he had seen M. Gantier leave St. Moritz to join his regiment, and thought now with passionate envy of his tutor's fate. "*Dulce et decorum est . . .*" The old hackneyed phrase had taken on a beauty that filled his eyes with tears.

Eighteen—and nothing doing till he was twenty-one! He could have killed the cousins and uncles strutting about in uniform and saying: "Don't fret, old man—there's lots of time. The war is sure to last another four years."

To say that, and laugh—how little they must know of what war meant!

It was an old custom in the Belknap family to ask Troy what he wanted for his birthday. The custom, according to tradition, had originated on his sixth anniversary, when, being given a rabbit with ears that wiggled, he had grown very red and stammered out: "I did so want a 'cyclopedia!

Since then he had always been consulted on the subject with a good deal of ceremony, and had spent no little time and thought in making a judicious choice in advance. But this year his choice took no thinking over.

"I want to go to France," he said immediately.

"To France?"

It instantly struck his keen ears that there was less surprise than he had feared in Mr. Belknap's voice.

"To France, my boy? The Government doesn't encourage foreign travel just now."

"I want to volunteer in the Foreign Legion," said Troy, feeling as if the veins of his forehead would burst.

Mrs. Belknap groaned, but Mr. Belknap retained his composure.

"My dear chap, I don't think you know much about the Foreign Legion. It's a pretty rough berth for a fellow like you. And they're as likely as not," he added carelessly, "to send you to Morocco or the Kamerun."

Troy knowing this to be true hung his head.

"Now," Mr. Belknap continued, taking advantage of his silence, "my counter proposition is that you should go to Brazil for three months with your Uncle Tom Jarvice, who is being sent down there on a big engineering job. It's a wonderful opportunity to see the country—see it like a prince, too, for he'll have a special train at his disposal. Then, when you come back," he continued, his voice weakening a little under the strain of Troy's visible inattention, "we'll see."

"See what?"

"Well—I don't know. A camp—till it's time for Harvard."

"I want to go to France at once, father," said Troy, with the voice of a man.

"To do what?" wailed his mother.

"Oh, any old thing—drive an ambulance," Troy struck out at random.

"But, dearest," she protested, "you could never even learn to drive a car!"

"That's only because it never interested me."

"But one of those huge ambulances—you'll be killed!"

"Father!" exclaimed Troy, in a tone that seemed to say "Aren't we out of the nursery, at least?"

"Don't talk to him like that, Josephine," said Mr. Belknap, visibly wishing that he knew how to talk to his son himself, but perceiving that his wife was on the wrong tack.

"Don't you see, father, that there's no use talking at all? I'm going to get to France, anyhow."

"In defiance of our wishes?"

"Oh, you'll forget all that later," said Troy.

Mrs. Belknap began to cry, and her husband turned on her.

"My dear, you're really—really —— I understand Troy!" he blurted out, his veins swelling too.

"But if the Red Cross is to send you on that mission to Italy, why shouldn't Troy wait and go as your secretary?" Mrs. Belknap said, tacking skillfully.

Mr. Belknap, who had not yet made up his mind to accept the mission, made it up




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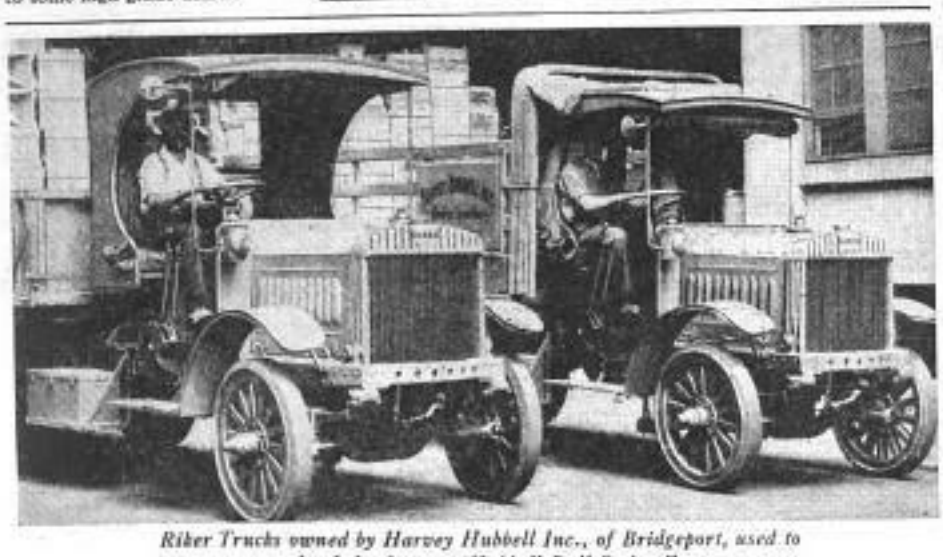
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on the instant. "Yes, Troy—why not? I shall be going myself—in a month or so."

"I want to go to France," said his son. And he added, laughing with sudden courage: "You see, you've never refused me a birthday present yet."

*VII*

FRANCE again—France at last! As the cliffs grew green across the bay he could have knelt to greet them; as he hurried down the gangplank with the eager, jostling crowd he could have kissed the sacred soil they were treading.

The very difficulties and delays of the arrival thrilled and stimulated him, gave him a keener sense of his being already a humble participant in the conflict. Passports, identification papers, sharp interrogatories, examinations, the enforced surrendering of keys and papers—how different it all was from the old tame easy landings, with the noiseless motor waiting at the dock, and France lying safe and open before them whichever way they chose to turn!

On the way over many things had surprised and irritated him—not least the attitude of some of his fellow passengers. The boat swarmed with young civilians, too young for military service, or having, for some more or less valid reason, been exempted from it. They were all pledged to some form of relief work and all overflowing with zeal. "France" was as often on their lips as on Troy's. But some of them seemed to be mainly concerned with questions of uniform and rank. The steamer seethed with wrangles and rivalries between their various organizations, and now and then the young crusaders seemed to lose sight of the object of their crusade—as had too frequently been the case with their predecessors.

Very few of the number knew France or could speak French, and most of them were full of the importance of America's mission. This was Liberty's chance to enlighten the world; and all these earnest youths apparently regarded themselves as her chosen torchbearers.

"We must teach France efficiency," they all said with a glowing condescension.

The women were even more sure of their mission; and there were plenty of them, middle-aged as well as young, in uniform, too, cock-hatted, badged and gaitered—though most of them, apparently, were going to sit in the offices of Paris war charities; and Troy had never noticed that Frenchwomen had donned khaki for that purpose.

"France must be purified," these young Columbias proclaimed. "Frenchmen must be taught to respect women. We must protect our boys from contamination—the dreadful theaters, and the novels, and the boulevards. Of course, we mustn't be hard on the French, for they've never known home life of the family—but we must show them. We must set the example."

Troy, sickened by their blatancy, had kept to himself for the greater part of the trip; but during the last days he had been drawn into talk by a girl who reminded him of Miss Wicks, though she was in truth infinitely prettier. The evenings below decks were long, and he sat at her side in the saloon and listened to her.

Her name was Hinda Warlick, and she came from the Middle West. He gathered from her easy confidences that she was singing in a suburban church choir while waiting for a vaudeville engagement. Her studies had probably been curtailed by the need of preparing a repertoire, for she appeared to think that Joan of Arc was a Revolutionary hero who had been guillotined with Marie Antoinette for blowing up the Bastille; and her notions of French history did not extend beyond this striking episode. But she was ready and eager to explain France to Troy, and to the group of young men who gathered about her, listening to her piercing accents and gazing into her deep blue eyes.

"We must carry America right into the heart of France—for she has got a great big splendid heart, in spite of everything," Miss Warlick declared. "We must teach her to love children and home and the outdoor life; and you American boys must teach the young Frenchmen to love their mothers. You must set the example. Oh, boys, do you know what my ambition is? It's to organize an Old Home Week just like ours, all over France, from Harver right down to Marseilles. And all through the devastated regions too. Wouldn't it be lovely if we could get General Pershing to let us keep Home Week right up at the Front, at Eep and Leal and Rams, and all those martyr cities—right close up in the trenches? So that even the Germans would see us and hear us, and perhaps learn from us too? For you know we mustn't despair of teaching even the Germans!"

Troy as he crept away heard one young man, pink and shockheaded, murmur shyly to the prophetess: "Hearing you say this has made it all so clear to me." And an elderly gentleman, adjusting his eyeglasses, added with nasal emphasis: "Yes, Miss Warlick has expressed in a very lovely way what we all feel—that America's mission is to contribute the human element to this war."

"Oh, good God!" Troy groaned, crawling to his darkened cabin. He remembered M. Gantier's phrase, "Self-satisfaction is death," and felt a sudden yearning for Sophy Wicks' ironic eyes and her curt "What's the use of jawing?"

He had been for six months on his job, and was beginning to know something about it—to know, for instance, that Nature had never meant him for an ambulance driver. Nevertheless, he had stuck to his task with such a dogged determination to succeed that after several months about the Paris hospitals he was beginning to be sent to exposed sectors.

His first sight of the desolated country he had traversed three years earlier roused old memories of the Gantier family, and he wrote once more to their little town, but again without result. Then one day he was sent to a sector of the Vosges which was held by American troops. His heart was beating hard as the motor rattled over the hills, through villages empty of their inhabitants, like those of the Marne, but swarming with big fair-haired soldiers. The land lifted and dipped again, and he saw ahead of him the ridge once crowned by M. Gantier's village, and the wall of the terraced garden, with the hornbeam arbor putting forth its early green. Everything else was in ruins—pale, weather-bleached ruins over which the rains and suns of three years had passed effacingly. The church, once so firm and foursquare on the hill, was now a mere tracery against the clouds; the hospice roofless, the houses all gutted and bulging, with black smears of smoke on their inner walls. At the head of the street a few old women and children were hoeing vegetables before a row of tin-roofed shanties, and a Y. M. C. A. hut flew the Stars and Stripes across the way.

Troy jumped down and began to ask questions. At first the only person who recognized the name of Gantier was an old woman too frightened and feeble-minded to answer intelligibly. Then a French territorial, who was hoeing with the women, came forward. He belonged to the place and knew the story.

"M. Gantier—the old gentleman? He was mayor, and the Germans took him. He died in Germany. The young girl—Mlle. Gantier—was taken with him. No, she's not dead. . . . I don't know. . . . She's shut up somewhere in Germany—queer in the head, they say. . . . The sons—ah, you knew Monsieur Paul? He went first . . . . What, the others? . . . Yes; the three others—Louis at Notre Dame de Lorette; Jean on a submarine; poor little Félix, the youngest, of the fever at Saloniki. *Voilà*. . . . The old lady? Ah, she and her sister went away—some charitable people took them, I don't know where. I've got the address somewhere."

He fumbled, and brought out a strip of paper on which was written the name of a town in the center of France.

"There's where they were a year ago. . . . Yes, you may say, there's a family gone—wiped out. How often I've seen them all sitting there, laughing and drinking coffee under the arbor! They were not rich, but they were happy, and proud of each other. That's over."

He went back to his hoeing.

After that, whenever Troy Belknap got back to Paris, he hunted for the surviving Gantiers. For a long time he could get no trace of them; then he remembered his old governess, Mme. Lebuc, for whom Mrs. Belknap had found employment in a refugee bureau.

He ran down Mme. Lebuc, who was still at her desk in the same big room, facing a row of horsehair benches packed with tired people waiting their turn for a clothing ticket or a restaurant card.

Mme. Lebuc had grown much older, and her filmy eyes peered anxiously through

(Continued on Page 81)

(Continued from Page 78)

large spectacles before she recognized Troy. Then, after tears and raptures, he set forth his errand, and she began to peer again anxiously, shuffling about the bits of paper on the desk and confusing her records hopelessly.

"Why, is that you?" cried a gay young voice.

And there, on the other side of the room, sat one of the young war goddesses of the Belknap tennis court, trim, uniformed, important, with a row of bent backs in shabby black before her desk.

"Ah, Miss Batchford will tell you—she's so quick and clever."

Mme. Lebuc sighed, resigning herself to chronic bewilderment.

Troy crossed to the other desk. An old woman sat before it, in threadbare mourning, a crape veil on her twitching head. She spoke in a low voice, slowly, taking a long time to explain; each one of Miss Batchford's quick questions put her back, and she had to begin all over again.

"Oh, these refugees!" cried Miss Batchford, stretching a bangled arm above the crape veil to clasp Troy's hand. "Do sit down, Mr. Belknap. *Dépêchez-vous, s'il vous plaît,*" she said, not too unkindly, to the old woman; and added to Troy: "There's no satisfying them."

At the sound of Troy's name the old woman had turned her twitching head, putting back her veil. Her eyes met Troy's, and they looked at each other doubtfully. Then—"Madame Gantier!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, yes," she said, the tears running down her face.

Troy was not sure if she recognized him, though his name had evidently called up some vague association. He saw that most things had grown far off to her, and that for the moment her whole mind was centered on the painful and humiliating effort of putting her case to this strange young woman who snapped out questions like a machine.

"Do you know her?" asked Miss Batchford, surprised.

"I used to, I believe," Troy answered.

"You can't think what she wants—just everything! They're all alike. She wants to borrow five hundred francs to furnish a flat for herself and her sister."

"Well, why not?"

"Why, we don't lend money, of course. It's against all our principles. We give work or relief in kind—that's what I'm telling her."

"I see. Could I give it to her?"

"What—all that money? Certainly not! You don't know them!"

Troy shook hands and went out into the street to wait for Mme. Gantier; and when she came he told her who he was. She cried and shook a great deal, and he called a cab and drove her home to the poor lodging where she and her sister lived. The sister had become weak-minded, and the room was dirty and untidy, because, as Mme. Gantier explained, her lameness prevented her from keeping it clean, and they could not afford a charwoman. The pictures of the four dead sons hung on the wall, a wisp of crape above each, with all their ribbons and citations. But when Troy spoke of old M. Gantier and the daughter Mme. Gantier's face grew like a stone, and her sister began to whimper like an animal.

Troy remembered the territorial's phrase: "You may say there's a family wiped out."

He went away, too shy to give the five hundred francs in his pocket.

One of his first cares on getting back to France had been to order a headstone for Paul Gantier's grave at Mondement. A week or two after his meeting with Mme. Gantier his ambulance was ordered to Epernay, and he managed to get out to Mondement and have the stone set up and the grave photographed. He had brought some flowers to lay on it, and he borrowed two tin wreaths from the neighboring crosses, so that Paul Gantier's mound should seem the most fondly tended of all. He sent the photograph to Mme. Gantier, with a five-hundred-franc bill; but after a long time his letter came back from the post office.

The two old women had gone.

### VIII

IN FEBRUARY Mr. Belknap arrived in Paris on a mission. Tightly buttoned into his Red Cross uniform, he looked to his son older and fatter but more important and impressive than usual.

He was on his way to Italy, where he was to remain for three months, and Troy learned with dismay that he needed a secretary, and had brought none with him because he counted on his son to fill the post.

"You've had nearly a year of this, old man, and the Front's as quiet as a church. As for Paris, isn't it too frivolous for you? It's much farther from the war nowadays than New York. I haven't had a dinner like this since your mother joined the Voluntary 'Rationing League.'" Mr. Belknap smiled at him across their little table at the Nouveau Luxe.

"I'm glad to hear it—about New York, I mean," Troy answered composedly. "It's our turn now. But Paris isn't a bit too frivolous for me. Which shall it be, father—the Palais Royal or the Capucines? They say the new *revue* there is great fun."

Mr. Belknap was genuinely shocked. He had caught the war fever late in life and late in the war, and his son's flippancy surprised and pained him.

"The theater? We don't go to the theater." He paused to light his cigar, and added, embarrassed: "Really, Troy, now there's so little doing here, don't you think you might be more useful in Italy?"

Troy was anxious, for he was not sure that Mr. Belknap's influence might not be sufficient to detach him from his job on a temporary mission; but long experience in dealing with parents made him assume a greater air of coolness as his fears increased.

"Well, you see, father, so many other chaps have taken advantage of the lull to go off on leave that if I asked to be detached now—well, it wouldn't do me much good with my chief," he said cunningly, guessing that if he appeared to yield his father might postpone action.

"Yes, I see," Mr. Belknap rejoined, impressed by the military character of the argument. He was still trying to get used to the fact that he was himself under orders, and nervous visions of a sort of mitigated court-martial came to him in the middle of pleasant dinners or jumped him out of his morning sleep like an alarm clock.

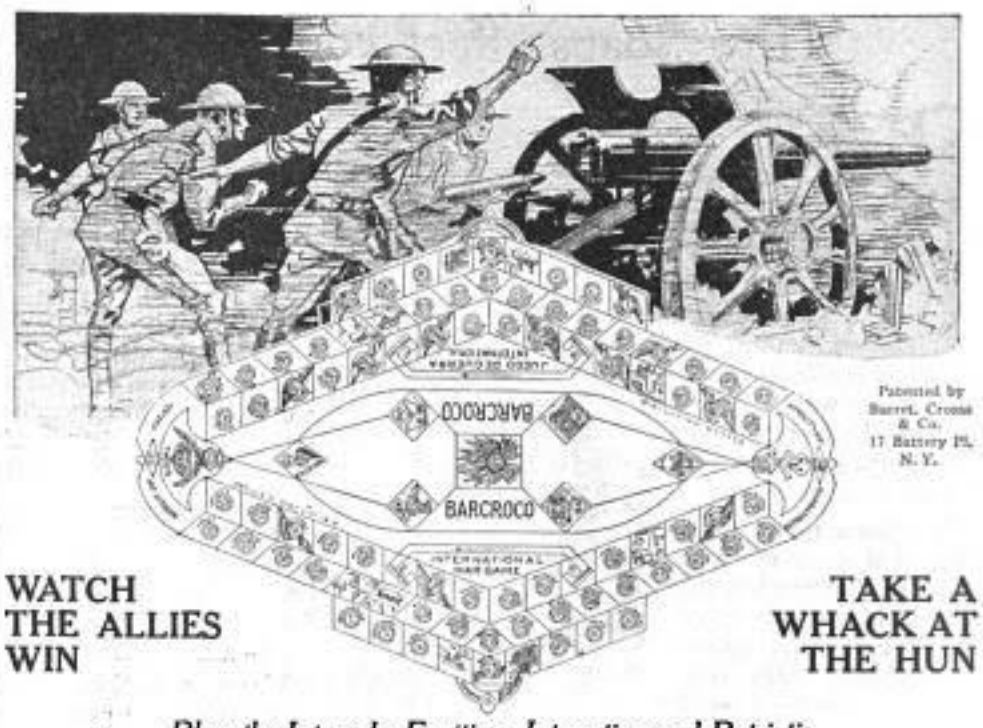
Troy saw that his point was gained; but he regretted having proposed the Capucines to his father. He himself was not shocked by the seeming indifference of Paris; he thought the gay theaters, the crowded shops, the restaurants groaning with abundance, were all healthy signs of the nation's irrepressible vitality. But he understood that America's young zeal might well be chilled by the first contact with this careless exuberance so close to the lines where young men like himself were dying day by day in order that the curtain might ring up punctually on low-necked *revues*, and fat neutrals feast undisturbed on lobster and champagne. Only now and then he asked himself what had become of the Paris of the Marne, and what would happen if ever again —— But that, of course, was nonsense.

Mr. Belknap left for Italy—and two days afterward Troy's ambulance was roused from semi-inaction and hurried to Beauvais. The retreat from St. Quentin had begun, and Paris was once again the Paris of the Marne.

The same—but how different!—were the tense days that followed. Troy Belknap, instead of hanging miserably about marble hotels and waiting with restless crowds for the communiqués to appear in the windows of the newspaper offices, was in the thick of the retreat, swept back on its tragic tide, his heart wrung but his imagination hushed by the fact of participating in the struggle, playing a small, dumb, indefatigable part, relieving a little fraction of the immense anguish and the dreadful disarray.

The mere fact of lifting a wounded man "so that it wouldn't hurt"; of stiffening one's lips to a smile as the ambulance pulled up in the market place of a terror-stricken village; of calling out "*Nous les tenons!*" to whimpering women and bewildered old people; of giving a lift to a family of footsore refugees; of prying open a tin of condensed milk for the baby or taking down the address of a sister in Paris, with the promise to bring her news of the fugitives; the heat and the burden and the individual effort of each minute carried one along through the endless yet breathless hours—backward and forward, backward and forward, between Paris and the fluctuating Front, till in Troy's weary brain the ambulance took on the semblance of a tireless gray shuttle humming in the hands of Fate.

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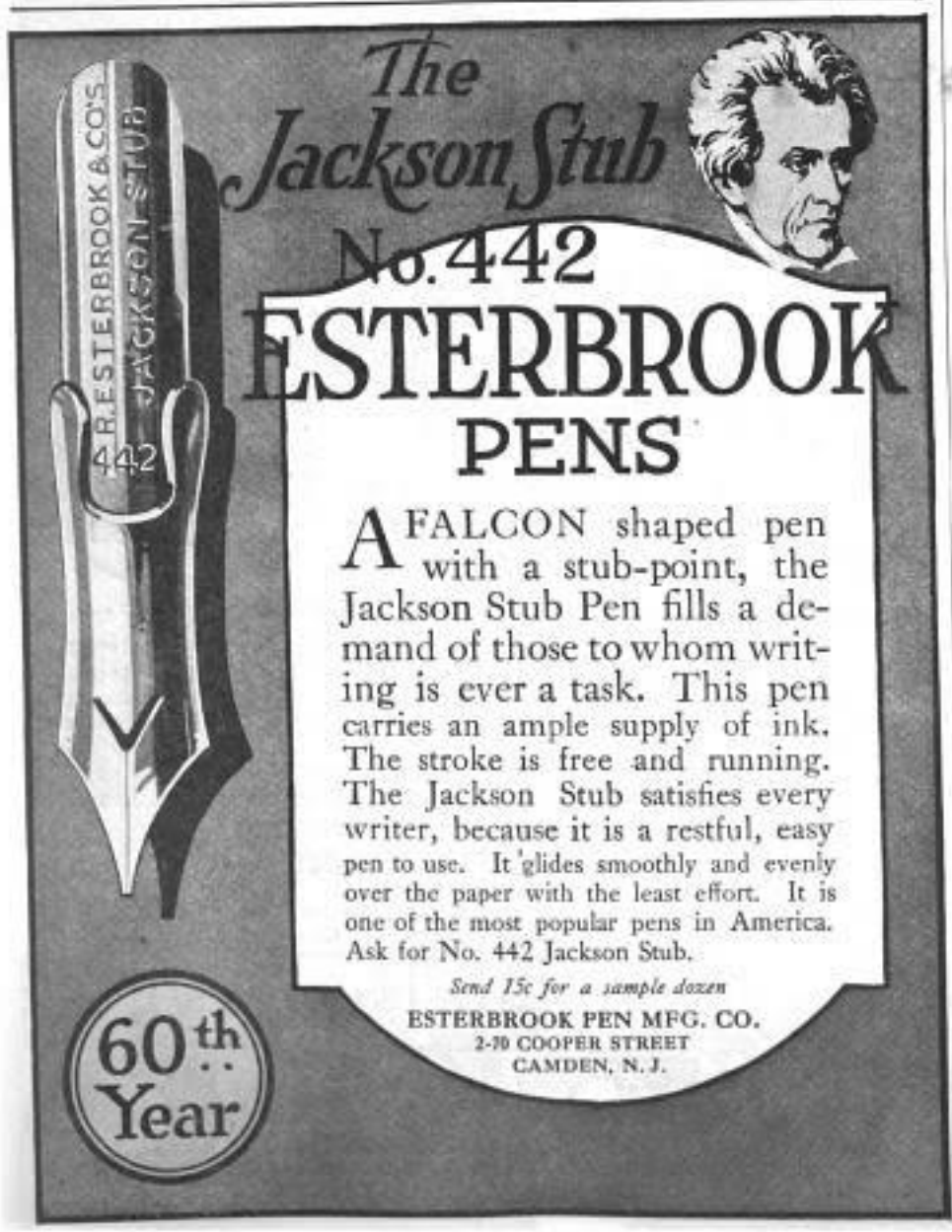
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60th Year


soldiers on the way to the battle front. He had, of course, seen plenty of them in Paris during the months since his arrival; seen them vaguely roaming the streets, or sitting in front of cafés, or wooed by polyglot sirens in the obscure promiscuity of cinema palaces.

At first he had seized every chance of talking to them; but either his own shyness or theirs seemed to paralyze him. He found them, as a rule, bewildered, depressed and unresponsive. They wanted to kill Germans all right, they said; but this hanging round Paris wasn't what they'd bargained for; and there was a good deal more doing back home at Podunk or Tombstone or Deposit.

It was not only the soldiers who took this depreciatory view of France. Some of the officers whom Troy met at his friends' houses discouraged him more than the enlisted men with whom he tried to make friends in the cafés. They had more definite and more unfavorable opinions as to the country they had come to defend. They wanted to know, in God's name, where in the blasted place you could get fried hominy and a real porterhouse steak for breakfast, and when the ball-game season began, and whether it rained every day all the year round; and Troy's timid efforts to point out some of the compensating advantages of Paris failed to excite any lasting interest.

But now he seemed to see a different race of men. The faces leaning from the windows of the train glowed with youthful resolution. The soldiers were out on their real business at last, and as Troy looked at them, so alike and so innumerable, he had the sense of a force inexorable and exhaustless, poured forth from the reservoirs of the new world to replenish the wasted veins of the old.

"Hooray!" he shouted frantically, waving his cap at the passing train; but as it disappeared he hung his head and swore under his breath. There they went, his friends and fellows, as he had so often dreamed of seeing them, racing in their hundreds of thousands to the rescue of France; and he was still too young to be among them, and could only yearn after them with all his aching heart!

After a hard fortnight of day-and-night work he was ordered a few days off, and sulkily resigned himself to inaction. For the first twenty-four hours he slept the leaden sleep of weary youth, and for the next he moped on his bed in the infirmary; but the third day he crawled out to take a look at Paris.

The long-distance bombardment was going on, and now and then at irregular intervals there was a more or less remote crash, followed by a long reverberation. But the life of the streets was not affected. People went about their business as usual, and it was obvious that the strained look on every face was not caused by the random fall of a few shells, but by the perpetual vision of that swaying and receding line on which all men's thoughts were fixed. It was sorrow, not fear, that Troy read in all those anxious eyes—sorrow over so much wasted effort, such high hopes thwarted, so many dear-bought miles of France once more under the German heel.

That night when he came home he found a letter from his mother. At the very end, in a crossed postscript, he read: "Who do you suppose sailed last week? Sophy Wicks. Soon there'll be nobody left! Old Mrs. Wicks died in January—did I tell you?—and Sophy has sent the children to Long Island with their governess and rushed over to do Red Cross nursing. It seems she had taken a course at the Presbyterian Hospital without anyone's knowing it. I've promised to keep an eye on the children. Let me know if you see her."

Sophy Wicks in France! There was hardly room in his troubled mind for the news. What Sophy Wicks did or did not do had shrunk to utter insignificance in the crash of falling worlds. He was rather sorry to have to class her with the other hysterical girls fighting for a pretext to get to France; but what did it all matter, anyhow? On the way home he had overheard an officer in the street telling a friend that the Germans were at Creil.

Then came the day when the advance was checked. General Mangin's glorious counter attack gave France new faith in her armies, and Paris irrepressibly burst at once into abounding life. It was as if she were ashamed of having doubted, as if she wanted by a livelier renewal of activities to proclaim her unshakable faith in her defenders. In the perpetual sunshine of the most golden of springs she basked and decked herself, and mirrored her recovered beauty in the Seine.

And still the cloudless weeks succeeded each other, days of blue warmth and nights of silver luster; and still, behind the impenetrable wall of the Front, the beast dumbly lowered and waited. Then one morning toward the end of May Troy, waking late after an unusually hard day, read: "The new German offensive has begun. The Chemin des Dames has been retaken by the enemy. Our valiant troops are resisting heroically."

Ah, now indeed they were on the road to Paris!

In a flash of horror he saw it all. The bitter history of the war was reënacting itself, and the battle of the Marne was to be fought again.

The misery of the succeeding days would have been intolerable if there had been time to think of it. But day and night there was no respite for Troy's service; and being by this time a practiced hand he had to be continually on the road.

On the second day he received orders to evacuate wounded from an American base hospital near the Marne. It was actually the old battleground he was to traverse; only before he had traversed it in the wake of the German retreat, and now it was the Allied troops who, slowly, methodically, and selling every inch dear, were falling back across the sacred soil. Troy faced eastward with a heavy heart.

## IX

THE next morning at daylight they started for the Front.

Troy's breast swelled with the sense of the approach to something bigger than he had yet known. The air of Paris that day was heavy with doom. There was no mistaking its taste on the lips. It was the air of the Marne that he was breathing.

Here he was, once more involved in one of the great convulsions of Destiny, and still almost as helpless a spectator as when, four years before, he had strayed the burning desert of Paris and cried out in his boy's heart for a share in the drama. Almost as helpless, yes; in spite of his four more years, his grown-up responsibilities, and the blessed uniform, thanks to which he, even he, a poor little ambulance driver of nineteen, ranked as a soldier of the great untried Army of his country. It was something—it was a great deal—to be even the humblest part, the most infinitesimal cog in that mighty machinery of the future; but it was not enough at this turning point of history for one who had so lived it all in advance, who was so aware of it now that it had come, who had carried so long on his lips the taste of its scarcely breathable air.

As the ambulance left the gates of Paris and hurried eastward in the gray dawn this sense of going toward something new and overwhelming continued to grow in Troy. It was probably the greatest hour of the war that was about to strike—and he was still too young to give himself to the cause he had so long dreamed of serving.

From the moment they left the gates the road was encumbered with huge gray motor trucks, limousines, motorcycles, long trains of artillery, army kitchens, supply wagons—all the familiar elements of the procession he had so often watched unrolling itself endlessly east and west from the Atlantic to the Alps. Nothing new in the sight—but something new in the faces. A look of having got beyond the accident of living, and accepted what lay over the edge, in the dim land of the final. He had seen that look, too, in the days before the Marne.

Most of the faces on the way were French; as far as Epernay they met their compatriots only in isolated groups. But whenever one of the motor trucks lumbering by bore a big U. S. on its rear panel Troy pushed his light ambulance ahead and skimmed past, just for the joy of seeing the fresh young heads rising pyramidwise above the sides of the lorry, hearing the snatches of familiar songs—"Hail, hail, the gang's all here!" and "We won't come back till it's over over here!"—and shouting back in reply to a stentorian "Hi, kid, beat it!" "Bet your life I will, old man!"

Hubert Jacks, the young fellow who was with him, shouted back, too, as lustily; but between times he was more occupied with the details of their own particular job—to which he was newer than Troy—and seemed not to feel so intensely the weight of impending events.

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(Continued from Page 82)

As they neared the Montmirail monument: "Ever been over this ground before?" Troy asked carelessly.

And Jacks answered: "N-no."

"Ah—I have. I was here just after the battle of the Marne, in September, 'fourteen."

"That so? You must have been quite a kid," said Jacks with indifference, filling his pipe.

"Well—not quite," Troy rejoined sulkily; and they said no more.

At Epernay they stopped for lunch, and found the place swarming with troops. Troy's soul was bursting within him; he wanted to talk and remember and compare. But his companion was unimaginative, and perhaps a little jealous of his greater experience.

"He doesn't want to show that he's new at the job," Troy decided.

They lunched together in a corner of the packed restaurant, and while they were taking coffee some French officers came up and chatted with Troy. To all of them he felt the desperate need of explaining that he was driving an ambulance only because he was still too young to be among the combatants.

"But I shan't be—soon!" he always added, in the tone of one who affirms. "It's merely a matter of a few weeks now."

"Oh, you all look like babies—but you all fight like devils," said a young French lieutenant seasoned by four years at the Front. And another officer added gravely: "Make haste to be old enough, *cher monsieur*. We need you all—every one of you."

"Oh, we're coming—we're all coming!" Troy cried.

That evening after a hard and harrowing day's work between *postes de secours* and a base hospital they found themselves in a darkened village, where, after a summary meal under flying shells, someone suggested ending up at the Y. M. C. A. hut.

The shelling had ceased, and there seemed nothing better to do than to wander down the dark street to the underground shelter packed with American soldiers. Troy was sleepy and tired, and would have preferred to crawl into his bed at the inn; he felt more keenly than ever the humiliation—the word was stupid, but he could find no other—of being among all these young men, only a year or two his seniors, and none, he was sure, more passionately eager than himself for the work that lay ahead, and yet so hopelessly divided from him by that stupid difference in age. But Hubert Jacks was seemingly unconscious of this, and only desirous of ending his night cheerfully. It would have looked unfriendly not to accompany him, so they pushed their way together through the cellar door surmounted by the sociable red triangle.

It was a big cellar, but brown uniforms and ruddy faces crowded it from wall to wall. In one corner the men were sitting on packing boxes at a long table made of boards laid across barrels, the smoky light of little oil lamps reddening their cheeks and deepening the furrows in their white foreheads as they labored over their correspondence. Others were playing checkers or looking at the illustrated papers, and everybody was smoking and talking—not in large groups, but quietly, by twos or threes. Young women in trig uniforms, with fresh innocent faces, moved among the barrels and boxes, distributing stamps or books, chatting with the soldiers, and being generally homelike and sisterly. The men gave them back glances as honest, and almost as innocent, and an air of simple daylight friendliness pervaded the Avernian cave.

It was the first time that Troy had ever seen a large group of his compatriots so close to the fighting Front and in an hour of ease, and he was struck by the gravity of the young faces and the low tones of their talk. Everything was in a minor key. No one was laughing or singing or larking; the note was that which might have prevailed in a club of quiet elderly men or in a drawing-room where the guests did not know each other well. Troy was all the more surprised because he remembered the jolly calls of the young soldiers in the motor trucks, and the songs and horseplay of the gangs of trench diggers and hut builders he had passed on the way. Was it that his compatriots did not know how to laugh when they were at leisure, or was it rather that in the intervals of work the awe of the unknown laid its hand on these untried hearts?

Troy and Jacks perched on a packing box and talked a little with their neighbors; but suddenly they were interrupted by the noise of a motor stopping outside. There was a stir at the mouth of the cavern and a girl said eagerly: "Here she comes!"

Instantly the cellar woke up. The soldiers' faces grew young again, they flattened themselves laughingly against the walls of the entrance, the door above was cautiously opened, and a girl in a long blue cloak appeared at the head of the stairs.

"Well, boys—you see I managed it!" she cried; and Troy instantly recognized the piercing accents and azure gaze of Miss Hinda Warlick.

"She managed it!" the whole cellar roared as one man, drowning her answer in a cheer; and "Of course I did!" she continued, laughing and nodding right and left as she made her triumphant way down the lane of khaki to what, at her appearance, had somehow instantly become the stage at the farther end of a packed theater. The elderly Y. M. C. A. official who accompanied her puffed out his chest like a general and blinked knowingly behind his gold eyeglasses.

Troy's first movement had been one of impatience. He hated all that Miss Warlick personified, and hated it most of all on this sacred soil and at this fateful moment, with the iron wings of doom clanging so close above their heads. But it would have been almost impossible to fight his way out through the crowd that had closed in behind her—and he stayed.

The cheering subsided, she gained her improvised platform—a door laid on some biscuit boxes—and the recitation began.

She gave them all sorts of things, ranging from grave to gay, and extracting from the sentimental numbers a peculiarly piercing effect that hurt Troy like the twinge of a dental instrument. And her audience loved it all indiscriminately and voraciously, with souls hungry for the home flavor and long nurtured on what Troy called "cereal fiction."

It might have been funny if it had not been so infinitely touching. They were all so young, so serious, so far from home and bound on a quest so glorious! And there overhead, just above them, brooded and clanged the black wings of their doom. Troy's mockery was softened to tenderness, and he felt, under the hard shell of his youthful omniscience, the stir of all the things to which the others were unconsciously responding.

"And now, by special request, Miss Warlick is going to say a few words," the elderly eyeglassed officer importantly announced.

Ah, what a pity! If only she had ended on that last jolly chorus, so full of artless laughter and tears! Troy remembered her dissertations on the steamer, and winced at a fresh display of such fatuity in such a scene.

She had let the cloak slip from her shoulders, and stepped to the edge of her unsteady stage. Her eyes burned large in a face grown suddenly grave. For a moment she reminded him again of Sophy Wicks. "Only a few words, really," she began apologetically; and the cellar started a cheer of protest:

"No—not that kind. Something different."

She paused long enough to let the silence prepare them—sharp little artist that she was! Then she leaned forward.

"This is what I want to say. I've come from the French Front—pretty near the edge. They're dying there, boys—dying by thousands, now this minute. But that's not it. I know—you want me to cut it out, and I'm going to. But this is why I began that way—because it was my first sight of—things of that sort. And I had to tell you ——"

She stopped, pale, her pretty mouth twitching.

"What I really wanted to say is this: Since I came to Europe, nearly a year ago, I've got to know the country they're dying for—and I understand why they mean to go on and on dying—if they have to—till there isn't one of them left. Boys—I know France now—and she's worth it! Don't you make any mistake! I have to laugh now when I remember what I thought of France when I landed. My! How d'you suppose she'd got on so long without us? Done a few things too—poor little toddler! Well, it was time we took her by the hand, and showed her how to behave. And I wasn't the only one, either. I guess most of us thought we'd have to teach her her letters. Maybe some of you boys right here felt that way too?"




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A guilty laugh, and loud applause.

"Thought so," said Miss Warlick, smiling.

"Well," she continued, "there wasn't hardly anything I wasn't ready to teach them. On the steamer coming out with us there was a lot of those Amb'lance boys. My! How I gassed to them. I said the French had got to be taught how to love their mothers—I said they hadn't any home feeling—and didn't love children the way we do. I've been round among them some since then, in the hospitals, and I've seen fellows lying there shot 'most to death, and their little old mothers in white caps arriving from way off at the other end of France. Well, those fellows know how to see their mothers coming even if they're blind, and how to hug 'em even if their arms are off! And the children—the way they go on about the children! Ever seen a French soldier yet that didn't have a photograph of a baby stowed away somewhere in his dirty uniform? I never have. I tell you, they're white! And they're fighting as only people can who feel that way about mothers and babies. The way we're going to fight; and maybe we'll prove it to 'em sooner than any of us think.

"Anyhow, I wanted to get this off my chest to-night; not for you, only for myself. I didn't want to have a shell get me before I'd said 'Veever la France!' before all of you.

"See here, boys—the Marsellaze!"

She snatched a flag from the wall, drawing herself up to heroic height; and the whole cellar joined her in a roar.

x

THE next morning Jacks dragged Troy out of bed by the feet. The room was still dark, and through the square of the low window glittered a bunch of stars.

"Hurry call to Montmirail—step lively!" Jacks ordered, his voice thick with sleep.

All the old names; with every turn of the wheel they seemed to be drawing nearer and nearer to the ravaged spot of earth where Paul Gantier slept his faithful sleep. Strange if to-day, of all days, Troy should again stand by his friend's grave!

They pushed along eastward under the last stars, the roll of the cannon crashing through the quiet dawn. The birds flew up with frightened cries from the trees along the roadside; rooks cawed their warning from clump to clump and gathered in the sky in dark triangles flying before the danger.

The east began to redden through the dust haze of the cloudless air. As they advanced the road became more and more crowded, and the ambulance was caught in the usual dense traffic of the Front—artillery, field kitchens, motor trucks, horse wagons, haycarts packed with refugees, and popping motorcycles zigzagging through the tangle of vehicles. The movement seemed more feverish and uncertain than usual, and now and then the road was jammed, and curses, shouts and the crack of heavy whips sounded against the incessant cannonade that hung its iron curtain above the hills to the northeast. The faces of soldiers and officers were unshaved, sallow, drawn with fatigue and anxiety. Women sat sobbing on their piled-up baggage, and here and there by the roadside a little country cart had broken down and the occupants sat on the bank watching the confusion like impassive lookers-on.

Suddenly in the thickest of the struggle a heavy lorry smashed into Troy's ambulance, and he felt the unmistakable wrench of the steering gear. The car shook like a careening boat, and then righted herself and stopped.

"Oh, hell!" shouted Jacks in a fury.

The two lads jumped down, and in a few minutes they saw that they were stranded beyond remedy. Tears of anger rushed into Troy's eyes. On this day of days he was not even to accomplish his own humble job!

Another ambulance of their own formation overtook them, and it was agreed that Jacks, who was the sharper of the two, was to get a lift to the nearest town and try to bring back a spare part or, failing that, pick up some sort of car in which they could continue their work.

Troy was left by the roadside. Hour after hour he sat there waiting and cursing his fate. When would Jacks be back again? Not at all, most likely; it was ten to one he would be caught on the way and turned into some pressing job. He knew, and Troy knew, that their ambulance was for the time being a hopeless wreck, and would probably have to stick ignominiously in its ditch till someone could go and fetch a new axle from Paris. And meanwhile, what might not be happening nearer by?

The rumble and thump of the cannonade grew more intense; a violent engagement was evidently going on not far off. Troy pulled out his map and tried to calculate how far he was from the Front; but the Front at that point was a wavering and incalculable line. He had an idea that the fighting was much nearer than he or Jacks had imagined. The place at which they had broken down must be about fifteen miles from the Marne. But could it be possible that the Germans had crossed the Marne?

Troy grew hungry, and thrust his hand in his pocket to pull out a sandwich. With it came a letter of his mother's, carried off in haste when he left Paris the previous morning. He re-read it with a mournful smile. "Of course, we all know the Allies must win; but the preparations here seem so slow and blundering; and the Germans are still so strong." Thump, thump, the artillery echoed: "Strong!" And just at the end of the letter, again: "I do wonder if you'll run across Sophy."

He lit a cigarette and shut his eyes and thought. The sight of Miss Warlick had made Sophy Wicks' presence singularly vivid to him; he had fallen asleep thinking of her the night before. How like her to have taken a course at the Presbyterian Hospital without letting anyone know! He wondered that he had not suspected, under her mocking indifference, an ardor as deep as his own, and he was ashamed of having judged her as others had, when for so long the thought of her had been his torment and his joy. Where was she now? he wondered. Probably in some hospital in the south or the center; the authorities did not let beginners get near the Front, though of course it was what all the girls were mad for. Well, Sophy would do her work wherever it was assigned to her; he did not see her intriguing for a showy post.

Troy began to marvel again at the spell of France—his France! Here was a girl who had certainly not come in quest of vulgar excitement as so many did. Sophy had always kept herself scornfully aloof from the pretty ghouls who danced and picnicked on the ruins of the world. He knew that her motives, so jealously concealed, must have been as pure and urgent as his own. France, which she hardly knew, had merely guessed at through the golden blur of a six weeks' midsummer trip, France had drawn her with an irresistible pressure; and the moment she had felt herself free she had come. "Whither thou goest, I will go; . . . thy people shall be my people." Yes, France was the Naomi country that had but to beckon, and her children rose and came.

Troy was exceedingly tired; he stretched himself on the dusty bank, and the noise of the road traffic began to blend with the cannonade in his whirling brain. Suddenly he fancied the Germans were upon him. He thought he heard the peppering volley of machine guns, shouts, screams, rifle shots close at hand.

He sat up and rubbed his eyes.

What he had heard was the cracking of whips and the shouting of carters urging tired farm horses along. Down a by-road at his left a stream of haggard country people were pouring from the direction of the Marne. This time only a few were in carts; the greater number were flying on their feet, the women carrying their babies, the old people bent under preposterous bundles, blankets, garden utensils, cages with rabbits, an agricultural prize framed and glazed, a wax wedding wreath under a broken globe. Sick and infirm people were dragged and shoved along by the older children; a goitered idiot sat in a wheelbarrow pushed by a girl, and laughed and pulled its tongue.

In among the throng Troy began to see the torn blue uniform of wounded soldiers limping on bandaged legs. Others, too, not wounded, elderly haggard territorials, with powder-black faces, bristling beards, and the horror of the shell roar in their eyes. One of them stopped near Troy, and in a thick voice begged for a drink—just a drop of anything, for God's sake. Others followed, pleading for food and drink. "Gas, gas!" a young artilleryman gasped at him through distorted lips. The Germans were over the Marne, they told him; the Germans were coming. It was hell back there; no one could stand it.

Troy ransacked the ambulance, found water, brandy, biscuits, condensed milk,

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and set up an impromptu canteen. But the people who had clustered about him were pushed forward by others, crying: "Are you mad to stay here? The Germans are coming!" And in a feeble panic they pressed on.

One old man, trembling with fatigue, and dragging a shaking little old woman, had spied the stretcher beds inside the ambulance, and without asking leave scrambled in and pulled his wife after him. They fell like logs onto the gray blankets, and a livid territorial with a bandaged arm drenched in blood crawled in after them and sank on the floor. The rest of the crowd had surged by.

As he was helping the wounded soldier to settle himself in the ambulance Troy heard a new sound down the road. It was a deep, continuous rumble, the rhythmic growl of a long train of army trucks. The way must have been cleared to let them by, for there was no break or faltering in the ever-deepening roar of their approach.

A cloud of dust rolled ahead, growing in volume with the growing noise; now the first trucks were in sight, huge, square, olive-brown motor trucks stacked high with scores and scores of bronzed soldiers. Troy jumped to his feet with a shout. It was an American regiment being rushed to the Front!

The refugees and the worn-out blue soldiers fell back before the triumphant advance, and a weak shout went up. The bronzed soldiers shouted back, but their faces were grave and set. It was clear that they knew where they were going, and to what work they had been so hurriedly summoned.

"It's hell back there!" a wounded territorial called out, pointing backward over his bandaged shoulder, and another cried: "*Vive l'Amérique!*"

"*Vive la France!*" shouted the truckful abreast of Troy, and the same cry burst from his own lungs. A few miles off the battle of the Marne was being fought again; and here were his own brothers rushing forward to help! He felt that his greatest hour had struck.

One of the trucks had halted for a minute just in front of him, marking time, and the lads leaning over its side had seen him and were calling out friendly college yells.

"Come along and help!" cried one as the truck got under way again.

Troy glanced at his broken-down motor; then his eye lit on a rifle lying close by in the dust of the roadside. He supposed it belonged to the wounded territorial who had crawled into the ambulance.

He caught up the rifle, scrambled up over the side with the soldier's help, and was engulfed among his brothers. Furtively he had pulled the ambulance badge from his collar—but a moment later he realized the uselessness of the precaution. All that mattered to anyone just then was that he was one more rifle for the Front.

### XI

ON THE way he tried to call up half-remembered snatches of military lore. If only he did not disgrace them by a blunder!

He had talked enough to soldiers, French and American, in the last year. He recalled odd bits of professional wisdom, but he was too excited to piece them together. He was not in the least afraid of being afraid, but his heart sank at the dread of doing something stupid, inopportune, idiotic. His envy of the youths beside him turned to veneration. They had all been in the front line and knew its vocabulary, its dangers and its dodges. All he could do was to watch and imitate.

Presently they were all tumbled out of the motors and drawn up by the roadside. An officer bawled unintelligible orders, and the men executed mysterious movements in obedience.

Troy crept close to the nearest soldier and copied his gestures awkwardly—but no one noticed. Night had fallen, and he was thankful for the darkness. Perhaps by tomorrow morning he would have picked up a few of their tricks. Meanwhile, apparently all he had to do was to march, march, march, at a sort of breakneck trot that the others took as lightly as one skims the earth in a dream. If it had not been for his pumping heart and his aching, bursting feet Troy at moments would have thought it was a dream.

Rank by rank they pressed forward in the night toward a skyline torn with intermittent flame.

"We're going toward a battle," Troy sang to himself, "toward a battle, toward a battle!" But the words meant no more to him than the doggerel the soldier was chanting at his elbow.

They were in a wood, slipping forward cautiously, beating their way through the undergrowth. The night had grown cloudy, but now and then the clouds broke and a knot of stars clung to a branch like swarming bees.

At length a halt was called in a clearing, and then the group to which Troy had attached himself was ordered forward. He did not understand the order, but seeing the men moving he followed, like a mascot dog trotting after its company; and they began to beat their way onward, still more cautiously, in little crawling lines of three or four. It reminded Troy of playing Indian in his childhood.

"Careful! Watch out for 'em!" the soldier next to him whispered, clutching his arm at a noise in the underbrush; and Troy's heart jerked back violently, though his legs were still pressing forward.

They were here, then; they might be close by in the blackness, behind the next tree bole, in the next clump of bushes—the destroyers of France, old M. Gantier's murderers, the enemy to whom Paul Gantier had given his life! These thoughts slipped confusedly through Troy's mind, scarcely brushing it with a chill wing. His main feeling was one of a base physical fear, and of a newly awakened moral energy which had the fear by the throat and held it down with shaking hands. Which of the two would conquer, how many yards farther would the resolute Troy drag on the limp coward through this murderous wood? That was the one thing that mattered.

At length they dropped down into a kind of rocky hollow, overhung with bushes, and lay there, finger on trigger, hardly breathing. "Sleep a bit if you can—you look beat," whispered the friendly soldier.

Sleep!

Troy's mind was whirling like a machine in a factory blazing with lights. His thoughts rushed back over the miles he had traveled since he had caught up the rifle by the roadside.

"My God!" he suddenly thought. "What am I doing here, anyhow? I'm a deserter."

Yes; that was the name he would go by if ever his story became known. And how should it not become known? He had deserted—deserted not only his job and his ambulance and Jacks, who might come back at any moment—it was a dead certainty to him now that Jacks would come back—but, also, incredible perfidy, the poor worn-out old couple and the wounded territorial who had crawled into the ambulance. He, Troy Belknap, United States Army ambulance driver, and sworn servant of France, had deserted three sick and helpless people who, if things continued to go badly, would almost certainly fall into the hands of the Germans. It was too horrible to think of; and so after a minute or two he ceased to think of it—at least with the surface of his mind.

"If it's a court-martial, it's a court-martial," he reflected and began to stretch his ears again for the sound of men slipping up in the darkness through the bushes.

But he was really horribly tired, and in the midst of the tension the blaze of lights in his head went out, and he fell into a half-conscious doze. When he started into full consciousness again the men were stirring, and he became aware that the sergeant was calling for volunteers.

Volunteers for what? He didn't know and was afraid to ask. But it became clear to him that the one chance to wash his guilt away—was that funny, old-fashioned phrase a quotation, and where did it come from?—was to offer himself for the job, whatever it might be.

The decision once taken he became instantly calm, happy and alert. He observed the gesture made by the other volunteers and imitated it. It was too dark for the sergeant to distinguish one man from another, and without comment he let Troy fall into the line of men who were creeping up out of the hollow. He understood now that they were being sent out on a scouting expedition.

The awful cannonade had ceased, and as they crawled along single file between the trees the before-dawn twitter of birds rained down on them like dew, and the woods smelled like the woods at home.

They came to the end of the trees, and guessed that the dark wavering wall ahead





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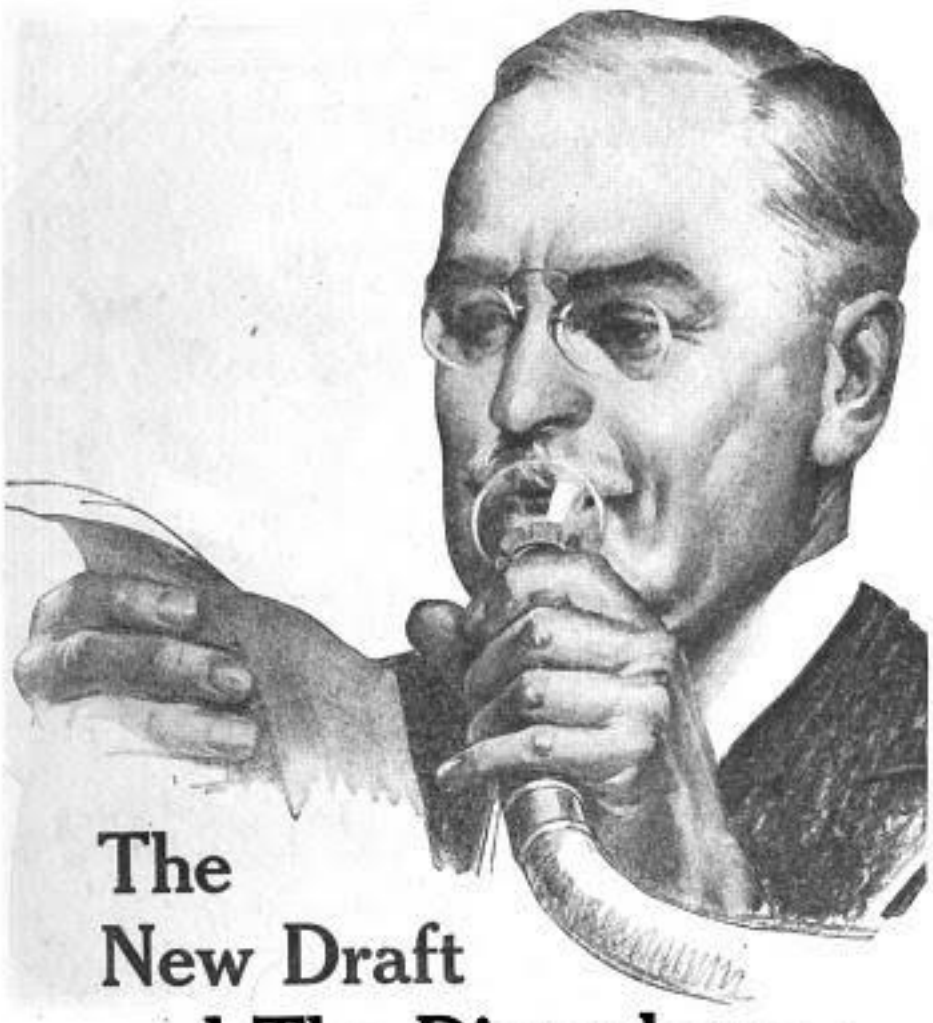
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was the edge of a wheat field. Someone whispered that the Marne was just beyond the wheat field, and that the red flares they saw must be over Château-Thierry.

The momentary stillness laid a reassuring touch on Troy's nerves, and he slipped along adroitly at the tail of the line, alert but cool. Far off the red flares still flecked the darkness, but they did not frighten him. He said to himself: "People are always afraid in their first battle. I'm not the least afraid, so I suppose this is not a battle." And at the same moment there was a small, shrieking explosion, followed by a horrible rattle of projectiles that seemed to spring up out of the wheat at their feet.

The men dropped on their bellies and crawled away from it, and Troy crawled after, sweating with fear. He had not looked back, but he knew that some of the men must be lying where they had dropped; and suddenly it occurred to him that it was his business to go back and see.

Was it, though? Or would that be disobeying orders again?

He did not stop to consider. The ambulance driver's instinct was uppermost, and he turned and crawled back, straight back to the place that the horrible explosion had come from. The firing had stopped, but in the thin darkness he saw a body lying in front of him in the flattened wheat. He looked back and saw that the sergeant and the rest of the men were disappearing at the right; then he ramped forward again, forward, till he touched the arm of the motionless man and whispered: "Hi, kid, it's me."

He tried to rouse the wounded man, to pull him forward, to tow him like a barge along the beaten path in the wheat. But the man groaned and resisted. He was evidently in great pain, and Troy, whom a year's experience in ambulance work had enlightened, understood that he must be either carried away or left where he was.

Troy raised his head an inch or two and looked about him. In the east, beyond the wheat, a pallor was creeping upward, drowning the last stars. Anyone standing up would be distinctly visible against that pallor. With a sense of horror and reluctance and dismay he lifted the wounded man and stood up. As he did so he felt a small tap on his back, between the shoulders, as if someone had touched him from behind. He half turned to see who it was, and doubled up, slipping down with the wounded soldier in his arms.

### XII

TROY, burning with fever, lay on a hospital bed.

He was not very clear where the hospital was or how he had got there, and he did not greatly care. All that was left of clearness in his brain was filled with the bitter sense of his failure. He had abandoned his job to plunge into battle, and before he had seen a German or fired a shot he found himself ignominiously laid by the heels in a strange place full of benevolent-looking hypocrites whose least touch hurt him a million times more than the German bullet.

It was all a stupid, agitating muddle, in the midst of which he tried in vain to discover what had become of Jacks, what had happened to the ambulance, and whether the old people and the wounded territorial had been heard of. He insisted particularly on the latter point to the cruel, shaved faces that were always stooping over him, but they seemed unable to give him a clear answer—or else their cruelty prompted them to withhold what they knew. He groaned and tossed and got no comfort, till suddenly, opening his eyes, he found Jacks sitting by his bed.

He poured out his story to Jacks in floods and torrents; there was no time to listen to what his friend had to say. He went in and out of the whole business with him, explaining, arguing and answering his own arguments. Jacks, passive and bewildered, sat by the bed and murmured "All right—all right" at intervals. Then he too disappeared, giving way to other unknown faces.

The third night—someone said it was the third night—the fever dropped a little. Troy felt more quiet, and Jacks, who had turned up again, sat beside him and told him all the things he had not been able to listen to the first day—all the great things in which he had played an unconscious part.

"Battle of the Marne? Sure you were in it! In it up to the hilt, you lucky kid!"

And what a battle it had been! The Americans had taken Vaux and driven the Germans back across the bridge at Château-Thierry; the French were pressing hard on their left flank, the advance on Paris had been checked—and the poor old couple and the territorial in the ambulance had not fallen into enemy hands.

As Troy lay and listened, tears of weakness and joy ran down his face. The Germans were back across the Marne, and he had really been in the action that had sent them there! The road to Paris was barred.

There was just one thing he had not told Jacks—a little thing that Jacks would not have understood. Out in the wheat, when he had felt that tap on the shoulder, he had turned round quickly, thinking a friend had touched him. At the same instant he had stumbled and fallen, and his eyes had grown dark; but through the darkness he still felt confusedly that a friend was near, if only he could lift his lids and look.

He did lift them at last; and there in the dawn he saw a French soldier, haggard and battle worn, looking down at him. The soldier wore the uniform of the *chasseurs à pied*, and his face was the face of Paul Gantier, bending low and whispering: "*Mon petit—mon pauvre petit gars.*" Troy heard the words distinctly; he knew the voice as well as he knew his mother's. His eyes shut again, but he felt Gantier's arms under his body, felt himself lifted, lifted, till he seemed to float in the arms of his friend.

He said nothing of that to Jacks or anyone, and now that the fever had dropped he was glad he had held his tongue. Someone told him that a sergeant of the *chasseurs à pied* had found him and brought him in to the nearest *poste de secours*, where Jacks providentially had run across him and carried him back to the base. They told him that his rescue had been wonderful but that nobody knew what the sergeant's name was or where he had gone to.

"If ever a man ought to have had the Croix de Guerre ——!" one of the nurses interjected emotionally.

Troy listened and shut his lips. It was really none of his business to tell these people where the sergeant had gone to; but he smiled a little when the doctor said: "Chances are a man like that hasn't got much use for decorations."

And then the emotional nurse added: "Well, you must just devote the rest of your life to trying to find him."

Ah, yes, he would do that, Troy swore—he would do it on the battlefields of France.

## THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

(Continued from Page 14)

her voice added, for it was full of rich sympathetic notes, and could upon occasion take a plaintive tone that made one's heart-strings vibrate tenderly.

"You spoke of love at first sight. When I first met her I thought I had encountered it, though I cannot now believe that the emotion was truly love."

"Still," put in the captain, "you were certain at the time that you loved her?"

"It seemed so—yes."

"Then what else could it have been?"

"In retrospect," said the major, "I believe it to have been a tremendous physical attraction."

The captain was evidently thinking more of his own case than the major's. "It was not so with me," he said. "Beautiful as she was, the first attraction was not physical but spiritual."

"But," returned the major, "when one loves can one divorce physical from spiritual attraction?

"It seems to me that great love is a blending of many adductive forces—a cable, one might say, the various strands of which cannot be segregated."

"Sometimes," the captain replied, "that may be true. I think, however, that the finest attraction may be purely spiritual. In the case of which I have told you it was the wonderful nature of the woman that I sensed so strongly; sensitiveness, responsiveness, gayety, tenderness, sweetness—qualities of which, I contend, her physical embodiment was merely an expression. And that, I judge, is where our creeds differ. You, as I understand it, disassociate beauty of person from beauty of character."

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(Continued from Page 90)

"I think," said the major, "that they may or may not accompany each other, but that neither is necessary to the other. Where there is supreme physical beauty all else may exist in the eye of the beholder. You understand, of course," he added courteously, "that I am now generalizing from my own experience, without reference to yours?"

"Quite so."

"This lady," the major continued, "unlike the lady of whom you have told us, was endowed with the strongest purely physical attraction I have ever met with. Nine out of ten men felt it the moment they laid eyes on her, and very often proceeded immediately to make fools of themselves.

"Physical attraction is a curious force. It is one of the greatest assets a human being can have. The man or woman possessing it is at an enormous advantage. But there is some sort of prudery about us which tends to make us look at it askance or wish to deny the existence of it, as though it were something to be ashamed of. Both men and women—I am speaking of Anglo-Saxons—like to dwell upon the spiritual in their affairs of the heart, and minimize the physical. From my point of view such a course prevents the proper comprehension of fundamental truths.

"The adoration of men was the food on which this woman lived; yet she never seemed to raise a hand to get it. She didn't have to. It came flooding to her as naturally as water runs downhill. Seeing that she made no apparent effort to attract men many persons came to believe that she was indifferent to men, or, if not that, that she was at most friendly and impersonal with them.

"Such an air of friendly impersonality may be very tantalizing to a man. It makes a woman seem mysterious and desirable, and stimulates man—who, with a kind of queer perversity, always desires the chaste, remote and unattainable—to try to gain for himself a place in her thoughts. Men were always trying to impress themselves upon this woman, with the general result that the more they tried to do so the more captivated they themselves became. Constantly there arrived new recruits, to fall violently in love with her. Then in almost every case would come a crisis, in which the man, being refused—but in a sentimental, tender way, calculated to keep him hoping, aspiring and attending—would charge her with having trifled with him. But her technic was such that she was always in position to reply that she had thought of him merely as one with whom she had a rare and beautiful friendship, that she had done nothing to encourage hopes beyond such a friendship, and that in view of these circumstances he was treating her unjustly. She would look at him with eyes surprised and grieved—perhaps even through tears if the case proved difficult to handle; whereupon he would become contrite, self-reproachful, apologetic, and, often enough, more in love with her than ever.

"This indirect allurement is the most dangerous kind of allurement; it is insidious like a contagious disease the presence of which one does not suspect until one is down with it. Yet a woman who has such power will use it as deliberately, as calculatingly as a cowboy uses a lasso.

"What with her various allurements and blandishments, her various gifts and tricks, she was able to keep many men enthralled at once, causing each to suppose either that he was rising to the position of prime favorite or else that he had already attained such a position and was linked to her by a very special bond of sympathetic understanding. And to do her justice I must admit that she was capable of giving men a kind of comprehending companionship which made her very fascinating.

"She had what would have been for the average woman a very comfortable income, but so long as she had cash for current needs it did not trouble her to owe money—unless those to whom she owed it became pressing in their demands. Then she would turn her thrilling, pathetic, tear-filled eyes upon some poor, susceptible, tender-hearted devil of a banker or broker, and put a quaver in her voice, and tell how she had been imposed upon by someone, and how cruel the world was to her, and how she didn't know what she was going to do; and he would palpitate and say 'Poor, brave little woman!' and would make a fictitious investment for her, and give her the proceeds; whereupon she would proceed as though her finances were in sound condition, spending money with insane extravagance until she was again in a hole, when the entire farce would be repeated, either with the same man or with a new one.

"As for the old conventional fiction that the woman who takes money from a man is thereby compromised, she knew the tender-hearted, sentimental male too well to take any stock in that. Everyone who knows anything of the world knows that a man will often be more generous with a distressed angel, the hem of whose garment he touches with the utmost reverence, than with a mistress. Few men are so hard as to have lost the taste for being chivalrous upon occasion, and no man lives who does not like to think of himself as presenting a picture of chivalry in the eyes of a beautiful woman—eyes which can look first helpless and appealing, then thankful and admiring; which can say more effectively than words could say it: 'You wonderful man, you! There was no one else to whom I could have brought my poor little troubles—no one else who would have understood or from whom I could have accepted help.'

"You may be sure there was no mention of dressmakers' bills in the stories she told men to account for her dilemmas. No, indeed! The stories made her noble and pathetic; or an innocent creature persecuted for her beauty. I know of at least one instance—and I have no doubt there were others—in which, when she was being harried for several thousand dollars she owed for clothes, she obtained a considerable loan from an admirer by leading him to suppose that she had gullelessly accepted the financial aid pressed upon her by another man, whom she had supposed to be merely a disinterested and generous friend, but who was now taking advantage of her obligation to him by annoying her with unwelcome attentions. Her story was that she wished to repay this amatory brute and dismiss him from her life.

"Do not imagine that these convenient fictions of hers appeared to her as cold falsehoods. Upon the contrary, she had a strong dramatic sense and had told the stories so often that she herself believed them, and saw herself as a figure pathetic, picturesque, persecuted and always noble. She was like a child lost in the rôle of Cinderella, sorry for herself to the point of tears.

"And so, you see, a hungry and theatrical egotism, very beautifully concealed, was her dominating characteristic. It accounted for everything she did—especially for what she did with men and money. To feed her egotism she must have plenty of both. She was the high priestess of Self; her own beauty was her religion; men were her congregation; money the incense to be burned. Nor do I believe that the men who most devoutly worshiped her ever attained an adoration for her quite so exalted as her own self-adoration.

"Yet she was clever enough to conceal this religion of hers from all save a very few persons. This she did by affecting extraordinary genuineness and modesty. Indeed one might say that her special pose was freedom from pose."

"But," put in the captain, "do you mind my asking how you were able to see through her if she had the faculty for so universally deceiving men?"

"But I was not able to!" protested the major. "God forbid that I should claim powers of divination in these matters! Upon the contrary, I fancy I was for a considerable time more deceived than any of the others. I kept coming back for more. And in the end I think she made a greater fool of me."

"She threw you over?"

"No," returned the major with a sardonic smile: "she married me. Then I began to find out these things I have been telling you. It is through matrimony that most men find out. Until a man is married to a woman he knows practically nothing of her."

"I can't agree with you," exclaimed the captain. "You imply that all husbands understand their wives. Don't some of the most ghastly misunderstandings that occur in life arise between husband and wife? And on the other hand, what human relationship can be more beautiful, more subtle than a perfect understanding between lovers? Take my own case: Do you suppose her husband has ever comprehended her as I do? No! Not a thousandth part so well! The proof is that she repeated, as we parted in New York, the



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thing she used to say—that no one had ever understood her as I did."

"Oh," said the major gently, "I'm not saying there can't be exceptional cases. You yourself say that your case was exceptional. Let me remind you again that I am only generalizing from my own experience—which, I hardly need point out, was altogether unlike yours.

"Put yourself in my place. Suppose you had married the lady of your heart. Then suppose you had begun to discover that everything you had believed to be pure gold, from her spirit to her hair, was, so to speak, touched up."

"Even her hair?" cried the captain.

"Even her hair," the other replied. "And that symbolizes precisely the thing of which I spoke a moment ago, to which you took exception—that is, the sort of thing we learn only through marriage. It is not until after marriage that they let down their hair, or their character, before us. It is not until then that we discover their facial or spiritual cosmetics. The fact that a woman's hair is naturally light brown, instead of gold, is not perhaps important, but it is something of a shock to learn that she blondines her soul.

"I used to compare certain tones in her voice to plaintive notes of a cello. But do you suppose a virtuoso, when he acquires a new cello, knows everything there is to know about it—every little trick it can develop—every tone of which it is capable? No. He does not know that cello until he has possessed it for a time. Then he learns its individual tricks. He may discover that certain tones are not so fine as he at first supposed. Well, even that I discovered! My cello squeaked. The plaintive notes, heard too regularly, became a whine.

"And then the little tricks, tricks, tricks! Imagine one's feelings on discovering that one gesture after another was altogether artificial. Imagine the dawning realization that little mannerisms and allurements which you had regarded as natural expressions of a sentiment for you—for you personally—were neither genuine nor exclusive, but had been employed and continued to be employed upon a succession of other men."

"But I don't quite see yet," said the captain, "precisely how you discovered all these things."

"I have purposely avoided being too specific," replied the major, "but I will give you an example: Not long after we were married my wife announced to me that she had invited a bride and groom to dinner. The latter, she told me, was an old friend; the bride she had not met.

"Very well; they arrived at our house. The bride, a silly little thing, had evidently heard from her husband enough to make her jealous of my wife. From the first she took a 'You-can't-get-him-away-from-me-now' tone which, though it was in bad taste, I did not think much of until, later in the evening, when she had perhaps drunk a sip too much champagne for her foolish little head, she blurted out a remark—half jesting, half spiteful—which contained enough chronology to reveal to me not merely that my wife had been engaged to her husband but that her engagement to this man had actually overlapped, by a considerable period, her engagement to me."

"No!" exclaimed the captain.

"Yes, indeed. And more than that, I have since learned of her engagement, at the same time, to a third man."

"It's incredible!" ejaculated the captain. "I can't imagine such a woman."

"In order to gather something of what I went through," said the major, "just suppose, for the sake of argument, that you had married the lady of whom you have told us, and that the subsequent revelations had been as I have described. Suppose she proved herself a vain, self-seeking man hunter. And suppose she kept on being one as though marriage should make no difference. Suppose your house was forever full of moonstruck males who could scarcely conceal their hatred of you—hatred based on a belief, inculcated by her, that they 'understood' her, and that you, coarse-grained creature that you were, did not. And then, at last, suppose, what practically amounted to an admission from her, that she married you for money. Suppose yourself her husband, envied by the men she had jilted, yet yourself envying them."

"But I can't imagine such a thing—not about her!"

"Of course not," said the major. Then after a pause, during which he seemed to be in deep thought, he said: "Our two stories open an interesting field for speculation. The question is: Which of us is better off? Is it better to have loved and lost, or to have loved, possessed and sustained disillusionment?"

The captain pondered.

"That's hard to say, isn't it?" he answered presently.

"Yes. You see if I hadn't married her I should have gone on dreaming of her as an angel among women. I should have had an ideal, but not the truth. As it is, I have the truth, but no ideal. Which is better for a man, I wonder?"

"For myself," said the captain slowly, "I should not wish to live if I were to find out that she was not the woman I know her to be. I'd rather be deluded always than to face so hideous a truth—if that were the truth. Without my belief in her there'd be nothing left. Absolutely nothing."

Hearing a step on the gravel walk behind him he turned his head. A nurse was coming toward us.

"She's coming for me," he said, speaking quickly. "I've been thinking—they couldn't look alike—those two women. Not really. Alike perhaps in coloring—in purely superficial things. But not in expression—not in what makes a face. I want you both to see her picture."

He drew from his breast pocket a small leather case, snapped it open and handed it to me. It was indeed the presentment of surpassing womanly loveliness; the features classically perfect, the expression tender, spiritual, sweet.

With a remark intended to convey something of my admiration I passed the picture to the major. The captain, I observed, watched him narrowly as he inspected it.

"It is truly an exquisite face," he said as he passed it back.

"But the resemblance?" the other demanded in an eager voice.

"As you surmised," returned the major, "it is of the slightest. This is much the finer face."

As the captain returned the case to his pocket his nurse came up.

"I've come to take you in," she said, seizing hold of the handle at the back of the chair. "It's time your dressing was changed."

There was a contented, almost relieved expression on his face as she turned his chair and began to wheel it toward the doorway.

"They couldn't look alike, those two," he said, glancing triumphantly over his shoulder. "You see, after all, you can't get away from physiognomy." Then with a wave of the hand he bade us good day.

"I'm sorry I couldn't contribute something more adequate to this afternoon's symposium," I said to the major after a time, as our nurses came together down the walk.

"You'd better not be," he returned with his peculiar ironical smile. "Stop in my room as you go by—will you? The first room to the left of the entrance."

The pretty blond nurse wheeled him ahead. Mine followed. We entered his room behind him.

"Please give me my portfolio," he said to his nurse.

She laid it on the bed beside his chair. With his uninjured hand he fumbled momentarily among the papers, then drew from an envelope a photograph, which he passed to me.

It was an exact duplicate of the one in the captain's little leather case.

"My goodness!" cried the pretty blond nurse, looking over my shoulder at the picture. "Will wonders never cease! Here's my major, just like all the rest of 'em, showing off a girl's photograph! And just when I've been boasting this very afternoon that he was the one man in the whole place that wasn't given to that kind of thing!"

"But you're quite right," he said to her with his characteristic smile. "I don't make a practice of it. This happens to be a particular case. This gentleman knows a good deal about her."

His nurse leaned over, the better to inspect the picture.

"She's mighty good-looking," she declared. "And such pretty hair too!" As she spoke she raised her hand and tucked in a hairpin. Then she asked: "Who is she, anyhow?"

The major shot a sidelong glance at me as he replied.

"My wife," he said.

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# BEDFORD LOSES HIS BUSINESS LEG

(Continued from Page 10)

Already their commercial business would be seriously injured by the loss of the production of Factories A and B. Surely no further sacrifice could be expected.

The train pulled out with Marshall Bedford still trying to register sleep. As the train stretched across the Jersey meadows he pulled the blanket up over his ears to shut out the sharp clickety-click of the car wheels which could be heard through the ventilators above his head. The wheels and the rails seemed to have something to ask him. With monotonous rhythm they clicked:

"Factory A and Factory B—what's the matter with Factory C? Factory A and Factory B—what's the matter with Factory C?"

At Trenton, unable to shake the monotonously insistent question, Bedford sat up in his berth and turned on the light by his head. He would read. Opening the front cover of a magazine which he took from his bag, he was confronted by one of his own advertisements, a full-page ad of the new officers' boot. He sighed as he looked at it. There would be no more of that last to sell. And wouldn't the dealers be sore! Continuing to leaf through the magazine he found a promising story.

But as he read, the story was accompanied by that diabolical rhythm from the wheels: "Factory A and Factory B—what's the matter with Factory C?"

At Baltimore the next morning Bedford almost lost his chance at a seat in the restaurant car, after standing for half an hour in a long line of Washington-bound army officers, to get hold of the Western Union boy who was going through the train collecting telegrams.

Grasping the stub of pencil with the chewed point tendered by the boy, he scrawled the following brief message to Hustis Wiltworth:

"Will turn Factory C over to army shoes at once. Will wire estimate on quantity upon return to my office."

When the train reached Washington, Bedford stepped onto the platform with a happy feeling. The Bedford Shoe Corporation was now patriotically going fifty-fifty with the Government. Factories A, B and C for Uncle Sam; Factories D, E and F for the trade. Factory G didn't count.

Handing the porter two Thrift Stamps, his customary tipping currency of late, he picked up his bag, spurning the solicitation of a redcap, squared his broad shoulders, lifted his chin, inhaled a deep draft of the fresh morning air and started down the platform, a splendid picture of the successful middle-aged business man.

It was only seven-forty-five, and he was sure Copeland, who was of course the first man he wanted to see, would not be at his office for an hour at least; so after telephoning five hotels in an unsuccessful effort to get reservation for the night he checked his bag and stepped out of the station. A brisk walk in the fresh air would do him good.

Washington looked unusually bleak and cold and un-Washingtonlike. A rather heavy fall of snow covered the ground, and gave the Billy Sunday tabernacle over at the left of the station the appearance of a huge Eskimo igloo.

Bedford walked over toward the center of the city, thinking about his mission. He was there primarily in the interest of the subcommittee on shoes, to see if the committee looking after financial matters for the manufacturers of the New England section could not find some way to speed up payments. Many manufacturers were up against it, with heavy inventories of leather for government contracts and huge pay rolls to meet, in the face of very slow payments from the Government for the shoes they were shipping. Bedford himself was beginning to feel the pinch for working capital. Besides, he wanted to move round and get all the general information he could on the war situation in general and the probable shoe requirements for the next year in particular. He hoped to get away by night.

As he turned a corner, whom should he meet but the very man he wanted to see, Victor Copeland, president of the State Street Bank of Boston, now a dollar-a-yearling, one of a board of three who were looking after financial and credit matters pertaining to New England industries.

"Well, if it isn't Marshall Bedford! Come right on down to the office with me, Marshall. It seems mighty good to see someone from one's own board of directors. Got your wire yesterday. We'll get at your problems right away. Lucky you met me or you wouldn't have been able to see me until after ten o'clock. New rule—no callers allowed in office buildings before ten. That gives us a good two hours or more to work before our troubles start for the day."

"Two hours or more? What sort of office hours do you folks observe down here anyway?"

"Oh, we don't observe office hours at all," laughed Copeland. "We work about thirty hours a day most days; busy days more. My day yesterday finished at an important conference at the New Willard that lasted until one-forty-five this morning. This war is making owls of us war Washingtonians. When I get back to good old Boston again I won't be able to sleep more than three or four hours without getting up for a conference of some sort! Guess I'll call directors' meetings at midnight hereafter," he chuckled, slapping Bedford on the back boyishly. "How would you like that?"

"Guess I can stand anything in the night line after trying to sleep in Mr. Pullman's attic last night!"

Doing a day's business in Washington takes two days now, for there are so many clamoring for the attention of every person in authority. It followed, therefore, that five o'clock that evening found Bedford with only about half of his mission accomplished.

"If you get stuck for a place to sleep to-night look me up at six o'clock," Copeland had invited when he had left him at eleven in the morning. "I'm roughing it in a couple of rooms. Have an extra bed that isn't much like you're used to, but it's heaps softer than the Capitol steps, at that!"

After spending thirty minutes and forty-five cents in telephoning to various hotels, and something over a dollar fifty in taxi fares, Bedford gave up trying to squeeze into a hotel and made his way to Copeland's office. He was unbelievably weary from his day's activities, and having seen a sample of the intense pressure under which Copeland and his associates were working he was expecting to see his friend worn to a fringe.

But not so! He was in good spirits and greeted him with enthusiasm.

"I'm glad you came back," he declared. "We will have dinner together and then go up to my rooms. I'll be pretty busy this evening going over the day's mail and some important reports, but you won't mind entertaining yourself, I know. When you get tired of reading and feel sleepy—why, you can sneak off into the bedroom and turn in. Wardell, of the New York Cosmopolitan Trust, and Kensington, of the Chicago National Commerce, are to drop in at eleven o'clock for a session; we have to meet once a week to compare notes and work out policies, and night is our only chance. They expect to bring a new man with them to-night—Walker, of the San Francisco Western National. But you needn't let the conference bother you; you can just shut the door and snore to your heart's content."

Bedford almost gasped. "At it since seven-thirty this morning and now starting in on a second day's work! Why, I don't see how you stand it!"

For just a second a shade of weariness passed over Copeland's face.

"Well, Bedford, one of the things I've learned since I've come to Washington is that this war can't be confined to the front-line trenches; a lot of battles are going on right now all over this country that our grandchildren won't read about in their school histories."

Two hours later as the two men made their way along a dimly lighted hall in what once had been a fine Washington residence but which had long since outlived its aristocracy and Copeland opened the door to his rooms Bedford got a new shock. He had expected to find his friend comfortably located in a cozy little suite of two


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or three rooms and bath in some aristocratic bachelor apartment. Instead, what he beheld was two small, rather stuffy but clean rooms, one a sitting room, with antediluvian furniture, an old Brussels carpet on the floor and heavy draperies that seemed to have absorbed five years of odors from the kitchen below, the prevailing suggestion being of bacon and eggs, bacon well done. The other room, Bedford could see when Copeland had lighted the gas, was a bedroom, floor covered with matting which had reached the splintering stage, with two three-quarter iron beds, once probably white but now enameled a Nile green.

Copeland caught the look in Bedford's eyes. "Yes," he laughed. "Some different from my place out in Brookline, isn't it?"

It was! Six acres of wonderfully beautiful grounds surrounded Copeland's Brookline home, and the house itself—well the thought of Copeland's giving up such a home to come down and work for a dollar a year in two smelly little rooms, unquestionably the best to be had, simply staggered Bedford. He felt like a slacker when he thought of his own wonderful home with its rich Oriental rugs and its private bath for every bedroom.

"Enlisted for the period of the war," remarked Copeland, smiling.

At ten o'clock the lines of the book Bedford was reading began to run together on the page. Copeland with a green celluloid visor shading his eyes was sitting at the little student's desk in the corner, poring over typewritten reports.

"Well, I'm going to bed," announced Bedford, yawning. And in less than fifteen minutes he was sleeping soundly in the rockiest bed he had slept in since those days back on the farm when corn husks were considered quite good enough for the boys' mattresses.

It must have been after midnight when he awoke, the keen edge of his weariness slept off. He could hear low voices in the next room in earnest conversation. Evidently the three bankers who had been in Washington for some time were giving some pointers to the new man from San Francisco.

"You'll find that the business men who come down here to Washington to see about government orders divide themselves into three general classes—pikers, profiteers and patriots.

"The pikers are men who want to do as little for the Government, and get as much from it, as they can. They scent a further shortage of materials and they are scared stiff over the fuel situation. They want to take just enough government work to get preferential treatment. Often they'll bid ridiculously low to get a contract just for that reason.

"As for the profiteers, some of them want to swallow the whole Quartermaster's Department! Sometimes you think at first that they are patriots—until you begin to get a line on the prices they plan to quote."

"Yes," broke in one of the others, "but sometimes they are pikers too; they want to take only the cream of the orders that they can handle easily, but they want inordinate profits on those small orders."

"Yes," agreed Copeland, "and then there are the patriots—the one hundred percenters. Thank God for them! They come down here with a now-what-can-my-business-do-for-the-Government attitude. They are willing to turn as much or as little of their capacity over to the War Department as the situation requires; and when it comes to price they lay their costs on the table and ask for suggestions. And their number is increasing by leaps and bounds these days, as business men get thoroughly roused.

"Our job is twofold: We are here to look out for the financial interests of our various districts first of all, but we are also here to make patriots out of the pikers and profiteers whenever we get the chance. Most American business men are patriotic enough, once they understand the seriousness of the situation ——"

"And you can well believe," broke in one of the others, "that the situation is very serious. At the War Department I learned confidentially to-day the actual figures on the number of men we are now planning to set down in France by the first of next July—you remember the President hinted in an interview two or three days ago that we would have twice as many men in France next June as at first planned. Well, that means ——"

He lowered his voice so that Bedford could just barely hear the figure that was mentioned. But he did hear it, and it made him sit up in bed. It was impossible! That number of men could not be trained and equipped in six months.

"And we are going to put it through if we can get the manufacturers of this country to speed up their part of the program sufficiently—clothes and blankets and shoes, and all that sort of thing. But it means everybody's got to double up or large new sources of supply have got to be opened up."

At a quarter past one, when Bedford dropped off to sleep, the conference was still going on. When he awoke again the sun was shining in the one little window of the bedroom. He looked over at Copeland's bed. It was empty. He hopped out of bed and looked at his watch. It was seven-thirty. On the bureau was a note:

*Marshall:* Sorry to have to slip out without saying "good morning," but I didn't think you'd want to get up so early. Take lunch with me at the Raleigh at 12:30 if you can. V. C.

Somehow Bedford felt like a little boy from the country visiting a busy and sophisticated city cousin.

And all day long that feeling lasted, for everywhere he went he found that for the time being his name and his enormous shoe business meant little to wartime Washington—excepting as to how many pairs of army shoes he could make in the next six or eight months. He lunched with Copeland at twelve-thirty and found him still cheery and very alert, and loaded with a whole lot of most astonishing new facts about army equipment requirements. The War Department had really got going and was gaining momentum every hour! The only concern seemed to be as to whether the country industrially could be made to see the emergency and would rise to it.

At four-seven that afternoon Bedford sank wearily into a day-coach seat of a Pennsylvania train due in New York at ten-fifteen P. M. If the train got in on time he could catch the midnight for Boston.

Riding in a day coach was a rather novel experience for Bedford, but to one thing he had made up his mind—the railroads should no longer use their precious coal and locomotives to pull four thousand pounds of parlor car for him when eighteen hundred pounds of day coach would do the job.

Just before the train started an old lady with seamed face and snow-white hair slipped timidly into the seat beside him, all the other seats being occupied. "That's the worst of these day coaches," thought Bedford. "You have to sit next to all sorts of riffraff."

With trembling hands the old lady adjusted her spectacles and then drew from her reticule a crumpled letter, written in lead pencil and bearing at the top of the sheet, Bedford noticed, the familiar red triangle of the Y. M. C. A. This letter the old lady proceeded to read, her lips moving over the words so rapidly that Bedford knew she must know it all by heart from frequent reading. A tear rolled down the withered cheek. Then another, and another. Then a little sob escaped her.

"You'll excuse me," she said confidentially, turning her tear-streaked face to Bedford.

Bedford nodded politely, smiling a bit in spite of himself. "Certainly," he said.

"You see," said the little old lady, "I just got this letter from John yesterday, and I've been kind o' readin' it through again. John's my boy, you know. He's such a good boy too. I s'pose you never met up with him?" Bedford shook his head. "Well, I didn't know but mebbe you had run across him in your travels—he worked on the railroad. Had a fine job too—got twenty-two dollars a week. But poor boy"—and the tears started to roll down her brave old face again—"he can't work on the railroad no more when he comes back. He's—he's—lost a leg," she finished abruptly. "You know he went over with the Canadians the second year of the war."

"How did he come to do that?" asked Bedford with kindly interest.

"Why, when he went to enlist up in Ottawa," explained the little lady, mistaking the import of Bedford's question, "they asked him where he came from and he said Baltimore and they said they couldn't take United Statesers and for him to go out and walk round the block and when he came back he'd be a Canadian; and he did." And the little lady glowed with pride.

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(Continued from Page 98)

"I see," said Bedford. "He is a real patriot."

The mother nodded her head vigorously. "Johnny always was," she asserted. "But poor boy, he's lost a leg now. I'll just show you part of his letter," she exclaimed suddenly, folding the last sheet of the letter so that Bedford could read only the last paragraph.

"Well, Ma" [said the last paragraph in a shaky hospital hand], "I might as well tell you now that I'm at the hospital. I got to lose a leg, the doc says, and he's going to operate this afternoon. It ain't losing the leg that bothers me much, but it makes me feel awful sore to be queered this way so as I can't get back into the fight. Don't you worry none, Ma, cause I'll come through all right, and it'll be all over before you get this letter at all, being so far off. If I should kick in and never come back—but shaw, I'm going to, all right—why you know me, Ma. I wouldn't have no regrets except that I couldn't be transferred to the U. S. Army, so I could die under the good old Stars and Stripes. Well, the nurses is coming for me now, so so long, Ma. Write when you can to Your John."

Down at the bottom, in a fainter, shakier hand, Bedford read a postscript:

"P.S. Well, I came through all right, Ma. They cut off my leg, but by God they can't cut off my fight! I've got to get into it again somehow, soon as I can get round."

"You'll excuse his swearin', won't you, sir?" the little white-haired mother asked anxiously, watching Bedford's eyes as he read down to the last line. "He ain't a bit profane, Johnny ain't. He was jest so het up."

"Bless your heart, my good woman, of course he isn't profane! Why, that's religion," asserted Bedford, his voice husky because his Adam's apple stuck halfway up in his throat. "Your boy is a hero."

The words sounded foolish and futile to Bedford after he had uttered them. Somehow nothing seemed adequate to the occasion, and he sat for a minute in embarrassed silence.

"The poor boy wants to be transferred to our Army," said the little lady finally, "so I just thought I'd run down to Washington to-day and see Mr. Baker and see if I couldn't get him transferred from the Canadians, as sort of a little surprise, don't you know?"

"How did you make out?" asked Bedford, curious to know how Washington would handle such a case.

"Why, Mr. Baker wasn't in to-day, so they told me to write him all about it in a letter and they'd see just what could be done," she explained, perfectly satisfied.

"Thank God for some information clerk with tact and a heart," thought Bedford to himself.

The old lady had evidently relieved her mind and heart, for she suddenly folded the letter and deposited it in her reticule. Then she drew forth a half-knit gray sock, adjusted her spectacles again and with a kindly, almost a chummy, sidelong smile at her seat mate proceeded to knit and think, knit and think, in composed silence.

Just as the train was pulling into Baltimore, past the everlasting rows and rows and rows of houses, she looked up and said softly: "I'm so glad that Johnny's comin' back. What would be the good in anything—money or anything—if our boys wasn't never comin' back to us?"

And Marshall Bedford, millionaire manufacturer, whose name was an international word for shoes in both Americas, and was emblazoned in six-foot letters on a big signboard that the train was even at that minute flashing past, turned his kindly face to her and said very simply, "Not a bit of good, little mother."

He was thinking what it would mean if his own boy, who had sailed for France just eight days before, should never come back.

At Baltimore the little white-haired lady slipped out in the aisle, stopped just a moment to give Bedford a quaint little curtsy, which he acknowledged with his very best grace, and shuffled out with the crowd.

For the next hour Bedford sat, his elbow on the window sill, chin resting on his palm. "Well, I came through all right, Ma. They cut off my leg, but by God they can't cut off my fight!" "If I should kick in and never come back ——" "Why you know me, Ma." Over and over phrases from the boy's letter ran through Bedford's weary mind in jumbled sequence. Somehow that phrase "You know me, Ma," meant so much more than the words said. What was it? Why, it was the same thing that Copeland had been talking about at midnight the night before—it was one-hundred-per-cent patriotism. "You know me, Ma, I'm game to go the limit," it said. And the postscript—"They cut off my leg, but by God they can't cut off my fight!"—that was one-hundred-per-cent grit.

Bedford suddenly wished that he too could lose a leg for his country. He would gladly if ——

III

ON WEST Thirty-eighth Street, New York, a little way east from Sixth Avenue, is a small shop. Just inside the door is a telephone booth. It was in this telephone booth that Marshall Bedford lost his business leg; not charging valiantly across No Man's Land amid the thunder of cannon and the cries of dying men. No; the first phase of the battle of Marshalltown, Massachusetts, was fought soberly, calmly—but none the less heroically—at eleven-forty P. M. under the stairway to the Thirty-eighth Street station of the Sixth Avenue L, with no din but the rumble of an uptown local coming to a stop overhead, and no cry but the half-intelligible calls of the L guards.

The battle of Marshalltown, Massachusetts, had as a matter of fact started back just the other side of Trenton, New Jersey, when Private Patriotism had suddenly suggested to Marshall Bedford: "Why don't you have done with this halfway patriotism? The Army needs shoes—millions of pairs of them. Why don't you just forget considerations of profit during the war and turn your entire plant over to the Government and help get our Army shod?"

And Bedford had been almost swept off his feet for a minute until Private Profit had counterattacked.

"There is no need for such a sacrifice," explained Private Profit. "The war can't last very much longer, and it isn't up to you to ruin your commercial business. Why, it would mean losing your thousands of good dealers, and it would take you months, perhaps years, to get back on the same footing again. As for this 'one-hundred-per-cent patriotism,' public speakers and government officials have to use it as a sort of slogan, but it isn't meant to be taken too seriously. Dividing the production of a great plant like yours on a fifty-fifty basis is magnificently generous and patriotic."

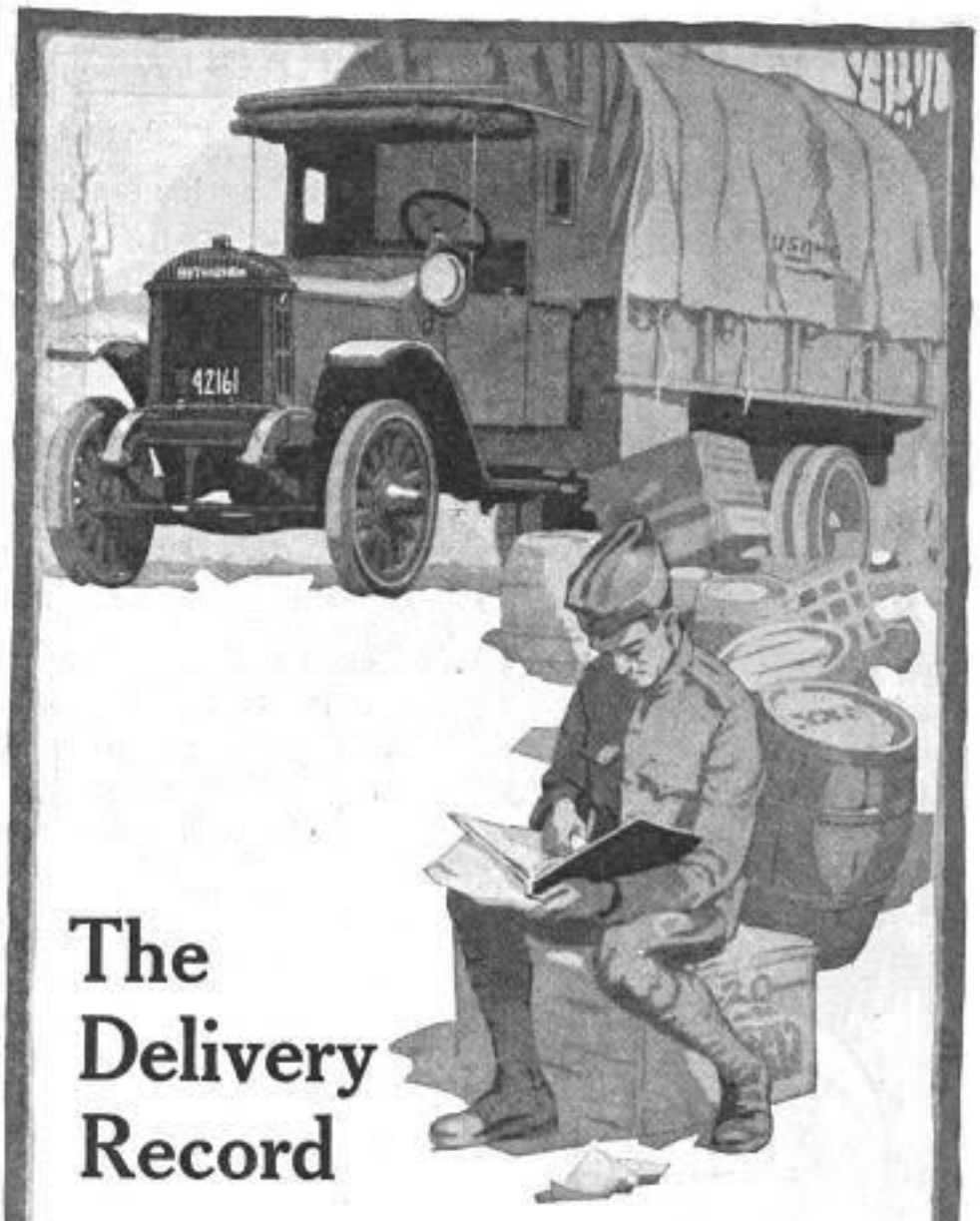
"Yes, but ——" began Private Patriotism. And the battle was on. Mile after mile as the train flew on through the night, a driving snow, half hail, beating against the windows, the quiet man sat with his chin resting on his hand, gazing unseeingly out into the storm. Occasionally he would reach up and rub his forehead as though his head ached. And once he got up and walked to the rear platform and tried to smoke. But he had abruptly thrown his cigar, half smoked, over the rail and walked back to his seat.

The little white-haired lady with the crumpled letter was right. "What would be the good in anything—money or anything—if our boys wasn't never comin' back to us?" What if Marsh should never come back? What would be the use of the great Bedford Shoe Corporation to him if he and mother were left all alone in the big house when the war was all over? God! This war must be ended! Think of the millions of little white crosses over in France! How many more would there have to be? Why was the war dragging so anyway? Why was it that this great rich country hadn't just risen up in its might and ended this war? Suppose the war should last three years more, why, Marsh would be sure to be—the war must be stopped—it must be!

Bedford had an insane desire to jump off the train and start running everywhere—east, west, north, south—like a modern Paul Revere, rousing people to the fact that they must hurry, that men were dying, thousands of them.

Manhattan Transfer; the tunnel under the Hudson; the big Pennsylvania Station.

Bedford took a deep breath and stretched himself to his full six feet as he stepped out onto Seventh Avenue. Here in New York the storm was half snow and half drizzle with a northeast wind blowing; the sidewalks were slushy. But he did not care; he


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would walk over to the Grand Central; he must stretch his legs before being cooped up in a train again; and his grip was not heavy. He turned up his overcoat collar and started out. Maybe the fresh air and the swirling storm would freshen him up and drive these foolish unbusinesslike thoughts from his mind.

"They cut off my leg, but by God they can't cut off my fight! I've got to get into it again somehow, soon as I can get round."

That crumpled letter haunted Bedford!

"As a matter of fact," said Private Profit, "that's just ordinary soldier talk. Your own boy—any boy over there in the exciting atmosphere of the battlefield and the dramatic surroundings of the hospital would have written just such a letter. It just sort of gets into their blood."

"You bet it does!" agreed Private Patriotism as Bedford turned, half blinded by the storm, into Thirty-eighth Street from Seventh Avenue, pulling his head farther down into the heavy fur collar of his big overcoat. "That is, if you're real American it does. Why, don't you remember the way your own boy talked before he went away? That wasn't the result of battlefield excitement; it was just clean-cut Americanism, the kind you've taught the boy yourself. Didn't you remark, yourself, back there at Baltimore, that you wished you could lose a leg for your country? Well, aren't there different kinds of legs—business legs, for instance?"

Bedford had been fighting off that suggestion for hours; now it had actually come out.

"More of this hero stuff," sneered Private Profit.

"Shut up!" snapped Bedford half aloud. He was nettled and irritated. He, who was known in the business world as a man of clear thinking and quick and definite decisions, had been letting himself fight foolishly over a question half the way from Washington. It must end! Not one step farther would he go until this question of patriotism or profit was settled, once and for all. He stopped short.

Glancing up he found himself under the protection of an L station stairway.

"The way the whole thing sizes up is this," he stated to himself: "Like many other businesses our business has two legs and two arms. The factory and the organization are the two arms; the right leg is the goodwill of the general public; the left leg is our sales distribution through thousands of retail stores. If we turn our whole business over to the Government service it will mean losing a leg, the sales-distribution leg, and we should have to hobble round on one leg for a long time after this war is won, for it takes years to build up a nation-wide distribution like ours."

Well—what of it? What if they did lose a business leg? That needn't take away their fight, need it? Was he any less of a man than the son of the little white-haired lady? Couldn't he start all over again after the war and grow a distribution leg again?

The Government needed shoes—needed them violently.

And the Bedford Shoe Corporation could make more than twice as many as they were planning to make.

An elevated train came rumbling into the station above his head. The gates clanged open, then closed again. A surface trolley clattered past. A policeman came down the avenue, his heavy shoes sloshing along through the slush.

From the shadow of the elevated stairway a very determined voice addressed the policeman: "Where's the nearest telephone, officer?"

The officer turned, half startled at the voice from the shadow. He paused, spat brownly, then turned and pointed to a little shop near the corner.

"Right there. Better hurry up; he'll be closin' soon."

Bedford started for the cigar store. "Well—you know me, Uncle Sam," he said half aloud.

Entering the store he tossed a half dollar on the counter. "Pick me out a couple of good cigars while I telephone."

In an uptown apartment house a man jumped out of his warm bed and hurried down the hall, shivering in his pajamas, to answer the phone.

"Yes, this is Wiltworth."

"Well," said the voice from the little cigar store in West Thirty-eighth Street, "this is Bedford. Sorry to bother you at this time of night, old man, but when a man's leg is sort of hanging loose he wants to have it amputated right away and not go dragging it round the country!"

Wiltworth rubbed his eyes and wondered if he was dreaming. "What?"

"Just this," said the voice, laughing: "Beginning to-morrow morning the Bedford Shoe Corporation is enlisted one hundred per cent in the service of the United States Government for the duration of the war. Uncle Sam can have every pair of shoes we can make—and what's more, he can make his own price.

"And"—as an afterthought—"if the Red Cross needs women's shoes for its relief work—why, it can have the entire output of our new Factory G."

Bedford reached Marshalltown at ten o'clock the next morning and went right to his office.

"Potter, round up the family," he directed; which was his way of calling for a meeting of all the executives.

Half an hour later eight men, representing the eight divisions of the business, from production to publicity, were seated in Bedford's office.

"Gentlemen," said Bedford, "at eleven-forty last night this entire business was enlisted in the service of Uncle Sam. From to-day on we make nothing but army shoes until the Government has enough."

Without waiting for the gasps of astonishment to subside Bedford went on to tell them the whole story; showed them the wadded sheet of paper which represented his proposed profiteering, told them all about his trip to Washington and his battle under the L station, and explained that though they would be able to save the two arms of their business, the factory and the organization, they would surely lose a leg, the distribution leg.

"Now," he continued, "we're not to feel sorry for ourselves, or heroic, or anything like that. We're soldiers, you understand, fighting the battle of Marshalltown, Massachusetts, and we've got to do our duty. We'll make less profit, but we'll have heaps more peace of mind."

At this point Mr. Thaddeus Telfrey, treasurer of the Bedford Shoe Corporation for the past twenty-six years, and a patriotic old soul, spoke up: "Never mind about losing profits, Mr. Bedford. If we haven't anything to sell the public, and won't have perhaps until the war is over, we can stop our advertising and save all that money."

Several of the others nodded their approval.

Bedford smiled at the old man. "Mr. Telfrey," he said, "if you were fighting over in France and you were injured so that they had to amputate one of your legs, would you say to the surgeon 'Now, doctor, just cut off the other leg too, and even me off so I can never walk round again'? Well, neither are we going to cut off the other leg of our business deliberately. The goodwill we have built round our name and trade-mark may be about all the leg we'll have to limp round on for some time after this war is won.

"Of course, we'll change to an entirely different style of advertising. Instead of talking everlastingly about 'style, quality and fit; style, quality and fit,' we'll talk 'Bedford Shoes, Enlisted for the War.' This is a time of tremendous changes in the commercial life of the world," he went on; "a time when more than one business that has been a leader in its field for generations will sink into comparative oblivion, while new businesses under the guiding hand of keen strategists will become world leaders almost overnight. It is a time of great danger, when no business, no matter how great its fame or its factories, can afford to go to sleep for a single season.

"I'm sure I don't want any traveler looking out of the train window as he passes our factory five years from to-day saying to his seat mate: 'Well, if there isn't the old Bedford shoe plant! That was quite a shoe in its day; used to wear Bedfords myself right along.'"

Then changing the subject Bedford turned to Brink, the secretary and sales manager.

"Mr. Brink, there won't be much work for the sales department to do round here for the next year or so. I suggest that you take Billings of the Chicago territory and go down to South America and study the shoe situation. For a long time I've felt that we have not been getting a third of the business we ought to get from there, but haven't suggested doing anything about it because we couldn't keep ahead of our

(Concluded on Page 105)

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PARIS GARTERS
are made for you

Men of America:
You Set the Pace!
Discriminating men everywhere have discovered as you have, that

PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you



35c
50c
65c

mean perfect garter service and satisfaction.
Your preference has been reflected the world over.

A. STEIN & COMPANY
Makers
Children's HICKORY Garters



PARIS
GARTERS
No metal can touch you

Makes the Best Dishes Better

Faust Chile Powder is a "different" seasoning.
You use it instead of pepper, spices, etc. It's a combination of all of them, except salt. For salad dressings, meats, gravies, stews, soups, there's nothing quite so good. Sold by most dealers in 10c, 15c, and 1 lb. cans. If your dealer hasn't it, send 15c for 1¾-oz. can and Recipe Pamphlet prepared by Henry Diette, famous chef of the historic Faust Cafe and Bevo Mill.

DEALERS—Ask Your Jobber. JOBBERS—Write Us.
C. F. Blanke Tea & Coffee Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Manufacturers of the world-famous Faust Instant Coffee & Tea. Faust Instant Coffee is now in the service of the Government and this product will therefore be unobtainable until victory crowns our arms. Faust Instant Tea, however, is still available at 35c, from dealers or by mail.




USN
DECK PAINT

Dries quickly, and acquires a hard, enamel surface that is easy to clean or wash. Hot water will not mar or crack it. If you don't know who sells it in your town, write us.

THE BILLINGS-CHAPIN CO.
Boston Cleveland New York

for porches, floors and walls
DRIES HARD OVERNIGHT

600 Shaves From One Blade

Yes, and more. That's the record of many men who shave themselves quicker and better than new—in 60 seconds. For all Safety Razors. Quick, velvety shaves for the busy motoring, new

Rotastrop

Just drop Blade in, turn handle. Nothing to get out of order. Machine gives "best and the action", just like a barber strops a razor.
10 Days' Free Trial—write for booklet. State make of razor.



Burke Mfg. Co., Dept. 271, Dayton, O.

(Concluded from Page 102)

North American business any too well. But now that we're likely to be limping round on one leg for months after the war gets cleared up it would be an opportune time to get in touch with South American conditions and make a drive for distribution. That will put us in a more independent position with local trade too."

It was the eighth of August, a day during that terrible hot spell when the entire East sizzled in a temperature running above 100 degrees officially—and you know how reluctant those official thermometers are to admit the truth!—with nothing to make life endurable except the wonderful news from France: The Hun was on the run!

Well, Brink and Billings sailed for Buenos Aires three weeks later in search of an artificial leg—and I guess that's all there is to the story. Sounds like an Alger book, doesn't it?" said Bedford, smiling, as he stopped to mop his face with his handkerchief. "Whew, but isn't this heat fierce!"

Sitting tilted back in his desk chair, his neatly shod feet crossed and balanced on the edge of the wastebasket at the side of his desk, he had told me the whole story, told it modestly, matter-of-factly, growing grave at times, at other times smiling almost boyishly as he related incidents that appealed to his sense of humor, now that he could see them in perspective.

I started to ask a question. As if anticipating me Bedford went on: "Yes, I've lost my business leg, all right." He reached into a desk drawer for a correspondence folder which bulged fatly with letters and telegrams. "These dealers have all definitely dropped our line and taken on others because we couldn't take care of them. And a lot of them are just plain peeved. By the first of October there won't be a pair of Bedford shoes on the market unless it is some little left-over stock of odd sizes."

"You can't mean that literally!" I exclaimed. "No more Bedford shoes? Why, that's unthinkable!"

"Literally," he replied. "We haven't shipped a shoe since the first of May except to Uncle Sam.

"I know what you're going to ask next," he continued. "The same thing a dozen others have asked me, in perfectly good faith too. You're going to ask: 'Was such a sacrifice necessary?'"

I nodded; the question had been on the tip of my tongue but I had hesitated to put it.

For answer he reached for a copy of the New York Times of that morning, which lay on the table behind him. "See that headline?"

I had seen it, but I read it again: "Allies cross Vesle in force, seize highway; British troops smash into Lys salient."

"Without meaning to detract one little mite from the bravery and heroism of the men who are making all this glorious news over there these days, I want to tell you that it never could have happened had not a large number of American business men months ago turned themselves and their businesses wholly over to the job of equipping and outfitting the million and a quarter of American soldiers who have gone across up to date—almost twice the number Foch dared hope for this summer. We're months ahead of our schedule.

"I want to tell you," he repeated earnestly, tapping the newspaper headlines, "that part of this advance was made right here in the old U. S. A. Hoover says food will win the war, and Hurley says fleets will win the war—and they are both right. But so will factories. Only the other day I was reading in some book or magazine that nations didn't win victories any more, they manufacture them; and I believe it's more than half true. It's just as Copeland said: There are thousands of battles going on in this war that will not figure much in our school histories. The battles of Bridgeport and Hog Island and Cleveland and Portland, Oregon, and Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, and thousands upon thousands of other cities and towns and hamlets—even little Marshalltown, Massachusetts—are counting tremendously in this war."

The almost deafening clatter and whir of the shoe machines from the rows of great factories flanking the little administration building broke upon my ears with fresh meaning.

"Machine guns," I remarked, nodding toward the open windows.

"Yes," replied Bedford, "machine guns, shooting shoes to Pershing. My, but how I wish that all of our folks could be made to realize that fully!" he exclaimed earnestly. "The one fly in the ointment of our patriotic service now is labor troubles. Two important departments are boiling for a strike this minute. Like most everybody else, these workers think that because the whole plant is running at full capacity on army shoes that we are literally coining money on fat government contracts, and they want a chunk of it. As a matter of fact our profit last month was almost a third less—not in percentage, mind you, but in actual dollars and cents—than it would have been on commercial business.

"But good gracious, I can't say much about the workers! It took Wiltworth, and three months' time, and a trip to Washington, and a lot of staggering facts from high authorities, before I was convinced that this war meant me! And then it took a little white-haired lady with a crumpled letter to shame me into doing my duty. But if only they could understand the terrible seriousness of the situation! If only they could realize that to leave a machine for a week, or for a single day, at a time like this is just about the same as if a bunch of soldiers over there in the front-line trenches laid down their rifles and struck for more pay or shorter fighting hours just as the Germans were starting a gigantic drive!

"It isn't that the men and women behind the desks and the machines are any less patriotic than their soldier sons and brothers and sweethearts. It's just that the war is so far away that they can't smell the smoke or hear the shells bursting. But, thank heaven, they're getting the spirit now; they are coming to realize more every day that they are actually enlisted. And it is they who are fighting the battles of Schenectady and Fall River and Duluth and Brookside Farm and Leadville and Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. It isn't the big executives in the front offices so much; they are just a sort of General Staff—important, to be sure, but absolutely impotent without the great army of workers who man the machine guns of industry. How I wish I could make them all see it!

"There's just one thing I'm afraid of," he continued, suddenly changing the subject as his eye rested on the newspaper headlines, "and it is that now that we are beginning to get good news from France we Americans—business men and workers alike—will begin to think that it's all over and we don't need to bother about one-hundred-per-cent patriotism any longer. A taste of victory such as we are getting is often more dangerous to the victors than to the vanquished. Wouldn't it be awful if we should get one leg over the fence, so to speak, and then hesitate on the top long enough for the boche to push us back so we'd have to climb clear up again?

"Of course, it isn't necessary that every business turn itself inside out for the Government as we have done, but it certainly is necessary, and will continue to be necessary right up to the time Pershing comes sailing home with our boys, for every business man and every worker in America to have the one-hundred-per-cent spirit, and be ready to make whatever sacrifice the Government has to ask. We've just got to buck up and grin, not grumble, while we're on the operating table—and not yell for anæsthetics either!"

He stopped short and smiled. "I run on like a Fourth of July orator, don't I?"

"It's the best Fourth of July oration I ever heard," I replied. "I've sort of caught that Paul Revere feeling you spoke of. I'd like nothing better than to write this story of yours and spread it through all of Uncle Sam's cities and towns and farms."

"Positively no!" he said, shaking his head emphatically.

"Positively yes!" I replied more emphatically. "It's a good win-the-war story; and we all need such stories just now to keep us on our patriotic toes."

"Well," he said after a minute, "perhaps—but you'd have to camouflage it very heavily so I shouldn't show through the least bit. You'd have to use some other commodity—shoes, for instance."

I nodded.

"Even at that," he continued, "half a dozen big manufacturers I know would be dead sure you were telling their story. Why—I'll bet if you write that story twelve hundred business men who run across it will say, 'Why, that sounds almost like my story!' And probably thousands of workers who read it will say, 'That sounds something like the story of our plant.'"

And in a way it is!



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# JAVA HEAD

(Continued from Page 19)

approach of the Fourth of July made Nettie's existence drabber than ever. Then there was unusual planning, for later in the month President Polk was to be in Salem.

The various military organizations drilled incessantly: the Salem Light Infantry, the Mechanic Light Infantry, the Salem Cadets and Independents and squad of the Salem Artillery might be seen at any hour of the morning or early evening smartly marching and countermarching, led by Flag's or the Salem Band. Strange constructions of light wood climbed in Washington Square—the set pieces of the celebrated pyrotechnist secured at a "staggering expense." Preliminary strings of firecrackers were exploded by impatient boys, and the dawn of the holiday was greeted with a sustained uproar of powder.

All this was communicated to Nettie in the form of a determination to forget the dreariness of home and for once anyhow be a part of the careless holiday town. Edward Dunsack opened the day by deprecating what fireworks Salem could show and recalling the extravagant art of China in that particular. No one, he said, of the least moment would be abroad in the rabble; and he intended to spend the day over the invoice of a schooner returned from Curaçao. She was glad of this, for it left her free to get an uninterrupted pleasure from the morning parade, the floats and fantasies, the afternoon drilling in Washington Square, and see the last colored disk of the fireworks. Maybe, she told herself, tying the becoming ribbon of her bonnet beneath a round chin with a lurking dimple, maybe she wouldn't come back home once during the entire day! She ignored, in the rush of her spirits, even her mother's lonely labors; for once they'd have to do without her. Nettie took a scarlet merino shawl for the cooler evening, shook forward the little black curls about her face, and hurried away from Hardy Street.

She was swept along in the crowd on Essex Street until, before the office of the Salem Register, she found a place that commanded the parade. There Nettie lost all memory of the dreariness that pressed upon her; she became one of the throng applauding the members of the East India Marine Society carrying the palanquin from the Museum in native dress, or stood with sentimental tears blurring her vision. The parade ended and currents of people swept toward dinner; but she stopped at a baker's and got a paper of seedcakes made in the shape of oak leaves, and sat contentedly eating them in the Common.

The thought of Gerrit Ammidon, with all the other deeper aspects of her life, was thrust into the back of her consciousness; she was existing as she breathed—without will; the instinctive lighter qualities had her in full possession. She felt that her cheeks were glowing, and she hummed the refrains of the music she had heard. One by one the military companies marched into the Square. She was fascinated by the tall leather helmets and silver straps under severe young lips. The Newburyport men were in a new scarlet uniform; that was the Boston Brass Band—it was painted on the bass drum—with the Independents; there were the Beverly Taylor Guards. The massed onlookers filled the broad plain.

The drilling and countermarching proceeded and the afternoon waned. At the dispersal of the spectacle, when for an hour or two Washington Square was comparatively deserted, when the sun sank lower and lower over the roofs of Brown Street and the gold haze thickened, turning to blue, Nettie became quieter but no less happy. The time sped; never was she conscious of being lonely, by herself in a multitude composed of grouped families and friends. It was all such a beautiful relief to the other constant dwelling on somber and hopeless facts! Already people were streaming in under the wooden arched gates for the evening display; already she could see a star in the clear-shining green east.

The fireworks, the papers said, were to be in two parts, ending with a bombardment of Vera Cruz, five hundred feet long, and a series of triumphal arches with full-length portraits in colored lights of celebrated Americans.

There was a sudden salute of artillery, and a flight of rockets soared upward in long flaming curves, bursting in showers of dissolving ruby and silver against the night. Bengola lights casting a blue glare over the standing mob and farther house fronts were followed by a great Peruvian Cross, a silvery fountain of water and Grand Representation of Bunker Hill Monument.

With this the first came all too soon to an end, and Nettie was folding her shawl about her shoulders, when almost the entire Ammidon family were upon her. In an instinctive confusion she saw William Ammidon and his wife with their daughters, the old man, Jeremy, and Gerrit.

They stopped before her in an assured, not unkindly inquisitiveness, the girls fresh and bright-faced, with crisp lovely clothes; their mother, in a smart mantle and little bonnet with knots of French flowers, greeted her with a direct question tempered by a smile. William Ammidon, smoking, was unconcerned; while Gerrit stayed obscured outside the group.

"Whom are you with, Nettie?" Rhoda Ammidon asked; and when she admitted that she was alone the elder, with visible disapproval, asserted:

"That won't do at all in this rough assembly. I must see that you are taken care of." She hesitated with a slight frown on her handsome brow. "But you will want to see the rest of the fireworks. Yes, what you must do is come over to our steps; the view from there is fairly good, and then someone can walk home with you."

They moved resolutely forward, giving Nettie Vollar no opportunity for protest, the expression of what she might prefer; and with so many determined minds she drooped silently into their progress. She was beside Rhoda Ammidon; the girls trooped on before, and the men—Gerrit Ammidon—followed. Her peace of mind had been broken into a hundred half-formed doubts and acute questions. She wished that she had declined to go with them. The invitation—no, command—had been a criticism, really. Now after so long it wasn't necessary for them to become suddenly responsible for her.

The happiness of the day sank a little, thoughts of her mother and grandfather and Uncle Edward returned. But at the same time she realized that she was near Gerrit once more. That made a confusion of her emotions that hid what she most felt about him. It wasn't a proximity that meant anything, however; it had been utterly different when he came to see her before his marriage. Yet just the fact of his being close behind her and that she would be on the steps at the Ammidons' with him undoubtedly had a power to stir her heart.

It brought, like her carefree excursion, a certain momentary glow, a warmth without relation to what had gone before or might follow; there was the same quality of momentary rest, refreshment, complete and isolated as a jewel in a ring. She didn't analyze it further, but drifted with the vigorous chattering tide of the Ammidons.

They arrived at an impressive entrance open on a high dim interior. Jeremy and William Ammidon went in, Rhoda lingered while a chair was brought for her, and Sidsall and Camilla, Laurel and Janet ranged themselves facing the Square. Gerrit hung silent in the doorway.

"Perhaps Taou Yuen will come down," Rhoda Ammidon suggested, and Nettie's throat was pinched at the possibility of seeing Gerrit's Chinese wife.

But he answered shortly in the negative. Taou Yuen preferred to stay in her room; the view from her window was better than this.

The latter was easily possible, for here the set pieces were almost unintelligible—an impressive beehive could be seen surrounded by swarming golden bees, a pyramid of Roman candles discharged their rushes of colored balls and streamers; but the bombardment of Vera Cruz was a cause of bitter complaint to the children.

The fireworks had ceased to have the slightest significance for Nettie; she was luxuriating in the suavity of the Ammidon steps and company. It seemed to her that an actual air of ease rolled out over her from within. Seen from her place of vantage the great throng in the Square was without feature, the passers-by on Pleasant Street—as Edward Dunsack and herself had been—were unimportant. The massive portico and dignified fence, the sense of spaciousness and gardens and lofty formal ceilings, the feeling of fine silks and round, clear direct voices, of servants for everything,

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everyone, transcended in force all her speculations. She was familiar—who wasn't in Salem?—with the meaning of the house name, Java Head. It was more—quite heaven.

Thoughts of Gerrit winged in and out of her mind like wayward birds. She turned with studied caution and glanced swiftly but intently at as much of his countenance as she could see. Her memory vividly supplied the rest. There wasn't another like it—one so clear and compelling to read—in the world.

The past in which he had had a part seemed like an impossibly happy dream. She was hardly able to believe that he had been in their sitting room, walked with her in the evening to the grassy edge of the harbor or held her fingers in his hard cool grasp. Now she wondered if he were contented. She couldn't quite decide from glimpses of his face; but something that had nothing to do with vision disturbed her with the certainty that he was troubled. It might mean unhappiness, but she wasn't sure.

"Now there go the arches!" a young voice exclaimed, "and I just can't see anything. You'd never know at all it was a temple of eight columns. Oh, look—there's a number coming out! 'July fourth, seventeen seventy-six.'" A tide of hand-clapping swept over the dark masses. "No," Laurel continued, "that's Salem. . . . It's Washington; no, General Taylor."

The amazing day, Nettie realized, was over. The people flowed back through the gates like a lake breaking in streams from its bank; there was a stir on the steps. Looking up she saw that the stars were obscured and a low rumble of thunder sounded from a distance; a flash lit the horizon. Now she must go back, return to Hardy Street, to her bitter grandfather like an iron statue eaten by rust and storms, to Edward Dunsack following her with his dragging feet and thin insinuating voice, to her hopeless mother.

"It's the powder," she heard, about what she had no conception.

Rhoda Ammidon turned decidedly to her.

"It was nice to have you, Nettie," she declared; "but we must see about getting you safely home. The carriage would be best, since it's threatening rain."

She didn't, she replied, want to give them so much bother; she often went on errands after supper, she'd be all right.

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Ammidon interrupted impatiently.

Then Gerrit advanced from the doorway.

"I'll walk down with her," he said almost roughly. "No need to take the horses out so late."

Nettie Vollar thought that his sister-in-law's mouth tightened in protest, but he gave them no chance for further argument. He descended the steps with a quick grinding tread, and she was forced to hurry through her acknowledgments in order to overtake him.

The night at once absorbed them.

The air, charged with the fumes of gunpowder and rumbling with low intermittent thunder, was oppressive and disturbing. Gerrit's head was exactly opposite her own, and she could see his profile, pale and still, moving on a changing dark background. He walked with the short firm stride men acquire on the unsteady decks of vessels, swinging his arms but slightly. Neither spoke. The rain, Nettie saw, was hanging off; probably it would not reach Salem. Washington Square was already empty except for a small obscure stir by the scaffolding for the fireworks. A murmur of young voices came from a door on Bath Street. Such minute observations filled her mind; beneath their surface she was conscious of a deep, a fathomless turmoil. It was a curious sensation, curious because she couldn't tell whether it was happiness or misery. One now exactly resembled the other to Nettie Vollar.

She grasped, however, one difference—it was happiness now; the misery belonged to to-morrow. But suddenly that last unrealized fact—at once immaterial and the most leaden reality of all—lost its weight. The greater freedom she had lately grown into became an absolute indifference, a half willful and half automatic shutting of her eyes to everything but the present, the actuality of Gerrit Ammidon walking by her side. She wanted him to speak, so that she could discover his thoughts, feelings; yet she was reluctant to have their companionship of silence broken. Words, almost all the possible terms she could imagine, would only emphasize the distance between them.

She was thinking of one now—a word he had never pronounced but which she felt had been, however obscurely, at the back of the attention he had paid her—love. It was a queer thing. It seemed to be—everyone agreed that it was—of the greatest, perhaps the first importance; and yet all sorts of other considerations—some insignificant and others mean, and more, yes, cowardly—held it in check, drove it back out of sight, as you might hurriedly shut some shabby object into a closet at the arrival of visitors.

"How have you been?" he demanded in the abrupt voice of the expression of his determination to see her home.

Well enough, she assured him, if he meant her health. He glanced at her with somber eyes.

"Not altogether," he admitted; "it included your family, things generally."

"They are as bad as possible," she told him.

She admitted this frankly, a part of her entire surrender to the moment, careless of how it might affect him.

"They would be," he muttered savagely. "It's a habit—here."

The "here," she knew, referred to life on shore; his gloomy attitude toward the management and affairs of the land had caused her a great deal of precious laughter. He had revealed a most astonishing ignorance of necessities that she had understood instinctively when hardly more than a child; and this simplicity had as much as anything brought her affection for him to life. At the same time she in particular had felt the justice of a great many of his charges. But no one could reasonably hope for the sort of world—a world as orderly and trim as that of a narrow ship—he thought should be brought about by a mere command. Nettie wished that it could! She sighed, gazing at him.

"Then it's no better than before?" he asked, adding with a descriptive gesture: "The town and people?"

"I hardly speak to ten in a year, outside the stores and like that. Of course they nod going into church; or a lady—I mean really your sister-in-law—will say something nice, even do what you saw to-night. Though it's the first time anything like that has happened."

She caught a repressed bitter oath.

"I suppose I'll get used to it," she continued. But "No, I won't" she added differently; "never, never, never!"

He said with an incredible stupidity, "If you were a man now ——"

She wondered angrily if he'd rather have her a man; there had been a time, Nettie reflected, when such a possibility would have stirred him to violent protest. And this brought out the reflection that while at one time he might have cared for her, now perhaps he was merely sorry for her unhappiness. Yes, this must be it. She had a momentary fatal impulse to throw back at him scornfully any such small kindness. She didn't, she told herself, want condescending sympathy. What silenced her was the sudden knowledge that she did; she wanted anything whatsoever from Gerrit Ammidon. The fact that he had a Chinese wife was powerless to lessen her feeling in the smallest degree. On the contrary, she was shocked to find that it had increased immensely; it was growing with every minute.

She wondered drearily if her stubborn love—the term took its place without remark in the procession of her thoughts—for Gerrit didn't, in spite of her protest to the contrary, stamp her as quite bad. Perhaps her grandfather was right about them all—her mother and Uncle Edward and herself—and they were wicked, lost! The energy with which she had combated this charge, now faced by the circumstance of her realized affection for a man married to someone else, even Chinese, wavered. All the cheerful influences of the day, rising to the supreme tranquil hour on the Ammidon porch, sank to dejection; it was like the flight of the rockets.

She walked listlessly; her brain was numb; she was terribly tired. Gerrit Ammidon's head was bent and she was unable to see his expression. He might even have forgotten, by the token of his self-absorbed progress, that she was at his side.

"There's going to be a stir in Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone," he said presently, "when my father hears of the new program. Everything is turning to the fastest California runs possible. William and James Saltonstone want me to take




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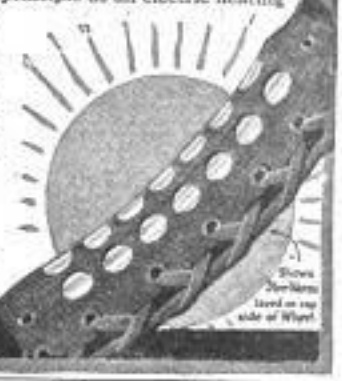
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command of a clipper. But I find I'm like my father, Nettie; all my experience has been in the East and the China service. I'm used to it; I'd never get on navigating a passenger boat, a packet ship, from Boston to San Francisco and San Francisco to Boston. The other's in my blood, too—running the northeast trades to Brazil and coming up into the southwest passage winds for the Cape of Good Hope. A long reach nearly to Australia, and then north again to the Indian Ocean and southeast trades.

"I'm fit for that, for long voyages, a blue-water sailor and all it means; but—battering back and forward round the Horn with my deck cluttered up by prospectors and shore crews the mates would have to beat into the rigging!"

His exclamation refused every face of such a possibility. She understood his necessity completely; and the brief account of such far happy journeys, safe from everything that Salem had come to mean for her, filled her with longing.

"I'm beginning to see," he took up again the self-examination, "that I am to blame for a good deal that I've found fault with in others. I mean that I'm a different variety of animal, and naturally no judge of the kinds of holes they live in or the way their affairs are managed."

"You are worlds better!" she cried.

He turned to her, obviously startled, and she held for a long breath his unguarded intense gaze.

"Not very useful, I am afraid," he replied at last; "not to-day, anyhow. I belong to a life that is dying, Nettie; mark my words, dying if not already dead. And I'm newfangled to my father. It goes as quickly as that."

This was a fresh mood to all her knowledge of his impatient arrogance, and one that sent her to him in a passionate unperceived emotion. They had arrived at her home and were waiting aimless and silent. Beyond, the gate to the yard was standing open, and Nettie saw that his discovery of the fact had occurred at the identical moment of her own. She made an involuntary movement forward, and he followed her through to the blurred tangle of bushes and bare trodden earth. Mutely they turned to the sod spread at the harbor.

The thunder had died away, but pale sheets of reflected lightning hovered at short intervals low in the sky. Directly above them stars shone again. The window of the sitting room still bore the illumination of the lamp within; and Nettie could picture her mother, with stained and rough hands loose on their wrists, opposite Barzil Dunsack's gaunt set countenance.

"You said something about things as bad as possible."

In a level voice she told him about her discovery of Edward Dunsack unconscious in his black wrap on the bed.

"I thought he had died," she repeated almost monotonously; "he had such a yellow gone look."

"But that can't be allowed!" he cried. "You mustn't see it! Indecent, worse. The beast will have to be removed. No one will hear of his staying about with two women and a fanatical old man."

She was afraid that he would go into the house at once and reappear with her uncle, very much in the manner of a dog with a rat. Her sense of a worldly knowledge, a philosophy of realization far deeper than his own, returned.

Things couldn't be disposed of in that easy manner; it was probable that they couldn't be disposed of, righted, at all. Her mother, with her help, must continue to keep Barzil's home; there was no other place for Edward Dunsack to go.

"He won't hurt us," she said vaguely. "It's principally bad for him. Then at first I didn't know. You get used to so much."

He, Gerrit Ammidon, wouldn't have it, he asserted in a heated return of his familiar dictatorial manner. The fellow would be out of there to-morrow. It was a damned unendurable outrage!

She smiled softly, and laid a momentary hand on his sleeve.

"That's nothing, Gerrit; nothing compared to the rest, to me."

He frowned down at her out of the gloom.

"What am I to do?" she asked.

He again cursed Salem and the world with which he had proclaimed himself out of date and sympathy. This, though it communicated to her a certain warm comfort, resolved nothing, made no reply to her question. To-morrow offered precisely the same hopeless outlook of yesterday. No answer from Gerrit, Gerrit married, was possible. She saw that.

"I'm not fit to go round on land blundering and setting tongues to clapping," he declared. "I ought to be locked in my cabin when the ship's in port, and let out only after sail's made again."

She heard a slight movement in the grass, and turning sharply caught the vague outline of a man, the thin unsubstantial shape of Edward Dunsack. He vanished immediately; Gerrit, absorbed in bitter thought, had missed him. Strangely her uncle only filled her mind with the image of China, the China that had ruined him and which, too, in the form of a woman, a Manchu, had destroyed the hope of any acceptable existence of her own.

"Great pretensions and idiotic results!" he went on. "No ballast! Take what your grandfather said to me—nothing in that unexpected or to drive a man off. Yet off I go and ——"

He halted oddly, just as her breath was suspended at the admittance which she was certain must follow. But he fell into another glooming silence. After all, she couldn't expect him to continue that development. A different man might; and Nettie wasn't sure of her refusal to listen . . . to the end. But she was familiar with Gerrit's unbending conception of the necessity of truth alone. If he married a woman—yellow, black, anything—he would perform the obligation to the entire boundary of his promise. Good and bad seemed equally united against her. Little flashes of resentment struck through her leaden conviction that all this was useless.

"I must be of some use to you."

But Nettie realized there was only one way in which he could help her; only one thing she wanted—could take—from him. She was terrified at the completeness with which love had possessed her, making every other fact and consideration of little interest or importance. Suddenly it seemed as if she were being swept by an overwhelming current farther and farther out from safety into a bottomless immensity that would claim her life.

"Yet," he cried, "if I lift a hand here in Salem, if I as much as cross the street to speak to you—the clapping tongues! I can do you nothing but harm. Though Rhoda might ——"

"I don't want your Rhoda!" she interrupted passionately. "I've managed without them all up to now."

He raised his arms in a hopeless gesture.

"Nothing's to be done," she concluded. "I saw that all along—that is, this last time."

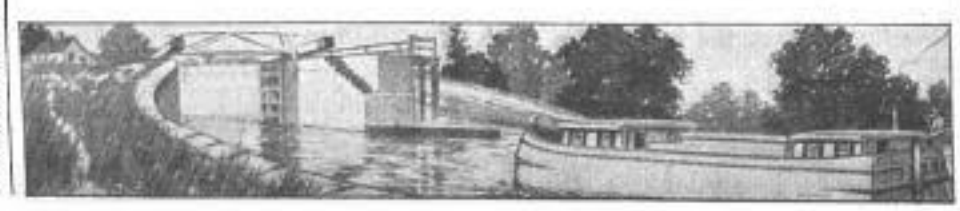
"It's late," he muttered absently; "you have had a day."

He turned mechanically and moved away from the indefinite black rim of the harbor. The lamp in the sitting room had been extinguished, the house was dark. A brief embarrassment seized her as he stood trying vainly to find something confident, even adequate to say for farewell. And as the stir of his footfalls died away up Hardy Street the memory of his last futile words mocked her laboring heart.

She turned and faced Edward Dunsack advancing from an obscurity deeper than the rest. He murmured approvingly; she caught words of commendation and unspeakable reassurance. She hurried away blindly, sick to the inmost depths of her being. The morning, when she had tied her gay bonnet ribbons and started out with the scarlet merino shawl on her arm, seemed to belong to a long, long time ago, to a girl. . . .

The popping of a final string of firecrackers died outside.

(TO BE CONTINUED)






In Active Service

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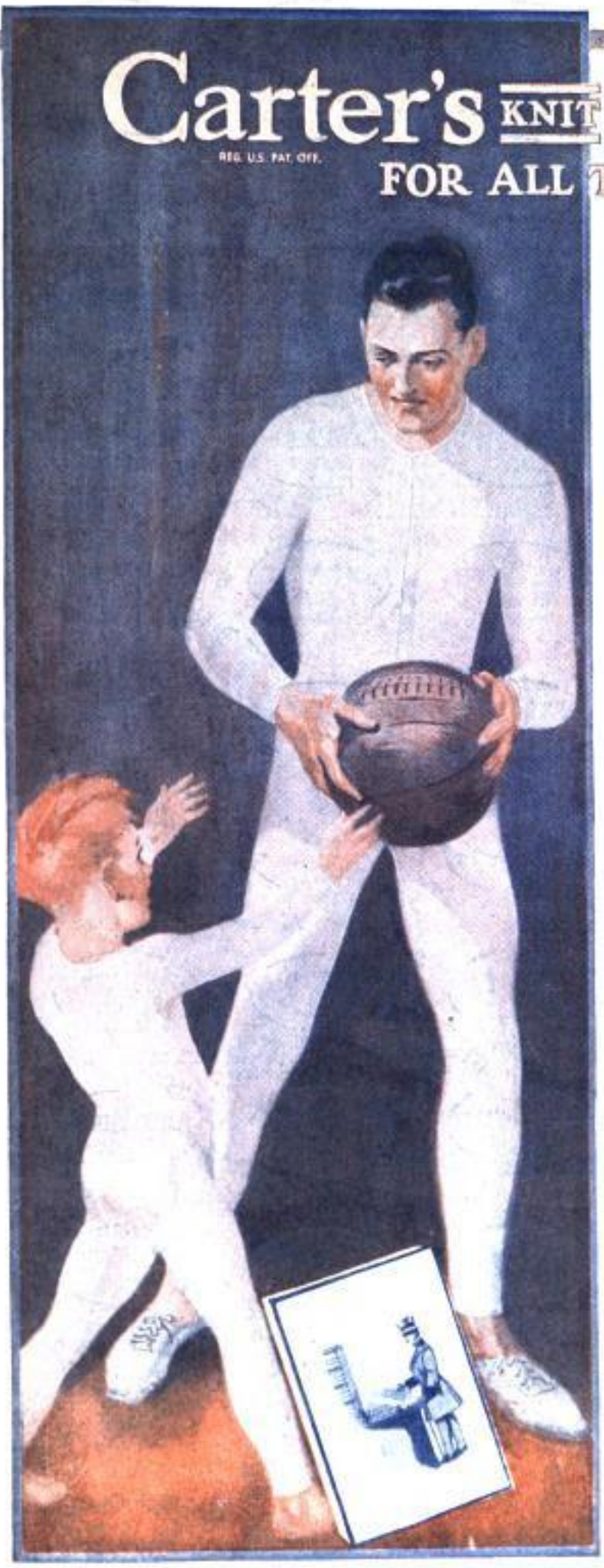
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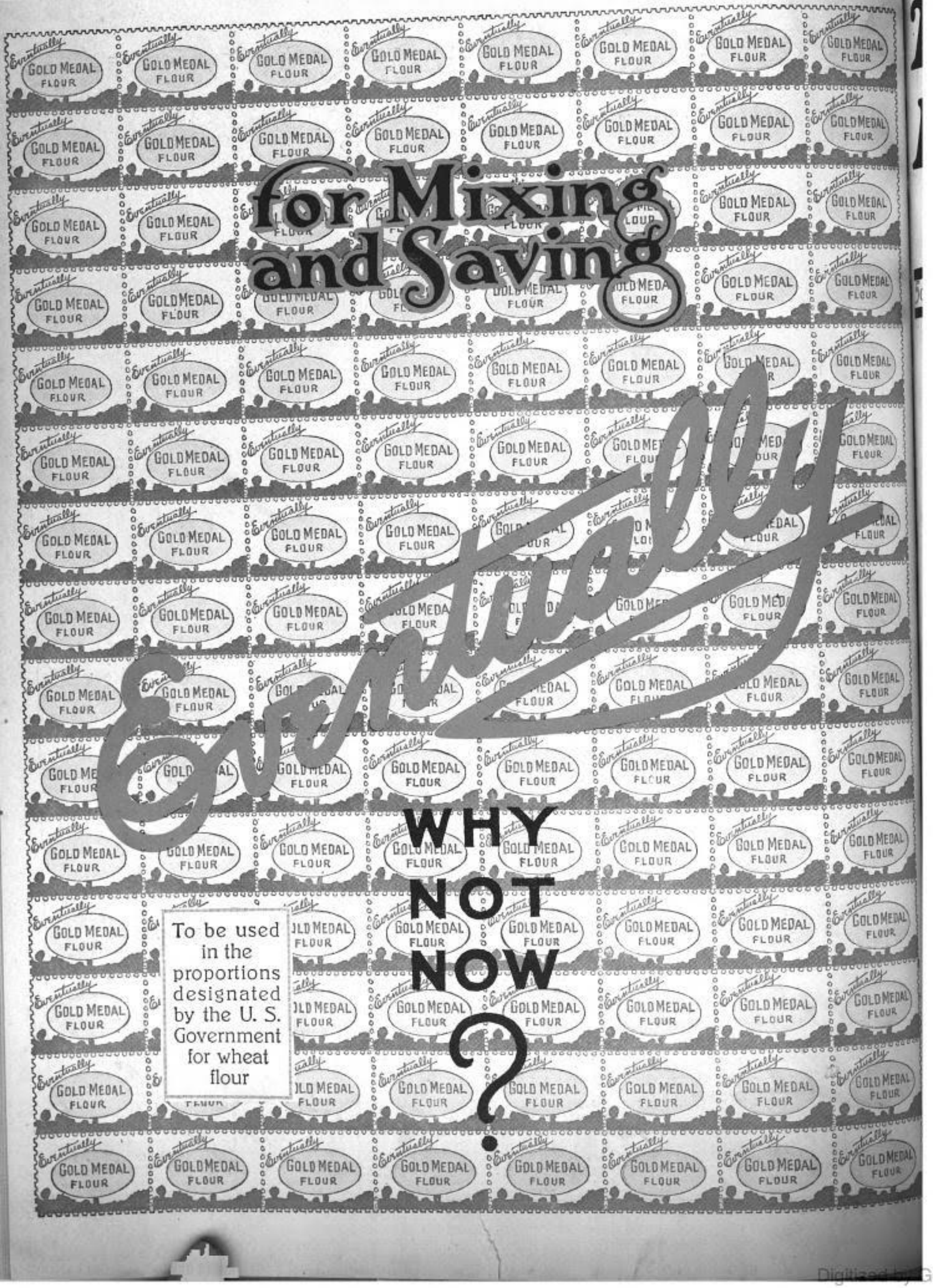
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Every good apple is a cup of priceless juices, laden with Nature's exhilarating delights and those precious nutritive mineral salts which are the very jewels of the blood. A box of *good* apples open in the pantry is the medicine chest closed in the closet. A box of one hundred *good* apples costs no more than a box of one hundred choice candies. The *good* apple's cost is really nothing—it is saved in the drug store. The apple family is the happy family—*good* apples passed to all; the steaming, savory pan of rich baked apples; the deep apple pie! There is nothing like it! Start with *good* apples. Keep on with *good* apples. Dozens—boxes of them. A *good* apple is the best thing in the house. Always remember, constantly think of it, that *the box emptied of apples is the house filled with health.*

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5. **Ortley**—Nov., Dec., Jan. Eating and cooking.
6. **Delicious**—November, December. Eating only.
7. **Wagener**—Nov., Dec. Eating and cooking.
8. **Stayman**—Dec., Jan., Feb. Eating and cooking.
9. **Rome Beauty**—December, January, February, March. Supreme baker. Excellent eating.
10. **White Winter Pearmain**—January, February, March. Cooking and eating.
11. **Arkansas Black**—February, March, April, May. Cooking only.
12. **Newtown**—March, April, May. Cooking and eating.
13. **Winesap**—Feb., March, April. Eating only.

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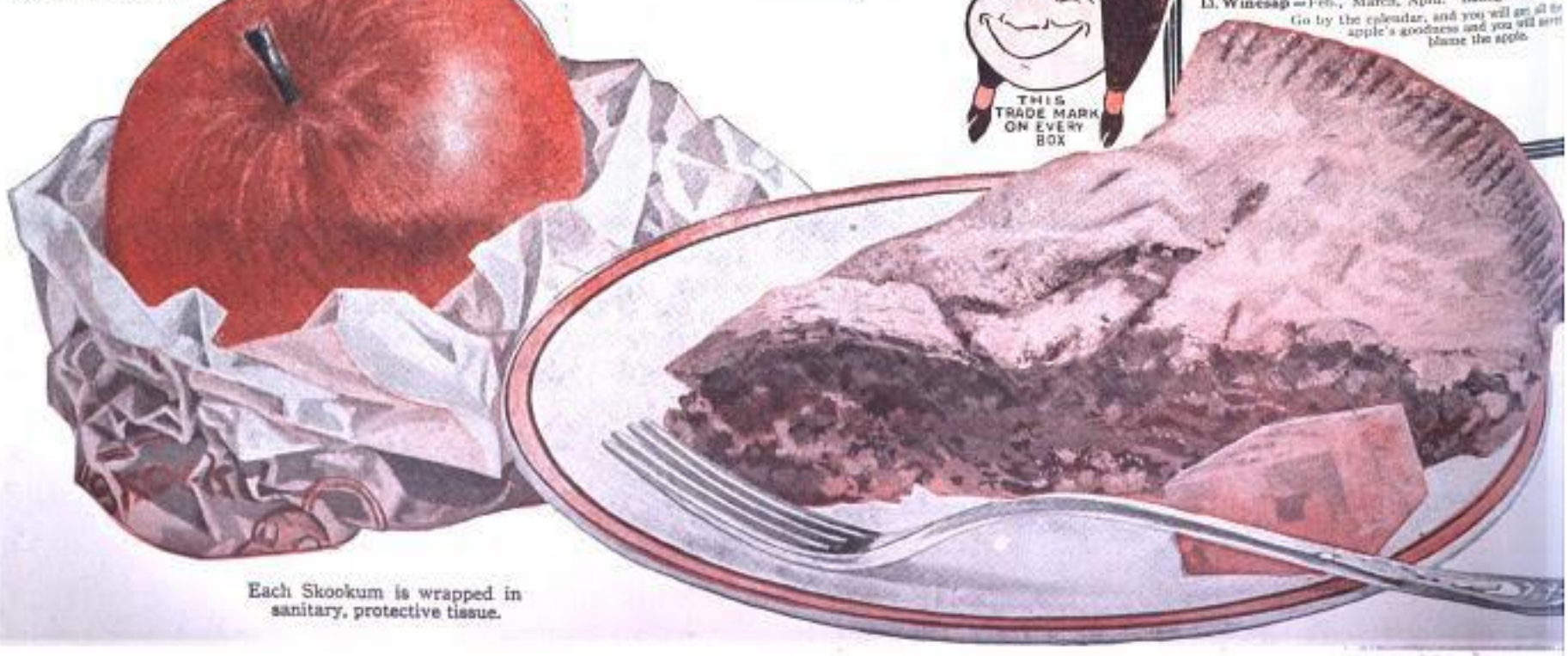
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# CALL UP THE BALLOON

## By Lieut. H. K. Black, Flying Officer Observer, R. F. C., C. F. A.

WHEN, after some two years of fairly strenuous service in the field artillery in France, my transfer to the kite-balloon section of the Royal air force was completed, I found myself at wing headquarters waiting to report my arrival to the officer commanding. I had always been used to seeing fairly elderly men wearing the badges of a lieutenant colonel, so I was hardly prepared for the young officers of the flying corps. None of them were present, however, when I arrived. The sergeant major told me they would be back about five o'clock. He took me into a very comfortable mess room, put cigarettes and magazines at my disposal and left me.

Then and there I began to like the flying corps immensely. I was very comfortable and possibly a little drowsy. My magazine slipped unheeded to the floor as I watched the smoke from my cigarette curling up to the ceiling. A door slammed and I awoke. A young man, bundled up in a leather flying coat, exploded into the room. I got up leisurely and nodded to him.

"Are you the adjutant?" I inquired casually.

"No," the young man responded as he struggled out of his overcoat. "No, not exactly; I'm the colonel."

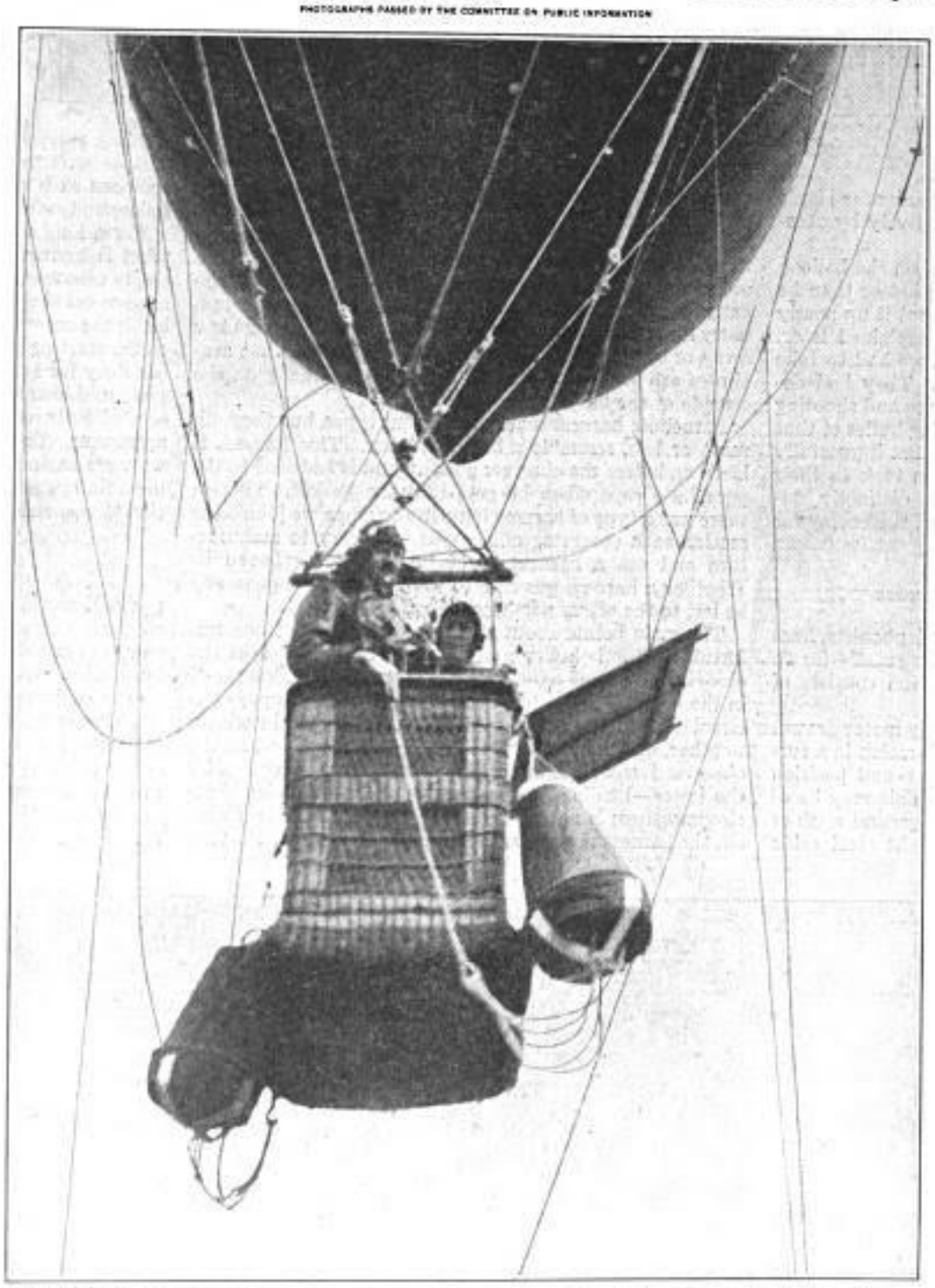
He saw the joke quicker than I did and laughed over it while I tried to apologize through my own laughter.

This incident, however, coming as it did on my entrance to the balloon service, did me one good turn: It got me an identity with the colonel. He could never forget me after that. There was no chance that I would be "one" of his officers—I should have a status all my own from then on, and it would be my own fault if I did not improve on it.

The colonel called up an officer, who assigned me to a section, and then I clambered into a motor tender and left for my new home.

Though balloons and their functions are becoming better known now, still there are comparatively very few people who know anything about observation balloons except that they go up in the air.

PHOTOGRAPHS PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION



*The Basket of a British Observation Balloon. The Two Cone-Shaped Bags Hanging on the Outside are Parachutes, One of Which is Attached to Each Observer. Upon the Flat Board Protruding From the Basket is a Map. The Observer in the Foreground Holds in His Left Hand a Telephone by Which He Communicates With Those on the Ground*

In the Royal air force at the present time there is one balloon wing to an army, and as there were five British armies in France when I left, there were five balloon wings. Each wing is divided into several companies. The number is elastic. Each company is divided into two balloon sections, and each section owns and operates one balloon. There are several officers in a section, who take their turns at observing, but no matter how many there are—if one would believe those same officers—there are never nearly enough officers to do the work. As a matter of fact, when there is plenty of work to be done, as there was in 1917, the balloons are somewhat understaffed; but, then, where there is plenty of work the same thing probably holds good in every branch of the service.

Though the entire air service is a new thing in this war and, therefore, a good deal talked of, still it is the aëroplane which attracts the most attention. There are several reasons for this, chiefly because there are considerably more aëroplanes than balloons. Moreover, the aëroplane navigates and fights in the air, and its performances are very spectacular from a newspaper point of view and from the Hun-killing standpoint. Though the aëroplane kills individual Huns by shooting them down to earth with a mighty crash it is largely through the agency of the observation balloon that the Hun batteries are smashed up. Moreover, considerably more Huns meet their death by our artillery fire, directed by balloons, than by air fighting. It is true that aëroplanes direct artillery fire also, but not with nearly so much accuracy as the balloon is capable of.

I wish I could tell some of the things I have seen some aëroplanes do—how they registered their batteries on altogether the wrong targets, and a few other things. They were doing their best, I know, but they were handicapped by three things: Antiaircraft fire, the fact that they were moving very fast through the air over the target, and the limitations of their communication.

Since one is absolutely stationary in a balloon an observer can check observations very accurately. The antiaircraft fire is not so intense against a kite balloon, though sometimes it is uncomfortable enough. Further than that, the balloon has the advantage of speaking directly over the telephone to the battery with which it is working. I know that on many occasions—I don't intend to say how many—when I went to complete a shoot which an aëroplane had commenced I found our battery shooting wide of the target.

For fighting, for bombing, for reconnaissance, for keeping Fritz blinded in the air—our aëroplanes are unbeatable; but for artillery observation I am confident from my experience that the observation balloon is the best observation post yet invented. People will challenge that statement, I know, but I think anyone who has done observation from a balloon and from an aëroplane will corroborate my statement.

At a height of four thousand feet on a clear day one can detect with strong binoculars a difference of fifteen feet in the fall of a shell.

Up till the spring of 1917 the balloon was *persona non grata* with a great majority of artillerists, but during that spring the sausages came into their own, and their importance has been recognized ever since. I do not desire to belittle the utility of aëroplanes in the least. The point I am trying to drive home is the relative importance of the balloons for purposes of observation.

The balloon section I first joined was the one which, in the battle of Neuve Chapelle, when all communication with the rear had failed, stayed in the air for twenty-nine consecutive hours and kept headquarters informed of the entire progress of the battle. That section has, hung in its mess room, framed copies of the letters of thanks from the divisional, corps and army commanders and the commander in chief.

To describe things briefly, then, an observation balloon is not spherical but elongated; in fact, it looks like a huge sausage, and generally goes by that name. The balloon will



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lift approximately a ton. Of course, the higher the balloon goes the less weight it will lift, as the air is of less density at heights than on the ground. The density of the air at a given height is in a constant ratio to that at ground level, and so the aneroid barometer can be used to register altitudes.

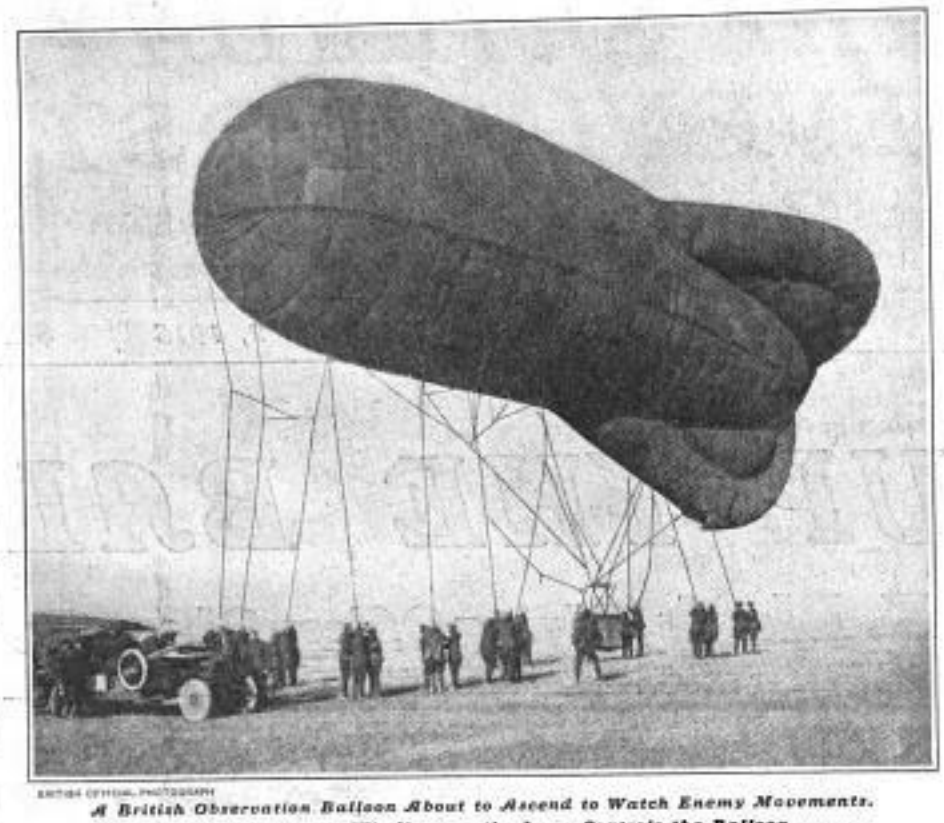
The balloon is generally made of silk, coated with a rubber solution. It is anchored by a steel cable about the thickness of a lead pencil, which is capable of enduring great strain.

The old lady was in error when she inquired of a balloon officer why they didn't have a rope ladder or something instead of climbing up and down that steel cable.

The motor winch, which lets the balloon up and hauls it down, is mounted on a motor truck and can, therefore, move about the country under its own power. It is therefore possible to let the balloon, with the observers, up into the air and then, by running the winch forward along a road, get considerably closer to the Hun's lines than would be possible otherwise.

Though it is not altogether possible to conceal the whereabouts of a balloon section we found it advisable to refrain from forcing ourselves on the Hun's attention while the balloon was on the ground. While there the sausage made a shining mark for the Hun's artillery, and he could strafe us very effectively by aëroplane observation.

In the air it was a different matter. When the balloon was up Fritz could see the balloon much better than he could on the ground, but he could not shoot it up nearly so well. This apparent paradox will be explained later. While a flight was being made, however, we had to take our chances with the hostile aëroplanes. They had developed a nasty habit of flying over the lines and shooting tracer bullets into the gas bag. If a flaming bullet of that sort punctured the gas bag the result was that it generally came down in flames, while the observers took to their parachutes. Though we considered this distinctly unpleasant, like the Kaiser we always blamed the enemy for starting the trouble.



A British Observation Balloon About to Ascend to Watch Enemy Movements. A Large Electric Windlass on the Lorry Controls the Balloon

### Balloon Observers in Harness

WHAT with the balloon crew proper, telephonists, linemen, riggers, transport men and cooking staff—for we lived high in the balloon service—a section consists of slightly less than one hundred men.

A balloon section is a mobile unit, entirely motor drawn. It can pack up and move itself to a new location in a surprisingly short space of time. Arrived at a new position a bed is prepared for the balloon itself. This may be of several different characters, but usually a ground cloth of canvas is staked to the ground and a light steel cable fastened round it with pickets. The balloon is fastened down to this ridge wire, as it is called, and weighted down with sandbags.

The telephonists erect a portable chart room and run their wires from that to the traveling telephone exchange, which also is in a motor truck. A knockdown wireless hut is also generally erected.

One of the big advantages a kite balloon has over an aëroplane for observation work is that the balloon has direct telephonic communication. The observer in the balloon has a head and breast telephone set fastened to his body, and from the basket he can speak to the chart room, the exchange, any of his batteries, and also with the balloons on either side of him.

The basket is made of wickerwork and is about four by five feet in dimensions; some balloons have been tried with two somewhat smaller single-man baskets. The basket is equipped with the telephone, binoculars of varying powers, a barometer, a thermometer, a compass, a prepared map board with the maps of the area fastened to it, and either a Pitot tube or an anemometer to measure the velocity of the wind. One more parachute than there are passengers is hung over the side of the basket. The extra one is for use in case one parachute becomes a casualty for any reason. In a high wind a parachute may blow away or become crushed by hitting something. The parachutes are packed in cone-shaped cases and hang on the outside of the basket.

Parachute harnesses are of different types, but they all, more or less, resemble a breeches buoy. This harness is laced on before the observer goes up and is fastened to the parachute rope when he gets into the basket. Though there was a type of harness issued to us when we joined the section each observing officer was at liberty to manufacture and use a harness of his own if he preferred it. Whether a harness was safe to use or not could generally be left to the officer who was going to use it.

The main points about a harness are: It must be comfortable—if it is heavy and uncomfortable it weighs the observer down and affects his efficiency during a long spell in the basket; it must be loose enough not to impede the circulation in the bitter cold of high altitudes in winter weather, and tight enough so that it will not slip when the observer jumps, and leave him suspended more or less by the knees—landing on the back of the neck under these circumstances is not a practice to be encouraged; above all, the harness that gives the best results must be one that will not get in the observer's way in the basket. Harnesses that flop about, getting tangled with the telephones and the binoculars, have ruined many a promising shoot. There have been times, even in civilian life, when a man with a very equable temper has been reduced to ungovernable rage by a poor telephone connection. On active service the telephone service is never all that could be desired. So, take a telephone that is not all it should be, add to that a high wind and a swinging basket, and further complicate matters by a parachute harness that is determined to get itself mixed up in the wires, and you have all that is necessary to cause a rupture between the artillery and the balloon.

After all, an artillery officer is only human and he thinks a lot of his arm of the service. It took a long time for the balloon service to convince the artillery that the balloons could help them to any great extent. The artillery fought shy of the sausages for a long time, and it wasn't until well into 1917 that they really believed in balloons. That confidence, so laboriously built up, can be destroyed very easily by a poor telephone. It was our experience that the closer liaison we kept up with the artillery the better were our results. When the balloonists visited the artillery and the artillerists visited the balloons each one found out that the other was a regular fellow and only too anxious to work to the common end.

For a long time the telephone system was operated on what is known as the earth-return system—that is, one single wire was run between the two stations, and by each station connecting the other side of the telephone to the earth the current passed along the single wire and returned to the starting point through the ground. This was unsatisfactory for several reasons. First, it caused induction—one could hear several conversations going on at once; and second, Fritz could hear our conversations with his listening apparatus. To make it more difficult for him to hear what we were saying and to improve the service generally the metallic system was adopted—that is, the whole of the circuit was carried by two wires strung off the ground.

### Initiated by the Major

SOME sections had three or four switchboards, and in those cases the exchange took on more or less the appearance of a city exchange, and at times was just about as busy, also. We have had as many as fifty-eight batteries on our exchange at one time, and these, with our connections to company and wing headquarters, the transport lines, the balloons on either side of us and with the buried cables running in every direction, made us a tangible factor in the communication system of the armies.

An exhaustive description of balloons and their equipment cannot of course be crowded into this amount of space, but I think that with this the reader can get a sort of idea that will make what follows more clear.



Observers Fixing On Harness Which is Connected With the Parachute. Note the Fur-Lined Boots They Wear

When I reported from wing headquarters to company headquarters I was received by the company commander, a major, who was six feet four inches in height and nearly as broad as he was long. He weighed about seventeen or eighteen stone, which works out at about the neighborhood of two hundred and fifty pounds. On the occasion before mentioned, when a balloon stayed twenty-nine hours in the air, he was the chap who had done nineteen hours of the twenty-nine in the basket. A finer character or a worse balloonatic I never saw. He simply loved it.

When I reported to him he assigned me to a section and took me down himself to introduce me. When he presented me to my future messmates—a wonderful bunch of fellows—he put a nickname on me which I

(Continued on Page 73)

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# THE PRINCE AND THE PIKER

## By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR



When He Came Back He Brought Mrs. Harold Crudson and Her Epochal Six Trunks Back With Him

"He who is too liberal cannot long continue so; he will become poor and contemptible. . . .

"And . . . he cannot retrace his steps and replenish his finances without being accused of avarice." —MACHIAVELLI—*The Prince.*

THE Prince was Harold Crudson, only son and heir apparent of Old Oliver P. Crudson, who had a title of his own, being High-Muck-a-Muck of Middleville, which is no inconsiderable place in the eyes of its inhabitants. To particularize, Middleville had then the courthouse of the county, two banks, eight churches, nearly seven miles of paved street, an electric-light plant, a public square with a band stand, where the band boys played regularly on Saturday nights, a three-story brick hotel, two newspapers, a progressive class of people, a canning factory, a culture club and a rosy future. To be a leading or even a prominent citizen of such a town is no little or light thing; to be High-Muck-a-Muck of it puts a man pretty well up on the perilous pinnacle of pride and power.

If you wanted anything in Middleville—an accommodation at one of the banks, public office of any kind, an easy letdown or favorable decision in civil or criminal proceedings, a contract, a franchise, an organ for the church or a vacant lot for a circus performance—you went to see Old Oliver first; if you were wise you did. And you took your little *quid pro quo* along with you and contrived to let the old gentleman know that you had it, even if you didn't crudely haul it out and lay it on his desk; supposing that you were wide-awake, onto the ropes and of a sage, reflective temperament. In other words, if you had any cutaneous disorder on back or palm Old Doctor Crudson was willing and able to relieve the itch, but being similarly afflicted himself he wanted to be sure that the palliative scratching or greasing would be reciprocal.

Of course, Prince Harold was made an exception to this proviso. Anything that Harold wanted he got, and if there had been any difficulty about it Old Lady Crudson would have seen to it that it was overcome. Born in the purple, Harold's face during his infancy instantly assumed that royal complexion at any denial of his wishes, and his supplementary and stentorian bellow invariably brought the household to time in mighty short order. A little prince!—and he looked it every inch of him, with his bright handsome face and sunny curls, and his slender well-formed body arrayed in costly garments of the most picturesque juvenile mode. All the women said so—even those with boys of their own.

"Doesn't he just look a little prince!"

Behaved like one, too, for the bellowing was infrequent after all. It wasn't often necessary to bellow. He had a charming smile too; something very gracious and winning about it, and there wasn't a mean hair on his curly little pate. Everybody said so.

Messer Niccolo Machiavelli, of Florence, Italy, prefacing his well-known Teutonic treatise already quoted, observed that "those who court the favor of princes generally present them with whatever they possess that is most rare, curious and valuable." That observation, however, applied rather to the courtiers of the H. M. than to those of his son. Harold's little playmates found him tolerably indifferent to their possessions and liberal enough with his own, as soon as their novelty had in some degree worn off. He would give away anything that he didn't particularly value, and do it in a careless, splendid way that made him highly popular. He enjoyed being popular. Sometimes he would give things that he really did care for.

"That's all right," he would say, waving protestations of gratitude aside with princely grace. "That's all right. Keep it if you want. I can get my old man to get me another easy enough."

And it was easy enough.

"Bless his generous little soul!" his fond mother would exclaim; "he would give away his head. Father, you must really get him another."

Father chuckled good-naturedly. "Get him another head?" he asked. "Might help him, at that. Well, he comes by his generousness honestly, Mariar. I gave a feller a street-car franchise this morning. Worth a considerable more than a twenty-two rifle, I should say. But, then, it didn't cost me anything." He chuckled again. "I suppose I'll have to come across," he concluded; "but you hadn't ought to let 'em work you, Harold. They'll do it every time if you let 'em. What made you give it to him, son?"

"He thought I wouldn't," replied little Harold. "I called his bluff, though. I guess he thought I was a piker; but I fooled him."

Number Seven, the accommodation, pulled into Middleville depot. Some four or five people got off and two of them climbed into the Hollister House bus, which presently started and went jolting and swaying up Main Street. It had proceeded half a block or more when a rotund youngish gentleman, with a heavy seal-brown mustache and much watch chain, hurried out of the baggage room, carrying what was then known as a gripsack. He stopped at the edge of the platform, looked after the disappearing bus, dropped his grip, and swore with an emphasis that brought a titter from the lingering loafers and clamorous offers of assistance from three or four barefooted urchins. One of these latter was a bullet-headed, freckled boy of perhaps twelve years, who looked a trifle cleaner and was not so noisy if no less earnest than his companions, and the belated traveler picked him for the job.

He was certainly a small boy for a large-size heavy grip, but he tackled it manfully and staggered off in the wake of the rotund gentleman, traversing the five long blocks to the Hollister without setting his burden down once. The other boys tagged along. At the hotel the owner of the gripsack tendered a nickel.

"It's worth a dime," said the boy. He was breathless with the exertion, and sweat rolled down his freckled, uninteresting face, but he spoke calmly.

"But you'll take a nickel," the rotund gentleman asserted in a rotund voice and with a dark scowl.

"I'll take what's fair and right, and that's a dime," returned the boy, looking steadily into the scowl.

"If you get anything more it'll be a swift kick."

"I'll get five cents more. I earned it, and I'll get it."

There was no doubt of t being his intention. The tr eler knew determination w he saw it and with a la tossed him the coin requi As he disappeared within the Ho ter's doors a chorus of congratulat rose from the boys who had tagge

"Good for you, Jimmy!"

"Couldn't razzle-dazzle ole Jim could he?"

"You bet he couldn't, the ole skate!"

They clustered round Jimmy, who grinned—a sort sober grin—and turned to go. They lined up with h lovingly.

"Where'll we go blow it?" one asked, throwing his a affectionately over Jimmy's shoulder.

Jimmy stopped. "Blow what?"

"That ten cents."

"I'm not going to blow it."

He spoke with the same calmness, the same unabash determination that he had shown in his insistence on additional nickel, and as the comradely hand dropped fr his shoulder he saved them the trouble of remonstrance walking away from them. That he was pursued by a y of derision did not appear to disconcert him in the le

"What you fellows hollering about?"

A stylish two-seated phaëton was drawn up near curb. The tightly checked pawing horse that drew it groomed to the last glossy hair, the harness glittered w silver plate, the negro driver wore a plug hat and a tigh buttoned livery coat. Behind the driver sat our cu headed friend, Harold Crudson, who surveyed the ga with languid but not unfriendly interest as he dangled silk-stockinged leg over the side of the vehicle.

"What's the trouble?" asked Harold.

Oddly enough the boys did not seem to resent the stocking or the beautifully laundered and befrilled wa They grinned recognition and answered the question read

"Jimmy Wilkes. He got a dime for carrying an skate's grip up to the hotel. The man wanted to give h a nickel, but Jimmy hung right onto him, and we st by Jimmy. Then Jimmy tells us that he ain't going blow nothing—after we'd stood by him; and he's gone now with his fist curled round them ten cents tighter' clam."

Harold smiled contemptuously. "I bet he hung o there was a nickel in it. You fellows were suckers if y thought he was going to spend anything. Not Jim He's a piker if ever there was one, Jimmy Wilkes is."

He slid his other silken leg over and dropped to curb. "Say, I've got a loose quarter in my jeans," he served genially. "Jeff, you tell mom that I'll be back ri away if she comes out before I get back. C'm'on, fello I'll treat."

Jimmy Wilkes, the little piker, went straight home the piking little cottage on the south side of the trac where he lived with his mother, who did plain sewing a

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dressmaking in a piking little way and got along pretty well, thank you, considering. Mrs. Wilkes stopped her machine at the sound of his whistle and gave him a welcoming smile, at which he uncurled his tight fist and displayed not ten, but forty-five cents.

"My gracious!" exclaimed the mother. "You must have been busy to-day, Jimmy."

"I sorted out a barrel of apples for Mr. Watson and swept out the store," said Jimmy pridefully. "I got fifteen cents for that, and Mr. Watson gave me the specks when I got through. I'm going to take my wagon and get them after supper. They'll make good apple butter. 'Nen I run an errant for Mr. Payne at the bank and mowed a lawn on Bolivia Avenue. The lady said I could come and cut it again in about two weeks. After that I went down to the depot, and I got ten cents for carrying a man's valise; and that made it."

"Goodness!" said Mrs. Wilkes. "If you keep on this way you'll have more money than some folks have hay by the time school opens again."

"I'll have enough to buy me a new suit of clothes, I bet you!" declared Jimmy with a confident nod. "And enough for somep'n else too. But that's a secrut."

He laughed gleefully and looked at the calendar with the lady feeding chickens on it that ornamented the wall. There was a date a little more than a week ahead that marked the anniversary of Mrs. Wilkes' birth.

"Keeping secrets from your poor old mother! All right for you, Jimmy!"

The machine whirred, and Jimmy climbed on a chair and took a cast-iron-elephant bank from the clock shelf. Into this he dropped his forty-five cents and then made entries in an old copy book, ruled under headings "By mony what I have urned" and "To mony what I have spent"; after which he put the copy book away and announced that he was going out to weed them onions.

"They're looking fine," he said. "I bet we'll have a couple of bushel dry to put away for the winter besides what we sell. And the 'taters are settin' awful thick."

"I think you ought to lay down and take a rest, Jimmy," said his mother. But Jimmy only laughed and went out to weed them onions.

Mistakes will happen. At some time or another we inevitably take the wrong sow by the ear, put the saddle on the wrong horse, get into or before the wrong box—the jury box, for instance—and get in wrong, more or less, by consequence. We may be sage as Solon and perspicacious as the Pythian Oracle—which Oliver P. Crudson really wasn't—and yet make an occasional bonehead play. Oliver P. Crudson made his mistake by electing the wrong district attorney, a man without the least sense of gratitude for favors past or to come. Something was saved out of the wreck that followed: the house, which was in Mrs. Crudson's name, and a certain amount of real and personal property that was likewise exempt from restitution and not absolutely needed to keep O. P. out of the penitentiary. But the house had to be sold and much of the other realty disposed of; the phaëton and the silver-plated harness went with the rest, and Oliver P. Crudson's funeral expenses made quite a sizable hole in the ready money. For the old gentleman went. He didn't like sympathy and there must have been penetrable stuff here and there in his hide, for avoidance hurt him. He had been a High-Muck-a-Muck so long that any other existence seemed hardly worth while beginning; and so the young Prince came into his depleted own.

His title was pretty well established by this time. He was nineteen then and in his freshman year at a freshwater college where princes were few and far between. So far as his opportunities went Harold hit up a tremendous pace, taking a tumble now and then, as the faculty interposed obstacles or brought him up with a round turn, but dusting off his knees and speeding up again with undiminished ardor and with an enthusiastic following, which included sophomores and even seniors. Rather a bad influence, the faculty thought, but youth will have its follies and allowances must be made when allowances are too liberal and easily exceeded. And when Crudson did apply himself to study he showed considerable aptitude. Moreover, his winning smile and frank, pleasant manner had their effect even on these dour pedants, so that they only conditioned him instead of expelling him outright, and he was in the second day of his probation when the home troubles began and his scholastic career ended.

He left a wide circle of eternally devoted friends and admirers of his princely qualities, one or two of whom he has since seen and touched; a reputation as a high roller, that still endures in tradition; and a nice little mess of debts, which Old Lady Crudson's attorneys settled for twenty cents on the dollar—a settlement that cut the creditors' profits to almost nothing.

For a month or two after the expensive funeral Harold looked the field of employment over. He decided that he had to get to work, Middleville having no leisure class to speak of within business hours, and his mother being poor company and so foolishly apprehensive of the future that she almost insisted on confining expenses within the limit of income. They had already moved into a modest little house and cut down the help to one woman by the day, and the woman's cooking was so rotten that Harold had to take one of his meals at the Hollister; but even with this retrenchment Harold found himself shorter of loose change than he liked.



*Those Beasts Meant It; and So Did Beatrice, on Whom He Had Lavished Thousands—Yes, Thousands!*

There were jobs enough. People rather sympathized with the boy, and so far from holding him accountable for the sins of his father were willing, some of them, to help him along. Joel Peters, the druggist, would have given him a job. Joel figured that it was our duty to help the widow and the fatherless, and Old Oliver had his good points, too, when you come to think it over, and a boy like Harold, with his college clothes and good looks, wouldn't keep no trade away from the soda fountain. Felix Ginsberg, the one-price clothier and gents' furnisher, made Harold a proposition, too, but to the general surprise Harold finally went to work for Slayden, who kept a grocery and general merchandise store on Main Street. Another thing that was surprising to many was that Harold made good.

"An A 1 clerk," said Slayden to his wife, who had objected to the raise of Harold's wages. "The customers like him and like to have him wait on 'em. By gravy, they'd sooner have him wait on 'em than me; and with most clerks it's the other way about. Another thing, my dear: he'll sell 'em things they hadn't got any notion of buying when they come into the store. Johnny-on-the-spot, he is, and I can afford to pay him good wages."

"You can't tell me!" said Mrs. Slayden viciously. "And lots of good his wages do him. He never saves a cent. I'd watch my cash drawer if I was you. And bumming round at the Hollister bar and Hank Firelong's, playing cards and billiards and who knows what, up to all hours! Nice doings! And swaggering round in them dude clothes—anybody would think he was the boss and you was the clerk. You'd think he was working in a bank instead of a grocery and dry-goods store. Jimmy Wilkes in the bank doesn't begin to dress the way he does."

Slayden chuckled. "I should say he didn't. And Jimmy's one customer that Harold can't stick for anything he doesn't need. He'll never set the town afire, though. He just about knows enough to add a column of figures and hang on to what he's got."

"That's something," said the lady.

"As for him spending his money, that's none of my business," Slayden went on; "and I don't care what he does nights or how late he stays up s'long's he's at the store on time in the morning and hustles the way he does all day. I'm not buying his clothes, so that part of it don't worry me; and he's putting more money in my pocket than he's taking out of the cash drawer, you can bet on that. Boss or no boss, he's learning me a thing or two about the business."

It was all true enough. Harold was showing a positive genius for business; and he was also setting the pace and the fashion for the gilded youth of Middleville when the toils of the day were ended. A prince, as ever, and by popular acclaim, he had the true princely phraseology down pat, to wit:

"What's a dollar, more or less?"

"This is on me, boys."

"Surest thing you know! How much do you want?"

"Call a hack, Sam—a couple of hacks."

"I'll see you and raise you." Business of raising.

"Give me the checks, waiter."

"The best in the house; the best is none too good for us."

"Keep the change."

"We've only one life to live."

Handsome, well-dressed, ready-tongued, quick-witted, open-handed and good-humored—except round home, where Old Lady Crudson was surely a trial, moping or fussing—the Prince was a marked contrast to Jimmy the Piker, who, from errand boy in the bank, had been advanced to the post of a junior clerk at a salary that was in accordance with the bank's conservative policy. He had never shown any particular ability and hadn't an atom of personal charm. A very uninteresting and ordinary young fellow, but steady and dependable. Not especially popular with other young men, either; but not disliked, except by the swift set that trained more or less with the Prince, and there were those who stoutly maintained that Jimmy wasn't a bad sort and was as square as a tile. But there was no doubt that he was thrifty. He had a phraseology, too, from which may be selected:

"No."

"What's the price of it?"

"Don't throw that away."

"I'm not a betting man."

"Every little helps."

"Let's figure it out and see exactly."

"I can't afford it."

"Quite a little wear in it yet."

"That's something I can do without."

Jimmy and his mother still lived in the piking little cottage on the south side of the tracks; Mrs. Wilkes still did plain sewing and dressmaking, and Jimmy still worked in the garden evenings; there were always dry onions for the winter, besides what they sold, and the potatoes generally set well, to say nothing of the tomatoes and the beans and peas and the cucumbers, lettuce, sweet corn, summer squash and small fruits. It beats all, as Jimmy often remarked, what you can get out of a little fifty-by-a-hundred-and-twenty-five-foot lot. About all a small family can use and put up, with a mess for the neighbors now and then, and the best kind of exercise. If you had wanted to know exactly how much the Wilkes lot yielded, what it cost for fertilizer and seed and Paris green, and so on, how much was used, sold or given away—Jimmy could have hauled down a little set of canvas-covered books and told you to a cent. He liked to keep track of things, Jimmy did—a picayunish, penny-pinching trait that was often commented on. Jimmy tried to justify it on the theory that you could check up and see what it paid to raise and what was cheaper to buy in the season. The same with all expenditures and receipts. If you found that you were spending too much for some one thing you could cut down; or, vice versa, you could branch out somewhere else if you wanted to. You knew where you were. Mrs. Wilkes kept complete housekeeping books on that principle. Imagine it! Well, it takes all kinds of people to make a world! For a business, of course, that was all right; but keeping accounts for a back-garden truck patch and the housekeeping for two persons and an old tomcat! Well, I'd hate to be that careful!

Slayden kept his phenomenal clerk for nearly two years and then let him go. It was either that or hand the business over to him. As it was, Harold had been drawing out more money than Slayden himself. "Yes, he was worth it—in a way," Slayden acknowledged. "I'll give him credit for what he's entitled to; but his idees was too big for me, and he wasn't satisfied to let me have my way. Now I'll tell you: Mr. Harold Crudson don't run his own business in no way to make me want to let him run mine. He ain't only broke most of the time, but he's in the hole; and I know and you know that the old lady stakes him right along, and that ain't right. Not when it's a young man and he's making good money himself. No, it ain't right. He's out on the road now. Took Edmondson's job with the Wallis-Meeking folks in Chicago. Edmondson's quit the road. We'll see him every three weeks or a month. I guess he'll be selling me more goods than I can handle, but maybe not. He'll sell goods, though. That's where he shines—and I don't say that some of his ideas ain't good. I'll miss him, all right."

Others missed him. He was missed in the little back room over Henley's barber shop, and in Hank Firelong's saloon and Riordan's pool and billiard parlors, among other places. He was mourned on front porches on some of the best streets in town. Bright-eyed and blatant youth, blear-eyed and beery age and sorts between spoke of him affectionately and regretfully.

"This here don't seem like the same place with him gone," said Ben Durfy, one of the blear-eyed, with deep feeling. "There is not a soul has asked me have I a mouthful on me this blessed evening. A thrue sport! A prince, as he was!"

"The only trouble with him was his short memory," observed Walt Sowbray, the liveryman. "He forgot to

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pay me the little bill he's been owing me for six months or more. And it ain't so dad-blamed little, at that."

"You ain't the only one," said Dick Cooper, a lanky youth who worked for Ginsberg and aspired to princely honors himself. "He owes me money; but I ain't afraid he won't pay me. He won't hold out on you when he's got it—whether he owes you or not."

There was a chorus of assent that would have pleased Harold if he could have heard it, but Sowbray didn't look quite convinced.

Before Harold left town to embark on his short but brilliant career as traveling salesman he went to the bank to cash a check that his mother had indorsed. Jimmy Wilkes, who was now assistant cashier, was at the paying-teller's window and Harold flicked the check at him with his customary jest: "I hate to do it, Wilkes. I know how it hurts you to hand over money."

"Not so much when I've something to show for it," replied Jimmy soberly. "Going to leave us, I hear. How do you want this?"

"Just plain ordinary cash that strangers won't be afraid to take," said Harold. "The kind that's easy to pass."

"I'd sooner give you a kind that it would be easy for you to hold on to," Jimmy told him. "Speaking as a friend ——"

"As a what?" Harold gave him a cool stare and smiled unpleasantly. Jimmy didn't seem to mind, though.

"Speaking as a well-wisher, then—as a small-sized stick-in-the-mud, if you like—I'd salt down a little of what I made if I were you, Crudson. It don't hurt anybody to have a little capital to fall back on, and a fellow as smart as you are could do lots with it. I've often thought so. Of course, it isn't any of my business."

"That's true, it isn't," agreed Harold sweetly. "Speaking as a man who's in here to do business and not to ask for any of your damn advice I should say you had your nerve. Say, Jamsey, any time I get to shutting up my poor little pennies in the dark and putting a double lock on them for fear they'd get away from me and act foolishly I hope somebody will choke me with cheeseparings scraped thin. I don't have to do that. Don't you worry about me needing capital. When I need any I'll get it, and I won't get it by living like a Chinaman, either. Any fool can save money."

"Some I know can't," retorted Jimmy, still good-humoredly, as he pushed out the little pile of bills. "Well, good luck to you."

Harold lit the cigarette that he had inserted in a long tube of clouded amber and then picked up the money and thrust it magnificently into his trousers pocket.

"I know you don't believe in luck, but I'm just as much obliged," he said; "and, honest, I'm sorry for you. So long!"

It usually takes time to get on to all the little kinks of selling on the road. It took Harold no time at all—absolutely. What Slayden's hadn't taught him he seemed to know instinctively, and after his third or fourth trip out the Wallis-Meekin folks were already patting themselves on the back and finding themselves short of an excuse for raising the fellow's salary. He broke the record for climbing up that salary scale, and he might have gone a little higher at the end of about three years if he had kept on; but on one of his trips to Middleville Slayden told him that he had given his order for everything he needed to Liggett & Thompson's man. Harold smiled at the long gray ash that he delicately knocked off his superlative cigar and said that that was all right.

"I'm quitting the road, anyway," he added.

"What are you going to do?" inquired Slayden in an uninterested manner.

"I'm going to start a real live store here," replied Harold. "A modern, up-to-date, up-and-coming department store. I'm going to get the cream of the trade and spoil your days of ease and nights of slumber. You'll have to hustle and sit up nights to make a living."

"Ya-as?" said Slayden with a half yawn. "I reckon I might as well save myself all that worry and sell out before it's too everlasting late. I would if I hadn't heard you talk before. Talk is cheap, Harold; but it takes money to start department stores."

"Wait and see," said Harold.

Whether it had been one of Harold's big ideas all along, nursed until the time was ripe for its development, or whether it was a sudden resolution inspired by pique—is perhaps uncertain. In any event, the Crudson & Blinn department store was started in the remodeled opera house building within six months. As Slayden had sapiently observed it took money; and Harold had no money. He had acquired a wide circle of acquaintance, including some people who had it; an enviable popularity; a discriminating palate; a critical but tolerant judgment of the mimic art and its professors, male and female; and a good knowledge of his business; but with the exception of the last item all this called for the expenditure of money rather than its accumulation. Harold had a capital time, therefore, but he was no capitalist. On the other hand, Blinn had oodles of it.

It was said that Harold hypnotized Blinn, who was a middle-aged merchant of some experience, a dry, silent, sandy-haired little man whose small-town business had reached its maximum growth and obliged him to invest his surplus in farm mortgages at a conservative five per cent. Harold had cultivated him carefully and impressed him tremendously, that was certain, not only by selling the little man good goods and making the price right, but by giving him pointers on business that Blinn had adopted and found profitable. With that there was an odd mutual liking. At the psychological moment Blinn had to foreclose on one of his mortgages and bid in a farm that he had no real use for. At the same time he had an offer for his small-town business, so on the whole Harold found him easy. Then Harold took the matter of credit up with the Wallis-Meeking people and they were mighty decent. Altogether the new store had a good start and Harold took his place among the solid and leading citizens of Middleville.

One fine day he went to Chicago on a business trip that was prolonged for nearly a month, and when he came back he brought Mrs. Harold Crudson and her epochal six trunks back with him. They went to the Hollister and lived there until the new house was built. There wouldn't have been room even for the trunks in Old Lady Crudson's little shack.

Style! Style wasn't any name for it. And the bride had the face and the figure to swing it. They made an elegant couple—she with her swell Chicago "frocks," she called 'em—and hats and her diamonds and her complexion; and Harold dressed up to the nines as usual, but toned a few shades as to his clothes since the college and Slayden store days. Sort of quieter, but no Felix Ginsberg hand-me-downs, you bet. A prosperous-looking man, and just a little tending to portliness; handsome as ever, but not quite so fresh appearing—a little harder in the eyes and softer of flesh; debonair and open-handed as of old, but not often seen at Firelong's and Riordan's, and mixing less with the old crowd. He had less time, he said. None of the old crowd held it against him. When he met them his smile was as cordial, his greeting as hearty, and his response to a touch as ready as they had always found them. He was still the Prince.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Terry McCabe in English; "what a swath he'd cut in politics! He could have anything he wanted. I'd like to get him on the ticket; but I guess he's doing pretty well with the store."

He was. Jimmy Wilkes, now cashier in the Farmers and Drovers' National, gave him no more presumptuous advice. Slayden had his hustling days and his wakeful nights, as Harold had predicted. The big store kept things that neither Slayden nor any of the others had dreamed of keeping, and sold things at prices that they knew, by George, couldn't be bought wholesale at that figure! Not everything, but some things. By page advertisements in the papers and by gorgeous window displays Harold kept the Middleville public informed as to these conditions, and the Middleville public crowded the store's aisles day in and day out, the year round. No, Harold needed no advice from Jimmy the Piker—Jimmy, who still lived with his mother in the little cottage, worked in the garden evenings and wore clothes that bordered on shabbiness. Mrs. Wilkes was not doing plain sewing now, however; and she did drive to her W. C. T. U. and W. R. C. meetings and to church and such in a neat little buggy that Jimmy had bought her, drawn by a fat little plug of a pony. That—and the installation of some new furniture and fixings—was all the style that the Wilkeses put on. They didn't buy any more butcher meat and they turned out the gas if they left the room for as much as five minutes.

"Style!" Jimmy moralized. "What is style? Nine times out of ten it's trying to make other folks feel uncomfortable and ignorant by doing fool things in a new-fangled way and parading a mess of useless truck that costs more money than you can afford. Style means plated jewelry and shoddy cloth and paper collars and high-heeled shoes and tight corsets ——"

"Gracious, Jimmy!" said his mother.

"—— and false hair and padding and piffle and poppycock," Jimmy concluded with a burst.

"Don't you think this check silk is real stylish, Jimmy?" asked his mother, smoothing down the front of her new dress and smiling complacently.

"That's different," said Jimmy. "Yes, it looks fine, mother; and you look finer than any silk I've ever seen. I guess I'll have to go and spruce up myself if I'm going to be your beau to-night."

"You're a nice beau to have any time, son," said Mrs. Wilkes, regarding him with the fondness that even mothers of pikers seem to feel for their offspring. "I'm not the only one that thinks so either."

At this Jimmy blushed. It wasn't generally known, but the insinuation had a foundation of fact. It came out a month or two later when Susy Tait went down to the depot with Jimmy and his mother and publicly and tearfully embraced the young man as he leaned from the car window. A dozen or two other young men went from Middleville on that same train, and nearly every one of them left weeping women on the platform. For they

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When the Evening Papers are Flung on Lawns and in Doorways Trembling Hands Pick Them Up and Turn Their Pages to the Fateful "List"

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# CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

## By Frederick Orin Bartlett

ILLUSTRATED BY LEJAREN À HILLER

WHEN the United States of America finally declared war against His Satanic Majesty, Wilhelm of Prussia, Carter nodded his approval. The nation's decision was reached at a time when he was in a particularly generous mood, for things had been coming his way for some time and he had finally settled down comfortably to enjoy them. In the preceding fall he had reached the goal of his ambition, the managership of the New York office of the Atlas Company, where he had been employed for twenty-five years. This carried a salary of seventy-five hundred—some jump from the petty twelve hundred on which he had started; even some jump from the forty-five hundred he had been drawing for the past year.

The increase allowed Carter to make several very satisfactory changes: first, to move from the rented house in Edgemere, where he had lived for five years, to a house of his own in the same town, for which he gave a warranty deed to his wife; to take his son Ben out of a commercial school and send him to Harvard for a liberal education; and to purchase a classy little runabout. There were certain other perquisites, too, which made the world a better place to live in, such as an added servant, a finer table, and, finally, the privilege of taking the eight-ten to town instead of the seven-fifteen.

Carter enjoyed all these luxuries as only a man can who has worked hard for them and waited long. He had promised them to his pretty wife the day he married her, and now, after twenty years, he had made good. It was worth something to see him, after a substantial breakfast, kiss Kitty good-by on the front porch, give a proprietary look at the neat shingled house, and stroll down the gravelly path at a leisurely pace, stopping at the gate to light a fat cigar and wave a second adieu to the little woman, who was still pretty and who he knew admired him from the crown of his head to the tips of his shoes. She was that kind.

On the eight-ten he was meeting a new class of neighbors—all eight to ten thousand dollar men, with a few above that figure, though the latter generally moved to the Heights at round twelve thousand. They were men whose lives were now polished and round like stones on the seashore within reach of the waves. They varied, mostly, in their dimensions, with of course some differences of political coloring. But they were fast becoming neutral even in politics. With America at war the old issues were disappearing.

Most of the men had long since become used to each other, but Carter, sitting in the smoker—it was almost like a private car reserved for those not due at their offices until nine—was actually thrilled by his associates. And if ever he found an opportunity to refer among them to "my son at Harvard" he was puffed up all the rest of the day. The only thing he regretted was that the war had done away with football, because in high school the lad had promised to make a name for himself in the game. Still, even that had its redeeming features: his neck was safe. Though the boy was climbing toward six feet and weighed, at eighteen, round one hundred and seventy, he threw himself into the line in those final school games with a recklessness that made Carter, looking on, catch his breath.

Carter had not been able to keep pace with the boy's physical growth. It still seemed to him but a brief time ago that he had been carrying him round in his arms as a baby. And he had carried him for miles. He had not been able to keep his hands off him. He had loved to feel the downy head against his cheek and the frightened little heart pounding against his own. Night after night he had walked the floor with him with a sense of creation akin to God's. And when anything was really the matter with the child Carter became a trembling wreck.

When Ben had run the gauntlet of his first three years Kitty had often wished the lad had a sister or brother to play with, but Carter felt differently. Good Lord, this one had almost cost her life, and he did not intend to let her face the danger again! He himself would not live through another such period for a hundred thousand dollars. Nor, for that matter, the subsequent period for all the joy mixed with the anxiety there was in it. He could not afford it—either in dollars and cents or in nervous energy. Those were days when he had to make every dollar and every minute count. He had no more than squeezed through as it was.

Well, those days were something to look back upon now with a smile. They even played their part in the present. They afforded the contrast necessary to allow him to extract to the last drop his final triumphant success. Some of those who had never taken the seven-fifteen did not know what it meant to take the eight-ten.



When Anything Was Really the Matter With the Child Carter Became a Trembling Wreck

Carter, who had previously been content with one paper, now bought the Times and the Sun at the station and glanced through the headlines. He had read with a thrill of pride, as did everyone in the whole car on that early spring morning, the President's declaration of war.

He was sitting beside Culver, of the Second National Bank, and exclaimed: "Guess that'll make Wilhelm sit up and take notice, eh?"

Culver was an older man. Carter could have punched him for his response in a level voice: "Yes. But it's going to make us sit up and take notice too."

"What do you mean?" demanded Carter with a trace of aggressiveness.

"I mean that our resources are going to be tested to the limit before we're through with this."

"You wait until the Huns see Uncle Sam with his sleeves rolled up. Wouldn't surprise me any if they quit."

Carter shifted his seat to a place near Barclay and Newell, who were leading a group in three cheers for the President. And on his way downtown that day he stopped to buy a flag and pole to be sent to the house. Before he reached his office these flags of red and white and blue had begun to appear in numbers on the tops of buildings and from windows, brightening the dull gray backgrounds as with flowers. It made him want to cheer. It made him walk more erect. The whole downtown atmosphere became vibrant. The declaration of war was the sole topic of conversation in the office, and one of the first things he did was to ring up Kitty and tell her about it.

"Well, old girl, we've done it!" he exclaimed.

"Done what?" she asked anxiously.

"Declared war," he announced, as though in some way he had been personally concerned in the act. "Guess that will make the Huns rub their eyes."

"War?" trembled Kitty.

"You bet! Fritzie waited a little too long with his apologies that last time."

In the succeeding days Carter followed the nation's preparations for the task ahead with a feeling of reflected glory. His favorite phrase was: "We're going at it man-fashion."

He was keen for conscription and liked to speak of a possible army of two million. When the First Liberty Loan came along he subscribed for a thousand dollars. He would have taken more, but he found that his personal expenses had taken in the last few months a decided jump. It was costing him more than twice as much to maintain his new house as it had his old. Besides that, Ben's expenses at college were a considerable item. His car, too, was costing more than he had anticipated, and he had added unconsciously a lot to his everyday expenditures. He was smoking better cigars, eating better lunches and wearing better clothes. At the same time each one of these items was costing more. However, his new position in a way called for these things, and, besides, he was entitled to them. He had worked hard for them and they were the fair reward of attainment.

Carter had hoped to do better on the Second Liberty Loan, but when the time came he found it difficult to take out even another thousand. He rather resented the way Newell, the overzealous member of the local committee, harried him about it. When Newell suggested that he double the amount the man was presuming to know Carter's circumstances better than he himself knew them.

He had answered rather tartly:

"I'm capable of deciding my investments for myself."

In the interval between the two loans both the servants had asked for an increase in wages, and Carter had been forced to pay it or see them go. Kitty had suggested that she be allowed to get along with one and undertake some of the housework herself, but he had set his foot down on that.

"You've had your share of housework, little woman," he said. "It's time you took a rest and enjoyed yourself."

But the servants were not the only ones who held Carter up. The grocer, the butcher and the iceman all conspired against him. When the Government began to take control under Hoover and fix prices for some of the essentials Carter was outspoken in his approval.

"It's time something of the sort was done to check the food pirates," he declared to Culver.

"Where's this government control going to stop?" questioned the latter.

"I don't know and I don't care," replied Carter aggressively.

"It's a type of paternalism, and that's dangerous," suggested Culver.

Carter replied with a glittering generality: "Your Uncle Sam has rolled up his shirt sleeves and means business."

Carter always chuckled contentedly over the cartoons of the tall, lank figure with the lean face, grimly set jaws and starred top hat. It expressed for him in a human way his own patriotism. It filled him with pride and gave him confidence. It satisfied his traditional conception of Americanism. He even saw in the face a reflection of his own ancestors who had fought at Bunker Hill and through the Civil War. It was distinctly New England, but New England was still in his mind distinctly America.

And yet Carter was puzzled at first when he read the names appearing in the final draft lists—puzzled and a bit worried. These names were not like those that were signed to the Declaration of Independence or those who fell at Bunker Hill. Decidedly they were more like those found in to-day's New York directory. This might have been expected, and yet it gave Carter something of a shock until one afternoon he saw a regiment of khaki-clad men marching down Fifth Avenue. Then he felt a lump in his throat that prevented him from cheering as loud as he wished. In uniform and marching to the stirring music of a military band these men were, every mother's son of them, Americans. He saw the same lean faces, the same lank, sinewy bodies, the same clear eyes and set jaws. Their lips were sealed, so that it did not matter what language they spoke. In khaki they were all Americans—the same who fought at Bunker Hill.

The sight sent Carter home with a renewed enthusiasm which helped him survive the shock of the news that the cook had, without notice, packed up her trunk and left to take some sort of job in a factory. But fortunately he had brought along with him a sirloin steak, which, broiled, made a very satisfactory dinner. A week later the second girl left.

Mrs. Carter took it good-humoredly, even with a certain amount of relief. She had turned to Red Cross work and one thing or another, but still she missed the care of her own home. Furthermore, she had been genuinely disturbed by the way the expenses had been creeping up. But Carter stormed round and spent half the next day trying to find some new girls. The agencies showed him a few old women and shook their heads.

"We can't compete with the factories," they said sadly.

"But, hang it all, what's a man going to do?" he inquired petulantly.

The agencies, perforce, left him to answer that for himself.

As a matter of fact Carter was not wholly unselfish in his desire to relieve his wife of the housework—particularly the culinary part of it. She did her conscientious best, but she had never been able satisfactorily to master the fine art of cooking. Possibly it was because she herself was more or less indifferent to what she ate. A slice of bread and a cup of tea were enough at any time to satisfy her, so that when she did cook it was always for him and without any other personal interest in the result. Sometimes she forgot; in fact, more often than not she forgot. Perhaps it was only some one little thing, like leaving the baking powder out of the biscuits or the sugar out

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the pies. Or if she did get everything in, perhaps she failed to remember in time that the mixture was in the oven. When she began fooling round with war recipes she found herself even more bewildered. Lord knows, it calls for deft fingers and inborn skill to make a good pie crust out of honest wheat flour, with all thought of economy thrown to the winds. It requires nothing short of genius to produce the same results with substitutes for everything except the apples.

She tried all one afternoon and created something that had a fairly good surface appearance. She waited anxiously until Carter tasted it, and then asked: "How do you like it, Ben?"

"You want the truth?" he returned.

"Of course there is no white flour in the crust, but ——"

"There isn't anything in it that ought to be in a pie," he declared. "It tastes to me as though it were made out of sawdust and motor oil."

He did not eat it. It might have been possible had he been starving, but he was in no such unfortunate condition. A man does not ask for apple pie because of its calory content, but because he wants apple pie. It is a matter of taste. A primary essential is, then, not that it shall look like apple pie, but that it shall have the flavor of apple pie. He had been fond of apple pie all his life, and it certainly seemed like an innocent enough addiction. That was equally true of doughnuts and coffee for breakfast. He had enjoyed them all his life until they had become an integral part of the morning meal. As a result of long practice Mrs. Carter had finally succeeded in perfecting herself in the art of doughnut making. But now instead of frying them in fat, she began to use an excellent vegetable substitute. Not only that, but she followed this by using a sirup for the sugar, and using eighty per cent barley flour and twenty of wheat. She had been given the recipe by the local conservation board and been assured that the product was very satisfactory.

From the viewpoint of the conservation board that may have been true, but to Carter it was nothing short of criminal to allow these balls of fried barley flour to masquerade under the same name.

"Don't call 'em doughnuts," he growled, "'cause they aren't. Invent a new name for them."

"War doughnuts?" suggested Mrs. Carter anxiously.

"War nothing!" sputtered Carter. "They don't even belong to the same family."

Whereupon he turned to his coffee, sweetened with a new kind of sticky substance that tasted like an inferior grade of molasses. There were those who maintained that it was just as good as sugar for sweetening. They were liars—bold-faced liars or they had lost their sense of taste. They belonged to the same class as people who maintained that coffee was better without sugar—that so one enjoyed the taste of the native berry. One might just as well argue that flapjacks for the same reason were best without sirup; cake without frosting; bread without butter.

Carter found his breakfast spoiled for him at precisely the period in life when he was prepared most to enjoy his breakfast. This was extremely irritating. It sent him to the office every morning with a grouch that did not wear off until toward noon, when it was renewed by having to pay twice what he should for a tasteless lunch. His cigars were the only thing that held up well in flavor, and he began to smoke too many of them.

Carter still followed each day's news of the nation's part in the great war with honest pride. He liked the big way his country was going about its preparations. He rolled the dramatic figures over his tongue and gloated over the scale of the various projects. Six hundred millions appropriated for airplanes!

"We'll show 'em," he announced to Culver. "We'll have the air over there black with planes!"

And that job at Hog Island! They were planning to build fifty ways there inside of a year—just put them down on a marshy island.

"Nothing small about your Uncle Sam," he chuckled.

When the inevitable scandals began to be whispered and congressional investigations were started Carter frowned.

"If these stories are true," he declared, "the grafters ought to be lynched; if they're not we ought to lynch the darn-fool congressmen who are interrupting the game."

The investigations took place, changes were made, and the work went on, with the investigations soon forgotten. Nothing could check the onward movement. Pershing landed in France, and soon was followed by his men. Work on the same gigantic scale was begun on the other side. Docks were built, railroads laid down overnight, warehouses put up almost between dawn and twilight. This vanguard saw big and built big, and when the news of its accomplishment began to filter across to the men at home it made every American feel bigger.

At the close of his freshman year in June, Ben came back home, and that personal interest took the place of every other in Carter's mind. The boy was looking fine. Drill with the Harvard regiment had taken the place of athletics and had left him as rugged and tanned as a seasoned soldier. Carter proudly took the boy to town with him on the eight-ten and introduced him to the crowd. Then he introduced him to everyone in the office, including Stetson, the second vice president. There was some design in this. He was preparing the way for an opening here for Ben as soon as the lad was through college. With the benefit of the experience Carter could give him the boy ought to climb high in the Atlas.

Ben had acquired poise in this last year. He met these men with an assurance and charm of manner tempered with respectful deference that surprised his father. It was clear that the boy made a very pleasant impression.



*"The Way I Feel, Nothing Short of a Chance With the Bayonet Will Satisfy Me. That's Why I Went In for the Marines"*

At lunch Ben repeated to his father some of the experiences he had heard from college mates who had gone over to drive ambulances. The boy was full of it and his cheeks grew flushed as he talked. Carter became disturbed.

"That's all very well," broke in Carter; "but those fellows might have made themselves more useful if they had waited until they were of age. Both President Lowell and the War Department are advising men to wait and finish their college courses, aren't they?"

"Yes," admitted Ben; "they advise that."

"Well, it's sound advice," declared Carter. "A man with a college education and Plattsburg on top of that is worth twenty ambulance drivers. Officers are what we need."

"I suppose so," agreed Ben abstractedly.

The reply left Carter more comfortable. The boy was only just nineteen, and that gave him two more years before he was twenty-one. By that time the war would be over. Carter was sure of it. The nation by then would be in full stride, and when that time came that was to be the end. Of course, if by any chance the war should be prolonged—why, then the boy would have to go. But that contingency was two years off—two long years off. In the meanwhile the boy could feel that he was getting his training. He was going to make a better officer for waiting. He would gain in experience and judgment—two most necessary qualifications for an officer. Carter proceeded to enlarge on that subject. But the boy listened indifferently. Carter's position, however, was sound, and the more he talked the more he convinced himself of this, so that he succeeded in putting himself enough at ease to talk of the war in a general way.

"Sort of makes a man glad he's an American to be living in these days, eh, Ben?"

"You bet!" nodded Ben.

"The rest of the world thought we'd gone soft, but your old Uncle Sam has shown that he still has fighting stuff in him. It took us some time to get stirred up, but once started—woof!"

"We've got a big job on our hands," said Ben.

"The bigger the better," declared Carter. "It takes a big job to wake us up."

The boy was surprised and encouraged by his father's aggressive attitude, and yet when he ventured to reintroduce the subject of ambulance service he saw his father shy off again. He was puzzled by this and went away after lunch to meet his chum Stanley.

A week later, as Carter was about to settle down on the front porch for an after-dinner smoke, Ben came along, took his arm and led him down the graveled path toward the road—out of sight of the house, where Mrs. Carter was washing the dishes. The boy kept his father's arm in an unusually demonstrative manner until he stopped beneath an electric light.

Then he asked quite casually: "Dad, got your fountain pen with you?"

"Eh?"

The lad held out a paper.

"What in thunder is this?" demanded Carter.

"My enlistment papers, dad. I went down to the Marine Recruiting Office the other day and passed my physical. Now—they've left a place along the dotted line for you to sign because I'm under age."

The thing that astonished Carter most after the initial shock was a feeling of helplessness. It was as though his relations with his son had suddenly changed and the son had become the father. He was a foot shorter than the boy anyway, and now he felt two feet shorter. He saw a new light in the boy's eyes, heard a fresh note of dominance. And yet it was only a brief time ago—a pitifully brief time ago—that he had been holding this same boy in his arms as a baby. Now he stood at the lad's mercy, even though he still saw below the stalwart figure of the boy-man the downy-headed baby.

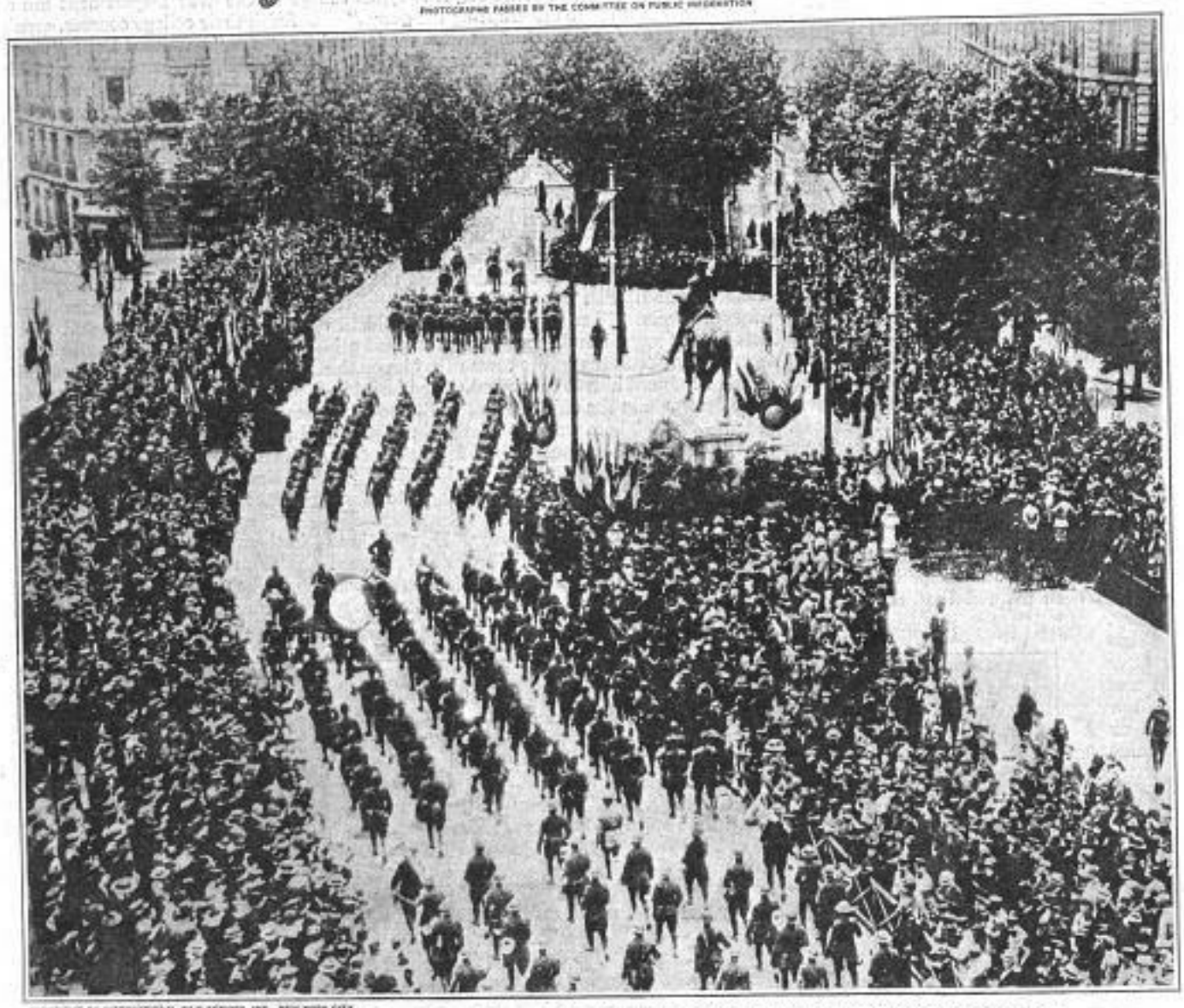
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# Homo Americanus in Gay Paree

## By ELIZABETH FRAZER

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*American Military Bands Passing in Review at the Renaming of the Avenue du Trocadéro, in Paris, the Avenue du Président Wilson*

AMERICA'S day in Paris! Fourth of July, 1918! Stars and Stripes everywhere—rippling bravely from the flagpoles high over French Government buildings; drooping from innumerable windows; gathered into gorgeous clusters down the beautiful vistas of the Rue de la Paix; fluttering from messengers' bicycles, cabbies' whips and huge lumbering military lorries; hawked by raucous street venders; pinned proudly to women's blouses and men's lapels; decking every public monument, festooning every public square—a splendid, bright carnival blaze of color.

And thronging the streets was the gay French populace, never gayer of heart, eager to meet and to greet the American heroes fresh from Château-Thierry. Since the dawn of day they had been up, swarming like bees in all the principal thoroughfares, searching a good spot from which to view the procession. Hard-handed, soft-hearted papas and mammas, and boys and girls, butchers and bakers and cabinetmakers, little *modistes* and *couturières*, bare-headed, sunny-haired *midinettes* and liveried bottle-imps of *chasseurs*, with their arms full of brave red roses to throw at these big awkward strange soldier-men who had come overseas to fight their war.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, resounded their sturdy feet by scores of thousands on the pavement long before the more leisurely citizens were out of bed. For it was not yet six o'clock! Clouds passed over the face of the sun, warm showers fell, wetting the holiday crowd; and still they laughed and swarmed, and still their numbers grew. Out into wide statue-engirdled Place de la Concorde they surged—just as in former days they had surged, a passionate, mercurial, freedom-loving people, to see the heads of the tyrants fall beneath the guillotine. The crowd was the same and the underlying spirit was the same—save that now it was not in stern judgment they were streaming forth, but in joyous happy gratitude.

### The Defenders of the Road to Paris

SOME thousands contented themselves by remaining in the great square, and climbed upon carts, platforms and chairs which enterprising speculators had collected and were vending at colossal prices. Twenty sous for a chair. Ten sous for a cart. Six sous to sit on a man's shoulder. And why not? 'Twas a very good place, a man's strong shoulder, for a *petite bonne femme*—and only six sous! Other scores of eager thousands pressed on up the broad shady chestnut-lined Avenue Champs-Elysées toward the Place d'Iéna, where the parade would start.

Everybody knew who these particular American soldiers were. Nobody had to be told. The Parisian scans his newspaper as the sailor scans the sea. There is not a better-posted man in France than the cabby who haughtily refuses to take you as a fare because forsooth he wants to read the afternoon communiqué! And thus they knew right well who were these American soldiers. They were the ones who had held up the triumphant tide of Prussians—held them up at the point of the bayonet until fresh reënforcements could be found and the road to Paris blocked. And it was they who had blocked that road, as well the Parisians knew.

Call it a miracle; call it chance; call it the psychological moment—call it anything you like; but the pluck, the dash, the clean hard stamina displayed by that small contingent of American troops in a supremely crucial hour acted as a tonic on all of the Allied forces. And from that moment the enemy began to give. The Americans themselves did not realize the value of the situation they had saved. How could they? Rushed into the sector, hurled into the hottest forefront of the line when that line was beginning to crack—they did not know they were defending the road to Paris. They did not even know in which direction Paris lay.

Said one marine to another: "Say, what's the name of this here town we're taking?"

He didn't know the name of the town, but he knew extremely well they were taking it! Even to this day there is scarce an American soldier who can pronounce the name Château-Thierry. But they don't need to. It's back history. They took it long ago! And that sufficed. It sufficed the Parisians, anyway, on Fourth of July. After four years of heart-scald and misery they can read between the lines of a communiqué and know what lies behind as well as their superiors. And they realized, none better, that somehow or other in those few days of savage resistance the balance of power had shifted to the Allies; the beam had tipped. Tipped ever so slightly—but tipped! Paris, their city, the light of the world, was freed from the menace of the Prussian horde. And it was the Americans who had tipped the scale.

Any Parisian could have told you that on this glorious safe and sane Fourth of July. A good many of them did. Gay, fervent, warm-hearted, they shook you by the hand—that is, they did if you looked like the kind of person one naturally shakes hands with in a crowd—and they poured out their pride and emotion and joy. *Les Américains*, they were all right, the way they fought *là-bas!* Superb, *hein?* In effect, they were just as fine fighters as Frenchmen—which was the very tip-toppermost high summit of praise. But how big they were! Giants, in effect! Were all Americans big like that? And how freely and gracefully they strode along! What shoulders, and as slim in the waist as a virgin—a fine race, *bon Dieu!*

And regard those rows of smiling, white sound teeth! But these Americans had just as good teeth as Frenchmen! *C'est épatant!*

And was it true they shaved each day, even up on the line of fire? One heard they had bathing machines—yes, on wheels, *parbleu!* In a camion; and these camions went right up to the firing lines. A soldier undressed, stepped inside, twisted a handle, and a sprinkler overhead showered hot water all over his body. What a clean race! *C'est épatant, ça!*

Why, he had a son in the war, gloriously killed at Verdun, and that *pauvre enfant* would come home on permission, his skin scaly all over like the head of a vulture. It was incredible, but true, scaly as a vulture. His mother had put him in a bathtub, and then, weeping, called the father to observe—and there was that white skin, for the boy had the milk-white skin of his mother, scaly all over like a vulture. . . . Ah, yes, killed on the field of honor before Verdun. Shot between the eyes as he was making a charge. A *caporal. Voici* his picture. It would be seen he resembled the mother. Ah, yes!

### An Ovation for the Yanks

AND then, fearing the conversation was becoming too sad for the American fête, he changed the subject by remarking that the long-range gun, the Grosse Bertha, that dirty big female, that *vilaine fille*, was not spitting to-day. Doubtless the Americans had shut her mouth. They had dropped some pills down her throat that had affected her digestion. And then he jerked his thumb upward, where directly overhead in the limpid air an aëroplane, like a sportive porpoise, was diving and leaping and looping the loop, and suggested that doubtless that would be one of those new American Liberté motors of which there would be soon twenty thousand on the line. And when they arrived—*oh, là là!* Then the boche would take a dose of little iron pills each night—*hein?*

It was a grand day, full of heart-warming fellowship.

Up near the grand stand the crowd was condensed into one huge nosegay of black bobbing heads. If you were on the inside layer of that closely serried mass you could not possibly detach yourself to move toward the outside, not even were you in a *voiture*. You and your horse must stay put. Up on the grandstand famous personages made their appearance, ambassadors and ministers, the great of earth. They were greeted with cheers, but not with a real ovation. They were not the stars in this cast! Who cares for diplomats, phrase-makers, phrase-breakers, swivel-chair nobles, when the real heroes, the French and the American poilus, the saviors of Paris, pass by? Certainly not the Paris populace.

And so they gave the celebrities a good-natured cheer, just to prove they bore them no grudge, and then turned their gaze, thousands on thousands of bright Gallic eyes, upon the exact point down the street where the American soldiers would arrive. And suddenly a shout—no, not

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exactly a shout; rather, a big happy hurrah—burst simultaneously from thousands of grateful happy hearts.

Here they come! *Les Américains!* Here they come! Strong emotion swept the crowd like a breeze. *Vive l'Amérique! Vive les Américains!* And all that excited sea of souls laughed and cried and shouted and sobbed and rocked in glad exultation over these fine, big, clean *garçons* who had fought so splendidly, so desperately, so victoriously beside their own brave poilus.

On they came, French and American, their bayonets glittering in the sun, their faces wreathed in smiles, their eyes—well, not quite straight dead ahead! For who can discipline his eyes, when plump! a bombardment of roses or a barrage of violets hits one straight on the nose? Had it been a shell, what a different story! But to-day it is a battle not of iron hail but of roses. Garlands of roses round their necks, roses behind their ears, roses in their cartridge belts, roses in the nozzles of their guns, which lately spouted flame and shortly will again.

*Mais, mon Dieu, comme ils sont adorables, ces Américains!* No need to explain to these marines what *adorable* means! It is the same in every tongue. And now roses are kissed before they are flung, and gallantly caught and kissed again. Black eyes on the pavement and gray eyes on the march exchange introductions and flattering remarks. The entente becomes more cordial by the minute.

Up on the grandstand grave, brave words are being spoken. Handkerchiefs are out. Men and women wipe their eyes. The speaker retires in a glow of satisfied emotion. He thinks he has made a fine speech. Gray-bearded orator! It is not your words that made them laugh and cry. To-day deeds speak louder than words—and even now those deeds, in the flesh, are marching down the avenue with roses in their cartridge belts and rifles in their hands. To-morrow they will return. They will return to their shallow trenches, to their stuffy dugouts, to the skirmishing like Indians from tree to tree in the woods, or to the drab monotony of life *en repos*. But to-day is Fourth of July in Paris! And these soldiers have earned this day of joy.



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*American Troops Greeted by the People of Paris*

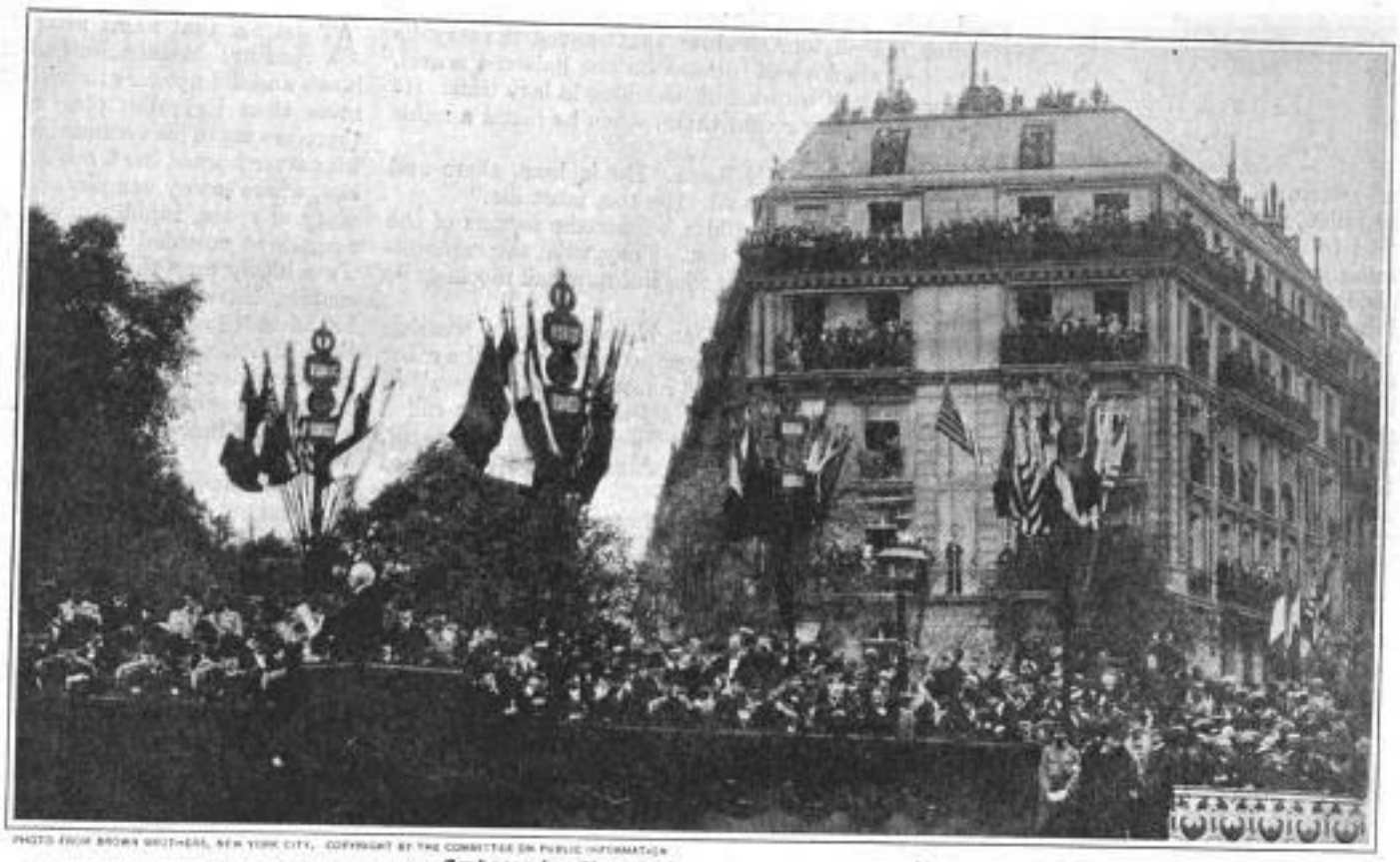


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*Ambassador Jharp's Speech at the Place d'Iéna*

### *Coming!*

JUST a year ago another small band of American troops marched down this same chestnut-lined Avenue of the Elysian Fields, with the French populace watching on the side lines. But then there were more tears than applause. That was France's black hour. With Russia crumbling into anarchy, Italy in parlous state, a disastrous and sanguinary Champagne offensive just behind them, their politics unstable, their fighters somber, war-weary, and still bearing on their shoulders the crucificial burden of the conflict—is it any wonder that women, looking on that first brave little contingent of foreign troops who knew no more than babes in the cradle the dark sea of anguish in which France seemed drowning, sobbed openly or murmured: "Yes, yes, here they come—*les Américains! Braves gens!* But alas, how long will that little untrained handful last in the frightful caldron of war? France is lost. Our race is doomed. All our young men are being killed and our old men are dying broken-hearted. O my God, how much longer must we endure?"

Since then a year had passed—and what a change had been wrought! Especially the last three months of springtime, when two hundred thousand to three hundred thousand troops had been landed monthly upon the coast of France. Men, men, men! On they came, a steady flood, so that presently, from seeing a knot of Americans here and a knot there upon the streets, and pausing to smile at the novel sight, one began to see them by whole trainloads, by camions, processions on the boulevards, streaming by for hours; and soldiers fresh from American camps lifting their caps and shouting a welcome to Paris as their trucks whirled by en route for the railway stations. Ten thousand a day.



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*Fourth of July Was Celebrated in Paris With as Much Spirit as in the United States*

Parisians began to sit up and take notice of this peaceful invasion, which was not so much an invasion as it was a vision, a dream beginning to come true. As a matter of fact, Paris caught but the briefest glimpse of them; they swarmed the streets for a couple of hours between trains, sipped curaçao or *grog américain* at the Café de la Paix; and were swallowed up in that grim mysterious region of the Front. And once out of Paris they did not return. Thus, it was fresh contingents which Paris daily saw rushing through. It is not to be conceived that this transportation was done with any splurge, any demonstration or loud boastful toasts. On the contrary it was only when one chanced to be at the station or on the boulevard when a contingent was shifting that one became aware what an abundance of khaki adorned the landscape. And as the result of this big silent panorama there began to be a thrill in the air, a tonic, a definite promise of hope. The March offensive, with its loss of territory, had been a bitter pill. The consequent depression and lowering of morale had been an even greater catastrophe. British papers were saying openly: "America, it is up to you. Unless you save us we are lost. Come. Come quickly!"

And so America began to hurl them in: Men, men, men. Perhaps some day a genius will adequately describe, in epic form, all this mighty labor of the transportation of millions of men. But more likely it will be a movie! Parisians did not see the beginning of this labor, and did not see the end. They only saw a big swift current on the move. And the more they watched this grand and silent spectacle of power the higher their spirits soared. Ah, those dirty pigs of boches, who would like to loot and pollute Paris, they would strike a fine surprise, eh, when they struck that hard American wall!

### *Roses, Kisses and Clinking Glasses*

AND the splendid gallant part of it all was that when the supreme hour of trial came the French did not have to abate one jot of their pride in the American prowess. For it was American troops in that grim period who stemmed the tide, who closed the road to Paris. They paid the price in blood, and the price was high. But had it been ten times higher it would have been worth while. For that single episode showed both friends and foe where the balance of power lay.

It was all of these hidden secret things, all the long weary months of tension, discouragement, grief, all the deep national undercurrents—swinging together in one strong joyous river of pride—which gave this particular Fourth of July parade a peculiar significance.

So who cared what the diplomats said up there? Not Paris. Not the people. Not the staunch little poilus, home on leave. They knew their own affairs! And war is preëminently the affair of the poilu. And so flowers for these *braves garçons*. Battles of roses. Kisses and handclasps and laughter and tears, drinks in the cafés and incomprehensible toasts. Isn't that better than windy eloquence? I'll say it is, friend!

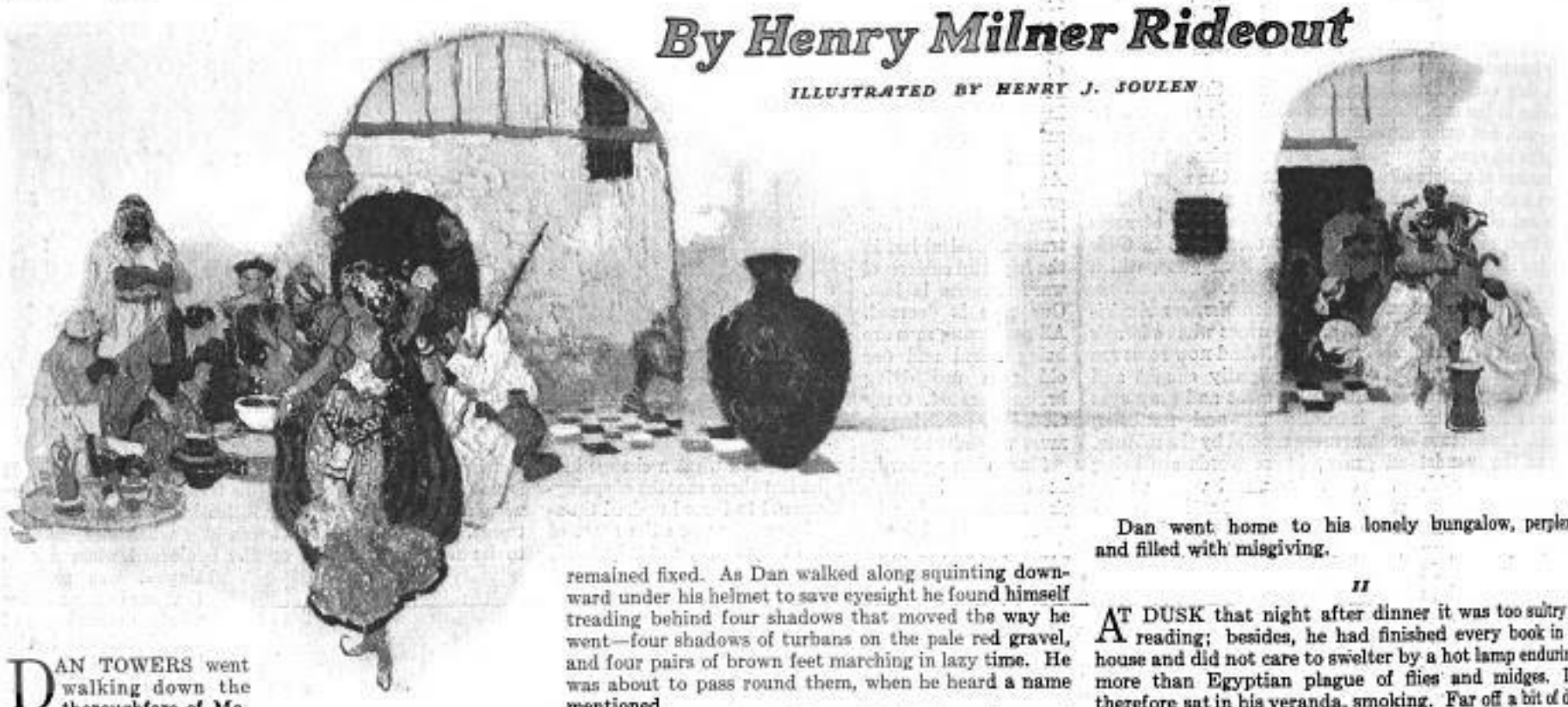
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# SURPRISING GRACE

## By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN



DAN TOWERS went walking down the thoroughfare of Mayaganj on a hot noonday, half asleep, with eyes half closed against the glare. Rain had fallen, mild Bengal showers darkening the brick-dust road to a cherry red that now turned pink under the blazing sun. Steam rose among the sandals, brown legs and bedraggled white dhotis of the throng. Dan remembered how he had first landed in Mayaganj as a stranger to wade through mudholes; and how since then the Maharajah had roused from lethargy to make a village lane that shed water and dried. It was some good anyway, some gain; all due to a poor little fanatic called Hury Seke, who had bearded the Maharajah in his palace and frightened him with Pentecostal thunder.

"That far ahead," considered Mr. Towers drowsily. "Not much, but it's something."

As he went thus meditative in a smell of drying umbrellas and men he approached a sound that made him wake, listen and look about—a familiar sound in India, the uplifted voice of wayside preaching; yet an odd sound, for lo, the words were the words of Bengal, but the pious, doleful singsong that of Western pulpit oratory.

"And so, my brethren," it proclaimed, "what is this message I bring unto you? Is it of the price of jute? Oh, no! Is it of food, and drink, and viands, and provender, and beverage, and belly affairs? Of little fish in bitter oil, and rice, and pân, and cigarat? Is it of such things, bought and sold and merchandised and trafficked in with annas and with pies? No, oh no, my friends! Nay, I say unto you that it is not!"

The preacher, a young baboo, stood under a great green holy tree in the market place exhorting earnestly. His brown face glistened with sweat and fervor. He seemed uplifted, a stranger upon Mars' Hill. The crowd about him—coolies, peddlers, lean rivermen ashore from jute dinghies, tailors, messengers and naked children, a crowd of white garments and brown skins—listened with the polite and rather tired curiosity of Eastern passers-by.

"What, then, is it? Behold, I will tell and prophesy unto you."

Dan paused like the rest by the shade of the religious fig tree and gave ear while this young convert launched boldly upon an ocean of metaphysics and began to circumnavigate. The fellow was quite honest. If Dan smiled he did it privately, considering what deeps were being sailed by what queer mariner of the spirit: prophet, hearers and leafy tabernacle were so ancient, the doctrine ancient likewise, and good—yet so fantastic in a mixture of Bengali and Chadband.

Four rough-looking men stood in front of Towers, talking, laughing and spitting betel juice like blood all over the road. As they turned away one of them, the burliest, opened his broad red-stained mouth to shout mockery:

"'Lift up my veil,' says the new bride. 'I'm a-going to manage your house for you!'"

A few of the unthinking laughed at this proverb. The evangelist calmly continued his sermon under the tree. Dan, having business to do, soon afterward went his way down the village street. The fitful rain had ceased, and white noonday scorched all things in a heat that danced along the fronts of mud houses and the shallow cloisters of shops. Amid this colorless boiling of air only shadows remained fixed. As Dan walked along squinting downward under his helmet to save eyesight he found himself treading behind four shadows that moved the way he went—four shadows of turbans on the pale red gravel, and four pairs of brown feet marching in lazy time. He was about to pass round them, when he heard a name mentioned.

"Runa? Of course it is Runa. He is here, there and everywhere. Runa is a devil. He, too, must die."

Dan looked up. Before him he saw the owners of the shadow turbans and bare feet. They were the same ill-favored men, in dirty white, who but now had mocked the preacher.

A quiet man by nature, Dan happened to be wearing old deck shoes that made little or no sound upon the road; and now as he overheard this name of Runa he walked even more quietly, for he had a friend sometimes called Runa, sometimes called Mr. la Flèche of Chandernagor, a modest member of the police whom he greatly admired and liked.

"Your liver!" cried one of the four. It was he who had bellowed that joke about the new bride. "No. We need not kill Runa. But we can end him. Alive. Put him out forever. *Full.* So." The man made some gesture near his face. "Alive, but ended. That is the better way."

"How?" asked another of the ill-favored ones in dirty white. "Tell us what you mean, Ram Lal. Time is short."

Ram Lal the burly was about to answer, when he raised his turbaned head, listened and glanced behind. His companions did likewise. Dan saw bloodshot eyes glowering as he passed. There was nothing to do but pass, though he would have liked to hear more of this conversation. The four ruffians gave him a humble salaam.

"Yes, you say true," the ready voice of Ram Lal overtook him. "People heard the Barisal Guns last night. It is a good sign for the jute, brothers. We shall have more rain, by the blessing of the gods."

This sanctimonious prediction met with favor, for Ram Lal's brethren chuckled as at a bit of well-timed waggery. Someone muttered that "that son of a pig could not understand us if he heard." Dan ignored the epithet, though he knew it to be aimed at his back. He marched serenely on. Later, when he glanced behind, the four strangers were going down under pipal shade to the blaze of the river, where their white figures mingled and were lost in a confusion made by other white figures, carriers of lumpy cloth bundles and gleaming brass bowls, who jostled, yelled obscenity, and fought for place in the ferryman's barge.

"Wish this son of a pig had heard the rest of it," thought Dan. "If I knew where Runa was—to get word to him. Humph! They said the time was short."



*Within, Dan's Patient Allowed Himself to Doze, and Thus They Sailed, All Tight and Cosy, Through Hot Weather in the Sunderbans*

Dan went home to his lonely bungalow, perplexed and filled with misgiving.

II

AT DUSK that night after dinner it was too sultry for reading; besides, he had finished every book in the house and did not care to swelter by a hot lamp enduring a more than Egyptian plague of flies and midges. Dan therefore sat in his veranda, smoking. Far off a bit of dark blue river burned itself out under silhouettes of trees; the sky, where tawny vampires had tumbled and swooped in a glory of space, rapidly faded, darkened, and became the firmament crowded with soft large stars close overhead. To a lonely man this change was beautiful yet mournful, making Nature seem a time-worn goddess, calm but not beneficent, her world an alien empire, too old. Even the little lights, which now began to blink, smoky-red, in jute dinghies along the *kul* or hovels along the country road, brought a sense of homelike things removed, translated and made inaccessible. Dan felt forlorn as he watched them.

"And somewhere among all this," he thought, "I've got a friend in danger. And I don't know where or why; or how to help him."

While Towers debated whether to take a melancholy ramble or go lie awake in bed under mosquito curtains there came bobbing round the corner of his bungalow a lighted lantern. The man who carried it, a lean sheeted ghost, climbed the veranda stairs and bowed low.

"To Tawah Sahib," murmured this lantern bearer, "my master sends a chit."

He salaamed again, delivered a strip of folded paper, knelt beside the chair and held up his lantern so that Dan could read.

By his sharp nose, drooping white mustache and pointed turban Dan recognized an old retainer of the Maharajah's.

"Very well, Dhirendra," said Mr. Towers, and opened the letter.

It bore no signature, but the writing was the large copybook hand of the lording of Mayaganj.

"Can you not come up to the palace at once?" it ran. "I should like to talk with you about a friend of ours."

Now being no frequenter of palaces and hardly more than a well-wisher to this Maharajah, Dan could easily have put off such an invitation; but the "friend of ours" in a region where he saw few friends, or none at all, might well be Runa—that very Runa la Flèche whom the four strangers at the bazaar had threatened. In all likelihood it was Runa. The message chimed too well with his late anxiety for Dan to disregard it.

"Lead on, Dhirendra," he said, rising. "I'll go back with you."

Dhirendra's lantern showed the way over the lawn, round the dark house, into a path hedged with green bamboo. As they went they saw one other light, from the kitchen, a jungle bower in which the cook and the grass cutter were chanting a duet:

*I had fourteen annas when I came to court,*
*But her name was Little Mango!*

to the music of flute and drum.

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This rowdy entertainment they soon left behind as the tall tiger grass and taller trees surrounded them with a whispering silence and a sword-play of shadow blades. They mounted a gentle slope of woodland until before them rose an old wall, its base mottled in the lantern-light, its top against the stars black as a dungeon. In this wall Dhirendra unlocked a narrow door, which he swung open and, when they had passed through, locked again. They stood in the palace garden.

"My master glad to see the Sahib to-night," declared the Maharajah's messenger.

A reddish god threatened them with four gigantic sandstone arms as they began to climb the garden path; a troop of humping dark things that fled along the battlemented wall, sinuous, like a frieze of cats and serpents intermingled, told the two men they were followed and watched by the Maharajah's monkeys; but such nocturnal sights being familiar Dan and his guide trudged upward without pause. Past the starry water of a tank, past the checkered marble floor of a pavilion they came to the high terrace, where, parting tangled shrubbery, they burst from darkness into a great blaze from lighted windows all a-row, open, level with the ground.

"Much company to-night," said Dan.

"Much," replied Dhirendra. "In there, sir. My master expects you."

So saying the fellow blew out his lantern and flitted away under a heavy arcade. Towers, who needed no usher, let him go, and through one of the lighted windows entered the audience hall, a pillared vault, miserably hot, crowded at one end with men sitting on the floor. There was indeed much company. Hideous ornate lamps overhead, all writhing brass and dangling crystal, burned whatever last breath of air had found its way indoors, and poured down their light upon a white-robed concourse of men who squatted round a circle. It was a circle of yellow matting, tarnished and greasily rubbed, round the circumference of which, like hours round a clock, ran painted squares of black and red containing Chinese numerals.

"A quiet family game," thought Dan, who had often seen the like elsewhere. He might have stepped from India into Bangkok or Macao. Silver coins lay scattered upon the hours of this clock, and directly before him a fat Chinaman, calmer than any god, sat hauling in white cowries from a pile, four at a time, with a short-handled rake. The players watched, gloomy but intent. No one marked the entrance of Dan except the Chinaman's cashier, a rather pretty little Singhalese with his hair in a round comb. He alone glanced up, turning upon Mr. Towers the languidly cunning orbs of Ceylon's isle.

"*Si*," proclaimed the god-surpassing banker, whose rake had left four snowy shells alone on the mat. He filled a copper bowl with fresh cowries, inverted it, and sat impassive, ready for another deal.

"*Char, char!*" yelped the Singhalese, who began to collect and pay out so fast that the matting hissed with sliding coins. "Four has won. Four. Again, again! Place, place quickly! We play again."

It was a marvel to see this girlish man as he hunkered there, his brown hands catching, counting and flinging silver across the circle, quick as a conjurer. Every piece of money scooted to the right hour. Dan, who admired any form of skill, stood admiring this, when suddenly the cashier looked backward again, grinned slyly, bent a bad coin with his teeth, threw it away, held out his hand to someone for another, and said in a mixture of soft English and hard vernacular:

"Yea-us, sah. Hees Highneeze, he awaiting for you in hees beelyard room. Yea-us, sah. . . . Lead not taken. Silver required, please."

A flutter of white garments and a chinking of money passed about the circle as Dan turned away to follow the Singhalese's direction. The gaming proceeded without interruption, sedately. Even as a breakage of law it seemed very dull. There was no talk, not a murmur; and when Dan had taken a few steps down the dark corridor that entered the sandstone labyrinth of the palace not a sound followed him. He groped forward in a subterranean quiet. Once or twice, passing the blackness of a cross corridor, he had to stop and think, for fear of turning wrong; but presently a dim glow straight ahead reminded him in what quarter lay the billiard room. At last he reached a vaulted doorway and could see again.

"Good evening," said a weary voice.

"Good evening, sir," replied Dan.

At the far end of a somber room one shaded lamp made a round light on the green acreage of an English billiard table.

Behind it loomed a huge man in white, who seemed to be playing listlessly with pellets on the cloth. These pellets glistened as Dan drew nearer.

"Thank you for coming," said the huge man in white, bending to look under the lamp. It was the bull of this labyrinth. His broad brown face, hanging jowls and mournful stare were those of the Maharajah. "How are you? . . . Pretty, aren't they?"

The pellets with which his great dark hands were playing Dan now saw to be pearls—a score or so of pearls, shining on the billiard cloth. They reminded him of early dewdrops scattered on nasturtium leaves.

"Very pretty, sir."

"Not worn often enough," said the lord of the palace. "There's a couple of them going faint. Do you see?"

"I'm no judge."

The bulky potentate looked at him askance.

"No. You don't waste *your* time," he declared morosely. "You have something better to do. They are trash."

"I never said that," Dan replied. "Did you ask me here, sir, to talk pearls?"

For the first time during their acquaintance the Maharajah laughed. It was a short laugh, but for the moment it made his face brighter than ever before, less heavy and pouting, almost kind.

"You're right," he agreed. "We always clash, don't we? I try to put words in your mouth, as my English agent used to say. No, you are quite right. We were to discuss a friend of ours. Wait."

With that he gathered the pearls off the billiard cloth and swept them into a soft-leather pouch, which he stowed away somewhere among the white folds covering his bosom.

"Come along, if you please." With a rolling gait the lord of the palace led the way under a heavy arch into another dark and stifled corridor. Dan, following, could see him only as a cloud of whiteness that filled the passage, till suddenly he pushed aside a curtain and appeared obscurely, beckoning, in a wedge of smoky lamplight.

The lamp, a tin affair with fishtail wick and blackened chimney, burned on a gorgeous ebony table carved in the likeness of three elephants' heads. It dispelled enough darkness to show another vaulted room, a low cot midway on the floor, and a ghostly servant who stood waving a two-handed palm fan taller than himself back and forth over something dark that lay upon the cot.

"Why, it's not Runa?" whispered Dan, advancing and bending down to look.

"Talk aloud. You need not whisper." The Maharajah followed gloomily. "Sometimes he won't wake if you shout at him."

The occupant of the charpoy stirred, mumbled, but remained asleep. Dan stood watching him. It was a white man, but not Runa la Flèche. This was Dan's day to meet evangelists; for here lay another—a little crack-brained wanderer whom he had first known aboard ship, traveling alone, ignorant, penniless, to convert India by the gift of tongues.

"I gave him money," said the Maharajah, pointing round about; "and off he went on a spree of paint again. Look!"

All over the walls of the cavernous room, up and down hill in sprawling white characters, as if a prisoner had bedaubed his cell, ran painted legends:

DAY OF OUT POURING AT HAND
QUIT SINING, WORMS DYETH NOT
HURY SEKE JEHOVAH
WRATH TO COME ALL DRUNKS HURY

Dan smiled.

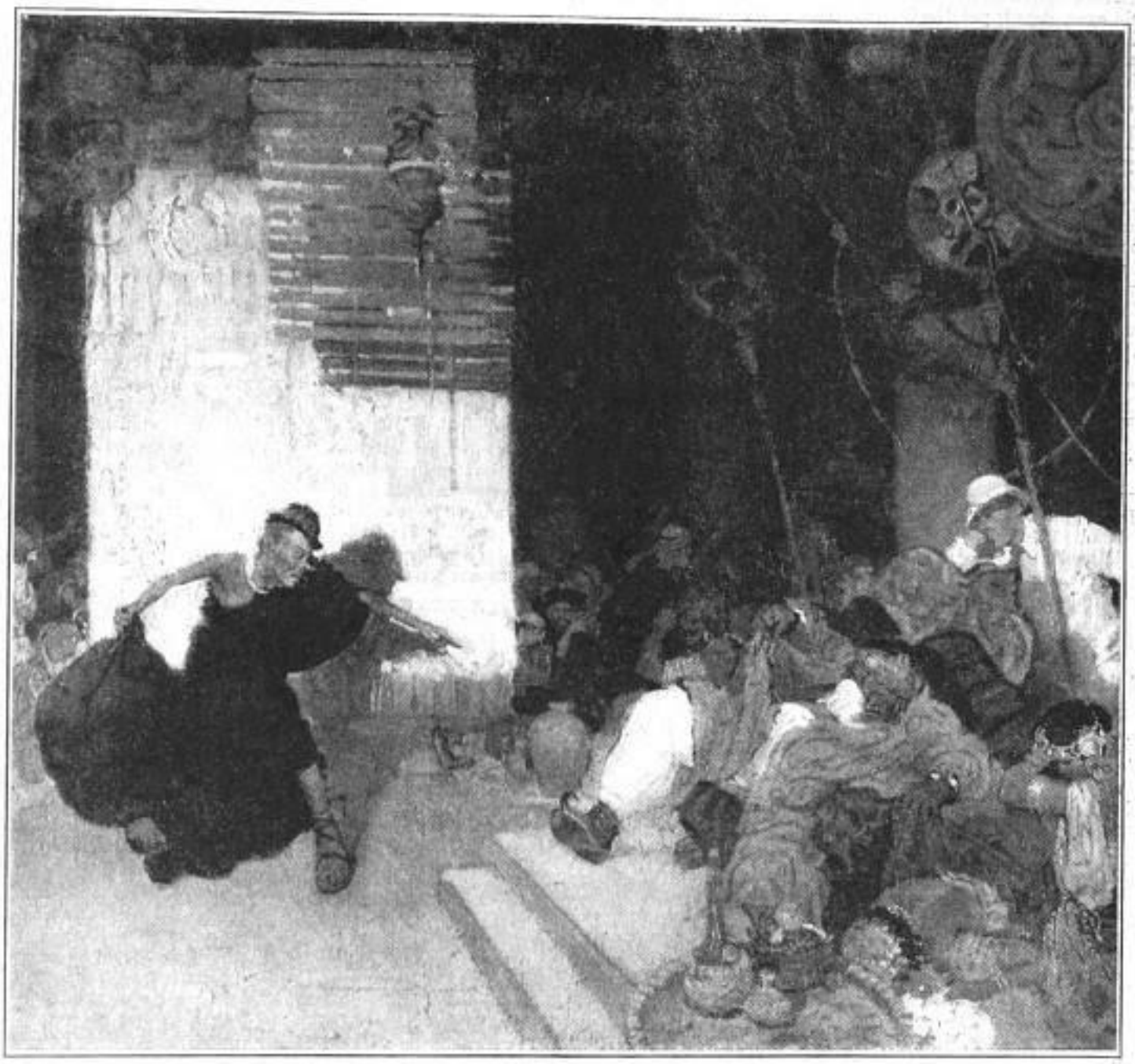
"Still at it," he murmured. "Lives up to his nickname."

He listened to the sick man's breathing. By the sound he knew this poor little outcast, driven by wild visions, had come to a bad pass.

"How long has he been like this?"

"Some days," replied the Maharajah. "Oh, yes, I had doctors up from Calcutta. They called it sun, overdoing, neglect of himself; if he was to live he must get out of this and go home, they said."

Towers looked down at him whom they called Hury Seke. Under his long black robe the man's body appeared flat, sunken, worn out; and his face, always grimy, had the pallor and hollowness of a death mask.



*Hury Seke Leveled a Damning Finger at the Lord of Mayagunj. "Woe Unto Him Who Eateth the Fat and Drinketh the Sweet"*

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"If 'twas advice you called me in for," said Dan, "I think the doctors were right. Sooner he does get out the better."

A look of distress came into the Maharajah's broad brown face.

"He won't go. That's just it. He won't budge. When he's awake, Towers, he really is —— He's what your people call a holy terror."

Dan laughed inwardly. It was droll to see this mighty bull, this god of riches and power, here in his own stronghold quailing before a wisp of mankind whom he could pick up with one hand. But Dan understood; for he remembered how Hury Seke could talk, even to lords and rulers, when as a Pentecostal Brother he had his hour of speech upon him.

At that moment the black robe stirred on the cot. Hury Seke opened his eyes—pale eyes, dazed, yet too bright. He seemed to know both his visitors.

"'My words shall fall as the dew,'" he said in a dry, feverish voice. Then closing his eyes he muttered, tossed and lay still. "I'm a-goin', boys; I'm a-goin' to the House of the Overcomers. In Jerusalem. Yeah. The golden, with milk and honey blessed. That's what I'm a-layin' for next."

The words trailed away into silence. Dan shook his head, not liking what he had seen and heard.

But the Maharajah lost no time in such thoughts.

"Come here!" He plucked his guest by the sleeve. "Come quickly! If he should begin again —— I tell you, the man's nine devils and a goat."

They left the little figure quiet on the charpoy, while his ghostly attendant waved the tall palm leaf back and forth, fluttering the lamp so that shadows jumped and played and gave a gloomy semblance of motion to the writing round the walls.

### III

ONCE more in his billiard room the Maharajah heaved a long breath.

"That's over," he said. "I wanted you to see. Have a smoke."

From a tarnished gold casket he gave Dan his choice of black eight-inch cigars. Dan lighted one and perched on the corner of the billiard table. The lordling backed himself mountainously into a high chair with the aid of a cue, which he sat holding like a monarch enthroned, scepter in hand.

"Look here, Towers, what am I to do?"

"Send him home."

"He won't go!" roared the monarch.

"Yes, he will. I'll persuade him down to Calcutta for you."

His Highness the Maharajah bounced on his chair for joy.

"You'll take him? Really?" he cried; and his face beamed like a moon. "That's a bargain, Towers. Look here, you put him aboard ship, I'll give him three or four hundred pounds—whatever is right—and off he sails! Now that's a bargain, then, isn't it? You don't know how grateful ——"

Dan lifted his cigar to signify halt. He was thinking.

"No. No money in hand. Not for Hury Seke," he answered. "The little cuss would only buy more paint and start again. Here's my proposal: Ship him off as a destitute British subject, or American; hand over your four or five hundred pounds to the captain of the ship privately, in trust for him, and cable ahead so that he'll be looked after on landing. What do you think of that?"

The Maharajah tapped his cue gently on the floor and considered.

"I think it's damned good," he replied. "We'll do it. There's one affair settled." The speaker sat watching the butt of his cue with big mournful eyes that brooded. "I wish it were the only affair on my mind to-night." He glanced up, shook his head wearily and continued tapping. "Dare say you saw a lot of low company in the other room out there as you came through? Yes. Very dull game, wasn't it? There's someone among them who means to kill me to-night. Another silly ass trying to murder me. Exceedingly annoying, Towers."

Dan grinned at him through the smoke.

"You take it cool enough."

"Have a drink? No? Then I will, to pass the time." The Lord of Mayaganj slid from his chair, waddled over to a taboret, and poured himself a whisky and soda. "Why as to that, death means nothing to me."

It was evident he spoke the truth. He stood there, glass in hand, forgetting to drink in his despondency. Dan sat quietly entertained, remembering how this majestical brown stoic had run away from Hury Seke's bed and thinking how curious are the fears and braveries of men.

Presently the Maharajah set down his peg untasted, to lumber aimlessly back and forth in the dark vault. He had stopped to light a cigarette—the match disclosing boredom in every fold of his countenance—when there came a sound of bare feet along the stone floor.

"Een a few meenit, sah, you may come," declared a languid voice. "Yea-us, sah. Een five meenit now, I theenk."

It was the Singhalese gamester's voice. He paused, cringing, beyond the lamplight, which showed his cunning face, his soft eyes, and his oily hair held back by the round comb. He seemed girlish and mischievous. But what overcame Dan at this second glimpse of him was a puzzled conviction that he was no stranger. Somewhere Dan had known this Singhalese before.

"Picked the right one, have you?" asked the Maharajah carelessly.

"Oh, yea-us. Indeed the räight one, sah."

Another cringe, another wave of the hands accompanied the answer; and this time the fellow glanced at Dan, fawning.

Dan slid from the billiard table and stood on foot. He felt a shock of recognition. This ingratiating juggler of coins was a fraud. It could not be possible; but in that flying glance, in some hidden mockery of the eyes or faint curl of the mouth, he had seen his friend Runa la Flèche.

The Maharajah lifted his forgotten glass and drank. In doing so he presented to them the breadth of his back.

"Runa!" Dan formed the name silently on his lips, and made a gesture signifying: "Wait. I want to see you!"

It might have been a mistake; perhaps it was; for he of the round comb looked blank and smiled a smile of unmeaning flattery. The Maharajah turned and spoke:

"I'll come to you in five minutes."

"Verree good, sah," replied the Singhalese, and bowing withdrew like a white shadow.

Dan saw him pass into the far corridor, and said nothing. The Lord of Mayaganj offered no explanation, but came and laid a gold hunting-case watch open on the green cloth, then resumed his lumbering meditation up and down the room. "What a nuisance!" he muttered. "Silly duffers, always at it." He passed and repassed the table, bending magnificently down to consult his watch. After several tours he halted there and put the timepiece back among his clothes.



*The Maharajah Lifted His Forgotten Glass and Drank*

"Forty-six, forty-seven," he murmured to himself; and then to Dan: "Coming with me?" he said. "Do if you like. About forty-nine times, this will make, that some idiot's tried to kill me. Can't remember now, but I keep them written down in a book. Let's go see if my hour has struck to-night. Shall I die now, Towers?"

For the first time Dan really understood and liked the man. "No. Not you."

The misanthrope nodded, his broad brown face composed, happy, as though he looked forward to a game worth playing.

"What will you bet?" he grunted. "Shall we go see? Don't expose yourself."

They crossed the room and entered that passageway down which the Singhalese had vanished. Dan tried to go foremost, but the Maharajah punched him back into second place with a fat yet mighty elbow. For some time they felt their way between stone walls in moldy darkness; then a glimmer of light reached them, with a chinking and rustling that Towers knew to come from the gamblers in the great hall.

He was wondering what his leader expected might happen, when it happened with a vengeance.

As they passed a crossroad in this maze where corridors met, some dusky thing leaped off the floor at the Maharajah's throat. It fell short, tripped by the Singhalese, who darted from nowhere and stuck out his foot cleverly. A weapon fell clattering upon stone. Dan found himself astride a naked body that fought like a serpent.

"Take him!" said Runa's voice.

Two or three men hauled the writhing body from between Dan's knees and rushed it away into the dark. A moment later the corridors were empty and still as before.

"Very good," said the Maharajah. "Well tripped, well caught. He didn't hurt you, Towers? Then let us watch the game out there awhile."

### IV

BLAZING lamps in the hall of audience made them wink as they entered it from the corridors. Unbroken, the play went on quietly, everyone a-squat; the godlike Chinaman presided with bowl of cowries and rake, the Singhalese tossed and caught silver as though he had never dreamed of quitting his place. Round the tawny circle of matting a few white-clad reprobates bowed their turbans low when they saw the Lord of the House; but the rest of the ring sat fast, paying attention only to their wagers. Dan's host climbed to a gilt throne which a pair of servants drew forward, and there sat looking on, complacent though rather scornful. He had enjoyed the late excitement, for his big eyes glowed, and from time to time sought Dan's with sidelong irony, as if to convey that all pastimes with money were dull after such little games with death in the dark. Presently he said as much:

"Very tame, is it not, Towers?"

Dan gave a nod, for the gambling was truly insipid; but his thoughts were elsewhere.

"I suppose I must keep the pot boiling." His haughty friend beckoned a servant, by whose hand he placed a few bets of gold and silver at random. "Poor wretches, they think they're having sport."

He gave no heed to the turns of fortune, but let his men play for him. Dan stood behind the gilt chair and watched only the Singhalese. There the fellow squatted across the ring, catching and counting and tossing nimbly, accurately, with the skill of lifelong habit. Surely it was not Runa. Once in a lull he paused, rested, drew a sigh, and glancing round about with his soft brown eyes met the scrutiny which Dan held fixed upon him. He smiled and bowed droopingly, as though tired of his labor. No, it could not be Runa. Towers began to doubt his own eyesight; it could not even have been this round-combed effeminate whose shadow came from nowhere to trip the murderer in the passage.

On went the play, endless and meaningless. The hour grew late, the hot room hotter, the bad air worse, and Dan more and more sleepy. He made up his mind to say good night, having seen enough.

As he turned to do so there came a rush of bare feet and sweeping garments down the corridor into the room.

Hury Seke the invalid had got out of bed and come to join this house party. From the archway staggered a thin, black-robed form with a gray face of wrath and glittering eyes.

"Ye serpents!" The small fanatic, ghastly as though risen from the tomb, spoke with a voice of thunder. "Ye generation of vipers!"

Dan saw the Maharajah collapse and dwindle on his shining chair. All the company were jerked upright, scandalized. Even the Chinaman, yellow and placid among those brown faces, looked up mildly, forgetting to count.

"And you, O King!" Hury Seke leveled a damning finger at the Lord of Mayaganj. "Woe unto him who eateth the fat and drinketh the sweet, and sendeth no portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared. Woe unto him who layeth pitfalls for the feet of the innocent. Lo, the sow hath returned to her wallowing. And beside him stood Mattithiah, and Shema, and Anaiah on his right hand." The speaker pointed, beginning with Towers, at each man round the fan-tan mat, as if calling them opprobrious names one by one. "And on his left hand Pedaiah, and Mishael, and Hashbadana, and Meshullam. Vipers, by gorry! And to you, O King, I say unto you, the dog hath returned to his vomit!"

Mr. Towers thought it high time for intervention. Deserting the gilt chair and its confounded occupant, he approached his old acquaintance with a smile.

"Hello, Hury," said Dan. "How are you? Let's go have a talk about this. Haven't seen you for many a long day." He linked arms and turned the man about. "How are you, anyway, old stiff? Come talk it over."

(Continued on Page 28)

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# READY!—By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

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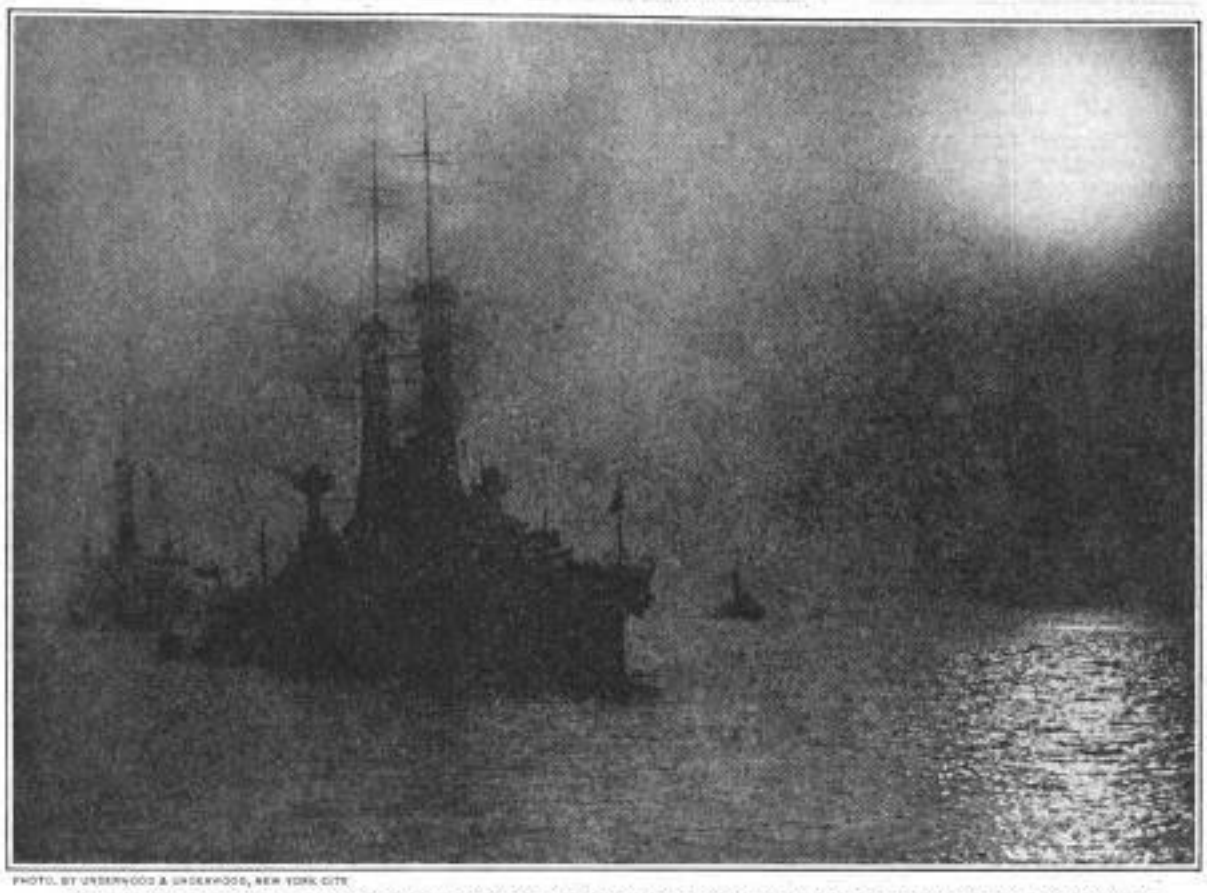


PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

*When That Battle Comes, There Need be No Fear That Our Flag Will Not be Flying in the Thick of It*

WE WERE sitting at dinner with the admiral on his flagship, the U. S. S. ——. I say the U. S. S. —— because it is so required of me, neither more nor less being admissible in the public prints; and it may be as well, for the elision gives the fancy of the reader free rein, and his local patriotism excellent scope, inasmuch as all our battleships are called after states of the Union, and the name of any favorite state may be supplied to this ship in question with excellent chance of correct designation should the matter seem important. However ——

We were sitting at dinner with the admiral on his flagship and ragging a bit the two English four-stripers who were of the company on the quality of English humor, as we found it in print and in speech, quoting scraps of it and contrasting these with the jest American, which we set forth as having the more catholic appeal. The English four-stripers were valiant in the defense of their native jocosities, but overwhelmed with example and the instance direct. Finally, as if to put an end to it, one of the four-stripers with great earnestness of manner said: "You may say what you like about it, but I assure you, gentlemen, British jokes are not to be laughed at!"

### *The Parable of the Wandering Scribe*

NOR American, either, in these parts where I am writing; which vibrant truth was made so apparent on the day when the American commander in chief, noting the British beef boat of the fleet approaching, flying the white flag with the red bull rampant in the middle of it, ventured the remark to certain of the royalty standing by: "That is the first time I have ever seen the real British ensign"; and was gravely rebuked for it in the newspapers of the following morning in this wise: "An amusing instance of the astonishing unfamiliarity of the Americans with British flags was observed when the American admiral mistook the flag of the fleet beef boat for the national ensign."

John Bull—John Bull—"oh, ain't it the truth?" as we all shouted when the English four-striper rallied to the defense of the humor of his country—ain't it the truth? Thus I am led to the consideration of other matters British that are not to be laughed, or sneezed, at, and chief among these is the strict limitation that is placed on writings concerning the Grand Fleet, its particulars or its components. The British Navy, it seems, is impersonal save when one of its topside personages makes it personal to himself. To all others it is sea power.

Wherefore, dearly beloved brethren, I speak to you a parable in this wise: A certain man set out from his home and made a long and toilsome journey into warring foreign lands and across turbulent foreign waters seeking for a sustenance, and word and sight of it, for which his people were sore stricken to have knowledge concerning. After adventure by flood and field he came one day upon a place where this sustenance was more abundant and grateful than elsewhere in all the world, and he gave a glad cry and marveled greatly, saying:

"Here, now, is journey's end. Here have I discovered what I long have sought. Here is shown before my eyes, fevered with diligent and unceasing search, that which is the acme of my desire and the desire of my people, balm for my starved spirit, food for my famished zeal, pabulum for my eager endeavor, and heartening for those I have left behind. Here shall I remain and partake freely, for in all the lands over which I have sought, and the waters thereof, there is no place where I may obtain word and sight of sustenance compared to this, and nothing tantamount. So shall I abide here in peace and content, and send writings home to my people that they may know what manner of sustenance this is I have found, and examine into my reports thereof, and be apprised of all the various matters connected therewith."

"Nay," said one who stood beside; and being of authority he spoke truly. "It shall not be as you say. Of all the vast sustenance spread before you you may observe and partake freely, and we have great joy in holding you welcome to the sight and the partaking, but no writings may go thither to your people, nor may there be any speech concerning these things. It is so spoken and ordained."

"To what end, then," asked the man, "has it served me to come upon this place? It would have been as well had I never fallen upon it, as has been my lot."

"How now," replied he who stood beside, "is it not sufficient to you that you shall see all this, and partake, rather than that you should exclaim in this wise upon the ordinances that have been set about it?"

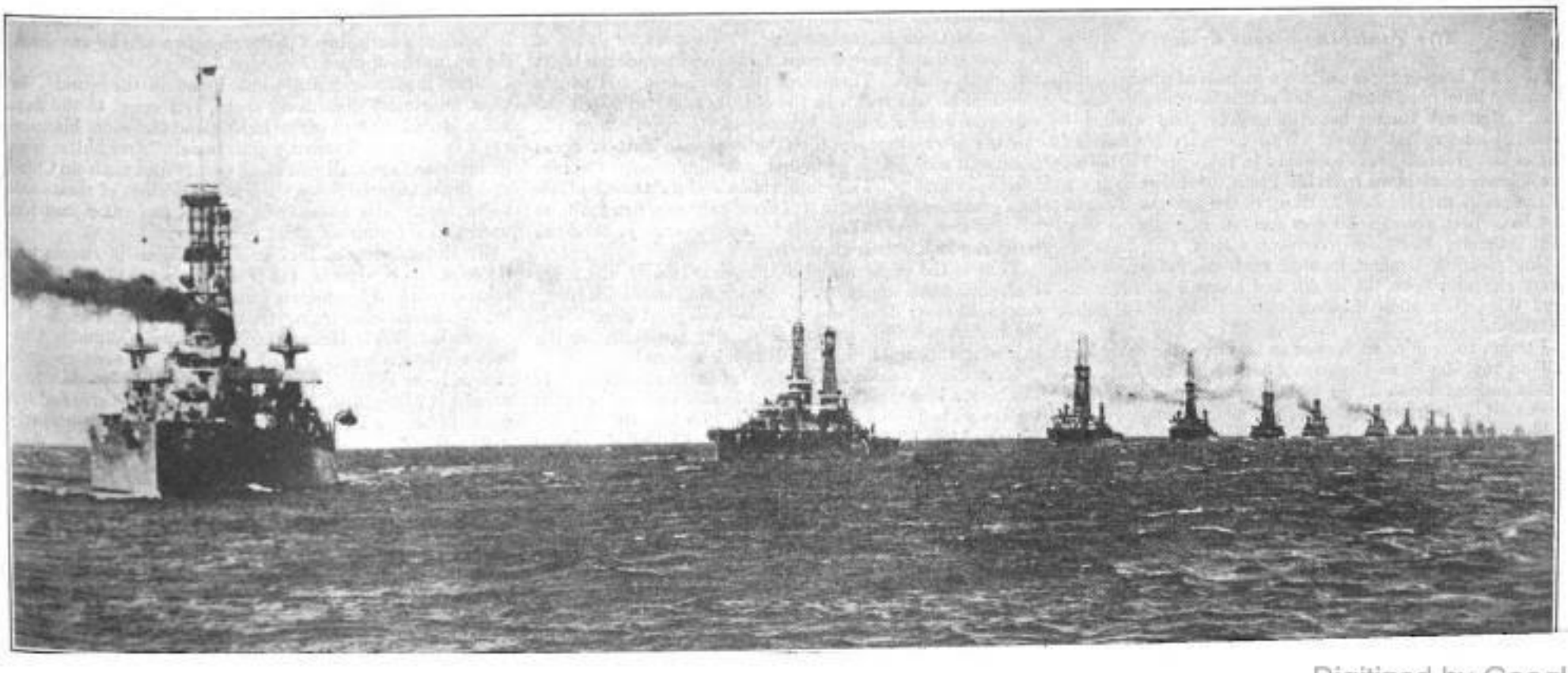
"It seemeth insufficient," rejoined the man; "for what profits it me to see and know of this sustenance, and partake thereof, when it is forbidden me to tell my people, who are sore stricken to hear definite matters concerning these things?"

### *The Scribe Weepeth Bitter Tears*

"IT IS so spoken and ordained," said he who stood beside, "and there shall be no recourse else save this alone: You may send writings to your people that you came upon this sustenance of which they stand in need and yearn for understanding, that it has waxed great and mighty—but no more."

Whereupon the man wept exceeding bitter tears and made loud lamentation and beat upon his breast, tearing his hair and rending his garments, but to no avail, for he who stood beside was a Competent Sustenance Authority,

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# The Coming Winter in Russia



*In the Open Markets in Moscow Cloth Remnants May Still be Purchased*



PHOTOGRAPHS PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

*Black Loaves in the Market at Samara*




*When a Petrograd Dealer Unearths a Case of Shoes He Sends a "Sandwich Man" Out to Announce the Fact*

## By Oliver M. Sayler

WINTER comes early in Russia, and it stays late. From May to September the Russian crowds in his spring and his summer and his autumn. Every year in this brief growing period the peasant must raise all of the grain that his own millions and the millions of the cities will need in the long cold white months ahead, for the Russian has no way of storing grain against a time of need. Whatever the harvest, so will the winter be.

For five long weeks, during the past summer, I crossed the endless plains of Russia and the doubly endless miles of Siberia. Every day as I looked through my mud-spattered car window I could see the fields stretching away from the railroad untouched by this season's plow. Once in a while in a lonely corner a few square rods were under cultivation. And after this little oasis came the dismal stretch of untilled acres once more. This, then, was Russia's preparation for the coming winter. By now the grain has been harvested and the peasant sits guarding it with the gun he brought home from the Front. He has planted for himself, and only for himself, and he doesn't intend to share with anyone. He has written the record of Russia for the winter of 1918–19 and the book is already closed. The world can only look on now in helpless pity while hundreds of thousands of Russians add their names in starvation to the red roster of the revolution.

### The Vanishing Wheat Crop

IF I HAD been going into Russia instead of coming out I should have been dumfounded at this inexplicable situation. Had not Russia been hungry for two winters—seriously hungry last winter? Wasn't this the grain soil of one of the greatest grain countries in the world? Hadn't the soldiers come home from the Front to seize their share of the newly divided land? Early in the war there might not have been enough laborers for the fields, but surely that difficulty had been overcome. Here was demand, crying, pleading demand, from Moscow and Petrograd and every city and town the length and breadth of the country. Why, then, these thousands upon thousands of miles of fallow fields?

I began to acquire an answer to this question early last fall on my way into Russia. All through the Siberian wheat country I was on the lookout for some evidences of the wheat. The grain, of course, had long been cut and the fields were now snow sprinkled. There was bread at the station markets, great loaves big enough for a family for a week. But there were no elevators, no warehouses, no place to store the wheat and facilitate its shipment. Near the freight platform in one town hundreds of bushels of wheat in flimsy sacks were piled up on the damp ground. The soldiers who were loading a box car often burst open a sack, and the ground was littered with the wasted grain.

One day in Moscow, therefore, I asked a Russian business man where Russia stored her grain. The winter had passed without starvation but not without hunger, and we were talking of the season ahead and of its hopes and fears.

"I didn't see any warehouses along the Trans-Siberian Railroad," I said. "But surely you have grain elevators somewhere in Russia in which you store your surplus wheat."

"Elevators?" he said. "We haven't any elevators. The only ones we ever had in all Russia were at Libau, on the Baltic, and at Odessa, on the Black Sea. And now the Germans hold Libau, while they have torn Odessa from us and added it to Ukrainia."

"You see," he went on, "the Russian peasant never threshes his grain until he is ready to use it or to sell it. He has only his crowded thatched hut to live in and sometimes a thatched tumble-down outbuilding. But he has no place to keep his wheat and rye if he threshes them. They would simply rot on his hands. And so he stacks up the sheaves in the field until the tax collector or the grain merchant comes or his own meal bin runs low. Of course he loses the outer sheaves exposed to the rain and snow, but the stack is reasonably proof against everything except fire.

"If the peasant has to carry his stack over into the second or third summer, though, he is likely to lose his entire harvest from rot. That is what began to happen the first year after the war started. By the mobilization of many million troops we had overtaxed our transportation system, and there weren't enough cars to carry the grain from the fields to the cities. Each year the war lasted the situation grew worse. The rolling stock on our railroads began to fall to pieces. Cars were congested in districts where they weren't needed. With all our men in the army there weren't enough to repair the cars or to operate the trains. Still, the peasant hoped for better days and he had the habit, and so he planted his fields in the spring and harvested them in the summer. Two or three years of fruitless toil and wasted crops, however, took all the heart out of his efforts. Then came the revolution, and people told him he was free. In the old days he had hated the city and everyone in it because of its oppression. Six months after the revolution he began to hate it again because it took all his grain and gave him in return worthless paper money. Therefore, sullen and defiant, the Russian peasant this summer will grow only as much grain on his new-won acres as he needs for his own family. And the cities can look out for themselves!"

That is the explanation of the panorama of idle fields that passed ominously by my car window on my long way out to the east. The peasant has been as good as his word. He has lit the fuse, and he is waiting patiently for the explosion that will bring Russia to her senses.

Next winter's catastrophe is not some sudden thing. It has been a long time on the way. Russia was hungry winter before last—the final months of the imperial régime. The world didn't know that, because the Allied censorship saw fit to put a good face on a desperate situation. Russia was hungry and a million troops had deserted from the Front before the Czar fell. All these facts I found discussed freely when I reached Russia. No one deceived himself, as many have done outside of Russia, with the idea that the revolution was to blame, or any of the parties to the revolution. Russia's disaster has been seen by Russians for just what it is—the inevitable result of war on a country that has not been organized for war. To be sure, there were a few sunny, heartening days in March, 1917, when everyone flamed with the hope that the revolution would save the nation from impending disaster. France had celebrated her Feast of Pikes, July 14, 1790, under the same delusion, and Russians kissed each other in the public streets. And then again in November, after a disillusioning summer, hope sprang up once more—this time only in the Utopian imaginations of the idealists among the Bolsheviki and those who caught their contagion. Most of the Russians either saw deeper disaster and humiliation ahead or, in the case of the peasants, took no interest in the outcome once they had the land divided among them.

And so the food barometer has gone down ever since the fall of 1916, not gradually and deceptively with the aid of science and organization, as in Germany, but by sudden and violent descents and even occasional upturnings. Just how the descent started I do not know, for I did not arrive in Russia until the danger point of storm had been reached. But there is ample testimony in Russian literature and from travelers how well and how plentifully the Russian fed before the war.

### Overfeeding and Starvation

"OH, YOU should see what we had to eat in peacetime!" said a young man of nineteen to me one day. His father was a Moscow millionaire, but that hadn't prevented the coming of hollows into his cheeks—the mark of insufficient nourishment in the months while he was shooting up to the stature of manhood.

"The most wonderful white bread in the world!" he went on almost plaintively in his retrospect to the days when he had gone to school in England and spent his vacations in the rich Russian countryside. "And butter from Siberia; and eggs, all you could wish. And tea from China and sugar from our own Crimea. All kinds of meats and vegetables. And sweets and candies and cakes and ices until you ate yourself sick!"

By the autumn of 1917 food conditions in Russia had fallen in three years of war from this plane of plenty to a critical estate of immediate hunger, with starvation following inevitably in its train. On the basis of data compiled in September, 1917, Henry C. Sherman, of Columbia University, has recently stated that "there seems no good reason to doubt the general conclusion that Russia's food supply is just about sufficient in total food value for the needs of her population provided the food can be properly distributed."

But for four years now Russia's food has not been properly distributed. Rich food-producing districts, like the Caucasus and the Crimea, have been overfed, while the northern provinces have suffered from increasing want. The railroads have been less able each year to distribute the nation's food output properly. In addition to the continued aggravation of the transportation problem another far more serious blow was struck last spring at Russia's food supply. The defection of Ukrainia and its practical seizure by Germany have cut off completely the leading

(Continued on Page 56)

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# JAVA HEAD

## By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

VIII

THE dejection, the sense of a difference that held from him any comprehension of the vast maze of shore life, persisted as Gerrit Ammidon walked toward home. It was such an unusual feeling that he was conscious of it; he examined and speculated upon his despondency as if it had been something actually before him. The result of this was a still increased disturbance. He didn't like such strange qualities arbitrarily forcing their way into his being—he had the navigator's necessity for a clear understanding of the combined elements within and without, which resulted in a harmonious, or at least predictable movement. He distrusted all fogs. In a manner the course before him was plain—married to Taou Yuen, shipmaster in his family's firm, he had simple duties to perform, no part of which included sailing in strange or dangerous waters; yet though this was beyond argument he was troubled by a great number of obscure pressures, unpleasant conditions of mind, such as his feeling of sudden impotence in any affair more complicated than those controlled from the quarter-deck of a ship.

Gradually, however, his normal indignation returned; the contempt for a society without perceptible justice centered principally in what Nettie Vollar had had from life. This, he assured himself, wasn't because he was in any way involved in her; but because it was such a flagrant case. She was a very nice girl. It was entirely allowable that he should admit that. As a fact he warmly felt that he was her friend. The past justified—no, insisted on—that at least. He wondered exactly how fond he had been of her—in other words, how near he had come to marrying her. It had been an obvious possibility, he decided; but the desire had never become actual. No, his feeling for her had never broken the bounds of a natural liking and a desire to secure decent treatment for her. The last had been vain.

If his mental searching had ended there it would have presented no difficulties, created no fog; but unfortunately there was another element, which he admitted with great reluctance, an inborn discomfort. Though he had been clear about what had actually happened with Nettie there was reasonable doubt that the same limitations had operated with her. Briefly, she had missed him more than he had realized. He explained this to his sense of innate masculine diffidence by the loneliness of her days. She had missed him; something within whispered that she still did. Women, he remembered hearing, were like that.

In the light, the possibility of this he saw that he had done her a great wrong. It had been his damned headlong ignorance of the dangerous quality of life, the irresponsibility of a child with gunpowder. With all this in his mind it seemed doubly imperative that he should do something for her; he owed her, he was forced to admit, more than a mere impersonal consideration. His thoughts returned unbidden to the fact that she—she had liked him. He insisted almost angrily on the past tense, but it surprised him and gave him a perceptible warm glow. Nettie was very pleasing; he inferred that she was a creature of deep emotions, affections.

At this he shook himself abruptly—such things were not permissible. Gerrit felt a swift sense of shame; they injured Nettie. His mind shifted to Taou Yuen. He found her asleep on the day bed she preferred, her elaborate headdress resting above the narrow pillow of black wicker. He could distinguish her face, pallid in the blue gloom, and a delicate, half-shut hand. He was flooded with the intense admiration that increasingly formed his chief thought of her. This, with the obvious racial difference, put her, as it were, on an elevation—a beautifully lacquered vase above his own blundering person. She was calm, serious and good, in the absolute Western definitions of those terms; she had her emotions under faultless control. Taou Yuen should be an ideal wife for any man; she was, he corrected the form sharply. All that he knew of her was admirable; the part that constantly baffled him didn't touch their relationship.

It was reasonable to expect small differences between her and Salem. At times her calm chilled him by a swift glimpse of utter coldness; at times he would have liked her gravity to melt into something less than ivory perfection. Even her goodness had oppressed him. The last hadn't the human quality, for instance, of Nettie Vollar's goodness, colored by rebellion, torn by doubt, and yet triumphing. If he only understood the three religions of China, if he were an intellectual man, Gerrit realized, he could have grasped his wife more fully. He was completely ignorant of Chinese history, of all the forces that had united to form Taou Yuen. For instance, he was unable to reconcile her elevated spirit with the absurd superstitions that influenced almost her every act—the enormous number of lucky and unlucky days, the coin hung on his bed, the yellow charm against sickness and the red against evil spirits. Only yesterday she had burnt a paper form representing thunder and drunk its ashes in a cup of tea. She was tremendously in earnest about the evil spirits—they were, she maintained, lurking everywhere, in all shapes and degrees of harm. Edward Dunsack was possessed, she declared; but he had pointed out that opium was a sufficient explanation of anything evil in him, and that it was unnecessary to look for more fantastic possibilities.

He lay awake for a comparatively long while, as he had several times lately, divided between his consciousness and the regular breathing of his wife. If the past had brought Nettie Vollar to depend on him in some slight degree Taou Yuen did so absolutely; except for him she was lost in a strange world. Yet Taou Yuen didn't seem helpless in the manner of Nettie. He had once before thought of the former as finely tempered steel. Her transcendent resignation, with its consequent lack of sympathetic contact with the imperfect humanity of—well, Nettie, gave Taou Yuen a dangerous freedom from all that bound Salem in comparative safety.

He dressed first, as usual, in the morning, while she stirred only enough to get her pipe and tobacco on the floor at her side. Outside the elms were losing their fresh greenness in the dusty film of midsummer; the square held an ugly litter from the fireworks of last evening.

William, too, was about, but he was uncommunicative, his brow scored in a frown. Their father, always down before the others, had returned from the inspection of his trees and was tramping back and forth in the library. The elder seemed unrested by the night; his skin, as Rhoda had pointed out, was baggy.

"Now that the Nautilus is afloat again," Jeremy Ammidon said, "you'll want to be at sea."

Examining this natural conclusion Gerrit was surprised, startled to find that it was no longer true. For the first time in his memory he was not anxious to be under sail. This of course was caused by a natural perplexity about Taou Yuen's comfort and happiness.

"I don't know what the firm's plans are for me," he answered cautiously. "There is some talk of taking me out of the China trade for the California runs. I shouldn't like that."

Jeremy was turning at his secretary, and he stopped to pound his fist on its narrow ledge.

"It's that damned Griffiths again and his cursed jackknife hull!" he exclaimed. The dark tide suffused his countenance. Gerrit studied him thoughtfully; he didn't know just how much William had yet told their father about the sweeping changes taking place in Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone. He did see, however, that it was unwise to excite the old gentleman unduly.

"I was saying only yesterday," he put in pacifically, "that you and myself are getting to be old models ——"

He broke off as William entered the library. The latter evidently grasped at once the subject of their discussion, for he went on in a firm voice somewhat contradicted by a restrained but palpable anxiety:

"Now, father, this was bound to come up, and you must sit down and listen quietly." The elder, on the verge of a tempestuous reply, constrained himself to a painful attention. "It's useless



*He Rose With a Nod of Finality, and James Saltonstone Remarked, "Jeremy to the Life"*

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to point out to you the beneficial changes in sea carrying, for you are certain to deny their good and drag out the past. So I am simply forced to tell you that after careful consideration we have decided to line the firm with the events of the day and hold our place in the growing pressure of competition. This may sound brutal, but it was forced on us by the attitude you have adopted. Shortly, this is what we intend, in fact are doing:

"Orders have been placed with George Raynes at Portsmouth and Jackson up in Boston for clippers of a thousand and twelve hundred tons, and another is almost ready to be launched from Curtis' Chelsea shipyard. It oughtn't to be necessary to call your attention again to the fact that the Sea Witch has cut the passage from Hong-Kong to something like three months. And the profits of the California trade will be enormous and depend entirely on speed.

"I'll admit that this is a big thing, it will cut sharply into our funds—something like a quarter of a million dollars. But if you will be patient for a little only I can promise that you'll see astonishing returns. At the same time we have no intention of giving up China and India, but we'll limit ourselves more closely in the nature of the cargoes, practically nothing but tea unbroken from Canton to New York. I'll be glad to go into all this in detail at the countinghouse, where we have the statistics and specifications."

To Gerrit's surprise Jeremy Ammidon sat quietly at the end of William's speech; he wasn't even looking at them, but had his gaze bent upon the floor. There was a commanding, even impressive quality in his silence that forced the respect of both his sons. More—it made Gerrit overwhelmingly conscious of his affection, his deep admiration for his father. He recalled the latter's memorable voyage in the little Two Capes—the bark of two hundred and nine tons—into the dangers, so imminent to a master, of uncomprehended waters and thousands of miles with for the most part only the sheerest dead reckoning.

Jeremy Ammidon said finally:

"If it's done it's done. I used to think there were two Ammidons in the firm, not to mention Gerrit; but it seems there's only one—a man who has never been to sea." He rose and marched, slower and more ponderous than ever before, to the cupboard where he kept the square bottle of Medford rum; there with trembling hands he poured himself out a measure. He shut the glass door, but stood for an oppressive while with his back to the room, seeing what old vision of struggle or accomplishment?

"I suppose I've been a damned nuisance about the countinghouse for a long time," he pronounced, turning.

William rose. "You made it," he said; "it's you. God forgive me if I have been impatient or forgetful of all we owe you."

There was a stir of skirts in the doorway, and Rhoda entered.

"Breakfast ——"

She broke off, and with a quick glance at her husband and Gerrit went at once up to Jeremy Ammidon.

"They've been bothering you again," she declared, and turned an expression of bright anger on the younger men. "Ah, how hard and hateful and blind you are!" she cried.

William, with a hopeless gesture, went from the room. Gerrit moved to a window facing the square; but he saw nothing of its sultry yellow-green expanse—he was remembering how as a child, his mother already dead, a nurse had held him up on Derby Wharf to see his father sweep into port from the long voyage to the East. He caught again the resonant voice, as if sounding from staunch ribs of oak, the tremendous vigor of the arm that swept him up to a bearded face. He couldn't bring himself to move now and see an old haggard man clinging with tremulous emotion and tears to the sympathy, the strength of a woman.

Later in the morning, to his immense relief, Jeremy Ammidon regained a surprising amount of composure. At first determined never to return to Liberty Street, toward noon Gerrit found him in the hall with his broad hat and wanghee.

"I'll just have a slant at those specifications," he remarked. "Like as not they've left off the hatch coamings."

Gerrit suggested, "Since it's so hot why don't you have the carriage round?"

Old Jeremy voiced his customary disparagement of that vehicle. "If I see that I'm going to be late for dinner," he added, "I'll get one of the young men to fetch me something. I don't want to give Rhoda any trouble."

Still, on the steps he lingered, gazing pridefully up at the bulk of the house he had built; his eyes rested on the brass plate engraved with the words Java Head on the dignified white door.

"A lot of talk when I had that done," he commented; "people said they'd never heard of it, ought to have my name there for convenience if nothing else. They didn't know. It would take a sailor for that. Don't forget to tell Rhoda not to wait if I'm late. All those girls of hers get hungry. I expect William consulted Laurel about this new move," he ended with a gleam of humor. "She's a great hand for a clipper since she talked to Captain Waterman."

He was down the steps, starting deliberately across the street. Gerrit heard a last mutter of doubt. The bulky slow figure in yellow Chinese silk moved away, and Gerrit returned to the shadowed tranquillity of the library.

More than any other place in the house it bore the impression of his father. He wandered about the room, lost in its associations, stopped in front of the tall narrow walnut bookcase and took out one of the small company of Jeremy Ammidon's logs, reading here and there in the precise script:

"Tuesday, December 24. 132 days out. All this day gentle breezes and cloudy. Saw kelp, birds, etc.

"Tacked ship to the eastward under short sail. At daylight made all sail to SW. Gentle breezes and clear pleasant weather. Saw huge shoals of flying fish."

"May 19, 11 days out. Hainan in sight bearing from W by N to NNW. At sunset the breeze died away and hauled off the land. All night light breezes. Made all possible sail to the SSW. At the same time set the extremity of Hainan which bore NW by N to N. Past three Chinese vessels steering NNE. Saw much scum on the water and at 11 A. M. lost sight of land."

"November 14, 65 days out. These twenty-four hours commences with variable breezes at west and smooth sea. Saw brig steering to the Eastward. The land of Sumatra bearing SW by W to SE by S. Tied rips."

He returned the log to its resting place with a quiet smile at the last period. It was all incredibly simple—a lost simplicity of navigation and a lost innocent wonder at the Mare Atlanticum of old fable.

Neither William nor Jeremy Ammidon was present for dinner. They were, Gerrit concluded, submerged in the effort to bring the changing activities of the firm into the latter's comprehension. His foot was on the stair leading up to his wife when there was a violent knocking on the front door. It sounded with a startling resonance in the shut hall, and Gerrit instinctively answered without waiting for a servant. The flushed and breathless young man before him was evidently perturbed by his appearance. He stammered:

"Captain Ammidon, you—you must come down to the countinghouse. At once, please!"

His thoughts, directed upon his father, gathered into a chilling certainty.

"Captain Jeremy is sick?" he demanded instantly.

The hesitation of the other seemed to confirm an infinitely greater calamity.

"Dead?" he asked again, in a flooding misery of apprehension.

The clerk nodded.

"In a second, like," he said. "All we know they were talking in Mr. William Ammidon's room—one of the boys was out that minute getting the old gentleman some lunch—when we heard a fall, it was quite plain, and Mr. Saltonstone ——"

"That will do," Gerrit cut him short.

He turned into the house, rapidly considering what must follow. He'd go, certainly; but first he must warn Rhoda. She would have the girls to prepare—Rhoda had always been exceptionally considerate and fond of Jeremy Ammidon.

He found her at the entrance to her room and said, "My father is dead."

Her warm color sank and tears filled her eyes.

Hurrying over Bath Street to Liberty his grief was held in check by the pressing actualities of the moment. He had time, however, to feel glad that he had spent the morning largely in warm thoughts of the dead man.

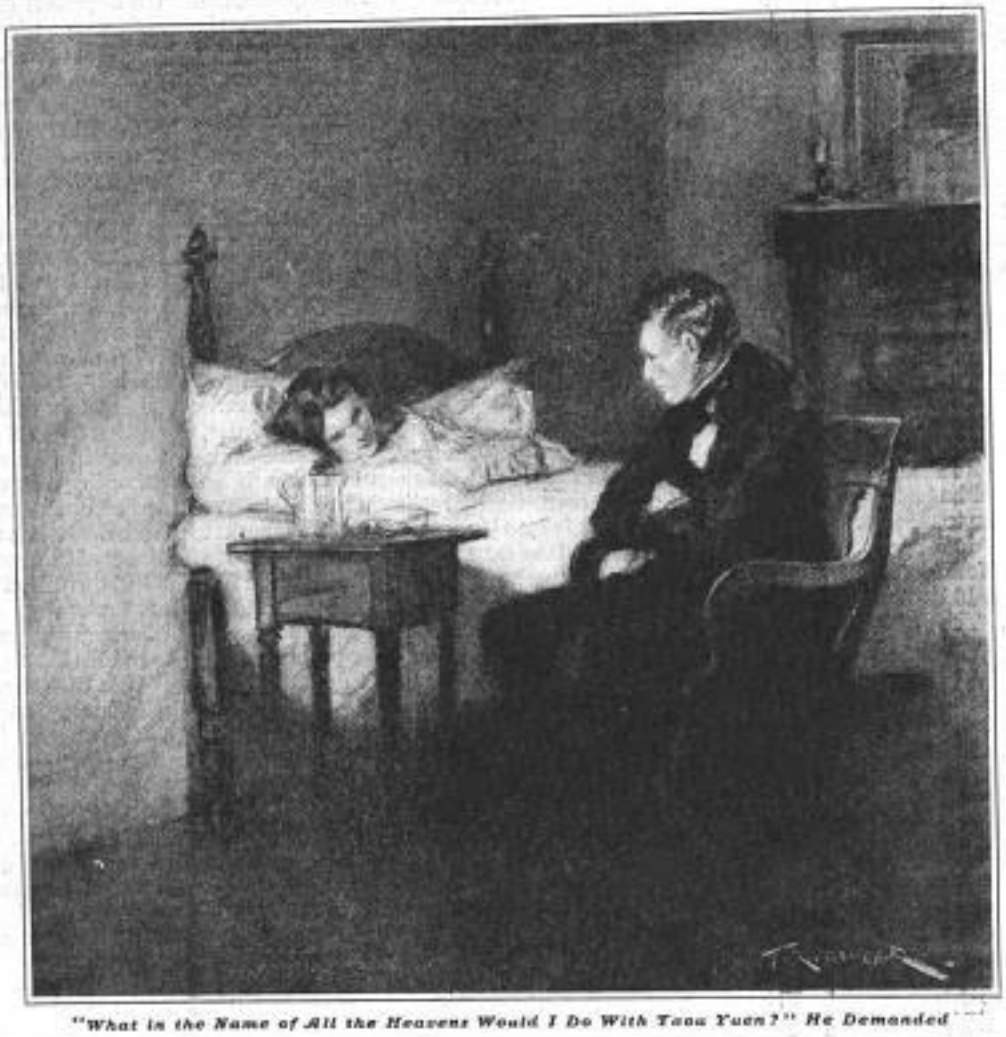
He passed rapidly into the entrance of the offices of Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone. Immediately on the right there was an open railed inclosure of desks, in the center of which a group of clerks watched him with mingled respect and curiosity as he continued to the inner shut space. It was a large bright room with windows on Charter Street. William's expansive flat-topped desk with its inked green baize was on the left, and under a number of framed sere ships' letters and privateersmen's Bonds of the War of 1812 Gerrit saw the heavy body extended on a broad wooden bench, a familiar orange Bombay handkerchief spread over the face.

Never in all the memory of his brother had William Ammidon been so stricken. As he entered James Saltonstone left, studying a list hastily scribbled on a half sheet of the firm's writing paper. He nodded silently to Gerrit, who advanced to the covered face and lifted the handkerchief. There were still traces of congestion, but a marble-like pallor had taken the place of the familiar ruddy color. Something of the heaviness of his old age, the blurring thickness of long inactivity, had vanished, giving his still countenance an expression of vigor, resolution, contradicted by an arm trailing like the loose end of a heavy rope on the floor.

William, with a clenched hand on his desk, spoke with difficulty:

"You must know this, Gerrit; and then I'll ask you never to allude to it again. It might be argued that—that James and I killed him, but absolutely without intention, by accident. Gerrit, I loved him more than I took time to know. Well, you may or may not have heard that we own two topsail schooners in the opium trade, between India, Ningpo and Amoy, but you do know how father detested anything to do with the drug. We said nothing to him about this; it seemed necessary—no, permissible. But to-day when we were coming to a peaceable understanding about the new contracts he stumbled over one of the schooner's manifests. Mislaid, you see—a clerk! It swept him to his feet in a rage—he couldn't speak, and—and he had walked; it was hot. . . ."

Gerrit Ammidon made no answer. There was nothing to be said. At the same time he was shaken by a burning anger at the cupidity, the blind ugly grasping to which Jeremy had been sacrificed. A gulf opened between him and his brother with James Saltonstone; he was as different from them as the sea was from the land, as the wind-swept deck of the Nautilus was from this dry building with its stifling papers and greed. He might be in the service of



"What in the Name of All the Heavens Would I Do With Taou Yuen?" He Demanded

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the firm—Gerrit was not incorporated in the partnership—he might carry their cargoes for the multiplication of the profit, but his essential service and responsibility—his life—were addressed to another and infinitely higher and more difficult consummation than the stowed kegs of Spanish dollars, the bills of sale. This was composed of the struggle with the immeasurable elements of the seas and winds, the safety of lives, the endless trying of his endurance and will and luck.

"Now"—he spoke with a perceptible bitterness—"you can have your way without interference, without his mixing up your papers or making the blunders of a slow sort of honesty."

"I am under no obligation to your judgment or opinion," William replied stiffly. "There are always complications you will never penetrate or carry. At present your assistance is more necessary than any display of temper."

The funeral gathered and ebbed in a long procession of carriages through a sultry noon, the service at the grave concluded by the symbolic dropping of the earth on Jeremy Ammidon's coffin lowered into the deep narrow clay pit. The small varied throng lingered for a breath, as if unable to take their attention from the raw opening that had absorbed the shipmaster; and then there was a determined and reassuring commonplace murmur, a hurrying away into the warm web of the day.

The evening was the loveliest that summer and the garden of Java Head could afford; a slow moon disentangled itself from the indigo foliage at the back of the stable and soared with an increasing brilliancy, bathing the sod and summer-house and poplars, the metallic box borders and spiked flower beds in a crystal clearness. The Ammidons sat about the willow, Rhoda with a hand affectionately on her husband's arm, the children—Laurel and Janet staying without remark long past their accustomed hours for bed—still and white under the blanching moon. Gerrit intently studied his wife, Taou Yuen, in a concentrated manner. She, too, was in white, the Chinese mark of sorrow.

Suddenly in the face of his suffering and memories she had appeared startlingly remote, as if from standing close beside him she were moving farther and farther away. The image was made profoundly disconcerting by the fact that neither acted of his own accord; it took the aspect of a purely arbitrary phenomenon over which they had no control. At the same time Nettie Vollar was surprisingly near, actual—he could see every line and shading of her vivid face; he felt the warm impact of her instant sympathy. He had caught a glimpse of Barzil Dunsack at the funeral; but the other was immediately hidden by the crowd, and Gerrit had been unable to discover whether his son and daughter or Nettie had accompanied him.

His thoughts turned in a score of associations and questions to Nettie; but when he found himself trying to picture her exact employment at the present moment he was angrily aroused. He had, he realized, considered nothing else for the past hour; and his preoccupation was growing more intense, personal. He stirred abruptly and fixed his mind on the imminent changes from his father's death. First the possibility would develop of his becoming a member of the firm. But to this he silently declared he would not agree. His gaze rested with a faint underlying animosity on William, seated upright in a somber absorption, and with a disparagement of the latter's activities and scale of values. Gerrit saw that there must be a pacific legal knot to straighten out; the division of Jeremy's estate would require time—he had somewhere heard that such affairs often dragged on for a year. And now he was in a fever of impatience to be away—safe—at sea. He added the more portentous word with the vague self-assurance that it was only the customary expression of his notable ignorance of land; but it echoed with an ominous special insistence in his mind.

The Nautilus, he recalled, was once more afloat, repaired; and a plan occurred to him that seemed to dispose of all his difficulties, even of the distasteful possibility of the California clipper service. He could take the ship as part of his inheritance; and though ostensibly sailing her in the interest of the firm make such voyages and ports, carry such cargoes as his independence dictated. The Nautilus, with a cargo out of tin and dyes and cotton manufactures and forty or fifty thousand trade dollars, would represent a sum of nearly two hundred thousand; but as a family they were very rich; he'd have more than that, and bank the remainder intact to the credit of his wife.

There were many practical aspects of his marriage that he had not stopped to weigh in its precipitant haste. The problem, pointed out by Rhoda, of his absence from Taou Yuen on cruise could not be solved with the facility he had taken for granted. It was as impossible to leave her happily here—he was aware of her growing impatience with Western habit—as it would be for him to become a contented part of Chinese home life; and not only was she uncomfortably cramped and sick on shipboard, but he doubted whether he could persuade his crews to sail with her. Superstitious able-seamen balked at the presence of even a normal wife aft; and a Chinese would be regarded as a sign of certain disaster.

He would have to establish her somewhere in the East Indies; and he viewed with a new dislike all such tropical settings. His entire life threatened to become an affair of damnable palm trees and Oriental stenches. Gerrit Ammidon broke into a cold sweat at the realization of the far more direct implication that had taken substance in his mind. The thing was going entirely too far! He wondered irritably at the obscure cause for such violent inner agitations.

Rhoda Ammidon with a dim smile rose, gathering her daughters about her, and departed in a glimmer of muslin. Taou Yuen with her murmuring formal politeness moved away, too, leaving the brothers together. Whatever sympathetic intercourse they might otherwise have had, whatever shared memories of their boyhood and their father, were made impossible by William's admission of the immediate cause of the elder's death.

"The Saltonstones are going into Boston this fall," William said abruptly. "It is necessary for one of us to live there; and Caroline always has had a hankering for wider society. Rhoda, I was surprised to learn, wishes to remain here at Java Head; for a year or so anyway. She has a very real affection for the place. But I tell her, when the younger girls are older, Boston, or perhaps New York, will give them far greater opportunities. Sidsall, stranger still, was in tears at the whole thing; she seemed ridiculously upset about leaving."

The vision of Nettie Vollar persisted, bright and disturbing. Once he was at sea, Gerrit told himself, on the circumscribed freedom of his quarter-deck, he would lose the unsettling fever burning at that instant in his veins. But the memory of long solitary passages with nothing to distract his mind through week upon week after the ship took the trades, when hour upon hour his thoughts turned inward on themselves and reviewed every past act and feeling, made doubtful even that old release. The trouble was that he instinctively avoided any square facing of the tangle that had multiplied with such amazing rapidity—like a banyan tree—about the present and the shadowed future. This he was forced to admit, but grimly added that there could be only one answer to whatever he might lay bare—the adherence to the single fundamental duty of which he never lost sight. No port was gained by changing blindly from course to course; that way lay the reefs. A man could but keep steadily by the compass. That, at least, was all he could see, propose, for himself, being rather limited and lacking the resources that others of greater knowledge so confidently explored.

After breakfast on the following morning he mounted the dignified staircase, with the sweeping railing of red narra wood and high Palladian window at the turn, to his wife. In their room he was bathed in a cold sweat of dismay at a suddenly detached view of Taou Yuen in her complete Manchu mourning for his father. An unhemmed garment of coarse white hemp hung in ravelings about slippers of sackcloth; what had been an elaborate headdress was hidden under a binding of the bleached hemp; she wore no paint or flowers; her pins and earrings were pasted with dough; and her expression was drugged with the contemplative fervor of what had evidently been a religious observation.

"For the wise old man, for your father," she said.

She was exhausted and sank down on the day bed; but almost immediately her hand reached out in the direction of her pipe, and she smiled faintly at him. He clenched his sinewy hands, the muscles of his jaw knotted as he gazed steadily at the woman, the Manchu woman he had of his own free accord married. It sickened him that for the drawing of a breath he regarded Taou Yuen with such appalling injustice—injustice, the evil he hated and condemned more than other. What, in the name of God, was he made of that he should sink so low!

"We'll leave here soon," he declared abruptly; "the Nautilus will be ready for sea almost any time."

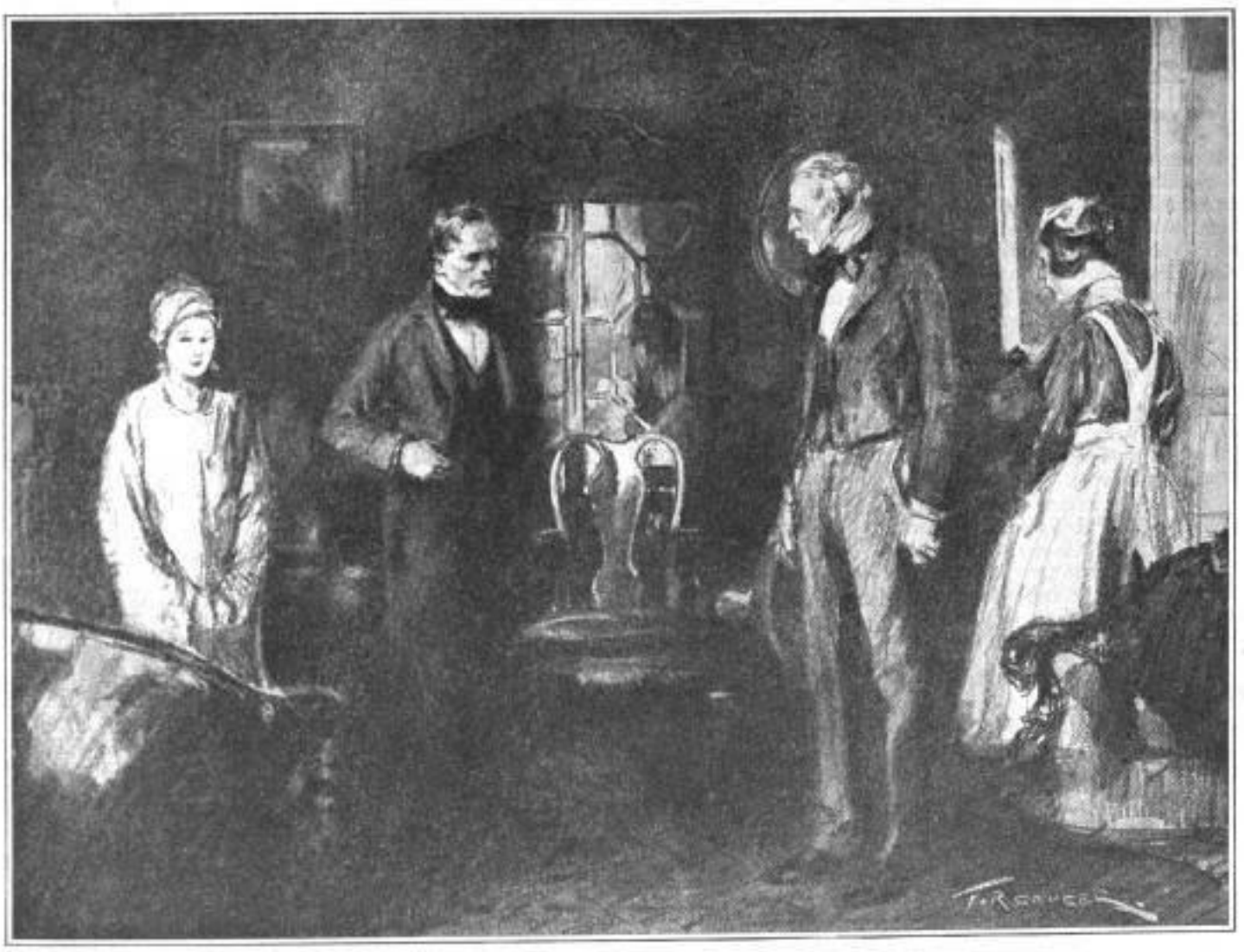
He could recognize from his slight knowledge of her that Taou Yuen welcomed the news.

"Shanghai?" she asked.

He nodded. It came over him that he was no longer young. His father had retired from the sea within a few years of his own present age and built Java Head, the house that was to be a final harbor of unalloyed happiness. No such prospect awaited him; he had one of the premonitions that were more certain than the most solid realities—as long as he lived he must sail his ships, struggling with winds and calms, with currents and cockling and placid seas. Well, that was natural, inevitable, what he would have chosen. At the same time he dwelt with a sensation of loneliness on the green garden and drawing-room filled in May with the scent of lilacs, of Rhoda surrounded by her girls.

When the question of the division of Jeremy Ammidon's estate came up he was, as he had foreseen, urged to become a partner in the firm; and when that failed he was told that it was his vested duty to

(Continued on Page 38)



"I Can Tell You in a Breath—Nettie Was Badly Injured in That Cursed Rabble Yesterday"

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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## If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation and mail conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

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## The Coming Zero Hour

THE British Coal Controller recently said that his figures indicated a shortage of thirty-six million tons. Due partly to influenza, the midsummer output was the lowest since the war started. England had not been able to meet her obligations to her Allies in respect of coal. The controller proposed rationing household use of coal this winter, its use by public utilities and by all industries not engaged in direct war work. Already French households have been put on a ration of twenty-eight hundredweight a year for each five persons. Compare that with the coal you burn!

This is a coal war even more than it is a wheat war. You can keep men going on potato flour, but you cannot feed the furnaces of a battleship or a munitions plant with straw substitutes. The American Army in France will require some millions of tons of coal this winter.

Because there are no substitutes, saving coal is harder than saving certain kinds of food. Yet, saving many million tons is not really very hard. If everybody who burns coal—cheap coal, because the Government keeps it cheap, comparatively speaking—will take pains to find out and use the most economical ways of burning it, the total saving will be great. A coal waster this winter has no business to shout over victories in Europe.

## For Democracy

WE WISH every reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST would turn back now and read over the speech President Wilson delivered in New York at the beginning of the Fourth Liberty Loan drive in September. We believe it is as memorable as the Declaration of Independence and Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. It translates the spirit of both those historic utterances into world language.

It would have been a thesis, an amiable dream—but two million American soldiers in France and the day-by-day effort of a hundred million Americans at home give it the solid outlines of attainable reality. In what it tangibly implies no political document we are acquainted with equals it, for none other was consciously addressed to such a vast audience.

At every vital point it stands squarely opposed to the Prussian idea. To say that the state legitimately exists only for the well-being of the men and women who compose it; that justice and the interests of the peoples shall be the only international rule; that there shall be no subjugation of one racial group by another—is to challenge and deny in the flattest terms the Prussian idea that people exist for the power and glory of the state. To accept the President's idea is to renounce conquest completely and as a matter of course. What use a Hohenzollern or Hapsburg dynasty could find for itself in a world so ordered is problematical.

The implications of that speech are tremendous: No domination of one group by another; no irresponsible power; everywhere the greatest practicable measure of self-government; no organized coercion except to enforce the will of a majority; justice the constant aim; and a constant effort to give every group the freest possible opportunity to develop its abilities. That must imply justice at home and the greatest practicable measure of self-direction by groups and individuals under the same flag; no coercion, for example, of employees by employers or of employers by employees; the freest opportunity for the individual to develop his abilities; a constant effort to give every man as good a chance as every other to exercise his natural endowment.

Take the speech home again. It states a cause that sanctions all the sacrifices necessary to attain it.

## Suffrage and Politics

IT STRIKES us that this is the hour for conservatism. War is a flood that has submerged many things and carried us a good way in directions we had not deliberately chosen. It has loosened many roots and set much in flux. A good time, we should say, to pay particular attention to our bearings and to look ahead with particular caution. There are situations in which a good navigator will crowd on all sail, and others in which he will be concerned about the strength of his anchor. Russia could have used an anchor to great advantage. On the whole, it impresses us as a time for conservatism; but there is a sort of conservatism that is of little use in any situation.

Woman suffrage just now is a touchstone of that Bourbon conservatism which learns nothing and forgets nothing.

That cause is accomplished. Circumstances have brought it practically to fulfillment, just as they have shaped national prohibition. With the Red Cross nurses fringing every battle line, and a million and a half women in England alone holding industrial jobs that directly released a million and a half men for the Front, women are going to vote as a matter of course. Signs of the fact are spattered all over the United States. You can hardly board a street car or step into a passenger elevator without meeting one of the signs.

Suffrage is here. Local plebiscites taken before the war do not count. People never voted for government operation of railroads, but practically everybody accepts the fact of a new relationship between government and transportation. The sensible course respecting woman suffrage is to accept it and put it into operation as promptly as possible, which is by a constitutional amendment. At any rate, there is nothing but obscurantism in refusing to submit an amendment. There is no usefulness in the conservatism that simply resists movement. In regard to woman suffrage, that sort of conservatism exhibited itself in the Senate about equally in both the big parties—another illustration of the practical emptiness of party labels, in spite of all the tortuous ingenuity with which some publicists try to read a meaning into them.

## Women in Industry

THE Executive Departments have asked and Congress has appropriated thirty billion dollars. But that is only figures on a piece of paper. Last year Congress appropriated twelve billions; but the Departments could spend only eight, because they could not get the work done. Hindenburg does not care how many billions we appropriate. Our ability to bother him is absolutely limited by our ability to find the materials and the hands to make ships, airplanes, guns, and so on. Neither the materials nor the hands to carry out the government's program are really in sight now; but the shortage of hands is the vital thing.

There is a shortage—a very decided and ominous shortage. It must be overcome or the war program will fall behind. Labor power of women offers one very important means of overcoming it. A recent British report shows a million and a half women directly replacing men in commerce and industry. We have made a very big beginning, but it is only now that the exigent labor pinch is at hand.

The Government is striving to get men out of positions where their labor is less essential to war purposes, and into those where their labor is more essential. It has issued certain orders and appeals to that end. But the government's comb is necessarily a rather coarse instrument, with considerable intervals between the teeth. Individuals must take the problem home to themselves personally. Men capable of contributing more directly to the war should not be hired for work that belongs to women in a war régime. Men holding such positions who can, with no ruinous sacrifice, turn their labor to more essential ends, ought to do it. Women looking for employment or eligible for employment should consider where their stroke will count most.

This labor demand is imperative. The word is not "If you please" but "Must!"

## Pan-American

THE fact is that before the war Germany was decidedly much nearer to Latin America than we were, because Germany had taken greater pains to study and understand Latin America and to meet her needs than we had. More lines of mutual interest ran from Latin America to Germany than to the United States.

Since war began German agents have bought great stocks of raw materials in South America. They have striven with every sort of propaganda their ingenuity could suggest to hold all the country to the south of us as a field for future German trade and exploitation. Germany will be wanting foreign trade, when war ends, as no country really wanted it before.

We shall have the capital. We shall have the shipping for the first time. We shall have the manufacturing capacity. We shall be wanting much closer trade and political contact to the south than ever before. War has given us a great opportunity to make the word America a term of common interest in a way only vainly dreamed of before; but only an opportunity. To realize it will require broad planning and persistent effort.

And the key to it all is mutual understanding and mutual service. We want Latin America to understand us. We want it to know all about American goods. We want to reap profits there. The first word, in getting Latin America to understand us, is for us to understand Latin America. The way to sell more goods there is to buy more. The way to find a profit is to discover a useful service to be performed.

To broaden and tighten our relations with Latin America and to counter all German propaganda, the first and pretty nearly the last word is to find out how useful we can be; how much and in what ways we can serve Latin-American interests. The services we render will be the measure of those we receive. It is our cue now to take the initiative and see how much we can profit Latin America. That is the key to countering German propaganda. The profit to us will follow as a matter of course.

## Keeping the Bonds

THOUSANDS of small Liberty Bonds, insecurely kept, have been lost or stolen. With probably twenty million small bondholders in the country, not a few banks—especially in the larger cities—are neglecting a duty and an opportunity. Every bank ought to provide safe, convenient means of keeping bonds for small holders free of charge, and advertise its willingness to keep them. Every bank, we believe, will keep a bond for a patron, however small his deposit; but every bondholder is a prospective bank patron. The expense of keeping his bond is a good investment.

But even that does not quite cover the situation. The Government should do all it reasonably can to encourage small holders to keep their bonds. A bankers' committee surmises that four hundred million dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds has already been exchanged for wildcat or dubious investments. Obviously the Government should do what it can to discourage that and to protect ignorant small holders. After the war the temptation to part with Liberty Bonds will be increased.

The coupon bonds, payable to bearer, are exchangeable as readily as bank notes. Simply handing them over is all that is necessary. The Treasury will now convert any coupon bond into a registered bond, which cannot be transferred except by an entry on the Treasury's books. Such bonds are safe from loss or theft. Generally speaking, the holder of a registered bond is not so likely to dispose of it as the holder of a coupon bond. The business of getting title transferred is something of an obstacle to the swindler.

But converting a coupon bond into a registered bond is now a process of some difficulty for the small holder and of some expense for carriage to Washington. We believe the Treasury must work out a scheme for registering bonds at post offices and paying the interest on them through post offices. It would involve no little thought and labor; but it can be done.

Twenty million small bondholders, protected to the utmost practicable extent against loss, theft and swindle, and given every reasonable encouragement to keep their bonds, are worth a great deal of thought and labor.

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# WHO SAID ALIENS?

## By GEORGE PATTULLO

FAVINO was an alien who enlisted in the —— th Infantry, U. S. A., on our entry into the war. He came straight from the foreign colony of one of our large cities and his nationality was Italian. You or I might have called him a Dago; his native-born American neighbors referred to Favino as "one of them wops."

Two motives prompted his enlistment. Neither had anything to do with international law or the rights of small nations; Favino didn't care a hoot about Belgium, he wouldn't have crossed the road to help restore Alsace-Lorraine, and he was prone to confuse many other burning issues with the names of breakfast foods. What put him in the —— th Infantry was, first, an inordinate pride in being "Amer'can"; and, second, the fact that his brother had been killed while serving with the Italian Army.

So he went to war because his country was fighting and to avenge his brother. Every ounce of that vengeance was directed at the Kaiser. The Supreme War Lord personified for him the whole military machine of the Central Powers—he held him directly responsible; and there was born in Favino a curious, personal hate.

One night, in a rest area, some of the boys of Company I hung a large, gorgeous picture of the Kaiser above Favino's cot. When the little Italian found it there he went berserker.

"Who done that?"

Nobody would admit it; but everybody laughed. Eleven seconds later they had to send for a platoon commander to quell the riot, because Favino was cleaning out the place. The lieutenant found him, white and wild-eyed, holding off the crowd. All he wanted to know was who "done it"; if they would only point out the man he would allow the others to go to bed.

At drill and on the march he always showed the same earnestness. Once, after a punishing night hike with full packs, Favino could barely stand.

"Fall out?" he said. "Hell, no! When me fall out, me die, lootnant."

Later this Italian distinguished himself in hand-to-hand fighting with the boches. So did scores of others of the same breed. Which brings me to my text: How our aliens fight.

Read the rosters of the First and Second, and every other volunteer division. These aliens fairly flocked to the colors. It takes a linguist to make a roll call in some battalions. The rosters bristle with 'skys and 'itches and 'inos. Yes, and of Schmitts and Müllers too; for there are thousands of volunteers in the American Expeditionary Force who bear German names.




PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

*Certificate of Citation in Divisional Orders, Awarded to an American Officer by the French Military Authorities*

### A Three-Cent Proposition

THE disloyalty of an element of Americans of German parentage has made the situation a bitter one for these and all others of Teutonic extraction whose hearts are with the United States. They have been constantly under suspicion. That was inevitable; but, after watching how the Schmitts and Müllers behave on the firing line, I am persuaded that the great bulk of second-generation Germans in this country are as good Americans as any. They are a lot better than many flag-waving patriots I have seen who think they can win the war by parades and browbeating thoroughly earnest people into contributions for causes that represent nothing but misdirected enthusiasm and a desire to jump into the limelight.

Let me tell you the story of a fight in which our aliens took part. It was only a raid, but it was probably on a larger scale than any raid the boches have attempted against the Americans. And it occurred during the first tour these men had ever done in the trenches. They were new at the game—raw troops. Hardly any of them had seen more than eight months of service.

Remember, as you read, that more than half of the men engaged were what we have been calling wops, and kindred names implying inferiority. Remember that these men are Americans only by adoption, but went to fight for her of their own free will. If, when you have finished, you don't admit that they are as good Americans as ever stepped, then I can only suggest that you consult a veterinary, for your case is hopeless.

The facts of the raid are of official record. I give the story in the words of a lieutenant who went through the fight, and who commanded a platoon for many months that was largely composed of aliens. I have substantiated his account, and he is thoroughly reliable. Moreover, no man could gulp the way he does when he fills to a flush unless he was pure in heart.

You've got to hand it to them. They're bear cats! If anybody had told me a year ago that these aliens would fight the way they do I'd have laughed at him. Why, you can take wops from the tenement districts and make them fightin' fools!

Perhaps it is something in the air of America; perhaps they get what we are proud to think is the American spirit. Anyhow, these aliens make fine soldiers. To begin with, they obey with alacrity; and they have a faith in their officers that is sublime. The average alien is firmly persuaded that the American officer cannot fail or make a mistake; and so they will follow him anywhere.

I'll never forget a little Austrian we had in our platoon. Not long after we had gone into the line and the boche artillery was commencing to warm up, he came to me one day and said earnestly:

"Say, lieutenant, if the bushes come over you won't call for a barrage—will you, lieutenant?"

"Why not?"

"Well, shells, lieutenant, they cost money—big money. Why not let them bushes come right along into our trenches, where we can shoot them for three cents apiece?"

About thirty per cent of my platoon were Italians—wops if you like. Then we had a number with Polish names, and a few German. So you can see that the alien element was heavy. About the same proportion held good throughout the entire battalion.

We were dog-robbing for the engineers all last winter—building railroads, unloading supply trains, putting up barracks. It was tough work, and we had come to France to fight instead of substituting for labor battalions. However, somebody had to do it and a lot of other good regiments were on the same sort of jobs.

You remember that we weren't much to brag about as soldiers a year ago; in fact, I often grew discouraged, so few of the men had had any training. They were raw and slack—just a mob. That's about the truth of it. They could hardly form fours properly, let alone go through the sort of trench work they learned later. And they had about the usual discipline you find among recruits. It is indicated by a minus sign.

But we went at it and gradually whipped them into shape. Once started they learned quickly and the boys of the old —— Regiment were mighty good troops when it came our turn to go into the line. For one thing, we never allowed any grouching or complaining. We made that a rule. Whining will break down a regiment's morale very quickly; so we wouldn't stand for it. No matter what cause they had for kicking, the men were required to keep it to themselves, so far as conversation went; they could lay formal complaint, of course, but we didn't want any grumbling. Well, the great day came. We marched out of the place where we were billeted one night about eight o'clock and hiked until seven next morning; fifty minutes' marching and ten minutes' rest—that was our schedule. It took the starch out of them, but they came through all right.

The first town we stopped at was Thillombois. They were the best billets we ever had in France. Our battalion was distributed in small huts, like bungalows, up on a hill. You could look right down into the grounds and gardens of a wonderful château. There were beautiful mountains all about and spring was just turning the country green; in fact, it was ideal.

### Under Fire for the First Time

OUR orders were to keep under cover, so that hostile airmen could not observe us. Also, we were obliged to wear gas masks all the time—not because there was any danger of a gas attack in that vicinity, but to accustom the men to them. Our battalion was in reserve, the other two battalions of the —— being in the line. Often we could hear the big guns booming. It was the first time we had heard them.

Well, we stayed there a while and then moved on to Tilly, which was close to the Front. It was shelled to smithereens. The houses were shot to pieces and the place was littered with rubbish.

The main street led straight toward the German trenches—toward the fortress of St. Mihiel, which the Americans captured recently. The street was camouflaged a considerable distance with sacking stretched above it on poles.

We had wine cellars for dugouts and lived in the lower portions of the ruined houses. The boys went to work to clean up. And right here was where the wops showed a trait that I wish more of us had. They did some decorating. They stuck foliage, with paper trimmings, in the windows; they put up pictures and hangings that they had discovered in the abandoned homes; they built walks in front of the billets, with borders of stones; and every place they occupied soon had a gayly ornamented table for cards and dice.

Another officer and I were going up the street one day when over came some shells. They were the first that ever came in my direction. One burst directly in front of the door of my billet; and then we ducked. We made a bee line for the platoon dugout.

I can't help laughing now when I think of the consternation that reigned. You see, it was an entirely new experience; and we thought hell had broken loose, sure! A lot of the boys even put on their gas masks; they were going to be ready for the worst. As a matter of fact, Heinie was

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simply registering on the place, probably because his observers had noted unwonted movement there. And the shelling stopped in a few minutes.

Well, we did some camouflage work and dug some artillery emplacements and reserve trenches, and passed ten days there. All the time we had to be careful about smoke from our kitchens, lest the boches should see it and turn loose; but nothing happened. It was a fine experience for the men—sort of eased them gradually into what they might expect at the Front.

We marched out for the Front on the night of April first. Absolute silence marked that hike. Not a man talked, there was no smoking. The only noise was the steady tramp-tramp of their feet and the crunching of the wheels of the machine-gun carts.

About ten-thirty we arrived at a small village—and there we saw French soldiers. From that place we moved forward in platoon groups. We passed regimental headquarters and went at least two miles along a communication trench. It threaded two villages, below the level of the ground.

Well, we reached our sector and relieved the platoon that had held it—all in silence. It was a weird experience. Scores of Very lights were going up from the enemy positions and made No Man's Land as bright as day. It was an impressive sight, but it scared the mischief out of me. I could see that the boys were on the anxious seat too. They kept as dumb as oysters.

The French platoon leader told me what posts to keep day and night, where the boches were in the habit of cutting the wire, and all the rest of it; and we checked over the supplies—the grenades, hoes, spades, picks, all the rockets, flares, and so on. I learned how liaison was to be maintained, the various ways of communicating with battalion headquarters, the locations of kitchens, and how supplies were to be brought up. The Frenchman stayed with us thirty-six hours for this purpose.

Another old French sergeant stayed with us two days. He was a humdinger. He had a gray beard and was well up in years; but there he was in the front trenches. It seemed that back in 1914 he had been in the commissary behind the line because he was considered too old. But the boches burst through and captured him. Somehow he managed to escape.

"I ran for forty-eight hours," he told me.

It must have been some run; but, anyway, he escaped and reached a British sector. Then he announced that he preferred to stay in the front line in future and would defend himself. He did it too.

"This is a rest sector. They never do any shelling here," they told us. "There's hardly been any firing on this Front since 1914."

I guess that was so; but we hadn't been there two days before Heinie spotted us and began his dirty work. One trouble was that the boys would bunch up in front of the dugouts for chow, no matter what we said to them. And whenever a hostile aëroplane appeared in the sky out they'd run to rubberneck.

It was fairly warm for greenhorns. The shelling hours were about eleven o'clock in the morning and four in the afternoon—trying to catch our men at mess, I reckon, but they'd send them over at other times too—whenever the notion hit them.

What aggravated them, I reckon, was a forty-eight-hour barrage our own artillery put down. That was early in April, when the boches were pushing the British Fifth Army in the Montdidier sector; and probably our fire was meant as a diversion to keep them guessing.

### *Snipers Give the Range*

THE trenches were in great shape. That'll surprise you, I know, because in most rest sectors they are allowed to go to ruin. But ours were as dry as a bone, for the most part, and did not need any revetment. The dugouts were A1, and we never did have any cooties in my platoon in the whole period of twenty days the battalion was in the line. The trenches occupied by the battalion on our left were alive with them. Why we had none I can't say; but that is the fact.

So you see we were sittin' on the world. It was positively pleasant, considering what we had expected, for the weather was still cool, but not cold. The only drawback was that our boys had to crowd considerably in the dugouts. The French platoon is smaller than ours, and where they had put only seven men we had to put thirteen.

There was one stretch of our front trenches under water. That consisted of about two hundred yards on our left; we had to hold that portion by a *petit poste*, which we reached by climbing out and walking along the top. Of course this could be done only in the dark. We started late enough for the darkness to hide us, yet early enough to forestall any attempt on Heinie's part to reach there first; and we returned to our trenches just before dawn.

Well, things went along the usual way. The boches flung over some seventy-sevens and shrapnel every morning and afternoon, and sniped all through the night. No Man's Land was a holy fright! It was simply full of German snipers. Any time they weren't taking a crack at you, some of our own men were; for a green sniper is an earnest soul and is apt to let fly at any noise he hears.

We did scarcely any night patrolling during this tour. I guess the French command did not think it was necessary and hesitated to let raw troops engage in it, lest they should start something they couldn't finish. So the snipers had a high old time. They sure made me nervous with their rat-tat-tat! Yet they seldom got anybody. I know of only one man who was wounded by a sniper in our bunch, and he was hit in the shoulder.

The chief work the snipers did was to signal the range to their artillery. It was my job to hold that *petit poste* with twenty-seven men every night. Well, the boche gunners started in to locate it. Their shells fell in front, on one side and behind us; but they never made a hit. All the while the snipers would be firing merrily, signaling the range by the number of shots; but Heinie never got registered on it, though he certainly used up a lot of ammunition trying.

One night a most amazing thing happened. As sure as I'm sitting here, a bunch of Heinies got out in front of their trenches about eight hundred yards away, built a bonfire, and did a war dance round it. They let off grenades and rockets, and whooped and yelled to beat the band. I suppose they were trying to throw a scare into us; or maybe they thought it would show what a contempt they had for the Americans.

Anyhow, they did it. Some of our boys let fly into them, but they were too far off for real shooting. As I have said, the trenches were about eight hundred yards apart in this sector. The boches were up on a hill, a sort of long, high ridge, and they could look right down on us.

### *The Barrage and the Raid*

"WE'LL get that some day, lieutenant—won't we?" the boys would ask me, gazing longingly at it. And last week they got it.

Well, at six-thirty, right after stand-to, we had breakfast. The other two meals were round eleven o'clock and between four and half past four. The chow was O. K. I've eaten better and I've eaten worse; but we surely were short of fuel. There didn't seem to be any charcoal and there didn't seem to be any wood. Each man had two blankets, and just had to sit tight and shiver. It's all in the game, though.

There were a few scrubs and yellows in my platoon. Two men shot themselves in safe places, just to get out of the line, and two left their posts. That happens in every unit of every army. But it was their first tour; so I merely put the two delinquents at work digging trenches. Whenever there was a dangerous fatigue job after that they got it. As for the S. I. W.'s, they went to hospital and were dealt with by a higher authority.

One afternoon the boches put down a time barrage and exploded an ammunition dump near our dugout. We thought the end of the world had come. That was just after the two Frenchmen left us. Quiet sector, hey? We didn't want to see an active one!

The battalion on our left had to move their kitchens back and bring up the chow at night, and one of our platoons, which was in support, lost fifty-eight men temporarily from gas.

Naturally we had all sorts of fake alarms. You know how that is: A doughboy gets a whiff of something he doesn't recognize as among the familiar smells and instantly yells: "Gas! Gas!" And then he rushes to the nearest siren and twists the handle off rousing the sector. Why is it that ninety-nine per cent of these alarms come in the dead of night? It doesn't take many of them to get your goat.

Well, we had five day posts. The disposition of my platoon was about like this: One man at the door of each dugout, and three other sentries. At night we doubled the sentry posts and established two more. They were armed with automatic rifles and the schedule was two hours on and four off. When off duty the boys went to their dugouts, where they either slept or shot craps. Usually they slept, for holding trenches is mighty wearing.

The *petit poste* I had to hold ordinarily required seven men, but we placed twenty-seven there to guard against a raid—since that seemed the logical point for them to strike—and also to maintain liaison with the battalion on our left. The post was roomy, well wired, and had a couple of substantial dugouts.

After having been in command of this *petit poste* for ten days, I was relieved and made battalion adjutant. It was while I was adjutant that they raided us.

About four o'clock on the afternoon of April thirteenth the boches started a heavy bombardment of our positions. It was a humdinger and we figured that something was about to bust; but along about seven o'clock it let up in intensity. Followed two or three hours of quiet.

During this interval the lieutenant colonel commanding the battalion sent me out to the front lines to see the commanders and obtain from them their systems of defense. On the way out shelling began again in desultory fashion. They were tuning up.

Just as I reached Company I post of command I met the commander, who was starting out with a bunch of men toward the wire. I had an orderly with me; but, after finishing my business there, I took as my guide another man who knew this sector better.

Hardly had the three of us reached the orderly room of Company L when the boche barrage fell. The orderly room was nothing but a tiny shelter and offered no protection.

"Let's get out of here," I suggested. "It's safer outside."

We headed for the dugout. A few steps and there was a fork in the trench. In the darkness I took the wrong turn, to the left, and became separated from the others.

Pretty soon I realized that I was lost, and stopped. Shells were raining on this spot—I guess it was a junction. I fell flat on my stomach and lay still in the trench.

But while I was lying there my conscience hurt me. I had heard our battalion commander score the conduct of an officer who in full view of his men had thrown himself flat on the approach of a shell; and only that afternoon, when the bombardment started and he was writing letters in a room of the château where he made his headquarters, I had seen him give a remarkable exhibition of nerve. Shells were bursting all round the château, but he went on calmly writing until he had finished. Everybody else had descended to the dugout in the cellar; but he would not leave.

At last a shell hit the wall right back of him, knocking a hole in it and scattering plaster and papers in every direction. Then he got up slowly and remarked:

"Well, young man, perhaps we had best move."

I was thinking of that while I lay there in the trench. "Get up, you yellow dog!" I said to myself; and did so. As soon as a shell had exploded, I got up and ran, threw myself flat when I heard another coming, then rose and ran again when it had burst. But I tried it once too often. A piece of shrapnel caught me in the shoulder—a trifling wound; and after that I lay quiet.

After staying there about forty-five minutes I began to figure that it was time to move along. Anything might happen to the sector. I felt there was a raid coming and it was up to me to get back where I could be of some use.

I started back in the direction of Company L shelter, but found it empty—not a soul about. There were holes in the roof where shells had torn through.

My idea was to reach the company commander; but I couldn't find his dugout and couldn't see a soul, for, in obedience to orders, all the men were underground during the barrage. I went down a support trench. What was coming off? I couldn't hear any small-arms fire, which meant that there was no fighting as yet.

### *Bagging the Prisoners*

THEN the barrage lifted. Instantly there was a wild tooting of horns, a sort of cross between an automobile horn and the kind they use on trolley cars in Paris. On top of the noise of the horns came fierce yells, a perfect pandemonium. The boche raiders were in our trenches.

I could see moving figures and I could hear grenades. Once more I attempted to reach Company L dugout, but now there were boches in the trench. I climbed out and lay on top. I had only an automatic revolver; so all I could do was to shoot whenever I saw one of the enemy in the trench. I don't believe I hit any.

Never have I heard such a row—yells and rifle fire, the sharp explosions of grenades, the clash of steel. Our men had rushed out of the dugouts to their posts the minute the barrage lifted and were now in a hand-to-hand fight with the raiders.

The commander of Company L was badly wounded, as I learned later; but I could hear him shouting above the uproar:

"Company L—Rally! Fight! Fight!"

Well, I was in a backwater of the trouble and decided to edge up to the front. I went along and met a lieutenant, wounded and minus his gas mask and helmet. He was in a dazed condition.

A minute later I heard snipers from the direction of a support trench. I crawled out over the top and sneaked up on them from behind. One had his profile to me and was facing down the support trench; he carried a rifle. The other had a big bag of grenades. I knew they were boches by their helmets; yes, I knew it before I saw them.

When I stuck my revolver under the nose of the guy with the rifle he dropped his gun; up went his hands, and he yelled: "*Kamerad!*" The other started to unfasten his belt, perhaps as a sign of surrender; but I mistook the signal and whanged him across the face with my stick. His hands went up also.

It was now up to me to take them to the rear. I gave the command to march and booted the hindmost to set him going. He rose right off the ground and got away to a fine start. So we went along.

In a minute or so we ran across a private. I gave the prisoners over to him, with orders to evacuate them. Off he went; but in two winks I found him back at my elbow.

"Where are those boches?" I asked.

(Concluded on Page 24)

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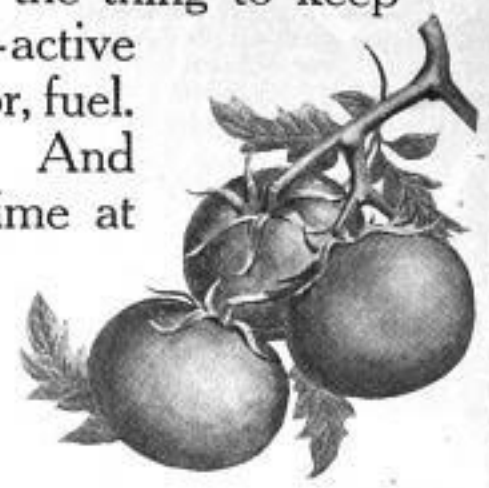
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*(Concluded from Page 22)*

"Why, they ain't boches, lieutenant. They're French Red Cross," he said.

But I understood. The kid had no arms of any description and consequently got cold feet escorting two of them. I ran back along the trench. There were my two prisoners stumping along with their hands in the air. They hadn't dared to glance round and thought the guard was still behind them. I turned them over to a corporal who chanced to come along.

The boy's contention that they were French Red Cross sounded plausible enough. The Germans pretended they were, after entering our trenches. That accounts for their being able to penetrate five hundred yards into our line with scarcely any opposition. It was after they got there that our men woke up fully and the real fighting began.

The Germans wore white brassards on their arms, probably for identification. Whenever they met a bunch of Americans they would shout:

"Leave them alone. They're Americans. It's all right, boys! We're French, coming to help you."

They managed to fool quite a few of our men in that way. A runner from headquarters, on his way to a company P. C. with a message, passed a party of the raiders in a trench early in the affair. They let him go by and spoke to him in perfect English, so that he was completely deceived and never reported the incident. Had he done so, the raid could have been nipped in the bud.

A bunch of Heinies stopped at the door of a dugout and called down:

"It's all right! We're Americans — sent to reënforce. Come out!" Nobody emerged; so they yelled: "Take that, then!"—and tossed hand grenades into the dugout.

You might think that, with the element of uncertainty added to the element of surprise, our men would be too paralyzed for resistance. Nothing of the sort! The minute they realized what was up they came back with a wallop. Everybody started for his post.

Some of our wops, running to *alerte* positions, bumped into the boches; and a grand fight was on. They went to it like wildcats, shooting and stabbing. One little runt, who didn't weigh an ounce over ninety-six pounds—how he ever got by the recruiting officer beats me!—had his bayonet and scabbard covered with blood when day broke. He begged to be allowed to leave it as it was; argued that it proved he had been busy.

### *Little Biakosky's Nerve*

We had a fellow named Biakosky, who had been a saddle maker in civil life, one of the most awkward men with a gun at drill I ever saw. But he had guts! He was the first man out of his dugout and went steaming along for his *alerte* position like a late trolley. Near the portion of the trenches that was under water he ran slap into a party of boches. Biakosky never thought of backing up. He fired into the midst of them and then began to stab, meantime yelling at the top of his lungs for help. A corporal heard him and joined in the scrap. The two of them held off that bunch of raiders.

Another man, a wop, was taken prisoner by a party of the boches who captured two of our machine guns. They made him lead the way back out of the trenches. That Italian deliberately led them in front of one of our machine-gun emplacements, though he knew it probably meant death for himself. He was badly wounded; but our machine gunner wiped out the detachment and regained possession of our guns.

Then there was Charles Schmitz. Because of his name he was always under a sort of suspicion up to that time. And he felt it. I've had him come to me and talk about it. But I want to tell you right now that this fellow Schmitz and a young Russian who formerly fought in the Russian Army but later joined the Americans—those two were among the best soldiers we had.

Well, there was what is known as a delaying party of boches out in a shell hole beyond the trenches. Raiders always leave little groups like this outside to protect their rear and cover their retreat; also, to snipe any of the enemy they can. Schmitz volunteered to get them.

"If you hear me holler 'Schmitz,'" he said when leaving, "you'll know it's me; and don't shoot!"

I tell you there was a lively session for a few minutes. Then they heard a voice shout: "Schmitz! It's me—Schmitz!" And he came back. He had done the job.

Here is his citation: "Ordre No. 187, Soldat Schmitz, Charles; Cie I, du —— Régiment d'Infanterie, United States. In the course of an important enemy raid on April 13, 1918, he advanced alone on five Germans hidden in a shell hole and killed or wounded all of them with an automatic rifle."

I am proud to say that none of the men seemed even to think of retreat. It was a new and stunning experience, and they floundered awhile; but they came back fighting.

One funny thing occurred: There was a little wop in command of a listening post out in front, which post was known as Roumanie. He and his men stuck it out; they stayed there and held the post throughout the entire fight. They gave him a Croix de Guerre for it. Later he admitted to me that none of those in the post knew what all the shooting was about, and never woke up to the fact that there was a raid on at all. That's often the way.

Well, after getting rid of my prisoners I moved along the trench. There was furious fighting everywhere along our front by now. You never heard such a racket—yelling and shooting, and bursting grenades; and all the while those damned horns of the boches were tooting away like devil calls.

I stumbled over many dead boches and wounded Americans. Some of the latter I tried to help by giving them water and easing their positions. It is curious how a man can tell when he is mortally hurt. Two of them told me they were going west. They knew it, and said so; and later they died. The others seemed to feel that their wounds were not fatal.

### *Congratulations From Pershing*

After spotting where they were, so as to be able to tell the stretcher bearers accurately, I continued along the trench and picked up a couple of privates who belonged to the platoon I formerly commanded. We were advancing when one of them espied three or four figures above the top and drew my attention to them.

"American? Français?" I challenged.

"*Ja! Ja!*" came the answer; so we let fly with grenades and ducked below the trench. We got one man; the others began to holler and beat it.

Well, the Americans were now cleaning up the trenches of the enemy. It would take me a week to tell you of the individual acts of heroism performed by our men in the blackness of that night. We had a boy by the name of Bernardi who did some wonderful fighting; Symonds and McIntyre were decorated for valor.

You will note that I have said nothing about any artillery barrage against the enemy all this time. None came. There was some misunderstanding about signals, and our barrage did not fall until the enemy was practically back in his own lines.

The way the boches worked the raid was a marvel of detail. First came their artillery preparation; while that was on, gaps were blown and cut in our wire in four places. We had four listening posts out in front, known as Japon, La Russe, Roumanie, and I forget the other. The raiders penetrated between them.

After the bombardment of our positions came the barrage; and behind the barrage, the raiders. When it lifted they jumped down into our trenches, yelling and tooting their horns in order to start a panic. Instead of hitting the foremost portions of the front line, the boches penetrated so as to cut in behind and advance up the support trenches, thereby trapping our men in front and preventing reinforcements from reaching them. That is invariably their method, I understand.

And they worked the friendly stuff for all they were worth. "French coming to your aid!" they kept shouting in English; and for quite a while our men fell for it.

There was a small cemetery back of the trench held by our support platoon, and on its right a quarry. We had a machine-gun emplacement in the cemetery and a first-aid post in the quarry.

Well, sir, by pretending to be Allies, the boches were able to penetrate away back there, a good five hundred yards from the front line.

The boches grabbed a couple of machine guns and captured a medico and seven of his men from the first-aid post. They did not get back with the machine guns. A wop whom they took prisoner and forced to act as guide led them past another of our machine-gun emplacements, and they were *finis*, as I have told you before. But they succeeded in carrying off the medico and his helpers.

Throughout the entire affair our battalion commander could obtain no accurate information of what was happening. It looked like a rout. He kept sending out runners until only one man was left at his headquarters. Then he posted his remaining machine gunners behind the Meuse Canal and prepared to go there himself to hold them as a last resort. Fortunately that did not become necessary. He was afterward highly commended by the commander in chief for his conduct that night, and for the spirit shown by the men under him.

What pleased General Pershing particularly was the fact that numbers of the boys who were captured in the first rush refused to remain prisoners. They turned on their captors and fought their way back. All across No Man's Land these mix-ups took place.

Here is a copy of a general order he issued:

"No. 18, dated April fifteenth. Commander in Chief to Comdg. General, —— Division:

"Allow me to extend my warmest congratulations upon the splendid spirit shown by the ——th Infantry in the recent encounter with the enemy; especially to those men who declined to accept the status of prisoners, but turned upon their captors and destroyed them, and returned to their own lines. PERSHING."

The raiding party consisted of five hundred and forty men, an exceptionally large number for an undertaking of the kind. A hundred of them were shock troops; and they brought along pioneers, stretcher bearers and a most elaborate organization. According to the prisoners we took, their officers had told the boches that, once in the American lines, it would be easy; that the Americans would surrender quickly, as the Russians had.

### *The Doughboy's Petition*

They got from us thirteen prisoners, eight of whom were noncombatants. Two of our men were killed during the fight, four died later, and we had about thirty wounded.

The boches left seventy dead behind them, and fifteen prisoners. We captured all sorts of booty. I never dreamed that a raiding party would carry so much stuff. Included in it were two machine guns, a world of ammunition, grenades, rifles, helmets, wire clippers, and such.

They carried back most of their wounded; but they must have left quite a few in No Man's Land, for, going along the trenches just before dawn, after the raiders had departed, I could hear wails and groans out in front and constant quavering cries of "*Kamerad! Kamerad!*"

The enemy were in our trenches nearly two and a half hours. They reached them about midnight and beat it round half past two. Long before dawn our sector was completely reorganized. All the unhurt men were in their proper stations and we were ready for whatever might happen.

I'll never forget the sight of those two prisoners of mine when I went to the rear after daylight. There they were in front of a dugout, with about twenty doughboys for guard. Every soldier who came along would stop, search the pair, and add himself to the guard.

You see, they were the first prisoners they had ever set eyes on. So they grouped round the two, every man with his gun ready. The boches sat with their gaze on the ground. You could see by their expressions that they were tired of gazing into the muzzles and felt none too safe.

In one dugout I found twenty-two Americans, carried there with wounds; also a couple of Germans. One was a giant of a man, about six feet two inches, and built like a freight car. Not a sound came from our wounded—not so much as a cheep; but the boches were groaning and moaning like a Holy Roller meeting.

"Say, lieutenant," said a doughboy faintly; "will you do me a favor?"

"Sure! What is it?"

"Carry me over where I can get at that guy who's making all that noise."

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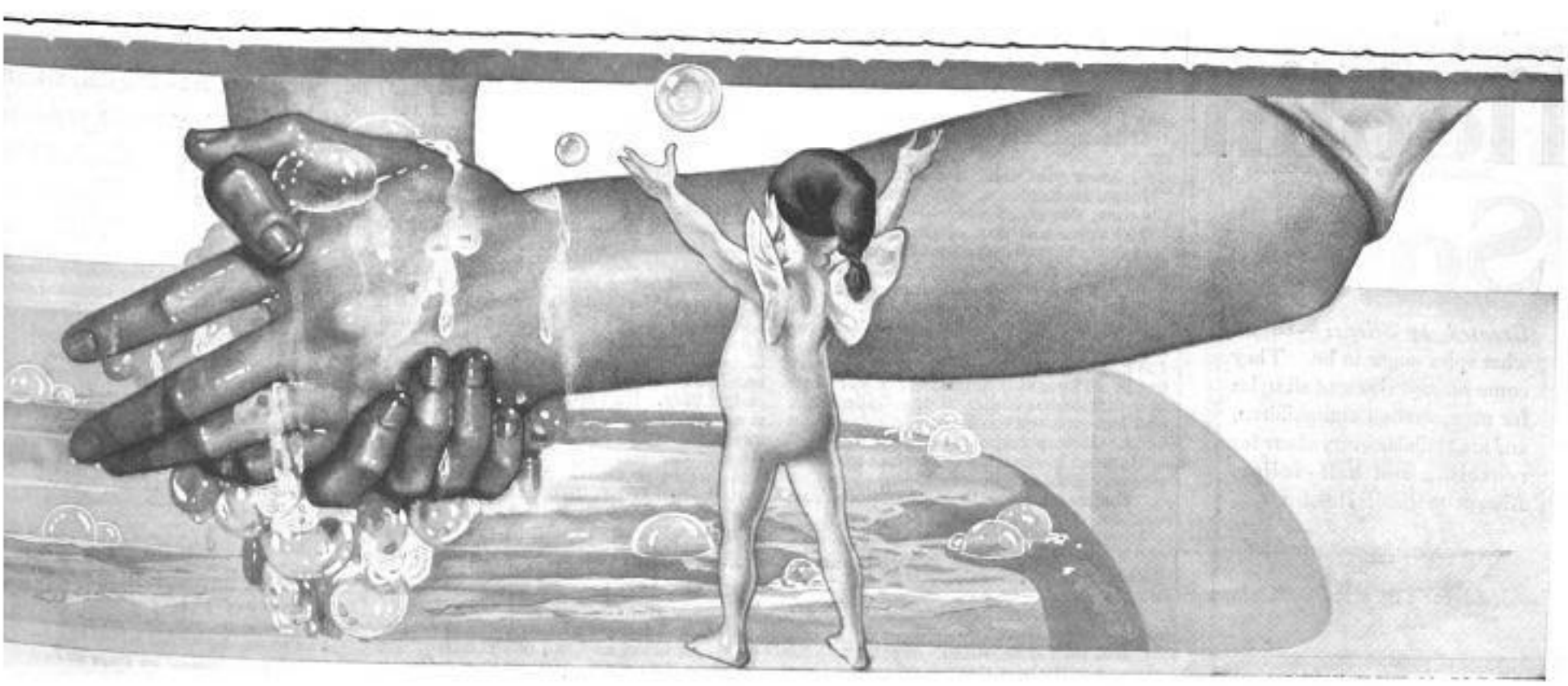
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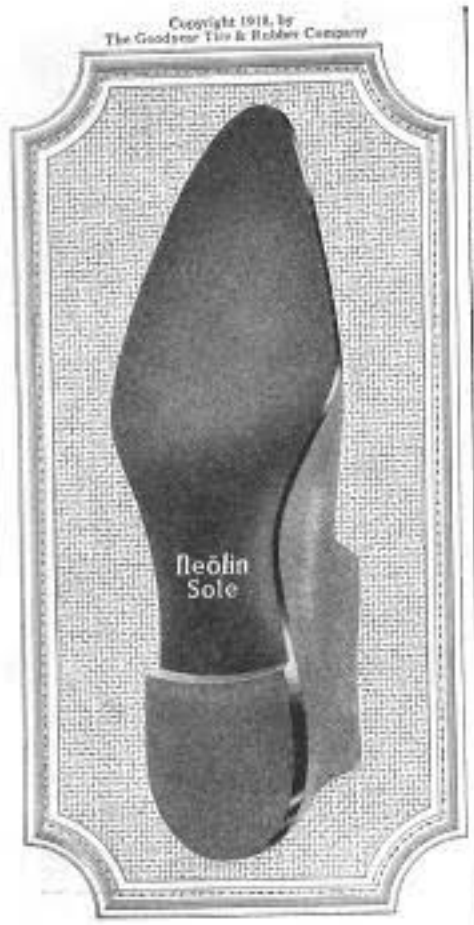
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# SURPRISING GRACE

(Continued from Page 14)

The Pentecostal Brother rebelled, fighting to get back and deliver the rest of his language.

"You lemme go!" he cried. "I'm ashamed to see you here, Danny. You git out of my road. I know ye; I'm all right, my son. Where—where—where you takin' me off to, Danny?"

For a tired man Towers had a fairly good inspiration.

"Father," said he, "wherever you want to go. I'll take you to the House of the Overcomers, in Jerusalem. Now you trot right along with me and get ready."

Little Hury Seke moaned and, growing limp under his black gown, surrendered to the arms of this friend.

"I don't trust ye, Danny," he sighed. "You hain't no light in your in'ard part. You hain't regen'..."

Dan took him, still babbling, down through the corridors to the billiard room. There by the green light reflected from the table they found the Maharajah hurrying after them.

"You see," chattered His Highness. "Now, really, you see for yourself. Before people, like that! It's absurd. I can't have him calling me Sows and Dogs and Wallows in public, can I?"

Dan agreed. He was now carrying Hury Seke as one carries a child.

"No, sir. It's all right. He'll go down to Calcutta with me. Won't you, dad? Any day; of course you will. I know you. Tomorrow if we're ready. Like a duck."

There was no answer. His burden had fallen asleep.

"I'll not soon forget this evening," the Maharajah declared.

A pair of gray-beard followers came into the room.

"Look well to God's afflicted," said their master. "Attend him. Thank you so much, Towers."

V

GAMING had ceased for that night, when Dan was at last free to go. The long pillared hall was empty, the matting had vanished from the floor, and in that canopy of brass and crystal pendants one solitary lamp was burning low in the foul air. No one remained but a doorkeeper or chamberlain, sleeping on his haunches, who woke to bow him out. Dan passed into the welcome open night, which seemed divinely fresh, almost cool; and after stopping to fill his lungs went down the terrace.

Under some black hole in the garden wall he found a door of which he remembered the mechanism, and so came forth into a greater blackness, half grove, half jungle, encompassing the Maharajah's compound. The homeward path skirted the wall, he knew, but was hard to find and worse to keep.

He had not gone far, stumbling from one dark ambush of trees through gray starlight to another dark ambush, when close ahead he heard leaves rustle and then a match strike on a box.

The flare of this match revealed a man standing in the path. By his girlish brown face and round-combed hair it was the Singhalese.

"Hello!" said Dan. "You're just the man I wanted."

At his first word the match was blown out.

"I know you did," murmured a voice. "Not so loud, please. Got your signal at the time, Towers. I waited."

The voice was that of Runa la Flèche. Dan felt a friendly hand grasp him by the elbow, and a loose-gowned body swing promptly into step beside him.

"*Nez de rat!*" growled Runa in bitter yet comical disgust. "You smelt me out tonight, *pas, vieux frère?* Rotten make-up! I'm growing old, the brain gouty, the sight feeble. Thought I'd pass for a cat's-eye and turquoise peddler at the Galle Face, and here you tell me it wouldn't deceive a child. Rotten make-up! *Saleté de* ——"

He went hissing curses, various and grotesque. Dan laughed.

"Not at all, Runa," said he. "You're a wonder. I don't see how ——"

Runa thumped him in the ribs.

"You did see!" he retorted angrily. "You saw in the billiard room. Right through me."

Dan laughed again, returned the thump and changed the subject.

"But look here, Runa. What was your obscene party back yonder, all this ribaldry by night, old boy? What was the real game?"

His companion made short work of explanation. Runa, always brief at any professional story, had no *quorum pars magna* in his nature.

"Caught one," he replied, disconsolate. "Only the hired hand. Old H. H. the Sacred Bull opened his house and let in company so as to give them a fair chance at him. I was on duty with some others. We caught one, as you saw, but only the hired hand. Ah, *c'est kif-kif* like nothing at all. A complete failure. We wanted the real men who hired him—four or five devils that planned it."

While talking they had gone rapidly down through the grove, Runa steering his friend by the elbow and keeping their path as though it were visible under these tree tops, where nothing but a star or two blinked among leaves.

"Four or five devils?" said Dan. "Maybe I saw four of 'em, Runa. Was one called Ram Lal, a big-faced buck with red teeth?"

Runa stopped short.

"What the dickens!" he exclaimed. "Where?"

"The bazaar this noon," Dan replied. "I walked behind four men, overheard them discussing you. They said: 'We needn't kill Runa, but we'll finish him for good. End him alive.' Something like that. I couldn't catch the whole program, but your number was up."

Mr. la Flèche had taken his hand away. Now it once more nipped Dan by the arm.

"The gods arrange," said Runa, "that you and I are brothers. Do you mind seeing me home to-night? Then let's trot. We'll talk indoors."

Suiting action to words he began to hurry Dan forward through the wood at greater speed even than before. He knew every tree trunk, every gap; for without hesitation he followed some course that led, not by the half-trodden way from the palace to Dan's bungalow, but roundabout, turning, twisting, yet descending always toward the right hand. He went swiftly, like a guide by daylight managing a blindfold prisoner. Soon they left the wood behind, crossed a starlit field where pariah dogs barked at them from afar, then tramped between hedges down a muddy lane that stank with retting jute; and so, to Dan's astonishment, came from byways round a corner into the lights of Mayaganj bazaar.

"Keep behind," said Runa. "We mustn't be seen together."

Dropping Dan's arm he slipped ahead into the narrow street, where a crowd lingered as always, here in a thin stream, there in a group round one of many lamps on the shopkeepers' platforms. Mayaganj never slept, nor ever wholly waked; this long alley contained by night and day the same throng—moving, halting, gossiping, dreamers in soiled white cotton.

Dan saw his friend mingle with them, a timid wanderer going home. He followed as if by chance. Where the double rank of archways and saffron lamps converged rose the holy tree, its dark green tails of foliage hanging down from the housetops and the stars. Round its bole the crowd was thicker than elsewhere, for this tree grew in the heart of the village and blocked the way.

Runa was approaching it, when underneath its branches a noise broke out.

"Ho, brother-in-law, you say so! *Jhuth-mukh-wallah!* O thou camel! *Bara Suar!*"

A storm of insult and tomcat language roused the bazaar from end to end. Buyers dropped their merchandise to stare, shopmen leaned out or jumped from their platforms to see the fight. It began among half a dozen, but came rolling and growing like a snowball. Brown claws were scratching, turbans flew unwound, and *lathis* of male bamboo flashed up and down in a tumult of cudgel play. Dan might not have cared—it seemed an ordinary tamasha—but as it swept toward him down the narrow place he saw one ringleader, the broad cheeks and betel-red mouth of Ram Lal, contorted, bellowing. He saw Runa glide modestly toward the gutter. He saw the riot swerve that way and cover Runa like breaking surf.

"Put-up job!" said Dan aloud.

Next moment he stood in the thick of it, bestriding Runa's body and hitting out.

But it was neither trouble nor fun. The creatures broke and ran like children. He no more than drew blood once or twice on frightened countenances, whe gone, silently, dispersed by a The street lay clear, except trunk. Untouched and rath Towers found himself alone wi down between his feet.

"All over? Well, that wa declared. "I didn't expect — are you?"

Something quicker and took place before he had don

Without a word Runa jum dodging past the sacred tre peared, a white blur lost in ou

Dan stood wondering what work meant. The bazaar quietly, with reverence.

VI

TWO days passed, and brou word from Mr. la Flèche little time, however, for Dan t him. The sick man at the pal close attendance and long per of dismal persuasion, that s and again only to be thw whims; begun afresh, cr through, concluded in triumj more baffled, rejected an from the start. It was like bu of blocks for a child who tumb at their prettiest. Dan had in which Hury Seke had infi exhaust.

"Little cuss!" sighed To born as hickory! Good mi stay here, and have your ow die. The Maharajah's right devils and a goat."

Nevertheless he remained charpoy, noon and midnigh orcise the frail black-robed lay there. At last he won.

"Danny, you've wore me the Brother of the Pentecost

So saying he fell asleep. time, but, turning, whisper bundle and a pair of eyes th far corner. "Dhirendra, g ter. I think we can move

Their journey began at brown dinghy roofed wit darkly polished by genera bodies. The chief passen amidships as though dead; to time, when the boatmen the gunwale or sucked lou the creeks through which drifting and boggling, Dan move and a smile play on his He muttered at times a deal others, in a voice like the quito, privately sang:

*"Here a bright squadron lea*
*And thick around Elisha*
*Anon a heavenly soldier flie*
*And breaks the chains fro*

*"Thy mingled troops, O Go*
*Wait on thy wanderin' c*
*Here we go sailin' to thy co*
*Let angels be our convoy*

Drafts of cool air from the dreamy passage of the mist, were plainly refreshin lay quite still.

"I give that King," he King an awful lesson, Da

"No mistake," replied of the Dogs and the Wall

Hury Seke opened his with almost wicked comp

"That King of Darkne Right in his pesky court plumb out afore the ass Evil. I stuck a flea in h guess.

*"The world beheld the glo*
*And did my hand co*
*My tongue brok' out in*
*And sung surprisin'*

Dan soothed him with

"So you did, father. right word."

The old man's smile fad nance bore a look of peac foundly touching.

"Here we go sailin' t murmured. "Danny, voy? . . . No, I f repented, hev ye? I mind. . . . Oh, dea

And so saying he fell a

(Continued on

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*(Continued from Page 26)*

All this beginning of the journey went easily enough; but when they caught the river boat Goalpara at noon there came a painful scene. She lay moored to a vast green tree whose roots twisted like snakes down a high mud bank into the whirling yellow flood; branches and ship overhung the dinghy like a mountain; and what with the race of water, the excitement of coolies and crew outyelling one another, and a general mismanagement of ropes, the Goalpara was no easy craft for even a well man to climb aboard.

"I ain't a-goin' to try," said Hury Seke.

There followed a most unseemly row. Dan had to employ main strength, and to see this little terror, who confounded kings of darkness, hauled aloft in a running bowline, with the kicks, flutters and squawks of a scared crow. It was a horrid job. And when Dan had reached the deck, hand over hand, he was obliged to stop a commination service that raked all hands, from the Mohammedan skipper down to the cook's naked baby. Even with the bowline round his neck, a black friar going to be hanged, Hury Seke could preach well and loudly. Nothing so popular had happened on the Goalpara since she was built.

"What does the Sahib require?" asked the captain, grinning but polite.

"A cabin," said Dan. "As soon as you please."

The cabin, with shutters drawn, proved to be suffocating; but at least he could get Hury into a berth, and by perseverance keep him there. An hour or so later the ship's company grew tired of holding their noses to the slats and chuckling from without; Dan's patient allowed himself to doze, and thus they sailed, all tight and cozy, through hot weather in the Sanderbans.

Barefoot and stripped to the waist, as though manning a gun, Towers sat on a rawhide chair and sweltered. He had hoped to get a little sleep. No such luck, he found; Hury soon grew wakeful, restless and talkative. The turmoil of boarding ship had left him outdone, and his babblings in that dark sweat box of a cabin were far from cheerful.

"I am counted with them that go down into the pit, I am as a man that hath no stren'th. Free among the dead, whom thou rememberest no more. Yea, Danny, I am alon' like a sparrow upon the housetop, and my adversaries a-gittin' the upper hands of me, I really do believe."

Nor were his songs more encouraging; and he sang many, in the high mosquito whine that, as time dragged on, acquired power to drive Dan frantic:

*"My days are wasted, like the smok'*
*Dissolvin' in the air;*
*My stren'th is dried; my heart is brok'*
*And sinkin' in despair.*

*"My sperrits fly, like witherin' grass*
*Burnt with excessive heat;*
*In secret groans my minutes pass,*
*And I fergit to eat."*

This and such as this by the hour could be endured; but there were dark moments when the little wanderer sat on the edge of his berth, trembling, talking horrors and weeping. Then Dan the guileful had to bring comfort; which he did—on the upper berth as a shelf, where Hury could not observe him—by lacing hot tea with rum.

The mixture performed its work, though even Hury felt some doubts.

"Danny, my dear, hain't you gone and put liquor in my cup?"

"Rum enough to stagger a pirate," thought Dan; but he answered promptly: "Not a drop, dad. It's orange pekoe, a new kind."

Hury Seke downed it like babe's milk, then smacked his lips judiciously.

"That's good. Powerful good," he sighed; and lay tranquil once more. "Where was we goin'? Oh, yeah. The House o' the Overcomers. That's where. That's where you was takin' me, wa'n't it? Ha ha!" cried Hury Seke suddenly. "House o' the Overcomers! That's it, my son. I'll go wrastle with those fellers, you wait. They hain't got the root o' the matter, Danny; their feet take hold on hell. Your old father'll wrastle 'em for ye. I like that orange pecker. Give us another sup."

Thus the voyage through the still blaze of the Sanderbans jungle water was hardly monotonous; yet when it ended and Dan saw through the shutters the vivid green trees on Hugli bank gliding astern he could have hailed the dreary city of Calcutta as home. "Three cheers, father!" said he.

"Jerusalem a'ready?" inquired his friend. "Why, I thought we wa'n't doo yet. By gorry! It's been short and pleasant. Our path is made smooth, hey, Son Daniel?"

Two days passed before Dan could altogether agree; then after hard and hot negotiation, having placed the terror of kings, clean-washed and white-clad, on board a sea-going ship in Garden Reach, he began to feel the path less arduous. His task was not only done but crowned with good fortune; for the ship's doctor proved to be an old friend whom Dan had known on the China Coast.

"Well, father, I must say good-by," said Dan, dreading the ordeal.

It was no ordeal whatever.

"You go repent you right straight off!" Hury Seke flung this curt aside over one arm of his deck chair, and leaned over the other to real business, wagging his finger solemnly. "I say unto thee, O physician, heal thyself! That's what I tell you! No doubt you're a good physician accordin' to your lights, but look here ——"

Dan stole across the deck to the gangplank. Part way down he glanced back through the rails.

The good physician winked an eye.

Of such trifles Hury Seke took no heed. He sat expounding, busily and happily.

### VII

IT WAS not so happily that Dan walked back alone to the verdant Maidan, and under the trees of the Red Road. Late afternoon sunlight streamed below the boughs, gilding an expanse of turf and casting long shadows. Dan went slowly in rather homesick meditation. The heat made all effort, even the effort of thought, seem moist and meaningless. He envied his little fanatic, who soon would breathe ocean air and follow the sunset home. A better land, reflected Mr. Towers, a better land off there westward beyond Howrah. He would give a good deal to see it again.

In this mood he wandered through the Eden Gardens. A company of brown Bengalis on the band stand were playing Dvorak's dances, in time to which their turbans nodded, while over the grass a few pale English children skipped about languidly, guarded by slow-moving ayahs. It seemed a half-hearted attempt at pleasure, the music failing to be sprightly, the garden audience lounging like people disenchanted. On one bench sat, in fine raiment and costly hat, an American negro from some ship in the river; he beat the cadence with polished boots, but even he seemed melancholy. For the sake of his homelike face and the chance of hearing homelike words Dan was about to approach him, to pass the time of day.

Just then, however, a voice close behind said: "It is Tawah Sahib?"

Dan turned and confronted a stranger—a grimy young Mohammedan of the type that haunts hotels and vainly tries to worm into service with travelers. Dan had never seen this one before, though his like a thousand times. "Yes. What do you want?"

The boy salaamed, but had no paper to present, not even those queer credentials made by the letter-writer in the bazaar.

"A friend," he said, "wishes to see the Sahib."

"What friend?"

"His name is not known," was the reply. "He is a man from Ceylon."

Dan grew interested.

"And this would be his token." The stranger exhibited, on the "witch finger" of his right hand, a brass ring crudely fashioned like a serpent with an egg in its mouth. "His token."

"That ring? I never saw it before," said Dan. "Don't know what you're driving at." The other made no direct reply, but spoke something learned by rote.

"There is a second token. The Sahib remembers: Four men at the holy tree."

Towers grew still more interested. This talk was in some way an echo of Mayaganj.

"Yes. What then?"

"For a third token, therefore," said the methodical young rowdy, "I give a chit."

He drew from behind one ear, where he had been carrying it as certain people carry half-burnt cigarettes, a spill of dirty paper, which he offered without ceremony.

Unfolding the thing Dan saw, penciled on a corner torn from some native newspaper, the words:

"Dine at Archambaud's. Follow bearer."

Dan had heard rumors of a café called Archambaud's, some den in a quarter unknown. The handwriting suited the message, being vague and hurried Still, here



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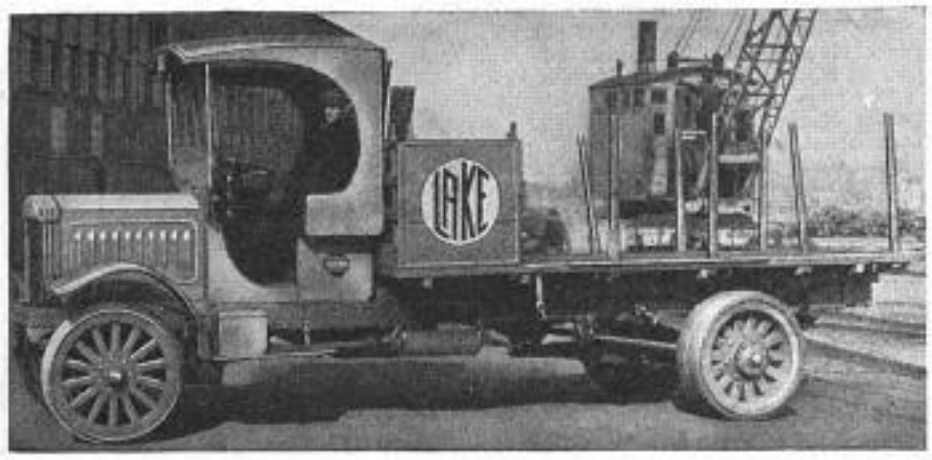
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was an invitation given when he felt most lonely; and it promised more than dinner.

"Well," said Dan, "can you show the way?"

The messenger could, and did so. He went lounging across the grass, through the crowd, keeping distance in the lead and with not so much as a backward glance. Dan followed him from the gardens, past Baboo's Ghat, then for a long time in and out among hot streets and hotter alleys crowded with coolies returning from work. It was a roundabout, bewildering course without landmarks. Once they passed a man sacrificing goats in an archway; once through a stifled courtyard where empty wagons clustered round an enormous banyan tree; and at last, in a narrow way between blind houses where no man seemed to live, came to a door that stood open as though by chance. In at this door went the man of tokens, and Dan after him.

They mounted a dark stairway, three flights; then, through a corridor full of appetizing smells, the long-forgotten perfume of good cookery, emerged on a veranda.

"The Sahib's friend comes here," said Dan's guide, and roughly motioned him toward one of a half dozen tables that lined the outer railing. "It is not long."

The speaker turned away and disappeared indoors. Dan, wondering, sat down. With white linen, wine glasses, good cutlery, and—of all fine things in the world—radishes glowing rosy-red among cracked ice, the table was prepared. It overlooked a puzzle of native housetops, beyond which many masts and funnels loomed through brown twilight on the river. As to the veranda, our friend occupied it alone, except for a gaudy parrot in a cage who began whistling *Nous n'Irons Plus au Bois*, then chuckled, and hung himself upside down by the beak on his wires.

Dan experienced an odd feeling. In this strange aerie he sat immediately at home, quite comfortable, and ready for something pleasant to happen.

"Hello, Polly!" he called.

"*Bonsoir, m'sieu-dame,*" replied the parrot. "*Trin, trin, trin! Carabi, toto carabo! Les lauriers sont coupés!*"

"I believe you, my boy," said Dan.

Their conversation went no further, because a light, quick tread sounded from inside the house, and across the veranda came a young man, laughing. He wore princely tennis flannels, an agreeable cravat, and his hair brushed in the strictest form of gayety.

"Ah, my Dan!" he cried, grasping Mr. Towers by both hands. "You came, didn't you! The Andaman boat's in. We celebrate to-night."

He took the chair opposite, and sat beaming. It was Runa la Flèche, of Chandernagor, his pale brown face radiant with happiness.

"The Andaman boat got in to-day," he repeated.

"What," inquired the calmer Dan, "does that mean, butterfly?"

Runa laughed again.

"Turtle, it means," he answered. "Fresh turtle from Kalapani. Andaman turtle *à la mode d'Archambaud*. You have never eaten? Wait, then. It means the best dinner east of the Rue Cambon, and a damned sight better cellar."

Behind him while he spoke hovered a great fat whiskerando all in white, who smiled and balanced on a little tray two glasses filled with something of a cool golden color.

"*Pour ouvrir l'estomac,*" urged Archambaud the mighty. "A ray of the sun, gentlemen, under the belt."

He withdrew and left them. This, Dan foresaw, was to be no common dinner. His host regarded him thoughtfully. Below their veranda the brownish twilight reddened and grew dark, yelling housetops one and all, smudging out the masts in the river.

"I owe you everything!" cried Runa. "We caught those four assassins, by the way. But everything I owe to you! How can one repay such a salvation?"

His words recalled that midnight row in Mayaganj bazaar. To Dan's memory it appeared a slight affair, not worth so much emphasis.

"I never saved your life," he answered, frowning. "They wouldn't dare kill you in the open street."

It became Runa's turn to frown.

"My life? Bah!" he retorted, and snapped his fingers. "That for such talk! Are you a blockhead? I do not willingly believe it. Don't you understand, my dear chap, what you saved was my career!" His brown eyes twinkled in the dusk. "Those four, Ram Lal and company, knocked me over by accident. Yes. But they would hold me down in the crowd, and by accident slit my nose." Runa made a gesture with his bread knife. "So. *Fait.* Career ended. What the devil good can a man do with his nose cut open like a radish, eh? Anyone would recognize. You amaze me, Dan."

Twilight was gone, darkness come. Monsieur Archambaud placed lighted candles on the table. Runa, downcast, a man whose motive was misunderstood, toyed with his glass and sulked. On the middle finger of his right hand shone a ring—an old brass ring fashioned like a snake biting an egg.

Dan leaned across the cloth and touched it.

"You little diabolo!" he said. "You fooled me. Tokens? You limb! And I walked behind you all this way from the band stand!"

Every trace of the sulks flew like magic from his companion's face.

"Ho, ho! Did I?" crowed Runa la Flèche. He took off the ring and put it away, like a trinket that had served its purpose. "Maybe I did, old wiseacre. You don't catch me twice running, you and your Ram Lals!"

Merry, exultant, a pert young demigod, he turned in his chair and whistled toward the kitchen end of the veranda.

"*Ohé*, turtle!" he hailed. "*Pst*, ll boy! Bring him on, your four-legged upholder of the world. We desire to eat him."

The turtle came, with a wonderful steam and savor, in the mode of Archambaud.

Yet before they could enjoy him Runa remembered another matter, and began to feel in pocket after pocket.

"Oh, here it is!" He drew out a wad of blue cotton wool, which he unfolded. A pellet or small marble dropped and ran glistening among the candles. "For you. From the Old Man. The Maharajah's best. *Ante porcos.*"

Dan rubbed his forehead and sat staring. Even he, though no judge, knew a pearl when he saw it, a pearl without price.

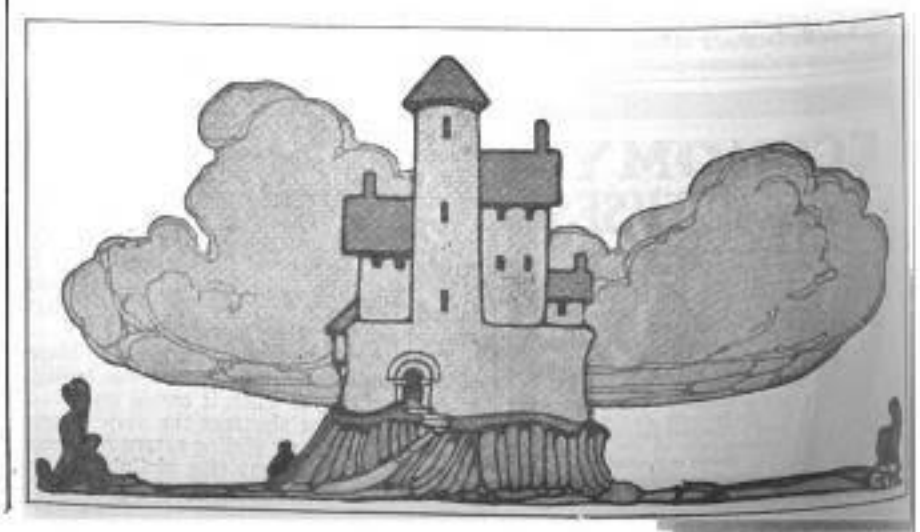
He looked up, incredulous, at Runa.

"Thought the Old Man didn't like me," he stammered. "Why—why—this beats all!" Then Dan laughed. "Well, it's what little Hury would call surprising grace, I guess."

His friend laughed also.

"To Hury Seke, then, for his good work. *Bon voyage!*"

With this toast, honored in Archambaud's ray of the sun, began a dinner great and notable.



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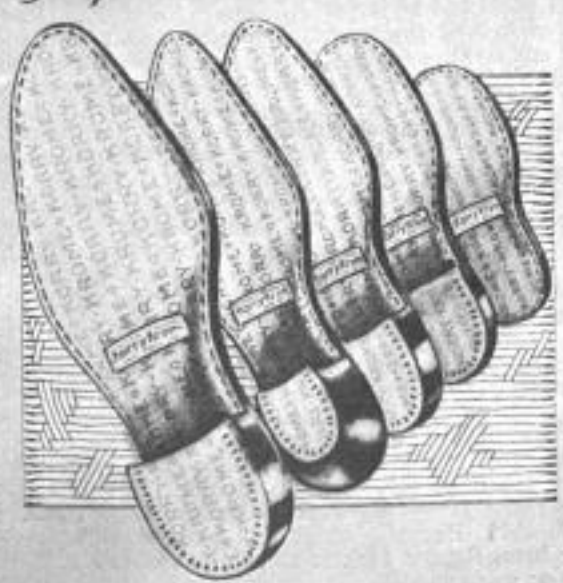
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# THE PRINCE AND THE PIKER

(Continued from Page 7)

were off to the wars. The "weak" President, "catering to the rabble," as Señor Dupuy de Lôme put it, had called for a hundred and twenty-five thousand men to free Cuba; and these, Jimmy among them, were answering the call. Jimmy had considered the matter carefully and as dispassionately as possible, in view of the reconcentrado camps and the Maine, and he had made his decision. Old Watson, the more or less venerable president of the bank, and Payne, the vice president and former cashier, tried to dissuade him; but Jimmy had one of his obstinate streaks.

"There will be plenty without you, Jimmy," said Payne; "plenty that we can spare just as well as not."

"There won't be if everybody argues that way," replied Jimmy.

"What do you know about soldiering?" sneered old Watson. "You didn't even belong to the National Guard."

"I'm sorry now that I didn't join," said Jimmy. "I suppose I thought that there wouldn't ever be any need of it. I can learn, though. We'll have a month of training."

"I suppose you haven't thought about the bank—what a hole—how you're going to inconvenience us?"

"I'm sorry for that too," said Jimmy. "But a good many of us must expect to be inconvenienced. If we can inconvenience Weyler I figure we ought to be satisfied, don't you, Mr. Payne?"

"Have you thought about your mother?"

Jimmy looked sober. "Mother is willing to have me go," he said. "She'll be able to get along if anything happens to me. We've talked it all over."

Watson broke in again with a final argument that he thought would be irresistible.

"If you've got any idea in your head that we are going to continue your salary while you're gone you're mistaken," he said. "Or that you'll find your job waiting for you when you get back. We're running this bank on business principles."

He glared at Jimmy from under his shaggy white eyebrows and thumped the desk.

"I don't want anything but my private's pay while I'm doing the work of a private," Jimmy answered firmly. "If you haven't a job for me when I get back I'll have to get one somewhere else, that's all; but there won't be any hard feelings about it. Business is business; I know that. I'm not enlisting as a matter of business; I'm—well, you've got my resignation, Mr. Watson, and that's all there is to it."

Watson slumped back in his chair and glowered at him, his old jaws chewing on nonexistent gum. Payne, though, shook hands with him.

That was how Jimmy went. Not many people knew that he was going until the boys left town, and there wasn't so much of a crowd at the station on that occasion, owing to the fact that the National Guard had entrained three days before. That was the big show, when the full company marched down Main Street, brown muskets at the slope, everybody cheering and waving flags and the band boys ahead playing A Hot Time in the Old Town. The band boys wore new uniforms for the occasion. Our patriotic and red-blooded fellow-citizen, Mr. Harold Crudson, had started a subscription list to fit them out, heading it with a princely donation charged up to the store. Also the entire front of the Crudson & Blinn establishment was decorated with flags. Harold certainly boomed the bunting trade in those days. His delivery wagons, his own private equipages, his coat lapel and the porch of his palatial residence—all proudly flaunted the glorious emblem of our loved country, and in printer's ink he spread the same splendid symbol across the top of his page advertisement. No doubt about where Harold was standing. He was standing right up in front when the National Guard marched. You couldn't help feeling that they would have all stayed at home if it hadn't been for Harold. Jimmy sat in the little buggy with his mother, well back from the crowd, as well he might, considering that he had absolutely declined to subscribe toward the band boys' uniforms.

But he went to the war. That didn't call for any cash outlay, as Ben Durfy pertinently observed. "He gets paid for it, by Jackers!" said Ben. "'Tis not much, sure; but a dollar looks bigger than a cart wheel to that lad."

Still Jimmy went; that must be admitted. Not where bullets were flying and heroes were dying, however. No, he never so much as left his native shores; and all the fighting he ever did was flies and mosquitoes. They kept him, with a few thousand others, round a Southern camp, where there wasn't a particle of danger except from typhoid and dysentery and a few little things like that; and nothing in the world to do but to eat and drink and drill and dig and take practice marches in the blazing sun and get used to the climate and enjoy himself. He had a pretty good time, judging by his letters to his mother and Susy Tait, though he did get a touch of typhoid and something or another else.

When he came back in the fall he was certainly a pasty-faced, hollow-eyed rack of bones; but you bet them Spaniards and old Weyler weren't none the worse for him. Still, Middleville received him kindly, and the way his mother and Susy Tait made over him you'd have thought he had taken San Juan and Kettle Hill single-handed.

Within three years after the war the Grim Reaper, making his rounds in Middleville, gathered in Old Lady Crudson, Wesley J. Watson and Truman Blinn, all of whom were about ripe for the sickle. Watson went first, and that put Payne into the presidency of the Farmers and Drovers' National, where he could take it easy and leave the management of the concern to Jimmy. Jimmy was already one of the directors, and some people said—you can hear anything—that he came near to being a majority stockholder. There was no doubt that he was prospering in a quiet and unobtrusive way. He married Susy Tait, of course, and had built a nice little home on Acacia Avenue. Nothing like the Crudson place, but big enough to accommodate Old Mrs. Wilkes as well as Mrs. Jimmy and the little Wilkeses, of whom there were already two. Susy had been what is called an ordinary kind of girl—that is, no beauty, though easy enough to look at, rather sensible than smart, capable in household affairs and very cheerful and good-natured. An ordinary kind of girl. How good-natured she was may be imagined from the fact that she lived on excellent terms with her mother-in-law and the general help. Not that Mrs. Wilkes the elder was unamiable, but —— Well, I suppose Mr. Wilkes thought that it would be too expensive to keep up two places. You know he's rather—some people say —— Eh? Oh, I don't mean that he's exactly close, but —— Well, I may be mistaken.

The point is that Watson's death moved Jimmy up a peg in the bank. Blinn went next, and his demise removed certain checks on the Crudson & Blinn management that Harold's commercial genius had chafed at. Blinn left his interest in the store to his widow, but she had every confidence in Harold and left everything to him. So Harold branched out considerably, and his mother's estate, when she died, came in uncommonly handy in view of increased expenses. The expenses were not confined to the store. Mrs. Harold was an expensive sort of person. Harold told her so every once in a while, and sometimes quite coarsely and profanely for one of his sunny sort; but, as she rejoined with acid contempt, that didn't come very well from him. So she went her way and he went his, and what with bridge and poker parties and dinner and supper parties and theater and dancing parties and stags and smokers and the newly organized country club it wasn't any wonder that eventually Harold had to ask a little more of the Farmers and Drovers' than the Farmers and Drovers' was willing to grant.

"I'll talk with Payne about it; he'll have some sense," said Harold; and turning his back on Jimmy he strode into the president's room.

"Is my business worth anything to you people?" he demanded brusquely of Mr. Payne.

"Why certainly," replied the neat little gray man. "I hope that nothing has given you any impression to the contrary, Mr. Crudson."

"Oh, nothing much," said Harold. "Only Jimmy Wilkes. See here, Payne; I don't often ask for favors or accommodations here. I don't have to; and I wouldn't have to now only that I happen to be a little pressed temporarily. It's like this."

He was beginning to explain when Payne interrupted him. "Excuse me, but if Mr. Wilkes has gone into the matter with you and thinks that it's inadvisable to do what you ask I can hardly take it on myself to overrule him. I'm sorry."

"You'll be sorrier yet," said Harold grimly. "I always knew Wilkes was a piker and a pinhead. I told him so just now. But I didn't know that he had infected the whole institution." He rapped sharply with his knuckles on the desk. "I'm through with you! Have my account made out right up to the minute, please, and I'll transfer it to Ellison's. I'll have my cashier figure on the outstanding checks, and when you've paid those you've done the last business you'll do with me. I guess Ellison's will be glad enough to let me have what I want."

He walked out without waiting for Mr. Payne's apology and retraction. He would not have heard either if he had lingered. Nevertheless, the president did remonstrate with Jimmy.

"Don't you think you've been a little previous, maybe?" he asked. "The collateral would have been ample to protect us, and as he says Ellison's will jump at the chance. It's been a good account."

"It wouldn't be long if we gave him what he wanted," said Jimmy. "I was glad of the chance to turn him down. He needs a jolt, the worst way; and now that he's got it he'll maybe go a little slow and pick up again. He'll want to show Ellison and show us. Of course, we lose him; but I'd sooner do that than have him smash up."

"Funny kind of reasoning," Payne remarked. "I guess you're right, though. No use greasing the skids for him."

Jimmy's theory did seem to be a fairly good one. Harold went away from the bank seething with rage, but a cold determination succeeded his anger. Ellison's gladly accommodated him and he got over his temporary embarrassment and then bent all his energies to the task of showing 'em. For the first time in his business career he cut down expenses, and he abandoned the ambitious projects he had formed—for the time; and the showing that resulted was good. Too good. After one profitable year he went ahead with some of those pet schemes and slacked up in the matter of personal attention, leaving details to liberally salaried subordinates, who were likewise men of broad vision. The result of this was another jolt, this time from Ellison's.

"I don't say that his ideas are bad," observed Ellison in a confidential chat with Jimmy Wilkes. "They seem to me first-rate, some of them, and practical enough, especially when he explains 'em to you. He's able, no doubt of that; but that story is as full of leaks as a colander, and he spends too much outside. That imported automobile now! Another thing, he's drinking more than he ought. He carries it well, but between you and me he's soggy-minded at times. Pity! He's skating on thin ice, Crudson is."

Harold continued for some time to indulge in that exhilarating but risky form of sport. He cut some remarkable figures, and warning cracks only seemed to stimulate him to more intricate evolutions and greater speed. The volume of business in the store actually increased. Sale succeeded sale—the regular season sales, anniversary sales, inventory sales, Friday bargain, fire, clearance, special, bankrupt stock—not a week passed without two or three; and nobody could deny that the prices were astonishingly cheap.

"And shoddy," said Slayden, whose business had grown considerably too. "I used to kick when I stuck a bill in the window, and now look at them windows of his—like a circus was a-coming most of the time! It's losing him the best trade, Cheny John!"

A week after Slayden made that remark the ice broke from shore to shore and Harold, after some frantic but ineffectual struggles, went under. Jimmy Wilkes would have thrown him a rope, but apparently Harold thought it would choke him. He went to Jimmy, Ellison being a hopeless shark and Shylock, and told him that he was willing to let bygones be bygones and he could make it worth the bank's while, but the Piker got off a lot of tomfoolery about a barrel going empty sooner or later

(Continued on Page 34)

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(Continued from Page 32)

if you took more out of it than you put in, and wanted to tie up everything so that he, Harold, would have been nothing more than a hired man. No, Harold couldn't see it. He didn't care much, anyway. Of course, Mrs. Blinn was raising Cain, but when you're in business you have to take business risks, whether you are a man or a woman. He was sick of Middleville, anyway. A real city for him. You couldn't keep a squirrel on the ground where there were trees to climb, and Middleville had nothing but tall grass.

He drove out to the club after a painful scene at home with Mrs. Harold. The men he wished to see were sympathetic, and anything they could do, old chap —— But it seemed there was nothing they were able to do just then, except order drinks; and one of them—a whelp who had got fat on Harold's dinners—finally had the nerve to tell him in an undertone that he had had enough, and advised him to go home—offered to go with him. Harold made a speech, and he certainly roasted that unspeakably unclean parasite to a crisp brown. He was so offended that the society of people who would tolerate the scoundrel was distasteful to him, so he left them to their shame and drove away from the club at a speed that was expressive of his disgust.

He wound up, or rather ran down, in Firelong's saloon, where he found not only sympathy but unbounded admiration for the spirit that triumphed over misfortune and was royally liberal to the last.

The failure created a tremendous sensation, though nobody was in the least surprised and everybody had expected and predicted it. There was much moralizing and quoting of such proverbial gems as "A fool and his money are soon parted" and "Willful waste makes woeful want"—which were not exactly applicable, as Harold had been quite a long time parting from his money—admitting, for the sake of argument, that he was a fool; and, moreover, whatever he had wasted he was not precisely in want. At least he had a little ready cash, or Mrs. Harold had, which was about the same thing; and though there was a clean sweep of everything else excepting the little shack that Old Lady Crudson had owned and lived in, which came under homestead exemption, the Crudsons left town in a parlor car and Harold tipped Joe Palmer, the drayman, a dollar for handling the trunks. The Middleville Mail in its next issue said:

"Mr. and Mrs. Harold Crudson left on Monday morning for Chicago, where Mr. Crudson has accepted an important position with one of the largest and best-known wholesale firms in the Windy City. Their hosts of friends here will deeply regret their departure. Mr. Crudson has long been one of our leading citizens, prominent in business life and highly popular in social circles, where he and his accomplished and vivacious wife will be greatly missed. A genial and cultured gentleman and a prince of good fellows, Mr. Crudson has ever responded with alacrity to the many calls upon his time and purse, while his exceptional business ability made the enterprise that he created and conducted a source of pride to the city. The failure of that institution, as we have before explained, was due entirely to financial and industrial conditions at once abnormal and not to be foreseen or controlled, but our loss is Chicago's gain."

Harold read that in the Hyde Park Hotel, to which he and Mrs. Harold had repaired. He rather needed the glow of pleasure that it gave him.

"Hm-m!" he said, handing the paper to his wife with a gratified smile. "Well, I guess the store advertisements will be missed and deeply regretted if I'm not. Decent of Walters, though, eh?"

"The important position doesn't seem to be materializing very fast," Mrs. Harold observed sourly. "I wouldn't be surprised if you had to hunt a job. Maybe you won't find it absolutely necessary to spend so much money hunting a plain job."

Slayden read the announcement and grinned. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," he remarked. "We got them show cases and shelving dirt cheap, and the linens and the notions was a gift. But what'll you bet we don't get Mr. Harold Crudson back again? I don't know but I could have used him myself, but I guess the position I'd give him wouldn't be important enough."

Mrs. Blinn read the little piece and tore the paper across and stamped on it. Then she burst into tears and was hysterical for an hour. She wasn't usually emotional, but she was getting along in years and a little narrow and weak-minded, and with the prospect of poverty before her she didn't quite agree with the Mail's estimate of Harold Crudson. There were others who felt in some degree as she did. Their names were on the list of creditors in the bankruptcy proceedings.

At rare intervals Middleville heard of its erstwhile leading citizen. He was encountered in the lobby of some hotel, or some well-known bar, or on the street.

"Well, he looked prosperous. Didn't say exactly what he was doing. Yep, same old Harold! Showed me a good time too. He didn't say anything about Mrs. Crudson."

Jack Hartop came back from a buying trip and said that Eckhart had told him that Harold had been on the road for Liggett & Thompson, and he believed that he was now doing something in the commission line on his own. The most definite information was brought to the Culture Club by Mrs. Henry Hogan, who had met Mrs. Harold on a street car in Chicago.

"—— and, my dear, you wouldn't have known her for the same woman. Reely, her clothes! She got as red as fire when she saw me, and I didn't blame her. Plain tacky! But she got to talking, and before we got to Seventy-third Street she had told me aplenty. That husband of hers! Oh, he's a nice one! Leaves her at home all day to drudge and goes downtown and has a good time himself. He's had half a dozen jobs, and sometimes he makes money; but whether he has any or not she never gets a cent that isn't grudged, and him eating at swell restaurongs and splurging round. You know him—how he would. Of course, she didn't say that right out, but she might just as well have. I never did think so much of her. Pretty high-'n'-mighty, she was; and I never held with smoking cigarettes and playing cards for money; but I guess she's got her troubles. He's out of a job now, she told me."

After all, to come round to the generally accepted opinion, there's no place like home. We may cynically thank God that there isn't, and our return for a visit may confirm our gratitude, but we must leave it early in life or in later years prolong absence beyond a certain period if this homecoming instinct is to be entirely overcome. Time blurs or obliterates recollections of what was unpleasant and magnifies and brightens the joys of the past. Them was the happy days! We'd all like to go back, wouldn't we? Of course, we may be doing too well where we are to think of it seriously, but Harold wasn't.

He had probably been out of a job more than once since Mrs. Hogan met his wife in Chicago. At the time of his homecoming he admitted to Jimmy Wilkes, in confidence, that he had been "unable to find anything suitable for over six months." Still he gave out that he was just in town for a few days to see if he couldn't dispose of the little place that his mother had owned. He had tried to sell it by correspondence, but it didn't seem to be salable; and he had tried in the same way to raise a loan on it, but money seemed to be scarce and he was advised that real-estate security had to be gilt-edged. Well, he thought he would run down and —— Say, by Jupiter, it was good to see all the old faces again!

A trifle flabbier of flesh, lined and pouchy about the eyes, and with a network of tiny blue veins in the red of his well-formed Grecian nose, Harold was still rather engaging in appearance, and his clothes if somewhat threadbare were of good cut and material and nicely pressed. His smile was genial and his handshake cordially vigorous, and most people seemed as glad to see him as he seemed to see them. He had a pretty good time—until he got right down to the house business and had made a few guarded inquiries about openings for a good man in business here.

"No place like home!" said Harold. "By Jupiter, I'm sorry I ever left here! Chicago's rotten, and I wouldn't care if I never saw it again."

He didn't go to Jimmy Wilkes. Jimmy met him on the corner near the old Hollister and acted as if he was glad to see him, upon which they walked up the street together, and at the bank Jimmy invited his old acquaintance in.

"I want to hear all about how you're getting along, if you've got a few minutes," he said; and somehow, for all his old antagonism, Harold went in quite willingly. Even Jimmy's face looked good to him.

"Well, I'm not getting along any too well," said Harold when they were seated in Jimmy's private room. Then he made the admission already referred to—in confidence. "And what the devil I'm going to do if I can't get a loan on that property I don't know. I'll have to borrow money to get back—and nothing to go back for. I guess the Farmers' don't want to let me have a couple of hundred on that house!"

Jimmy smiled and shook his head. "But why go back?" he asked. "Why not stay here where your friends are?"

Harold laughed and made a wry face. "I guess none of my friends want me," he replied frankly. "Not badly enough to give me anything to do. I gave Slayden his chance just before I met you. I didn't ask him outright, but the fat old rascal knew what I was driving at. Well, you seem to have done well, Mr. Wilkes. Glad to have seen you, anyway. Good-by. I must be moving."

"Wait a minute," said Jimmy. "Couldn't you look in again about noon? I'd like you to go to the house with me and have lunch. Will you do it? I'd like to have you."

He spoke so earnestly that Harold accepted his invitation—afterward wondering why he had. Half an hour later Jimmy put on his hat and went over and had a long talk with Slayden.

"We'll see how it goes, then," said Slayden finally. "As you say, he's a good salesman, and a worker—or was. All I was afraid of was that he would want to run things too much after being his own boss so long; but I guess I can hold him down; and, as you say, maybe he'll take a tumble to himself."

So Jimmy had another talk with Harold, after they got back from lunch, and at the end of it he went out of the room for a minute and returned with a neat little package of bills, which Harold put in his pocket—not at all carelessly.

"Where's the note?" Harold asked.

"There's no note," Jimmy answered. "This isn't bank business—it's mine; and it's just between you and me. You can pay me when you get on your feet again; and that isn't going to be long."

It seems a long time ago that all this happened. Harold Crudson is still working for Slayden, and he gets a good salary for a little place like Middleville, which, though a thriving and growing little city, isn't exactly Chicago. Still Harold is hard up most of the time. You wouldn't guess it to look at him. New traveling men coming into the store nearly always mistake him for the boss, and old Ben Durfy stoutly maintains that he really is. That loyal old soak is still on earth.

"Sure Harold does all the work—the brain work and pl'asing the customers and telling Slayden, the skate, what to buy and how to sell it; and Slayden sets back and takes the money, so he does. He'd be ruint in a month if it wasn't for Harold. And is he grateful? He is nut. He works him like a dog and screws him down to next to nothing, for a man of his jaynius, just bekase he's got him under his thumb. That's why ye don't get the money ye say he's owing ye, if ye want to know. There's a gintleman that would give the shirt off his back to a fr'ind I'm telling ye."

"I don't want his blasted shirt; I want my money," said the person addressed.

But Ben is about the last of Harold's once devoted following. He still spends money freely when he has it, Harold does—on his own necessities—but he doesn't very often have it. At the country club about three years ago he gave an attendant a dime, and the insolent young devil looked at the coin in the palm of his hand and asked if Mr. Crudson meant all that for him. Since then Harold has frequently denounced the tipping system, and in fact seldom tips. He resigned from the club. Mrs. Harold said she thought it was about time. She took notice that she had no money to waste on clubs, nor yet to buy forty-dollar suits, nor yet, et cetera. Harold rejoined that if she hadn't fooled away his money with her infernal extravagance, or ever took any interest in running her house with some system and economy even now, et cetera. They spat a good deal that way; but it is to be presumed that they are used to one another. They live in the little home

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that Harold couldn't sell, and she gets most of what she wants from Slayden's store. They keep up a good table. Harold's appetite is rather finicky and he likes variety and hates warmed over and made over things. The woman who works for Mrs. Slayden by the day says it's a sin and a shame what goes into the garbage bucket, and there is talk about bringing the matter to the attention of the food-control authorities. In view of Middleville's enthusiastic support of all war measures it wouldn't be astonishing if something was done to check up the Crudsons at last.

For Middleville is in earnest about this thing. "Enthusiastic" isn't enough of a word to use in connection with its patriotism. A dogged purpose animates its people now; a stern and sober determination "to be, to do and to suffer"—as the old definition of a verb had it—to a glorious end, whether that end comes soon or late. There is an exaltation of spirit that properly enough finds its expression in the waving of banners, the blaring of bands, the spouting of fervid oratory and heaven-ascending, cloud-rending cheers; but slight and unworthy causes have evoked all these too. We have had them in political conventions. What is significant, what is assuring and inspiring is the accepted idea of self-sacrifice—the calm, matter-of-fact abnegation of individual and material interest for the righting of wrong and the liberation of the oppressed. As Doc Adams put it, "it's easier to holler than to Hooverize."

Middleville is doing both. Middleville has sent her boys and has already begun to count her dead. When the evening papers are flung by the passing carriers on lawns and in doorways their falling is like a blow on many a tender heart. Trembling hands pick them up and turn their pages to the fateful "list." By the way, there is a starred service flag in the window of Jimmy Wilkes' home that stands for Jimmy and Susy's boy, a kid of nineteen, and their firstborn. That was a wrench! But he isn't over there yet. Still in camp.

Jimmy isn't a conspicuous figure in the war work; not half so conspicuous as Harold was when we first went into it. If Harold had had his way we'd have been in it, by Jupiter, the day after the Hun set foot on Belgian soil! If he had been President—or any other red-blooded man—he'd have served notice on the vermin right there. He became so eloquent and emphatic in the store that Slayden had to call him down, and he bought two flags—one, the size of a blanket, for the house, and another, somewhat smaller, for his coat. On the memorable and glorious Sixth of April he celebrated. He no longer blushed for his country. On the contrary he was proud of being an American and forgave Wilson everything. At six separate and distinct bars he lined everybody up with his old princely gesture and the voice of a slightly husky clarion.

"Everybody! It's on me. Anything anybody wants, from wine to ginger pop. Gentlemen, I have a toast to propose, and anyone that refuses it has got me to fight."

He swept the line with his glance and raising his glass stood so erect that he tottered. A splendid figure. Very impressive.

"To hell with the Kaiser!"

Jimmy didn't do any dramatic stunts like that. He did take an active part in the First Liberty Loan drive, as he has since in the second and third; but he went about it so quietly that some of the bank's stockholders seemed to be the only ones that took any particular notice of his activities. It came up in a meeting through one of the directors who wanted to know—er—it had been suggested—well, whether it was good business policy to shoo all the loose money in town into the government coffers at four per cent when the bank had sound investments to offer at five and six. He asked merely to get an expression of opinion.

He got it. Jimmy gave it to him, and in plain terms. He didn't say "To hell with the bank and business policy," but the inference was clear that if they interfered with the vigorous prosecution of the war he didn't care where they went as long as they got out of the way. Jimmy himself is the largest private Liberty bondholder in town, but he doesn't hang out any signs to that effect.

Harold finds the food restrictions irksome, and he doesn't see much sense in them. Of course, it's all right to feed our boys well and to give anything we can spare to the Allies; but, by Jupiter, there's no need of starving ourselves to pamper foreigners! Why should they have all the wheat? If they're so blamed hungry what's the matter with their eating this cussed rye and corn meal once in a while? And this sugar allowancing! Talk about freedom! And they might as well come round with a gun and hold a man up with their drives for this and that. Nobody could say that he wasn't willing to give, but this thing ——

"That's all we want, Crudson," interrupted one of the drivers. "Just what you're willing to give."

"What I'm able to give cuts no ice."

"You're earning a good salary and you've nobody but your wife to support."

"I told you I was broke," cried Harold excitedly. "Do you think I'm a mint? Here's your Belgian babies one day and your Serbian relief another, and then it's Armenian refugees or Italian sufferers and Red Cross and Salvation Army and Y. M. C. A., and ——"

"How much have you given to them?"

"None of your darned business!" Harold told him, his temper at the breaking point. "When I'm in better shape financially I'll come round and subscribe. Right now there's nothing doing. Good day!"

He went back into the house and closed the door. His wife was sitting near the half-open window, and as he was about to speak she lifted a warning finger. A murmur of voices from the men outside reached him.

"Not a cent to any of 'em; one fifty-dollar Liberty Bond—the first; and that was like pulling teeth."

"He's a piker."

Harold started, but his wife caught him by the arm and held him until the gate clicked behind their visitors. Then Harold shook off the woman's hand.

"My God! A piker! Me!"

"Well, you know, Harold, I've thought so myself at times."

There was an extremely painful scene, from which Harold escaped to his own room, where he passed the bitterest hour of his life. For those beasts meant it; and so did Beatrice, on whom he had lavished thousands—yes, thousands! A piker! And he had told them the truth. He was broke! He would have given up as soon as not and to anything that came along—if he had it. He wanted to! But what was a man to do with everything going out as fast as it came in? A man had to live. In the old days ——

He sat with his double chin on his palms and his elbows on the table, staring wretchedly out of the window, while tears rolled down his flabby cheeks. "A piker! Me!"

Strange how things chop and change in this topsy-turvy old world! Not much more than an hour before two other bandits, one of whom wore a clerical collar and waistcoat, sat in Jimmy Wilkes' room at the bank and made apologetic speeches to Jimmy, who beamed at them with the utmost cheerfulness.

"You've done so much already," concluded the clerical bandit; but Jimmy was now writing and made no reply until he had finished. Then he tore out the check and waved it to and fro to dry the ink, a habit of his, even when he wrote on a blotting pad.

"Little enough," he said. "The best we can do is little enough. You know I was in the army once—camp roustabout—and I know what useless misery, suffering and death come from want of proper sanitation and medical attention and nursing, to say nothing of decent food and living conditions. I know what poor rations and polluted water do to men. I've seen 'em die like flies, and I've seem them broken in health for what life they had left to them. And I've seen what this organization—God prosper it!—has done to overcome such conditions and make them impossible. Funny if we wouldn't stand behind it!"

He smiled and gave them the check. The chairman of the Red Cross committee looked at the amount and actually gasped. Jimmy laughed that time.

"That's all right," he said. "I've been saving up for it."

When they got outside the chairman said: "I thought he had the reputation of being extremely careful about money."

"He has," replied the white-chokered highwayman. "But I've known James Wilkes for nearly fifteen years—ever since I came to the parish; and let me tell you that when there's a worthy object or cause needing help he's the most careless man with money I ever saw. He's a prince, Wilkes is."

He repeated it, thumping on the pavement with his stick for emphasis:

"He's a prince!"





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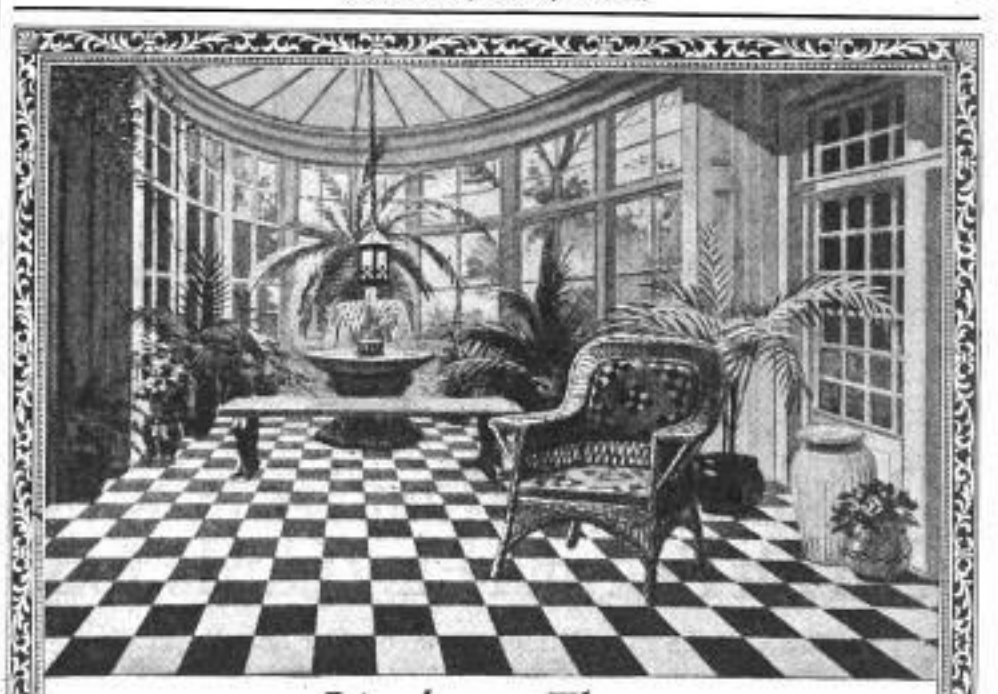
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# JAVA HEAD

(Continued from Page 19)

continue in his present capacity as a shipmaster in all their interests. He was seated with Saltonstone and William in the countinghouse, and he could tell from his brother's ill-restrained impatience that the other considered him hardly more than a clumsy-witted, stubborn fool before the mast of the facts of actual life.

His gaze, above their heads, rested on the framed pass of the ship Mocha, one of his father's last commands, over the bench where he had lain dead. It was given by the President, James Monroe, in 1818, its white paper seal vivid on the stained parchment.

It had an engraving of a lighthouse and spired town on the dark water's edge, and above a picture of a ship with everything drawing in a fair wind, the upper sails torn off on a dotted wavering line for the purpose of identification with its stub.

"No," he told them quietly; "I'll go my own way as I said; with the Nautilus if that can be arranged."

He rose with a nod of finality, and James Saltonstone remarked: "Jeremy to the life."

Gerrit replied: "I'd not ask anything better."

Through the evening the talk was principally about Mr. Polk's approaching visit to Salem. He was to leave the train at the Beverly Depot at three P.M. and be fetched with Secretary Buchanan and Marshal Barnes in a barouche with six horses and met at the outskirts of Salem by the city authorities.

There would be a Beverly cavalcade—the city guard was ordered to muster at the armory—and an evening parade at five o'clock and the military ball in Franklin Hall were to follow.

But when the day and occasion actually arrived it was spoiled by a succession of unforeseen mishaps. The train was late and the presidential party in a fever of haste. The procession, hurrying through the massed public-school children and throngs of Chestnut Street, gave a perfunctory attention to the salutes and short address of the mayor. The President's reply, hardly more than a few introductory phrases, cut short, the barouche was sent plunging back over its route, with the secretary crying "Drive on! Drive on!" and Marshal Barnes swearing and expectorating in callous profusion.

Some of the crowd, the Ammidons heard, had been knocked down and hurt in the pell-mell of the rush. Gerrit's countenance showed his contempt of what he held to be a characteristically ludicrous farce.

After all, his wishes in regard to the Nautilus had been easy of execution; the ship was now his and he was already contracting for her cargo. He had been to see Mr. Broadrick, his first mate, and the latter was assembling the chief members of the crew. As always at the prospect of sailing he was unsettled—concerned with countless details of departure—like a vessel straining at her last anchor.

Seated in the library with Taou Yuen—he had called her aside from her fixed passage from the garden to their room—he was recounting his main plans for the near future when he became aware of an arrival on the steps outside. He heard a servant's voice, and, immediately after, the woman appeared in the doorway; but she was forced aside by Edward Dunsack. Gerrit's quick resentment flared at such an unceremonious intrusion and he moved ungraciously forward.

The servant explained impotently, "I told him I would see ——"

"Yes?" Gerrit Ammidon demanded.

Dunsack bowed ceremoniously to Taou Yuen, then he faced the other. On the verge of speech he hesitated, as if an unexpected development had made inadequate whatever he had been prepared to say; then with a sudden decision he hurried into an emotional jumble of words:

"I can tell you in a breath—Nettie was badly injured in that cursed rabble yesterday. It looks as if she was actually struck by one of the horses. She was unconscious, and then delirious. Now she is in her right mind but very weak; and when she wished to see you I volunteered to put our pride in my pocket and carry her message."

An instant numbing pain compressed Gerrit's heart; he felt that in an involuntary exclamation he had clearly shown the depth of his dismay. Damn the fellow, why had he burst out in this public indecent manner! The situation he had plausibly created, the thing he managed to insinuate, was an insult to them all—to his wife, Taou Yuen, coldly composed beyond, to himself and to Nettie. He stood with his level gaze fixed in an enraged perplexity on Edward Dunsack's sallow countenance, deep sunk on its bony structure, conscious that there was no possibility of a satisfactory or even coherent reply.

"Something was said about this afternoon," the other added.

That period, Gerrit realized, was nearly over. But above every other consideration rose the knowledge that he would have to see Nettie Vollar, badly injured, as she desired. The common humanity of that necessity left him no choice.

He turned to Taou Yuen with a brief formal explanation. A friend—their families had been associated for years—had been hurt and sent for him . . . return immediately. He paused in the act of leaving at the door of the library, waiting for Edward Dunsack to join him; but the other had resolutely turned his back upon Gerrit. He showed no indications of departure. Gerrit Ammidon was at the point of an exasperated direction; but that, in the light of Dunsack's purpose there, appeared ridiculously abrupt; and confident of his wife's supreme ability to control any situation he continued without further hesitation to the street, hurrying in a mounting anxiety toward the Dunsacks'.

Dwelling on his conduct in the library, at the sudden announcement of Nettie's injury, he felt that he had acted in a precipitant if not actually confused way. As a fact it had all been largely mechanical—his oppression, his dread for Nettie had made everything else dim to see and faint to hear. Dunsack's grimacing face, the immobile figure of his wife, the familiar sweep of the room, had been things of no more substance than a cloud between him and the only other reality existing. He had no memory, for instance, of having stopped to secure his hat, but he found it swinging characteristically in a hand. And now even the semblance of reasonable speech and conduct he had managed to command vanished before a panic that all but forced him into a run.

The main door of Barzil Dunsack's house was open on the narrow somber interior; he knocked sharply against the wood at the side and was immediately answered by the appearance of Kate Vollar.

"This is a great kindness, Captain Ammidon," she told him in her negative voice. "Come in here, please."

He looked hastily about the formal space into which she led him, expecting to see Nettie prostrate; but she was not there.

"How is she?" he demanded impatiently.

"Nettie?" Her mother turned as if surprised by an unexpected twist of the situation. "Oh, why, she'll mend all right, the doctor says; but it will be slow. Her arm had an ugly slithering break, and she suffers with it all the time." A pause followed, in which she met his interrogation with a growing mystification. "I suppose Edward told you," she ventured finally.

The sense of being at a loss was swiftly communicated to him.

"Your brother said Nettie wanted to see me," he returned bluntly.

"Now, however could Edward do a thing like that!" she cried in deep distress. "Why, there's no truth to it! I asked him myself to see if you'd kindly stop and give me some advice. What put it in my head was that once your father offered—he told Nettie to let him know if there was anything to be done. Edward Dunsack isn't just right in his head."

Gerrit was filled with a mingling sense of disappointment, relief that Nettie was no worse, and the uncomfortable conviction that he had behaved like a hysterical fool. He, too, but angrily, wondered why Dunsack had invented such an apparently pointless lie. Probably Kate Vollar was right and her brother's wits, soaked in opium, had wandered into the region of insane fabrications. He composed himself—the first feeling blotting out his other emotions—to meet the deprecating interrogation before him.

"I should be glad to do what I could in my father's place."

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(Continued from Page 38)

"In a way," she continued, "it's about Edward. When he came back from China and decided to stay in Salem his father turned all the books over to him; he was to 'tend to everything in the way of accounts and shipments; and he said he would make us all rich in a year or so. But instead he has neglected the clerking until we can't tell what's going or coming. Edward hasn't—hasn't quite been himself lately."

She paused and Gerrit nodded shortly.

"Now we're not wealthy, Captain Ammidon; we never got more than just enough from our West India trade. But in the last couple of months, with Edward as he is and father too old for columns of figuring—he's dreadful forgetful now—not a dollar was made. The schooners are slow—behind the times, I guess—we've had to scrape; yet it's been something. . . . They're both awful hard to do with."

She stopped hopelessly.

"You must get a reliable man in charge. Someone who knows the West India shipping should go over your entire property, decide what is necessary, then borrow the money. We can find that without trouble. I'll make only one condition: That is the complete restraint of your brother. It is known that he has the opium habit; he is a dangerous ——"

He stopped at the echo of a thin persistent tapping from above.

"That's Nettie," Kate Vollar said; "the way she calls me. I'll ask you to excuse me for a minute."

When she returned her face bore an unaccustomed flush.

"Nettie heard you in the hall or through the stovepipe," she spoke doubtfully. "She'd like to see you; but I don't know if it would be right, with her in bed. Still, I promised I'd tell you."

He rose promptly. The woman stood aside at the upper door and he at once saw Nettie lying with her vigorous black hair sprawling in a thick twist across the pillow. Her face was pinched, it seemed thin, and the brilliancy and size of her eyes were exaggerated. One arm, clumsy and inanimate in splints, was extended over the cotton spread; but with the other hand she was feverishly busy with her appearance. She smiled, a wan tremulous movement that again shut the pain like a leaden casket about his heart. Kate Vollar hovered behind them.

"Do go away, mother!" Nettie directed. "You'll make me scream at your fidgeting."

With an incoherent murmur she vanished from the room. The girl motioned toward a chair, and Gerrit drew it forward to a table that bore water and a small glass bowl partly covered by a sheet of paper, holding a number of symmetrical reddish-black pills.

"Opium," Nettie told him, following his gaze. "I cried dreadfully with the hurt at first. It's dear, and Edward made those from some he had. You know, I watched him roll them right here; it was wonderful how quickly he did it, each exactly alike, two grains."

She told him the circumstances of her accident, while he sat with his eyes steadily on her face, his hands folded.

He was quiet, without visible emotion or speech; but there was an utter tumult, a tumult like the axis of a hurricane within him. Rebellious feelings, tyrannical desires and thoughts, swept through him in waves of heat and cold. Nettie's voice grew weak, the shadows deepened under her eyes, for a little they closed; and but for the faint stir of the coverlet over her heart she was so pallid, so still that she might have been dead. Moved by an uncontrollable fear he bent toward her and touched her hand. Her gaze slowly widened, and turning over her palm she weakly grasped his fingers. A great sigh of contentment fluttered from her dry lips.

"Gerrit," she whispered, barely audible.

He leaned forward, blinded by his passion for her. He admitted this in an honest self-knowledge that he had refused recognition until now. Tender and reassuring words, wild declarations and plans for the future, crowded for expression; nothing else before the immensity of desire that possessed him was of the slightest concern; but not a syllable was spoken. A sharp line was plowed between his brows, his breath came in short choked gusts, he was utterly the vessel of his longing; and yet an ultimate basic consideration, lost in the pounding of his veins, still restrained him.

"I love you, Gerrit," Nettie said; "I'll never stop till I die."

Her face and voice were almost tranquil; she seemed to speak from a plane above the ordinary necessities of common existence, as if her pain, burning out her color and vigor and emotions, had given her the privilege of truth. Curiously enough when it seemed to him that she had expressed what should have sent him into a single consuming flame, he grew at once completely calm. He, too, for the moment reached her state of freedom from earth and flesh.

"I love you, Nettie," he replied simply.

However, he speedily dropped back into the sphere of actual responsibilities. He saw all the difficulties, the hovering, insidious shadows in which they might be lost. This in turn was pushed aside by the incredulous realization that Nettie's life and his had been spoiled by a thing no more important than a momentary flare of temper. If, as might have happened, he had overlooked Barzil Dunsack's ridiculous tirade, if he had turned into the yard where Nettie was standing instead of tramping away up Hardy Street, everything would have been well.

It was unjust, he cried inwardly, for such infinite consequences to proceed from unthinking anger! A great or tragic result should spring from great or tragic causes, the suffering and price measured by the error. He could see that Nettie was patiently waiting for him to solve the whole miserable problem of their future; she had an expression of relief that seemed to take a happy issue for granted. None was possible. A baffled rage cut his speech into short brutal words flung like shot against her hope.

"I love you," he repeated—"yes. But what can that do for us now? I had my chance, and I let it go. To-day I'm married, I'll be married to-morrow, probably till I die. Perhaps that wouldn't stop a man more intelligent—it might be just that—than I am; perhaps he'd go right after his love or happiness wherever or however it offered. There are men, too, who have the habit of a number of women. That is understood to be a custom with sailors. It has never been with me; as I say, maybe I am too stupid.

"What in the name of all the heavens would I do with Taou Yuen?" he demanded. "I can't desert her here, in America, leave her with William. I brought her thousands of miles away from her home, from all she knows and is. If I took her back and dropped her in China she'd have to kill herself."

An expression of unalloyed dreariness overspread Nettie's features. "I wish I had been killed right out," she said.

The starkness of the words, of the reality they spoke, flowed about him like icy water; he felt that he was sinking, strangling in a sea grimmer than any about Cape Horn. He was continually appalled by the realization that there was no escape, no smallest glimmer leading from the pit into which they had stumbled. He had the sensation of wanting enormously to go with Nettie, but was fast in chains that were locked on him by a power against his will.

"It's no good." His voice was flat.

"I don't believe I'll see you again," Nettie articulated, "now the Nautilus is near ready to sail. I can't stand it," she sobbed. "That last time you went out the harbor just about ended me; but this is worse, worse, worse! I'll—I'll take all the opium."

"No, you won't," he asserted, standing, confident that her spirit was too normal, too vitally healthy for that.

His gaze wandered about the room. Her clothes were neatly piled and covered by a skirt on a chair. The mirror on her chest of drawers was broken, a corner missing. There was a total absence of the delicate toilet adjuncts of Rhoda and Taou Yuen—only a small paper of powder, a comb and brush and the washstand with a couple of coarse towels. What dresses she had were hung back of a ridiculously inadequate drapery. She had so little with which to accomplish what for a girl was so much.

His emotion had retreated, leaving him dull-eyed, heavy of movement. The moment had come for his departure. He stood by the bed. Nettie turned away from him; her face was buried in the pillow; the uppermost free shoulder shook.

"Good-by," he said.

There was no answer, and he patiently repeated the short tragic phrase. Still there was no sound from Nettie. There would





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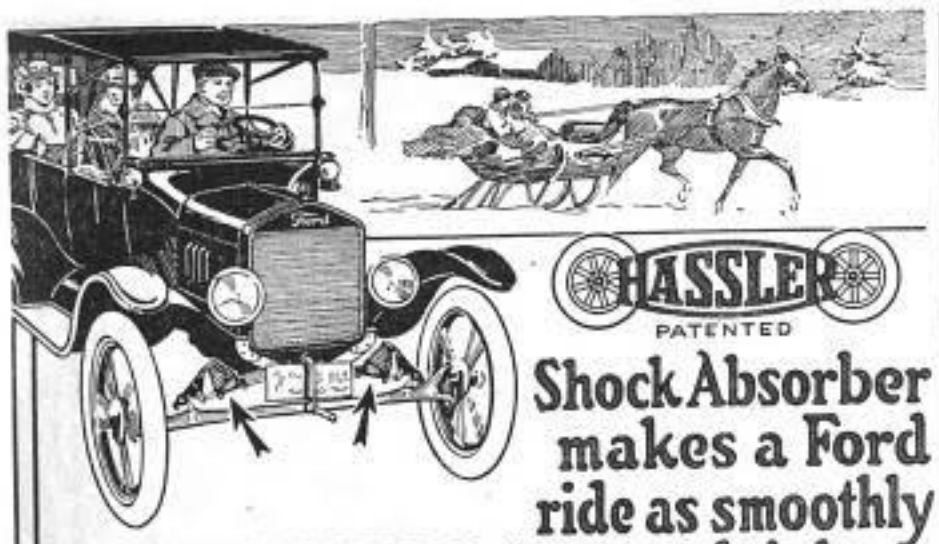
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be none. Even the impulse to touch her had died—died, he thought, with a great many feelings and hopes he once had harbored.

A fleet surprise invaded him at the absence of any impulse now to protest or indulge in wild passionate terms. He was surprised, too, at the fact that he was about to leave Nettie.

The whole termination of the affair was bathed in an atmosphere of stale calm, like the air in a ship's hold.

Gerrit Ammidon gazed steadily at her averted head, at the generous line of her body under the coverlet; then, neither hasty nor hesitating in his walk, he left the room.

Kate Vollar met him at the foot of the stair. "You understood," she said, "that I only bothered you because your father—because I was so put on?"

"You were quite right," he replied in a measured voice; "it will all be attended to, with the agreement I mentioned."

"How they'll take it I don't know."

"In some positions," he told her, "certain persons are without any choice. The facts are too great for them. I said nothing to Nettie of Edward Dunsack's reason for my coming," he added significantly.

Out in the street he stopped, facing toward Java Head and supper; but with a quiver of his lips, the vertical bitter line between his drawn brows, he turned and marched slowly, his head sunk, to where the Nautilus was berthed.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

# CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

(Continued from Page 9)

Carter gulped back a lump in his throat.

"Good Lord!" he choked. "I can't. I can't. You're all I've got."

The young man placed a steady hand upon his father's shoulder.

"You must take this thing right, dad," he said firmly.

"In another year ——"

"I'd never forgive myself if I waited," cut in Ben. "I've heard too much from the fellows who've been over there and seen. I want you to understand that it isn't the adventure of the thing that gets me. It's the right of it. I'm strong enough for the game, and that's all that counts. Another year wouldn't make me any more fit."

"You'd be ready for Plattsburg—in a couple of years."

"Maybe," Ben nodded; "but somehow—well, I just hanker to use my arms and legs rather than my head. The way I feel, nothing short of a chance with the bayonet will satisfy me. That's why I went in for the Marines."

Carter glanced up. He saw those lips, which had once been so tender and soft, now sternly taut.

"Have you told your mother?" asked Carter.

"No, dad. I want it all settled first."

"I—I don't know what it will do to her," Carter struggled on feebly.

"She'll take it right," declared the boy with conviction. "She'll take it right because—because it's for women like her that we're going over there."

Carter did not reach for the paper, even then. He merely found it in his hands. He drew out his fountain pen and the name he scrawled upon the dotted line might have been written by a man of eighty.

"That's the good old dad," Ben whispered hoarsely as he replaced the paper in his pocket. "You're a brick."

Carter tried to see it that way. There were moments even when he thought he was going to feel proud. A day or two later, when Newell, Culver and the others on the eight-ten heard of it, they hurried up to him and shook his hand with such phrases as "The boy has the right stuff in him, Carter," and "He makes us glad we live in Edgemere." All Carter could do was to turn away.

The boy's going left a great big hollow place in Carter—a hollow that only grew bigger when he began to receive the lad's enthusiastic letters from the training camp. He missed him in a way that disturbed every detail of his daily life. When he woke up in the morning it was with a sense of some deep tragedy hanging over him—as though the boy were dead. This sent him downstairs depressed and irascible. His coffee with its abominable sirup tasted more bitter than ever. The mere sight of the war doughnuts irritated him. It was as though they made mock of him. Half the time the omelet was burned, for Kitty was becoming more forgetful than ever, and more often than not did not remember the omelet at all until she smelled it smoking. She did her best to cheer Carter up, until she found the wisest thing to do was to say nothing. As a matter of fact everything she said sounded to him as hypocritical as all the confounded war substitutes with which he found himself more and more hemmed in. Newell particularly was full of new recipes for foods and drinks that he claimed were as good as the original articles, and was forever pulling clippings from his pockets on the morning train.

"You ought to get your wife to try this, Carter," he broke out one day. "It's a new recipe for cake without sugar, wheat or butter. Ellen made some last night and you couldn't tell it from the real stuff."

"What do you call the real stuff?" demanded Carter.

"Why, the cake we used to get before the war."

"And you mean to say you can't tell the difference?"

"Well, of course this isn't quite so tasty, but it's a darned good substitute."

"You're welcome," growled Carter.

Newell appeared astonished. Later he repeated the conversation to Manson, and concluded: "Do you know, if the beggar didn't have a boy in the Marines I'd say he was pro-German."

"Nonsense!" answered Manson.

"Well, he wasn't any too keen about the Second Liberty Loan when I saw him. He only took a thousand."

"So? I thought he'd be good for five, anyway."

The Government was already beginning to talk about the Third Liberty Loan. Somewhat fretfully Carter read the preliminary announcements. Where was this thing going to stop, anyway? He was not any more than keeping even with the game now. And even so, he was not getting so much out of life as he had been getting before.

On top of that they sent the boy across. After an interval of silence Carter received a cable one day announcing his safe arrival at a port in France. It took the starch all out of him. It was like one of those nightmares he used to suffer when he dreamed of the boy in some great danger and was forced to stand by, dumb and paralyzed, powerless to help. It was like that exactly, only this was reality. Day by day and mile by mile this intangible merciless power called war was dragging the boy nearer and nearer his destruction. It was barbaric. It was wrong. This boy was his. Good Lord, he wasn't anything hardly when he came—just a pink handful of blind life. They had wrapped him in soft things and kept him in a warm room and coddled him like a frightened bird. It was a question every time he looked into the nest if he would find him there. So day by day, then week by week, and finally month by month, they had nursed him along until from a spirit thing he became substantial.

That was only the beginning. Followed years and years and years in which Carter gave of his best to this son he was making. And as the child grew bigger Carter turned over to him all his own unsatisfied dreams. Where he stopped the boy was to begin. He was to have the college education Carter had missed, and was to start with the Atlas people not as a petty clerk, but at a point where the presidency of the company would be in sight. Instead of waiting twenty-five years for seventy-five hundred the boy would attain that in five, which would leave him all the rest of the time to climb to twenty-five thousand. So while still a young man Ben should marry and live on the Heights, with all that connoted. Or he might even live in town.

Now he was at a port in France. Until the last few years that would not have been anything to worry about. He had wished the boy to travel. France had always stood to Carter as a land of sunshine and holidays—a sort of pre-honeymoon land to the more fortunate. To-day a port in France seemed like a port in hell.

On the eight-ten they kept asking about the boy, and when Carter told Barclay that

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(Concluded from Page 42)

Ben was over there Barclay answered: "Lucky dog. That ought to make you proud."

Carter made no reply. That was in March, just before the big Hun offensive. When that broke Carter did not dare read the papers for a while. Those were bad days. America had then been in the war nearly a year, and yet it was possible for those gray hordes to dash at and into the allied lines. They did it again and again, until the world stood aghast and Carter himself stood aghast. It made no difference whether he read the papers or not, for hourly bulletins were passed round the office and scarcely anything else was talked of.

America had been in the war nearly a year. Uncle Sam had appropriated billions upon billions of dollars; had built shipyards the size of which staggered belief; had talked of destroyers and airplanes in terms of thousands; had established vast military camps and already drafted millions of men; had turned almost every industry in the country over to war work; had taken over the railroads and whatever else was needed.

Uncle Sam had been working with his jaws set and his sleeves rolled up and flags flying from almost every housetop between the Atlantic and the Pacific; with men marching down the streets and bands playing and half the politicians of the country turned into Fourth of July orators.

Yet this thing was happening over there. Lines that had been thought impregnable were falling daily. City after city was being overrun. If the Huns paused it was only for breath, and to dash on once more. Nearer and nearer they came to Paris, until the city heard the sound of their guns; nearer and nearer, until they came to Château-Thierry.

Carter reached a point where almost his faith in God was shaken. He did not know exactly just what his faith in God was, but it stood for something outside himself representative of justice—just as his patriotism stood for something outside himself representative of honor. Not to be in the slightest sacrilegious, God was a figure crowned with thorns just as Uncle Sam was a figure crowned with a starred top hat. Both were invincible. Yet both stood aside, helpless, before the Huns' advance.

Until the gray wolves reached Château-Thierry. Then the news was cabled across that the Marines were holding this line—not only technically but actually. Again and again the wolves came on and staggered back.

The Marines were there—the American Marines—and they were holding.

The first report brought the sweat to Carter's brow. Somewhere in that line without much doubt his son Ben was standing. The little boy he had carried in his arms was under that merciless fire of shrapnel and explosive shells and gas. Carter had read a good deal about the gas shells—the yellow and the blue and the green cross kind. It was devilish stuff. It burned into the lungs and the eyes and the skin. He remembered when it had first been used—had been sent sneaking across the allied lines like some ancient superstition made real. From that moment he had been for war. He talked war with everyone he met, usually ending with the exclamation: "Uncle Sam won't stand for that sort of dirty work!"

As a matter of fact Uncle Sam had stood for it a good many months after that, and for acts even more barbaric. But now your Uncle Sam was right on the spot and Ben was on the spot. The two were one!

This was what Carter got hold of, suddenly, unexpectedly, unconsciously, as a man sees a vision. Uncle Sam was there not in the form of a middle-aged farmer in a starred top hat, but as one of the Marines, a tough, wiry young American fighter. And among these Marines was Ben, holding this ghastly line as in his play days he had helped to hold the football line. Uncle Sam was there as Carter's boy—blood of his blood and flesh of his flesh and soul of his soul. And so in a sense Carter himself was there. This was his fight too. He and Uncle Sam were one! He and the nation were one. He and the brilliant flags flying unharmed here in the streets of New York were one. As far as Carter individually was concerned he was essentially all there was of the nation—just as, individually and as far as his own soul was concerned, he was all there was of God. But because of this, because the thought made him so big, he took in the others too—his boy, Kitty, his neighbors, the state and the United States, and finally God himself. And this God not only stood for justice and honor but was justice and honor, and Carter was He and He was Carter.

Now God and Carter and the boy and the Marines and the nation were all standing side by side behind a little town that until now had been no more conscious of itself than Carter had been. It had been merely Château-Thierry—a tiny village where simple men and women had gone about their humble business of living with little thought of the world at large. Now it was finding itself a turning point in the history of the world, with the sinewy young men from a country that had not been discovered when Château-Thierry already was hoary with age, rushing there to help keep it true. And with Carter some four thousand miles away staring from his office window and, quite unconscious of the business of the Atlas Company, praying not that the boy might be kept safe for his own sake, but that he might be spared to fight his best—Carter's best, the nation's best, God's best.

The Marines held, and then they did a little better; they began to advance. They say that Foch himself was none too sure of what these lads would find it possible to do. These men were getting their baptism of Hun fire, which is comparable to no fire this side of hell and which possibly may have introduced some new ideas into hell itself. Certainly neither Dante nor Milton revealed any conception of mustard gas.

Creeping forward on all fours the Marines advanced. It was grim business these boys were about, while the flags flew dreamily in the streets of New York and a thousand other cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico—flew dreamily and prettily for safe men to look up at and for safe women and children to smile at contentedly. It was serious business they were about to the right and left of that old town, while the machines sped up and down Fifth Avenue bright in the summer sun. And yet when at length the cables flashed across the ocean the news that the old town had been won and all that meant, there was little in the message to hint of that grim business. And there was no mention at all of individuals—of the boy Ben who lay in a bit of woods like one asleep, his hair all tousled and his face dirty as he used to come in from play. But that night Carter went home with his head held high and his eyes alight.

When Carter opened the front door he was greeted with the smell of smoke from the kitchen. He hurried out there and found Mrs. Carter standing almost in tears before the charred remains of what had evidently been intended for a pie of some sort. She looked up anxiously as Carter entered. Her blue eyes began to fill with tears.

"Oh, Ben," she quavered, "I'm so sorry. I—I've been saving flour and sugar for a week to have enough to make you a real apple pie. And then—and then I forgot it. And—and——"

She made a despairing gesture toward the jet-black evidence of her unpardonable thoughtlessness. And then before Carter's accusing glance she shrank back and hid her face in the folds of her blue gingham apron.

Carter stared from her to the pie and then back to her. Fresh from the victory of Château-Thierry, this was such a pitiful travesty! She was crying—she, the mother of his son who had fought with the Marines this day, was crying in fear of his anger because she had spoiled in the baking an apple pie.

Good Lord, to what depths had he sunk! To what pitiful depths of banality had he dragged her!

He strode to her side and seized her in his arms fiercely as a baffled lover.

"Kitty," he cried hoarsely, "look up at me!"

In amazement she obeyed. The clutch of his arms took her back twenty-five years. He saw the springtime blue of her eyes.

"Kitty," he pleaded, "can you forgive me?"

"Forgive—you?" she stammered, not understanding.

"For making you think it matters a picayune what I have to eat. Little woman—little woman, we took Château-Thierry today!"

She drew back a little as though expecting evil news to follow. But the news had not yet come.

"We," he repeated—"you and I and Ben and the Marines and Uncle Sam and God—all together. We not only held the beasts but drove them back. It's in the papers to-night."

"And Ben——" she faltered.

"He must have been there," he answered.

"He—he——"

But she did not finish her timorous question. She caught the contagion of the fire in her husband's eyes and sealed her lips. And he, stooping, kissed those lips as he used to kiss them before the boy came.

The next morning Carter drank his coffee black, and when Kitty brought on the war doughnuts he shoved them aside.

"Don't make any more," he said. "Cut 'em out altogether. That's the trick."

And when on the eight-ten Newell came round with a recipe for making frosting without sugar Carter refused to listen.

"Look here, Newell," he protested, "those confounded things don't interest me."

"They don't?" returned Newell ominously.

"Not a little bit," Carter continued calmly.

"You mean to tell me you aren't interested in conservation?"

"Did I say that?"

"Well, it amounts to the same thing, doesn't it?"

"Not on your tintype!" replied Carter. "Look here, Newell, you've been talking pretty plain to me lately and perhaps I've deserved it, but it leaves me free to give you a few ideas of my own. What we've got to do is to face this war—not duck it. We aren't going to win with substitutes but with sacrifices. The trouble with you and your crowd—the trouble with me—is that we've been trying to eat our cake and save it too. What's the use of those fool recipes of yours? The time has come to give up cake and pie and doughnuts—then why in thunder not give them up and be done with it?"

"But the Government doesn't ask that," cut in Newell.

"Who's the Government?" demanded Carter.

"Why—why ——"

"You are. I am," Carter cut in, answering his own question. "That's all there is to it. And if you want to understand how important you are, just multiply yourself by a hundred million. That's what Hoover does. Do it for yourself."

Newell smiled a little maliciously.

"Perhaps you're right, old man. By the way, I'm on this Third Liberty Loan committee, and if you'll tell me how much I can look ahead for from you it would help."

"Ten thousand dollars," answered Carter. "In the meantime, if you hear of anyone who wants to buy a house let me know."

"You aren't going to leave us?"

"Not if I can hire a cheap place round town," answered Carter.

"Say—but you are plunging," exclaimed Newell uncomfortably.

"We can't let that Château-Thierry victory go for nothing," answered Carter quietly.

At last—at last Carter himself had declared war. That was why when he received a cable to the effect that Private Ben Carter was reported seriously wounded the man could sign his name firmly to the receipt.

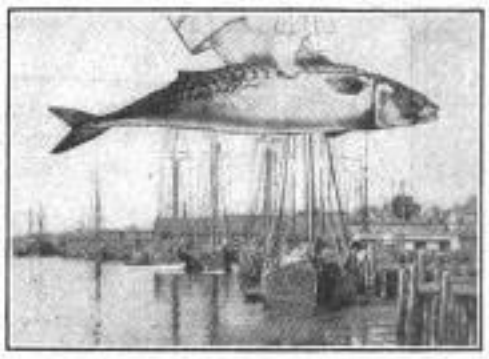
The time had come for the Huns to take seriously the entry of the United States into the war.




# Salt Mackerel

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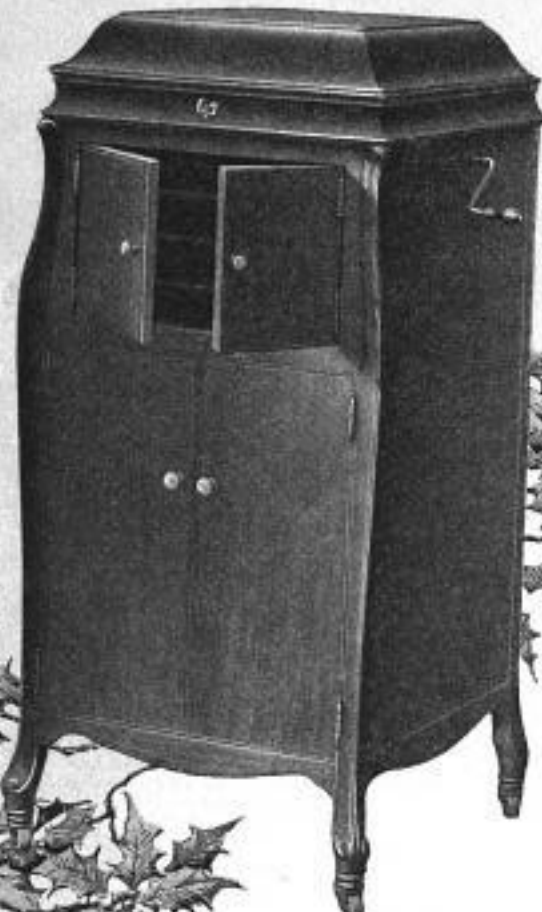
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# WE TOOK THE HILL

## By Maude Radford Warren

WHEN we set out upon that moonlight drive I had no shadow of a thought that we were going to see the rear of a battle. Still less did I realize that it was the decisive battle for the big hill, the taking of which was perhaps the chief urge the Germans had in the beginning of their panic-stricken and disheveled flight toward the north. There we were in La Ferté, which had been shelled only two or three days before by the Germans, and from La Ferté our troops were going up toward Vaux and toward Château-Thierry, that night still in the hands of the Germans.

Over here, especially when a new action begins, it is pretty hard to find out what is going on. You at home, in a way, know more about the conduct of the war, as a whole, than we do, because you can stand away from it a bit and see it in full proportions. Over here we are too close, even in Paris; while if we are practically in the midst of a part of the action our sense of values is quite distorted. All I knew of the offensive before I went to La Ferté was that various whispers had circulated throughout Paris to the effect that our men had begun suddenly to push the Germans northward. A very few minutes after my arrival in La Ferté, before I had time to ask questions, I had set out upon this moonlight drive. Even if I had asked questions, I doubt if I should have received any coherent reply.

On this night we were taking the moonlight drive for the purpose of carrying a field secretary to his next position with the artillery, of finding out where certain other secretaries were who had gone ahead with the troops they were assigned to, and of estimating what supplies they would need. As usual we had the car loaded with chocolate and cigarettes in case we came upon troops who needed them; for we never knew from hour to hour what we should meet or what was required of us.

Twilight had not yet come when our car swung out upon the Château-Thierry road, edged with wonderful tall trees. At the top of the long hill just outside La Ferté there was an entrancing view of the Marne, flowing in its sea-green tranquillity between varicolored harvests, checkered like a piece quilt. From that view we looked up the road. It should have afforded a wonderful vista, but all its long spaciousness was blotted out by traffic, above which the dust rose in swirling clouds. Yet somehow the peace of the evening and the strong promise of the twilight neutralized the effect of that warlike traffic.

The time was to come when, seeing it at high noon or early afternoon in terrible heat and blinding dust, I was to feel to the hilt what it all meant. But just at the moment I was merely passing the gray ammunition trucks, each marked "Load not to exceed three tons," and camions crowded with soldier boys, sitting or standing, stooped over, peering out to look at us, laughing and waving. It was as if the meaning of it all was suspended. These boys were merely rehearsing for war. We were all just taking a drive in the moonlight, the true meaning of which was not yet revealed to us.

### No Yellow Streak

We swept on while twilight drew down and the moon struggled to rise. Suddenly we stopped at the château owned by the Baroness Huard, at that moment occupied by some officers; at the present moment used as a field hospital. What it will be used for next week no one knows, so fluid are circumstances in this war.

Here one of our secretaries dismounted with supplies for the artillery batteries he cared for. They were camping in the ground outside the château, were to move at midnight, and would bring up they knew not where. It was quite uncertain when we should see our fellow worker again. When we did he looked ten years older. He had saved the courage of a boy and had sent him into the fight a real soldier. He had made hot drinks for the men; he had slept on the damp ground without a blanket; he had walked miles carrying burdens and comforting the soldiers; and he made no remark whatever about his experiences, except to ask for more supplies.

It was just here that I became aware of Pep, the driver, who leaned back and whispered to me that there was nothing yellow about our fellow-worker. Pep's name is Peppin, but no one has ever called him anything except Pep. He shows his Gallic origin in his dark, vivacious face and his genial but critical eye. He is an ex-aviator and he has an obsession against yellowness. If you have even a touch of yellow, though you possess the best virtues of Napoleon, Saint Francis of Assisi and Abraham Lincoln, yet you cannot convince Pep. Conversely, if you are not yellow he will forgive you any other sin.

Pep refuses to wear a helmet and he courts danger. He likes to tell of the time he got careless and fell seventy-five feet out of his aëroplane and nothing happened to him. The conclusion seems to be that nothing can; and, indeed, he impresses one as being a spontaneous favorite of Fortune.

We swung on. The moon had still not quite overcome the clouds and a mysterious half darkness shrouded the road in front of us, which was no longer the main road. Whatever traffic it carried had for the moment quite ceased. One side of it was lined with camions of sorts, drawn up to camp for the night. Dimly I could make out kitchens and mechanics' trucks and trench supplies.

### Letters From the Field

Of a sudden out of the darkness stood up the rectangular bulk of a farm. Our car swept into the courtyard and I became aware of subdued movements in the gloom. Figures rose about us, and the chief secretary asked a quick question: Was our Mr. Smith there or had he and his troops moved on?

Our Mr. Smith presently loomed up tall and weary, and from his talk I gathered that we were in the support line, that the troops for which he cared were just about to move up to the front, and that he wanted a truckload of supplies to be at a certain point to-morrow.

I got out and talked to the soldier boys. As always they were glad to see an American woman; and as always we plunged at once into friendship, for this prompt war makes short cuts inevitable. Either you get at once down to realities or you part.

A boy detached himself from the group and handed me a letter.

"Will you post this for me," he asked. "I've been writing the folks at home that I am safe so far. We were just having a discussion before you came. Some of these birds here are always volunteering for dangerous jobs. Well, I don't see it that way. You go out and get killed, and your family gets a Croix de Guerre. And what good does that do them or you? If I am chosen for it I'll go willingly; but I'm not going to volunteer."

There came a tangled volley of argument from the other side:

"It's as much a fellow's duty to volunteer as it is to enlist. We're over here to give every bit of ourselves to hurry up the end of this war. Some fellows have got to volunteer and one man isn't any better than anyone else."

It rushed over me that these lads were about to march toward death. They had been in action before, but never, as it afterward turned out, had they faced such danger as this. There they stood, some of them ready to march, some just shouldering their packs, some stooping over to lift their packs—dark figures, stirring a little against the dim white walls of the farm buildings. There they were, about to move toward the supreme hour of their lives; and they were discussing a point of ethics just as if they had been in camp or at home.

It is a safeguard and a mercy that they can care about any kind of discussion. Such talk is perhaps the main continuity, the main kind of permanence they have in the hand-to-mouth sort of living that warfare necessitates—that and their loyalty to their particular companies. These interests will help them back to normal living, once the war is over.

When we left the farm the platoons were beginning to form in line for the march. In something over an hour they would be with the battalions that were going into action at dawn. Boy after boy gave us letters to post and we assured them and our Mr. Smith that a truck with sweets and cigarettes would be at their heels to-morrow when they should be resting from having gone over the top. Though in this offensive the fighting was in the open, the soldiers still liked to use the expression "Over the top."

We parted cheerfully. They told us, in that way they sometimes have of playing with death, that we need not worry about "our Mr. Smith." He never got killed; but the people on each side of him always did. They waved and shouted that they would see us again to-morrow night; and I felt, as I was so often to feel during the next three weeks, such a passion of humility before the bravery of these boys.

If we are a very great nation it is not now because we are a nation of quick business instinct, great enterprise, great commercialism; it is because our plain common young men have strong moral fiber, have the spirit and the will to do their duty with bravery and cheer and patience and uncomplainingness. They have given much and relinquished much, and no talk of "It has to be done!" can minimize the sacrifice that every individual private has made, and that their parents and wives and sweethearts behind them have made.

Our car drew away from the marching men. We drove along another bare stretch of road to another rectangular farm, which was another support line, where we were told where we were to carry supplies for the next day. The one farm in the darkness looked like the other. Soldiers clustered about us asking for news and telling what they knew; the one experience was much like the other, yet a thousand repetitions of boys going out to war could never dull such a scene for me.

Because I haven't the kind of mind that can think of a company of soldiers as "part of our forces" or "a small percentage of those who fight," I always see them as individuals. And behind them I see the little home in Scarborough, or East Aurora, or Decatur, or Davenport, or North Yakima, or the little apartment in New York or Chicago that sent them forth, where anxious relatives are waiting for letters.

### Hot Food for the Boys

Every boy is infinitely more precious than he would seem at home, because he is concentrating in a few days all the strain and suspense and danger he could ever know in a long civilian life, and because he stands ready to die for his country, and because it is such strange luck that just he should be in this hazard instead of the men of the last generation or the generation yet to come.

Among these boys about to march to the front there was excited talk of the hill. Had we taken it? Or had we not? If not, then their arrival would mean that it would be taken. As we left the farm and drove along a little side road full of fresh shell holes made that morning, it dawned on me that, though every group of soldiers we met talked about "the hill," they were not talking about the same hill or going to the same place, or aiming at the same objective. Though there was more than one hill, each group of soldiers realized but one between him and the Germans; saw the taking of it as the symbol of ultimate victory.

We swung out of the side road into a wide one lined with great trees that flung out their branches in broad camouflage. On the east of this road moved a procession of shadowy figures. Peering hard at them, we made out that they were a detail of men carrying food up to the front. Each two bore between them, suspended from a thick stick, a huge bottle full of hot food. They resembled a Bible picture of my infant days which represented young Israelites carrying, in just that fashion, provender from the promised Land of Canaan. In spite of the darkness they made out our Red Triangle, and hailed us joyfully.

"Say," one called softly, "can you give some of us a lift? We are going up to a wheat field to take a hot meal to some fellows that are going over the top at two o'clock. It's their last hot meal for Lord knows when, and I bet you they're longing for it and cursing us. We are an hour late already, and we should like to get there before they have to pull out."

We stopped. We are used to being thus informally commandeered by the army and we are proud to be of use. The soldiers sorted themselves out, the beefsteak-and-potatoes boys coming with us, the coffee and bread and sirup and pie boys staying behind. This, as the lad in charge informed us, was an especially bang-up feast; the fellows were going after Fritz lined with the best of Uncle Sam's rations. Loaded to the guards inside and out with cookies and boys, we proceeded slowly, listening to snatches of talk.

### Cookies and Chocolates

"The fellows we're feeding have to go out and finish taking the hill. This steak will make them just eat up that hill!" "Say, the fellows that have come through in the ambulances tell us that the Germans are running like cooties in a delouser!" "But they're leaving behind them machine gunners that just rained down the lead on our fellows." "Gee, you ought to see the souvenirs the fellows have! A man could afford to supply about five best girls if he is allowed to keep all he picks up." "Say, it's no Sunday-school picnic to take that hill; open wheat fields to climb, with the Germans shelling and grinding out machine-gun fire from the edge of the wood!"

Most of us have had the experience of being in real danger that, nevertheless, does not seem real; of being on the verge of a vital experience that persists in seeming dreamlike. We were in danger; we were going along a road that had been shelled a few hours before and that at any moment might be shelled again. Our voices were lowered, because any ditch, any shell hole or any sheltering clump of trees might conceal a German spy able to pick up from our chance words information valuable to his fleeing countrymen. We were in territory that was unknown to all of us; not one of us had trodden it before, while only a few hours since it had been in the possession of the enemy, who knew it as thoroughly as we knew our streets at home. And we were just a stone's throw from men about to enter upon the last stretch of their lives.

It did not seem as if our car was moving. It seemed as if the road began slowly to unroll columns of figures and objects—horses and men, camions and limbers. We were suddenly in the midst of young clamorous soldiers who said they had had no chocolates or cigarettes for two days.

"Here you are, buddie," said Pep, dumping out for distribution all we had. "Break the bars of chocolate and boxes of cookies in two and there will be enough for everybody."

As the marching soldiers passed us a feeling of reality sank in on our hearts. On they went, these young creatures who are our shield and buckler. The sound of their marching feet rose above the noise of the car. The moon went behind the clouds and a light drizzling rain started. Behind the men camions loomed in the darkness, chiefly wagons full of ammunition, their drivers hunched forward, staring anxiously ahead into the blackness. Machine-gun wagons passed, too, and small supply wagons, their roofed heads making them look like gypsy carts. Sometimes a number of men on horseback jingled by, speaking softly each to each or to their mounts.

It was all real enough now, and yet it was in a sort of dream fashion we drifted away from that main road, unwinding its silent freight of battle. The sound of it lessened by the way and nothing was left except the droning of our car and the whispered remarks of the soldiers we carried. We drove along the stretch of heavily darkened road and then came into a lightened area where a little broken village stood up

(Concluded on Page 53)

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*Photograph of 36 x 6 Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tire used on trailer which carries three-ton loads of logs for M. P. Mickler Lumber Co., Thonotosassa, Florida*

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GOODYEAR

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(Concluded from Page 49)

steeply. Here a stalwart M. P. rose majestically out of the darkness and barred our progress.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but you can't go any farther. A car makes too much noise just here. You can walk on a little way if you like; not too far, though, unless you are anxious to step on Fritzie."

"Gee, we've been in luck!" said our soldier passengers as they clambered down. "Our outfit is over there where that wheat field and wood meet. So long! We'll have the chow to therp in ten minutes."

They dismounted, took up their Land of Canaan burdens, and melted into the pale wheat field. By now the moon was showing again and we could see clearly the crumbled gables of the little village.

"Follow that path," said the M. P., "and cross in front of that farm, where the engineers are. Then you'll be on the main road. You can see Vaux and Château-Thierry, where the Germans are. You can see the hill that our fellows are taking. Some say they have taken it. You can see No Man's Land if you have good eyes. They say there's another hill to the left that our men are fighting for. We never know anything for sure. Mind the barbed wire."

We walked with our eyes on the ground minding the barbed wire, threaded our way through the wheat fields, and stood suddenly among the gaunt farm buildings. Here a group of men rose about us, armed with rifles and picks and shovels—the engineers.

As usual at first they were amazed and pleased to see an American woman, and then accepted it as naturally as we accept any fact in this war.

We were just about to move on when an engineer said:

"Won't you wait a moment? The sergeant wants to meet the lady."

### The Suspicious Sergeant

The sergeant bore down on me, a great creature, grave, even grim. I suppose he was tired and I was glad to see him relax after a minute or two and smile. As we were talking a group of mud-spattered men materialized out of the darkness and addressed him:

"Say, we're the ——, sent to police up a bit of road here. Anywhere we can sleep?"

"Cowshed would do if the floor was cleaned up a bit," replied the sergeant.

"It will do without being cleaned up," muttered a boy; and a dozen weary men followed a self-appointed guide to the cowshed.

Meantime a young engineer whispered:

"We had to hold you back to meet the sergeant because he had heard that a lady spy was on the road, and he had to see for himself that you weren't a spy."

"A spy!"

"Well, if you could see the way these foxy boche ladies can pretend to belong to the different organizations! But it's funny they always give themselves away pretty soon—that is, any of them that pretend to be helpful women. The parasite sort of spy puts it over a little longer sometimes."

He offered to be our guide, and as we left the farm and followed a twisting path through a wheat field he spoke to me of the thing nearest him.

"I have a brother out there," he said, "fighting for a hill; not the hill you'll see in a minute; not the hill everyone will be talking about to-morrow. There're two hills, and maybe more. I suppose they'll make all the fuss about the big one; but how about the men who will die taking the little one?"

I tried to give him some comfort.

"Well," he said, "I've always laughed at superstitions; but my great-grandfather and his younger brother were scouts in the Mexican War, and the younger was killed. My grandfather and his brother fought in the Civil War, and the younger was killed. My father and his brother were in the Spanish-American War, and the younger was killed too. My mother has just us two left. She worries."

There's so much I used to believe in history that I now began to doubt. There is that story, which I took as gospel truth, about the Spartan matrons who commanded their sons to come back with their shields or upon them. I don't believe that even Spartan matrons ever went in for concerted heroic action like that.

The soldier guide had been trying his best to follow the brother's movements, but he could speak only in piecemeal. It is so that one hears of a battle. Of course, since the beginning of time, it has been hard to get at the absolute facts of history. In this offensive I have found events clouded within two days of their happening, and people whom I have considered perfectly reliable contradicting each other as to what really had happened. Each company knows what it has to do and generally what the rest of the battalion in action are doing; but it is not sure as to the objective of any other battalion, still less of the regiment.

### A Moonlit Battlefield

As the soldier guide and I walked along the winding path in the wheat field, that memorable Saturday had not yet fully passed and the hill was still being taken. He pointed out to us a row of trees and went back. We stumbled into a dark road where figures rose and bent over shell holes, which they were rapidly filling. Nauseating charnel odors floated to us; but of a sudden we forgot them, for before us a battle sprang into being.

Directly in front of us and on the left the sky was shot with a flashing curtain of pink and crimson, and cannon mouthed in multitudinous sounds. It seemed as if a full half of the horizon was alight and was pounding and roaring with menacing, sweeping sound. It is strange how cannonading always gives the effect of motion.

The moon shone clearly, and we saw ahead the broken village of Vaux and the great hill for which there had been such bitter struggles. A wide, dark mound it was, fifteen kilometers round, as the soldiers who had flanked it afterward told me; innocent-looking enough by day, with its stretches of green and blue woods, its open meadows and harvests; innocent and quiet enough now in the darkness, except for the barrage that burst across it.

We were looking straight into No Man's Land; almost it seemed as if a few moments' walk would take us into it. Very lights, as we gazed, soared aloft, remained suspended a moment, and then gently slipped again to earth.

There is something singularly soft and beautiful about these lights. They are like electric globes, turned mellow and irregular in shape, gone, as if spontaneously, upon some high adventure in the skies. It is hard to associate them with daring and spying and death. One after another they flew high, lighting up No Man's Land—wheat fields and dark woods. Ever the high color flashed behind them and above them; and the sound of the cannon never ceased.

There were thousands of men fighting on that hill and in No Man's Land. By now, for it was long past midnight, the boys whose supper we had helped carry were advancing through those wheat fields on our left. Others of our men were sweeping steadily up the long slope. Almost we thought we could see the brave figures steadily pushing on.

A battle, a decisive battle, was progressing there in the half darkness, and we civilians were helpless. All we could do was run back quickly and get more supplies, and be ready to take them to-morrow to the soldiers. All we could do was to stand aside, ready for the deeds of peace, while these young lads gave their courage and faith and pain for their country.

We watched the battle for a long time. After we had made our way again over the winding path in the wheat field, and Pep was once more driving us southward, we kept looking back, watching the crimson interleaping fires of the barrage, listening to the deep mouthing of the cannon. The moon was bright now, but the Very lights still rose and soared; and behind us, as we went closer and closer to safety, the young soldiers passed through anguish and suspense and fire.

We drove a few miles down the Château-Thierry road slowly, for the upward-moving traffic never ceased, of men in camions, of ammunition and guns and supplies. About us was a mysterious world of moonlight and shadows, crimson disks of cigars, the sudden flashes of pocket lights, whispering voices, creaking wheels, the heavy breathing of horses and mules, the drone of a distant aëroplane and everywhere the sense of eager anticipation, of excited zest.

We left the main thoroughfare, drove along a side road, and presently turned into the little irregular main street of the little deserted town of Bezu. In a triangle of ground stood a row of ambulances, large and small; behind them a church and one or two lesser buildings. Into one of the latter were carried wounded men, where their wounds were examined and perhaps redressed. The seriously hurt were taken on at once to the hospital at La Ferté.

The slightly wounded were taken into the church. Some boys were lying on the floor with eyes closed, too weary to speak, but not too weary to carry the ghosts of smiles. One young lieutenant wore a wide lambent grin, and as I bent over him to lift his head to a cup of tea his litter jingled like a wreath of sleigh bells. He motioned me to throw back his blanket. I did, and saw a German officer's helmet, a pair of splendid field glasses, a belt and buckle, a canteen, a knife and its sheath, and a dispatch case.

In the Passing of Arthur, Tennyson has a line to the effect that in that last conflict, where Arthur died, there was many a noble deed and many a base. I believe that in every battle for the hills there was no base deed on our side. In the soft gloom of that church I came upon dozens of wounded men who were where they were not only because they were brave but because they were more than that.

### Chained to Their Guns

There was the gassed boy covered with blisters, his eyes swollen shut, because during a gas attack he had not used his own mask until he had put on that of his buddie, who had been shot through the hands. There was the second lieutenant and his five men, all shell-shocked; they had been overlooked in a certain part of the wood, and, having had no orders to leave, had stayed where they were under shell fire and without food for sixty hours. There was the boy with broken arms who had been protecting a wounded friend against three Germans. There was the "gas-sniffer" who had gone out in the wheat fields for his wounded lieutenant and had carried him back under machine-gun fire with a bullet in his leg. There was the little lad of sixteen who turned a machine gun against a squad of Germans as they crossed a road, sprayed half of them down, and when they ran for cover he ran for another position, so as to reach with his deadly rain those still able to try to get away from him. These were but a few instances.

And, on the other side, man after man told me stories of Germans chained, for fear of cowardice, to their machine guns. Our soldiers were able to describe minutely enough how it was done. The machine guns were in shelled trenches; behind them sat the gunners. Each was fastened by two chains, which went from his ankles to two trees, giving him just enough freedom to load and to fire his gun. Later on, in a wood toward the Vesle, I saw two such chains still fastened to the trees. The gunners are told that they must fight to the end, because the Americans will kill them with all the cruelties of red Indians.

Story after story, too, I heard of the treacherous Red Cross bearers. On the famous hill several groups of our soldiers passed men, in the uniforms of French poilus, carrying a covered litter. One of our men lifted the blanket to look at what he supposed was a dead Ally, and found a German machine gun; and he saw then that the thwarted faces above it were German faces. After dark, when the stretcher bearers went out on their errands of mercy, some of the German Red Cross men were found to be carrying machine guns on litters. Several of the prisoners taken had in their pockets Red Cross brassards.

### Boche Treachery

Such were some of the stories I heard as we helped feed the wounded men. And I heard snatches of half a hundred others that would have been rich material if I had had time to listen; but I wanted to relieve parched throats. From the soft brown gloom of the floor, heads were constantly lifting, and voices were calling:

"Where did you get yours? Mine's through the knee." "Do you know whether the major is safe? He went right over the top with us; we could not hold him back." "Big Hun had been firing the machine gun as hard as he could on us when we came across the wheat field; and when I ran down on him he yelled 'Kamerad!' After he had fired every last belt he hollered: 'Kamerad.' I said: 'Kamerad hell!'" "Say, weren't those big boche shells sweet? I tell you one of those big shells will convert more boys than the finest sermon Billy Sunday ever preached." "General Pershing says: 'Hell, Heaven or Hoboken by Christmas!' And I sure did think to-night that I never would see Hoboken again." "Don't you ever think a signalman's work is a cinch! I tell you, this afternoon when I got mine I was out stringing a line pretty near up to the Kaiser's ear." "Well, it wasn't any tea party, but still I wouldn't have missed it; and I'm darned lucky to be alive and to have my eyes and arms. What's a little hole in the shoulder?" "I got mine before I saw a single Fritz—three wounds. I'm going back and get a Heinie for every wound." "I didn't think I'd get nicked at all—we chased them clear away from the hill and had taken it, lock, stock and barrel; and then I had to get my right arm smashed! But, anyhow, I was in it till we took the hill."

That phrase was like a triumphant chorus: "We took the hill!" The ambulances had almost ceased to come and there was little work to do. We drove away slowly along the road that, only two or three days before, had been shelled, and which was now safe—safe forever surely. Signs of war were there in broken walls and gables standing blank in the moonlight, but already refugees were coming back to them.

A few hours of rest, and for other soldiers, unwearied soldiers, there would be other hills to take. But this hour belonged to the lads who were dead, wounded and asleep in the wood; who had taken that objective set before them which each called The Hill.

It had been ordered; it had been done. And by whatever name the American soldier calls his objective he obtains it; and he obtains it quickly. This is the magnificent and simple process by which the Germans are being conquered. The American soldier recognizes no impossibilities. He takes the hill!



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# Iron-Steel-Copper-Brass Paint-Labor

## A Suggestion In The Program Of Saving To Those Who Buy Washing Machines

UNDER *normal* conditions it is the right and privilege of every woman to procure the best washing machine she can afford.

¶ Under *normal* conditions it is the business of every merchant to sell as many washing machines as he possibly can sell.

¶ Under *normal* conditions the manufacturer is privileged to use all materials necessary to produce maximum output.

¶ But—conditions are *not normal*.

¶ Conservation must be practiced in all ways. Particularly must metals, basic and alloyed, and the other essential materials used in the making of washing machines, be conserved.

¶ All of these materials are widely used in fabricating the sinews of war. Therefore, none must be wasted. To save—to conserve—is to forge humanity's weapons.

¶ The Government must not only have materials, but personal service, as well. Washing machines are essential to the thrifty and efficient utilization of time in the home. The housewife who is giving her time to war-winning work, must have facilities to perform her household tasks with minimized effort and in the least possible time.

¶ No other labor-saving device enables the housewife to cope so successfully with the situation created by the transfer of household domestics to the work-rooms of the great war industries.

¶ War and the resultant shortage of domestic service have brought about a definite appreciation of the modern washing machine.

¶ What was once indifferently looked upon as merely a device for performing an onerous household task, is now recognized as an established essential in the maintenance of that greatest of all institutions—the American home.

¶ The power-driven washing machine of today has reduced days to hours and hard labor to mere superintendence. It not only saves time and labor, but conserves materials as well, by prolonging the life of washable garments.

¶ Since our participation in the war, the demand for dependable, efficient washing machines has become so great that with the prevailing restriction of materials, it will be impossible to supply all who would like to obtain them.

¶ Yet every home requires one. The saving of time and hard work and betterment of health resulting from the abandonment of the old-fashioned tub and board, are beyond calculation.

¶ Therefore, in order that the available supply may do the maximum good, every owner of a washing machine is beseeched to use it and take good care of it.

¶ No matter what type of machine you have, whether electric, multi-motor, belt, water or hand power—don't discard it to buy a new machine. Many a machine that has long out-lived the manufacturer's guarantee is still serviceable. If it is out of repair have it fixed. For a small sum your hardware dealer's repair department can probably put it in perfect running order.

¶ No matter how well you can afford to buy a new one—don't do so if you can possibly avoid it, for you will probably prevent someone who *seriously needs* a washing machine from getting it.

¶ If you can sell or give your old washing machine to someone who needs, and will use it, then only are you justified in buying a new one.

¶ In making your selection, look first for simplicity in design and construction. Avoid whimsical or unnecessary accessories or contrivances. By doing so you will aid the industry in its effort towards standardization and simplification of types and parts.

¶ In short, this is an appeal to the people to practice an economy that will avoid a disastrous disarrangement of household conduct and management, and make it possible for the washing machine industry to give its whole-hearted assistance to the Government in bringing to a successful issue its fight for PEACE and DEMOCRACY.

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# Aluminum-Wood-Rubber Time-Money

## An Appeal From An Essential Industry To Those Who Sell Washing Machines

YOU will best serve your community and your country if you endeavor to put all new washing machines into homes where they will do the most good. If your prospective customer does not own a washing machine, urge her to buy the best one she can afford.

¶ If you can supply her with an electric or power-driven washer, and she can afford to buy it, urge her to do so rather than buy a hand-power machine. But if any circumstances whatever limit the sale to a hand-power machine, sell it by all means, for the Nation must conserve woman-power as well as man-power.

¶ You are justified in selling a new machine to anyone who now has a workable one, only when you can find a place for the old one to serve another family. Washing machines are too great an asset to the womanhood of America to permit even one to be idle.

¶ Make it a point to ascertain whether or not your prospective customer now has a washing machine. If her reason for buying a new machine is that her old one is not usable, persuade her to let your repairman look it over with a view to putting it in running order. Every manufacturer stands ready to co-operate with you in supplying parts and repairs that will place old washing machines in working order.

¶ Show the prospective buyer why it is her patriotic duty to continue using the washing machine she now has if it is at all possible to do so. Explain to her the material and labor situation. Let her understand that if she discards a still usable machine and buys a new one she will probably be the cause of hardship to some overworked housewife. Offer suggestions that will assist your patrons to properly operate and care for their machines.

¶ By doing so you will save money for your customer, prove your continued interest and willingness to serve, gain her everlasting good will and, at the same time, render a valuable service to your country.

¶ Keep in mind the fact that idle washing machines, if at all usable, are a positive waste of the Nation's resources. Remember, too, that the modern washing machine is the housewife's greatest economizer of time, labor and strength.

¶ You know, of course, that present output is not equal to the demand. You know, too, that further shortage will probably limit the supply for the coming year. War-time demands upon labor and materials make conservation imperative.

¶ In view of these conditions, you are urged not to make any attempt to displace any washing machine with a new one, unless you can dispose of the old one to someone who will *use* it.

¶ In times like these, it devolves upon you to operate your business on a war basis. The co-operation requested will effect a conservation of an essential, the demand for which is greater than the supply.

¶ Therefore, if the washing machine user, the washing machine dealer, and the washing machine manufacturer work together in the proper spirit, then, indeed, can much good be accomplished for the housewives of America—and vast quantities of materials, time, labor and money be converted to the winning of a complete and decisive VICTORY.

F. L. Maytag.

*Space Contributed to the Washing Machine Industry by The Maytag Co. of Newton, Iowa.*

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# Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few applications of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off




Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus for two or three nights. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

*Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.*

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.



GRIP-SURE

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The three leading basket-ball teams of the country—the Olympic Club of San Francisco, Illinois Athletic Club, and Bronx Church House, Individuals of New York City—all wear the famous "Grip-Sure." It's the fastest, lightest and strongest of all basketball shoes.

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This sole of the "Grip-Sure" holds the player up on the slipperiest floors and is of great aid in dribbling and dodging. It is full of spring and speed. The shoe laces very snugly about the ankle and instep and gives great support to the ankle muscles. For bowling and baseball too.

Write for descriptive folder and the name of the "Grip-Sure" dealer where you live. Try a pair of these splendid shoes. Regular and athletic styles lacing.

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# THE COMING WINTER IN RUSSIA

(Continued from Page 16)

source of Russia's subsistence. No set of figures could be compiled to show Russia even remotely self-sustaining without the black-soil acres of the south. Whether Germany will derive either profit or pleasure from the independent peasant of Little Russia is another question. Certain it is that her soldiery found no such reserve stocks as the world had assumed in the south, and equally certain that every bushel of grain will have to be taken from the peasant at the expense of bitter guerilla warfare.

In any case, though, Russia will not taste the wheat and the rye from the black acres until the Great War and Russia's civil war have run their course and peace has opened up the iron-bound frontier that now severs the north from the south.

Consider, then, a Russia with no reserve stocks of grain and other food, a Russia where only a tenth to a twentieth of the acreage has been planted in the summer that has passed, a Russia hopelessly shorn of her own leading source of food and just as hopelessly distant from foreign assistance, and you understand why a careful and conservative statesman like Lord Robert Cecil said a short time ago that hundreds of thousands of people would die of starvation in Russia the coming winter.

Russia was practically as circumscribed as this by the wall of want when I arrived last fall. From the beginning of the Bolshevik régime communication with the south was seriously interrupted. As early as November only stray cars of grain drifted into the Saratoffskaya Station in Moscow from Kharkoff and Kieff. By December this supply had dwindled to a few sacks of wheat brought in over the shoulders of peasants on the trains that arrived at long intervals and entirely off schedule. All this time Petrograd was being served even more sparingly from the east and Siberia; but there still lingered the hope that Ukrainia could be conquered or reconciled and the grain trains resumed, a hope that finally vanished with the signing of the disastrous treaties of February and March.

### Foraging Between Valleys

The downward course of the food supply in Russia last winter, therefore, will show more concretely and more unmistakably than anything else the path that this unhappy nation must travel in the months just ahead. With no relief in sight from within or without, the coming winter will carry the process of famine just a little closer each month to its terrible goal. Month by month and day by day, just as last winter, the time will approach when there will be nothing. There has been a breathing space this summer with the green vegetables from numerous private gardens and the scant crops on the farms near the cities. But by this time with the closing in of the winter snows the inexorable process of shorter and shorter rations has begun again.

Moscow was in the throes of the Bolshevik revolution when I arrived last November. Food was not the first source of anxiety in the shot-and-shell-raked streets, but it came a close second to the problem of the preservation of life from stray bullets. I was fortunate enough to find refuge with the group of Y. M. C. A. secretaries who had gone to Russia for work at the Front and who had rented the palace of one of the richest men in Russia as their headquarters. This mansion was midway between the Alexander Military Academy, one of the strongholds of the forces that defended the Kerensky government, and the Kurskaya Station, which, like all the railroad terminals, was in the hands of the Bolsheviki. This station was the goal of the troops from the southwestern Front, the main source of the Bolshevik disaffection, and so we were in the thick of the most bitter fighting, with ill-aimed and ill-timed shells breaking over us or in the garden back of the house night and day. In the lulls in the firing, though, some of the boys who had become acquainted with the surrounding streets prior to the revolution would steal out and bring in odds and ends of food. I contributed a ten-pound loaf of bread which I had brought from Siberia, and twenty hungry mouths finished it at a meal.

Other Americans and many Russians were not so well situated. Cut off in a side street and with no siege provisions they were in desperate straits. An American boy, connected with the National City Bank, was marooned in such an island with no outlet. He lived in a short street raked at both ends by machine-gun fire and boasting only a chocolate shop in the way of food supply. All through the revolution, therefore, he subsisted on cake chocolate at a dollar a cake, to the sorrow of his purse and his digestion.

Less than a week after the revolution had settled down to the desultory firing that has lasted ever since, I found a permanent home with a Russian millionaire who thought he would feel safer with an American on his premises. I had to forage for my own food, however, for his wealth was scant help in his task of feeding his seven servants and his family of six. And so it was that I came face to face with the problem of eating in Russia.

Russia never had any "Food will win the war" campaign. The zemstvos and the cooperative societies had tried to compile statistics concerning the food supply. After the revolution the soviets, or committees of workmen and peasants, attempted the same task with a view to sending the food where it was most needed; but the old régime had no very evident desire or intention to win the war and discouraged everything resembling efficiency. And after the revolution disorganization and anarchy began to vitiate any efforts to work out a system of orderly distribution. Nevertheless, by the fall of 1917 bread and butter; sugar and tea, milk and eggs were all on a card-rationing system at most reasonable prices, considering general conditions and the deterioration in the value of the ruble. Almost all of these commodities, however, could be bought on the sly through the early part of the winter at greatly advanced prices if you knew where to find them. The card-rationing system caught the bulk of the food supply and sold it slightly above cost, but under the existing disorder and confusion it was powerless to corral the soldier slackers who brought provisions in from the country on their backs and sold them in side streets near the market places.

And so it was that I heard an American say the first week I was in Moscow: "You can buy anything here that you can buy in New York." So it is that letters still drifting through from Russia tell how as late as last summer you could buy such delicacies as sugar and caviar. I have a Russian friend who boasted that up until the holidays he had everything on his table that he wished. To accomplish that unsocial result he had to resort to considerable intrigue and extravagant expenditure. I am sure that other friends of mine between the acts at the Moscow Art Theater are still spreading an ounce of costly caviar on a microscopic gram of black bread, just as I saw them do all last winter. I am sure they are still eating apples and oranges at a dollar or two apiece which some trader has managed to smuggle through from the Caucasus. But these things are not food. They do not satisfy bitter hunger. They are only the fantastic frame for a picture of black death spreading white crosses over a stricken land.

### Poor Food at High Prices

The Russian hasn't given up all his old notions of order, in spite of his revolutions and his new idea of freedom. Before you sleep in a new bed your passport must be recorded with the police of the town or district, though it isn't a life and death matter as it used to be. I had to pass through this ceremony before my food cards were issued to me entitling me to seven ounces of bread a day, seven ounces of sugar a week, three and a half ounces of butter a week and similar portions of tea, milk and eggs—if I could find them! It was no use trying to find any milk or eggs, so I just put those cards out of my mind. Sometimes my restaurant had them if I came early—at the cost of a special trip to the country on the part of the proprietor, I suppose. Tea I had brought from Japan, though I didn't have enough and had to buy more in midwinter, when I paid two and a half dollars a pound for a packet of broken twigs. Sugar, too, I had brought from Japan, and I was lucky, for instead of the two pounds a month to which I was entitled I found only about two pounds the entire winter. Butter, too, was too elusive to keep up with the card ration, and I soon found I had to substitute cheese for it at a dollar a pound. Potatoes, other vegetables and meats were not on a card basis, but they were difficult enough to find, and I was glad to trade the housekeeper's responsibilities for my scanty portions at the restaurant.

By the time I left Moscow all this had seriously changed. Even before Christmas bread had tumbled from seven ounces daily to three and a half ounces. The quality had deteriorated, too, for in the fall the bread issued in the Pretchistensky district in Moscow resembled our whole wheat or graham bread. Now, however, it was invariably black and often sour and soggy. The limit had not been reached, though, for in February the ration was still further reduced to one and three-quarter ounces daily. And in addition to the minority of rye flour, its composition included chopped straw, chaff, potato, and always some sand to make it weigh. By spring, too, sugar had disappeared from the market. Butter was obtainable only at speculators' prices in out-of-the-way places—one and a half dollars to two dollars a pound. Tea had long been gone from the shelves. Cheese had jumped to two dollars a pound, potatoes were growing so scarce that the food *komissars* threatened to put them on a card basis, and meats of all kinds were so difficult to find that the housekeeper invited hungry friends in to share a cut which her servants had walked miles to buy.

### Living on Short Commons

Foreigners in Russia, especially Americans, have had comparatively few food worries. Most of them who lived on an independent basis with all the multiplying responsibilities of a household got out before conditions became critical. The great majority of those who stayed through last winter and of the handful still remaining have been connected either with government services or with institutions like the Y. M. C. A. or the National City Bank, which in a way stood guard over their individuals. While in Moscow or Petrograd or after their flight to Vologda and Samara in the face of the German advance of February these men shared responsibilities to advantage. Many of them suffered hardships while traveling alone in outlying districts, but they were not stinted in their expense accounts and they profited by the eager good will that greeted the American in every nook and corner of Russia.

In order to see life as nearly as possible with Russian eyes, though, I determined to live as frugally and economically as the average Russian was compelled to do. Like him, I started the day with a samovar, from which I extracted four or five glasses of weak tea. In this filling breakfast I set swimming a few nuts, a few bites of cheese and about half my daily allowance of bread. I found that with this menu I could literally fool my stomach into a sense of having really broken my fast. The rest of the bread I took along in my pocket to tide me over until I could no longer put off my single meal of the day. Then, about five o'clock, I sat down at a marble-topped table in a clean, modest little second-story restaurant run by a Bohemian from Prague, and reveled in a few bites of meat, a spoonful of potatoes and sometimes a bowl of soup if I came early enough. Once in a while, for thirty cents extra, I had a glass of cocoa. Or occasionally it would be an omelet instead of meat. The cost of this simple dinner averaged a dollar, though it would have cost two or three dollars at the National or Métropole Hotel. That concluded the day and had to satisfy me until next morning's camouflaged breakfast, unless I cracked a few more nuts at bedtime or ate a few pieces of dried fruit which I had soaked in boiling water from the samovar in the morning. By careful buying and still more careful consuming I managed to standardize my diet in this way and make the lean days average up with the more fortunate. But toward the end my sugar ran its tether, my tea had all but disappeared, a small surplus stock of bread refused to be further subdivided and the daily one and three-quarters ounces often failed to come at all. How I would rearrange my diet to meet the inexorable conditions of the coming winter I frankly did not know.

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(Continued from Page 56)

When I reached Petrograd for the first time, in February, a few days after the German advance had begun, I found the food scarcity much more serious than in Moscow. Even potatoes were on cards—two pounds a week at twenty-five or thirty cents a pound. Moscow would reach this stage in another two or three months. It had been so all winter. Petrograd had kept just about this distance ahead of Moscow in the depletion of its food supplies, those who had traveled frequently between the two cities told me. In addition to the sand and the straw of the Moscow bread a new ingredient had been pressed into service here—sawdust. One morning in my single slice of bread I found a piece of wood as large as the end of my thumb! Splinters could be extracted from it without the aid of a magnifying glass, but one didn't bother to do so. Some days the proportion of straw ran as high as fifty to seventy-five per cent. Scientists who took the pains to analyze it declared that never in a civilized nation had such poor bread been baked.

All this told seriously on the initiative and will power as well as on the health of the people of Petrograd. I asked a Russian one day how he explained the passive attitude of the masses in the face of these conditions.

"Well," he replied, "it may be partly due to the endless patience of our race. We have suffered and endured so many years in silence it takes a great deal to move us to action. But I think the chief trouble now is that the lack of food has robbed us of the energy to protest. Starvation, you know, isn't the agonizing process under these conditions that it is in an open boat at sea or on the desert. One still gets something, but never enough. Gradually, day by day, the vitality ebbs away, and the only outward record is hollow cheeks, perhaps, or a listless resignation. And then one day it is all over. Several of my friends have gone that way this winter before I realized that there was anything wrong."

### Nearing the Danger Line

"Most of the deaths from deficient nourishment in Russia, however, have thus far been traceable to this cause only indirectly. You reach a low state of vitality from lack of the proper food and then if you become ill you have no reserve power to fall back on, nothing with which to fight illness and overcome it. Ordinary diseases, therefore, have become fatal with us to an alarming degree. Next winter, in addition to all this, there will be out-and-out starvation. There simply isn't enough food to go round, and those who can't afford to pay the steadily mounting prices will be the first to go under. The women and children and all of the poor of the cities will pay a frightful price next winter!"

The map of famine Russia, though, won't be confined to Petrograd and Moscow. The smaller cities and the towns and even the rural districts are eating their way closer and closer to the danger line. There was some relief from the hunger of Petrograd in the town of Vologda, whither I went to confer with Ambassador Francis ten days after all the embassies had fled from the capital in the face of the February advance of the Germans. But even Vologda, the junction point of the Trans-Siberian and the Archangel Railroads, had not been able to commandeer enough grain to save herself from a bread ration of a quarter pound a day. There were still meat and milk and eggs—but I saw a horse's head for sale in the meat market!

A month or two later I spent ten days in Samara, a city of 200,000 on the Volga, a little more than halfway from Moscow to the Ural Mountains on the Moscow branch of the Trans-Siberian Railroad. It was an illuminating ten days, ominous for Russia's food future. For in that brief space of time a light-brown bread had given way to black, and it was becoming increasingly difficult to obtain more than the official half-pound ration daily. And all this in the very heart and center of Russia's wheat and milling industry! The Russians form an adjective from the noun bread, and Samara had the reputation of being a "breadly city," a city in which bread abounded. But even here the soviets of workmen's deputies were holding anxious conferences with the soviets of peasants' deputies over the serious question of the food supply, and the soviet authorities were standing guard in the mills and the bakeries to see that the full kernels of the rye and the wheat were used.

The long trail across Siberia last summer presented a startlingly different panorama from that of the autumn of 1917. Then there was no question of food. A dining car was attached to the train, and regular, though not sumptuous, meals were served the entire journey. Perhaps there was more foraging at the station markets and buffets than in previous times, but that had always been a diversion on the nine-day trip. Now, however, there are no through trains, no dining cars, and in some parts no trains at all. There are hungry communities here and there all the way from the Urals to the Pacific. Siberia has sufficient food for its own needs, but the districts that produce it are not taking any chances. Commerce has utterly broken down in the division of a far-flung sovereignty into a dozen independent local governments. Abnormal immigration from the cities of European Russia has been going on for more than a year and has inflated the population of the Siberian cities until even these havens of refuge have on their hands intricate problems of housing and food. Omsk has grown by this means more than fifty per cent, and though in the center of the Siberian grain district has had to substitute black bread for white.

It is in the uncultivated pockets, though, where suffering is bound to come. One of these is the mountainous country from Nijni Udinsk to Lake Baikal. In all these miles not a loaf of bread was on sale last summer at the stations. Irkutsk, the capital of Siberia, at the eastern edge of this territory, was running short of food while I was there. Black bread was a new experience for its inhabitants. One of them told me the difficulties in the way of obtaining sufficient grain:

"We ask Omsk and Krasnoyarsk and the western districts for wheat and rye, and they tell us to obtain them from Manchuria. When we turn eastward we run against the snag of the border warfare between the Bolsheviki and the forces of Colonel Semyonoff which have closed the path to China's grain reserves ever since last winter. So what are we to do?"

By far the most terrible toll of the winter, though, will be taken in the peasant villages, the home of nine-tenths of Russia's 180,000,000. The sullen and defiant muzhik, who has planted for himself and only for himself, hasn't taken into account the possibility that superior force from the city or from his own or a neighboring village may seize his grain. When that calamity befalls, an endless train of disaster and bloodshed and starvation will follow in its wake. Reprisal on some weaker peasant will be the next step, and from that the flame will spread to a virulent border warfare with whole villages on the trail to plunder the grain bins of others or intrenched to protect their own. In some districts, even before I left, this most cruel form of civil strife had broken out. I contemplated returning from Petrograd to Moscow by sleigh overland in case the German advance enveloped the railroad outlets. Careful investigation, however, disclosed the fact that machine guns, brought home from the Front, were mounted on all the roads leading into many of the villages, and travelers approached them at their peril.

### A Typical Instance

The course that the simple peasant mentality followed in the face of the new-found freedom is well illustrated by two reports from the estate of my millionaire host in Moscow. About the time of the first revolution he had sold his estate near Moscow and had purchased a new one of ten thousand acres out near Smolensk. There had been no oppportunity, therefore, to establish personal relationships between landlord and tenant. Nevertheless, when the Bolshevik revolution came and the peasants throughout Russia seized and divided the land this report came from the estate:

The peasants had taken orderly possession of all the buildings and all the supplies. Among the livestock on the estate were a number of hogs which the peasants thought were ready for the market. They delegated some of their own number to make the sale, and then instead of dividing the proceeds among themselves they intrusted the sum to an intelligent peasant to keep pending developments.

"If it turns out that our new possession of the land shall be confirmed," they said, "then we shall divide the money. But if we find that we have to give back the land to its former owner, then the money will be safe and it will be returned to him too."

That was too good to last, though. For in February came the report that hunger had broken out among the peasants. Those who had grain and the money with which to buy grain had been robbed by those who had none. First one had been killed and then another until the total of lives lost on this single estate was five or six.

Back at the heart of all of Russia's food sorrows is the failure of her transportation system. And back of that failure, of course, were the czar, and the autocracy, with its scientific cultivation of inefficiency. Dependable statistics are as scarce as sugar in Russia to-day, but it doesn't require statistics to see how the railroads are powerless to bring order out of chaos or even to save themselves from destruction. How they will continue to operate the coming winter is inconceivable. Their continued operation last winter was only a miracle due to the unselfish and patriotic determination of the railroad employees to keep the wheels of the system moving and the trains running. For several weeks after the Bolshevik revolution the railroad men worked on as if nothing had happened. The sympathy of most of them was with the Kerensky Government, and so the time came when the Bolsheviki decided to clean house and install their own men. A frightful period ensued with disastrous wrecks, in one of which four hundred were killed or burned to death, and then a compromise was reached whereby the former operatives were retained under a soviet form of government. Committees of the workers at each station chose the station master and the other officials. These committees took out of the station master's hands the decision of all important questions and tied him down to a mere routine.

### Railroad Conditions

Under such a system each station along any given line of railroad has become a law unto itself. In Ryazan, for instance, one set of rules is in force. In Suizran, several hundred versts down the line, a wholly different and possibly conflicting set of rules must be observed. In the next large station, Samara, a still different code holds sway. One station permits an international or a first-class sleeping car to pass through; another has a rule that nothing but third-class cars can proceed from its yards; still another permits no grain of any kind to pass through in either direction. The passengers must alight and wait until another train is made up to go in their direction. Telegraph and telephone communication rarely extends beyond the next station. There is no way of telling when a train will arrive except to wait day and night in the station until it pulls in. Of course this is nothing else than actual anarchy. The wonder is that the system holds together at all. It always seemed to me incredible when a train pulled out of a station, and utterly beyond belief when it arrived at its destination. In the cases when it did arrive the fact that it did had to be credited to the old trainmen who remained faithful to the service, the only public servants in all Russia who have stuck to their jobs and who have been permitted to wear their old-time uniforms!

But the hopelessness of the future of the Russian railroads and their complete inadequacy to the tremendous burden of the coming winter lie not so much in their operation as in their exhausted physical state. Their operation might be changed by the restoration of an orderly régime, but their physical upbuilding will require the reconstruction of the Russian industrial plants or free intercourse with foreign nations. There is hardly a first or second class car in Russia that has not been ruined by carelessness or willfulness. Windows have been smashed and brakes have been tampered with. Most of the full-size American freight cars sent to Vladivostok have not penetrated much beyond mid-Siberia. Huge engines, imported from America after the outbreak of war, are lying rusting on side tracks because some part of them, irreplaceable in Russia, has been destroyed. I counted fifteen of them in one row on a siding in the Ural Mountains. Most of the many engines that helped carry us across Siberia would be scrapped in America even to-day with all our need of motive power, for they were ridiculously inefficient or extremely unsafe.

In spite of the fact that all of the trains are crowded far worse than the New York subway at rush hour the railroads of Russia

(Concluded on Page 61)


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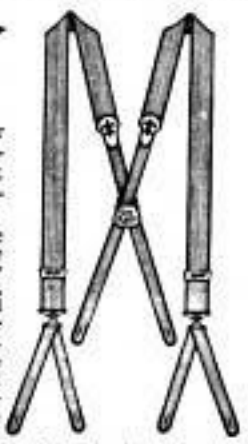
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(Concluded from Page 59)

lost literally billions of rubles last year in operation. The soldier, condemned to the fourth class or ordinary box freight car before the revolution and permitted to go only where the government sent him, now travels free of charge all over Russia. The entire nation is in flux. It has been pulled up by the roots and can't find a place to settle down. Soldiers, or men in soldiers' uniforms, still make up the bulk of the traveling public, though it is now months since the demobilization of the army was completed. Heedless of the desperate conditions in the cities and of the repeated orders denying all entrance into Moscow or Petrograd thousands flock thither to take the place of the thousands who are fleeing to the country. Trains in both directions are jammed with twenty people in a compartment built for four, with forty or fifty more in the corridor of each car, twenty or thirty standing on the couplers between the cars, and dozens more, even in the most bitter cold weather, all up and down the roofs of the cars.

And it is over these lines and under these conditions that Russia's scant crops must be carried this winter.

Day by day, too, Russia's monetary position is becoming more hopelessly tangled. For all practical operations the banks have been closed since last Christmas. Pay the financial secretary of the soviet ten per cent of your check and he will probably make it possible for you to cash it. I knew of one man who had thus obtained the coveted initials on the back of his check for five thousand rubles. He presented it at the bank and the Bolshevik cashier handed out the money without taking up the check. So the man pocketed the check and brought it back again next week with the same results. In the end he had drawn out one hundred thousand rubles on this single check!

Such banking operations as these have inextricably scrambled the financial records of Russia for years to come. Unable to collect taxes the present government meets its bills each day by setting the presses busy printing as much new paper money as that day will require. Over the border from Germany are coming uncounted millions of rubles of forged and counterfeit paper. Anyone can tell the distinguishing marks of the German notes, but there are so many of them in circulation that it is not feasible to refuse them. Secret banks have been organized among groups of business men to avoid this maelstrom, but any single expedient is useless in the face of such a growing snowball of financial ruin.

### *Sanitary Conditions*

Fuel, along with food, is dependent on Russia's broken-down transportation system. And so are clothing and shoes and all the thousand and one other necessities that Russia does not herself produce even in normal times and cannot now import. Petrograd, always raw and penetrating, suffered bitterly from lack of firewood last winter. Moscow was spared by the warmest winter in many years, with the thermometer rarely below zero Fahrenheit. Such a dispensation can hardly be expected two years in succession. More cold and less clothing to withstand it seems to be the immediate lot of the Russian. He has discovered longer life in shoes and coats than any of us ever supposed leather and wool possessed of. Russia is one great patch. But the process will come to an end when there is nothing more with which to patch. A tailor demanded eight dollars and two months to put a new lining in my coat, and I was to furnish the material. He hadn't any and couldn't get it. The coat waited for its lining until I got out of Russia.

But I finally agreed to pay a cobbler nearly two dollars to use my own leather in straightening the heels of my shoes. In the open markets, like the Suhareffsky, in Moscow, cloth remnants and even stolen or secondhand coats and boots and rubber overshoes may still be purchased, but the shops where such articles were formerly sold might as well be locked up until peace comes or a path is opened up for importations from the Allied nations.

When a Petrograd dealer unearths a case of shoes that have been in hiding somewhere he sends a sandwich man out to parade up and down the Nevskii Prospekt to announce the glad news to the world. There were cartoons last spring at the time of the Brest-Litovsk peace conference of the German commercial travelers swarming across the border, their arms loaded with clothing and other patiently awaited commodities. If the Russians seriously expected any such relief they had forgotten that Germany, too, has had to make ends meet. The German business man did appear in Moscow the week the treaty was signed, but he had come to purchase the titles to real estate and industrial plants.

I think the only thing I really feared in Russia last winter was the coming of disease. I am sure the same fear would be a close contender with the fear of starvation in the winter ahead. The ease with which disease may be contracted in Russia's disorganized condition and the difficulty of fighting it with lowered vitality are thoughts that inevitably prey upon the mind and make their realization more probable. Medicines of all kinds are scarce or exhausted. One day I heard a physician change a prescription three times in order to meet the druggist's available repertory of chemicals. Hospitals have been closed because of shortage of funds and lack of supplies. But the most serious handicap in the treatment of disease is the alarming scarcity of physicians and surgeons.

It is no wonder, then, that pestilence has broken out in various parts of the country. The plague, brought back by returning soldiers from the Turkish Front, is raging in many cities along the Black Sea. Typhus this summer claimed its victims in Blagovyeshchensk and other towns in the Amur River Valley in Eastern Siberia. Cholera sweeps on unchecked in Petrograd. I shuddered last winter when I looked on the conditions there which would inevitably bring this or some other epidemic with the spring. For, instead of carting the snow from the streets out beyond the city as in the old days the authorities had been compelled to resort to the makeshift of dumping it in the canals which thread the city. Petrograd is built on a swamp and there is almost no fall to the canals or the River Neva, and so the melting snow backed up into the houses and spread contagion throughout the city.

### *The Unknown Future*

There are countless other sources of infection. Several times last winter Moscow's water supply gasped for breath. It will halt when the coal pile runs out. A modern city without water is unthinkable. Adulterants in the food and tainted food abound. I know of a man who died from eating bread with lime baked in it. You eat fish now at your peril. But when you are hungry you are not always careful what you eat.

What the coming winter will bring in the way of further political upheaval, realignment of parties, counter revolution or deeper descent into anarchy no one can predict. It really matters little for the immediate future, since even the most vigorous reconstructive policy would have to devote its first efforts to preventing the spread of disintegrating forces. The materials for rebuilding have been shattered and scattered. The only thing that is sure about Russia is that conditions are bound to be far worse before they begin to turn for the better. "To a great height shall the business of hungering go," said Jean Paul Marat in France nearly one hundred and thirty years ago. To a great height shall the business of hungering go in Russia the coming winter.

Through it all, whatever happens, there is only one course for America to follow in her relations with Russia, one course consistent with our ideals and our destiny. The concrete path of that course will change with changing events, but it must always stand the test of sympathy and infinite patience.

Russia believes in America. The mass of the people believe vaguely in us as the great democracy that will serve ultimately as the model for their own. Those whose education has given them broader vision believe in us because they have faith that our national purpose is unselfish. They will all find it difficult to retain that belief through the bitter days ahead, for it is hard to understand in agony why a friend cannot help. In our greater security, therefore, our patience must be all the more unfaltering. We ourselves, most of all, cannot afford to forget President Wilson's declaration last January in his statement of our war aims: "The treatment accorded Russia by her sister nations in the months to come will be the acid test of their good will, of their comprehension of her needs as distinguished from their own interests, and of their intelligent and unselfish sympathy."


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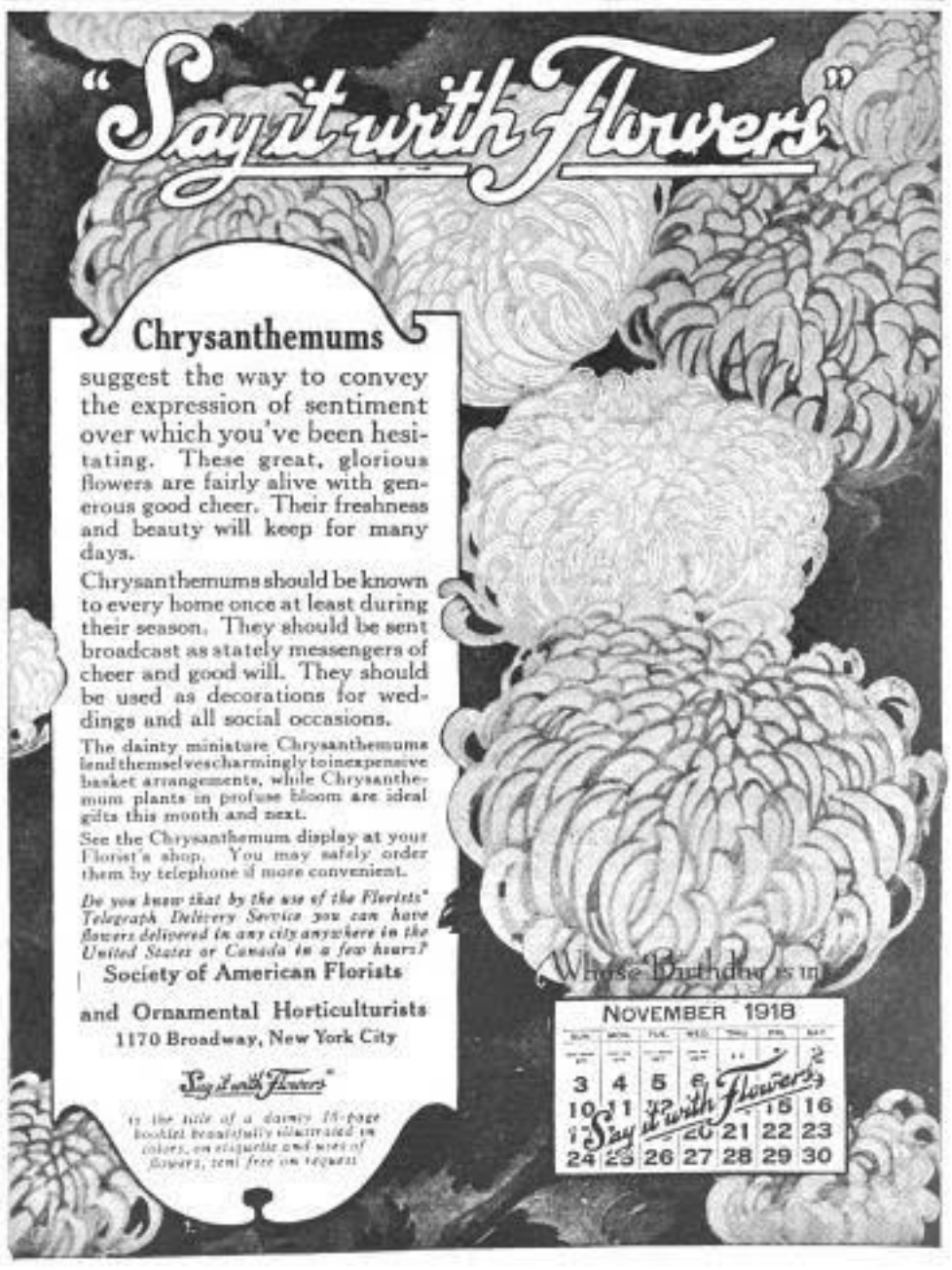
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# HOMO AMERICANUS IN GAY PAREE

(Continued from Page 11)

And besides, General Pershing, at the monument of an immortal Frenchman, said it all in a speech of four brief words:

"Lafayette, we have come!"

It was in 1492 that Columbus discovered America. But it was not until 1918 that France, and Paris in particular, discovered the real Americans. Before that time, it is true, Paris, the pleasure ground of all nations, had received within her gates many Americans. She received them with open arms, played with them, and then ticked off their salient characteristics, their weaknesses, their foibles, their vanities, with the brutal precision of an adding machine. She had their number.

In those legendary pre-war days there were of course many different types of Americans in France. There were the rich American tufthunters, coal, oil, and steel magnates, cattle and beef barons, lumber and candy kings, men who had amassed millions, whose wives had come over to marry off their daughters to the scions of some noble race, to regild with their bright new gold the tarnished splendor of some antiquated coat of arms of an ancient mildewed family, whose ancestors possibly had been possessed of a sufficient amount of brain or brawn to lift them a little above their fellows, but whose descendants had haughtily refused to traffic with such vulgar prerogatives and had been imbeciles since the Conquest. Of this particular lot of Americans Paris took mocking note.

Besides this group there were other groups. There were those who came over for the racing season; those who came over to study art and life as she is lived in the Latin Quarter; certain affluent young bloods who came over to dispense their governors' hard-earned winnings in the leather trade; various young gentlemen who cherished the fond faith that they could beat the game at Monte Carlo; others who held that to be King of the Battle of Paris at Maxim's or the Moulin Rouge was the highest honor the gods bestow.

There were the Americans the French dressmakers knew; husbands who paid preposterous prices for gowns that no Frenchwoman could have been hired to wear. And these husbands laid down the price so meekly that the rapacious head saleslady made the same grim remark that Bismarck made when the French, after the defeat of 1870, turned in their monstrous war indemnity even before it was due. Said Bismarck, watching that operation: "Had I known you could pay so easily I should have charged double the price!" Bismarck did not get another chance, but the dressmakers did.

### *The Azalea Family Abroad*

Then there were the tourists. Now tourists, viewed solely from the low, base, pecuniary point of view, spell prosperity—coins to jingle in the purse. But viewed in any other light whatsoever they are worse than a plague of locusts. They are always asking fantastic disagreeable impossibilities, and they are always more or less mad, to boot. Sane people remain at home and mind their own business. Conceive yourself a French innkeeper of the good old easy-going régime. You keep a small deluxe hotel. An American family arrives—papa; mamma; a young demoiselle about nineteen, pretty as a carnation and fresh as wet paint; and a young brute of a monsieur with the tough sang-froid of a camel. If all goes well that family should defray the running expenses of that small exclusive hotel for the season. The innkeeper himself comes forward to welcome the wanderers in. It is an old custom for which he reasonably charges only ten per cent extra on the bill. But before even the luggage is unloaded from the van the Americans begin to make themselves disagreeable. They demand a suite with hot and cold running water and porcelain bathtub! *Nom de chien!* A bathtub on top of the Alps! And Young America pipes up that there are three bathtubs in his house in Azalea, and Jimmy Jackson's has five, and neither of them even pretends to be a hotel. *Sacrés mille cochons!* Then why didn't they stay in Azalea—if it was bathtubs they came to see? Verily, they should pay for their sojourn and their insolence!

Later, down in the dining room, more unpleasantness occurs. The maître d'hôtel, a haughty liveried gentleman, evidently a duke in disguise, places in father's hands a card a yard long covered with smudged violet hieroglyphics which resemble an intoxicated hen's tracks. No prices on any dish. You buy a pig in the poke in every sense of the term. Father puts on his spectacles. He wades through the *hors d'œuvre*, flounders through the *potages*, struggles over his head in the violet sea of poissons, comes up to bubble on the *entrées*, throws up his hands at the *légumes*, the *rôtis*, and the *entremets*—and goes down without a groan.

Mother takes the card.

"I know what I'd like," announces young Middle-West unhesitatingly. "Corn on the cob—with plenty of butter. Yellow butter with salt in it. Not this white lardy stuff they pass out."

Father brightens. "Corn on the cob! Can you make out anything like corn on the cob in that confounded jungle, mother? And along with it look for chicken à la Maryland, with lots of gravy. Daughter, I've spent several thousands on your finishing education. Now here is where I begin to realize on the investment. Turn that into French for this son of an earl behind my chair."

But corn on the cob can't be turned into French for the very best of reasons.

Over the wine list father again strives gallantly. He glances through the catalogue of rare and seldom old vintages at rare and seldom old prices, turns the leaves, but apparently cannot find what he is searching for. Finally he glances up with a wistful look in his eye.

### *Shaking Down Father*

"I suppose," he suggests mildly, "that you haven't got such a thing as real good sweet cider here?"

Cider! Oh, father! Oh, shades of Bacchus in the wildwood! Even mother emits a little squeal of horror at this egregious social faux pas. So in the end father weakly throws himself on the mercy of the waiter. And everybody knows what happens when you do that! At dessert the innkeeper comes round to ask if monsieur has enjoyed his dinner and has monsieur remarked the view. Incidentally, the view is also rendered in the bill. Father regards it absently.

"Mother," says he, "do you remember that outlook from the hill up behind the old pasture?"

And so the ice caps go a-begging.

There are also other things. "Oh, papa, don't pour the wine into mamma's glass! Pour a sip into your glass first." "Oh, papa, don't carry your own bag. It's just too awfully plebeian! . . . Yes, I know it's a suitcase but they call them bags over here."

And when the welcome hour of father's deliverance arrives there is a whole battalion of servants in livery lined up in a double lane leading from the grand red-velvet staircase out to the door. And father, who has grown savage over the matter of tips, bristles like an Eskimo husky and is for turning up his coat collar and running the gantlet, head down.

"No, no, papa, you just can't do it! You've got to tip them—tip them every one."

"But I don't owe these highbinders a red cent. They never served me. And when they did I paid them off on the ground. By George, look at them! Count them! They've gone out into the highways and the byways and compelled them to come in. I'll wager my hat there's not a man left in town, unless it's the mayor."

"Well, papa, you have to tip them all, just the same. If you don't they'll put marks on our trunks to show the servants at other hotels that we're cheap and stingy. And you know we're not! So tip them good."

And what can father do? He does his duty; but he relieves the bitterness of his soul by sardonically handing over five francs extra for the mayor—who he judges

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must be out of town! Mad. Perfectly mad, concludes the innkeeper, who nevertheless pockets the fee. Thus each parts from the other in high dudgeon, and each is partly wrong: father for expecting to find Europe America; and the innkeeper for expecting to find father the original Comstock lode.

These were just a few of the pre-war specimens of the great overseas democracy that the French collected, analyzed and tagged. Then came the war. And during that first desperate unorganized year of tragedy, when it seemed as if France, like an overloaded lifeboat, must surely sink beneath the overwhelming weight of misery, the French began to discover another group of Americans—Americans who frequented neither race courses nor casinos nor dressmakers', but who gave money as freely as if it were water; gave time and thought and their best gifts of energy and organization; worked ceaselessly day and night, drudging like kitchen slaves at tasks that possessed neither grace nor interest but nevertheless must be done; and who, so toiling, with love in their hearts, brought together two great democracies. They swung an airy suspension bridge across the ocean, and thousands traversed it back and forth, bringing and seeking aid. Then it was that the French began to get past the outer shell and to discover the real inner quality of Americans—and especially of American womanhood. For the relief organizations formed during this period were formed mainly by women—with men standing shadowily in the background, check books in hand. But chiefly it was a woman's pie—the men furnishing the dough. And the inspiration, the cheer, the heart-warming sympathy which American women poured forth will never be forgotten by France so long as tides flow toward the moon.

### The Decoration Hunters

The first year passed; the second came and was well under way when some characteristics of certain relief workers, hitherto unmarked, began to rear their heads. And Parisians, keen analysts and satirists, began to be amused by another type of American abroad. There exists down in the Solomon Islands a certain joyous band of natives called head-hunters. The term is self-explanatory. And in Paris there came to exist a certain band of relief workers called decoration-hunters. That term also is self-explanatory. A few war workers began to hunt decorations with the same solemn naïve passion with which the simple native hunts enemy heads. Many were the laughs which these stalkers furnished war-weary Paris.

One personage in America cabled a friend in Paris the laconic message "Get me a decoration." And the friend did. But alas for human nature! She went and got that friend a silver medal, while she herself possessed one of gold! Rage. Humiliation. A lifelong friendship sundered. A committee gone to smash. Another worked herself into a state of hysterical neurasthenia to get a gold medal; got it; and then called in all her decorationless friends and enemies to an afternoon gloat and tea.

"Of course," she modestly remarked, "this honor was absolutely unexpected. I had no idea that the French Government was watching my work and meant to reward me like this—with a gold medal too! You know dear Mrs. Van Blank, so sweet and charming and good, just pulled wires right and left, made herself vulgarly absurd, and then received only a silver medal—which everyone knows means just nothing at all. It's heartbreaking to see women act that way. It injures our noble cause. And in a solemn hour like this. Wasn't it Shakspere who said: 'My son, cast away ambition'? It's incredible to me how anyone can harbor such low unworthy ideals. . . . Yes, isn't it lovely? And now I'm not going to rest until I've got one for my mother!"

This is not fiction. That final remark of the lady was repeated with unholy glee all over Paris. For everybody knew she had started her campaign the day she landed in France. Now the authorized manner of hunting a decoration is this: One—or one's amiable friends—hands in to the French Government a memorandum, or dossier. This dossier consists simply of a collection, duly listed and stamped, of all the good, beneficent, meritorious deeds in the way of relief activities which one has committed in France, and which should entitle one to sport a decoration along with the best of them if there is any justice in the land. It is like getting into a certain type of club: Enough people of the right sort write in to the admissions committee that you are a ripping person and no party is complete without you. A dossier, however, contains only lists of good works, with a few selected autographs. And nearly always one receives the decoration.

Sometimes, though, it arrives with a sting in its tail. One was delivered, without ceremony, through the mail! And a French minister harried by importunities was heard to declare that it was true that Americans had done magnificent war work before their country's entry into the conflict; it was likewise true that the French Government delighted to honor with decorations those Americans who had stood by France in her hour of need; but it was equally true, so far as he himself personally was concerned, that not once had he accorded a decoration that had not been previously demanded of him!

To offset these decoration-hunters there were of course dozens of indefatigable workers who stoutly refused rewards, saying that if honors were to be bestowed they should be bestowed on the anonymous Americans at home who were digging down into their pockets to provide the war funds.

### The Dried-Up Expatriates

Nor were Americans the only sinners. In this same respect the British and the French were also quietly doing their part on the side. They were all Solomon Islanders together in Vanity Fair. This particular class did not bulk large in the entire army of fine sturdy workers who with their own bare hands were holding up the bulwarks of the French nation. But they were conspicuous, just as foam is conspicuous on the top of a big green deep-sea roller. The foam isn't the ocean, but it may try to bamboozle the landsman into thinking that it is!

This list would be incomplete if one omitted to mention a certain group of not exactly Americans rather prevalent abroad, who made themselves heard in the months just previous to America's entry into the war. This group, not exactly Americans, as I have said, were neither masculine nor yet feminine gender, but a sort of neuterish class. They were, in short, Men and Women Without a Country. They were atrophied Americans. Now "atrophied" is a biological term which signifies to become dried up as a result of not having a sufficient blood supply; to die from disuse; to become diminished and desiccated from lack of participation in the general activities of the body. These Americans had become atrophied by separating themselves from their native country. They had uprooted themselves for various reasons: because they aspired, because they hungered for culture—excellent reasons in themselves; because they suffocated in their small home towns, unutterably crude, crass, hustling and money-grubbing, where no one seemed to care for the higher artistic life. So they came to Europe; and having come they stayed on.

But they stayed on as spectators, as people who had bought tickets to a show. They had uprooted themselves from their native soil, but they neglected to reroot themselves in the new; to become solid citizens, voters, taxpayers, shapers of the common life of the community. They drifted here and there much as tumbleweed is drifted on the desert by the wind. So they dwindled, dried up, went to seed.

But in all these atrophied Americans one common characteristic prevailed: They hated their native land. They railed ceaselessly at its crudities, its vulgarity, its degraded ideals, its mad scramble for gold. It was as if in casting off their unfortunate country, as one casts off an undesirable relative, they felt the constant need of justifying their choice.

Accordingly during those difficult unsettled days before America stepped down into the war arena it was this class which was her most savage critic abroad. Of her problems, her internal travail during that period, the atrophied American knew nothing, having disdained all real information for years. That made no difference. He knew all about her, in his own estimation, and he disseminated his knowledge far and wide. The French people listened and drew their own conclusions. Intensely patriotic as well as polite they argued rather shrewdly that to proclaim aloud before strangers the





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shame of one's kinfolk was ignoble to say the least. And if these Americans were as vitally concerned as they appeared to be and had good honest red blood in their veins, why did they linger in Europe; why did they not hasten home to wrestle with their poor country's evil ways?

Then America declared war. And both France and England regarded that solemn declaration with mixed feelings—deep gratitude accompanied with grief, grief that now this young and very independent sister among the nations was to enter upon the long agony which they had endured for years. No one can gaze upon the cemeteries at Ypres and Verdun—thousands on thousands of little crosses in close serried rows—without realizing how deep that agony has cauterized the heart of each race. Had one interrogated a Frenchwoman upon the glory of the American men going forth into battle she would have replied *"Ah, les pauvres enfants!"* with a sigh and a tear for all the misery yet to be. But not the etiolated Americans. They thought they had done it all! Listening to them one had the impression of the United States as a large shock-headed, ungainly schoolboy, being led by the ear by a stern master to some unwilling task. The etiolated Americans had brought the country in! One of them explained the situation to a visiting British commissioner, who complimented him on his country's decision.

"Yes, yes," replied the Man Without a Country; "now I feel as if I could go away and take a holiday. God knows I need one after the burden I've been carrying on my shoulders all these months. Before, until a few of us over here got America up to the sticking point, we couldn't do anything except skulk round back ways with our tails between our legs!"

### *The True Nature of France*

Poor fatuous fathead. Etiolated egoist. He thought that he and a few others of his ilk by a few windy words had dragged a whole mighty nation into war.

I have gathered these various groups together and sketched them briefly in order to show how difficult it is for two different countries, separated by custom and blood, really to understand each other. France, a proud, subtle old race, realistic to the marrow, loves to mock at shams and crown them with a fool's crown. So in the main she laughed at these American excrescences. Nevertheless, they colored and distorted to a certain degree her conception of the entire nation. It could not be otherwise.

Practically the same thing took place in the United States with regard to France. What were the popular beliefs concerning the French character current before the war? Decadent. Immoral. Sterile. A dying race, already on the toboggan slide. A gay people fond of laughter and light wines. These false or superficial aspects of the French clung tenaciously to the American imagination; and the fact that our best literature, art, philosophy, plays, pathologists and scientists were French scarcely abated this popular misconception.

It has taken four years of crucifixion, a spectacle of agony such as the world has never before beheld, to teach us the real points of the French nature. Originality of the first order, spirituality of the first order—these are the cardinal qualities of the French genius which distinguish it from the genius of other lands. And from the fountainhead of those twin qualities spring gayety, laughter, charm, irony, perversity, unrest, melancholy, austerity, sacrifice—all those chromatic rainbow effects that dazzle the outside world. But nail them on the cross as they have been nailed for four years, and those two salient characteristics shine forth strong and clear.

With the entrance of America into war France, and Paris in particular, began to catch fitful glimpses of still another class. There was no social searchlight played upon this class. They did not linger in Paris; or if they did it was without banners and bells. But for the most part they remained a couple of nights in the capital, and then spread out over France like a vast dragnet. Usually they were past draft age, shrewd-eyed behind their spectacles, with thinning hair. They had a habit of melting into the landscape. If they wore uniforms, as the majority did, it was without the smartness of a regular army man. Their military belts were forever humping up behind.

I have said they made little noise, this great influx of Americans, neither soldiers nor yet relief workers, who came and took up their headquarters at ports, railway and supply centers, and construction camps. And yet a wave of such magnitude, even though it had a seeping rather than a sweeping quality, could not altogether escape the keen eye of the Parisians, who began to line up these specimens for view.

A Paris cabman had for his fare one night a gentleman of this group which I am attempting to define. It should be stated that a Paris cabby is an extremely intelligent animal. And his horse, though it looks but a poor bag of bones, is not one whit behind. Moreover, there exists between man and beast a close confederacy. For when the cabby becomes too intoxicated to drive, which begins to be the case along toward five o'clock in the afternoon, he gets down from his seat, and under pretense of rearranging the bridle he whispers the address of his fare into the horse's ear. The sage quadruped nickers gently, *"Ça va, mon vieux!* I get you, old boy!" After which he does the rest. Everybody has observed this small transaction without perhaps quite understanding the combination.

All that remains for the cocher is to mount his seat, and curse the passers-by. And if he curses loudly enough the chances are his fare will become frightened and tip him heavily to avoid an altercation. It is very sound psychology.

Now a Paris cabby has still another idiosyncrasy: He will accept with gratitude a tip from a Frenchman that he will spit on and cast in the dirt if proffered by an American. For it is a fact, well known among the cabby fraternity, that all Americans are multimillionaires. And for an American to pretend otherwise is gross deception, which won't go down.

Accordingly, when this particular American had designated the address and the gaunt beast had carried him to it there began to be enacted a little play. The fare descended, scanned the round white dial, and handed up the precise fare plus the precise tip, as a Frenchman would have done. A hoarse bellow broke from the mouth of the cabby, who forthwith began to balloon himself up into purple rage like a baboon. *Mon Dieu*, what kind of a pourboire was that? Did monsieur take him for the son of a reputationless monkey to offer him a mangy little tip like that? The American received back the money which was jammed into his hand, glanced at it mildly, made a slight change, and mildly returned it again. And this time when the bloated face of the cabby bent above his palm he discovered he had no tip at all!

### *An American Curiosity*

Upon another occasion this strange homo Americanus, genus unknown, was sitting in the Métropolitaine opposite two charming young French matrons. Americans abroad have the habit of speaking their frank mind about their French Allies before the latters' very noses, fancying because they talk in English they will not be understood. These two young Frenchwomen must have caught the naughty habit, for they were vivaciously discussing their neighbor as if he were deaf and dumb and blind.

"Not a real *militaire*, certainly."

"*Non, mon Dieu!* He wears his clothes as if they were a disguise."

"Nor rich—do you think?"

"*Jamais!* Would a rich man have unmanicured hands?"

"He looks bored to me—even a little sad. Regard his eyes—how dull they are. How different from our sparkling French eyes!"

"You are right. But perhaps the poor unfortunate has indigestion. However, he looks tired. Yes, and intelligent. Do you not find an air of simplicity about him? And—do not look—but remark how straight he stares at us, with the grave frank candor of a child. Oh, decidedly, there is something attractive about this man!"

"Perhaps. But he appears somehow unroused, asleep."

"Unroused? How then?"

"I don't know. To women, perhaps. They say these Americans care nothing about love."

"*Oh, là là!* How droll!"

"Well, you know what I mean." Suddenly she clapped her hands and laughed aloud. "*Mon Dieu*, I have it! I know who he is. I have never seen one before, but I have heard of his kind. An American friend of mine has one for a husband. *Oh, là là.* 'Tis he!"

(Continued on Page 69)

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(Continued from Page 66)

"But, dearie, tell me. Quick. Who is he, then?"

"Why, he is 'the tired business man!'"

And at this the American, who had indeed been staring at her with the round unwinking gravity of a Buddha, suddenly emitted a chuckle.

"Madame," said he in passable French, "you are right. I am an American business man—but I am not tired. There are many of us over here; and, believe me, none of us are tired! Nor are we utterly insensible to the charms of attractive women. You see, my wife is French!"

With the advent of this class of Americans into the field of war came a certain clearing of the atmosphere. There was less rosy sentimental glow and more get-down-to-brass-tacks understanding between the two nations. Each had, to be sure, its own method of doing business, and at first these two methods clashed. A Frenchman is as precise as a dry-point etching in his affairs. He wants all of the details of a venture fully discussed, fully explained, before he signs his name. Up to that point he considers himself free as air. He may withdraw at any time, his honor in no wise impaired. After he has signed he will maintain his faith to the end of the world and beyond. But he is in no great haste to commit himself.

This extreme caution, this spying out every part of the process with a magnifying glass, so to speak, is the French tradition. Nor does it imply suspicion or want of confidence. It takes place in the most intimate transactions, between members of a family, in deciding an inheritance or arranging a daughter's dot. The proposition is discussed for weeks, from every possible angle. Its object is to bring the problem forth into the clearest light of day, to test thoroughly every segment of the circle, to leave no loophole to unlucky chance. And the result of such care is that some of the ancient French documents, legacies, wills and the like, have stood the wear and tear of the centuries and are still operative today, beautiful clean-cut examples of French logic and style.

### Once-Over Message

Now that is not at all the way in which the American business man proceeds, and partly because time is his slave-driver, whereas the Frenchman is master of his time and refuses to be hustled by it. But there are other elements of difference. For example, in the putting through of an important business deal in America all the cards are at once laid face-up on the table, and the idea is discussed in its essence rather than in its details, and half an hour may suffice to conclude a transaction involving many millions. Here each man's word is as good as his bond. He may have traveled all the distance from New York to San Francisco to be present at that short discussion and to give his word. But that is the end of it. Signing the papers is merely a necessary and legal form.

This casual and offhand way of settling affairs scandalizes the Frenchman. From his point of view, eliminating the discussion eliminates also the soul, the beauty, the charm of business, and leaves dead dry bones. Both are good methods. It is the difference between riding in a jaunting car and racing along in a sixty horse-power machine. All depends on whether one desires to admire the landscape or whether one desires to arrive.

Now there was no doubt about it that during the year 1917 what the American business men in France desired was to arrive. For the landscape at that particular moment they did not care a single little d. Accordingly, chafing to get somewhere, to them the French methods appeared small and picayunish. They used a thousand-dollar unit of measurement, while the French used a franc. To the French, on the other hand, the American methods seemed large, scraggy and rough.

This difference in method was well exemplified in the installation of a French X-ray plant in an American evacuation hospital operating just behind the Château-Thierry Front during the June drive. It was necessary to install the plant with all possible speed, for other evacuation hospitals had been captured by the Germans, and as a consequence the wounded were massing in great numbers; and to operate without the X-ray to locate exactly the shrapnel was to lose valuable time and lives. French mechanicians were installing the plant, which was of French manufacture, while American mechanicians looked on with interest mingled with irritation. For those French experts, with their exquisite sense of detail, worked and tinkered and hammered and changed, getting that machine into the very pink of perfection, with exactly the same sense of infinite leisure as if precious lives were not approaching nearer and nearer the Great Divide.

"It set my teeth on edge," laughed the American X-ray lieutenant, as he related the incident. "I saw they were artists on the job, and we were only artisans. Compared to them we were nothing but rough-stuff barnstormers. As technicians I take off my hat to them every time. That French head mechanic was a better man than I am every day in the week. But just the same I couldn't stand it to see them tinkering and balancing away, taking all the time there was, with our fellows dying outside. And so when it came to massaging the coils I just took the matter out of their hands. Now the usual method of massaging coils is to throw the high current through them at stated intervals, let them cool for a space, then throw it through again, and so on until they can stand a continuous high voltage. And that's what the Frenchmen were doing, standing about and smoking betweenwhiles or fiddling with the small parts. I couldn't stand that and so I said:

"'Look here, I'm going to throw on that high current continuously and massage those coils all at once. After that we'll get to work on our boys.'

"'Ah, but you must not!' cried the head mechanic. 'That abrupt continued high pressure will injure your coils. They'll wear out sooner. It's too great a strain. You must massage them gradually.'"

### Getting Acquainted

"'You may be dead right and I may be dead wrong,' said I, 'but the way I figure the thing is this: That the life of a man is of more value than the life of a coil. And if we shorten the life of this coil by overpressure at first, why, when it wears out we'll go out and buy another one.' And as I was boss I got my way. But they sure were disgusted with me!"

If as in the above case this fine technical craft seems at fault it comes in very handily in others, as for example when a seventy-five suddenly jams in face of the onrushing foe. Then not only the lives of the gunners but those of an entire company as well may depend on the cool, unhurried, exquisite precision with which the machinist works.

This constant interplay of two widely different temperaments in business has been of the greatest value to both nations. France has come to admire America's genius in organization, and to speed up some of her own slow processes, notably the telephone and the telegraph. America, on her side, has come to admire the fine solid business principles of the French and to realize that if they seem slow, laborious and finicky in detail, yet nevertheless the French have managed to instill into their transactions a charm, a personality, a flavor, which certainly render life more agreeable. They are artists in business, just as they are artists in war, in love and in art.

The best part of all this is that each nation has got down beyond superficialities to bedrock; each one is taking the other's measure in true workman style; and the friendship thus formed, with knowledge as a base, is bound to endure.

Thus far I have attempted to sketch the various classes of Americans which from time to time have invaded France, and the reaction of the French toward each class. It will be seen that thus far there has not been a single group concerning which the French have not permitted themselves the free use of their critical faculties. There is not a single group which has not been keenly scrutinized. But there remains one group of Americans in France of which one hears naught but words of love and praise. This is the great Army of American soldiers in France.

Nothing is too good for the American private. Paris, France, delights to honor him. They have raised him to the same high tender place in their regard as is occupied by their beloved poilu. *Adorable, admirable, superbe, brave, bon, simple*—are the adjectives most often in their mouths describing him. He is a *bon enfant*, a *brave garçon*. French mothers yearn with pity over him, knowing his loneliness so far away from home. Scarcely a day goes by


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**Douglas Mayonnaise**

1 teaspoon mustard — 1 teaspoon salt — 1 teaspoon sugar
Paprika to taste — 2 egg yolks — Juice of 1 lemon
1 tablespoon vinegar — 1 pint Douglas Oil

Combine mustard, salt, sugar and paprika; add to egg yolks. Add three teaspoons of oil, drop by drop, stirring constantly; then add oil in a fine, steady stream, beating and thinning occasionally with lemon juice and vinegar until all is used.

When ready for use, thin with whipped cream. For a mildly seasoned dressing, omit mustard and sugar.

# Douglas Oil

## Used for Salads

All users report that Douglas Oil makes wonderful mayonnaise.

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**Douglas Perfect Doughnuts**

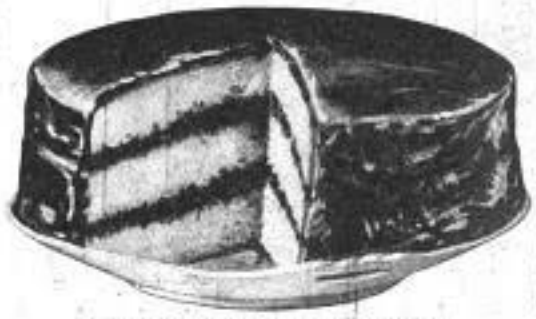
6 tablespoons Douglas Oil — 2 tablespoons baking powder
1 cup sugar — ½ teaspoon cinnamon
3 eggs — ½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup milk — 1½ teaspoons salt
3 cups flour — ½ cup Douglas Corn Starch

Add oil to one-half of sugar. Beat eggs well with the rest and combine. Sift flour, Douglas Corn Starch and remaining dry ingredients and add alternately with milk to mixture. Add flour enough to roll. Fry in Douglas Oil.

## Used for Cooking

Douglas Oil requires no special method for successful cooking. Use it just as you would butter or other hard fats for shortening, but it is only necessary to use two-thirds as much.

Douglas Oil is the best of all fats for frying. It does not absorb flavors or odors, and can be used over and over again—one of the big economies offered by Douglas Oil.



**Douglas Chocolate Layer Cake**

½ cup Douglas Oil — 1½ cups milk
2 cups sugar — 3¼ cups flour
3 eggs — 1 cup Douglas Corn Starch
1½ teaspoons vanilla — 7½ teaspoons baking powder
1½ teaspoons salt

Cream the Douglas Oil and sugar. Add beaten yolks of eggs. Add flour and Douglas Corn Starch sifted with the baking powder and salt alternately with the milk. Add vanilla. Beat egg whites stiff and dry; cut and fold into the mixture. Bake in a moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Cover with chocolate frosting.

(101)

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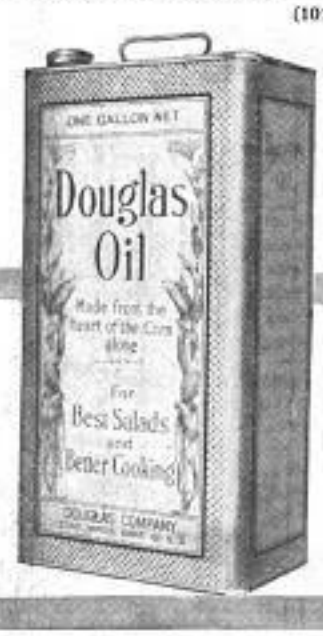
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that the French dailies do not print some suggestion for keeping him off the streets, for mitigating the natural results of his loneliness. French homes have been opened to him. One French bachelor entertains a dozen privates at his home twice a week. Another, a wholesale pastry dealer, writes in to demand why they shouldn't "adopt" these *braves garçons*, according to their professions, for the duration of their stay in France. French "home associations" have been formed. For France realizes that in this one respect of never seeing their homefolks Americans are being subjected to a heavy strain, and they are striving by every means to lighten the load.

In one American evacuation hospital close up behind the Front there was a little old lady in rusty black crape bonnet and veil, about the size of a minute and a half, who was wont to appear in the tent wards with methodical regularity. By a kind of mother intuition she divined the men who were fighting a hard fight or were about to pass. And down she would sit beside them, smooth their pillows, give them drinks, hold their hot hands, ease them into comfortable positions, her gentle old eyes all the while shining with unutterable tenderness, unutterable love.

Who was this little French mother? What was her history? Nobody knew. Not a word of English had she at command. It was evident she was poor. Her hands were red and rough. But that gentle old mother-face, transfigured by a tenderness divine, was the last earthly image many a dying young American saw.

### *A Life and a Peach*

In another French hospital lay an American dying of gas gangrene. It was observed that the little French scrubbing maid, a blond midget of about fifteen, with cherry cheeks and clattering sabots, had taken his bed under her especial charge. A rose each morning in the bedside vase; the flies chased savagely away; a drink at the slightest movement of his lips. That little maid translated his wants almost before he was aware of them. One day they set his bed in the garden. It was not for long that he would look at gardens or scented honeysuckle with fat bumblebees straddling their petals.

A doctor came on the little maid interceding in French with the soldier. The American couldn't make out what she wanted; himself he did not want anything; he was dying, and in a dull remote way he knew it. The doctor asked her what she wished. She replied quite simply that she wished to make this American a gift. He had given so much for France. She would like to give him something in return. A pencil—would he like a pencil? The doctor translated. No, he had no use for a pencil, the American said. Some paper, then? No, no paper. She named a number of things, and each time the sick man shook his head. The little maid grew pale with despair. Some fruit, perhaps? A beautiful luscious peach? At this the American brightened. Yes, he certainly would enjoy a peach! The little maid was radiant.

And the following afternoon, which was her half day off, she trotted six long dusty white miles into the village, sought the best fruiterer, and selected with infinite pains one superb peach. Just one. It was all she could afford. Little scrub maids are not like princesses with purses full of gold. They receive as pay a few random coppers every now and then. Chiefly, they live like hedge sparrows, by the grace of God. So in offering this peach, which cost her a franc, twenty big round copper sous, this little scrubbing maid was not doing so badly, after all. The American gave his life; she gave a peach; and both of them gave their best. Incidents of this character multiply themselves indefinitely along the Western Front.

In Paris itself the American soldier has not been so well known as in the provinces. But recently the troops which distinguished themselves in the Château-Thierry sector have been allowed forty-eight hours' leave to the capital. All France is divided into leave areas. A certain small percentage of a division is given leave for, let us say, forty-eight hours at a time, including transportation; and the district is designated to which the troops may go. The leave area behind the Château-Thierry sector includes Paris within its boundaries and thus it is to the capital that the soldiers come. Most of them have never been there before. It is their first visit to the metropolis of the world. In the station they receive their bread tickets, and may command the services of the military police or of the Y. M. C. A. to guide them on their way. They may go to one of the Y. M. C. A. hotels, where the prices are reasonable, the food good, the language American, and everything is done for their comfort and amusement. This, however, is not obligatory. Within certain set limits the American on leave may do as he likes—always remembering that if he likes to do certain forbidden things the Gobble-uns'll git him ef he don't watch out.

And as the Y. M. C. A. is the social headquarters of the enlisted men in Paris most of them sooner or later drift into this friendly port. Here some form of entertainment is going forward day and night. The guests come and go like the audience of a cinema. The beds scarcely have time to cool. In front of the Pavillon, a popular soldiers' hotel, a rubber-neck wagon leaves each day to view the Paris sights. Down the boulevards the camions rumble, past the Column Vendôme, made of melted cannon taken by Napoleon and with the bronze figure of the Little Caporal himself standing atop; past the Tuileries Gardens, the palaces of the Louvre, the famous Place la Concorde, where stood the guillotine, and up the broad Avenue of the Elysian Fields to the magnificent Arch of Triumph dominating the Place of the Star.

The rubber-neck guide up in front follows the information, and young Americ sits back in the truck, blinking, interested striving to take it all in. This big picturesque sunlit city is a far cry from Château Thierry and Belleau Wood and burying fallen comrades in shallow graves! Nevertheless, they catch glimpses of its beauty its monuments, its gardens, its beautiful distances, softened as if by mauve and blue and gray chiffon veils let down like backdrops through the air.

### *A Case of Fifty-Fifty*

And no soldier's leave is complete without sipping an afternoon apéritif at one of the little tables set out on the pavement in front of the Café de la Paix. One sits there for two reasons: First because it is the most celebrated gathering place in the world; and second because there a man may be freed from the pestering attentions of pestilent young damoiselles—or dames not so young. For in front of this cafe such may not seat themselves save in the company of a man. This rule was made by the proprietor, a man with a heart. For once upon a time there was a little French girl with a little French curl—but that is another story. But after that no *dames seules* were allowed at that café!

At the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club is another sight-seeing trip conducted solely for the convalescent American soldiers from the hospitals. They arrive, leaning on canes, on crutches, a bit pale and washed out, garbed in vivid pink-and-green striped flannelette pajamas and floppy carpet slippers. And these pajama-clad warriors invade Notre Dame by wobbly squads, ten or a hundred strong. They hobble about the stone pavements, stare up at the great stone bastions and beams clothed in everlasting twilight—and they wonder. But the wonder is not strictly confined to their side. For if they have never before seen anything like Notre Dame, neither has the great gray old cathedral seen anything like these troops of pajama-clad veteran-kids. The surprise is fifty-fifty.

At the Y. W. C. A., where concerts for the soldiers are held at stated intervals, the doughboy strolls in and finds a chair, not only to see what is on in the way of a show but also to rest his eyes by looking at real American girls.

A Canadian one day dropped into the Y. W. and after staring heavily at the secretary for ten long minutes said in low diffident tones: "Say, could I get a girl from here to take out to dinner?"

The secretary took his measure in one flashing comprehensive glance before she replied with a smile: "Why, yes, I think you can. What kind of girl would you like?"

"I'd like a sad kind of girl. One that doesn't go out much. You know, when you choose a girl you want one a bit like yourself."

"All right. I'll see if I can fix you up." She disappeared into an inner room. "Girls, there is a Canadian out here who wants a sad girl to take to dinner. Anybody care to go?"

(Concluded on Page 73)

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(Concluded from Page 70)

"What about Miss Blank? She's Canadian. Maybe she'd like to go. She's out, but she'll be back in half an hour. I heard her say the other day she felt sorry for these Canadians so far away from home."

The secretary returned. "I've got a girl for you. But she's out just now. Will you come back in an hour?"

The Canadian preferred to take no chances, and remained where he was. In about two minutes a girl came running downstairs. She was not a sad girl, for she was singing a foolish little ditty as she ran.

As she passed the soldier she caught his insignia, and called breezily: "Hello, Canada! Where are you from?"

"Montreal."

"Do you know Jack Winston?"

"Cousin."

Leaning over the counter toward the secretary Canada murmured in confidential tones: "Say, never mind about the sad one. I'm suited right now."

This kind of incident is constantly taking place. American and Canadian soldiers are always demanding to meet nice American girls. A special bureau formed with such an object would have a great future in France!

When I asked the provost marshal in Paris concerning the rules governing the conduct of American soldiers on leave he replied:

"Well, inside certain limits the American soldier has the same freedom as everybody else. There are places which, for obvious reasons, are out of bounds, and these are patrolled by the military police. A soldier may not get drunk or break the peace or be guilty of misconduct any more than a civilian. There is, however, one thing I should like to say for the benefit of our people at home. And that is this: The American Army does not take over in any degree whatsoever the standards of the country it chances to be fighting in. In the United States Army United States standards prevail, whether the soldiers are at Paris, London or the North Pole. That one principle—American cleanness, American nondrinking habits, American good health—we apply rigorously to our men on leave."

As a matter of fact, in the main the American soldiers play as clean-cut a game on leave as they play at the Front. I have yet to see a drunken American private in Paris. For the most part they are to be seen in groups of twos or threes, "gangs" or "outfits" as they call themselves, strolling about the streets. On brilliant moonlight air-raid nights, when all Paris is out on the Champs Elysées, on chairs, laughing and chatting, waiting for the *alerte* to sound and the Gotha concert to begin, there gather together ten or twenty American soldiers in a big open circle, and they sing and sing and sing!

And if you chance to be passing at the time and call out "Now please sing Over There," half of them will bound to their feet and exclaim: "Gosh all hemlock, that's the voice of an American girl!"

The truth is that even after a year of absence and of foreign houris they still appear to harbor a stubborn prejudice in favor of the maids of their native land. 'Tis passing strange, but true! Taken all in all, the homo Americanus, genus militare, in gay Paree is a specimen to gladden the hearts of all of us who must remain over there.

# CALL UP THE BALLOON

(Continued from Page 4)

wore with pride and by which I was known throughout the entire wing. As he opened the door we fell into a mess room with the table laid for dinner. A piano was vying with a talking machine in noise producing, while several officers were lounging about the room. As soon as we entered the noise stopped. The major took me by the arm.

"Here's a tame Canadian I have brought you," he laughed.

My section, when I joined it, was flourishing in epicurean style. Their billet was a French château, with the inhabitants, or some of them, still living in it. We had real beds to sleep in. Altogether it felt like being on permanent leave. It was the end of a long winter, and the visibility was for the most part low, so there was not a great deal of observation possible. Moreover, very little was going on on that Front anyway. Our quarters, by the way, descended the scale of palatiality considerably every time we moved, for each move took us nearer to the Front and into a more lively sector. While in the château we were about eight or nine thousand yards behind the lines. From the château we advanced to a farmhouse; then to a house in a deserted village; after that to well-made huts in a wood—I know because I made them myself; then to poorly made huts; and when I left France we were living in heavily camouflaged tents just over four thousand yards from the Hun.

The morning after I arrived I was informed that I was to make my first flight. The major was to take me up himself. I found out afterward that it was more for a test than for any other reason. Personally I thought that they were rushing matters too fast.

I knew absolutely nothing about balloons. It seemed very cold, and the wind appeared to be getting stronger every minute. I was sure I had never seen so many Hun planes about, nor so few of our own. Need I say that the night previous I had been entertained by a recital of all the most gruesome accidents that balloons are heir to. My own idea of the fitness of things was that I should see two or three ascensions made first, and then some calm day I would be taken up for my first test.

In this I was grievously disappointed, for at one o'clock the tender called for me. I was bundled into tons of warm flying togs belonging to the different officers and driven away to the flying field. The last comforting thing they said to me as I drove off was: "Be sure and remember always that the end of your parachute harness is in the right-hand coat pocket!"

Cheerful thought, that!

I found the major arriving as I got out of the motor. The balloon was swinging lazily as the crew attached the cable. To me it looked awfully big and fragile, and the cable surely was very thin. I was supplied with a pair of binoculars and clambered into the basket.

"We'll just toggle onto the parachutes," suggested the major as he fastened me securely to mine and then climbed into the basket beside me. He tested the telephones, adjusted the aneroid barometer, looked round to see if everything was all right and then nodded to the flight sergeant.

"Hand over hand, let up!" bellowed the latter. "Let go!" Then two short whistles and the winch commenced to rattle as it paid out the cable.

Someone was taking the earth away. I could see it dropping away from us. The figures of the men become foreshortened and smaller.

No, by Jove, we were going up! I could see for miles all about me—just like looking from the top of a high building.

Gee, what a lot of wind there was up there! It roared past my ears, warmly tucked away in my flying helmet. The basket began to rock from side to side in the most alarming fashion. It was most disquieting. It gave me a very uneasy feeling where my lunch was resting. Most discouraging of all, the basket looked old and the floor was probably much weaker than it had been when new.

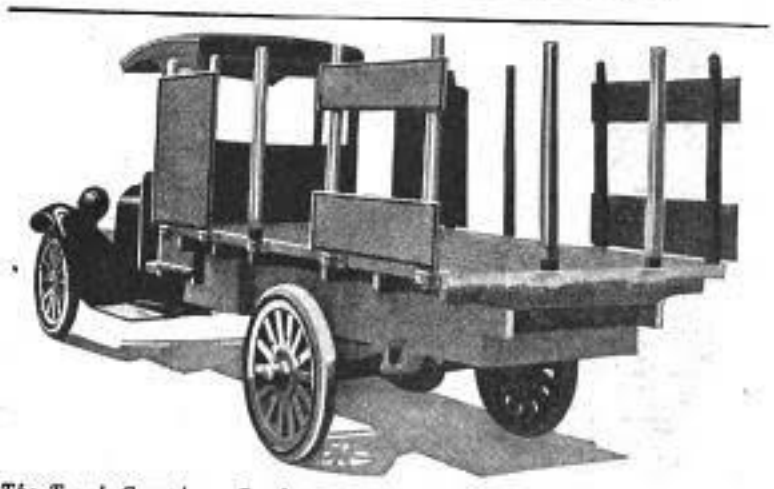
For the first time I realized what a wonderful privilege it is to walk, particularly on a nice, hard, firm *pavé* road. I remembered one delightful walk I had had from a nice, wet, muddy trench back to the battery. I had been up in that trench forty-eight hours. It had rained all the time and I had seen a Zeppelin. It had rained all the way back to the battery. My, that had been a lovely walk!

Down below us I discovered an immense amount of soft white meringue. They were evidently serving it on a futurist plate, for I could see yellow and brown triangles and squares in places between the meringue. There seemed to be fire cracks in the plate too. No! They were roads and trenches. The meringue looked fairly soft but the plate looked solid enough—too solid. We were just over a nice brown triangle of plate.

"Stop at twenty-five hundred," came the major's voice into the phone.

Everything was so quiet up here that I thought at first he was trying to talk to the men below without using the phone. Suddenly a sickening lurch heaved the


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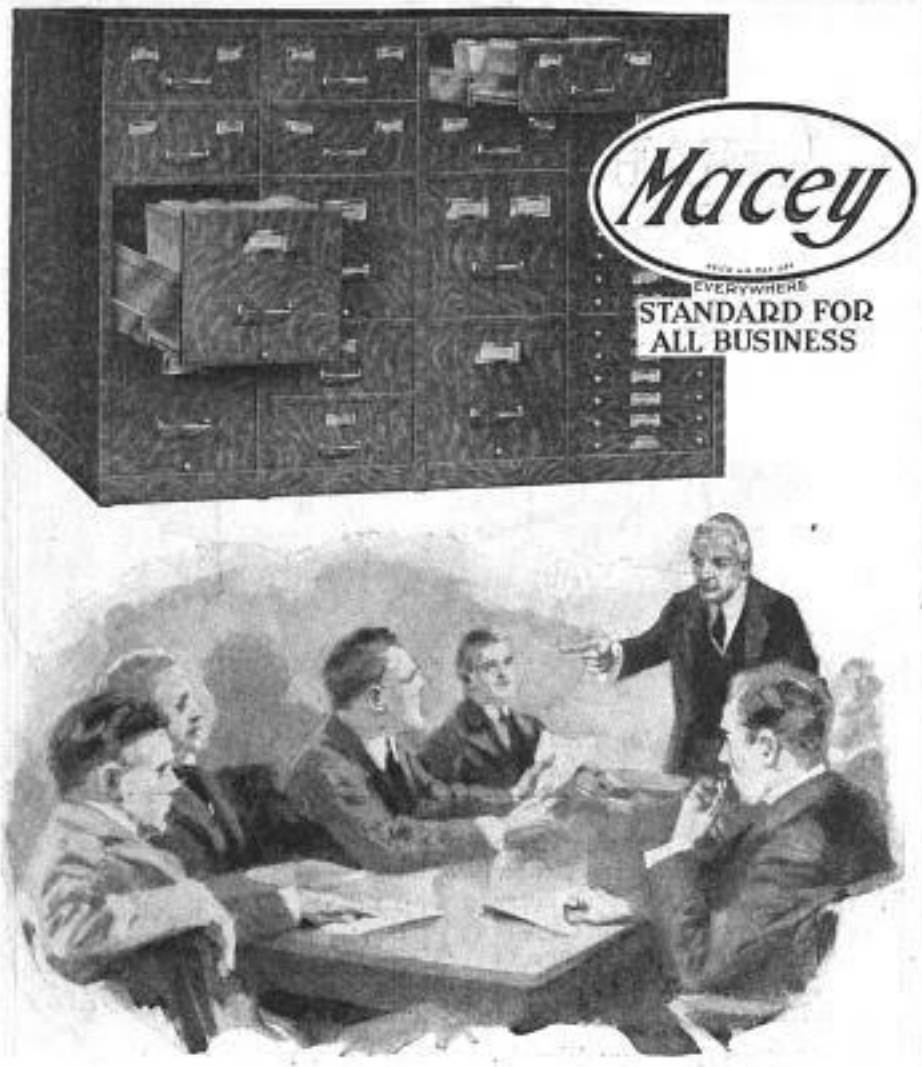
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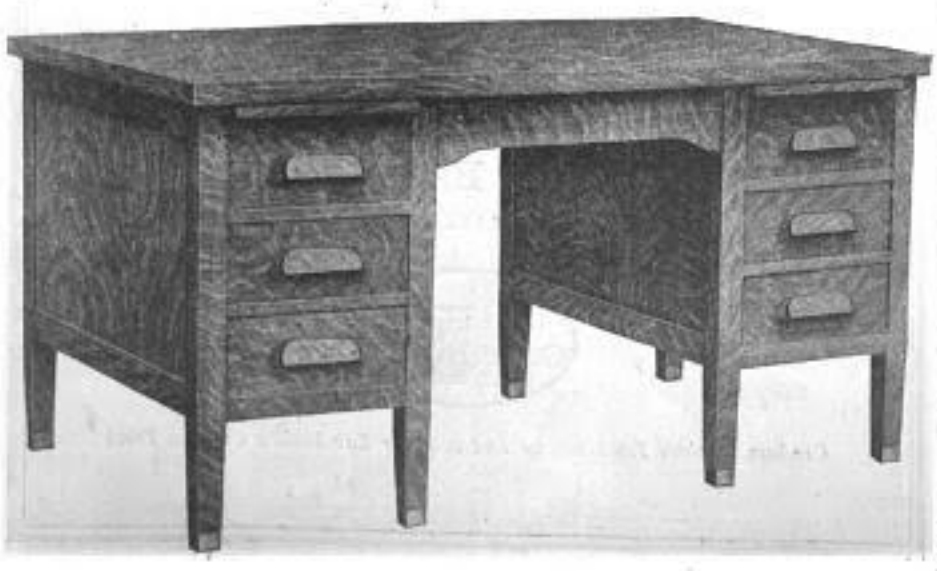
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basket. The solid feel of the basket disappeared—we were falling. I was falling a bit slower than the basket and my stomach was going even slower than I was. Stomachs are such difficult things to replace in France too!

I was just preparing to think over my entire past life, as all well-regulated people do just before death, when a voice came over the telephone: "Winch stopped at twenty-five hundred, sir."

Was that what it was? Well, they needn't have been so infernally rough about it.

The basket was riding easier now, and the long string of tail parachutes attached to the gas bag was stretched out at about forty-five degrees.

At that time we were using a Drachen type of balloon. The Caquot type, which was adopted about a month later, had two large longitudinal fins in place of the tail parachutes. The function of the parachutes was to keep the balloon head on to the wind, but they had the disadvantage of putting an extra strain on the cable. The Caquot type is superior in several other ways, the chief ones being the ability to ride out a stronger wind and being much steadier. The fundamental difference between a Drachen and a Caquot is that the former is essentially a kite balloon, riding at an angle of about forty-five degrees and allowing the wind to exert upward pressure on its lower surface. The Caquot is a true streamline balloon. It rides into the wind almost in a horizontal position. It is quite obvious that the latter is much steadier in any wind.

"Well, how do you like it?" asked the major.

"I beg your pardon?" I replied.

He repeated the question.

"Sorry, major, but I can't hear a word you are saying," I answered.

"Grab hold of your nose and swallow a couple of times," shouted he, suiting the action to the words.

I followed his example; there was a crack in both ears and I found I could hear quite well. The decreased pressure had made that difference.

"How do you like it so far?" asked the major.

"Fine, sir," I replied; "but rather indescribable for the moment."

"Well, we always send down certain information every flight we make regarding atmospheric conditions," he continued; "but first haul in a bit on the balancing guys."

He pointed to two ropes leading to the rigging from the stern of the basket.

### A Lesson in Directing Fire

Under his direction I hauled accordingly, bringing the basket more toward the stern of the balloon. Its nose went up in consequence, and the basket became much steadier. On the Caquot type balloon these guys are not needed.

Meanwhile the major got busy with the instruments.

"Just throw that overboard," he ordered, handing me a thermometer incased in a shutterlike box. To hear was to obey, and overboard it went, but to my surprise I found it was fastened to the basket by a cord.

He had arranged a wood and rubber tube contraption, which he called a Pitot tube, on the edge of the basket.

"Wind, northeast, twenty-eight miles an hour," said he, looking at the dial connected with the Pitot tube. "Visibility, fair"—glancing toward the Hun lines. "Height, twenty-three-fifty. That was the barometer reading, though the winch indicator showed that there was twenty-five hundred feet of cable out. We had drifted down the wind to some extent so that our actual height was twenty-three hundred and fifty feet.

"Position," he continued, glancing overboard and then at the map: "A twenty-six; C sixty-five point forty."

To the uninitiated this conveys little, but to one who is familiar with the army maps it pinpointed our position to a matter of a few yards.

"Temperature!" he added. I hauled in the thermometer: "Twelve point five degrees."

You will note it was fairly chilly up there, even for spring.

"See if you can get a battery that would like to fire a few rounds." The major was speaking to the ground officer in the chart room.

Then to me: "Now we can get to business. Where do you suppose the German front line is?"

I glared into the far vista of the panorama laid out before me, then at the map.

"Out there," I answered, pointing to a thin trickling line away in the distance.

"Wrong," chuckled the major; "there it is." He pointed to a slight regular crack in the ground, seemingly almost under the basket. It dawned on me that when one is at a height things that are far off appear to be almost under one.

The major next pointed out the significant points in the terrain, comparing them with the map. For some time I could hardly take my eyes off Fritzie's front line, and as I studied the country I noticed how vastly different it was from its appearance even when looked at from a high hill. Simultaneously the thought hit me that what I was looking at was only a very extensive map, without the printing, of course; in fact, the original of what was shown on the map board. That thought convinced me then and there that a balloon must of necessity be the very best means of observing artillery fire, and from then on I was a thorough convert to the indispensability of balloons in warfare.

Just here the chart room called up and stated that a certain battery of ours wanted to register two guns on a hostile battery position. Instantly ensued much study of the map and surrounding terrain. Finally, when we were ready, they fired their first round, and we were notified of it. We knew where our battery was, though it was so well concealed that we couldn't see anything of it except the flash when it fired. After waiting about thirty seconds we saw the burst, a dusty, smoky upheaval to the left of and behind the target.

With our degree-scaled glasses we saw how far away from the battery it was. This done the major ordered: "Thirty minutes more right; drop one hundred."

### What? Teatime Already?

The second round was right in our line of sight and beyond the target. As our battery was on our left it showed that the shell had fallen still too much to the left, so the order was: "Fifteen minutes more right; drop fifty." The next round apparently fell just a shade short of the target. We ordered "Repeat." The following round fell in the battery target, and the third fired at that range must have landed in a gun pit, blowing up the ammunition, for there was a great explosion. Smoke and flames shot up from the target and continued for some time. Indeed, so much smoke floated over that section of the country that it obscured the rest of the target, and we were forced to stop firing because we could not see what we were shooting at. It was another case of not being able to see the woods for the trees. Though we could perceive what we were shooting at very well, owing to the smoke of the fire we had started we could not see our shells bursting in the smoke and we could not be sure whether they were doing any damage.

We waited for some time for the smoke to clear but the days were short, and as the evening mist began to gather we concluded that we could not continue to shoot, owing to lack of visibility. The major spoke to the battery, apologized for not being able to go on, and promised to call them up again the next flight. He then asked the chart-room officer for the time, as our own watches were under numerous layers of clothes.

When he was informed he exclaimed: "By Jove! We shall be late for tea tonight."

Meanwhile the wind had increased somewhat. The basket had swung about so that it was difficult, in fact almost impossible, to keep one's glasses directed upon the target. I had wedged myself into a corner of the basket and wound my arm round one of the basket suspensions. I did not feel comfortable—the tail parachutes were flying almost straight out now—and anyway, I hadn't had my tea.

A whole lot of criticism is directed against the afternoon-tea habit—undeservedly, I think; for when, as is the case with balloons, one doesn't get dinner till eight-thirty to ten-thirty at night one feels much better for a small bite about four-thirty P. M. Besides, when one is having an unhappy time in the basket and one would like to be on the ground very much, believe me, afternoon tea is a bully excuse!

(Continued on Page 77)

(Continued from Page 74)

As I said before I was not exactly comfortable with the basket swinging about in every direction, but I concluded it was a regular thing. The major had handed me the telephone and appeared to be studying the ground immediately below the basket very carefully. I did not notice him particularly, but when he stood up again there were tears in his eyes. He took the phone and called the winch.

"Haul down slowly," he ordered.

The basket gave a sickening lurch as the winch started, and we heard faintly the four whistles to call the crew together.

"You know," spoke the major, "I like to have you gunners in the company. You are used to artillery and generally take well to balloon observation. I'm expecting great things of you, for you've had a pretty fair test this afternoon. I wanted to see if you would get sick up here, and you didn't. The joke, as you say in Canada, is strictly on me, for I got sick myself."

"But, major," I replied, "the test was hardly a fair one, for perhaps I was too interested to get sick. And, anyway, though I have never been seasick in my life I shall probably get good and sick in a high wind some day."

"Well," answered the major as the basket touched the ground and we climbed out, "to-day was rather an exception. The great majority of days you will get less than a quarter of the wind we had to-day. There are very few days when you will have as much or more; though you will have a few of them, I fancy."

Subsequent events proved that he was right.

As a general rule officers training for the balloon services receive that training in England, where they do a certain amount of free balloon work. This is done in spherical balloons. They ascend in these and go floating, at the dictates of the wind, over the surrounding country. The very necessary training received in this way teaches a balloonist that indescribable thing known as the feel of the air. It also teaches one how to handle an observation balloon if for some reason or other the cable breaks and the balloon floats away on its own. If an observation balloon breaks away, with the wind toward the Hun lines, there is generally only one thing to do—get rid of the instruments, particularly the maps, and hop overboard with the parachute, letting the balloon continue its journey alone. If, however, the wind is away from the Hun lines it is necessary that the pilot of the balloon be able to bring his balloon down and land it in a suitable place without injury to himself, his passenger or the gas bag itself. Numerous funny things, and some that were not so funny, have happened in training.

### Work at Vimy Ridge

A certain amount of ballast—that is, loose sand in bags—is carried in the basket of a balloon. Hydrogen gas is very sensitive to differences in weight, and the throwing over of even a handful of sand when the balloon is at a constant height will cause it to rise.

On one occasion a new pilot was making a flight with four cadets. The balloon was losing height fairly rapidly, and when it became apparent that the heavier air near the ground was not going to check the fall to a sufficient extent the new pilot, in his anxiety to stop the rapid descent, shouted out: "Throw over a bag of sand!" Each of the four cadets grabbed a bag and heaved it over, bag and all. The descent ceased abruptly. The balloon started to rise, and when it stopped it was at fourteen thousand feet.

For some reason or other, however, I was to receive all my training in France, so for somewhat over a month after my first test flight I was the object of increasing attention from all the officers in the company. They fairly crammed me with knowledge. I made flights with one or the other of them almost every day. After a few flights the novelty wore off and I was allowed to carry on observation of fire under their supervision. I spent hours and hours of my time on the ground in the mobile workshop we carried, learned a good deal about the winch mechanism, got an insight into balloon maintenance and repair, and added considerably to my knowledge of motor transport. I was kept very busy, and time was not allowed to hang heavy on my hands.

At the end of the month I was gazetted as a balloon pilot and, as such, was qualified to make flights alone or to take up passengers. From that time on I fell into the regular routine, when I took my turn with the rest of the officers in flight duty.

Shortly after I was gazetted as a pilot I was sent down to the Vimy sector to build a series of camps for the sections in the wing, as a move south was contemplated. When we had our new camp built and, one dark night, had moved in, bringing the balloon overland inflated, things began to happen in quick succession. We found out almost at once that we were not on a peace-time Front. There was more going on in front of Vimy Ridge in a week than happened in a month where we had been before, and even at that the preparation for the Vimy Ridge assault had only just begun.

The artillery was being concentrated and was getting its guns calibrated. The amount of heavy artillery on this Front was something almost unbelievable.

As soon as we were in position we were besieged by requests for observation, and soon our telephone switchboards were filled up with artillery wires. Of course the Germans knew there was something unusual going on behind our lines, for with a concentration of troops such as that was it was impossible to hide things from the enemy. However, by a feint on a northern sector the impression was given to Fritz that the attack might be in that direction, which gave him something extra to think about. Our aëroplanes were very busy and only very occasionally would a Hun plane get over our lines.

Just about this time it must have dawned on Fritz what work our balloons were doing, for he began to hate them regularly. Under such conditions life in an observation balloon began to lose somewhat of its monotony. Some days there was excitement enough and to spare. Fortunately, for a considerable period Fritz was unable to accomplish his desire in regard to the balloons, but occasionally luck was with him and he succeeded in setting one of them on fire. As if that were not enough to contend with, the weather became very capricious. We had periods of high winds and some thunderstorms.

### Some Narrow Escapes

One day a thunderstorm was threatening when word was received asking for some observation on a particular bit of the Front. Our balloon was in the air at the time in ballast—that is, without an observer. To take the observer's place about two hundred pounds of sandbags had been placed in the basket and the balloon sent up without telephone or instruments.

A balloon is sent up in ballast for two reasons. The first, and perhaps the most important, is to intimidate the Hun properly. From behind the Hun lines it is impossible for them to tell whether there is an observer in the basket or not, and I know, from experience in the artillery, that a battery is very chary of opening fire when it has a balloon gazing down its muzzles. Indeed, on more than one occasion I have known the German artillery fire to fall off almost fifty per cent the minute a balloon ascended into position on our side of the lines.

The second reason is that a balloon in the air in ballast can be hauled down and manned, and be in position again for observation purposes in much less time than it can be taken off its bed and got into the air.

Therefore when this call for information came to my section I ordered the balloon hauled down preparatory to ascending. I was just struggling into my coat and making my way across to the balloon when a blinding flash of lightning zigzagged down the sky and a terrific roar shook the earth. The balloon, which was about six hundred feet off the ground, staggered and seemed to buckle up in the middle. A streak of flame and a cloud of smoke shot out from it, and then it folded up like a clasp knife while a mass of flame illuminated the sky. The balloon fell into the trees of a wood near by, where it was entirely consumed in a few seconds—all except the basket, which when its suspensions burned through dropped to the ground like an overripe pear.

The next time I was not so lucky. A terrific wind was blowing, making at twenty-five hundred feet fifty-five miles an hour. An emergency had called for the


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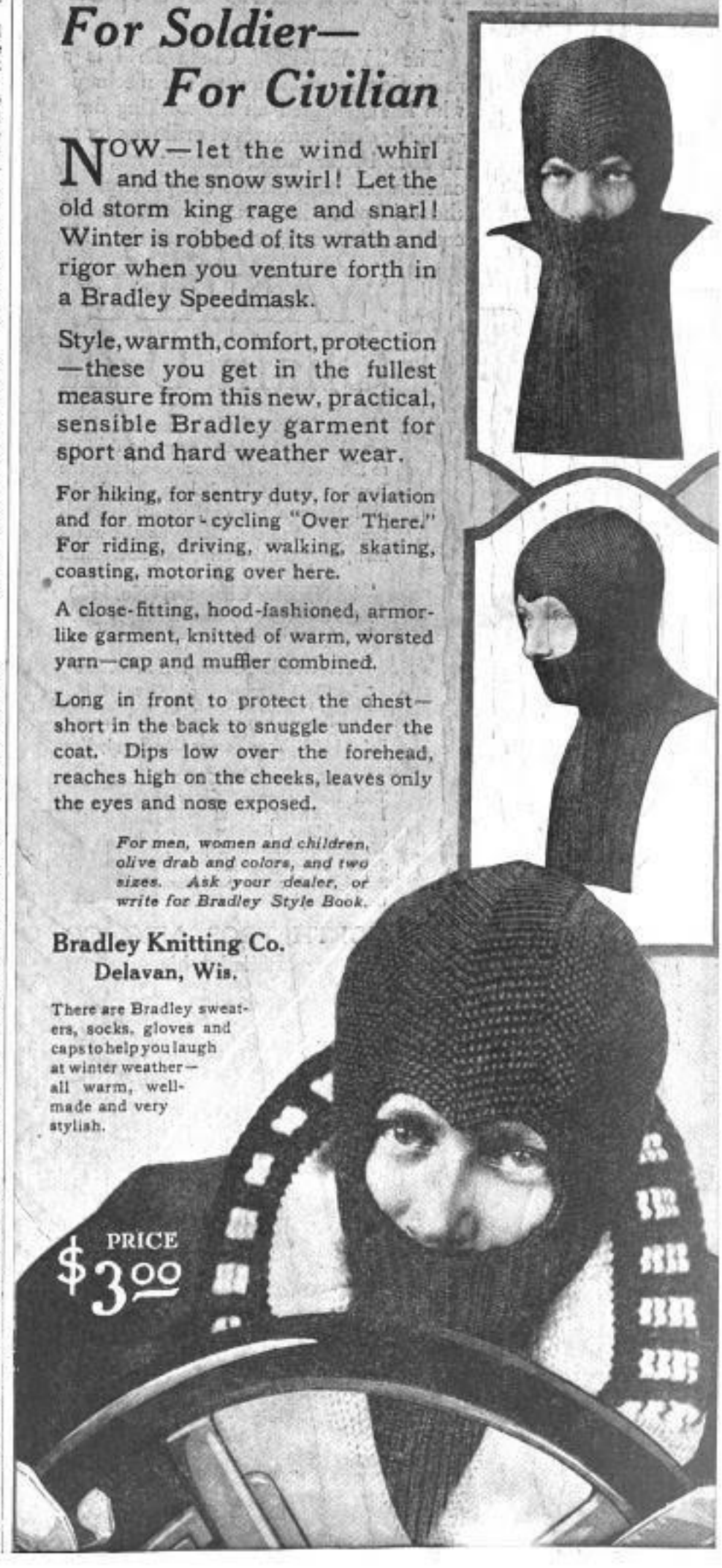
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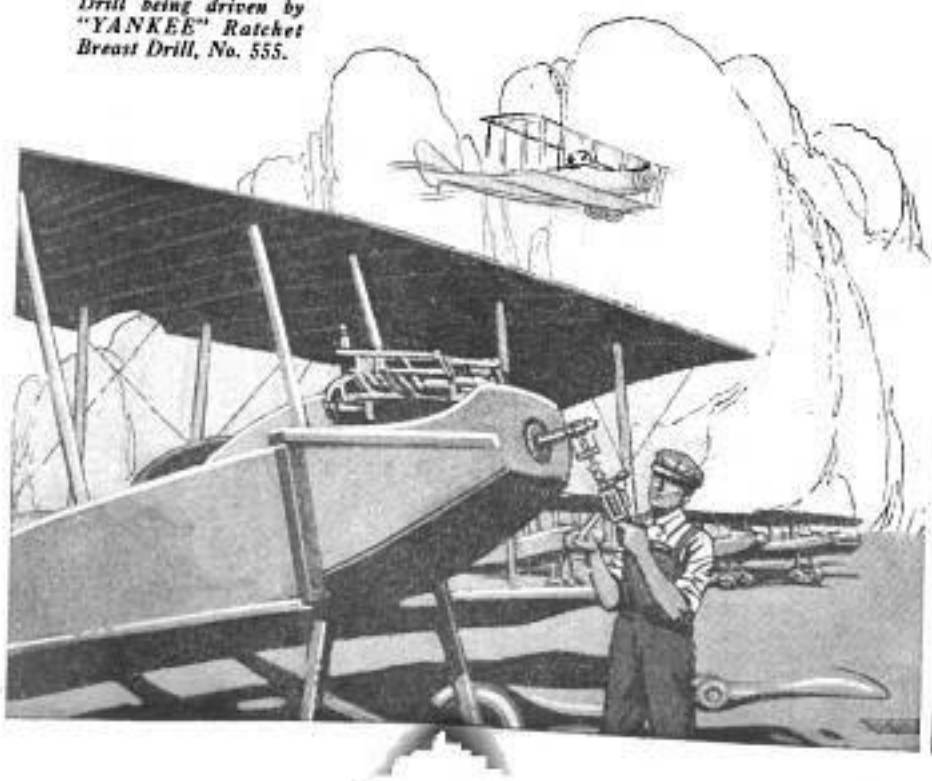
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*Illustration below shows "YANKEE" Chain Drill being driven by "YANKEE" Ratchet Breast Drill, No. 555.*




ascent of the balloon, and along with another officer I ascended. We stopped at twenty-five hundred feet, and there I had the worst ride I ever had in a balloon. The basket simply flopped all over the place, making it necessary for us to hang on to the suspensions with both hands to keep from being thrown out of the basket. The strain on the cable rose far in excess of what we had been told was safe, and both of us fully expected the balloon to break away. We stayed up there for forty minutes, trying all that time to get some information that ordinarily we could have acquired in five minutes. Even at that we didn't do the job to our own satisfaction, though as matters turned out our information was sufficient to the need thereof. When we gave the order to haul down and the winch started, the strain on the cable rose to an alarming figure. The winch driver had to haul us down as carefully as one reels in a large fish on very light tackle. He would haul in a few dozen feet, then a gust of wind would come and he would have to pay it out again. In fact, he could gain only a few feet at a time. Meanwhile the basket swirled and bumped till we expected the rigging to be broken any minute. We were both of us braced into the basket and hanging on with both hands.

After a seemingly interminable time our aneroid showed that we were at one thousand feet. By this time more than a thousand soldiers, attracted from nowhere by the fact that we were in trouble, had gathered about the winch.

The officer with me had the telephone and was keeping up a more or less spasmodic conversation with the ground officer, who kept telling us what we looked like and adjuring us to cheer up—the worst was yet to come.

He was quite right. We had just got below one thousand feet when a terrific gust hit one side of the balloon, driving it broadside to the wind. The nose of the gas bag went down and the wind pressure on the upper surface of the balloon drove it to the ground in a wild nose dive. The balloon hit the ground just outside of the crowd, which scattered like leaves before the wind. Immediately it bounced up again—so quickly, in fact, that the basket was jerked into the air without hitting the ground more than a slight glancing blow. The lift of the gas, aided by the wind under it, took the balloon to one thousand feet again in just seven seconds. I did not count them myself, but the ground officer assured me that he had. We both thought the balloon was loose and we were on the point of throwing out our map board—our instruments had thrown themselves out when we hit the ground—when the cable tightened with a jerk and—did not break.

### *On Terra Firma at Last*

Then the struggle recommenced. Here the wind was not quite so strong. Gradually we were pulled down to about one hundred feet, when we ran into another pocket of ground wind. Once again the balloon got her nose down and nose-dived to the right, coming down with the cable still taut to within ten feet of the ground. Up she went, scarcely hesitated at the top of her swing and dived down the other side, came up and repeated the maneuver again on the right side, this time slamming the basket on the ground with more than a little force. It crashed in one corner of the basket and broke some of the rigging. Then she stopped at the top. We found afterward that the winch driver, driven to desperation at the difficulty he was having, had tried to haul us down in a hurry and that the stern of the balloon had not responded to the pull of the nose sufficiently quick to keep her nose up. It took him just twenty-five minutes to get the balloon down from one hundred feet. Even when the crew finally got hold of the handling guys the balloon dragged them to and fro, backward and forward, across the field. The flight sergeant immediately impressed the services of some forty or fifty Canadians to add their weight to that of the crew, and then the basket finally touched the ground gently. The other officer and I unhooked our parachutes and hopped out of the basket, amid the cheers of the spectators. They seemed to regard the whole performance as highly entertaining and staged for their especial benefit.

While we were in the air I did not know whether to be sick or just plain scared, and ended up by being both! I did not feel the strain until I was out of the basket, and then I found my knees acting like a well-oiled hinge. I simply could not make my feet track. Since that time, however, I have had a whole lot more respect for the strength of the cable and rigging of a kite balloon than I had before.

Given decent weather and the absence of Hun aëroplanes, ballooning in France is a very pleasant occupation. Conditions such as these held the afternoon I destroyed my first German battery from a balloon in preparation for the taking of Vimy Ridge. It was a very bright sunny day. I had ascended to thirty-five hundred feet, about two P. M., and sat up there watching for the mists to clear sufficiently for observation work. It was almost an ideal day for flying, only about eight miles an hour of wind. On the ground it had been unpleasantly hot; up about thirty-five hundred feet it was just pleasantly cool.

Away back in the Hun's lines I could see the smoke of a fire: either a town burning or a big ammunition dump that had been successfully bombed by our aëroplanes. When I thought it was clear enough to get on with shooting I reported a shooting view. Then the day started for the balloon people and the artillery. Batteries woke to life and prepared to dole out to Fritz his daily iron rations with an unstinting hand. The other balloons in the wing rose one by one from their beds, swinging lazily to and fro until their fins filled with air. They looked for all the world like benevolent elephants wakening to life.

### *Let Growler Do It*

I was requested to take on a German battery, situated on the forward eye of the Bois d'Hirondelle. That battery was to be wiped from the face of the earth, and to do it I had a battery of eight-inch howitzers. A fifteen-inch-howitzer battery asked to be allowed to kick in a few rounds on a crossroads behind Vimy Ridge. This crossroads, a picture of which had been taken by one of our aëroplanes, was just visible in the distance. The Germans used it to a great extent in getting their material up to the front line. The reason for the destruction of the German battery I think is obvious. The fifteen-inch battery was ready first. It was situated beneath me; in fact, I could almost look down its muzzle. I saw the gun raise its nose into the air and blast forth its shell, weighing nearly a ton and resembling closely a small barrel, even to the hoops, amid a blaze of red flame and yellow gas. The basket under my feet was heaved up about three inches by the detonation and dropped back into place with a jerk.

The telephonist at the battery called into his telephone: "Battery fired, sir."

"Thanks ever so much," I replied. "Fat chance I've got of missing any of your rounds!"

Their third, fourth and sixth rounds landed right on the crossroads.

"How's the range?" their officer spoke to me.

"Great! You only made three hits on the crossroads."

"Do you think there is any crossroads left?"

"Judging by the mess I saw go up I don't think there is much of the village left," I replied.

"Very good. Then my job for this day is done. I guess I'll put the baby to bed again under its counterpane of wire netting."

"Righto!" I shouted, much relieved; for to be jolted into the air by the blast of a gun underneath one is disconcerting, to say the least.

Before this episode was over my battery of eight-inch howitzers had started, and I had managed to get one gun pretty well onto its target. By this time the Hun battery in the Bois d'Hirondelle was quite plainly in sight. The light was excellent, so excellent, in fact, that I was able to see with my high-power glasses the crews leave their guns when our first shell arrived.

The battery I was shooting with was the keenest for action I ever met throughout my whole time with the balloons. They were always simply pining for trouble, and we never called on them in vain. If at any time we wanted a battery to neutralize a Hun battery and we called up their group headquarters it was always: "Call up Growler and get them to put a gun on it." "Growler" was the code name of the battery. Growler always responded and shot well, much to the Hun's discomfiture and our own satisfaction into the bargain.

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(Continued from Page 78)

Their group commander was a very strong believer in balloons; so much so that he issued an order that all the officers in his group were to make at least one flight with us for instructional purposes.

Instead of giving corrections to the batteries as had been our custom when I first joined the balloons, we now gave observations instead. This was done at the request of the counter-battery office. It relieved us of a good deal of work and laid it on the gunners. Previously we had decided ourselves just what alterations the guns should make and had telephone correction orders to the battery, so all that the battery officers had to do was to see that our orders were carried out. Now we told the battery where each shell landed, and the battery officers had to calculate the necessary corrections for the guns.

To illustrate: Suppose a shell landed twenty-five yards to the left of a hostile battery position and fifty yards behind it. If the range was three thousand yards the twenty-five yards to the left would be measured by our degree-scaled binoculars as thirty minutes, or half a degree. If we were giving correction orders to our battery as we did at first we would have ordered "thirty minutes more right; drop fifty," which should land the next shell on the target. If, however, we were giving observations we would give them the position of the shell burst as "thirty minutes left and fifty yards over."

My diary tells me that the second gun got on the target in two shots. Then we took on Number Three gun. When I saw the first shell land to the right and too far I telephoned the battery "thirty minutes right and over." They knew the balloon position and would compute from that exactly where the shell had fallen, and could make their corrections accordingly. When I reported each gun registered, the battery went into "battery fire, thirty seconds"—that is, each gun of the four-gun battery fired in rotation from right to left at thirty-second intervals. In that way each gun would fire one shell every two minutes. When Growler got going well I took on another battery for a shoot, at the same time keeping an eye on the first shoot to make sure that they did not get off the target.

With great satisfaction I could see the shells landing right on the gun pits, and from what I knew of eight-inch shells I imagined that that Hun battery, Number Z 12, would not be worth very much, except as scrap iron, when we had finished our attentions.

### *Congratulations for Growler*

It is a lovely sight to behold our shells bursting right in the pits and sending up great showers of concrete and bricks that the Huns had piled on top of their gun pits. The best sign that one is actually reaching the Hun's conscience is when his ammunition supply goes up in smoke. That shows beyond a doubt that the shells are getting well into his pits. Fritz has a nasty habit of putting his ammunition in a recess even below his guns.

A few minutes later I had the pleasure of reporting to a very pleased group headquarters that Growler battery had sent up two ammunition dumps before he had used up his allotment of one hundred and fifty rounds.

Once again after I had come down I called up Growler and congratulated him on his shooting.

"Do you think it was effective?" he asked.

"Extremely so, sir," I answered, "both for the Huns and ourselves, though the effects lie in opposite directions."

The aëroplane photograph taken the next day corroborated my report, and the official report concerning the matter said, under the head of Hostile Batteries Engaged:

| H. B. | Engaged by | Observation | Result |
|---|---|---|---|
| Z 12 | Growler | Balloon | Destroyed |

After Vimy Ridge and the ground behind it were taken by the Canadians the site of Z 12 passed into our hands, and one of the gun pits which was in the least state of disrepair was used as a Y. M. C. A. canteen.

About the time the people in North America were putting on their new Easter clothes the guns opened up the barrage for the attack on Vimy Ridge—to be exact, at five-thirty A. M., April 9, 1917.

It had been a beastly night. Rain, which was one half snow and the other half pure cussedness, had been falling since the previous afternoon. Added to this was a wind that blew from fifty miles an hour up to almost anything. Hardly pleasant weather for ballooning, particularly as the wind was blowing direct toward the Hun lines. We all passed an anxious night. Few of us slept very much. Several times after one o'clock A. M., when I bundled into rubber boots and slicker and went out to see how the balloon was standing it, I met the major, similarly clad, prowling about. From time to time we cast worried eyes upward to see if we could detect any promise of moderating weather.

About four o'clock, just before dawn, we met on the edge of the camp, each with a Pitot tube, to measure the wind. We each thought we could detect a slight decrease in velocity, which in the face of coming events greatly pleased us. At five o'clock it was apparent that the wind was dropping—it registered only thirty-eight miles an hour on the ground. It was more than that up above, evidently, for the clouds were scudding along at a great rate.

We climbed to the top of a near-by hill to watch the opening of the attack. I think we all felt like slackers not to be in the air when the show started, but it could not be helped. We watched the second hands of our watches as they crawled round.

### *A Busy Day in a Gale*

Everything was quiet. I made it twenty-nine minutes and fifty seconds past five when the first gun fired. It was our old friend, the fifteen-inch howitzer, which fairly shook the ground with the first shot. Before the echoes had died away they were all at it. It was a sound the like of which I never heard before. It was not loud, for all the guns were in front of us and the wind blew the sound away. It was just a mumble, continuous and sustained. There were no separate reports except when the fifteen-inch spoke. Indeed, so many guns were firing that it was all blended into one deep undertone.

In less than a minute Vimy Ridge was nothing but a cloud of smoke, and the battle, so far as seeing anything was concerned, was over. Regretfully we loafed back to the mess and tested the wind again. Yes, it was certainly dropping. When it dropped five miles more we would test the upper air by sending the balloon in ballast. After breakfast we began to get reports from our forward exchange about the progress of the assault. Seemingly it was going all right, for our operator reported numerous prisoners coming back under escort. As soon as breakfast was over we determined to try the air again. By enlisting the aid of some infantry reserves we got the gas bag off its bed and into the air, where it behaved exactly as though it didn't like the weather a bit. You have seen a puppy, when pulling on a rope, shake its head. That is how our balloon behaved. Our electric wind meter in the basket showed us the velocity of the wind was fifty-five miles an hour at one thousand feet. Moreover, it was stronger at every foot the balloon ascended. We hauled down and waited.

About nine-thirty the major, who had been pacing up and down like a bear in a cage up till now, said he could stand it no longer—he must ascend. He asked me if I wanted to come with him, and I tried to lie convincingly and said "Yes."

We laced our parachute harnesses on very securely and got into the air about ten o'clock. At one thousand feet the wind was forty-eight, and at two thousand feet, fifty-seven miles an hour. The old balloon tugged at her cable and the rigging sang in the wind. The basket stayed in one place for perhaps one-fifth of a second at a time. I hung on and thought of what a lovely place the solid earth was.

Most unsatisfactory of all was the view. The ridge was still covered by smoke, as was also a bit of the back country. The Hun was certainly getting his that morning. As soon as they saw we were in the air, counter battery called up and asked us to locate a bunch of machine guns on Hill 145 which were holding up our advance. We couldn't see for the smoke, and told them so. Then they asked us to strafe a Hun battery that had apparently cropped up from nowhere. We informed them that we would take it on, and while we were waiting a bunch of our aëroplanes came from all directions to attend to those machine guns on Hill 145. They flew from our Front and





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from the direction of the French Front below us. We recognized some of them as American boys from the Lafayette Escadrille. Since I returned to America I have talked to one of them. He said he flew past our balloon that morning, and when he saw us tossing about like a toy balloon at the end of a string he lost whatever small envy he ever had of us.

Those aëroplanes certainly fixed Hill 145. They made it absolutely unnecessary for us to use our batteries on it. They bombed it and raked it so with machine-gun fire that when they had finished there was no further opposition to the advance of the infantry.

Meanwhile our guns were ready for the new Hun battery. We carried on with it as well as we could, though it was impossible to use our glasses at all on account of the unsteadiness of the basket.

Before we had finished, however, we were interrupted. Things happened so quickly that I am rather hazy as to just what did occur. One of the fins of the balloon ripped from end to end with a crash. Simultaneously the balloon jerked broadside to the wind. The next thing we knew we were driven down into the trees of the woods. Everything was tangled up. The balloon spun round and round like a fish on a line. The rigging was tied up in knots and tangled up with everything else. The handling guys were wound round the basket and the rigging, while the basket was twisted and twirled and thrown about, now up against the balloon, then away from it, now sitting right side up on top of the balloon and then thrown upside down, clean over the balloon—while all we could do was to hang on. The branches of the trees tore at the rigging and ripped the rudder and the other fin to ribbons.

Then the wood let go of us and we shot up into the air with the balloon going through indescribable contortions, utterly unmanageable. The valve and rip cord had long before been jerked out of reach and tied up with the rigging in a mass of knots. As we reached our highest elevation a gust of wind hit us and carried us away, snapping the cable like a bit of cotton and pulling the telephone cable off the drum at so fast a rate that the bearings caught fire. As soon as we broke away the jerking ceased. We rode quietly toward the Hun lines and shot up into the air at the same time.

### *Dropping Through Space*

What followed took place in not more than a minute. The major threw out the map and glasses and I assisted him. The instruments were tied in. The best we could do was put our fist into them and smash them. The major was very cool.

"All ready?" he shouted. "Then over you go."

At that moment we discovered that one parachute had been carried away and that his was torn and useless through contact with the trees. Mine was all right.

"Go on, old boy!" he said. "Remember me to the others."

Instinctively I did a thing I shall always be glad of. I deliberately and profanely refused to obey an order. I was fully determined that if he was going to Germany I would go with him. I knew better than to offer him my parachute. Had I done so I believe he would have thrown me overboard. He might have done so, anyway, but at that moment I discovered the parachute we thought had been carried away hanging to the bottom of the basket by a bit of breaking cotton. Why it hadn't fallen away is simply a miracle. To fasten it to the basket was only a moment's work, and the major hooked himself onto it. It was his privilege to leave the basket last.

"Hop over now," he commanded. "Bet you I beat you down."

"Good-by, sir!" I cried. "See you later!" And over I went.

To make a parachute descent in cold blood is a thing that no one could coax me to do, but under those circumstances I didn't think twice about it. It was the first descent I had ever made, and I was co enough at the time, but the excitement an reaction of the last half minute made m jump into space as though I had been doin it as a regular thing before breakfast.

The antiaircraft people told me afterwar that we were up eight thousand feet whe we left the basket. Down I went, the para chute pulling out of its case with a whizz It seemed like ten minutes, and probabl was three seconds, before the chute opene Just after it opened I saw the major com out. His opened slightly above me, but s he was nearly one hundred pounds heavi than I he overhauled and passed me ver quickly. He waved his hand at me and h told me afterward that he also asked me t chuck him a cigarette.

Some considerable man he was, in mor ways than one.

When I looked down my heart sank. was almost above the ridge and driftin rapidly over the fighting lines. We ha jumped only to land in Hunland!

But, no, I didn't seem to be drifting s fast as I thought. It looked as though should land just a few yards behind th Hun's line. The major would probabl land in the front-line trench.

No! There—he had landed; and h parachute was dragging him.

I must not let mine do that; I got ou my knife to cut loose as soon as I hit th ground. I was almost down and driftin at an alarming rate.

### *The Runaway Parachute*

Crash! Slither! Splash! I had landed all right in what had been No Man's Lan before five-thirty that morning. I wa drifting so fast when I landed that my fe went nowhere and my knife was knocked i the opposite direction. My parachute le down, the wind caught it, and away i went with me, the same as the major's ha done. Through mud, over shell hole through broken barbed wire, over trench it dragged me. Had I not had my thic leather flying coat on I should have bee torn to ribbons. As it was, I was not entirel unhurt, and my coat was a total loss.

Finally I managed to pull myself up to th parachute and by pulling one side of it to m I spilled the wind from it and it collapse

I was fairly well shaken and certainl had some blood showing. I was no doubt fiendish-looking object.

As soon as I got my breath and my bear ings I left the parachute there and starte to hobble back to our lines. Then I di covered that one of my long flying boot was gone. It must have been pulled o when I went through one of the shell hole I splashed my way back to a dressing sta tion, incidentally nearly being bayonete by a Canadian Tommy who took me for German; and there I got most of the bloo washed off. In about fifteen minutes one o our officers came along and we limpe back to where the tender was waiting dow the road.

I do not know where the balloon went When I last saw it it was disappearin through the clouds in the general directio of Berlin, hotly pursued by shells from bot the Germans' and our own antiaircraf guns, the shooting of which, properly t uphold the traditions of the balloon service I must describe as rotten.

The major was back at camp before me He had tried unsuccessfully to butt ove a stone wall with his head, and I found him swathed in yards and yards of whit bandage.

When I got in and went over to shak hands with him there was very little said but the grip of his hand told me a whole lo that could not be said in words.

The next day the reaction caught u both. I, for one, did not care, for we ha permission to do what we liked and to g where we liked; and I did no more ball looning for somewhat over a week.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles b Lieutenant Black. The second will appear in a early issue.



# READY!

(Continued from Page 15)

bearing the Great Seal of the Censor of those times; and it was so ordered and ordained. Nor could any writings go forth concerning definite matters, no writings whatsoever save those that comported to the rote set down.

I trust the hundred and ten million Steves living in the United States will get me thus expressed parablewise. War is war, and the Navy knows what it wants, and, knowing, can maintain. Far be it from me, loaded to the guards with interesting things about the Nth Battle Squadron—which is the American Battle Squadron thus misdesignated—and its big British brother, the two comprising the Grand Fleet, to set free any item that might be of aid or comfort to the enemy. Wherefore what follows concerning my visit to the fleet, my stay in the fleet and the things I saw and heard will be expressed in general terms; and, at that, a general-term story about that amazing organization which ought to make the United States feel well satisfied with our share in the undertaking, as well as highly grateful to the greater British end of it; for the simple truth of the situation is that if it had not been for the British Grand Fleet and its outlying components and subsidiaries it is quite possible that instead of fighting now in France our men would be fighting in New England or New York or New Jersey or Pennsylvania; or farther inland, even.

It so fell out that they led me on an August afternoon beside certain waters sparkling in the sun; and on the bosom of those waters, tugging at their anchor chains, lay in long grim gray ranks the mightiest fighting fleet the world has ever known, the greatest armada ever assembled, stretching for miles adown the sparkling waters, and ready—ready to the last and smallest detail—to dash to sea to overwhelm the Hun. Smoke curled from every stack. Fire was beneath their boilers and steam in their cylinders. No man was out of call. Every gun was in commission. Every propeller could begin to churn the moment the signal came.

### The Grand Fleet in Panorama

Flags whipped from their peaks, the red cross on the white field, of Britain, and toward the head of the line our flag—the Stars and Stripes—standing out gloriously over great ships that crouched beneath, set to spring to battle at the word; and on the decks of them I saw hundreds of our sailors, our fighting sailors, moving about at their various tasks, all intent on the work that keeps these giants of the deep in instant and complete preparedness for whatever adventure might ensue.

"The Grand Fleet," said my companion, with a wave of his hand that included many, many miles of craft of every fighting sort, ranged in long following files behind the colossal squadrons of superdreadnoughts.

We misuse that word "grand," tacking it to hotels and houses and shows and shops with thought to supply the deficiency of importance by splendor of designation; but here it is fittingly applied. The Grand Fleet! The sight of it is awing. The sense of it is overpowering. The force of it and the potentiality of it are inspiring. The sure shield. The great, dominating, dependable machine that has swept the seven seas clear of German shipping, and has kept it clear for more than four years; that has preserved France as an entity, and Britain as a nation; that has made possible the effort; held the Hun from America, and saved the world—the Grand Fleet! There it was, before me in all the grim glory of it; and there, as a great, fighting, powerful part of it, were American ships, with the American flag flying, and American guns and American men ready—ready—ready!

I was fortunate in finding most of the Grand Fleet at home on the afternoon I began my call. Some of the destroyers were out, and a few other smaller ships, perhaps; but, mostly, and in its gargantuan bulk and conclusiveness, it was there, swinging in its haven with the tides. The first two impressions a visitor gets as he looks at the long ranks of squat gray ships are the impression of power and the impression of effectiveness—strength and competence. One superdreadnought is a fearsome thing, a machine for battle that awes and exalts—but think of miles of them! One long lean insistent cruiser is an arresting portent of speed and destruction, but here were dozens of them! Spreading as far as the eye could reach, and farther, that great grim sure shield stretched out upon the water the sign manual of Britain's supremacy at sea—naval craft of every known description, and some that have not yet been described, and will not be until this war is over — ships — ships — ships — and all of them fighters.

Scores upon scores of great guns and small guns nosed through turrets and stuck menacingly from hulls and decks and tops. Everything was gray—navy gray—and each great ship bulked against the water dourly, and the mass of them filled the sight. Gradually the details began to pick out—all the complex machineries of them bestowed on decks and turrets, in and on gigantic masts and tripods, perched here, hung there, bolted yonder until the blurred intricacies took regulated shape and form and the vast scheme of it grew into coherence, for complicated as a battleship or a cruiser may seem to be it is a coördinate machine for slaughter and destruction, and works and interworks with all its parts as smoothly as a chronometer.

### America Afloat

In the first line of vision were some of the biggest British ships—the superdreadnoughts, built with the bulk of them forward like bulldogs, and seemingly fashioned as if their designers had piled turret above turret, bridge above bridge, top above top until the mass should be so tremendous that nothing could withstand. Each one looked formidable enough to whip a dozen, with their great tripods and their monstrous guns. Multicolored pennants flew from them. Signal men wigwagged frantically far aloft. Their decks were alive with blue-suited sailors. Bugles blew. Boatswains' whistles piped. Gigs and barges and launches dashed in and out among them. Destroyers nosed daintily along. Colliers and supply lighters and tugs and motor launches—all had a part in the picture; the minor craft were moving but the big fellows lay haughtily at their moorings, taking the ministrations of these smaller fry with dignity, resting and waiting—waiting and watching—ready at a moment's notice to heave anchor and go out to battle.

I looked for the latticed masts of the Americans and found them, stretched in a row near the head of the line, the Nth Battle Squadron, and powerful and portentous as any; gray, like the rest of them, with sharper lines and not so much top-hamper; and the sight was good to see, for here were ships that I knew about, here were ships flying my flag, here were some of America's best, manned by Americans, fit and fine and formidable—great battle craft from the other side of the world joined amicably with the British and with but one end in view—the smashing of the Hun.

The admiral's barge came for me, and we bobbed down the long lane between the great ships until we reached the ladder of the American that led the imposing line of Americans—the flagship. Topside the Red, White and Blue was flying, and all round were American fighting men. The band was playing American music. The boys were skylarking Americanwise and talking American talk. The savory smell of American pies baking came along the deck. The officer who met me at the rail spoke my language. The cigarettes that stuck from the blouse pockets of the gobs who passed were American cigarettes. The cap ribbons carried the name of the state—port your helm or you'll be telling something, mister!—of a state with which I am reasonably familiar. I was home, right back among my own folks.

"Boy howdy," said the officer who was waiting on deck for me, the same man I had seen, on various occasions, tearing through the Army lines at the annual Navy-Army football games in Philadelphia, and as big and husky as he was when he used to spread the Army tackles all round the sward when they sought to impede his progress.

"Boy howdy," said another, the keen, clear-eyed gunnery expert, whose skill and knowledge I had learned to respect and admire in Washington.

"Boy howdy," as they came, one after another, men bearing famous American naval names, and worthy of them, men who



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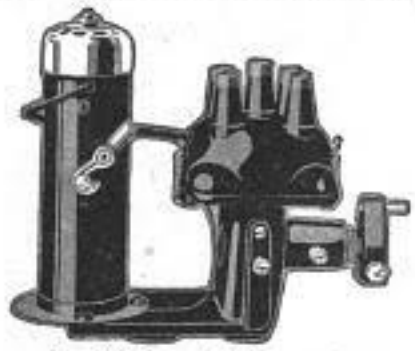
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were making new famous American names for themselves, and their sons—why, it was like Old Home Week at the Army and Navy Club in Washington, and I took another look at the flag standing out in the breeze above me and just naturally gave three cheers for the Red, White and Blue. We were a long way from Pennsylvania Avenue, but everybody was on the job.

On the job—that is the only way to put it; on the job, whether it is a long one or a short one; whether it entails the clash of battle or the constant watching and waiting for it; whether it means patrolling or going in to the ultimate. On the job with a squadron of the best ships our Navy has, and right up at the head of the line.

But do not mistake this exultation at finding the American Navy thus represented, and in fighting trim, for any claim, assertion or intimation that our job is more than a part of it—for any bloviation over what we are doing or have done—for any spread-eagleism; because our American Battle Squadron is but one of numerous battle squadrons, our ships are but a few among many. In fact our strength in the Grand Fleet is but a certain per cent of the total, but it is a corking good per cent in quality, and will answer to its full and powerful capability when the time comes.

We are a battle squadron, operating as a unit of the Grand Fleet, and our admiral is subject to the orders of the British commander in chief in all phases of operations. The American Battle Squadron is merged with the British squadrons but retains its identity and its individuality—that is, the American ships are commanded by Americans, run by Americans, in the American way, and aside from operations are exclusively American in every particular. The British have no control of personnel or of administration or of any other feature of them, save that we work as a part of the great whole, under the general British command. The situation is exactly the same as in the Army in France. There is a commander in chief, who is Admiral Sir David Beatty, just as there is a commander in chief in France, who is General Foch. The American Battle Squadron operates as a unit of the force, directly under the command of its own admiral and officers, but merged in its entirety with the Grand Fleet, and not independently. The strategy is fleet strategy. The tactics are fleet tactics. Of course, our admiral has his voice in all councils and in all deliberations, but when in action our squadron operates exactly as the British squadrons do so far as general command and direction are concerned. We are a part of the fleet, not a separate fleet; and it is well.

### *The Grand Fleet's Slogan*

When the American battleships came sailing in to the rendezvous, which was rather a long time ago as things go in this war, they were received by the British sailors with a glad welcome and with an expressed and demonstrated intention to operate jointly without friction and in the spirit of true comrades in arms. The joint idea of it was that there could be no friction, that both British and Americans are engaged in the same enterprise, with the same ideas and ideals, and that smooth and efficient coöperation must and would be maintained. Wherefore there has been no friction. There have been, throughout the long association, a cordial relationship, an entire absence of disturbing elements, a skilled, efficient working together for the identical aim, a meeting on a common sea and a unity of action and operation that have been both admirable and productive of results, running all the way from the First Sea Lord and Admiral Sims to the newest American gob and the latest limy recruit.

The Grand Fleet is the Grand Fleet, and the American Squadron is a part of it—a fighting unit. That is the status of the big ships and that is the status of all other of our ships scattered about in European waters. All the Americans have in mind is the finishing of this job, the complete and everlasting destruction of German sea power; and there is nothing vainglorious, nor any assertion of separate identities in it. We are here to do our share, and as much more as we can, and the matter of command or direction or subordination is not considered. "Smash the Hun" is the slogan and the watchword. Everything else is subsidiary to that.

Now smashing the Hun is one thing and finding the Hun to smash is another. The Hun is nobody's fool. He knows what the British and Americans have in store for him on the sea, and he has no appetite for getting into it. Hence he lurks behind his barriers, and only rarely ventures to sea, even in slight force. To be sure, he now and then sends out a few minor craft and his submarines are still operating, but his big fleet is securely packed in cotton wool at its bases, and at the time this was written, late in August, he had not unpacked it many times, nor sent it venturing away from the support of his shore fortifications.

The theory that animates the Grand Fleet, and has animated it since it steamed out to sea more than four years ago, was that though the German fleet might lurk indefinitely behind its barriers it might also come out at any moment. Hence there has never been a minute, not an instant, when the Grand Fleet has not been ready. Nor has there been a minute since the American Battle Squadron steamed into the rendezvous that said squadron has not been ready. Those big American ships were prepared to fight any and all German comers when they left the shores of the United States, and they have been ready every minute since. There hasn't been a second's laxity. There hasn't been the let down of an hour. They are actually in shape to go into action at the sound of the bugle, whether they are swinging in a haven or out on the open sea, whether they are in landlocked harbor or plunging through the waters that are adjacent to the German bases.

Talk about watchful waiting! Those ships are the greatest exemplars of that process the world has ever known, both American and British. They are like sprinters who have been set for the starting pistol for more than four years, and though it might reasonably be expected that the British, with their long years more of it than the Americans have had, might be a bit stale there isn't an evidence of it. They are as fit and as keen as when they left England for the north, and as for the Americans they are in the pink.

### *All Set and Ready*

The Germans may show at any moment; or they may not. The natural assumption is that after four years in hiding they will not come out, but that assumption never has been held by the Grand Fleet. The operating theory of that vast aggregation of fighting ships, down to the smallest drifter, is that the Germans are coming out. Hence the order of the day, of every day and night, is to be ready. No one knows when the order to proceed to sea to engage the German Fleet may come, and no one knows, when at sea, when the longed-for signal that the Huns have been sighted may be sent. So no chances are taken. The credo of the Grand Fleet is that the Germans are coming, and everything is carried out on that basis.

When the big ships are in rendezvous or in haven no liberty is given for more than four hours at a time. No officer or man can leave ship for more than four hours, and that in the afternoon. Every officer and every man must be on board ship at seven o'clock each night, and each officer when on shore leave for his four hours must communicate twice with the chief signal officer of his squadron or division, to make sure no warning has come. That means, of course, that the longest possible time that would be taken for the fleet to get under way would be four hours, but in reality four hours is a century compared to the real time that would elapse. That aggregation can get going in less than an hour should the emergency rise. Still, when you think of getting that enormous collection of fighting craft of all sorts away to sea in proper formation in four hours it seems incredible. But it isn't. It is efficiency.

The ships lie in long lines when they are in their haven, in what is the preliminary battle formation—that is, the various squadrons are in their proper longitudinal positions, spread out one following the other, a certain distance apart, with their prows heading toward the open sea and their guns pointing to Germany. Each unit of each squadron is in its proper relation to each other unit, and to the squadron itself. The plan of formation is known. So if an order comes to proceed to sea all that is necessary is for each ship to cast off and get under way. Then as the long lines plunge out to sea the squadrons swing into their allotted positions and the formation is made according to the orders given or

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(Continued from Page 86)

the plans previously set down—each unit where it belongs, both as affecting the battle line and the entire fleet; and away they go at high speed to whatever point is given them.

The American Battle Squadron has its specified place in each formation, and seeks it at the given time. That place is an important place, a vital place, a real fighting place. When that battle comes, if it does come, there need be no fear that our flag will not be flying in the crush and the thick of it. We'll be right there, precisely and positively and belligerently on our part of the job; and our part of the job is going to be a heavy one. Oh, boy! Wouldn't you like to see it?

After this war is over I suppose there will be a great naval review in which all the ships of all the Allies will take part, and that will be an imposing affair; but with all the grandeur of it it will not compare to the sight of that Grand Fleet plunging out to sea with its war paint on, its guns ready, its war signals flying, and its vast array of force stripped for action. The review will be a parade, a panoply of peace, but this is a panoply of war, grim, terrible, awesome.

The signal comes from the commander in chief. Word is passed by every ship. The decks are alive. Every man from admiral to water carrier is at his post. The pennants snap in the breeze. The bands play. The tarpaulins are stripped from the guns. The ammunition is in place, shells of every caliber ranged near their carriers. The anchors are hoisted. Heavy black smoke belches from the funnels. As smoothly as a trained military force starts on parade those vast ships move out, their broad bows turning foamy furrows in the water, the dull gray of them shadowing the sea. There is activity in the air, on the water, under it. And in long straight formidable lines they surge forward—force—force—power in its highest exemplification.

### General Inspection

First line—second line—third line—all down the formation until the rear guard, they smash out to the open sea, each an exact distance from the other, each ready to the minutest detail to play its part, each virile, tremendous. There is a sight to thrill a stone man—the visible inspiring exemplification of authoritative domination. They may be going to the crash of battle, to destruction and death. Or they may be going on a fruitless hunt. Who knows? In either case the spirit is the same. In either case the readiness is complete. And up near the front is the American flag flying at the peaks of American battleships, and the American who sees the sight knows that flag will be well served whatever contingency may rise.

"Glad to see you aboard," said the admiral. "Make yourself at home."

So I camped down on the flagship, and was a spectator for a time of the routine, watching the men at work and at play, and getting the feel of it as best I could. Now it is no picnic these men are on. The sailors get liberty but once in sixteen days, and then only for a few hours. The officers are constantly on duty. The whole ship is at continued tension, as is every ship. The warning may come at any time, day or night. And the ship must be kept ready. Hence the work is unceasing. A battleship is, largely, sufficient unto itself. It provides its own upkeep in all but the larger repair way. It has its own shops, kitchens, hospitals, stores, and all other necessary appliances and appurtenances, from dentists to barbers, laundry and tailors. It has its own accounting department, its own paymasters, its own police, its own musicians. It is an independent versatile institution, operating on its own for its own needs.

Each one of our battleships carries a crew of about fifteen hundred men, and subsists them and uses them in all the various ways necessary. The machinery of organization is complex, but the results of its operation are well ordered and coördinated. An American battleship is cleaner than the majority of private houses—cleaner than the vast majority of private houses—spotless in fact; or if it isn't somebody gets into trouble over the particular spot for which he is responsible. Also its men are clean, and must keep themselves so, both as to clothes and as to person. No lapse is allowed. The discipline of cleanliness is rigidly enforced.

On one Saturday morning I went on the weekly inspection by the captain of the flagship, from top to the bottom of that vast fighting machine. First we inspected the crew, drawn up by divisions on the deck, inspected them fore and aft; and woe was the portion of the gob who had a grease spot on his uniform, or a hole in it, or dirt upon it. He got his. Every man was keenly looked at, and every dereliction inquired into. Each man was supposed to be clean from head to foot, with his hair well cut, his face shaved, and his general appearance healthful. An untoward spot on a man's face called for an explanation, and a rip in the seam of a blouse, ever so tiny, did not escape.

This inspection completed, we went below, and the captain pried into every corner of that ship, searching for dust, for dirt, for any evidence of sloth. He went over it all minutely, into every department, and made the men pull out drawers and open lockers and display the innermost recesses of their paraphernalia. His inspection of the various galleys was microscopic, and he wasn't at all polite to cooks and dishwashers if they were delinquent. The various mess attendants were all at attention when he came along, with their mess tables scoured until they shone, and their tableware spotless. He ran his fingers across the bottoms of big mess pans, looked into the copper coffeepots, and if a mess table showed even the slightest grease the unfortunate who stood beside it was ordered to scrub it again, and report. He turned the tables over, for they have to be as clean on the under sides as on the top, and he poked into every corner of every bathroom, lavatory and compartment. There wasn't a spot a foot square, in all that vast ship, from upper deck to the coal bunkers, that man didn't look into, and he demanded spotlessness all along the line.

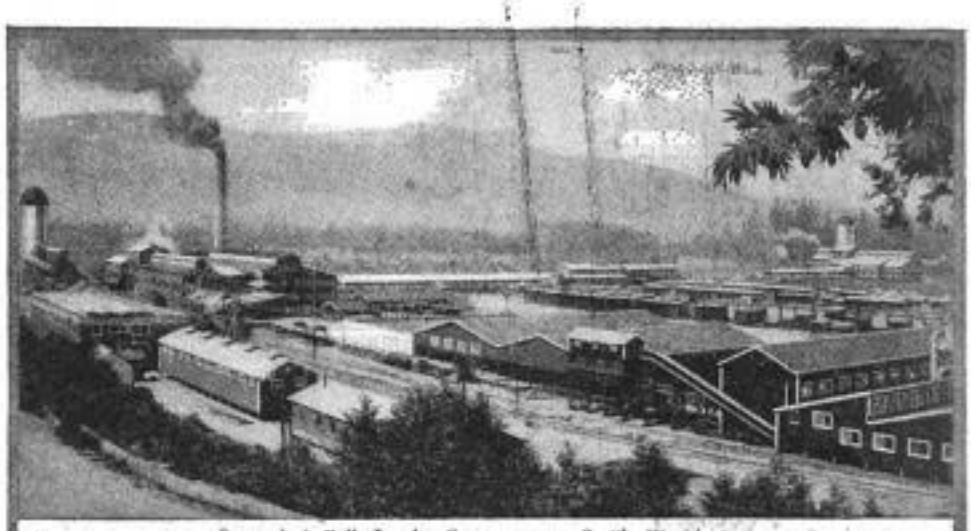
He ordered paint here and scrubbing there, but mostly there was no complaint, for the crew know that captain, and they respect his antipathy to dirt. They have to, for he has not the slightest respect for any fondness of it or toleration of it anywhere about his craft. It is the same on all our other ships, for the American theory is that a clean man deserves a clean place to live in and that a clean place to live in helps in the making of clean men. Once a month the admiral inspects all the ships in the same manner, so there is a double check on them, and there isn't a place in any of them that isn't clean and sweet and sanitary; nor an implement, whether for fighting or feeding or for any other purpose.

### The King Plays Stoker

The British officers marveled at this finickiness, and at times thought it was show pigeon—done especially for the benefit of visitors. So they took to making surprise calls, but they always found the American ships spotless. One night they thought they had it on the flagship. We had been coaling all day, which is a job that musses a ship frightfully. Next morning early the King of the Belgians, who was visiting the fleet, came aboard, and the British escort thought surely that there would be some signs of the coaling muss. But there were not; the flagship was immaculate. When the American ships get dirtied, by coal or what not, they are cleaned immediately. There is no delay in the matter.

The Belgian King was much impressed of course, and so, later, was the King of England when he came aboard the flagship. The program was for His Majesty to stay half an hour or so, but he stayed much longer and went all over the flagship. He is a sailorman himself, and he was interested and appreciative. He went to the engine room, and to the stoke room, and delighted the stokers by taking a shovel and throwing a scoop or two of coal under a boiler with the true professional swing and skill. Those stokers are all for the King now, and they have the shovel he used on that momentous occasion scoured and hung up in their quarters. A historic shovel no doubt, for it was the first time a King of England ever threw coal under the boilers of an American ship, and probably the last.

As the men are so closely confined to the ships there is much latitude given to their amusements. The band plays each afternoon on deck, and they dance, and they are encouraged to get up shows for themselves. These shows are usually given by divisions or by a combination of the talent of several divisions. There is plenty of talent aboard each ship, not only in the dramatic but also in the pugilistic line, and many

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boxing bouts are put on. The officers have moving pictures mostly for their entertainment, usually shown in the wardroom. The pictures are likely to be old ones, judged by the American standards, but the officers are not critical. Any sort of a movie is a good movie to men who are cooped up on a ship for days at a time.

Sometimes the dashes of the big ships from the haven are short ones, and sometimes the fleet stays out for weeks. They have various rendezvous and stations, apart from the main home base, and when the ships are on these there is nothing to it but sticking to the ship all the time. There are balmier places than the waters adjacent to Germany in the wintertime, far balmier places, softer seas and sunnier skies.

The stories the sailors tell of the seas they meet, of the storms they encounter, of the cold of it all—make one shiver and recall Palm Beach; and they have had but one winter of it as yet. The British have been through four of those winters up there in that gelid area. Life on a war craft then, when out on those seas, is a cold, stern, tough proposition; the coldest and the sternest I know anything about, in exact proportion to the size of the ships. It is bad enough on one of the big fellows, but fancy what the men endure who are on the smaller, down to the smallest craft. Haitch-he-double-hell!

The situation is inexorable when the ships are in battle formation. There can be no stops. The individual counts only as the individual, and not against the mass. If a man is swept overboard when the ships are smashing along out at sea in a storm he is lost. There cannot be a stop of an instant nor a swerving from the course by the variation of half a point, for that would mean, especially the stopping, that the following ships, no great distance astern, would inevitably collide with the ship that stopped, and that probably the ships and many of the men on them would be lost, to say nothing of disorganizing the whole formation and causing endless confusion, and possibly great disaster.

If a man goes overboard his ship sweeps on with naught but a good-by for him from those who saw him go. Nothing can stop them. They must proceed according to the plan. Each commander is responsible not only for the safety of his own ship but in effect for the safety of all other ships, for unless he steers and keeps his own course and distance he may not only destroy himself but others as well. Two sailors on one of our battleships last winter volunteered to go out on one of the turrets during a heavy storm, to make something fast. A tremendous sea swept them overboard. The ship was at the head of our line. It could not stop, nor could the others; and undoubtedly those two lads before they were sucked under were swept past several of their own ships, not one of which could move to help them beyond throwing out life preservers. It seems hard, but it is war; and the safety of fifteen hundred men, to say nothing of a fifteen-million-dollar ship, is in the balance against the individual who has the misfortune.

### *Will the Hun Come Out?*

As in every other war organization there are constant rumors, mostly that the Germans are coming out; and these never grow stale, because the men want to believe them.

Every naval expert has his own opinion on the matter, and airs it. I have no idea whether the Germans will come out or not. There is one thing I do know, however, and that is if they do come out they will meet a fleet that is ready for them, that outnumbers and outmetals them, and that is manned by the finest collection of American and British sailors ever gathered together. I have no doubt of what the outcome will be, for I have seen the American ships and been on them, and I have seen the British ships and been on them; and before the war I saw the German ships and was on them. There is no gainsaying the fact that the Germans are good sailors and have a good Navy, so far as it goes, but it cannot and will not go far enough, for even if the British should lose many of their ships and the Americans all their battle squadron still Germany would be outnumbered, outmanned and outmetaled; and, in addition to that, the United States has many other battleships at home that would be sent there at once to fill the gaps.

This American Battle Squadron, so far as contact with the Germans rests between the two, is merely the first American naval hurdle the Germans must take. I do not think they can take it, but if by any chance they should there is still material in great and powerful array at home to make a second or a third or a fourth hurdle; and while all this hurdle taking is going on the Americans will be doing a few things themselves, to say nothing of the British. It cannot be done; for, if the Americans and the British lose ships, so, too, will Germany lose ships; and Germany has no reserve supply, while the United States has, and so has Britain. Further, even numerically considered, Great Britain could lose half her ships and still outnumber Germany, leaving aside any question of American reinforcement whatsoever.

Still, Germany may try at it. Let everybody hope Germany will! There are stories that the Huns have been perfecting various new methods of attack, including an especially disastrous gas shell, of the tear-making sort, that if properly placed in the interior of a big ship will incapacitate a large proportion of the crew. And that Germany has built many new ships, and so on. However, the British and the American Navies may be trusted to have full cognizance of such maneuvers and are quite likely to be prepared for them, whatever way they may come. All they want is the opportunity. If the Germans do come out a lot of them never will go back.

### *A Matter of Percentages*

In considering the effort of the American Navy in European waters and elsewhere it is necessary that we should keep our perspective, retain our sense of proportion. The American Navy, as I am describing it, in the articles I have written and shall write, is doing its allotted work in foreign waters, and doing that allotted work in excellent American manner and in full accord with the traditions of the service—efficiently, loyally, splendidly; but when compared with the entire naval field our share of the total is small, though being expanded constantly.

For example, in the antisubmarine campaign Great Britain supplies eighty per cent of the destroyers, France six per cent and the United States fourteen per cent. We have only five per cent of the submarines operating here, and three per cent of the miscellaneous patrol craft, while Great Britain has seventy-eight per cent and France seventeen per cent of the submarines and eighty-six per cent and eleven per cent respectively of the miscellaneous patrol craft. Our percentages are even smaller, in fact the smallest, in the Mediterranean.

Of the total number of patrol craft operating in British and Eastern Atlantic waters we supply but five per cent. The British naval aviation service is four and one-half times as large as ours at present, though we are increasing our percentage daily, and it is large as it is. The British have three times as many officers and four times as many enlisted men operating in European waters as the Americans, and this does not include the very great number the British have in their auxiliary patrol service. So far as transports are concerned Great Britain supplies destroyer escorts for seventy per cent of them, the United States for twenty-seven per cent, and France for three per cent.

We supply thirty-five per cent of the cruisers needed for escort of convoys and transports, Great Britain sixty-one per cent and France four per cent. The British Navy also operates in many other ways in protection of our shipping.

These percentages are presented in order that the sense of proportion shall not be lost at home. The United States Navy is playing a great and a glorious part in this war, and in European waters, and is daily expanding its line and strengthening its position, but it is not doing it all, as some home comment has stated.

Together the British Navy and the American Navy have the situation well in hand. The submarine is scotched, if not killed, and the seas are rid of all other German craft, and will remain so. The Americans are operating at top efficiency, in complete harmony with their Allies and with true American spirit. Our ships and our men are ready—ready to the last man and the last ship. That is the keynote of it all. We are ready! Come on, you skulking Hun!

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*Some examples of the many fine values in Durable-DURHAM Hosiery.*

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A serviceable stocking for women. Made from soft lisle finished yarn. Medium weight. Wide elastic top. Double reinforced heels and toes. Black and white.

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Extra warmth and wearing quality will be found in this sock. Double fleecy-lined throughout. Full of warmth and full of wear. Strongly reinforced heels and toes.

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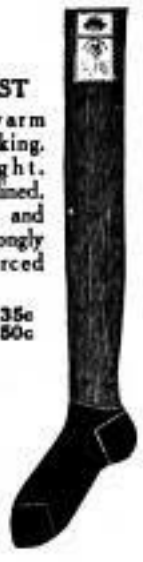
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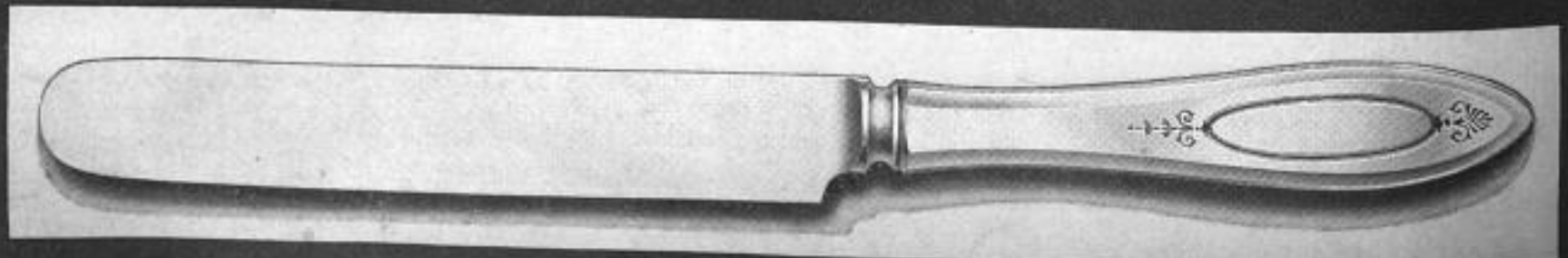
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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A [illegible]rated Weekly
Fou[illegible]f 1728 by Benj. Franklin

NOTICE TO READER. When [illegible]nish reading this magazine, place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.
NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

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Beginning
**More Precious Than Rubies—By Edwin Lefèvre**

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High grade trucks and passenger cars are carrying men and material quickly and at low cost—conserving labor, time and energy.

So the entire resources of the Nash Motors Company are devoted to the winning of the war, by meeting all Government requirements, and by supplying a limited number of trucks and passenger cars for necessary commercial purposes.

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# More Precious Than Rubies

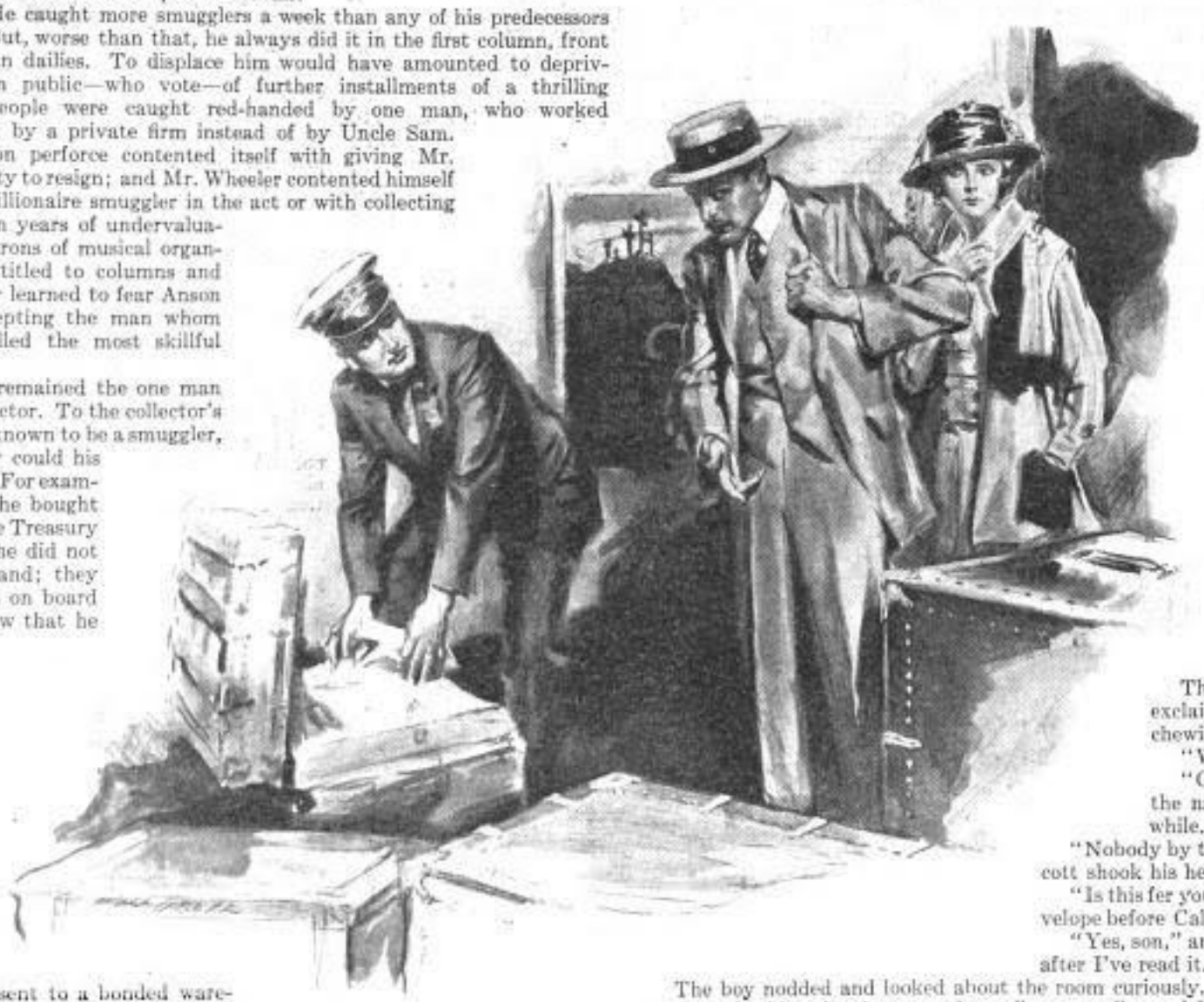
## By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

MR. ANSON WHEELER, collector of the port of New York, was one of those unfortunate accidents of politics that will vex the best of administrations—a hold-over public servant who cannot be fired. He caught more smugglers a week than any of his predecessors had captured a year. But, worse than that, he always did it in the first column, front page of the metropolitan dailies. To displace him would have amounted to depriving the great American public—who vote—of further installments of a thrilling serial in which rich people were caught red-handed by one man, who worked as though he were paid by a private firm instead of by Uncle Sam.

So the Administration perforce contented itself with giving Mr. Wheeler every opportunity to resign; and Mr. Wheeler contented himself with nabbing another millionaire smuggler in the act or with collecting back duties on seventeen years of undervaluations by aristocratic patrons of musical organizations and as such entitled to columns and columns. Every traveler learned to fear Anson Wheeler's deputies, excepting the man whom Col. Ira A. Glover called the most skillful smuggler in the world.

Mr. Cecil Caldecott remained the one man who had bested the collector. To the collector's force Mr. Caldecott was known to be a smuggler, because in no other way could his prosperity be explained. For example, there was the time he bought the Elkington pearls. The Treasury agents in London knew he did not dispose of them in England; they knew that he took them on board the Ruritania; they knew that he did not throw them away. And yet the customs inspectors in New York could not find them on him or in his luggage. What they found that was suspicious was a setting of Scotch grouse eggs, which he refused to let the collector's men break. By threatening to call the reporters and have the collector laughed out of office he succeeded in having his way, and the eggs were sent to a bonded warehouse, where a Barred Plymouth Rock sat on the eggs under the watchful eye of a skeptical inspector. After seventeen days, the eggs having refused to hatch, Caldecott told the customs men that they could keep the setting, which they had absurdly suspected of containing the thirteen Elkington pearls. The eggs were then broken: Nothing but odors the officials long remembered!



*Every Traveler Learned to Fear Anson Wheeler's Deputies Excepting the Most Skillful Smuggler in the World*

Cecil Caldecott was a well-built man of about five-and-thirty, with an outdoor complexion, confident movements and a remarkably steady gaze. Indeed he so seldom blinked his bluish-gray eyes that he gave an impression of fearlessness. And all the time, if you looked him in the face, you felt certain that behind the unblinking eyes a mental machine was functionating smoothly, accurately, efficiently.

That was the man who sat in his office in the Jeweler's Guild Building. It was a beautiful room. On the walls you saw panels of buckram tinted the exact gray of the sky after a rain just before the sun resumes business. The borders were slender double lines of silver—for all the world like strips of the same sky just after the same sun has got back on the job. The furniture—chairs, tables, cabinets, the safe, the desk and the blotting pad on the desk—was also gray and silver. Chains of dull silver supported an alabaster basin with electric lights, and the ceiling was done in silver-leaf dulled mistily. But on the long table in the center of the room there was a long strip of velvet of a midnight black, very rich and soft, with an amazing suggestion of depth.

The room did not open into any other. It was partitioned off from the east wall so as to make a narrow corridor, which opened into the outside hall. In the inner partition there was a door that opened into the office. There was also a small window, such as you see in Wall Street offices. The partition, however, ran up clear to the silver ceiling.

On the outer door there was the number of the room, 54, and a simple sign:

C. CALDECOTT, SPECIALTIES

A blue-uniformed, gum-chewing boy stopped before the outer door, took from his pocket his message holder, extracted from it an envelope, compared what he read on the envelope with the name on the door, masticated with self-approving conviction, opened the door and entered.

In the narrow inner corridor the boy looked about him curiously and chewed more vigorously than ever for a few seconds. Then he ceased to chew, shifted his gob from the right cheek to the left, stepped to the little window and growled lopsidedly: "Cable!"

The little window remained closed, but the inner door opened soundlessly.

The messenger boy made no motion, but looked as if, having been disappointed with respect to the window, the wrong party would now appear.

"Come in, little boy!" said a voice from behind the partition.

The messenger ceased to chew, exclaimed "Gee!" resumed his chewing and walked in.

"Well?" asked Caldecott.

"Cable fer ——" He studied the name, chewing vigorously the while. "Cable fer—fer—fer ——"

"Nobody by that name here." And Caldecott shook his head mournfully.

"Is this fer you?" And the boy held the envelope before Caldecott's eyes.

"Yes, son," answered Caldecott. "I'll sign after I've read it. There may be an answer."

The boy nodded and looked about the room curiously. He allowed his eyes to rest on the only thing that hung on the wall—a small panel by Quentin Matsys. In it a fifteenth-century jeweler was showing his wares to a man in a wonderfully painted pelisse.

The cable was from Paris. It read in French:

"Twelve hundred thousand. D. DE M."

The messenger ceased to stare at the painting by Quentin Matsys and discovered that Caldecott was frowning fiercely at the message on the desk before him. He asked sympathetically: "Somebody dead, boss?"

He proceeded to answer himself by shaking his head mournfully. He had black hair and eyes of a gemlike blue. Ten million freckles were star-scattered on his face, and he smelled of cigarettes. His name was, of course, Sweeney.

"No, thanks," answered Caldecott pleasantly; "it's just a Frenchman who wants so much for three little red pebbles that if I pay his price I won't have enough left to give quarters to nice little boys who smoke cigarettes and bring in cablegrams between crap games."

"Say," said the boy, who had heard nothing after the word "quarters"—"say, tell him to chase himself, and offer him half."

"I will!" and Caldecott wrote:

"*De Meryonvilliers*, Jockey Club, Paris.
"Six hundred. CALDECOTT."

"Here's your quarter, boy."

"T'anks, boss."

"Get right back to the office with this, will you?"

"Sure!"

"No craps until after you hand it in. Tell them to charge it to me."



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On the next day the same boy brought in another cable. "I hope this one is all right"; and he smiled in advance.

Caldecott took a quarter from his pocket, gave it to him and read the message. It said in French:

"One million. Not a sou less. DE M."

"No answer!"

"Is it all right, boss?" asked the boy anxiously.

"Not yet."

"Well, I hope I bring you one to-morrow that will suit you," said young Mr. Sweeney expectantly.

"What did you do with the quarter I gave you yesterday?"

The boy looked at Caldecott a moment. Then he replied piously: "I give it to me mudder to buy a pork chop fer de baby."

"Don't come to-morrow," said Caldecott solemnly; "you might lose your little brother if you overfeed it."

"It's a goil," returned the boy triumphantly. "I'll be round, boss." And he left the room, wagging his head.

Caldecott took a small memorandum book out of his inner coat pocket, read something in it, took up his desk telephone and told central: "Plaza 18,818, please."

It was the private telephone number of George G. Carnarvon, the railway czar of the Northwest, and the greatest private collector of unset precious stones in the world. Only a few favored friends and accomplices knew that number, which was not in the directory. They never had to wait long.

"Mr. Carnarvon please."

There was a pause. Then: "Caldecott speaking, Mr. Carnarvon. . . . Very well, thank you. Do the De Meryonvilliers rubies interest you? . . . No! You're thinking of La Croissade. . . . Yes. Don't you remember I gave you a card to the duke? . . . Well, you have Fletcher's book. It has five or six pages about them. . . . No, only three; seventy-eight, seventy-one and sixty-eight carats—*En cabochon*. The seventy-one carat is the Akbar talisman. There is a reference to it in Barthélemy's Memoirs. . . . How could you when they've never been on the market? . . . The greatest bargain you ever saw. . . . Oh, about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. . . . No, sir-ree! As a matter of fact the reason I made you that price was that I'm hard up. . . . No, thanks. Good-by. . . . No! I said I was hard up; I didn't say starving. . . . Mr. Carnarvon, I bid two hundred thousand dollars for them regularly three times a year for twelve years, and visited the old duke every July after the races, for he was very unlucky, just to see if there was any chance. . . . No, I don't call it buying sight unseen when I've seen them hundreds of times. . . . Certainly; it is the most intelligent way for you to buy them; you know me. . . . Well, I can cheerfully state that you haven't one ruby fit to live in the same block with the poorest of these. . . . I know it because I know there is not one in America. . . . I'm sorry but . . . No, I can't do that. I shall tell Mr. Merriwether and Mr. Mount to-day and . . . What? . . . Yes, I'll listen provided you make me a white man's offer at the end of your oration."

Caldecott stopped talking and listened attentively. He stood in no more awe of his multimillionaire clients than he did of the collector of the port. They respected his independence and his knowledge.

As he listened he frowned. Presently he said: "No, I have not made a note of your offer, because it is no trouble to refuse it right off the bat. Remember how angry you got when the Spaniard sneaked the Delagoa diamond right out of your clutches? Well, I assure you that when you see the rubies you did not get . . . Your business is not to think you can bargain; it is to buy these rubies if, when and as issued. . . . What? . . . Very well. Now you do some listening, will you? Provided they prove as I've represented in weight and quality will you give me two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in Paris or two hundred and twenty-six thousand dollars delivered here, you to pay the duty? I know you are always busy, so just say yes or no."

Caldecott listened for the answer, but it must have been more than a mere yes or no, for he kept the receiver pressed against his ear fully a minute. Then he said impatiently: "My dear sir, when I say they, speaking of rubies, I mean just that. They—the Meryonvilliers collection of three. When you speak of The Night-Watch or The Surrender of Breda, do you have to say by Rembrandt or by Velasquez? And do you have to explain that it is an oil painting; a valuable old oil painting? When I speak of rubies and say they, I refer to the rubies you do not own and never dreamed of hoping to own. . . . Personally I'd rather have the three than the Black Prince. . . . No, no! It's two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. The duty is your funeral. . . . I don't see how your risk is so great. I myself have to trust to your honor. Being used to keeping my word I ask no written . . . I never lose my temper; my patience, often, for I have to deal with so many damned millionaires. . . . Deal's closed! Congratulations! . . . Pretty soon. I'll be going over in two or three weeks."

Caldecott hung up the receiver, jotted down a memorandum of the offer, dated it and put it in an inner compartment of the safe.

Then he wrote a cablegram:

"*De Meryonvilliers*, Jockey Club, Paris.

"Seven fifty including the Godefroy coffret in which your father kept them. Last offer. Must have acceptance or refusal within twenty-four hours. CALDECOTT."

In less than the twenty-four hours the answer came from Paris.

"*Caldecott*, New York.

"Nine hundred thousand. DE M."

He did not answer it, and on Saturday he received this:

"Eight hundred thousand with coffret. DE M."

Caldecott laughed as he read it. Then he called Carnarvon on the telephone.

"Caldecott speaking. Say, the duke insists upon my taking a little iron box, a miniature coffret in which the rubies have been kept since they came into the possession of the family. . . . Not so much artistically as historically. It was given by Godfrey of Bouillon to Robert Count de Meryonvilliers. . . . Absolutely! It ought to be in the Musée de Cluny. . . . They are asking me one hundred thousand francs for it. I don't deal in such things, as you know; but if I had your money I'd buy it without hesitation. First crusade; end of eleventh century. . . . No, I won't match for it, but I'll match you for half of it. If I match you you pay me twenty thousand dollars. If I don't you pay me only ten thousand dollars. . . . I'll match you. Wait a minute."

Caldecott stopped speaking, raised his eyebrows, stared at the ceiling the length of time he thought it would take him to get a coin out of his pocket. Then he said, "Heads!"

There was a pause. Then Caldecott—"Well, that will wipe out my entire profit on the . . . Do you want me to tell you to go to hell? . . . What difference does it make if I didn't see your coin? I heard your voice, didn't I? And you said tails, didn't you? I often wonder if you Wall Street men are really the square sports you are always boasting of being. . . . Well, you began it. . . . That makes two hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars with the little coffret, in New York, you to pay duties. Righto! Good-by!"



*"If They Thought So Well of Your Service Why Did They Let You Go?"*

He hung up the receiver and rang for a messenger, to whom he gave this cablegram:

"*De Meryonvilliers*, Jockey Club, Paris.

"Seven hundred and fifty thousand francs.

CALDECOTT."

On Monday morning when he reached his office he found three notices from the telegraph company informing him that a cablegram was held for him at the office. He did not even stop to look over his mail but went at once to the cable office.

He practically had sold the rubies to Carnarvon for two hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars which had been offered to him for one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. If the duke refused Caldecott's bid of seven hundred and fifty thousand francs and sold them to someone else, Caldecott could never make Carnarvon believe that he had played fair. This, rather than the possible loss of the profit, made Caldecott open the message eagerly. He read: "We accept. D. DE M."

He sighed with relief. Carnarvon might back out but it was not likely, and Caldecott could count on having made a profit of a trifle more than eighty-six thousand dollars. Not only that, but he had sold the most valuable rubies ever purchased by an American.

He gazed meditatively at the cablegram before him, no longer seeing the acceptance but the face of Mr. Anson Wheeler, collector of the port.

"This will do it!" he muttered, nodding to himself, after the manner of men who live alone. Then a grin came over his face. He had no time to lose; but, also, he must not be careless.

He walked briskly, not back to his own office but to that of Marcus, Son & Co., advertising agents. He nodded pleasantly to a shrewd-eyed young man behind the counter.

"I've got an ad for you, Mr. Marcus."

"Glad to hear it."

Caldecott took a blank sheet from a little stand above which was a sign:

HELP WANTED—MALE

Then he wrote slowly and carefully:

SECRETARY AND CONFIDENTIAL MAN. Must have education, refinement, tact, and the gift of seeing his employer's interest before seeing anything else. One preferred who is acquainted with the wholesale jewelry trade and, nevertheless, finds silence easier than speech. Since utter reliability and 24-carat honesty are indispensable, the highest references will be none too high. The applicant should be absolutely sure that he possesses all the needed qualifications before he applies at

ROOM 54, JEWELERS' GUILD BUILDING.

Caldecott read it over very carefully and gave it to young Mr. Marcus. "Brevier, double leaded, all the morning papers. Run it daily and Sunday until I order it discontinued."

"Very well, Mr. Caldecott."

II

CALDECOTT stood for a moment at the door of the Marcus advertising agency and stared up Broadway meditatively. Thousands upon thousands of human insects were scurrying about. Doubtless they found life a tragedy or a comedy, a grind or a farce; and between curses and smiles they hustled antlike for the day's mouthful. And by night they slept; or dreamed dreams before they slept; and on the morrow again chased food!

The monstrous futility of the mob's movements struck him more forcibly than usual. Within a few years not a handful of these thousands upon thousands who now constituted humanity would be on earth to eat, drink, sleep or dream their vain little dreams. And the world would not know that they had died because it would not know that they had ever lived!

People go to see a photoplay and they yawn and they laugh and sometimes they clench their fists at the death grapple of the human beasts or gasp at the struggle between the hero and the villain—the eternal conflict between right and wrong. But after "The End" is flashed on the screen they see nothing more. And they remember little except that there have been thrills and gaspings and convulsive grippings of hands. And there remains—the blank screen!

The life of man—a mere movie!

Suddenly his eyes took on an alert look made tolerable by a glint of humor.

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"Why, of course!" he muttered. From force of habit he looked about him as he entered the Woodford Building. He took the elevator to the fifth floor, walked to the end of the south corridor, made sure that nobody followed him, went quickly down the stairs to the fourth floor, and paused a moment before the door of Room 424, on the ground-glass pane of which he read: "Kathleen Moeller, Stenography and Typewriting." Then he opened the door and walked in.

It was a busy office. A dozen young women of varying degrees of pulchritude, but all equally industrious, were pounding away on the keyboards of their machines. At one end of the room you saw a girl by a manifolding contrivance used to produce circulars that resembled individual letters. She was very young and looked amiably absorbed in her work, probably because it consisted of doing something that sounded like Dr. Samuel Johnson, cane in hand, walking past a long iron balustrade. The very air of the room conveyed a sense of exhaustion, not so much because of insufficient oxygen for all those lungs as because of nerve fag superinduced by the ceaseless clatter.

Through an open door on the right Caldecott looked into another room, where he saw a typewriter on a stand beside a small flat desk.

He took off his hat and addressed the room generally by asking: "Miss Moeller?"

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

"Do you take dictation direct on the machine?"

"Yes, sir," replied Miss Moeller.

She was tall and very slender, with a mass of pale hair that somehow seemed gilt rather than golden, and pale-blue eyes in which there was a look of chronic wonder. It came from trying to understand why all girls could not be so accurate as she and why all men were so like all other men.

"Which of the young ladies is the most rapid?" Caldecott inquired with an amazing mixture of politeness and business curiosity.

"They are all first-class, sir." Miss Moeller spoke with the kind of calmness that lady novelists invariably describe as ominous.

It really meant nothing more than that she was unmarried.

"Oh!" And Caldecott smiled ingratiatingly. "I suppose they are all *hors concours*."

"Sir?"

"That's French," he explained hastily, "for championship form. I have considerable work to do, and of course I should like to know which of the young ladies would best do it."

Miss Moeller said "Miss Lockwood!" in an austere tone of voice and resumed her work without once deigning to glance at her questioner. It made Caldecott think of the dismal days to come when hotel clerks would be unmarried women and work in couples.




*"Miss Moeller, This Box is for You. And This is for Miss Lockwood. You Give it to Her So She Will Not Think She is Taking Presents From a Strange Man"*

Miss Lockwood sat down by the typewriter. She was a tall girl of twenty-two, who carried herself superbly and had a more or less uncontrollable pompadour. But what you noticed with instant regret was that she had protruding upper teeth, so that her dry pink lips did not quite cover them. This gave to her face a sort of chronic grin.

"Miss Lockwood, you will tell me if I go too fast for you."

Miss Lockwood wiggled her fingers pianist fashion and determinedly unclenched her teeth—as people with her kind of teeth always do when they brace themselves for a mighty effort. The lower animals whose teeth by reason of their outward slant cannot hold their squirming prey starve to death. But Nature does not thus kill off humans. Instead she allows them to develop certain forms of fleetness and cunning. Caldecott knew before he began that Miss Lockwood would be fast and not very accurate. Also, that she would never do any erasing.

He took from his inside coat pocket a wallet and from the wallet a few sheets of notepaper.

"Use this, please," he told Miss Lockwood. "How fast can you write?"

"It depends on how well you dictate," answered Miss Lockwood coldly.

"Ah! I perceive you have a temper. That's bad for speed. The brown-eyed ones are the fastest, I find. No, no! I do not want a dark-eyed one, but a blue-eyed one by the name of Lockwood. Single space. Ready? *'My dear John:* In compliance with your often expressed wish I now offer you an opportunity to join me in a new venture; in fact, I assume that you have already joined me and you will kindly arrange for ten thousand dollars exchange on New York ready to mail to me on receipt of a telegram. I don't need the money but I know you would not accept any of the profits unless you shared the risks. In point of fact, there are no risks that I can see, but such is the human animal in the proud West. What I do need is your help—your imagination and your artistic temperament and your unequaled capacity for believing anything you wish!'"

He paused and when the girl had finished he asked: "Too fast for you?"

"No!"

"Good! Paragraph. 'In the meantime I wish you would find a picturesque bit of scenery containing a mining prospect—one the topography of which is not unlike that

*(Continued on Page 30)*

# From the Romanoffs to the Bolsheviki

## By Princess Cantacuzène Countess Spéransky, née Grant

IT WAS doubtless with immense relief that on Friday, February 24, 1917—Russian-Greek calendar—Nicholas II left the complications at his capital and its administrative problems to return to the quiet, ordered military life of his staff headquarters at Moghileff. This time his short stay in the north had been especially trying. He had been forced to listen patiently to all sorts of contradictory reports on the interior condition of his empire and to equally contradictory proposals for the policy he should follow in connection with them; and he wanted to do right—what was best for his people and his dynasty.

Only the day previous to his departure he had gone to the capital from the Tzarskoe Palace, and had presided in person at a council of his cabinet. He had heard many things then from men in whom he had complete faith. Of such a dramatic nature were their prophecies and so urgent was their eloquence that His Majesty had promised them he would sign two edicts before he slept that night, and in their presence he ordered his Minister of the Interior, Protopopoff, to prepare and bring these to him at Tzarskoe in the course of the evening. One was to be published in a day or two, and it granted the responsible ministry which the Duma had been long demanding, while the cabinet was to hold the other edict in reserve and publish it only in case the first concession seemed insufficient to calm public opinion. The latter was a proclamation giving Russia her long-hoped-for constitution. His cabinet—or most of it—had shown deep gratitude when thus at the eleventh hour their sovereign acted generously. The members were convinced that this noble action on his part would still avert the storm they knew to be threatening both throne and country; and they bade His Majesty adieu with a renewal of enthusiastic loyalty.

Whatever came now, they felt they had been right not to resign from their posts during the recent months of tragic occurrences. It would seem easy to face future problems, since now they could act with the people's representatives in Parliament, who would thus halve the government's responsibilities. Also, it was truly a matter for rejoicing to think what quick work the Duma would make of the occult forces in the cabinet. So these honest patriots were deeply thankful for the magnitude of the two imperial concessions, which would disarm criticism and abolish discontent as with a magic wand. They looked forward now to a new era when the Crown, the Parliament and the people, joining hands, would push the war and develop civilization and education throughout Russia.

Meantime the Emperor, sincerely pleased with what he had done, returned to Tzarskoe and told of his decisions of the afternoon, but his announcement was met by a storm of protest, persuasion and discussion. Scorn was poured on disloyal subjects who dared, in the Duma he had created, to criticize their master's acts and to demand further powers; scorn also for the weaklings who saw nonexisting dangers, and on advisers, who said it was best to demolish autocratic traditions, inherited and held by divine right. All the pride and passion, all the talents and beauty of Her Majesty came into play, and onto this scene Protopopoff walked and reënforced the Empress with conviction.

He said there really was none of the danger that had been represented during the afternoon. The masses in the empire were devoted to their sovereigns and loved the ancient, patriarchal forms. True, in the capital there were some strikes which had long been chronic; and here and there were also slight disorders, but these were local, not serious; and even should they become so he had ample police, well armed, to put down uprisings. His Majesty might order General Ivanoff and a small group of picked men to the capital if he wished to take extra precautions; and he might even name the general as dictator. The Duma was a hotbed of revolutionary propaganda and should be closed instead of being allowed to foment troubles. These liberal men of the cabinet could not be relied upon, since they were thoroughly panic-stricken. He, Protopopoff, had not wished to contradict them to-day; but he knew well that upon reflection the Emperor would realize their anxiety was entirely unwarranted, since if any danger really existed the Minister of the Interior would have warned his master long ago.

By the end of the evening the sovereign was fully persuaded that during its afternoon session his cabinet had attempted to cheat him into signing away his inheritance at the very hour when they should have reënforced his courage to defend it. Naturally he was angered by the apparent false play. Therefore he destroyed both papers prepared for his signature; and in their stead he delivered

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a signed blank into Protopopoff's hands and gave him full power to conduct all home administration in consultation with the Empress, and on retrograde lines. The Emperor promised to send General Ivanoff to the capital immediately, and Protopopoff had permission to inform his colleagues of the military dictatorship planned, and also to impart to them the news of the sovereign's change of policy when he thought the time was ripe for such an announcement. Then the sovereigns went to their rest; and the following morning His Majesty departed, trusting implicitly to the devotion of his wife and her protégés, and to their capacity for handling events.

### *The Intrigues of the Empress*

THE Empress knew only what her chosen group told her. Long ago she had separated herself from all other people, punishing with banishment those who warned her of danger. Therefore, as she sat through Friday, Saturday and Sunday at her children's bedsides or worked in her hospital and read, knit and talked with Madame Wiroboff, she was free from alarm about the continued slight troubles she heard were still occurring; and even the sight of flames on the horizon, where Petrograd lay, failed to upset her. At last, she thought, she had the right to govern; and she felt that with Protopopoff's help she could save the autocracy and the country, putting down the rebels once and for all.

In her memory she lived over the long fight she had waged to reach this point; and how, by her husband's mistaken kindness, she had seen so many false steps taken which must be retraced now; but with the Emperor at the staff in safety and attending only to his military interests she could show energy; and the first measure she planned was the closing of the Duma, definitely and permanently, since its members did not realize their debt to the Crown, but continued clamoring. Protopopoff had once been vice president of the Parliament for a short time, and he must know the situation well. What an advantage for the country that at this moment she was able to save the services of such a minister to the nation!

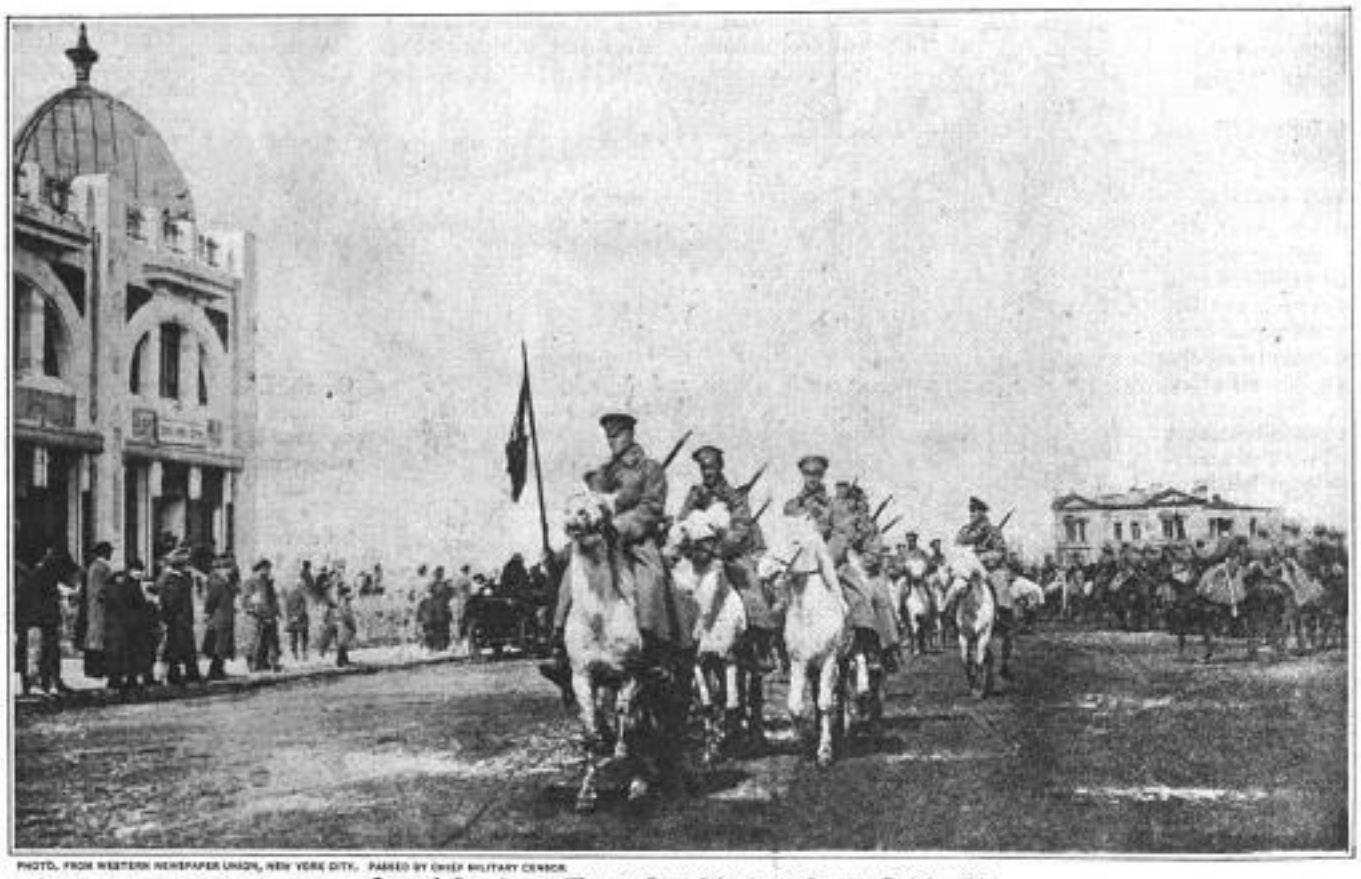
Meantime Protopopoff kept to himself the triumph he had had over his colleagues. He did not wish to rouse their suspicions till he had acted. Friday and Saturday passed, and the other members of the cabinet waited patiently for the first of the promised edicts to appear in the newspapers, relying on it to quiet the rising rumors in the great city. They even told some of the leaders in the Duma about the ministerial council held on Thursday, and the last session of the week in the lower house was closed by its president with a declaration that the Duma would again open on Tuesday the twenty-eighth, after the week-end recess. Officials hoped that by then the good news would be public and the responsible ministry proclaimed.

Sunday morning honest ministers must have opened their newspapers with beating hearts; certainly it was the last date possible for the publication of the imperial proclamation they expected. Could the sight that met their eyes be true? Instead of the granting of a responsible ministry they read the cold, curt words dissolving the Duma immediately.

What could it mean? Had they been mad on Thursday, and had they misunderstood? Or was this a sudden move of the Occult forces, pushing the misguided car of state over the edge of the precipice to destruction? And helpless now against the tempest these men, who had been too loyal to leave their service, must have felt despair overtake them. To their minds everything was lost. The great cause of the war, that of the monarchy, were both done for; and they themselves were trapped and crushed, cheated and sold. On top of this, which they read in the papers, they received official and individual notification that General Ivanoff would reach Petrograd "to take over all power of administration as dictator," and that they were to obey his orders "until further instructed."

To the leaders in the Duma the news might have seemed to indicate that their friends in the cabinet had given them false impressions; but it was symptomatic of the universal comprehension of our situation that this never entered anyone's head. Members of the Duma read the proclamation, jumped to the exact comprehension of what had occurred; and never was a reproach wasted in the wrong direction. There were some hurried consultations on Sunday. Such men as Rodzanko, Miliukoff and Goutchkoff had the pulse of the country in their hands and did not want a complete disaster if it could be avoided. Not the least doubt existed that there would be an uprising now; but they must try to prevent anything that would disorganize the country beyond repair. Whereupon Rodzanko sent a first telegram to the Emperor.

On Sunday the entire city remained in angry silence. Sullen crowds stood about on the sidewalks; but though there were murmurings no action took place. Monday, having digested for twenty-four hours the imperial edict, the whole Parliament spontaneously rushed to the Tauride Palace—their meeting place—to take the orders of their president. That day the city had awakened to the uproar of the revolution's birth, and Rodzanko and other leaders knew the old régime must fall.



PHOTO, FROM WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION, NEW YORK CITY. PASSED BY CHIEF MILITARY CENSOR

*Cossack Cavalry on Way to East Siberia to Oppose Bolsheviki*

What could replace it in the chaos of relaxed discipline? At the first moments there seemed nothing to do; yet Rodzanko and his small group were not idle. They had expected and had hoped for a change of government; but the revolution they had counted on was to have been a palace affair with an intelligent, strong, well-meaning and patriotic party supreme, whether those composing it were members of the court, the cabinet, the parliament or the army, prince or peasant.

Now, by the Emperor's own folly, at one fell stroke a most frightful catastrophe was precipitated—chaos and mob rule, unless one small group of men could stem the torrent with their persons, their influence, their words and their acts. It was a dozen men, at most, against all the elemental passions of the country; but they had on their side the fundamental good nature and the patient qualities of the people, with the latter's childish idealism and faith. And perhaps there was a chance yet of saving our national honor, the cause of the war and the life of the country, all of which hung in the balance.

So these men, with their colossal strength of heroism, seized the helm of the ship of state and clung to it. By noon on Monday Rodzanko had harangued numerous crowds of workmen, who had arrived at the Tauride, amid shooting and singing. He had brought together leaders of various parties in the Parliament and interested them in keeping the public quiet through their personal influence till events should develop further. He preached order, patriotism, organization and patience; and meantime he sent another telegram to the Emperor, to report on the acute conditions and ask for orders.

There was no reply to this or to his dispatch of the day before, though they had both been sent over the imperial private wire. Afterward it came to light that General Woyeikoff had intercepted and suppressed both. Hours had passed, bringing no news but only increased disorders about the Duma.

By Monday evening all the troops in the capital had passed over to the revolutionists, with or without their officers, many of whom had been killed; and the great Catherine Hall in the Tauride Palace was filled by a howling mob clamoring for blood and power. Workmen's and soldiers' deputations stood about, and Kerensky—leader of the Socialists—had been called into consultation. Having a name and personality well known to the masses, and a large sense of patriotism into the bargain, he had been given the mission of handling the rabble. Time after time, during fifty-two hours, pale, uncombed, unshaved, his clothes in disorder, he was pushed forward; and he shouted and gesticulated himself into a state of exhaustion. He always finally succeeded in taming those whom he addressed. Then he would collapse with fatigue and be cared for until he was sufficiently restored to go on with his special work.

The Duma was in perpetual session all day and all night, eating what could be brought to the halls from outside, while various university students of both sexes came as volunteers to serve these vague meals with the inevitable tea and cigarettes; also, to clean up in spots when it was possible. Goutchkoff was doing heavy work with reference to all the military questions. Miliukoff put his great brains to solving problems as to foreign relations and aspects of the situation. He saw the British and French ambassadors and consulted with all sorts of people in the intellectual—or intelligencia—circles. Prince Lvoff arrived from Moscow; and representing the zemstvos—the rural district organizations—he inspired everyone with courage and confidence. Young Téréschtchenko came and gave ten millions at once to help in the immediate financial difficulties.

On Tuesday Rodzanko wired twice to the apparently inert sovereign that his cabinet, helpless in the situation, had collectively resigned; that the garrison of his capital had joined the revolutionary movement; that the whole city was up in arms; and finally, that, having as yet no orders from His Majesty, he—Rodzanko—and the Duma had formed a provisional committee to do what could be done for law and order. It was too late now to do more than face events and act on the inspiration of the moment. That evening, at last, came a wire announcing the Emperor was starting for the capital.

### *Matters Come to a Head*

WEDNESDAY morning the arrested members of the government—ex-ministers, generals, and all sorts of well-known retrograde men, as well as members of the Empress' party—were being brought into the Tauride. Also there came, with his marines, the Grand Duke Kyril-Vladimirovitch. And as if by magic the Grand Duke Nicholas-Mihaïlovitch appeared from his banishment, wearing civilian clothes, offering help and advice, and saving the liberty and life of many liberal patriots of the old-régime party. He had just returned from the exile which had been meted out to him immediately after Rasputin's assassination.

By Wednesday noon Rodzanko heard that the Emperor's train was stopped at Pskof; and he communicated with General Russky over the latter's special wire. Two members of the Duma—Goutchkoff and Schoulgine—had been immediately sent to meet the sovereign, carrying the Duma's demand for his abdication; and the strain on the provisional committee was increased by anxiety as to what the imperial reply would be.

In the small hours of the morning the situation was relieved somewhat by the return of this deputation with the Emperor's last proclamation in their hands; and after

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reading it aloud to the ever-present multitude Rodzanko published it throughout the city, and placarded it on doors and on walls. It said, freely translated:

To prevent the enslavement of our country by foreign enemies we are still fighting a war which has already been proceeding for three years; and God has now seen fit to visit a still further trial on our much-worn Russia. The indication of internal unrest among the people threatens to reflect unfavorably on this war to protect our frontiers. The fate of Russia, the honor of our heroic army, the happiness of the Fatherland, make final victory vital to us. Our cruel enemy is exerting his final efforts against us, and already the hour draws near when, thanks to our army, in company with our allies, the enemy will be brought to his knees.

At this decisive moment of the fortunes of Russia we find it our bounden duty to take such steps as will enable our people to attain the unity of purpose and power indispensable for the earliest possible conquest of the enemy; and in accordance with the advice of the imperial Duma we abdicate from the throne of Russia and renounce the high powers attached to that office. Not wishing to part with our beloved son we pass the succession to our brother, His Imperial Highness Michael-Alexandrovitch, with our blessing on his accession to the Russian throne. We command our brother to govern the country in strict accordance with the wishes of the ministers to be chosen by the people, and that he swear this oath for the sake of our dearly beloved country. We also command all true sons of the Fatherland to fulfill their sacred duty of obedience to him as Czar in this dire moment of the troubles of our nation; and to help him and the people's representatives to guide the Russian Empire to victory, happiness and success. So may God help Russia! NICOLAI.

Early on Thursday morning a committee waited on the Grand Duke Michael. In this group were Goutchkoff and Kerensky. The Grand Duke was offered the throne, as by his brother's proclamation; but it was said he declined the proffered honor under pressure from the deputation, who did not want him to reign. He said in a proclamation of his own made public that same day that he would accept the crown only if he were "elected to it by the people's vote in a constituent assembly."

### The Provisional Government

IT WAS immediately decided to form a provisional government to carry on the war and the administration of the country till an assembly could be brought together and the choice of the people made known as to what form of government they desired for permanent use.

That same Thursday a ministry was named. It included all the best liberal thinkers and theorists available. It put Prince Lvoff at the head as Prime Minister; Miliukoff took the portfolio of foreign affairs; Téréschtchenko and his millions were set to guard the finances; while Kerensky and his idealism occupied the chair of justice. Nearly all the men in this cabinet were fine and honest, and they were inspired with ambition to set the country on its feet. The American ambassador, Mr. Francis, knowing their value, was anxious to strengthen their position; and he obtained by Saturday evening the recognition of the provisional government by the United States. England and France followed the example of the United States almost at once, and by Monday evening the new chapter of Russia's history was begun.

The revolution had lasted but a week. When the old ministers had been arrested none of them had been seriously ill-treated, though a few had suffered from exposure to the cold and from the hardships of poor lodgings and other inconveniences. The ministerial meeting rooms in the Duma were used to contain all the prisoners whom the self-appointed revolutionary guards had arrested and brought in. There were an extraordinary number scattered about the rooms, where they were detained a few hours or a few days, after which they were liberated, like Bark and Kotchoubey; or turned into the Fortress of Peter and Paul for a more permanent sojourn, as were Soukhomlinoff and Protopopoff. The latter hearing himself called for by the bloodthirsty rabble below his window on the first day of the revolution had fled, and remained hidden from Monday until Thursday, when he had suddenly appeared at the Duma door, asking for Kerensky. At once he was shut up in the ministerial pavilion, but he stayed there only about thirty-six hours. During this time he was granted the desired interview with the new Minister of Justice; and I heard that in this conversation he tried to save his own life and liberty by incriminating the ex-sovereigns. But as it turned out, he went to the fortress himself, and his information was not used against his imperial ex-employers. Someone who was in the same room with him at the Tauride told me that Protopopoff wept and whined over his fate during the whole of his stay and that he showed himself as entirely selfish as ever and a disloyal and arrogant coward.



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*Field Artillery and Barricades of the Revolutionists*



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*A Russian Trooper, Loyal to His Country, Stops Two of His Fleeing Comrades With the Butt of His Rifle*



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*Burning Piles of Imperial Eagles and Royal Arms Torn From Government Buildings*

Soukhomlinoff had a trying experience at the Duma, and was threatened with immediate death by the soldier mob before his guards could bring him into the pavilion; and till he and Protopopoff were taken to the fortress it was felt their presence endangered the lives of the whole group of prisoners, as well as those of the members of Parliament. Kerensky guaranteed, however, that these men should not escape judgment for their crimes, and they were not torn to pieces, though Soukhomlinoff's epaulets were actually dragged off his uniform. Old Stürmer was brought in, tremulously begging for protection on the score of his age and ill health, and he kept asking "Who will answer to me that I shall not be beheaded here?"

Gorymékin, though somewhat infirm in body and in mind, was of a different type; and over his morning costume he had put the grand cordon of an order given him by the ex-Emperor. He remained dignified and calm, in his tragi-comic get-up. He was brave and loyal to his first principles in spite of tottering faculties. He was soon liberated. Meantime he sat smoking endlessly, patiently awaiting his fate, with the remark constantly repeated that it was natural he should be made a prisoner in case of revolution.

Senators, members of the council of the empire, members of the ex-court and the government, about two hundred of them, lived in these crowded rooms for five or six long days. The prisoners were kept constantly on the *qui vive* as each morning and evening Kerensky made a tour of the rooms, chose out a few men to be liberated, and a few more to be sent to the fortress. At one side of the impromptu prison could be heard the discussions and the movements of the Duma's members; while from the other direction came the howls of bedlam let loose.

### Bark in Prison

IN THE Catherine Hall the deputations of soldiers and workmen held forth—criticizing, threatening, acclaiming, and demanding reports of all that was being done, and the right to veto or approve every measure presented. Many times the lives of all the occupants of the palace hung by a thread, and always the situation was saved by Kerensky's eloquence and his clever handling of his clients. When he accepted a portfolio in so conservative a cabinet as was the provisional he almost lost his hold on the ultra-Socialists, who feared he would no longer be their man. The first days after his nomination, as he circulated among the prisoners, he was attended by a guard of honor—one soldier and one sailor and one workman—as aids-de-camp; but he said afterward these had really been spies placed by the Catherine Hall crowd to watch his words and movements. During this time he was severe and curt in manner with the prisoners, but as soon as he became free from supervision he was quite unpretentious and human, trying to help and to liberate all those he could.

Certain prisoners had experiences that were curious and most contradictory one to the other. Bark, the ex-Minister of Finance, brought in on Wednesday morning by drunken volunteers and turned into a room with five other prisoners, was at first reviled by passing workmen and soldiers as a member of the old government "who had stolen the people's money." His friends in the Duma were greatly distressed to see him arrive, feeling it would be dangerous to offer him protection; but by degrees the guardian students and the soldiers standing about found out his name, and they announced that it was by his advice that vodka sales had been suppressed at the outbreak of war, and that thanks to him their revolution had been a success and was orderly to a degree they could be proud of. Then one student asked if he played chess and invited him to play with him. Over this they became friends, and this valuable protector allowed the minister to send home for a few necessities—linen and some books. Soon it was discovered, so his guardians told him, that "he was a man like the rest of us," and he was treated accordingly—perhaps because of his being a graduate of the university and a

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# It Isn't What You've Earned

## By GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIAN KEEN WAGNER

IT LOOKS so peaceful, this street upon which my story opens, that if you had walked beneath its maples upon the pleasant day that I have in mind you would never have dreamed that the occupants of these houses were engaged in a form of warfare that had overshadowed their past, was engrossing their present and was reaching out its hungry hands to grasp their future as well.

To make the story more remarkable this street is located somewhere in America—not somewhere in France; and though you may never walk along it at least you have seen a similar street many a time, unconscious of the serio-comic battles that are being waged so close at hand—of the campaigns that are being planned, the anxious counsels of the general staffs, the work of the secret service, the surprise attacks, and all and sundry.

Not to make a mystery of the obvious any longer, the name of this warfare, which has marred more lives than any man living can count, is Neighborly Rivalry.

And its slogan, generally delivered in the whisper of elation, is "Wait till the folks next door see this!"

It really began, that morning, with the coming of Namaline. Namaline was the tall, light-colored lady who sometimes obliged the housewives of Pleasant Avenue by "coming in and helping aht for the day." On the morning in question she turned in at Number 31 Pleasant Avenue, at a quarter past eight, elegantly attired in a porous-plaster green sweater trimmed with white fur, and carrying a purple leather bag with her monogram on it in gilt letters three inches high.

You mustn't think from the sweater and fur that the season was winter. It was the middle of July. But Namaline was a fashionable maid, and in her porous-plaster green sweater and white fur she looked like an up-to-date Senegambian Venus coyly emerging from a foam-flecked wave.

"Here at last," thought Mrs. Warner, who had been watching from the kitchen window. And yet, if the truth must be told, she didn't seem displeased at the deliberation of her aid's approach. Her thoughts on the subject were probably unconscious, but if she had given them words they would probably have run a lot like this: "Well, anyhow, the folks next door will have a good chance to see her."

Nor was young Mrs. Warner the only one who was watching. In the eternal warfare of Neighborly Rivalry there are scouts on every hand—an eye in every window, an ear on every wall.

Across the street Mrs. Peck's colored girl was watching, with nostrils dilated like a runaway horse.

"Green sweater and whaht fur," she scoffed to herself. "Ah lahk that Namaline's nerve! Wait till she sees mah whaht shoes and new wrist watch at church to-morrow. She'll go raht out and get some new brass letters for her puhple do'mat; and they won't spell 'Welcome,' either!"

Other remarks and reflections ran up and down Pleasant Avenue like a wandering tidal wave.

"I'm sure that Mrs. Warner would be better employed if she did her own work."

"The idea! A quarter past eight, and only just getting there!"

"Fanny! Come and look here! This is rich!"

"Now what's she got that woman there to-day for? Did you ever hear tell of such a thing?"

As is nearly always the case, however, it took the folks next door to hit the nail the nearest on the head.

"Oh, momma! What do you think?" asked Miss Holton, of Number 33, hurrying into the kitchen as breathless as any dispatch rider who ever rode on motorcycle or aëroplane. "That awful Namaline has just gone in next door, dressed up like a circus. I'll bet that Mrs. Warner's sister—that young red-headed one—is coming to-day." And in a tone which a novelist would describe as being of "an infinite longing" she added these strange, these cryptic words: "Oh, momma! Wouldn't it be great if she got here just in time to fall down dead with her sister!"

II

WARFARE in all its forms is a curious thing, but in nothing perhaps is it more strange than in the manner in which it seems to transform the parties engaged. If a man from Mars, for instance, were to visit this earth for an hour, and spent his sixty minutes on a battlefield in France he would return to his grand canals with the conviction that we are essentially a bloodthirsty race, whose guiding characteristics are battle, murder and sudden death. And yet, if he only knew, this young soldier with his diabolical snarl and busy bayonet would a great deal rather be using a spoon in Peterson's Ice Cream Parlor with the only girl in all the world twittering her eyelashes at him just across the table. And this middle-aged artillery man with the grizzled temples, who is raining death and destruction nearly ten miles away, dreams every night of the day when he can go back home to his cottage and garden, and sit beneath the grape arbor at the back door on a Sunday morning, and talk to the dog, and shell the peas for dinner. So, too, with the Neighborly Rivalry, which forms the subject of my story.



"That's What They've Been Fooling Round in the Barn for Lately," She Mourned; "and All the Time I Thought They Were Going to Keep Chickens"

If the ladies of Pleasant Avenue lived and died for nothing else than to try to outdo their neighbors I should leave them to the alienists and the Ibsen school of dramatists. But in reality they were at heart good friends and good neighbors, good wives and good mothers, who had by imperceptible degrees been pushed into a contest that was not of their own seeking, but that had been started and kept alive by such hoary old battle cries as "Always keep your end up"; "If they can afford it, so can we"; and "You can't take it with you when you die."

These two blue spruces on the Warners' front lawn, for instance—they hadn't been planted a week when the Holtons put in a rose hedge and a purple-leafed maple. This started Number 30 into action. They had their porch screened in and a swinging seat set out on the lawn by the side of the house. For the next month Pleasant Avenue suffered with a contagion of swinging seats—a sort of green-slatted measles breaking out on nearly every lawn.

Number 42 escaped the infection, perhaps because they had no children, but they had hardwood floors laid in the two front bedrooms and sat back easily on their honors. Whereupon Number 44 had their house painted, and Number 51 had their front lawn regraded and concrete steps built up from the sidewalk.

Mrs. Landry, of Number 66, was the next to enter the assault. She disappeared one day and the following morning this item appeared in the Bulletin under the heading "Society Briefs":

Mrs. Landry, of Pleasant Avenue, is spending the week enjoying the breezes at Atlantic City. She will visit friends in New York on her way home.

For a time, then, the battle shifted to the columns of the Bulletin, the following communiqués appearing in rapid succession:

Mrs. Andrew J. Keach, of Pleasant Avenue, is visiting friends in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Schwartz and little son Henry, of Pleasant Avenue, expect to leave shortly for the White Mountains. They will be gone about two weeks.

Mrs. J. W. Riley is in Springfield, where she will attend the State Convention of Women's Clubs.

Miss Louise Holton, of Pleasant Avenue, has returned home from her visit to Washington.

It was this last item that put the bee into young Mrs. Warner—into whose house you have just seen Namaline disappear; and after thinking over the various ways in which she could get her name in Society Briefs, and thus be as good as any of them, she finally invited her sister to come and stay a few weeks.

"She'll have a chance, too, to meet some nice young men," said Mrs. Warner to Ben, her husband; "and the day she comes, that will be one item for Society Briefs. Then I'll give a reception; that'll be two. And if she should hit it off with some nice young man—somebody, Ben, who's got something, you know—well, we might even have an October wedding and put it all over the girl next door. Wouldn't it be great!"

Ben didn't say much—I will tell you later about Ben and his habit of silence—but just before he went to bed that night he wound his watch as though he were winding up his courage, and then he bent over to unlace his shoes.

"Do you think we can afford it, Maude?" he asked from the seclusion thus obtained.

"Of course we can afford it!" she cried, guessing what he meant in a moment. "If the neighbors can go away and have company come I'd like to know why we can't too! The idea! I'd like to see myself when I couldn't keep my end up with the people I live among! Why, Ben, if they thought we were the least bit under they'd walk right over us; you know right well they would! And anyhow," she continued, "I think they ought to pay you more down at the office."

Ben sweated a little at this, and frowned at himself for having started a topic in which he might have known that he would get the worst of it before he ever opened his mouth.

"I've thought so for a long time," continued Maude with spirit. "Didn't you say yourself the other day that you had men working for you who were getting fifty dollars a week?"

"They're mechanics—on piecework," said Ben, straightening up at last and blowing the air out of his cheeks. "They're not paying anybody in the office like that."

"Well, they ought to!" cried Maude. "That's all I say!"

Ben didn't say anything—his habit of silence falling on him again; but uneasily he became conscious of the wedge that lately had been driving deeper and deeper between himself and this brisk little woman who was waiting for him to lock the back door before she turned out the light.

"Thirty dollars a week—yes," he thought, driving the wedge deeper. "And the old gentleman never made more than twelve a week, and mother brought up her family and saved money out of that."

The light snapped out, and as he followed Maude up the dark stairs she lifted the sledge hammer of thought herself and took a good hard crack at the wedge aforesaid.

"Oh, if I only had a husband like some women!" she thought. "Wouldn't I make this town sit up and take notice!"

"Coal bill, eighty-five dollars," thought Ben, unconsciously taking the sledge over; "Calkins & Mitchell,

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eventy-six. Wiring the house for electricity, thirty-even ——"

"I'll fix the front room more private," thought Maude; so if Mary does get a beau —— I ought to have someone o help me with the rugs, though."

"Deeper in the hole every year," sighed Ben as he hung is coat over the back of a chair.

"I know," thought Maude, her hands busy at the back f her waist; "I'll get Namaline!"

And so it happened, on the morning when my story pens, Mrs. Warner sat near her kitchen window finishing er breakfast and watching for her dusky handmaid. She as a brisk little woman, was Ben's wife. Though she was early thirty years old she had the pert nose and the quick anner of a girl; and when I add that in certain lights her air had a glint of red in it you will follow me better perhaps when I say that her spark of life was a bright affair nd she didn't take any small change from neighbors while olding her end up on Pleasant Avenue.

"Here at last," she sighed with relief as the Senegambian Venus slowly surged up the path on the crest of her am-flecked wave. "And now, first of all, I'll get her to hip the rugs and then we'll hang the new curtains."

Now as they worked together—the mistress and the aid—they also talked together; for in some subtle manr, which I can never hope to define, Namaline always ave her visit the air of a social call.

"Ah was helping Mis' Prudden aht yesterday," she egan. "She'd been after me so often that Ah began to el real ashamed ——"

"Ye-es?"

"Yas, Mis' Warner. They have a new dinner service—al genu-wine china—that cost nearly th'ee hund'ed ollars!"

Whereupon Namaline rolled her eyes, and whether or not e enjoyed the slight frown of concentration that clouded laude's expressive countenance r a moment she almost smacked er lips as she brought out her ext item.

"They say the Wilkinsons are oing to the Whaht Mountains ext week."

"Won't that be nice!" said laude, smiling very well indeed.

"Oh, yas'm," said the other in flat, mournful voice. "It's all ht, Ah s'pose, if yo' can afford . But as Ah was saying to a iend of mine last night, 'Eve,' h said, 'a poor person's got no ht to live on top of the earth y longer.'"

Maude couldn't help wonderg whether this was a sly shot eant for the Warners.

"Mr. Warner and I were going ay next week ourselves," she id with dignity, "but my sister coming to visit us; so of course have to stay at home and entain her."

Again the pleasing fancy ened Maude's active mind. If ary could only get ahead of the l next door wouldn't it even a long line of old scores?

"Putting in their rose hedge t because we planted our blue aces. And painting their barn t because I enameled those ker chairs. And playing Narus every time I start the Black wk Waltz. And always so sant to Ben and yet so snippy ne!"

ler imagination working ly she already saw the prepaons for Mary's wedding.

And of course I'd invite n," she dreamed, "that Great nghai, and her mother, and fat-faced father too. And n they saw Mary walking up aisle with the bridegroom by side—well, anyhow it would lesson to them, and I'll bet 'd never bother me any ."

hus Maude dreamed and d to herself—those vague ms and conversations that times seem to be part of life. though the thoughts of some may be as precise as a page etrarch, and our conversaas formal as a Latin inscripby old Doctor Johnson—at least we all know how Petrarch mooned over Laura, and how Johnson liked to drink his tea, and chat his chats and dream the years away.

Namaline had been working in silence for a time, but she didn't like this, for even as the chorus seldom dances much while it sings so Namaline never worked much when she talked. "How d'yo' like my new sweater, Mis' Warner?" she asked.

"I think it's very striking," said Maude.

"Well, now, Ah'll tell yo' how Ah come to get it," said Namaline, preening herself with satisfaction. "The lady who lives next do' to me, she bought herself a crushed raspberry sweater. Paid seven-fifty for it. Oh, lawsy, the airs that woman gives herself just because she does the washing for some of the best families on the Plains! So Ah didn't say anything, but last Monday Ah took mah twelve dollars and fifty cents and bought that sweater you saw me come in and—lawsy sakes alive!—the woman next door, she nearly died! Her eyes came right out, inch by inch, till they looked like two clothespins, and Lawdy Nevven only knows what she's gwineter do when she sees the gold monogram on mah new bag!"

Now perhaps you'll think this a trivial thing to report, but just for a second, just for one dim flash, Maude caught a glimpse of Neighborly Rivalry in a new light—a light that wasn't exactly complimentary to the persons concerned—a light that was to appear before her later, as you are soon to see. One dim flash for the present, however, and it was gone; and half an hour later when Maude's sister Mary came rolling up to the door in Gene Haskell's livery car you might have thought that the moment of revelation had gone beyond recall.

"There!" thought Maude, silently apostrophizing the folks next door. "What do you think of that?"

But the folks next door remained strangely silent. "I'll bet they've got their eyes glued to a window somewhere," gloated Maude; and after Mary had changed her dress and the two sisters had gone out on the veranda to wait for Ben, Maude's every action and every laugh was partly for Mary's benefit and partly for the eyes and ears of the folks next door.

She was a bright, fresh-colored girl, was Mary, as short as Maude, and having the same eager spark of life; and it didn't take her long to learn of the rivalries of Pleasant Avenue.

"But the folks next door—oh, oh!" concluded Maude. "What I've had to stand from those people, and the way I've had to put them in their place! They wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't for that overgrown daughter of theirs—a great, tall Shanghai who must be older than I am. Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Maude aloud.

But still the folks next door remained strangely silent.

"She generally comes out and fools round the lawn, all dressed up, when I have company," whispered Maude. "I'd love to have you see her. Ha, ha, ha!" she laughed aloud again.

But still the folks next door preserved that silence which is generally associated with oysters and clams.

"I'm going to have this veranda screened in as soon as we can afford it," whispered Maude. "Gloucester hammock, nice cretonne lamp and wicker furniture. Then when we have friends call in the evening we can sit out here and talk and play cards and nearly send them crazy."

Her diction was slightly confused, but I think you will know what she meant, and she was just on the point of laughing again when her attention was attracted by the sight of a brand-new car slowly approaching down the street.

"Who is it?" asked Mary with interest. "Somebody calling here?"

"No," said Maude, a dreadful fear at her heart, "it—it's our next-door neighbor."



*"The Folks Next Door Have Got a Brand-New Car—a Big One. They Went Out for a Ride Just Before You Came Home"*

The new car stopped in front of Number 33 and one of the neighbors who was passing by paused to admire it.

"You've certainly picked a good one," was his verdict.

"Well, Jim, I always try to," said the proud possessor at the wheel.

Poor Maude.

"It's theirs, all right," she thought; and her heart went heavy as she realized that there was no earthly chance of their being able to counter-attack against this new, this utterly unexpected thrust for Neighborly Supremacy. "That's what they've been fooling round in the barn for lately," she mourned; "and all the time I thought they were going to keep chickens. Chickens! And now look there!"

From the house next door a comfortable-looking matron appeared, followed by a tall girl in amber-colored goggles. This last, as you have doubtless guessed, was the Great Shanghai fulfilling her previously expressed ambition of "making them both fall dead." She climbed into the waiting car by the side of her mother, and just before the father threw in the clutch she leaned over and whispered something into his ear. Father smiled back and blew the horn.

"Ha, ha, ha!" crowed the Great Shanghai—every note a knife in poor Maude's heart. "Ha, ha, ha!" crowed she.

### III

WHEN Ben came home he couldn't make it out at all. He had expected to find a scene of jollity and that atmosphere of suppressed excitement which generally prevails when company comes. Instead, he found Maude talking in hollow tones, and when she smiled she reminded him of the lady in the song who "would break her heart to-morrow, but would be all smiles to-night."

They didn't tell him at first, though.

"Time enough for that," Maude had said to Mary. "We'll let him have his supper, anyway."

*(Continued on Page 37)*

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# A. W. O. L.

## By GEORGE PATTULLO

DECORATION BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK



MISS MACK, of the Salvation Army, was dozing in the kitchen of the canteen. The artillery was sullenly muttering somewhere; but that surf-like sound had grown to be almost a lullaby to her.

It was very early in the morning, about the hour that city folks take a peep at the clock, turn over in bed and snuggle down for another forty winks; and Miss Mack had been up until two A. M. frying eggs for soldiers just in from the front line. She was still frying eggs, in her sleep. Her two helpers had not yet appeared for the day's work; neither had the old Frenchwoman who washed the dishes. She had gone on strike, two days before, for the ninth time, and had not yet recovered from her grouch.

The canteen was deserted, except for a doughboy at a table, who was snoring, with his head on his arms. His uniform was smeared with clay and he was very dirty; but then he had just come out. The roof of the canteen consisted of a sheet of canvas stretched from one wall to another, and there was a hole in the center to give light and ventilation. Through this hole the sun's rays penetrated in a broad shaft; they played upon the sleeping soldier like a spotlight.

All the rest of the canteen was in gloom. It was located in an ancient ruined house whose roof had fallen in; the foreground held tables for the men's use and the back portion was the kitchen, fenced off by a counter at which they received their food and hot coffee and chocolate.

The door opened and a couple of soldiers breezed in.

"Shut the door!" one of them cautioned in a hoarse voice. "Where was you raised, anyhow?"

Miss Mack heard them, got up wearily, and was ready at the counter when the pair bellied up there. The foremost placed a bag on the board and said:

"Cook 'em up!"

"How many are there?"

"Three dozen."

"Do you want them all?"

"Sure, we want them all, ma'am! Me and Wally ain't had nothing to eat for thirty-six hours."

### *The Only Way to Cook Eggs*

MISS MACK had frequently seen one of her customers put a dozen eggs under his belt at a sitting; so she was not surprised. Neither was it any novelty for her to hear that they had been thirty-six hours without food. When the average soldier misses his dinner he will swear by all that's holy that he hasn't touched a morsel in a couple of days.

"How do you want them done?" she inquired from the kitchen.

"There's only one way to cook aiggs—just fry 'em, straight up."

"And tootasweet, please, ma'am," put in Wally. "Tootasweet," he explained kindly, "means to get a hustle on."

"Sometimes it means right now," added his comrade. "And then agin it may mean next week."

Miss Mack laughed.

"You're getting on with your French, I see."

"*Oo, là là*—yes," answered Wally. "*Oo, là là* means Oh, my Gawd! in our language. Don't it, Hardtack?"

But Hardtack's sense of chivalry was hurt.

"You'd ought to say 'Goodness gracious!' to a lady," he said reprovingly.

By this time the eggs were in the pan.

"You boys'll have to wash your own dishes. I have nobody here to help me this morning."

"Sure!" agreed Hardtack. "Wally's awful handy round the house. He'll make somebody a fine wife one of these days—hey, Old-timer?"

Having finished eighteen eggs each and lamented that there were no more, the worthy pair entered the kitchen and proceeded to wash the dishes.

"All them to do yet?" inquired Wally, indicating a pile in a pan.

"I'm afraid so; they were left over from last night."

"O. K. Give 'em to us. I swear, though, Hardtack, it does look like you could do half."

"It ain't a man's job," replied Hardtack with conviction; and that started a wrangle.

Miss Mack listened delightedly; the rougher they were the better she liked them. Hardtack had a red neck and warts on his hands, and the personality of a good-natured cyclone. He invariably conversed in a bellow; and when he sank his voice to a whisper you could hear him a hundred yards. Wally was much smaller, of a compact athletic build. And there was a curious difference between the speech of the two—the difference between the mountains of Tennessee and a rural town of Ohio. Both were weather-beaten, unshaved, and covered with mud; they had come back, just before daylight, from the Front.

"It sure does a man good to talk to an honest-to-Gawd woman," Hardtack announced.

Miss Mack had heard that sort of thing before. "Where're you boys going?" she asked.

"Out for a rest. Our bunch has been relieved."

"Well, take care of yourselves; and come in often. We've got places for you to write, and I can always give you something to eat, and coffee."

"Much obliged, ma'am," they said. "The aiggs was fine. Well, so long!"

Outside they stopped to light cigarettes; and Wally inquired:

"How many francs you got?"

"How many you got?"—suspiciously.

"Come on! Come across! You know I ain't got any."

"All right! Here it is. But do you know where we can git any though?" Hardtack asked, a bit anxiously, as they walked along the village street.

"Sure—if I can only find it. A guy told me about a place yesterday."

They found it.

"Cog-nac," said Wally, who always acted as interpreter. The woman shook her head. "Cog-nac," he continued in a louder voice, thinking she did not understand.

Again she shook her head, shrugging her shoulders. He repeated the word at the top of his lungs. The woman broke into a voluble harangue.

"What's she tryin' to say now, Wally?"

Wally knew no more than Hardtack did, but he answered readily:

"She says she ain't got any. She says she's only got white wine."

Hardtack nodded gloomily.

"Sure! We might of knowed it. That's the way in this man's army! You can't even git a lil' snort if you're in uniform, unless they know you."

It ended in their buying a bottle of wine; and they proceeded on their way. Some of our batteries, not far off, presently broke into the morning anthem. A few minutes and the boches replied. There were several splitting explosions round an orchard beyond the village; but they paid no attention.

A short distance from brigade headquarters they encountered some boys from their own regiment and stopped to pass the time of day.

"Say," said one, "there's some artillery guys in town and they just been paid."

"Where are they at?" demanded Hardtack.

### *The Language of the Bones*

THE soldier told them and the hopeful twain set out in that direction. The artillery guys were prowling aimlessly about until the stuff for which they had come should be ready to load.

"What you aiming to do?" inquired Hardtack amiably.

"Nothin'! What is there to do in this dump? Nothin'! That's what we're going to do."

"Well, we'll help you," was the reply; and the bunch adjourned to a yard.

There, on the ground, they started to shoot craps, with chickens scratching near by, and an old woman sunning herself in the doorway of the house. More than the chickens were scratching before long—to wit, the artillery guys.

Hardtack had divided with Wally the eighteen francs remaining after the purchase of the wine, and with this slim capital they soon had a stack of crumpled five and ten and twenty franc notes. As for the bottle, it was snugly tucked into Hardtack's overcoat; he had no intention of wasting any of it on the artillery.

Did you ever see a soldier roll dice? He makes the average business man with an income of eight or ten thousand a year look like a piker. The fun may start at a franc a throw. But just let him get warmed up! Let him get warmed up and he thinks in continents. His pay is thirty-three dollars a month, and he doesn't get much of that, what with allotment and insurance; but with the dice "breaking good" he'll shoot a hundred francs a throw without the flicker of an eyelash.

"You could get torpedoed in the Atlantic Ocean and come up with a pearl necklace," snarled one of the losers to Hardtack.

"You don't know their language," said Hardtack cheerfully, blowing on the cubes. "Who wants any of this fifty francs? Coming out!"

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# GETTING EVEN

## By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES C. McKELL

WHEN the old bullwhacker drew bridle at the box-elder stage station, having ridden six miles from his river claim merely to refresh himself with the rare music of human speech, he emitted his customary bloodcurdling howl to call the stock tender's attention to his arrival. The stock tender, however, instead of cheerfully responding with his own interpretation of the wild Sioux war cry, as he usually did, made a sudden appearance at the harness-room door and flung a currycomb at his visitor's head, at the same time sh-sh-sh-sh-ing like an overcharged locomotive relieving itself of a dangerous pressure of steam.

"Is the baby asleep?" queried the old man in a hoarse whisper as he stiffly dismounted.

The stock tender's frown gave place to a wide grin.

"You've called the turn," he replied in the same hushed tone.

"Give the old plug a forkful of hay and then come in and take a tiny peek at the little darling. He looks too cute for anything! Step light, now!"

He presently led the way back to the harness room, which was also his sleeping apartment. Tip Yoakum, a gangling, red-bearded granger from Hat Creek, was sitting in a back-tilted chair close to the bunk, and he raised a warning finger as the two entered. Simultaneously a gentle snore proceeded from the bunk and the old bullwhacker, advancing a cautious step or two, saw a young man lying extended on the stock tender's blankets and sunk in profound slumber

The very peculiar thing about the young man was his face, which was dotted and streaked in a strikingly original pattern with red ocher and black harness dressing. Alternate bars of black and red ran horizontally across the sleeper's forehead; his nose was of a vivid red, with jet black at the tip, suggesting the claw of a lobster; crescents and crosses filled the cheek space and joined two circles with central dots on the rounded chin. After a few moments' silent inspection the old bullwhacker raised his beetling eyebrows inquiringly. The stock tender answered with the complacent smile of the true artist who knows his work is good.

"The angels are whispering to him," he murmured as a slight spasm contorted the slumberer's ochered mouth. "Let's go, boys; I don't want to have to walk the floor with him."

When they were comfortably seated in the shade of the old cottonwood outside the station the old bullwhacker asked who the wearied pilgrim on the bunk might be.

"Dickie Pollett, one of the Z Bell boys," replied the stock tender. "They had poor Dickie on night herd all through the storm last night, and the bunch broke away eighteen times with a conservative average of five miles a break before they could be headed off. On top of that, Bill Timmy hazes the long-suffering son-of-a-gun down here to meet Owens, on the stage, with a spare horse to carry him to camp. Well, the stage being probably the other side of Pass Creek and the road being so they've most likely got hell as well as high water to wrastle with, Dickie allowed he'd have a few hours to pound his ear, which he has been doing since I fed him. He's a sound sleeper, Dickie is." The stock tender chuckled. "He'll wake up when the stage gets in, though. They'll be some strangers on the stage, as like as not, who won't know no better than to make rude personal remarks about the looks of folks. I sort of expect a little break in the monotony of our dull lives when that stage pulls in and Dickie comes out. Yes, sir, gentlemen, I wouldn't be surprised at most anything in the line of excitement. I judge Dickie to be sensitive and maybe a little apt to take offense."

"I reckon you're right," said the old bullwhacker, "if he's the Dick Pollett that mangled Tribulation Simmons up a mess last fall; and I guess he must be. And they did say that Simmons was a hard man to handle. I disremember whether he got well or not. Did you hear, Tip?"

The Hat Creek granger shook his head.

"I didn't hear," he said gravely.

"And didn't he about half kill Crookneck Nillson on Coffee Flat last calf round-up? Seems to me that boy's name was Pollett. Why, yes. And if they hadn't pulled him off —— Sure! I've got him placed now. Nillson played some little harmless joke on him, and Simmons just made a kind of innocent remark. Oh, he's bad medicine! Sort of reminds me of Billy the Kid. I didn't reco'nize him as he was asleep there, account of Hank's art decoration; but I got him placed. I remember seeing him when he was on trial for manslaughter at Cheyenne. I wouldn't be surprised at 'most anything myself. Know him well, Hank?"

"You make me tired!" said the stock tender.

"What seems to me sort of onusual is Dick's size," observed the old bullwhacker. "'Most all the cut-ups and humorous jokers I've ever met up with has been husky, two-fisted devils, about a foot taller than the run, with a ringing laugh like a burro at sunrise and a bold, reckless spirit bordering on rashness—like Pete Wallaby. Sometimes they'd live to get over it naturally, as sense come with the passing years, and sometimes they was cut off in the flower of their youths by neck yokes or three-legged stools or shotguns, or the like—whatever come handiest to the man that couldn't take a joke.

"One of the comicalest boys I ever knew, except Pete Wallaby, was cut off by a circus elephant that he had been feeding peanuts to. A few of the peanuts was loaded with red pepper. If he had played that same joke on a small-sized monkey that boy might have been alive to-day, filling the world with sunshine and horselaughs and mortal enemies; but no, he had to pick on an elephant of Scotch descent that was a considerable bigger than he was himself. Still, you can't 'most always sometimes tell. Jessie Tarrant wasn't no Siberian mammoth in point of size."

The stock tender said he wasn't acquainted with the lady, and what about her, anyway?

"She didn't have no sense of humor," replied the old bullwhacker. "You might have thought she had, to look at her, because she had a pair of these yer kind of bright black eyes that always seems to be twinkling when they ain't snapping; and she smiled easy and often, and laughed like she enjoyed it. But she was mighty deceiving, just the same. Pete found that out. First off, he thought his frolicsome ways was what had made a hit with her; and I reckon they did, only they didn't hit her in the right place."

Here the stock tender interrupted again to request an introduction to Pete. It might be that they had never met and never would, but it was handy to have particulars to check up by if necessary.

"Pete Wallaby was the champeen bronco-buster of the Flying V when Shorty Williams run the outfit," the old bullwhacker particularized. "He was then twenty-two years of age, dark complected, good-looking, six foot one and three-quarter inches in his stocking feet, and weighed a hundred and eighty-seven pounds in the working season, when all his fat was in his head. He was as quick as a cat, and a fancy shot with a six-gun; so that 'most everybody took his jokes good-natured and nothing serious ever happened to him until he run acrost Jessie Tarrant at the Blueblanket dance that they had to celebrate the new city hall before they put the partitions in.

"You might say Pete was popular and well thought of. It just depends on whether you was raised to be truthful or not. The Flying V cook, Bert Askins, hadn't much use for him, account of his putting the salt in the sugar can and vice versa, and changing the soda and baking powder round, substituting coal oil for lemon extract. One time he got into the kitchen just before Bert spread himself to show a party of visiting Eastern stockholders what a real range cook, with red-flannel underwear, could do.

"Red Richardson wasn't never real friendly with Pete after Pete pulled the chair away from him just as he was going to sit down, but he hadn't ought to have took no chair for granted when Pete was round. Milton Brett—him that got sent over the road for rustling beef last July—Milt did paste Pete on the jaw one time after his pipe blew up and singed off his mustache and eyebrows; but Pete didn't stop laughing even—just picked Milt up and spanked him. Milt went for his gun after that; but, somehow or other, he had mislaid it and he wouldn't use none that the boys willingly offered him. He said he was wonted to his own and knew he could rely on it, but he wasn't taking no chances of botching up no assassination with an unfamiliar weapon. That was the sort of luck Pete had until he met up with Jessie Tarrant.

"That Blueblanket dance was more than common doings. It was the first city hall Blueblanket had ever had in the six months that it had been a city, and the whole teeming hundred and twenty-eight of its population was busting with pride and bound to make the celebration a success. The Board of Trade chartered a private buckboard and drove round to deliver the invites personally, and the Flying V was one of the first places they stopped. At the head of Calico Cañon they made a longer stop at Tarrant's, and Miss Jessie said she'd sure attend if she could only get a gentleman to take her. Tarrant allowed that, the way gentlemen had been beating trails to his humble home from forty mile round and wearing out rocking-chair seats and welcomes and things on no particular business, the chances was she could rope in one, or even more if more was needed; and he wasn't crowding the truth when he said it.

"There was three gentlemen at the Flying V Ranch that put in applications to take Miss Jessie to that dance, and two of the horses out of the three that they rode over to apply was never the same animals after that. The gentleman that got there first was Frank Ellis, and Frank was a boy who would always look ahead a little if there was any chance of saving trouble; so when he found he was the prize winner he went right to Pete and took him off a piece outside the bunk house.

"'Was you aiming to go to the dance, Pete?' he asks.

"'Sure!' says Pete, prompt and cheerful. 'Them's my intentions. Blueblanket has always treated me right and I wouldn't want to disappoint the folks and spoil the whole shindig by not going. Why, certainly! I'll be on hand, like a sore thumb. We've got to make that dance a big success.'

"'That's my idea,' says Frank. 'What will you take to stay away?'

"'Spread your idea a little so's I can study it easy,' says Pete.

"'Here it is,' says Frank: 'We want to make that dance a success as a dance. We don't want no side-splitting extrys in the way of entertainment like you've furnished in times past and gone of yore. Plain dancing is good enough for us and the ladies what we expect to take along. We ain't anxious to have anything happen to the lights, and if the piano ain't just what it ought to be we don't care to have it operated on with wire cutters. I thought I'd laugh myself sick when you greased Mat Bingham's fiddlestick at Perry Winter's hoedown that night; but I happen to know that there was others besides Mat who couldn't quite see where the laugh come in.

"'It takes all kinds of cur'ous people to



"About a Mile From Tarrants' He Stopped and Took His Gun From the Scabbard and Looked it Over"

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make a world, and the bulk of 'em—women folks especially—want to dance to sweet melodious sounds when they've got all fixed up and their bangs curled for it. You sabe that, don't you, Pete? They figure they can snicker all they want in their old clothes 'most any place and any time, and put baby frogs down their own necks, where they can get 'em out again without embarrassing themselves in public. I know your intentions is good and only to promote mirth and merriment, but there ain't no denying that you run it plumb into the ground at times; so I allowed it might be as well for you to stay right here and play a few games of solitaire, or braid a quirt or something, instead of going to Blueblanket and raising hilarious hell where it ain't called for. I'd be willing to trade you the little roan if you could see it that way, and take it as a favor. I'd sure take it as a favor, Pete.'



"Pete laughed and slapped his leg.

"'That frog sure was a joke on Birdie, wasn't it?' he says. 'She like to throwed a fit. Haw, haw, haw!' Then he looked hard at Frank. 'What makes you so dad-blamed anxious about this?' he asks.

"'I'm a-going to take Miss Jessie Tarrant to that dance,' says Frank; 'and when I take a lady any place I want things to go smooth.'

"'I've heard about her a heap,' says Pete. 'I'd like right well to see her. If she's going I guess I'll have to go, just out of curiosity. Can I go if I promise not to take along no frogs, Frank?'

"'I guess you'll go, anyway, dog-gone you!' says Frank, sort of disgusted.

"'And if I don't monkey with the lights or the music?'

"'It ain't no use trying to reason with you; I can see that,' says Frank. 'But if you break up that dance in any way, shape or manner I'll sure play even with you sooner or later, and most likely so soon it will make your head swim. If there's any parlor-match heads throwed on to the floor ——'

"Pete slapped his leg again and laughed until he had to hang on to Frank's neck to hold himself up.

"'There won't be no-ho-ho-ho-no match heads,' he gurgles. 'Not a wa-ha-ha-ha-hun! No, sir; I wouldn't throw-ho-ho-ho match heads.'

"Frank shook him off and left him weaving round and wiping his eyes with the corner of his neckerchief; and a couple of nights later the boys saddled up and rode over to the dance.

"I won't say no more about that dance further than that it was the toniest function there had been in the Territory up to date. It was a dance with dog; a dance dee-lucks; a dance that laid over anything I ever seen before or since. Every foot-loose cow-puncher, and every giddy granger from eighteen to sixty-eight between White River and Hay Creek, was there, seemed like to me. There was miners from Terry and Ruby Basin; there was bull-whackers from Custer; there was old sourdoughs from the Rapid Valley and tinhorns from Crook, and girls, and ladies who had got a little a-past it, from everywheres. You could smell hair oil and bay rum and white-rose perfume as far as you could see the blaze of lights and hear Lafe Holman calling quadrilles; and I never knew there was so much ribbon and so many colors of it in the wide, wide world.

"The chivalry of Blueblanket had been shaving candles on the floor and shuffling it in since early morning, and it looked like no living thing could stand upright on it without calks on their shoes. There was a first and a second fiddle, a horn and a parlor organ, and somebody said something about a large reperto're; but I guess the fellow that played that must have bogged down somewhere. Anyway, there was music enough to go round without him.

"It looked like Pete Wallaby was a-going to behave himself. 'Most generally the boys had trouble starting for a dance, owing to razors' getting misplaced and flour put in their hats, and the linings of their coat sleeves sewed up, and such; but this time the whole outfit got off without a hitch or a word spoke out of the way. Frank Ellis started about half a day earlier than the rest to make sure of getting to Calico Cañon on time, and Pete helped him wash the buggy and slick up the team that Shorty Williams had let him take.

"'All I ask is a knockdown to this Miss Jessie Tarrant,' says Pete. 'I've heared tell a heap about that lady, and from what I hear I've got an idea that her and me is a-going to cotton to each other a heap considerable. You tell her I said so. Make her feel good. You'll want something pleasant and interesting to talk about; so you just tell her about me and say that, as far as I know, her chances is good.'

"'The kindest thing will be not to say nothing about you,' says Frank. 'I'm one of the sort that if I can't say nothing good about a man I keep my mouth shut.'

"Pete laughed. He was mighty good-natured, Pete was; that was one thing about him. Always meant well. Liked his little joke; but, only for being a pest and a nuisance, there wasn't no real harm in him. I don't know whether he meant anything more than to plague Frank about Jessie Tarrant, because he had never paid much attention to the girls—only to torment them. He took in the dances once in a while, but he wasn't crazy about it, and he was as apt to go in his chaps and no more fixing up than washing his face and giving his hair a lick of the comb as any other way. This time, though, he was as slick and shining and sweet-smelling as e'er a one in the crowd, and his good clothes didn't disfigure him anything like what you'd naturally expect.

"Even good clothes can't hide a straight back and square shoulders, and a set of white teeth that not even



*"The Swede Sent That Horn Whizzing a-Past Pete's Head Like It Had Been Shot Out of a Cannon"*

lifting nail kegs and tables up by them had pulled out of line. Jessie Tarrant took notice of them teeth of Pete's right after she had posted herself on his eyes, and she showed him a set that was just as white and even, only smaller and with more attractive surroundings.

"'I've heared a heap about you, Mr. Wallaby,' she says, and then laughed one of them easy laughs of hers.

"'I'll break Frank Ellis' fool neck for him,' says Pete.

"'It wasn't Frank Ellis told me about you; it was a young lady,' says Jessie. 'She thinks a whole lot of you.'

"'That's good,' says Pete.

"'I didn't say it was,' says Jessie. 'I wouldn't call it that, exactly.'

"'Who was it, anyway?' Pete asks her.

"'It was Birdie McPheeters,' Jessie told him. 'Would you like to know what she thinks of you? I guess she told you though. She says she did.'

"'She sure did!' says Pete, braying a few notes. 'She certainly told me a-plenty. I reckon she didn't hold nothing out on me. Ho-ho-ho! Ho-ho-ho-ho!'

"'You ought to go outside to do that,' says Jessie, sort of reproachful. 'No; don't,' she says. 'You might scare some of the teams.'

"'I wasn't going to,' says Pete—'not so long as you are in here. May I have the honor of having the pleasure of the next dance with you, if you please, ma'am?'

"'I'm sorry to have to regret to say that you can't,' she says; 'but if you're not engaged by being tied up and bespoke for the varsovienne, and you are wishfully desirous of wanting to dance that with me, I'll try to remember not to forget you if you come round and remind me.'

"'I'm thankfully grateful for the opportunity of the chance; and I'm much obliged to you, to boot,' says Pete.

"And when the varsovienne was called they took the floor; and I want to tell you that it was a pretty sight. Pete could ride a horse and he could dance. When you saw him do either one of them two things you'd say he never done nothing else in his worthless life; Jessie was as light as thistledown and yet her little feet would hit the floor as sharp and true as you could draw a stick along a picket fence; and, right foot and left foot and swing and turn, the two moved like they was parts of the same machinery and didn't have to think about it no more than machinery would. Not having to think, they naturally talked.

"'How do you ever study out all them comical things you do?' says Jessie, looking up at him, admiring. 'Like frogs down girls' backs, and such?'

"'Oh, I don't know,' says Pete. 'It's a gift, I reckon. I don't have to study on 'em; they just come to me.'

"'Ain't there no way of heading them off?' says Jessie.

"'I never studied on that,' says Pete. 'You don't think I've got frogs in my pocket now, do you? If I had you wouldn't need to be a-skeered. I might clip off one of them cunning little curls when you wasn't looking, but that's as far as I'd go with you.'

"'If you went that far you'd sure wish that you hadn't never started!' says Jessie.

"'I ain't got no shears with me,' says Pete.

"'All you've got with you is your nerve,' says Jessie. 'Ain't that horn heavenly? I think the gentleman that's playing it is real good-looking too. Don't you? I love blue eyes, and his is the bluest I ever seen. I think it's a shame to keep him up there playing all evening.'

"'It is a kind of a shame,' Pete agrees. 'Somebody ought to yank him down by the leg.'

"'Frank Ellis has got blue eyes too,' she says.

"'He might get 'em blacked sometime,' says Pete. 'Frank talks real sassy once in a while. He's all right though; and if he keeps away from my girl him and me will be good friends. I'm going to mention it to him.'

"'Maybe I can help you to keep him away from her,' says Jessie.

"'I wouldn't be surprised if you could,' says Pete, grinning. 'That horn is sure h-h-heavenly, like you said.'

"The horn and the rest of the music stopped just then and Pete had to take his lady to her seat. Then he strolled round to the platform where the music was and took a good look at the fellow that played the horn.

"He was a young Swede, name of Erickson, that played one winter in the Gem Orchestra at Deadwood—a long-legged, bushy-headed boy, almost an inch taller than Pete was himself, with a little brimstone-colored mustache. He seen Pete was looking at him and he looked back, straight and sober.

"'What kind of wind gets the best results from that contraption of yours, pardner?' Pete asks. 'East wind or Chinook, or what? Excuse me for asking.'

"'You haf a-planty gude excoose,' says Erickson. 'Ay can tall right away that your mindt is weak.'

"Before Pete could come back at him Lafe Holman yelled 'Pardners for a quadrille!' and the music started up again. Pete danced that with Vannie Streeter and then hustled round to ask Jessie for the next waltz; but all she gave him was a kind word and a sweet smile, and when Frank Ellis come up she took Frank's arm and walked away with him.

"'Well, I reckon I might as well attend to your little matter right now, Mr. Ellis,' says Pete, looking after them; and with that he slipped out of the hall and was gone for about fifteen or twenty minutes.

"When he come back he was grinning all over his face; but the grin faded out when he seen Jessie and Birdie McPheeters standing with their arms round each other's waists and a-talking to the Swede horn virtuoso. Erickson seemed to be enjoying the conversation, too.

"'Hm-m-m!' says Pete. 'I come mighty near forgetting about you. Telling you how heavenly you play, ain't they?'

"He turned and went out of the hall again and this time he wasn't gone so long. They had just started another waltz and Erickson was doing the most part himself, the two fiddles just chipping in in spots; and I want to tell you that that fellow was blowing the most soulful and melting and dreamy of anything you ever heard, for a horn. You could hear folks all over the room remarking how sweet and lovely it was, and the boys and girls was just a-rolling up their eyes as they danced. He was sure reeling it off in great shape.

"Pete tiptoed along by the wall until he got to where there was some seats close up to the platform where Erickson was performing, and when he seen that the Swede had took notice of him he sat down and pulled a big lemon out of his pocket.

"The Swede's blue eyes looked mighty frosty at that, but he turned them away to the other side of the hall as Pete got out his knife and cut the lemon in half. Pete smiled and licked one of the halves kind of relishing and wry-mouthed, and kept on a-licking it. He knew Erickson knew what he was a-doing and that he couldn't help looking at him again to save his Swede neck; and it wasn't but a moment or two before Erickson's Adam's apple jumped and the horn missed one note and played the next away off. Then Erickson looked, and there was sure murder and sudden death in his eyes. Pete grinned at him real aggravating and set his teeth right down into that lemon, and

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puckered his mouth. The Swede looked away as as he could, but his Adam's apple worked up and again and the horn broke gait and bubbled.

was standing close by and taking it all in, and I'll be hed if my own mouth didn't dribble like a baby's, the Pete was going for that fruit; and I had been suffering ther way just before that. Then the fiddles come in gave Erickson a chance to shake his horn out. You see he was bullheaded enough to think he could finish e waltz; but he hadn't much more than put the mouth- to his lips before he had to swallow, and the horn to bubble and whiffle worse than ever. Then he ed Pete's eye again, and I'm bound to say that I t much surprised at what happened.

e didn't whoop, that Swede didn't. It was something en a roar and a bellow that he let out. His eyes d, and he drew back his long arm and sent that horn ing a-past Pete's head like it had been shot out of a n. If Pete hadn't dodged as quick as he did that ument would sure have been crumpled so bad that it n't never have been straightened out again. As it was, k old Fred Higginson, the shift boss at the Alcantara, oft place in the center of his anatomy; so it wasn't ly bent, outside of its natural curlicues. Fred was twisted though, and his side pardner, Bill Treadway, o act for him—which he done. He couldn't get no action on the Swede, because Erickson had followed rn off the platform in the same direction, and Pete et him before his feet touched the ground. All Bill do was slam Guy Hepburn, the second fiddler, who rying to pull Pete off the Swede; and Dave Hughes, lueblanket blacksmith, crowded right in and landed the best he had just behind Bill's ear.

he scene that followed was one of indescribable con-, as the fellow says, and I reckon it would have lasted than it did if one of the lamps hadn't got turned and the party-cipants, which included a majority of ble-bodied males present, hadn't had to forget their nal differences to put out the blaze. Seemed like it ne of them incidents that sort of spoil 'most any social on and take the tuck out of it; but they couldn't gone on with the dance and let joy be unconfined v, account of the orchestra being mostly débris and that required care and nursing. Gene Lewis did find he organ could still be used some, but nearly all the was on the way home; so what was the use?

"Jessie Tarrant stood out by Sol Epstein's hitching rack and watched Frank Ellis change back the front and hind wheels of the buggy to where they belonged. There was a considerable axle grease on the hubs and spokes of them wheels when Frank started the job, and when he finished the most of it was on his hands and clothes. All the same, Frank remembered that he was a gentleman. Jessie told him not to mind her and to say whatever he felt like; but Frank wouldn't.

"'If I got started once I wouldn't be apt to stop this side of what no lady ought to listen to,' says Frank. 'Ain't the stars bright?'

"'It was that Pete Wallaby, wasn't it?' Jessie asks, sort of deadly quiet.

"'I shouldn't be surprised if Mr. Wallaby wasn't more or less directly or indirectly responsible,' says Frank in about the same way.

"'And it was him broke up the dance? I saw him real busy; but he started the trouble, didn't he?'

"'I'll take an early opportunity of asking him about it and let you know,' says Frank.

"He looked at her as they struck the cañon trail, and her lips was set so tight that you could hardly see the red. Her cheeks was red enough though—a bright patch of scarlet on each one and the rest of her face pale. It was one of the times when her eyes was snapping instead of twinkling, but she spoke as quiet as she did before, the words coming slow and distinct, like drops off an icicle.

"'Listen!' she says. 'I'm going to get even with Mr. Peter Wallaby for this.'

"When Frank Ellis got back from Calico Cañon the Flying V bunk house was about as still as a bunk house ever gets to be round about three o'clock A. M. Frank carried his lantern in and held it for as long as a couple of minutes over Pete Wallaby, studying whether he would wake him up, or kill him while he was asleep, or wait until the boys got up at daylight. Pete was sleeping like a baby with a blameless past. He had washed his face before retiring and you couldn't scarcely notice that he was marked up, except his knuckles, which was exposed just outside of the blanket.

"Finally Frank concluded that he wanted Pete to know what happened to him, and that he'd feel fresher and make a better showing if he sawed off a little slumber himself; so he peeled off his garments and turned in.

"That was where he made his mistake. It's a good idea to sleep on some things; but if you've made up your mind to lick a man the time to do it is while you've got him in easy reach and the bristles is still raised on your neck. Frank was last man in to breakfast the next morning and Pete was already through and using his mouth to talk while he rolled him a cigareet.

"'It just goes to show how man may do his darndest to dodge trouble and yet have it piled on him two-foot thick,' says Pete. 'Here I goes to this dance and act like a perfect lady right along—no cutting up or nothing, and you'd think, to hear them Blueblanket folks talk, that I'd been helling round from the minute I struck town. I own up that I did have a dandy scheme for a little fun and excitement, but I changed my notion. Frank Ellis told me he wanted things to run smooth and there ain't nothing I wouldn't do to please Frank. I think more of that boy than I do of some of my own blood kin.

"'Why, hello, Frank! I didn't see you come in. Well, nobody can't say that I didn't do my darndest to make things run smooth—as smooth as grease—axle grease; and here I'm sitting, peaceable and quiet, listening to the music and taking a little light refreshment, and a crazy Swede ups and tries to brain me with a brass horn without aye, yes or no, hog, dog or devil, or rhyme or reason—and me sitting, like I said, as ca'm and peaceful as moonlight on the lake or a bump on a log, or anything you like to mention. That's what I get!'

"'That ain't all you get,' says Frank, lifting his cup.

"'Excuse me interrupting you, gentlemen,' says Shorty Williams, looking in at the door. 'Pete, if you've et enough to last you till noon I'd like to have you saddle up and bring in them horses from Little Powder Creek. Jim, you might go with him and help him, if you'd just as soon. I see you're through.'

"He waited until Pete and Jim got up and then trailed off with them to the corral to see that they got an early start. Frank had set down his coffee cup. The coffee was too hot to drink and he had figured that it was a poor time to throw it. Before he had finished his breakfast Shorty come back and told him he was elected to drive a bunch of beef steers to the railroad, and that was a matter of three or five days, according to whether the cars was on the side track as per solemn oath and agreement of the U. P. agent—which, of course, they wasn't. While the boys was

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"For the First Mile He Held Back Just for the Pleasure of Watching That Girl and the Bay; and They Was Both Worth the Watching, Let Me Tell You"

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# THE PILLS OF PERDITION

## By Samuel G. Blythe

SPEAKING about knells of doom—the doom in all cases meaning the Kaiser's—no person in all the history of the world was ever so liberally supplied with doom in various forms as is Wilhelm. What he will get, really, is dooms; not merely a single doom—knells of dooms, it should be. But, speaking about knells of dooms, American sailors are sounding inevitable dooms for the Hohenzollerns over a certain stormy European sea, day after day, on old tin cans.

Splang! A handspike bangs against the old tin can. Splash! A monstrous pill drops over the stern of a mine layer, taking its regulated place among thousands and thousands of its fellows, all set and primed and cocked to blow to perdition any Hun ship that may come into contact. And for months these American sailors have been banging their old tin cans; and for months these pills of perdition have been dropped astern of mine layers, until now, across one of the essential lanes for German sea endeavor, there stretches a fence of death, a hedge of havoc, a rampart of ruin, made in the United States, and put where it is by the same agency.

It is miles and miles and miles in length. It is wide and deep and fatal. It is continuous and coördinated. It is virile, vital, vehement. It waits in long sensitive lines for its prey. It lurks beneath the sea for the Hun, ready to spring at him and rend him, with a loud roar of TNT, should he try to sail his submarines or his ships of any sort through its animate, insistent and annihilative lines. It is rough stuff for the Germans; death and destruction in compact packages, swaying and swinging with the tides, held to its long straight areas by devices that are dependable, primed for explosion by instruments that are as delicate and sensitive as the hair trigger of a pistol; needing nothing but a bump to throw its gigantic power into play. It is the most modern thing in naval mines; and it looks the part as well as plays it when it has occasion.

### A Great Work Well Done

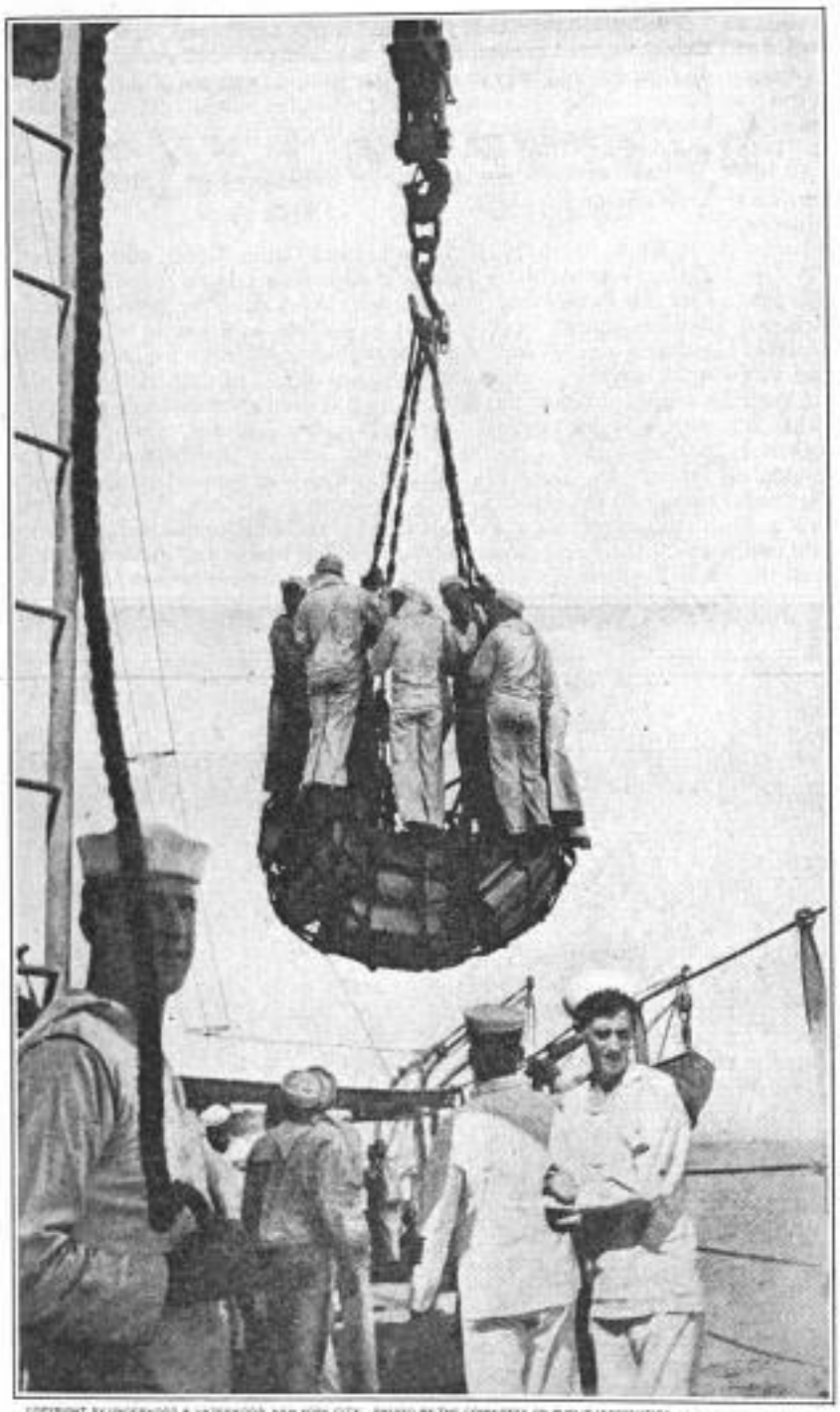
NAVAL mines are not new implements of warfare. Navies have had them, of sorts, for many years. We used them in our Civil War; uncouth instruments when compared with the highly specialized mines of to-day, but effective now and then. The Japanese and Russians had them in their war. We had some when this war began—a few; and so had the British. The types were similar. Naval ingenuity hadn't been expended, to any great extent, on mines. There was a thing carrying explosive that might or might not explode when it came in contact with an enemy ship. It was not dependable; nor was it particularly destructive. The idea was to scatter mines and let Nature take its course. If a ship hit a mine that ship might be hurt; but there were not enough of them, all told, to mine any sort of channel; and, even if there had been, there was no certainty that the mining would be useful.

The Germans had put more study on the matter. They had mines of various sorts, and they began strewing them on and laying them under the sea. Our navy had given the matter some attention, and we had a few mine laying craft—very few. Our stock of mines was small—less than six thousand all told, and these of a type not well developed. To show how the field has expanded since we went into the war it need only be stated that in this operation I am describing we took out and laid on each mine-laying trip, more than three thousand miles from home and production, more mines on each trip than comprised our total stock of mines in prewar days. Each expedition from base by our mine layers carried and laid more mines than the entire United States Navy possessed before we went into the war; and there were expeditions a few days apart for months and months.

Moreover, we manufactured all those mines in the United States, invented new appliances, increased their effectiveness, transported them across the Atlantic, took them sixty miles from the landing port to mine-laying bases, put them together, set and adjusted them, rigged up a formidable fleet of mine-laying ships and sent them over, and gathered about six thousand American sailors at the bases to handle the job.

These mines are new mines—not the old type. They are as different as a split-second watch is from a fifty-cent clock when compared to the sort we had before the war. They are complicated, effective, instantaneous instruments of death and destruction; and they have been scientifically placed by thousands and tens of thousands. Progress over and under the waters of that particular sea has been made extremely difficult for the Hun. And the bulk of it is an American job.

Think of the size of such an undertaking! It is stupendous! It is to mine several hundred miles of water that is hundreds of feet deep in order to bar the passage of the German submarines. It is a feat that only the United States, with its vast industrial resources, could undertake. And only the United States could succeed in this task in the very short time in which success has been attained.



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*The New Gang Plank. Tars Taking the Trip Ashore on a Basket of Supplies*

Mining a channel is old defensive and offensive warfare, and useful; also, mining harbor entrances and other such places. If offensive naval ships cannot get in they cannot do harm. The geographical situation of the British Isles as related to the coast line of continental Europe not only presents the usual harbor and channel problems in mining but the greater problem of mining entire oceans. At home our mine fields necessarily bear certain relations to our harbors; but in English waters the greater problem is to protect not only harbors but to protect the entire country as well—that is, England and Scotland, say, in their larger aspects, are in exactly the same case, as a mining problem, as New York is. We must mine waters adjacent to New York, and do; but practically all European waters are adjacent to England and Scotland. Hence, where a harbor might require a certain number of mines for its adequate protection, the ultimate protection of the British Isles demands the mining of seas rather than the mining of channels.

The waters in which these mines are laid are very near the enemy bases and are infested with enemy submarines. All operations must be performed within striking distance of the enemy High Seas Fleet.

If German ships, intending to foray against English ships and against the islands themselves want action they have a choice of routes through large expanses of water, instead of being confined to channels, as in the case of harbors. Therefore the larger strategy is to shut off these waters by mine barriers as well as by floating sea power and thus reduce the danger of direct attack on shores, and hold the German ships to waters where the fighting ships of England and the United States may attend to them.

To that end the plans for these great mine barriers were developed, and the work of making effective the greater of them was given over to the United States Navy in large part. Wherefore the United States Navy went on the job, with the following results: It built two large bases adjacent to the work to be done, with machine shops, assembling shops and all the varied appurtenances required; constructed—or reconstructed, rather—a large fleet of ships into mine layers; put a fleet of mine conveyers into commission operating across the Atlantic from home ports to these base ports; detailed about six thousand men, all told, for the work; built barracks for these men, or remodeled existing buildings into barracks; brought stores of every sort for the maintenance of the men, the upkeep of the bases and the work on the mines; established two large hospitals, not only for the mine-laying bases but for such other ships of ours as may be operating in English waters—went to it man-fashion, and got away with it.

### Mines and Miners

MINE-making and mine laying, as done to-day, are new things. The mines are new in construction, plan and operation. The processes of laying them are new. The whole job was a new job. We were not expert at it. So we had to develop expertness. There were some delays until the organization was shaken down and coördinated; but it didn't take long, after the preliminaries were attended to, to get into steady and effective operation. Once we had the idea we just naturally ate that job up. When I was at these bases the work was running with exact method, and by the time this appears in print it will be completed, except for the upkeep, and the Hun will be cribbed into smaller sea spaces than he has been since the war began.

The beginning of the story of this hitherto unheralded American naval achievement in this war is at home. As I have said, we had some naval mines—a few thousand—less than six; and these were not of the best type. Thereupon we set to work developing a mine that would be suited for the warfare of these days. Also, as mines are of no use whatsoever unless they are placed scientifically in the water, we must needs make some mine-laying ships, for we were as illy supplied with those as with mines.

Furthermore, we must work out a plan for placing the mine barrage and establish bases adjacent thereto to work from. It is sufficient to say that the mines were devised and the mine-laying ships provided, as well as plans for the work laid out and detailed. So much for what was done at home.

On the European side the work fell into two divisions: the assembling of the mines and the laying of them. Naturally, to get best results the assembling bases must be near the waters where the mines are to be laid, and to harbors where the mine-laying ships can be loaded. So we sent naval officers over, who selected and established the bases. It doesn't matter where; but we established them—two of them—several miles apart; and in a short time those bases took on lively aspects.

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# The Artillery Mill at Old Fort Sill

## How Uncle Sam is Training His Field Artillery Officers

PHOTOGRAPHS PASSED BY THE CHIEF MILITARY CENSOR, WASHINGTON



PHOTO BY JONES, FORT SILL, OKLAHOMA

*Staff and Instructors, School of Fire for Field Artillery, Fort Sill, Oklahoma*

By PETER B. KYNE

CAPTAIN OF FIELD ARTILLERY

THE lusty doughboy will in all probability—and with a deal of logic difficult to combat—dispute the assertion that our present quarrel with William Hohenzollern and his boys is an artillery war. However, that is the way in the infantry. Secure in his ancient and hardwon reputation as the backbone of the service he is ever free with his large sympathy for those in the other branches. Until quite recently the cavalrymen had a habit of helping him out, but since the aviators have descended to scabbing and worked him out of his job the cavalryman sings soft and low, for he, too, is now a wagon soldier, as the field artilleryman is known in the expressive nomenclature of the service. Up to the date of this writing, however, I have not met any of these dashing fellows who will admit he is a real artilleryman. He claims he is merely "galvanized" artillery and lives in hope that some bright day the General Staff will see the error of its way and restore the cavalry to the honored position occupied by it in the days when Geronimo and Sitting Bull were more or less prevalent and hard to catch.

It is quite true that battles are always won by the infantry. I admit that, because in an elder day I was a doughboy, and sometimes I wish —— However, in modern warfare—I'm an artilleryman now—it is equally true that without artillery support efficiently and intelligently delivered there would presently be no infantry left to put the finishing touches on any up-to-date battle scene. And it is with a keen realization of the fact that it is up to the wagon soldiers to win this war that Uncle Sam is now engaged in the tremendous task of training an army of field artillery officers—an army larger than was our Standing Army before the Spanish War! With a seriousness and efficiency never before manifested by our easy-going avuncular relative he is tackling a job the very contemplation of which three short years ago would have caused the Congressional reason to totter on its throne.

### Quantity Production

WHAT we need to-day—what we must have—are guns and more guns, and men to shoot them. When I write of guns I mean pieces of artillery. I have no information concerning the time required by the steel mills to turn out a hundred and twenty guns, but I do know that at the School of Fire for Field Artillery, at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, one hundred and twenty battery commanders are graduated out every Thursday afternoon—and that presently the output of this huge artillery mill will be increased to two hundred every Thursday. Of course, the product of this plant will need a little sandpapering and rubbing down here and there, but it is for all practical purposes a well-manufactured article and when polished off with about a month of field service abroad has the peculiarly North American habit of playing this new and tremendously sporty game with a precision equal to Europe's best.

Trap shooters should enjoy the guns hugely. One wastes a lot of ammunition learning to shoot, but when one acquires the habit of getting on one's target—wow! Once I spent a lot of time and money learning to shoot quail with both eyes wide open, and I still recall the thrill of my first "double." A fellow feels a similar thrill when he shoots a good problem and smears his target at the School of Fire; thereafter he longs for the day when he will be taken off the clay pigeons and turned loose on live birds.

If any there be who think it is an impossible job to make a battery of four field guns behave—and learn to do it in ten weeks—let him get a commission as a shavetail in the field artillery and come to Fort Sill. They'll squirt information into him so fast he'll have a mental colic from all the undigested knowledge in his poor head, but—he'll manage to assimilate enough of it in the first five weeks to get a pretty fair idea of what most of it is about. But he will probably be as shaky as a bridegroom when the instructor leads him out into the terrain, shows him a little black dot in a field or on a hill top two thousand yards away and says: "That's a German machine gun in the open. It is firing effectively upon you. Go get it!"

If he gets it—he's a gone fawn forever. From that moment on he is a field artilleryman and will never, by the grace of God, be anything else. On the other hand, if he doesn't get it he sees very plainly why he failed, and a mighty resolve wells up under his wishbone. He hates that target. It is his personal enemy, and he registers a vow to shoot 'em up later in the week, if it's the last act of his ill-spent life.



PHOTO BY COURTESY OF PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPT., FORT SILL, FORT SILL, OKLAHOMA

*The School of Fire for Field Artillery at Fort Sill, Oklahoma*

### Teaching Henry

AND about nine out of ten succeed! However, until that fateful Thursday afternoon you never know how well you have succeeded. On that date General Lawson, the commandant, assembles the graduating class, congratulates it; and with a few cheerful remarks about duty and honor and glory and pride in the service one is issued a diploma devoid of the traditional blue ribbon but for some peculiar reason extremely valuable and to be cherished thereafter, as some men cherish the first dollar they ever earned—probably because they worked so hard for it.

I wonder how many of our citizens have the slightest conception of the magnitude of the task of taking Sergt. Henry Perkins, who as late as last January was traveling out of Milwaukee with a new line of bung starters, tacking the gold bars of a second lieutenant on Henry, and in twenty-two terribly long weeks—twelve at the training center and ten at the School of Fire—teaching him how to snuggle a battery of 155 howitzers under the lee of a hill, shoot them over that hill at a fortified brewery the gunners cannot see because it is ten thousand yards distant, and presently drop the makings of a perfectly good thirst on said brewery!

Well, it's a hard job, despite Henry's intelligence and the fact that he is a picked man; and nobody knows this better than

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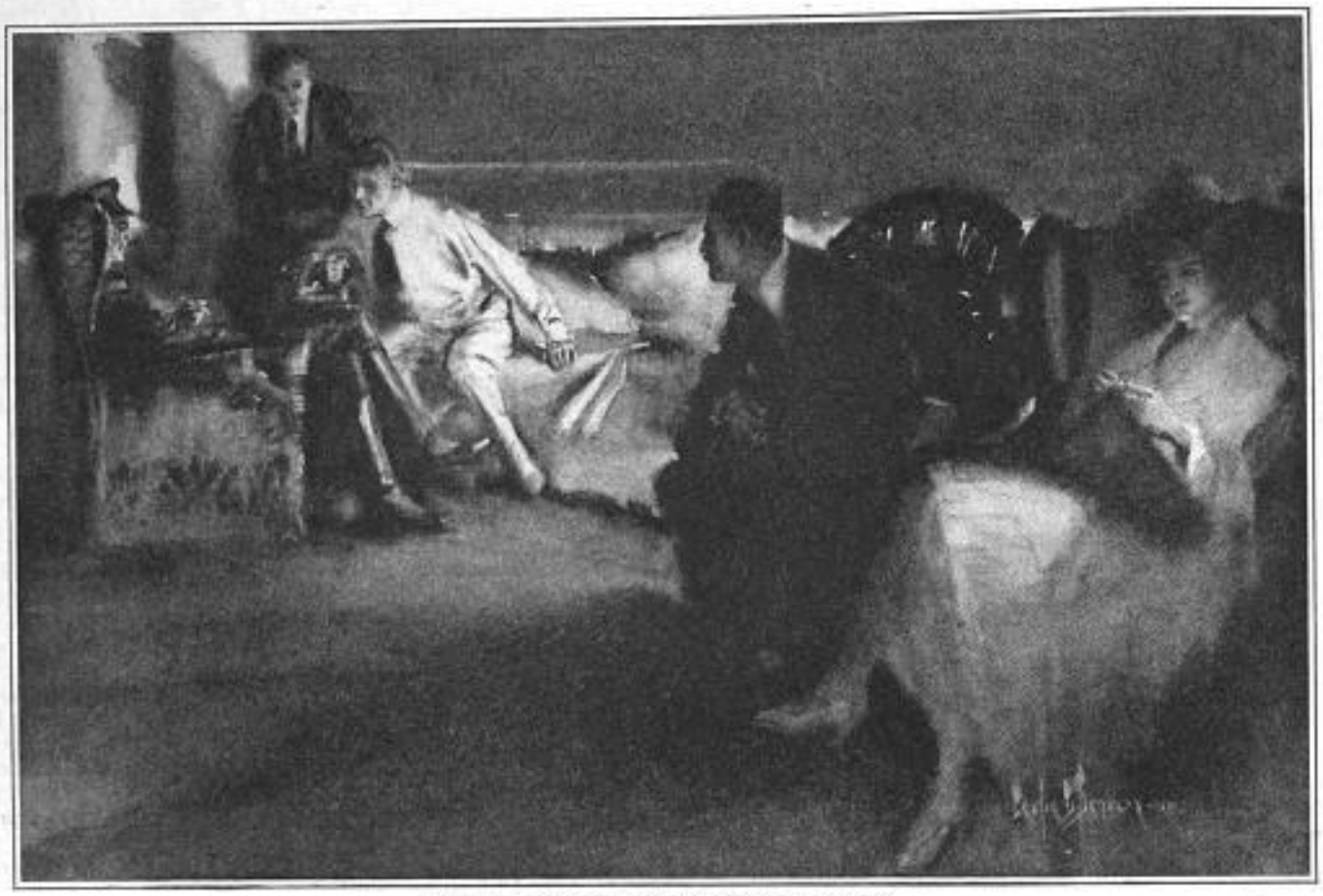
# THE NEW STOICS

## By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE M. BENSON

MR. BROUGHAM stood waiting in the wings. Never before had he made a speech; never had he been upon a stage, except to sit safely with a delegation, in a row, behind the ice-water pitcher. He had a small dry patch in his throat which constant swallowing failed to improve, and the tips of his fingers kept getting cold and very distant. He was about to make a Liberty Loan speech, and he was suffering more than he had expected; but, as he kept murmuring to himself, "*Dulce et decorum est.*"

At twenty-eight he had volunteered among the first in the Spanish War, and it had been no fault of his that he had never got any nearer the front than Chattanooga. At forty-eight he could still speak for his country—at least he hoped he could. How absurd to be nervous! This was no time to be thinking of one's own feelings. He took out his handkerchief and wiped the palms of his hands. "Well, Mr. Brougham," said the loud bold voice of the local chairman, "shall we go on?" What was one victim more or less to him in his insatiable campaign for speakers?



*"That's it!" a Voice Rang Out. "It's Great!"*

"By all means," answered Brougham in a tone which even in his own ears sounded like that of a total stranger.

His only conscious thought was a grateful remembrance that his wife was kept at the canteen that evening, and couldn't be in the audience, which he found himself regarding as a hostile body waiting to devour him. He sat trying to relax the muscles of his face during the chairman's short address; and then the fatal sentence began: " . . . the great pleasure . . . introduce . . . so well known . . . Mr. Walter Brougham, who will say a few rousing words to you on this great subject."

What a silly adjective "rousing" was, Brougham thought as he came forward. He had no intention whatever of being rousing. He wondered if he had the intention of being anything except absolutely silent. He lifted the lid and looked into his mind as into an unexplored box. Was there anything in it? Why, yes; rather to his surprise he found there was.

"My friends," he began, "this is no time for oratory." Hearty, and to Brougham totally unexpected, applause greeted this sentiment. "This is a time for cool, steady, clear-eyed vision." That was a mistake; of course vision was clear-eyed. "This is a time to ask ourselves this question: How is it that we hesitate to give our money, and yet stand ready—every one of us—to give our lives and—harder still—our sons' lives?"

"Hear, hear!" cried a voice from the audience, fresh, young and familiar. Brougham looked down; yes, there they were—his own two boys, David, not eighteen, and Lawrence, hardly fifteen. Their blond, well-brushed heads towered above the rest of the row and were easily recognizable. He could see the expressions of their faces—cool, serene, friendly approval. They're too damned philosophical, he said to himself; and as he went on speaking, with all that was mortal in him concentrated on his words, in some entirely different part of his being a veil was suddenly lifted and he saw something that he had been trying not to see for months—namely, that he was dissatisfied with his elder son's attitude toward the war—it was cool, cool like his approval of the speech. Not that Mr. Brougham wanted his son to volunteer at his age—quite the contrary; he sincerely believed it was every man's duty to wait until he had reached the age designated by his country; but he did want the boy to want to volunteer. He wanted to be able to say at the club as other fathers were saying: "What gets into these young fellows? I've had to forbid my boy ——" Perhaps if his self-vision had been perfect he would have admitted that he had sometimes said it.

And then it occurred to him that this was the moment to stir their hearts—to make one of those speeches which might not touch the audience but which would inflame the patriotism of youth. Forgetting his recent pledge he plunged into oratory—the inherited oratory of the Fourth of July; he snatched up any adjectives as long as they came in threes, called patriotism by name, and spoke of the flag as Old Glory. Hurried on by his own warmth he reached his climax too soon, ended his speech before the audience expected and began asking for subscriptions before anyone was ready.

There was an awkward silence. Then a young voice spoke up: "One one-hundred-dollar bond." Yes, it was David. Mr. Brougham's heart leaped with hope; had the boy been moved? Was this the first fruit of repentance? He looked down, hoping to meet the upward glance of a devotee, but David was whispering something to his younger brother which made the latter giggle foolishly.

The ball once set rolling went fast. Subscriptions poured in; it was a successful evening—almost as successful as the evening made famous by a great screen artist. Mr. Brougham was warmly congratulated by the local chairman.

"We shall call on you again, Brougham," he said gayly.

Mr. Brougham nodded, but his thought was: Is nothing enough for these fellows?

His two boys were waiting for him at the stage door. "You're good, sir, you're good!" they cried, patting him on the back.

"I never thought he'd let them have it so mild," said Lawrence.

Mr. Brougham did not mind being laughed at—at least he always said he didn't—but he couldn't bear to have patriotism in any form held up to ridicule. He thought to himself:

"They don't know what it costs a man of my age to go on a stage and make a speech. I don't enjoy making myself conspicuous."

"We'll stop and get your mother at the canteen," he said sternly.

"Oh, yes, this is mother's night for saving the country, isn't it?" said Lawrence.

"Did you know," said David to his brother, across his father's head, for they were both taller than he, "did you know that a gob tipped mother the other evening? So pleased with his coffee that he flicked her a dime for herself."

"Oh, you sailor-boys!" said Lawrence in a high falsetto.

This was really more than Mr. Brougham could bear in his exalted state. "I don't like that, boys," he said.

"No, father," answered David; "but you know we never tipped mother; in fact, it's always been quite the other way."

"I mean I don't like your tone of ridicule, of—of—of——" He couldn't think of the word he wanted, and felt conscious that David had it on the tip of his tongue but was too tactful to interrupt. "You boys don't seem to appreciate the sacrifice, the physical strain for a woman of your mother's age—standing all evening handing out sandwiches—not accustomed to hard work either."

Both boys looked gravely ahead of them, and Mr. Brougham had a sickening conviction they were both trying to think of something to say that would calm him.

The canteen was just closing, and the two boys made themselves useful in putting things away. "Just as if it were a school picnic," their father thought.

As soon as they were on their way home Mrs. Brougham asked about the speech. Had it gone well?

"Oh, father was great, mother," David answered. "He took it from them in wads, and presented Lawrence and me to his country with every bond."

"A lady behind us was awfully affected," said Lawrence. "She kept whispering that she understood the speaker had two lovely boys of his own."

"I could hardly keep Lawrence from telling her that she had not been misinformed."

Mr. Brougham sighed. This was not the tone of young men suddenly roused to a new vision of patriotism. He said aloud: "I was glad you felt financially able to take a bond yourself, David."

"Oh, yes," answered his son. "I sold my boat yesterday."

Mr. Brougham was not so Spartan a parent that he did not feel a pang to think of the boy without his favorite pastime on this perhaps his last summer.

"Quite right," he said. "This is no year for pleasure boats."

"You get a good price for boats this year," said David.

There it was again—that note Mr. Brougham didn't like. Even if David's motives had been financial and not patriotic he might have allowed Lawrence to see an example of self-sacrifice. Instead Lawrence was getting just like his brother.

Brougham was not a man who habitually eased his burdens by casting them on his wife, but that night when they went upstairs he took her into his confidence.

"Are you satisfied with David's attitude toward the war?" he began.

She was a silent, deep woman whose actions always astonished those who had no intuitive knowledge of the great general trends of her nature. She and David usually understood each other fairly well.

Now she shook her head. "No," she said.

"Good Lord!" said poor Mr. Brougham. "I don't want the boy shot in a trench. I think it's his duty to wait a year or two; but I can't see that he has any enthusiasm, any eagerness, hardly any interest. He seized the paper last

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# JAVA HEAD

## By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IX

SEATED in the library, placidly waiting for Edward Dunsack to go, Taou Yuen studied him briefly. A long or thoughtful survey was unnecessary; the opium was rapidly mastering him. That fact absorbed all the rest. She had an immeasurable contempt for such physical and moral weakness; all the three religions fused in her overwhelmingly condemned self-indulgence; her philosophy, the practical side of Lao-tsze's teaching, emphasized the utter futility of surrender to the five senses. At the same time he was the subject of some interest; he was an American who had lived in China, and not only on the fringe of the treaty ports—he had penetrated to some extent into the spirit, the life of things Chinese, while she, Taou Yuen, was amazingly married to Gerrit Ammidon, was a Manchu here in America.

Absolutely immobile, her hands folded in her lap, she considered these facts, each in relation to the other. There was wisdom hidden in them for her. If Mr. Dunsack had retained the ordinary blustering Western commercial mind, his knowledge of China confined to the tea houses and streets, he would probably be prosperous and strong to-day. The wisdom lay in this—that here she must remain Manchu, Chinese; any attempt to become a part of this incomprehensible country, any effort to involve herself in its mysterious acts or thought, would be disastrous. She must remain calm, unassertive, let the eternal Tao take its way.

Edward Dunsack looked actually comic; he was staring rudely, with a foolish air of flattery, and breathing in labored gasps—like a coolie who had run miles with a heavy palanquin. Then her mind, hardly reacting from immediate objects, returned to the contemplation of the deeper significance of her presence here. Bent in on itself her thought twisted like a moonflower vine about the solid fact of Gerrit. She realized of course that he must have had the past of any healthy honorable man of his age, and that it would have included at least one woman. However, when even the present was an almost complete puzzle his past had been so lost to her that she had not considered it until now.

"You must overlook my unceremonious speech," Edward Dunsack proceeded in creditable Chinese. "It was clumsy, but I was deeply affected. It is my niece, you see, who was hurt, and who has had a very sad history. Then there are some special circumstances. I'd have to explain a great deal before you could understand why she sent for your husband and why he left so hurriedly."

"There is nothing you need tell me," Taou Yuen replied in her slow careful English. "Manchu eyes can see as well as American."

"A thousand times better!" He, too, returned to his native speech. "It is delightful to talk to a truly civilized being. All that would have to be shouted at the women of Salem is unnecessary now. You see—you understand the heart of a man."

"I understand you," she said impersonally.

"I wonder if you do," he speculated. "You ought to see what—how much—I think of you. My brain holds nothing else," he declared in a low intense voice, drawing nearer to her.

She had a momentary, purely feminine shrinking from his emaciated shaking frame, the burning eyes in a face dead like a citron; then her placidity returned, the assurance that it was all ordained, that his gestures, the pumping of his diseased heart, had no more individual significance than the movements of a mechanical figure operated by strings, here the strings of supreme Fate. She even smiled slightly, a smile not the mark of approval or humor, but an expression of absolute composure. It drove him at once into febrile excitement.

"At least I understand you," he cried; "far more than you suppose! You can't impress me with your air of a Gautama. I know the freedom of your country. It doesn't shock you to realize that your husband has gone to see a woman he loved, perhaps loves still; and you are not disturbed at my speaking like this."

Here she knew—regarding him no more than a shrilling locust—was the center about which for a moment blindly her thoughts of Gerrit and herself had revolved. His past—"a woman he loved." But it didn't in the least upset her present peace of mind, her confidence in Gerrit. There was a sharp distinction between the eternal, the divine Tao—that which is and must prevail—and the personal Tao, subject to rebellion and all the evil of Yin; and she felt that her husband's Tao was good.

Out of this she remarked negligently: "After all, you are more ignorant of China than I thought. But of course you saw only the common and low side. You have not heard of the books girls are taught from—The Sacred Edict and Mirror of the Heart. You don't know even the first rule of The Book of Rites, 'Let your face and attitude be grave and thoughtful'; and the second, 'Let your steps be deliberate and regular.'"

She paused, conveying by her manner that he was already vanishing and that she was relieved.

"That would do well enough if you were a scholar or a bonze," he retorted; "but such innocence in a fashionable woman is a pretense. If you are so pure, how can you explain your gold and bracelets and pins—all the marks of your worldly rank? Lao-tsze taught: 'Rich and high but proud brings about its own misfortune!'"

He was so close to her now that she caught a faint sickly reek from his body. It seemed to her that she could see his identity, his reason vanish, replaced by madness in his staring eyes.

"I worship you," he murmured.

"Opium," she spoke disdainfully.

"Your own tobacco is drugged," he asserted. "But that's not important. I tell you I worship you, the most beautiful person in the world. These fools in Salem—even your husband—can't realize one-tenth of your perfection; they can't venerate you as I do. And now that Ammidon has gone back to the first, we are free too."

"You are a liar," she said with an unexpected colloquial ease.

A darker color stained his dry cheeks.

"You saw him," he replied. "Did he get pale, or didn't he? And did he or not rush from the room like a man in a fever? I tell you it's no use pretending with me. Say what you please, I know how delicate your senses are. I'll tell you this too: It's written in our progression that we should meet here—yes, and be a great deal to each other. It was written in the beginning, and we had been drawing together through a million cycles before Gerrit Ammidon stumbled across you."

Taou Yuen was surprised by a sudden conviction that a part of this at least was so. No living thing, however minute, escaped from the weariness of movement, either ending in final and blessed suspension or condemned to struggle on and on through countless lives of tormenting passion. All had this dignity of hope or despair; all she encountered were humble, impressive or debased in the working of the mighty law. She had been guilty, as this American had pointed out, of dangerous and wrong pride, and she accepted her lesson willingly. There was, however, an annoying conflict between Edward Dunsack, the example, the impersonal, and the Edward Dunsack making violent profession of his love for her.

He went recklessly on, trying to increase his advantage: "We're made to be together."

"If we are, it is because of some great wickedness of mine. If we are, then perhaps I am lost. But it is allowed to resist evil, at least so far as staying out of its touch is resistance."

"Nothing can keep you from me!" he declared.

Another short step and his knees would be brushing her gown. A stronger wave of dislike, shrinking, anger, drowned her logical and higher resignation.

"It is time for you to go," she said, her voice still even.

"Never!"

It seemed to her that she could feel his hot quivering hands, and, all her philosophy dropping from her, she rose quickly.

"If this were China," she told him in a cold fury, "you'd be cut up with knives, in the courtyard, where I could look on. But even here I can ring for a servant; and when Captain Ammidon comes back he'll know what to say to you."

She could see that the last affected him; he hesitated, drew back, his hanging fingers clasping and unclasping. That, she thought, relieved, would dispose of him. Then it was clear that his insanity persisted even in the face of the considerable threat of Gerrit's hot pride and violent temper.

"It's our destiny," he repeated firmly in his borrowed faith, at once a little terrifying and a little ridiculous in the alien mold. His lips twitched and his bony forehead glistened in a fine sweat. Now thoroughly roused, she laughed at him in open contempt.

"Diseased," she cried, "take your sores away! Dog licked by dogs! Bowl of filth!"



"You Want to Marry Me, Don't You?" Sidsall Asked

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She was speaking in Chinese, in words of one syllable, like the biting of a hair whip. Edward Dunsack gasped, as if actual blows cut him; he stood with one hand half raised, appalled at the sudden vicious rush of her anger. A leaden pallor took the place of his normal sallow coloring, and it was evident that he had difficulty in withstanding the pressure of his laboring heart.

He stood between her and the door, and she had a premonition that it would be useless to attempt to avoid him or escape. She could, however, call, and someone—there were a score of people about the house—must certainly appear. At that moment she saw a deep change sweep over his countenance, taking place in his every fiber. There was an inner wrenching of Edward Dunsack's being, a blurring and infusion of blood in his eyes, a breath longer and more agonized than any before, and she was looking closely into the face of an overwhelming hatred.

For a moment, she realized, he had even considered killing her with his flickering hands. Then that impulse subsided before a sidelong expression of cunning.

"With all your Manchu attitudes," he mocked her, "yes, your aristocratic pretense of mourning and marks of rank, you are no different from the little teahouse girls. Your vocabulary and mind are the same. I was a fool for a while; I saw nothing but your satins and painted face. I forgot you were yellow; I had forgotten that all China's yellow. It's yellow, yellow, yellow, and never can be white! I shut my eyes to it and it dragged me down into its slime." His voice was hysterical with an agony of rending spiritual torment and hopeless grief. "It poisoned me little by little, with the smell of its rivers and the cursed smell of its pleasures. Then the opium. A year later I had lost my position, everything; and when I came over here it followed me—in my own blood. Even then I might have broken away—I almost had—when Gerrit Ammidon brought you to Salem. You came at a time when I was fighting hardest. You fascinated me. You were all that was most alluring of China, and I wanted you so badly, it all came back so, that I went to the opium to find you."

"Progression," she said ironically.

"Perhaps," he muttered. "Who knows? I'm finished for this life, anyhow. You did that. I can't even keep the books for my father's penny trade."

His hands crept rigidly toward her. If they touched her she would be degraded forever. Yet she was incapable of flight, her throat refused the cry that she had been debating; alternate waves of revulsion and stoical resignation passed over her with chills of acute terror. Yet she managed to preserve an unstirred exterior; and that, she observed, began to influence him. His loathing was as great as ever; but his vision, which had been fixed in a blaze of fury, broke, avoided her direct scrutiny, her appearance of statuelike unconcern.

There came a sound of quick light feet in the hall, the bright voice of one of Gerrit's nieces. Edward Dunsack fell into a profound abstraction; he turned and walked away from her, standing with his back to the room at a window that opened upon the broad green park. He was so weak that he was forced to support himself with his hands on the ledge.

Taou Yuen was motionless for a perceptible space, and then moved toward the door in a dignified composure. All this had come from the utter impropriety of the life in America. Dunsack glanced at her as she withdrew, and for a moment she saw his fine profile sharp and dark against the light-flooded window. His lips stirred. Then she was on the stair mounting to her room.

There mechanically she filled her pipe; but doing this she noticed that her hands were trembling. How lamentably she had failed in the preservation, the assertion of her superiority, not as a Manchu, but in the deeper, the only true sense of the word—in submission!

"Requite hatred with virtue."

She spoke Lao-tsze's admonition aloud, and in the customary devious channel of her mental processes her thoughts returned to her early life, her girlhood, so marred by sickness that the Emperor had surrendered his customary proprietary rights in the daughters of Manchu nobles.

Surrounding the fact of her early suffering, which had kept her out of the active gayety of brothers and sisters, she remembered in the clearest detail her father's house in the north. The later residences in Canton and Shanghai, even the delightful river gardens of the summer place at Soochow, were less vivid. Inside the massive tiled stone wall the rooms—there were a hundred at least—faced in squares on the inner courtyard and were connected by glass-inclosed verandas. The reception houses of the front court, the deeply carved wooden platform with its scarlet covering, were of the greatest elegance; they were always astir with the numerous secretaries, the Chinese writers and messengers, the *mafoos* and chair coolies, the servants and blind musicians with the old songs, The Millet's in Flower and Kuan Kuan Go to the Ospreys. The side door to the women's apartments, however, opened into a retreat where her father's concubine—he had but one—trailed like a bird of paradise, and there was the constant musical drip of a fountain in an old granite basin. There, during the years when she was lame, Taou Yuen mostly stayed.



*"I Tell You I Worship You, the Most Beautiful Person in the World. These Fools in Salem Can't Realize One-Tenth of Your Perfection"*

She had been dropped from a palanquin in her sixth year; sharp pains soon after burned in her hip, and the corresponding leg had perceptibly shortened. A great many remedies were tried in vain—burning with charcoal; the application of black plasters; sweating; acupuncture—sticking long needles into the afflicted parts. The doctors declared that the five elements of her body—the metal, wood, water, fire and earth—were hopelessly out of equilibrium. Her mother had then called necromancers and devil charmers; lucky and unlucky days were explored; strange rites were conducted before her terrified eyes screwed into the determination to show no alarm.

A year, perhaps, after they had become resigned to her injury her father, always a man of the most liberal ideas, had suddenly brought into the garden to see her an English doctor passing through China. Against the wailing protests of the women the Englishman had been given authority to treat her; and he had caused to be made a thin steel brace, clasping Taou Yuen's waist and extending in a rigid band down the length of her injured leg. After putting a high shoe on her other foot he had commanded them to keep the brace on her for two years.

It was through that period of comparative inactivity that she had got a habit of reading and thought, a certain grasp of philosophical attitude common to the higher masculine Chinese mind but rare among their women. She had, for instance, later read Lao-tsze's Tao-teh King, and been impressed by his tranquil elevation above the petty ills and concerns of life and the flesh. Her father, like all the ruling class, regarded Taoism—which had indeed degenerated into a mass of nonsense about the transmutation of base metals into gold and the elixir of life—with contempt. But this seemed to her no depreciation of the Greatly Eminent One or of his philosophy of the two Taoes.

The household, or at least the family, worshiped in the form of Confucius; his precepts and admonitions, the sacred *kiao*, or filial submission, the tablets and ancestral piety, were a part of her blood; as was the infinitely fainter infusion of Buddhism; yet in her intellectual brooding it was to the Tao-teh King that she returned. She paused to recall that, the brace at last removed, she was practically completely recovered; but the best, the bracing given her mind, had remained.

The colorful pageant of her first marriage, the smaller but splendidly appointed house of her husband—he was extremely intelligent and had honorably passed the examination for licentiate, one of only two hundred successful bachelors out of twenty thousand—and the period following his accidental drowning wheeled quickly through her brain.

Only Gerrit Ammidon was left. She loved him, Taou Yuen realized, for a quality entirely independent of race: He had more than anyone else she knew the virtues of simplicity and purity announced by Chwang-Tze as the marks of the true man. "We must become," the Old Master had written, "like little children." She had seen this at once in the amazing interview sanctioned by her father-in-law. Most women of her class, even widows, would have perished with shame at being exposed to a foreigner. But Lú Kikwáng had expressed her difference from them in the terms of his proposal. His words had been "finely better," though the truth was that her curiosity had always mastered the other and more prudent instincts. Yet that alone would not have prostrated her before Gerrit Ammidon—death was not unthinkable—nor carried her into his strange terrifying ship and stranger life. The love had been born almost simultaneously with her first recognition of his character. Now her passion for him was close and jealous. A constant shifting between such humanity and the calm detachment that prefigured heaven was what most convinced her of the truths of Lao-tsze.

All this now took body at the announcement of Edward Dunsack about Gerrit and his niece. Certainly he might have had an affair; that she dismissed, but the insinuated permanence of this other affection was serious. She would not have believed Mr. Dunsack for an instant; but, as he had pointed out, Gerrit had undoubtedly been upset; he had turned pale and hurried away impolitely. It was by such apparently slight indications that the great inner currents of life were discovered. The fact that Chinese officials had more than one wife—or, to speak correctly, concubines—in addition had no bearing with Gerrit; such was not the custom with American men. It represented for him—yes, dishonor.

She laboriously recalled his every attitude since they had landed in America; she was obliged to admit that he had changed—he was less gay, and though his manner was always considerate she recognized a growing impatience beneath his darker calm. Her philosophy was again torn in shreds by sharp feminine emotions. She was filled with jealousy and hatred and hurt pride. The clearest expression of his possible discontent had marked his face when he had suddenly come into their room and seen her rising from a prayer for his father. Gerrit's lips had been compressed, almost disdainful. At that moment, she knew unerringly, he found her ugly. Of course it had been the hideous garments of mourning.

She must wear the unhemmed sackcloth and dull slippers, bind her headdress and cover her pins with paste for a hundred days; and then a second mourning of black or dark blue, and no flowers, for three years. It might well be that by then Gerrit, blind to these proprieties, would find her unendurable. Suddenly in the tremendous difficulty of holding him against an entire world, his own and of which she was supremely ignorant, it seemed to her that she needed every possible means, every coral blossom and gold filament and finger of paint, the cunning intoxication of subtle dress and color and perfume. With a leaden sense of guilt but in a fever of impatience, of haste, she

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pped off the coarse hemp for her most elaborate satins, santal and cloves and carmine.

When Gerrit came in it had grown dark with night, and xplained that he had been busy inspecting the Nau-'s' spars. She lighted a lamp, then another, all she could , and studied him unobtrusively. She was shocked at worn expression of his face; it seemed as if he had aged he few hours since he had left the library. He was un-, silent; and, secretly dismayed, she saw that he was fferent to her changed appearance too. Taou Yuen ated the wisdom of telling him about the painful scene Edward Dunsack; against her original intent she ded in the negative. She informed herself that the on for this was a wish to preserve him, now that they e practically at the day of departure, from an unpleas-duty. But there was an underlying, dimly apprehended far different motive—she was afraid that it would into flame a situation that might otherwise be ded, bring to life a past naturally dying or dead.

he saw that he was scarcely aware of her presence in the n, perhaps in his life. A period of resentment followed. You are dull," she declared, "and I am going down to garden for entertainment."

errit nodded. He would, he told her, be along shortly. ow she found Roger Brevard with the oldest Ammidon and her mother.

oger Brevard, she had discovered, was in love with all. The latter, it developed, was to leave shortly for a y; Mr. Brevard was not going; and when Gerrit's r-in-law walked across the grass with her daughter man dropped into an easy conversation with Taou n. She had a feeling, which she had tried in vain to , of the vulgarity, the impropriety of this. Yet she gnized that there was none of the former in Roger vard; he resembled quite a little her dead husband, Ngan-kwán; and for that reason she was more at ease him—in spite of such unaccustomed familiarity—with anyone else in Salem but Gerrit.

e was, she admitted condescendingly, almost as culti-d as the ordinary Chinese gentleman. Many of his ights, where she could understand their expression, might have come from a study of the sacred kings. At the same time her feminine perception realized that he had a genuine liking for her.

"You'll be delighted to leave Salem," he said, leaning forward and studying her.

"That would not be polite," she answered formally. "You have been so good. But it will give me pleasure to see Shanghai again. Anyone is happier with customs he understands."

"And prefers," he added. "Indeed, I'd choose some of your manners rather than ours. You see, you have been at the business of civilization so much longer than we."

"Our history begins two thousand years before your Christ," she told him; "our language has been spoken without change for thirty-three centuries, as you call them. But such facts are nothing. I would rather hear your non—nonsense." She stumbled over the word.

"Do you mean that what we call nonsense is really the most important?"

"Perhaps," she replied. "Devotion to the old and dead is greatly necessary, yet you smile at it. I didn't mean that, but moons and lovers and music."

He cried in protest, "We're terribly serious about those!"

"I hear nothing but talk about cargoes and sales and money."

"We keep the other under our hats," he instructed her. She was completely mystified, and he explained.

"In China," she remarked tentatively, "it is possible for a man to love two women at once, maybe one a little more than the other, but he can be kind and just and affectionate to them both. Tell me, is—is that possible with an American?"

"No!" he spoke emphatically. "We can love, in the way you mean, only one, perhaps only once. I wouldn't swear to that, but there are simply no exceptions to the first. Men are unfaithful, yes; but at a cost to themselves, or because they are incapable of restraint. To be unfaithful in anything is to fail, isn't it? You can lie to yourself as effectively as to anybody else."

She fixed a painful attention upon him, but lost at least half of his meaning. However, one fact was clearer than ever—that Edward Dunsack had said an evil thing about her husband.

"It seems," he went on, "that even spiritual concerns can be the result of long custom."

If he was trying to find an excuse for Chinese habit she immediately disposed of it.

"No," she said, "you are upside down. The spirit is first, the eternal Tao, everywhere alike, but the personal spirit is different in you and in us."

A sudden dejection seized her—now the difference seemed vaster than anything she had in common with Gerrit. A wave of oppressive nostalgia, of confusion and dread, submerged her in a faintly thunderous darkness. She felt everywhere about her the presence of evil and threatening shades.

The approach of her husband, his heavy settling into a chair, did nothing to lighten her apprehension.

"How soon do we go?" she asked faintly.

"In two weeks, with nothing unexpected," he responded without interest or pleasure.

It flashed through her mind that he was depressed at leaving Salem, that other woman. His present indifference was very far from the manner in which he had first discussed their leaving. Yet even that, she recalled in the light of her present sensitiveness, had been unnaturally abrupt, and clothed in a great many loud-sounding words. She told herself arbitrarily that Edward Dunsack had lied—for the purpose which his conduct afterward made clear—but her very feeling was proof that she believed he had spoken the truth.

She was a victim of an uneasy curiosity to see—she made a violent mental effort and recaptured the name—Nettie Vollar. Of course the latter had been the deliberate cause of whatever wickedness had threatened at the return of Gerrit with her, Taou Yuen. She had, however, no doubt of the extent of this: Gerrit was upright, faithful to the necessity Roger Brevard had explained; all that assaulted her happiness was on an incorporate plane, or anyhow in a procession of consequences extending far back and forward of their present lives.

*(Continued on Page 93)*



*She Saw Nettie Vollar's Deathly Pallid Face Rolled Awkwardly From the Pillow, and the Bowl of Opium*

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 9, 1918


## If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

## Easy Money

THE number of commercial failures reported in the latest statement at hand is the smallest for a like period in the current century. To get a number no larger one must go back to a period when the whole number of concerns in business was far smaller than at present.

This means, by and large, that it is easier to do business at a profit in the United States to-day than at any other period in this generation. By and large, business fairly does itself.

Pretty nearly from end to end it is a sellers' market; whoever has goods finds a buyer at his elbow. All the haggling is to get goods, not to dispose of them. Rapid circulation of money makes collections easy; but, more than anything else, perhaps, the steady upward trend of prices has made business easy. As a rule, the holder could not only sell, but sell at an advancing price, automatically increasing his profit margin. Buyers in the mass have been enabled to meet the situation by the increase in their profit margins and by a rapid rise in wages.

Now, no matter what else anybody may think about the future, it is certain that this condition cannot last. No tree ever does grow to the sky. Whatever else may happen, there must sometime come a period of stationary and declining prices and decreasing margins. That is as certain as two times two makes four. It means an anchor to windward. Every person who does not take this time to lay up a surplus is inviting trouble.

## Labor Supply

HERE is one reason for the shortage of labor: In the fiscal year 1918 the United States gained eighteen thousand five hundred and eighty-five inhabitants by immigration. In the last year before the war it gained about eight hundred thousand.

For a dozen years before the war immigrants came here at the rate of nearly a million a year. Predominantly they were young male laborers. That stream fed our expanding industries. War practically stopped it—just at the time when our industries were required to expand more rapidly than ever.

The Government recently calculated, in industries contributing to the war, a shortage of one million unskilled hands. If the net gain from immigration—the excess of arrivals over departures—had continued for the four war years at the rate of the four preceding years, this shortage would have been much more than overcome.

We must offset that handicap. It will be no disadvantage next year, when hundreds of shiploads of young male Americans are coming back from France and returning to industry; but it is a disadvantage now that spells an obligation for every American, male or female, who can work, and for every employer of labor.

A man who still has some of his natural teeth and hair recently remarked that he remembered a time when a female behind a desk anywhere below Canal Street—which means the financial, wholesale and shipping district of New York, the present habitat of the skyscraper—would have been almost as odd a sight as a Chinaman in court regalia. It was not considered nice for women to work in offices then, or to exercise their capacities anywhere outside the realm of kitchen, nursery and church, to which the Kaiser even now would benevolently relegate them.

Women confined to kitchen, nursery and church—except as they may be dragged forth by the hair for the brute satisfaction of German soldiers—that, also, is one of the things this war is about. And even now, though women in offices are accepted as a matter of course, there are many quarters in which it is not considered quite nice for them to do muscular work. The country needs every hand that can work, male and female.

## Disease and Cure

NO SENTIENT being can look about very much without being sickened by some sight of poverty. In the big urban hives a well-conditioned man who sticks to a well-conditioned path may fairly avoid personal contact with misery that is due to lack of money; but in the United States there is no populated spot more extensive than a fashionable parish that one can walk abroad in without stepping into the welter of it.

Nowadays there is little difference between those who incline to the white political emblem and those who affect the red as to their knowledge of the fact of poverty or their feeling toward it; but they disagree widely as to what can practically be done about it. And white is naturally more or less irritated by red's tendency to call disapproval of the red remedy the same thing as approval of poverty. The formula is: "Dipso's Specific cures consumption. You don't want people to take Dipso's Specific? Then you want them to have consumption!"

But for immediate purposes—as to this day's food, fuel and medicine—the sane elements in both factions will agree that only one thing can practicably be done about it: Those who have must give. There is no other way of meeting this day's needs.

There were never before such compelling demands for money; never a time when squeezing a quarter was so much a virtue. But contribution to home charity is the wrong place to squeeze. Economically it is the flood tide of prosperity. There is work for every hand at the highest wages known. That fact and the war's demands tend to make us forget that a great many women and children, and not a few incapacitated men, are still unable to get decent food, warmth, shelter.

Charity at home must be supported.

## The German Retreat

WHEN Prince Maximilian spoke for the German Government at the beginning of October it was evident that the Power we are fighting had retreated much farther than from the Marne to the German frontier.

To measure the distance, compare that speech with the utterances of those who were speaking for the forces that ruled Germany early this year, when Russia and Rumania lay helpless in Germany's hands, and authorized spokesmen were calmly remarking that the Reichstag resolutions for a peace without annexations and indemnities had been superseded by the march of events. The chancellor who inclined even a little to moderation was put out of office. The Prussian House of Lords was soon contemptuously throwing out the franchise bill to which the Kaiser himself had pledged his word. The Junker was in the saddle—with nothing but a kick in the face for any would-be competitors.

Prince Maximilian spoke of parliamentary government; reaffirmed the Reichstag resolutions and went beyond them; called attention to the fact that those associated with him in the Government were men who had stood for moderate peace views, even when the German Armies were at the height of their success.

That is a retreat much longer than from the Marne to the frontier. In executing it the Kaiser and his Junkers may have intended nothing more than strategically falling back for the moment to shorten their front. But political retreats are usually much less manageable than military retreats. The forces that carried Kaiserism that far back will carry it farther.

The Power we are fighting is falling back from every point of the compass. Its ability to rally is steadily waning. The ground is slipping under its feet. Still a tenacious and formidable Power, it is definitely going. The goal is clearly in sight. Only our own bungling or fumbling can miss it. The situation calls for the utmost effort we are capable of—every individual one of us.

## No Let-Up

MILITARY victories and German peace overtures have nothing to do with this day's job. The immediate problem here behind the lines would be the same if the Kaiser should throw up his hands to-morrow. There would still be a Fifth Liberty Loan. Every dollar of the Fourth Loan, all of this year's taxes, would be spent; and there would be a deficit before the war liabilities were finally discharged. Along with war's immediate liabilities we inevitably incur a mass of deferred liabilities.

Reports from many cities indicate that we are building at only a quarter or a third of our normal rate. New York must even defer construction of schoolhouses. There will be big arrears to make up when war ends. Road improvements and numberless things are deferred. No news that can come out of Europe will have any relevance to the present necessity for strictest economy at home.

Every weather vane you see points in the same direction. In a nutshell, when a bank gets hard up it rediscounts paper at a Federal Reserve Bank. The volume of Federal Reserve discounts is a measure of the pressure upon credit. When the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign started those discounts had risen from less than two hundred million dollars the year before to more than sixteen hundred million dollars, of which over eleven hundred millions was war paper—paper secured by government war obligations. That was before the flotation of the six-billion-dollar loan. Excess of bank loans over deposits is also a sign of strain on credit.

At the beginning of the Liberty Loan campaign loans of New York City clearing-house banks exceeded deposits by seven hundred million dollars.

Every debt you incur is a straw on that load. Every extravagance counts for a debt.

While reading good news from Europe sit tighter than ever on the economy program. You will receive notice, long ahead, of more liberal times.

## Foreign Investment

BEFORE the war we owed Europe several billion dollars for capital invested here. About nine-tenths of our sea-borne trade was carried in foreign bottoms. We had to send Europe annually about four hundred million dollars of the product of our labor to pay interest, freight, insurance, and so on.

When war ends we shall probably stand a creditor nation to the extent of nine or ten billion dollars. We shall have a merchant fleet second only to England's. Europe will probably be owing us four or five hundred millions a year.

Normally a creditor nation takes its balance in goods—in an excess of imports over exports. Considering our resources in materials and labor, and our plant capacity, it is not likely we shall import more than we export. On the contrary, it is likely we shall export more than we import, and roll up a balance of four or five hundred million dollars on the merchandise movement, in addition to the four or five hundred millions of interest. Bankers are already speculating on what we shall do with this enormous credit balance, and concluding that we must invest it abroad, as England and France invested their balances before the war.

So, no doubt, we must. But the problem may be simplified before the war's books of account are finally closed. There will be an enormous work of reconstruction. An eminent British banker calculates that even in uninvaded England it will take a billion and a half dollars to put the plant in good condition for peace. If war runs to next midsummer Germany's ability to pay, in any considerable part, for the vast damage she has wrought will be a rather dubious asset. Austria-Hungary's ability to pay is dubious enough now. As the richest partner in a common cause, for which some millions of men have given their lives, the United States can be merely a banker. Until the war's books are finally closed it is of no use to try to reckon how many dollars our Allies will owe us, or whether they will owe us any dollars. That is an open account, subject to undetermined offsets.

Our advantage at the end of the war will consist of our enormous industrial capacity, our supply of capital, and, by no means least, that imponderable item—which Chairman Kitchin treats so contemptuously in his revenue bills—goodwill. By our conduct during the war, at the peace settlement, and in the reconstruction that follows, we shall make such an investment in foreign goodwill as no nation ever remotely approached before.

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# CALL UP THE BALLOON

## By Lieut. H. K. Black, Flying Officer Observer, R. F. C., C. F. A.

THE intelligence of a balloon section is a job involving a great deal of detail. Information from everywhere is received, collated and filed, and it must be in such condition that when anyone rushes into the map room and demands complicated information about some Hun battery and wants it in a hurry, that information can be before him in about ten seconds. When it is understood that a section may have a thousand or more aëroplane photographs, some of them showing fifteen German battery positions, and each position may have a couple of typewritten pages of information about it, one may see how easy it would be to get twisted about them. This information must be kept right up-to-date from the daily reports, and above all it must be available quickly. In addition, the aëroplane and balloon photographs must be carefully studied, each battery position must be identified, marked and cross-indexed, as well as marked on the maps with its number. These marks and numbers tell the observer at a glance whether a battery is active or only suspected, whether it has not been active for some time or whether it has been destroyed.

The map room of a balloon section is also a sort of weather bureau, in that the atmospheric conditions are notified to headquarters for transmission to the meteorological station.

### The Day's Routine

ON OUR early-morning flying we had a regular routine of things to do. Owing to the ground mist there was practically no visibility in the morning on the Western Front—that is, for the Allied side. The Germans, however, had their best visibility in the early part of the day. The reason for this is that we were looking east, while the Hun was looking west. Anyone who can get up in a tall building early in the day can appreciate what I mean, for if he can look toward the sun he will find a haze, which for the most part is not to be seen when looking into the west. The Hun used to get in most of his shooting before noon, and from about two o'clock till dark was our time. Between noon and two P. M. it was generally fairly quiet.

Our orders were that, weather permitting, we had to go up every morning just after dawn. We were very, very seldom able to do any work at that time, and after getting the atmospheric conditions at different heights we generally used to haul down till there was a view, which, as I said, seldom came before two P. M.

Whichever one of us was going to take the early-morning flight would notify the guard the night before, and the sentry would wake him at a fiendishly early hour. It became a matter of competition among the flying officers as to who could reduce his dressing time to the lowest minimum. It finally got down to a matter of seconds.

One chap used to tell the guard to wake him as the crew got the balloon off its bed—that is, if the balloon was to be on the winch, ready for flight at four-thirty A. M., the crew would take it off its bed about four-twenty-nine, walk to the winch with it and then connect it with the winch by the cable. This chap, who finally held the record, was ready for flight twenty-eight seconds after he tumbled out of bed. One morning we actually timed him with a stop watch. He jumped out of bed, in his pyjamas, into a pair of long flying boots, laced himself into his parachute harness, struggled into a long leather flying coat and was on his way to the winch in less than half a minute. The rest of us always hoped, for his benefit, that one day he would go up dressed—or undressed—like that, and find a good view; whereupon he would have to stay up there in that costume.

Just before noon one day one of our photography aëroplanes, a "pusher," got caught in a fight with a German plane. It was absolutely at the Hun's mercy at about nine thousand feet, and soon it slid over on one side and came sliding down with the elevator control shot away. Down it glided on its side. Being a "pusher," with the engine behind the pilot and observer, it didn't get its nose down. What happened then even the pilot was rather hazy about, but when within a few dozen feet of the ground it flattened out on an even keel, more or less, and hit the ground fairly lightly. It turned up on end, throwing the pilot and observer out. It landed just about one hundred yards from our camp.

When the first of us arrived on the scene of the landing we found the pilot and observer sitting on the ground about five yards apart, gazing in a dazed manner at each other. Other than being fairly well shaken up, with numerous bruises, neither of them was hurt seriously. We assisted them to our mess, where they regained their equipoise.

A rather incoherent tale of their photographic work over the lines followed by their fight with the Hun plane and subsequent fall was told. We phoned their squadron and asked to have a tender and wrecking party sent over for the machine. Our guests stayed for lunch.

The observer turned out to be a Canadian. As soon as he spotted the "Canada" on my shoulder straps he asked what part of Canada I was from. I explained, and soon learned that he came from within ten miles of my home town.

PHOTOGRAPHS PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION



*At the Battle of Menin Road a Balloon Observer Was Seen to be in Difficulties During the Opening Phase of the Battle. He Cleverly Extricated Himself From an Awkward Position by Means of His Parachute*

"I heard there was a Canadian with this balloon and I always intended to drop in and see you," he burst out.

"Well, you've dropped, all right!" grimly commented his pilot from the other side of the table.

Since we had quite a program of work to be carried out that afternoon, while the rest finished lunch I donned my parachute harness, ready to ascend. Already the crew were bringing the balloon to the winch. As we had been shelled that morning we didn't want the gas bag loitering round the ground any longer than could be helped, so I started for the winch. I invited our unexpected guests to come up with me.

"What! Go up on the end of a string and jump out in a blooming parachute?" they vociferated. "No, you blinking hero, not any! We think too much of our lives to toss them round on a bubble that way."

### Aviators Dread Balloons

YET these were the two who had escaped death by a miracle that very morning when their plane crashed. However, that is the typical attitude of the air service. The plane man wouldn't go up in an observation balloon for anything, thinking it far too dangerous, while he looked upon the balloonist as a daredevil who delighted to take chances! On the balloonists' part, most of them like their own jobs better than the aëroplanists'. For myself, an experience I had shortly after this in an aëroplane convinced me that I had done quite enough aëroplaning to last me the rest of my life. The observer and pilot of an aëroplane are the heroes all right, and deserve all their medals. Because of their air duels they get most of them too. Of course the work of the aëroplane is much more spectacular than that of the silent, constant, consistent, ugly old sausage whose only occupation is observation.

The aëroplanes are somewhat a sore point with the balloons because they are supposed to protect the sausages from attacks of the Hun planes. For some time, however, all our planes used to go home to their aërodrome before dark. Therefore their pilots were often sitting down at dinner while we swung alone up in the lonely atmosphere. The Huns noticed and took advantage of this opportunity to bring us down. They attacked our balloons with impunity just before dark. After a couple of balloons had been set afire by incendiary bullets and consumed, there was inaugurated the balloon patrol, which required a number of our planes to fly up and down our lines till the balloons were pulled down for the night. No doubt the flyers were bored stiff with the task of flying up and down waiting for us to go to bed.

On the afternoon that our unexpected guests were forced to land I toiled through till dark, getting most of the necessary work done. Most of the planes were already sneaking off home, some of them stunting as they departed, just to kill a little more time before they reached their aërodromes. This was a nightly procedure. Until a few days before one of their stunts had been to fly along under the balloons close to the cables that held the sausages to the ground. Invariably they waved to the balloonists as they shot past. It was a dangerous stunt for both the planes and the balloons, because the cables running from the winches to the balloons are about the thickness of a lead pencil and so, to a plane going seventy miles or more an hour, they are quite invisible. A balloon drifts down wind, so naturally the cable slants quite a bit.

Only a few days before this a pilot had thought he was quite clear of the cable because he was to one side of the balloon, but unfortunately, because of the slant in the cable, he hit it, cutting the balloon loose and crashing his plane. He escaped with his life; but an order was issued that planes must fly over balloons and not under them.

This night I was spending my last fifteen minutes watching for Hun battery flashes, when a plane of ours hummed

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along. The pilot was flying just below my height. As he passed he waved. I did my best to motion him away. He got my signal all right, but evidently it put him on his mettle. Presumably he intended to show me how close he could fly to my cable and not hit it. He flew under me within about thirty feet of the cable. In triumph he waved his hand, and I shook my fist. I was then about four thousand feet up. Then the daredevil turned round and deliberately commenced to spiral down round my cable. I was mad and scared. I was sure he would cut me loose, so I hauled out my automatic pistol and leaning over the edge of the basket emptied one clip down beside him. I shot well away from him; still I wanted him to hear the bullets and see the flashes. Of course he couldn't hear the reports.

You can imagine the awful feeling that rushed over me when I saw him sideslip away from the cable and go in a spin toward the ground. Ye gods! I had crashed him! Visions of courts-martial flashed before me as I watched him fall. A load fell off my heart as I saw him flatten out about a thousand feet from the ground and scoot off in the direction of his aërodrome.

A machine gun that had been dropped into our camp by the falling aëroplane and the automatic-pistol incident had given me an idea. Why not have a Lewis machine gun in the basket of the balloon? My theory was that if a Hun aëroplane saw a machine gun spitting at him from the comparatively solid platform of a balloon basket he would think twice before attacking a sausage. The idea was not in itself new, but the application, I think, was.

Some time previously we had been offered Lewis guns. Headquarters, however, had said, "No; give them to the poor infantry." That was all right so far as it went, but as the infantry couldn't use an aëroplane gun they were no better off than before, and we were out our machine guns.

### The Wrong Man Decorated?

A BALLOON in the air is the most helpless thing imaginable. Of course, any aëroplane in the vicinity is supposed to protect it, and well they do it when they are round; but, as I said before, previous to this event the planes had generally all gone home before the balloons were pulled down.

All the antiaircraft batteries, or Archies as they are called, like Donnybrook Fair, take a crack at a Hun whenever they see one. Each balloon, however, has one special Archie battery which works with it, and that battery is supposed to put up a barrage of fire between the Hun plane and the balloon. In addition to that we had two old machine guns, of the vintage of 1900, mounted on the ground near the winch. Sometimes these worked all right, but as a rule they would fire about three to five shots and then jam with a unanimity that was nothing short of marvelous. Moreover, the old guns, even when they did not jam, were not so accurate as they once had been, and on the occasion of my second parachute jump, when a Hun plane followed me down a bit, I heard my own machine-gun bullets passing uncomfortably close to me. Then I realized that though they were doing their best, still, if they hit me they would do as much damage to me as the bullets of the Hun.

I mentioned my ideas in regard to the Lewis gun to the major. He did not agree with me.

"No, my boy; observers are too hard to get to take any chances. If you are attacked, you jump. If you even think you are going to be attacked, you jump. No one will ever say anything to you about it if you jump before you are attacked."

I explained that I hated to run from a Hun, and that parachuting was the same as running in the air. He would have none of it.

Nevertheless, I knew of a salvage dump in which had been placed a damaged Lewis gun. I got it; rather my corporal did. Between us we fixed it up, and from a neighboring infantry-transport line we got some extra magazine drums. We found the gun would shoot all right and practiced a bit. The practicing was done in the major's absence.



BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH

*Kite Balloons are the Eyes of the British Guns. The Observers Have to be Highly Trained and Ready for Any Emergency. In the Event of Their Balloons Being Attacked by Enemy Aircraft or Shelled They are Forced to Descend in Parachutes. The Observers are Always Connected With Their Parachutes by a Harness, as Shown*

One day, the major being absent, the corporal put the gun in the basket. I went up, did some work, and after about four hours came down.

By this time the major had returned. He was at the chart room as I descended and was talking to the lieutenant who commanded the balloon on our left. This balloon was not in the major's command.

The two of them sauntered over to the basket as I stepped out. We were speaking of the flight, when the basket corporal, a particularly tactless chap, reached into the basket and hauled forth this Lewis gun. Of course the major saw it, and the lieutenant also.

I expected a strafe, but the major only said: "Did you have that gun up with you?"

And I replied: "Yes, sir."

After the lieutenant had gone back to his own section the major said to me: "I think we will mount that Lewis gun of yours on the ground in place of one of those old Maxims."

What could I do but agree with him? So it was done forthwith.

The sequel was the painful part for me. I had originated the idea. I had got a Lewis gun, I had taken it up, but had not been attacked and given a chance to prove the practicability of my idea.

The lieutenant of the next balloon had stolen my idea. I think also he stole—that is, acquired—a Lewis gun. He took it up with him; was attacked; he used the gun and brought down the Hun plane.

Now I ask you: Which one of us deserved the Military Cross? He got it.

Up till this time I had had the experience of jumping out in a parachute twice. I must say it is much nicer to watch someone else do the jumping. So little is known by the layman about parachutes that perhaps a few facts concerning them will not be amiss here.

### Parachutes and Parachuting

TO BEGIN with, the parachutes used in the British service are of the finest white silk. It is such fine silk that one could pull yards of it through an ordinary signet ring. I do not know what the American balloonists are using in France, but some I saw in use in the schools in the States were made of cotton, and they seemed to give general satisfaction. In other respects, however, they largely approximated those we used in France. Our parachutes were umbrella shaped, of course, and measured thirty-five feet in diameter. There is a circular hole in the top about twelve inches across.

This is designed to allow the imprisoned air to escape in descent; otherwise the affair would be liable to sideslip, like an aëroplane.

Fastened to the edge of the parachute are numerous small cords, which run down and attach to half their number of stouter cords. These in turn meet half as many light ropes, which finally end in two ropes fastened to the parachute harness. The length of these cords and ropes from the edge of the parachute to where they join the harness is fifty-eight feet.

The parachute is carefully packed, under an officer's supervision, in a cone-shaped case. The top of the silk is tied into the top of the case by a bit of breaking cotton—that is, twenty pounds' weight will break the cotton thread. The silk is then folded into the case, and the cords, carefully separated, are wound in on top of the silk. Next the bottom of the case is put on. On the lower wooden ring of the case is a half-inch groove. The bottom of the case has a spiral spring, slightly smaller than the grooved ring. The bottom of the case is fitted over the case and the spring springs into

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BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS

*A British Observation Balloon Being Brought Down to Earth*

*Above—A Telephone Lorry Exchange Connected With an Observation Balloon*

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# REPUBLIC TIRES

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# MORALE—The New Army Strength

## By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

THREE things are necessary to the full strength of the modern soldier. You may, and must, first make him physically fit for the great task that is required of him; and then you may, and must again, train him for the big job ahead. The problem of education in modern warfare, which in these days has become an exact and exacting science, ranks hardly second to that of physical training. But when these things are done there is another to be considered—the third great factor in the making of the modern soldier. It is the newest addition to scientific warfare; and, for lack of a better name perhaps, it is being called morale. Translated into a single brief sentence, it means giving the young soldier not alone the desire to fight but the desire to win. It is the very same thing that the executive in modern business calls pep, or ginger, and spends much time and appreciable sums of money each year in instilling into the hearts and minds of his working force.

Even in a volunteer army, where no man is supposed to be enlisted unless he possesses an inherent desire to fight for the right and for his native land, the need for the cultivation of an energetic morale is to-day recognized as almost essential to final success. But in a conscripted army—even an army conscripted in as fair and as democratic a fashion as the United States Army is to-day—morale becomes from the very first a vital necessity, in all probability far more vital in a land that has not as yet felt the war very heavily; not, at least, in the intimate and tragic way that France and Belgium and Poland and Italy have felt it. Our cities have not been bombarded, our homes invaded, our women ravished or our little children mutilated—thank God for that! The war is still overseas and afar off; and yet that, in itself, forms one of the really serious problems of not merely the organization but the fighting spirit of our army.

The superior military experience of the Germans a few years before the war hit upon the importance of this new fighting asset—morale. The fact that theirs was the most autocratic of all conscript systems, plus the fact—privately recognized by the Prussian military autocracy—that the Teutonic temperament does not lend itself to sustained or enthusiastic fighting without artificial stimulus, led Von Ludendorff, then in the saddle of the General Staff, to send a picked corps of young officers through the German universities, where they received a short intensive course in army morale.

They studied and they drilled. And not the least interesting feature of their drills were the lessons in which they were taught to send up small balloons with propaganda tied to them—balloons that in a fair wind from the proper quarter would float over behind the enemy's lines and there alight, with their messages well calculated to disturb the enemy and so to lessen his morale.

Perhaps you have never seen the Continental Times; probably you never will see it—not unless it is kept carefully, in future years, in some great museum filled with trophies of the present conflict. Yet the Continental Times is not without a circulation department—some energetic young Prussian officer who uses toy balloons where old-time and more conventional circulation managers used railroad trains or automobiles or restless and tireless boys.

### Wet-Blanket Propaganda

THE Continental Times is printed in Germany; yet it is printed in English. It has been said by some of the folks here who would completely suppress the printing of German newspapers in the United States until after the war at least, that Germany would not permit the printing of an English newspaper in its borders at this time. The Continental Times gives the contradiction to such a statement. It is not only printed in the English language but every detail of its appearance is so carefully studied as to give the Britisher of even more than average intelligence the impression that it came out of Manchester or Liverpool, or even mighty London itself. The peculiar type faces so characteristic of the Baedekers or the other "made in Germany" books printed in English are missing. The Continental Times is nothing if not cunningly planned.

And its news! Upon the right-hand column of the first page begins a story which tells how the British hospital ship Scarpia—I am inventing that name—crept into London harbor on a certain specific July morning with a desolate cargo of wounded Englishmen. The thing reads logically enough at the beginning, even if one wonders how the censor permitted the paper to name the ship and the day and hour of her arrival so precisely. The Continental Times is perhaps the only newspaper printed in English that is not submitted to the scrutiny of English censors; the only members of the fraternity who pass upon its columns are uniformed in green-gray.

Halfway down the column the story of the arrival of the Scarpia becomes even more pregnant with interest. The details assume a more horrible aspect. It seems that the ship is foul; a veritable charnel house wherein the dead are intermixed with the sick and dying. Dante could not have painted hell or Dumas the horrors of the galley ship more fearfully than the Continental Times calmly describes the voyage of the Scarpia across the English Channel.

Lies, you exclaim; all lies! No, not all lies; for that is the peculiarly iniquitous way of this hideous form of German army morale. The Continental Times is a thin tissue of lies; lies builded upon fact, but a tissue that is like the thin growth which forms upon the corneas of the eyes, and so distorts or completely obscures vision.

Let us say that there is a Scarpia and that the Tommy whose eye may happen to fall upon the balloon-distributed Continental Times may chance to know this to be a fact; may even happen to know that upon that particular July morning she steamed into a London dock with a shipload of wounded men. In such a case so much greater is the danger; for Tommy, knowing that part is truth, may not be keen enough to discern where the lies begin. And so he has his mental vision distorted and, in turn, his own morale lowered; which is the very thing the Prussian editor of the Continental Times intended to bring about in Tommy.

### How Secret Morale Squads Work

THAT is the negative side of morale as the German understands it, a side which frequently finds its expression not only in issues of the Continental Times but in papers printed in their own language for both the French and British soldiers, and also balloon-distributed. And some day Pershing may find himself confronted with a German printed and edited Yankee paper—probably the output of some young Prussian ingrate who received the benefits of an American university and who was smart enough to attach himself to the staff of one of its official publications.

But it is the positive side of morale training that has received the keenest attention of the German Military Staff, just as to-day it is receiving the attention of our own. And the way that the positive side works is something after this fashion:

Fritz Reibach is discouraged. Life behind the Hindenburg Line is just one thing after another, with each successive thing a little worse than the one that preceded it. Last night the second lieutenant kicked him—an early and somewhat intrinsic form of German morale which Ludendorff and the rest of the more scientific military thinkers have not as yet been able to eliminate. Finally Fritz does a cowardly but perfectly human thing. He writes a letter home and in it tells his troubles. He is sickly blue, miserably unhappy. Death no longer has any terrors for him.

That letter never reaches Fritz's home. In the German Army all letters to and from the soldiers are carefully censored, and this particular letter goes from the censor into the morale squad of Fritz's company. That squad is composed of the captain, three sergeants and six privates—all of these last nine selected because of their peculiar qualifications for understanding and getting along with men. Fundamentally they are mixers. The existence of the morale squad, as such, is unknown to the rest of the company.

I have known a great street-railroad company in a metropolitan city to have each tenth man in its employ organized and paid extra as a part of its secret service. That, in a very distant yet very definite way, was a sort of morale organization. It was morale so far as it sought to accomplish definite results with the rank and file of the street-railroad men; it did not deserve so good a name when one considered that the tenth men were in a large and definite sense traitors to their fellows, who did not know the fullness of their relations to the company which employed them.

Fritz Reibach's letter, as you have just read, never goes home. But that very evening when it goes into the post one of his fellow privates—a secret member of the morale squad—a peculiarly likable fellow to whom Fritz has long since taken a real fancy, comes to him.

"Fritz, old man," says he, "how does it all go?"

It goes pretty badly. The private—the hopelessly submerged unit in what was once the greatest military organization upon the face of the wide, wide world—tells his troubles to his fellow. They are received with great sympathy and understanding.

"Lieutenant Sandhelm had no business to kick you," says the other. "It is expressly forbidden in the new regulations. He could be disciplined for that. It will not happen again." And he makes a mental note to have the captain speak to Sandhelm about the offense—a very real offense against Ludendorff's plan of morale—but then changes the subject.

"Fritz, I came by the big headquarters last evening," he continues, "and I caught a little whisper there. 'That little Fritz Reibach,' it said, 'is a real fighter. He has grit. He is a regular soldier, a credit to the Fatherland. It will not be long before he is wearing the iron cross.'"

That and much more like it and Fritz's nerve begins to stiffen; his spirits rise. You know how it would be. You may try to make yourself believe that you are completely invulnerable to flattery; but there comes the day, there comes a man, that battens you down. You smile upon him; you believe him, or you make yourself believe that you believe him—which comes to the same thing in the long run—and, what is vastly more important, you go forth with more energy and faith and endurance. Take a million, two million, three million Fritzes, and apply to each and all of them that same sort of practical psychology, and you have an element of vast strength; the sort of thing which has sent the German Army unflinchingly up against the very gates of hell time and time and time again during the past four years.

Fritz, acting under the suggestion, and perhaps to a slight extent the hypnotic influence of his friend, writes another letter home. It is a vastly different letter, filled with hope and courage and enthusiasm. In it he repeats the rumor about the iron cross. Other Fritzes are writing similar letters home. And back home they are being put side by side and compared. It is well at the Front. It is, of course, a longer pull because these devilish Americans have been tricked by the English into coming into the fight, but the boys are uncomplaining; the boys are courageous, and with such courage—such optimism, if you please—victory must be theirs in the end. Do you wonder that, with such a scientifically cultivated and fostered national morale, the long-predicted crumbling of the German nation is extremely slow in coming to pass?

### Another Campaign of Lies

PERHAPS Fritz and one or two of his fellows go back for a leave of absence into the little Bavarian town from whence they came. You may be very sure the secret morale squad was very busy with them before they left. Their last impressions of the Front are good impressions. The food is fine—particularly so in their individual cases; the enemy is a motley rabble—they have just been told so again by their superior officers; and those same superior officers have been unusually courteous of late, a complete reversal of former Prussian military tradition. And while they are at home Fritz and his fellows lunch with the burgomaster, an honor that in their wildest dreams of peace days they had never imagined could come to pass.

These are facts. I am not writing them from imagination but from carefully collated evidence. German thoroughness, placed back of the morale problem, has accomplished wonders with it.

Consider for a moment once again the opposite side of this work. A little less than two years ago the captains of the German and Austrian companies along the Italian front received elaborate instructions together with packages of penknives and tobacco. These last were to be distributed to the men in the front-line trenches, who were to use them as an opening means of fraternizing with their foes. The fraternizing was to bring certain definite results: the German High Command was most anxious to discover just what part of Italy the men in those trenches directly opposite came from, as well as their names. That being established, the rest was easy.

The Hun secret agents scattered through Italy were put at work. Soon Pietro and Luigi and Guglielmo began to receive letters from their home towns—anonymous letters, to be sure; but Pietro or Luigi or Guglielmo were not educated to a point of scorning the deadly anonymous communication. Pietro learned that his little home had been destroyed by fire and that his family had taken flight into the high hills of Sicily; Luigi's aged mother was very ill and bemoaning the fact that she might never see her beloved son again; and as for Guglielmo, Tony, the maker of shoes, was devoting himself rather assiduously to Guglielmo's pretty wife.

News of this sort, reaching the men in the front trenches, was not calculated to improve the morale of Italy's army. And well-versed military authorities have no hesitancy in ascribing the pitiful Italian débâcle of 1917 to this skillful morale work of the young men of the Ludendorff school among the Italian soldiery.

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The Italians since then have learned their hard-taught lesson. Morale has now become a great science in their own army; a most successful science, I may add, for this year's fighting along the Piave has been full proof of this.

The Allied nations have not been slow to apply this German-made control of morale to their own needs—only with this vital difference: Where the German method of application is founded fundamentally on dishonesty the Allied method is rooted in the square deal to the soldier. The cards are upon the table and face up. Let us see what that means:

Jean, the poilu, receives a letter from Marie, the little wife back in the Brittany town from which they both sprang. Like the letters that came to the men and boys in the Italian trenches, it contains news which will give Jean no great desire to fight—not even for his beloved France; for the little Alphonse is ill—"Oh, so very, very ill, Jean!"—and Marie, the mother, is so poor and so helpless, with the head of the tiny family so far away. There is little food in the small house and still less fuel. And Marie, upon her knees, prays for hours before her tiny crucifix, but seemingly to no avail.

### *Morale Work in France*

JEAN closes the letter sadly; then quickly opens another which came with it. This envelope also has Marie's neat handwriting; but it is dated forty-eight hours later than the other. The message it holds tells quite a different story. The Blessed Mary has heard! For, since Marie wrote Jean those two days before, kind friends have come; food, fuel and, best of all, a big black-bearded doctor, who is bringing the little Alphonse back to health and strength once again. Jean reads further. Marie explains: The food, the fuel and the doctor came from the Société Nationale de Secours—the vast French charitable organization that has proved itself so great a bulwark of strength to the republic in the four years of its supreme trial. Great is the National Society! And great is France! For such a land Jean is prepared willingly to fight; to lay down his life if need be. . . .

Jean does not know it, but morale has also been working for him. It was morale which delayed that first depressing letter from Marie—not destroyed it, as in the case of the letter Fritz Reibach sent home; for it is fundamental French military law never to destroy a home letter sent to a soldier at the Front, but in the most extreme circumstances to detain it.

While the poilu's letter was detained the morale organization placed itself in instant communication with the National Society, which in turn telegraphed its agent at Jean's home town to proceed at once to Marie's home and give her the aid she so greatly needed.

In this connection it should be noted and plainly noted that in no cases whatsoever are the letters which are sent to our own boys at the Front ever opened and read by persons other than the very men to whom they are addressed.

Instructions on this point are precise; and not open to the slightest variation in their interpretation. The American soldier's letter is sacred—to the writer and to the fighter who receives it.

These practical lessons in the working of the newest military science have not been lost upon our own War Department. Morale is a problem that already has forced itself upon the attention of Secretary Baker, with the direct result that a subdivision of the Army is being created to handle it; and to-day this is the division of the Army which is undergoing the greatest growth and expansion. And it is still in the infancy of its development.

It is this division of the Army that already is beginning to correlate and in some instances to consolidate the many activities of the various organizations and agencies that already exist to make the lot of the American soldier to-day a happier one than that of the soldiers of other years and other wars. It is willing to establish even more activities if necessary, but all for the one supreme purpose—the winning of the war; not only through the creation of a greater number of soldiers, but through the development of far better soldiers than the skill and vast military experience of the enemy have been able to create. This is the final purpose of morale; and yet morale, properly applied, does not lose sight of the effect of its training upon the individual soldier, which is one of the strongest things in favor of the entire idea.

Even before the morale work of the War Department was completely organized the idea was in large effect in many of the army camps and commands, and nowhere producing better results than at the moment of induction of the new soldier into the Army. That moment is in many ways the most difficult of all in the life of the young soldier. Not only is his mind more open and more susceptible to new influences and impressions than at any time thereafter, but he is apt to be undergoing all the fearful pangs of loneliness and homesickness. A long, hot, dirty ride in a troop train from his home town has not lessened these pangs. The excitement of departure and the glory of the farewells are quite gone. He is face to face with the cold fact of the hard life of a soldier.

There is nothing dramatic about his reception at the average cantonment. Emotionless officers in low commands direct him here and there. He stands for long dreary minutes, and even hours, as his record is taken, his physical examination made, the various protective inoculations made, and his clothing and bedding allotted to him. After which, together with the other new arrivals, he is herded into an isolated detention camp, where for a fortnight or so he is carefully watched for the appearance of any contagious disease he may have brought with him from his home town.

The Army takes no chances.

All this is a rather disheartening business. It is apt to be the tedium of quarantine which most irks the rookie. If he has any idea that he is going to be given a gun at once and conducted to a rifle range he is quickly disillusioned. He does not get a gun for a long time after his arrival. Instead he is more apt to get a manicure set—a pick and shovel; and he goes to work digging trenches and dugouts, a rather trying business for a boy who may not have had much previous experience with these implements. Yet it is all a part of army discipline and, as such, not only valuable but extremely necessary. But it is also rather weakening to the morale of the individual soldier.

It was a keen-minded commander at a cantonment down on the Georgia-Tennessee line who last spring recognized this fact and upon his own authority set about to remedy it. The authority given these camp commanders is vast and, despite popular opinion of army practice to the contrary, the opportunity for individual initiative is very large indeed. The fact that this particular cantonment receives young men from practically every state in the Union—it is the camp which trains soldiers for the work of the Medical Reserve Corps—gave its commander an even larger opportunity than usual.

"We are going to give our boys a chance to be glad they came to Greenleaf," said the commander; "a chance to say that they are glad—glad from the moment they get off the cars." And straightway he proceeded to put his theory into practice.

To-day when a new soldier arrives at this mountain-side camp—situated at one of the older Regular Army posts and upon the site of a historic battle of the Civil War—he is first given a bath and a warm meal, at no matter what hour he may arrive, and then is promptly rostered into service; no waiting in line for hours while an overworked army clerk struggles with the draft-board reports and a host of questions to be asked the newcomer. There are four rostering teams, and each is so well and so generously organized that, between them, ten men a minute can be inducted into the service, which means almost no waiting lines whatsoever.

From the rostering clerks the new soldier goes without delay to the information tent, where the creature comforts of a regular bath and a good meal are followed by a genuine handshake and welcome to the camp. And a minute later the rookie finds himself tagged—just as delegates to a big convention are sometimes tagged—so that others in the detention camp may be able to call him by name from the very first. And upon the reverse of the tag are some simple and very human instructions and advice, beginning with a very definite "You are now a soldier!"

### *Scientific Gladhanding*

FROM the information tent the rookie is taken to the hut of the Y. M. C. A., where he is politely told that he had better write a letter home and tell the folks how he feels and what it seems like to be a real soldier. A form letter from the commandant of the camp telling of its real purpose and advantage is given him for inclosure. He is told that this first letter will be awaited more anxiously perhaps than any which will ever follow it; and if he lacks for ideas to go into the letter there will be a man in khaki at his elbow to help him find them. The keynote of scientific morale is helpfulness.

The letters out of the way, there is a general adjournment to a natural amphitheater in the very heart of the detention camp. The boys sit in vast circles upon the side hills and hear a noncommissioned officer of experience tell what it means to be in the Army, what it means to be in their particular corps, and particularly what it means to be fighting the Hun in the common cause of liberty and the freedom of the world. He tells it in simple language, and it gets home. He goes into details. For instance, he explains the reasons for the typhoid inoculation, which seems to be the pet bugbear of so many of the recruits; and he answers questions freely and frankly.

"He just takes the cuss out of things for the newcomers," explains the commander of Camp Greenleaf.

From spoken words he goes to song. A song master appears from somewhere, leaflets bearing the words of the popularized songs of the Army are distributed among the men, and a few rounds of Good Morning, Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip! and your boy is ready, first for the military hair cut and then for the uniform that at last makes him a full-fledged soldier—outwardly at any rate. In a few hours he has been transformed—mentally at least. From the frowzy and travel-worn youth who tumbled off the incoming train he begins to be the erect soldier, with both duty and opportunity right ahead. And the spirit of morale has entered into his very heart.

There are seven baseball grounds within the detention camp at Greenleaf, and before the second day is over young officers have shown how nines can be organized without in the least interfering with the military training of the place. In a recent instance out of two hundred and twelve men in a newly arrived company one hundred and seventy-five were out for a ball game within thirty-six hours after arrival in camp—and this despite the over-anticipated and overdreaded typhoid inoculations. Those baseball diamonds more than pay their way. Boys are far better off out upon them than they would be sitting back in barracks and mooning upon the home comforts and luxuries so lately left behind.

At Greenleaf the policy is to let the boys, outside of their sleeping and eating periods, spend as little time in barracks as is humanly possible. And because there are so many limitations upon the amount of actual military work that can be done, particularly by newcomers in a detention camp, this means that there must be elaborate and well-laid plans for the play and amusement of the recruits.

But it pays. When the boys from a country three thousand miles in length and a thousand miles in width first come rolling into Greenleaf they are intensely partisan, immensely local in their ideas and their devotions. The gang from Idaho announces that fact by means of a terse and well-phrased yell; the boys who came in from Connecticut a week ago ring back an answer. California is far too large to be represented by a single delegation, but the bunch from San Francisco is doing its best to handle the job. The Maine boys are good shouters; and so are the Texans. So it goes—at first. Local spirit and local pride seek every opportunity to assert themselves.

### *Swift Changes in the Rookies*

THEN a change begins to show itself, slowly at first and then with astounding rapidity. The locality calls begin to lose their force; then die completely—in most instances before the recruits are out of the detention camps. In their place come the yells of the new companies, and finally the big whoopee of Camp Greenleaf itself.

"Gee, but this is a great place!" said one of the boys still in detention barracks a few weeks ago to a War Department representative down from Washington. "Camp Greenleaf's got it all over anything else in the way of camps all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

The War Department man was interested.

"How do you know that?" he demanded. "You haven't seen any of the others."

The rookie grinned.

"That fellow over there told me it was," was the reply.

"That fellow," to whom he pointed, had been a soldier all of four days!

Sometimes the young Americans who ride the trains for the first time in toward the cantonments are of a strange sort—swarthy-skinned perhaps, and perhaps not even understanding the tongue of the great republic of democracy in which they must live their lives. More than a year ago I rode with such a group from the Pennsylvania Station in New York down to Camp Upton, on Long Island, and among the oddly assorted polyglot group a little Russian Jew interested me the most. He was intensely excited, tremendously impressed by his new surroundings. He was one of those who spoke no English, but his actions spoke more loudly than any words could have spoken; for from his vest pocket he produced from time to time a tiny silken American flag, kissed it reverently, and moved his lips in the prayers of his fathers.

It is to men such as this that the detention camp comes as a very great horror; it is with men such as this that the problem of applying morale reaches its greatest complexities. A group of men, the greater part of them Italians and Poles, thrust into a far Southern camp, found themselves in a really desperate plight. There was a shortage of interpreters; not even a priest to give them the solace they so sorely needed.

Yet it was out of the difficulties of this large group of selective-service men that there was evolved one of the most definite and successful schemes of the new and comprehensive morale plan of our Army. The Foreign Legion Plan is the name given to this particular experiment in bringing spirit and energy—the will to fight and the desire to conquer—to a definite and difficult group of embryo soldiers.

In a word, this plan involves nothing more difficult complicated than the segregating of various tongues races into individual companies, officered in part by th

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of lingual and racial understanding. The first policy of the War Department was to set itself squarely against this very sort of thing. It was supposed to be un-American; the big job of this nation—a need particularly vital and to be particularly noted at this very time—is to fuse the various racial elements that in the past few years have made their way here from overseas, and not to keep alive in their hearts and minds the speech and customs of their native lands. That is so fundamental as to be trite by this time. And yet, in practice ——

At Camp Gordon, on the outskirts of Atlanta, at a single time there were more than four thousand soldiers who could not speak the language of the land for which they were being prepared to fight. Almost literally they were running round in circles. Many of them were openly indifferent, discouraged, discontented, rebellious. They were objects of derision for the English-speaking rookies, who shouted "Wops!" and "Dagos!" at them as they worked in the kitchen police or with the pick and shovel.

Into all this chaos—and it was pretty nearly chaos—walked a young officer from Washington. This was some three or four months ago. The young man was one of the first of the new morale officers, and he had been told that there was a regular job awaiting him down at Atlanta. Instead of tackling the problem en masse, he decided that he would do it individually. He did it individually. In the course of a fortnight he actually talked to nine hundred and seventy-six men. He was a linguist of some ability and he spoke to them either in their own tongues or else in a combination of dialects. The point was, he made them understand him; or was the best point the undoubted fact that they made him—a man of authority in his leather putties—understand them?

### The Strength of Gentle Methods

ONE by one they came before him—not only the discontented foreigners, understanding little and caring less, but those harder problems, the so-called pacifists, the men who need morale the most and the ones to whom it is hardest to give it. Here was one of this last sort:

"Your name?" asked the young man down from Washington.

The recruit—a young Russian—gave it sullenly and without the customary salute preceding it. The aid explained that here was a pacifist. The Russian had refused to drill; even to put on a uniform or sign his naturalization papers. The morale lieutenant did not lose his head or his temper.

"You do not believe in fighting?" he asked with patient courtesy. "Are you not willing to be a soldier?"

The Russian replied, with great positiveness, that his entire nature revolted against warfare; against force of any sort whatsoever. He could not bear even the thought of killing a man.

"Of course not! Of course not!" said the young lieutenant.

And then he began to tell the man in front of him what war meant to the womenfolk of the land he had left behind—the very women, the children, too, whom he once loved and strove to protect. And suppose war should cross the ocean and come to those closest to a man's protection and affection!

The young lieutenant is something of a salesman. In the days before the coming of the war he sold automobiles in upper Broadway, New York—and sold a lot of them. That involved work—hard work; and so does this. Patiently but steadily he gave this story of the war and what it meant to this man, just as if it was a story of six cylinders and a new cooling system. And so he "sold" his man.

Finally the Russian broke forth with all the native eloquence of his race. He really wanted to fight. In his native land he had been a soldier. He hated the Huns, but was worried about his wife and children, whom he must leave behind. Will they starve? He had an uncle once who went to fight the Czar's battles in far-off Manchuria; and Androvsky never came back, but the aunt was left, quite without food.

The young lieutenant smiled—encouragingly this time—and took the new soldier by the elbow; explained to him, as friend to friend, how Uncle Sam would care for his wife and children while he was at war; how a part of his monthly pay would be deducted and an equal amount added by the Government, and the whole then sent to the good wife. He told him all about the allowance and allotment plan; about government insurance, too, as well as the various other ways in which those whom he loved and had promised to protect would be watched and protected in his absence.

And the net result was a man, once worried and rebellious, now ready to serve his Uncle Samuel; and to the very best of his ability. Does not that beat the guardhouse or the prison—by about a million per cent?

In the early days of the new cantonments a veteran commander with unusually strong human instincts was sent down to take charge of the great camp at Yaphank, Long Island. That cantonment—Camp Upton—was peopled entirely by the men of New York, a generous portion of East Side objectors among them. Among these last also was a Russian, a clever agitator and a man of unusual prominence among his neighbors. This man was an objector, a sullen, obstinate fellow who refused to drill or even to get into a uniform. The commander heard of him. Another commander might have ordered him into the guardhouse or given him some other form of hard punishment.

Major General Bell did nothing of that sort. He sent for the Russian and talked to him—talked in the friendly, intimate, manly fashion that the young lieutenant from Washington talked to the evaders and objectors down at Camp Gordon—and finally won him; won him heart and soul. Bell then revoked the punishment to which he had been sentenced by a junior officer. The Russian thanked him but did not leave the office.

"Is there anything else I can do for you?" asked General Bell.

There was. The Russian hesitated; he said that under the circumstances he had no right to ask any favors of his high commanding officer.

"Go ahead and ask," said that functionary.

The Russian explained: This was the day of Yom Kippur—the most sacred festival of his people. He should have been with his family back there in the East Side of New York. Instead, here he was, so recently under a court-martial sentence, a disgrace to the country that had fostered him from oppression and given him a living!

The commander cut him short. He rose from his desk and went straight over to him, looked him squarely in the eye.

"I know I can trust you," he said quietly. "There is a train to New York at one-twenty-five. You catch that and come back to-morrow evening. I want you to be with your people at this time."

The man stammered out profuse thanks; his face filled with color. He would have caught the major general's hands and kissed them if he had dared. He hurried from the room. An orderly ran down the hall after him and called him back.

"You'll not have time to walk and catch that one-twenty-five," said Major General Bell. "I'll arrange to have one of our headquarters cars hustle you over to it."

Return to Camp Gordon once again. The young man who went down there from Washington last summer studied the situation carefully and found certain very definite things, the most important perhaps being the fact that most of the objectors to service are men who do not speak or understand English. Seventy-five per cent of these objectors, though in camp since last fall, had not learned English, to say nothing of the rudiments of being a soldier. Yet their troubles and complaints had quickly dissolved when they had their opportunity to talk them over frankly with an officer who was both sympathetic and human and in a position to give definite advice with authority.

### Pacifists Become Fighters

OUT of his observations and recommendations came a classification of the difficults into three distinct groups: First, a development battalion, consisting of physically fit men; second, a labor battalion, comprising the really disloyal and enemy aliens; and third, a noncombatant service, composed of men really physically unfit to go overseas, but fairly proficient for some army trade here in America. As soon as this classification had been completed the physically fit were assigned to what is now known as the Second Development Battalion, with two companies, one composed of Slavs—the majority of them Poles—and the other a company of pure-blooded Italians.

Three officers of Polish extraction and one Russian were secured for the first company and two Italians for the second, with the addition of a Greek for a squad of Greeks it held. These officers taught both the spirit and the articles of war in their native tongues to the non-English-speaking men of their commands, and straightway fully one-half of the disaffection and disloyalty that remained disappeared and was replaced by enthusiasm and patriotism. The original theory and principle of the War Department was completely reversed; but to a very large purpose indeed.

Presently another factor appeared: A corporal from a Slav company ran into an Italian corporal in front of one of the post exchanges.

"You Dagos aren't real soldiers!" he said in a bantering, joking way. "If you want to see real soldiers come round sometime and watch us drill."

The Italian did not take it as a joking matter.

"Is that so?" he cried. "Is that so? Well, you just watch us drill! We will show you a few things. You Slavs can't even march."

Out of such a spirit of rivalry the two companies have developed rapidly—even more rapidly than any two companies of American boys in the same length of time. And another young officer of the General Staff up at Washington came down to Atlanta. They lined the peppy Slav company up in front of him.

"How many of you men are ready to go abroad at once?" he asked.

And in response ninety per cent of the company stepped briskly forward. And these were the men who had gone into Camp Gordon as conscientious objectors; they were the difficults who were herded in a detention camp because there seemed to be nothing else to be done with them.

Morale is a pretty workable thing, after all.

Its possibilities are large, whether it be among the boys whose blood and traditions have been here for ten generations or for less than one.

There is hardly a man in the Army, no matter what his rank or ability, who cannot fail to be benefited by its workings; particularly when it is worked in the honest cards-face-up-on-the-table fashion in which it is being brought into our service to-day.

We found the boys at Camp Greenleaf being told off into the Y. M. C. A. huts upon the first day of their arrival there and ordered to write a letter home. That idea of itself has vast possibilities. At a certain camp in the Middle West each company commander has had prepared, each week-end, under his personal direction, a mimeographed letter—not a stiff or formal sort of communication, but a regular letter—for the folks at home, chatty, newsy, informal.

### Working Out Selected Ideas

IF PRIVATE JACK SMITH stubbed his toe in front of the major's tent just as the old major was coming out and beginning salute, that goes into the letter; so does the astounding fact that Bill Brown ate seventeen griddle cakes at mess Thursday night, or that Ralph Robinson has more warts than any other buddy in the company. It all goes in; but not so much as to prevent the leaving of a broad space at the bottom of the sheet for a message from the boy himself—a few of the intimate and personal words that never can be mimeographed.

Camp Travis, down at Fort Sam Houston, goes at the same problem in a somewhat different way. One of its officers prepares news-letters for the home papers of the communities from which it draws its boys, particularly the country papers. It sees to it that these are genuinely newsy and that the boys' names are used—again and again and again.

In a single week more than five thousand boys had their names in these news sheets. And it would take a pretty stony-hearted country editor to thrust them into the waste-basket when they come to cases in such definite fashion.

There is no charge for this service, of course; but a request is made that the papers using the Camp Travis news service shall send copies on to its reading room, where they are read by the very boys whose names are mentioned time and time again, with an interest and an avidity not hard to imagine.

One may go here and there to the various camps and cantonments all the way across the land and find many instances like these. As I have said, the authority of the individual commanders is very great indeed and the opportunity for their initiative in instances like these almost limitless.

A large part of the work of the new Morale Division of the War Department is to pick out these ideas from the various camps where they have been tried out and made effective and then put them into effect at other camps. No longer is so valuable a work left entirely to individual enterprise and initiative. It is to be broadened and standardized until every man of the three or four millions in the American Army of to-day and of to-morrow has received its full benefit.

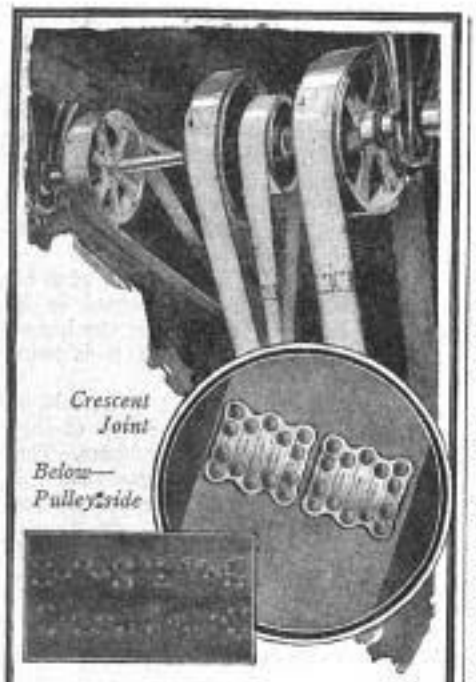
We do not have to hold up or destroy letters to our boys from the folks at home any more than we have to print false or lying newspapers in the German tongue and then distribute them behind the fighting lines of the Huns. We conceive morale as a bigger and a broader thing, and then proceed to put it into effect along bigger and broader lines.

For morale is indeed a huge thing. It is an even bigger thing than our Army. It is strength for our water forces as well as for those who fight upon the land. It is a national possibility. The cultivation of a home morale, the fostering of a heartful strength and coöperation at the fireside that shall find its best expression in strong and optimistic letters to the boys in camp or at the Front are problems which we must meet and solve.

Close by home morale stands labor morale—something that will make disgraceful munition strikes and tie-ups—like the Bridgeport affair of a few weeks ago—or the necessity of feeding pink tea or vaudeville to shipbuilders in order to induce them to hurry toward completion a program absolutely necessary to the national success seem like relics of a very dark age indeed.

All these, in turn, are but parts of our very great problem of national morale—a problem undertaken, up to the present time, in a rather fragmentary fashion by various patriotic societies and self-constituted authorities; yet one eventually to demand the strong hand of the Washington Government—that and a modicum of human sympathy and human understanding.

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# Patriotism and Power

PATRIOTISM without a purpose is like a power plant with a broken belt—both are ineffective and wasteful.

*Continuous* belt operation is one of the real power problems, and the manufacturer who is trying to be patriotic is falling short when his belts are not protected, so that they can deliver continuous plant operation.

Crescents not only give maximum insurance against joint failure for the whole life of the belt, but increase the life and service of every belt on which they are used.

That Crescents have delivered continuous service on the most important *main* drives, demonstrates their ability to make good on belts of every length, width and thickness.

*Ask us to send the Crescent Service Chart. Ask your Mill Supply or Hardware man to show you Crescents.*

CRESCENT BELT FASTENER CO.
381 Fourth Avenue New York City

*Branches and Distributors throughout the world*

CRESCENT BELT FASTENERS

*"For Continuous Production"*


# MORE PRECIOUS THAN RUBIES

(Continued from Page 5)

of some developed paying mine elsewhere—the same scenery and sky line, you know. Then get a real miner who will plug away at his prospect for good day's wages. He does not have to look like a Bret Harte forty-niner. I'll send a young man to you later who will explain. I shall write you from time to time, for I expect to use you when I need you. That is what friends are for, my dear John. I know that you are my friend, even if you are my customer, and you know that I am your friend, even if I never stick you in business.'"

Caldecott rose and when Miss Lockwood finished writing said "That's all!" Then bending over her he whispered: "If you weren't so pretty I'd tell you something!"

He gathered up the sheets, placed them in an envelope and put it in his pocket. He walked into the main office and said: "Miss Moeller, this girl has a temper, but she is the Teresa Carreño of the typewriter. How much do I owe you? You'd better call it an hour."

"Two dollars!" Miss Moeller had not forgiven him and didn't wish his trade—unless he paid twice her regular rates.

"Is that all? Here, I'll be back for the change."

And placing a five-dollar bill in Miss Moeller's hand he left the room. Presently he returned with two boxes of candy.

"Miss Moeller, this box is for you because you were so amiable. And this is for Miss Lockwood, with your permission. You give it to her so she will not think she is taking presents from a strange man. Good day!"

And he left the office of Miss Kathleen Moeller, leaving there a dazed young lady who could not remember what the queer stranger had dictated because he dictated so fast and had neither addressed nor signed the letter.

From Miss Moeller's office Caldecott walked to the nearest Subway entrance. At the news stand he bought a copy of the latest issue of each of the seven moving-picture magazines. These he looked over quickly. Then, instead of going to his office he stopped again at Marcus, Son & Co.'s advertising agency. He asked the shrewd-eyed man: "Mr. Marcus, do you handle advertisements for magazines?"

"For any and all periodicals—daily, weekly, semimonthly, monthly, quarterly, annual and decennial," replied young Mr. Marcus, extending his hand for the copy.

Caldecott instead gave him the motion-picture magazines and said: "I wish to put an ad—the same ad—in each of these. One insertion. I don't want to lose any time, and perhaps you'd better let me dictate the advertisement to your stenographer. I wish it printed as early as possible. If necessary make an extra effort to get it into the next issue."

"Certainly. Won't you walk into my parlor, Mr. Caldecott? Miss Jacobs, kindly take this gentleman's dictation. Eight copies."

Miss Jacobs was dark and thin, with a suggestion of machinelike efficiency, as though her bones were steel and her joints so beautifully lubricated that you almost looked for oil cups. This was not pleasant to a man like Caldecott, who lived by exploiting and enjoying human foibles and extravagances. Before he had quite finished the last word she had closed her stenographer's notebook, a sort of premature full stop that affected him disagreeably. Too efficient!

This was the advertisement:

FAME AND FORTUNE

Are you dark?
Do you know what to do when you are in love?
Do you wish to be a movie actor?
Do you wish to write your own scenarios?
Can you swim?
Are you under thirty?
Do you know what happened to Narcissus?
Did the story of his fate loosen your hold on mirror worship?
Have you any brains?
Have you really brains?
Are you perfectly sure that you really have brains?

If you can truthfully answer YES to ALL the foregoing questions send me your photograph, and write, telling me all about yourself, your ideas, your desires, your fears and your hopes. If you are the man I am looking for you may consider yourself already rich and famous.

Address [C] care of this office.

Caldecott received the typewritten transcript of Miss Jacobs' notes almost before he could draw his breath. It was immaculate, properly spaced, perfect—and machine made. He read it frowningly, disappointed in not finding an error, O. K.'d it reluctantly and left it with Mr. Marcus, who promised to telegraph it to the seven magazines within fifteen minutes. Caldecott, thinking of Miss Jacobs, believed it. He walked out of the advertising agency.

"A good day's work!" he muttered, and returned to his office.

III

THOUSANDS of pairs of eyes read Caldecott's advertisement for a confidential secretary and hundreds of pairs of lungs doubtless exhaled sighs. But several dozen pairs of legs confidently carried their owners into Room 54, Jewelers' Guild Building, and presently carried them out, not so confidently. Day after day that advertisement dangled baitlike before employed and unemployed. Since there was no mention of salary everybody assumed it must be munificent; and as no age was specified the number of wishers was huge. In every morning paper in New York the advertisement continued to appear, until those who had not applied were glad that they had not wasted their time. Evidently the man wanted was the millionth man you hear about—the one in a million.

It was not until Thursday of the following week that the right man presented himself. He was not much under thirty, tall, well-built, steady-eyed and smooth-shaven. He seemed to move about paradoxically—with what might be called a deliberate and accurate quickness. Caldecott, who was watching keenly, saw him take in the entire room with a quick glance. That the location of the door, windows and furniture was printed instantly on his memory map Caldecott felt certain.

The two men stared at each other casually. Then the stranger arched his eyebrows. He was going to prove that silence came easy to him.

"Yes?" said Caldecott pleasantly, and held out his hand.

The young man made no motion to shake it. Instead he took from his inside coat pocket a half dozen letters and gave them to Caldecott, as if assuming that such was the purpose of the outstretched hand.

Caldecott took the letters and turning his back on the young man read them. Three were from very well-known retail jewelers in the city, the fourth from a world-renowned banker of Philadelphia, the fifth from a former United States Senator and the sixth from a leading firm of corporation lawyers. The young man, Mr. Alvin Cochrane, had filled secretarial positions and had left of his own accord for good reasons, much to their regret. His diligence, reliability and character were above par. There was nothing in the wide world that they would not trust him with. Truly a magnificent tribute to the young man, a perfectly wonderful set of references. Nevertheless, Caldecott read them over and over, examined the ink and the paper and generally behaved as if what he was looking at was the forged will in the third act.

Presently he observed disagreeably: "They are all dated this week."

"Never needed them before," answered the steady-eyed young man calmly.

"They are very good," mused Caldecott suspiciously.

"They thought my services justified them."

He impressed one as economizing in words not so much from congenital vocal parsimony as from the dislike of talking common to all men who like to do things.

"If they thought so well of your services why did they let you go?"

"Because I left!"

It was plain that there was no more to be said by the employers.

"Why did you leave?"

"Six places; six different reasons. In none of the six did the future promise enough. I stayed as long as I was learning. No longer."

"Do you know what my business is?"

"Specialties."

"In what?"

"I assume in gems and precious stones."

"Do you know anything about the Dodsworth emeralds?"

"N-no."

"Why did you hesitate?"

"I was trying to remember if the emeralds that Daumier & Co. sold to Mrs. Tom Merriwether were the Dodsworth. Then I recalled they were the Chatsworth necklace."

"The Dodsworth are much finer," said Caldecott with a sternness that seemed uncalled for. But the young man nodded in a matter-of-fact way.

"What do you think you could get for a first-class ruby of about fifty carats?" pursued Caldecott.

"What did it cost me?"

"You were working on commission and the owner left the price to you."

"I'd find out first who could afford to buy such a stone and then I'd get all the traffic would bear. I may as well admit right here that I have only a fair working knowledge of ordinary stones. If it was thorough knowledge I shouldn't be here."

"You might do worse," said Caldecott, "than to be here with a thorough knowledge, for you would earn your ultimate wages all the quicker. The vacancy that I wish to fill calls for a man who will be worth fifty thousand dollars a year to me for the next two or three years. I am willing to pay that man twenty-five dollars a week."

"I accept."

"Why do you?"

"If I am going to be worth fifty thousand dollars a year to you I'm going to be worth that much to myself, after the two or three years."

"The place is yours." And Caldecott smiled congratulatorily. "But look here, Mr. Alvin Cochrane, I can't tell whether you are the man I need or not, but I can tell you this much: I don't propose to stay in this business all my life. If the next two years prove as prosperous as the last two I'll retire twenty-four months from to-day. But I want you to get one thing straight, and it's this: I am not buying and selling gems and precious stones. My business is to buy experience and to sell knowledge. Any damn fool can buy ten diamonds for fifteen hundred dollars and sell them for twenty-five hundred dollars. I bought the Chatsworth emeralds from the earl, nine of them. That was the stunt—to buy them at all. They were heirlooms, and the earl was not hard up. So I sold seven to Daumier, who sold them to Merriwether."

"What became of the other two?"

"I am waiting for a man in Bogota to die, and then there will be five, and for the five I shall get seven times as much as I can get for the two. The reason has nothing to do with the greater vendibility of five than of two. Do you know why?"

"No."

"I do. That's why I am where I am. The only way you can earn your real pay while you are getting the twenty-five dollars a week is for you to fill my place. It doesn't follow you can do it."

"I'll chance it," said Mr. Alvin Cochrane confidently.

"If you really are what you evidently wish me to believe you are"—and Caldecott paused and looked searchingly at Mr. Cochrane, who thereupon frowned and instantly ceased to frown—"I mean, if you are willing to study, anxious to learn, able to work, I can see no reason why you should not be making fifty thousand dollars a year within, say, five years, to be very conservative. Of course I do not know your capacities and I can't guarantee that I will keep you. If I decide that you won't do I expect you to accept my decision without asking me any questions."

"That isn't fair."

"Yes, it is. It will be because you have failed to do the right thing, and in this business of mine you must do the right thing not nine times out of ten but ten out of ten.

"You are young and all you risk is a few months out of your long unlived life. But a mistake on your part—which will be my mistake for letting you make it—will cost me years of my life. You stand to make a fortune if you make good. I stand to lose my—er—much more than you."

"A man learns by his mistakes."

"It's an expensive education, if you happen to be a burglar. I am not so big a fool

(Continued on Page 32)

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# A Triumph in Transportation

SERVICE and COST—those are the two great questions in the transportation problem today. To both of them the Traffic Truck is furnishing the complete answer.

Its place in the business world is firmly established. In carrying capacity, speed and endurance it is everywhere demonstrating its superiority over horse-drawn vehicles. Because of its remarkably low cost and high quality the Traffic Truck has no equal in the sphere of mechanical conveyance.

## Traffic Truck

4,000 LBS. CAPACITY

## $1395

is built with a complete understanding of what a commercial vehicle is called upon to do. It meets all motor truck standards of construction. It is a dependable truck in every sense—correct in design and simple in construction. Sturdily built of durable materials and standardized units. Will handle its loaded capacity efficiently and at lowest cost for operation and up-keep.

The Traffic Truck is more than amply powered. Operates as easily as most passenger cars. Has many special features that make for great economy in first cost. Quantity production on a single model makes the Traffic price, $1395, possible.

Look into the Traffic if you have any hauling problems. Study the specifications. It is standing every comparison. A demonstration will convince you that the Traffic is a transportation triumph—the greatest truck value in the world today.

If there should be no Traffic dealer in your town—write us for location of nearest distributor. Whatever your mind is as to your next truck—or your first truck—it will pay you to see the Traffic before coming to any decision.

SOME "TRAFFIC" FEATURES

Weight, 3,300 lbs.; 4-cylinder, valve-in-head, 40 h. p. motor. Covert transmission; Borg & Beck disc clutch; Kingston magneto with impulse starter; cellular type radiator; drop forged front axle with Timken roller bearings; Russel internal gear rear axle, roller bearings; semi-elliptic front and rear springs; 6-inch U-channel frame; 133-inch wheelbase; 122-inch length of frame behind driver's seat; oil cup lubricating system—and many other features for perfect performance.

**Traffic Motor Truck Corporation** St. Louis, U. S. A.




**The lowest priced 4000 lb. capacity truck in the world**

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(Continued from Page 30)

as I look, and you won't become really valuable to me until I get your index of resistance to temptation—the temptation of sudden riches; the temptation to appear greater than you know yourself to be; even the temptation to heed a mistaken sense of duty. If you expect me to make your fortune I expect you to refuse to make it at my expense."

"Certainly."

"Here is a key to this office. You will come every morning at nine. Under no circumstances, even during my absence for long periods, will you tamper with my mail."

"I'm not in the habit ——"

"I am," interrupted Caldecott calmly; "I certainly am in the habit of looking months and months ahead. What I say to you now holds good until I order you to open all my mail. Your chief duties will be to study. You will begin to-morrow."

"Don't you have any letters to ——"

"This business is not a business; it is my business, like that of a doctor or a popular dentist. The people I deal with don't want typewritten documents. They prefer to hear my voice. Speech was invented long before writing."

Caldecott made an end of speaking and looked at Cochrane, who apparently felt there was nothing more to be said, for he picked up his hat and turned to go. Then he remembered himself and said "Thank you."

"If you are the man I think you are it is I who ought to thank you."

Caldecott smiled pleasantly but Cochrane frowned and asked coldly "Meaning?"

"That I've long needed someone in this office who could have at the same time two qualities that I need in an assistant—loyalty and gumption."

And still smiling pleasantly Caldecott nodded dismissingly at the successful candidate for the vacancy.

As soon as the door closed behind Cochrane, Caldecott telephoned to Marcus, Son & Co. to discontinue the advertisement for secretary and confidential man.

Late that afternoon Caldecott left the office to go to his home. He stopped at the telegraph office in the Grand Central Station and sent a dispatch as follows:

"Will see P. M. P. luncheon, Touraine, Saturday. Drop in accidentally. Great surprise. Bring fifty ones and thirty twos.

"E. H. W."

That telegram he sent to Cecil Caldecott, Jewelers' Guild Building, Maiden Lane, New York City.

He arrived at his office the next morning at nine-thirty and found Cochrane sitting by one of the windows reading the morning paper.

"Good morning, Mr. Caldecott," said Cochrane, rising politely.

"Good morning. I'm quite late, for me. Anybody been in?"

"No, sir. A messenger boy brought that telegram. I signed for it." He pointed to the heap of letters on Caldecott's desk.

Caldecott opened the telegram, read it and frowned, and then placed it face downward on his desk. He opened his mail. As he read his letters he sorted them and soon had three piles.

Then he spoke to Cochrane: "The letters in this first pile are from manufacturing jewelers, stating their urgent needs. I never go after clients. Clients come after me. If I have what they want I telegraph exact information and prices. If I don't I telegraph just the same."

"Saying you haven't got what they need?"

"Regretting that I haven't. Here is a memorandum book with abbreviations that you will have to memorize. All my clients have copies of this little book. You write shorthand, don't you? Please take this down—a sort of circular telegram: 'Awfully sorry I can't help you out just now. Try ——' Leave a blank space here, which you will fill from initials you will find in my handwriting in each letter. Sign my own initials only, C. C. That message will go to each of these." He passed perhaps a dozen letters to Cochrane, marking certain initials at the bottom of each—the names of the dealers who had what Caldecott's customers needed.

Cochrane was evidently a competent stenographer. He took the letters and nodded to show he understood; but Caldecott saw fit to explain.

"I make it a point to learn which of my competitors is temporarily overstocked, and I pass that information to my clients—I have no customers—when I myself don't have the same goods. My clients are thus able always to get the lowest prices and I see to it that they do not forget to whom they owe it."

"Don't you build up your competitors' trade that way?"

"No; I only tell my clients where to buy cheap when they can't buy from me. My prices are always cheaper than the others by exactly one-half the duty."

"You mean you can undersell ——"

"Exactly!"

Cochrane asked interestedly: "What advantage have you over your competitors in buying so that you can undersell them?"

"That is one of the things you will learn if I decide to keep you. It's only one branch of my business. Are you married?"

Cochrane having relapsed into his studied taciturnity shook his head.

"Too bad!"

"You are not, either," Cochrane retorted. Then as by an afterthought he added "Are you?"

"No; I never had time to learn more than one thing. I've specialized on rare gems, and it has made me one-sided. When you see a gem you know exactly what you have before you; you know it inside and out; you know why it is desirable and why it is valuable. You can guess pretty accurately what you can do with it; what profit it can bring you; and particularly you know what pleasure you yourself can get out of it. But with a woman—who in blazes knows what he's got or how much she is going to cost him, in money and emotions? You don't love a woman for her beauty, for her rarity, for her fine points, for sheer joy of exclusive possession. You love her because you love her—that is, for the reason that you have no other reason except that you do. She gratifies some craving that may or may not last long; that may or may not be killed by possession. You never grow tired of really beautiful gems; but you may of a really beautiful woman. Take it from me, a collection of fine diamonds is cheaper and safer than marriage. Of course," finished Caldecott meditatively, "a good wife is more precious than—than rubies. And if anybody knows how precious they are I fancy it is I."

"You, sir?" Alvin Cochrane asked the question in a voice full of respect. But what you saw in his eyes was thirst for knowledge.

"Well, I've just sold three of them at an average of seventy-five thousand dollars each."

"What?" The tone was frankly, almost disrespectfully incredulous.

"Yes. What is there surprising about it?"

"I had no idea rubies could be worth that."

"Rubies can be worth anything. So can coal; so can marble; so can clay. It depends in each case on quality and size."

Caldecott spoke so coldly that the taciturn Cochrane felt compelled to apologize.

"I meant these rubies must be wonderful."

"All good rubies are that; and these are very good indeed."

Cochrane hesitated. Then he said: "I should like to see them."

"I'll show them to you before I deliver them. I'm going to Paris after them, and I need someone here to—to handle my—er—routine business. These letters are to be filed in that cabinet." Caldecott gave the second heap of papers to Cochrane. "And those you may put away temporarily in one of those drawers. They are all empty. Give me those same letters in two days. By that time I shall know what to do. They are rather puzzling."

"Yes, sir?" Cochrane's voice was not overcurious but it invited confidence.

"For instance, if you were in my place what answer would you make to this?"

He took the topmost letter and handed it to Cochrane. It was typewritten on a piece of white paper—the kind that druggists use to wrap small packages in; and since it is made by the thousands of miles of roll it would be impossible to trace the buyer of it. Cochrane read:

5-14-'14.

"*Cecil:* Phial Pains Tacks Drake Manna Gourd Pearl Beryl Sheet Manic Ethel Cinch Dover Taper Blood Court Mater Candy Hurts Bella Kings Fever Taffy Fakir Mazov Epoch Omega Among Charm.

"Thine,

"FRANK."

Cochrane looked at it until he had time to read it over a dozen times. Then he frowned, looked at Caldecott and shook his head.

"No! No!" said Caldecott seriously. "I mean it. What would you do if I told you to use your judgment about answering—of course, provided you knew all about the deal?"

"First thing, decode it."

"You don't have to. You can read it as you go along if you have the key, and you can carry the key in your mind. There! I've told you enough."

Cochrane read it again and again and shook his head.

"If you'll let me take a copy I'll get it—I'll translate it."

"It isn't worth while. There is no reason why the man who wrote it should not have used plain English; but there are such men, you know—afraid of their own shadows. What do you notice about it?"

"That every word has five letters."

"Righto. Can you read it yet?"

"No. But if it is as easy as that ——"

"Easier."

"Then ——" Cochrane caught himself suddenly and his eyes, which had not left the paper, brightened, but presently he shook his head once more, while he read the first letter of the first word, the second of the second, the third of the third, and so on. At length he said dolefully "Can't get it!"

"You surprise me," said Caldecott. "Of course I could not expect you to get this one," and he showed him a typewritten slip:

"88888888777777766666655555444433322196437978665984248 8."

"Nobody in the world excepting the writer and I can decode that," said Caldecott; and after a moment's hesitation Cochrane said: "I have a friend who says ——"

"I know all about it. There have been such men since Edgar Allan Poe said no cipher could be devised by man that could not be deciphered by man. Our State Department has two wonderful experts—geniuses, and so on. You may take a copy of that one, and if you can bring it to me in English I'll give you a nice stickpin."

"Thank you; I will."

"Don't mention it," and Caldecott laughed. "The offer holds good till death do us part. But I think, just now, if I were you I'd use my time reading up on the subject of gems and precious stones. In that case you will find the standard works in English, French and German, and one in Italian. Later on I will give you practical lessons and have you study crystallography. Just now, suppose you get out the telegrams."

Caldecott turned to his desk and began to write letters—short notes for the most part, so Cochrane noticed. These he placed in plain stamped envelopes, sealed them, addressed them and put them in his pocket as soon as he dried the ink with black sand. Blotting paper tells tales—when placed before a mirror.

Cochrane wrote the telegrams on the typewriter, rather slowly, and then submitted them to Caldecott, who said: "I hope you have compared the initials."

Cochrane nodded.

Caldecott pursued: "Ring for a messenger. Every telegram sent out from this office is marked prepaid. Always tell the messenger boy they are to be charged to me."

"Very well."

"When you go out to luncheon I wish you would get me a ticket to Boston and a chair on the four-fifteen this afternoon, please."

Then he rose, put on his hat, said "I'll be back in an hour," and left the office.

Cochrane waited a minute or two, then rose, went out to the hall, returned to the office and began to look over the letters that Caldecott had left on the desk. They did not seem to give him any pleasure, and he filed them surlily. Then he read the telegram that Caldecott had sent to himself the night before:

"Will see P. M. P. luncheon, Touraine, Saturday. Drop in accidentally. Great surprise. Bring fifty ones and thirty twos.

"E. H. W."

He copied it quickly in a notebook, which he put back in his inside pocket. Then he took from the bookcase Fletcher's monumental volume on precious stones and sat down by the window grimly determined to memorize the entire 748 pages. He did this as if he were posing for a photographer.

Caldecott came in and found him absorbed in the book.

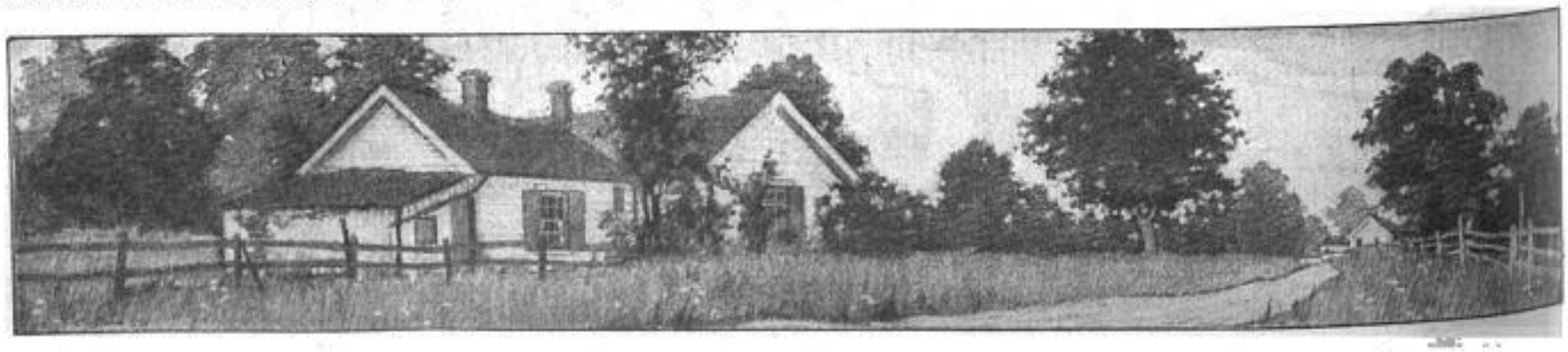
"Cochrane, I've got a job for you. I want you to copy for me all the printed data you can get about the De Meryonvilliers rubies. There are three of them, and each has a history. There is a lot about them in Fletcher's book; also in Theuriet's. And in Barthélemy's Memoirs there is some interesting gossip about one of the rubies and about the fifth duke, if I remember right. Also get all the stories in Larousse about the various famous members of the family, and look all through the indexes of all the books on gems and precious stones that you'll find in the bibliography at the end of Fletcher's preface. I want you to prepare a sort of article about the family and the rubies, such as you would like to tell your friends in case you had bought the Meryonvilliers rubies. They are very nice at the public library; and you can also use the Columbia Library. You might as well go to luncheon now; and don't forget my railroad ticket and the chair. Be back before two-thirty, please."

"Yes, sir."

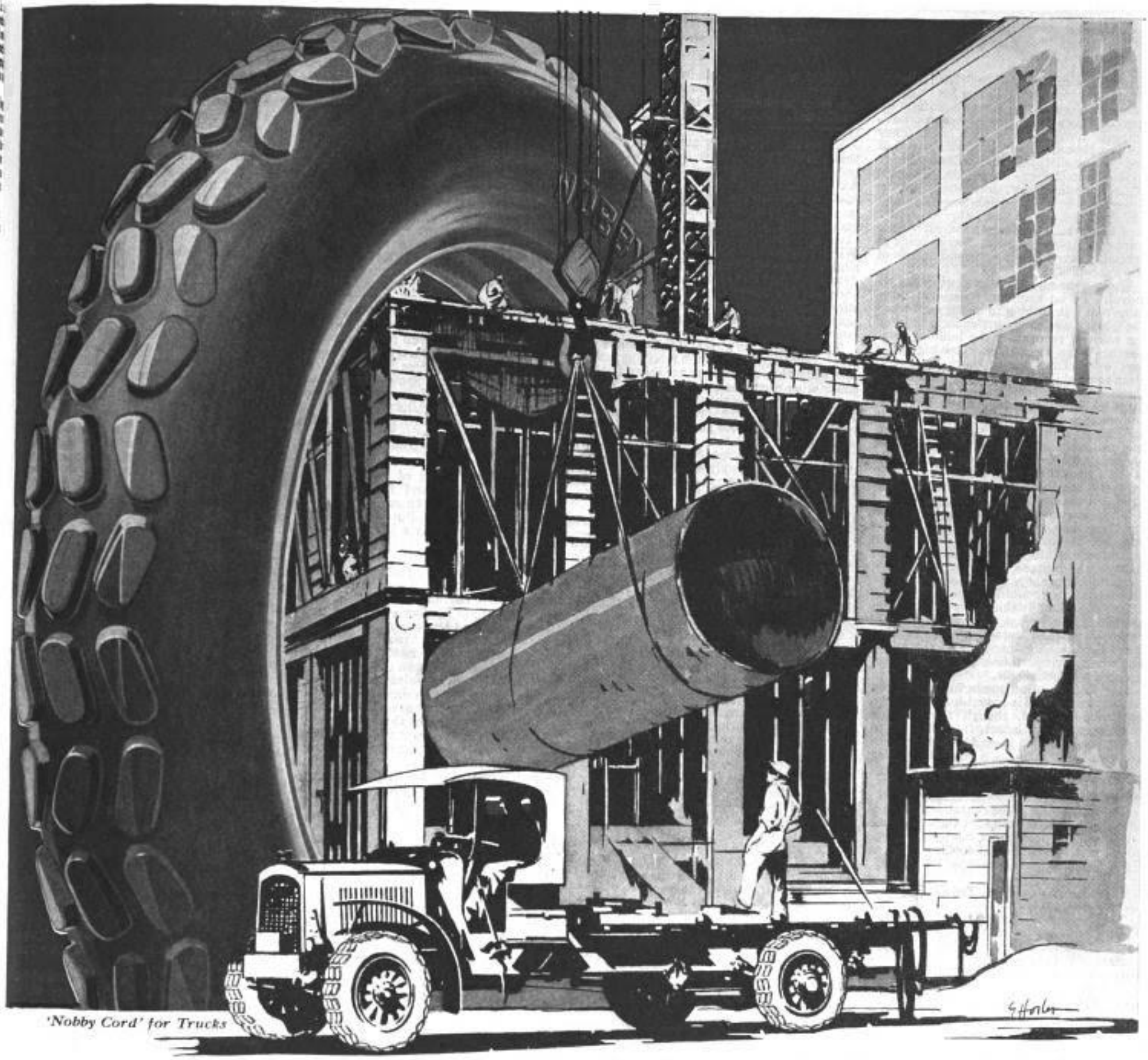
And Cochrane put on his hat and went out. He was back within the hour with the tickets and the change.

At two-forty-five Caldecott said: "I'm going now, Cochrane. You needn't come down to-morrow. Better put in the day in the public library. I'll be here Monday morning in all likelihood. If not, surely on Tuesday. I'm going home now to pack my grip."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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# THE PILLS OF PERDITION

(Continued from Page 14)

It so happened that at each base selected the most available buildings for barracks were distilleries—big stone buildings inoperative because of the inhibition on distilling in force in the British Isles. They took six thousand barrels of whisky out of two of those distilleries and moved them to bonded warehouses—six thousand barrels of pre-war whisky, not the diluted stuff the Britisher is forced to drink nowadays and can only get in limited supply. Every time I tell that story to my British friends tears come into their eyes. Fancy being in proximity, even, to six thousand barrels of pre-war whisky!

There were no casualties during the removal. To be sure, an occasional bung came out, but nothing to harm; and when the whisky was safely under lock and key the work of renovating the buildings was begun. When I saw them, these big buildings were changed into barracks, sweet, clean and sanitary, housing at each base a thousand sailors each, or thereabouts, and fitted up Americanwise for the comfort and convenience of the men. The shore force at each base is approximately a thousand men, and the force afloat, and at other points necessary for the carrying on of the work, is more than three thousand. There are—or were when I was there—nearly six thousand American sailors on that job.

The operation required not only supplies for these men and storehousing for those supplies, but machinery for working on the mines; great storehouse room for them; lighters and railroad trains for their transportation; big shops for the assembling of them; and the training of men to handle them. So we built the whole works, from the ground up, except the walls of the barracks—built and established two great bases for the shore-handling of the mines and their transportation and putting together for effectiveness.

Our mines are all made in the United States and shipped in a semi-knocked-down condition—that is, though the two big basic features are intact, there is a lot of work to be done on them before the mines are ready for laying. A mine looks like nothing else I have ever seen but a mine. It is a monstrous pill attached to a great, square iron box.

The pill is the globe containing the explosive and the incitements thereto in the way of all the detonators, fuses, and so on, to set forth the innocent-looking mass of TNT that nestles within.

### What the Letters Stand For

TNT is most innocuous-looking stuff. Poured into one of these hefty globes, it looks like a lot of cement with the upper surface of it painted black. Nor is it dangerous until it is incited to action in the proper way—that is, it does not explode by concussion. They say it can be hammered with a hammer or dropped from distances to the floor or generally manhandled, and it will remain harmless and innocent; but let it come in contact with the proper incitement and it rips the whole center out of things. It surely does get action! I listened respectfully to these assertions about the lack of danger there is in these aspects of it, but I hammered on it with no hammer; nor did I drop any of it on the floor.

The men handle the TNT pills familiarly and casually; but it inspires profound respect among the negroes in the outfit, who are mostly the mess attendants and firemen.

"I know what that TNT means," said a big mess man on one of the mine layers, walking on his tiptoes whenever the ship was loaded with mines. "It means Travel, Nigger, Travel! when it goes off; and I ain't takin' no chances." Same with me. I took no chances.

The iron box is the anchor—that is, each pill, or huge iron globe, is attached to the anchor when it is dropped into the water; and the anchor holds it in its designated place in the barrage, at its designated depth. The pill and the anchor, formidable as they appear to be when they first arrive, are merely the outward and visible signs of the devastating contraption. They are the potentials. They have their two powers and functions; but they are of no use until they are properly adjusted and connected. Also, there are many appliances to be hung on them and put into them and attached to them. The globe and the anchor look to be simple enough. One is an iron pill containing its allotted large amount of TNT, and the other is the anchor to which the pill is attached. Almost elementary, one might think.

However, before they are through with that pill and that anchor the combination becomes complicated—not to say complex. An astonishing number of additions are made to the two fundamentals. They certainly do put dewdads and dinghats and gadgets and gazissesses in them and on them and through them and about them. When they are all dolled up and ready to be sunk they are so dressed and decorated and detonated that one hesitates to breathe on them for fear they will let go and blow the surroundings and surrounders right off the map; which they would do if slightly encouraged.

They unload the pills and the anchors in their respective cases at the receiving port; and when they arrive they are taken to the assembling rooms and put together. Each set of men in these shops has its own particular job. The anchors and the pills move along on tracks. As they arrive at each station the men at that station put something on, make some connection, adjust some feature, or supply some function, and the truck proceeds to the next station. It is expeditious and efficient. On days when the work is going on there is a continuous procession of these pills and anchors rolling from the first station, where the first adjustment is made, to the last, where they are all but complete for their work of destruction. The men are very expert in their various employments and the work proceeds with regularity and rapidity.

### The Cure for Sore Feet

When the various appliances have all been adjusted the mines are shunted to storehouses to await demands from the mine layers. There they lie in long rows, black and menacing; and ultimately they are placed on trucks, taken to the dock, placed aboard the mine layers and sent to sea. The final connections are not made, of course, until just before the mines are dropped; but when they are dropped they are all set for any incautious ship of whatever sort that may try to run through them. There is enough TNT in each one of them to put a hole that would take in a street car in the biggest ship afloat.

One of the negro sailors was inclined to lay down on his job on the trip across on a mine layer, for he didn't think much of seafaring life anyhow; but when the layers were loaded the first time with mines the situation changed.

"What's in them things?" he asked.

"Oh, a few tons of TNT. And, say, if you don't step lively and lightly round here it might go off."

Thereupon, for several days, the darky sailor walked on his toes and was right up to the mark. Then a submarine was sighted. One of the negroes had been getting excused from work because he had sore feet. He could hardly walk, so afflicted was he. General quarters was sounded when the submarine appeared.

Next day another of the mess attendants was talking to the ship's doctor.

"Yes, suh," he said, "I know whut's good for the cure of sore feet."

"What's that?" asked the doctor.

"Submarines, suh; submarines! That nigger whut's bin layin' round yer with them sore feet passed me like I was tied to a tree; and, believe me, doctah, I was goin' some myself!"

The voyage of the mine layers across the Atlantic was rather prolonged and the black boys got very tired of it. Mostly they were seasick and spent their spare time in wishing they were ashore. On the afternoon when land was first sighted a big fellow who had been most miserable said to the orderly:

"Orderly, ain't that land ovah there?"

"Yes."

He took another long and longing look.

"Orderly," he said plaintively, "what's the matter with dis yer ship? We ain't headin' foh that land nohow!"

A mine layer has the outward appearance of any other ship of its class, but the inward appearance of a railroad terminal. If it has only one laying deck, that deck has on it railroad tracks stretching from bow to stern. If it has two such decks, it has two such lines of track. If it has three decks, as some of our mine layers have, the three decks have their three sets of tracks; and there are various switches, sidetracks, crosstracks, turntables and all the paraphernalia of a railroad yard. The tracks are the width of the anchors and the wheels on the bottoms of the anchors fit on them.

The lighters come to the side of the mine layers and the mines are hoisted up and lowered to the decks where the tracks are. As each one is received it is set on a track and pushed to the bow; and presently the tracks are full of them, all in ugly rows from bow to stern, and all ready to be dropped.

The mine layers are a various lot. There are some old-type cruisers from our Navy among them, some liners that formerly plied between American ports, and some big freighters that were used in our coastwise trade. They have all been refitted for this work and the fleet is a formidable one. The work of loading them is done rapidly; and when all those going out on an expedition are full of pills, from stem to stern, they sail away to the mine field to take up the work of laying the barrage where they left off when they came in the last time.

Enemy aircraft, seaplanes and Zeppelins continually fly over this part of the sea. Moreover, much of this mining is executed in rough and foggy weather, when it is impossible to see a ship a few hundred yards away. But always behind the mine layers stands a big battle fleet, which alone makes it possible to establish the mine field almost within sight of the enemy. Without that British Grand Fleet, with its United States squadron of dreadnoughts, these barriers to the German submarine could not be planted.

Out they go, each one of them with a cargo of explosive big enough to blow not only herself but all the rest of the fleet into kindling wood; and when they reach their stations the work of mine laying begins. The tracks on the single-decked layers converge at the stern, and so do the tracks on the two deckers and the three deckers.

The tracks converge at the stern. Here there is a square opening, with a chute attachment, and down that chute the mines are sent, one after another, at the distances specified. There are men stationed all along the tracks moving the mines down; and men at the chutes to perform various final offices. There is where the man stands and hammers on the tin can. There is a bell, or other signal device; but the real signalman uses his handspike and tin can. He gets better effect that way.

The course is set. The captain gives orders to proceed with mine laying. The distances are known and the depths decided upon, all of which regulatory machinery has been set on the mines also. Then the word comes: "Lay mines!"

### Dropping the Pills

The mine nearest the chute is shoved along. The final and vital adjustments are made. A quick look assays the thing as it hesitates there to see that all is right. Then—Splang! goes the handspike on the old tin can; and the lever is pulled and the mine drops into the water to settle to its proper position. Instantly another mine is moved up and the same preliminaries invoked. Splang! again; and this one drops. And so on while the ship moves over the designated course.

The work proceeds with method and rapidity. The men are expert at it. The duration of time between the dropping of each mine is identical. At regular intervals the signalman hits his tin can a wallop; and that wallop is the sign that more trouble is in store for Fritz—trouble which is inescapable if he comes that way, and trouble that is real trouble.

Thus, until the cargo is all deposited beneath the water, the signalman bangs out his signals, beating this tinny knell for the Kaiser; and the mines go down to do their jobs. In smooth water it is a methodical and regulated task. In rough water it is as exciting as the most ardent seeker after thrills could desire. Picture a ship tossing up and down, loaded with pills of murderous destruction, each one of which carries enough TNT to blow all on the face of the surrounding waters to bits! Suppose one should fall against the ship. Suppose a heavy roll should throw one sidewise instead of out and down.

Well, it would be all over but the casualty list. But these men are experts and they know how to handle these things. The man with the handspike and the old tin can judges to the fraction of a minute when the ship is in proper position to drop the mine. A lot depends on the accurate whanging of that old tin can—a lot more than the knelling of the Kaiser. If it is whanged at the wrong time it may be a knell for a good many Americans also.

Occasionally a mine does explode on its way down to its proper position and anchorage; for they are very closely adjusted, and delicately, and some untoward circumstance may enhance the explosion or something be hit. There have been times when one of these pills has torn up the face of the ocean during the laying process; but before I was there no damage save the loss of the mine had been done. Final adjustments are not made until just before the mine leaves the ship; so those on board are safe enough unless the mine should explode right beneath the stern. That hasn't happened. Then, again, there are occasional explosions in the field and breaking away from the anchorages, and so on, which require constant supervision and upkeep of the barrage to render its effectiveness complete.

### Hard Work and Good Living

Depth of anchorage is determined before the mines are laid, and is maintained by appliances that are interesting and complicated. Though a mine looks, to most outward appearances, merely like an iron globe of large size attached to an iron box, in reality it is full of machinery of one kind and another of the most intricate and complicated description. A mine isn't the unwieldy brute it seems to be. It is a sensitive, highly organized, highly dangerous combination of explosives and mechanism, and should have most respectful consideration. Otherwise there will be disagreeable happenings.

The messes at the bases and aboard the mine layers are up to the usual standard of the American Navy, which means that no person in this war-stricken world is living any better than these sailor lads. Great kitchens and bakeries supply the food, and great storehouses, constantly replenished by supply ships from home, are full of things the sailors like. They have white bread and pie, and plenty of meat and sugar and butter; and they are a healthy and a husky lot. The Y. M. C. A. operates a hut at each base, where the sailors find rest, refreshment and recreation. There are towns of sufficient size in these vicinities to make liberty attractive. There is a good barracks band and they have moving-picture shows now and then.

They are more than three thousand miles away from home, in a country that is strange to them; but they get along happily and go at their work with great energy. Most of the specialized men have been trained since they came to this base and many experts have been developed. They are real gobs, with all the characteristics of gobs and all the high spirits of them—manly, hearty chaps, doing their jobs and hurrying up to get the war over so they can go back home.

Though it has no connection other than the connection of service, this is as good a place as any to tell of another naval enterprise in this vicinity—a great American naval hospital, which has been established in a salubrious spot with a view to ultimate combat contingencies in waters where the navies of the Allies and the Huns may clash—where it is hoped the Allies and the Huns will clash, to put it in another way—and where they probably will clash if the Hun decides to come out of his hole, quit hiding and take a fighting chance on the sea.

In fact, our navy has two hospitals in that vicinity—one established and the other in process of organization when I was there; not too near together, but each in a place where effective service may be rendered not only to the large number of American sailors thereabouts, in one sort of employment or another, but in case the longed-for big sea battle ever takes place. As yet, our navy in that vicinity has been quite free from both sickness or accident; but all preparations are made for eventualities. (Concluded on Page 37)

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(Concluded from Page 34)

The one that was in operation when I was there is domiciled in a summer and health resort in the hills, and has taken over two or three big hotels, remodeling them into complete and well-equipped hospitals. This hospital is in executive charge of a naval medical officer of the regular service, and it is staffed by a hospital unit recruited in California. It has accommodations for a large number of patients, and all its equipment is of the latest scientific and sanitary sort, all brought from the United States.

The doctor in charge of the hospital work is a famous Californian and his assistants are all men of high attainments. The place is equipped for all contingencies, from casualties arising from engagements at sea to the ordinary diseases.

It has many specialized wards and many specialists. Its operating rooms are the equals of any in the most modern hospitals at home, and its nursing staff is ample and competent.

Among other places taken over was a hydropathic establishment; for there are mineral springs here and the waters of them have been utilized in the usual way. Inasmuch as recourse to German and Austrian baths is closed by the war, there was a fear lest the navy would close these baths, too, and thus deprive certain citizens who seek to boil out their gouts and rheumatisms and obesities of the opportunity for such endeavor.

The officers in charge are kind and compassionate men, and they said that persons outside the service might have the benefit of the waters and the baths free, but that a Red Cross contribution box would be placed in the lobby of the spring house for such voluntary contributions as might be made. This works very well, except in occasional instances. On the day I was there they found some threepenny silver bits in the box, which shows that some thrifty souls had been along.

A hotel keeper in the place, who was very loud in his denunciation of the navy plan for taking over the main hotels and turning them into hospitals, on the ground that it would not only ruin his business but impoverish the village because the usual summer boarders would not come, and who protested all the way up to the War Council, showed some thrift himself after he saw that his protests were unavailing. He advertised in many British papers that, though the springs had been taken over by the United States Navy, the Navy was treating all comers free; and that, of course, the only place for the afflicted to stop, those who took advantage of this wonderful generosity and liberality on the part of the United States, was at his hotel. That didn't last long.

A good success has been secured at this hospital in the treatment of shell-shock cases, those unfortunates who lose control of their nerves through their experiences in battle and who are most pitiable objects. One man, an officer, was severely shocked and lost the sight of one eye. Thereupon, he became convinced that he could not see out of the other eye; and he was, to all intents and purposes, blind, though repeated examinations had shown that the other eye was not affected and that the alleged loss of sight in it was due to nervous conviction on the part of the sufferer.

He was led about by his wife and finally came to this hospital, where there is a famous specialist in nervous affections, who wears a naval uniform. The specialist talked to the officer, who assured the doctor that he couldn't see, that he was totally and irretrievably blind, and was a most despondent and pathetic figure.

The doctor talked to him several times, assured him that he only thought he was blind; that he was not blind at all; soothed him, studied him, babied him, jollied him. And, suddenly, one day when the doctor, the officer and his wife were all in a pleasant room together, the doctor held up three fingers and said peremptorily:

"Here, now; let's have an end of this nonsense! Of course you can see! How many fingers am I holding up? Quick, now! How many fingers?"

"Three," replied the officer promptly. Then he gave a shout: "My God, I can see!"

"Certainly you can see!" said the doctor. "Who's this?"

The officer turned his head and looked at his wife.

"My wife!" he faltered; and both he and his wife began to cry.

The doctor cheered them up and sent them away.

"No more of this!" he said as they left the place. "You can see perfectly well; and don't let me catch you saying you can't."

Another man, a British soldier, came for treatment. He had been shell-shocked also, and had the delusion that one of his legs was shorter than the other. He hobbled about on crutches and insisted that the leg was shorter; carried it so, and protested that he could not straighten it. A careful examination showed there was nothing wrong with the leg, that it was normal, and that the shortening of it existed only in the man's mind.

The doctor talked to him several times. He was kind and sympathetic, but always led the conversations to the assumption that perhaps the leg wasn't really shorter than the other; that he might possibly be mistaken. He worked along these lines for a few days. Then, one morning he said sharply: "Now, Bill, this is the morning for you to walk off without your crutches. Ready, now! Shoulder crutches! March!"

Bill shouldered his crutches and marched; and he has been marching without them ever since.

Thus, in this vicinity, the United States is ready to care for the wounded and the sick of the navy—ready to the ultimate detail that science and skill and unstinted expenditure can suggest. And, as I write, our Navy is on its way to the successful completion of its larger share of the most ambitious mine-laying project ever planned and executed.

It is not permitted me to define its position or its extent, but it may be said that it is many miles long—a great many; and it is made up of thousands upon thousands of mines. Furthermore, it is precisely in a place where it will annoy Fritz greatly and disrupt his naval plans considerably.

The big end of it is American—more than seventy-five per cent. And that end of it is strictly American, bossed by an American rear admiral, using American ships, sailors, mines—all strictly homemade and transported to this far-distant scene. Many millions of American dollars have gone into this contribution of the United States Navy to the allied cause. It is one section of the varied activities of our Navy in foreign waters, and a section of consequence; a part of our contribution to the general and desired result of defeating the Hun.

Our Navy in this enterprise has worked smoothly and satisfactorily with the British Navy, and deserves the credit of having done a good job in a workmanlike manner. Mine laying on this scale was an entirely new business for us, or for any other nation; but we took hold of it and worked it out satisfactorily, supplying our own instruments and our own instrumentalities.

The success of it goes to prove in another way the efficiency of the American Navy abroad, and the complete spirit of coöperation that exists between the British and ourselves. There is no attempt to swank over it or be vainglorious. This was part of our job, and we did it modestly and effectively.

The British have laid uncounted acres of mines themselves, and know the game. They say it is a good job. When you come to think it over it is a good job; for everything that went into our part of that fence of death originated more than three thousand miles from where the fence was set.

Furthermore, when the American people come to be informed as to the size, extent and location of this enterprise they, too, will think it is a good job; a good American job done in a real American way.

# IT ISN'T WHAT YOU'VE EARNED

(Continued from Page 9)

And so they had given him his supper with an air of mournful indulgence as though he were a condemned man having his farewell breakfast just previous to being hung.

"Say, what's the matter?" he asked Maude as soon as he could get a chance to speak to her privately. "Did Mary bring bad news or something?"

"No," sighed Maude; and realizing that she might as well let him have it now as later she mournfully added: "The folks next door have got a brand-new car—a big one. They went out for a ride just before you came home; and oh, Ben, if you could have heard the way that Great Shanghai laughed at me and Mary; and the way old Fat Face blew his horn!"

Ben said nothing—his habit of silence coming in handy—but it didn't take him long to see that in the warfare of Neighborly Rivalry that he and Maude had been fighting ever since they were married he had come at last to a decisive battle, and that unless he launched a counter-attack the only thing left was unconditional surrender. He must either hold his end up or take a back seat. He must either follow the leader or confess himself out of the game.

As you can see, I am referring to these matters as lightly as I can; but as you can probably realize, especially if you have ever lived on a street like Pleasant Avenue, it was no light matter to Benjamin Warner, and it was no light matter to Maude.

"It's up to me to get a car too," thought Ben as he sat at his desk that night after Maude and Mary had gone to bed, "or Maude'll always think she married a dub. . . . The way I caught her looking at me to-night—as though she was a school-teacher and I was a poor little kid who couldn't do my sums. . . . And yet, hang it all!" he reflected with more bitterness than he had felt before in his married life. "I bring my thirty dollars home every Saturday afternoon; and the old gentleman never made more than twelve—and mother saved money out of that—and raised a family too!"

Still buried in somber reflection he dipped a pen in the ink and began drawing on a scratch pad one of those jumbles of words and figures and sketches that you will generally find on the wall by the side of a telephone or anywhere else where a man has sat or stood with a pencil in his hand and something to write on, and nobody there to watch him. And as he sits there, drawing triangles and stars and writing "30—30—30—" over and over again, and multiplying 30 by 52, and drawing the profile of a pretty girl—who looked like Maude—with a feather in her hat right next to a skull and crossbones and a section of brick wall, I will try in somewhat similar manner to draw Ben for you as he sat at his desk that night, as many a man has sat before and many a man will sit again, looking at the future with a mournful eye and trying to figure out what the morrow has in store for him.

Ben was one of those thin, rugged, stern, rather quiet boys who are usually described as typical Americans—keen in the face—keen in the mind—a sort of a young Uncle Sam, if you can imagine one.

In his youth he had learned the machinist's trade, but before he married Maude he had been promoted to the office, where it had been in his heart of hearts to learn the ins and outs of the business, and later to start up for himself. As a machinist he had made eighteen dollars a week—these were the days before the war—and when he first drew twenty in the office, and then twenty-five, and finally thirty, he had regarded himself as being on the highroad to fortune. But meanwhile, in that irresistible manner which I have tried to indicate, the warfare of Neighborly Rivalry had gradually drawn him in and spent his money and dipped him deep in debt as well.

"And what's the use?" he sadly asked himself as he sat at his desk that night. "I can't buy a car any more than I could buy a battleship; and every time the Holtons go out in their machine Maude will think I'm a dead one who can't afford to keep my wife the way other men keep theirs."

He scratched away at his pad again and drew a long breath, desperately trying to keep out of his mind the thought that a wife may sometimes be less of a help to a man than a hindrance.

"All the same," he confessed with a sigh, "we seem to be drifting farther apart every day we live; always driving with a whip in her hand, never satisfied. And even if I made ten thousand a year she'd




*Showing Gilmer Endless Belt as used on battery of Internal Grinders by Hess-Bright Mfg. Co., Philadelphia*

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spend it. She'd move over to the Plains and start in competition with that bunch of millionaires over there."

Again he dipped his pen in the ink and turning the paper over he figured and drew on the other side, meanwhile busy with his thoughts and roused at last only by the clock striking twelve.

"I'll get up early in the morning and make the coffee," he thought, bending over to unlace his shoes. "Now if she's only asleep ——"

He noiselessly stole upstairs.

"Sleep, honey?" he whispered.

She didn't answer him, and when the clock struck one—yes, and when the clock struck two—they both lay there staring up into the dark, each busy with thoughts that wouldn't be still, each thinking the other was asleep, and reminding me more than anything else of My Old Dutch set to the music of Strangers Yet and accompanied by Worry on an organ out of tune.

### IV

WHEN Ben woke the next morning, which was Sunday—sleeping late, as a man generally does when he can't close his eyes till dawn—he found that Maude had already gone downstairs.

"I guess she's laying for me to have it out about that car." And raising himself on his elbow the better to listen he continued: "Here she comes now—bringing Mary a cup of coffee, I guess."

It was Ben, however, to whom the cup of coffee was consigned, which surprised him beyond measure, *café au lait* being a new dish to him; but when Maude sat down on the side of the bed and began talking to him as he drank it Ben soon knew that he was now finding out for the first time in his life what astonishment really was.

"Did you sleep well?" she began.

"Not very," he truthfully replied.

"I didn't either. I was thinking of the folks next door."

"M-m-m," groaned Ben in the cup, "it's coming."

"Ben."

"Ye-e-e-eh?"

"I was thinking last night when I couldn't sleep about those men at the shop who are making fifty dollars a week. Why don't you get a job like that?"

"But they're mechanics," he patiently explained.

"Yes, I know. But last night when I couldn't sleep I began thinking that maybe we're all mechanics, if it comes to that. They're shop mechanics—and you're an office mechanic—and I'm a kitchen mechanic."

"But they wear overalls."

"Well, I wear aprons."

By that time Ben had begun to get the drift of her meaning, and that is when he found out for the first time in his life what astonishment really was.

"But great Scott!" he gasped, sitting up. "What would the neighbors say?"

"Oh, shoot the neighbors!" was Maude's inelegant reply. "It came to me last night, Ben, that we've been on the wrong track entirely. I think it was Namaline who first opened my eyes—long before I knew the folks next door had a car. We've been just like a tribe of I-don't-know-what—everybody on this street—each one trying to do more than the next one, and make a better show. Yes, and when it comes to spending, the folks next door have got us beat, Ben. It's no use talking any more about that. They've gone and shown us that they can spend the most; but you and I, we'll turn round now and show 'em we can save the most! How about that?"

Ben looked at his Maude as though she were a stranger who had just dropped in to tell him that Uncle Pierpont was dead and had left him all his wealth.

"And here's another thing," said Maude more earnestly than ever: "Did you ever hear before of mechanics' making fifty dollars a week?"

"Never!"

"No; and never will again—not in a thousand years. I tell you, Ben, there's never been such a chance in the world for poor people like us to save money and get ahead. So to-morrow morning you tell 'em at the office that you want to get back into the shop; and every cent you earn there we'll just stick it in the bank and see how big it grows!"

"But we've got to live, you know," said the shining-eyed Benjamin.

"Sure we have; but we haven't got to live off your fifty. I'm going to do the same as people used to do when I was a girl. I'm going to keep boarders, and we'll live off them!"

For a few moments Ben's heart seemed to stop beating, and he had the awed look of a man who stands in the presence of something supernatural.

"Of course, nobody on Pleasant Avenue keeps boarders," continued Maude, "but that's all the more reason why they'd like to come. Who wouldn't like to come and live in a beautiful house like this! And—don't you see?—Mary could stay and help me. I've always wanted her to come and make a real long visit, but somehow I've never felt that we could really afford it. She's got no chance at all in that poky little place where she lives—but here—with a houseful of nice young boarders!"

She smiled; and yet it was an earnest smile—the smile of one who was leaving the shallows and was about to embark on the deeps of life.

"I must go now and help Mary get breakfast," she said, bending over and kissing him. "But I thought I'd bring you a cup of coffee first and tell you what I'd been thinking."

She kissed him again, a sudden tenderness having fallen upon her.

"Ben," she said, looking deep, deep, deep into his eyes, "you aren't sorry that you ever married me, are you?"

"Sorry!" he scoffed; and reassured her in the immemorial manner. She left, then, and as soon as he heard her going down the stairs Ben stared round the room as though he quite expected to see a ghost.

"Now doesn't that beat all?" he whispered to himself. "She might have read my thoughts last night!"

And yet if he had only seen Maude that morning when she had first gone downstairs, her words and conduct wouldn't have puzzled him for a moment. While the coffee had been percolating Maude had straightened the rooms downstairs, coming at last to Master Benjamin's desk.



"What's the Use? I Can't Buy a Car Any More Than I Could Buy a Battleship"

There on the top was the scratch pad with its rows of figures, its profile of a pretty girl—who looked like Maude—its skull and crossbones and other strange conceits. Turning it over with frowning attention Maude had come to the following lines:

| | |
|---|---|
| If I worked in shop | $50 per |
| 5 boarders at 8 dolls | 40 per |
| Tee-total | $90 per |

SOME total! Why NOT?

Har-Har! We are sassiety people.

Sir, who are you? Home, James!

And just underneath was a sketch of a picture frame containing one of the wisest sayings ever framed by man, a saying that Master Benny had heard in his youth, little dreaming that some day it would bob up again to change the whole course of his life.

### V

AS HE had expected, it didn't require much persuasion on Ben's part to get himself transferred back to the shop; for though on account of the scarcity of help his company had a slight appetite for office workers it was simply ravenous for anyone who could act as chauffeur to a first-class machine tool. So on Monday noon he thrust his legs into overalls again, and before the day was over he was hitting it up on a high-speed lathe with the best of them and turning out Piece No. K177 at a gait that made the oil smoke.

Yes, that part was easy enough; but when we come to Maude's problem of picking her five young boarders we immediately arrive at a subject that is worthy of a Dickens, a Fitch and a Byron rolled into one.

"Mary," she began, "which do you like best, dark men or light ones?" As one would say, "Which do you prefer, light meat or dark meat?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mary, smiling at the thought; and after a few minutes' introspection she added: "Seems to me they're both nice—when they are nice; you know what I mean."

"M-m-m," said Maude, with that abstraction which sometimes falls upon a woman when she is planning her Christmas shopping; and whether it was accident or design she ended her first week with two light young men and two dark ones. As you can imagine they weren't found in a minute, and she didn't take the first four applicants who offered themselves, either—not by any manner of means. But Maude didn't have a bright spark of life for nothing; and just to give you an idea of the way she worked I will tell you how she started things going.

In the first place she wrote a note on her engraved stationery, one to the local Y. M. C. A., and three others to the largest employers of labor in town. She had accommodations, she said, for a few good boarders who would appreciate an exceptionally nice home and a pleasant neighborhood. Terms, nine dollars a week. As that was a dollar more than ordinary board was worth Maude calculated that this would eliminate the less desirable candidates.

It did; but of course it didn't eliminate middle-aged, fussy boarders, for instance; nor bold-eyed boarders who smiled too much the moment they saw her; nor sporty boarders with scented handkerchiefs and white-edged waistcoats; nor scowling boarders; nor boarders who needed a shave, a shine and a good

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(Continued from Page 38)

shampoo. All such Maude tactfully turned down as only a bright young woman can. But every time a promising candidate presented himself the hook was laid behind the door and the finer tools of diplomacy were called into play.

"Would you expect to go home on Sundays?"

That was a very artful question, as you will perceive upon consideration, and generally succeeded in weeding out the benedicts.

"Are you acquainted here in town?" "Would you expect to stay permanently if you were suited?" "Do you expect to be drafted?" The result of these methods, as I have said, were two light young men and two dark young men; and the very first Sunday morning they were there Mary had this male quartet out under the apple tree back of the house, helping her freeze the cream.

And if you could have seen the folks next door—their mingled triumph and curiosity, and the way the Great Shanghai kept her eye on things, especially when she came in or went out in the car!

That car gave Maude another idea.

"Ben," she said, "I've been thinking. Do you think you could fix our shed up so it would hold a car?"

"Sure. A pair of new doors would do it. Why?"

"Oh, nothing, only I've been thinking. If we could get a nice young boarder with a car ——"

Ben started on the new doors within the next five minutes, and that night Maude resorted again to her engraved stationery and wrote a note to the two leading automobile agencies in town. She had accommodations, she said, for one or two exceptionally good boarders who would appreciate a good home with privilege of use of garage.

Before the next day was over a young demonstrator for the Goulden-Eagle people changed his address to Number 31 Pleasant Avenue; and as long as she lives Maude will never forget how she felt the next Sunday afternoon when she and Mary and Ben took a spin in the new boarder's car.

They hadn't gone many miles, you know, when they saw the folks next door ahead of them, tooling along in the same direction.

"Do you think you can pass 'em?" asked Maude in a tense whisper.

"Why, this car can go backward faster than that car can go frontward," kindly explained the proud young demonstrator. "Watch!"

He hooted his horn with a loud, imperious "Out of the way, snails!" and—no, not till the last day she lives will Maude forget how the man next door tried to race them when he saw who it was, how the Great Shanghai nearly threw a fit in the back seat, and how they finally roared past the car next door as though it were stuck in a rut.

"Ha-ha-ha-a-a-a!" crowed Maude in the back seat—pretending to laugh at something which Ben was saying. "Ha-ha-ha-a-a-a-a!" crowed she.

But you mustn't think it was all rides and romance.

When Maude had had no one but Ben to look after, breakfast had always been a simple affair, ready in ten minutes from the first turn of the coffee grinder, and going from producer to consumer without leaving the cozy confines of the kitchen. The midday meal had been easier yet, Ben patronizing a lunch room near the office and Maude nearly always finding something in the refrigerator that could be made to harmonize with a cup of tea without any deep study of the cookbooks or any great array of linen, china and glass. And, after all, dinner for two isn't a weighty matter, especially if you know that as long as you leave out parsnips, nutmeg, ginger and cold rice pudding without raisins in it your husband will eat any blessed thing that you care to set before him.

But when she was suddenly called upon to cater for eight people—five of whom were paying her a snug sum each week for services rendered—Maude didn't have much time to wonder whether elephant gray or old taupe was to be the coming fashionable shade. Indeed, there were times when her chief cause for wonderment was whether her head would split immediately before her back broke—or vice versa, as the Latinists have it.

Yet whenever she felt that the spirits in her tube would never rise again she had only to go to her bottom bureau drawer and take out the candy box that was hidden there. This box had a cardboard tray in it, and underneath the tray she kept the bank book.

She loved to read that bank book—it was a poultice, a lotion, a tonic, a gentle massage, a healing medicine—all the way from the name of the bank on the front cover to Rules for Depositors in the back.

And how the column of 50's grew and grew! It grew and grew until at last it grew into one of the strangest things. It grew into a great temptation.

"Darn it; all my life," thought Maude, "I've wanted ——"

And then she told herself what she had always wanted—yearned for, longed for, sighed for, mourned for—and had never been able to afford it till now.

"Darn it all," she thought again, "I've worked hard enough for it!" The phrase saved her, reminding her of one of the sayings of her grandfather, whom she had once heard describing a neighbor thus: "He worked for his money like a horse—and he spent it like an ass."

"A nice thing to write on my tombstone!" smiled Maude—the temptation fading into mist before the light of her smile; and thinking then of the wise old saying that Ben had unconsciously written on his scratch pad that night she added: "It's right, too—and it's just as true as gospel. But what an awful lot of people have forgotten all about it!"

So the column of 50's went on growing and growing, till it filled the first page, and the second, and started on the third; such a noble continued column that the teller of the bank mentioned it one day to the cashier; and a little later—in the strictest confidence, of course—Maude showed it to Mrs. Landry, of Number 66, who was having the Willing Workers at her house that afternoon and wanted to borrow Maude's ice-cream freezer.

"I don't suppose it's any use inviting you," said Mrs. Landry, with a sort of honey-and-vinegar smile.

"No," said Maude. "I don't have much time for those things any more."

"We were all so sorry," said Mrs. Landry, still looking as though her mouth was full of lemon drops, "when your husband lost his position in the office."

Maude laughed, all treacle and jam, and told how she had been the cause of poor Ben's demotion from thirty to fifty dollars a week, and it was then—in the strictest confidence, of course—that she showed Mrs. Landry the bank book.

The visitor's eyes went big and round. A moment before she had looked as though she were gazing through the wrong end of a pair of opera glasses, but now she looked as though she had suddenly reversed them—and she hurriedly tried to count the 50's; though I must say that Maude juggled the leaves a little and made it appear as though there were two more pages than there really were.

"Why!" exclaimed Mrs. Landry. "You—you'll be quite rich if you do this long enough!"

It was of course all in the strictest confidence, but in the next few days Maude noticed a change in the neighbors' attitude toward her.

"The women have stopped pitying me," she proudly confided to Ben; "and yesterday I met Mr. Higgins and Jack Krause on the street, and they both looked as though they thought I was great."

"Better not let me catch 'em!" said Master Ben, raising his muscle in a minatory manner. "Feel this!"

Maude felt it.

"Feel this!" she said, pursing her lips and rising on tiptoe.

Ben felt it.

"I think you two are awful," said Mary, who was dusting the piano.

Maude turned on her sister like a tiger. "One more word from you, miss," she said, "and I'll tell Ben what you told me last night!"

"Oho!" said Master Benny as Mary vanished with a face like a crimson rambler crossed with a golden sunset. "So we're going to have a wedding here after all, are we?"

"You bet we are!" said Maude in growing triumph.

"Which one is it?"

"Can't you tell?"

"No."

"Haven't you seen?"

"Seen what?"

Maude made a helpless gesture.


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From these gall nuts, Carter chemists extract the tannin, add a salt of iron and by an exact chemical combination secure a colorless liquid that is the basis of Carter's Writing Fluid. Because you want to see plainly as you write, Carter chemists add that unusually beautiful blue color that has made Carter's Writing Fluid so desirable.

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**Boston Chicago New York Montreal**


"Oh, you men!" she despaired. "I sometimes wonder how you're able to find your way home at night without getting lost!"

"That's all right," said Ben, sulking a little. "If you don't want to tell me which one it is, I guess you needn't. I guess I can find out myself."

"How?"

"By asking the one who I think it is," said the artless man.

"Ben!" she gasped. "And anyhow," she added with the true womanly touch, "it wouldn't do you a bit of good, because he doesn't know himself yet which one it is!"

She disappeared in search of Mary, and this time it was Ben's turn to make the helpless gesture—that gesture which man has made since time immemorial when dealing with the ladies, and which has lately been translated into a classical query.

Curiously enough the man next door asked himself the same question before the night was over. He sat at his desk going over his monthly bills. Some of these were politely stamped "Please Remit," and more than one bore the generous assumption "This account, now long past due, has doubtless escaped your attention." He added them together—a formidable list that nearly covered the back of an envelope and ended as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Dentist | $12.00 |
| Doctor | 7.50 |
| Dry goods | 27.10 |
| Shoes | 16.00 |
| Two tires | 88.66 |
| Inner tube | 5.50 |
| Gas | 10.80 |
| State tax | 13.50 |
| Liability insurance | 37.50 |
| Repairs | 24.10 |

That, you must remember, was only the end of the list, the total amounting to $510.76. His bank balance, painfully verified, was $37.28.

"And every cent that I make this month," he reflected with a pang, "will go for living expenses."

Again he compared the $510.76 with the $37.28.

"That's where I stand, all right," he thought with one of those empty feelings at the stomach; and that is when he made the helpless gesture aforesaid—that gesture which man has made since time immemorial, and which has lately been translated into the classical query, "Where do we go from here?"

### VI

YOU know the way it is with good sound wheat when it's ripe for the harvest—to say nothing of how much of a crop you'd have if the seed were never planted. Well, one day when Ben's wheat stood high in the bank book—row after row of yellow grain—and when wind and weather and circumstance were all in tune, the cashier of the bank sent for Master Benny and looked him over in a casual sort of way.

"You're a mechanical man, Mr. Warner," he said. "Do you know anything about metal plating?"

Spending his words like a miser Ben told him how little he knew.

"You think you could learn?"

Ben knew he could learn.

"You know the Pluto Plating Company?"

He knew where the plant was.

"Properly run," said the cashier, "it's one of the best paying little businesses in town. It has contracts with a number of our leading manufacturers that ought to be worth ten or fifteen thousand a year—that is, mind you, if the business is properly run. For the last few years it hasn't been. The owner has neglected it and has spent a great deal too much money on his personal account. As a result he started borrowing money, and he has continued to borrow money until at last we have been obliged to take the company over to protect ourselves and our depositors."

"Too bad," nodded Ben.

"From your account here," continued the cashier, "and from what we learn outside it would seem to us that you are careful, saving and steady—three things that a bank always admires. Now if you can find five thousand dollars to put into this metal-plating business I'm not sure that we wouldn't be willing to turn the whole thing over to you—provided, of course, that you will assume its debts and obligations. I've had a statement of its affairs made out. You might take it and think it over. Personally," he added with a casual glance at one of Ben's waistcoat buttons, "I think it's a very good thing—if properly run."

Ben could hardly speak for spluttering when he started to repeat this talk to Maude.

"Why, in ten years we'd be rich as Grease-us!" he concluded, a little shaky on his mythology but clear enough in what he meant. "Heiblein made all sorts of money there till he moved over to the Plains and started living way past his means. The only trouble is I'll need five thousand dollars; and hang it, we haven't quite got three!"

"Bob's got nearly twenty-five hundred saved," said Maude.

"Who's Bob?" demanded Ben.

"Bob Williams, our boarder. He's an awfully good salesman too. Perhaps you two could go into partnership; anyhow, it would keep it in the family."

"What do you mean—keep it in the family?" demanded Ben again.

"Why," smiled Maude, "he's the one who's going to marry Mary."

"Great Scott! I thought he was always the quietest when she was round."

"He was," said Maude. "But, gracious, Ben, every girl knows that the man who jollies her the most loves her the least."

"But, great Scott," said Ben again, "it always seemed to me that all the others showed her a better time than he did!"

"Oh, that's nothing to go by," explained Maude in the patient tone of a teacher teaching A B C. "Most any man will show a pretty girl a good time. But Bob was the only one who showed her what he'd saved; and if I were you I'd have a talk with him to-night and see what he says."

Which was the genesis of the Warner-Williams Plating Company. How Ben and Bob succeeded in getting their impoverished plant to hold up its head and flower itself into profit again is another story entirely, having nothing to do with that form of Neighborly Rivalry which has marred more lives than any man living can count.

The week before Mary was married, the folks next door moved away; and when Ben came home that night he couldn't help noticing how quiet Maude was.

"They came in to bid me good-by, poor things," she said. "And honestly, Ben, I felt as bad as though it had happened to us. They had an awful time with themselves when they had to sell their car, but I think they've gotten over the worst of it now."

Ben was quiet for a while, one of Maude's tender spells suddenly falling upon her.

"Yes, sir, and it might have been us," he said at last, his thoughts reverting to the folks next door, "if it hadn't been for you and what you've done."

"It might have been us, you mean," said Maude, "if it hadn't been for you and what you wrote."

Whereupon of course Ben gave her one of his helpless looks—those helpless looks which man has given since time immemorial when dealing with the ladies.

"Me and what I wrote?" he asked. "What do you mean?"

Maude hummed her way to the candy box, and from underneath the bank book she produced the scratch pad on which Master Benny had scribbled that night when he sat up so late.

"This set me thinking terribly hard," she said, pretending his knee was a park bench and showing him the disjointed fragment which has already been quoted; "but I think it was this that settled me."

She pressed her cheek lightly against his, and together they looked at the picture frame that Ben had drawn on the night when he had sketched the pretty girl—who looked like Maude—the skull and cross-bones, and all and sundry. It was a large frame, covering nearly half a sheet of the paper, and in it were roughly lettered the following words:

*When you're old, Dog Tray,*
*When you're old,*
*It isn't what you've earned*
*It's what you've saved*
*That's going to help you,*
*When you're old, Dog Tray,*
*When you're old!*



# THE NEW STOICS

(Continued from Page 16)

evening, and I supposed that he wanted to read about the offensive. Not at all! After a glance at the headlines he turned to the baseball news. Do you understand him?"

"No," said his mother.

"At his age I should have been in this war, with or without my parents' consent. Mind you, I don't want him in it—not for a year or two. But why doesn't he want to get in? He's not a coward."

"No," said his mother, and then she added: "I've thought a great deal about it, and I think it's because he's so young—so immature."

"Immature!" cried Mr. Brougham. "Why, he's always using words I don't know the meaning of!"

"Perhaps he doesn't either," said his wife. "That's immature, isn't it? But I meant the immaturity of not seeing responsibilities—not taking them up, at least. You see, my dear, he's very young—only a year out of school. It's natural enough."

"It's not natural at all," answered Mr. Brougham. "Just out of school—school is the very place to learn patriotism—drilling and all that—and I'm sure Granby is one of the most patriotic men I ever knew. He inspires most of his boys. No, I don't understand. I shall speak to David about his attitude."

"Oh, don't! You'll have him enlisting to-morrow."

"No; for I shall explain to him that he must wait."

She smiled. "You're going to stir him up to want to do something which you won't allow him to do. Is that sensible, dear?"

It wasn't sensible, but—more important—it was inevitable. Mr. Brougham, feeling as he did, could not be silent. He had always been proud of his boys, had always assumed they were stuff to be proud of. They had done decently in their lessons, well in their athletics. What could a father ask more? Now for the first time he found himself questioning his right to be proud, and the doubt was like poison in his system. He must speak to his son.

The difficulty of "speaking to" people is that we either take too portentous a tone, and thus ruffle the minds we mean to impress, or else that we speak so casually as to make no impression at all. Mr. Brougham's leanings were all to the former manner, and recognizing this weakness he made one more effort at the indirect attack. Hearing that his nephew, a lieutenant of infantry, was about to sail, he sent for him to come and dine. In his greeting of the young man he tried to express his respect for the uniform, even when decorated by nothing more than a gold bar.

"I envy you, my boy," he said. "I remember how I felt when I first put on those clothes in 1898—not that we can compare that war with this, but the emotion is the same—the emotion is always the same. We all envy you in this house."

David looked rather impish. "Envy him!" he said. "And him such a bad sailor!"

At this Brougham's brows contracted, but the lieutenant smiled.

"Yes," he said; "won't I wish I had stayed at home!"

This sentiment would have shocked Mr. Brougham except that he believed he recognized in it the decent Anglo-Saxon cloak of a profound feeling—very different from David's cold inaction.

As soon as dinner was over he left the boys alone and took a chair on the piazza, from which he could watch the expressions of their faces. They fell at once into a conversation of the deepest interest; so interesting that they began to move their hands about in unaccustomed gestures. Once David lifted his and brought it down with a sidewise swoop.

"That's it!" a voice rang out. "It's great!"

Mr. Brougham felt justified in moving a little nearer. He then found that the subject of discussion was jazz-band records for the phonograph.

The next morning, looking out of his window early, he saw David in his bathing suit trying, with a seriousness that might have drilled a company, to teach a new handspring to Lawrence. And this made it impossible for Mr. Brougham to be silent any longer.

When David came back to the house, dressed, but with his hair still dark and wet from his swim, his father stopped him.

"Sit down a minute," he said. "I want to speak to you. I want you to explain your attitude toward this war."

This opening sentence, which he had thought of while the handsprings were going on, would have been excellent if he could have given his son time to answer it, but he couldn't; his emotions swept him on, and at the end of five minutes he was still talking:

"The Civil War was fought by boys your age or younger. I don't say it was best, but it's the fact. And here you are—you've had every advantage—of education, of luxury, of protection. Don't you care for the traditions of your country? You're not a child any more. You're old enough to understand that a hideous catastrophe has come upon the world, and before long you must take your part in remedying it. What's your attitude to the war?"

"I think we're going to win it, sir, in the end."

"Other people are going to win it?"

"Would you approve of my enlisting at once? I understood ——"

"No, I would not approve of it, as I've told you," answered his father, feeling that somehow he was being unjustly cornered. "But because a man's too young to make a soldier, that doesn't mean he shouldn't have any patriotism in his make-up—should be absolutely indifferent, with his head full of handsprings and jazz bands."

"I'm not indifferent," said David; "and as for jazz bands, even the men at the Front like them."

"But you're not at the Front—if you get my point."

"I don't believe I do," said David.

Civil as David's tone was there was of course a trace of hostility in the words themselves, and in his distress Mr. Brougham decided to go and consult Granby, the head of the school where David had been for five years and where Lawrence still was.

Brougham only went to Granby in desperate straits, for he was a little afraid of his sons' schoolmaster. Granby was a tall bald man of fifty, with an expression at once stern and humble—stern with the habit of innumerable decisions, humble with the consciousness that half of them had been wrong. Brougham admired him, but could not be his friend, owing to the fact that he always became in Granby's presence an essential parent and nothing else. Mrs. Brougham, with the protection of her long silences, managed better to retain her individuality in his presence.

"I've come to consult you about David," he began.

Granby visibly shrank. "Don't tell me he's gone too!"

"No—he hasn't; that's it."

Brougham managed to tell his story very satisfactorily, for Granby had the power, rarer than is supposed, of extracting an idea from spoken words.

"He has no enthusiasm—no emotion. I can't understand him. At his age, I venture to say, I would —— Well, I've come to you. You've had thirty years' experience of boys."

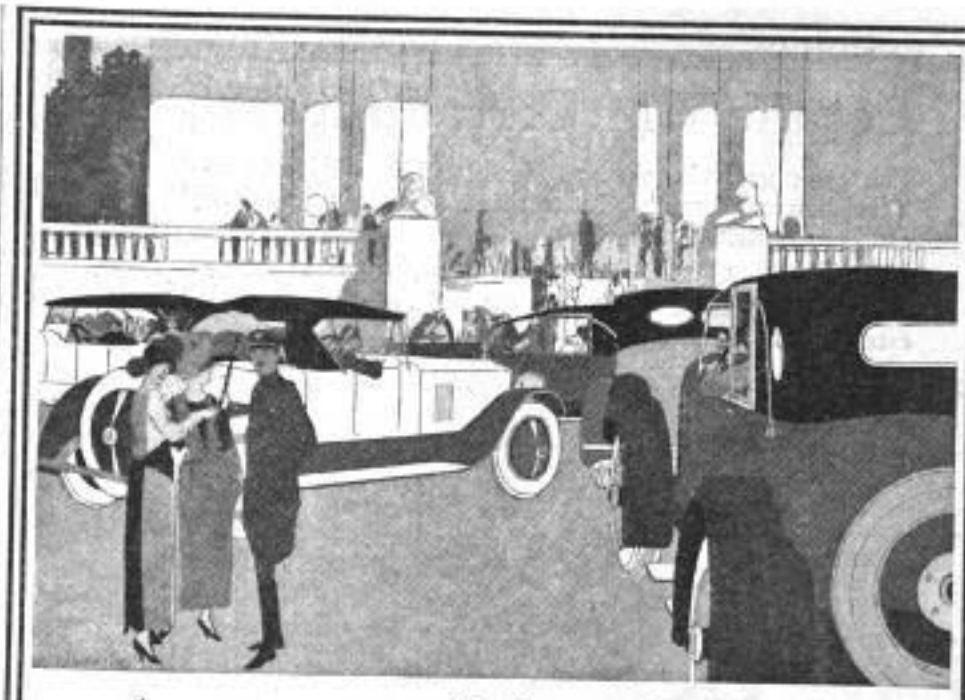
"Yes," said Granby with his reserved, pedagogic manner. "I've been at it thirty years." He stared at the floor and then, looking up, added: "But I've only had four years of boys as they are now."

This was a new idea to Brougham.

"You mean boys are different?"

"Of course, they're different!" said Granby. "Even we are different, and they —— Boys I was giving demerits to and scolding about Latin prose last winter are fighting the war for us to-day. Roberts—I used to make Roberts' life a burden to him about the dative of reference—he was killed last month rescuing his machine gun; and here I am doing the same safe task —— Well, I never felt like that about my work before. Different? Of course they're different! They are not boys any more. They are men; and we are old men."

There was, naturally enough, a pause, for this was by no means a conception of life which Mr. Brougham could accept offhand; and in the silence the door opened and David himself strode in—and stopped with every appearance of disappointment on seeing his father.

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"I beg your pardon," he said. "I'm afraid I'm interrupting you. I'll come back."

"What did you want?" said Mr. Granby.

David paused, looking less like a man and more like a boy in his indecision. Then his jaw set as he took his determination.

"I wanted you to tell my father something, but as long as he's here I'd better tell him myself. I took the examinations last month for an aviation camp, and I've just heard that I'm accepted."

Relief and horror struggling in Mr. Brougham like opposing waves resulted in calm.

"But, my son," he said, "why have you concealed it? You did not think I'd oppose you?"

David moved restlessly.

"Oh, no," he answered. "It wasn't that." He looked at Mr. Granby and smiled. "Father's awfully tyrannical about this war," he said. "He wants everyone to feel just as he does."

"But don't you feel as I do?" asked his father. "Why, you've just proved that you do!"

"Not a bit!" said David, and he spoke with a force neither of the men had ever heard from him before. "I don't feel a bit as you do, sir, and what's more, I don't want to!" He stopped. "But we needn't go into that," he added, and seemed about to leave the room.

Granby looked at Brougham. "It must be right here if we could get at it," he said. "Tell us, David, what is it in your father's attitude that you don't sympathize with?"

"And my mother's too."

"And mine?" asked Granby.

David hesitated an instant.

"You don't seem to care so much about having us all feel the way you do if what we do is right. But my father and mother don't care what I do unless I get excited about it."

"A healthy emotion is not excitement," said Mr. Brougham. "But you have been cold, absolutely cold to the horror of the world's bleeding to death, to all this unnatural disaster that has come upon us."

"It doesn't seem exactly unnatural to me," answered the boy slowly. "At least I've got used to it. You see, sir, ever since I knew anything—ever since I was Lawrence's age—war has been about the most natural thing going. I suppose it's very different for all of you. Coming at the end of a perfectly peaceful life, it must seem like a sort of dirty accident; but even so, it's awfully queer to me the way you and mother have to lash yourselves up to doing anything ——"

"Lash ourselves up?" exclaimed Mr. Brougham.

"Yes, with the idea of patriotism and self-sacrifice, when it's so perfectly clear what we all have to do. Why, father, I feel just as if I were a policeman, or, no, a fireman—I feel as if I were a fireman and you expected me to get off something about patriotism and self-sacrifice every time I went to put out a fire. A fireman goes, all right—it's his job; but I dare say he often wishes he could stay in bed. No one says his heart is cold, and no more it is, to my mind. It must be fun to go off in a burst of patriotic enthusiasm. I know, for I've often felt like that about football. But this is different. This isn't a sport—it's a long disagreeable job. And I must say, father, it makes me pretty tired to have you think me a slacker because I don't get, and don't want to get, excited about it."

"You misunderstand me," said his father. "I don't think any man a slacker who waits to think it over before he makes the supreme sacrifice and offers"—Mr. Brougham's voice took a deeper note—"his life."

David turned sharply to Granby.

"There," he said, "that's what I hate! I hate that attitude toward death—as if it were something you couldn't speak of in the drawing-room. Death isn't so bad," he added, as if saying what he could for an absent friend.

With this Mr. Brougham couldn't even pretend to agree; death seemed to him very bad indeed—about the worst possible, though not to be evaded by brave men on that account.

"Ah," he said to Granby, "that's the beauty of youth—it doesn't think about death at all."

"Nonsense," said David. "I beg your pardon, sir, but isn't it nonsense? Of course, we think of it—a lot more than you do. The chances are about one in twenty that I'll be killed. When you were my age you were planning your career, and college, and you thought you'd be married sometime, and you were getting your name put up at clubs you couldn't get into for years. But fellows of my age aren't making any plans—it would be pretty foolish if we did. We haven't got any future, as you had it. I don't know if you call that thinking about death. I do—thinking about it as a fact, not a horror. We've been up against it for the last four years, and we've got used to it. That's what none of you older people seem to be able to get into your heads. We don't particularly mind the idea of dying. And now I think I'll run home and tell my mother."

Neither of the men spoke for a few minutes after he had gone. Mr. Brougham was shocked. He had just caught himself back from telling David that he ought to be afraid of dying—which of course was not at all what he meant. He himself had always feared death—most of the men he knew feared it—only hadn't allowed that fear to influence their actions. He had always regarded this fear as a great universal limitation. He felt as if a great gulf had suddenly opened between him and his son. More than that, he felt that to live free from the terror was too great an emancipation for one so young.

"If they're not afraid of death, what are they afraid of?" he found himself thinking.

He himself in his youth had never thought about dying—except sometimes in church in connection with music and crowns and glassy seas. Then once, when he was only a little younger than David, he had been very ill in the school infirmary; another boy had died, and then, he remembered, he did for the first time consider the possibility of his, Walter Brougham's, coming to end, stopping, going out perhaps like a candle. It had been an uncomfortable experience, and when his mother had come to take care of him he had distinctly clung to her—as if she could have done any good. Had these boys gone through that and come out on the other side? He found it alarmed him to think that David wasn't afraid.

Good heavens, what would they do—this new generation, young and healthy and unafraid of death, not because they had never thought about it but because they had been familiar with it since they went into long trousers?

Mr. Granby broke the silence. He said: "To order ourselves lowly and reverently to all our betters?"

Brougham was puzzled by these words, and he felt that it was no time for puzzling him.

"Did you think David was impertinent to me, Mr. Granby?" he asked. "Is that what you meant?"

"No, that isn't what I meant, Mr. Brougham."

Brougham didn't inquire any further. He shook his head and went home. He found his wife and David sitting hand in hand on the piazza looking out to sea, with the same blank grave look on both their faces. Yet they were thinking very different thoughts.

Mrs. Brougham was thinking that she had been strangely stupid not to know that this was just exactly the way David would do it; but she added to herself she had allowed her vision to be clouded by her husband.

David was carefully reviewing the small stock of his technical knowledge of aeroplanes.



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# THE ARTILLERY MILL AT OLD FORT SILL

(Continued from Page 15)

Henry and the unsung heroes who, just because they happen to know all about it, must stay home from France and teach a greenhorn how to do his bit by proxy. As I write this article I have just commenced to shoot; and now I must leave the school and complete my course—where? *Quién sabe?* My regiment is going to that bourn from which some of us will not return—so I am ordered back, half-baked, but ever so much wiser and more dangerous than when I arrived.

But because I have been on the inside looking out I elect to tell the fellow who is paying for my education just how much of a run he is getting for his Thrift Stamps and Liberty Bonds, and at the same time to assure the prospective soldier with a leaning toward a commission in the "red legs" that there exists no tangible reason why he should permit the alleged mysteries of indirect laying to frighten him into the infantry. The only disturbing thing about artillery is at the other end of the trajectory, albeit there is to the beginner something horrifying in the language of artillery. They tell you about a micrometer—and you shudder. Presently you meet a micrometer and discover it's only a little thingumajig that you in your innocence would call a screw. And so on.



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*Major General William J. Snow, Chief of Field Artillery, U. S. A.*

One by one you solve the alleged mysteries, and presently the whole thing dawns on you like a sunrise in the Grand Cañon. It's as simple as pulling a rabbit out of a plug hat—when the trick is explained to you. And if you know plane geometry, a little trig, and algebra to simple quadratic equations, if you have an orderly and practical mind and a heart that's in the game, you'll shoot with the best of them, and have a perfectly bully time while you last.

### The Artilleryman's Dream

Along in 1911 it began to be suspected in Washington that our regular field artillery officers could do everything but shoot. It was no fault of the officers, however. The last good shoot the Army had had was Tientsin and Peking, and since we didn't anticipate trouble with our neighbors one hundred rounds of ammunition was considered an ample annual allowance for a field battery to use in target practice. I know that my brigadier had thirteen thousand rounds to fire in a few weeks last spring, and I'm certain he used to wake up at night and wonder if it was true or just a wonderful dream. You must know of course that a United States artillery officer has only two dreams: One is that some day he'll have all the ammunition he wants; and the other is that on some equally memorable day he'll go to war and catch an enemy battery when it's limbering or unlimbering. The bloodthirsty fellow wants to get the horses as well as the gun crews with shrapnel, and then bust up the guns with H. E. Messy sort of dream, I call it.

Well, as I started to remark, in 1911 it was decided to start a School of Fire for Field Artillery, not only to furbish up our regular officers but to encourage those sad but infinitely patient and dogged chaps, the militia, whose firing pins had been exploding make-believe cartridges since 1899. Accordingly the school was established at Fort Sill, where the gently rolling country, alternately wooded and open, offers one of the most wonderful target ranges in the world. At that time the school graduated sixty officers annually, and most of their education was gleaned in firing open-warfare problems. Such a thing as the close shooting we have to-day as the result of trench warfare was practically unknown.

It will be recalled that Kitchener, soldier of the old frontier school that he was, had more faith in shrapnel than in high explosive at the beginning of the present war; hence it would seem that in 1911 we were doing the best that could be expected of us, and in 1911 model fighting would doubtless have done some very excellent shooting. However, as the old settler remarked, "Them happy days has fled."

In the beginning there were two classes—a spring class and a fall class. Fort Sill, as an army post, was practically in a state of desuetude. Old Chief Geronimo, the last relic of the gladsome days, having terminated his period of confinement at Fort Sill by going the way of all flesh, somewhat tardily, it is to be feared, and his tribe having taken to cheap automobiles and motion pictures, Fort Sill had been allowed to grow old gracefully. Consequently there were no buildings to accommodate the school, so classes were held out under the trees! Naturally each class and each instructor tried to file a claim on the shadiest trees, and as a result the trees came to be named. Section A met under Major Jones' tree—a graceful, wide-spreading old elm; while from the meager shade of a scrub oak Major Smith and Section B sweltered and prayed for the day when Jones would get a lieutenant colonelcy and move on.

This modest beginning, however, bore excellent results, and during 1914 and 1915 extensive experiments in field gunnery were made, and very accurate statistical information was gleaned on dispersion in field firing. This research work is now of tremendous importance in the course. In 1916, due to the Mexican Border excitement, the school was closed; but in July, 1917, it was again opened, and one hundred and twenty officers were detailed to Fort Sill to take the course. It is amusing to relate that the students arrived before the instructors!

### Some Raid

Maj. Gen. William J. Snow, now Chief of Artillery, but at that time a colonel, was named commandant of the school. Colonel Snow arrived, looked over the ground and had a vision. Indeed he had had it for a long time, only nobody could see with his eyes. After a lifetime in the Army he had a real job at last, and he proceeded to prepare for the rush.

His first move was to go to Washington. I am not in the general's confidence, so I do not know whether he used a saw or an ax, but at any rate he was back in ten days with three-quarters of a million dollars to spend and not a single strand of red tape clinging to him anywhere. Some raid!

I can well imagine the bewilderment of another well-known artillery officer when he heard the news. He tried to put over a raid once. Like his brother officers, he had for many years cherished an idea. He was




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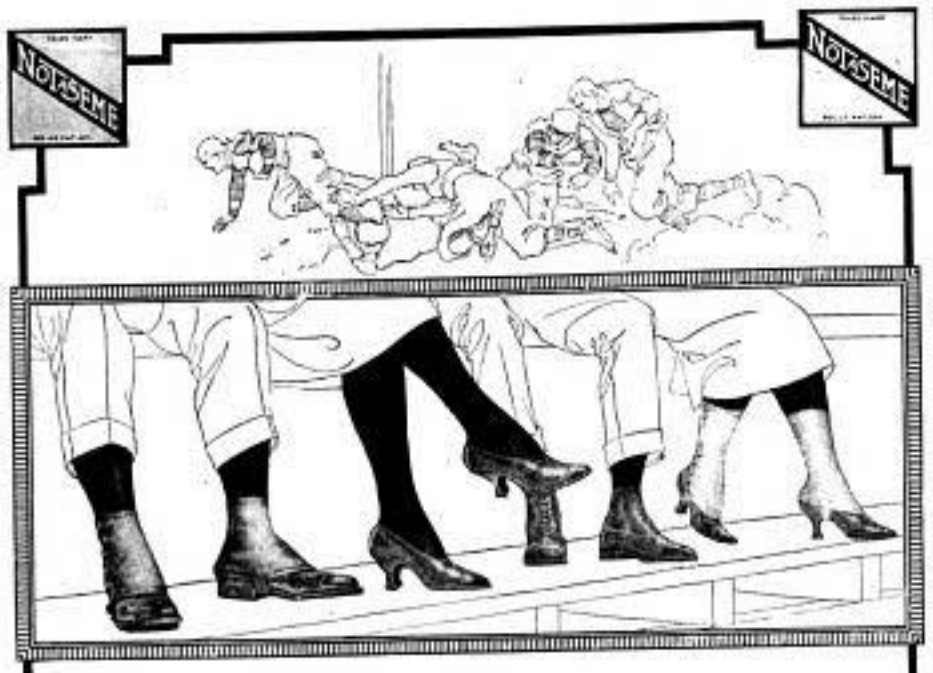
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stationed in the state of Washington and longed to march his battery to Washington, D. C., to see how the battery would stand it, and then make an interesting report on the subject, for all artillery officers are specialists on something. With one it is material, with another it is dispersion and probabilities, with another it is horses. Well, this officer saved up his leave for a couple of years and then took the accumulated leave in a lump and went to Washington to put over his idea. Unfortunately, nobody would listen to him, and one day, feeling very blue, he wandered into a certain bureau to weep on the shoulder of a friend on staff duty.

In the course of conversation the friend remarked: "I wish they'd relieve me of this desk job and send me back to my battery. I grow weary of the fierce light that beats about the throne."

To which the pilgrim replied: "I'm going back to my battery. I'm weary of the fierce beats that light about the throne."

All of which of course happened in the old days when we regarded the Atlantic and the Pacific as our best friends, and sent our children to Germany to be educated. However, to get back to our subject:

With the return of the commandant things commenced to hum. Barracks capable of housing twelve hundred student officers were designed and erected; likewise classrooms and quarters for instructors detailed from the Regular Army. A course of study designed to meet the rapidly changing methods of modern warfare was drawn up, and by December, 1917, the school was opened. In six months the School of Fire had prepared to turn out six thousand battery commanders yearly instead of sixty, and before the close of the present year it will be turning out ten thousand.

### The Newest Imported Styles

Each week that passes sees an improvement in the course. Primed with the very latest reports on the changing styles in field artillery warfare, Frenchmen, Britishers and Americans drop in from the Western Front to help the game along. Each day sees the course more closely coördinated, the students selected with more painstaking care, their studies presented to them in greater detail and simplicity, and with the graduates of Jones' tree and Smith's tree coming back to learn the game all over again. And when they have learned it, back to their regiments they go, to prepare for the course those officers who still have it before them or whom the exigencies of the service will force to complete their education from practical experience in the field or at a brigade training center in France.

From now on the education of the United States field artillery officer will begin in the artillery training center at Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky. Here are gathered as this article is written all the officer candidates from the divisional training camps established last May. The graduates of the third officers' training camps were the selected enlisted men and civilians trained within their divisions. This method was not found comprehensive enough to meet conditions, the principal difficulty being to get competent instructors for each camp and to coördinate the course of training. The fourth class was accordingly shipped to this huge new training center at Camp Taylor, where each officer candidate receives the same course of instruction.

Though the course is necessarily a primary one it is nevertheless extremely thorough. Those students who graduate are commissioned and sent at once to the F. A. R. D.—field artillery replacement draft—at Camp Jackson, South Carolina. Here they do duty with troops until sent to France to replace casualties or to Fort Sill to take their ten weeks' "college" course. Those who go to France attend schools similar to the one at Fort Sill eventually.

When Lieut. Henry Perkins, having graduated from Fort Sill, proceeds overseas and presently loses the number of his mess, his abrupt departure causes no inconvenience. His brigadier merely wires to the replacement depot, and another shavetail will be doing Henry's job within twenty-four hours. If he doesn't do it well he will be relieved *muy pronto* and put at something he can do better; and if he proves himself incompetent there he gets a free trip back to civil life—and the draft board; from which new starting point he can try again as a private!

Life at the School of Fire is serious business. For the time being you forget to a large extent that you are an officer, remembering it only when some principle of deportment presents itself, for it is dangerous to revert to enlisted habits or forget that with the acquisition of a commission you became automatically an officer and a gentleman, regardless of any opinions the folks at home may entertain to the contrary. The students occupy huge squad rooms—probably thirty officers to a room. Each officer has a chair, a plain unpainted table with a drawer in it, a drop light, a plain iron cot, a mattress, and a shelf upon which to pile his kit. Officers bring their own bedding, make their own beds, clean their own boots and pay their own board at a very excellent mess provided by the school. The barracks are cared for and the meals cooked and served by a school detachment of enlisted men.

The discipline at the School of Fire is rigid but just, and enforced upon student officers as effectively as upon enlisted men. At a quarter past six you are awakened by first call.

You leap into your clothes faster than any fireman and attend reveille roll call. If you miss it there goes a cute little black mark against your efficiency record; so you do not miss it, for somehow or other a fellow values his reputation a whole lot more in the Army than he does in civil life.

Well, at six-thirty, having performed your morning ablutions, you eat breakfast, and by seven-fifteen you are shaved and out on the sidewalk, where you are formed by the senior officer in your section and marched at attention to your classroom. You have a recitation or a lecture on a different subject every hour until eleven-thirty. At one-thirty you are boiled out again, with no respite until five-thirty, when you return to your squad room, remove your putties, don a sleeveless athletic shirt and put in twenty minutes at a brand of calisthenics calculated to make a man realize his age. Then under a cold shower, into clean linen and to the mess hall, feeling perfectly bully and resolved to get your money's worth from the mess officer.

### The Still Small Voice

After dinner you stretch out on your plain iron cot and smoke, and cuss your instructor because you're a bonehead and he expects too much of you anyhow. You wonder why the devil you went in for a commission anyhow; you recall what a happy, happy life you led as a private; and in the midst of your beefing a still small voice whispers to you: "Get busy, boy! Remember you have a battle map to draw to-night, and the drill regulations for to-morrow deal with reciprocal laying, and you know mighty well you never can remember whether in laying with the rammer staff you subtract 3200 mils from the guns on the right of the directing piece or add it. First thing you know, my son, you'll be flunking the Saturday-morning test, and they'll be taking those shoulder straps off you. And what will the folks at home say to that, eh?"

This still small voice seems to reach everybody in the squad room at once, for all get busy simultaneously and keep busy right up until half-past eleven, when the old Regular Army colonel, who is taking the course with a second lieutenant who was recently his sergeant major, says "Lights out!" in a way that somehow makes you reach up, switch off your light and undress in the dark.

The curriculum begins and ends with a paternal lecture by General Lawson, the present commandant. Each time he tells you what he expects of you. After the first lecture you're afraid to fail him and after the last you're ashamed to. Having been welcomed into the fold you are promptly fed into the artillery hopper. Specialists in artillery material lead you down under the trees, a gun crew takes a 75 rifle apart if you are taking the light artillery course or a 4.7 and a 155 howitzer if you are in the heavies. Every little nut or screw has a meaning all its own, and you learn the names and uses of them all, for if an officer is to shoot a gun he must know it thoroughly and how to keep it in order and preserve it from deterioration.

In service the guns are always hidden if possible, the battery commander taking a station where he can see the target and sending his orders for the control of fire

(Concluded on Page 52)

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*Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company*
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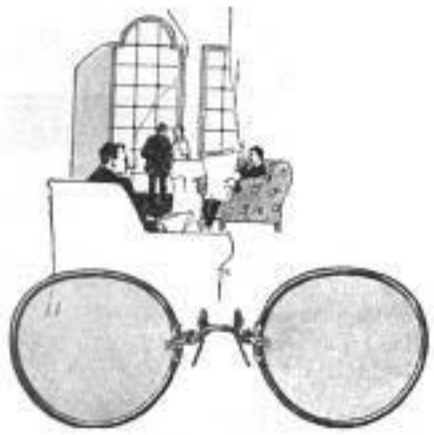



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*(Concluded from Page 50)*

down to the guns by telephone. Hence the artillery officer is taught to be a pretty fair lineman, and since telephones get out of order and lines are cut by artillery fire he must know how to repair telephones, how to test them, how to care for them, for should his line go out his fire must cease unless he has means of visual signaling, which are frequently lacking. Also he must know how to operate a telephone exchange.

In the heavies, which use unfixed ammunition, various charges of powder are used for various ranges. The battery commander must know exactly what his gun can do and what kind of fuse to use against certain targets in order to achieve the proper effect. He must know how to figure the components of the wind; that is, if a fifteen-mile wind is blowing from a certain direction it has two components—lateral and longitudinal. A lateral wind blows the projectile to the right or to the left, and he must know just how many mils of error in deflection will result at varying ranges. If the longitudinal wind is behind the projectile the range will be increased considerably; if the wind is blowing against the projectile the range will be decreased. The battery commander has means of knowing how much it will be increased or decreased and must make his range correction accordingly.

### *Bathing-Suit Shooting*

The time of flight of a projectile is figured on a projectile of a certain standard weight; hence the range will be affected by a shell a fraction of a kilogram heavier or lighter; and in addition the range is always affected by the temperature of the air, the barometric pressure and the temperature of the powder. The range also varies with certain lots of powder, and a change is still further introduced through the wear of the gun. The battery commander must know how to correct his range for all these variations, and also for the "drift" of the projectile, which is always to the right. He must be able to cause his shrapnel to burst at the proper height in order to get the proper effect on infantry; he must know how to train his gun crews, and in order to do this he must himself be trained thoroughly in the duties of every member of the gun crew.

Motor trucks, motor cars, motorcycles and tractors are indispensable to the transportation of a modern heavy artillery unit. At Fort Sill the prospective battery commander is given a thorough course in motor transportation and is required to know this material, how to repair it and how to start it again when it balks. He must learn to drive the heavy army motor truck and the caterpillar tractor, and when he thinks he has assimilated a lot of knowledge along motor lines the instructor cheerfully leads his class to a line of motor trucks that have been put out of business and invites him to find the trouble and get under way. I had a notion that I possessed more than an intimate acquaintance with motors before I entered the service, but a gill of water poured into the carburetor baffled me for an hour. I felt that I had been imposed on and was hopping mad at the finish, but I agreed with the instructor that the only way to learn a thing is to do it.

A thorough knowledge of sketching, map making and map reading is indispensable to a field artillery officer's education. In the School of Fire one is taught to make road and position sketches, to make panoramic sketches of a sector, to make a battle map of it and plot in the targets, to shoot by the map and locate by coördinates, to ascertain deflections by means of the prismatic compass, aiming circle, battery commander's telescope or range finder; how to operate the range finder; and when none of these instruments is available how to estimate the range and measure the deflection from aiming point to target with one's hand. Quite usually one has all the scientific aids, but occasionally one hasn't; ergo, the field artillery officer must be able, as my brigadier once informed me, "to shoot in his bathing suit."

About the time one is beginning to think he knows something he discovers that there is a heap to learn about fuses, projectiles and explosives, the care of harness and horses. If a horse declines to eat his oats you must know why he doesn't eat them—so right off you examine the oats to see if they are musty or dirty. If they are clean you next proceed to examine the horse. You must know how to detect certain diseases of the animal and how to cure parasitic diseases, saddle galls, cuts, rope burns and colic. You must be a good hostler and you must know how to ride.

Equitation will probably be found the hardest item in the course. Perhaps you have played polo or been a park rider. If so you'll forget that style of riding in the Army. They'll make you lengthen your stirrups, sit down in the saddle and bend from the waist only. Then they'll take the stirrups away from you and you ride a mile at a fast hard trot, after which you'll be exceedingly careful in your selection of a place to sit for the next few days. And of course you'll open a map while seated on the hurricane deck of a nag fresh from the remount station, and he'll kink and police you; whereupon you will be laughed at—if you aren't killed outright.

All of the foregoing, including a stiff course in the theory of field gunnery, the trajectory and dispersion, lectures and studies in aërial communication, detection of targets by means of aërial photographs, simulated fire at the smoke bomb range and a quantity of other interesting information provided by experts—will occupy the first half of your course. In the sixth week you practice reconnaissance and occupation of a battery position—and you begin shooting on the target range. During that first week on the range you take your time while firing; you may even do some very foolish things without getting "killed." You are coxed along, matters are explained to you patiently and good-naturedly, and you learn from your own mistakes and those of others.

Beginning with the seventh week, however, you are sensible of a general tightening up; you are required to show some human intelligence and an appreciation of the high cost of ammunition; you must work quickly, think quickly, decide quickly and act instantly upon your decisions, for the indecisive man has no place in the field artillery. For that matter, he has no place anywhere, since wherever you put him he is extremely apt to be one of life's failures.

### *A Great Life*

At first they start you on easy targets and moderate ranges. Gradually the targets are harder to locate and increasingly difficult to keep located with your field glass. They are peeping from behind slopes, and you have to figure the proper angle of fall to reach them; or there is a deep cañon just over the hill into which your overs drop and are lost—and you wonder what's happened. You will shoot at targets among trees and on top of hills and you will have to conduct your fire by flank, lateral and bilateral observation, which appears perfectly impossible at first and is in reality absurdly simple. You will learn to give certain commands and give them in proper sequence, in order that you may not confuse your gun crews; you will shoot at blockhouses, old discarded artillery in position, a single board panel representing a machine gun, a bush behind which a mythical scout is concealed or a lone tree in the branches of which a make-believe enemy observer is stationed.

And presently there comes to you an unconscious knowledge of your gun and your new profession; instinctively you know what the gun will do and how easily you can make it perform with good gun crews; and with your mounting confidence the quality of your shooting increases. You know that a little practice is all that you need to make you a crackajack; only if you are really worth while the colonel who directs the Department of Gunnery will know it before you, and your commission is safe, even if you do make a few bad breaks.

Up until the time you go on the target range the course is apt to require of the student a trifle more application and hard work than he has previously experienced. He is apt to worry and think the course is too heavy, that too much is expected of him. Of course, he is quite in error about this, since no officer knows what really hard work is until he goes into field service with his battery and has to work twice as hard, with the additional handicap of having the other fellow shooting at him while he does it!

Along toward the last week of the course you are required to figure out a barrage table and you pull off the supreme test, a rolling barrage. As a preliminary to firing it you conduct a battery out into the terrain at one o'clock in the morning, and then seated in your dugout and confident of your data you await the fateful zero hour.

This rolling barrage will be your graduating exercise, as it were. The next day you "clear," say good-by to the strangest Alma Mater this country has ever produced, and go forth to prove you're worth your salt.

You are a lieutenant, and as the train whirls you out across the flat, level, shimmering Oklahoma plains you dream of the day when you will command a battery. As a lieutenant you do not conduct the fire unless the captain gets knocked out, and from experience you know that after all there are only two men in a battery who have any standing or any fun. One is the captain and the other is the first sergeant! What you long to do is shoot. You dream of the woolly little puffs of smoke where your shrapnel is breaking over Heinie or the black geysers of smoke where your high explosive is tearing up his trenches.

You long to have your brain direct that fire, to have your voice bark out the commands to the gun crews. And the peculiar part of it is that the fellow seated alongside of you, and who has just received his majority, feels just as you do.

If you press him for his reasons he answers: "Well, they've made me a major. I suppose I ought to feel happy, but I do not. Damn it, I'll never again command a field battery!"

### *Nothing Like the Guns*

It is rather unfortunate for the artillery that so many men of technical education and training—mining, electrical, mechanical and civil engineers—seem to think that the logical place for them in the service is the engineer corps. The ideal man for a battery commander is not the young man just out of college, the farmer, the bank cashier or the chemist, but men of mature years with experience in handling men and with technical education and experience. To such men the task of learning to be a battery commander, and a corking good one, is the easiest thing in life, and it is a pity that more of them do not go in for the guns. If they only knew the fascination of the game, the sheer delight of being a red leg, they'd never waste themselves on roads and bridges.

Such men do not have to jimmy their way into a commission. If they are physically sound and of good moral character all they have to do is to make application to the army officer on duty as professor of military science and tactics at the educational institution nearest the residence of the applicant. This may be done either in writing or in person. Blank application forms will be furnished and must be filled out in detail and accompanied by at least three testimonials by reputable persons as to the good character of the applicant, in addition to a record of the applicant's physical examination, submitted on the prescribed form and made by a reputable physician.

These papers will then be considered by the professor of military science and tactics and the applicant notified to appear in person for a preliminary examination into his qualifications. If the professor is favorably impressed—and though he has to be shown, heaven knows he is willing to be reasonable—he indorses his approval and forwards the papers in the case to the commanding officer of the Central Artillery Training Center at Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky, who in turn notifies the applicant when and where to proceed to join the wagon soldiery.

I repeat that there is a heap of fun in the game. As I drop this article into the mail I am en route back to my battery; and I feel like a father going home to his children. My sergeant is going to blow in last month's ration savings on a big feed to celebrate my arrival; I have a hundred and fifteen new men I've never seen, and I'm mighty curious about them. Half of my old trained men have gone overseas to replace casualties—and they all volunteered. What has the good Lord given me in their place? The old men were crackajacks. Yow! I'm going back to my own. God bless them! And presently, my brethren, like a gentle rain over a hitherto arid district, the sound of guns shooting at live birds will descend upon our souls, stale with training and longing, and we shall have come into our own—at last.

Verily, there's nothing on earth like the guns!

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# FROM THE ROMANOFFS TO THE BOLSHEVIKI

(Continued from Page 7)

self-made man. At any rate, Saturday, when it was announced he was liberated, because Téréschtchenko "had asked for his advice and help in directing the ministry of finance," there was a small demonstration of enthusiasm and regret at parting from him, which must have touched the prisoner greatly.

A similar case was that of Prince Victor Kotchoubey, who was of the highest aristocracy, rich and powerful in his own right, and brother-in-law of Orloff. To everyone's surprise he was liberated after a few hours at the Duma; and not only that, but he was asked to continue in charge of his department until it should be liquidated and the fortune of the imperial family turned to government uses in the Ministry of Agriculture. He was given carte blanche as to the time this would take and the best arrangements for carrying out all measures in his department, which had been the ministry for the administration of all the imperial estates. Both Bark and Kotchoubey had been friends of the Grand Duke Nicholas-Mihailovitch, and I accused the latter one day of having given them his protection, which he laughingly admitted he had done. Hundreds of prisoners were set free immediately after their arrest, as my husband was; while others lingered many days; and a number ended up at the fortress, where they dragged out a miserable existence for months. None was actually executed, as one of Kerensky's first measures was the suppression of capital punishment.

My husband, who had gone to Petrograd on business, had reached the capital on the morning of Sunday, February twenty-sixth; and finding all traffic stopped and no means of locomotion, save his own feet, had with his soldier servant, Davidka, carried their light baggage across the silent city to his club. He said everything looked ominous to him, the city dead, and that he found his friends at the club greatly excited and concerned for the safety of the city. It was said the revolution would be upon them in a few hours. Mike saw his mother and family that day; found the former greatly excited, and decided that because of the threatening disorders our boy should not return to school, as was usual, on Sunday evening.

### Protopopoff Flies

Monday morning, when the revolution broke out in earnest, with shooting growing more violent all over the town as the hours passed, circulation in the street became almost impossible. For part of the day Mike saw some of the troops who still held with the government fighting masses of workmen, and other troops already passing over to the crowd. But they were all only reserves or new recruits living in the barracks of the regiments whose names they bore, and whom they expected to join shortly at the Front. In their actual state they were neither well-disciplined units nor good honest elements, for after nearly three years of war and subterranean revolutionary propaganda their patriotism had for months been gradually sapping away. The officers in charge were few, and were entirely helpless against the agents scattered among the soldiers, and most of the reservists were mobilized from the city workmen's class, with whom they were now fraternizing. The police were brave enough, but their position was also hopeless from the first, and they were by degrees killed or overpowered.

At a cabinet session on Monday forenoon Protopopoff was dismissed by his colleagues, while a bloodthirsty mob on the square below called for him. He wept, broke down, and then fled for protection to the house of Doctor Badmeyeff, a Persian—a friend of him, of Rasputin and of Madame Wiroboff. After these events the Ministry of the Interior ceased to exist. There was no one to give orders to the police, and after two days of bloody defense they gave up the struggle. They had begun by putting quick-firing guns on all the public buildings, by Protopopoff's orders; and they fired from these points into the streets without other result than to make the mob more furious, and these armed buildings targets.

Though many people were circulating on foot, tram cars and conveyances were all stopped. Banks and shops were closed, and trains arrived and left the city but accidentally, now and then. The ministers realized the imperial proclamation closing Parliament was the most fatal and mad measure that the crown could have taken, and that there was no longer anything for them to do, once they had disposed of their colleague, Protopopoff. They wrote out their resignations at once, to be forwarded to the sovereign. These would not take effect, however, until they had been accepted by His Majesty; but the cabinet felt the imperial act of Thursday—when His Majesty had given a promise, only to break it so soon and without warning—left them no road open but that of resignation.

On the other hand, they were all too brave to fly, save only the trusted Protopopoff, so they decided, since as a body they could do nothing more, each individual minister should return to his offices, attend to what he could of routine work, protect what he could of the imperial property intrusted to his care, and there await events. This was done; and patiently and quietly all these strong men sat at their desks waiting through the long strain of the hours. Pokrowsky and some of the others decided to speak with Rodzanko and Goutchkoff, and to obtain a guard of revolutionary soldiers for their archives. Others decided to depend on the personnel of their own departments for protecting government property.

### Days of Disorder

Wednesday most of the ministers were arrested and conducted in motor trucks or on foot to the Duma, and were there handed over to the provisional committee. Some few were put under house arrest at their own ministries. All this was done by bands of revolutionary volunteers without authority, and no minister was arrested by official warrant or by order of the newly created provisionals. All the tyrannical or violent acts of the week were carried through by these vague volunteer groups, who visited public buildings and private houses and, more or less tipsy, more or less rough, made inspections, requisitions and arrests; generally stealing anything lying about; and always carrying off all arms, old or new. Aided by the rabble these units sacked and despoiled the Astoria Hotel, where my mother-in-law had an apartment. In my brother-in-law's home they carried off his war accouterment, his shooting paraphernalia and a collection of ancient and rare swords and guns. I heard of a thousand other such cases in Petrograd. Sometimes these soldiers were well behaved, and they announced they were only looking for spies and firearms; and when they arrested the house owners or confiscated property it was with a pretension of doing it for the public safety.

In all cases resistance was worse than useless. There were many victims, due to misunderstandings or hostility to the soldiers. So it was that General Stackelberg was shot, and some few others were wounded. People with German names were sorely handicapped, and certainly many were falsely accused of having commerce with the enemy.

At the yacht club the members who were living there were Prince Engalitcheff, ex-governor general of Warsaw, with a purely Russian name; Prince Karageorgevitch, brother of King Peter of Serbia and a general in the Russian Army, decorated for personal bravery in the field, and beyond suspicion; Count Wielopolsky of the Hussars of the Guards, aid-de-camp of the Emperor, Polish by birth and family; and my husband, who, with his Greek name and South Russian traditions and wearing the imperial aiguillettes and a St. George's sword, was commander of the Cuirassiers of His Majesty, and might have seemed a safe person. But irrupting half tipsy into the club apartments ten or a dozen soldier hooligans, after examining these gentlemen's baggage, confiscating their arms, boots, money, and any other property which pleased their fancy, examined their papers; and declaring these not in order they arrested them as German spies and said they must go to the Duma.

Naturally the officers felt indignant, but they, *nolens volens*, had to accept the situation. Prince Engalitcheff wished to resist, but was persuaded to be calm and cause no unnecessary irritation as the little procession started on its long and dangerous walk through the agitated city. The four men had been previously disarmed by their captors and were obliged to remove their imperial aiguillettes. The long two hours' walk by the Grand Morskaia, up the Nevskii, and across to the Tauride Palace, with their lives hanging by a thread, was a fatiguing, harassing and humiliating experience. Yet, true to their traditional, Russian, childish good nature, even these half tipsy soldiers treated their prisoners illogically well, and when Prince Karageorgevitch broke down because of an injured foot, which he had come from the Front to treat, he was hoisted on a passing motor truck and sent on in that way to the Duma.

After the first fifteen minutes my husband took the whole party in charge, and gave his captors orders to conduct them directly to Goutchkoff's office at the Duma; which was done immediately on their arrival. This member of the provisional committee was amazed to see my husband and his party appear. He at once liberated them, returning their papers and giving them certificates to show they had already been through this ordeal and were to be allowed now to circulate freely about the city or elsewhere. Then Goutchkoff drove Mike back to the club in his own motor, and the latter was none the worse for his trial except for the loss of his sword and revolver, which had been stolen. These he had greatly valued, the sword having been worn through the Turkish War by an uncle, and the revolver had been carried by my own father through his campaigns; but the loss of these arms was nothing compared to the dangers escaped. As to the aiguillettes and the imperial initials on my husband's epaulets, he never replaced them, as the following morning the Emperor's abdication was announced.

To obey the imperial will, as expressed by proclamation, meant to serve the new government faithfully and to aid in driving the enemy from our frontier, so Mike, with all the other officers, remained in their positions; and he continued to command the Imperial Cuirassiers, whose designation was changed to Podolsky Cuirassiers, in memory of the town from which their original quota had been drawn, away back in Russian history.

### Boublikoff's Prophecy

There was no move in the revolution against officers or aristocrats, except in individual cases. The whole drama was made on a seemingly patriotic basis—for the war and for national liberty, as against the tyranny of the German or Occult party at court. It was all an attack on the form of government, autocratic and bureaucratic.

After his arrest Mike kept in constant telephonic communication with a certain deputy of the Duma, Monsieur Boublikoff, whom we had long known as a talented young engineer and who since his election to the lower house was one of its most brilliant members. In the crowd at the Tauride my husband had seen him, and after cordial greetings they had held some conversation. Boublikoff had seemed cool and powerful in the midst of the excitement round him. He told my husband of the various phases they had traversed; and of the terrible position in which the committee found itself, forced to act by the danger of mob rule, yet desiring if possible to save the throne. Later it was through Boublikoff that Mike learned of the Emperor's stop at Pskof and the departure of the deputation from the Duma to propose his abdication in favor of his son, who should reign as a constitutional monarch with a group of guardians named by the people to direct him.

Boublikoff said the men who went to meet the sovereign felt their reception by His Majesty might be of any kind, from cold tolerance to active hostility, and that the Duma was living during their absence its worst hours of anxiety, not knowing what turn events might take. If their ambassadors were arrested or shot by imperial order as traitors there would be terrible dramas enacted everywhere, and no one could control the situation. Early Thursday morning Mike asked Boublikoff for news of the travelers and learned that the latter had returned with the imperial proclamation safely, but the sovereign had abdicated for both himself and his son in favor of his brother.

Mike said he supposed this would be the solution of all difficulties; to which Boublikoff replied, with a remarkably prophetic vision: "No, Prince. You will see that this will lose all the good of the revolution. If the Czarevitch had been our Emperor to-day all the liberal and conservative forces would have rallied round his banner. Tradition, dear to many Russian hearts, would have been kept, to bind all parties, while the best of democracy would have reenforced the best of the old administration; whereas now we shall do what we can, but, lacking the strength of traditional background and the machinery of government, the revolution in my opinion cannot succeed in the long run."

Perhaps I misquote Boublikoff's exact words, but the sense of his opinion was as above, and it struck me deeply when my husband repeated it to me. Afterward I often thought of him, seeing the revolution develop; and I wondered, had things been as he wished and the young and feeble boy been our Emperor, if the new government would have had more strength.

### Bolshevik Beginnings

Thursday morning after the abdicating proclamation was placarded everywhere, suddenly order seemed to emerge from the chaos. Banks and shops opened, and people went freely about the city; shooting and arrests ceased. It was almost uncanny to see, for underneath the surface nothing was yet established on a secure basis. There was no organization or real power, and no disciplined force could be counted on. Yet the streets and churches were crowded with smiling people, most of whom were beribboned or cockaded with scarlet, and the town was decorated with red flags. The imperial arms were removed from shops and palaces, and this without much show of violence or hatred. There had been comparatively little destruction of property, little drunkenness or loss of life. Suddenly now there was food and fuel, and the thoughtless public never realized they were living on precious reserves, but went about their business, trusting that all was well with Russia since they had what sufficed for immediate needs. On Saturday my husband was able to leave for the Front, having at last, on Friday, transacted the business for which he had gone north. He left the town quiet and apparently safe, and our boy had returned to school.

Over the whole country the news of the revolution was received with a thankfulness almost religious; and order reigned everywhere, though the police were at once gathered in by mobilization and sent to the Front to fight, leaving prison doors open and streets and highways unguarded. Unfortunately even the frontiers were left open for six days, so that anyone might pass in without question or papers. By the time the provisional government sent soldiers to replace the frontier guardians thousands of German spies and agents had passed our gates unmolested and had settled down to their deadly work of organizing and forming the Bolsheviki party, which in the beginning had been but a rabble. The dramatic side of this neglect was soon realized by the provisionals, but the results could never be corrected.

In the first wild days a promise was also made that the troops then in Petrograd should never be sent to the Front or disbanded but should remain where they were, to protect the capital—an honor won them by their part in the revolutionary movement. This measure came, ready-made, from the Catherine Hall deputies, and was signed by the first government. It was afterward much discussed whether the ministry knew what difficulties they were putting in their own path for the near future by placing these already undisciplined and disloyal troops in such an unassailable position. This act, with its far-reaching results, and the decree, which was called the "Number One Order to the Army," suppressing all law and discipline, creating committees of soldiers in each unit to discuss obedience to their officers and legally putting complete freedom into the hands of the lowest placed, were the two weights which later dragged the ideals and possibilities of the revolution to the depths of

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the swamp in which it ended. Some officers who were at hand protested against these two edicts when they were made, but the small group of conservative men at the head were either powerless to handle the rabble, save by concessions, or else they were blinded by the danger of a general massacre at the Duma.

The Number One Order to the Army was printed immediately, and thousands of copies were sent by special agents directly to the soldiers all along the battle front. It was thus spread among them first, without reaching their officers. This I have been told by many who were at the Front. Commanders were dumfounded that a decision of such grave importance should have been taken so quickly, and sent in this way, instead of through the usual channel of the staff, to be passed on down to army corps, divisions, brigades and regiments.

I have been told also by several reliable officers, who were during these days attached to the provisional government in the Tauride Palace, that they had made personal investigations at the time and had found the presses used to print these orders were handled by Germans; also, that the messengers who had carried off the bundles of proclamations to the Front were Germans or in German pay. They had protested at once and had asked the provisional committee to order a small posse of soldiers to arrest these enemies, but had not succeeded in obtaining permission or men for such service. No one in the new government could order the soldiers within reach to do anything, and naturally enough no soldier would volunteer for duty connected with fighting their new-found rights. It was much more amusing and interesting to their minds to find occupation in arresting members of the ex-government, or to visit buildings which till now they had known only from the outside.

The fatality of these two edicts was not visible for some time to the general public; but the officers knew trouble must come from disorganizing the army at the Front and from setting the uniformed mob in the capital on such a pedestal; and from the first moment of the revolution the best of the officers were very pessimistic as to the future and saw our only salvation in military help from the Allies.

The officers, one and all, acted with loyalty to the new government, however, since it was provisional and their Emperor had commanded all true sons to remain at their posts and fight the enemy. Thanks to the superhuman work of this element the army was held together for months by the old traditions and the personal influence and relations between officers and men. They ended in accepting martyrdom rather than be guilty of giving up the cause of the war.

### The Arrest of the Empress

As soon as the Emperor had abdicated and the new government was formed we heard that deputies were sent to Tzarskoe to take charge of the ex-Empress and her children, see to their safety and put Her Majesty beyond the possibility of making a demonstration. When the Empress had realized on Monday that the movement at the capital was serious she had sent for Rodzanko, who, besieged in the Tauride, had not been able to reply to her summons. She had counted on Ivanoff's arrival, but his train was stopped and turned back, as the Emperor's had been. The Empress then sent out various people, who were doing palace service, as messengers in different directions.

None of these returned. They were either arrested or they drifted and abandoned her cause.

Seriously alarmed finally, for the town of Tzarskoe reflected the emotion in the capital and crowds were besieging her gates, Her Majesty lived through Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, shut up with her children and attendants. Thursday morning, before he left Pskof to return to the staff, the Emperor had spoken to his wife by private wire, saying he would not join her immediately but would return to headquarters, as he had made all arrangements with the Duma's deputation for remedying the situation in Petrograd. This somewhat reassured the Empress, especially as the sovereign neglected to tell her he had abdicated for himself and his son.

In some way no news of this measure reached Her Majesty till a deputation was announced to her during the day of Thursday. She immediately replied she would receive it in audience in one of the palace halls. As she entered the room she found herself facing a group of unpretentious-looking men, whose spokesman, a young colonel, announced to her that he had the painful duty of arresting Her Majesty. She indignantly asked how and why, and was given a short history of events in the capital, of which she had been totally ignorant. Also, she learned that Ivanoff had been stopped and turned back, that Protopopoff had fled, the old government was broken up, the new ministry named and in charge.

"But His Majesty?" she inquired with impatience.

And then she was told that her husband had abdicated the night before, for himself and his heir. At this the Empress' knees gave way and she stumbled forward, catching and bracing herself on a table.

"It is not true! It is a lie! I spoke to His Majesty by private wire as he was leaving Pskof, and he said nothing of it."

The imperial proclamation was handed her to read, and then, in spite of all the bitterness and despair she must have felt, she drew herself up proudly and faced the deputies: "I have nothing more to say."

### Friendless Monarchs

They told her she might remain in her palace, and would be guarded and her comfort seen to.

"And what about the children? They are ill and cannot be disturbed."

They should remain also. Then she asked two favors. That the old sailor who had been near her son as an attendant since the boy's birth should be left to him, and that the doctor might come from outside as usual, and these were granted too. Only she herself must not go out. It would not be safe, and was against the orders of those who must guard her.

And the ex-Empress, now a prisoner in her own palace, passed from the great hall without another word. She did not know what would come next, what her husband was doing or when he would return. She waited in patience, outwardly proud and calm, and told the children nothing. She saw the mob about her gates, and listening to their threatening racket she saw the Imperial Escort of Cossacks, of her guard, pass over to the revolutionary party. Even the corps of palace servants asked to leave her, all save a few for personal service. Never was anyone so abandoned and alone. Only one or two palace ladies remained with Her Majesty, and she had no news of her husband or of events outside her walls.

Rodzanko sent her word that if she wished to turn her jewels over to him for safe-keeping he would give a receipt and would answer for them. She refused the offer, and kept her jewels and her children near her. Once her arrest was an accomplished fact, she was well guarded from all danger; but no one seemed to waste a thought on her forlorn condition or on the anxiety she was enduring; and there are no reports or anecdotes of any sayings and doings of the ex-Empress. Sympathy was expressed on all sides by the humbler classes for her children, who were all down with measles; for the Empress-Mother; and for the various grand dukes and grand duchesses, all of whom had adherents and protectors among their followers, friends and servants; but in the whole great empire, where they had reigned for more than twenty years, there seemed no word of praise or pity for the miserable pair who had been all-powerful sovereigns only a few days previously. No one raised a hand to defend their banner. This seemed to me one of the most eloquent details of the whole revolution.

Since his arrest and liberation on the Wednesday, my husband had gone about the streets in complete freedom. He wore no side arms, as none of the officers were doing so in town, but he put these on again on Saturday to start for the Front, where he found his regiment in a state of amazement and fermentation. The great news was just then reaching the army from the capital and the Order Number One had been already spread among his soldiers. Mike was in time to confirm the stories and interpret the extraordinary document in such fashion that his men and officers were welded together in a common desire to prove their patriotism and the value of their discipline. They decided once and for all to live up to their past traditions; and they did it through eight months of constant temptation. So remarkably did this unit stand the strain of revolutionary experiences that they were counted unique on the whole Front, were given the most difficult work to do, and made for themselves a reputation which was a credit to their own and their commander's steadfastness.

Shortly after the revolution Mike was promoted to a brigade command, consisting of his own Cuirassiers and of their sister regiment, which in old-régime days had been the Cuirassiers of the Empress-Mother. In leaving the head of his regiment, commanded for so many months under fire, Mike had been very sad to break up the associations. His consolation was only in the fact that besides including it as one of the units of his brigade the Cuirassiers' new commander—Prince Tcherkass—and all the officers clung to him, making a personal group of adherents, almost as if they were his staff; while the soldiers, in spite of the introduction of revolutionary ideals, kept toward Mike their old attitude, always called him "our prince," and came to him with their personal and committee troubles, quite in the ancient, patriarchal manner. They even consulted him as to how they must take the new democratic theories and as to how to apply them. In late July, at a meeting of the regimental soviet, these men voted unanimously to give Mike the right to use their uniform for life, and telegraphed to staff headquarters for permission to make this exception in doing him an honor which was a custom of the old régime, abolished by the revolutionary government.

Later the soldiers of this regiment gave many proofs of their good feeling for their officers, not the least of which was to elect a number of the latter to their committee, till the end of its existence. Relations were so exceptional as to excite interest and comment; and all through the last months of the regiment's existence I heard the Podolsky Cuirassiers cited as alone of their kind in Russia.

My husband's new command was ordered at once to Kief, there to maintain quiet in the city, where upheavals were much feared. They were also to stop the deserters, who were coming through Kief from the Front daily by the hundreds. Mike deeply regretted the work he had before him. Though Kief had not been through such troubles as had Petrograd, and though it possessed a more conservative and richer lower class than the northern city and was a most attractive place to live in, the commander of troops there faced a task which was as much diplomatic as military, and which promised to be well-nigh hopeless.

### Conditions in Kief

There was no possible way of forcing deserting soldiers to return to the Front, since unless they chose they were no longer obliged to obey their superiors. Mike's own troops obeyed him from a desire to do so, and no one could say how long this might last, though they protested such confidence and devotion. In Kief he must also get on with a group of civilian commissioners, and with deputations representing the new confusion of authority in Petrograd, who were one and all entirely inexperienced and filled with the vaguest theories. My husband felt ready for anything, and he desperately determined to do all that could be done. It became a matter of great personal pride to him that in spite of its nearness to the Front, and in spite of all the political intrigues that were hatching there constantly during the time he was in charge—the vast Ukrainian propaganda especially—Kief remained the quietest, safest and best-behaved city in the empire till the moment when, early in November, it was taken over by the Bolsheviki and Ukrainian powers, and the provisional government finally fell once and for all. When he was ordered to Kief Mike wrote me of his dislike for the kind of work ahead of him; but since it was in a large and comfortable city he said he would like me to join him if all went well, and that he would take a house and settle down to a more stable life than he had enjoyed for two and a half years. I was only too delighted to go; but I decided to visit the capital for some business first and to see our boy there, as rumors were afloat as to the closing of his school, the Imperial Lyceum, together with all other schools founded and protected by the ancient sovereigns.

The first week following the revolution traveling had been almost impossible, and one could not reserve berths or even seats in any cars. All the population seemed suddenly to wish to move about the country. Baggage was always being lost, and one was knocked about beyond belief. Compartments were crowded, even first-class, with such ruffians that people's clothes were almost dragged from them, and sleep or rest was out of the question. Car windows were smashed to admit the mob, gone wild in its orgy of democracy. Everyone was entirely good-natured, and there was no intentional ill-treatment, I heard; but I waited till some of the excitement should have subsided before undertaking my three days' trip across the country.

Two days before I started for Petrograd I read in the local Crimean paper that my husband's old chief, the Grand Duke Nicholas-Nicholaïovitch, had arrived at his villa, Tchatre, near us, accompanied by his wife, his brother and his sister-in-law. In attendance were only Prince and Princess Orloff, who had followed the chief through devotion, and without salary or official position. Their old servants had also come with them, however, and all the countryside was keen to show the party care and attention. There was a very general feeling that the Grand Duke had been ill-treated in the last years of the old régime, and was now being similarly treated by the new.

### The Grand Duke's Trumps

In the first hours of the revolution he had been called to the supreme military command by a telegram from the provisional government, signed by Prince Lvoff, and upon his arrival at Moghileff headquarters he was met by a deputation from the cabinet, who with respectful excuses and many wordy regrets explained there had been a mistake in his being ordered to the staff, but that he might in peace and liberty choose any of his numerous palaces or estates to settle in, and that the representatives of the government would accompany him to his home and see that everything was done for his comfort and convenience on the road. The Grand Duke's usual trump cards—his pride and simple dignity—saved him from the painful side of this discussion. He immediately decided to leave his official household and aids-de-camp at Moghileff, giving them their freedom in spite of their protestations.

Then he sent in his resignation to the provisional government, and with only Orloff, Doctor Malama and his servants he joined the Grand Duchess at Kief, where she was awaiting him; and from there they journeyed to the Crimea, still by a special train and with the governmental deputation in attendance. On the road south, as the train stopped at each station, vast crowds were assembled to see His Imperial Highness, and they stood wildly cheering at his car window, calling for the great national hero. It was clear that he was not one of the group against whom the revolution was aimed; and when on one occasion the chief showed himself, his apparition in the splendid Circassian dress he wore was the signal for supreme, mad enthusiasm for his magnificent personality.

Yet he was but an exile with a broken career, and a member of the overthrown imperial house, only he stood personally for all that was finest, greatest and best in old Russia; and the people recognized the grandeur and beauty of this standard bearer who, free to choose his future home anywhere abroad, still elected to remain a Russian among Russians and to live on his simplest estate, the lovely Tchatre Villa on the shores of the Black Sea.

Immediately after this arrival came another sadder traveler to the Crimea. The Empress-Mother with quiet dignity arrived and settled with the Grand Duchess Xénia and the latter's husband, the Grand Duke Alexander-Mihailovitch, at the latter's home. They also had been given a choice of residence.

After so many years of kindness at their hands I felt I must make a demonstration of sympathetic loyalty to all these sad victims of others' faults; so I put myself at their disposal to carry any letters or packages to the capital, knowing it would be their only opportunity of escaping censors, who I heard now stopped all imperial correspondence. I found the refugees were glad to avail themselves of the occasion my departure offered; and I carried away a large bagful of letters, of every shape and size, in the lining of my dressing case. I was somewhat frightened when I thought

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of what might happen if I chanced to be searched. Luckily I completely escaped the interest of those in power. The new régime knew nothing and cared nothing about my responsibilities, and I was able to deliver documents from Her Majesty to her business man, and to the grand master of her former court, and to put one from her to the Dowager-Queen Alexandra of England into the hands of a sure messenger in Petrograd, who carried it over the frontier.

From the old chief, also, to the actual Prime Minister and to the Minister of War I carried letters, as well as a number of business letters from him as to the direction of his private affairs. Then there were letters from all the grand duchesses.

I was enchanted, for once, to be enabled to repay a small part of what these people had done for me through the seventeen years I had spent in Russia. Certainly I had never supposed I should be granted by Fate any such chance, and it was with joy that I undertook the delicate task. I found in Petrograd I really was able to deliver each message in safety.

I had been to Tchaïre and had heard from the Grand Duchess of the revolutionary experiences she had gone through in Tiflis, and of the call of the chief to the staff, her anxieties for him, and his reception and disappointment at Moghileff. Also of the triumphs of their trip southward. I had seen also the Grand Duke Alexander and heard the details of the four days which the Empress-Mother and he had spent at the staff with the ex-Emperor, and of the latter's arrest; also of the mother's return to Kief, the respectful sympathy shown her there and during her trip.

All these members of the imperial family were hopeful for the future of Russia; and they thought the provisional government would be able to push the war. They believed also they would live in peace in the Crimea or on their country estates; but they were most anxious as to their financial situation. None of them had large personal fortunes, and they had depended on the pensions they drew from the Emperor's civil lists or from the imperial family estates. None of them, however, complained of their losses. All of this group had foreseen the troubles and seemed to me less agitated now than they had been before the cataclysm.

### Making the Best of It

I remarked on this to Orloff, whom I was perfectly enchanted to see again after his long absence in the Caucasus. He said it seemed natural to him, and his own feeling was the same; as long as there had been hope of saving the dynasty and keeping the Emperor on the throne everyone had felt ready to sacrifice anything to that duty; but once the sovereign had lost all, there was nothing more to do but accept the situation with what philosophy one could.

I told the chief of Mike's revolutionary experiences in the capital and of his new command at Kief; and he said he was glad my husband had remained in the service and at his post, and he wished him every success and sent him his affectionate blessing. I am sure his approval was sincere, since his own patriotism had made him ready to accept the command of our armies when it was offered him by the Prime Minister of the new régime. The ex-sovereigns would go into exile, everyone supposed, but nothing was known of their future, and the Empress-Mother was very anxious to hear what measures the new powers would take with reference to her son.

No member of the imperial family in the Crimea mentioned to me personally either the ex-Emperor or his consort. Daily the newspapers published articles giving what purported to be true details of the inner palace and political life of Tzarskoe during the last months of the empire, and these appeared vastly degrading and humiliating. Having some foundation they were very generally believed. All these refugees in the Crimea whom I now saw knew more of the truth than did the public. They had used their influence to fight the Occult powers, and all had suffered for their protests. The chief had been nearly two years an exile to a Caucasian province; and the son-in-law of the Grand Duke Alexander and Grand Duchess Xénia, young Prince Youssoupoff, had just now been liberated by the revolution from his banishment to his country estates, where he had lived since the killing of Rasputin.

We all agreed the provisional cabinet was well chosen and promised on the whole to be conservative and intelligent; and we looked forward to the probability of the constituent assembly being in favor of a constitutional monarchy. Some member of the imperial family would then naturally be chosen as Emperor, possibly the ever popular and always strong old chief, or the Grand Duke Michael, whose wife came from the merchant class of Moscow; or perhaps Kyril, who was next in succession and had an imperial wife.

There was also a chance, it seemed, of the Grand Duke Nicholas-Mihallovitch being the people's choice. He was supremely intelligent and had made a study of politics for years; also had been a revolutionist in his ideas, while his democratic mode of life had given him occasion to make many friends in every group and class in the empire. He had a large personal fortune, and estates which he managed himself, excellently. He had written several historical books, universally approved; he knew the intelligencia class of Russia; and the artistic classes knew him and his collections, and were his admirers. In the Duma and the Zemstvos he had many warm friends, and in racing and sporting circles his interest in horse breeding and his admirable shooting placed him high. He had been banished in disgrace by the ex-Empress, and had only returned to Petrograd just in time to play an evident rôle in the debates of the Duma during the troubled revolutionary days; and he was a great favorite of the Empress-Mother.

### A Quiet City

It was with intense curiosity, some anxiety and much hope that I went to Petrograd at the very end of March. My trip was comfortable, and quite ordinarily calm and monotonous; and my package of letters remained safely at the bottom of my *nécessaire* in spite of my sister-in-law's predictions, which had been terribly gloomy and pessimistic as to all the things that would happen to me when I should be arrested and searched and the package brought to light. My maid had become an ardent partisan of the revolution from the quiet little imperialist I had seen her through ten years, and I myself was in sympathy with what I had heard so far of the movement, and with the ideals upon which it seemed to be based.

I arrived in Petrograd on the last day of March, Good Friday, and the revolution was exactly a month old. My boy was at the station to meet me with his grandmother's carriage. As the train came in the platform was packed with a vast crowd of people, mostly soldiers in unbuttoned and untidy uniforms; but all of them grinning and good-natured. My baggage was seized by ready hands and carried from the train to our vehicle. On my inquiring why soldiers did this work my boy said the troops now ruled the town, and no one dared gainsay them; so they promenaded about, slovenly, careless and smoking, requisitioning what they liked to eat, refusing to drill or obey orders. Among other things they had taken possession of the station, finding the work of baggage carriers easy, amusing and profitable.

My next impression was of the Princess' coachman with a large red bow pinned to the breast of his livery. My boy added to my amazement by telling me that grandmamma was the most revolutionary of the revolutionists, and was full of enthusiasm for the destruction of all the old traditions, and rejoiced in the red flag of the Winter Palace, and especially in the closing of his school, which she considered "privileged." This, it seems, was really temporarily the case, and the Princess told me at our first meeting how her "French-republican heart beat in unison with all the new ideals." The rest of our family did not agree with my mother-in-law in this, and seemed very pessimistic.

Both attitudes surprised me, for though I could not but mourn the downfall of what I had seen so brilliant and so highly placed, and of all the old poetic traditions; and though the suffering of those who were paying heavily for the sins of a small group they had been too loyal to destroy distressed me greatly—it seemed to me, nevertheless, that Russia's future was full of promise, if only because all the strongest and best elements in the country were ready with heart and soul to give their services for carrying out ideals that should quickly lead to victory and reorganization. On the other hand, I didn't like to see the beautiful statue of the Empress Catherine in front of the imperial theater with a red flag pushed into her hand, where some wag had placed it; and the revolutionary red which floated over the imperial palace and the Fortress of Peter the Great, in place of the Emperor's standard, seemed to me out of place and very tragic. Besides, I missed the great golden eagles which had been torn down, and which had represented to my mind more than three hundred years of picturesque history!

At the Hôtel d'Europe, my usual apartment seemed cozy and homelike, and the servants, all old acquaintances of mine, had much to tell me of their personal experiences in the great days just passed. How frightened they had been when they heard the Astoria Hotel had been sacked; but now it was all well. "The city was quiet. Our hotel had not been threatened, and I would be as comfortable as usual, and would see how the results of one month of freedom and good government made for safety!" Evidently there were varied points of view from which to contemplate the new conditions.

My poor boy was bravely facing a very difficult situation. He had not been ill-treated during the dramatic days of change, and after the Emperor's abdication he had moved freely about the streets, but his heart was bleeding for the destruction of the school he loved, with all its beautiful, distinguished traditions of more than a century's growth. A large portion of Russia's best writers, poets, statesmen and diplomats had studied within the Lyceum walls and walked and played in its great gardens, afterward leaving to their old school collections and manuscripts, paintings and souvenirs of great historic value and interest, and to the boys who followed them a great pride in the old place.

I did my best to comfort and console my young student, whose view of the whole revolution was naturally colored by the unjust treatment from which the Lyceum suffered. It was the first serious calamity in young Mike's sixteen years of life, and was a great blow to all the loyal young fellows in the quaint green uniforms who made up the corps, three hundred strong, of the Imperial Lyceum. Little by little his mind was converted to a patriotism large enough to include a whole country and its people, as well as a school and a traditional régime; but I was pleased and proud of the feeling I saw among this boys' group, who wearing the imperial monogram as a school crest had not been too easily influenced by the general enthusiasm and excitement. It seemed to me a strong trait in those boys, and I do not know whether the pupils of other imperial institutions showed the same fine feelings.

### Contradictory Insignia

The crowds appreciated such principles, as during the disorders all the Lyceum boys went unmolested, save one who wore upon the street a red ribbon tied to his buttonhole. He was stopped by a group of soldiers.

"Take that off," said one of the latter.

"Why?" asked the boy, surprised.

"Because with that on you are either a traitor or a liar," was the response. "The red ribbon does not go with the imperial monogram you wear!"

But in three hundred only one boy had even thought of putting on the revolutionary color. This year studies were to be finished by the Lyceum students on May first, and the school was to be closed. Our boy decided afterward to transfer to the Petrograd University. This settled, I had nearly a month to spend with him in the capital, and I looked forward with much interest to what I should see and hear.

First the Easter celebrations had seemed very strange without the features of the great ceremonies at the palaces, and without the dashing court carriages and sleighs in the streets; but the churches were packed with devout crowds and there was a new spirit abroad of released hope, and a touching show of brotherhood. There was also marvelous order, though not a policeman was to be seen in the street. The atmosphere of the capital was really very wonderful. The public acted as if there were a solemn function going on in the streets, and on all holidays I had the impression of being in a cathedral when I went out. There were food and fuel enough now, and the lower classes were smiling, content and trustful. They showed perfect respect to those whom they had always regarded as superiors. The shops were full of supplies, and everyone was buying, since prices had been lowered by order of the provisional government.

The optimism of the street was not reflected, however, in the salons where I went, save apparently in the minds of the Allied ambassadors, who were convinced the war would be pushed rapidly now that the Occult forces were overthrown. It did not occur to them that with the old régime all the machinery of administration had disappeared, and they were entirely confident in the new government's powers.

Among my own group of friends I found an entirely different viewpoint. Nearly everyone admired and liked individually the members of the provisional cabinet. They wanted to help and uphold them in every possible manner, and to see them last through till the constituent assembly; but the Russians of the upper class, when they spoke of the situation, expressed great fear of certain dangers which loomed large to their eyes on the political horizon. First, there was a grave probability of the army's complete disintegration. It was fully confessed already that the Order Number One had been a terrible mistake; also, the cry of "Land and Freedom," which the soviets were starting under German suggestion, raised the question of the land's immediate distribution. This made workmen and soldiers desert in vast numbers, vaguely believing what German agents told them, that they must hurry back to their homes to receive their portion of the spoils. What could the government do to obtain this land which was to be given away to the populace? So to our minds the army and the land question were both serious stumbling blocks.

Then, also, provision reserves made by the old government were being rapidly squandered now, while nothing was done to gather new stores, and transportation was as disorganized as ever. The police had been destroyed, and the vague civilian militia which replaced them could be of no service in a real necessity. Even now they scarcely ever were in their places in the street which they were supposed to be patrolling.

### Kerensky's Problems

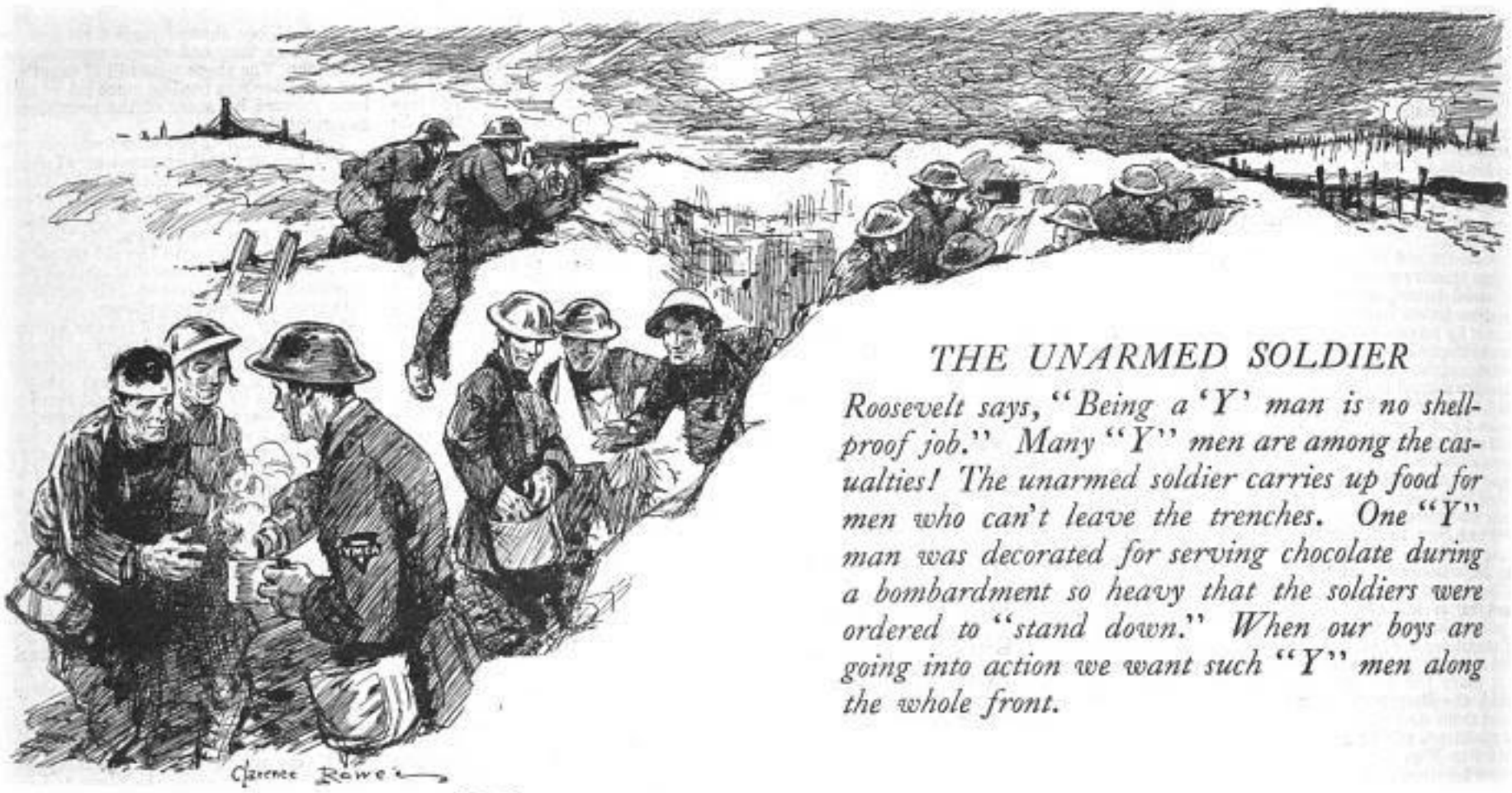
The country was filled with spies and criminals, who were free to live and act as they chose. The proclamation giving Petrograd's garrison the right to remain forever in the capital, and the lack of discipline among these troops, made us realize that in case of further uprising one could not expect them to act in the public service; yet they had the arms and ammunition of the capital in their hands. At present the populace was behaving well in the belief of a speedy millennium, and Kerensky's elemental eloquence together with national gentleness and ancient habits of good behavior still gave excellent outside appearance to the citizen soldiers and the general public.

The factories were not working. The workmen all were members of committees, and they were busy governing or were merely doing nothing, and were finding life too agreeable to return to their duties. The soviets of workmen and soldiers still in residence at the Tauride Palace composed the government within the government, and were becoming a force with which the ministry was obliged to reckon. They made proclamations independently, and insisted that the cabinet must have their consent to all its measures; otherwise these would not be representing popular opinion. Kerensky still held their confidence, and he handled them with genius; but it was difficult for him to accord the ideas of the workmen and soldiers with those of his ministerial colleagues, and his health was breaking rapidly under the strain of his speeches and travels.

The government was puzzled and distressed, beset with unanswerable problems, and it turned this way and that, trying by concessions and diplomacy to carry the country over the dangerous interval of provisional power. It had a terrible responsibility, and the members of the cabinet put all their patriotism into a policy which was doomed to failure in time. Some had hopes in the future, especially if the assembly could be brought about soon and a permanent form given to the government. We wanted at least to save the war and our national prestige, even if our own fortunes and personal property must be lost.

(Continued on Page 65)

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*THE UNARMED SOLDIER*

*Roosevelt says, "Being a 'Y' man is no shell-proof job." Many "Y" men are among the casualties! The unarmed soldier carries up food for men who can't leave the trenches. One "Y" man was decorated for serving chocolate during a bombardment so heavy that the soldiers were ordered to "stand down." When our boys are going into action we want such "Y" men along the whole front.*

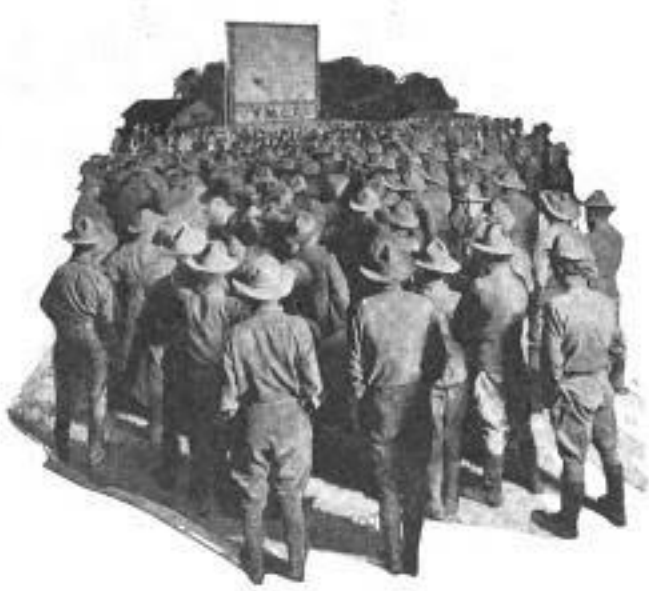
# Pershing says:

***"A sense of obligation for the varied and useful service rendered to the Army in France by the Y. M. C. A. prompts me to join in the appeal for its further financial support. I have opportunity to observe its operations, measure the quality of its personnel and mark its beneficial influence upon our troops, and I wish unreservedly to commend its work for the Army."***

—CABLED FROM FRANCE, AUGUST 21, 1918

THE Y. M. C. A. and its allied organizations need one hundred and seventy million dollars to help our men in khaki and navy blue.

Where shall we get the money? From you, and men and women like you, who have the welfare of our boys in mind, must come the greater share. No sacrifice is too great to show our Pay-as-you-go, Behave-as-you-go Army that every home in America is back of them.



AT THE MOVIES

Movies tonight! Both the Navy and Army rooms are packed to suffocation. General Pershing has made the Y. M. C. A. responsible for all exhibits in France. It has become the biggest exhibitor of motion pictures in the world. 15 miles of film sent to France every week. A corps of skilled operators. The boys see Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin *free*. Keep the movies coming!

When our boys come home, let us be able to meet them, knowing that not one thing was left undone that they expected of us. Let us, who have escaped their experience of descending into hell, be eager to give.

Major Gen. O'Ryan says: "Money can be turned over to the Y. M. C. A. with every confidence that it will be expended *along the lines most acceptable to soldiers.*"

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(Continued from Page 61)

Meantime German agents were everywhere fomenting trouble, disorganization and discontent. All the exiled and imprisoned revolutionists were arriving from abroad and from Siberia, bringing the addition of their theories and Utopian ideals to the general salad of complications.

Yet there was much to be admired as I looked at the city about me in these first days. The ex-sovereigns lived with quiet and comfort in their Tzarskoe Palace, guarded but unmolested; all but a few of the old régime ministers had been entirely liberated; and in the main the prisoners retained in the fortress belonged there. Woyeikoff and Madame Wiroboff had been added to Soukhomlinoff, Schéglovitoff, Protopopoff and Stürmer. There were a few who certainly were there by mistake, martyrs to others' crimes; but Pokrowsky, Krivaschène, Bark and many others of the ex-government were leading their ordinary free existence, and seemed even glad to be out of their earlier great positions. The imperial suite and the court officials were not disturbed in any manner.

I saw my friends informally and constantly as usual; keeping a salonful daily about my tea table. If anything they were all better humored than in the winter, and much less preoccupied, having no responsibilities now. I went frequently to all the houses where I had been a habitué, even to see the families of some of the men now in the fortress, whom I felt disinclined to neglect in the moment of their disgrace, and therefore visited quite openly.

The eighteenth of April—Labor Day—passed with great processions and with meetings in the street. Disorders were expected but everything went off quietly, and from this fact people drew confidence. All the forenoon processions of government and ministry employees, soldiers, sailors, poor factory workers of both sexes, and school children wandered about the main streets with red banners on which were written various mottoes, such as "Land and Freedom," "Liberty and Freedom." They chanted religious songs or their bands played the Marseillaise, which had replaced our own national anthem; and, though I had been warned of possible danger, twice I walked out to see the sights. The religious progresses were immense, and those who took part wore exalted, soft faces and their voices were sweet and low, as those of our people always are. The general public were entirely sympathetic and their behavior respectful and full of dignity. There was not a policeman in town, yet no single disorderly incident marred the celebrations anywhere. To see the people in this phase was to love them, and I was infinitely touched by the beauty of the Russian nature and its simple nobility.

### The Views of Albert Thomas

There were comic suggestions here and there in the catchwords of the period. All the stock phrases in their speeches, mottoes, inscriptions—in their accusations, also—contained invariably the expressions "we must uphold the revolution," or "they are attacking the revolution," or "we must protect the revolution." It would seem to anyone outside that the revolution was a personage attacked, reviled or ill-treated, and with too little power and strength to stand alone by its own merits and popularity. These phrases to me always contained a grotesque element and carried the revolution farther and farther away from the sublime claim of universal popularity on which it had at first been created, till finally with Trotzky and Lenine "protecting the revolution" and "upholding it," the poor thing reached the depths of shame!

Albert Thomas, the great French Socialist, was visiting Petrograd in April, and being an old acquaintance of mine he came to me several times for a cup of tea and a chat. I was greatly interested in hearing him talk of our present situation, which he admitted gave him many surprises. First of all he said he had been told that he was to come out to converse with men of his party—that is, Socialists.

"But your definitions are different from ours in France; and when I found myself facing the representatives of my supposed opinions here, I discovered these were not Socialists but what we call in France anarchists and communards."

He was cheerful and optimistic, however, and insisted the future of our country would be better than the present. He counted upon our being able to reorganize rapidly for a supreme war effort during the summer. He told me one day that there was a very strange situation between Kerensky and Miliukoff in the cabinet—"with which I have nothing to do, except that it makes my work more difficult, since as I am sent by the French Government to yours I am directed to act with and through Miliukoff, your Minister of Foreign Affairs; and on the other hand I am charged with a mission from my party in France to their comrades in opinion here, Kerensky at their head; therefore, with a misunderstanding between Miliukoff and Kerensky I am obliged to wait with crossed arms till the questions are settled between them before I can accomplish anything." He said he had come to replace Paléologue temporarily, as the latter had been too closely identified with czardom to be of much use in the present current of Russian ideas.

I was enchanted with Albert Thomas. All his theories and hopes for Russia interested me deeply, but I did not see him again, though he remained in our country till late summer and traveled and studied us in our various phases. Before he departed for France I heard his opinions were greatly changed, and even that he had declared that he had always thought ill of our Emperor before for abusing and suppressing the Russians; but now he admired him for having managed to reign over them peacefully during twenty years and more.

### Royal Scandals

As a contrast to Thomas I saw several times the Grand Duchess Victoria, wife of Kyril-Vladimirovitch, who next after the Emperor's brother was in the line of succession to the throne. I was very sorry for her, as I had known her ever since her arrival in Russia and had had many occasions to admire her fine qualities, besides finding her a most sympathetic person. People were saying that the Grand Duke Kyril in joining the revolutionary movement at the very beginning hoped the imperial crown would fall upon his head, he and his wife having always been very simple and democratic in their lives, and always in opposition to the Occult forces of the old régime.

It was with good reason they had held their positions so well in Petrograd circles. Victoria was born a princess of the English royal house. Her father was the second son of Queen Victoria, styled Duke of Edinburgh and Coburg, and he had married the Grand Duchess Marie-Alexandrovna of Russia, sister of Alexander III and of Vladimir, Kyril's own father. Victoria had first married in her teens the Grand Duke of Hesse, brother of our Russian Empress. Her husband was her own first cousin on her father's side, since the mother of Hesse and of our Empress was the Princess Alice of England. For seven years the Grand Duchess Victoria had been a miserable wife, but had finally obtained a divorce from her husband, to marry Kyril.

Her difficulties during her first marriage had embittered our Empress against her, and her being in love with Kyril was well known to all the courts in Europe and had caused much talk. When a divorce was finally granted her the Emperor of Russia sent for Kyril, his cousin, and forbade him to marry Victoria, who was now free. Kyril replied that he had come to this audience with the intention of announcing his engagement, and of asking the sovereign's permission as head of their house for his marriage; whereupon the Emperor refused it. Kyril, defying his master, joined the Grand Duchess Victoria abroad and married her.

Nicholas II, acting at the request of the Empress, issued an edict immediately, saying Kyril was deprived of his court rank, place and service, and banished from the empire, since Her Majesty did not wish to receive the divorced wife of her brother. All this noise seemed not in the least to affect the happiness of the new ménage. Rich in their own right, both of them, they did not miss their allowances from the imperial civil lists, which were suppressed, and they spent three or four years on the Riviera, in Paris, and in the country in Bavaria, where one or the other of them owned homes. In all these surroundings they made a most charming circle about themselves, held a gay court, and were greatly admired for their beauty, wit and charm and their unfeigned happiness.

The young Grand Duchess was grieved, however, that her marriage to Kyril had caused his exile and his giving up his service in the Imperial Navy; and she, through her mother and his, brought such pressure to bear on our Emperor that finally one summer Kyril was allowed to bring his wife to Tzarskoe on a visit to his mother; and then after six months or a year they were officially forgiven and permitted to return and live in Russia, where Kyril again took up his service, received back his rank and aiguillettes, and where Victoria became at once one of the powers at court and the leader of the younger group in society.

My husband had been the intimate boyhood friend of the Grand Duke Kyril, and they had first played, then studied and later traveled together before our marriage. Since I had married Mike, Kyril had been a constant frequenter of our house, and naturally we were enchanted at his return to favor; and also we found his wife delightful.

When the war came all the war work organized by the Grand Duchess Victoria was immensely successful, and I had admired her as much in time of trouble as in the gay circle of old days. Now I wanted very especially to show that I was most sincerely of her followers. I did not know whether Kyril had been forced by his marines of the Imperial Guards to accompany them to the Duma on that first day of the revolution or had gone of his own free will, but I knew of the effort he had made in the previous autumn in risking his trip to the staff to plead with the sovereign against the Rasputin-Wiroboff crowd at court, when he had made so many unkept promises of liberal reform.

I called up the Grand Duchess on the telephone and she answered in person as usual, and invited me as of old to come to her. I found her in informal dress and with her tea table spread in her small sitting room; and there was the usual beauty and comfort in all the arrangements of her lovely palace, which still kept more an air of home than any other in the city, with its books and knitting, delicious soft chairs and lights, and all its treasures in marble and collections so disposed as to be merely harmonious units in the general scheme of decoration. She herself looked older and seemed grown taller, and she was all in black.

As we smoked and drank tea and talked I heard with joy her calm, fair judgment of people and things, and I was won by the uncomplaining way she had of accepting a situation which upset her life so thoroughly. She asked news of those of the imperial family whom I had recently seen in the Crimea, and of our own experiences, and then she told me some of her own. She said she had heard from every side of the apparent incapacity of the Emperor to react against the circumstances previous to the revolution. Also, of his inertness at the last; and she told me even the Empress-Mother had said after her last days with her son at the staff:

"It is as if someone had exchanged my son for another man, quite unlike him; so indifferent he was, and so silent through all the great events. He did not at all realize what had happened to him."

### The Grand Duke Optimistic

I inferred the Grand Duchess was thinking of the current report that the Occult clan at court had drugged the Emperor into complete inertia, though she did not actually say this. Of herself and her husband and their plans for the future she told me the provisional government begged them to keep as quiet as possible, and that they were consequently going into Finland for the summer, where they would not be too far away from the capital, yet where they could get country life and quiet for themselves and the children. She was very simple, and uncritical of the old régime as well as of the new; but she seemed on the whole full of hope for the future of the country. She had long known Rodzanko and others of his group, and believed in them and their intentions, but thought they would be treading on difficult ground.

On the twentieth of April I lunched with Prince and Princess Kotchoubey, my husband's aunt and uncle, and from their small party, all of whom were the cream of the old régime, I heard only broad-minded political opinions expressed. The party seemed unusually optimistic; prophesied that Russia soon would be a flourishing republic. The Grand Duke Nicholas-Mihaflovitch was there, and drove me home to my hotel, leaving me with a promise to return again for tea later when he had been to his club. We had spoken together in crossing the city of the perfect order in the streets and of the fine behavior of the public, though there was no sign of authority to keep order; and the Grand Duke had been most enthusiastic over the masses, who were showing such a capacity for restraining themselves and for governing, even after so many years of repression.

"I should be neither surprised nor afraid to see them form a republic soon," said His Imperial Highness.

"And would you consent to be their president, monseigneur?" I asked.

"Well, not the first one. . . . Their second president, perhaps. . . . It would be easier." And the Grand Duke laughed.

Later when he returned to tea he told me he had come down the Nevskii ahead of a great demonstration—a procession of soldiers, and plenty of rabble about them; with black banners of the anarchists, with shots, and shoutings against the government, while on one banner in large letters was written "Down with capitalists and conservatists." As one never knew what might come he advised me to remain at home for the rest of that evening. Several other people who dropped in between the tea and the dinner hour brought the same report of agitation and the same advice, and added that in their opinion, as the government could not control nor order the troops, it had better give in immediately without subjecting the city to a renewed experience like that of a month ago. Everyone was evidently extremely nervous as to what might happen; and the officers all said that one could expect nothing good to come of mob rule and indiscipline encouraged. They were most of them pessimistic but quite unafraid, and they thought it was time to act energetically.

### Street Fighting

For two days the town was up in the air, street fighting and shooting going on in most of the main streets, especially the Nevskii. The shops were partly barricaded, and yet between the fights people went about and attended to business. It was my baptism of fire, as I had not been through the previous demonstration. My boy had finished with his school, as his year's marks were good enough for him to receive his diploma without examinations, and we had taken our accommodations to leave the capital for Kief on the twenty-second, late in the evening. Our train was scheduled for six-thirty o'clock.

As the streets were still turbulent and the confusion at the railroad station very great, my boy took the maid, trunks and tickets to the depot about three o'clock in that afternoon to insure our baggage being put on the train in time. Toward four a number of people dropped in for good-bys, and to bring me sweets and flowers, in the kindly Russian manner. I ordered tea, and, as we sat chatting, suddenly our attention was attracted by the sound of quick-firing guns and by the salvos of infantry quite near.

One of the hotel servants rushed in, pale with excitement, to say I was to close my windows at once as there was a battle going on in front of the hotel, and that though my rooms were more protected than most, being with an outlook on the quiet square and the imperial museum opposite, the hotel director begged me to avoid showing myself at the windows. These latter were already closed, so we went on with our tea and began to discuss how I should manage to reach the station.

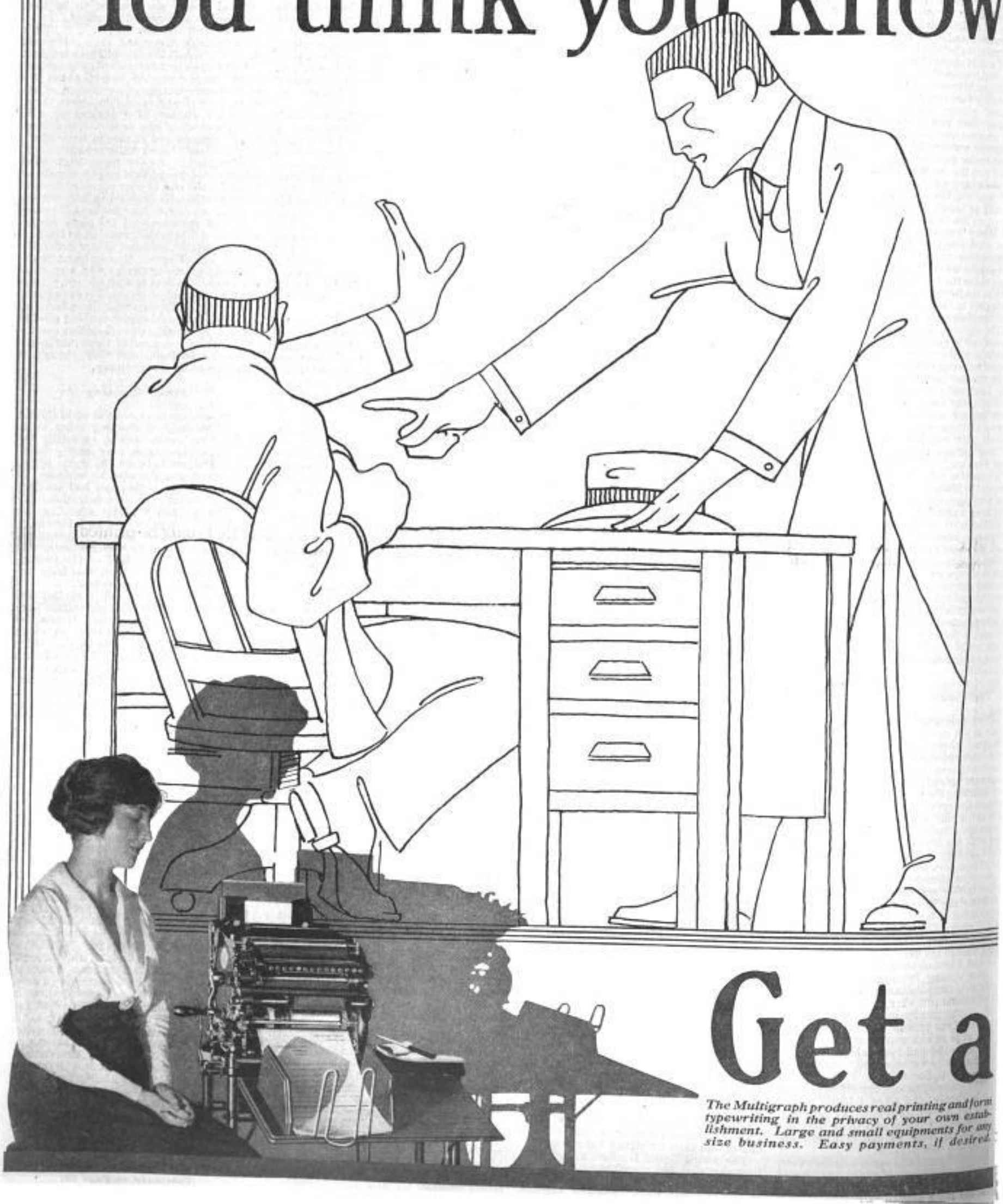
Everyone was entirely philosophical, as we were being trained to these small inconveniences by now. Bark said his carriage was below, and that he would take me round through back ways parallel with the Nevskii to a point beyond the struggle, where we might in safety cross that thoroughfare, and still by side streets go on to the station. This seemed practical, as he was not in uniform and would not attract attention. Then after half an hour, as the firing subsided, General Knorring volunteered to go down and see what was occurring in front of the hotel. He returned, saying the crowd was enormous on the Nevskii, but there was a lull in the fighting and the wounded were being cleared away; but in his opinion I had better leave now and profit by the moment's calm to cross the Nevskii, instead of going later, when I did not know what might happen.

My various guests departed on my consenting to this plan, and I hurriedly put on

(Continued on Page 69)

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(Continued from Page 65)

hat and coat, and with Monsieur Bark and General Knorring I descended to the hotel office and went out into the street, still between my two cavaliers. There was not any shooting. We decided to cross the wide street at once, and on foot. We were quite ten minutes in doing it, not wishing to seem in haste in a crowd so large, almost stationary, and containing elements of variable and possibly hostile temper.

Monsieur Bark's horses had taken fright from the noise, it turned out, and his coachman had driven them home, leaving a message for his master. We didn't regret this, as the liveries would have attracted attention and perhaps created a disagreeable incident. My two cavaliers conducted me safely over the battlefield of a few moments before, then the general left me under the Bazar-Arcade with my ununiformed companion to protect me, and he wandered off to search for a cab. This was found shortly, and General Knorring returned in triumph with his cabby, who proposed that he should be paid ten rubles to the station, instead of the usual two. "As one is apt to run into any kind of danger on the way, excellencies!"

### The Man of the Hour

Naturally we were very glad to accept these terms and his services, and I arrived safely at the Kief depot an hour and a half ahead of my train time, to find my boy already standing on the pavement in front of its entrance, with a pale, anxious face, which lighted up at sight of us.

He said he was just starting after me, as someone had come there, telling of fighting on the Nevskii and round our hotel, and he didn't know how I would get out. But all had gone well, and we and our baggage were beyond the danger, which our ears told us had recommenced again, as we heard the regular firing of the infantry's salvos back of us in the main part of the city.

I made my adieus to my kind bodyguard and with gratitude I left the stormy capital. Our train went unmolested to Kief, and we had no disagreeable experience on the way, though the corridor of our car was crowded with soldiers who talked politics violently through the thirty-six hours our trip lasted, and who exposed to us the most muddled and impossible theories of government, which they were going to introduce into practice. They were entirely respectful and well behaved toward us personally, and did not carry out their ideas of democracy so far as to intrude into our compartment; but I felt after the helplessness the government had shown in the uprising of the past three days that we should be living on a volcano for many months to come, and that it would be well to place our children somewhere in safety before I undertook to settle down with my husband in Kief. I therefore decided to propose to the latter sending our three little people for whose welfare we were responsible to my American family. This arrangement would give me time and independence to settle in Kief and follow the developments of the revolution and attend to any duties that imposed themselves on us with reference to Mike's service or the estates, with a knowledge that our children's lives were entirely sheltered from storms. If anything happened to us, which seemed quite possible, considering Mike's marked situation in Kief, the children would be with their natural guardians.

I found my husband had made the same reflections as I had, and he at once fell into my plan with enthusiasm. We secured the first accommodations possible out of Russia by the trans-Siberian road; but these were only to be had for the early part of July. So I planned to visit Mike now for a month in Kief, then go to the Crimean coast for a month with the children, and from there take the little group to Petrograd and start them on their long trip.

These plans once made I felt a weight was already taken off my mind. I enjoyed very much the time in Kief, and was keenly interested in all I was told and shown there. Mike had been very anxious during the latter part of our stay in Petrograd, thinking the disorders might end in mob rule and our lives be in real jeopardy. On the day after I reached Kief, however, the papers announced that all difficulties between parties had been settled satisfactorily in the capital by the complete triumph of Kerensky and his followers. The government had seen the necessity of giving way to the socialistic tendencies, and Miliukoff had thereupon first protested and then resigned. He was replaced at the Foreign Office by Téréschtchenko; and Schingaroff had gone into the latter's Ministry of Finance.

Our group regretted the departure of Miliukoff, as it meant one strong honest patriot the less in the cabinet; but since it was all a temporary affair people were encouraged to think it did not matter. The important thing seemed to preserve law and order and to continue the war until the great elections came off, toward autumn. The more the Socialists were brought forward now the more they would be obliged to make good, which would be the better for Russia, or they would damn themselves in public opinion and lose their chance of finally holding power.

Almost everyone concurred in this opinion, and Kerensky personally still held the general admiration. He, an ardent revolutionist always, had shown tremendous patriotism, moderation and lack of personal vanity in the crisis, and he had, since his placing in the Ministry of Justice, handled the questions connected with the detention of the ex-sovereigns and members of the old-régime party with more generosity and dignity than anyone could have hoped for. He also showed himself a consummate leader of his own party, and managed its unruly elements with a skill altogether remarkable. His eloquence continued to excite the multitude's admiration, and even the most retrograde gave him their respect. I found in Kief, as in Petrograd, that everyone considered Kerensky was going to be the greatest man of the time, and all groups joined in wishing him success.

Mike was established in Kief with his Cuirassiers about him. These were the great attraction in the public squares and parks, and were shining lights in the general untidiness of the town, which was apparently full of holiday makers and overrun with deserters and careless soldiers, who according to the new ideas could dress as they pleased and salute their officers or not on the streets. They smoked everywhere, and I fancied from their aspect they never shaved or washed. Against this background the spick-and-span, well-groomed, picked men of our Cuirassiers shone out. Their pride was in their looks and discipline, and they thoroughly enjoyed their success. It was their ambition, I think, to set an example, which alas was not followed by those who were about them. My husband was delighted with the way his officers and men had taken the revolution, and he hoped he might be able to hold his command together and really keep the city in order till the occurrence of the constituent assembly. This was to be arranged for the middle of September, as the government's proclamation promised.

### Daily Life in Kief

Kief's attitude was much more optimistic than had been Petrograd's. Hotels and restaurants were crowded; there were music, plays and an enormous number of arrivals and new settlers. All the Polish aristocrats, who were refugees from the war-devastated provinces, had settled here in 1915, and among them were many pretty women in attractive homes, wanting to forget the sufferings they had been through. They held charming court, and among them the society of Petrograd was represented by its members who had estates in the provinces round us—of Kief, Poltava, Volhynia, and so on. Since the disorders in Petrograd these were attracted to Kief, and they were renting houses or lodgings according to what offered. They were seemingly confident that Mike would maintain order, and that life would be calmer consequently than elsewhere. Also, that their estates, where the land reforms and general conditions in the past made for a well-to-do and conservative peasantry, would escape disasters. They believed personally they could hold their people and weather the storm of the revolution.

On our own estates in Poltava the price of labor had gone up somewhat, but otherwise things were going smoothly; our peasant committee had acclaimed my brother-in-law when he had recently been to Bouromka. Our intendant, who was of the peasantry, was on excellent terms with the villagers. It was decided, however, that my mother-in-law should not go to the country for this summer, as she was in a bad condition of nerves. Though our place thus remained vacant many others about us were occupied by their owners, who were satisfied all was going well locally and would go even better later, since confidence existed between proprietors and peasants.

There was in Kief a large and varied element of officers—those who were passing through on military duty, those who were stationed about to keep order on the railroads, besides those who were taking short leaves and could more easily run from the Front into this gay little city than farther into the interior of the country. There was a demonstration about the middle of May, a feeble effort of the Bolshevik propagandists, who had come from Petrograd; but it amounted to nothing, and it had been necessary only to put a few mounted Cuirassier patrols in the streets to have the meetings dispersed, while our troops were acclaimed. The latter showed an alertness about obeying orders which inspired the public of every class with appreciative admiration. This delighted Mike.

### The Ukrainian Movement

Toward the end of May there began to be talk of a Ukrainian movement, intended to bind together the groups of Little Russia, as against the disorderly ultra-socialistic waves that came into our provinces from the north. We knew there were German agents working among us for the Bolsheviki; and both the upper and lower classes of people wished to keep these out of Kief and its surrounding country. Many aristocrats, both Russians and Poles, were curious as to the Ukrainian doctrines, which had apparently sprung from nowhere overnight, and the source of which could not be traced at first.

My husband became interested in finding out the origin and ambition of this mysterious propaganda, for in two or three weeks after a casual first mention, the word "Ukrainian" was in everyone's mouth. To Mike's annoyance he and some of the civil authorities who were working on the same lines, being suspicious of the movement, discovered a nest of Austrian agents with Austrian money at the bottom of a clever plot to unite the ancient provinces that had formed the Ukraine, and thus by creating a nationalist movement—seemingly inaugurated against the Bolsheviki—to separate these provinces from the Russian central government.

Playing on the community of interest between these Russian Ukrainians and those of the Austrian-Polish Ukrainians, their scheme was to bring this whole section of the Russian Empire under Austrian influence or simply, if all went well, to annex it to Austria. It was a deep-laid and intelligent plot of the enemies, whose agents in Kief were either Austrian spies or Poles and Russians, their dupes or paid agents. Reports of all this were at once sent to the central government in Petrograd, accompanied by proofs, and orders came back to my husband and others that the Ukrainian propaganda was to be fought to a finish. Consequently some of the leading men were pursued and run out of the town, and a counter propaganda was inaugurated. The nationalist movement was being given a black eye, though there was a group still among the Little Russian peasants, the Poles and the deserting soldiers, who liked the new ideal—or the enemy's money—and who said they wished to see an autonomy under Russian sovereignty, with Ukrainian papers, banks, money and army. A committee was formed to represent the interests of this party. They gave the authorities some difficulty and anxiety, since in spite of the severe instructions from the provisional government a committee could not be suppressed; neither could the spies be executed, as now capital punishment was no longer permissible. Consequently, agents of the Austrians had little to fear, and stayed among us on every side.

Late in June the Ukrainians sent deputies to Kerensky begging him to do justice to their party and saying that, all reports notwithstanding, their desire was to keep law and order and to remain under the wing of Russia, though they wished an autonomous government, to use their own language, to stamp their own coins and to form their own regiments. The latter would be glad to fight side by side with their Russian comrades.

These men talked so well in Petrograd that Téréschtchenko was sent to Kief to confer with leaders of both sides in the struggle. The Minister of Foreign Affairs had been chosen by Kerensky for this delicate mission because he was a native of Kief, had large interests in the industrial life of the southern city and would probably be a just and capable arbiter. On the other hand, among the Ukrainians there was great rejoicing over the choice of the government's representative. Capital was made of his being the Foreign Minister, which meant to them treatment as an independent power, with whom diplomatic relations were inaugurated.

When Téréschtchenko arrived he was at once taken in hand by the Ukrainians, who fêted and surrounded him, and prevented the group representing his own party from counterbalancing their treatments and arguments. He was persuaded to feel that he personally, in his sugar-factory interests, and all other industrial and property owners in and round Kief, stood to gain by a Ukrainian régime, since the latter would be conservative and a bulwark against the Bolsheviki; also that the lower classes, peasants and soldiers, would have their patriotism awakened by nationalist propaganda, and would behave better and make themselves more useful under the rada's direction. As to the idea of an Austrian foundation for their party it was pure calumny, and was proved by the Ukrainian troops' wish to fight together with the Russians against Teutonic enemies.

Their maneuvers were so successful that before Téréschtchenko left Kief he saw everything through spectacles put upon his nose by the plotters, and he admitted their perfect right to form a government with a senate, which they called "rada," also a ministry with different departments to handle local questions. They were to make up a given number of volunteer military units, these regiments to be formed by soldiers drawn away from Russian formations, through open and permitted propaganda. Such groups were to be officered by nationalists, though promising they would obey orders from the Russian War Ministry sent to them by way of their own minister for war.

Téréschtchenko was seemingly quite sincere in his belief that such decisions were for the best from every point of view. Apparently he never realized that his act was giving the lie to his own central government's former policy, and that he was putting a military force in the field which might some day fight the provisional government and overthrow it. My husband and others saw this reverse side of the shield, and pointed it out, first to the minister himself, afterward to the central government; but they received reply that their business must be to watch the development of all the different branches of the movement, see that it did not get beyond bounds, and that the Ukrainians carried out their promise of sending troops to the Front.

### Kerensky's Efforts

Kief was full of these Ukrainian deserters, enjoying themselves vastly, with never a thought of drill or military duty. As fast as they could be started off by trains double the number would arrive again, by rail or on foot. They attracted everyone's attention and increased vastly my husband's uneasiness. It became more and more evident that neither the deserters nor the Ukrainian propaganda could be disposed of without some radical measure taken by Kerensky, and that he was too weak to dare risk offending such a party. On the surface all was still and smooth in the life of Kief, but cankers were beneath the seeming quiet and comfort of our days, and filled thoughtful people with forebodings for developments of the near future.

Kerensky had tried his eloquence to make the national army take the offensive in July on the Galician Front, and the disaster of Tarnopol had been the result. Officers alone had charged the enemy, while the soldiers stood still, saw them shot down, and turning had fled. Finally the battle had become a complete rout. Columns of our own army had overrun the country in their frantic desire to break away; and they had burned villages and homes, pillaged châteaus, put some of the staff commanders to the sword, acting toward their own people with a wild cruelty.

Kerensky had thus proved in person, definitely, that his theory of how to handle troops was worthless. He evidently understood this, as he never again approached a battle front anywhere, and limited his military administration to proclamations and declarations of a very violent order, which were quite ineffective, as they were never followed up by action. As for the troops,

(Continued on Page 72)

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# Cutting the Nation's Food Bill

Follow back to its source the foodstuff that comes to your table and in almost every case you'll find a common element—power.

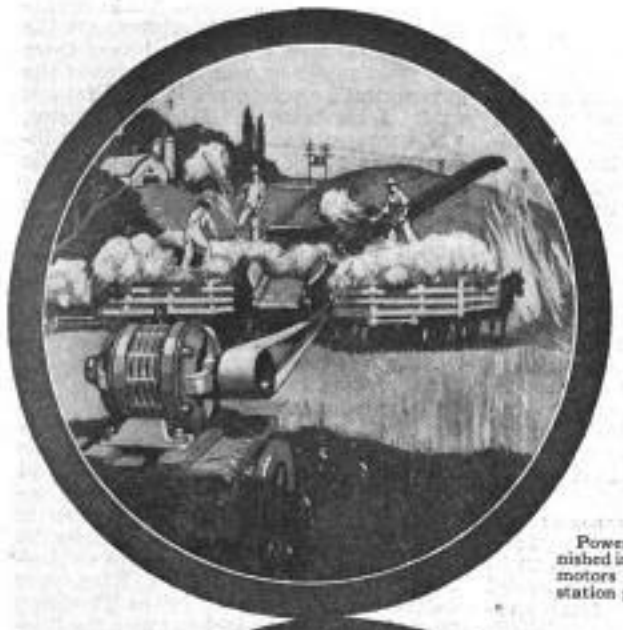
Power plows the fields where great wheat crops flourish.

Power grinds and mixes the materials that fertilize the land.

Power cultivates, harvests, threshes—it stores grain in giant elevators and carries it to distant markets.

Power turns wheat into flour and corn into meal, hogs and cattle into pork and beef—transforming, refining, transporting.

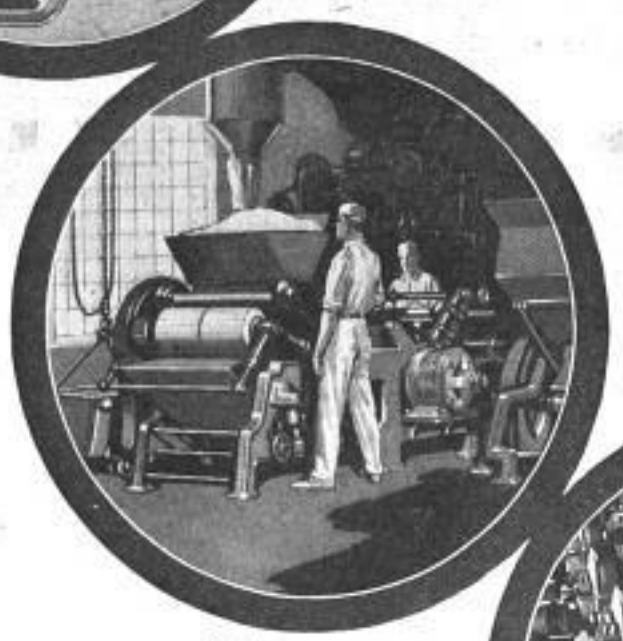
Here again electricity makes a contribution of incalculable value to national well-being and progress, for it is today pre-eminently the power of the vast food industry.



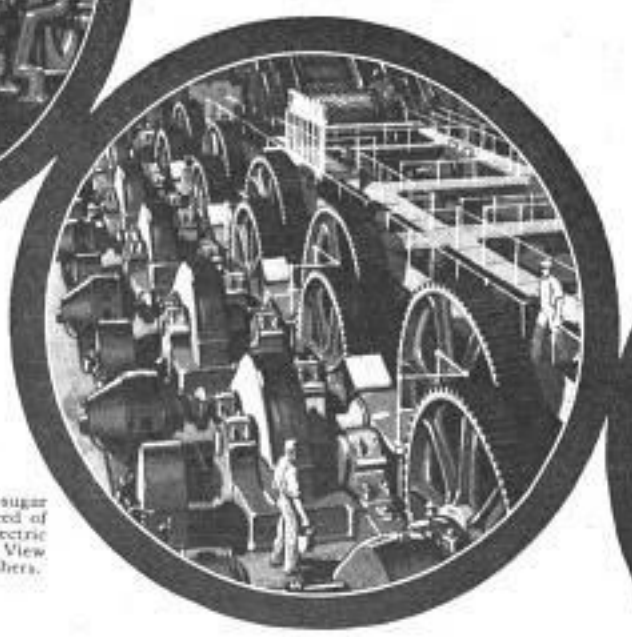
Power for threshing is furnished in many cases by electric motors supplied with central station power.



Electric motors meet the flour mill's strict requirements of cleanliness and safety. Here is seen a line of motor-driven grinders.



In the bakery of today, bread is hardly touched by human hands. Electric motors mix, knead, carry—and even wrap the bread. This view shows a motor-driven dough mixer.



Power demand for the sugar mill is heavy and the need of reliability great, so electric motors here find wide use. View shows motor-driven crushers.

On the farm, the ranch and plantation, electric power has followed electric light, so that gardens are irrigated, land drained, wheat threshed, fruit sorted and cleaned and various other tasks performed, all by this versatile force.

Again and again on its way to the market the path of food is crossed by electric power, decreasing production cost here, cutting time in transit there, economizing and expediting everywhere so that your food bill may in the end be lower.

Study the simplest of breakfasts, and you'll find that electricity touches not once, but many times, almost every article of food. Perhaps no example more completely illustrates its application than the slice of buttered toast before you.

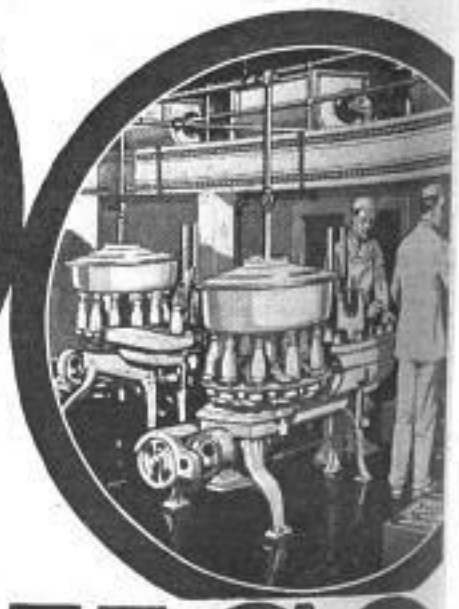
Electricity began by grinding the wheat and wheat substitutes and finishes by toasting the piece right at your elbow.

Both the milk that moistened the dough and the butter you spread on the bread have probably met electricity on their way to you, for today cows are milked electrically and electric motors run the separator on the farm and the churn in the dairy. Even on their way to market these perishable products are kept fresh by ice made in electrically driven plants.

In the bakery the loaf was probably kneaded, shaped, carried to the ovens and wrapped, all by electric power, then delivered in an electric truck, or one that depended on electricity for lighting and ignition.

As with this little piece of toast, so with the many other articles of food that enter into your daily menu.

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# Westinghouse

ELECTRIC MOTORS AND CONTROLLERS


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# Westinghouse

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Electric motors in the refrigerating plant provide the most certain means for uninterrupted refrigeration. This view shows a modern cooling system.

## Conserving the Nation's Fuel and Man-Power

In the application of electricity to the food industry, as to all other industries, especial service is rendered by its saving of those prime essentials—fuel, labor and time. No less apparent than the saving of coal is the enormous addition which electricity makes to the man-power and woman-power of the nation.

In making electricity serve in the production, preparation, preservation and transportation of food, Westinghouse engineers have always figured prominently.

Westinghouse motors are daily converting thousands of electrical horsepower into power that grinds and stirs, cuts and carries.

You'll find these motors in the packing house, dairy, flour mill, sugar mill, bakery—in short, in practically every kind of plant that is a part of this great industry.

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(Continued from Page 69)

hereafter they were left to their officers' hands, and the latter having no right to punish them were instructed to get on with the soldiers "by diplomatic arguing and explaining." Kerensky seemed still to hope from the Northern Front some sort of recompense for the drama at Tarnopol. He offered this theory through his cabinet to the foreign diplomats in Petrograd. The Allies' ambassadors actually were told that the great number of deserters they saw were not deserters at all, but represented a spontaneous, permitted demobilization of certain classes of older men, who were being allowed to return home to cultivate the ground, after which the remaining army units would be strengthened by new recruits, also renewed discipline, and would at the end of the summer be ready to take the offensive all along the line with vigor.

Since the officers felt sure of defeat they begged that no offensive be tried; that the Russian Army be left a mere curtain to hold certain numbers of the enemy's troops in front of them. They could only take the offensive, they said, if the Germans tried to withdraw their formations. This they thought would permit, in time, some sort of morale being restored. The worthless men having deserted, they counted on their personal influence to bring order sufficient for this much work out of the reigning chaos. It was the extreme limit of good to be expected under actual conditions, and they claimed it would serve the Allied cause better than would another tragic failure and defeat. Meantime some shock battalions of picked men—mainly officers or young-boy cadets from the military schools, all volunteers—were being formed. One of women, under Madame Batchkarova, was called the Battalion of Death and showed up magnificently through all the troubles that were to come.

### Mysterious Spies

In Kief the Cuirassiers still held everyone's confidence and admiration. Many of the men in the regiment were born in Little Russia, but they disdained the insidious nationalist persuasion of the Ukrainians, and would not join the new movement. On the contrary, they had a sharp encounter with a Ukrainian regiment which, having been formed and armed, though not drilled, was ordered to the Front to fight and refused to go. Its companies were loaded on their trains and started off, eight hundred and fifty of them, by forty-five stalwart Cuirassiers. A number of Ukrainian "patriots" were ill-treated in the process, and the event caused tremendous noise. The nationalists were greatly ridiculed, first for not keeping their promise to go and fight more willingly; and second, for being such poor soldiers that eight hundred and fifty of them were no match for forty-five real troopers.

Finally their complaints were carried to Petrograd again, with the result that permission was granted them to remain in Kief doing police duty there, as the Petrograd garrison did in the northern capital. Their excuse for asking this favor was that they were not as yet sufficiently prepared, though individually most of them had been at the Front during three years of war. Naturally enough they never did drill or prepare further, but simply stood about, making a large unruly element in the Ukrainian capital. They made such a sorry appearance before the public, however, that the Cuirassiers and the population of Kief disdained them, for the moment, and they had lost ground, more than one would have supposed possible. For several months they laid their arrogance aside, but they attacked in various underhand ways representatives of the central government, biding their time for an uprising and augmenting their recruits constantly.

From late July on, whenever he went into the street my husband was invariably followed by various strange-looking individuals, sometimes in hooligan dress, sometimes in uniform. I was on the *qui vive*, and these apparitions dogging Mike about made me somewhat anxious. He personally treated the whole matter as a joke, and amused himself frequently, leading the mysterious spies on wild-goose chases about the city or stopping unexpectedly and making loud remarks about them and their interest in his affairs. He was greatly touched and pleased, on the other hand, to hear of various proofs of devotion that his Cuirassiers gave him, as upon one occasion, when in a tram car two of his stalwarts overheard someone who with intent was making allusions to their commander, naming him and passing a slur upon his political sincerity of intention. Thereupon, without more ado, the two Cuirassiers turned in to clear up the situation, and incidentally cleared the car of the whole group of offenders, amid the applause of the other passengers. In the streets Mike was now a well-known figure to all. He was constantly being saluted, pointed out or spoken to in a friendly, grateful spirit.

At the Crimean seaside I spent a delightful month, waiting with the children for the date of their departure to America. I had many friends about me at the seaside and greatly enjoyed my cure in spite of anxieties, which the long trip before my little people caused me. We were all so used to disorder about us by now that the vague sense of danger, which we had even in the south, was not really disturbing.

### Passport Formalities

It was during my stay in the Crimea that Admiral Koltchak, who till now had kept the most perfect order and discipline at Sebastopol, was obliged to resign by an uprising of the sailors of the Black Sea Fleet which he commanded, and was replaced by an officer of the sailors' election. From that moment excesses were feared all along the coast, where the members of the imperial family and their suites were scattered. The imperial exiles were all arrested now, and we heard of motor loads of half-drunken Bolshevik sailors scouring the country, robbing and assassinating the well-to-do people who had taken refuge on the Crimean peninsula.

None of the ruffians came to our prosperous resort, however; and except that life grew very expensive and there was some slight absence of table luxuries I remember our experience only as pleasant and restful, and a very satisfactory preparation for what was to come. However, we were glad to turn our faces northward at the end of June, since a strike on all the railroads was threatened, and this announcement made me impatient to see my young travelers beyond our borders. Letters from Petrograd seemed to reflect very uncertain conditions. Senator Root's mission had come and gone, and he had written to me twice, giving me news of my family, from whom he had brought me many messages. Besides this personal information his letters reflected what seemed a rather determined optimism as to the Russian situation, and a desire to believe the best of our capacity to live through the revolutionary period. Knowing the reliability of his judgment I was very keen to have him receive a variety of accounts and impressions, not alone the official version of events, which I felt must be that necessarily presented to him by those whom he would meet in the capital. His limited stay and the surrounding influences would keep him away from certain questions; and the government would naturally try to inspire him with confidence in their ability to take an active part in the war, unless someone of the military or the old-régime group were near to predict the sadder possibilities in our revolutionary movement. I heard afterward that he had seen Sazonoff, and that one or two others had presented our view; but he left just before the Tarnopol offensive, and I fear with greater hopes for Russia than the country was able to justify.

I reached Petrograd on July first, a Saturday, and settled down at once in my old apartment, at the Hôtel d'Europe, to the complicated measures necessary to supply my company of travelers with passports, money, and so on, for beyond the frontier. We had been forewarned by everyone of the great difficulties we should encounter on the trip from the Crimea to the capital; but we had suffered no inconvenience at all save from heat and from the crowds everywhere, which made it impossible to get round at any of the stations. We had supplied ourselves with provisions, and were therefore able to eat and live in our reserved compartments, where we were quite unmolested by what seemed to be millions of deserters, swarming like flies on the roofs, in the corridors, on the platforms—everywhere. They were noisy but perfectly good-natured, and seemed entirely willing to fetch and carry for us and make themselves useful.

With these three days successfully behind us, and with the supreme triumph of finding all our baggage still on the train with us, and intact, my optimism grew as to the children's long trip through Siberia. I was glad enough, however, to see their time for starting nearly at hand, as I had noticed on the railroad and in the capital the general effervescence seemed vastly increased in six weeks, and it could scarcely be expected that we should see an improvement as time passed.

The day of our arrival in Petrograd I met several acquaintances; and it struck me that those who were best placed to observe events were looking most serious. My own business could all be easily arranged, and was immediately put in hand. I was told that on Monday I must present myself with petitions for each passport, photographs of each member of the party, also with all the travelers and with two sponsors for my veracity, who must in person assert the destination and all possible details as to the travelers.

The engagement was made for this serious conference. Two old friends of ours promised to answer for us in required form, and my man of business was to go ahead and pave our way with money. Everything came off perfectly. After a quiet Sunday, during which we had driven about the city, lunched out pleasantly and seen a number of people, who returned from old habit to my tea table, we all met promptly at two o'clock, Monday, at the passport division of police city headquarters. Our large party, which consisted of three children, nurse, governess, a business man and myself, together with General Zolotnitzky and Monsieur Tatischtcheff, attracted immediate and amiable attention from the old-régime officials, who were still in charge, and who had been prepared to receive us. The business was put through with much effort on all sides in record time, which was about an hour and a half. In spite of the prepared written petition many questions had to be answered, explanations made, and everyone had to sign six times or more. Then we were told the passports would go that same evening to the general staff, for the military visé, and that I might call for them in two or three days—on Thursday afternoon, perhaps. General Zolotnitzky volunteered to precede them to the staff and speak to the officers in charge there, whom he knew, and August-Andreovitch, our business man, who had friends among the lower powers, was sent to spread the necessary persuasion for haste among them, in rubles.

### Uncertain Times

After starting the children back to the hotel, Tatischtcheff kept me a moment to say: "When are you in need of the passports?" I told him the children's tickets were for the trans-Siberian train of the eleventh, a week and one day off.

"Then if you want to get your documents spare no urging, for the offices are slow and disorganized now, and there is a crisis pending which may cause all work to be stopped within a few days. This afternoon there is a cabinet meeting being held, to treat of the gravest questions. It is again as in May—the conservative element locking horns with the ultra-democratic crowd. I fear it means disorders in the streets and resignations from the cabinet, unless a compromise can be found to-day. I do not say this to alarm you, but so you will follow up your papers and push them through by every means in your power."

This coming from Tatischtcheff, who was unemotional, reliable and never pessimistic, seemed to me to carry weight; and in his position as Chief of Chancellery at the Foreign Office, and on excellent terms as he was with his minister, he seemed in a position to know the situation. Thanks to his warning I at once went on to the bank and begged the manager, who was an old friend, to take personally in hand the question of the children's letter of credit and to push it through with all his powers. The American Ambassador, Mr. Francis, had promised to help me with his authority at the Foreign and Finance Ministries, so I hoped for the best.

By four-thirty o'clock all this was done, and I returned to the hotel for tea, and found there Monsieur Bark, waiting for me. He instantly made minute inquiries as to how much I had accomplished to start the preparations for the children's departure. I replied by reporting in detail my movements of the day.

Then said he smilingly: "I see someone has already warned you of the strange period upon which we are entering. You always find friends in need, and are so well

(Concluded on Page 74)

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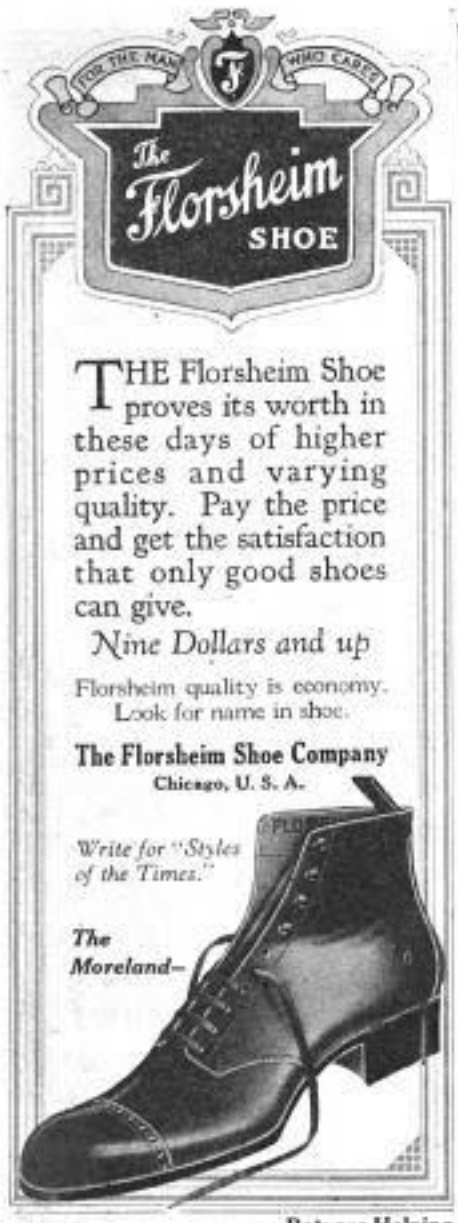



# PERFECTION OIL HEATERS

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(Concluded from Page 72)

guarded my anxiety was unnecessary. I also had come to tell you that in my opinion things politically look very serious for this week, and to beg you to let me be of any use I can."

With both these usually calm men showing themselves so anxious I became infected by their fears. That evening a group sat about my tea table after dinner—friends who had dropped in for a chat. Someone was reading an article on the revolution, which had appeared in an English magazine, whose editor was filled with admiration for our great qualities. It was warm, and the windows opening on my balcony, looking over the quiet park, were opened wide; the noise of the Nevskii came to us vaguely from round the corners. The little girls with their governess and nurse had retired, while my boy sat with us. Suddenly we heard the tac-tac-tac-tac of machine-gun firing piercing the air, far off at first, then approaching rapidly.

The reader stopped short, and we all looked at one another, recognizing the familiar sound. An uprising beginning. The Bolsheviki. Evidently the conservative cabinet ministers were holding out. In a moment a hotel servant appeared, followed by my frightened maid.

"Will Your Highness permit me to close the windows? The hotel director begs the windows and curtains be closed immediately, and lights put out, so attention will not be attracted."

### "Just the Revolution"

My guests helped the man and maid do this, while I went into the two large nurseries adjoining my salon, and gave the order for closing their windows, too, not waking the girls, but saying that the attendants should remain dressed for the present.

When I returned to my guests they were sitting in the light of one small table lamp with a dark shade. We held a hurried consultation. The hotel director sent me a second messenger, to say the Bolsheviki wished to visit the premises, searching for firearms, and so on; that he had held them off momentarily and had telephoned asking for a force of Cossacks to guard the hotel, but until these arrived he could not stand long against the Bolsheviki's arguments if they insisted on making a tour of inspection. He therefore warned me, so I might be ready for their visit to my rooms in case it occurred.

I decided therefore that my guests should leave at once; their presence and that of the tea table would be apt to attract attention from any visitors of sinister intent. As soon as their good-bys were said the maids, the governess, my boy and I hid such valuables as I had with me in various out-of-the-way places; then I rapidly changed from my house gown to a rough traveling costume, and we waited with locked doors, but with every intention of showing ourselves hospitable, if the need presented itself, for our nocturnal visitors.

From time to time some one of my acquaintances in Petrograd telephoned to know how we were faring; and I had only good reports to give of ourselves, though the battle seemed to rage all about us through the night if one was to judge by the continuous firing. Machine guns and musketry, revolver shots and mad shouts made a bedlam of the streets about; and at intervals the deep buzz and whir of the revolutionary motor trucks passing under our windows carrying soldiers or prisoners heavily added to the din. Nurse and governess, the maid, my boy and I remained dressed and on guard for several hours, while the two younger children, who had been wakened at first by the shooting, were reassured by being told it was "just the revolution," and they turned over and went blissfully to sleep again.

I was really anxious as to what was happening about us, and to think that I had brought my little people into this turmoil! And I feared it might in some way prevent their departure. Then I tried to believe that within a week all would surely be tranquilized, and to hope that I should be able to push their papers and get everything prepared as I wished within the seven long days ahead.

At last, about one o'clock in the morning, nothing dramatic having occurred to us in spite of the continuous firing, I realized we must get what sleep we could, and leave the future to take care of its own problems. All our rooms communicated by inside doors, and were at the end of a long corridor, so that no one of us could be disturbed without the others of our party being warned. Beneath our windows the lovely old square and garden were quite empty now, the revolutionists having decided it was less exciting there than on the Nevskii side of the hotel, where there were shops and lights and crowds. Without undressing we lay down upon our beds, and my boy and I both slept immediately, and remained unconscious of our dangers till nine o'clock the following morning. In fact, the maid had to come and wake me, bringing me a breakfast tray and news sheet, and she announced that now we were quite safe, since at four in the morning the Cossacks had come, and were established in the hotel office, while the director had organized a patrol among the hotel servants, and in every corridor a man was on duty to give alarm.

I was told also the hotel restaurant would be open only from twelve to three o'clock, to give us one hot meal during the day, after which we might have cold food and tea, with the children's milk, in our rooms. I found no one would be allowed to come into the hotel, as the doors were barred to the crowded streets, and the proprietor asked that we should not try to go out, either. There were disorders everywhere, and all shops, banks and offices were closed. I found out by telephone that the government offices were also closed, so nothing could be done to push my papers. There was quiet in some parts of the city, and two or three old friends invited me to move with the children to their apartments. One asked us to the Foreign Ministry Building itself.

I steadily refused all these hospitable offers. The streets seemed to me very uninviting to move about in with nurses, babies, governesses, maids and baggage. We were, in my judgment, protected by our Cossack guardians, and the vague denomination of "tourists" in the hotel; whereas if we were to establish ourselves in a palace, whether private or governmental, we invited the attention of the multitude to a much greater extent; so we remained where we were that day and the next—Tuesday and Wednesday—as if besieged, in our big rooms, with windows closed and curtains down to prevent stray shots from coming in and with only such news from the outside as the telephone and the servants' rumors gave us.

### General Polovtzoff

The shooting increased and decreased periodically, for no apparent reason. My maid went up on the roof, and from the parapet she saw the street fighting and the pillaging of some shops on the Nevskii. My boy also made trips to the roof and to the hotel office, where the Cossack guards were in possession, and the male guests of the hotel met to discuss our situation. A number of American tourist business men were of this group, and were greatly interested in what changes the demonstration would bring, thought it would last for a long time, and be serious, and that they ought to make up a guard and arm themselves for any emergency.

The Russian element, on the contrary, knowing our people, said it was just disorder, and would end soon by some agreement. The American ambassador rang me up, and I found him greatly interested in the complication, but he hoped the next few days would see a satisfactory solution. From Tatischtcheff, who telephoned me also, I learned the question in the cabinet was a difficult one to settle, and that it would probably, and disastrously, bring about the resignation of the last conservative elements still in power; thus giving the Socialists another forward push. He, like the others, seemed to think this would all be ended in a few days, and through the usual influence—the fear by the cabinet of mob rule.

There were not many deaths; there had been more destruction of property; and ferocity or bloodthirstiness was shown but little by the mob. Also, Gen. Peter Polovtzoff, in command of the garrison, was showing great energy, doing all that could be done to make his troops act as they should. He had spent every moment since the first threats of disorder either at his office or in the streets, where he had paraded at all hours in an open motor, preceded and followed by armored motors, to make himself impressive to the mob. He had harangued his troops and told them their duty, and had placed units upon which he thought he could count best at the various government buildings; and he went from one group to another, encouraging, inspecting and giving personal orders. In several instances he had on his own responsibility ordered the men to fire. This had effectively stopped the rioting, but it was far from a policy in harmony with the new régime ideas.

Polovtzoff was a very handsome man, about forty but looking younger, and carrying his picturesque Circassian uniform and arms with great elegance. He was perfectly fearless, and the officers under his command admired him immensely and were grateful to have a commander who upheld some of the strong old traditions. The soldiers felt the imposing influence of his record at the Front and his personality, and were awed into obedience.

Rich and talented, he was an amateur explorer, who had many brilliant pages in his past. He had spent most of his life traveling, fighting, writing and studying, also shooting big game or farming in Africa; and he was most attractive in society, and a great success with women, through his looks and charm, while men liked him for his pluck and work. When the war broke out the first steamer brought him home, to volunteer his services; and he was given immediately a regiment of Tartars, freshly formed in the Turkestan, because he spoke their language and understood their ways. Excellent fighters these Tartars were, and Polovtzoff's officers had been all chosen by him, and were of his own daredevil type. Indeed, Polovtzoff professed to be at his wit's end as to how to keep his regiment in hand when they were resting or in reserve.

"In a fight they don't need me at all, though. They go right in and win."

### The Rise of the Bolsheviki

Tuesday evening the shooting lessened, and by Wednesday evening the city was entirely quieted.

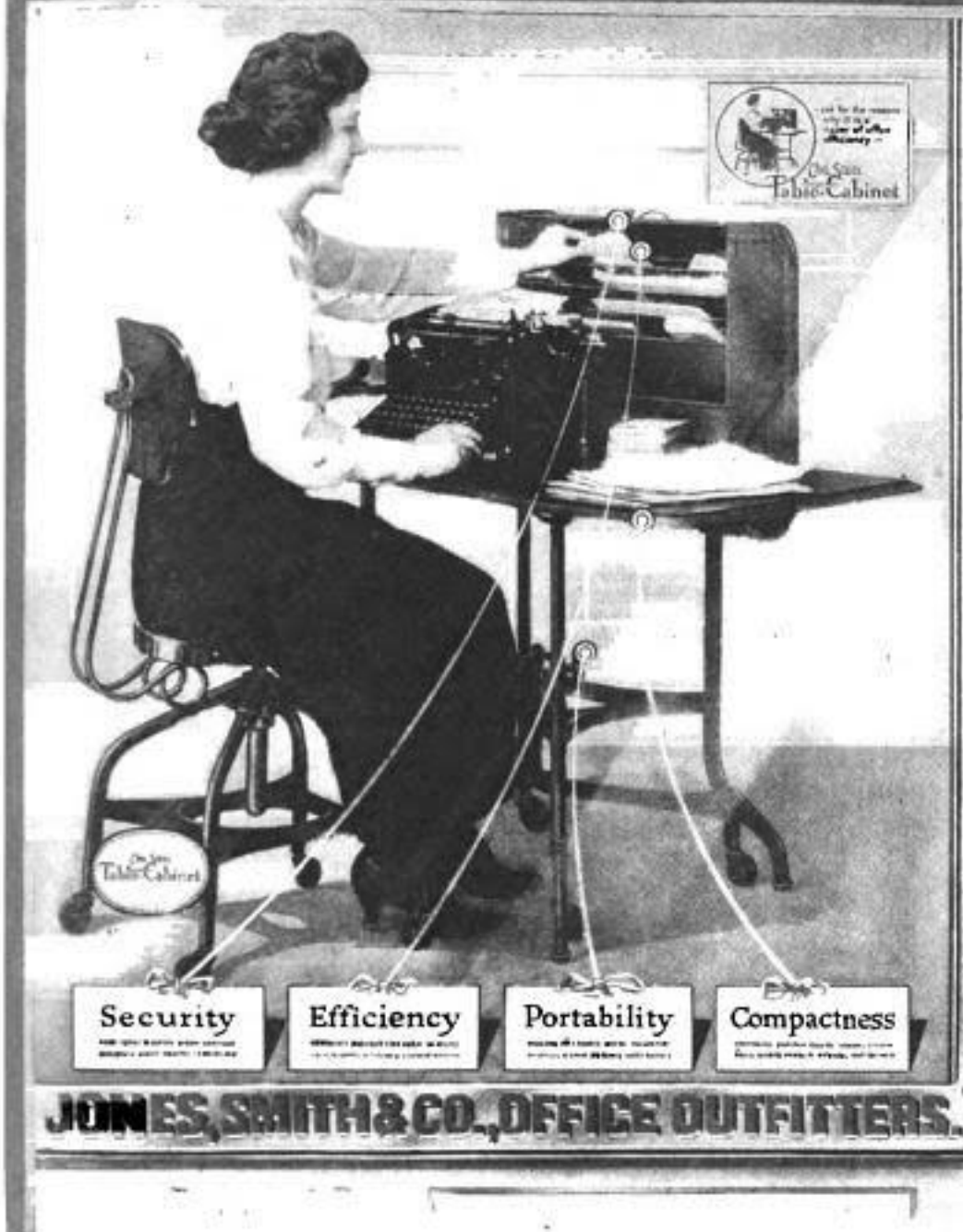
Thursday the whole town resumed its normal aspect. The trams were running, and we all went about our business as if nothing had occurred to disturb life. My boy told me the Americans in the hotel were indignant that it had all ended so tamely, without settling the questions at issue once and for all by a real conquest, with either the mob or the government installed absolute masters of the situation. As a matter of fact the anarchists had gained a step in their advance toward power. Prince Lvoff had resigned and Kerensky was made Prime Minister, with various other socialistic elements put into the cabinet. All patriots, not only those of conservative ideas, were growing anxious at the lost ground that each day showed, and the increasing power of the mob and their German leaders. It was decidedly marked that Lenine's propaganda was growing more aggressive, and Trotzky, the anarchist, whose real name was Leo Brönstein, had arrived or was arriving to inflame the already unbalanced brains, and urge and help Lenine to do his utmost. I was glad the children were leaving; more and more so with every hour.

The young travelers were greatly wrought up at leaving, and though I knew it was the only way to have them reach safety in time I felt very anxious at launching them into the possibilities of the long trans-Siberian voyage. They looked very young and helpless as they started off, in spite of my boy's manliness and his little sister's confidence in his capacity to take care of them. Their old nurse and their governess were trustworthy; the former had been with me since my boy's birth, and was proud of and devoted to her children. Also, there were an American and his wife going, Mr. and Mrs. Winchell, to whom the American ambassador had recommended the children, and who were infinitely kind to them during the whole trip.

I was infinitely grateful to all the group of friends and officials who had facilitated the preparations of their trip and without whom the uprising of the Bolsheviki would have prevented my getting them off. As it was, the little party, well supplied with tickets, passes and funds, started off for the ends of the earth in a safe and well-appointed train, and though they had adventures and experiences, discomfort and fatigue, they ran into no dangers, and finally reached their destination safely, landing after six weeks in San Francisco.

**Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Princess Cantacuzène. The second will appear in an early number.**

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# Improved Office Efficiency

## Is the Message of this Window

LOOK for this display in the windows of the progressive office equipment dealers of your city. Note the features which have convinced thousands of business firms and individuals that the Uhl Steel Typewriter Table-Cabinet is a time-saving, space-saving, money-saving investment.

Step inside the store and let the dealer explain these features to you. See how floor space is saved by the compact design and the folding leaves. See how disorder and unsystematic habits are guarded against by the lack of drawers that become the lodging place of loose, cluttered papers and personal belongings.

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Then—after you have seen these and the many other advantages of the Uhl Steel Typewriter Table-Cabinet—decide if it will not save money, time and space in *your* office.

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**1126 Hastings Street, Toledo, Ohio**

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# Costly Foods

## *Cannot Compare with Quaker Oats in Value*

Measure your food by calories, the energy unit which our Government adopts.

The average man at average work needs 3,000 calories per day. A boy of ten needs 1,800.

The problem today is to meet those needs at not too high a cost.

This is how Quaker Oats compares with some foods in cost per thousand calories:

**Cost of 1,000 Calories**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| In Quaker Oats | 5 cents | In Halibut | 53 cents |
| In Round Steak | 41 " | In Canned Salmon | 33 " |
| In Leg of Lamb | 48 " | In Canned Corn | 30 " |
| In Veal Cutlets | 57 " | In Canned Peas | 54 " |
| In Salt Cod | 78 " | In Potatoes | 13 " |

Thus meat foods cost from 8 to 10 times Quaker Oats for every calory unit. And nearly every food you use costs vastly more than oats.

And Quaker Oats is vastly better-balanced. It is more complete. It is rich in protein, phosphorus, lime and iron. It comes close to the ideal food.

Make it your main dish at breakfast. Mix it with your flour foods. The more you use the more you save, and the better folks are fed.

# Quaker Oats

## *Just the Rich, Flavory Flakes*

Use Quaker Oats because of its wondrous flavor. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

When this extra quality costs no extra price, it is due to yourself that you get it.

***12 to 13c and 30 to 32c Per Package***

*Except in Far West and South*

**Quaker Oats Muffins**

½ cup uncooked Quaker Oats, 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

**Quaker Oats Pancakes**

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour), 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or two tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture—add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

**Quaker Oats Bread**

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
½ cup sugar
2 cups boiling water
1 cake yeast
¼ cup lukewarm water
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.


# GETTING EVEN

(Continued from Page 13)



*"He Was as Quick as a Cat and a Fancy Shot With a Six-Gun; so That 'Most Everybody Took His Jokes Good-Natured"*

waiting for the cars Frank met up with a beauteous little biscuit shooter, who took a real personal interest in his nourishment and had a little time to spare evenings after supper.

"The result was that Frank got back with a tintype photograph in his left inside vest pocket and more charitable feelings under that. He hadn't quite give up the idea of making Pete feel sorry that he was ever born. He'd passed his word to play even sooner or later and he calculated to keep his word good; but he allowed that later would be time a-plenty—after he got his homestead and preëmption picked out and a good log house built on it, anyway. Pete wasn't at the ranch when he got back; he'd got Shorty to let him have a day off and had rode over to Calico Cañon to get acquainted with Old Man Tarrant and Mrs. Tarrant and the dog.

"Jessie happened to be about, as she often was, account of living there, and you never seen nobody pleasanter than what she was.

"'Ain't this a surprise! Why, Mr. Wallaby! I ain't seen you since the dance, have I?'

"'Don't you never think I was willing to let all that time go by without coming to see you,' says Pete. 'I've been just as anxious to see you as you have to see me.'

"'As much as that?' she asks, showing a dimple.

"'Maybe more,' says Pete. 'It wouldn't surprise me. You may think I'm lying; but, honest to goodness and cross my heart, that's so. When I take a notion that I like a person I just naturally want to camp with 'em. I'm uneasy when I can't see 'em—plumb uneasy and unhappy. I'm funny that way.'

"'You're funny lots of ways,' says Jessie. 'That was a real cute thing you done to Mr. Erickson at the dance.'

"'Erickson?' says Pete. 'Oh, sure! He's the gentleman that played the horn so heavenly, ain't he? Well, Miss Jessie, ma'am, I don't believe that Mr. Erickson could blow out a match at the present moment.'

"'And setting the city hall afire!' says Jessie. 'That certainly was a good joke on Blueblanket. They put the fire out first, didn't they?'

"'First—how?' Pete asks.

"'Before they put you out.'

"'I didn't hear nothing about that part of it,' says Pete. 'I think if that had happened some of the boys would have told me about it. I hope you don't think I started that fire. It was a gentleman of the name of McCarty.'

"'You threw him at the lamp, though, didn't you?' says Jessie.

"'No, ma'am!' says Pete. 'That was an accident. I aimed at the window.'

"'My!' says Jessie. 'Here I am a-setting here, and you must be thirsty after that long ride. I'm going to make you some nice cold lemonade. I guess we've got lemons in the house.'

"'That's going to take precious time,' says Pete. 'I'd rather perish with thirst, if it's just the same to you—unless you let me go with you and watch you make it.'

"Jessie told him she couldn't think of such a thing and that she wouldn't be gone much more than a minute or two. She wasn't either. In a few minutes she came back with a pitcher of nice cool lemonade and poured him out a glass of it. Pete took a sip and kind of smacked his lips.

"'That's elegant,' he says, and drunk down the rest of it.

"'Have some more,' says Jessie, giggling.

"'I'll just go you!' says Pete.

"He didn't sip that time, but just tilted the glass and took it in a breath. Jessie looked at him kind of curious as he gave her a grateful smile.

"'I don't like to act like a hog, but I wonder if there ain't maybe a little left in that pitcher,' he says, holding out his glass again. 'But maybe you'd like some yourself. I'm mighty selfish, ain't I? You take what's left—or we'll share it.'

"'I wouldn't choose any, thank you,' says Jessie. She took up the pitcher and poured the rest of the lemonade over the rail of the porch. 'I'll make you some more,' she says, 'if you're sure you want it.'

"Pete bent over to look where she'd poured.

"'Ain't you afraid you'll kill them posies?' he asks. 'They say salt ain't good for flowers.'

"'I guess it takes the freshness out of them,' says Jessie. 'Shall I make you some more?'

"'It keeps things, of course,' says Pete. 'But you don't need to worry about keeping me. You can't lose me. You can't even mislay me, Jessie.'

"He looked at her pretty straight, smiling, but kind of serious too. For once in her life Jessie didn't know what to say for as much as five seconds. Then she said:

"'Ain't you a little mite familiar on short acquaintance, Mr. Wallaby?'

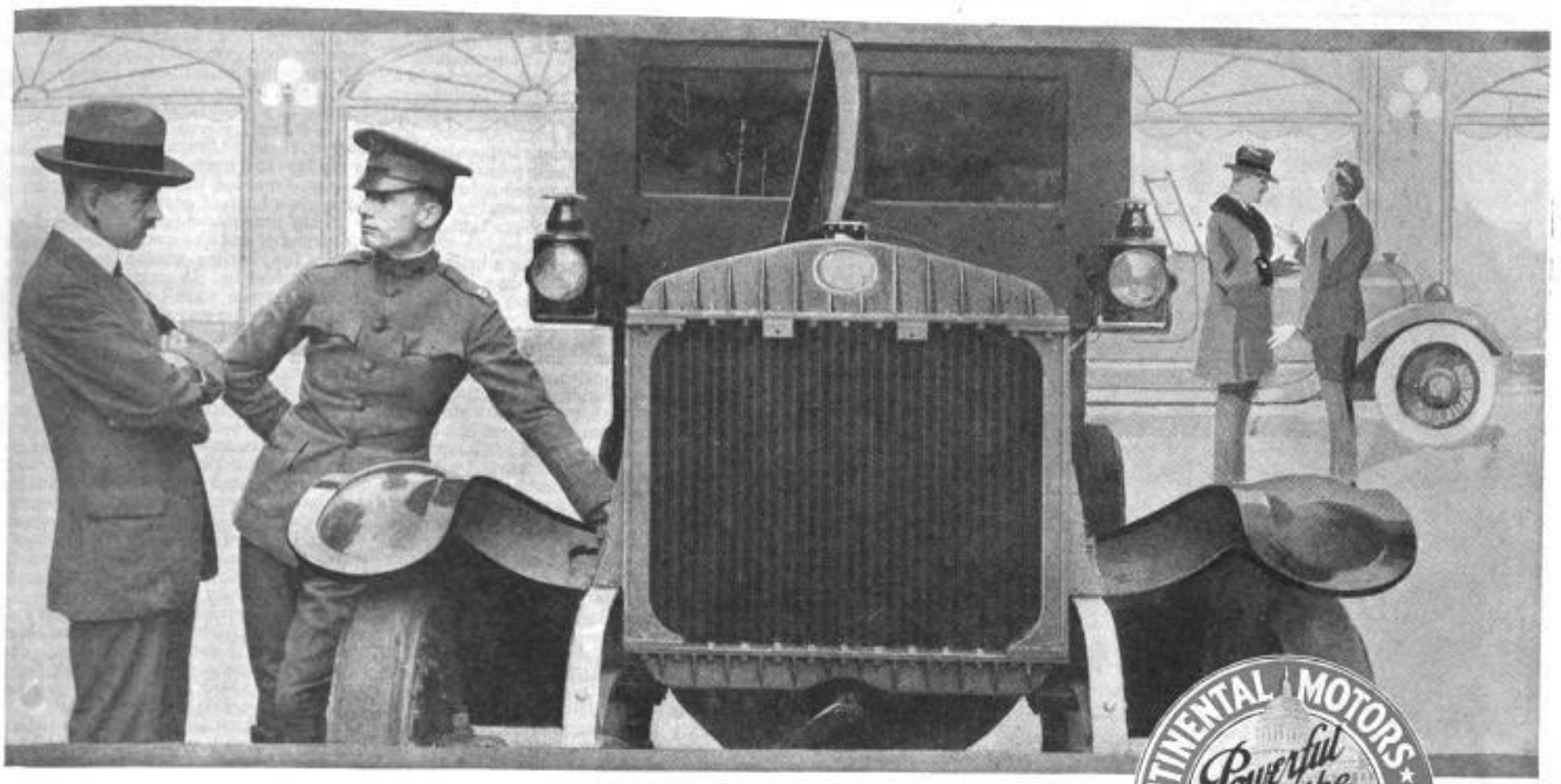
"'Why—bless your sweet, pretty little heart!—ours ain't a short acquaintance,' says Pete. 'It's just a beginning, of course, but it's going to last as long as we both live.'

"'If that's so I don't believe I want to live long,' says Jessie. 'Oh, ma! I want you to come here and meet Mr. Wallaby. Mr. Wallaby's the gentleman who changed the buggy wheels round on Frank Ellis and me the night of the dance.'

"I know lots of men who would have been plumb discouraged by a start like that, but Pete Wallaby didn't have enough sense to let it faze him. From that time on he was a regular and occasional caller at the Calico Cañon Ranch, and he acted like he knew he was more than welcome. He made himself solid with Tarrant by breaking in some colts the old man had in good shape and by turning his hand to any little odd jobs that seemed to be crowding when he was there. He got a stand-in with the old lady by ways and means that generally works if a man ain't too busy with daughter to use 'em right along. He made friends with the dog and he didn't overlook the cat, and it seemed like Jessie was the only one that didn't appear to want him round—and there was times when she acted more like he was one of the other boys that wore out them forty-mile trails to the ranch.

"Them trails soon begun to get dim and grown over with grass and weeds—all except

(Continued on Page 78)



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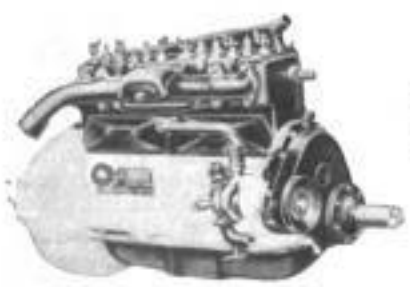
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*(Continued from Page 76)*

the one from the Flying V. One by one the boys got less regular and more occasional, and then less occasional and only once in a devil of a while. Nothing real awful ever happened to 'em, but Pete had a way of slapping them on the back, to show his friendliness, that was too plumb vigorous to suit 'em; and some of the jokes he played on them wasn't taken as good-natured as a joke ought to be took—not nearly so good-natured as he took the jokes that Jessie played on him right along.

"She wasn't no more than a little copy-cat—using all the old stand-bys, beginning with the salt in the lemonade; but I reckon she done her best for a beginner. She pulled his chair away as he was a-going to set down; she gave him a cigareet that she had rolled herself, with a pinch of powder in the tobacco; she blacked the sweatband inside his hat with soot off the stove lid mixed with lard; and she locked him in the barn for a whole afternoon when he went to put his horse up. Tarrant was out with the wagon after pitch-pine and her mother was in the kitchen that afternoon, so nobody seen her.

"The aggravating thing was that none of them things she done to him panned out the way she had figured. When she pulled the chair away Pete didn't hardly more'n crook his knees and throw himself a little forward to keep his balance. I reckon that by busting broncos which is apt to make sudden and unexpected moves, and doing it as a steady job, a man gets a little extry spry and hard to surprise. Anyway, Pete didn't jar the floor none whatever, and when he straightened up he apologized to Miss Jessie right humble for having his chair in her gangway. When he lit her loaded cigareet, what with the way she had rolled it and the way he held it, he didn't so much as singe a hair of his mustache, and the blister on his thumb didn't raise until later on. She never seen it and he didn't mention it. All he done was grin at her like he'd grinned at Erickson.

"'That's good tobacco, Miss Jessie,' he says; 'free-burning as any I ever smoked. You ain't got a little more that you could spare, have you, please, ma'am?'

"'I don't believe you like it as well as you let on,' says Jessie, a considerable disappointed.

"'Not for smoking, maybe,' says Pete; 'but I could use it for blasting stumps on our claim. I didn't tell you about that claim of ours on Lower Horsehead, did I? I'm plumb forgetful! Why, yes; I aim to take you out there pretty soon to see how you are going to like it; but I want to do a little fixing up first. Them stumps is right where you'll want to have your posies.'

"'I guess you're mistaken,' she says. 'They won't be no more in the way of any posies I raise than if they was on the moon.'

"'Maybe that's so,' says Pete. 'If we build the house to the south of the stumps, so's they'll get the shade, you might grow ferns round 'em; but I'll leave it until you see. There ain't no rush.'

"Jessie said she hoped there wasn't and allowed that she heard her ma calling her.

"Similar, when she fixed his hat. He put it on, but he seemed to sense there was something wrong and took it off again and looked inside and run his finger round in it.

"'I reckon I must have got some black on my forehead,' he says. 'If you'll excuse me I'll go round to the wash-bench and get it off.' Which he done.

"And when she locked him up in the barn he stayed so quiet that she got curious along about sundown, and just before Tarrant got back with his wood she went out and found Mr. Wallaby curled up, fast asleep in the haymow. She tiptoed back to the house and after a while Pete come in and apologized to her.

"'I didn't aim to take more'n about fifty winks at the outside after I put the little horse up,' he says, 'but I certainly overslept. I sure wasn't polite to come out to visit folks and then sneak out to the barn and go to sleep without even saying howdy. I hope you'll kindly excuse me.'

"'I don't know as you was so much to blame,' says Jessie, trying to keep a straight face. 'Considering that there was a three-inch iron bar and a padlock in the way of your getting out, I ain't real offended—specially as I snapped the padlock on you myself.'

"Pete looked at her and then busted out into one of his laughs.

"'Oh me, oh my!' he says, wiping his eyes. 'Do you reckon I was too blind to see you a-coming, and too deef to hear you wrastling with the bar, and too crippled to drop six foot down to the ground out of the haymow door? Oh, gal! Ho-ho-ho-ho!'

"'Stop that noise!' says Jessie, holding her fingers to her ears. 'If it was so easy to get out, why did you stay in?'

"'Because I allowed you wanted me to stay in, of course,' says Pete. 'Your wishes is my law and gospel. Yes, ma'am! And, besides, I needed that sleep. It certainly done me a heap of good.'

"That made Jessie so mad she couldn't see straight, and she would scarcely speak to him for nearly a week after—not more than she had to. It certainly looked like to her that she wasn't getting even with Mr. Wallaby the way she figured the night of the Blueblanket dance, and she hadn't begun to break him of his smart-Aleck ways. Setting apart the getting even, she wasn't sure but if he could be broke of 'em he wouldn't be so dog-gone revolting, and some fool girl or another might take a notion to him and do worse than slap her brand on him. She wasn't sure but what his coming round all the time and making a nuisance of himself wasn't just because he knew how she just naturally despised him and wanted to plague her. She wasn't sure. That was the trouble—she wasn't sure; and no girl likes to feel thataway. It makes 'em uneasy and restless.

"But, so far as Pete's motives was concerned, he settled her mind as to that about the time she'd got over her mad. One morning he come up to the house riding his own slabsided, wicked-eyed buckskin and leading a bright bay with one white stocking, the prettiest-shaped and sweetest-gaited little horse you ever seen, and slicked up so he just flashed in the sun. Jessie was out in the yard feeding her chickens, and when she seen that picture come along she dropped her pan and come a-running.

"'Oh, you beauty!' she says. 'You beauty! Where did you get him, Mr. Wallaby?'

"'That plug?' says Pete. 'Why, I just kind of run acrost him a month or two ago. I think I traded a can of tomatoes for him; but I allowed that if I had luck I might get something I wanted worse than tomatoes.'

"Jessie had her arm round the bay's neck by that time, and was laying her cheek against him and loving him and talking to him in a way that was mighty aggravating and tantalizing and provoking to a human male who had to sit and watch it. The bay took it all like a lamb and nuzzled her right back.

"'You see how little sperit he's got,' says Pete. 'Old Buck, here, would bite a four-pound mouthful out of anybody who tried to take them kind of liberties with him. I wouldn't wonder but the tame-souled little son-of-a-gun would let you ride him. Yes, sir, ma'am; I believe he's that meek and undignified.'

"Jessie looked at him and let her eyes talk when he said that.

"'Well, I reckon I'll have to be moving on,' says Pete. 'I just stopped on my way. I didn't know but what I might get asked to light and rest myself a spell. I couldn't have stayed though. I've got to find somebody to take him off my hands. I kind of hate to shoot him.'

"'Do you sure enough want to trade him off—or sell him?' says Jessie, her breath coming quick. 'If you do and if you don't open your mouth too wide on the price I might make a deal with you myself.' She tried to say it careless and easy, but she was too excited to make it sound thataway. Pete only laughed and shook his head, and jerked gentle but firm on the bay's hackamore.

"'I guess I'll be moving,' he says. 'So long!'

"Jessie stepped back as he started, and her eyes snapped and then filled with tears. Pete put old Buckskin into a lope like he had to get somewheres in a hurry, but he hadn't gone a dozen jumps before he wheeled sharp round and trotted up to the barn, chuckling to himself, and slipped off and opened the door.

"'Go get your riding skirt on while I saddle up for you,' he called over his shoulder. 'I'll bet you the horse against a choke-cherry pie that I beat you.'

"Pete Wallaby was one of the swiftest men I ever see a-working round a horse, but he hadn't quite finished buckling the cinch of Jessie's sidesaddle when she come a-running out all fixed up for a ride and with the quirt that Pete had braided for her dangling at her wrist.

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(Continued from Page 78)

"'You win and I lose a can of tomatoes,' says Pete, grinning at her.

"She laughed like a tickled kid.

"'I could have killed you!' she says. 'You torment!'

"Pete stooped and held out his hand, and she put her little foot in it and went up into the saddle like a bird on to a twig. The next moment she was outside the bars and streaking it over the flat, squealing with joy, and the bay running like a scared wolf.

"Pete didn't lose no time following her, and there wasn't anything in the country that his ornery buckskin couldn't cover with dust and disgrace; but for the first mile he held back just for the pleasure of watching that girl and the bay; and they was both worth the watching, let me tell you. Every once in a while Jessie turned in her saddle and waved her hand at him, and Pete swung his quirt right and left as if he was pounding old Buck along the best he knew; but finally he slacked on the bridle and rode up alongside.

"'How do you like him?' he asked her.

"'I didn't know there was horses like him!' says Jessie, her face just alight. 'He's like a rocking-chair on wings and springs, and a mouth like velvet.' She pulled in a little. 'And see him single-foot! And how easy he checks up! Let's go again.'

"They went, and they kept on a-going. It was one of them bright September mornings with just a tang of cool in the air, when a long breath is almost as good as a drink. And them two took several long breaths, so that the most of the ride they was laughing at nothing at all and carrying on like a couple of fools. And after a while they got to the high broken ground above Benton's, where you can see all creation and quite a ways over the edge; and they sat down there, with their backs against a warm rock, and et a light lunch of chocolate creams from a fancy box all tied up with ribbons that Pete had brought along rolled in his slicker, while the horses, with their bridles dragging, cropped at the short grass.

"'My! I've just naturally got to have that horse,' says Jessie.

"'He's yours, ain't he?' says Pete. 'Didn't you win him on a bet?'

"'Don't be foolish!' she says. 'You don't suppose I'd take you up on a thing like that, do you? Well, I guess not!'

"'I was afraid you was a-going to,' says Pete. 'That's certainly a load offen my mind, because, to tell you the truth, I bought that horse and broke him and trained him for a present to my wife.'

"Jessie looked straight out at the scenery for quite a spell. After a while she says:

"'I didn't know—that you had a wife.'

"Pete kicked a rock loose with the heel of his boot and bent over to pick it up and toss it over the bluff.

"'Didn't you?' he says. Then he pointed over to where Horsehead lay like a curly string of tinsel off a Christmas tree. 'Over there in a line with that dead cedar is where I picked out that claim.' He turned on his elbow to look at her. 'Why, as to that, I ain't got no wife yet. I just got nothing but hopes; but —— Geegosh!'

"He made a quick move and got his arms round her; and the next minute she was sobbing on his shirt bosom like her little heart would break. Pete couldn't do much more than pat her and soothe her; but she lifted her face at last and he got his chance. Jessie took it pretty well for a while; and then she broke away with a jerk, using his ears for leverage.

"'That's one more thing I'm going to get even with you for!' she says, blazing out at him.

"'You're going to marry me, ain't you, honey?' says Pete.

"'I—I've certainly got to have that horse,' she says. 'If you'll wait till the first of next April, why, then ——'"

"I thought I heard wheels," said the old bullwhacker. "Pass Creek must be running bankful or the stage would have been here by this time," he observed. "And that lad in the bunk couldn't have had no sleep for a week."

"Well, did Jessie play even?" inquired the stock tender; whereat the Hat Creek granger gloomily remarked that if she married him she did. "Tip's married, so he ought to know," continued the stock tender. "But did she break him of his joking, Sam?"

"I told you that all you jokers gets broke sooner or later," replied the old bullwhacker. "Yes, she married him, and they went to live on the Horsehead claim. For a right smart of a while it was give and take with them and Pete had to do most of the taking. One time she soaked the heads of all the matches that he had in his vest pocket and he like to died for a smoke before he got back; another time she put mustard in his boots and he had to quit breaking sod and sit in the kitchen with his feet up on a chair for a day or two and watch her fill the wood box and carry in the water, which he told her was worse pain than his feet.

"Frank's claim was only six or seven miles from them, and him and Frank and the womenfolks neighbored a considerable. But, for all Jessie done to show him the error of his ways, Pete would break out in a new place with some monkey trick—until finally Jessie turned loose and told him just what she thought of him. It was right after Pete had tied the flowers off her best hat to some plants in the back yard that wasn't expected to bloom for a month or two. I'm bound to say that them flowers looked pretty too. Anyway, she opened up on Pete good and plenty.

"'You big grinning lummox!' she says, stamping her foot, 'I hate the sight of you! And what possessed me to marry you I can't think. I always did hate you! I wish I had died before I ever seen you!'

"Pete turned white.

"'You don't mean that, Jessie gal!' he says.

"'Don't I?' says Jessie. 'You bet I do, you fool! You fool! I hate you, and I'd like never to see your silly face again.'

"Pete didn't say nothing to that; he just went out to the barn and saddled up old Buck and rode off like the devil was after him. It had took him a heap by surprise what Jessie had said, though she'd been turrible cranky and ugly with him for a month past or more, acting so unreasonable that he didn't hardly know what to make of it, and going off by herself to bawl a whole lot; whereas she'd always been just the opposite, and, even with the jokes, they'd had great times together in that little new house.

"Anyway, only the day before that, Shorty Williams had been after Pete to take a shipment of cattle for him to South Omaha, account of Harvey Lowe, who'd generally took them, being sick with a broken leg. Pete had begged off, but now he begun to think—when he got so's he could think—that a trip to Omaha would be like a providence.

"So he headed for the Flying V and found it wasn't too late to get the job. Before he left he sent word to Jessie by one of the boys to say where he'd gone if she wanted to write to him in care of the commission house; and he sent word to Frank Ellis to have him see that Jessie didn't need nothing, and to take her to Calico Cañon if she wanted to visit her folks.

"'I'll wait there until she sends for me too,' he says to himself.

"Whether it was the bullheaded streak in him and whether Jessie allowed that he'd come back without her sending for him, I don't know. What I do know is that Pete stayed in Omaha for the best part of two months, taking a job in the stockyards to pass the time. Frank Ellis said that he didn't look as if he had been enjoying himself when he got back—sort of like he'd been wrung out and drawed through a knothole, and his eyes like two burnt holes in a blanket. He stopped at Frank's place, but he wouldn't get off his horse.

"'Is everything all right up at the house?' he asks, kind of croaking. 'Jessie's all right, ain't she?'

"'Why, yes,' says Frank. 'Ain't you seen her? The last I heard she was looking fine and feeling fine. Didn't you know she was at the cañon with her folks?'

"'I don't know nothing,' says Pete. 'I missed connections with my mail and I just got back. She's all right, is she?'

"Frank looked at him kind of curious.

"'I told you,' he says.

"'Well, what are you looking at me thataway for?' says Pete, glaring at him.

"'You ain't heard nothing?' says Frank. 'Nothing at all?'

"'I'll get down off this horse and squeeze it out of your throat if you'd rather,' says Pete, snarling.

"'Oh, well!' says Frank. 'I'll tell you this much then: You'd better get over to the cañon and look after things. Jessie seems to have took up with a young fellow—a stranger in these parts—that —— Well, there's been talk about it. He's a good-looking boy, and




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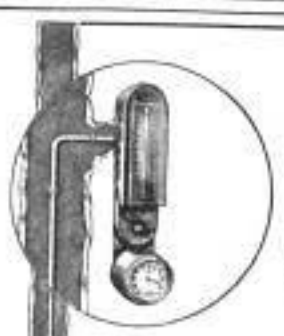
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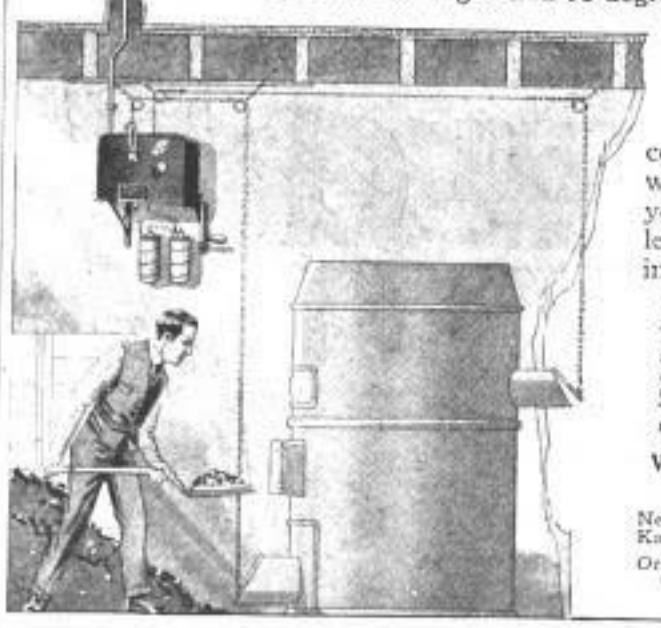
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he's with your wife the most of the time lately. I guess ——'

"'You're a low-down liar!' says Pete, very slow and very earnest.

"He looked at Frank for a moment, but Frank didn't say nothing; only grinned sort of foolish.

"'The next time I see you I'll kill you as sure as God made little apples, unless you kill me first,' says Pete; and with that he turned and rode off.

"Frank hollered at him once or twice, but he didn't pay no attention. About a mile from Tarrants' he stopped and took his gun from the scabbard and looked it over. Then he rode on to the house and knocked at the door. Mrs. Tarrant opened it and she didn't look tickled to death to see him.

"'Oh, you've come back, have you?' she says.

"'Yes, ma'am,' says Pete, quiet and sober. 'I've come back. Where's Jessie?'

"'She's in the setting room,' says the old lady; 'but I don't know as you'd better go a-busting in. She's got ——'

"'She's got company, I presume,' says Pete in the same slow, quiet way. 'That's what they tell me. I guess I'll see the company, too, please, ma'am, if you'll let me pass.'

"'I don't like the way you look, Peter, or the way you act,' says Mrs. Tarrant, still blocking the gangway. 'You —— There! You've woke him.'

"There was a sound come from the room beyond, a sound that there ain't nothing on earth like it except cats. A cat comes a-nigh it sometimes. It rose up full and strong, and Pete staggered back as he heard it. It was Jessie's company calling for nourishment or complaining of a pin.

"'My Lord!' he says. 'Great Geegosh! Is that it?'

"The next minute he let out a yell that would have woke up all the babies for a mile round.

"'Jessie! Oh, Jessie gal!' And he started for the setting room just as Jessie flung open the door and made a flying leap into his arms."

The stock tender swore *sotto voce*.

"You ought to know better than to whoop like that!" he told the old bull-whacker reproachfully.

The three listened and a slight noise came from the stage barn.

"I told you so!" said the stock tender. "And here's the stage a-coming through the Gap, too."

More noises from the barn; this time produced by the human voice—language unmistakably wrathful, loudly and shockingly profane, fluent and threatening.

"I thought you was making a mistake to leave that there shaving mirror of yours hanging where he could see it when he woke, Hank," remarked the old bull-whacker mildly. "I thought so at the time."

Spurs clanked on the barn floor; and, with a step indicating direct purpose and instant action and his painted visage diabolically contorted, the Z Bell boy emerged into the sunlight and made straight for the stock tender, who, after a second's hesitation, retreated to the shed where the change of horses for the stage was tied, harnessed for a rapid transfer.

To jerk a halter loose and leap to the back of one of the animals was, for the stock tender, the work of an instant; and he escaped from the shed just in time to evade the outraged Mr. Pollett, who promptly jumped on another of the horses and, lashing it to a gallop with the end of the halter rope, took up the chase.

"We're sure getting that break in the monotony of our dull lives," the old bull-whacker remarked, grinning happily as he and the Hat Creek granger watched the progress of the race. "Them horses is about an even match and I doubt if they stop this side of the Cheyenne."

He chuckled and then lifted up his voice in a shrill whoop of encouragement.

"I was a-going to say that Pete Wallaby never played another joke on anybody from that day to this," he resumed after an interested pause. "I reckon by the time Hank gets through with his victim, or his victim gets through with him, he'll be a leetle mite careful in future himself."

## *A. W. O. L.*

(Continued from Page 10)

An hour before noon they had routed the artillery.

"Well, so long, you guys!" they cried. "Don't go and waste your coin."

The artillerymen made a fitting reply—which a lingering sense of decency stays me from setting down—and Hardtack and Wally went on about their business. They walked out into a field on the edge of the town and sat down under a tree. The bottle was opened and each took a long swig, ceremoniously wishing the other "Happy days!"

"You just cain't git any answer out of this stuff, Wally," said Hardtack, making a wry face.

"Don't I know? But it's better'n nothing." To prove it he tilted the bottle again; and then grew reminiscent. "Did I ever tell you about Uncle Ned?" he inquired.

"Uh-huh! What about him? Was he a booze fighter?"

"He sure was! Uncle Ned went all the gaits until he was round sixty years old—never missed a bet. Every time he came downtown he used to go into Doc Presley's office and the two of 'em would take a drink. But along in the fall, after his sixtieth birthday, Uncle Ned got religion; and nobody saw anything of him at all, except the parson and them that went to church.

"Well, one fine morning he blowed into Doc Presley's office and pulled up a chair.

"'So you've got religion, Uncle Ned?' says Doc. 'And I hear you're wild for prohibition.'

"'I have,' says Uncle Ned; 'and I am. I'm glad and proud to say it. At my age a man had ought to think about the hereafter. And liquor is a curse. Yes, sir; I'm for prohibition and I'm proud of it.'

"Well, Presley just sat there and never said a word. So Uncle Ned pipes up:

"'But I ain't no darned fool about it, Doc. Get out the bottle!'"

They counted their ill-gotten gains, straightening out and pressing into shape each mangled note. And then they leaned back and gloated.

"*Beaucoup* francs!" said Wally in a hushed religious tone. "Boy howdy!"

"Five hundred and seventy—how much does that make apiece? Say, it don't seem right to go back and just lay round with all that money, does it? Money had ought to be workin' for you, Wally."

They stared at each other a moment.

"We'd get hell though," Wally objected. "It'd mean six-and-six for us, sure!"

But his bunkie would not admit it.

"Uh-huh!" he said. "Not with this war on. How could they take six months' pay offa me when I ain't got it comin'? Hey? They already got me owin' for the rest of my life. Besides, they'd never give us six months over here. No, sir; the worst they'd do, it looks like, would be to hand us all the dangerous jobs for a spell. And that's music to me."

"Me too," assented Wally.

They discussed the prospects in cold blood a while longer, then finished the bottle and rose to their feet.

"Which way'll we head?"

"One's as good as another, just so we git where they cain't find us," Hardtack opined; and they started westward.

In such fashion did the trouble begin. They trudged along the road a few miles and then bummed a ride from a passing truck. It was a French truck, driven by Americans.

"Sittin' on the world!" said Wally, sprawled at ease on the floor. "Maybe this doesn't beat cleaning up in billets—hey, Old-timer!"

They stopped in a village for dinner, and the two absentees treated the driver and his assistant. They had sardines and *oufs sur le plat*—which is to say they were fried—and a salad of endives; and two bottles of red wine; and cheese that raised the hair on the back of Wally's neck as soon as it entered the door; and coffee sweetened with saccharine. The landlady refused to serve bread because none of them had a bread card; but the driver found half a white loaf under the seat.

"I just cain't go this fodder," remarked Hardtack, holding up a piece of endive. "And as for aiggs, if this war keeps up much longer I won't never be able to look a chicken in the face."

"You mean a hen," said Wally. "I know you!"

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(Continued from Page 82)

The quartet piled into the truck and went bowling along at twenty miles an hour. Then Hardtack fished out his dice and they slowed their pace, because the driver wanted to watch while his assistant played; and when the assistant drove he kept his head turned for every throw the driver made. They covered fifty miles and arrived at a large town.

"Well, so long, you two!" chorused the pair. "Much obliged."

"If I ever give another guy a ride on the road," said the driver between his teeth, "I hope to die."

"Me and you both," assented his assistant mournfully.

As for Hardtack and Wally, they were at peace with the world.

"Seven hundred and ten now, Old-timer!" cried the former. "Let's go spend it. But keep your eye peeled for a 'gold brick.' You never know where you'll run into the scoundrels."

It's a fact—you don't. There's hardly a corner of France nowadays that can't produce a military policeman from the side of the road. American M. P.'s are as thick on the highways as traffic cops on Fifth Avenue. You'll be tearing merrily along in a car, far, far from any soldiery, thanking heaven you're out of a military zone for a change, when suddenly a figure in khaki steps into the road from the ditch and holds up his hand.

"Where's your pass?" he demands.

Or two honest soldiers, like Hardtack and Wally, will set out from camp for a walk, and perhaps stray into a town where there isn't a sign of a soldier—and, first thing they know, an M. P. with an automatic on his hip and a brassard on his arm, and the authority of the whole United States Army to back him, yells:

"Hi! Where you two bound? Home? Yes, I guess you are goin' home! Beat it now, before I take you up. I'll give you five minutes to get out of this burg. It's out of bounds, and you know it."

Nobody dares to talk back to an M. P. He and a sentry are the only two privates in the Army who have got the bulge on an officer. If a "gold brick" tells a homeward-bound officer at one A. M. to cut out that singin' and get to bed the officer makes a bee line for his billet. His dignity may be offended, but he knows better than to question the authority of the military police. An M. P. can arrest any officer up to a colonel; and I suspect that even a brigadier general would hesitate to take a fall out of one. They're a sort of sacred animals.

### Dodging Gold Bricks

How the boys do dodge them! I was talking to an M. P. named Wilson in a certain city last spring when far down the road appeared the forms of two doughboys.

"Watch 'em!" he said. "They know they've got no business here."

It appeared that the soldiers' consciences bothered them, for they hesitated fully a quarter of a mile distant and held a council, gazing alternately from us to the street that led to the heart of the city. There was wistfulness in every line of their figures.

"They'll go back," opined Wilson grimly.

Sure enough, they did. They wabbled round a few minutes and then started slowly back the way they had come. Their battalion was billeted in three villages about four miles to the south.

Hardtack and Wally contrived to elude the vigilance of the gold bricks for a couple of days, and then one of them spotted the pair in an alley. But Hardtack had seen him first. The two shook the dust of that place from their feet and legged it.

"Maybe we'd ought to hit back," Hardtack suggested.

"Why, we ain't spent half our money yet!" exclaimed Wally in pained surprise.

"All the same," argued Hardtack stoutly, "I'd liefer go back myself than be took up."

They debated the point for five miles and Wally was finally convinced, sorely against his will.

"All right. But do you know where we're at?"

Beyond the fact that he had a shrewd notion they were still in France, Hardtack had no more idea than had Wally.

"Well, anyhow, let's grab a ride. Maybe we can jump a train at this next station. My feet're killin' me."

It happened that a troop train passed within the next half hour, and they hopped aboard. The train was made up of third-class coaches and the familiar wartime box cars, labeled "*8 chevaux ou 40 hommes.*" All the soldiers were poilus, bound for the Montdidier sector.

But Hardtack and Wally did not know that. They fondly imagined they were traveling toward Toul, whereas they were headed in the opposite direction. And none of the Frenchmen could tell them their mistake. Wally tried to converse with them and pretended to his bunkie that he was carrying on a conversation; but the only time he understood what they said to him was when a poilu borrowed a match—and then he took it out of Wally's hand!

For thirty hours they trundled across the face of France, now stopping on a sidetrack until the line was clear for them, now pausing at a station, where women in the uniform of the French Red Cross served them hot coffee. At last, in the dark of midnight, the train drew into Gisors and the soldiers piled out.

A marvelous thing is the ability of the American soldier to go anywhere he wants and obtain anything he needs without the slightest knowledge of the language of the country in which he finds himself. I remember an old regular who belonged to Company M of the Sixteenth Infantry. While his company was in the Toul sector he was ordered to join another regiment 'way down in the south of France.

"I'll be about as welcome there as the mumps," he said glumly.

### Dropping the Depth Charge

He went; but in three weeks he came back. What did they think he was, anyhow? Do you suppose he was goin' to dog-rob for the engineers while the other guys was fightin' at the Front? Without being able to speak a syllable of French, except *Comment?* and *Oui*, and with only three francs—sixty cents—in his pocket, he made his way hundreds of miles back to his own organization.

So with Hardtack and Wally; they experienced no difficulty whatever in amusing themselves or in getting all their wants supplied. There were no American troops near Gisors at the time. A couple of French military police accosted the pair and demanded their papers, but Hardtack was prepared for such an emergency. He flashed a commissary sales receipt. The Frenchman perused it long and carefully; then he handed it back—with a "*Merci, m'sieu!*"—and permitted them to go.

"*Adios*, Old-timer!" said Hardtack. "*Au reservoir!*"

They had the only sort of time they knew how to have among a strange people. I regret to say that various beverages played a part in it. The result showed a few days later when the pair wandered down to the stream that flows through the center of the city and went fishing with a hand grenade. Hardtack had carried the murderous missile in his coat pocket ever since they started.

There arose a geyser of water and a loud explosion, and sundry citizens came running. Among them were several soldiers. But what chilled the blood in the absentees' veins was the sight of a familiar uniform bearing down on them. It was an American M. P.

"Holy mackerel! Here comes a gold brick, Wally!" exclaimed Hardtack. "Where did he blow in from? Let's beat it!"

It was too late, however. The M. P. was close to them; and, even had the pair tried to flee, the Frenchmen gathered round would not have permitted it. They were quite willing that the two should be disciplined by one of their own race, but disciplined they must be by somebody. *Oo, là là!* Who but a wild American would ever think of fishing in the middle of the city with a hand grenade?

"Here!" cried the gold brick. "What're you two guys up to, anyhow? Who threw that bomb?"

Hardtack confessed it.

"Well, what do you mean by it—hey? What do you mean by it?"

"It weren't a bomb, buddy," declared Hardtack solemnly. "It was a depth charge. Me and Wally here was tryin' to get a submarine."

"What're you trying to pull? Here! Submarine! In that little crick?"

"Sure, Mike!" was the calm rejoinder. "And we got one too! Didn't we, Wally? We seen some oil rise to the surface."

The M. P. eyed him like a rattlesnake.

"You're drunk!" he said.

"We are not!" they retorted with dignity.




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But the gold brick would have no further trifling. He went close to Hardtack and began to pat his upper body, in search of a bottle. Then he did the same to Wally, without discovering any contraband.

"Well, you'll come along with me, anyhow," he announced. "How come you guys are here so soon? I thought you didn't get here till next week."

"Didn't get here till next week?"

The two pricked up their ears. What was he driving at? They looked at each other; and hope began to dawn.

"Well, you see, buddy," said Hardtack as the three proceeded toward the provost marshal's office, "we was sent ahead with the billeting officer; but he didn't show up, over there"—waving his hand vaguely toward the country; "so we just blowed into town for a li'l' fun—sort of. When did you git here?"

"Only this morning. The division'll be on the road day after to-morrow. Do you call it fun chuckin' hand grenades into the fountain?"

"It was a river," corrected Hardtack. "Besides, we didn't hurt nobody, buddy."

The M. P. was obdurate, but they continued to work on him; so that by the time they reached the corner where you turn to go to the provost marshal's office he was relenting.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said ferociously: "If you two guys'll beat it out of town right now I'll shut my eyes. That's a go! I'll give you fifteen minutes. Don't think it's because I like your looks; but it's a hellofa bad start for us in this town—you two flingin' bombs that way."

"O. K. Much obliged, buddy," they agreed.

"Fifteen minutes—mind!"

"Make it ten," replied Wally. "This burg's a dud, anyhow."

On the outskirts of Gisors, Hardtack produced a bottle of brandy with triumphant nonchalance. He had hung it by the neck on a string passed through a buttonhole of his overcoat, and all he had to do on being searched was to lower the bottle to the level of his knees; then haul it up when the search was over.

### *A Haven of Refuge*

At nightfall they entered a small hamlet. This region is one of the fairest of all France—a land of sleek cattle and magnificent trees; of perfect roads and well-kept villages. Beautiful châteaux rear their proud heads above the landscape; their parks are like fairyland. And all is restful, deep peace.

No soldiers had been quartered there since 1914.

As soon as he breathed the air Hardtack sensed that this place was entirely free from M. P.'s; he was developing an uncanny intuition in this respect.

"Let's stay here and rest up," he suggested. "And we can wait till they come along."

They secured lodging in a house next to the church. It was a typical village home and a typical French rural family.

You entered through a wide archway, when the gates were open, into a courtyard; when they were closed you entered through a small door in one of the gates. The arch spanned the two ends of the establishment, for the house and barns were built round three sides of a square. A fat old Percheron occupied a stall on the right of the entrance; on the left was a byre for several cows.

Practically the entire middle ground was taken up by that most cherished of all family possessions, a manure heap. It had rained during the day and the pile was steaming nicely. It rained again during the night, and, as the window of their room opened on the courtyard, the atmosphere was indescribably rich.

"I must of eat something," grumbled Hardtack next morning. "I swan I dreamt of Limburger cheese all night long!"

The front of the house faced the courtyard, and the whole life of the place centered round that pile. There was one back door leading into a garden beyond—a trimly kept garden, surrounded by a stone wall, with neat rows of sprouting vegetables and vines, and clumps of rosebushes.

The family consisted of a grandfather; his married daughter, whose husband was at the front with the Territorials; a girl of nineteen years; and her young brother. He was a spindle-shanked boy of fourteen, who looked as though he might have had the rickets recently; but the girl was fine, broad-backed, apple-cheeked, with big, rough red hands and stout ankles. She had a ready smile, however, and eyes of rare intelligence.

So far as the two absentees could discern, the home consisted of four rooms. One of these was devoted to the dairy products; next to it were the kitchen, dining room and living room, combined in one. You entered from the courtyard into this room, which contained a fine old smoked fireplace, a table and several chairs, a piece of rug, a cross and a plaster statue of the Virgin. In a place of honor was the headdress the mother had worn when a girl at her first communion. It was on a white velvet base under a glass globe.

On the left of the kitchen was the family sleeping chamber. There the four of them bedded—grandpa, mother, daughter and little Jacques. Beyond it was the guests' bedroom; so Hardtack and Wally, when they hit the hay for the night, had to either pass through where grandpa, mother, Henriette and Jacques were sleeping, or ease in through their own window like burglars.

"It don't worry me if it don't worry them," declared Wally.

It didn't worry anybody. The arrangement was accepted as naturally by the household as you would take a seat next a stranger in a street car. Henriette and madame, her mother, would wish them "*Bonsoir, messieurs!*" when the pair clumped through to bed; and they were always up and at work before Hardtack and Wally had risen.

How those women worked! It made the worthy pair's eyes bulge to watch them. They were at it from dawn until long past dark, doing jobs that city folks are wont to class as only within man's province. They did everything on the place, and everything on the farm about half a mile from the village.

### *Educating Grandpa*

Many of our soldiers have fallen into the error of assuming that the Frenchwomen are doing this sort of thing solely because all the able-bodied men are at the Front—that it is one of the horrible penalties of war. Bless you, the women of France have been doing it for generations! All over Europe women work in the fields precisely the same as do the men, only harder. In the cities they seem to manage most of the small retail businesses, friend husband being a partner with strictly limited access to the treasury. The great strength of France lies in her women.

*Eh bien*, Hardtack and Wally remained three days with them. By the evening of the second day they were members of the family. The Robitailles seemed to understand most of what they said; and, in some fashion or other, the Americans hit on what their hosts were driving at. How they did it beats the Dutch!

That is not unusual, however. I have seen a doughboy with a command of the French language embracing three words, and two of them were *vin ordinaire*—I have seen such a doughboy make himself thoroughly at home in a French family, entering their life like a brother. He was able to make them understand whenever he wanted anything, he was able to glean all their family history, and he imparted a lot of information about the United States that would have done credit to an oil-stock salesman. What's more, he told stories to the children, learned all about Suzanne's affair with a soldier, and taught grandpa to shoot dice for five centimes a throw—one cent.

Wally did most of the talking for the team. He took pride in his French; and he could speak Spanish, too, just as fluently. His conversation ran about like this:

"This rabbit's all to the good—hey, Hardtack? I said this rabbit was good, madame. *Oui*. Good! *Bon! Tr's bon; n'est-ce-pas?* Do you get me? You sure can cook, madame! *Comment?* I said you were a *bon cookière*—you know—stove—rabbit—like this—*comme ça*." He was bellowing now. "*Comment?* What the hell did the old man say? Sure, you're O. K.! That's right, Old-timer. The United States is some country." And he gave grandpa a friendly whack on the back.

Grandpa, who had inquired how many Americans were in France, was thoroughly satisfied and went on with his meal.

Whenever they got stuck, everybody laughed. There was far more laughter in that household than there had been in four

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years; far more than would have been the case had they spoken each other's tongue perfectly. Henriette divined what Wally was saying far quicker than the others; so he directed the bulk of his conversation to her. At the end of forty-eight hours he confided to Hardtack that a man could go a long way and do worse.

"Har-har!" jeered his bunkie. "Why, the first night we come you done told me she was beef to the heels, and looked like she needed a bath! Besides, take my advice and forget it, Wally. She's goin' to have a beard when she grows older. Near all of 'em do over here."

"That's no way to talk about a fine girl!" said Wally hotly.

"So that's it, hey? Well, well! She done put you where you belong! Good for Henriette! But what's goin' to become of that gal in Dayton, Old-timer? The one what sent you a sweater."

But the budding romance had no chance to blossom. Hardtack and Wally groomed the Percheron and helped with the cows; they fed and fondled the rabbits; they went out with Henriette and Jacques in the morning to plow in the family field; and they did various odd jobs round the barn and the house. Aided by the dog, they drove the cows home from grazing at sundown, Jacques and the canine doing the work while they walked beside Henriette, sitting sidewise on the broad back of the Percheron.

Wally even tried to assist madame in the kitchen, showing such a willingness to wash dishes that his friend was amazed and horrified, and augured the worst. What was coming off? Wally was a goner; of that he was convinced. Hadn't he parted with some of his priceless store of cigarette tobacco to grandpa just because there was a severe shortage in France at the time and civilians could hardly obtain any?

However, a company of American infantry relieved the situation. They arrived in the village late in the evening of the third day of their visit, and Hardtack and Wally drifted. They did not so much as return to the house to say good-by.

The company came marching down the road where the two were plowing, and Wally descried them afar.

"Here they are, Hardtack," he said. "Let's beat it!"

### *In Stylish Lodgings*

Without further ado, they pressed on Henriette *beaucoup* francs and started off in the opposite direction. Instinct told them it was not their own organization, and of course they had no mind to get mixed up with any other. They wanted to rejoin the army, but they wouldn't be home until their own battalion arrived. Which is another peculiarity of the American soldier. He never feels right unless he is with his own bunch.

There was a marine who got separated from his comrades in the fighting in the Château-Thierry sector early in June and was captured by the boches. His name was Donoghue. Well, he escaped and made his way back to the American lines. But, instead of reporting immediately to the nearest organization, he lay out in the woods through the night, hungry and cold and in constant danger of recapture, simply because the Americans near whom he found himself were not his own particular crowd. He wasn't back until he found his own battalion.

Where was their regiment? Neither Wally nor Hardtack had the slightest inkling of the direction they should take. Nightfall found them close to a spacious park, surrounded by a high wall. The massive wrought-iron gates were securely locked and the spikes at the top precluded the possibility of scaling them. So one gave the other a leg up—he, in turn, pulled—and the two climbed the wall.

After walking cautiously about half a mile among noble old trees they came out on a broad lawn. And there, in the starlight, was the dim outline of a great château, its tiny towers like spears against the sky.

"Looks like a nice place to stop," opined Hardtack.

The vast edifice was dark and silent and deserted. The family had long since moved to less stressful regions; the concierge was off somewhere. They tried half a dozen doors. They descended into the Italian garden and gazed up at the creamy façade; but not a sign of life could they detect.

"There're the barns or the garage—or whatever it is," remarked Wally. "Maybe we can sleep there. They're as big as our county courthouse. Ain't it fierce, one man owning all this?"

But Hardtack would have none of the proposal. He had made up his mind to sleep in a lord's bed; he hadn't ever slept in a lord's bed in his whole life, and he aimed to do it now or bust.

Finally they found a window that gave to a stout push, and the two climbed through. A hardwood floor echoed to the tread of their heavy shoes. Hardtack lit a match.

"Say, you couldn't go through all this place in a week!" he exclaimed. "Boy howdy, look at that chandelier, will you?"

In the flare of a fresh match, Wally got a glimpse of flashing glass pendants, and gold and gleaming wood.

"It's the dining room," he said. "Come on!"

They passed into a narrow resounding corridor and stopped at another door. It was locked; so was the next, and the next. The fourth opened to them; and Hardtack said at once:

"This'll do. Holy mackerel! Did you ever see such a swell bedroom?"

### *Stealthy Steve on the Trail*

Thus it came about that the two slept that night in a solid mahogany four-poster, on a feather tick, and under a plum-colored silken coverlet, with a coronet worked on it. Above their upturned noses was a canopy, with a coronet in gilt. Looking haughtily down upon the soldier from Tennessee as he snored in sweet oblivion was a portrait of the Marquis de ———, founder of the family, who passed from this life A. D. 1126. Gazing down at Wally, with a soft smile on her full cherry lips, was the portrait of a young and wonderfully beautiful lady, the Comtesse de ———, born 1743; died 1785.

They slept with their shoes on, lest an abrupt disturbance should find them unprepared for flight; and they sneaked out of the château at daybreak. The park and all the valley were choked with mist. Wally bumped into a statue of Bacchus in a glade cut to give a vista from the castle, and cussed him earnestly; but, beyond that, they emerged without misadventure.

The next we hear of them is at Beauvais, whither they journeyed in a truck driven by a Cockney Englishman of the Royal Flying Corps.

A battalion of Canadian foresters were in cantonments in that vicinity and Hardtack and Wally speedily picked up friends. One of them was of Scotch ancestry and possessed a rich rolling barytone. His favorite selection was:

*"There was a brave auld Scottie*
*At the Battle of Waterloo.*
*The wund blew up his kilties*
*And he didn't know what tae do."*

Of course they had a spy hunt. Count that day lost whose low descending sun doesn't find a doughboy informing his officer all about a spy in the lines. These spies vary in kind. Some are French majors who go about questioning the men; others are dressed in American uniforms. The boys are forever discovering them or have heard about them from somebody else, and many a diligent, upright officer has been grabbed on suspicion.

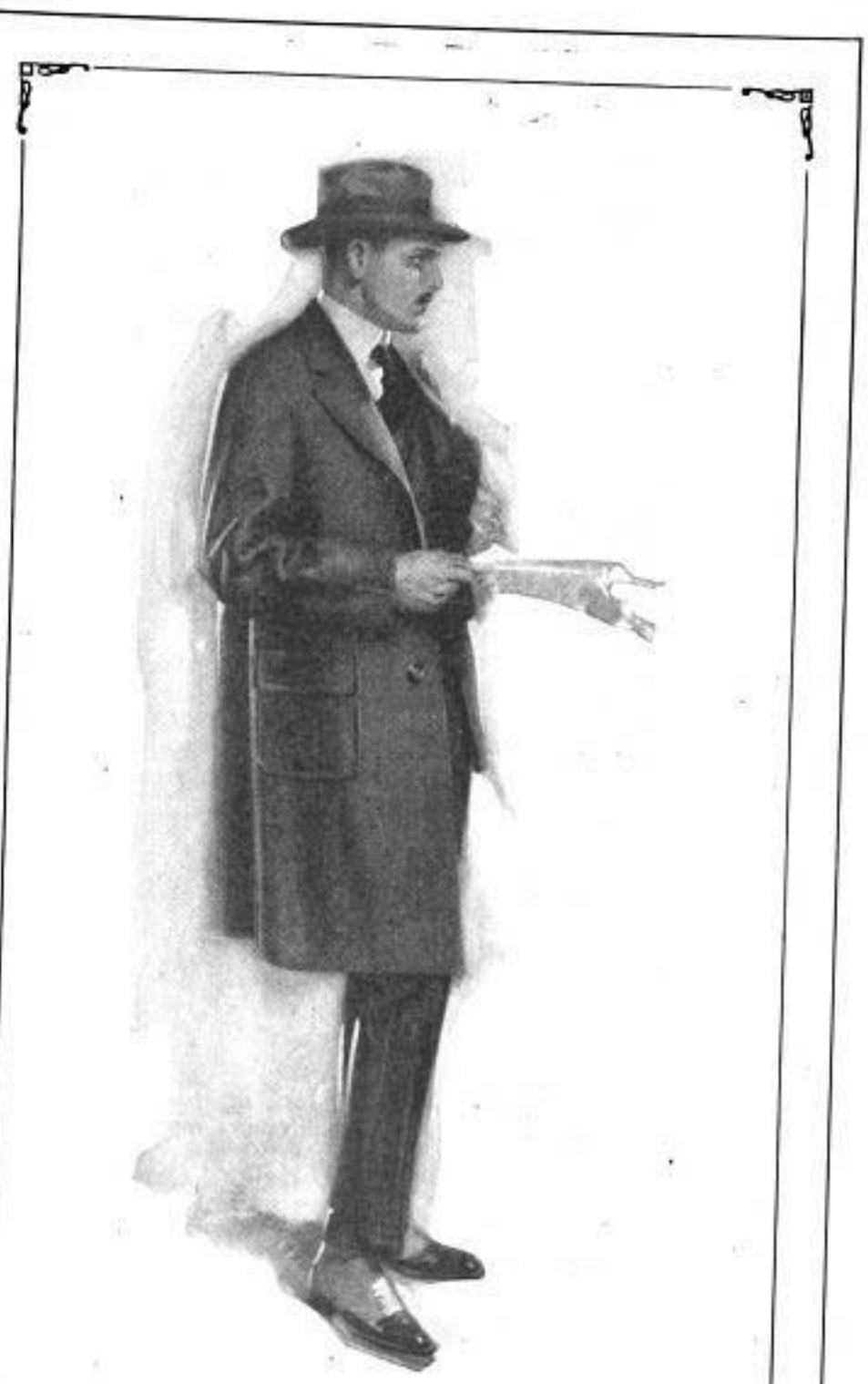
Rumors of spies run throughout the army like wildfire. Two whole regiments had me executed as a spy once, during an absence at the British front, and seemed rather disappointed when I reappeared.

Hardtack and Wally found theirs at Number 23, where they were in the habit of going for a drink and a dance. A man in the uniform of a sergeant in the American Army struck up an acquaintance with them, and, after getting on a friendly basis, confessed that he was A. W. O. L.—absent without leave.

But he told too much. He named the number of his regiment, the division and the army corps. Hardtack looked at Wally and Wally looked at Hardtack; and then, by unanimous impulse, they led the stranger up for another drink. Outside, later:

"Sure he's a spy! What'd he be doin' here—a sergeant? I tell you he's phony. Whoever heard of the Fifth Army? Huh! There ain't any yet. That guy's got his wires crossed. Let's shadow him. Maybe if we nab a spy they'll let us off."

Accordingly, for the next two days they played the part of Stealthy Steve. They



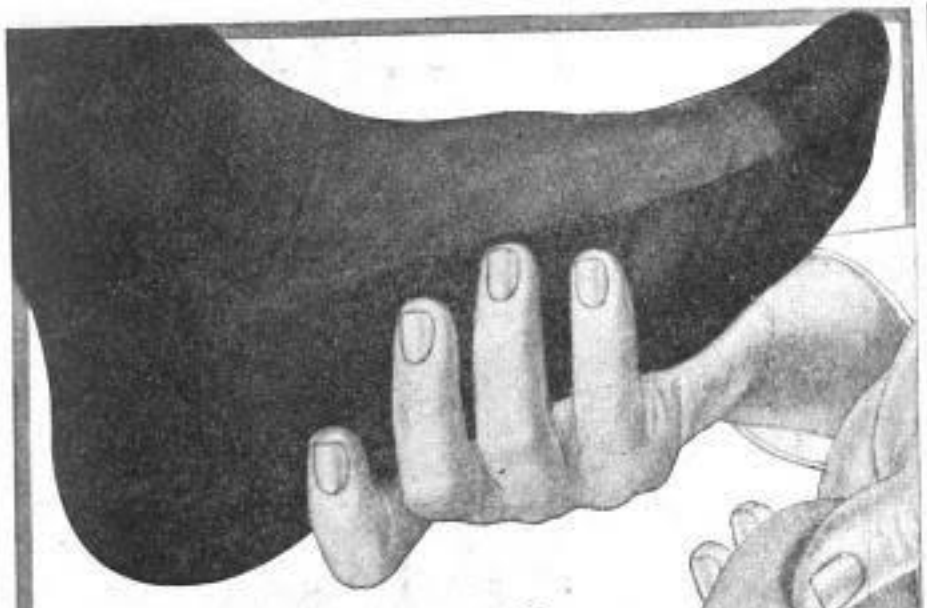
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They contain NO METAL. Instead the support is formed by soft inserts in overlapping leather pockets, which permit unlimited and absolutely accurate adjustment for any shape of foot or condition of foot trouble. Hence they not only relieve the foot trouble, but they can be worn in the shoe with PERFECT comfort from the first—no breaking in. The pocket principle is an EXCLUSIVE WIZARD PATENT.

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plied the stranger with wine and he cheerfully partook. They ate with him, they led him on long walks, endeavoring to draw him into confidences. The nearest they got to a warm trail was once when he closed his left eye knowingly and remarked that he knew a quicker way to make money than toting a rifle in this man's army.

Now making money quickly and without labor is as dear to the heart of a soldier as it is to anybody else, and the sergeant knew it. Hardtack and Wally bit at once. They wanted to know what the great secret was. How could they make money quicker than in the army?

At that the fellow abruptly sobered. He seemed to realize that he had talked too much, and refused to answer. When the pair urged their query, and even tried wheedling and indirect attack by casting doubts, he roughly cut short the conversation and announced that he was going back to Number 23 for a dance with the girls.

"All right! We'll go with you," they replied amiably.

The pair now felt they had sufficient evidence. But what to do next? If they reported the sergeant to any authorities they themselves would be promptly put under arrest for absence without leave.

The difficulty was solved after supper by the appearance in the street of a Red Cross official in a big touring car. They rushed into the road, halted the car, and poured into the official's astonished ears a bewildering tale of German intrigue.

"Yes; and if you'll come round with us to Number 23 we'll show you the guy too," Wally promised.

Gently but firmly the Red Cross man declined to go to Number 23.

"Then tell somebody who'll have him pinched," they entreated.

"Why don't you tell them yourselves? There's an American provost marshal in town—arrived to-day."

This was bad news, for it meant the presence of M. P.'s.

"Well, it's just this way, buddy," said Hardtack in a hoarse whisper—the Red Cross man held the rank of captain in that organization, by the way; "Me and Wally here're takin' a li'l' vacation, y'understand, and we're scared if we went to see the provost marshal, he'd spoil it, maybe."

Wally nodded confirmation.

"That's it," he said.

"All right!" assented the Red Crosser with a laugh. "I'll report the matter. But, remember, I don't stand responsible for any comeback. If you get an innocent party arrested it's your mistake—not mine."

"O. K., buddy. Now you're talkin'! Say, you couldn't slip us a few francs till pay day, could you? We've been spendin' *beaucoup* francs lately for Uncle Sam."

### *The Capture*

The Red Cross official peeled off a ten-franc note and went on his way. Long before he was through a substantial dinner at the Hôtel d'Angleterre he had completely forgotten about the spy; and so Wally and Hardtack waited in vain for the appearance of a gold brick to arrest him.

Therefore they decided to take matters into their own hands. The sergeant appeared to be restless and ill at ease that night. He was morose, and evinced a desire to avoid their company; so they stuck to him like leeches.

After a while he bade them good night and left the place. Wally and Hardtack let him go; but a moment later they were following him stealthily up the dark street.

All three successfully eluded the sentries posted on the outskirts and the pursuit ended near a crossroads some distance from the city. There the sergeant stopped and waited a while, lying in the ditch. Along came a man in a French uniform on a bicycle. He got off, the sergeant rose from his hiding place, and the two conferred.

The cyclist was just preparing to mount his wheel when Hardtack and Wally fell upon them out of the dark, silently, but like a battering ram. Down went the sergeant, Hardtack on top. The cyclist escaped from Wally's clutches and made off, so Wally turned to help his hunkie. Together they beat their struggling captive into insensibility.

A few minutes later they accosted a French sentry on the main thoroughfare leading into the city and told him where he could find a spy. Fortunately the sentry knew a little English. He called his officer; but ere he arrived the pair vanished. However, an investigation was made and the sergeant discovered lying at the side of the road, trussed up with rope like a calf for market.

And then the truth came out. Hardtack and Wally were right in their hunch—he was a spy!

Next afternoon they were standing on the curb of a side street, considerably the worse for wear and hopelessly wondering where they could raise some coin, their last few francs being gone, when a little procession debouched from the mouth of a narrow way. It was a funeral. Over the coffin was draped the Union Jack. They stood at salute while the cortège went past.

A middle-aged nurse walked behind, her gaze on the ground. To her Hardtack said very respectfully:

"Ma'am, whose is it?"

"A young Canadian," she answered, and passed on, slowly pacing behind the wagon.

At that moment several boon companions hove in sight, escorting a bevy of lady friends.

"Hi, there, Hardtack!" they shouted. "Come on! We're all goin' for a picnic. Come on, Wally!"

But Hardtack was already in motion.

"No," he said sternly. "Me and Wally aim to go with this boy on his last march."

The two fell in behind the nurse. She glanced at them over her shoulder and said softly:

"Thank you!"

Hardtack was unshaved and bleary of eye—even at his best he was ever an unlovely object; but she divined that here was all gentleness and a chivalry as white as Galahad's.

So the two followed the young Canadian on his last march. Shoulder to shoulder they made it, their eyes fixed resolutely on a point ahead.

### *Tempered With Mercy*

Thus were they moving toward the burial ground when their colonel rounded a corner in his car and espied them. Hardtack and Wally were walking a little high and wide, but they were very earnest. The colonel told his driver to stop; then he told him to follow at a distance. And he was a witness of the entire ceremony.

"Where did you men come from?" he demanded sharply as the two emerged from the cemetery.

They sprang to attention. In their faces showed blank astonishment and a wholesome alarm.

"Don't know, sir," said Hardtack. Which was true geographically; he didn't know the name of a single place they had stopped in.

"Don't know? What do you mean by that? Snap out of it! What's the matter with you, anyhow?" The colonel's voice was rising.

"Shell shock, sir," answered Hardtack.

"Yes, sir," said Wally—"shell shock."

The colonel stared at them grimly a full minute; but when he spoke it was with a rough kindliness they had never suspected in the Old Man:

"I do believe you are sick. Well, get back to your company right away and I'll look into this matter later. No monkey business, now!"

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. Where is the company, sir?"

"They're coming up the road a few miles behind me."

The two could not conceal their amazement.

"We've moved—the whole division," added the colonel. "Hurry now! We're going in."

Well, that's about all. They returned and reported to a foaming captain, who was for giving them a court and every punishment the regulations permitted until the colonel sent for him for a talk; after which he calmed down.

"Where you two guys been the last year or so?" demanded the company.

"On a visit."

"Visit hell! You was A. W. O. L. You'll get it! Wait and see!"

"I tell you we was on a visit," Hardtack reiterated. "We was on a visit to one of Wally's kinsfolk—wasn't we, Wally? Wally has some kinsfolk in France—Barco Cheesy, his name is, or something."

They got off with a nominal punishment. The only thanks the colonel got for his clemency came from Hardtack:

"Sure, I knowed all the time they'd never give us six-and-six, Wally. They need good men at the Front. Besides, me and the Ol' Man is ol' college chums."

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# JAVA HEAD

(Continued from Page 19)

But she recognized she had no excuse or opportunity to see Nettie Vollar. Mrs. Ammidon, when she heard of the accident, had at once declared her intention of going to the Dunsacks' house; still that promised no chance of satisfying her own desire. The least politeness in the world prohibited her from going baldly in and demanding to see the woman. She couldn't all at once make convincing a sympathy or impersonal interest entirely contradictory to her insistent indifference. The best she could hope was for them to sail away as quickly as possible; when on the other side of the seas Gerrit would probably return to the simplicity of being she had adored.

Then a trivial and yet serious fear occurred to her—perhaps here, among all these dead-white women, he no longer held her beautiful. The word was his own, or it had been his; he had not repeated it, she realized, twice since they had been in Salem. Personally she found the American women entirely undistinguished and dressed in grotesquely ugly and cheap clothes—not unlike paper lanterns bobbing along the ground. Their faces were shamelessly bare of paint and their manners would have disgraced the lowest servant in a Chinese courtyard. This was natural, from any consideration of the hideous or inappropriate things that surrounded them and from the complete lack of what she could distinguish as either discipline or reverence. Yet Gerrit, a part of this, would be unable to share her attitude; she had heard him praise the appearance of women so insipid that she had turned expecting vainly an ironic smile.

Roger Brevard rose and made his bow, the only satisfactory approach to a courteous gesture she had met outside Gerrit's occasional half-humorous effort since leaving Shanghai. He stirred, muttered a perfunctory phrase and sank back into obscurity.

Little quirks of unfamiliar disturbing feeling ran through Taou Yuen; her mind, it seemed, had become a thing of no importance; all that at one time had so largely ordered her life was superseded by these illogical emotions spreading apparently from her heart. The truth was, she told herself, that with all her reading and philosophy she had had little or no experience of actuality; the injury to her hip and quiet life in the gray garden at Canton, her protected existence in the women's apartments, whatever she might have learned from them neglected because of the general silliness of their chatter, the formal early marriage—had all combined for the preservation of her ignorance.

She regarded herself now with distrust; nothing could have been more unpleasant than the failure of her will, this swamping of her equanimity. She never lost for a moment the image of superiority that should be her perfect example, the non-assertion that was the way of heaven; but her comprehension was like a figure ruthlessly dragged about by an overpowering unreflective force. A sharp hatred of Nettie Vollar seared her mind and perished in a miserable sense of weakness.

Against the dark, charged with a confusion of the ten thousand things, she stared, weary and wakeful. She reminded herself again that Gerrit would soon be gone from Salem, alone with her on the long voyage to China. But he'd return to America, come back to Salem; and she knew that he would never bring her westward again. A period of depression followed, which seemed to have no immediate connection with Gerrit; she had an indefinable feeling of struggling in vain against adversity, of opposition to an implacable power.

For a short while after she rose in the morning it appeared that she had regained her self-control, her reason; and a consequent happy relief irradiated her. But when Gerrit came up after she had finished her toilet, and she saw from his haggard face that he, too, must have been awake, tormented, through the night, a passion of bitterness enveloped her at which all that had gone before turned pale. She could scarcely restrain herself from a noisy wailing accusation, and stood regarding him with a tense unnatural grimace, the result of her effort to preserve propriety. She told herself, at the tempest of vulgar phrases storming through her consciousness, that what Edward Dunsack had said about her being no better than the teahouse girls was true, and she was aghast at the inner treachery capable of such self-betrayal. Not a quivering word, however, escaped; she managed a commonplace phrase and turned aside in a trivial pretext of occupation.

"I am going into Boston with Captain Dunsack on business connected with his schooners."

The girl's grandfather!

"Very well." She spoke placidly, and with a tempestuous heart watched him stride quickly about the park.

She settled herself in a long motionless contemplation, fastening her mind upon the most elevated and revered ideas conceivable. She saw the eternal Tao flowing like a great green river of souls, smooth and mighty and resistless; and she willed that she, too, might become a part of that desirable self-effacement, safe in surrender. Men striving to create a Tao for personal ends beat out their lives in vain. It was, the figure of the river developing, like floating on a deliberate all-powerful tide or struggling impotently against it.

Later a message came up from Mrs. Ammidon—she hoped that Taou Yuen would drive with her that afternoon. She dressed with the most particular care in blue and dark greens, her shoulders thick with embroidered garlands and silver *shou*, her piled hair ornamented in glittering silver leaves and garnets.

She went down when she heard the horses on the street below, but the barouche was empty except for the coachman.

"Mrs. Ammidon left a half hour ago," a servant told her; "and sent the carriage back for you."

They moved forward, going, she saw, into a part of the town where they seldom drove—the narrow crowded way by the wharves—and, turning shortly into a street that ended abruptly at the water, drew up before a dingy house on her right.

The door was open, and they waited, confident that Mrs. Ammidon would hear the clatter of hoofs and come out; but a far different appeared. She gazed for a silent space at Taou Yuen seated above her, as if confused by the glittering magnificence. It was probable that Gerrit's brother's wife had come there on an errand of charity, for the woman was poor, dingy like the house, with a face drawn by suffering and material struggle.

"Of course you're Captain Ammidon's wife," she said; "and you are here after Mrs. William Ammidon. Well, she's gone; but she left a message for you: She will be at Henry Whipple's, the bookseller. After she saw Nettie she went right off to send her some things; wouldn't wait for the carriage. A kind-hearted determined body."

Taou Yuen leaned out to command the coachman to drive on; but the other, plainly bent on making the most of a rare opportunity for such a conversation, continued talking in her low resigned way:

"I was glad to have her too; Nettie gets pretty fretful up there with nobody but me, really. She hadn't been so well, either, since ——"

Here she stopped abruptly, then recommenced:

"I like to see a person myself of Mrs. Ammidon's kind. I've been alone all day; father's gone to Boston and Edward away I don't know where."

Taou Yuen's curiosity to see Nettie Vollar returned infinitely multiplied; here miraculously was an opportunity for her to study the woman who was beyond any doubt an important part of Gerrit's past, present—it might be, his future. The men were gone. She got resolutely down from the barouche.

"Take me up to your daughter," she directed quietly.

"Why, that's very kind, but I don't know —— Yes, certainly. Mind these stairs with your satin skirts; I don't always get round to the whole house."

Taou Yuen saw at once that Nettie Vollar was far sicker than she had realized; her head lay on the pillow absolutely spent, her brow damply plastered with hair and her eyes enlarged and dull. Taou Yuen drew a chair forward and sat beside a table with a glass bowl of small dark pills which from a just perceptible odor she recognized as opium. She looked intently, coldly, at the prostrate figure.

A flush like match flames burned in Nettie Vollar's cheeks, and she said in a voice weak and sharp: "You're her!"





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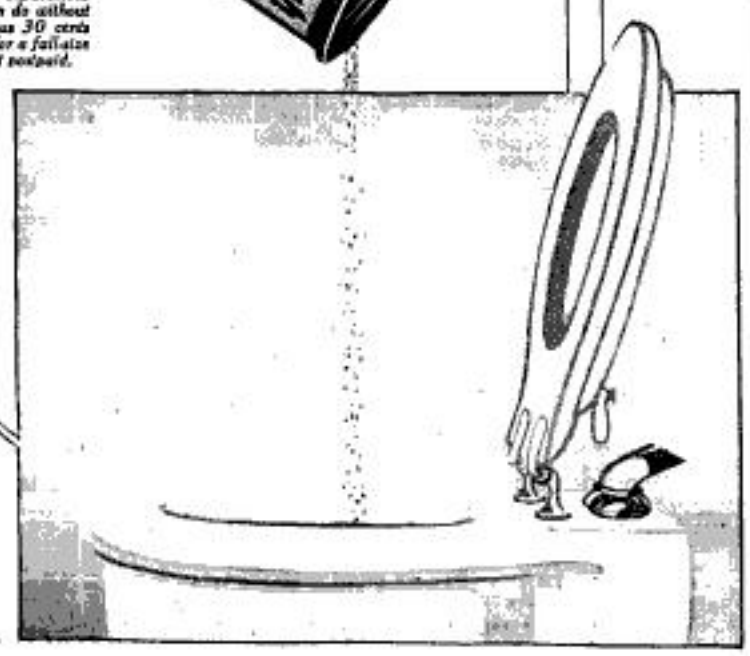
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Taou Yuen nodded slowly, disdainfully.

"Oh, how could he!" the other exclaimed in what sounded like the thin echo of a passionate cry. "I knew you were Chinese, but I never realized it till this minute."

As Gerrit Ammidon's wife had feared, she was totally unable to judge a single quality or feature of the girl before her. She looked exactly like all the others she had seen in Salem; in order to realize her she needed Gerrit's eyes, Gerrit's birth. Then one fact crept insidiously into her consciousness—here in a way was another being who had Gerrit Ammidon's childlike simplicity. That was the most terrifying discovery she could have made.

Taou Yuen felt the return of the hateful, irresistible emotions that had destroyed her self-control. She wanted to hurt Nettie Vollar in every possible way, to mock her with the fact that she had lost Gerrit, perhaps never to see him again; she wanted to tell her that she, Taou Yuen, entirely understood her hopes, efforts—and that they were vain.

An utter self-loathing possessed her at the same time, a feeling of imminent danger, as if she were walking with willfully shut eyes on the edge of a precipice above a black fatal void. Not a trace of this appeared on her schooled countenance; and once more she completely restrained any defiling speech. She deliberately shifted her point of view to another possible aspect of all that confronted her—it might be that this woman was a specter, a *kwei*, bent on Gerrit's destruction. Such a thing often happened. How much better if Nettie Vollar had been killed! She studied her with a renewed interest—a fresh question. Perhaps the other would die as it was. She was extremely weak; her spirit, Taou Yuen saw, lay listlessly in a listless body. Nettie Vollar slightly moved her injured arm, and that little effort exhausted her for a moment; her eyes closed, her face was as white as salt.

A further, almost philosophical consideration engaged Taou Yuen's mind: This extraordinary occasion, her being with the other alone, Nettie Vollar's fragility—were, it might be, all a part of the working of the righteous Yang. In the light of this, then, she had been brought here for a purpose—the ending of a menace to her husband. She hesitated for a breath. If it were the opposite malignant Yin, there was no bottom to the infamy into which she might fall. It was a tremendous question.

The actual execution of the practical suggestion, from either source, was extremely easy; she had but to lean forward, draw her heavy sleeve across the strained face, hold it there for a little, and Nettie Vollar would have died of—of any one of a number of reasonable causes. She, Taou Yuen, would call, politely distressed, for the mother; all very regrettable.

Gerrit free—perhaps.

She had no shrinking from the act itself, nothing that might have been called pity; a few more or less years in a single life were beneath serious consideration. It was the lives to come, the lingering doubt of which power led her on, that restrained and filled her mind. A flicker of rage darted through her calm questioning; her mental processes again faded. With her right arm across the supine body and enveloping the face in her left sleeve, a single twist and Nettie Vollar would choke in a cloud of thick satin made gay with unfading flowers and the embroidered symbol of long life. She felt her body grow rigid with purpose, when the sound of a footfall below held her motionless in an unreasoning dread.

It was not heavy, yet she was certain that it was not the woman's. A blur of voices drifted up to her, the dejected feminine tone and a thin querulous demand—surprise. Taou Yuen turned cold as stone; the sensation of oppressive danger increased until it seemed as if she, and not Nettie Vollar, were strangling. There was a profound stillness, then a shuffling tread on the stair, and Edward Dunsack entered, entered but stood without advancing, his back against a closed door.

Even since yesterday he had noticeably wasted—there were muscles of his face that twitched continuously; his hands, it seemed to her, writhed like worms. He said nothing, but stared at her with a fixed glittering vision; all his one-time worship—it had been so much—was devoured in the hatred born in the Ammidon library. Frozen with apprehension she sat without movement, her face, she felt, as still as a lacquered mask.

To her astonishment—she had forgotten Nettie Vollar's existence—a shaken voice from the bed demanded: "Uncle Edward, what's come over you! Don't you see Mrs. Ammidon? Oh!"

Her speech rose in a choked exclamation. Edward Dunsack had turned the key and was crossing the room with a dark twisted face, his eyes stark and demented. Taou Yuen, swung round toward the advancing figure, heard a long fluttering breath behind her. Perhaps Nettie Vollar had died of fear. The terror in her own brain dried up before an overwhelming realization—she had betrayed herself to the principle of evil. She was lost. Her thoughts were at once incredibly rapid and entirely vivid, logical: Edward Dunsack, ruined, in China; herself blinded, confused, destroyed, in America. Yesterday she had held him powerless with the mere potency of her righteousness; but now she had no strength.

There was a loathsome murmur from his dusty lips. He intended to kill her, to mar and spoil her throat, a degradation forbidden by Confucius, an eternal disfigurement. This filled her with a renewed energy of horror. There was no one but a feeble woman to bear her if she called. She rose mechanically, a hand on the table; she saw Nettie Vollar's deathly pallid face rolled awkwardly from the pillow, and the bowl of opium. There were twenty or more pills. Without hesitation, even with a sense of relief, she swept the contents of the bowl into her palm. The effort of swallowing so many hard particles was almost convulsive and followed with a nauseous spasm.

Exhausted by mental effort she sank into a chair, and a dullness like smoke settled over her. The figure of Edward Dunsack retreated to an infinite distance. The smoke moved in a great steady volume—the eternal and changeless Yang, without labor or desires, without . . . Hatred requited with virtue . . . attracting all honor; mounting higher and higher from the consuming passions, the seething black lies of her immeasurable fall.

x

THOUGH the late afternoon was at an hour when Derby Street should have been filled by a half idle throng in the slackening of the day's waterside employments, Roger Brevard found it noticeably empty. In this he suddenly recognized that the street was like the countingroom of the Mongolian Marine Insurance Company, the heart of Salem's greatness—they were weaker, stilled in a decline that yet was not evident in the impressive body of the town.

When he had first taken charge of the countingroom both Salem and it had been of sufficient moment to attract him from New York; the company was insuring Boston and New York vessels; the captains had thronged its broad window commanding St. Peters and Essex Streets. Now only an occasional shipmaster, holding the old traditions and habits or else retired, sat in the comfortable armchairs with leather cushions, drawn up at the coal hearth or expansive in white through the summer.

His mind shifted to a consideration of these facts in relation to himself—whether the same thing overtaking the place and marine insurance had not settled upon him too—as he made his way from Central Wharf, where he had vainly gone for prospective business. His inquiry was reaching a depressing certainty when, passing and gazing down Hardy Street, he saw the Ammidon barouche standing in front of the Dunsacks'.

Roger Brevard stopped. The Ammidon men, he knew, seldom rode about Salem. He had heard of Nettie Vollar's accident and came to the conclusion that Rhoda was within. If this was so, her visit, limited to a charitable impulse, would be short; and thinking of the pleasure of driving with her, he turned into the side way. As he approached, the coachman met him with an evident impatience.

"No, sir," he replied to Brevard's inquiry. "But we were to get Mrs. Ammidon at the bookstore. Mrs. Captain Gerrit called here for her, but she went inside, unexpected. All of an hour ago. I don't like to ask for the lady, but what may be said later I can't think."

He had scarcely finished speaking when a woman whom Brevard recognized as Kate Vollar appeared at the door.

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"Oh, Mr. Brevard!" she exclaimed with an unnaturally pallid and apprehensive face. "I'm glad to find you. Please come upstairs with me. Why, I don't know, but I'm all in a tremble. Mrs. Ammidon went to see Nettie, then Edward came in, and when he heard who was there he acted as if he were struck dumb and went up like a person afflicted. I waited the longest while, and then followed them and knocked. Why the door was shut I could never tell you. But they didn't answer, any of them," she declared with clasped, straining hands. "Three in the room, and not a sound. Please ——"

Her voice was suddenly suffocated by dread.

"Certainly. Quarles," he addressed the coachman, "I'll get you to come along. If there is a lock to break it will need a heavier shoulder than mine."

Mounting the narrow somber stair, followed by the man and Kate Vollar, he wondered vainly about what might have happened. Obscurely some of the woman's fear was communicated to him. Brevard knocked abruptly on the door indicated, but there was no answering voice or movement. He tried the latch; as Nettie's mother had found, it was fastened.

"Quarles!" Roger Brevard said curtly. The coachman stepped forward, braced himself for the shove he directed against the wooden barrier, and the door swept splintering inward. Roger advanced first and a grim confusion touched him with cold horror. Taou Yuen was half seated and half lying across a table beside the bed; he couldn't see her face, but her body was utterly lax. Nettie Vollar, too, was in a dreadful waxen similitude of death, with lead-colored lips and fixed sightless eyes. A slight extraordinary sound rose behind him and, whirling, Brevard discovered that it was Edward Dunsack giggling. He was silent immediately under the other's scrutiny, and an expression of stubborn and malicious caution pinched his wasted, sardonic countenance.

Brevard turned to the greater necessity of the women, and moved Taou Yuen so that he could see her features. It was evident that she was not, as he had first thought, dead; her breathing was slow and deep and harsh, her pulse deliberate and full. She was warm, too, but her face was suffused by an unnatural blueness, and the pupils of her inert eyes were barely discernible. He shook her with an uncere-monious vigor, but there was no answering energy; she fell across his arms in a sheer weight of satin-covered body. He moved back in a momentary uncontrollable repulsion, when Kate Vollar threw herself past him onto the bed.

"Nettie!" she cried. "Nettie! Nettie!"

Brevard was chilled by the possibility of an unutterable tragedy, when with a faint suffusion of color the girl gave a gasping sigh. Her voice stirred in a terror-shaken whisper: "Uncle Edward, don't! Why—don't —— Oh!"

She pressed her face with a long shudder into the pillow.

"Whatever was it?" her mother began wildly.

Brevard caught her shoulder.

"Not now," he directed. "You'll come downstairs with me. We must have help at once, and your daughter quiet."

However, he was in a quandary—he couldn't trust the woman here, he would have to go immediately for assistance; and yet it was impossible to leave Nettie Vollar and Gerrit's wife alone.

"You will have to wait in the room," he decided, turning to Quarles.

Edward Dunsack was wavering against the wall; Brevard went swiftly up to him.

"We'll need you," he said shortly. Dunsack maintained his silence and air of unborn cunning; but when the other man grasped his incredibly thin arm he went willingly, followed by Kate Vollar, below. There he sat obediently, his judicious detachment broken by a repetition of the unshocking snigger.

"You must be responsible for your mother," Roger Brevard told the quivering woman. "I'll be back immediately. Now that you know Nettie's safe you must control yourself. No one should go up—keep everybody out—till you hear from me or the doctor or Captain Ammidon."

What an inexplicable accident or crime, he thought, hurriedly approaching the Lightinghouse of Ammidon, Ammidon & Comstone, the first and nearest of the offices to which he must go. He could remember no mark of what had overcome Taou Yuen. How was Dunsack, who was now clearly demented, implicated? What racking thing had Nettie Vollar witnessed?

In the subsequent exclamatory rush, even on the following morning, when Roger Brevard learned that, poisoned by opium undoubtedly taken by herself, Gerrit Ammidon's wife had died without regaining consciousness, the greater part of the tragedy became little clearer. No statement could be got from Edward Dunsack other than a meaningless array of precautionary phrases; and returning in a sliding gait toward Hardy Street he was put under a temporary restraint.

Nettie Vollar, Brevard heard, had relapsed from her injury into a second critical collapse.

Yet, he told himself, entering the room that was his home in Mrs. Cane's large square house on Chestnut Street, that the Manchu still absorbed his speculations.

It was a pleasant room and a pleasant house with a dignified portico; and his tall windows, back on the right of the second floor, opened on the length of the Napiers' garden. Brevard sat looking out over a dim leafiness of evening and tried to discipline his thoughts into order and coherence. Any dignity of death had been soiled by the ugly mystery of the aspects surrounding the end of Taou Yuen. He had liked her extremely well, agreeing with Rhoda Ammidon that probably they had never been permitted to know a more aristocratic breeding or greater degrees of purely worldly and mental and personal charm than those of Gerrit's wife.

His mind grew more philosophical, and a perception, yet without base in facts, convinced him that Taou Yuen had been killed by America. It was a fantastic thought and he attempted to dismiss it, waiting for more secure knowledge, but it persisted. She had been killed by unfamiliar circumstance, tradition, emotions. In some manner, but how he was unable to disentangle from the pressures of mere curiosity and conjecture, Nettie Vollar—or rather Gerrit's old passing affair with Nettie—had entered into the unhappy occurrence. After an hour's vain search he gave up all effort to pierce the darkness until he had actual knowledge—if he ever had, he was forced to add silently. It was possible that the secret might be entirely guarded from the public, even from the closer part he had played and his familiarity with the Ammidon family.

He was an inmate of their inner garden with its lilac trees and hedged roses in season, the pungent beds of flowers and box, the moon shades of the poplars. He turned from the consideration of Taou Yuen to the even more insistent claim of his increasing affection for Sidsall. He stopped again both to lament and to delight in her youth—another year and he would have unhesitatingly announced his feeling as love to them all. It was that, he admitted to himself almost shyly. The obvious thing was for him to wait through the year or more until the Ammidons would hear of a proposal, and then urge his desire. He could see her quite often, meanwhile.

Yes, that was the sensible course, even in the face of his own multiplying years. They were twenty-five more than Sidsall's; yet, he added in self-extenuation, he was not definitely snared in middle age; he was still elastic in body, and youthful, but for graying hair, in appearance. By birth he was eligible, from every social consideration; and though he was not rich he had enough independently to assure the safety of his wife's future. This did not come entirely or now even in the larger part from the Mongolian Marine Insurance Company, but took the form of a comparatively small but secure private income.

He paused to wonder if it had not been that latter fact which had prevented his being successful—successful, that was, in William Ammidon's meaning of the word. He had not made money or a position of importance among men of affairs. Such safety, he decided, was a dangerous possession judged by the standards he was now considering. A few thousands a year for life struck at the root of activity. It induced a critical detached attitude toward life, overemphasized the importance of the cut of a trouser and the validity of pedigree. It was a mistake to dance noticeably well.

Drifting, together with almost everyone else, he had reached his present position, past forty, by imperceptible degrees, obscurely influenced by the play of what he











intrinsically was on circumstance or accident or Fate.

Though he had never done so before, he compared himself with Gerrit Ammidon. The other's refusal to accept a partnership in the family firm or command a California clipper was known. Gerrit and he were alike in that they apprehended the values of life more clearly than did the ordinary mind or heart. But, in retaliation, the world they differed from curtly brushed them aside. Roger Brevard could not see that they had made the least mark on the callous normal cruelty or the æsthetic and spiritual blindness of the existence they shared. But it was always possible that something bigger than their grasp of justice or beauty was afoot.

He turned from the darkened prospect of the window and his thoughts to the room. Without a light he removed his formal street clothes, hanging the coat and waistcoat, folding the trousers in a drawer, with exact care; changing his light boots for fiber slippers he set the former in the row of footgear drawn up like a military review against the wall. Though it was quite obscure now and no one would see him, he paused to brush his slightly disarranged hair before—tying the cord of his chamber robe—he resumed his seat.

The year—he reverted to Sidsall—would pass; but try as he might he had no feeling of security in the future, however near. It was the present, this Sidsall, that filled him with a tyrannical and bitter longing. She was unbelievably beautiful now. Against the faintness of his hope, his patience, he saw the whole slow process of the disintegration of marine insurance, and with it his own fatuous insensibility to the decline—that decline with its exact counterpart in himself. Salem and he were getting dusty together.

He straightened up vigorously in his chair; this would never do. He must wind up his affairs here and return to New York. The tranquil backwater had overpowered him for a time; but again awake he would strike out strongly—with Sidsall. Endless doubt and hope fluctuated within him. Voices rose from the Napier garden, and from a tree sounded the shrilling of the first locust he had noticed that summer.

On a noon following he saw the passage of the three or four carriages that constituted the funeral cortège of Taou Yuen's entirely private interment. She would be buried of course by Christian service; here were none of the elaborate Confucian rites and ceremonial. Yet from what Taou Yuen had occasionally indicated Confucius, Laotsze, the Buddha, were all more alike than different; they all vainly preached humility, purity, the subjugation of the flesh.

He stopped later in the Charter Street cemetery and found her grave, the headstone marked:

TAOU YUEN
A MANCHURIAN LADY
THE WIFE OF
GERRIT AMMIDON, ESQ.

and the dates.

Brevard saw, naturally, but little of the Ammidons—a glimpse of Rhoda in the carriage and William on Charter Street. The Nautilus, ready for sea, continued in her berth at Phillips' Wharf. Fragments of news came to him quoted and requoted, grotesquely exaggerated and even malicious reports of the tragedy at the Dunsacks'. Standing at his high desk in the counting-room of the Mongolian Marine Insurance Company, Taou Yuen's glittering passage through Salem already seemed to him a fable, a dream. Even Sidsall, robustly near by, had an aspect of unreality in the tender fabric of his visions. Captain Rendell, his spade beard at the verge of filmed old eyes, who was seated at the window, rose with difficulty. For a moment he swayed on insecure legs, then, barely gathering the necessary power, moved out into the street.

Later, when Roger Brevard was turning the key on the insurance company for the day, Lacy Saltonstone stopped to speak in her charming slow manner:

"Mother of course is in a whirl, with Captain Ammidon about to marry that Nettie Vollar, since she is recovering after all, and our moving to Boston. . . . You see, I'm there so often it will make really very little difference to me. Sidsall is the lucky one, though you'd never know it from seeing her. . . . I thought you'd have heard—why, to Lausanne, a tremendously impressive school, for a year. They have promised her London afterward. I would call that a promise, but actually Sidsall ——"

"Doesn't she want to go?" he asked mechanically, all the emotions that had chimed through his being suddenly clashing in a discordant misery. He bowed absently, and hastening to his room softly closed the door and sat without supper, late into the evening, lost in a bitterness that continually poisoned the resolutions forming out of his overwhelming need. He was aghast at the inner violence that destroyed the long tranquillity of his existence, the clenched hands and spoken words lost in the shadows over the Napiers' garden. He wanted Sidsall with a breathless tyranny infinitely sharper than any pang of youth; she was life itself.

She didn't want to go, Lacy had made that clear; and he told himself that her reluctance could only, must, proceed from one cause—that she cared for him. As he dwelt on this, the one alleviating possibility, he became certain of its truth. He would find her at once and in spite of Rhoda and William Ammidon explain that his whole hope lay in marrying her. With an utter contempt at all the small orderly habits which, he now saw, were the expression of a confirmed dry preciseness, he left his clothes in a disorderly heap. Such a feeling as Sidsall's and his, he repeated from the oppressive expanse of his black-walnut bed, was above ordinary precautions and observance. Then, unable to dismiss the thought of how crumpled his trousers would be in the morning, oppressed by the picture of the tumbled garments, he finally rose and in the dark relaid them in the familiar smooth array.

In the morning his disturbance resolved into what seemed a very decided and reasonable attitude: He would see Rhoda that day and explain his feeling and establish what rights and agreement he could. He was willing to admit that Sidsall was, perhaps, too young for an immediate decision so wide in results. The ache, the hunger for happiness sharpened by vague premonitions of mischance, began again to pound in his heart.

At the Ammidons' it was clear immediately that Rhoda's manner toward him had changed; it had become more social, even voluble, and restrained. She conversed brightly about trivial happenings, while he sat listening, gravely silent. But it was evident that she soon became aware of his difference, and her voice grew sharper, almost antagonistic. They were in the formal parlor, a significent detail in itself, and Roger Brevard saw William pass the door.

Well, he would soon have to go; he must speak about Sidsall now. It promised to be unexpectedly difficult; but the words were forming when she came into the room.

There were faint shadows under her eyes, the unmistakable marks of tears. An overwhelming passion for her choked at his throat. She came directly up to him, ignoring her mother.

"Did you know that they want me to go away?" she asked.

He nodded.

"It's that I came to see your mother about."

"They know I don't want to," she continued; "I've explained it to them very carefully."

"My dear Sidsall," Rhoda Ammidon cut in, "we can't have this. What Roger has to say must be for me and your father."

The girl smiled at her and turned again to Roger Brevard.

"Do you want me to go?"

"No!" he cried, all his planning lost in uncontrollable rebellion.

"Then I don't think I shall."

William entered and stood at his wife's shoulder.

"You won't insist." Sidsall faced them quietly.

"Ridiculous!" her father replied.

Brevard realized that he must support the girl's bravery of spirit. How adorable she was! But before the overwhelming superior position of the elder Ammidons, their weight of propriety and authority, his determination wavered.

"To be quite frank," the other man proceeded, "since it has been forced on us, Sidsall imagines herself in love with you, Brevard. I don't need to remind you how unsuitable and preposterous that is. She's too young to know the meaning of love. Besides, my dear fellow, you're a quarter century her elder. We want Sidsall to go to

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London, like her mother, have her cotillons, before she settles into marriage."

"They can't understand, Roger." Sidrall touched his hand. "We're sorry to disappoint them ——"

"You ought to be made to leave the room!" William fumed.

"That isn't necessary," Rhoda told him. "I am sure Roger understands perfectly how impossible it is. You mustn't be hurt"—she turned to him—"if I admit that we have different plans; at least a man nearer Sidsall's age."

The girl lifted a confident face to him. "You want to marry me, don't you?" she asked.

"More than any other conceivable joy." But he said this silently. His courage slowly ebbed before the parental displeasure viewing him coldly.

"Then"—Sidsall paused expectantly, a touch of impatience even invaded her manner—"please tell them, Roger."

"Why I have to put up with this is beyond me," William Ammidon expostulated with his wife. "It's shameless!"

Roger Brevard winced. He tried to say something about hope and the future, but it was so weak, a palpable retreat leaving Sidsall alone and unsupported, that the words perished unfinished. The girl studied him, suddenly startled, and her confidence ebbed. He turned away, crushed by convention, filled with shame and a sense of self-betrayal.

A stillness followed of unendurable length, in which he found his attention resting on the diversified shapes of the East India money in a corner cabinet. It was Sidsall who finally spoke, slowly and clearly:

"Forgive me!"

He recognized that she was addressing her mother and father. He knew from the whisper of skirts that she was moving from the room. Without the will necessary for a last glimpse he stood with his head bowed in an appalling sensation of weariness and years.

In a flash of self-comprehension Roger Brevard knew that he would never—as he had hoped—leave Salem. He was an abstemious man, one of a family of long lives, and he would linger here, increasingly unimportant, for a great while, an old man in new epochs, isolated among strange people and prejudices.

Soon after, he passed Gerrit and Nettie Vollar driving in the direction of the harbor; she was lying back wanly in the Ammidon barouche, but her companion's face was set directly ahead, his expression of general disdain strongly marked. A vigorous hand, Roger noted, was clasped about Nettie's supine palm. She saw him standing on the sidewalk and bowed slightly, but the shipmaster plainly overlooked him together with the rest of Salem.

The end of summer was imminent in a whirl of yellow leaves and chill gray wind. There was a ringing of bugles through the morning, the strains of military quicksteps, rhythmic tramping feet and the irregular fulmination of salutes. That it was already the day of the annual Fall Review seemed incredible to Roger Brevard. He was indifferent to the activities of the Common; but when he heard that the Nautilus was sailing in the middle of the afternoon he left his inconsequential affairs for Phillips' Wharf.

A small number were waiting on the solid, rock-filled reach, the wharfinger's office at its head and a stone warehouse blocking the end, where the Nautilus lay with her high steeved bowsprit pointing outward. The harbor was slaty, cold, and there was a continuous slapping of small waves on the shore. Darkening clouds hung low in the west, out of which the wind cut in flaws across the open. The town, so lately folded in lush greenery, showed a dun lift of roofs and stripping branches tossing against an ashy sky.

Close beside Roger stood Barzil Dunsack, his beard blowing, with Kate Vollar in a bright red shawl, her skirts whipping uneasily against her father's legs. Beyond were the Ammidons—William, and Rhoda in a deep-furred wrap, and their daughters. Rhoda waved for him to join them, but he declined with a gesture of acknowledgment.

The deck of the Nautilus was above his vision, but he could see most of the stir of departure. The peremptory voice of the mate rose from the bow, minor directions were issued by the second mate aft, a seaman was aloft on the main-royal yard and another stood at the stage rising sharply from the wharf. Gerrit and his wife had not yet arrived, and the pilot, making a leisurely appearance, stopped to exchange remarks with the Ammidons. He climbed on board the ship and Roger could see his head and shoulders moving toward the poop and mounting the ladder.

The wind grew higher, shriller every moment; it was thrashing among the stays and braces; the man aloft, a small movement against the clouds, swayed in its force. There was a faint clatter of hoofs from Derby Street, Brevard had a fleeting glimpse of an arriving carriage, and Gerrit, supporting Nettie Ammidon, advanced over the wharf. The shipmaster walked slowly, the woman clinging, almost dragging, at his erect strength. They went close by Roger; Nettie's pale face, her large shining dark eyes, were filled with peaceful surrender. Her companion spoke in a low grave tone and she looked up at him in a tired happy acquiescence.

The two families joined and there was a confused determined gayety of farewell and good wishes. Out of it finally emerged the captain of the Nautilus and the slight figure upon his arm. He wore a beaver hat, and as they mounted the stage he was forced to hold it on with his free hand. When the quarter-deck was reached they disappeared into the cabin.

"Mr. Broadrick," the pilot called, "you can get in those bow fasts. Send a hawser to the end of the wharf; I'm going to warp out."

There was a harsh answering clatter as the mooring chain that held the bow of the Nautilus was secured, and a group of sailors went smartly forward with a hemp cable to the end of the wharf's seaward thrust. The Nautilus lay on the eastern side, with the wind beating over the starboard quarter, and there was little difficulty in getting under way.

Strain was kept on the stern and breast fasts while the mate directed: "Ship your capstan bars."

The capstan turned and the Nautilus moved forward to the beat of song.

"*Low lands, Low lands, Hurrah, my John,*
*I thought I heard the old man say.*
*Low lands, Low lands, Hurrah, my John,*
*We'll get some rum . . . . . Hurrah, my John.*
*Then shake her ——*"

"Vast heaving," Mr. Broadrick shouted.

The intimate spectators on Phillips' Wharf moved out with the ship. Gerrit Ammidon was now visible on the quarter-deck with the pilot. He walked to the port railing aft and stood gazing somberly back at Salem.

The pilot approached him, there was a brief exchange of words, and the former sharply ordered:

"Stand by to run up your jib and fore-topmast staysail, Mr. Broadrick. Put two good men at the sheets and see they don't let those sails slat to pieces.

"On the wharf there—take that stern fast out to the last ringbolt. Mister Second Mate, get your fenders aboard." The wind increased in a violence tipped with stinging rain. "Give her the jib and staysail."

She heeled slightly and gathered steerage way. Roger Brevard involuntarily waved a parting salutation. An extraordinary emotion swept over him; a ship bound to the East always stirred his imagination and sense of beauty, but the departure of the Nautilus had a special significance. It was the beginning, yes, and the end of almost the whole sweep of human suffering and despair, of longing and hope and passion, and a reward.

"Let go the stern fast. Steady your helm there."

"Steady, sir."

A mere gust of song was distinguishable against the blast of storm. Under the lee of the stone warehouse, on the solidity of the wharf, the land, Roger Brevard watched the Nautilus while one by one the topsails were sheeted home and the yards mast-headed.

"A gale by night," somebody said.

The ship, driving with surprising speed toward the open sea, was now apparently no more than a fragile shell on the immensity of the stark horizon.

The light faded—the days were growing shorter. Alone, Brevard followed the others moving away. Kate Vollar's red shawl suddenly streamed out and was secured by a wasted hand. Just that way, he thought, the color and vividness of his existence had been withdrawn.

(THE END)


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# CALL UP THE BALLOON

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the groove. By an ingenious system of tapes this spring is pulled off when weight comes on the parachute. Thus when a man jumps out of the basket, as soon as the rope tightens off comes the bottom of the case, out falls the rope and most of the silk, and when the ropes and silk tighten again the thin cotton thread breaks—and there you are. All you have to do then is to wait for it to open.

When I first went to the balloon service I was quite anxious to know how to parachute in the most approved style. I'll never forget the instructions I received. The major gave them to me.

"See that you are fastened on all right. See that your harness has not fouled anything in the basket. Climb out of the basket and hang by your arms. Make sure that you are clear; and then—let go."

Very simple, isn't it? So simple indeed that it requires no practice. A chap performs perfectly the first time he tries it. Of course, if he doesn't he generally never has a second chance. Still, if a man keeps his head he ought not to be hurt.

There may have been cases where a parachute refused to open. I never saw one; nor have I ever heard of one in France—that is, with a man attached to the parachute. On two occasions while we were testing parachutes they failed to open; once because there was only one sandbag, about fifty pounds, on it. This was purely a case of insufficient weight. The other time the silk fouled the long handling guys of the balloon and hung there.

### A Fatal Omission

When about to jump a balloonist must think fast, keep his head and not forget. One fatality I remember was due entirely to a slip of memory on the part of the officer jumping. He was a chap who had been in the public eye quite a bit before the war, and a truer gentleman or better friend I never knew. On this occasion he had been up observing with another chap. They were hauling down on account of a storm that was approaching. As they got within about one hundred feet of the ground they both released themselves from their parachutes preparatory to getting out of the basket. When the balloon was within several feet of the ground the storm broke. The wind suddenly striking the balloon wrenched it from its cable and the lift of the gas immediately caused the balloon to rise. The crew were helpless. One observer jumped as the balloon broke away and sustained only a severe shaking up. The wind was toward the boche lines, so my friend commenced getting rid of his instruments. He threw out his maps, glasses, barometer and telephones. It appeared as though he was very cool and collected about it all.

Though it was only the work of a second or two to fasten himself to the parachute again my friend forgot to do so. He climbed to the edge of the basket and dropped overboard without it, from five thousand feet.

That is one of the cases where a single slip of the memory means the difference between life and death. Thus died a most capable officer and a true-hearted friend—all through forgetting just once.

The shortest time in which I ever knew a parachute to open was two and three-fifths seconds; the longest—with one exception—three and two-fifths seconds. The one exception took five seconds.

From the ground one can judge the time only from when the first flutter of the white silk is seen. There is a drop of about forty feet of course before that is seen. One can expect to fall pretty close to three hundred feet before the parachute is properly open. They have a type of parachute in America—and in England, too, for that matter—with which one does not fall more than twenty-five to thirty feet before it opens, but I consider the long drop a distinct advantage in France. No one cares to parachute there from a much lower height than one thousand feet. If you are parachuting away from a Hun plane and he intends to follow you down it is much nicer to get as far away from him as possible in the shortest time with the long drop. It is a very plucky Hun who will follow you down under one thousand feet because of the machine guns on the ground.

When the parachute opens—which it does gradually—it does not bring you up with a jerk. Your downward motion gradually slows up until you are going down at the rate of about five hundred feet a minute, which means you hit the ground about as hard as if you jumped off a fence four feet high. Sometimes, however, one hits harder than at others.

After the April affair, when we were dragged by our parachutes, we learned to put a cord lanyard on our sheath knives so they would not be jerked out of our hands when we hit the ground. When one lands in a wind it is necessary sometimes to slash oneself free from the parachute just as one touches the ground. The parachute then falls flat to the ground.

The silk makes the most gorgeous handkerchiefs. I fully intended to have a suit of pyjamas made from one of my parachutes, but someone touched me for the silk. A parachute can be used repeatedly if it is not damaged, but after a chap has jumped, his parachute, when he has finished getting handkerchiefs and other souvenirs out of it, generally is a total loss.

Being attacked at this time was such a common thing that though it still raised a ripple of excitement it was not the event of the season as it had been a year before. Three or four attacks made against our balloons stick out in my memory, however, as being a bit out of the average. Each one of them had a touch of the comic or tragic about it.

One night it was almost dark before the balloons came down. There had been some sort of little show on over the lines. Perhaps that was why we were all later than usual. Most of our planes had gone home and the last ones to fly past us were our artillery machines. Slow, good-natured old busses they were. They would almost fly themselves, but glory, they were slow! They were generally the last home and it was a common sight to see them come limping in about the time we were hauling down.

### A Short Sport

This night I had gone over to the next balloon on some intelligence job or other and I stayed there till the balloon came down. My own balloon was still up about twenty-five hundred feet. The section I was visiting was hauling down lazily and had got to within about three hundred feet of the ground when my own commenced to haul down.

I noticed a slow old aëroplane approaching it. Suddenly I saw one of their signal lights fly out toward the balloon. I was just uttering some heartfelt language about fool pilots who knew no better than to shoot off their Very lights so close to a balloon, when I heard the rattle of a machine gun and saw unmistakable tracer bullets go flying past my balloon. It was a Hun; an old Aviatik, which looked a good deal like our slow artillery plane. It was so dark it was almost impossible to distinguish the crosses on its wings. Besides, it had come limping in just like one of our planes. Indeed, even our Archies had taken it for one of them. Fritz had flown behind the balloon, turned toward home and then had shot his whole bag of tricks at the poor old sausage, ending up, as he passed over it, by heaving out a phosphorus bomb. He was a pretty cute Hun all right, but he had no luck. The balloon did not burst into flames.

Our pilot was just a youngster, and the observer was a chap who had come to France the day before. Some welcome! They both came out. As they had climbed to the edge of the basket just previous to jumping one of the bullets hit the pilot in the stomach. He fell back into the basket. The new chap—it was his first flight in France—slid back into the basket, picked up the pilot, dropped him over the edge and then jumped himself.

A man in a parachute is quite helpless and though it may be good strategy to kill him if possible it has generally been the policy of our flyers to leave him alone and let him make his landing, figuring, I suppose, that he has had enough to worry about.

Not so with this boche brute. He spiraled down after the parachutes, machine-gunning them, fortunately without effect. He did, however, hit one of our motorcyclists, putting a bullet in his arm. Our two chaps made a good landing and were at once taken care of.

(Continued on Page 105)




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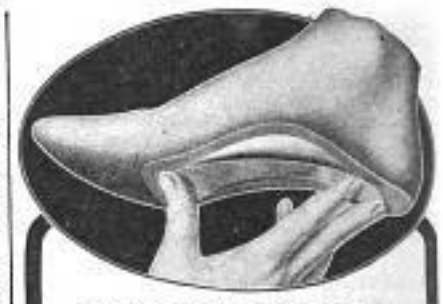
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Fritz had long since turned for home, but before he got well started three of our fighting planes were coming off the ground like avenging furies. Our machine guns had, as usual, jammed, and our Archies could not fire for fear of hitting the balloon. Fritzie's slow speed had been of use to him in coming across; on his way back it was his undoing.

Our three planes climbed after him in a line. When within about five hundred yards they opened fire. We could see the tracer bullets blaze through the dusk. They caught him just over his own trenches and pounced on him like so many hawks. Down, down they drove him in spirals; he could not escape. Each way he turned he was greeted with a rain of tracers.

At last about three hundred feet from the ground he burst into flames and went down in a cloud of smoke, amid the cheers of our men.

Then someone remembered and hauled down the balloon.

The whole thing had happened in five minutes and was all over before my motorcycle could get me back to the section.

The next night another Fritz flew over and tried the very same trick; only he added a neat little original touch by bombing our camp as well.

I never saw just what the end of that affair was, for while we were watching him go home bits of shell and shrapnel from the Archies as well as rifle and machine-gun bullets from the front line began to drop round us so fast that everyone ducked for cover. When it stopped half a minute later the Hun plane had disappeared. We heard that he had been brought down by the infantry but I rather doubt it. If he did escape possibly he deserved it. He had had a hot passage and he certainly showed more nerve than most boche airmen.

The German High Command must have been fairly well disgusted at the lack of success their aëroplanes had had in bringing down British balloons. Up till this time they had made several attacks which failed of their purpose. In each of these attacks only one hostile plane had participated. Now the chief of the baby killers decided on a *grand coup*. This was to be no small affair, but one calculated to put the everlasting wind-up on the British balloons. Getting the wind-up is the army expression for getting frightened. This time the Huns were going to bring down the balloons if they had to use the whole German air service. It was the first concerted attack made upon our sausages.

### *Strafing the Sausages*

It happened on a hot afternoon toward the end of June, 1917. There was a bright sun and the upper air was filled with a fine haze, which was especially unfavorable for observing aëroplanes from the ground. All our balloons were up. They hung in a long undulating lazy-looking line, somewhere about three thousand feet in the air.

Very few Hun planes had made their appearance that afternoon and work was going along swimmingly. There was very little wind—hardly enough to keep the balloons facing in one direction. Simultaneously, like runners in a race suddenly rounding a bend into view, sixteen Hun aëroplanes dashed out of the haze about half a mile apart. Each made for one of our balloons. The attack came so suddenly and was so well executed that the Archies as well as ourselves were taken by surprise.

Instead of two hearts with but a single thought there were thirteen. The reason there weren't sixteen was that some of the balloons were up without an observer. Everybody in the balloons went overboard. The result was a sight which I don't think has ever been seen before or since. A long line of parachutes, thirteen in number, suddenly opened and drifted to earth. It sounds ghastly, but I remember thinking how funny it must have looked from the ground as I watched them all floating down—quite like Hyde Park on a hot Sunday afternoon.

Everyone made a good landing. No one was hurt. The net result of Fritzie's attack was that two balloons were sent down in flames. The rest were hauled down into safer altitudes.

To even things up a bit for the Hun his aëroplanes were overtaken by our fighters on their way back and three of his machines were shot down. It is true, thirteen balloonists were rendered extremely uncomfortable by having to parachute, but, as the Irishman said, "they were coming down for nails anyway." It was just time for tea.

Strafing balloons is more or less a senseless game anyway. The aëroplane men don't like it. They say it is dangerous occupation, but so far as I can see the balloons can't do them much damage. It does interrupt a balloon's observation for several hours, but other balloons take on their work. Unless all the balloons are put down at the same time the enemy does not profit very much thereby.

Even if a balloon is burned a new balloon will be looking down at the Hun from the same place the next morning. It never takes more than ten hours, and on one occasion we had a new balloon ready to ascend in four and a half hours after the previous one had been destroyed; so that in many respects balloon strafing is like trying to sink a rubber ball in water by throwing stones at it. It is hard to hit, and when one does hit it it simply bobs up again.

I read with a great deal of pleasure the German wireless communiqué which our wireless picked up that night. The squadron of planes that attacked the balloons that afternoon was not that of Baron von Richthofen, judging by the communiqué that the Hun wireless sent out. They more likely belonged to the squadron of the far-famed Baron Münchhausen. The wireless said: "Ten hostile balloons were shot down in flames by our aviators this afternoon. Several of the observers escaped in parachutes."

We used to pick up lots of humorous intelligence with our wireless. It was a source of never-failing interest to most of us and when life hung heavy on our hands we used to go to the wireless hut, clamp the extra pair of telephone receivers on our ears and listen to the many different conversations being sent through space. We could at intervals pick up the shrill buzz of the Eiffel Tower of Paris through the thin mosquito-like whine of our artillery machines carrying on observations for their batteries, and occasionally we could catch the deep growling, grouchy buzz of Nauen, whence the German official wireless was sent.

### *Wireless Chatter*

Fritz had a stunt that he used to employ frequently. Somewhere back of his lines he had a powerful sending set. When our planes were busy talking to their batteries he used to butt in with his heavy set and jam the everlasting daylight out of their messages. At least that was his idea. To a great extent an expert operator could have received a message through the infernal racket the Hun kicked up. He used to run up and down the scale, and on one occasion it sounded so peculiar that we almost suspected Heinie of having a sense of humor—of trying to play a tune with his wireless. Our balloon wireless was chiefly used to take messages from our own planes. One of our planes would be over the lines on artillery patrol and would have registered a battery on some particular target. He would then want to register another battery on another target. So he would send a message to the first battery, which we would receive and note, informing us in four letters that he had registered the battery, that it was shooting well on to the target; that he proposed to work with another battery, and that the balloon would please keep an eye on the target and give general observation on the rest of the shoot. The battery would then call up the balloon and receive whatever information we had to give it.

Our wireless used to save us a lot of trouble in putting up the balloon unnecessarily. When the weather was not perfectly clear there used to be an aëroplane that flew over the lines at short intervals and sent back information as to the degree of visibility. As long as we were getting certain code letters we knew it was useless for us to put the balloon up for observation purposes. We used to get quite a bit of information as to the German artillery code by listening to his wireless working.

Perhaps we used the wireless to the greatest extent for foretelling the weather in the immediate future. The wireless receiver is particularly sensitive to atmospheric disturbances and by it we could foretell the approach of a thunderstorm hours before there were any visible signs of it. Indeed, I have heard the wireless receivers crackling so much that any message coming in would be almost undecipherable.

In those days the observation balloons were used by many people for many different




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purposes. While in the air they were a never-failing landmark and guidepost for the tired Tommy returning to his transport lines. The meteorological service used them as a sort of substation, and the artillery for several purposes. Did the divisional commander want to know in a general way how an attack was proceeding? He called up the balloon for the information. Did an engineer officer want to know whether the camouflage he was putting on some huts was sufficient? He called up the balloon to find out. Did an aëroplane squadron commander want corroborative evidence as to the bringing down of a Hun plane? He called up the balloon. When some locality was being shelled by the Germans and counter-battery office was notified, they said: "Call up the balloon and see who is doing it. Give them a battery and tell them to put a stop to it." In fact the balloons were so general a source of information that once when a very prominent politician from England got to France and was being conducted by an orderly to a certain place, and didn't arrive on time, they called up the balloon to see if we could locate him wandering over the landscape!

In spite of all this service the balloons were very unwelcome neighbors because it was believed they drew fire. People made nasty remarks about their ugly appearance in the air, and some erratic person even went so far as to say that ballooning was a safety-first job. In fact, in many ways when it came down to brass tacks the balloons were like Mr. Kipling's Tommy:

*It's Tommy this an' Tommy that an' Tommy go away,*
*But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play.*

Fritz always used to try out his new stunts on my section. So it seemed to us, anyway. As a matter of fact we did get quite a number of his ideas thrown at us first. Perhaps it was because we were the nearest balloon to the line. I might remark just here that the German balloons were always operated farther behind the lines than ours were. I do not think that I ever saw one of his balloons closer to the front line than eight or nine thousand yards. That is, however, by the way.

### *Balloons Under Shell-Fire*

It was the British artillery that gave Fritz this idea that he tried out on us. It seems that the officer in charge of a battery of our six-inch guns found life very boring one afternoon, so he decided to lighten the tedium of existence by taking two or three potshots at the Hun balloons. Now a shell hitting a balloon will make a hole—in fact two holes—in it, but it will not set it afire. To accomplish that a shell must burst inside a balloon or within less than ten feet of it, so balloon shooting with a heavy gun must be mathematically accurate, aided by a good deal of luck. Otherwise it simply becomes a very expensive way of spending an afternoon, and all the satisfaction one gets out of it is in knowing that the balloon observer has been rendered very uncomfortable.

To burst a shell close enough to a balloon to set it afire is just about an impossibility with even the best modern guns. The six-inch gun I refer to is the very last thing in modernity and can shoot comfortably up to thirty thousand yards.

The old proverb about the "unexpected happening" proved itself again in this instance. The first round fired burst in a cloud of white smoke right on the Hun balloon, sending it down in flames. The artillery officer went on firing at other balloons, fearfully pleased with himself. He didn't get another, though he shot at them off and on for three weeks.

It was putting evil thoughts into Fritz's head, however. Indeed he believed it was such a good idea that he decided to try it. Accordingly, and without delay, he got up a 5.9 gun, probably a naval gun, and started in on us. He used a Universal shell, which was particularly beastly. This shell was a combination of shrapnel and high explosive—that is, it bursts and squirts shrapnel bullets all about, as any well-trained shrapnel shell ought; then it bursts itself into large shards, big pieces of jagged steel about two feet long, four inches wide and about an inch thick—distinctly unpleasant, I assure you. I saw one of these pieces come down, whirling like a saw, and cut a man diagonally across the chest into two pieces right before my eyes. Those shells certainly moved quickly. One heard them coming just about half a second before they burst. The first one burst behind the balloon about two thousand feet up. The shrapnel bullets descended in a torrent and hit the ground with a decidedly displeasing "phut." To haul down was out of the question, for Fritz would simply wait till the balloon got to the ground; then he would put over a couple of shells and get the entire crew.

We decided to put the balloon up as high as possible in hopes that Fritz couldn't elevate his gun enough to get a shell up there. The observer could have parachuted, but we all felt that jumping is like running away from the Hun, a thing that most of us object to doing.

Meanwhile the shells were bursting at ten-minute intervals. As I know from experience it is anything but pleasant to stay up in a balloon basket waiting for the next one to come over. Let us say that Fritz has a fairly good line on the balloon. A shell has burst in front of the balloon, and the last one has just burst about one hundred yards behind it. You know another one is due in ten minutes. The next five minutes go all right, then you begin to wonder where it will burst. Theoretically it ought to be between the last two, and that is where the balloon is. You look at your watch about every ten seconds. Will the time never pass? The suspense is the worst part of it! You wish the next would come and get it over with. You have a terrific curiosity. The chances are that Fritz doesn't know that he has bracketed the balloon with his last two rounds. It is impossible for him to know unless he has observers away at each side, miles away. The next one arrives on schedule, whistles over you and bursts away behind you. This goes on for an hour, two hours, maybe three hours. That is the kind of thing which gets one's nerve quicker than anything else.

### *Friday the Thirteenth*

While he was being shot at the observer tried to locate the gun by the flashes. We were unsuccessful for quite a while. Fritz kept moving that gun all round his back areas; seemingly it was never two days in the same place.

The shelling started Friday morning. It lasted for a little more than an hour. On Saturday we got two hours of it. Meanwhile the major had arranged for a flock of aëroplanes to bomb the gun when it had been located. On Sunday he decided to break the Huns' hearts by letting them shoot at the balloon all day. They hadn't got very near it in the two days, and the major's idea was to put the balloon up in ballast with a dummy figure in it, leave it up all Sunday and let the Hun shoot at it to his heart's content, so that when he failed to hit it he would see it was a waste of ammunition and give up strafing balloons as a bad job. All the other officers went off for a day's vacation while I stayed in camp. I put the balloon up as ordered, but the whole day passed without Fritz shooting at it once.

He resumed his hate the next week and continued it at intervals, but while I remained in France he never succeeded in bringing down a balloon by gunfire.

I had never been a superstitious person. For months there were thirteen members of our mess and we sat down to table quite undisturbed. I was even content to light three cigarettes from one match on occasion.

Friday, the thirteenth of July, dawned cloudy and threatening. It was my day for the long and worst session in the basket. At breakfast that morning many comforting remarks were passed.

"Looks like a good day for Huns," one said.

"It's about time something happened to you," said another.

I paid very little serious attention to their remarks, as we were generally quite candid in our talk to one another.

During the morning the weather was bad; overcast, with occasional showers. After lunch it cleared a bit and we put the balloon up. There was to be some sort of raid that night, and we had quite a few registrations to make in preparation for it.

As I climbed into the basket the wireless operator reported very strong atmospherics. This indicated the presence of thunderstorms not far away.

I ascended to about three thousand feet and started to work. The crackling of the atmospherics made telephonic communication almost impossible, so I came down to

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(Continued from Page 106)

twenty-five hundred. I had soon to come to two thousand feet, and there I stayed.

The ground officer told me that the atmospheric disturbances were getting stronger. Behind me I could see a big bank of black clouds coming up. They didn't look inviting. My batteries knew that our time to work was short and they were working very fast. We started on our last shoot—a registration on a trench junction—for gas shell. The people on the ground kept warning me of the thunderstorm behind and suggesting that I haul down. The clouds were coming up fast and it looked as though we couldn't finish before they were on top of us. However, as the guns had to use this registration that same night it must be finished if possible.

I was just hanging on from round to round. Two more rounds would finish the job. The clouds were over me, about twenty-five feet above the balloon. I remember I was standing with my glasses to my eyes to watch the fall of a shell, when there was a brilliant green flash and I ceased to participate actively in the war.

My first conscious impression was that some kind person was pouring gallons of Scotch whisky down my throat; my next was that I must not show signs of returning to consciousness too soon or this would stop. There were five doctors there, a colonel, two majors and two captains; a field ambulance was situated within about thirty yards of our winch. I was in my own tent, had a splitting headache, my jaws were sore, I was as deaf as a post and my knees wouldn't work.

Seemingly I had miles of bandages twisted round my head.

The headache left me in about an hour and I felt better. Then I got an account of what had happened from the ground officer.

It seems the same flash of lightning that laid me out had also got the telephonist on the other end of the balloon wire. It had knocked him off his chair into the corner, but as he got up swearing, they knew that he wasn't much hurt. The ground officer had grabbed the phone and tried to call me in the basket. When I didn't answer he had ordered the balloon hauled down. By some miracle it hadn't caught fire.

They found me sleeping peacefully in a corner of the basket, all tied up in the telephone apparatus; this had been twisted, burned and altogether ruined by the shock. I had remained unconscious for nearly four hours.

The next day I got about again, though I felt pretty well shocked. My left ear was almost quite deaf and the skin round it had been burned fairly well. I spent a couple of days of idleness, though I felt fairly all right again. I was able to do ground officer's work, and as we were very short-handed I more or less had to.

### *Work in the Haze*

There were only three of us to do the work, and those days the balloon was up almost from daylight till dark. That meant that each of us must do about six hours in the air and six hours in the chart room every day. It is generally recognized, I think, that four hours' ballooning every other day is about all an observer can do and not go to pieces. We were doing much more than that. We had to. The work was there to be done, and seemingly we could get no more officers. It was only a question of time therefore until we would all crack up. We had been at this for about ten days after the lightning episode when another thing happened.

It was another of those hazy days, when observation was impossible and when Hun planes were well-nigh invisible from the ground. For some unknown reason orders came along that all balloons were to ascend in ballast except one. That was to take up an observer to watch for a shooting view. Naturally, as we were the duty balloon for the day we went up. The Hun's back country was a mass of haze, while even the front lines were but faintly visible. I was sitting up at two thousand feet, waiting for a view. I had been there about an hour, when, about two P. M., one of our batteries phoned in to say they wanted to register a certain point and could the balloon see it? The balloon looked up the point and decided that maybe it could. The point was a very prominent one, being the junction of a big black railway embankment with a white-chalk trench. I ascended to thirty-two hundred feet to see if I could see it better.

The battery was to fire fifty rounds on it and pretty soon it commenced to fire. There was nothing at all extraordinary about the shoot. The battery got on to its target and registered its four guns very well. They finished their shoot and thanked us for our assistance. As the view of the back country was still "dud" and as it was very hazy about me I decided to haul down to two thousand again.

My Archie battery had been notified as to my height when I ascended to thirty-two hundred feet. The Archie battery, when it is notified at what height the balloon is flying, lays its guns so that their shells will form a barrage about one thousand to twelve hundred feet over the balloon.

The balloon on my left was up in ballast and was trying for an altitude test—that is, they were seeing how high they could make the bag go. It was away above me. Later I found out it had reached fifty-three hundred feet. Because it was so hazy up above it was simply asking for trouble to go that high unnecessarily.

I had just given the order to the winch to haul down, when out of the haze above me and to my left I saw a plane suddenly appear. I happened to be looking at the exact spot when it burst into sight. It seemed to materialize out of nothing in a fraction of a second. Its close-coupled squatty fuselage looked very suspicious, so I put my glasses on it. There were the black crosses of a Hun. It was making for the balloon on my left, which was up so high. No sooner had the Hun appeared than out of the mist behind it came one of our slow artillery machines, diving to get on the Hun's tail and with its machine gun roaring. Of course, the poor old game artillery bus did not have a chance and was left behind as though standing still.

### *A Surprise Attack*

As soon as I recognized the Hun plane I shouted the information down the telephone. I had spotted the plane before our own spotter. We had one man whose sole duty was to watch for hostile planes. The information I howled down the phone seemed utterly to demoralize the telephonist, for from then on I could not get any information about anything. It all happened so quickly that up till this time our Archie had not fired a shot. The machine guns were chattering now, however, and as the balloon swung round I caught a glimpse of the balloon on my left enveloped in smoke. Fritz had fired one or two incendiary bullets into it, and it was burning. A balloon when it commences to burn does not explode, as a great many people seem to think. An incendiary or tracer bullet, when it hits the balloon, goes through it, making two holes, of course. As the bullet is flaming, being filled with a magnesium compound, it ignites the hydrogen where it escapes at these two holes. Hydrogen, or in fact anything, can burn only when it combines with oxygen, and as the hydrogen escapes at the bullet holes it combines with the oxygen in the air, and burns like two gas jets. The holes enlarge as the fabric is burned away and the flames grow larger until the whole balloon becomes one mass of flame. As soon as enough hydrogen has escaped to make the weight of the balloon greater than the weight of an equal volume of air the balloon starts to drop to the ground.

So, as I say, as the balloon swung round I caught a glimpse of the other balloon enveloped in black smoke, slowly dropping to the ground. Then my balloon swung the other way and persistently kept itself between the Hun plane and myself, so I did not know whether he was going home or was going to have a crack at me. My telephonist was so excited that he couldn't tell me anything about it. I soon found out that Fritz was after my balloon as well as the other one, for I heard machine-gun bullets humming by me; and a tracer bullet or two went past, leaving a trail of white smoke. They were not very close, however, for the Hun was some distance above me. Long before this I had cleared my parachute harness and was sitting on the edge of the basket with the telephone in my hand.

So many things happened at once that it is impossible to describe them as they happened. I do not think the whole thing occupied more than a minute at the most. Before the Hun turned his attention to me I heard our Archie fire with a ripping crash, and immediately after that the two


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shells burst. Instead of bursting a thousand feet above me they both burst about twenty-five feet to the left of my balloon and on a level with it.

They were firing two guns, and as a barrage is dependent upon volume of fire they fired their second pair of shells before the first two had burst. The third shell burst on a level with the balloon and about ten feet short of it. The shrapnel bullets shot forward in a cone, biting out circles of about a foot in diameter, and the whole bag of tricks went through the balloon. The fourth shell passed through the balloon and burst about ten feet the other side.

When the first two had burst so close to me I decided that, with a Hun shooting red-hot bullets at me from in front and with my own Archies plastering shrapnel at me from behind, the basket was no place for me, so as I dropped the telephone I shouted "Look out below!" and dropped overboard.

I heard a "wumph" when the parachute pulled out of its case as I dropped like a rock for about three hundred feet. I remember seeing the balloon a bit saggy in the middle; then my view was blotted out as the parachute, like a large white umbrella, suddenly opened over my head.

One cannot maneuver a parachute so as to steer it or accelerate one's descent. I've heard some people say it can be done. I never wished harder than then to know how, for, with the holes that balloon had in her, it was dollars to doughnuts that she was following me down. If the balloon fell on top of the parachute I should hit the ground a good deal harder than was healthy. Ordinarily a parachute drifts with the wind, and by hauling in the cable at the winch the balloon can be prevented from falling on the parachute. This day, however, there was not a breath of wind. The old balloon had swung round like a teetotum. All these things I thought of as I came down. However, I got down all right and landed within about seventy-five feet of the winch. The balloon reached the ground about a minute afterward.

The adjutant of the Archies came up that night to explain matters. I do not remember what he said, but there was no explanation to be made. My own opinion is that they had laid their guns for a barrage while I had been at two thousand feet, which would bring the bursts somewhere about three thousand or thirty-two hundred feet. When they were told that the balloon had gone to thirty-two hundred feet I imagine they said, "Oh, he'll come down again in a minute"; and they hadn't laid a new barrage. As a matter of fact the balloons were rather in the habit of bobbing up and down like a cork, at different altitudes. Then, when the Hun had come over, they forgot that they had not changed their barrage, and so it was lucky that the shells hadn't blown me to bits.

A couple of days after this I felt poorly, so I went to the field ambulance to get something. The doctor took my temperature, asked me how long I had been feeling that way, and told me to come back the next day. The next day he took my temperature again and told me I had better go back to the hospital. I told him not to make jokes, that I couldn't leave my section, that we were too short-handed as it was, that I wasn't sick, and numerous other things. He said nothing further but went and saw the major. The major sent for me and told me that I had been granted the balloon wing, and ordered me to go to the hospital. I protested, but the next day I was sent out.

From one hospital I was transferred to another, then to a third and finally to England. I spent three months in an English hospital, most of the time a good deal sicker than I wanted to be. Then a medical board sent me to Canada.

As the steamer I was sailing on pulled out from an English seaport I realized that I was going back home after years—it seemed like ten—away from it. The world was a pleasant place, the sun was bright and the breeze bracing. Some people were talking of a war that was going on somewhere. I had forgotten about it. What did it matter if the sea was rough? Anyone who had lived in an observation balloon couldn't get sick on an ocean liner. What did it matter if there were submarines about? One did show its periscope, only to be run down by one of our destroyers. Bully chaps—those destroyers. I was going home! The boat seemed fearfully slow. What would I do when I landed? Go fishing? No, one can't fish in November. There were oceans of things I would do, but the main thing was I was going to do absolutely nothing for a while, just to see what it felt like. No one can know who hasn't experienced it what coming home meant to one who had been in France for some years. It is quite indescribable. No joy ever equaled it.

Then early one morning everyone rushed forward to see the little cloud on the horizon where they "keep the home fires burning till the boys come home." It was

*. . . one land of all the rest,*
*Where Freedom flows from east to west;*
*The land of all I love the best*
*Is Canada, my home.*

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Lieutenant Black.

## The Ballad of English John, the Buccaneer

*I DIDN'T think that I'd be caught;*
*But midway in the fight*
*A score of Spaniards bore me down*
*And covered me from sight.*
*Then, on my feet, I found my arms*
*Drawn backward, bound and tight.*

*They dragged me down below in chains;*
*They feared to set me free.*
*I lay there in the drip and slime*
*And listened to the sea.*
*They gave me bread I couldn't eat,*
*And rats ran over me.*

*I dreamed, to wake—and dream again*
*Of wild free ocean ways.*
*My life grew big before me like*
*A spark that makes a blaze. . . .*
*We seemed to sail for endless nights*
*And weary endless days.*

*At last, "Get up, you Englishman!"*
*I heard. A torch flared red.*
*One booted at my rattling ribs,*
*One bashed me in the head. . . .*
*"My friends, I hope we meet in hell!"*
*Were all the words I said.*

*They rode me inland to Madrid,*
*A-rolling in a cart;*
*They threw me out and broke my arm.*
*That couldn't break my heart;*
*And I sat up and cursed all Spain*
*In bower and hall and mart.*

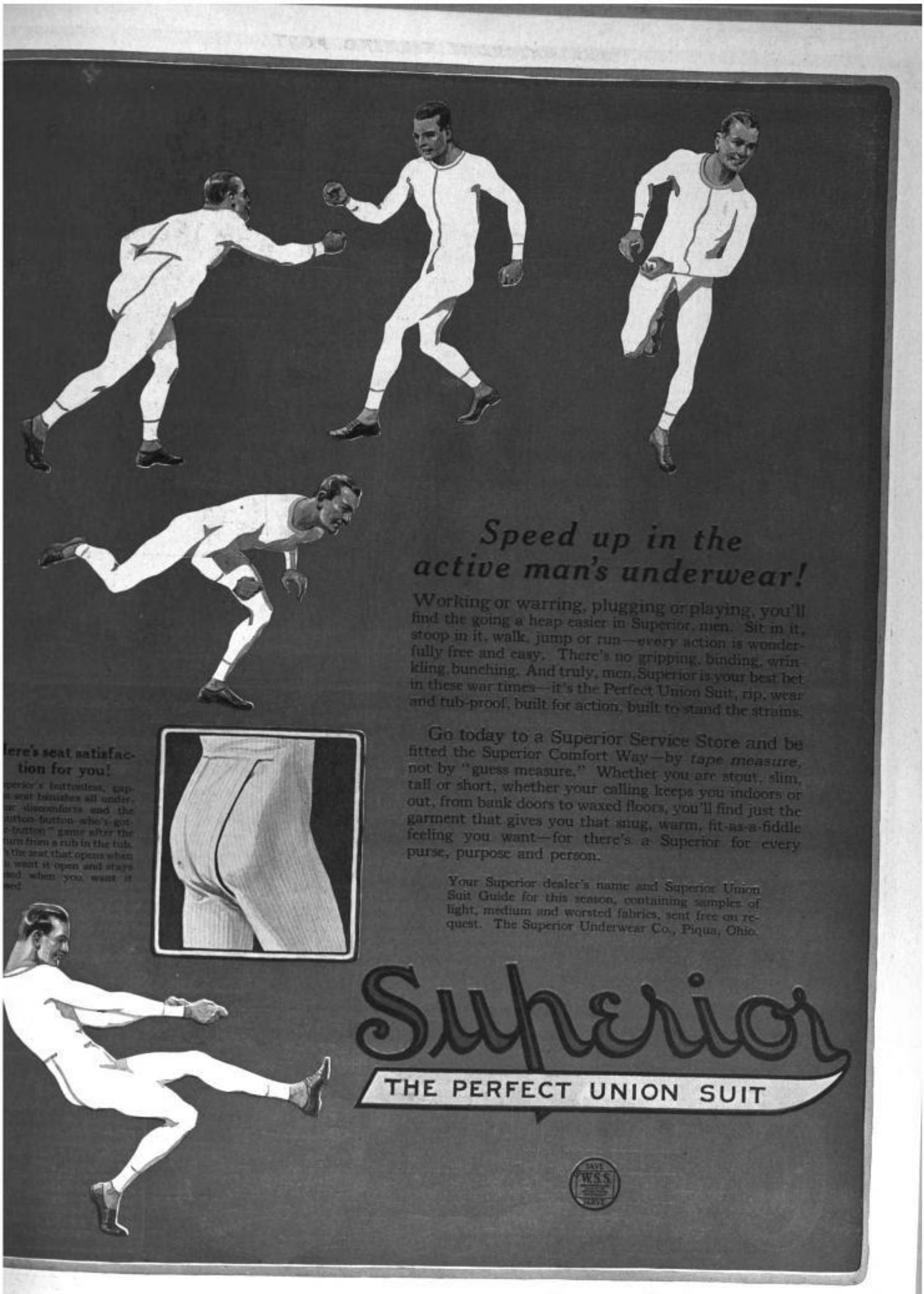
*They dragged me to a scaffold next.*
*Though ended now my play,*
*Yet in my final scene of life*
*I stood up in the day;*
*I kicked the hangman, laughed at death—*
*Which made the ladies gay.*

*The ladies whispered: "It's a shame!"*
*[Each fluttering her fan.]*
*"Aye, it's a shame his life must fall*
*Beneath the hangman's ban!"*
*And each one thought, within her heart,*
*I was a proper man!*

—Harry Kemp.



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An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° Franklin

NOVEMBER 16, 1918

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## Eating in Two or Three Languages—By Irvin S. Cobb


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# Eating in Two or Three Languages

## By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

ON MY way home from overseas I spent many happy hours mapping out a campaign. To myself I said: "The day I land is going to be a great day for some of the waiters and a hard day on some of the cooks. Persons who happen to be near by when I am wrestling with my first ear of green corn will think I am playing on a mouth organ. My behavior in regard to hothouse asparagus will be reminiscent of the best works of the late Bosco. In the matter of cantaloupes I rather fancy I shall consume the first two on the half shell, or *au naturel*, as we veteran correspondents say; but the third one will contain about as much vanilla ice cream as you could put in a derby hat.

"And when, as I am turning over my second piece of fried chicken, with Virginia ham, if H. Hoover should crawl out from under it, and, shaking the gravy out of his eyes, should lift a warning hand, I shall say to him: 'Herb,' I shall say, 'Herb, stand back! Stand well back to avoid being splashed, Herb. Please desist and do not bother me now; for I am busy. Kindly remember that I am but just returned from over there and that for months and months past, as I went to and fro across the face of the next hemisphere that you'll run into on the left of you if you go just outside of Sandy Hook and take the first turn to the right, I have been storing up a great unsatisfied longing for the special dishes of my own, my native land. Don't try, I pray you, to tell me a patriot can't do his bit and eat it too; for I know better.

"'Shortly I may be in a fitter frame of mind to listen to your admonitions touching on rationing schemes; but not to-day, and possibly not to-morrow either, Herb. At this moment I consider food regulations as having been made for slaves and perhaps for the run of other people; but not for me. As a matter of fact, what you may have observed up until now has merely been my preliminary attack—what you might call open warfare, with scouting operations. But when they bring on the transverse section of watermelon I shall take my trenching tools and just naturally start digging in. I trust you may be hanging round then; you'll certainly overhear something.'"




### Where the Water Goes

"'KINDLY pass the ice water. That's it. Thank you. Join me, won't you, in a brimming beaker? It may interest you to know that I am now on my second carafe of this wholesome, delicious and satisfying beverage. Where I have lately been, in certain parts of the adjacent continent, there isn't any ice, and nobody by any chance ever drinks water. Nobody bathes in it either, so far as I have been able to note. You'll doubtless be interested in hearing what they do do with it over on that side. It took me months to find out.

"'Then finally, one night in a remote interior village, I went to an entertainment in a Y. M. C. A. hut. A local magician came out on the platform; and after he had done some tricks with cards and handkerchiefs, which were so old that they were new all over again, he reached up under the tails of his dress coat and hauled out a big glass globe that was slopping full of its crystal-pure fluid contents, with a family of goldfish swimming round and round in it, as happy as you please.

"'So then, all in a flash, the answer came and I knew the secret of what the provincials in that section of Europe do with water. They loan it to magicians to keep goldfish in. But I prefer to drink a little of it while I am eating and to eat a good deal while I am drinking it; both of which, I may state, I am now doing to the best of my ability, and without let or hindrance, Herb.'" To be exactly correct about it, I began mapping out this campaign long before I took ship for the homeward hike. The suggestion formed in my mind during those weeks I spent in London, when the resident population first went on the food-card system. You had to have a meat card, I think, to buy raw meat in a butcher shop, and you had to have another kind of meat card, I know, to get cooked meat in a restaurant; and you had to have a friend who was a smuggler or a hoarder to get an adequate supply of sugar under any circumstances. Before I left, everyone was carrying round a sheaf of cards. You didn't dare go fishing if you had mislaid your worm card.

The resolution having formed, it budded and grew in my mind when I was up near the Front gallantly exposing myself before the sort of table-d'hôte dinner that is available at present in some of the lesser towns immediately behind the firing lines; and it kept right on growing, so that by the time I was ready to sail it was full sized. En route, I thought up an interchangeable answer for two of the oldest conundrums of my childhood, one of them being "Round as a biscuit, busy as a bee; busiest thing you ever did see," and the other, "Opens like a barn door, shuts like a trap; guess all day and you can't guess that." In the original versions the answer to the first was "A watch," and to the second, "A corset"—if I recall aright. But the joint answer I worked out was as follows: "My face!"

### Food Slang

SUCH was the pleasing program I figured out on shipboard. But, as is so frequently the case with the most pleasing things in life, I found the anticipation rather outshone the realization. Already I detect myself, in a retrospective mood, hankering for the savory *ragoûts* we used to get in peasant homes in obscure French villages, and for the meals they gave us at the regimental messes of our own forces, where the cooking was the home sort and good honest American slang abounded.

They call the corned beef Canned Willie; and the stew is known affectionately as Slum, and the doughnuts are Fried Holes. When the adjutant, who has been taking French lessons, remarks "What the *la* hell does that *sacré-bleu* cook mean by serving forty-fours at every meal?" you gather he is getting a mite tired of baked army beans. And if the lieutenant colonel asks you to pass him the Native Sons you know he means he wants prunes. It's a great life, if you don't weaken—and, to date, nobody has.

But, so far as the joys of the table are concerned, I think I shall be able to wait until the war is over before I yearn for another whack at English eating. I opine Charles Dickens would be a most unhappy man could he but return to the scenes he loved and wrote about.




*"The Day I Land is Going to be a Great Day for Some of the Waiters and a Hard Day on Some of the Cooks"*

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*"'Herb,' I Shall Say, 'Herb, Stand Back! Stand Well Back to Avoid Being Splashed'"*

Dickens, as will be recalled, specialized in mouth-watering descriptions of good things and typically British things to eat—roast sucking pigs, with apples in their snouts; and baked goose; and suety plum puddings like speckled cannon balls; and cold game pies as big round as barrel tops—and all such. He wouldn't find these things prevailing to any noticeable extent in his native island now. Even the kidney, the same being the thing for which an Englishman mainly raises a sheep and which he always did know how to serve up better than anyone else on earth, somehow doesn't seem to be the kidney it once upon a time was when it had the proper sorts of trimmings and sauces to go with it.

At this time England is no place for the epicure. In peacetime English cooks, as a rule, were not what you would call versatile; their range, as it were, was limited. Once, seeking to be blithesome and light of heart, I wrote an article in which I said there were only three dependable vegetables on the average Englishman's everyday menu—boiled potatoes, boiled cabbage, and a second helping of the boiled potatoes.

That was an error on my part; I was unintentionally guilty of the crime of underestimation. I should have added a fourth to the list of stand-bys—to wit: the vegetable marrow. For some reason, possibly because they are a stubborn and tenacious race, the English persist in looking upon the vegetable marrow as an object designed for human consumption, which is altogether the wrong view to take of it. As a foodstuff this article hasn't even the merit that attaches to stringy celery. You do not derive much nourishment from stale celery, but eating at it polishes the teeth and provides a healthful form of exercise that gives you an appetite for the rest of the meal.

From the vegetable marrow you derive no nourishment, and certainly you derive no exercise; for, being a soft, weak, spiritless thing, it offers no resistance whatsoever, and it looks a good deal like a streak of solidified fog and tastes like the place where an indisposed carrot spent the night. Next to our summer squash it is the feeblest imitation that ever masqueraded in a skin and called itself a vegetable. Yet its friends over there seem to set much store by it.

### *That Good Old Python Feeling*

LIKEWISE the English cook has always gone in rather extensively for boiling things. When in doubt she boiled. But it takes a lot of retouching to restore to a piece of boiled meat the juicy essences that have been simmered and drenched out of it. Since the English people, with such admirable English thoroughness, cut down on fats and oils and bacon garnishments, so that the greases might be conserved for the fighting forces; and since they have so largely had to do without imported spices and condiments, because the cargo spaces in the ships coming in were needed for military essentials, the boiled dishes of England appear to have lost most of their taste.

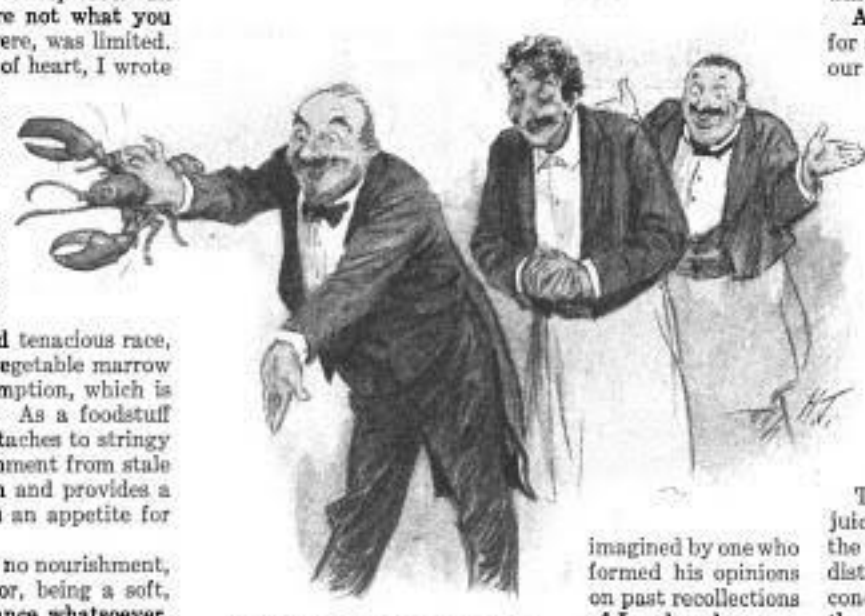
You can do a lot of browsing about at an English table these days and come away ostensibly filled; but inside you there will be a persistent unsatisfied feeling, all the same, which is partly due, no doubt, to the lack of sweetening and partly due to the lack of fats, but due most of all, I think, to a natural disappointment in the results. In the old times a man didn't feel that he had dined well in England unless for an hour or two afterward he had the comfortable gorged sensation of a python full of pigeons.

I shall never forget the first meals I had on English soil, this latest trip. At the port where we landed, in the early afternoon of a raw day, you could get tea if you cared for tea, which I do not; but there was no sugar—only saccharine—to sweeten it with, and no rich cream, or even skim milk, available with which to dilute it. The accompanying buns had a flat, dry, floury taste, and the portions of butter served with them were very homeopathic indeed as to size and very oleomargarinish as to flavor.

Going up to London we rode in a train that was crowded and darkened. Brilliantly illuminated trains scooting across country offer an excellent mark for the aim of hostile air raiders, you know; so in each compartment the gloom was enhanced rather than dissipated by two tiny pin points of a ghastly pale-blue gas flame. I do not know why there should have been two of these lights, unless it was that the second one was added so that by its wan flickerings you could see the first one, and vice versa.

During the trip, which lasted several hours longer than the scheduled running time, we had for refreshments a few gnarly apples, purchased at a way station; and that was all. Recalling the meals that formerly had been served aboard the boat trains of this road, I realized I was getting my preliminary dose of life on an island whose surrounding waters were pestered by U-boats and whose shipping was needed for transport service. But I pinned my gastronomic hopes on London, that city famed of old for the plenteous prodigality of its victualing facilities. In my ignorance I figured that the rigors of rationing could not affect London to any very noticeable extent. A little trimming down here and there, an enforced curtailment in this direction and that—yes, perhaps so; but surely nothing more serious.

Immediately on arrival we chartered a taxicab—a companion and I did. This is not so easy a job as might be imagined by one who formed his opinions on past recollections of London, because, since gasoline is carefully rationed there, taxis are scarce where once they were numerous. Indeed, I know of no city in which, in ante-bellum days, taxis were so numerously distributed through almost every quarter of the town as in London. At any busy corner there were almost as many taxicabs waiting and ready to serve you as there are taxicabs in New York whose drivers are cruising about looking for a chance to run over you. The foregoing is still true of New York, but no longer applies to London.



*The Boss Would Gather Up the Lobster and Personally Introduce Him to the Newcomers*

Having chartered our cab, much to the chagrin of a group of our fellow travelers who had wasted precious time getting their heavy luggage out of the van, we rode through the darkened streets to a hotel formerly renowned for the scope and excellence of its cuisine. We reached there after the expiration of the hour set apart under the food regulations for serving dinner to the run of folks. But, because we were both in uniform—he as a surgeon in the British Army, and I as a correspondent—and because we had but newly finished a journey, we were entitled, it seemed, to claim refreshment.

However, he, as an officer, was restricted to a meal costing not to exceed six shillings—and six shillings never did go far in this hotel, even when prices were normal. Not being an officer but merely a civilian disguised in the habiliments of a military man, I, on the other hand, was bound by no such limitations, but might go as far as I pleased. So it was decided that I should order double portions of everything and surreptitiously share with him; for by now we were hungry to the famishing point.

We had our minds set on a steak—a large thick steak served with onions, Desdemona style—that is to say, smothered. It was a pretty thought, a passing fair conception—but a vain one.

"No steaks to-night, sir," said the waiter sorrowfully.

"All right, then," one of us said. "How about chops—fat juicy chops?"

"Oh, no, sir; no chops, sir," he told us.

"Well then, what have you in the line of red meats?"

He was desolated to be compelled to inform us that there were no red meats of any sort to be had, but only sea foods. So we started in with oysters. Personally I have never cared deeply for the European oyster. In size he is anæmic and puny as compared with his brethren of the eastern coast of North America; and, moreover, chronically he is suffering from an acute attack of brass poisoning. The only way by which a novice may distinguish a bad European oyster from a good European oyster is by the fact that the bad one tastes slightly better than a good one does. In my own experience I have found this to be the one infallible test.

### *From Verdigris to Prunes*

WE HAD oysters until both of us were full of verdigris, and I, for one, had a tang in my mouth like an antique bronze jug; and then we proceeded to fish. We had fillets of sole, which tasted as they looked—flat and a bit flabby. Subsequently I learned that this lack of savor in what should be the most toothsome of all European fishes might be attributed to an insufficiency of fat in the cooking; but at the moment I could only believe the trip up from Dover had given the poor thing a touch of car sickness from which he had not recovered before he reached us.

After that we had lobsters, of half-fare size, but charged for at the full adult rates. And, having by now exhausted our capacity for sea foods, we wound up with an alleged dessert in the shape of three drowned prunes apiece, the remains being partly immersed in a palish custardlike composition that was slightly sour.

"Never mind," I said to my indignant stomach as we left the table—"Never mind! I shall make it all up to you for this mistreatment at breakfast to-morrow morning. We shall rise early—you and I—and with loud gurgling cries we shall leap headlong into one of those regular breakfasts in which the people of this city and nation specialize so delightfully. Food regulators may work their ruthless will upon the dinner trimmings, but none would dare to put so much as the weight of one impious finger upon an Englishman's breakfast table to curtail its plenitude. Why, next to Magna Charta, an Englishman's breakfast is his most sacred right."

This in confidence was what I whispered to my gastric juices. You see, being still in ignorance of the full scope of the ration scheme in its application to the metropolitan district, and my disheartening experience at [illegible] concluded to the contrary notwithstanding, my thoughts set upon rashers of aromatic Wiltshire [illegible], and broad segments of grilled York ham, and [illegible]ed soles, and lovely plump sausages bursting from their jackets, and deviled kidneys paired off, on a slice of toast, like Noah and his wife crossing the gangplank into the Ark.

Need I prolong the pain of my disclosures by longer withholding the distressing truth that breakfast next morning was a failure too? To begin with, I couldn't get any of those lovely crisp crescent rolls that accord so rhythmically with orange marmalade and strawberry jam. I couldn't get hot buttered toast either, but only some thin hard slabs of war bread, which seemingly had been dry-cured in a kiln. I could have but a very limited amount of sugar—a mere pinch, in fact; and if I used it to tone up my coffee there would be none left for oatmeal porridge.

*(Continued on Page 36)*



*He Was Desolated to be Compelled to Inform Us That There Were No Red Meats of Any Sort to be Had, But Only Sea Foods*

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# THE BUTTERFLY

## By Dana Burnet

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

DURING the course of a visit to France in the fourth winter of the great war it was my privilege to spend a night at the château of the Marquis de B——, in the Department of the Vosges. The marquis was a man of seventy-five or eighty years, a fine indomitable old aristocrat of a type I find described in my notebook—rather weakly, I confess—as romantic. He was tall, straight, bright of eye, with white hair and mustaches and a proud ponderous head. I remember him chiefly as a sort of noble bas-relief, outlined against the fire-tinged darkness of his own salon, as he sat telling the story I repeat here. Memory is a versatile artist; now she employs paints and brushes; now makes poetry her tool; now uses the methods of a sculptor. In the case of the Marquis de B—— she was decidedly in this last mood.

I had come up from Paris, in the capacity of correspondent for an American paper, with a small party of officers and a United States Congressman, to visit a certain section of the Lorraine front. Our sole topic was the war. There was no other topic in France—nor, for that matter, in the world.

Finally the talk veered to the enemy's domestic condition. All present were agreed that the Germans had arrived at a distinct economic crisis. Mr. A——, the Congressman, who had been recently to Switzerland, said that he had heard rumors of a plague. One of the officers corroborated the Congressman.

There was small doubt, he said, that Germany had been swept by a pestilence of some sort, and added that it was undoubtedly a judgment of God.

At this juncture the marquis leaned forward in his chair, so that his features were cast suddenly into ruddy prominence. We had left the vast chill dining room, with its grim old portraits and scattered candles, and were gathered about a wood fire in the salon. The marquis had not spoken previously; but now, at a word, he attracted to himself the attention of our entire circle.

"There was certainly a plague upon our enemy's country, messieurs," he said, "but whether it was a judgment of God or of man I am not sure. I will set forth the facts as I happen to be cognizant of them. You may judge for yourselves."

And without further preamble, but fixing his glance upon the fire, as though upon some unfolding manuscript, he told the following story:



*And, Drawing From Beneath His Cloak the Stringed Instrument That All Troubadours Carry, He Struck From It a Joyous Staccato Theme*

In Paris, in the year 1870, there lived a brilliant young composer, of the name of Roland de Valterre. He was of an ancient family of Lorraine—was, in fact, one of my neighbors—and enjoyed the title of count; but his nature and views were entirely democratic. He had been educated for the army, and had obtained his commission, when he suddenly renounced the profession of arms, stating openly that it was an unnecessary, barbarous and provocative employment which no intelligent man ought to pursue.

He then went to Paris and devoted himself with passionate interest to music, for which he had a decided bent. His romantic, restless spirit expressed itself in a veritable torrent of composition. It was said of him that he wrote songs before breakfast and symphonies after dinner. Certainly he would have had a distinguished career—for the critics were agreed that he possessed genius of an unusual order—if great and grave events had not portended.

Paris, in the spring of 1870, was a city to satisfy the heart's desire. Never had there seemed to breathe upon the flower-scented air so much of beauty, peace and love. Never had the reign of sanity and reason appeared more imminent upon the horizons of France and the world. The specter of a war with Prussia, which had glowered in the national consciousness since Bismarck had assumed control of German politics, seemed to have been allayed.

In the Prussian Reichstag there had been a motion for disarmament. The German people then had grown weary of so much swashbuckling! In France a similar motion was presented to the Corps Législatif. It became the fashion to refer to the nation of Napoleon III as *la grande nation de la paix*. There were those who warned France of impending disaster, but such persons were derided by the intellectuals and liberals, who branded the danger as a *péril imaginaire*.

Roland de Valterre was one of those who maintained that war was impossible. He possessed the sort of mind that sees far into the future and mistakes the distant ideal for the present reality. Then, too, he was young, clever, handsome, endowed largely with fortune and genius, and consequently infatuated with creation. The world was his mistress, of whom he would believe no evil.

He had a certain splendor about him, a sort of supreme confidence in God and man, which gave charm to his every utterance, his every movement. He was a popular figure at the court of Napoleon III, from which he refused to hold himself aloof, as did many of the old noblesse. "If one is a democrat," said he, "one may go anywhere." His gay and somewhat reckless humor attracted men and women alike. The latter adored him and would have broken their hearts over him if he had not contrived, in some inexplicable manner, to make friends with them instead. "He is hopeless!" protested a certain lady in despair. "He loves us all!"

But when one is in one's twenties one does not entertain indefinitely a passion for the fair sex in general. Without specialization of emotion there would have been an end, long since, to that which we call the human comedy; also, I take it, to human tragedy as well.

There was in Paris that spring a young dancer named Gabrielle Lafitte, known as The Butterfly, who had won extraordinary fame by her beauty as well as by the exquisite perfection of her art. One night Roland attended a masquerade given by a sculptor of his acquaintance, a man of means, who made a point of knowing every artist of consequence in Paris.

The masquerade was held out of doors, in a rambling old garden on the left bank of the Seine, and was altogether a gay affair. Above the ancient wall swung the round gold lantern of the moon, while overhead was stretched a brilliant canopy of stars. Rosebushes, heavy with their fragrant blossoms, made scented thickets about the smooth open turf, which was like velvet to the foot. The light of many lanterns, winking amid the shrubbery, fell upon an atmosphere already softened by the glamour from above and laid a sort of radiant carpet upon the grassy floor.

Suddenly, when the fun was at its height, the orchestra struck an arresting chord, the guests composed themselves in an expectant half circle, and from the shadow of a thicket emerged a pale ethereal figure that seemed to float through the air rather than to walk upon the earth.

It was Mademoiselle Lafitte. For an instant she stood poised on tiptoe, swathed like a chrysalis in luminous veils. Then slowly she spread her iridescent wings and became a white butterfly, soaring, dipping, rising and falling in the moonlight.

Roland was transported. He stood a little apart from the others, watching with entranced gaze the marvelous grace of the dancer. Once a beam of light fell full upon her face, revealing it to his eyes. In that moment its rare and delicate beauty was impressed indelibly upon his brain. A sort of intoxication possessed him. He loved; and was no longer the master of his mortal rôle.

When the dance was concluded and the dancer had disappeared once more into shadow Roland did not join his companions in vociferous applause. Settling his mask upon his eyes and wrapping his long cloak about him—he was dressed in the costume of a troubadour—he began to search the shrubbery for her whose loveliness had so enthralled him. He had no purpose but to find her; to look again upon that beauty which was like a star to his soul.

Finally he discovered her seated beneath a rosebush, alone, with her billowy draperies falling from her bare shoulders like the surf of some shimmering wave. Upon her breast, where the wave's froth touched her exquisite flesh, reposed a jeweled butterfly, from which the moonlight struck rich fires.

"Mademoiselle," said Roland, bowing, with his hand upon his heart, "I am in a quandary. What does one do when one catches a butterfly?"

Mademoiselle Lafitte raised her face to his, and he saw how large and limpid were her eyes, how wonderfully dark her hair, how sweetly curved her lips, half parted by the breath that stirred her bosom.

"That depends, monsieur," she answered, with a slight shrug of her shoulders. "If one is a scientist, one thrusts a pin through it."

"Alas," said Roland, "I am only a poor troubadour whose head is too full of tunes to be guilty of any knowledge."

At these words Mademoiselle Lafitte heaved a sigh and stared somewhat unhappily before her.

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"What would I not give," she exclaimed, "for one excellent little tune!"

"Mademoiselle desires the services of a composer?" asked Roland, striving to speak lightly.

The dancer hesitated a moment; then said simply:

"I have been summoned to dance before the Emperor—at the Fête des Ambassadeurs to be held in the Garden of the Tuileries. It is the summit of my career. Naturally I should like a new air upon that occasion. I have danced my old ones to tatters!"

"But that is very simple," said Roland.

And, drawing from beneath his cloak the stringed instrument that all troubadours carry, he struck from it a joyous staccato theme. It was quite extemporaneous, but so deftly did it suggest the dancer's mood that she sprang up in amazement and delight.

"Monsieur!" she cried. "That is good! That is excellent! Who are you, then?"

"A musician, mademoiselle."

"What more?"

"A man!" said Roland.

The dancer cast down her eyes in some confusion, but quickly recovered herself.

"Ah, well," she said, "whoever you are, you have a genius. Do you write down that little air for me, monsieur, and I will make you famous at the court."

"Fame," replied Roland, "is a bauble I do not seek. But you shall have your new air to dance on, mademoiselle. I swear it!"

So saying, he took her hand and pressed it to his lips; then turned, with his heart thumping loudly in his breast, and made his way through the gay throng of masqueraders to the silent street, where one might walk exalted and press one's throbbing brow against the stars.

It was past midnight when he reached his own quarters across the Seine, but he was far too excited to go to bed. Lighting a single candle and throwing back the shades of his *atelier* so as to admit the moonlight, he sat down at his piano and began to play. Immediately the staccato improvisation he had contrived for Mademoiselle Lafitte was announced with firm authority. Then emerged a larger conception of the same theme, creating, in tone and rhythm, an illusion of winged grace and scintillant color that caused the very air to bloom. The room was filled with the sound of the fluttering of gauzy pinions. It was as though a thousand butterflies had come pouring in a brilliant cascade through the open window, tumbling down the shaft of moonlight, rushing with single accord into the bright flame of his music.

When the last note had fallen, smooth and whispering, from his fingers, he seized pen and paper, and, toiling in a frenzy of creation, wrote down the whole score, while his candle melted away and the sun came up over the roofs of the city to provide him with other light.

At the completion of this prodigious task he summoned his valet, a devoted old fellow named Mathias, who had served his family for years, and, confiding the manuscript to his care, bade him deliver it to Mademoiselle Lafitte.

"Say it is from M. le Troubadour!" he directed.

Then, flinging himself upon a couch, still costumed as he was, he granted his exhausted body the boon of sleep. Some time later he was awakened by the return of the servant.

"Well, Mathias," he cried, "did you discharge your errand?"

"Yes, monsieur," replied the old man. "When I arrived mademoiselle had not yet risen; so I waited until she was ready to receive me. Then I placed the manuscript in her own hands."

"Excellent, Mathias! And what did she say?"

"She said nothing at first, monsieur—only stood humming the music over to herself and tapping her foot on the carpet. But finally she looked at me with the eyes of an angel and said: 'Tell monsieur that I implore him, since he cares nothing for the bauble of fame, to accept this other bauble in token of my gratitude.'"

With these words Mathias, who had been holding his hands clasped tightly before him, now opened them and revealed the jeweled butterfly Mademoiselle Lafitte had worn the previous night upon her breast. Roland seized it with trembling fingers and, when the old valet had disappeared, carried it to his lips.

The grand Fête des Ambassadeurs was held a few days later in the Garden of the Tuileries, under the beam of the imperial countenance. The talents of Napoleon III were not extraordinary, perhaps, but he had a gift for entertainments. The entertainment in question was a very brilliant affair, given in honor of the foreign diplomatic corps and lasting the whole of a golden afternoon.

Little did those gay notables think that within the space of sixty days France would be at war with the nation whose ambassador now posed as her distinguished guest, and that within four months this medium-size mustachioed little man with rouged cheeks, who bore the name of Napoleon, would be the prisoner of Prussia! Fate steals upon her victims with velvet claws.

Upon that particular afternoon, then, all was beauty, gayety and amiability. There were numerous addresses. A well-nigh interminable poem was read prophesying the dawn of fraternity throughout the world. A pageant was presented depicting the progress of peace among the nations; and the figures of France and Prussia rode side by side. Finally Mademoiselle Lafitte danced.

Ah, what a memory! What a triumph! I myself was present upon that occasion, messieurs, and I shall never forget the impression of that winged white figure, dancing in a green bower, while the day crumbled to rosy ashes overhead and the long purple shadows drifted down from heaven. As for the music that swept like a sweet breeze through the twilight, it was both beautiful and strange; it haunted our ears and gave marvelous accent to the dance of The Butterfly. One instinctively asked who the composer was; but none knew.

At the conclusion of the number Mademoiselle Lafitte received a tremendous ovation and was congratulated by the Emperor in person, who commanded that she be presented to him.

"You have expressed admirably the spirit of Fra... mademoiselle," said His Majesty; "for while touchi... your feet to the earth, you have contrived to give yours... wings!"

Mademoiselle Lafitte curtsied to the ground; then st... pale and beautiful before him.

"I thank Your Majesty most humbly," said th... young dancer in a clear sweet voice; "but I can... in good conscience claim the entire warmth of Yo... Majesty's approval. A share of it belongs to the obscure... musician who made my success possible."

"Obscure!" re... peated the Empero... smiling. "Ah, w... then; only tell us h... name and we shal... publish his geni... abroad."

"Alas," replie... the dancer simply... "I do not know hi... name. I only know... that he lives some... where in Paris and... that he has in hi... possession a jeweled... butterfly."

At that instant... there was a stir in... the group of courti... iers standing about... the Emperor's chair;... then Roland de Val... terre stepped for... ward.

"With Your Maj... esty's permission," he said, "I shall be... most happy to dis... close the identity of... the person whom... you seek. His in... cognito was assumed... by chance; nor did... he expect to carry it... to the foot of the... throne. I am the... 'obscure musician'!"... And, drawing from... his breast pocket the... jeweled butterfly, he... held it up for all to... see.

There was a mur... mur of voices... inevitable ex... tions of th... at th... All ... and... towar... poleon to... observe how he would accept the situation. Napoleon himself, sensing the drama of the moment and rather enjoying the little mystery, rose gracefully from his seat and extended his hand to Mademoiselle Lafitte, who was regarding with wonder the handsome figure of the young nobleman.

"Mademoiselle," said the Emperor, "it is seldom that one finds romance outside of the theaters that one builds to house it. Permit me to present to you M. le Comte de Valterre."

In such manner, messieurs, did the small adventure end—and the larger adventure begin. For, with the Emperor himself joining their hands, was it not in accord with the best romantic conventions that these two young people should ratify that symbolic union by the sacred one of wedlock?

Mademoiselle Lafitte was not of Roland's *monde*, to be sure; but the young man was a democrat at heart and had no family to embarrass him. His wooing was of the briefness of flame. Within a week he had won the beautiful Gabrielle for his bride; and in the following fortnight they were married, to the satisfaction of all Paris, whose very street folk knew of this love match and, being incurably sentimental, heartily approved it.

As for Roland's composition, it was played in every salon in France, under the title of La Danse des Papillons, and enjoyed a national popularity—until that day when the trumpeting strains of La Marseillaise rolled over it like the wave of an onrushing sea.

The day after the wedding Roland and his bride set out for Château de Valterre, the ancient family seat, which at that time was one of the great houses of Lorraine. It stood upon a peak of the Vosges Mountains, its blue roof, gray walls and peaked round towers standing out boldly against the sky, making a landmark for the countryside.

For one glorious month, during which the earth bloomed about them and the heavens smiled overhead, the happy young couple enjoyed their *lune de miel*. By day they



*"I—Do Not Know, Monsieur. . . . I Only Know That—She—is Gone; Vanished!"*

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roamed in the near-by forest, whose leafy aisles, filled with a sort of golden twilight, resembled the interior of a great cathedral; or else they rode through the flowering valley, yellow with mustard blossoms and stained red with poppy fields; or stopped in the little village that lay nestled under the mountain, with its gray church brooding over it like a hen mothering her chicks; or paid long calls at the house of Père Currie, the local priest, who had known Roland since his babyhood.

By night they returned to the château, as tired and contented as children, and warmed themselves at the fire Old Mathias had built; or, if the evening was mild, they dined on the terrace, which gave one of the most exquisite views in all France, whose beauty they did not see for looking into each other's eyes.

After dinner they would go into the grand salon, through the windows of which, opening on the east, showed the first scattering of stars; and Roland would seat himself at the piano, a massive instrument of carved ebony, and play for Gabrielle. And she, weary as she was, would fall to dancing out of sheer inability to resist, and would whirl and spin about the solemn old chamber until the vast crystal chandelier, hanging like a gigantic white pear from the gilded ceiling, would quiver with ecstasy and shake its pendants so that they gave off a silvery tinkling. And the portraits of Roland's ancestors, ensconced in their stiff frames, would gaze down with highborn amazement at such abandoned youthful raptures.

Finally the two would go hand in hand up the creaking wooden stairs to a room hung with stately red curtains, which Old Mathias kept filled with flowers, and would lie in a huge canopied bed that a king of France had once slept in; and would fall asleep at last, clasped in each other's arms. Thus they lived, for a brief time, an existence of the gods. Then ugly tidings began to fly about in the village under the mountain. The throne of Spain, vacant since the abdication of Isabella, had been offered, it was said, to a member of the reigning house of Prussia, Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. This was a disturbance of the balance of power and a distinct threat against France! Therefore, the Government of Napoleon III must dispatch a protest to the King of Prussia, demanding that the latter should forbid the Hohenzollern candidature.

Soon came word that Prince Leopold had voluntarily abandoned his aspirations to the Spanish crown, and for a while it seemed that the affair had blown over. On the contrary it had roused all the latent antagonisms between the two peoples.

Then, too, Bismarck had decided long since that war was essential to the accomplishment of his plan for a united Germany. In France blazed up a feeling of profound mistrust of Prussia, whose ruling spirits already had disclosed that ambition for universal domination which fair words could not conceal; an ambition that forty-four years later was to plunge the world into a struggle for its very life.

Events moved rapidly to their tragic conclusion. The French ambassador requested the King of Prussia to issue a formal guaranty that the Hohenzollern candidature should not be revived. King William, who was at Ems, declined to do so, and on July thirteenth sent a telegram to Bismarck stating the facts.

The latter, with Von Moltke and Von Roon, was at dinner in Berlin when the telegram arrived. Promptly the Iron Chancellor perceived his opportunity to precipitate the deluge of blood that his policy demanded. Thereupon, with his own hand he altered the telegram in order to make it appear that King William had deliberately rebuffed Napoleon's ambassador.

"This," said Bismarck, "will be a red rag to the French bull."

He was right. When the telegram was made public Paris was furious. The order was given to mobilize. Crowds paraded the streets and the whole cry was: "*A Berlin!*"

M. Thiers, who ventured to protest against belligerent action, saying that it was supremely imprudent, was rebuked for his pacificism and had his windows broken by the crowd. On July 19, 1870, France declared war against Prussia. Bismarck's red rag had done its work.

To Roland de Valterre and his bride the news came like a bolt out of the blue. It was as though the heavens of their paradise had fallen; as though the earth of their Eden had crumbled under their feet. For one whole day they waited, clinging to each other, while their hands clasped unconsciously and their eyes filled with tears. When evening came Roland mounted his horse and descended into the village. There he read, upon the wall of the *mairie*, the notice that summoned all France to arms. He rode back up the hill with his head bowed upon his breast.

Gabrielle was waiting for him in the great salon, upon whose walls the portraits of ancient Comtes de Valterre gazed down sternly out of their tarnished gold frames. When she saw the look on Roland's face she uttered a moan and flung herself despairingly into his arms.

"It is true, then?" she cried.

"Yes," said Roland; and, taking her face in his hands, he looked at her long. "I must go," he said finally. "I do not believe in war; but I am a Frenchman and my country is in peril. There is nothing else to do."

Then he kissed her and she knew that their moon of honey was indeed at its end. Yet though her heart was breaking she did not show it, but contrived to meet his eyes with a courageous smile. They dined that last night in a sort of frozen pretense of good cheer, more like automatons than lovers. Afterward Roland called in Old Mathias and charged him with the honor and safety of his household.

"I go," he said, "to fight for France. Do you remain here and watch over that which is dear to me. Guard my house with your ability and integrity. Guard madame with your life!" To Gabrielle he said: "You will be quite safe here, for the Prussians will never be permitted to cross our frontier!"

The next morning, at daybreak, he rode away on a black horse, whose hoofbeats rang out sharp and clear on the old Roman highroad that ran straight as an arrow to the border of France. Once Roland looked back and saw Gabrielle standing in her white dress on the terrace, with her head held high and her hands crossed upon her breast.

Two days later he rejoined his former regiment, which was stationed at Wörth with the bulk of the French Army of the South. Shortly afterward he was appointed to the staff of Marshal MacMahon, with the rank of captain.

At this point in our story, messieurs, let history speak. On August sixth the German Third Army, commanded by the Prussian Crown Prince, attacked the French under MacMahon, defeating the latter. At the same time the French Northern Army had been worsted at Forbach; so our forces were everywhere in retreat. After a number of sanguinary battles the Northern Army, under Marshal Bazaine, fell back upon Metz, where it was strongly invested by the First and Second German armies.

MacMahon meanwhile had retreated on Châlons, whither he was pursued by the army of the Prussian Crown Prince, reënforced by that of the Crown Prince of Saxony. In the retreat across the Vosges Mountains Captain de Valterre passed within twenty kilometers of his own château, within twenty kilometers of his beloved—yet he could not go to her. He could only pray to God—and Old Mathias.

"Surely they will have had news of the retreat!" he thought again and again; but he could not rid his mind of dread forebodings and bitterly he reproached himself for not having sent Gabrielle to some point of safety. Within the space of a fortnight he had become a changed man. His youth had vanished forever. His face was that of one haunted by evil visions. Gray hairs were sprinkled in his hair and beard.

*(Continued on Page 71)*



*Roland Would Seat Himself at the Piano, and She, Weary as She Was, Would Fall to Dancing Out of Sheer Inability to Resist*

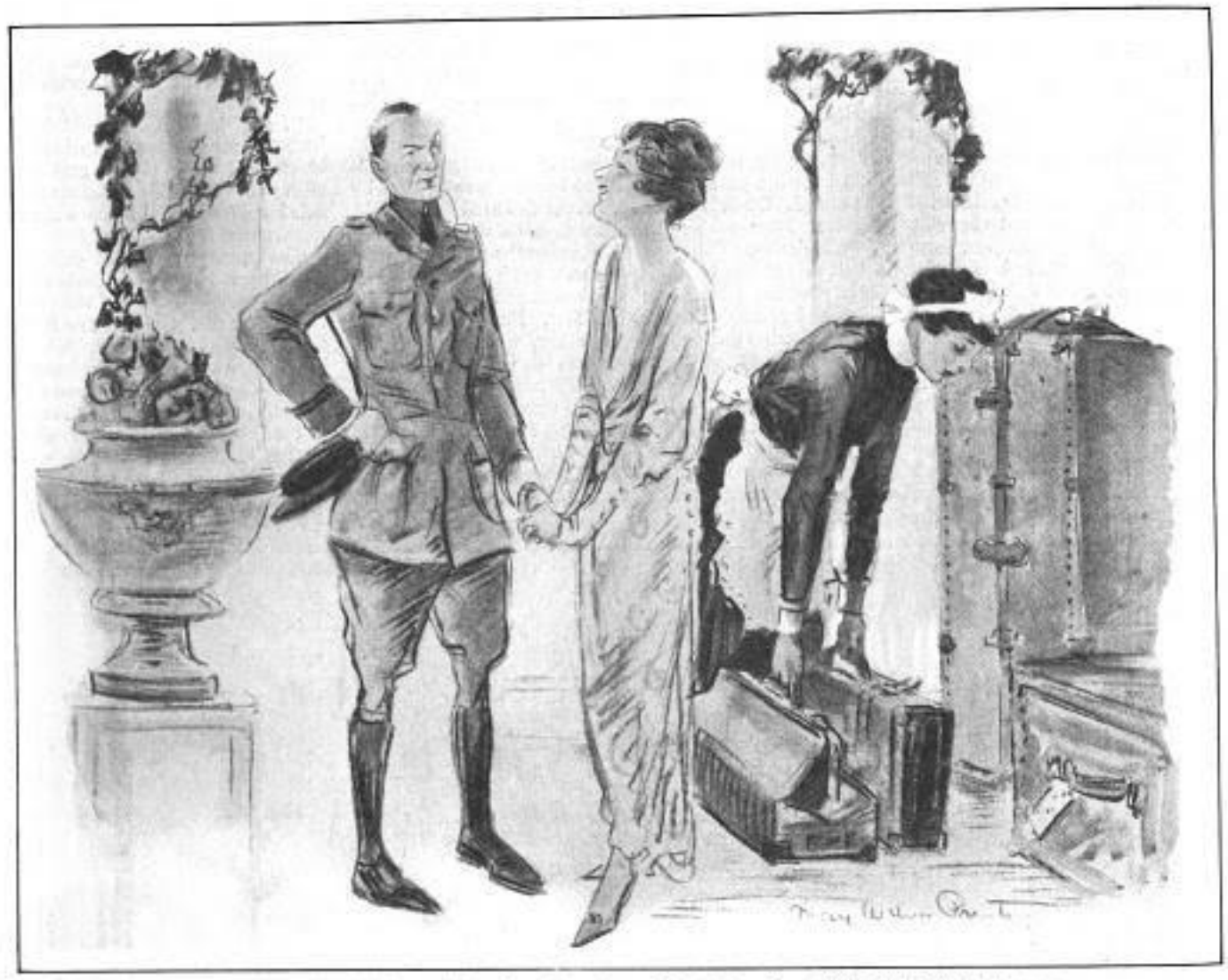
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# THOSE BEASTLY BOLSHEVIKI

## By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IT IS a most lamentable fact that there are really no proper social distinctions in the Army. But painful as is the admission to outsiders that an organization to which one belongs has faults, the beastly truth must be faced that in the service the most amazing persons—many who would never be received anywhere that was anywhere—are in a position to give orders to those who would never receive them socially. The most impossible people—such as shoe clerks, office boys, and those formerly engaged in even more menial occupations—are now frequently able to issue actual commands to some of our best people. Really if this sort of thing isn't speedily put to an end the war will simply lose the interest of our set!



*I Arrived at Mrs. Ted's, and Was Most Sweetly and Graciously Greeted by That Lady in Person*

As ex-social secretary to dear Mrs. DeWynt—*the* Mrs. DeWynt—and so in a measure sharing the duties of her station, I consider it exigent upon me to make complaint of the matter, even though I have left her service very temporarily, going into that of our good country in this hour of need, and being now assistant at one of the home organizations of the Y. M. C. A. For my dear lady arranged through the senator, her husband, that I be appointed to a hut right in Longhampton, as we all felt that I would be of most value where I am best known, which of course is right here at home—the fact of my connection with the DeWynts being really a great asset to the Y. M. C. A. itself, and the consequent moral effect on our local young men no light consideration.

After having seen me from a distance or, as I may say, through the invisible yet so truly substantial wall of our social difference, the sight of me appearing daily at the hut wearing a simple uniform and talking quite freely with anyone without even an introduction must bear results. Indeed, it appeared quite plain to both my dear patroness and myself that in this way we, or at least I could do my bit in the truest fashion and by thus contributing to the morale of the fighting forces be in reality one of them, if you know what I mean. And the arrangement had the further advantage of allowing me to continue my residence at the DeWynt home.

"Allie!" said Mrs. DeWynt, after breaking the good news, which she had just extracted from the taciturn senator in her true womanly fashion—so gentle and pleading and yet so firmly persistent! "Allie, you might as well stay on here because heaven knows, with all the menservants volunteered or drafted or some such wretched thing, we won't be able to have many guests and we won't need the rooms. And you can lend a hand at training the women we have had to fill in with."

Of course, I hastened to accept her generous offer, and indeed the accommodations over at the hut were simply impossible. Absolutely no private baths, and not even a reading lamp at the bed head! So even though it involved learning to drive myself back and forth in one of the roadsters—a form of outdoor sports peculiarly difficult to me who am far from athletic, being of a distinctly intellectual type and from my childhood days in Boston having abhorred all such occupations as roller-skating, kite-flying and other boyish sports, still, despite the nervous strain incident to endeavoring to recollect which foot was upon the clutch and which upon the accelerator, still, I repeat, the advantage of remaining at the DeWynts' was obvious.

For quite aside from any mere material benefit which might accrue from the connection, there existed, and I trust will always continue to exist, an extraordinary *rapprochement* between my dear lady and myself. Not of course in any sentimental or, as I may put it, romantic sense. Indeed, I cannot imagine the vaguest possibility of such a thing arising, because of my strong loyalty to her impeccable social leadership, to the dear senator's political importance, and my own strict upbringing, which would of course forbid my ever raising my eyes to another man's wife! And furthermore, dear Mrs. DeWynt is not in the least my type, being what in a person of less social importance might be termed large, but which, owing to the dignity of her standing, wealth and influence, might better and still truthfully be called Amazonian; while I have candidly always had a weakness—carefully controlled, however—for the early British type—the red-gold, slender Boadicea type, such as Rossetti painted.

Nevertheless the bond between Mrs. DeWynt and myself is a close one—our ideals, our sense of the fitness of things, our respect for and realization of the importance of precedent and tradition, and our opinion on what constitutes good form being ever in the most perfect accord. I may further add that my respect for her judgment on whom to know and whom not to know and how to do it, is only equaled by her respect for my knowledge on the humbler but no less important subject of the details of how the chosen should be provided for adequately; and she has often said that no one—absolutely no one—can equal my taste and originality in the planning of a dinner table in every detail except the guests; and that even in this item my instinct for the proper seating amounts almost to genius. The term is her own, not mine.

And so taking the fact that the situation just described had been enduring on the above basis for more than two months it will not be difficult for anyone to realize what a shock it was to me to have the, as I may say, floor taken suddenly from under me both physically and metaphysically by Mrs. DeWynt's announcement that she was about to go on a prolonged trip, and that during her absence the house was to be closed and all the servants except the second gardener dismissed. This latter was an old man, quite incapable of valeting or in any way being of assistance to me, and was retained solely on account of a whim of the senator's, who had insisted upon planting some cabbages and other vulgar edibles in a conspicuous portion of the grounds, for the moral effect on the township, and who now ordered that they be not abandoned before their maturity, and that this ancient attendant be left to care for them and the small portion of lawn of which he permitted the upkeep.

This news was broken to me in the breakfast room—a little gem of Chippendale taken bodily from the English estate of one of our famous American barons who had met with reverses at a time when my dear lady happened to be abroad. I had always considered it a peculiarly cheerful room, despite the fact that it was dedicated at least meal of the day, but on this occasion breakfast can, as it were, justify its worst r

"These are wartimes, Allie," my dear observed with her usual farsighted wisdom. "And we must all make sacrifices. The senator feels that reelections are not going to be so simple as usual this year and that we must make every effort to show people, even if they are not in our set, that we are at heart democratic and all that. Of course it will be frightfully trying for me to accompany him on these tiresome visits and they will probably involve meeting some impossible persons, but after all one need not go on knowing them after the war, need one? And I shall try to make the sacrifice in the spirit in which it is asked."

"The senator is a great servant to the state," I said. "And it is of course vital to the country's own welfare that it—she—it—retain him!"

"I would not imperil his position—of remaining of service—for the world!" cried Mrs. DeWynt in a tone which left no room for doubt of her sincerity. "I shall take only my personal maid and John's man, and what trunks will go on the second car, which can follow the limousine. The senator says everything must be as simple as possible!"

And there I was! Suddenly, as it were, homeless, and with the acutely uncomfortable prospect of the hut accommodations staring me in the face; a prospect made the more grim owing to the fact that since my joining the organization we had been put to a certain extent under army regulations, with the distasteful result that Barrows, our former chauffeur, was the person who issued my orders and granted my permissions—a situation embarrassing and distressing to both of us; though, curiously enough, rather less to Barrows than to myself. I confess that my dejection at the prospect was complete and the outlook hopeless. To ease my mind of the strain and to gain quiet in which to cope with the impending details regarding my luggage, the possibility of establishing my spirit lamp and hot-water bag, and the arrangements for valeting, I decided to take out the roadster that had been allotted to my use, and inhale a little ozone. And it was upon this excursion I encountered Mrs. Esmeralda.

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Not as yet being completely efficient in the matter of driving I had chosen a little-frequented back road, and had just made one of those errors in judgment not uncommon in the amateur motorist which resulted in stalling the engine, when Mrs. Esmeralda made her appearance from the opposite direction, on horseback, her red head uncovered and one of those terrible silk handkerchiefs—a sort of native aboriginal garment from the West, I take them to be—most becomingly knotted about her throat. She was singing as she loped along—something about "Oh, bury me not on the lone prairi-e-e!" and was unattended save by that terribly crude dog of hers, Jeff, and, as always, appearing to enjoy life more tremendously than anyone else I have ever encountered.

To say that I was startled by meeting her is to put the fact mildly. I was amazed. To begin with, dear Mrs. DeWynt had dropped her utterly and for all time after the shocking and indelicate manner in which she had attempted to force our local branch of the Red Cross to adopt business methods. That she was Mrs. DeWynt's own niece had every weight with that just and open-minded lady, and the fact of her having married Lord Castlewing's cousin, Captain Tugwell, had also been duly considered; but in the end my dear patroness had said with Shakspere that the East and West can never meet in any true social sense, even though they are related; and simply allowed the young couple to drop from her life.

And though I could not but feel that Mrs. Esmeralda was always more to be pitied than blamed, owing to the fact of her uncouth upbringing on some remote ranch, still when my patroness allowed her own flesh and blood to drop I felt it incumbent upon me not to pursue the acquaintance further. Besides which, the young person despite her peculiarities had always a profoundly disturbing effect upon my, as I may call it, subconscious being, stirring some primitive element that had nothing whatsoever to do with good form. Therefore I had double reason for avoiding her, and I may state that had a bomb been at that instant precipitated from a Germanic aircraft into the road before me my astonishment would have been considerably less than that which Mrs. Esmeralda's advent occasioned.

To begin with, her appearance in Longhampton was in itself extraordinary. Under the circumstances she could hardly be stopping at the inn, and where else could she be? I braced myself for what shock she might, as I may say, spring, and greeted her in as near the proper fashion as the conditions permitted.

"My dear Mrs. Tugwell!" I exclaimed, extricating myself as best I could from the confusion into which my recent fruitless inspection of my motor had thrown me, and endeavoring to compose my hair and my manner simultaneously. "My dear Mrs. Tugwell, this is indeed a pleasurable surprise!"

"Why, Penny, you red Indian copper cent, if it isn't yourself!" she replied. "And all alone on a bucking roadster. Since when has this sporting instinct awakened in you?"

Having become somewhat accustomed to her, as I may almost term it, foreign dialect, I quickly interpreted her remark as referring to the car, about which her horse was prancing in a manner which seemed to me to render her position most insecure, but which caused her no uneasiness. Indeed, she moved as a part of him, if you know what I mean.

"I greatly fear my steed, as you term it, has lost its 'pep,' that its instinct for locomotion has departed!" I replied, determined to meet her badinage in a like fashion.

"Maybe I can fix it!" she said, dismounting and rather to my dismay tossing me her bridle, which I perforce accepted, though such close proximity to the horse, who eyed me with aversion, filled me with uneasiness. Somehow I have never felt able to trust horses. They fill me with that same vague uneasiness which laboring persons inspire in me—a sort of sense that they may inadvertently find out how strong they are and do some horrid and uncomfortable thing—if you know what I mean. But Esmeralda felt no such emotion regarding my roadster, which she was speedily inspecting with the deft assurance that characterized all her actions. Soon she turned a charmingly flushed face to me, and in a few rapid words explained the difficulty. Just what she meant I did not gather, as it had a rather indelicate sound—being concerned with my having stripped the gears, whatever that might be.

"No use!" she said. "You'll have to hoof it, Penny, and send out the commissary man or whoever it is rescues wrecked wagons in this part of the country. I'll walk along with you and get the news!"

And so it chanced that we entered upon what I may term a sylvan promenade, progressing along the secluded little byway in a leisurely fashion; an expedition which caused me great satisfaction—and during this Arcadian saunter Mrs. Esmeralda solved for me the riddle of her presence among us, having first elicited from me my own predicament and the situation at the DeWynt household.

"Me?" she said in answer to my query. "Why, I'm at the Ted Collinses', of course! You didn't realize there were any houses in your private town except the ones you go into all the time, did you, Penny? But the butcher has one; he doesn't sleep in the market, you know—that is, if you know there's anything so primitive as a market. I dare say the iceman lives some place, and there are a whole bunch of vulgarians who commute and keep the railroad in business because they haven't any limousines. And there's Mrs. Ted!"

Now this was really doing Mrs. Collins a gross injustice. Of course, she has always been a little different from the rest of us, knowing a good many Bohemians, literary and painting chaps and what not, all impossible, of course, but she has never tried to mix her crowds, being for all her oddness far too much one of us ever to drag any of us in when she had them at dinner or any uncomfortable thing like that, if you know what I mean. In short, no one could accuse Mrs. Ted of anything so trying as what I may call social altruism—trying to ring in undesirables.

But of course she would have Esmeralda with her—especially as she had always rather encouraged our young



*"It is Not for Long That the Rich Shall Enjoy These Luxuries!" She Remarked in a Sepulchral Voice. "The People are Coming Into Their Own, Mr. Penny!"*

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Western relative's unfortunate naturalness, and a strong friendship had sprung up between them, based no doubt upon their mutual independence. Just of late we had not been seeing much of Mrs. Ted, owing to the fact of her being in one of her more Bohemian phases, and so of course we were uninformed of Esmeralda's impending visit. I ventured an inquiry as to who beside herself constituted the, as I may say, current house guests. To my amazement this innocent question evoked a cloud of care upon the erstwhile gay countenance of my companion.

"Penny!" said she, "there is the darnedest couple staying at Catherine's! You know I like that woman—no one could be a better pal—but I wish you could see those cowbirds she has at the house—Gregg Winterbox and Clair Cruller."

"You mean—Madame Clair Crillier!" I exclaimed. "Why, those people are—are radicals!"

"Whatever that may be!" agreed Mrs. Esmeralda heartily. "And it's as bad as you imply—even worse, in fact. This lady doughnut is really Mrs. Winterbox, only she's ashamed to admit it—and, come to consider the matter, I don't altogether blame her since I saw him. She says they don't believe in marriage, and to prove what hellions they are she keeps her own name."

"What perfectly rotten taste!" I exclaimed; and it will be easily understood how deeply I delighted in the fact of our for once meeting on, as I may call it, mutual grounds. "And he—he is the editor of that periodical which is at present interned or something, is he not?" I added.

"Search me!" replied my companion. "But I know one thing—it's mighty hard for a perfectly good American female to have to listen to their line of conversation without throwing the chinaware at 'em. And the worst of it is that Mrs. Ted just drinks in everything they say like a cosset lamb from a bottle!"

"Drink in!" I exclaimed. "Dear me, what sort of thing do people like that say?"

"I'd hate to tell you for fear some secret-service bird is listening in the bushes, Penny, and would run me in," she assured me solemnly. "But I'll tell you one thing for a fact," she added, and leaned over in a confidential manner: "They're Bolsheviks!"

The statement was of course an incredible one and bore all the hallmarks of some species of practical joke. I own I indulged in a mild expression of mirth. But to my amazement Mrs. Esmeralda did not join in my merriment. Instead she seized upon my forearm in the same capable manner in which she had grappled with my machine, and save for the small mole upon her left eyebrow which gave her a, as I may say, continuous expression of quizzical humor, her face was untowardly serious.

"Now look here!" she said, emphasizing her remark with a tightening of her grasp. "Look here, Penny, it's no joke. They are making a Bolshevik of Mrs. Ted!"

"Impossible!" I gasped. "Why, I have seen in the paper that Winterbox is a native of Wisconsin; and in an interview page of America's Great Feminine Minds, to which I most unfortunately made the error of sending a portrait of your dear aunt, who most justly reprimanded me for it, there appeared one of Madame Crillier with the statement that she was born in New Jersey! I doubt if they have a drop of Russian blood in them!"

"Neither has Catherine Collins!" snapped Mrs. Esmeralda. "But you don't have to be Russian to be a Bolshevik, Penny. You've only got to be a tireless talker!"

"This is serious!" I commented. "Really, Mrs. Ted has had quite enough fads. Her dinner to the pet parrots, for example—though of course the best people do that sort of thing. But Bolsheviks! Really!"

"Oh well, I don't know!" said Mrs. Esmeralda. "If it was other times pet parrots and Gregg Winterboxes might come to table in the same cage, for all of me, and I don't believe the difference between them would be noticed at that! But times are changed. And Mrs. Ted is an A1 person, only she isn't on to the fact herself. She just doesn't realize what bunk she's being handed. She's a regular tenderfoot among that gang!"

"How does your—your husband, the captain, take the situation?" I inquired calmly, though the term and reference were ever equally distressing to me. For I still believe that those two have not a taste in common except each other.

"The trouble is he's not with me!" she said slowly. "Had to go to Washington and help along the already too prosperous hotel business there. And I'm in the very dev—well, in a regular nettle bush of a fix. You haven't heard the worst. They are going to have a meeting at the house to-morrow!"

"A meeting!" I gasped, a flash of memory from bygone chemistry lessons coming to mind at the mere word, and evoking pictures of the results of high explosives carelessly handled. "A Bolshevik meeting! You will all be arrested or blown to atoms or some beastly thing!"

"I've tried to stop her!" Esmeralda replied in a melancholy tone. "I've reasoned with her—but it's like reasoning with a goldfish! Those terrible people have got her all unlike herself and I feel it's up to me to stand by her to the finish. If she's going to be lynched to-morrow—and I agree with you that it's more than likely—I'm going to be there to hear her dying message. She stood by me when Aunt Sally threw me down and I hadn't a friend in the world, and I simply can't throw her to the Bolsheviks without raising a hand to help her, even against her will. If only I could think of some way to convert her!"

She walked along in silence for a few moments, her red head bowed in thought, and so unlike herself, racked with this problem as she was, that my heart melted with pity, and I made one of those ridiculous offers which no one should ever make seriously and no one ever expects to be taken seriously, if you know what I mean.

"If there's anything I can do to help ——" I began. And before I had even completed this opening sentence her frank eyes were upon me. In another instant she had snapped me up and I was hopelessly involved.

"You can!" she said, wholly unexpectedly. "This is an unusual situation and these folks are beyond me. You come over and stay at the Collinses'. Come to-morrow before lunch. Even you will be better than nobody, Penny, because I guess you are some sort of an American, and any American is better than a Bolshevik or a doughnut."

"But my dear lady!" I began.

She fixed me with a curiously disconcerting stare.

"It's that or the Y. M. C. A.," she said slowly. "And even if you turn out to be no moral support to me, my having to be one for you will be a help—and the sight of a uniform of any kind that has stripes going up and down instead of round and round ought to be a good thing for that household just now!"

I submitted as soon as I saw I was really needed. And of course the Collinses live quite as charmingly as the DeWynts, though on a somewhat lesser scale. Before we emerged from that fateful walk down the lane I had given my word to move over next forenoon and help in every possible way to bring Mrs. Ted back to the, as I may say, flock.

I don't feel that Mrs. Esmeralda fully appreciated the tremendous sacrifice I was making for her. The situation was a dangerous one, and despite the fact that the secret service and the local police force had both been informed of the impending affair, at Mrs. Esmeralda's insistence, and had promised to attend, nevertheless when I learned that no less than three hundred of the terrible Russian fraternity—if it can so be called, as its personnel numbers both sexes—were to be present I experienced the strongest disinclination to attend. But somehow one's word given to

(Continued on Page 64)



There Was, I am Thankful to Relate, Nobody Who Could by Any Chance be Mistaken for One of Us

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# HIS FACE

## By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL



"When Will Americans Cease to Reduce Everything to Terms of Machinery?" Mrs. Platt Was Beseeching the Thought Waves Round Her

IT WAS last Tuesday night when we were dodging a dull game of bridge in the trophy room of the Lewisburg Country Club that I questioned Newton H. Farley, now owner of the Inspector, on the subject of Leonard Eustace Platt. Why had the perfect symmetry of that face become a byword and a mock in the town where once our Leonard had left his face-prints on the sands of time?

"Lovely Leonard, you mean?" asked Newt, dusting his cigar and smiling a creasy smile at the mention of the man in whose fortunes he took so peculiar a part. "I never noticed that Len's face queered him so much with the girls—the flappers."

"That never got a man anywhere, outside the motion-picture business," I pointed out. "To be a success a man must be passed by a jury of males."

Then I voiced my reflection to the effect that many a Handsome Harry has been acclaimed by his peers.

"But never a Lovely Leonard," said the ex-rough-and-tumble champion. "When you call a man handsome it's one thing; when you call him lovely it's another."

"And when you call him pretty?"

"We were talking about men, I think."

Duly silenced I permitted the municipal sage to philosophize briefly on the topic of the human face.

"I never got much of anywhere on mine," he croaked, "except once when my brother pushed me off a bobsled onto a slippery slide. I traveled nearly a mile then on my left eyebrow. But the human face, all together, can be a pretty unfair proposition. Nature hooks it on in front of your ears the day you are born, and it just naturally grows there. Lots of times it's a grand bonanza. Lots of times it ain't."

Newt Farley reflected before he resumed:

"I often wonder why the town—the male portion of it—started hammering Len Platt so early. But what are you going to do with a man whose soul is all lined with rose velours?"

"Men will admire Apollo, but they won't stand for Narcissus," I pointed out.

As though to reward my flash of intelligence the hulking philosopher, enfolding his knees in the fists whose quick-hitting qualities had once caused his state to marvel, went with enormous candor into the case of Lovely Leonard. Not that he told me anything new. I had sleuthed out most of the details long ere then; but it was old Newt's point of view.

And the fact that he had been so hopelessly, grouchily, magnanimously in love with Effie Garner added tang to his analysis.

From the day of his birth, when unfair Nature hung a perfect mask of loveliness in front of his ears, as Newt doubtless would have put it, Leonard Eustace Platt was foredestined for spoiling. It was his mother who began it; and had you known that lady you would have seen why. She, too, was beautiful. If you can imagine Praxiteles having leased a studio at the rear of a confectionery store and having modeled her classically in some pinkish mousse or nougat you will get a picture of Mrs. Platt. Temperamentally addicted to fad religions, intellectual sugar had always been her soul stimulant; with a gentle insistence she had fed her family on it; and an overdose of it, they say, killed her poor husband before his time.

It is a legend in Lewisburg that when Leonard Eustace, a posthumous child, was first shown to his mother she smiled faintly and sighed, "He is my Thought!"

And you've got to admit that this was a dubious start for a young American, normally destined to play marbles and duck on a rock with the rest-destroying brats of his neighborhood.

At the time of Leonard's birth Newton H. Farley was a boy of fourteen, wearing a shabby uniform in a local telegraph office; therefore he heard no echoes of the oh's and ah's of praise floating up from Bolingbroke Square, the fashionable quarter wherein Leonard Eustace Platt first glimpsed the day. Little Effie Garner was also indifferent to that startling event, for Effie was not born until a year later.

Mrs. Platt's plans for her Leonard were as definite as they were terrifying. Directly before his birth she had been reading a volume entitled Rhythm, the Heart of Beauty; and while the nurse and doctor were quarreling over the matter of swaddling clothes the mother lay among her pillows and decided that hers was to be a rhythmic child.

"My Thought" she continued to call him, despite the fact that he developed the voice of a tomcat during his first six weeks. Mrs. Platt heard rhythm in his yells, saw vibrations in the mechanical twitching of his arms and legs. After the boiled-beet red of early infancy had paled to a waxen pink it is only fair to say that, as babies go, Leonard was certainly good to look at.

The Rev. Mr. Hurlbut, rector of St. Cuthbert's fashionable chapel, first saw the child's professional possibilities and begged Mrs. Platt—it didn't require much begging—to enter Leonard for the exclusive Agnew's Guild Baby Show. After he had taken first prize it was the Lewisburg Express, I believe, that published his picture, showing the prodigy nude in a white washbasin and playing with a cake of soap. Ambition now raged in the mother's breast and she began devouring rhythm books, a library at a time.

She discovered a method of child culture known as the Lotus Bath; the babe of course had no defense against it. It was a simple process, consisting in placing the infant, lightly draped, upon a snow-white pillow facing a northern light. While the Lotus thus reclined, kicking pink heels, Mrs. Platt would go into the Silence and draw vibrations from Krishna or the Baha or whatever spook happened to be at home at that time. Certainly the treatment did Len no harm—save once during the Silence when he squirmed off his pillow into a jardinière—and some say he was improved by it. It is a matter of history that in his second year his picture was sought by the editor of a domestic magazine, who offered a thousand dollars as a prize for the most beautiful baby in America.

Six months later the prize was awarded and a picture of little Leonard Eustace Platt in the attitude of the Lotus Bath was published and delivered to every right-living doorstep in America. Mrs. Platt became unbearable. As a retaliative measure Lewisburg began calling her son Lovely Leonard, hinting that already they were becoming a trifle sick of perfection.

Possibly maternal jealousy mixed itself in the prevailing sentiment. A few well-wishers tried to touch Mrs. Platt's sense of humor; which was a thankless task, like trying to catch a fog in a fishnet. She regarded satire as a spiritually destructive force. It was about that time that she learned from a resident mahatma that her child vibrated best to blue. Hence the shade in which he appeared from then on.

Up to his sixth year Leonard made no struggle against her gentle atrocities. Why should he? Naturally docile, he adored the mother who was too kind to him always; and who else was there close enough to tell him that there were things in life more desirable than to be considered beautiful, graceful and altogether surpassing? When horrid freckled boys called him Sweetheart and shied things as he passed he merely put it down as unpleasant evidence that most boys are imperfect beings who have never been properly lotus-bathed, silenced or vibrated. He wore long golden ringlets and costumes that were distinctly Fauntleroyish. But it took a spring day and a most unusual taunt to plant a seed of doubt in his mind.

He was playing alone in his side yard; it was a game his mother had taught him, a game of intellectual solitaire wherein you were supposed to say to yourself nine times "I am happy, happy, happy!" and lo! you were happy. In the midst of his counting a little girl with irritating gray eyes and a pink ribbon rather crooked at the top of her wind-blown auburn hair popped suddenly up from behind the Garner fence and shrieked "Sweetheart!" in the voice of a badly reared parrakeet.

"Who's a sweetheart?" asked Lovely Leonard, reverting suddenly to Nature.

*"Sweetheart, golden locks,*
*Fraidy, fraidy scarecat!*
*Take your time,*
*Steal a dime,*
*Go and get your hair cut!"*

She squawked this remarkable nursery composition in a low conversational monotone, keeping her large irritating gray eyes glued to the silken cascade falling over Leonard's spotless collar.

"My mother doesn't want me to get my hair cut," responded Mrs. Platt's perfect son with dignity.

"Oo! I'm only a girl, and I'm not afraid of my mother."

"You don't get your hair cut," Leonard reminded her with a keenness beyond his years.

"Girls don't," the Garner brat informed him over the fence. "But you're a boy and you ought to be ashamed."

This was the first time the responsibilities of his sex had ever been called to his attention. He blushed and tried to resume the happiness game, but the pink ribbon persistently

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bobbing over the fence above those staring gray eyes distracted his attention, annoyed and yet charmed him.

"You're too pretty for a boy," said she; "but you'd be good looking if you had a haircut."

His mother had warned him that perfect souls disdain rude retorts, so Leonard remained crowded against the side of his house, perfectly speechless. Presently a voice across the fence called, "Effie, what are you doing?"

"Nothing, mamma," meekly responded Little-Girl-Not-Afraid-of-Her-Mother, getting rapidly down.

*"Sweetheart, golden locks,*
*Fraidy, fraidy scarecat!*
*Take your time,*
*Steal a dime,*
*Go and get your hair cut!"*

Leonard ran into the house and proceeded to jimmy his toy bank with a can opener. For some time he had been gathering pennies, under his mother's management, for the purpose of aiding an uplifting charity known as The Sun Joy Children. As the small change clattered out and he scraped it into his little breeches pocket the taste of crime was sweet in his mouth.

"Where is my Lotus going?" inquired his mother, peering above the limp-covered book she was reading.

"Nowhere," lied the amateur in sin.

And he had no sooner escaped than he ran amuck in the direction of a barber's pole, which he remembered as standing at the corner of an alley two blocks away.

The barbers were all colored men, so it proved, and the biggest and blackest showed a mouthful of gold and ivory as he inquired, "Shave or haircut?"

"Haircut, I think," replied the perfect child breathlessly as he poured his thirty-nine cents into the pinkish side of the great black paw.

"Lawdy, lawdy!" yipped a little mulatto who sat in a corner languidly honing a razor. "Mis' Platt done change huh 'ligion sho' 'nuff."

"Buddy," asked the big black one with kindly suspicion, "did yo' maw send yu?"

"She did," replied the lost Lotus, "and she wants it all cut off, close to the scalp."

The instructions seemed definite enough, and Delilah never did a finer, closer job than did this Ethiop whose shears left Leonard smooth-topped as a little convict. When it was over the barber wrapped the fallen curls in a sheet from the Inspector and presented the bundle to his strangely altered customer.

"Yo' maw might like 'em to stuff a pilla," he informed the child, who took the package as far as a convenient alley and tossed it behind a pile of boxes. Then he ran home, fear at his heels.

He found his mother in the same chair, her Grecian nose buried, a few pages farther on, behind the covers of the same book. She looked up slowly, smilingly; but when her dream-filled eyes at last took in the details of her darling's literally diminished head he saw in her face that which he had never before suspected, hoped never again to see there. The mouth, the chin, the brow, the eyes, which had always beamed like a serene if somewhat mawkish bust of Pallas, were suddenly twisted to the semblance of a Gorgon's head, vengeful, tortured, furious.

"Leonard Eustace Platt!" she screamed, "what have you done with your hair?"

"I threw it away," he announced, defiant for his little moment.

"Threw it away! Threw your treasure away!" She stood there panting, clutching at his shoulders. "What evil Thought is this? Who cut your hair?"

"A barber." He was now beginning to whimper.

"What barber?"

"A colored one. I don't know his name. A big black one."

"Who gave you that malign Thought?"

"Effie Garner. She called me a sweetheart and told me to get a haircut so I wouldn't be a girl."

"My little blasted flower!" she cried, clutching him close; and he was horrified to see that she, too, was beginning to weep. "A discord has broken our harmony. You have strayed into an evil plane. You have vibrated away from the Sun Thought.

"Go to your room at once and repeat 'I am happy' twenty-six times."

He lingered a moment, choking and wild to explain to the being he adored how a human impulse had impelled him.

"Go!" was all she said.

He went.

Mrs. Platt must have seen Mrs. Garner about it that very afternoon, for Effie was brought round for the purpose of apologizing.

"I'm sorry," parroted the Garner brat, holding her mother's hand and gazing with intense solemnity, her wild eyes focused on the hairless scalp. But when the conspiratorial mothers had withdrawn for a moment and the children stood staring at each other on the Platt front porch, Effie went into particulars.

"I'm not really sorry," she told him in her monotonous drawl. "My mamma told me to say I was sorry because your mamma is peculiar and would get mad."

Her gray eyes burned into his hairless poll until he all but withered away.

"You look like a picked chicken," she at last proclaimed. "But you look a lot better than you did."

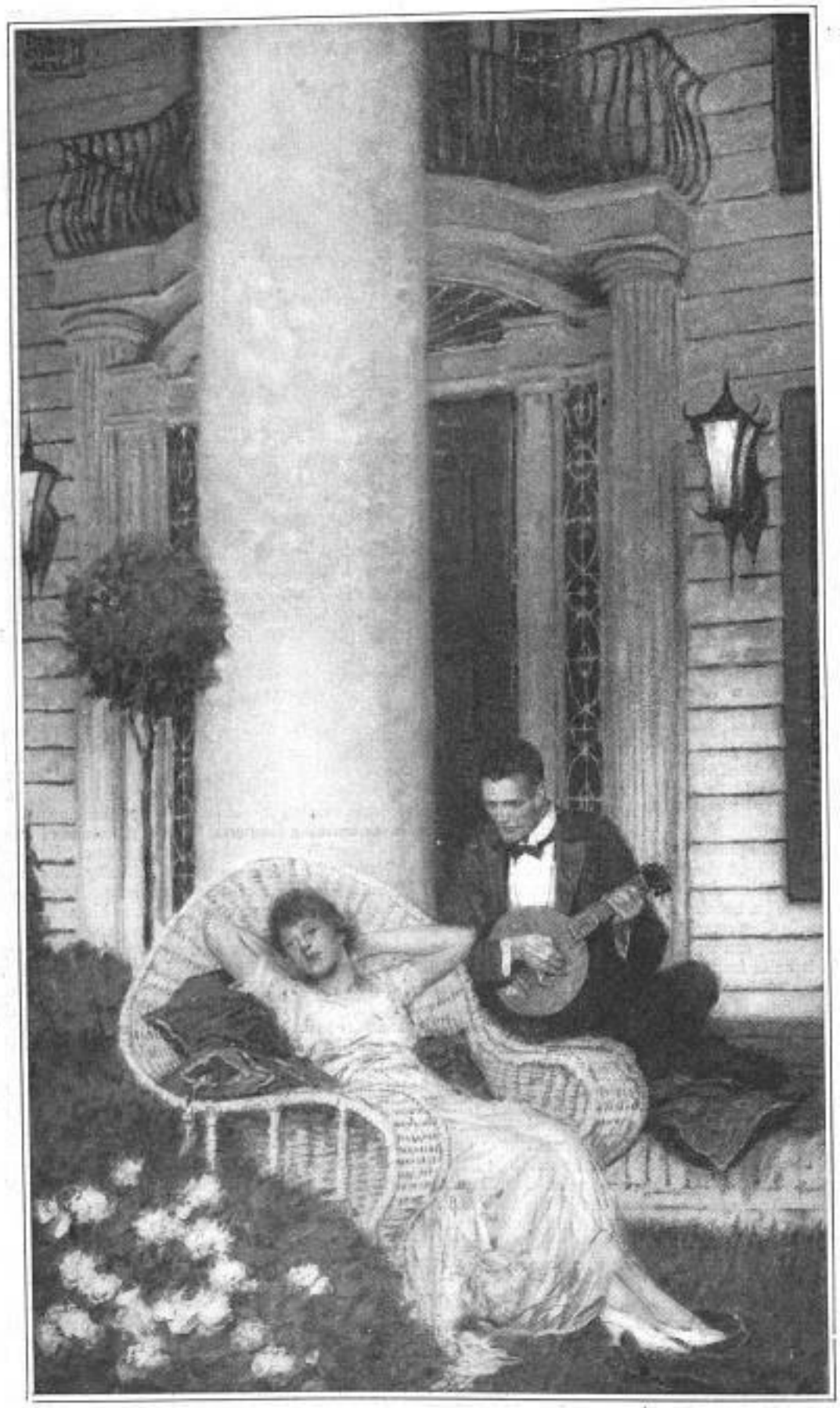
From that day on Mrs. Platt proceeded to break his spirit with increased doses of spiritual sugar. If Leonard played with Effie Garner it was under his mother's strict chaperonage, and never for a long time at a stretch. The earnest lady often planned with Mrs. Garner that her daughter too become a Lotus, but it gave Leonard a furtive delight to see that she still capered upon the low and sordid plane of her choice.

A little later in his career Mrs. Platt discovered that her Leonard had a voice; therefore she lost no time in choosing for him a suitably esoteric vocal instructor, a maiden lady who specialized in East Indian threnodies and taught his somewhat throaty treble to chant mysticism to the accompaniment of an obese Florentine lute of medieval design.

This new talent got him in deep among the sisters of the cult. Mrs. Platt had a passion for masques and pageants, which she wrote herself and staged in her ballroom. Lovely Leonard of course held center stage in most of these high-sounding affairs, now appearing in smallclothes as Romeo, now in sheeted robes as the youthful Phidias. The boys of his own age looked upon him merely as a harmless unfortunate; but it was about the time when his shaky treble had changed to a mellow barytone that his eligible contemporaries among the males of Lewisburg began to notice a disconcerting something about Len which to a certain extent justified his peculiar upbringing.

He was making a decided hit with the girls. It seemed incredible, but it was true. Not only was he followed by those of the upper-flapper period but by a few romantically verging on spinsterhood. At the age of nineteen he had developed the head of a Greek god and his art of whanging upon obscure musical instruments under the shadow of moonlit verandas gave him an inordinate advantage over merely muscular heroes. It was another maddening instance of feminine caprice. His mother didn't allow him to go to dances because she regarded ragtime as a foul poison. But to sit discreetly apart and see her Leonard in the dim distance surrounded by fluffy skirts, girlish faces upturned like lovely night flowers, to hear the delicate strum-strumming of his Italian lute while some modulated soprano would implore, "Oh, Len, please sing, Mona, Mona, Twine Thy Starry Hair!"—this to her was rapture. For what greater tribute could there be to her tutelage than that her Lotus drew to him all the blossoms of the night?

During the interval Newt Farley had developed into a full-grown man, whose grouchy good nature, common sense and downright ability got him easily beyond the snob-built barrier of local society; and as he had just fallen into the job of Sunday, sporting, society and religious editor, he was very often at the country club in both professional and amateur capacity. He was no ladies' man in the generally accepted sense of the word. There were plenty of women who would have asked anything in the world of Newt Farley, but there was none who cared to suffer in his behalf. Which is as much as to say that Newt was a born uncle rather than a born lover.



*His Art of Whanging Upon Obscure Musical Instruments Under the Shadow of Moonlit Verandas Gave Him an Inordinate Advantage Over Merely Muscular Heroes*

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How he ever got his eye on little Effie Garner the angels alone can tell. Her sensible mind and her free way of looking at things—aside from her abundant power to please the eye—would naturally have attracted him; but Effie was years younger than he and had a puppyish love for young society. Old Cassius Garner would have liked to see his daughter and Newt strike a bargain. He was one of your Lewisburgers who believed that the sun of wisdom rose upon the jingle of Newt's alarm clock.

Lovely Leonard, who had reached the voting age by now, had begun confining his genius to his own neighborhood. In short, he had taken to playing his Florentine lute until a late hour on Effie Garner's veranda. Every sensible girl has a soft spot in her head somewhere, Lewisburg declared, and wondered how Mrs. Platt would take it.

She took it by packing Len's bags for him and leading him, somewhat belated though he was, to college; and during the interval of peace on the Garner front porch Newt Farley was selfish enough male to see an advantage. It seems that Newt had got himself an automobile, a chimera of an automobile, which had been assembled from two wrecks. As it was, in its present incarnation, Newt had won it at the races, and he was often forced to the conclusion as he wrestled with the mechanical monster that it were a far, far better thing if his horse had come in last. The union of a low-powered engine—once attached to a repair car in the service of the telephone company—with a loose-fitting four-seated tonneau designed in the period when individual seats were vogue, comprised this strange hybrid, which, because of the smoke screen that followed wherever it went, Newt had christened Elijah's Chariot—'Lije for short.

Thus mounted he would come snorting up to the Garner lawn during those few blissful weeks of Leonard's absence. Effie refused to ride in 'Lije, not because 'Lije was unfashionable but because he was unsafe. She relished her hours with Newt; she didn't call him uncle, but she implied as much. And yet fond foolish Lewisburg began backing their favorite against Leonard, because it was the common wish that the Lovely One would get his comeuppance.

There is no telling what might have happened had Mrs. Platt not imposed another theory upon her son's hopeless case.

Something he wrote her during his first fortnight away started her packing for the college town to which she had consigned him. She came unannounced upon the campus, to find that her Lotus was neither in his classroom nor in his dormitory; he was out practicing with something they called "the scrub." This, she hoped, referred to an exercise in personal cleanliness until, following directions, she came upon an open field and there recognized Leonard among many others standing begrimed and sweaty in a peculiar pair of quilted breeches. The hand he gave her was actually dirty; there was a scratch on his beautifully modeled chin!

That very night Mrs. Platt returned to Lewisburg convoying her son.

"If you must have exercise," his mother cooed firmly, "there is a professor of Greek dancing who has just come to town."

The professor proved to be a somewhat weather-beaten Pole named Kranski, who set to work earnestly to introduce an Anacreontic note into Leonard's life. The young man, bereft of his birthright, yet felt a certain stimulation in the antics, which flexed his every muscle and set the blood rioting in his veins. Kranski offered to teach him Greek wrestling too; and after a few graceful but sinew-straining bouts on the mat Lovely Leonard began to realize that there were Spartans as well as Ionians among the Hellenes. Mrs. Platt was never so happy. She loved so dearly to see her son in his sandals and muslin tunic that she sent all the way to Chicago for an art photographer.

Newt Farley visited the Garner porch just once after Len's return. The picture lingered. Effie, her eyes half closed, was leaning back in a white enameled chair, and on a crimson pillow at her feet sat Lovely Leonard, the neck of his medieval lute pressed romantically against his left shoulder. They were two beautiful, dream-bound young faces as the hopeless adorer caught them there at a glimpse; the mellow barytone was singing languidly in Italian. And in the bitterness of the moment poor Newt hated himself for what he wasn't; hated himself for the face that peevish Nature had hung in front of his ears.

Newt didn't stay long on that occasion. In his capacity of uncle-at-large he had a moment of fair vision in which he saw how sensible, independent Effie Garner had fallen for this decorative simpleton. Then Newt wandered away and cranked up 'Lije. His only active protest was to stay up very late that night and to finish the evening by thrashing a large bartender, thus maintaining his reputation as the state's unchallenged champion among short-order trouble-seekers.

*II*

IT WAS something more than three years later when Mr. Cassius Garner, a little man of plutocratic appearance, who wore a white line in the V of his waistcoat and a violet cravat to match the delicate veining in his nose, called at the Inspector office on astonishing business. It was his always admired friend Newt Farley whom he wanted to see, and after the able Sunday editor had moved a file of New York supplements and a broken typewriter from the only extra chair in his compartment the visitor seated himself and began unburdening his mind.

"Newt, I'm going to be as candid with you as I would be with the family physician—more so, because I haven't got much faith in Doc Malloy."

"Shoot!" Newt had an intimation that the visit concerned Effie in some way.

"Well, to put it plain—that Platt boy has been fooling round long enough. I've been staving him off with the excuse that Effie's still a baby. But that won't go any more. He's got my womenfolks hypnotized. Now he's threatening to teach my wife Greek dancing—at her age. And Effie—she swears I've got to consent or she'll elope."

"I see." The pain came back, just for a moment.

"Now, Newt, you know as well as I do that Len Platt doesn't come up to the scratch."

"Nobody does," said the philosopher, with no intent to seem unkind.

"But he hasn't got any backbone! He wouldn't know real life if it hit him in his beautiful face. Women have spoiled him until he smells like a sachet bag. No! I won't have any professional beauty for my son-in-law."

"What's the idea? Want me to wreck his beauty?" grinned Newt, not overlooking the humor in Effie's father's coming to him for such advice.

"Effie wouldn't look at him twice if his face was spoiled," glared the old gentleman apoplectically. "But we can't get away with any coarse work like that. It's sort of peculiar my coming to you this way ——"

"Nothing's peculiar," pronounced the sage.

"I need advice. The womenfolks are keen for the match. You're the only man I can tell my middle name to without its getting all over town. I've come to you because I think you can put almost anything over."

"Thanks," he dryly acknowledged. "What's wanted?"

"I want you to make Effie sick of Lovely Leonard. It'll be the greatest kindness you can do her, because if once she gets her eyes open and has time to wake up she'll bless the day she lost him."

"You don't care what I do?" asked Newt, feeling like a garroter taking his morning orders.

"Don't care what you do. You've got a newspaper under your thumb and can lick anything that walks."

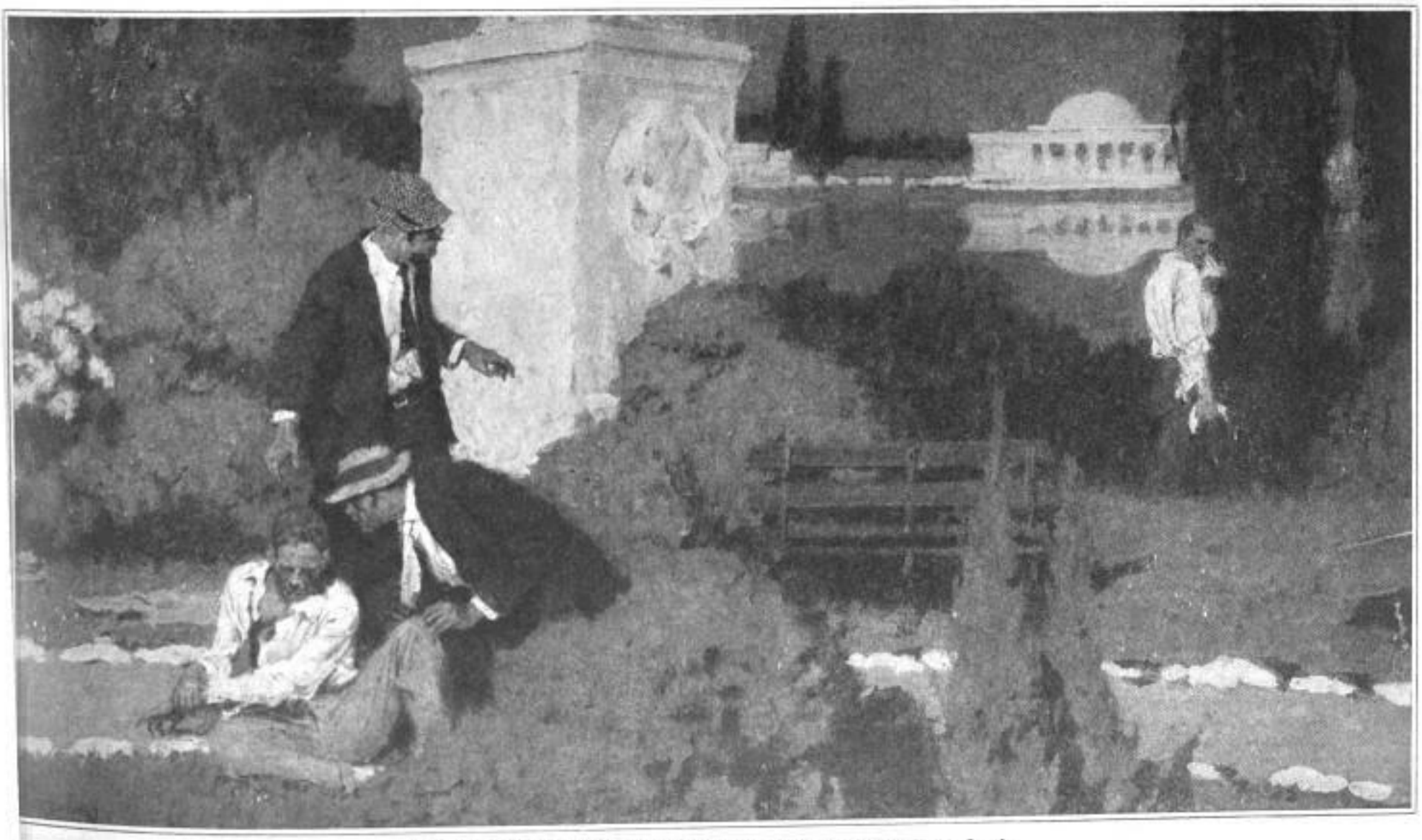
"If you want him kicked out do it yourself."

"Yes—and make Effie think she's being persecuted by her parent! That would be worse than hiring a hack and driving 'em to a justice of the peace."

"Give me time to think."

The Sunday editor's face grew serious. If it got round that he was plotting to oust the resident Apollo the gossips would be quick to say that Farley was playing foul.

*(Continued on Page 45)*



*"Let That Arm Alone!" Newt Farley Was Demanding From His Grassy Couch*

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# BILGE AND MA GET A SUB

## By Peter Clark Macfarlane

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

"IT'S a matter of luck," declared Ma.

"Fool luck at that!"

"It's a matter of brains and initiative," argued Bilge stoutly.

"How are you goin' to maintain that," retorted Ma, "when the Judson hain't sighted a healthy oil slick even in two months, and the McDonald got two subs in two weeks? Don't you allow 'at Captain Bill has got as much brains and initiative as that three-striper nicknamed Fuzzy who skippers the McDonald? Ain't the Judson a better boat than the McDonald? Ain't she got a better crew?"

"She's got you, Ma," admitted Bilge with a mischievous wink at Dyckman; "and that's sure one big advantage."

"And she's got you, Bilge; and that shore is one mighty big handicap. It's a matter o' luck, I tell you, and you're the Jonah. Why don't you get yourself transferred or picked for one of these nucleus crews that's goin' home all the time for new boats? Captain Bill's dyin' to git shed of you, and he just naturally ain't got the heart to tell you so."

"How do you reckon that he's dying to get rid of me?" cross-examined Bilge.

"Well, wasn't you at the throttle when we salted up that last time?"

"And I suppose, you durn deck washer, you think it was the man at the throttle's fault when that tube in the condenser splits and we salt up, hey?" retorted Bilge scornfully. "That's just about the level of your intelligence, ain't it now?"

"I'm not talkin' about intelligence," responded Ma. "I just naturally admit that I ain't got none or I wouldn't never 'a' sailed on a destroyer in these here pirate-infested European waters with a man like you in the engine room. Why say, Bilge, if we was to sight a submarine—if we was to get a real good chance to just naturally back right up and drop an ash can on one, and you was the only man on board that could drop the can, why, we couldn't find you nowheres round. You'd be off up in the fo'castle head asleep, or playin' with your pet rat, or figurin' out one of them wonderful schemes of yourn for puttin' salt on the tail of a submarine and catchin' him in your mother's apron."

"A submarine could be caught, with a little ingenooity—that's what I argue," persisted Bilge, catching at the thread of some past discussion. "I say that a submarine is the most helpless fish that floats in the sea, and that if you went at 'em right you could take 'em practically with your bare hands."

So two of Uncle Samuel's fighting men abroad wrangled and jangled like sweet bells out of tune. Ma was a boson's mate, Texas born and navy trained. Bilge was a machinist's mate with red hair, freckles, and a heart of gold in which dwelt unquenchable optimism. Ma was wiry, black of hair and eye, stout of spirit and patient in tribulation, benignant of countenance and endowed with some note of character or disposition that earned for him among the enlisted men of the crew that strange maternal cognomen by which he was hailed exclusively on the Judson, but which his mates employed always with a mixture of reverence and affection that stamped the Texan as a young man of rare moral worth.

The two men were quite inseparable. They loved each other with strong men's love, and they expressed this love in clumsy stabs of what each fondly supposed to be wit. They plied each other with sarcasms; they assailed each other's characters, judgments, reputation and ancestries. Yet if any man in Ma's presence had reflected on Bilge he would have had to fight; while if any man in Bilge's presence had breathed calumny against the sacred name of Ma he, too, would have had to battle for the right to maintain his front teeth in the place, position and order to which Nature had assigned them.

"And I allow then," resumed Ma, "that if the chance ever comes for you to git a submarine you'll just naturally jump in and pitch him out, the way we-all pitch out a catfish down in my country when the streams git dry."

"I never said nothin' like it," maintained Bilge stubbornly. "But I got my idea. I said they was helpless and they could be gathered in alive."

Ma relapsed into an amused silence and the measured puffing of his pipe, while he contemplated his friend with an air of affectionate indulgence. Bilge finding himself no longer opposed turned after a concluding grunt to fumble in his locker for pencil and paper, after finding which he sat upon the locker, with his ditty box in his lap for a writing table, and bent himself to the development of a poetic theme which had been running through his head all day and had to do with setting forth the spirit and prowess of the enlisted men of the destroyer flotilla.

For a time something approaching silence reigned in the fo'castle where the recent debate had taken place. Men crouched or lounged about on their sea chests, reading, writing or playing cards—with frequent muttered ejaculations—or they pulled down their swinging bunks of wire and crawled creakingly into them to sink to slumber.

"Here!" proclaimed Bilge, after mayhap half an hour of tongue-biting labor. "Lamp these lines, will you?" And he lifted a soiled sheet of paper and began to declaim:

*Ho, we fight with our hands and we fight with our feet,*
*We fight with our heads and our hearts;*
*Ho, we slam the Hun and we slam him neat*
*With a bomb in his inard parts.*

"Durned good, Bilge!" vouchsafed Ma. "Who-all did you copy that off of?"

"I didn't copy it," protested Bilge. "Got her up myself. Ain't she some sweet little ditty, though? Now if I could get a tune to her we could sing it. How was one of those marching tunes ——"

"But say!" Ma broke in to resume the thread of the old argument. "'With a bomb in their innard parts.' That ain't takin' 'em alive, you know, old red-top."

Bilge paused, sucking his stub of a pencil and frowning at the alleged inconsistent line.

"But, friend of my heart," he retorted presently, "we'd bomb 'em after we took 'em, wouldn't we? You would never do nothing to one of these *unterseasser* pirates but bomb him, would you?"

"I wouldn't—no!" responded Ma decisively.

"You bet it's good!" admitted Bilge modestly as he hummed over the lines.

"George Cohan got twenty-five thousand for Over There," suggested Ma dryly, as he noted the care with which Bilge deposited his effusion in his ditty box and then inserted the ditty box in the sea chest.

"This is prob'ly too good poetry to make a popular song," conceded Bilge, not noting the subtle poison of mockery in Ma's remark; "but the gobs in the flotilla will all be hummin' it in a week—just as soon as I find the right tune to it."

Bilge pulled down his sleeping apparatus from its moorings overhead and rolled into it to blissful slumber, knowing with his last waking moment that delicious glow which pervades the tissues of the creative artist in the hour of glorious consummation.

But while Bilge and Ma and their comrades slumbered Captain Bill and Captain Fuzzy forgathered in a corner of the Royal Yacht Club with other destroyer captains, and consumed much British good cheer as they recounted their joys, their hopes and their hard luck. Captain Fuzzy of them all was in most exultant mood, for the fishing had been poor of late with his companions.

"I'll bet you, Bill," he said—this Captain Fuzzy of the McDonald, who had got two submarines in two weeks, to Captain Bill of the Judson, who had not seen a live oil slick in six—"I'll bet you five pounds the McDonald gets her third sub before you get the first."

"Oh, oh! The swank of him!" jeered the crowd.

"Take you!" said Captain Bill, his smooth hard jaws knitting a bit snappishly; whereupon the slightly stimulated convivialists turned ficklely on him with some lugubrious lines which had reference to an exceedingly [illegible] report of Captain Bill's about a supposed encounter with a supposed submersible of the Kaiser's back in the early days of the war—meterless rimes which began with reciting that:

*Last night over by Aberdeen*
*I saw a German submarine;*
*The funniest sight I ever seen*
*Was Old Bill Bradshaw's submarine!*

There were other stanzas, but they were in kind, and the composition was so bad that nobody had the ill taste to finish it; so they lifted their grape-juice glasses and pledged a health to Captains Bill and Fuzzy and all other good three-stripers who took the sea in the morning to do battle with the elements and the Hun.

Five o'clock next morning found the officers of the Judson gathering in the wardroom for a waking cup of coffee and a staying slice of toast. Darkness prevailed outside and uncertainty within; for though the captain knew the hour of his sailing, which was approximately at daylight, he knew not the purport thereof, whether for convoy duty, for patrol work or for something special and more directly promising. Not knowing, he could imagine and he could hope, which he did, with that wager with Captain Fuzzy in his mind and a certain delicious sense of expectancy tickling all his nerves.

He was a square-rigged figure of a man, was Captain Bill, with square shoulders and square jaw, but not a square head. He did not look so trim as, for instance, a battleship or cruiser captain. The lower half of him was clothed in khaki trousers, and on his feet were huge storm



*The Torpedo Men Leaped to Their Places in the Saddle and With Tubes Swung Out Sat Like Jockeys Awaiting the Fall of the Starter's Flag*

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boots. The upper half of him did indeed include the regulation fatigue blouse of the officer; but where it was buttoned tight at the throat the points and a bit of the rim of a khaki shirt collar projected, lending a note of picturesque untidiness, as indicating that the captain was dressed for work rather than parade, for comfort rather than for sweet appearance's sake. This same rough-and-ready look was manifested by other members of his staff who sat about him at the wardroom table, all with sleep still in their eyes—excepting only the man who had been on watch—and each in his costume revealing some reckless but practical departure from the regulations.

A messenger appeared, saluted and mumbled something to McMaster, the ordnance officer—who was an abrupt sort of personality known to the crew as Shotgun—something about a torpedo director having been put on upside down.

"Well, blankety-blank-blank!" exclaimed Shotgun, his rasping voice of anger breaking the silence rudely, and taking little account, it would seem, of the respect due the man who captained the destroyer and headed the table.

But the captain was quite unruffled. He joined in the smile that went round the table over the petulance of McMaster, who, scowling, left his coffee and toast to go aft and let his voice be heard, bellowing and barking amid a lot of scurrying seamen who were busy with the lashing and unlashing, the securing and unsecuring, the thousand and one things that human hands are required to do about the deck fixtures and fighting equipment of a ship of war when she makes ready for the sea.



*"They'll See Him and Get Under Quick's They Can," Opined Ma. "But They'll Take a Shot at Us Before They Duck"*

With McMaster's voice still echoing another messenger entered and handed a white slip of paper to the captain. It read:

"From "To
"U. S. S. JUDSON
"Proceed QXY. On reaching 116 report. Urgent."

QXY was a definite area in the sea outside; 116 was a very definite spot in that area. Urgent meant that the Judson was not to pause to gather any daisies on the way to 116, but get there.

Captain Bradshaw read the message without comment and passed it to Kirk, executive and navigator. While he scanned it Eddy, the chief engineer, entered, the only man on the ship who had been too busy with preparations to get under way, to sit down and receive fortification for his duties at the hand of the Filipino mess boy.

"Permission to turn the engines over?" the chief inquired.

"Yes," nodded the captain.

The chief engineer went out. One by one the other officers rose and slipped away, each to his duties, while McMaster came back to his unfinished plate.

The entry of the ordnance officer was followed by another messenger and another message, indicating that the intelligence station upon the hill, where dwelt the man with the wide gold band upon his arm and the far-reaching brain that controlled all this splendid organization, was fairly busy this morning. The message said:

"From "To
"U. S. S. JUDSON
"On reaching 116 QXY establish communication with SRNV. Urgent."

SRNV was Captain Fuzzy's ship, the McDonald.

"Hell's bells!" ejaculated Captain Bill. "They sent her out ahead of us. Did Fuzzy know something, I wonder, when he bet me that five pounds?"

It was perhaps ten minutes after this, and the captain with his second cigarette in his lips was in the chart room, where Kirk was straddling a pair of compasses across a chart to the QXY area and locating therein the exact spot 116, that a third message was brought in:

"SRNV asking what time you can be at 116. Urgent."

"That's three times now they've snapped that word 'urgent' at us," remarked the captain. "Sounds like something doing out there."

"Yes," said Kirk, turning from his chart to a hopeful contemplation of the message, while the captain stepping outside pattered lightly upward to the bridge.

The bridge of an American destroyer to-day has been hooded and closed in with a sheet-steel structure to give weather protection to the instruments and occupants thereof, with the result that it is less like a bridge and more like an elevated oblong coop, with an octagonal side to the front and a semicircular slot at the eaves through which observation is obtained.

The bridge was now thickly populated. A quartermaster was at the wheel, a yeoman was at the engine-room annunciator, a bunting tosser was at the signal locker, and three or four sailors with binoculars or telescopes were ready for lookout duty, while a lieutenant and a surplus ensign or two were also at hand, binocular-armed but ready for any service that might be required of them. The captain, hands in pockets, cap slightly to starboard, cigarette holder in mouth, the corners of that khaki shirt collar projecting grotesquely, walked to and fro with an eye over the fo'castle head to where the anchor chain was coming in from the buoy.

"All clear, sir," called the voice of the boson's mate.

The captain's own hand pulled the whistle cord, and the ship stirred and shook herself as side lines were cast off. The skipper now stood alert, watching keenly the first slow drift of his boat, calculating the force of the tide and holding a quiet and entirely one-sided conversation with the yeoman whose hands were on the annunciator.

"Full speed astern—starboard full ahead—starboard stop—port one-third ahead—port stop—starboard two-thirds astern."

So jockeying and dancing the Judson wormed out of her stall, waltzed clear of her stable mates, nosed round the mother ship, and headed for the line of buoys that marked a circuitous passage to the open sea.

The harbor entrance was gained and left behind; breakfast came and was devoured, the captain taking his in the chart room; messages were sent and messages were received; SRNV reported her hands full and sliced off a distinct patch of the sea for the Judson. It was in this patch of sea as the radio presently reported that the exciting thing had happened, and the captain's eye glinted eagerly as he read the word, after which he gave certain necessary instructions to the engine room and to the wheel.

Eight o'clock came, bringing with it Bilge's relief, so that the machinist's mate clambered up the iron ladder from the engine room and sat upon the hatch to look about and get a bite of the outside air. Bilge was clad in dungarees and an undershirt, armless and exceeding thin. His freckles were ambushed beneath a coat of grease and grime, while even the pristine redness of his luxuriant hair appeared to have been somewhat subdued by contacts below stairs as if he had used it for a mop.

They were in the midst of waters. No land was in sight. The sea was choppy gray, gray as the wing of a gull, and it stretched about them interminably. Through it without a jar or a bound, with scarcely a quiver, the Judson slipped like a long mottled green mackerel, making thirty knots, which for the Judson was emergency speed.

The machinist's mate looked up inquiringly at the bridge with an air of importance and responsibility. It was he who had lifted her along turn by turn to this thirty knots. Did they know it? Did they appreciate it up there?

Now to be rigidly truthful, of course this was merely Bilge's point of view. It really wasn't he who had done this. It was some boys in a red-hot boiler room, entered through doubled seal-tight doors which maintained the air at a pressure of four atmospheres, who kept the flames going, not with the labor of shoveled coal but by the skillful manipulation of two sets of valves, one of which dribbled crude oil and the other of which admitted sprays of compressed air that vaporized the oil and carried it in the form of a cloud of fuel to the fire boxes. But besides the fire boys there were the water boys who nursed the big condenser, and there were the oilers and the machinists, and all the rest of the score of men on watch at one post or another down there in the intestines of the ship, each of whom had done his part in the manufacture of all this power.

But it was Bilge who had stood at the throttle and given the steam to the turbines; Bilge who had stood at the speaking tube and answered the questions of the bridge and told it what the engines were doing; so now, with the feel of a commander in his heart, he had turned the throttle over to his successor, knowing that under his coaxing hand the propellers were getting every turn that was in the power, and the total of those turns figured seven revolutions under thirty knots; so Bilge called it thirty knots and done, and had come creeping up the ladder to look about him and watch the gray seas slipping by as if the Judson were standing still and all the whole wide ocean racing to get past it.

As Bilge took his seat on the sharp edge of the engine-room hatch his friend the boson's mate sauntered over. Ma had just been watching the carpenter's mate attaching a set of nice new brass figures to the prow of the motor dory. This number was, we will say, 198, and that, we will say, was the identification number of the Judson, with which brand her small service boats were also labeled. Yet while these new and more highly ornamental numbers had been going on the prow of the dory it was nevertheless a matter of fact that the carpenter's mate as he drilled his holes in the wood was not thinking of what he was doing. When he drove home the screws and countersunk them neatly just to the level of the surface of the plate he was doing it mechanically.

Ma, the boson's mate, who watched him do the job, watched mechanically, and as much as anything else just to rest his eyes from continually staring off there into the greasy haze that lay ahead of them, and into which the Judson was rushing with every turn of her screws. It was on the adventure just ahead that every mind in the ship was set. There was nothing posted on the bulletin board but everybody knew. The radio room was aft. In it an ensign and three enlisted men hovered over the instruments. From it messengers came and went. Who told? Nobody—exactly. Who whispered or leaked? Nobody—exactly. Yet from end to end the ship knew. It was its business to know.

It had not been necessary to waken the men of the eight-to-twelve watch. They were roused and ready, waiting to take their stations. Nor did the men they relieved bolt a hasty breakfast and fling into their bunks like exhausted sodden things.

Instead they moved out upon the fo'castle or found places to sit on hatches or places to lean against guns or torpedo tubes, and plastered their eyes ahead, with occasional inquiring looks upward to the bridge.

There Captain Bill was in high spirits. His nerves were strung like a bow. He had waited long for his chance. To-day—in an hour—in fifteen minutes—in that undefined patch of gray haze ahead his chance was waiting for him.

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To Bilge, too, a mere cog in this thrillingly efficient machine, it seemed that his chance was coming. It was for this he had enlisted, for this he had eaten the bread of humble obedience to another man's orders, for this he had worked slavishly days on end, for this he had fought the storms and the ennui and the heartburnings of homesickness; for this he had taken the back talk of chief petty officers, had penned himself up in the narrow bowels of a destroyer and endured all that the enlisted man feels he has to endure—that his country might win, that humanity might win, and the savage Hun be beaten.

The deck rose and fell gently to the long rhythm of the Judson's forward leap. Bilge bent his knees slightly, and felt that the wings of his spirit rose and fell, majestic and strong. It was a great moment—a great thrill that was coming.

"Be on top of her soon now, eh?" he said to Ma.

"Yeh! I reckon so," conceded Ma, expectant but unexcited. "Yeh! I reckon we will."

But there was no badinage, no idle speech. Men held their tongues and waited. And now they were there!

Wreckage floated past—an overturned boat, a chicken coop, the shattered half of a gangplank, barrels, rafts, boxes, boards, and an indescribable jumble of the things a ship contains which float off when she slips beneath the waves. The sea was filled with wreckage. This was the very water and these were the silent witnesses when, a scant three hours before, while the Judson's wardroom was at its coffee, men had fought for life amid the broken members of their torpedoed boat. Even now it seemed that their dumb lips pleaded for punishment for their treacherous and cruel enemy. And already, too, the avengers were gathering.

An airplane circled overhead, with the bold insignia of Britain upon her wide wings. A dirigible balloon floated in the lower atmosphere, peering deep for any sign of that dark moving shadow which would hint the presence of the submarine. Bilge and Ma were gaping at the sights about them when general quarters was sounded with one long discordant shriek of the whistle.

Instantly there was a vast hurry and scuttle from end to end of the boat. Men went flying to their stations. McMaster was running for the after bridge and more immediate control of his depth charges. Ensign Trigg charged along the deck, fighting like a football player for his way through jostling groups of men who were crowding about guns and torpedo tubes. Gunners were swiftly spinning controlling wheels as their weapons were ranged or pointed, and the torpedo men leaped to their places in the saddle and with tubes swung out sat like jockeys awaiting the fall of the starter's flag.

Ma's battle station was the starboard waist gun.

"What's it?" demanded Bilge of the charging ensign. In such moments of excitement distinctions of rank are sometimes forgotten, even by ensigns, and the single-striper was more human than he was official anyway.

"Submarine broaching dead ahead!" he called back.

"G-r-r-r-r!"

There rose from all the assembled crews a guttural roar of thirst for vengeance, mixed with exultation that at last the time had come to gratify it. Bilge, whose battle station when not on watch was loose proximity to the engine-room companion, leaned out on a boat davit and set his eyes ahead. Once in a while he discerned a black speck rising and falling on the waves.

"Well, why don't they shoot?" he demanded impatiently.

The bow gun and the starboard waist gun were already trained upon it. Lieutenant Cherry from the crow's nest kept calling down the range.

"Set sir! Set!" reported Dickey Dorgan through his speaking tube, and was praying for the order to fire.

But no order came, and presently word was passed down from the bridge: "It's a lifeboat."

A groan went up from gun and torpedo crews, seasoned with curses of baffled rage; and then curiously all studied the boat which the Judson was rapidly overhauling. As it careened on the slope of a wave when they passed, something huddled in the bottom—awash, for both ends of the craft were splintered as if by shell fire. The Judson turned and came back to windward, slowing as she did so for the launching of a boat.

"Man the whale and lower away!" ordered the captain.

This was the boson's mate's job naturally, and Ma with six men at the oars went down the falls, standing as proudly in the stern as ever an admiral on quarter-deck. As the boat cast off the Judson began immediately to take on speed, which was prudent, for a stopped or slow-moving destroyer makes an inviting target for a torpedo; and again wreckage began to flow past, each piece of it curiously scanned by everybody on the ship. Prominent in this stream just now was a huge hatch cover, and upon it lay a coil of rope as it had evidently lain before the hatch cover floated free. Upon this the keen eyes of Bilge discovered something white, a tiny shivering mass that hugged cautiously the rope coil in the center of the floating rectangle.

"A dog!" somebody shouted.

"A pup!" amended a voice from the bridge; and pup it was, a tiny wire-haired fox terrier, bewildered, cold, water-soaked and feeling no doubt very much abused to be left thus lonely and abandoned in the midst of this waste of waters. He watched so intently and apprehensively the encroachment of the waves as from time to time they threatened his position in the center that the weirdly decorated body of the Judson was almost over him before he noticed its presence, with a line of human beings along its side which his brief life had taught him to recognize as kin, gazing at him sympathetically from deck and bridge.

Up to this moment the pup had cowered timidly, but with the knowledge that he was under observation an instant consciousness of the blood of a royal fighting line within him seemed to assert itself. He stood stiffly on his small legs, his aristocratic stub of a tail was lifted, and his ears, black like spots of camouflage against his white body, went up, and he posed bravely as though none should see him exhibit other than a stout defiance to his fate. He barked a greeting at them excitedly in a hoarse little voice, which told the story of a cold and chilling vigil and the despair which had all but settled in his heart.

While the ship passed he advanced bravely to the edge of his raft and lifted up his face and then his voice in eager yapping little cries, as of cordial hail and stout farewell to fellow voyagers on a vast and watery sea. There was no whimper of fear in the voice, but there was infinite appeal in it—the appeal of high stout courage, the cry of comrade to comrade across the waters, and the modest expression of a yearning not to be abandoned if rescue were perfectly convenient.

"Permission to get the pup, sir?" said a husky voice; and the captain, watching from the bridge, looked round to see that Bilge in his dungarees had come rushing up the ladder.

Now the captain of a destroyer is inevitably a young man. No other kind will do—a young man with tireless muscles, with eager enthusiasms, with ready sympathies, who acts like a flash and does his repenting, if repenting is necessary, well and after the act. Neither, upon a destroyer, is there that insistence upon the refinements of formality which obtains in larger battle craft. There is discipline, the absolute mastery of the man on the bridge, and the swift and instinctive obedience of every man below him; but what might be called the frills and fringes of the disciplinary establishment are sometimes lacking.

In coming unbidden to the bridge upon a purely personal quest Bilge Kennedy, machinist's mate, had transgressed, but in revealing how ready and how sincere was the sympathy that dwelt within him for the small and dumb and helpless he had justified his coming.

"Yes," said Captain Bill, short and gruff, to mask the feeling of softness that was in his heart.

It had not occurred to him just how Bilge was meaning to get the pup. He did not particularly consider. That a ship at sea in the midst of wreckage and perhaps of human flotsam should stop to rescue a puny little dog, thereby exposing to possible submarine attack a healthy unit in Uncle Sam's destroyer flotilla, was quite absurd. It was contrary to the rules of war and the tenets of strategy made and provided. The captain instantly swept his eye away to the larger concerns of the moment—to the fields of possible enemy action, to the whaleboat making a rhythmic-oared progress toward the water-logged craft, and then off to where the dirigible swung in the air and made signals from time to time, which the bunting tosser was reading and calling off as he got them.

Bilge, however, running aft along the deck, was somehow shedding his shoes as he ran, and a cheer broke from the men on the after bridge and about the depth-charge racks when he went overboard with a splash and began to swim with long expert strokes toward the hatch cover.

The pup seemed to understand the maneuver at once. He again moved close to the edge of his small craft, and his eyes watched intently that dark spot upon the water where Bilge made progress toward him. Sometimes the long swells let the swimming machinist's mate down in a cradle where he was out of sight, and sometimes they lifted him high on a crest where the little dog caught sight of him again and yapped an eager cry of encouragement and welcome. The men on the deck of the Judson shouted joyously as they saw Bilge make the hatch cover and the little dog caper excitedly about his arms and head.

"I would disrate him for that!" scowled the exec.

"Tut, tut!" chided the captain with a sort of gulp in his throat. "Gad! It's a wonderful spirit, that; that will jump overboard in the middle of the Irish Sea for a wet forlorn little pup. What chance has Germany got against men like that? None at all, I tell you!"

But just then the men in the dirigible balloon seemed to get very excited about something.

(Continued on Page 74)



# More Precious Than Rubies

## By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

IV

AFTER Cecil Caldecott had left his office in charge of his new secretary, Alvin Cochrane, he took the Subway at Fulton Street, rode in the express to Fourteenth Street, got off, took the local to Eighteenth, let three trains go by and took the fourth.

He left at Thirty-third Street and walked into the Vanderbilt. He took the elevator to the eighth floor and walked down to the Della Robbia Room, went out into the street and took a taxi to the Pennsylvania Station. He called a porter, gave him two parcel-room checks, and when the man brought him the valises took the train for Philadelphia. At Philadelphia he bought the drawing-room to Chicago and sent two telegrams—one to Robert Turner, in Indianapolis, and the other to W. W. Kent, in Cleveland. The first read as follows:

Meet me at Blackthorn Hotel, Chicago, Sunday night after eight, or Monday morning after eight. Will pay traveling expenses both ways and all hotel bills. Fifteen minutes will suffice to let you know whether you are the man I want or not.

C. SQUARE.

The telegram to Kent made the appointment for Wednesday night.

He arrived at Chicago a little before seven on Sunday evening and drove to the Blackthorn Hotel. There he registered as Charles Collins, Quadratic, Pa.

"I'd like my regular room on the eighth floor, south side," he said to the clerk. "Don't remember the number. You said it was the choicest, and I believed you and was much pleased both times I had it."

"Certainly, Mr. Collins! Certainly!" said the clerk, who had taken one brief glance at the name, reading it upside down as all hotel clerks do.

"Heavens, don't you ever forget a name?" asked Caldecott admiringly.

He never before had stopped at this hotel, but the clerk, Bradford Richards, retorted reproachfully: "You don't forget your friends' names, do you?"

"No."

"Well, we don't either, in this hotel. I think you had 844."

"Yes, yes! I remember now," cried Collins-Caldecott.

"Front! Here! Eight-forty-four. Mr. Collins, if for any reason you don't like the old room this time let me know, sir."

Caldecott followed the bell hop. Once in 844 the boy officiously began to open the windows, lighted the light in the bathroom, looked about him fiercely, mutely scolding the unseen chambermaids, quite unnecessarily remarked, "I think you'll find everything all right, sir," and then, quite necessarily, began to unstrap Caldecott's valises.

"I wish you'd tell Mr.—er —— You know, the clerk I spoke to."

"You mean Mr. Richards?"

"Yes. Tell him to —— Never mind, I'll tell him myself. Here!" And he gave the boy a quarter.

"Thank you very much, sir," said the boy. The hotel prided itself on the civility of its employees.

Caldecott washed and changed his clothes quickly. Then he went downstairs.

When he saw Richards disengaged he approached and remarked: "Oh, I say, Mr. Richards."

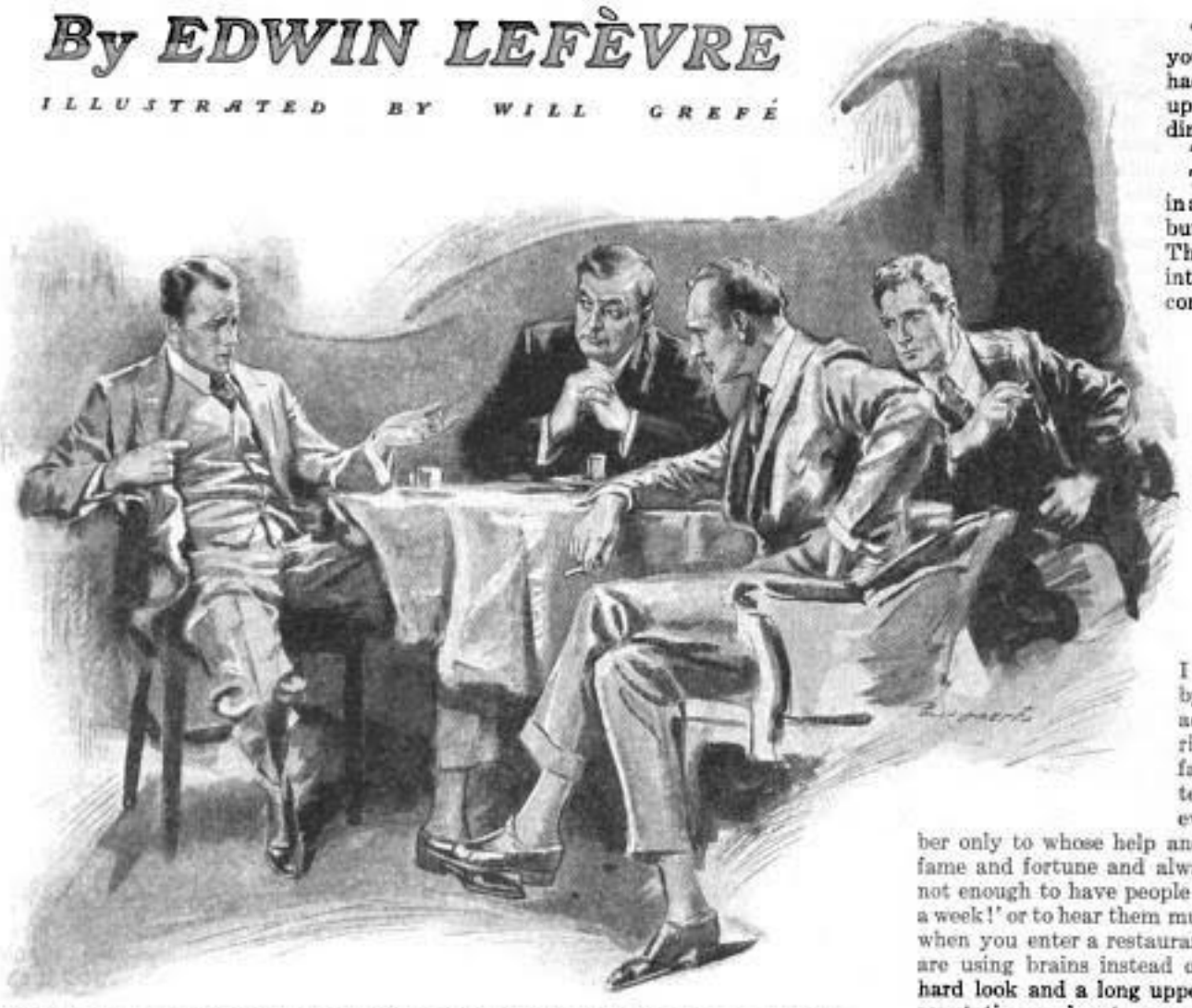
"Yes, sir!" And Richards turned to him with the smile that had made the Blackthorn famous in forty-eight states.

"I expect two young men to come to-night or to-morrow. They are answering an ad that I put in, signed C. Square, on account of my initials being C. C. I didn't want to use my own name, as I did not want to give away my business, of course. So if they should ask for C. Square will you arrange it so I may be notified?"

"Certainly, Mr. Collins."

Caldecott, who had dined on the train, went back to his room. At nine-ten the telephone rang. He answered it.

"Yes?"



*"For Example, Suppose We Got a Tip That a Good-Looking Letter Carrier Named Elmer, of Dorset, Vermont, Was Going to Detroit, and That by a Series of Sensational Inventions He Would Become a Billionaire in Five Months"*

"Mr. Robert Turner to see Mr. Collins."

"Send him up, please."

Caldecott resumed his seat with his back to the light. He drew from his pocket a small memorandum book on which he had written "Robert Turner, first choice; W. W. Kent, second."

"Good!" he muttered and waited. Presently there was a knock at the door and he yelled "Come in!"

A young man entered. He was dark but red-cheeked, with smooth black hair and big bright brown eyes that seemed to have but two expressions. One was admiring surprise at everything, so that all the world in general and in particular the person before him were simply wonderful! And the other, one of laughter—the world and the person before him were the funniest ever! Of course being concerned only with life and the world he gave out an impression that kindliness came easy to him because of his excellent health. He proved it by his red cheeks, glistening teeth and bright unjaundiced eyes. His lips were mobile, sensitive; born smilers, as it were. He was one of those chaps who seem effeminate only when you describe them, not when you look at them. His chin and his shoulders were square and showed strength. All of him denoted virility.

"Good evening, Mr. Collins," said the young man, and smiled. There was that about his manner which said, really quite plainly: "I believe you are going to do a lot for me and I am going to be very grateful. Here's to our friendship!"

But Caldecott looked at him sneeringly, and said with a cutting coldness: "You come in smiling like a fool, thinking that everybody's another and never doubting you are going to get away with it. Do you think you are a lady-killer and I am Maud, the Winsome Waitress? You are wasting my time, Turner. Of course, I'll pay your expenses, but the next time you put anybody to the trouble of ——"

"There won't be any next time." Turner drew in a deep breath and went on: "I am itching to lick the daylights out of you, but I can see that would not be wise, because I haven't enough money to pay the fine. I feel quite proud of my self-control, but I'd be much obliged if you would not say anything more to me. I—I might not be so wise!"

Young Turner's face had gone white and the nostrils had contracted, giving him a curious animal look rather than the fighting face. It was plain that he would fight till he won—or died.

"Sit down, my boy, won't you? I am glad you came. I had a feeling you would be up to your letter. Have you dined?"

"Huh?"

Turner looked at Caldecott in amazement and saw nothing but sincerity and amiability. Then comprehension came into his eyes and he smiled—a congratulatory smile.

"I wanted to see," explained Caldecott pleasantly, "how you would react to my words."

"Did I register ——"

"I said react, not register. You were you. There will be no trouble about your registering. Just remember that your work will be not to be a movie actor but a young man who does not know he is being photographed. I think you can do that best by acting that you are not acting. I can promise you right now that you will be famous, rich, and withal contented, if you will forget everything else and remember only to whose help and to whose brain you owe fame and fortune and always take his advice. It is not enough to have people say 'He makes a thousand a week!' or to hear them murmur 'There goes Turner!' when you enter a restaurant. But to know that you are using brains instead of capitalizing a smile or a hard look and a long upper lip, to make an artistic reputation and not goo-goo eyes—that is what will enable you to enjoy your fortune and to put up with your fame; and, later on, to bear the triumphs of your successor. Do you find this subtle?"

"No; a little vague."

"Suppose we assume that we've known each other a long, long time—so long that you like me as much as I like you. And suppose you take a chance on friendship and believe me and be my friend. If you do this we can chat much more comfortably and arrive much quicker."

Robert Turner looked steadily at Caldecott. Then he said "I'll take a chance," and held out his hand.

"Good! By the way, how did you find me?"

"I looked at the register. It was not much of a stunt after I saw Charles Collins, Quadratic, Pa. I just asked the clerk where I could find a Postal Guide. Then I knew, and began to have hopes of you."

"How is that?"

"Of course there was no such town in the book, and I decided you could not be a cheap crook, whatever else you were." Turner smiled forgivingly in advance.

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"No."

"Good. Were you ever the smartest boy in school?"

"Well, the teacher didn't think so."

"Were you extra good at mathematics?"

"Not extra."

"Look here, Bob; will you promise not to think of the answers that you think I ought to hear from you, but just answer as you really feel? No matter what your reply may be I shan't think you are an ass or a liar—or juvenile."

"Shoot!"

"Then tell me, honest Injun, how were you on wishing?"

"Wishing?"

"Yes, when you were a kid."

"I see! Well ——" He paused.

"Remember we are old friends."

"I used to do a lot of it; by the hour!"

"When did you stop?"

"I'll tell you what happened. I got a hustle on after I was fifteen, and I wished but I also worked. Before that I just wished."

"And do you still do it? Friends!"

"N-no. Of course, I wish, but I do it like a chap goes to the theater, as a recreation. I don't forget that it is a pleasure and that I have to pay for it afterward by hustling."

"What did you chiefly wish?"

"Oh, everything! I wished I might be Number One in everything."

"Did you wish for people?"

"Well, I'll own up that one of my chief wishes was that everybody I spoke the truth to would believe me."

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"You mean that people who do not know you might take you at your own valuation?"

"If you put it that way, yes."

"How would you put it then?"

"The same way now." And Turner smiled ruefully.

"Well, Robert, if you wish it hard enough it will come true."

"Do you guarantee it?"

"I'll do more than that. I'll bet you five thousand dollars against fifty cents that it will. That is, you must believe it with all your might; and then what will happen is that you won't have any trouble in fooling the public."

"But I don't wish to fool anybody."

"You'll have to. You are not anything you think you are. Nobody is, at your age. You can't be Napoleon to-day and Shelley to-morrow and Richard Mansfield on Monday and Benjamin Franklin on Tuesday."

Robert Turner laughed approvingly. Then he said eagerly: "Mr. C. Square, I'll do business with you and leave the salary to you to fix at your own sweet will. What do you wish me to do first?"

"I wish you to bear the cruel blow like a Christian. Your poor uncle is dead!"

"Heavens!" And Bob registered overwhelming but gentlemanly sorrow, followed by resignation.

"And he has left you his entire fortune."

Robert Turner shook his head again and again, a boy expressing regret for hitting the lady with the half-sucked half orange aimed at a beloved comrade. He said slowly: "Poor—Uncle—Tim! And I wasn't at his bedside when he died in ——" He paused and looked at Caldecott inquiringly.

"Butte, Montana."

"In Butte, Montana," pursued Robert in the same slow melancholy monotone. "Was he hanged by capitalists or shot by the I. W. W.?"

"He died," explained Caldecott impressively, "of riches—of riches he did not know he did not really wish."

"Poor uncle!" said the nephew regretfully, tapping his own forehead.

"No, he was sane enough, but the riches came too suddenly and too late. He had withstood the rigors of the Montana winters and the killing summers of the desert, the dreadful hardships of a prospector's life for forty years ——"

"Year, forty year," interrupted Turner. "People always use the singular when they speak of any human being who does something tough for more than nine years."

Caldecott nodded acquiescence and went on:

"For forty year he braved storms and endured hardships, buoyed by the hope of striking it rich.

"Being a practical man he did not dream beyond that. He did not dramatize his spending! Time enough, he thought, to do that when the smelter's checks began to come in. And so when he struck it rich he died!"

"Poor Uncle Tim! And what did the picturesque Western coroner say?"

"He decided that the deceased came to his death from a streak of hard luck, since he had unspent money in his clothes. The truth of course was that your uncle no longer was buoyed by the hope of striking it rich some day. He ceased to hope when he didn't have to; so he ceased to live when he didn't have to. He left all his money to his only nephew ——"

"His favorite nephew!" interjected the heir, who had cousins.

"Robert Turner," finished Caldecott.

"Is the legacy large enough to prove fatal to the nephew?"

"No, because Robert is a careful youngster, very wise ——"

"But not so wise as C. Square, Esquire!" murmured Robert admiringly.

"Moreover, wisdom fits into the plan of Robert's best friend. Listen carefully. You are going to Butte. The local papers will print obituaries of your uncle in a day or two and the news will be flashed to the East. Then the will is read. More news flashing. The nephew goes to Butte; more ditto ditto. Then he advertises for other heirs. Has any sole heir ever done that? Well, more work for the reporters.

"Then he hears that in his fiery youth the uncle lived among the Indians at the Lame-Cow Reservation. So the nephew goes thither and announces that he isn't going to take any money that may belong to any half-Indian cousin of his. About that time I expect an Associated Press man to be permanently detailed to cover the nephew; also the pictures of 645 Indians claiming to be the only surviving child of the late ——"

"Grando!" burst from Robert Turner.

"Less for the screen than for the Sunday supplements in the East, because presently the nephew goes to New York—young, handsome, single, rich, typically Western, chivalrous, who can deny beauty in distress nothing ——"

"Say ——" began R. Turner uneasily.

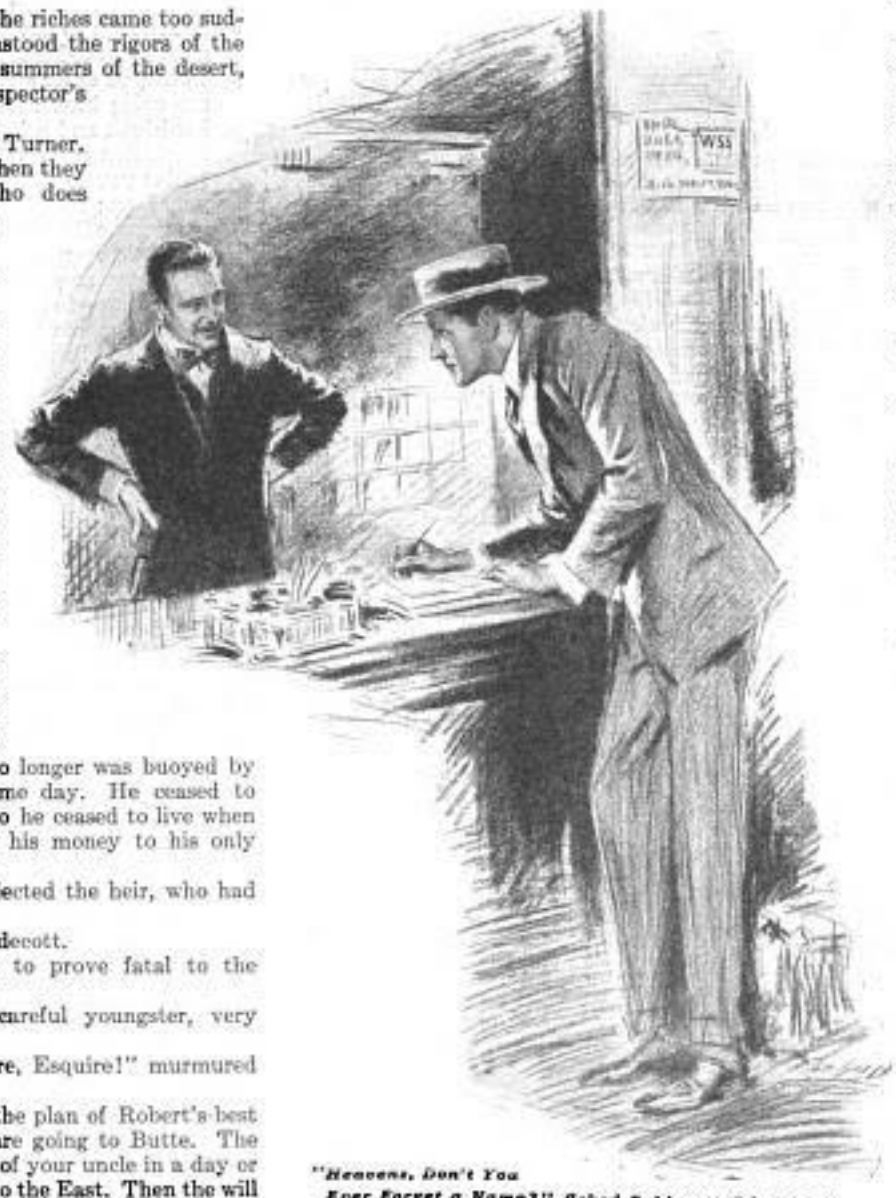
"Wait," said Caldecott soothingly. "Of course his arrival in New York is widely heralded in advance and a mob, duly provided for, will meet you at Grand Central Station. Mobs in New York always mean annoyance to commuters, and annoyance to anybody anywhere in the United States always means reporters. The Butte papers had you paving café floors with gold eagles. You do not believe in banks so you get your returns from the smelters in legal tender; and as your late uncle's mine is shipping eighty thousand dollars a week you won't see why you should not spend it regularly. This earns you the name of Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner."

"Great!"

"When you get to New York you are annoyed at the crowd; you go to the Ritz-Carlton; plain parlor, bedroom and bath; no imperial suite. And when you are led into the Great White Way you don't booze, because you dislike Bright's disease; and you tip fifteen per cent of the bills; and you don't overeat, because you have no use for stomach aches. And you tell the vampires that they are not artistic. You will thus be the only Coal-Oil Johnny who ever landed in New York who refuses to be played for a sucker by the con men or the Tenderloin sirens or the brace-game philanthropists or the high-toned Wall Street bunch. You thus become the one great disappointment in all history. Sunday specials! See?"

"Yes," said the young man sadly, "I see! Darned clever. I understand how you are going to account for my wealth and at the same time for my modest expenditures."

"Look here, Turner, you are not in this business to have fun or drink yourself to death. You are in it to make money



*"Heavens, Don't You Ever Forget a Name?" Asked Caldecott Admiringly*

for me, because in that way you will make money for yourself. Have you absorbed that?"

"Yes."

"You become one of the sights of the metropolis and therefore a national character. Then you go one night to see a performance of a musical comedy and you fall in love with one of the nasal stars. After that, every night and matinée you send flowers. This you do so regularly that the florist inserts his advertisement in the theater program. Of course, you dicker for a low rate on your supply—— "

"Even in flowers, when I am in love?" protested Robert Turner.

"You must play true to type," said Caldecott slowly; "otherwise the newspapers will not believe in you. At all events you soon write her a polite note proposing marriage. And she refuses you ——"

"She couldn't," interrupted Robert Turner with conviction.

"She must," insisted Caldecott.

"But by marrying Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner she becomes Five-Thousand-a-Day Flossie. She would never refuse."

"Oh, yes," said Caldecott confidently.

"Sir, you may be older than I, but I tell you ——"

"Listen to me," said Caldecott impatiently. "You propose, and before she falls on your ten-thousand-a-day neck you warn her: 'If you refuse me I swear I'll propose to you every day, Sundays included, in private and public, so that everybody from Forty-second Street to Golden Gate Park will know that a millionaire is proposing to you daily, and proposes to propose until you get tired of saying no. It will mean disgusting publicity and I hate it as much as you do, but some day you will marry me, and then we will go to my ranch in Montana, where we can live like the early Christians and sleep soundly at night, because of the silence there under the friendly stars in the shadow of the everlasting hills. Of course, the winters will be a little lonesome, but we could always go to Butte for a couple of days at Christmas and ——"

"You win!" shouted Robert Turner.

Caldecott went to the telephone and asked for the room clerk.

"Collins speaking. I have Room 844. Is either 846 or 842 occupied? I find I'd like to have you give it to my friend, Mr. Robert Turner."

There was a pause. Then Caldecott said: "Which? Eight-four-two? Mr. Turner will be down directly to register. It's to be charged to me. Thank you."

He turned to young Mr. Turner and said: "To-day you are not worth fifty dollars a week to anybody. What I'm after is to make you a character in the eyes of the public. It will take money and brains—my money and my brains, not yours. After I make you a public character the crowd will pay to see you. But they will want to see you before you have ever been on the screen, because of what they will have read about you in the newspapers. It will be up to you to hold their interest on the screen after I've stopped doing publicity work for you. Go downstairs and register and get key to 842 and I'll go and send the telegram to Butte."

Mr. Caldecott showed young Turner a message he had prepared in advance:

Kill uncle at once. Nephew starts for Butte in couple of days. Mailing full instructions. C.

This telegram he sent to his friend and customer, the leading jeweler of the famous copper city. He also telegraphed to W. W. Kent not to come.

They went down, and presently returned to Room 844, where Caldecott talked and the young man listened and took copious notes.

## V

AT NINE o'clock the next morning Caldecott left Turner at the breakfast table, saying: "I'll be back as soon as I can. I wish you'd wait for me in the lobby or in your room."

"Mr. Collins," Turner assured him with a cheerful earnestness, "I wouldn't not wait for worlds!"

Caldecott walked briskly to the Film Exchange Building, learned from the directory that the editorial rooms of the Screen Art Magazine were 888 to 896, entered the elevator, and said "Eighth floor, please," so politely that everyone in the car stared.

He got out at the eighth floor, entered the office of the magazine and took off his hat before speaking to the young lady who sat at a flat-top desk addressing envelopes.

"Mr. Coggswell, please."

She nodded and handed him a pad on which to write his name and state the nature of his business.

But Caldecott waved it away and said: "Please say a subscriber and advertiser wishes to ask him one question. It will take"—he pulled out his watch, made his lips move soundlessly and finished—"exactly four seconds. Tell him I timed myself."

The young lady smiled uncertainly because the stranger was not smiling and yet did not look exactly serious. She disappeared and returned presently with a flushed face.

"This way, sir."

"Why was he angry?" asked Caldecott.

"He isn't through with his mail," she sneered.

"I'll avenge you, sis," he promised; "although I must admit that anger is becoming to you. It gives you a charming color."

He looked at her so seriously that she checked a smile and stammered "Th-thank you!" as he entered the editorial rooms.

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"Mr. Coggswell?" asked Caldecott.

The editor nodded. He was a short, stout, dark-complexioned man, with a face that had something prematurely mastiffian about it. You felt certain that twenty years later his head would exactly resemble that of a mastiff in repose, because he surely would be thrice as fat as now. In his later life repose would be his long suit.

Caldecott bowed politely as though acknowledging the introduction. Coggswell looked at his visitor with regular editorial eyes—impersonally hostile. Brown and bulgy they were, with glints that suggested an oil-and-water combination of a sneer and a laugh.

"Can you undertake," asked Caldecott, "to give me the benefit of your knowledge and experience, such as you give your readers gratis in your answers to their questions, and charge me a fee precisely as if you were a lawyer or a physician?"

"We are here to help our subscribers and ——"

"And I'm here to help my fellow men. But I want advice, good advice, paid advice. I'm the man who put the C. Square ad in your current issue."

Caldecott took the page, which he had torn from the magazine, and held it before the editor.

"Oh, yes," Mr. Coggswell spoke pleasantly. "I have read your editorials with much interest. I have agreed with your criticisms and with your conclusions in every instance. In every instance!" Caldecott repeated the phrase, frowning as though ready to fight if he encountered incredulity or base suspicions. He had read one issue, but assumed that the editor would run true to form.

Coggswell did. He nodded gratefully. Perhaps he felt that this was not enough in the face of Caldecott's suspicion-dispelling frown, for he murmured meekly: "Thank you!"

"I am going into the photoplay business, not so much to lose money, as you think, but to prove certain theories that I have evolved from reading your articles. I don't know anything about photoplays or the movie business, but I am willing to gamble that you are right. So I came to you not to be dissuaded from undertaking the experiment, but to ask you to recommend or find for me a first-class camera man and a good director. I don't want any world celebrities. I want men who know what's what that you think you can recommend. I know you are not going to steer me against any geniuses ——"

"Certainly not!" interrupted Coggswell with an indignation intended to reassure his visitor.

"But chaps with the kind of common sense you preach in your editorials. I don't know who writes them, but they hit me exactly right and ——"

"I write every line that is printed in the editorial pages, and also the column 'Why, Oh, Why?'"

"It's worth millions!"

"Four dollars a year takes it into any yearning home," modestly remarked Coggswell.

"Plain gumption and knowledge of their trade—that is all I ask.

"I shall not butt in, but I don't want any photographer who thinks he also is competent to write essays on the Japanese peril, the nuptial rites of the inhabitants of Mars or the divorce evil."

"You begin well," said Coggswell.

"So you get me the men. Get them quickly and let me know how much I owe you. I don't want to know them or to see them. I'll engage them on your say-so. I prefer to pay you for doing all the thinking and the picking. All I must insist upon is that they be money-honest, because I'm going to trust them. You fix their salaries. I shall put it up to them to make good. If they fail I shall not blame you. Your interest lies in their making good, but you cannot guarantee that."

"Er—er—I didn't get the name."

"Collins."

"Mr. Collins, you have given me a difficult job."

"If it is difficult for you what would it be for me, a rank outsider?" And Caldecott chuckled.

"I see your point. I'll have to think this over."

"Think it over by all means; but let me see the men to-morrow."

"I can't promise, but—yes I can! I have them! Suppose you call again this afternoon at four."

"I'm at the Blackthorn. Charles Collins; Room 844. Suppose you dine with me and bring the men with you or tell them to come later. I usually dine between six-thirty and seven."

"I'll be there with them sometime between six-thirty and seven," promised Coggswell, in a voice that somehow suggested a crimp.

"In the meantime"—Caldecott pulled a wad of bills—"let me ——"

"No, no! Nothing!"

"Oh, nonsense! I insist ——"

"No; and besides I haven't got the men yet."

"My dear sir, if you let me pay you now you would never rest until you found exactly the right men for me. You would feel like a swindler unless you did. You are protecting yourself. Pretty wise, I call it."

Coggswell smiled modestly, but he admitted it reluctantly. He said, "I've lived pretty close to forty years and kept my eyes open half the time. I've got to get some sleep, you know."

Caldecott grinned appreciatively and said: "Good morning, Mr. Coggswell."

"We'll be at the Blackthorn at six-thirty or seven to-night," promised the editor.

Caldecott returned to the Blackthorn, found the hotel stenographer and dictated to her direct on the machine a long letter to his Butte associate. It contained full instructions regarding what he, Caldecott, wished done in Butte and later in New York. He mailed the letter, found Turner, lunched with him, took him for a long automobile ride, returned to the hotel at six sharp and waited for Coggswell.



*"I am Itching to Lick the Daylights Out of You, But I Can See That Would Not be Wise, Because I Haven't Enough Money to Pay the Fine"*

The editor kept his promise. At six-twenty-nine he appeared, accompanied by two young men.

"Mr. Collins, Mr. John Fanning, the camera king."

"Delighted!"

"And Mr. Walter Townsend, the only director who can direct without throwing millions into a sewer."

Caldecott shook hands warmly and said: "If Coggswell says that of you to your face what will he say when you are not here, Mr. Townsend?"

They went into the grillroom and ordered dinner. Over the coffee Caldecott talked business.

"Gentlemen, I know nothing about the business in which you are experts, and I don't care to learn. All I wish to do is to find out if certain things can be done that Mr. Coggswell in his editorial says most directors do not do. I don't want any scenarios. I'll tell Mr. Townsend what I want to do. After he has understood exactly what I wish I'll leave him alone. I don't want to want what you want me to want. I want to want what I myself want. That is my business. For you to make as much as you can out of what I give you, that is your business. It is what I expect to pay you for. I don't wish either of you to lose flesh in my employ. I don't want any impossible stunts. I want honest work, but I am only paying for your knowledge, not for your health. Get that?"

"So far so good," said Townsend, and waited for what was bound not to be so good.

Caldecott smiled at him and said: "Townsend, every man is an ass about something. It may be women or first editions or booze or old masters or money-making or musical comedies. With me it is experimenting in some other business than my own. You know, men spend vast sums in going to Africa to sweat and get bitten by mosquitoes and pricked by thorns and, perhaps mangled by lions. Or else they will climb mountains or explore ice fields. Why? Adventure!"

He paused. Then he went on smilingly: "Well, my adventure now is to see who is the ass—the average producer or myself. I gather from Coggswell's editorials that the biggest of them make mistakes—mistakes that, I am bound to say, I consider inexcusable. Indeed, most directors seem to do the right thing only by accident. They are artistic without intending it, logical only when luck is with them. There are not many pictures that make me believe a director can be consistently intelligent. Utterly unnecessary extravagance goes hand in hand with incredible cheapness, spending millions to get effects of realities, and then using thirty cents' worth of painted canvas to destroy all illusion. They'll do the outside of a millionaire's mansion because they get his permission, but the inside—ouch! Don't directors realize that bad taste is inexcusable?"

"Well, there are times ——"

"No, sir; not any more than an honest man can be a thief only when he wears overalls and honest only when he wears a blue serge suit. He may steal only when in overalls, but he can't be honest and a thief. The wanton destruction of illusion by nearly all directors comes from habitually underrating the intelligence and appreciation of the public.

"I don't know anything whatever about photoplays, Mr. Townsend, but I do know the public. I am willing to bet with myself that I can guess right."

He paused, and then looking at Walter Townsend he said slowly: "Here is my proposition: I'll deposit several weeks' salary with Coggswell here, whom you have known for a long time and I only since this morning. You must allow me to keep my production plans to myself. But I want you to feel that you are not going to waste your time. I should like you to take a chance on me. I'm taking one on Coggswell's judgment and it doesn't worry me."

"That's all very well," said Townsend. "I don't want to be paid for sitting round like a mummy."

"You won't. What you would like me to do is to guarantee you a chance to do some record-breaking pictures that would make you independent of everybody. It is a laudable ambition."

"I can't tell yet what you wish me to do," grumbled Townsend.

"I'll tell you what I propose to do: I'll deposit with Mr. Coggswell here, provided you approve, twenty weeks' salary. That will pay you, rain or shine, sink or swim, survive or perish. Long before the twenty weeks are up you will know whether you wish to stay or not."

"Do we sign a contract?"

"No; nobody who works for me signs any contract. I don't want to keep a man unless he wants to stay. I can make it worth his while if he is any good. As for me signing you have twenty weeks' salary in cash in Mr. Coggswell's hands. And in front of him I tell you that I'll give you an interest in every picture we make, the percentage to be determined later by Mr. Coggswell, whom I never saw before this morning, but whom I'll trust for every cent I've got."

It was plain from Caldecott's face that millions were involved. And of course Coggswell said decidedly: "That certainly is fair."

Caldecott apparently assumed that the men accepted. He said: "Good! Mr. Turner leaves for Butte to-morrow morning. You will follow him within forty-eight hours. He will stop at the Miners Palace Hotel and you will go to the same. You won't starve while you work for me. Robert, go upstairs and pack up!"

Turner rose obediently, shook hands all round and left. Caldecott looked after him, an affectionate smile on his face. Then he turned to his guests.

"Gentlemen, that boy is truly one of the most romantic figures in the United States. He is going to Butte because an old prospector uncle who has just died left him ——"

Fanning, the camera man, a pessimist by trade, shook his head. He wouldn't buy a share of that stock; no, sir, not at any price.

"Left him ten thousand dollars a day," finished Caldecot.

"A day!" shrieked Fanning.

"Every day of the year the Consolidated Custom Smelter mails to the executors of that boy's uncle's estate a check

*(Continued on Page 33)*

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 16, 1918


## If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

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## A Colonial Policy

BISMARCK regarded colonies as useless encumbrances; but Prussian opinion all along has been quite insistent upon restoration of the conquered German colonies. One might wonder just what use Germany, in her depleted state, would have for barely self-supporting appendages in Africa and elsewhere.

About a year ago a Teuton professor contributed a series of articles to the formidably named Europäisch Staats und Wirtschaftzeitung on the general subject of state monopolies.

He concluded that the empire might, after the war, derive an annual revenue of five billion marks from state monopolies of tobacco, spirits, beer, sugar, tea, coffee, cocoa, coal, electricity, nitrates, bread, meat, and exploitation of colonial labor.

The last item, rather puzzling at first glance, was to bring in one billion marks a year, or a fifth of the total. It was to consist of the enforced labor of the inhabitants of the colonies for four-year periods—which, as the professor blandly explained, would merely be in lieu of the military service the empire required of its home subjects.

In short, it meant the establishment of slavery—and the professor is at least entitled to credit for his candor.

## Bare Bins

SEVERAL hundred mills in Germany and Austria-Hungary are making yarn out of paper as a substitute for wool and cotton. From all available accounts it is a poor substitute. Their synthetic rubber and the melting of statues to get metal are other signs—only a few among hundreds—of the dire shifts to which the Teutons are put to keep the plant going in any fashion.

Germany was a great industrial, manufacturing country; but her own supplies of basic materials were very limited. For food, she imported yearly vast quantities of fish and meat, and a great deal of grain. In 1913 she imported twenty-five per cent of her iron ore; eighty-nine per cent of her copper; all of her tin; fifty-six per cent of her lead; twenty-seven per cent of her zinc; forty-four per cent of her wool; one hundred per cent of her raw cotton, silk, flax, hemp and jute; half a billion pounds of hides and skins; and over a million long tons of oil. She was an exporter of sugar and potash, and furnished Austria-Hungary, Holland and Belgium with a dozen million tons of coal.

Undoubtedly as to all basic materials—even including food—Germany is down to bedrock, her warehouses bare. She cannot possibly reconstruct her industrial life except by imports—which means by consent of the nations with which she was at war when Prince Max made his peace overture.

Her future is essentially in their hands. That, as well as the military situation, offers abundant opportunities for guaranties of future good behavior. From the time the allied armies broke the Hindenburg Line it was certain that, save for fairly inconceivable blundering on the part of the Allies, the world was going to be definitely rid of the Prussian menace.

There had been a good deal of foolish propaganda, which represented the Germans as a race of supermen, invincible in war and irresistible in intrigue. That bogy man, of a sort of infernally astute German who would finally outwit his adversaries even though he were beaten in the open, made many people nervous. But it was nonsense; for, in fact, the Allies were and are as capable of playing the game as any Germans. They are in a position to hold guaranties for future good behavior that will be sufficient.

## Inheritance Rights

IN SUSTAINING an inheritance tax some time ago a state supreme court affirmed in most explicit fashion that there is no right of inheritance whatever; when a man dies his property belongs to the state, which may permit his heirs to take all of it, or part of it, or none of it, as it pleases.

Probably that is good law. At any rate, it is the average man's idea of the law. Probably, also, it needs some overhauling.

That view of inheritance is derived from feudal times, when the only legal title to land, at least, was vested in the lord paramount—usually the king. All other holders and users of land were merely his tenants and subtenants in various degrees. When a tenant died the legal holder of the title might permit the tenant's heirs to continue in possession of the land, in consideration of their paying him a fine, or not, as he chose. But even in feudal times the heirs generally did, in fact, continue in possession of the land, and custom finally had all the practical effect of law.

Except some archaic remnants of law there is nothing in an American state that resembles feudal times. The whole conception of social relationships is different. There is nothing corresponding to a lord paramount, sitting serenely above a body of subjects, graciously accepting their servitude and vouchsafing them the means of livelihood at his good pleasure.

Inheritance has become a right as natural and as well justified, in fact, as any other right pertaining to private ownership of property. Of course, like all other property rights, it is subject to indefinite limitations by the state.

A rational inheritance tax is a good well-warranted source of state income. But its justification is not based on a hoary legal theory derived from feudal times.

## The First Lien on Germany

THERE will be no just peace unless Germany pays every penny of the damage inflicted upon Belgium. Belgium had nothing to do with whatever quarrel there may have been between Germany and any other state. Germany had solemnly pledged her word to protect Belgian sovereignty. Her invasion of Belgium was a stark and monstrous crime. For the murder, the outrage, the more than four years of mortal suffering that Belgium has endured, there can be no compensation. But the material damage must be repaired to the last penny. Every chimney and fruit tree must be restored or compensated for.

Germany's war debt, at the last statement, was near thirty billion dollars—a huge load for a defeated country. The bonds representing this debt are practically all held in Germany. They were subscribed for to prosecute a conscienceless war of conquest. At best, they are a second lien on the resources of the empire.

The debt to Belgium is the first lien. If it should appear at the peace settlement that Germany is unable to float bonds for the complete indemnification of Belgium, on top of her present war debt, then the settlement must provide that the present debt take the position of a second mortgage; that interest on the Belgian bonds be a first charge on the revenues of the empire, their principal a first claim on its assets. If Germany cannot carry both loads, the second lien, consisting of the present war debt, must go by the board.

That second lien—the present war debt—is a matter for the German people to settle among themselves; but the first lien—the debt to Belgium—is a matter for the world to settle. Unless Germany pays the last cent of the material damage to Belgium the war will not have ended right. Justice will not have been done.

Often when a bankrupt railroad is reorganized, funds are needed for some immediate pressing purpose. The receiver raises such funds by issuing his certificates, which become a first lien on the property—all previous obligations, even though they call themselves first mortgages or first liens, being subordinated. Germany's debt to Belgium must take the rank of a receiver's certificates—an absolute first lien.

## Reconstruction

ABOUT five years ago several bankers were debating a proposed bond issue. The amount was thirty million dollars. Whether as much money as that could be found for a bond issue was a debatable question. The other day one of those bankers remarked in the most incidental manner that he supposed reconstruction would take ten or fifteen billion dollars.

Except for the experience of the last four years, reconstruction would have seemed a staggering problem. With that experience, the world faces it confidently.

The Shipping Board recently figured losses of shipping, since the beginning of the war, at twenty-one million and odd tons. Meantime the Allies and neutrals built fourteen million and odd tons, and seized over three and a half million tons of German ships—leaving a net deficit of over three million tons. That net deficit is what most people look at. But if there had been no war the world's merchant fleet would have increased in four years by nearly fifteen million tons; so the actual arrears is about eighteen million tons.

We are that much short of where we should have been if there had been no war.

And we are that much in arrears as to many other items. In Europe for more than three years there has been practically no construction, no extension of plant, except when it was necessary for war work. For more than a year the United States has been in the same case. Long before that our biggest plant—the railroad plant—was falling steadily in arrears as to extensions and terminal improvements.

There is a notion that when the war ends the world will be more or less out of a job; that there will be nothing in particular for this newly discovered productive capacity to do.

But certainly we shall be great blockheads if we cannot find use for all the useful goods we can make.

## Democracy and Efficiency

A NOTION that was very prevalent on both sides the Atlantic, even within the current year, has suffered irreparable damage—the notion that a democracy cannot be really efficient.

Four years ago it was widely and truly said that Prussia challenged all democracy by putting to a conclusive test the question whether a nation of self-governing people, bound to consult public opinion, to regard individual rights and even preferences—consequently bound to advertise its purposes and compelled to move in any new direction with comparative slowness—could resist a tightly organized autocratic state, whose regimented power could be swiftly set in motion, in any direction, at the will of a few men.

We know the answer now. The most autocratic state was the first to go to wreck. The most democratic states have shown the greatest staying powers. Germany, in her last straits, did not seek relief by becoming more autocratic, but decisively by becoming more democratic. Whatever else anyone may say of the war, it sanctions the Western World's faith in a democratic form of government.

It was the most democratic state of all that most confounded Prussian calculations.

An American army of two millions on French soil, composed of men who had mostly never seen a weapon of modern warfare until about a year before, was impossible according to Berlin arithmetic.

We know now that real democracy can be really efficient. Hundreds of familiar facts attest it. We know how we did it—by bettering our industrial organization as practical expediency dictated; by a new relationship between government and industry, a relationship in which government's first interest was to increase production; by working with greater energy; by much more intensive practice of thrift; by composing our differences through arbitration, or through mutual concessions, without stopping production.

Broadly, that is how—while raising, training, equipping an army of three millions—we have helped feed the Allies, built the ships, bought the bonds and blocked the Kaiser. We can do all those things in peace as well as in war. We know that we can be tremendously efficient. The only question concerns our will to be.

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# From the Romanoffs to the Bolsheviki

By Princess Cantacuzène
Countess Spéransky, née Grant

PHOTOS PASSED BY OFFICIAL MILITARY CENSOR



PHOTO COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

*A Crew From Russia's Black Sea Division Pulling Their Guns Through a Stream*

I REMAINED on alone in Petrograd for two days after I had seen the children off, attending to some business, and before leaving for Kief I saw the attack and capturing by storm of the Lenine headquarters. These were in the ex-palace of the Kceschinskaia, first "ballerine" of the imperial theaters. It was a large, detached palace or villa, opposite the Fortress of Peter and Paul, and near the Trinity Bridge. One side of the building was on the street and one on its own entrance courtyard, while two sides faced into its charming gardens. The garden made the corner of two streets. A high wall edged the garden, and where the streets met at the wall's angle was a small, round summerhouse, which had been the pulpit used by Lenine and his followers to preach their poisonous doctrine to the Russian world.

Lenine had been an exiled nihilist under the old régime, and had lived in Switzerland. One of the first measures of the revolution had naturally been the pardoning and repatriation of all political prisoners and exiles. This was without distinction as to what opinions they held or what their individual reputations were. To everyone's surprise, instead of going round, Lenine returned home directly through Germany, and though he explained he was not allowed to stop or get out at any station there we heard he had been the recipient of every possible attention during his travels in the enemy's country. On his arrival he at once took possession of the Kceschinskaia's palace, which she had abandoned in terror at the first sign of the revolutionary movement, feeling probably that her well-known connection with the Emperor in the past, and with two of the grand dukes in the present, put her in danger. The ballerine protested at her property being requisitioned by the Leninists, but was intimidated into silence.

### German Gold Found on Bolsheviki

DAILY Lenine or one of his lieutenants preached their fiery doctrine from the little corner summerhouse, and distributed pamphlets to the listeners below them on the sidewalk. At all hours there was a speaker, and a crowd which at first went to scoff and criticize. Then after a time, the new government having proclaimed complete toleration of all political theories, the orators began to make new converts who, as they demanded the maximum of socialism, took the name of "Maximalists"—in Russian, "Bolsheviki"—and became a declared party, though they made no demonstration before the end of April.

It was found that certain ones of their group had German gold coins about them. The government through its weakness in troops could not act, and Lenine stayed on in the capital, playing his waiting game, talking, working always among the poor. Polovtzoff, now in the second uprising, decided the nest of this propaganda must be cleaned out, and suddenly one evening he bombarded it with machine guns, took the fortress by storm, and captured about thirty of the plotters, though not Lenine himself, who had fled into Finland as soon as he had discovered the failure of the uprising. Documents were found, which showed up the Leninists in their relationship to the enemy, and German gold was also captured.

I had been dining that evening at the American Embassy. Two or three days after the uprising, it was; and as the town was only superficially quiet, and the nights splendid and warm, Mr. Francis proposed when we left, about ten o'clock, to drive another guest and myself home, affording us the protection of his carriage, with its American flag.

The charm of the soft July sky caused the Ambassador to say as we settled into our seats: "It is early yet, and we have all been shut up for so long. I haven't left my desk to-day. Shall we go round by the Quai, and admire the river on the way to your hotel, princess? It is but ten minutes more drive by that way."

I naturally gave an affirmative reply, and we all drew a deep breath of pleasure as we drove out onto the Quai, which is the most beautiful street I know, with its great palaces on one side and the swift, vast expanse of river on the other. Soon we were passing the summer garden, and the British Embassy stood up in front of us, while the long elegant curves of Trinity Bridge, clear against the sky, spanned the river and joined the Field of Mars to the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul.

"It doesn't seem possible we have been so agitated these last days," I said.

"No," said Mr. Francis; "certainly this time the provisional government has held its own."

"See, there are the fortresses of the government and of Lenine, opposite one another, and at peace," I said; and then we both noticed a lighting-up of them.

"What do you suppose that light means? A signal?" said our host.

"Or perhaps just one of the naval searchlights being tried," I answered.

Suddenly in the silence across the river a shot was fired, and then an avalanche of them rang out, and the whole space between Peter and Paul and the Kceschinskaia palace was alive with soldiers and with guns, flashing and banging—bedlam let loose again.

"Hello, that looks serious," said Mr. Francis.

Then the coachman, without asking for orders, whirled his plunging horses completely round and started back in the direction whence we had come. I instructed him to turn into the first side street and, avoiding thoroughfares, to take the short cut to my hotel, and he was entirely self-possessed and obedient. I then made my excuses to the Ambassador for thus taking things into my own hands; and explained what I had ordered, asking his permission to go through to my home this way. Mr. Francis didn't mind or seem in the least nervous; though he was very keen to know what the firing meant, and was anxious to know what new political difficulty it might bring forth.

When we arrived at the hotel I was able to furnish my host with the desired information, as I found the director knew of the intended action on the Lenine headquarters, and could reassure us as to the general security of the city. Polovtzoff had taken the citadel of the disorderly propaganda, proved its connection with Germany, arrested twenty or more of the leaders of the party. He had obtained the obedience of the men under his orders, and had quieted the city within forty-eight hours. Now he even dared to publish an order of the day to his soldiers, saying that he wished to see them appear in the streets with their uniforms properly buttoned, their arms cleaned and in order, and with their general aspect such that he could tell, when he looked at them, the members of the garrison from deserters and tramps.

Within a very short time, in spite of this record, Polovtzoff was summarily dismissed, and the reasons for it given out officially were his overseverity with the soldiers as embodied in his order to appear properly dressed, his intolerance toward one political party in these days of freedom, and his having sent to prison members of a legitimate group in the new Russian organization.

The arrested Bolsheviki were liberated after a few weeks in prison, and they showed themselves greatly embittered. With the full knowledge and consent of the ministry they at once took up their old habits and headquarters, continued their propaganda and finally published several newspapers. The government apparently was too weak to assume anything but a propitiating attitude toward these avowed anarchists; or else there was no feeling in administrative circles of there being danger to the nation from the Lenine and Trotzky theories. It seemed fatal in its menace to the immediate future of the country, to those of our class who had no desires politically and who thought only of winning the war and of preserving Russia.

### Kerensky at the Winter Palace

FROM July on, Kerensky seemed to lose his grip on things somehow, and to change both his personality and his policy. Whether this came from ill health and his breaking down under the strain of his varied occupations and responsibilities, or whether he realized some of the dramatic failures of the revolution, and this affected his capacity, or whether it was simply that he was not the type of man to stand his success, it is difficult to say. In the early days he had been of the people, and had disdained luxury. Now he moved to the Winter Palace, occupied the Emperor's suite there, sleeping in the Emperor's bed, using his desk and his motors, giving audience with much form and ceremony, and surrounding himself with luxury and sentinels.

The capital gossiped much. The conservative group, who until now had been full of admiration for Kerensky's honesty and patriotism and had trusted him, became disillusioned. The Socialists felt their golden statue was uncovering feet of clay, and his own cabinet was helpless in the situation. One of the ministers said that he had frankly told Kerensky his present attitude was that of a small man and would greatly diminish his prestige with all classes. But protests seemed to have as little effect now as they had had under the old régime. Kerensky considered himself the idol of the soldiers, peasants and rough street groups. As the weeks passed there were murmurs against him, only vague at first; but his only policy was to keep his personal popularity at any cost; and the price of it was a

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constant flow of concession to the nation's baser instincts. This lasted through July and August.

My trip to Kief was without adventure. The quiet hours in the train came as a welcome rest after the exciting experiences of my stay in the capital. I had time to digest all the impressions of the two weeks just passed. It seemed to me more than ever certain we were in desperate straits and that the well-to-do population would be called upon to pay the price of government mistakes in the past, and also that for possible future progress. I saw no help for us as a group, nor for the country, unless through a miracle of the eleventh hour; and from where should this miracle now come?

I lay awake reading and thinking until late into the night as the train moved southward. In the corridor of the car a dozen or more soldiers were sleeping heavily. I heard them breathe and turn. One was half sitting, half leaning against my door, which occasionally creaked behind his weight. During the afternoon they had been talking politics loudly; and such nonsense as to what the revolution would do had been passed round, that I grew desperate in the thought of their lack of understanding. One old fellow had sat silent during all these discussions, and while our berths were being prepared for the night these rough men made me standing room among them, and I found myself next this quiet fellow.

I was chilled and tired, and I shivered, saying to him: "It is cold to-night, little father."

"Yes," he replied. "And there is no wood to heat the car with."

"True; that is because there is so much disorder everywhere, and not because wood is lacking in our Russia."

"No, lady. There is much of all here, but we cannot get it."

And then I ventured, wondering what he would say: "I am surprised, because I thought the revolution would remedy the ailments from the old régime, and it seems even worse now; or perhaps it is only to my eyes?"

"Oh, no," said my soldier with dreary resignation. "It is much worse. In the old days at least there was order, and some wood, also provisions; and then when it was cold weather there was vodka to be had to warm oneself with; and that helped much."

Now in the silence of the night his speech came back to me and I wondered what would become of all these lowly people, some of whom were so ignorant as to be demanding a republic with a czar; and I wondered who would be the more helpless, they or ourselves. They were readily and always a prey of enemy propaganda, while we nobles were feeble by our small numbers, to help the lamentable darkness of their minds and souls. Would they with vague instincts and strong bodies be able to go on not only with the war but in the great battles for their historical development?

As this thought crossed my mind the soldier against my door woke up, moved, and cleared his throat; then gently, so low as to wake no one of his comrades, he began a crooning, chanting, harmonious song, in a soft minor key, unutterably sad and sweet, full of the pent-up suffering and longing of his whole primitive race. Though it was uncultured, his voice, like many of our peasants' voices, was beautiful beyond words; and I regretted my incapacity to gather up this passing thread of sound and weave from it, for a violin to sing in the future, its lament for the past and the hope for the future it seemed to contain. A whole hour and more the lovely strain went on; and finally it died away as the singer fell asleep again.

### *The Gay Life of Kief*

THERE had been no single note of discord, and no repetition in the long harmony, yet this artist soul belonged to a medium sample of our Russian soldiers—those who had helped to save Paris, first by their plunge into East Prussia at the war's beginning; and who had so patiently suffered, fought and died in 1915 during our great retreat; who had afterward, when ammunition came, with unimpaired bravery and discipline launched renewed offensives and recovered partly the territory lost, and had given France again the relief she asked for, from the strain on her Front and on Verdun. Now, influenced by the poisonous German propaganda which was being daily injected, these same big, childish creatures of the plains and woods were working themselves into a passionate folly, and were suffering from a hideous moral indigestion following too much liberty, which might well bring about their own ruin together with that of the whole country.

And seemingly no one could help us now, while it was still time. Everyone at home and abroad was either too busy or was perfectly blind. Some said we had primitive strength enough as a nation to live through our trials, and after knowing these people for so many years I was one who kept faith in their final resurrection; and I only wept for the sufferings and destruction which the immediate future must bring, and for the reaction of our troubles on the war. It took all my courage to face the months ahead, and I wondered whether I should leave Kief alive and with Mike; or whether we should find our end there in some bloody catastrophe.

Kief seemed enchanting after the capital, with its gay streets and gardens, the charming luxurious homes, and the great, splendid, picturesque piles of the ancient monasteries and churches, crowned by their numerous golden domes. All this was reassuring to my sad spirits. It looked and felt like old times here, and I began to believe again in the ideals of the revolution, and its success. There were of course numerous untidy soldiers about, but their type was less dirty and aggressive than in Petrograd, and they were less in evidence. The well-to-do element seemed to dominate in the crowded street and wore contented faces. I was delighted to pile myself and my small baggage into Mike's big motor, leaving Elène and Davidka to struggle for the trunks, and to be whirled off by our smart soldier chauffeur to the pretty house into which Mike had already moved.

Madame Ivanoff, an old acquaintance of ours, had been ordered by the municipal government to lodge some of the military, who overflowed the town; and in looking about for people who would least disturb her ease and her old servants she begged us to come and settle with her, for the time of my husband's detail in Kief. We were very pleased to accept; and though she made some difficulties over taking the price we proposed to her she finally consented to all our ideas, even to remaining with us and looking after the housekeeping. So we were going to be really comfortable in our new home, which was altogether attractive. It was next door to the general staff offices, which was very convenient for Mike; and back of the house we possessed a most lovely lawn and garden into which a balcony was built out from the dining room.

There for weeks during the hot summer weather we sat, had meals and received our friends. I at once loved the place, and grew very fond of the little old lady, its owner; and the months we spent with her and the dramatic experiences we lived through together only drew us closer to one another.

It was very hot, and I was weary from my travels and emotions, but Kief was full of acquaintances, and there were even several old friends there or passing through. I found my husband was the center of an agreeable group whose motto was openly to "Eat, drink and be merry, in the insecurity of the morrow." Life was very expensive, but people had plenty of ready money and were trying to spend it on their immediate enjoyment, since rumors floated southward that there might be later a general confiscation of ready funds for government needs. Everyone kept open house in the cosmopolitan society, composed of rich Polish refugee nobles, of the members of the French aviation unit stationed at Kief, of those men who like Mike were stationary in the city, and of the floating elements of officers on leave or of Petrograd and provincial notabilities passing through town for a few days of rest and pleasure. The parties on the river, auto picnics to châteaux in the neighborhood, dinners and suppers with gypsy bands and chorus, bridge and even tangoes, poker and romances were the order of the day.

What was happening in the upper strata was also going on among the people in the streets, parks and cheap restaurants. One had the impression of a wild festival in every class. My quiet maid was introduced immediately into a circle of gay soubrettes and grand Cuirassiers, and had a most exciting time; and she adores Kief to this day.

Sometimes the conversations I heard struck me as incongruous, tales from the Front, hideous details of the Tarnopol disaster and gloomy forebodings of our future, contrasted with jokes and laughter which preceded or followed them. The officers were more than ever pessimistic, and had good reasons to wish for a few days of forgetfulness. The great proprietors from neighboring provinces were increasingly discouraged by the development of the situation during the late summer on their estates; and those like Mike who had to do with the government as well as with the troops were infinitely anxious under their official mask of calm.

After the Ukrainians were granted their privileges they became a thorn in Mike's side, and the civil officials sent to Kief by the provisional central government were in despair. Of these, two were exceptionally intelligent men, whom Mike found excellent and most reliable collaborators in his task. It was very amusing to witness the relations of these three, and the perfect harmony that reigned by the strength of their common, ardent patriotism and their desire to help the country through the terrible problems that they were daily facing. Mike's aristocratic traditions and title, his high rank at the court and his military honors mixed strangely but well with the traditions of Oboroutcheff, who was a native of Kief, a social-democrat by conviction, of comfortable bourgeois class, and had been elected to his place since the revolution, which he had helped to make. He filled his position of military administrator of the district, with a keen desire to see the movement for democracy a success, and himself and his class put into power permanently by the elections of a constituent assembly. He was ready to work faithfully to this end, and was of the greatest assistance to my husband, and they became warm friends.



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*German Soldiers as Policemen in the Streets of Radom, Poland*

### *The Ukrainians*

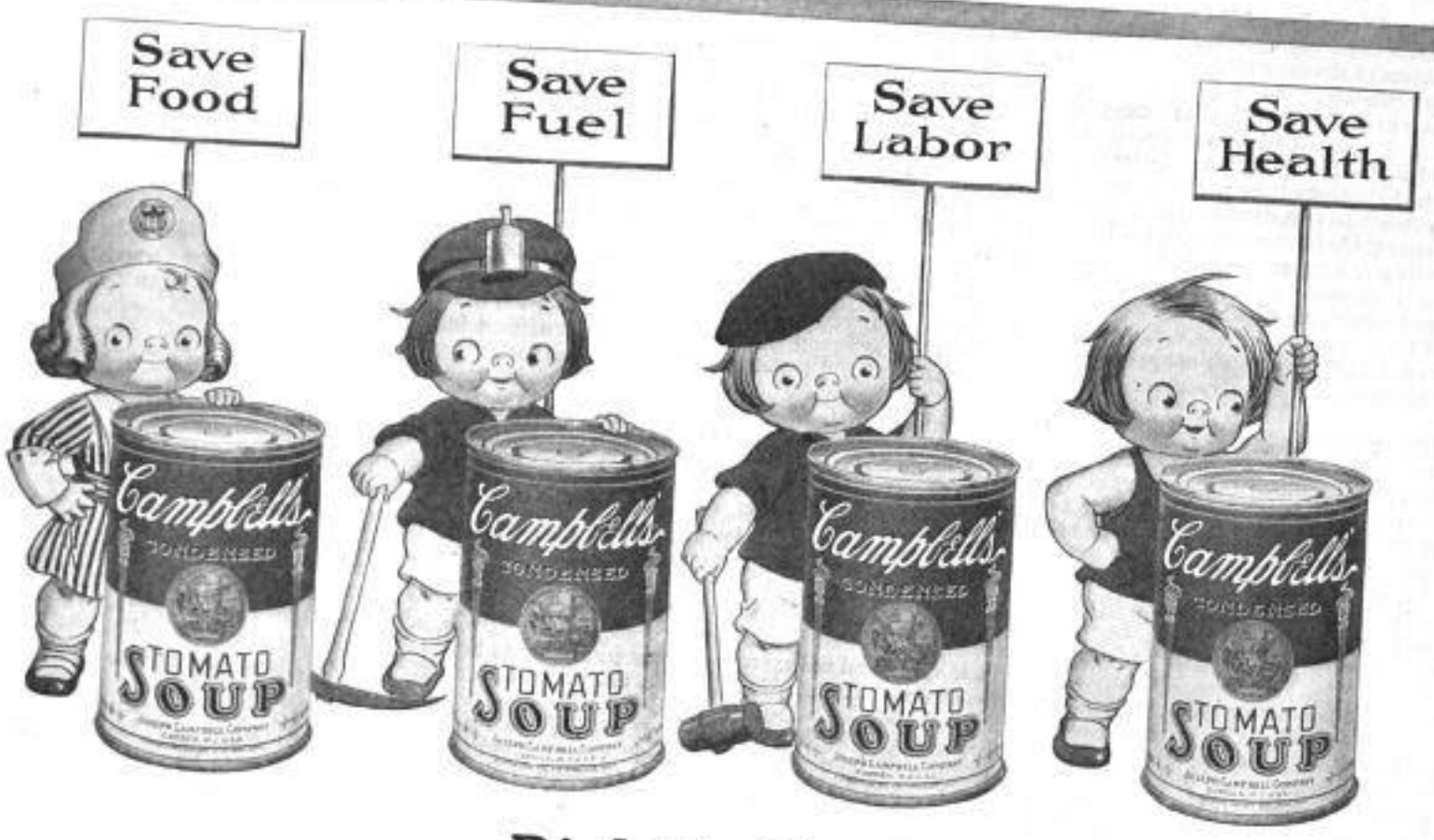
KIRIENKO, Mike's other colleague, was quite different. Ardent and enthusiastic in his revolutionary ideals, he dreamed of Russia in the future as a socialistic republic, strong and brilliant as he saw her, ready to lead the world when the lowest should be exalted from their present misery and all men should be brothers. He believed, however, that these conditions would only come about slowly, through honest work and intention, and could not be introduced by proclamations or by the destruction of people and property. In the past he had spent seven years in Siberian exile, a political prisoner; and he told Mike this time been most useful to him, giving him quiet to think and overcome the inflammatory side of his politics and theori He was of Kerensky's party—the social-revolutionary but was, it seemed, entirely sincere, lacking in personal ambition, and he showed great courage in facing responsibility and making decisions. With his reputation as a martyr he appealed to the populace, while by degrees the conservative group grew to have confidence in his loyalty. He came to Kief as commissioner of the central government, and had in charge the civil administration of the city and the province. Tall and immensely strong physically, hearty, bluff, eloquent, but with a great calmness and sense of justice and much reserve, he commanded esteem and remained a noble figure in his leadership until the fall of the provisional government. He frankly and deeply bemoaned the mistakes of the latter for not seeing clearly that the power was drifting into the hands of the worst elements in the country, and he constantly warned his chief in Petrograd. With these two men Mike was saved much petty strife, and he sincerely admired and respected them both.

Thus we drifted through July and August. There was talk always of the constituent assembly, but no step had as yet been taken for arranging elections for it. The Ukrainians were augmenting their propaganda, with evidences of success. They were now established in a great and beautiful building, which had been presented as a museum to the city by one of its rich citizens, and which they had requisitioned, throwing its valuable collections into the street. The donor had vainly tried to save these latter and after ineffective appeals to the municipal authorities he had had a heart stroke and had died. In these halls was established the rada, or senate, of the Ukraine, while their government offices were near by in a hotel of ill repute, which had been confiscated.

Since they now figured in the province's administration Mike and others had to treat with them on any questions pertaining to our estates. All who visited the rada and the Ukrainian ministries returned disgusted, saying they had had to do with a lot of second-raters, and had found that wild confusion and unlimited pretensions were the marked

(Continued on Page 24)

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Beside its own nourishing quality it tones and strengthens the digestive powers and helps the body processes to obtain more nourishment from all the food you eat. It is a distinct aid in promoting vigorous physical condition.

Served as a Cream of Tomato it is even more strengthening as well as more delicious.

You can serve it in various easy ways to make it as light or as hearty as you choose; so that it fits many different tastes and occasions.

Children enjoy it and thrive on it. And it is especially helpful to them during their long hard period of winter study and work. Give them as much and as often as they want—of this sustaining soup.

Order it from your grocer by the case. This saves extra deliveries. And you have it ready for your table any time at three minutes' notice.




**21 kinds** **12c a can**

# Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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(Continued from Page 22)

traits of the new party, whose only effective work was in spreading the propaganda of disorder and disloyalty dictated by their Austrian masters.

At the imperial palace in Kief, seized by the rabble when the Empress-Mother had vacated it, the committees of workmen and soldiers held forth. These, probably by order of their German heads, left most of the work of contamination in Kief to their Austrian friends of the rada, though they pretended to have nothing in common with the latter. The committee or soviet government contented itself with stealing provisions and all sorts of wares, which they secreted in the palace; and with making the charming Louis Fifteenth building into a pigsty. Eating, drinking, smoking and noise were found there at all hours by those who were obliged to visit the offices for passports or on other business.

The difficulties Mike and his party had in carrying out any measure of administration, with these two groups always at hand, whose special ambition it was to prevent effectiveness, are more easily imagined than described; yet this was the problem which the central government's representatives were daily obliged to face and solve. Their own headquarters at the staff building became the citadel of law and order as the weeks slipped by; but little by little the other parties gained ground without a chance for the smaller group to fight the sinister tide that was creeping toward them.

Committees became epidemic everywhere. Committees of workmen at the Count Bobrinsky sugar factories decided when they should work, also at what prices, and when enjoy a holiday; and they overran the Bobrinsky park and home, camping in all the rooms, using furniture and valuables. It was the same at other factories, and production was practically at a standstill. Likewise, committees of peasants on all estates fixed their own wages and labors, and they said what should be done with the master's harvests after the year's grain was brought in. The village cows were grazing on proprietors' lawns, the village people walked in our gardens and parks, ate fruits and vegetables found there, requisitioned machinery and stock, and though the châteaux were still respected there was already talk of taking them for places of amusement or for schools.

### An Inquisition in the Pantry

COMMITTEES in the various government departments, both civil and military, took up the time of officials or left them constantly minus typewriters, messengers, and so on, for the service; while the soldiers' committees decided whether they would accept their officers or not, and whether they would obey orders or not.

All this created an atmosphere and situation quite indescribable. Shops were closed, with signs up saying it was because the shopgirls had taken a holiday. People were constantly forced to do their own housework while their servants went to committee meetings. Masters were obliged to pay their servants eighty to one hundred and fifty rubles wages, where before ten or twenty had sufficed. All this came by degrees, and with each week there was a new surprise, till by the end of the summer the upper classes were greatly depressed and lived in dread of further developments, whether on their estates or in their houses, factories, shops, hotels or homes. The masses, on the contrary, had reached the zenith of self-confidence and were in a semi-hysterical condition of triumph.

We had luck personally, for our old servants were daily proving their devotion, and we suffered no inconvenience from any caprices on their part. My maid even had the supreme courage to refuse joining a ladies'-maids' committee, and declined also my offer to augment her wages, with which she had always been entirely satisfied. It was "because we know how things are, and I consider these modern laws could only affect me if I took a new place, which I don't mean to do," she assured me. I gratefully accepted her faithful services in the uncertainty of life.

We were subjected to many small annoyances from outside, some of which turned out to be of no particular importance. Once a vague young man presented himself in our kitchen. He was supremely dirty, and was dressed in a greasy costume which had once been a uniform such as was worn by the students of our universities in old-régime times. He announced his business was in connection with the voting for the constituent assembly and that the household must be brought together for him to question them. His looks led Madame Ivanoff to decide that the conference should be held in the pantry, which was large and sunny and could be easily aired and cleaned afterward. The servants were all called, and when they arrived Madame Ivanoff and I went in and sat in two chairs opposite the student, who had established himself at the head of the pantry table with some printed blanks and pencils spread before him. Such hands and nails, and such a head of hair as he possessed were unbelievable, except in the villain of a cheap play.

He began with Madame Ivanoff, asking her age, sex, religion and political persuasions. She was called upon to state when and why she had come to Kief, forty years ago, and then to give a description of her house, the number of its rooms, doors, windows, stoves, and so on. She was very careful, as we were always suspicious of unknown agents in those days, and she finished her replies with a sigh of relief.

Then my turn came. I was anxious to say nothing that might make trouble for Mike, who already had so much bother, and I curbed my tongue and patiently gave my name, age and sex, and stated I had "been in Kief two months to visit my husband." Then I had to give detailed information as to Mike.

"But what do you do in Kief, lady?"

"I? Why, nothing. I have no occupation or profession here, and am simply with my husband."

This seemed to the student so improbable that he went on questioning, till I showed impatience. Then he at once passed on to my nationality.

"A Russian subject," I replied, and gave my name again, whereupon he wrote: "Russian citizeness, Princess Cantacuzène," on his paper; and "Protestant," at my dictation.

Then he said: "And what is your mother tongue?"

"English," I replied.

"That is impossible," he announced solemnly. "It can be German or Tartar or Finnish or Lettish, or one of many others; but not English when you are a Russian citizen."

"Nevertheless, it is as I say. I was born in America, and became a Russian subject about twenty years ago by my marriage; but my mother tongue is English."

He was nonplused, and quite unable to accept this idea.

I finally said: "I was a citizen for twenty-three years before you were born at all; and in a republic long since formed, where there was already law and order. Then I became a Russian subject, and now I seem again to be a citizen of a republic. I don't mind all that, but it is a great bore to hear such nonsense about what I already know from forty years' experience."

He looked as if he thought either he or I was crazy and said soothingly: "Do not be hurt and annoyed, lady. I am obliged to ask these questions."

I protested he made them very long, and that it bored me extremely to go over things Madame Ivanoff and I had already told him. I was perfectly willing that he should call my mother tongue "Chinese" if he liked; and I had no politics. I imagine I was the first of my kind he had met in those days of hot discussions, and that he would have enjoyed telling me the advantages of being a citizen in the great Russian republic; but he finally understood and accepted the fact that I was not willing to continue indefinitely our conversation.

I think he was frightened, and the invaluable Davidka came to my rescue when the questions turned upon my husband. To the valet's extreme indignation our examiner seemed never to have heard of Mike; and then, when to Davidka's information on his own origin he added that he served with the Cuirassiers in Kief and he found the student still ignorant, I departed, leaving Davidka to tell the regiment's history in an angry voice, and to help catechize the other servants. Several of these were not at home, and it was apparently unnecessary to have them inscribed at all; and we never heard or saw any results of this visit.

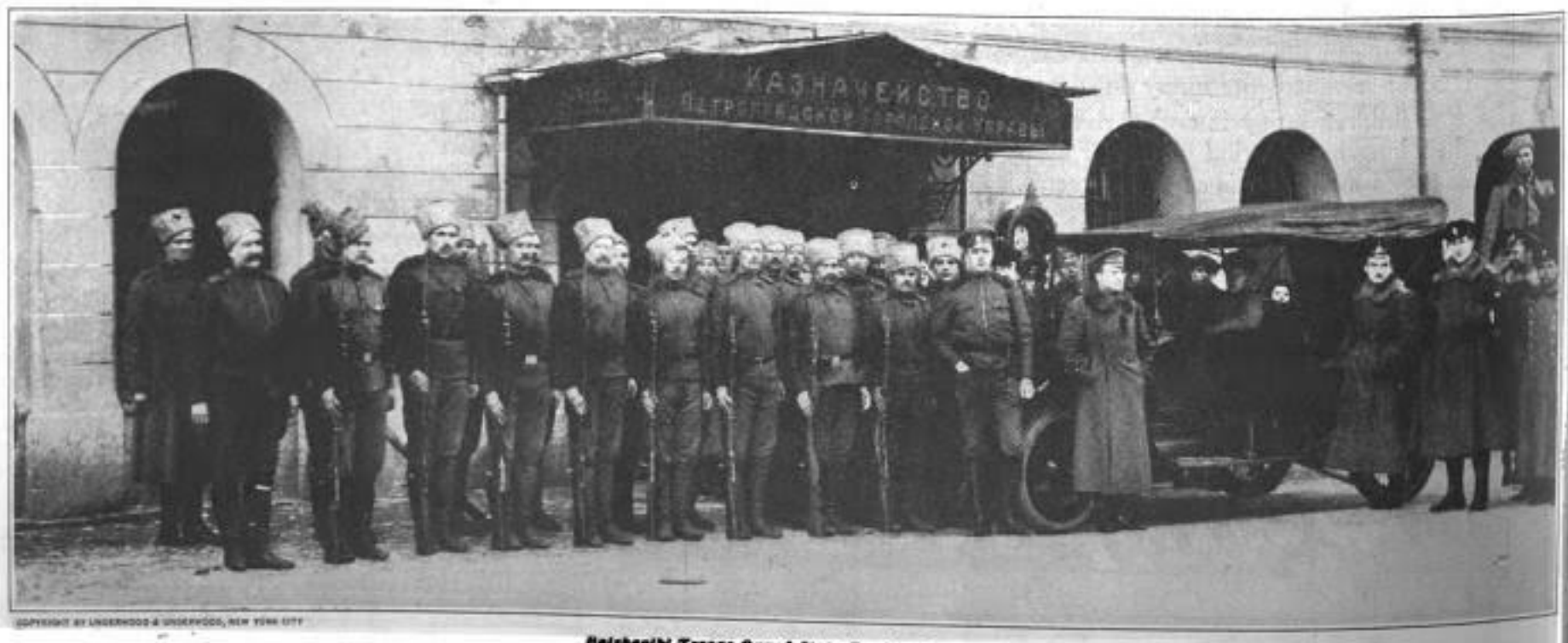
### The Strike of the Porters

I IMAGINED it was merely one of personal curiosity and cheekiness; or that it was a manner of sending agents about the town to investigate under cover of an official excuse how many and what kind of people lived in houses in the richer quarters of the town; and whether it would be best to attack them through burglaries at night or to visit them by day and requisition things openly in the name of the government. Our large group of menservants probably made our home seem a discouraging proposition, and so we were dropped from this young agent's list.

The Cuirassiers kept their heads and continued as they had begun. They had a committee, of course, but it always voted to obey the regimental officers and continued to uphold traditional discipline. Through forgetfulness—or intention—the regimental banner continued to carry proudly at the top of its pole the double-headed eagle of ancient days. Everyone was puzzled that a group so placed acted as these men did, and many were the questions addressed to my husband as to how he had accomplished the miracle of holding his men together. Mike's anxiety increased daily in spite of this triumph. He felt his Cuirassiers must one day succumb to the general contagion. Even if they didn't, the obedience of one single regiment was little to count on in the acute situation.

Some of the efforts by which the lower classes tried to show their power now were entirely unsuccessful, from their lack of knowledge as to how they must act; and were very comic. There was, for instance, a strike declared by the *dsorniki*. These men, who cleaned our sidewalks and courtyards and ran errands, were also night watchmen and looked after passports for the inhabitants of each house by police regulation; and many large apartment houses kept three or more of them. Suddenly these now formed committees and, deciding they would do none of their special work, a strike was called. Our own Grigory

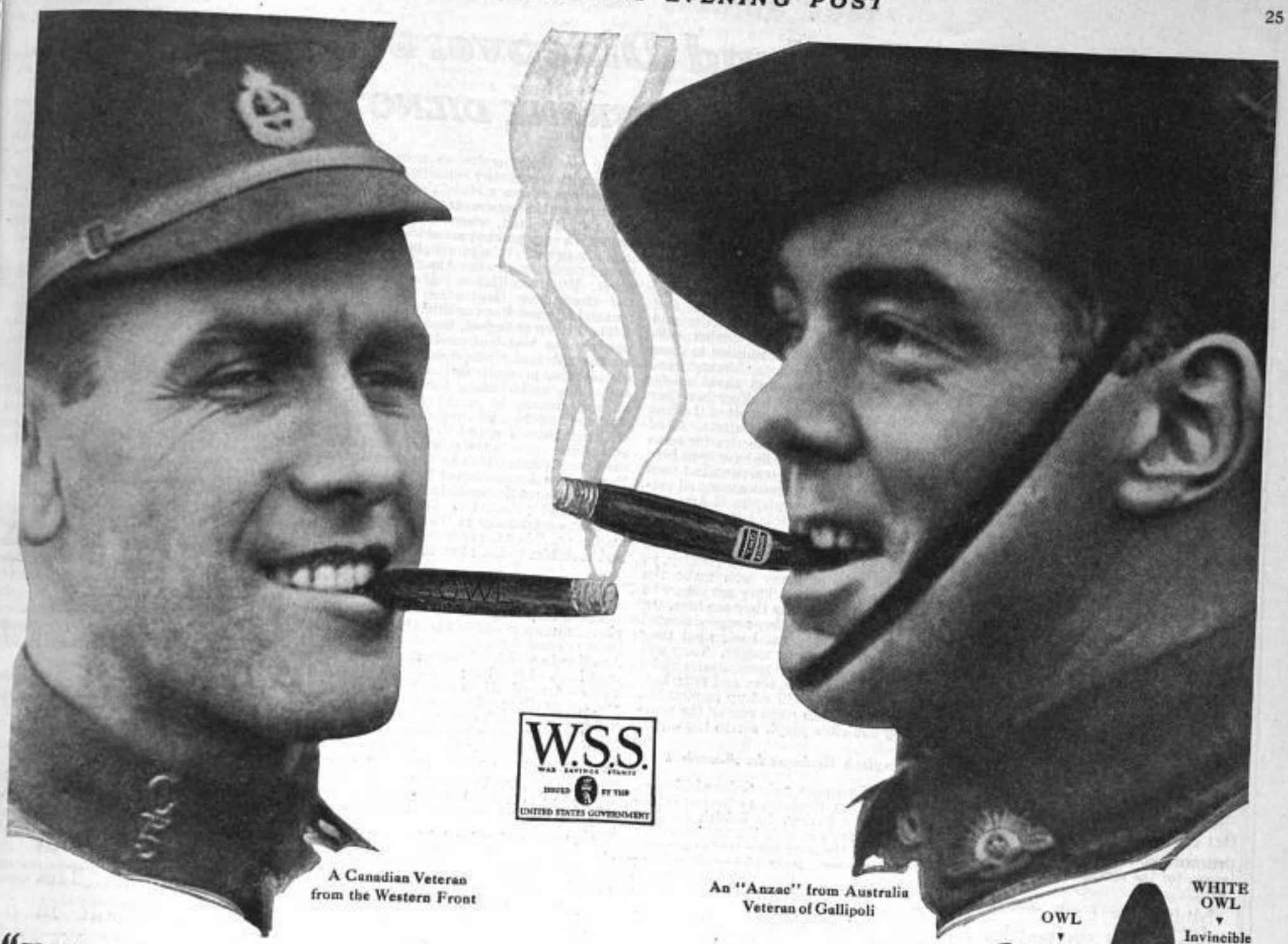
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Bolsheviki Troops Guard State Bank at Petrograd

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A Canadian Veteran
from the Western Front

An "Anzac" from Australia
Veteran of Gallipoli

# "How did I get my first huns?"

"WHY, it was this way," answered the lad from the Dominion: "It was time for patrol to come back. Sergeant says, 'Joe, go look him up.' I went. There was poor patrol hanging over barbed wire—gone West.

"It was up to me to take over his job. Being somewhat exposed, I dropped into a shell hole nearby. Pretty soon two huns slouched up. While they looked at patrol I headed my Enfield at them and called 'Halt!'

"Just then a pal relieved me while I took the huns for a visit behind our lines."

"Gee!" says Jim, an Anzac veteran from Gallipoli, "maybe you don't think I'm plain crazy to lay hands on a few huns myself!"

* * *

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# England Discovers America—By FRANK DILNOT

THE fact that a large number of brainy men in many walks of life have come to America from England to work here on war business is going to have as much effect on international affairs in the future as any set of treaties or arrangements. Rank and file are here as well as leaders. Altogether there will probably be ten thousand of them by the end of the war. They include men who know about meat and grain, guns and shells, automobiles and aëroplanes, oil and coal and lumber, railroad trains and ships. In addition to these there are bankers, bishops, literary men, labor leaders, military and naval chiefs, diplomats and politicians. Together they make up a pretty good example of the best there is in the active life of Britain. All of them will have been in America for some months; most of them will have been here at least a year. These ten thousand men will carry back and present among all sections of society a new picture of America.

The importance of this is found in the fact that they are not just men of words, people of leisure, who have traveled for the interest to be found in another country, as might be said of many who make the journey in peacetime. They are men who do things. That is why they are here. In their different spheres they are good shrewd judges. When they get back what they have to say will carry weight. They will not write magazine or newspaper articles about what they have seen and felt; but, all the same, they will set up inspirations for a generation to come among the slow-moving but virile people across the water.

### *English Bishops in America*

It was, I suppose, a shock for a bishop of the Church of England, as by law established, after having, in British fashion, placed his boots outside the bedroom door to find them in their same uncleaned condition next morning. A bishop descending to breakfast with unpolished boots is something to cause a shudder to reverent Englishmen. It is terrible to think of the state of mind in cathedral circles in Canterbury or Winchester or York or Lincoln at the picture of the bishop making inquiries of bell boys as to where he could find a bootblack. The horrible possibility that he might have to clean his own boots would be opened up. But the dignitary only chuckled; for many bishops have a sense of humor. That same bishop, with a meticulous Oxford University intonation, found himself on uncharted seas of phrase and pronunciation in the crisp and salted talk of New York. He soon began to enjoy it.

How swift is the effect of the American atmosphere was illustrated in the case of Doctor Guttery, the president-elect of the Free Churches of Britain, who within half a dozen hours of his arrival had to make a speech to a gathering of divines who entertained him at lunch. He mixed up the grave and gay. He became almost audacious. A teetotaler himself, in the presence of teetotalers he ventured on a light story apropos of the way the war is promoting temperance in England as well as in America: "You can still get beer, but it is not of the same quality. There was a Sheffield workman who went into a saloon, ordered his drink, and then elevated his glass in reflective mood. 'This Lloyd-George beer,' he said—'it looks like beer, it smells like beer, it even tastes like beer; but when it gets down it has no authority.'" Drinking stories, even so harmless as this one, have to be sparingly related at home before such audiences.

Doctor Guttery, so quickly inspirited to make his little experiment here, was rewarded by the obvious enjoyment of his American hearers. The Free Church leader will probably go on from success to success in this country. He will certainly take back with him many lessons. I have seen all the bishops who have been here and heard them talk in private and in public, and I am sure that their personal discoveries come to them in the nature of an invigoration. They step literally into a new world; and, being big men, they find it a rejuvenating influence to have their social position taken for granted and to be treated simply on their merits as men by all classes with whom they come into contact.

They come from a class, the most conservative and in some cases the most aristocratic in England, where respect for a bishop is a very potent part of the ordinary man's religion. It was delightful to see them broaden out in the American atmosphere. Being sensitive as well as able men, the atmosphere into which they were plunged affected them swiftly.

The Bishop of Oxford, the most learned, possibly the best-born and certainly the most intellectually independent of the British bishops, promptly left off his gaiters; and, as he walked along Fifth Avenue, to all appearances he might have been a studious middle-aged curate. The Bishop of Birmingham dropped clerical garb altogether and came in the military chaplain's uniform of khaki which he has worn at the Front. The Archbishop of York, the chief of a diocese continuously in being for over a thousand years, told jokes with sly suavity, occasionally at the expense of his audiences. They appreciated it immensely and took him to their hearts forthwith.

### *Lord Reading's Experiences*

These bishops came here to find a religious America, of which it is only possible to learn adequately at first hand—a religious America in which all sects are on a common basis of freedom; where ministers of various denominations meet in friendliness and coöperation; where the membership of one kind of church does not imply special social status; and where—most wonderful of all—there is at least one great theological seminary to which ministers of all denominations can and do go for a lengthy course of training in the common duties of ministers outside the special tenets of their sect.

A Congregational minister was in the chair at a dinner given to the Bishop of Birmingham at the Yale Club. That must have been a wonderful experience for an English bishop. In England there is severe demarcation, in spite of the efforts of able men for more unity.

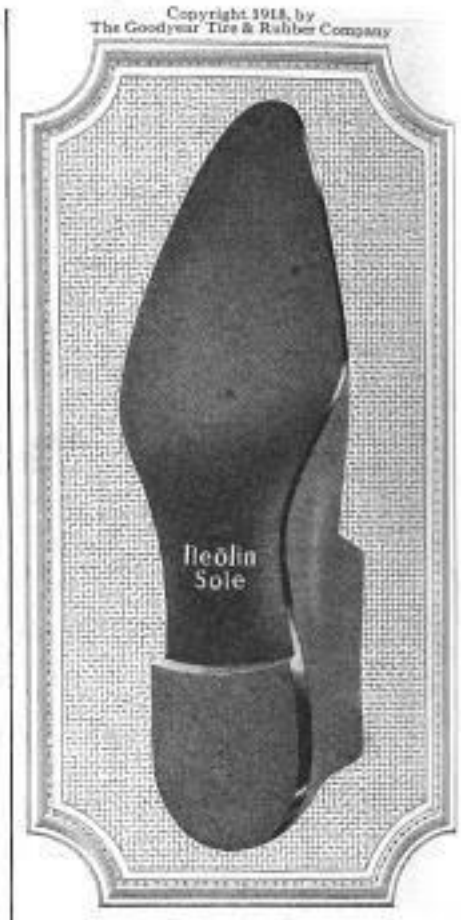
Never since the time America became a nation has there been such an influx from Great Britain of capable business men. They came not on private business, though they brought for exercise the qualities that had lifted them high in their private capacities. Lord Reading, an expert financier, a great advocate in the courts, and the Lord Chief Justice of England, came here not only as the British Ambassador but also as the head of all those business activities that link up the two countries for the war. He has a gracious individuality. He has also one of the keenest and most receptive minds that Britain has ever produced. But Lord Reading, or Rufus Isaacs, as he used to be in his young days as a lawyer, has what may be called the American temperament in his unconventionality and his gift of going swiftly and with determination to the heart of any matter.

To have such a man at the head of British affairs in this country continually meeting with the leaders of industry, and living at Washington, in the center of the frankness and directness of America in international affairs, must have left an indelible impression upon a man whose success in life has been largely built upon his intellectual aptitude for rapid discernment, quick judgment and unfailing adaptability. Statecraft of England cannot fail to benefit for years to come from Lord Reading's experiences here.

The enthusiasm with which Lord Reading regards America, its methods and its character, is common knowledge. He has none of the illusions that sometimes used to be found in Europe with regard to American methods. He does not confuse freedom of expression and novelty in execution with slapdash quickness. He has a knowledge of American character too. I was at a private gathering of newspaper men with him soon after his arrival in this country. He talked to them openly, trusting to their discretion not to publish anything that

(Continued on Page 29)

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(Continued from Page 28)

would be embarrassing to the Allies or helpful to the enemy.

Naturally his trust was respected. I heard him tell afterward why he was so free. When he was over here before he was in touch frequently with newspaper men, and he had always found them not only absolutely scrupulous in matters of honor but also particularly careful to avoid offense in dealing with subjects in connection with which there might be inadvertent breaches of discretion.

The business leaders had fresh manners of conducting affairs put before their eyes. In the big open offices they saw chiefs at their flat-topped desks, within sight and sound of all that was going on. They witnessed the ease of access to those chiefs of any callers who had any real object or purpose, even if the callers were total strangers. Sometimes they did not agree that this was the best way to transact business in England, but they saw its efficacy in the United States.

They noted the buoyancy of those in command. They had before them the inspiring spectacle of the enthusiasm of youth guided by the experience of age. Some of them, it must be confessed, were not so much impressed by the business methods they found in New York as in other parts of the country; as, for example, in Philadelphia, Chicago, Washington, and the various busy cities of the Middle West. There was a certain leisureliness in New York that was piquant. The work was carried through, but nobody was in any hurry. A lively open-mindedness here, as elsewhere, was a motive force; but in everyday executive detail I have heard more than one English business man remark that there was a slowness alien to the rest of America, even as it was alien to London.

That hustling New York should give this impression is indeed strange; but the fact remains. It was part of the unexpectedness which is one of the uplifting things in America to the European. There has, however, not been one, whether he be banker, ship constructor, munition expert or organizer, who has not spoken privately with enthusiasm of the cordiality in the American's heart and the virility in his mind.

### The Real Mr. Balfour

One successful Scotchman of forty-seven, who, from a lowly beginning, had made a moderate fortune for himself in England, spoke to me regretfully of the fact that he had not come to this country in his twenties and stayed here. He was walking along Fifth Avenue, with his face as hard as his native Aberdeen granite. "The greatest street in the world," he said. Aberdeen men are not given to effusiveness. He added reflectively: "Mon, what a country! What a country! I am telling ye, they do things here; they do things!"

The extraordinary influence of the American spirit on visitors was never better illustrated than in the case of Mr. Balfour, the British Foreign Secretary, who, though an aristocrat, with all the prejudices of his caste, is a philosopher with charming manners and a brain like finely tempered steel, and a man whose sang-froid is at once the delight and bewilderment of friends and opponents. The story—apocryphal, no doubt—is that on the steamer, when land came in sight, Mr. Balfour surveyed the coast line through his pince-nez and said: "America, I believe? How interesting!"

That was not the Balfour from the time he landed. His face was aglow on the day he rode to City Hall and saw the masses of people, the display of flags and the fervor for the allied cause. I have seen Mr. Balfour in a hundred difficult and exciting situations. I have never seen him so moved as when he came forward after a little speech by Mayor Mitchel and spoke of the Mayor's welcome and the part America was taking in the war.

I have another vision of the British Foreign Secretary. It was at Carnegie Hall during a patriotic demonstration, where he was in a box as a spectator and was not scheduled to take part in the proceedings. Excitement in the crowded gathering grew as patriotic demonstrations followed each other on the platform. Then someone saw him in the box and shouted: "Balfour!" The cry was taken up. Now in England Mr. Balfour would have shrunk back into obscurity. On this occasion he was carried beyond himself. He rose alertly to his feet in the front of the box, his face flushed and alive with feeling, his body tensed. He shouted forth a warm-hearted little speech with all the vigor that was in him.

Here was the real Balfour. No Englishman who saw and heard him but must have been vitalized by the experience; and no American, I am sure, could have failed to respond to the feeling in this foreign statesman, usually so restrained and with such complete command of himself. Mr. Balfour must remain one of the commanding figures in British public life; he will certainly be influenced by his experiences in America.

There have been scores of British naval and military officers and hundreds of British bluejackets and Tommies on American soil during this wartime, and their fraternizing with fellow fighters here has been one of the inspiriting sights to the countrymen of both. Not only the professional and technical coöperation but also the personal cordiality of the officers is a portent for the future, and it cannot be doubted that there have been mutual acquisitions of knowledge.

Equally important has been the association of the rank and file. I heard of a British sergeant who has been teaching bayonet exercises at one of the camps in the South, whose squads of men learned so fast that there was forced from him an appreciation as strongly worded as his condemnation would have been of stupid recruits: "I would be teaching one lot, and the second lot, who were to succeed them, always came and watched and listened; and when I took the second batch they practically knew it all without any telling. If they all learn other things as quickly, and do as well, I ——" Ordinary language then failed him.

### Freemasonry of the Sea

A sergeant instructor in the British, American or any other army is not given to adulation of those under his care. That sergeant and the many who are engaged in similar work will take back a vivid idea of the American character to the English communities in which they will move after the war is over.

I saw an instance of how the brotherhood of the sea is potent beyond nationality. Foreign sailors and soldiers here, so far as my observation goes, are extremely well-behaved and are popular with all sections of the people. In some very rare cases perhaps the sailor, after a long time at sea amid hardships and hazards that it is easier to talk about than to realize, may perhaps drink a glass of beer too much. During eighteen months of war, however, I have seen only one such case. The scene was in Seventh Avenue, in New York, about eleven o'clock one night.

A British sailor was threading his way slowly among the people, walking erectly but a trifle unsteadily. There was nothing obtrusive or specially noticeable about him. He caught my eye because I happen to be a Britisher. He also caught the eyes of two American sailors as he stood on the curb swaying a trifle and surveying the passing traffic as though he were looking out on a choppy sea in which there were a host of enemy submarines and destroyers. He probably had never flinched before. He was hesitating now.

The two American sailors came along and, though I could not hear what they said, I saw that they spoke to their brother in blue. He gave them a cheery smile. They took him, one by each arm, and piloted him across the street; and they did not leave him on the other side, but, still holding his arm, proceeded to escort him downtown toward his destination.

That British jack-tar might have been suspicious of civilians. He was perfectly happy and confident in the guidance of those new friends. He knew they were all right. They were American sailors. Little acts of kindness like this, spread over a wide area and in a variety of circumstances, have had and will continue to have a tremendous effect in the future. Such incidents do not find their way into the newspapers, but presently they will percolate to countless English homes.

What impressed the English Labor leaders who have been here is the innate idealism of the American people. I remember how Mr. J. H. Thomas and Mr. C. W. Bowerman, who are Labor members of Parliament, found that they were listened to with appreciation not only by their trade-union colleagues but also by men




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who one might suppose would have no special sympathy with their views.

Of course they returned with a variety of detailed information about material conditions; and helpful enough that will be when examined at close quarters by the labor movement in England. I give two isolated facts that will strike the imagination over there.

In Britain wages are, of course, much lower than in this country, and there is a certain fixity, a conservatism, among workers, rising partly from temperament and partly from conditions, which keeps them in the same groove. In America the boundless opportunity, combined perhaps with the national alertness, sets up constant changes among the workers. One of the problems American employers have to face is the fact that men come and go frequently. An industry employing a thousand men frequently has two thousand men on its books during the year. In some extreme cases the turnover, as it is called, amounts to four hundred per cent. That is one fact.

Here is another: In England the popular restaurants, in London and the big cities, employ waitresses in peacetime at wages running from three dollars and a half to five dollars a week; and, though it must be remembered that money is more valuable there, the fact provides a dramatic contrast with America. The waitresses in a series of popular restaurants in New York, for example, get a wage of one dollar and seventy-five cents for a seven-and-a-half-hour day, and their total earnings, including tips, approximate twenty dollars a week, with three meals a day in addition. That is an instance of the easier material conditions in the United States for great masses of the population.

This invasion by invitation, if I may so express it, of active-minded Britishers has stirred within them new thoughts and probably new aspirations, practical as well as idealistic. They have found themselves in the presence of a new vital organism, all the more impressive because that organism is a nation and not an individual. It is the multiplication and intermingling of a thousand new factors that will provide them with the finished picture for conveyance home. There is no end to contrasts in the ordinary daily routine.

### *A Succession of Surprises*

Take the Englishman to Washington and he is fascinated by the beauty of the city and pricked with surprised admiration at the unpretentiousness of those in authority; at the comparative ease with which the caller may meet and talk to Cabinet Ministers and those responsible for the government of the country. To see the President at formal functions in a short coat is a revelation.

In Philadelphia the streets and people are more reminiscent of London than possibly in any other American city. There is something in the atmosphere of the buildings, manners of the people, their methods in public and private, which inevitably recalls the English metropolis.

Away from the cities graceful country residences, largely made of wood, appeal to the Englishman at once. It is all a weirdly new fashion, but very picturesque. New houses in England are very often not very graceful or appealing; built of brick and stone, they somehow do not fit into the landscape. The older places, the manor houses, the country cottages, some of them in existence for centuries, are beautiful, and in their own way not to be equaled in any other part of the world.

On the other hand, American architecture, comparatively fresh in style and execution, is a delight in its freshness and fitness. There is nothing like it to be found anywhere. A well-known author, here for the first time, said to me last year: "There is one thing we must do in England; we must start these wooden houses!" He was very emphatic about it. It was just an illustration of the educative spirit.

The newspapers inspire special emotions in the Englishman. A member of Parliament, arriving here a few months ago, was staying at a New York hotel, and gave instructions for the Sunday papers to be sent up to him, expecting the compact and comparatively condensed productions that are prevalent in London. He was bewildered when, at eight o'clock, an attendant came into his bedroom carrying an armful of papers that, with their various supplements, the member of Parliament declared would, if spread out, have covered an acre of ground and would have required a month of reading to go through them.

The Englishmen have learned the great qualities of the women of America—their camaraderie, their ardor to learn and understand, their generosity of spirit and their excellent taste and facility in dress. He has to get used to the fact that in the daytime the majority of them wear boots above their ankles instead of the low shoes customary in England. The climate induces changes in other details also. But he never ceases to admire the general feminine daintiness. T. P. O'Connor, traveler, man of the world, litterateur and connoisseur in beauty, walking one afternoon with me on Fifth Avenue, surveying the bright and ever-changing stream, sighed regretfully: "To see these young American women always makes me wish that I, too, was young again."

The careful dress of the men in America is another point that strikes the visitor. Everybody, except those engaged at the moment in physical occupations, is well dressed. The fact implies a self-respect that is not lost on the English visitor. He misses the class distinctions; he misses them sometimes with a sense of loss, because they carry with them a prideful courtesy and consideration. On the other hand, he is struck by the independence of all classes toward each other.

The extraordinary thing is that this real democratic liberty is reflected in times of national emergency in a ready devotion to the common cause, in what may be called a communal docility that goes with the most tenacious and fierce independence.

The readiness with which the community accepted the draft laws is but one instance. Equally striking have been the voluntary sacrifice in food conservation and the dramatic disappearance of automobiles on Sunday when the request went out for the saving of gasoline. The conservative Englishman sizes up the situation with calm consideration, and then he takes off his hat to the American people.

If I were asked to summarize the principal new impressions made on Englishmen who have never lived here before, I should say that first would come the realization that in all emergencies, national or individual, the average American is not loud and boastful, but, on the contrary, modest, determined and quiet-mannered. Of course there are here, as in other countries, exuberant spirits who have a limited viewpoint. The real Americans are not like that. They have naturally the utmost confidence in their own country; but they are receptive, sympathetic and courteous.

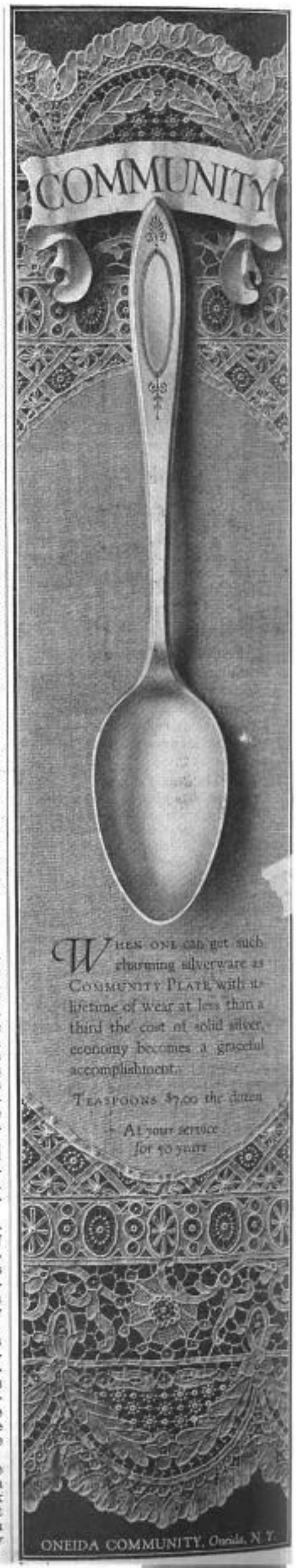
### *Cordiality to Englishmen*

The second thing that strikes the business man of action is the difference in the reception of strangers by the two countries. In England, though there is no lack of courtesy, a man has to build up a knowledge of himself before responsible persons will accord him real freedom of expression and reciprocate it. By that time he is known and trusted. This method has its advantages and disadvantages, but it does not make the task of the stranger particularly pleasant or easy. Americans, on the other hand, receive a visitor who is properly vouched for with personal cordiality, immediately place in his way facilities, and by their openness seek to make the newcomer reveal himself and all there is in him. They surround him with a delightful atmosphere of appreciation.

This is not only pleasurable for the visitor but leads to a swift comprehension of him by his new acquaintances. It sometimes even trends toward misconceptions by the visitor. Americans are swift appraisers of the human factor. If a man makes good with them they continue their close and cordial relationship.

The army of Britishers now in America will carry back a thousand lessons and illuminations. They will supplement and buttress the education already in full progress by means of the pilgrimage throughout England of the millions of ambassadors in olive drab and khaki, on their way to France and Flanders. The latter will also acquire new knowledge and sympathies.

I like to think of a simple phrase in the letter sent home by a young American officer, fresh from college: "I didn't think I should like the English," he wrote. "It took a little time to get used to them. I am making many discoveries. They are a very comfortable people to live with."



# MORE PRECIOUS THAN RUBIES

(Continued from Page 19)

for ten thousand dollars or over, being the proceeds of the smelting of the ore from the mine the uncle found and developed. The moment the mine began to pay big the old jigger passed in his checks. A week ago Robert didn't have the price of a plate of beans. To-day—well, that's what we get in this country."

"Gad!" said John Fanning, and frowned. "Gad!" And the exclamation seemed to drip blood, daggerlike.

"Listen to me. I am going to pay you men the compliment of assuming that you will understand me as completely as Mr. Coggswell here. Now in what respect does this country differ from all other countries, and the present day from all other times? In one thing only, and that is—newspapers!"

"Newspapers?" echoed John Fanning.

"Yes, newspapers. Everybody reads newspapers. Why? Because people want to know about people; they want to know who does what. Things and engines don't interest the masses. What they want to know about is the men who do the things or run the engines. Consider the Panama Canal as a strait; it becomes nothing. Think of it as made by men and it is everything. Men! Men! The newspapers! Men!"

Caldecott paused, and Fanning promptly took advantage of it to ask coldly: "Well, what of it?"

"When you realize that this is a newspaper reading country you realize the popularity of the news pictures and the educational films. Human life! Real life! Well, I've made up my mind it is time to try a motion biography."

"A what?"

"The pictorial biography of a man whose life is worth doing—fame in the making. For example, suppose we got a tip that a good-looking letter carrier named Elmer, of Dorset, Vermont, was going to Detroit, and that by a series of sensational inventions he would become a billionaire in five months. Knowing this we would begin to photograph Elmer when he was nobody in particular. We would show him gossiping with some farmer's wife, refusing to tell her whom the postal card for her neighbor was from. Then saying good-by to his sweetheart; then in his antique flivver going to the station; and in the mechanical laboratory; and so on, until he became the most picturesque figure in the country. What scenario could equal that?"

"If you can read the future I should think the stock market would pay you better than making bum pictures," growled Fanning.

"Fanning, you must be a good photographer, you are so utterly unintelligent. You probably know all about taking good pictures, and nothing whatever about good pictures to take. Stick to your camera and do not fatigue your giant intellect. Whenever you have a suggestion to make to Mr. Townsend or myself just stick your head out of the window and whisper it to the telegraph poles. Then come and see us with your lips closed as tightly as you can and standing before either of us wiggle your ears."

Caldecott spoke slowly, emotionlessly, with a sort of unseeing stare at the camera man, who stared back fascinatedly.

"Gee!" he ejaculated with a sort of reluctant admiration.

"This boy Bobby is nobody. You will take a picture of him in his obscurity and then leave for Butte. Once in Butte, as his uncle's heir there are lots of things he is going to do to keep the newspapers busy. While I am working on the scenario of our first big picture you will be doing his everyday life. I'll tell you why."

"You don't have to tell me," broke in Coggswell.

"Nor me," said Fanning with a yawn.

Townsend, the director, busy dramatizing, nodded. In his mind suggestions turned instantly into pictures. His eyes were fixed on his employer's.

"I don't know what he is going to do," proceeded Caldecott, "but a man with an income of ten thousand a day has to do something worth photographing. If he spends it, how?"

"Great!" said Townsend, seeing pictures of spending three hundred thousand dollars a month.

"If he does not, why not? Ten thousand a day not being spent! Thirty-odd pounds avoirdupois of pure gold, one thousand ten-dollar pieces not hopping out of his pocket! A river of gold suddenly checked in its flow! Say!"

"You bet!"

"He's bound to be in the papers, and he will pose only for us. Then when he is really famous we'll give his screen biography. The entire press of the United States will be working as our publicity agents—for nothing, boys, for nothing!"

"By Godfrey!" exclaimed Coggswell dazedly.

"That's only to keep you going until I get ready for the big pictures. We'll consult Coggswell off and on about that."

Caldecott rose to his feet and said very impressively: "Gentlemen, I believe we are going to make other pictures look like a frozen turnip. Townsend must not let Turner get too actory. When he does bad acting we can point with pride to it as proving the genuineness of the biography. His train leaves at ten-eighteen to-morrow morning. Get a machine and do what's needed, will you, Fanning? What did you gentlemen say you would work for?"

They told him. Caldecott scarcely seemed to hear them, but he pulled from his pocket a wad of yellowbacks, peeled off four without looking at them and gave them to the editor, saying, "Here is twenty weeks' salary! I'd like to see you a minute, Coggswell."

"Certainly."

Townsend and Fanning drew aside.

"I must ask you as a favor to fix a fee for your services. You are my consulting engineer. When I read you my scenario you'll give your opinion on a professional basis. Fix the figure."

"Well, say five hundred dollars," said Coggswell, a trace of defiance in his voice.

"What!" cried Caldecott, frowning incredulously.

"That," hastily explained Coggswell, "includes my advice on the scenario—on any scenarios you may submit to me during the present year—and as many consultations as you think you need. Of course if I have to go to New York ——"

Caldecott laughed and said: "Will that be perfectly satisfactory to you?"

"Ye-yes," said Coggswell dubiously, no longer fearing he had overcharged.

"Here you are." And Caldecott looked in his roll, found a five-hundred-dollar bill and gave it to the editor, saying, "Don't forget to make these chaps give you a receipt for their salaries."

"You bet!" said Coggswell in a voice that really meant "And commissions."

"To-morrow at the station at ten-eighteen. Good evening, gentlemen."

The next morning they saw Robert Turner off. Later in the same day Caldecott left for New York.

### VI

CALDECOTT arrived in New York on Wednesday night. Thursday morning he was at his office shortly after nine. He found Cochrane reading the morning paper.

"Good morning, Cochrane."

"Good morning, sir."

"Detained longer than expected. Much mail?"

"There it is, just as it came."

"Ah, yes. Anybody call?"

"No, sir."

"Telephone messages?"

"Quite a few called up, but not one of them would leave his name."

"What did you tell them?"

"That you were not in."

"Didn't you say I was in Boston?"

Cochrane frowned. Then he ceased to frown and said reproachfully: "Of course not. You didn't say I might."

"I didn't say you shouldn't."

"You advertised for a man who could keep his mouth shut."

"An excellent habit. Excellent! Let me see."

He ripped open envelope after envelope, and when all were open he began to take out the letters and read them and place them face down on the table in the usual three heaps, except two that he put in his inside pocket and one that he set on fire with a match and burned in the washbasin.

He washed down the charred remains, dried his hands and asked Cochrane: "Did you prepare the data on rubies?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'd like to see it."


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Cochrane gave him the typewritten sheets. Caldecott read them very quickly, and when he finished he observed calmly: "You haven't what I'd call marked literary gifts. I don't expect you to be a popular novelist, but let me tell you something: No matter what your business is the combination that wins is common sense and imagination. That merely means that your feet must always rest on terra firma except when there is a chasm, and then you use wings to jump across. That is what is the trouble with this." He tapped the notes.

"I don't know what you mean. I got the facts you said to get ——"

"Cochrane, you are too young to indulge your temper. Listen not to a wiser but to an older man: Facts are the most dangerous things in the world. They are worse than valueless. They are positively misleading. The weather is a fact. Can you depend on it? A woman's sex is another; and what can you make out of it? The stupidity of detectives is still another; and yet, while you can always bank on a detective's consistent idiocy you never can tell how far that idiocy will go. No, Cochrane, leave facts for the superstitious."

Cochrane, who had frowned and flushed, stared at Caldecott perplexedly. Caldecott went on:

"Why have you left out of these notes so many of the really interesting points? For instance, the cost ought logically to be computed as the English reckon wealth—by income.

"Where we say a man is worth a million an Englishman more logically says he is worth ten thousand pounds a year. So with gems. How much is that diamond? The interest on the purchase price and the cost of the care of it! And why do people buy such expensive stones as the De Meryonvilliers rubies? Look at the expense and risks incurred in bringing them over."

"You mean?" asked Cochrane eagerly.

Caldecott smiled grimly: "Risks that, if they do not occur to you, will occur to both buyers and sellers when they think of the expense. By the way, I'm going to make a business call. I wish you would come with me."

Caldecott left his office, followed by Cochrane, who could not help noticing how springy Caldecott's step was, how sturdy his gait, how straight his carriage, how calmly confident his bearing.

They turned south at Broadway and walked to the Marine Building. Caldecott entered it and walked into the office of a steamship company.

"Sit down, Cochrane." Caldecott pointed to a settee. Then he walked to the counter.

"Good morning, Mr. Caldecott," said the clerk who had charge of the plans of the steamers of the company.

"*Bonjour*, Jean. Is M. Letellier in?"

"Yes, Mr. Caldecott."

"I wish to shake hands with him." Then he lowered his voice, whereupon Cochrane frowned. "But first what can you give me in the way of a stateroom for one alone, on the Meuse, next Saturday?"

"Oh, if you only had come in ——"

The clerk—as you could see from his eyes, his eyebrows, his mouth, his shoulders and his hands—was broken-hearted.

"I know, Jean; but just you look and find it. It's hidden somewhere. Or do you prefer I should speak to M. Letellier about it?"

"*Mais non!* It shall be found before you come out of his office. I promise. I shall tell the gentleman I made a mistake."

"I'll bring you a nicer one this time, Jean. I want it for the round trip, and also for the next trip over. The same stateroom. You know how I hate changes. Don't print my name."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Caldecott; thank you," said the clerk, so effusively that Cochrane's eyes took on a curious far-away look, the look of a man trying to find an affirmative answer in the distance.

Caldecott walked into the office of the general agent. Cochrane thereupon sauntered casually to the counter and engaged Jean in conversation.

"A great fellow, my boss, eh?"

"Who is your boss?"

"Mr. Caldecott."

"Yes."

"He seems to know you pretty well."

"Yes, he does! And I know him pretty well. And I do not know you at all."

And the clerk turned his back on the stranger. So Cochrane, frowning angrily, went back to his seat.

Presently Caldecott came out smiling, followed by a fine-looking old man with silver hair and beard and the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole.

"Good-by, M. Letellier."

"*Bon voyage*, Mr. Caldecott," said the agent, whereat Cochrane's face brightened.

Caldecott, followed by his secretary, walked southward until they came to the Custom House. He entered the building with the confidence of a man who has been there many times, and Cochrane followed, a look of perplexity and uneasiness on his face. Caldecott went to the office of the collector of the port and sent in his card.

Then he turned to Cochrane and said casually, "I'll be out in a few minutes. Wait here, will you?"

Cochrane nodded.

"This way," said the old clerk who had taken in the card.

The most skillful smuggler in the world, according to Col. Ira A. Glover, stood before the most successful smuggler catcher in history, according to the friendly New York newspapers who were unfriendly to the Administration in Washington.

"Good morning, sir," observed Mr. Caldecott with the solemnity of a New Hampshire undertaker or a Georgia head waiter.

Mr. Anson Wheeler, collector of the port of New York, nodded. He was a tall, wiry man, who conveyed an impression of mental sharpness by having sharp brown eyes and a sharp brown beard. His lips, you guessed rather than saw, were chronically pressed together and downcurved. You expected no optimistic utterance to issue therefrom, unless of such a nature as "At last I've got you!"

"I trust, sir," continued Caldecott, speaking most solicitously, "that you are enjoying good health."

Anson Wheeler looked at Caldecott steadily with those sharp inquisitorial eyes of his that had acquired the habit of mutely asking "In which pocket are you hiding it?" Presently he nodded and frowned expectantly. It was plain that Caldecott had better tell all.

Caldecott, who was gazing on the collector no less intently though far less hostilely, said earnestly, "I certainly wish it, sir, from the bottom of my heart."

Wheeler's face flushed and his sharp eyes gleamed with irrepressible anger. He made an effort and succeeded in saying huskily, "What do you want?"

"Health!" answered Caldecott simply. "Health! Yours! Without it there is no fun in life, not even in catching nasty smugglers and making them pay back duties, what? No, Mr. Collector, I tell you if you have health nothing else matters."

"Did you come here just to tell me that?"

"To tell you that and other things. Lately—that is, since you did not find the Elkington pearls on me—you have taken such an interest in my movements and in my business transactions that I have come here in the best of humor to tell you everything. I mean of course to tell you my plans, my hopes and my business ideals."

"And I want to tell you ——" began the collector chokingly.

"But not in that voice," interrupted Caldecott quickly. "No; not in that voice. I'll wait until you can talk like a philosopher and a sport. I have time. I'll wait. I promise to listen whenever you get your normal voice back, be it in an hour from now, or two, or ten."

Anson Wheeler made an effort to control himself and succeeded after about six gulpings.

"If you haven't any business ——" he said, and looked toward the door.

"Oh, but I have; personal business."

"What is it?"

"I have come to tell you that I have buyers for the De Meryonvilliers rubies. That is no news to you. It is your business to know what I buy, and this is a big deal. If you'll be frank with me I'll be frank with you. You knew it, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Thank you. I know who told you. I told him, knowing that he would tell you. In return for my kindness I'd like you to promise not to ask me how much I paid for them."

"I won't," promised Wheeler grimly.

"Nor how much I sold them for."

"I won't ask."

"I'm sailing for Paris on Saturday. I'm going to get the stones from the duke. You know I've already sold them; but you don't know to whom."

Anson Wheeler smiled enigmatically. He was a very good poker player. He said: "If you say I don't I suppose I don't."

"No; you bet your life you don't! That was one of the things I didn't let you know. Listen, Wheeler."

"Mr. Wheeler."

"Oh, pshaw! I'll call you mister if it eases your pain. I told you before that if I really wished to keep you from knowing anything I'd promptly get myself suspected. Once I have the certainty that I am followed I can move about freely without fear of detection. So I advertised for a man to come to my office. What gave him away were his references—they were much too good—and his overeagerness to land the job. Your failure, Wheeler, is due to the total absence of a sense of humor. You are too angry, and that makes you pursue an innocent man. Cochrane wasn't subtle enough. He has too much to unlearn when he stacks up against the exception. He's outside, waiting to be fired."

"Look here! As sure as God made ——"

"Don't be blasphemous. The good Lord who made Cochrane also made collectors. Our finite minds cannot discover the reason. By hiring Cochrane I was able to put you to the expense of sending men to Boston when I was in Philadelphia. On my honor, Wheeler, I went to Philadelphia while Cochrane tipped you off about the Boston trip that I didn't take."

He looked at Wheeler, and Wheeler looked at him. Then Caldecott went on amiably: "I've just engaged passage on La Meuse. I'll be back very soon. I've got to be."

"Yes?" Wheeler's voice was as cold as it is possible to be without freezing solid.

"But I shan't tell you whether I am bringing them back or not. You find out."

And Caldecott permitted himself what looked like a crude burlesque of a stage old maid's simper.

"Look here, you! I'm going to get you and get you good!" Wheeler's face was flushed and his voice matched his face.

"It is perfectly extraordinary how a demeaning occupation will affect a man's manners, and even his speech. You, who associated with nice people before you went in for smuggler catching, are now using the language of an East Side gangster."

"You'd better go while the going is good."

"Oh, *là, là!*" Caldecott shook his head. "Why, man alive, you talk of getting me when you haven't even stated your problem to yourself!"

"I propose to drive you out of business if it takes ten years."

"To begin with, you won't be here ten years, or ten months; and then, if you were you couldn't drive a man out of business who breaks no law. You really interest me, you are so philosophically immature. Now it always simplifies a problem to state what it is. Can you do so?"

"Yes."

"Let's hear you state it."

"To keep you from smuggling."

"You couldn't do that."

"No? Well, you just smuggle and see."

"Well, I did, and I didn't see anything except the angry faces of foiled villains. No, Wheeler, no! You don't state it correctly. No man living can prevent me from smuggling into this country such goods as I deal in: highly concentrated wealth in easily portable form. It can't be done, Wheeler; really it can't! But, even if you hired men with brains to help you, that isn't your problem. I read it on your face so plainly! If you stated your problem honestly it would be something like this: How can I catch Caldecott smuggling so that he can be first, fined heavily; and, next, sent to jail for a couple of years. Am I right?"

"Yes," asserted Wheeler, and smiled grimly. "That is it, exactly."

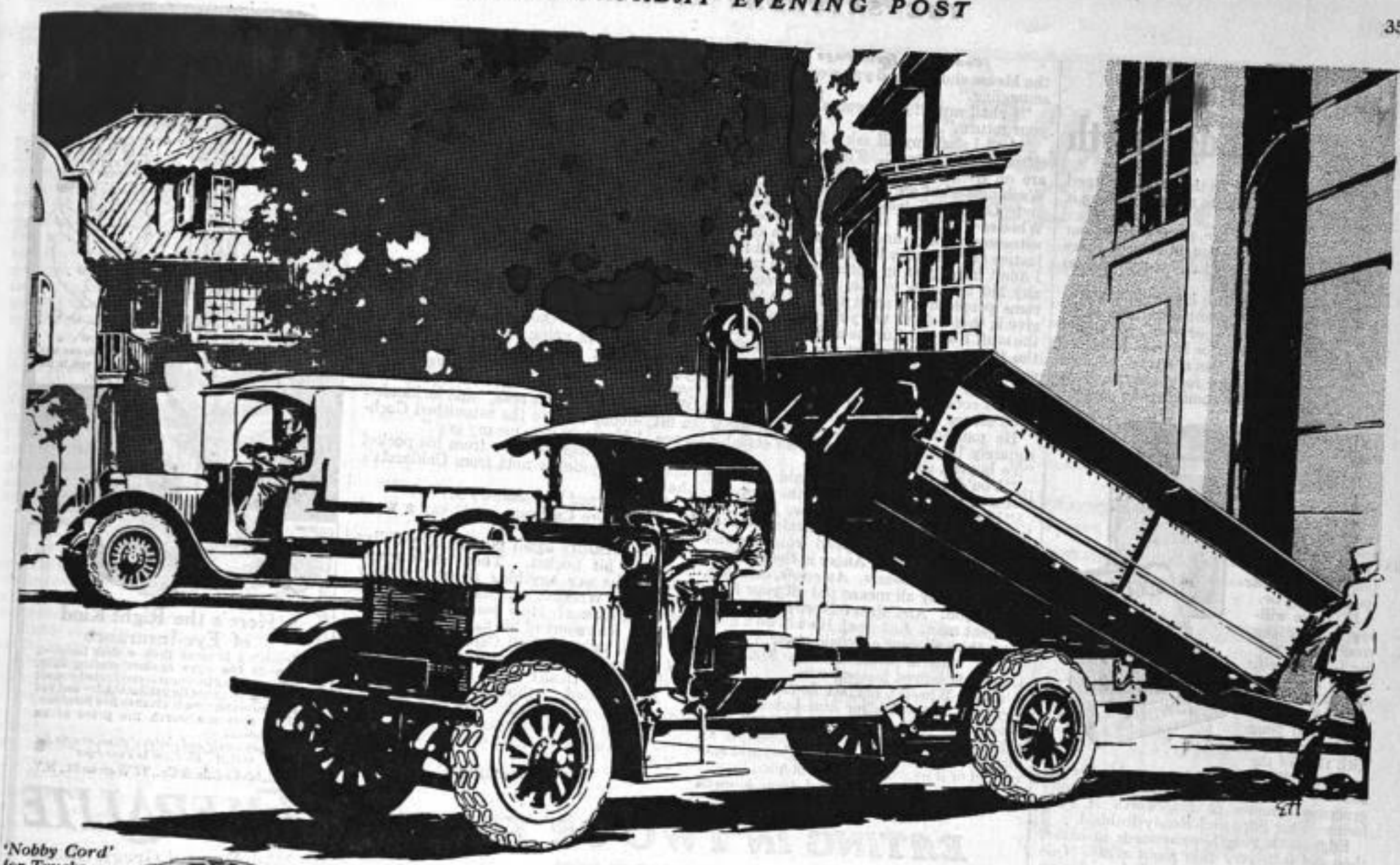
"Such being the case," pursued Caldecott with a mournful shake of the head, "we are up against another impossibility. You can't have me fined and you can't send me to jail, because you can't catch me smuggling. And you can't catch me smuggling because —— Would you really like to know why?"

"You are rather fond of hearing yourself, aren't you?" asked Wheeler, with too much of a sneer to be really effective.

"I'll tell you anyhow: Because I don't smuggle! Such being the case, all I ask is that you do not disgrace our common country by a fresh display of asininity. After all, no American likes to think that representatives of the Treasury Department can be not only uncivil but stupid. I'm going to Paris. I shall be at the Hôtel Crillon, where all honest smugglers stop. I shall return on

(Continued on Page 36)

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You may, for instance, after reading our advertisements, have thought several times of sending for a sample of Edgeworth Tobacco and then failed to do it.

That was our loss. But if you should later on discover that Edgeworth is the smoking tobacco just suited to your taste, you would regret not having sent for it years before.

The right tobacco has a flavor for your tongue and a fragrance for your nose that brings you more daily comfort than you can easily foresee.




If you are thinking once again of sending for a sample of Edgeworth, we wish you would.

It may not be the tobacco that you will like better than any other, but on the other hand, it may be.

If you're willing to take the trouble of learning for yourself, we're ready to do our part.

Just send us on a postcard your address together with that of the dealer usually supplying your smoking needs, and we will despatch to you immediately generous samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is made in cakes, then cut into very thin moist slices. One slice rubbed between the hands furnishes an average pipe load.

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Edgeworth is sold in the different sizes various men prefer. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in pocket-size packages sells for 15c; large sizes, 30c and 65c; tin humidor, $1.25; in glass jars, $1.30. Edgeworth Plug Slice costs 15c, 30c, 65c and $1.20.

Edgeworth Tobacco seems to satisfy the cravings of many critical smokers who come to it after trying other kinds. They swear by it.

It is one of the tobaccos the United States Government has requisitioned for our fighting men to smoke over there. They wanted it. It soothes shell-shocked nerves and heartens them with one of the comforts they were formerly accustomed to over here.

When civilians, they learned to smoke Edgeworth. When they became soldiers, no other tobacco would do for them. Thousands of men in all walks of life just downright will smoke nothing but Edgeworth.

When the samples reach you, prepare to sit as judge on their merits. Scrape out the bowl of your pipe thoroughly so that you will be passing judgment on only one kind of tobacco. Load. Drop into the chair in which you take your greatest comfort. Light up, slowly, lingeringly. Give no heed to the first few puffs. Your mind is on the lighting. But now—puff!—puff!—puff!—why didn't you send for this Edgeworth Tobacco years ago!

If you're already an Edgeworth "fan," we respectfully suggest that you try buying it in the humidor size. You secure more tobacco proportionately for your money. You save tin or glass, and both are in short supply. Your supply doesn't give out so quickly and you save time not having to buy so often.

For the free samples address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

*To Retail Tobacco Merchants*—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA HIGH GRADE
SMOKING TOBACCO


(Continued from Page 34)

the Meuse shortly, and you won't catch me smuggling."

"I shall myself meet you at the pier on your return."

"And I shall myself ask a few reputable citizens to be present. They are men who are on friendly terms with the people in Washington but are not friendly to you"—and Caldecott looked steadily at A. Wheeler—"so that there may be credible witnesses to any undue roughness or injustice or even incivilities. Be careful that I don't frame you up instead of you trying any kid nonsense on me. What you customs people don't seem to be able to forgive is that I don't tell you to whom I sell the stuff I buy in Europe and don't ship to the United States. You say you think I evade the payment of duties. I suppose you really mean to be complimentary, but I don't consider it that way. All the really good stones I buy go to ——"

He paused and looked Anson Wheeler squarely in the eye. He finished sternly: "To buyers, sir; to buyers!"

"You'd better get out," said the collector of the port, pointing to the door.

"How sportsmanlike! Now, Mr. Collector, just for that I'll certainly ——" He caught himself, stopped frowning and went on musingly: "Anger is the most infectious of all diseases. *Au revoir*, dear Mr. Collector. By all means put all your force on the job. And then advertise for an intelligent man. Just one! He will do a heap more than all your overpaid staff."

And with a pleasant smile Mr. Cecil Caldecott bowed himself out.

Anson Wheeler, his face flushed, his fists clenched, started after him but suddenly checked himself. Could Washington have a hand in this? Was Caldecott simply an *agent provocateur?* If he smuggled and succeeded or if he smuggled undetected by any of the collector's men and then allowed himself to be caught by prearrangement with some agent of the department —— But that was absurd. What could be Caldecott's game?

"Damn him! I'll get him yet!" muttered Wheeler, and returned to his chair.

At that moment Caldecott was saying to Cochrane with a pleasant smile: "Well, my boy, I'll trouble you for the key to my office. I don't think you'll have any further use for it. I trust you made good use of your time. I tried to keep you supplied with an abundance of promising material that I carefully prepared for you."

"I don't understand what you mean," began Cochrane innocently.

"No? Well, you see Anson. He and I have come to a thorough understanding and there isn't going to be any more unpleasantness. I hereby officially discharge you. In accordance with our agreement you are not to ask me for reasons. Here's fifty dollars for two weeks," and he handed a fifty-dollar note to the astonished Cochrane. "Now you give me my key."

Cochrane took the key from his pocket and the fifty-dollar note from Caldecott's hand.

"You earned it, I assure you!"

And before Cochrane could say a word Caldecott left the room.

The Treasury agent put the fifty-dollar note in his pocket. Then he frowned. Should he say anything about the fifty dollars to Wheeler, who had absolutely no sense of humor? How would the collector receive the report of his fiasco?

He thought of Cecil Caldecott and then of Anson Wheeler and then of himself, and said "Damn them!"

He hesitated. A thought struck him that made him smile broadly. He was grinning as though at a good joke when he entered the office of the collector of the port of New York.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# EATING IN TWO OR THREE LANGUAGES

(Continued from Page 4)

Moreover, this dab of sugar was to be my full day's allowance, it seemed. There was no cream for the porridge either, but, instead, a small measure of skimmed milk so pale in color that it had the appearance of having been diluted with moonbeams.

Furthermore, I was informed that prior to nine-thirty I could have no meat of any sort, the only exceptions to this cruel rule being kippered herrings and bloaters; and in strict confidence the waiter warned me that, for some mysterious reason, neither the kippers nor the bloaters seemed to be up to their oldtime mark of excellence just now. From the same source I gathered that it would be highly inadvisable to order fried eggs, because of the lack of sufficient fat in which to cook them. So, as a last resort, I ordered two eggs, soft-boiled. They were served upended in little individual cups, the theory being that I should neatly scalp the top off of each egg with my spoon and then scoop out the contents from Nature's own container.

Now Englishmen are born with the faculty to perform this difficult achievement; they inherit it. But I have known only one American who could perform the feat with neatness and dispatch; and, as he had devoted practically all his energies to mastering this difficult alien art, he couldn't do much of anything else, and, except when eggs were being served in the original packages, he was practically a total loss in society. He was a variation of the breed who devote their lives to producing a perfect salad dressing; and you must know what sad affairs those persons are when not engaged in following their lone talent. Take them off of salad dressings and they are just naturally null and void.

In my crude and amateurish way I attacked those eggs, breaking into them, not with the finesse the finished egg burglar would display, but more like a yeggman attacking a safe. I spilt a good deal of the insides of those eggs down over their outsides, producing a most untidy effect; and when I did succeed in excavating a spoonful I generally forgot to season it, or else it was full of bits of shell. Altogether, the results were unsatisfactory and mussy. Rarely have I eaten a breakfast which put so slight a subsequent strain upon my digestive processes.

Until noon I hung about, preoccupied and surcharged with inner yearnings. There were plenty of things—important things, too, they were—that I should have been doing; but I couldn't seem to fix my mind upon any subject except food. The stroke of midday found me briskly walking into a certain restaurant on the Strand that for many decades has been internationally famous for the quality and the unlimited quantity of its foods, and more particularly for its beef and its mutton. If ever you visited London in peacetime you must remember the place I mean.

The carvers were middle-aged full-ported men, with fine ruddy complexions, and mustaches of the Japanese weeping mulberry or droop variety. On signal one of them would come promptly to you where you sat, he shoving ahead of him a great trencher on wheels, with a spirit lamp blazing beneath the platter to keep its delectable burden properly hot. It might be that he brought to you a noble haunch of venison or a splendid roast of pork or a vast leg of boiled mutton; or, more likely yet, a huge joint of beef uprearing like a delectable island from a sea of bubbling gravy, with an edging of mashed potatoes creaming up upon its outer reefs.

If, then, you enriched this person with a shilling, or even if you didn't, he would take in his brawny right hand a knife with a blade a foot long, and with this knife he would cut off from the joint a slice about the size and general dimensions of a horseshoer's apron. And if you cared for a second slice, after finishing the first one, the carver felt complimented and there was no extra charge for it. It was his delight to minister to you.

But, alas, on this day when I came with my appetite whetted by my sea voyage, and with an additional edge put upon it by the privations I had undergone since landing, there was to be had no beef at all! Of a sudden this establishment, lacking its roast beef, became to me as the tragedy of Hamlet, the melancholy Dane, would be with Hamlet and Ophelia and her pa and the ghost and the wicked queen, and both the gravediggers, all left out.

When I had seated myself one of the carvers came to me and, with an abased

(Continued on Page 39)





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*Write for "Styles of the Times"*

*The Roadster—*



(Continued from Page 36)

and apologetic air, very different from his jaunty manner of yore, explained in a husky half whisper that I might have jugged hare or I might have boiled codfish, or I might have one of the awful dishes. Anyhow, that was what I understood him to say.

This last had an especially daunting sound, but I suppose I was in a morbid state, anyhow, by now; and so I made further inquiry and ascertained from him that the restrictions applying to the sale of meat did not apply to the more intimate organs of the butchered animal, such as the liver and the heart, and, in the case of a beef, the tripe. But the English, with characteristic bluntness, choose to call one of these in its cooked state an offal dish—pronounced as spelled and frequently tasting as pronounced.

As one who had primed himself for a pound or so of the rib-roast section of a grass-fed steer, I was not to be put off with one of the critter's spare parts, as it were. Nor did the thought of codfish, and especially boiled codfish, appeal to me greatly. I have no settled antipathy to the desiccated tissues of this worthy creature when made up into fish cakes, and the young and adolescent of the breed, commonly called a Boston scrod, is not without its attractions; but the full-grown species is not a favorite of mine.

To me there has ever been something depressing about an adult codfish. Anyone who has ever had occasion to take cod-liver oil—as who, unhappily, has not?—is bound to appreciate the true feelings that must inevitably come to a codfish as he goes to and fro in the deep for years on a stretch, carrying that kind of a liver about with him all the while.

As a last resort I took the jugged hare; but jugged hare was not what I craved. At eventide, returning to the same restaurant, I was luckier. I found mutton on the menu; but, even so, yet another hard blow awaited me. By reason of the meat-rationing arrangements a single purchaser was restricted to so many ounces a week, and no more. The portion I received in exchange for a corner clipped off my meat card was but a mere reminder of what a portion in that house would have been in the old days.

### A Barmecide Feast

There had been a time when a sincere but careless diner from up Scotland way, down in London on a visit, would have carried away more than that much on his necktie; which did not matter particularly then, when food was plentiful; and, besides, usually he wore a pattern of necktie which was improved by almost anything that was spilled upon it. But it did matter to me that I had to dine on this sheep's hangnail.

A few days later I partook of a fast at what was supposed to be a luncheon, which the Lord Mayor of London attended, in company with sundry other notables. Earlier readings had led me to expect an endless array of spicy and succulent viands at any table a Lord Mayor might grace with his presence. Such, though, was not the case here. We had eggs for an *entrée;* and after that we had plain boiled turbot, which to my mind is no great shakes of a fish, even when tuckered up with sauces; and after that we had coffee and cigars; and finally we had several cracking good speeches by members of a race whose men are erroneously believed by some Americans to be practically inarticulate when they get up on their feet and try to talk.

There was a touch of tragedy mingled in with the comedy in the spectacle of these Englishmen, belonging to a nation of proverbially generous feeders, stinting themselves and cutting the lardings and the sweetenings and the garnishments down to the limit that there might be a greater abundance of solid sustenance forthcoming for their fighting forces.

I do not mean by this that there was any real lack of nourishing provender in London or anywhere else in England that I went. The long queues of waiting patrons in front of the butcher shops during the first few days of my sojourn very soon disappeared when people learned that they could be sure of getting meat of one sort or another, and at a price fixed by law; which was a good thing too, seeing that thereby the extortioner and the profiteer lost their chances to profit unduly through the necessities of the populace. So far as I was able to ascertain, nobody on the island actually suffered—except the present writer of these lines; and he suffered chiefly because he could not restrain himself from comparing the English foods of pre-war periods with the English foods of the present.

If things were thus in England, what would they be in France? This was the question I repeatedly put to myself. But when I got to France a surprise awaited me. It was a surprise deferred, because for the first week of my sojourn upon French soil I was the guest of the British military authorities at a château maintained for the entertainment of visiting Americans who bear special credentials from the British Foreign Office.

Here, because Britain takes such good and splendid care to provide amply for her men in uniform, there was a wide variety of good food and an abundance of it for the guests and hosts alike. I figured, though, that when I had passed beyond the zone of this gracious hospitality there would be slim pickings. Not at all!

In Paris there was to be had all the food and nearly all the sorts of food any appetite, however fastidious, might crave. This was before the French borrowed the card system of ration control in order to govern the consumption of certain of the necessities. Of poultry and of sea foods the only limits to what one might order were his interior capacity and his purse. Of red meats there was seemingly a boundless supply.

### Not a Head Waiter Missing

One reason for this plenitude lay in the fact that France, to a very great extent, is a self-contained, self-supporting land, which England distinctly is not; and another reason undoubtedly was that the French, being more frugal and careful than their British or their American brethren ever have been, make culinary use of a great deal of healthful provender which the English-speaking races throw away. Merely by glancing at the hors d'œuvres served at luncheon in a medium-priced café in Paris one can get a good general idea of what discriminating persons declined to eat at dinner the night before.

The Parisian garbage collector must work by the day and not by the job. On a piecework contract he would starve to death. And a third reason was that all through the country the peasants, by request of the Government, were slaughtering their surplus beeves and sheep and swine, so there might be more forage for the army horses and more grain available for the flour rations of the soldiers.

In Paris the bread was indifferently poor. An individual was restricted to one medium-sized roll of bread at a meal. Butter was not by any means abundant, and of sugar there was none to be had at all unless the traveler had bethought him to slip a supply into the country with him. The bulk of the milk supply was requisitioned for babies and invalids and disabled soldiers. Cakes or pastries in any form were absolutely prohibited in the public eating places, and, I think, in private homes as well. But of beef and mutton and veal and fowls, and the various products of the humble but widely versatile pig, there was no end, provided you had the inclination plus the price.

And so, though the lack of sugar in one's food gave one an almost constant craving for something sweet—and incidentally insured a host of friends for anybody who came along with a box of American candy under his arm or a few cakes of sweet chocolate in his pocket—one might take his choice of a wide diversity of fare at any restaurant of the first or second class, and keep well stayed.

In connection with the Paris restaurants I made a most interesting discovery, which was that when France called up her available man power at the time of the great mobilization, the military heads somehow had overlooked one group who, for their sins, should have been sent up where bullets and Huns were thickest. The slum gave up its Apache—and a magnificent fighter he is said to have made too! And the piratical cab drivers who formerly infested the boulevards must have answered the summons almost to a man, because only a few of them are left nowadays, and they mainly wear markings to prove they have served in the ranks; but by a most reprehensible error of somebody in authority the typical head waiters of the cafés were spared. I base this assertion upon the fact that all of them appeared to be on duty at the time of my latest visit. If there was a single absentee from the ranks I failed to miss him.

(Continued on Page 41)


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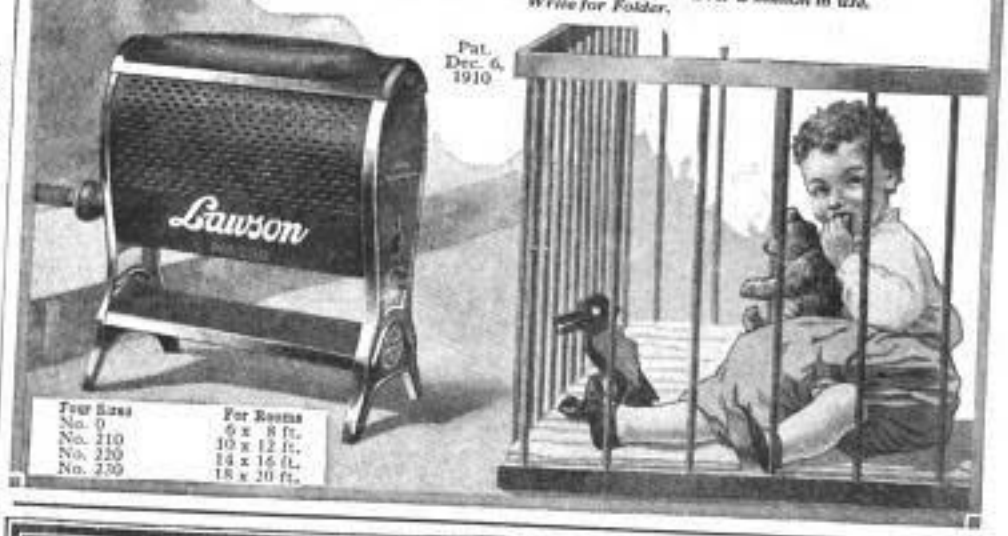
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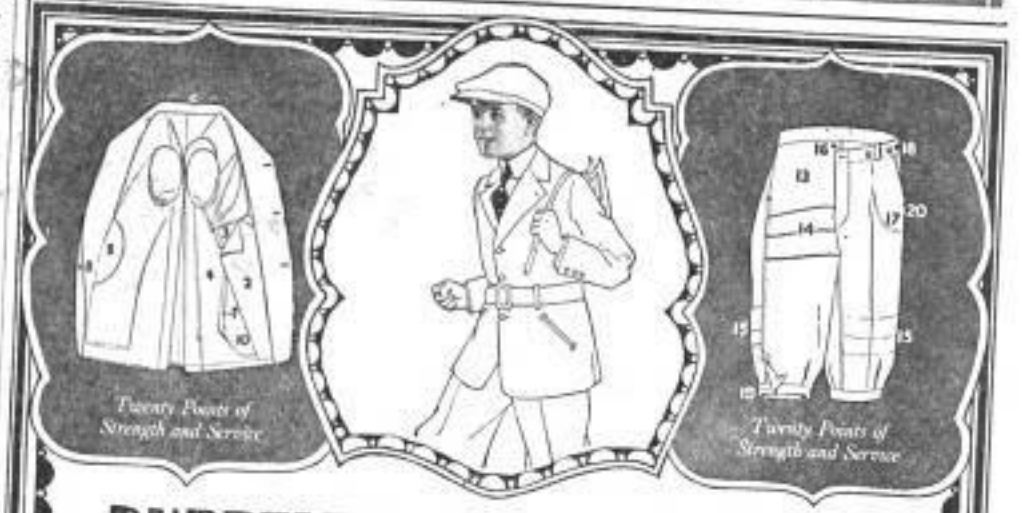
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(Continued from Page 39)

There they were, the same hawk-eyed banditti crew that one was constantly encountering in the old days; and up to all the same old tricks too—such as adding the date of the month and all the figures of the year into the bill; and such as invariably recommending the most expensive dishes to foreigners; and such as coming to one and bending over one and smiling upon one and murmuring to one: "An' wot will ze gentailman 'ave to-day?"—and then, before the gentleman can answer, jumping right in and telling him what he is going to have, always favoring at least three different kinds of meats for even the lightest meal, and never less than two vegetables, and never once failing to recommend a full bottle of the costliest wine on the premises.

Stress of war has not caused these gentry to forget or forgo a single one of the ancient wiles that for half a century their kind has practiced upon American tourists and others who didn't care what else they did with their money so long as they were given a chance to spend it for something they didn't particularly want. Yep; those charged with the responsibility of calling up the reserves certainly made a big mistake back yonder in August of 1914. They practiced discrimination in the wrong quarter altogether. If any favoritism was to be shown they should have taken the head waiters and left the Apaches at home.

### Jess Willard's Sad Life

Many's the hard battle I've had with these chaps this year. It never failed—not one single, solitary time did it fail—that the functionary who took my order first tried to tell me what my order was going to be, and then, after a struggle, reluctantly consented to bring me the things I wanted and insisted on having. Never once did he omit the ceremony of impressing it upon me that he would regard it as a deep favor if only I would be so good as to order a whole lobster. I do not think there was anything personal in this; he recommended the lobster because lobster was the most expensive thing he had in stock. If he could have thought of anything more expensive than lobster he would have recommended that.

I always refused—not that I harbor any grudge against lobsters as a class, but because I object to being dictated to by a buccaneer with flat feet, who wears a soiled dickey instead of a shirt, and who is only waiting for a chance to overcharge me or short-change me, or give me bad money, or something. If every other form of provender had failed them the populace of Paris could have subsisted very comfortably for several days on the lobsters I refused to buy in the course of the spring and summer. I'm sure of it.

And when I had firmly, emphatically, yea, ofttimes passionately declined the proffered lobster, he, having with difficulty mastered his chagrin, would seek to direct my attention to the salmon, his motive for this change in tactics being that salmon, though apparently plentiful, was generally the second most expensive item upon the regular menu. Salmon as served in Paris wears a different aspect from the one commonly worn by it when it appears upon the table here.

Over there they cut the fish through amidships, in cross-sections, and, removing the segment of spinal column, spread the portion flat upon a plate and serve it thus; the result greatly resembling a pair of miniature pink horse collars. A man who knew not the salmon in his native state, on ordering salmon in France would get the idea that the salmon was bowlegged and that the breast had been sold to someone else, leaving only the hind quarters for him.

Harking back to lobsters, I am reminded of a tragedy to which I was an eyewitness. Nearly every night for a week or more two of us dined at the same restaurant on the Rue de Rivoli. On the occasion of our first appearance here we were confronted as we entered by a large table bearing all manner of special delicacies and cold dishes. Right in the middle of the array was one of the largest lobsters I ever saw, reposing on a couch of water cress and seaweed, arranged upon a serviette. He made an impressive sight as he lay there prone upon his stomach, fidgeting his feelers in a petulant way.

We two took seats near by. At once the silent signal was given signifying, in the cipher code, "Americans in the house!" And the *maître d'hôtel* came to where he rested and, grasping him firmly just back of the armpits, picked him up and brought him over to us and invited us to consider his merits. When we had declined to consider the proposition of eating him in each of the three languages we knew—namely, English, bad French, and profane—the master sorrowfully returned him to his bed.

Presently two other Americans entered and immediately after them a party of English officers, and then some more Americans. Each time the boss would gather up the lobster and personally introduce him to the newcomers, just as he had done in our case, by poking the monster under their noses and making him wriggle to show that he was really alive and not operated by clockwork, and enthusiastically dilating upon his superior attractions, which, he assured them, would be enormously enhanced if only *messieurs* would agree forthwith to partake of him in a broiled state. But there were no takers; and so back again he would go to his place by the door, there to remain till the next prospective victim arrived.

We fell into the habit of going to this place in the evenings in order to enjoy repetitions of this performance while dining. The lobster became to us a familiar acquaintance. We took to calling him Jess Willard, partly on account of his reach and partly on account of his rugged appearance, but most of all because his manager appeared to have so much trouble in getting him matched with anybody.

Half a dozen times a night, or oftener, he traveled under escort through the dining room, always returning again to his regular station. Along about the middle of the week he began to fail visibly. Before our eyes we saw him fading. Either the artificial life he was leading or the strain of being turned down so often was telling upon him. It preyed upon his mind, as we could discern by his morose expression. It sapped his splendid vitality as well. No longer did he expand his chest and wave his numerous extremities about when being exhibited before the indifferent eyes of possible investors, but remained inert, logy, gloomy, spiritless—a melancholy spectacle indeed.

It now required artificial stimulation to induce him to display even a temporary interest in his surroundings. With a practiced finger, his keeper would thump him on the tenderer portions of his stomach, and then he would wake up; but it was only for a moment. He relapsed again into his lamentable state of depression and languor. By every outward sign here was a lobster that fain would withdraw from the world. But we knew that for him there was no opportunity to do so; on the hoof he represented too many precious francs to be allowed to go into retirement.

On Saturday night we realized that for our old friend the end was nigh. His eyes were deeply set about two-thirds of the way back toward his head and with one listless claw he picked at the serviette. The summons was very near; plainly the dread end impended.

### Swiftly Rising Prices

Sunday night he was still present, but in a greatly altered state. During the ensuing forty-four hours his brave spirit had fled. They had boiled him then; so now, instead of being green, he was a bright and varnished red all over, the exact color of Truck Six in the Paducah Fire Department.

We felt that we who had been sympathizers at the bedside during some of his farewell moments owed it to his memory to assist in the last sad rites. At a perfectly fabulous price we bought the departed and undertook to give him what might be called a personal interment; but he was a disappointment. He should have been allowed to take the veil before misanthropy had entirely undermined his health and destroyed his better nature, and made him, as it were, morbid. Like Harry Leon Wilson's immortal Cousin Egbert, he could be pushed just so far, and no farther.

Before I left Paris the city was put upon bread cards. The country at large was supposed to be on bread rations too; but in most of the smaller towns I visited the hotel keepers either did not know about the new regulation or chose to disregard it. Certainly they generally disregarded it so far as we were concerned. For all I know to the contrary, though, they were restricting their ordinary patrons to the ordained quantities and making an exception in the case of our people. It may have been one of their ways of showing a special courtesy to representatives of an allied race. It would have been characteristic of these kindly provincial innkeepers to have done just that thing.

Likewise, one could no longer obtain cheese in a first-grade Paris restaurant or aboard a French dining car, though cheese was to be had in unstinted quantity in the rural districts and in the Paris shops; and, I believe, it was also procurable in the cafés of the Parisian working classes, provided it formed a part of a meal costing not more than five francs, or some such sum. In a first-rate place it was, of course, impossible to get any sort of meal for five francs, or ten francs either; especially after the ten per cent luxury tax had been tacked on.

In March prices at the smarter café eating places had already advanced, I should say, at least one hundred per cent above the customary pre-war rates; and by midsummer the tariffs showed a second hundred per cent increase in delicacies, and one of at least fifty per cent in staples, which brought them almost up to the New York standards. Outside of Paris prices continued to be rational and fair.

Just as I was about starting on my last trip to the Front before sailing for home, official announcement was made that dog biscuits would shortly be advanced in price to a well-nigh prohibitive figure. So I presume that very shortly thereafter the head waiters began offering dog biscuits to American guests. Or, if they have not yet done so, they will do so just as soon as a dog biscuit costs more than a lobster costs.

### A Race of Natural Cooks

Until this trip I never appreciated what a race of perfect cooks the French are. I thought I did, but I didn't. One visiting the big cities or stopping at show places and resorts along the main lines of motor and rail travel in peacetime could never come to a real and due appreciation of the uniformly high culinary expertness of the populace in general. I had to take campaigning trips across country into isolated districts lying well off the old tourist lanes to learn the lesson. Having learned it, I profited by it.

No matter how small the hamlet or how dingy appearing the so-called hotel in it might be, we were sure of getting satisfying food, cooked agreeably and served to us by a friendly, smiling little French maiden, and charged for at a most reasonable figure, considering that generally the town was fairly close up to the fighting lines and the bringing in of supplies for civilians' needs was frequently subordinated to the handling of military necessities.

Indeed, the place might be almost within range of the big guns and subjected to bombing outrages by enemy airmen, but somehow the local Boniface managed to produce food ample for our desires, and most appetizing besides. His larder might be limited, but his good nature, like his hospitality, was boundless.

I predict that there is going to be an era of better cooking in America after this war. Our soldiers, returning home, are going to demand a tastier and more diversified fare than many of them enjoyed before they put on khaki and went overseas; and they are going to get it too. Remembering what they had to eat under French roofs, they will never again be satisfied with meats fried to death, with soggy vegetables, with underdone breads.

Sometimes as we went scouting about on our roving commission to see what we might see, at mealtime we would enter a community too small to harbor within it any establishment calling itself a hotel. In such a case this, then, would be our procedure: We would run down to the railroad crossing and halt at the door of the inevitable Café de la Station, or, as we should say in our language, the Last Chance Saloon; and of the proprietor we would inquire the name and whereabouts of some person in the community who might be induced, for a price, to feed a duet or a trio of hungry correspondents.

At first, when we were green at the thing, we sometimes tried to interrogate the local gendarme; but complications, misunderstandings, and that same confusion of tongues which spoiled so promising a building project that time at the Tower of Babel always ensued. Central Europe has a very dense population, as the geographies used to tell us; but the densest ones get on the police force.

So when by bitter experience we had learned that the gendarme never by any


# "I like you, Jim, but your Cream is no good,"

said a traveling salesman friend of mine the other day—and he meant it. Claimed he had been giving Mennen's Shaving Cream a fair trial for a week, and it fell short of my claims about 103%.

"Try it once more," I said. "And I'll buy you a dinner if you haven't changed your mind."

I watched him carefully. He squeezed out enough cream for three shaves and brushed it for 39 seconds by the watch, using a scant brushful of water.

"Wash it off!" I said. "You are making paste—not lather. Start all over."

Then I took charge.

He started with about one-half inch of cream and all the water his brush would hold. As soon as a lather was whipped up, he kept adding water until he had built a lather as light as beaten whites of eggs. He worked this lather in *with the brush* for three full minutes.

Say! I wish you could have seen the expression of dawning appreciation that showed in his eyes as the old scythe began to sing through the stubble.

"Gosh! Jim," he said, after the first over, "I haven't had such a shave since that old darky head barber at the *Planters' Hotel* retired, fifteen years ago."

I'm telling this story because it would be too bad for anyone to lose a life-time of pleasant Mennen shaves by getting prejudiced at the start because of a wrong method of using it.

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chance could get our meaning and that we never could understand his gestures, we hit upon the wise expedient of going right away to the Last Chance for information.

At the outset I preferred to let one of my companions conduct the inquiry; but presently it dawned upon me that my mode of speech gave unbounded joy to my provincial audiences, and I decided that if a little exertion on my part brought a measure of innocent pleasure into the lives of these good folks it was my duty, as an Ally, to oblige whenever possible.

I came to realize that all these years I have been employing the wrong vehicle when I strive to dash off whimsicalities, because frequently my very best efforts, as done in English, have fallen flat. But when in some remote village I, using French, uttered the simplest and most commonplace remark to a French tavern keeper, with absolutely no intent or desire whatsoever, mind you, to be humorous or facetious, invariably he would burst instantly into peals of unbridled merriment.

Frequently he would call in his wife or some of his friends to help him laugh. And then, when his guffaws had died away into gentle chuckles, he would make answer; and if he spoke rapidly, as he always did, I would be swept away by the freshets of his eloquence and left gasping far beyond my depth.

That was why, when I went to a *resse* in Paris, I hoped they'd have some good tumbling on the bill. I understand French, of course; but not as spoken.

I likewise have difficulty in making out its meaning when I read it; but in other regards I flatter myself that my knowledge of the language is quite adequate. Certainly, as I have just stated, I manage to create a pleasant sensation among my French hearers when I employ it in conversation.

As I was saying, the general rule was that I should ask the name and whereabouts of a house in the town where we might procure victuals; and then, after a bit, when the laughing had died down, one of my companions would break in and find out what we wanted to know.

The information thus secured probably led us to a tiny cottage of mud-daubed wattles. Our hostess there might be a shapeless, wrinkled, clumsy old woman. Her kitchen equipment might be confined to an open fire and a spit, and a few battered pots.

Her larder might be most meagerly circumscribed as to variety, and generally was. But she could concoct such savory dishes for us—such marvelous, golden-brown fried potatoes; such good soups; such savory omelets; such toothsome fragrant stews! Especially such stews!

### *Mother-of-Cheese*

For all we knew—or cared—the meat she put into her pot might have been horse meat and the garnishments such green things as she had plucked at the roadside; but the flavor of the delectable broth cured us of any inclinations to make investigation as to the former stations in life of its basic constituents. I am satisfied that, chosen at random, almost any peasant housewife of France can take an old Palm Beach suit and a handful of potherbs and, mingling these together according to her own peculiar system, turn out a *ragoût* fit for a king. Indeed, it would be far too good for some kings I know of.

And if she had a worn-out bath sponge and the cork of a discarded vanilla-extract bottle she, calling upon her hens for a little help in the matter of eggs, could produce for dessert a delicious meringue, with floating-island effects in it. I'd stake my life on her ability to deliver.

If, on such an occasion as the one I have sought to describe, we were perchance in the south of France or in the Côte-d'Or country, lying over toward the Swiss border, we could count upon having a bait of delicious strawberries to wind up with. But if perchance we had fared into one of the northeastern provinces we were reasonably certain the meal would be rounded out with helpings of a certain kind of cheese that is indigenous to those parts. It comes in a flat cake, which invariably is all caved in and squashed out, as though the owner had sat upon it while bringing it into the market in his two-wheeled cart.

Likewise, when its temperature goes up, it becomes more of a liquid than a solid; and it has an aroma by virtue of which it secures the attention and commands the respect of the most casual passer-by. It is more than just cheese. I should call it mother-of-cheese. It is to other and lesser cheeses as civet cats are to canary birds—if you get what I mean; and in its company the most boisterous Brie or the most vociferous Camembert you ever saw becomes at once deaf and dumb.

Its flavor is wonderful. Mainly it is found in ancient Normandy; and, among strangers, eating it—or, when it is in an especially fluid state, drinking it—comes under the head of outdoor sports. But the natives take it right into the same house with themselves.

And, no matter where we were—in Picardy, in Brittany, in the Vosges or the Champagne, as the case might be—we had wonderful crusty bread and delicious butter and a good light wine to go along with our meal. We would sit at a bare table in the smoky cluttered interior of the old kitchen, with the rafters just over our heads, and with the broken tiles—or sometimes the bare earthen floor—beneath our feet, and would eat our fill.

More times than once or twice or thrice I have known the mistress of the house at settlement time to insist that we were overpaying her. From a civilian compatriot she would have exacted the last sou of her just due; but, because we were Americans and because our country had sent its sons overseas to help her people save France, she, a representative of the most canny and thrifty class in a country known for the thriftiness of all its classes, hesitated to accept the full amount of the sum we offered her in payment.

### *A Regular Skillet Hound*

She believed us, of course, to be rich—in the eyes of the European peasant all Americans are rich—and she was poor and hard put to it to earn her living; but here was a chance for her to show in her own way a sense of what she, as a Frenchwoman, felt for America. Somehow, the more you see of the French, the less you care for the Germans.

Moving on up a few miles nearer the trenches, we would run into our own people; and then we were sure of a greeting, and a chair apiece and a tin plate and a tin cup apiece at an American mess. I have had chuck with privates and I have had chow with noncoms; I have had grub with company commanders and I have dined with generals—and always the meal was flavored with the good, strong man-talk of the real he-American.

The food was of the best quality and there was plenty of it for all, and some to spare.

One reason—among others—why the Yank fights so well is because he is so well fed between fights.

The very best meals I had while abroad were vouchsafed me during the three days I spent with a front-line regiment as a guest of the colonel of one of our negro outfits. To this colonel a French general, out of the goodness of his heart, had loaned his cook, a whiskered poilu, who, before he became a whiskered poilu, had been the chef in the castle of one of the richest men in Europe.

This genius cooked the midday meals and the dinners; but, because no Frenchman can understand why anyone should require for breakfast anything more solid than a dry roll and a dab of honey, the preparation of the morning meal was intrusted to a Southern black boy, who, I may say, was a regular skillet hound. And this gifted youth wrestled with the matutinal ham and eggs and flipped the flapjacks for the headquarters mess.

On a full Southern breakfast and a wonderful French luncheon and dinner a grown man can get through the day very, very well indeed, as I bear witness.

Howsomever, as spring wore into summer and summer ran its course, I began to long with a constantly increasing longing for certain distinctive dishes to be found nowhere except in my native clime; brook trout, for example, and roasting ears, and—Oh, lots of things! So I came home to get them.

And, now that I've had them, I often catch myself in the act of thoughtfully dwelling upon the fond remembrances of those spicy fragrant stews eaten in peasant kitchens, and those army doughnuts, and those slices of bacon toasted at daybreak on the lids of mess kits in British dugouts.

I suppose they call contentment a jewel because it is so rare.

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# HIS FACE

(Continued from Page 13)

"That Isadora Platt—she's a witch!" growled Cassius, apparently unable to let his grudge sleep. "She's vibrating all over the place; she can prove on the piano that Effie and Len harmonize by some sort of esoteric barber-shop chord. She's got Lottie going. And Effie—phew! Newt, please do something!"

"If Effie and Len are satisfied, why interfere?"

"Think, man, think!" commanded the stricken father almost hysterically.

"When will the engagement be announced?"

"In two weeks." He groaned.

"In two weeks," echoed the Sunday editor, as though there were nothing more to say. Apparently there wasn't, for Mr. Garner handed him a cigar and took his sorrowful way out through the local room.

About the time the magnolias in the park overlooking the river are well opened to the spring winds it is the custom of the Lewisburg people to give one another Sunday breakfasts, late lazy luxurious affairs where anything or nothing might happen in the way of settling or unsettling social relations round Bolingbroke Square, which is still the center of things, despite the recent tendency of outlanders and vulgarians to come and build palaces on the hill.

On a sultry Sunday forenoon, two weeks and a day after the interview in the Inspector office, Mr. Newton H. Farley came puffing along in the indestructible 'Lije amid groanings, creakings and spirit rappings from the engine as the familiar smoke screen trailed far behind. Newton had discovered a patent quick-drying paint with which it was his custom to beautify Elijah's Chariot every few weeks, changing the color to suit his whim. This week 'Lije glowed with that disagreeable red often found in fancy cabbages, and the approach toward the Garner home announced itself to the ear, the eye and the nose simultaneously.

It was plain to see that Newt had dressed up for the occasion, for above his tufted eyebrows he wore one of those Panama hats that may be purchased by mail at a miraculous bargain. Over his bulky frame a ready-made Palm Beach suit, slightly wrinkled, flopped above snow-white hosiery and coal-black patent-leather shoes. His homely, intelligent face held a look of modest forbearance, of uncertainty and of agitation. Apparently the Garners were intending this to be a sort of betrothal breakfast—but why in the world had they asked Newt Farley? Naturally fearless he indulged in cowardly qualms, wishing that this morning would find him anywhere but at the Garner table.

In the distance he caught a glimpse of Mr. Garner himself, standing at the center of the colonial veranda. This was cheerful enough, Newt thought; but as his glance above the wheel strayed toward the pompous rough-stone Platt dwelling next door he descried a moving figure of mysterious significance. It was a special-delivery postman who leaped nimbly from his bicycle, ran up to the door, handed in a letter, returned to his wheel.

Farley halted his prodigy before the Garner lawn, to whose center his host had now come down and stood puffing over a geometrically perfect flower bed.

"No, you're not early," grumbled the little man. "I'm the only one up. Can't find my Sunday paper."

The last clause of the complaint caused the Sunday editor a feeling of intense relief.

"Of course, Lovely Leonard hasn't shown up," said he, fanning himself with his mail-order Panama.

"He's probably at the mirror waving his hair and powdering his nose," grunted Cassius.

He leaned over and pulled a twig fussily from the row of Indian-red foliage plants symmetrically bordering the bed, then he looked up nervously and jerked out, "Well? Put anything over?"

"Give me time," grinned the resourceful one.

"Time! It's June now and they're to be married in September unless I shoot him or something."

"So you can't find your Sunday paper!" exclaimed Newt, all too anxious to change the subject.

"I think the darkies steal it."

"The colored taste is improving."

But old Garner was not to be put off so easily.

"Haven't you even started to think?" he wailed as though about to burst into tears.

"Yes. Two or three things have occurred to me, but ——"

"Do you know, I wouldn't trust him round the corner," roared Effie's father.

"Bad as that?"

"Worse. Why, he gets more mash notes than a movie hero. Didn't you see that special delivery scorching up to his house? Can't let him alone, even on Sunday. They say he carries a mirror in the top of his cigarette case. And what d'you think his mother's doing to him now?"

"You can't surprise me."

"She's hired a guinea—Professor Bildad or something—to teach him Greek wrestling."

"Oh, that's been going on for a year or two," replied the unruffled Newt. "Mrs. Platt says that modern men should learn to scrap in such a way as to show the graceful lines of the figure, the way Ajax and Bootjax fought at the battle of Eucalyptus. And you can't deny that Len's good to look at."

"Men aren't intended to look at!" snarled the empurpled Cassius; and as though to challenge that sweeping statement the Platt front door opened and forth came Mrs. Platt upon the daintily tailored arm of her resplendent son.

She came sweepingly, employing a walk which it was plain to see she had studied. She wore a saffron gown, draped robelike from the shoulders, the color having been selected by her for Sunday wear, as Sunday was a saffron day, according to her creed. This might have been his bridal morn, so exquisitely was young Narcissus attired as the woman at his side cast adoring glances up at the face that was so like her own.

A morning coat with braided edges covered his elegant torso; a scarf of blue, sparkling like a sapphire, was knotted smoothly under the wings of a high collar; a silk hat—though Lewisburg seldom brings out silk hats save for weddings and funerals—was tilted becomingly back from his low white forehead. His beauty, caught under the full morning sun, was like that we see idealized in some advertisements—lashes too long and curling for a man's, eyes too softly azure, a pure Greek profile evenly balanced by a nose that ran as straight from base to tip as the edge of a carpenter's square.

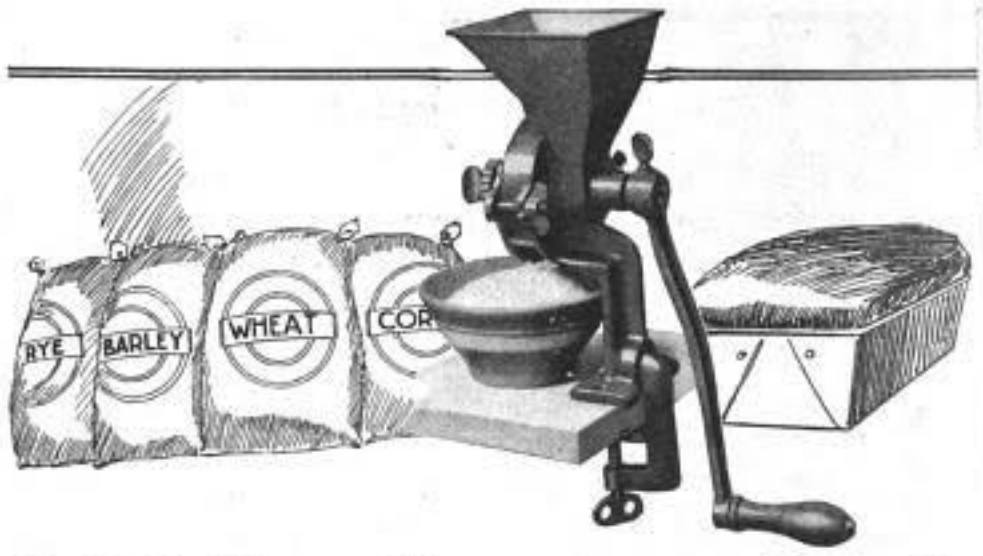
He frowned gently as he walked, because his mother was taking him to task in the matter of certain pink love letters, and Leonard struggling for an explanation was oddly disturbed.

Out on the Garner lawn the two conspirators gazed just a moment.

"Let's go on the porch," growled Cassius in the tone of one who wishes to screen himself against mosquitoes.

Those tantalizing pink love letters had managed to delay Lovely Leonard beyond his accustomed lateness this morning. The Sunday-morning toilet had always been for him a sacred, slow and serious process. Lewisburg hinted that his mother took him to New York twice yearly for the purpose of consulting his tailors, and the smoothly ironed garments that he brought from his closet this morning as he stood in his pyjamas awaiting the flow of tepid water to fill his tub, more than verified the myth. Leonard's room was pretty, too pretty. Mrs. Platt had arranged the decorations. There were too many flowered things, too much pink, too many expensively bound books with titles of sweetness and light. There were dozens of girlishly inscribed, simpering photographs scattered round, the subjects being different but the sentiments much alike. On the bureau beside an artistic portrait of himself smiled the picture of honor. Photography, which interprets auburn hair as black, could never do justice to Effie Garner, but it could show the milky whiteness of her skin and the keen spirit in her splendid gray eyes.

Lovely Leonard should have been very happy this morning. But out of the left-hand upper bureau drawer, which he had left unlocked, there floated an exotic perfume guiltily reminding him of that rapidly increasing pile of pink envelopes. Of course, this sort of thing must stop. Even as he stood lathering the sculptured surface running from his ears to the dimple in his chin


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he resolved that he would tiptoe down to the kitchen this very afternoon, and in the cook's absence burn the whole collection in the range. His toilet had progressed to the point where he had retied his sapphire scarf for the dozenth time when he heard the doorbell ring, and anticipating trouble saw the gray-uniformed cyclist below handing in another square of pinkish stationery.

Len gazed with something more than irritation. Since the flood of them had come unbidden, unidentified, was it any fault of his that he opened them, read them, reflected on their desperate philosophy? Poor Una!—for thus she signed herself. He could appreciate the hopelessness with which she worshiped from afar, but she must be discouraged in some way; for Lovely Leonard was already beginning to look upon himself as a married man.

After an interval a knock sounded at the door.

"Zolno, dear!" came his mother's dove-like note—Zolno was a cryptic name she had recently taken to calling him by. "Here's another for you." She thrust a rose-tinted envelope through the crack in the door and cautioned with more than usual asperity, "It's after ten already, Zolno!"

Again that exotic perfume floated to his Grecian nose as he rent the faddishly woven flap. It was written in the same curiously ill-formed scrawl that had characterized the others. But this one began, as it were, at high speed:

"And now I know! They have told me! To-day all the world has been told how another has claimed you, how from this moment you must go through life chained by the golden chains of your own forging. It will be hard to think of you, Beautiful Man, as wasting your rare presence upon the humdrum of domesticity. I must tell you this because your happiness means so much to me, even though you gain it at the cost of my own poor life. I love you. Oh, that I must say it when it is thus too late! I, too, am beautiful, they say; but it is written that I should be lonely. Often at night I walk by the river bank thinking sadly of you, of your eyes like the blue Caribbean, your brows calm as the stars. And it is for you that the river shall receive my body, under that gibbous moon which smiles wanly upon broken hearts. I shall stand to-night at the trysting place of Death. Do you know the statue of Poe, adream near the river's brink? That granite heart will understand as I look down into the cool tide and long for peace. Perhaps to-night, if you come there, you will catch a glint of my dead face above the billows. . . .

"I shall be there from nine till twelve.

"UNA."

With this strangely practical declaration the missive broke off, leaving Leonard in his customary state of psychic confusion. Having at last dropped the latest addition to his library of pink passion into the upper left-hand bureau drawer, he finished dressing with more than customary haste. He found his mother waiting downstairs in the living room.

"Naughty Lotus!" she cooed, giving him her adoring eyes. "Of course, you're used to keeping girls waiting. But at your betrothal breakfast ——"

"Anything in the papers?" he abruptly challenged. The woman who had so dexterously molded his life slightly bored him this morning. He was wondering if this Una person seriously contemplated suicide.

"About your engagement?" asked Mrs. Platt. "Oh, my Boy Blue!"—she had a way of calling everything by a fancy name—"there's the most wonderful tribute to you in the Inspector." Leonard had reached out for the sheet, when she insisted, "No, we're nearly half an hour late now."

They had started down the walk toward the Garners' when she cleared her throat.

"Zolno," she began; "I've counted eleven of those pink envelopes, and Laura says that two more have come when I was out."

"They're a mystery to me," said Adonis truly.

"Pink," she warned him, "is your antagonistic color. You've got to remember, too, that you're engaged to be married. There! I've hurt Boy Blue!"

"It's nothing," he magnanimously allowed as they entered the Garner front yard and proceeded decorously toward the veranda.

In cane chairs under the awning they found Mr. and Mrs. Garner undergoing one of Newt Farley's rich monologues; smilingly all three sat in the politely restrained attitudes peculiar to civilized beings secretly suffering before a delayed meal. Mrs. Garner was a small, delicately built lady whose eyes had once been as wildly gray as her daughter's and whose hair had faded to a tarnished gilt. She yielded to Lovely Leonard the tributary glance he had grown to expect from the ladies. The civilities between the men managed to express what Garner and Farley thought of Platt and what Platt thought of Garner and Farley. Not much on either side.

"It's Boy Blue's fault again!" gushed Mrs. Platt.

"I didn't know that Boy Blue had any," said old Cassius, managing to nudge his fellow conspirator.

"Even Krishna was purified by fire," crooned the amateur seeress, rolling her eyes as though about to go into the Silence, where in Garner's estimation she belonged.

"Oh, so he was," Cassius agreed in the voice we use when computing batting averages.

Leonard's handsome gaze went wandering through the long glass doors. Uneasily he was linking Effie's delayed appearance with Una's damp threat.

"That child's later and later every morning now," Mrs. Garner was explaining.

"I think we'll have to put a gong on the side porch," grunted the incorrigible father. "Len, what's the name of that Chinese zither you were picking away at nearly all last night?"

"That's called a dulcimer," explained Leonard, who was usually silent under the hostile gaze of masculine Lewisburg.

"A dulcie—what?"

"A dulcimer," cut in Mrs. Platt, ruffling like a hen whose first-born chick has been attacked. "The dulcimer is of Oriental origin, having been handed down to us by the poets of ancient Persia."

"That thing Len was punishing till one o'clock this morning was handed down, I reckon. The Persian poets didn't know much about machinery or they'd have kept the thing better oiled."

"Cassius!" his horrified wife gave swift warning.

"When will Americans cease to reduce everything to terms of machinery?" Mrs. Platt was beseeching the thought waves round her.

"Ask Newt. Since he got Elijah he's learned everything about machinery." Garner turned impatiently to his wife: "Isn't Darwin making us a julep?"

"He's coming, dear."

"The fat old rascal's been so busy reading my Sunday Inspector he can't do anything else. I'm going to retire him for old age."

"You've been retiring him for twenty years," laughed Farley, to whom no social item was lost. Secretly he hoped Darwin had eaten the Sunday Inspector.

Darwin, the fat rascal, blue-black like a ripe plum and picturesquely tonsured with pearly-gray wool, appeared just in time to fend his long-impending doom. On a silver salver right under his smile he held an elaborately frosted loving cup, from the edges of which tender young mint waved refreshing plumes. A circlet of lesser juleps in frost-rimmed glasses attended the king julep at center tray.

"We're going to drink a loving cup to happiness," smiled Mr. Garner, glaring at his son-in-law elect as he contemplated the mint-garlanded array. "But of course we've got to have Effie."

"Miss Effie say please egscuse huh; she ain' comin' down," announced black Darwin from his corner.

"Not coming down? What the devil do you mean?"

"She done tell Euphonia how she got a pow'ful misery in huh haid, Mist' Garner. Yessa. She spec' she ain' comin' down."

Garner telegraphed a query over to his wife, who rose, apologized, disappeared.

Newt Farley, in his capacity as uncle-at-large, took the situation in hand and droned out a comic version of a recent schoolboard election. Old Garner was immensely cheered; Mrs. Platt was humorlessly attentive; Lovely Leonard sat shifting his Grecian profile, nervous and uncomfortable. Little did he guess that Farley was as ill at ease as himself. It seemed days before Mrs. Garner returned.

"I reckon we'll have to toast her vacant place," she rattled on in the carefree manner that is more portentous than gloom. "All your fault, Len, for keeping her up so late."

(Continued on Page 48)

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*(Continued from Page 46)*

The incoherent Leonard expressed his sorrow as the ice-rimmed loving cup went the rounds, Mrs. Platt drinking to Two Perfect Blossoms, Mrs. Garner to Happiness, old Cassius to Bright Days, and Newt grimly pledging Success to Crime. Mr. Garner was the only cheerful member of the company which advanced toward the breakfast room. He had finished the julep in the loving cup and life was beginning to stir in his veiny nose.

"A wedding feast without the bride—we don't mind, do we, Len?" twinkled Effie's reviving father from his place at the table.

Len, who was savagely attacking his grapefruit, got some in his beautiful right eye.

"No, we don't mind," he moaned.

"There's the most wonderful page in the Sunday Inspector," chimed Mrs. Platt. "Newton, it was your genius that arranged it. Do tell us all about it."

Newt Farley fumbled with his spoon, and he blessed Mrs. Garner when she cut in, "About Leonard and Effie?"

"About my Leonard," announced the victim of blind pride.

Cassius Garner shot one swift glance across to Farley ere he turned to his wife and inquired: "You haven't seen the Sunday Inspector, have you?"

"Darwin," demanded the good lady of the fat and woolly one, "who's been reading the Sunday papers out in the kitchen?"

"Nubuddy, Miss Lottie. No'm. Nobuddy ain' been readin' it."

"Mother wouldn't let me see it," complained Lovely Leonard as coffee was being served.

"I wanted the two Blossoms to see it together," smiled his parent. "It's so symbolic of Boy Blue."

Newt scalded himself on his first sip of coffee. Darwin and his attendant Nubian were now bearing in luscious creamed sweetbreads, of immemorial Sunday custom in Lewisburg, when the ponderous black man leaned over Mrs. Garner's place and whispered quite audibly, "Miss Effie done took the Sunday Inspector, Miss Lottie."

"Took it! How did she get it?"

"She done come down dis mawnin' befo' de fambly was up and fetched it off de po'ch. Yas'm."

"That will do, Darwin."

"Yas'm."

"Tell Euphonia to go up and get it."

"Yas'm."

There must have been something unusually delicious about the creamed sweetbreads, for the betrothal breakfast, planned by at least two of those present to be both a merry and sentimental affair, languished for a time into a matter of forking food from plate to mouth. Mr. Garner turned contemplatively now and then toward the Sunday editor, who kept his eyes steadily on his plate, as though modestly deprecating the triumph of journalism Mrs. Platt had so much admired. Lovely Leonard sat racking his brains: What could the page have been about to have caused this terrible brooding constraint? When at last light footsteps were heard creaking down the stairs from the sleeping apartment above there fell a silence—as though Fate approaching in person were about to lay her tablets before them all.

"I hope Euphonia isn't stopping to read it on the way," laughed Mrs. Garner nervously, marking a halt in the approaching footsteps.

Newt Farley had his mouth open for supremely humorous effort when the footfalls came hurrying again, as though impelled by a new decision; then in the open doorway appeared Fate in a terrific and unexpected guise. It was no coffee colored Euphonia that stood there making a haughty survey. It was Effie Garner herself, becomingly clad in blue, her shining hair done close to her little head. But it was the look in her eyes which fixed and chilled the guilty man who had scrambled to his feet, struggling to wear the mask of innocence. For her wild gray eyes had sought Farley out as with hurt indignant furious gaze she held forth an illustrated sheet of the Sunday Inspector.

"Newt Farley, who gave you permission to print this atrocious insult?" She lashed him with an icy thong.

"Effie, my child!" came her mother's inadequate reminder.

"Mother, have you seen it?"

She was pale as snow as she thrust the offense into her mother's trembling hand. Garner came round the table and put his head close to his wife's, and Leonard, dropping manners, stared blankly over their shoulders.

## LEWISBURG'S FAMOUS BEAUTY TO WED

was the black-lettered caption, and below the subtitle:

PHOTOGRAPHIC BIOGRAPHY OF LEONARD EUSTACE PLATT, ENGAGED TO MARRY MISS EFFIE GLADYS GARNER

The page was squared into spaces for twelve photographic reproductions; and it dawned miserably upon Lovely Leonard that here his life of matchless beauty lay pictured before him in the following order:

No. 1. Portrait of a very young baby sitting nude, playing with soap, in a white porcelain washbasin. Label: "After Taking First Prize at the Agnew's Guild Baby Show."

No. 2. Portrait of two-year-old infant, lightly draped, lying prone on a white velvet cushion, perfectly shaped feet kicking upward. Label: "The Lotus Bath Cinches National Baby Prize."

No. 3. Child of four, displaying golden ringlets, right hand tenderly resting upon small plaster replica of the Venus de Milo. Label: "Boy Blue's First Pet."

No. 4. Portrait of seven-year-old boy costumed as Cupid with little wings and bow. Label: "He Discovers His Vocation."

"Who the devil got hold of that stuff?" murmured Leonard in a voice he did not recognize.

"My Man Child!" upspoke Mrs. Platt. "You're not offended?"

"Not offended!" drawled Miss Garner. "Look at the rest of them!" And she stood statuesque to the bitter end.

No. 10. Portrait of young musician at a somewhat archaic piano, his eyes uplifted in the attitude of St. Cecilia. Label: "He Hears his Voice."

No. 11. A youth in fourteenth-century costume, mooning into an imaginary balcony. Label: "As Romeo."

No. 12. Leonard clad in a cambric tunic, Greek bordered, two arms and one leg upraised in the attitude of The Bacchante. Label: "Playing With the Butterflies."

"Playing with the butterflies! Wow!" Old Cassius slapped his knees and emitted a series of unmannerly snorts.

"Daddy, how can you laugh?" broke in his daughter furiously. "Do you know you're entertaining at your table a man who has insulted us all, deliberately, maliciously?"

Her eyes again flashed upon poor martyred Newt Farley, to whose unspeakable relief Mrs. Platt came into the fray with her ever-ready sirup.

"I gathered the pictures myself," she told the little fury; "and I loaned them to the Inspector. Newt and I planned it to surprise you both."

"Oh!" Effie brought down the heel of her shoe as she turned to her lover. "There's the man who has insulted you!" she cried. "Are you going to stand there like a dumb statue—do nothing?"

Lovely Leonard turned blankly and faced his man. He had been so carefully schooled in all the arts of grace and gentleness that the very thought of destructive physical competition had never entered his calculations. He had read in books of duels to the death. There had always been a preliminary formula, such as slapping a man with your glove and sending round cards.

Leonard had left his gloves in the hall, and it seemed awkward to go out and get them. However, the contempt in Effie's eyes warned him that something must be done quickly.

"Newt," upspoke he as harshly as he knew how, "this is a most ridiculous proceeding."

Farley never lowered his eyes. For the first time in this bad fifteen minutes he wanted to laugh.

"'Ridiculous proceeding'!" mocked Effie. "For the love of the law, is that all you can say? 'Ridiculous proceeding'!"

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(Continued from Page 48)

As she snorted her way back up the stairs Mrs. Garner saw fit to take up the cudgels.

"Mr. Farley," she said, "have you any good reason for turning my daughter's engagement into public ridicule?"

"I'm sorry the page is offensive to you, Mrs. Garner," he lamely defended; "I didn't intend ——"

"I should like to know, Lottie Garner," cut in Mrs. Platt, dropping her sweet isms and ologies with a bang, "how you can regard the publication of my boy's pictures as offensive to anyone."

"I regard the spirit in which they were published as most decidedly insulting."

The men were still standing, and Newt Farley, who in the apex of his fame could stand off half a dozen roustabouts twice his size, had a feeling of being pocketed, surrounded, beaten. A table, several chairs and two angry women stood between him and the street exit, and he prayed for strength wherewith to endure.

"Considering that the subject of the pictures was my son and that they were published after my selection and with my consent I take your criticism as most uncalled for, Mrs. Garner."

"I have no intention of retracting a word of it," said the parent from whom Effie had inherited her fire.

"Leonard," said Mrs. Platt, resuming her professional tone as she took her son by the arm, "we will be going now. An evil vibration is at work. Good morning, Mrs. Garner. Good morning, Mr. Garner. Good morning, Mr. Farley."

The Platts, mother and son, had scarce swept along their sidereal course when Newt Farley, after an attempt at Mrs. Garner's lifeless hand, made his clumsy adieus and slunk away. Old Cassius accompanied him as far as the sidewalk and chuckled as though it had been the greatest joke of many seasons.

"I think it worked," he jubilated.

"Well, I'm glad everybody's satisfied," grimly smiled the victim of his own generosity.

In perfect stillness Mrs. Platt took her darling home. He was thankful for that, for he had a feeling that should she keep on attributing this silly mess to some malign changes in the cosmic color scheme or to inattention on the part of the Great Vibrator he would go suddenly mad and run foaming through the streets. But she was deep in the Silence when she entered the house. Leonard was no sooner locked away in the privacy of his own boudoir than a perverse impulse urged him to unlock the upper left-hand bureau drawer and get out the latest threnodic message of Una the Unknown. It was the one about the moonlit river and the statue of Poe and suicide. With the morbid persistency born of depression he read the hopeless lines over and over.

Now Leonard Eustace Platt, behind all the esoteric self-worship his mother had bred in him, had a wholesome basis of practicality. If Effie scorned him, why should Una the Unknown—wildly romantic and probably beautiful—go jumping off high rocks into damp streams for unrequited love of him? The thought lingered just a moment and he put it away with the envelope he slipped into his pocket. He was sincerely in love with Effie; and though she had stung him to the quick he could not but believe that his persuasive gifts still held her. Therefore he went to the telephone by the bed, and speaking very softly lest he should rouse his mother he got the Garners' number and soon heard Effie answer across the chasm of their two side yards.

"Let you explain, Len? Why, of course!" he heard her response to his somewhat desperate plea.

It was almost impossible to believe that this tone came from the little vixen of an hour ago.

"Well, can't I come right over and ——"

"Mother and daddy are going to Whipple in the car. They'll send it back to me in half an hour. Let's go out to the park. I want to talk to you too."

After he had hung up the receiver he had the thought: What did she want to say to him that necessitated a trip all the way to the park? The letter from Una seemed to stir in his inside pocket, conveying a suggestion as faint as its perfume. If Effie chose to be independent Leonard too would not be without his alternative.

He was ready and waiting when the big car stopped in front of the Garner yard.

It was not customary for Lovely Leonard to be so prompt, but anxiety works alchemic changes in our habits of mind. A strangely serious Effie Garner came out presently and allowed herself to be helped in at the carriage block. They had rolled less than half a mile toward the artificial forest of which Lewisburg is so justly proud when he fired the first gun of the combat—prematurely, as it turned out.

"Look here, Effie. That page in the Inspector ——"

"Sh-h-h!" She nodded a cautious nose toward the chauffeur.

He reached out and gave her hand a mollifying clasp, which she permitted as she leaned over toward the driver and commanded: "Philip, take us by the river drive—you know that new statue beyond the museum—the one of Poe, I think."

The one of Poe, she thought!

"What in the world are you going there for?" a guilty conscience forced him to quaver. His mother's esoteric philosophies had made him a firm believer in telepathy.

"It's so quiet there. Of course, if there's any other place ——"

"Oh no. Quite ideal, I'm sure."

They got little further with their conversation until the faithful Philip had stopped the car at a bend in the drive beyond the museum. They plunged through the cypress grove, Effie walking ahead through the crooked romantic path. The air was charged with brooding melancholy, symbolic of the gloomy songster whose semblance, carved in stone, loomed through the black-green spires ahead. A sculptor of the impressionistic school had done the job, representing the author of Ulalume as emerging from a solid rock, his left hand nursing his chin, while his bilious eyes contemplated the river with a suicidal stare. Considering the nature of the forthcoming remarks Effie had undoubtedly chosen an ideal spot.

"Len," she began, folding her hands and eying him with a new criticism as she sat down, "I don't think I love you any more."

"How long since you began—not doing so?" he breathlessly inquired. It was quite novel for him to hear a young lady say such a thing.

"Since this morning," said she.

"I see. You couldn't bear to have me made fun of. Was that it?"

"Don't think I'm a quitter, Len. I'll stick by my end of the bargain if you want me to," she offered drearily. "But I can't help my feelings."

"One can't," he agreed.

"When I first began caring for you—I must have gone a little out of my mind. You're so much better looking than other men. I think I must have idealized you to an impossible extent. It was so easy to think you were just as heroic as you looked."

"You didn't think I was—firm enough with Farley this morning?"

"It's not only this one occasion. Now that I'm able to look at it coolly I can see how you haven't the character to stand up against anything real. Ever since we were babies I've heard the boys round town calling you Lovely Leonard. I used to wonder why you didn't go at them and punch their heads. Then when I went crazy about you I began making excuses. You had too fine a soul, I said, for coarse brawling and fighting. Then all those pictures this morning—they seemed to bunch your whole life together, to show what was the matter with you. You've traded on your looks ever since you sat in a washbowl and took first prize at a baby show."

"I didn't want the prize," he flared up.

"No, not then. But when you were old enough you wanted all the prizes that came your way. You've been living on blue ribbons these twenty years. It's your face, Len. It's too good looking for any man to carry round with him and not be spoiled."

The two sat drearily gazing up at the dyspeptic wooer of midnight ravens.

"A face is something you can't get rid of," sighed Len at last.

"No. And because I can't keep on admiring yours is no reason why some other girl ——"

Her voice broke, and this was the one encouraging sign.

"So this is final?" he asked, rising.

"I'm afraid so."

She too rose and began walking back toward the car. He closed the door carefully after her.

"Aren't you coming back?" she asked.

"No thanks," said he. "I'll walk."

(Continued on Page 55)


# A Life Lease on Loose Links

Know, all men, that by virtue of the words "Krementz Plate" which appear on the back of these loose links and all articles of

**Krementz**
14 KT. ROLLED GOLD PLATE

You are hereby granted a life lease on them or any piece of Krementz Plate without cost to you except the original purchase price.

Which means that they are guaranteed in perpetuity to you and your heirs in these terms:

"If this article should prove unsatisfactory from any cause whatever, at any time, any dealer or we will replace it free."

This life lease is applicable to collar buttons, cuff buttons, loose links, tie clasps, waistcoat sets—any article whatever that bears the inscription which appears on the seal below.

*Witness our hand:*

*Krementz & Co.*
*Newark, N.J.*

KREMENTZ PLATE




# MEN! There's Only One Modern Work Suit



Showing the convenient drop seat arrangement.



Skirt up showing suspenders which are attached to the back of jacket.



Patented skirt showing neat jacket effect.



## Railroad Men

and thousands of other workers of both indoor and outdoor occupations have discarded the old-style Overall and Jacket for the "SENSIBLE" Work Suit.

This modern garment doubles comfort and safety without extra cost.

The "SENSIBLE" represents the most important improvement in work clothes in fifty years.

The "SENSIBLE" Suit for Women is the most practical Woman's work garment.

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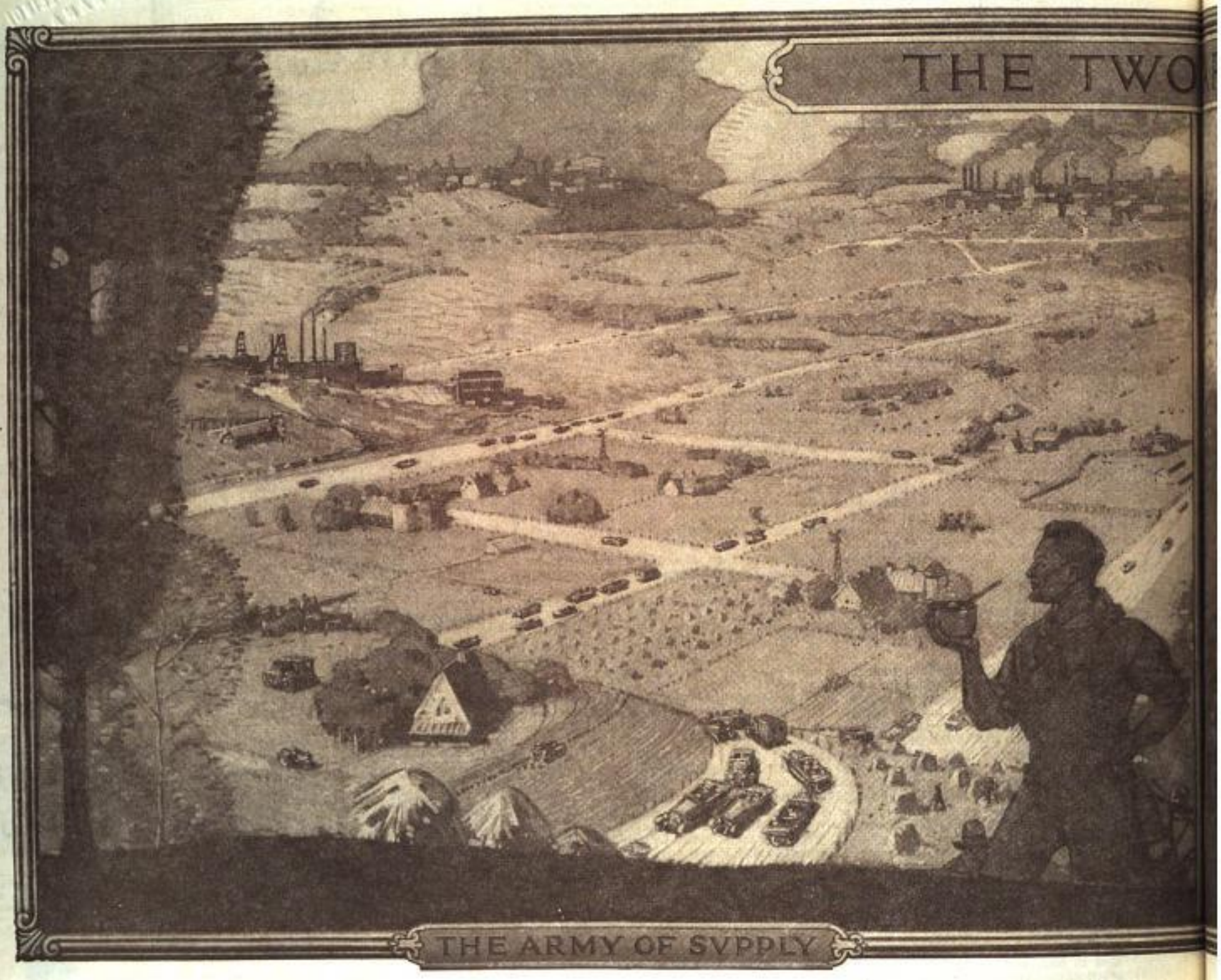
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**SENSIBLE**
UNION MADE
COMBINATION WORK SUIT
"THE MOST COMFORTABLE WORK GARMENT IN THE WORLD"




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THE joy we feel in the consciousness that our Army of Force is rapidly becoming the best equipped fighting machine the world has ever known, is warranted by the facts.

We assume that the thousands of motor cars that constitute part of its equipment, will be kept efficient and replaced as may be needed.

That is public business and we have faith in our Government.

But what of the great Army of Supply upon which the Army of Force depends?

It is numerically a vastly greater Army—its operations extend over vastly greater area—its equipment needs are nowhere recorded.

It is privately-owned equipment and its care and replacement is private business.

* * * * * *

Over half of our motor cars in service today are operated by farmers.

And every farmer is an individual unit in the United States Army of Supply.

These motor cars that serve the farmers are in essential service—saving untold millions of hours for productive farm labor, necessary to the food supply of the nation and its allies.

Of the rest of the existing motor cars, who shall say how many serve other units in the great Army of Supply?

—the executives, managers and foremen of industries engaged wholly or in part in war work.

—the individual war workers whose activities require rapid transportation.

—the men of the various professions, doctors, lawyers, engineers and others who serve the war workers and war industries to keep them efficient.

We do not know how many cars serve these essential workers—but we do know

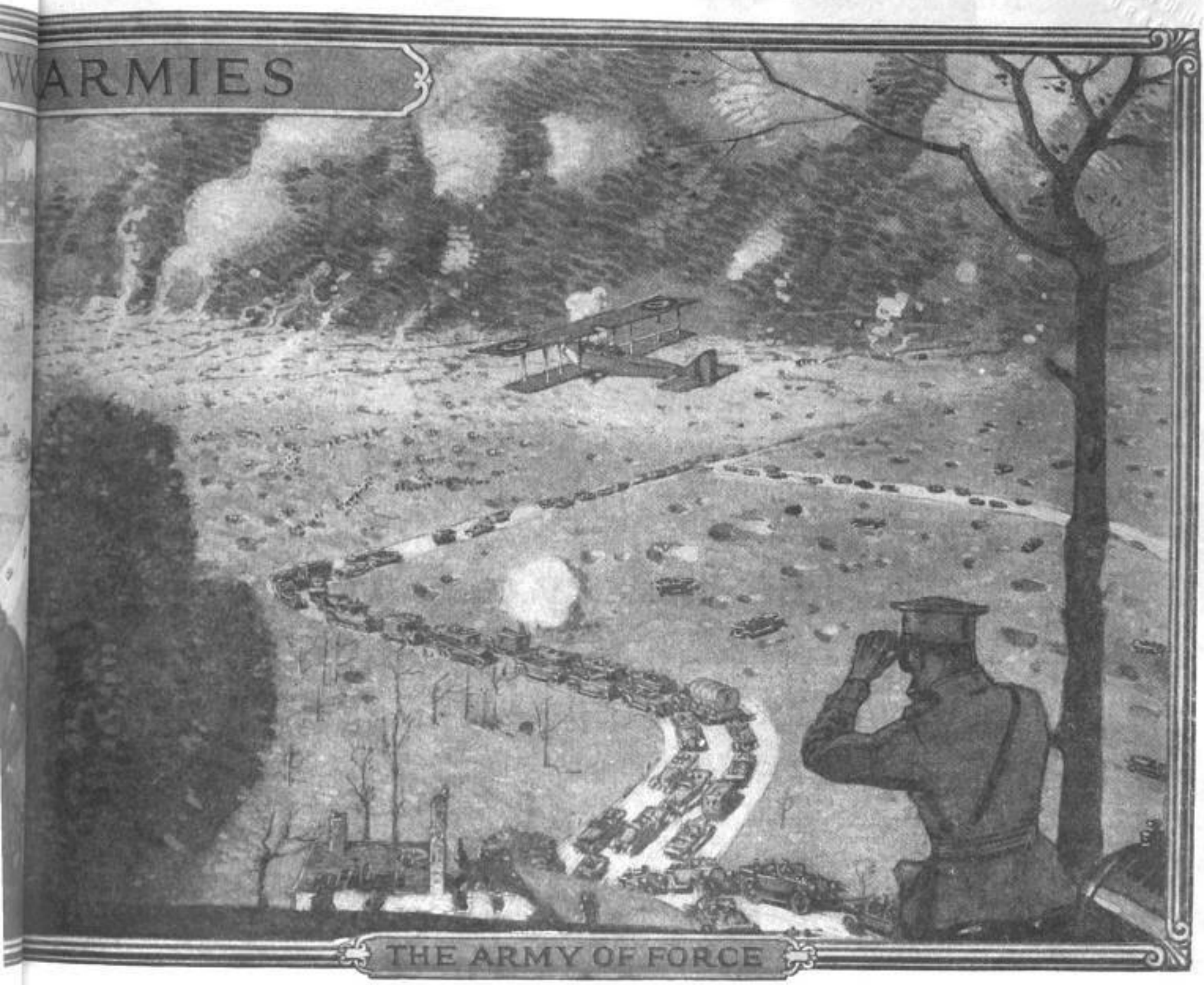
*My war-time conse... that it is simply ... rapid transportation.*

*It goes into service ... transportation system.*

*In placing our restri... our national transporta... individuals, I want our ... discern the uses to wh... place each unit where it ... ning of the war.*

*Toledo, Ohio*
*Oct. 1st, 1918*

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*...l of the automobile is ...n number of miles of ...*

*...unit of our national ...*

*...utput of these units of ...stem in the hands of ...otors and dealers to ...y will be put and to ...best serve in the win-*

*Willys.*

*President*

that they must amount to hundreds of thousands.

We do know that the whole motor car industry will be almost wholly engaged in war work by the end of this year.

And we do know that the output of motor cars is fast becoming insufficient to replace cars wearing out in service.

* * * * * *

The automobile is simply a given number of miles of rapid transportation.

At the very least calculation much more than half of this transportation, as it is used today, is in the service of our Army of Supply.

And if, as these cars wear out, they cannot be replaced from normal sources, where are the cars coming from to serve our Army of Supply?

Shall we slow down the production of supplies or shall we slow down our use of these individually-owned units of our national transportation system?

The people have demonstrated that they cheerfully conserve things for which there is need for conservation.

As they have conserved other essentials, such as food and fuel, they will, when they understand the need, conserve motor car transportation.

To the extent that Overland and Willys-Knight Motor Cars are now and may in the near future be produced, we want them to serve the workers in the Army of Supply.

Willys-Overland

*Incorporated*
*Toledo, Ohio*

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### *In Hotel Ritz*

In Paris, a famous chef created a remarkable soup recipe. Many hours were required to make it, and the delicate blending of some twenty ingredients. It became the queen soup of that great hotel, noted for its cookery.



### *It Won the Prize*

At a culinary contest held in Paris this soup won the prize. Thus it became the leading recipe in that city of fine soups.



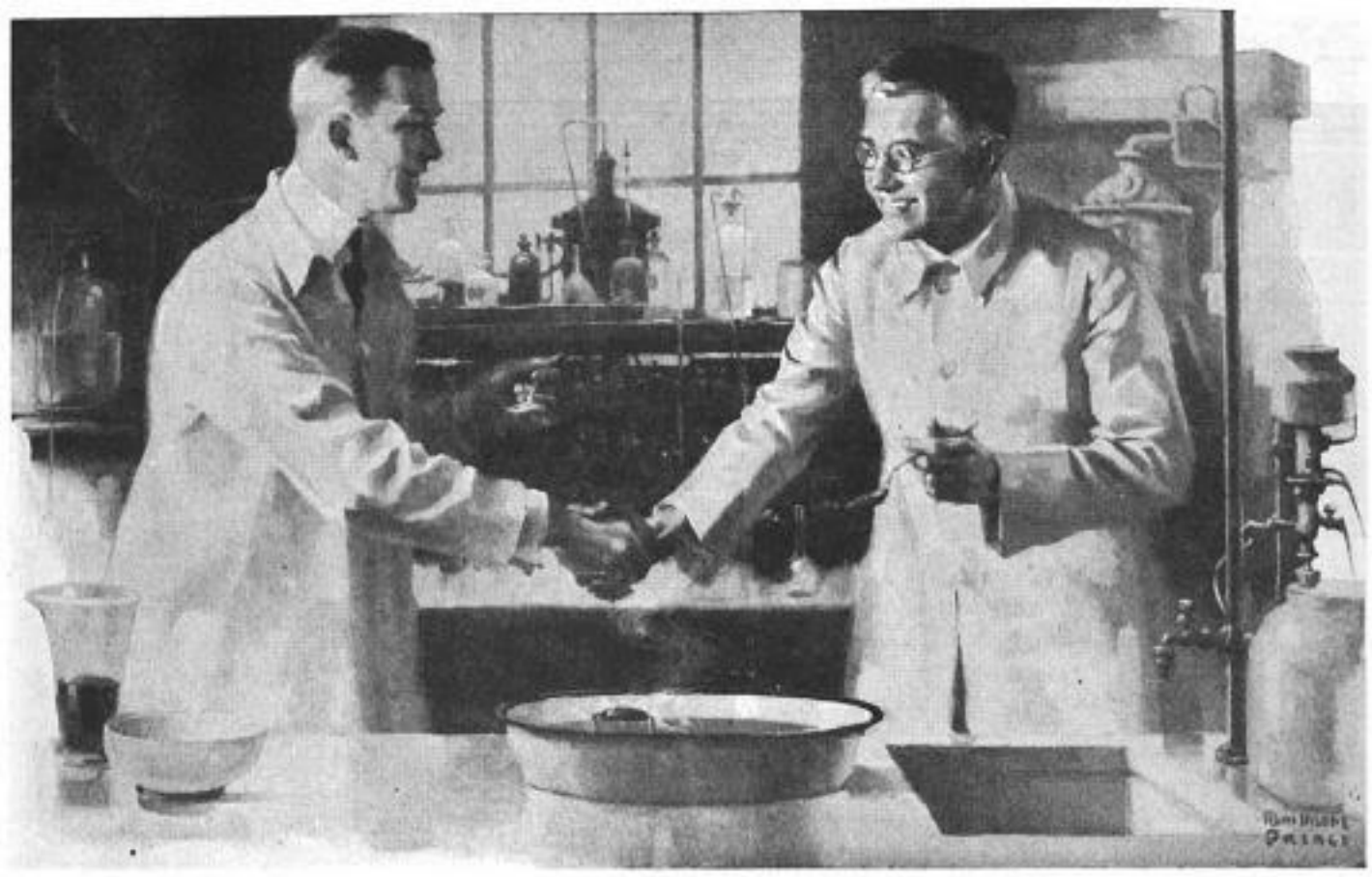
### *Scientific Cooks*

Later that chef came to the Van Camp kitchens, and this recipe came with him. Here our culinary experts, college trained, worked three years to improve it. Step by step, by testing countless blends, they evolved a savor which amazed the chef himself.



### *The Final Formula*

Today it is prepared here by a most exacting formula. Every step and detail is minutely specified. Thus every dish is exactly like the model dish adopted. And every home, for a trifling cost, can serve this exquisite soup.



# The History of a Typical Van Camp Soup

## *Why Scientific Cooking So Amazingly Excels*

Here is the history of one of the Van Camp Soups. There are 17 other kinds, and each one has its interesting story.

Each started with a famous recipe. Each has been perfected by our scientific cooks. That is, by experts, college trained in the culinary art.

Under former methods, the finest soups were ever inexact. Materials varied. The blends were largely guesswork. Soups were never twice alike, never as good as they could be.

In the Van Camp kitchens, recipes are tested out with countless variations. This continues until our experts feel they have reached perfection.

Then every step to this perfection is recorded in a formula. Standards are fixed for every ingredient, and some are selected by analyses.

So that soup never varies. Every dish of that Van Camp Soup has the same exquisite flavor.

### *Better Than Parisian Soups*

Now you can serve Parisian soups better than they are in Paris. The blends are more delicious, the formulas more exact. Every material is just as it should be. We use infinite care in the cooking.

The soups come to you ready for instant serving, and at little cost. And you know that nowhere on earth, at any cost, could a better soup be served.

Get from your grocer two or three kinds of these new-day Van Camp Soups. They will give you new conceptions of soup possibilities. Try them once, and you will not again be content with lesser soups.

**VAN CAMP'S**
**Soups — 18 Kinds**

**Van Camp Products Include**

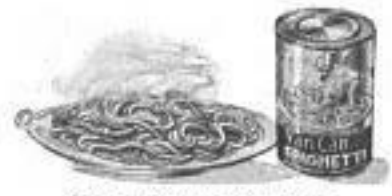
Pork and Beans — Evaporated Milk — Chili Con Carne
Peanut Butter — Spaghetti — Chili Sauce — Catsup, etc.

*Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis*



***Van Camp's Pork and Beans***

Also perfected by these culinary experts. Beans selected by analysis are baked for hours by super-heated steam. Baked with a sauce which is the final result of testing 856 formulas.



***Van Camp's Spaghetti***

Based on a famous Italian recipe which our experts spent years in perfecting. Never in Naples or anywhere has one ever tasted a Spaghetti which compares with this.



***Van Camp's Peanut Butter***

Made from a perfect blend of Spanish and Virginia peanuts, with every germ removed. The germs are slightly bitter. It means a new delight to lovers of peanut butter.

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(Continued from Page 51)

It was fifteen miles from the Poe statue to Bolingbroke Square, but in the agitation of the moment neither of them had thought of that. "Good-by," said she, holding out her hand.

"Good-by," replied the beautiful face she could no longer endure. And Philip started the car.

The statue of Edgar Allan Poe held a ghostly fascination for Leonard Eustace Platt that afternoon. As soon as Effie's car had vanished round the bend he turned and walked back along the crooked path through the cypress grove. He seated himself on a bench at the foot of the statue and contemplated. Poe and Platt, two equally lonesome souls, regarded one another across the chasm of eternity. The great sad master up there, thought Leonard, would understand, just as Una the Unknown must understand when she came here nightly under a gibbous moon to mourn for Leonard Eustace Platt, never to be hers. By her own confession she was beautiful and oh, so lonely! Well, Lovely Leonard was in much the same plight at that moment. He fished her pink letter out from his inside pocket and went over it again. She was to keep a tryst with death at this very spot to-night between the hours of nine and twelve.

Very well. She should do nothing she would be sorry for. Len knew a garage near the Vare Street entrance, a quarter of a mile down the drive. A swift run across the state line, a visit to a parson—or better still a justice of the peace—and Effie Garner would be taught by bitter experience that the face of Platt was not to be trifled with.

Toward twilight he stole away from the spooky dell. He had had nothing to eat since breakfast—very little then—and vulgar hunger was calling him out of the Parnassian plane on which his dreams were coasting. At the Vare Street entrance he saw a number of yellow trolley cars stopping at the terminus and performing the back-end-foremost miracle by which a trolley car's head becomes its tail on its homeward trip. A few paces up the road a gasoline pump in front of a sheet-iron building plainly labeled Garage informed him that here a motor might be hired, in case the affair with Una progressed swiftly to the matrimonial stage.

Just beyond he could see the sign Car Barn Short Order Restaurant painted above the sickly glowing windows of a drabby store front.

Leonard experienced again the guilty rebellious sensation of the hair-cutting adventure. One of his mother's pet aversions had always been the casual lunch counter, where vulgarians of no soul color worth mentioning meet to gobble. Hastily Leonard entered and perched his elegant form on a high stool between two pie-eating conductors; and when a bandit with a smeared apron shied a thick plate in front of him and bawled "Whachurze?" Len chose pumpkin from six varieties of pie and sipped a tawny liquid from one of those indestructible cups that look as though they have been designed to be hurled great distances out of high-velocity guns.

He borrowed a paper, which proved to be a greasy copy of the Inspector's Sunday supplement. Lewisburg's Famous Beauty to Wed stared him in the face. With something like an oath he folded it into a small wad and tucked it under his plate, faint with a fear of recognition.

It was evident that he had caused a minor sensation, for as he passed out toward the great adventure he could hear the enormous motorman on the end stool call out in a stage whisper, "Swell carriage trade, hey, Tony?"

Len's pace grew slower and slower as he took the upland drive toward the museum. A gibbous moon—Una's favorite illumination—was swinging high, a multitude of scurrying clouds giving to the pale satellite the appearance of speeding at a reckless pace through snowy waters. The little crooked path was on the shadowy side of the drive and he must needs grope for it like a near-sighted man finding the eye of a fine needle. At last his feet were on the crunching pebbles; the little path wound white and serpentine between the funereal cypress trunks. A light wind had risen and sent a tender moaning through the high-spired trees, which swayed toward a ragged moon, now drifted clear of the speeding clouds. Whitely above him he could see the marble forehead of the ghoul-haunted poet gleaming in the still radiance.

Leonard paused and held his breath. A hat whirtled past his ear. Less romantically, if far more comfortingly, an automobile honked in the distance. He stood still. No other sound.

Presently crouching like an Indian about to ambush big game he crept slowly forward through the trees, and it was with a start of superstitious awe that he came suddenly upon the square sepulchral base of the monument, all luminous white in the center of a cleared space. A twig cracked. Again he stood at gaze, imagining that in every haunted avenue between the sighing branches he could catch the flutter of moving draperies, glimpse a moon-pale face turned suppliant toward his. He remained moveless just long enough to satisfy himself that there was no one there; and then the inevitable reaction set in.

She hadn't shown up. He began to enjoy the cheap and cheated sensation common to both poets and policemen upon contemplating the scene of a broken date. Then a more sinister suspicion intruded itself. Possibly he had come too late; possibly the despairing Una had already taken a header over the coping and into that patch of silvery tide he could see sparkling through the shrubbery below.

Shocked with the possibility he stepped hastily forward and was just rounding a corner of the marble base when his feet grew suddenly leaden, his veins cold with the consciousness of a Presence, gazing solemn and hollow-eyed round an opposite corner. A diabolical hypnotism seemed to draw him toward the thing. Now he could make out the moon-pale face and dark draperies below, partly hidden in an angle of the stone; he could have touched them with his cane. He stared until he could stand no more, and then he found his voice.

"Una!" he called, and was furious that he permitted his voice to tremble so.

"Good evening, Leonard!" sang out a cheerful basso; and the specter, coming closer round the polished marble surface, materialized into the all-too-fleshly figure of Newton H. Farley, Sunday, sporting, society and religious editor of the Lewisburg Inspector!

Men falling to death from great heights, theorists inform us, are sometimes stimulated to a remarkable clarity of thought; and Leonard Eustace Platt in this instant of crashing humiliation had restored to him something of which he had been cheated from the cradle.

"What are you doing here?" he asked quite brusquely as he advanced upon the imposing figure of the celebrated rough-and-tumble fighter.

"What do you think?" snorted Farley, removing the handkerchief which had given a ghostly effect to his head.

"I'm asking you!" Len edged a step nearer.

"Well then, I'm looking for Una."

"You've insulted me once too often to-day."

Newt gasped. It was like seeing a rabbit come roaring out of its hole with the claws and teeth of a tiger. What strange words were these pouring forth in that richly modulated barytone?

"You've made me a byword and a laughingstock by the lowest methods known to your trade. I always knew you were a bully, but I never thought you were a sneak. Just why have you chosen to write me those idiotic letters?"

"Now that you're talking turkey, Len," said the Sunday editor, never relinquishing his smile, "I'll tell you why: Mr. Garner suspected you of being a lady-killer, and I've undertaken to prove that you aren't fit to marry into his family. And I reckon I've proved it all right."

"That's a lie," promptly and rashly cut in Leonard Eustace Platt.

"Those are fighting words, young son." Newt Farley held up a kind restraining hand. "You've got to admit that when Una called you came."

"She had to threaten suicide to get me here," defended Len with a stoutness that, considering his inadequacy to meet the situation, was both comic and pathetic.

"Well, you're here. And to finish the job I'll call in my witnesses."

Farley uttered one low whistle, and miraculously from behind the cypress trunks appeared a short fat figure and a tall slim one. As they came under the moon's rays Leonard recognized in them Waid and Torrence, reporters on the Inspector staff.

"Gentlemen," said Farley in a business-like tone, "I want you to witness that Mr. Platt has come to keep his appointment."

The two witnesses grinned rather sheepishly; but it was only an instant before their grins opened into an astonished gape, for Lovely Leonard was neither running away nor begging for mercy. His movements were deliberate and rather fussy as he removed his coat and waistcoat, folded them and laid them over a corner of the pedestal.

"If you want to do the same," he volunteered with a suavity that Lewisburg had always regarded as effeminate, "I shall be pleased to wait."

"What in hell will you wait for?"

"I'm going to fight you," explained Lovely Leonard, tucking back the sleeves of his silken shirt. The long man fell into the arms of the short one and the two set up a duet of spluttering roars.

"Archie, I can't stand it!" admitted the tall one, and roared again.

"For the love of Mike!" Newt Farley's fighting grin grew fixed, but his tone was not unkindly as he faced the comic challenger. "I admire your nerve, Len. But you'd better run home and think it over. I'm apt to get cross when I start sparring, and I'm not responsible for how hard I hit."

"Of course, if you refuse to fight there are witnesses here to brand you as the coward I've always thought you were."

Farley's smile grew steely.

"It's just your fool ignorance, Len." One of his bludgeon paws had come, still gently, up to a level with the Grecian nose. "If you should accidentally get in the way of that—well, I'd hate to be responsible for spoiling the face of Lovely Leonard ——"

"Don't anybody ever call me that again!"

It came like a shriek, and with the words Newt Farley felt the Platt signet ring furrow its way across his cheek.

Not vainly had he warned his puling adversary that when engaged in combat he was not responsible for how hard he hit. The first thrust of that broad bony fist came against Leonard's most treasured feature with a crunching effect; it was as though the club of a Vandal had smitten against some delicate Venetian vase. The shock of it brought Leonard's arms up helplessly just for a moment, but the big fists were boring underneath in a series of terrific smashes. There were dark spots on the dandified silk shirt. It was a marvel that he could have stood so long.

And then the inscrutable was unscrewed, as Newt said to me in his confessional last Tuesday night. In the language of the prize ring Len, ducking below Newt's guard, fell into a clinch. Several seasons of tuition under an instructor in Greek dancing had given him both wind and flexibility; but his ignorance of the human fist as a weapon had rendered his blows quite useless up to now. Yet as he struggled there, tight packed against Farley's broad chest, it was an animal desire to kill that possessed him. The attitude in which he found himself, hugging tightly to the monster who would destroy him, brought to his giddy senses a memory of Professor Kranski and his class in Greek wrestling.

Len had now twined himself round the great hulk, groping, groping. How was that hold, under the arm and round the wrist? Kranski had said it would be wonderful to develop the lines of the torso and had warned against using it too savagely lest your opponent's arm should break. Leonard got Newt's wrist across his shoulder just as he was reaching out to break the clinch. Kranski's warning was promptly demonstrated. There was a brittle cracking sound, a grunt, and Farley sank to his knees, his right arm hanging loose, his left swinging in blind circles.

Len Platt knew no rules of fighting save to hit and hit to kill. Before the big man could scramble to his feet the delicate hands had landed a dozen times on the sardonic mouth, the peaked nose, the tufted eyebrows that he hated and were to mock him no more. At last the great mass crumpled on the sward, and the witnesses, closing in on the frenzied victor, were crowding him away.

"Let me alone, damn you!" the new-made champion was raging.

He was hitting wildly, but his breath was spent, and at last they managed to control him from behind.

"Can't you see you've licked him to a finish?" the tall one was grunting in his ear. "Want to kill him?"

"You bet I do!" roared the maniac.

"Well, you've accomplished your purpose," groaned the grounded hulk, rolling to his side.

(Continued on Page 58)


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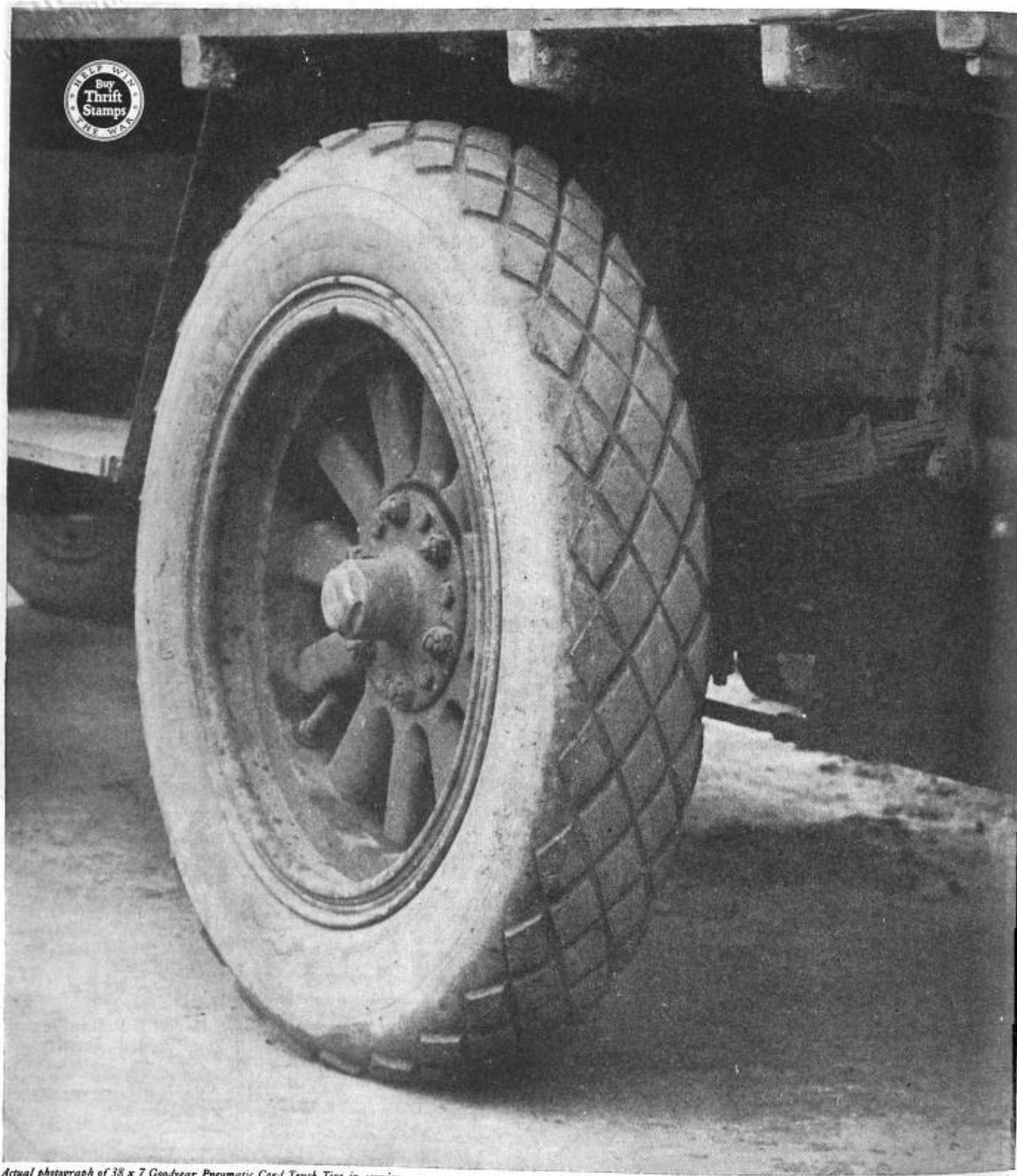
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*Actual photograph of 38 x 7 Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tire in service on 1½ ton Truck operated by the Ohio Sample Furniture Co., Cleveland*

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Finally, the company's books show that the driver of this truck, in traversing 25% more ground, saved his employer $161.50 in wages, and therefore that this one pair of 38 x 7 Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires costing $300, paid for themselves in the six months' period and yielded a profit of $264.61.

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# CORD TIRES

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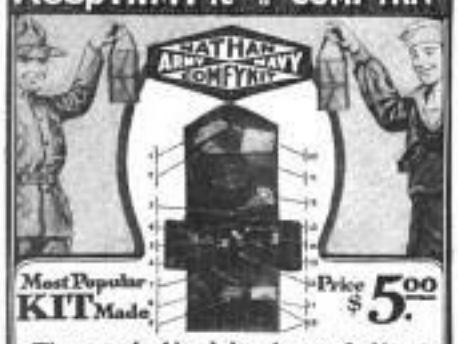
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BELL MUSIC CO., 237 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

*(Continued from Page 55)*

As Newt's accomplices leaned sadly over the relic, Leonard, grown suddenly calm, realized that much warm fluid was rilling down from a vast meaty extension that seemed to have grown in the space between his cheek bones and his upper lip. He took out his handkerchief and bunched it against the affected area. He had a queer loose feeling in his mouth.

"Let that arm alone!" Newt Farley was demanding from his grassy couch. And when they had raised him to a sitting posture he used his left hand to beckon.

"This affair needn't get beyond us four," came the executive tones from a grotesquely battered countenance.

"I imagine not," agreed Len, removing the handkerchief with which he had been busily sopping. "If you aren't able to take the trolley there's a garage at the foot of the hill."

The loose feeling in his mouth gave him a curious lisp.

"Thanks. I've got 'Lije.'" Under the moonlight the wreck sat regarding him through his one undamaged eye. "My God, what haven't I done to your face!"

And a gale of melancholy laughter followed Leonard's retreat through the murmuring cypresses.

### III

LEONARD EUSTACE PLATT'S disappearance from Lewisburg was nobody's business but his own and his mother's. And that lady came out of her great calm and grew alarmed on the very morning when Newt Farley, giving it out that 'Lije, the wonder car, had first kicked him and then run over him, lay groaning in bed at the home of his married sister.

Mrs. Platt had sat up all night awaiting her darling's return. Her pride would not permit her to make inquiries of the hateful Garners; but long before noon she had telephoned for a private detective. Then she had run up to Leonard's blue-ribboned boudoir, where with the aid of a hairpin she had picked the lock of the upper left-hand bureau drawer and brought out fourteen pinkish envelopes addressed in an identical hand. The zestful joy of delving into her son's private affairs almost requited her for the pain of loss. From the rosy fourteen, read and reread with many an outraged pursing of the lips, she gathered the complete history of Una's hopeless passion. Una from some vague listening post she always referred to as "afar" had heard Len's tinkling dulcimer, had watched him walk in beauty like the night, had marked his devoted attentions to the sweet young girl next door. There in the fourteen rosy sheets before Mrs. Platt lay the explanation of it all. Una!

A discreet flat-headed gentleman who having failed as a roundsman had become a high-priced specialist in the tracing of criminals came at last from the detective bureau and referred time and again to some long-cherished ideal he called Foul Play. But Mrs. Platt merely showed him one or two of those florid epistles, just as you let a bloodhound sniff a rag from an escaped convict, then dragged him to her car and ordered her chauffeur to drive like mad out to the statue of Poe, which several of the pink letters had mentioned as Una's favorite stamping ground.

Fortunately for the poor lady's feelings a little rain had fallen during the night, washing the grass of gory stains round the monument; otherwise the Una theory would have lost out and the detective's favorite, Foul Play, would have come in a lap ahead. On the rolling sward toward the river they found what at first appeared to be an oddly elegant jardinière, but turned out to be Leonard's silk hat, half-filled with rain water; and though the sight of it renewed the freshet from Mrs. Platt's eyes it served as sufficient evidence to establish the Una theory. Sordid details had no place in Mrs. Platt's sublime mind. Of course, Leonard had eloped. Didn't the hat prove it?

It must have proved something, because she grew strangely calm again after two days of agitation, paid off the detective, and pulling down the shades sent out vibrations to the twelve signs of the zodiac, declaring that her Boy Blue was happier as he was.

About three weeks later Newt Farley, his arm still in a sling and a few plasters adhering to his expressive countenance, went to his office for the first time since his alleged encounter with the rebellious 'Lije. He had scarcely opened his desk and resumed his earnest work of disarranging everything when the telephone jingled and he heard Effie's voice brokenly pleading:

"Newt, I want to talk to you. I know it's asking a lot—but couldn't you come out to the house? I can't very well talk to you in your office."

"Sure I'll come, Effie!" the strange man promised with all the enthusiasm in the world. You see, in many ways Newt Farley was incurable.

He got a colored man to drive Elijah's Chariot for him and hastily chugged away toward Bolingbroke Square. On the pleasant side porch of the Garner residence he patiently awaited the young lady, and when she came down he was shocked by her appearance, as she undoubtedly was by his. She was pale and her eyes were haggard as though she had been substituting tears for sleep.

"Well, Newt," she began with an approach at a smile, "we're all playing in hard luck lately. I hope you're feeling better."

"I'll get well," he wanly promised. "And I reckon I'll go into training next time I start to wrestle with a flivver."



*"If You Want Him Kicked Out Do it Yourself"*

"Appearances are deceptive," she bromidically informed him.

"Aren't they!" He groaned and sat down.

"Next," she began, folding her thin hands and giving him a widowed look, "I suppose I ought to apologize for the way I talked to you that Sunday morning. But I just can't bring myself to do it. Whatever your motives were I shall always think that your publishing those horrid pictures had a lot to do with driving poor Len away."

"You weren't exactly coaxing him to stay the last time I saw you together," he gently reminded her.

"That doesn't excuse you. The fact remains that Len's gone, and—and I want you to find him for me."

"I see."

He studied her silently for a long minute. Certainly Newt Farley was learning about women from her.

"Len's mother is doing nothing—nothing. She says she's sent him away to cultivate his voice; and I don't believe a word of it. I know how desperate he was when he left me that day. Newt, you've got to do something. Can't you see?—it's killing me!"

She sat dry-eyed and staring, and Newt could see by the way her thin hands clutched at her gown that she was not exaggerating in her last appealing outcry. How like a scorpion his conscience stung him then!

"Of course, you saw him after I did," he said mendaciously, realizing that it would do no good to tell her about the Una letters and that fight under the moon.

"I took a drive with him in the park on the day that horrid page came out," she slowly explained. "We didn't seem to look at things in the same way, so I told him we couldn't be married. The last I saw of him he was near that statue by the river and ——"

"What statue by the river?" guilty conscience stung him into asking.

"The one of Poe."

"Oh yes."

"What's the matter? You look so queer. Do you know something more about him?"

"No."

He all but broke into a confession as he recalled the bruised and bloody mask that the town Adonis had worn away with him through the shadow-haunted woods.

"I—I told him," she was going on, "that he was too good looking to be genuine. I told him his beauty had spoiled his character. What I said must have hurt him dreadfully. It's breaking my heart to think I could have talked like that—because, Newt——"

She paused and sat looking away, for tears had come at last.

"Because, Newt," she managed to get out after a second try, "I—I think it was his beauty I cared most about after all."

"So you want me to fetch him back," he said dully.

"It wouldn't be any more than justice. You drove him away; and I think you can do anything you set out to do."

The last remark was disagreeably similar to old Garner's character estimate, which had got him into this mess.

"I'll start the wires for you," he reassured her with a certain grim cheerfulness as he said good-by and limped toward the much-maligned Elijah. Those who may disapprove of the Una-letter type of trouble-making must admit that Newt Farley was worse paid than many a knight-errant who has done less hazardous work for love alone.

That very evening, neglecting dinner, he loaded his faithful gangsters, Waid and Torrence, into the asthmatic 'Lije and, Torrence at the wheel, they journeyed to the end of the trolley. At the sheet-iron garage a young Caucasian, black all over, including his teeth, recalled how, two Sundays ago, he had taken a bruised stranger across the state line and left him at a wayside drug store. The gent, who was a swell dresser with his face wrapped up in the tail off a silk shirt, said he'd been knocked down by a jitney—Newt made a mental note on the similarity of lies told under given conditions—and he wanted to see a doctor but wouldn't go back to Lewisburg.

Newt took road directions and they drove out a few miles to seek the druggist, who proved to be a purblind gentleman in a greasy skullcap. Well he recalled the eccentric and damaged young man. The regular doctor had been away on a vacation, so the druggist had done his Spartan best to set the broken nose and stitch together the torn lip. He gave the patient a cot out back of the store, but all that remained next morning was a five-dollar bill lying on the pillow. He reckoned the young fool had walked to the junction and taken the train for Cincinnati.

That night Newt Farley made a call on Mrs. Platt. She was rosy with transcendental cheer, and the journalist hoping to win by shock tactics began bluntly: "Mrs. Platt, it's getting round that Leonard has been killed and spirited away."

"What malevolent influences ——"

"A detective told me," said Newt, shooting wildly and hitting the mark.

"It's a base calumny!" she flared up. "My Boy Blue is safe and very happy."

"I'm delighted to hear it," he quite truthfully said; "but can you furnish some satisfactory proofs? You see, we've

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(Continued from Page 58)

got an article all set up for the morning Inspector saying that foul play is strongly suspected."

"Oh, my dear Newton!" She became natural for a moment. "You wouldn't let such a frightful thing appear about my boy!"

"That's what I've come here to prevent. If you can show me some evidence ——"

"That would be the easiest thing in the world," she replied with a return to her sirupy manner. "The very week of his disappearance a soul message came to me."

"A what?"

"Just a minute."

She rose and sweeping majestically over to a little desk across the room rummaged in a pigeonhole and brought back as strange a collection of evidence as any criminal court has ever seen. They were all bundled together in a wrapping of tissue paper and Newt was more puzzled than ever when the exhibits were spread out before him.

"First," said she, holding up a scrap of baby-blue ribbon, "this came to me by mail. It is the color of happiness, of perfect souls—my Man Child's color."

Next she displayed, held preciously between thumb and finger, what was undoubtedly the withered mummy of a common field daisy.

"A few days later this came—the daisy, you know, is to our cult the emblem of health, safety, purity—and with it this message."

She produced a scrap of paper, evidently torn from a paper bag, and on it distinctly penciled: "Fear not for Zolno, who has sought Una and found the Baha."

"Hm!" said Newt Farley, fingering the pile of esoteric rubbish, which included a white pebble, a page torn from a theosophical work, a scrap cut from a necktie, a chicken feather, and something that looked suspiciously like a prune pit. On several scraps of paper were cryptic lines such as, "Zolno finds the earth magic beautiful;" "Zolno seeks contentment in the Ninth."

The last message, somewhat reminiscent of baseball, seemed very beautiful to Mrs. Platt.

"All these symbols have significance to our cult," she smiled. Newt was going to ask her what the prune pit and the chicken feather signified, but he was afraid of wasting his evening at a lecture.

"Well, where is he?" he asked forthwith.

"On the Happiness Plane," she told him.

Newt cast his eyes rapidly over the collection of envelopes, and noting the postmarks he concluded that the Happiness Plane was somewhere in Cincinnati. Therefore he promised to publish an item to the effect that Leonard Eustace Platt was away studying music and on the wings of that promise he departed.

That very night he wheedled his managing editor to send young Torrence to Cincinnati to fill a vacancy among the correspondents. Torrence, the tall reporter, who later became famous in the great war, would have shed his life's blood for Newt Farley; and that is why he took the train next morning bearing secret orders from his Sunday editor.

As summer cooled to fall and fall to winter it became horribly apparent to Cassius Garner that Mrs. Platt was doing nothing about her lost son; for the flat-headed detective had come round to him full of the Foul Play theory. He made a sort of truce with Mrs. Platt in order to remind her of her duty, but the amateur sorceress smiled sweetishly and informed him that Boy Blue was oh! so happy. He was even more disgusted when he found in Newt Farley merely a tolerant listener to the Foul Play hypothesis.

"You wanted him killed," the Sunday editor would point out. "Now what're you moaning about?"

Green grass had followed snow on the Lewisburg lawns when at last came a message that caused Newt to clap on his hat, speed his chariot of fire to the station and entrain for Cincinnati without taking so much as a toothbrush. The note had been hammered out with a crooked-lined typewriter on a sheet of yellow copy paper and said:

"*Dear Newt:* Got him. What are your instructions?

"Y'rs, "J. T."

It was late the following afternoon when J. Torrence, playing Vergil to Farley's Dante, stood on a high bluff near Cincinnati and pointed out the infernal scene below. They were concreting a river wall, and the two spies were looking down on the wonders of a modern engineering job in full blast. Donkey engines puffed and churned, giant cranes creaked and groaned, monstrous creations, striking thunderous blows with lightning rapidity, were driving sheet pilings deep into the river mud, while a great concrete mixer, shaped like a cocked die, rolled boisterously over and over as it churned its load of sand, gravel and cement. It was toward the mixer that Torrence pointed his long finger.

"Why, they're all niggers," said the puzzled Newt, marking the antlike line of dust-covered Ethiops, their bare arms veined with black where perspiration had rilled down as they shambled along with wheelbarrow loads of food for the cast-iron monster.

"No, no! The one in the gray jumpers standing on the little platform, bossing the coons."

The gray-jumpered one stood on his elevation making short truculent gestures, while the air was sulphurous with his exhortations. Spellbound, Newt Farley slid down the incline and mounted the rostrum whence came the orator's volley of hard language.

"Hey there? What's the matter with you, you hammer-headed, fish-eyed son of a slave? Take that empty out of the way and be sudden about it—I mean you, you pock-marked tar ball!"

The third giant in the line of wheelbarrows looked up dustily and showed a row of teeth.

"Y'aint mad, is yo', boss?" he asked lovingly.

"Mad? What do you think I'm doing—singing a love song? Now get out of that before I come down with a shovel and bash about six of you!"

The offending empty was removed with hysterical haste and the line resumed its march toward the mixer. In the interval the slave driver, who had been too absorbed in the grandeur of his theme to take note of his surroundings, turned somewhat gruffly and saw Newt.

Recognition was mutual; but if Farley had expected some alterations in the face of Lovely Leonard he was certainly not prepared for a work of such completeness. All sorts of things appeared along the contour of a nose that once was Greek. The perfect architecture of its bridge had caved in slightly at the base, had bulged toward center—along about the tip heaven knows what had happened to it! The surgeon druggist apparently had set it entirely by guess, and in healing it had warped seriously to one side. There was a deep scar, too, across the lower lip, which caused a pugnacious outsticking expression. One tooth at least was missing in the lower row. Altogether the face of Leonard Eustace Platt, showing much tan under the powder of dust, had become weather-beaten and somewhat brutalized. Even the soft blue eyes with their wealth of lashes didn't seem to matter any more.

"Hello, Newt," said the reconverted Leonard quite casually. The scar on his lip gave his smile a sidelong twist.

"Hello, Len. I've come all the way from Lewisburg to tell you ——"

"That's good. Stand to one side just a minute, will you? I've got to throw the wrath into these nigs!"

Another line of powdered black men was coming down the plank, swinging as they shambled behind their laden wheelbarrows.

Leonard opened up the relic of his former beauty and bawled out of the side of his mouth: "Hi, you Number One man! Are you crippled? Either get on or get off. Come aw-w-w-wn!"

After all, reflected the philosopher, nothing is strange in this world. If the arrogant tyrant standing there in the notch-brimmed hat and gray jumpers had been eugenically bred to be a straw boss on a concrete mixer nothing more complete than this could have resulted. The voice which to the tinkling dulcimer had crooned Mona, Mona, Weave Thy Starry Hair had coarsened now to the timbre of lime and gravel. The softly cultured hand had become horny in the palm; profane and forceful words distorted the once perfect lips.

When the whistle blew and the cranes, engines, mixers and pile drivers along the rapidly growing river wall were silenced for the night, that which was once Lovely Leonard came over and looked somewhat bashfully at the envoy from home.

"Why don't you come back, Len?"

Newt put it baldly, realizing the virtue of speedy attack.


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"Why should I?" Len leveled melancholy eyes and with a sudden twisted smile pointed to his misshapen nose. "The glory that was Greece!"

"At least you ought to see your mother."

"With this?" Again he indicated the broken ornament.

Newt Farley saw no adequate argument for that. With an inward shudder he recalled what Effie had confessed to him—it was his beauty she loved most, after all!

"Let's sit down," said Len, crouching on the end of a beam. There was something touching the humorous in the smile with which he asked, "Didn't mother get my—soul messages?"

"Yes. That's how I got a trace of you. Why in the world did you send her all that junk, Len?"

He sat kicking the dust with his loose brogans and at last replied: "You see, I couldn't come back to her with this face. I understand mother, I think. I knew that if I sent her ordinary letters she'd go wild, so I sent her that cryptic stuff just to keep her quiet. I told her I was working up to a higher spiritual plane; that's about the truth too—but she might not agree with me."

He pulled a damp cigarette from his side pocket, lit and reflected.

"I've often thought of coming home," he said. "And then I look at myself in the glass—it's a habit. I simply don't dare bring this face back to her, poor old dear!"

"I had no idea I'd done all that to you," lamented Newt.

"Don't blame yourself. Anybody but a Boy Blue and a Lotus would have had sense enough to go to a good doctor. I let a druggist sew me up, and then I ran wild like a mad dog. I came here and lived in a cheap boarding house until it healed up—crooked. When my money gave out I got a job with the sand hogs in the cofferdam. And do you know, Newt, as soon as I found I had lost my face an awful weight seemed to slide off my shoulders? I suddenly discovered I could be one of the gang. The superintendent of works found I had a genius for scaring coons, so he put me in charge of a shovel crew for a while, and last week he promoted me to the mixer."

"You don't really like it?" asked the philosopher from Lewisburg.

"Well," came the answer, which might have been scrawled among the cryptic messages, "burlap is not so soft as velvet, but there's a sort of goshawful independence about it. It's a giant's game, this concrete-construction business. I'm taking a night course in engineering. If I could get hold of some capital I know a chance—I wonder if I could get mother interested. . . ."

Len had smoked his cigarette to the butt and lighted another before he turned full face upon the envoy and asked, "Who sent you here?"

"Effie Garner," came the reply, as brief as the question.

The young concrete boss hugged his knees and looked away across the river. No sculptured head of the dreaming Poe could have regarded the waters more sorrowfully.

"She'd never know me," he said huskily at last, "with this mug." With an impetuous movement he pulled from his head the pathetic remnant of what was once a hat, and crumpling it savagely between his hands covered his eyes. Newt Farley let him be until the spasm was over, then he came and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"You should worry about that," he said, leaning down and speaking as one would to a discouraged child. "You'll always look like the morning sun to her, Len. Come on, old boy. Better hurry and change your clothes. We've just about got time for the train back."

The next evening, the moon now riding cheery and full in the heavens, Newt Farley sat in his madly vibrating Chariot of Fire, which was banked at a side of the drive near the cypress grove in Lewisburg Park. As he sat there chewing the stub of a dead cigar he grew weary of whimsical reflections on life's twisted channels. A cold wind was rising and he wished those two would either quarrel or make up and not be so long about it. Through the silvery leaves the top of Mr. Poe's carved head gleamed brilliantly in the moonlight.

Presently a masculine form appeared out of the crooked path, and there followed the little fluttering figure that Newt Farley never saw without a heart thump.

"Newt," implored Len in a discreet whisper as he leaned over the front wheel, "do you think you could find a J. P. or something who could do the job to-night?"

"Nothing's impossible," stolidly replied Lewisburg's Diogenes, swinging open the side door and admitting the couple, who if they had been quarreling had got most bravely over it.

Faithful to his last duty in this comedy that had progressed thus far under his mismanagement he tortured the creaking 'Lije into first speed and glued his eyes to the road ahead. It was not until they had left the park and swung into the turnpike that an echo of her rapture floated to his ears above the roaring of controls and spirit rappings among the cylinders.

"I adore you this way," she was saying. "Your face seems to have so much more—character."

"Can you beat it?" asked Farley of the low-powered engine, which was doing its best to draw at least two of them toward happiness.

# Sense and Nonsense

### *Highwayman's Song*

*THERE'S a smell of burning wood in the air*
*That comes with the turning year.*
*The road unwinds in a silver coil*
*As the autumn moon rides clear*
*Of a patch of cloud; and there, etched sheer,*
*Swings the coach through a burst of light. . . .*
*Oh, a harvest of louis d'or is ours,*
*A flood of golden sovereigns is ours,*
*If we screw our courage tight!*
*With a heigh and a ho*
*As we rob 'em so*
*In the gaze of the great white moon.*
*Though every thief has his piece of rope,*
*Every thief has his piece of rope*
*That hangs him, late or soon.*

*Now there isn't a game in all the earth*
*That only one can play;*
*The blackest of crimes needs fellowship*
*To hearten or gainsay.*
*And we are rollicking, singing lads,*
*Although we'll get for our pains*
*A gibbet on a bleak crossroad*
*To swing on the wind in chains. . . .*

*Oh, the stage draws near and the moon rides clear*
*As we wait where the shadows lurk.*
*And, bursting forth, we make 'em stand—*
*All in a row we make 'em stand,*
*With many a jest and quirk,*
*As with heigh and ho*
*We rob 'em so*
*In the gaze of the great white moon.*
*Though every thief has his piece of rope,*
*Every thief has his piece of rope*
*That hangs him, late or soon.*
—*Harry Kemp.*

### *Gone*

*BROWN and dead as a frayed-out rope*
*The matted marsh grass lies,*
*And the wild ducks come with muffled call*
*Out of the winter skies.*

*Mallard and teal, with flurries of wind*
*From the northland whence they came;*
*But the hunter is gone from the driftwood blind*
*To seek another game.*

*Needless the wary craning watch;*
*The lake front holds its peace,*
*Till the hunter returns to his old loved haunts,*
*What time the wars shall cease.*
—*Ira South.*

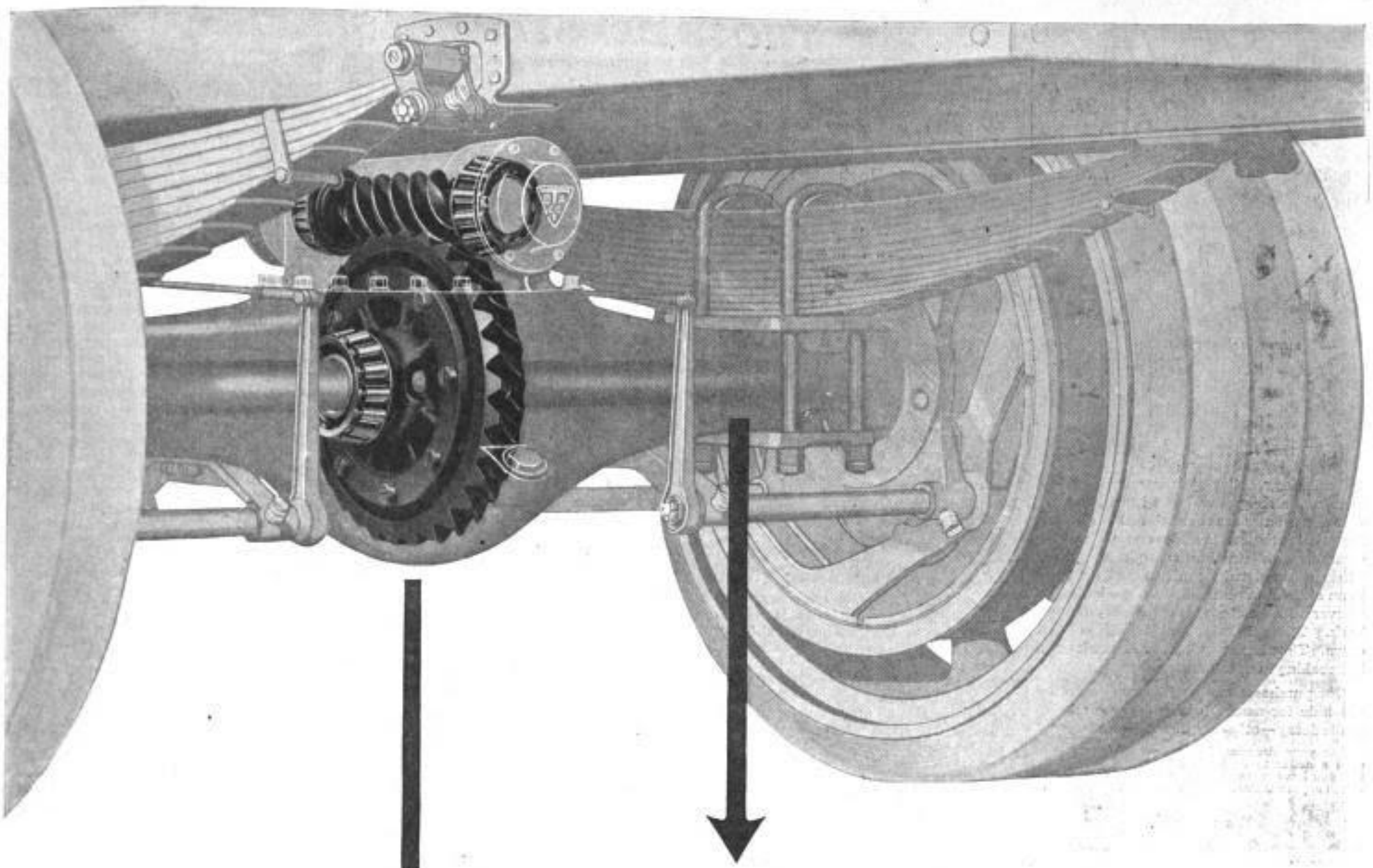
### *Gas-Proof Yanks*

A GERMAN lieutenant was making record-breaking time in the direction of the Rhine and Berlin with the detachment of troops he was commanding.

He was halted in his mad flight by an *Oberofficier* of the German Army, and inquiry was made as to the why of his retreat, and why he didn't use gas on those *verdammte* Americans.

"I did, sir," pleaded the poor lieutenant, "but it wasn't any use. All the gas does to them is turn their skin black and their hair kinky, and they keep on coming!"

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# THOSE BEASTLY BOLSHEVIKI

(Continued from Page 10)

Mrs. Esmeralda is even more inviolable than when given elsewhere, and I determined to abide by it at cost of my life if necessary. But eventful as our walk together had proved thus far, in reality we were only at the, as I may say, beginning of things.

We had covered a considerable distance during our interchange of confidences and were now emerging from the seclusion of the wilds and coming upon the outskirts of the village—an impossible little place devoted to the necessary but unattractive sites of fishmongers, butchers and tradespersons generally, who depend upon the summer colony as their chief source of revenue. The little town, or hamlet, as our dear English cousins would call it, is situated about a common, or park, having shockingly ill-kept lawns and harboring at this moment a series of gigantic shabby tents.

In point of fact a circus was in town, and as the garage for which I was headed stood directly opposite the flimsy structure I was bound to notice it. So did Mrs. Esmeralda, and instead of mounting and taking leave of me as I had anticipated she gave an exclamation of pleasure, announced her intention of giving the circus what she termed the "once over," and tied her horse at the greengrocer's.

Now though the village of Longhampton is a mere market center, as it were, and nobody knows the persons inhabiting the cottages which constitute it, still the fact of its being a market center implies that occasionally one does meet someone there, if you know what I mean. Indeed I have several times had jolly encounters at the tobacconist's when we ran short and someone else had, too, don't you know. And so the thrill of dismay which pierced me at sight of Mrs. Esmeralda's next move can easily be imagined—occurring as it did just as I had been feeling she had swung over to our side and was at last on the verge of showing the results of her contact with dear Mrs. DeWynt and becoming one of us in spirit as she was already in blood.

Outside of the long and dingy circus tent toward which we were progressing lounged a man. There is nothing remarkable in the statement, I am aware, and there was certainly nothing remarkable in his appearance, it being distinguished from that of any workingman in overalls only by a certain jauntiness due to his build, which was long and slender. He was engaged in the repair of an equally long and slender whip, about which he was winding a bit of leather or some such thing. He was unshaven and not overclean, and most unprepossessing. But at sight of him Mrs. Esmeralda emitted what can only be described as a whoop of joy, and actually ran toward him, both hands outstretched.

"Clem!" she positively shouted. "Clem Davis, you old coyote! Where did you come from?"

"Well, if it ain't Essie Sprunt!" exclaimed this awful person, detaching himself from the wall of the tent against which he had mysteriously contrived to lean, a slow grin overspreading his unshaved countenance and displaying a set of large, very strong-looking white teeth. "By all that's mentionable, if it ain't Jack Sprunt's little gal! Howdy! Howdy!"

And in another instant these two were doing a sort of bear dance right on the public common, holding on to each other's hands and prancing in what I take to be a sort of Far Western ritual of greeting, and wholly unmindful of the impression they were creating on the public mind, to say nothing of displaying any consideration of me. When they had finished their outrageous performance Mrs. Esmeralda did actually recall herself sufficiently to perform the to me more familiar rite of introduction, though she did so in an untrained and altogether incorrect manner.

"Mr. Penny, meet Mr. Clem Davis!" she said. "Shake, boys!"

And before I could stammer anything by way of an acknowledgment I found my hand in the grip of this, as I may say, cave person, who then proceeded to manipulate my arm as though it were the bit of the auto one turns over when the beastly self-starter will not work, if you know what I mean.

"Pleased to meecher," he grinned, mercifully releasing me at length. "Any friend of Essie's is welcome," he added in a tone which somehow seemed to imply a peculiar generosity where I was concerned. But instantly both he and Mrs. Tugwell appeared to forget my presence.

"Well, Essie, I hear you got hitched up in double harness!" Mr. Davis said. "English fellow, eh?"

"That's right!" replied Esmeralda, to whom this remark was apparently perfectly intelligible. "And pulling very satisfactorily."

"This ain't it?" inquired her friend, dropping his voice and glancing anxiously in my direction. Mrs. Esmeralda gave a little laugh.

"Nope!" she replied. "Just a friend whose wagon broke a little way down the road. But last time I saw you you were out at Point of Rocks breaking horses. What on earth are you doing with this outfit?"

Mr. Clem Davis heaved a sigh and a dreary look became perceptible through the three days' growth of beard.

"I was real sorry to give up that job," he said sadly. "They was some sport to it—the worst horses in the county was broken on that ranch."

"But what are you doing here?" she persisted.

"Just taming lions," Mr. Clem Davis admitted shamefacedly, his tone apologetic.

"Why, Clem!" exclaimed Mrs. Esmeralda, all sympathy. "What a come-down. Was it liquor?"

"You got me right, Essie," he acknowledged. "One big drunk too many, and—fired! And joined this outfit, and if the blame state didn't go dry right afterward! If it had went dry a week sooner I'd still be on a man's job—and now here I am in the East, liquor, lions and all!"

"Too bad!" murmured Mrs. Esmeralda. "Why not go into the Army, Clem?"

Her friend brightened considerably at this, and took a brace—both, as I may say, spiritually and actually, as he prefaced his remarks by a hitch, I believe it is called, to his rather lax nether garments.

"I am!" he said excitedly. "I'm going to be an officer, Essie! The Government ain't such boobs as you'd think, because I told 'em what I knew about hosses, and they tell me I kin go over in charge of the stable end of a cavalry division—the hosses all under my command. I expect to hear where to report at, any day!"

"Good for you, Clem!" cried Mrs. Esmeralda, and for an instant she showed every evidence of being about to recommence that dance of greeting. Then a new line of interest struck her. "How about the lions, Clem?" she asked interestedly. "Are they vicious?"

"Naw!" replied Clem disgustedly. "Tame as kittens. We have to feed 'em red pepper just before the show. Wanner see 'em?"

"You're on!" replied Mrs. Captain Basil Tugwell enthusiastically. "Do show us! Come along, Penny!"

But it seemed to me that I had suffered sufficiently in the cause of friendship. The proposition held no attractions for me, and Mrs. Esmeralda's interest in her newly discovered acquaintance not appearing likely to slacken for some hours I felt this an auspicious moment at which to take my leave.

"The car!" I murmured. "If you will pardon me, really!"

"Oh, all right!" exclaimed Esmeralda. "Toddle along, old chappie. But be sure and show up at Catherine's by luncheon time to-morrow. The room and bawth will be ready; and the meeting, you know, is at three!"

Whereat I made my escape, leaving that terrible young woman and her friend to the inspection of his beastly pets, or whatever you would call them, and an interminable string of reminiscences.

As they vanished into the tent I heard Mrs. Esmeralda sniff and say, "Great Scott, what have you been eating?"

"Oh, a little garlic, I guess," he replied; at which Mrs. Esmeralda exclaimed: "Get out! There's no such thing as a little garlic!"

I was so indignant and distressed that not even the prospect of stopping at the Collinses' gave me any comfort—and so preoccupied that I was almost run over by Wynnett St. Johns, who with his wife and Mrs. Langdon drove by at that second. They fortunately caught sight of me in time, however, and stopped the car.

"Get in, Allie!" cried Mrs. Langdon, who as everybody knows is our most distinguished divorcée and perfectly devoted to St. Johns. "We need a fourth for a rubber!" And you may be sure I climbed into that tonneau with a sigh of relief, feeling that I was almost, as it were, leaving a morass, and breathing the pure air once more. And despite the fact that St. Johns, who was driving, had undoubtedly been indulging in alcoholic stimulants, and my nerves were not at their best, I have seldom enjoyed a drive more, it was so good to be back—well, to be back among—well, to be back, if you know what I mean!

I feel moved at this juncture to observe, as most curious but undeniably true, that the one thing which we most ardently desire and demand for ourselves—to wit, personal liberty of thought and action—is the most difficult for us to grant to another if we happen to disagree with him.

This truth was borne in upon me next day very shortly after my arrival at Mrs. Ted Collins' and my introduction to Gregg Winterbox and his, as he prefers to have supposed—er—his wife by her own name, if you know what I mean. There was no doubt as to his erudition, yet we were scarcely introduced before I began to develop certain belligerent instincts, the existence of which I had not hitherto suspected in myself. There was a certain something about the chap which caused in me a strange longing to smite him—and yet all he did at the time was to speak of peace—indeed at no period of our brief acquaintance did he do much else. But I anticipate.

I came over according to instructions, before the luncheon hour, having first gone to bid a regretful adieu to dear Mrs. DeWynt—or would have if it had been possible, which it unfortunately was not, she having left without remembering to notify me, the senator's plans having been, I suppose, accelerated in some fashion. I traveled light, as one might say, taking over to the Collinses' only a couple of bags, a dressing case and hat box, one trunk and a special case which I had designed to hold my uniforms—a box so constructed as to keep them in perfect shape under the most trying conditions and bound to be a useful addition to my luggage in the event of my ever being sent abroad. Well, thus lightly but adequately equipped, I arrived at Mrs. Ted's, and was most sweetly and graciously greeted by that lady in person. A female servant took my things. Then we walked out onto the Japanese veranda—a most exquisite bit of architectural fantasy—and met the other guests.

Let me record that my wildest expectations had not reached the flight necessary to have visualized them. For Mrs. Ted, though Bohemian and all that, is exquisitely gotten up, and her house is in the best of form. Mr. Winterbox and his wife, Madame Crillier, were, to put it mildly, far from properly groomed. And beside Mrs. Esmeralda, who despite her Western eccentricities of dress always contrived to look attractive, there was another guest, a Miss Boilingbrook—doubtless an alias for Mrs. Somebody—a gaunt handsome young woman who was not stopping in the house but had merely put in an appearance with a view to being chairman for the afternoon. It is doubtless a Russian peculiarity to have the chairman a woman—though to be sure Miss Bollingbrook was not Russian, but merely, as she explained while Ted Collins mixed the preluncheon cocktails, Bolshevik.

I may mention that contact with this lady also roused in me those fighting qualities which Winterbox evoked and I confess with less shame than ought justly to be expected that for the first time in my life I felt a strong inclination to strike one of the weaker sex! Possibly her shoes, which were peculiarly massive and of an unfeminine appearance, were as much the cause as anything. I understand perfectly that she had a legal right to wear those shoes, but her doing so roused in me almost as deep an antipathy as did the conversation which ensued.

I wondered how Ted Collins endured it either, but his alcoholic experiments doubtless had something to do with his acceptance of the situation. Like many of our best people he has for many years been a devotee of Bacchus, realizing how dull the average convivial party would be with the

(Continued on Page 67)

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(Continued from Page 64)

as I may say, conviviality omitted. And now with national prohibition imminent the impulse to have as amusing a time as possible during these last few precious months had obsessed him, if you know what I mean—a fact which greatly distressed his wife, who I have been given to understand had often disputed the subject with him. Be that as it may, however, he was seldom if ever separated from his cocktail shaker—and it is well known that when a man no longer trusts his own butler to mix his drinks he is in a bad way.

When Ted passed his latest concoction on the occasion of this amazing luncheon party, rather to my surprise, the outsiders did not hesitate to imbibe. And though up to this point they had been rather uncomfortably silent they suddenly became at ease—indeed rather more than at ease. Miss Boilingbrook, who shared the swinging seat, leaned over me rather alarmingly:

"It is not for long that the rich shall enjoy these luxuries!" she remarked in a sepulchral voice. "The people are coming into their own, Mr. Penny!"

"Indeed?" I ventured.

"In Russia they are even now trampling through just such palaces as this!" announced Gregg Winterbox, his ascetic hair seeming to stand on end with emotion, the while he drained his glass for the second time. "And soon we shall be doing the same!"

"Oh, surely not to Mrs. Ted!" Esmeralda cooed softly, her manner so ingratiating that I was filled with amazement.

"We shall spare no one!" replied Mr. Winterbox. "Once capital is gone it will be gone! May I have another of those delightful drinks, my dear Collins?"

Needless to say Ted was only too eager to comply with the request of his appreciative guest, who meanwhile stood in the midst of the Japanese veranda and took up the theme with eloquence, though somewhat cryptically:

"The tools must belong to the worker!" he announced. "Our Russian comrades have realized that, and they have realized also that in order to become possessed of the machinery of production they must have peace. In order to have peace one must stop fighting. In order to stop fighting one must lay down one's arms! Then the industrial revolution will follow as a matter of course!"

"Yes, but," said Mrs. Esmeralda still sweetly, playing with her riding crop in a peculiar manner, "yes, but suppose the other fellow forgets to lay down his arms—like in the Italian retreat? What then?"

"Both sides must lay down their arms!" Gregg Winterbox announced with thrilling firmness. "Both! In Russia, when Ludvich announced the taking over of all vodka by the government ——"

"Oh, I beg to differ with that!" broke in Madame Crillier, who had hitherto been silently playing with her long earrings. "I beg to differ with that. It was Trotsky, not Ludvich, who suggested the control of alcoholism by the proletariat!"

"I believe you are thinking of the Shoemakers' League for Individualism!" replied her—I suppose I may be permitted to call him—spouse, a trifle annoyedly.

"Nonsense!" snapped Miss Boilingbrook. "You are both of you wrong! It was Rosaki Baba, Lenine's mother-in-law, who was so long in Siberia! And anyhow the whole matter was abandoned later and has nothing to do with the present situation! Now, when I was over with the Ford peace party ——"

"Let me ask one question," put in Mrs. Esmeralda: "Just what do you propose to do to end the war?"

"Demand an immediate peace conference!" exclaimed all three visitors, simultaneously for once!

"And do you intend demanding it right here on the front lawn this very afternoon?"

"I do!" replied Gregg Winterbox, squaring his shoulders and accepting his fourth cocktail from the preoccupied host. "I do! Not directly, in so many words, of course! But insinuatingly, by dwelling on the beauties of peace in the abstract, and the fact that Germany is merely a misguided mass of brothers—of comrades!"

Somehow at this juncture the swinging sofa upon which I sat all at once felt most uncomfortable, and I was impelled to rise and walk about. Really, upon my word, could I have thought of a single excuse I would have left that instant! I do assure you I have never in my life come so close to losing all sense of my social obligations! But Mrs. Esmeralda sat still and continued to smile sweetly. There came over me a cold horror that somehow these strange persons were exerting upon her the same hypnotic influence which they seemed to exert on Mrs. Ted, who sat entranced and hanging upon every word they uttered.

"So you don't believe in defending yourself when attacked?" Mrs. Esmeralda went on. "Oh, do explain it all to me, Mr. Winterbox! I am so interested!"

"I certainly do not believe in physical violence under any circumstances!" replied he, warming to his theme. "The human intelligence has so far progressed during the last three—mind you—three decades, that it is farcical to resort to the methods of the primitives. When coming into dispute with a civilized and equally erudite nation such as Germany, we ought, should and can settle the matter verbally!"

"I see!" said Esmeralda. "But suppose that after you had an erudite President who had written some erudite notes to this erudite nation they went right on acting like a bunch of wild animals, and only used their erudition to lie, deceive and trick you—where would you get off?"

"I would meet their brutality with nonresistance," said Mr. Winterbox quickly. "The psychological result would be so tremendous that nothing could fight it!"

"Do you mean to say that if a couple of wild beasts came at you, you would reason with them?" she wanted to know, her fingers again playing nervously with her riding crop.

"Of course I would!" declared Gregg. "The power of the human intelligence is unlimited!"

"And you wouldn't try to defend yourself?" Esmeralda went on.

"Peace is inevitably met by peace!" replied Winterbox; and all the ladies except Mrs. Esmeralda applauded, while Mrs. Ted spoke up for the first time.

"Oh, Esmeralda, my dear!" she cried. "Can't you see how beautiful that idea is? Just think how wonderful it would be for everybody to stop fighting!"

Suddenly Esmeralda disengaged her arm, upon which Mrs. Ted had laid a hand.

"Of course it would be wonderful!" she cried. "But can't you see what dangerous bunk these people are talking? Can't you understand that they are dealing with something they have no real knowledge of? How long do you think any one of them, or you either, would stand up under an actual physical test of your theories?"

"Forever!" shouted Miss Boilingbrook, springing to her feet and pounding on the table with her empty glass, which Mr. Ted, by this time in a semistupefied state, absently refilled. "Forever! Why, if a German came up to me with a bayonet I would reply with a pamphlet!"

"Even though you knew he was only a wild beast?" demanded Esmeralda, swinging on her.

"Yes!" replied Miss Boilingbrook.

"Oh, bunk!" snapped Mrs. Esmeralda. "Catherine, I'm sorry to act like this in your house and to your guests, but it's only because I care such a lot about you, and it makes me sick to see you fooled by them! Would anything make you cut it out?"

"I believe in them and their noble theory!" said Mrs. Ted with shining eyes. "I think it wrong to kill anything. I'd have to see the theory of nonresistance fail before my very eyes before I would doubt it!"

To this reply Mrs. Esmeralda made only an inarticulate noise. Mrs. Winterbox—I mean Crillier—sprang to her feet, her earrings jangling, and there was the spirit of, as I may say, Mars as well as Bacchus in the air, if you know what I mean, when mercifully one of the white-capped maids appeared in the door and announced luncheon.

What a relief! What a marvelously helpful social institution these announcements are! A tremendously ingenious person must have conceived them—so indispensable to the salvage of difficult situations have they proved, time and again!

At any rate we all collected ourselves and turned our steps toward the luncheon room, I lending my assistance to my host, who badly needed it by now. He accepted my proffered arm with pathetic gratitude, and as I do not partake of anything stronger than coffee myself I was well fitted to my self-appointed task. As we entered the house together he whispered a confidence to me in a breathy undertone of considerable strength.

(Concluded on Page 69)





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(Concluded from Page 67)

"Thanksh, ole Allie!" he said. "Shamed of myself getting stewed like thish so early. Catherine's always trying to get me to cut it out but somehow I haven't got the strength of character—it would take a hard knock. And the worsht of it is when I'm stewed I forget to kick these damn—Bolsh—Bolsh—you know what I mean—out the damn houshl Mean to every time, I 'shure you! Then I mix a round of drinks and it sh-shlips my memory!"

He patted me on the arm in a manner most flattering from a person of his social standing, and we all sat down to the awaiting meal.

Conversation, which had been so, as I may say, animated on the veranda, languished curiously, and after a moment or two of dreadful silence during which she ate nothing Esmeralda rose from her seat.

"Will you excuse me a minute, folks?" she said. "I must telephone."

And with that she walked out leaving the rest of us silent under the shower of a monologue on the changing social order by Mr. Gregg Winterbox, who seemed to have a most amazing faculty for consuming nourishment without in the least impairing his linguistic faculty, even temporarily.

I have long observed a curious phenomenon which doubtless has escaped the casual eye—or ear, whichever one would call it—to wit: the difficulty of abstaining from listening to anyone giving or receiving a telephone call if that person be within earshot. And as usual this peculiar condition rose when Mrs. Esmeralda took down the receiver from a telephone in the hall just outside. Of course, I strove not to attend to what she said, but I could not avoid catching a few remarks, and these were most puzzling.

"I don't give a German copper!" she said. "I'll pay the whole matinée seating capacity if necessary!" And then a little later: "You know it'll be a cinch compared to that stallion of old man Ezera's!"

Presently she returned to her place, a trifle flushed and with a renewed sparkle in her eye, but with a strange repose of manner. Also her appetite returned, and she applied herself to the exquisitely appointed meal with her customary rather crude relish.

I for one did not share her material enthusiasm and was more than content with a glass of milk and a biscuit. The whole situation was at once nauseous and irritating. That terrible almost uncontrollable instinct to use violence on the mild Mr. Gregg Winterbox and his female companions kept bubbling up in me and caused me a dread of subsequent nervous indigestion if I was not cautious as to food. My equanimity was further impaired by the sight of several maidservants and some caterers' assistants busily engaged in arranging for the meeting, which was to follow the luncheon and which was to be held on the lawn.

It was a divine site for a large entertainment, being a grassy basin surrounded on three sides with a carefully controlled wilderness of underbrush and young trees. On the fourth side was a terrace, also Japanese in character, and containing a lovely miniature lake or pool. This lake being elevated slightly above the turf, a table and chairs had been placed on its margin, and was evidently intended to serve as a pulpit from which the unholy doctrine of Bolshevikism was about to be preached. Below, in the grassy hollow, some three hundred odd seats had been placed, their backs to the woods, and over at the right a group of wicker chairs was arranged to accommodate the, as I may say, aristocracy of the Bolshevik.

A little later, when the audience which was to listen to the doctrine of Comrade Winterbox began to arrive in the automobiles Mrs. Ted had provided for their transportation, I looked in vain for any Russian costumes, and again my doubt of the thorough genuineness of the organization rose, though to do them full justice it must be admitted that many of the male members were bearded—which fact might possibly have a pecuniary basis as well as a radical and racial one. There were a great many foreign-looking persons among them, and some odd-looking American females faintly reminiscent of the sort of maiden relation one ignores whenever possible. There was, I am thankful to relate, nobody who could by any chance be mistaken for one of us. But I was so deeply upset that I could take no part in the, as I suppose I must call it, social prelude to the meeting, during which the guests wandered about the house and grounds, handling Mrs. Ted's possessions in a manner which caused me to fear that some of that seizing of the possessions of the rich which Winterbox had mentioned with so much confidence was about to take place under my very eyes.

I suppose—indeed I am sure—that Mrs. Collins knowing my capacity in such matters had anticipated that I would be of assistance in this interval. But such a thing was utterly out of my power. My will seemed paralyzed, as it were, and not even my weeks of training at the Y. M. C. A. hut had hardened me in speaking to social inferiors without an introduction to the extent of enabling me to approach these neo-Russians. I had given Mrs. Esmeralda my solemn word to stand by, but literally standing by was the uttermost I could bring myself to do, and even this I did in the close proximity of Ted Collins, who had installed himself near the speaker's table, a small stand containing the necessary ingredients and a capacious shaker, conveniently at hand. Drunk though he was he was at least a recognizable species, if you know what I mean.

But an entirely different spirit seemed to be actuating Mrs. Esmeralda. Her red hair flashed here and there among the crowd, and a strange elation seemed to be carrying her along, for she chatted amiably with each group of newcomers, however strange, and altogether displayed a social capacity such as she had never evinced on ordinary occasions. It seemed indeed as if she positively were delighted to get these creatures seated, and her marked cordiality was a surprise, to put it mildly. Even Ted Collins commented upon it.

"Fine gel, that!" he said, shaking a new round of drinks meditatively. "Could cure a fellow of the booze habit, even! S-strange thing, fate!"

And just then Comrade Gregg stepped up to his improvised pulpit on the edge of the pond, and Miss Boilingbrook took the chair by, as I may put it, storm, and called the meeting to order. As she did so two burly persons, who palpably belonged neither to the Bolsheviki nor to the reporter class, entered as unobtrusively as their bulk would permit, and took seats just behind me.

"Wake me up when it's over, Bill," said one to the other in a heavy whisper. "These peace meetings make me tired!"

"Yes—they don't even end in a scrap any more!" replied his companion. From which conversation I deduced that they were representatives of the Department known as that of Justice. And then the meeting began with, to my horrified amazement, Mrs. Esmeralda on the platform!

'Twas a strangely peaceful scene for the setting of any portentous gathering. The day was perfect and had the company but been entirely different the occasion would have been charming. A fair degree of attentiveness settled upon the audience as Miss Boilingbrook announced that she had no need to introduce the speaker, and having left him at that, spoke for quite a lengthy period on her personal opinion of the ultimate destiny of labor. Then she remembered Mr. Gregg Winterbox, who had been somewhat restless during her address, and reiterating the fact that he needed no introduction, waved a hand at him and sat down, leaving him in possession of the narrow ledge between the edge of the pool and the, as I may say, brink of the terrace. Mr. Winterbox took the floor, if so it may be correctly termed, with the ease and assurance of long habit. Tossing back his, as I may call it, dramatic hair he acknowledged the applause and began to speak in a voice which fairly dripped with emotion.

"Comrades!" he said. "Shortly before coming here to speak to you it was my fortune to talk with a person who quite unconsciously gave me a most apt text. 'Mr. Winterbox,' she said, 'in the event of a wild beast being turned loose upon you would you not defend yourself?' 'My dear lady,' I replied, 'I would not! I would at once try the power of my good will upon it!'"

Here the audience broke into rapturous applause which startled one of the detectives behind me from the gentle slumber into which he had dropped—a circumstance for which I was grateful, as he was given to snoring—a most disgusting habit that was in no way lessening the feeling of nausea which was creeping upon me. But this was only the beginning. Comrade Gregg held up his hand for silence, and his countenance took on a sterner mold.

"The psychology of absolute nonresistance has never been properly practiced!" he thundered. "No one knows to what lengths it might succeed. And should the opportunity come to me I would practice it with all the strength of my conviction! Should at this moment a wild beast—a—a wild beast, a—wild ——"

His voice broke suddenly and strangely, and his face lost what little color it had, becoming positively blue; his jaw dropped and he was staring straight out over the heads of his audience at something that was emerging from the woods behind them. Every eye instinctively turned to follow his.

The forest was disgorging two full-size African lions, which quite unattended were making their way directly toward the Bolsheviks!

"Help!" shrieked Comrade Gregg Winterbox, and taking two instinctive and unfortunate steps backward he disappeared into the Japanese pool.

How can I find adequate language to describe the scene that ensued? I cannot. Words, as it were, fail; they are meaningless beside the reality. The confusion was, to say the least, clamorous and overwhelming. Nobody stopped to assist Mr. Winterbox, but the pond fortunately not being very deep his head and shoulders soon appeared over the edge—a situation from which he seemed unable to extricate himself further, though he constantly called for help. Chairs were scattered as the crowd fled; and it is curious to note, in the quiet of retrospect, that the various qualities of the Bolshevik came out quite clearly. I had an excellent opportunity to observe them, having almost immediately upon the alarm found myself in the lower branches of an ornamental pine tree.

A few of the comrades had followed my own instinct and, as I may say, perched near by. A few threw the camp chairs upon which they had been sitting at the charging beasts, and some swept the refreshment tables clean of the sandwiches, and so forth, and tossed them in the same direction as sort of, I take it, sacrificial offerings. Many simply fled, the scenery eventually engulfing them. One or two inadvertently joined their leader in the pool, and yet again others sought shelter in the house. But with all this variety not one—not even one—attempted anything like reasoning with the brutes! In point of fact there were only three persons who even met the animals halfway, as it were.

The first of these was Ted Collins, whom the surprise had caught cocktail shaker in hand. With a howl he charged on the beasts, throwing the shaker away as he went, and shouting at the top of his voice:

"Are they real? Let me feel of them! I'm off the drink for life! For life, I tell you!"

It was terrible—truly terrible! His wife, who had gone inside at the first alarm, now reappeared, running at full speed toward the lions, and brandishing a small revolver.

"It's all right, Ted, I'm coming!" she screamed, and was taking aim when Mrs. Esmeralda's voice halted her.

"Don't shoot!" she called, her voice cool and sharp. "Those lions have cost me enough money already! Don't shoot, Catherine, you fake pacifist!"

Then she blew a shrill blast on a whistle and began shouting at the top of her voice:

"Come on, you Clem Davis! They've had enough! Come on—defeat 'em for us, old sport!"

As if by magic there appeared from the woods the stalwart figure of that terrible circus person with whom we had talked on the previous day. He was now clad in a rather ill-fitting uniform, very new and inexpensively tailored; and with him were two assistants—both in khaki! Just how they did it I cannot tell, but in a very few moments both beasts were securely held in leash, and almost immediately thereafter my whole joy in the moral lesson was destroyed by that vulgar Clem Davis person stopping directly beneath my tree and commanding me to descend.

"A Y. M. C. A. uniform!" he said. "Hey, big boy, jump off your perch and telephone for the lions' cage! Then report to the commissary officer and say Davis sent you to get his other chaps—I mean leggings. The lions has bit through these. Hop along, now!"

And though technically he had absolutely no right so to command me I somehow obeyed.

I think perhaps it is best to close at this painful moment. The situation speaks for itself. Do you now perceive what I mean when I say our set will never stand for the way this war is being run—never?


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# THE BUTTERFLY

(Continued from Page 7)

At Châlons the hopes of France were staked upon a new venture. Marshal MacMahon, instead of retreating to Paris, as he had been expected to do, turned north in a desperate attempt to strike at Metz and relieve Bazaine. Alas! He himself was driven still farther north by the Prussians and the Saxons, who on September first surrounded the French Army at Sedan. The next day occurred the disaster that decided the war, changed the map of Europe, delivered Louis Napoleon into the hands of Prussia, and converted France into a republic. The army and the fortress were compelled to surrender. Besides the emperor himself, forty generals, four thousand officers and eighty-three thousand men were made prisoners of war.

Among them was Roland de Valterre, who, in company with many other French officers, was ordered to be sent to Germany for confinement. But, tortured by his fears for Gabrielle's safety and imbued with the recklessness of despair, he leaped from the train that was carrying him across the border and, bruised but unhurt, hid in a ditch until nightfall. Then he made his way to the house of a peasant, and the next day, concealed in the peasant's cart amid a load of cabbages, was borne joltingly southward. From that time forward he traveled as he could, moving only by night, lying concealed by day, and generally avoiding towns and villages, not knowing when he might stumble upon an enemy patrol.

At last he reached the valley through which he and his bride had ridden only two short months before disaster had befallen France. One more night's march and he would reach the château!

Trembling with impatience, he lay in a thicket upon the edge of a forest and watched with burning glance the slow descent of the sun. When it had disappeared and darkness veiled the earth he crept out of his hiding place and took the road. His clothes were in tatters; his beard was matted and unkempt; his face was pale, his figure emaciated; but his eyes gleamed with a feverish light and he trod the familiar route with eager step.

Finally he reached the base of the mountain and, skirting the village asleep at the foot of it, began to mount the slope. Up and up he toiled, until the stars grew pale overhead and a gray tint came into the east.

"What!" exclaimed Roland in dismay. "Is it morning already! I must hurry."

He redoubled his efforts and a few moments later reached the hem of the little wood that extended almost to the rear wall of the château. Panting and breathless, he stumbled through this wooded tract, in which there walked the ghostly forelight of the dawn.

Suddenly he emerged from the shadow of the trees and saw the château standing black and bitter against the reddening sky. At first he did not comprehend what had happened; he knew only that the massive pile looked fearfully strange and—dead. Then he understood; and a wild cry burst from his lips.

The château was only a hideous empty shell. It had been sacked, gutted, burned. It stood against the on-coming day like some horrid mansion of despair. It breathed unspeakable tragedy.

A wave of madness overwhelmed Roland's brain. He rushed about the sinister smutted walls with inarticulate shouts, mounted the terrace and entered the great salon. There he stopped short and stared about him like a man who has received a blow upon the head.

The once noble chamber was a cell of ruin. Its rich woodwork was a cinderous mass that clung like a horrible fungus to the walls. Its beautiful draperies were charred rags. Its proud portraits were hacked or marred, its windows smashed in, its furnishings scorched and broken. The massive ebony piano was scorched by fire. A smell of burnt wood, acrid and sickening, contaminated the air. In the midst of this scene of destruction hung the crystal chandelier, whose myriad pendants, reflecting the level beams of the dawn, seemed to drip blood.

At that instant Roland heard a low moan. He started violently and gazed in terror about him. The sound had seemed to come from the far end of the room. He crept slowly forward, dragging his feet as though each constituted a tremendous weight. In the dim light he saw, piled in one corner, a small barricade of débris, and behind it, lying upon a heap of rags, the muffled body of a man.

He stooped as though pressed down by a crushing curiosity and peered into the man's face.

"Mathias!" he cried.

The figure stirred; the eyelids fluttered; the lips moved.

"Monsieur!"

Roland seized the old servant's hands.

"Mathias," he stammered, "what has happened? Tell me—for the love of God!"

A tremor passed over the body of Mathias. It was evident that he was making a supreme effort to speak. Roland leaned forward and placed his ear against the other's lips. Slowly and in a gasping whisper the words came forth:

"The Uhlans!—I did not dream —— It was very sudden. . . . I fought them; but I was old. . . . They laughed and beat me with their swords. . . . I lay upon the steps—until the fire scorched me."

"But—madame?" wailed Roland. "What of her? Speak! I implore you!"

"I—do not know, monsieur. . . . I only know that—she—is gone; vanished!"

"Oh, my God!"

"I have waited—to tell you, monsieur. I have put off dying—to tell you. . . . There was a little bread and wine—enough to keep me alive; but that is finished. . . . I am dying fast. . . . You must not die, monsieur. . . . You must live! . . . Live! . . . Revenge ——"

The frail voice rattled suddenly in the old man's throat; he gave a little shiver, and died.

Roland got to his feet and stood gazing stupidly at the body of his former valet. Then the full horror of Mathias' story burst upon his mind. He saw in his imagination the approach of the Uhlans; the attack upon the château. He saw Old Mathias beaten down by those fiends who laughed! He saw Gabrielle, his beloved, his frail butterfly, seized, bruised, broken!

He began to call to her, shrieking at the top of his lungs: "Gabrielle! Gabrielle!" Only the gruesome echo answered him. Was she dead? He prayed that death had claimed her. The thought that she might still be alive, a Prussian captive, a Prussian slave, drove him half insane. He must know! He must summon her out of the stillness, the awful stillness!

Suddenly a light came into his face. He stumbled across the room, smiling terribly, and seated himself at the piano. His hands fell upon the keys. A weird tone trembled through the devasted chamber; a tone that was the very voice of ruin itself. Then, while the sun rose in a blood-red sky beyond the gaping windows, he began to play La Danse des Papillons.

It was the mockery of all music. It shrilled and jangled on the brooding silence of that dead house like the rattle of a dancing skeleton. Yet Roland played with a fervor, a high artistry that triumphed over the very hideousness of his medium.

He had got half through the piece when a white butterfly fluttered in through the window and settled itself upon the piano top. There it remained, slowly folding and unfolding its beautiful wings, glistening like a great jewel in the sunlight.

The music ended with a crash. Roland sprang up, sobbing in a delirium of joy, and thrust out his hands toward the butterfly. Immediately it rose and, after circling twice about the room, flew out of the same window through which it had come and fluttered away into the glowing east. Roland gazed after it with streaming eyes.

"Oh, my beloved!" he cried. "It is thy soul that I have seen! And now I know that all is well with thee indeed—for thou art dead!"

Then he fell down in a stupor. When he woke it was night. He dragged himself to his feet and stumbled down the mountain side to the village. Everything was dark and still. He groped his way through the narrow streets, in which not a light showed, until he came to the house of Père Currie. Summoning the last atom of his strength he knocked upon the door, and when it was opened fell in a faint across the threshold.

For many months he lay beneath the priest's roof, while the angels of life and death struggled for possession of his soul. Père Currie nursed him with a woman's tenderness and by some miracle kept his presence an absolute secret; but it was Roland's own effort of will that finally saved him. He had an indomitable determination to live. Even in his delirium he would repeat the words that Old Mathias, dying, had planted in his mind: "Live! Revenge! Live! Revenge!"

Autumn evolved into winter. The war raged on. Paris was besieged; defended itself with a heroism that excited the admiration of the world, but at last was forced to capitulate. Word reached the village under the mountain that German soldiers had bivouacked in the Champs-Elysées. There were many rumors. Then one day Père Currie came in from the street, pale and excited, and clasped Roland's hands.

"You may show your face again, my son," he said. "They have signed the articles of peace!"

Roland rose to his feet. He was still weak. His hair and beard were as white as snow, but there was a good fire in his eyes.

"Peace!" he cried. "Can one make peace with a murderer? Mark my words, Père Currie, it is nothing but an armistice! As for myself," he added, drawing a deep breath, "I go to recover my health. After that I shall wait—and prepare!"

Here the Marquis de B—— paused in his narrative, and for several moments there was no sound but the murmur of the fire upon the hearth. It was as though an invisible curtain had been dropped briefly to indicate a natural period in the story. Then the marquis continued in his calm imperturbable voice:

For several years Roland de Valterre traveled abroad—in Italy, in Egypt, in Algiers—devoting himself with undivided purpose and dauntless spirit to the reconstitution of his shattered health. Then one day in the early spring he returned to the village and knocked on Père Currie's door.

"Come!" said he when the greetings had been exchanged. "I want you to climb the mountain with me."

The old priest uttered no comment, but took his hat and stick and together they climbed the mountain. The château still stood, a charred ruin, against the blue of the sky; but time had dulled the sharp edges of its tragedy. Its grim walls were overrun with vines and its stones were covered by the peculiar golden moss that grows in our beautiful Lorraine.

Roland de Valterre stood upon the terrace of his former home and looked out over the valley to the east. A few kilometers away appeared the red roofs of a small village exactly like the one under the mountain; but with this difference—that over the former floated the flag of imperial Germany!

"Yonder runs the new frontier!" said Père Currie, with a note of grief in his voice; and he indicated the line of a small stream that spun its silver thread beneath them.

Roland de Valterre smiled; and his face, tanned by the sun of many countries, gleamed hard as bronze.

"*Eh bien!*" said he. "I am not in such a bad position, after all; for if one is to have an enemy it is just as well to keep him in plain sight."

The next day workmen ascended the mountain and began the task of restoring the château. When the labor was completed the Comte de Valterre moved in, selecting as his own quarters a suite of rooms in the east wing, the windows of which looked out upon the new Germany. The first view that greeted his eyes in the morning—and the last that forsook them at night—was the distant panorama of the lost land of Lorraine.

From that time forth Roland de Valterre lived the life of a recluse. He saw no one but his servants, Père Currie, and one or two of his oldest friends, of whom I was one. As death thinned this small company he wrapped his solitude about him like an impenetrable cloak and became a veritable hermit on a mountain.

He wrote no more music; but occasionally, after dining in lonely grandeur, he would enter the great salon and, taking his place at the piano, play far into the night in the most brilliant fashion, and always extemporaneously.

For the rest he raised butterflies. They were his occupation, his passion, his religion. He had begun to propagate them in a

(Concluded on Page 73)




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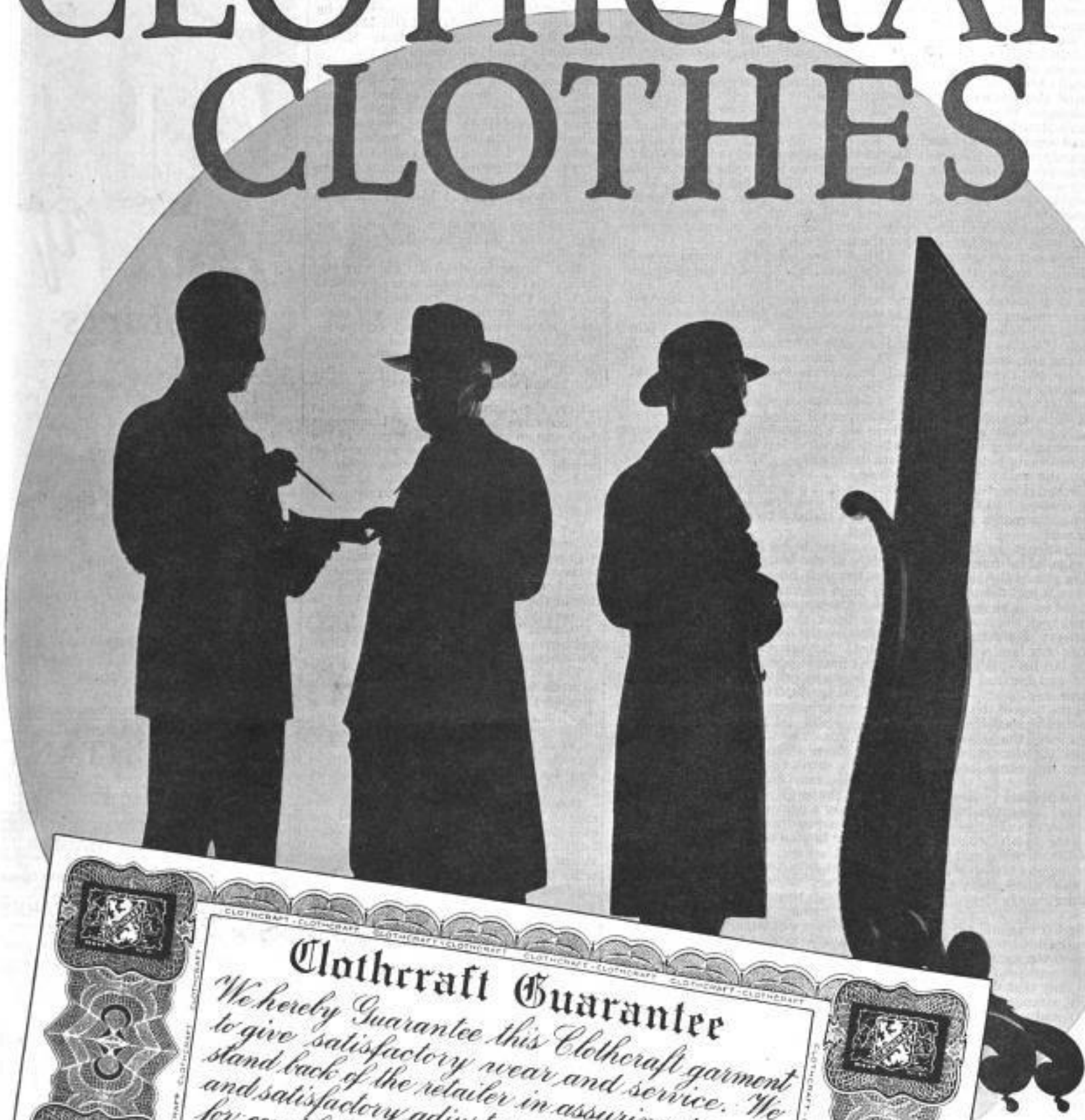
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(Concluded from Page 71)

small way that first summer of his return, keeping several pairs in the conservatory off the dining hall. But soon he had acquired so many of these lovely pets that the place became choked with them. Thereupon he had sent for the carpenters and had ordered them to build him a new conservatory, which was constructed with a glass roof and possessed extravagant facilities for heating. It was filled, moreover, with all the herbs and flowers upon which butterflies feed. Several years later he built another such conservatory, and still later a third. By that time he counted his playthings by the tens of thousands.

It was a curious collection—one of the most curious, perhaps, the world has ever seen. It contained specimens of every sort, from the blood-red butterflies of South America to the huge white butterflies of the far north. Nor was there any single species of his collection that the comte did not know; he would recite their histories by the hour, as though they had been precious jewels or priceless paintings. He called them his blossoms of the air.

He loved to walk through the conservatories, between rows of flowers in bloom, while swarms of butterflies circled about his head or settled upon his shoulders or perched in his long white hair. I remember him always as having several butterflies clinging to his clothes. They made unexpected rainbows in his dull and somber existence. The château itself was bright with their agitated wings. Wherever M. le Comte went, indoors or out, he walked in a little colored cloud of them.

Eventually the fame of his collection spread abroad. All through the valley he was known as the Old Man of the Butterflies and was accorded a sort of legendary significance. In time his eccentricity became a distinction to the countryside and a profit to the village under the mountain; for tourists came, with jingling pockets, and paid good silver to have their curiosity satisfied—three francs to climb the slope and stare at the towers of the Château de Valterre; five francs to hear the tragic tale, which usually concluded thus:

"You inquire why M. le Comte raises butterflies, then? *Voyez, mesdames et messieurs*, it is in souvenir of a great love that is dead. For if one knows where one's true love is buried one may put flowers upon the grave; but if there is no grave one must give one's garlands to the breeze. Also, was not La Belle Gabrielle known as The Butterfly? Oh, it is a fine sentiment, truly! Of course M. le Comte is a trifle mad; but it is none the less beautiful."

Forty years passed.

Then one summer morning in August, 1914, M. le Comte de Valterre, now a man of seventy, saw a long column of French soldiers marching through the valley below him, with the sunlight glinting on their bayonets. Late that same day he heard a muffled, lazy, rumbling sound, like the boom of distant thunder.

He hastened down the mountain side and turned into the main street of the village—a white-haired bent old figure, whose glance, nevertheless, flashed fire. Pushing his way through the crowd he read the order of mobilization. The German barbarian was marching once more, resolved this time upon the conquest of a world! France had declared war.

"At last!" cried M. le Comte; and, wheeling about, he strode away with a fierce smile burning upon his lips.

The people of the village observed him with awe.

"It is the day of his revenge," they whispered. "But what can he do? He is old. He has waited too long. It is very sad to be old on such a day as this."

But the comte did not hear these remarks. He climbed back to his height and sat at his window, looking out over the lost land of Lorraine toward the enemy's country, while all about him played a swarm of butterflies.

The war went on. Belgium was overrun. France was invaded. England dispatched her immortal thousands to check the onrushing gray tide. The war went on. Von Kluck was sent reeling back from the Marne; back from Paris. Bitter was the fighting on the Aisne. Men died without number. The panting armies dug themselves into the earth.

The war went on. It spread over the whole of Europe; over the Seven Seas. Nation after nation, as the face of the German brute was revealed to it, took up arms in defense of human liberty. Soon the enemy was surrounded by a ring of foes. Against this ring he hurled the weight of his tremendous armies, but he could not break it wholly. He began to grow desperate. His food supply was failing. He launched the submarine, that foul serpent of the deep. In reply America took up the sword and crossed the seas, bringing the new world to battle. The war went on.

M. le Comte de Valterre walked in his conservatories, with a strange brightness in his eyes, and talked caressingly to the butterflies that hovered about him.

Two—three years he waited; and it was not an easy task to wait. He burned continually with a fever that was slowly consuming him. He scarcely ate. He scarcely slept. Yet he forced himself to be patient, sitting at his window, talking to his pets, reading eagerly every scrap of news he could find concerning the enemy's country.

Finally, in the spring of 1917, he learned from a neutral source that the economic condition of Germany was very grave. If the next food crop failed, or was even a partial failure, the enemy population would be in dire straits.

M. le Comte de Valterre smiled and waited a little longer. Then one glorious day, when the wind was blowing steadily and strongly from the west, the comte summoned his servants—such as the war had left to him—and commanded them to open the conservatories. After which he went into the great salon, seated himself at the piano, and with his old hands began to play La Danse des Papillons, which he had not played for nearly half a century.

In the village far below a man ran through the streets crying: "The mountain is in eruption!"

So, indeed, it seemed. For above the wooded height rose a dense cloud that spread out like ashes from the mouth of a volcano, covering the heavens and darkening the earth beneath. The whole valley, terrified, hastened out of doors to stare up at this phenomenon.

Shortly the strange cloud, driven by the gale, began to move in the direction of the German frontier, and the astonished people saw that it was composed of thousands upon thousands of butterflies!

Meanwhile, in the grand salon of the Château de Valterre the old comte sat playing the music that he had made for La Belle Gabrielle long years before. His cheeks were stained with a high color. His eyes blazed. His lips smiled. He was transfigured.

All about him swirled a tempest of butterflies, brushing him with their gauzy wings, sweeping over him like a jeweled wave; but the wind came blowing through the room and sped them in brilliant cascades out of doors and windows until all had vanished but one.

The music ceased. The comte's hands dropped feebly into his lap. His head sank upon his breast. Then he raised his eyes and saw, resting upon the piano top, a single huge white butterfly, which poised there, slowly moving its beautiful wings.

"Gabrielle! Gabrielle!" cried M. le Comte. "Thou art avenged!"

The next instant he fell forward against the keys. When his servants reached him he was dead. They lifted him in their arms and bore him tenderly from the room. As they did so a white butterfly rose from somewhere about his garments and flew out of the window into the clear light of the morning.

Again the marquis paused in his recital; but it was only for a moment. Placing his hand in his breast pocket he brought forth a small portfolio, from which he produced some indistinguishable document.

"Messieurs," he said, "I should like to read you, in conclusion, a brief clipping from a Zurich newspaper. It is dated October 1, 1917, and runs as follows:

"'Secret information from Berlin is to the effect that a disastrous plague of caterpillars has laid waste the harvests of Central and Southern Germany. Last summer, it will be remembered, an enormous multitude of butterflies appeared over the afflicted regions, which, despite all counter measures taken against them, have rendered the present wheat and potato crops a practical failure. As a result, Germany faces actual starvation.'"

The voice of the Marquis de B—— ceased abruptly. A log fell into the ashes of the hearth, with a little crackling shower of sparks. After that it became so still that one could hear, faint and far, the low growling of the guns of France.




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(2043)


# BILGE AND MA GET A SUB

(Continued from Page 16)

The eye of their blinker system began to wink very rapidly. The signal man in the Judson who read its message became excited also as he translated to the captain. Captain Bill's eyes lighted freshly.

"Here's where I win that five pounds," he chuckled, and then uttered some short sharp words to the men at the annunciator and wheel, so that the Judson was picking up speed like a Liberty Motor and coming about for a straightaway dash down where the men in the dirigible were having their little cat fit.

The first hint Ma had that he and his boat's crew were to be temporarily abandoned in midchannel was when he saw the Judson go whizzing round him like a long chameleon-hued ghost, during which maneuver Jimmy Roser wigwagged him from the port wing of the bridge: "Pick up Bilge on raft three hundred yards to starboard and hold position. Will return and take you up."

"Bilge on raft—three hundred yards to starboard," muttered Ma in amazement. "The durn poet must 'a' fell overboard."

"Bilge went overside to rescue pup," Jimmy added, of his own motion, by way of postscript information.

Standing up Ma made out the form of a man signaling to him from the top of a wave.

"The durn dog catcher can just stay there a while till I get through with my present business," the boson's mate decided and, while holding his craft on its way toward the water-logged boat but with none of his oarsmen hurrying because of what they feared to find there, he permitted his own eyes to wander off in pursuit of the Judson, already half a mile away and kicking up a wake of foam that to the boat's crew was sufficient evidence of the importance of the errand upon which she was going.

"That old sausage down there must 'a' sighted the sub," Ma remarked wistfully. "Wisht I was on board"; and he gazed forlornly southward while the Judson streaked it another mile into the haze.

"Listen to that now!" ejaculated Spud Murphy, as an echo rattled and rolled in the clouds above them. "They're shootin'! There's another. Gosh! I never did have any luck."

A sound like a faint cough came back across the waves.

"What do you think of that now?" demanded Dyckman. "Sub shooting back at a destroyer."

"Must be one of them big cruisers with the five-inch guns," reasoned Ma. "Figures 'at she can outrange us, I reckon. Well, ain't this yere a yell of a mix-up? The Judson yonder shootin' and gettin' shot; us here puddlin' along on a fool's errand to look over a lot of dead men in a boat; and old Bilge, the fightin'est man of us all, yonder on a raft rescuin' a fool dog."

"Bilge would go farther after a dog than he would a human bein' any day," suggested Spud.

"This ain't war. It's farce comedy," decided Ma disconsolately.

"It's always just like that," volunteered Bunny McIntyre eagerly as he eased up on his oar. "It's that way at the Front in France, the fellers at the French base tell me. It's all kind of crazy. One minute you're sweatin' round because you lost your spoon, or you can't find one of your socks, or you're worrying because M Company got an Athletics' pitcher in the new draft and how in time are you going to win that fifteen francs if they stick this new pitcher in the game to-morrow; and then all at once shells are dropping on you and hell's popping everywhere, and socks or no socks, spoon or no spoon, pitcher or no pitcher, you hop up and go over, fighting like the very devil and wading up to your knees in blood maybe. Then in an hour it's back to the same old story; you're dead and you don't give a damn, or you're off to the hospital where a man with a pair of sugar tongs is picking pieces out of you, or else you're beefing and bellyaching along in the same old trenches with the same old troubles, howling like a colicky baby because the rats have et the filling out of your alcohol stove, and while you're drinking your coffee cold you can't help but wonder if the alcohol made the rodents drunk or not. That's the way it always goes."

"Well, if you make that oar of yourn go a little faster and your tongue go a little less we'll git to where we're a-travelin' some considerable quicker," rebuked Ma sternly. "You shore are some little philosopher though, ain't you, Bun?"

"The point is," argued Bunny, "you can't never figure what's going to happen next, nor how it's coming off. Things break out the way you can't never imagine 'em at all. There's Bilge going after the dog and the Judson going after the sub, right here in the same little back yard, you might say."

"But with this difference," piped Dyckman, who was in a hyperpessimistic mood through not liking to row: "Bilge got the dog. I can see him once in a while holding it up to us; but the Judson hasn't got the sub."

"How d'you know?" Instinctively six pairs of eyes turned off southward.

"Well, she's not firing any more."

"She may have got the sub."

"One thing's sure—the sub didn't get the Judson. I can make her out, all right. But gee! She must be four miles away, and I suppose the sub was five miles off when she began cracking away."

"Steady now!" ordered Ma sharply. "Back water. Take the boat hook there, Spud, and hold alongside, but keep her off, so one of these lazy ones don't roll us all over on top of her."

These remarks of the boson's mate were of course apropos of having arrived alongside the water-logged boat toward which they had been pulling.

"Gosh!" gasped Spud, standing up. "They's bodies in it."

Exploration with the boat hook, however, revealed that this was a mistake. There was a wash of heterogeneous things, but no bodies—some storm coats, a collapsed suitcase, torn asunder as if by shell fire, a woman's jacket, a life preserver, and on the end of the boat hook a baby's knitted cap.

"Gosh!" gasped Spud again.

Human life had been here but it was gone. How? Conjecture was easy, but unpleasant. Perhaps, shrinking from the shrapnel, the occupants had leaped overboard to a kinder death in the waves; or perhaps ——

"Shove off!" ordered Ma. "It makes me sort of sick. Le's go and get Bilge. How I hate a Hun!"

They went and got Bilge, and they were telling him about the boat, with the splintered ends, with the shattered suitcase and the woman's jacket and the baby's cap. Bilge's blue eyes blazed.

"Holy Father in heaven," he said, "but I'd like to get 'em!"

This was not profanation. It was prayer.

"Look!" exclaimed Spud excitedly. "Look!"

Every eye followed the thrust of his agitated finger to where, two hundred yards away, a stubby periscope had broken the surface and was turning gradually in their direction.

"The other submarine!" murmured Bilge in awe-struck tones. "The radios said there was two of them in this area."

The thing was still rising in the water, but with observation tubes telescoping as the craft rose, in order to decrease its own visibility as much as possible; for it mounted until two feet of the bridge was above the surface. At the same time it was straightening out its course, increasing speed and bearing directly down upon the men in the boat.

They stared at it curiously, helplessly, wondering at what moment a squad would emerge and demand their surrender or assail them with rifle fire. But no sign of the crew was apparent. Yet the submersible came straight on, faster and faster, that wedgelike prow at the base of the bridge fashioning itself into a relentless instrument of destruction.

"It's going to ram us!" the men murmured weakly, one to another.

"Hell's cahoots!" exclaimed Ma, excited for once in his life, as he discerned the meaning of this maneuver. "Back water, there! Back water for your life! Now—now let her come round! Lay off on your starboard oars. Pull like hell to port! Now—now!"

The whaleboat swung to starboard just in time to escape the peril of that axlike prow.

"Ain't she the helpless thing though!" Ma snorted, breathing quickly but turning

(Continued on Page 76)

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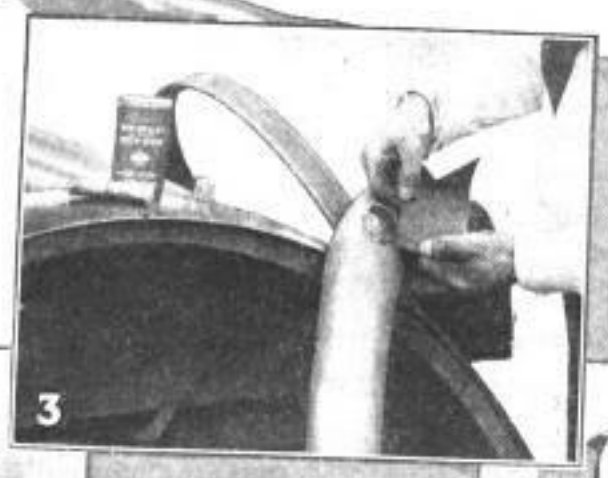
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(Continued from Page 74)

a sarcastic eye on Bilge in malicious memory of that argument of the night before. "Judson's three miles away now if she's a mile. Dirigible is one mile away if she's a hundred yards. Airplane? Where—where in thunder is that darned airplane?" Ma lifted his chin and searched the sky. "Plumb out of sight. That's the way with these hundred-mile-an-hour machines. One minute she's here and the next minute she's hoverin' over Liverpool."

"But," argued Bilge hopefully, "the next minute she's back here maybe."

"Look! The beggar is turning and coming back at us!" stammered Dyckman.

"You're an able navigator, Ma," encouraged Bilge. "You dodged him once. I bet you can dodge him again."

"You fellows git up on your toes," the boson's mate demanded of his oarsmen. "I bet I kin too."

"Ain't this war comedy, though, just like I told you?" broke out the philosophic Bunny. "Look at us out here playin' pussy wants a corner with a submarine, and balloons and airplanes and the Judson with guns and torpedoes and ash cans all round us but just out of hailing distance."

"I look for 'em to turn a machine gun on us pretty soon," said Spud, eying the veering submarine apprehensively.

"Ain't it funny about these damn Huns?" observed Bunny, still reflective. "They'll try to smash the boat and drown us all, but they won't open up and pick us off with a rifle. They got compunctions about that apparently."

"They got compunctions about coming up high enough to open the hatches for fear the balloon will sight them," growled Spud.

"Yes, or compunctions about shootin' off rifles or machine guns, for fear the balloon'll hear it and wigwag the Judson and she'll turn and drop a shell on 'em."

"Here she comes back again!"

Once more the pronglike prow came stabbing down upon them, and again Ma by clever seamanship maneuvered his boat to one side, though this time she was nearly capsized by the wake. For a moment there was no conversation in the whaleboat. Every face was white, mouths were open, men panted for breath and looked into each other's eyes curiously. Ma's spirit, however, was still stout. After a moment he could even indulge another shaft of sarcasm.

"Ain't they the helpless little things though?" he demanded. "What are you so still for, Bilge? What you thinking about? Ain't scared, are you?"

"Plumb to hell and gone," admitted Bilge, his teeth chattering. "Ma, I haven't never been so scared in all my life before. Not even in a dream, I haven't."

"Well, you shore are honest, for once in yore misspent life," responded Ma. "I admire you for it, Bilge. You give me courage to speak the truth too. I am just so dog-goned scairt that ——"

"I got an idea, though," blurted Bilge suddenly. "Quick! Quick! It's a pippin too! Pull over there to that hatch cover with the coil of rope on it."

"Clean nutty, ain't you?" reproved Ma witheringly.

"I suppose yore idea is to tie on to the sub's propeller and then it can't ram us because it keeps pullin' us out of its own reach all the time. Sort of a game of pussy chasin' its tail, huh?"

"Get over there, fellows, quick, will you?" pleaded Bilge before replying, and as if any diversion, no matter how sterile and unpromising, were preferable to the dread suspense of waiting to be rammed or fired upon by the submarine, the men bent to their oars while Ma swung the tiller.

"That's just all the strategical imagination you've got now," chided Bilge. "You're figuring to keep the submarine from getting us. I figure to get the submarine."

Ma said nothing at all to this, but contrived to look extremely bored and disconsolate.

"You haven't got the proper faith in brains and initiative, Ma," complained Bilge.

"You haven't got no proper brains at all," peeved Ma.

"The Judson's coming this way fast," reported Bunny, taking a squint over his shoulder. "The balloon must have seen the sub."

"This U-pirate's got about one more chance at us," calculated Bilge, "and if he misses that he's done. He's got to get down. Then it's our turn."

"Then he'll open up the hatch and turn loose on us with the rifles," declared Ma dejectedly.

"Just about," admitted Bilge. "But we can all pile over the off side and let him whang away. He'll have to submerge before he can pick off a single one of us. I'm going to put a ball and chain on him."

"What's your scheme?" inquired Ma, with a sudden change from mocking pessimism to respectful interest as they swung alongside the hatch cover.

"Watch me!" crowed Bilge. "Just watch me!"

Swiftly he was tying the end of that coil of line about the middle of an oar.

"Here!" he said, thrusting the oar into Ma's hand. "Now when the sub comes at you next time don't back off so sharp. Kind of swing alongside and pitch this oar through under his jump wire. It'll turn crossways and the angle of the wire and the drive of the boat will pull it under till it comes to where the jump wire is made fast to the deck. There it'll jam and hold like an anchor just as long as the sub keeps pulling on it."

"But ——" Ma began to object.

"But nothing. I'm going over the side now and make the other end of that coil fast to the ring in the hatch cover. There's three hundred feet of line in that coil if there's an inch. The sub can't go down more than three hundred feet, so we've got a permanent marker on him. Here! Out of the way, pup!"

In another second Bilge was on the hatch cover, searching for the inner end of the coil and tying it in the ring.

"Pull away now," he ordered. "I've got to keep the line running free."

"Well, I'll be blowed plumb up to heaven with a depth charge," exclaimed Ma, "if that there nut hain't got hold of a perfectly reasonable idea. All we got to do now is to put it over. Up on your toes again, you-all. Remember, we got to keep her broadside on till the bridge gits apast us, so's I can tuck the oar under the jump rope. It don't make no difference if we do upset after that, because if they miss they'll be shootin' at us in ten seconds anyhow, and we got to take to the water. Everybody kick their shoes off and stand for a duckin', and not a man of you get hisself drowned or I'll—I'll—durned if I know what they do to a gob for gettin' hisself drowned, but I'll put you on report for it anyhow."

The cold impersonal eye of the periscope bore down, staring at them mockingly.

"Reckon they're on to our scheme!" inquired Bunny.

"On? I reckon not. They ain't smart enough. Just naturally ain't."

A humming sound came down from above.

"Airplane's back," affirmed Spud, sparing one glance for the upper regions.

"They'll see him and get under quick's they can," opined Ma. "But they'll take a shot at us before they duck. The sky pilot can't drop a bomb for fear of hittin' we-all."

The conning tower split viciously through the waves with a loud ripping sound. The whaleboat swung, careened, righted, grated on an edge of passing steel and with a sharp pop crumpled up like paper and rolled right through under the jump wire, so that all Ma had to do was to let go of his oar to make sure of its performing its intended function. For a moment there was wild scrambling in the water, and the voice of Bilge rang out from his observation post on the hatch cover.

"My pup! Save my pup!" he was shouting; and he continued to shout thus till suddenly the hatch cover leaped from under him like a thing alive, with Bilge describing strange acrobatic stunts as he screamed frantically: "Dive! Dive or it'll hit you."

There was an instant scattering of the heads and hands that a moment before had been clinging to the wreckage of the overturned boat.

"The dog! Where's the dog!" clamored Bilge, swimming with long expert strokes.

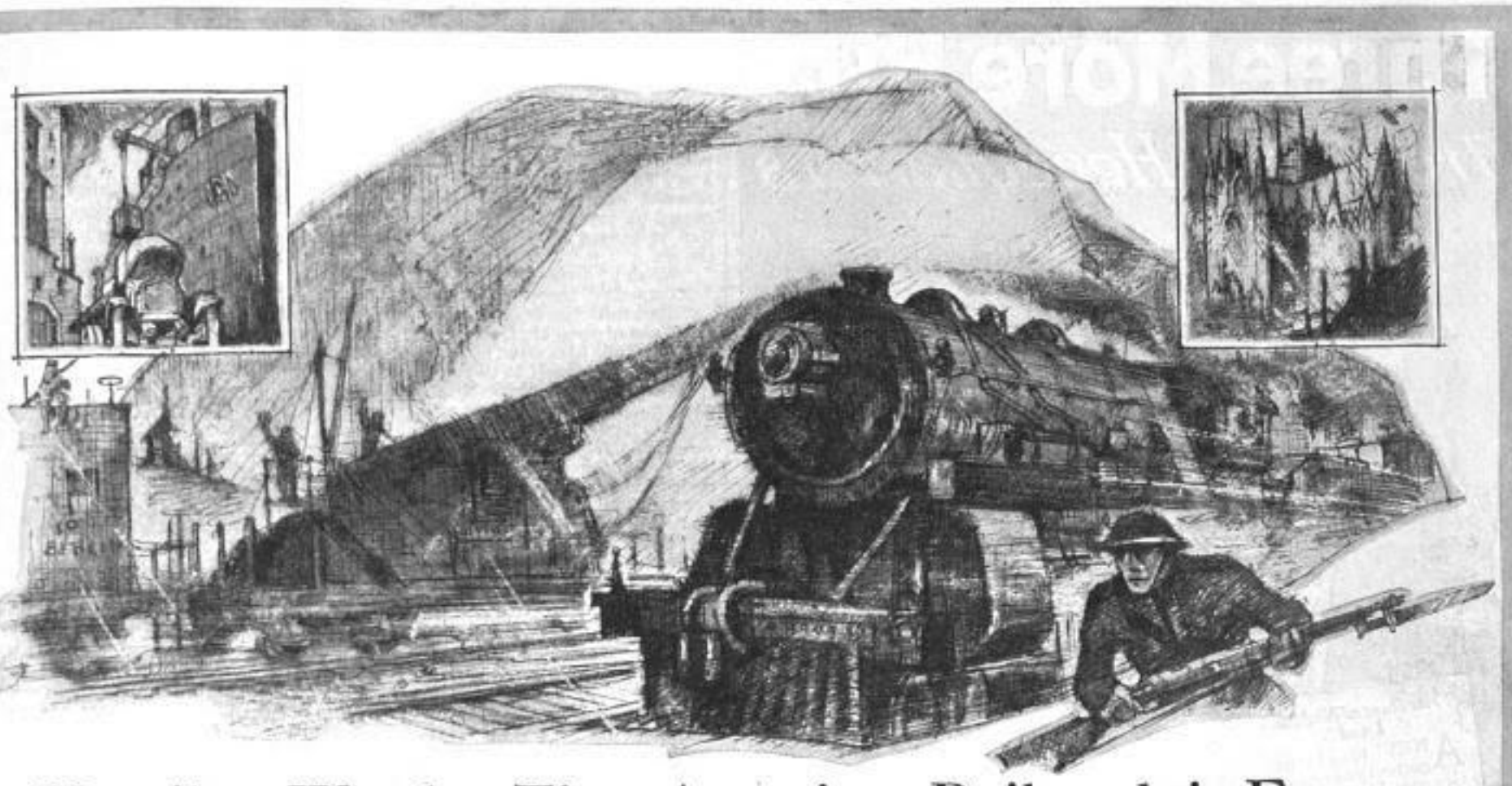
"I got him," yelled Spud. "The dum little hedgehog! He's scratching the hide off me."

"Hold on to him!" bawled Bilge. "Don't let him get carried away. He's so dog-goned little we couldn't never see him again."

As this conversation was shouted from wave crest to wave crest the eight huskies in the water were swimming from one piece of wreckage to another, strategically abandoning smaller pieces for larger ones, till

(Continued on Page 78)

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(Continued from Page 76)

presently they were all lined up with hand or arm holds on a spar.

The Judson, meantime, having exchanged shots with a submarine which had dived, and thereafter sprinkled the waters round with depth charges, but with no obvious result, came charging back to pick up her boat before going in further pursuit, when a cry from the crow's-nest tube created renewed excitement on the bridge and caused an instant leveling and concentration of glasses on a spot dead ahead in the sea.

"Whale!" declared one.

"Torpedo!" suspected another.

"Blackfish!" insisted a third.

"Wake of some kind, all right!" decided Captain Bill, who after many disappointments forced himself to be conservative.

All at once the wake disappeared. Where a few minutes before there had been leaps, splashes and an odd commotion in the water there was now nothing at all. While the Judson drove steadily forward the bridge contemplated the phenomenon in wonder; but the bridge of a destroyer becomes blasé.

It has experienced so many alarms and eager anticipations in these eighteen months; it has pursued so many bobbing tin cans or nodding champagne bottles that it thought were periscopes; it has glued its eyes so many times to drifting spars or bits of wreckage that it took for broaching submarines; it has piped its crew to general quarters so frequently to face what looked like an enemy and turned out to be some inert bit of flotsam—that it is prepared for anticlimaxes. It has even stood with trembling knees and a feeling of helplessness when a broaching torpedo came sizzling and frothing toward it, only to have the engine of death dive under the bow and pursue its onward care-free way like a playful porpoise it really was.

Hence now it was only with a sort of empty feeling of recurrent boredom that its various watchers—captains, executives, lieutenants, ensigns, quartermasters, yeomen, bunting tossers and lookouts—experienced this sudden relaxation of tautened nerves and gazed lassitudinously at the phenomenon of an ordinary sloppy sea where a moment before had been turmoil and the flash of the unusual.

"Hell's bells!" ejaculated the captain suddenly. "Where's our boat?"

"Gone, sir!" echoed several amazed voices, as its absence was suddenly recognized.

"Row of heads clinging to a spar, like turtles on a log," reported Lieutenant Cherry, whose battle station was with the lookout in the crow's-nest.

"Count 'em!" called up the captain anxiously.

"Eight!"

"Thank God!" grumbled the captain. "That includes the red-headed nut that went over after the pup. Have they got the pup too?" he inquired dryly.

"Yes, sir," reported Cherry with a laugh. "He's running up and down on the spar."

"All is not lost, then," remarked the captain, with a sarcastic sneer at his own fortunes. "We have missed the sub and lost a boat, but we have rescued one spotted pup from the watery deep. What would have happened to the boat, though?" he suddenly demanded.

"What would?" inquired the exec., completely mystified.

Ordering his helm to port and slowing up to put the second lifeboat down Captain Bill passed to windward of the men upon the spar, some of whom had now straddled it perilously and were employing both hands to wigwag the story of their misadventure to the signal man upon the bridge as well as to anxious and inquiring friends who strung themselves out along the deck, in whatever positions they could find that were inconspicuous from the bridge and easily visible to their comrades in the water.

"He says a sub rammed them and sunk their boat!" reported the signal man to the captain as he gathered the first intelligible sentence from all this eccentric waving of arms.

"A submarine!" ejaculated Captain Bill unbelievingly. "Can it be that the other one was lying round up here?"

"Piece of wreckage about four hundred yards to starboard behaving very strangely, sir," reported Cherry from the crow's-nest. "Seems to be moving in opposite direction from other drift, with some sort of commotion in water."

"It might be the sub. Maybe it's fouled something," speculated the captain excitedly, and with his own eager hand snatched the wheel and gave it a spin to port.

"They say they tied a hatch cover to the submarine, sir," drawled the signal man imperturbably, his face still bent toward the enthusiastic gesticulations on the spar. "They say it went to starboard, and you can follow the wake."

"Tied a hatch cover to it? How in blazes!" and Captain Bill broke into shouts of laughter. "Hell's bells! There are just two men on earth could have done that stunt, and they are Ford and Kennedy."

The rescue boat was quickly launched, and the Judson, swinging again, was soon where, from a spot as low as the bridge and at a distance of one hundred yards, the oddly behaving hatch cover was plainly visible, now moveless in the water, now bobbing slightly like the cork on a line in the old fishing hole back home when you get a healthy but tentative nibble.

"That's him all right," gloated Captain Bill gleefully. "He's gone down as low as he can stand and is nosing along looking for bottom to lie on. I'll bet he don't know we've got a tag on him. What do you think of that, hey?"

And the jubilant Captain Bill turned to note that the boat had reached the spar and picked up its load.

"Get those men on board quick," he ordered, "so I can drop a can. There's no time to lose. The line might part."

"What's this about tying a teakettle to a U-boat's tail?" Kirk demanded shortly as the boat came up the falls.

"Kennedy done it, sir," reported Ma modestly.

"The captain wants you on the bridge, Kennedy," the executive announced; and Bilge, considerably agitated, dashed for the bridge.

"Here! Here! Put down that pup!" shouted Kirk.

But it was too late. Bilge was rushing up the ladder.

"Still a-huggin' that wet pup! You never can tell what a plain ordinary gob will do, kin you?" remarked Ma, though more in admiration than in censure.

And Kirk, exasperated, admitted that you can't.

"What's this about the submarine?" demanded the captain.

Bilge jerked out his story in one breathless sentence.

"How much line did you say?"

"Three hundred feet, I guess, sir," reported Bilge. "Maybe more; maybe not so much."

"Set the depth charges for one hundred and fifty feet," directed the captain.

An ensign hurried aft to execute the order.

"Permission to keep the dog, sir?" inquired Bilge respectfully, appealingly. "He's a game little tike, sir."

The shivering pup, nestling close for warmth against the wet bosom of Kennedy, which could hardly have yielded much, looked up inquiringly into the captain's eyes, and after a moment's scrutiny put forth an approving paw as recognizing that like himself this man belonged to the blood royal of a fighting line. That paw swayed the wavering captain, who was naturally in a mood to grant Kennedy most anything.

"Yes," he said; "but I didn't know you were going to jump overboard after him."

"There wasn't time to think, sir," apologized Bilge. "He was going by fast, and he was a game little devil, so I just jumped in and got him."

"Same way about tying a can to the submarine, I suppose," said the captain, unsmiling but with a humorous twinkle in his eye. "No time to think and so you just tied a tag on him and let it go at that."

"We're out to beat the Hun," grinned Bilge. "I just figured if we could hang a buoy on him you'd do the rest, sir."

"I will, Kennedy!" said the captain grimly. "I congratulate you. It's fellows like you that make the war absolutely hopeless for Germany. Here, stand by and see the show. Fact is, we'll let you drop the can."

The bridge looked at Bilge curiously, in his soaking nether garments, but to their curiosity added smiles and admiration. The captain had motioned Bilge to the small hand pump, the piston of which was filled with glycerin and water. The lifting of the handle would release a depth charge far in the rear.

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(Concluded from Page 78)

Getting up the speed necessary for the safe firing of depth charges, the course of the Judson was set to cross the bow of the slow-moving hatch cover at a distance of fifty yards.

"Let go!" the captain ordered as they cut the angle at the spot his judgment had computed, and Bilge pulled the piston.

For a few seconds there was silence on both bridges and along the deck, and every eye turned back on a spot in the wake at which, when two hundred yards astern, the solid sheet of the ocean seemed to crack with a sound like smothered thunder, and bridge and deck pulsed sharply under the feet of captain and crew.

Swinging, Captain Bill tried to sight the moving hatch cover again with intent to repeat his maneuver, but at first could not discern it· and when he did it was no longer moving but floated innocuously. While they circled it the surface of the water changed from blue to dirty gray and mottled brown, with specks in it and streaks and swimming shreds of things.

"There's a piece of the oar," exclaimed Bilge as they passed through this dirty gray, which is the color that oozing oil makes upon the waters. "You must have dropped it right on him, captain."

They came back over the spot once more, and this time the dirty gray patch was much larger, with air bubbles discernible, and bits of floating fabric, some horseshoe life preservers, what looked like part of a mattress and several pieces of wooden gratings. Again the second whaleboat went down the davits and took samples of all this scrambled mess. Among other things they gathered scraps of a newspaper printed in German and various bits of flotsam that suggested Teutonic origin.

"Blew her wide open," declared Kirk.

"Looks like it," admitted Captain Bill solemnly.

Bilge by now was down on the deck, where, having beguiled the cook into producing and heating some condensed milk, he was feeding it to the pup from his own mess plate.

"That's getting 'em!" said Ma as he lounged up, still soaking and too excited with the deeds of the moment to think yet about donning dry garments. "That's getting 'em!" And he reported what the boat was gathering in.

"That's fighting 'em with our hands and our feet," Bilge laughed, recalling his poetic effusion of years and years ago in the night before.

"'And a bomb in their innard parts,'" chuckled Ma. "Anyhow I feel better about that baby's cap in the boat now."

"Me too," said Bilge; and for a moment the two friends were grave, but wore a satisfied air.

Next day as the Judson lay in port the carpenter's mate was painting a star on the forward stack.

"I put her there," said Bilge, gazing at it proudly.

"You did, durn you, with some mighty good assistance from me," grunted Ma. "Not to mention Captain Bill."

And they both looked respectfully toward the bridge, which, though empty now, was still the symbol of his presence.

# FROM THE ROMANOFFS TO THE BOLSHEVIKI

(Continued from Page 24)

went out with seeming unwillingness, being a good man, and with little to do since our household was small and he had been content with his place and wages, and had lived with Madame Ivanoff for fifteen years or more; but he was told he must also profit by the new liberties and "protect the revolution"; otherwise he would be punished by his fellows who were less content than he. So, dressed in his best clothes, he went out to meetings during all the day, returning home only to eat and sleep, and doing no work of course.

During the week of their strike a deputation of *dvorniki* came to call on Madame Ivanoff. The deputation was announced, and waited in the hall, and seeing our little hostess really frightened Mike offered to receive them for her. She accepted; and Mike—followed by Prince Kourakine, who was visiting us, by the ever-faithful Davidka, and by a small buttons who ran errands for the household—threw both panels of the door open suddenly with a loud noise. The deputation hesitated. The men had expected to face one small, old, feeble woman, and not three solid men in uniform, besides a grinning boy.

"What do you want here?" Mike shouted, with his most ferocious scowl.

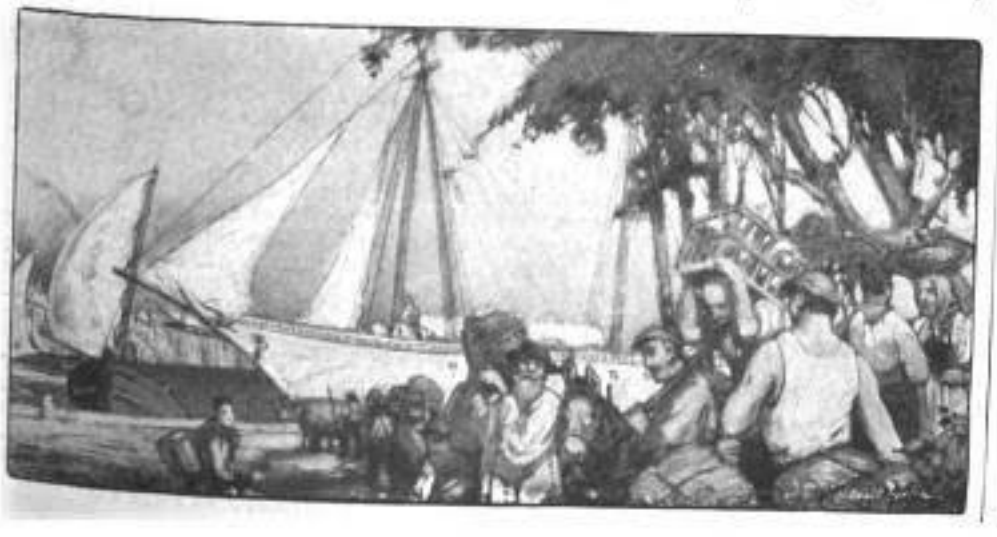
The leader of the band stepped forward. "Comrade," he began in the revolutionary phrase, but he never got any further.

My husband's vocabulary, already rich for such occasions, had coined new treasures of speech in these revolutionary days; and one after another rolled forth sonorous arguments and appellations, red-hot! What he thought of these times, with their disorders, of the strikes in general, and what of the *dvorniki* and of this deputation in particular, he said; thoroughly enjoying having an occasion of letting himself go.

We couldn't follow his speech from where we sat in the salon. Our impression was merely of a single terrific explosion; but when he had concluded the men before him thoroughly understood that Mike did not consider himself their comrade. He ordered them out without taking breath; and they without a word turned and all together rushed frantically to the front door, pushing and stumbling in their haste as they fumbled with its fastenings. At last it opened. They tumbled over one another down the three steps out into the street, and fled, running at full speed to the corner, where they disappeared.

They never returned, and we never heard anything further of the strikers' pretensions. A few days after this the house owners, having formed a committee for self-defense in such cases, categorically refused to grant any of the demands made of them, whereupon the *dvorniki* gave up their strike and took up their work again quietly on the old terms! Our own dear Grigory returned to us, removed his best clothes, and with a contented smile went on with his sweeping as of old.

As yet our country place, Bouromka, was quiet, which was a great blessing. We gratefully attributed this to our intendant's personal talents. He was of peasant birth, and of our province, and he showed himself most adroit in handling men. Also, he got on with the village committee, where we knew he was expending money as well as eloquence; but we were grateful to him, since he succeeded in getting the year's crop








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sown, grown and harvested, and kept the gardens, park, stables and château unmolested. Bouromka was furnishing us with provisions, and also supplying my mother-in-law with them in her Crimean villa. When the harvest was disposed of we found there had been a slight deficit instead of the usual fine revenue; but we were so pleased to have the estate still untouched that we carried this burden easily enough. In September there came to Bouromka village, however, a committee from outside; Ukrainians and Bolsheviki, the intendant reported they were, and these preached the most inflammatory doctrine, which the peasants were resisting, explaining they were content with us and that their work had always been well paid for and themselves well treated. The agitators then said that the land was by right the peasants' and declared the house, buildings and stock should be appropriated by them now, as everything according to the law of our new republic belonged to the people.

Still the peasantry were quiet; but we knew our hour would soon come, and this anxiety for the old family home was added to our other troubles. Mike was eaten up with the weight of his responsibility and the strain of pouring oil on the troubled political seas of Kief. Life became so exhausting that we quite gave up all effort to go into society, and we never moved from home, where my salon was generally filled by various people who came to talk of their troubles and vexations, and to tempt us to reply with tales of ours.

I caught myself wishing sometimes that events would go more quickly and the situation reach the collapsing point soon. The strain of waiting was so great it seemed easier to reach the end, when Mike could leave, and we should not have each day to face some new annoyance.

### *Kerensky's Waning Power*

Though it was already September, Kerensky's government had kept none of its promises. We were no nearer to the constituent assembly than we had been in March. The army was rapidly disintegrating and was not being supplied with either food or clothing in any quantity. Deserters roamed the country and sold their uniforms and every other sort of stolen goods, intimidating inhabitants back of the lines everywhere with their depredations. Traveling had become torture from the overcrowding, the stealing, and the constant risk to life and limb through soldiers who packed the car roofs and platforms as well as the corridors.

All Russia was infested with bands of criminals let loose from the prisons, who were plundering, murdering and burning. These were dressed invariably in uniforms, and announced themselves as Bolshevik soldiers. There were in Kief, Moscow and Petrograd associations of deserters as open in their propaganda as were the political parties. Everywhere provisions and manufactured goods were growing scarce, and prices of necessities were soaring tremendously. On the other hand, money was almost worthless. In two and a half years of the war previous to the revolution only three billions of rubles had been issued in paper by the old régime, which had been greatly reproached for its extravagance. Since the revolution nine billions had been issued in six months, and the government presses were breaking down from the strain of printing so much. The design of the bills was simplified and their size cut down to save time and paper; and the people were suspicious of the new productions; said they represented no value and were not real money.

In many of the shops where the proprietors were poor the new paper was refused in payment for goods. Disrespectfully the public gave the new creations the name of "kerenkis," and it was the first open sign of their demigod's waning favor. All government officials and the army were paid in "kerenki," while the bills of the old régime were being collected in private, some even being bought at a premium. It was whispered about that these ancient moneys were passed on to agents, who were gathering them up for use by the Germans when the latter should occupy Russia.

Such was the state of the country when, at the great conference in Moscow, all parties' representatives appeared and were invited to express their opinions and advice. All save the Bolsheviki had been called. It was very much remarked that General Korniloff, ex-commander of the Petrograd garrison and now commander-in-chief of the army, was given a tremendous ovation when he spoke, detailing all the miserable facts connected with our situation. He implored the government to act, and with a firm hand to uphold the ideals that had been in everyone's mind at the beginning of the revolution. Especially he begged that laws might be enacted to suppress indiscipline in the army and to abolish the ridiculous measures that had made our magnificent fighting machine into the tragic farce it actually was.

Korniloff spoke splendidly and commanded admiration not only from all his hearers but also from the leaders of the various press organs, which all over Russia printed his speech next day. He offered to risk acting himself in the matter of the army, begging only that the administration uphold him by its authority and consent, and saying that he would take upon himself the responsibility and unpopularity that any repressive measures would cause to their inaugurator.

Kerensky's appearance at the conference had created comment against him, as he had quite evidently lost much of his prestige and was trying to regain it by expressing his desire to make concessions to the very lowest elements. He seemed artificial, and had lost his fire; and his catchwords, grown old, seemed meaningless and were without effect. Essaying explanations of the dramatic mistakes of the past months, he was unconvincing; while the other ministers of his cabinet who tried to speak received no encouragement whatever, as they offered the long-suffering public accounts of the general failure of their efforts, and told of the congested railroads, insufficient funds and harvests, and of the factories closed and the population victimized by six months' disorders.

This Moscow conference, from which much had been hoped, broke up without coming to any conclusion, and its results were only to confirm the general sense of danger and of restless anxiety, and to show up the hopelessness of our country's situation. At its end there was a Bolshevik demonstration in Moscow, with shouted accusations that the government had invited only conservatives and counter-revolutionists to take part. As usual there was no armed force to protect the cabinet and conservatives, so the conference broke up, and the ministers left Moscow as rapidly as possible. Then the rabble quieted down. Korniloff returned to staff headquarters at Moghileff and the government to Petrograd, while Rodzanko, General Brusiloff, and all the others who were long-since revolutionists but now were considered counter-revolutionists and quite out of public life for their intolerably conservative ideas, disappeared from view permanently.

### *The Arrest of Korniloff*

The taking of Riga by the enemy, the complete rout of our army on the northern Front, with a threatened invasion of Petrograd, the tragedies of officers and shock battalions annihilated, the masses of our soldiers who would not fight—all this followed immediately upon the Moscow conference, proving General Korniloff to be right in his predictions. It was all too hideous. The massacres, the burning of châteaux and villages by our own fleeing soldiers gone wild, were none the less dreadful because we knew how wonderfully courageous, patient and strong they had been but a year before. We realized that Order Number One to the Army was to blame, and was of a piece with the propaganda of the German spies living in our lines all summer, and the hobnobbing across from our trenches to the enemy's as between brothers.

Immediately after these terrible events came the tremendous sensation of the "Korniloff affair." News of this reached us as a thunderbolt one morning when our Kief papers announced that Korniloff, commander in chief of the army, was arrested at his staff by government order; that Korniloff was at the head of troops going to attack the capital; that General Krimoff was marching to attack the capital; also, that Kerensky was marching at the head of the city troops to defend himself.

Then for several days all communications between Kief and Petrograd were entirely cut off, and for a time we heard nothing further of the drama, either by wire, by post or through the press. But we had our own excitement, which seemed amply sufficient. The first morning when Mike read the news

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he foresaw the possible complication that presented itself for our Kief garrison. Korniloff and a group of his followers were evidently trying to demolish the authority of Kerensky and the provisional government, which they had sworn to serve. Our soldiers' committees would meet to discuss the problem: Should they follow the military leaders' movement or stand by the government? Probably it would mean bloodshed, a division of opinion and the town upside down.

Mike decided to take the bull by the horns and to meet this crisis as he had that of the revolution in March. Calling together his regimental and squadron commanders he ordered them to see that the soldiers' committees in each of his units met at once, and that all the published and contradictory telegrams were read before them. The officers were to tell their men that they themselves had but just learned this news and knew nothing beyond what the printed sheets contained; that if anything further reached our staff headquarters it would be given out; and that meantime in the crisis the commander wished everything to be done to keep order in Kief; also, that in his estimation everyone's first duty was to stand by his sworn allegiance to the provisional government. This move would make the officers and soldiers seem at one in their sentiments, would keep the officers informed as to the committees' intentions, and would prevent unnecessary difficulty till more could be learned from the north.

### Korniloff's Counter-Charges

The officers present wanted my husband to accompany them and speak to the men himself, but Mike refused, saying that their strength would be augmented if each officer acted on his own initiative and spontaneously, while his own influence could be called in as a reserve authority in case things went less well than he expected. Nearly everyone present at this meeting of officers admired Korniloff and sympathized with his desire to better matters, but all agreed the move, by its vague and disconnected character, could only create ill feeling everywhere between classes—making indignation rife among the lower members of society, who would be for Kerensky, and who would accuse Korniloff and the upper strata of desiring to replace the present independence by ancient severities. Consequently this whole movement would mean renewed persecution for officers all along the line.

Within an hour all of Mike's subordinates had joined their units in Kief and its environs, and my husband's orders had been carried out with tact and intelligence. After some discussion the decision was taken everywhere by the troopers to await further news quietly. All that afternoon members of soldiers' committees crowded our anteroom and Mike's private office, questioning personally their old commander, while my salon received a continuous stream of officers, who spent the hours in conjecture as to what was happening in the north and what the result of Korniloff's move would be to Russia. No one talked or thought of anything else. It seemed evident to us that after his speech at Moscow the commander-in-chief, who was a self-made man of the people and a true patriot, had lost all hope of the helpless administration ever being able to improve matters, and he had decided to take things into his own hands and strike a blow to save the army and our national honor—engaged to carry through the war—but how and why he had acted in the mad manner the reports indicated was quite incomprehensible. In case of failure he would make matters worse, and it was almost certain such a plot must fail.

In truth, this was exactly what happened. The soldiers sent to fight with those of the capital's garrison immediately deserted to the side of the latter. After the troops had fired a few vague shots they fraternized, and deciding then that it was a counter-revolution planned by officers and retrogades they proceeded to persecute the former element all along the Front, in every garrison and on all our warships for their supposed knowledge of and sympathy with the movement. In some cases the troubles amounted to little more than a disrespectful expression of suspicions. In other places it took the form of arrest and dismissal of officers by the committees of soldiers, accompanied by threats; but in a great number of cases groups of officers were tried hurriedly and executed, or were even killed without trial, in the most appalling circumstances, after the infliction of tortures going back to the middle ages for their inspiration.

Certainly Korniloff had been animated by the best sentiments, but it was equally certain that he completely missed this lofty aim, and that his conduct aggravated a thousand times our already terrible plight. As one of the officers said with great bitterness: "We had lived through six months, and in many cases had won over our men to believe in us, and often we had even managed to work in with the committees, getting the best from them and suppressing the worst. And now all that ground is lost and we stand on a volcano with our lives in our soldiers' hands."

In various units the fermentation took different forms, but in none was there the brilliant showing of the Cuirassiers, always an exception to the rule. Two or three days after the bomb of the Korniloff affair had exploded, a soldiers' committee meeting was held at the Cuirassier camp, when a vote of confidence in all their officers was passed unanimously, and a young officer, Prince Tcherkassky, was elected president of the soldiers' committee. After this Mike walked on air as far as the behavior of his own troops in any emergency went; but, alas, these were only a very small part of our army, and the rest were scarcely better than a vague horde of wild men.

All the people I had ever met in Kief came to have tea with me in the few days following this act of the Cuirassiers; principally to find out if the fairy tale of their behavior was true, and to congratulate Mike upon his triumph and his power over the men of his command. Soon communications were established with Petrograd again, and we read more of the fiasco, and of the large group of generals who were supposedly mixed in the plot and were arrested and confined with Korniloff at the staff. Curiously enough, in spite of his proclamations and acclamations, Kerensky never pursued the accused by court-martial, while Korniloff invited a trial, and announced in the newspapers over all the country that he had positive proofs to show that the whole plot had been of Kerensky's invention, and that he had only followed positive orders, which he had received from the Prime Minister himself.

### German Poison

Round this there was much talk, of course, but nothing was proved; and we heard of the farcical battles about the capital, which had lasted but a day; and of the disturbance in the city; and of General Krimoff's suicide or murder, after a prolonged interview with Kerensky, who, now dictator by his own nomination, made a proclamation to all Russia, accusing these generals, "upheld by certain other retrograde elements," of making a disloyal attempt to upset "the people's government." He came before the public in his final rôle of demagogue, and his hysterical utterances from that moment on confirmed the theory that he was rapidly degenerating in health and brain power, and could no longer be relied upon. In fact, to us it seemed now quite evident that the Russian Government as at present constituted was doomed to fall from sheer incapacity; that the power would go then surely to the Bolsheviki, who being in German hands would make peace or even an alliance with Germany.

Mike felt he must still stay at his post and do what he could to hold Kief, till the death of the provisional government. He decided to give up his service, however, when the Bolsheviki took over the power; using at last the right given him by his severe wound, through which he had obtained a complete discharge from the service in 1914. He was deeply distressed over the situation, but though some of the nobility with whom I talked felt our worst enemy was the revolutionary disorder in all its forms, and our only hope was in getting discipline reëstablished at any cost—even through conquest by the Germans—Mike thought that the poison which had sapped our vitality had come to us through German channels and not those of the revolution; that we could have weathered all the storms if the enemy's spies and propaganda had been eliminated. He, therefore, following his theory to its logical conclusion, said that the worst that could happen to our country was its mastery by Germany, which would inevitably come with the Bolshevik triumph; and he refused to remain in his place to see it.






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It seemed but a question of three or four weeks, with the German Armies overflowing the Riga Front, till Petrograd might be invaded. We had left in the capital a number of valuables in the bank, both papers and jewels, and all our furniture was there, as well as some trunks containing clothes and personal effects, which had remained at the lodging of our intendant. We were anxious to get at these and either store them permanently or destroy them in the face of the coming storm; and as Mike could not leave his post at Kief I volunteered to go to the capital for a few days and attend to these details.

With some hesitation my husband consented to my plan; and after much red tape as to my passport and the permissions from the soviet of soldiers and workmen of Kief "to travel northward on business," I departed with the ever-faithful Elène.

It seemed to me heart-breaking to see our proud capital brought so low. The pavement blocks in the streets were pried up in many places, and these holes remained unfilled. On the great palace square grass grew between cobblestones, and market women were established along the edges of the Nevskii sidewalks, calling their wares to the passer-by. All the main thoroughfares were packed with vast crowds, standing, walking, pushing, shoving, and all shouting. I had an intense impression of dirt and din and chaotic movement, with all kinds of merchandise piled up and being sold. The streets off the main arteries were, on the other hand, uncanny and silent. Here and there a frightened-looking pedestrian hurried or an untidy hooligan soldier slunk along intent on evil. Everyone who was well-dressed looked anxious, and many shops were closed. Several proprietors in the better shops where I went told me of their difficulties and said they were closing out their business as soon as possible. They advised me to fly from the city, as life was no longer safe.

### An Owl for Luck

All seemed amazed to see me, and warned me of danger, but I was fortunately able to attend to all my business most satisfactorily; and I found many willing hands to help me in it; not only those of my own class but also humbler friends, shopkeepers or workmen, whom it seemed I had helped in various insignificant ways in the past, and who now showed themselves only too ready to serve me. I was greatly touched by these demonstrations, which only went to prove once more how much good and gratitude there is in our people; and how devoted, gentle and kind they can be when left to their natural instincts.

We accomplished miracles in the way of having things packed and moved to the places which seemed to offer most safety, and I attended in schedule time to every detail on my long list. The hotel servants, who had served me for several years, gave me admirable care, and even in the abominable conditions I lacked for nothing in the way of comfort. They even took very special pains to call me by long and complicated titles of the old régime; and they did me many little extra services, with their most willing smiles.

It was said to be impossible to get places on trains leaving the capital, everything being taken for weeks ahead, so numerous were those leaving to take refuge in the south; and the general strike of railroads was expected any day; but I was lucky as usual. A friend of mine, the hotel clerk, obtained for me two places for the day on which I had planned my departure.

When I told of this last triumph my words were received with laughter, and it was said: "No doubt the strike will be held over till you reach Kief in safety! You are certainly the spoiled child of the revolution, and lead a charmed existence."

I began to grow really superstitious, and to attribute my success among so many dangers to a present given me some years before by an old comrade of Mike's. It was a delightful tiny owl, carved by Faberger from a precious Siberian stone. I was just starting on a journey once, and he had come to see me off, and had given me the thing, saying: "Keep it near you. It will inspire you with wisdom in emergencies, and also it will bring you luck by finding you a solution for all difficulties."

Since then the lovely little creature had always accompanied me in my dressing case, and during my revolutionary experiences it had remained even in my pocket, till I really began to believe in its virtues, since my extraordinary luck held good in the face of my so often daring Fate to do its worst.

In Petrograd, though everything seemed to me so dreadfully sad, I was, nevertheless, deeply interested in the development of the historical drama. In spite of the harm it was bringing us personally I kept my faith in the country's strength to live through its sufferings and recover from the reign of terror which I knew would surely come.

I found time to see a number of friends during my short stay in the capital. Their aspect had greatly changed, for no one wore elegant clothes; and even if one dined or lunched out it was in a business suit or tailored gown, as if we were all on the point of traveling. In this connection my husband accused me of remaining incorrigibly bourgeois in my clothes in the midst of the anarchistic surroundings; but I continued to dress much as usual, as even if I had gone about in torn and dirty red rags it would not have helped me to favor with the multitude, and certainly would not have reflected my own mental attitude. On the same theory I still desired more than ever to see the old group, those who were in touch with events especially, and to hear their opinions of the present and their forecasts for the future. Therefore, my work leaving my evenings free after five o'clock, I quite naturally took up my old habits again, and spread my tea table for a number of its old habitués. Since the summer their attitude had changed beyond recognition. They had no confidence in the present government. Many were the anecdotes told of the life and the waste of time and the dire disorder of the clan living in the Winter Palace. Kerensky had lost his hold. He lived from day to day, doing an hour's work, giving a few audiences and then collapsing. His colleagues complained of his inattention and vacillations. The people complained of his bourgeois luxury. All those approaching him complained of his despotic ways. In the palace itself dirt and danger reigned, and Kerensky feared all those surrounding him, even to the enormous bodyguard of troops, whom he had stationed in the palace himself and who were always plotting his destruction.

General Kamaroff, in charge in old-régime days of all the imperial palaces, and who had been left in his place by the new government because they had no one they could trust, told me that after an acute illness he had been away for a week's treatment recently. When he had returned he found the Winter Palace overrun with noisy soldiers, and in the palace courtyard were stationed six heavy cannon, with their accompanying men, horses, baggage and feed. In indignation he had demanded why all this: by what right and whose order; and he had been answered with a smile by those under him that it was by Kerensky's own order; by right of his self-attributed qualification of "dictator" and "supreme commander of the Russian Armies"; and because he feared an uprising of the people!

### The Korniloff Affair

Then Kamaroff, realizing the palace could not be turned into barracks without danger to the treasures it contained and for which he was responsible, had himself ordered the removal of the artillery, which stood absurdly pointing guns into the windows of the palace, upon four sides of its court. Then he limited the dictator's guard of honor to certain localities of the great building; and from these he removed the collections, paintings and the most valuable furniture. Kamaroff also told me the palace servants, who were used to quiet lives, had come to him in a body, complaining that the soldiers of the guard stole their boots and watches and money. He had reported this first to the guards' officers, and was told they could not manage their men at all and had no power over them; so finally Kamaroff had embodied these complaints in a personal note to the dictator, and the reply had been given to him by one of Kerensky's personal staff, sent to tell him that the poor Prime Minister could do nothing about it, as he feared for his own life as it was, and could not control these masses of men under him. He begged Kamaroff to please arrange the matter of the boots, and so on, as best he could himself.

From two friends of Téréschtchenko, who had no knowledge of one another, I received the following story of the Korniloff affair, as having been given them by the

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Foreign Minister himself. After the Moscow conference he, Téréschtchenko, himself in despair at Russia's situation, had gone to Kerensky, asking the latter to act in conjunction with General Korniloff to bring the country's dramatic drifting to a stop. When others of the cabinet had upheld the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Kerensky had agreed to the plan, and a consultation was held with the commander in chief, Korniloff. Plans were made for picked troops to be ordered from the northern Front, under General Krimoff—who was one of our strongest commanders—and sent to the capital to arrest the heads of the anarchist party, put the present garrison of the capital in its place, and start the government on a new chapter of achievement, with some chance of success. It would then be possible, they hoped, to act in like manner in the provinces and with the army; and, bringing the country to its senses, continue the war.

This was, of course, the last hope and a desperate one; but it had chances of success, given that the leaders, hand in hand, would be Kerensky, the Socialist, hero of the masses, and Korniloff, who was esteemed by all classes and adored by his own soldiers. Conservative elements were so sick of the results of our revolution that they would be glad to back any group that was supposed to be able to inaugurate law and order.

This plan obtained the consent of the two men chiefly concerned, and of the cabinet of the one and the staff of the other. The day was set for the execution of the scheme and Krimoff was ordered to start from the northern Front, where he was then with his corps. Téréschtchenko was sent by Kerensky to the staff for some last settlement of detail; but he had no sooner started than Kerensky's courage gave out and the man changed his mind completely, seeing only a plot against himself now in the whole affair. He wired counter orders to the staff.

### A Stormy Meeting

Korniloff wired him back that it was too late and that he could no longer reach Krimoff, who was already on the road, to recall him. Kerensky had then published a proclamation dubbing Korniloff a traitor, and the movement a counter revolution; and he declared the capital in a state of siege and sent the garrison troops out to meet Krimoff as an enemy. The latter, greatly surprised in finding himself faced by an official army, which he heard was sent against him by the man whom he had supposed to be his ally, had rushed into the city to demand explanations of Kerensky, while his army, already converted by the city troops, remained fraternizing with their enemy at the gates of Petrograd.

After a discussion with Kerensky, Krimoff had died in the Winter Palace of a revolver wound; and it was said he had committed suicide through humiliation and disgust.

Téréschtchenko added to this tale, that he had rushed back from the staff, only to find the capital topsy-turvy, the garrison and Krimoff's regiments the best of friends, all the cabinet dreadfully frightened, and Kerensky hysterical. Driving straight to the Winter Palace from his train and bringing into play all his temperamental powers, Téréschtchenko treated the dictator to a scene of such violence that the attendants were vastly impressed. Finally the Minister of Foreign Affairs having relieved his mind handed in his resignation, and departed, slamming the door.

I heard that Kerensky wept, and having quieted his nerves sent for Téréschtchenko, begging him to reconsider his measure, as he was the last conservative in the provisional government, and if he retired Kerensky would be obliged by the "ultra-left" to replace him with Tchernoff, uneducated and extreme Socialist—and then where would Russia be, all through Téréschtchenko's lack of patriotism? And how could she negotiate with her Allies; and how would the foreign ambassadors confer with such a person as Tchernoff? Téréschtchenko had accepted again the burden of his portfolio after Kerensky had gone on his knees to him.

I don't know what truth was in this story, which came to me twice over at secondhand. It was much talked of, and Téréschtchenko had since grown immensely in public esteem, especially with the upper classes. It was being said that if the present dictator and ministry fell perhaps the present Minister of Foreign Affairs would make a good head for a new provisional cabinet, in spite of his youth. People were so tired, worn, depressed and puzzled they seemed quite tragic and unable to react any more against the slowly advancing tide of destruction; and they were anxious to discover someone upon whom to lean.

Certain ones with whom I talked saw in the Minister of War a man evidently ambitious to dethrone Kerensky from his pedestal, and to replace the demagogue himself. In all this confusion and pessimism the attitude of the diplomats was interesting to note. I was told by one or two people who had to do with them officially that the Japanese Ambassador, having judged our situation to be very grave and our only salvation to be through military help from the Allies, had offered in his government's name a sufficient number of troops to stiffen our faltering army at the Front and to keep law and order on the railroads and in the big centers back of the lines. He had said that as the other Allies were busy upholding the wavering French on the Western Front the Japanese were the ones whose evident duty lay in the helping of Russia through the crisis. He had brought up this question at one of the ambassadorial conferences. Sir George Buchanan had replied to him that as long as our government did not ask for aid the Allies could not very well force it upon Russia; also that he thought it impossible for one Ally to act alone; therefore the Japanese suggestion had fallen through.

I heard also the French representatives were expressing great discouragement and disgust at the turn the Russian revolution had taken and at the behavior of the people; and that though they expressed sympathy with the upper classes, especially with the officers of our army, they were not overdesirous of helping us.

All this came to me at secondhand, but from reliable sources, and it seemed probable that each Ally's representative took exactly the point of view described. It did not surprise me that none of them felt particular confidence in the government of Kerensky after the past six months, and after having seen the defeats at Tarnopol and Riga, the Korniloff affair and the Bolshevik triumphs in the capital; but I was surprised they did not decide to bring Japanese troops in to hold the Front and to save the war cause for themselves. Most of the thinking military element would have been glad to see it done, though it would have meant of course humiliation and suffering for us in other directions.

### Mr. Francis Optimistic

My curiosity on one occasion led me to ask Mr. Francis something about this; and I said that Mike and many officers had realized from the beginning of the revolutionary period the only way to save Russia's Army for the war was to have Allied troops called in to stiffen ours. The ambassador answered me, saying he had once or twice given Kerensky and Téréschtchenko a chance to get such help by telling them that the United States Government wanted to uphold Russia in every possible manner, and would gladly send supplies or men or anything needed which they chose to suggest, and that the then Prime Minister had replied, asking for various other things, but saying that the Russian Army was bettering its morale and would soon be in a state of excellent voluntary discipline, and able to take the offensive again.

I invariably found the attitude of the American Ambassador entirely different from what was represented to me as that of his colleagues. He was the optimist of the ambassadorial conference; and he almost inspired those about him with his own traits. He had had little to do with Kerensky, I imagine, but Téréschtchenko, who was a very charming person, had made an excellent impression, and Mr. Francis instinctively trusted him and what he said; and through the eyes of the young Minister of Foreign Affairs he saw Russia's future full of renewed reforms and hopeful developments. The cabinet had to admit their record in the past was bad, but Téréschtchenko himself perhaps was a victim to rosy illusions; or he saw in his rôle an obligation to throw sand in the eyes of foreign representatives and regarded his pose as one of patriotism. For some reason, certainly, he took pains to convince Mr. Francis that the power of republican ideals was great enough to mend everything, given time, and that it could even reëstablish Russia's military strength; so that







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Mr. Francis judged the spirit of our nation to be about that of the American colonists after their revolt and their establishment of a new republic. He counted on our people falling into line, repairing the damages of the past six months, establishing law and order, and carrying on the war, since they must realize their life as a great power depended on such action.

I ventured several times to dispute these possibilities, and several people about me upheld my point of view; but though Mr. Francis told me of various members of his embassy—especially General Judson, chief of the American military mission—who saw things as we did, and who had said so to him, he maintained he had met enough other people who judged the situation from his own angle to keep him fast in his ideas. He was one of those who spoke to me much of the Minister of War, Verhowsky, who at that moment was advertising himself to the foreigners.

A very clever and adroit manager and talker, this man was spreading the impression that within a month he would have withdrawn from the army all its undesirable elements, and would then concentrate the remaining troops into a *corps d'élite*, who would be reliable and ready to act offensively if the Allies so desired it. He actually said to the ambassadors that the thousands of drifting dirty soldiers seen in the cities and on the trains were being disbanded by his orders, and were not, as was supposed, deserters; and he affirmed that though he could not answer for what might occur back of the lines or for the stability of the present ministry he knew his department and the army well, and could count on them to act as he predicted. On several occasions he affirmed that the difficulty with our army was that it was too large, and his making it smaller would create a new effectiveness.

Verhowsky somehow managed thus to confirm the hopes Téréschtchenko created, and Mr. Francis seemed to believe in them and in the present government's intention to act. I asked him if he was not leaving Petrograd, as rumor had it that all the government was moving to Moscow, and I feared for foreigners if they remained behind. It seemed to those who thought as we did that the capital was dreadfully threatened, both by Bolsheviki and by Germans, not to mention famine; but to this Mr. Francis replied that Téréschtchenko had said there was no cause to disturb himself, as the diplomats would be warned and could depart with the government, and each embassy would have its own train, with every comfort for the members and every security for transporting its papers, funds, and so on.

### Society's Little Aunt

Since, immediately after his nomination to the War Ministry, we had suspected Verhowsky, whom Mike had known many years, to be unscrupulously ambitious and plotting Kerensky's overthrow for his own ends, to find the diplomats thought this a possibility was interesting.

It was upon this basis, perhaps, that some of them without saying so built their security.

Mike and his colleagues did not draw the same hope from this prospect, as they thought no better of Verhowsky than of Kerensky, and wasted no admiration now on either. Mr. Francis and Monsieur Bark, General Kamaroff and a half dozen other Americans and Russians were all of my old group that were still in Petrograd; but these reflected nearly every shade of opinion, save that of extreme socialism. We discussed endlessly the experiences of the summer, and the future which Fate held in store for Russia, and though no one talker ever succeeded in converting the others to his views we all enjoyed the hours of conversation as the evenings flew by, and we invariably parted with esteem and friendly feeling unimpaired.

Pessimism in all shades was reflected in Russian society. There were those who still believed we might weather the revolution and that there would be a final mutual understanding of the nobility and peasantry which would reëstablish something of the ancient national life. Some awaited a military dictator, who would rise as Napoleon did in France. There were those who thought as I did—that a reign of terror must come, and then Russia would emerge strong and powerful, but with entirely new ideals and desires, perhaps as good as the old or better, and that one must be broad enough to accept these and fit one's life into the new frame. Others foresaw everything would be as I thought, but said they could not live and bend from their old-time traditions, and they preferred exile or death to living in a Russia no longer a monarchy. Finally there were those who foresaw destruction for Russia and for themselves, without hope of anything better than complete disintegration of the empire and its conquest by Germany.

All were frightened, and with good reason; but there were some splendid examples of courage and dignity in the face of danger. Such a one was old Princess Paskévitch. I heard by chance she was in town, and I went at once to see her, having formed long ago warm relations which on my side were based on a grateful admiration, grown up through many years of affectionate intercourse. She was called the "Little Aunt" of all society, everyone being related to her; and she was greatly surrounded always, though she was a childless widow, almost blind, and aged eighty-five.

Her great palace was on the Quai, and I found the pavement was dragged up in spots, and the building itself barricaded, as if against besiegers. As I rang the bolts were drawn, however, and I was immediately admitted by the door porter, an old acquaintance, who greeted me with surprised enthusiasm.

"What is Your Highness doing in Petrograd? It is good to see Your Highness; but not for long, I hope?"

Then, to my question, he answered: "Oh, yes; our princess will be glad to see Your Highness. It is many days since we have had a visitor, and it will do her good."

### A Plucky Old Aristocrat

I was taken to the princess at once; up the grand staircase as usual, and through the state apartments to her own blue salon at their end, where I found my hostess, as she had been for the last fifty years or more at that hour of the afternoon, seated in her black silk gown and dainty lace cap. The beautiful quiet face was unchanged as with welcoming smile she stretched out a hand which in olden days had inspired sonnets, and was still admirable.

"*Ma chère enfant*, how kind in you to think of an old blind woman, in all this mess! Do sit down and tell me of yourself and your plans; and what you are doing here!"

We had a long talk, and though she spoke of the situation in deep sorrow she had faith as had I in the future of Russia. "Only it will not be for me to see. I am too old, and must go the way of my régime; but I am glad if you younger people keep your courage and patriotism; and I agree that you should all follow the movement and the new ideas. The old ones were bad in many ways, but I was used to them."

When I told her I was in town to settle some business and to carry off some valuables, fearing the occupation of the capital by the enemy, and when I asked her her plans for the near future she said: "I have none. All my family and friends want me to move, go south, and rent a villa somewhere; but I have decided not to do so. My estates at Homel are all confiscated by the peasants' committee, and the factories on them taken over by the workmen's committees; the château is destroyed; so this house is now my only home, and I am blind, and eighty-five. . . . In the best of conditions I cannot hope to live long. There is no one to whom I owe any duty, as I have no near relation; so instead of fleeing elsewhere, looking for a very doubtful safety in some place where I should be threatened with discomfort as well as danger and traveling over railroads which are a scandal of maladministration, I am going to sit still here till I am killed by Bolsheviki or Germans, or spared by them and left to die tranquilly in my own bed. Here at least I have quiet, and all my furniture and souvenirs about me, and I have space enough to take exercise in these rooms. Also, I can permit myself a certain degree of comfort till the end."

I was impressed and delighted by the princess' attitude, with its simple dignity and courage. It was not vain bossting on her part to talk as she did, for she had already gone through the disorders that had occurred from the Korniloff affair, when she had looked down out of her windows at the bloody struggle, which occurred on the Quai below, and she had also lived through the first revolutionary movement and the

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two Bolshevik uprisings since. Her younger servitors were gone to the war long ago, only those over fifty were still about her, and of her friends all had left or were leaving; yet she said: "I don't mind that especially. I can be read to and take exercise, and I need not look out either at the Germans or at the rabble. If they come to me it would be probably to kill me and to smash everything here; and I would just as soon be killed as to see all my collections and my home destroyed, yet live on myself."

When I left her late in the afternoon she came with me through the great rooms, where so many treasures of art hung upon the walls or stood about in their old places.

"I've put away nothing, you see," said the princess. "No place is safe, really, and I want at least to enjoy it all what time I can." And then she kissed me and said affectionately: "Adieu, my niece, and thanks for coming. It touched me greatly that you thought of me. God bless and keep you and yours!"

### A Family Feud

Her tiny figure stood more erect than usual at the top of her immense white marble stairs, and I thought of the fine blood she carried in her veins. As I looked up at her it seemed to me her ancestors would be proud of her courage against enemy and rabble alike. In the past she and her husband had always shown the same spirit, and they had even dared to close their doors to all of the imperial family because Prince Paskévitch had disapproved of something the Emperor Alexander II had done. They had made an exception in favor of the wife of Alexander III, the present Empress-Mother, who was an intimate friend of Princess Paskévitch, and had remained so; but no other imperial guests had ever crossed this great lady's threshold, though she never spoke a word of criticism; and I had heard the facts not from her but from the Grand Duchess Marie-Pauvlovna, who, once hearing me speak of the Paskévitch collections, said: "I've never seen them. Imagine, I've never even been into her palace!" And at my surprised question the Grand Duchess continued: "My dear Joy, it is not because we do not accept; she has never deigned to invite any of us. She punishes us for being related to my father-in-law, who once displeased the old prince, her husband; and the Dowager-Empress is the only exception to the rule; and she enjoys, I believe, very much, her relations with the princess, and tells us of her friend."

Russia, always full of contradictions, had presented in the society of its capital for three reigns the amusing situation of an autocratic Emperor who allowed the whole imperial family, save one member, to be snubbed by one of his own aristocrats; allowing the latter to live in peace and plenty in his great palace near the imperial one, and to hold his great place in rank, and inviting to court the old prince's relations. The sovereigns had amiably smiled at the discomfiture of various grand dukes and grand duchesses who were dying to be invited to the Paskévitch's fêtes. This to me was as much a puzzle as it was that so many of the autocratic government's ministers should be self-made men of the people, who were invariably covered with honors and well cared for by their grateful sovereigns. My own husband's ancestor, Spéransky, son of a village priest, had been made chancellor and count; and Witte, a railroad station agent, had filled the same place in our own time, receiving also the same title from the hands of Nicholas II.

Having accomplished all I had gone to do I left Petrograd as planned, and arrived safely in Kief with a large and varied assortment of baggage. So my bird had protected me, and brought me luck again. I carried off from the north such sad impressions that I hated to think of my visit to Petrograd. I had seen no serenity anywhere save in the Paskévitch Palace and in the princess' proud old face; and had found no optimism save in the heart of the brave American Ambassador. Each time I met him I admired his energy and indomitable will to help Russia and to believe in her powers, when to us she seemed so helpless. Nothing one could say gave him the least alarm, any more than threats against him inspired him with fear; and his embassy was a citadel of strong warm comfort to me, even though we did not agree as to what the immediate future held in store.

My husband had been very worried during my trip, feeling that the threatened railroad strike might easily catch me and keep me *en panne*, or that the Germans' arrival in Petrograd might cause a stampede from there and make traveling altogether impossible.

As it was, the Germans decided to advance no farther than Pskof, and they left the capital to their spies and their subordinate agents, the Bolsheviki.

The provisionals still kept the semblance of power, and by remarkable feats of adroit politics and concessions they held on for another month. During this month we in Kief lived the most retired life possible, except in what concerned my husband's professional work, and the ever-present group about my tea table, who came and went, bringing and gathering bad news. One could not get away from the political and military situation, ever more tense and more strained, and Mike was frightfully harassed. To make matters more difficult, Oboroutcheff was sent to Denmark to inspect prison camps, and he was replaced by a nonentity; so that Kirienko and Mike carried augmented duties as best they could.

Everyone was nervous now, and the crowds in the streets became greater than ever. One had a feeling that the slightest spark would set fire to the whole situation. Mike no longer let me go out alone; and after dark it was admittedly dangerous to be on the streets, and no one not obliged to went out. The French units were leaving, or trying to do so, as rapidly as possible. Many of our class were going to the Caucasus or the Crimea, saying the Germans would soon be in Kief; and the peasant committees having taken over their estates, anyhow, under Ukrainian encouragement, they had nothing to gain by remaining and falling themselves into enemy hands. Others of the nobility, deciding that traveling was dangerous and difficult, did not join the exodus; and these said quite frankly that when the Germans came there would at least be law and order, which they preferred, at any price, to the eternal anxiety of the last few months and the present topsy-turvy conditions.

### The Country Estate Looted

Most of us felt the need for expression, and the rumors which floated about were wildly exciting and extremely wearing to nerves already racked. I was so sorry for all the sufferers, not excepting ourselves. We had horrid news now from Bouromka, and none at all from the other estates, and we were seriously concerned. We ordered the intendants and certain faithful house servants to bring to Kief what smaller objects they could from the more valuable collections: The ancient silver, the snuff boxes, the jewelry worn by various ancestresses, as well as a very rare and beautiful collection of old cameos, and the jewels of my mother-in-law and sister-in-law, which they had left in the safe in the country, and finally the necessary papers of identification in case the estates should be confiscated and the château destroyed.

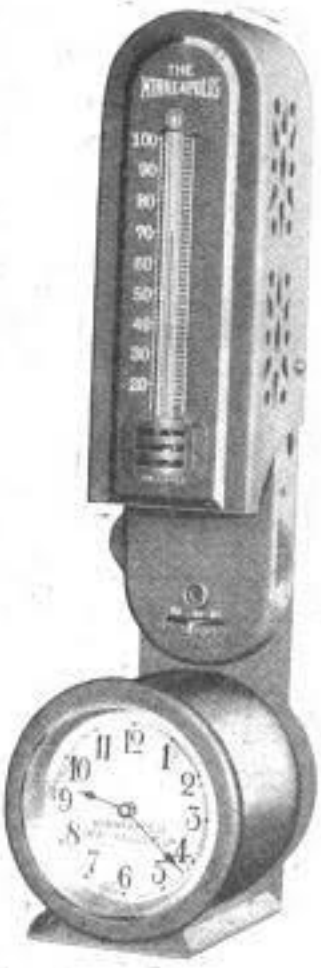
The bronzes, pictures, furniture and collections of ancient china could not be handled or transported without attracting attention, and above all it seemed important to avoid arousing suspicion among the village committeemen. So all these, and twenty thousand volumes in the library, some of them of infinite value, intrinsic and sentimental, all the family archives, and a cellar of rare vintages—many of which were more than a century old—remained to their fate.

Since the committee had been reënforced with men from outside and these latter had mixed with our own people there had been constant friction between the villagers and our intendants, and the latter lived in fear of what was coming. Their worst fears were realized, as first our cattle and horses were confiscated, a few days later the distillery was broken into and burned, and the drunken crowd invaded our farm buildings and took possession of the château stables, with all their contents of state carriages and harness. Then our house cellar was rifled, and the faithful servants were driven out to the village, while the crowd took possession of the parks and gardens, the orchards and *espaliers*, and rifled the mill and storehouses, destroying all machinery, workshops, and so on. The château itself was still spared, though the strangers advised its burning; but the canny elders among the peasants said it

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would be a pity to do away with so good a palace, better let it stand and use it sometime. And so it stood for three or four months more, when it was given in prey to the flames amid a frantic, drunken mob of what had once been our quiet peasantry.

With this news to disturb my husband while he was trying to liquidate his mother's business affairs and to dispose to the best advantage of her ready money and capital and city property, so she would be enabled to tide over the crisis, and with all his work to keep Kief orderly, Mike's life was a real martyrdom. I scarcely moved now from our rooms, where I saw enough people to satisfy any desire I might have for sociability, and where I found occupation enough in some Red Cross work, preparing bandages for the hospital near by, and in my books. I took the air in our garden, which being back of the house was entirely protected from outside street excitements. During this time housekeeping became a difficult art. The price of every necessity and luxury soared in a most preposterous manner. Toilet soap, which had been twenty kopecks a cake, reached three rubles and fifty kopecks; and there was no laundry soap at all. Butter had gone from sixty kopecks to ten rubles a pound. Rice was seven rubles a pound, when obtainable. A blue serge, ordinarily five rubles a yard, was anywhere from seventy to one hundred rubles now; and for a yard of white crêpe de Chine, whose old price was four-fifty, I had recently paid forty-eight rubles. A ready-made dress ordinarily worth about sixty rubles cost one thousand now.

We had reduced our meals to coffee and black bread with a little butter in the mornings; at lunch, two dishes, generally a stew of some kind, and the second course of potatoes, cabbage or tomatoes; while our supper consisted of one dish only, which was generally cold and prepared from the remains of lunch, with coffee, bread and a little honey as dessert. We had a large supply of honey brought in from Bouromka in the summer. We had collected supplies during a year past and more, and I counted there was coffee, sugar, and such things as oil, enough to last a year. Also we had potatoes, cabbages and various dried vegetables enough to last, with care, through the whole winter.

### *The H. C. of L. in Kief*

Most precious of all was a bag of white flour, which we reserved in case of illness and had divided up into small packages, hidden in the walls and woodwork and in various pieces of furniture. Everything was now sold by card system; but almost never could the quantity allowed be really obtained. Sometimes, even after the servants had spent hours waiting in line before the shops, there was nothing to be had; and for our whole household, consisting of seventeen people, we could get only ten pounds or less of black bread each day, and frequently several days would pass when none could be had.

Everything was divided up by the household in excellent good humor. The cook showed himself truly a *cordon-bleu*, since he managed to make all our meals tempting in spite of their sameness; and he prepared for the servants daily excellent thick peasant soups of milk, dried vegetables and pieces of cheap meats. Luckily dairy products, fruits, green vegetables and the native coarse cereals were still plentiful, but the outlook for the winter was very unpromising, and we foresaw food riots, with the famine which must soon come upon this city through the disorder in transportation.

There was lack of fuel too. We had put in our supply of wood in the summer, and we hoarded it with care, heating the baths and kitchen stove with utmost economy. We all took our tubs as nearly successively as possible, and the kitchen fire was reduced to what was necessary for one hot meal each day. Wood, in the old days twenty rubles for the cubic sagene, cut and ready to burn, had climbed to fifty and sixty before the revolution; since then we had paid four hundred rubles in the summer for the same measure, considering it a bargain, and now in October it had reached six and seven hundred. There was no coal at all, save for factories and government use.

I was more afraid of our provisions being requisitioned than of any other danger; but our luck held, and when we left Kief we passed on fuel and dried vegetables to our successors in the house, and we took my mother-in-law a royal present of our coffee, sugar, and so on. For this the family was immensely grateful, as they had not believed in the dramatic conditions until quite recently, and they consequently had very few stores to fall back upon. When people met now in Kief there were only two subjects discussed with any real interest: First and foremost came that of our daily food, and the small economies and arrangements to save it; and secondly, of course we talked of politics. Everyone seemed thin, and people hesitated to accept an invitation to stay and eat a meal in the old Russian manner. One felt indiscreet also in accepting a candle or a scrap of ribbon, while a jar of jam or a little sugar was a serious gift and represented a warm demonstration of generous friendship.

Few had as much as we, for somehow Mike and I had long ago realized the threatened misery; and we had had money at hand to buy, and space to store our purchases; but, nevertheless, even we felt very poor and gloomy, and the days dragged on in constant fear of terrible things, about which we avoided talking. And so we reached the twenty-fifth of October, Russian style, when we received the first news of the great Bolshevik uprising in the capital, the attack on the Winter Palace, Kerensky's flight and complete eclipse, and the arrest of the remainder of the provisional government. Chaos evidently in Petrograd; and then complete silence, with the telegraphic, postal and press communications all cut off.

### *Cadets on Guard*

In Kief there was naturally an instantaneous reflection of the drama in the north. At the first signs of uprising Mike put the Cuirassiers in charge of the arsenal and the railroad station, while young cadets from the two military schools for future officers were used to garrison the staff building, telephone, water and electric stations; and when the Bolsheviki began disorders in the neighborhood of their own quarters at the imperial palace these were attacked by the cadets and some Cossacks, and in three days two battles were fought about the palace and in its gardens, while the place passed from hand to hand.

The cadets found large quantities of provisions which had been gathered and hidden by the soviet's men for their own use, and the poor building itself was frightfully ill-treated—by our men, the soviets claimed, while ours insisted it was the hooligans themselves who were guilty. At any rate the place was sacked; and all documents of the passport department were lost. On October twenty-fifth were the first demonstrations in the factory districts, and in some outer streets of Kief. Mike then used his strongest and only reliable troops, as I have said, and putting some Cossacks in the streets as patrols, since there were no police, he thought he could still keep the town quiet until news came through from the capital. If a triumph for the government was reported all might still be well. Thursday and Friday there were no riots, only processions, meetings and the general feverishness, and factory strikes out of town. Then the trams stopped; and Friday night mob crowds began to form, making threats of attack on the staff buildings, which necessitated a strong defensive force quartered there. I watched the arrival of this, which consisted of the young cadets. It was after dark, and their heavy tramp attracted me to the window toward one in the morning. A first group entered and disappeared in the buildings, occupying the courts back of the offices; then another large unit arrived, and the boys spread themselves out all over our sidewalk and street, lighting their camp fires, stacking muskets and settling for the night. They looked immensely spick and span, and were evidently delighted with their sudden call to duty; and gay young laughter and talk floated in to us through our open windows.

To my expressions of regret Mike answered that such boys must do this kind of work now, as he hadn't enough Cuirassiers to go round. He had put those last in the hardest places; and these little chaps liked the excitement much better than studying their lessons. Their ages ran from seventeen to twenty; but they felt they were doing men's heavy work. And indeed, they might have it to do, and I could see Mike didn't like using them much better than I

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did. Small cannon and quick-firing guns were established where they could sweep the street entrances. Our block was all there was of the "Bankovaia," which ran into other streets at right angles at each of its ends, with a building blocking the vista. Our defensive cannon if fired would therefore send its shells through the rabble, squarely into the houses beyond. It struck me the people living in them might be greatly frightened if they were watching our preparations; while, on the other hand, our own house, surrounded with soldiers and up against the staff building, would be the objective of the attackers; and if anything happened we were promised a very hot and exciting time.

Mike spoke little, but looked white and anxious, and he spent most of his days and nights at the staff, where Kirienko was holding a perpetual session of a commission formed to decide all sorts of questions with reference to local defensive measures and to government action. Kirienko was remarkable in the situation, cool, optimistic, encouraging; making quick and responsible decisions; receiving and haranguing people and deputations who appeared; playing poker with Fate truly, and with extraordinary bluffs winning many points, and holding on in the hope that every hour would bring news from Petrograd.

Mike found, as the hours passed and still nothing came from the capital, that his troops were wearing out, and he hadn't enough to change them off, as his men were so scattered about. More being needed at new places telegrams were sent, and two regiments of Czecho-Slovaks were brought from points where they were in reserve, back of the firing line. These arrived on Sunday afternoon, and were a great relief to Mike, for he hoped he was getting reliable help as he reviewed them in front of the staff headquarters with Kirienko. The city that afternoon was fairly quiet save for meetings in the business quarters.

About us it looked like a very lively camp now. The cadets, who had been on duty for two days, were relieved by the newcomers, who cooked their meals all about on the sidewalk and seemed businesslike and comfortable. The Cuirassiers were still at the arsenal and the station, and Mike left them in charge of these two posts. Ever so many people came to see us at all hours, to look from our windows at what was going on. My brother-in-law, poor fellow, chose this happy moment to arrive in Kief, from the Crimea, on business. He put up at a friend's near by, and took his meals with us, while Prince and Princess Kourakine, who had just come—he from the Front and she from her country place near by—met in Kief for a few days, and stayed with us.

### A Dubious Alliance

Of course the whole town was vastly excited. There was some distant shooting in outlying districts, but the center of Kief was still quiet, and there was no news from Petrograd. We began to fear a reign of terror was really inaugurated there, and that the mob had seized the government. Mike's strain reacted on me somewhat, and I never supposed that days could be so long and so wearing as were these.

Kirienko, in the absence of orders from the capital, decided to act now on his own initiative. On Monday morning he called together a commission of government men, and he formally invited the Ukrainian rada and the soviets of workmen and soldiers to send deputies to discuss the situation with him, and to take measures together to insure the tranquillity of our city and the safety of its inhabitants. The soviets made no reply at all; the rada sent representatives.

After long discussion and much wrangling these Ukrainians came to an understanding with the government party. They would take over certain administrative departments, principally in connection with the relations between peasants and proprietors, and also certain lines of government control in town. For this gain in power they in exchange would police the whole province, keeping law and order in the rural districts; also they would help to police Kief and prevent a Bolshevik uprising. Their deputies showed themselves polite enough, and plausible, and though Kirienko as well as my husband had never liked or trusted them, the commissioner was obliged to come to terms in this emergency; and he even felt it would be a great advantage to have thus separated the Ukrainians from the Bolsheviki, and to see the former, at least, our allies in a crisis.

When it came to settling where the different military units should be stationed the Ukrainians claimed as a "compliment" that their national soldiers should receive certain honorary posts in the city; among others they wished to be guardians of the arsenal. Mike protested violently at so much being put into the hands of such uncertain friends; but the rada made it the price of its coöperation, and Kirienko thought our party could not risk losing the Ukrainians' help. So the concession was made them, and Mike was in despair over it. Before the deputation left the staff office that evening their leader had signed a formal treaty with Kirienko accepting in the rada's name an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the provisional central government. From now on these two parties were to act together, and their united efforts, it was hoped, would quiet and intimidate the Bolsheviki, and give a respite from the strain of the last four days.

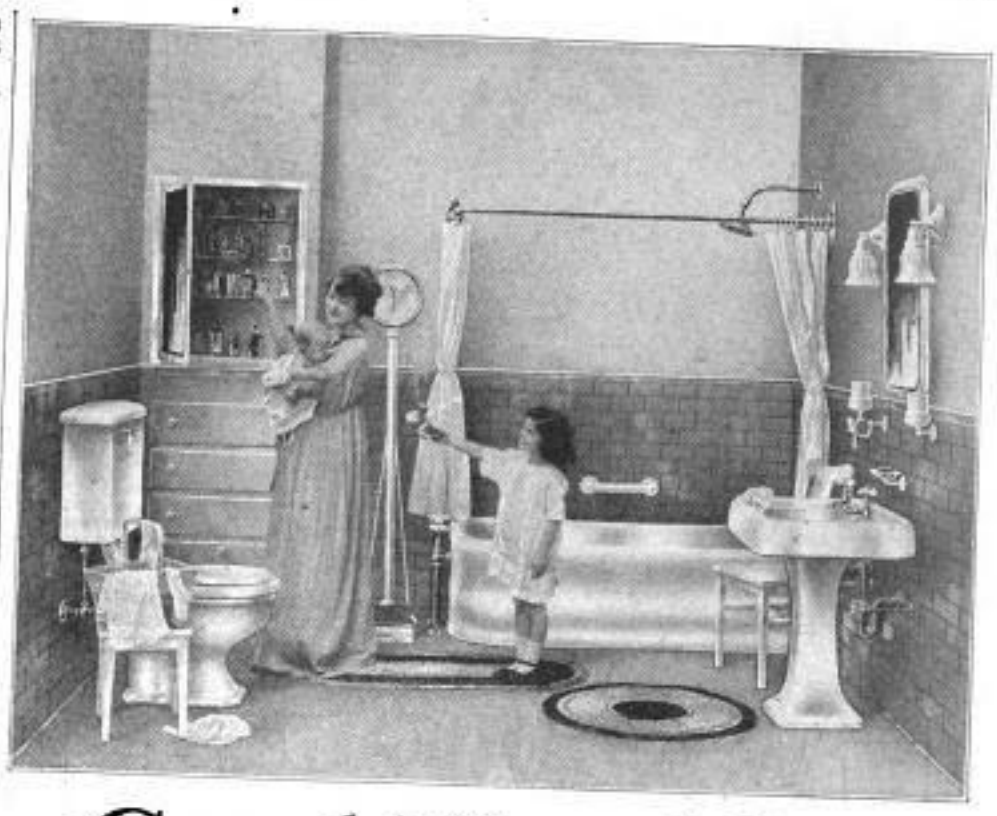
During the discussions a deputation of invalided officers had waited among others on Kirienko at the staff. At their head was a most exceptional personage, a Jewish officer, decorated with the St. George's Cross, and discharged from the army because of four wounds, which had completely incapacitated him. These offered the services of all their group, a large association in Kief, saying they were ready to carry guns or be useful in any manner. Kirienko had declined their offer, however, answering they had already done their duty, and would not make enough difference in our strength to warrant his putting them in the helpless and terrible situation they would find themselves in afterward if the provisional cause should be lost.

### Another Scrap of Paper

That night we went to bed feeling we might sleep tranquilly, and though the soldiers were still established in our street we were secure in the belief of their departure on the morrow. The servants brought me in annoying rumors gathered among their acquaintances that the Czecho-Slovaks said openly they were willing to fight side by side with the Russians, so long as this was against Germany and Austria; but that they did not care what party reigned in Kief, and would not take part in any shooting against Ukrainians or Bolsheviki; also the Ukrainian soldiers seemed, according to reports from the same sources, which might be only gossip, to be fraternizing on the street with the Bolshevik soldiers.

We tried not to believe all this; but it turned out to be only too true, for early next morning we were awakened by firing all about us. Mike could not dress fast enough to reach the staff, where he remained some time, while we waited anxiously for news. He had found everything there in mad confusion. Kirienko sent at once for the rada leader, who had come in haste, and in answer to his summons explained with many phrases that yesterday he had signed with the provisional government what he considered only a temporary agreement; while last evening the soviets had sent him at the rada a deputation asking for his coöperation, and offering the Ukrainians such advantages in case of acceptance that at the desire of all their people, the rada and ministry, himself at its head, had felt obliged to tie themselves definitely to the Bolsheviki. If the people's party came into power the Ukrainians would be given over the entire administration of the provinces round about Kief, consequently in their nationalist interests he had now become the ally of the people's party, or Bolsheviki.

Kirienko protested, threatened, bluffed; but could do nothing. The shooting all over town was violent by now. The Ukrainians and Bolsheviki were joined together, and he stood alone without even the background of Petrograd to uphold his authority, and with no troops to rely on but the handful of Cuirassiers and the little cadets. As the rada's representatives retired, reports began to come in giving dramatic impressions of our group's desperate condition everywhere about. At the aviation camp in one suburb the soldiers had mutinied and killed and wounded several of their officers; while the remainder of the latter had fled, after having removed the magnetos from their airplanes, so that these could not be used by the soldiers for bombing the city. The artillery batteries'

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IF the amount of water wasted annually in the United States, through leaky valves, faucets and fixtures, could be computed, the figures would be astonishing.

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2. Have your hot water supply system examined to insure maximum heat from fuel consumed.
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men had behaved in the same way, only the officers there were not able to put out of commission the heavy guns, and every now and then a shot fell into the center of the city, causing great havoc. We still had water, electricity and telephone service, but it was a question of how long this would last. The Cuirassiers kept the railroad and station yet, and the little cadets returned to the staff buildings. Firing grew more violent all through that day and night. Wednesday morning Kirienko was still at the staff. Mike also, but there was nothing anyone could do now, and the city was in an uproar. Officers were being shot on sight anywhere, bombs were exploding, bullets whizzed through the air and broke windows or embedded themselves in walls. We felt vastly alarmed, especially as in our neighborhood several houses were sacked, hundreds of people were arrested, and from time to time it was reported the mob of Bolsheviki were marching in our direction to capture the staff buildings. If this happened it was merely a question of how long the boy cadets could hold out before there would be a general fire and massacre.

In the afternoon the Ukrainians demanded that for the general safety and the protection of the revolution the troops of the provisional government retire from Kief and be disbanded, and that the cadets return immediately to their schools, where they were to be considered prisoners of war. Kirienko was obliged to hear orders given to that effect. It was quite evident that in Kief the reign of the provisionals was over, and that the power was in the hands of the mob.

Mike, with his soldiers dispersed and banished from the city, could do nothing but hand in his resignation, which he did. He was consequently without a command or service; and that afternoon we talked of what we should do with ourselves if we got out alive from the hornet's nest; and we decided to go first to the Crimea for a rest. Since noon the shooting had been steadily augmenting. A quick-firing gun had been installed on our roof, besides all those lined up below our windows, and our street was waiting for the attack. I knew Mike would be doomed as soon as the Ukrainians took over the power, since all through the summer he had bent his energies to fighting their propaganda, and revenge would seem sweet to them. Besides, we were both very tired; and he especially was worn by his work. His nerves were stretched to the limit and his wound was giving him constant pain; so a change of air and scene seemed to recommend itself.

### *Flight to Safety*

We sat talking of all this, saying that the Bolsheviki and Ukrainians had shown their cards at last by joining forces and had proved their common enemy origin. Two or three friends were present, and shooting still accompanied our conversation as it grew late. Suddenly Colonel Sakhnowsky, then commander of the Cuirassiers, was announced, and saying he must speak with Mike on urgent matters he was received in the latter's workroom.

When my husband returned he said to me without preamble: "Can you leave the house in ten minutes?"

I answered I could; whereupon he added, "Sakhnowsky has just come from the staff. He says the crowd in power have already shot the commander of the garrison's infantry and are going to arrest any Cuirassiers' officers left in town, and that I am being looked for to be judged and executed; Kirienko is also condemned, and has disappeared, having fled. Sakhnowsky wants me either to go out and stay in the Cuirassiers' temporary camp outside town or to hide in town for the first hours of the enemy's triumph. I've decided to do the latter, as at least I won't be exposing the regiment to trouble and attack. We can spend the night at the hotel if you like. There is a room already engaged there."

With a small bag, into which I put a few valuable papers, with some of my jewels and money which were in the house, I threw on a cloak and my furs and hat. Mike and the servants meantime had opened a trunk containing his civilian clothes, and he had made a hurried change. Kourakine and all the men in the house helped, and my husband was dressed by the time I had made a round of our rooms, putting out of sight a few ornaments and souvenirs which were lying about, and which I prized. I hoped to have them thus escape notice in case our rooms were visited by soldiers in our absence. It wasn't difficult to hide things, as I knew the servants' discretion was reliable, devoted and intelligent.

I gave Elène and Davidka orders to bring us later in paper bundles what clothes and food we needed to the hotel. The tale they agreed to tell if officials asked for Mike was that we had left Kief that morning, on Mike's resigning, and had gone by the noon train, to return in a few days. We counted on Kourakine for telling the story, and to handle any situation which might unexpectedly rise.

Our chief difficulty we knew would be getting out of the house and through the lines of troops encamped on our doorsteps and sidewalks, and also through the streets between us and the hotel. Now all the troops were Ukrainians, who might know Mike's face dangerously well. Luckily it was cold and almost dark, and he was in civilian clothes, which he had never before worn in Kief. He put on a heavy traveling ulster and a soft felt hat, and threw his traveling scarf about his neck, over chin and beard. Under his cloak he took the precaution of carrying his revolver and sword. I felt satisfied that in this disguise he was quite unrecognizable. Pulling my own furs up high and taking the small bag of valuables in one hand I covered it with my big muff. The extravagance of my muffs had often been laughed at, but that night I was grateful for this one's size and protection. I also had my revolver loaded, and off the safe in my hand, inside the muff.

### *A Haven of Refuge*

We made our adieus to our visitors and servants in the hall, then had all the lights put out, so the front door's opening would attract less attention from the soldiers outside. Kourakine unbarricaded the door and held it enough open so that Mike could slip out. I followed him, and it closed behind us again very quietly. I admit my heart beat very hard, and I was wet with perspiration, in spite of the cold air, as Mike and I threaded our way sauntering across the street and along the sidewalk of the other side toward the corner. Here stood a sentinel, with cocked gun, but fortunately for us he was of the new-régime variety, and instead of attending to his business and challenging us he chattered on, smoking, with some comrades who were having dinner; and we slunk by slowly behind him till we reached the remnants of the barricade, which stretched in a disorderly heap across the street.

Once past this I breathed more freely, and Mike spoke: "Now hurry! Shall I take the bag? Here, it seems, general traffic is allowed, and I imagine we are all right."

I insisted on keeping the bag, so he could the better hold and hide his side arms. Our walk became as rapid as possible, and for this the still occasional bullets flying about seemed reason enough.

We passed a general, with his head down, going at a quick pace. It was my brother-in-law, Niroth.

"Théo," I said, low. He raised his eyes. "Why, Joy, what on earth? And Micha, too, in this lovely costume! Where are you going? To a masquerade?"

Mike said "Hush," and then "Come with us"; and Théo turned and accompanied us, while we told him in a few words of our experiences since luncheon time, which seemed ages ago. As we reached the next street we met a cab, and with good-bys to Théo, who promised to report at home our favorable progress through the danger zone and to send us dinner soon, we jumped into the vehicle and drove on to the hotel.

There the porter, whom we knew by having often dined in the restaurant in gayer days, nearly fell over when he saw us and recognized Mike. He took us to a room on the top floor, which my husband had kept for months in his name, for the use of any officer or business man whom he had need to detain in town. It was a piece of luck to have it now, as the house was crowded. Fortunately, also, as we reached our floor we heard that the soldiers of the Ukrainian Government had just finished inspecting there, and had gone down below, looking for arms, examining people's passports and confiscating valuables. I felt quite comfortably safe as I took off my cloak and hid our revolvers.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Princess Cantacuzène. The third will appear in an early number.

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# OUT-OF-DOORS

## The Grand Canon Park

THE war is and ought to be the greatest and most compelling business of this distracted day; but war, even this war, is not and can never be the only business of the country. War is, at last, self-determining; it eats and ends itself. Destruction is not the really great affair of the world. We are fighting now to make that plain for all time. Growth, advance, permanence—those are the real affairs of national life, whether material or spiritual. Those are the real responsibilities, the real duties of any government. What have we gained? What have we made? What have we done? Those are the cogent questions to be asked of any nation's leaders and legislators.

In these new days of America, when you can scarcely see a smile on the streets—so sad and stern are our people—a great many things have been done by our national leaders and legislators that, in any times but these, would be called great and notable things. Overshadowed by the war activities, they have been done quietly and casually by the most troubled and harassed Administration this country ever knew. We have not noted them because our eyes were on the war.

It is a splendid thing that time has been found for such matters, perhaps to be called relatively small. It is proof that when our boys ultimately are out, and out forever, from the accursed slaughter pits of Europe they are going to have a people and a country to come back to. A necessary corollary of this proposition is that if, in their absence, we shall not have done all that we could to improve that country and the administration of its assets, then we shall have failed as a people, and our leaders and legislators shall have failed in the rôles assigned to them. We must not and dare not overlook the coming days of peace. There lies our real affair.

We owe it to every soldier and civilian of America to make an end of loose, shiftless and inefficient ways of government. The world has had enough waste and begins to revolt at the thought of it. We want our country assured to us in its richness and its usableness—yes, and in its beauty. We have had enough turmoil; we want repose. We have had enough horror; we want peace. We have had enough loathsomeness; we want beauty. We not only want but we need all these things. The government which does not give its people beauty robs its people of their spiritual birthright.

### *A National Heritage*

Down in the far-off Southwest there lies a strip of country whose like cannot be found elsewhere on the face of the earth—never has been, so far as human mind knows; nor ever can be, so far as human soul can imagine. It is the incomparable example of the most measureless repose, the most perfect peace, the most august beauty. No brush can paint it, for it is never the same. No pen can describe it, because it was meant by its Maker to be above description.

The people of America own but do not know the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Indeed, they do not yet own it as they should, though it is the greatest spiritual asset, if you please, ever given to any people in any age.

The Grand Cañon has for some years been loosely taken into the nation's care, but it has not had either the sort of care or the measure of recognition that belongs to it. It is a national monument—a monument to our national ignorance and apathy, our national dilatoriness and shiftlessness.

There really is no reason why the Grand Cañon, the world's most stupendous landscape, should any longer be called a national monument. There is every reason why it should be made a national park forever.

The Congress of the United States can pass the pending House Bill erecting the Grand Cañon of the Colorado into the world's grandest national park, even in these times of stress. It is legislation that can be done almost between cigars, it is so simple and so easy. The question is one that really needs no argument, it is so obvious. The only question is, Why was it not done long ago? This eternal work of the immortal gods was here before war was known and will be here when war is forgotten. It is a splendid thing, and yet a very simple thing, to give it to America as it has not yet been given.

Since the war began Congress has found time to pass and ratify and enable the migratory wild-fowl treaty with Canada. It is to be hoped that it will find time this fall to pass the Greater Yellowstone Park Bill. Why not also pass the Grand Cañon Park Bill?

Surely we have no park to equal the Grand Cañon; and surely we have a score that are not fit to be mentioned in the same breath with it. But we have advanced since our old loose bureaucratic days. We have made a definite business of the administration of all our national parks. We have a law and service bureau now, assuring a businesslike administration, a standardization, a systematic development of all our national parks. Then, in the name of reason, why not give us Grand Cañon Park, the most wonderful of them all?

Under the old administration as a monument and under the care of a Department not controlling the national parks, a certain number of abuses have existed in and round the Grand Cañon. Individuals have even sought title to parts of the Grand Cañon—perhaps the most impossible personal ambition that can be credited to any human being. As well claim title to the undying stars!

Our present National Park Service, organized and conducted for that express purpose, would make short work of the obstructionists. It would systematize the whole business of showing the Grand Cañon—their greatest national possession—to the people of America.

### *Selling Beauty*

We have no park that ever needed so little done for it. It will take a two-million-dollar road across the rugged mountains of Glacier Park to make that adequately available to the public. Millions have gone into the roads of the Yellowstone and Mount Rainier Parks. What the Grand Cañon Park needs is a broad, firm and well-standardized business administration. And that is just what our national parks are getting, and just what, in the nature of things, our natural monuments cannot have.

It might be human for any department head or for any bureau head to be jealous of infringement upon his accustomed province or any restriction upon his ancient prerogatives; but really that is not a matter large enough to stand analysis in this day of the new and stern America.

It comes simply to the question of whether it is good business to go to a furniture shop for groceries, or to a hardware store for a suit of clothes. The Department of Agriculture now administers the Grand Cañon Monument. Why? God knows! The answer to little Peterkin is as good as any.

The Department of Agriculture is interested in agriculture. It ought not to be interested in anything but agriculture—or things germane to it. It has to do with utilities alone. On the other hand, the National Park Service runs our national parks and nothing else; that is its sole occupation. Why the park bureau should worry over inoculating soil for alfalfa is not plain. Neither is it plain why any bureau of the alfalfa end at Washington should concern itself over the roads, concessions, routes, rates, transportation, traffic and annual receipts of any of our national parks.

The Department of Agriculture has to do with utility only. The National Park Service has to do with beauty only. That is what it is selling—just beauty. It is folly to waste our time in mixing these two jobs; bad business and bad politics to try to mix them any longer. The Department of Agriculture would do well to accept riddance of a line of goods that does not belong and never did belong in its shop.

This is the one matchlessly great, incomparably inspiring and inspiriting possession of the American people. We need and shall yet more need its peace, its repose, its beauty. If its walls, a hundred miles long, twenty miles across, and a mile deep, were run full of melted gold, it would not then




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be worth so much to us as it is now. Let us have done with little things and little thoughts and little ways. In the name of God and country let us do the large thing, even as we pass to those things that seem yet more large.

The world has gone grave and sad and stern. We shall not be able to smile for many a year. But the sermon of the Grand Cañon is preached for all time; it will for all time teach men all that man can know of poise and adjustment and acceptance. In times like these and topics like these there is no time for bureau jealousies or bureau obstructionists.

Alfalfa and pulpwood have nothing to do with the Grand Cañon. It is not sheep and sawmills but beauty that is for sale there. We want rest and beauty.

Give the Grand Cañon of the Colorado to the people of this war-weary world in the most practical and permanent fashion, under the wisest and the most reverent administration possible, and the people of this country will one day look back approvingly on the leaders and legislators who found time to do that in our nation's most grievous days. We shall call those men wise and good and great who, in the wrack of general destruction and despair, did something for hope and stability; something for that spiritual part of life which America coarsely and callously too long has set aside.

The old ways of America were not good enough. It is a new world, temporarily mad but sure of ultimate sanity, in which we live to-day.

We owe no tolerance to jealousy and pettiness; owe no acceptance of obvious mistakes. We are going to be praiseful of the large and good things; impatient of the petty and jealous things our Government gives to us.

These are days when governments and the men who make them are under scrutiny. Therefore, let us hope and expect that the bill making the Grand Cañon an American National Park forever will be a law before the next year has dawned with its new problems.

As a national park the Grand Cañon will be altogether ours. At present it is only partly ours. We want it; want it all, and want it now!

# The Poets' Corner



### When They Ask Me Where He Is

*I HAVE growled some, I acknowledge; and I've had my gloomy days*
*When I reckoned it was foolish to keep on in honest ways,*
*I've been filled with jealous feelin's, readin' of the rich and great;*
*But I've lately got to feelin' mine ain't such a dismal fate.*

*I ain't livin' in no palace, where there's pictures on the walls,*
*And these marble females standin' all stark naked in the halls;*
*But my boy is over fightin' where the chunks of shrapnel whiz.*
*So I needn't feel embarrassed when folks ask me where he is.*

*Years ago, before the trouble on the other side began,*
*I considered Henry Simpson an almighty lucky man;*
*Owned a fact'ry in the city, had an office that was fine,*
*And a son who went to college—just about the age o' mine.*

*We'd been country boys together, him no better off than me,*
*But he had a knack of seein' chances I could never see;*
*First made money tradin' horses, then got into bigger deals—*
*Seemed as if good luck was always keepin' close upon his heels.*

*One time I was in his office; never seen the like before—*
*Had a dozen clerks around him and a boy to tend the door;*
*A young lady sat beside him; she was takin' dictates down—*
*Made me wish I'd had the gumption to get prominent in town.*

*We'd been country boys together—me and Henry Simpson had—*
*But my visit to his office didn't seem to make him glad.*
*No, he didn't have to give me no excuse made up of lies;*
*But I will admit his coldness kind o' filled me with surprise.*

*I had often envied Henry for the great success he won,*
*And I'd often growled and grumbled and felt slighted; but I'm done!*
*Let him have his big stone palace, with its costly things inside;*
*I'm the one just now who's feelin' purty gol-durned satisfied.*

*Henry got his boy exempted—it was that "essential" plea;*
*Wasn't any more essential than a cow's fifth leg would be.*
*My boy's just been decorated where the shells and bullets whiz,*
*And I needn't make excuses when folks ask me where he is.*

—*S. E. Kiser.*

### The Return

*SORRY and sad of heart*
*I sent my boy away;*
*Fighting to be his part,*
*Mine to stay home and pray.*

*After long weary time,*
*Lonely as time might be,*
*Back from that foreign clime,*
*Back came my boy to me.*

*Maimed? Crippled? No, not he;*
*Yet could I note a lack.*
*One glance, and I could see*
*Not all my boy came back.*

*Gone was his vain conceit,*
*Missing, his idle ways;*
*Missing, that air effete,*
*Missing, his love of praise.*

*Gone was his pert address;*
*Gone his impetuous haste;*
*Gone was his selfishness;*
*Gone his impulse to waste.*

*Wise from the lessons learned,*
*Aged by the risks he ran;*
*Rich from experience earned,*
*My boy came back—a Man!*

—*Carolyn Wells.*

### A Rondeau

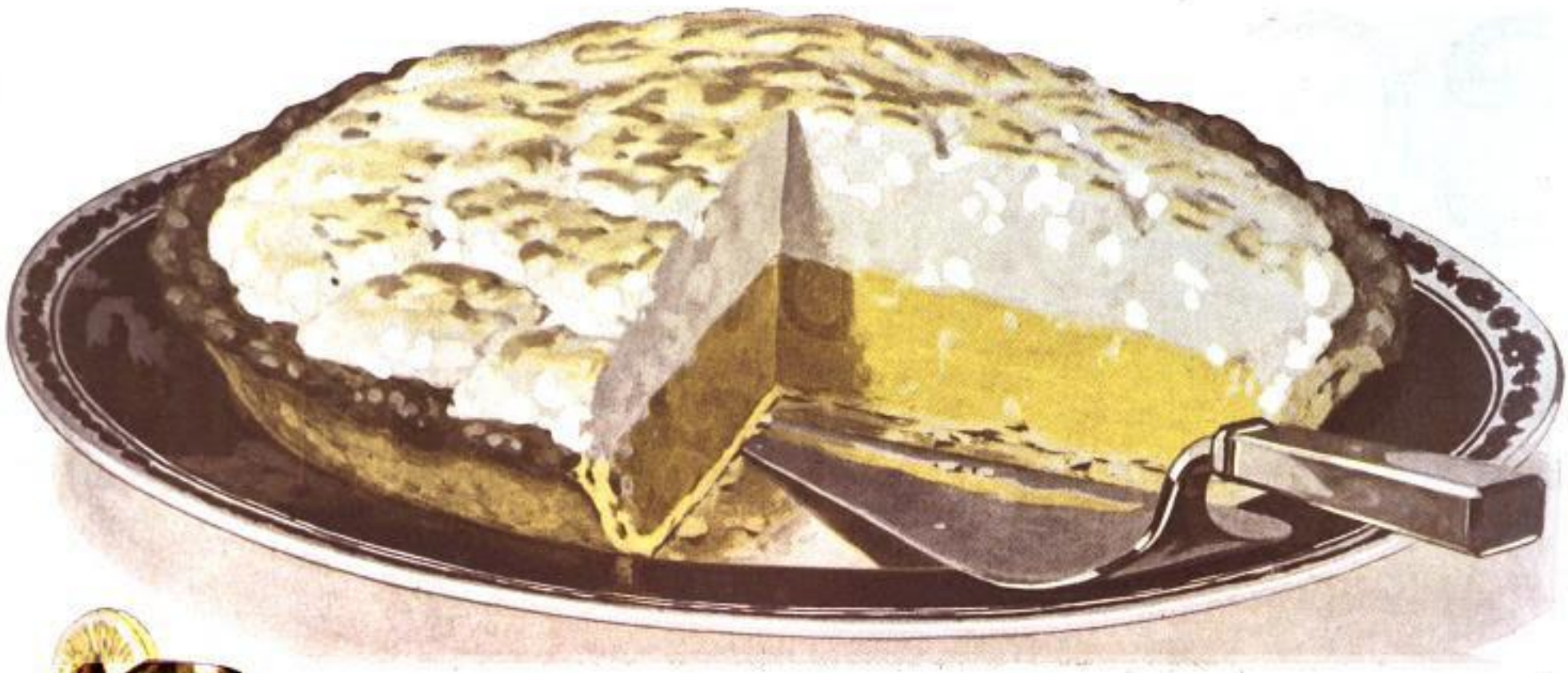
*MY GARDEN hose, though nearly new,*
*Already shows a break or two;*
*I've had it but about a week,*
*And now it's gone and sprung a leak!*
*I'm sure I don't know what to do.*

*Of rakes and hoes I had a few,*
*But they've been stolen. Wonder who*
*Could be so horrid as to take*
*My garden hoes.*

*I like to be well dressed, 'tis true,*
*But briers tear silken stockings—pooh!*
*Though I am patient-souled and meek,*
*I can't keep up this gardening freak—*
*These short skirts so expose to view*
*My garden hose!*

—*Carolyn Wells.*

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*Use in All Soft Drinks*

The fresh, pure juices of Sunkist Lemons and Oranges lend flavor and character to all soft drinks.

"Sunkist New-Day Drinks," our new book by Alice Bradley, contains 55 combinations with grape juice, ginger ale, other fruit juices, etc. Send coupon for a copy.

# Luscious Lemon Pie

## Made with Bread-crumbs and without Butter

*The recipe is by Miss Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston. A famous domestic science expert, known the country over. Her recipes are followed by tens of thousands of good cooks.*
*The incomparable recipe printed below is her idea of a luscious war-time pie.*

"A GEM of a pie," is what you will say when you taste this daintiest of pastries. Scores of families already, by unanimous vote, have elected it Best of War-Time Desserts. It's a connoisseur's pie. It fairly melts in the mouth. Let your men-folks try it.

### *The Unequalled Recipe*

1½ cups soft bread crumbs
3 tablespoons oleomargarine
1 cup boiling water
½ cup sugar
1½ teaspoons cornstarch
2 egg yolks
3 tablespoons Sunkist Lemon juice
Grated rind one Sunkist Lemon

Break bread crumbs into small pieces. Add oleomargarine. Pour boiling water over. Let stand until soft.

Mix sugar and cornstarch, add egg yolks, well beaten, and Sunkist Lemon juice and rind. Combine mixtures. Bake in one crust and cover with meringue.

"'Dripping' may be used in the pie crust," says Miss Bradley, "and a real war-time, though delicious, dessert is thus easily prepared."

Miss Bradley's cost for making this pie, at the time prepared, was "1c per 100 calories." 100 calories in eggs alone would then have cost 4.2 cents. So while economical of materials, this pie is also low in price when measured by the energy supplied.

Send the coupon for "Sunkist Recipes" containing 126 recipes which show how Miss Bradley uses California Sunkist Lemons. These dishes are quickly and easily prepared, and they meet many needs of war-time.

California Sunkist Lemons are juicy, tart, and practically seedless. They are best for all cooking purposes. Also for garnishing because they are waxy, clean and bright.

Don't say merely "lemons" when you order. Be sure to say "Sunkist." That will get the best lemons grown.

CALIFORNIA
# Sunkist
Uniformly Good Lemons

*Always Serve with Tea*

It is more than fashionable and attractive, it is *beneficial* to serve lemons with your tea.

Lemon is valuable for the digestive aid that comes from its salts and acids.



Ask for California Lemons. You'll find these lemons *uniform in quality*. Delivered to you, if you request it, in the crisp, sanitary tissue wrappers in which they are placed when packed. This fruit is the pride pack of 8500 California growers if it is labeled "Sunkist."






*Delicious Salad Dressings*

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By means of garnishing, sauces and judicious seasoning the housewife can make her family vote in favor of the new foods. Fresh lemon juice is an aid to digestion due to its valuable salts and acids.

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**California Fruit Growers Exchange,**
**A Non-Profit, Co-operative Organization of 8,500 Growers**
**Dept. E-49, Los Angeles, Cal.**

Place a check mark opposite the book preferred—check both if you want them. We send either, or both, free.

☐ "Sunkist Recipes," by Alice Bradley.
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# COLGATE'S "HANDY GRIP" SHAVING STICK

PATENTED 1917

## Mr. Jones writes a letter

—and his communication is interesting to every man who shaves himself—and wishes comfort in so doing.



"My children chanced to give me a stick of your shaving soap," says Mr. Jones. If you do not have one given you —give yourself a "Handy Grip."



"In the directions was an admonition not to rub . . . I thought this extremely silly," says Mr. Jones. But he tried it and found the truth of the original Colgate phrase used since 1897— **"needs no mussy rubbing in with the fingers."**



"I am, from now on, a firm champion of Colgate's Shaving Stick. It beats anything I have ever used," says Mr. Jones. You will reach the same conclusion after you have tried Colgate's "Handy Grip"

Colgate & Co.,
New York City.

New York, April 6, 1918.

Gentlemen:

Some months ago my children chanced to give me a stick of your shaving soap, and I am writing to you to tell you what a delight shaving now is with it, instead of the nightmare I formerly experienced whenever I shaved. The lather is wonderful, smooth as velvet, leaves the skin without any irritation, and, in short, your shaving stick is ideal for the purpose.

In the directions that came with the shaving stick was an admonition not to rub the beard with the hand after applying the lather. I thought this extremely silly, but on trying it I found that your experts had solved another important element in successful shaving and I shall never again do anything but follow the advice given. The brush, applying the lather with the proper degree of moisture in it, is sufficient. The new method is vastly superior to the old.

I am, from now on, a firm champion of Colgate's Shaving Stick. It beats anything I have ever used, and I've been shaving myself for 35 years.

None of your agents have solicited this testimonial from me, but I send it merely as a deserved recognition of the makers of the best shaving soap in the world.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) EDWIN J. JONES*

*Mr. Jones is Associate Editor of The Financial World.

THE "HANDY GRIP" is the thrifty Shaving Stick. It saves you 50 shaves below the "Waste Line," and more: you can buy a Refill Stick for the original metal Grip.




### A DOUBLE ECONOMY WITH COLGATE'S



—for you can unscrew the last half-inch of soap from the Grip (enough for 50 shaves)—



and press it when wet to a new Stick. It adheres, to be *all* used—no waste.



And the Refill Stick, costing less than the complete Grip, screws in and fits the Grip.

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# THE CITY OF COMRADES

## By BASIL KING

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

I dream'd in a dream I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth;
I dream'd that was the new City of Friends;
Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love—it led the rest;
It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city,
And in all their looks and words.
—WALT WHITMAN.

I

"NO."
"No?"
"No."

In the slow swirl of Columbus Circle, at the southwest corner of Central Park, two seedy, sinister individuals could hold an exceedingly private conversation without drawing attention to themselves. There were others like us on the scene, in that month of June, 1913, cast up from the obscurest depths of New York.

We could revolve there for five or ten minutes, in company with other elements of the city's life, to be eliminated by degrees, sucked into other currents, forming new combinations or reacting to the old ones.

In silence we shuffled along a few paces, though not exactly side by side. Lovey was just sufficiently behind me to be able to talk confidentially into my ear.

My own manner was probably that of a man anxious to throw off a dogging inferior. Even among us there are social degrees.

"Yer'll be sorry," Lovey warned me reproachfully.

"Very well, then," I jerked back at him over my shoulder; "I shall be sorry."

"If I didn't know it was a good thing I wouldn't 'a' wanted to take ye in on it—not you, I wouldn't; and lead easy."

"I don't care for it."

"Ye're only a beginner ——"

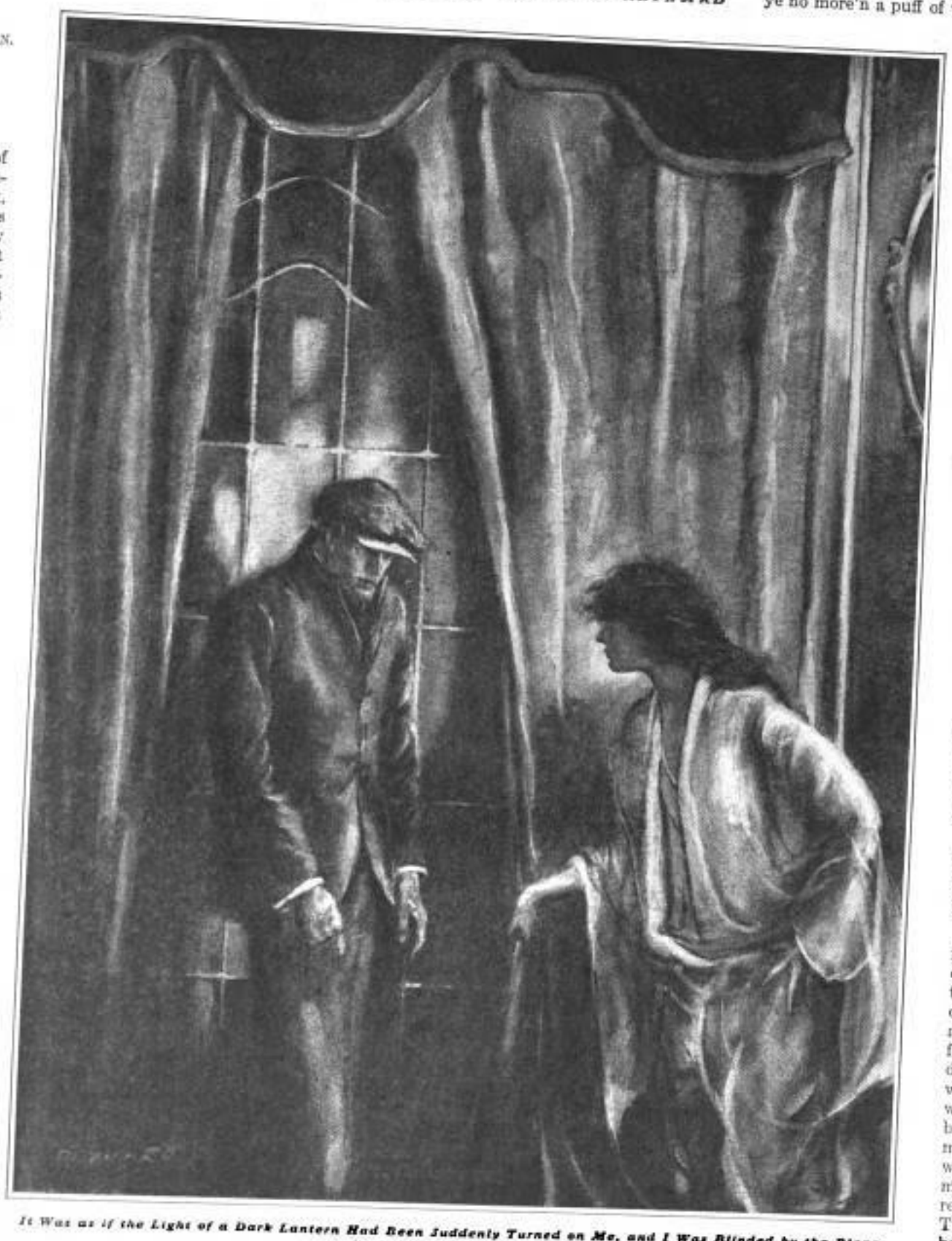
"I'm not even that."

"No; ye're not even that; and this'd larn ye. Just two old ladies—lots of money always in the 'ouse—no resistance—no weepons nor nothink o' that kind; and me knowin' every hinch of the ground through workin' for 'em two years ago ——"

"And suppose they recognized you?"

"That's it. That's why I must have a pal. If they'd git a look at anyone it'd have to be at you. But you don't need to be afraid, never pinched before nor nothink. Once yer picter's in the rogues' they'll run ye in if ye so much as blow yer nose. You'd just get by as an unknown man."

"And if I didn't get by?"



*It Was as if the Light of a Dark Lantern Had Been Suddenly Turned on Me, and I Was Blinded by the Blaze*

"Oh, but you would, sonny. Just look at ye! Slim and easy movin' as a snake, y'are. Ye'd go through a man's clothes while he's got 'em on, and he wouldn't notice ye no more'n a puff of wind. Look at yer 'and."

I held it up and looked at it. A year ago, a month ago, I should have studied it with remorse. Now I did it stupidly, without emotions or regrets.

It was a long, slim hand, resembling the rest of my person. It was strong, however, with big, loosely articulated knuckles and muscular thumbs—again resembling the rest of my person. At the Beaux Arts, and in an occasional architect's office, it had been spoken of as a "drawing" hand; and Lovey was now pointing out its advantages for other purposes. I laughed to myself.

"Ye're too tall," Lovey went on in his appraisement. "That's agin ye. Ye must be a good six foot. But lots o' men are too tall. They gits over it by stoopin' a bit; and when ye stoops it frightens people, especially women. They ain't near as scared of a man that stands straight up as they'll be of one that crouches and wiggles away. Kind o' suggests evil to 'em, like, it does. And these two old ladies ——"

As we reached the corner of the park I rounded slowly on my tempter. Not that he thought of his offer as temptation, any more than I did; it was rather on his part a touch of solicitude.

He was doing his best for me, in return for what he was pleased to take as my kindness to him during the past ten days.

He was a small, wizened man, pathetically neat in spite of cruel shabbiness. It was the kind of neatness that in our world so often differentiates the man who has dropped from him who has always been down. The gray suit, which was little more than a warp with no woof on it at all, was brushed and smoothed and mended. The flannel shirt, with turned-down collar, must have been chosen for its resistance to the show of dirt. The sky-blue tie might have been a more useful selection, but even that had had freshness steamed and pressed into it whenever Lovey had got the opportunity. Over what didn't so directly meet the eye the coat was tightly buttoned up.

The boots were the weakest point, as they are with all of us. They were not noticeably broken, but they were wrinkled and squashed and down at the heel. They looked as if they had been worn by other men before having come to the present possessor; and



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mine looked the same. When I went into offices to apply for work it was always my boots that I tried to keep out of sight; but it was precisely what the eye of the fellow in command seemed determined to search out and judge me by.

You must not think of Lovey as a criminal. He had committed petty crimes and he had gone to jail for them; but it had only been from the instinct of self-preservation. He worked when he got a job; but he never kept a job because his habits always fired him. Then he lived as he could, lifting whatever small object came his way—an apple from a fruit stall, a purse a lady had inadvertently laid down, a bag in a station, an umbrella forgotten in a corner—anything! The pawnshops knew him so well that he was afraid to go into them any more—except when he was so tired that he wanted to be sent to the Island for a month's rest. In general, he disposed of his booty for a few pennies to children, to poverty-stricken mothers of families, to pals in the saloons. As long as a few dollars lasted he lived, as he himself would have said, honestly. When he was driven to it he filched again; but only when he was driven to it.

It was ten days now since he had begun following me about, somewhat as a stray dog will follow you when you have given him a bone and a drink of water. For a year and more I had seen him in one or another of the dives I hung about. The same faces always turn up there, and we get to have the kind of acquaintance, silent, haunted, tolerant, that binds together souls in the Inferno. In general, it is a great fraternity; but now and then—often for reasons no one could fathom—someone is excluded. He comes and goes, and the others follow him with resentful looks and curses. Occasionally he is kicked out, which was what happened to Lovey whenever his weakness afforded the excuse.

It was when he was kicked out of Stinson's that I had picked him up. It was after midnight. It was cold. The sight of the abject face was too much for me.

"Come along home with me, Lovey," I had said casually; and he came.

Home was no more than a stifling garret, and Lovey slept on the floor like a dog. But in the morning I found my shoes cleaned as well as he could clean them, without brush or blacking, my clothes folded, and the whole beastly place in such order as a friendly hand could bring to it. Lovey himself was gone.

Twice during the interval he had stolen in like that and stolen out. He asked no more than a refuge, and the privilege of sidling timidly up to me with a beseeching look in his sodden eyes when we met in bars. Once, when by hook or by crook he had got possession of a dollar, he insisted on the honor of buying me a drink.

On this particular afternoon I had met him by chance in the region of Broadway between Forty-second Street and Columbus Circle. I can still recall the shy, half-frightened pleasure in his face as he saw me advancing toward him. He might have been a young girl.

"Got somethin' awful good, sonny, to let ye in on," were the words with which he stopped me.

I turned round and walked back with him to the Circle, and round it.

"No, Lovey," I said decidedly, when we had got to the corner of the park; "it's not good enough. I've other fish to fry."

A hectic flush stole into the cheeks, which kept a marvelous youth and freshness. The thin, delicate features, ascetic rather than degraded, sharpened with a frosty look of disappointment.

"Well, just as you think best, sonny," he said resignedly. He asked abruptly, however: "When'd ye have yer last meal?"

"The day before yesterday."

"And when d'ye expect to have yer next?"

"Oh, I don't know. Sometime; possibly to-night."

"Possibly to-night —— 'Ow?"

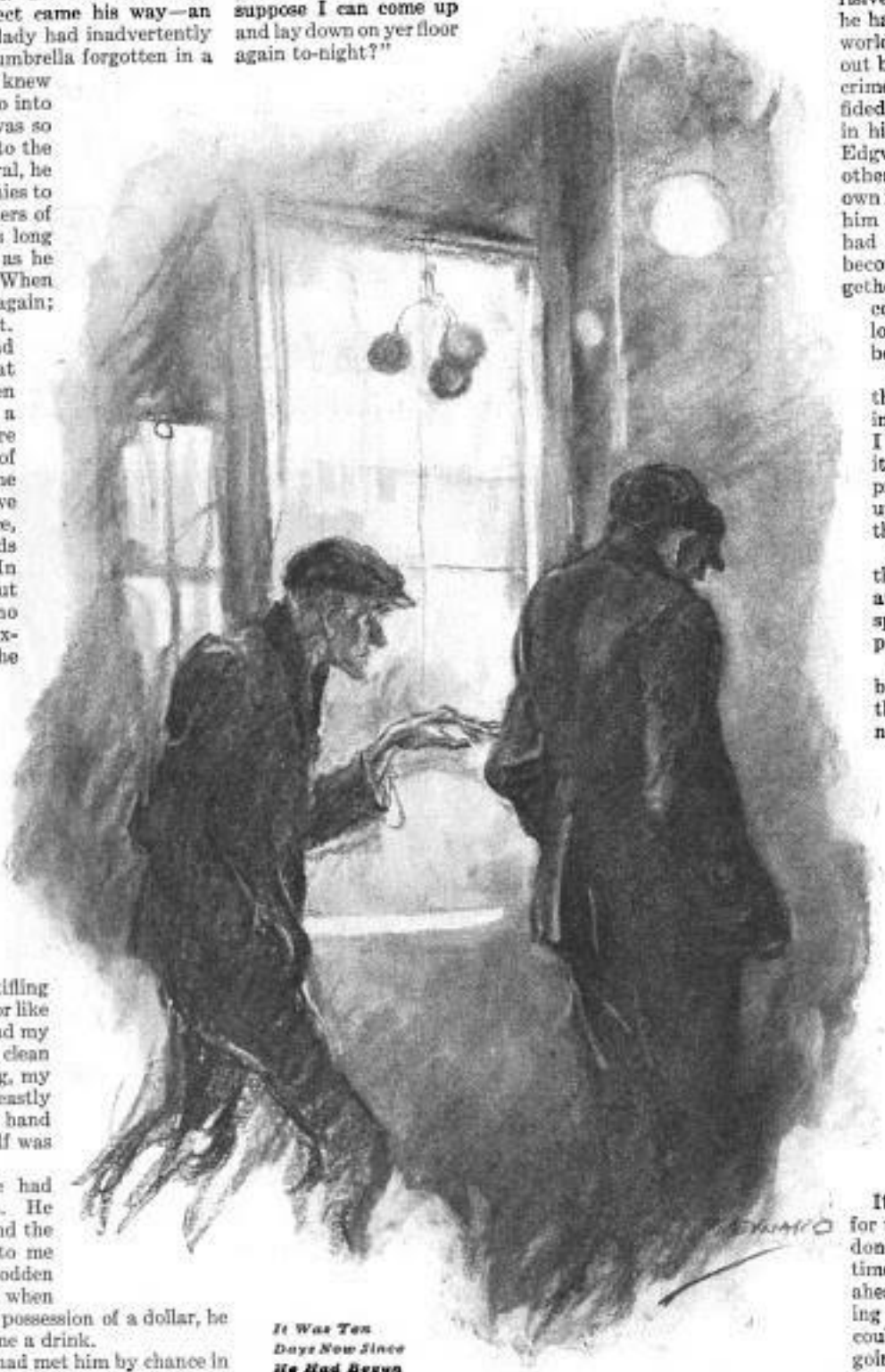
"I tell you I don't know. Something will happen. If it doesn't—well, I'll manage."

He had found an opening. "Don't ye see ye carn't go on like that? Ye've got to live."

"Oh, no, I haven't."

"Don't say that, sonny," he burst out tenderly. "You've got to live! You must do it—for my sake—now. I suppose it's because we're—we're Britishers together." He looked round on the circling crowd of Slavs, Mongolians, Greeks, Italians, aliens of all sorts. "We're different from these Yankees, ain't we?"

Admitting our Anglo-Saxon superiority I was about to say "Well, so long, Lovey," and shake him off, when he put in piteously: "I suppose I can come up and lay down on yer floor again to-night?"



*It Was Ten Days Now Since He Had Begun Following Me About, Somewhat as a Stray Dog Will Follow You When You Have Given Him a Bone and a Drink of Water*

"I wish you could, Lovey," I responded. "But—but the fact is I—I haven't got that place any more."

"Fired?"

I nodded.

"Where've ye gone?"

"Nowhere."

"Where'd ye sleep last night?"

I described the exact spot in the lumber yard near Greeley's Slip. He knew it. He had made use of its hospitality himself on warm summer nights such as we were having.

"Goin' there again to-night?"

I said I didn't know.

He gazed at me with a kind of timid daring.

"You wouldn't be—you wouldn't be goin' to the Down and Out Club?"

I smiled.

"Why should you ask me that?"

"Oh, I don't know. See you talkin' to one of those fellas oncet. Chap named Pyncheon. Worse than missions and 'vangelists, they are."

"Did you ever think of going there yourself?"

"Oh, Lord love ye! I've thought of it, yes. But I've fought it off. Once ye do that ye're done for."

"Well, I don't believe I'm done for ——" I began; but he interrupted me coaxingly.

"I say, sonny. I'll go to Greeley's Slip. Then if you've nothin' else on 'and you come there too—and we'll be fellas together. But don't—don't—go to the Down and Out!"

As I walked away from him I had his "fellas together" amusingly, and also pathetically, in my heart. Lovey was little better than an outcast. I knew him by no name but that which some pothouse wag had fixed on him derisively. From hints he had dropped I gathered that he had had a wife and daughters somewhere in the world, and intuitively I got the impression that without being a criminal he had been connected with a crime. As to his personal history he had never confided to me any of the details beyond the fact that in his palmy days he had been in a 'at shop in the Edgware Road. I fancied that at sometime or another in his career his relatives in London—like my own in Canada—had made up a lump sum and bidden him begone to the land of reconstruction. There he had become what he was—an outcast. There I was becoming an outcast likewise. We were "fellas together." I was thirty-one and he was fifty-two. My comparative youth helped me, in that I didn't look older than my age; but he might easily have been seventy.

Having got rid of him I drifted diagonally across the park, but with a certain method in the seeming lack of method in taking my direction. Though I had an objective point I didn't dare to approach it otherwise than by a roundabout route. It is probable that no gaze but that of the angels was upon me; but to me it seemed as if every glance that roved up and down the park must spot my aim.

For this reason I assumed a manner meant to throw observation off the scent. I loitered to look at young people on horseback or to stare at some specially dashing motor car. I strolled into bypaths and out of them.

I passed under the noses of policemen in gray-blue uniforms, and tried to infuse my carriage with the fact which Lovey had emphasized, that I had never yet been pinched. I had never yet, so far as I knew, done anything to warrant pinching; and that I had no intentions beyond those of the ordinary law-abiding citizen was what I hoped my swagger would convey.

Though I was shabby I was not sufficiently so to be unworthy to take the air. The worst that could be said of me was that I was not shabby as the workingman is at liberty to be. Mine was the suspicious, telltale shabbiness of the gentleman—far more damning than the grime and sweat of a chimney sweep.

Now that I was alone again I had a return of the sensation that had been on me since waking in the morning—that I was walking in the air. I felt that I bounced like a bubble every time I stepped. The day before I had been giddy; now I was only light. It was as if at any minute I might go up. Unconsciously I ground my footsteps into the gravel or the grass to keep myself on the solid earth.

It was not the first time I had gone without food for twenty-four hours, but it was the first time I had done it for forty-eight. Moreover, it was the first time I had ever been without some prospect of food ahead of me. With a meal surely in sight on the following day I could have waited for it. More easily I could have waited for a drink or two. Drink kept me going longer than food, for in spite of the reaction after it the need of it had grown more insistent. Had I been offered my choice between food and life on the one hand and drink and death on the other I think I should have chosen drink and death. But now there was no likelihood of either. I had husbanded my last pennies after my last meal, to make them spin out to as many drinks as possible. I had begged a few more drinks, and cadged a few more. But I had come to my limit in all these directions. Before I sought the shelter of Greeley's Slip a hint had been given me at Stinson's that I might come in for the compliments showered on Lovey ten days previously. Now as I walked in the park the craving inside me was not because I hadn't eaten but because I hadn't drunk that day.

Two or three bitter temptations assailed me before I reached Fifth Avenue. One was in the form of a pretty girl of eight or ten, who came mincing down a flowery path, holding a quarter between the thumb and forefinger of her left hand. Satan must have sent her. I could have snatched the quarter and made my escape, only that I lacked the nerve. Then there was a newsboy counting his gains on a bench. They were laid out in rows before him—pennies, nickels and dimes. I stood for a minute and looked down at him, estimating the ease with which I could have stooped and swept them all into my palm. He looked up and smiled. The smile didn't disarm me. I was beyond the reach of any such appeal. It was again

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that I didn't have the nerve. Lastly an old woman, a nurse, was dealing out coins to three small children that they might make purchases of a blind man selling bootlaces and pencils. I could have swiped them all as neatly as a croupier pulls in louis d'or with his rake—but I was afraid.

These were real temptations, as fierce as any I ever faced. By the time I had reached the Avenue I was in a cold perspiration, as much from a sense of failure as from the effort at resistance. I wondered how I should ever carry out the plans I had in mind if I was to balk at such little things as these. The plans I had in mind still kept me from making headway as the crow flies. I went far up the Avenue; I crossed into Madison Avenue; I went up that again; I crossed into Park Avenue. I crossed and recrossed and crisscrossed and descended, and at last found myself strolling by a house toward which I scarcely dared to turn my eyes, feeling that even for looking at it I might be arrested.

I slackened my pace so as to verify all the points which experts had underscored in my hearing. There was the vacant lot which the surrounding buildings rendered so dark at night. There was the low red-brown fence inclosing the back premises, over which a limber, long-legged fellow like me could leap in a second. There were the usual numerous windows—to kitchen, scullery, pantry, laundry—of any good-sized American house, some one of which was pretty sure to be left unguarded on a summer night. There were the neighboring yards, with more low fences, offering excellent cover in a get-away; with another vacant lot leading out on another street a little farther down.

I had so many times strolled by the house as I was doing now, and had so many times rehearsed its characteristics, that I made the final review with some exactitude before passing on my way.

My way was not far. There was nothing to do but to go back into the park. As it was nearly six o'clock it was too late to search for a job that day, and I should have had no heart for doing so in any case. I had found a job that morning—that of handling big packing cases in a warehouse—but I was too exhausted for the work. When in the effort to lift one onto a truck I collapsed and nearly fainted I was told in a choice selection of oaths to beat it as no good.

I sat on a bench, therefore, waiting for the dark and thinking of the house of which I had just inspected the outside. It was not a house picked at random. It was one that had possessed an interest for me during all the three years I had been in New York. I had, in fact, brought a letter of introduction to its owner from the man under whom I had worked in Montreal. Chiefly through my own carelessness nothing came of that, but I never failed when I passed this way to stare at the dwelling as one in which I might have had a footing.

The occupant was a well-known architect in New York. In the architects' offices in which I found employment I heard him praised, criticized, condemned. His work was good or bad according to the speaker's point of view. I thought it tolerably good, with an overemphasis on ornament.

It was an odd fact that in starting out on what was clear in my mind as a new phase in my career no other house suggested itself as a field of operations. As to this one I felt documented, and that was all. I had no sense of horror at what I was about to do; no regret for the position from which I had fallen. I suppose my mind was too sick for that, and my body too imperatively clamorous. I had said to Lovey that I didn't have to live—but I did. I had seen that very morning that I did. I had stood at the edge of Greeley's Slip and watched the swirling of the brown-green water with a view to making an end of it. One step, and I should be out of all this misery and disgrace! The world would be rid of me; my family would be rid of me; I should be rid of myself, which would be best of all. Had I been quite sure as to the last point I think I could have done it. But I wasn't quite sure. I was far from quite sure. I could imagine the step over the edge of Greeley's Slip as a step into conditions worse than those I was enduring now; and so I had drawn back. I had drawn back and wandered uptown, in the hope of securing a job that would give me a breakfast.

I wonder if you have ever done that! I wonder if you have ever gone from dock to station and from station to shop and from shop to warehouse, wherever heavy, unskilled labor may be in demand, and extra hands are treated with a brutality that slaves would kick against, in the hope of earning fifty cents! I wonder if in your grown-up life you have ever known a minute when fifty cents stood for your salvation! I wonder if with fifty cents standing for your salvation you ever saw the day when you couldn't get it! No? Then you will hardly understand how natural, how much a matter of course, the thing had become which I was resolved to do.

It was no sudden idea. I had been living in the company of men who took such feats for granted. Their talk had amazed me at first, but I had grown used to it. I had grown used to the thing. I had come to find a piquancy in the thought of it.

Then Lovey's suggestions had not been thrown away on me. True, he was out for small game, while I, if I went in for it, would want something bigger and more exciting; but the basic idea was the same. Lovey could make a haul and live for weeks on the fruit of it; I might do the same and live for months. And if I didn't pull it off successfully, if I was nabbed and sent away—why, then there would be some let-up in the struggle which had become so infernal. Even if I got a shot through the heart—and the tales I heard were full of such accidents—the tragedy would not lack its element of relief. It might be out of one hell into another—but it would at least be out of one.

Not that I hadn't found a bitter pleasure in the life! I had. I found it still. In one of Dostoyevsky's novels an old rake talks of the joys of being in the gutter. Well, there are such joys. They are not joys that civilization knows or that aspiration would find legitimate; but one reaches a point at which it is a satisfaction to be oneself at one's worst. Where all the pretenses with which poor human nature covers itself up are cast aside the soul can stalk forth nakedly, hideously, and be unashamed. In the presence of each other we were always unashamed. We could kick over all standards, we could drop all poses, we could flout all duties, we could own to all crimes, and be "fellas together." As I went lower and lower down it became to me a kind of acrid delight, of positively intellectual delight, to know that I was herding with the most degraded, and that there was no baseness or bestiality to which I was not at liberty to submit myself.

If there had never been any reactions from this state of mind . . . but God!

It was a disadvantage to me that I was not like my cronies. I couldn't open my lips without betraying the fact that I belonged to another sphere. Though the broken-down man of education is not unknown in the underworld he is comparatively rare. He is comparatively rare and under suspicion, like a white swan in a flock of black ones. I might be open-handed, ingratiating and absurdly fellow-well-met, but I was always an outsider. They would take my drinks, they would return me drinks, we would swap stories and experiences with all outward show of equality; but no one knew better than myself that I was not on a footing with the rest of them. Women took to me readily enough, but men were always on their guard. Try as I would, I never found a mate among them. I never made a friend. Therefore, now that I was down and out, I had no one of whom to ask a good turn, no one who would have done me a good turn, but poor, useless old Lovey sneaking in the shade.

I was in a measure between two worlds. I had been ejected from one without having forced a way into the other. When I say ejected I mean the word. The bitterest moment in my life was on that night when my eldest brother came to his door in Montreal and gave me fifty dollars, with the words: "And now get out! Don't let any of us ever see your face or hear your name again."

As I stumbled down the steps he gave me a kick, which I had lost the right to resent. He himself went back to the dinner party his wife was entertaining inside, and of which the talk and laughter reached me as I stood humbly on the doorstep. From the other side of the street I looked back at the lighted windows. It was the last touch of connection with my family.

But it had been a kindly, patient family. My father was one of the best known and most highly honored among Canadian public men. As he had married an American I had a good many cousins in New York, though I had not made myself known to any of them since coming there to live. I didn't want them. Had I met one of them in the street I should have passed without speaking; but as it happened I never met one. I saw their names in the papers, and that was all.

(Continued on Page 45)



"The Long and Short of it is That I've Never Met the Man With Whom I Could Keep House"

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# From My Overseas Notebook

## By IRVIN S. COBB

PHOTOGRAPHS PASSED BY THE CHIEF MILITARY CENSOR




*A Corner of Louvain, Just After Its Destruction at the Beginning of the Belgian Invasion*

I AM putting down this scrap of narrative in a room in a hotel, which is two hundred years old, in the wonderful old Norman city of Beauvoir; and while I am writing it, thirty miles away, beyond Montdidier, they are giving my friend the kind of funeral he asked for.

I call him my friend, though I never saw him until four weeks ago. He was a man that you would want for your friend. Physically, and in every other way, he was the sort that Richard Harding Davis used to love to describe in his stories about soldiers of fortune. He seemed to have stepped right out of the pages of one of Davis' books—he was tall and straight and slender, as handsome a man as ever I looked at, and a soldier, in every inch of him. The other officers of the regiment admired him, but his men, as I know, worshiped him—and that, in the final appraisals, is the test of an officer and a gentleman in any army.

I met him on the day when I rode up into Picardy to attach myself, bag and baggage—one bag and not much baggage—to a regiment of our little old Regular Army, then moving into the battle lines to take over a sector from the French. He had a Danish name and his father, I believe, was a Dane; but he was born in a Western state nearly forty years ago. In the Spanish War he was a kid private; saw service as a noncom in the Philippine mess; tried civil life afterward and couldn't endure it; went to Central America and took a hand in some tin-pot revolution or other down there; came home again and was in business for a year or so, which was as long as he could stand it; then moved across the line into the Canadian Northwest and got a job in the Royal Mounted Police.

### His Souvenir Trench Helmet

IN 1914, when the war broke out, he volunteered in a Canadian battalion as a private. On our entrance into the conflict he was a major of the Dominion forces. He resigned this commission forthwith, hurried back to the States and joined up at the first recruiting office he struck after he reached New York. And now, when I met him, he had won his majority in an American regiment that has a long and a most honorable record behind it.

During this past month I saw a good deal of him. So far as I could judge, he had one—and just one—bit of affectation about him—if you could call it that. He always wore the British trench helmet he had worn in the Canadian forces, and he liked to finger the dent in its brim where a bit of shrapnel landed on it as he climbed up Vimy Ridge; and he liked to tell about that day of Vimy, which was so glorious and so tragic for the whelps of the lion who hail from our own side of the blue water. He had another vanity, too, as I now understand—a vanity that to-day is being gratified.

Six days ago I left the regiment to spend a day and a night with a battery of five-inch guns then in action. As I was starting off the major hailed me and we made an engagement for a dinner together here in Beauvoir, where the food is very, very good; said dinner to take place "sometime soon."

The village where I stayed that night and the following day formed a hinge in the line that our forward forces had taken over. It was within two miles of the German trenches and within three or four miles of some of their heavy batteries. Through the night I slept, as a battery commander's guest, in the only house in the town that up until then had escaped serious damage from German gunfire.

Coming back again, on the second day following, to my regiment, as I shall call it, I learned that almost immediately after my departure the batteries I left in and near this village had been ordered to take up a prepared position in a patch of woods a mile farther in the rear, and that my friend's battalion had gone up to hold the town, and to act as a reserve unit until its turn should come to relieve part of another infantry regiment in the trenches proper.

So I knew that in all probability he was now domiciled in the cottage where I had slept the night previous. As it turned out, my guess was right—that was where he was. Three days ago I borrowed a side car and ran on down here to Beauvoir, where I could get in touch with the divisional censor and file some of the copy I have been grinding out lately.

Yesterday afternoon, in the main square, I bumped into the adjutant of my regiment and, with him, one of the French liaison officers attached to the regiment.

"Hello!" I said. "What brings you two down here?"

"We came to get some flowers for the funeral tomorrow," the adjutant told me.

"Whose funeral?" I asked.

When they told me whose funeral it was I was stunned for a moment. From them I learned when my friend died and how. And this, then, is the story of it:

Night before last he and his liaison officer, a Frenchman of course, and his battalion adjutant, were eating supper in that same small red-brick house that had sheltered me for a night. The Germans had been punishing the place at long distance. Now there was a lull in the bombardment; but just as the three of them finished their meal the enemy reopened fire. Almost at once a shell fell in the courtyard before the house and another demolished a stone stable in the orchard behind it. They went down into an improvised bombproof shelter in the cellar.

"You fellows stay here," said the major when they had reached the foot of the stairs. "I left my cigars and a couple of letters from home upstairs in the kitchen. I'll go up and get them and be back again with you in a minute."

Thirty seconds later, to the accompaniment of a great rending crash, the building caved in. Débris cascaded down the cellar stairs; but the floor rafters above their heads stood the jolt and the two who were below got off with bruises and scratches. They scrambled their way up through the débris. A shell of high explosive had come through the roof, blowing down two sides of the kitchen, and under the shattered walls the major was lying, helpless and crushed. They hauled him out. He was conscious, but badly hurt as they could tell. The adjutant ran to a dugout on the other side of the village and brought back with him the regimental surgeon. It didn't take the surgeon long to make his examination.

### But the Major Knew

TO THE others he whispered that there was no hope—the major's spine was broken; it would be a question of hours—perhaps of minutes. But, because he dreaded to break the word to the victim, he tried a bit of excusable deceit.

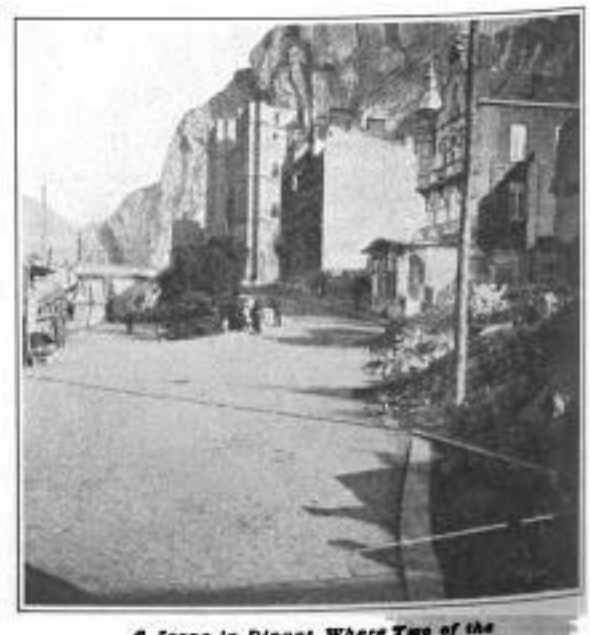
"Major," he said, bending over the figure that was stretched out upon the floor, "you've got it pretty bad, but I guess we'll pull you through. Only you'd better let me give you a little jab of dope in your arm—you may begin to suffer as soon as the numbness of the shock wears off."

My friend, so they told me, looked up in the surgeon's face with a whimsical grin on his face.

"Doc," he said, "your intentions are good; but there comes a time when you mustn't try to fool a pal. And you can't fool me—I know! I know I've got mine, and I know I can't last much longer either. I'm dead from the hips



*Another View of Louvain, Taken in the First Year of the War*



*A Scene in Dinant, Where Two of the Early Battles Took Place*

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down already. And never mind about giving me any dope. There are several things I want to say, and I want my head clear while I'm saying them."

He told them the names and addresses of his nearest relatives—a brother and a sister; and he gave directions for the disposal of his kit and of his belongings. He didn't have very much to leave; professional soldiers rarely do have much to leave. After a bit he said:

"Fellows, I've only one regret: I'm passing out with the uniform of an American soldier on my back, and that's the way I always hoped 'twould be with me; but I'm sorry I didn't get mine as I went over the top, with these boys of ours behind me. Still, a man can't have everything—can he?—and I've had my share of the good things of this world."

He began to sink soon after saying that, and once they thought he was gone; but he opened his eyes and spoke again:

"Boys," he said, "take a tip from one who knows: This thing of dying is nothing to worry about. There's no pain and there's no fear. Why, dying is the easiest thing I've ever done in my life! You'll find that out for yourselves when your time comes. So cheer up and don't look so glum because I happen to be the one who's leaving."

The end came, I hear, within five minutes more. Just before he passed, the liaison officer, who was kneeling on the floor holding one of the dying man's hands between his two, felt a pressure from the cold fingers he clasped and saw a flicker of desire in the eyes that were beginning to glaze over with a film. He bent his head close down, and in the ghost of a ghost of a whisper the farewell message of his friend and mine came to him between gasps.

### *The Northern France of the Future*

"LISTEN!" the major whispered. "Old ——"—naming the regimental chaplain—"has pulled off a lot of slouchy funerals in this outfit. Tell him, for me, to give me a good swell one, won't you?"

He went then, with the smile of his little conceit still upon his lips.

That was why the two men whom I met here in Beauvoir yesterday rode in to get flowers and wreaths. They told me the colonel was going to have the regimental band out for the services to-day too, and that a brigadier general and a major general of our Army would be present with their staffs, and that a French general would be present with his staff. So I judge they are giving my friend what he wanted—a good swell one.

The France to which tourists will come after the war will not be the France that peacetime visitors knew. I am not speaking so much of the ruined cities and the razed towns, each a mute witness now to thoroughness, as exemplified by the orthodox tenets of Kultur. For the most part, these can never be restored to their former semblance. Here Hunnish efficiency did its damned work too well for it ever to be undone.

Indeed, I was told no longer ago than yesterday, when I went through Arras, dodging for shelter from ruin heap to ruin heap between gusts of shelling from the German batteries, that it is the intention of the French Government to leave untouched and untidied certain areas of wanton devastation, so that future generations of men, looking upon these hell's quarter sections, shall have before their eyes fit samples of the finished handicraft of the Hun.

I am sure this must be true of Arras, because in the vicinity of the cathedral—I mean the place where the cathedral once was—signs are stuck up in rubble piles or fastened to upstanding bits of splintered walls forbidding visitors to remove souvenirs or to alter the present appearance of things in any way whatsoever. I sincerely trust the French will carry out this purpose. Then, in the years to come, when Americans come here and behold this place—once one of the most beautiful in all Europe and now one of the foulest and most hideous in all the earth—they may be cured of any lingering inclination to trust a people in whose veins there may linger a single trace of the taints of Kaiserism and militarism. When I say that the France of the future will never be the France which once upon a time was a shrine for lovers of beauty to worship at—was one great altar dedicated to all loveliness—I am thinking particularly of the rural districts and not of the communities.

I base my belief in this assertion upon the very reasonable supposition that after the armies are withdrawn or disbanded—or, as in the case of our foes, killed off or captured, or driven back, as they are now being driven back—the peasants, in their task of making the devastated regions once more fit for human habitation, will turn to the material most plentifully at hand and that of which the quickest use may be made.

This means, then, that, instead of rebuilding with masonry and cement and plaster, after the ancient modes, they will employ the salvage of military constructions. And, by that same token, it means that ugly, characterless wooden buildings, with roofs of corrugated iron, all slab-sided and angular and hopelessly plain, will replace the quaint gabled houses that are gone, and gone forever; and that where the picturesque stone fences ran zigzagging across the face of the meadows, and the centuries-old plastered walls rose about byre and midden and stable yard, will, instead, be stretched lines of barbed wire nailed to wooden posts. The stuff will be there—in incredible quantities—and it will be cheap; and it will be available for immediate use, once the forces of the Allies have scattered. It is only natural to assume, therefore, that the thrifty country folk and the citizens of the villages will take it over.

For a fact, in certain instances they are already doing so. Last week up near the Flanders border, in British-held territory, I saw a half-grown boy wriggling through a maze of rusted barbed wire along an abandoned defense line, like Brer Rabbit through the historic brier patch; and when I drew nearer, curious to know what sort of game he played all alone, here in a land where every game except the great game of war is out of fashion, I saw that he was tearing down strands of the wire. And he told me he was going to inclose his mother's garden with the stuff.






*The Germans Used This Old Belgian Nunnery as a Hospital. Above, the Public Square at Louvain*

### *A Trick of the Military Police*

THINK of a French garden fenced in after the style of a Nebraska ranch yard! Also, I have taken note that the peasants are removing the plank shoring from the sides of old disused trenches, and, with the boards thus secured, are knocking up barns and chicken sheds, and even makeshift dwellings.

Assuredly it will never be the old France physically. But spiritually the new France, wearing the scars of her sacrifice as the Redeemer of mankind wore the nail marks of His crucifixion, will be a vision of glory before the eyes of men forevermore. I like this simile as I set it down in my notes. And I mean no irreverence as I liken the barbed wire to the Crown of Thorns and think of crosspieces of ugly wood taken out of a barrack or a rest billet and erected into the shape of the Cross.

When the military policemen first came upon him in the Gare du Nord he made a picture worth looking at. He stood about six-feet-two in his soleless and broken brogans; he was as black as the bottom of a coal mine at twelve o'clock at night during a total eclipse of the moon; and he was as broad across, between the shoulders, as the back of a hack.

He wore a khaki shirt, a pair of ragged blue overalls, and an ancient campaign hat. He didn't appear to be going anywhere in particular; he was just standing there.

Now the M. P.'s have a little scheme for trapping deserters and malingerers. They edge close up behind a suspect, and then one of them snaps out "'Shun!" in the tones of a drill officer. If the fellow really is a truant, force of habit and the shock of surprise together make him come to

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*The Hotel de Ville, at the Left, and the Church of Saint Pierre, at the Right, Escaped With Slight Damage When the Huns First Shelled Louvain*

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# THE CHRISTUS

## A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

By DANA BURNET

ILLUSTRATED BY SARAH J. J. WEBER

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

GENERAL VON EICHARDT, a Prussian officer.
CAPTAIN STEINER, his aid.
A SENTRY.
A MONK.
A SERGEANT.
A BOY SOLDIER.
AN OFFICER.
German soldiers, Belgian monks, and so on.

NOTE—During the latter part of 1917 a news item appeared in the press stating that the famous Christus of the Oberammergau Passion Play had been drafted as a private into the German Army.

*Act I*

NIGHT of the Thursday before Easter in the year of the Christian faith, 1918. The interior of a half-ruined Belgian monastery upon a hill in the occupied district of Belgium. At the rear is a long window reaching to the floor. A door at the left leads in from the terrace. Another door—right—leads into the bedchambers. In the wall—rear—are several jagged shell holes, through which the stars shine with tranquil clarity. A glow of moonlight falls through the window. The débris of past destruction has been gathered up and piled with German neatness into corners. A long refectory table runs lengthwise of the room. At either end of the table is a huge candelabrum, the lighted candles of which furnish the chief illumination for the scene.

Seated side by side at the long table are two officers of the German Army—one a general, the other his aid. The general is a short rotund figure with tremendous mustaches, a crimson face and a belly that he carries only by virtue of bending back a little, like a drummer on parade. The other is a colossus, with a small round head, close-cropped hair, and protruding eyes. Both are Prussians.

The table before them is littered with wine bottles, cigar stubs and the remains of a late supper. The general has drunk a great deal of wine, the fumes of which have caused him to expand to the bursting point, both bodily and spiritually. At present, however, his mood is one of heavy joviality.

Through the window at the rear can be seen the shadow of a sentry, pacing to and fro, rifle on shoulder. A small plaster image of the Christ stands rather vividly in a niche near the window—rear.

Throughout the action of the piece can be heard the low monotonous rumble of artillery, and occasionally the faint, sharp, riveting note of a machine gun.

VON EICHARDT—[holding up his glass]: I tell you, Captain Steiner, I would rather capture a monastery than a château. The wine is so much better.

STEINER: Yes, Excellenz!

VON EICHARDT: Then, too, one is not so likely to be disturbed by bombs. The enemy has an absurd scruple about shelling religious edifices. I suppose he's trying to win God over to his side.

STEINER: Impossible, Excellenz! God would have nothing to do with foreigners.

VON EICHARDT: The enemy's a fool! Religion is all well enough in times of peace; but when a nation's at war it's a weakness.

STEINER: It is indeed, Excellenz. Why, when we took this monastery every monk in the place, young and old, was down on his knees praying to be delivered from the Germans, trying to stop the Grand Offensive with a few Latin phrases! [Smiling contemptuously.] Much good it did them!

VON EICHARDT: By the way, captain, what became of those monks?

STEINER: We sent the old ones to the rear, sir, in accordance with the rules of civilized warfare. Unfortunately, however, as the journey was rather an arduous one, they all died on the road.

VON EICHARDT: Died, Captain Steiner? Died of what?

STEINER: Of old age, Excellenz.

VON EICHARDT: Ah, yes; naturally! And the young men?

STEINER: The young men we saved—by your orders, Excellenz.

VON EICHARDT: By my orders? Well, well! Yet they say that we Prussians aren't careful of our prisoners! Why did I order the young monks saved, Herr Capitaine?

STEINER: You wanted them to help dig the new trenches on the far side of the mountain.

VON EICHARDT—[pleased]: Well, that was clever of me! Was it not clever of me, captain?

STEINER: Very clever, Excellenz. Will you have a little more of the wine?

VON EICHARDT: A little more of the wine indeed! Tip up the bottle, my boy! I'm a true Prussian. I'll have my glass full. I'll have my belly full! [Lifting his glass to the light.] *Ach!* Captain, these monks have the secret of making an excellent wine. [Takes an appreciative sip.] Of course, if you're fond of art, I'll admit a château's the thing. There's his Royal Highness Prince Eitel Fritz, for instance. He prefers châteaux. Why? Because he's a connoisseur of fine paintings, fine tapestries, fine plate. I'm told he has the largest collection of Belgian and French art in Germany. The enemy calls him a thief; but that's absurd. He's not a thief; he's a Hohenzollern. However, speaking for myself, I prefer monasteries. [Empties his glass.]

STEINER: I prefer them also, Excellenz.

VON EICHARDT: You always agree with me, don't you, Steiner? That is to say, you never disagree with me?

STEINER: Never, Excellenz.

VON EICHARDT: No one ever disagrees with me. I create an atmosphere of harmony wherever I go. I'm not sure that it's a good thing for me, captain.

STEINER: But you are so angry when you are crossed, Excellenz!

VON EICHARDT—[complacently]: That's it exactly! That's why I think you ought to dispute me now and then. There's nothing I enjoy like losing my temper! You know, my boy, the Prussian temper is like the Prussian sword—it needs exercising to keep it sharp. [With philosophic solemnity.] If we don't look out for it this business of world conquest will yet cost us our souls!

STEINER: Our souls? Can that be?

VON EICHARDT: Yes; for, you see, when we have set our heel upon the neck of the universe, naturally the universe will agree with us. And when the universe agrees with us we shall have nothing more to be furious about. I say, we must always have something to be furious about! [Rising and stamping about the room.] We must always have something to conquer! We must —— [He glances through the window and starts back violently, with a guttural curse.] That man! That man!



*The Monk Sits Huddled Over a Candle, His Head Bowed Upon His Breast*

STEINER—[springing up, revolver in hand]: Good God, general! What do you see?

VON EICHARDT—[on the verge of apoplexy]: That man! Out there!

STEINER—[peering through the window]: Why—why—Excellenz; it is only the sentry.

VON EICHARDT: His face! Did you see his face?

STEINER: No, Excellenz.

VON EICHARDT—[struggling to regain control of himself]: It doesn't matter. I thought for a moment —— [He glances up involuntarily at the figure of the Christ in its niche; then staggers back to the table.] More wine, captain!

STEINER: Yes, Excellenz.

VON EICHARDT—[drinks thirstily and looks ostensibly at his wrist-watch]: Midnight! I must go to bed. I must get some sleep. A good general always knows when to retire. [Hysterically, as the double meaning is borne in upon him.] *Himmel! Gott!* I have made a joke! Ha, ha, ha!

STEINER—[standing at attention]: Ha, ha, ha!

VON EICHARDT: Well, good-night, captain. Good-night! Happy dreams! [He glances once more at the figure of the Christ; shrinks a little; then, stiffening his absurd figure, blusters from the room. Exit through door—right.]

[Steiner, alone, goes to the window, stares out, gives a shrug, and comes back to the table. Seating himself, he places his feet on a chair, unbuttons his tunic, and prepares to light a cigar. The sentry passes the window and has turned to retrace his steps when he is seen to stop and bring his rifle down from his shoulder. There is a muffled cry of "Halt!" followed by a despairing wail. Suddenly a shot roars through the heavy silence. Steiner runs to the window, throws it open and leans out. Immediately he issues a hoarse command; then steps back into the room and faces the door—left. This opens presently, and the sentry comes in, with a limp gray body flung over his shoulder. His face is concealed from Steiner and from the audience. He advances into the center of the room and lowers the body gently to the floor.]

THE SENTRY—[kneeling beside the body]: My brother! Have I killed you?

STEINER: What the devil do you mean—calling this carrion your brother?

THE SENTRY—[in a low, vibrating voice]: He's hurt. I've shot him. I saw him hiding by the wall and I fired. That's what comes of having a gun in one's hands.

STEINER—[grasping the sentry by the shoulder]: Stand up and salute, you sniveling cur!

[The sentry slowly rises and looks Steiner full in the face.]

STEINER—[falling back]: God in Heaven! Who are you?

THE SENTRY: Does it matter who I am, since I wear this uniform?

STEINER—[glancing from the sentry's face to the figure of the Christ beyond]: You have the face of —— [With sudden recognition.] I know you now! I saw you act once—long ago—in the miracle play. You are ——

THE SENTRY: A private in the army of William of Prussia.

STEINER: The Christus! The Christus of Oberammergau!

THE SENTRY: The servant of an imperial master.

STEINER: So you've been drafted, eh? Even you—the Christus! [With a resumption of his military manner.] Well, whatever rôle you played before the war, you're a soldier now. Your only duty is to obey.

[The sentry stands rigidly at salute.]

STEINER: That's it! That's better! Now let's have a look at this swine. [He turns the body over with his foot.] A priest, eh? One of those damned monks the general wouldn't let us kill. No doubt he was sneaking back to murder us. There's gratitude for you! [He kicks the monk. The latter gives a groan and sits upright, staring before him in a daze. There is a wound upon his forehead, from which the blood flows. The sentry stoops and wipes the blood from the hurt man's face.]

STEINER—[furiously]: Attention!

[The sentry springs up and stands motionless. The door at the right opens and the general enters, partly unclothed, and purple with rage.]

VON EICHARDT—[harshly]: So! What is the meaning of this hubbub, Captain Steiner? Why am I disturbed like this? Who fired that shot?

STEINER: The sentry, sir. He saw this man skulking by the wall—and shot him.

VON EICHARDT: Ah-h! [He sees the face of the sentry.] *Himmel! Gott!* What is ——

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[Steiner hastens forward and whispers in the general's ear. The general's mouth falls open. He stares at the sentry, slowly nodding his head to show that he understands. Gradually his bombastic air returns, and with it his Prussian temper. He approaches the prisoner.]

VON EICHARDT—[thickly]: Get up!

[The monk continues to stare hopelessly before him. The sentry stoops and addresses the prisoner in French; then helps him to his feet. The young monk—he is little more than a boy—leans against the sentry's shoulder for support. He does not look into the sentry's face.]

VON EICHARDT—[to the sentry]: You speak French?

THE SENTRY: Yes, Excellenz.

VON EICHARDT: Ask this hound what he was doing out there?

THE SENTRY—[after questioning the monk in French]: He says, sir, that he came to get the little image of the Christ.

VON EICHARDT: A likely story! [Shouting at the prisoner.] Come, what were you up to? I want the truth now!

[The sentry repeats these questions. The monk replies at some length in broken sentences.]

THE SENTRY—[translating]: He says, sir, that to-morrow is Good Friday and that he could not bear to think of the image, before which he had prayed so often, remaining in the hands of the enemy. All day, while working in the trenches, he thought of the little image. When evening came he crawled out of the prisoners' pen and, climbing the mountain, hid by the wall, hoping to be able to enter the monastery and carry away the beloved figure of his Lord.

VON EICHARDT—[swaying drunkenly]: It's a lie! I know human nature. The scoundrel meant to assassinate us. What do you think, captain?

STEINER: I think as you think, Excellenz.

VON EICHARDT: What could be clearer than that? Yet they say that we Prussians have no sense of justice! [Stares fiercely at the monk.] See how pale he is! Obviously the man's guilty. What treacherous dogs these Belgians are—eh!

STEINER: They have no sense of gratitude.

VON EICHARDT: I'll teach them gratitude! I'll show them what it means to threaten a German general. I'll make an example of this fellow.

STEINER: He deserves shooting.

VON EICHARDT: Shooting! Hah! You have no imagination, Captain Steiner. [Bringing his fist down upon the table.] Conduct this swine to the cellar and keep him alive till morning. To-morrow at daybreak he will be marched down into the village and nailed up to the door of the Hôtel de Ville!

STEINER: If you please, Excellenz, there is no more Hôtel de Ville. It was destroyed as a disciplinary measure.

VON EICHARDT: To the door of the church, then!

THE SENTRY—[starting forward]: No, no! In God's name ——

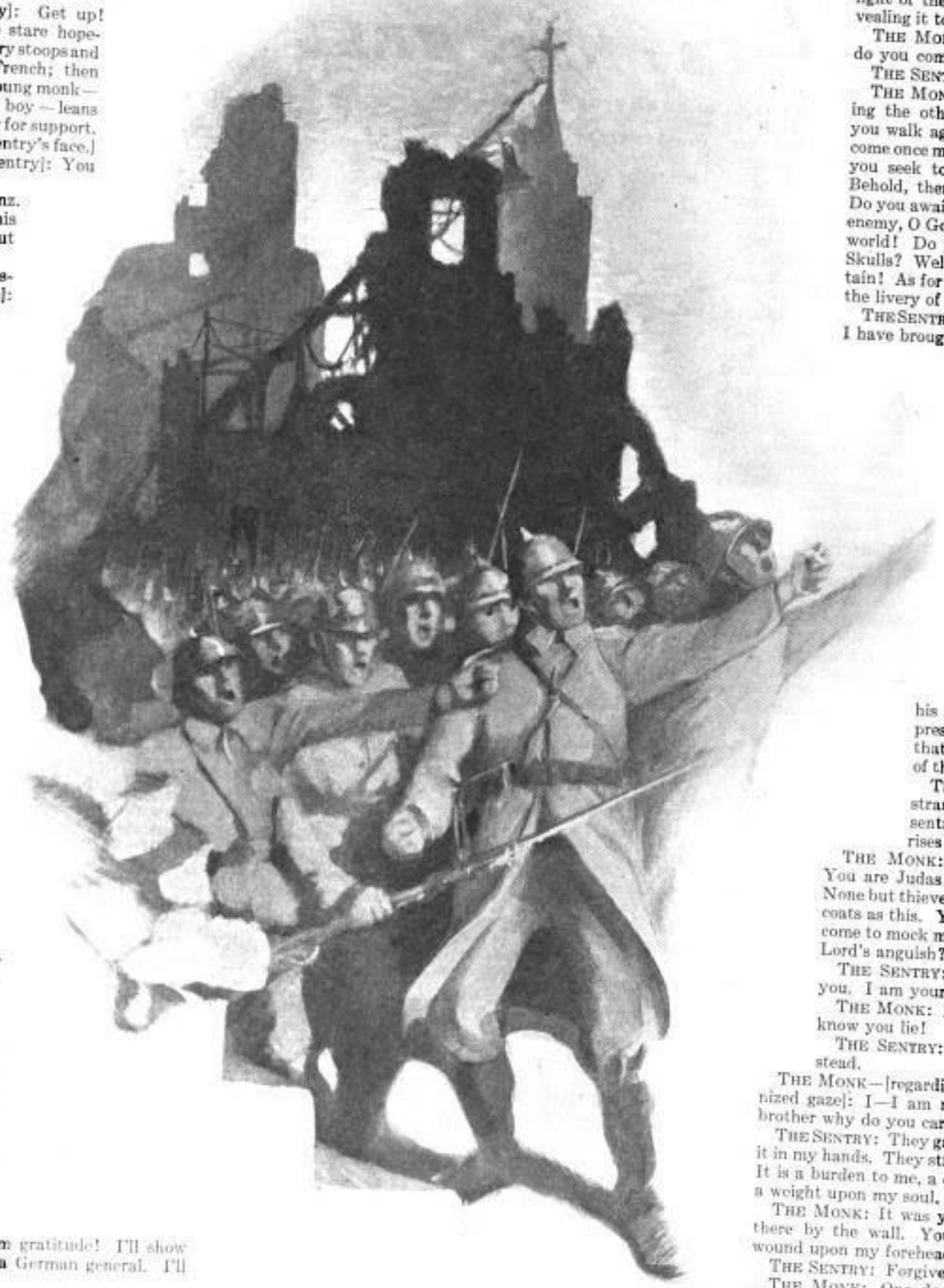
STEINER: Attention!

VON EICHARDT—[lurching toward his own door]: I'll show Belgium! I'll show the world what it means to threaten Prussia! [He goes out, banging the door.]

STEINER: To the cellar! Come now, march!

[The sentry, stunned with horror, half leads, half carries the young monk toward the door—left. As they pass out the wounded man makes an appealing gesture to the little figure of the Christ that he had risked his life to save. Captain Steiner stands stiffly alone in the center of the room.]

CURTAIN



*Swift Tumult Shakes the Square; and a Great Shouting Goes Up, Beating Against the Walls of Dead Houses, Startling Innumerable Gray-Clad Soldiers From Their Sleep*

### Act II

A CHAMBER in the cellar of the monastery; the same night. A grated window shows in the wall—rear—through which a shaft of moonlight finds its way. The monk sits huddled over a candle upon the stone floor of the cellar, his head bowed upon his breast. He is dozing. A rat scuttles across the room and rouses him. He starts up and in a weak trembling voice begins to chant the Litany of Jesus.

THE MONK—[chanting]: Lord, have mercy upon us! Jesus, hated by the world; Jesus, sold for thirty pieces of silver; Jesus, betrayed by Judas—bound by soldiers—crowned with thorns—have mercy upon us! From anger, hatred, and every evil will; from war, famine and pestilence, O Lord, deliver us! [His voice breaks off.] My flesh is weak. I faint, even as Thou didst faint beneath Thy cross!

[The sentry enters through a door—left. His rifle is strapped across his shoulders. He carries in his hands a cup of wine and half a loaf of bread. The light of the moon falls upon his face, revealing it to the monk for the first time.]

THE MONK—[feverishly]: Lord, Lord, do you come to me indeed?

THE SENTRY—[softly]: My brother!

THE MONK—[still kneeling and regarding the other with rapt adoration]: Do you walk again upon the earth? Do you come once more to be crucified of men? Do you seek to-night another Gethsemane? Behold, there is Belgium, O my Master! Do you await another Judas? There is the enemy, O God, whose false kiss betrayed a world! Do you mount anew the Hill of Skulls? Well have you chosen this mountain! As for your judges, Lord, they wear the livery of a Cæsar, as of old!

THE SENTRY: You are faint, my brother. I have brought you food and drink.

THE MONK: It is Holy Week. I must fast.

THE SENTRY: But not beyond your strength. Eat this bread and drink this wine, I command you.

THE MONK—[in an awed voice]: Ah, I understand! It is the Sacrament! [He eats a little of the bread, crossing himself meanwhile, then takes a swallow of wine, placing the cup down upon the stones. The sentry, who has stooped to administer this refreshment, straightens up. The monk seizes the skirt of his greatcoat and is about to press it to his lips when he sees that it is the hated field gray of the German armies.]

THE MONK: You wear a strange coat, my Master! [The sentry stands rigid. The monk rises to his feet.]

THE MONK: You—you are not He! You are Judas! You are Satan himself! None but thieves and murderers wear such coats as this. You fiend of hell, have you come to mock me on the very night of my Lord's anguish?

THE SENTRY: I do not come to mock you. I am your friend; your brother.

THE MONK: I look at your cloak and I know you lie!

THE SENTRY: Look into my face instead.

THE MONK—[regarding the sentry with agonized gaze]: I—I am not sure. If you are my brother why do you carry a rifle?

THE SENTRY: They gave it to me. They placed it in my hands. They strapped it across my back. It is a burden to me, a cross upon my shoulder, a weight upon my soul.

THE MONK: It was you who shot at me out there by the wall. Your weapon has made a wound upon my forehead.

THE SENTRY: Forgive me!

THE MONK: One does not forgive so easily the hurts inflicted by your kind upon the flesh of Christendom.

THE SENTRY: Forgive me, brother!

THE MONK—[passionately]: You call me by the sacred name of brother; yet I doubt you. I doubt whether the word springs from your heart. Give me some proof, some sign.

THE SENTRY: So be it. [He draws from beneath his coat the plaster figure of the Christ.] You came to-night to obtain the little image of Jesus. Here it is.

THE MONK—[eagerly grasping it]: Ah, *la petite image adorée!* [He presses it to his lips.]

THE SENTRY: Now do you believe?

THE MONK: I believe!

THE SENTRY: And forgive?

THE MONK: I forgive you for the blood upon my own face. More than that I cannot do. For the great sea of blood that has been spilled there must be a great atonement.

THE SENTRY: Think you one man might atone for it all?

THE MONK: What! One man take upon himself the sins of a nation?

THE SENTRY: Have you forgotten Calvary? Have you forgotten Him who took upon Himself the sins of a world?

*(Continued on Page 89)*

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# The League of Free Nations

## By H. G. WELLS

DECORATION BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

THE time has arrived when it is possible to take stock of the accumulating mass of suggestions centering about the phrase the League of Nations. It is a phrase often very loosely used and often very recklessly abused. It must be confessed that to begin with it conveyed to most minds rather an aspiration than any detailed content. It was little more than the expression of a desire for some organized attempt to end war in the world; in some manner the states of the world were to come together in a more or less binding pledge to substitute law for force in their interaction. Thereby men's minds were to be released from the growing obsession with militarism and their energies released for better ends than warfare. But beyond that nothing was clear.

Within the frame supplied by this phrase, however, an enormous amount of mental activity has gone on, and much that was entirely vague has now been thought out. This war has forced upon men of the most diverse types and experiences a common conviction that the increasing range, destructiveness and inclusiveness of modern belligerence threaten to exhaust the resources of mankind and destroy human society; and what was at first the suggestion of a few intellectuals has become the basis for a series of weighed and balanced practical proposals, made not as Utopian improvements of human conditions but as plain necessities arising out of an otherwise intolerable situation.

We have, in the last four years, found out the real nature of modern war. The struggle has differed from warfare as mankind has hitherto known it. It has become a more onerous and unstable process, a struggle of uncontrollable inventions that makes insatiable demands upon every human resource. It has rapidly abolished nearly every discrimination between combatant and noncombatant, and it refuses to tolerate any other activity than itself. Everything goes in. It has ceased to be a war of fronts and become a war of whole populations; the submarine defies blockades and the command of the sea; the aëroplane grows not only in size and destructive power but in range of action. And withal, the new warfare remains less conclusive than any warfare has been for long periods of time. Continually it produces new and more costly and destructive weapons and renders wider areas uninhabitable.

### The Burdens of an Armed Peace

WHEN this war concludes, unless it concludes in some absolutely convincing world pacification, it is manifest that there will have to be added to the army and navy of our former ideas, and kept always in a state of acute preparedness, a vast air fleet, a vast antiaircraft equipment, a vast extension of the navy for submarine and antisubmarine work, a huge, constantly developing tank force, a drilled population, and a huge establishment of war factories. We shall, indeed, be eaten up by armaments compared with which the armaments of 1913 will seem trivial miniatures.

Peace under insecure conditions, even if it brings a certain cessation of the slaughter, will bring but little relief of the burdens of armament. The masses will be called upon to bear these burdens still, without any of the stir and excitement of actual war or any hope of an end. Men of the laboring class, no longer under military discipline, will be packed in armament factories, engaged upon the endless tasks of preparedness. Food and every amenity of life will remain, as now, the skimped production of a fringe of inferior workers. Prices will continue to soar above wages.

Few observant people believe that labor will stand the new armed peace for long in any country of the world; and Russia has shown what may happen to a population strained beyond its breaking point. When a government goes, another government may take its place; but when a social system breaks, it is a stampede.

The nature of the prospect grows so clear that intelligent men of every party and every type of social prepossession are coming together upon this fundamental necessity of putting an end to war and the threat of war. There is no party in the political world that has not given prominent adherents now to the league-of-nations idea.

With this irruption into the league-of-nations movement of practical men convinced of the grave need of a real efficient check on war, there has been, one must admit, a considerable strain upon the exact intimations of the title. From the outset there has been a very understandable disposition to contemplate it as not strictly a league of nations but as a league of states; and the word "league" is now being strained very hard indeed in the direction of federation. A league implies that sovereignty is not infringed; but clear-headed men begin to realize quite early in the discussion that there can be no such thing as a secure and permanent world peace without very considerable qualifications of sovereignty.

President Wilson again has introduced a whole new set of considerations by inserting the adjective "free" before "nations." At the present time it is possible to classify the advocates of a league of nations into a number of groups differing very materially among themselves and agreeing exactly, indeed, only upon one idea—the initial proposition that it is a possible and necessary thing to restrain war by an international arrangement. Most of them agree that it is likely to prove an extraordinarily difficult thing to do; but they can see no alternative to the attempt but a fatalistic submission to the complete wreckage of our present civilization.

Roughly one may arrange league-of-nations proposals, as they are to be encountered at the present time, into a series between two extreme positions.

On the extreme left is what is practically a defeatist proposal, a mere rehabilitation of The Hague Tribunal. It is a timid scheme for delay and arbitration; some sort of international conference is to meet occasionally; there are to be a supreme court and a court of conciliation—the former to try disputes upon points of international law, the latter to discuss nonjusticiable differences.

No interference with the political constitution or internal arrangements of any state is contemplated; no organized disarmament and control of militarism can therefore occur. Germany, undefeated and unregenerate, will, for instance, be admitted to such a league on the expression of a few pious sentiments.

This is the scope of the American scheme of Mr. Theodore Marburg; and it has the support in England of such extreme radicals as Mr. Lowes Dickinson—if we may call men radicals who shrink from revolution. We may call these extremists the weak leaguers, and their proposal the Weak League of Nations. Nothing could be more acceptable to German imperialism, under a cloud, than the schemes they put forward. Such a league of nations would have about as much effect upon Hohenzollern Germany as a blue neck ribbon upon the aims and activities of a tiger. But the common sense of practical men breaks away from this proposal to keep the peace by gossamer. It breaks away in two directions, which are not nearly so opposed as one may think at the first glance. One is to reject and abuse the idea of a league of nations on the assumption that the Marburg scheme exhausts its possibilities—compare ex-President Roosevelt; the other is to put more substance into the proposal. Few of us desire to see, as a principal outcome of this world catastrophe, a collection of eminent jurists at The Hague making nervous gestures at the forces that will prepare the next.

What most sensible people desire is either a strong league of nations or no league of nations at all. If the beast of modern war is to be chained it must have a chain to hold it and not a packthread. The whole drift of recent discussion of the league of nations lies in the direction of estimating what weight of chain is absolutely necessary, and what we must do to get that chain.

### The Tendency Toward a World State

FOR most of those who have recently come into the movement, it is not a question of whether we will have a world league or not, but what price in change, effort and independence we shall have to pay for it. A restoration of the crazy political world order of 1914, of a patchwork of absolutely independent sovereign empires, competitive, disingenuous and suspicious—and so compelled to be armed to the teeth, uncontrolled by any general understanding—is, in view of the steady development of the means of destruction, the one prospect we cannot endure.

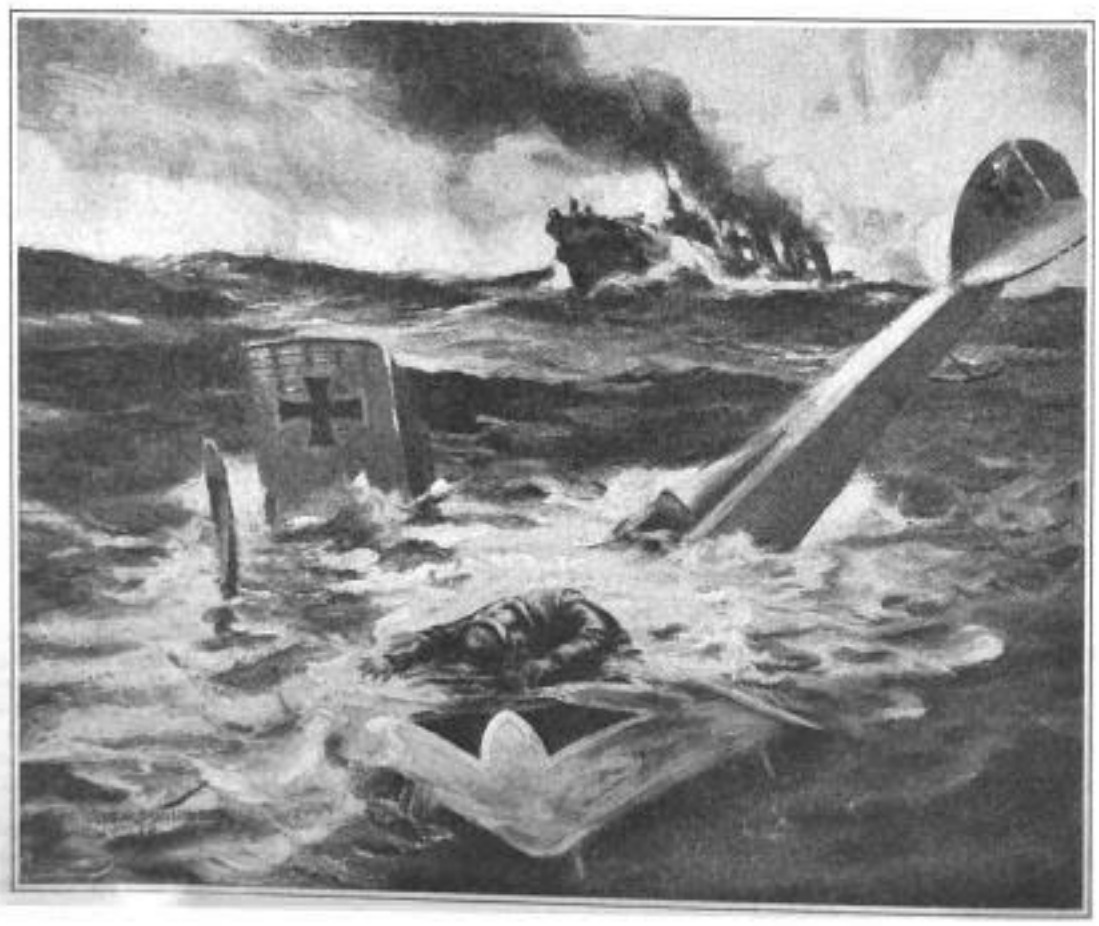
Directly the idea of the league of nations is released from the limitation imposed upon it by the jurists—that it has to meet with the approval of a Hohenzollern-governed Germany—it begins to expand mightily in our minds. It begins to take on a form and an elaboration commensurate with the scale of the war. Instead of being a mere delaying intervention and remonstrance, upon the eve of war, of a respectable but powerless assembly of jurists, it enlarges into a project for a world control of the preparation for war and for a world anticipation of its causes. It becomes a scheme for a new political order in the world. To talk of love is to make love, the wise have said; still truer is it that to organize armies is to make war.

If the league of nations is to be a reality in the days to come it must have sufficient authority and power to inquire into, restrain and suppress armaments on land and sea, wherever and whenever any country in the world gets bitten with the passion for armament. That proposition carries with it tremendous corollaries; but if the league of nations is not to be conceived of as upon that scale, then most sensible men will give the league of nations a very limited and temperate or else an acutely suspicious attention.

A world control of armaments implies—and there is no good whatever in shirking the fact—some sort of world council, some sort of pooling of the naval, military and air forces of the world under that council, and a representation of the states of the world thereon in a manner commensurate with their strength and will. This is going beyond a league; this is an approach to world federation.

Mr. Belloc declares it amounts to a World State, and the Fabian Research Committee, in its league-of-nations project, calls it, in the Shavian jargon affected by that society, a Superstate. But the discussion of the relations between a central control with delegated powers on the one hand and of sovereign states thereunder on the other has been one of the chief employments of American publicists for more than a century; and a European writer should go warily among terms they

(Concluded on Page 52)

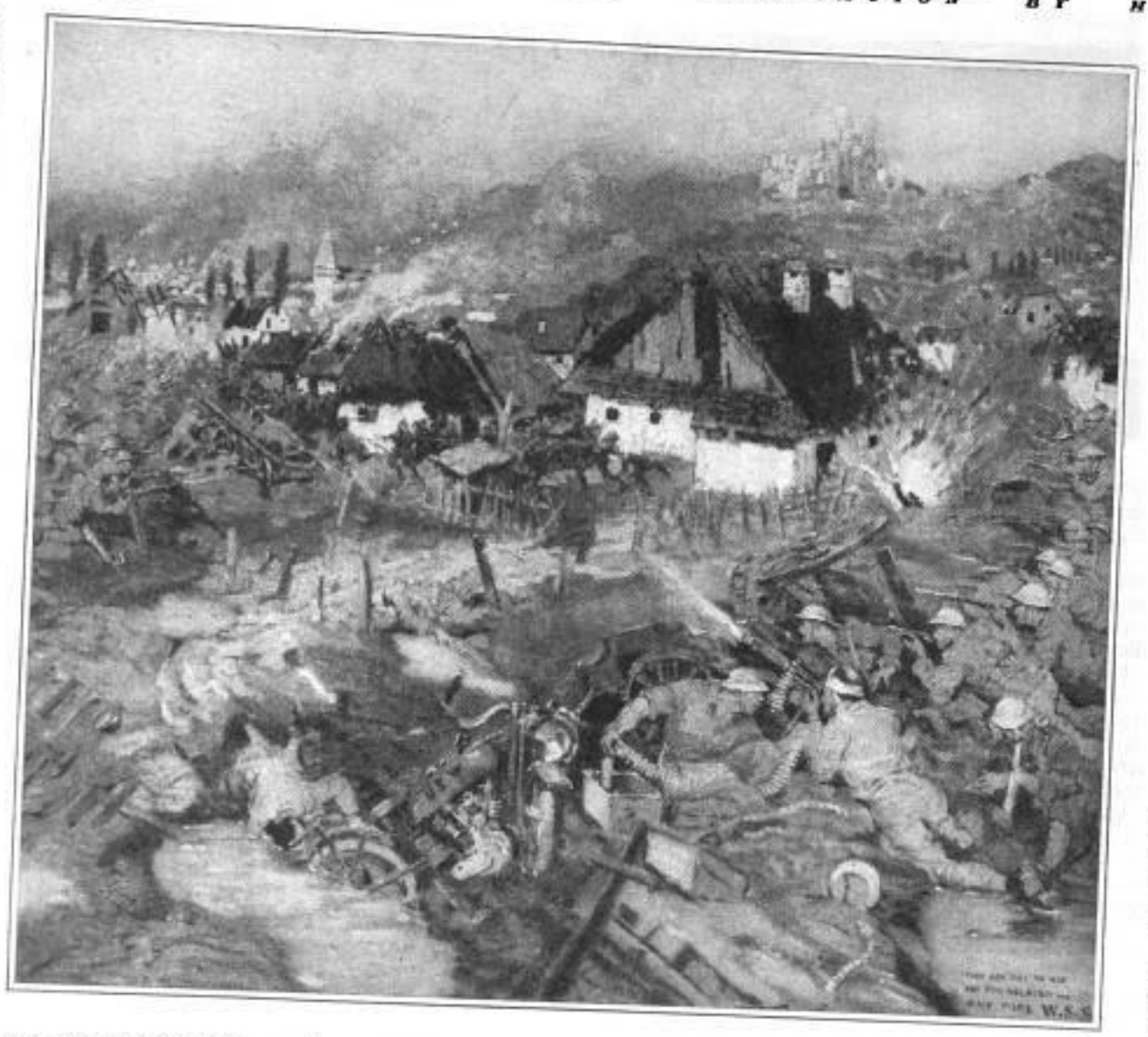


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# THE QUITTER

## By GEORGE PATTULLO

DECORATION BY H. J. SOULEN



SIX men lay on cots in a field hospital somewhere in France. No barrier separated them from the other patients in the ward; but, had the Chinese Wall stood between, they could not have been more effectually segregated. Among the twoscore injured soldiers there, the six were outcasts, branded with shame. Above their heads hung a long sign: Self-Inflicted Wounds.

Suddenly the door opened and a major general strode in, followed by his chief of staff and an aid. Their coming brought a pleasant jingle. A high officer always makes a jingle when he moves; the higher his rank, the louder the jingle—unless he happens to belong to the aviation, where the rule is upset.

Everybody turned his head to see who it was, for the very air of the place instantly became charged with authority. Some of the wounded stirred and smiled, hoping that the Old Man would recognize them. He paused in front of their cots and spoke a few words. Then he walked on to the end of the ward, toward the six S. I. W.'s, the aid and chief of staff loitering behind him.

They lowered their gaze, looking profoundly miserable. Two pretended to be dozing. For a long minute the general stared at them.

"I've got something to say to you men," he began, not unkindly. "The offense of which you have been guilty is one of the most serious in war. Often it is punishable by death—a swift trial and execution.

"But I don't intend even to push the charge against you. You will not even face a court. In my opinion you acted on a momentary impulse, springing from want of training and consequent want of discipline.

"Therefore, I intend to give you another chance. I am going to send you back to your regiments as soon as you are well, and there you will have the opportunity to reinstate yourselves among your comrades.

"It is your one chance to get back your self-respect. Without self-respect, a man had better be dead. It is your one chance. Go to it!"

He turned abruptly on his heel and strode out, his spurs clinking bravely.

Five of the six drew long breaths of relief and wiped the perspiration from their pallid faces. The boy at the far end neither moved nor raised his eyes; but down his cheeks rolled two big tears. Presently his lips began to quiver and he turned his face to the wall.

### What Led Up to It

PERHAPS he was twenty years old; at any rate, he was a volunteer. Certainly one would never have suspected from his general appearance that he could possibly be an S. I. W., for he was big and husky, of athletic build; his features were strong. Yet his eyes lacked steadiness at times and in the lines of his mouth was an indefinable suggestion of weakness, such as you see oftener in movie cold-cream heroes than in soldiers and men of the outdoors.

All in all, he represented a higher type than his five cosufferers under the S. I. W. banner. Three of them were frankly riffraff, barren alike of pride or shame. That sort of human being is hopeless wherever you find him; disgrace holds no terrors for him; the only spur to duty lies in presenting to him a greater terror than the one he is evading. Officers who have had to drag men to their feet in the midst of a trench bombardment will bear me out.

Three, then, were of no account and never would be. They belonged to a shiftless class, the members of which often enlist in the army late in the fall because they want a job for the winter—the boys call them snowbirds. The two others were roughnecks pure and simple—uneducated and ignorant, but with the making of real soldiers in them. Their acts had been due to temporary depression, with domestic troubles at home forming the basis. Already they bitterly regretted the step.

"Say, buddy, what's eatin' you?" demanded one of the hopeless three; but the boy on the end did not answer.

He was going over step by step, for the hundredth time, everything that had led up to his self-inflicted wound. Why had he done it? Why had he weakened when the others were able to stick it out? If only he could live the past month over again! He knew intuitively how his comrades would talk about him.

"Who? Arnold? He's in the hospital. Sure! Shot himself through the hand—S. I. W. Couldn't stand the gaff—the big yellow dog!"

And he burned with shame. They had begun by nicknaming him Windy. What name was he known by now in the company?

Yet he would have another chance. As soon as his hand was sound he could go back and wipe out the disgrace. At the thought he gritted his teeth with fierce determination; then shuddered in the next breath, for deep in his heart he was not yet sure of himself.

Once again he reviewed all the incidents and circumstances leading up to the shooting. They were photographed on his brain; he could see them as vividly as the action on a picture screen.

The —— Regiment had gone into the trenches for training on a black night of wind and rain, taking over a sector from the French. The relief was made without incident; but almost immediately afterward the boches identified the Americans and began artillery strafing. It was no longer a rest sector. There was constant sniping and much blazing away in the dark—green troops always do four times as much shooting as veterans—and the American artillery adopted reprisal fire in the ratio of five for one.

"Whenever they fling over as many as eight shells within thirty minutes," said the captain of Arnold's company to his lieutenants, "you can call for reprisal fire."

They snorted.

"We'll call, all right!" said one. "But why the Sam Hill can't our batteries leave 'em alone now and again? Just when everything is nice and peaceful—blooey! Away they go, and next thing you know we're gettin' it from the boches. It looks like they want to stir 'em up. The artillery never does think about the infantry."

To Windy, trench life became a nightmare. The regular morning and afternoon shelling did not bother him especially, for he knew that an attack in broad daylight was unlikely; and, besides, the enemy contented himself with flinging seventy-sevens and shrapnel round the kitchens and spraying those sections of trench where his observers reported work in progress. A few salvos and the firing died down. A man could take refuge in a dugout and be reasonably sure nothing would harm him. But when the German batteries laid down a bombardment in the dead of night he sweated and shivered. That might presage a raid and hand-to-hand, body-to-body fighting, there in the blackness.

The gas alarms, too, shook him to the soul. There is no more menacing, sinister sound than the wail of the sirens along the trench in the dark hours; and they were hearing it constantly. It was the company's first tour, and the men were nervous and jumpy. The sentries were forever detecting odors and bawling "Gas!" Twice or thrice every night the doughboys were roused to don masks and prepare for the worst.

And there is no terror to the dwellers in a dugout like the terror of gas. It is so unearthly, so creeping and stealthy; a man is so helpless against it. All he can do is wait—wait, muffled and half strangled, for the unseen enemy to steal upon him.

Arnold obtained scarcely any sleep. He went on duty in a listening post at night for two hours; then four off for rest—but those four hours brought no rest to him. The nervous tension was too great. His comrades promptly dropped off to sleep on being relieved, or shot craps on the floor of the dugout; but they were of stronger fiber than Windy. He couldn't do it. All he could do was lie inertly in a bunk, anticipating something dreadful.

The day brought relief, but a scant measure of rest. It happened that the trenches were sadly run down, for things had been quiet so long on this Front that their former occupants had not bothered to keep them in repair. That necessitated working parties both morning and afternoon, and Windy had his share of them. Digging drain ditches, clearing out cave-ins, building revetments—there was a constant call for labor.

### The Yellow Streak Widens

THREE days of intermittent artillery activity left him demoralized. The shelling was not heavy. Indeed, it was a joke compared with a he-sector; but this was Arnold's first time in and it was "just plain hell" to him.

He dropped the habits of cleanliness for which he had been noted in his platoon; and when a man does that he is on the toboggan. He lost his sprightliness, became dispirited and sullen. The chow did not agree with him, though the same food, cooked by the same cook, had failed to satisfy his ravenous appetite in the training area.

Finally the lieutenant had to call him down for untidiness and failure to shave; then, noting Windy's haggard face, he inquired whether he was sick.

"Yes, sir," was the answer. "My stomach's gone back on me."

But the top sergeant placed another interpretation on his trouble.

"Sure his stomach's gone back on him, lieutenant," he remarked later; "but he ain't any more sick than I am. He's a quitter—that's all! Yellow!"

Events speedily confirmed this verdict. Making the rounds one night the platoon commander did not find Arnold at his post. To punish him, he sent Windy out with a working party in the wire the following night. It scared Arnold so badly that he grew limp; but he had to go along with the others and fix the gap.

(Continued on Page 39)

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# IN THE TRENCHES OF TRADE



## By Forrest Crissey

I HOPE Mr. Baker gets my number!" fervently exclaimed the owner of a village dry-goods store, his eyes following a woman customer who was moving haughtily toward the door. "I'm ready to quit the store for the camp any day. There goes a customer who has peppered me with verbal shrapnel for fifteen minutes steady because I asked her two dollars for an article for which she had paid one-fifty before. She really believes that I'm trying to rob her, that I'm profiteering, and that the Government ought to haul me over the coals and take my license away from me. There are more like her too—plenty of them. They belong to the class that could get along nicely if every printed page in the world, except the mail-order catalogue, was eliminated. So far as connecting the war with prices of merchandise, her kind hasn't yet awakened to the fact that the nation is in the great world fight.

"Of course women of this sort are in a decided minority, even in the back towns of the country; but there are just enough of them left to make the life of the country storekeeper a perpetual discipline. After he's been shelled and gassed by two or three customers of this kind he's inclined to look at life in the camp and the trenches as almost alluring. A man just naturally hates to be thought a profiteer when he's using every ounce of resourcefulness he can command to keep his business going, to get stock enough to halfway satisfy his trade, and to have a few things that look attractive and comparatively reasonable in price.

"Again, the restraining hand of the Government is felt in almost every line of goods by even a small store like this. I'm not kicking on that—every good American merchant wants to do everything within his power to help work out the national problem—but I'm simply saying that keeping up with these restrictions and conforming to these constantly changing regulations is some job for the small-town merchant. About all his buying habits are overturned, and most of the time he feels like a mariner trying to steer without a compass. Taking everything together, the country storekeeper is certainly having a grand chance to accumulate gray hairs and the fruits of responsibility and experience."

This incident moved me to make a little investigation as to merchandising conditions in this man's store and town. I found comparatively few articles in his stock that were not selling at double what he got for them a year or two ago. In some cases the advance was more than that.

### *Increased Cost of Textiles*

"THE whole trouble," remarked the merchant, "is not in the advance in price. In many cases quality has traveled down quite as far and fast as price has traveled up. This makes the gap more conspicuous. And we are told that this unpleasant change has only fairly started, that less wool is going to be put into woolen goods than ever before, and that prices are certain to continue upward. The men in the trade who tell us these things ought to know. Their guess has surely been good so far.

"But one of the hardest things for the country merchant to handle is the matter of inability to get goods that have established themselves with his customers. Take children's hose, for example. I've had a continual struggle to keep anything like a reasonable line of this merchandise in stock. The same may be said as to woolen underwear. Now the better grades of undergarments are ordered from a sample book instead of from stock. In other words, your wholesaler honors your order after the garments have been sold to your customers—and in most cases a good long time after! I judge that this system is to avoid tying up materials and labor in sizes that will stay on the shelves. It amounts to manufacturing an order from the consumer and for immediate use only.

"In piece goods of almost every sort we are continually up against the shortage of wholesale and factory stocks. Here, for example, is a bolt of piece goods of a standard brand of which we normally sell about forty bolts a year. At the present outlook we stand a chance of getting five bolts. Though there are some lines of goods that are still obtainable almost as freely as ever, it is hardly too much to say that they are fast becoming novelties. When a storekeeper gets all his order calls for in any kind of merchandise these days he pricks up his ears and wonders why. The old basis of trade relations is reversed. To-day the retailer begs the wholesaler for goods and the wholesaler tells him how much he'll be allowed.

"Now if you want to make a job of it and get the full line of the wartime storekeeper's troubles, don't forget about buying ahead. The other day I received notice that if I wanted to get any woolen underwear I'd have a chance to place my order about a year ahead. This new fashion of long-range future buying makes the small country merchant feel like a gambler.

"I came home from that buying expedition with the feeling that I'd mortgaged my future for a long time ahead. Of course we don't have to pay for those goods in advance, but at the same time I haven't noticed any growing elasticity as to future datings; on the other hand, credit terms are apparently growing tighter in respect to future deliveries. Evidently the wholesalers are getting these matters standardized and are keeping the reins well in hand.

"Just for good measure in the trouble basket, toss on top the trifling consideration of increased capital. If this store had contained at the outbreak of the war as many dollars' worth of goods, of the same lines, as it now holds, every aisle and shelf would have been full almost to the ceiling. The country store that isn't using twice the capital it did then has either lost trade at a fierce rate or else it is starving its stocks. In some cases it is not easy to make the country banker understand that this demand for more money with which to do business is not due to a personal deficiency in the merchant instead of to a general commercial condition.

"It seems to me that the dry-goods merchant has it just a little harder than anybody else in trade. That may be because I'm in dry goods. It is a fabric business at bottom, and the changes in fabrics have followed so fast that the whole movement ought to be called the Substitution Quickstep. It is some busy little dance; and I'm told that it is just beginning to warm up a bit at that."

This peep into the perplexities besetting one kind of country merchant led me to look into those of the other storekeepers in this typical Mid-Western village where I had once lived and where I knew each business man personally. The owner of the little clothing store is a real merchant, and it would be hard to find a better-stocked, better-equipped or better-kept store for men in any other town of three thousand inhabitants in the country. Knowing that this merchant's success has been built upon personal integrity, I probed him on the question of profits, and suggested that there was a common notion that storekeepers were reaping a rich harvest in these war days and that profiteering was a term that could be applied in every community. His answer was this:

"If I had to depend upon the goods I have bought lately for my margins, I shouldn't be making my bread and salt. Maybe some merchants have the iron nerve to keep advancing their prices as fast as the wholesaler shoves his up; but I haven't. And I guess I have quite a bit of company on that score throughout the country. We storekeepers are all more or less human and not mere adding machines. We have to take our customers into consideration when it comes to marking up goods to keep pace with the rising market. On some things I go the whole figure; but on others I feel bound to split the rise with the customer. This is one place where a storekeeper proves whether he's a merchant or not.

"There are not many lines in this store in which I am not selling some goods at retail for what the same goods are now bringing at wholesale. In several cases I cannot go out into the wholesale market and buy the goods I am selling for the prices at which I am passing them on to my customers. On the other hand, I am selling other goods at a rather long profit. In both cases I was fortunate enough to stock up rather heavily when prices were much lower than they are now."

### *The Retailer's Problems*

"FOR example, I bought a good line of overalls when they were relatively low. I have kept the prices on these down. They are things the laboring man must have, and must buy rather frequently too. This, I figured, was a good thing on which to depress the price to the limit. I couldn't buy to-day for $18 a dozen the garment of this kind I am retailing at $1.50.

"At the same time I am making, at that price, a fair margin on the article.

"When we went into the war these overalls cost $4.75 a dozen—and salesmen were eager to crowd them upon the retailer at this price. Another article in the same class is the working shirt. This has risen, in the same period, from $4.25 a dozen, wholesale, to $12.50. On the basis of present cost these should sell for at least $1.25. Here, again, is where I apply the lid and sell them for $1. On both these necessities I am making a good profit; but that is going to stop when my stock runs out. Then I'll have to boost my price—either the whole figure or part of it.

"As these things are essentials for laboring people I shall probably not increase the price up to my normal percentage of profit. I'll try to even up on something in the luxury line. It seems simply impossible to jump the price on some things to keep up with the wholesale advance.

"Here's a pair of heavy machine-knit gloves, for example, which have always been standard at twenty-five cents, retail—and they yielded a fair margin at that price. This glove now costs me forty-four cents at wholesale. If I put the price on this article up to where it should be to bear its share of the burden of the store I'd hear a yell of protest from every customer who comes in to buy a pair. And he

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will go out with a notion that I am profiteering. Consequently I sell the glove at fifty cents—exactly double the standard price of two years ago—and pocket a loss.

"In the same way I am selling for $8 shoes that cost me $6.75 a pair, wholesale. Any person who has the slightest idea of the present-day wartime cost of doing business knows that these margins will not carry the merchant anywhere except to the bankruptcy court.

"Do I blame the laborer for kicking on paying from $1.50 to $2.50 for an overall that he has always bought for fifty cents? I certainly do not. He has no blame coming to him when he kicks on paying $1.50 for that garment. Probably in some communities wages have been multiplied by three and four; but not here, and not in most country towns."

Between the lines of these two statements may be read a most interesting revelation. Thousands of retailers are making more money in this year of war 1918 than in any preceding year of their history, and at the same time are retailing many of their goods at lower than these same articles can be bought in the wholesale market. They are reaping an investment profit rather than a merchandising profit. Their situation is somewhat parallel to that of the farmer who makes only a meager living, perhaps, from the operation of his farm, but is accumulating a solid fortune through the rise in value of his farm land.

If any farmer has been called a profiteer for taking the increase in his property value produced by fundamental economic forces, I have never heard of it. It seems to me that the merchant who has consistently shared this property advance with his customers has a fairly good alibi to the charge of profiteering.

Then there is the future and the world's return to peace! Any merchant who overlooks the simple and obvious fact that every hill has two sides is heading for a jolt. True, the traveler sometimes strikes a table-land so vast that it seems to be a hill without a drop side. These one-sided hills have perhaps been more common in business—particularly in America—than they are in Nature; but at best they are rare enough to be regarded as novelties. The law of averages doesn't encourage us to expect their recurrence at frequent intervals.

The chances seem to be at least fair that there is going to be a peak and also a drop to this price hill which we have been climbing so fast that merchants have almost despaired of marking up their wares to keep pace with the ascent. The present diversion to which the farsighted merchant is devoting much thought is the reverse of the automobile driver's desire: instead of an ambition to take the hill on high he is preparing to take the drop on low, and thereby make the jolt as light as possible. The scarcity of many lines of merchandise is giving considerable aid in this direction.

### *Disappearing Canines*

SO, TOO, is the pressure of demand on the "dear, dead stocks of other days." The war demand has applied the vacuum cleaner to many country-store stocks that have gathered dust on forgotten shelves for many a season. Sharp retailers in almost every county have been doing a little foraging in the more remote sections of their territory for these stocks in the backwaters of rural trade. In fact, hunting the dead stock is a decidedly popular pastime among the retail merchants who are tired of hearing the traveling salesman say: "That good old standard stuff is out of the market. You couldn't scare up a piece at any price."

They are equally weary of receiving a notice from the wholesale house reading: "Your allowance will be one-fifth of the amount of your order." Storerooms and top shelves, the contents of which have remained undisturbed by the hands of owners who regard invoicing as useless waste of energy, have been explored and emptied by visiting merchants who have taken up the profitable sport of trailing dead stocks.

Shrewd traveling men who go into the remote country districts where the general store is as much a social center as a commercial enterprise have become skilled spotters for these caches of goods that were bought at prices which now seem absurd, and which perhaps are also of a quality that makes them novelties to-day. This applies especially to fabrics and apparel of almost every kind—notions, hosiery, shoes, leather goods, drugs and drug-store supplies and certain lines of hardware.

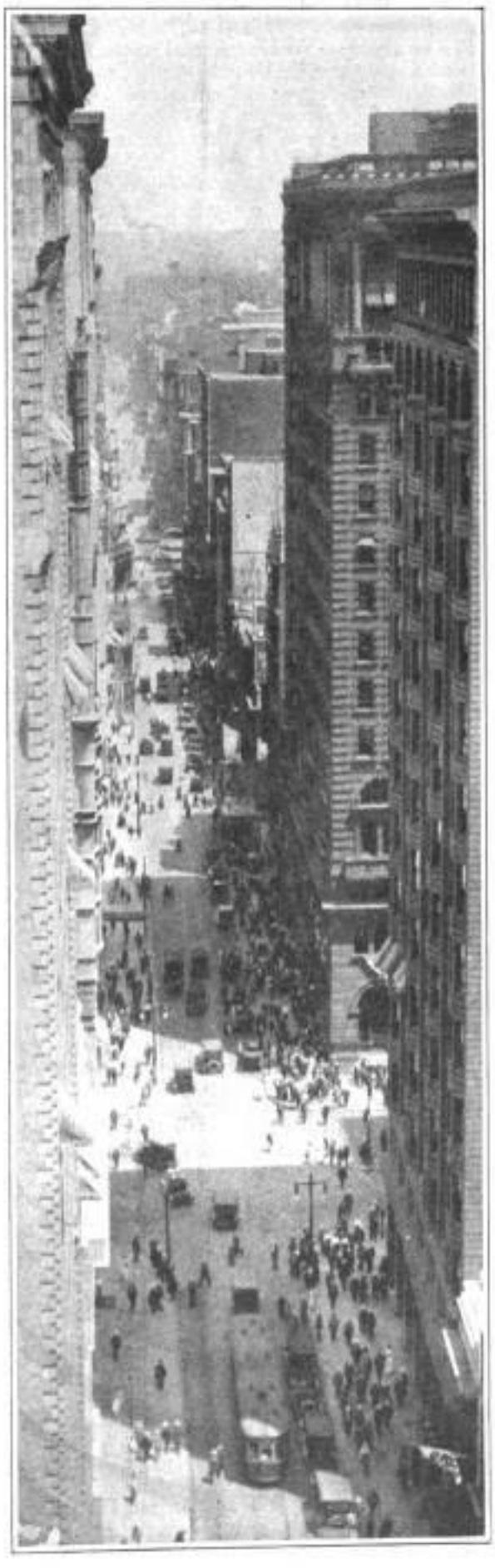
Sniping old stock is certainly in its open season; and it is a sport that may be described as the spice of competition. The grocer-hardware merchant of a small town chuckled gayly as he said:

"A long time back my customers out in the country kept asking me for canvas gloves until I got tired of refusing; so I bought a bale of them. There was a mighty good margin in 'em at two pair for a quarter. Well, when the war came and the price on this stuff climbed I just failed to mark my work gloves up—wanted to have as many things round that were selling at old prices as I could, so as to take the curse off the stuff that had to go up. I couldn't go into the market to-day and buy canvas gloves with the workmanship and material in them that these have. They're not made any more.

"One of my competitors was just in trying to buy those gloves from me. First, he offered the retail price, and then put a premium on top of that. Said his customers were talking about the gloves and their price, and that it was making trouble for him! I figured that if it was making trouble for him it was sure making trade for me, and was about the best kind of advertising I could get; so I told him I'd let my customers have the rest of 'em at the present price. Now this competitor is as square as they make 'em and he'll probably drop the matter where it is; but some slick ones would send a lot of stool pigeons to gather in the gloves for him.

"I have a dozen other things in stock that I am using in the same way as trade builders! I was lucky enough to have a good stock of things left over at the old low prices, and I'm selling them at less than they can be bought at wholesale to-day. Nearly all of them are low-priced necessities—the things that are sold every day to laborers and farmers. These are the things on which to make a price showing that will pull trade and make friends for the days when the prices are not going up."

There is not a town in the country where this phase of competition is not played with all the skill the merchants can command. Those who hold the best hands are the men at the two extremes—the alert, aggressive and financially strong merchant who saw the shortage coming, bought heavily before the big price jump came, and the sleepy backwater storekeeper who found himself with high-priced merchandise on his hands simply because he had consistently overbought and undersold.



To get another angle of country-town storekeeping I strayed into the meat market and asked in what way the great war had most changed the market man's trade. Pointing to a back counter heaped with small packages, he remarked:

"It has made a shrinkage in the size of packages that certainly lightens the load of the delivery cart. On an average, our packages are about half as big as they used to be—and there are not so many of them, by at least a third, as there used to be. Judging from our own experience, the civilian population of this country is not eating more than half the meat for each person that it consumed before we went into the war. Price is one reason and propaganda is another.

"You've got to hand it to both Mr. Hoover and the housewives of this country. When Mr. Hoover has asked for meatless days, porkless days, lambless days, or any other kinds of sacrifice, the women have responded with hardly an exception, so far as my customers are concerned—and probably they are no more patriotic than the women of any other community. The result has been that a great many families have changed their meat-eating habits to a radical extent.

"I used to believe that so long as man carried those two canine teeth he would be a safe bet for the butcher and a relatively poor risk for the vegetarian. But if this war were to keep up a few years longer I should begin to look for signs of the disappearance of the canine teeth from the jaws of man. Mr. Hoover has certainly hit the meat market one awful wallop, and it's going to take the retail meat trade some time after peace comes to recover from the blow.

"Though we are doing as much or more business in dollars as we did before the war, our volume in pounds has, as I have said, shrunk almost beyond recognition. Take the well-known and popular pork chop as an illustration of where the meat-market man gets off in this seesaw between dollars and pounds. When pork chops were fifteen cents a pound, for example, our margin of profit was three cents a pound. In other words, when we had sold one dollar and five cents' worth of chops our profit was twenty-one cents. To-day chops are forty cents, and a sale of two pounds and a half rings the cash register at the dollar mark."

### *Close Buyers and Exact Weights*

"TO MAKE the same margin on the dollar of trade we should have to slap on a profit of nine cents a pound, less a small fraction. Do we do that? We do not! We haven't the nerve. Six cents a pound is practically the limit of what the traffic will stand—and that means a gross profit of fifteen cents on the dollar. That margin isn't going to go far toward paying the overhead expenses in these days, as any merchant in any line can tell you. As a matter of fact, it will go just about halfway."

All grocers and market men admit that the shopping habits of the average housewife have been revolutionized by the market basket, which has come to be considered both a symbol of patriotism and an emblem of social correctness. The keeper of a village meat market gives the new custom of buying over the counter credit for shrinking the size of his packages as well as diminishing their number. As a rule, meats are now bought with double the discrimination that was used before Mr. Hoover's name became a household word in America.

"Once," he declares, "the big part of my trade was over the telephone and the whole transaction was rather wide open, with the seller acting as umpire as to quality, quantity and sometimes price. In a roast or a boiling piece, for example, the weight suggested by the customer could easily be exceeded by a pound or three pounds, according to the customer and the size of the family for which the meat was bought. To-day cutting to order is down to a fine art, and there are many of our customers who will not stand for an ounce more than the weight they name.

"Crowding the customer on the score of weight was once the market man's main reliance as a means of increasing sales; now it is about the shortest cut he can take to getting in wrong with his trade. What has brought this about? Buying meats over the counter, by personal examination, instead of by telephone. This is what has really turned the trick. Absentee shopping is admirable as an act of faith; but the records show that it spreads moral disintegration in two directions—it tempts the dealer to overreach and lulls the customer into a state of lazy indifference to her own interests.

"When Mr. Hoover hung the marketing basket on the arm of the housewife who had before belonged to the telephone shoppers' brigade, and made it a matter of social and patriotic duty for her to buy her meats from the slab and the block, and her groceries over the counter,

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# DAFFY

## By EDGAR JEPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

HIS name was Daubigny Bligh, but the strong sense of euphony of his fastidious school fellows compelled them to call him Daffy. Daffy Bligh falls more gratefully on the sensitive ear. Sometimes, for two or three weeks of a term, he would be called Baby Bligh; then Daffy would reassert its euphonic superiority.

The name Baby was a tribute to his face, not to his figure. It was a large, long, square babyish face of supreme innocence, the face of a good sedate baby, who rarely cries. It had not, however, the babyish pink complexion; it was an unassuming brown. His figure was tall, broad and thick for his years; but he never presumed on it. No one ever saw Daffy leap, or even run. His gait was a gentle lounge.

Apparently he had taken to heart that fine proverb: "Fair and softly goes far in a day." Apparently also, his mind to him a kingdom was. No other boy in the school talked so little. This reticence did not seem to rise from any mental deficiency. The words that did issue from his lips were as pertinent as most; yet there was no rapt look of the dreamer in his mild blue eyes. For the most part, a quiet satisfaction beamed from them.

To the masterpieces of antiquity, whether in poetry or prose, his brain was impervious. Those masterpieces were the chief feature of the education doled out at Middleham College, one of the smaller public schools. During those precious hours with the great writers of ancient Greece and Rome, whom his masters, with an effortless ease, made appear so small and so boring, his expression was vacuous; his attempts, made under pressure, to construe immortal lines were futile. Therefore, his form masters thought poorly of him. They could have forgiven him this failure had he shone at cricket, or even at football. But there was a violence about those games repugnant to his gentle spirit, and he shirked them, sometimes with successful guile, more often without excuse.

His masters, cricket enthusiasts to a man, thought yet more poorly of him. The fact that his French was rather better than that of the boys three forms above him, because he had had a French nurse and a French governess as a child, fads of his father, and the fact that his arithmetic was really good, were not to their minds any compensation for his failure in cricket and the classics.

But Daffy was not a slacker; he was a gentle spirit, averse to violent exercise. Also, he was one of those rarer gentle spirits who are resolved to lead their own lives in their own way and who bring a considerable tenacity to the compassing of that end.

His schoolfellows bore with him. They never, though they did not know it, felt that he was one of themselves. The sisters of his schoolfellows liked him; and he showed signs of liking them. When he was but fifteen he was a welcome guest at the lawn-tennis parties, which were the chief summer social gatherings of the town.

Then the war came upon Daffy at the age of seventeen and slowly transformed his world. Middleham College at once started an Officers' Training Corps. Daffy was one of the first to join it. He was induced to take the step by the massacres in Belgium. They grated on his gentle spirit. Indeed, he surprised and rather shocked his schoolfellows by an outburst of furious stammering indignation over the murders at Dinant.

Ferrars, the captain of the football team, felt bound to gloss it over, saying: "I've always known that there was something queer about Daffy." And the rest of them realized that they, too, had known it.

Daffy joined the school O. T. C.; but he was gentle with it. He learned his drill and attended the parades with assiduity; but he remained a private. He made no effort to become a section commander, much less to rise to higher and even more laborious rank. Captain Carstairs, the master who ran the corps, preferred more energetic enthusiasts; but he had to admit that Daffy was an efficient private and one of the best marksmen in the corps.



"I Don't Want You to Talk to Anyone About Me, Daffy—Tell Them Anything About Me, I Mean: That My Father Was a German"

Late in 1914 Mr. Bligh, returning at nine o'clock one evening, was surprised to find Daffy at home, and even more surprised to find him with a German grammar. An injudicious parent, instead of displaying satisfaction at finding his son engaged on so praiseworthy a task he said in a captious tone that the war would be over long before Daffy knew German. Daffy seemed unimpressed by the prophecy.

Indeed, he made very good progress in the learning of German, a useful colloquial German. To scholarship he did not aspire. He acquired some at school, but much more from a small jeweler and watchmaker, above whose shop the pre-war name of H. Bloch had been replaced, in larger and bolder letters, by Henry Block. There had been some talk of interning Block; but, being of a sheeplike aspect and as he had been in Middleham for thirty years, he was generally regarded as harmless. Daffy was alive to the fact that Heinrich Bloch's colloquial German was out of date; but his daughter Hilda had returned in June from a two-year stay in Berlin and Daffy conversed chiefly with her.

She was an uncommonly pretty girl of twenty-two, of a warm coloring and a vivacity rare indeed among German girls; and Daffy found her a stimulating teacher. Indeed, he fell in love with her. The result was that at the end of three months he was talking German to her with considerable fluency and a creditable accent. He could also read, slowly, simple German tales.

Hilda enjoyed Daffy's warm admiration of her, though she made light of it, for no one came a-courting her, pretty as she was. Stories of the treatment of wounded Middleham men had come to the town and the feeling against her country was growing more bitter. Moreover, she and her father were glad of the tuition fees Daffy paid, for business was falling off.

In May she went to live in London and Daffy was disconsolate. But he could talk German; also, he could write that language. He wrote to Hilda in it for nearly eight weeks; but, in truth, he had become reconciled to his loss at the end of five weeks. A Miss Marion Hazleden had dimmed somewhat the impression Hilda had made on his faithful boyish heart.

He did not apply for a commission till the spring of the next year, when he was nearly nineteen. He had decided that the strenuous open-air life of an Officers' Cadet Corps should be lived in the summer. Even so, he was not the most strenuous member of the corps; but the life and training did him a world of good. It put plenty of stiffening into both his physical and moral backbone. Also, he added some military German to his colloquial German, became almost a trick shot with the automatic pistol, and acquired a useful working knowledge of the game of auction. In the autumn he received his commission.

The depot of his regiment, the Fourth Midlanders, was on the outskirts of Milldown, one of the chief manufacturing towns in the Midlands and now a town of munition factories. He found regimental life restful after the life of the cadet corps, though there was plenty of work to be done, for they were turning raw rustic material into the finished military product against time.

Daffy proved himself a useful manufacturer. His imperturbable and almost languorous calm proved most valuable in handling a well-meaning but wholly awkward squad. He never rattled it and it never rattled him. The old sergeants, torn from their repose to instruct and train, approved his methods. They said he had an old head on young shoulders. Oddly enough he was a bit of a martinet; but his men liked him. That much keener soldier, the platoon captain, Christopher Helmsley, they hated. He was not only a martinet but a bully.

The younger of his brother officers neither liked nor disliked Daffy. Like his schoolfellows they felt that he was not quite one of themselves. He was on friendlier terms with the older men and most of all with Lestrange, the adjutant. A pukka officer, he had left the army four years before the war, but had emerged from his retirement at the beginning of 1915 to do excellent work at the Front and at the depot. He was a long, lean, dark, lantern-jawed man of the world, with a passion for cards; and he had been amused and attracted by Daffy's judicious game at billiards, which he appreciated before he had seen him play half a dozen times. Since both of them spent much of their leisure at the Milldown Club, Lestrange had opportunities of cultivating him; and he took them. What he liked about Daffy was that he left the young and foolish alone—as much as they would let him—and devoted himself to the old and knowing.

He soon found that he had done well to cultivate Daffy. He amused him. He never knew whether Daffy would display the supreme ingenuousness of youth or the world-worn astuteness of an aged man about town. Also, he observed that Daffy's mild blue eyes saw a great deal more than the more obviously piercing eyes of the people with whom they consorted. In fact, it missed next to nothing. He took him to two or three of the houses of the leading men of the town and was not surprised to find that the women liked him. Once started, Daffy was invited to many more houses.

Another bond that united the pair was their dislike of Helmsley. It was not only that he was of the bluff, vigorous, assertive type, between which and the gentle Daffys and Lestranges there is a natural antipathy, but it was thanks to Helmsley that the nickname Daffy had replaced Bligh at Milldown. He had somehow learned Daffy's Middleham name and spread the information. Daffy did not mind this much, but he thought Bligh better suited to his rank.

Also, Helmsley was always so very much his superior officer in and out of season. He was curt with him, patronizing, and frequently overbearing. Daffy decided that he had a down on him; and he could not think of any reason for it.

Helmsley's attitude to Lestrange was even yet more odd. He treated him with a half-veiled contemptuousness difficult to resent, but galling. Daffy observed it and wondered what the reason for it could be. He learned that Helmsley talked about them behind their backs as wasters. He could not see it; Lestrange and he were doing their work as well as anyone in the battalion.

With the rest of the mess Helmsley was very popular. His laugh alone would have insured that. It was ready, ever ready indeed, sometimes to the point of unseasonableness; he rarely spoke without a laugh when off the parade ground. It was a jovial laugh, and it was loud. He had a broad, an uncommonly broad humor. He was always ready for a drink, did more than his share of standing drinks, and could carry a great deal of liquor without turning a hair. Moreover, he was the crack quarterback of the football team, and his keenness about his work made him a great favorite of the C. O.

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Daffy, following the line of least resistance, saw as little as he could of Helmsley when he was not on duty; but on the parade ground he saw far too much of him. One thing that annoyed him greatly was that Helmsley would often take over a squad on which he had been working and, by a couple of hours' nagging and bullying, throw it back three or four days in its work. Like all those who do not love work for work's sake, Daffy hated to have any work he had done undone.

It seemed to him that Helmsley had no understanding of the men.

It was so plainly an axiom with him that they were either dolts or shirkers, when, as a matter of fact, Daffy knew the great bulk of them were keen to do their best.

He was pleased indeed when one day Lestrange, who had come up unperceived behind him, listened to Helmsley bullying a squad for three minutes, and then, taking him aside, gave him a thorough dressing down about it. Daffy thought Helmsley took it badly—cringing rather. After all, he had only been acting up to his belief.

Later Lestrange told him he had talked to the C. O. about it, and that the C. O. had rather pooh-poohed the matter, ascribing Helmsley's method to excessive keenness.

"I told him it was the kind of keenness that gets a man shot in the back the first time he leads his platoon into action. I've been there! There are hot heads in that platoon, and they won't stick it. But the C. O. didn't understand," said Lestrange.

"It's a very good platoon, sir," said Daffy, standing up for it.

"Yes; it has the brightest buttons and the longest punishment list of any platoon we have ever had at the depot," said Lestrange dryly.

Daffy was worried. A few days later he was somewhat annoyed by a matter that was no business of his. His second brother, William, a lieutenant in a Mechanical Transport Corps, at home on leave, rode over on a motorcycle from Middleham to pay him a visit. They lunched at the mess. Helmsley was in great feather, as usual the bluff and noisy soul of the party.

As they strolled down to the club after lunch his brother said with a profound air:

"It's a small world. Only a fortnight ago I saw that fellow Helmsley in Chiswick High Street with that pretty little girl you learned German from, the daughter of old Bloch, the watchmaker. I shouldn't have noticed him if it hadn't been for her. And today I lunch at the same mess with him."

"Yes; it's a small world," said Daffy, with none of the annoyance the news caused him in his tone. It never occurred to him that his brother could be making a mistake; for, though William was slow in the uptake, he was uncommonly sure. Besides, Helmsley had been away on leave a fortnight before.

"They seemed to be on uncommonly good terms with each other," said this brother.

Daffy was yet more annoyed. But he had no right to be annoyed. At the moment the image of Miss Anne Kiblethwaite, the daughter of one of Milldown's most prosperous shell manufacturers, a lady only four years older than himself, filled his heart to the natural exclusion of the images of all others. But he was distinctly annoyed that Hilda should be on such friendly terms with the detested Helmsley.

He told himself that the reason for his annoyance was his strong feeling that Helmsley was not at all the kind of man to be the friend of such a pretty girl as Hilda. Helmsley was given to talking about women.

Moreover, this friendship explained Helmsley's knowledge of his Middleham name, and Daffy resented his having learned it from Hilda.

He thought about it, still with annoyance, during his intervals of leisure during the day, and decided that the next time he went to London on leave he would make a point of seeing Hilda and telling her the kind of man Helmsley was. He felt that he could do no less. The ingenuousness which sometimes amused and even startled Lestrange ran that way. But the matter was driven from his mind by more worrying events.

First, the platoon was going wrong. The more of a whole it became, the worse it grew; and that was wholly contrary to the natural course of things. The men were sullen, even fractious. They no longer put their backs into their work. They shirked and slacked. Con Murphy, a hot-headed, volatile Irishman, one of Daffy's favorites among the men he had handled, got into most serious trouble for calling Helmsley "A blasted Prussian slave driver!" to his face, though not on parade. Daffy was quite sure that Helmsley's nagging and bullying were the cause of the rot in the platoon; but Lestrange, who agreed with him, could not convince the C. O. that this was so.

Then the mess went wrong. It had always been an uncommonly cheerful mess, thanks chiefly to Helmsley's joviality and perpetual laugh. Now it seemed to Daffy that a cloud had fallen on it—not on the subalterns, but on the senior officers. They looked worried and gloomy. Even Helmsley was quieter.

Daffy would have been less troubled by that cloud had it not been for Lestrange. Lestrange was manifestly under the water. His long, lean, dark face was at no time a guide to his emotions and it was not a guide to them now. But Daffy observed that he who had been the most abstemious man in the mess was drinking as much as Helmsley, or even more. What was more significant, his bridge, which usually was excellent, was going to pieces.

Daffy was annoyed that this should be so. It worried him. But he did not see what he could do. Lestrange was not only an older man but his superior officer. Moreover, he was not the type of man who is ready with his confidences or ready to be helped. Daffy shrank from intervening. But he liked Lestrange; he was even rather fond of him. It grew plain to him that it had to be done.

A few nights later he made his effort. They were walking back to their quarters after an evening's bridge at the house of Mr. Kiblethwaite. Lestrange had begun by playing very badly, recovered himself, played a fine game, and had come out a winner.

Daffy thought it a good time to make his friendly effort.

"You seemed to get back your old form at the end, sir," he said. "What's been putting you off your game so badly?"

"Trouble—trouble, my young friend," said Lestrange lightly.

"Well, I'm glad it's over," said Daffy.

"Over? It's only just begun!" said Lestrange with a sudden heaviness.

"Can I help at all?" said Daffy.

"No," said Lestrange sharply.

"I should like to," said Daffy simply.

"It's very good of you," said Lestrange coldly.

Daffy took the snub with equanimity. He had made his effort.

They walked on in silence; but at the door of his quarters Lestrange said:

"Come along in and have a drink. There was no reason why I should bite your nose off, youngster."

Daffy went in and mixed himself a mild whisky and soda; Lestrange mixed himself a stiff one. They drank.

"If it was money, now ——" said Daffy gently, with a far-away look in his mild blue eyes. "I haven't had to touch my pay since I came here; in fact, I've put by quite a lot."

"Well, I'm damned!" said Lestrange, and his eyes blazed. Then he laughed, frowning. Then he said: "I've noticed that you're a persistent young beggar; and, after all, why shouldn't you know? We're in disgrace here. There's been a leakage of information—information about drafts and anything else that was going. They got hold of the letter it was going abroad in—from some spy higher up. But they brought the leakage down to this depot and to an officer at this depot; and they haven't made any mistake, either."

"By Jove! That's pretty rotten!" said Daffy.

"I should say so," said Lestrange.

Daffy took another draft of his whisky and soda. Then he said:

"Yes; it is rotten. But is it as bad as all that—that it puts you quite off your game at bridge, sir?"

"Yes; it is as bad as that. You see, I'm the officer suspected," said Lestrange dryly.

"You, sir? But that's idiotic!" cried Daffy, astounded.

Lestrange said nothing; he frowned into his drink.

"It's—it's absurd!" cried Daffy.

"Not so absurd," said Lestrange quietly.

"But it is!" cried Daffy stubbornly.

"No," said Lestrange; "there's a little business behind it that gives it what you might call color." He hesitated; then went on: "When I sent in my papers, nearly seven years ago, I sent them in by request. There was trouble about some gambling. The play was on the square, of course; but I did hate the fellow, and I gave him all he asked for—chiefly at picquet. In the end his father had to square up for him. He was a man of a good deal of influence—financial as well as political. He had to be humored; and I had to go."

"Yes—of course—you would," said Daffy soberly.

"Cynic!" snapped Lestrange, and barked a short harsh laugh. "Well, that's why I'm suspected now; the old thing has come up against me. But what beats me is how it came up!

"Only half a dozen men knew about it; three of them are dead in Flanders and the other three are not so proud of it that they'd talk about it."

"Perhaps the War Office looked it up," said Daffy.

"There'd be nothing to look up. A little business of that kind doesn't go on record."

"No; it wouldn't," said Daffy thoughtfully.

"But the queerest thing of all is that I've got it into my head that the C. O. got it from Helmsley—with trimmings, you know; the fact that I play high down here—and that I am hard up. I'm not."

"Ah, that would be why he behaved to you like that—if he knew about it," said Daffy; and his mild blue eyes brightened with sudden enlightenment.

"You saw that, too, did you?" snapped Lestrange. "You don't miss much, young feller me lad!"



*Out of a Doorway Came Count Boris Helmsley Judistaf, With His Revolver Pointing at Daffy's Face*

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"Yes; he must have known," said Daffy with conviction; and there was a note of satisfaction in his voice as of one who had cleared up a knotty point.

"But—hang it all!—how could he have known? A man who comes from nobody knows where, and knows nobody anyone ever heard of!" cried Lestrange.

"He knew," said Daffy.

They stood silent, frowning.

"Well, there it is; I shall have to go again," said Lestrange in a rather hopeless tone. Then he added bitterly: "And I don't want to go. Before, I didn't mind going—much. I was young. But now I know that soldiering is my game. I can play it; and I want to."

"Perhaps you're wrong, sir. Perhaps it's only fancy and they don't suspect you at all," said Daffy in a comforting tone.

"Rats! A man knows when he's suspected, all right," said Lestrange. He dropped into an easy-chair heavily and added, in a mournful tone: "Yes; I shall have to go."

Daffy was touched. He looked at him, frowning seriously and more deeply.

"It's always a point to know where you are, sir," he said.

Lestrange looked up at him and smiled. He did not often smile.

"Well, it's done me good to tell you, old chap. There's something solid about you—devilishly solid. But off you go to bed. There's a hard day before us to-morrow," said Lestrange.

Daffy bade him good night and went. It was a cold night, but he walked very slowly to his quarters. His bedroom was cold, but he sat on the edge of his bed, thinking for a long time.

The next day he avoided Lestrange, or Lestrange fancied he did; and he was hurt. But he told himself he had known that Daffy had a keen eye to the main chance, and he ought to have expected it. But he was hurt.

Two afternoons later he found Daffy playing billiards at the club and very soon perceived that he was off his game. He was beaten in quite a ridiculous fashion for him. When it was over he came and sat down beside Lestrange. Lestrange was surprised.

"You're right off your game," he said, with no warmth in his tone.

"Yes," said Daffy; "my mind wasn't on it—not all of it. All your mind has to be on a game if you want to win."

"It must be love," said Lestrange sarcastically.

"No; it doesn't get at me like that—ever," said Daffy with quiet sincerity. "But I've got an idea."

"Very trying! What about?" said Lestrange.

"What you were talking about. I want you to be ready—after mess to-night—just after mess."

"You're very mysterious. What is it?" said Lestrange.

"No; it mayn't come off. I don't want you in it if it doesn't, sir," said Daffy.

He rose and went out of the room. Later, going into the reading rooms to glance at an evening paper, Lestrange found him in front of the fire, sleeping the sleep of the just who have had a bad night. He did not hope much from Daffy's idea; but he did hope. Things were badly strained.

At dinner he could not help watching Daffy. Daffy addressed himself to the food and drink with unassuming application. Also, he took as great a part in the talk as he usually took. If anyone asked him a question he answered it. After dinner they trooped into the anteroom and, as usual, stood chatting before they settled down to bridge or went off on duty, or to the club. Lestrange dropped into an easy-chair and waited.

Helmsley was on duty that evening. He stood by the fire talking to the C. O. Daffy stood on their left, apparently listening to the talk of a group of subalterns; but his eyes were on Helmsley.

Helmsley finished his talk with a story, a broadly humorous story, and walked to the door, laughing. As he opened it his laugh ended, as it often did, on a sheerly vacant note; and then there was silence.

"Helmsley!" said Daffy sharply; and then, in a rasping voice, he barked an order in German.

Helmsley swung round; clicked his heels together, saluted oddly, his face set in a wholly expressionless mask, and grunted:

"*Zu Befehl, Herr Oberst!*"

There was silence for a breath; then Lestrange rose quickly and cried fiercely:

"You damned Hun!"

Helmsley's mouth opened, the expressionless mask crumpled into a quite ridiculous surprise. Then he jumped through the doorway and banged the door behind him; and the key grated in the lock.

They did not wait to open it. Half a dozen of them were out of the window in less than ten seconds. But a man with death at his heels can go a long way in ten seconds; and Helmsley had gone it. The arrangements for his escape were good. He was last seen in Winter Street, a slum near the station. There he disappeared. That they learned the next day.

Twenty minutes later, after a fruitless hunt, they were back in the anteroom; and the C. O. was urgent with them on the impropriety of saying a word to anyone outside about this unfortunate occurrence.

The hum of assent died down; and then the major said:

"But how on earth did you find out, Daffy?"

"Oh, well," said Daffy slowly, "he laughed like a Hun watchmaker I once knew—all the time; not a real laugh, you know. Huns do, I fancy. Besides, he knew more than anyone but a Hun could have known."

"M-m! I never noticed that he was particularly well informed," said the C. O. doubtfully.

## II

DAFFY sat at a table in front of the café of the Golden Crown, sipping an iced sirup. It is the chief café of the main street of a neutral city that has grown polyglot. Indeed, in the matter of the diversity of tongues it could give cards and spades to old Babel.

The summer sun was shining; and it seemed to him as animated a scene and as complete a collection of rascals as the human eye could wish to linger upon. Every other man and woman was a spy, and the rest looked like rogues. With his large, long, broad, innocent face and mild blue eyes of a good baby, Daffy looked like a lamb fallen among wolves.

He finished his sirup and ordered another. It is a painful admission to make about a man of twenty, an English officer on secret service too; but there is no getting away from the fact that Daffy had a sweet tooth. He paid for the sirup before the waiter could escape, and lit a cigarette. He looked as if his chief business in life was to sit sipping sirups and smoking cigarettes. It was. He had been brought from the depot of the Fourth Midland Regiment, at Milldown, to spot a man.

The English Secret Service had reason—half a sentence in the letter of a spy—to believe that that man was in this neutral city; but it did not know him by sight. The mess of the Milldown depot did. And as a junior subaltern Daffy could be spared, without any violent disarrangement of the depot's work, to do the spotting.

Daffy had adopted this placid and pleasant method of compassing this end after no little thought. He was a slow thinker, but sure. He had come to the conclusion that, instead of hunting laboriously through the polyglot throng for the German gentleman he had known as Captain Christopher Helmsley, it would be better to let the polyglot throng present itself to him in ordered, or rather disordered, procession until such time as Captain Helmsley should appear in it. Sooner or later everyone in the city passed the three cafés before which he sipped sirups and smoked cigarettes. Many people passed them a score of times a day. Besides, he had been instructed to spot without being spotted—if he could.

This was not easy, for he was six-feet-one in his stockings and broad and thick in proportion. If he walked about, it was any odds that he would be spotted as well as spot. As it was he sat at the tables farthest from the curb and nearest the walls of the cafés he frequented, so that he was as little conspicuous as might be.

The morning passed pleasantly, as the last three mornings had passed; but, like them, it did not bring success. From noon till one o'clock he was keenly on the alert all the while, for at that hour the spies and rogues rested from their activities and betook themselves to their déjeuner at the cafés, the restaurants or their hotels. Then the procession along the pavements was thickest. Daffy watched it earnestly, leaning forward with an elbow on the table, shading most of his large face with a large hand. There was little his mild blue eyes missed.

At a quarter past one he went to the British Legation, where he was staying. It had been needful to provide an excuse for the presence in the neutral city of even so unimportant a person as a junior subaltern, since the German spy bureau took such a lively interest in every British and French visitor that it contrived to know much more about them than even the local police, meddlesome as they were. He had been promoted to the dignity of nephew of the minister's wife, a daughter of Sir Archibald Bligh, spending his leave on a visit to her. He was not related to her; he belonged to humbler Bligh.

He was late; but he found his usual seat beside the daughter of the minister empty. He was in her charge. She talked in French to him, because she had learned he wished to learn that tongue; and, since she was on the way to become the object of his fourth grand passion, he was learning quickly. She found the task of teaching him agreeable. Women liked Daffy; there was an appealing solidity about him.

He was back in the main street, at a retired table in front of the Café of the Princes, at a quarter past two, watching the column of spies and rogues march past from their déjeuner to their activities. At half past three he slipped into a long and winding side street, sauntered down it through the outskirts of the town, and out into the country. At five he was sitting in front of the Grand Café, again on watch. He ate a great number of small rich cakes, in spite of the fact that they were not so sweet as he should have liked.

(Continued on Page 82)




*He Never Knew Whether Daffy Would Display the Supreme Ingenuousness of Youth or the World-Worn Astuteness of an Aged Man About Town*

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# More Precious Than Rubies

VII

## By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

THE day before Cecil Caldecott sailed on La Meuse a press dispatch from Butte, Montana, was printed by all the New York dailies that were in the habit of publishing news of interest to human beings. It was to the effect that all precedents on will-breaking had been busted sky-high by Robert Turner, of Indianapolis, nephew and sole heir of the late Timothy Burke, a well-known local character. After prospecting for years, grub-staked by such men as the late Marcus Daly, Tom Carter, Gus Heinze and others, old Burke at last struck it rich in the Pink Eye Mine in Silver Bow County.

The sudden accession to great wealth had proved fatal to Tim Burke, as to so many other old prospectors. Not that he drank himself to death or blew out his brains after losing every cent in one night in a gambling hell. No! He died of smelter checks! The doctors were agreed on that. The Pink Eye made daily shipments of very rich ore to the custom smelters, and the smelters mailed checks averaging about seventy-five thousand dollars a week. After the fourth week, when it was clear that the old man's income was sure to be about ten thousand dollars a day, he was seen in his usual haunts dejectedly showing the smelter checks to his cronies and making the same speech to all of them:

"I'm asking you as one good Christian of another to tell me what in hell's the use of living when you get this every damned Tuesday? It don't even come on Saturday! While I was hoping to strike it rich I had something to look forward to. For forty year I used to go to sleep wondering how I'd feel when I struck it. Now that I get these blankety checks I ask you again what have I got to look forward to except a funeral that I can't see or hear? Hell's hinges! A white man might as well be done with it!"



*Caldecott Sat Up Straight. "Married? I Wouldn't be Here if I Were Married!"*

He took to his bed and in three days was dead. The doctors said that forty years of hardships had killed him; but those who knew him best blamed it on the fact that he had not a single sustaining hope left in his system. He left his entire estate to his favorite nephew, Robert Turner, of Indianapolis, on whom he had never laid eyes. Mr. Turner arrived in Butte yesterday, and on being informed of the contents of the will immediately instructed his attorneys, Marsden, Campbell & Boughton, to advertise for more closely related heirs, giving as his reason gossip he had heard from old friends of his uncle, the late Mr. Burke having spent several winters among the Indians.

"If my uncle left any children they are entitled to a share of the estate. There is enough money to go round. I want to enjoy mine with an easy conscience," said Mr. Turner.

The legal fraternity were unanimous in asserting that Mr. Turner's conduct had never been equaled for quixotic chivalry and acute ingrowing damfoolishness.

The New York newspapers not only carried the item, but four of them printed editorial paragraphs about it.

On Saturday, the day Caldecott sailed, another dispatch from Butte announced to the great American public that suits had been brought against the executors of the estate of the late Tim Burke, owner of the famous Pink Eye Mine, restraining them from turning over the property to Robert Turner, the eccentric old prospector's favorite nephew. The suits were brought by Moose That Grunts on the Run, Eagle Afraid of the Dark, Woodpecker That Pecks at His Nose, Blackfoot Coyote That Limps, and Skunk That Hunts by Night—all members of the tribe of Indians among whom old Burke had spent a winter at the Lame-Cow Reservation. The litigants, who looked like full-blooded Indians, claimed that Timothy Burke had married their mothers by Indian rites. Robert Turner, the heir-at-law, entertained the rival claimants at a sumptuous banquet at the Miners Palace Hotel. Mr. Turner said that the claims would be investigated and justice done. In the meantime his income was ten thousand dollars a day.

The metropolitan dailies telegraphed their correspondents in Butte to rush special stories about Turner and his inheritance. By ten A.M. everybody in New York knew that Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner was an interesting character irrespective of his interesting little income, and also that as soon as the litigation over the millionaire mine owner's estate was over young Mr. Turner would come to New York. By three P.M. some hundreds of plans to interview Mr. Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner on his arrival had been matured, but not by the newspaper men. By worse than newspaper men! Of both sexes, yes!

On his arrival in Paris Mr. Caldecott learned that Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner had arrived in New York and had been duly interviewed by the reporters. Among the things he said that were deemed worth cabling over were that he did not propose to beat Coal-Oil Johnny. He did not intend to throw away money on the Great White Way or on the Short Dark Path. He would pay for what he got. He refused to serve as the text of 1,200,000 sermons on extravagance or to be held up as a fair target for anarchists' bombs. His gifts he would continue to make always to the poor and the needy and always anonymously.

A suddenly made mining millionaire who didn't spend lavishly was impossible. Hence the two columns and damn the cable tolls!

But of course Caldecott did not read in the Paris Herald that on that very day, the fifth after Turner's arrival in New York, the popular press agent of the Tabasco Theater had called at the office of every morning and afternoon newspaper in New York, and had seen their respective dramatic editors or their respective assistants. To each in turn he had imparted the exclusive information that Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner had been sending flowers regularly to Miss Myrtle Montgomery, as any patron of the theater could disinterestedly testify. The young Western mine owner had expressed a desire to be introduced to her, and she had flatly refused.

"'No!'" Bill said she said. "'No! I do not care to meet men whose money makes them imagine they can buy anything they take a fancy to. I'd rather ——'"

"Bill!"

"I considered it incredible enough to be news. What never happens is always news when it does happen ——"

"Beat it, Bill!" they told him.

And he did, weeping, observing that when for once in his life he told God's honest truth that's what he got. Two days later he called with a letter written on the stationery of the world-famous hostelry where Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner was stopping. It was a letter from the young and good-looking multimillionaire, proposing marriage to Miss Montgomery. She had thrown it into the wastebasket, from which Bill, absent-mindedly rummaging for a dropped lead pencil, had rescued it. He did not wish them to print anything about it.

Oh, no!

"I don't! Only the other day you got so darned fresh about the flowers that I thought I'd bring this over to prove to you ——"

"You have. You have proved it to the hilt. Pretty raw work, but we like you. Run along, Bill. Here, don't forget the letter."

"But I don't want a damned line printed about it!" shrieked Bill madly. "Great Scott, is nobody ever going to see in me anything else than a press agent at work? I'm on my vacation, and honest to gracious, Sam ——"

They threw into their capacious waste-paper baskets the entire contents of envelopes, in each of which was a program of the Tabasco Theater. An advertisement on page four was ringed about in blue pencil. They might have read:

T. PAPASTIPOPODOPOULOS
FLORIST
BROADWAY & 46TH STREET
CHOICE ORCHIDS CUT FLOWERS POTTED PLANTS

The flowers nightly presented to Miss Myrtle Montgomery by her admirer are supplied by us

Pinned to the page was a slip of paper on which was neatly typewritten:

NOT FOR REPUBLICATION
[DAMN YE!]

The flowers that Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner sends to Miss Montgomery, who is playing to S.R.O. at the Tabasco, are sent by her to the following hospitals, whose telephone numbers are herewith given for facile verification:

Congregational Hospital.....Plaza 18642
General Hospital.....Circle 18688
St. Paul's Hospital.....Schuyler 11333
Verplanck Maternity Hospital.....Columbus 19999

Now, *mon cher*, you know very well that this does not show my deft touch. Do me the justice to admit it. My employers are equally guiltless. They would not dream of allowing me to exhume this from its prehistoric sepulcher. Can't you believe anything except lies?

Not a line!

Despairing of having legitimate news printed in the theatrical columns Bill then invited the more human of the theatrical writers to a dinner to celebrate the arrival of William McEwen, Jr. After the meal they strolled over to the Tabasco to smoke some cigars that Bill said the management had bought at his suggestion one night when they expected the President to be present with his guard. The box disappeared. They were very fine cigars.

He took them into the theater so they could see the house on the ninety-fifth consecutive night.

"There is Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner in his box as usual ——"

"Can it, Bill."

"My Godfrey, can't a man even point to a celebrity ——"

Myrtle had just finished singing her famous He Did Not Think the Worst of Her Because She Turned Him Down.

A boy in the brilliant tomato and scrambled-egg livery of Themistocles Papastipopodopoulos walked to the footlights and handed a beautiful floral piece to the beautiful singer.

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Everybody who had read the program instantly looked at the box where Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner in immaculate evening dress sat gazing fascinatedly at Miss Montgomery.

"It's all fixed up," remarked a fat one of at least forty.

"Wouldn't it make you sick?" said a thin one of at least the same.

At that very moment Robert Turner rose in his seat and leaning toward the stage said loudly: "Myrtle, will you sing that again for me?"

Miss Montgomery dropped her flowers in her fright and ran off the stage. Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner thereupon seemed to realize what he had done and hastily left the box. An excited buzz arose, which the performers on the stage bravely tried to ignore.

It dislocated the performance badly, but not a single newspaper carried a line about it the next morning. Bill McEwen, the press agent, knowing his own innocence, frothed at the mouth. It did him no good. He told the critics that he didn't believe they'd print his obituary if he died of anything less prosaic than typhoid, and they dared him to try and see. The "perfesh" of course sympathized with Bill, much as they disliked Myrtle, for they knew the chance the girl was ostentatiously throwing away, and they gossiped about it until the theatrical reporters began to wonder.

"The trouble," Bill assured them, "is the old cry of wolf. It makes you skeptical. But you ought to reflect that Myrtle does not need this kind of publicity. She just doesn't like this Turner and she won't marry him. And of course you wise guys, just because she won't take his money even on a nuptial platter ——"

"What the heck kind of a dish is that, Bill?"

"You ginks think it's yours truly. For years it never occurred to me to write the truth, and I succeeded. When something happens and I tip you off it's a case of 'Too raw, Bill. Chase yourself!' I knew it would be that way. I was born a liar and I trust I'll die a liar. But thank God, I wasn't born a smart Aleck, so I don't have to die a damned fool."

"All right, Willie. We'll fall for it once. Trot out your Turner."

"Trot out hell! Why, I never spoke to him in my life. He refused to see me at his hotel, and when I tackled him in the box here he told me he didn't wish to know anybody connected with this or any other theater, and that if I didn't leave the box he'd throw me out."

"Bill!" warningly.

"There you go again!" shrieked Bill exasperatedly.

"Forgive muh! Proceed, William."

"There isn't any procession. I don't know him. Next to you wisenheimers that fellow is the bane of my life. I thought Myrtle had it fixed up with him and accused her of it; and she made for me with a hatpin and said she was going to have me fired. I says to her, from a safe distance ——"

"Bill, your mind is so constituted that whatever it was you said to her from a safe distance, it's a cinch we can't print it ——"

"Sir!"

"Because it is too tame."

"I'll tell you what I said."

"No, no! Far be it from one of my trade to accuse one of yours of having amiable weaknesses. Well, we'll go and see Turner about Myrtle."

And they did.

Caldecott read the interview in the Paris Herald.

Turner acknowledged with a frankness that stilled suspicion that he loved Miss Montgomery and had written proposing marriage. He had received no reply whatever to his letter. He had been told by friends that she did not care to meet him. He wished to marry her because he loved her, and he did not care to know anything more about her than his eyes told him. He didn't even care if there was a mother-in-law in the offing. He was rather angry when one of the reporters asked for the loan of the weekly check from the smelter to publish it in facsimile, and he said, "It's nobody's business what my income is. I pay cash for all I get, and I get all I wish to get, and I call that rich enough, whether it's one million or a thousand. The only truly rich man is the man who has enough. I have enough. All I want is to marry Miss Montgomery, and I'll keep on trying till one or the other passes away from this world. I've generally had my way. I don't mean that I have bought my way. I've won it fighting. If you fellows want to do me a favor just print that I don't want to meet anybody except Miss Montgomery; that I give money only to those charities in which I am personally interested, and that if I had a million dollars a month I wouldn't have enough to give away as much as I'd like to. I get so many letters I don't know what to do."

They carried the interview.

Robert, alias Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner, in love with Miss Myrtle Montgomery, *née* Susan Malone, had become one of New York's celebrities.

### VIII

CALDECOTT went about his business in Paris as though he were not aware that everything he did was known to the agents of the Treasury Department. He called on several of the wholesale dealers in precious stones; and of those he felt sure would betray him to the customs men he asked for prices on goods that he did not wish anyone to know he was buying. He cabled several times a day to people in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago; and always they were suspicious messages.

On the eve of sailing day he called on Jameson Smith, the lanky chief of the Treasury Department's agents in Paris, and said to him pleasantly: "Smith, there are the copies of every cablegram I have sent. I know you have several of them, but I've brought you the full set. I've spent about four hundred francs sending messages that must have excited my good friend Anson Wheeler. But not one of them has been delivered, for the simple reason that all the addresses were fakes. So were the messages. So is everything I've told Heurtematte & Cie., Dreyfus & Poirier, Seligman & Braun, Maison Ch. Bauduy and the others. I've never had the remotest intention of buying anything from them, and much less of smuggling. But it seemed a pity, when your men were so anxious to earn their salaries—to say nothing of the reward if they caught me with the goods on—that of course I just had to stimulate their hopes. I sail on La Meuse to-morrow. Be sure and cable the glad news to Wheeler. You look as if you didn't believe me. That is a mistake. You fellows, whose business it is to prevent the evasion of the payment of duties, are, I find, quite unintelligently skeptical. A competent smuggler, like a competent anything else, does not have to lie—he tells the truth and transacts his business. Good afternoon."



*Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner Had Been Sending Flowers Regularly to Miss Myrtle Montgomery, as Any Patron of the Theater Could Disinterestedly Testify*

But half an hour later Caldecott went through a series of maneuvers intended to throw any detective off the trail; and calling at a small toy shop in the Rue Pierre Charron he gave a cablegram to be sent and a bank note to a young woman who thanked him profusely. The cablegram was to his friend in Butte, and it read:

> Offered lots sixteen twenty-two twenty seven stones seven sizes wanted. Don't fail to answer as agreed.
>
> C. SQUARE.

At Havre he sought the purser the moment he went aboard La Meuse and left with the polite *commissaire* a small package.

"Valuable?"

"Very!"

"Ah!"

After which exclamation the *commissaire*, with a determined shrug of the shoulders, and features compressed to an expression of solemnity, sealed it and gave a receipt to Mr. Caldecott.

His most urgent business having been attended to Caldecott sought the deck steward, with whom he arranged for his chair to be placed in a corner where the smoking room made a jog. It meant that on the left side Caldecott could not possibly have a neighbor, and, moreover, was protected from the head winds. Before the ship cast off Caldecott was reading his favorite steamer companion, a small volume of Montaigne's essays bound in claret-colored leather.

Late that afternoon the chair beside him was occupied by a heavily veiled woman in black. The deck steward wrapped a funereal steamer rug about her, and then with a profound bow left her there, silent, motionless—an ebon mummy in a reclining posture.

Caldecott did not look up. He read on until the final call to dinner. He closed his book, rose and was about to walk away when he became aware that his mourning neighbor was trying to do likewise, in vain. The attendant had wound the rug about her feet so skillfully that she could not move.

She looked up and saw Caldecott and spoke to him—in English.

"Would you kindly unwrap that rug, sir?"

He made no motion to do so. Instead he arched his eyebrows in respectful inquiry—the universal language of signs. Whereupon she pointed to her rug-enwrapped feet. He nodded and released her. She said, "Thank you!" He raised his cap, bowed and walked away.

He was on deck the next morning before nine, having leisurely shaved, bathed and breakfasted; but he found the lady in black already in her chair beside his. He made no effort to attract her attention in order to salute her, but sat down and read steadily. From time to time when he happened to look up he saw her gazing horizonward.

She was young and very fair. He assumed her eyes were blue, which meant next to nothing; but he saw that her eyelashes were exceptionally long, which aroused hopes. Her hair was gold and very fine, and her skin amazingly smooth. It imparted a child quality to her that made him react to the desire to protect. Her features had a delicacy so exquisite that, without suggesting artificiality of any kind, somehow made him think less of a living woman than of the work of a sculptor who not only could dream but who always dreamed in good taste.

She sat there, in mourning, facing the gray Atlantic, gazing toward the horizon, miles and miles away. He saw that she did not see what she wished to see, and therefore she suggested to him more than mere loneliness: something akin to what might be suggested if all the planetary systems vanished and there remained but one star—one star in all that void, very lonely and very beautiful!

Caldecott resumed his reading. But he felt her presence subtly, disturbingly.

He did not find the wisest of all essayists quite so amusingly wise as usual, so, ceasing to read, he also stared out to sea.

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It was a gray day—that is, gray skies and gray seas—that is, a stupendous frost-misted curved pane of glass filtering a dim silver light over tossing waves of dead ashes—waves that did not speak but grumbled. Things were not as they should be somewhere below, or wherever it is that the sea does its feeling.

Her black gloves lay on her black rug and her slim hands upon her gloves. They made him think of ivory inlaid with threads of fine turquoise. Not hands to shake; not even hands to hold; rather hands to kiss and hope that the kiss might open the door into the world of her intimate thoughts.

That was what struck Caldecott as curious—the consciousness of a desire to share not so much her emotions as the privilege of moving in the same world—a world not of this world; her world! He had never before met anybody who impressed him quite so strongly with that precise sense of difference.

He shook his head and opened his Montaigne. Five minutes later he arose, left the book and the rug on the chair and began his daily promenade. He made the tour of the deck a dozen times before he looked at the lady in black as he passed her chair.

Seeing her in profile had made him feel that she was unlike any other woman. But when he looked at her full in the face he perceived that she was really beautiful; very clean-looking, as you imagine the moon is clean—through and through; and healthily delicate, like a flower; and not quite so distant.

She was still staring out to sea as though she were trying to count the waves in order to keep back tear-compelling thoughts.

Her eyes, he saw, were blue, the blue that turquoises might have had if the Lord had intended to make turquoises really beautiful and so had soaked them in molten sky on a very blue noon in May.

He went into the smoking room and stayed there until luncheon time. He made no effort to find her in the dining room. After luncheon he went back to the smoking room. He did not seek his deck chair until the middle of the afternoon.

She was sleeping. Her face, rosy smooth and exquisitely caressable, gave one that impression that so appeals to men in sleeping children—a paradoxical feeling that death is much closer to them than to the grown-ups, so that they need protection. A child asleep in your arms is a human life absolutely in your care. It means a supersubtle sense of exclusive proprietorship, which is the ultimate refinement of the primal desire of possession.

The girl in black had committed herself to his care because she was asleep beside him, within touch of his hand. He feasted his eyes on the picture, unleashing his fancy, as men will when they are not lawyers or bankers.

He memorized her visually, methodically studying her hair, her brow, her eyebrows, her nose, her cheeks, her lips, her chin, her marvelous childlike skin, her throat, her hands. He had trained his mind to remember beautiful objects that had hardness and color and fire. And this sleeping maid had not only beauty but the three crown jewels of life—health and sorrow and youth!

Wonderful!

But what was the use? Was there ever any woman who could be trusted?

He took up his Montaigne and determinedly read.

She gave a sudden start, clutched at the arms of her chair, sat up straight and stared wild-eyed at the sea and then looked at Caldecott.

"I—I was—I —— Oh!" And she fell back in her chair.

Caldecott closed his Montaigne, keeping his finger between the pages to mark his place. Then he waited impassively. He could take chances with his thoughts and his fancies, but not with his speech and his actions. Presently she opened her eyes again and looked at him wonderingly.

"*Désirez-vous quelque chose, mademoiselle?*" he asked gravely. He knew that she was an American.



*At That Very Moment Robert Turner Rose in His Seat and Leaning Toward the Stage Said Loudly: "Myrtle, Will You Sing That Again for Me?"*

"*Non, monsieur! Merci,*" she answered, and looked away. He resumed his reading.

The breeze died, and for all that the rumble of the propeller shook the ship there came upon them a feeling of silence rather than a silence itself. The gray sky turned to mist and the dull-lead sea turned to dull silver. Rain began to fall—reluctantly, as though the mist refused to be hurried into condensing into drops. But presently it poured.

Caldecott shook off his rug, stood up and gazed at the gray water pitted by the pelting of the rain. What had been rather a choppy sea became an undulating series of rollers that followed each other foamlessly, soundlessly, as though they were made of sirup and moved on ball bearings.

A sound from the girl drew his eyes to her. She evidently had suppressed a sob, for she was dabbing at her eyes with her black-bordered handkerchief.

Caldecott hesitated. Then he pressed his lips together and walked away. He made a tour round the deck. The second time he passed her chair she was gone. He sat down and read his Montaigne.

### IX

THAT night after Caldecott had completed his carefully counted eighteen turns round the deck, which made a mile, he sought his chair and lit a cigar. He never smoked while he walked, particularly on the deck of a steamer with a fresh breeze blowing.

He smoked carefully, as though it were an important function with him. When he was not watching the smoke that he exhaled slowly he was watching the ocean. Overhead the sky had a distinctly greenish tinge and a pale-yellow sliver of moon was shining with an effect as of a light behind a frosted pane. It filled the air with a dim glow so that he saw not only ghostly whitecaps but also spectral darkness in the hollows between. It was not the same sea of midday—different liquid, different voice, different mood.

A slight noise made him turn. The lady in black was tucking herself into her rug. He was to windward of her and the smoke from his cigar made her cough.

"*Pardon, mademoiselle!*" he said hastily and flung his cigar overboard.

"Oh, I didn't want you to do that," she said in English. Her voice was low and clear and very plainly expressed regrets.

"I had finished," he lied politely, and stared out to where black waves raised white arms to the sky. Up to then he had disguised his nationality on general principles. She, who had assumed he was a compatriot, said nothing.

The lemon slice of moon gave up trying to shine and went out. The breeze freshened. It whistled as it only does on a ship. Presently five bells sounded.

"Excuse me, sir," she asked, "was that five bells?"

"Yes, madam," he answered coldly.

"Thank you," she said.

There was in her voice that weariness that always makes men think they ought to take women's burdens on their shoulders. Presently she rose, and as he made a motion to assist her—too late—she bowed her head slightly and left him. He noticed that she passed the door of the saloon in her absentmindedness and had to retrace her footsteps.

He never trusted women. But all he could see of this girl in black was that she was alone with her mourning thoughts, with the ruthless immensity of the ocean all about her and the pitiless vastness of the sky above her. Nothing near or neighborly; nothing to talk to or to be cheered by. Well dressed but not over stylish; and the black she wore surely harmonized with the night in her heart.

Caldecott decided that she had lost her mother; possibly her father. It almost had numbed her; and her skin was very smooth and very fair, with that aspect of extreme cleanliness that makes you think of hospital asepsis and utter dustlessness.

On the next morning, when he was on deck for his after-breakfast constitutional, he saw that she had risen before him—a sign she could not sleep. She was sitting in her deck chair staring listlessly at the blue ocean and the turquoise sky and the bunches of cloud cotton—and seeing nothing.

Caldecott walked his carefully paced mile and then sat down. As he did so her eyes met his and she nodded gravely. He bowed with equal gravity. Neither spoke.

He settled himself, opened his Montaigne and began to read. He finished the wonderful chapter, Of the Education of Children, closed the book and stared meditatively at the Atlantic, never two days the same and yet the very same Atlantic these twenty thousand years—like human nature.

He happened to turn, and saw that the girl in black was wiping her eyes with her black-bordered handkerchief. He looked away quickly and opened his book once more, but closed it again presently when he found he could not keep his eyes away from her.

He was conscious of the uncomfortable feeling, as of unpardonable eavesdropping, that comes over men when they see a woman weeping, as it were, furtively. He had reserved that particular chair in that particular spot on his eastbound trip because he hoped to be alone and undisturbed. He wished this girl would move away. If she did not he himself must, in order not to be annoyed. In his irritation he frowned and shook his head.

(Continued on Page 66)

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 23, 1918


## If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

## Hit and Score!

THERE are more than two million American soldiers in Europe. The War Department figures that to equip and maintain an American soldier in Europe costs four hundred and twenty-three dollars and twenty-seven cents a year. The bulk of them were sent over at the rate of two hundred and fifty thousand a month by impressing the world's shipping and so distributing it that transportation of American soldiers had first call. Getting them back will present no such tremendous exigency. It will take many months after war definitely ends.

That is only the most obvious item. We shall be paying war costs in great sums for at least a year after the war is over. Under the most fortunate possible circumstances there will be more Liberty Bonds, issued on a scale that no government considered practicable five years ago. For a long time the War Savings and Thrift Stamps will be after your spare change as briskly as ever.

The end of the war will bring peace demands for capital such as the most hopeful financier would have regarded as out of a fairy tale a few years ago. The speed with which reconstruction is carried out will depend directly upon the supply of capital.

There is a celebrated baseball case where a batter made the hit that won the game—only instead of cinching it by running to first base he stuck his hands in his pockets and started leisurely to the clubhouse, and so was put out, and the game was lost.

Anybody who lets go of a war-thrift habit because Germany throws up her hands is repeating that ivory-headed play. He hits the ball, but does not score a run.

## Help Wanted Here

PLAIN murder was the gentlest and kindest thing the Turks did to their subject Armenians and Syrians. When a Turk merely killed one of those people—more particularly a girl or woman—he was, comparatively, acting the part of a Christian. If we had a literary record of the blood-and-lust orgies of the hordes that followed Tamburlaine and Jenghiz Khan we might have something to match the manifold corroborated accounts that have come from Armenia the last two years. Among recorded atrocities Alva's proceedings in the Low Countries take second rank in horror. The living misery left in the wake of this devastation is beyond description.

The American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, New York, is of the highest standing. It is asking contributions to a fund—very small as this war has measured money—every cent of which will be spent for relief of the most pressing wants, mostly the wants of women and children. Americans ought to respond generously.

The shameful fact is that every one of us is to blame for the wretched plight of these people. For two generations, at least, all Christendom has sat stupidly by, playing its rotten old game of statecraft and balance-of-power, knowing what the Turks were doing to these subject people and refusing to lift an effectual finger for their liberation. Every nominally Christian nation is to blame for it. It is high time we removed that deep reproach. The first move in that direction is a contribution to the relief fund.

## Our Allies

THE Allies now owe the United States nearly eight billion dollars for advances made during the war. There is a Christmas-tree notion of after-the-war settlement which pictures Uncle Sam in the rôle of Santa Claus plucking each Ally's debt from the tree and handing it back with a benevolent smile and a pat on the head.

This notion appeals to some simple and sentimental minds. But we can hardly fill in the other side of the sketch—that is, we can hardly picture J. Bull, for example, in the rôle of orphan child, his meager cheeks properly bedewed with grateful tears as his wasted hands receive the benefaction. There is a historical tradition that patting J. Bull on the head is a dubious undertaking. As for France, we do not want to try to picture her in that rôle. Giving alms to France might enlarge our sense of virtuous self-complacency, but it will not do. France does not want gifts. And merely canceling France's debt to us would change her after-the-war position relatively so little that—aside from staging a show which some of us might find edifying—it would not be worth while. That debt is so small a part of her total war debt that striking it off the balance sheet would leave all her problems of reconstruction just about as before.

There is a big, open joint-account between the United States and its Allies. Every item in the account presents, in various ways, a special case. France's is a very special case. In the war that freed the world from the Prussian menace France, among the most effective belligerents, bore the heaviest burden in proportion to her resources, and contributed most to the result. Her debt is much heavier proportionately to resources than England's or America's, her industries are more severely dislocated, her reconstruction problem harder.

But nobody knows now just what France's after-war state will be. France herself does not know. Nobody can say what measures will be most effectual in extending such assistance as she may need. All anyone can say is that those measures shall not take the form of alms. In a general way they will be such as independent, capable, self-respecting and mutually respecting individuals would agree upon in a like case.

## Foreign Trade

THE return of peace means the return of full competition for foreign trade. It means the present passing of a condition which threw a great deal of foreign trade into our hands.

Government, except in negligible cases, is not going to sell any American goods in foreign markets. Opportunity is not going to sell them. Flattering speeches at public dinners in the United States are not going to sell them. Nothing is going to sell them, finally, except thorough organization, individual effort, and—especially—competent, energetic salesmen on the spot. For though you have every other factor, such as the capital, the goods, earnest government support, unless you have the salesman on the spot you are relying on a chain with a defective link. By and large, it is the salesman who finally books the order.

We now have the Webb Law, which permits combinations of manufacturers for export trade, and that is very important. But a law merely permits. It makes no sales. We have opportunity in abundance, but it will not work automatically. Nothing will serve, finally, except the strenuous effort of individual concerns which are in a position to sell goods abroad.

Our weakest point at present undoubtedly is personnel. Some big concerns, like Standard Oil and United States Steel, have well-organized staffs for export business, and will husband them very carefully. Personnel cannot be improvised. It requires careful selection and training and experience that take time. Broadly speaking, we have not got it because with certain big exceptions we have been rather content to take the foreign trade that we could get easiest—that more or less came of itself.

A great number of American manufacturers ought to be keenly interested in this. They ought now to be moving vigorously to form their associations and connections—to see to it that their particular goods are going to get adequate representation to foreign buyers.

## Regenerating Russia

PROBABLY America will be feeding Petrograd and Moscow this winter. Probably, beyond assisting as far as possible to keep the people from starving to death, there is little the Allies can do to help Russia this winter.

Finally, and essentially, Russia must get out of the frightful mess herself. There is no other way that recognizes her right to self-government, for if she can discover no capacity for self-government she has no right to it. It is great nonsense to say that the Allies let Russia into this mess by indifference to the Kerensky régime or by lack of sympathy with Lenine and Trotzky. The mess came about through Russia's lack of experience and ineptitude for political action. Nothing else accounts for the duration of the tragically ludicrous Bolshevik régime. Given the conditions of last winter, probably nothing but their own harrowing experience could have demonstrated to the Russian people that the Bolshevik program was quite impossible.

There is a good deal of American writing about Russia which implies that the experiment was not at all impossible; that a rigidly exclusive class government, operated with vindictive recklessness by the least capable class in the nation, in defiance of all experience, might have succeeded beautifully if only the Allies—whose own conceptions of government are entirely different—had come to its support with proper vigor; though how the Allies could have much supported any government in far-off Russia when they were having their hands full to keep Germany from overrunning France, is not made clear.

There are elements in Russia capable of organizing and operating an orderly, responsible government; or else Russia must be governed from without as a sort of dependency of the joint Powers. No one is ready to accept the latter alternative. So, essentially, Russia must find her own way out of the mess.

## Taking Stock

ONE result of the war is that the United States Government now has a set of account books. First and last, through War, Navy and Labor Departments, it has registered something like thirty million men—in most cases with details of their occupation and dependents, and in many cases with physical examinations. It has checked up a great part of the country's manufacturing capacity, in a much more intimate way and in far greater detail than the Census Bureau ever undertook. It knows the coal, copper, steel and some other trades practically "like a book." It has a line on food resources and on all the processes and details of food distribution such as it never thought of undertaking to get before.

The Treasury Department has much more comprehensive statistics of income than ever before. Government itself has gone into shipbuilding, and railroad, telegraph and telephone operation. The Federal Reserve Board has got up new data on price movement and the weekly fluctuations of trade, and has consolidated bank returns for all important industrial centers. There is hardly an agency of government that has not been brought into closer, more extensive touch with the national life.

This is a decided gain. It ought to give, on the whole, more intelligent legislation, a more understanding attitude on the part of government generally. As to a great many things, such, for example, as food distribution, Government can now speak with the authority of knowledge.

## Our Handicap

JUST before this Fourth Liberty Loan drive the war debt of the United States stood at ten and a half billion dollars. By war debt we mean that contracted since the declaration of war. At that time the combined American, British, French and Italian war debt was sixty-four billion dollars, and the war debt of the Central Powers was forty-five billions. That is a very fair showing for our side in view of the much-vaunted Teuton efficiency and of the conditions under which Germany's enemies are obliged to fight. Increasingly, the war has proved much more expensive for us than for Germany. We fight at long range; Germany, at short range.

That is our handicap. It runs into money at an enormous rate—into billions upon billions. Keep it in mind—especially when you read those comforting comparisons of our wealth and Germany's wealth.

We are committed to a vastly expensive undertaking. In sustaining the fighting line the German dollar far outcounts ours. It is a cold, literal fact that we have no dollars to waste.

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# From the Romanoffs to the Bolsheviki

By Princess Cantacuzène
Countess Spéransky, née Grant

PHOTOS. PASSED BY CHIEF MILITARY CENSOR



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*A Russian Regiment on the Backward March*

THE room at the hotel in Kief was desperately dirty and upside down, with beds unmade, soiled water standing in washstand bowls, and all the furniture pushed about as if by an earthquake. The room looked out on a courtyard, so we were safe from stray shots or attack. One could hear, however, from the street, the firing of rifles and machine guns and the occasional deep explosions of hand grenades and bombs.

I had no particular desire to live through more excitement than I was forced to; but Mike, who so far had spent all these busy days in his office, was delighted to be free and able to see things from the spectator's point of view. He now believed his disguise sufficient to protect him; and it seemed easier for him to move about than to sit still, so I didn't even protest at his going down again into the big main street. His absence gave me time to make our room more habitable.

It was an easy thing to empty slops and bring fresh water from a spigot in the hallway near by; also to push the furniture into more comfortable places; but the beds were a grave problem. I rang bells without result, till someone I met in the hall told me all the servants in the hotel were on strike, for no other reason than that they wanted to take part in the fun on the streets. They had been gone four or five days, all save the old door porter, and no one could eat on the premises or even have a bath; and every guest cleaned his own room or left it uncleaned.

I finally with much energetic search discovered the apartment of the hotel director and talked with his wife, who after some discussion consented kindly to bring me sheets and towels from her own personal store.

"But only this once, lady, as the washwomen also are on strike; and they will give me no more."

### A Faithful Little Mascot

SHE and I opened windows and dusted, and having aired the beds we made them up freshly. I began to feel very impatient for the promised supper; and when about nine o'clock Davidka and Elène appeared I was delighted with cold ham and hard-boiled eggs and various other picnic dishes Madame Ivanoff had sent, with best of all a bottle of hot coffee, and a tiny flask of her best old brandy for Mike. Also, they brought necessary linen and clothes for to-morrow, and our toilet cases, which they had packed. They had braved the street shooting to bring us all this, and they reported that all was quiet at home when they had left, though some soldiers had called asking for Mike; but after a conversation with Prince Kourakine and Count Niroth these had departed, not even inspecting the house.

Mike returned, and we dined quite gayly. I was very pleased, because he said my nerves were as good as his own in the emergency, or better; and we laughed over my Faberger bird, which had again brought us luck. We spent a short, quiet evening in our high-perched room, and we slept, exhausted and relieved, until in the morning Davidka and Elène arrived with coffee and hot toast from home again. They said the evening had been very exciting on the Bankovaia. There had been a lot of violent firing, and all our house party, with the servants, had taken refuge and spent most of the evening in the back corridor, where as there were no windows they felt protected from bullets.

The lower city, where we were now, had also seen some last fighting, and many of the poor cadets had been hunted down all over town and wounded or killed. The Bolsheviki this morning had knuckled down to the rada, and the latter had taken command and was organizing everything. The day was quiet and sunny, and the city peaceful but much dilapidated. It looked as if it were the worse for some monster celebration, and the hospitals were overflowing. Street crowds were visiting all the sights, standing before walls where great holes had been made by projectiles from cannons, also where the streets were torn up or were blocked by barricades; while on every side windows were smashed or cracked and pierced with bullet holes. Each was telling the story of his own particular experience, and the public looked about with the same holiday air that is always characteristic of Kief.

Mike started out to get his papers, promised by his military division headquarters, proving his discharge, and I went for some shopping. I found shops and banks open and, as in July in Petrograd, I had the impression of the wonderful capacity of Russians for letting bygones be bygones. If it hadn't been for the broken windows and buildings and for Mike's civilian clothes I should have been tempted to think I had dreamed all the events of the last thirty-six hours. In the afternoon Mike, no longer belonging to the Russian Army and with his papers in order, took me back to our house, and we surprised our guests by appearing in time to dine with them.

Kourakine and Théo were very jealous, they said, of Mike's liberty. No one was allowed to resign now, and it was only Mike's blessing in disguise, his wound, which brought him this luck. We decided to go south immediately, on the following Saturday if we could get off, and to take Madame Ivanoff with us. Then, if it was possible to go beyond the frontier, we decided the time had come at last to join our children. I thanked heaven these were safe and away from all we had now gone through or might still have ahead. Their presence would have been a terrible complication, actually a danger to our lives; and their own would have been far from safe.

All the party teased me very much when they found I had carried my Faberger owl from home to the hotel the night before, and back again; and all attributed our miraculous escape to the tiny stone bird of wisdom. Kourakine gave me a pair of charming jade plaques inlaid with old beaten gold and wee rubies as a "decoration for my action under fire." He said he should have considered anyone crazy who had told him a year previously he should ever be under fire with me.

On Friday all our party scattered. Princess Kourakine and my brother-in-law both left for the Crimea, to winter there; while Kourakine returned to the Front "for a little rest, after his strenuous vacation." Niroth was sorely disappointed at having come to Kief to sell the wood from his estates, for he had been unable to transact the business, and now he was leaving without even knowing if his estates were his any longer. He found he could not communicate in any way with his intendants, and he heard that all the country round his Levkovo was up in the air.

Trains were running again, and there was news of Petrograd at last. It was announced the Bolsheviki had been entirely successful there and had taken over the government, while the provisional ministers were shut up in the fortress—all but Kerensky, who had fled in the very beginning of the trouble. The Winter Palace had been stormed and taken after a very brave defense by the woman's Battalion of Death, which had lost half its effectives in killed and wounded. All the other troops had, of course, turned Bolsheviki, and everywhere in the capital there had been a high carnival of bloodshed and riots, assassinations and arrests—a page of the March performance, greatly exaggerated. As far as we were concerned, this meant definitely an end of Mike's work; and we must be only too thankful to be counted among the very few who might perhaps escape further danger and misery. All congratulated us, and expressed relief that my husband was now leaving the place he had so valiantly defended from the Ukrainian propaganda. He was told he ought to go as quickly as possible, for surely when the new administrators were once in the saddle they would think of him for their first political victim. Packing began. I fancied I had brought nothing to Kief, but as the servants piled things up this seemed far from the case, and finally I saw ten large trunks prepared, of things impossible to drag with us under present conditions, and which we decided to leave to the care of the friends who were subletting our house for the rest of our contract. Six smaller trunks with valuables and real necessities we decided to try to carry on our trip; besides these we seemed to have much hand baggage, and also a huge basket of provisions for the journey. Each one of our acquaintances who came to see us before the day of separation brought some little gift from slender stores—a glass of preserves, a few biscuits or some sliced ham.

### Ready for Departure

DAVIDKA and Elène, indignant with the fate that had overtaken us, but glad on their own accounts to abandon Kief, arranged everything with evident desire to please. We had removed Davidka's Cuirassier epaulets when the regiment was sent away, so he would not be ill treated on the street by his Ukrainian "comrades."

He had varied his career to fit in with my husband's. Beginning the war as a Chevalier Guard he had during the winter of 1914–15 gone through a terrible illness caught at the Front and had obtained a complete discharge from the service. He refused this in order to stay with Mike. He had kept his papers, however, in case he chose to use them some day, and had joined my husband at the grand duke's staff. Later, risking a relapse, he returned to the Front with Mike when the latter was named commander of the Cuirassiers. At first Davidka had looked down on the new regiment, and spoke always of "the Cuirassiers" and "we Chevaliers Guards," though he had dutifully allowed himself to be transferred to the former, and wore their yellow shoulder straps. Mike had to scold him often, telling him his manner was misplaced, and that if he would take the pains to learn their history he would find

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*Aged Grenadiers Who Have Won the St. George's Cross Guard*

*Petrograd's Statues in Zero Weather*

his new regiment as splendid as any in the guards or the army. Davidka took this to heart, and finally became most disdainful of the old unit and intensely proud of the new, which he rather felt himself to be commanding. He was especially delighted with Mike's situation in Kief, and took his own position there very seriously. He enjoyed the city life, and Mike's brigade made him feel important, and it was all much easier for him than the trenches had been, especially with the halo of the aristocratic Cuirassiers still surrounding him through the summer, and the prestige of their past service under fire and their actual discipline.

### *Days of Uncertainty*

NO ONE had really been of greater service to my husband. Intimate with the soldier-committee members, he showed himself discreet and adroit, and he instinctively knew what to say. His devotion to Mike made him entirely dependable as a confidential messenger, while his resourcefulness was admirable. We had named him "the prime minister" and many a time he reported to my husband a feeling or a speech of his soldier group in time for events to be directed or prevented, when it would have been difficult to act after one knew of the complication officially.

Now Davidka felt dethroned. He asked Mike to take him south first and then to America, but my husband refused, saying: "What about your service?"

"But the regiment is to be disbanded, and anyhow, Your Highness, I can leave; for I have discharge papers, just like your own, and can use them; and I won't serve now."

Mike still refused; and then the man tried me. He fussed silently about the room, picking up and putting down things till I spoke to him.

"I hear you are leaving the service, Davidka."

"Yes, Your Highness. I would much like to go to America."

"But how can you with a wife and children at Bouromka, and disorders there? You ought to go home to the village where your interests are."

"My wife has her family, Highness, and I always served the château and our prince. I don't want to be mixed in those troubles, and I very much wish to go to America, Your Highness; and the prince says no."

And he looked at me with great trouble in his intelligent eyes.

"Davidka, we can't take you so far from your family. You must see that, and understand; but if you don't want to go back to the village we shall try and arrange to put you with Count Niroth in the Crimea."

And with this he was content, since he might remain with us till we went to Petrograd. Several members of the Cuirassiers' soldier committee came to see Mike. They expressed the nicest sentiments of devotion, and they said how glad they were he was going away in peace, and how they wished him well; and that if they were again called upon to fight they would elect him for their division commander, and so on. The Cuirassiers were indignant and very sad to be ordered out of the city, and to see their regiment disbanded. Most of them were scattering, returning to their villages; some were entering other military groups; and one set had joined a squadron of mounted police, which the Ukrainians were enrolling for the city of Kief. They were to have the left-over uniforms of the old-régime gendarmes, and were promised good pay, and their service would begin at once.

"Your Highness," said one of these men with reference to the recent changes, "we have been told so many different things in these eight months of revolution that now we do not know what or whom to believe, and we grow even to doubt ourselves." A state of mind it was easy to understand, when one thought how these peasants and soldiers had been plunged, after centuries of dark, vague gropings, into the seething caldron of the revolution, with its glare of promises and theories, always false and unfulfilled. The best of them made a pathetic group, and it looked as if they would be forced to join the Bolsheviki or go down. Mike was pleased with their attitude, and congratulated them; and they parted with mutual good wishes and in touching manner. His old officers, too, lingered about him and rejoiced in his liberty, with a sentiment all the more beautiful since the law allowed them no such possibility, and they must remain in Russia in reserve, though they were put out of active service.

Mike had many last talks with friends. One interview was hot and painful; it was with General Skoropadsky, an old comrade of Chevaliers Guards days. Since that period Skoropadsky's reputation for intrigues had made him unpopular, though his bravery and military capacity had pushed him forward successfully enough during the war years. He came to Mike and told him that being himself one of the largest proprietors of land in the Ukraine provinces, and having much interest in keeping the peace there, he had decided to join the national movement, and he was soon to be elected commander of the Ukrainian Army.

Mike protested violently, saying if he did this Skoropadsky would be playing into the enemy's hands. And the latter answered he fully knew all that, but considered the only hope for law and order now was through the Austrian and German rule, and that he meant to remain in Kief first as a Ukrainian, then even under the Germans if they came, helping to establish some sort of stable government, and upholding the enemy discipline if need be. He said he cared nothing now for nationality, and saw no good in giving preference to a sentiment of patriotism when it only represented such chaos as ours did in the present. The only sensible view of what was good for Little Russia, our people and our class, was his, he said. After some further discussion, wherein Mike defended a broader form of patriotism, they parted with disappointment in each other.

There were a few of the proprietor class and of the great industrials at Kief who, after the fall of the provisional government, said they had no hope of safety or tranquillity now, save through German occupation; but I imagine it was only a momentary feeling, which none followed up by action, except Skoropadsky, who really did accept the position offered him, and followed out his policy to the end. I read the other day that under Von Eichorn's dictatorship now, in Kief, General Skoropadsky was still commander of the troops.



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*The Council of Soldiers' Deputies in Session in the National Duma at Petrograd*

### *Lost Traditions*

EVERYONE was naturally heartbroken over what came to ruin the nation and bring a complete loss of all we held dear—our traditions, fortunes, homes, and in many cases our lives. Nothing remained to us now; and though a few were furious and hysterical, most people were merely deeply depressed.

Saturday, knowing of the difficulties ahead, we went to the station at four P. M. to get places in our train for the south, which was to leave at eight-thirty. The station master was an adherent of Mike's, having had much to do with him because of the guard of Cuirassiers who had worked all summer on the station premises, with whom Biron had been greatly pleased. He therefore invited Madame Ivanoff and me into his private office, and kept us there out of the crowd and in comparative comfort and cleanliness for the four hours' wait. We watched the vast crowds from the window of this retreat, which overlooked the railroad platform; and we saw thousands of men and women and hideously dirty soldiers, with enormous packs of clothes, bedding and provisions, settled

*(Continued on Page 24)*



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*The Commander of the New Russian Legion Formed in France Addressing Some of His Men Before They Leave for the Front*

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# REPUBLIC TIRES

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(Continued from Page 22)

down, eating, sleeping, packing, dressing, all over the station, until they looked like refugees encamped.

We saw trains come in, and their contents of weary and worn humanity empty themselves out of the cars through windows as well as doors, while waiting mobs surged about in vast waves. No sooner was one set of occupants out of them than the cars were assaulted and taken by storm, with shouts, screams, lamentations, oaths and blows, crashing of glass and creaking and breaking of wood. The compartments and corridors were at once refilled to overflowing, and on the roofs, platforms and steps the khaki-clad soldiers clung like flies. Once they were placed they all settled down philosophically to the discomforts of traveling, and they unpacked provisions, ready to divide these with any chance neighbor. Officials were powerless to handle the situation, and I could see how much the Cuirassiers' large fists were missed.

Mike decided it would be impossible for us to fight for places against such odds, and he asked Biron, the station master, to allow us to go down into the car yards and get on our car there, where we would wait till the train started. Biron consented, and a messenger was sent to find out about places, for there were no possibilities of engaging any now, and it must be always first come first served.

When he returned the report was that the cars down there were already packed by hundreds of other people, who had had our idea without asking Biron's permission; and that there were not only no places left but that not even a small package or a pin could find space—and we had masses of hand baggage. So we gave up the start for that day, and our party returned to spend the night at home, greatly surprising the servants, who had remained in the house. Next day we would try our luck again.

Madame Ivanoff was terribly depressed and most agitated over the dangers of a trip of three days under such conditions. Mike was greatly annoyed and worried, and I was more than ever determined that at whatever cost we must go on the morrow, and not defer our trip again. The station master had told me much of his history during the hours I sat near his desk, and had said first of all he was delighted to meet an American, because he had heard much of my native land, having a brother settled there and grown rich; and he swore he would see to it that if we came tomorrow at two in the afternoon we should somehow have room to leave that evening.

### The Kindness of the Cuirassiers

HE THEN expatiated on what was going on all over Russia; told me there were hundreds of cars broken down, standing in the yard at Kief, which no workman could be persuaded to mend, thanks to the intrigues of the committees; that free fights were in order now; and that twice in the last few days since the Cuirassiers had left he had been obliged to draw his revolver to defend himself in the station. All our rolling stock was rapidly wearing out and new could not be obtained from anywhere or made at home. He said it was only a matter of weeks when there would be a general strike of the road's employees, who were having constant trouble, and were even being wounded and killed all along the lines by the traveling soldiers, the latter wishing to dictate and have the trains run to suit themselves. On the other hand the railroad men, though seemingly martyrs to the cause, were demanding daily raising of their wages, and would not work properly or obey orders.

As he painted it the picture of Russia's present condition was less tragic than that of the future. I wondered that he should be anything but a raving maniac in such surroundings; yet he was calm and cool, and even found time to smile and be a little ironical; and he was also neatly shaved and wore a smart, clean uniform. I heard from Mike that Biron was considered one of the best men in his branch of the service in all Russia; and that he had remained at his post from pure patriotism through all these dreadful months; that he had said he would remain even now; and probably he would find his end in some riot impossible to quell.

The man had a fine, strong type of face, and when later I asked him what he thought of Russia he said: "For the country finally I believe in a great future, which we who stay here now won't live to see, princess. First, we'll have the Germans here, and they will whip us, which is what we seem to need, to learn our lesson. Afterward it will be all right, and we shall progress; but you do well to go to America for a time. It is better to choose another republic than ours just now, and anything is better than this." He waved toward the window. "I would go, too, and visit my brother if I could, but I can't, and now it is too late even to send the wife and children; so we are going to try to weather the storm here."

When we went home and had had some supper we slept in doleful, dismantled rooms, and I felt as if our journey had already begun, so acutely were the sights at the station impressed upon my mind. Madame Ivanoff's maid laid out the cards; and the latter foretold that they would not take the long trip on which we were going. This discouraged the woman's little old mistress immensely, who, adding this prophecy to what she remembered having looked at through Biron's window during the afternoon, decided she was doomed to die on the trip, crushed in the mob.

However, after a bath and breakfast next morning we were all less blue, except Mike, who had not yet traveled since revolutionary times, and who had been horrified by his observations of the day before. I was resigned, as I had made one or two trips in almost the same conditions; and I knew that owing to the national good nature our plan could be carried through, though it certainly looked unpromising in comfort. On our way to the depot we were obliged to cross the main street of Kief, and there we found that the public funeral of some of the victims—Ukrainians and Bolsheviki—of the past week's disorders was just passing. Masses of excited people packed the sidewalks and the side streets for a considerable distance back, looking on.

We were in Mike's auto for the last time; but Mike in civilian clothes and the chauffeur and Davidka minus their epaulets were not compromising. As the hearses went by and only political deputations made up the procession we noticed our smart machine was attracting attention and hostile looks.

Luckily just then our chauffeur saw in the crowd two mounted gendarmes, and saying to my husband, "Those may be some of ours, Highness, and perhaps they would help us through," he begged Mike to send Davidka to investigate.

Mike consented, and within a moment both gendarmes turned, looked, and gave us a broad grin, but no salutes, not wishing to give Mike away. They appreciated our delicate position and knew that probably if the crowd recognized Mike our car would be smashed to bits, and we should not live to tell the tale.

Davidka returned quietly and climbed into his place. "It is possible, they say; immediately," he said.

Then the chauffeur started his machine. A break in the procession occurred, and the two gendarmes drew closer to one another and spoke to the crowd between themselves and us.

"Travelers," they said. "They must get through to the train. Make room." The crowd amiably, and without interest in us, parted; and we slid up behind the two gendarmes. They then moved forward slowly, dividing the mob in two, and the latter stared at us in silence as we passed. I saw Mike feel his revolver, but he made no remark, and I was glad he was in the middle of the back seat, and not driving, as of old. It made him less noticeable. We crossed safely between two of the deputations taking part in the march, and then we pushed on behind our guard into the audience on the opposite side street.

There stood another Cuirassier camouflaged as a gendarme. He saw us, recognized his regimental motor and his old commander, and he silently saluted, with a pleased look on his face. We reached the free street a moment after, and left this danger behind, and we all of us sighed at once from sheer relief. Madame Ivanoff wiped her eyes. The poor little old lady was dreadfully upset; but she made no trouble.

Mike now thanked our Cuirassier saviors; and they with broad grins answered in voices gay, and with the fashion of ancient days: "Your health, Highness! You are very welcome!"

### A Hazardous Journey

AFTER that we sped on through quieter streets and reached the station safely. Biron had planned with Mike our capture of a compartment, and the former had sent two sturdy agents to meet the train on its way north at a station outside of Kief. There they were to get on, and when the passengers left the cars in Kief they were to seize and hold a compartment till we could pile in. We on our side were to do this immediately the train came in from the Crimea, and before it even went to the yards to be cleaned up. Thus from two-thirty until nearly nine P. M. we would sit and hold our places against all comers. We were quite willing to do this in order to have them.

Mike had also engaged a porter from the hotel to help Davidka, and Madame Ivanoff's manservant was coming to put us in; so with two station baggagemen who came along we felt we were a strong party. Yet, even so, Mike was afraid we shouldn't be able to succeed in our attack. I was anxious for him, as he looked dreadfully ill and worn and he was suffering greatly from his wound, with constant dizziness and pain. It really seemed unfair he should have the acute discomfort of this trip on top of all the trouble he had already faced. He drew some consolation, however, from the fact that I had made a trip almost as bad in the summer over this same road; and he decided, after a suggestion of giving it up in despair, that as we must get away sometime it would probably be easier now than later on. Besides, since other people traveled daily by this route, there was no real reason why we might not succeed as well as they.

The amazing thing to me was that everyone in the station did not murder everyone else. No one seemed to suffer more than the dose of absolutely necessary misery to get through; and I counted as always on the excellent good humor of all these rough elements. Perhaps, too, I had really grown a little superstitious about my Faberger owl, for I held him tightly against me in the small bag that I carried on my wrist.

Old Madame Ivanoff did not have my mascot or my faith. As she watched the wavering mob her dismal forebodings overwhelmed her and she broke down. Trembling, she said she was too old to risk such conditions, and that she preferred to

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Litovsk Prison, Petrograd, Destroyed by the Revolutionists

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(Continued from Page 24)

remain in Kief. Mike offered her no encouragement to accompany us; and I, after protesting a little, decided it would perhaps really be better if she returned to evils she knew rather than go on with us into the unknown, since in any case in the Crimea we must abandon her. I felt very sorry to say good-by to the panic-stricken little old lady; and I promised to return her trunk to her on the first occasion, since now it was no longer possible to recapture it from the mass of baggage. We parted sadly, feeling we should probably never meet again; and I keep a warm and grateful memory of her and her comfortable home. Her anxiety for our welfare was most touching, and her letters followed us on our wanderings for a long time.

Our train drew in. We had been placed, surrounded with our bodyguard who held the small baggage, exactly on the right spot; and as soon as the last incoming voyager had descended to the ground we slid onto the car steps, after which the crowding and pushing behind only helped us forward to our places. We found the compartment held by Biron's men, and we occupied it. I had kept Elène with us in order not to lose her, and we also retained for the moment all our four men, till the first fight for seats should have subsided; only Davidka left us, as he was going to travel in the baggage car in an attempt to defend our trunks from tampering or loss. In a compartment for two, consisting of one lower and one upper berth, both narrow benches, we were two women and five men; and thus we stayed for hours till we had convinced various groups it was hopeless to try to accompany us. I knew from past experience that we could never keep the whole compartment for ourselves. I told Mike this, and we decided when the second rush of passengers should come we could at least choose our companions in misery, and quickly and adroitly avoid, if possible, the dreadful dirty soldiers or refugees who might choose us. Soon our car was mobbed again by a throng who had come in on a train from the frontier stations. Many soldiers among these were bound south, and meant to find room for themselves at all hazards.

We saw in the front of the mass entering the corridor a Sister of Mercy, clean and in Red Cross uniform.

### Strategy Wins

"Quick, sister, there is room for you here!" said Mike; and one of our guardians slipped out the compartment window while she pushed in through our door. I stored her with Elène on the top berth, where they proposed to get on as best they could together. Below there were only Mike and I and the rest of our guardians now. In a moment came a huge, blond, amiable-looking creature, comparatively clean, well shaved and dressed in the uniform of a colonel of cavalry of the line, with baggage that had seen three years and more of war by its looks, and a teakettle slung on one bundle which he carried; with him a small, dark soldier, evidently his soldier servant, for they were talking with familiar gayety, in old patriarchal fashion. We at once added this pair to our party and then, feeling that the most desirous of entering our compartment would acknowledge it could hold no more, we sent off our last guardians and began to settle down, locking the door and opening the window so we could breathe.

With Elène and the sister on the upper berth, their baggage stored in the racks about them, the colonel and his soldier, Mike and I had the narrow lower berth and floor space to ourselves. The men gave me the seat nearest the window, and I rolled my cloak and furs behind me for a cushion, putting inside them my jewel case, and my bag containing our money and papers. In front of me bags were piled to a great height, with the provision basket on top, where it was within reach. Mike sat next me, with a roll of plaids behind him; then the enormous colonel, radiating cheerfulness and gratitude that he had been chosen, and saying with ready hospitality: "I can make you tea whenever you care for it. Ivan here will run for hot water at the stations."

Ivan, who squatted on the floor at his officer's feet in Oriental fashion and grinned at his luck in having escaped the roof through our hospitality, looked ready for anything in the way of service. Mike introduced himself, since being in civilian clothes he could not be recognized. The colonel in return gave his name, and announced he had a leave, as had his Ivan also, and that they were going home for two months to Simferopol, the Crimean capital. We should therefore be making the entire trip together. I announced I would feed the party and, since we could count on the colonel for our tea and Ivan for the errands, we should keep house most comfortably in our compartment. By this time, though we were still in the yards, soldiers were settling on the roof, all the compartments were packed, and our corridor had numerous people and much baggage piled in it.

But this was not all that was coming to us. After another hour of waiting we were hitched to our locomotive and were dragged into the station, where a new set of what seemed lunatics tried to take us by storm. Secure in the fact that we were already like sardines in our compartment and could tempt no one we sat quietly listening.

The colonel laughed. "It is worse than the noise of battle. They are wild beasts, not men," he said.

A new wave surged into the corridor, and the roof above us creaked. Heads stuck in at our window, looked, and were convinced at once; then they drew out again. Our door was pounded, and Ivan opened it. "Two above, three below, one on the floor; also much baggage." And the intruders passed on. A general, who was alone with two aids-de-camp in the next compartment to us, was less lucky than we. He refused to open his door, and with cries of "Bourgeois!" "Capitalist!" "General!" his window was smashed on one side, and the mirror in his door on the other. After that oaths and noise and more breakage all about; but no one seemed hurt.

### A Rough Night

Now the corridor was so full no one could sit down there, save some few who had come early and had perched on top of their bags and bundles near the ceiling. Our colonel peeped out and reported the toilet room was taken over and occupied by several soldiers; and that no one could possibly be able to reach it during the trip, since it was more than one's life was worth to get through that distance. Two wounded officers were raised over heads in the crowd. Word came along, "Wounded officers," and somehow they were carried or passed from hand to hand. Before they reached us two charitable people had given up places to them. Various travelers cried out they had fragile packages, and they found hands willing to save these and to store them away in the upper racks. Some were even handed in to us.

One was passed me by a soldier, who said with interest: "This is a cake. Belongs to a lady out here in the corridor. Please keep this side up."

I am sure no one but Russians could make a revolution in such a manner. It was hot, stuffy and frightfully uncomfortable, and the stench from the corridor was unbearable. I persuaded my companions it would be better if in spite of the November cold we opened our window; and really only this kept us alive.

At night we slept sitting up on the hard, unmade berth. There were neither cushions nor bedclothes, which had long ago been stolen. We couldn't get at ours or think of unpacking any of our bags. Impossible to move or to change places either. Equally impossible to stretch out. Above, the two women were lying down, but they had no room for an upright position, and it was hotter where they were. The colonel and Mike risked taking off their boots; and Ivan curled up, and in the darkness it was impossible to make out how he managed to take so little room. He was, I found, a Mohammedan Tartar soldier, seemed devoted to his master, and anxious to please and serve us; and when awake he was all smiles. Now he slept soundly, though occasionally he stirred, or woke and listened, then looked at the colonel and went to sleep again, like a true watchdog.

Pitch-dark it was in the car, save for the moonlight coming through my window, and very cold. The colonel snored comfortably and reassuringly. Mike moaned in his sleep with the pain of his wound and worn nerves. Both women were quiet in their berth, and all through the car there was the heavy weight of sleep. The morning came early, and from sheer discomfort children cried and women's voices complained or consoled, while men lent good-natured assistance here and there; or swore.

I had fallen asleep toward dawn, but not for long. I was too spoiled to rest well in such cramped quarters, but fortunately I had plenty of reserve strength to draw on, and my desire to make this trip helped me to a feeling of content in spite of discomforts, knowing we were at last on the road. I even tried to philosophize about the possible loss of our trunks, which I knew were on our train and under Davidka's capable eye. Then I found myself wondering if we should get through. We ought certainly to be all right, since the Faberger owl was along; so why worry? Thus far we had come out of Kief safely, and that was already much to the good.

In the morning at our first stop Ivan went through the window and fetched the colonel's kettle full of boiling water; then he and his master made us excellent tea, drawing the leaves from a newspaper scrap and some sugar lumps from a rag, all of which were packed together in an old flour sack they carried, tied with a string. I found cups and bread and butter in our provision basket, and we breakfasted contentedly enough. Then the men smoked and talked of their army experiences, and the colonel asked many questions, for he had not left the firing line far off in Galicia for ten months and more, and he was under the impression the rest of the army, like his Tartar regiment, was about all right, and doing its duty in spite of ridiculous propaganda. He was amazed to hear from Mike details of the occurrences in Kief and farther north. He had judged the whole situation by his own men's behavior. These scarcely spoke Russian, and were vague in their politics, and incidentally were excellent soldiers, remnants of the old conquerors from the Golden Horde. Nearly all of these were rich for their class, and were proprietors of land in the Crimean peninsula; consequently they were conservatives. He was shocked to see conditions as they were now on the railroad, but he accepted them with resigned toleration.

On the whole, in spite of what we told him, he was evidently keeping his easy, humorous optimism, and he was helped by his warm comprehension of his compatriots, and by believing in them in spite of the vagaries of disturbed times.

### On the Way to Simferopol

As the long hours passed and we dozed or read or chatted I appreciated our colonel more and more. He was a thoroughly Russian type, dignified and never familiar, though always friendly and helpful. His tea and sugar and his servant were entirely at our service; but he showed great hesitation in accepting any of our provisions for himself and Ivan. All his conversation was addressed to Mike, and he did not propose lighting a cigarette till I thought of telling him I did not object to smoke. He was as modest as to the space he and his bundles should take as it was possible to be, and was the most undisturbing traveling companion one could imagine. He saw how ill my husband was, and he went on from war topics to entertain Mike with anecdotes and stories, and even gave us in mimicked copy an entertainment he had heard by a comic story teller somewhere at the Front, and which he remembered remarkably well.

Though evidently a sociable chatterbox he could be quiet, also, and let us rest through hours. And while he told us of his life and family at home he never once asked an indiscreet question. He cheered and jollied up the Red Cross sister, who was very peevish, giving first a headache, then a toothache, as her excuses. Finally we all sympathized with her, and forgave her crossness and complaints. Our colonel was ready to talk politics, and he greatly encouraged us by not regarding the situation as hopeless even now.

"We Russians like the longest way round and lots of messing, even to accomplish a little thing; and now how much more must there be noise for these great events."

Another long night, and we had still no possibility of moving from our places. I had not even taken off gloves or veil for thirty-six hours, and when we approached the great station where we must change trains for Simferopol it was a serious question how we should get out of our prison. Nearly all the passengers were remaining on the cars and going toward the Caucasus. Impossible to get through the corridor; and we were five people and all those bags, which must be somehow removed. Mike was dreadfully perplexed. I had watched so many going in and out of windows that though all these had been men I felt I had learned their method and could follow it in spite of cloak and skirt and furs.

I proposed this to Mike, saying it seemed to me infinitely preferable to the idea of traveling to a point beyond our destination. I knew Elène would follow me if I gave her a lead, and I thought it would be easy enough if only I had something to land upon below, as the jump from the window ledge to the ground was about three times my height. The colonel, on the alert, had heard our talk, and he now intervened:

"Ivan and I will go first, and pile our bags; then you and your maid shall come, princess, and we will help you land; then the prince shall pass us your bags, and follow himself."

And so we did it. As we drew into the station it looked a vast hive of angry bees, and when the train stopped the spry Ivan scrambled through the window and dropped lightly. The colonel threw him their bags, which made a soft, mountainous cushion on the ground; then the ponderous colonel passed, and I caught my breath, for I thought he had stuck in the narrow window; but he wriggled through somehow, and fell down on his property with a mighty thud.

Now was my turn. First I scrambled up on our pile of bags and, reaching the window sill, I sat down, swinging my feet outside. Then I wrapped my cloak tightly round me, so it did not catch or float but held my skirts. With the jewel case tight in my arms and the bag of valuables in one hand, also holding my muff, I gritted my teeth, shut my eyes and jumped. It was very scaring, but I felt myself safely caught and put upon my feet as I landed. The kindly colonel had seized me just at the right moment as I flew through the air, and I had not even felt a jolt.

### Time to Change Cars

Elène dutifully followed, but having reached the window sill she looked below and cried with a despairing voice: "I can't! Oh, I can't!"

She looked frantic and disheveled.

"Jump at once!" I said. "You must."

But Mike was more energetic. Without a word he pushed her from behind, and with a scream she cleared the space and landed near me, where the colonel steadied her. Our bags followed. Then Mike unlocked the door into the corridor, and saying to the crowd in the hall, "There are five free places in here," he made a rush for the berth, from there stepped through the window and dropped beside us, while the occupants of the corridor broke into our compartment with a howl as of triumphant wolves; and the little Red Cross sister shrieked. I've no doubt, however, they all shook down soon and made their trip in perfect friendliness afterward.

We rushed into the station. I felt dazed and crippled by the long trip, with its fatigue of enforced immobility; and Elène and I lost no time in reaching for our dressing bags and hunting up the ladies' private room, where, though there were fifty or more women as travel-stained as we, and the room was far from attractive, I enjoyed my first sight of soap and water for two days. Never had I had greater pleasure than that given me by sponge and tooth brush and my rubber traveling bowl filled with hot water, all laid out on a window sill of that dirty station room.

Our train did not leave till noon, and I had had coffee without cream or sugar; then slept soundly for two hours with my head on my muff and jewel case, which were propped upon the restaurant table. Mike waked me to get on our next train, which was expected immediately from Moscow. He was very anxious, because he feared this part of our trip would be worse than the first chapter had been, for now we must get into a train already filled with travelers and he was wondering how we should negotiate the corridors. I reminded him we still had the bird along, by way of valuable help; and strong with our recent experiences I said Elène and I were not afraid of going through windows. Mike had hired two sturdy baggagemen, and had promised them each five rubles if they secured us places. In the crowd on the platform our colonel saw us; and he and Ivan joined us at once.

"Of course there will be places," he answered Mike's inquiry. "I am the biggest, and I shall go in first, instantly, as the train stops. You will be just behind me, and you shall be served."

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(Continued from Page 26)

So we lined up, and as the car stopped a flying wedge went up its steps and in, with the valiant colonel at the apex. He scolded, coaxed, joked and apologized as he shoved through, drawing our two sturdy baggagemen and myself along; while Mike and Ivan, just behind us, brought up the rear of our party. It was a complete triumph, largely because of our energetic action, but also because in this Moscow express there was slightly more room than in the other train and only a dozen or twenty occupants were in the corridor. I was shoved into an empty seat in a compartment, between a gentleman, fat and very grumpy, and a neat pleasant-looking officer; beyond him sat a shy, miserable young woman with lovely black eyes, big turquoise earrings and an untidy dressy silk gown, who spoke Italian with her husband as he stood in the corridor near her.

I slipped off my ulster and furs and rolled them into a bundle, to use as a cushion; then I sat down with a sigh of real joy. There was room enough, clean companions and good air here; and only twelve hours more of our trip. And to cap the climax of our happiness Davidka had managed to get the trunks off on another train, slower but ahead of us. The worst of our trip certainly was over, and though we were scattered about and I hadn't the vaguest idea what had become of our bags and the provision basket, I hopefully left them to Elène's care and let myself go to solid enjoyment.

### The Man With the Skullcap

The Italian lady near by was telling the officer of all she and her husband had been through; how driven from their estate and home by their peasants they had seen flames mount into the sky as the "tigers set fire to our house and sugar factory, while we fled by carriage to Kief. Luckily some of our fortune is in government war-loan bonds, and now we go to the Crimea to see if it is quieter there, and to rest; then we shall go to my home country, Italy, and I will never come back. My husband is driven away by the people who had lived off our factory for many generations. It is a horrible country, your Russia."

"It is truly rather wild just now," said the officer in a consoling voice, but he smiled bitterly. "We have much to learn yet, and must suffer first undoubtedly. We also have had great troubles at the Front. The soldiers are all frantic with their new liberties, and they understand nothing. I am going for a leave of two months to Yalta, and I hope to have peace and quiet there for that long, at least, whatever comes afterward."

I joined in their conversation a little, offering what optimistic arguments I could for the future, and I added my faith in the Russian national strength, and the beauty the people had always cherished in their ideals, which I counted on finally to help us to a good ending of the actual drama.

Above us, on the upper berth, lay an old man, agitated and a little too talkative; I fancied somewhat the worse for having emptied a flask which he held in one hand. He loudly tried to enter into conversation, and then he slept.

My fat neighbor on the other side continued silent, indignant that he had so many traveling companions; yet he was in the best corner near the window, and had two of the red velvet cushions behind his back, while neither the officer nor I had even one. With his European clothes he wore a tiny Tartar red velvet skullcap, embroidered in gay colored silks, on his close-shaved head, and he looked like a fat, grotesque statuette. Unresigned to the discomfort, for which he quite evidently held the Italian woman and myself largely responsible, he had protested the compartment was *complet;* but ignoring him I had sat down without a word. Now he wriggled and moved a large pasteboard box, which probably contained his best costume. It stood between us.

"It is very crowded," he said. At once and without remark I took hold of the big box and put it on a pile of luggage opposite me.

"That is my box," he said.

"So I supposed," I answered; "but it is large and made me uncomfortable, and now you say you are so too; consequently we will remove it."

And I sat back much more at ease, and turned again to join the conversation on my left without another sign. He evidently thought of protesting and recapturing his property and restoring it to the old place; and then he gave up the idea and coughed furiously. The man from the upper berth awoke, and with much talk and apology scrambled down to our level and went into the corridor.

"He is insupportable! Up and down all night, disturbing us. I have had no sleep at all," said he of the Tartar cap.

I turned on him. "That sounds like our trip," I said. "We were six in a compartment for two nights and a day, with five extra hours beforehand in our car at the Kief train yard; and we could not move as here, into the corridor, nor touch our bags, nor wash, nor rest."

He evidently felt my story put his troubles in the shade, and he was quiet again; and he drew a bit of bread and a bottle of milk from his provision basket, ate and drank, and then he had a nap. Soon he woke up. Mike had brought me a French newspaper to read, which contained the latest war telegrams.

"When you have finished that journal, madame, would you allow me to look at it?" said my fat neighbor suddenly in most humble tone.

I felt I could afford to consent, after the triumphs of having kept my seat and disposed of his box, so I passed him the paper, when I had read it, with my best smile.

"Do you read French?" I asked. "It is in French."

"Yes, madame, I read that easily enough."

Mike came in, bringing tea and some biscuits. He asked me in English if I would like anything else besides, and then he offered the Italian lady some of our beverage, which she accepted with pleasure, drawing some sugar from her pocket and giving me a share of that. We drank it together and went on with our talk, while the fat neighbor and the officer accepted biscuit.

I felt very weary afterward and, seeing me pushing my cloak about, the fat man said, with evident desire to have his crimes forgiven, "Won't you have one of these cushions? I have two."

I took it and felt luxurious. I slept some time, and when I woke I found my cross old neighbor had completely thawed.

"May I be indiscreet, madame, and ask your nationality?" he said. "You speak of Russia with good will and affection, even in these dark days, and yet you are obviously not Russian. You read French, yet you are not French, since you are not agitated, as are the Latins. You spoke English, but you are not British, I am sure, for you are more animated and more sociable than are they; and I have long been inquiring in my mind what you may be."

### The Fat Man Melts

I laughed. "I am a Russian subject. My husband and children are all Russians, but I was born in America," I said.

"Surely, yes. That would be it exactly. When you came in I protested; but you sat down and stayed, without an argument. When you took away my box it was an accomplished fact without insult, discussion or comments, which would have been British or French. Then you were not cross from my crossness. Yes, certainly, American and Russian. A good combination. Most interesting."

"And you, monsieur? Are you Russian?"

He answered: "Yes, from the misguided Ukraine I come. I was one of the old government officials in Poland, but my corner went into German hands during the retreat of 1915, and I naturally had to drop out of the service. Since then, having a little money, I have been observing things from the side, and resting quietly. I live in Kertch, the Crimea."

We grew to be quite chums shortly, and we talked for several hours. I found my old neighbor was full of kindness now, anxious to make up for the first bad impression. Soon he offered me his seat by the window so I should be less disturbed by the going and coming of that idiot from above. He told me of his family and life, too, but we talked mainly of Russia. I found he believed in her future as I did; but he considered the reign of terror which these German-injected Bolsheviki would bring must be lived through, and he only hoped it would be short enough not to ruin us completely. As to help from outside we must have it if we are to recover from our hysteria. "It must come from the Allies or else Germany will conquer us completely, and though they may give us tranquillity it will be at the price of our lifeblood," said he.

I like odd types invariably, and the fat man became quite charming now. Together we ate our supper, and I traded him an apple and a hard-boiled egg for some cookies he had, while we both used his milk and sugar with my tea. He left us that evening, but before going he called Mike to inherit his place and cushion for the night; which was a great joy, since we must continue our trip till four-thirty of the morning.

It was now three nights and two long days we had traveled through, without lying down or being really comfortable for a moment, and as we drew near Simferopol I felt I should be able to stand no more. My husband was ghastly, and I began to wonder if he would not break down before we reached our destination. I counted we could get hot food at the station, which I remembered as clean and gay in the summer. Then we would start at once in a good auto on the trip of nearly eighty miles across the mountains to my mother-in-law's villa at Siméiz on the southern coast.

The station I had looked forward to with such anticipation was a terrible disappointment; and because I had hoped for good air, seats and breakfast it seemed to me this was the worst experience of our whole trip. My tired eyes saw millions of men in worn and dirty khaki, all pushing us or lying under our feet; and the stench was so dreadful that one could scarcely breathe. Twice I worked my way to the only open window, which was in the women's dressing room, for a breath of air. This room was already filled with a number of women who had either fainted or were near it, as I was after the crowd in the main room. The rest of the station, packed till there was hardly a corner with standing room, was dimly lighted by run-down and broken lamps.

### In the Crimea

Since Sebastopol, where our railroad terminated, was closed to all passengers but its own inhabitants and the sailors who were stationed there, this small station at Simferopol became the clearing house to all the Crimean coast, and was the traveling terminus for the soldiers who came south. Half the crowd was made up of these deserters, all carrying huge bags, with food and other comforts for themselves. The other half seemed Tartars with their families, or Jews, or refugees and beggars. All had bundles. I never conceived so much apparent misery and dirt as there was here.

Eating was out of the question. Chairs we seized through luck after more than an hour's waiting. Rest was impossible in that noise and I proposed moving out to the platform for our long wait; but after inspection Mike refused, saying the crowd was greater there and rougher than inside; that it was completely dark there and not safe for Elène and me. So we resigned ourselves, and remained suffocating where we were, from four A. M. till after seven.

Men, women, children lay about us on the floors, asleep or half awake; unpacking, eating, dressing there without scruple. We had to watch our bags constantly, and two or three times we turned suspicious-looking people, whom we judged to be thieves, away from them. A crowd of half-drunken rowdies in uniform were singing songs, and at the other end of the hall there was a violent political discussion between a sailor and a soldier. Soon people were taking sides, and it ended in blows, of course, which we feared would spread and become a general free fight. In another direction some women were shrilly accusing one another, and these also drew a group about them, who encouraged the fuss till they had to be separated by force. Babies screamed, and everyone shouted or swore and struggled, and then collapsed apparently in heaps.

It was really an anxious three hours to live through, and Mike looked so ill I was frightened for him, but at last daylight came and the welcome sun appeared; also various motor cars with their agents.

We lost no time in renting one of the autos and in leaving Simferopol, and as the fresh air struck my face and I realized the nightmare of our travels was over for the time I was deeply grateful to the special Providence which had guided us. We were safely out of Kief, and, I hoped, through the worst of our experiences; and though we still had some discomforts and dangers ahead I counted there would be no further subjection of my husband to particular pursuit, since from now on we should be beyond the Ukraine provinces and out of reach of those who sought revenge. So for the moment we might put anxiety behind us and enjoy the soft springs of our conveyance and the utterly splendid scenery, which I most specially loved, in this part of Russia.

I recalled the sunrises I had always watched when making this drive before, and I questioned our chauffeur as to why the cars now came so late to the Simferopol station to gather travelers.

"Because it is no longer safe, lady. Outside the station our motors would be stolen or broken by the soldiers, and on the road we should be stopped and attacked by the same comrades if we traveled early as of old; and you would probably be relieved of all your baggage."

Even down here in this delicious lost corner of our country, where the first of the revolution had passed so quietly, the troubles now had penetrated! I was silent under the stress of pity and regret for it all. Mike, suddenly feeling the strain on his nerves relaxed, dozed off, and I had all the beauty of our wonderful drive to myself. First through the fertile valleys, then up into the hills we went; and still upward till the rocks showed little vegetation and there was thick, soft snow in the crevasses, while the semitropical sun shone hot upon us, from a sky renowned for its invariable blue perfection.

Then over the pass, and at our feet, as we crossed it, lay the panorama, which for centuries had attracted beauty lovers to the Crimea, and which poets had sung and artists painted, without ever exhausting its resources. The revolution seemed impossible in this paradise. No wonder invalids came, and that so many poor exiles now chose it as their refuge. In terraces downward, first rocks, then woods, then vineyards and small prosperous fields, while below those again lay gardens riotous with greenery and flowers, edging the waters of the laughing, sparkling turquoise sea. The latter changed to deep purple and emerald green in spots, where it was lined with seaweeds or where sharp yellow crags pierced its smooth surface, standing up for waves to gather round.

### Like a Pilgrim in Paradise

Hanging to the mountain's side were picturesque villages, with pink and blue terraced houses and showers of climbing roses. The Oriental Tartars lived in these, clustered about their white mosques. The mosques themselves fitted the landscape much better than did the occasional orthodox churches one saw, and evidently many visitors from afar appreciated this fact, for a great percentage of the villas and palaces half hidden in their parks were of the Moorish type, and white. It was all silent, rich, orderly and of a fairylike splendor, and after the past weeks in Kief, and our discouragements, I was ready to cry with joy in it all. I felt I knew just how a pilgrim appreciated paradise after a stage in purgatory.

Downward we wound, and the temperature changed so rapidly that within a short half hour I dragged off first my furs, then cloaks and finally my sweater, and we opened all the car windows to let in the feast of fresh sea air and sun, soft to the touch. We stopped near a small restaurant on the quai in the first town we reached, and were served quickly and with a smile by a pretty country girl, who recognized me from my last trip and asked for the children.

Never in my life had coffee and rich cream, hot toasts and fruits tasted so good, Mike woke up and did full justice to his share of the food. He still looked haggard; but his spirits were answering to the charm of our surroundings, and I hoped the Crimea would mend his health enough to make the long trip northward that must follow seem easier to him.

After breakfast our road skirted the coast, through woods and charming watering places, where gay hotel guests in pretty clothes were shopping or strolling and listening to the music, as if wars and revolutions were far away indeed. By Yalta, rich and luxurious still; and beyond it, we passed Livadia and Oreanda, with the imperial palaces shining in the light. No wonder the ex-Emperor had loved this, his private home, which did not belong to the state. I thought of the large family

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living now, crowded into that small, far-away house, in a freezing Siberian town. What a contrast to all this!

Ei-ta-dor came next, where the poor Empress-Mother lived with her daughter and the latter's family, under surveillance now, and without the right to pass these gates. All their hopes and faith of the spring were done for, and gone. Tchaire also we passed, where the old chief was, like a wounded lion hidden from view, under arrest, with sentinels at his gates, though still allowed a few faithful attendants, with Orloff at their head, never complaining, never protesting; though I was told he was breaking from his grief at Russia's abasement.

Finally we reached my mother-in-law's villa at Siméiz—simple but comfortable and pretty, all white, with a garden of roses in bloom and a view of mountains behind and sea before, and large enough to house her group quite easily. There was great excitement over our arrival. She had not seen her son since she had been in Petrograd, where the princess and Mike had lived the first days of the revolution together. I also had not met her since the spring. She was greatly distressed by my husband's evident bad health, and glad we had left Kief. Mike reported as to her business, and it seemed she and her household might consider themselves protected and comfortable for a year ahead at least by his arrangements. She had settled herself in the Villa Selbi for that long, and we brought additions to her of money and provisions—enough to stand a siege.

### *Russian Opinion*

The only danger was from the motor loads of Bolshevik soldiers or marines, who made expeditions from Sebastopol all over the country to steal and kill. They especially threatened the members of the imperial family farther along the coast; but were a danger to all rich refugees, and the latter lived in constant fear of such visitations. My mother-in-law had entirely changed her feelings toward the revolution during the summer months, and from her immense enthusiasm she had passed to an especial horror of those first revolutionaries who had established the provisional government. She could not find words strong enough to express her anger and contempt, and she vowed that when she should be able to go beyond the frontier she meant to live always away from Russia, and never again have to do with any of our people. Her French powers of expression served her well in the present condition of her mind.

I saw no one else, however, who took quite her point of view, though all the Russians who had taken refuge on these southern shores were pathetic sufferers, having lost heavily by the revolutionary movement, and were terribly discouraged. Nearly all had had estates, which were now gone. Poor Princess Wiazimsky had lost two sons, besides—one killed by accident in the streets of Petrograd, one murdered by his peasants on his country estate; but when I saw her she was very calm and gentle and even seemed to trust in Russia's future. Sazonoff, whom I met at Yalta, and who also had lost his fortune, was hopeful, he said, that the Bolshevik régime would now precipitate events to such an extent that either there would be a sudden reaction in our country round some Napoleonic leader or if that was impossible that the Allies would be obliged in their own interests to interfere; and he preached courage and confidence on this basis. Orloff was as cool as in the spring. He admitted danger to the old grand duke, and incidentally to himself; but he hoped for the best, and he considered the Crimea comparatively safe for average inhabitants. The Tartars were conservative, owning land themselves; and he counted on their taking care of the refugees, if only in order to exploit them.

We tried to see the old chief, but permission was refused to all coming from outside; and it was the same with reference to the occupants of Ei-ta-dor whom I asked about; so we had to be content with messages sent back and forth. Everyone was very brave, I thought; and the exiles all seemed ready to do anything possible to help one another. They were determined to give way to anxiety only when they should be sure they could not escape the threatened dangers. Meantime they lived quietly and simply, saw one another sociably in Yalta, and tried to rest a little from the fatigues of the past three years. Every Russian noble I saw was more sad about the war than about his own private distresses, and each one said anything could be forgiven but the revolutionists' failure to keep faith with our allies.

Some feared our defection might mean Germany's victory in the war, and this thought caused the worst suffering. No one blamed the people much; on the contrary many said the revolution in the long run would develop our nation. Of course without exception these aristocrats deplored the passing of the old, beautiful traditions and the poetry of our country life with its patriarchal relations between proprietor and peasant; and undoubtedly these had disappeared for good. All spoke with pity of the poor Emperor and his danger, and the sad, imprisoned life of the imperials here in the Crimea.

Again I was struck with the extreme beauty of the Russian nature, its strength of faith and patience, its dignity, and the gentle generosity and fine breeding which our troubles only had brought out. Not a sign of panic nor of envy for us who were going away, out of it all. Only care was expressed, and anxiety and good wishes for our safety in the long journey.

Two weeks passed all too quickly. To me saying good-by was hard, and I didn't want to go, leaving all these associates of years behind; yet the reasons for our departure made it seem imperative: If my husband was ever to regain health and strength it could only be by going quite away from all these surroundings, with their tragic influences. There was nothing more he could do to serve the country now; and with means of communication cut be and I should be but two more mouths to feed from the family supplies; whereas, beyond the frontiers we no longer depended on these.

It was infinitely difficult, we found, to get places and tickets to go north to Petrograd; but fortune served us again, and a kind friend who was giving up her trip ceded us two compartments which she had retained long ago. By an amazing miracle the soviet of Sebastopol sailors replied to Mike's telegraphic request, granting us permission to pass through their fortress city and embark upon our journey from the railroad terminus there. Mike's family would not believe this permission possible till we proved it to them by exhibiting our telegram. I was immensely grateful for this boon, for it would be possible to settle ourselves and our belongings in the empty train, and we had some hope we might even hold the reserved places we had paid for, since it was a direct express train we were taking.

### *Pessimistic Farewells*

The final good-bys were distressing, and I feared very much we might never see our family again. I hated leaving all its members to such danger; and it was hard for the poor old princess to go through such trials at seventy, and after her easy and luxurious life; as it was also for my two sisters-in-law and their children, all in fragile health, and with despair in their hearts, to face the future. They made a tragic picture as we parted.

It was the twenty-second of November, and though we were leaving the southern coast bathed in sunshine and draped in flowers our mood was not in tune. Numerous pessimistic friends foretold that our telegram from the Sebastopol soviet was a trap, and they were not reassuring as to what would happen to us when we got into the Bolshevik's fortified city. They felt sure we would be attacked or at least detained under arrest. Others, equally dismal, said this first part of our travels might turn out all right, but once embarked on the train our troubles would certainly begin; and they told us the express trains were especially ill treated. The Cossacks on the Don River were gathering under Generals Kaledine and Korniloff, who had now escaped from his prison during an uprising at staff headquarters and had managed to traverse half of Russia incognito, joining Kaledine at Novoe-Tcherkass.

A battle was expected between these and the Bolshevik forces moving to meet them from Moscow, while the Ukrainians were also sending troops from Kief and Poltava. No one knew on which side these latter would take part. We should undoubtedly be caught between two fires, we were told, and killed in the scrimmages. We heard that there was no food in Petrograd, and that everyone was being assassinated; while permission to go beyond the frontier was always refused. The refrain of all conversations was the utter folly of our attempt.

My husband and I discussed with some hesitation what we should do, but finally decided circumstances would not be improving for a long time, and that if we wanted to go abroad we must try to do so now. Going seemed a necessity, because of Mike's health, and from every point of view we found it better to put our luck to the test while we still had sufficient strength of nerve, and money in plenty, and while communications seemed to be possible. We knew if the Cossacks' raiding cut the country in two or if the railroads broke down through strikes we should be tied up in a bag in the Crimea, helpless to carry out our plan.

Having once decided, we promised ourselves that whatever happened we would not regret our present act and that we would leave no possible stone unturned to get through successfully. If at Petrograd we could not push on to foreign lands we would simply gather what ready money we could from there, and somehow manage to return and establish ourselves near the family group for an indefinite stay. Meanwhile we were ready to pay in coin and with all our resources, to get through.

By way of beginning, my jewels were sewed into our traveling clothes, where they would attract less attention and be less encumbering than in the jewel case. We then divided our money, so that each should carry half, in case one or the other should be searched or robbed or we became separated. For an emergency we took ten thousand rubles in bills. We reduced our baggage to the last limits, leaving two trunks to my mother-in-law in case of our return, and with our determination wound up for any emergency we took the plunge.

### *In Sebastopol*

Davidka started ahead by some hours, taking our trunks in a cart with a *troika* of good horses, and we followed by motor. He was to wait for us at the gates of Sebastopol, since Mike had the pass for us all on one paper. Mike was in civilian clothes, but our passports naturally gave our names and rank, and we were obliged to show them. I counted much on Davidka's soldier uniform to help us in case of accidents. We were too excited to talk much during our long drive, and we were preoccupied with our fears of many things. Upward we climbed to the pass in the mountains, and from there turned for a last silent look at the beautiful garden of paradise. The Crimea was below. As we came out of the narrow Baidarsky gateway in the rocks and faced northward the bleak cold winds blew against us with a flurry of snow. Two or three hours we traveled onward through it to the battlefield of Balaklava, and passed the monuments of French, English and Russian soldiers who had died and been buried there, where they had been enemies in that great fight of long ago. Then we reached the outside fortifications of Sebastopol and were stopped at the guardhouse.

Davidka and his cart were already there. Instead of the amiable dapper officer of old-régime days two rough soldiers with sullen faces came to meet us; but they were neither untidy nor drunk, and they read our pass and then examined our passports with gruff but perfectly intelligent comments. They were not entirely pleased with Mike's passport and mine, and hesitated a moment, while of course my heart went down into my boots. Mike explained we were only going through the city, leaving by the night train for Petrograd; and they finally acquiesced, and said we might go in. I could have embraced them for being so kind and hospitable.

We went to the hotel, dined and had time to read a paper and to take a turn about the town. It had acquired an evil reputation lately with the inhabitants of the regions where we had been; and ever since late June, when Admiral Koltchak had been dismissed by his fleet, destruction and disorder had radiated from Sebastopol over the countryside; but now the place—though its sinister quiet and emptiness gave it an impressive atmosphere—was clean, and the most perfect order reigned. There were no crowds in the street, and no soldier deserters to be seen anywhere. All the sailors were trim and neatly dressed and freshly shaved, so I had a charming and restful impression.

However, at the hotel the director bewailed losses suffered through dearth of travelers and through constant requisition of his provisions. Some French officers were in the hotel, mainly young aviators; but they seemed on the eve of departure, and otherwise the house was practically vacant. At the station the same impression—few travelers, no motley public at all, almost no soldiers, a sprinkling of smart sailors and naval officers with their families; everything clean, and business being run without confusion.

We found our train easily and quickly, and our car, also. We paid twice the old prices or more, and we discovered that we had a trunk's weight more baggage than the very latest laws allowed. We were ordered to leave the trunk at first; but this was so distressing that Mike gave Davidka unlimited powers to act for us, knowing the influence of a soldier's position. Our man did his best, and after a half hour he came to tell us the trunk would not be confiscated but might go along in spite of the recent rule; only he had been obliged to buy an extra first-class ticket all the way to Petrograd, and to spend fifty rubles besides in bribes, because the ticket would not be used!

We did not think of regretting our rubles, and were only too delighted to get on so well.

In the train we had two compartments adjoining, and a dressing room; so if the comrade soldiers did not invade our premises we might count on a very comfortable trip. At first everyone had plenty of room. Two brawny sailors of the garrison got on our car, merely telling the conductor they wished to do so, by way of excuse; but they promised incidentally to see that we had no other inconvenient guests during the trip. They were allowed to sleep in our corridor. They soon settled down and chatted quite genially with Davidka.

The conversation seemed quite like old times, as I listened from my berth. I had put Élène with Davidka, and kept Mike with me for the sake of protection, with doors between the servants and ourselves all open; and we piled plaids and baskets, with our bags, against windows so the station mobs along the road would think our places crowded and would not be tempted in. There was no longer a pillow or a blanket or sheets left in any car. One of my windows was cracked from top to bottom, and of course undressing was impossible; but it was much to be able to lie down and stretch out, even if at any moment an invasion might be expected. I shivered to think of the masses awaiting our train at Simferopol and elsewhere on our route.

### *Rough Travel*

For the moment we could, however, count on a few hours of tranquil sleep, and we all hastened to seize that, having arranged in case of difficulty that our servants could simply give up their compartment completely and join us in ours. Élène and I would then divide the upper berth, leaving Mike and his valet below.

I slept soundly till about two A. M. Then in a panic I awoke, and listened to howls and shrieks, thumps and bumps all about me. One woman, hysterical in the corridor, whose baggage was lost and whose hat with various other possessions had been dragged from her by the crowd, according to her complaints; another feminine voice broken by sobs told the same sort of tale farther on. Soldiers tramping and jumping to get warm on top of our roof; loud calls and oaths; more travelers with bags and bundles in the corridor; then a fight at the door, and sounds of broken glass, falling bodies and high words; threats of firing; laughter; irony; and taking by storm of the cars beyond; and our sailors could be heard keeping their word to us, for no intruders invaded our car.

A window crashed just beyond me; and then a heavy thing was thrown against one of our own. Fortunately it held; and this seemed to discourage the attacking party. Insults and cries of "Capitalists!" "Bourgeois!" And I saw Mike feel for his revolver. We both sat up and waited in silence for what might come.

Nothing happened; and the train drew out of Simferopol, leaving a vociferating group of seething humanity behind us. I took courage from this first experience, and

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went to sleep again; but we were told there would be other stations, where the crowd was worse than this had been; and we spent many anxious hours.

Our sailor protectors were truly admirable. They were the greatest aid and comfort, fraternized with Davidka and Elène, and looked after our safety always. They admitted to the premises, during the two days and three nights to Petrograd, those who showed proper tickets for their reserved places in our car, and they made exception only for three wounded soldiers, for whom they begged our hospitality. One of these was shot through the lung and could scarcely breathe; another, with a stomach wound, lay on his back; and the third was lacking both legs. There were no Red Cross trains since the revolution to transport such misery, and the wounded depended on chance. These had been fortunate, for our big sailors and Davidka helped the poor fellows as much as they could, while Mike often talked to them and saw to their comfort and we gave them tea and biscuits from time to time. With these men it didn't seem to matter about the revolution; or else it was because there was no German agent near enough to stir up trouble between us.

Safely we passed through the Cossack country, and the city of Kharkoff was one of our stops. When, the next day, we reached Moscow we read in special telegrams sold in the station that there had just been a battle in the night at this same Kharkoff, and all communications were cut off with the south—our train having probably been the last to go through.

Finally, after all our false alarms, we reached the capital, twenty-four hours late but quite content, though our trip had cost nearly two thousand rubles, when in old times three hundred would have amply paid for it. We thanked our protectors, the two sailors, for their good services, and we bade our wounded soldiers good-by, while they with enthusiasm all wished us well. We had had warm relations with them, such as certainly could never have existed in any other country in a like situation. It takes Russians to be so unexpectedly simple in the midst of complications.

We read in the papers on the road of the mutinous uprising at staff headquarters when the commander in chief, General Doukhonin, had been arrested and finally murdered in the railway station during his embarkation on the train for Petrograd. A comrade of Mike's, who had escaped from the fracas at the staff, afterward told us the murderer was an Austrian officer, disguised as a Russian sailor; that General Doukhonin had known him in Vienna, where he had been before the war, and that he had called the false sailor by name before the latter struck him down.

### Winter Palace Orgies

Petrograd looked frightfully run down. The streets were lost in deep snow, frozen hard on them, but worn in ruts and holes; and the going was dreadful. The crowds were greater and more disorderly than ever. Hardly anyone ventured out at night without accident, which consisted generally in their being stopped and relieved of their money, furs, woolen clothes and boots, then left to go their way almost naked in the cold. Misery stared at once out of every decent face. It was the dreadful soldiers who had now taken to selling every kind of stolen merchandise, and we bought on the street pavements several rare and valuable editions for absurdly small prices. Evidently these came from some of the palaces, which were being constantly looted.

Half of the shops were closed, and many had been sacked and their windows left broken, or were boarded up against the street. Criminals infested the town, well-to-do people were feeling the pinch of actual hunger, while the honest poor were starving. The hideous Red Guards—who looked like men I have seen depicted in old French paintings representing the Reign of Terror in Paris—were "keeping order" on all sides, dressed in rough clothes, with occasionally some fine garment in their make-up, evidently stolen.

These men stalked about or sat at street corners, with excellent guns, drawn from our old reserves, loaded and slung over their shoulders by a rope or hanging loosely over an arm or even sometimes being used to bump along, as walking sticks. With such treatment guns were always going off.

At the street corners fires were built and kept burning to warm these new protectors of the government; and I personally saw many a Red Guardsman use the barrel or the bayonet fixed to the barrel of his loaded gun to stir the blaze. Constantly also one heard machine guns firing in various quarters of the city; and occasionally passers-by would rush for shelter under doorways as the shooting approached; but no one stayed at home because of it, for it had become a matter of constant recurrence.

Prices of everything had soared to the sky, and people were obliged to pay or to go unfed, unclothed and unwarmed. There is no word for the general depression, yet I saw all my old friends who were still there, and I found them glad to talk of outside things or to laugh with sudden gay irony at some comic incident of their own plight, and they tried to forget their troubles always for a little while. General Kamaroff was still in charge in the Winter Palace, and he told us of the horrible days when at the end of October the great building had been taken and sacked by the mob. I myself saw its broken panes of glass and the walls riddled with bullets; and from several eyewitnesses we heard details of the multitude's work. Strangely enough, the rabble had passed by furniture, paintings, porcelains and bronzes of great value, and had even looked at a vitrine of ancient Greek jewelry wrought in pure gold. Saying disdainfully "Those are toys," they had let them stand; and then they hustled one another to cut leather coverings off the seats of modern chairs in anterooms and in the Emperor's sitting room; and to knock down gilded plaster from the walls, sure it must be real gold. The great Malachite Hall had been smashed beyond repair, and infinite damage was done to some of the upper apartments of ceremony. The cellars had been robbed, till all the crowd was dead drunk.

### The Electric Guillotine

All over town the tragedy oppressed one, and the splendid capital seemed like some luxurious and renowned beauty dying in the gutter, disfigured and disgraced. On the street I heard German spoken constantly and openly, and doubtful-looking men with unmistakably German faces and clothes went about with assurance. The deputies from the German Government had arrived, with Count Mirbach at their head, and Brönstein alias Trotzky was entertaining them. General Kamaroff told me he had had a written communication from Trotzky ordering him to send silver and linen from the imperial storehouse at the Winter Palace to the hotel where these German deputies were to be lodged. Naturally he had paid no attention whatever to this document, and Trotzky had not protested, but had, Kamaroff thought, given the visitors such supplies as they needed from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, where he was himself established, and on which now hung a great white placard. On this was written, "Welcome to Peace!"

Tatischtcheff I also saw, and he told us of Trotzky's entry into the ministry after Téréschtchenko's arrest, and of the assembled group of secretaries and officials, himself at their head, who, handing Trotzky the keys to all the cupboards and then bowing themselves out, had left their resignations piled on the center table. He pictured the new minister's surprise and his perplexity as to how he should get on without their services; of his threat to publish all the secret treaties of Russia with her Allies—a threat that was quite empty, though the creature did not know it, since long ago all important documents had been spirited away by loyal hands and could not be traced.

The Germans had arrogantly protested against the hotel where they were lodged, saying it was not good enough; and not daring to offer the Winter Palace, Trotzky had moved them to the Astoria Hotel, where they held high carnival. The conservative papers were printed only irregularly, and there were a hundred anarchistic sheets each day, of mushroom growth, which detailed the dastardly ambitions of the new leaders, with reference to peace and German occupation; and then advertising new measures and inventions, such as the degrading of all officers to the ranks and the new arrangement by which there were to be no commanders but only equal soldiers. Also the new guillotine was described, which was to be erected in the Palace Square. It was to be worked by electricity and could cut off five hundred heads at each blow.

Each day some part of the city was in darkness, and the water supply was constantly expected to break down. All other public service was erratic, and telephones and cabs were entirely accidental luxuries.

Even in our well-organized hotel, where we had gone into my same old apartment with almost a feeling of home-coming and of being protected, everything was more or less up in the air. We could not complain, however, as compared to those about us we lived in the lap of quiet luxury. By some miracle we had kept the good will of the hotel servants, who gave us admirable care. Even when one day there was a strike below-stairs, and the hotel guests were without food, the waiter on our floor confided to me with his ever-ready grin: "Your Highnesses shall have your lunch and dinner as usual, served here in the salon, since we do not wish you to be inconvenienced."

And so it was. Afterward I learned our party were the only people in the hotel who had had any meals. It was quite puzzling. Mike accused me of being in league with the Bolsheviki; but I have never understood the real reasons for the curious protecting influence that hovered about us through all our stay in Petrograd, unless it came from the devotion of these servants, whom I had known and often talked with through the three years I had been occupying that same apartment during my brief visits to the capital. I had done some of them small favors, but not enough to explain their present kindness. However, our relations had always been excellent, and the chambermaid had an ancient friendship with Elène.

The most mysterious proof of this care for us was an occurrence on the evening of our arrival. We had been warned by the hotel director on that first day of the constant visits the Bolsheviki made to our hotel to inspect and requisition arms; which requisition amounted to their carrying off anything that pleased their fancy. In consequence of this we had done up all our valuables at once, and had carried them to my bank, confiding them there to an old acquaintance, the manager of the Crédit-Lyonnais—all except my string of pearls, of which I was particularly fond, and some earrings, rings and pins I habitually wore. That evening we had dined, keeping with us a friend who had dropped in casually, and when the latter left us, about ten, Mike finished smoking and we moved to our bedrooms and began preparations for the night.

### The Faithful Mascot Again

My room and my husband's communicated, and they were between Davidka's room, on Mike's left, and the salon, on my right, while my maid was placed alone, somewhat farther down the corridor. All our doors on the corridor were locked. In a dressing gown I was seated at my mirror, brushing my hair, with clothes tossed on chairs and odds and ends spread on the dressing table, when a knock on the salon door attracted my attention.

Too lazy to rise and open it, I called out: "That door is locked. Go to Number 15." Davidka slept there, and I spoke to Mike, asking him to tell Davidka to get whatever was being brought. Mike himself, always on the alert, went into his man's room just as the latter answered the summons from the hall. In an instant my husband was back at our communicating door.

He looked quite calm and said to me: "Quickly get ready! It is the Bolsheviki. I will hold them a minute or two in my room; but they will want to come in here."

Then Mike disappeared, and I heard loud conversation approaching from Davidka's room into his own. I seized my pearls and rings, and threw them high into my wardrobe, where they fell down behind the piles of lingerie there; then I hid my new slippers and my traveling boots behind the tub in the bathroom, and the Faberger bird went under a corner of the rug. There was nothing else I could put away, save my revolver, which I shoved into the lining of the empty traveling bag as it stood open. Clothes and furs and toilet silver must take their chances. I decided that in order not to seem too busy I would join Mike and his party.

I entered his room, and remained fixed on the threshold from sheer amazement, for our much-feared Bolsheviki were already going out of the doorway, and were saluting Mike respectfully in military fashion, and were giving him his title of General and begging his pardon for having disturbed us! I could scarcely believe my eyes and ears. Mike answered them amiably, and as they retired he closed the door and locked it, sending Davidka with the men, to show them Elène's room. The twelve sailors making up the party were commanded by a young doctor, and they had simply examined Mike's papers and had then said politely that these were perfectly in order and would pass. Two of the men had also remarked that they knew Mike since long before the revolution.

The following day our servants told us the sailors had left Davidka his revolver after some hesitation, and had said they knew all about his master, and that he was "ours." We have never comprehended to what we were indebted for such excellent treatment. Was it Mike's reputation since old times among his various commands as a liberal, and an officer they respected and were fond of? Was it the protection of the hotel servants and our own? Or was it sheer blind luck and the Faberger bird? At any rate we gratefully accepted results, and for the time being we eliminated the fear of Bolshevik inspection from our list of anxieties. Thereafter, though nearly every day bands of these men came to the house and things in all the rooms about us were confiscated, we lived with open doors and in complete unconcern, and they paid us no further visit.

### The Banker's Good Advice

Toward the end of our stay in Petrograd, as conditions grew worse, one day I had a telephone message from the manager of the Crédit-Lyonnais, asking me to come to his office on urgent business—if possible at once; and naturally I lost no time in going. He received me with the news that by a mere chance he had been informed of the probability of all banks—foreign as well as Russian—being raided and closed within a few days. Would I give him checks ahead on my account, for any sum we needed, to pay our traveling expenses? He would give me this money from funds he had in the management's private safe, and then he would replace this money later, when it became possible to cash my checks.

He said I must accept this arrangement, as already they were only allowed by law to pay out to their clients a thousand rubles a day, and even this would soon stop with the complete closing of the banks; after which no one could act.

Mike's money, he knew, was in a Russian bank and could not be touched; and "I want you and your husband to be able to leave the capital on the day fixed, so you must take my advice, princess, and immediately. Also to-day, please carry your jewels home with you. If anything should happen to me you could not get them, for I put your packages in my private safe. One never knows; even if I am here the Bolsheviki may take it into their heads to confiscate all such objects; and insurance can't even be claimed."

After a little hesitation I did as Monsieur C—— suggested. I made a rapid calculation of what we should need till our departure and for the trip, and I wrote him at his desk a series of checks, of one thousand rubles each, dated to follow one another on successive days; then he handed me the ten or eleven thousand rubles which I needed, in bills.

By way of recommendation he added: "Buy as many five-hundred-ruble bills of the old régime as you can find, even paying a premium for them, in your hotel and in any shops. On these you will get a good rate of exchange, even if our values here should drop still lower than now. The Germans are collecting these in Stockholm and in Copenhagen, and you mean to go that way, I understand. I have already given you all of those which I have here."

Infinitely grateful I tried vainly to put my thanks into words; and I asked with interest what he meant to do, and what would become of him? He laughed.

"I am waiting the Bolsheviki's orders," he said, "and we are quite expecting their invasion here. Our books are all prepared for their inspection. I think they won't ill-treat us seriously, as we are a French institution; but accidentally some of us might be killed. I know I am taking chances."

I inquired if my checks and his payment of them would not perhaps augment his difficulties.

"Don't think of that, please, princess," he replied. "I believe the men who will

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come here cannot judge of any accounts they see. If they disapprove of this it is a very small detail as compared to all the other irregularities I have on my conscience. For months I have been running the bank to fit outside circumstances and the needs of our clients, taking care of the latter as best we could; and it has necessitated unconventional action constantly. If you hear I am killed don't you and your husband reproach yourselves. I shall not die for you, most surely. Good-by, princess, and good luck, and if you find I can serve you in case I have lived through all this racket let me know."

One couldn't have rendered a more thoughtful service in a kinder manner. He had been correct in his information, for the very next morning the Bolsheviki took over, occupied and closed every bank in town. All the directors were arrested and taken to Smolny Institute, where the de facto government held high carnival in an orgy of confusion. Most of these gentlemen of finance were set at liberty soon after, on payment of high ransoms; but till we left Petrograd the banks remained closed, and had it not been for the providential warning and help of Monsieur C—— we should never have been able to leave Russia when we did.

The situation in the banks was very peculiar. The Bolsheviki—soldiers, sailors and Red Guardsmen—who had taken charge of them were sorely disappointed at not finding piles of gold and silver on the floors; which was apparently what they had expected. After a few days, remaining to guard premises which they considered valueless bored them extremely; and in many cases they announced this fact, and with disgust departed, leaving the banking houses empty and to the care of their own people. Banks were not allowed to open, however, even then except at certain hours once a week, for payment of money to factory owners, who must show the amount of their pay rolls in proof that what they drew in money was only to pay their workmen belonging to the association of the Red Guard.

Most people had money hidden away in the houses and apartments in which they lived, so at first the difficulty was not particularly felt but was regarded merely as an added anxiety for the future; but it helped to make the well-to-do public blue and lacking in confidence.

### Practical Camouflage

After I brought my jewels back to our hotel it became—in the constant uncertainty of life—a great question as to where we should keep them. We ended by tying them up in a bundle, together with our money, papers and other valuables; and then, wrapping the latter in a small white tablecloth, we kept this quaint object near the window of our salon. Outside this window was a small balcony, from which the deep snow had not been cleaned, and we decided that should by chance our rooms be subjected to an unwelcome visit of Bolsheviki or other thieves it would only be the act of a moment to drop our precious bundle outside into the snowdrift; then we counted on the whiteness of the tablecloth not to attract attention from anyone who looked out casually. The things could be fished up later, and would be saved in this way from loss, whatever damage might be done to our other possessions within the rooms. As a matter of fact, occasion never presented itself to put our scheme into execution; but the dangers and sufferings of those about us were so constant that we lived always with the idea our turn might come. Either Mike or I always remained at home, to be on hand in case of such accidents.

It was quite dreadful to see the troubles of those surrounding us, most of whom had not our hope of getting away to lean upon. Constantly some one or another of our acquaintances was refused permission to pass beyond the frontiers; and money was beginning to give out. Even those who had large sums of ready money were intensely anxious, since most of this capital was in the banks, and these were closed, and more often than not they were without funds. Estates were confiscated, and practically all factories were out of commission. Town property was paying nothing, since no one settled rent or taxes. In my own case I discovered why.

I had a large piece of city property, given me years ago by my husband, which I managed myself. The intendant who looked after it informed me in September that none of the tenants—not even the municipality, which was the lessee of one apartment—had paid rent for six months, not in fact since the beginning of the revolution. I asked him why he, my business man, had not carried these cases to the courts.

"I have, Your Highness, but when your lawyer appeared to file complaints the court officials said they were not hearing any such cases now. It was quite useless, since no one could ever win out, and no one had any money to pay; so it finally had bored them to occupy themselves in such hopeless causes."

Then I suggested that we take the law into our own hands and give our tenants no *dvorniki* unless they paid their rent.

"This you may not do, Highness; for the *dvorniki* themselves will aid the tenants to destroy your property, and the mob will come from outside to help them. I have seen many such cases."

Finally I gave orders that till the first of January all the house expenses should be paid; and I left enough money with the intendant for this purpose; after which date he was to abandon the whole affair to take care of itself, and he was to pay no expenses or taxes till the inhabitants themselves should come to the rescue. At least it would not be a daily drain on me, and as proclamations announced that all city property would shortly be nationalized it seemed unnecessary to take care of it further. I found in questioning other proprietors that they were all going through my experiences and reaching my decisions; and General Kamaroff told me that even in the buildings belonging to the court and at present to the government conditions were identical, with neither laws nor police to mete out justice.

### A Sensible Messenger

It certainly looked bad for the future of the government's finances as well as for our own; and it also seemed as if soon all the city houses would be falling in ruins, since no repairs were being made and our climatic conditions were so bad. These dangers of poverty and disorder never seemed to strike the demagogues in power. Trotzky made violent and bloodthirsty speeches, preaching anarchy and crime against the counter revolutionaries, posing himself as the "protector of the people's revolution." I never could make out just what he and his government counted on for their continued popularity. Evidently they had no plan for saving Russia or for doing anything rational. Also, obviously they were the agents of Germany, stirring the country to a vast chaos of misery and uncertainty. Probably they foresaw that in the end the people would be completely exhausted and ready to accept reconstruction at the hands of the enemy's officials, whom they could thus introduce to a population too weak to resist.

Meanwhile they offered the scum a long holiday and Trotzky seemed to harangue them with great success. Usually this happened at some immense meeting, about four o'clock in the morning. Between the two main criminals leading the country to disaster there were the ministries, nearly all closed, or "on strike," as it was called; but a few, like the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, did curious business in still more curious manner. With the secretaries and all his official staff gone Trotzky felt obliged to fill the rooms again, and he appointed any workers willing to accept the places. The head of one department was the door porter of the old régime Foreign Office; and the permanent chief of chancelleries, replacing Tatischtcheff, was an interpreter, a Levantine who had been used in old days at our embassy in Constantinople. He used to apologize for his new position when he met anyone he had served or known in ancient days.

One Sunday Elène received a visit from a friend of hers, a girl who had been at work in a shop till recently; and the girl told us the following tale: With the bad times the business at which she worked was closed, and since one must eat she had accepted a place at the Foreign Ministry—"though I have always worked before in respectable houses. However, now one cannot choose, and they offered me good pay. Also, I am head of the department which has to do with foreign papers, since I can read and write German, and I have also picked up a little French in the shop—enough to read and speak it badly; but in that crowd at the ministry my knowledge is precious; and constantly the men who must write papers in the Russian departments also come to me to ask how they must spell a word or form a sentence, because I know more of it than they do. I am very glad now that I went to school and learned well."

At another ministry one of the messengers was named to the direction of a department, and he, having served for years in that same ministry, realized fully the hopelessness of his position—also the ridiculousness of it. He at once called upon the man whom he was replacing, and the latter received his old messenger kindly.

"Well, Peter, and what can I do for you?" the ex-chief asked.

"Please, Excellency, I have so many favors from you in the past; but I come again to beg help! Will Your Excellency do my work, so it shall be well done, for the sake of the ministry? I have been named to your old place. Then we shall divide the pay, and afterward, when there is order again and these terrible times are over, perhaps Your Excellency will remember me and obtain for me my old post of messenger again."

Everywhere this was the situation. Tales were told which, when one is no longer in the same situation, seem even to me quite unbelievable, and which were comic to a degree though always they held such tragic suggestions. The base of the government upon which it all stood was Smolny. In the old buildings of the young ladies' institute, founded by Catherine the Great for the education of the daughters of her noblemen, there were held meetings in continuous session of disorganized groups of Bolsheviki. It was somewhat on the model of the Ukraine's rada, but those in Petrograd spent their whole time wrangling and struggling for power, while giving out proclamations on all subjects; and each man was doing business for himself without rime or reason, and with no result except the general augmentation of noise and confusion. It was here one must go to ask for passports or for anything else; and it was the merest accident as to what reply, if any, one received. Arrested people were taken there, and released or put into prison by the caprice of the individual to whom they were handed over; and no one was safe.

### Favor for Pro-Germans

Curiously, protection was given to certain people of the old régime, especially those who at court had belonged to the Occult Party. Schéglovitoff, who had been the brains of that clan, and had first occupied the chair of the Minister of Justice, then had been president of the council of the empire just before the revolution, was now released from his prison in the fortress and invited to take a portfolio in the Bolshevik cabinet. To do him justice, he refused this honor. Madame Wiroboff was released, too, and was so well furnished with money that she established herself with more luxury than she ever had in ancient times, and she now lived in a large apartment. She was, I heard, an intimate friend of Trotzky-Brönstein and the latter's wife, and I was told we should have no difficulty in obtaining passports if we addressed ourselves to her; but we did not consider this to be a possible method. General Woyeikoff and others of the same crowd were also set free, while special severity was shown toward the old liberals and the early revolutionists, as well as to the recently arrested provisional ministry. The German occupation was expected soon, and queer tales were afloat of letters which certain people were receiving, purporting to be from acquaintances they had made years ago in Germany and who by these documents promised them protection from all difficulties, once the enemy should be settled among us. I tried to verify some of these letters, as well as the rumors of talks with German officers disguised who were supposedly already in Petrograd; but I never obtained an admission from anyone of his having personally received such a letter or had such a conversation; and except for the fact before stated that German was often heard openly spoken on the streets I never succeeded in establishing any proof of these stories. The whole atmosphere was, however, uncanny and tragic.

Perhaps the most deplorable situation was that of the officers of both the army and navy. They were degraded from their rank and they walked about minus their epaulets, unpaid and literally starving. One of the railroad stations wanted to engage a group of them as baggage porters; General Kamaroff tried to take another group to cut the wood for the stoves in the public buildings. All this was not allowed. "They are intelligencia, and can use their science and work with reading and writing, which we cannot do. Let them then do that and not take the bread from us poor men," was the reply the rabble government gave in each case. Pensions were abolished for the old and weak, for government officials retired, and for all officers both wounded and well; also for all those wearing the St. George's Cross, which decoration had formerly carried a small pension with it. This last measure affected many soldiers, too, which made a commencement of discontent in their circles against the workmen Red Guards, who were now on the top of the wave.

As to the officers, they and their families were dying of want, when they were not being actually killed by mutinous troops. Some friends of ours picked up a starving officer who when discovered unconscious had on no underclothes beneath his uniform, and had eaten no food for three days. He had tramped the streets looking for any kind of work. A charming little woman whom I had known previously came to me to ask for sewing, and told me that her husband, decorated for bravery and twice wounded, was now without pay, pension or work. Cases like these could be counted by the thousands, and stories of the torturing and murdering of officers on every side were too horrible to relate, and occurred constantly.

### Our Plucky Ambassador

The foreigners were greatly worried. They were not allowed to count on protection in Russia, or on permission to leave. Their situation was certainly most precarious. I heard from all those who met the French, both of the embassy and of the military mission, that they were loud in their complaints and accusations and in their unconcealed anger against our country and its people of all classes. The British kept much cooler, though they were even more harassed than the French were, because Sir George Buchanan with great dignity but continued determination had refused to receive Trotzky or to have anything to do with him, and had refused also the Red Guards that were offered him for the protection of the embassy. Monsieur Noulens had, on the contrary, had an interview with Trotzky at the French Embassy, and had also accepted from the actual government a guard, which I believe was composed of Polish troops. One day I saw Lady Georgiana when I went to call, and I found her very anxious, as poor Sir George was ill in bed. She said they were hoping to get away from Russia soon, though as yet they could not obtain permission, and she was quite brave, though extremely indignant at the treatment they were receiving. The Italian Ambassador had immediately fallen ill and left Petrograd when the Bolsheviki came into power.

Mr. Francis was as usual cheerful and amiable, and deeply interested in the historical situation he lived in; and in a most difficult position he seemed full of strength and resources. He hoped for the successful interference of the Cossacks, led by Kaledine and Korniloff, and though we were not converted by his optimism we could not but admire the splendid spirit and the fearlessness of the American Ambassador. Once he admitted that he was somewhat disappointed in the Russian people or in the use they had made of their great boon of liberty, but this was merely in passing; and it evidently never occurred to him to leave his post, whatever came; though he spoke quite frankly of the threats and dangers to which he was constantly subjected. He had refused the guards offered by the government for the embassy, while permitting General Judson, head of the military mission, to accept them for his offices, and the ambassador and his secretaries were themselves keeping guard at the embassy night and day. The embassy staff equaled their chief in pluck and good spirits, and one was full of admiration for the little group. We personally felt immense gratitude for their many kindnesses in helping us to arrange our departure.

In spite of everyone's predictions we had obtained our passports. Mike, without trying any byways or protections, intrigues or bribes, had merely spoken with the hotel man who looked after such documents for

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those living in the house, and had ended by driving with this man to Smolny one morning, to ask the permission necessary, before applying to the police for passports to go beyond the frontier. At Smolny, where they had been scarcely noticed, a soldier had directed them to a large room, on the door of which they saw written "Passports." Here they had knocked, been admitted, and found themselves opposite a Jewess, who wrote out the application which Mike had signed. Then she had taken over all our papers of identification and our old passports, saying there would be a reply in three days. Then we waited five days, of which the last two were spent in acute anxiety as to what answer would be given us.

Finally the passport agent returned from Smolny on the fifth day and came to our rooms at once, saying with what seemed real pleasure: "See, Highness, your papers are all here and in order; and you are the only people to whom permission has been granted. These others are all refusals." And he showed a large bunch of papers that he carried. Needless to say Mike gave the man a fat tip, but again we could not understand the mystery of our success in these circumstances.

After this we were still in Petrograd about two weeks, till all the formality of the making out of passports had been gone through. These were most complicated. With Smolny's permission we claimed and received ordinary passports from the municipality police section; then the general staff, because they did not recognize Smolny, gave us military passports. The fact that America did not recognize the Bolshevik government either, made it necessary for the American Embassy to give us still another set of documents for admission to the United States. Besides this we had to obtain visés from the Swedish, Danish and British legations and control offices. These were finished at last and we were able to turn to the question of tickets, which came to us through someone's giving up accommodations taken long before; the same luck we had had in the Crimea.

### Hiding the Diamonds

All these various complications and arrangements progressed slowly, and frequently we were obliged to change details in our plans. Each time panic seized us lest everything should fail; or lest, if we stayed too long, the railroad strike, which was daily threatened, should shut us in. My husband's health suffered extremely from the cold. He was on the verge of nervous breakdown, and I was very weary of the struggle; but each day more than ever I felt convinced we must and would go somehow, and I was less worried since our first success in obtaining passports.

We gave up the trip we had planned through Siberia and Japan, on account of the cold and the disorders on the railroads; also, because we heard there were violent outbreaks along the road in the big cities, and because a three weeks' trip in such circumstances seemed impossible in my husband's failing condition. When finally we were sure we should go by the Swedish route I was greatly relieved, and I gladly went on with the work of our arrangements. At the last moment the problem of what to do with my jewels became the white elephant of our difficulties and I grew almost to hate all the pretty things I had always worn with such delight.

Finally Mike left the disposition and hiding of my jewelry to me. I sewed it in my furs and heavier clothes, scattering the latter about in different trunks, with a silent prayer that I was choosing places wisely, where rough soldier hands would not encounter their weight or hard surfaces. I also sewed in various stiff collars of dresses or coats a quantity of the old régime five-hundred-ruble notes, which according to Monsieur C——'s instructions we had collected. My most valuable stones, pearls and diamonds I fastened to the inside of my traveling muff and boa, between the fur, which was heavy and stiff, and the cotton stuffing of the linings, where except for a slight addition to the fur's weight they could not be noticed. Also some smaller things I put between my hat form and its ribbon trimmings.

With all these placed as they were I could quite easily undress if necessary, without an appearance of having anything to hide or calling attention to the valuables. Mike carried only the sum of money allowed, and all our necessary papers, putting them quite visibly in his portfolio, while I had a small sum of money in my purse, so that we should not rouse suspicions by seeming too poor. Elène also carried money and some jewels scattered in her small trunk. Mike had the brilliant idea of calling in the hotel painter, who the day before we left, under our direction, covered over the crowns and monograms on our trunks and bags with black or white paint, roughly splashed, and who made our belongings look as shabby and smeared as possible.

We wore for the trip clothes which had served for hunting and winter sports in the country, and which looked unpretentious, shapeless and somewhat shabby, though they were warm and comfortable. We decided we would thus be quite inconspicuous in the crowd of travelers.

At the entrance to Finland our passports fell into the hands of an officer who by chance had known Mike in the army, and who took pains to be very polite and to make no trouble. Several other passengers were stopped and turned back to Petrograd from this station in spite of their protests. That night in the train we were quiet, and all the next day as well. We heard we were eight hours late, and we wondered what effect that would have on the feelings and the humors of the soldiers who awaited us at the customhouse. As we approached the frontier we noticed the general agitation, and Mike grew feverish, while I felt very cold, somehow. We saw the passengers round us destroying letters and papers, and we did the same, leaving only our documents of identification.

As we reached the station of Torneå we realized our train had been very warm and comfortable, for outside in the dark night the thermometer registered thirty-three degrees below freezing, and it was almost impossible to breathe. When we went into the station a row of soldiers behind the low counter on which baggage must be examined, looking tired and sleepy, sat about, dully talking to one another. We preceded the crowd which entered, and there among the men I saw one drowsy, good-natured face which attracted my attention at once.

I said to Mike, "Let us choose that man," and we instantly had our bags carried and laid upon the counter in front of him.

He opened Elène's, and finding nothing of interest passed on. I think he judged us poor, and probably without anything worth confiscating in our baggage, we ourselves seemed so shabby. However, he opened one of my bags and fingered casually a blue serge costume, which he regarded with indifference. He never guessed that under his hand in its high stiff collar I had sewed five thousand rubles. The other bags were even less exciting, though he did draw a time-table map of Russia from Mike's, saying that if the latter wished to take this with him abroad he must go with it to the censor. Mike made him a present of it, saying it had lost its use for him, since we were leaving Russia.

### More Good Fortune

In one of my bags he found a few sheets of white writing paper with their envelopes lying on top; and he opened each one of these, holding it to the light to see that nothing was written there; then he captured a sheet of black tissue paper Elène had laid on top of my dressing gown. This he held up to the light with the greatest interest; but when I offered it to him as a gift he put it back again with a grunt. We were entirely patient, and we encouraged him, saying how well it was to look carefully into everything; and we made as if we would continue opening bags and plaid rolls till the fellow said it was enough; and then with my best smile I pointed out our trunks and asked when I should open those.

"You need not do that at all," he answered, amiably enough. "You evidently have nothing of importance or which is forbidden. You are three people, and there are but four trunks."

With the weight of the knowledge of all that lay in my trunks in the way of jewels, furs, laces and clothes; also money, and five ancient, valuable oil paintings—which were heirlooms I had risked saving by rolling them at the bottom of one trunk—I carried also on my mind a terror of these ruffians and a fear they would arrest Mike. Now the former anxiety no longer existed since we had safely passed this ordeal of the customhouse examination, and I began to breathe more normally. Just then someone spoke to us from behind in a cordial voice and giving Mike his title, which seemed perhaps a little risky in such circumstances.

"Why, prince, is it really you, and can I do anything to help you? Your passports have just been put into my hands, and I was so glad to see them. Will you present me to your wife?"

We turned, and Mike recognized a young officer whom he had known at the Front. Under fire they had formed a sudden warm acquaintance, and my husband was delighted to see the nice young fellow again. He presented him to me, and we were soon chatting casually; and as if in ordinary times we gave him some news of Petrograd, while he told us he had already looked over and stamped our passports, adding: "Now if you are through here with these comrades you can go on and make your declaration as to money, and then continue to the restaurant, and dine there, while these other travelers are struggling through their interrogations."

He accompanied us, and Mike showed what money he had and made his declaration that we carried no gold coin, Russian or foreign. Then we passed into the dining room and ordered a hot supper. I felt ravenous after the long train trip and the extreme tension of the last hours. The young officer, whom we had invited to join us, came after a little, bringing a colleague who had also met Mike somewhere at the Front; and soon we were eating gayly and conversing.

### The Last Lap

Soon I noticed at the next table a group of five sailors listening to us with sinister expressions and extreme attention. One of them turned sidewise, and sat almost touching the back of Mike's chair, to hear better what the latter was saying of conditions and reports in the south. I signaled, and Mike changed the course of his remarks. Instantly the interest of his hearer flagged.

I felt as triumphant as the other travelers over our successful passage through the customhouse in spite of its dragons. I had always prided myself that no guilt of smuggling on any frontier was mine; but now I had no scruple with reference to the Bolshevik government, and I felt enough was to my credit in that direction in past years to balance the debts of to-night. Besides, we were carrying nothing away of all Mike's fortune, which lay behind us, confiscated and smoking, an absolute loss.

Having finished supper we gathered our effects together and put on our heavy coats again, and sending the baggage in one big sleigh ahead we followed behind in a second. A great, low, deep affair it was, with a soft straw cushion, upon which we stretched out with great carpets warmly tucked in about us. We pulled our furs high above our mouths, to breathe in the cold air through them. One young officer was to drive with us as far as the passport delivery at the frontier barrier, where the guard house stood, and where we heard one must get out for a last identification and to receive all one's papers before passing into Sweden.

As the sleigh slowed down, preparing to stop, the officer spoke: "You need not get out," he said. "Here are your passports, prince, and they are in order. I separated them from the others at the station already and have kept them for you. Take them and drive on, right through the barrier gate. I will answer for you."

And he stepped off the back of our sleigh and saluted, while our driver whipped the three horses of his troika and we dashed on over the soft snow, past the barrier, down the river bank and across the ice, climbing rapidly to the other side, with the lights of Haparanda just ahead of us.

We were in Sweden, and I turned back to look my last at the homeland we were leaving. A great white plain stretched out as far as we could see, but instead of being dark night now, and threatening, as when we had left our train, the sky over Russia was transformed and was hung with stars; and from the horizon on the Russian side rose high into the heavens the splendid halo of a most magnificent aurora borealis.

Perhaps this was a promise for the future of our unhappy country. Mysterious as always, it stretched out its great plains toward the light. And that was all we could see of Russia.

As I faced round again and looked at the station of Haparanda I gratefully realized we were out of danger now; and though exiles we were free.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles by Princess Cantacuzène.

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# THE QUITTER

(Continued from Page 11)

On another occasion his squad commander had to apply the boot to Windy to get him out of the dugout to his post when a barrage the boches put down lifted and the men rushed out to repel any attack that might come. He lay in a bunk, with a sick, cowed look on his face, until the noncom hauled him out by the neck and began to kick; then he stumbled up the stairs and out, groping blindly, seeing nothing in his fright, but driven on by the threats of what would happen if he weakened.

Of course his comrades instantly divined what ailed him.

"Well, if you won't fight," they said, "for the love of Mike, sing! Where's your mandolin?"

"I didn't bring it up. Thought they wouldn't let me," he replied weakly.

Had they provided an orchestra to play his accompaniments, Windy could not have sung. There was no song left in him. Often half the company had gathered round, when they were in billets at ——, to listen to Windy render Sweet Genevieve and My Little Gray Home in the West. Then he had been popular among these homesick men—he had been one of them—an untried soldier burning for action. And now he was an outcast, treated with tolerant contempt by comrades who had been his friends.

"I can't help it!" he repeated over and over in the night watches. "What's the matter with me? What's the matter with me?"

On the fifth day he determined to get out of it. He could not desert—couldn't "go over the hill"—for they would pick him up in no time. But there was another way out.

Just before dawn they brought Foster in, both legs mashed by a shell and hanging grotesquely. The sight sickened Arnold; Foster had been his bunkie when first they came over. The wounded man lay on a stretcher, gray with the pallor of approaching death, but not a moan nor a word of complaint did he utter. Instead, he asked for a cigarette, lighted it with his own hands, and drew three or four deep puffs. Then his eyes closed. Within five minutes he was dead. Arnold slunk away to his dugout, shaken to the depths of his being.

Later he was to see another type of wounded. This time it was W——, who came limping along the trench, dragging one foot.

"Why, you did that yourself!" cried the lieutenant after a cursory examination.

"No, sir. A sniper got me."

"How could a sniper in a shell hole shoot you through the instep? Hey? Don't try to lie to me—I can see the powder burns on your shoe. Take him away. I'll deal with him later."

Arnold was startled, yet curiously elated too; for hope had dawned. He knew better than the platoon commander that W—— had shot himself; it takes guilt and fear to detect guilt and fear, and the truth was writ large in the renegade's eyes. But what a bungle he had made of the attempt! Why couldn't a man injure himself so that it would be impossible to establish with certainty that it was self-inflicted? He pondered that all day.

### Back to the Trenches

And the same night he shot himself. There in the stillness, while a comrade dozed in the firing bay, he held his right hand a few feet from the muzzle of a placed rifle and pulled the trigger with a cord. Just after he did it the trenches and No Man's Land stood revealed with startling clearness in the light of flares sent up from the boche lines, and Arnold cowered down, his conscience persuading him that his act had been discovered and this was for his benefit.

Then the other man jumped up and began to shoot wildly; others took up the firing; Sergeant Andrews came hotfoot to learn what all the fuss was about. By that time Windy had removed all evidence of his trick.

"Hum!" said the sergeant, later in a dugout, staring at the injured hand.

However, nobody could pronounce positively that it was self-inflicted. It was only when the doctors in the field hospital had given him an anæsthetic that the truth came out. Windy blabbed it all, and upon waking he was lying in a cot under the sign: Self-Inflicted Wounds.

Such incidents are not peculiar to any army. They occur in every force in the world. Always there is a percentage of men who prefer self-mutilation to the uncertainty and tension of war. If a regiment has been kept unduly long in the trenches under heavy fire and punishment, with consequent interruption of the rations supply and great loss of sleep, the proportion of S. I. W.'s will rapidly increase. Men who, under ordinary conditions of warfare, would never dream of shirking, then break under the constant strain, and seek to end it.

So Windy remained in hospital, where he had plenty of time to reflect on what he had done—and to rue it. The general's visit occurred almost immediately after they operated on his torn hand; the next day Arnold was able to stir round. He became a walking case. And shortly thereafter they sent him back to duty with his regiment.

"Welcome to our city!" said his comrades grimly. His platoon commander said nothing, but there was something ominous about the way he eyed Windy.

### A Period of Probation

"I reckon you'll be diggin' latrines and workin' on the wire and shovelin' mud for a while, hey?" remarked an erstwhile bunkie prophetically; and that was precisely the fashion in which Private Arnold employed his time during the remainder of their tour in the trenches. Every hard job that came up was sure to find him detailed for it.

He performed cheerfully enough. Working in the wire frightened him badly, especially when flares and rockets from the boche lines illuminated No Man's Land and everybody flattened out or stood still; and he grew to hate the moon with a bitter and enduring hatred. Still, the treatment meted out exceeded his most sanguine expectations and he showed unusual diligence.

To his great surprise his comrades let him down easy. They asked a lot of questions with a sting in them, and their comments would have been brutal had the circumstances been different; but Arnold felt that he had earned the worst they could give and was resolved to take his medicine. What he found hardest to bear, because they were indirect attack, was the stories the boys would tell—stories of a general nature, but with an application unmistakable. Everybody would guffaw and look at Windy. He never resented them, but went steadily ahead with his work. And gradually he detected in their attitude a willingness to give him a chance.

"Aw, leave him be!" protested a big buck private one morning, after the boys had been worrying Arnold. "Some of you guys've been so dog-gone close to shootin' yourselves, too, that it was no joke. Yes, you have—I've seen you so plumb scared you was gulpin'. Cut it out! Give him a chance. Maybe the ——'ll come back."

Luckily there was nothing but intermittent artillery activity during the remainder of their tour. The gas alarms were now less frequent. It was the second time in for the company and they had ceased to shoot blindly at shadows and to fling hand grenades at the wire posts. In other words, they were becoming seasoned.

When they were relieved the battalion went back to a village about twenty miles behind the line to rest. The French call it being *en repos*.

Immediately came a marked improvement in Windy's morale. He perked and grew chirpy. Within no time he was quite his old self. If he had done nothing more than routine since his return to the front, neither had he displayed any marked symptoms of weakening; so that he felt an access of confidence. Once again he could hold up his head among his fellows.

The change was signified by the reappearance of the mandolin. He squatted on the steps of a billet the second night and gave them Sweet Genevieve, and My Little Gray Home in the West, and Carry Me Back to Ol' Virginny. The boys gathered round and joined in, and they perpetrated some fine barber-shop harmony.

Much is forgiven a man who can entertain the crowd. Before Lights Out! sounded, Windy had almost regained his former popularity.

He took a slump very soon, however. In the company was a boy named Rooney, a freckled kid with a mop of red hair. He belonged to the "peanut" squad—that is to say, Private Rooney was one of the midgets. But if he was only about half the size of a full-grown man, Rooney never felt that way. His creed was simple: The bigger they are, the harder they fall!

Something he said offended Windy and they exchanged a deal of vitriolic repartee, which half the company heard. Half the company also saw Arnold back out ignominiously when Rooney proposed that they settle the difference then and there.

"What? He wouldn't fight him?" cried the platoon commander, aghast. "Why, Arnold's twice the size of that half portion!"

"Sure he is, sir!" answered the top sergeant. "But Rooney's all man!"

The following night a couple of boche airmen flew over and dropped a few round and in the village. They could hear the assassins' approach long before they arrived and a bugler sounded the *Alerté*; but hardly a man bothered to move until the crash of the bombs brought them to their feet. The soldiers in one billet were blown out of bed and an old French woman was horribly mangled in another house; but that was the sum of the damage.

"Aha! He does not like the avions—no?" exclaimed a young girl next morning to a group from Arnold's platoon. "M'sieu Windy, he comes running into the cellar of our house *comme ça*. *Oui*—like this!" And she gave a perfect imitation of a person tumbling down the stairs in a panic.

They all laughed; but it angered them too. Yet he retrieved himself the selfsame day.

It happened thus: The company had made a pet of a tiny girl named Alice—Aleece they called her, conforming to her own pronunciation. She was the daughter of the miller and spent her entire time hanging round the *soldats Américains*. And they spoiled her utterly. A naturally robust digestion was being ruined with extra food in the shape of slum, and white bread thickly smeared with jam or syrup; also, with lemon drops purchased from the commissary, and small chocolate cakes secured from the Salvation Army canteen.

### Windy Makes Good

Aleece was rapidly developing a chronic indigestion and laying up trouble for the future, but she was blissfully happy and hoped the Americans would never depart.

Her special chum and playmate was Windy Arnold. He might be a quitter and a liability in the front trenches, but she loved him. Windy was never too busy to play with her; always he could find something for Aleece to eat; so that whenever Private Arnold hove in sight the child went running to leap into his arms.

Aleece was fond of riding the supply company's mules and horses as they were led to water beside the mill. A careless teamster placed her astride Useless, a big buckskin mule from Missouri, noted for his contrariness and tendency to brain storms. Now Useless was not in the habit of being ridden; he didn't like it and didn't propose to stand it. Jerking away from the man who led him, he dashed off through the field at a canter, the child clinging to his neck and screaming.

Of course all the men within sight and hearing instantly gave chase. It was a foolish thing to do, for perhaps Useless would have stopped of his own free will before any harm was done; but when he found himself pursued and chivied round the field, when he discovered that every avenue of escape was cut off, the mule took to the water. He went in with a splash and headed into the middle of the stream.

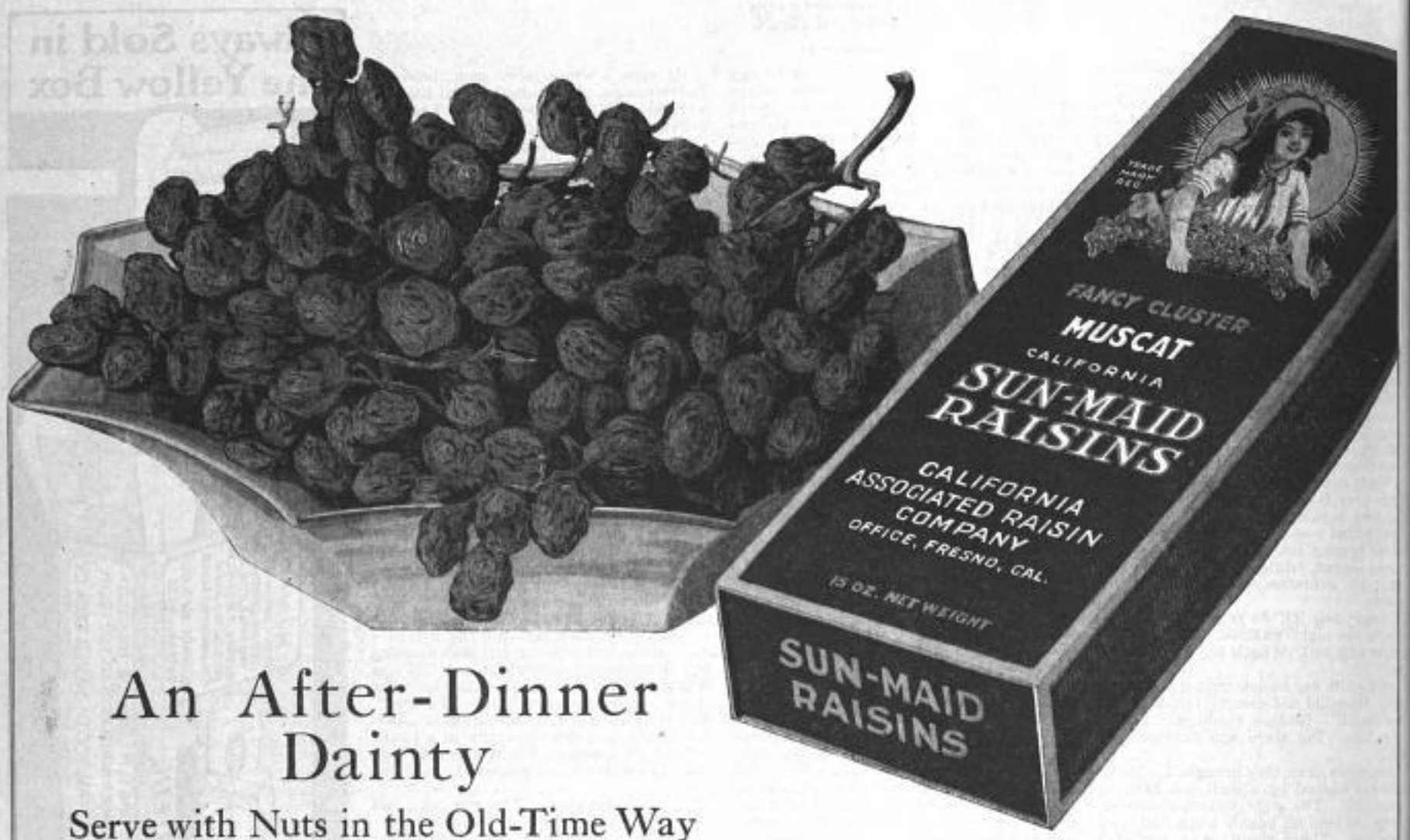
The river was swollen by heavy rains. Moreover, it was icy cold. Useless could not make a landing. Again and again he tried, only to be swept out and down by the swift current. And to his back clung Aleece, half drowned by the mule's frequent immersions, and shrieking for help.

At this juncture Windy arrived on the bank, peeling his blouse as he ran. Without a second's hesitation he plunged in at a point well below the drifting mule and

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# An After-Dinner Dainty

## Serve with Nuts in the Old-Time Way It is Now the Modern Style

THE famous old dinners always ended with delicious "nuts and raisins." And that old-time custom not only still remains, but is gaining new converts wherever good meals are served.

Note the "nuts and raisins" on the hotel bills of fare wherever you travel now.

Observe that "nuts and raisins" are no longer merely a Thanksgiving and Christmas dinner offering in the homes you visit.

It is now the style to serve "nuts and raisins" because they are *efficient foods*. Food value, not fad, calls for these dainties, for they are both good and good *for* you.

Serve them in your home for these reasons. Get their flavor and nourishment.

Have them for dessert at entertainments, and at the family's noon or evening meals.

A dish like this is not only ideal for grown-ups, but for the children too.

## Rich in Nutriment

Raisins supply 1560 calories of energy-producing food value per pound. A pound of eggs furnishes only 720 calories.

So raisins as energy-producers are among the best of foods.

Another reason why raisins should be a frequent dish is because they are inexpensive.

## Note the Foods with Raisins

*At 1 to 4 Cents Per Serving*

Serve Sun-Maid Raisins with boiled rice. See how the raisins improve this dish.

Use them in bread pudding and in Indian pudding to lend a luscious flavor.

Raisins in Jiffy-Jells and other jelly desserts make these foods immensely more attractive.

Sun-Maid Raisins add food value to fruit salads.

They make corn bread a more acceptable wheat-saving food.

All such dishes including the raisins are made in most localities for 1c to 4c per serving.

## Always ask for "Sun-Maid"

Sun-Maid Raisins are the finest varieties of sun-cured, California grapes. They are tender, thin-skinned, juicy and plump — natural confections.

Three varieties: *Seeded* (seeds removed), blue package. *Seedless* (grown without seeds), red package. *Clusters* (on the stem), blue package. All first-class dealers sell them.

Send for "100 Sun-Maid Recipes," our new, FREE book which tells how to make the most attractive raisin foods.

California Associated Raisin Co.

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# SUN-MAID RAISINS



*VICTORY Penny-Buns*

Luscious wheat-saving buns, made without lard or sugar, and filled with Sun-Maid Raisins.
Sold by most bake shops. Price, a penny apiece.
Order a dozen now.



*California Raisin Pie*

The ideal pie-dessert for down-town lunches.
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Also by many grocers and bake shops.
Try it instead of a home-baked pie.



*California Raisin Bread*

The most popular raisin bread ever baked. Now made by the country's best bakers and sold through grocers and bake shops everywhere.
Made with Sun-Maid Raisins.
Be sure to try a loaf.

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swam out. The child perceived him and began to whimper. Then she stretched out her arms, slid from Useless' back, and went under. Windy waited until she reappeared, then grabbed her.

A moment and the torrent carried them inshore, under the overhanging boughs of a willow. Arnold seized one, and in no time at all he and Aleece were hauled out. As for Useless, that sagacious beast landed unharmed farther down the stream in an eddy.

Well, M. Carreaud, the miller, was frantic with joy and anger. First he walked up to the teamster who had set Aleece on the mule and called him every name he could remember, waving his arms and shooting out his hands. The soldier listened shamefacedly.

"What the Sam Hill is he driving at?" he inquired. "Tell him for me it ain't my fault. A mule's a mule, and that's all there is to it."

Next the father fell upon Windy and embraced him and kissed him on both cheeks before Windy could protect himself. And everybody drank a lot of wine to celebrate Aleece's escape.

"I check the bet," declared his platoon commander gloomily. "He won't fight, yet he risked his life without batting an eye. I just can't figure that guy out at all." But he was easier on Arnold from that day.

Still under the stimulus of this feat, Windy volunteered for a raiding party when his battalion went back to the trenches. Both his lieutenant and captain appeared frankly dubious, and he was filled with a sudden hope that they might refuse him, for no sooner had he offered than doubts brought repentance. But they accepted him.

"If he was scared he wouldn't volunteer, would he?" demanded the captain. "No; I believe Arnold's trying to make good. Let him go."

The lieutenant, who was to command the raiding party, had no answer for this; but in his own mind he was resolved to keep an eye on Windy.

A terrific bombardment preceded the raid. The American artillery opened a preparation fire on all the back areas along a front of four miles; they pounded the communication trenches; they deluged the boche battery positions with gas. Most of this fire was diversion fire, designed to conceal from Heinie the point of assault.

As the shells went whistling and screaming and whimpering overhead, and the earth quivered to the rending, crumping crashes of the heavy stuff, Arnold hunched on his heels and shivered. Many of the others were shivering too, but theirs was a different state of mind. With them it was the same sort of nervous, tingling eagerness that a dog displays at sight of the quarry; with Windy it was sheer fright.

And then came two blinding flashes, nearer than any of the bursting shells. The engineers had exploded the pipes thrust under the enemy wire.

### Scared Again

The guns died. A moment of breathless, terrible quiet, and down came the box barrage with a steady, rhythmical rum-tum-tum-tum, rum-tum-tum-tum, rum-tum-tum-tum! Over the raiders went!

Windy clambered out with the rest, but he was now moving in a species of trance. They threaded their own wire, crossed No Man's Land, and penetrated the boche entanglements through the gaps made by the pipes.

How they did it, what they passed or saw on the way over, Windy could never recall. He was blind to everything but the fitful flares going up from the enemy lines, frantically signaling for help; he was deaf to everything but the splitting detonations of the seventy-fives that were putting down the barrage. The prospect of a German recovery and a consequent counter barrage did not enter his mind. He was too dazed to give it a thought.

Next thing he knew, his comrades were leaping down into the boche trenches with wild yells. Windy tried to yell too, but could not hear his own voice.

There was nobody in the trenches to oppose them. His half of the party, led by the lieutenant, advanced toward the tip of the salient which was cut off by the barrage; the other half, led by a sergeant, was converging from the other side, and the two detachments would meet at the tip, thereby surrounding any of the enemy remaining in the trenches. They went stumbling through the dark, grenades and bayonets ready for instant use.

In some fashion Windy slipped and fell; and when he regained his footing he found himself at the tail of the line. The others were not more than twenty feet ahead.

As he ran forward to catch up he heard the crackling explosions of hand grenades—evidently the raiders had run upon a party of boches. And then, right beside him, up rose a Heinie about eight feet tall. How the party had missed him was a mystery—probably he had been hiding in a drainage ditch; but there he was at Windy's elbow, in the dim light looking bigger than Goliath.

Had Windy waited a second he might have been a hero, for the Hun stuck up his hands and quavered "Kamerad!" But Arnold did not know that, for at the first glimpse of the formidable enemy he bolted past him and started up the trench after his comrades, running for dear life. Seeing him run, the boche took heart. He shouted lustily and gave chase, his bayonet held for a thrust.

The first the lieutenant knew that anything was amiss was when he heard rapid footsteps along the duckboards, just as he tossed a hand grenade down a dugout entrance. Thinking it was an attack from the rear, he whirled.

"Don't shoot!" panted Windy in an agony of fear. "It's me—Arnold!"

### A Mystified Lieutenant

The next moment he had plunged into the midst of his comrades, gathered near the dugout door. Then the lieutenant descried who was behind and why Windy fled. He cracked a grenade on his helmet and flung it; and the pursuing boche, unable to halt in time, caught the slugs full in the face.

They found only three of the enemy in the salient. One they killed as he was about to hurl a bomb; the others they carried back. The return was made on schedule and in perfect order. A couple were wounded by a seventy-seven shell just as they were reëntering their own trenches, but they did not lose a man.

At dawn:

"Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

The lieutenant and Windy were alone in the former's P. C. The officer was seated on a bench behind a small rickety table made out of a packing case; the latter stood at attention in front of him. A candle lighted the dugout dimly. Windy was haggard and miserable.

"Nothing, sir."

"What did you run for?" cried the lieutenant passionately. "Good God, man! An American soldier to run from a boche!"

At that Arnold went all to pieces. His frame relaxed, he began to wring his hands, and his voice was choked with sobs.

"I don't know, sir—oh, I don't know. I wish I was dead! I wish I was dead! Why don't you kill me? I deserve it."

It was something new in the platoon commander's experience to hear a culprit admit his guilt without excuses.

"What I don't understand," he said, still stern but in a more moderate tone, "is why you volunteered to go on the raid if you were scared. You didn't have to go."

"I know, sir. But I thought—I thought maybe I wouldn't be. I wanted the boys to see I wasn't a coward. I wanted to come back."

He ended with a little squeak in his throat, and then started to cry like a child. The officer stared at him.

"Arnold," he said at last, "what's the matter with you, anyhow? I just don't get you. I know you want to do your duty, because you've tried. What's the trouble?"

Windy drew the knuckles of one hand across his eyes and burst out, in staccato sentences: "Just yellow, I guess. Born that way. I can't help it. Honest, I can't, lieutenant! I'm not afraid to die. Perhaps you don't believe me, but I'm not. Often and often I've taken a chance on that. But I just can't—can't fight."

"Fight? How do you mean—if you're not afraid of death?"

"It's the truth! I was always this way. Born like that, I reckon. Anyhow, I know I can't fight. I've tried and tried, and hoped and hoped; but now I know. There're lots of things I'll do that some other guys wouldn't, and yet they'd fight and I'd be scared to. It was always that way—with me. At school—when I was a kid—littler kids ran it over me because I wouldn't hit back. And I could have smashed 'em with one hand. And later—when I grew up—lots of guys got ahead of me, and got more pay too, all because I was afraid to brace the boss. I just couldn't brace him."

His voice trailed off and he sniffled. The lieutenant waited a while; then, as Windy showed no intention of continuing, scratched his close-cropped poll.

"Well, get out of here, and let me sleep. I'll take it up with you again—later. And say, tell Sergeant Andrews to come here right away."

Windy clattered up the dugout stairs, undecided whether to be glad or sorry that he had gotten the trouble out of his system.

At noon the battalion major came along, anxious to obtain the story of the raid at first-hand. To him the platoon commander told everything, but the greater portion of his tale was devoted to Windy.

"And that's all. I sent him to get some sleep. What the devil should I do with a guy like that, sir?"

Wild Bill, as they called the major, puffed on his cigarette, gazing thoughtfully at the floor. For nineteen years he had handled men singly and in bulk, and every year had added to his knowledge. So now he pondered long before he spoke.

"Jimmie," he said, as a father might to his son, "there's one rule I've learned never to break, since I joined this man's army." The lieutenant waited respectfully.

"Never force a man beyond his capacity. If you do you'll only ball things up and ruin that man absolutely."

"Yes, sir; that's all very well," cried his junior earnestly. "I agree with you. But what am I going to do with a man like that? He's here. I've got him on my hands. What is he fit for?"

But Wild Bill had no suggestion to make in that direction. He smiled slowly, rolled another cigarette, and announced that he must be moving along.

"Something'll turn up that he's fit for. Just let things rock along a while. He seems willing, doesn't he?"

"More than willing. He volunteered for the raid!"

"Then all you've got to do is to sit tight. The boy'll come out O. K. And if he doesn't we can send him back to some S O S job."

### Windy Springs a Surprise

Such was the situation when Sergeant Andrews failed to return from night patrol. He went out in charge of the party; they unexpectedly stumbled upon a strong boche patrol, and a brisk free-for-all ensued. With a prisoner to their credit and the enemy in flight, Andrews decided to take his party back with all speed, lest the German artillery turn loose on them while they were in No Man's Land.

He himself brought up the rear. A sniper got after them during the return trip, but nobody suspected any damage had been done until the patrol was safely in its own trench; and then Andrews was missing. Three of the party immediately crawled out to search, but they could not find him anywhere along the route they had come.

So Sergeant Andrews was reported missing. The supposition was that he had either been killed by one of the sniper's shots, or had lost contact with his own men and suffered capture.

For about twenty-four hours nothing more was learned of him. Then, in the glare of a sunshiny morning, a sentry heard somebody calling from beyond our wire. He summoned his sergeant. The sergeant sent for the platoon commander.

"It's Andrews," he declared emphatically, even before answering the call.



Andrews it was, lying helpless in a shell hole about a hundred and twenty-five yards from the trench. They risked talking with him, for the boche line was a full quarter mile distant at this point. The sergeant was badly wounded and all in, having wandered about No Man's Land the entire night on which they had patrolled and having lain in a shell hole the whole of the day close to the boche wire, only to resume his fruitless wandering the next night. Daylight had come upon him still outside the American entanglements, spent from loss of blood and want of food and water.

"He can't stay there till dark. Somebody's got to fetch him in. I'll go," said the lieutenant.

"Please, sir, let me."

It was Windy Arnold. Had the whole boche army suddenly risen up from the trenches and headed for the Rhine, the platoon commander could not have been more surprised.

"You really mean it?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir. I'm not scared of that sort of job," declared Windy stoutly.

Remembering the incident of Aleece, the lieutenant let him go. In broad daylight Windy crawled out and started toward a gap in the wire used by the patrols to get into No Man's Land. He moved on his stomach, dragging himself forward by his elbows; and he carried no weapons.

### Private Rooney's Apology

From various points of observation they watched his progress. He made his way slowly through the wire without attracting notice—along the front of the entanglements, heading toward the right. They could hear him call softly; they heard the sergeant answer. Then he disappeared from view into a shell hole.

A few minutes of breathless suspense and Windy appeared on the rim of the hole, dragging Andrews by the shoulders.

"Holy mackerel!" exclaimed the lieutenant. "He'll have to keep lower than that. They'll see him sure!"

One of them did. There came the vicious rat-tat-tat of an automatic, and little jets of dirt flew up close to the pair. With the first crack of the rifle Windy threw himself flat.

"By God, he's on top! He's on top!" cried the lieutenant prayerfully. "Some man, that guy!"

Arnold was protecting the sergeant with his own body. The sniper continued his fusillade, but now came a whirlwind of answering fire. Two American machine guns and a one-pounder went after him. His post was inside a tree far to the left of where Windy lay; from this position he could command a wide stretch of No Man's Land and partially enfilade a short section of the American trench.

The one-pounder and the machine guns had long been searching and feeling for that post. Time and again they had offered tempting lures, hoping that the boche would betray his location; but to no avail. And now they had him! A furious sputter, three direct hits in the tree with one-pound shells, and the sniper grew silent. Windy recommenced his slow and painful progress, hauling the sergeant after him yard by yard.

Before he reached the trenches, the little duel had developed into an artillery engagement of respectable proportions—the American and boche batteries were blazing away all along a front of four miles. But Windy and his burden were safely inside a dugout before shells began to drop in their vicinity.

Said the lieutenant to Wild Bill, the major:

"Well, he told the truth. Dog-gone if he didn't! He won't fight, but he surely isn't scared to die."

Said the major to the lieutenant very casually:

"He'd make a find for the medical corps. A boy like that could handle stretcher bearers."

And that is how it came about that Windy was transferred. Also, that is how he won a decoration.

As for Private Rooney, the red-headed midget who had made Arnold back out of a fight—as for Private Rooney, of the peanut squad, that little terrier spent an entire day trying to think up an apology which would cover the case. And this is what he said:

"Say, Windy!"

"Uh-huh!"

"You mind what I called you that time? Well—it don't go, Ol'-timer!"

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# OUT-OF-DOORS

## The Army and Phosphate Bill

THE Phosphate Bill hereinabove referred to is not an Act of Congress, but an act of God. In brief, he is a goat; and he is in the Army.

Ammunition, food, clothing, guns and goats—all these the Army must have or the morale suffers; and an army is no more than its morale. The fact that, through some strange oversight on the part of the War Department, goats are not specified as regulation equipment may at times make complications which require compensatory arrangements.

For instance, the ——th Artillery was recruited in a certain state, and ordered into cantonment at ——. It was summer and the sun was hot. The boys were fresh from home and close to home. The girls came down to hold their hands. Mother still sent them things from home. This was natural. It was fine; it was splendid! But it was not war.

The brigadier general who came to inspect the cantonment told the colonel of the ——th that his regiment lacked "click!" The colonel was soldier enough to admit the truth, and officer enough to seek a remedy. After the brigadier general had gone, he called in the favorite top sergeant of his favorite captain and asked him what to do.

"Get 'em a goat, sir," advised the sergeant. "Occupies their minds, sir."

"That will do, sergeant!" said the colonel.

But it was good advice, as is always the advice of a top sergeant who has been with the regulars.

The colonel called in the captain of his favorite company and said to him severely with a wink—a very large wink:

"Goats are forbidden in this cantonment. For a regiment to have a goat is to distract the attention of the men from their other duties. We have got to have more click! The personnel is getting droopy."

"Very good, sir," replied the captain with a small and discreet wink.

The captain got into his car and for two days combed the nearest large city in search of a goat, and found no goat, because they had all been made into mutton chops.

An idea came to him. He had a friend who was the head of the phosphate department in one of the big packing-house firms in Chicago—an old college chum on whom he had always been able to rely.

### Must Have Horns

The record of the official correspondence of the ——th Artillery holds in its files a copy of the letter to the head of the phosphate department:

"*Sir:* I beg to advise you that the Medical Department, ——th Artillery, is in search of a goat for scientific purposes. Shall be obliged if your firm can put me in touch with parties competent to furnish such. Your ob't serv't." And so on.

The files do not contain a copy of the postscript the captain added on a separate slip of paper:

"For God's sake, Sid, hurry up that goat! The boys are getting droopy."

The next morning the captain got a telegram which read:

"You're on! SID."

Sid went out at once into the Chicago yards with one of the pen buyers. But there were no goats.

"Young man," said he, "do you mean to tell me there ain't a single, solitary dash-blamed goat in these yards?"

"Offerings light," said the buyer. "Can get you some swell hogs."

"Not at all!" said the head of the phosphate department. "I don't want any hogs, horses, stockers, cows, lambs, knockers, heavies or corn-feds. I don't want any hens or iced peaches. I want goats! Do you hear me? G-o-a-t-s!"

The next day the pen buyer came in looking sad, and reported to the head of the phosphate department:

"Sorry, sir; goats still running light. Have got two good young camels from Arizona. Will they do?"

"Certainly not!" said the head of the phosphate department. "What do I want of a camel?"

The pen buyer stood on one foot.

"If it's any of my business," said he, "what do you want of a goat?"

"It ain't any of your business," said the head of the phosphate department; "but I don't mind telling you that I want this goat for the same reason that the darky wanted the razor—for social purposes. It's for the morale of the Army."

"I don't know what that is," said the buyer; "but I know I ain't got no goats."

That was Saturday morning. Before Sid left his desk in the phosphate department he ordered out a circular inquiry by wire to every agent and representative of the firm as far west as Nebraska. It was an S O S call for goats.

Then he went out to play golf. On Monday morning, when he returned, he had one solitary show. East Alton, Illinois, offered one goat, but queried: "Must goat have horns?"

This brought up a question Sid could not answer; so he wired the captain at the —— Cantonment, inquiring briefly: "Must goat have horns?"

On Tuesday morning he got a reply, couched in formal language, to the effect that the Department of Munitions had handed down a ruling that horns were regarded as more decorative on military goats. The letter was signed: "Your very ob't serv't"—and so on—"Capt., ——th Art'y, U. S. A."

### Charged to Phosphate, Personal

As this sarcastic reply was somewhat cryptic, Sid resolved to buy this East Alton goat on a chance. But on the same day he wired for it he received a telegram advising him that the goat mentioned had been sold; so that ended East Alton.

About this time a salesman came in from the road and reported having seen three goats at Sioux City, Iowa, from the train as he passed through. The enterprising phosphate head at once wired the agent of the packing-house firm at Sioux City:

"Advised your locality abounds in goats. How many can you ship to-morrow? Market strong."

The answer came twenty-four hours later:

"Supply weak. Offerings one goat, female. Shall I ship?"

The head of the phosphate department regretted very much that he had not taken up all these details with his customer in the first place, but took immediate measures to correct the matter, and wired the ——th Artillery once more:

"Goats not strictly phosphates. Doing my best. Will female goat do? Answer."

As it chanced, the ——th Artillery just at this time was ordered out of the —— Cantonment to the new encampment at Brownsville, Texas. The captain, being very busy, was unable to answer from any place north of Jackson, Mississippi; from which place he wired en route:

"Munitions Department rules only male goats of sober character and with horns can be accepted. Ob'd't serv't." And so on.

By this time Sid had a wire from the agent at Sioux City:

"No word received. Shipping one goat, female, F. O. B. eleven dollars."

The telegram was altogether unwelcome. Sid wired at once to Sioux City:

"Hold shipment. Goat market gone off entirely."

But before he left the office for the day he got in reply:

"Too late; goat out this afternoon."

This goat was duly received and paid for, but as the packing house had really no use for it, it was charged to phosphate's personal account; so Sid had it sent out to his country club, where it was given essential employment as a lawn mower.

About then the comptroller of the efficiency department came, with a grave face, to ask him, as head of the phosphate department, to compare this week's figures with those of last week. Sid endeavored to explain. The comptroller ruled that goats were not phosphates.

The next day a friend of Sid's, another traveling man, came in off the road, and they had lunch together. When Sid told his troubles the salesman said:

"Send to Fort Worth, Texas, on your own private order. When I came through there I saw a million goats in the yards. They've always got 'em."

"You have saved my life!" said Sid. "I thank you."

So he queried the Fort Worth office by wire as to the goat supply, and got answer:

"Supply strong. Twenty-eight cars this morning. How many ordered. Wire."

It would have been hard to tell whether the Fort Worth manager was more puzzled than enraged when, on the following morning, he got a wire from the head of the phosphate department in Chicago:

"Ship one male goat—steady habits, horns—to Quartermaster, ——th Artillery, U. S. A., Brownsville, Texas."

"Just for that," said the Fort Worth manager, "I'll fix that Chicago bird. Dang me if I don't send this single old he-goat back to Brownsville by express! That's where his carload came from, anyhow. And horns? Well, I'll say he's got horns!"

So he wired to the head of the phosphate department in Chicago:

"Order received. Goat as specified shipped Q. M., ——th Artillery, Brownsville. Charges collect. Express twelve dollars."

This was not altogether pleasing to Sid, but at least it represented definite action. He wondered why he heard nothing from his friend the captain; but, of course, did not know that the latter was absent on a practice hike of five days' duration.

By the time the men got back to camp the Fort Worth goat had arrived again on his native heath at Brownsville; but the charges, which now amounted to eighteen dollars, war tax included, had promptly been refused by the quartermaster, who stated that he had not ordered any goat, did not want any goat, and would be pleased to be informed why any infernal idiot in Fort Worth should send a single goat to a whole U. S. regiment in Brownsville! The goat, therefore, was turned loose in the station yards for further orders.

### No Camels Allowed

In some way the knowledge of its presence came to the captain after his return; also a letter from the head of the phosphate department in Chicago, exulting in the fact that he personally was the greatest little deliverer of goods on the job, and pointing with pride to the aforesaid sober and bornful Fort Worth goat, trusting same would prove satisfactory, and awaiting further orders.

The captain sent him a night letter that voiced an indignant personal protest. It stated that when the ——th Artillery had detrained at Brownsville it looked out over a whole sea of goats, millions of goats; goats anywhere a fellow could look!

He explained that Brownsville was the place where all the goats in the world came from, and added that this Fort Worth goat shipment had originated in Brownsville; and so had all the other goats ever known. He begged to advise the head of the phosphate department that the sole industry of Brownsville was goats; that the supply of goats extended as far as the naked eye could reach. And he concluded with the touching words:

"You poor stiff! Why should the Army pay eighteen dollars for a goat when we can get all we want down here for six bits apiece at the outside? Good-by, old man! Goat held subject to your order."

This message seemed to Sid the height of Fate's cruelty. He wired to his friend that he really had all the goats he wanted—to wit, one—and begged him, as man to man, to make good on his previous order and receive the Fort Worth horned animal, pointing out the several points of excellence, under commercial guaranty, of this highly valuable specimen.

The next day he received from the captain in Brownsville yet another message:

"Regret to state goat stolen from yards by unknown parties. Trust same entirely satisfactory to you."

Naturally this ought to have closed the incident; but it did not. The colonel of the ——th called in the captain, by reason of the fact that recently he had heard certain sounds of revelry along the company streets. He showed the captain a communication from the brigadier general in command.

"I do not need to tell you," said he to the captain, "that when this regiment detrained it had twelve dogs. It had twelve dogs at ——. Can this be called a coincidence? I did not see these dogs in any of the coaches of the troop train. It is a matter for the Military Intelligence to investigate."

"Neither did I see them, sir," replied the captain respectfully.

"But they're here! And this order expressly forbids the carrying along by the American Expeditionary Forces on transports of any pet animal whatever—such as rats, mice, parrots, canaries, lambs, dogs, goats, camels, or any other birds or quadrupeds commonly designated as pets, dependents or mascots."

"Quite right, sir!" said the captain. "Camels are clearly undesirable. Our service is not in Mesopotamia, sir."

### He Treated 'Em Rough

"And, therefore," resumed the colonel, "as we may get orders to entrain for New York at any time within the next two or three months, you will, as officer of the day, appoint a detail to collect any pets, dependents or mascots included in the foregoing enumeration, with orders to take all such animals out to a proper distance from camp and have them shot and buried."

Whereupon, the colonel—God bless him!—winked a large wink; and the captain—God bless him!—winked a small wink; and the top sergeant—God bless him!—a few hours later winked a very grave and unsmiling wink when he reported to the officer of the day that the firing squad had completed their duty—and showed the shovels to prove it.

Now all these incidents being as they are—and, indeed, as they were—how are we to understand the letter the wife of the top sergeant got from her husband from a place vaguely described as A. E. F., France, which, after mentioning a great many more important details regarding socks, cigarettes and soap, concluded as follows:

"We got across all O. K. and layed a while back of the lines befoar we went up. When the Marines and Infty was ordered forward last week our men got mixed in somehow; the whole shuting match went over in the Sacred Michael salient. There twelve dogs of ours is verious by now; and Bill, our goat, you herd about, got nicked in 1 leg too; but the Doc says he'll be all right. And I'll say he ought to have a D. S. M. The Ennemy had a goat of there own in there duggout, and Bill was right with me when we begun to mopp up their lines. And how Bill mopped up that Dutch goat was skandelous! He smeared Deutchland über Alles—beleave me!—and he dident take no Prissoner.

"Pets, dependents or mascots is not aloud under Regulations; so we keep Bill in the cage with the Prissoners, which we call the Kumrads, thinking he might amuse the Kumrads. He does!

"P. S. I got hit, too, in 1 leg; but the Doc says I'll be out in 2 weeks. All us boys is feeling fine; but—gee!—Bill is soar! I don't know why the Captain calls him Fosfate Bill, so I ast him; and he says Fosfates is something like tabasco, ginger or pep. Trusting this is entirely satisfactory to you & hoping this finds you well, I am your ob't serv't and your loving Husband, Dan, 1st Sgt. of Art., U. S. A.

"P. S. Gee, but Fosfate Bill is soar! He treats 'em rough!"

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# THE CITY OF COMRADES

(Continued from Page 5)

My father and mother had had five children, of whom I was the fourth. My two brothers were married, prosperous and respected—one a lawyer in Montreal, the other a banker in Toronto. My elder sister was married to a colonel in the British Army; the younger one—the only member of the family younger than myself—still lived at home.

We three sons were all graduates of McGill, in addition to which I had been sent to the Beaux Arts in Paris. Out of that I had come with some degree of credit; and there had been a year in which I was in sight—oh, very distant sight!—of the beginning of the fulfillment of my childhood's ambition to revolutionize the art of architecture in Canada. But in the second year that vision went out; and in the third came the night on my brother Jerry's doorstep.

I had nothing to complain of. The family had borne with me—and borne with me. When we reached the time when I was supposed to be earning my own living and my father's allowance came to an end my mother, who had some money of her own, kept it up. She would be keeping it up still if she knew where I was—but she didn't know. From the moment of leaving Montreal I decided to carry out Jerry's injunction. They should neither see my face nor hear my name again. I didn't stop to consider how cruel this would be to the best mother a man ever had—to say nothing of the best father—or rather when I did stop to consider it it seemed to me that I was taking the kindest course. I had no confidence in myself or in the future. New surroundings and associations would not give me a new heart, whatever hopes those who wished me well might be building on the change. For a new heart I needed something which I hadn't got, and saw no means of getting.

*II*

SOMEWHERE about dusk I fell asleep. It was dark when I woke up. It was dark and still and sultry, as it often is in New York in the middle of June.

The lamps were lit in the park, and in their glow shadowy forms moved stealthily. When they went in twos I took them to be lovers, when they went alone I put them down as prowlers of the night. I didn't know what they were after, but whatever it might be I was sure it was no good.

Not that that mattered to me! I had long been in a situation where I couldn't be particular. When I had risen and stretched myself I, too, moved stealthily, dogged by a crime I hadn't yet committed, but of which the guilt was already in the air.

As I had nothing by which to tell the time I was obliged to wait till a clock struck. I hoped it was eleven at least, but when the sound came over the trees it was only nine. Only nine, and I could do nothing before one! Nothing before one, and nowhere to go! Nowhere to go, and no food to eat, and not a drop to drink!

Doubtless I could have found water; but water made me sick. With four hours to wait I thought again of the dark river with its velvety current, running below Greeley's Slip.

Aimlessly I drifted toward it—that is, I drifted toward Columbus Circle, whence I could drift farther still through squalid, fetid, dimly lighted streets down to the water's edge. The night was so hot that the thought of the plunge began to appeal to me. After all, it would be an easy, pleasant way of stepping out.

But I didn't do it. The unknown beyond the river once more drove me back. Besides, the adventure I had planned was not without its fascination. I wanted to see what it held in store. If it held nothing—well, then, Greeley's Slip would still be accessible in the morning.

So I skulked back into the depths of the park again. Those who went as twos began to disappear, and the lonely shadows to steal along more furtively. Now and then one of them approached me or hung in the distance suggestively. Once or twice when someone passed near enough I heard the low murmur of an inarticulate invitation. It was not like any of the encounters that take place in daylight. It was more as if these dark ghosts had floated up from some evil spirit land, into which before morning they would float down again.

But twelve o'clock struck at last, and I took midnight as a call. It was a call to leave the great human division in which I had hitherto been classed, and become a criminal. Once I had done this thing I should never be able to go back. The angel with the flaming sword would guard that way, and I could never regain even such status as that which I was abandoning.

If my head had not been swimming I might at the last minute have felt a qualm at that, but my mind had lost the faculty of deconcentration. It was fixed on the thing before me in such a way that I couldn't get it off. For this reason I went, on leaving the park, directly to the street and number where my thoughts were.

I was surprised by the emptiness and silence of the thoroughfares. Not till then had I remembered that at this season of the year most of the houses would be closed. Closed they were, looking dark and blank and forbidding. I happened to know that the house to which I was bound was not closed; and though the fact that there were so few to pass in the streets rendered me more conspicuous it also made me the less subject to observation.



*I Might Have Effected My Escape Had I Not Been Checked by the Figure of a Man Looming Up Suddenly Before Me*

Indeed, there were no observers at all when I approached the black spot made by the vacant lot. There was nothing but myself and the blackness. Not a light in the house! Hardly a light in any of the houses roundabout! Not a footfall on the pavements! If ever there was a good opportunity to do what I had come for it was mine.

But I passed. The black spot frightened me. It was like a black gulf into which I might sink down. I repassed.

I went farther up the street and took myself to task. It was a repetition of my recoil from the children in the afternoon. I must have the nerve—or I must own to myself that I hadn't. If I hadn't it then I had no alternative but Greeley's Slip.

I turned in my steps and passed the house again. If from the blank windows anyone had been looking out my actions would have been suspicious. I went far down the street, and came back again far up it. Then when I had no more power of arguing with myself I suddenly found my footsteps crushing the dusty, sun-dried shoots of nettle and blue succory. I was in the vacant lot.

All at once fear left me. As well as any old hand in the business I seemed to know what lay before me. At every second some low-down prompting, sprung from nameless depths in my nature, told me what to do.

I noted in the first place how accurate the experts had been as to light and shade. The house stood so far up on one of the long avenues that the buildings were thinning out. So, too, the street lamps. They were no more than in the proportion of two to three as compared to their numbers half a mile lower down. Just here they were so placed that not a ray fell into the three or four thousand square feet which had probably never been built upon since Manhattan was inhabited. Even the wall of the house was windowless on this side, for the reason that within a few months some new building would probably block the outlook.

Once I had crept close to the wall I knew I presented neither silhouette nor shade to any chance passer-by. I could feel my way at leisure, cautiously treading burdock and fireweed underfoot. I came to the low wooden fence, in which there was a gate for tradesmen, which was possibly unlocked; but I didn't run the risk of a click. With my long legs a stride took me over into a small brick-paved court.

I paused to reconnoiter. The obscurity here was so dense that only my architect's instinct told me where the doors and windows would probably be. I located them by degrees. The doors I let alone. The windows I tried, first one and then another, but with no success. There was probably some simple fastening that I could have dealt with had I had a pocket-knife, but the one I had carried for years had long since been lying in a pawnshop. To reflect I sat down on the cover of a bin that was doubtless used for refuse.

A footstep alarmed me. It was heavy, measured, slow. With the ease of a snake I was down on my belly, crawling toward cover. Cover offered itself in the form of the single shrub that the court contained—lilac or syringa—growing close against the kitchen wall. Lovey would have commended the silence and swiftness with which I slipped behind it.

The footstep receded, slow, measured, heavy. Coming to the conclusion that it was a policeman in the avenue I raised my head. I had no sense of queerness in my situation. It seemed as much a matter of course as if I had been doing the same sort of thing ever since I was born.

There was apparently a providence in all this, for looking up I spied a window I had not seen before because it was hidden by the shrub. With scarcely the stirring of a leaf I got on my feet again—and lo! the miracle. The window was actually open. I had nothing to do but push it a few inches higher, drag myself up and wriggle in. I accomplished this without a sound that could be detected twenty feet away.

Coming down on my hands and knees I found myself amid the odor of eatables,

(Continued on Page 49)

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# Will these great artis in your home on Christma

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(Continued from Page 45)

chiefly that of fruit. I rested a minute to get my bearings, which I did by the sense of smell. I knew I must be in a sort of pantry. By putting out my hands carefully, so as to knock nothing over, I perceived that it was little more than a closet with shelves. A thrill of excitement passed through me from head to foot when my hand rested on an apple.

I ate the apple there and then, kneeling upright, my toes bent under me. I ate another and another. Feeling cautiously I discovered a tin box in which there was bread and cake. I ate of both. Getting softly on my feet I groped for other things, which proved in the main to be no more than tea, coffee, spices and starch. Then my fingers ran over a strawlike surface, and I knew I had hold of a demijohn.

Smell told me that it contained sherry, and such knowledge of housekeeping as I possessed suggested that it was cooking sherry. I took a long swig of it. Two long swigs were enough. It burned me, and yet it braced me. With the food I had eaten I felt literally like a giant refreshed with wine.

It occurred to me that this was a point at which I might draw back. But the spell of the unknown was upon me, and I determined to go at least a little farther. Very, very stealthily I opened the door.

I was not in a kitchen, as I expected to find myself, but in a servants' dining room. I got the dim outlines of chairs and what I took to be a dresser or a bookcase. Another open door led into a hall.

My knowledge of the planning of houses aided me at each step I took. From the hallway I could place the kitchen, the laundry and the back staircase. I knew the front hall lay beyond a door which was closed. At the foot of the back staircase I stood for some minutes and listened. Not a sound came from anywhere in the house. The kitchen clock ticked loudly, and presently startled me with a gurgle and a chuckle before it struck one. After this manifestation I had to wait till my heart stopped thumping and my nerves were quieted before venturing on the stairs. As the first step creaked I kept close to the wall to get a firmer support for my tread. On reaching a landing I could see up into another hall. Here I perceived the glimmer or reflection of a light. It was a very dim or distant light—but it was a light.

I stood on the landing and waited. If there were people moving about I should hear them soon. But all I did hear was the heavy breathing of the servants, who were sleeping on the topmost floor.

Creeping a little farther up I discovered that the light was in a bedroom—the first to open from the front hall upstairs. Between the front hall and the back hall the door was ajar. That would make things easier for me, and I dragged myself noiselessly to the top. I was now at the head of the first flight of back stairs, and looking into the master's section of the house. Except for that one dim light the house was dark. It was not, however, so dark that my architect's eye couldn't make a mental map quite sufficient for my guidance.

It was clearly a dwelling that had been added to, with some rambling characteristics. The first few feet of the front hall were on a level with the back hall, after which came a flight of three or four steps to a higher plane, which ran the rest of the depth of the building to the window over the front door. In the faint radiance through this window I could discern a highboy, a bureau and some chairs against the wall. I could see, too, that from this higher level one staircase ran down to the front door and another up to a third story. What was chiefly of moment to me was the fact that the bedroom with the light was lower than the rest of this part of the house, and somewhat cut off from it.

With movements as quiet as a cat's I got myself where I could peep into the bedroom where the lamp burned. It proved to be a small electric lamp with a rose-colored shade, standing beside a bed. It was a rose-colored room, evidently that of a young lady. But there was no young lady there. There was no one.

The fact that surprises me as I record all this is that I was so extraordinarily cool. I was cooler in the act than I am in the memory of it. I walked into that bedroom as calmly as if it had been my own.

It was a pretty room, with the usual notes of photographs, bibelots and flowered cretonne which young women like. The walls were in a light, cool green set off by a few colored reproductions of old Italian masters. Over the small white virginal bed was a copy of Fra Angelico's Annunciation. Two windows, one of which was a bay, were shaded by loosely hanging rose-colored silk, and before the bay window the curtains were drawn. Diagonally across the corner of this window, but within the actual room, stood a simple white writing desk, with a white dressing table near it but against the wall. On the table lay a gold mesh purse, in which there was money. I slipped it into my pocket, with some satisfaction in securing the first fruits of my adventure.

With such booty as this it again occurred to me to be on the safe side and to go back by the way I came. I was, in fact, looking round me to see if there was any other small valuable object I could lift before departing when I heard a door open in some distant part of the house—and voices.

They were women's voices or, rather, as I speedily inferred, girls' voices. By listening intently I drew the conclusion that two girls had come out of a room on the third floor and were coming down the stairs.

It was the minute to make off, and I tried to do so. I might have effected my escape had I not been checked by the figure of a man looming up suddenly before me. He sprang out of nowhere—a tall, slender man, in a dark blue suit, with trousers baggy at the knees, and wearing an old golfing cap. I jumped back from him in terror, only to find that it was my own reflection in the pier glass. But the few seconds' delay lost me my chance to get away.

By the time I had tiptoed to the door the voices were on the same floor as myself. Two girls were advancing along the hall, evidently making their way to this chamber. My retreat being cut off I looked wildly about for a place in which to hide myself. In the instants at my disposal I could discover nothing more remote than the bay window, screened by its loose rose-colored hangings. By the time the young ladies were on the threshold I was established there, with the silk sections pulled together and held tightly in my hand.

The first words I heard were: "But it will seem so like a habit. Men will be afraid of you."

This voice was light, silvery and staccato. That which replied had a deep mezzo quality, without being quite contralto.

"They won't be nearly as much afraid of me," it said fretfully, "as I am of them. I wish—I wish they'd let me alone!"

"Oh, well, they won't do that—not yet awhile; unless, as I say, they see you're hopeless. Really, dear, when a girl breaks a third engagement ——"

"They must see that she wouldn't do it if she didn't have to. Here—this is the hook that always bothers me."

There were tears in the mezzo voice now, with a hint of exasperation that might have been due to the lover or the hook, I couldn't be sure which.

"But that's what I don't see ——"

"You don't see it because you don't know Stephen—that is, you don't know him well."

"But from what I do know of him ——"

"He seems very nice. Yes, of course! But, good heavens, Elsie, I want a husband who's something more than very nice!"

"And yet that's pretty good, as husbands go."

"If I can't reach a higher standard than as husbands go I shan't marry anyone."

"Which seems to me what's very likely to happen."

"So it seems to me."

The silence that followed was full of soft, swishing sounds, which I judged to come from the taking off of a dress and the putting on of some sort of negligée. From my experience of the habits of girls, as illustrated by my sisters and their friends, I supposed that they were lending each other services in the processes of undoing. The girl with the mezzo voice had gone up to Elsie's room to undo her; Elsie had come down to render similar assistance. There is probably a psychological connection between this intimate act and confidence, since girls most truly bare their hearts to each other when they ought to be going to bed.

The mezzo young lady was moving about the room when the conversation was taken up again.

"I don't understand," Elsie complained, "why you should have got engaged to Stephen in the first place."

"I don't either"—she was quite near me now, and threw something that might have been a brooch or a chain on the little white desk—"except on the ground that I wanted to try him."

"Try him? What do you mean?"

"Well, what's an engagement? Isn't it a kind of experiment? You get as near to marriage as you can, while still keeping free to draw back. To me it's been like going down to the edge of the water in which you can commit suicide, and finding it so cold that you go home again."

"Don't you ever mean to be married at all?" Elsie demanded impatiently.

"I don't mean to be married till I'm sure."

Elsie burst out indignantly.

"Regina Barry, that's the most pusillanimous thing I ever heard. You might as well say you'd never cross the Atlantic unless you were sure the ship would reach the other side."

"My trouble about crossing the Atlantic is in making up my mind whether or not I want to go on board. One might be willing to risk the second step, but one can't risk the first. Even the hymn that says 'One step enough for me' implies that at least you know what that's to be."

"You mean that you balk at marriage in any case."

"I mean that I balk at marriage with any of the men I've been engaged to. I must say that; and I can't say more."

During another brief silence I surmised that Regina Barry had seated herself before the dressing table, and was probably doing something to her hair. I wish I could say here that in my eavesdropping I experienced a sense of shame; but I can't. Whatever creates a sense of shame had been warped in me. The moral transitions that had turned me into a burglar had been gradual but sure. With the gold mesh purse in my pocket a burglar I had become, and I felt no more repugnance to the business than I did to that of the architect. Notwithstanding the natural masculine interest these young ladies stirred in me I meant to wait till they had separated—gone to bed. Then I would slip out from my hiding place, swipe the brooch or the chain that had been thrown on the desk, and go.

"What was the matter with the first man?" Elsie began again.

"I don't know whether it was the matter with him or with me. I didn't trust him."

"I should say that was the matter with him. And the next man?"

"Nothing. I simply couldn't have lived with him."

"And what's wrong with Stephen is that he's no more than very nice. I see."

"Oh, no, you don't see, dear! There's a lot more to it than all that, only I can't explain it." I fancied that she wheeled round in her chair and faced her companion. "The long and short of it is that I've never met the man with whom I could keep house. I can fall in love with them for a while—I can have them going and coming—I can welcome them and say good-by to them—but when it's a question of all welcome and no good-by—well, the man's got to be different from any I've seen yet."

"You'll end by not getting anyone at all."

"Which from my point of view, don't you see, won't be an unmixed evil. Having lived happily for twenty-three years without a husband I don't see why I should throw away a perfectly good bone for the most enticing shadow that ever was."

"I don't believe you're human." Before there could be a retort to this Elsie went on to ask: "How did poor Stephen take it?"

"Well, he didn't go into fits of laughter. He took it more or less lying down. If he hadn't ——"

"If he hadn't—what?"

"Oh, I don't know. The least little bit of fight on his part—or even contempt ——"

As this sentence remained unfinished I could hear Elsie rise.

"Well, I'm off to bed," she yawned. "What time do you have breakfast?"

There was some little discussion of household arrangements, after which they said their good nights.

With Elsie's departure I began for the first time to be uncomfortable. I can't express myself otherwise than to say that as long as she was there I felt I had a chaperon. In spite of the fact that I had become a professional burglar the idea of being left alone with an innocent young lady in her bedroom filled me with dismay.

I was almost on the point of making a bolt for it when I heard Elsie call out from the hallway: "Ugh! How dark and poky! For mercy's sake, come up with me!"

Miss Barry lingered at the dressing table long enough to ask: "Wouldn't you rather sleep in mother's room? That communicates with this, with only a little passage in between. The bed is made up."

"Oh, no," Elsie's staccato came "I don't mind being up there, and things are spread out; only it seer creepy to climb all those stairs."

"Wait a minute."

She sprang up. I breathed freely. sense of propriety was saved. The were receding along the front hall. the young ladies had begun to moun stairs I would slip out by the back hal get off. Relaxing my hold on the silk h ings I stepped out cautiously.

My first thought was for the obje had heard thrown down with a rattle o writing desk. They proved to be a stri small pearls, a diamond pin, and three r of which I made no inspection before sw ing them into my pocket.

I was ready now to steal away, but t vexation the incorrigible maidens had gun to talk love affairs again at the fo the staircase leading up to the third fl They had also turned on the hall light that my chances were diminished for get away unseen.

Knowing, however, that sooner or l they would have to go up the next fli I stood by the writing desk and waited was not nervous; I was not alarmed. A matter of fact the success of my undert ing up to the present point, together w the action of food and wine, combined make me excited and hilarious. I chuck in advance over the mystification of M Regina Barry, who would find on return to her room that her rings, her necklet s her gold mesh purse had melted into atmosphere.

In sheer recklessness I was now guilty a bit of deviltry before which I would ha hesitated had I had time to give it a seco thought. On the desk there was a scrap blank paper and a pen. Stooping I print in the neat block letters I had once be accustomed to inscribe on the margin bel a plan:

"There are men different from those y have seen hitherto. Wait."

This I pinned to the pincushion on t dressing table, beginning at once to cre toward the door, so as to seize the first o portunity of slipping down the back stai

But again I was frustrated.

"I'm all right now," I heard Elsie s reassuringly. "Don't come up. Go bac and go to bed."

Miss Barry spoke as she returned alon the hall toward her room:

"The cook sleeps in the next room you, so that if you're afraid in the nigh you've only to hammer on the wall. Bu you needn't be. This house is as safe as prison."

I had barely time to get into the ba window again and pull the curtains to.

Some five minutes followed, during whic I heard the opening and shutting of drav ers and closets and the swish and froufro of skirts. I began to curse my idiocy fastening that silly bit of writing to th pincushion. My only hope lay in the po sibility that she would go to bed and sleep without seeing it.

With hearing grown extraordinarily acu I could trace every movement she mad about the room. Presently I knew she ha come back to the dressing table agai Pulling up a chair she sat down before it, finish, I suppose, the arranging of her hai

For a few seconds there was a silenc during which I could hear the thumping my heart. Then came the faint rattling paper. I knew when she read the thing b the slight catch in her breath. I expecte more than that. I thought she would ca out to her friend or otherwise give an alarm If she went to a telephone to summon th police I decided to make a dash for it. In deed, I meant to make a dash for it as was, as soon as I knew her next move.

But of all the next moves the one sh made was the one I had least counted o With a sudden tug at the hangings sh pulled them apart—and I was before her.

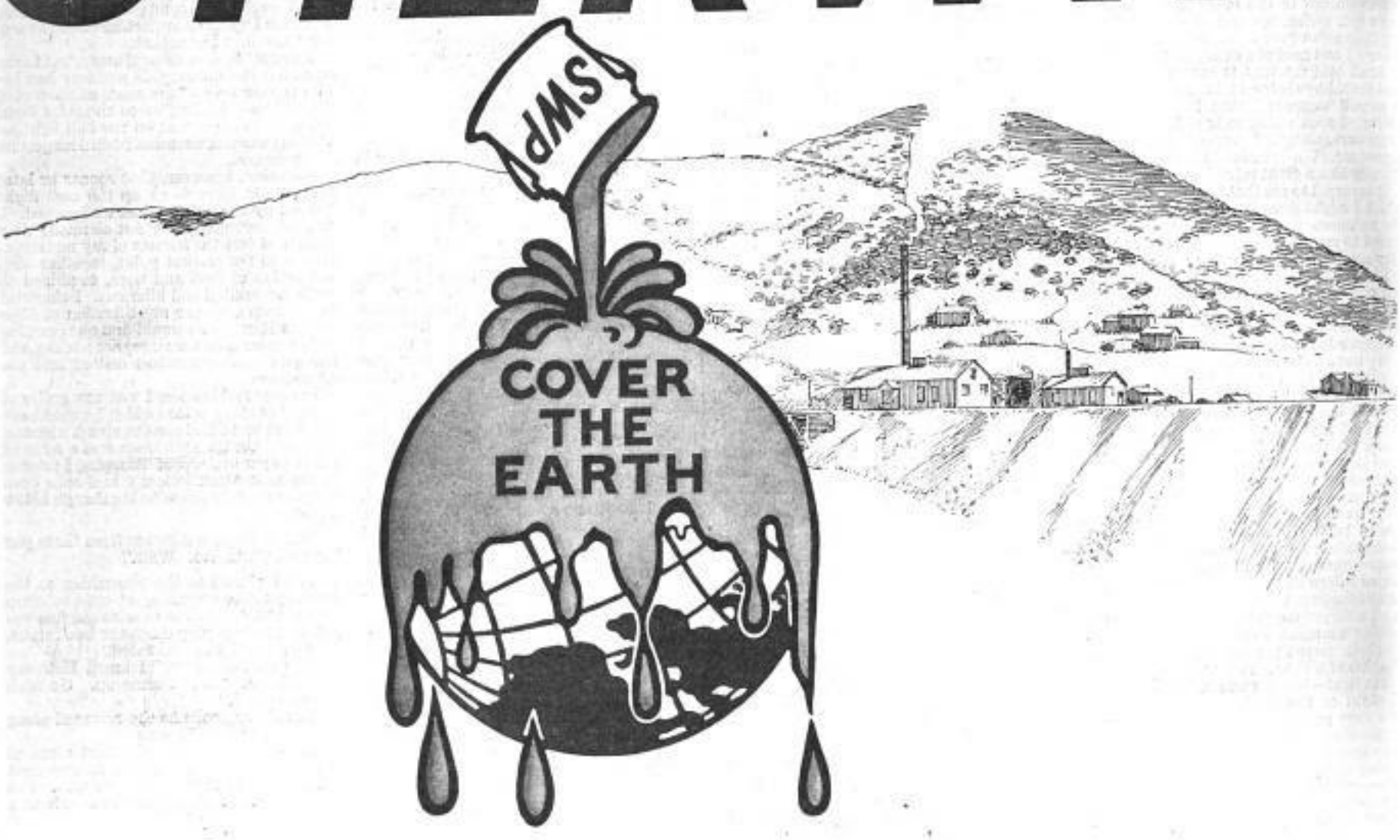
I was before her and she was before m It is this latter detail of which I have th most vivid recollection. In the matter time all other recollections of the momen seem to come after that and to be subsi iary to it.

My immediate impression was of tw enormous, wonderful, burning eyes, full amazement. Apart from the eyes I hardl saw anything. It was as if the light of dark lantern had been suddenly turned o me, and I was blinded by the blaze. I wa blinded by the blaze and shriveled up in i No words can do justice to my sudde

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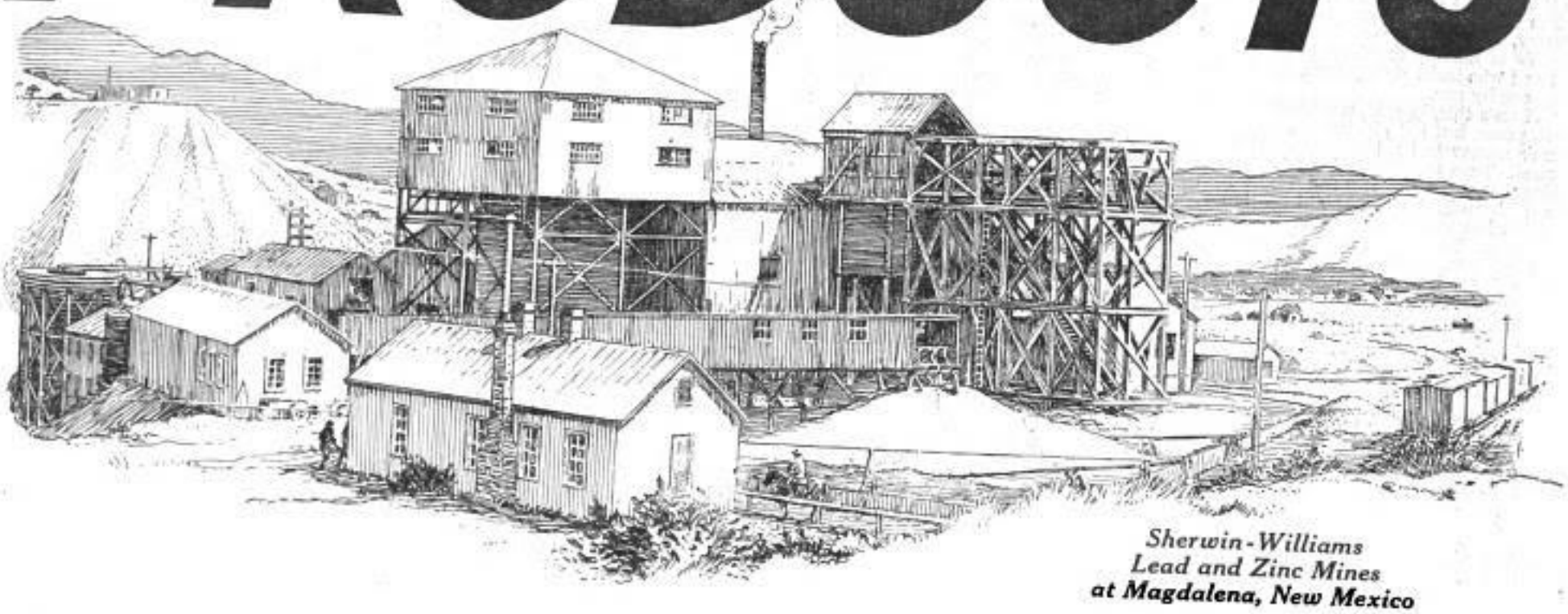
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(Continued from Page 49)

sense of being a contemptible loathsome reptile.

"Sh!" was the first sound that came from her. She raised her hand. "Don't make a noise or you'll frighten my friend. She's nervous already."

Instinctively I pulled off my cap, stepping out of my hiding place into the middle of the room. As I did so she recoiled, supporting herself by a hand on the writing desk. Now that the discovery was made I could see her grow pale, while the hand on the desk trembled.

"You needn't be afraid," I began to whisper.

"I'm not afraid," she whispered back; "but—but what are you doing here?"

"I'll show you," I returned with shamefaced quietness. "I shall also show you that if you'll let me go without giving an alarm you won't be sorry."

Pulling all the things I had stolen out of my pocket I showered them on the dressing table.

"Oh!"

The smothered exclamation made it plain to me that she hadn't missed the articles.

"May I ask you to verify them?" I went on. "If you should find later that something had disappeared I shouldn't like you to think that I had carried it away."

She made a feint at examining the jewelry, but I could see that she was incapable of making anything like a count. It was I who insisted on going over the objects one by one.

"There's this," I said, touching the gold mesh purse, but not picking it up. "I see there's money in it; but it has not been opened. Then there's this," I added, indicating the pearl necklet; "and this," which was the brooch. "The rings," I continued, "I don't know anything about. There are three here. That's all I remember seeing; but I didn't notice in particular."

She said in a breathless whisper: "That's all there were."

"Then may I ask if you mean to let me go?"

"How can I stop you?"

"Oh, in two or three ways. You could call your servants; or you could ring up the police ——"

Her big burning eyes were fixed on me hypnotically. The color began to come back to her cheeks, but she trembled still.

"How—how did you get in?"

I explained to her.

"And the only thing I've taken," I went on, "is the food I ate and the wine I drank; but if you knew how much I needed them ——"

"Were you hungry?"

"I hadn't eaten anything for two days; and very little for two days before that."

"Then you're not—you're not one of those gentleman burglars who do this sort of thing out of bravado?"

"As we see in novels or plays? I don't think you'll find many of them about. I'm a-burglar," I pursued, "or I—I meant to be one—but I'm not a gentleman."

"You speak like a gentleman."

"Unfortunately a gentleman is not made by speech. A gentleman could never be in the predicament in which you've caught me."

"Well, then, you were a gentleman once."

"My father was a gentleman—and is."

"English?"

"I'd rather not tell you. Now that I've restored the things, if you'll give me your word that I shan't be molested I shall ——"

"You shan't be molested, only ——"

As she hesitated I insisted:

"Only what, may I ask?"

Her manner was a mixture of embarrassment and pity. She had not hitherto taken her eyes from me since we had begun to speak. Now she let them wander away; or, rather, she let them shift away, to return to me swiftly as if she couldn't trust me without watching me. By this time she was trembling so violently, too, that she was obliged to grasp the back of a chair to steady herself. She was too little to be tall, and yet too tall to be considered little. The filmy thing she wore, with its long loose sleeves, gave her some of the appearance of an angel, only that no angel ever had this bright, almost hectic color in the cheeks, and these scarlet lips.

"Was it," she asked, speaking, as we both did, in low tones and rapidly, "was it because you—you had no money that you did this?"

I smiled faintly.

"That was it exactly; but now ——"

"Then won't you let me give you some?"

I still had enough of the man about me to straighten myself up and say: "Thanks, no. It's very kind of you; but—but the reasons which make it impossible for me to—to steal it make it equally impossible for me to take it as a gift."

"But why—why was it impossible for you to steal it, when you had come here to do it?"

"I suppose it was seeing the owner of it face to face. I'd sunk low enough to steal from someone I couldn't visualize—but what's the use? It's mere hair-splitting. Just let me say that this is my first attempt, and it hasn't succeeded. I may do better next time if I can get up the nerve."

"Oh, but there won't be a next time."

"That we shall have to see."

"Suppose"—the mixture of embarrassment and pity made it hard for her to speak—"suppose I said I was sorry for you."

"You don't have to say it. I see it. It's something I shall never forget as long as I live."

"Well, since I'm sorry for you, won't you let me ——"

"No," I interrupted firmly. "I'm grateful for your pity; I'll accept that; but I won't take anything else." I began moving toward the door. "Since you're good enough to let me go I had better be off; but I can't do it without thanking you."

For the first time she smiled a little. Even in that dim light I could see it was what in normal conditions would be called a generous smile, full, frank and kindly. Just now it was little more than a quivering of the long scarlet lips. She glanced toward the little heap of things on the desk.

"If it comes to that I have to thank you."

I raised my hand deprecatingly.

"Don't."

I had almost reached the threshold when her words made me turn.

"Do you know who I am?"

"I think I do," was all I could reply.

"Well, then, why shouldn't you come back later—in some more usual manner—and let me see if there isn't something I could do for you?"

"Do for me—in what way?"

"In the way of getting you work—or something."

My heart had leaped up for a minute, but now it fell. Why it should have done either I cannot say, since I could be nothing to her but a fool who had tried to be a thief, and couldn't, as we say in our common idiom, get away with it.

I thanked her again.

"But you've done a great deal for me as it is," I added. "I couldn't ask for more." Somewhat disconnectedly I continued, "I think you're the pluckiest girl I ever saw not to have been afraid of me."

"Oh, it wasn't pluck. I saw at once that you wouldn't do me any harm."

"How?"

"In general. I was surprised. I was excited. In a way I was overcome. But I wasn't afraid of you. If you'd been a tramp or a colored man or anything like that it would have been different. But one isn't afraid of a—of a gentleman."

"But I'm not a ——"

"Well then, a man who has a gentleman's traditions. You'd better go now," she whispered suddenly. "If you want to come back as I've suggested—any time to-morrow forenoon—I'd speak to my father ——"

"Not about this?" I whispered hurriedly.

"No; not about this. This had better be just between ourselves. I shall never say anything to anyone about it, and I advise you to do the same." I had made a low bow, preparatory to getting out, when she held up the scrap of paper she had crumpled in her hand. "Why did you write this?"

But I got out of the room without giving a reply.

I was descending the back stairs when I heard a door open on the third floor and Elsie's voice call out: "Regina, are you talking to anybody down there?"

There was a tremor in the mezzo as it replied: "N-no. I'm just—I'm just moving about."

"Well, for heaven's sake go to bed. It's after two o'clock. I never was in a house like this in all my life before. It seems to be full of people crawling round everywhere. I think I'll come down to your mother's bed, after all."

"Do," was the only word I heard as I stole into the servants' dining room, then into the closet with shelves, where I shut the door softly. A few seconds later I was out on the cool ground, in the dark, behind the shrub.

I lay there almost breathlessly, not because I was unable to get up but because I couldn't drag myself away. I wanted to go over the happenings of the last hour and seal them in my memory. They were terrible to me and beautiful.

I had been there some fifteen minutes when I heard the open window above me closed gently, and the fastening snapped. I knew that again she was near me, though as before she didn't suspect my presence. I wondered if the chances of life would ever bring us so close to each other again.

Above me, where the shrub detached itself a little from the wall of the house, I could see the stars. Lying on my back I watched them till it seemed to me they began to pale. At the same time I caught a thinning in the texture of the darkness. I got up with the silence in which I had lain down. Crossing the brick-paved yard and striding over the low wall I was again in the vacant lot.

It was not yet dawn, but it was the dark gray hour which tells that dawn is coming. I was obliged to take more accurate precautions than before, as, crushing the tangle of nettle, burdock, fireweed and blue succory, I crept along in the shadow of the house wall to regain the empty street.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# THE LEAGUE OF FREE NATIONS

(Concluded from Page 10)

have long since technicalized and brought to a very keen and cutting edge.

The practical man is far less interested in the exact legal and terminological value of this council or standing conference or group of committees—or whatever the exact form of world control may be to which the plain logic of human necessity is driving mankind—than in the way that control will work, the powers it must have, and the means by which it will keep itself in touch with the general consciousness of the people of the world.

The present war has made nothing more manifest than that the effective control of militarism must extend to issues that are not in themselves military. The development of war, as I have already pointed out, has been steadily abolishing the noncombatant; modern war is a struggle of whole populations, fighting with all their industrial and economic strength, and an effective world control of food supplies and of the supplies of staple articles generally—of coal, iron, and the like.

Moreover, a world control of war implies a world control of the causes of war. Modern wars, it has been said, are invariably economic; they are struggles for markets and raw material. And it is evident, therefore, that a world control of militarism which does not provide some substitute for war settlements upon these questions will be no better than restraining a suffocating man from smashing a window that gives upon fresh air.

A world control of militarism will lead, it will be found, to a world control of shipping and of the world distribution of staples; to restraint upon tariff wars; and, indeed, to a general control of international trade. This is a large order, both for the free trader and the tariff reformer; but it is a necessary part of any scheme for an effective control of war.

The experience of the Allies confirms this proposition. It has been asserted again and again that even now a league of nations exists in the alliance against the Central Powers. But the steady pressure of necessity has already carried the Allies beyond the mere League stage, and it must ultimately take them beyond mere exclusive dealing with their allies. The attainment of a unity of military command has been accompanied by a progressive pooling of interests and resources, less conspicuous perhaps, but more significant.

In matters of food, coal, metals and shipping the Allies have been forced to scrap, first in this instance and then in that, the idea that they were separate competing entities.

America goes easy with the bacon that England may be fed, and England will shiver this winter that Italy may not be frozen out of the alliance.

Though the faint-hearted gentlemen of the Weak League of Nations movements are assuring us that the nations of the earth are far too jealous to tolerate the slightest infringements of their sovereign rights, these poolings are going on upon a tremendous scale. When at last the German mind is attuned to revolutionary ideas and the Hohenzollern incubus is set aside, so that a chastened Germany can come to the peace conference, it is inevitable that these pooling organizations must assume a practically world-wide scope.

However much Englishmen may dislike Germans, they must get back to some momentary footing in common, even if it is only to secure the economic reinstatement of Belgium. There must be some restraint upon a desperate and planless resumption of industrial competition. There must be no scramble for food. These are matters that will not be settled in a few weeks or months.

It is natural to look to such committees of world control that will necessarily be formed at the peace conference to restore the shattered financial and economic order, as bodies that may be given permanence by treaty, that may be supplemented by permanent world committees to deal with health, navigation, emigration, and other general purposes, to form the civil administrative side of a world league.

The creation of a general sense of the world league in men's minds through propaganda and education, and its embodiment in political forms, may, indeed, be rather the culmination and recognition of a process of human unification already in full progress than a real new departure in human affairs.

From being a proposed addendum to human life, in the form of a court of jurists, the league of nations has now become the outline of a broad and hopeful scheme for the reconstruction of international relationships upon a sound and enduring basis. It is a new world policy. It is a scheme that may inaugurate a new and happier phase in the troubled history of mankind. But at every step it demands sacrifices of propossessions.

There is no good in clinging to ideals of a world of unrestricted free trade and *laissez faire* if the world controls of the league of nations are to come into existence; it is equally unreasonable to dream of schemes of a self-contained British Empire, taxing the foreigner and economically hostile to all foreigners, including those of France, Italy and the United States.

We must cease to think imperially as we have had to cease thinking parochially; and we must think now in terms of the peace of the world. The league of nations points straight to a pooling of empires, and it is no good blinking the fact. And, since it cannot operate in an atmosphere tainted by suspicion, the league of nations demands for its effective operation a change in our diplomatic methods.

The world has become too multitudinous for secret understandings. In this swarming world of half-taught crowds, with its imminent danger from class hostility and distrust, governments must say plainly what they mean and stand by their declarations unambiguously.

It may at times be difficult and tedious to inform a whole population upon the values of some international situation, but the danger of misconception and spasmodic crowd action outweighs the desire of the expert for an uncriticized freedom. There must be an end to secret diplomacy. Nations must understand their responsibilities.

The welfare of the world requires that the very children in the schools should be taught the broad outlines of the treaties that bind their nations into the mosaic of the world's peace. They have to grow up understanding and consenting, if only on account of the grim alternative the precedent of Russia suggests.

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# "These cakes surely hit the spot!"

From "Somewhere in France" a young American engineer wrote home of how he longed for a plate of good old Aunt Jemima Pancakes!

Someone sent the Aunt Jemima Mills Company his letter in his local newspaper and they promptly sent him as large a package as Uncle Sam would take. Other people, reading his letter, also sent off packages of Aunt Jemima to him.

Imagine his delight and surprise when the smiling, red Aunt Jemima boxes appeared in his mail!

"There are about sixty men in our barracks, and the night when the first package came I undertook to supply them all with cakes. They crowded around the stove and stood patiently in line for some time awaiting their turn, overflowing with eagerness and boisterous demonstration.

"We could only obtain the crudest implements with which to bake them; we had a small stove commonly known as a 'Jam Can'; removed the top and in its place put a large piece of sheet iron which served as a griddle; the top of a Nabisco box flattened out with a piece of iron served as a ladle, and a good-sized chunk of pork fat did for the grease.

"But even with such an assortment of utensils, and in the primitive method with which we baked them, the cakes lost none of their flavor and deliciousness and better results could not have been obtained in the most modern kitchen. We followed directions and added nothing but water, and the results were all that could be desired.

"The fellows all join me in thanking you and the other good people who remembered us with Aunt Jemima, the cakes surely 'hit the spot!'"

I am gratefully,

Pvt._____

Co. D, U. S. Engineers, A. E. F.

**Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri**

*Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour makes fine muffins, waffles and breadsticks*





# AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKE FLOUR

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# FROM MY OVERSEAS NOTEBOOK

(Continued from Page 7)

attention; and then he's a gone gosling, marching to the calaboose, with steel jewelry on both wrists.

But when this pair slipped nearer and nearer until they could touch the big colored man, and one of them barked the command right in his ear, he merely turned his head and, without straightening his slouchy form, inquired politely:

"Speakin' to me, boss?"

Nevertheless, to be on the safe side, they asked for his papers.

"Whut kinder papers?"

"Your military papers—your pass—something to identify you by."

"W'y, boss," he asked, "does you need papers to go round wid yere in Sa'nt-Nazaire?"

"This ain't Saint-Nazaire," they told him. "This is Paris."

"Paris? My Lawd! Den dat splains it."

"Explains what?"

"Splains w'y I couldn't find all dem niggers dey tole me wuz in Sa'nt-Nazaire. Here I been in Paris all dis time—ever since early dis mawnin'—an' I didn't know it! No wonner I couldn't run acrost dem big wharf boats an' dem niggers!"

"Never mind that. I just asked you where your papers are."

"Papers! Me? Huh! Boss, I ain't got no mo' papers 'n a hant. Effen you needs papers to git about on, you gen'lemen better tek me an' lock me up right now, kase I tells you p'intedly I ain't got nary paper to my name."

"That's precisely what we aim to do. Come on, you!"

They took him to Number 10, Rue St. Anne, where our provost marshal in Paris has his headquarters; and there the tale came out. I got it at first hand from the captain of the Intelligence Department who examined him; and I know I got it straight, because the captain was a monologist on the Big Time before he signed up for the war, and he has the knack of narrative and the gift of dialect.

Then, later, I saw the central figure in the comedy and interviewed him. In a way of speaking, I think his adventure was the most remarkable of any I have heard of on this side of the ocean—and I have heard my share. How a big, lubberly American negro, with absolutely nothing on his person to vouch for him or his purposes, could travel halfway across a country where no one else can stir a foot without a pocketful of passes and visés and credentials, and how, lacking any knowledge of the language, he managed to do what he did do—— But I am anticipating.

### *Watterson Gets the Third Degree*

It was at 10, Rue St. Anne that my friend the ex-vaudevillian took him in hand with the intention of conferring the third degree. For quite a spell the interrogator couldn't make up his mind whether he dealt with the most guileless human being on French soil or with a shrewd black fugitive hiding his real self behind a mask of innocence. After he had made sure the prisoner was what he seemed to be, the intelligence officer kept on at him for the fun of the thing.

Batting his eyes as the questions pelted at him, the giant made straightforward answers. His name was Watterson Towers; his age was "sommers round twenty-fo' or twenty-five," he didn't "perzackly 'member w'ich"; he was born "an' fotched up" in Bowling Green, Kentucky, and at the time of his coming to France he resided at Number 34, East Pittsburgh.

"Number Thirty-four what?" asked the inquisitor.

"Naw, suh; not no Thirty-fo' nothin'—jes' plain Thirty-fo'."

"But what street is this Number Thirty-four on?"

"'Tain't on no street, boss."

"What do you mean—no street?"

"Boss, wuz you ever in East Pittsburgh? Well, suh, den does you 'member dat string of little houses dat stands in a row right 'longside de railroad tracks ez you comes into town f'um de fur side? 'Tain't no street; it's jes' houses. Well, suh, I lives in de thirty-fo'th one."

"Oh, I see! Well, how did you get here?"

"Me? I rid, mostly."

"Rode on what?"

"Rode part de time on a ship and part de time on de steam cyars; but, fust an' last, I done a mighty heap of walking also."

Further questioning elicited from Watterson Towers these sallent facts: He had taken a job that carried him from East Pittsburgh to New York and left him stranded there. He had heard about the draft. He knew that sooner or later the draft would catch him and send him off to France, where he would be expected to fight Germans; so he decided that before this could happen he would visit France on his own hook and, as a civilian bystander, a private observer so to speak, would view some of the operations of war at first hand, with a view to deciding whether he cared enough for it as a sport to take a hand in it voluntarily.

He had smuggled himself aboard a transport—heaven alone knew how—and, fortified with a bag of gingersnaps, he had hidden away in a cargo hold until the ship sailed. Two days out from land a new and very painful sickness had overcome the stowawny, and he had made his way up on deck for air. There he had been caught and sent to the galley to work his passage across.

When he had progressed thus far his cross-examiner broke in:

"What was the name of the ship?"

"Boss, I plum disremembers; but it muster been de bigges' ship dey is. W'y, suh, dey wuz 'most six hunderd folkses on dat ship, an' I had to wash up after ever' las' one of 'em. W'ite folkses suttinly teks a lot of dishes w'en dey eats—I'll tell de world dat."

"Well, where did the ship land? Do you know that much?"

### *Francs for Dollars, Even-Stephen*

"Boss, hit wuz some place wid a outlandish name, an' dat's all I kin tell you. I never wuz no hand fur 'memberin' reg'lar names, let alone dese yere jabber kind of words lak dese yere French folkses talks wid."

"What happened when you got off the ship?"

"W'y, suh, dey let me off de ship, an' a w'ite man on de wharf boat tells me Ise landed right spang in France; an' he axes me does I want a job of wuk? An' I tells him: 'Naw, suh; not yit.' I tells him Ise aimin' to travel round an' see de country an' de war 'fore I settles down to anything. Den 'nother w'ite man dat's standin' dere he tells me dey's a lot of my color in a place called Sa'nt-Nazaire, an' I 'cides I'll go dere an' 'sociate a w'ile wid dem niggers. So I changes my money an' I ——"

"I thought you said you didn't have any money when you started."

"I didn't, boss; but de w'ite folkses on de ship dey taken up a c'lection fur me, account of me washin' all dem dishes so nice and clean. It come to twenty dollahs. So I changes it into dese yere francs. De man give me twenty francs fur my twenty dollars—didn't charge me no interes' a-tall, but jes' traded even-Stephen. Den I sets out to find dis yere Sa'nt-Nazaire place. Dat wuz two days ago, an' I been movin' stiddy ever since."

"How did you know what train to take?"

"I didn't. I jes' went to de depot an' I clim' aboa'd de fus' train I sees dat looks lak she might be goin' sommers. An' after a w'ile one of dese Frenchies come round to me whar I wuz settin', an' he jabber somethin' at me; an' I tell him, plain ez I kin, whar I wants to go, an' axes him is dis de right train? An' den he jabber some mo', an' I keep on tellin' him de same thing over ag'in. An' after a w'ile he jes' th'ow up both hands—lak dis—an' go on off an' leave me be in peace. W'ich dat very same thing happen' to me ever' time I git on a train; an' I done been on t'ree or fo' before I gits to dis place dis mawnin' early.

"My way wuz to stay by de train twell she stop an' don't start no mo'. An' den I'd git off an' walk round, lookin' for de big wharf boats where de w'ite man tole me dem niggers would be wukkin'; but not no place I went did I see ary wharf boats, so I jes' kept a-movin' twell I got yere, lak I'm tellin' it to you. An' I says to myself den: 'Dis suttinly must be Sa'nt-Nazaire—it's shore big enough to be, anyway.' But I took an' walked 'bout ten miles, an' I couldn't find no wharf boats, an' no niggers neither, scusin' some Frenchified niggers all dressed up lak Misty Shriners, an' dey couldn't talk our way of talkin'. I seen plenty soldiers, but dem I left alone kase I didn't aim to git tangled up wid no soldiers twell de time come to be one.

"Finally I sees a big place dat look lak it mout be 'nother depot; an' I went on in there, an' wuz fixin' to tek de next train out w'en dem two soldier men of yourn, wid de bands on dere arms, come up to me an' dey run me in. An' yere I is!"

It was explained to Watterson Towers that, to avoid complications, he had better enter the Army forthwith; and he very promptly agreed. Travel seemingly was beginning to pall on him.

Then, to spin out the gorgeous humor of the interview, the intelligence officer put one more question; and when he told me what the answer had been I agreed with him that the reward was worthy of the effort.

"Now, Watterson," he said, "what kind of a regiment would you prefer to join—an all-white regiment or an all-black regiment, or a mixed regiment, part black and part white? Take your choice."

"Boss," said Watterson, "it don't make no diff'ence a-tall to me w'ich kind of a regiment 'tis—jes' so it's got a band!"

We certainly are creatures of habit. Because somebody, a century or so behind us, speaking with that air of authority which usually accompanies the voicing of a perfectly wrong premise, stated that all Irishmen were natural wits, and that no Englishman could see a joke, the world accepted the assertion as a verity. Never was a greater libel perpetrated upon either race.

It has been my observation that the Irish, at heart, are a melancholy breed. Certain it is that no people have produced more first-rate humorists and more first-rate comedians than the English. Witness the British output in this war; witness Bairnsfather and those satirical verses on war topics that have been running in Punch. I'm mostly Celt myself—North of Scotland and South of Ireland, with some Welsh and a little English mixed up in my strain—and I feel myself qualified to speak on these matters.

Another common delusion among outsiders, and particularly among Americans, is that Englishmen are stolid, unimaginative creatures, who fail to show their feelings in moments of stress because they haven't any great flow of feelings to show. Now, as a general proposition, I think it may be figured that a Frenchman, turning sentimental, will give free vent to the thoughts that are in his heart; that an American will try to hide his emotions under a mask of levity; and that an Englishman, expressing after a somewhat different pattern the racial embarrassment he shares with the American, will seek to appear outwardly indifferent, incidentally becoming more or less inarticulate.

### *A Charing Cross Drama*

The Frenchman takes no shame to himself when he weeps or sings in public on being stirred; the Yankee is apt to laugh very loudly; the Englishman will be mute and will exhibit slight confusion, which by some might be mistaken for mental awkwardness. But there are exceptions to all rules.

So far as the rule pertains to the Britisher I am thinking of two exceptions. To one of these instances I was an eyewitness; the other incident was told to me by a man who was present when it occurred.

He said he was passing through Charing Cross Station one night when he saw a couple of Canadian subalterns emerging from one of the refreshment booths. Both of them had been wounded. One had his right arm in a sling and limped as he walked. The other was that most pitiable spectacle this war can produce—a young man blinded. Across his eyes was drawn a white cloth band and he moved with the uncertain fumbling gait of one upon whom this affliction has newly come.

With his uninjured arm the lame youth was steering his companion. The two boys—for they were only boys, my informant said—halted in an arched exit to put on their topcoats before stepping out into the drizzle. The crippled officer released his hold upon his friend's elbow to shrug his own garment upon his shoulders.

The second *blessé* was making a sorry job at finding the armholes of his coat when a handsome elderly officer, with the badges of a major general upon his shoulders and a breast loaded with ribbon decorations, stepped up and, with the words, "Let me help you, won't you?" held the coat in the proper position while deftly he guided the blind boy's arms into the sleeve openings.

In a second the unexpected dénouement came. The youngster reached into his pocket; then felt for the hand of this volunteer who had come to his assistance.

"Thank you very much!" he said; and there in the palm of the astonished general lay a shilling.

The other lieutenant, the youth with the bandaged arm, stumbled to his comrade's side. He may have meant to whisper, but in his distress he fairly shouted it out:

"You've just handed a tip to a major general!"

Horrified, the blind boy spun about on his heel to apologize.

"I'm so sorry, sir!" he gasped. "I—I thought it was a porter, of course. I beg your pardon—a thousand times, sir. I hope you'll forgive me—you know, I can't see any more, sir." And with that he held out his hand to take back the miserable coin.

The splendid-looking old man put both his hands upon the lad's shoulders. His ruddy face was quivering and the tears were running down his cheeks.

"Please don't! Please don't!" he gulped almost incoherently. "I want to keep your shilling, if you don't mind. Why, God bless you, my son, I want to keep it always. I wouldn't take a thousand pounds for it!"

And then, falling back one pace, he saluted the blind lad with all the reverence he would have accorded his commander in chief or his king.

### *Off for the Rhine Country*

Here is the other thing—the one of which I speak as having first-hand knowledge:

Three of us, returning by automobile from a visit to the Verdun massif, took a détour in order to call upon our friends, the blithe young Britishers who make up Night Bombing Squadron Number ——. They're a great outfit, representing, as they do, every corner of the empire; but, to my way of thinking, Big Bill and the Young Un, both captains and both seasoned pilots of big Handley-Page bombing planes, are the pick of the lot. As I think I have already remarked somewhere else, the average age of this crowd is somewhere round twenty-two.

This fine summer night we arrived at their headquarters opportunely, for there was to be a raiding expedition to the Rhine. First, though, there was a good dinner, at which we were unexpected but none the less welcome guests. Catch a lot of English lads letting a little thing like the prospect of a four-hundred-mile air jaunt into Germany and back interfere with their dinner!

Just before the long, lazy twilight merged into the silver radiance of the moonlight, all hands started for the hangars a mile or two away, across on the other side of the patch of woods that surrounded the camp. Upon the running boards of our car we carried an overflow of six or eight airmen; the rest walked. Clinging alongside of me—I rode in the front seat—was a tall, slender boy—a captain, for all his youth—whom I shall call Wilkins, which wasn't his name, but is near enough to it. He was the minstrel of the squadron; could play half a dozen instruments, as we knew, and sing cockney ballads with a gorgeous whine.

At the field our added passengers dropped off and each ran to superintend the soldier crews as they went over the planes, tuning them up. After a little while the signal for departure came. One after another the machines got away, each bearing its pilot and its gunner-observer, and, with its freight of great bombs dangling from its undersides as it lifted and went soaring away toward the northeast, making a yet more wonderful picture if, in rising, it chanced to cut across the white, white disk of a full moon which had just pushed itself clear of the wooded mountain top.

Next day about noontime our route again brought us within ten miles of the squadron's camp, and we decided to turn

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(Continued from Page 54)

aside that way for an hour or so and learn the results of the raid. Sprawled about the big living room of their community house in the birch forest we found a score or more of our late hosts.

"Well, what sort of a show did you put on last night?" one of us inquired as we entered.

In the vernacular of the British fighting man any movement aimed at the Hun's peace of mind and well-being, from an engagement in force to a solitary prowl in No Man's Land, is a show.

"Oh, a priceless show!" came the answer. "We gave the dear old boche a sultry evening; make no ruddy error about it. Spilt our little pills all over Mannheim and Trèves. Scored a lot of direct hits, too, as well as one might judge while comin' away in more or less of a hurry."

"It was rippin' fun while it lasted," put in another. "We didn't get back, though, until nearly four o'clock this morning. It left me feelin' rather seedy—I must have my beauty sleep or I'm no good for the whole day." Behind his hand he yawned.

Now ordinarily the next question would have been framed with a view to finding out whether all the bombers had safely returned; but the airman's code of ethics forbade. It is perfectly proper to inquire regarding the effects of a raid into hostile territory, but the outsider must refrain from seeking information regarding any losses on the part of the raiders until one of them volunteers the news of his own accord.

### *Mourning in Secret*

But there was no rule against our silently counting noses; and this we did industriously. As nearly as I could make out, there were, of those we knew had participated in the expedition, five or six missing from the assembled company; but then, of course, the absentees might be asleep in their quarters. Yet it struck all three of us—and in my own case I know the impression deepened as the minutes passed—that, for all their kindly hospitality and all their solicitude that we should feel at home, there was a common depression prevalent among them.

Some, we thought, betrayed their feelings by a silence not habitual among these high-spirited youths; others seemed abstracted; and some were just a trifle irritable. And when this one or that described the bombing of the two enemy towns which had been their particular targets I was sure I detected something forced about the enthusiasm he put into his speech.

Presently there fell one of those awkward little silences that inevitably occur in any gathering where the spirit is a bit forced and strained. It was broken by a lanky twenty-year-old observer, a member of a famous Scotch clan.

"H'm!" he began, clearing his throat and striving to make his tone casual. "You know, Wilkins and his observer didn't get back!"

That was all—no details of how his two mates had gone rocketing down somewhere behind the German lines, probably to instant death; or, if not that, to what scarcely was preferable to the vouchsafed mercy of a quick death—captivity in a German prison camp. In those few words he stated the bald fact of it, and then he looked away, suddenly and unduly interested in the movements of someone passing by one of the open windows.

On my right hand sat that winning little chap his mates called the Young Un. The Young Un was lighting a pipe.

"Beastly annoying," he grunted between puffs at the stem of his brier-root, "losin' Wilkins so. As a matter of fact, he was the only decent pianist we had. Rotten luck, and all that sort of thing, to lose our pianist. Eh, what?"

Coming from the Young Un, with his gentle smile and his soft whimsical drawl, the last remark seemed so utterly unsympathetic, so callous, so cold-blooded, that the shock of what he said left me mute. It left my two companions mute too.

I turned in my chair and stared at the Young Un. He seemed to have trouble getting his pipe going. His two hands were cupped over the bowl, making a mask for his face. By reason of his hands I could not see much of his face; but I could see this much—that his chin was trembling; that the big muscles in his throat were twitching and jumping; and that, though he winked his eyes as fast as he could, he couldn't wink fast enough to keep the big tears from leaking out and running down his cheeks.

Because he was an experienced airman it was a part of the professional code to make no pother over the loss of a fellow flyer by the hazard of chance, which every one of them dared as a part of his daily life.

Because he was an Englishman he felt shame that he should show an emotion; but because his heart was broken he cried behind the cover of his hands.

Shells and bombs are forever doing freakish things. The effects of their tantrums set one to thinking of the conduct of cyclones and earthquakes. For example:

In Bar-le-Duc, which most Americans used to think of not as a city but as a kind of jelly, I saw, when we passed through there the other day, the place where a bomb dropped by a German air raider did a curious bit of damage. I reckon people who believe in omens and portents would call it significant.

Just off the railroad station, in a little paved square, stands a monument, put up by popular subscription, to the men of this town who died for their country in 1870–71. Upon one face of the granite shaft, being the one that looks inward toward the town, are two bronze figures of heroic size. The lowermost figure is that of a dying boy soldier with one hand pressed to his breast and the other holding fast to his musket. The other figure, which is that of a winged angel, typifies the spirit of France, which is hovering above him with a palm branch extended over his drooping head.

The bomb, descending from on high, must have grazed the face of the monument. A great hole in the pavement shows where it exploded. One flying fragment sheared away the fingers and thumb of the dying soldier's hand, so that the bronze musket was torn out of his grasp and flung upon the earth. Someone had picked up the musket and laid it at the base of the marble; but the hand sticks out into space, empty and mutilated. Otherwise the monument is untouched.

I dare say a German might interpret this as meaning that France was to be left crippled, disarmed and mangled. But I read it as a sign to show that France, the conqueror, and not the conquered, will be one of the nations that shall take the lead in bringing about universal peace and universal disarmament, once Germany has been cured of what ails her.

### *Old George J. Methodical*

When I was writing an article about one visit of several that I paid to the old Lunéville sector, where our buddies, in the spring of this year, first left their tooth marks on the Heinies, I forgot to tell of an incident which occurred on the last day of our stay up there as the guests of a regiment of the Rainbows.

Martin Green and I had just returned from a four-hour tramp through some of our trenches. It was long after the hour for the midday meal when we got back, weary and mud-gaumed, to regimental headquarters in a half-wrecked village. But the colonel's cook obligingly dished up some provender for us and for the young intelligence officer who had been our guide that day. Just as we were finishing the last round of flapjacks with molasses, the Germans began shelling the battered town; so we adjourned to the nearest dugout, which was the next-door cellar, that had been thickened as to its roof with sandbags and loose earth and strips of railroad iron. Down there we came upon several others who had taken shelter, including one of the majors.

"When were you fellows figuring on starting back to your own billets?" he inquired. "Sometime this afternoon, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Green; "we counted on leaving here about three o'clock; but I guess we'll be delayed if the Germans keep up their strafing. Neither of us fancies trying to make a break out of here while the bombardment is going on; and I don't suppose our chauffeur would be so very enthusiastic over the prospect either. I only hope the Germans let up on the fireworks before dark. It's forty-odd miles to where we're going, and the thought of riding that distance after nightfall over these torn-up roads, with no lights burning on our car and the road full of supply trains coming up here to the Front, does not strike me as a particularly alluring prospect."





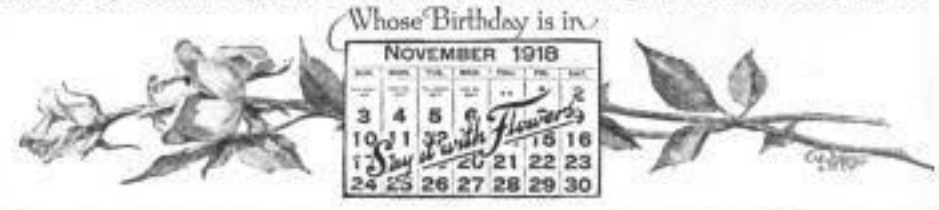
ROSES, Violets and the earlier blooming potted plants compete with late Chrysanthemum varieties, to dominate Thanksgiving displays in Flower shops everyw
It's needless to say that flowers will contribute much to your Thanksgiving observ

This Thanksgiving, perhaps, your soldier boy will be on furlough, or you'll entertain another boy in his place. Think how much he will appreciate the presence of flowers there in your

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"Don't worry!" said the major with a grin, which proved he was holding something back. "You can get away from here in—well, let's see ——" He glanced at the watch on his wrist. "In one hour and three-quarters from now, or, to be exact, in one hour and forty-six minutes from now, you can be on your way. It's now two-fifteen. At one minute past four you can climb into your car and beat it from here; and if you hurry you'll be home in ample time for your dinner."

"You talk as though you were in the confidence of these Germans," quoth Martin Green.

"In a way of speaking, I am," said the major. "I've been here for eight days now, and every day since I arrived, promptly at two P. M., those batteries over yonder open on this place, and all hands here go underground. The shelling continues—at the rate of one shell every two minutes—until four o'clock, sharp. Then it stops; and until two o'clock the next day things round here are nice and quiet and healthy. So don't you two fellows get chesty and think this show was put on especially on your account; because it wasn't. It's in accordance with the regular program. Therefore, judging to-day's matinée by past performances, I should say that at one minute past four you can be on your way, with absolutely nothing to worry about except the chances of a puncture."

"Funny birds—these Germans!" exclaimed one of us, still half in doubt as to whether the major joked.

"Funny birds is right," he said, "and, then some! We've got it doped out after this fashion: The officer in command of the German battery just over the next hill from where you went this morning probably has instructions to shoot so many rounds a day into us. So, in order to simplify the matter, he, being a true German, starts at two and quits at four, by which time he has used up his supply of ammunition for the day. Now that we're wise to his routine we don't take any chances, but withdraw ourselves from society during the two hours he is enjoying his customary afternoon hate. Old George J. Methodical we call him. You fellows still don't quite believe me—eh? Well, wait and see whether I'm right."

We waited and we saw; and he was right. Somewhere over our heads a charge of shrapnel or of high explosive exploded every two minutes until precisely four o'clock. On the hour the shells quit falling and before the dust had settled after the farewell blast we were gathering up our dunnage for the departure. As we sped out of the huddle of shattered cottages and struck the open road there was a half-mile stretch ahead of us, and while we traversed it we were within easy range and plain view of the Germans. But no one took a wing shot at us as we whizzed across the open space.

### *Incredible Teamwork*

After we slid down over the crest into the protection of the wooded valley below I remembered an old story—the story of a peddler who invaded a ten-floor office building in New York and made his way to the top floor before one of the hall attendants found him.

The attendant kicked the peddler down one flight of stairs to the ninth floor, and there another man fell upon him and kicked him down another flight to the eighth floor, where a third man took him over and kicked him a lap; and so he progressed until he had been kicked down ten flights by ten different men, and had landed upon the sidewalk a bruised and battered wreck, with the fragments of his wares scattered about him. He sat up on the pavement then and, in tones of deep admiration, remarked:

"*Mein Gott*, vot a berfect system!"

In the original version of the tale the peddler was Yiddish; but I'm certain now that he was a German, and that he went back to the Vaterland after the war broke out, and that he became the commander of a battery of five-inch guns on the old Lunéville front.

"Piccadilly Circus! This way to Swan and Edgar's."

The signboard was the top of a jam box. The upright to which it was nailed was the shell-riddled trunk of a plane tree, with one sprig of dried mistletoe clinging in a crotch where limbs had been, like a tuft of dead beard on a mummy's chin. Piccadilly Circus was a roughly rounded spot at a crossroads where the gray and sticky mud—grayer than any mud you stay-at-homes ever saw and stickier than any mud you ever saw—made a little sea, which quaked and shimmered greasily like a quicksand. The way to Swan and Edgar's was down a communication trench with shored sides to it, so that the semiliquid walls could not cave in and engulf it, and with duckboards set in it upon spiles for footing, so that men passing through should not be engulfed and drowned in the quagmire beneath.

So much for the immediate setting. The adjacent surroundings were of a pattern to match the chosen sample. All about, on every side for miles on end, was a hell of gray mud, here upreared into ridges and there depressed into holes; and the ridges heaved up to meet a sky line of the same sad color as themselves, and the holes were like the stale dead craters of a stale dead moon.

Elsewhere in the land summer had come; but here the only green was the green of the scum on the gray water in the bottoms of the shell fissures; the only living things were the ravens that cawed over the wasted landscape and the great, fat, torpid rats, with mud glued in their whiskers and their scaled tails caked with mud, which scuttled in and out of the long-abandoned German pill boxes, or climbed through shot holes in the rusted iron sides of three dismantled British tanks.

### *On Board the Citrus Special*

For lines of trees there were upended wrecks of motor trucks and ambulances; for the hum of bees there was the hum of a sniper's occasional bullet; for the tap of the woodpecker there was the rat-tat of machine guns, marking time for a skirmish miles away; for growing crops, in these once fecund and prolific stretches of the Flanders flatlands, there were eighty thousand unburied dead, all encysted in the mud, except where the gouging shells had uprooted some of them out of the loblolly. And from far up on the rise toward Passchendaele came the dull regurgitations of the big guns, as though the war had sickened of its own horrors and was retching in its nausea.

What now was here must, in a measure, always be here; for surely no husbandman would ever dare to drive his plowshare through a field that had become a stinking corruption; where in every furrow he would inevitably turn up mortal awfulness; and where at any moment his steel might strike against one of the countless unexploded shells that fill this earth like horrid plums in a yet more horrid pudding.

You couldn't give this desolation a name; our language yields no word to fit it, no adjective to cap it. Yet right here, in the stark and rotten middle of it, a British Tommy had stopped to have his little joke. Was he downhearted? No! And so to prove he wasn't—that his spirits were high and his racial gift of humor was unimpaired—he stuck up a sign of sprawled lettering, and it said:

"Piccadilly Circus! This way to Swan and Edgar's!"

Mister Kaiser, you might have known, if your mental processes hadn't been stuck on skewwise, forty ways for Sunday, that you could never break through an army of good sports who make jokes at death and coin gibes at what might well drive less hardy souls to madness.

It was one of those days that will always live in my memory—my feet wouldn't let me forget it even if my brain wanted to—when I had to walk to keep up. The available forces offered by Pershing to the French and British at the time of the great spring push of the Germans, back yonder in the first week of April, were moving up across Picardy.

I, as one of the correspondents assigned to various regiments, had set out at dawn to foot it for fifteen miles across country at the tail of the headquarters company of my particular regiment. This happened to be a day, of which there were several, when no side car or riding horse or a seat in an ambulance was available, and when the colonel's automobile was so crowded with the colonel and his driver and his adjutant and his French liaison officer, and all their baggage, there was no room in it for me. That painful period of my martial adventures has already been described at greater or less length.

I was hoofing it over the flinty highway, trying to favor my blisters, when I heard a hail behind me. I turned round and there was an angel from heaven, temporarily disguised as a Y. M. C. A. worker, sitting at the wheel of a lumbering big autotruck with the sign of the red triangle on its sides.

"Could you maybe use a little ride?" he inquired, grinning through the dust clouds as he drew up alongside and halted.

Could I use a little ride! For fear he might change his mind or something, I boarded him over a front wheel before I began expressing my eternal gratitude.

This ceremony being over, he told me who he was, and I told him who I was; and after that we were old friends. He was a minister from a city in Southern California; but he didn't look it now, what with four days' growth of stubbly red whiskers on his chapped chops and grease spots on his service overcoat.

He had given up a good salary and had left behind him a wife and three children—I am sure about the wife and I'm pretty sure there were three children, or two anyhow—to come over here and at the age of forty-four, or thereabouts, run a perambulating canteen for the boys. There are a lot more like him in France, serving with the "Y" or the K. of C.'s or the Salvation Army or the Red Cross; and, as a rule, they assay about nineteen hundred and ninety-nine pounds of true gold to the ton.

"Willing to earn your passage, ain't you?" he inquired when the introductions were concluded. "Well, then, climb into the back of my bus and stand by to get busy heaving out the cargo."

I looked then and saw that his truck was loaded to the gunwales with California oranges.

"What the ——" I began in surprise.

"Go on and say it," he urged. "Don't hang back just because I'm a parson by trade. Trailing round with this man's army I'm used to hearing cuss words. Quite a jag of freight, isn't it? Some good fellow out in my state shipped a trainload of oranges across, with the request that they should be distributed among the boys free gratis for nothing; and it's my present job to catch up with this division and give the stuff away."

### *An Error for Every Chance*

"I lit out from Paris before daylight this morning, and here I am. But I can't steer this truck and pass out the stuff at the same time; so if you'll go aft and do the Walter Johnson I'll play Bobby Walthour here at this end, and between us we can spread the light and keep right on moving at the same time."

Before we ran out of oranges, which was about three o'clock in the afternoon, just as we rolled into the village where the headquarters company and the colonel and his staff—and incidentally myself—were to be billeted for the night, I had a sore arm to keep company with my sore feet. All day this had been our procedure: As we ranged up behind a column of marching troops my new pal, the red-haired dominie, would whoop out: "Who wants a nice juicy orange, fellows?" And then a yell of joy would go up; and as we rolled by I would fling out the fruit, trying to make sure that every man got one orange, and that no man got more than one.

I threw oranges to men afoot, to men on wagons and guns, to men and officers on horseback, and to men perched upon ambulances. My throwing was faulty, but the catching approximated perfection. An arm would fly up and the flying orange would find a home in the deftly cupped palm of the hand at the far end of the arm. The news traveled ahead of us somehow, and whole companies would be lined up, as we arrived, to get their share.

A few minutes before the finish of the trip came, we caught up with a couple of French battalions. Neither of us remembered the French word for orange, but that made no difference. His whoop of announcement and my first fling in the direction of a trudging poilu were signals to all the rest, and up went their paws. Their intentions were good; but I don't think I ever in all my life witnessed such a display of miscellaneous muffing, and I've seen some pretty awkward fielding back at Paducah in the days of the old Kitty League. As the scorers would say, there was an error for nearly every chance.

(Continued on Page 61)

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(Continued from Page 58)

Among the Americans not one orange in ten was dropped; among the Frenchmen hardly one in ten was safely held.

"Get the answer, don't you?" inquired the preacher-driver as we left the trudging Frenchmen behind and hurried along to connect with a khaki-clad outfit just defiling out of a crossway into the main road a quarter of a mile ahead of us.

"Sure!" I answered. "The Yanks make traps of their paws, but the Frenchmen make baskets of theirs. The orange stays in the trap, but it rolls out of a butter-fingered basket."

"Yes," he said; "but the real cause goes deeper down than that. Baseball—that's the answer! Probably every American in France either played baseball when he was a kid or still plays it. No Frenchman ever knew about baseball until we came over last year and introduced it into the country. The average Frenchman looks on a sporting event as a spectacle; but the average American, at some time or other in his life, has been an active participant in his national sport.

"And the lessons we learn as children we never entirely forget, even though lack of practice may make us rusty."

Which, of course, was quite true. Likewise, I think it is the underlying reason for the fact that our boys are the best hand-grenade tossers among the Allies.

Riding along through France on a Sunday in these times, one is reasonably certain to meet many Chinamen under umbrellas.

They mostly hail from Indo-China. The French imported them by thousands for service in the labor battalions behind the lines. During the week, dressed in nondescript mixtures of native garb and cast-off uniforms, they work at road-mending or at ditch-digging or at truck-loading jobs.

On Sundays they dress themselves up in their best clothes and stroll about the countryside. And, rain or shine, each one brings along with him his treasured umbrella and carries it unfurled above his proud head. It never is a Chinese umbrella either, but invariably a cheap black affair of local manufacture.

Go into one of the barracks where these yellow men are housed, and at the head of each bunk there hangs a black umbrella, which the owner guards as his most darling possession. If he dies I suppose it is buried with him.

Nobody knows here why every Sunday Chinaman sports an umbrella, unless it be that in his Oriental mind he has figured it out that possession of such a thing stamps him as a person of travel and culture, who, like any true cosmopolitan, is desirous of conforming to the customs of the country to which he has been transported. A Frenchman, if careless, may leave his umbrella behind when he goes forth for a promenade; a Chinaman never does.

### A Scandalous Rumor

When a shipload of these chaps lands they are first taken to a blacksmith shop, and upon the left wrist of each is securely and permanently riveted a slender steel circlet bearing a token on which are stamped the wearer's name and his number. So long as he is in the employ of the Government this little manacle must stay on his arm. It is the one sure means of identifying him and of preventing pay-roll duplications.

With his marker dangling at his sleeve end, he makes straightway for a shop and buys himself a black cotton umbrella. And from that time forward, wherever he goes, his steel bangle and his umbrella go with him. He cannot part from one, and not for worlds would he part from the other.

One Sunday afternoon this summer, in a village in the south of France, I saw that rarest of sights—a drunken Chinaman. He wiggled and wabbled as he walked, and once he sat down very hard, smiling foolishly the while, but he never lost his hold on the handle of his umbrella. And when he had picked himself up the black bulge of it was bobbing tipsily over his tipsy head as he went weaving down the road behind a mile-long procession of his fellows, all marching double file beneath their raised umbrellas.

Whisper! There is current a scandalous rumor touching on these little moon-faced allies of ours. It is said that among them every fourth man—about—isn't a man at all. He's a woman wearing a man's garb and drawing a man's pay; or, rather, she is, if we are going to keep the genders on straight. But, since the women work just as hard as the men do, nobody seems to bother about the deceit.

They may not have equal suffrage over in Indo-China, but the two sexes seem to have a way of adjusting the industrial problems of the day on a mutually satisfactory basis of understanding.

Mighty few men outwardly conform to the rôles they actually fill in life. I am not speaking of drum majors in bands or tattooed men in side shows or floorwalkers in department stores at home. Such parties are picked for their jobs because, physically, they live up to the popular conception; perhaps I should say the popular demand. I am speaking of the run of the species. A successful poet is very apt to look like an unsuccessful paper hanger and I have known a paper hanger who was the spittin' image of a free versifier.

I think, though, of two men I have met over here who were designed by Nature and by environment to typify exactly what they are. One is Haig and the other is Pershing. Either would make the perfect model for a statue to portray the common notion of a field marshal.

### High Praise From High Sources

General Sir Douglas Haig is a picture, drawn to scale, of the kind of British general that the novelists love to describe; in manner, in figure, in size, in bearing, in color and expression, he is all of that. And by the same tokens General Pershing, in every imaginable particular, is the typical American fighting man.

Incidentally I might add that these two men are two of the handsomest and most splendid martial figures I have ever met. They say Haig is the best-dressed officer in the British Army, and that is saying a good deal, considering that the officers of the British Army are the best-dressed officers of any army. Pershing has the poise and port of a West Point cadet; has a cadet's waistline and shoulder lines too. A man may keep a youthful face, but in the curves of his back is where, nearly always, he betrays his age. Look at Pershing's back without knowing who he was and you would put him down as an athlete in his early twenties.

I have taken lunch with General Sir Douglas Haig and his staff, including his Presbyterian chaplain, who is an inevitable member of the commander's official family; and I have dined with General Pershing and his staff, as the general's guest. When you break bread with a man at his table you get a better chance to appraise him than you would likely get if you casually met him elsewhere. From each headquarters I brought away the settled conviction that I had been in the company of one of the staunchest, most dependable, most capable personalities to whom authority and power were ever intrusted.

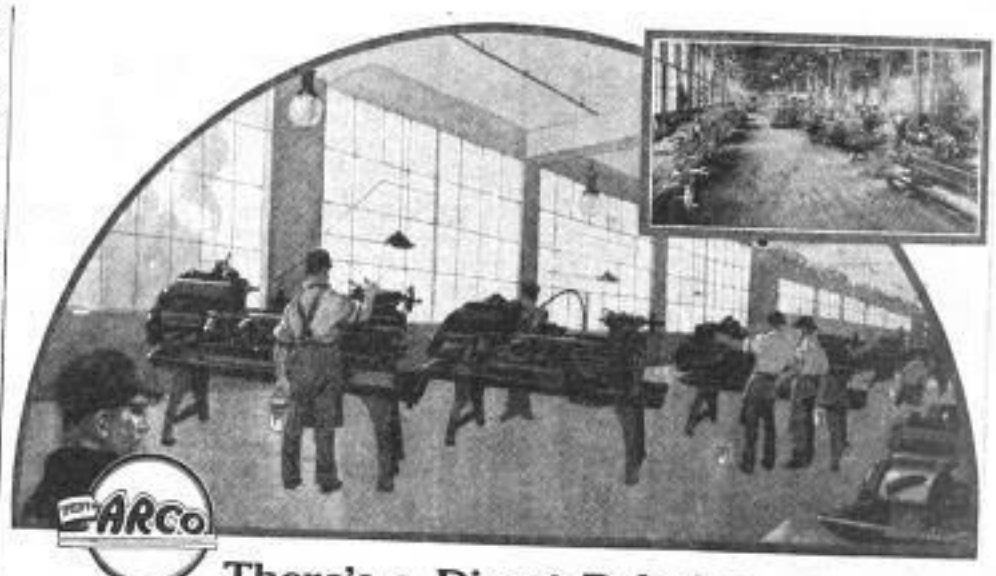
Different as they were in speech and in gesture, from each there radiated a certain thing the other likewise possessed and expressed without knowing that he expressed it—a sense of the stupendous unremitting responsibility, gladly accepted and well discharged, which was his; an appreciation of having in his hands a job to do the tools for the doing of which are human beings, and in the doing of which, should he make a mistake, the error will be charged up against him in figures of human life.

Always I shall remember one outstanding sentence General Haig uttered, and one that Pershing uttered. Curiously enough, each was addressing himself to the same subject, to wit: the American soldier. Haig said:

"The spirit of the American soldier, as I have seen him over here since your country entered the war, is splendid! When he first came I was struck by his good humor, his unfailing cheerfulness, his modesty, and most of all by his eager, earnest desire to learn the business of war as speedily and as thoroughly as possible. Now, as a British commander, I am very, very glad of the opportunity to fight alongside him—so glad that I do not find the words offhand to express the depth of my confidence in the steadfastness and the intelligence and the courage he is every day displaying."

Pershing said:

"When I think, as I constantly do think, of the behavior of our men fighting here in a foreign land; of the disciplined cheerfulness with which they have faced discomforts; of the determination with which

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they have confronted difficulties; and of the splendid dash with which they have met the enemy, first in trench warfare and now in open battle—I cannot speak what is in my mind, because my emotions of gratitude are so great they keep me from speaking of these things."

At a French railroad station any day one sees weeping women; but they do not weep until after the trains that carry their menfolk back to the trenches have gone. To this rule I have never seen an exception.

A soldier who has finished his leave—a *permissionnaire*, the French call him—comes to the station to go back to his duties at the Front. It may be he is a staff officer, gorgeous in gold lace. It may be he is a recruit of this year's class, with the down of adolescence still upon his cheeks, but with the grave assurance of a veteran in his gait.

Or it may be that he is a grizzled oldster, bent forward by one of those enormous packs which his sort always tote about with them. And to me this last of the three always presents the most heart-moving spectacle of any.

Nearly always he looks so tired, and is so stained and so worn and so wrinkled! I mean to make no cheap gibe at the expense of a nation that has fine-tooth-combed her land for man power to stand the drain of four years of war when I say that, according to my observations, the territorial reserves of France in 1918 are a million middle-aged men whose feet hurt them.

Be he staff officer, though, or beardless youth, or fifty-year-old back-line man, it is certain that his womenfolk will accompany him to the station to tell him good-by. He has had his week at home. By to-night he will be back again at the Front, in the mud and the filth and the cold and the wet. By to-morrow he may be dead. But there is never a tear shed at parting. He kisses his wife or his mother or his sister, or all of them; he hugs to his breast his babies, if he has babies.

Then he climbs aboard the car, which already is crowded with others like him; and as the train draws away the women run down the platform alongside it, smiling and blowing kisses at him, waving their hands and shouting farewells, and bidding him to do this or that or the other thing.

And then, when the train has disappeared, they drop down where they are and cry their hearts out. I have witnessed this spectacle a thousand times, I am sure; and always the sight of it renews my admiration for the women of what I veritably believe to be the most patient and the most steadfast race of beings on the face of the earth.

### *The Kultur of Ghouls*

Blows with a hammer may numb one, but it is the bee sting that quickens the sensibilities to a realization of what is afoot. That is why, I suppose, the mighty thing called war is, for me, always summed up in small and incidental but outstanding phases of it. In its complete aspect it is too vast to be comprehended by any one mind or any thousand minds; but by piecing together the lesser things one after a while may begin, in a dim groping fashion, to get a concept of the entirety.

When I went up to Ypres it was not the unutterable desolation and hideousness of what had once been one of the fairest spots of creation that especially impressed me, possibly because Ypres to-day is a horror too terrible and a tragedy too utter for prolonged human contemplation, save at the risk of losing one's belief in the ultimate wisdom of the cosmic scheme of things. Nor was it the wreck of the great Cloth Hall, which even yet, with its overthrown walls and its crumbled stones, and its one remaining spindle of ruined tower, manages to retain a suggestion of the matchless beauty that is gone forevermore. Nor yet was it the cemetery, whereon the Germans targeted their heavy guns until they had breached nearly every grave, heaving up the dead to sprawl upon the tortured clods.

One becomes, in time, accustomed to the sight of dead soldiers lying where they have fallen, because a soldier accepts the chances of being killed and of being left unentombed after he is killed. The dread spectacle he presents is part and parcel of the picture of war. But these men and women and babes that the shells dispossessed from their narrow tenements of earth had died peacefully in their beds away back yonder—and how long ago it seems now!—when the world itself was at peace. They had been shrouded in their funeral clothes; they had been laid away with cross and candle, with Book and prayer; over them slabs of the everlasting granite had been set, and flowers had been planted above them and memorials set up; and they had been left there beneath the kindly loam, cradled for eternity—till Gabriel's trump should blow.

But when I came there and saw what *kultur* had wrought among them—how, with exquisite irony, the blasts had shattered grave after grave whose stones bore the carved words "Held in Perpetuity"; and how grandmothers and grandsires and the pitiable small bones of little children had been flung forth out of the gaping holes and left to molder in the rags of their cerements where all who passed that way might see them—why, it was a blasphemy and an indecency and a sacrilege which no man, beholding it, could ever, so long as he lived, hope to forget!

### *Decoration Day in France*

And yet, as I have just said, it was not the defilement of the cemetery at Ypres that impressed me most when I went up to Ypres. It was the lamp-posts.

Ypres had been studded thick with lamp-posts; ornamental and decorative standards of wrought iron they were, spaced at intervals of forty yards or so the whole length of every street and on both sides of every street. And every single lamp-post in Ypres, as I took the pains to see for myself, had been struck by shells or by flying fragments of shells. Some had been hit once or twice, some had been hewn down, some had been twisted into shapeless sworls of tortured metal; not one but was scathed after one mutilating fashion or another.

In other words, during these four years of bombardment so many German shells had descended upon Ypres that no object in it of the thickness of six inches at its base and, say, two inches at its top, had escaped being struck. Or, putting it another way, had all these shells been fired through a space of hours instead of through a space of years, they would have rained down on the empty town with almost the thickness and the frequency of drops in a heavy thundershower!

Never is the Hun quite so thorough as when he is punishing some helpless thing that cannot fight back.

On the day before Decoration Day of this year I was in a seaport town on the northwestern coast of France, which our people had taken over as a supply base. The general in command of our local forces said to me as we sat in his headquarters at dinner that evening:

"I wish you'd get up early in the morning and go for a little ride with me out to the cemetery. You'll be going back there later in the day, of course, for the memorial services; but I want you to see something you probably won't be able to see after nine or ten o'clock."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Never mind now," he answered. "To tell you in advance doesn't suit my purpose. But will you be ready to go with me in my car at seven o'clock?"

"Yes, sir; I will."

I should say it was about half past seven when we rode in at the gates of the cemetery and made for the section which, by the French Government, had been set apart as a burial place for our people. For more than a year now, dating from the time I write this down, a good many thousands of Americans have been stationed in or near this port, and many, many times that number have passed through it. So, quite naturally, though it is hundreds of miles from any of the past or present battle fronts, we have had some deaths there from accident or disease.

We rounded a turn in the winding road, and there, before us, stretched the graves of our dead—soldiers, sailors, marines, and members of labor battalions; whites and blacks and yellow men; Jews and Gentiles, Catholics, Protestants and Mohammedans—for there were four followers of the faith of Islam taking their last sleep here in this consecrated ground—row upon row of them, each marked, except in the case of the Mohammedans, by a plain white cross bearing in black letters the name, the age, the rank and the date of death of him who was there at the foot of the cross.

Just beyond the topmost line of crosses stood the temporary wooden platform, dressed with bunting and flags, where an American admiral and an American brigadier, a group of French officers headed by a major general, a distinguished French official, and three chaplains representing three creeds, were to unite at noon in an hour of devotion and tribute to the memories of these three hundred-and-odd men of ours who had made the greatest of all human sacrifices.

But it was not the sight of rows of graves and the lines of crosses, or the peculiar devices uprearing slantwise at head and foot of the four graves of the Mussulmans, or the brave play of tricolored bunting upon the sides and front of the platform yonder which caught my attention. For at that hour the whole place was alive with French people—mostly women in black, but with a fair sprinkling of old men and children among them. All were busy at a certain task—and that task was the decorating of the graves of Americans.

As we left the car to walk through the plot I found myself taking off my cap; and I kept it off all the while I was there, for even before I had been told the full story of what went on there, I knew. I stood in the presence of a most high and holy thing, and so I went bareheaded, as I should have done in any sanctuary.

We walked all through this God's acre of ours, the general and I. Some of the women who labored therein were old and bent; some were young; but all of them wore black gowns. Some plainly had been drawn from the well-to-do and the wealthy elements of the resident population; more, though, were poor folk, and evidently a few were peasants, who, one guessed, lived in villages or on farms near the city.

Here would be a grave that was heaped high with those designs of stiff, bright-hued immortelles which the French put upon the graves of their own dead. These are costly, too, but there were a great many of them. Here would be a grave that was marked with wreaths of simple field flowers or with the great fragrant white and pink roses which grow so luxuriantly on this coast. Here would be merely great sheaves of loose blossoms; there a grave upon which the flowers had been scattered broadcast until the whole mound was covered with the fragrant dewy offering; and there, again, I saw graves where fingers patently unused to such employment had fashioned the long-stemmed roses into wreaths and crosses, and even into the form of shields.

### *The General Explains*

Grass grew rich and lush upon all the graves. White sea shells marked the sides of them and edged the narrow graveled walks between the rows. We came to two newly made graves. Their occupants had been buried there only a day or so before, as one might tell by the marks in the trodden turf, but a carpeting of sod cut from a lawn somewhere had been so skillfully pieced together upon these two mounds that the raw clods of clay beneath were quite covered up and hidden from sight; so now only the seams in the green coverlids distinguished these two from graves that were older by weeks or by months.

Alongside every grave knelt a woman, alone, or else a woman with children aiding her as she disposed her showing of flowers and wreaths to the best advantage. Mainly the old men were putting the paths in order, raking the gravel down smoothly and straightening the borderings of shells. There were no soldiers among them; all were civilians, and for the most part humble-appearing civilians, clad in shabby garments. But I marked two old gentlemen, wearing the great black neckerchiefs and the flowing black broadcloth coats of ceremonial days, who seemed as deeply intent as any in what to them must have been an unaccustomed labor.

Coming to each individual worker or each group of workers, the general would halt and formally salute in answer to the gently murmured greetings that constantly marked our passage through the burying ground.

When we had made the rounds we sat down upon the edge of the flag-dressed platform, and he proceeded to explain what I already had begun to reason out for myself—only, of course, I did not know, till he told me, how it had started.

"It has been a good many months now," he said, "since we dug the first grave here.

*(Concluded on Page 64)*

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# Better Bottles

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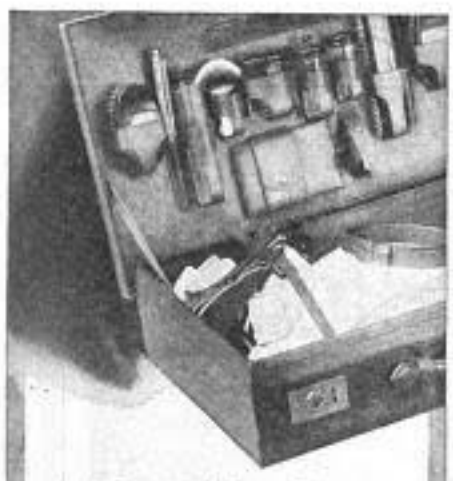
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(Concluded from Page 62)

But on the day of the funeral a delegation of the most influential residents came to me to say that the people of the town desired to adopt our dead. I asked just what exactly was meant by this, and then the spokesman explained:

"'General,' he said to me, 'there is scarcely a family in this place where we live that has not given one or more of its members to die for France. In most cases these dead of ours sleep on battlefields far away from us, perhaps in unmarked and unknown graves. This is true of all parts of our country, but particularly is it true of this town, which is so remote from the scenes of actual fighting.

"'So, in the case of this brave American who to-day is to be buried here among us, we ask that a French family shall be permitted formally to undertake the care of his grave, as though it were the grave of one of their own flesh and blood who has fallen, as he has fallen, for France and for freedom. In the case of each American who may hereafter be buried here we ask the same privilege. We promise you that, so long as these Americans shall rest here in our land, their graves shall be our graves, and will be tended as we tend the graves of our own sons.

"'We desire that the name of each family that adopts a grave may be registered, so that, should the adults die, the children of the next generation, as a sacred charge, may carry on the obligation which is now to be laid upon their parents and transmitted as a legacy to all who bear their name. We would make sure of this, so that, no matter how long your fallen braves rest in the soil of France, their graves shall not be as the neglected graves of strangers to us, but, symbolically at least, may be as the graves of our dead sons.

"'We wish to do these things for more reasons than one: We wish to do them because thereby we may express in our own small, poor way the gratitude we feel to America. We wish to do them because of the thought that some stricken mother across the seas in America will perhaps feel a measure of comfort and consolation in knowing the grave of her boy shall always be made beautiful by the hands of a French woman whose home, also, has been desolated. And finally we wish to do them because we know it will bring peace to the hearts of Frenchwomen to feel they have a right to put French flowers upon the graves of your heroic dead, since they can never hope—most of them—to perform that same office for theirs.'"

### A Beautiful Tribute

The general cleared his voice, which had grown a bit husky. Then he continued:

"So that was how the thing came about; but it doesn't altogether explain what you see happening here to-day. You see, the French have no day that exactly corresponds in its spiritual significance to our Decoration Day—our Memorial Day. All Souls' Day, which is religious rather than patriotic in its purport, is their nearest approach to it. But weeks ago, before the services contemplated to-day were even announced, the word somehow spread among the townspeople. To my own knowledge, some of these poor women have been denying themselves the actual necessities of life in order to be able to make as fine a showing for the graves they have adopted as any of the wealthier sponsors could make.

"Don't think, though, that these graves are not properly kept at all times. Any day, at any hour, you can come here and you will find anywhere from ten to fifty women down on their knees smoothing the turf and freshening the flowers they constantly keep upon the graves. But I knew that at daylight this morning all or nearly all of them would be here, doing their work before the crowds began to arrive for the services, and I wanted you to see them at it, in the hope that you might write something about the sight for our people at home to read. If it helps them to understand better what is in the hearts of the French you and I may count this time as having been well spent."

He stood up, looking across the cemetery all bathed and burnished as it was in the soft, rich summer sunshine.

"God!" he said under his breath. "How I am learning to love these people!"

So I have here set down the tale; and to it I must add a sequel: Decoration Day was months ago, and now I learn that the custom which originated in this coast town is spreading throughout the country; and that, in many villages and towns where Americans are buried, Frenchwomen whose sons or husbands or fathers or brothers have been killed are taking over the care of the graves of Americans, bestowing upon them the same loving attention they would visit, if they could, upon the graves of their men-folk.

One's wartime experience is crowded with constant surprises. For half a year, off and on, I have been living on the fourth floor of one of the largest and most noted of Paris hotels, and not until to-day did I find out that two floors of the building have all along been in possession of the Government for hospital purposes. The patients, mainly wounded men who have been invalided back from the trenches, are brought by night and carried in through a rear entrance opening on a barred and guarded alleyway. The guests never see them and they never come in contact with the guests.

### Having Fun With 'Arry

Under my feet all these weeks hundreds of disabled fighting men have been getting better or getting worse, recovering or dying; and I should never have guessed their presence had it not been for the chance remark of a government official who is connected with one of the bureaus having charge of the *blessés*.

I learn, also, that the same thing is true of several other prominent hotels, but so carefully is the business carried on and so skillfully do the authorities hide their secret, I am sure not one guest in a thousand ever stumbles upon the fact.

In early June I went up to where the first division of our men to be sent into the British lines for its seasoning under fire was bedded down in billets, hard by the Flanders border, and there I saw a curious thing. There were Canadians near at hand, and Australians and New Zealanders; and one might naturally suppose the Yankee lads by preference would fraternize with these soldiers from the Dominion and the colonies, who, in speech, mode of life and habit of thought, were their brothers under the skin.

Not at all! In many cases, if not in a majority of cases that came under my notice, I found Americans chumming with London cockneys, trading tobacco for cheese, prunes for jam, and cigarettes for captured souvenirs; guying the Londoners because they drank tea in the afternoons and being guyed because they themselves wanted coffee in the mornings.

This phenomenon I figured out to my own satisfaction according to this process of deduction: First, the American and the cockney had discovered that jointly they shared the same gorgeous sense of humor, albeit expressed in dissimilar ways; second, each had found out the other to be full of sporting instincts, which made another tie between them; and third, and perhaps the most cogent reason of all, that whatever the Yankee might say, using his own slang to say it, sounded unutterably funny in the cockney ear; and what the cockney said on any subject in his dialect was as good as a vaudeville show to the Yankee.

Personally I do not believe it was the Anglo-Saxon strain calling to the Anglo-Saxon strain, because the American was as likely to be of Italian or Irish or Jewish or Teutonic or Slavic antecedents as he was to be of pure English ancestry. I am sure it was not the common use by both of the same language—with variations on the part of either; but I am sure it was the joy of getting free and unlimited entertainment out of the conversations of a new pal.

Anyway, our soldiers are cementing us together with a cement that will bind the English-speaking races in a union which can never be sundered. I am sure of that much.

A young tank officer of ours whom I knew in New York before the war—where he was a rising lawyer—and whom I knew to be truthful, tells me an honest-appearing British sergeant, in turn, told him that a week or two ago the Britishers, having cleaned up a nest of enemy machine guns, sent a detail out to bury the dead. The squad had buried two Germans; then they came upon the body of one of their own men who had fallen in the fighting two days earlier, when the Britishers made their first attack upon the Germans, only to be forced back and then to come again with better success.

The sergeant who stood sponsor for the narrative declared that, as he bent over the dead Englishman to unfasten the identification tag from the wrist, he saw something was fastened to the dead man's arm. This something was partly hidden under the body. Becoming instantly suspicious, he warned the other men to stand back; and then, kneeling down and feeling about cautiously, he came upon a bomb, so devised that a slight jar or a slight pull would set it off.

Before they fell back, the surviving Germans had attached this devilish thing to the corpse with the benevolent intention of blowing to bits the first man among the victors who should undertake to raise the poor clay with intent to give it decent burial. Our men, as I know, have been warned against gathering up German helmets and German rifles in places from which the enemy has retired, because such a souvenir has a way of blowing up in the finder's hand by reason of the hidden grenade that is attached to it, with the cap so arranged that a tug at the wired-on connection will set off the charge.

### The Crowning Atrocity

But this crowning atrocity, coming from British sources, shows they are making improvements in their system. From sawing down fruit trees, from shoveling filth into the drinking wells, from wantonly destroying the cities that for years have sheltered them, from laying waste the lands they are being forced now to surrender back into the hands of their rightful proprietors, the ingenious Hun has progressed in his military education to where he makes dead men serve his purposes.

I saw them when they first landed at Camp Upton—furtive, frightened, slow-footed, slack-shouldered, underfed, apprehensive—a huddle of unhappy aliens, speaking in alien tongues, and knowing little of the cause for which they must fight, and possibly caring less.

I saw them again three months later, when the snow of the dreadful winter of 1917–18 was piling high about their wooden barracks down there on wind-swept Long Island. The stoop was beginning to come out of their spines, the shamble out of their gait. They had learned to hold their heads up; had learned to look every man in the eye and tell him to go elsewhere, with a capital H.

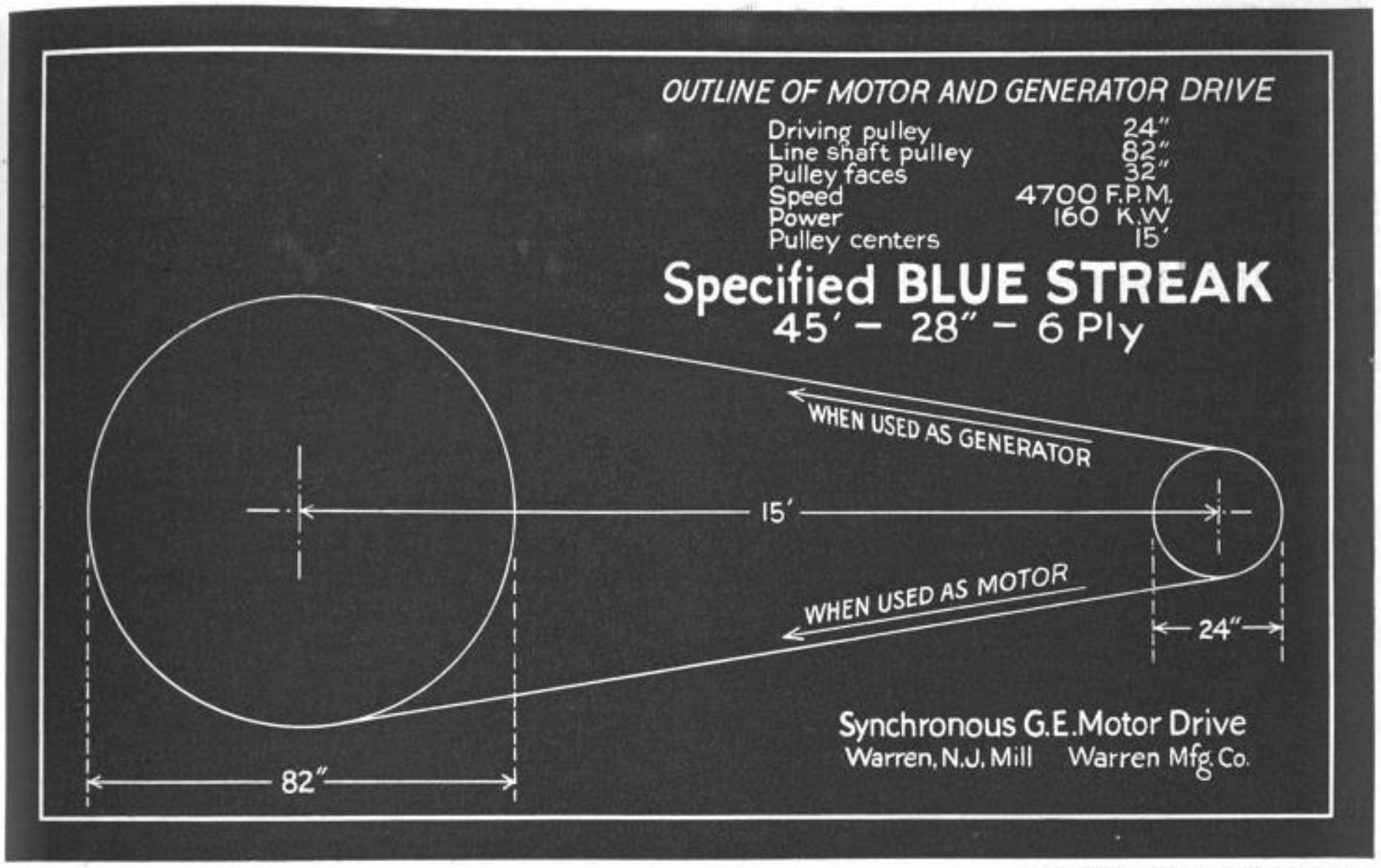
They knew now that discipline was not punishment, and that the salute was not a mark of servility, but an evidence of mutual self-respect between officer and man. They wore their uniforms with pride. The flag meant something to them and the war meant something to them. Three short hard months of training had transformed them from a rabble into soldier stuff; from a street mob into the makings of an army; from strangers into Americans.

After nine months I have seen them once more, in France. For swagger, for snap, for smartness in the drill, for cockiness in the billet, for good humor on the march, and for dash and spunk and deviltry in the fighting into which just lately they have been sent, our army can show no better and no more gallant warriors than the lads who mainly make up the rank and file of this particular division.



**They are the foreign-born Jews and Italians and Slavs of New York's East Side that were called up for service in the first draft.**

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***Three belts had been devoured*** in twelve months by a certain motor drive in the Warren Manufacturing Company's Warren, N. J., plant. All were large belts. Some were expensive belts. Together the three loaded that drive with a pretty figure of operating costs. While the third belt was petering out, a G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—called. It was our Mr. Ford.

***They looked at his card,*** asked him in, listened a while, and asked the price of a belt for that motor drive. The G. T. M. didn't even take time to ask the width of the belt—he just said that he didn't know the price. Before they could ask him what kind of salesman he was, he told them about the Goodyear plan of selling belts—of thoroughly studying conditions and then prescribing the belt that would meet those conditions most efficiently and economically. They thought of three belts of the past twelve months and reasoned that they had nothing to lose by trying the plan.

***He studied that drive.*** It was a hard one. The speed was close to a mile a minute—and when the motor was not used as an auxiliary for driving seven beaters, it was reversed and used as a generator. The centers were short. There were a number of other peculiar conditions—but after the G. T. M. got through studying them he knew just what to do—he had seen some drives very like it and had tried out his prescription.

***After allowing for special circumstances*** he prescribed a belt of only six plies—although many a power engineer would have said that more were necessary. But he knew the proved strength of every Blue Streak ply—a brute strength as remarkable as its pulley hugging grip. So he prescribed a twenty-eight inch six-ply Blue Streak—made endless. Although he had had great success with special fasteners of various types to fit certain conditions, he knew that the best of fasteners were hopeless here—so it was a Blue Streak made endless.

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***If you have a belt-devouring drive*** that is eating too many dollars, ask a G. T. M. to call. He'll do it without charge when he is in your vicinity. There are many of them—all trained in the Goodyear Technical School—all with experience in plants similar to yours—all selling belts to meet conditions and not as a hardware store sells nails. The G. T. M.'s services are free simply because the savings he effects for purchasers are so considerable that a gratifying volume of business from the plants served is certain to come to us within a few years.

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# MORE PRECIOUS THAN RUBIES

(Continued from Page 19)

"I beg y-your par-don. Please for-forgive me," stammered the girl and impulsively laid her hand on his arm. She took it away quickly. "I—I'm sorry, sir. I—I couldn't help it."

He turned his head slowly and gazed at her. Her eyes were looking into his pleadingly and she was gulping nervously.

"Madam, I do not know why you should say that to me."

"You looked as if you were annoyed by my crying."

"I was not annoyed by it. I was sorry. If you prefer to be alone ——" He spoke very gently.

"Oh, no; not at all! Quite the contrary," she said feverishly. "But please, are you perfectly sure I don't annoy you?"

"I do not know you," he said with a smile, "and therefore you could not annoy me if you tried."

She opened her eyes with a sudden interest.

"Must you know people," she asked, "before they can annoy you?"

"Of course!"

"On the principle of the way certain words hurt you when they come from friends that you would not notice if they came from strangers?"

"Not exactly; but the analogy is close enough."

There was a pause. He fumbled with his Montaigne. She saw him.

"If I could only read!" she sighed.

"You are in a bad way, indeed, then."

"I don't want to read novels, and I couldn't stand serious books."

"Have you ever read Montaigne's essays?"

"No."

"Women don't. He is too farsighted, too frank. His is not the wisdom of a time or place. It is as much wisdom at this minute as it was in his time, or in Pericles' day, or in Rameses'; and so it will be as long as men live long enough to know life and therefore death and therefore folly and therefore wisdom. Do you sleep well?"

"Not very."

"Then take this book ——"

"Oh, no; I ——"

"Oh, yes; I know it by heart, and I have the other volume. If it puts you to sleep it will do your nerves good. If it keeps you awake it will benefit your mind."

"I see." And she smiled faintly.

"This very wise Mr. Montaigne says somewhere in this volume that 'the most manifest sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness.'"

"It is easy to say 'Don't worry,' but when you lose one you care for ——"

"You confound selfishness with sorrow," Caldecott shook his head.

"All sorrow is selfish, I suppose."

"Yes, but you should think of death in terms of the dead. Was death the worst that could have happened? Death must come, and we cannot assert that it ever comes at the wrong time for anybody. You miss those you care for whether their life was a tragedy or an idyl. What you really miss is your accustomed reactions."

"I—I think it's—the being alone."

"We are never alone. We couldn't be if we tried," he told her gravely.

"Have you ever lost anyone you loved?"

"No!"

"There!" she exclaimed triumphantly.

"I never had anyone to love," he explained quietly.

"Your mother?"

"She died when I was born, and my father when I was three years old. A grandaunt brought me up. She was a mean, cruel, selfish old hag who cheated me first out of my estate and then out of my revenge by dying before I was fifteen. Since then, nobody!"

"Surely you must have friends."

"Aristotle once said 'Oh, my friends, there is no friend!' and his was probably the greatest intellect the world has ever known."

"You don't really believe that?" she asked with the incredulity of a child hearing a modernized fairy tale.

"That Aristotle was the greatest ——"

"No, that there is no friend."

"Well, I can at least truthfully say that I would dread them."

"Did your friends ever do anything to you that you should dread them?"

"I never had any to dread. The Spaniards have a proverb: 'I can deliver myself from my foes, but may the Lord deliver me from my friends!'"

"I don't call it living to be friendless."

"My dear young lady, what you are pleased to call living is not necessarily what I call happiness. Living is less a matter of life than of payments. I would give more for a picture by Degas than the deck steward yonder ——"

"You are richer than he."

"Well, then, I would give years of my life for what he would not give minutes; and I am not rich in unlived life, surely. We pay for our pleasure with some sort of coin. So must we pay for friendship; or for love. I myself think the average price is too high." His voice was cold, supercilious, irritating. It produced its effect.

"I am sure you must be a very selfish man," she asserted.

"I've had to be, in my business."

"What business is there that obliges a man to be very selfish?" she asked incredulously.

"The sad business of making a living!" Caldecott spoke pleasantly, as one answers a child.

"You don't have to be friendless to make a living," she persisted.

"I do!" he said, and smiled.

"Then I'd change it for something else."

"Well, you see, I get a lot of fun out of it. I not only buy cheap and sell dear, but I have to find what I buy, and that is usually exciting. And then I have to dispose of my wares; and that also is exciting."

"What kind of wares?"

"Light!" he answered promptly.

"Light wares?" she asked, puzzled.

"No; that would mean corks or toy balloons. I mean light! The spectrum! Color! But please don't guess paints or dyes."

He smiled, rose, gravely handed his Montaigne to her and left her.

When he returned an hour later she was reading. He sat down very quietly that he might not disturb her, but when she turned the page she became aware of his presence.

"Oh, I am reading the most wonderful essay on learning to die!"

Her eyes were bright and on her lips was a smile of triumph, as though she had made a great discovery in the face of many obstacles.

"When you learn to die you learn not to fear—that is, you become a philosopher."

"Don't you fear anything?" she asked, and gave a little shudder.

"What should one fear?"

"Ill health, for example."

"One is not frightened by ill health; one is discommoded or distressed by it. And of course there is a door out of your troubles—a door that is never locked."

"Do you mean suicide?" she said, shocked.

"It does sound kind of horrid, when you say it in that tone of voice, doesn't it?" He spoke pleasantly.

"Why, Mr. —— Oh, I don't know your name."

"And I don't know yours," he countered.

"Mine is Valentine."

"And mine is Cecil Caldecott."

She bowed her head as though someone had formally introduced them. She hesitated, then spoke in a low voice.

"I lost my mother sometime ago. We had planned to take this trip together, but she—she couldn't. She knew what was coming, and she—she made me promise that I would make the trip by myself, exactly as we had planned it together."

She looked away.

"Of course, she could not realize what exquisite torture the fulfillment of that promise would entail," he said very gently. "Every step reminded you of how she had expected to enjoy that precise thing, and you therefore felt her loss more cruelly."

"How did you g-guess?"

"What else could have happened? I have never been lucky enough to have loved. But if I had I never would have dared to think that death meant the end of my love. Our souls certainly speak when we live; and, as our souls don't die, I should always feel my loved one near."

He was silent and stared out over the silvery-blue ocean and the turquoise-blue sky. She looked at him and perceiving that he was not looking at her permitted an expression of amazement to fill her eyes. Turning quickly he caught the look.

"Why, don't you feel the same way?" he asked.

"Yes; but I didn't know men did."

"I dare say all men don't. But neither do all women. The death of the one you love is not one tragedy; it is two. It is a double loss—the loss of the opportunity to love, to give, to serve—that is, of the power to enjoy life by loving and giving and serving; and also the loss of the companionship. I imagine you enjoy being with someone you love even if you don't open your lips or your eyes, so long as you know you have him or her there to answer any question, to settle any doubt, to allay any misgivings. Companionship is what enables you to find equal pleasure in talking and in listening. I merely imagine this. I am not sure of it. Are you?"

"Yes, I am," answered Miss Valentine very positively.

"Well, I've never had any companionship," said Caldecott grimly; "but I figured it out that way."

"You poor man! Why, I can't believe such a thing!"

"I told you my parents died when I was very young. I have no relatives and I never made any friends, because my—my business is—er—rather peculiar."

"You said your business was in light. I can't make out what you mean."

And she smiled at her own obtuseness so that he could have no excuse not to explain.

"Well, I've trained my eye, my mind and my taste. I've specialized and therefore nobody can help me. If you hire me to tell you whether this green is more valuable than that, how can I share the decision of my own sight with anyone else? How does it help me to talk shop? I have read all that has been printed about my specialty. I have heard what men all over the world have to say. I have listened not only to the speech of the learned and the talk of the wise, but to the gossip of the ignorant and the superstitions of the foolish. I have had to spend many thousands of dollars, and therefore I have had to make more thousands, and therefore I have had to match my wits against very sharp wits, and therefore I have had to have sharper wits. And all that, my dear young lady, does not make for intimate friends and confidants."

"You never—married?" she asked timidly.

"Married?" Caldecott sat up straight. "Married? I wouldn't be here if I were married!"

He looked at her so horror strickenly that she laughed.

"Where would you be?"

"With my wife, of course."

"Couldn't she be here?"

"No, because I'm here on business—that is, mine is a business trip. And of course if I were married my only business would be being with her, doing whatever she wished."

"You would make a model husband!"

"I've always feared it," he said gloomily.

"Feared it?"

"Yes; for as a man without family or friends I get much more out of life than most men. I probably would get more out of my married life than most men. That would make me subordinate everything to making my wife happy, and that in turn would make me give up everything ——"

"Oh, she wouldn't ask that of you," she assured him.

"I'd give it up without her asking; before she asked it; even before she refused to ask it. I shouldn't wish to marry unless I felt certain she was all in all to me. I shouldn't wish her to marry me unless I was all in all to her."

He paused. Then with a whimsical smile: "And so you see the contingency is somewhat remote. I am still single and in active business. Ah, there is the blessed call to luncheon! I hope you have a good appetite."

"I'd rather listen to you talk," she said so seriously that he smiled.

"My dear child, you must not flatter a man like that. He might believe you really meant it, and then—whew!"

He rose and held out his hand to help her. She took it and said with a sort of guilty eagerness, as of a child who asks a doting grandmother to give her what she

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(Continued from Page 66)

knows her mother would refuse: "Will you talk to me after luncheon? I mean, if you don't want to read."

"I'm sick of books," he assured her. "Any man would rather talk than eat; and I am no exception. If I thought you really meant it I'd ask the chief steward to put me at your table."

"Oh, do!" she said excitedly.

A moment later he did, and sat beside her.

x

THEIR friendship grew with a rapidity that would have been alarming ashore but meant nothing aboard. If Caldecott had met Miss Edna Valentine in her home town he would have called and grown interested. He would have called again, at first once a fortnight; then once a week for several months. The time they would have spent alone—which alone can make for real intimacy—would not aggregate in six months as much as it would in three days together on a steamer.

She delighted in hearing him talk—he had traveled so extensively and seen so much, his point of view was so original, and he had a sense of humor. But she noticed that though he did not hesitate to ask her, quite bluntly, questions that concerned her life and her connections, he vouchsafed no autobiographical details.

"Do you know," she said to him one morning, "that you are the only man on board the ship who has not told me how many times he has crossed the ocean?"

"My dear child, do you go round bragging of how many times you have ridden in a street car or eaten toast for breakfast?"

"You mustn't call me your dear child. You are not old enough, and besides ——"

"Righto!" he said cheerfully. "You are too young, and besides —— Well, in four days we shall be as ships that pass in the night. For me, 'darkness again and a silence.'"

"Are you so sure of it?" she asked in a low voice.

"Yes," he answered, and looked her full in the eyes.

"Why?"

"Why do steamer friendships—so strong, so pleasant, so close—cease five minutes after the boat reaches the dock? We return to our real life and our fellow traveler becomes a memory ghost. Easy come, easy go! That is as true of friendship as of money. A month after you return to Vermont you will have forgotten my name; in two months, my face. And I—I shall go about my business remembering the girl in black from Vermont, who ——"

He stopped.

"Who what?" she asked.

"Who will always be the girl in black from Vermont, to me! You have your aunts, your cousins, your friends. And I—I have my business," he finished very quietly.

"Your business in light?" she asked.

"In light!"

"It isn't electric or gas?" she teased.

"No."

"I suppose I'm too stupid. But all I can think of is a painter."

"No."

"What else could it be?"

"Many things."

"For instance?"

"Wonderful velveta."

"Are you in that business?"

"Or flowers."

"I know you are not a florist."

"No, but I could be a collector."

"Are you?" she persisted.

He did not answer but instead asked her: "Is your sense of color well developed?"

"I—I don't know."

"Why don't you?"

"I always thought it was until now; and you make me doubt it."

"Why?"

"Well, I couldn't make a living at it and ——"

"You never can tell. If you love color wisely you may sell not your love but the wisdom of your love. Too much love can interfere with commerce. I met an Indian in Colombia who before my eyes refused to sell an emerald. He said he loved to look at it. It was the best Muso emerald I have ever seen outside of the Duke of Devonshire's collection. A German Jew offered him a lot for it, and the poor Indian wouldn't sell."

"He didn't know the value of money," she said with that amazing wisdom which all women will tell you is a sure sign of brains.

"Oh, yes, he did! But he valued his love more. The German Jew was no fool. He didn't offer the Indian cash; he offered to give him the finest house in the village, two hundred hectares of the best land, a lot of cattle and a fine horse. No use!"

"That was curious," she said.

"Years ago I met in Brighton, England, a consumptive who would not part with a Monticelli. He could have got enough from it to go to Davos and be cured. But he insisted that he would rather die enjoying the Monticelli than seeing Alps; and besides he was holding his own anyhow. I suppose the love of precious stones did not begin with vanity or ostentation, but with the love of beauty. Take for example pearls. Or diamonds. Or even better, rubies."

"Oh, I love rubies!"

"Did you ever see any?"

"Of course!"

He smiled—one of those horrid masculine smiles that will make a saint—female!—swear.

"You don't believe me?" she asked frigidly.

"Of course I do. Only there are very few rubies."

"I've seen hundreds."

"I haven't," he said.

"I shan't contradict you," she said very calmly.

"Did you ever see one," he asked her earnestly, "that roused a desire of possession so intense as to make you potentially a criminal?"

"Yes, I have!" she spoke defiantly—a woman's favorite form of self-betrayal when she is not telling the truth.

"Wait! Think well and seriously! Did you ever really and truly see a ruby that made you want to own it so much that if you could have done so unpunished you would have cold-bloodedly killed the owner?"

"Oh, I wouldn't murder!"

"Well then, did you ever see one that you would have stolen if you could have escaped—stolen it for the pleasure of having it, of loving it, of fondling it and admiring it? To plan the theft deliberately and the get-away cold-bloodedly? Did you?" He was frowning.

She became serious and answered: "Of course not!"

"And of course the reason you never did was because you never saw a good ruby."

"I saw one in Paris, at Heurtematte et Cie., in the Rue de la Paix."

"A male?"

"What do you mean? Have rubies sex?"

"An old trade name to indicate the dark and star rubies. I suppose you saw a moderate-priced stone that ——"

"Indeed, it wasn't! They asked fifty thousand francs for it."

"As much as that?" He looked at her in mock amazement.

"Yes, they did!" she insisted, not perceiving the sarcasm.

"Well, the chances are you could have bought it for thirty or thirty-five thousand. Nobody would bother to steal that kind of a stone. I had in mind the historic rubies like the one that Don Pedro the Cruel, King of Spain, presented to the Black Prince in 1367, which Henry V of England later wore on his helmet at Agincourt, to make it worth the foe's while to come after him. That ruby was the chief ornament of the British crown until the Cullinan diamond supplanted it, only the other day. Its value was estimated at five hundred thousand dollars. I call that some ruby."

"Did you ever see it?"

"Often."

"I wish I could."

"Well, if you make it a point to tell me when you will be in London the next time I'll make it a point to show you that ruby."

"I will—if I ever cross the ocean again. But I never knew rubies were so rare and expensive."

"Of course, there are not many like that and not many buyers for one of that size. If I found a first-class diamond that weighed fifty pounds I couldn't sell it for a price proportionate to its size."

"I understand," she said, looking as if she really did.

"You know, the ruby has been placed at the very head of all precious stones. The usual name for it in Sanskrit is ratnaraj, which means King of Precious Stones. The medieval experts used to call it the Lord of Stones, the Gem of Gems, the Most Precious of all the Twelve Precious Stones that God created when He created all creatures."


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THOUSANDS of trucks are being built from *existing power plants* by Graham Brothers Truck-Builder.

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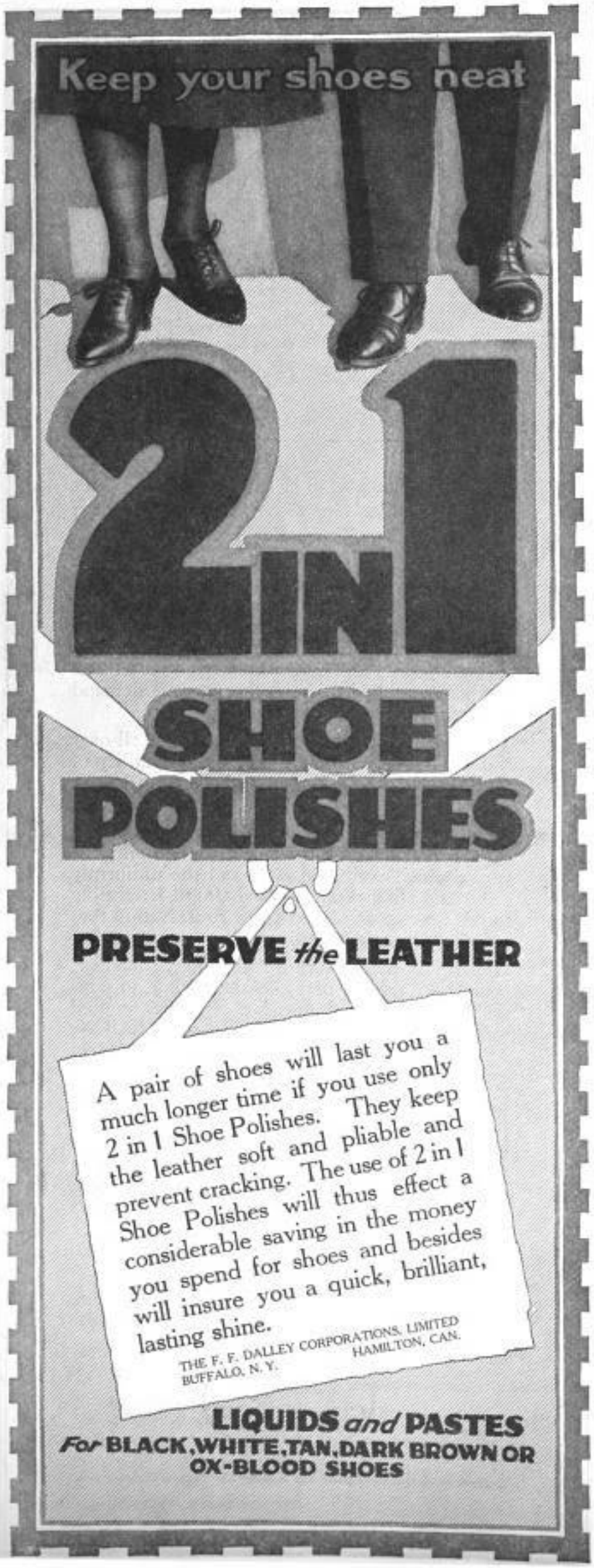
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"I didn't know that," she said. "Did they have rubies in the old times?"

"It is the very oldest of the talismanic jewels. The Naraotna, that is to say, the Nine-Gem Jewel, had a ruby in the center. It represented the sun. Of course, the color of the ruby has much to with its popularity to-day as well as with the myths of the past."

"You mean because it is red?"

"Yes. The alchemists called it the Precious Ruby, because it was a theory of theirs that to get the philosophers' stone they must arrive at the perfect red. Modern science tells us that red rays give heat and vivify. They have a distinct influence on the nerves and help to dissipate depression. It is the color of war, of Mars, the Red Planet. The garments of the Lacedæmonians were red. . . . Does all this bore you?"

"Bore me?" she echoed indignantly. "You know better! Go on, please."

"The ruby was used to represent full manhood. It was associated with passion. Its number was the potent nine—that is, three multiplied by itself. The ancients firmly believed that within the ruby burned a flame that could not be extinguished."

"Do you suppose they really believed those things?"

"Why not? There were not many fine rubies then—or now, for that matter. There is a seemingly well-authenticated medieval story of a man who had a fine ruby set in a ring. One day at table he perceived that the stone had become dull. He was so certain that this foretold disaster to him that he put the ring away in his strong box. A few days later his son died. The jeweler remembering the ruby's prophecy went to his strong box to get the ring. The ruby was shining away as brilliantly as ever."

"But of course there is no foundation whatever for such stories?"

"My dear young woman, stories about the magical properties of precious stones are no more incredible than X-rays or the wireless or the phenomenon of radioactivity. You may laugh at the old beliefs that the ruby conferred invulnerability and that it was a potent charm against plague, poison and sadness; but to those people who love them as a painter loves color and line it is quite certain that gems speak a language not only not understood but not even heard by persons to whom the ruby is merely a pretty red stone or possibly the most expensive form of corundum."

"Just how do you mean?"

"For instance, Judith Gautier, daughter of a poet, wife of another, and herself one—that is to say, a person of sensitiveness and clairvoyance—once told me that she was certain gems were capable of feeling jealousy. She has somewhere written that when she neglects her pet ruby the stone grows decidedly dull, as if dispirited. It is certain that she talks to her gems and they to her. Because I don't overhear their conversation am I to conclude that they do not carry it on?"

"There can't be many people who think of precious stones in just that way."

"There are collectors in the United States," said Caldecott slowly, "who have historic gems in their possession—diamonds for which oceans of blood have been shed, emeralds that figure in history as far back as Charlemagne, pearls that have belonged to queens, rubies with histories more bloody than their hue. Nobody sees them except their owners and possibly a few sympathetic friends—gems that nobody knows are in the United States; lost historic gems that I—er—I know have been—er—recovered."

"Where did these men get them?"

"Oh, they were offered for sale very quietly and were bought—also very quietly. They are not stones to wear in public but stones to love in private. For there are misers of stones like my friend—like a friend I have who gloats and sees railroad signal lights gleaming in desert territories whenever he gazes on a handful of unset stones. Why, I could show you rubies that ——"

He caught himself abruptly. He rose and said, "I'll go forward and see how much we made to-day."

"Are you in a great hurry to reach New York?" she smiled.

He looked at her steadily. Then speaking very slowly he said, "My dear Miss Valentine, I don't know anything that I would prefer to sailing forever on a comfortable steamer like this, with the same company. As a matter of fact, I dread my arrival in New York for at least a dozen reasons. And all of the reasons concern you."

"Me?"

It was what you might call normal surprise that he saw in her eyes.

"You! I shall never forget this trip. It is the only one that I shall remember; that I ever cared to remember!"

He walked away. She did not see him again until dinner. He appeared not so much distrait as unnecessarily deliberate in his answers to her casual questions. It made familiar conversation difficult, but she appeared not to notice the difference.

They took their usual after-dinner promenade on the deck until she suggested sitting down. His contributions to the conversation grew more and more brief until they became monosyllabic affirmations or negations, so that presently the talk ceased altogether.

Perhaps half an hour passed before she spoke.

"Mr. Caldecott?"

"Yes, Miss Valentine."

"I am going to ask you a favor."

"Is the favor then an answer to a question?"

"Yes."

"What is the question?"

"Will you answer it?"

"Listen: I am thirty-five years of age, single, in good health, with an income sufficient for all reasonable comforts. I have no relatives, no friends. I have never trusted any man or woman, and I am beginning not to trust myself. Have I answered the question you were about to ask me?"

"N-not exactly," she said.

"My dear young lady, all people who live alone develop crotchets unchecked. I have always indulged my whims because there was no reason why I shouldn't. Money-making came so easy to me and I was so interested in my—er—specialty, that I soon discovered that the only luxury I could have was to amuse myself with people who took themselves seriously. This has made it necessary for me never to have intimates. My experience with life convinces me that if the suffragettes had been active in Pontius Pilate's time the part of Judas would have been taken by a woman."

"Oh, if you feel that way I wonder you want a companion."

"I wonder, myself," said Caldecott musingly.

"H'm!"

If it was a snort it was very delicate and altogether ladylike.

He lit a fresh cigar and smoked a while in silence. Presently he said, "It is a curious thing how we live without ever grasping the fundamentals of life. Here am I, a reasonably intelligent man, and you, a sweet and kindly-natured girl, made doubly sweet and doubly kind by a great sorrow; both of us needing friendliness, quarreling because you insist upon the proclamation of the perfection of your sex when you well know that there never was another perfect woman since the world began. Just to give you my real self, via my larynx, has been a regular spree for me—with the usual consequences. So we, who should be good friends for the next two and a half days that remain to us aboard this ship, are parting like—what shall we say?"

"I'll be just as much of a friend as I ever was."

"Please! Please!" said Caldecott earnestly; "don't be my friend in that tone of voice, I beg of you."

She laughed; then she promised: "I won't!"

"And now I'll have to dream of you again, and I shall be unhappy for six or seven hours."

"How so?" Immediately after saying it she felt as if she had spoken like the interlocutor at a minstrel show.

"When I dream of you I always wake up, and that makes me so angry that I can't go to sleep again. I think it is time to begin dreaming. Look at that moon, Miss Valentine. You may not believe me, but I assure you ——"

"I think it is pretty late," broke in Miss Valentine so hastily that he said coldly: "I was not going to propose marriage to you."

"I should hope not!" she retorted quickly and rose.

"Good night, Mr. Caldecott," she said.

He walked beside her.

"Do you really think so?" he asked presently.

"Think what?"

"Guess!" he said.

"Good night."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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# IN THE TRENCHES OF TRADE

(Continued from Page 13)

he dealt a deathblow to easy money in the tills of the market men.

"This is not intended to imply that the retailers of meats were as a class given to cheating their customers; it is intended to infer that the practice of crowding additional weight upon customers has been a common means among them of increasing trade; and the less scrupulous of their number have, through the system of telephone shopping, been allowed too much latitude on the score of quality and price as well as of weight. One of the best achievements of the war, in a commercial way, has been the general establishment of the practice of personal buying at first hand, where the senses of sight, touch, taste and smell help the customer to test the relative values of the various bargains offered."

In the big shopping centers the mysterious stranger is the sensational figure of the hour. He never created more commotion in McCutcheon's immortal Bird Center than he is rousing now in the great stores and the shops of the leading American cities! At first he was stared at and watched by the salespeople and the other satellites of trade, including the floor detectives; but now he has established himself and the word Welcome! is written for him on every retail doormat. His passport is a roll of greenbacks big enough to wad a French seventy-five, and he buys with the rapidity and decision of that famous fieldpiece.

### Overalls and Diamonds

"The stranger is the spender to-day," declares one of the principals of a big Chicago department store. "Almost without exception the purchases here that are big enough to cause comment and become food for store gossip are made by comparative strangers, and are mainly cash transactions."

The salespeople put it in this polite phrase: "We see so many new faces." The other day an acquaintance of mine who is a keen observer of the currents of trade remarked:

"This war has certainly turned things upside down, all right! Makes me think of the saying in the Bible: 'The last shall be first and the first last.' A friend of mine works at a certain diamond counter here in Chicago. The other day a man dressed in working clothes and carrying a lunch box came in and stared about him as if he had blundered into the wrong pew and would like to bolt out of the door before anybody could call him down.

"The floor man came up to him expecting that the man would ask for some street direction; but he didn't. He said he wanted to look at a diamond stick pin. That was definite; and so the usher took him to the diamond counter and kept a sharp eye on him while he was being shown an assortment. Just for fun and because he wanted to dazzle the man a bit, my friend flashed a beauty on him—one of the best stick pins in the shop.

"'How much?' inquired the chap with the dinner bucket.

"'Nine hundred dollars,' answered my friend, slipping the pin back into its little plush box.

"'I'll take it,' said the stranger and pulled from his trousers pocket a fat roll from which he stripped nine one-hundred-dollar bills.

"There were more of the same denomination underneath, and the size of the roll was not diminished so that the shrinkage could be noticed. The salesman had to show the customer how to work the safety device to lock the pin into his tie, which proved that he was a stranger to stick pins worth more than ten dollars.

"As the grinning laborer slipped the jewel box into his pocket he remarked that he'd always wanted one about like that, and that when he began to knock down real wages in a munitions plant he made up his mind to have one."

"That yarn," I replied, "listens fine; but I'm afraid it is slightly out of focus. Just to see whether it has an impossible perspective, I'm going to chat with the men at the diamond counters of the two jewelry stores nearest here."

"Neither is the one where my friend works," said the narrator of the story; "so that will make what you find all the more interesting."

At the first store my inquiry brought this admission:

"Oh, yes; we're getting our share of this new-money trade, as we call it. Just the other day a man came in who didn't look in the least at home here. His hands were big and rather rough, and he was plainly unaccustomed to buying gems or trading in this sort of store. I didn't know but he had strayed in by mistake; but he hadn't. He wanted to look at diamonds. There was one for a little less than $800 which took his eye. Without the slightest hesitation he took from his pocket an old-fashioned gambler's roll and peeled the yellowbacks from it until the price of the pin was on the counter. I'm not going to say what sort of war industry this worker is in—but it was new money, all right, and he had plenty more of it."

Almost at the same time one of the old customers of this store—a capitalist who has been accustomed from childhood to luxuries and wealth—came in and remarked to the gray-haired man who had waited upon him for nearly thirty years:

"If you still have that pearl necklace you may again expose me to its supreme temptation."

His eyes glowed as he looked at the string of marvelously matched globes of rosy loveliness.

"Yes," he finally remarked; "I think I'll yield this time. My wife has a birthday to-morrow. No gem becomes her like a pearl, and I've always intended since I first saw this string to buy it for her—sometime. It seems a little extravagant, but at seven thousand I think those gems are an excellent investment. If she ever needs to part with them I'm sure she can more than get her money back."

The next day his wife took the necklace back and said simply:

"I can't keep them—not now, while this awful war is on. It was very generous of my husband to wish me to have them and they are exquisitely lovely; but I couldn't bring myself to wear them—not until the war is over, anyhow."

### The Rage for Pearls

In these two incidents of trade in the same store is graphically illustrated one of the most common and pronounced tendencies of trade to-day. If the husband had looked longingly at the string of pearls without taking them home with him he would have run a little truer to form, however. From almost every place where the wealthy are accustomed to trade comes the report that those who have breathed the air of luxury all their lives are now spending with great restraint, while those to whom big money is a novelty are blowing it in a way that would recall the early days of Virginia City to a survivor of those stirring times of historic gold strikes.

For example, a certain fur shop has received an order for a coat that is to be made of choice skins at $750 each. Possibly it is unnecessary to mention that the person buying this garment for a woman member of his family is the big man in a munitions town—one which has played so modest a part in ordnance production that it is not thought of in connection with war materials outside of its immediate territory.

But to go on to the second jewelry store in the effort to test the probable veracity of my friend's story. Here I was told that in the past twelve months they had sold more fine pearl necklaces than in the preceding five years.

"The puzzle lies in the fact," said the gem dealer, "that no person without a high sense of refinement buys pearls in preference to diamonds. It would hardly exceed the truth to say that only refined persons who have been long accustomed to the richest luxuries put their money into pearls. Certainly the man who has never had an acquaintance with precious gems of any kind is not going to buy pearls when he can get diamonds. But here we are selling an unprecedented number of expensive pearl necklaces to comparative strangers. We have sold some to a few old customers who are very wealthy; but most of our fine strings of pearls have gone to out-of-town folks.

"The inference is fair, I think, that they have lately become wealthy and that they are having their first real fling in spending money for the most expensive kind of


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luxuries. Probably their money has been made in munitions or oil, or some line connected with the war. Many strangers who likely belong to the highly paid class of steel and munition workers come in here and buy diamonds and other gems in showy settings.

"On the other hand, our older customers who live on their incomes and are not actively in business are spending with a moderation which, from the viewpoint of the dealer, suggests that they have come to look at this matter of war economy in a rather strained and uneconomic way. If they keep on with their retrenchments in the way they have started they will put every industry, outside of those producing the most fundamental necessities, out of business. However, I suppose they have their side of this problem."

They have. For one thing, these families receive the major part of their money in the form of interest and dividends instead of profits. This year of 1918 is certainly the open season on incomes, and Uncle Sam is fast becoming a champion shot. Again, these solid citizens who have long been upon familiar terms with larger fortunes have not disappointed the public in the expectation that they would give splendid support to the drives for war purposes.

Finally, it is pertinent to suggest that probably a higher percentage of young men from homes of this sort enlisted in the early days of the war than volunteered from any other class of homes. As one wealthy man puts it:

"When you have the whole boy power of your home at the Front it takes away your appetite for frills, luxuries and the soft things of life. It isn't altogether a question of whether you can afford it from the viewpoint of the size of your personal income or fortune. When the boys over there, and in the camps here, and the people of the Allied countries are having things hard, I couldn't escape a sense of shame if I were to reach out for all the soft things, all the pleasing luxuries, that I can well afford to buy. It doesn't seem quite decent."

### *Cash Sales to New Buyers*

"Besides, there was never a time before when this nation needed to get a grip on its spending habits and to wake up to something like thrift as it does to-day. I've never been disposed to take my responsibilities in a very solemn way; but it does seem to me that the men who are accustomed to money and to luxuries have some responsibilities by way of example, at this time, to those who are suddenly coming to where they can indulge themselves. If we who are used to the expensive refinements of life, to having and spending, cannot restrain ourselves in times like these, how can we expect those who have just tasted first blood in the way of big money to do so?"

In conversation with many merchants carrying high-class goods I have failed to find one who does not declare that his old customers—the elect of his charge accounts—are buying on a scale far below their established standard. How completely the tables have turned is indicated by the fact that to-day the cash receipts of one of Chicago's retail stores now exceed its charge business; and no store in America has built up a choicer charge clientèle than this establishment.

A marked feature of its wartime traffic is a big increase in its basement business. Apparently the basement has become the intake for an army of new customers whose greatly increased earnings have at last made them feel, as one of them put it, that "nothin's too rich for our blood these days!"

However, it is one thing for the toiler with munitions money burning in his pockets to resolve to go the limit and trade where the swells do their buying, and quite a different thing to feel at home in such surroundings. Hence the tendency to dive for the basement to "take off the chill." But those who follow this rule seldom lose much time in coming to the surface among the luxurious goods of the upper floors. An employee in one of these great retail establishments remarked:

"I've sold some expensive things to strangers who looked as if they would be more at home in a ten-cent store than here; but I never had quite the startling experience of a saleswoman in the jewelry section of a large and famous store in a city that is surrounded by munition works.

"One day she found herself looking across the counter into the dark, furtive eyes of a foreign woman who wore a head shawl—possibly the one she had worn when she landed in America. With some difficulty she made the saleswoman understand that she wished to buy a present for her daughter who was soon to graduate from school. After shaking her head at many articles that would have delighted the average miss attending a fashionable finishing school, she pointed to a jeweled bag of gold mesh and asked 'How much?' On being told that it was seven hundred dollars she nodded her head, untied a gaudy handkerchief which had been brought from the Old World and took from it seven hundred dollars in bills and gold, leaving a good-sized nest egg to be knotted in the handkerchief along with the jeweled mesh bag.

"We're not quite up to that in this store as yet; but we're being rapidly educated so that a sale of that sort would not cause us to faint. What is more to the point is the fact that the salespeople in the large and fashionable stores are learning not to put on preoccupied airs when they see either a man or woman in working clothes approaching their counters. Of course they were never supposed to do this; but you know human nature and how inevitably the atmosphere of a fashionable store is reflected in the attitude of its saleswomen and salesmen.

"Now, with a tide of big wage money sweeping down the street, you may be sure that the salespeople are receiving definite instruction along the line of 'canning the cold shoulder,' and of making the shawl wearers and the lunch-bucket bearers feel at home. Some say that big money in the pay envelope is proving unwholesome for the wage-earner. Possibly; but it's a regular vacuum cleaner when it comes to extracting snobbery from behind the counter.

"Those salespersons who cannot adapt themselves to the new conditions of trade and catch step with the new money democracy are poor assets for their employers, and they might as well go."

A curious phase of this new trade alignment growing out of the swollen wage envelope is what might be called the mahogany scare or the fumed-oak fear. It is more deadly to bloated wage money than even the cold shoulder or the icy stare from the selling side of the counter. The pride of Michigan Boulevard is its line of "exclusive" shops. These establishments are usually offered as Exhibit A by the loyal Chicagoan who is trying to prove to the visitor from the East that the capital of the Middle West is no longer an overgrown country town but a regular grown-up metropolis.

### *Terrifying Elegance*

Very few of these shops are getting more than a nibble at the big wage roll. Why? Because that kind of money is bashful. It's shy of the grandeur of the Boulevard, in the first place; and when it screws up its courage to brave the street itself and actually faces plate-glass doors bearing in microscopic letters the firm name, there is a hasty retreat for the free and cosmopolitan atmosphere of State Street. New money which reeks of raw petroleum gravitates to these luxurious shops, and so does the money made by the owner of the little machine shop who took a chance, grabbed off a munitions contract and made a killing.

But the wage-earner whose pockets are bulging with greenbacks and who is bent on blowing himself to a few ten-dollar shirts and six-dollar neckties looks at them in the window—and then moves away to the big store on State Street where he can rub elbows with a few folks who have never had their nails shined by a lady.

Probably the shops for men are the severest sufferers from the fumed-oak fear. The owner of a shop that is often spoken of by its patrons as "quite English" made this confession:

"When we built our business round the idea of exclusiveness we didn't count on the world's being suddenly overturned. Under old conditions we acted intelligently; but what has happened? The backbone of our trade has gone to war—by enlistment too! The young men who bought shirts at fifteen and twenty dollars apiece and neck scarfs at six and eight dollars are not only wearing khaki but their fathers and elder brothers and middle-aged men friends are almost unanimous in the remark: 'Old clothes look good to us.'

"Why not? They are better clothes in texture and workmanship than those made

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to-day, which bring twice the money. When it comes to economizing, those who have been liberal buyers are the ones who can do it. Their wardrobes are jammed with things that are well made, that will hold their shape and look well under years of wear. Of course there are some garments in every such assortment that are out of style; but just now the Fates that decree the styles are mighty liberal, and almost anything goes that has the stamp of quality about it. In fact, we're virtually coming to the time when a suit that has the earmarks of having been made before Uncle Sam stepped in and took all the frills and some of the mainstays out of men's clothes carries with it the presumption of high quality and exclusiveness.

"Let hats serve as an illustration in the change in goods. The hat that I sold for six dollars at the start of the war was a better hat than the one for which I am now forced to get ten; and my profit on it was greater. On a comparatively small shipment of hats from the other side the charge for packing and casing alone was one hundred and twenty-five dollars. This charge was unheard of in pre-war days."

The head of another exclusive shop for men on the Boulevard confides to me that he has already sent a scout into Gary, Hammond, Indiana Harbor and South Chicago to see what is the most practicable way by which the mill hands and the ordnance and munition workers may be exposed to the temptation of his wares.

"Those boys with the bloated pay checks are simply aching for eight-dollar neckties and ten-dollar shirts; but they will not come into a shop like this, because its atmosphere is strange to them and they don't feel at home. Just at the moment it's my job to figure out a way of meeting them with my goods on their own ground.

"We're selling more goods to strangers than ever before. If this were not true we'd be in a rather hard way, because our best customers—those who have always bought anything that took their fancy and in any quantity—are buying with distinct restraint, as a rule. If the plot with them is to set a good example they should receive credit for doing a thorough job. And I think many of them are moved by a genuine feeling of patriotism. We merchants and the wholesalers and manufacturers behind us may feel that they are overdoing it a trifle; but on that score I have no criticism to offer."

### *Made in America!*

The Boulevard shops which specialize in women's wear are not quite so hard hit by the sense of war economy that has developed among the wealthy and fashionable; but they admit that their very best customers of the old days are now economists of the first order, and that if it were not for the new crop of oil and munition spenders they would be doing a poor business.

The most significant changes in stocks of merchandise may be covered by the single phrase: Made in America! That tells the story of what has happened in the stockrooms as crisply as it can be sketched.

One of the best authorities on merchandise of almost every kind, and on retail merchandising in general, gives this graphic and sweeping view of the war reactions in the world of merchandise:

"Back in 1914 our stores, attics, lofts and warehouses all over this country were bulging with goods. There were reserves and surpluses in prodigal abundance. Then came the opening of the great war, and every merchant at once began to study the geography of his supply and figure out a list of goods that were coming from countries in the fight, especially from those Central Europe countries which would be shut off from ocean shipping. There was a quick grab for all these stocks and the prices jumped and soared. Needles, woolens, silks and a thousand other fabrics and articles for which we have always looked to Germany and Austria were on this list. The importers' surpluses and the wholesalers' reserves were soon dissipated and absorbed into the country.

"Then came the pinch that has made merchandise history in America, and made it fast. We have always thought ourselves a resourceful nation; the war has compelled us to prove it. We have gone over the top in establishing our mercantile independence of Germany and Austria. In short order we have put Made in America! on the map of both domestic and international trade. And this has been done on a quality basis; it is not a cheap imitation performance.

"For example, the dressmakers of this house declared to me, on their return from Paris, that the French dressmakers admit that the best woolens in France to-day are American-made goods. The velours and serges made in the mills of the Atlantic Seaboard are certainly fabrics of which this nation may be proud; and it is not too much to say that in making these beautiful cloths the manufacturers have woven a bright and lasting chapter into the industrial history of the United States. This triumph has been repeated in virtually every line of goods that came from the Teutonic countries.

"Of course there are some few articles from there for which we have not yet provided a superior substitute made in America; but these are so scarce and so unimportant in a broad way that they need not cloud our satisfaction as to the general commercial victory which our home manufacturers have achieved under the pressure of war necessity.

"This phrase—Made in America!—not only describes the most vital change that has taken place in the merchandise in the stores and warehouses and homes of the American people to-day, but it is highly prophetic. The mills and factories of desolated France and Belgium are not going to be rebuilt in a day, and meantime we must not only meet our own enormous needs but also supply many other countries. We're going to be a mighty busy nation for some time after peace is declared, and a more independent and self-sufficient nation commercially than ever before."

### *The Golden Flood*

"While we were absorbing the reserves of imported stocks, and then developing our own manufactures to supply those things we could no longer import, we went into the munitions business for the Allies, and shop, mill and factory workers suddenly found their earnings multiplied.

"Then, when we were just hitting our pace in these lines of production the United States entered the war and a greatly increased constriction of our ability to get foreign goods at once followed. This dug the spurs of necessity into our resourcefulness still deeper and we speeded up amazingly.

"Also, our prices increased as thousands of laborers in every community went into military service. We have felt the hand of Federal curtailment in almost every line of production that does not minister directly to the war. Retail merchants have found their deliveries from the wholesalers and the manufacturers greatly delayed and a high percentage of their orders in many lines canceled. A tense and nervous uncertainty has been felt by every form of retail business.

"Routine methods of doing business and long-established store policies have been changed. The elaborate system of deliveries which grew up under the strife to give service to customers has been reduced to almost unbelievable simplicity; the change in policies is typified by the new order limiting the privilege of returning merchandise—unless defective—to three days.

"And what are the net results of all this overturning of customers' privileges and this great and sweeping increase in prices? A very large business; an era of marvelously free buying; an astonishing flood of cash over the counters; a marked change in the personnel of customers."

Illustrating the rapid advance wearing apparel has taken, this merchant pointed to a certain garment and remarked that its cost was $19.50 when the United States entered the war; to-day it is $32.50 and in the spring it will be $37.50.

"A most important fact to be recognized by all retailers," declared this authority, "is that an enormous army of working people in America have moved out of the cheap-goods zone. Cheap stuff has become relatively higher in our great national price advance than good stuff. This is natural, but not entirely obvious to everybody. Cheaper things run into quantity, and are made and sold on an immense quantity basis. Broadly speaking, we have not been manufacturing or shipping on a quantity basis in this country, except for the Army and Navy. Quantity production for civilian consumption has been consistently discouraged since we went into





# *Dromedary Dates*

## Nature's War-time Confection

Pure sugar in a delicious fruit confection is furnished by Nature in Dromedary Golden Dates.

They are so rich in natural sugar and so delightful in flavor that they take the place of candy in the most satisfying way.

Dromedary Dates are carefully selected, clean-packed golden dates—tempting, luscious in flavor.

Serve them as they are, or stuffed with nuts, marshmallows or Dromedary Cocoanut.

***Many sugar-saving recipes for dates in cereals, salads and desserts are offered in our new conservation book, "DROMEDARY WAR-TIME RECIPES." Free on request.***

**The HILLS BROTHERS Co., Dept. K, 375 Washington St., New York**



*Two dates actually contain natural sugar equivalent to one level teaspoonful of refined sugar.*



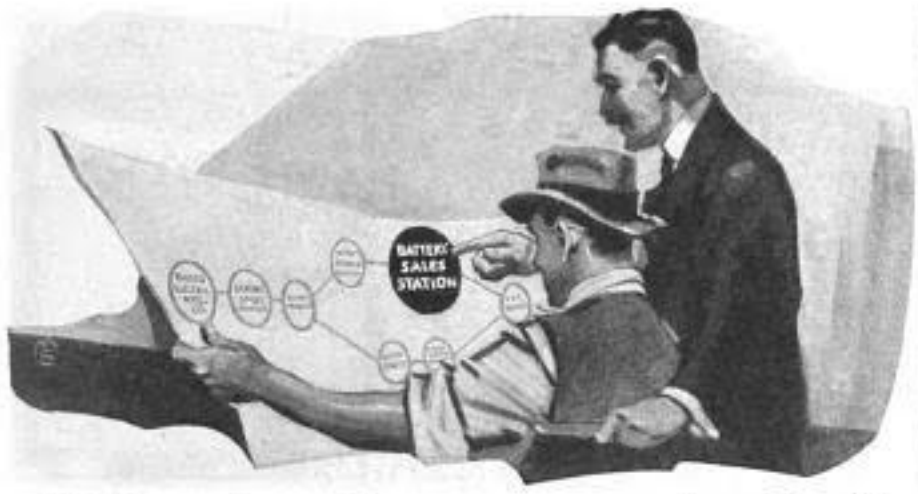
***Dromedary Date and Corn-Meal Pudding (Baked)***

4 cups milk — ½ teaspoon salt
½ cup corn meal — ½ cup sugar or honey
2 tablespoons melted butter substitute
2 eggs (well beaten)
1½ cups pitted Dromedary Dates cut in halves

Bring milk to boiling point. Sprinkle in corn meal slowly and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Add other ingredients in given order. Pour into a greased baking dish and bake in a moderate oven until firm. Turn out and decorate with dates. Serve with milk or any preferred sweet sauce.

**Save Fruit Pits and Nutshells of All Kinds for Gas Masks**


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# "Tom, here's our opportunity"

"This battery replacement sales proposition is just what we've been looking for. We can get exclusive sales rights in the territory we have organized for our other lines, or more if we can handle it. There are big possibilities in it; practically every car owner in this territory is a prospect, regardless of the make of his car. And the battery repair business is a big thing too. We can appoint sales agents under us; they know us and it won't take us but a short time to build up a good business."

"Is there a Detroit Battery for every make of car, Bob?"

"Sure—in fact, it's built only for replacement purposes, and I understand it is a wonder. I told you about Rogers over in Springfield. Well, he's cleaning up on the Detroit Battery—says it's just the thing for us to take on. He was sharp—saw this cut in car production coming and 'way last spring he started his battery business. You remember his letter urging us to get busy right away. The company back of this battery is sound financially, have a complete plant, an abundance of raw materials, and an organization of skilled workmen—a good concern to tie up with."

"One thing sure, we've *got* to act. Our overhead is eating us alive. I can plainly see that unless we do take up a line of this kind you and I are going to be in deep water before long. This circular describes their entire sales station plan, and it looks good to me. They'll help us get business and they will sell to us on a basis that we can make some real money. I'm for it—looks like our chance, Bob. What do you say?"

"I wouldn't be surprised if this solves the problem. I think we'd better wire them to hold this territory for us."

## Strictly a Replacement Battery

There is a Detroit Storage Battery for every make and model car. Its thick plate construction imparts long life, and it has a world of energy. Thousands of motorists and over 1100 Detroit Battery sales stations claim it to be the superior replacement battery. It was designed by Leon Percy, considered an authority on replacement batteries. We are making a drive to establish between two and three thousand more sales stations. The opportunity is big wherever motor cars run. Put the burden of proof up to us—let us show you what you can do. To save time and insure priority, we suggest that you wire for particulars.

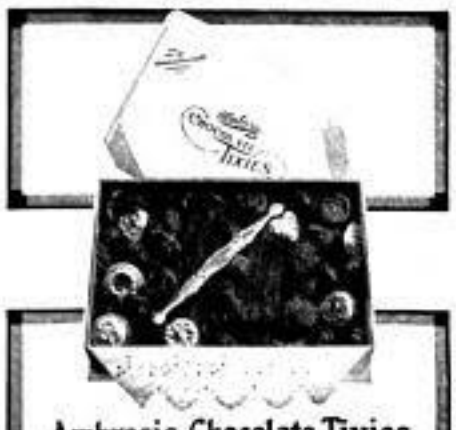
# Disco

ELECTRIC MANUFACTURING CO., DETROIT

**Dependable Products**

Disco Starter

Detroit Storage Battery



## Ambrosia Chocolate Tixies

Pure, rich, wholesome chocolates. Different from any others you have ever eaten. Delicious almond and filbert nut centers—no cream filling. A most delightful holiday delicacy.

**Send Them to Your Soldiers**

The boys in the cantonments rave about Tixies. You can give them no greater treat. If you wish to make a friend an out-of-the-ordinary Christmas gift, send Tixies. They always make a hit. Send $3.00 for special holiday or Soldier Boy box (sold in $3.00 sizes only), prepaid and insured anywhere in U. S. Money back if not satisfied.

AMBROSIA CHOCOLATE COMPANY
335-7 Fifth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Present conditions reduce output this year to fifty per cent. Therefore order immediately.




*The tool of a thousand and one little repair jobs.*

No other tools can take the place of pliers—and ordinary pliers are not half good enough to do the things they want to do. There's as much difference in pliers as in fingers.

## *Utica Pliers*

of many sizes and styles make anyone an expert fix-it man. They inspire ingenuity. You'll use them hundreds of times each year. Get an "iron grip" on nails, bolts, rods, the leaky faucets, gas jets, stove, pipes, kitchen utensils.

Hardware and electrical stores sell the Utica—the pliers our test men can't break. Satisfaction or your money back.

Write for "Plier Pointers"—it's FREE. A handy book for the handy man around the house. Tells you how to fix things.

Utica Drop Forge & Tool Co., Dept. A, Utica, N.Y.


the war. The manufacturing facilities, the labor and the cars have been required for our great fighting machine.

"Trash has never been cheap; but, with a lessened difference between the cost of trash and good stuff, the cheap stuff cannot and does not stand the strain of tightened competition with the good stuff. It has been easier for merchants to get good stuff, selling at a fair price, than to get trashy goods to be sold at a price sensationally low. Therefore, many working people accustomed to buying the cheapest stuff on the market have moved up to a higher plane of buying because they could not find the cheap trash at all.

"Very much of this trashy stuff came from Germany and Austria, and we are not likely to see it again; for we are making much better goods here at home that prove themselves to be cheaper at the price. True, the immense war demand upon many of our raw materials has forced down the standard of quality in various lines, like fabrics and underwear; but it is still true that the wage-workers generally are buying relatively a better class of goods and are making better merchandise investments."

A man who has few if any superiors in America as an expert in men's clothing declares that pure woolen cloths will be a curiosity in this country if the war continues another year; and that the real ground swell in prices has not yet hit the public.

"The best protection a man can have now," said this authority, "is to buy for quality; and this applies to the worker in those localities where wages have not increased sensationally—in the places remote from shipyards, steel mills and munition plants. He should look for the middle class of goods in which substantial quality is the main consideration. If he has been in the habit of buying at the bottom he will find it economy to come up to a higher plane."

### *A Mouth Made Up for Caviar*

"The immense army consumption of wool and the fact that the Government has not and probably will not put any restraint on the price of cotton are forcing us to wear cotton at a price already scandalous; and the end is not yet. Cotton stuff is about four times what it was a year ago; and the price is not its worst characteristic, considered from the viewpoint of the uses into which cotton is now being pressed. In outer garments it can never take the place of wool, for it has not the needed warmth; it does not hold its color so well, and it wrinkles. It is all right in its own place, but that place is small when it comes to men's garments for anything but working wear."

One men's-wear merchant of the exclusive shop order says he has found that "nothing is too hot for Gary steel rollers; they're used to the fire! Hats at twenty-five dollars each—soft, fuzzy imported ones—are their style exactly. The only trouble is to get these steel workers to come where the goods are."

At the neckwear counter of a big and fashionable department store this report was given:

"We do not sell one-third of the fifty-cent ties that passed over the counter in normal times; but our customers take three times as many ties at two, three and five dollars as they did before the war. The one phrase most frequently repeated at this counter is the question: 'Best you got?'"

In the metropolitan grocery and market the stranger is again the free spender.

"You get the whole perspective," said a leading Chicago grocer, "when I tell you that the other day we sold three one-pound cans of caviar at twenty dollars a can to a woman who was an entire stranger in the store and who paid cash. Our old charge customers on the Lake Shore Drive are cutting down their table expenses instead of increasing them. Or perhaps a better way to put it would be to say that they are reducing their table supplies; for food prices, as a rule, have just about doubled. The man who can manage to spend less money on his table this year than he did last must have lived on a scale of decided luxury or else he is a master of retrenchment.

"The war is teaching people to demand more from the retail food merchant. A marked result of this pressure is to give people in moderate circumstances more for their money—relatively at least—than they have ever had before. In other words, the conscientious grocer to-day is far more careful about the ten-cent article, for example, than about the fifty-cent item; for it is on the low-priced article he must depend to make his impression.

"Put it this way: I devoted no end of pains to seeing that my main stock of canned peas, to be sold at a low price, was right in every particular. I did not have to devote any time to seeing that the expensive canned goods on my shelves were what they should be."

In the matter of meats this grocer and market man estimates that his wealthy customers are buying twenty-five per cent less and his medium-class customers fifty per cent less than in normal times. The increase comes from the cash customer of the working class who is a stranger in the store—the new-money customer. Here, at the meat counter, you again have the maxim, "The best is the cheapest," served to you once more along with the statement that "the best meats do not shrink." As indicating the jump in prices, hams that sold at this counter for fourteen to eighteen cents now bring thirty-four to forty cents. Apparently the only item that has not increased in price is coffee.

The war has brought many and decided changes in grocery stocks, nearly all of them bearing the label, Made in America! Pointing to a show case well stocked with almost every variety of cheese, a city grocer remarked that there was only one kind having any considerable popularity that was not made in America to-day; and all were made so well that an expert would have difficulty in distinguishing them from their European models.

### *Boom Times at Gary*

Trade in a typical steel town in these piping times of war is anything but a pastime. The clerk at the ribbon counter to-day is the mill hand of to-morrow. Something like a million and a half dollars of pay-roll money is let loose every two weeks in Gary, Indiana, a town of about seventy thousand souls, which ten years ago was a waste of sand and cockleburs.

Not long before Germany opened the bloody business of the great world war mill hands of the common labor type were hired at a dollar and a half a day—a few of them each morning. To-day the lowest type of steel-mill hand averages a trifle over $130 a month. The top wages for the man who works with his hands is $720 a month. These earnings are on the eight-hour basis, with time and a half for overtime. There are 3000 to 5000 men who earn $500 a month or better in the steel plant. The average wages in the tin mill, which employs about 2000 men and 400 women, is above $7 a day.

Add to this glimpse of the wage situation the fact that Indiana, in which Gary is situated, is now a bone-dry state, and you may be prepared for the statement that any laborer who pushes his heir in a perambulator costing less than forty dollars is looked upon by his fellows as something of a piker.

Probably Gary is the only town in America in which you may find three-hundred-dollar phonographs housed in shacks. This odd situation, however, is not the fault of the business men of Gary or of the occupants of the shacks. In spite of all handicaps of increased cost of building, these workers would be housed in decent and sanitary cottages if government restrictions had not shut down on building. As a proof of this statement business men there point to the fact that there were several hundred houses for workingmen under construction when the lid on house building was closed down.

The South Side of this young steel town may be fairly described as something of a foreign settlement, for it contains a mixture of at least thirty-two distinct nationalities. This means that retail merchandising there is largely a racial matter. The South Side Gary department-store clerk who can talk freely with all customers could qualify for the post of interpreter to a congress of all European countries, including the Balkan States and some sections of Asia. And this racial mixture is much more than a matter of making customers understand. It imposes upon the merchants the problem of meeting racial tastes and of understanding racial peculiarities.

For example, the buyer for a South Side department store sells hundreds of dollars' worth of silks at five dollars a yard simply because he understands what the Rumanian women regard as the pinnacle of

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splendor in dress fabrics. He searched New York until he found the right patterns and fabrics for this special trade; and, to use his own phrase, "the wives of Rumanian mill hands buy them as freely as if they were one dollar instead of five a yard." In sketching life behind the counter in the modern steel Babel, this shrewd merchant said:

"A kick on the high prices of merchandise to-day is almost unknown. The trouble is to get enough goods and stuff good enough to meet the ideas of our trade. The question we hear continually is: 'Haven't you anything better than that?' I'll have to admit, however, that this is not wholly a matter of big wages. Before this state and town went dry there was plenty of kicking across the counter. It came from the men who got their pay checks cashed in the saloons and were lucky if they got out with a third of their earnings for the use of their families. No wonder their women thought prices were high.

"To-day the women and children of those families are buying things by the dozen where they bought singly before and they are buying far better goods; in fact, they are simply wallowing in luxury—at least from their viewpoint. They really don't know how to spend all the money they have in these days. They buy about everything they want and still have something left over.

"That collection of shacks across the way, on the property the company is holding for some future industrial purpose, looks something like the tag-end of a Mexican village; but you can't tell how many bonds a Bohunk can buy from the looks of his shack. If I had all the money that is salted away in Gary shacks I'd never have to do another day's work behind the counter. And don't think anybody's going to go and take it away from them either. They're the busiest little bunch of bond buyers you ever saw—just now. Besides, they're fighters, and the man who tries to rob their shacks has some job."

### Hose for Dusky Damsels

One of the peculiarities of retailing in that cosmopolitan steel town is the survival of the installment plan of buying when the buyers have a surplus of money. A jeweler and music dealer remarks:

"I sell phonographs and other musical instruments by the score, and nearly all of them on the installment plan. Among the Greeks hardly an instrument goes to a family that has not a handsome bank account. With scarcely an exception these buyers could pay cash for their purchases; but to do so they would have to skip making their customary bank deposit, and this they will not do.

"As a rule, our foreign workers seem to consider making a bank deposit as an almost sacred obligation once they have started in this line of saving. Many of my foreign customers who have bought musical instruments or jewelry pay an installment here one day and make a deposit in the bank the next."

In some cases the furniture dealers have faced a peculiar problem in connection with uncompleted installment purchases made by families when the wage-earners have gone into the Army. These merchants have recognized the fact that all families of men going into the service must be treated with patriotic consideration, and also that furniture is going up in value at a rapid pace.

Therefore, the policy of storing the goods, without interest or other charges, until payments can be resumed has been adopted.

A dry-goods merchant in the center of a foreign settlement declares that the trading temperature of the present moment may be suggested by the fact that he sells few hose to the negro women at less than three dollars. About two years ago ninety-eight cents for this article of apparel was the sky limit, according to this storekeeper.

Another indication of Gary's speed in the trading line is that it is experiencing what virtually amounts to a famine in watches of the best makes. Dealers in this line declare that it is impossible to get enough watches to keep pace with pay days.

Probably there is not another town in America where the dealer in secondhand stoves occupies quite so proud a position as in this Indiana steel metropolis. One dealer with a sense of humor sketches the situation in this phrase:

"The typical steel-mill hand can buy a three-hundred-dollar phonograph, a sixty-dollar baby cab, or even an automobile; but when he goes after a new base-burner or a kitchen range he is made to realize that 'we can't have everything'—not on the same pay day at least. What would have bought the best stove on the market two years ago—a marvel of nickeled magnificence—will now just about cover the price of a rusty secondhand shell rescued by the junkman."

Though the groceries and meat markets of Gary are not complaining on the score of poor trade, these merchants admit that their line has come under the influence of the war-economy spirit to an extent not felt by retailers in other lines. Their best customers of normal times—business and professional men, and the executives and salaried employees of the steel industries—are cutting down their supplies to a marked degree.

"We can't kick against this economy," says a leading market owner, "because it has the right spirit behind it. It is a clear response to the appeal to help win the war by the saving of food. These men know well that the steel worker is the man who needs plenty of meat, and they abstain in order that the men in the service and the workers in the mills may have more."

### High-Pressure Prosperity

A Gary grocer and market operator makes this statement: "If all [telephone ordering, all deliveries and all credits were abolished in the retail meat business, it would result in a saving of thirty per cent to the consumers; not because the direct costs saved by this elimination of service and credit would touch this total, but because it would compel shopping in person and more discriminating buying. Customers who used to phone me for three pounds of porterhouse steak are now buying a pound and a half of good plate meat instead. If I hadn't abolished orders by phone, credits and deliveries they would still be buying in the old wasteful way.

"The economies I have secured by this change have been great. On a smaller margin on my turnover—my profit last year was exactly one and a half per cent—I am making more money, because my volume is increased and my cost diminished. Where I had fifteen hundred book accounts, to-day I have none. It cost me fifty-five dollars a week to operate a delivery truck, and I ran four wagons besides. My outstanding accounts amounted to at least twenty thousand dollars. It cost money to carry these. That money is now saved. If every meat-market business in America would go on the same basis it would be a godsend to the consumers as well as to the dealers. A great national economy would be secured."

The merchandise manager of a large Gary department store declares that since the United States went into the war his costs of doing business have increased fully one-third. They were probably not far from twenty-seven per cent in normal times. The dress goods that sold in this store for one dollar two years ago are now selling almost as freely at two and a quarter and two and a half. The most popular damask in the table section, which brought fifty cents, is now eagerly absorbed at one dollar and one and a quarter.

These examples might be multiplied in almost every line of goods. The dry-goods merchant in the steel town has no trouble to sell goods or to collect the money for them. His troubles are those of operation and buying. He must now buy ahead about three times as far as he would under normal conditions. In many things he must carry excessive stocks and in others starved stocks.

If his cancellations and nondeliveries at the hands of the wholesalers do not amount to more than twenty per cent, he may count himself most fortunate. His speed of turnover is greatly impeded and his investment multiplied; but his customers are constantly calling for more and better goods, and cheerfully pushing the cash across his counters.

The clothier and the furniture dealer and almost every other kind of retailer tell virtually the same story of high-pressure prosperity in the steel town—prices jumping to the tune of one hundred per cent or more; but there is a constant and increasing pressure for more expensive merchandise.




# A Path-Finder on Danger Trails

## A Useful Gift For the Boy in Service

A first-hand picture of the war recently reached an American mother from her only son "somewhere in France." Part of the letter follows:

"Early this morning we pushed forward from —— through a blanket of fog, a yard at a time, and later in the day, with the mist still hanging thick, I and four others found ourselves cut off from our regiment somewhere in No-Man's Land. We stopped for a bit, hoping the mist would lift, but no such luck. The air was filled with German shells and more than an equal number of ours. We could hear the stuttering of dozens of machine guns going at the same time. 'Let's go,' said someone. And then we suddenly realized that we had lost all sense of direction and in that uncharted Hades didn't stand one chance in a hundred of finding our own lines.

"Then happened one of those little things in life which impress themselves upon one's mind more deeply than many a greater moment. One of the boys had produced a compass! Of all the many things our kits contained, only one out of the five of us had thought of bringing a compass! After that we were glad the fog held tight, for the little old compass guided us back to the 'Stars and Stripes' and another chance to go 'Over The Top.'"

And so, you fathers and mothers, sisters and sweethearts, when you want to give something of vital value to the wonderful person you are sending "over there" to put his shoulder to the wheels of the most just war humanity ever fought,

## Give Him a *Taylor* Quality Compass

the compass which for years has won and held the confidence of outdoor men—proved to them that they could unhesitatingly entrust their lives to its direction, because back of each *Taylor* Quality Compass, building into it sturdy, permanent accuracy, lies the expert care of *Taylor* workmanship and supervision—the expert selection of *Taylor* material and the nearly seventy years *Taylor* Experience gained in making delicate indicating and recording instruments that are correct.

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*Buy War Savings Stamps*


# DAFFY

(Continued from Page 16)

Refreshed, he watched the rush from the offices to the apéritif, and listened to the talk at the tables round him. He had been instructed to keep his ears open, and the apéritif loosened tongues.

At seven the throng had, for the most part, cleared from the streets and the fronts of the cafés into the dining rooms. He rose, relieved to be free from the din of the loud, unnecessary and rather vacuous German laugh that had assaulted his ears all day. He dined at the legation, and after dinner won a game of billiards from one of the junior attachés; and then, after a close fight, was beaten by the minister himself, a far inferior player. Among the diplomats Daffy was diplomatic.

By ten he was in bed. At half past seven the next morning he was taking his coffee and rolls at a retired table in front of the Café of the Golden Crown. His appetite was excellent.

For four more days he pursued this course, unwearied, patiently. Most boys of his age would have found its monotony trying, but Daffy's was one of those sterling natures that can endure any amount of inactivity without flinching. A placid, ordered life suited him down to the ground. He liked to sit in the sun and watch the strange crowd to a soothing accompaniment of iced sirups, cigarettes and sweet cakes.

Then, late in the afternoon of the fourth day, his patience was rewarded. There had been a reception of sorts at the German Legation and a rival reception at the Russian Legation; and the throng was thickly set with bright to gorgeous gala uniforms. Daffy was surprised to see in German uniforms so many people he had taken for ordinary rogues.

He scanned the throng, especially the throng that came from the direction of the German Legation, with more careful and keener eyes; for he had reason to believe Helmsley had the right to wear such a uniform.

His face, well shaded by his large right hand, was turned to the right, when of a sudden there rang out on his left a loud hearty laugh. He knew that laugh; he would have known it among ten thousand. He turned his face slowly, dropping two fingers to hide his eyes, and peered between them at the laughter.

His eyes gave his ears the lie direct; the man who was laughing the laugh of the fresh-colored, fair-haired, fair-mustached Helmsley was a sallow, dark-bearded man in the uniform of an officer of a Russian infantry regiment.

For a moment Daffy thought his ears had mocked him. Then his eyes fell on the pretty lady, so finely dressed, who was laughing up into the laughing face of the Russian officer; and he recognized the object of his first grand passion, Hilda Bloch. His eyes, reassured, grasped the fact that, though the beard might be the beard of a Russian, the teeth were the large, grayish-brown teeth of Helmsley.

Absorbed in the joke, their eyes did not stray his way. He let them go thirty yards down the street; then rose and followed them. Thanks to his thoughtfulness in paying for each drink as soon as he got it, there was nothing to delay him. He followed them, stooping, using now the large hat of a woman, now the helmet of an officer, to screen his face. It was not difficult to follow them unseen; they seemed to be feeling secure enough; they never looked round. Halfway down the main street they turned into a side street and, fifty yards down it, went into the Hotel of the Golden Canister.

Daffy walked across the road to a café and settled down on a retired chair thirty yards from the hotel door. Neither Helmsley nor Hilda Bloch came out of it; but several Russians in uniform and several civilians bearded like Russians went into it.

Daffy sat patiently watching the hotel door; but his wonted placidity appeared to be ruffled, for he was frowning darkly. He was annoyed that the object of his first grand passion should prove to be a German spy; but he was mightily indignant that Hilda Bloch, after having been born in England and lived in and on England for twenty years, should be out to help destroy the land on which she had so long sponged.

He kept watch till past seven, when it was time to get back to the legation for dinner. Then, making no doubt that Helmsley would dine at the Golden Canister and, as the soul of the party, pick up any information his unsuspecting Russian friends inadvertently oozed, he rose and went. His face had not yet resumed its usual placidity; his indignation, indeed, was still growing; he was beginning to feel uncommonly vengeful.

On entering the legation he went to the telephone, asked for a number and, when he heard the voice he expected at the other end of the wire, said "Spotted!" and rang off. That was all he was to say. Since the staffs of the exchanges were in the pay of the Germans, the French, the Russians, to say nothing of the Italians and the English, the wires were not busy carrying political information or the police news.

Then he dressed for dinner quickly and went down to the end of the garden. He had barely reached it when a door in the wall opened and a small cheery-looking man, with twinkling gray eyes, in dress and appearance an obvious inhabitant of the neutral city, came through and shut the door sharply behind him.

"Well, young sir, what have you to report?" he said, not only in English but with the accent and intonation of a well-bred Englishman; and his eyes twinkled on Daffy.

"I spotted Helmsley. He's wearing the uniform of a Russian officer of the One Hundred and Fifty-third Regiment and a dark beard and wig—or perhaps he's dyed his hair. He's at the Golden Canister; dining there I should think, for he went into it at a quarter to six and he was still there at a quarter past seven," said Daffy.

"An officer of the One Hundred and Fifty-third Regiment, dark-haired and with a dark beard—at the Golden Canister," said the small man in a rising inflection. "But that's —— Oh—hang it all!—you must have made a mistake! Why, you told me Helmsley was a full-faced fresh-colored young fellow, and this man's lean and sallow."

"Yes; he's changed his hair and his complexion, but he hasn't changed his laugh or his teeth. It's Helmsley, all right," said Daffy with quiet certainty.

"Then all I can say is that the Czar and Czarina themselves attended his wedding three weeks ago at Petrograd; and he's here on a most important mission," said the small man; and his eyes no longer twinkled.

"I can't help that," said Daffy firmly. "You see, it wasn't only his eyes and teeth, but he was with a girl I know Helmsley knew—a girl called Hilda Bloch, the daughter of a German jeweler at Middleham."

"He was! At a quarter to six? What's she like?" cried the small man; he appeared to be growing excited.

"She's a pretty enough girl," said Daffy in a grudging tone. "She has dark-blue eyes and dark-brown hair; and she always looks bright and lively. She hasn't that bleached look the German girls here have. She was wearing a greenish dress and a greenish hat with a red bow on it. The little beast looked top-hole."

"The Countess Sudislaf," the little man said softly; and then, louder: "But are you sure?"

"Sure?" said Daffy. "She taught me German!"

The small man gazed at him, scowling ferociously; then his face cleared and he said:

"Young sir, you would have surprised me if I hadn't lost the gift of being surprised nearly two years ago. But, seriously, you have rendered us valuable service and I'm very much obliged to you."

"Not at all," said Daffy politely.

The small man paused, thinking; then he said:

"I'm afraid I shan't be able to get you back to England for nearly a week. But I think you'll be able to have a good time here, now that your time's all your own."

"Oh, that's all right," said Daffy. "But, I say, couldn't I go on helping in this business? I should like to take it out of that little beast of a girl. This spying business is so uncalled-for from her, you know."

The small man laughed gently.

"I wonder what verb you and she chiefly conjugated," he said. "But no; I don't think you can do anything more. You've done quite a lot in stopping a big

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(Continued from Page 82)

leak—stopping leaks seems to be your métier."

"But that was all rather accidental. I should like to do something real," said Daffy earnestly.

The little man shook his head; then his eyes twinkled again and he said:

"Well, one should never discourage enthusiasm. We believe that Count Boris Helmsley Sudislaf had in his possession stolen copies of the plans of a new submarine destroyer. But, thanks to you, he had to bolt in such a hurry that he hadn't time to get them before he went. We know there has been a hitch about getting them out of England. They're very likely at Milldown—in some place the Huns can't get at now. We can't have too many searchers.

"You know the officers' quarters: they may be hidden there though we've searched in vain for them. You may have a try; but be careful, as long as you're here, to keep absolutely out of sight of both the Sudislafs. Thanks again for your discovery. Good night!" said the small man; and he slipped through the doorway in the wall.

Daffy was disappointed. He had a feeling that he ought to get even with Hilda Bloch, alias the Countess Sudislaf, alias Frau Helmsley. At dinner the daughter of the minister found him morose.

That night there was a reception of sorts at the British Legation and, thoughtlessly, Daffy was present. From a corner of the room, among a group of diplomats, he watched the guests enter. About the twentieth guest was the Countess Sudislaf.

There was nothing to be done. He could not go out of the room without passing her; he was too big to hide himself. He stood still and watched her.

She had shaken hands with the minister and was looking round the room when her gaze fell on him.

Her eyes opened wider; his lips parted in surprise. Then she was smiling and greeting an elderly diplomat. But she did not waste a second. She came straight across the room to him with a joyful smile on her face and both hands outstretched.

"Oh, Mr. Bligh! Who would have thought of seeing you here!" she cried.

Daffy shook her right hand without warmth and said:

"How are you? I'm staying here—with my aunt."

"But how delightful! Take me to get an ice. I really must talk to you—about old times," she said with charming friendliness.

She laid her hand on Daffy's arm, smiled round on the group, and led him out of the room. She sat down in the corner of the dining room farthest from the buffet, and when he had brought her an ice she said in a pleading tone:

"I don't want you to talk to anyone about me, Daffy—tell them anything about me, I mean; that my father was a German. I've married a Russian, Count Sudislaf; he's a dear, but so awfully proud, you know. It would spoil everything if people knew my people were German, though I'm English myself, of course. You can see it would. And you won't give me away, will you? For old times' sake!"

Her bright eyes were gazing earnestly into his; her face was set in pathetic entreaty. But Daffy was unmoved. As he had already told the right people about her, he said grumpily:

"Why should I give you away?"

She breathed a short sharp sigh of extreme relief and cried:

"Ah, I knew you wouldn't! That's the advantage of having an English gentleman for a friend—an officer too! You're so safe."

Daffy was annoyed. Then she looked at him thoughtfully, considering, her brow knitted in a faint frown.

"Are you staying here long?" she said.

"Four or five days," said Daffy.

Her eyes hardened. She hesitated; then said:

"You must meet Boris—my husband. You'll get on so well together. Russians are so charming. Will you—will you come for a motor drive to-morrow afternoon at four and dine with us afterward?"

Daffy hesitated. He did not like her eyes; they were not at all friendly, though her lips were smiling. But there was just an off chance that he might get hold of something. He ought to have a shot at it.

"Thanks awfully! I should like to," he said.

"That will be nice," she said, and rose. Then she added: "And we met—where did we meet? In London. Yes; it's a large place. Remember—in London."

"I'll remember," said Daffy.

That night and the next morning he pondered the invitation. What was the object of it? Probably Hilda had in her mind some idea of getting him out of the way. She had certainly looked as if she had something unpleasant in her mind. Very likely Count Sudislaf would see no necessity to take any such trouble and a message would come to say that the motor drive and dinner were impossible. No such message came.

Daffy was half inclined to let the Secret Service agent know of the entertainments that were being lavished on him, but desisted. He would probably be forbidden to go. But he went over the small automatic pistol with great care before he slipped it into his hip pocket. With boyish sentimentality, rather rare in him, he had named it Little Pet. On his day he could do things with it. He fancied that this was his day.

He found a light car in front of the Golden Canister; and in the hall he found the Countess Sudislaf, alone. She greeted him warmly and then conveyed her husband's regrets that he could not motor with them. Daffy was not surprised. He had doubted that the count would put his disguise to the test. She said they would meet at dinner. Daffy doubted that too.

The countess drove the car. She did not seem to be either an experienced or a courageous driver. Daffy persuaded her to let him drive. It seemed to him that, though she was not driving, she was still nervous. It was a pleasant thought that Little Pet was in his hip pocket. It was also pleasant to think that they would surely underestimate his intelligence.

He did not talk much. There was no need for him to talk much. The Countess Sudislaf talked enough for two, nervously but insistently. Daffy tested the car. Later he might want to get a good deal of speed out of her. He thought he could. The countess acted as guide.

At about five, to judge from the loaded carts they passed and the empty carts they met, they were near the German frontier. Daffy had no intention of getting too near it.

They must have been about a mile from the frontier when she bade him take a side road that ran parallel with it, saying they would make a circuit and return by another road.

It was a pleasant evening and Daffy let the car run slowly to enjoy it fully. Twice the countess made him stop to admire the scenery. The third time she bade him stop to admire an old windmill, which stood about fifty yards back from the road. The sails were broken and it looked empty. They looked at it; and then she said in a tone of girlish excitement:

"Let's go and explore it. We might get to the top and get a beautiful view."

"Yes; they do think they've got a soft thing!" said Daffy in his heart; but his lips said:

"Rather! It will be rather fun."

She stepped out of the car, smiling, and he followed her. Halfway to the mill she said:

"It may be haunted!"

Daffy was sure it was; but, as he shifted Little Pet from his hip to his jacket pocket, he only said:

"It's a bit early in the evening for ghosts."

He spoke carelesaly enough, but his pulse was at least two beats quicker at the thought that probably he was going to get a chance to try Little Pet on a real target.

At the bottom of the steps leading to the mill door she turned her head and scanned his face with sharp eyes. It was placid, even phlegmatic.

She walked up the steps, paused on the threshold, and entered the mill. Daffy followed her with both hands in his jacket pockets. Halfway across the half-circular stone-floored chamber she stepped sharply aside—and out of a low doorway opposite came Count Boris Helmsley Sudislaf, with his revolver pointing at Daffy's face.

"Hands up!" he cried.

Daffy did not put up his hands; he opened his eyes and mouth, and stood the picture of staring stupefaction. The count burst into noisy hearty laughter; the countess laughed shrilly and spitefully.

"I think—I think we've turned the tables, Daffy, my young friend—except that you won't get any chance of bolting," said the count. "You're going to be found on the other side of the frontier during the


# The Errors Made In Tooth Pastes

*All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities*



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A big man came out of the inner room grinning. He carried a small coil of thick cord in his left hand.

Daffy looked hard at the count's left knee—so hard that it was the only thing he saw in the world. Little Pet cracked in his pocket; the count screeched, toppled over with a bullet through his kneecap, and squirmed, howling, about the floor. He had uncovered Hans. Little Pet cracked thrice—Hans was a big man. He looked slightly startled, groaned once, his legs gave under him and he lay on the floor, curiously huddled up. Then the countess screamed.

"In wartime you should shoot first and talk afterward," said Daffy, with his slow placid smile; and he looked through the doorway of the inner room with all his eyes.

Nothing stirred in it. The countess dropped on her knees beside her moaning spouse.

Daffy refilled the magazine of Little Pet, stepped forward, picked up the revolver, slipped it into his hip pocket, and took the coil of cord from Hans' nerveless hand.

Gently enough, but firmly, he bound the countess' hands behind her. She abused him shrilly and furiously in English and German. He made no defense. He bound her ankles together; then he dragged her to the wall and set her back against it.

He went back to the count and thoughtfully considered his pale, distorted face, covered with beads of the cold sweat of pain. Then he knelt down in front of him, grinned at him hideously, and said:

"I'm going to saw your leg backward and forward till you tell me where you've hidden the plans of that submarine destroyer."

The count gibbered at him. Daffy gripped the ankle of his wounded leg, but he did not move his hand, much less the leg. He moved his elbow as if he were moving the leg.

The count saw the elbow move and screeched for all the world as if his motionless leg were being sawed backward and forward. Three times he yelled; then he gasped:

"Table drawer—quarters—Milldown—C. O.!" And then he fainted.

Daffy rose and said to the countess in a singularly boyish tone of labored sarcasm:

"Telling the truth seems to have hurt him more than a bullet through the kneecap. He must be a bit soft, though—howling like that!"

"You blackguard! You dirty young blackguard!" cried the countess.

"You don't suppose I really moved his beastly leg?" said Daffy in a tone of reproach.

He stopped again, searched the count's pockets, thrust a thick pocketbook into his own breast pocket, said "Good evening!" and walked out of the mill with an air of injured dignity.

He drove back to the city by the way they had come; and he put all his heart and a good deal of his soul into the driving. In forty minutes he drew up in front of the legation. He was at the telephone in ten seconds.

When his Secret Service friend at the other end of the wire said "Hello!" he said: "Spotted! Dam' quick!" And rang off.

He went down the garden; and he did not have to wait long—about seven minutes. Then the small man bounced through the doorway. He looked far from pleased.

"What is it?" he snapped.

"The stolen plans of the new submarine destroyer are in the table drawer of Helmsley's old quarters at Milldown."

"I'm hanged if they are!" snapped the small man. "We've looked."

"He told me so; and he was speaking the truth," said Daffy positively.

"He told you so? When?" snapped the small man.

"About three-quarters of an hour ago—in an empty mill near the frontier. I can't tell you exactly where—only that it's along a side road off the South Road, a mile from a big military bridge. He and that little beast of a girl set out to do me in. But I got in the first shot and smashed up his kneecap. It was after that he told me."

"It would make anyone confidential," said the small man softly.

"There's another Hun there, too. I think he's dead. I hadn't time to make sure. And that little beast of a girl is tied up."

"My hat!" said the little man softly; and he was staring at Daffy as if he were an object of real interest.

"And here's his pocketbook—Helmsley's. I thought there might be something useful in it," said Daffy, holding it out to him.

The small man took it almost gingerly; then, as he opened it, he said:

"I owe you an apology for not realizing sooner that you're hot stuff, young sir."

"You have to be if you're going to be tortured and then hanged," said Daffy with simple conviction.

"That was what he promised you, was it? These asses do make me tired! They will talk!" said the small man.

He opened the pocketbook, took some papers from one side of it and put them in his pocket. Then he examined the bank notes in the other side of it.

"World currency, of course," he said; "Bank of England five-pound and ten-pound notes."

He put them back into the pocketbook and held it out to Daffy.

"Oh, but ——" said Daffy.

"Nonsense, my good chap! The spoils of war. I insist," said the small man.

Daffy put the pocketbook into his pocket and, with a faint sigh of satisfaction, said:

"It does always come in useful."

"True, O philosopher!" said the small man. "And now I must get you out of this dam' quick."

"That's what I thought," said Daffy.

Three days later, somewhat travel-stained, he reported himself to his friend Lestrange, the new C. O. of the Milldown Depot. After they had exchanged greetings Daffy said:

"Did you find those plans in the drawer of the table in Helmsley's old quarters?"

"We did not," said Lestrange. "The Secret Service people were foxed."

"It wasn't them; it was me," said Daffy, frowning. "I should like to take a look at that drawer myself."

They went to the quarters that had been occupied by Captain Christopher Helmsley—and Daffy took the drawer out of the table. It was of poor but honest English deal. He turned it about, examined it, tapped it, put it back, and stared at its black composite handle in earnest thought.

Then a slow placid smile illumined his large face and he said:

"Lord, what an ass I am! I forgot all about the C. O. They're in your quarters."

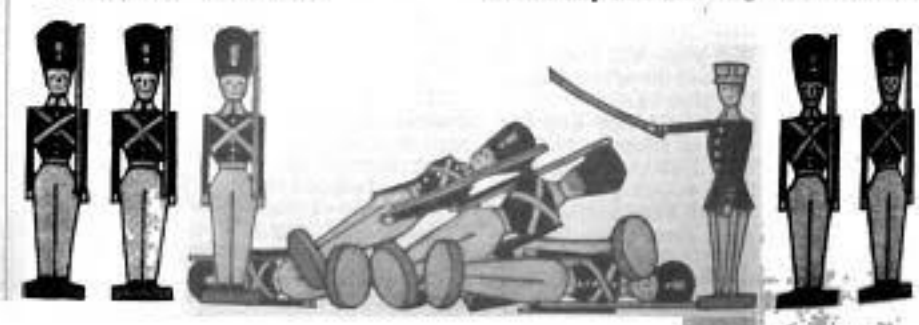
"Mine?" said Lestrange.

"Yes. Helmsley was very pally with the late C. O.—always in and out."

They went briskly to Lestrange's quarters. Lestrange pulled out the drawer. It was neatly lined with paper. Daffy raised the paper and disclosed the bottoms of some sheets of tracing paper, covered with drawings.

"Well, I'll be shot!" said Lestrange. "The beggar was cute."

"I knew he was speaking the truth!" said Daffy in a tone of gentle satisfaction.



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# THE CHRISTUS

(Continued from Page 9)

THE MONK—[sensing his meaning]: But you—are not He! [After a slight pause.] Yet you bear Him a strange resemblance.

THE SENTRY: Why not? I am a man, created in His image, clothed with His flesh. Often in the past I have played His rôle.

THE MONK: You are not He. He would never wear such a cloak as this!

THE SENTRY: One may put aside a cloak.

THE MONK: True!

THE SENTRY: All men have a common nakedness; it is the nakedness of God. Yet when they put on clothing they become as men and are judged by the differences in their garments. For instance, if you wore such a cloak as mine you might leave this prison at will. With my uniform—and a little luck—you might walk unchallenged through the German lines to safety.

THE MONK: What do you mean?

THE SENTRY: The allied outposts are not a thousand yards from the trenches where you were digging to-day. . . . And you and I are about of a size!

THE MONK: You wish to help me to escape?

THE SENTRY—[with a faint smile]: I wish to see the little statue restored to its friends. That is only right and proper. Come! The night is almost spent. Let us exchange clothing—my soldier's coat for your priest's robe.

THE MONK: You would remain here as the prisoner in my stead?

THE SENTRY: I am a prisoner now.

THE MONK: You would take my fate upon your shoulders?

THE SENTRY—[slowly]: If God so wills it.

THE MONK—[seizing his arm]: You know what that fate is to be! I can see the knowledge in your eyes. You heard my sentence pronounced by the officer upstairs—the furious little red officer with the great stomach. [The sentry does not speak; the monk continues.] Tell me what he said—that little red officer. I do not speak German. I could not understand him; but I saw his face. It was terrible! And the words that came out of his mouth were like blows!

THE SENTRY: We speak a stern language. You must not judge us by the sounds we make. Give me your cassock, I pray you.

THE MONK: No! I'll not have another man sacrifice himself for me. If I were permitted to escape they would kill you.

THE SENTRY: Sometimes it is very well to die.

THE MONK: So I believe; and, since I am a priest and a Belgian, what fairer end could I ask than to die for God and for Belgium?

THE SENTRY: You do not understand. It is not of Belgium that I am thinking—no; nor even of God. I am thinking of mankind; of the great human company that struggles so desperately, so tragically to its day of freedom! I am thinking of the common people of the world, of men and women everywhere, the simple ones, those who have paid for progress with their blood and for happiness with their tears! I see them going forward in the sweat of their bodies, stumbling over frontiers and phrases, living in hope and sleeping in sorrow, ridden by mad kings and betrayed by false prophets, exploited, shackled, tricked, robbed and slain—but always and forever going forward! In the name of that company and for the sake of that freedom it is excellent to die. But it is still more excellent to live—if one can. You, my brother, have the right to live. Your soul is guiltless; your hands are clean. You have committed no trespass against your own kind. You may go out into the highways of the world and preach the only true and living Gospel—which is to love thy neighbor as thyself!

THE MONK: But you?

THE SENTRY: I? I am one of those in whom there is no virtue but to die. Let me perish then, if perish I must, in protest against the blindness of my own people.

THE MONK: They will call you traitor!

THE SENTRY: Treason to Prussia is faithfulness to mankind. Will you accept my cloak?

THE MONK—[bowing his head]: I will! [He falls to his knees, with the figure of the Saviour clasped in his hands.] O Father, I call upon Thee to witness my decision. Thou knowest I would have died for Thee and for Belgium. Now grant that I may live to serve both God and country.

THE SENTRY: Say, rather: To serve mankind!

THE MONK: To serve mankind!

[The sentry takes off his coat and gives it to the other, who slowly unbinds the cord of his monk's robe. Then the candle is extinguished and for a while the stage is in darkness. After a time, a match is struck and the candle relighted, disclosing the sentry, dressed now in the monk's gray robe, kneeling upon the stone. The monk has disappeared.]

THE SENTRY—[raising his clasped hands]: God give me strength! God give me courage ——

[A tramp of feet is heard outside the chamber. The sentry hastily flings himself down upon the floor and feigns sleep. A squad of German soldiers enters, headed by a huge bearded sergeant.]

THE SERGEANT: Squad—halt! [The squad halts and the arms of the soldiers come rattling down upon the pavement.]

THE SERGEANT—[pulling a bit of paper out of his cap and reading it by the candlelight]: "Belgian monk—Friday at daybreak—to the door of the church in the village." That's all right! [He perceives the winecup on the floor, snatches it up, and drinks eagerly.] Ah! That goes well! It's damned raw work nailing a man up to a church door before breakfast. [Takes another swig.] Frightfulness is all right in its place, but not on an empty stomach.

A SOLDIER—[boldly]: Pass the cup round!

THE SERGEANT: Silence in the ranks! [He empties the cup and hurls it to the floor. At this sound the sentry rouses, but takes care to keep his back to the soldiers.]

THE SERGEANT—[slapping him on the shoulder]: Come along, you! The sooner we get this business over, the better it'll be for all concerned.

[The sentry rises. The sergeant steps up behind him and, producing a black handkerchief, binds it over the face of the doomed man.]

A BOY SOLDIER—[suddenly lurching from the ranks and flinging down his rifle]: I can't do it! I can't do it! Not on Good Friday. O God, I can't do it! [He falls sobbing to his knees.]

THE SERGEANT—[drawing his revolver]: Pick up that rifle, you swine!

[The boy looks into the mouth of the revolver; then slowly reaches out, grasps the rifle, lifts it to his shoulder, and falls back into line. The sergeant issues an order. Two soldiers advance and place themselves on either side of the prisoner.]

THE SERGEANT: Attention! Squad—right face! Forward—march!

[The soldiers tramp out with the masked figure of the sentry in their midst. The room echoes for a moment with the measured tread of feet; then gradually the sound grows fainter until it dies away in the distance.]

CURTAIN

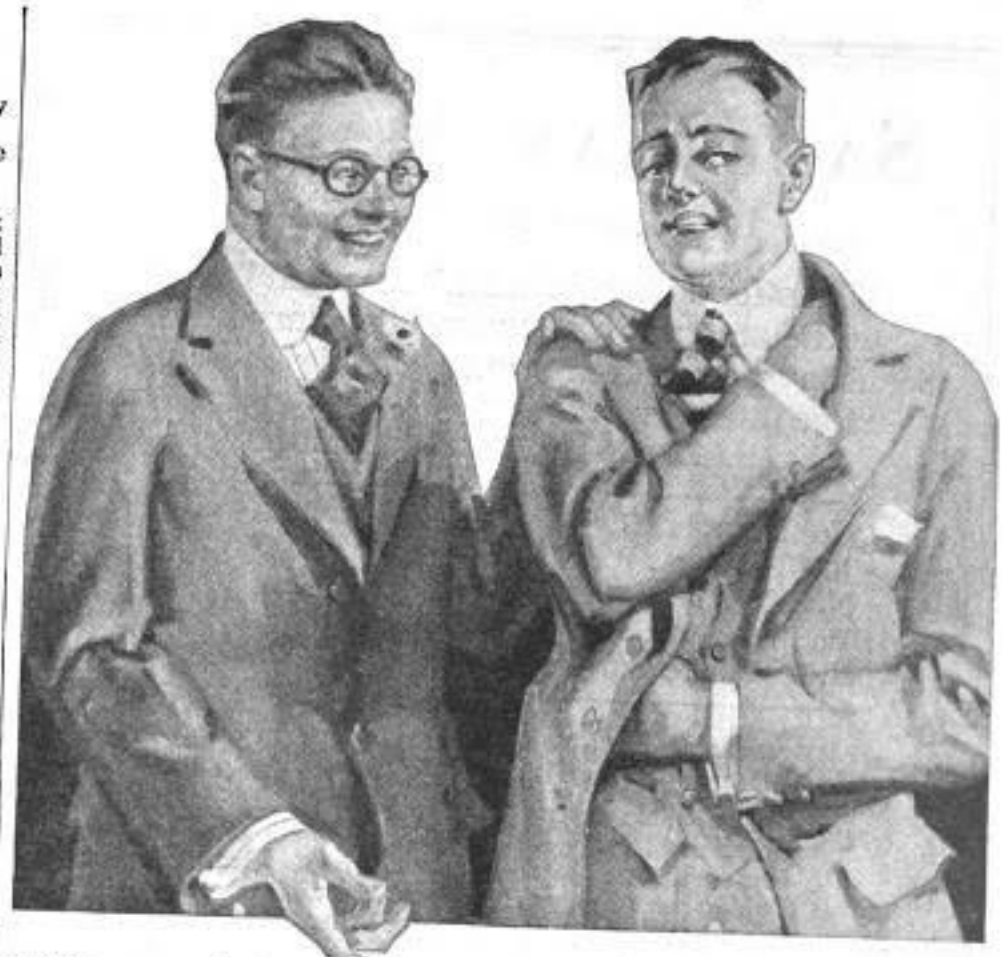
### Act III

THE hour, before dawn. The place, before the church in the village. On either side of the church, which stands in the center of the stage, are rows of ruined houses. Some of these are mere blackened shells. Some have their entrails poured out into the street. Some are split open and gape horridly at the beholder. The church itself has been partly destroyed and the whole scene stands bleakly against the graying sky. In the distance is the mountain, crowned with the broken monastery walls. The atmosphere of the place is one of iron grimness. It is still quite dark, and throughout the act the figures of the players are but dimly seen.

The tramp of feet is heard once more, this time upon an ascending scale. The squad of soldiers comes into the square, headed by the bearded sergeant. Several lanterns in the hands of the soldiers reveal the gray-robed person of the prisoner, with the black handkerchief over his face, and cast a weird glow upon the muddy rutted street.

THE SERGEANT: Squad—halt! [The squad halts. The sergeant wipes his forehead and rasps out another command. Two soldiers march the prisoner up the church steps.]

THE SERGEANT: Now the spikes! Quick with the spikes, there! I've had word that the general himself is coming down to inspect this job.

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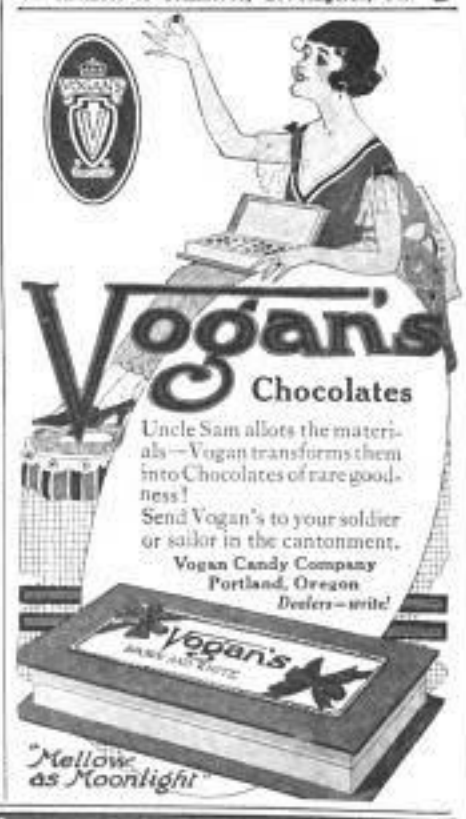


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A SOLDIER: We ought to be drunk to do a good job!

THE SERGEANT: Silence!

[A sudden chant of men's voices is heard. The soldiers pause and glance at one another uneasily.]

THE SERGEANT: It's those damned monks! They're going out to dig in the trenches. [After a moment of indecision.] We'll wait till they've passed.

[The monks enter from the right. They have spades and trench tools in their hands and are accompanied by an armed guard in command of a corporal. They are singing an Ave Maria, and their voices ring out strangely upon the stillness of the square. When they perceive the masked figure on the church steps they halt and cry out.]

A MONK: Who art thou, brother?

THE SENTRY—[from the steps]: One who dies for mankind!

A SECOND MONK—[approaching him]: May the peace of God and the glory of His Kingdom be with you now and forevermore.

THE COMPANY OF MONKS: Amen! Amen! [The guards hustle their charges back into line.]

THE SERGEANT—[addressing the corporal]: What right have these cursed church rats to go singing through the streets? Why don't you stop their mouths?

THE CORPORAL: I've tried to; but it doesn't work. There's only one way to keep them quiet. [He makes a gesture of throat cutting.] But I'm not allowed to do that. So I let 'em sing. Come on, my jolly gravediggers! Come on! Forward—march!

THE MONKS—[to the figure on the steps]: Peace be unto you! God be with you! Adieu, brother! Be faithful, brother! Until we meet again, brother!

[Once more they begin to chant the Ave Maria, and move off singing. Their voices die away gradually.]

THE SERGEANT—[sharply]: All ready there! You with the spikes ——

THE BOY SOLDIER—[beginning to shriek]: I'm afraid! I'm afraid!

A SOLDIER: Stop your damned sniveling!

A SECOND SOLDIER: This time last year I was home on leave.

A THIRD SOLDIER—[plaintively]: We ought to be drunk! They ought to have given us drink.

THE SERGEANT: Quiet—curse you!

THE BOY SOLDIER: I'm afraid! I —— [His voice rattles away in his throat. The sergeant seizes him by the neck and, after choking him, throws him down the church steps, where he lies half unconscious. Another tramp of feet is heard.]

THE SERGEANT—[breathing hard]: What's that?

A SOLDIER: Only some of our men, sir, coming back to rest.

THE SERGEANT: Rest? Ha, ha, ha! A hell of a rest you get in this war!

[A company of German soldiers enters—left—led by a jaded young officer. The men are muddy and spent with fatigue. They slouch wearily along, their blurred figures gray and ghastly in the dim forelight of the dawn.]

THE OFFICER—[halting]: What's going on, sergeant?

THE SERGEANT: We're nailing a monk to the church door, sir. General von Eichardt's orders.

THE OFFICER: A monk, eh? We'll stay and watch. It ought to be interesting after five days in the trenches. [He issues an order to his men, who stop and stand at ease, their steel helmets giving a curious medieval tone to the whole dusk-smudged picture.]

THE SERGEANT: Up with him, and let's get done with it! The general will be down on us before we know it. [There are sounds of a dread activity upon the steps; a scuffle of feet and a hiss of labored breathing. The voice of the prisoner rings out suddenly, loud and clear.]

THE SENTRY: Germany, Germany, thou hast slain thine own!

[The noises upon the steps continue and come to a climax in a series of heavy muffled blows. A deep vibrating moan falls upon the pregnant stillness. The soldiers in the square growl like beasts and move nearer the steps.]

THE SERGEANT—[tensely]: Somebody hold a lantern here while I uncover his face.

[A lantern is raised upon a rifle barrel, and is hooked over one of the spikes so that its beams fall upon the head and shoulders of the dying man. The sergeant snatches off the black handkerchief; then shrinks back in deadly fear.]

THE SERGEANT: *Ach!* Am I mad? What do I see?

A SOLDIER—[shrilly]: The Christ! The Christ!

A SECOND SOLDIER: We've crucified Him!

[The soldiers surge forward with hoarse cries; then stand impotent, moaning to themselves, their faces upturned to that one pale, bearded face. There is a sudden movement in the street.]

A SOLDIER: The general's car! Make way for the general!

SEVERAL SOLDIERS: The general!

[Von Eichardt and Captain Steiner enter on foot. The soldiers form a line on each side of the steps, making a lane to the church door. At the end of this lane the boy soldier now struggles to his knees, his hands pressed to his aching throat. He looks up in dazed horror at the figure nailed against the church door; then at the stout person of the approaching general.]

VON EICHARDT—[staring fiercely about him]: Well! Why don't you salute, you dogs? What's come over you?

[A soldier standing near the general starts mechanically to salute, but pauses and levels his arm instead.]

THE SOLDIER—[pointing]: Look yonder at the church door!

A SECOND SOLDIER: Your orders, general!

VON EICHARDT: *Himmel! Gott!* [Starts back.] Where are you, Steiner?

STEINER: Here, Excellenz.

VON EICHARDT—[hoarsely]: It's the face of the sentry!

STEINER: The Christus!

VON EICHARDT—[blustering to conceal his fear]: There's some mistake about this, men. Get to your quarters now—all of you. And take care that you never speak of this morning again!

THE BOY SOLDIER—[with a sobbing laugh]: We'll speak of it as long as we have breath in our bodies!

[Von Eichardt wheels on him; but the boy comes forward, dragging his rifle in one hand, the other hand clenched before him, his eyes blazing.]

THE BOY SOLDIER: You—murderer!

VON EICHARDT—[with awful helplessness]: Attention! Salute!

THE BOY SOLDIER: No! I can't—I can't! Not any more. Not after four years of it. [Beginning to lose control of himself.] Four years of stinking slavery! Four years of slime and filth and blood! Four years of rape and murder and hell! I've done things—Christ! I can't even remember them! Women—and children—and old men! And now I've helped nail God's own Son against the door of God's own house! I tell you it's the end—the end—the end! [Lets his voice sink to an edged whisper.] Down—with—war! Down—with—war! Down—with—war!

VON EICHARDT—[in a fury]: Arrest this man!

[The soldiers utter a hoarse growl; but none moves. Von Eichardt, sputtering curses, draws his sword and lunges at the boy to run him through; but the latter springs back.]

THE BOY SOLDIER—[screaming]: Stop! Don't come near me! It's the end, I tell you. The end! [He raises his rifle and fires point-blank at the general's breast. Von Eichardt falls at his feet. A streak of gold appears in the sky above the mountain.]

THE BOY SOLDIER—[confusedly, mounting the church steps]: Light! It's getting light! It's the new day! [He stares down at the smoldering white faces about him; then suddenly flings out his arms.] Comrades—the Revolution!

THE SOLDIERS—[touched to flame]: The Revolution! The Revolution!

[Swift tumult shakes the square; and a great shouting goes up, beating against the walls of dead houses, startling innumerable gray-clad soldiers from their sleep. Upon its crest tosses the terrible word from which all freedom is born. Nor does that word fall mute, but strikes with hammer blows against the metal of the morning, until the heavens ring like a brazen bell with the sound of it. The day dawns.]



CURTAIN

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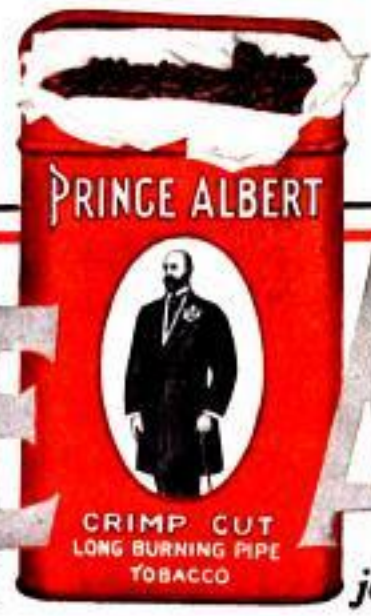
SAY, what a trick you'll turn for your tongue and taste and temper when you finally get down to bedrocksmokes and let some of that topjoy Prince Albert float into your system! Just will put the quiz into your thinktank as to how much smokefun you've gone shy on—and, you'll work in a lot of double headers for quite a spell to get all-square!

What's the idea kidding yourself *when you know* what P. A. will do for your smokespot; *when you know* what it is doing for men all over the civilized world! You can't hit a happier war or peace job than to stock a supply of Prince Albert, jam that joy'us jimmy pipe chuck-full and blaze away! Why, it's like falling into feathers when you've been batting-it-out-on-a-board!

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# PRINCE ALBERT

***the national joy smoke***

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# *There's Cheer in the Pictures from Home*

To a homesick boy at the front, a picture of Dad pushing the lawnmower in the old front yard is worth more than the Croix de Guerre.

Pictures of mother—how much they mean to him now! And of kid sister—perhaps she is "wearing her hair up" by this time—all the old, familiar scenes around the village—yes, and that little girl with the big blue eyes, that lives around the corner—these will mean a world of comfort to the boy who is lonesome among a million strangers.

The Y. M. C. A., the Red Cross, the Knights of Columbus and kindred organizations are doing a world of good in ministering to the bodies and minds of our boys. But in their hearts, homes are first. Cheerful letters and cheerful pictures from home—these will keep their hearts light and their courage high.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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S O S — By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

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"NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FARE."

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# S. O. S.—The Army Behind the Army

## By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

THE boom of American cannon echoed beyond the Meuse; machine guns sputtered wickedly at the right and left; overhead, Liberty motors hummed as the aëroplanes returned from their evening reconnaissance; down the dark paths to the trenches troops marched to the rattle of equipment. All round was the deadly din of war—the unfailing music of the supreme world drama.

Behind that fighting front stretches another battle line that reaches from those perilous posts of freedom four hundred miles down to the sea and then three thousand miles beyond to the shores of the United States. About it is no glamour of stirring spectacle; no sense of actual combat. Yet day and night and with ceaseless and heroic endeavor it feeds and supplies the battling hosts. Instead of mustard gas it breathes the choking dust of teeming highways; in place of open shot and bursting shell it faces the hidden hazard of the submarine. Bending beneath the burden of a tonnage that is one of the wonders of the war it maintains the insurance against a disaster more destructive than Hun advance. For mouths and guns must be fed, and fighters clothed and carried.

We thrilled at the narrative of Château-Thierry and St. Mihiel, yet every twenty-four hours since we have had an army of any size in France these legions of transport and subsistence, combating wind, rain and every obstacle that warfare in a foreign land imposes, have registered an achievement fit to rank with that high heroism. Their gallant acts have been recorded in the tangle of railroad yards, in the gloom of warehouses, amid the glare of sun-scorched quays and the prosaic routine of repair shops. For them there are few medals of merit; only the consciousness that without their service of the rear there would be no brilliant offensive at the Front.

This army behind the army is the first to land, the last to leave. In their eager search for the smell of powder sightseer and historian pass it by. Nor is it surprising. In the thrall of battle tumult the world loses sight of the mechanics of war. It is easier to have an emotion about a forlorn hope led to victory than about a food-supply column that reached the line under a storm of shrapnel. Yet the courage of the teamsters who faced death with only the reins in their hands is full mate to the valor of the fighting men armed with rifles.

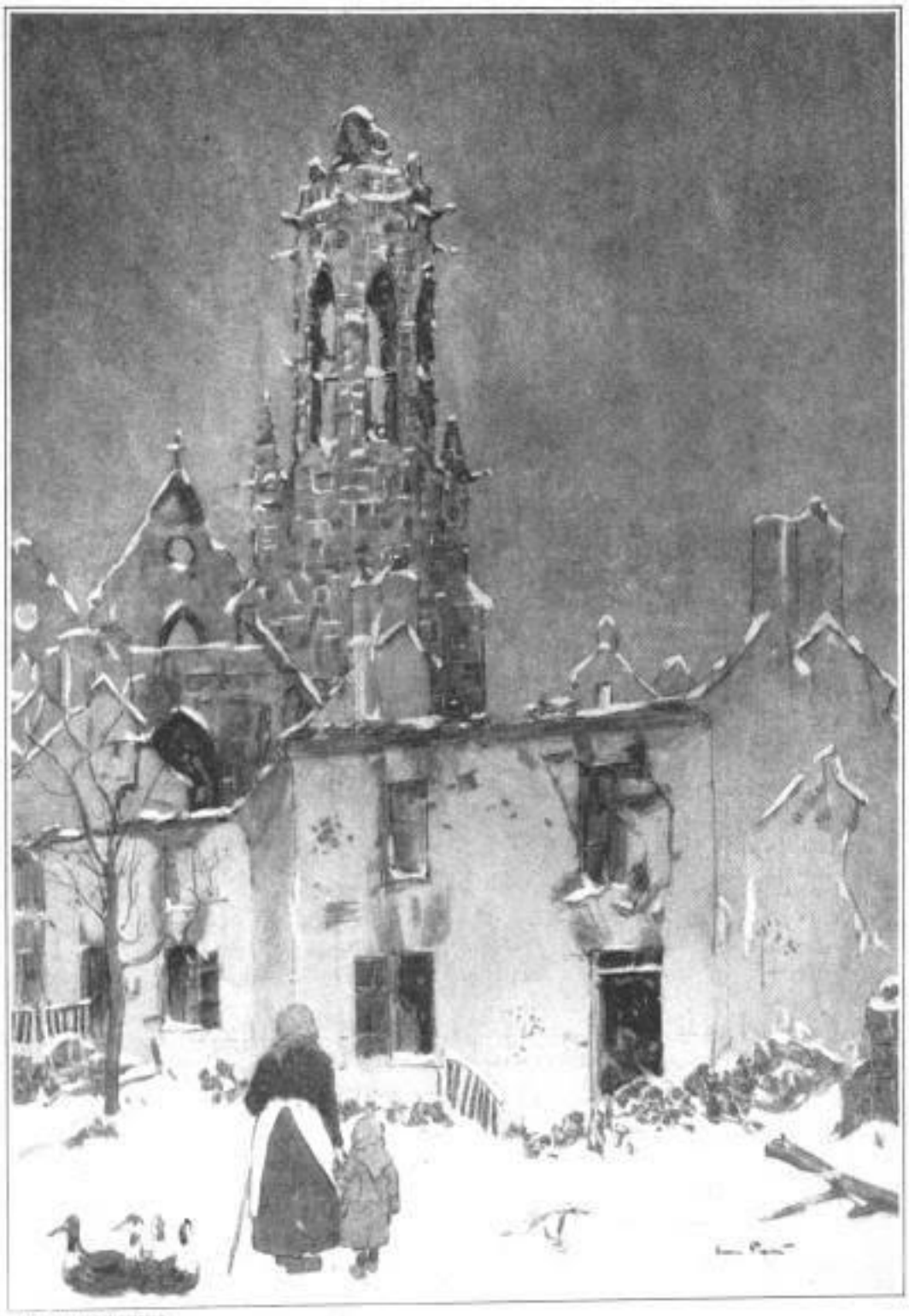
From France this past year has come a flood of writing about the fighting doughboy and his doings. The boy who supplies the doughboy has in the main escaped the spotlight. Yet he is part of an intricate organization that has solved, so far as supply and transport are concerned, the most stupendous military problem in all history. For every soldier that we land in France we must also land fifty pounds of supplies and equipment every day. Most of it comes across three thousand miles of submarine-infested sea. Each aëroplane that we assemble over there needs forty men for upkeep. Our motor-transport service alone requires seventy thousand kinds of spare parts. To guard against a breakdown in ocean communication we are compelled to keep, and do keep, a ninety days' reserve of food and fuel on the Continent. We have more than two million troops in France, and the number increases daily. A ship loaded with soldiers or supplies leaves an American port for France every fifteen minutes. An avalanche of men and munitions literally beats upon the shores of our sister republic.

We originally planned for an expeditionary force of five hundred thousand men; the scheme was expanded five times, until we began marching to a goal of four millions. These men and their supplies must be adapted to a shifting scheme of combat or subsistence the moment they arrive. How have we kept pace with this stupendous and incessant activity and at the same time avoided a congestion that in twenty-four hours would be fatal to an adequate participation in the war? What is the system that has been proof against every handicap that enemy cunning aided by geography could set up?

The story is one of action—the story of men who, eager to rise up and fight, buckle down to drudgery that has no thrills. They wrestle with figures, pore over charts, pound typewriters, drive trucks, unload ships and build docks and railways in order that their more fortunate brothers may have a fling at glory. This romance of America transplanted is as stirring as the story of any battle.

I have touched it at every point. For weeks I followed the trail of tins and transport from dock to trench, I lived in the turmoil of ports, dug into diagrams, saw this whole panorama of supply pass in well-nigh bewildering review. When you have watched it you realize why the American soldier has not missed a meal or lacked the wherewithal to fight ever since he has been abroad. It took blood and sweat and agony to produce the goods, but they have always been delivered. The fifty millions of dollars that we spend every day for war is not wasted.

Likewise you understand how, when Paris sat imperiled last July, General Pershing could swing a well-equipped and well-supplied army into the line almost overnight and help stem the tide at that stream where once before civilization had trembled for its fate. It was not accident or luck that added the name of Château-Thierry to the history





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of American arms. It was because the American overseas machine that feeds the fighting man was so well constructed and so mobile, that it responded swiftly and efficiently to the first emergency call. Here was revealed the initial phase of the miracle that has transformed an unorganized democracy into a formidable military power.

I have no illusions about army organization. For three years I have ranged that flaming battle line that once began in the snowy Caucasus and ends at last in the blue waters of the Adriatic. In that time I have seen many millions of men under every condition of modern combat and commissariat.

It is no depreciation of any of the army organizations that I have described to say that the American business of war as expressed in the Services of Supply—the S. O. S. they call it for short—is the most remarkable performance of the kind that I have yet seen. Those magic letters, which flashed by wireless spell distress at sea, mean first aid to the fighting American in France.

Do not get the idea that we have reached perfection. You cannot construct a Panama Canal overnight and fail to find a few raw spots at dawn. We are not standardized, for example, like the British or the French. But England and France have reached the limit of their war strength; they have been going war concerns for more than four years. Our troops and supplies, on the other hand, are in a constant race across the Atlantic. We serve as we build. Hence in the magnitude of our operations, in the difficulties that eternally beset us and in the galvanic energy that animates us we stand alone. The impetuosity of the American soldier, one of his outstanding qualities, obtains with ration as with rifle.

The proverbial desert that suddenly bloomed like a rose has nothing on the A. E. F. By one of the curious paradoxes of war we create and consume at the same time. A warehouse is filled before it is roofed; giant cranes swing cargoes from ships while they are being berthed; the cowcatchers of American locomotives press on the heels of the track-construction gangs. The supply city of to-day is unrecognizable in a fortnight because it grows so fast. We have turned farms into factories, converted swamps into swarming communities. We reclaim men just as we salvage guns. We have laid down and operate a series of railways equal in scope to the Pennsylvania system; we feed and supply a population almost as large as that of Chicago; we have erected a cold-storage plant that would supply every citizen in Greater New York, London, Paris and Chicago with fresh meat for twenty-four hours; somewhere in France we have established a motor principality that is a small replica of Detroit. Coördinating this universe of effort is a system of control and administration, linked up with every known scientific aid to modern commerce, that would run a hundred United States Steel Corporations all rolled into one. Even the horses have identity disks! Quantity output, which dramatizes the genius of the American industry of peace, is duplicated in this new American business of war, unlimited!

### *When Miraculous Speed Seemed Slow*

EVERY real American is a shareholder in this enterprise. Its bank is the Liberty Bond; its perpetual dividend will be peace and security in the days to come.

The spirit of that overseas America which changed Allied depression into defiance in the crucial hour of the war is after all the same pioneer spirit that conquered the prairies and won the West. It animated Lincoln and Lee and Grant, and is to-day reincarnated in the character and purpose of Pershing and the working and fighting host he leads. In this war-born faith which finds one expression in the Services of Supply lies the hope of the new America, which, recreated in the crucible of conflict, will be a factor in the rehabilitation of the world.

You cannot understand the immense operation, which daily pumps and provides the lifeblood of the A. E. F., without knowing the approach to that historic day when our troops first set foot on France. It explains many things, most of all the colossal difficulties under which our supply system was launched.

As most people know, Marshal Joffre came to America soon after we declared war and pleaded for immediate assistance. It is no secret that the French morale had wavered slightly under three years of incessant hammering. Human endurance, heroic as it was, had almost reached the limit of its powers. The hero of the First Battle of the Marne said in substance:

"Send us troops at once. You must make a beginning, no matter how small."

This procedure was against our better judgment, which dictated delay until we could come in force. Besides, the way had to be prepared. But France's need was urgent.

It followed that almost before the United States realized that it had gone to war our First Expeditionary Force—the immortal prototype of Britain's gallant First Seven Divisions—steamed unheralded into a certain port on a June day in 1917 that will be forever famous. So far as the tools of supply and transport were concerned that vanguard of the new armies of democracy had practically nothing but its bare hands, and with these implements it set to work.

Bread was necessary before bullets. The first scene in the vast drama of our actual participation therefore discloses that handful of men in khaki digging, grubbing and building; and it has been kept up ever since on a constantly increasing scale.

At the start the two principal problems were revealed: One was labor; the other was tonnage. This is why our



*Brigadier General Johnson Hagood*

little army could not join the battle line at once. It discarded the rifle for the pick; the engineers, who came out to plan trenches, military railways and fortifications, had to enlarge docks, build berths and erect bakeries.

Now began the chorus of criticism, which was not without its European echoes. Those of us who traveled to and from Europe in those trying days got it on all sides. "Why is America so slow? Why can't a nation of a hundred millions get an army into the field?" was the refrain.

These people who criticized little knew the price in sweat and sacrifice that our outposts in France were paying for unreadiness. But if the nation was unprepared the individual was not. It is the triumph of this dauntless individualism—as you shall see in the succeeding articles in this series—now welded into an organized and close-knit whole, that has made the achievement of the A. E. F. possible. Nowhere is it more strikingly apparent than in the development of the Services of Supply.

But while those intrepid outposts, whose picks and derricks registered a courage not surpassed on the firing line, worked and worried, help was on the way. During the heartbreaking autumn of 1917 the labor battalions began to arrive. The plantation negro from Alabama suddenly found himself working alongside a Chinese coolie on a French dock piled with American supplies. We began to annex ports; our engineers burrowed into the rich soil of France; acres of machinery sprawled about in apparent confusion. Still the plaint was, "Why so slow?"

Then the miracle happened. Almost overnight the visible structure of a vast supply system appeared. Out of the mire rose quays; in the waste places warehouses broke like magic; American locomotives seemingly sprang from the ground as the fabled warriors of old leaped from the planted dragon's teeth. The French blinked their eyes; but to the American it represented no witchery or necromancy. Accustomed to see a gaping busy hole in the midst of a city block give forth a steel skyscraper almost overnight he knew that Yankee construction history, animated by stupendous hustle, was simply repeating itself.

### *A Military Effort Without Parallel*

IN TRYING to appraise our whole supply and transport performance in France—and it is all part of the larger American war story—it is well to remember that practically without preparation we were suddenly called upon to send an army overseas and sustain it. Back of this lay the fact that we had to create and train that army first. Until we went to grips with Germany we had no considerable armed force. What we did have was largely National Guard. The regular establishment never exceeded one hundred thousand men. It was scattered throughout the United States, Alaska, Porto Rico, the Philippines, China and Panama. A colonel seldom had his regiment together; save at maneuvers we never mustered a brigade; until the mobilization on the Mexican border a division was an impossibility. The European War produced the general organization project which outlined a real American Army comprising a larger combatant force than the whole Union had at the close of the Civil War; many more men than Grant had ever handled at any one time.

The modern army not only fights but invents. Into its scheme must go every aid that science or German bellishness has brought to physical combat. It means wireless, searchlights, gas and aëroplane service, and countless other things undreamed of when we went to war with Spain. Yet this scheme was only on paper when the hour struck for America. It meant, as far as our present purpose is concerned, that the vitally necessary agency to feed, equip and transport troops on a large scale was barely in the making. Now you can see why we have to build and serve and fight in France, all at the same time.

Search all history and you will find that no great military effort was ever before made under the handicaps that tried the souls of the organizers of the American Expeditionary Forces. You must know them before you can make a real estimate of that far-flung line of communication that not only binds the American trench to warehouse and factory but never knows a break.

First of all we have what may be called the moral obstacle, crystallized in our national ignorance of what an army is. To our credit we have always been a peace-loving nation. But when the world is at war this state of mind is not altogether an asset. Though many Americans outwardly hooted at Mr. Bryan's theory that "a million men would leap to arms between sunrise and

(Continued on Page 42)



*Colonel H. C. Smither*



*Colonel J. B. Cavanaugh*

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# BREAD

## By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIAN KEEN WAGNER



*A Slight Girl in an Airy Slip and Bare Legs Was Executing a Furious Dance With a Powdered Youth on the Open Space*

THE train rolling rapidly over the broad salt meadows thunderously entered the long shed of the terminal at the sea. August Turnbull rose from his seat in the Pullman smoking compartment and took down the coat hanging beside him. It was gray flannel; in a waistcoat his shirt sleeves were a visible heavy mauve silk, and there was a complication of gold chains about his lower pockets. Above the coat a finely woven Panama hat with a narrow brim had rested, and with that now on his head he moved arrogantly toward the door.

He was a large man, past the zenith of life, but still vigorous in features and action. His face was full, and, wet from the heat, he mopped it with a heavy linen handkerchief. August Turnbull's gaze was steady and light blue; his nose was so heavy that it appeared to droop a little from sheer weight, almost resting on the mustache brushed out in a horizontal line across prominent lips; while his neck swelled in a glowing congestion above a wilting collar.

He nodded to several men in the narrow corridor of the car, men like himself in luxurious summer clothes, but for the most part fatter; then in the shed, looking about in vain for Bernard, his son-in-law, he proceeded to the street, where his automobile was waiting. It was a glittering landaulet, folded back and open. Thrusting a wadded evening paper into a crevice he sank in an upholstered corner while his chauffeur skillfully worked out through a small confusion of similar motor activity. Before him a carved glass vase set in a bracket held smilax and yellow rosebuds, and he saw on the floor a fallen gold powder box.

Picking it up his face was suffused by a darker tide; this was the result of stooping and the angry realization that in spite of his prohibition Louise had been using the landaulet again. She must be made to understand that he, her father, had an absolute authority over his family and property. Marriage to Bernard Foster did not relieve her from obedience to the head of the house. Bernard had a car as well as himself; yet August Turnbull knew that his son-in-law—at heart a stingy man—encouraged her to burn the parental gasoline in place of his own. Turned against the public Bernard's special quality was admirable; he was indeed more successful, richer, than August had been at the other's age; but Louise and her husband would have to recognize his precedence.

They were moving faster now on a broad paved avenue bound with steel tracks. A central business section was left for a more unpretentious region—small open fruit and fish stands, dingy lodging places, drab corner saloons, with, at the intervals of the cross streets, fleet glimpses of an elevated boardwalk and the luminous space of the sea. Though the day was ending there was no thinning of the vaporous heat, and a sodden humanity, shapeless in bathing suits, was still reluctantly moving away from the beach.

Groups of women with their hair in trailing wet wisps and short uneven skirts dripping on the pavements, gaunt children in scant haphazard garb surged across the broad avenue or with shrill admonishments stood in isolated helpless patches amid the swift and shining procession of automobiles.

August Turnbull was disturbed by the sudden arrest of his progress, and gazing out saw the insignificant cause of delay. He had again removed his hat and a frown drew a visible heavy line between his eyes.

"More police are needed for these crossings," he complained to the chauffeur; "there is the same trouble every evening. The city shouldn't encourage such rabbles; they give the place a black eye."

All the immediate section, he silently continued, ought to be torn down and rebuilt in solid expensive structures. It made him hot and uncomfortable just to pass through the shabby quarter. The people in it were there for the excellent reason that they lacked the ambition, the force to demand better things. They got what they deserved.

August Turnbull made an impatient movement of contempt; the world, success, was for the strong men, the men who knew what they wanted and drove for it in a straight line. There was a great deal of foolishness in the air at present—the war was largely responsible; though, on the other hand, the war would cure a lot of nonsense. But America in particular was rotten with sentimentality; it was that mainly which had involved them here in a purely European affair. Getting into it had been bad business.

Nowhere was the nation's failing more evident than in the attitude toward women. It had always been maudlin; and now, long content to use their advantages in small ways, they would become a serious menace to the country generally. He had always admitted the economic value of women—they filled every possible place in the large establishment of the Turnbull Bakery; rather, they performed all the light manual labor. There they were more satisfactory than men, more easily controlled—yes, and cheaper. But in Congress, voting, women in communities reporting on factory conditions were a dangerous nuisance.

He had left the poorer part, and the suavity of the succeeding streets rapidly increased to a soothing luxury. Wide cottages occupied velvet-green lawns, and the women he saw were of the sort he approved—closely skirted creatures with smooth shoulders in transparent crêpe de Chine. They invited a contemplative eye, the thing for which they were created—a pleasure for men; that and maternity.

The automobile turned toward the sea and stopped at his house midway in the block. It was a square dwelling painted white with a roof of tapestry slate, and broad awning-covered veranda on the sea. A sprinkler was flashing on the lawn, dripping over the concrete pavement and filling the air with a damp coolness. No one was visible and, leaving his hat and coat on a chair in an airy hall furnished in black wicker and flowery chintz hangings on buff walls, he descended to the basement dressing rooms.

In his bathing suit he presented a figure of vigorous glowing well-being. Only the silvering hair at his temples, the fatty bulge across the back of his neck, and a considerable stomach indicated his multiplying years. He left

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by a lower door, and immediately after was on the sand. The tide was out, the lowering sun obscured in a haze, and the sea undulated with a sullen gleam. Two men were swimming, and farther at the left a woman stood in the water with arms raised to her head. It was cold, but August Turnbull marched out without hesitation and threw himself forward with an uncompromising solid splash.

He swam adequately, but he had not progressed a dozen feet before he was conscious of a strong current sweeping him up the beach, and he regained his feet with an angry flourish. The other men came nearer, and he recognized Bernard Foster, his son-in-law, and Frederick Rathe, whose cottage was directly across the street from the Turnbulls'.

Like August they were big men, with light hair and eyes. They were very strong and abrupt in their movements, they spoke in short harsh periods, and fingered mustaches waxed and rolled into severe points.

"A gully has cut in above," Bernard explained, indicating a point not far beyond them; "it's over your head. Watch where you swim." They were moving away.

"Are you coming over to dinner?" August Turnbull called to Bernard.

"Can't," the latter shouted; "Victorine is sick again. Too many chocolate sundaes."

Left alone, August dived and floated until he was thoroughly cooled; then he turned toward the beach. The woman, whose existence he had forgotten, was leaving at the same time. She approached at an angle, and he was admiring her slim figure when he realized that it was Miss Beggs, his wife's companion. He had never seen her in a bathing suit before. August Turnbull delayed until she was at his side.

"Good evening," she said in a low voice, scarcely lifting her gaze from the sand.

He wondered why—she had been in his house for a month—he had failed completely to notice her before. He decided that it had been because she was so pale and quiet. Ordinarily he didn't like white cheeks; and then she had been deceptive; he had subconsciously thought of her as thin.

She stopped and took off her rubber cap, performing that act slowly, while her body, in wet black satin, turned like a faultless statue of glistening black marble.

"Do you enjoy bathing in the ocean?" he asked.

A momentary veiled glance accompanied her reply. "Yes," she said; "though I can't swim. I like to be beaten by the waves. I like to fight against them."

She hesitated, then fell definitely back; and he was forced to walk on alone.

His wife's companion! With the frown once more scoring the line between his eyes he thought satirically of the contrast between Miss Beggs, a servant really, and Emmy.

*II*

HIS room occupied the front corner on the sea, Emmy's was beyond; the door between was partly open and he could hear her moving about, but with a cigarette and his hairbrushes he made no acknowledgment of her presence. The sun was now no more than a diffused gray glow, the sea like unstirred molten silver. The sound of the muffled gong that announced dinner floated up the stairs.

Below, the table was lit both by rose-silk-shaded candles and by the radiance of a suspended alabaster bowl. August Turnbull sat at the head of a table laden with silver and crystal and flowers. There were individual pepper mills—he detested adulterated or stale spices—carved goblets for water, cocktail glasses with enameled roosters, ruby goblets like blown flowers and little gilt-speckled liqueur glasses; there were knives with steel blades, knives all of silver, and gold fruit knives; there were slim oyster forks, entrée forks of solid design, and forks of filigree; a bank of spoons by a plate that would be presently removed, unused, for other filled plates.

Opposite him Emmy's place was still empty, but his son, Morice, in the olive drab and bar of a first lieutenant, together with his wife, was already present. August was annoyed by any delay: one of the marks of a properly controlled household, a house admirably conscious of the importance of order—and obedience—was an utter promptness at the table. Then, silent and unsubstantial as a shadow, Emmy Turnbull slipped into her seat.

August gazed at her with the secret resentment more and more inspired by her sickness. At first he had been merely dogmatic—she must recover under the superlative advice and attention he was able to summon for her. Then his impatience had swung about toward all doctors—they were a pack of incompetent fools, medicine was nothing more than an organized swindle. They had tried baths, cures, innumerable infallible treatments—to no purpose. Finally he had given up all effort, all hope; he had given her up. And since then it had been difficult to mask his resentment.

The butler, a white jacket taking the place of the conventional somber black, poured four cocktails from a silver mixer and placed four dishes of shaved ice, lemon rosettes and minute pinkish clams before August Turnbull, Morice and his wife, and Miss Beggs, occupying in solitude a side of the table. Then he set at Mrs. Turnbull's hand a glass of milk thinned with limewater and an elaborate platter holding three small pieces of zwieback.

She could eat practically nothing.

It was the particular character of her state that specially upset August Turnbull. He was continually affronted by the spectacle of Emmy seated before him sipping her diluted milk, breaking her dry bread, in the midst of the rich plenty he provided. Damn it, he admitted, it got on his nerves!

The sting of the cocktail whipped up his eagerness for the iced tender clams. His narrowed gaze rested on Emmy; she was actually seven years older than he, but from her appearance she might be a hundred, a million. There was nothing but her painfully slow movements to distinguish her from a mummy.

The plates were again removed and soup brought on, a clear steaming amber-green turtle, and with it crisp wheat rolls. Morice's wife gave a sigh of satisfaction at the latter.

"My," she said, "they're elegant! I'm sick and tired of war bread."

She was a pinkish young woman with regular features and abundant coppery hair. Marriage had brought her into the Turnbull family from the chorus of a famous New York roof midnight beauty show. August had been at first displeased, then a certain complacency had possessed him—Morice, who was practically thirty years old, had no source of income other than that volunteered by his father, and it pleased the latter to keep them depending uncertainly on what he was willing to do. It insured just the attitude from Rosalie he most enjoyed, approved, in a youthful and not unhandsome woman. He liked her soft scented weight hanging on his arm and the perfumed kiss with which she greeted him in the morning.




*"I Want Everything!" She Cried. "Can You Give Me All the Gayety, All the Silks and Emeralds There are in the World?"*

Nevertheless, at times there was a gleam in her eyes and an expression at odds with the perfection of her submission; on several occasions Morice had approached him armed with a determination that he, August, knew had been injected from without, undoubtedly by Rosalie. Whatever it had been he quickly disposed of it, but there was a possibility that she might some day undertake a rebellion; and there was added zest in the thought of how he would totally subdue her.

"It's a wonder something isn't said to you," she continued. "They're awfully strict about wheat now."

"That," August Turnbull instructed her heavily, "is a subject we needn't pursue."

The truth was that he would permit no interference with what so closely touched his comfort. He was not a horse, to eat bran. His bakery—under inspection—conformed rigidly with the government requirements; but he had no intention of spoiling his own dinners. Any necessary conservation could be effected at the expense of the riffraff he had driven through coming from the station. Black bread was no new experience to them.

He saw that Miss Beggs' small white teeth were crushing salted cashew nuts. Noticing her in detail for the first time he realized that she enormously appreciated good food. Why in thunder, since she ate so heartily, didn't she get fat and rosy! She was one of the thin kind—yet not thin, he corrected himself. Graceful. Why, she must weigh a hundred and twenty-five pounds; and she wasn't tall.

The butler filled his ruby goblet from a narrow bottle of Rhine wine. It was exactly right, not sweet but full; and the man held for his choice a great platter of beef, beautifully carved into thick crimson slices; the bloodlike gravy had collected in its depression and he poured it over his meat.

"A piece of this," he told Emmy discontentedly, "would set you right up; put something in your veins besides limewater."

She became painfully upset at once and fumbled in her lap, with her face averted, as the attention of the table was momentarily directed at her. There was an uncontrollable tremor of her loose colorless mouth.

What a wife for him, August Turnbull! The stimulants and rich flavors and roast filled him with a humming vitality; he could feel his heart beat—as strong, he thought, as a bell. In a way Emmy had deceived him—she probably had always been fragile, but was careful to conceal it from him at their marriage. It was unjust to him. He wished that she would take her farcical meals in her room, and not sit here—a skeleton at the feast. Positively it made him nervous to see her—spoiled his pleasure.

It had got worse lately; he had difficulty in putting her from his mind; he thought of Emmy in conjunction with the bakery, of her slowly starving and the thousands of loaves he produced in a day. There was something unnatural in such a situation; it was like a mockery at him.

A vision of her came to him at the most inopportune moments, lingering until it drove him into a hot rage and a pounding set up at the back of his neck.

The meat was brought back, and he had more of a sweet boiled huckleberry pudding. A salad followed, with a heavy Russian dressing. August Turnbull's breathing grew thicker, he was conscious of a familiar oppression. He assaulted it with fresh wine.

"I saw Bernard on the beach," he related; "Victorine is sick once more. Chocolate sundaes, Bernard said. She is always stuffing herself at soda-water counters or with candy. They oughtn't to allow it; the child should be made to eat at the table. When she is here she touches nothing but the dessert. When I was ten I ate everything or not at all. But there is no longer any discipline, not only with children but everywhere."

"There is a little freedom, though," Rosalie suggested.

His manner clearly showed displeasure, almost contempt, and he turned to Miss Beggs. "What do you think?" he demanded. "I understand you have been a school-teacher."

"Oh, you are quite right," she responded; "at least about children, and it is clear from them that most parents are idiotically lax." A blaze of discontent, loathing, surprisingly invaded her pallid face.

"A rod of iron," August recommended.

The contrast between his wife and Miss Beggs recurred, intensified—one an absolute wreck and the other as solid and erect as a birch tree. Fate had played a disgusting trick on him. In the prime of his life he was tied to a hopeless invalid. It put an unfair tension on him. Women

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were charming, gracious—or else they were nothing. If Emmy's money had been an assistance at first he had speedily justified its absorption in the business. She owed him, her husband, everything possible. He suddenly pictured mountains of bread, bread towering up into the clouds, fragrant and appetizing; and Emmy, a thing of bones, gazing wistfully at it. August Turnbull, with a feeling like panic, brushed the picture from his mind.

The dessert was apparently a bomb of frozen coffee, but the center revealed a delicious creamy substance flaked with pistache. The cold sweet was exactly what he craved, and he ate it rapidly in a curious, mounting excitement. With the coffee he fingered the diminutive glass of golden brandy and a long dark roll of oily tobacco. He lighted this carefully and flooded his head with the coiling bluish smoke. Rosalie was smoking a cigarette—a habit in women which he noisily denounced. She extinguished it in an ash tray, but his anger lingered, an unreasoning exasperation that constricted his throat. Sharply conscious of the sultriness of the evening he went hastily out to the veranda.

Morice following him with the evening paper volunteered, "I see German submarines are operating on the Atlantic coast."

His father asserted: "This country is due for a lesson. It was anxious enough to get into trouble, and now we'll find how it likes some severe instruction. All the news here is bluff—the national asset. What I hope is that business won't be entirely ruined later."

"The Germans will get the lesson," Rosalie unexpectedly declared at his shoulder.

"You don't know what you're talking about," he replied decidedly. "The German system is a marvel, one of the wonders of civilization."

She turned away, lightly singing a line from one of her late numbers: "I've a Yankee boy bound for Berlin."

Morice stirred uneasily. "They got a Danish tanker somewhere off Nantucket," he continued impotently.

August Turnbull refused to be drawn into further speech; he inhaled his cigar with a replete bodily contentment. The oppression of dinner was subsiding. His private opinion of the war was that it would end without a military decision—he regarded the German system as unsmashable—and then, with France deleted and England swamped in internal politics, he saw an alliance of common sense between the Germans and the United States. The present hysteria, the sentimentality he condemned, could not continue to stand before the pressure of mercantile necessity. After all, the entire country was not made up of fools.

Morice and his wife wandered off to the boardwalk, and he, August, must have fallen asleep, for he suddenly sat up with a sensation of strangeness and dizzy vision. He rose and shook it off. It was still light, and he could see Bernard at his automobile, parked before the latter's cottage.

The younger man caught sight of August at the same moment and called: "We are going to a café with the Rathes; will you come?"

He was still slightly confused, his head full, and the ride, the gayety of the crowd, he thought, would do him good.

"Be over for you," the other added; and later he was crowded into a rear seat between Louise, his daughter, and Caroline Rathe.

Louise was wearing the necklace of platinum and diamonds Bernard Foster had given her last Christmas. It was, August admitted to himself, a splendid present, and must have cost eighteen or twenty thousand dollars. The Government had made platinum almost prohibitive. In things of this kind—the adornment of his wife, of, really, himself, the extension of his pride—Bernard was extremely generous. It was in the small affairs such as gasoline that he was prudent.

Both Caroline Rathe and Louise were handsome women handsomely dressed; he was seated in a nest of soft tulle and ruffled embroidery, of pliant swaying bodies. Their satin-shod feet had high sharp insteps in films of black lace and their fingers glittered with prismatic stones. Bernard was in front with the chauffeur, and Frederick Rathe occupied a small seat at the knees of the three others. He had not made his money, as had August and Bernard, but inherited it with a huge brewery. Frederick was younger than the other men too; but his manner was, if anything, curter. He said things about the present war that made even August Turnbull uneasy.

He was an unusual youth, not devoted to sports and convivial pleasures—as anyone might infer, viewing his heavy frame and wealth—but something of a reader. He quoted fragments from philosophical books about the will to power and the *Uebermensch* that stuck like burs in August Turnbull's memory, furnishing him with labels, backing, for many of his personally evolved convictions and experience.



*Then, Silent and Unsubstantial as a Shadow, Emmy Turnbull Slipped Into Her Seat*

They were soon descending the steps to the anteroom of the café, where the men left their hats and sticks. As they entered the brilliantly lighted space beyond a captain hurried forward. "Good evening, gentlemen," he said servilely; "Mr. Turnbull ——"

He ushered them to a table by the rope of an open floor for dancing and removed a reserved card. There he stood attentively with a waiter at his shoulder.

"What will you have?" Frederick Rathe asked generally. "For me nothing but beer. Not the filthy American stuff." He turned to the servants. "If you still have some of the other. You understand?"

"No beer for me!" Louise exclaimed.

"Champagne," the captain suggested.

She agreed, but Caroline had a fancy for something else. August Turnbull preferred a Scotch whisky and soda. The café was crowded; everywhere drinking multiplied in an illuminated haze of cigarettes. A slight girl in an airy slip and bare legs was executing a furious dance with a powdered youth on the open space. The girl whirled about her partner's head, a rigid shape in a flutter of white.

They stood limply answering the rattle of applause that followed. A woman in an extravagantly low-cut gown took their place, singing. There was no possibility of mistaking her allusions; August smiled broadly, but Louise and Caroline Rathe watched her with an unmoved sharp curiosity. In the same manner they studied other women in the café; more than once August Turnbull hastily averted his gaze at the discovery that his daughter and he were intent upon the same individual.

"The U-boats are at it again," Bernard commented in a lowered voice.

"And, though it is war," Frederick added, "everyone here is squealing like a mouse. 'Ye are not great enough to know of hatred and envy,'" he quoted. "'It is the good war which halloweth every cause.'"

"I wish you wouldn't say those things here," his wife murmured.

"'Thou goest to women?'" he lectured her with mock solemnity. "'Do not forget thy whip!'"

The whisky ran in a burning tide through August Turnbull's senses. His surroundings became a little blurred, out of focus; his voice sounded unfamiliar, as though it came from somewhere behind him. Fresh buckets of wine were brought, fresh polished glasses. His appetite revived, and he ordered caviar. Beyond, a girl in a snakelike dress was breaking a scarlet boiled lobster with a nut cracker; her cigarette smoked on the table edge. Waiters passed bearing trays of steaming food, pitchers of foaming beer, colorless drinks with bobbing sliced limes, purplish sloe gin and sirupy cordials. Bernard's face was dark and there was a splash of champagne on his dinner shirt. Louise was uncertainly humming a fragment of popular song. The table was littered with empty plates and glasses. Perversely it made August think of Emmy, his wife, and acute dread touched him at the mockery of her wasting despair.

### III

THE following morning, Thursday, August Turnbull was forced to go into the city. He drove to the Turnbull Bakery in a taxi and dispatched his responsibilities in time for lunch uptown and an early afternoon train to the shore. The bakery was a consequential rectangle of brick, with the offices across the front and a court resounding with the shattering din of ponderous delivery trucks. All the vehicles, August saw, bore a new temporary label advertising still another war bread; there was, too, a subsidiary patriotic declaration: "Win the War With Wheat."

He was, as always, fascinated by the mammoth trays of bread, the enormous flood of sustenance produced as the result of his energy and ability. Each loaf was shut in a sanitary paper envelope; the popular superstition, sanitation, had as much as anything contributed to his marked success. He liked to picture himself as a great force, a granary on which the city depended for life; it pleased him to think of thousands of people, men, women and children, waiting for his loaves or perhaps suffering through the inability to buy them.

August left a direction for a barrel of superlative flour to be sent to his cottage, and then with a curious feeling of expectancy he departed. He was unable to grasp the cause of his sudden impatience to be again at the sea. On the train, in the Pullman smoking compartment, his coat swinging on a hook beside him, the vague haste centered surprisingly about the person of Miss Beggs. At first he was annoyed by the reality and persistence of her image; then he slipped into an unquestioning consideration of her.

Never had he seen a more healthy being, and that alone, he told himself, was sufficient to account for his interest. He liked marked physical well-being: particularly, he added, in women. A sick wife, for example, was the most futile thing imaginable; a wife should exist for the comfort and pleasure of her husband. What little Miss Beggs—her name, he now remembered from the checks made out for her, was Meta Beggs—had said was as vigorous as herself. He realized that she had a strong, even rebellious personality. That, in her, however, should not be encouraged—an engaging submission was the becoming attitude for her sex.

He proceeded immediately into the ocean, puffing strenuously and gazing about. No women could be seen. They never had any regularity of habit, he complained silently. After dinner—a surfeit of tenderloin Bordelaise—he walked up the short incline to the boardwalk, where on one of the benches overlooking the sparkling water he saw a slight familiar figure. It was Miss Beggs. Her eyes dwelt on him momentarily and then returned to the horizon.

"You are a great deal alone," he commented on the far end of the bench.

"It's because I choose to be," she answered sharply.

An expression of displeasure was audible in his reply. "You should have no trouble."

"I ought to explain," she continued, her slim hands clasped on shapely knees; "I mean that I can't get what I want."

"So you prefer nothing?"

She nodded.

"That's different," August Turnbull declared. "Anybody could see you're particular. Still, it's strange you haven't met—well, one that suited you."

"What good would it do me—a school-teacher, and now a companion!"

"You might be admired for those very things."

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# YOUNG MEN OR OLD

## By Albert W. Atwood

IF NO other good comes out of this war there may at least be some let-up in the cruel and wasteful process of our industrial system, by which great numbers of men are thrown upon the scrap heap in middle life. For the grim exigencies of war have drawn off millions of young men, and employers, obliged perforce to take older men, have begun to wonder if their former policy of seeking out only the young and strong was as wise after all as it seemed to be. They are wondering if such a policy was founded more upon prejudice than upon fact; whether after all it was only a bubble that circumstances, over which they no longer have control, have begun to prick.

There can be no doubt that the deification of the young man, whether as a business executive or merely as a wage-earner, had gone too far in this country. We had been careless and prodigal of human resources. We had gloried too much in the young man's strength, forgetting that while its almost exclusive use might result in an apparent speeding-up in the process of production, the interests of the whole people, of society at large, could only best be served by the use of all our human resources. And now we are paying the bitter penalty that recklessness and cruel thoughtlessness must always pay.

"Do you want me to tell you really what this policy of always trying to get young blood has done to us?" asked the astute, hard-headed manager of one of the largest offices of the United States Employment Service, to whom the question was put because he daily comes in contact with thousands of workers and scores of employers.

### The Tragedy of Gray Hair

"IF WE had not thrown the older workers on the scrap heap we should have been in a far better position to meet the labor and manufacturing crisis. We would have had hundreds of thousands more skilled mechanics. To-day the country is full of half-baked mechanics who know only one machine and if thrown out of work have to learn all over again. From the point of view of real mechanical skill they are only bums, that's all. They don't really know anything. What we needed for this crisis were the thousands of skilled, all-round mechanics that only a different policy in the past would have given us."

There need be no fear, there can be no danger, that youth will fail to play its major part upon the stage of humanity. Aside from all questions of relative strength, vigor and adaptability, youth will always be served, for the simple reason that it is more numerous than middle life. The population over forty is less than one-fifth of that below forty. As we ascend in years we go up toward the tip of a pyramid. The work of the world must always be done by the young even if every employer comes to agree that the middle-aged are far superior; because the angel of death will never permit enough of the middle-aged to remain.

But the proper use of the man beyond forty, his placement in the job or position for which he is best fitted, is no mean problem. It implies, especially in time of war, a conservation of man power that might prove decisive in any great struggle. And always the existence of the despondent, hopeless has-been of middle life is an ugly cancer in the body politic. It is not so much the actual numbers of the maturer men upon the scrap heap as the disturbing, depressing effect of this sore upon the whole labor situation.

It is no new question, this problem of the middle-aged, of the tragedy of gray hair, of the deadline at forty and forty-five. But it is like many another question which the nation was either too heedless to face before the war or did not absolutely need to grapple with. War has thrown many of these previously neglected subjects fairly at us because of their enhanced importance. Nor is that all. The time is ripe, the conditions are favorable for all manner of industrial changes upon which any real, permanent solution of the problem of the middle-aged depends.

It is only too true that in a very real sense and to a very large extent industry had built up an age deadline. This was so even though the golden thread of youth is often carried to a much later period in life than in earlier times, despite the later marriages, the fewer beards, and the general failure of men to settle down in life until later years. In Shakspere's time men were considered positively aged at fifty, but there were no factories or other beehives of industry, none of the rush and pace of modern times to wear them down.

For many years one of the largest corporations in the country would not employ anyone over thirty. Forty was a more common limit, but in many places thirty-five was the maximum. This did not mean of course that employees were turned off when they reached any of these ages. As everyone knows the deadline applied to those who sought new employment, those who for any reason had left their previous place.

"If a man stayed in one place they usually kept him," is the way an employment manager expressed it, "but if he left—then good night!"




*Do We Eat?*

Of course there are always a few industries where the pace is so intense that men are aged long before their time and flung off into the scrap heap at some absurdly early period. It is said there are a few abnormally severe stunts in certain shipyards from which men become lame and rheumatic at thirty and are known as Old Bill or Old John. But in the main, industry has sought, more or less imperfectly it is true, to protect the worker who has become superannuated either through the actual advance of years or the unusual severity of the work. As long as they stay with the concern something is found for them to do. Perhaps the most common example is the old man who acts as gate tender at a railroad crossing.

It was the middle-aged man or woman who for any reason sought a new place that ran up against the deadline, a veritable Hindenburg line at that. Corporations actually printed the figure forty on their application blanks as the maximum age at which anyone could apply for a position. Men were refused work merely because their hair was gray, and the incident told by a labor leader at a union convention was typical: "I know a skilled mechanic who couldn't get work for nine months. The last time I saw him he had a good job, but he had dyed his hair from gray to brown."

### The Delusions of Employers

AS RECENTLY as August of this year a woman employment manager of one of the country's largest corporations said she found in many lines the insistence upon young workers as strong as ever. She remarked that, judging from her experience with what corporations demand, the old saying should be amended about a man being as young as he feels and a woman as young as she looks.

"I find that gray hair is the real deadline with men; and age, forty as a rule, with women."

But nothing could be a greater mistake than to assume, as many do, that the employers, or industry, or society as a whole, or whoever and whatever may be responsible, has preferred young blood solely because of unfounded prejudice and delusion. Much of prejudice, of actual delusion indeed, has entered into the preference for young and the discrimination against middle-aged workers. Like other institutions, business follows in part silly outworn custom, superstition and sheer error. But it also proceeds, as we all know, quite largely along the lines of hard cold fact, reason, necessity and experience. It will not do merely to rail and denounce, to write letters of protest to the papers, and exaggerate the defects of the young man or the advantages of the middle-aged.

No one has ever contended, not even the most ardent champion of the young-man organization in business, that success has ever been or is ever likely to be to any large extent the property of the young. Leadership in all lines has always been and is now in the main confined to the middle-aged and elderly. So true is this, so much is it accepted as a matter of course, that strikingly successful young men—by which I mean those from the late twenties up to somewhere in the

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# SALT OF THE EARTH

## By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

BEFORE you start this story you really ought to be warned about some of the characters in it, if only because they are sometimes so confoundedly human. On the stage, for instance, and in the good old-fashioned novels, the villain is always a rascal—deep, dark and designing—and the heroine is inevitably one hundred per cent perfect lady; whereas in life itself you will occasionally find a villain who has heroic moments, or a heroine who goes through life with two large teeth showing in front and a tendency to nag the iceman for the slop he makes on the kitchen floor.

Not, I hasten to add, that my heroine made any dental display or pawed the earth whenever things didn't exactly suit her. As you will presently see, my heroine was calm and cool, and altogether beautiful. But, truth to tell, she often thought she wasn't very bright—a thought that always made her wistful. Also, she wrote a horrible hand with a stub pen, sometimes spelled it "recieve," was fond of luxury, brightened her eyes at the smell of fried onions, and liked to lie in bed in the morning until she was simply ashamed to lie there any longer—when, of course, she got up, though with a wrench, as if the bed were playing tug of war with her; as I think it often did.

Much of this you will understand when I tell you that her childhood had been a wretched affair; but at the same time that her dresses had lengthened her fairy godmother had come forward, smiling inscrutably, and had given her two great gifts. The first was her face, the second was her figure. And at the moment when my story opens she was riding in a sumptuous motor car in Central Park.

Above her were the sky and the leaves of a perfect day in June. Ahead of her Destiny waited, swathed and masked in the immemorial manner. And by her side, sitting there as large as life and twice as natural, rode the villain of my story—the one of whom I have warned you above.

II

WHEN I began to tell you of this I had it in mind to be mysterious at first about my heroine's business. On second thoughts I am going to tell you more about her now than I had meant to tell you altogether, so that you may better understand her feelings when, while riding with the villain, she presently met the Shadow and the Shade.

She was known to the public as Gloria Swann; and if you will shut your eyes and repeat the name aloud you will guess at once that she was on the stage. As a matter of fact, she was on the New Gotham Roof in New York. As a further matter of fact, she was in the chorus.

You may have visited the New Gotham Roof in the month of which I am speaking. If you did you will recognize Gloria as the girl who skipped the rope in Childhood in the Wildwood; and when the County Fair was sung—by a comedian who sported chin whiskers, felt boots and a whittling knife—Gloria was the girl who came out with a circle of tin cups fastened round her waist. She handed you three balls and danced back a few steps. If you astonished yourself by throwing a ball into a cup she gave you a cane with a pennant on it—"New Gotham Roof"—and, though her smile was invariably an impersonal affair, you will probably remember that moment as long as you live.

But, no matter how much you may have astonished yourself at throwing the ball in the cup, you would have been infinitely more surprised if you could have read Gloria's thoughts as she came dancing out night after night with the fifteen other girls—or if you could have heard her talking with Teddy Safford on their way home.

Teddy was the press agent of Moonlight Moments, which was the name of the show on the roof. Also, he wrote the lyrics, and was hard at work on the songs for a complete musical show to be entitled Old Man Moon—a sort of a grown-up Moonlight Moments. It was Teddy who had invented our heroine's *nom de théâtre*—Gloria Swann. And perhaps I cannot better illustrate the simplicity of her mind than by telling you that she wore the name for nearly two months before she perceived it had a double meaning.

"I got a new song," announced Master Ted one night—or, rather, one morning—as they started for the Subway; "one for Old Man Moon to sing to the Princess."

"Let's hear it, Teddy—will you?" asked Gloria.

It was evident that they had been at this before, because almost immediately she bent her head to listen and simultaneously he cleared his throat to sing:

*"My lady fair Alicia—*
*ah—I hope I see you well!*
*[Indeed? Oh, yes, indeed!]*
*Your absence is a shadow that I never can dispel!*
*[Indeed? Oh, yes, indeed!]*



*In the Dressing Rooms the Girls Were Never Through Talking of Friends, Once in the Chorus, Who Had Married Millionaires*

*In fact, I swear, my lady fair, when you were far away*
*I wandered round the palace ground and sighed in deep dismay.*
*But now that you are back again, I feel so blithe and gay!*
*[Indeed? Oh, yes, indeed!]*

*"Indeed?*
*Indeed!*
*Indeed?*
*Indeed!*
*Indeed?*
*Indeed!*
*Indeed?*
*Oh, yes, indeed!"*

Gloria had been long enough in the show business to appreciate the flashes of business which would accompany that priceless gem of a chorus.

"I don't see how you think of them," she said; which was, of course, the very nicest compliment she could pay him. "You seem to think up new ideas 'most every day."

"Shucks!" said Teddy. "You could think 'em up, too, if you'd only put your mind to it."

"I don't know," she sighed. "I'm not very bright."

"You're bright enough," he told her. "And even if you weren't, Venus doesn't have to crab Minerva's act." Which was more or less Greek to Gloria, and more or less discouraging for that very reason.

"I'm going to be quiet going home," she said as they took their seats in the Subway, "and try my best to think of a new idea for the show."

But she couldn't; and when Teddy left her at the door of her kitchenette apartment house she gave him such a wistful look in the moonlight that he had to think very hard indeed of the bright little woman and the two babies who were waiting for him in the next block.

"Why so sad?" he asked.

"I don't know," she helplessly replied. "I think it's because I'm not very bright."

"You're bright enough," he shortly told her. "And even if you weren't, you've got looks that any clever woman would give her fingers and toes for." Hearing her sigh again, he continued: "I tell you now, Glo, you want to forget all about this highbrow stuff, and marry some rich old geezer who's darned near crazy about you. Who was that old bird last night who couldn't keep his eyes off you? You could land him easy—just like that!—and have a good time all the rest of your life."

Now, Gloria didn't tell Teddy what I'm going to tell you—she wasn't that sort of girl; but she had first noticed the elderly gentleman in question while she was skipping the rope in Childhood in the Wildwood.

"How he stares at my knees!" she had thought to herself; and when she reached home that night she had taken some very strong soap and some very cold water and had scrubbed her knees until she nearly scrubbed the skin off. "Anyhow," she had thought when she couldn't stand the friction any longer, "they don't feel quite so dirty."

It may also help you to understand her when I tell you that for weeks after her talk with Teddy she tried to think of something clever, something original, something new. But somehow her mind didn't seem to run that way at all. She couldn't even think of a sprightly saying, like the other girls, who thought nothing of remarking to each other: "I think you're a tank; you have a caterpillar tread."—"Do you keep your nerve in a garage?"—"Back up! Back up! Foch is coming!"

One morning, for instance, she lay in bed for the longest time trying to paraphrase: "You'd better sneeze; your brain's dusty." But the farthest she could go was: "You'd better cough ——"

And another time, seeing a sparrow on a clothesline while she was dressing, she thoughtfully went for pen and ink, and started:

*A little bird sat on a tree*
*Singing "Tweetle-tweetle-tweetle ——"*

But that was as far as the muse would take her, and there were almost tears in her eyes when she realized that she couldn't do anything more along poetical lines; that, so far as she was concerned, the little bird had got to sit there forever singing "Tweetle-tweetle-tweetle ——" Which may make you smile; but, oh, it was anything but a smiling matter for Gloria. As pants the hart for the cooling stream, so did she yearn for cleverness. As the ancient beauty sighs for youth, she longed for inspiration.

And then one night—or, rather, one morning—while she was walking to the Subway with Teddy Safford, the great thought suddenly came to her.

"Did you see that party to-night with the stout old dame?" Teddy asked her. "The one with the red face and the bangs?"

"Uh-huh!" said Gloria, which she sometimes said for "Yes."

"Well, three of the oldest families in New York had their li'l' old feet under that table."

"Why do they call 'em old families, Teddy?" asked Gloria, after thinking it over for half a dozen steps.

"Because they go a long way back."

"But don't we all go back just as far as each other when you come right down to it?"

"Yep; I guess we do," said Teddy in a cheerful voice, "when you come right down to it."

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Gloria walked on a few steps more, little knowing how near she was to her great thought. "Teddy," she said, flattering him outrageously, "you know everything. How long is it since our first ancestors were put on the earth?"

"Pretty hard to tell, child; pretty hard to tell," said he. "But, from bones and hatchets and things that they keep on finding way down in the gravel and the rocks, they claim it's somewhere round a hundred thousand years, anyway—that is, in round numbers, of course."

"And how many generations would it take to live a hundred thousand years?"

"Oh, somewhere round four thousand, I guess," said Teddy, still sticking to round numbers.

They were walking along Broadway at the moment, and Gloria looked up the vista of lamps and trembled on the verge of her great idea.

"Four thousand generations back of me; and I was the only child!" she breathed. "My ancestors must have gone all the way back without a break—mustn't they, Teddy?"

"They certainly did—or, one thing sure: you wouldn't have been dancing on the roof to-night."

And still Gloria looked up the vista of lamps that led to dark roads and darker trails in the distance.

"It's like a long road that isn't finished yet—isn't it?" she said. "Four thousand miles long, and I'm the last mile ——"

That was the first half of her great thought.

"It's like a lamp that hasn't gone out yet—isn't it?" she went on. "It's been kept in by four thousand generations, one after the other; and now it's handed down to me. . . . Wouldn't it be awful if I dropped it—or let it go smoky—or let it go out ——"

Teddy stared at her, probably as never before a Minstrel Boy had gazed at Pierrette.

"It makes me feel solemn just to think about it," said Gloria, her eyes still far away; "as though I was a trustee, or something like that—you know what I mean."

They walked on then for half a block in silence.

"Say, Gloria!" Teddy said at last.

"Yes?"

"Do me a favor—will you?"

"What is it?"

"Never tell me again that you're not very bright."

"But, Teddy, you know right well that I'm nowhere near so bright as the other girls."

"Maybe not; and maybe the pipe organ isn't so bright as the ukulele—but believe me, child, there's some big difference in the music."

It gradually began to dawn on Gloria then that she had really mothered a great thought; and oh, how she glowed when the realization came to her! And when she reached home that night, how she loved it and gloated over it, and cuddled it as mothers have loved and cuddled and gloated over their children from time immemorial. But I think her greatest pleasure came the next day when she found that it acted as a sort of touchstone on life.

While shopping in the afternoon she saw a drunken man—a really horrible example.

"Four thousand miles before it came to him," thought Gloria; "and he's letting his last mile end in a swamp!"

And at night, when the girls were dressing for the opening chorus, she heard one of them telling about a dinner party she had attended that evening. She was a proud little person and she was probably laying it on thick; but, by the time she had finished describing the concomitants of the fish course, Gloria would have liked to take her over her knee and spank her.

"Four thousand generations have kept the light burning for her," she thought; "and now she's letting the wick go sooty, like that!"

She had always slightly stood out from the fifteen others when on the stage; it may have been the trace of wistfulness in her smile, or it may have been because her fairy godmother had gone the absolute limit when preparing those two great gifts aforesaid. Whatever it was, that night Gloria danced with exaltation; danced like a wave of the sea, and queened it over the fifteen other girls with such unconscious supremity that when she was dressed for the street the manager went to her with the air of one who brings important tidings.

"Judge Malvin's in the office," he said. "He wants an introduction to you."

"Judge Malvin?" asked Gloria, frowning a little, though it may have been only from concentration of mind. "Who's he?"

"Well, for one thing, my dear," said the manager with a smile that was quite paternal, "he's a bachelor. For another thing, he's rich. And for another thing yet—if that isn't enough—there's a whole raft of people who think he's just about the cleverest man in New York."

I believe you know Gloria well enough by now to understand that it was the third count of the indictment which interested her most.

"Oh, yes," she said, suddenly remembering—"Judge Malvin; of course I've heard of him. What does he want?"

"He wants to know you."

"What for?"

"Why don't you ask him?"

Gloria thought that over too.

"Do I look all right?" she asked.

The manager, searching his soul for a compliment, achieved the very ecstasy of human expression.

"You look like a million dollars!" said he. "Come on!"

### III

THERE is danger in trying to describe a clever man. If the historian makes too good a job of it you are apt to curl the lip and echo Betsey Prig's immortal doubt: "I don't believe there's no such person!" Whereas if the historian avails himself of the art of repression you are still most likely to be unconvinced, and will say to each other: "Toh! Nothing very clever about that!"



*Though Her Smile Was Invariably an Impersonal Affair, You Will Probably Remember That Moment as Long as You Live*

Therefore, before I tell you of the cleverness of Judge Malvin I am going to ask you to put yourself in a sympathetic frame of mind. He really was a very clever person.

Perhaps the best way to describe him would be to tell you, first, what he looked like. He looked lazy and gray; thin, long, and a little past middle age—something like a yawning lion, though a lion is more tawny than gray. He had sleepy eyes, which could grow wide-awake in a moment; he had two smiles—one a boy's and the other a cynic's; he had two voices—one like honey and the other like acid; and his ability lay in this: he had the gift of being able to read people at sight, as though they were sheets of music and he a Paderewski.

However, he could generally play them without the least effort; not merely the simple little pieces in the keys of C and G—such as so many performers can play—but also the really intricate scores, pieces of humanity that might have been composed by a divine Chopin or Lizst and subtly set forth in half a dozen flats—or sharps.

For instance, he hadn't said five words to Gloria when he knew that she was as straight as she was lovely; and she hadn't said five words to him when he knew that she was as ingenuous as that old rime which so nobly begins: "A—Apple pie." If any further proof of his cleverness were needed, he hadn't known Gloria five minutes when he was taking her home in his car, with Teddy Safford as chaperon; and before the week was over they were quite old friends.

He began to dream lazy gray dreams; and Gloria began to dream too; though her dreams were of a different color. I haven't time to tell you his dreams—I want to tell you Gloria's; but the longer he knew her the more he missed her when she wasn't with him, and those who know may draw their own conclusions from that.

"If he does ask me," mused Gloria one morning, "and if I think I like him well enough, I wonder if he'll want me to go on dancing while we're engaged."

As you can see, she wasn't in any particular state of flurry about it. In the dressing rooms the girls were never through talking of friends, once in the chorus, who had married millionaires—to say nothing of those who had married titles and were grandly known to the world at large as Ladies with capital L's. And, however much she might deplore her lack of brightness, Gloria knew some things as well as the next one. No matter how clever a man may be, there are glances he can't keep out of his eyes—inflections he can't keep out of his voice; and trust any woman born of Eve to miss such things as those!

"Teddy was right," thought Gloria, musing on; "I'll have a good time all the rest of my life. Silk stockings, silk lingerie and silk dresses—oh, everything of silk! And green peas and strawberries in the middle of winter if I feel like it. Won't that be nice? And travel? No end to it! I've always thought I'd like to go to Japan and see the cherry trees when they're all in bloom—and have a ride on a camel—and in one of those boats in Rome.

"And won't it be a treat to lie in bed just as long as I like every morning and have somebody bring my breakfast on a tray, with my letters on one side and a vase of flowers on the other; and somebody else to cook the meals, with pork chops once in a while—I don't care what anybody says!—and fried onions!"

She closed her eyes and smiled on the vision.

"It's funny," she thought, "how I've always admired clever people! But I wonder if he'll really and truly like me when he finds that I'm not very bright myself." Which reminded her, somehow, of her one great thought.

Perhaps it came to her mind through some subconscious act of self-defense, turning up in her memory as though to ask: "How can you say you're not very bright when you thought of me?"

"Yes," she thought; "it's coming true—just as it did to those four thousand who came before me. Yes," she thought; "the lamp was handed down to me without going out for a hundred thousand years, and now it'll be my turn to hand it on down to my children."

She was very thoughtful then for a time, and rather solemn too—as though that feeling of trusteeship which she had tried to explain to Teddy had taken possession of her.

"Oh, well," she said, suddenly jumping out; "I must try to do my best. I can't do any more." And, one thought following another, heels over head as they generally do, she added: "I wonder whether he'll phone me this morning."

He did. He also called and took her to lunch. They went to a famous restaurant; and as they ate they talked—that is to say, the judge talked and Gloria listened.

"I can remember," he began in his lazy voice, "when there were only private houses on this part of the Avenue—yes, come to think of it, I remember the folks who lived in this very block. Now, on the corner where we're sitting ——"

I dare not tell you what he said; it was one of those clever recitals that have to be handled like dynamite or they sometimes go off under perfectly innocent families. And when he had finished with the folks who used to live on the corner he took the house that used to be next door—and so on along the block. It was really a masterpiece of wit and satire, told by a master story-teller; but the better he told it, the more uneasy Gloria felt. Even Paderewski sometimes drops a note, and Brahms made two distinct mistakes in his Sapphic Ode.

The judge's mistake, you see, was caused by this: he didn't know Gloria's great thought. If she had been merely a clever girl she would have hung breathless on every lazy phrase he uttered; and if she had been simply a non-clever girl she would have admired him just as much, if only for the brilliancy of the names he mentioned and the richness of his rhetoric.

But Gloria had an ear for deep notes, and heartstrings that secretly longed to be stirred by majestic chords. She had as much use for satire as she had for sarcasm, and as much use for sarcasm as she had for poison gas.

"I'm afraid I don't like him," she found herself thinking. "He doesn't believe in anything." And back of that, I think, was the unshaped thought: "Suppose he ever started not to believe in me?"

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Even then she was fair enough to give him a fighting chance.

"Now listen!" she said at last. "There must have been some good in all these people—wasn't there?"

"My dear," he said in his lazy voice, "I never had an opportunity to go over them with a microscope; so I really cannot tell you."

She was eating a Nesselrode pudding at the time; and if you had seen her—serene, tranquil and altogether beautiful—you would never have guessed that she was trying to picture what his children would be like—those children to whom she expected to pass on the sacred light which has never been extinguished since man first had the breath of life put in him.

"They'd be wise little things," she thought, "who'd laugh at their mother behind her back, and know more when they are ten years old than I'll know all my life. I know the kind."

"You do look beautiful, Gloria!" the judge suddenly broke in—one of those inflections in his voice.

"Do I?" she asked, looking at him very earnestly indeed.

"I think I must have been waiting to know you all my life," he said. "Let's go on a nice long ride now. Shall we?"

So there you are! And now, at last, you can see how it was that Gloria was riding—at the moment when my story opens—in a sumptuous motor car in Central Park.

Above her were the sky and the leaves of a perfect day in June. Ahead of her Destiny waited, swathed and masked in the immemorial manner. And by her side, sitting there as large as life and twice as natural, rode Judge Malvin, the one—you remember—of whom I have warned you above.

### IV

THEY bowled along between the trees—the most beautiful girl and the cleverest man in the park that day. Gloria was quiet. Still, for that matter, she generally was quiet, always wistfully believing that she had no gift for conversation, but this time—if you can follow a vague distinction—she seemed to be silent in a different way. Instead of being a receptive silence, it was a thoughtful silence. If you had been there, for instance, you might have imagined that back of it was a growing purpose, a growing wish.

At least, the judge imagined so; but, not having the right clew, he fancied the wrong thing. He looked at her—wistful as I have said; beautiful; yes, and a little sorrowful too—and suddenly his heart seemed to say to his head: "You take a rest for a while; I'm going to run this thing."

"Happy, Gloria?" he asked, his voice shaking, for all his cleverness.

"I think it's beautiful under these trees," she replied in an absent-minded way, and then, raising her voice a trifle, she added: "Of course you know my real name isn't Gloria Swann. That's a name Teddy Safford made up for me—just for the stage, you know. My real name's Mary Crowell."

"My dear child," he gently laughed, "of course I know your real name's Mary Crowell. I can even tell you when you were born." Which didn't please Gloria any too well, though I doubt that she could have told you why.

Indeed, her thoughts on many things were impressionistic, as the thoughts of many are. She didn't reflect according to the rules of grammar, many of her musings having neither subject nor predicate.

When the judge told her, for instance, that he knew the date and place of her birth an uneasy feeling began rippling round in her mind, as though her mind were a pond that was generally calm and something had been thrown into it from the bank; but the only word she thought of was the one word "snooping"; and she didn't really half mean that.

They bowled along between the trees, and occasionally they caught sight of an apartment house in the distance, rearing its noble cornice over the view. "How would you like to live somewhere over there?" he asked her.

"Oh, I don't know ——" She hesitated.

"That's one of the reasons I like you."

"What is?"

"For the things you don't know."

Now there was something else that didn't exactly please her. The compliment passed over her head. She took his words literally.

"He thinks I don't know much," she thought; and her mind grew troubled again, because, however many times we may say to others, "You know I'm not very bright in some things," we seldom like to feel that they agree with us.

They bowled along between the trees, the tires making a queer tearing sound as the treads engaged and disengaged the oiled surface of the road.

"Gloria!" said the judge in such a low voice that she could hardly hear him.

"Yes?"

He held out his hand in mute and humble invitation, suddenly finding himself reduced—for all his cleverness—to the speechlessness of a schoolboy in love.

On the front seat the chauffeur had been following the conversation as well as he could. Hearing nothing but silence now, he strained his ears with such intensity that his attention to the road grew abstracted.

A curve wound out of sight ahead and, turning it at majestic speed, he found himself on the point of running into a wheel chair, which was being started across the road by a hurrying darky, who was evidently making speed to catch up with two dusky handmaids who were deploying on the other side of the driveway.

There was one dreadful moment of brake-setting, honking, shouting, swerving and overhanging disaster—a moment in which Gloria shut her eyes and steeled her nerves for the impact.

A few lengths farther on the car stopped, and when she looked round she saw the chair on the other side of the road, unharmed but nearly overturned against a maple. Evidently the attendant had given it such a prodigious push that it had rushed, uncontrolled, against the tree.

The judge jumped out of the car and after a moment's hesitation Gloria followed him. It was an invalided soldier who was in the chair, and from his attitude it didn't take Gloria long to guess that his back was weak.

"I'm awfully sorry it happened," she said after the judge had helped to right the chair. "I hope it didn't hurt you."



*For the Next Half Hour She Continued to Read, and Watched Him Now and Then as She Read—That Aforesaid Nebulous Notion Gradually Taking Shape in Her Mind*

He raised his eyes to her face—eyes that were strangely blank and incurious.

"Not at all, thank you," he said.

"You're sure you're all right?" she asked.

Still staring up at her he brushed his hand across the lower part of his forehead—a sad and yet, you might have guessed, a familiar gesture, as though he were trying to sweep away a shadow that had settled there.

Gloria's eyes filled with sudden tears.

"He's blind!" said her lips to the judge.

### V

THEY bowled along between the trees again—Gloria and the judge—slowly at first as they left the soldier behind them, but with gradually increasing speed. They were both silent for a time, though I think you can guess where their thoughts were.

"That's the worst of war," said the judge at last.

Gloria gave him a troubled look, which had yearning in it as well. Under different conditions it would have been the look of a penitent striving for expression and saying "Pray for me!" Coming from Gloria then it was the look of a noble woman striving for expression and saying "Speak for me."

"It takes the salt of the earth," said the judge; "like that ——"

He made a sweeping gesture, as though filling his hand, scattering its contents, and then showing the empty palm. Gloria still kept her pleading eyes upon him.

"It's like a beast with a fine appetite," he continued, answering her thought. "It must have the best—the finest—the bravest—the salt of the earth; and then ——"

Again he made that scattering gesture with his hand and showed it empty.

"Then why do men fight?" she asked.

"Because there are worse things than not fighting. So long as there're right and wrong in the world—and so long as there are men who will fight for the wrong—why naturally you'll find others who'll fight for the right."

"But all this fighting in the world to-day—it seems so foolish—so wicked ——"

"Do you think so? Do you think it was wicked that the early settlers in this country fought for liberty?"

"N-no; I don't."

"Well, in just the same way nearly every forward step mankind has ever taken had to be fought for—those who believed in the right fighting against those who profited by the wrong." Unconsciously he essayed an oratorical flight: "It is said that the pathway to hell is paved with good intentions. It might better be said that the pathway of human progress is paved with the lives of the salt of the earth."

"Salt of the earth!" That was the expression which struck deepest into Gloria's mind—that and the scattering gesture, the empty hand.

"Four thousand miles; and they were the last mile," she thought. "Well—the road wasn't built for nothing."

Her next thought was one of those that aren't expressed in words. She seemed to see the lamps being handed down, generation by generation; some burning with a poor light, others with a clear and eager radiance—but never, never going out. And then, thousands by thousands—yes, millions by millions—the brightest of these flames were suddenly extinguished, the lamps broken, the earth darkened.

She didn't see this as clearly as I have tried to express it, and if you had asked her to put her thoughts into words she would have made a helpless gesture; but dimly, vaguely, obscurely, that was the picture in her mind. She seemed to see it a little more clearly when she half unconsciously repeated the judge's pantomime—the filling hand, the scattering, the empty palm.

Another thought, more vague, more uncertain, gradually began to take form in her mind as they rolled along by the side of the playground.

"Do you like children?" she asked, her eyes intent upon the playing throng.

"I like other people's children," he answered in his laziest voice, not noticing the sudden tremor of her lips; "and I like them at a distance; in fact, the greater the distance the greater my admiration."

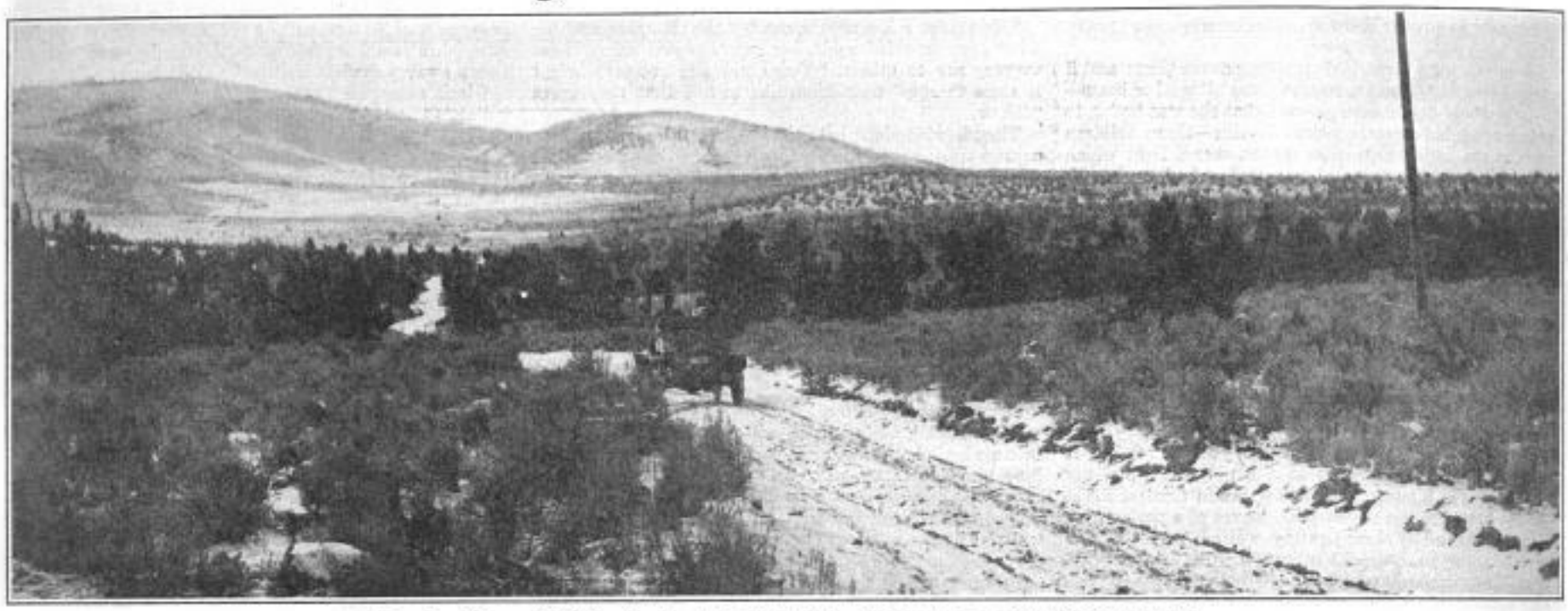
Almost before he had finished speaking Gloria knew what she was going to do. She leaned over to the chauffeur.

"Stop at the Parkway, please," she said.

*(Continued on Page 65)*

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# When the Boys Get Back From France



Raw Land Covered With Sagebrush and Juniper Trees. Improved Land at the Foot of the Butte

## By Emerson Hough

OF COURSE you remember old Major Brown? He wore a large black hat, with a yellow cord round it, and carried a sword—a very large curved sword, with tassels on the hilt. Used to take the sword to prayer meetings with him, and always rested his hands on the hilt and looked stern. Of course you remember him!

And you remember the music in the street of our town? Fife and drum, with all the children following along. Squealy but fetchy. Up-and-down sort of air, with a choppy finish. And all the new soldier boys, in their funny little caps, with a patent-leather top slanting down in front to a patent-leather visor; and their long heavy guns—you remember them? They looked sheepish marching out of town behind Major Brown, because —— Why remind a fellow of the girl he left behind him? Rather ragged marching. Women in the doorways, or behind the window blinds, crying. Of course you remember that!

But, as you also know, there came another day when the town turned out, and there wasn't a hat left on a head or a voice left natural. Colonel Brown came up the street to the public square at the head of a column of grave-faced men—not sheepish boys, but men. What men! What splendid, sober, firm-stepping men! And how straight their eyes looked! Something on their faces too.

And Colonel Brown didn't seem to know he was carrying a sword any more. And the men marched with a long swing, not feeling the heavy knapsacks or the muskets or the round canteens. And they kept step behind a rattling battery of snare drums, with a bass drum and a dozen fifes that knew their business well.

### The Home-Coming

AND then all the town took off its hat and went mad and hoarse, while the cadence of the music lilted up and down on ahead of the short—the shortened little column of unsmiling young men, who now so soon were grown and old.

It was another air the fifes and drums shrilled and rapped out now, with an exultation in it and an exaltation to it—about the most heart-compelling, world-compelling aria ever composed by any great master in all the days of the world; the gladdest, sweetest, manliest, happiest, most triumphant tune you ever heard in all your life. Of course you remember that! It wasn't even Hail, Columbia! or the Star-Spangled Banner that they played; and it wasn't the old whimsical air about the girl he left behind him. Here was the girl herself, and this was home!

No; when they marched up to the courthouse steps the fifes and drums played something else: When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again—Hurrah! Hurrah! That was the air. And we did hurrah in our town! The women, many in black, came out from behind the window curtains. And the world began all over again when Johnny came marching home. Ah, such a day!

That was at the end of the Civil War. My people lived then west of the Mississippi, in the heart of states that today hold hardly an acre of uncultivated land. At the close of the war, and twenty years after, hundreds and thousands of miles of rich black prairie loam lay waiting to be set busy. The tall prairie grasses waved untouched over all the center and the upper half of Iowa, for instance, long, long after the war. The infrequent wheat stacks then marked, far off on the horizon, the adventure of some man opening up a home. We headed toward them across unfenced country, using the main-traveled roads along the ridges. And beyond Iowa lay Minnesota and Kansas and Nebraska, and God knew what of other country, which, of course, never could be settled. The rafts did not yet come down the Mississippi River from the then fresh and uncut forests of Wisconsin. Minnesota was not dreamed of as a lumber country. Back in Illinois and Indiana public land, or very cheap patented land, could still be had. Ohio was not so very much crowded. The South wasn't considered for an instant as a place for a Northern man.

The North then draped Spanish moss as a decoration round the chain of the drop lamp, or kept on the parlor table a bunch of raw cotton brought home in the pocket of some furloughed soldier.

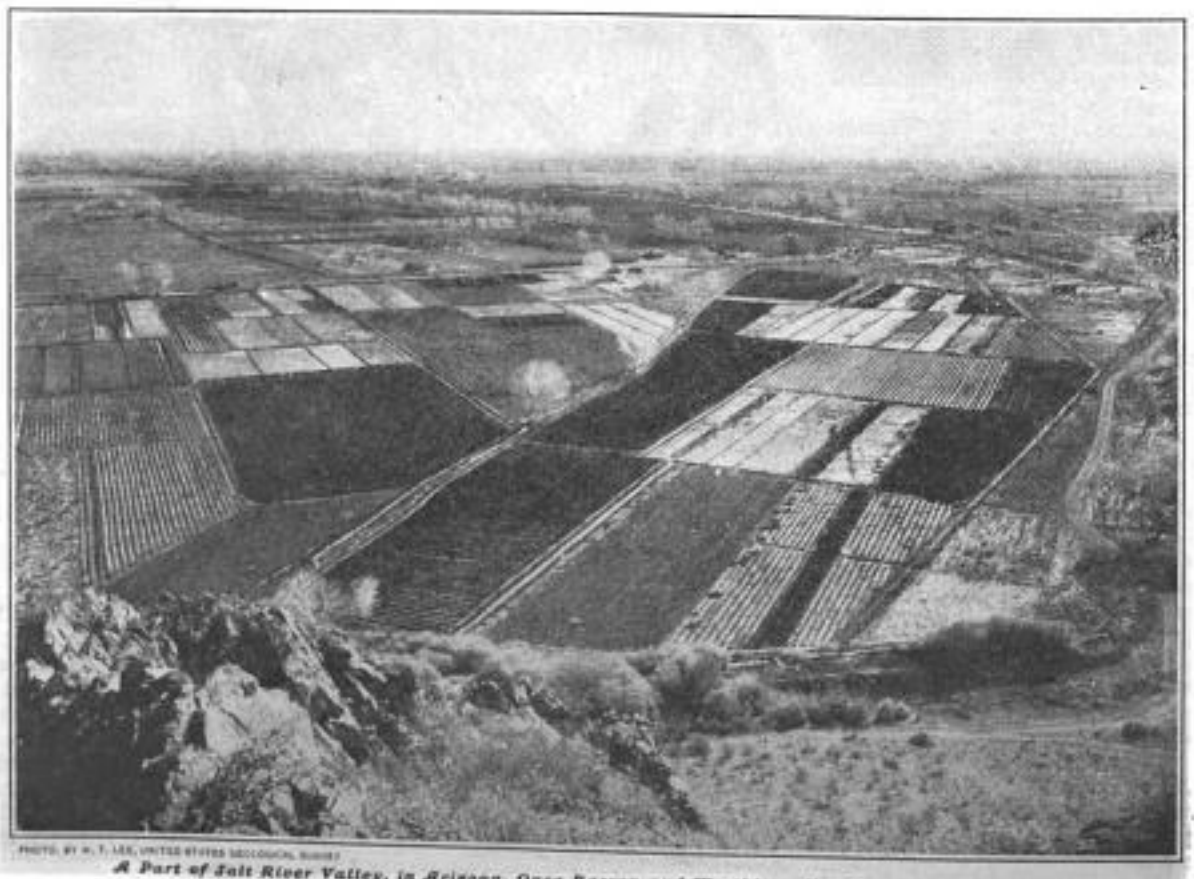
### Parceling Out an Empire

OF THE vast West no one knew or cared; the high and dry plains could never have had a second thought of any farming man in those days. The swamp lands of Illinois and Indiana were good for ducks; no one dreamed of them for any other purpose.

Father simply set off a quarter section for son to have when he came back from the war. Texas, Oklahoma, the Dakotas, Montana—they did not exist as homes for Johnny when he stood his rifle in the corner beside the whatnot and asked for a piece of pie.

Land? Why, the world was full of land! Land was just what we did have then. We wanted to do something for Johnny, who had done so much for us. This wish took the form in the North—while the broken South was sadly turning to its overrun fields of sedge and sassafras—of taking Johnny by the hand and pointing to the West, which ended then not so far from the Mississippi River, and saying to him: "Son, help yourself!"

We were rich. We had an empire to divide. We divided that empire among Americans—and others. We have had one wise land law—and only one—the old Homestead Act, under which a man could get one hundred and sixty acres of the best land on earth simply by going and living on it. Soldiers' scrip—soon to be juggled by land sharks—made even that law simpler and quicker in action. If we had not lost half a



A Part of Salt River Valley, in Arizona, Once Barren and Worthless, Now Intensively Productive Under the Roosevelt Reclamation System of the United States Government

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million young men the Northwest to-day would be in the possession of American-born owners. But the public men of that day were hysterically eager to give away all the rich empire of the West. I can vividly recall the long lines of white-topped wagons going West through our town in Central Iowa after the war—a hundred in a day; sometimes in long, continuous caravans. What a grand, what a splendid day that was, when Johnny had his chance!

One picture of those days I recall especially—one of the most persistent of all my boyhood days. How strong and keen it is, even to-day! I still can see the wind blowing the hazel-brush leaves sidewise. I remember the high white clouds in the sky. I can see the rolling sweep of the grasslands on beyond, as far as eye could reach. And just yonder, the flapping skirts of his pale blue army overcoat—you remember how all the world wore that overcoat for years and years after the war—blown back by the raw prairie wind of spring, there stood a man; a young man just back from the war.

He was kind to the awestruck, silent boy who sat on a brush pile, watching him slowly clear up a little patch of hazel at the edge of his new farm. He would stop and joke once in a while, and then swing his ax easily. Occasionally he cut out a fence post from some small tree and dragged it out; and sometimes he split out some cordwood. We knew no wire fence in those days. He was bearded, though young, muscular, gaunt and strong. Sometimes he whistled or hummed a tune. He wasn't in a hurry. He wasn't anxious or scared at all.



*Sheep on Logged-Off Land*

### *Preparing for the Future*

THE world—rich and bountiful and easy—was before him now. He had one old gray horse, tied near by; and I recall how he took me up behind, both of us riding bareback, when we went home late that day. How blue the sky! How fresh the air! How wonderful the sea of grass beyond the little copse! And there he was, Johnny-come-home, the center of the picture, just starting out in life.

That is a picture of 1868. Fifty years have passed since then. The world of that day is no more forever. Colonel Brown's sword long since is rust; and his soul is with the saints, we trust. His son's son is in the war to-day. We must grasp and hold intelligently that old picture—all those old pictures—if we are to understand a certain other picture of this later day and this different world in which lives and marches the grandson of Colonel Brown.

It is Washington again, and the men from the transports, fresh from the bloody fields of France, are marching down our national avenue in our own capital; our first soldiers to return from over the Atlantic in any war. It is not fife and drum to which they swing. Their crashing brasses tell us the old music is gone. But this is such lofty music as the world has never—but once—known before. Three hundred pieces, rocking the White House trees with the sweep of sound, are playing the same air the fife-and-drum men did on the village square more than fifty years ago:

When Johnny comes marching home again—Hurrah! Hurrah! God! How the women will come out from behind the curtains—some in black! And how the country once more will smile when Johnny comes marching home! It will be months yet, and we may be in the Sixth Liberty Loan—the Tenth, if need be. But he'll come home again.

Look at Johnny on the avenue. How young, but how grave and serious! How deep his eyes have grown! And what shadow is this on his face? That strange expression which no man has who stayed at home because he was too old or too fat or too thin or had too many babies or had a leaky valve—maybe a leaky valve in his sand pump—or because he thought he could "do more good where he was"; maybe talking; maybe writing; maybe grafting.

What chance against Johnny have we who did not go? He does not see us—or much need to—as he marches, four and a half million strong, six million strong, fresh back from doing again for a world what once his grandfather did for a country. It was all for the cause of Freedom, the cause of the plain peop these sad-eyed young m fought. But for them we have no country, and would be a byword over ravaged lands of the w world. What are we goi for them?

All we have or are g have for ourselves we sh to these four millions, fi lions—six to ten millions be—young men who car flag into Europe. What do to pay that debt? W got to pay it somehow.

For a long time after we shall have to feed ou abroad. The peace deb be paid. Somebody wi to farm. How about J come-home-again?

That is the biggest an perplexing question bef Government to-day, and is any too big to handle have been fortunate in ha the head of the Departm the Interior so broad- and farsighted a man a tary Franklin K. Lane, happy trait is that of usi sight and not hindsight. His plan of classifying, pr and reclaiming all our remnants of the public don the use of our returning armies is real and creative manship.

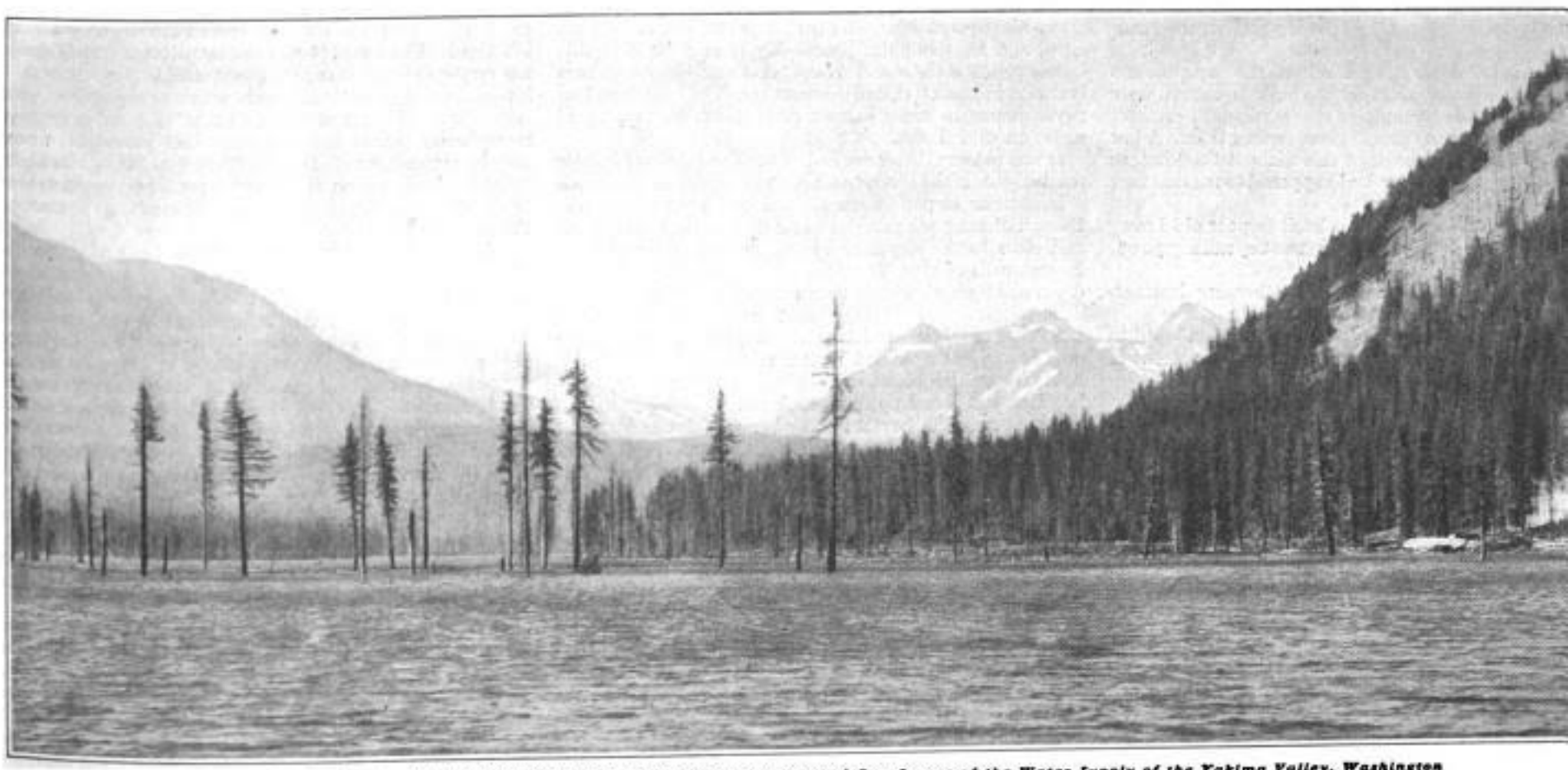
Observe that Secretary Lane wisely says that t to do this is right now. There will be industrial co enough at the close of this war. The time to get re that wave of hardy, eager, active, restless, excited men is before the incoming wave has swamped us, afterward.

### *Soldiers Restless in Peace*

NOT all the returning soldiers will want to farm natural laws of life and society, the appeal of itself as a home—a thousand minor personal facto come into all that. Some soldiers will go back to th and mills and shops; some to the villages; many cities; some to this trade, some to that; but there is calling which is going to attract our home-coming much as farming. They will want land.

At the close of the Civil War it was found that turned soldier, after his active outdoor life, was re restraint. An abnormal percentage moved out a up land. Already, over in France, young men are ning to figure on what they are going to do when the home. I have before me a number of letters addr the Department of the Interior by soldiers who ha

*(Continued on Page 58)*



*Bumping Lake, Constructed by the United States Reclamation Service and One Source of the Water Supply of the Yakima Valley, Washington*

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# THE CITY OF COMRADES




"I See 'em Round, Goin' to Work as Reg'lar as Reg'lar, and No More Spunk in 'em Than in a Goldfish When Ye Shakes Yer Finger at Their Bowl"

By BASIL KING

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

III

THE city was beginning to wake. Mysterious carts and wagons rumbled along the neighboring avenues. From a parallel street came the buzz and clang of a lonely early-morning electric car. Running footsteps would have startled one if they had not been followed by the clinking of peaceful milk bottles in back yards. Clanking off into the distance one heard the tread of solitary pedestrians bent on errands that stirred the curiosity. Here and there the lurid flames of torches lit up companies of gnomelike men digging in the roadways.

Going toward Greeley's Slip I skirted the park, though it made the walk longer. Under the dark trees men were lying on benches and on the grass, but for reasons I couldn't yet analyze I refused to thrust myself among them. A few hours earlier I would have done this without thinking, as without fear; but something had happened to me that now made any such course impossible.

My immediate need was to get back to poor old Lovey and lie down by his side. That again was beyond my power to analyze.

I suppose it was something like a homing instinct, and Lovey was all there was to welcome me.

"Is that you, sonny?" he asked sleepily as I stooped to creep into the cubby-hole which a chance arrangement of planks made in a pile of lumber.

"Yes, Lovey."

"Glad ye've come."

When I had stretched myself out I felt him snuggle a little nearer me.

"You don't mind, sonny, do you?"

"No, Lovey. It's all right. Go to sleep again."

For myself I could do nothing but lie and watch the coming of the dawn. I could see it beating itself into the darkness long before there was anything to which one could give the name of light. It was like a succession of great cosmic throbs, after each of which the veil was a little more translucent.

In my nostrils was the sweet penetrating smell of lumber, subtly laden with the memories of the days when I was a boy. The Canadian differs from the American largely, I think, in the closeness of his forest-and-farm associations. Not that the American hasn't the farm and the forest, too, but he has moved farther away from them. The mill, the factory and the office have supplanted them—in imagination when not in fact, and in fact when not in imagination. If the woods call him he has to go to them—for a week, or two, or three at a time; but he comes back inevitably to a life in which the woods play little part. The Canadian never leaves that life. The primeval still enters into his cities and his thoughts. Some day it may be different; but as yet he is the son of rivers, lakes and forests. There is always in him a strain of the *voyageur*. The true Canadian never ceases to smell balsam or to hear the lapping of water on wild shores.

It was balsam that I smelled now. The lapping of water soothed me as the river, too, began to wake. It woke with a faint noise of paddle wheels, followed by a bellow like the call of some sea monster to its mate. Right below me and close to the slip I heard the measured dip of oars. Hoarse calls of men, from deck to deck or from deck to dock, had a weird, watchful sound, as though the darkness were peopled with Flying Dutchmen. Lights glided up and down the river—which itself remained unseen—mostly gold lights, but now and then a colored one. Chains of lights fringed the New Jersey shore, where far-away, sleepless factories threw up dim red flares. A rising southeast wind not only hid the stars under banks of clouds, but went whistling eerily round the corners of the lumber piles. The scent of pine, and all the pungent, nameless odors of the riverside, began to be infused with the smell—if it is a smell—of coming rain.

I can best describe myself as in a kind of trance in which past and present were merged into one, and in which there seemed to be no period when two wonderful, burning eyes had not been watching me in pity and amazement. As long as I lived I knew they would watch me still. In their light I got my life's significance. In their light I saw myself as a boy again, with a boy's vision of the future. The smell of lumber carried me back to our old summer home on the banks of the Ottawa, where I had had my dreams of what I should do when I was big. All boys being patriotic they were dreams not merely of myself but of my country. It worried me that it was not sufficiently on the great world map, that apart from its lakes and prairies and cataracts it had no wonders to show mankind. As we were a traveling family I was accustomed to wonders in other countries, and easily annoyed when one set of cousins in New York and another in England took it for granted that we lived in an Ultima Thule of snow. I meant to show them the contrary.

From the beginning my ardors and indignations translated themselves into stone. I had seen St. Peter's in one country, St. Paul's in another, and Chartres and châteaux in a third. I had seen New York transforming itself under my very eyes—the change began when I was in my teens—into a town of prodigious towers which in themselves were symbolical. Then I would go home to a red-gray city, marvelously placed between river and mountain, where any departure from its original French austerity was likely to be in the direction of the exuberant, the unchastened, the fantastic. All new buildings in Canada, as in most of the States, lacked "school."

"School" was, more or less in secret, the preoccupation of my youth—"school" with some such variation from traditional classic lines as would create or simulate the indigenous. I had not yet learnt what New York was to teach me later—that necessity was the mother of art, and that pure new styles were formed not by anyone's ingenuity or by the caprice of changing taste but because human needs demanded them. Rejecting the *art nouveau*, which later made its permanent home in Germany, I combined all the lines in which great buildings had ever been designed, from the Doric to the Georgian, in the hope of evolving a type which the world would recognize as distinctively Canadian, and to which I should give my name. In imagination I built castles, cathedrals and theaters, homes, hotels and offices. They were in the style to be known as Melburyesque, and would draw students from all parts of the architectural earth to Montreal.

It was not an unworthy dream, and even if I could never have worked it out I might have made of it something of which not wholly to be ashamed. But as early as before I went to the Beaux Arts the curse of Canada—the curse, more or less, of all northern peoples—began to be laid upon me. In Paris I had some respite from it, but almost as soon as I had hung out my shingle at home I was suffering again from its cravings. I will not say that I put up no

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fight, but I put up no fight commensurate with the evil I had to face. The result was what I have told you, and for which I now had to suffer in my soul the most scorching form of recompense.

The point I found it difficult to decide was as to whether or not I ever wanted to see Regina Barry again—or whether I had it in me to go back and show myself to her in the state from which I had fallen more than three years before. In the end it was that possibility alone which enabled me to endure the real coming of the dawn.

For it came—this new day which out of darkness might be bringing me a new life.

As I lay with my face turned toward the west I got none of its first glories. Even on a cloudy morning, with a spattering of rain, I knew there must be splendors in the east, if no more than gray and lusterless splendors. Light to a gray world is as magical as hope to a gray heart; and as I watched the lamps on the New Jersey heights grow wan, while the river unbared its bosom to the day, that thing came to me which makes disgrace and shame and humiliation and every other ingredient of remorse a remedy rather than a poison.

I myself was hardly aware of the fact till Lovey and I had crept out of our cubby-hole, because all round us men were going to work. Sleepers in the open generally rise with daylight, but we had kept longer than usual to our refuge because we didn't want to fare forth into the rain. As sooner or later it would come to a choice between going out and being kicked out we decided to move of our own accord.

I must leave to your imagination the curious sensation of the down and out in having nothing to do but to get up, shake themselves and walk away. On waking after each of these homeless nights it had seemed to me that the necessity for undressing to go to bed and dressing when one got up in the morning was the primary distinction between being a man and being a mere animal. Not to have to undress just to dress again reduced one to the level of the horse or the cow. Stray dogs got up and went off to their vague leisure just as Lovey and I were doing. Not to wash, not to go to breakfast, not to have a duty when washing and breakfasting were done knocked out from under one all the props that civilization had built up, and deprived one of the right to call oneself a man.

I think it was this last consideration that had most weight with me as Lovey and I stood gazing at the multifarious activities of the scene. There were men in sight busy with all kinds of occupations. They were like ants; they were like bees. They came and went and pulled and hauled and hammered and climbed and dug, and every man's eyes seemed bent on his task as if it were the only one in the world.

"It means two or three dollars a day to 'em if they ain't," Lovey grunted, when I had pointed this fact out to him. "Don't suppose they'd work if they didn't 'ave to, do ye?"

"I dare say they wouldn't. But my point is that they do work. It's Emerson who says that every man is as lazy as he dares to be, isn't it?"

"Oh, anybody could say that."

"And in spite of the fact that they'd rather be lazy they're all doing something. Look at them. Look at them in every direction to which your eyes can turn—droves of them, swarms of them, armies of them—everyone bent on something into which he is putting a piece of himself!"

"Well, they've got 'omes or boardin' 'ouses. It's easy enough to git a job when ye can give an address. But when ye carn't ——"

We were to test that within a minute or two. Fifteen or twenty brownies were digging in a ditch. Of all the forms of work in sight it seemed that which demanded the least in the way of special training.

Approaching a fiercely mustachioed man of clearly defined nationality I said: "Say, boss, could you give my buddy and me a job?"

Rolling toward me a pair of eyes that would have done credit to a bandit in an opera he emitted sounds which I can best transcribe as "Where d'live?"

"That's the trouble," I answered truthfully. "We don't live anywhere and we should like to."

He looked us over.

"Beat it," he commanded, nodding toward the central quarters of the city.

"But, boss," I pleaded, "my buddy and I haven't got a quarter between us."

He pointed with his thumb over his left shoulder.

"Getta out."

"We haven't got a nickel," I insisted; "we haven't got a cent."

"Cristoforo, ca' da cop."

As Cristoforo sprang from the ditch to look for a policeman Lovey and I shuffled off again into the rain.

We stood for a minute at the edge of one of the long, sordid avenues where a sordid life was surging up and down. Men, women and children of all races and nearly all ranks were hurrying to and fro, each bent on an errand. It was the fact that life provided an errand for each of them that suddenly struck me as the most wonderful thing in creation. There was no one so young or so old, no one so ignorant or so alien, that he was not going from point to point with a special purpose in view. Among the thousands and the tens of thousands who would in the course of the morning pass the spot on which we stood there would probably not be one who hadn't dressed, washed and breakfasted as a return for his daily contribution to the common good.

Never before and hardly ever since did I have such a sense of life's infinite and useful complexity. There was no height to which it didn't go up; there was no depth to which it didn't go down. No one was left out but the absolute wastrel like myself, who couldn't be taken in.

Though it was not a cold day the steadiness of the drizzle chilled me. The dampness of the pavements got through the worn soles of my boots, and I suppose it did the same with Lovey's. The lack of food made the old man white, and that of drink set him to trembling. The fact that he hadn't shaved for the past day or two gave his sodden face a grisly look that was truly appalling. Though the pale blue eyes were extinct, as if the spirit in them had been quenched, they were turned toward me with the piteous appeal I had sometimes seen in those of a blind dog.

It was for me to take the lead, and yet I couldn't wholly see in what direction to take it. While I was pondering Lovey made a variety of suggestions.

"There doesn't seem to be nothink for it, sonny, but to go and repent for a day or two. I 'ate to do it; kind o' deceivin' like, it is; but they'll let us dry ourselves and give us a feed if we 'ave a sense of sin."

I wondered if he had in mind anything better than what I had myself.

"Where?"

He took the negative side first.

"We couldn't go to the Saviour, because I've put it over on 'em twice this year already. And the 'Omeless Men won't do nothink for ye onless you make it up in menial work."

"I won't try either of them," I said briefly.

"Don't blame you, sonny; not a bit. Kind o' makes a hypercrite of a man, it does. I 'ate to be a hypercrite, only when I carn't 'elp it."

He went on to enumerate other agencies for the raising of the fallen, of most of which he had tested the hospitality during the past few years. I rejected them as he named them, one by one. To this rejection Lovey subscribed with the unreasoning dislike all outcast men feel for the hand stretched down to them from higher up. Nothing but starvation would have forced him to any of these thresholds; and for me even starvation would not work the miracle.



*Close Up to Each Other They Pressed, Like Lovebirds on the Perch of a Cage or Newly Captured Animals Too Terrified Even to Snap*

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"What's the matter with the Down and Out?" I sprang on him suddenly. He groaned.

"Oh, sonny! It's just—just what I was afeared of."

I turned and looked down into his poor, bleared, suffering old face. "Why?"

"Because—because—oncet ye try that they'll—they'll never let ye go."

"But suppose you don't want them to let you go?"

He backed away from me. If the dead eyes could waken to expression they did it then.

"Oh, sonny!" He shook as if palsied. "Ye don't know 'em, my boy. I've summered and wintered 'em—by lookin' on. I've had pals of my own ——"

"And what are they doing now, those pals of your own?"

"God knows; I don't. Yes, I do; some of 'em. I see 'em round, goin' to work as reg'lar as reg'lar, and no more spunk in 'em than in a goldfish when ye shakes yer finger at their bowl."

Afraid of exciting suspicion by standing still we began drifting with the crowd.

"Is there much that you can call spunk in you and me?"

Again he lifted those piteous, drunken eyes.

"We're fellas together, ain't we? We're buddies. I 'ear ye say so yerself when you was speakin' to that Eyetalian."

I have to confess that with his inflection something warm crept into my cold heart. You have to be as I was to know what the merest crumbs of trust and affection mean. A dog as stray and homeless as myself might have been more to me; but since I had no dog . . .

"Yes, Lovey," I answered. "We're buddies, all right. But for that very reason don't you think we ought to try to help each other up?"

He stopped, to turn to me with hands crossed on his breast in a spirit of petition.

"But, sonny, you don't mean—you can't mean—on—on the wagon?"

"I mean on anything that'll get us out of this hell of a hole."

"Oh, well, if it's only that, I've—I've been in tighter places than this before—and—and look at me now. There's ways. Ye don't have to jump at nothink onnat'rel. If ye'd only 'ave listened to me yesterday—but it ain't too late even now. What about to-night? Just two old ladies—no violence—nothink that'd let you in for nothink dishonorable."

"No, Lovey."

We drifted on again. He spoke in a tone of bitter reproach:

"Ye'd rather go to the Down and Out! It'll be the down, all right, sonny; but there'll be no out to it. Ye'll be a prisoner. They'll keep at ye and at ye till yer soul won't be yer own. Now all these other places ye can put it over on 'em. They're mostly ladies and parsons and greenhorns that never 'ad no experience. A little repentance and they'll fall for it every time. Besides"—he turned to me with another form of appeal—"ye're a Christian, ain't ye? A little repentance now and then'll do ye good. It's like something laid by for a rainy day. I've tried it, so I know. Ye're young, sonny. Ye don't understand. And when it'll tide ye over a time like this—they'll git ye a job, very likely—and ye can backslide by and by when it's safe. Why, it's all as easy as easy."

"It isn't as easy as easy, Lovey, because you say you don't like it yourself."

"I like it better than the Down and Out, where they won't let ye backslide no more. Why, I was in at Stinson's one day and there was a chap there—Rollins was his name, a plumber—just enj'yin' of himself like—nothink wrong—and come to find out he'd been one of their men. Well, what do ye think, sonny? A fellow named Pyncheon blew in—awful 'ard drinker for a young 'and, he used to be—and he sat down beside Rollins and pled with 'im and plod with 'im, and—well, ye don't see Rollins round Stinson's no more. I tell ye, sonny, ye can't put nothing over on 'em. They knows all the tricks and all the trade. Give me kind-'earted ladies; give me ministers of the gospel; give me the stool o' repentance two or three times a month; but don't give me fellas that because they've knocked off the booze theirselves wants everyone else to knock it off, too, and don't let it be a free country."

We came to the corner to which I had been directing our seemingly aimless steps. It was a corner where the big red and green jars that had once been the symbols for medicines within now stood as a sign for soda water and ice cream.

"Let's go in here."

Lovey hung back.

"What's the use of that? That ain't no saloon."

"Come on and let us try."

Pushing open the screen door I made him pass in before me. We found ourselves in front of a white counter fitted up like a kind of bar. As a bar of any sort was better than none, Lovey's face took on a leaden shade of brightness.

In the way of a guardian all we could see at first was a white-coated back bent behind the counter. When it straightened up it was topped by a friendly, boyish face.

Lovey leaped back, pulling me by the arm.

"That's that very young Pyncheon I was a-tellin' you of," he whispered tragically; "'im what got Rollins, the plumber, out of Stinson's. Let's 'ook it, sonny! 'E won't do us no good."

But the boyish face had already begun to beam.

"Hel-lo, old sport! Haven't seen you in a pair of blue moons. Put it there!"

The welcome was the more disconcerting because in the mirror behind Pyncheon I could see myself in contrast to his clean, young, manly figure. I have said I was shabby without being hideously so, but that was before I had slept a fourth night on the bare boards of a lumber yard, to be drenched with rain in the morning. It was also before I had gone a fourth morning without shaving, and with nothing more thorough in the way of a wash than I could steal in a station lavatory. The want of food, the want of drink, to say nothing of the unspeakable anguish within, had stamped me moreover with something woebegone and spectral which, now that I saw it reflected in the daylight, shook me to the soul.

I never was so timid, apologetic or shamefaced in my life as when I grasped the friendly hand stretched out to me across the counter. I had no smile to return to Pyncheon's. I had no courtesies to exchange. Not till that minute had I realized that I was outside the system of fellowship and manhood, and that even a handshake was a condescension. "Pyn," I faltered hoarsely, "I want you to take me to the Down and Out. Will you?"

"Sure I will!" He glanced at Lovey. "And I'll take old Lovikins too."

"Don't you be so fresh with your names, young man!" Lovey said. "'Tain't the first time I've seen you ——"

"And I hope it won't be the last," Pyn laughed.

"That'll depend on how polite ye're able to be."



*Folly Having Made of Him a Hard Drinker, Remorse Made of Him a Harder One*

"Oh, you can count me in on politeness, old sport, so long as you come to the Down and Out."

"I'll go to the Down and Out when I see fit. I ain't goin' to be dragged there by the 'air of the 'ead, as I see you drag poor Rollins, the plumber, a month or two ago."

"Quit your kiddin', Lovey. How am I going to drag you by the 'air of the 'ead when you're as bald as a door knob? Say, you fellows," he went on, pulling one of the levers before him, "I'm going to start you off right now with a glass of this hot chocolate. The treat's on me. By the time you've swallowed it Milligan will be here, and I can get off long enough to take you over to Vandiver Street." He dashed in a blob of whipped cream. "Here, old son, this is for you; and there's more where it came from."

"I didn't come in 'ere for nothink of the kind," Lovey protested. "I didn't know we was comin' in 'ere at all. You take it, sonny."

"Go ahead, Lovikins," Mr. Pyncheon insisted. "E's to 'ave a bigger one," he mimicked. "Awful good for the 'air of the 'ead. 'Ll make it sprout like an apple tree—I beg your pardon, happle tree—in May."

Before Pyncheon had finished, the primitive in poor Lovey had overcome both pride and reluctance, and the glass of chocolate was pretty well drained. The sight of his sheer animal avidity warned me not to betray myself. While Pyncheon explained to the newly arrived Milligan and made his preparations for conducting us, I carried my chocolate to the less important part of the shop, given up to the sale of toothbrushes and patent medicines, to consume it at ease and with dignity.

Pyncheon having changed his white jacket for a coat in the buttonhole of which I noticed a little silver star, and a straw hat with a faint silver line in the hatband, we were ready to depart.

"I'll go with ye, sonny," Lovey explained; "but I ain't a-goin' to stay. No Down and Out for mine."

"You wouldn't leave me, Lovey?" I begged as I replaced the empty glass on the counter. "I'm looking to you to help me to keep straight."

He edged up to me, laying a shaking hand on my arm.

"Oh, if it's that —— But," he added more cheerfully, "we don't have to stay no longer than we don't want to. There's no law by which they can keep us agin our will, there ain't."

"No, Lovey. If we want to go we'll go—but we're buddies, aren't we? And we'll stick by each other."

"Say, you fellows! Quick march! I've only got half an hour to get there and back."

Out in the street Lovey and I hung behind our guide. He was too brisk and smart and clean for us to keep step with. Alone we could, as we phrased it, get by. With him the contrast called attention to the fact that we were broken and homeless men.

"You go ahead, Pyn ——" I began.

"Aw, cut that out!" he returned scornfully. "Wasn't I a worse looker than you, two and a half years ago? Old Colonel Straight picked me up from a bench in Madison Square—the very bench from which he'd been picked up himself—and dragged me down to Vandiver Street like a nurse'll drag a boy that kicks like blazes every step of the way."

As we were now walking three abreast, with Pyn in the middle, I asked the question that was most on my mind:

"Was it hard, Pyn—cutting the booze out?"

"Sure it was hard! What do you think? You're not on the way to a picnic. For the first two weeks I fought like hell. If the other guys hadn't sat on my head—well, you and old Lovey wouldn't have had no glass of hot chocolate this morning."

"I suppose the first two weeks are the worst."

"And the best. If you're really out to put the job through you find yourself toughening to it every day."

"And you mean by being out to put the job through?"

"Wanting to get the durned thing under you so as you can stand on it and stamp it down. Booze'll make two kinds of repenters, and I guess you guys stand for both. Old Lovey here"—he pinched my companion's arm—"he'll forsake his bad habits just long enough to get well fed up, a clean shirt on his back, and his nerves a bit quieted down. But he'll always be looking forward to the day when he'll be tempted again, and thinking of the good time he'll have when he falls."

"If you'll mind yer own business, young Pyn ——" Lovey began irritably.

"Then there's another kind," this experienced reformer went on imperturbably, "what'll have a reason for cutting the blasted thing out, like he'd cut out a cancer or anything else that'll kill him. I've always known you was that kind, Slim, and I told you so nearly a year ago."

"I seen ye," Lovey put in. "Was speakin' about it only yesterday. Knew you was after no good. I warned ye, didn't I, Slim?"

(Continued on Page 73)

# More Precious Than Rubies

## By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

*ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GRÉFÉ*



*Myrtle Extended Her Arms Gracefully and a Trifle Slowly, With a Gesture Full of Longing and Despair*

XI

MISS VALENTINE came on deck a little later than usual. Caldecott had already taken his constitutional and was in his deck chair reading his beloved Montaigne in lieu of the morning paper. The sea was a silver-misted blue and the sky was a glowing turquoise. The breeze was distinctly warmer.

Caldecott saw her coming, hastily rose from his seat and extended his hands for her rugs.

"Good morning!" she said.

"Good morning!"

He tucked her in with a care that seemed overelaborate and then resumed his seat.

She turned her head and looked at him. He stared back inquiringly.

"I am not going to tell you how beautiful the morning is," she said.

"In its place what are you going to say to cheer me up? Last day!"

"Oh, Mr. Caldecott!" she exclaimed and sat up straight. "I dreamed of rubies last night."

"You did?"

"Yes. What is it a sign of?"

"Of great joy and good fortune."

"Is it?"

"It not only is but I can tell you this: It never, never, never fails! Being greatly interested in rubies—that was before I met you, you know ——"

He paused.

She said impatiently: "Never mind that! Tell me about rubies."

"I've made it a point to verify ruby dreams."

He pulled from his pocket a little Russia-leather memorandum book, opened it and turned over page after page until he found the one he wanted.

"I have in New York sixty-one affidavits from men and women in various conditions of life, affidavits secured by me from people who dreamed of rubies and shortly afterward experienced great luck. And though I have looked everywhere and asked thousands of people I have never been able to find a person who did not have something nice happen after dreaming of rubies. I wonder what is going to happen to you, and I wonder if I ——"

He stopped abruptly.

"Finish!" she smiled.

"I wondered," he said very quietly, "if I was going to have anything to do with your good luck."

She looked a trifle uncomfortable and would not meet his gaze, for she was certain that he was staring at her unblinkingly.

"I am sure," he went on, "that you have my good wishes. I congratulate you in advance."

"Oh, please don't!" she said quickly.

"You needn't be afraid of hoodooing your luck. It can't fail with rubies. Just what did you dream?"

"Why I—I dreamed that—someone was putting a ring on my finger ——"

"Which finger?" he interrupted quickly.

"Why, my third finger. It had a beautiful ruby that glowed, but I—I was disappointed."

"Was it an engagement ring?"

"Yes. That is, I felt that if I accepted the ring I should have to marry the man who was putting it on."

"Where was the man from?"

"From? Why do you ask?"

"The details are very important," he said gravely.

"From Stamford, Connecticut."

"And why were you disappointed?"

He did not take his eyes off her face.

"Because you—because ——"

She paused.

"I what?" he asked quietly. "Tell me please! I what?"

"Why, I—I felt the ruby was not so beautiful as you had led me to believe and I wanted to say 'This isn't one of Mr. Caldecott's rubies!' and I didn't want to wear it."

"You didn't want to marry the man?"

"No, I didn't; not for that ruby."

"Well, you won't."

She laughed. "I know I won't."

"And would you marry any man for a ruby?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Why not?"

"It's so silly."

"You haven't seen the ruby."

"There is no ruby that would make me marry a man I didn't love."

"Two rubies, then?"

"No; not two either."

"Three?"

"Nor three thousand!"

Caldecott frowned quickly and looked away. Fully five minutes passed before he turned to her again and speaking very quietly said: "Miss Valentine, I have known you ten thousand years, but you have known me exactly one week to-day. I should like to ask you a question. May I?"

"Yes," she said, and smiled.

"I don't want you to tell me what you think of me, but tell me whether you have honored me by thinking about me to the extent of forming an opinion. I mean the kind of man I appear to you to be."

"Why, we always form opinions of people we meet."

"We classify them carelessly," he corrected. "You might say yes or no."

"You mean, what kind of man do I think you are?"

"No. I mean: Are you conscious of having received a definite impression of me as the result of the pleasant hours we have spent together?"

"Why—why—yes!"

"Don't be uneasy. I am not going to ask you what that impression is. I shouldn't dare. I prefer to dream on. But I should very much like to—Miss Valentine, I—well, let me put it this way: When you give your word never to tell anybody in the world a certain thing do you keep your promise?"

"Oh!" she said and sat up straight. She looked as if she was going to speak, but evidently changed her mind.

Presently she said in a low voice: "Is it something that I ought to know?"

"It is something that I should like you to see in order to test an answer you gave me a little while ago."

She thought, quite visibly, but in the end shook her head in despair. Then: "Must I promise?"

"You must," he returned almost solemnly.

"Oh, I must think. I feel it is something important, but I'm in the dark. I'll—I'll be back directly."

She rose and went away quickly. She entered her stateroom, closed the door and wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, which she put between the leaves of a pocket Bible, and then put the Bible in her traveling bag, which she locked. Then she returned to her deck chair.

Caldecott had not stirred, but when he saw her coming he rose to his feet and held out his hands as though she had been absent a month. They sat down. She waited for him to speak.

"What would you marry a man for?" he asked her.

"For love!" And she looked him straight in the face.

He held out his hand and she took it.

"And not for the finest rubies in the world?"

"No!"

"But you haven't seen them."

"I don't have to," she said.

He smiled. She frowned.

"You don't think so?" she asked quickly.

"You haven't seen the rubies," he persisted.

"I'd like to see the rubies that would make me marry a man I didn't care for!"

"I mean, if you didn't dislike him."

She tried to draw away her hand, but he held it. She shook her head. "It wouldn't be enough for me not to dislike him. I should have to love him."

"Good rubies are worth hundreds of thousands of dollars."

"How many?" she asked, so curiously that he smiled.

She flushed and said angrily: "You needn't answer! I don't care!"

"Would you like to see some rubies that some men would murder for, and most women would—er—marry for?"

"Yes, I would!" she said defiantly.

"Miss Valentine, will you give me your word that you will never tell any living human being that I have in my possession what I am about to show you?"

"Is—is it a letter?"

"No."

"I promise."

"Say this please: 'I give you my word never to tell anybody that Mr. Caldecott has in his possession what he is going to show me!'"

He looked at her so seriously that she drew in a deep breath; then she repeated: "Mr. Caldecott, I give you my word that I will never tell anybody anything about what you are going to show me."

"You have given me your word," he said solemnly, "and you will not break it."

"I will not break it!" she repeated.

"Very well; I'll risk it. You are the first and only person in the world that I have ever trusted. You won't go back on your word?"

"I have already told you that I wouldn't," she said so coldly that he apologized.

"Pardon me. I am new at this business of trusting people. I believe you implicitly. I'll be back directly."

He walked away quickly while she remained in her steamer chair, her eyes bright with excitement, a half smile on her lips. She seemed to be saying to herself: "I am sure he will! I am sure he will!"

Caldecott walked into the purser's office and asked the polite young man there to give him the package for which he had a receipt. The purser did so, kept the receipt and bowed gratefully, while Caldecott returned to Miss Valentine. He sat down beside her.

"Please raise your rug; I don't want anybody else to see what I am going to show you."

She did. He gave her a little Russia-leather box, six inches by four by three.

"Isn't it heavy!" she said.

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"There is an iron casket inside. Open the leather case and you'll see it."

She did, and found the famous miniature iron coffret of Godfrey of Bouillon.

"That dates from the eleventh century," he told her.

"Does it?"

"Yes. Now, please! Careful! Open it. Here is the key."

He took a little key out of a locket at one end of his watch chain—a tiny iron key.

She opened the coffret and saw three little velvet bags.

"One at a time," whispered Caldecott. "Please don't drop it."

She opened the little bag and saw the first of the De Meryonvilliers rubies.

"Oh!" she gasped.

He smiled and said triumphantly: "That's not the finest."

She put it back with fingers that trembled and took out the next one. Indescribably beautiful, superb, a very emperor of gems!

"The Akbar ruby. We know its history for a thousand years. Some of it was written on sheets of gold. That stone has flashed redly across the history of India. Seven wars have been waged for its possession. Men by the score have died guarding it—died by steel and by wood, by rope and by poison. Its market value is anything you can get. It is cheap at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"Oh!" she whispered. Her face was pale and her eyes were very bright. Her fingers trembled slightly.

"The other one is the smallest of the three, but its color is extremely beautiful. In some ways it is more wonderful than the Akbar. In fact, it is used by the experts as the standard of perfection of color. Not only is it a very beautiful color, but very rare indeed."

She opened the little bag.

"It is beautiful!" she exclaimed.

"An abyss of vaporized blood! Nobody knows where it came from or from whom it was obtained. The fifth Duke, in the time of Louis XIII, got it. He never told how or when. There is a family legend that is not shouted from the housetops that the duke stole it from a guest who disappeared. It is the famous prophetic ruby of the De Meryonvilliers family. It foretold the French Revolution and the War of 1870. The present duke tells me France is certainly going to have its greatest war very shortly, because the ruby is glowing with the fires of invasion and the smoking blood of slain thousands. I hope not. But that is how I was able to secure it. The duke said it was no time for any Frenchman to hoard jewels."

The girl was not listening; she was looking.

Caldecott smiled.

"I told you!" he said.

She drew in a deep breath and retorted: "But you didn't tell me how beautiful they were!"

"I thought I did."

She shook her head and slowly closed the little iron box; then the leather case; then she gave it back to Caldecott.

"Do you wonder that some women could marry a man for those?"

"No. But I——" She paused.

"Would you, dear girl?" he asked eagerly.

"No, not unless I loved; and I—I don't think I love——"

"Not now, but perhaps——"

"Mr. Caldecott, tell me something: Aren't you afraid of losing those rubies?"

"If I lost them it would be my fault. I'm not afraid of that."

"But if robbers——"

"No. Every Apache in Paris knows that I never carry money and always carry an automatic, and I am rather good at wrestling and jujutsu. They know me. No professional thief would steal them, for he knows he could not sell them—they are too well known. They would simply be a source of extreme danger to him. The amateur thief never uses violence. So there is nobody to be afraid of."

"But sudden death——"

"I am not lucky enough, Miss Valentine, to be afraid of sudden death. I have no heirs—only the museum to leave my things to. A man dreads sudden death because of those he loves, and I—don't dread it." He looked at her and hesitated. Then with an obvious effort he finished: "I have your promise not to speak about these rubies?"

"Mr. Caldecott, I swear to you I shall not breathe a word of it."

"I don't want anyone to know I have them. Ignorance means safety to me."

"But you'll have to declare them, won't you?"

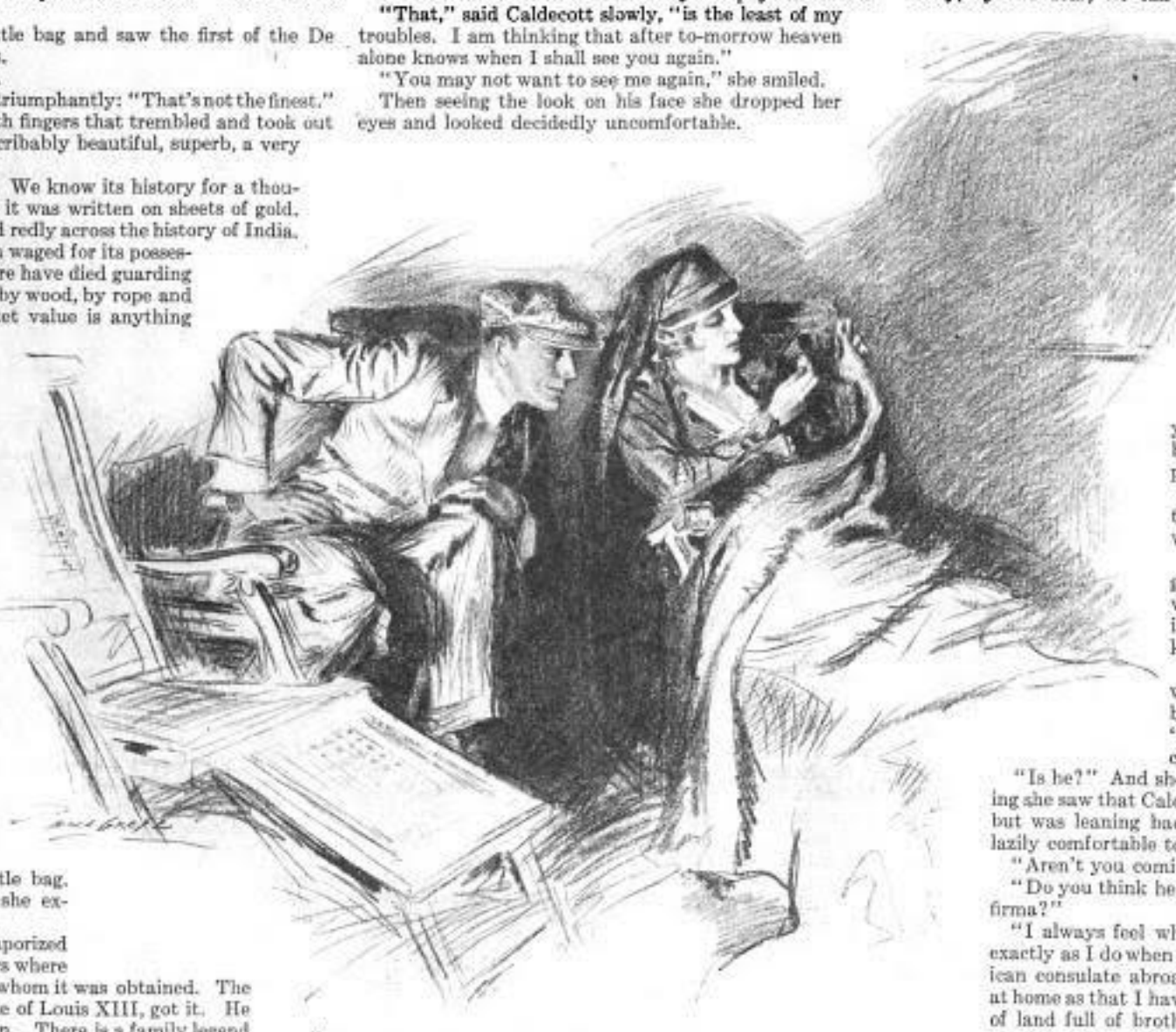
"Nobody will see what I declare."

"There must be a terrific duty to pay on these."

"That," said Caldecott slowly, "is the least of my troubles. I am thinking that after to-morrow heaven alone knows when I shall see you again."

"You may not want to see me again," she smiled.

Then seeing the look on his face she dropped her eyes and looked decidedly uncomfortable.



*"The Akbar Ruby. We Know its History for a Thousand Years. Some of it Was Written on Sheets of Gold"*

"I shall want to see you again and again and again," he declared positively.

"I wish you would put away those rubies. You make me uncomfortable having them round."

"They are not worth worrying over," he said. "I'm more concerned with——"

"Please put them away," she entreated.

"To hear is to obey." He smiled and rose. He went to his stateroom, and five minutes later he joined her.

"That's what you meant when you said your business was to buy and sell light."

"Yes. It's not a bad occupation."

"No lawful occupation is bad."

"Please, dear girl, don't generalize, I beg of you. No woman can. Certainly there are bad lawful occupations."

"For instance?"

"The pawnbroker's. He coins the needs of man. And the divers traitors who betray for money those who trust them, who capitalize the goodness of the bad or the weakness of an erring fellow mortal. They deal in coined blood. Oh, there are no end of bad lawful occupations——"

"I don't think you ought to say women can't generalize," she interjected.

"I'll never do it again," he promised meekly. "Did I ever tell you what your eyes reminded me of?"

"No; and I don't wish to hear."

"You make a mistake. I am a gem expert and I tell you——"

"It isn't that I am not vain or that I dislike compliments, but, Mr. Caldecott, I don't like to hear from you what I wouldn't mind hearing from some other man."

She drew in a deep breath and looked at him in inexplicable distress.

"God bless you, dear little girl. I can't tell you how glad I am I met you."

"Don't say that. You don't know whether you will be sorry——"

"No matter what you do to me," he interrupted, "no matter how unhappy you may make me—I shall never cease to be grateful for the happiness you've given me this trip. No joy lasts forever. If it did nobody would wish to die. Instead of which, most of us do."

"Don't say that, either."

"Oh, I am not going to commit suicide. What I meant is that in knowing you I have learned one of the many ways in which a man may be very happy. I shan't say any more—not just now. There! The gong! Now if you're ready, oysters dear, we can begin to feed."

He helped her to her feet and together they went down to the dining room.

He left her after luncheon and did not see her again until from the porthole of his cabin he had sighted the pilot boat with a very powerful telescope. He then went on deck and found her reading his Montaigne.

"I am glad to see you have improved your acquaintance with my best friend," he told her pleasantly.

"I think he was so selfish that everybody thinks him wise."

"That will do as an epigram, but as a matter of fact what you think selfishness is merely accurate self-knowledge."

One of the passengers who was hurrying aft stopped before her chair and said: "Miss Valentine, the pilot is coming!"

"Is he?" And she started up eagerly. Turning she saw that Caldecott had made no motion, but was leaning back in his chair, looking too lazily comfortable to move.

"Aren't you coming?" she asked.

"Do you think he'll bring you a whiff of terra firma?"

"I always feel when the pilot comes aboard exactly as I do when I see our flag at some American consulate abroad—not so much that I am at home as that I have a home, a great big chunk of land full of brothers and sisters all anxious to see my face again. Don't you?"

He shook his head and said: "To me my country is like the sky—always there for me to think of, but also the common possession of millions whom I shall never know and never see and therefore never have occasion to love or to miss. So you might as well sit quietly."

"Have you any money on the pool?"

"No. I'm a gentleman."

"You mean it's gambling?"

"No. I mean the reverse."

"I don't understand."

"Well, some of us chaps don't think it is sporty to bet on a sure thing."

"But you could not know the number of the pilot boat. Any one of them was liable to pick us up."

"No. Number Seventeen will pick us up."

"How do you know?"

"How do you know the stewardess will call you every morning to tell you your bath is ready?"

"Why, I arranged with her for my bath at seven-thirty."

"Well, I arranged for my pilot," and he smiled. She looked at him as if she would read on his face some assurance that he was merely teasing her, and couldn't quite do it. It filled her eyes with doubt, tinged with annoyance. Presently she said determinedly: "I think you are jesting."

"Of course I was," he assured her with a contrition that seemed overhasty, as if designed to offset an indiscretion.

"I don't know whether to believe you or not."

"That's the price I pay for being an ass," he lamented.

"I'll just take a look."

She walked away and joined the crowd that was looking at the pilot boat. A bell jangled somewhere below, and the big liner's engine ceased to throb. The cessation created a silence that thrilled the ship's company uncannily.

"Do they know the number yet?" she asked one of the passengers.

"Doctor Wyman says it is Number Seventeen."

"That's right; I see it very plainly now," confirmed a tall fat man from Detroit.

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Miss Valentine frowned; then she compressed her lips. She was not looking at the pilot boat, from which a rowboat carrying the pilot had put off. She was staring at the number Seven on one of La Meuse's lifeboats.

Five hundred pairs of eyes followed the journey of the little rowboat with absorbing interest. The sailors put the ladder over the side and presently the pilot clambered up and was on deck shaking hands with the official reception committee consisting of the first officer. A bell rang and the engines got back on the job of shaking the steamer.

Miss Valentine's eyes followed the pilot with idle curiosity as he walked forward toward the bridge. Before he reached it she saw Caldecott stop him, say something in a low voice—his lips were moving very rapidly—whereat the pilot shook his head quickly. Then Caldecott said something more and presently she saw the owner of the three wonderful rubies, on which the duty must be enormous, shake hands with the pilot very cordially and saw him smile and draw very close, and she distinctly saw him give something to the pilot, which the pilot hastily put in his pocket. As the pilot went on to the bridge she saw Caldecott walk slowly back to his steamer chair. He sat down and began to read his beloved Montaigne. Presently she found her own chair.

Caldecott was so interested in his reading that he did not hear her. So she said to him: "Mr. Caldecott, it was Number Seventeen."

"I beg your pardon?" he said politely.

"I said it was Number Seventeen."

"Oh, you mean the pilot boat?"

"Yes."

"I never looked to see," he told her. He avoided her eyes.

"Did you know him?"

"Who?"

"The pilot."

"Never saw him before," he said cheerfully.

"You never did?"

"No!" he said, and laughed.

"Why do you laugh, then?"

"At the recollection of his face!" Caldecott laughed again—a forced laugh that went very well with the mechanical grin. "Did you happen to see the expression on it?"

"No!" she said. "I didn't know pilots were allowed to talk to anybody but the officers of the steamers."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. I just thought so."

"The pilots are all members of the association, and not only is their ability beyond all question, but their character is above suspicion."

"I suppose so; but even if they were not, I don't quite see how they could graft if they wished to."

"You don't?" And Caldecott smiled. "There are opportunities to graft everywhere, in every business. Take that pilot. Suppose a criminal organization existed that had representatives on all the big liners—French, English, German, Dutch and Italian. And suppose it succeeded in enrolling among its members a dozen of the pilots. Don't you suppose that there would be opportunities for big graft?"

"Do you mean smuggling?"

"No, no!" Caldecott answered, impatient. "Smuggling is too easy and simple to need an organization. One man can smuggle all he needs to smuggle. Of course, if you make a regular business of it you can get a steady income. For instance, in San Francisco, the boats from China used to bring over hermetically sealed tins of opium with an air space in each to make them float. Each one had a strong silk line attached to it with a heavy sinker at the end. The tins were carefully dropped by the smuggler—one of the crew—in the bay at a certain place, where the water was known to be a certain depth."

"Why?"

"The silk line that served as an anchor chain to each opium tin was three feet shorter than the known depth—to allow for an uneven sea floor—and a man in a fishing boat would go out at night and fish for the cans that were just three feet below the surface. This meant a trade as regular as the regular arrival of the steamers. The opium buyers could count on so many pounds of the finest grade every so many days. Well, there are many other ways of carrying on what you might call a regular, steady, income-producing smuggling trade."

"You couldn't do it in New York."

"Why not? You could drop the tins at quarantine."

"They would see you."

"The more the better. It would be even safer to drop the tins in the North River."

"And you'd never find them again. The current is too strong."

"You could locate the spot so exactly on the river that it would be easier than in the lower bay. You could easily ascertain your distance from the Manhattan shore, and as for location, say you took sights—the top of the Woolworth Building or of the Metropolitan Tower and whatever other well-known building happened to be in line with your first point. To a man with a practiced eye it would be no job at all to fix the spot within ten feet, and all the harbor police in the world couldn't keep him from gathering his crop. But I wasn't thinking of smuggling. You said you didn't see how pilots could graft. And I said anybody could graft anywhere so long as men persist in making money mean ten thousand things that money was never meant to mean."

"You don't have a very high opinion of your fellow beings."

"Do you esteem health?"

"Yes!" she answered and looked at him wonderingly.

"Do you know why?"

"Because without health life is not worth living."

"Oh, no," he said; "you esteem health because there are so many diseases. You like people because there are so many crooks. I don't hate life because there is tuberculosis or cancer. I rather like life notwithstanding the ills we all fear."

"There is some sophistry in what you say, but I can't spot it," she said in such a tone that he laughed and told her: "You win!"

"I think you are horrid," she said quite warmly.

He beamed on her. "You make me very happy. Do you know that to-night is our last night together?"

"Yes."

He was silent. Presently he said very seriously: "Miss Valentine?"

"Yes, Mr. Caldecott."

"I wish you wouldn't be so infernally formal!" he said peevishly.

"I didn't think I was."

He groaned. Then he sighed.

"I suppose no woman is perfect. Not even you. Suppose you call me Cecil."

She asked him with mock tenderness: "Wouldn't you rather I said Cecil dear?"

"Edna!" he cried, starting. "I know you meant it as a joke, but—please don't do it again unless you mean it in all seriousness. I—I—Miss Valentine, do you think if this trip lasted a long time we might become such friends that—that ——"

"We are good friends, aren't we?"

"Would you mind telling me whether or not you are engaged to be married?"

"I don't think that is a proper question to ask me."

"I fail to see any impropriety in the question; and I certainly should like to hear you answer it."

"I still don't think you ought to ask me such a thing. But—I am not engaged."

"Are you wedded to some art?"

"Art?"

"Yes, so you could not marry the best man in the world, and so on, without being untrue to yourself, and so on?" He asked it very earnestly.

"We've been such good friends," she said regretfully. "Must you spoil it?"

"My dear girl, if I vision to myself my life as I should like it to be, and such a dream does you no harm, why should you begrudge it me? Do you remember that line: '*Cras amet qui nunquam amarit; quique amarit cras amet*'? I should like to see you as I am sure you will be to-morrow when you reach the full flower of your wonderful womanhood. You are going to be so much more than pretty and interesting and attractive. I must see you as often as you'll allow me. I—I —— You must! That's all!"

He had spoken perfervidly, but the last words he uttered were said with such determination that she gasped and stared wide-eyed at him.

He saw her look and said contritely: "Forgive me, please. I—I suppose I am an ass. But you are going to let me see you, aren't you?"

She hesitated so long that he said: "Well, Miss Valentine, if you don't I—I shall not annoy you by forcing myself on you. I shall live as I have lived ever since I was a child—the loneliest person in the world. Try to think kindly of me, won't you?"

He rose and walked away quickly.

"Mr. Caldecott!" she called after him.

"Yes?"

"I—I ——"

"Yes?"

"I'll see you if I possibly can," she said.

"Thank you!" said he very gravely, and walked away.

He did not see her again until they met at dinner. Over the coffee he asked her when her birthday was, and she answered the ninth of July.

"How curious!" he exclaimed. "You know the old saying was

*The glowing ruby should adorn*
*Those who in July are born,*
*Thus they shall be exempt and free*
*From all Love's doubts and jealousy.*

"That means that whoever loves you loves you absolutely. And the ruby's number is nine."

"I thought July's birthstone was ——"

"That's the modern version. The old was the ruby. You know, the ruby's day is Tuesday."

"I was born on a Tuesday!"

"Its hour is five o'clock."

"And I have heard mother say I was born at five o'clock!" she said in the eager voice that all women use to speak of coincidences.

"And you dreamed of rubies the other day?"

"And then you showed me those wonderful ——"

(Continued on Page 30)



*"While I am in This Present Mood of Gratitude I Wish to Assure You That I Have Only the Kindliest of Feelings Toward You"*

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 30, 1918


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## Demobilizing

IN TIME millions of Americans will be released from military service and return to civil life. That will be a time when war's enormous demands upon industry are diminishing or have ceased. A good many people are disturbed over that prospect. Various expedients have been suggested—some of them admirable, such as reclaiming more land for agriculture by irrigation, drainage, and so on.

What any man who works for a living wants first of all is a job. Unemployment is his most ruthless enemy. Given any sort of rational government, the difference between good times and bad times—between 1895 and 1918—counts vastly more in the well-being and happiness of the mass of the people who work for a living than any difference whatsoever in political arrangements; a hard fact, little as Socialists like it.

The best thing for returning soldiers is good times—business and industry in a vigorous, uplooking state. The worst thing for them is industry in a slack, downlooking state. And business does not conform to mere amiable theories. If it is hampered and discouraged by foolish legislative experiments and burdened with excessive taxes it will contract and look down. Plenty of people who express solicitude for the returning soldier are quite ready to fill his shoes full of pebbles—having a theory that pebbles assist locomotion.

Good times will help take care of the returning soldier.

## A Victory Harvest

SEVERAL things put the world on short rations: Withdrawal of labor from the farms; interruption of transport by sea and land; overrunning of Belgium, Northern France, Rumania, Western Russia and Asia Minor; general demoralization incident to war in Russia, the Balkans, and elsewhere.

In none of these respects can normal conditions be restored for a long time after fighting ends. Next to the United States, Russia was the great producer of surplus foodstuffs. She signed her peace treaties almost a year ago and in regard to food is worse off than ever. We may hope there will not be another Russian case; but to restore normal conditions of food production must take much time. Just to reconstruct normal reserves of foodstuffs would take the surplus from a bumper world crop.

Peace may leave some industries in a doubtful state of mind as to the future; but there is no doubt the world will need all the foodstuffs it can possibly produce next year.

The Department of Agriculture is now planning a drive for a Victory Harvest in the United States in 1919. For four years we have had the stimulation of very high prices. In 1918 the chief grains brought double the price of 1914; but the outturn in 1914 was smaller than that of 1918 by only ten per cent. Production in 1915 was greater than in 1918. Which simply shows that, taking weather conditions of one year with another, an important increase in the production of foodstuffs must come very slowly. In view of the world situation there is little enough danger of overdoing it.

It needs a drive—the kind of effort we make to put over a Liberty Loan. The drive must be directed largely to real farmers on real farms. The improvised and amateur things, such as war gardens on back lots, are useful; but to increase real farm production is the big thing. The situation—and these prices—warrants the best intensive effort every farmer can make. He can abundantly afford to study his farm's possibilities carefully, to go out of his way for expert advice, to invest in fertilizers, to cultivate thoroughly. Next to peace, the world needs few things more than a Victory Harvest in 1919.

## A Hungry World

IN SEPTEMBER the Belgian Relief Commission calculated that, until after the harvest of 1919, it must feed ten million people in Belgium and Northeastern France. They will require, in twelve months, forty-two million bushels of breadstuffs and over three hundred million pounds of meat; the children alone must have seventy-three million pounds of condensed milk and cocoa and forty million pounds of sugar.

A month later Washington published a report by the French food controller. The wheat crop there averaged about three hundred and twenty-five million bushels before the war. It was a hundred and eighty million bushels this year. The potato crop dropped from twelve million tons to seven and a half millions. Besides her own army and civil population, there are probably six million foreigners in France—mainly, of course, British and American troops. To feed these foreign troops, the Interallied War Council calls upon America for seventeen and a half million tons of foodstuffs in the next twelve months—a fifty per cent increase over last year's great requisition. Nominal ending of the war, by the signing of an armistice, will leave these troops still in France; their withdrawal will be a slow process.

By all accounts millions of Russians will starve this winter unless they are fed from abroad—which mostly means America. Other millions in Southeastern Europe and Asia Minor are at the edge of famine.

For a year, at best, there will be a world war to the knife between Food and Famine. The reserves that win the war—if it is won—must be drawn very largely from America. Europe must reap next year's harvest, say, in September, 1919, before there can be any material change in the situation.

Never has there been a plainer need to save food. Signing an armistice relieves us of no responsibility in that respect, but rather increases our liabilities, for it brings hungering populations within reach of us. With the Baltic open Petrograd is practically next door.

The food war goes right on.

## The Mad Under Dog

GERMANY is beaten, bare of materials, bare of all credit, pretty bare even of food, with hundreds of thousands of dead, the taste of humiliation and reprobation in her mouth, dependent all round upon such terms as her enemies may grant. Truly, a hard case! For more than a hundred years no other big nation has been so decisively the under dog.

Take only the German testimony, excluding all other. By that testimony itself there was a time—in July, 1914—when the fate of the world lay in the hands of the German Government. It was Austria's ruthless ultimatum to Serbia that started this war, an ultimatum which implicitly involved Germany. Accept the statement of the German Government that it did not want war; still, by its own testimony, it sat by while its partner flipped the coin that would bring war if it fell tails up.

The German Government knew that beyond question. It raised no cautionary finger. Say it did not want war. That can mean nothing else than that it expected to bluff Russia again, as Germany and Austria had bluffed her a few years before over Bosnia and Herzegovina—the Kaiser boasting of it afterward. On its own testimony it took a gambler's chance of war. All the ensuing death and woe the world over run back to that.

The German Government committed a crime for which reparation in any scheme of existence within human experience is out of the question. In Attila's time they attempted a crude sort of reparation by slaughtering the population of a conquered territory.

But reparation is utterly out of the question. Germany's hard plight must be viewed intelligently. Before sympathizing with an under dog, it is right to know whether it is a mad dog.

## Progress

NEAR Heidelberg, in 1907, a human jawbone was discovered. From geological and other evidence scientists surmise that it belonged to the earliest traceable inhabitant of Europe. The gentleman is supposed to have passed away in the first interglacial stage, say, something over four hundred thousand years ago. The Etruscan rhinoceros was one of his companions. His implements consisted of chance sticks, branches broken from trees, and chips or flakes of flint stone, which he picked up and used in the natural state.

Fifty years before, near Düsseldorf, ancient human remains were found. Scientists relate them to the Neanderthal race—named from the little valley there. Since then various other remnants of this race have been unearthed. It evidently flourished considerably in Europe during lower paleolithic times, say, only fifty thousand years ago.

In the four hundred thousand years or so that had elapsed since the Heidelberg person expired man had made a great advance—to wit, he had found out that by striking one piece of flint with another he could give the first piece a rude shape that made it more serviceable to him.

In thirty thousand years or so he had learned to make symmetrical, quite nicely finished, spearheads, cutting implements, and so on, out of flint. Soon, comparatively speaking—that is, in five thousand years or thereabouts—he could make fine fishhooks, needles and arrowheads out of reindeer bone. Also, he was beginning to adorn the walls of his caves with incised drawings and polychrome paintings of the animals about him, such as the woolly mammoth, reindeer, cave bear and wild horse.

And then, eight or ten thousand years ago, he made his grand discovery: By mixing copper and tin, found in the pure state, he produced the hard yet workable metal, bronze, from which he made his weapons and implements. From that on to wireless telegraphy and the airplane was comparatively only a step.

In short, the pace of progress in the mechanical arts tends constantly to grow faster. Nothing the imagination can picture in that sphere is difficult for man now as compared with the enormous difficulty of shaping the first rude implement of flint stone.

## When Education Fails

WE ARE delighted to learn, through letters reaching us from Colorado to Maine, that the number of public schools which take cognizance of the world war is decidedly greater than a first view indicated; and in many places an earnest effort is being made to use the war broadly as a point of departure for the instruction of children. There are those who—using this very war as an example—see a revolution in the scheme of instructing children in public schools already well under way. More power to it!

You can verify this by your own observation: The man who is bored with his job is a man who is not succeeding at his job. He may be getting by in a fashion—not an outright failure. But he is not really succeeding. We have never known a man to succeed at anything that did not really interest him. The book that bores you is the first book you forget. Emerson observed that when Nature wishes to accomplish anything she overloads the tendency. A certain salt of interest, zest, eagerness, is necessary to get human faculties efficiently into play.

Schools that do not interest pupils are not successful schools. They are getting pupils' faculties into play at fifty or sixty, or some other figure much below a hundred. Pupils are bursting with interest—interest that runs naturally to the living world round them. Schools must find the points of contact. To say that pupils are indifferent to their studies is to say the studies are wrong.

Of course many individual teachers, in many cases, have realized that they were working with a wrong tool, in the selection of which they had practically nothing to say. And many teachers testify that the effort is not really successful by confessing that teaching bores them. Also, it is mostly from teachers themselves that the later improvements in public instruction have come.

It is not with the teachers that sensible critics have a quarrel. But in so many cases instruction does stick to the wrong study, and blames the pupils for the resulting failure, that one becomes irritated and sometimes, no doubt, makes a more sweeping implication than the facts warrant.

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# HENRY JONES, L. B., W. S. S.

## By Richard Bentinck

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

A YOUNG fellow came galloping through the coach the moment the five-eighteen local express for Brookwood pulled out of the station. Starting at the rear, he lurched through the aisle, shoving circulars right and left into the seats, the laps, the hands of the home-bound commuters, who were just settling to the perusal of their evening papers.

At the head of the aisle, perspiring and tousle-headed, he whirled round to face the rather startled recipients of his circulars. Then he burst into a harangue. His address was more enthusiastic than eloquent, delivered with a slight foreign accent and moist splutterings, as if his mouth were full of things too hot to swallow. He was selling Liberty Bonds. He felt that everybody should buy them. He was doing his part by selling them this way. He stated at length that he had bought himself as many as he could pay for.

So had everyone in the coach, it appeared, for no one responded with a subscription when the lad came trotting down the aisle to gather up his circulars. But on the way to the car ahead one passenger cut short his scribbling on the margin of his newspaper to stop the salesman. Had followed soft speech, business of filling out a blank, and renewed exhortations by the lad that the other passengers should do like this one. Two hundred dollars! He waved the blank; then moved out, smiling.



*"Oh, I'll Make Henry Come in Here, No Matter What He Subscribes to Downtown. He is So Generous!"*

The others, stolidly immersed in their headlines, had let the youth pass on to the next car. The lone buyer had shrunk into his corner as if sensitive about having been the exception.

Then the Brookwood bunch, seated close behind him, had begun to stir.

"Who's Crœsus?" queried Henry Jones, craning his neck.

"That little Dago builder who put up Tod Sackett's garage," whispered Tom McRae across the aisle.

"How did he do it?" sighed Bob Claflin, who sat beside Henry Jones.

"Ask Tod," gibed Frank Luger. "See what you could have done, Sackett, if you had not put up that eyesore!"

"I'm saving garage hire," sighed Tod.

"Yes, you are! Your builder is the fellow that's planting the dough you thought you were saving!" chuckled McRae derisively.

"Just the same, he's planted it with Uncle Sam." Claflin lowered his voice. "I happen to know he took a nice slice during the home drive last week too! And now again! You can't beat that, I guess."

A storm of protests greeted his words.

"Who wants to buy from a stranger on the train?" growled Luger. "Give where you live," spluttered Sackett.

"I call it bad business to hound a fellow, even on the train," McRae grumbled.

Only Henry Jones kept silent. He would have liked to buy, but he had not seen his way clear to spare the money. And, somehow, that bothered him. Why the devil couldn't he spare it? Bobby Claflin laughed.

"You fellows make me tired! You're kidding yourselves. You didn't buy from that gink for the same reason I didn't. I've got to scratch—and scratch hard—to swing what little I took last week. I couldn't carry another dollar's worth. But this Dago can. There's something wrong with us, fellows."

"Something wrong, hey! With us, is it?" Henry Jones was nettled.

That something was wrong had been the burden of his own silent cogitations. But when that wrong was laid at his own door he became at once convinced of his own blamelessness.

"Let me tell you, Bob Claflin"—he had to put it strongly, he felt—"if we lived in scrap-lumber shanties, put up on some seedy lot, and fed on spaghetti and garlic, we might have cash to spare too. But who keeps the town of Brookwood alive? We fellows, who pay taxes on the best residential property. Who keep the village stores going? We fellows, who feel we owe it to our families and our own self-respect to maintain a decent standard of living. Might as well knuckle down to the Hun at the first setback as lower that standard the minute it becomes hard to keep up. It's just another way of striking your flag at the first experience of frightfulness."

"That fellow's two hundred helps to keep Old Glory waving," was Claflin's pensive comment. Then, as if illumined by a sudden inspiration, he added: "And that's a damsight bigger thing than any of our own individual little rags!"

"What that fellow plants in bonds we pay in taxes on our incomes and on all the spendings our blessedly decent American ways let us in for. If they are not good ways, then why are we fighting for them at all? I ask you." Henry Jones turned squarely upon his seatmate.

"That's all right," Bobby interposed meekly; "but fighting costs money."

"So does war work cost money, and entertaining soldiers, and the Red Cross, and every breath of life you draw. I'd have a lot more bonds if it weren't for these drains and"—Henry broke off sharply, as if to mark a different tack—"and for the crazy way prices are boosted. What's back of that, anyhow? And why?" he added, darkly accusing.

"You can search me!" was Claflin's gloomy finale.

"That's where the wrong lies—wherever it is—and not with us," Henry Jones triumphantly whitewashed himself and his fellows.

The brakes were grinding for the Brookwood stop. The bunch piled out to the chorus of "You're right, Jones!"—"You win!"—"You've said something, Henry!" And they scattered on their homeward ways.

Despite their exclamations, it would be hardly fair to conclude that they subscribed to Jones' views. Their shouts had been the thoughtless applause good-natured spectators will give the winner of any fair fight, whether of fists or of words.

Scarcely one of them but puffed his very good after-dinner cigar a bit guiltily that night, and wondered how his wife might take to making spaghetti-and-garlic experiments on their digestions with a view to buying more Liberty Bonds. But they let it go at that.

Nor could it be said that Henry Jones himself subscribed to the impromptu expression of his very unsettled views on the matter; not yet. He felt uneasy in his mind, as if he were about to step into a dangerous course. Why this should be and where it would end were mysteries beyond his vision.

It is only one step from carping on the way a thing is done to criticizing the thing itself. Now Henry Jones would not dream of criticizing America's fighting the great war; but he was on the verge of carping on the wartime running of his country. Something was wrong somewhere!

Of this Henry Jones was sure. He wanted to do his part—no doubt about that; his great big part; his best! For he was in the fight with his whole heart, and his heart was the biggest part of him. But what he accomplished looked mighty puny to him.

Though he followed carefully every prescription and exhortation to save, his efforts somehow did not count up much. He could not make that part of his big. It made him sore.

Henry Jones turned into his grounds. The large corner plot, well planted, set off most picturesquely the attractive house he and Eunice had built on it during their honeymoon. Four years of enthusiastic cultivation had made their garden a beauty spot. Neighbors admired it. The Joneses were vastly proud of it.

Henry lingered to approve the effect of some cleverly grouped shrubs. They had been recently and expensively acquired. He squirmed a little when he figured how expensively. But—"It's your garden really that shows where you stand in the community," he mused; and the thought reassured him.

He opened his front door and entered. In the spacious front hall a bright log fire crackled a welcome. The chill of early spring made heat still necessary; but, as the house boasted several fireplaces, they had stopped running the heating plant. They saved coal for the war industries that way, and open fires were so lovely, besides; which two pleasing thoughts quite offset the fact that, wood being high, they saved no money by the substitution. Their fond belief in their coal saving would have been rudely shocked, too, had they considered the labor of cutting and the fuel consumed in hauling those logs.

Of course the Joneses did not consider those items. Anyone who analyzed the ultimate wastefulness of their well-intended effort to save they would have put down for a hairsplitting, niggardly, calamity-howling kill-joy; which is the time-honored way of many Joneses.

A cheery hail from the inner regions solaced Henry's straining ear. He had missed his wife's customary greetings on the threshold. Normally he would have blushed at his own sentimentality. Now he felt almost resentful. Eunice's absence at the portal was the result of another war measure of theirs—the sacrifice of their ornamental second maid on the altar of patriotic thrift.

"Just another minute, Hal," confided Mrs. Jones after the delayed greetings had materialized. "Cook is all fussed up and I've got to help pacify her."

Henry groaned. Eunice was looking very much fussed up herself. "It's a blamed outrage!" Henry's wife should be unfussed, felt Henry.

"I simply had to run away from the Red Cross meeting," Eunice explained when that other minute had passed. "Cook's awfully cranky since Ellen has gone." Ellen was the immolated handmaiden. "She wants so much help. I've hardly any time left for my war work. And as to saving ——"

"Did she strike for another raise? Of all the nerve!" Henry had a way of jumping at conclusions.

"Hush!" Eunice cast an anxious kitchenward glance, for Henry's voice was loud and cooks were sensitive these days. "Didn't I just raise her because, with Ellen gone, she'd have more work to do?"

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"At that, it's a saving, isn't it?" said Henry, doing sums in his head.

"Well, you see, there's a laundress every week now, and a charwoman besides; and, the way these people are profiteering, there's no saving at all. And cook hates to get their meals for them. I'm thinking seriously of pitching in, myself."

"I'll not stand for you washing and scrubbing!" came Henry's determined veto. Should people be made to believe he could not support his wife adequately and in keeping with their station? Housekeeping diplomacy being beyond Henry's ken, he manfully offered his drastic remedy: "If cook fusses you fire her!"

Eunice refrained from pointing out the impracticability of such masculine ultimatums.

"Let's have a look at the garden before dark," she diverted him. "The man was here to plow up the tennis court."

Another sacrifice this was to be. Henry was a tennis enthusiast. His court had been excellent, but the severe winter had ravaged it. And all Brookwood was war-garden mad. With noble enthusiasm the Joneses had decided to let the luscious turnip sprout where the balls had bounced of yore.

"But he did not touch it," Henry grumbled, almost joyful in his heart, though, when they were nearing the frost-churned expanse.

"I did not let him," Eunice explained, aglow with businesslike perspicacity. "The plowing and all the other labor, and the topsoil and—er—fertilizer"—manure was such an unpleasant thought in connection with one's spinach-to-be—"and everything else, will cost as much as repairing it to play on!"

"I thought you were set on having a war garden!" Henry squelched his joy at the prospect of tennis at home.

"But you are so fond of tennis!" said Eunice, squelching her joy at the prospect of radishes earlier than any neighbor's.

"We must deny ourselves."

Henry really meant it. It was a sacrifice. But no war garden, when everybody was having one, would be worse; would look worse, anyhow.

"Of course you need not give up tennis altogether. There's the Country Club," Eunice suggested helpfully. "And Mrs. Harwood told me that last year her court grew all the vegetables they needed all summer. And she canned ever so many things besides."

"It will save money in the end," said Henry dubiously; he had been thinking of the incidentals accruing with tennis at the Country Club.

"And literally everybody is going to have a war garden this year." Mrs. Jones put forth the argument invincible. "We should really be conspicuous without one."

"Of course this is the only available place." Henry's eyes came back to rest on the court after a hasty survey of his grounds. Trees and shrubs, dotting the lawns in dignified aloofness or sightly gregariousness, left no unbroken spaces large enough for horticultural purposes. "Well, I'll phone the plowman to get busy early to-morrow morning."

"It won't be necessary, dear." His wife snuggled close—not wholly because the evening air was chilly. "I thought perhaps you'd decide this way, after all," she confided; "you are so splendidly patriotic!"

And as they entered their house she tried to ease the pangs of sacrifice by dwelling on the gastronomic joys one may gather from his own lush garden plot.

"Just think! We'll have tomatoes and lettuce and Lima beans! And you know corn is never more delicious than when you put it right from the vine into the pot. No money can buy it that way."

"The bush, dear; the bush!" Henry corrected his wife's nature faking. "Who ever heard of corn growing on a vine?"

Cook's fussing had been vindicated by a very excellent dinner. Its wheatlessness was mitigated by a delectable substitute, which necessitated potato flour and countless eggs. Beef being proscribed, a near-by poultry farmer had advantageously contributed several hatchings of succulent squabs. Any housewife may compute the savelessness of such wheatlessness and meatlessness; but the Joneses glowed with righteous well-being before the living-room fire.

The telephone bell jarred, rang suddenly. Eunice answered.

"It's Mrs. Harwood," she informed her husband, showing marvelous voice control in her sudden modulation from a stern Hello! to dulcet greetings.

This was interesting. Mrs. Harwood was the recognized bell ewe of the Brookwood social flock.

Feet apart on the hearthrug, his back toasting, Henry seesawed from heel to toe, his grin broadening apace with the rising enthusiasm of his wife's cryptically bisected dialogue. Suddenly his face fell. He whirled on his heel and began to relieve his cruel forebodings with retaliatory jabs at the logs.

"Of course we'll subscribe," he had heard Eunice bubble into the transmitter.

"The devil we will! Will we?" Henry had thought, reminiscent of his bank balance, the plowman, house and garden expenditures, and obscure frugal Latins who could ostentatiously patronize Uncle Sam on railroad trains.

"Oh, I'll make Henry come in here, no matter what he subscribes to downtown," Eunice had continued. "He is so generous! And this is such a splendid work, isn't it?"

His wife's eulogy was Henry's sentence. He could not go back on Eunice's expectations of him.

"Stung!" was his post-mortem song when Eunice hung up.

"Why, Henry!" chided Mrs. Jones.

He smiled bravely at her.

"Fire away, dear!"

"Why, it's just lovely of Mrs. Harwood!" she fired. "We are to organize a big drive for her Allied Comforters' Committee. They want pencils for every man in the trenches and out, so they can write home. They need ever so much money and everybody must be called on. Of course we that do the asking must set the shining example. It is to start in about a month or so."

A payment deferred is a joy to the payer; which explains the lure of the dollar-down-and-a-dollar-a-month selling schemes. Henry was rallying from the blow. The tidings that this pencil orgy was at least a month off put a decidedly better face on the matter—and on Henry. His grin came back, like sunlight after a shower—a little pale and watery.

"We couldn't miss setting the example," he assured his wife.

"You know, we just couldn't leave Mrs. Harwood in the lurch. She is on the committee of everything I am working in," Eunice explained.

Caution prompted Henry's next remark. He was a little ashamed of it, and he—the lamb to be shorn—strove to temper the chill of it to his ewe: "Er—about—that is —— Have you any idea how big we'll set that example?" he ventured casually—oh, very casually!

"I've no idea, really. But don't you think fifty would buy a whole regiment of pencils?" Mrs. Jones answered. "Or do you feel that it's too much?"

"Pencils will win the war! Here's where pencils cease to be mere pencils and become mightier than the bayonet. And then the example!"

"Now you must not be sarcastic. It's horrid of you! You know how interested I am in this war work," reproved Eunice; "I can't go back on Mrs. Harwood."

"Don't think of it, my dear. Put me down for a hundred!"

"No; I think fifty dollars must be our limit. We are still paying on those bonds we bought; though that seems like burying money which might shine in a splendid cause like this. But we owe it to our country, I guess."

No answer came from Henry.

"Besides," continued Eunice, "the car should be put in commission; and that will take money. I'll need it to make my calls."

Still no reply from Henry. Eunice detected worry frowns.

"Really, I'll not mind doing without the charwoman anyhow. And that will save my share of the fifty very easily pretty soon." Eunice tried to ease his worry. "Now you must not object, Henry," she admonished when he showed signs of prancing in rebuttal. "I can keep the laundress a little longer for the rough cleaning, and I can surely help in the house if it saves."

"Fifty it shall be, and the car will be ready for you," Henry yielded graciously. "*A la guerre comme à la guerre*," he quoted in his best French, consoling himself with the thought that to war belong the pinching and makeshifts of war, and figuring that time would show loopholes in the close-drawing net of obligations and unforeseen demands.

"You're so dependable, dear!" cooed Eunice, and cuddled beside him. "Isn't it splendid to do our parts together?"

Henry appreciated appreciation, especially his wife's. The rest of the evening passed very pleasantly. They fairly seethed with patriotism while they decided on savings here and sacrifices there, relishing the foretaste of the prominent part they should be able to take in all the decorous war activities of their suburban circle.

Henry almost forgot the incident of the train. That little obscure jerry-builder might very easily salt away a wad of Liberty Bonds. Henry's position compelled him to meet many demands that fellow would never even consider. But who would compare their respective positions? Certainly not Henry.

It never occurred to Henry Jones, at that stage, that his spendings were largely self-ornamental. Of course they were in a good cause, but they went to provide the frills rather than the stern substantialities. By thriftily lumping all his good-fellow fritterings he might have handed Uncle Sam a nice round sum, to be spent, with millions of other nice round sums, for the grim all-inclusive need; and spent by the one and only power responsible and able to fill that need. But in that way all sense would be lost of having individually achieved something he could point to and say: "I did that!"

That sense was ever so much more gratifying; just as the ornamental window in your church, with the plate underneath proclaiming your munificence, is much more gratifying than being a mere giver to the building fund.

This does not mean that Henry Jones was simply vain or snobbish. His was the human nature of the individual who has become so saturated with liberty and the untrammeled pursuit of his happiness that he no longer knows how to submerge his individualistic ego in the one great common cause.

He might never have doubted his conduct, and continued blithely in his pleasant American lavishness of spending what he made, only modifying the ways of his spending according to the prevailing fashion, which was spending on war work. He would have saved and even sacrificed

(Continued on Page 24)



He Was Selling Liberty Bonds. Doing His Part. He Stated at Length That He Had Bought Himself as Many as He Could Pay For

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"At study, at work or at fun
I go like a Yank at a Hun.
On *Campbell's Soup* diet, I never stay quiet
But keep every job on the run."






Sergeant Robert Spengler of Springfield, Mass., and comrades of Company K, 104th U. S. Infantry, famous as the first American regiment to be decorated for bravery by any foreign government. This photograph was taken directly back of the lines in France.

# On a fighting basis

Look at these boys of yours. Yes yours and ours—all-America's boys. Don't they look like healthy, sturdy, high-grade Americans fit to meet all comers? Don't they look well fed? They are. They belong to the best-fed army in the world.

"Only the best for our heroes!" is America's motto. There is nothing better for them than

# Campbell's Tomato Soup

And there are mighty few things they like better. You'd guess that from the picture.

And it is just as good, just as invigorating and helpful for all active Americans at home.

It combines the natural tonic and appetizing qualities of the fresh ripe tomato with other choice materials both nourishing and tempting.

It is especially valuable to strengthen digestion and aid the body processes which create energy and maintain a vigorous condition. Served as a Cream of Tomato it is even more inviting and nutritious.

It comes to you perfectly cooked, seasoned, hermetically sealed. It is condensed by the scientific Campbell method so that all the freshness and flavor of nature are retained. There is no waste about it, no cooking cost for you, no labor. And the contents of every can gives you two cans of rich soup—a sustaining, body-building food.

Order it from your grocer by the dozen or more. This is the handy and economical way.

**21 kinds** **12c a can**




Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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(Continued from Page 22)

haphazardly to keep up his end of this new, attractively gratifying form of lavishness. And he might have been very happy.

But a big wave was sweeping over the country, obliterating the accustomed standards, overwhelming all self-built, little individual prides with the great national pride in doing the splendid job of world salvage. And Henry felt his own foundations of conduct totter.

It was only natural that he should, on first impulse, brace and try to uphold these latter and distrust the great force which shook them. Nevertheless, he was thrilled with this new, this greater pride.

How to serve that new, grim, greater pride was Henry's problem. It would require pushing the pleasant, old, familiar homy pride in his own doings into second place. Unthinkable procedure! His country's doings, proud as he was of them, seemed to him just a bit less important than his own. Such was his lifelong habit of thinking. It had never failed to content him utterly; but now it disturbed him.

What was to become of his business, and consequently of Eunice and himself, if he could no longer single-mindedly push it because the country's business needed his pushing? His country had always been such a beautifully vague, abstract idea. Now it had suddenly become an exacting, meddlesome parent; butting into his business too. How could he live if his business went wrong? And all these war-time expenses and high prices!

He excited himself; but not without reason. Before the months of leeway until Eunice's pencil orgy was past, he had spent, many times over, the savings they had so enthusiastically planned to lay by.

Putting the car in commission had cost a pile of cash. The Joneses could have been very comfortable with one of those serviceable but all too promiscuously serving automobiles, the slight purchase price of which would have left a comfortable margin in their bank account. But everybody could cumber the road with that kind. The Joneses had fallen for the showy delight of a very "snooty" roadster, the purchase of which had left no margin. And to restore its pristine snootiness this spring had deeply dented Henry's purse.

Eunice had felt very contrite when Henry admitted the extent of the dent. That evening a boy scout called on them. He came as a gleaner to gather up stray wisps that might have been left ungarnered in the well-mown Liberty Bond fields. Henry fidgeted. A memory of the jerry-builder pricked him to take at least one more bond from the lad. But Eunice settled the matter for him.

Almost snappishly she told the boy there was nothing more to be gleaned here. Henry showed surprise.

"I just would not let you buy a bond from that youngster," she explained. "It's Mrs. Campbell's boy. You know how catty she was to me about the Red Cross last Christmas."

"But that's no reason why he should not get my subscription," Henry had grinned uncomfortably. In his heart he was rather relieved, for an added outgo was to be viewed with alarm; though Eunice need not know that—bless her!

"It certainly is," Eunice had retorted.

She was very glad to have remembered her grievance against the Campbell clan just in time. Poor Henry was not going to load himself down any more than she could help. This was one way she had been able to help.

Mrs. Jones, too, had been feeling the pressure of circumstances. She, too, had not as yet adjusted herself to the new values. She still held highest her pride in Henry, the good provider; the husband who had showered his substance on her ever since their marriage.

She was proud of his ability to be lavish rather than greedy for the luxuries he gave her. She cherished the pride he took in lavishing things on her, though without them she would have been quite as happy. But she would have considered herself unappreciative and niggardly if she had tried to curb his open-handed manner.

Nevertheless, the way money was flying alarmed her. They had mighty little to show for it. She had come to the conclusion that bonds, such as this boy scout had tried to sell them, would be a safe anchor to windward, and patriotic as well.

All the other war work seemed just a little too social and pleasant to be really helping in a big way. The money it took seemed so futilely spent. However, she owed it to Henry to maintain their position. People would think he was a stick-in-the-mud if she withdrew from these spectacular activities.

She would not dare speak her misgivings to Henry; he was so proud of giving her everything that could keep and did keep her prominently represented in their social set. It had not dawned on her yet that Henry had misgivings of his own.

Both were feverishly avoiding discussion of the matter that both had nearest at heart. They would have dispensed quite cheerfully with many of their wonted lavishnesses, but each continued to indulge them for the other's sake. Henry felt he owed them to his wife. He did not intend that she should have less comfort and ease than she had been used to before marrying him; the more so because she professed to enjoy them. She professed enjoyment because she felt it was due him to show appreciation of his thoughtful efforts to please and pamper her.

During their entire married life each had been the other's first thought and foremost consideration. Their loyalty to each other, which was a matter of course, natural and unquestioned, shaped their conduct.

Now war was changing things. Their country's need was pressing. Loyalty to country placed itself before any other thought, was foremost to be considered, necessitated subordination of that other loyalty.

Both felt the pressure of it without understanding how to adjust their relation under the stress of this unfamiliar urge, which warped their pleasant lines of conduct; which became a subtle enemy, disturbing their peace of mind. Neither spoke of it for fear of avowing doubts that would disappoint and hurt and shame the other.

The unspoken thought rose between them like a wall. To batter it down Henry became more indulgent, spending where it served their habit of spending pleasantly and self-ornamentally, rather than where it soberly served the country's need. And Eunice became more appreciatingly receptive.

They sort of muffled their doubts that way. The fiercer they grew at odds with themselves, the more deliberately they pretended to be of one mind; which is dangerous, because it prevents adjustment of minds that have become biased.

It did seem a little absurd to let petty personal reasons dictate where and where not to help win the war. It was like refusing to pay taxes because they didn't like the face of the tax collector. Henry uneasily suspected that most of their war work had been in the nature of a fad, impressively adopted by their social set to disguise the innate habit of show under the pleasing cloak of patriotic fervor.

The fervor was sincere enough, but it was expressed according to individual preferences. It was like spontaneous combustion of precious gasoline that instead should be soberly fed into the Government's cylinders to drive the great engine of war.

But Henry Jones had silently acquiesced when his wife dismissed the boy scout. If he had a glimmering of her real motive he refrained from inquiring. It was best to let sleeping dogs lie.

In much the same way did Eunice accept and abet Henry's next exploit in pleasant patriotism. Early one morning a wire came from a Jersey camp. Mrs. Jones' brother Dick had just arrived there from the training quarters in his home state, which bordered the Pacific. Forthwith the Joneses motored out to greet their martial relative.

They went to greet one. They left greeted by nearly a whole company, which they had adopted in bulk. Pals all, fellow volunteers, the Western stalwarts were as lonely and forlorn as cats in a strange garret. They knew not a soul back East.

Henry's heartstrings were touched. Here was a chance to do something. These drooping spirits must be cheered. It seemed inconsiderate of Uncle Sam not to let these fine crusaders be braced back into the enthusiasm that would make them invincible; that needed nothing but a rousing send-off to restore it.

Dick was Eunice's brother. What more natural than to give him that send-off? And his pals, too, of course—the whole bunch. What more heart-warming than to be Lord and Lady Bountiful to these hungry, fidgety, lonely heroes-to-be? Since permissions did not seem to be forthcoming, Eunice and he would carry the feast to them instead of taking them to the feast. If they were not allowed to see New York the best of New York should be brought to them.

When they returned home the Joneses spent most of the night, with their miraculously ungrumbling cook, in preparing the feast. The boys' enthusiasm about their chow had been most perfunctory. A tale of a clandestine orgy on the train with the proceeds of a midnight raid on the company kitchen had hinted at unsatisfied appetites. Baskets and boxes of substantial and not too perishable delicacies were packed to be taken to the boys the next day.

Before they departed on their trip the telephone rang. An excited Dick gurgled his bliss over the wire. Twenty-four hours' leave had been granted.

Henry and Eunice motored to New York in their food-laden roadster. There Henry stopped at his bank. Then he hired the hugest passenger car available and made it follow his speed-law-defying race to reach the soldiery of his adoption.

The boys hastily unloaded Henry's auxiliary commissariat. They piled in, draped over and clung on Henry's two inviting vehicles. And their seeing New York began.

There is no need to dwell on the magnificent details of Henry's and Eunice's personally conducted tour. A bunch of Hun-strafers will laud these two good patriots in particular and civilian hospitality in general. And in their hours of trial the memory of their sailing eve will warm away all chill forebodings and grisly prospects. The world is good, and good shall be their fight for the world.

And who shall dare condemn the lavish Joneses for playing their—no doubt pleasing—part of Lord and Lady Bountiful to the exclusion of sterner and less ornamental duties? They sacrificed to do this. Somehow, their spirits shall ever hover over this particular little group of the A. E. F., and with its blood shed on the distant field will be more than a drop of their own hearts' bleeding.

Henry did sacrifice. The aftermath of his spontaneous burst of fervor set in right soon; and it pinched. He sold the few Liberty Bonds he had paid up in full. Then came a gigantic Red Cross drive. It was again Mrs. Harwood who drove. She could not be denied. Henry cut out tennis at the Country Club.

It was a long time before Henry knew that Eunice had dispensed with her laundress as well as with the charwoman. That riled him beyond endurance. A long-pent-up irritation broke its bonds.

"What is the matter, anyway, that we have nothing to show for our saving?" he growled when Eunice's tears had silenced his angry reproach that his wife should have become a household drudge.

"Things are so high!" she had wailed. "Everything we save seems to be spent elsewhere."

She explained that to save wheat flour, for instance, she had to buy, with the strictly needed quantity of that staff of life, equal quantities of other cereals. These were also high-priced, and they stood molding on her shelves, because neither she nor the cook knew how to make them into palatable foods. The cook simply refused to bother with them.

Henry pondered moodily. What imbecile procedure on the part of the Government was this? Ever since the farewell to the soldiers Henry had nurtured a grudge against his Government. It seemed to blunder in every detail that concerned the life of the man at home. And how could the army at the Front be maintained if the man at home was harassed and pinched, and made to suffer this way?

Now they were almost compelling people to buy War Savings Stamps. How the devil could he buy them? Save your quarters! That was all very well; but all the ways of saving those dollar-a-year fantastics promulgated led to nothing that he could see. Take buying those unusable quantities of cereal with your flour: How utterly, scandalously wasteful! Why not let people buy war stamps with the money thrown away on these extra things?

"It is just graft!" Henry shouted to Bobby Claflin on the train one day. "Some dollar-a-year desk lizard is providing an outlet for all the trash they can't sell at high prices abroad."

Bobby Claflin edged away. Henry Jones was becoming dangerous in his utterances. Nevertheless, he, too, felt the unreasonable pressure of conditions. So did the other men of the Brookwood commuters bunch. The homeward trip each day became a forum for the airing of opinions that generally were only vaguely formulated grievances.

(Continued on Page 26)



"You're Not to Say a Thing, Henry. I've Fired the Cook, and I am Doing the Work Hereafter!"

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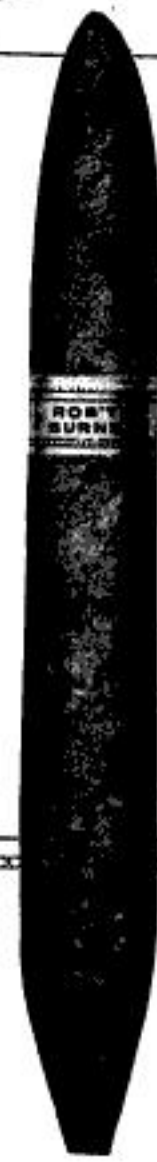



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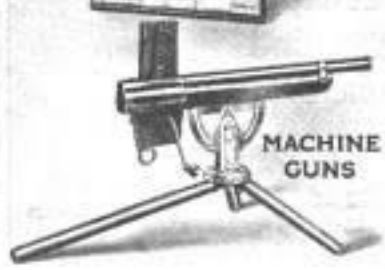


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Of these Henry Jones had many. Disappointment is a fertile breeder of grievances. Henry was disappointed and baffled. The things he had stood for, the standards by which he had ordered his life, were fast becoming mirages, exasperating him with their unattainable desirability. Home was no longer a pleasant place where dreams came true. It was a house of unrest in which he woke to unpleasant realities.

His wife's drudging was an unpardonable shortcoming of his own, he felt. He was constantly strapped for cash, and he knew how Eunice hated to stand off the butcher and the baker. The savings they attempted did not save.

At his insistence Eunice had employed a steam laundry after the washerwoman had been dispensed with. It ruined her linen, and linen had become priceless. The laundress had been reinstated; but she celebrated her triumphant return with a demand for an increased wage. Distinctly this saving had resulted disastrously.

Their war garden, installed at considerable cost, at first had tried to choke itself on weeds, which were not distinguishable from sprouting crops to the eyes of such innocent beholders as Eunice and Henry. An Egyptian pest of variegated insects attacked whatever survived their indiscriminate weeding. What was poison for one species seemed to be nectar for another kind of bug. They thrived—not the vegetables.

Their corn was the Joneses' pride, however. It grew man-size. They had learned that it was neither bush nor vine, but stalk. They had a forest of stalks, in the shade of which their well-meaning tomatoes languished pitifully.

Their consciences struggled between saving the tomatoes and slashing down the corn, or saving the latter at the cost of the former. The corn won. It was really more decorative. Tassels reared proudly. Silk oozed from succulent husks.

Alas, when picking time came, and the water was boiling in the cook's care, and Henry and Eunice ceremoniously began the harvest rites, all dressed for dinner, it proved that silk and tassels could be gay deceivers!

Ears they picked a-plenty from the man-size stalks; but not a cob showed the swelling rows of kernels one expects to find beneath the husk, as surely as keys under a piano lid. At best, a single kernel here and there would grin at them like the sardonic solitary tooth in an infant's gums. Their last hope vanished. The war garden had not saved.

And so it was everywhere. Their woes would have been domestic rather than dramatic had not Henry brooded over the unrighteousness of circumstances versus his own righteousness. Something was wrong. What, where, who was wrong?

The discussions on the Brookwood express were freighted with Henry's grieved conjectures. News of the approaching fourth loan had just been published. Sentiments were guardedly expressed, but it was obvious that enthusiasm was lacking. Many of the Brookwood bunch looked anxious.

"Did you get your coal in, Jones?" asked Frank Luger.

"I did not," Henry answered. His mind leaped the apparent gap between coal and the new loan. "And I don't see how I can buy bonds and coal too!" he concluded.

A few months ago Henry would never have admitted being hard up in this way. But he had changed. The rankling inside him, which had set him to uttering grievances, was stirring anew. Here was an opening to start a tirade.

"They want cash for coal—the dealers do," Luger muttered gloomily.

"See here," Henry started: "the Government gives you credit if you buy bonds, doesn't it? Why couldn't you buy coal on tick too? I always used to. Seems to me coal is more necessary to me than bonds."

He settled himself to his oration, lashing himself to indignant eloquence. Did not the Government control transportation, and labor too, pretty nearly? Then why could it not sell coal the way it sold bonds? Why were prices so high? Take flour now: Wheat at a dollar a bushel used to be a record price. Look at it now!

"But we're feeding the Allies with it!" interpolated Sackett.

"Rats!" inelegantly exclaimed Henry. "That's no reason to boost the price. Suppose I produce a billion bushels. At one dollar I considered myself well paid, when I used to sell about all of it for home consumption. Now I sell one half—let us say—abroad and the other half at home.

"The home folks have to substitute other cereals for the half I sell abroad. They can't get more wheat than that allotted one-half. Why should they pay a higher price, then? Am I not getting all my wheat sold anyway? It looks like graft to me!"

The argument seemed plausible to these men, all of whom felt the pinch of prices, of taxes, of never-before-experienced scarcities that seemed the more unwarranted because a decidedly inspired press never ceased to explain them with meretricious volubility. On the subject of taxes Henry Jones was even more bitterly outspoken.

A year before his marriage he had set up in business for himself. Though he had made a good living the new venture had not shown great profits. It would take time to make big earnings. It had just begun to show them when the new taxes, excess-profit tax and all, became effective.

Henry's prior earnings had been low. And, just when they began to reach a pleasant normal level, the greater part of them had to be paid out in tax, based on the abnormally low earnings of the starting years. It was an exceptional case, perhaps; but Henry saw his hard years of preparation go for naught.

"And then they expect to sell me bonds!" he snarled disgustedly. "Hell!"

The Brookwood bunch expressed no loud approval of Henry's verdict, but neither did a man rise to punch Henry's disgruntled face. Back in the car a stoutish mysterious commuter from up the line blinked his cunning pig eyes and smirked. Henry was doing his work for him and seemed to be doing it well.

Of course the fellows thought Henry was rather foolish to shoot off his mouth that way in public; but in their hearts they felt there was something in what he said. Their own experiences jibed with his, and the war was very far away. They took it in, fortifying their spirits with his arguments against the time when they would have to say the difficult "No!" to the next war-loan salesman.

Saying "No" is such a difficult thing. Any salesman is aware of that; and he plays on this astounding weakness of humanity, this aversion to uttering a point-blank "No," in shaping his selling talk and getting your name on the dotted line.

And when saying "No" makes you feel like an outcast, like a reprehensible pacifist, or a damnable sneaking boche sympathizer, as it does when you say "No" to buying a Liberty Bond, it becomes doubly hard.

Unless a miracle happened Henry Jones would have to say that "No." He knew it. And his conscience called him a duty-dodging welsher, a pacifism-stained mongrel of surreptitious boche leanings—he, Henry Jones, who was proud of being a good American and being recognized as one by his fellow men!

But what could he do? Business was bad. The new taxation laws took the wind out of his sails. His men were quitting him to take jobs at fabulous wages in the essential industries. No one seemed to consider Henry Jones' industry as essential to keep up the Joneses. Was this the land of the free—the El Dorado for unimpaired individual success? Not much, any more! thought Henry.

Clearly he must either welsh or give up the very existence in which his heart and soul were rooted. It might be a superficial form of existence, where show meant more than comfort; but that was a purely academic viewpoint and beyond the grasp of Henry. After all, making the show was what the Henry Joneses had been accustomed to call comfort all their lives. Who can deny the irrefutable argument of personal taste?

Besides, superficial or not, Eunice's being was rooted in that same sort of existence, he believed. He could not inflict greater inconvenience and hardship and self-denial upon her. He would not; for it meant lowering the standard of which he was proud. To say "No" was difficult; but the other thing looked worse.

So Henry steeled himself for the saying of that difficult "No." He steeled himself with every conceivable argument that proved why he could not buy. You can always find a stick with which to hit a cat. It's just as easy to find a reason for failing in a duty.

Henry found many reasons and voiced them to the bunch on the train. He was eloquent and the bunch did not dispute him. Henry nearly convinced himself that the high lords at Washington were to blame; that he was righteous but maltreated; and almost that war was all wrong anyway. He almost thought as much. Yet all the time he had a sneaking hope that a miracle might happen.

So did Eunice hope for a miracle. It took no great amount of the intuition of her sex to divine that Henry was worried—and not about mere money either. He often repeated his train arguments at home—duly expurgated.

She guessed he was struggling between a new duty and an old habit—the old habit of lavishness; of having her and their home and their life "just so." Her mind was not much clearer on the question of show versus comfort. Taking solid comfort in show had been her deep-rooted American habit too.

But she was keen enough to perceive that keeping up that kind of comfort made them very uncomfortable these days. When she timidly suggested household economies, like letting the cook go, Henry stormed.

"Do you think I can't afford to let you keep servants?" he roared.

That was not the point at all, Eunice thought; but she said nothing. A roaring Henry made things still more uncomfortable. Their trouble really was not of the purse, but of the mind. It was a question of appraising new values and adjusting their conduct accordingly; of setting up new standards and discarding the old. And Eunice realized that it would take a miracle to do this without dangerous friction in Henry's present state.

It all happened on one fateful, pregnant day in August. At breakfast a wire came from Eunice's mother out West. Dick had been wounded. Henry missed his usual commuter's special. At the station, awaiting a later train, he read in his newspaper that under the new draft law he would be among those first called.

A million thoughts flashed through his brain: Eunice! His home! Providing for her! An end to his business! But underneath it all glowed a warming prideful hope. He was to be called. He would respond. It was his war, by God; and that settled it! Eunice's brother was wounded. He'd get the fellow who did that, and then some.

And Eunice would stand the gaff of his going. She'd brave the hardships. She would manage somehow, if it had to be in a furnished room. He knew she would. He had known it all along. She would not go back West. She would stay where she could be nearest to the port of his return.

He had known her mettle all along. And suddenly it dawned on him what a fool he had been to pretend Eunice needed pampering; to keep up all the old-time pompous standards, while duty and death went hand in hand, smiling, wrapping poverty with glory, leveling all selfish individual prides of being to build the great single common pride of patriotic achievement.

An exalted Henry climbed aboard the train. He shared a seat with Bostwick, the coal dealer. Eunice would need coal anyway. He'd better order right now. Henry came down to earth and business.

"Terms are C. O. D., you know, don't you?" observed Bostwick when Henry had arrived at the ordering point.

"No; I did not. You've always carried my account," Henry countered cautiously.

"Can't this year," was Bostwick's rejoinder in his best impersonal manner; he was president of the local bank and prided himself on being strictly business.

"Well, take it or leave it!" Henry snapped. The banker's manner grated on his exalted mood. "You know how I stand in Brookwood."

"No; I do not, Jones," Bostwick came back significantly. "You've sold me every Liberty Bond you ever bought. I don't see your name on the War Savings Stamp lists. What's the matter?"

"You know my house, don't you? That's free and clear." Henry felt he had the best of the argument. "You ought to know how I live; and I pay my bills. That shows where I stand, doesn't it?"

"Not any more, Jones, Esquire." Bostwick spoke quietly. "Not with me, anyhow. You've kept up appearances the way you used to; but that's all. It has taken every cent you made. Or else why did you sell those bonds? And it will take more pretty soon. Hold on, now." The banker calmed Henry.

"You'd better know the rest: I figure it's not his appearances that show me

(Concluded on Page 28)

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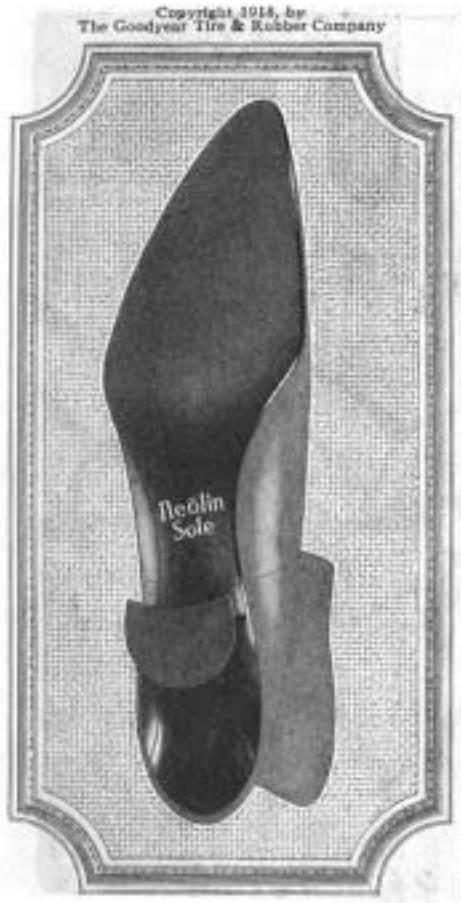
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(Concluded from Page 26)

where a man stands these days. It's what he soaks in bonds, and the like of that. It's what he does for his country. If you'd been skimping to pay on bond or stamp subscriptions you could get all the coal you wanted from me on tick. Now it's cash. Wake up, man! Put that L. B., W. S. S. behind your name. It's a proud title!"

It was a chastened and pensive Henry who spoke when the train pulled into New York:

"Let the order stand, Bostwick, on your terms." Then he added: "And I guess you are right. But if you had told me so yesterday I'd have cursed you for a fool. Good morning!"

And, without explaining, Henry rushed from the train and to his office.

He was preparing to catch an early train home. Eunice would need cheering, he figured; and he had much to tell her. But a visitor was announced.

Entered a stoutish man. He delivered the amenities with a strong Middle-Western accent and a too ingratiating manner. He spoke of Henry's troubles in keeping his workmen and deftly led Henry to expand on this sore topic.

The man's voice fell to a whisper. He knew of many employers who were having the same difficulties. He named several and intimated that he had their confidence. The new draft regulations would increase the difficulties.

Henry guessed they might. What of it?

It was all politics. The politicians were throwing a sop to labor in the form of high wages, which none but war profiteers could pay. And all the war profiteers were gathered in those dollar-a-year jobs at Washington, playing politics.

Labor was restless; did not want war. There were strikes everywhere. Those workers who were not silenced by high wages, or had no employment in the essential industries—the man snorted contemptuously—would be silenced through the draft. And gradually every form of business would be absorbed by the politician profiteers.

"Are you going to stand for that?" The man pointed a dramatic finger, freshly manicured.

Henry smelled a rat.

"Suppose I did not. What could I do about it?" Henry inquired, a little too smoothly.

"Protest!" the visitor hissed, rolling his r's. "Ah, Mr. Jones, I have heard you speak on these matters."

"Where?" snapped Henry.

"No matter. Here, there, everywhere. You speak well. You convince. You have the right idea. I have talked to many men who think like you." He repeated the names he had already mentioned. "You can do much!"

"How? Just speak plainly, can't you?" encouraged Henry Jones.

"There will be a draft. The hands you need in your business will be torn from you to fire rifles. Those hands are not essential to the profiteers. Only the profiteers want this war to continue. Not your men, surely. Not you. Protest!"

"Look here, Mister Man"—Henry spoke with velvet suavity—"I don't know your name. I don't want to. I don't have to. I know you!" His voice rose shrill with suppressed tears of rage. "But I'm going to mark you, since you've come to me with your dirty Prussian protest propaganda." He rolled the r's the way the man had done. "I'm going to mark you till every mother's son will know you for the whelp of hell you are! Come to me, would you?"

With one bound Henry cleared his desk. His clenched fist landed full between the stranger's startled, piggy eyes. Another fist gripped his collar, whirled him to the door, through the hall, to the head of a stairway, down which Henry's lusty boot propelled him with great force and accuracy.

Militant Henry somehow regained his office. There he fell into his chair, his head upon his desk—and burst out sobbing; dry, racking sobs of shame and torment. This man had sought him out; had heard him speak. Henry knew where. Each phrase he had uttered to the bunch on the Brookwood train burned through his brain. The fool he had been! The blundering, senseless fool!

A spy, a sneaking clot of the scum of perdition, had taken him for a ready tool. Was he so bad as that? And these fellows that he had talked to, that he had poisoned with his bitter, misguided drivel! Protest! He would protest against any lie such as he had uttered, such as he had lived. He had continued the cheap snobbishness of showing how well-off he was in his pretentious house, his expensive garden, his wife's clothes and servants, and his snooty car.

He had thrown away money, saved or unsaved, wherever it pleased him best to display his dabbling in patriotism, to his friends; where it showed most. He had spent, spent—saved, perhaps, but spent—instead of curbing his imbecile lavishness and trusting his Government to do the spending of his lendings.

He had talked like a seditious fiend, but he could not gratify his desire to splurge patriotically and domestically at the same time. He had let his home, his wife, his self, his little timeworn individual pride come first, and railed like a drunken monger; blaming the Government because he was too ignoble to blame himself.

It was a silent and very determined Henry who strode through his garden after a silent homeward journey. He'd get this thing straight with himself before he'd venture to talk to the bunch again. He had firmly decided one thing: Show must stop! If neighbors wondered, neighbors could go hang!

He'd waste no more time and money on pleasantly spectacular amateur experiments for winning the war. Expert handling was required for the billions spent in this highly organized business of war. It was his war; and it was his business to put the money he spent on it where it would receive that expert handling—in his Uncle Sam's treasury.

He could trust it there better than in his own puny fists. Every cent he saved he was going to lend to help make up those billions and quit spending it, on his own hook, haphazardly.

He would break it gently to Eunice. He would temper the blow of his decision to her. It would be hardest on her, he thought. She took such pride in having things just so! But what did such things matter now?

He entered his house. Not a sound greeted him; nothing but a most appetizing odor. Cook had jumbled together so many messy things of late that Henry wondered whether she, too, had taken a change of heart and regained her erstwhile culinary deftness. Eunice must be keeping late hours, tatting wristlets for frostbitten Kalmucks.

He smiled a little grimly.

A door slammed. Henry turned. Before him stood his wife, aproned, capped, flushed and fussed as Henry had never dreamed of allowing his wife to be fussed.

"You're not to say a thing, Henry," she forestalled him. "I've fired the cook, and I am doing the work hereafter! And here"—she pulled something out of her pocket—"is what I bought with the first savings on my first dinner."

With sinking heart Henry examined the object. Had she immediately bought again? Then he recognized a War Savings Stamp book, with two quarter stamps. He gulped; whether for shame or for joy, he gulped, speechless.

"And cook's wages," Eunice asserted defiantly, "go into Liberty Bonds. I am through piffling. And I want you to know I'll be a darned sight prouder of them than of anything I've ever done or bought, or let you give me."

When Henry had taken her in his arms, and started to tell his own, new, similar resolutions, she cut him short.

"Really, Henry," she said, "even the garden has begun to work right. There are three ripe tomatoes on the—the plants! Go; run and pick them."




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# The Nation's Milk

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# To fathers of boys

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# MORE PRECIOUS THAN RUBIES

(Continued from Page 19)

"Say, Miss Valentine!" he interrupted. "I am going to ask a great favor of you. I'm going to give you a box of bonbons. Will you promise me faithfully that you will not eat any of them—not a single one!—till—till we can eat them together in New York?"

She laughed. "I understand!" she said. "That is so I must see you. But suppose I have to go on to Stamford?"

"We'll meet at Grand Central Station and share the bonbons."

"What kind are they?" she asked curiously.

"Oh, American, of course. Our own candies are the best. You must not eat a single one alone, you know!"

She laughed excitedly. Her eyes were bright.

"Well, Mr. Caldecott, I never refuse bonbons."

He shook her hand warmly and said "Thank you!" with a cordial smile. "I'll give you the box before we dock."

After that she noticed that he grew taciturn, pensive. She did not see him again that evening after she left the dining room.

### XII

THEY anchored in the lower bay during the night, and early the next morning Miss Valentine awoke to find herself in quarantine. She dressed quickly and went on deck to inhale the misty odors of New York Harbor.

After breakfast, when all the passengers were summoned before the customs officials, she waited until Caldecott appeared.

"Good morning, Mr. Caldecott," she said with an excited laugh. Her eyes were very bright and her cheeks were flushed. He gazed admiringly on her.

"Good morning. Have you seen yourself yet?"

"Seen myself?"

"A very fine sight indeed! By the way, you haven't given me your address," he reminded her.

"And you haven't given me yours."

"It's in the telephone book. I tell you this so you won't have the excuse to say you lost mine. Where is yours?"

"Well, you see, I—I don't know whether my aunt has gone to the country yet—she goes early—and I can't tell what my plans will be."

She seemed so embarrassed that Caldecott said: "Dear Miss Valentine, don't tell me now. Only promise me that I'll hear from you."

"I promise you that!" she answered quickly.

She was fumbling with a small leather-bound book that she had in her hand.

"Is that your diary?" asked Caldecott smiling.

"No. It's a New Testament."

"Let me see it, please. I'll show you my favorite verse."

"Oh, no!" And she put the book behind her. "A man who swears by Montaigne doesn't need this. It's your turn now."

She meant that it was Mr. Caldecott's turn to make his declaration.

He gave his blank to the officer—Mr. McWayne.

"Good morning, Mr. Caldecott," said the official pleasantly.

"Good morning, sir. I haven't the pleasure of knowing you or your name, but I have a very high regard for your superior, the collector of the port." And he grinned reminiscently.

"And he has for you!" said McWayne grimly. "This is all you have to declare?"

"All."

"I needn't tell you"—with a not very delicate emphasis—"that there is a penalty of five thousand dollars' fine or two years' imprisonment or both for false entry or undervaluation ——"

"I believe the law gives to the informer such compensation as the Secretary of the Treasury may award, not exceeding fifty per cent of the net proceeds resulting from the seizure. If the smuggler should be caught in the act by the uniformed forces of the collector the smuggled goods are seized and sold, and one-half goes to the Government, one-fourth to the informer, and one-fourth is divided among the collector, the naval officer and the surveyor of the port. Thus, if after I had declared that I had brought nothing dutiable you happened to find a hundred two-carat stones in my possession you would have the time of your life—you and my dear friend, the collector, and the other wonderful smuggler catchers. My! My! It must be almost painful to be so clever!" And Caldecott beamed admiringly on McWayne, whose face turned a dull brick red.

"Well, we think ——" The officer checked himself abruptly and said: "That's all."

"I think so too."

And Caldecott did. He rose and walked away quickly.

Miss Valentine, who followed him, handed in her declaration and left the table. She walked toward the door leading out on to the main deck, and as she reached the threshold she dropped her Bible. A customs man who happened to be standing near by picked it up and took from between the leaves a small piece of paper, which he quickly hid. He then returned the book to Miss Valentine, who smiled pleasantly and nodded her thanks cordially and said a few words, to which the man made no other reply than to tip his cap to her politely.

Caldecott, himself unseen, had witnessed the dropping of the Bible and had seen the customs officer take out the paper. He frowned. Then he grinned. Then he frowned again.

The boat had left quarantine by now and was nearing the Battery. Miss Valentine stood gazing toward Manhattan, her eyes fixed raptly on the Woolworth Building—that beautiful monument to the great American bargain hunter.

Caldecott approached her.

"Miss Valentine!" he said.

She turned quickly.

"Oh, it's you. Isn't New York's sky line beautiful?"

"I don't know. I'll have to hear your answer to a question before I can tell whether anything in the world is beautiful. You will please answer with a yes or no."

"The questions we have to answer with a yes or no are the hardest. Perhaps you had better not ask it."

"Oh, I must!"

"Even if I tell you I won't answer it?"

"Miss Valentine, there comes a time in a man's life when he is seized with a passionate craving to learn just how big an ass he really is."

He looked at her so seriously that not knowing what to say she bowed her head noncommittally.

"You have seen a good bit of me during this trip—a trip I shall never forget—and I am sure you will answer this question, particularly when I tell you that I am not going to make you a proposal of marriage this morning. Will you hear my question?"

"Yes."

"Are you a Treasury agent?"

"Treasury agent?" she repeated, slightly emphasizing the word "agent."

"Yes. Are you interested in detecting smugglers?"

"Why, what a curious question to ask me!"

"Yes, I know. When I showed you the rubies you promised that you would not tell a soul a word about them."

"I always keep my promises!" she said haughtily.

"I know you do. But before you promised you could have written a few words. For example: 'He is going to show me something and I shall swear never to say a word about it. If you get this paper it means he has the rubies with him and that I have seen them.' You see, you would not be breaking your word and you would be earning your salary—and your share of the seizure."

"Mr. Caldecott," she said, her color quite high, "you talk like a novelist."

"I thank you. It is quite a compliment. If that paper was placed in a pocket Bible and the Bible dropped and picked up by a customs man, and the little paper, as previously agreed, taken by him and passed on to his chief, what chance would the smuggler have of knowing it?"

"Do you mean to accuse me ——" she began icily.

"No, no! I don't mean to accuse anybody of anything. I have simply asked you if you were working for Uncle Sam."

He looked at her steadily. She did not answer.

Then he said very quietly: "It seems strange that you don't speak. Of course, I

(Continued on Page 33)





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*Watch for the square box*

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(Continued from Page 30)

realize that when you think of what some people would call the blood money ——"

She shook her head quickly, then said coldly: "I don't know what you are talking about, Mr. Caldecott."

"Are you, or are you not?"

"I told you I didn't know what you were talking about."

"Are you or are you not?" And as she did not answer he added, "You might as well confess ——"

"Confess?" She turned to him a face pale with anger. "You persist in insulting me ——"

"I beg your pardon. You are the only person I ever trusted in my life. The pleasure it gave me to give you what I had denied everybody else intoxicated me, and I—I was indiscreet. You are a Treasury agent, are you not?"

"Mr. Caldecott, I guess it would be better if you didn't speak to me again."

"Very well. But I assure you I am not angry. If you like to make a living by winning people's confidence in order to betray them, by being a paid informer, a sort of female Judas Iscariot ——"

"I am not! I—I —— Even if I were a Treasury agent and I did catch smugglers in the act, is it not—wouldn't it be simply catching crooks, cheats, fraudulent people posing as honest experts and the Lord knows what?"

"My dear, each one to his taste. I never smuggle. If I did I am sure I should have been caught, I am so simple. I must say, however, that the only intelligent thing I have known Wheeler to do is to employ a girl as clever as you to do his dirty work."

"I don't do dirty work," she said angrily. "And I believe you are what they all say ——"

"Oh! Miss Valentine, I thank you for having fully answered my question. While I am in this present mood of gratitude I wish to assure you that I have only the kindliest of feelings toward you. Good old King Francis said that a man was an ass to trust a woman. I myself think it the greatest and therefore the most expensive of luxuries."

He bowed low, after the Continental fashion, and left her.

Presently she saw him coming back again. He had a small package in his hand. Looking neither to the right nor left he walked aft and scanned New York's sky line.

Miss Valentine saw him hold out his right arm at full length. His fist was clenched and his thumb rigidly pointed upward. He closed an eye as though he were sighting. Then she saw him suddenly fling the package into the stream. It was heavy, for it sank instantly. Miss Valentine, who had followed him, heard him mutter: "About three hundred yards! Woolworth and Trinity!"

"What have you done?" she irrepressibly exclaimed. He turned like a flash. Then he said calmly: "The candy we shall not eat together."

Into her blue eyes came a great flash of understanding.

"Oh, that's how you intended to ——"

She checked herself abruptly.

"All men are Indian givers. Have I your permission to depart, Miss—er—Valentine? I believe that is the name by which you wish to be known."

She glared at him.

"Please don't," he said gently. "It only angers you. I would not have paid the fine nor gone to jail. Really I wouldn't."

He bowed with exquisite politeness and walked away, shaking his head regretfully.

McWayne met him.

"Would you mind my accompanying you, Mr. Caldecott? The collector sent his best regards to you."

"Will he be at the dock?"

"He will."

"I shall be delighted," said Caldecott cordially. "He flatters himself so much on being businesslike that it is a pleasure to make him waste valuable time. Let us sit down here and talk quietly and pleasantly as foes did in the old days. But I fear chivalry is dead. I fear so! Don't you, Mr.—er—what is your name?"

"McWayne."

"John or William?"

"Charles."

"A fine name! The first time the English had a king by that name they cut off his head. They allowed the second Charles to die in his own bed, but they have never had another Charles since. Still, being King of England is no job to tempt a really intelligent man—is it, McWayne? He has to live in London in the winter. You are very wise to stick to your business. By the way, how is it?"

"How is what?"

"The business of getting paid for having fun."

He looked at the officer so amicably that McWayne merely growled: "I don't get you."

"Well, you draw your salary from the Government, don't you?"

"Yes."

"It is your duty to see that no man defrauds the revenues of the Government by smuggling, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"When you catch a smuggler in the act you do your duty, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You get paid for doing your duty, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And it's lots of fun to catch the smart Alecks who think they can smuggle, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's what I said." And Caldecott smiled paternally.

"You think you are pretty damn' smart yourself, don't you?"

McWayne's face was a study in conflicts—between contempt and bloodthirst.

"McWayne, I told you I hoped chivalry was not dead, and here you are blasting my hopes. I'm going to show you something that you never saw before in your life. No, don't look so happy! It isn't dutiable; it's merely my Montaigne."

Caldecott took his beloved from his pocket.

"The gentleman who wrote this book—who would have made a wonderful collector of the port, he had so much sense!—had a theory that we laugh and cry for the same thing. But listen to how real men thought of their enemies."

Caldecott in a rather monotonous voice read aloud:

"'We read in history that Antigonus was very much displeased with his son for presenting him the head of King Pyrrhus, his enemy, but newly slain fighting, and that, seeing it, he wept. René, Duke of Lorraine, also lamented the death of Charles, Duke of Burgundy, whom he had himself defeated, and appeared in mourning at his funeral.'

"That, my dear McWayne, is real chivalry."

"Well, I'd just as soon wear mourning at your funeral," said McWayne grimly.

"I will have due notice sent to you. But the point I wished to make was that a man may fight another to the death and yet respect and even like his adversary. Concerning you I have no desire except that your salary be doubled. And you have no desire except to see me pinched. Am I right?"

"You are," confirmed McWayne humorlessly.

"It may comfort you to know that Anson Wheeler shares your desires. Do you think that he really wants me to pay duties on my purchases? No; that is just what he doesn't want. He wants me not to pay and then catch me at it. Well, I thank heaven that I have nothing dutiable with me," finished Mr. Caldecott piously.

"You haven't declared any, at all events," said McWayne, irrepressible hope in his eyes.

"You don't think I would declare falsely, do you?"

"Don't I?"

"McWayne!" Caldecott spoke so reproachfully that McWayne lost his temper completely.

He said, "Damn you! We are going to get you this time."

"Charles! Charles! Remember Oliver Cromwell!"

"What about him?"

"Remember him; that's all. Do you want me to sit here by you until we dock? Or do I have your kind permission to move about this ship?"

"Suit yourself. But you don't lose yours truly."

"I'd rather lose my life, or even my temper, than lose you, Charles."

"Cut out the comedy stuff," snorted McWayne.

An inspector in uniform approached McWayne.

"I saw the pilot. Your friend here spoke to him when he came aboard and he gave him something which he put in his pocket. I asked the pilot about it. He says ——"


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"My dear boy," interrupted Caldecott, "you might know I wouldn't do my smuggling by proxy."

"He said this guy came up and says to him: 'Please! Please! Did the woman who was burned by the alcohol stove at the Waldorf, a week ago yesterday, die? Did you see anything in the paper about it?' And the pilot says 'No!' And this bird here says: 'Thank you! That was my wife and you have greatly relieved me! If she had died of the burns you would have seen it in the papers. Take these cigars and smoke them when you have time. They are very good!' And he slips him three. That's all."

"No, my boy," said Caldecott presently; "that wasn't all. I had a reason. I wanted to make sure which of the passengers was your man—or woman. It worked."

"What good will that do you? If you've got anything with you we'll get it," McWayne told him confidently.

"I wish I could have smallpox with me then." And Caldecott laughed. "You wait until you see Wheeler's face when he gets left."

At the dock McWayne assigned an inspector to Caldecott, and the uncaught smuggler opened his steamer trunk and his valise.

"Before you begin to look let me ask you something: Is Mr. Wheeler here?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"You might tell McWayne that I—that I said I wanted to see Mr. Wheeler right away—before you look at my things." Caldecott was snapping his fingers and biting his lips and pacing up and down—betraying all the known signs of perturbation, cold feet and fear. The symptoms impressed the customs man so that he sought McWayne, who told him to go to the customs office on the pier and tell the collector about it.

Anson Wheeler was listening to Miss Valentine, who was saying: "He showed them to me, I tell you. I rather think he had more than the three rubies, for he made me promise to bring a box of candy in and not eat a single piece until we met again in New York. Of course, he could have put the rubies in the bottom. He threw the box away off the Battery. But I know the spot."

And she described to Mr. Wheeler why she thought she could find the spot—three hundred yards from the shore on a line with the Woolworth Tower and Trinity steeple.

Anson Wheeler shook his head.

"He wouldn't do that. The rubies are worth a couple of hundred thousand dollars. He must have them; he or somebody else on board. Did you ask the purser?"

"No."

He turned to the waiting inspector and said: "Go aboard and tell the purser I want to see him in his office in five minutes."

"Excuse me, Mr. Collector; this man Caldecott wants to see you before I examine his baggage. He seems rattled."

"H'm!" muttered Wheeler and shook his head distrustfully. Then: "I don't believe it, but I'll see him." Wheeler turned to Miss Valentine and said: "You go and see the purser and ask him to tell you if Caldecott left any package with him. He could leave the package in the safe and go back to Havre."

Miss Valentine went out first, walking quickly; then the collector and inspector, walking leisurely, approached Caldecott.

"Good morning, Mr. Collector. It is a pleasure indeed to see you."

"What do you wish with me?"

"To do you a favor."

"Go ahead and do it," said Wheeler grimly.

"You know they want your job in Washington, to give to somebody else. So I tipped them off that you might frame up people whom you were not able to nab legitimately. So I generously tip you off now that secret-service men are going to watch you get left. And if you do any funny business Washington will take my side of the case instead of yours—of course always provided you do not find the three rubies, which I took special pains to show your agent on board the steamer yesterday."

"I mean to do my duty; no more, no less," said the collector of the port distinctly—in order that listening ears might hear and report.

"Now I have here the bills from the New York shops where I purchased every single article that you will find in my trunk and valise," said Caldecott pleasantly. "Every single one of them! You see, I anticipated this, so I told the salesmen to remember and make a note of my purchases in order to swear to it on the stand if necessary. Here are the bills, sir. While the inspector is rummaging through my trunk kindly remember that you are yourself watched. No need to be unduly rude. I also am ready to be examined in private after you are done here. There are some reporters on the dock, I see. There will be two sides to the story of how you did not get my three rubies. Beauties, old chap! Superb! Magnificent!"

"Examine the baggage very carefully," said the collector to the inspector in a calm even voice; and the inspector did. There was ostentatiously nothing dutiable—merely wearing apparel and a traveling kit, all plainly marked with the names of the New York shops where they had been purchased. Anson Wheeler looked on grimly, while Cecil Caldecott smiled broadly.

"Why don't you get angry? If you will only lose your temper, dear Mr. Wheeler, you will be sure to lose your head, both metaphorically and politically."

"Where are those rubies?"

"That's it! Where?" echoed Caldecott. Then he shrugged his shoulders with a Charlie-Chaplinesque gesture of utter despair and dejection. "Here comes Miss Valentine down the gangway. Ask her if she really saw them." Then he called to her: "Oh, Miss Valentine!"

She turned her face toward him, then turned it away and walked past him.

"Bring him to the office," the collector told the inspector, "after he closes his trunk and valise."

And Anson Wheeler walked away to receive Miss Valentine's report. The purser had kept a package in the safe for Mr. Caldecott, but the gentleman had got it the day before and the purser showed the surrendered receipt. In the stateroom that Caldecott had occupied she found, after a thorough search, nothing except a piece of the label of the box of a portable alcohol stove and some smears on the rug, which she identified as melted chocolate, whence she evolved the theory that Caldecott had melted chocolate and covered the rubies with it and made candy which he had put into the box. It was a cinch he had thrown the box away.

"I don't believe," said Wheeler pensively, "that it was that."

"I do, because it would have been characteristic of him to use a Treasury agent to do his smuggling for him. Who would have searched me?"

"I would!" said Wheeler with the cold austerity of the man who trusts nobody. "In fact," he lied on, solemnly, "it was one of the first things I was going to do. He proposed marriage to you, didn't he?"

"No; I wouldn't let him. He is too smart to walk into an obvious trap. I did not encourage his love-making—and that is why it worked," she said proudly.

"And he never got fresh?"

"Never."

"Nor mushy?"

"Not exactly."

"There!" said Wheeler. "I tell you I know him. Damn him, he is clever! But I'll see that he doesn't bring the rubies in. Wait in the women's room, please, Miss Valentine."

They searched Caldecott and found absolutely nothing on his person. After the customs men were all done he sought the collector.

"No hard feelings, Mr. Wheeler?"

Anson Wheeler tried to stare him out of countenance, but Caldecott merely laughed and said:

"None on my part! You did your duty conscientiously, and in this instance even intelligently. And I did mine. The result is that I am about to have the honor of wishing you *au revoir*."

Anson Wheeler continued to look at him as though he would read in Caldecott's gray-blue eyes the hiding place of the rubies. But Caldecott shook his head mournfully.

"There are so many ways, Mr. Collector. So many ways! At one time I was tempted to give them to your agent to bring in for me, but I decided that if she played square with me she would expect me to marry her. You always would have suspected her of having double-crossed you. Besides which, I really admired the way she played the part of a heartbroken orphan. A widow would never have done, not for a minute. One of the best ways, collector, is in candy, by a girl who will ask the inspector to help himself to a bonbon—from the top."

(Continued on Page 38)

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Anson Wheeler continued to look at him in silence, but Caldecott never batted an eyelid. He stared back, calmly accepting the situation.

Finally he said seriously: "I am going. I suppose you will send for me after a while and offer to compromise. You know my terms: Your definite promise that your men will not annoy me unnecessarily, in return for which I'll give you my word not to—er—annoy you. Whenever you are ready to sign the truce send for me."

He bowed slightly and left the collector of the port of New York staring after him. The expression in Mr. Wheeler's eyes was not so much vindictive as mathematical: He was trying to calculate the exact percentage of bluff in the speech of Mr. Cecil Caldecott, still uncaught.

### XIII

CALDECOTT secured a taxi, had his steamer trunk, valise and hat box put on it, and then said something to the driver in such a low voice that the watching customs men could not overhear him. What he told the driver was: "—— Fifth Avenue!"

It was the residence of Mr. T. H. Merriwether, the famous railroad magnate.

The taxi stopped before the number given. Caldecott got out, went to the door and rang the bell.

When the footman appeared the pet aversion of Mr. Anson Wheeler said briskly, "Is Mr. Merriwether at home?"

"No, sir," said the footman respectfully.

"Very well, I'll leave a note for him."

Caldecott took a card from his case and wrote slowly and painstakingly a few lines on it in the hall; then he turned to the footman and eyed him doubtfully.

"Yes, sir?" said the footman.

Caldecott, frowning with indecision, presently put the card into his pocket. Then he took out his wallet, extracted from it a ten-dollar bill and said peremptorily: "I have decided to see Thomas—Mr. Merriwether—instead of leaving this note. I don't want you to say I called. He wasn't expecting me until to-night, and I'd rather he didn't know I made my trip for nothing. I have my reasons. Do you see this?"

"Yes, sir," replied the footman, who had seen nothing else since its first appearance on the scene.

"Is it worth that to you to be perfectly sure that nobody answering my description called here this morning? You don't remember my name, do you?"

"No, sir," truthfully answered the footman, who had never before seen Caldecott.

"You understand thoroughly?" And Caldecott frowned skeptically.

"Yes, sir, thoroughly," the footman said with at least one hundred dollars' worth of positiveness.

"Then don't forget!" And Caldecott gave him the ten-dollar bill and left the Merriwether house, after having been in it long enough to have transacted some business.

"Grand Central Station!" he told the waiting taxi driver.

He unloaded the trunk at the baggage room. The valise he gave to a porter to hold, saying, "I'm going to check them at the parcel room. The trunk goes to Bronxville, N. Y."

He turned to the taxi driver and gave him a ten-dollar bill. The chauffeur, true to type, began to make a great to-do about the change, when Caldecott interrupted with a broad grin: "Never mind the change. I've had a streak of luck to-day, and you might as well have your share."

"Thank you, sir," said the driver, nodding happily. The colored porter, who stood by with Caldecott's dress-suitcase in one hand and hat box in the other, began scraping and bowing with a sort of premature gratitude. It was a mistake, for Caldecott gave him only fifty cents. The fact that, after all, this tip was excessive merely had the effect of infuriating him; he had seen the taxi man's far more excessive ten dollars.

Caldecott walked quickly to the Ritz-Carlton, registered, got a room, gave his baggage checks to the hotel porter and went up to his room.

He called the hotel telephone operator and told her he wished to speak to Mr. Robert Turner.

Presently she said: "Mr. Turner doesn't answer, sir."

"Please leave word at his room that he is to call up Room 422 the moment he comes in. Please don't forget this."

"No, sir."

Cecil Caldecott, uncaught smuggler, took from his pocket his favorite Montaigne and began to read the remarkable essay Of the Affection of Fathers.

Later that afternoon his telephone rang and Robert Turner's voice said: "Robert Turner speaking."

"Don't let anybody see you, but come up to Room 422 at once. C. Square."

"All right, Mr. Collins."

Robert Turner entered the room with a face of a conqueror, and Caldecott shook hands congratulatorily.

"I think we've done all that you expected and more, Mr. Collins."

"No, not more. I sized you up. Now you must propose to her in public Friday night. She must refuse you."

"I don't know about that ——" began Turner with a rueful smile.

"She must! See her on Thursday and tell her that you plan to found an art museum, two orphan asylums and a daily newspaper that won't print lying advertisements. Add that you intend to do manual labor as a matter of principle, in order not to be a nonproducer; that you don't believe in idle riches and that she must help you to be an example to others who have inherited unearned wealth. Also that you will live at the mine and that she will gloriously do her own washing. You will wipe the dishes every night ——"

"But I—I like her!" blurted Robert Turner.

"You can marry her on Saturday if you wish. After you are rejected you will be seen leaving for France on the French boat. She changes her mind and calls you to come back. The steamer has started, but you jump overboard and they pick you up and take you to her. Just sit down there and write this letter that she will get Saturday morning."

And Caldecott dictated:

"*My Own Darling:* I am leaving for France and may never see you again, but before death stills my hand I want to write to you that I was wrong—all wrong. If I could see you again I would tell you that I have discovered that my duty was not to have socialistic notions, but to consider your happiness, to obey your every wish. To give is more blessed than to receive! If I had another chance I would give you every penny of my income, just as I have given you every bit of my heart and every particle of my love and devotion. Oh, if you would change your mind you would find that I also have changed mine about the duties of wealthy people. The one thing that has not changed is the undying love of "Your unhappy

"ROBERT."

"Say, boss," exclaimed Turner, "you certainly are one mammoth, monumental marvel ——"

"Have the camera man at the dock to show you almost drowning ——"

"But I can swim pretty well."

"That wouldn't be heroic enough. You must register exceeding anguish as the big liner pulls out into midstream. After you have shrieked that you cannot swim a stroke you suddenly yell 'Wait a minute!' and rush to your stateroom, put on the life preserver and, before anybody can stop you, jump overboard. You are picked up and taken, half-drowned, to your waiting Myrtle, and then to this hotel. You will marry her in the afternoon if you wish."

"Yes, that's fine!" said Turner enthusiastically, perceiving the heroism of Robert Turner risking his life for love.

"Go to the French Line to-morrow and engage your passage. Get a single stateroom. You must not bunk with anyone else."

"Very well, sir."

"Tell Townsend that I will write him to-night and that he must hustle and get the film out just as quickly as he possibly can. If you ever meet me anywhere you don't know me. And don't come to this room without first calling me on the telephone to find out if I will see you. Don't use names. Room 422. Good day, Turner. We'll get down to real business next week."

Turner left the room unobserved, and half an hour later Mr. Cecil Caldecott, whose chief specialty was that of not being caught, went out. He walked down the avenue to one of the department stores, entered a telephone booth, dropped a coin, called up Mr. G. G. Carnarvon's private telephone number and said:

"Carnarvon? . . . Caldecott speaking. . . . Yes, I've got them. . . . Are you very busy? . . . If that is the case I will see you some afternoon after three in your house. . . . Make it some good stock-market day, so that you will be sure to be intelligently amiable. . . . Monday? Right."

Caldecott returned to the hotel, dined, went to a movie theater, took many notes during the performance, and, after it, walked slowly back to the Ritz.

That night he thought of Anson Wheeler. It was almost certain that the collector's men, if they had not actually followed Caldecott, had taken the taxi's number and would interview the driver. They would learn that he had spent nearly ten minutes in T. H. Merriwether's home—too long not to have seen and spoken to somebody in the house, and possibly to have left a small package. If they asked Mr. Merriwether about Caldecott they would learn that Merriwether was willing to swear that Caldecott had not called at his residence that morning. Why should T. H. Merriwether, who was a buyer of expensive gems, shield Caldecott? Why, indeed, unless he was guilty himself—the all-powerful Czar of the Southwest?

Caldecott smiled at the thought of the conversation that the collector was sure to have with his men.

On the morning of the day after Caldecott's arrival in New York a well-built man of about five and thirty with an outdoor complexion and confident carriage and remarkably steady bluish-gray eyes called at the office of the Rollin Weeks Wrecking and Salvage Company and asked for Mr. Weeks, saying that he had important business and must see the head of the firm.

"What name shall I say?"

"Just say Spot Cash. My name would mean nothing to him."

The clerk came out presently. "Won't you walk in, sir?" he said.

Spot Cash did.

"Mr. Weeks?"

"Yes, sir. What can we do for you?" said the man whose divers recovered more sunken treasure than all other wrecking companies put together.

"I want to get a diver to recover a package I dropped off the Battery yesterday. I want to know how much it is going to cost me per day."

"It depends."

"Listen, please," Caldecott spoke impatiently. "I wish to go with the diver myself, to the spot. I know just where I dropped it, because I estimated the distance from the shore and I tried to fix the location by means of certain points. It was when the exact middle of a certain building was just in line with the tip of Trinity steeple."

"Which building?"

"I'll tell the diver that on the tug when I get him there. Coming over from Staten Island I dropped a package."

"What size?"

"The exact size of a two-pound box of candy. It is a tin box, though it had a paper covering. It was quite heavy and must have sunk within twenty-five feet of the spot, allowing for the rising tide. I am anxious to recover it and I am even more anxious not to have my wife know that I lost it. Are you a married man, Mr. Weeks?"

"I am, I'm glad to say."

"Then your wife is not nervous?"

"No, she is not."

"Well, mine is," said Caldecott shortly.

"Oh!" And Mr. Rollin Weeks shook his head sympathetically.

"Can this thing be done without newspaper notoriety?"

"I think so. Of course it is rather unusual."

"Not a bit," contradicted Caldecott. "It isn't the only time in history that a man has dropped a package because he was watching silk hosiery in a breeze."

Rollin Weeks ventured on a smile, but Caldecott asked him impatiently: "How soon can I get a diver to go out with me?"

"Not before two days; or possibly three. My men are all engaged and ——"

"Oh, the dickens! I should think you would know your business better."

"I run it so I am always busy," retorted Rollin Weeks shortly. "If it doesn't suit you you might try some other concern where they have first-class divers standing round reading newspapers and drawing their wages for playing solitaire."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Weeks. Are you sure you couldn't do it before? It isn't a matter of expense. I am willing to pay extra ——"

(Continued on Page 38)

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(Continued from Page 36)

"It isn't a matter of money, but of men."

"You don't know my wife, man!" said Caldecott, so irritably that Rollin Weeks said with conviction: "I don't know as I blame her."

Caldecott frowned, took out a card and wrote his telephone number on it, gave it to Mr. Weeks and said: "Between nine-thirty and ten-thirty A. M. only. Won't you please let me know the moment you can tell me exactly when I can have the men?"

"Very well," said Mr. Weeks. "Of course we must have a retainer."

"I'll pay my retainer when you can tell me exactly when you can undertake the work. Good morning!"

Mr. Weeks nodded and returned to his mail. Caldecott left the wrecking company's office and went to his own.

The collector's men had not located Caldecott's sleeping quarters, but they called up all the divers in New York—Miss Valentine's insistence having made itself felt on the less imaginative masculine mind.

"There!" she said when she learned about Caldecott's visit to the Weeks wrecking people.

"Well, we'll have a man on the tug," said the collector. "Personally I think it is a plant."

"He made it obvious so that you would think it was just that," said Miss Valentine with assurance.

"Perhaps! Perhaps! But if I catch him ——"

And Anson Wheeler's eyes grew bright. It was just like a man, thought Miss Valentine, to say "I" when he should have really said "You."

### XIV

ON THURSDAY morning Mr. Caldecott, from a public pay station, called up Jean, the friendly clerk at the steamship company, and asked him for his house address.

"I'll probably call on you Friday night. Have you any disengaged single staterooms?"

"Not one."

"Any chance of getting one by Saturday morning?"

"There is not one chance in a thousand. We have a long waiting list. Of course, if one did happen to turn up and you wanted it, in addition to your own, I'd save it for you, though I am offered a big bonus ——"

"I'll see you Friday night, Jean, in your home. About nine o'clock."

"Very good, Mr. Caldecott."

That same day in the afternoon, after a stormy interview, during which a philanthropist called an artiste mercenary and a pretty girl called a good-looking young man a plain simp, the press agent of the Tabasco Theater said to Bill of the Sun, Dick of the Times, Louis of the Globe and Jim of the World, that Miss Myrtle Montgomery was wavering, and after all might marry the man from Butte.

"Ten thousand a day is sure some luck piece," said Tabasco P. A. Bill with a sigh. "And I don't know as I blame Myrtle, though she says he is a kind of a socialist."

"Gad! Then he is rich! We knew he had no brains," said Bill of the Sun.

"You are some epigrammarian."

"Grammatist, William," gently corrected the reporter.

"So she told me she would finally make up what she is pleased to call her mind Friday."

"Do you continue in her employ after the ceremony, Willie?"

"Oh, can that! She's too ——"

"I remember the time when she was perfection ——"

"Purely professional! Purely professional!" interrupted the press agent, whose marital experiences endeared him to every bachelor by making said bachelor think well of his own wisdom.

"Exactly so!" said the irritating person from the World.

"Curse yuh!" swore Bill. "Meet me tomorrow night, and if she has the sparklers to prove it, including the bill of sale which I have instructed her to demand—not even you fellows would question that, I take it!—why, then I expect you to do your duty.

"If not, the drinks are on me, and, if not too ravenous, the viands. I shall have Monsieur Renault with me."

"No!" simultaneously burst from four unbelieving larynges. M. Renault, the greatest of the younger French playwrights, being wealthy by inheritance and really talented, was eccentric enough morbidly to dislike newspaper *réclame*, and invariably refused to talk for publication.

"Yes," said Bill, swelling up. "On my sacred word! But no shop. That goes. Purely social. Damn it, can't you be gentlemen for once? When even a press agent ——"

But they boohooed him out of the rest of the impassioned burst of autobiography.

On Friday night after the third so-called act, as Miss Myrtle Montgomery had finished her self-labeled "aria," the crimson-liveried page of Themistocles Papastipodopoulos, the popular florist—see theater program—carried to the star the nightly offering of flowers from the young millionaire from Butte, who throughout the intermissions had been the cynosure of all eyes.

As soon as Miss Montgomery had clasped the floral offering to her bosom, Ten Thousand-a-Day Turner rose in his seat, his eyes glaring with determination, his face pale with apprehension and haggard with sorrow, and shouted: "Myrtle, for the last time I ask you: Will you marry me?"

Miss Montgomery, who had been wondering for some days if her refusal of this man with the nearly sufficient income was, after all, wise, did not know what to say. Her very indecision at this critical moment made her make an effort to decide, an effort which of course came to naught. She became aware of the disturbance of normal conditions in the theater. Skeptical Manhattanese of both sexes began to laugh and jeer.

Miss Montgomery looked at the sea of faces—so familiar and friendly to her and now so strange and hostile—and she gasped and gulped. Of a sudden there descended upon her an avalanche that buried her—stage fright! She was now not a self-possessed actress, but a harassed girl facing an unfriendly crowd. She began to stammer. She no longer thought of Turner or a marriage. All she felt was a great fear that oppressed her chest and kept her from breathing.

She saw nothing but an infinity of swirling points of light.

"Answer me! Answer me!" he cried imploringly.

Ushers ran up to the young mining millionaire.

"Will you ——" began Turner in a voice heard above the tumult.

"No!" she shrieked, so furiously and shaking her head so violently that even the mocking audience recognized her sincerity.

It stilled the tumult and this enabled Robert Turner, owner of the wonderful mine, to say very slowly and distinctly: "Then it is good-by forever!"

His face was so pale, his eyes so wild, his voice so determined that half a thousand feminine voices began to shriek in dismay: "Stop him!"

But Mr. Turner was too much of a gentleman—as Bill pointed out to the theatrical reporters—to blow out his brains in the theater and spoil the priceless rug placed in each box.

The Sun man said it for the crowd. He asserted:

"Bill, you know you'd give a hundred dollars out of your own pocket to have it happen here and now."

"I would not!" indignantly denied the press agent.

"Bill, look at me!" said the Sun man.

Bill shook his head vehemently. "Not a hundred," he said. "Make it ten dollars and I'll admit it. Heck, I ain't ashamed of being human!"

And this admission so touched the heart of the theatrical reporters that each and every one of them wrote a column story about Turner's proposal.

While Robert Turner was being refused in public by Miss Montgomery, Caldecott, trailed by one of the custom-house sleuths, had gone to Jean's house. Jean was glad to see him.

"Here it is!" And Caldecott gave the clerk a beautiful scarfpin.

"*Merci, Monsieur Caldecott,*" said Jean, who always did his thanking in French because that way it sounded less like a quid *quid pro quo.*

"By the way, if a man named Robert Turner, from Butte, Montana ——"

"Ah, the new Monte Cristo!" interrupted Jean. Everybody is literary nowadays.

"If he should show up at your office tomorrow and ask for a single stateroom give him mine. I shall not sail if he does. We have a wager—this is *entre nous.*"

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"Of course!" You could see from Jean's face that the grave had nothing on him when it came to habitual silence.

"I shall speak to M. Letellier about something else to-morrow morning. My name does not appear on the passenger list sailing to-morrow, does it?"

"You said not to," said Jean quickly. Then he looked alarmed. Had he made a mistake?

"Exactly. Well, good night, Jean."

"Good night, sir. You are very kind and I don't know how to express my gratitude."

Jean put his fingers to his mouth and bowed. Caldecott went out.

La Meuse was sailing at noon. The pier was full of people. Fifteen minutes before the hour an exceedingly long touring car painted a bright crimson dashed up to the very gangway and discharged a tall young man dressed in fashionable New York clothes and a Western sombrero.

A movie camera promptly got busy.

"That's Robert Turner, the Butte millionaire!" almost shrieked a girl of sixteen, whose face, asleep, was like a Madonna's, but, awake, was too bright as to eyes and too red as to lips. She promptly took a position where the camera man could not fail to take her.

A hum rose in Turner's wake, but he paid no attention to it. He walked aboard, followed by three or four stewards bearing valises, bundles of rugs, and so on, and by the clicking of the camera, J. Fanning commanding.

The gong for the nontravelers to go ashore rang, and at five minutes after midday the big boat pulled out. It had not gone fifty feet when a taxicab dashed madly upon the pier.

The camera turned to meet the charge. The door flew open. A very handsome young woman, looking very much like a cloak model in the Sunday supplement, flung herself from the auto and shrieked: "Where is he? Where is he?"

She put her hand on her heart and in other ways displayed poignant emotion with eyes, brows and lips and convulsive clenching and unclenching of fists.

A young man who was in the cab with her now followed after the young woman and said very slowly and distinctly: "Too late! Too late!" He then shook his head three times—complete—and let his hands fall to his sides—despair.

John Fanning was cranking away for dear life.

The young woman rushed to the end of the pier, followed by Bill and the camera man. When Fanning told Bill "Ready!" Bill called to Miss Montgomery "I see him!" and with a Kit Carson gesture pointed toward the funnel of the Meuse.

Myrtle extended her arms gracefully and a trifle slowly, with a gesture full of longing and despair, and yelled "Bob! Bob!" She pronounced the final "b" very distinctly.

Robert Turner heard her; he couldn't help it.

"Myrtle!"

By this time the people on the pier, who had read the morning papers, were watching with the intense curiosity of keyhole observers of a neighbor's parlor during the poor husband's absence.

"I'll marry you, Bob! I'll marry you!"

Bill under cover of a fat cop clapped his hands. The mob promptly did likewise. Myrtle almost turned to bow from force of habit, but caught herself in time and beckoned to Bob to come on down quick.

"I can't swim! I can't swim!" he yelled.

"Come anyhow!" shrieked Myrtle.

"I'll drown!"

"Come, if you love me!" yelled Myrtle.

The crowd became her friend and shrieked: "He'll drown!"

"No, he won't!"

"Sure thing!"

"Ain't it a shame!"

"With the tide going out he wouldn't last a minute!"

"Awful cold, that water. Awful cold!"

"He can't swim a stroke!"

"And cramps too!"

"Oh, Bob, come to me! Come to me!" said Myrtle, and began to sob, when she suddenly remembered that the camera was no recording phonograph. She then began to wring her hands piteously instead. Bob said something they could not catch by now. Then he disappeared.

She buried her face in her hands and sobbed with her shoulders, receiving some assistance from her elbows.

J. Fanning shifted his mitrailleuse to the Meuse. Presently a figure was seen to leap upon the rail.

"He's got a life preserver!" shrieked a sharp-eyed one of about forty. She was thin and her chin and nose also were sharp.

Bob Turner, who could not swim on this day, though that was one of his qualifications when he answered C. Square's advertisement, was seen by the veracious camera breasting the flood.

J. Fanning permitted himself his first smile that week. It was a good picture. The light was right and everything worked O. K.

Bob made for the dock. A rope, thoughtfully anticipated by Bill, P. A. of the Tabasco, was lowered, and Bob was hoisted to the dock.

From a barge that lay alongside the next pier a second camera man pictured the hoisting.

"Sweetheart!"

"Bob!"

She flung herself into his arms. He had difficulty in embracing her, by reason of the life preserver, but Bill said: "Come on quick and change your clothes."

"To the Ritz!" said Myrtle, her hand in his.

"To the minister!" said Bob determinedly—in plain hearing of at least three hundred and fifty. It was a chance he took blithely, knowing the histrionic temperament.

"No! To your hotel first. Then—perhaps!"

"H'm! Everybody knows she'll take him as soon as ever she can. He nearly got away to-day," observed the sharp-eyed-nosed-chinned one to her friends, in no whisper.

But Bill had hustled the young couple into the taxi, and then considerately told the five reporters that he had another taxi and would esteem it an honor to have them share it with him.

"Shad roe!" muttered the Sun man, with an ostentatious sniff.

"You mean cod-liver oil!" observed the World, after a long inhalation.

"You can say what you will, and smell all the fish you want, but I had nothing to do with it."

"Bill, you certainly are industrious," remarked the Globe. "I cannot conscientiously congratulate you on originality, subtlety or finesse. But you sure sweat, Bill; you sure do!"

"I swear to you that I ——"

"Oh, we'll fall for it, old chap," said the kindly Times; and they left in Bill's taxi.

Caldecott was waiting at the hotel. He had not left his own room, but at twelve-twenty-five, upon receiving a telephone message from the French-Line pier, he had gone to Bob's room, which was next to his now, and waited there, unsuspected by the operative who had been watching to see him descend in one of the south elevators as usual. Turner came in, life preserver, wet clothes and all.

"How did it go?" asked Caldecott.

"Fine! It's the happiest day of my life."

"I congratulate you! Is she downstairs waiting for you?"

"Yes."

"Well, change quickly. Then go to Theodore and tell him you'll want a luncheon that will make a nervous woman happy that she is alive. Then after the meal tell Myrtle your story. Tell her you will be earning more thousands in a little while than she does hundreds. But above all tell her that you love her. And she must act for our picture of the true screen history of Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner. You will have to do that proposal in the theater over and you can tell her that officially you will continue to be the eccentric millionaire before the public so that she can go the limit of arrogance and fuss. But remember, not a word until after the luncheon."

Robert Turner changed quickly and left Caldecott with a hasty but warm clasp of the hand.

"Some head, that man!" muttered Robert, and sought, first, Myrtle, then the artistic *maître d'hôtel*.



(TO BE CONCLUDED)


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# S. O. S.—The Army Behind the Army

(Continued from Page 4)

sunset" many of them secretly thought he was right. They changed their minds when the draft came along and the era of the training camp began.

It was the fashion in many quarters to jeer at the Regular Army; to deride, for example, the quartermaster, who in the popular ignorance was looked upon as a sutler or a glorified clerk. Yet it was the band of devoted regular quartermasters, capitalizing their hard-won experience in Cuban jungle, Philippine wild or on the sunbaked Mexican border, who formed the nucleus of our enormous supply service that is the backbone of the system. Then, too, Americans did not readily grasp the idea that a great army must be equipped and, what is most important, properly organized and officered. All this required education at a time when intelligent and alert coöperation should have been the watchword. It only made our job in Europe all the harder.

But this moral handicap paled before the physical obstacles that grimly blocked the way. Heading the list was the superproblem of transporting men and supplies across three thousand miles of sea full of hidden terror and destruction. With a minimum average requirement of five tons of shipping for every man in France the magnitude of the proposition is at once apparent. And we had no shipping.

Right here came the fundamental difference between the subsistence problems of the three leading Allies. The French had all their sources of supply at hand; England could rectify her water transportation in twenty-four hours; with us it was a matter of three weeks' time between departure and arrival. Empires have been won and lost in that time.

Once we arrived in France we found that all utilities, such as docks, railways and telephone and telegraph lines, were being used by others, principally the French, but in many instances by both the French and the British. Instantly there came the inevitable and peaceful conflict with French laws. If you have ever tried to do anything official in France you can at once appreciate the tangle of red tape and the maze of complications into which we were plunged.

Then, too, there was the great difficulty of operating in a foreign country whose language and customs were unknown to the great majority of our men. Finally we had to expand our little peace organization into an immense and elastic overseas expedition that would take its full part in helping to defeat the mightiest of all military machines, that had been forty years in the making.

Such was the seemingly impossible task that confronted us in April, 1917. To-day the impossible has been made possible. The American Army that holds its well-won place in the battle line of freedom, the unbroken chain of supply and transport behind, stretching from Alsace-Lorraine to San Francisco, is the answer that Yankee resource, energy and patriotism have made to the great call. How has it been done?

### Pershing's Foresight

Come with me to the little French town which houses the general headquarters of the A. E. F. and I will show you both the mainspring and the inspiration. In a simple office in a weather-beaten building that flies the American and the French flags at its gate and whose stone walls have echoed with the swords and spurs of many generations of French soldiers in the making, sits the erect, serious, keen-eyed man whose broad shoulders bear the chief burden of responsibility of our armies abroad. General Pershing foresaw what would and did happen. "To foresee," said the French philosopher, "is to rule." In this military statesmanship lie our safety and our success in France. It was his grave eyes that beheld the vision of American opportunity, and it has had a rich fulfillment.

The simple reason why we have met every extraordinary and unexpected demand upon us this year is that our facilities are so elastic as to be capable of almost indefinite expansion. Had they been rigid—that is, limited to the estimate of our original overseas force—we and probably the whole Allied cause might have been lost. As it was they stood the well-nigh incredible strain in amazing fashion.

Let us go back and see just what happened. When the C. in C., as the head of the Army is called, arrived in France in June, 1917, the war situation was apparently satisfactory. The British were well established up the Somme; everywhere the French held their own; the Italians were pushing confidently on. An optimist would have said "All is well." The program of our expeditionary force, then set for five hundred thousand men, seemed to be ample for all needs.

But General Pershing saw beyond the security of that hopeful hour. Russia had begun to crack, and in the Slav disintegration that followed lay disaster for us all. France was drained; England was combing out her man power; America was the last, the only reserve. The final brunt would be hers.

So this far-seeing chieftain looked ahead to the contingency that might rise, not in a year but in two or three. How wise was his foresight was amply proved by subsequent events. In less than twelve months from the time of his advent Italy's reverse had been registered; Russia, prey to anarchy and misguided uplift, had made her obscene peace with the Kaiser; the German offensive had swept the British down the Somme; once more Paris was the target of attack.

Out of that encircling gloom flashed Lloyd George's famous "Hurry, hurry" appeal to America; and it was not sent in vain. Like those hosts of the 'Sixties who marched to Father Abraham "five hundred thousand strong," the Yankees came sailing over the sea. Every schedule was quadrupled; all original estimates and plans went by the board. A steady stream of khaki poured into France. What was more, it was debarked, supplied and rushed up the line; and all because the supply and transport machine, conceived in foresight and builded in wisdom, met the test. It made Château-Thierry, Saint Mihiel and all that has followed possible.

### The American Theory

Those heroes of pick and spade and derrick who had toiled in port and supply depot had their full hour of compensation. They saw the original Army of five hundred thousand swell into a million, and then become two millions; and no man went unfed.

Just before I started on my investigation of the American Army I spent the night with old friends at British General Headquarters in France. We discussed our immense supply preparations, which interested them immensely. Suddenly a grizzled general with a foot of service ribbons on the breast of his tunic said: "Your people are working on the theory that the war is going on indefinitely. It's amazing!"

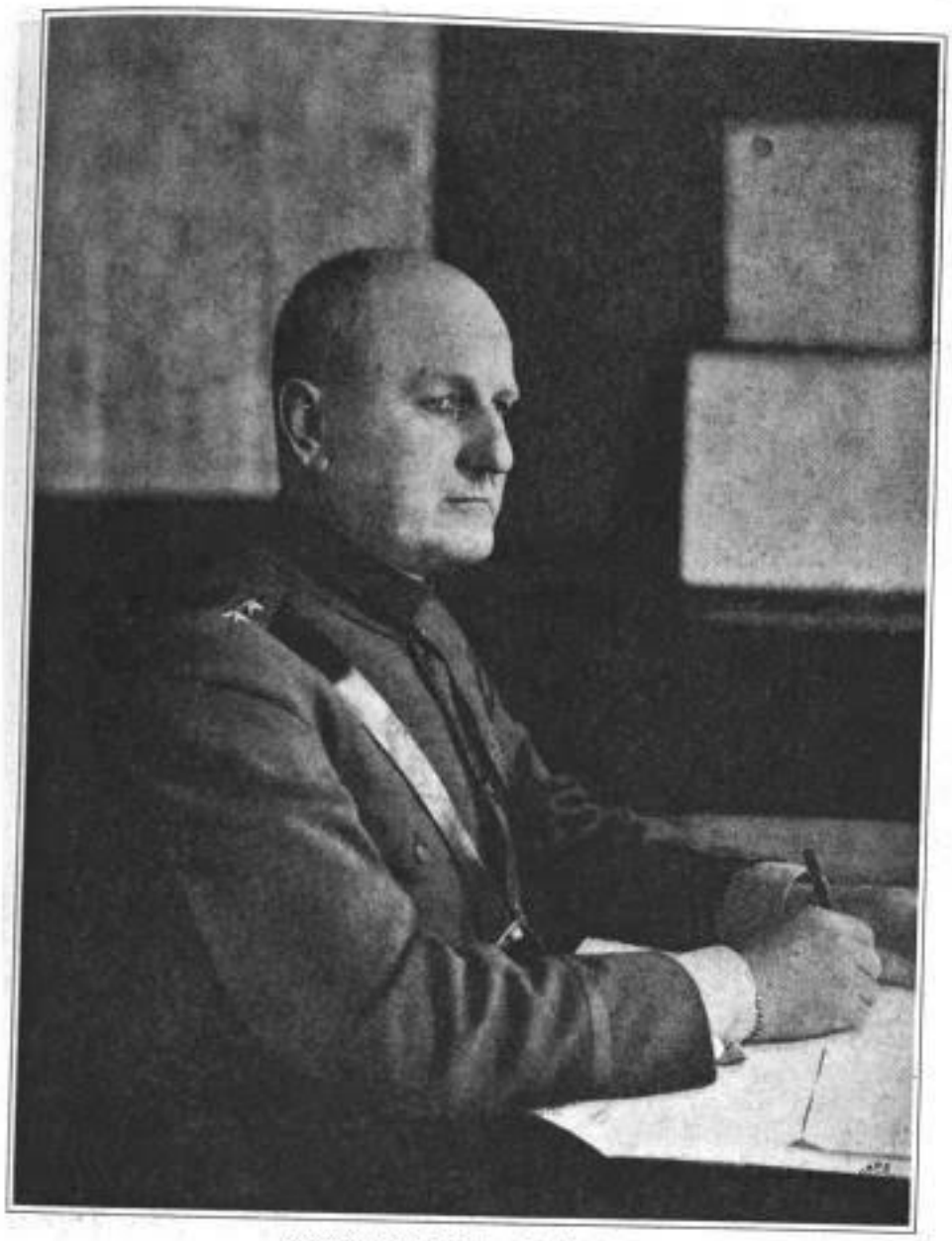
He hit the American nail on the head, for this is precisely what we are doing in France. The domain of supply and transport which we are about to explore is a vast business institution which, though dedicated to war, is bound to have a tremendous significance with peace.

In that precarious June of last year, when General Pershing and his handful of fellow officers faced the task of creating a system of combat and supply overseas, the offices of the expedition were in a modest building in the Rue de Constantine in Paris. Almost within the shadow of the stately and gilded dome of the Invalides, which shelters the dust of the great Napoleon, was born the whole organization which has become a prop of the war. Here first of all the general staff in France was created. Later, in a back room and at a conference presided over by the commander in chief in person, what is to-day the Services of Supply came into being. It was not originally known by its present comprehensive designation. It had various titles and functions. Indeed, its career up to the time I write is studded with picturesque happenings and striking personalities, and they are all part of our narrative.

After four years of war the average reader need not be told that in any army in the field there are two separate and distinct organizations—one, that section which fights and which is known as the combat army; the other, the equally necessary wing which mans the lines of communications and in supply and transport has its

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Major General James G. Harbord

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all-important part. Down these lines flow the life sustenance of the fighting man.

At that first meeting in Paris, to which I have just referred, was born an institution, typically American in character, which is the very rock on which our whole activity abroad is reared. It grew out of the peculiar handicaps under which our overseas expedition labored from the start. Up to that time the most difficult supply and transport problem of the war was Britain's. She had to carry troops and supplies to Mesopotamia, Saloniki, Egypt and France, and maintain those forces. But compared with our requirements and problems abroad this was not so overwhelmingly difficult, because the great mass of her overseas troops were in France and never fighting more than a hundred and fifty miles at the outside from their home ports. The Australians, to be sure, had to come five thousand miles from their native land, but they carry only their initial supplies; England furnishes the rest from her home and other depots. Though a considerable portion of the British Army supply is gathered from different parts of the world and is subject to the sea menace, she was not absolutely dependent upon these foreign sources.

With America it was different. We were up against the proposition of not only conveying all our troops over three thousand miles of danger-ridden sea but likewise carrying the great bulk of our food, equipment and munitions the same way. Our system of supply had to be breakdown proof. How to accomplish this was the proposition put up to that group of pioneers of America abroad who sat round the table in that dingy back room of the Rue de Constantine.

These men knew that long before they could even dream of joining the smoke-enveloped battle line of democracy they must settle the all-important question of a continuous subsistence supply. Emergency, that unfailing speeder-up of idea and event, came to their rescue. At that round table was devised the remarkable plan known as automatic supply, which is the essence of our whole overseas system. To grasp it fully you must understand the very obvious fact that in war a reserve of food and supplies is all-essential. That ancient and familiar saying that armies fight on their stomachs is as true to-day in the era of machine gun, poison gas, wireless, aëroplanes and tanks as it was when cave men fought with stone weapons. The strength of the army food reserve depends upon the distance of the fighting force from its base. With the British Expeditionary Force the so-called fixed food reserve is thirty days. This means that in all the huge supply depots in France and England—I shall use the British Expeditionary Force in France for the contrast—a quantity of food, fuel and forage equal to thirty days' consumption by man and beast is maintained. No matter what happens this reserve must be kept up. It is the insurance against enemy action, breakdown or delay in transport—any of the many emergencies that rise up in war and knock down the best-laid plans, and incidentally destroy precious supplies.

But England in France, as I have already pointed out, is only a comparatively short distance from her home reserves. A short trip across the English Channel can rectify any dislocation in her food communications. What were we to do three thousand miles from our home ports and factories?

No one could tell then, any more than they can tell now, just what the submarine would do. Not being a heedless optimist, General Pershing, together with his advisers, took no chances. They assumed the worst would happen, so they framed up the famous plan which I have referred to as the automatic supply. This provides the unfailing and yet flexible meal ticket of the A. E. F.

By this procedure our whole food supply—and for that matter all munitions and supplies, even a whole railway system from spike to station—renews itself automatically, and therefore without the formality of special requisitions for stores.

In the simplest way this is the way the system works: For every unit of twenty-five thousand troops that goes to France—whether they arrive in one convoy or in detached groups—a four months' supply of food is also sent at the same time from the United States. What amounts to a thirty days' supply goes with the men, while a ninety days' reserve is shipped

(Continued on Page 47)

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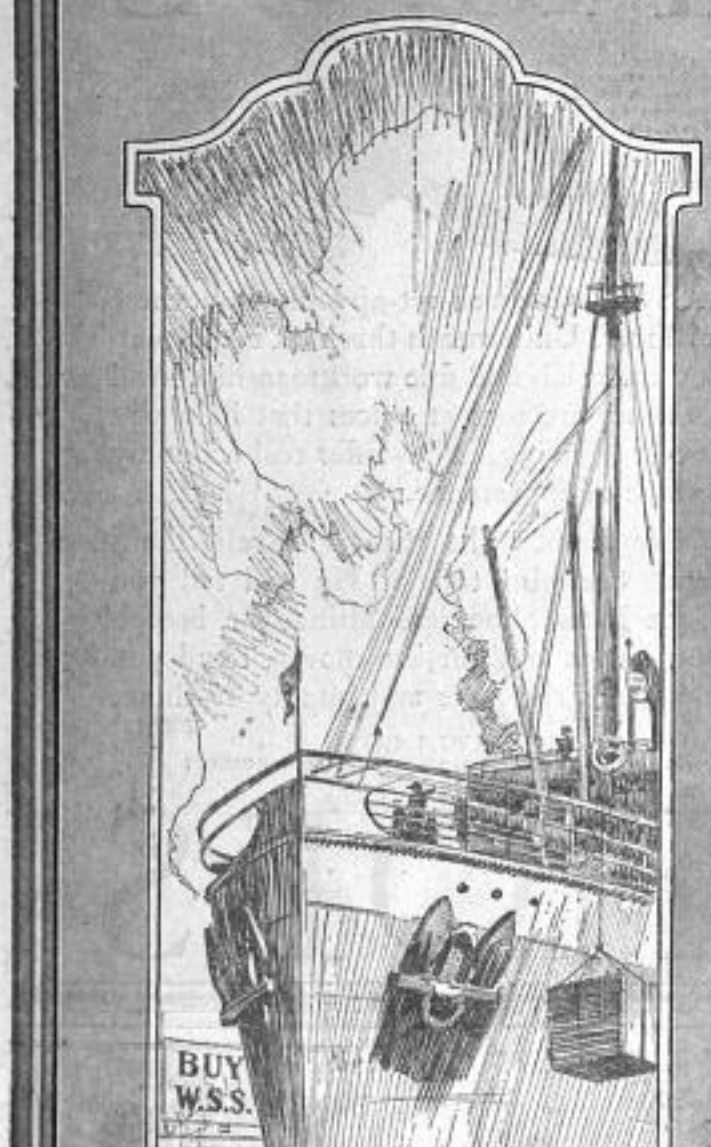
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coincidently. This ninety days' reserve becomes the backbone of our effort. It may not land at the same port as the unit for which it is designated, but—submarines willing—it reaches France and becomes part of the general food reserve. No matter how many units of twenty-five thousand men may leave the United States this ninety days' reserve becomes their traveling companion, near or distant. It is on the ocean at the same time.

By making this reserve cover ninety days we have trebled the British quantity and taken into consideration what those wise men who framed the system had in mind—namely, the very worst that the submarine could do. The destruction of a whole month's or even two months' supply would not mean disaster for us.

This process is technically known as the initial supply. It means that with the automatic supply, which I shall describe in a moment, sufficient food, with the exception of fresh beef and a few minor ration components, is constantly kept in France to last our whole overseas force four months.

But troops must eat and at the same time the integrity of this ninety days' reserve must be maintained. How is it done? Here is where the automatic supply comes in. Every month there is shipped from the United States sufficient food to feed our overseas force for thirty days. It is in units of the needs of twenty-five thousand men. This might be called the standing order of the army and is for current consumption. It moves like clockwork every thirty days. It is precisely as if a housekeeper had left a permanent order with her grocer to send her on the first day of every month enough flour, tinned goods, salt, pepper, vegetables—in fact, all her kitchen needs—for thirty days, and he scrupulously followed instructions. If he is a good grocer she never has to renew the order save when her family increases. The acting quartermaster general at Washington, Brig. Gen. R. E. Wood, is the good grocer; he never misses a shipment to France. For every unit of twenty-five thousand men that sets foot upon France he simply chalks up another increase to that immense standing order. Nothing can be simpler than this system.

Not all supplies are or can be automatic. Every hour of the day and night in France some emergency leads to unexpected demands. Take ordnance: a big push may use up an immense amount of ammunition and cut into the fixed reserve, which is based on the daily needs of all guns. Take construction: the unexpected advent of troops in certain regions and who need barracks, together with the demand made on the light and standard gauge railway for extensions, may consume material far beyond the widest provision made in advance. All this must be renewed, and at once; and it is done through so-called exceptional requisitions, or demands as they are called by the British. The articles thus obtained are termed exceptional supplies, and are sent only in response to a special requisition made on the War Department by the supply services in the field.

### The Five Sections

Here, in brief, is the crux of our supply system in France. An extraordinary and unprecedented remedy, which so far has proved to be not only submarine proof but has stood up against every tremendous demand made upon it. With a knowledge of this bulwark of the soldier's stomach—the fundamental war precaution—we can now proceed to the story of the complete army organization in France, which is necessary before we can explain the concrete workings of the Services of Supply.

These meetings of General Pershing and his first colleagues in the Rue de Constantine in Paris not only hatched out the initial and automatic supply systems; but in the creation of the general staff of the A. E. F. they laid the foundation of the whole close-knit combat supply and transport scheme which has enabled the A. E. F. to assume its full share of the burden of war.

If you know anything about war you also know that everything radiates from the staff. Individual initiative is only possible or effective in the emergency of battle or with a sudden breakdown in transport. The successful conduct of modern war is the result of teamwork, coördination, the fitting together of many units. It is the product of many closely attuned minds. The real and unadvertised work of war, therefore, is done behind closed doors. Its secrecy and silence are in contrast with the crash and carnage of the tragic tumult it produces.

Let us take the general staff at general headquarters first. Though we have nothing to do with fighting—the task of this series ends the moment the guns begin to pop—we must understand its functions, because they are duplicated to a large extent at the headquarters of the Services of Supply. This is as good a place as any to emphasize the fact that in France we have two absolutely separate armies, with entirely separate and completely equipped headquarters, from a commanding general down. One is the general headquarters, presided over by General Pershing, who is the supreme chief in France and whose job is fighting; the other is the headquarters of the Services of Supply, whose task is to sustain and equip those fighters. Each of these headquarters has a general staff, similar to each other in organization though the body at general headquarters is senior in authority and creates the larger policies, which the staff of the S. O. S. interprets.

The staff at G. H. Q. has five sections—devoted to Administration; Intelligence; Operations—which is fighting; Coördination; and Training. Originally these sections were known by these respective activities. Subsequently the designations were changed. Administration became G1. This is the wholesaler which gets tonnage and personnel to France, and also purchases in France. Intelligence, now known as G2, deals with all information about the enemy. It has ramified functions that range from censorship to counter espionage. Operations, now G3, employs troops in the field. Coördination, which is G4, handles and distributes what G1 procures. But it does much more. It is the supreme standardizer, one of the most remarkable agencies that we have devised in the war. You will hear a great deal about it as we proceed with this narrative. Training, which has become G5, trains the personnel which G1 gets to France. Here is a bird's-eye view of the general staff, which is the board of directors of the business of war. All these sections are tied up to chief of staff, who is the link between the work of the Army and the commander in chief.

### Daily Staff Meetings

The staff meets every morning in the office of the chief of staff, who at G. H. Q. is Maj. Gen. James W. McAndrew, just as the directors of the Standard Oil Company used to assemble daily at 26 Broadway. It enables them to keep abreast of what is going on. What is equally important, every head of a department knows what the other heads are doing. In this knowledge lies power in war. This war, more than any other, has proved the value of coördination. It was not until Marshal Foch became in fact the head of a united Allied command that we made definite progress. Up to that time every big Allied army went practically on its own; and the Germans wisely capitalized this lack of perfect teamwork. The Germans have always excelled in staff work. We are getting ready—for we have a staff school—to assail them with their own medicine.

With a small army this elaborate staff system is not necessary. The heads of the various sections—that is, Operations, Supply, Transport and Intelligence—can go direct to their commander in chief and talk affairs over. But when that commander is at the head of millions of men spread out over lines of communication six hundred miles long this is impossible. He must have understudies to digest and coördinate the routine problems, dispose of the general business of war, and leave him free to create and deal with the larger measures. The various sections thus become miniature minds of the C. in C., which think and plan and sometimes execute for him. By an elaborate and comprehensive system of condensed diaries he knows just what they are doing each day.

This staff system at G. H. Q. and its functions are duplicated at the headquarters of the Services of Supply, except that only G1, G2 and G4 are represented. The S. O. S has nothing to do with fighting, therefore it can dispense with G3 and G5. Its main sections are G1 and G4.

Such, in brief, is the directing force that set up the A. E. F. in France. Originally it was housed in Paris. As our troops began

(Continued on Page 50)

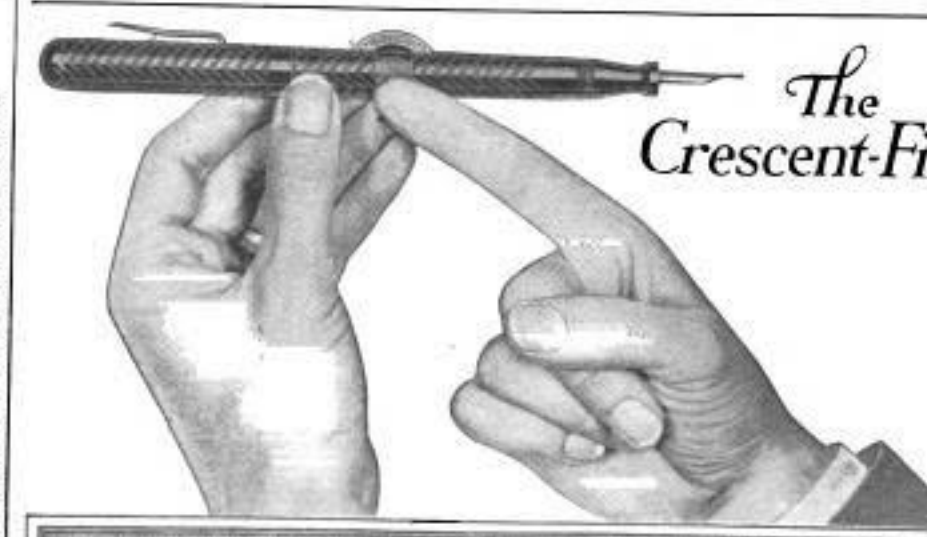



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# -fuel saving gifts Hot

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winning the war." And this patriotic defini
cause they are "tools" in the fullest sense,
—they enable the rec
war work and perhaps dispense with a
pleasure and add to the joy of living.

But before purchasing any electric appliances for your

**FIRST** Unless there is a fuel short
will last until after the war.

**SECOND** Before buying a new electric
and see if your old appliances

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If, however, your present appliances cannot be made to serve, then you should know that by installing an electric flatiron or other electric device, you are helping to save the country's coal and to lessen the transportation burden.

Hotpoint appliances use so little electric current that the cost of operation is nominal, for instance—

—— to make toast for a family of four will cost about a cent
—— it will cost about a cent to run the Comfo pad all night
—— the Iron, with the plug in continuously, will cost about 6 cts. an hour; but since the plug is removed a good deal of the time the actual operating cost is considerably less
—— a fraction of a cent makes a pot of coffee the Hotpoint way

For our part, we recognize the imperative necessity of applying every available ounce of war materials, such as coal, iron, steel, aluminum and copper, exclusively to the winning of the war.

During the period of the war the three factories of Edison Electric Appliance Co., Inc. (which is the largest manufacturer of electric heating appliances in the world) will make only such appliances as serve a direct utilitarian purpose and effect war economies.

You must realize that this war will be won on what the American people **save** of essential war materials.

You can show your true loyalty to the Great Cause in no better way than by studying constantly to see that you do not divert to your own use a single ounce more of the vital war materials than is absolutely necessary.

And you will be doing a patriotic service if you go over your house and collect all non-active metal—iron, steel, copper, brass, lead, tinfoil—and turn it back into the channels of commerce.

Hot

fuel savi

**A** This beautiful 9 c during the war bu on hand. No valves, f shown, $20.50. Same

**B** Every ironing doe 50 lbs. of coal. The rest, hot point, cool h many other advantages.

**C** Manufacture of thi during the war, bu hand. Same constructi

**D** No fuss or bother the body with Hotp and adjust for the desire to most body curves. Aluminum, non-flexible,

**E** Any liquid into whic begins to heat inst drinks, etc. As shown, $

**F** You enjoy a home a Vacuum Cleaner. A have a working radius o $10.00 while stock lasts.

**G** This 6 cup Nickel P Equipped with the percolating mechanism a pictured, in nickel, $11.00 during the war, but have

**H** Make toast as fast a at a time, and serve current is trivial. $6.50.

**I** With this 3 heat Radi kitchen range, except sharp saving in coal for w and broiling grid included.

Ovenette used over th efficient small oven that w thing up to a five lb. roast

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# Hint-food saving gifts

tools that will help save something toward
completely met by Electric Appliances be-

o save fuel, to save food, to save time for
. Also they make the household work a

ners, apply these government tests —

ommunity continue to use your wood-burning or coal-burning range if it
, then investigate the electric range, as it is a recognized fuel saver.

n cleaner, heater or other electric appliance, consult your local distributor
de serviceable; their careful use means a distinct saving.

## How Electric Appliances Save

You can save coal, you can save metals, you can save food values by using electrical appliances where conditions are favorable. When you do this you are carrying forward the war work.

Here are some of the ways in which electrical appliances may be made to help win the war:

### Electric Irons

One carload of raw iron and steel made into electrically heated flatirons saves in one year 8,748 tons of coal and releases for war purposes more than 200 railway cars.

**Electric Irons save coal at the rate of about 583 tons annually for each 1,000 irons used.**

We have distributed more than 5,000,000 electric irons —Hotpoint—General Electric Type and Hughes.

### Electric Ranges

70% of all electric ranges are used on circuits where the electricity is generated from water power; these ranges save 100% coal. The 30% used where electricity is generated with steam power save approximately 65% of the coal. Averaged over 10,000 ranges the annual saving amounts to 35,175 tons of coal.

### Vacuum Cleaner

The fact that it goes so far toward solving the servant problem and requires such a trivial amount of electric current classes the vacuum cleaner as one of the household tools which will help to win the war. But the manufacture of attachments has been discontinued.

YOUR DEALER: Somewhere right near you there is a Hotpoint dealer who will gladly demonstrate the articles here pictured and the numerous other Hotpoint appliances. All Edison appliances Guaranteed one year.

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aves something like 40 or
has attached stand, thumb
-plug cord protector and
lb. size, $5.00.

ator has been discontinued
be supplied from stock on
.00.

wanted degree of heat to
Attach to any lamp socket
flexible so that it conforms
heat. As pictured, $9.00.

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milk, shaving water, hot
ze, $6.00; crookneck, $7.00.

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any lamp socket and you
aner, $33.00. Attachments,
during war.

our most popular design.
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make no more Aluminum
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ght on the table, two slices
d hot, as wanted. Cost of
the handy detachable rack.

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. Two dishes, cake-griddle

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Carefully selected, penetrative Russian Bristles, in *the open metal back*, make Sanitax Brushes different from any other brush. They are sweet and clean and will stand any amount of washing. The light open-work construction admits sunlight and air—you can see right through them—no wood to warp, no place for dirt or dandruff germs. Built to stand cleaning.

*Hair never falls from a clean, healthy scalp.* Your hair and scalp cannot be kept clean with a dirty brush any more than you can clean your face with a dirty towel. The super-clean Sanitax Brush imparts a luxuriant softness and healthy sheen to the hair, stimulates the roots, prevents dandruff, baldness and falling hair.

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*At your dealer's* or sent prepaid on receipt of price, $2.00. Different sizes and shapes to suit every need. An ideal holiday gift. Guaranteed to please and last or money back. "Sanitax" is plainly stamped on every handle. Insist on the genuine. *If your dealer cannot supply you we will.*

SANITAX BRUSH CO., 2341 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

*DEALERS: Write for Special Introductory Offer.*

*(Continued from Page 47)*

to arrive and our scope of supply widened, those buildings in the French capital proved insufficient. We needed more executive elbowroom. Besides, it was becoming more and more important that General Pershing should be up where his little army was beginning to assemble. Last autumn we established our general headquarters in a French town in the north. There—and for the first time in the war—the Stars and Stripes were unfurled almost within sound of the guns.

I went to that headquarters not long after it had been opened. The drowsy little town still blinked at the unaccustomed sight of Americans in uniform; our troops were few; there was a sense of newness and crudeness. General Pershing and his colleagues were feeling their way through the enormous responsibilities that hemmed them in. Not so many miles away those pioneer divisions who blazed our way to France were shivering in their first billets.

I went back last summer. The one-time sleepy town was a beehive; the roads everywhere were alive with our transport; the general headquarters had a seasoned and businesslike look; we had spilled our blood on the soil of France; you got the thrill and the sense of actual war participation.

When General Pershing moved to the north the chief of supply eventually followed. In that general headquarters, now the nerve center of our fighting, the Services of Supply as at present constituted were organized. They were marshaled under the head of Lines of Communication. As our armies grew and took their place in the line the need of a concentrated supply establishment became evident. It was felt—and wisely—that with our swift expansion G. H. Q. should be free to devote itself to operations.

General Pershing therefore appointed a board consisting of—I use their present ranks—Brig. Gen. Johnson Hagood, Colonel Avery Andrews, Brig. Gen. Frank McCoy, Brig. Gen. Robert Davis and Major Pierce Wetherell, to devise a plan to this end. The net result was that the supply departments were divorced from G. H. Q. and moved to Tours. General headquarters was now free to concentrate on fighting, while that charming little city on the banks of the Loire, in the heart of the château country where Balzac and Rabelais were born, where Joan of Arc came in shining armor in the crowded hour of her triumph, and where, oddly enough, the Hun of other days got his final reverse, became the capital of the domain of supply.

### The American Capital of France

It was early this year when the American flag was officially broken out at Tours over a quadrangle of French barracks sentineled by trees and with the usual large parade ground in the center. But it was a much larger kingdom than supply and transport that took up its abode there. Under reorganization the Services of Supply annexed the services of quartermaster corps, ordnance, gas, air, engineering, construction, forestry, railways and roads, medical, mechanical transport, signals and communications, postal and express, war-risk insurance; in fact, every detail that contributed to the upkeep, the safety, the combat and the renewal of the armies in the field. Even graves registration, the chronicle of that last sad chapter in the life of the soldier, found refuge under its broad and comprehensive wings.

The first commanding general was Maj. Gen. F. J. Kernan, who developed the whole scheme of what was for a brief time called the Services of the Rear, and which is now the unshakable S. O. S.—one of the prides, even as it is also the backbone, of the whole American Expeditionary Force. To tell its story, therefore, is to describe the activities of everything American in France except that which happens in trench and field.

The American Services of Supply is unique in the annals of military organization. With the French there is always Paris to suggest or to change; with the British the War Office in Whitehall lies only a few hours' journey across the Channel and many miles of red tape join it to general headquarters. But with the American force Washington is thousands of miles away in fact and in domination. The distance is too great and time in war too precious to refer everything to the home powers that be. They have wisely reposed a confidence in the leader of our armies abroad that has been amply justified by his achievements. Here you have the antidote against the costly disasters bred by the political interference that hampered great American generals from Washington down the line through Grant to Shafter.

Geographically the Services of Supply includes all Continental France and Great Britain, for our supply tentacles have now spread out in many directions. The domain is divided into nine sections and two independent districts, which are Tours and Paris. With one exception, England, all these sections are in France.

Each of the French ports that we use is the nucleus or capital of a section, which also includes some of the adjacent territory. Midway between the coast and the Front is the huge intermediate section, while still nearer the fighting line is the advance section. They are all joined by American built and American operated communications.

In examining the organization of these sections you get the first hint of that self-containment which is such an outstanding feature of our army structure abroad. Every section is in command of a general, who has the necessary administrative and technical staffs. He has absolute control of all matters of discipline, police and sanitation in his bailiwick and has general supervision over all technical activities carried on there.

It is a little sovereign state. If a question rises that touches or involves a neighboring section it becomes, like matters of interstate commerce in the United States, a question of Federal jurisdiction and goes up to the commanding general of the Services of Supply, who is the chief of all these subsidiary generals.

It is just as if we had established a United States of Supply overseas with Tours as the Washington. As a matter of fact, Tours is the American capital of France. The commanding general of the S. O. S. is a sort of transplanted President, whose only higher authority is the commander in chief of the American Expeditionary Forces and whose staff officer he is.

### The Anatomy of the S. O. S.

Looking at the organization from another angle—familiar to most Americans—you can see it in terms of the military arrangement of the United States in peacetimes. Following this analogy, the headquarters of the S. O. S. at Tours corresponds to the War Department at Washington. The different sections are like the various departments, such as the Department of the East, the Central Department, the Southern Department, the Department of the Southeast. Each of these departments in the United States has a commanding general, who corresponds to the general in charge of one of our foreign sections. The two independent districts, Tours and Paris, bear the same relation to the whole overseas organization that the United States Military Academy at West Point bears to the home structure, which comes directly under the authority of the War Department.

In addition to control over the generals of the various sections the commanding general of the Services of Supply exercises a stewardship over the chief of every service that makes up his immense domain. The head and staff of all departments, save those which are a necessary adjunct of fighting, are quartered in and about that picturesque quadrangle in Tours, and are accessible at any hour of the day or night for reference or discussion.

Such is the supply world over which Maj. Gen. James G. Harbord, who succeeded General Kernan as commanding general of the S. O. S., presides to-day. He is big of bone, smooth of face, alive with humor—a self-made soldier risen from the ranks and with a trail of active service that stretches from the Philippines to the bloody fields of France. There is no mistaking his power and punch. It is written in a square and unyielding jaw, and in a determination that the Germans learned to their cost when his division helped to block their way to Paris last July. It was as chief of staff to General Pershing, in those heartbreaking days when first we set up military shop abroad, that Harbord wrote his wisdom and his foresight into our overseas preparation. He can lead and he can rule. He is the highest type of the soldier-administrator. Study his task and you find that, as the slogan of the S. O. S. well says, "Not all the fighting is done at the Front."

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He operates in precisely the same way that General Pershing holds forth at headquarters, though his task is somewhat more varied and complex. The commander in chief is mainly concerned, so far as active duties are concerned, with fighting. The tools of this bloody trade—mainly men and munitions—are placed at his disposal. General Harbord, on the other hand, has to deal with the intricate problems of the procurement, distribution and maintenance of these tools of war. Every ton of freight and every American soldier that enter France must come through one of the ports under his jurisdiction. They must be classified, stored or moved to their proper station. An endless chain of facilities and a complete and sleepless control and supervision are required.

Yet every morning there is laid upon his desk a sheet of paper on which is typed the total number of American troops, civilian employees and prisoners of war in every section, together with all American troops with the British or French; the total number of mouths fed by the A. E. F.; the precise amount of food in days and rations on hand at every supply depot; the number of animals in France and the quantity of hay, oats and bran available for them; the exact quantity of ammunition in reserve in terms of specific calibers; the total ship tonnage unloaded the day before; the number of cars loaded for shipment and the tonnage in them; the cargoes on every ship in every port we use in France or England; and the number of beds—empty or occupied—in our hospitals, together with their crisis capacity, which is the total hospitalization in case of emergency. In a word, this marvelous sheet, called the Daily State of Supply, is the up-to-the-hour epitome of the whole American situation in France.

### *Headquarters on Wheels*

More than this, General Harbord, who is not temperamentally inclined to be tied to a desk, spends three or four days every week—sometimes more—traveling up and down his supply world in his special train, which has sleeping, dining and office cars and is a headquarters on wheels. He pops in on section generals at their offices, makes sudden descents upon loading gangs at the docks or construction units in the field. He can stop his train anywhere in France, hitch up his telephone or telegraph instruments to American wires strung on American poles and talk to General Pershing at general headquarters or anyone else in the country. How are all these miracles achieved?

Like the rearing of our whole physical structure in France there is no magic or mystery about it. It all results from the fact that we have built up a compact and coördinated system for the conduct of the Services of Supply that is distinctly American in swiftness and in efficiency. It is simply part of the business of war, American brand. To a war that was believed to express the last word in science and organization we have brought some new wrinkles.

General Harbord's freedom of action and the remarkable grip on the American situation in France as revealed on the Daily State of Supply are made possible first of all by staff work. The general staff of the commanding general of the Services of Supply, as you have already been told, includes only three sections—G1, G2 and G4—because he has no problems of combat or training. Each of these sections has a head, designated as an assistant chief of staff. In charge of G1 is Col. J. B. Cavanaugh; in command of G2 is Lieut. Col. Cabot Ward, who was once park commissioner of Greater New York and a type of reserve or temporary officer who is rendering conspicuous service in the war; while Col. H. C. Smither is at the head of that all-useful and universal G4.

These assistant chiefs in turn report to a chief of staff—Brig. Gen. Johnson Hagood. A seasoned veteran of field and staff service, despite his apparent youth, he is a master organizer and a live wire. Under his stimulation the general staff takes the burden of routine from the shoulders of General Harbord just as the staff at the G. H. Q. lightens the way of the commander in chief.

The assistants are in constant touch with the chief of staff and the commanding general himself. It is their duty to act in his name on the bulk of the executive questions that rise, and they are many and complex. Hence he is free to move about his kingdom. As at G. H. Q., you have a small group of understudy minds, though at Tours they have to cope with an infinite variety of subjects. These assistants are guided in making decisions by their knowledge of the expressed desires of the commanding general with regard to policies. Hence they must be men of keen intelligence and quick to grasp significances.

The section of G2 is a minor one in the administration of the Services of Supply. Therefore the burden of the staff labors and responsibilities falls upon the chief of staff and the heads of G1 and G4. In general terms—we will take up the specific work later—G1 has authority on all matters of administration, organization and procurement of personnel and material from the United States, which includes the vast tonnage question, while G4 deals with construction, transportation and supply, having particularly in mind the coördination of all these activities. Both G1 and G4 connect up with every unit in the Services of Supply. By telegraph and telephone and daily reports they keep in constant communication.

Let us now sit in with the general staff at its daily morning meeting. You will get such a demonstration of teamwork as to make you sit up. The walls of the office of the chief of staff—like those of the commanding general—reflect the spirit of our organization and the way it is swung. First of all you will see the great supply map of France crisscrossed with our lines of communication. At first glance you may think that this is a picture puzzle, but on closer investigation you see that these winding and colored avenues are studded with symbols. You see stars in circles, ships, tents, crosses, coffeepots, buildings. You are not long in finding out what they mean. At the lower left-hand corner is a key to the puzzle. Each symbol has a meaning all its own. The star in a circle indicates the general headquarters; the ship shows the location of a port that we use; the tent is the site of an instruction camp; the black cross reveals a base hospital; the white cross, a rest station; the coffeepot, a coffee station for traveling troops; the engine, a locomotive repair shop; the freight car, a car-erection site; the bumper, a railway-regulation yard; an ax, a forestry camp; the propeller, an aviation camp; the bursting shell, an ammunition depot; a tiny house means a refrigerating plant; a black naval pennant, a section headquarters, and so on. In other words, you can look at this map and see at a glance the scope and extent of all our activities in France, and what and where they are.

### *Do Not Anchor Here!*

On the wall are also square yards of charts and diagrams, for this is a war of organization all put down on specifications and blue prints long before a wheel is turned or a shot fired. It is one of the many sheets Mars has taken from the book of big business. I have seen square miles of army diagrams in this war, but I have never seen any that were more concrete or comprehensive than those used by the Services of Supply. Every service has its master chart; every subordinate section has its own little sheet. Put three men together in an army office in France and the first thing they do is to create a little chart of their organization. Nor is it a wasted effort. A great master of American industry once said "Teach with the eye," so he put signs all over his factory. The man who knows just what he has to do and where he belongs seldom makes mistakes. Hence the value of the chart in the business of war.

A single detail in General Hagood's office reveals the spirit of the organization and why it does things. Over the large clock hangs a placard containing this inscription: "Hurry Up—*C'est La Guerre.*" It reminded me of another sign hung up somewhere on our lines of communication by a bureau chief who had once been in the coast artillery. It proclaimed the warning familiar to all coast travelers: "Cable Crossing. Do Not Anchor Here." He was determined that his visitors should waste none of his time.

General Hagood is at his desk every morning at eight o'clock. These army heads are early to work and they stay late. There are no office hours in the business of war. The chief of staff finds on his desk what is officially known as the diary. It is

(Continued on Page 54)





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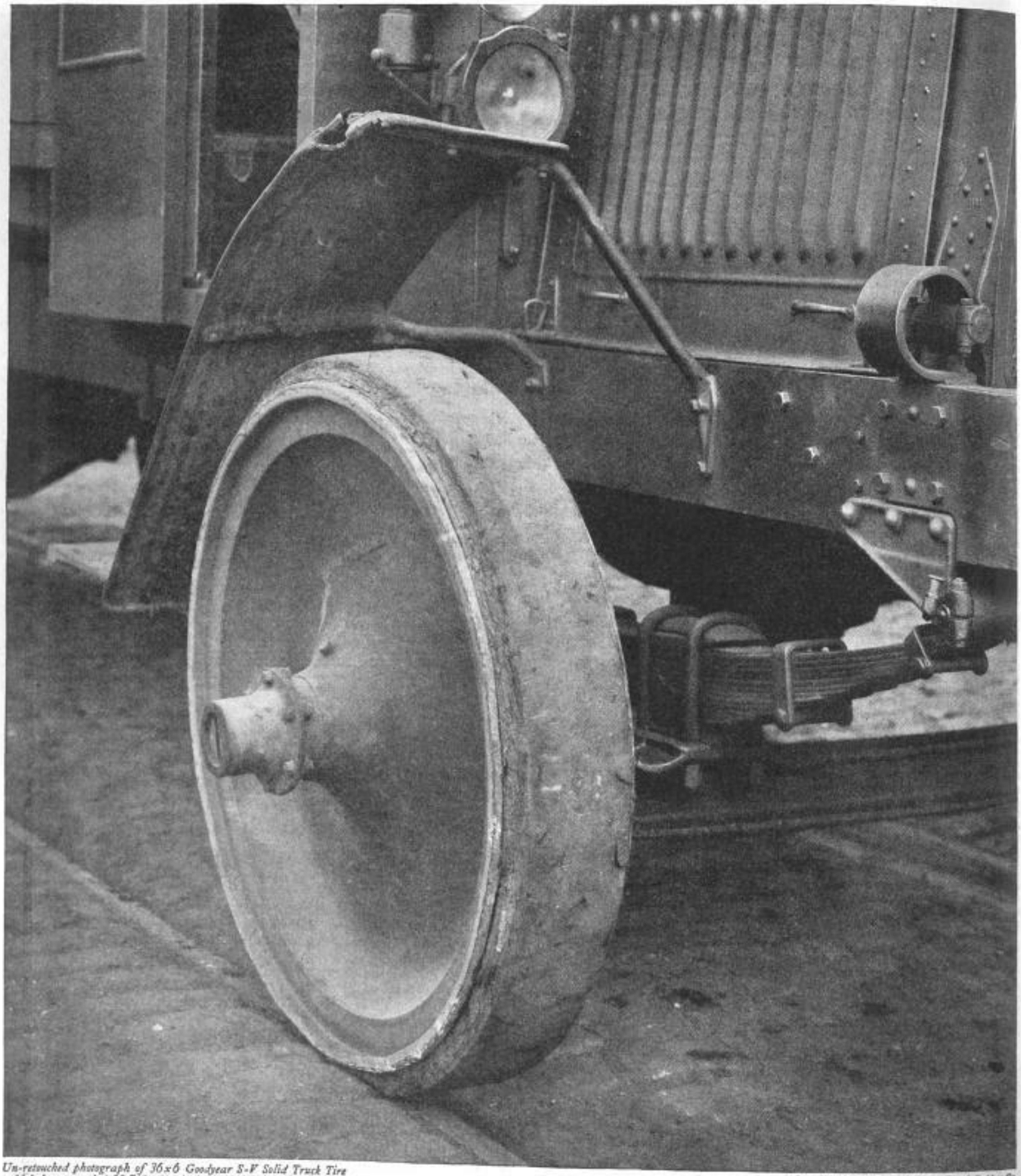
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*Un-retouched photograph of 36x6 Goodyear S-V Solid Truck Tire which has traveled 30,710 miles in hard freight transfer service on 6-ton truck owned by Western Electric Company, Chicago*

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GOODYEAR
AKRON

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# Uniformly High Mileage

EVEN more telling than the record-breaking individual mileages made by Goodyear S-V Solid Tires are the very sizable general averages they maintain.

Indeed, their most sensational scores are simply the peaks of a long list of other S-V marks set uniformly high.

In the case of the Western Electric Company of Chicago, twelve of these tires, though subjected frequently to gruelling punishment, have delivered a total of 313,200 miles of service.

All of them have been used on a 6-ton truck which transfers freight over a 65-mile circuit daily.

Under full cargoes of machinery and apparatus, they have been driven regularly across bumpy rail crossings and along bad stretches of block pavement that administers rapid-fire beatings.

And they have had to contend with the various sharp metallic objects that litter freight yards and work havoc with tire treads unless these are exceedingly tough.

Consequently the work done by these twelve Goodyear S-V Solid Tires may be classed conservatively as hard service that tests to the utmost every bit of the stamina of a solid tire.

In this duty, their average mileage of 26,100 per tire stands out as a characteristic S-V score quite in keeping with S-V performances under similarly trying conditions.

It is typical of the way in which S-V Tires prove to truck owners the remarkable toughness of their treads and the firm bonding of the rubber with the steel base.

It should be added in important record that the lowest mileage delivered by any of the twelve tires was in excess of 22,000 and that the particular tire giving this mileage was severely injured by being driven for long distances in car tracks.

The consistent economy of Goodyear S-V Solid Tires, as shown on the cost sheets of users, is the plain result of that vast amount of research, experiment and development which Goodyear has conducted in the solid tire field.

Any one of more than 800 Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station Dealers can supply S-V Tires and advise correct size and proper care.

***"The very high average mileages given by our Goodyear S-V Solid Truck Tires is decidedly gratifying to this company. No other tires that we have used approach their endurance in our freight transfer service."—J. W. Bancker, Asst. Gen. Superintendent, Western Electric Company, Chicago.***

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

# SOLID TIRES

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# Concrete Roads and Gunstocks

¶ **When the call came for gunstocks, these black walnut logs**—gunstocks in the rough—quickly made the first lap of their journey to the firing line because the ***concrete roads*** of Vermilion County, Ill., were ready.

¶ **What are the roads of your community doing to win the war?** Are they hindering, or are they helping like the concrete roads of Vermilion County?

¶ **Everywhere concrete roads are speeding up war**—supplying cantonments, supplementing railroads, keeping industry going, feeding the Nation. And concrete roads everywhere are none the worse for this heavy, pounding, speeded up traffic.

Whenever you drive over concrete pavement, tell the road or street authorities that you like it. They will be glad to have you endorse their choice and give you added mileage if you ask it.

*Measured by their long life and trifling maintenance cost, concrete roads are the least expensive.*

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

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| Detroit | Minneapolis | Seattle |
| | Washington | |

CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

W.S.S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT


(Continued from Page 51)

a compact résumé, a complete catalogue of S. O. S. events, compiled by G4, of every important proceeding of the day before. This diary, which is as representative a piece of scientific organization as the Daily State of Supply, is arranged under headings.

Under Troop Movements you find: "The Nth Division has been moved to the X Training Camp"; under Hospitalization: "The construction of a ten-thousand-bed hospital has been ordered at Z"; under Quartermaster Corps: "The chief quartermaster has been ordered to turn over a hundred carloads of sugar to the French"; under Remounts: "Eight thousand horses are now at the Remount Camp at W"; under Construction: "Five new warehouses have been started at Blank Supply Depot"; and so on until every item of large value has been epitomized and chronicled.

At eight-thirty o'clock General Hagood has his daily conference with the heads of the sections. Once more you have the directors' meeting of the business of war. With the diary before him, which he has already read, the chief of staff asks the why and the wherefore of the various steps and changes enumerated in it. In the case of the movement of the Nth Division he may ask: "Why did not these troops go into barracks?" or with the item relating to the chief quartermaster he may inquire: "Is this in accordance with the terms of our new food agreement with the French?" In the matter of those eight thousand horses the query may be: "Does this complete the project for this Remount Camp?" while referring to the construction of the new warehouses he may ask: "Is this depot proceeding toward construction on schedule time?"

### *Short Cuts to Action*

I cite these questions to show, first of all, how the chief puts an unerring probe into everything that is done; second, by knowing just what is being done within twenty-four hours after it has been started he can rectify any mistake before it has gone too far. This is especially true of large construction, such as barracks and warehouses. It also applies with special importance to the shifting of the labor battalions.

One great value of this diary and the operations that contribute to it is that it disposes of matters at once. In the old army day and way every individual item that I have mentioned and, in fact, everything that referred to any phase of army work not only had to be mulled over and indorsed by a dozen people, but literally had to break its way through miles of red tape. Instead of swift action there was interminable delay, which clogged the wheels of progress.

In the case of the S. O. S. the chief of staff, expressing the desires of the commanding general, for whom he acts, delegates authority to his subordinates, the heads of the various sections. They act upon their own judgment and the information they possess, and the result is that there is no hampering in effort. Now you can see why the commanding general is free to move about his domain, and also why the chief of staff likewise has a clean desk and can turn at once to any large emergency that rises. It all combines for a flexible system of supervision and supply. The men at the helm are not desk bound, and the myriad of personnel and material they control are equally elastic.

The diary is only one of a series of reports that deal with the progress of supply. As a sort of corollary to the Daily State of Supply is a document called the Daily Situation, which is a miniature typewritten newspaper, prepared by G4, which goes to the commanding general and the chief of staff with the Daily State. It is a general summary of vital problems that cannot be discussed in the diary, which deals only with actual events. It details, for example, such emergencies as temporary congestions in the railway regulating stations; with the tie-ups in troop traffic; with tonnage difficulties; with troop arrivals; with the ammunition situation; indeed, all the many unexpected emergencies that try the soul of the army administrator operating three thousand miles from his home base, and in a country where he must wrestle with strange laws and employ public carriers that have systems and regulations not altogether geared up to swift American ways.

When any one of these contingencies develops the chief of staff or the head of G4—or both—at once calls a meeting of the chief of the service involved and his principal associates and threshes it out. Thus he gets at the specialists who know exactly what they can do and who have the wherewithal to do it.

By now you will have gathered that both G1 and G4 are important links in the American Army machine. It is high time, therefore, that we look into their ramified functions. They unfold a system of scrutiny and coördination that is little less than a triumph of organization. Nothing in the whole record of Army administration surpasses them in the perfection and execution of detail. Yet it was all conceived and is in the main dominated and operated by soldiers who have come from camp and field to sweat over charts, telegrams and statistics. Again you discover that all the fighting is not at the Front—that war is work and worry.

We will begin with G1. Though it deals with administration and organization its chief work is procurement of men and material from the United States. Here you touch the supreme problem of the A. E. F., which is tonnage. Every bit of cargo space is precious and must be utilized to the last cubic inch. Every service in France wants all the tonnage it can get. The movement of troops—and therefore their needs—exceeds all original estimates. The furnace of war must be kept fueled. The lot of G1, therefore, is not an easy one.

Since there is only a certain amount of tonnage available it follows that it must be allotted, or "allocated" as the army phrase goes, to the best possible advantage. This allocation is the pivot round which G1 works. Now we get to the first actual link with Washington, which, through the Ship Control Committee of the Shipping Board, is the tonnage provider. On the tenth of every month G1 in France wires to Maj. Gen. George W. Goethals, assistant chief of staff, to find out how much tonnage is available for France the next month. He wires back the amount. For the sake of illustration, let us say that it is five hundred thousand tons. This figure then becomes a sort of target of attack, because all overseas demands are focused on it. It is like a cake set out for consumption before a hungry crowd. Everybody wants to get as big a slice as possible. The troubles of G1 begin.

### *Allocation of Tonnage*

This is what happens: If G1 finds that 500,000 tons of shipping are available it will allot, let us say for the simplest explanation, 250,000 tons to the Quartermaster's Corps, 100,000 tons to the Medical Corps, 100,000 tons to the Engineers, and 50,000 tons to Mechanical Transport. There are, of course, many other services, but these four will serve our purpose.

Every head of a service now makes up his priority schedule in the order of the urgency of his needs. In the general priority program food, fuel, forage and clothing always come first. In our hypothetical case the quartermaster has 250,000 tons to his credit. He cannot touch that fixed reserve of ninety days. Likewise, the monthly automatic supply must be kept moving. On the other hand, he has a host of other supplies to obtain. Therefore he must do some juggling. He must determine whether rolling kitchens should come ahead of army wagons; if jam should have precedence over overcoats; and if vinegar is more important than olive oil.

All these requisitions, made up in the order of their priorities, go to G1, which censors them and then transmits them to the United States by cable, and they leave France not later than the middle of the month. This means that the requisitions for July shipment must go by June fifteenth. Requisitions for replacements of men are made in exactly the same way, and there is a priority for human beings just as there is for food and supplies.

G1, however, does not use up all its tonnage for these regular requisitions. It must keep a surplus to meet the many exceptional—that is, unexpected—demands. Then, too, the heads of services frequently change their requisitions, which means a fresh cablegram to Washington from G1. On the back of this cable, for office reference, you see this tonnage in cubic feet. G1 must know to the pound just how much of its space is being used up. All this actual allocation of tonnage is done by the G1 of the Services of Supply.

The walls of the tonnage room tell the story. They are hung with charts of tonnage progress. You can stand in the center

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of this room and see, in colored lines, figures and diagrams that a child can understand, just what is going on in every port. There is a chart for every port in France. Up and down one side of the chart is a list of individual cargo items to be unloaded, such as lumber, coal, forage, railway supplies, foodstuffs, clothing, quartermaster's supplies and construction material. A black line radiating from each item means its receipts; a red line indicates the progress of the evacuation of those receipts. If the black line is longer than the red it shows that cargo is piling up at the ports. If these lines are the same length all is well and the stuff is moving out, which means no congestion.

These lines are marked off in days and weeks. This is what might be called the tonnage-movement chart. Then there is a chart that shows the work of all ports in items, days, weeks and months. From this you can see almost in a second whether labor is doing its full job or where it is falling down.

The same system is used to show the work of the troop transports. On a huge chart you see the name of the ship, the length of time it stayed in a French port indicated in black; the time on the ocean in red, and its stay in the American port in green. From this chart you can tell that the average turn around of some troop transports has dropped from sixty-eight to thirty-five days. A similar system shows how the turn around of cargo ships has been reduced from ninety-one days to seventy-one days, while the round trip of animal transports has decreased from eighty-four to sixty days.

### *The Long Arm of G4*

These charts—and the many more that I could describe—enable G1 to know at all times just how the whole unloading situation stands, and on this situation so intimately linked with the tonnage problem depend the life, the security and the success of our cause abroad. G1, I might add, has a representative in every division and corps in the field and at the headquarters of each of the armies. Everywhere its major task is to procure what those forces need.

You have seen how G1 deals with the whole trying tonnage allocation. Its task in this matter, however, ends the moment men and material get to France. G4 then takes them up, establishes the priority by which they are distributed, and sees that they are delivered to their proper station. This means that if the engineers need construction material more than the signal corps requires wires or poles, this material gets the right of way over the transportation facilities.

Study the work of G4 and you find one of the most amazing details of our whole army situation. It is not only the stabilizer of the war machine, but it is likewise the door before which all the complications and anxieties of the A. E. F. are laid. Its long arm reaches everywhere; it dwells with both the working and the fighting armies; it is the regulating station for army policies—the great shock absorber.

Apply G4 to any great American corporation and it could pick up the threads of its activities overnight and carry them on to success.

Last July, when the swift German advance menaced Paris, Brig. Gen. George Van Horn Moseley, head of G4 at G. H. Q., was on a tour of inspection in the field. General Pershing had to send an army to a sector that was far outside the prescribed and equipped zone of our operations. That heroic little army had to be fed and supplied, and without delay. On the spot General Moseley devised a whole system of emergency supply which kept pace with that army and met every need. Half a dozen telegrams did the job. In one he converted a certain intermediate storage depot into an advance depot charged with the task of feeding and supplying this fighting army. Another wire established a new regulating station; a third marshaled ammunition, transport of all kinds and reserves at certain designated points. In less than twenty-four hours this whole emergency scheme to provide every kind of war sustenance was in working order.

The army wanted some ration carts. The advance depot wired back that it had none and did not know where they could be obtained, whereupon General Moseley sent back a telegram which said in substance: "It is not material where you get them but you must provide them." They came up the next day. This is the way the G4 works.

Technically charged with construction, transportation and supply, its organization is so compact that not a single army service in France escapes its ministrations. Division A deals with supply, equipment, mechanical transport, remounts, fire prevention, salvage service, graves registration, supply statistics and office administration. Under it the diary of activities that is laid on General Hagood's desk every morning, and which I have described, is prepared. Division B deals with troop movements, not strategically but as a transportation matter; billets and billeting, initial equipment, rents, requisitions, and claims. Division C has to do with construction, railway transportation, the army-transport service, labor, and priority of shipment in France. Typical of the foresight of G4 is Division D, which is "Plans for Future Expansion and Development."

G4 does not physically carry out any of these many activities, but its task is to coördinate all of them; to see that they do not clash; to reconcile deficit with surplus; in short, to keep the wheels turning day and night. If construction is to be minimized it is G4 that finds storage areas; if freight cars are short it digs them up somewhere; if evacuation of tonnage in ports is behind receipts it finds labor battalions to speed up the work. It is both provider and accelerator—a sort of glorified and many-sided policeman to whom the American Army abroad tells its troubles.

Following the ways of the American business corporation G4 has its suggestion box in the shape of a suggestion officer who is constantly in the field. He travels from section to section, investigating work and recommending plans for betterments, labor-saving or expansion. If he sees that switching facilities in a storage yard are handicapped he suggests additional engines; if he finds that working units can be consolidated he says so. All these suggestions are discussed in a meeting of G4 and if found feasible are at once put into effect.

### *The Washington End*

At the head of the pyramid of G4 organization sits the dynamic Col. H. C. Smither, with a mind like a steel trap and an instinct for order that is almost uncanny. At his right hand is his no less energetic and big-visioned colleague, Lieut. Col. J. H. Poole, who went from the Regular Army into commerce, got all the benefit of big business and is back on the military job again. He is the deputy assistant chief of staff. Under their combined direction the remarkable Daily State of Supply and the Daily Summary are prepared. These men, like the late E. H. Harriman, live a life that is geared up to the telephone and telegraph. There is not an hour of the night that the lights are not burning in the offices of G4 of the Services of Supply.

Problems of significant policy as affecting the whole Expeditionary Force are of course referred by Tours to the G4 of G. H. Q., which wisely allows its opposite number in the S. O. S. every latitude. The senior G4 at G. H. Q., however, is more actively concerned with the coördination of the supplies and the activities of the armies in the field who are so near at hand.

Where does Washington figure in this self-contained Services of Supply which links port with trench? It pays the bills and acts as purchasing and forwarding agent. The cables bring the A. E. F. needs to a desk in the State, War and Navy Building, where Maj. Gen. George W. Goethals sits as assistant chief of staff in charge of purchase, storage and traffic—a task infinitely bigger than what confronted him at Panama. From that desk in turn radiates the process of production and transportation that fills the orders and sees that the goods go steaming to France. It involves the control of raw materials; the establishment of supply zones and warehouses in the United States; the scouring of the whole world of output and shipping—all to the end that our fighting man abroad is fed and equipped. And he gets what he wants.

We have followed supplies from contract to the borders of consumption; to that far-away domain where the genius of American organization, now to be revealed, is fit comrade to the valor it sustains.

**Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the American supply organization in France.**





# Write him cheerful letters

THE man you love is fighting for your security and happiness. He is helping to bring this war to an early end—and to make another war like this impossible. He is doing something that HAS to be done for your sake. The *more hopefully* you write, the *easier* for him—and the *quicker* he comes back.

His life is no bed of roses. Yet his discomforts are the discomforts of red-blooded life in the open—the sort of life enjoyed by the cowboy of Arizona, by the mounted police of Canada, and by the adventurous spirits of all the world, and of all times.

He has wholesome food, well cooked, in great abundance. He has comfortable clothing. He lives under conditions of healthfulness maintained by sanitary experts.

His fighting equipment, his bayonet, gas-mask and ammunition embody every known advantage and improvement. American ingenuity has profited by all the past experiences of our allies and the enemy as well. In all history no soldier has been so well equipped as the American soldier.

Every conceivable condition contributes to his safety, comfort and happiness, EXCEPT ONE. The strong arm of Uncle Sam can do everything in the world for him—*except control his thoughts of you.*

That one condition is entirely within *your* control.

His fighting power, his health, his chance of *winning* and *living*, depend in the *end* upon WHAT YOU WRITE TO HIM.

If you let him feel that you are happy, that you are getting along well, that you are full of hope and courage, then he will be happy and stout-hearted—a mighty fighter in attack or defense.

So write him newsy, cheerful letters. Tell him the pleasant, treasured bits of gossip from home.

That is one thing above all others that you *can* do to hasten the end of the war and victory for America and the right.

For it is the high spirit, the dauntless courage, of the American soldier that is winning this war—for you.

Do your part to maintain this spirit, this courage!

And by your bravery, by your gameness, help to KEEP THE KAISER ON THE RUN.

COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION, *8 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C.*

GEORGE CREEL, *Chairman*
THE SECRETARY OF STATE
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## The Motors That Run Under Water

This Lincoln Motor has operated under water at exhibitions and conventions for many years—a practical demonstration of motor reliability.

Every day in thousands of plants Lincoln Motors are driving machines under trying conditions. In acids and fumes of chemical works, in the slop and steam of the packing house, in the dust and dirt of the foundry, in every place where motors are severely tried, Lincoln Motors have made good.

Many a skeptic has been converted to the use of electric motor drive in his factory by this simple, striking exhibition of what a really good motor will stand.

It is true that few plants require a motor to operate under such difficulties. Any wise plant manager gives a motor the best care circumstances will allow, but there is a feeling of added security in a motor which such abuse cannot harm.

**The Lincoln Electric Co.**
**Cleveland, Ohio**

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# MOTORS

## Reliable Power For Your Machine

The satisfactory performance of any machine depends on the electric motor just as much as on the construction of the machine itself.

For many years large manufacturers of pumps, hoists, blowers, mixers, and similar machines have equipped them with Lincoln Motors—motors that will stand the handicap of the dust and moisture in which such equipment always operates.

Today Lincoln Motors are an accepted standard for this hard gruelling work as well as for the many easier tasks where motors receive the right kind of protection and care.

A machine equipped with a Lincoln Motor is a guarantee of reliable and continuous production. It is a double assurance from both the machinery maker and from Lincoln that you have enough power and the right kind of power to get the results.

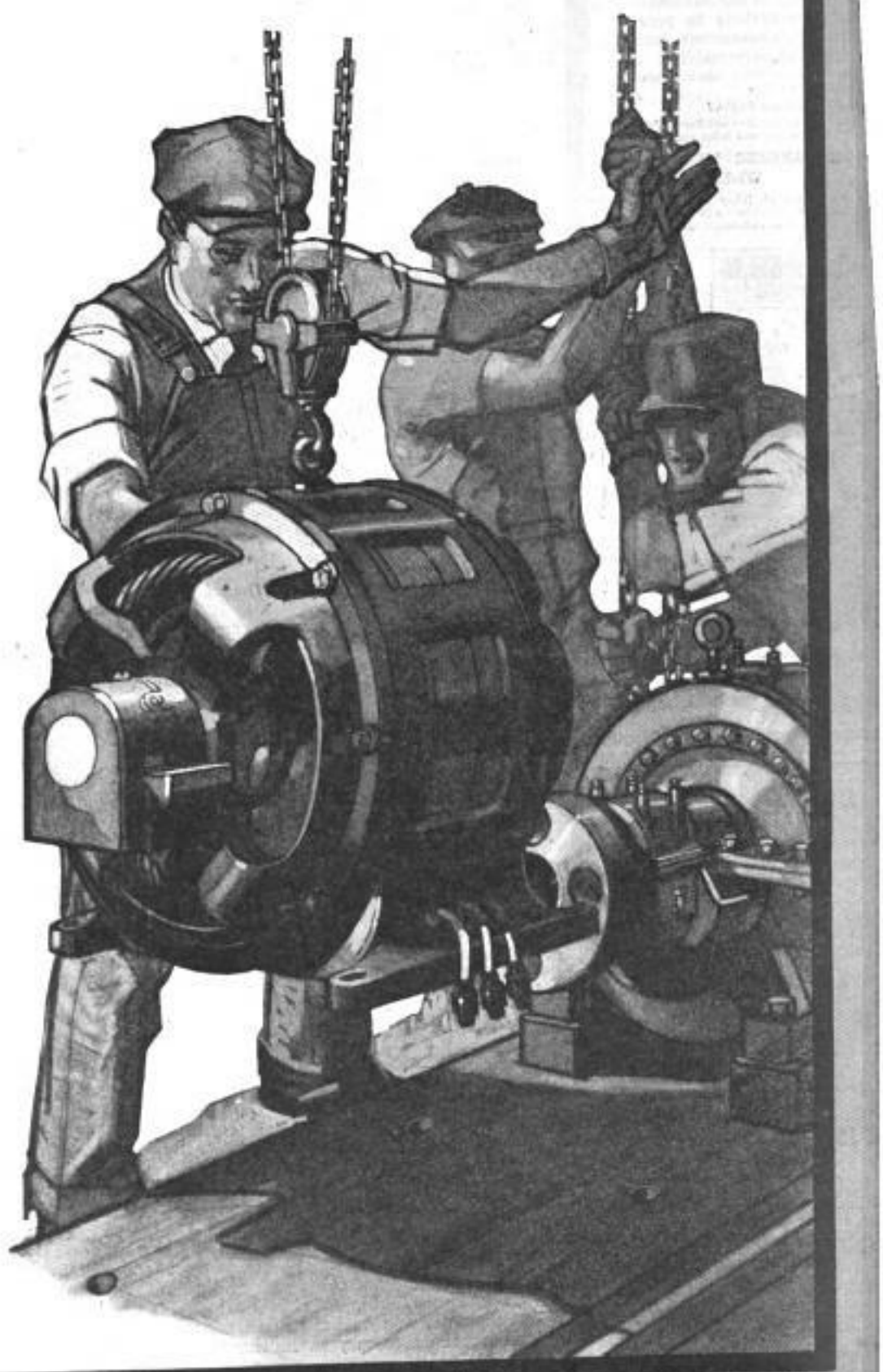
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**Cleveland, Ohio**

*Lincoln Motors are used by many Manufacturers of the Following Machines*

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| Elevators and Hoists | Cranes | Paper Machinery |
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The patented features in the circles above are found *only* in the SENSIBLE Suit and mean everything to your comfort, efficiency, convenience and safety. Modest and Serviceable.

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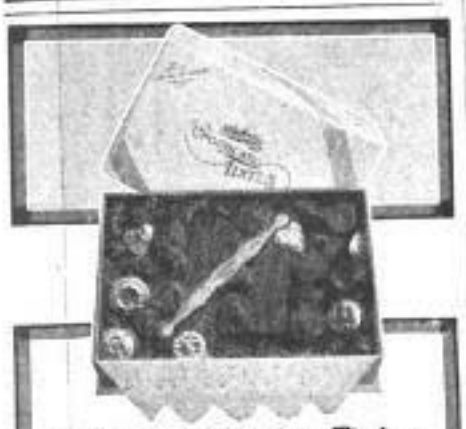
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We also make the SENSIBLE for Men and Boys. Patented (5-8-15) in U. S., Canada and other countries.

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NOTE—Many employers of labor furnish the SENSIBLE Work Suits to their employees (both women and men) because of the increased efficiency, safety and comfort which they insure.



**Ambrosia Chocolate Tixies**

Pure, rich, wholesome chocolates. Different from any others you have ever eaten. Delicious almond and filbert nut centers—no cream filling. A most delightful holiday delicacy.

**Send Them to Your Soldiers**

The boys in the cantonments rave about Tixies. You can give them no greater treat. If you wish to make a friend an out-of-the-ordinary Christmas gift, send Tixies. They always make a hit. Send $3.00 for special holiday or Soldier Boy box (sold in $3.00 sizes only), prepaid and insured anywhere in U. S. Money back if not satisfied.

AMBROSIA CHOCOLATE COMPANY
338-7 Fifth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Present conditions reduce output this year to fifty per cent. Therefore order immediately.

# WHEN THE BOYS GET BACK FROM FRANCE

(Continued from Page 13)

in British or French newspapers comment on the general reclamation scheme, though only a few months ago Secretary Lane addressed to President Wilson his now famous letter offering the comprehensive plan, well worked out.

Since then Congress has appropriated two hundred thousand dollars for preliminary surveys; and the Department has asked a million dollars more for the rapid and thorough completion of this preliminary part of a very vast enterprise. The secretary closes his presentation of the subject with a significant sentence: "This work should not be postponed."

The appeal of land—more land, free land, cheap land, any sort of land—is one of the greatest and strongest factors in the world's advance. It was this that found America and settled America, and every other continent of the earth's surface. The history of American progress, so wonderfully rapid, is the story of land hunting—no more; and we are rich because we had land. Now when our soldiers yet under arms begin to write in and ask where this new land is going to be, each letter is a straw, showing the same old westward wind that has filled the sails of every questing argosy of the world.

One soldier hears: "A large proportion of the Federal lands in Colorado is to be made available for returned soldiers." And he wants a share. Another is a Dakotan, and he wants an allotment in the Montana lands that may open. Another asks information as to all the different states that will have new lands. Another wants printed matter about it, because he is wounded and a man with a family—though he says he is going back to the Front. Still another, a chemist in gas work, fears that all his fellow chemists who have worked with the chlorine gas may contract tuberculosis. Hence he wants land and the open air after his country is done with him. Another writes:

"Tell mother I'll give her some help as soon as I can. By October she should have two hundred and fifty dollars. . . . The main point I have in writing is to find where I can get the best government farming land, as I wish to take up farming if details are satisfactory. The reason I am talking of this is that I am no longer a boy; because after a boy stays in the Marine Corps and goes to the Front he is a man. But after the war he has to prove still further that he is a man."

### *Mr. Lane's Plan Outlined*

There are many of these letters—eager, manly letters like the last. The percentage of land inquiries among soldiers might loosely be guessed by a vote taken among one hundred convalescents at Walter Reid Hospital, in Washington. Forty-four said they wanted to go to farming.

Few congressmen could read these letters and not feel like giving the one American answer to them all. Perhaps such questions and others not yet asked by soldiers may, in part, be answered herein after a review of the great American reclamation enterprise, which has been developing very rapidly. Secretary Lane has lost no opportunity to put it forward in his many addresses to associations, clubs and public bodies, as well as in his communications to the Executive and to Congress.

At this writing he is meeting in Philadelphia a large body of governors and public men of many states, with the view of systematizing and extending the work through state aid. He considers it the largest of the undertakings of his Department; and, moreover, he is putting into it all the energy of deep, personal interest and enthusiasm. The soldiers surely have a strong friend working for them, and in a great and farseeing plan whose benefits will show more and more as the years pass.

Outside of winning the war—and this is a corollary to that—the Lane public-land reclamation and extension is the biggest thing in Washington. It is just as big as unused America is big—that is sure!

The plan is well outlined in an address given by the secretary in Baltimore not long ago:

"You wanted something said on the question of Americanization. There is all the Americanization that we need—an opportunity to prove yourself; an opportunity to do something that will be of service to somebody besides yourself. These boys will come back. How are we to meet them? It is up to us. We do not want to give them charity. We could not if we wanted to. They will be proud; they will have seen the world as we have never been able to see it; they will have a spirit that we will envy and a comradeship that we can never have.

"We must meet those men when they come to this side, for selfish reasons and for unselfish reasons, with a definite opportunity which they can accept. Now you in Maryland are at the apex of a point from here south. From this very city to New Orleans there are tens of millions of acres of land that have never been touched by the plow. The great nation is the nation that lives off of itself, or can do so. That forty million or fifty million acres to the south of you here is not really ours; some of it needs draining; most of it needs to be reclaimed from the sea or from the river or from the swamp.

"Then, out in my country in the Far West there are not less than fifteen million acres of land that has a soil one hundred and fifty, aye, in some places five hundred, feet deep, which serves not the world because it does not have the water that gives life poured over it. Then up to the north, in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, there are millions and millions of acres of land where the lumberman has come across with his great scythe and cut off the growing trees and left the stumps; and that land lies unused."

### *Pay as You Earn*

"Now I say that we can make a new America, if you think of America in terms of territory, by taking these two hundred million or two hundred and fifty million acres which lie here and saving them from the ocean, saving them from the desert, reclaiming them and giving them to the world, adding to our own map and our own wealth, and, at the same time, giving to the boys returning from France an opportunity to do that work themselves and make homes on that land when they get back.

"It is an easy thing to do. The land is there; and we should say to the boys when they reach New York, or Baltimore, or Newport News, or Charleston, or wherever they enter: 'Here is a job at your hand; current wages, four dollars a day, if you please. Go; build dams on the Colorado River. Go; redeem swamps in Southern Maryland. Go; clear the lands in Northern Michigan. We pay you wages; and out of your wages you can save enough in a year or two of labor to pay the ten or fifteen per cent that will be required as the first payment on the farm which you will build for yourself and for us.'

"Simple, is it not? And we will ask him to pay that money back. Let him have it for forty years; but pay it back, so much per year, and then he will have his alfalfa, his corn, his wheat, his cotton, his grapes, his oranges, and he will add to the wealth of the nation; but he will add far more than the physical wealth—he will add a richness of life and independence of spirit, and have in his heart always gladness, because he did make that fight across the water and found on his return that he had come back to a republic that was not ungrateful.

"This democracy has a great future because we have a people who are imaginative, who can construct, who can visualize, who can realize what a thing is to bejbefore it actually arrives. . . . The new day in America is coming. It will be a day of sacrifice and equalizing. It will be a day in which caste will be thrown down, in which classes will be more perfectly obliterated. It will be a day in which all mankind will have its challenge. Usefulness will be the test. No man will have his right to a place in the sun unless that man be of service to the world. And for that day we want to prepare in the spirit of the draft, the draft that drew my boy and your boy, and all the boys alike, and placed them side by side, fighting as equals, each anxious to serve and to support the other—the spirit of equality. And for that day we are preparing."

Peace hath her problems no less than war; and Secretary Lane faces some of them in his first statement of his post-bellum plan. He believes that at least half a million men will want to go on farms when they return; the number may run very much in excess of that. Here are some sketched portfolio notes that may show what that means in detail:

"It will be necessary to find out what men in the Army and Navy establishments will want farms. States are asked to provide lands. Who will pass on questions of what particular lands are best to use, and furnish data as to rainfall, fertility, soils, transportation, industry connected with farming, and so on—be primarily a land selection or valuation board? The state agricultural people probably should be brought into this.

"There must be a new law force to handle contracts, land titles, and so on. We must take up with state legislatures matters of enacting appropriate laws providing for state and Federal coöperation. This is aside from Federal laws and appropriations.

"A Land Settlement Board could be an advisory board in the matter of getting the soldier on his land, constructing his house, employing him in connection with the work to be done, and so on.

"If half a million men want farms of one hundred acres each, it will take fifty million acres of land."

Regarding the detailed form of this government work to-day, the Department advises that the program has been given into the general charge of the Reclamation Service, under Director A. P. Davis. Associated with him are Elwood Mead, of wide experience in irrigation and reclamation work in many parts of the West; also, H. T. Cory, the engineer who dammed back the Salton Sea, and his associate, Frank W. Hanna. Mr. Cory is to look into the swamp cut-over lands of the South, Mr. Hanna into similar lands in the North; and Mr. Weymouth, chief of construction in the Reclamation Service, will be concerned with irrigation projects.

It is entirely obvious that work of so vast a nature—the work of a nation engaged in its most serious task—can be done on no picayune piking basis. In this billion-dollar day the preliminary fund of two hundred thousand dollars is not a drop in our most valuable bucket. Congress should give the Interior Department its million out of hand, without haggling.

### *Help From the States*

We have no right to give any but the answer of success to so vast and altruistic a proposition as this. The horses are not yet all stolen out of the stable. A tremendous amount of good is going to be done by the organization of those forces which alone can pay our war bills. That money has got to come out of the land now in use or which we can add for use. There is, of course, a long, long trail ahead.

Of course, also, it requires no supernal gift of prophecy to foresee, as one possibility, a regular orgy of bureau activity. And neither do you need to have far-looking spectacles to see, looming even now, before the looming is very good, a parrot-and-monkey procession of ex-lumbermen, ex-cattlemen, ex-lawyers, ex-congressmen, ex-politicians, and others, each and every one of whom has land to sell in competition with the Government; or who is interested in some section of the country which, for reasons that concern himself, he wants to see boomed by all the agencies possible—easy government money always preferred.

It is doubtful whether the National Government could handle all the work alone—all the states must help in it. And the one first undertaking of state and nation alike should be to keep the soldier away from the land shark, and to keep him in and under the care of the Government. If we are, thus young in our history, obliged to go into land paternalism, as Canada and Australia are doing, by all means let us do it thoroughly and honestly. How can that be done?

Some states now have well-organized bureaus of immigration, and it is the obvious intention to increase state coöperation in this work. Every state in the Union ought to have such a department to-day; indeed, must have if a matter of such enormous detail is to have any definite handling. Subject always to the personal equation of any given land commissioner's

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(Continued from Page 58)

honesty and courage, these state bureaus do not always work hand in hand with conscienceless farm-land agents and the greedy and unscrupulous owners of slashed-off pine lands—quite often they antagonize these gentry directly; and it is time that all our authorities, state and national, should do so.

They know the one great truth, which is, that if a man is to pay out on a piece of raw land he has got to fit that climate, fit that section, fit that sort of farming like a round peg and not a square peg in a round hole. They know that the man's wife, also, must fit into that game. They know that his capital must fit it, and his physique, and his preferences. We never used to figure on these things; but we do to-day.

As I have long felt very strongly regarding the harm done to the older farming communities of our country by hysterical land booms inducing them to sell out and move to cheap lands, I was at pains lately to write the Director of Immigration of Wisconsin regarding work I understood was on foot in that state. I am sure Secretary Lane, as well as many others, will find the reply of interest and value:

"The transfer of title to land, the mere change in ownership, though it carry a commission to the broker and profit to the seller, does not mean development in any sense of the word; and protecting incoming settlers from possible fraud at the hands of dishonest land dealers is a highly important function of any state inviting settlement. Public policy has made it so. Home seekers are skeptical, and there is reason for their skepticism.

"So far, so good; but how is protection to be given? It is well to keep in mind that the shady land dealer dislikes publicity; also, that the classified advertising of the great dailies offers an excellent way for the state to reach those who desire to open up new farms within its borders. We use this method, going right into the same column with land dealers and presenting the service of the Agricultural Department to home seekers. That the offer will not come to the attention of every incoming settler is true; but it reaches, or can be made to reach, most of them.

"Real colonizers, working in the interest of their clients, invite investigation. They don't need an O. K. from any official body. On the other hand, suppose a dealer has a block of unproductive land wished off on him through a trade, and is trying to get out from under by selling it to would-be farmers. We have met with some of these chaps. He inserts advertisements in the classified columns of the daily newspapers. Brown sees it, and bites. Brown also sees the state's ad in the same column, and writes, sending in the dealer's prospectus and correspondence."

### A Real Service to Settlers

"Here's an interesting situation for the fellow at the state's end of the line. Spread out upon his desk is a glowing description on the one hand, and beside it the lead-penciled letter of inquiry. Sale or no sale probably hinges upon the reply. The promoter may tell you that the coarsest of sand, with sand subsoil, can be made to grow crops by right handling; and it is true. It is also a fact that one can produce crops in a gravel pit if enough water and fertilizer are supplied. But has the average home seeker—or anyone else, for that matter—the time or the means to fool round with unproductive land of low value sold at high prices? Life is too short!

"Hence, if there has been misrepresentation in the dealer's prospectus or in his correspondence with Brown—and there are several reliable ways to tell—Brown is put on guard by making him acquainted with the true state of affairs, and there is no sale. Interfering with business? Certainly, and more. We have found advertising managers of city daily papers a white lot of men, ready to cancel contracts of dealers who seek to flim-flam their readers. What these managers want is complaint and evidence. We have helped purchasers get their rights when payments have not been turned in to the principal by an agent. We have helped purchasers to proceed in criminal action under the confidence-game statute of Illinois.

"But—coming back to Brown—he is probably unacquainted with our state. We furnish him soil maps published by our geological and natural history survey, and printed in colors. The wayfaring man can understand them. They explain the several types of land in plain language and show the location. We also place in his hands two publications—one giving the acreage and production of crops by counties; the other telling him what he should do after locating on new lands in order to make a living on the same as early as possible.

"Last spring I visited thirty-three families we had helped locate to learn where we might have fallen down in supplying needed information. Is it not more helpful that the intending settler should know how much hay is required to carry his cows through the winter, or how to store his roots so they won't spoil, than to argue proximity to markets, which he concedes?

"The successful business man follows up his prospects. So do we, writing ten times to every man who writes us, and giving him, so to speak, a correspondence-school course about what he should do to win out. Linked up in this work are the College of Agriculture, the Livestock Breeders' Association, the State Horticultural Society, the Board of Health, the traveling library commission, superintendent of public instruction, and every county agricultural representative in the state."

### Systematic Assistance

"We do not confine our work to the large cities, of course—far from it; but a great city is a fertile field, and I wish to say a word in behalf of the man in the city who wants to farm. There are thousands of them; but they don't know where to go or whom to believe. Since August, 1914, I have spent much time interviewing people, largely of Norwegian, Danish, Swedish and German birth, practically all of them with some farm experience, and many with sufficient capital to make a good beginning. I have found them a mighty fine lot of folks. But their attitude reminds me of deer hunting during the last days of November. They have been chased, shot at, and some of them badly wounded.

"While in a city I average from ninety to one hundred and twenty interviews weekly. The Y. M. C. A. of one city has become interested in this work and gives the use of the smoking room in its hotel, where motion pictures are shown illustrating methods of cutting and piling brush, stump removal with machines, the use of explosives, how to open up the land, what crops to grow and how to grow them. We are also selling land-clearing explosives to settlers at cost to us, plus half a cent a pound to take care of administration. Forty-three carloads were sold this spring.

"Every inquirer is given a certificate stating that he is in communication with us and showing our intention of keeping in touch with him, should he locate, to note his progress in development and to learn whether he is satisfied with the business relations he may have with any person or firm selling him land. This has had a wholesome influence. No inquirers are placed in touch with land dealers; nor is it necessary. The weak point is that we are not reaching so large a number of people as we should; but such effort will bring settlers into any state, men and women, who will come in with a larger working knowledge of what to do to win."

Now it would seem that all these personal questions could best be decided by the settler himself; but the opposite is true. Thousands of deceived men have wasted a lifetime each in trying to find the right place to farm. And the life labor of a good, industrious man is the one thing no nation can afford to waste to-day.

Very well. The National Government meets Johnny-come-home at the head of the American review, and says: "Son, do you want a farm?" Son says he does; but he doesn't know any more than a rabbit what or where the farm ought to be. He has been reading in an old magazine about getting rich in genteel fashion—just working a little once in a while, raising oranges in California, or apples in Oregon, or celery in Florida, or pecans in Alabama.

He has heard that stumps pull easy in Wisconsin and that there are no bowlders under the roots—oh, maybe one once in a while, but not enough to mention! He has heard that dry farming out in sunny Wyoming or Idaho is the life—no mud to track in on the floors. He has heard that all you have to do in Minnesota is to push over a stump or so, get on your tractor, say, "Giddap!"—and so ride on to fortune!

But Uncle Sam knows more than Johnny-come-home. He finds what state he came from, what is his isotherm; sizes son up as a possibility of bone and beef for a heavy stump country, or a lighter man for lighter teams on a lighter soil. He says: "Son, go out to Minnesota, since you used to live in Michigan." He knows that an immigrant rarely ever gets five degrees away from his original isotherm when he founds a new home.

"Take this letter," says the adviser, "to the state land bureau there. Don't locate anywhere—just go out there and get the state's advice first, or that of any national adviser we may have located in that state. The crops are there. You'll have to have about this much capital. Tell me, are you married? If so, does your wife want to go on the land, or will she cry for the city and want to go back there in the hard second year? Can you handle stock? Do you know machinery? How much do you weigh? Where did your parents come from? Yes? Very well. Then we advise you to go to this country. We'll go along with you and see you located. Land there is worth about so much an acre—don't pay any more. And don't pay down all you've got saved on your first payment for the land—remember that hard second year! Are you ready, son? All right. Come along!"

Now, some such process as this in organized business will, of course, have to supplement the general plan of governmental handling of lands for our soldiers. Fifty years ago they couldn't have gone wrong. To-day they will need careful and wise help to go right. It is a question of enormous detail. But there is no other work an official can do or dream more useful than this very thing. That's the biggest business we've got.

In the past all this has been left to individual enterprise, so called. We have had land booms about every so often since 1492. In our last one, some eight or ten years ago, so many and fantastic were the schemes and devices for getting rich right away in farming, and so much money was spent in advertising them, that it was considered almost unpatriotic to say or see anything but good about them all.

In that time it was held destructive of industry to knock any bonded district irrigation project; or throw cold water on the somewhat parched countenance of a dry-farm scheme; or to doubt the permanence of pomological or citrus enterprises floated by fat men with large noses who lived back in Kansas City or Chicago or New York, and made their money any way on earth except by farming, and who knew and cared more about anything else on earth than they did about farming.

At last we look the truth in the face, and by its aftermath know that in some part that land boom was one of the cruelest and most deplorable deceptions ever perpetrated. It wasted time and money and life; and—worst of all—it wasted hope!

### The Captain on the Train

As lands grow scarcer and poorer, each land boom becomes more deceptive and more dangerous. The Department of the Interior will allow no such methods in its plans to find farm homes for soldiers. We are a soberer nation now. We are counting our dimes and pennies now. The Golden Age of get-rich-quick has pretty well gone now. Perhaps, if we try, we can put a little sportsmanship—that is to say, a little plain Christianity—into our business methods in dealing with this sad-eyed, old-faced boy, new back from saving the world for us leaky-valved explainers, who thought we'd be worth more where we were. Can't we be plain grateful for longer than just a little while?

The other day I fell to talking over some of these things with a young captain who sat in the same berth with me in one of Mr. McAdoo's palatial trains from Washington to Chicago. He was a fine-looking young man, twenty-nine years of age, trim and neat; but I could not help noticing how sunken his eyes were—he looked very tired. He would curl up a while in the seat and go to sleep; but not for long. He had on his face that expression, indescribable in its gravity, of those who have "been over," and who know! We sat at table together, talking, and I saw a decoration on his breast.

"I can't read your decoration, captain," I said.

He flushed suddenly under the sallow tan of his thin cheeks.

"That's just the Croix de Guerre," he said shyly, as though he were ashamed.

I saluted, civilian as I am and unhappy because I am; and then I learned he had been over in direct frontals five times in four days; had been in all of it from Château-Thierry till just now.

"They sent me home," he said, coloring. "I'm on sick leave, you know."

I hated to ask "Shell shock?" But he nodded.

"Give me twenty days' rest and I'll be all right," he said. "You see, I couldn't sleep. They'll let me back in again. I've got to lead my men into Berlin."

It may be he cannot go back. He was fifty years old, though twenty-nine in calendared years. What ought we to do for a man like that? This young officer was very bitter toward the Germans, saying that his men would never shake hands with a German again. He spoke of a French foundling hospital that held five hundred children, each of whom had had a French mother who hated and disowned it. "You know what I mean?" Old, old he was—at twenty-nine. What has he seen and suffered? Much more than my axman in the old blue coat. What can we do for a man like that?

We spoke of a great many things, because I wanted to know how Johnny-come-home was going to feel when he got home. Then I told him of Secretary Lane's plan, and his sunken eyes kindled.

"That's fine!" he said.

I know he thought this country was going to be grateful. Is it? Isn't Congress going to back that sad-eyed young officer for a million in a billion-dollar day like this?

He is the advance guard of coming millions of our returning soldiers.

### Among the Jeppards

I came to my home town, where I live in a building so tall that it has an elevator system regarded as essential. We have a new man running our elevator—an old man, with very white hair; a sick man with tired eyes; a dead-broke, down-and-done-for man, or he couldn't be there running our elevator in these days.

"I'm feeling pretty good now, let me tell you," he said in answer to my question. "I'm the proudest man in town! Look here at the paper—just a few days old. My son has been decorated in France! He carried in two wounded pals; and they gave him a decoration for it. Now all I'm living for is to see my boy back again and settled at something. I don't care what they do with me after that. Decoration, eh? Pretty poor, I guess!"

I think it was the Croix de Guerre in all likelihood. And, though our elevator man didn't see me do it, I saluted him also—behind his back.

What can we do for a son like that when he comes home?

Any place you go, any way you look, there is the boy obliged to do our fighting for us because he was born of the age of hope and carelessness. He's coming home before long. What are we going to do with him?

One thing is sure: We can't do enough! The burden taken on by Secretary Lane is far harder and heavier than that of Galusha A. Grow, who framed the Homestead Act.

One phase of the difficulty, as Secretary Lane knows, will arise in the individual competition with the Government; the offering of cheap fee lands as against the new-found Government lands. The Lane reclamation proposition is already known in every real-estate and colonization office in America and Canada; and Canada, long a beneficiary of emigration from the United States, sees in this plan the use of her own idea of the Government backing the farming man.

The land sharks all over the earth are sitting on every hilltop, licking their chops and just waiting for a chance at a new land boom. It is sure each section will see its own advantages and no other.

It is sure that many owners of worthless lands will see in the rush of soldiers only the advent of a new run of suckers.

A negro private, asked by the officer who filled in his questionnaire whether he wanted to go into the cavalry, studied for a moment and then said:

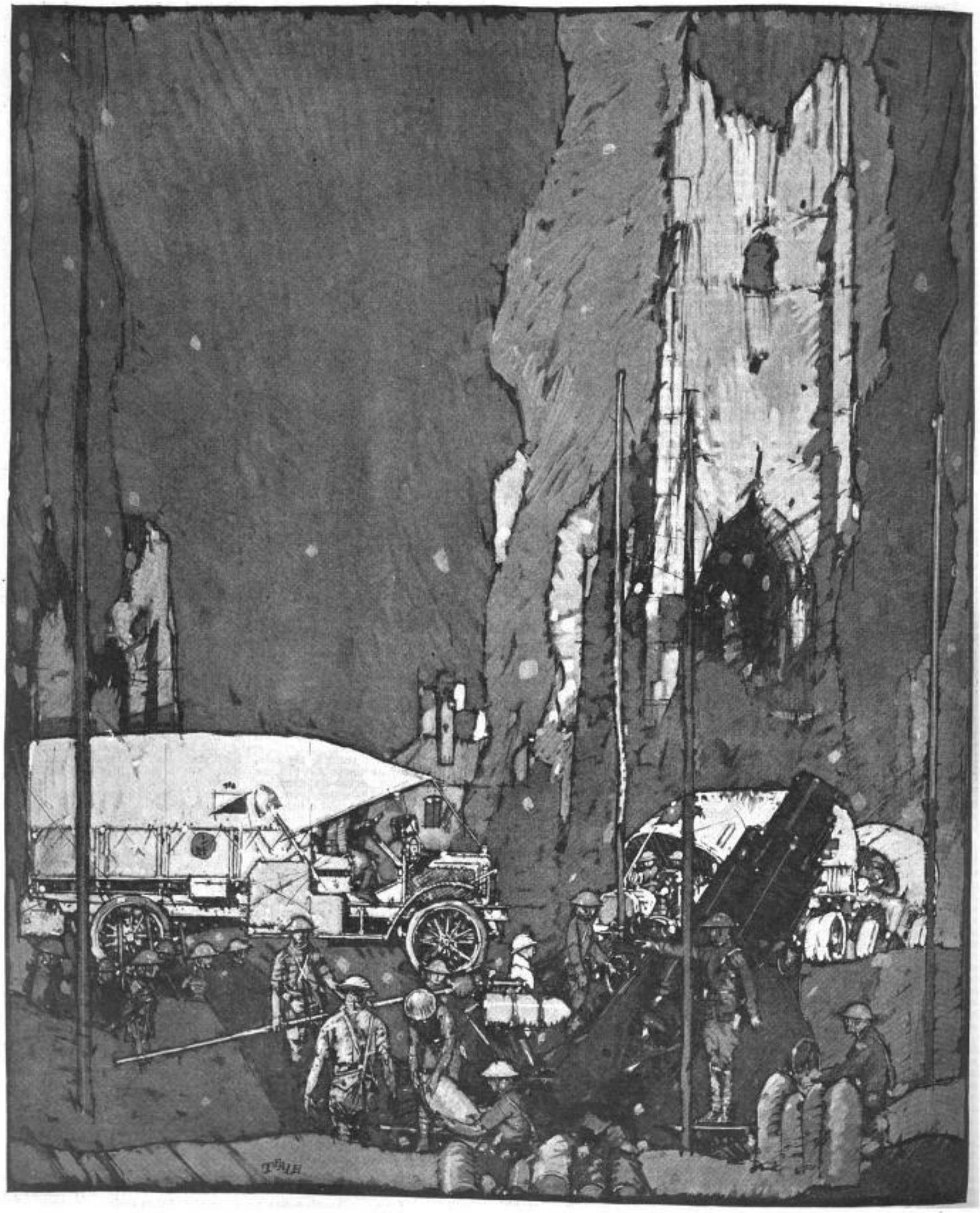
"Naw, suh. In case of a ree-treat, Ah doan want to be bothehed by no hawse!"

The officer grinned and said:

"Well, then, Sam, we'll put you in the infantry, front line; but, of course, you know you may be in greater jeopardy there."

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# WHITE TRUCKS *have the* STAMINA

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# *First* in War



WHITE TRUCKS have won distinguished recognition in all the main theatres of war. Prolonged military service is a drastic test. It searches the very marrow of truck capacity and endurance. In the great emergencies of modern battle, motor transport furnishes the life blood of the armies, renewing and maintaining their fighting strength at widely distant points. Motor transport was

*Essential in the Mexican Expedition*
*Indispensable to the Defense of Verdun*
*A Mainstay in the Battle of the Somme*
*A Foil to the Great German Offensive last March.*

These were but high points in a wide range of war service in which White Trucks, honored by a leading part, met every demand and measured up to the highest ideals of motor transport service.



***In Mexico.*** On March 19th, 1916, five days after the order was received in Cleveland, a complete motor train of White Trucks reached Columbus, New Mexico, and crossed the border with rations and supplies for Casas Grande, the first of a chain of field bases established by General Pershing's army. The line of communication was rapidly extended four hundred miles into a hostile and almost impassable country.

The first train was quickly followed by nineteen others, which day after day during the entire campaign operated with the utmost regularity over sharp, rocky trails, up steep grades, through deep sand and boggy morasses.

***At the French and Russian Fronts.*** Over ten thousand White Trucks have been put into field service by the Allied armies abroad. During four years of warfare these trucks have stood up in a manner to merit the admiration and confidence of their military users. Order after order has been placed by the French and Russian Governments, based upon performance.

So satisfactory has been this performance that thousands of White Trucks were selected by the French General Staff, early in the war, to compose part of the Great Headquarters Reserve —a high tribute to pay any equipment in a modern army. Should all other truck organizations or transport facilities fail, the Great Headquarters Reserve would stand in the breach.

And these trucks DID stand in the breach on several critical occasions. They took a vital part in the prolonged defense of Verdun—three thousand strong. They assisted in rushing 350,000 French troops to the front to stay the German onslaught last March, an achievement in speed and endurance which won for the truck personnel repeated citations for distinguished service in battle.

***In This Country.*** In building and supplying the sixteen army cantonments, White Trucks performed surprising feats. At Camp Funston, for instance, three truck companies hauled three thousand freight car loads of material in ninety days and relieved a serious congestion. The loads varied from tooth picks to five-foot water mains and included 35,000,000 feet of timber. White Trucks are now hauling immense quantities of food, clothing and other supplies needed by the soldiers.

As a result of their military record, the demand for White Trucks in both the French and American armies has reached such proportions that the factory production is now devoted entirely to war work—100% production of the company's *own* truck product.

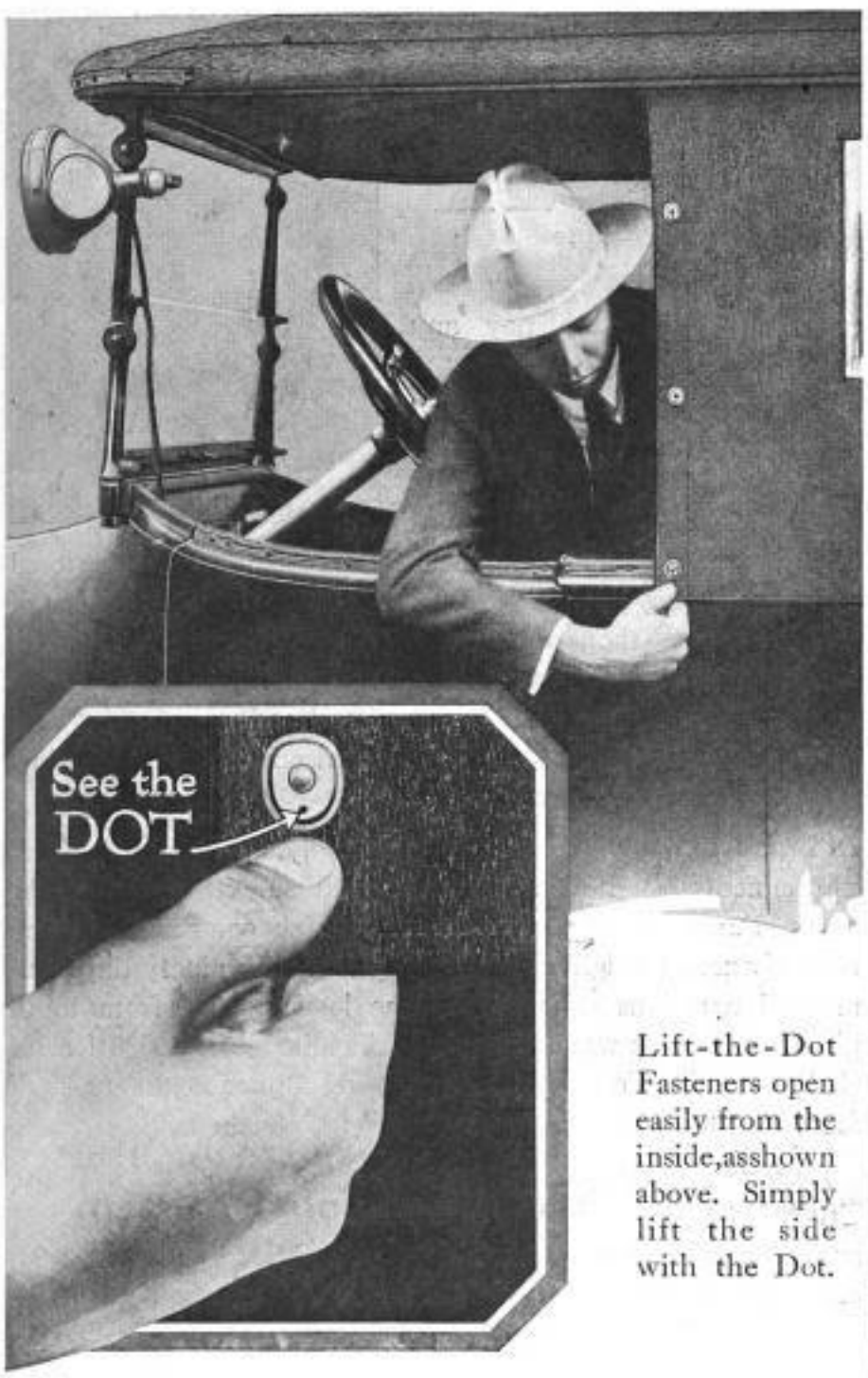
This record of war service visualizes the important part played by motor trucks in fighting at the front and in sustaining intense industrial effort at home. In sparsely settled Mexico, along trails which other vehicles had difficulty in traveling, motor trucks kept supplies following on the very heels of the advancing cavalry. In densely populated France, where railroads abound, motor trucks have been indispensable as an *additional* means of transport.

In this country war production might have broken down had there not been motor truck service to relieve the railroads. The war is bringing home to the American people, as nothing else could, the economic value of motor trucks and good roads, in peace and in war, as a vital link in our transportation system. It is thus evident that "The Road to Berlin begins in America."



## *The* WHITE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

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Lift-the-Dot Fasteners open easily from the inside, as shown above. Simply lift the side with the Dot.

YOU must get acquainted with the Lift-the-Dot Fastener. Your automobile or carriage is probably equipped with it now. You will very soon meet it in many other places because it is coming into increasingly general use on trunks, bags, sporting goods, awnings, tents, and other articles of canvas and leather.

Wherever you find this fastener, you will admire it for beauty, compactness and ease of operation. You will know it always by the dot stamped on the face of the socket—the Dot which tells you which side to lift.

# LIFT *the* DOT
## *Fasteners*

CARR FASTENER COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.
*Makers of "Fasteners that Fasten"*

*(Concluded from Page 61)*

"Cap'n," exclaimed the candidate, "fo' Gawd's sake, doan put me in no infancy neitheh! Ah doan want to go up to no front line, whah all dem jeppards is!"

Well, now, whichever way any man looks, if he is after a piece of land, he is going to run against a lot of those jeppards. A simple and inexperienced returned soldier needs an officer to lead him then, if ever, for he won't know what to believe.

I know of two old men in Syracuse, New York, who, with no reason in the world—since both were nearly eighty years old and well-to-do—a few years ago bought an old, half-abandoned plantation in Upper Louisiana. They put on it a practical Southern manager, who understood negroes. Last year he handed his employers fifty-six thousand dollars in cold cash. War cotton? Yes, largely. But the South has millions of acres of rich, unused soil, and millions more to be developed now by the Government.

The South is too rich to remain unused. I don't mean the paper-shelled pecan South, exploited by Northern land operators, but the honest-to-goodness hog and alfalfa, cotton and corn South, farmed on an honest-to-goodness square-deal basis by an individual not afraid of work. Change the race problem and change its climate, and the South would own this country. It would be our next Great West.

Figures in rows and bunches do not necessarily offer much delight, unless it is when you are making out your deposit slip at the bank. But a fair estimate cannot be made of the Lane reclamation proposition enterprise except by the use of at least a few summarized figures from the departmental tabulations.

The thing to do is to consider these as items on our national deposit slip. That is precisely what they are. The condensed statements may be held as official, and it will be noted that they apply to the entire country impartially.

Reclamation of our unused lands, if carried to its ultimate and logical conclusion, will mean the addition of some two hundred million to two hundred and fifty million acres to the real territory of the country, provide work for hundreds of thousands of American citizens, and afford an opportunity for additional hundreds of thousands to acquire homes.

### *Infinite Possibilities*

Up to the present time there has been no general plan for the reclamation of this great area of unproductive land. Though no complete survey has ever been made of our land resources, it is estimated that there are from fifteen million to twenty million additional acres of arid lands in the West at present, for which water is available if properly conserved. There are, for example, half a million acres in the Colorado River Basin that need only irrigation to make them as fertile as the far-famed Valley of the Nile.

By far the greater portion of our unused and unproductive lands, however, is comprised in the cut-over or logged-off timberlands in sixteen states, lying largely within the eastern half of the United States. In their present state these 228,509,000 acres of cut-over land form a picture of desolation calculated to discourage the hardiest pioneer. Only a vast area of stumps remains to mark the former forest, matted with underbrush and interspersed here and there with saplings.

Perhaps as good an idea as any of the appearance of this waste land may be obtained from photographs of former French forests that have been shattered by artillery fire. Yet, when this land is cleared, leveled and brought under the plow, its soil, rich with the accumulated humus of hundreds of years, possesses extraordinary agricultural possibilities.

Lying also largely in the eastern half of the United States, and overlapping the cut-over lands to some extent, are some eighty million acres of swamp land, which may be classified as permanent swamp, wet grazing land, periodically overflowed or periodically swamp.

What states have the most swamp lands? Lumping off a few of the largest, we may say that Alabama has 1,500,000 acres; Arkansas, 6,000,000; California, 3,500,000; Florida, 20,000,000; Louisiana, 10,000,000; Michigan, 3,000,000; Minnesota, 6,000,000; Mississippi, 6,000,000; Missouri, 2,500,000; North Carolina, 3,000,000; South Carolina, 3,000,000; Texas, 2,250,000; Wisconsin, 2,333,000.

No state is here mentioned that does not list over a million acres; but there are swamp lands in every state in the Union except Utah, Nevada, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho and New Mexico.

"The problem of reclaiming these vast areas of irrigable cut-over and swamp lands could never be solved in its entirety by private enterprise," says Mr. Lane. "The great public works of the Reclamation Service and of the Panama Canal, for example, stimulating as they are to our national pride in achievement, fall short of the possibilities involved in the plan of reclaiming an area one-fifth again as large as the state of Texas.

"But fortunately we are not limited to private enterprise in bringing about the greatest scheme of reclamation the world has ever seen. The Federal Government, or the Federal Government in coöperation with the states, can undertake the work in its entirety, unhampered by questions of financing or returns on investment within a limited time, but with a single view to the ultimate economic welfare of the country as a whole.

"One great problem to be met in the construction of these works is that of labor. Millions of men will be needed. It is at this point that these unproductive lands and the returned soldiers are brought together. When the war is over our ports will be thronged with millions of fighting men who will be clamoring for an opportunity to earn a living."

### *Our Answer to Germany*

"Undoubtedly many will return to the same positions they held before joining the colors. Others will find jobs in trades they have learned during their period of service. Others will take the first job offered, whether they are particularly fitted for it or not.

"The remainder will fall into the class of the drifters, taking a job here and there, seeking work and frequently not finding it, and fast becoming an economic liability of the nation. With intelligent direction this situation can unquestionably be changed, not only to the advantage of the men themselves but that of the country as a whole.

"But the plan goes further. In addition to providing work, it affords an opportunity for the returned soldier to acquire a home of his own on the reclaimed land. Besides building the dams, canals and irrigation ditches, clearing and leveling the land, constructing drainage ditches, erecting houses, barns and fences, he will be given a preference right of entry on these same lands that he has made ready for the plow, with the privilege of paying for the home he has made in long-time payments of thirty or forty years, at a low rate of interest.

"Necessary livestock and farm implements will also be provided by the Government, to be paid for in small payments, extending over from five to ten years. The element of charity or bounty does not enter at all. It is a straight business proposition.

"In brief, we know, repeating in a general way, that we have approximately from two hundred million to two hundred and fifty million acres of land at present unused which can be made as productive as any agricultural land in the world. The opportunity is ours, if we will grasp it, to bring the land and the soldier together, to provide work and homes for hundreds of thousands of American citizens, to furnish a supply of foodstuffs sufficient for our growing population and the needs of Europe, and to start a back-to-the-land movement that will rival any similar movement ever before thought of in the history of the United States. Can it be done? I believe it can."

This is a large and bold answer to the world, but it comes to a world now well used to enormous figures. Those figures have been totals of destruction. Now we must begin to build.

This is our answer to Germany. Let that country ponder what chance she has in the bitter acid test, whether of arms or of peace, against a country that can propose such a plan as this in the middle of the world's greatest war!

In every great hour of need we have had a great man. What has been the secret of the success of the greatest American statesmen? I think it rests on the fairness and sincerity and honesty of the representative American people. Our best men have reflected our better selves. And now we shall be a soberer and better America.

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# SALT OF THE EARTH

(Continued from Page 11)

"What's the matter?" asked the judge.

"I don't know," she said. "I think the soldier upset me. To go on riding to-day—and looking round and enjoying myself—I don't know—it seems like dancing at a funeral, somehow—the funeral of someone who died trying to help me."

By that time the car had stopped and, still blindly following her impulse, Gloria got out. If the judge had been less clever he might have tried to reason with her. He might even have jumped out, too, and have tried to accompany her. Instead, he kept his seat and lazily raised his hat.

"Good-by, dear!" He smiled, as though Gloria was doing the most natural thing in the world. "I'll phone you again in the morning."

A minute later his car swung up Seventh Avenue, and he was still smiling.

"The charm of caprice," he mused to himself. "I wonder whether I'm still young enough to enjoy it."

But before they left the Concourse another thought struck him and he suddenly leaned over to the front seat.

"Back to Central Park," he said to the chauffeur; "and when you get to where you nearly ran the soldier down—remember?—I want you to drive just as slowly as you can."

VI

MEANTIME Gloria had taken a taxi and reëntered the park, that aforesaid nebulous notion still in her mind. At the crossing where the chair had bounded into the tree she dismissed the machine and started along the footpath. She hadn't gone far when, as she had hoped, she saw the wheel chair, parked by the side of a bench. The soldier was lying back against the cushions and his attendant was reading a newspaper to him, his finger laboriously following the text.

"The pol-pol-pollies," he was reading, "advanced three—three—now, three kill-you-meters to—to —— Boss, this type is kind o' blurred. Advanced three kill-you-meters beyond the—looks lak Ozzy River. Sleep, boss?"

He hopefully interrupted himself in a lower tone, and hopefully glanced at the two dusky handmaids who were still deploying darkly in the distance.

"No; go on," said the figure in the chair, his eyes closed.

Gloria seated herself at the other end of the bench. "Pardon me," she said in a voice that shook a little from excitement; "but may I read to you a little while, and give you—your—this gentleman a rest?"

Strong approval immediately shone upon the face of "this gentleman," and he handed over the paper without a struggle. In the chair the soldier opened his eyes and brushed his hand across the lower part of his forehead—that sad, familiar gesture which had enlightened Gloria.

"I'm sure I don't want to bother you," he said in a tone that matched his glance—a tone without sparkle or life.

"No bother at all, I'm sure," said Gloria. "What would you like me to read for you?"

"Well, I've had the war news pretty well dished up. Suppose you see if there's anything interesting in the sporting news—or the theatrical news—or any divorce cases—you know what I mean—something —— Still there, Arthur?" he broke off.

"Yassir."

"All right. You can beat it for a while if you'd like to get away. Those friends you were telling me about—are they still there?"

"Tee-hee! Yassir!"

"All right. Go and tell 'em how you saved my life a minute ago. Going?"

"Yassir. On mah way right now."

The soldier listened to his vanishing footsteps.

"He's a good one," he said, turning his blank eyes toward Gloria; "best one I've had. But they soon get tired of pushing a grown man round in a baby wagon." He drew an uncommonly deep sigh and relapsed into his previous state of lethargy. "All right," he said—"if you're ready."

First she read him the news of the theaters, but hadn't read far when he raised his hand.

"Haven't I heard your voice before to-day?" he asked.

"I—we nearly ran you down about a quarter of an hour ago," she told him.

"Ah, yes. Well, better luck next time," was his strange reply. Gloria didn't notice how strange it was until she thought it over afterward. "All right," he continued; "you were just going to start on the plot."

Whereupon she began to read again; and for the next half hour she continued to read, and watched him now and then as she read—that aforesaid nebulous notion gradually taking shape in her mind.

Beyond the shrubbery that concealed them from the driveway the throbbing of passing cars played a deep accompaniment to her voice. She hadn't been there long when one car throbbed past very slowly indeed and nearly stopped. But Gloria didn't notice it.

"He hasn't any mother or wife to take care of him," she thought once, noticing the dust on his cap and the spots on the front of his coat. His age, she guessed, was about twenty-six.

"Do you know what time it is?" he asked when the reading came to an end at last.

It was half past three.

"Time I started back," he went on. "The doctor comes at four. See Arthur anywhere?"

Gloria didn't look very hard.

"Listen!" she said, rising and leaning over the handle. "I want you to do me a favor—if you will."

"Sure thing! What is it?"

"I want you to let me push you home." She gently moved the chair a yard or two as a sort of trial. "See?" she whispered, leaning over him again. "I can do it easily. You've no idea how strong I am."

"Too much like work," he told her. "Even Arthur has his hands full at the crossings."

"No; listen," she coaxed: "I want to do it. Really, I do. I—I feel as though you've done so much for us that I want to do something for you."

"Oh, that's all right; but I'm sure you couldn't make the crossings."

"There's always a man in sight somewhere who's willing to help," she pleaded again.

He tried to look up at her; and, though there was more than a trace of mournfulness in it, there was no mistaking his smile.

"Something told me you were a queen," was his second strange remark. "All right—if you feel like trying."

He told her where he lived, and gently—ever so gently—Gloria pushed him home. She didn't talk much—she seldom did; but in her eyes was a calm and steadfast look.

VII

THAT was the first of many readings and many meetings; because, having pushed him home, you see, Gloria not only knew where he lived but it didn't take her a minute to find out his name. His name was Lawrence Fitzgerald, and, she learned from his landlady, he had been blinded by an attack of gas after giving his mask to a wounded private whose own had been shot away.

"Isn't there some place for blind soldiers?" Gloria had asked.

"Bless you, he's too proud!" the landlady had whispered back. "Besides, I guess he'd have to go up to Canada to get in. Eh—I've known him for nearly ten years; one of the finest young fellows that ever stepped, and had the whole world before him. But when the Lusitania was sunk he waited a week and then he went up to Canada and enlisted from there. Felt he had to do it, he said, because he knew one of the women who was drownded—her and her little boy."

It was just as well that the landlady mentioned this, because it was one of the things Larry never spoke about—not even after he and Gloria began to call each other by their first names.

Indeed, there were some days when he hardly spoke at all, suffering horribly from attacks of the blues and saying the strangest things when he did speak.

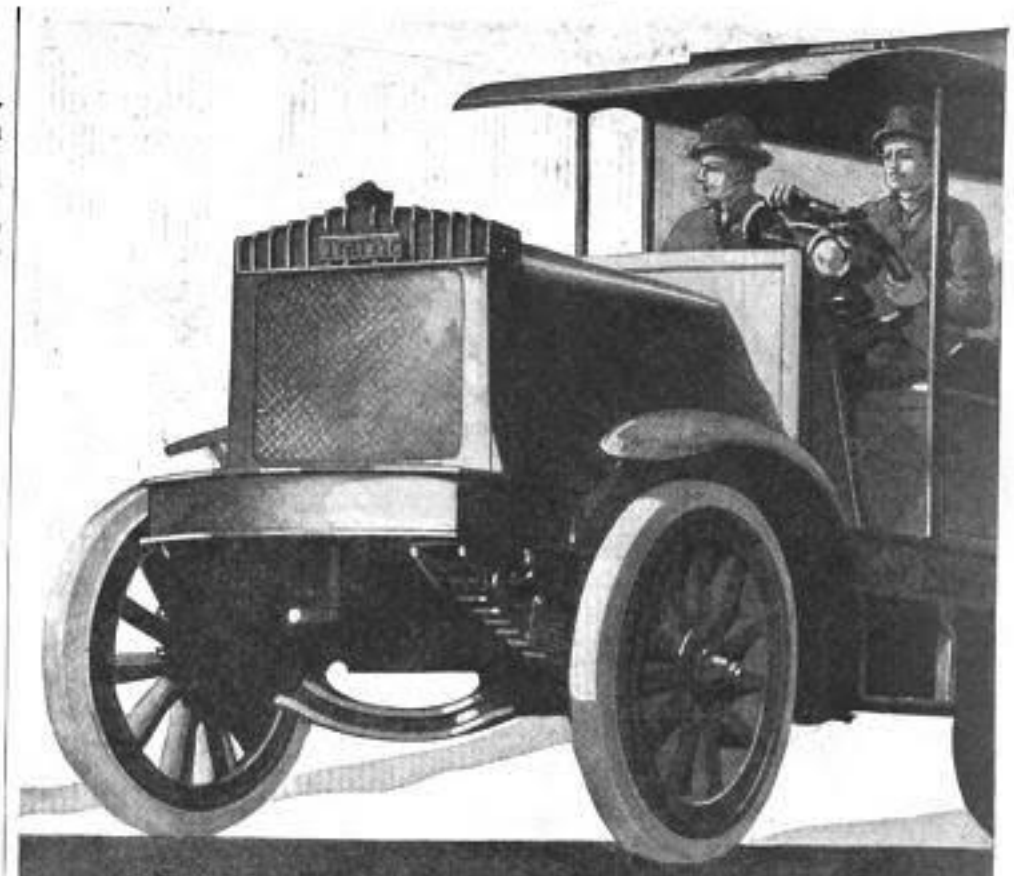
Every Wednesday, she discovered, he went to the bank, where they made a note in his book and gave him twenty-five dollars. Half of this he handed to his landlady. The other half he spent for incidentals.

"How much is the balance?" he asked Gloria one afternoon, handing her his bank book.

The balance was three hundred and ten dollars.

"Twelve weeks left!" he said to himself.

(Continued on Page 68)



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The essentials which must govern your decision in the selection of a motor truck are generously evidenced in the Traffic.

You demand carrying capacity—speed—strength—endurance and adequate power—ease of handling—low operating cost and upkeep—but above all, economy in first cost. For these reasons the Traffic stands between you and your hauling problem as ***the lowest priced 4,000 lb. capacity truck in the world.***

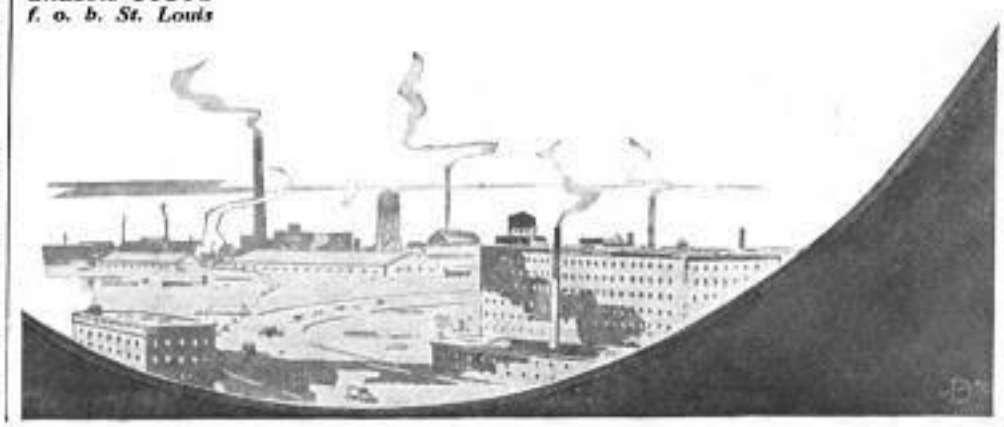
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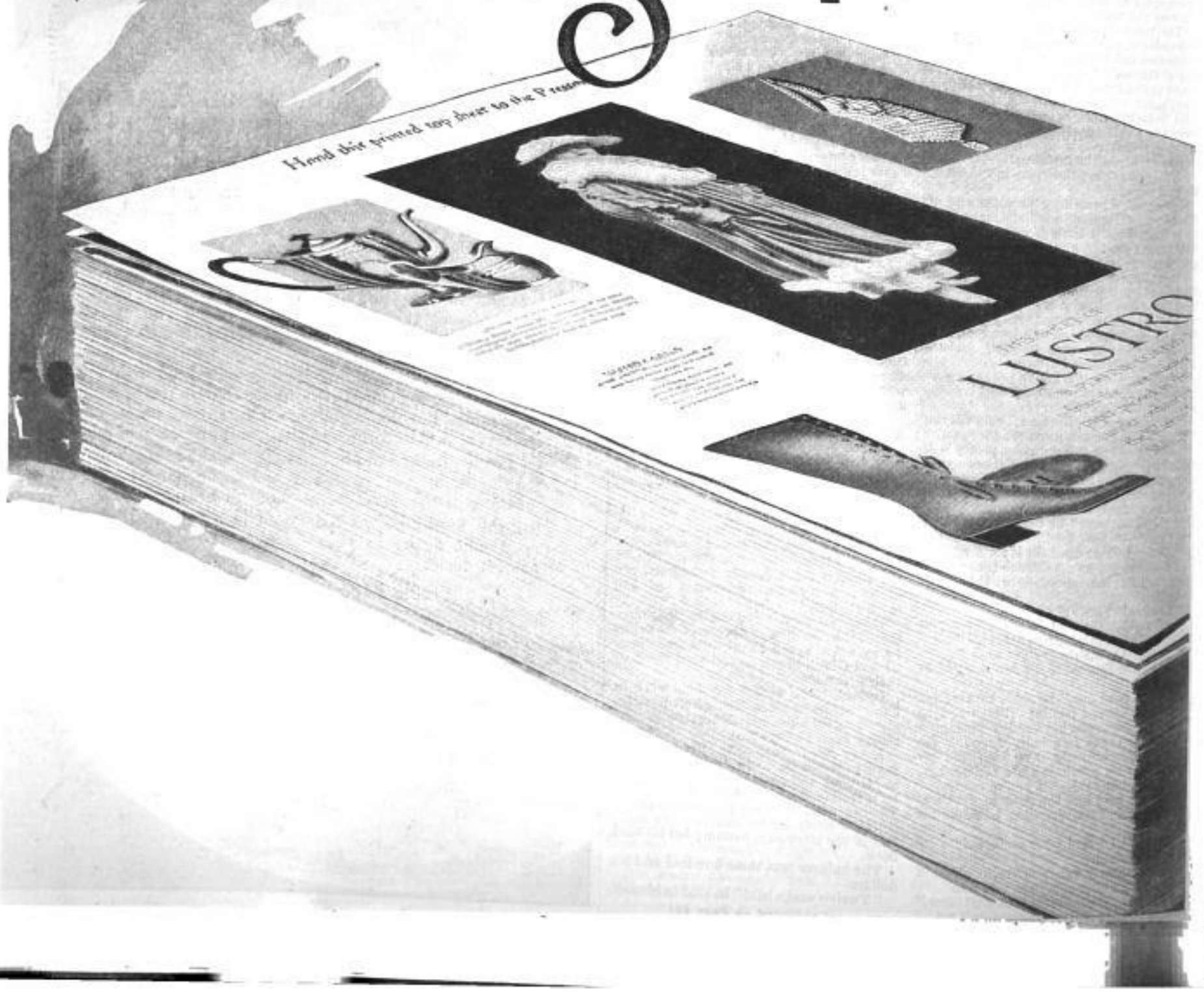
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# Warren's
## STANDARD
# Printing Papers





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# Now Is No Time To Make Things To Order

Of the four big words on the opposite page the one with the biggest meaning is done in the smallest letters.

It is the word "standard."

"Standard" seems like a dull word, but that is because the full glory of its meaning dawns on us slowly.

To us, it is an even bigger word than the name Warren's, for much of the power that has made the name Warren the leader in printing papers has come from the fact that the quality of Warren's Standard Printing Papers is standard.

When a printer or a buyer of printing decides to use a Warren Standard Paper, he knows what he is going to use. When he buys, he knows what he is buying.

From the number of minutes the pulp is beaten to the number of nails in the shipping case the Warren standard of quality for each grade of Warren Paper is the same.

Standardization, which has been urged, and ordered in other industries, was a Warren practice before a single cloud of war had warned the country to speed up and save.

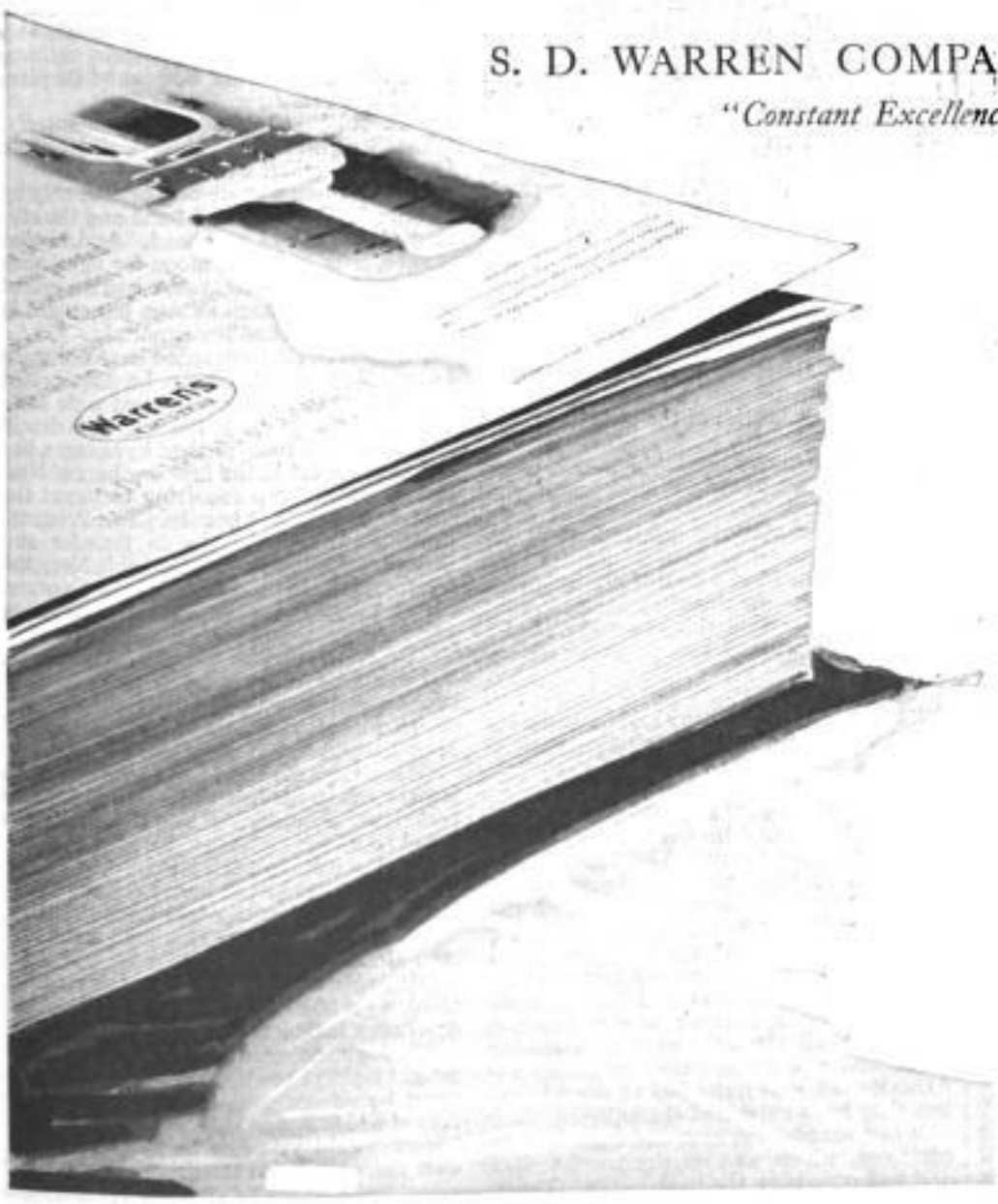
"Speed up and save" is a meaning of standardization. Another meaning is "make things that will work, parts that will fit, nuts that will stay tight, paper that will print."

There are twelve grades of Warren Standard Printing Papers, made in approved sizes and approved weights. These twelve standards cover every major book-paper printing need.

Every large printing job is dominated by consideration of either cost, class, weight, bulk, surface, strength, or a combination of two or more of these.

The twelve Warren Standard Printing Papers comprise a group, one of which fits almost any desired needs.

The Warren Suggestion Book is a demonstration of these statements and is a helpful guide to the selection of the right paper. It was prepared at some expense, and no little trouble, and copies can be sent on request only to printers; to buyers of printing, engravers and their salesmen.




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# Can You Use $600 to $3,120 Extra Profits?

## *Storekeepers and Exhibitors Please Answer*

It doesn't cost you anything but a postage stamp to have us send our merchandising survey and estimate the money you can make in your location from the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine.

Not in all mercantile history does inventive genius appear to have given storekeepers and exhibitors a mechanical aid that attracts such astonishing trade and earns such profits. Thousands of Butter-Kist Machines are paying their owners $600 to $3,120 clear per year. Not only that, but are stimulating sales of all other merchandise around them.

W. O. Hopkins of Indiana, for example, found that his magazine business leaped ahead 97 per cent the first year he installed the Butter-Kist Machine. And by actual count he made 49,015 sales of Butter-Kist Pop Corn besides.

Mark well that this was *extra* trade this merchant would have missed (as many stores miss) without this power plant of new-found profits.

# BUTTER-KIST
## Pop Corn Machine

Makes a little waste space 26 x 32 inches pay five times as much profit per sq. ft. as anything known to trade.

And it meets the nation's economic need because it runs itself—requires no extra man-power. More patriots than ever are eating pop corn now because it contains no wheat or sugar.

A government bulletin says pop corn is very close to wheat in food value. It contains a high percentage of calories that supply the body with energy and heat.

Everyone loves pop corn—Butter-Kist most of all because of its *toasty flavor* that no other pop corn has.




**Read What Storekeepers and Exhibitors Say:**

"Have had our machine over 3 years and have taken in more than $10,000 on pop corn and peanuts." Bloomington, Ill., Pop. 25,768.

"Profits derived from Butter-Kist machine first 12 months paid for machine and bought me a $1,200 automobile besides." Electra, Tex., Pop. 3,500.

"Paid for machine out of profits in less than year." Mt. Pleasant, Ia., Pop. 4,092.

Used and praised by confectioners, druggists, theatres, variety stores, grocers, bakeries, restaurants, stationers, department stores, cigar stores, billiard parlors, florists, commissaries, etc., in cities and towns of all sizes from 400 population up to the largest.

See the actual signed sales records, proofs of profits, photographs, easy terms and full information in our new book "America's New Industry." Write for free copy today without fail.

**Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Co., 763–776 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.**

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Without obligation to me, send your free merchandising book, "America's New Industry," prices, terms, and location survey for estimating how much I can make with Butter-Kist Machine.

*Name* _____ *Business* _____

*Address* _____


(Continued from Page 65)

He was having a particularly bad attack of the blues that day and Gloria didn't like the way he spoke at all.

"What do you mean, Larry—twelve weeks left?" she asked.

He wouldn't tell her.

Meantime you mustn't think the judge was doing nothing. Though Gloria didn't go out with him any more in the afternoons, his car was often waiting when Moonlight Moments was over.

"How's your blind soldier?" he said one night.

"What do you know about my blind soldier?" she asked him suspiciously; and suspicion wasn't natural to Gloria.

"My dear child"—this in a voice that was earnest, for him—"I only know what everyone knows; and, of course, you know I love you all the more for it."

Gloria's heart reproached her for her suspicions.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, if you like," he continued. "Let's take him a good long ride to-morrow afternoon—in my car. We'll run up to the farm. The change will do him good."

"What farm?"

"My farm." And, giving her one of those glances, he added: "Your farm, too, if you like."

But Gloria didn't rise to that.

"A ride would do him good," she thoughtfully remarked.

And a ride, next day, he had. Gloria sat between him and the judge; and, though his back wasn't quite strong enough yet to let him walk round a great deal when they reached their destination, it was easy to see how much he enjoyed the change.

"Poor fellow!" said the judge to Gloria as they watched him. "You see how much he likes it." And in a lower voice he added: "We could adopt him and let him live up here if you'd really like to have him."

Gloria didn't rise to that either. Still, she was only human, and she couldn't help imagining herself as the mistress of all she surveyed—the stone house, with its red-tiled roof; the orchards; the gardens; and, best of all, the far-flung view.

"Did you do all this yourself?" she asked, unconsciously admiring the magnificence of the picture.

"My dear child"—he gently laughed in his laziest tone—"did you ever hear the story of the cricket and the ant? It was a cricket who did all this—a cricket with taste and ability; but it cost him so much he couldn't keep it. So a certain wise ant stepped in and got it for a song. Do you like it?"

If Gloria had voiced her thought she would have answered: "I thought I did—a minute ago—before I heard about the cricket." But, instead, she slowly replied: "I think it's beautiful!" And on the way back to the city, sitting again between Larry and the judge, she had one of her quietest spells.

"Judge Malvin seems to be mighty fond of you," said Larry the next time she called.

"Yes."

By that time, of course, Larry knew Gloria's business, and she often made him smile with her stories of the girls in Moonlight Moments.

"Going to marry him?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Would you if you were me?"

"Like a shot!" he said, almost too quickly.

"Would you?" she doubtfully inquired. "I don't know—he's terribly clever."

"Likes to go round with you, doesn't he?"

"Yes; he wanted me to go to dinner to-night."

"Going?"

"No; I'm going to stay and have dinner with you. Then we're going out into the park and listen to the band."

"You and the judge?"

"No," she said. "You and me."

It wasn't the first time Gloria had stayed for dinner with Larry. The landlady let them have a little table to themselves in the corner of the dining room, and the other boarders could hardly eat or talk for watching Gloria and the two wonderful gifts her fairy godmother had given her.

She cut Larry's meat into dice for him, guided his hand, listened to him, laughed with him—all the time with a throbbing tenderness at her heart that few women—I think—can ever quite feel to the full unless they have mothered the afflicted.

When dinner was over she took him to his room, which was on the ground floor and had once been the back parlor. There, with the door open, she brushed his hair—it didn't really need it, so she must have liked to do it—helped him on with his coat and found his stick for him. His back felt strong that night; so they decided to leave the chair at home.

And then, her hand upon his arm, they started out for the park, followed by the adoring glances of all the children who were playing on the block.

"Do you like children?" she asked him.

"I love 'em!" said he.

Gloria was very quiet; but then, as you know, she often was.

"Is there a moon to-night?" he asked once.

"Yes; nearly full."

"I thought it was," he said, almost under his breath; and then whispered: "God!"—as though he was saying something that was being pulled out of him against his will, partly in protest and partly in prayer.

"Never mind, Larry!" whispered Gloria, patting his arm. "You'll be all right again some day."

"All right again?" he bitterly repeated. "How?"

She wouldn't tell him.

"Let's be happy to-night," she said instead; and, still patting his arm, she hummed an air from Moonlight Moments.

"I'm a sour old crab at times," he sighed.

"Indeed you're not! I've a much better name for you than that."

"What is it?"

"Salt of the Earth!" she proudly told him.

"If I was all right again—the way you said—do you know what I'd call you?"

"No; tell me."

He boggled over it, but it came out at last.

"Cream of the Peach," he told her.

They found a sheltered bench from which, at a distance, they could hear the band.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked.

"That's the third couple which has walked past now, holding hands," she whispered in his ear. "I think they're looking for this bench."

"Is it that sort of bench?"

"Yes." She laughed again. "They'll think we've been quarreling."

"Why?"

"Because we're sitting—you know—so prim and upright."

He didn't say anything; but a moment later, when Gloria's shoulder touched him, he didn't move away. Her hair brushed his cheek and, as though of its own volition, his arm gently moved and found its place round her waist.

"There!" she sighed contentedly. "That's comfortable. Now don't let's talk for a while—shall we?"

And so there was silence, broken only by the music of the distant band and the stirring of the leaves overhead. And in that silence, with only the moon for light, took place one of those strange, silent dramas of hopes and fears such as man has staged in his heart since time immemorial.

I cannot begin to describe it. Awakening Love; that could better be interpreted by music if the accompaniment were sufficiently dreamy and the air sufficiently sweet—a sweetness touched by sadness, like the treble notes in the first few bars of Narcissus, which keep recurring to haunt the memory with their beauty. The Premonition; Power—which needs thunder and the roaring of lions; the Invisible Net; the Unwary Feet; the Struggle; the Capture. But in Larry's case the drama went further yet.

"Oh, well—just for to-night," he thought. "It's only because she pities me. It'll make it a bit harder to go—that's all; but it's worth it. How I could love her though! How I could love her if ——"

"Don't cry, Larry," she murmured, feeling the sob in his heart and coiling her arm round his shoulder. "You'll be all right again soon."

But she wouldn't tell him how.

"I'll have to forget her. I'll have to cut this out!" he savagely told himself. "Or I won't be able to get away when I mean to." And aloud he said:

"I think we'd better be getting on. I think we'd better be starting now."

"Just a little longer!" she breathed.

Through an opening in the trees she caught sight of the upper story of an apartment house—one of those majestic buildings of which Judge Malvin had said to her: "How would you like to live somewhere over there?" From the driveway came the

(Concluded on Page 71)

(Concluded from Page 68)

distant throbbing of motor cars—motor cars in which Gloria took deep delight.

"I'll have to forget her. I'll have to cut this out!" Larry was thinking by her side. And aloud he said:

"Ready?"

"I'll show you how ready I am," she warned him, her voice unsteady and low.

The next moment she had put her lips up to his. He feebly struggled at first—a struggle which soon ended in a close embrace; and after that they sat there for a long, long time.

Gloria didn't say much. Still, she seldom did. But after she had taken him home—and he had kissed her "Good-by, dear; and God bless you!"—not all the king's horses and all the king's men could ever make Larry forget her again.

*VIII*

THE next afternoon she was late. She had told Larry she would come at two; but it was nearer three when she finally appeared at his boarding house, so radiant and breathless that even he could tell there was something in the wind.

"I've got such good news!" she whispered as soon as she had kissed him.

Now Larry had meant there should be no more of that; but the wisdom of the ages seems to be unanimous that such a resolution only holds good until the first opportunity arrives at which it may be conveniently deferred until a later date.

"Good news?" he asked. "Tell me."

"I've got a position for you," she told him; and there she stopped, because she, on her part, had made up her mind to say something to him that no woman can say to a man without the twistiest kind of wrench.

"A position for me?" he asked, quite thunderstruck.

"Yes—a fine one; but"—and this is where the wrench began—"you'll have to have somebody to look after you."

She desperately tried to think of some tactful way of putting it—some softening metaphor—some clever play of words. But her head failing her, she did as the judge once did—she let her heart take charge.

"Do you love me, Larry?" she asked.

He tried to tell her.

"And if you were making a lot of money—and needed someone to take care of you—to be with you all the time—is there anybody you know you'd rather have than me?"

His answer was another of those things that can best be expressed in music. In justice to Larry, however, it must be said that he was thinking only in abstract terms, which is the man of it, while Gloria was thinking in concrete terms, which is the woman of it.

"Then that's settled!" She sighed with relief. "As soon as the contract's signed we'll be married."

"Married?" he demanded. "For heaven's sake, Gloria, you don't think I'd let you throw yourself away on me!"

They nearly had a quarrel then; but Gloria, still letting her heart guide her, finally found that her best argument was a kiss, her best gesture a caress. It was quite another Saint Anthony affair, though with a distinctly different ending.

"Well," he said at last after she had brushed his hair—which needed doing very badly—"you haven't told me about this great position yet."



*"I'm Afraid I Don't Like Him," She Found Herself Thinking. "He Doesn't Believe in Anything"*

So then she told him. The manager of Moonlight Moments—Mr. Max, she called him—was planning a new program. He had all the comedy he wanted—all the songs—all the dances; but, in order to balance his numbers, he wanted something deep—something with diapason in it—something to echo in the heart.

For nearly a month he had been struggling with different acts; but some were too sticky and some were too mellow and some were simply bad.

"For heaven's sake," he had cried that morning at rehearsal, "isn't there a new act anywhere on earth that can reach over and get you?"

This set Gloria thinking; and as soon as rehearsal was over she had told Mr. Max about the first time she had met Larry—that time when he was having the paper read to him by Arthur of the rueful countenance.

"And, honestly, Larry," she concluded, "he got all worked up about it and shook hands with me! I think he's going to have some funny war stories written for you, and changed every week; and some that are sad; and one of the best darky comedians in the country to push your chair and read the paper and play a mouth organ; and a song for you to sing as you go out. He called Teddy in; and Teddy got busy right away. You're to be happy—that's the whole thing. And I know I can't remember the chorus, but it goes something like this:

*"'If I am happy*
*Though I cannot see,*
*How very, very happy*
*Every one of you should be!'*

There!" she cried in rare delight. "If I haven't remembered it, though I heard it only once!" Which might be taken as a good omen.

Moreover, as Larry listened Gloria became conscious of a new expression on his face. It wasn't exactly approval, any more than it was disapproval. It was something more fundamental than anything like that.

It was an awakening expression of hope, of interest; the look of one who turns to the future instead of brooding over the past; the look, let us say, of a player in the great game of life who thought he was out of the game for good but who is suddenly provided with a new stake to play with, a new prize to strive for.

"O Lord," he groaned, though he was really talking to Gloria, "if I had only met you three years ago, before—before ——"

Gloria's eyes were deep with tenderness.

"Don't worry!" she said. "You'll be all right again soon." But she wouldn't tell him how.

"Wouldn't it be great if I did make good!" he whispered at last.

Gloria's eyes were deeper than wells.

"Don't worry!" she breathed again. "Something tells me you'll make good."

*IX*

BUT, what is more to the point, Gloria also made good. About a year after that last conversation Larry was let into her room one morning, and there he was formally introduced to Larry Junior, aged one hour.

"He's just like you," murmured Gloria, "dark and strong and brave. Why, he hasn't cried once—not once! And such big eyes! He's you all over again, Larry—a regular little Salt of the Earth. Remember how I used to tell you that you'd be all right again some day? Well, now you know."

They had to send Larry Senior away then, because Gloria was growing excited; but just before he went he bent over and humbly kissed her. Gloria lay for a long time, then, very quietly. Still, she was often quiet.

Over by the door the nurse and the doctor were speaking in low voices. And, though her lips didn't move, Gloria also began speaking; speaking to One who is always among those present.

"Four thousand miles," she said; "and I was the last mile! . . . Well, I didn't let the road end with me. . . . O Lord, I've tried to keep the lamp burning—mine and Larry's. I've tried to keep your Salt of the Earth from being lost."

She turned to look at the atom by her side; and as his tiny hand opened and closed she thought of Judge Malvin's gesture—the gathering hand, the scattering, the empty palm.

"O Lord," she earnestly concluded, "if you think I've earned it, please, please be good to this little handful here—and keep him from being scattered some day. Oh, please, Lord, do! Amen!"


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# If the Hoosier Was for Men

## A Message to Husbands, Fathers, Brothers

EVERY modern business office, factory and store would have a Hoosier if its labor-saving made man's work easier and added to the efficiency of his business or profession. No man would countenance, in his affairs, methods that wasted time and energy. But in America's kitchens — where the Nation's biggest industry is conducted — millions of wives, mothers and sisters spend weary hours and walk needless miles because men carelessly leave thoughts of efficiency behind when business hours are over.

### Be a "Home Efficiency" Engineer

Uncle Sam has said, "A kitchen cabinet is just as important to the woman as the bench to the workman or the laboratory desk to the chemist. With it the housekeeper can sit down comfortably with her whole kitchen workshop within easy reach. It saves walking to and fro to gather up this thing or that to prepare the food."

Would you heed this vital truth if it applied to your own comfort and convenience? Then study the problems of your home. Become a self-appointed efficiency engineer. Rule against time and energy wasters. Provide the labor-saving equipment your "home superintendent" should have—the conveniences she deserves.

### The Hoosier in Highest Favor

Chief among home requirements is the kitchen cabinet. And the Hoosier is universally recognized as the leader. It has released the bonds of drudgery in over a million homes. It brings every scientific advancement—practical arrangement, extra space, the newest food saving ideas and places for 400 articles within arm's reach.

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The Hoosier policy guarantees your money all back if you are not delighted. It is your patriotic duty to buy useful gifts and to buy early. So go to the authorized Hoosier store in your town at once. If you don't know his name, write us direct for catalog, prices and terms. Make this a Hoosier Christmas.

(491)

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KITCHEN CABINET



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WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
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# THE CITY OF COMRADES

(Continued from Page 16)

Curiosity prompted me to say: "What made you think I had a motive for getting over it?"

"Looks. You can always tell what a man's made for by the kind of looker he is. As a looker you're some swell. Lovikins here, now ——"

"If I can't do as well as the likes o' you, ye poor little snipe of a bartender for babies ——"

"What'll you bet you can't?" Pyn asked good-naturedly.

"I ain't a bettin' man, but I can show!"

"Well, you show, and I'll lay fifty cents against you. You'll be umpire, Slim, and hold the stakes. Is that a go?"

"I don't 'ave no truck o' that kind," Lovey declared loftily. "I'm a doer, I am—when I get a-goin'. I don't brag beforehand—not like some."

I was still curious, however, about myself.

"And what did you make out of my looks, Pyn?"

He stopped, stood off and eyed me.

"Do you know what you're like now?"

"I know I'm not like anything human."

"You're like a twenty-dollar bill that's been in every pawnshop, and every bar, and every old woman's stocking, and every old bum's pocket, and is covered with dirt and grease and microbes till you wouldn't hardly hold it in your hand; but it's still a twenty-dollar bill—that'll buy twenty dollars' worth every time—and whenever you like you can get gold for it."

"Thank you, Pyn," I returned humbly as we went on our way again. "That's the whitest thing that has ever been said to me."

Before we reached Vandiver Street Pyn had given us two bits of information, both of which I was glad to receive.

One was entirely personal, being a brief survey of his fall and rise. The son of a barber in one of the small towns near New York, he had gone to work with a druggist on leaving the high school. His type, as he described it, had been from the beginning that of the cheap sport. Cheap sports had been his companions, and before he was twenty-one he had married a pretty manicure girl from his father's establishment.

He had married her while on a spree, and after the spree had repented. Repenting chiefly because he wasn't earning enough to keep a wife, he threw the blame for his mistake on her. When a baby came he was annoyed; when a second baby came he was desperate; when a third promised to appear he was overwhelmed. Since the expenses of being a cheap sport couldn't be reduced he saw no resource but flight to New York, leaving his wife to fend for herself and her children.

Folly having made of him a hard drinker, remorse made of him a harder one. And since no young fellow of twenty-four is callous enough to take wife desertion with an easy conscience my own first talks with him had been filled with maudlin references to a kind of guilt I hadn't at the time understood. All I knew was that from bad he had gone to worse, and from worse he was on the way to the worst of all, when old Colonel Straight rescued him.

The tale of that rescue unfolded some of the history of the Down and Out. As to that Pyn laid the emphasis on the fact that the club was not a mission—that is, it was not the effort of the safe to help those who are in danger; it was the effort of those who are in danger to help themselves. Built up on unassisted effort it was self-respecting.

No bribes had ever been offered it, and no persuasions but such as a man who has got out of hell can bring to bear on another who is still frying in the fire. Its action being not from the top downward but from the bottom upward, it had a native impulse to expansion.

Its inception had been an accident. Two men who had first met as Pyncheon and I had first met lost sight of each other for several years. At a time when each had worked his salvation out they had come together by accident on Broadway, and had by another accident become responsible for a third. Finding him one night lying on the pavement of a lonely street they had seemingly had no choice but to pick him up and carry him to a cheap but friendly hostelry which they knew would not refuse him. Here they had kept him till he had sobered up and taken the job they found for him. Watching over him for months they finally had the pleasure of restoring him to his wife and seeing a broken home put on its feet again. This third man, in gratitude for what had been done for him, went after a fourth, and the fourth after a fifth, and so the chain was flung out.

By the time their number had increased to some twenty-five or thirty, Providence offered them a dwelling place.

The dwelling place, with the few apparently worthless articles it contained, was all the club had ever accepted as a gift. Even that might have been declined had it not been for the fact that it was going begging. When old Miss Smedley died it was found that she had left her residence in Vandiver Place as a legacy to St. David's Church across the way. She had left it, however, as an empty residence. As an empty residence it was in a measure a white elephant on the hands of a legatee that had no immediate use for it.



"'I Come in 'ere,' I Says to 'im, 'Because My Buddy Come in 'ere; and Wherever 'e Goes I'll Foller 'im'"


At the Front

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St. David's Church, you will remember, was not now the fashionable house of prayer it had been in its early days. Time was when Vandiver Place was the heart of exclusive New York. In the forties and fifties no section of the city had been more select. In the sixties and seventies, when Doctor Grace was rector of St. David's, it had become time-honored. In the eighties and nineties the old families began to move uptown and the boarding houses to creep in; and in the early years of the twentieth century the residents ceded the ground entirely to the manufacturer of artificial flowers and the tailor of the ready-to-wear. In 1911 the line of houses that made it a *cul-de-sac* was torn down and a broad thoroughfare cut through a congeries of slums, the whole being named Vandiver Street. Vandiver Place was gone; and with it went Miss Smedley.

Rufus Legrand, who succeeded Doctor Grace as rector of St. David's, offered Miss Smedley's house as a home for the Down and Out; but it was Beady Lamont, a husky furniture mover and ardent member of the club, who suggested this philanthropic opportunity to Rufus Legrand.

"Say, reverent, my buddy's give in at last, on'y I haven't got no place to put him. But, say, reverent, there's that old house I helped to move the sticks out of two or three months ago. There's three beds left in it, and a couple of chairs. Me and him could bunk there for a few nights, while he got straightened out, and ——"

"But you'd have no bedclothes."

"Say, reverent, we don't want no bedclothes. Sleepin' in the park'll learn you how to do without sheets."

"My daughter, Mrs. Ralph Coningsby, could undoubtedly supply you with some."

"Say, reverent, that ain't our way. We don't pass the buck on no one. What we haven't got we do without till we can pay for it ourselves. But that old house ain't doin' nothing but sit on its haunches; and if I could just get Tiger into the next bed to mine at night—we don't want no bedclothes nor nothing but what we lay down in—and take him along with me when I go to work by day, so as to keep my searchlights on him, like ——"

Rufus Legrand had already sufficiently weighed the proposal.

"I'm sure I don't see why you shouldn't sleep in the old place as long as you like, Beady, if you can only make yourselves comfortable."

"Say, reverent, now you're shouting."

So another accident settled the fate of Miss Smedley's lifelong home; and before many weeks the Down and Out was in full possession.

It was in full possession of the house with the refuse the heirs had not considered good enough to take away—three iron bedsteads that the servants had used; an equal number of humble worn-out mattresses; two tolerably solid wooden chairs, three that needed repairs, which were speedily given them; some crockery, more or less chipped and cracked; and a stained steel engraving of Franklin in the salon of Marie Antoinette.

True to its principles the club accepted neither gifts of money nor contributions in kind. Its members were all graduates of the school of doing without. To those who came there a roof over the head was a luxury, while to have a friend to stand by them and care whether they went to the devil or not was little short of a miracle.

But by the time Billy Pyncheon had been brought in by old Colonel Straight gratitude, sacrifice and enthusiasm on the part of one or another of the members had adequately fitted up this house to which Lovey and I were on the way. It had become, too, the one institution of which the saloon keepers of my acquaintance were afraid. We were all afraid of it. It had worked so many wonders among our pals that we had come to look on it as a home of the necromantic. Missions of any kind we knew how to cope with; but in the Down and Out there was a sort of wizardry that tamed the wildest hearts among us, cast out devils and raised the nearly dead. I myself for a year or more—ever since I had seen the spell it had wrought on Pyn, for whom from the first I had felt a sympathy—had been haunted by the dread of it; and here I was at the door.

The door when we got to it was something of a disappointment. It was at the head of a flight of old-time brownstone steps, and was just like any other door. About it was nothing of the magical or cabalistic Lovey and I had been half expecting.

More impressive was the neat little man who opened to our ring. He was a wan, wistful, smiling little figure of sixty-odd, on whom all the ends of the world seemed to have come. He was like a man who has been dead and buried and has come to life again—but who shows he has been dead. If I had to look like that . . .

But I took comfort in the thought of Pyn. Pyn showed nothing. He was like one of the three holy men who went through Nebuchadnezzar's furnace—the smell of fire had not passed on him. A heartier, healthier, merrier fellow it would have been difficult to find.

He entered now with the air of authority which belongs to the member of a club.

"Fellows had their breakfast, Spender?"

Spender was all welcome, of the wistful, yearning kind.

"The men at work is gone; but the guys under restraint is still at table."

"Mr. Christian not here yet?"

"Never gets here before nine; and it's not half past seven yet."

Pyn turned to me.

"Say, do you want to go in and feed, or will you wash up first, or go to bed, or what?"

With this large liberty of choice I asked if we could do whatever we liked. It was Spender who explained. .

"That's the rule for new arrivals, unless they've got to be put under restraint at once."

"I don't want to be put under no restraint," Lovey declared indignantly.

"That'll be all right," Spender replied kindly, "unless there's vermin ——"

Lovey jumped.

"See here, now! Don't you begin no such immodest talk to me."

"There, there, Lovikins," Pyn broke in. "Spender don't mean no harm. All sorts have to come to a place like this. But when we see a gentleman we treat him like a gentleman. All Spender wants to know is this: Is it eats for you first or a bath?"

"And I don't want no bath," Lovey declared proudly.

"Then it'll be eats. Quick march! I've got to beat it back to my job."

Pyn's introduction of us to those already in the dining room was simple.

"This is Lovey. This is Slim. You guys'll make 'em feel at home."

Making us feel at home consisted in moving along the table so as to give us room. In words there was no response to Pyn, who withdrew at once, nor was there more than a cursory inspection of us with the eyes. Whatever was kindly was in the atmosphere, and that was perceptible.

As we sat before two empty places one of our new companions rose, went to the dresser behind us and brought us each a plate, a spoon, a knife and a cup and saucer. A big man went to the kitchen door and in a voice like thunder called out "Mouse!"

By the time he had returned to his place a stumpy individual with a big red mustache and a limp appeared on the threshold. An explanation of the summons was given him when a third of our friends pointed at us with a spoonful of oatmeal porridge before he put it in his mouth.

Mouse withdrew into the kitchen, coming back with two basins of porridge, which he placed steaming hot before us. Presently, too, he filled our cups with coffee. Bread and butter, sugar and milk were all on the table. The meal went on in silence, except for the smacking of lips and the clinking of spoons on the crockeryware.

Of our fellow guests I can only say that they presented different phases of the forlorn. The man next to me was sallow, hatchet-faced, narrow-breasted, weak of physique, and looked as if he might have been a tailor. His hair was a shock of unkempt black curls, and his dark eyes the largest and longest and most luminous I ever saw in a man. In their nervous glance they made me think of a horse's eyes, especially when he rolled them toward me timidly.

Opposite was a sandy, freckled man, whom I easily diagnosed as a Scotchman. Light hair, light eyebrows and a heavy reddish mustache set off a face scored with a few deep wrinkles, and savage like that of a beast fretted with a sense of helplessness. The shaking hand that passed the bread to me was muscular, freckled and covered with coarse, reddish hairs. I put him down as a gardener.

At the head of the table was a huge, unwieldy fellow who looked as if he had all run to fat, but who, as I afterward learned,

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(Continued from Page 74)

was a mass of muscle and sinew, like a Japanese wrestler. He had bloated cheeks and bloated hands, and a voice so big and bass that when he spoke, as he did on going to the door to summon Mouse, he almost shook the dishes on the dresser. He proved to be, too, a pal of Beady Lamont's, and as a piano mover by profession he frequented Beady's spheres.

At the big man's right was a poor little whippersnapper, not more than five foot two, who looked as if a puff would blow him away; and opposite him a tall, spare, fine-looking Irishman, a hospital attendant, whose face would have been full of humor had it not been convulsed for the time being with a sense of mortal anguish. It was he who had brought us our dishes, and took pains to see that our needs were supplied.

No more than any of the others were we eager for conversation. The fact that we were having good warm food served in a more or less regular way was enough to occupy all that was uppermost in our thoughts. Poor Lovey ate as he had drunk the chocolate half an hour before, with a greed that was almost terrible. Once more I might have done the same had I not taken his example as a warning. Not that anything I did would have attracted attention in that particular gathering. Each man's gaze was turned inward. His soul's tragedy absorbed him to the exclusion of everything else. Reaction from the stupor of excess brought nothing but a sense of woe. There was woe on all faces. There would have been woe in all thoughts if conscious thought had not been outside the range of these drugged and stultified faculties.

What was more active than anything else was a blind fellow feeling. They did little things for each other. They did little watchful things for Lovey and me. They even quarreled over their kindnesses like children eager to make themselves useful.

"You'll want to know where the barthroom is," the timid tailor said to me as we rose from table. "I'll show you."

There was a snarl from the whippersnapper across the way.

"Aw, put your lid on, Headlights. How long have you been showin' barthrooms in this here shebang?" He beckoned to me. "You come along o' me, Slim ——"

It was the Irishman who intervened to keep the peace.

"Listen to Daisy now, will you? He's like a fox terrier that owns the house and grounds, and barks at everywan who goes by. Look now, Daisy! You take this ould gent up to the bathroom on the top floor; and you, Headlights, show Slim to the one on the second floor, and every wan o' you'll have a bite at the cake."

With this peaceable division of the honors we started off.

I must describe the club as very humble. The rooms themselves, as was natural with an old New York residence, did not lack dignity. Though too narrow for their height they had admirable cornices, and some exquisite ceiling medallions. It is probable, too, that in days when there were no skyscrapers in the neighborhood the house was light enough, but now it wore a general air of dimness. The furnishings were just what you might have expected from the efforts of very poor men in giving of their small superfluity. There were plenty of plain wooden chairs and a sufficiency of tables to match them. In the two downstairs sitting rooms, which must once have been Miss Smedley's front and back drawing-rooms, there were benches against the wall. A roll-top desk, which I learned was the official seat of Mr. Christian, was so placed as to catch the light from Vandiver Street. A plain black wooden cross between the two front windows, and Franklin in the salon of Marie Antoinette in the place of honor over a fine old white marble mantelpiece, completed the two reception rooms.

The floor above was given over to the dormitories for outsiders, and contained little more than beds. They were small iron beds, made up without counterpanes. As every man made his own the result would not have passed the inspection of a high-class chambermaid, but they satisfied those who lay down in them. Since outsiders came in, like Lovey and me, with little or nothing in the way of belongings, it was unnecessary to make further provision for their wardrobes than could be found in the existing closets and shelves. In the front bedroom, which I suppose must have been Miss Smedley's, there were nine small beds; in the room back of that there were seven; and in a small room over the kitchen, given up to the men positively under restraint, there were five. Twenty-one outsiders could thus be cared for at a time.

On the third floor were the dormitories for club members—men who had kept sober for three months and more, and who wore a star of a color denoting the variety of their achievements. On this floor, too, was a billiard, card and smoking room, accessible to anyone, even to outsiders, who had kept sober for three weeks. On the top floor of all were a few bedrooms, formerly those of Miss Smedley's servants, reserved for the occasional occupancy of such grandees as had preserved their integrity for three years and more; and here, too, was the sacred place known as "the lounge," to which none was admitted who didn't wear the gold or silver star representing sobriety for at least a year.

The whole was, therefore, a carefully arranged hierarchy in which one mounted according to one's merit. Little Spender wore the gold star, indicating a five years' fight with the devil; and Mouse, the cook, a blue one, which meant that he had been victorious for three months. All others in the club when Lovey and I arrived were outsiders like ourselves. Outsiders gave their word to stay a week, generally for the purpose of sobering up, but beyond that nothing was asked of them. At the beginning of the second week they could either continue their novitiate or go.

This information was given me by Headlights as we stood on the threshold of the bathroom before I passed in. When the tale was ended, however, the Scotchman, who had taken little or no part in our reception, pushed by me and entered.

"You'll be wanting a shave," he said in explanation of his rudeness. "There are my things"—he got down on all fours to show me a safety razor and a broken cup containing a brush and shaving soap, hidden behind one of the legs of the bathtub—"and you'll oblige me by putting them back. Daisy, the wee bye you saw at the table, is doing the same by your chum. I make no doubt your own things have been held in your last rooming house."

When I had admitted that this was exactly the case and had thanked my friends for their courtesies they withdrew, leaving me to my toilet.

After the good meal the bath was a genuine luxury. It was a decent bathroom, kept by the men, as all the house was kept, in a kind of dingy cleanliness. Cleanliness, I found, was not only a principle of the club; it was one of the first indications that those who came in for shelter gave of a survival of self-respect. Some of their efforts in that way were amusing or pathetic, as the case might be, but they were always human and touching.

While shaving I had an inspiration that was to have some effect on what happened to me afterward. I decided to let my mustache grow. As it grew strongly in any case a four days' absence of the razor had given my upper lip a deep walnut tinge, and should I leave the club after the week to which I had tacitly pledged myself by coming there at all I should look different from when I entered. To look different was the first of the obscure and violent longings of which my heart was full. It would be the nearest possible thing to getting away from my old self. Not to be the same man at all as the one who had exchanged those few strange sentences with Regina Barry seemed to be the goal toward which I was willing to struggle at any cost of sacrifice.

Having bathed and shaved I was not an ill-looking fellow till it came to putting on my shirt again. Any man who has worn a shirt for forty-eight hours in a city or on a train knows what a horror it becomes in the exposed spots on the chest and about the wrists. I had had but one shirt for a week and more—and but the one soft collar. You can see already, then, that in spite of some success in smartening up my damp and threadbare suit I left the bathroom looking abject.

I was not, however, so abject as Lovey when I found him again in the front sitting room downstairs.

In the back sitting room our table companions were all arranged in a row against the wall. In spite of the fact that there were plenty of chairs they sat huddled together on one bench; and though there was tobacco, as there were books, papers and magazines, they sought no occupation. When I say that they could have smoked and didn't, the wrench that had been given





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to their normal state of mind will be apparent. Close up to each other they pressed, the Scotchman against the piano mover, and the piano mover against the wee bye Daisy, like lovebirds on the perch of a cage or newly captured animals too terrified even to snap.

Without comment on anyone's part Lovey roamed the front sitting room alone.

"I say, sonny," he began fretfully as I entered, "this ain't no place for you and me."

I tried to buck him up.

"Oh, well, it's only for a week. We can stand it for that long. They're very civil to us."

"But they're watchin' of us already like so many cats."

"Oh, no, they're not. They're only kind."

"I don't want none o' that sort of kindness. What do ye think that two-foot-four of a Daisy says to me when 'e offered me the loan of 'is razor? 'Lovey,' says 'e, 'I'm goin' to 'elp ye to knock off the booze. It'll be terr'ble hard work for an old man like you.' 'To 'ell with you!' says I. 'Ye ain't goin' to 'elp me to do no such thing because knock it off is somethink I don't mean.' 'Well, what did you come in 'ere for?' says 'e. 'I come in 'ere,' I says to 'im, 'because my buddy come in 'ere; and wherever 'e goes I'll foller 'im.'"

"Then that's understood, Lovey," I said cheerfully. "If I go at the end of the week you go; and if I stay you stay. We'll be fellas together."

He shook his head mournfully.

"If you go at the end of the week, sonny, I go too; but if you stay—well, I don't know. I've been in jails, but I ain't never been in no such place as this—nobody with no spunk. Look at 'em in there now—nothink but a bunch of simps."

"You won't leave me, Lovey?"

The extinct blue eyes were raised to mine.

"No, sonny; I won't leave ye—not for 'ardly nothink.

### IV

I DON'T know how we got the idea that before we went any farther we should be interviewed by Andy Christian, but I suppose somebody must have told us. We had heard of him, of course. He was, in fact, the master wizard whose incantations were wrecking our institutions. It was a surprise to us, therefore, to see about nine o'clock a brisk little elderly man blow in and blow past us—the metaphor is the most expressive I can use—with hardly more recognition than a nod.

"Hello, fellows!" he called out as he passed through the hall and glanced in at Lovey and me in the sitting room. "Hello, boys," he said casually through the second door, to the other group, after which he went on his way to talk domestic matters with Mouse in the kitchen.

He seemed a mild-mannered man to have done all the diabolical work we had laid at his door. Neatly dressed in a summery black-and-white check, with a panama hat, he was like any other of the million business men who were on their way to New York offices that morning. It was only when he came back from the kitchen and was in conference with some of the men in the back parlor that I caught in him that look of dead and buried tragedy with which I was to grow so familiar in other members of the club. Superficially he was clean-shaven, round-featured, rubicund and kindly, with a quirk about the lips and a smile in his twinkling gray eyes that seemed always about to tell you the newest joke. His manner toward Lovey and me, when he came into the front sitting room, was that of having known us all our lives, and of resuming a conversation that only a few minutes before had been broken off.

"Let me see! Your name is ——"

He looked at Lovey as though he knew his name perfectly well, only that for the second it had slipped his memory.

Lovey went forward to the roll-top desk at which Mr. Christian had seated himself, and whispered confidentially: "My name is Lovey, Your Honor."

The quirk about the lips seemed to execute a little caper.

"Is that your first name or your second?"

"It's my only name."

"You mean that you have another name but you don't want to tell it?"

"I mean that if I 'ave another name it ain't nobody's business but mine."

The head of the club was now writing in a ledger, his eye following the movement of his pen.

"I see that you're a man of decided opinions."

"I am—begging Your Honor's parding," Lovey declared with dignity.

"That'll help you in the fight you're going to put up." Before Lovey could protest that he wasn't going to put up no fight the genial voice went on: "And you seem like a respectable man too."

"I'm as respectable as anybody else—at 'eart. I don't use bad langwidge, nor keep bad company, nor chew, nor spit tobacco juice over nothink, and I keeps myself to myself."

"All that'll be a great help to you. What's been your occupation?"

"'Atter."

As our host was less used to the silent "h" than I it became necessary for me to say: "Hatter, sir."

I suppose it was my voice. Christian looked up quickly, studying me with a long, kind, deep regard. Had I been walking two thousand years ago on the hills of Palestine and met Someone on the road he might have looked at me like that.

The glance fell. Lovey's interrogation continued.

"And would you like that kind of job again—if we could get it for you—ultimately?"

"I don't want no job, Your Honor. I can look after myself. I didn't come in 'ere of my own free will—nor to pass the buck—nor nothink."

There was an inflection of surprise, perhaps of disapproval, in the tone.

"You didn't come in here of your own free will? I think it's the first time that's been said in the history of the club. May I ask how it happened?"

I couldn't help thinking that I ought to intervene.

"He came in on my account, sir," I said, getting up and going forward to the desk. "He's trying to keep me straight."

"That is, he'll keep straight if you do?"

"That's it, sir, exactly."

He continued to write, speaking without looking up at us.

"Then I can't think of anything more to your credit, Mr.—Mr. Lovey—is that it?"

"I don't want no mister, Your Honor—not now I don't."

"When a man takes so fine a stand as you're taking toward this young fellow he's a mister to me. I respect him, and treat him with respect. I see that we're meant to understand each other and get on together."

Poor Lovey had nothing to say. The prospect of temptation and fall being removed by his own heroism rendered him both proud and miserable at once.

When the writing was finished the kind eyes were again lifted toward me. Though the inspection was so mild, it pierced me through and through. It still seemed to cover me as he said: "You needn't tell me your real name if you don't want to—but in general we prefer it."

"I'll tell anything you ask me, sir. My name is Frank Melbury." In order to conceal nothing I added: "As a matter of fact, it's Francis Worsley Melbury Melbury; but I use it in the shortened form I've given you."

"Thanks. You're English?"

"I'm a Canadian. My father is Sir Edward Melbury, of Montreal."

"Married?"

"No, sir. Single."

"And you have a profession?"

"Architect."

"Have you worked at that profession here in New York?"

I gave him the names of the offices in which I had found employment.

"And would you like to work at it again?"

"I should, sir."

"As a matter of fact we have a number of architects, not exactly in the club, but friendly toward it, and on intimate terms with us. I'll introduce you to some of them when—when you get on your feet. How old are you—thirty?"

"Thirty-one."

For some two minutes he went on writing.

"How long since you've been drinking?"

"My last drink was three days ago."

"And how long since you've been actually drunk?"

"About a week."

"And before that?"

"It was pretty nearly all the time."

"It's a great advantage to you to come to us sober. It means that you know what you're doing, and are to some extent counting the cost. Men will take any kind of

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(Continued from Page 78)

vow when they're"—his glance traveled involuntarily to the back room—"when they're coming off a spree. The difficulty is to make them keep their promises when they've got over the worst of it. In your case ——"

"I've got a motive, sir."

"Then so much the better."

I turned to Lovey.

"Lovey, would you mind stepping into the next room? There's something I want to speak about privately."

"If it's to let me in for worse, sonny ——"

"No, it won't let you in for anything. It's only got to do with me."

"Then I don't pry into no secrets," he said as he moved away reluctantly; "only when fellas is buddies together ——"

"I've a confession to make," I continued when Lovey was out of earshot. "Last night I ——"

"Hold on! Is it necessary for you to tell me this or not?"

I had to reflect.

"It's only necessary in that I want you to know the worst of me."

"But I'm not sure that we need to know that. It often happens that a man does better in keeping his secrets in his own soul, and shouldering the full weight of their responsibility. Isn't it enough for us to know of you what we see?"

"I don't know that I can judge of that."

"Then tell me this: What you were going to say—is it anything for which you could be arrested?"

"It's nothing for which I shall be arrested."

"But it's an offense against the law?"

I nodded.

"And what renders you immune?"

"The fact that—that the person most concerned has—has forgiven it."

"Man or woman?"

"Woman."

His eyes wandered along the cornice as he thought the matter out. I saw then that they were wonderfully clear gray eyes, not so much beautiful as perfect—perfect in their finish as to edge and eyelash, but perfect most of all because of their expression of benignity.

"I don't believe I should give that away," he said at last; "not now, at any rate. If you want to tell me later ——" He changed the subject abruptly by saying: "Is that the only shirt you've got?"

I told him I had two or three clean ones in my trunk, but that that was held by my last landlord.

"How much did you owe him?"

I produced a soiled and crumpled bill. He looked it over.

"We'll send and pay the bill and get your trunk."

The generosity almost took my breath away.

"Oh, but ——"

"We should be only advancing the money," he explained; "and we should look to you to pay us back when you can. It's quite a usual procedure with us, because it happens in perhaps six of our cases out of ten. I don't have to point out to you," he continued with a smile, "what I'm always obliged to underscore with chaps like those in there, that if you don't make good what we spend on your account the loss comes not on well-disposed charitable people who give of their abundance, but on poor men who steal from their own penury. The very breakfast you ate this morning was paid for in the main by fellows who are earning from twelve to twenty-five dollars a week, and have families to support besides."

I hung my head, trying to stammer out a promise of making good.

"You see those boys in there? There are five of them, and two will probably stick to us. That's about the proportion we keep permanently of all who come in. I don't know which two they will be—you never can tell. Perhaps it will be the piano mover and the Scotchman; perhaps the man they call Headlights and the Irishman; perhaps the little chap and some other one of them. But whichever they are they'll chip in for the sake of the new ones we shall reclaim, and take on themselves the burden of the work."

The thought that for the comforts I had enjoyed that morning I was dependent on the sacrifice of men who had hardly enough for their own children made me redden with a shame I think he understood.

"Their generosity is wonderful," he went on quietly; "and I tell it to a man like you only because you can appreciate how wonderful it is. It's the fact that so much heart's blood goes into this work that makes it so living. These fellows love to give. They love to have you take the little they can offer. You never had a meal at your own father's table that was laid before you more ungrudgingly than the one you ate this morning. The men who provide it are doing humble work all over the city, all over the country—because we're scattered pretty far and wide. And every stroke of a hammer, and every stitch of a needle, and every tap on a typewriter, and every thrust of a shovel, and every dig of a pick, and every minute of the time by which they scrape together the pennies and the quarters and the dollars they send in to us is a prayer for you. I suppose you know what prayer really is?"

His glance was now that of inquiry.

"I'd like to have you tell me, sir," I answered humbly.

He smiled again.

"Well, it isn't giving information to a wise and loving Father as to what He had better do for us. It's in trying to carry out the law of His being in doing things for others. That isn't all of it by any means; but it's a starting point. Spender tells me that that nice fellow Pyncheon brought you in. Well, then, every glass of soda water Pyncheon draws is in its way a prayer for you, because the boy's heart is full of you. Prayer is action—only it's kind action."

"Thank you, sir," I said, with an effort to control the tremor of my voice; "I think I understand you."

"You yourself will be praying all through this week, in your very effort to buck up. You'll be praying in helping that poor man Lovey to do the same. In his own purblind way—of course I understand his type and what you're trying to do for him—he'll be praying too. Prayer is living—only living in the right way."

He said suddenly: "I suppose you rather dread the week."

"Well, I do—rather—sir."

"Then I'll tell you what will make it easier—what will make it pass quickly and turn it into a splendid memory." He nodded again toward the back room. "Chum up with these fellows. You wouldn't of course be condescending to them ——"

"It's for them to be condescending to me."

He surprised me by saying: "Perhaps it is. You know best. But here we try to get on a broad, simple, human footing in which we don't make comparisons. But you get what I mean. The simplest, kindliest approach is the best approach. Just make it a point to be white with them, as I'm sure they've been white with you."

I said I had never been more touched in my life than by the small kindnesses of the past two hours.

"That's the idea. If you keep on the watch to show the same sort of thing it will not only make the time pass but it will brace you up mentally and spiritually. You see, they're only children. Fundamentally you're only a child yourself. We're all only children, Frank. Someone says that women grow up but that men never do. Well, I don't know about women, but I've had a good deal to do with men—and I've never found anything but boys. Now you can spoil boys by too much indulgence, but you can't spoil them by too much love."

He stopped abruptly, because he saw what was happening to me.

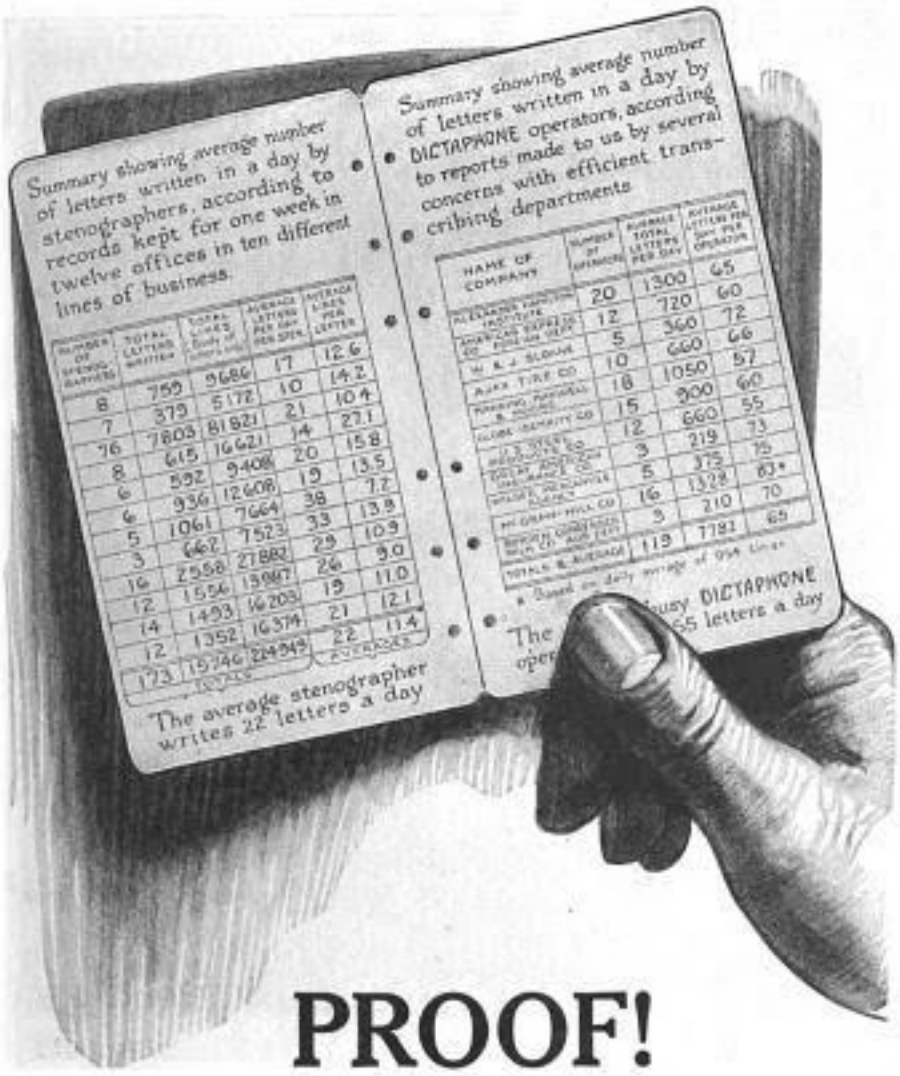
The next thing I knew his arm was across my shoulders, which were shaking as if I was in convulsions.

"That's all right, old boy," I heard him whisper in my ear. "Just go up to the bathroom, and lock the door and have it out. It'll do you good. The fellows in there won't notice you, because lots of them go through the same thing themselves." Still with his arm across my shoulders he steered me toward the hall. "There you are! You'll be better when you come down. We're just boys together, and there's nothing to be ashamed of. Only, when you see other fellows come in—we have two or three new ones every day—you'll bear with them, won't you, and help them to take a brace?" He was still patting me tenderly on the back as with head bowed and shoulders heaving I began to stumble upstairs.

(TO BE CONTINUED)




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# BREAD

(Continued from Page 7)

"Yes, by old ladies, male and female. Not men. There's just one attraction for them."

"Well ——"

She turned now and faced him with a suppressed bitter energy. "Clothes," she said.

"That's nonsense!" he replied emphatically. "Dress is only incidental."

"When did you first notice me?" she demanded. "In bathing. That bathing suit cost more than any two of my dresses. It is absolutely right." August was confused by the keenness of her perception. It wasn't proper for a woman to understand such facts. He was at a loss for a reply. "Seven men spoke to me in it on one afternoon. It is no good for you to try to reassure me with platitudes; I know better. I ought to, at least."

August Turnbull was startled by the fire of resentment smoldering under her still pale exterior. Why, she was like a charged battery. If he touched her, he thought, sparks would fly. She was utterly different from Emmy, as different as a live flame from ashes.

It was evident that having at last spoken she intended to unburden herself of long-accumulated passionate words.

"All my life I've had to listen to and smile sweetly at ridiculous hypocrisies. I have had to teach them and live them too. But now I'm so sick of them I can't keep it up a month longer. I could kill someone, easily. In a world where salvation for a woman is in a pair of slippers I have to be damned. If I could have kept my hair smartly done up and worn sheer batiste do you suppose for a minute I'd be a companion to Mrs. Turnbull? I could be going out to the cafés in a landaulet."

"And looking a lot better than most that do," he said without premeditation.

She glanced at him again, and he saw that her eyes were gray, habitually half closed and inviting.

"I've had frightfully bad luck," she went on; "once or twice when it seemed that I was to have a chance, when it appeared brighter—everything went to pieces."

"Perhaps you want too much," he suggested.

"Perhaps," she agreed wearily; "ease and pretty clothes and — a man." She added the latter with a more musical inflection then he had yet heard.

"Of course," he proceeded importantly, "there are not a great many men. At least I haven't found them. As you say, most people are incapable of any power or decision. I always maintain it's something in the country. Now in ——" He stopped, rebegan: "In Europe they are different. There a man is better understood, and women as well."

"I have never been out of America," Miss Beggs admitted.

"But you might well have been," he assured her; "you are more Continental than anyone else I can think of."

He moved toward the middle of the bench and she said quickly: "You must not misunderstand. I am not cheap or silly. It might have been better for me." She addressed the fading light on the sea. "Silly women, too, do remarkably well. But I am not young enough to change now." She rose, gracefully drawn against space; her firm chin was elevated and her hands clenched. "I won't grow old this way and shrivel like an apple," she half cried.

It would be a pity, he told himself, watching her erect figure diminish over the boardwalk. He had a feeling of having come in contact with an extraordinarily potent force. By heaven, she positively crackled! He smiled, thinking of the misguided people who had employed her, ignorant of all that underlay that severe prudent manner. At the same time he was flattered that she had confided in him. It was clear she recognized that he, at least, was a man. He was really sorry for her—what an invigorating influence she was!

She had spoken of being no longer young—something over thirty-five he judged—and that brought the realization that he was getting on. A few years now, ten or twelve, and life would be behind him. It was a rare and uncomfortable thought. Usually he saw himself as at the most desirable age—a young spirit tempered by wisdom and experience. But in a flash he read that his prime must depart; every hour left was priceless.

The best part of this must be dedicated to a helpless invalid; a strong current of self-pity set through him. But it was speedily lost in a more customary arrogance. August Turnbull repeated the favorite aphorisms got from Frederick Rathe about the higher man. If he believed them at all, if they applied to life in general they were equally true in connection with his home; in short—his wife. Emmy Turnbull couldn't really be called a wife. There should be a provision to release men from such bonds.

It might be that the will to power would release itself. In theory that was well enough, but practically there were countless small difficulties. The strands of life were so tied in, one with another. Opinion was made up of an infinite number of stupid prejudices. In short, no way presented itself of getting rid of Emmy.

His mind returned to Meta Beggs. What a woman she was! What a triumph to master her contemptuous stubborn being!

### IV

AT LEAST, August reflected with a degree of comfort at breakfast, Emmy didn't come down in the morning; she hadn't enough strength. He addressed himself to the demolishment of a ripe Cassaba melon. It melted in his mouth to the consistency of sugary water. His coffee cup had a large flattened bowl, and pouring in the ropy cream with his free hand he lifted the silver cover of a dish set before him. It held spitted chicken livers and bacon and gave out an irresistible odor. There were, too, potatoes chopped fine with peppers and browned; and hot delicately sweetened buns. He emptied two full spits, renewed his coffee and finished the potatoes.

With a butter ball at the center of a bun he casually glanced at the day's paper. The submarines, he saw, were operating farther south. A small passenger steamer, the Veronica, had been torpedoed outside the Delaware Capes.

A step sounded in the hall, and Louise entered the dining room, clad all in white with the exception of a closely fitting yellow hat. After a moment Victorine, a girl small for her age, with a petulant satiated expression, followed.

"It's a shame," Louise observed, "that with Morice and his wife in the cottage you have to breakfast alone. I suppose all those theatrical people get up at noon."

"Not quite," Rosalie told her from the doorway.

Louise made no reply other than elevating her brows. Victorine looked at the other with an exact mirroring of her mother's disdain.

"Good morning," Morice said indistinctly, hooking the collar of his uniform. "It's a bloody nuisance," he asserted. "Why can't they copy the English jacket?"

"It is much better looking," Louise added.

"Well," Rosalie proclaimed, "I'm glad to see Morice in any; even if it means nothing more than a desk in the Quartermaster's Department."

"That is very necessary," August Turnbull said decidedly.

"Perhaps," she agreed.

"I think it is bad taste to raise such insinuations," Louise said severely.

"An army," August put in, "travels on its stomach. As Louise suggests—we must ask you not to discuss the question in your present tone." Morice's wife half-audibly spoke into her melon, and his face reddened. "What did I understand you to say?" he demanded.

"Oh, 'Swat the fly!'" Rosalie answered hardily.

"Not at all!" he almost shouted. "What you said was 'Swat the Kaiser!'"

"Well, swat him!"

"It was evident, also, that you did not refer to the Emperor of Germany—but to me."

"You said it," she admitted vulgarly. "If any house ever had a Hohenzollern this has."

"Shut up, Rosalie!" her husband commanded, perturbed; "you'll spoil everything."

"It might be better if she continued," Louise Foster corrected him. "Perhaps then we'd learn something of this—this beauty."

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(Continued from Page 82)

"I got good money for my face anyhow," Rosalie asserted. "And no cash premium went with it either. As for going on, I'll go." She turned to August Turnbull: "I've been stalling round here for nearly a year with Morice scared to death trying to get a piece of change out of you. Now I'm through; I've worked hard for a season's pay, but this is slavery. What you want is an amalgamated lady bootblack and nautch dancer. You're a joke to a free white woman. I'm sorry for your wife. She ought to slip you a bichloride tablet. If it was worth while I'd turn you over to the authorities for breaking the food regulations."

She rose, unceremoniously shoving back her chair. "For a fact, I'm tired of watching you eat. You down as much as a company of good boys on the march. Don't get black in the face; I'd be afraid to if I were you."

August Turnbull's rage beat like a hammer at the base of his head. He, too, rose, leaning forward with his napkin crumpled in a pounding fist.

"Get out of my house!" he shouted.

"That's all right enough," she replied; "the question is—is Morice coming with me? Is that khaki he has on or a Kate Greenaway suit?"

Morice looked from one to the other in obvious dismay. He had a pleasant dull face and a minute spiked mustache on an irresolute mouth.

"If you stay with me," she warned him further, "I'll have you out of that grocery store and into a trench."

"Pleasant for you, Morice," Louise explained.

"Things were so comfortable, Rosalie," he protested despairingly. "What in the name of sense made you stir this all up? The governor won't do a tap for us now."

His wife stood by herself, facing the inimical Turnbull front, while Morice wavered between.

"If you'll get along," the former told him, "I can make a living till you come back. We can do without any Trübner money. I'm not a lot at German, but I guess you can understand me," she again addressed August. "Not that I blame you for the change, such as it is."

"I'll have to go with her," Morice unhappily declared.

August Turnbull's face was stiff with congestion. The figures before him wavered in a sort of fog. He put out a hand, supporting himself on the back of his chair.

"Get out of my house," he repeated in a hoarse whisper.

Fortunately Morice's leave had come to an end, and Rosalie and he withdrew in at least the semblance of a normal departure. August's rage changed to an indignant surprise, and he established himself with a rigid dignity on the veranda. There, happening on a cigar that burned badly, he was further reduced to a state of self-commiseration. That is, he dwelt on the general deterioration of the world about him. There was no discipline; there was no respect; authority was laughed at. All this was the result of laxness, of the sentimentality he condemned; a firmer hand was needed everywhere.

He turned with relief to the contemplation of Meta Beggs; she was enormously satisfactory to consider. August watched her now with the greatest interest; he even sat in his wife's room while her companion moved silently and gracefully about. Miss Beggs couldn't have noticed this, for scarcely ever did her gaze meet his; she had a habit of standing lost in thought, her slimness a little drooping, as if she were weary or depressed. She was in his mind continually—Miss Beggs and Emmy, his wife.

The latter had a surprising power to disturb him; lately he had even dreamed of her starving to death in the presence of abundant food. He began to be superstitious about it, to think of her in a ridiculous, nervous manner, as an evil design on his peace and security. She seemed unnatural with her shrunken face bowed opposite him at the table. His feeling for her shifted subconsciously to hatred. It broke out publicly in sardonic or angry periods under which she would shrink away, incredibly timid, from his scorn. This quality of utter helplessness gave the menace he divined in her its illusive air of unreality. She seemed—she was—entirely helpless; a prematurely aged woman, of the mildest instincts, dying of malnutrition.

Miss Beggs now merged into all his daily life, his very fiber. Regarding her in an attitude of admirable frankness he said: "Still it is extraordinary you haven't married."

The tide was out, it was late afternoon, and they were walking over the hard exposed sand. Whenever she came on a shell she crushed it with a sharp heel.

"There were some," she replied indifferently.

He nodded gravely. "It would have to be a special kind of man," he agreed. "An ordinary individual would be crushed by your personality. You'd need a firm hand."

Her face was inscrutable. "I have always had the misfortune to be too late," she told him.

"I wish I had known you sooner!" he exclaimed.

Her arms, in transparent sleeves, were like marble. His words crystallized an overwhelming realization of how exactly she was suited to him. The desire to shut her will in his hand increased a thousandfold.

"Yes," she said, "I would have married you. But there's no good discussing it." She breathed deeply with a sinking forward of her rounded shoulders. All her vigor seemed to have left her. "I have been worried about Mrs. Turnbull lately," she went on. "Perhaps it's my imagination—does she look weaker to you?"

"I haven't noticed," he answered brusquely.

Curiously he had never thought of Emmy as dying; she appeared eternal, without the possibility of offering him the relief of such freedom as yet remained. Freedom for—for Meta Beggs.

"The doctor was at the cottage again Thursday," she informed him. "I didn't hear what he said."

"Humbugs," August Turnbull pronounced.

A sudden caution invaded him. It would be well not to implicate himself too far with his wife's companion. She was a far shrewder woman than was common; there was such a thing as blackmail. He studied her privately. Damn it, what a pen he had been caught in! Her manner, too, changed immediately, as though she had read his feeling.

"I shall have to go back."

She spoke coldly. A moment before she had been close beside him, but now she might as well have been miles away.

▼

THE fuse of the electric light in the dining room burned out, and dinner proceeded with only the illumination of the silk-hooded candles. In the subdued glow Meta Beggs was infinitely attractive. His wife's place was empty. Miss Beggs had brought apologetic word from Emmy that she felt too weak to leave her room. A greater degree of comfort possessed August Turnbull than he had experienced for months. With no one at the table but the slim woman on the left and himself a positive geniality radiated from him. He pressed her to have more champagne—he had ordered that since she preferred it to Rhine wine—urged more duckling, and ordered the butler to leave the brandy decanter before them.

She laughed—a rare occurrence—and imitated, for his intense amusement, Mrs. Frederick Rathe's extreme cutting social manner. He drank more than he intended, and when he rose his legs were insecure. He made his way toward Meta Beggs. She stood motionless, her thin lips like a thread of blood on her tense face.

"What a wife you'd make!" he muttered.

There was a discreet cough at his back, and swinging about he saw a maid in a white starched cap and high cuffs.

"Excuse me, sir," she said; "Mrs. Turnbull wants to know would you please come up to her room."

He swayed slightly, glowering at her with a hot face in which a vein throbbed persistently at his temple. Miss Beggs had disappeared.

"Very well," he agreed heavily.

Mounting the stairs he fumbled for his cigar case, and entered the chamber beyond his, clipping the end from a superlative perfecto.

Emmy was in bed, propped up on a bank of embroidered pillows. A light from one side threw the shadow of her head on a wall in an animated caricature of life.

"I didn't want to disturb you, August."

Her voice was weak and apologetic. He stood irritably beside her.

"It's hot in here." His wife at once detected whatever assaulted his complete

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comfort. She fell into a silence that strained his patience to the utmost.

When at last she spoke it was in a tone of voice he had never heard from her—impersonal, with at the same time a note of fear like the flutter of a bird's wing.

"The doctor has been here two or three times lately. I didn't want to bother you, and he said ——"

She broke off, and her hand raised from her side in a gesture of seeking. He held it uncomfortably, wishing that the occasion would speedily end.

"August, I've—I've got to leave you."

He did not comprehend her meaning, and stood stupidly looking down at her spent face. "I'm going to die, August, almost any time now. I wanted to tell you first when we were quietly together; and then Louise and Bernard must know."

His sensations were so confused, the mere shock of such an announcement had so confounded him that he was unable to penetrate the meaning of the sudden expansion of his blood. His attention strayed from the actuality of his wife to the immaterial shadow wavering on the wall. There Emmy's profile, grotesquely enlarged and sharpened, grimaced at him. August Turnbull's feelings disentangled and grew clearer, there was a conventional memory of his wife as a young woman, the infinitely sharper realization that soon he must be free, a vision of Meta Beggs as she had been at dinner that night, and intense relief from nameless strain.

He moved through the atmosphere of suspense that followed the knowledge of Emmy's condition with a feeling of being entirely apart from his family. Out of the chaos of his emotions the sense of release was most insistent. Naturally he couldn't share it with anyone else, not at present. He avoided thinking directly of Meta Beggs, partly from the shreds of the superstitious dread that had once colored his attitude toward his wife and partly from the necessity to control what otherwise would sweep him into a resistless torrent. However, most of his impatience had vanished—a little while now, and in a discreet manner he could grasp all that he had believed so hopelessly removed.

Except for the occasions of Louise's informal presence he dined alone with Miss Beggs. They were largely silent, attacking their plates with complete satisfaction. On the day of her monthly payment he drew the check for a thousand dollars in place of the stipulated hundred, and gave it to her without comment. She nodded, managing to convey entire understanding and acceptance of what it forecast. Once, at the table, he called her Meta.

She deliberated a reply—he had asked her opinion about British bottled sauces—but when she answered she called him Mr. Turnbull. This, too, pleased him. She had an unerring judgment in the small affairs of deference. Dinner had been better than usual, and he realized he had eaten too much. His throat felt constricted, he had difficulty in swallowing a final gulp of coffee; the heavy odors of the dining room almost sickened him.

"We'll get out on the beach," he said abruptly; "a little air."

They proceeded past the unremitting sprinklers on the strip of lawn to the wide gray sweep of sand. At that hour no one else was visible, and a new recklessness invaded his discomfort. "You see," he told her, "that bad luck of yours isn't going to hold."

"It seems incredible," she murmured. She added without an appearance of the least ulterior thought: "Mrs. August Turnbull."

"Exactly," he asserted.

A triumphant conviction of pleasure to come surged through him like a subtle exhilarating cordial.

"I'll take no nonsensical airs from Louise or the Rathes," he proclaimed.

"Don't let that worry you," she answered serenely.

He saw that it need not, and looked forward appreciatively to a scene in which Meta would not come off second.

Above them the long curve of the boardwalk was empty, with, behind it, the suave ornamental roofs of the cottages. A wind quartering from the shore had smoothed the ocean into the semblance of a limitless and placid lake. Minute waves ruffled along the beach with a continuous whispering, and the vault of the west, from which the sun had just withdrawn, was filled with light the color of sauterne wine.

It was inconceivable to August Turnbull that soon Emmy would be gone out of his life. He shook his thick shoulders as if by a gesture to unburden himself of her unpleasant responsibility. He smiled slightly at the memory of how he had come to fear her. It had been the result of the strain he was under; once more the vision of mountainous bread and Emmy returned. The devil was in the woman!

"What are you smiling at?" Meta asked.

"Perhaps it was because my luck, as well, has changed," he admitted.

She came close up to him, quivering with emotion.

"I want everything!" she cried in a vibrant hunger; "everything! Do you understand? Are you willing? I'm starved as much as that woman up in her bed. Can you give me all the gayety, all the silks and emeralds there are in the world?"

He patted her shoulder. "You'll look like a Christmas tree. When this damned war is over we will go to Europe, to Berlin and Munich. They have the finest streets and theaters and cafés in the world. There things are run by men for men. The food is the best of all—no French fripperies, but solid rare cuts. Drinking is an art ——"

"What is that out in the water?" she idly demanded.

He gazed impatiently over the unscored tide and saw a dark infinitesimal blot.

"I have been watching it for a long while," she continued. "It's coming closer, I think."

He took up again his planning.

"We'll stay two or three years; till things get on their feet here. Turn the bakery into a company. No work, nothing but parties."

"Do look!" she repeated. "It's coming in—a little boat. I suppose it is empty."

The blot was now near enough for him to distinguish its outline. As Meta said, no one was visible. It was drifting. Against his wish his gaze fastened on the approaching boat. It hesitated, appeared to swing away, and then resumed the progress inshore.

"I believe it will float into that cut in the beach below," he told her.

His attention was divided between the craft and the image of all the pleasures he would introduce to Meta—Turnbull. It was a lucky circumstance that he had plenty of money, for he realized that she would not marry a poor man. This was not only natural but commendable. Poor men were fools, too weak for success; only the strong ate white bread and had fine women, only the masterful conquered circumstance.

"Come," she said, catching his hand; "it's almost here."

She half pulled him over the glistening wet sand to where the deeper water thrust into the beach. Her interest was now fully communicated to him.

"We must drag it safely up," he articulated, out of breath from her eagerness. The bow swept into the onward current, it moved more swiftly, and then sluggishly settled against the bottom. Painted on its blistering white side was a name, "Veronica," and "Ten persons." There was a slight movement at the rail, and a sharp unreasoning horror gripped August Turnbull.

"Something in it," he muttered. He wanted to turn away, to run from the beach; but a stronger curiosity dragged him forward. Unconscious of stepping through shallow water he advanced.

A hunger-ravished dead face was turned to him from the bottom, a huddle of bony joints, dried hands. There were others—all dead, starved. In a red glimmer he saw the incredible travesty of a child, a lead-colored woman, shriveled and ageless from agony.

He fell back with a choking cry, "Emmy!"

There was a dull uproar in his head, and then a violent shock at the back of his brain. August Turnbull's body slid down into the tranquil ripples that ran along the boat's side.



# YOUNG MEN OR OLD

(Continued from Page 8)

forties, are always written up. They are the exceptions, the prodigies to which public attention must be drawn. Success at fifty or even sixty is taken as a matter of course.

But there has been a roughly defined but very real feeling in the business world that a man who was not on the road to success by thirty-five or forty did not have the real stuff in him. If he applied for a job in the years from forty onward it was assumed that he was not on the right road or he would not be looking for work. Therefore he was probably no good and "not the man we are looking for."

"They are still climbing or starting to go back between thirty-five and forty," is the way business put it; and hunting for a job has generally been considered a sign of going back.

Though this idea, this principle of selection of employees has some rough truth in it, it is so crude as a working principle, so shockingly unscientific, that it has brought untold hardship, unfairness and injustice into the business world.

For there is always a steady dropping out of place, out of line as it were, of both young and middle-aged through no fault of their own. Changes in management and business conditions, mergers, failures—all tend to turn men loose. Numbers of middle-aged business men who had actually been successful in Mexico in the years before the disturbance there found themselves in this country with nothing to do. Men engaged in various branches of importing are said to have lost positions after the war started. A very common source of turning the older workers loose is the retirement from business of small firms and partnerships. Not only wage-earners but clerks, salesmen, accountants, office managers and even professional men often find it difficult to make a new connection when they reach middle life.

A few rebuffs here and there, a few failures to make a new connection soon result in discouragement; and men once useful and fairly successful soon join the down-and-outs. No matter how fit and strong one may be and feel, he will soon become ill if enough people tell him he looks poorly. It is the same with the middle-aged man out of work who is repeatedly told that he is too old for the job.

### Employers' Opinions

But there are more exact, one might say more substantial reasons why the industrial development of this country has favored the younger man. What is perhaps the fundamental reason, one which in itself does no discredit to the country, has been the natural desire to create organizations where promotion is from the bottom up rather than from the outside in. If a middle-aged worker is taken in from the outside to fill any but the most humble position the regular movement or chain is broken.

It has been thought that any extensive hiring of middle-aged employees would disorganize the system of promotion and fail also to leave enough of the supposedly easier positions for those who grow old in the service. With a regular system of promotion from the bottom up the vacancies in business have been largely at the bottom. Why, then, could not the middle-aged be used in these humble positions? For the obvious reason that from the very nature of the case they never can provide the material for promotion to anything like the same extent as the boy. Of course there are exceptions, but the mere operation of the laws of mortality make a thousand men of fifty less valuable as material for promotion than a thousand boys of sixteen.

Stripped of all pretense of scientific expression or of sentiment the idea was stated recently by the president of one of the largest banks in New York, who said: "Yes, of course we are hiring older men now, but we would much rather get boys and have them work up."

There is no flinching from the fact that to bring large numbers of the middle-aged into organizations stops the natural reservoir, and in normal times, when the supply of young men is ample, tends to discourage these young men, from whom inevitably the bulk of most working forces must be secured.

Another fact which must be faced, even under present abnormal conditions, is the difficulty of middle-aged or no-longer-youthful men and women adjusting themselves to the continual society of youths. A woman of forty-five recently took a position in a great corporation which employs many young girls of eighteen and twenty. A few days later she went to the employment manager and asked to be exchanged. "The girls are not nice to me," she said.

"Don't you know," replied the manager, "that girls of eighteen and twenty are never what you call nice to women of forty-five?"

"Of course what she really meant to say," remarked the manager in relating the incident later, "was that the girls did not show her enough deference."

A man of some standing and prominence, forty-eight years of age, was recently considered for a responsible and well-paid position in one of the great banks. He had previously had his own business. Finally the officers of the bank decided against him on the ground that he was too old, and explained their decision thus:

"It would be too hard for him to come into this big organization. He has always been an important person in his own field, and though his work here also would be important there would be dozens of officers higher in rank than he, and younger in years. They would have no time to pay any especial attention to him, and his pride would be hurt. There would be no place in this big organization for the prestige that he has enjoyed."

### Boys' Work at Men's Pay

Very little has been said about another reason why industry has discriminated against middle-aged men, for it is neither creditable to the sense of justice nor to the ingenuity and adaptability of our institutions. The various pension, insurance and compensation schemes adopted by corporations have tended to keep them from employing older men. At first sight it might seem senseless for a corporation to let such considerations affect its selection of employees, for obviously rules can be made to prevent employees who come in at an advanced age from taking advantage of the company itself or the employees who have been with it longer. Proper adjustment would seem to be solely automatic and arithmetical. If an old man is a poor risk under an insurance scheme it seems simple enough to pay him less than those who started with the company in youth. Or if a man who comes in at fifty remains useful only fifteen years whereas the man who began at twenty has served the company much longer, where lies the difficulty in paying a smaller pension to those who have served fewer years?

But apparently corporations do not like to discriminate among their old employees. They find it hard to turn one man of seventy off and give another a pension. Nearly ten years ago when corporations were first beginning generally to adopt pension schemes it was predicted that the pension system would tend to reorganize society round a fixed period of individual usefulness, and probably a shorter period at that.

Of course there are other obvious reasons why corporations do not like to employ middle-aged men for relatively minor positions. Such a man is likely to have a family to support and therefore often requires a larger salary than a boy. Employers usually get their help as cheaply as they can, and if a boy can be had to do the work at fifteen dollars a week why hire a mature man at thirty-five dollars a week? Even where middle-aged men offer their services at salaries that are normally paid to boys the employers are fearful lest the older man cannot support his family on that amount and that trouble may follow the attempt. One of the New York banks, whose staff is among the largest in the world, is fairly besieged with applications from men in middle life. But the employment manager always considers such applications with extreme care for fear the applicants would not be able to support their families on the salaries offered.

But by far the most common reason why business leans toward young blood, and the one which always has and always will arouse the most discussion, is the supposed lack of adaptability and teachableness of




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the older man, along with a lack of creative ability. Upon this whole subject there is an amazing absence of exact knowledge, but there seems little doubt that, as a general thing, in the average the minds of the very young are more teachable, tractable, adaptable and creative, as well as less in a rut than the minds of those who are older.

"You cannot teach an old dog new tricks," said a steel manufacturer. "The habits of the middle-aged are set. The old steel workers say pooh-pooh when we talk 'safety first' to them. They say it is all nonsense; but not so with the young men. They do as they are told, as a matter of course. Indeed, they never knew anything else. Thus they fit into the new order of things, and that is very important in the steel industry because it has been completely revolutionized in the last ten years."

I asked a manufacturer, one of the most progressive and scientific employers and capitalists in the country, why it is he prefers a young-man organization. He himself is just forty. He replied that one reason he is always looking for young blood is because "business is changing rapidly."

How common it is for the older applicant to be refused a position in words like these: "Yes, we need a man, but you have been in another line all your life, and you cannot learn our business now; you are too old."

Unfortunately in the heedless rush and waste of American life this defect of those past the first blush of youth has been grossly exaggerated and overestimated. In an indirect way Sir William Osler, the great physician, is perhaps responsible. At the Commemoration Day Exercises at Johns Hopkins University on February 22, 1905, in a farewell address before leaving the university to go to Oxford, he spoke of the custom of retaining professors long past their period of usefulness, and jokingly referred to a novel in which the plot revolved round the idea of sending all men to college when they reach the age of sixty for one year and then chloroforming them. Becoming serious Doctor Osler added that "the effective, moving, vitalizing work of the world is done between the ages of twenty-five and forty, those fifteen golden years of plenty, the . . . constructive period in which there is always a balance in the mental bank and the credit is still good."

### *Youth and Age*

These words shook the very stars in their orbits, and though Doctor Osler had also spoken of the usefulness of older men no one paid any attention to that part of his address. The papers even quoted him as seriously advocating the chloroforming of all men over forty. The corrections of a misquotation never travel so fast as the misquotation itself, and though Osler's supposed remarks were much laughed over, the business world thought that he was not so far wrong after all, and became more addicted than ever to its policy of youthful speed and flashy spectacular success. It found in its own policy the supposed sanction not only of the medical profession but of learning, science and research.

The country was then just in the midst of that flush of prosperity and overconfidence which marked the era of trust formation in the early nineteen hundreds. A few men, especially Charles M. Schwab, had come to the front suddenly at an early age, and a whole school of business thought and practice, not to mention an entire literature of "success" and "inspiration," was just in the beginning. The day after Doctor Osler's address a great clergyman in New York said that his remarks would do incalculable harm to the middle-aged man in industry; and that is exactly what they did, with the immediate entry of the word "Oslerize" into the business vocabulary of the nation.

Though Doctor Osler did not publish his own books until after he was forty and despite the fact that his own mother lived in full possession of her faculties to the age of one hundred and one, he never took back what he had said. Indeed, he rubbed it in later by adding that "the work that counts is the essential, fermentative, vitalizing creations of the mind"; most of which "telling work of the world" he declared had been done before forty.

But where Doctor Osler struck his reeling blow, not only at the limited few in the world of science and research but at the untold millions of humble workers in the realms of industry, was in his overemphasis upon "creative" work. It may well be that the vitalizing conception, the initial thought or impulse, the preparatory work, the bent, may be determined before forty. But to have the grasp, mastery, judgment and experience to collect, analyze and actually use and apply these conceptions and impulses is just as important as to create them. It is idle to say which is the more important. Is hydrogen or oxygen more essential to water?

Surely then there is a place for the middle-aged, even for the older worker. If most of the eminent men in the world had actually died at forty, leaving out only a few soldiers and a few lyric poets like Keats and Shelley, or even if they had died at fifty or sixty, the world would be a sorry, barbaric place indeed. For it is hardly necessary to say that no end of actual compilations have been made of the ages of achievement, and they always hit an average of fifty. This is true in both peace and war. Dr. W. A. N. Dorland some years ago studied the careers of four hundred of the world's most eminent men in every line and found that the average at which mental activity began was twenty-four and that the masterpieces of work, whether books, battles, poems, inventions, discoveries or business ventures, came at the average of fifty, ranging for various groups from forty-one to fifty-eight.

But what has all this to do with the humdrum multitudes of industry, the armies of factory workers and clerks? Only this, that if in the fields of learning and leadership there are a special class of work for young and another class for old to do, it is probable enough that similar principles of selection apply elsewhere.

### *Two Men Who Made Good*

Of course at the present time employers are turning to middle-aged men as never before, and everywhere one goes evidence is found of the satisfaction they are giving. A man of forty-five who had been in the exporting business was thrown out of work by the war. He had some slight knowledge of foreign exchange but was not an expert. He had a large family and finally came so near to the end of his resources that the charity society was almost ready to step in. A friend begged one of the banks to take him. The bank was skeptical, but gave him a try. He is now doing work that no two men were ever before able to do. Officers of the bank can hardly credit this accomplishment.

The employment manager of the same bank told of a man of forty-four, with a wife and two children, who applied for a position. He had lived in a small town where costs were lower than in New York and had long had a salary of twenty-four hundred dollars a year. The most that the city bank cared to pay was fifteen hundred dollars. A further objection to the man was the fact that he had never saved anything.

"But we took him," said the employment manager. "He begged us so hard to give him a try that I finally stretched the figure to eighteen hundred dollars and told him that he wouldn't be worth that much to us for six or nine months, and that he need not expect a raise for at least six months. I told him that at his age it was a gamble on his part and very much of a gamble on our part. "But," the manager concluded, "he will come through all right."

At one of the largest branches of the United States Employment Service the clerks in charge of registering applicants told me in October that it was rare for as many as twenty-five middle-aged men out of two hundred to apply, so rapidly was this class becoming settled. The great majority of applicants consisted of younger men who were shifting from one thing to another. On that particular day only three men above forty-five had applied. I asked a clerk if he would have any particular difficulty in finding jobs for those three.

"I should say not!" he replied. "Employers telephone us and when we say we have only middle-aged men in good physical condition the employers snap them up quick, even for manual work. When we have to report that the men are in poor physical condition the employers say: 'Send them along anyway; we can use them for porter work.'

"Employers are very anxious to get men above draft age, especially above thirty-one and thirty-six. But I don't think it is so much because they are afraid the younger

(Continued on Page 93)


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*(Continued from Page 90)*

men will necessarily be drafted as because they find the younger men are getting more restless. I never knew young men to be so restless, unsettled and careless about their work as they are now.

"They are getting out of clerical work everywhere and into shipyards and other government employ. In some cases the clerical work may be just as important, but the young men are getting out of it all the same. Perhaps you can say it is because they are patriotic or perhaps they are trying to avoid the draft or perhaps they are just restless. Maybe there is another reason too. Clerical work is one branch that is still paying low wages. Men are getting twenty-five dollars a week now who got the same pay years ago. Even young clerks who are getting forty dollars a week are leaving and starting at the bottom in some mechanical line for the Government, because it seems more important to them."

In no place would the physical strain seem to put so extreme a premium on youth as in the shipyards. There is no harder work than riveting, and employment in the shipyards often means separation from one's home and family ties, removal from familiar surroundings, poor housing conditions and the possibility of temporary employment, all of which have no appeal to the older man. Except in a few clerical positions men above forty-five are rare in the shipyards. But two-thirds of all the employees are between thirty-one and forty-five. Even in this industry where the strength of youth would seem to be most necessary a great proportion of the work is actually being done by thoroughly mature if not by actually middle-aged men.

But it must be admitted that until the shortage of young men became extremely acute it required much education, personal effort and solicitation to induce many employers to recognize the advantages of the middle-aged. Much has been accomplished here and there by employers' associations, newspapers and the like in the way of an actual drive or propaganda among the employers. It is all very well to get up anti-forty-five leagues, half-century associations and to say that preference for young men is only a state of mind after all, that age deadlines are nothing but habit and custom which the war is blowing into kingdom come.

The vital question has to do with what will happen after the war, when millions of youths come back. It may then take more than arguments and propaganda to find places enough for the older workers.

"We don't believe in doing too much for the middle-aged," said one employer, "because the young men who come back from France will have to be reckoned with."

### *After the War*

It is impossible to say whether humane considerations or fierce competition will prevail the more strongly after the war. Business conditions may be such that in the eyes of employers physical vigor and adaptability will loom up above all other qualities. If the fight were to be only between competition and humane considerations the outlook would be dubious indeed for the older generation. But fortunately the science of selecting employees for the particular jobs for which they are best fitted is developing with amazing rapidity.

Until recently the prevailing attitude of a large part of industry was to regard the employee as "a kind of self-installing machine which required no oiling or cleaning, no expense for upkeep or repairs, and was seldom worth conserving or safeguarding, because so easily replaceable from the great number of similar human machines waiting at the factory gates." It has been said, with perhaps only a little exaggeration, that of any ten jobs only one was filled by the man who ought to be in it, and of any ten men only one was doing the work for which he was fitted.

Formerly if an employee gave dissatisfaction in one department he was fired, though another department might be looking for just that kind of man. For the machinery, for the raw and finished material there were blue prints, specifications, requirements, analyses—but none for the workers themselves, none for the lifeblood that made the machines go. But all that is changing. The applicants for positions are now being studied as carefully as the machines or the raw and finished product. Men are no longer fired because they fail to satisfy a single foreman exactly. Not all personalities get on together. Employees may do excellent work for one foreman and poor work for another. It is a matter of adjustment.

No longer does industry put the man with flat feet on a standing job, he who is color-blind on work that requires a sense of color, those with weak lungs in a dusty room or those with ruptures on particularly heavy work. Formerly if there was an easy berth open and half a dozen men applied for it, including several who were obviously too young and strong to waste their strength on that sort of occupation, the foreman either took the first chap that came along or perhaps picked out one of his own politics or religion. Now the central employment manager studies them all carefully and tries to select in scientific manner the one best fitted for the particular niche. It is not only war that shows the absurdity of having strapping young fellows as door tenders and ushers. W. H. Beveridge, the English authority on unemployment, pointed out the incongruity of such maladjustment nearly ten years ago.

### *Pep vs. Patience*

This new attitude means of course that regardless of war and peace or of labor conditions in general, industry will automatically find more places for those who are handicapped, whether by years or other infirmities. For it may be that in a particular room in a factory the steadiness, responsibility and judgment of the older workers are sorely needed to offset the skylarking, roughhousing, flirting and untamed irresponsibility of the younger men. In some places the balance wheel, the leaven of the older employees is more needed than in others. Then of course it is well known that the middle-aged man often takes the employers' point of view more than the youth. He is less of a clock watcher. He sticks to his job better, shows more interest in and application to his work. Now if the labor turnover in a particular department has been notably high and costly it may pay even to reduce the total output of that department by employing older men. Smaller output is sometimes less costly than the constant changing of help. On the other hand, if there has been practically no turnover, then perhaps the middle-aged man is not needed at all.

Then too there are classes of work where promotion is practically impossible. Though the middle-aged employee may need a larger wage to begin with than the youth he often proves cheaper in the end, for he will probably be contented longer. In time the young man is likely to insist upon a raise even though the employer cannot afford to pay it.

In the case of salesmen much depends upon how anxious the concern is to keep a particular territory. The young man may be better to break into a new territory, but he is less likely to stay with it. If it is especially desirable to keep the trade after it has been won, the older salesman is often the more dependable.

Even in the case of higher positions, executive and semiexecutive, there has come a growing realization that it is dangerous to form an organization either all young or




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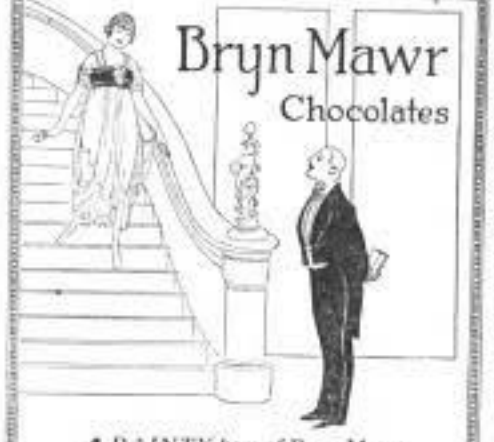
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all old. Such an organization is almost always astigmatic. If all young it tends to run amuck; if all old it becomes crabbed and atrophied. There are positions that middle-aged men are so much more obviously fitted to fill that one stands amazed at the foolishness of some employers in using young blood.

An executive of thirty-four, the moving spirit in a large enterprise, recently told of a new position he was about to fill, in which the sole but extensive and important work was to read over and handle the innumerable complaints and suggestions that were coming in.

"I want no skittish young thing like myself for that position," he said. "I don't want a man with too much initiative. The job does not need pep; but it requires an endless amount of human sympathy, experience, judgment and patience. No young man would have the patience. He would become irritated and annoyed and fear that the work would lead him nowhere."

The custom is growing of having one or more human dynamos in the thirties to generate ideas and more experienced men in the forties, fifties and even sixties to put a check upon too free a flow of these often half-baked suggestions. Wise management is recognizing more and more that to get the best results the older men must never be allowed to feel that they are has-beens. They must be made real factors, and that they are capable of such a part seems to be shown by the fact that young executives always value the praise of older men rather than that of their contemporaries.

But an even more fundamental change than increased care in selection will make in time for the fuller utilization of the older men. I refer to the gradual reorganization of industry on so-called functional rather than military lines. Formerly nearly every concern was organized from the manager down to the foremen and from them down to the workers.

This rigid form of management put a terrible premium upon the mere driving power and physical endurance of the managers and foremen. They always had more than they could do. They were not able, for one thing, to select and train their workers properly.

But now we are passing into a period of functional management—that is, between the manager and the foremen or between foremen and workers are being placed all manner of experts, such as chemists, engineers, employment managers, statisticians, planners, routers, schedulers, research men, instruction foremen and the like. With so much emphasis placed upon planning and instruction it would seem as if the young men who are now being trained in this type of management will have more of a place in the future than is usually the case with the older generation. For when they can no longer stand the physical pace of the production end, either in executive or actual wage-earning work, they can still be the instructors, planners, routers and research men.

There are many who utterly fail to realize what a change is coming over industry. The function of the executive is coming to be regarded as not one of command, of one who says "Do this," but of personal assistance and advice. Such an attitude naturally makes for a more complete use of all the talents the workers possess.

To utilize the older workers fully means a program that a man must be a part of when he is twenty or thirty. It is like the problem of crime—it is admitted that the hardened criminal is difficult to reach, but there is hope in the education of the children. There is far less likelihood of a middle-aged problem twenty years from now, because the boys and girls of to-day are being trained along special lines. The woman of forty-five who is a skilled stenographer or telegraph operator is not the one who has difficulty in getting a new position. It is the woman who has had no training or who has done only the most general kind of clerical work.

The rapid growth of industrial and vocational training will go far toward keeping men and women placed long after they have ceased to be young.

Of course there are always those who rise above all rules and limitations, who keep young and learn in spite of their years. We speak of age being relative, of how some men are young when others of the same years are old. Two thousand years ago Cicero wrote of the occasional old man "whose mind stands out of the reach of the body's decay," and only a few months ago a farmer of seventy-five, whose body as well as his mind was still young, went into an employment office in Philadelphia to secure a position in a munitions factory. There are men who come back from retirement at an advanced age and make great successes in this or that industry.

Doctor Osler spoke of the old Roman who cut loose from his own companions and by living with young men extended his years to one hundred and fifty. A successful newspaper editor at the age of sixty-three was asked to head an important department in a great university. At first he thought he was too old, but then he had this idea:

"It is true that I am sixty-three, but there are one million men in this country to-day who are only twenty-three. I will join that group and look at everything from their viewpoint.

"That will be the motto of my life from this moment. Victor Hugo said that forty was the old age of youth and fifty the youth of old age. I will make the sixties the age of adventure."

These you may say are exceptional cases. But there is nothing exceptional about the fact that in many of the great commercial universities to-day fairly large numbers of men from forty to forty-five are taking courses. In one of the correspondence schools the average age is nearly thirty-five, which, allowing for the many very young clerks and the like who are enrolled, shows how the older fellows are still learning. It is literally true that age is to a considerable extent a habit of mind, largely within control of the individual.

A big corporation opened a school for its workers and compelled them to attend, as the lectures were held on the company's own time. The director, however, told six employees that they need not attend because they were too old. Of the six all were glad to be excused except two. These were both solicitors who were earning less than twenty dollars a week. They insisted that they could learn as well as the younger men and so they were reluctantly admitted. That was seven years ago. One of these men was then forty-three. To-day at fifty he is a general manager, and the other man of about the same age is now an assistant manager.

The director of the educational courses in this concern after relating the incident remarked: "The truth about this whole matter of middle age is that the man who goes on the scrap heap at that time of life does so because he has stopped thinking. He closes his mind at about the time his physical strength begins to deteriorate, and the result is fatal. He stops reasoning. It isn't that he lacks possibilities but that he stops thinking. He joins this and that party and church and believes he has a solution for life. That is deadly. We cannot stop. We must progress.

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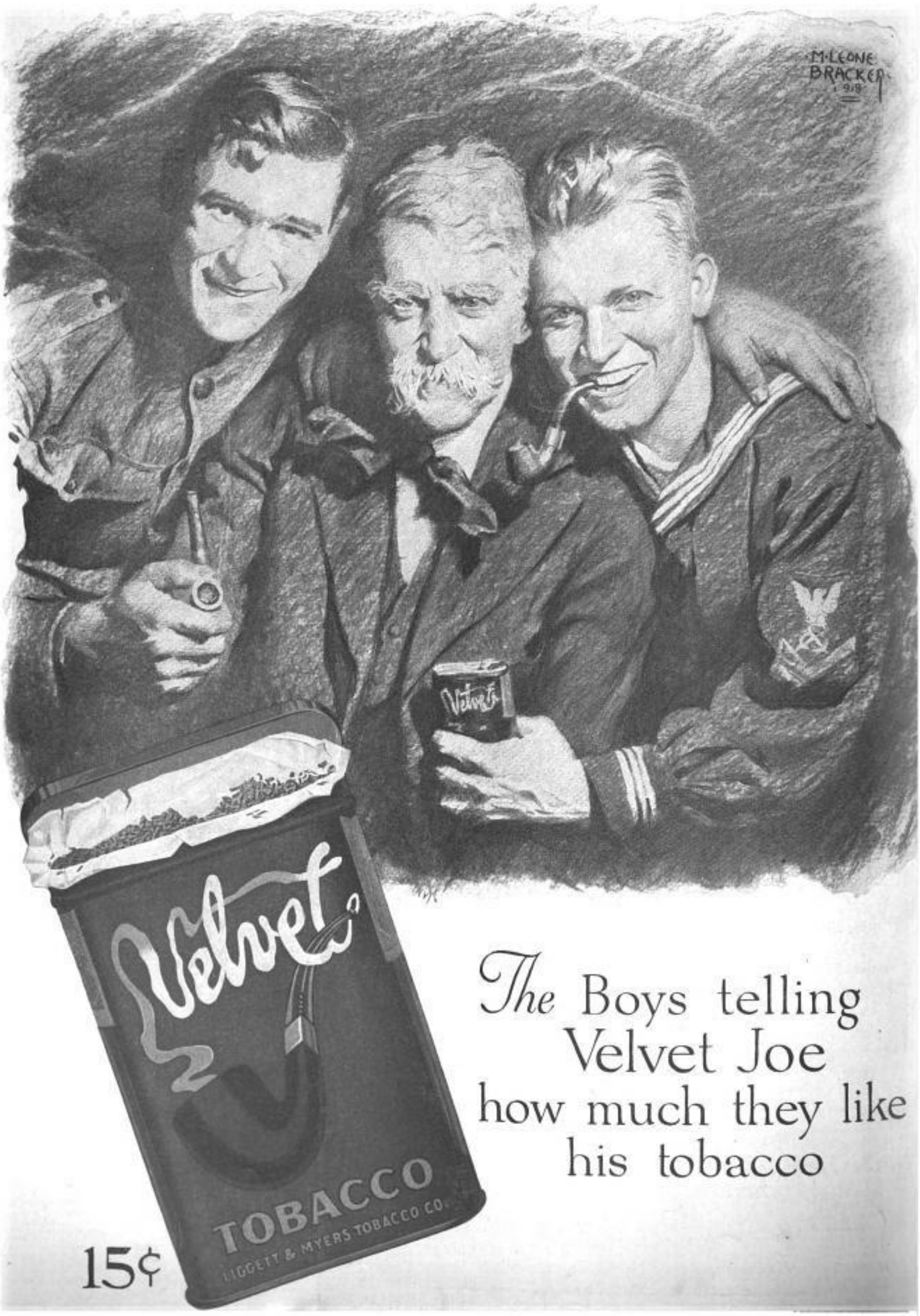
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# CHANGE OF VENUS



*Ranchers From Ten Miles Up and Down the Creek Would Drop Important Work Just to Ride Over and Tell Him Harsh Facts About the Law, and How, as Man to Man, It Looked Dark Indeed for Him*

## By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MA PETTENGILL and I rode laboring horses up a steep way between two rocky hillsides that doubled the rays of the high sun back upon us and mothered the little breeze that tried to follow us up from the flat lands of the Arrowhead. We breathed the pointed smell of the sage and we breathed the thick hot dust that hung lazily about us; a dust like powdered chocolate, that cloyed and choked.

As recreation it was blighting; and I said almost as much. Ma Pettengill was deaf to it, her gray head in its broad-brimmed hat sternly bowed in meditation as she swayed to her horse's motion. Then I became aware that she talked to another; one who was not there. She said things I was sure he would not have liked to hear. She hung choice insults upon his name and blistered his fair repute with calumnies. She was a geyser of invective, quiet perhaps for fifty yards, then grandly in action.

"Call yourself a cowman, hey? What you ought to be is matron of a foundling asylum. Yes, sir!"

This was among the least fearful of her dusty scornings. And I knew she would be addressing one Homer Gale, temporary riding boss of the Arrowhead. Indeed, Homer's lightly pleading accents were now very colorably imitated by his embittered employer:

"'Yes'm, Mis' Pettengill, it's a matter of life and death; no less. I got to git off for two days—a matter of life and death. Yes'm; I just got to!'"

On the completion of this a hoarse hoot of scorn boomed through the haze and Homer was told that men like himself often caused perfectly decent people to be tried for murder. And again Homer's rightful job was echoed as "Matron of a foundling asylum!"

I felt the embarrassment of one unwittingly come upon the adjustment of a private grievance. I dropped delicately a few paces behind, unnoticed, I thought; but Ma Pettengill waited for me to overtake her again.

Then, as we pushed through the dust together, she told me that her days were swifter than a weaver's shuttle and spent without hope. If it wasn't one thing it was another. What she'd like—she'd like to wake up in a strange place and find she'd clean forgot her name and address, like these here parties you read about in the papers. And why couldn't she? A dry year; feed short on the range; water holes dusty that never did go dry before; half a hay crop and winter threatening right spang in the summertime! Think of having to gather cattle off the range in the middle of August when other times you could let 'em run till the middle of October! In fact, this was the kind of a year that cattle raisers had a technical term for. It was known technically as one hell of a year, if I wanted to be told.

And having to do the work with mental defectives and cripples and Bolsheviki, because every able-bodied puncher in the country had gone over to create a disturbance in Europe! Hadn't she combed out the county hospital and poor farm to get a haying crew? Didn't the best cowboy now on the pay roll wear a derby hat and ride a motorcycle by preference? And paying seventy-five dollars to these imitation punchers to fight her gentle saddle horses, no colt, it seemed, having been ridden on the place in the memory of man. She didn't know; taking one thing with another, sometimes she almost wished that the world was going to stay unsafe for democracy.

Of course this technically described bad year wasn't so bad one way, because the sheepmen would sure get a tasty wallop, sheep being mighty informal about dying with the weather below zero and scant feed. When cattle wasn't hardly feeling annoyed sheep would lie down and quit intruding on honest cattle raisers for all time. Just a little attention from a party with a skinning knife was all they needed after that. And so on, back to Homer Gale, who had gone to Red Gap for two days on a matter of life and death—and of this the less repeated here the better.

Now our narrow way spread to a valley where the sun's rays were more widely diffused and the dust less pervasive. We could see a mile ahead to a vaster cloud of dust. This floated over a band of Arrowhead cattle being driven in from a range no longer sustaining. They were being driven by Bolsheviki, so my informant disclosed.

We halted above the road and waited for the dusty creatures to plod by us down to the pleasant lea, where feed was still to be had and water was sweet. Then came the Bolshevik rear guard. It consisted of Silas Atterbury and four immature grandchildren.

Grandpa Atterbury was ninety-three and doing his first labor since he retired, at eighty-five. The grandchildren, two male and two female, should have been playing childish games. And they were Bolsheviki, all because they had refused to bring in this bunch of stock except for the wage customarily paid to trained adults. Even the



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youngest, known as Sissy Atterbury, aged eight and looking younger, despite her gray coating of powdered alkali, had tenaciously held out for a grown man's pay, which made her something even worse than a Bolshevik; it made her an I. W. W.

But, as Ma Pettengill said, what could a lady do when Fate had a strangle hold on her? There was, indeed, nothing to do but tell Sissy to tell one of her incendiary brothers to get up close to grandpa, and yell good and loud at him, and make him understand he was to get a count on that bunch at the first gate, because it didn't look to us that there was over three hundred head where there ought to be at least five hundred.

And then there was nothing to do but ride ahead of the toiling beasts and again down the narrow way that would bring us to the lowlands of the Arrowhead, where the dust no longer choked and one could see green and smell water. From the last mesa we looked out over the Arrowhead's flat fields, six thousand acres under fence, with the ranch house and outbuildings hazy in the distance.

It was a pleasant prospect and warmed Ma Pettengill from her mood of chill negation. She remarked upon the goodliness of the scene, quite as if the present were not a technical year for cattle raisers. Then, as we jogged the six miles home by peaceful thoroughfares, the lady, being questioned persistently and suitably, spoke with utter freedom of Homer Gale, who had shamefully deserted his job for two days at the busiest end of the season, when a white man wouldn't of thought of leaving, even on a matter of life and death.

Had Homer the shadow of an excuse?

We shall see.

Well then, this here celluloid imitation of a cowman that I been using violent words about come into the valley three years ago and rapidly got a lot of fame by reason of being a confirmed bachelor and hating the young of the human species with bitterness and constancy. I was the one that brought him in; I admit that. First time I seen him he was being a roistering blade in the Fashion Waffle Kitchen, down at Red Gap. He was with Sandy Sawtelle and a couple other boys from the ranch here, and Sandy tells me later that he is looking for work, being a good cowhand. I said he looked like something else, being dressed in an uproarious check suit of clothes that would instantly of collected a crowd in most city streets. But Sandy says that's all right; he's a regler cowman and had to wear these startling garments for a disguise to get him safe out of Idaho.

It seems he'd been crowded out of that thriving state by a yearning and determined milliner that had witnesses a plenty and intended to do something about it. Defendant claimed he hadn't ever meant anything of the sort and was just being a good pal; but it looked like the cruel teeth of the law was going to bite right into his savings if this breach-of-promise suit ever come to trial, the lady having letters from him in black and white. So Homer had made a strategic retreat, avoiding contact with the enemy, and here he was. And how about taking him on at the Arrowhead, where he could begin a new life?

Needing another hand just then, I fussed none at all about Homer's scandalous past. I said he could throw in with us; and he did. When he got dressed in a legal manner he looked like he couldn't be anything else but a cow-hand. About forty and reliable, he looked. So I sent him to a summer camp over on the Madeline plains, where I had a bunch of cattle on government range. Bert Glasgow lived in a shack with his wife and family there and had general charge, and Homer was to begin his new life by helping Bert.

His new life threatened to be short. He showed up here late the third night after he went over, looking sad and desperate and hunted. He did look that way more or less at all times, having one of these long sad mustaches and a kind of a bit-into face. This night he looked worse than usual. I thought the hellhounds of the law from Idaho might of took up his winding trail; but no. It was the rosy-cheeked tots of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Glasgow that had sent him out into the night.

"Say," he says; "I wouldn't have you think I was a quitter, but if you want to suicide me just send me back to that horrible place. Children!" he says. "That's all; just children! Dozens of 'em! Running all over the place, into everything, under everything, climbing up on you, sticking their fingers into your eyes—making life unbearable for man and beast. You never once let on to me," he says reproachfully, "that this Bert had children."

"No," I says; "and I never let on to you that he's got a mole on his chin either. What of that?"

Then the poor lollop tries to tell me what of it. I saw he really had been under a nervous strain, all right. Suffering had put its hot iron on him. First, he just naturally loathed children anyway. Hadn't he run away from a good home in Iowa when he was sixteen, account of being the oldest of seven? He said some things in general about children that would of got him no applause at a mothers' meeting. He was simply afraid to look a child in the eye; and, from what he'd like to do to 'em all, it seemed like his real middle name was Molech. Wasn't that the party with hostile views about children? Anyway, you could see that Homer's idea of a real swell festivity would be to hide out by an orphan asylum some night until the little ones had said their prayers and was tucked all peaceful into their trundle beds and then set fire to the edifice in eight places after disconnecting the fire alarm. That was Homer, and he was honest; he just couldn't help it.

And Bert's tikes had drove him mad with their playful antics. He said he'd be set down for a bite of dinner and one of 'em would climb up his back and feel his hair—not saying a word, just taking hold of it; then it would jump down and another would climb up and do the same thing, and him not daring to defend himself. He'd got so worked up he was afraid to stay on the place.

"And you know," he says—"what I can't understand—danged if Bert don't seem to kind of like 'em. You may think I'm a liar, but he waited for one the other morning when it squealed at him and kept a hold of its hand clean down to the hay barn. What do you think of that? And besides these that go round infesting the place outside he's got a short yearling and a long two-year-old that have to be night-herded. I listened to 'em every night. One yelled and strangled all last night, till I s'posed, of course, it was going to perish everlastingly; but here this morning it was acting like nothing at all had happened.

"All I can say is, Bert don't have much luck. And that littlest yeller always unswallowing its meals with no effort whatever! It's horrible! And the mother, with no strength of character—feeble-minded, I reckon—coddles 'em! She never did cuss 'em out proper or act human toward 'em. Kids like them, what they need—upside down and three quick hard ones. I know!"

I was fool enough to argue with him a bit, trying to see if he didn't have a lick of sense. I told him to look how happy Bert was; and how his family had made a man of him, him getting more money and saving more than ever in his past life. Homer said what good would all that money do him? He'd only fool it away on his wife and children.

"He regrets it, all right," says Homer. "I says to myself the other day: 'I bet a cookie he'd like to be carefree and happy like me!'"



This Party Was No Simpering Schoolgirl. She Was Thirty-Five or So and Square-Jawed, and Did Her Hair Plain, and Was a Good Conversationalist

Homer was a piker, even when he made bets with himself. And the short of it was I sent a man that didn't hate children over to Bert's and kept Homer on the place here.

He stayed three months and said it was heaven, account of not having them unnecessary evils on the place that would squirm round a man's legs and feel of his hair and hide round corners and peek at him and whisper about him. Then I changed foremen and Scott Humphrey, the new one, brought three towheads with him of an age to cause Homer the anguish of the damned, which they done on the first day they got here by playing that he was a horse and other wild animals, and trying to pull the rest of his hair out.

He come in and cut himself out of my life the day after, shaking his head and saying he couldn't think what the world was coming to. As near as I could make him, his idea was that the world was going to be swamped with young ones if something wasn't done about it, like using squirrel poison or gopher traps.

I felt like I wanted to cuff him up to a peak and knock the peak off; but I merely joked and said it was too bad his own folks hadn't come to think that way while he could still be handled easy. I also warned him it was going to be hard to find a job without more or less children on the outskirts, because ours was a growing state. He said there must be a few sane people left in the world. And, sure enough, he gets a job over to the Mortimers'—Uncle Henry and Aunt Molly being past seventy and having nothing to distress Homer.

Of course the secret of this scoundrel's get-away from Idaho had got round the valley, making him a marked man. It was seen that he was a born flirt, but one who retained his native caution even at the most trying moments. Here and there in the valley was a hard-working widow that the right man could of consoled, and a few singles that would of listened to reason if properly approached; and by them it was said that Homer was a fiend for caution. He would act like one of them that simply won't take no for an answer—up to a certain point. He would seem to be going fur in merry banter, but never to words that the law could put any expensive construction on. He would ride round to different ranches and mingle at dances and picnics, and giggle and conduct himself like one doomed from the cradle to be woman's prey—but that was all.

Funny how he'd escaped through the years, him having apparently the weak and pliant nature that makes the ideal husband, and having reached the time of life when he was putting sheep dip on his hair where the lining shone through on top. But so it was. And his views on children had also become widely known. Mothers used to grab up their youngest ones when he'd go into the post office down at Kulanch or meet one on the road. He made no hit at all with such views among them that had learned better. Still there was hopeful ones that thought he might be made to take a joke sooner or later, and the fact that he was known to save his wages and had a nice little stake laid by didn't work against him any with such parties as might have a chance to be swept off their feet by him in a mad moment.

Then over at the Mortimers' place he meets Mrs. Judson Tolliver, a plausible widow lady who come into the valley every once in a while to do sewing round at different ranches. She was a good-built, impressive person, with a persuading manner; one of these competent ones that can take charge of affairs and conduct them unassisted, and will do so if not stopped. Uncle Henry Mortimer brought her to the house in his light wagon one morning, with her sewing machine in the back. And Homer was there to help her out, and help out with the machine and see it was placed right in the sitting room; and then help out with her satchel and ask in a gentlemanly manner if everything was all right—and everything was: Thank you so much, Mr. Gale!

This party was no simpering schoolgirl. She was thirty-five or so and square-jawed, and did her hair plain, and had a managing voice that would go good at club meetings. She read library books and was a good conversationalist. And what did she do the first evening, when Homer was mending one of his shirts by the kitchen lamp, but wrench it away from him roguishly and do the job herself, while she entertained him with conversation. It was bound to be entertaining, for she started in about what trials children was to their tormented parents and how the world would be brighter and better if it consisted entirely of adults.

Anyone might of thought she'd been hearing gossip about Homer's

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# The Control of Raw Materials



## By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

DECORATION BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN

THE writer spent a large part of 1916 in Germany attached to the American Embassy. At that time the intelligent public in Germany stood at the parting of the ways of opinion. It had become clear that the war as originally conceived could not be won. It was being realized that the post-war period of a conflict that had reached such unprecedented dimensions would be crucial for the contesting parties and for the neutral world. The naturally speculative German mind was at that time busily engaged in discussions of the future industrial relations of Germany. The industries of Germany revolve about chemistry. Uppermost in the German mind at that time was the problem of the control of raw materials, partial or complete. Could raw materials be controlled against Germany? Could Germany control raw materials? The current opinion in Germany was that, though coercion of a foreign people through control of raw materials would be very difficult for any nation, it would be possible for Germany with respect to one particular commodity, and with greater ease than for any other nation with any other commodity. The Germans distinguished between control for the purpose of positive monopoly and for negative repression.

It is interesting to compare the points of view now contending in the Allied countries with those of two years ago in Germany. Control through restriction of raw material is in reality a Made-in-Germany idea, now being turned against her by those who have suffered under her policy of manipulation of key industries. On contrasting these discussions the writer cannot resist the conviction that all proposals looking toward trade control through embargo on raw materials contain fallacies. It is not the purpose of this article to consider the political or governmental aspect of the question, but merely to measure the distance that lies between a plan of control of raw materials and the successful coercion of industrial development under such a plan.

### *Hoping for a Correct Decision*

ACCORDING to the Germans their success in conquering the markets of the world for the products of their industry lay in a series of the following interrelated factors:

Study of the wants of consumers in each particular country, and willingness to meet the wants.

Quantitative production at a low price.

Uniformity of quality of product.

A unified and coördinated policy of foreign banking.

Long-term credits.

These were the externalities of an efficient system of manufacture, efficient because it represented a careful study of the processes of production from the standpoint of first-grade chemical engineering. Wherever German industry developed a product, that development was based upon the best scientific knowledge of the processes of manufacture. There is no evidence to indicate that efficiency in what might be termed the external relations of manufacture—including such elements as computation of cost, control of overhead, and so on—was more highly developed in Germany than elsewhere. Particular industries in France, Sweden, Belgium, the United States and England often excelled as contrasted with Germany. The oft-repeated assertion that efficiency is a quality peculiar to the German mind is sheer nonsense, and represents another illustration of that strange self-adulation that became war madness. A famous theologian in an exhortation upon the war in the summer of 1916 said: "As a pious Lutheran, I recognize that the issue of the war lies in the hands of Almighty God. I fervently hope that he may reach a correct decision."

This point of view represents the degree of egotism with which the modern school of political economy in Germany regard the economic position of their country.

For the Germans in 1916 the problem of the control of raw materials was regarded only in part as related to the problem of the retention of their foreign markets for manufactured products. Germans did not believe that any nation in the world except Japan could attempt to attain the enumerated conditions above stated, upon which German success has been founded; and even Japan, they were convinced, would never attain uniformity of product, it being at that time the fashion to decry the quality of Japanese products. The Germans did not believe that they would have materially cheaper labor after the war than their competitors in Europe; nor that this labor was more faithful or intelligent. They relied upon leadership in development rather than upon qualities resident in the workers. As for the United States, they did not believe that the people of our country would consent to reduce their present standard of living; and they were certain that the disparity in the cost of living between Germany and the United States could not be effectively counterbalanced by a tariff.

The Germans were keenly solicitous regarding the American patent laws and conventions, which have always operated to the advantage of the Germans and to the disadvantage of Americans. Time and again a monopoly in a chemical product has been maintained in this country for years after it has expired in Europe; and the regulations of our patent laws frequently permitted a German product to obtain in this country a monopoly that was not accorded to the same product in the home country. The Germans recognized that their method of warfare had built up a wall of hate about the Central Powers. This wall of hate they believed would crumble within a few years, particularly in neutral countries, through bombardment by the German seller on the one side and by the neutral buyer on the other. In any event they believed that they could circumvent the aversion of the world, as evinced by internal boycott, by manufacturing their articles in Germany with a foreign trade-mark—such as "Made in Switzerland" or "Made in Holland"—or by actually establishing factories outside of Germany, though entirely under German control. Germany has attempted by withdrawal of coal supply to coerce manufacturers in adjacent neutral countries to buy Made-in-Germany goods.

The German dread of control of raw material was related to their fear that their malevolent influence over key industries in foreign lands might be disturbed. Disturbance in the control of key industries, such as they possessed upon declaration of war in 1914, would directly react upon their manufactures. Control of raw material by Germany was the alternative, in indirect application, to the control of key industries in foreign lands.

The need of the several nations for raw materials after the war will be in part for domestic use, in part for manufacture for export. That nation that has the largest foreign debt will, other things being equal, need the most raw material, since she must pay her obligations with commodities. Viewed from this point of view the United Kingdom will need more raw materials than Germany, since many British bonds are held in foreign lands, while few German bonds are held outside Germany.

But the thinkers of Germany were by no means united. There were two distinct camps. The one strove for greater syndication under government control. Syndication in Germany before the war was applied to the pooling of industries for the purpose of eliminating competition. The war development of industrial syndication means nothing else than syndication of national effort. The extreme wing of this movement holds that one export and import agency directly under government control should have centralized authority over all external relations of German commerce and should be able to say to any foreign nation: "Unless you buy toys we will not buy copper; unless you sell us cotton we will not furnish you with potash; unless you take our silk clothes we will not sell you our fast-black socks; we will not sell our dyes unless you buy our bathtubs," and so on. This would be a directly centralized governmental coercion, entirely outside of the law of international supply and demand, destined ultimately to secure raw materials for Germany through coercion with commodities in which she excels, at a price for raw materials that would only intensify the subjection of the foreign nation and remove competition in manufactured commodities. The extreme wing of this movement is composed of political economists of ruthless type. Personal experiences of the writer with officials of the Central Importing Bureau made it clear that, to the standardized military German mind, attitude toward and treatment of military forces, civilians, works of art, fruit trees and domesticated animals of the enemy were upon one and the same plane. And between neutral and enemy there was no distinction. It was also the program of the pseudo-sentimental nationalists of Germany, who are convinced that the world destiny of Germany encircles the earth.

### *The Opponents of Syndication*

IN SCHMOLLER'S Jahrbuch, xxxix, 1915, page 76, in a footnote written after the commencement of the war attached to an article written before the war—on Objectivity!—occur the following sentiments: "But now the glorious and happy day has come; the world spirit steps forth openly for combat. . . . The history of the world begins now a new era; the salvation and progress of the world depend solely on Germany."

On the other side was the wing representing not merely exporters and importers, who were familiar with trade, but also manufacturers, engineers and political economists as well, who saw in this movement great danger and little opportunity, even when calculated upon a purely sordid basis. The experiences of the writer in Germany have convinced him that, though Germans, high and low, had lost love of liberty and freedom of thought, still many intelligent Germans retained opinions in regard to the war, though they had lost courage for public expression, all power of opposition to any plan that had even momentarily the support of the militaristic party.

When the writer was discussing the trade situation one day with one of the largest manufacturers of chemicals in Germany the man, who spoke English almost as well as German, remarked sarcastically and bitterly: "We are a

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troop of idiots. We complain of the freedom of the sea. The sea has been free enough to enable us to overhaul the commerce of England and permit German manufacturers to develop and control a large part of the best markets in all countries of the world. The one sense in which the sea was not free to Germany was that the navy of Germany could not control it against the navy of England; but so far as pacific penetration of the markets of the world was concerned the sea was obviously free. But in our country we have a great many people who have never seen the sea. They have no vision of trade, and to them trade with a country means nothing unless we possess also a military route to that country or actual governmental control.

"For example," he continued, warming up to his subject, "we had control of the best markets in South America. South America is a group of unstable governments. Only two of them rest upon a secure financial foundation. Any one of the others may be upset by nothing more than a trivial revolution. Since we had the profits of their trade what more do we wish in South America? And yet there is a large section of the German people who believe we ought also to have colonies in South America, and thus have the burdens and responsibilities of governing a people not yet qualified for stable government. What difference to us who governs Persia, Turkey and the whole country in the direction of Bagdad so long as we possess the trade? Our curse is the craze for rulership."

As time passed, the wing in Germany that opposed the Pan-Germanic expansion became much less audible. The left wing of the socialistic party ceased to be insistent upon the claims of Belgium. The traders, manufacturers and shippers of Germany, who were far from Junkerism naturally, have with each succeeding year relinquished opposition to the policy of the German dynasty that conquered territory in Europe must be held and new colonies secured in the world. The surrender to Junkerism was accomplished by the argument of the Pan-Germanic economists that Germany would not be able to pay for her costs of the war except through the acquisition of territory.

The writer once saw a computation that has to his knowledge never been published, in which the costs of the war were forecast for a series of possibly four years after 1915, on the basis of the costs experienced up to that time and without any reference to the possibility of the entrance of the United States into the war. From these estimates it was argued that Germany with peace *in statu quo ante bellum* would be bankrupt, since German industry and banking could not support the amount imposed. France must be crippled as a future competitor by the withdrawal of that fraction of the iron fields left to her at the close of the Franco-Prussian War.

### Plans to Cripple France

IF ONE scans a map of the Franco-German frontier one notices an indentation at the juncture of Luxemburg and Lorraine, east of Verdun. The obliteration of this indentation constitutes in German opinion "the rectification of the Franco-German frontier," representing approximately a line drawn from Montmédy to Mars-la-Tour. The result of such a westward shifting of boundary would be to rob France of her best iron mines and to give Germany absolute control of this highly developed iron basin. Since France has long suffered severely from inferiority in coal supply the added inferiority in iron would place her in the rôle of a second-rate industrial nation. Belgium was necessary for the acquisition of her manufacturing facilities and the inclusion of her coast line and harbors.

The expansionists in Germany have not only dreamed in terms of geography, but also in terms of commodities. One popular Teutonic formula for the post-war period provided that the several Allied nations should pay indemnities to the Central Powers over a term of years in the shape of raw materials. Extension was necessary, both east and west, in order to place upon the peoples and industries of the conquered areas the costs of the war. Gradually the conscience of the thinking classes has yielded to avarice, until to-day there would be few opponents to Pan-Germanic expansion if it could succeed—merely because it would pay. When the German people have abandoned the policy of expansion that will represent surrender.

The idea that the Entente or the Central Powers could so control raw materials after the war as to make effective an economic blockade fails to include as factors in practical reasoning two sets of circumstances—one political and geographical, the other technical:

(*a*) The world is not divided into two groups—the Entente and the Central Powers; there is a third group—the numerous heterogeneous, scattered, neutral nations of diversified interests. The neutral nation was always the stumblingblock of the military blockade; she will be the stumblingblock of the economic blockade. Let us assume that the blockading group possesses all the known supply of a particular raw material, the blockaded and the neutral nations none. The exclusion must be applied alike to blockaded nation and neutrals, until the neutral nations agree not to resell to the blockaded nation. But further, the neutral nations must also agree not to sell to the blockaded nation articles manufactured from the particular raw material. Such application of the doctrine of ultimate destination is intricate, devious and impracticable.

Germany is already organizing importing companies in neutral nations, as cloaks for the procurement of raw materials. To oppose such cloaked operations a blacklist would have to be applied to the neutral country, and the tradesmen and banks split into two factions. Whether the restriction be partial or complete—partial in the form of preferential option in quantity or price, or complete in the sense of an economic blockade—the reaction will be the same, because the difference is but one of degree, not of kind. Restriction cannot be effectively applied through regulation of shipping, since under these circumstances each vessel of a neutral nation becomes a potential blockade runner.

(*b*) Whenever a material is lacking, the difficulty can be overcome in one of three directions: By the development of new sources of supply; substitution of material, directly or indirectly, or of the total function; synthesis of the material in the industrial laboratory.

Of most raw materials neutrals have sources, as well as the two contending groups. Under stimulus of need and pressing demand new deposits of minerals are opened, new agriculture developed. When neutral nations as well as the blockading group possess sources of supply of raw material, then to exclude that material from the blockaded nations the blockading nations have one or all of three devices available: They may control the finances of the industry in the neutral nations; they may buy all the raw material against the competition of the blockaded nations; they may coerce the neutral nations so as to prevent the sale of the raw material or manufactured product to the blockaded nations. In other words an economic blockade must sooner or later be applied to neutral nations as well as to the blockaded nations. Forced to the final analysis this will ultimately divide the neutral nations into two camps, and we should witness the whole world arrayed in blockade. And necessarily the neutral nations will be injured as severely or more so than the contending groups.

This is the inevitable development of the situation as illustrated by blockades in wartime and trade pacts in peacetime. The present war has yielded us pertinent illustrations.

Germany possesses in the Stassfurt fields large, well-developed and thoroughly understood deposits that lend themselves to mass production at a low price. Germany sold potash everywhere at a price determined not by the cost of production but by the circumstances and exigencies of trade. The uses of potash in time of peace are largely related to its employment as a fertilizer. The potash mines were controlled by a syndicate the organization of which originally caused great difficulties. This pool, which is supposed to have suffered an internal disruption since the war, had been efficiently perfected in 1914. The supposed internal disruption has been due to the fact that, with foreign trade cut off, the potash business has suffered great losses; and the internal difficulties are related to the distribution of these losses among the different companies. But whatever may be the truth of these statements, the German Government will see to it that the potash industry presents a united front at the close of the war.

### German Potash Propaganda

THE use of potash as a fertilizer was intensified by a world-wide propaganda, the effect of which was to induce agriculturists to use more potash than they needed. Potash was supposed to be especially essential in connection with growth involving fiber; for illustration, with potato, sugar beet, cotton, tobacco and citrus. Now as a matter of fact these crops have suffered amazingly little in the absence of the customary application of potash. We may be certain that after the war, even with potash at the price of 1914, the American farmer will never again use anything like the amounts that were employed in the pre-war period. The Germans themselves have reduced greatly their consumption of potash during the war.

Now potash was the raw material that the Germans believed they controlled. Everywhere in the world, since Germany was isolated by the blockade, prospecting for potash has been undertaken. We are now producing something like sixty thousand unit tons per annum as contrasted with previous imports of almost five times that amount. Reviving an old Scotch procedure we are securing potash through ashing of sea kelp in California; we are leaching the green sands of New Jersey; we are recovering it through precipitation of potash particles from the fumes of blast furnaces and cement works; we are cracking potassium rocks in the Western mountains; we are securing relatively large amounts from deposits of alkaline lakes in Nebraska, Utah and California. It is confidently believed that production from alkaline lakes and from blast furnaces and cement plants will be able to maintain itself against German potash after the war, with the aid of such a tariff as previous experience would not term unreasonable. We should probably have difficulties in securing on a competitive basis the amounts of potash that the Germans would like to have us believe we need; but we will certainly secure the amount of potash that we shall really need; we shall be independent.

Everywhere in the world the search for potash has been undertaken eagerly. It has led to one great discovery in Spain. There have been uncovered large deposits of potash quite like those in the Stassfurt fields. Preliminary surveys have indicated that the deposits are extensive, the conditions of mining easy and the composition of the salt favorable. In addition Spain has relatively cheap labor, and the deposits are not far from seaboard. Naturally the Germans are greatly concerned over the discovery of these deposits and are already attempting to secure financial or economic control; and there are already in the development of the potash interests in Spain a pro-German party and an anti-German party. We may assume that the Castilian point of view will never tolerate the subjection of Spanish potash to the interests of the Stassfurt syndicate.

Other deposits have been discovered elsewhere in the world; for example, in Sicily. Within four years, therefore, we observe in connection with potash the developments that are to be expected when any raw material has suddenly disappeared from the free market. Potash cannot of course be synthesized, but new deposits have already been discovered, and in addition the situation has revised the world's estimates of need. When the war is over the Germans will find it impossible to coerce anyone in the world through control of potash.

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## Antwerp—A Memory

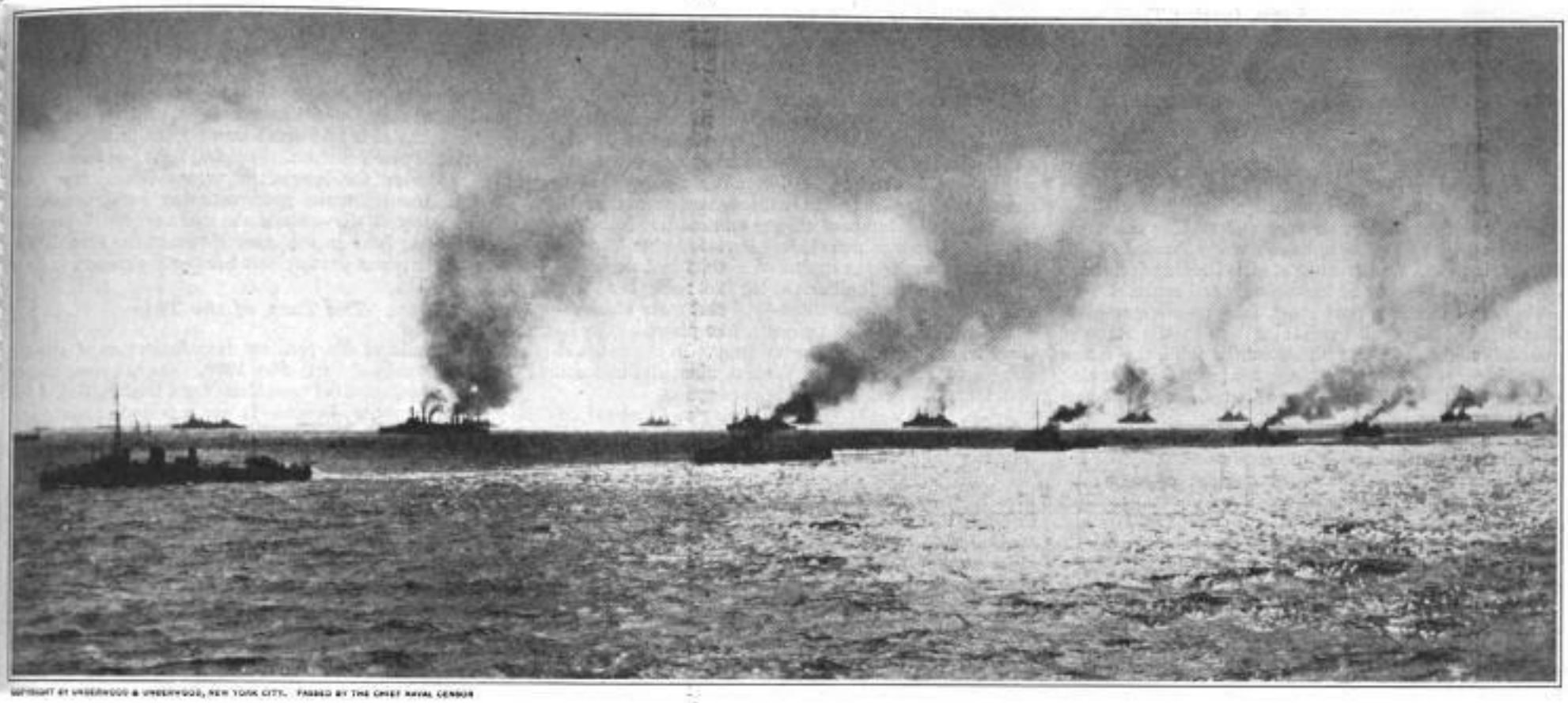
### By Grace Ellery Channing

ANTWERP! Your children all were dancing down your ways
Like sunny streams that to one center go;
Bright from all quarters came their overflow,
A rainbow torrent in your fair Green Place.
From its laced stone your marvelous belfry shook
Soft strokes of music on the listening air;
A dozen bands the buoyant challenge took,
With golden drum and crimson trumpet's flare;
You were in flags, music above, below,
Joyously glad, an innocent folk and gay;
The tall ships thronged your stately waterway
And the charmed Orient at your broad quays lay.
No red to-morrow threatened yesterday.

Belgium! Among the lands men have made fair,
How great great art and civic virtue may
Render a people, it was given to you
To show; with what a ready royal heart
Who lives for beauty shall know how to die
For faith—which is the beauty of a state,
For truth—which is the glory of great art,
For freedom—without which nothing can be true.
Nations should envy and not mourn your fate!
You have lost nothing; down the imperishable years
Music shall be your name in all men's ears;
A luster to their eyes shall Belgium blaze,
Mankind's heroic measure be taken anew,
And a new course be charted for who steers
A nation's ship henceforth—because of you.
No tears for Belgium! If there must be tears,
Weep for the slayer—not for that he slew,
Which never can be slain. Yet once again
Children shall dance down your remembered ways
And the stones break in blossom, for the praise
Of human hearts that knew not human fear.
Thanks to the foe who took away your name
And for a mortal gave immortal fame;
Glory to you, and for his portion—shame!

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# THE BRETON PATROL



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## By Samuel G. Blythe

Oh, we sing of a squadron patrolling the coast,
From Cre-ach to old Saint Nazaire.
On the job for a year, we still say with a cheer:
"Nous resterons pendant la guerre."
—SONG OF THE BRETON PATROL.

THE converted yacht Clarice, U. S. N.—there is no converted yacht Clarice, but there are several other converted yachts, and this was one of the others—converted is right, too, in both its ecclesiastical and its utilitarian meaning—these were joy yachts originally, you know—anyhow, the converted yacht Clarice was making eight knots, and as knots go eight are not many in the circumstances, for it was the evident intention of the budding Farragut in command to shove off a few depth charges over her stern—large, round instruments of destruction loaded with T N T and most ruinous in their general effects, to say nothing of being temperamental and prima-donnaish and given to quick and unexpected outbursts of the most spiteful sort.

The Clarice was making eight knots. Now when shoving depth charges over a stern it is most advisable that the craft from which these ash cans of eradication are pushed shall be hopping it a bit faster than that, because you never can tell, and one of them might have the notion of exploding sooner than expected or wished. Whereupon the resultant damage would be to the ship from which the shoving was done rather than to the submerged Hun. Fourteen knots is slow enough in these circumstances—plenty slow enough.

"Drop a couple over!" ordered the skipper.

"But, sir," protested the second in command, "we are going so slow we might blow off our own stern."

"All right, sonny," answered the skipper; "if we blow off our stern we'll bring in the bow. Drop 'em!"

### *The Spirit of the Fleet*

I TELL this little tale because it typifies the spirit of the Breton patrol of the United States Navy, and the spirit of all other American patrols and patrollers and sailormen of whatever degree or occupation now serving in foreign waters. Bring them in! Bring them in, whether they are Huns, hulks or Hades! Bring them whether bow is gone, or stern is gone, or there are holes in them big enough to slip a trolley car through. Bring them loaded to the gunwales with American soldiers or four feet below the Plimsoll mark with supplies. Bring them in through submarine-infested waters, in all kinds of weather—mostly bad, except much that is worse—bring them in!

The particular bringers-in I have in mind at the moment are the lads of the Breton patrol—that section of our Navy that is operating in French waters, or, rather, is based in France, for it operates in all waters that are available in addition to those of France, and it operates on the simple formula that its job is as follows: To get American troops and supplies safely into France and guard them from mines and submarines; to get the ships that bring these soldiers and supplies unloaded and started back for more in the shortest space of time; and to swat the submarine whenever an opportunity that ceaseless hunting develops shall arrive.

The Breton patrol is an imposing organization as it is made up at present, but it wasn't much when it began to operate. On July 4, 1917, eight converted American yachts came into a certain harbor in France, and an American admiral and an officer or two had a couple of rooms for offices ashore. Whenever an American citizen gets good and rich he seeks for opportunity to demonstrate to the world that he is good and rich. One of the favorite ways is to buy or build a private yacht. The owning of a private yacht is a hall mark of the possession of money. It surely is. I mean of course a real private yacht, not a motor boat or a sloop or a catboat, but a regular yacht with ocean-cruising radius, and officers with nifty uniforms, and shining fittings, and brass beds and bathtubs for the boss, and so on. A private yacht and a private railroad car are sign manuals that the owners thereof are upholstered with it; and as things go in our country one of the first signs, albeit after the novelty of them wears off they are not used much. However, the new millionaire always buys one. It is a good advertisement of his financial standing, even if he mostly is a poor sailor.

Whereupon, when a war comes along and our Navy needs boats, as it always does, the Navy reaches out and grabs all useful yachts and converts them, makes them over into war boats of sorts; sticks guns on them and paints them navy gray, and rips out the tapestries and the brass beds and puts them to sea for such purposes as may be.

The beginning of the Breton patrol was eight of these former advertisements of millionairishness, and they came breasting in on July 4, 1917, having been hastily improvised into war vessels, and having had their troubles getting across.

Since then, until the time I am writing, which is mid-October in 1918, the Breton patrol has grown and waxed husky and important. It won't do to tell what it comprises now, but there are big, rangy, insistent destroyers in it, and a lot of them; many yachts, torpedo boats, mine sweepers, repair ships, colliers and many other craft. It is a real fleet, is the patrol, and it is doing a real job with a dash and courage and a success that are so American one is tempted to give three cheers every time one thinks of it, and to explode into a series of rah-rahs that sounds like a barrage when observing it, as I have done, both at its base and on the waters adjacent and contiguous, and some that are neither, but in the game just the same, for the patrol operates over a large space of sea, and in manners that are various and diverse.

I was at the base port in France one morning in September. There had been a storm, a real storm, with a roaring gale, vast seas, and fog and rain and all sorts of ocean ructions. Several of our destroyers had been out in it, convoying in a lot of troop and supply ships. They came limping into port—and limping is right, for the seas had swept and scarred them. They had been plunging into it for hours and hours, and unless you have had actual experience of what it means to run a destroyer at high speed through these heavy seas, and what it is, there is no adequate way of informing you.

To take a shot at it let me say that it is the ultimate of plunging, rolling, shuddering, shaking, banging, wallowing, diving, pitching, tossing, smashing, wetting, weltering, rising, falling, yawing, careening—and then some. It means swept decks, broken gear, smashed bridges, no sleep, no hot food, continuous drenching, frightful work in the stokeholes, ceaseless vigilance, skillful navigating and cold, resolute courage. It means more discomfort than I ever dreamed was possible, and more chances of sudden and damp death than are admitted. It means danger from collision, danger from failure of steering gear or controls, danger from all sorts of your own mishaps, danger from all sorts of mishaps that may come to other ships in the convoy, and from lack of judgment or skill on the part of others, if so be that should develop, which it sometimes does.

### *Introducing Lieutenant Blau*

THEY had guarded and herded a big convoy, had these destroyers, and brought them in. They were banged, battered and bruised. There had been no sleep, little food, nothing but the most terrific work in the most terrifying circumstances, and yet the skippers of these destroyers, when I saw them reporting at the office of the admiral, were as gay and as chipper as if they had been out on a cruise in motor launches on the Potomac, and ready to turn round and go right back into it at a moment's notice. Not a whimper; not a complaint; not a grumble; nothing but eager enthusiasm over their work and an ardent alacrity to go to it again and again and again. That is the spirit of the entire patrol, from the vice admiral at the head of it to the smallest mess boy at the foot of it. Bring them in!

There was that day in early August when they brought in the Westward Ho, brought her in, stern first, three hundred and fifteen miles, after she had been torpedoed and abandoned by her crew; brought her in with her priceless cargo of aëroplanes, field-artillery parts, rifles, machine guns, ammunition—things our soldiers in France were waiting for and needing—needing more than ever will be told; saved the lot, and saved the ship—oh, there is a yarn that shows what these lads on the Breton patrol can do!

I call your attention to Lieut. Thomas Blau, U. S. N. R. F.; and the reason I do that is twofold: The first is because Lieut. Thomas Blau had a mighty big hand in the operation, not detracting any from the others; and the second is because Lieut. Thomas Blau and I have been shipmates on a couple of trips across the Pacific and I had something to do with getting him a commission in the Navy. Not that he needed anything but his record, but he is my friend and, however——

*(Continued on Page 68)*

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# Letters From Franco-America

## By WILL IRWIN

PARIS, October Third.

WHEN, four days ago, our shipload of Y. M. C. A. workers, Knights of Columbus, Red Cross nurses and citizens unassorted crept into a certain French harbor an American tramp steamer was running out toward the sea of metallic sharks. She passed a hundred yards from our rail, the gun crew cheering us and we cheering back. Out of the squad about the bow gun came a cheerful young American voice, the fresh unformed voice of a boy, shouting: "Say, you'll like this—it's great!"

I am sure that those who were undertaking this great adventure for the first time have already learned to like it; for it is great. And greatest of all is the transformation which the American Army has wrought in France. When, last spring, I left this port great things were started or planned; but after all everything was in the stage of ground breaking. To-day the dream is fulfilled. Where last spring there were skeleton piers or green fields turning brown under the scrapers of negro troops, there were now miles after miles of solid docks lined with camouflaged freighters loading or unloading. Behind them lay substantial freight sheds and warehouses; and wherever the hills rose beyond they showed the diagram of camps.

All the way to Paris by train we seemed ever in sight of America at work. Here it was a huge camp, its edges lost to sight over the hills. There it was a double track, its rolling stock labeled U. S. A., branching out from our main line. Joyfully we perceived here and there a wire stockade with green uniforms massed among the brown—our prison camps. At every station the khaki of resident American soldiers massed with the horizon blue of poilus going back from their leave. Soldier trippers making short journeys from town to town stood in the corridors regarding the country and making short dry comments in native American. Not until night fell were we ever wholly out of sight of America crusading with pick and shovel, overhead crane and mechanical hoist.

### The Kaleidoscope Called Paris

PARIS brought another transformation; but, then, Paris has been a kaleidoscope ever since 1914—a different city each time I have returned to it. There was the Paris of the early months, when the battle was raging along the Aisne, when the lines were locking in Flanders. In those days she had not yet adjusted herself to a state of war. Three windows out of four were locked and shuttered. The British had just gone forward from their stand east of the city on the night before the Marne; they had not yet quite pulled up stakes, and one saw almost as many British uniforms as French. Though all the resorts which made the Paris of the tourist were closed the old life still lingered in certain districts. If you were not directly concerned with the war you could find sprightly companionship in the Latin Quarter, where Mimi was keeping house alone until the men folks got back. Though day by day the streets grew blacker with mourning, luxurious private motors still gave glimpses of smart toilets.

Then there was the summer of 1915, when the French had settled heroically to the war and were facing whatever it might bring in a spirit of exalted patriotism. In those days Marthe Chenal sang the Marseillaise at the Opéra Comique to a house that began weeping with patriotic pride at the first stanza, until even the chorus on the stage caught the infection and sang through sobs. In those days, too, began that influx of officers and officials from all the civilized nations, which showed Paris for what it has since become by merit—the capital of the civilized world.

Then there was the Paris of the first really hard winter, when coal was running short—the first taste of hardship. The little corners of old gayety, like pieces of the Latin Quarter, pinched out; life grew gray. In the midst of all this began the fiery trial of Verdun, when all Paris walked with tears just back of her luminous eyes.

Again, there was the Paris of spring and summer, 1917, when even the world of war had changed—Russia uncertain, the United States in the struggle, and its first failure—the disastrous Champagne advance—on the books of the French Army. Underground the treason of Bolo Pasha and a vast deal of German propaganda were at work; and Paris showed the effects by an uneasy confusion of mind quite at variance with the accustomed definite mental processes of the French. Those were the days of headless, spontaneous strikes, when parades of working girls marched through the streets, the tactful French police following meekly and suppressing them just before the moment of action. Once or twice the sweepings of the Faubourg St.-Antoine, where the revolutions always start, marched the boulevards, looking like the old mobs about the guillotine.

The Americans were coming now; among the assorted French uniforms, the British, Italian, Serbian, Portuguese, Belgian and Russian uniforms, appeared the close-fitting yellow khaki of our own. On the Fourth of July one regiment marched through the streets to honor Lafayette; and that may have had something to do with the growing confidence of that month of July. Of course the main cause was the resolution of France herself, together with the moral strength of Clemenceau, the Tiger. A little ghost of the old gayety began to blossom on the drives and boulevards.

After that I went to Italy; and when I returned in December I found the city again transformed. Heavy calamities had fallen upon us all. The new Russia had flickered and gone out. German propaganda, which failed in France, had achieved its temporary victory in Italy. Friuli was gone; Italy, her winter's supplies lost, was temporarily holding before Venice. Sooner or later—the pessimists thought very soon—the enemy was going to strike our front as he had never struck before, with everything he had.

The hesitation, the confusion of mind, were gone now. "Let them come on! The sooner, the sooner it will be over!" said Paris. The American Army was only in process of organization, and Paris was still its center.

The yellow khaki had multiplied until it seemed to swamp all the other uniforms. Something of our business-like American spirit seemed to have touched the town. It became as never before in the war a working city. And in the midst of it all Paris began for the first time to feel a little the pinch of want. Fuel and light had been lacking before during the long dark winters—but never food. Would America make good with her harvests and her ships? Most vitally—would she make good with numbers and fighting force in the coming test at the Front? The face of Paris was drawn; but her teeth were set.

### The Turn of the Tide

I HAD missed the greatest transformation of all—the hardest days of Paris since 1870. She had come almost, in those dark days between Easter and Bastille Day of this year, to expect the worst. It was a period of hard work, they who lived through it tell me; and work under a constant strain of alertness and anxiety. Day after day at half-hour intervals those shells from the Big Bertha guns, whose scream was so much worse than their bite, fell in irregular pattern over the city. Night after night the aëroplanes came. The young and old and weak—all whose evacuation in a hurry would embarrass the defense of France—were hurried away. The rest clenched their teeth and worked on. Now the Germans were on the Marne; there, stopped by the blows of our Marines and Regulars, they halted—for a breathing spell.

From Easter to Bastille Day, I have said. But the worst moment of all, the dark before dawn, was the day after Bastille Day, when the Germans started again. That night Paris sat with lowered shutters or looked up across darkened streets to black skies—waiting. Three days later, the greatest dawn since the creation broke; Foch struck so suddenly, so dramatically and yet so effectively that by nightfall Paris knew that the last general attack the Hohenzollern would ever launch had utterly failed, that joy was coming in the morning.

The reader, who cannot be expected to keep all the dates in memory, is reminded that these days in which I write have seen the dawn growing from the east, that we are in the period of our first victories, other than defensive ones, since the war began. Only yesterday Bulgaria went completely out of the game. Every communiqué—from Flanders, from Picardy, from Champagne, from the Argonne—spells victory. Everywhere German power is crumbling at the touch of that wizard, Foch.

To-day, I learn from the newspapers, they are ringing bells and holding thanksgiving services in New York. Even staid old London is hanging out flags. Paris alone—"excitable," "mercurial," "frivolous" Paris—has given not a single outward sign. Perhaps in life you who read have had the experience of working and wishing for a thing so long and so intensely that when it arrived you

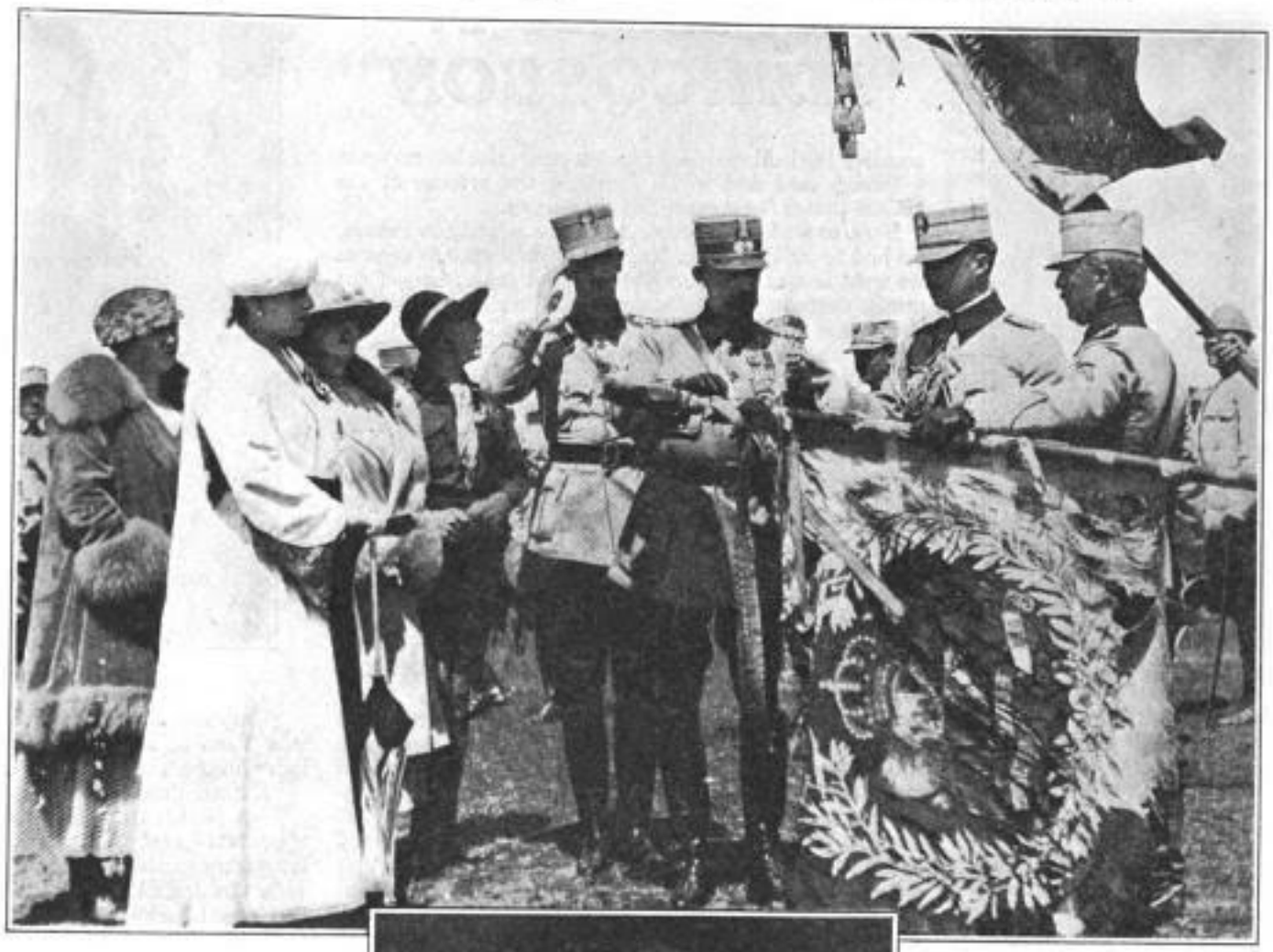
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Von Ellas!

# ROMANTIC RUMANIA

## By Marie, Queen of Rumania



MAY God spare us the troubles we should not be able to endure!" This is an old Rumanian saying, curiously in keeping with the spirit of profound patience and resignation characteristic of a people who from all ages have suffered much.

America—that great nation whose entry into the gigantic struggle on our side revived every courage, filling weary hearts with new hope—knows little about that tiny, suffering corner in Europe where a king and a queen, with their people, are fighting what at present appears to be a losing battle against Fate's overwhelming odds.

In spite of the fantastic horrors of modern war, this is an age when countries and nations learn to understand each other in a way unknown in times of peace. All those who have joined hands to fight for the same great cause are moved by a new interest and a new sympathy for each other; a sympathy limited neither by frontiers nor seas.

America entered the war in the name of honor and justice, and "for the rights and principles of small nations." I thought, therefore, that, because it is an hour when all our hearts are throbbing with a feeling of solidarity and fraternity, I could raise my voice and speak to our great ally concerning this country, this small country, this suffering country, which I love.

### An Ancient Roman Heritage

WHEN a queen is one with her people she endeavors to aid them with all her might; she becomes the nation's first servant, as well as a leader who must show the way. Her heart, her soul and her brains must be given in their service; she must hold back nothing; all she possesses must be theirs.

Our once peaceful land has been invaded; the parts dearest and richest are ours no more! Homes have been destroyed; regions of beauty have become deserts; families have been torn asunder and scattered far and wide; the work of long years has been annihilated; we have surrendered nearly everything—everything except courage and hope.

A few words about Rumania's past will make her aspirations and her hopes for the future more comprehensible to those who, quite naturally, know but little of her history. When the long tale of her sufferings through many centuries is understood a keener sympathy with her struggle toward wider boundaries will be felt.

Rumania's soil has ever been a vast battlefield—a passage for every heathen horde invading older civilizations. Situated amid several other nations in the southeast of Europe, jammed in between the German races and the great Russian mass, the Rumanians alone have sprung from the ancient Mediterranean civilization. Her neighbors, the Hungarians and the Bulgarians, are of Asiatic origin; the Serbs are Slavs; and Rumania's conservation of her Roman origin throughout the ages is a historical miracle.

The Roman Empire had conquered all Mediterranean lands in Europe as far as the Danube and the Rhine, thus giving birth to new nations—Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese and French, all on the western side of Europe, with frontiers in touch with each other. In the east, for reasons to save to historians to explain, the Rumanians alone have survived, as living evidence that the great Roman Empire once dominated and colonized these regions.

It must also be remembered that Dacia, situated north of the lower Danube, was the last province added to the Roman Empire. The Dacians, belonging to the great family of Thracians, who dominated the whole eastern part of the Balkan Peninsula, were overthrown by Trajan after two desperate wars, in 101–102 and in 105–106 A. D. Two celebrated monuments have remained in testimony of these wars: Trajan's Column, in the Forum of Rome, and the huge monument of Adam Klissi, in the Dobrudja.

The Latinizing of this province was so rapid, systematic and complete that in the year 271, when Emperor Aurelian had to withdraw his legions, abandoning his former frontiers owing to barbaric invasions, the work had been fulfilled: the Dacian Province had become Latin for all ages.

Following upon this date came a long period of misfortune in Rumanian history. Nearly every barbaric horde known to have invaded Europe during the early Middle Ages found its way through this unfortunate land. Goths, Huns, Gepidæ, Avars, Slavs, Bulgarians, Tartars, all hurled themselves through these regions, situated between the Tisza and the Dniester, before crossing the Danube to invade the Roman Empire.

As remnants of these passing hordes, there abode, as Rumania's closest neighbors, toward the west, the Hungarians; toward the south, the Bulgarians; toward the southwest, the Serbs. The others were lost and dispersed, nevermore to be heard of as nations.

The Slavs alone left a certain impression upon the Rumanians, an influence that can still be traced in our language of to-day. Therefore, in summing up, it can be said that the Rumanians of to-day are Latinized Dacians of Thracian origin, to whose final development the Slavs also contributed in part.



*Princess Marie of Rumania. Above—The King Decorating the Flag of the Regiment of Chasseurs*

For more than eleven hundred years Rumania was submitted to all the horrors of these never-ending barbaric invasions. During all this painful period of its history the ancient civilization and organization left to Rumania by the Romans, which had gained for them the name of Dacia Felix—Dacia the Happy—came near to being effaced. But, though the Hungarians had spread their dominion also over a part of the Rumanian soil, between the Tisza and the Carpathians, their influence upon the Rumanian race was nil.

### Centuries of Turkish Menace

WITH extraordinary tenacity, in this region which is now known as Transylvania, the Rumanians preserved the same language, habits, civilization and mentality as their brothers beyond the Carpathians. These latter had founded two states—the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, each with its own sovereigns—forming a powerful barrier to all further Hungarian expansion and preserving Rumania's own independence. Beneath the reign of certain of these native Rumanian princes a new era of culture began, wherein monasteries were erected, forming centers of Christian civilization.

Hardly had these more prosperous days dawned than once again the entire East found itself threatened by a new danger, which through several centuries had a disastrous influence upon Rumania's history—the constant menace of the Turks! Not out of the north, across the great Russian steppes, did they come, but from Asia Minor, following the road once taken by the Persians when setting out to conquer Greece. Overwhelming was the Turkish invasion, destroying everything in its way. Serbia and Bulgaria were overthrown even before the fall of Constantinople. Beyond the Danube the Rumanian principalities retained but one national aim—to put a check upon the Turkish invasions of Europe, thus protecting the Christian world against the Mussulman.

Thus, while in the West the great movement of the Renaissance was in full swing, the unfortunate countries situated on the lower Danube were constantly engaged in bloody wars, endeavoring to stem the most savage of all invasions of Europe.

One most important fact concerning Rumania must be well kept in mind: that, though the countries of Southeastern Europe had been turned into Turkish provinces, and though even in Budapest Turkish pashas reigned for over one hundred years, Moldavia and Wallachia always retained

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# Army Tracks and Traffic in France

## The Story of the American Overseas Transportation System

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON



Colonel John J. Carty

BILL BROWN, who once drove a Santa Fé Mogul across the Kansas prairies, hitched up his grimy khaki overalls and looked out of the cab of his monster consolidation locomotive marked U. S. A., which had left its Philadelphia maker less than a month before and which now panted alongside a quay at a port in France. A scene of incessant action unfolded before him. In the lock basin was a forest of funnels and masts of American ships whose gay camouflage gleamed in the sunlight. From one of them a ninety-ton naval gun swung ashore as easily as a bale of hay; from another, five-ton motor trucks were lowered as lightly. Cranes creaked; the plantation melodies of the Sunny South sung by negro stevedores mingled with the song of Chinese coolies who formed a continuous line of cargo carriers from deck to dock.

In the yards nearby dozens of huge American engines hauling endless chains of American cars loaded with American supplies snorted off to American depots, often on American tracks sentineled by American poles down which flashed American messages sent and received by American men and women. Likewise for miles up and down the winding inland waterways American tugs pulling American boats chugged along bearing their burden of American freight and responsibility. Day and night and with an effort as ceaseless as the tide of tonnage that beats on those stricken shores of France is the movement of American freight and transport over there.

### American Engineers in France

WHAT was happening in the port that made Bill Brown blink his eye and breathe a little faster was happening in more than half a dozen ports along that same French coast, with varying degrees of variety and volume but always with the same unending action. Again we are confronted by a miracle of expansion. In January of this year we were unloading 162,000 tons a month; in July this had grown to 694,000 tons. As late as March we thought that landing 60,000 troops in France was a big thirty days' record, yet in August exactly 313,000 stepped ashore. Men and material were handled, supplied and, what was equally important, transported to their proper destination.

It is all made possible by the empire of transportation, whose teeming docks, tracks and traffic constitute one of the marvels of our overseas effort. Over it is laid the strong hand of compact organization; galvanizing it is an energy typically American in spirit and execution. At the throttle is an all-star cast of famous railroad and steamship officials whose united salaries in times of peace would almost float a big city's allotment of a Liberty Loan. Yet they toil in France for a major's or a colonel's pay.

In the preceding article I tried to describe the general scope and structure of the Services of Supply which feed and equip the fighting man. I showed the whole close-knit system that binds the world of output to the domain of consumption. We are now up to the all-essential intermediary process of distribution. Before that avalanche of supplies can move from sea to gun and stomach there must be a system of adequate transport. We will now journey along its rails and canals for the second phase of the amazing institution that American enterprise has set up in a foreign land and which furnishes the arteries of the United States Services of Supply abroad.

Here, as with every other American activity in France, we had to build literally from the ground up. As soon as we went to war it became evident that the success of our armies overseas would depend upon the manner in which they were moved and supplied. Hence, transportation loomed up at the start as a vital factor. The difficulties that lay in its way were many. After three years of war the wear and tear on the railway facilities of France, without adequate renewal, were terrific. Forty per cent of its leading road—Le Nord—was in the hands of the enemy. Every ocean gateway of any consequence was in continuous use. The six largest channel ports were occupied wholly or in part by the British, and therefore could not stand the strain of added American tonnage. Besides, if we were to do our full job abroad we had to have our own ports. To move our armies and the necessary quantity of subsistence and equipment for their upkeep, engines, cars, terminals—a whole railway system—had to be reared. All this required organization, labor and the wherewithal to build and operate.

Almost with our declaration of war we realized this enormous transport responsibility. It was an expert job and had to be blocked out by experts. Before General Pershing and his staff set out for France a railway commission, named by the Secretary of War, sailed from New York to investigate dock and traffic conditions and recommend a plan for the American system. The senior member was Maj. William Barclay Parsons, an eminent engineer who had constructed the first subways in New York. The other members were: W. J. Wilgus, who had been vice president of the New York Central, and had among other things laid the plans for the electrification of that system and who had been commissioned a major in the Reserve Corps; Capt. A. B. Barber, of the Engineer Corps, United States Army; W. A. Garrett, who had had wide experience as a transportation official; and F. de St. Phalle, a motive power and rolling stock expert, who was an officer of a great locomotive works in Philadelphia. They represented a combined experience that was an immense asset in their ramified investigations, which began at the War Office in London and practically covered every line of communication used by the allied armies in France. The recommendations of this commission, and more especially the details suggested by Major, now Colonel, Wilgus, formed the basis of the whole immense structure through which the lifeblood of our armies in France rushes to-day.

That commission found the available French ports and their docks already overburdened with tonnage, and most of them with inadequate and obsolete equipment. The four great strategic railways of France, running from the north to the south, were carrying nearly all the traffic that the rails could bear. Even the canals were blocked. France's man power was depleted, the available sources of supplies were well-nigh exhausted. It all meant that America would not only have to construct but also bring her labor and material from home.

One of the first acts of the commission, therefore, was to cable for engineers. Thus it came about that in the vanguard of that fighting host that later crossed the sea came those gallant engineer regiments, who have recorded in France an achievement that must stand out as one of the brilliant performances of the whole American Expeditionary Force.

Nine engineer regiments were sent. Five were for railway construction, three for railway operation and one was a shop regiment. They were recruited from railway cab, switch, roundhouse and shop. Every man was a volunteer. Some of the units went straight to France, others by way of England.

Five of the regiments marched through London on that historic August day of 1917, when Britain got her initial view of our men in khaki and when for the first time an alien army under its arms and flags paraded the British capital. Whitehall, Regent Street, Pall Mall, Piccadilly—indeed, the whole heart of London was aflutter with American flags and noisy with a deafening crash of cheers. As those stalwarts swung along a British major general who stood by my side said to me: "Those regulars of yours march well."



Colonel W. J. Wilgus

"They are not regulars," I replied. "Six weeks ago they were running locomotives, building tracks or operating lathes in the United States."

"Extraordinary!" was his response.

That parade through London was the last spectacular appearance that the American engineers made. Henceforth from battlefield to dock they were to toil. Even their departure from England had its dramatic touch. In London was Charles G. Dawes, former comptroller of the currency and now purchasing agent of the A. E. F. in France. He had left his bank in Chicago to become a lieutenant colonel in one of the engineer regiments. He gave some of his fellow officers a dinner at the Carlton Hotel, which was to be followed by a theater party. Part of this regiment had been assigned to the British Army in France. As the Americans sat at dinner a hurry-up call came from the War Office to depart for the Front early next morning.

"All right," was the response; "we will be ready."

### General Carey's Scratch Army

THE port from which they were to embark was a three-hour journey by rail from London. Colonel Dawes chartered a fleet of taxicabs and saw his social program through. The next morning these officers, having journeyed from midnight to dawn by motor, were on hand to leave with their men.

Within a week I saw some of them laying track under fire up the Somme. It was a group of these engineers who, in that great battle before Cambrai last year, threw away picks and shovels, grabbed guns and leaped to action. It was another company of the same unit who, when the fate of Amiens trembled in the balance last spring, did the same trick and became part of Brigadier General Carey's famous "scratch" army. Such is the spirit of the American engineers who built the foundation and much of the structure of our transportation system in France; the type of organization a detachment of which laid nearly three miles of narrow-gauge railroad in seven hours while two companies built two warehouses containing forty thousand square feet of floor space in eight and a half hours!

Go to any one of the ports that we use in France and you will see the results of their labors, which began with bare hands and improvised tools. For the sake of illustration I will use two major ports. The first—Base Section Number One—is that historic one-time fishing town which will always be bound to the United States by sentimental ties, where the first American Expeditionary Force set foot on French soil. In August, 1917, the whole dock and unloading facilities were not only hopelessly inadequate for our needs, but the prospect of increasing them was equally disheartening. Though there were two large lock basins the anchorage outside was inadequate, while the discharging facilities were poor. Only six ships of ten thousand tons each could be discharged simultaneously. The dock buildings were old and rat-riddled. There were a few rusty cranes; the beds of the railroad tracks alongside had bogged in the wet ground. We had no barges for lightering. When our first locomotives arrived in a deep-draft ship we

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had to use an oceangoing steamer for a lighter, transfer the engines to her deck and then bring them into one of the basins in this crude and cumbersome way. Such were the handicaps under which we labored for months.

But those engineers got busy. At the outset a discharge of two thousand tons a day was considered an immense performance at this port; on the day before I write this article, early in September, that same port discharged exactly 10,341 tons. We had not only rebuilt those warehouses but in this port and in the great base supply depot, four miles away, we had constructed fifty great warehouses that comprise a city of supply. We have linked those docks and warehouses with more than a hundred miles of tracks and spurs—some of them on concrete roadbed. Before the project is completed it will have a trackage equal to that of Altoona, which is a nerve center of the Pennsylvania system, with two hundred and fifty miles of rails. We have increased the basin facilities until to-day there are berths for twenty-one ships of big tonnage. Fourteen vessels can discharge at the same time.

The A. E. F. in France, with the Pershing foresight that made our whole achievement possible, always looks ahead, and there is now in course of construction an American pier nearly four thousand feet long, built on American piles, that eventually will accommodate sixteen vessels. The way I saw this pier driven far out into the river day after day with amazing rapidity made the French sit up. Accustomed to putting down massive concrete foundations they were speechless at the spectacle of American piles pounded in at the rate of two hundred a day. Not content with working these wonders on quay and roadbed our engineers have installed a complete water supply for the town, which meant the construction of complete water works and a pumping station with a capacity of six million gallons a day. A five-hundred-thousand-gallon reservoir was simply one feature of the project.

### The Proper Greeting

YOU are not surprised when I tell you that two men largely responsible for the consummation of this work are Lieut. Col. William G. Atwood, who in civil life drove the Alaska Central through the snows and rigors of the frozen north, and Maj. C. S. Coe, the man who built the famous viaduct of the Florida East Coast Railway out across the sea-sprayed reefs where experts had said no man could build. The commanding officer of this engineer regiment, I might add, was Col. John S. Sewell, who is now in command of the whole base section upon which his men have left such an enduring mark.

All this was not done without labor. The four hundred colored stevedores, yanked from sunny cotton plantation to the bitter winter coast of France, were the nucleus of the labor battalions now operating in this base section, which number 7600. With the willing, cheerful and uncomplaining toil of these men in khaki many of our wonders have been achieved. It was one of these Southern negroes who contributed a classic story of the war. When General Pershing visited this port he made a speech to the stevedores complimenting them on their splendid work. He concluded by saying that though he realized that every one of them wanted to fight some had to stay behind and do their work. He added that the men with the best records would have a chance to go "over the top." This phrase caused much discussion among the negroes, some of whom had never heard it. Everyone had his own definition.



*Lieutenant Colonel H. B. Moore*

Finally one of them rose up and said: "Well, de 'top' is a place where you go over; and when you goes you say, 'Good mawnin', Jesus!'"

No less remarkable are the engineering results achieved in Base Section Number Two, where in many respects a really stupendous construction effort has been recorded. This port serves one of the largest cities in France and is on a famous river. Here, so far as docks are concerned, we have registered two distinct achievements. When we entered the war there were berths for seven ships at the so-called French docks. If two ships could be discharged a week it was considered a big job. Again, we faced a well-nigh overwhelming problem of inadequate facilities. On the quays were a few sheds and switchmen's shanties; the trackage was slight. Yet at those French docks to-day, thanks to our dredging and construction, seven ships can discharge at the same time into warehouses big as city blocks or to cars that bustle up and down many miles of newly laid rails.

But this performance was as child's play alongside the really amazing feat that has been performed with the building of what will always be known as the American docks. Those first seven berths were hopelessly insufficient for our needs, so the American engineers set in to construct a whole new system of piers and berths along the river and extending north. It involved more than four thousand lineal feet of wharfage.

The land was swampy and low, filled in with silt, mud, garbage and the decomposed refuse of a camp of Annamites, the Indo-Chinese coolies who are employed as laborers by the French, British and American Armies in thousands. Hip deep in this filth our men toiled all through the bitter winter of 1917–18.

The French said that it would take three years at least, possibly five, to build these wharves. It took less than eight months, and this meant the rearing of nearly a mile of docks washed by the highest tide in France, the erection of concrete platforms with four lines of tracks, eight immense warehouses, the installation of ten electric five and ten ton cranes which straddle these tracks and lift huge parcels, ranging from bundles of cases of canned goods to whole motor trucks, direct from ship to car. Nearly seven million feet of lumber, most of it brought from the United States, was used in this enterprise. That former sea of swamp and garbage is now a whirlpool of action—a miniature Duluth—that rings with the riot of a mighty tonnage handled without delay. Where once two ships were unloaded in a week fourteen American vessels are now discharged at the same time. A ceaseless stream of supplies flows from their hatches.

### The City That Grew Overnight

I HAVE presented only one side of the construction picture at this port. Nine miles away, where a year ago stretched hundreds of acres of farm and vineyard, has risen what may well be called the City That Grew Overnight. Here has risen another one of our enormous base supply depots—you will read more of them in the next article—with a million and a half feet of covered storage space and three million feet of open storage already in use and as many more in the making.

Linking this community with the port is another system of tracks and switches—that whole network of railway receiving, classification and departure yards that is such a necessary part of our supply system. Once more you have the marvel of labor expansion, for the forty original stevedores of last autumn have grown into the army of five thousand that toils night and day. At first these labor battalions slept in tents, in the open air, anywhere they could lay their heads. Their spirit of sacrifice is equaled only by that kindred spirit of self-effacement of this regiment of engineers—which includes hundreds of college men working with ax and spade—which went to France to build railways and which has done everything, from installing plumbing fixtures, shower baths and bakery ovens in camps to building docks, dams, fire stations and hospitals. This unit—and the work it has done is merely typical of what all the engineer organizations have done—was originally in command of Col. J. B. Cavanaugh, who left that battleground of pick and pile to become head of the no less important if less physically exacting G1 at the headquarters of the S. O. S.

In this necessarily brief bird's-eye view of what we have done in these two ports you get an idea of what has been going on in various ways at the others that we use. Everywhere we have dug and dredged, laid down tracks, built warehouses, set up machinery; all to the end that

*(Continued on Page 50)*



*Brigadier General W. W. Atterbury*



*Brigadier General Edgar Russel*

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# CAMPING ON FIFTH

## By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ



*"I am Afraid it is My Fault. I Made a Cry in the Hall. It Was Monsieur Doucette That I Mistook for a Thief"*

AFTER getting right down to bedrock Mrs. Henry Barnard succeeded in lopping off thirteen thousand dollars from the annual estimate for running her Fifth Avenue home, and felt a justifiable pride in the accomplishment. In terms of War Savings Stamps this would allow the purchase of more than three thousand of them. Here was something in the nature of a real contribution to her country. Here was patriotism expressed in concrete terms. This of course by no means represented her total contribution to the cause; she and her husband had given generously to the Red Cross, in both time and money, and had always been among the leading fifty donors to every other subscription list that had come along. This, however, had entailed no personal sacrifice. Though Henry Barnard had turned over his plant entirely to government work and upon the Government's own terms, he had seen his income triple in the last year in spite of himself.

But this saving of thirteen thousand meant putting things on a war basis right at home, if to a lesser degree, with the same spirit that it was being done in England and France. It meant going without some things she wanted, which was a decidedly novel experience—the more novel because she was not forced to it by lack of resources. For the last few years every time she had gone into executive session with her husband on this matter of the next budget it had been with a line of very good arguments looking to an increase. Not that Henry Barnard was a man who in normal times needed any urging—he always listened respectfully and then without a word made out a check for whatever sum she asked—but more as a justification to herself. She liked to think of herself as, within the confines of her home, a good executive. This present effort at economy was her own idea, and as such she was almost as thrilled by it as she had been at the birth of her only child. With a trace of excitement she followed her husband to the library at the close of dinner.

"If you aren't too tired, Henry," she said, "I'd like to talk over with you a matter of business to-night. It's the first of May."

"To be sure," he nodded. "Let me make out a check for you without talking it over. I suppose you'll need a little more for next year."

"No," she answered with flushed cheeks; "a little less."

She seated herself at the left of the open wood fire, which was his greatest luxury and which she had John kindle for him every evening, even into the summer. She was a striking-looking woman of rather generous proportions, who appeared her queenly best in evening clothes. Barnard still stood a good deal in awe of her. She had inherited this house from her mother and for several years he had sweat blood to maintain it. But that was long ago.

"I've made a detailed estimate of the bare necessities," she went on. "Do you want to hear it?"

"Why, yes, my dear," he answered with growing interest.

She removed from the gold vanity box she was carrying a tiny slip of paper covered with her fine handwriting, and after waiting for him to light his cigar and settle down comfortably into a chair she began to read.

"I tried," she said, "to see my way clear to cutting down on the servants, but that seems quite impossible. We certainly couldn't very well do without Henry to drive the cars, could we?"

"The cars would not be of much use without him," he admitted.

"So I've allowed fifteen hundred dollars for him. Then there is one thousand for Julie for Albert. She not only cares for him but is really doing the work of a tutor."

Barnard nodded. Any item affecting even remotely the welfare of the boy was not to be considered open to any discussion whatever.

"Then I've put down a thousand for John. A butler is certainly a necessity."

"Yes, my dear."

"I am paying another thousand to Marie, my maid—but one must dress even in wartimes."

One had only to look at her to understand how perfectly Marie fulfilled her mission.

"We are paying one thousand for our cook. It is a wonder François remains for that. A kitchen maid calls for five hundred dollars more. The table girl and chambermaid together are receiving one thousand, and the laundress five hundred. These servants are merely to allow us to eat and sleep and wear clean clothes."

"Yes."

"That amounts to seventy-five hundred dollars. I have allowed fifteen hundred more for the care and garage rent for the cars; ten thousand for supplies for the house, which is a considerable reduction; five thousand for fuel and upkeep, and ten thousand for clothes for the three of us, and three thousand for incidentals. The total is thirty-seven thousand dollars as against fifty thousand dollars for last year."

"You are quite sure you can manage on that?" he queried.

"We must!" she answered firmly.

"You have the right idea," he replied approvingly. "Only of course if you run into the hole ——"

"That would spoil everything," she cut in. "There isn't much sense in economizing if it only leads you into debt, is there?"

"No," he admitted with a smile.

"You don't think I'm serious?" she inquired with a trace of disappointment.

Henry Barnard rose at that, and with his back to the fire stood before her in frank admiration.

"I do, my dear," he assured her. "I've never accused you of extravagance, only a house like this calls for certain fixed expenses and I don't see how you can reduce them very much."

He might have added that a woman like her called for certain fixed expenses and to save his life he did not see how those could be reduced without in some way marring the perfect result. Besides, this was not a very grave problem. He was, as a matter of fact, fretting over a much graver one at that very moment.

He had that day received word from old Pierre Doucette, who lived in a camp along the upper stretches of Dead River, that the trout were plentiful this year and waiting for his flies. And he was tired and his heart hungry for the sweet silence of the dewy woods in the early morning, and the music of running waters, and the tingling excitement of casting over the dark swirling pools, and the gorgeous peace of sunset time, and the fragrance of sizzling bacon and browning fish for supper, and the calm philosophy of Pierre as he talked over his pipe at night. For fifteen years these two weeks had helped to keep him sane during the remainder of the year—had cleared his brain and given balance to his soul and soothed his nerves. But this year he could not make it. Had his own business alone been concerned he would have snatched himself free of the plant had it meant the sacrifice of a hundred thousand dollars. But more than his own business was at stake now. His country needed him right where he was to keep the smoothly running organization at top speed. And that was all there was to it.

Barnard crossed to his library desk and made out a check for thirty-seven thousand dollars and handed it to his wife.

"I wish you luck, my dear."

"Thanks, Henry. You look tired to-night. Isn't it about time for you to get out your fishing things?"

"I heard from Pierre to-day."

"Then you will leave next week perhaps?"

"Perhaps," he replied. But as soon as she left he scribbled a note to Pierre Doucette:

*My Good Friend Pierre:* I'm afraid I'll have to make it a closed season on trout this year because my plant is running on government orders and I don't dare to spare a day. But I shall miss you and your cooking and your talk not only this month but in all the long months to come before another spring. My visit with you has always meant more than just the sport of fishing. You have always helped me to get back to simple, peaceful things and rest. *Eh bien,* as you say, *c'est la guerre.* Perhaps this year you can come on and visit me as you have so often promised. You will be welcome.

With best regards, HENRY BARNARD.

Barnard addressed an envelope and called John.

"Mail this at once," he ordered.

It was well to have this settled without further delay.

II

TOWARD six o'clock in the evening some two weeks later John, who was arranging the evening papers in the library with his ears cocked for the expectant arrival of his master, was startled by an attack upon the front door. It was nothing less than a violent assault made with some blunt instrument—possibly clenched fists. He paused unable to believe his ears, but it was repeated even more insistently. His first thought was that this was a matter for the police, and he moved toward the telephone. But at this moment Marie rushed in.

"Do you hear?" she demanded.

With dignity John replied: "My hearing is quite unimpaired."

"Then in the name of God——" burst out Marie.

The ellipsis said plainly enough: "Why don't you do something about it?"

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In order to maintain his self-respect John under these circumstances could do no less than go below and investigate personally. With discreet caution—it is a fact that in New York one may never know what strange visitors to expect—he opened the door the fraction of an inch, bracing with his foot, and peered out. What he saw was not encouraging: a tall, lank, bearded man dressed in an outlandish costume and carrying a basket.

"We do not receive peddlers," ventured John at a guess.

"It is Henry Barnard I wish to see," answered the stranger.

"The servants' entrance ——" began John.

But before he could finish, the man had thrown his weight against the door—a surprising weight for one apparently so lean. It almost upset the butler, who—when he had recovered—found the man standing in the hall in a decidedly aggressive attitude.

"By gar," said Pierre Doucette, "when Henry Barnard asks me to his house I come to his house. When I am here I enter. *Nom de Dieu*, why did you not open the door?"

John was dazed both by his fall and by the air of authority with which the man spoke in spite of his uncouth appearance.

He had never in his life been called upon to cope with so bewildering a situation. Obviously the man had something to sell, or why the basket?

"Mr. Barnard is not at home," announced John as soon as he was able to find his voice.

"*Eh bien*, then I will wait," decided the intruder.

With that he placed his basket upon the floor, sat down in one of the ornamental chairs, drew a corncob pipe from one pocket, a plug of tobacco and a knife from another, and with calm deliberation proceeded to whittle off enough to fill the palm of his hand. This he rolled with the other hand, keeping one eye upon the butler.

From the top of the stairs came a stifled ripple of laughter from Marie. It brought the color to John's cheeks. He straightened himself.

"If you do not leave at once I shall summon the police," he threatened.

"Eh?"

John moved toward the stairs.

"Attend!" Pierre spoke sharply. "You will remain where you are until Henry Barnard arrives. I have had trouble enough with you."

John hesitated, but after meeting the steel-gray eyes he decided that, if for no other purpose than to avoid making a scene, it was his duty to humor the fellow. Pierre lighted his pipe and immediately the air about him became heavy, not with the aromatic perfume of choice Havana but with a smudgy fog that made John cough. The cough was genuine, but John emphasized it a little as a suggestion that the coarse odor was anything but welcome—without, however, any appreciable result. At intervals during the next twenty minutes Marie appeared at the head of the stairs, and instead of being of assistance, as she might well have been by securing reënforcements, acted as though she were attending a vaudeville performance.

The toot of the chauffeur's horn without roused John to action. With a sidelong glance at the stranger and with the explanation that Mr. Barnard was approaching, John threw open the door with a sense of relief. Now we should see!

But what he did see was quite as astonishing as anything that had already happened. Barnard greeted the man with outstretched hand and an exclamation of joy.

"Pierre!" he cried. "But it's good to see your old face again!"

"You could not come to the trout and so I bring the trout to you," explained Pierre.

He extended the basket.

"Trout?"

Barnard opened the cover and looked within. There beneath wet moss, which had at the start been iced, he saw a half dozen speckled beauties weighing from a pound to two pounds. The sight of them brightened Barnard's tired eyes.

"Where did you get these?" he asked.

"In the pool at the foot of the log dam," answered Pierre.

How well Barnard knew the spot! It brought back the early-morning hike through the wet woods along the narrow trail that went up and down over wooded hillocks strewn with brown pine needles and across boggy brook beds in the hollows following the river until one burst through the underbrush to the sound of roaring waters.

"What did you use for a fly?" demanded Barnard.

Pierre placed his finger to his lips with a heavy wink.

"You beggar!" exploded Barnard. "I'll bet you didn't use a fly at all."

"There are your fish," replied Pierre.

"And we'll have them for dinner," declared Barnard. "Here, John, take these to the chef and tell him ——"

He paused. Then he turned to Pierre.

"Pierre, you ought to cook these yourself. The chef will spoil them."

"*Eh bien*," agreed Pierre, "show me your fire."

"Wait a minute. John, ask Mrs. Barnard to please come down for a moment."

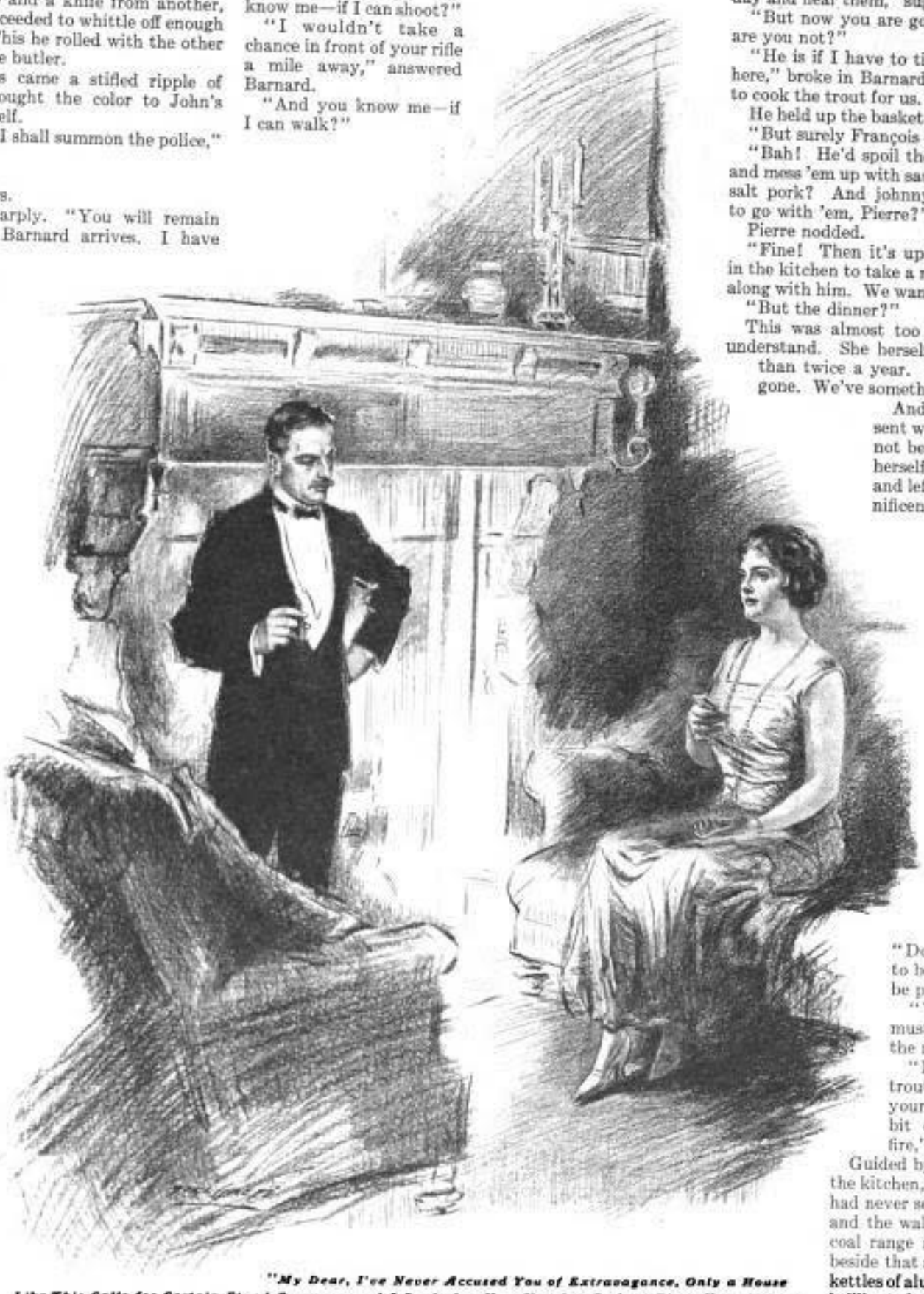
When John left, Barnard placed his hand on Pierre's shoulder.

"Now that I've got you I want you to camp here with me for a while," he said. "You will?"

Pierre glanced round uneasily. Then he straightened his shoulders. "M'sieur," he said, "there are fools in the village of Durham. You know me—if I can shoot?"

"I wouldn't take a chance in front of your rifle a mile away," answered Barnard.

"And you know me—if I can walk?"



*"My Dear, I've Never Accused You of Extravagance, Only a House Like This Calls for Certain Fixed Expenses and I Don't See How You Can Reduce Them Very Much"*

"A man who can shoulder a canoe on a twelve-mile carry is still going strong."

"*Eh bien*—then will you tell me why they permit Henri Benoit, a clerk in a store, to go to the war and say to me I am too old?" demanded Pierre.

"You tried to enlist?"

"*Nom de Dieu*, I have read the papers and—you ask that?"

"But, Pierre—you are nearly fifty?"

"I do not know how old I am. I do not care a damn how old I am. I can shoot and I can walk. That Henri Benoit ——"

Down the wide stair swept Mrs. Henry Barnard in all her majestic beauty, and cut the conversation short. Halfway she paused a moment, but at a glance from her husband came on.

"Elizabeth," said Barnard, using her first name, "this is Pierre. He has come to visit us."

Pierre doffed his cap and bowed. But she stepped toward him with her white hand extended.

"Oh, it is so good to see you, Pierre," she exclaimed. "My husband has talked a great deal about you."

"And in front of the fire at night I have heard him talk much about you," answered Pierre.

Henry Barnard flushed—actually he did. One talks freely about matters deep in the heart at night about dry pine logs.

"Tut, tut! Those are secrets of the woods," warned Barnard, drawing closer to his wife.

"Then madame must come to the woods herself some day and hear them," suggested Pierre.

"But now you are going to stay a little while with us, are you not?"

"He is if I have to tie him hand and foot to keep him here," broke in Barnard. "And to-night he has promised to cook the trout for us. Look at 'em!"

He held up the basket for her to see.

"But surely François ——"

"Bah! He'd spoil them with some sort of fancy name and mess 'em up with sauce. What does he know of honest salt pork? And johnnycake? You'll make johnnycake to go with 'em, Pierre?"

Pierre nodded.

"Fine! Then it's up to you, Beth, to invite his nibs in the kitchen to take a night off. You'd better send Ellen along with him. We want the place to ourselves."

"But the dinner?"

This was almost too radical a proceeding for her to understand. She herself did not visit the kitchen more than twice a year. "Let the servants eat it and be gone. We've something better ahead of us."

And so, with some foreboding, she sent word to François that dinner would not be served that evening. Then she herself escorted Pierre to the guest room and left him bewildered before the magnificent furnishings. He was sitting there quite helplessly, fearing to move, when Barnard came up to report that the coast was all clear.

"*Sacré!*" exclaimed Pierre. "You don't think I can sleep in a place like this?"

"You may do anything you like," answered Barnard. "Pull the blankets off the bed and camp on the floor if you'd rather.

"Come on now and get supper. I'm hungry for the first time in a month."

"You have lost weight," declared Pierre, looking at him critically.

"I've worked like the devil," said Barnard.

"If I had you for a month in camp ——"

"Don't tempt me. There's work to be done in these times that can't be put off."

"Yes," nodded Pierre. "But you must have a care—if only to work the more."

"If you had only packed up the trout brook in that old basket of yours, and a sunrise or two and a bit of fresh woods and the camp fire," exclaimed Barnard.

Guided by his wife Barnard led Pierre to the kitchen, but such a kitchen as the latter had never seen. The floor was of red tiling and the walls of white enamel. He saw a coal range as large as a small camp, and beside that a gas range. Row upon row of kettles of aluminum and copper reflected the brilliant electric lighting. He was confused

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by the array. A small wood stove, a fry pan, a mixing bowl and baking tin were all he needed for most of his cooking, and here were utensils enough to stock a store.

"Here you are," exclaimed Barnard. "Now do anything you like."

"Here I am," nodded Pierre. "But yes—only, *nom de diable*, what do you call this?"

Barnard glanced up at his wife.

"Isn't this the kitchen?" he inquired.

"Certainly," she laughed.

"Of course it is. If you haven't got what you need I'll send out for it."

The trouble was not there; it was to find among what was already here the few things he did need. But Mrs. Barnard helped, and by poking in this cupboard and that she managed to find a frying pan and a biscuit tin, and after a still longer search some salt pork for the fish, and eggs, milk, corn meal and baking powder for the johnnycake. In the meantime Barnard sat back comfortably in a wooden chair and drew from his pocket an old brier pipe.

"Hand me your plug," he said to Pierre.

Then, just as Pierre himself had done, he whittled off a palmful, rolled it and filled his black brier. By the time the sliced pork was sizzling he was contentedly puffing away.

It took Pierre less than thirty minutes to have supper all ready, and then while Mrs. Barnard stood perplexed over the grave problem of how and where to serve it Barnard had found a few dishes, knives and forks and set a wooden table in this very room. It was a fact that he proposed to dine in the kitchen.

"It's impossible!" exclaimed his wife.

"Just you sit down and see," answered Barnard. "You're the guest of Pierre and me at camp to-night."

Humbly she obeyed. Pierre cut the johnnycake in square chunks and piled it upon a heaping plate. He piled the hot trout upon another, and finally placed the coffeepot in the middle of the table within the reach of all. It was a crudely weird proceeding, but Mrs. Barnard forgot that as soon as she began to eat. Everything was good—marvelously good. She had eaten corn cake before, in the shape of delicately browned gems, but never anything like this. She had eaten trout before, fried daintily and garnished with sprigs of parsley and curling slices of lemon rind with a choice sauce to add piquancy, but never before had she tasted trout in all their native sweetness. The coffee was served black in big cups and tasted like real coffee. Each article of food was left as the good Lord intended it and not blended with other things. Besides, with nothing preceding the main dish in the shape of hors d'œuvre or soup, and with no other course to follow, one was left free to enjoy this one course generously to the utmost. Which without apology Pierre and Barnard proceeded to do, and which soon she allowed herself to do.

It was as satisfactory a dinner, viewed from any angle, as she had sat down to in a twelvemonth. And Henry Barnard, instead of sitting with beetled brows worrying over the day's unfinished problems, went back into the past with Pierre and fished again the rippling streams and the deep pools, while she listened with growing interest.

After the meal the men lighted their pipes and sat there a little before washing the dishes, which Pierre, over her protests, insisted upon doing. But they all helped at the task, even Mrs. Barnard herself; and so left the place tidy, as a good camp should be left.

They went upstairs after this and sat before the open fire for an hour, until the eyes of Pierre grew heavy toward nine o'clock. For a wonder Barnard himself began to feel sleepy, though for months he had found it difficult to quiet his head to the drowsy point until a few hours before morning. He escorted Pierre to his room and with a simple *bonne nuit* went from there to his own room, where he was soon fast asleep.

### III

AT DAYBREAK Barnard heard a scream, and springing out of bed he rushed into the hall, revolver in hand. What he found was Marie attired in a baby-blue bathrobe shrinking back with eyes that had turned from fright to mischievous enjoyment before the embarrassed figure of Pierre. It seems that Pierre in trying to find his way out of doors had roused the maid, who at first thought it was her mistress, but who, upon finding a man instead, had immediately jumped to the conclusion that he was a burglar. Hence the scream, which had accomplished more toward frightening Pierre than a dozen men with guns could have done.

"What the deuce?" broke out Barnard with a laugh.

"I was trying to get out to find some air when mam'selle —— *Mon Dieu*, but I am glad you came!" exclaimed Pierre.

"Marie, what were you trying to do to my friend?" demanded Barnard.

"Oh, m'sieur," pleaded Marie, not sure if he were joking or not.

"You must be careful not to frighten him again like this."

"But it was he who frightened me!"

"Yes," broke in Pierre gallantly; "I am sure it was like that."

"It looks to me as though you had frightened each other. But what in thunder are you up for at this hour of the morning?"

"It is daylight."

"True, but it is only four o'clock."

"The sun ——"

"We do not go by the sun in New York," laughed Barnard. "But now that you have got me out of bed I will join you. Wait five minutes for me, will you, Pierre?"

Pierre waited on the front steps, and a passing policeman remained on the other side of the street watching him until Barnard came out. Had he not recognized the latter he would have stopped the two as they strode off up the avenue. This was no hour for honest folk to be abroad.

But the air was clean and sweet and cool, and save for the occasional noisy rattle of a milk cart the silence was refreshing. Barnard continued to the park, where the bushes and trees were glistening after their morning bath of dew. With sufficient imagination it was possible for one to believe oneself in the north woods. Only Barnard knew there was no trout brook at the end of the trail. If he kept on in whatever direction he was certain to break through once again into the surrounding ramparts of houses. Still these quiet trails made for peace, and there was a bracing quality to the air that at the end of an hour had whetted his appetite. He glanced at his watch.

"Jove!" he said. "It's only a little after five and we don't have breakfast until eight-thirty."

Pierre looked up anxiously.

Barnard had an idea.

"I believe if we hustle we can make the kitchen before François shows up. There's some of that johnnycake left, and between us we ought to manage to fry some eggs, eh?"

"You can bet your life," declared Pierre with solemn conviction.

The two men quickened their pace, and though John was not at the door to let them in Barnard discovered that it was just as feasible a process to let himself in with his pass key in the daytime as late at night. With suppressed excitement Barnard led the way to the kitchen. It was still deserted. The coal range had not yet been kindled, but he managed to light the gas range, though it required all his latent inventive ability to discover the right cocks to turn. Then he began to forage for supplies with a good deal the emotional reaction of a real burglar. With a shout he brought to light some eggs and finally the bacon. Pierre proceeded to slice the latter, and at this moment Mary Ellen entered, and with a scream retired.

Barnard tried to catch her in time to explain, but she escaped him and roused François. The latter escorted her back, bravely armed with a large carving knife, which he always kept under his pillow for emergencies. François knew Barnard by sight, but that only complicated matters. What was this other strange cook doing here? François began indignantly to protest when Barnard somewhat abruptly cut him short.

"You and the other one clear out of here until we're through," he commanded.

"But, m'sieur, I demand ——"

"You demand of me—in my own kitchen?" exploded Barnard.

"M'sieur does not understand."

"Apparently you don't understand either. Get out! Is that clear?"

François drew himself up to his full height.

"M'sieur will accept my resignation," he decided.

"You bet!" agreed Barnard.

"Faith, an' I leave too, then," added Mary Ellen.

"Fine," nodded Barnard. "The sooner the better."

For a moment François still stood aggressively facing the two men, but Pierre at sight of the big carving knife had seized the weapon with which he had been attacking the bacon and now began to edge closer to the enraged cook, the lust of battle in his eyes. Man to man, and knife against knife—that was the way he liked best to fight. François, however, had no intention to press matters beyond a threat. With a muttered oath he retired, Mary Ellen close beside him.

"The field is ours," observed Barnard turning in triumph to Pierre. But the latter appeared disappointed.

"It is a grand pity that always at the last moment these men here do not fight," he declared.

"It is better so," decided Barnard. "But look here, with the cook gone Beth won't get any breakfast unless she joins us. Perhaps I'd better go up and get her."

"*Va t'en*," nodded Pierre. "I will have all ready in twenty minutes."

So Barnard proceeded upstairs to his wife's room at six o'clock in the morning. She woke with a start as he entered.

"What is the trouble, Henry?" she exclaimed, sitting up in bed.

"Nothing, only Pierre and I have been over the top and taken the first-line trench. François and Mary Ellen are quitting at once."

"But Henry!" she gasped in consternation. This really seemed almost as serious as anything she had feared. She knew what it was to secure a cook in these wild days.

"Bah! We'll get along somehow. I came to see if you won't come down and have breakfast with Pierre and me."

"At this hour?"

"It's sunup. In camp I'd be on the stream by now."

"I know, but—but, after all, this isn't camp."

He stooped over her and kissed her. "Then let's play it is," he suggested. "Come on and join us. I wish the boy was up too."

"You mustn't disturb Albert."

"I'll bet he's awake at that. I'm going in and see."

"I'm afraid you'll disturb Julie if you don't the boy."

"Hang Julie!" he broke out. "I've been out among the trees this morning and I'm full of pep. I've met François and Mary Ellen, and now I'm looking for more scalps. We've let the servants run this house long enough. Whoopee! Whoopee!"

Henry Barnard disappeared through the door with a display of youthful enthusiasm that made her feel that it was really incumbent upon her to dress and watch his further movements. There was no knowing to what lengths a man in this mood might go. She summoned Marie at once.

"Madame is ill?" inquired Marie anxiously as she appeared.

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"*Nom de Dieu*," Exclaimed Pierre, "If They Would Only Permit Me One Shot at a Hun! That is All I Ask—Just One"

# THE CITY OF COMRADES

V

## By BASIL KING

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

MY ACQUAINTANCE with Ralph Coningsby was the hinge on which my destiny turned. A hinge is a small thing as compared with a door, and so was my friendship with Coningsby in proportion to the rest of my life; but it became its cardinal point.

I met him first at the meeting of the club at which the Scotchman and the piano mover presented themselves for membership. As to the five outsiders whom Lovey and I had found on arriving, Christian's prediction was verified. Three went out when their week was over and they had got sobered up. Two stayed behind to go on with the work of reform. At the end of another week each stood up with his next friend, as a bridegroom with his best man, and asked to be taken into fellowship.

That was at the great weekly gathering, which took place every Saturday night. Among the hundred and fifty-odd men who had assembled in the two downstairs sitting rooms it was not difficult to single out Coningsby, since he was the only man I could see in whom there was nothing blasted or scorched or tragic. There was another there of whom this was true, but I didn't meet him till toward the end of the evening.



*As They Were Passing Into the Next Room Regina Barry Turned and Looked at Me a Third Time. It Was Now an Inquiring Look, and Significant*

I had now been some ten days within the four walls of the club, not sobering up, as you know, but trying to find myself. The figure of speech is a good one, for the real Frank Melbury seemed to have been lost. This other self, this self I was anxious to get rid of, had left him in some bright and relatively innocent world, while it went roaming through a land of sand and thorns. I had distinctly the feeling of being in search of my genuine identity.

For this I sat through long hours of every day doing absolutely nothing—that is, it was absolutely nothing so far as the eye could see; but inwardly the spirit was busy. I came, too, to understand that that was the secret of the long, stupefied forenoons and afternoons on the part of my companions. They were stupefied only because sight couldn't follow the activity of their occupation. Beyond the senses so easily staggered by strong drink there was a man endeavoring to come forth and claim his own. In far, subliminal, unexplored regions of the personality that man was forever at work. I could see him at work. He was at work when the flesh had reached the end of its short tether, and reeled back from its brief and helpless efforts to enjoy. He was at work when the sore and sodden body could do nothing but sit in lumbering idleness. He was at work when the glazed eye could hardly lift its stare from a spot on the floor.

That was why tobacco no longer afforded solace, nor reading distraction, nor an exchange of anecdotes mental relaxation. I don't mean to say that we indulged in none of these pastimes, but we indulged in them slightly. On the one hand, they were pale in comparison to the raw excitement our appetites craved; and on the other, they offered nothing to the spirit, which was, so to speak, aching and clamorous. Apart from the satisfaction we got from sure and regular food and sleep our nearest approach to comfort was in a kind of silent, tactual clinging together. None of us wanted to be really alone. We could sit for hours without exchanging more than a casual word or two, when it frightened us to have no one else in the room. The sheer promiscuity of bed against bed enabled us to sleep without nightmares.

The task of chumming up had, therefore, been an easy one. So little was demanded. When a newcomer had been shown the ropes of the house there was not much more to do for him. One could only silently help him to find his lost identity as one was finding one's own.

"That's about all there is to it," Andrew Christian observed when I had said something of the sort to him. "You can't push a man into the kingdom of heaven; he's got to climb up to it of his own accord. There's no salvation except what one works out through one's own sweat and blood."

He gave me one of his quick, semihumorous glances. "I suppose you know what salvation is?"

I replied that I had heard a great deal about it all my life, but I was far from sure of what it entailed in either effort or accomplishment.

"Salvation is being normal. The intuitive old guys who coined language saw that plainly enough when they connected the idea with health. Fundamentally health is salvation and salvation is health—only perfect health, health not only of the body but of the mind. Did it ever strike you that health and holiness and wholeness are all one word?"

I said it never had.

"Well, it's worth thinking about. There's a lot in it. You'll get a lot out of it. The holy man is not the hermit on his knees in the desert, or the saint in colored glass, or anything that we make to correspond to them. He's the fellow who's whole—who's sound in wind and limb and intelligence and sympathy and everything that makes power. When we say 'O worship the Lord in th beauty of holiness,' we mean, O worship the Lord i the beauty of the all-round man, who's developed i every direction, and whose degree of holiness is ju in proportion to tha development."

"That's a bi thought, sir," I said "I don't believ many people wh speak the Englis language ever ge hold of it. But how does it happen tha one of the tw words is spelt with a 'w', while th other ——"

He laughed, showing two rows o small, regular white teeth, as pretty as a girl's.

"That wa another lot of intuitive guys; and a very neat trick they played on us. They saw that once the Anglo-Saxon, with his fine, big sporting instinct, got hold of the idea that holiness meant spreading out and living out in all manly directions—and by that I don't mean giving free rein to one's appetites, of course—but they saw that once the fundamental idea became plain to us the triumph of lust would be lost.

"So they inserted that little bluffing, blinding 'w,' which doesn't belong there at all, to put us off the scent; and off the scent we went. Church and state and human society have all combined to make holiness one of the most anemic, flat-chested words in the language when it's really a synonym of normality."

We exchanged these thoughts in the narrow hall of the club, as he happened to be passing, and stopped for a few words. It was always his way. He never treated us to long and formal interviews. From a handclasp and a few chance sentences we got the secret of a personality which gave out its light and heat like radium, without effort and without exhaustion.

"What do ye think 'e says to me?" Lovey demanded of me one day. "'Lovey,' says 'e, 'ye've got a terr'ble responsibility on ye with that young fella, Slim. If you go under 'e goes under, and if you keep straight 'e keeps straight.' What do ye think of that?"

"I think you're doing an awful lot for me, Lovey."

He slapped his leg.

"Ye got that number right, old son. There's nobody else in the world I'd 'a' done it for. If you 'adn't taken a fancy to me, like, that night, and arsked me to go 'ome with you —— But, say, Slim," he went on confidentially, "wouldn't you like to 'ave a drink?"

Wouldn't I like to have a drink? There was thirst in the very rustle of Lovey's throat. There was the same thirst in my own. It was more than a thirst of the appetite—it was a thirst of the being, of whatever had become myself. It was one of the moments at which the lost identity seemed farther away than ever, and the Frank Melbury of the last three years the man in possession.

I couldn't, however, let Lovey see that.

"Oh, one gets used to going without drinks."

"Do ye? I don't. I'd take a drink of 'air oil if anybody'd give me one. Anything that comes out of a bottle 'd be better'n nothink, after all this water from a jug."

During the first few days at the club this was my usual state, not of mind but of sensation. During the next few

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days I passed into a condition that I can best express as one of physical resignation. The craving for drink was not less insistent but it was more easily denied. Since I couldn't get it I could do without it, and not want to dash my head against a stone. But after the words with Andrew Christian I have just recorded I began to feel—oh, ever so slightly!—that Nature had a realm of freedom and vigor in which there was no need of extraordinary stimulants, and of which sunshine, air and water might be taken as the symbols. With the resting of my overexcited nerves and the response of a body radically healthy to regular sleep and simple food I began to feel, at least at intervals, that water, air and sunshine were the natural elements to thrive on.

My first glance at Ralph Coningsby showed me a man who had thriven on them. He was the type to whom most of us take at sight—the clean, fresh, Anglo-Saxon type, blue-eyed and fair, whom you couldn't do anything but trust. "God, how I should like to look like that!" I said to myself the minute I saw him come in.

I knew by this time that at the big weekly meetings there were sometimes friendly visitors whose touch with the club was more or less accidental. I had no difficulty in putting this man down as one. He entered as if he were at any ordinary gathering of friends, with a nod here, a handshake there, and a few words with someone else. Then for a minute he stood, letting his eyes search the room till they rested on me, where I stood in a corner of the front sitting room.

There was at once that livening of the glance that showed he had found what he was looking for. Making his way through the groups that were standing about he came up and offered his hand.

"Your name's Melbury, isn't it? Mine's Coningsby. I think you must be the same Melbury who went to the Beaux Arts in the fall of the year in which I left in the spring."

"Oh, you're that Coningsby? You used to know Bully Harris?"

"Rather! He and I lived together for a year in the Rue de Seine."

"And he and I spent a year in the same house in the Rue Bonaparte."

"And now he's out in Red Wing, Minnesota, doing very well, I hear."

"The last time I saw him was in London. We dined together at the Piccadilly and did a theater."

"And Tommy Runt? Do you ever hear of him?"

"Not since he went back to Melbourne; but that chap he was always about with—Saunderson, wasn't it?—he was killed in a motor accident near Glasgow."

"So I heard. Someone told me—Pickman, I think it was—an Englishman. But you didn't know Pickman, did you? He left the year I came, which must have been three or four years before your time. By the way, why don't we sit down?"

In the process of sitting down I remembered my manners: "Mr. Coningsby, won't you let me introduce you to my friend, Mr. Lovey?"

Lovey was seated, nursing a knee and looking as wretched as a dog to whom no one is paying the customary attention. He resented Coningsby's appearance; he resented a kind of talk which put me beyond his reach.

When Coningsby, who seated himself between us, had shaken hands and made some kindly observation Lovey replied peevishly: "I ain't in 'ere for nothink but to save Slim."

"That's what the boys call me," I laughed in explanation.

Coningsby having duly commended this piece of self-sacrifice we went on with the reminiscences with which we had begun. It was the most ordinary kind of breaking the ice between one man and another; but for me the wonder of it was precisely in that fact. You have to be down and out to know what it means when someone treats you as if you had never been anything but up and in. There was not a shade in Coningsby's manner nor an inflection in his tone to hint at the fact that we hadn't met at the New Netherlands or any other first-class club. It was nothing, you will say, but what any gentleman would be impelled to. Quite true! But again let me say it: you would have to be in my place to know what it means to be face to face with the man who is impelled to it.

We stopped talking, of course, when business began, Coningsby giving me any necessary explanation in an undertone, and pointing out the notables whom I didn't know by sight.



*"Wouldn't You Know It?" Miss Barry Said Lightly. "One of the Nicest Rooms in the House. It's Wonderful How Well Men Do Themselves, Isn't It?"*

One of these was Colonel Straight, who with Andrew Christian had founded the club. I don't believe that he had ever been a colonel, but he looked like one; neither can I swear that his real name was Straight, though it suited him. In our world the sobriquet often clings closer to us and fits us more exactly than anything given by inheritance or baptism. Here was a man with a figure as straight as an arrow, and a glance as straight as a sunbeam. What else could his name have been? With one leg slightly shorter than the other, as if he had been wounded in battle, a magnificent white mustache, a magnificent fleece of white hair—he had all the air not only of an old soldier but of an old soldier in high command.

"You wouldn't think to look at him," Coningsby whispered, "that he's only an old salesman for ready-made clothes."

"No; he ought to be at the head of a regiment."

"But the odd thing I notice about this club is that a man's status and occupation in the world outside seem to fall away from him as soon as he passes the door. The only thing that counts is what he is as a man; and even that doesn't count for everything."

"What does count for everything?" I asked in some curiosity.

"That he's a man at all."

"That's it exactly," I agreed heartily. "I hadn't put it to myself in that way; but I see that it's what I've been conscious of."

"As an instance of that you can take the friendship between Straight and Christian. From the point of view of the outside world they're of types so diverse that you'd say that the difference precluded friendship of any kind. You know what Christian is; but the colonel is hardly what you'd call a man of education. Without being illiterate he makes elementary grammatical mistakes, and unusual ideas floor him. But to say that he and Christian are like brothers hardly expresses it."

I pondered on this as the meeting, with Christian in the chair, came to order and the routine of business began.

When it grew uninteresting to people with no share in the management of the club I got an opportunity to whisper: "You settled in New York?"

"I'm with Sterling Barry; the junior of the four partners."

The reply seemed to strip from me the few rags of respectability with which I had been trying to cover myself up. Had he gone on to say "And I saw you break into his house and steal his daughter's trinkets," I should scarcely have felt myself more pitilessly exposed.

It was perhaps a proof of what the club had done for me that I no longer regarded this crime with the same sang-froid as when I entered. Even on the morning of my first talk with Andrew Christian I could have confessed it more or less as I should have owned to a solecism in etiquette. During the intervening ten days, however, I had so far reverted to my former better self that the knowledge that I was the man who had crept into a house and begun to rob it filled me with dismay. I had to pretend that I didn't want to interrupt the conducting of business to conceal the fact that I was unable to reply.

"You've worked in New York too?" he began again, when there was a chance of speaking.

I had by this time so far recovered myself as to be able to tell him the names of my various employers. I didn't add that they had fired me one after another because of my drinking spells, since I supposed he would take that for granted.

"Ever thought of Barry's?"

"I brought a letter of introduction to him from McArdle, of Montreal; but I never presented it."

"Pity."

"Yes; perhaps it was. But you see I didn't like McArdle's work, though I studied under him. As I was afraid of getting into the same old rut I went to Pritchard."

"What do you think of Barry's things now?"

"Oh, I like them—though they're not so severe as I should go in for myself. The modern French is a little too florid, and he goes them one better."

"Just my feeling. I should like you to see a bit of work I've been doing on my own; rather a big order—for me, that is—in which I've had to be as American as the deuce, and yet keep to the best lines."

"Like to," I managed to whisper back as we heard Christian announce that two new men were now to be admitted to the club.

I was interested in the ceremony, having by this time got on friendly terms with both the piano mover and the Scotchman, and learned something of their history. With necessary divergences the general trend of these tales was the same. Both were married men, both had children, in both cases "the home was broken up"—the phrase had become classic in the club—though in the one instance the wife had taken the children to her own people, and in the other she was doing her best to support them herself.

Their names being called there was a scraping of chairs, after which the two men lumbered forward, each accompanied by his next friend. The office of next friend, as I came to learn, was one of such responsibility as to put a strain on anything like next friendship. The Scotchman's next friend was a barber, who, as part of his return for the club's benefits to himself, had that afternoon cut the hair of all of us inmates—nineteen in number; while the piano mover had as his sponsor the famous Beady Lamont. The latter pair moved forward like two elephants.

I shall not describe this initiation further than to say that everything about it was simple, direct and impressive. The four men being lined in front of Mr. Christian's desk the spokesman for the authorities was old Colonel Straight.

"The difference between this club and every other club," he said, in substance, "is that men goes to other clubs to amuse theirselves, and here they come to fight. This club is an army. Anyone who joins it joins a corps. You two men who wants to come in with us 'ave got to remember that up to now you've been on your own and independent; and now you'll be entering a company. Up to now if you worked you worked for yourself; if you loafed you loafed for yourself; if you was lounge lizards you was lounge lizards on your own account and no one else's; and if you got drunk no one but you—leaving out your wife and children; though why I leave them out God alone knows!—but if you got drunk no one but you had to suffer. Now it's going to be all different. You can't get drunk without hurting us, and we can't get drunk without hurting you. T'other way round—every bit of fight we put up helps you, and every bit of fight you put up helps us.

"Now there's lots of things I could say to you this evening; but the only one I want to jam right home is this: You and us look at this thing from different points of view. You come here hoping that we're going to help you to keep straight. That's all right. So we are; and we'll all be on the job from this night forward. You won't find us taking no vacation, and your next friends here'll worry you like your own consciences. They'll never leave you alone the minute you ain't safe. You'll hear 'em promise to hunt for you if you go astray, and go down into the ditch with you and pull you out. There'll be no dive so deep that they won't go after you, and no kicks and curses that you can give 'em that they won't stand in order to haul you back. That's all gospel true, as you're going to find out if you go back on your promises. But that ain't the way the rest of us—the hundred and fifty of us that you see here to-night—looks at it at all. What we see ain't two men we're tumbling over each other to help; we see two men that's coming to help us. And oh, men, you'd better believe that we need your help! You look round and you see this elegant house—and the beds—and the grub—and everything decent and reg'lar—and you think how swell we've got ourselves fixed. But I tell you, men, we're fighting for our life—the whole hundred and fifty of us! And another hundred and fifty that ain't here! And another hundred and fifty that's scattered to the four winds of the earth; we're fighting for our life; we're fighting with our back against the wall. We ain't out of danger because we've been a year or two years or five years in the club. We're never out of danger. We need every ounce of support that anyone can bring to us; and here you fellows come bringing it! You're bringing it, Colin MacPherson, and you're bringing it, Tapley Toms; and there ain't a guy among us that isn't glad and grateful. If you go back on your own better selves you go back on us first of all; and if either of you falls you leave each one of us so much the weaker."

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That, with a funny story or two, was the gist of it; but delivered in a low, richly vibrating voice, audible in every corner of the room and addressed directly and earnestly to the two candidates, its effect was not unlike that of Whitefield's dying man preaching to dying men. All the scarred, haunted faces, behind each of which there lurked memories blacker than those of the madhouse, were turned toward the speaker raptly. Knowledge of their own hearts and knowledge of his gave the words a power and a value beyond anything they carried on the surface. The red-hot experience of a hundred and fifty men was poured molten into the minute, to give to the promises the two postulants were presently called on to make a kind of iron vigor.

Those promises were simple.

Colin MacPherson and Tapley Toms took the total abstinence pledge for a week, after which they would be asked to renew it for similar periods till they felt strong enough to take it for a month.

They would remain as residents of the club till morally reëstablished, but they would look for work, in which the club would assist them, and send at least three-quarters of their earnings to their wives. As soon as they were strong enough they would set up homes for their families again, and try to atone for their failure in the meantime. They would do their best to strengthen other members of the club, and to live in peace with them. The religious question was shelved by asking each man to give his word to reconnect himself with the church in which he had been brought up.

The promises exacted of the next friends were, as became veterans, more severe. They were to be guardians of the most zealous activity, and shrink from no insult or injury in the exercise of their functions. If their charges fell irretrievably away their brothers in the club would be sorry for them, even though the guilt would not be laid at their door.

When some twenty or thirty members had renewed their vows for a third, fourth or fifth week, as the case happened to be, the meeting broke up for refreshments.

It was during this finale to the evening that Coningsby brought up a man somewhat of his own type, and yet different.

He was different in that though of the same rank and age he was tall and dark, and carried himself with a slight stoop of the shoulders. An olive complexion touched off with well-rounded black eyebrows and a neat black mustache made one take him at first for a foreigner, while the dreaminess of the dark eyes was melancholy and introspective if not quite despondent.

"Melbury, I want you to know Doctor Cantyre, who holds the honorable office of physician in ordinary to the club."

Once more I was in conversation with a man of antecedents similar to my own, and once more the breaking of the ice was that between men accustomed to the same order of associations. In this case we found them in Cantyre's tourist recollections of Montreal and Quebec, and in his enjoyment of winter sports.

*VI*

THERE was nothing more than this to the meeting that night, but early the next afternoon I was called to the telephone. As such a summons was rare in the club I went to the instrument in some trepidation.

"Hello! This is Frank Melbury."

"This is Doctor Cantyre. You remember that we met last evening?"

"Oh, rather!"

"I'm motoring out in my runabout to see a patient who lives a few miles up the river, and I want you to come along."

The invitation, which would mean nothing to you but a yes or a no, struck me almost speechless. There was first the pleasure of it. I have not laid stress on the fact that the weather was sickeningly hot, because it didn't enter into our considerations. We were too deeply concerned with other things to care much that the house was stifling; and yet stifling it was. But more important than that was the fact that anyone in the world should want to show me this courtesy. Remember that I had been beyond the reach of courtesies. A drink from someone who would expect me to give him a drink in return was the utmost I had known in this direction for months, and I might say for years.

Is it any wonder that in my reply I stammered and stuttered and nearly sobbed?

"Oh, but, I say, I—I look too beastly for an expedition of—of that sort. I'm awfully sorry, but—but I—well, you know how it is."

"Oh, get out! You've got to have the air. I'm your doctor. I'm not going to see you cooped up there day after day in weather like this. Besides, I'm bringing along a couple of dust coats—the road will be dusty part of the way—and we shall both be covered up. Expect me by half past two."

As he put up the receiver without waiting for further protests there was nothing for me but submission.

"I've been 'ere as long as you 'ave," Lovey complained when I told him of my invitation, "and nobody don't ask me to go hout in no automobiles."

"Oh, but they will."

He shook his head.

"Them swells'll take you away, sonny. See if they don't."

"Not from you, Lovey."

He grabbed me by the arm.

"Will you promise me that, Slim?"

"Yes, Lovey; I promise you."

"And we'll go on being buddies, even when the rich guys talks to you about all them swell things?"

"Yes, Lovey. We're buddies for life."

With this Mizpah between us he released my arm and I was able to go and make my preparations.

In spite of the heat and the fact that on a windless day there was no dust to speak of, Cantyre was buttoned up in a dust coat. It would have seemed the last word in tact if he hadn't gone further by pretending to be occupied in doing something to the steering wheel while I hid my seedy blue serge in the long linen garment he handed me out. As even an old golf cap can look pretty decent I was really like anybody else by the time I had snuggled myself in by his side.

During the first mile or two of the way I could hardly listen to Cantyre, to say nothing of making conversation. In spasmodic sentences between his spells of attention to the traffic he told me of his patient and where she lived; but as it was nothing I was obliged to register in my mind I could give myself to the wonder of the occasion, in awe at the miracle which had restored me to something like my old place in the world at the very moment when I seemed farthest away from it. Here I was, with not a penny to my name and not two coats to my back, tooling along like a gentleman with a gentleman, and as a man with his friend. Moreover, here I was with a new revelation, a convincing revelation, of something I had long since ceased to believe—that in this world there was such a thing as active brotherly kindness.

I came out of these thoughts to find that we were following the avenue with part of which I had made myself so familiar ten days before. I began to ask myself if Cantyre had a motive in bringing me this way. The houses were thinning out. Vacant lots became frequent. I noted the southern limit of my pacings up and down on that strange midnight. Cantyre slowed the pace perceptibly. My heart thumped. If he accused me of anything I was resolved to confess all.

As we passed one particular vacant lot, a tangle of nettle, fireweed and blue succory, I noticed that Cantyre's gaze roamed round about it to the neglect of the machine. We had slowed down to perhaps ten miles an hour.

"Do you know whose house that is?" he asked suddenly.

But I refused to betray myself before it was necessary.

"Whose?" I riposted.

"Sterling Barry, the architect's."

The machine almost stopped. He looked the façade up and down, saying as he did so: "It's closed for the season. They left town a few days ago. Barry's bought the old Hornblower place at Rosyth, Long Island."

To my relief we sped on again; but I was not long in learning the motive behind his interest.

Chiefly for the sake of not seeming dumb I said as we got into the country: "You and Ralph Coningsby are by way of being great friends, aren't you?"

"No," he replied promptly. "I see him when I go to the club; not very often elsewhere. I know his sister, Elsie Coningsby, better. Not that I know her very well. She is a great friend of—of a—of a great friend—or, rather, someone who was a great friend—of mine. That's all."

*(Continued on Page 92)*



*"And My Two Gells—Well, Bein' Acquitted Didn't Make No Difference to Them; They'd Seen"*

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# More Precious Than Rubies

XV

## By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

CALDECOTT spent that forenoon in his office jotting down notes of his motion-picture enterprise to give to Townsend. He had made it a practice of never leaving the Jewelers' Guild Building at the same hour two days in succession. It was three o'clock when he remembered his engagement with Mr. George G. Carnarvon.

He closed the door of his office very deliberately, almost as though the operation possessed a certain dramatic value. He tried it, to see if it was locked, and then took the elevator.

He stood for a moment before the overelaborate entrance of the building. Instead of going toward the Subway as usual, he turned east. He carried a small valise in his left hand.

At William Street, however, he turned north, and at Fulton Street he turned westward toward Broadway. He entered an office building halfway down the block, took the elevator, got off at the third floor, then walked downstairs and quickly crossed the street and walked toward Broadway with a suggestion of a premeditated plan. At the corner he entered a cigar shop and stepped into the telephone booth.

A moment later a square-shouldered, dark-haired, gray-eyed, ruddy-faced young man in blue serge and fine Panama hat asked for a package of cigarettes.

Caldecott had lifted the receiver from the hook and held it to his ear. He had not, however, dropped the nickel in the slot, and thus held a dead wire. He had left the glass door of the booth slightly ajar.

"Hello? Hector 9876?" He spoke rather loudly. The number was that of the office of the collector of the port. "I want to speak to Mr. Wheeler. . . . Caldecott—C-a-l-d-e-c-o-t-t. . . . Personal matter. . . . Yes. . . . No! Mr. Wheeler himself." There was a pause. The young man in blue serge was very carefully opening his box of cigarettes, his right ear turned toward the booth.

"Wheeler? . . . This is Caldecott. . . . Yes! . . . Yes! . . . Wait a minute. I just want to tell you that your man is here—the heavy-built one that wears an intelligent look at times. . . . No, I said at times. . . . My own men who are trailing him say his present name is David Tonkin. . . . I have told them to verify certain stories they have heard about him. . . . Certainly I won't tell you. His past life doesn't concern me unless he goes on the stand. . . . That's your funeral. But anyhow you just tell him to quit, and get somebody else in his place. Just hold the wire and I'll call him in."



"I Knew That You Were on the Boat for the Purpose of Leading Me Toward Jail and a Fine. But I Was Crazy to Experiment With Your Sense of Honor"

Caldecott pushed open the door of the booth and said sharply: "Here, Tonkin, if you want to talk to the collector —— Don't look so cheap, man! It wasn't your fault."

"You think I am ——" angrily began Uncle Sam's sleuth.

But Caldecott interrupted him: "I never think of you at all, and consequently I cannot think you are anything. You don't wish to talk to Mr. Wheeler? Very well. . . . Good-by, Anson. Tonkin is naturally mortified."

Caldecott hung up the receiver with a satisfied smile and started to leave the booth.

"You ——" said Tonkin thickly. "You are one of these wisenheimers; but I'll get you if I have to ——"

Caldecott put his valise on the seat in the booth and took from his upper waistcoat pocket a piece of paper, which he gave to Tonkin. His right hand he kept in his coat pocket. He said: "Read it!"

Tonkin did. It was a permit to carry a gun, such as the police department grants to jewelers.

"Now, you infernal ass," said Caldecott in a voice that nobody in the shop except Tonkin heard, "since you have been trailing me I have made it a point to carry on my person a hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, on which the duty was carefully paid by the firms that own them. Of course I am afraid of being attacked by thieves. I have been at some pains to talk of this fear to various men in the trade and I have pointed out to scores of people how many holdups the newspapers have printed lately. I have my lawyers engaged and everything is ready. So, I'll shoot first—to kill. I cannot take chances on your testimony. Your silence won't contradict my version. So, look out, Tonkin!"

"Oh, shucks, you can't ——"

"I can't? Just you make one motion to grab this valise, which has in it exactly one hundred and five thousand dollars' worth of diamonds belonging to Van Huysen, Mayer & Co., and see what happens. Did your boss tell you who I was and what he has not been able to do to me in all the months he has tried so hard?"

Caldecott's eyes were fixed so menacingly on the detective that Tonkin sneered to save his face—and walked out of the shop.

Caldecott still frowning walked up Broadway knowing that Tonkin was still on his trail. He therefore went into the general post office and stopped before the window marked "General Delivery, T to Z." He asked the clerk, "Got any letter for M-m-m-m?"

The clerk inside naturally asked "Who?"

Caldecott for the first time taking his right hand out of his coat pocket put it behind his right ear and leaning forward asked pleasantly, "What did you say?"

"What name?" yelled the clerk, glaring at the deaf man.

"K. M. Winterbottom," said Caldecott loudly enough to be heard by everybody within thirty feet.

Tonkin, who was barely ten feet away, made a note of the name and moved closer.

The clerk sorted over a lot of W's. Then he looked particularly pleased and cheerfully answered: "Nothing doing!"

"If any letters come for K. M. Winterbottom"—Caldecott spoke very distinctly—"hold them until a secret-service man comes for them. We are trailing a smuggler who has been getting his mail here—nit!"

And Caldecott turned a smiling face toward D. Tonkin, who made for him with clenched fists. Caldecott quickly put his right hand into his coat pocket, and it was plain that he was pointing an automatic revolver in the direction of David Tonkin.

"Come on!" said Caldecott, backing slowly into a recess in the partition of letter boxes. "Come on, you ——" he said and did not smile. "I am being persecuted by your boss, who is trying to frame me up, as my lawyers and all my trade friends well know. Come on! My own men have seen you follow me from the office of Van Huysen, Mayer & Co. this morning. How could I know you were a detective? In my excitement I thought you were a holdup man. Can't I make you strike me, you ——?"

Nobody had ever called Tonkin the mildest of these names. He did not think anybody could call him such names and live. But Caldecott was trying to get his goat, and whether or not he shot to kill did not matter. David Tonkin was not being paid by the Government to shoot or to be shot by a suspected smuggler. He therefore turned away.

"I've got a great mind to have you pinched by that policeman," said Caldecott. "I could press the complaint, and when you told the magistrate your business I would tell the reporters how absurd you and your idiotic chief have been—suspecting a man of smuggling for years, constantly annoying him and never catching him. Fine, efficient work, that!"

David Tonkin now knew what Caldecott was capable of, and why the entire force at the custom house hated this man like poison. The detective walked away, futile anger in his heart.

Caldecott called after him: "I'm going home. Don't you want to see me eat?" But Tonkin did not answer him.

Caldecott took the express at the City Hall Subway station, got out at Fourteenth Street, waited for the northbound local, but instead of taking it waited until a southbound local rumbled in and then dashed madly up the stairs and down again, and got into the train. He thought he saw David Tonkin do likewise.

At Spring Street he got out, rushed up the steps and entered an automobile that was waiting for him at the curb, with running engine. Tonkin took the car's number, only to learn later that it was Caldecott's own car. Caldecott's chauffeur told the truth to the detective when questioned. He said he had driven his master down to Third Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street and that Mr. Caldecott had entered a department store. The chauffeur drove the car to the garage, as Mr. Caldecott said not to wait.

He did not know that Caldecott had gone through the store, had come out of the Sixtieth Street entrance, had walked to Park Avenue, where he hailed a passing taxi and had driven to Park Avenue and Eighty-second Street, where he dismissed the taxi. He walked up to Eighty-third Street, turned west to Fifth Avenue and walked down to the residence of Mr. George G. Carnarvon, the multimillionaire collector of railroads and unset precious stones.

When Carnarvon first went West he had—with good reason—serious doubts regarding the solidity of the banks of that section, as well as of the value of fiat money; so he carried his funds in gold. In time his belt became too heavy, and so his surplus earnings he invested in unset diamonds. He grew into the habit of carrying, unknown to his fellow townsmen, a pocketful of two and three carat stones, which he used to fondle with his grimy right hand as his wagon jolted over the rough country roads. The touch of the diamonds thrilled him singularly. It seemed to make his mind as clear as the clearest of the gems that he carried. The time came when his right hand was no longer grimy, but he never outgrew the habit of gem-fondling.

He would empty a dozen diamonds on the table before him and caress them and roll them unceasingly with the extreme tips of his fingers. The light from the lamp struck the gems and shattered itself into fragments of rainbows that hypnotized him. He saw in the gem flashes thousands upon thousands of street lights twinkling in populous cities yet to be on the line of his great railway where the prairie sod was still unbroken and the only illumination came from the friendly stars.

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And the next day as likely as not he would hit upon a new and more durable paint for his cars, or save a few hundreds a year by getting cheaper stationery, or devise a system to prevent conductors from growing rich at the company's expense. The combination of wonderful imagination, broadness of vision, amazing knowledge of details, the Scotch and the American in him, his faith in himself and in the country—made him what he was, the owner of the greatest collection of gems in the world, and the greatest railroad builder of his generation. He also was Caldecott's best customer.

"I had a bad day to-day," he said brusquely when the gem expert was ushered into his library.

"Glad to hear it," said Caldecott cheerfully. "The possession of the rubies will change for the better not only your luck but your humor."

"Got them with you?"

"Yes. And some beautiful ten-carat white diamonds ——"

"Not interested!"

"They are not mine and they are very cheap. I brought them because Van Huysen is hard up, having gone in for both yachting and farming; and besides I had a special object in bringing them to you."

"Don't want them!" growled Carnarvon impatiently.

"Very well. If you are trying to hurt my feelings you haven't succeeded. Now look!"

Caldecott opened his valise, and from some hidden place in it produced the three stones in their little velvet bags.

"I said look!" repeated Caldecott solemnly, and he put the three De Meryonvilliers rubies on the velvet mat before him.

Carnarvon extended his hands toward them, but Caldecott checked him.

"Don't!" he said so sharply that Carnarvon started back in his chair.

"They are not here officially," said Caldecott, and he smiled.

"You mean you did not have them put in bond?"

"Why should I tie up the duty until I had sold them?"

"How did you get them in?" asked Carnarvon curiously.

"By wireless," answered Caldecott gravely. "Do you want them?"

"Let me look at them."

"But don't touch them. You can't swear they are really and truly rubies. If Anson Wheeler began to ask you ——"

"I'd tell him to go to hell."

"That doesn't interest me so much as your promise to pay me my money if they nab you with them."

"Does anybody know they are here?" asked Carnarvon.

"You and I."

"Then I'll pay, but I must see them."

He meant "feel" and not "see"; and he did.

He forgot everything and everybody as he rolled them over and over with the tips of his fingers. Then he ceased to roll the stones and stared and stared at the three marvelous rubies before him. His half-closed eyes glowed like embers.

The rubies made him not see rubies! Presently he awoke with a start and shivered slightly. Turning to Caldecott he said quietly, "I'll take them. I'll give you a check now."

"You'll do nothing of the kind. You may have to swear you have not bought any stones of any kind from me. I'll trust you with them."

"Suppose I drop dead?" asked Carnarvon.

"Tell your lawyers that in that event I'm to get three hundred thousand dollars."

"But I only agreed to pay ——"

"The difference," interrupted Caldecott, "is to compensate me for the loss of a good though somewhat inconsiderate customer."

"And suppose you drop dead?"

"Then give five hundred thousand dollars to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to be known as the Cecil Caldecott Bequest, to be used for the purchase of gems. It isn't much, but they'll get the rest of my estate as well."

George G. Carnarvon smiled grimly.

"I don't think you intend to drop dead suddenly any more than I."

"I wonder if you would pay the duty on them to Anson Wheeler if I did drop dead?" asked Caldecott, and looked into the railroad magnate's eyes. Then Caldecott laughed heartily.

"Hang you, Caldecott!" blurted Carnarvon. Then he too laughed.

Presently he told Caldecott: "Those customs people make me good and sick. I'd do it just for ——"

"Exactly," interrupted Caldecott. "But they'd give it the entire front page, I believe. Whew!"

"Get out!" said Carnarvon, extending his hand.

They shook cordially.

Caldecott walked down Madison Avenue to his hotel, took from his bag a small package, which he gave to the clerk to put in the hotel safe for him.

Two men from the custom house were waiting for Caldecott. One of them approached and said: "We should like to see that bag and the package you just gave the clerk."

Caldecott looked at him coldly, then said with decision, "Not in that tone of voice."

"You just ——"

The second man, younger and shrewder-eyed, broke in, saying, "Mr. Caldecott is right. There has been too much rudeness ——"

"And general imbecility," interjected Caldecott.

"Yes, Mr. Caldecott, far too much, with the result that you are living here at your own expense instead of being a guest of Uncle Sam's. I assure you he will be delighted any time you doze off to be your host for a year or two."

"My dear chap, it is a pleasure to see brains anywhere but most particularly in a place where it comes with all the force of a shock."

"Shall we go upstairs?"

"Yes. But first I must ask you to let me summon my lawyer."

"Why must you have him?"

"I think it would be better. It will mean no scandal. You see, I refuse otherwise, and that would compel you to annoy the hotel people and then the reporters would make much more of the suit my lawyer would bring. You call him up, please. He is Mr. Lawrence Kingod, and his telephone number is 3883 Hector. If he has left his office try the University Club. Your friend will hold the bag and you will search my room and my person. Have you heard from Tonkin?"

The agent laughed.

"Yes. You certainly ——"

"I don't know why you people use roughnecks ——"

"He is a college graduate," interrupted the Treasury agent. "I tell you frankly I don't expect to find anything on you. But of course what you did is precisely what you would do if you had the goods on your person."

Caldecott looked at him with interest.

"Would you mind telling me what you are doing to get the goods on me, as you doubtless would put it?"

"No, I'd never put it that way; but my dope is that you never brought the rubies ashore yourself, and you never gave them to anybody aboard the ship, and you never left them in any hiding place."

"Why not?"

The agent smiled.

Caldecott thereupon grew serious and said: "That's where you make a mistake. It's precisely what would throw both the wise and the foolish off the scent—to do the obviously unwise thing. The fool has no imagination and the wise man is obsessed with the notion that when the money risk is great it is never taken. The wise man will never assume that a far wiser man can exist who, being single, kinless and rich, will pay for excitement and fun a price as high as some other rich man would pay for the same thing in Africa or on the race track or in the stock market."

The agent was looking at him closely. Then he said earnestly, "I'll say this much for you: I think you can keep this up for years. Of course all we can do is to try to keep you from selling the goods and by very carefully watching both you and the goods we can at least prevent you from cashing in."

Caldecott laughed.

"My dear chap, you don't know who it is that buys the kind of goods I handle. There are collectors that everybody knows, and collectors that nobody knows. Why, I can sell a fifty-thousand-dollar stone to —— Let me see ——" He appeared to be counting; then he finished: "To any one of nineteen men, not a single one of whom is on any list of buyers that you can secure from any jeweler, wholesale or retail."

"That may be. But I can only work my way," said the intelligent Treasury agent.

His partner then came up and reported: "Mr. Kingod will be down in a few minutes."

"Let's get the package I handed to the clerk," suggested Caldecott.

"The same package that you handed to the clerk when you came in," corrected the polite agent.

"Certainly!" And Caldecott approached the clerk and said, "Please let me have the same package I just gave you."

"Certainly, Mr. Caldecott."

Caldecott surrendered his receipt, took the package and handed it to the impolite agent.

The polite agent spoke up: "As we are about to lose our time and I am pretty hungry I am in favor of beating it, Joe."

"Not much," said Joe McBride.

Caldecott looked curiously at the polite agent.

"I might be bluffing," he suggested gravely.

"No. You have one hundred and five thousand dollars worth of diamonds in that package, belonging to Van Huysen, Mayer & Co., and you have an automatic revolver. You bluff—but only when you hold aces. I shall not even open the package. But I should very much like to examine your bag."

"This isn't the one," said Caldecott with a broad grin.

"Maybe upstairs I'll find ——"

"On my word of honor, you won't!" said Caldecott.

"That is enough for me," said the polite agent, rising.

"I'm going to see the thing through," said Joe McBride doggedly.

"My friend," said Caldecott to the polite one, "you would frighten me if I had anything to fear from your superiors. I beg you to be present as my guest while Joe here wastes my time. Hello, Larry"—as his attorney appeared—"let's go to my room."

They went up together. Caldecott closed the door, telephoned for drinks and said to Kingod: "These men are from the Treasury Department. The old, old game! They think I am smuggling. They want to search my bag and this package. I'm going to let them look everywhere for what they would like to find."

Joe opened the package of diamonds while the side partner looked at the valise very carefully. Then he looked at the other valise and at the hat box and trunk that Caldecott had taken from the steamer.

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*"Don't Touch Them. You Can't Swear They are Really and Truly Rubies. If Anson Wheeler Began to Ask You ——"*

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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## If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

## Things as They Are

EVERY now and then we get a letter from an irate Socialist complaining that we stand for "things as they are." Not at all. We stand for things as they ought to be in America. But we are absolutely opposed to "things as they are" in Russia and would be in America if these correspondents had their way. There is a vast difference between the steady progress up under our American idea and the practical working out of the Russian Utopia in despotism, death and starvation for the masses.

## The Right to Goodwill

THERE are as many reasons why the manufacturer of a distinctive, trade-marked article of common use should want that article to sell always at the same price as there are why a retail merchant should want his customers to believe that he is not selling the same article on the same day to three different customers at three different prices. Faith in the established price is an important element in the seller's goodwill. When a dealer offers a well-established article at less than the familiar price the public's confidence in the value of the article at the established price is impaired. Other dealers who have bought it in the belief that it would be sold only at the established price are incensed. The dealer is trading upon—or, rather, raiding—the manufacturer's goodwill.

That the maker of an article should not sell it to a dealer who will use it to the maker's damage seems the plainest rule of common sense. But the courts have generally held that the maker can exercise no control over the article after he has parted with it. Various devices adopted by manufacturers to protect their established retail price have been outlawed—until it seemed that the manufacturer might be helpless to protect his goodwill.

Recently, however, the manufacturer of a well-known and long-established line of articles of common use refused, even though threatened with indictment, to sell to a cut-rate dealer. The manufacturer was indicted, and the other day a United States district court quashed the indictment, broadly upholding the manufacturer's right to refuse to sell to a dealer under such circumstances.

Probably the case will go to the Supreme Court, and if the decision of the lower court is there sustained a manufacturer's common-sense right to protect his goodwill will be established in law.

## The New Diplomacy

A GREAT many forward-thinking Germans have lately been pondering some disagreeable facts. For example, Germany's once-flourishing merchant marine has been cut in half by war. Her power to grant credit has been frightfully crippled, her banks being loaded down with dubious war paper. Nobody is afraid of her any more.

Formerly her position in international trade was buttressed by what amounted nearly to a monopoly of potash and dyestuffs. Now England and the United States, at least, have complete dyestuff industries of their own. The world has discovered it can get along without German potash. In 1917 only Holland and Austria-Hungary took any considerable quantities of it. Formerly Germany sold England enough sugar to help the trade balance materially; but England has learned to get sweetening elsewhere.

An investigation by Professor Goetze, extracts from which have recently come to hand, reaches the unpleasant conclusion that Germany now has almost nothing with which she can command foreign trade—almost nothing as to which she can say confidently: "We can build upon this because the world has practically got to come to us for it." There is really no sheet anchor like our wheat, meat, cotton, copper, and England's coal and ships. The Allied and neutral world can get on without German goods.

A great many Germans are studying that proposition. The agreeable dream of commanding vast stores of raw materials in Eastern and Southeastern Europe and Asia Minor through military domination has vanished.

Germany is opening, not without misgivings, a quite new book in diplomacy whose text is that a vital supply of raw materials must be secured from the world by conciliation. Nothing can be commanded, nothing enforced. German talk, only six months ago, of levying upon raw-material supplies in the Ukraine and elsewhere, and even of demanding a great ransom for Belgium in the form of raw materials, sounds like silly mockery now. Her vital need now is to induce the world to trade with her.

## Coppering High Prices

PRICES, you know, have a little more than doubled since July, 1914. In a general way, then, when the Government issues a thousand-dollar Liberty Bond it gets about half the goods it would have got for the same bond four years ago. It does not matter whether you say this rise in prices is primarily due to war's immense demand for goods or to inflation of currency and credit. Whatever the cause was it will certainly not operate with past intensity in the future. War's demand for goods will cease. Inflation will be checked. Presently prices will fall.

If, when these bonds of the Fourth Liberty Loan mature, prices are back to the 1914 level it will take twice as many goods to pay them off as the Government received for them. Wheat is two dollars a bushel. To get five hundred bushels the Government issues a thousand-dollar Liberty Bond. Say, when the bonds mature, wheat is worth a dollar a bushel and the Government taxes Farmer Smith enough to pay off one bond. Farmer Smith must sell a thousand bushels of wheat—twice as much as the Government received—to pay the bond.

But suppose Farmer Smith in 1918 sold five hundred bushels of wheat and bought a Liberty Bond. When the bond matures the Government pays him a thousand dollars, with which he can buy twice as much wheat as he sold in 1918.

In short, if prices fall—as they quite certainly will—the man who buys a government bond now and holds it will benefit in that the money he gets back will have greater purchasing power than the money he handed over. Of course that applies to any investment bearing a fixed return. The obvious moral is: Save and invest now.

In the last four years investments with fixed returns have yielded less and less purchasing power. With falling prices they will yield more and more purchasing power.

## Why Democrats Were Defeated

OF COURSE no international question had anything to do with this fall's congressional election. Except for the President's statement no one could have imputed any international meaning to it.

This Democratic Congress was defeated because it had given a poor account of itself. It had furnished quite as much obstruction to the President's war leadership as the opposition party had. It had refused to organize for war. In handling public affairs its motto had been "Business as usual." It had kept at the head of important committees men who were generally believed to be out of harmony with the war program or were not fit for committee leadership in a great crisis. It had notoriously bungled revenue legislation, when such legislation was assuming fourfold—or eightfold—its former importance.

At the time of the election, with more than five-sixths of the year elapsed, when concerns and individuals were getting ready to close their accounts for the year, it was still engaged with a bill that would in some fashion or other require eight billion dollars of the year's net income. Within little more than a year and a half it had appropriated many billions of public money on a plan which the President had condemned as bound to cause waste and extravagance. Its own record furnishes abundant explanation of its decline in public favor.

The United States admires its Democratic President. It did not, on the whole, admire its Democratic Congress. That is all the election means.

A certain purblind Republican leadership sought to make political capital for election purposes out of the international situation, and even suggested opposition to the fundamentals of the President's peace proposals—as the general principle that good Republicanism consists in attacking anything which emanates from the other camp. That brand of Republican leadership counts for nothing. The country is overwhelmingly with the President in all the essential points of his international program. The congressional election had nothing to do with that.

## A Bad Year for Kings

A VENERABLE institution is disappearing from Europe—and almost vanishing from earth. With the possible exception of the Emperor of Japan there will soon not be a king left in the world by whose favor one can expect to gain anything more important than a household job or whose displeasure can be attended by consequences more serious than exclusion from a court ball. There are still quite a lot of figures-of-speech in purple breeches; but kingship, as Henry VIII and Louis XIV knew it, has practically disappeared.

In its time this vanishing institution was a very useful one—a decided advance over what it supplanted. By and large it was the king who led Europe out of feudal anarchy and consolidated the modern state. When barons held their sway was an ill time for common folks. In the long struggle for power between king and baron the interests of the people usually lay on the side of the king, whose strategy consisted in attaching the people to him in order to gain power enough to put down the feudal lords.

English barons rebelled against King John not at all because he was a tyrant but only because he trenched upon the power and privileges of their order. Critics nowadays say that John's innovations, which the barons resisted, were really in the direction of progress—a leading toward the modern state. If the grim gentlemen who forced John to sign the Great Charter could have been acquainted with the latter-day myth that they were animated by a passion for popular liberty they would undoubtedly have sat down and laughed their shaggy heads off.

There was once a valid reason why people should cry "Long live the king!" But the reason tended to disappear as soon as the king, having overcome the barons, got undisputed power into his own hands. Naturally he used the power for his own glory and the aggrandizement of his family about as the barons had before him. All imaginable devices for governing people by one man or by a small set of men have been tried, the governors taking such names as king, lord, doge, senate, and what not. Some of the schemes have been better than others, but none finally answered. And in the year of Our Lord 1918 civilized people—broadly speaking—took the job of governing into their own hands, following an example set by the United States a hundred and forty-two years earlier.

## Will the Next Congress Do It?

MR. OVERMAN, ranking next to the chairman of the Appropriations Committee, said in the Senate last May: "Within twelve months we have appropriated more than twenty-three billion dollars without a financial policy. Estimates for departmental expenditures have literally poured into Congress day by day without any centralized scrutiny, revision or control. The President has no power and no organization to sift them down to the rock-bottom needs of government. The estimates are being sent to Congress under old statutory regulations made to meet the needs of other days."

Since then appropriations have risen to sixty billions.

There has been an intensive cultivation of economy in the United States the last year and a half. Its vital need has been impressed upon the people at every hand, day in and day out. We believe the lesson has sunk in. We think the people at last are out of all patience with disregard for rational economy at Washington. If the Congress elected this fall does not do far better than its predecessors by way of redeeming its promises of a budget we hope it will be decisively turned out at the first opportunity.

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# MADE IN GERMANY

## Uncle Joe Cannon's Definition of Socialism — By L. White Busbey



"MADE in Germany!" snapped out Uncle Joe Cannon when I asked him for an opinion concerning the disloyal acts which had sent Haywood and Debs to prison. "All this modern, militant, international socialism, under various names, should bear the familiar trade-mark 'Made in Germany.' I have heard much about German propaganda ever since this war began, but I suspect that the most dangerous propaganda of Germany began years ago when she sent out to the world this idea of international socialism which should unite the workingmen of all countries to direct and control all governments in opposition to 'capitalism as the controlling factor in fomenting war.' This socialistic propaganda has destroyed all government in Russia, leaving that polyglot people in a ferment of anarchy; it has embarrassed England, France and Italy, and it is trying to embarrass this government in keeping the munition factories going and the stream of supplies moving across the sea to our armies and our allies in Europe.

"Germany gave birth to this propaganda many years ago, and yet Germany remains the most nationalized government in the world. They have their socialist parties in Germany and many socialists in the Reichstag who thunder in the index, but when the Kaiser set his armies marching across Belgium in defiance of all international agreements and of all socialistic doctrines the German socialists not only voted the military supplies demanded but expelled their leader, Liebknecht, from the party because he voted as he preached against the military-credits bill. That leader was repudiated by his fellow socialists at the same time the Kaiser sent him to prison."

### The New Despotism

"BISMARCK, the architect of the German Empire, defined socialism as 'a waterplug of phrases,' and the German socialists have approved that definition, with the apology that they were Germans before they were socialists; and I can respect them for forgetting their phrases for the Fatherland, but I cannot understand the socialist of this country who still holds to the waterplug of socialistic phrases when this country is at war.

"Whether our socialists are simply infatuated with the phrases or are using socialism as a cloak for disloyalty I will not pretend to say; but the revolutions in Russia—that against the Czar and that against Kerensky—were heralded as socialistic victories, and I fear that any considerable socialistic vote in this country would be heralded as a vote against the aims of the war and a demand for a compromising peace.

"But aside from any hidden purpose the socialistic agitators may have, and taking their phrase-making at their own estimate as a propaganda for international rule in the interest of the workingman, their program is too ambitious. It is omnipotent and they would supplant the Almighty as the one supreme ruler of the earth. The Kaiser has used the expression 'Me and God,' and his subjects have reversed it to 'God and the Kaiser,' but the socialists would become the whole thing and rule the world in the interest of a minority. They are not different from other ambitious reformers who assume the title 'We, the People,' and their prayer is like that of the old farmer, 'Me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more.' They are in fact extreme individualists so far as the whole people are concerned, and would give no one a chance for heaven except through their party. They would appropriate the world and all it contains for their own class, and let the devil take the rest of us.

"The Industrial Workers of the World are international in their ambitions and efforts. They frankly acknowledge that they are a class recognizing no laws or rules of life except their own, and having no respect or consideration for any other men, women or children than those on their own rolls. Loyalty to the I. W. W. and treason to the Government appear to be synonymous terms. Megalomania could go no further. It has carried the followers of Haywood and Debs to the extreme of class distinction and the egotism that they alone are above the law and the ordinary rules of life. It has also carried Haywood to the penitentiary. I have heard the I. W. W. called the I Won't Work order, and its leaders are of that order described by Paul to the Thessalonians as 'some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are busybodies.' I like that expression. It appears to fit the agitators, especially the violent labor agitators, who work not at all but walk among us as busybodies. I also like Paul's advice: 'If any would not work, neither should he eat.' It is applicable at this time when millions of our boys are in the army and men who have been exempted from military duty have refused to help in war work.

"Those busybodies plan a government within the Government of the United States, their inner government holding international relations with other inner governments in other countries. What a commentary on the prohibition in our Constitution against the sovereign states of the Union from having any foreign relations with other governments! The busybodies who form political parties and secret societies assume a right that is denied to the states which created the Union. Why, if bankers or manufacturers or farmers attempted such efforts to overreach the Federal Government they would be brought up with a sharp turn; and if soldiers were found circulating such doctrines they would be shot at sunrise. But we are expected to tolerate any sort of megalomania in the busybodies who pretend to speak in the name of labor, however foreign their language to the Constitution and the laws of the country. They are the victims of class consciousness to the point of madness that would send the ordinary man to an insane asylum as a dangerous paranoiac. They know no flag except the black or red flag which they call their own, pretend to be as cosmopolitan as the Christian religion and as free from legal or moral restraint as are the aspirations of men concerning heaven. Some of them go further and claim to be the only true followers of the Master. I recently read a book by one of the socialist leaders in this country in which he represented Jesus of Nazareth as the first labor agitator, and his disciples as walking delegates trying to unionize all the labor of Galilee; and that Jesus fraudulently proclaimed himself the Christ because it was the only way he could lift the dull workmen out of their lethargy—by appealing to the superstitious in their natures.

"Haywood and his like, in their open and flagrant disloyalty and in their plotting against the Government, are perhaps exaggerated cases, but they call attention to a tolerance in this country which encourages many men, especially of foreign birth, to carry the privilege of liberty to the point of disloyalty. In their class consciousness they assume that the territory of the United States is an open field for a warfare of classes which extends to the uttermost ends of the earth, and regardless of the laws or the common welfare of the people of this country. Cut out the international assumption of all parties and societies, and let it be clearly understood that all here live under the laws of this country!"

"But we still have the masses against the classes?"

### Socialist Classes Against the Masses

"OH, NO. It is now the classes against the masses. The socialists and other like organizations have set themselves up as the classes who have a monopoly on the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God; and though they claim to represent all humanity they exclude the great majority, or the masses. I think there were about half a million votes cast for the socialist and labor tickets in the last presidential election, and eighteen million votes for the Republican and Democratic tickets. In politics there is the division of the voters into classes and masses. We hear constant protest from the socialists and their kindred organizations against war, and of strikes for a dollar an hour in government shipyards, while three million men in the Army and Navy are fighting for a dollar a day. The strikers represent the unpatriotic classes and the fighters the patriotic masses in this country. It is only a waterplug of phrases when these representatives of the classes pretend that they represent the masses. They wouldn't represent the masses if they could. They are not in sympathy with the majority, and I suspect that if they ever found themselves with the majority on any question they would organize a new minority or class.

"Why, the census enumerates forty million people in gainful occupations in this country, and the Federation of Labor claims to have three million affiliated with it—the same number, I think, that Mr. Gompers claimed twenty years ago. That is seven and a half per cent of the working people, and that seven and a half per cent assume to tell Congress what legislation is necessary for labor. Then come along the socialists and claim that they speak for the workingmen of all the world. The Three Tailors of

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Tooley Street who petitioned the House of Commons in the name of 'We, the people of England,' were not more presumptuous; and yet we laugh at that old illustration of consuming ego, but take seriously the men who pretend to be 'We, the people,' to-day, because they often make a noise like a majority. The publishers tell us that it pays to advertise, and I guess it does when a small minority pretend to speak for the multitude, and make many people believe them.

"The McNamara brothers gave a striking illustration of the use that could be made of class consciousness. They claimed to speak and act for all organized labor, and they used dynamite to express their views, destroying millions of property and killing more than a score of people. But their denunciation of the indictment against them was accepted by other labor leaders not only here but abroad, and the courts of California were criticized from one end of the country to the other as the corrupt tools of capital. Then after there had been created an almost world-wide suspicion that the McNamaras were the innocent victims of capitalism, the McNamaras, before the jury was impaneled, confessed to the crimes for which they had been indicted—confessed to secure a prison sentence instead of death.

"In that case labor organizations were no doubt imposed upon, but such was the power of class prejudice that no apologies or explanations were offered to the district attorney and the judge who had done their duty by all classes of society in bringing those men to trial and punishment. It was Bolshevikism in its worst form."

### *Local Crime Our Own Affair*

"I HAVE no opinion as to the guilt or innocence of Thomas Mooney in another celebrated California case. Someone committed a crime against the people of San Francisco and the nation when planting a bomb on the line of the patriotic parade which indorsed the Government's declaration of war against Germany. It was treason as well as murder. I don't pretend to know who did it. But I regret that the London Trades and Labor Council felt privileged to cable to the governor of California a protest 'against the execution of the sentence'; that another English labor organization telegraphed 'demanding the release of Tom Mooney,' and that President Wilson felt called upon to suggest to Governor Stephens that the case had assumed international importance.

"Under our form of government criminal jurisdiction is with the states, and in a Georgia case the Supreme Court of the United States declared that the Federal Government could not interfere. But here are organizations of men who are citizens of another country and assume to protest the verdict of the court in California. I am sorry that the President suggested that any case before the criminal courts of the states can assume an international importance. Mooney is a citizen of California, indicted for a crime against the people of California and tried by the courts of California. It is a case that cannot be brought before the Supreme Court of the United States, and yet it is said to have assumed international importance.

"I don't believe that the socialists or any other labor organization would be willing to have the question of the guilt or innocence of any of their own people—of Haywood or Debs—submitted to a popular vote even in this country, let alone throughout the world, for they are but a small minority of the whole people. After all, we had better continue to leave such matters to a jury of twelve men who hear and consider the evidence, and cut out all these suggestions that a murder trial or any other court proceeding in one of the states has or may become of international importance. Such suggestions tend to weaken and destroy the whole fabric of government and civilization and develop Bolshevikism like that of Russia.

"No, I haven't the slightest objection to a socialistic party in this country discussing the policies that should prevail here; but I do object to any political party here affiliated with a political party in some other country, I don't care what name it assumes. I don't believe that a man can be a loyal citizen of the United States and at the same time loyal to an international political party which ramifies throughout the world. A man cannot serve two masters. If the socialists of this country are to negotiate with the socialists of England and France, and the socialists of those countries are to negotiate with the socialists of Germany as to how peace shall come and what shall be the settlement, they will take the whole question out of the hands of the President and Congress and leave out of consideration the great majority of the American people. I don't think we are ready for such a change in our government and the elevation of a small minority of phrasemakers as the ruling class of all the world—not in the settlement of this war. Let us keep our politics at home and have no political parties here with entangling alliances abroad.

"I recently had a minister of the gospel appeal to me to secure him a passport to India as a foreign missionary. The State Department would not give him a passport without some guaranty that he would not encourage revolution in that country. I believed that man to be a loyal citizen who would not consciously do anything to embarrass one of our allies, but I could not guarantee that his preaching of the gospel of Christ to a people who accepted another 'true prophet' might not give encouragement to those who were opposing the government of that country. That may be an extreme example, but when the world is on fire, with war covering that part of it which is recognized as the center of Christian civilization, this Government is and should be very careful about permitting people with missions that reach the uttermost corners of the earth and include all manner of reforms to go out to spread the gospel of discontent. Let us have peace before we begin to revolutionize the world."

"Mr. Baruch says we are living in a highly organized state of socialism. Do you agree with him?"

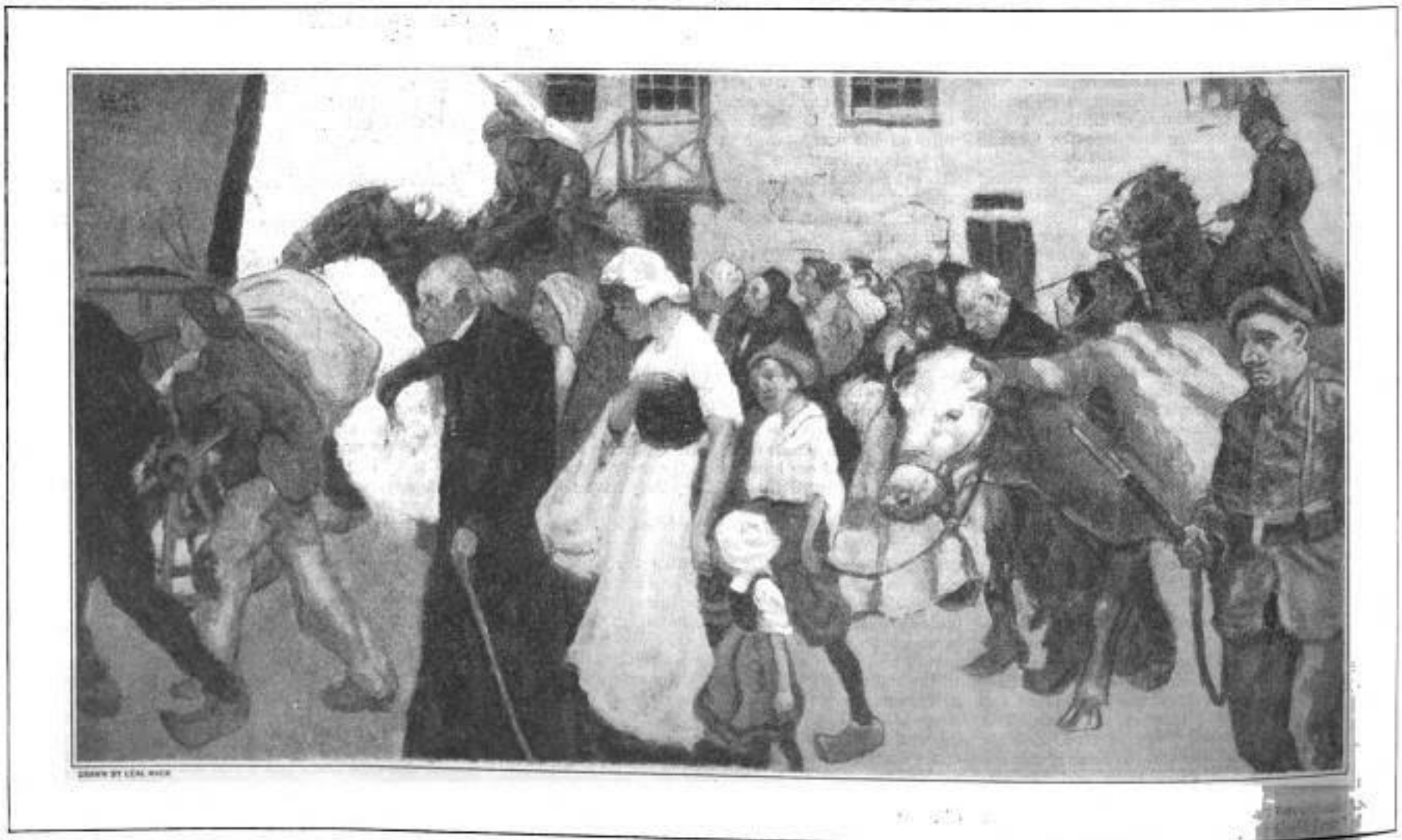
"I suspect that Mr. Baruch has fallen into the phrase-making habit. We are living in the same state of self-sacrifice that the fathers did when they signed the Declaration of Independence and pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to carry it into effect. I think a better name for it is patriotism. When the life of the nation is in danger the lives and fortunes of its citizens are subject to the call of the nation. I would not call it socialism—not while socialists opposed the war and plot against the Government."

### *Mr. Gompers' Definition*

"THIS Congress authorized the President to draft into the Army all men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five if necessary to win the war, and the President will classify these men so as to keep the munition factories going and the crops growing, as well as to keep soldiers in France. That law is known as the Man Power Law, and the principle is 'work or fight,' whatever we may call it. I am glad to note the President's action in reminding the Bridgeport strikers that they must work or get into the ranks. Every citizen is expected to help win the war and make sacrifices to that end. The men in the shops and on the farms are no freer to consider the war conditions from a selfish point of view than are the soldiers in the trenches. Mr. Gompers in a recent editorial in the Federationist says: 'Any justified strike must be for the same cause for which our fellow men are risking their lives on the firing line.'

"That is good clear English, and it ought to be easily understood by all men who are affiliated with the Federation of Labor and who acknowledge Mr. Gompers as a leader. What could justify a strike in a factory where war supplies are made, under Mr. Gompers' definition? Not for more pay, shorter hours or recognition of the union, because none of these conditions enters into the service of the men who have risked their lives on the firing line. When all men engaged in war work at home accept Mr. Gompers' definition of a justifiable strike we shall have no more of them, and it will clear the air of suspicion that not all organized labor is loyally following Mr. Gompers as a member of the Council of National Defense.

*(Continued on Page 113)*



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# REPUBLIC TIRES

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# DRAFTED

## By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL

THERE was your Great-uncle Jabez, for instance," Mrs. Rowell said in a plaintive yet triumphant tone. "Now *he* had the asthma!"

"All the same, I want to enlist," persisted Robin. "I don't care *what* he had. I'd like to get a crack at Kaiser Bill, along with all the other fellows. I guess if there's anything the matter with me the doctors will find it out soon enough."

He rose wearily and started to wind the clock, while Eleanor, his seventeen-year-old sister, cast a furtive glance of admiration at him, for his display of independence, across the sweater she was knitting. Robin was twenty-one, but implicit yielding to parental wishes was a Rowell tradition—of which there were legion.

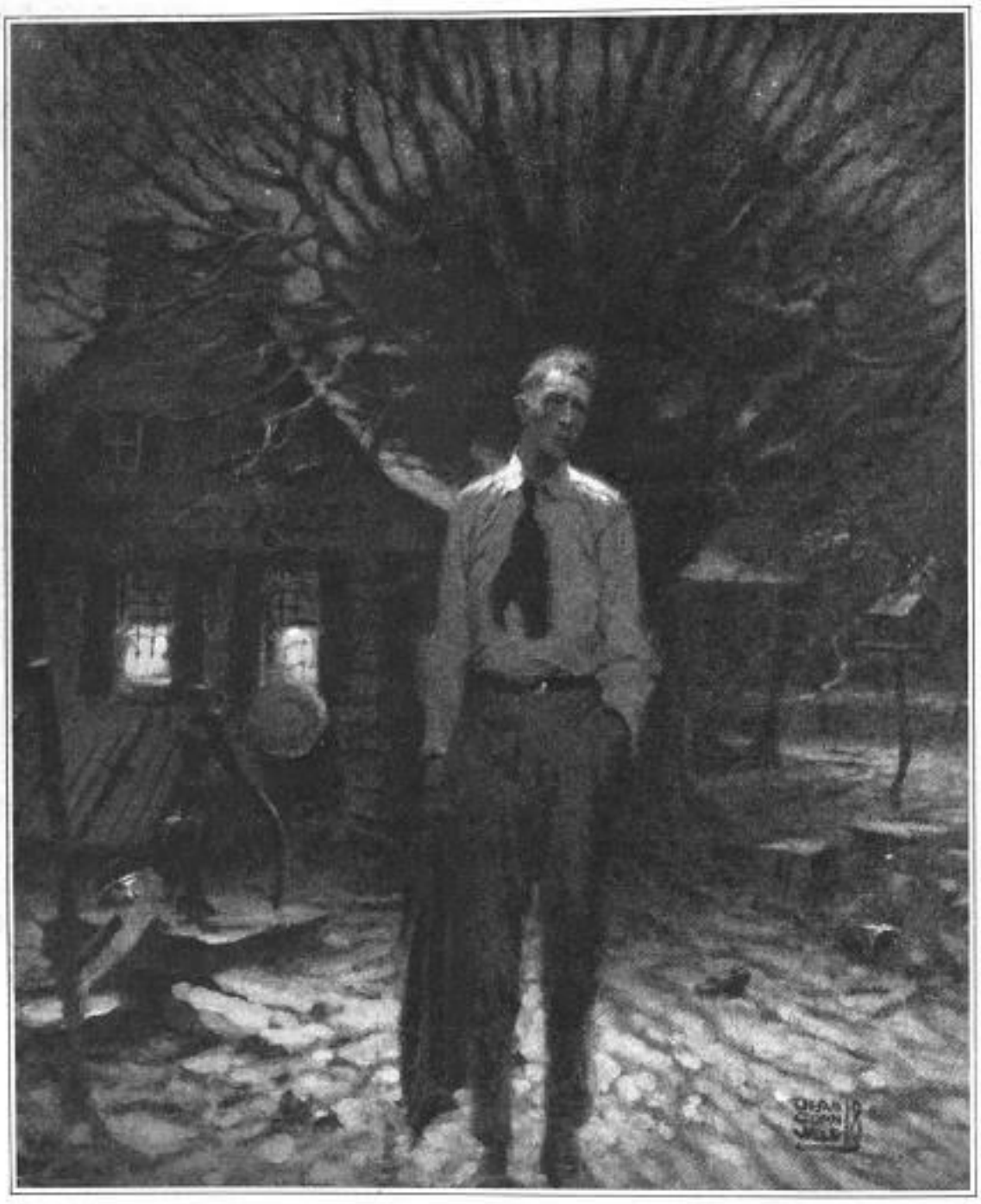
"And your Aunt Eliza," continued his mother, "she had weak lungs and nobody knew it until all of a sudden ——"

"Oh, hell!" suddenly exploded Robin. "I know all about Aunt Eliza."

"Robin!" gasped his mother, stiffening. "What an awful word! It went through me like a knife."

"I'm sorry, mother," he replied contritely; "but I heard Uncle Amos use it once, right in this kitchen; and you didn't say anything to him. It seems to me as if I'd heard about nothing except Great-uncle Jabez and Aunt Eliza, and all the rest of the crew, ever since I was born. Wasn't there any healthy person in our family—on *either* side?"

Mrs. Rowell sadly shook her head. Like many other women of her generation, she took a curious satisfaction in her own maladies, and arrogated to herself a mild distinction from those that tradition and the records in the family Bible attributed to her progenitors.



*Something Irresistible Seemed Calling Him. There Was Hardly a House in the Village That Did Not Boast of a Service Flag With at Least a Single Star*

"No," she replied. "No one could say any of your folks was healthy, Robin."

Looking at him in the dim light from the kerosene lamp in the stuffy little kitchen, few would have doubted her accuracy. He was unusually tall, and the narrowness of his body and the length of his limbs made him seem almost grotesque, an effect intensified by his high-water trousers and bobtailed jacket. His wrists and neck, indeed, were almost attenuated.

"No," repeated his mother with conviction. "Our family tree certainly ain't much to boast of—for health." Her manner indicated that, if anything, she thought rather more than less of it on this account.

The Rowell family tree had always been a familiar topic to Robin ever since he could remember. The small, square farmhouse stood in a thick grove of spruces planted originally by Grandpa Rowell for protection against the winter wind, while directly in front of it stood a symmetrically beautiful and gigantic elm, whose huge, overhanging limbs covered it like an umbrella, completely excluding every vestige of sunlight from the interior.

Whenever, as a child, Robin had heard his parents and other relatives speak of the family tree, he had assumed, as a matter of course, that they referred to the elm. As he grew older and attained greater insight he discovered that, just as the big elm seemed to oppress and stifle the lives of the family within the dwelling, so another mysterious influence seemed to oppress and stifle them in an even greater degree. For both Mr. and Mrs. Rowell were firm believers in the immutable laws of heredity; and they discussed habitually and with zest every limitation—mental, moral and physical—possessed by each of their antecedents, until Robin came to think of their family tree as a complex, menacing and malignant growth, on every twig of which hung, like a last year's apple, the withered ghost of some desiccated ancestor.

At times he rebelled against his fate; but the idea was ingrained in him that he was the ultimate fruit of a decaying race, of which the predominating characteristics were weak lungs, weak hearts, rheumatism, tuberculosis and anæmia. According to Mrs. Rowell, who had been a Jaffey, all the Jaffeys, from time immemorial, had been delicate and predisposed to any ill that human flesh was heir to. Her obsession was the avoidance of drafts. Hence most of the windows of the homestead were hermetically sealed. As her own father and mother had suffered from rheumatism, she discouraged Eleanor and Robin from eating any forms of red meat; and, because some remote Jaffey had died of pernicious anæmia, she enjoined upon her son and daughter long periods of physical inactivity.

It was not surprising, therefore, that, irrespective of whatever inherited weaknesses may have been latent in his blood, the boy should have exhibited the natural consequences of underfeeding, lack of exercise and bad air, combined with rapid growth.

"They accepted Eben Wales," protested Robin, finishing his winding of the clock and placing the key carefully inside. "And he's six inches shorter than I am."

His mother assumed an expression of forbearance.

"Well, why shouldn't they?" she inquired, with an air of commiserating with the Wales family upon their good health. "A great husky fellow like that? Why, Eben never had a cold in his life. None of 'em had. I remember when Eben's father was a little boy his mother used to let him track all round in the wet and never think of changing his boots. Now you always was susceptible to colds, Robin—just like all my side of the family. I shan't never forget the night you came down with the pneumonia, year before last."

"The doctor didn't call it pneumonia," interrupted Eleanor. "He called it threatened pneumonia."

"Well, what's the difference?" demanded Mrs. Rowell, as if her daughter's challenge were the best possible corroboration. "I guess it would have developed into pneumonia fast enough if we hadn't taken it in time. Why, if you got into one of those trenches and had to stand with your feet in icy slush all winter, Robin, it would kill you. I know—better than anybody, because I'm your mother. Even if those doctors said you was all right I shouldn't want you to go—'cause I know you ain't. What does President Wilson know about you, Robin? And it wouldn't make any difference how much he knew; he'd never know as much as I do."

But Robin continued to stand in front of the stove, his clear-cut but unassertive features indicating disappointment rather than disagreement. Long years of acquiescence in his mother's views had convinced him and his sister of the infallibility of her opinions. But in the present instance there was an unusual and vital consideration: the reaction of his course upon the mind—and possibly the heart—of a certain young lady.

"I'd like to try, anyhow," he answered obstinately as, sitting down again, he ran his fingers through a tangle of yellow hair that would have agonized the soul of a regimental barber. "I don't want to be drafted. I want to volunteer. But, now I've been registered, the first thing you know I'll be called, anyway."

"Humph!" she retorted. "You may be called, but you'll never be chosen."

Robin bit the end of his fingers and regarded his mother despondently. He was unfit, and he knew it. Every night, after closing up Higgins' Dry Goods Emporium, where he worked, he felt as if he had been dragged through the proverbial keyhole. And if the air was sharp he always fancied that it gave him a pain in the lungs.

There was his Great-uncle Jabez, for instance. Yes; he had Great-uncle Jabez's lungs, for sure; but he could never explain about Uncle Jabez to Sally Tucker, the judge's daughter. She would simply smile scornfully, the way she had the day when he had been obliged to ask Tom Higgins, the son of the proprietor and heir apparent to the emporium, to help him down with that bolt of cloth from the top shelf.

"I suppose he is wondering what Sally Tucker will think," interjected Eleanor slyly.

Robin flushed.

"Well, suppose I am?" he muttered. "I'm wondering what everybody'll think! There's only two fellows of draft age left in the village who haven't volunteered—me and Tom Higgins. Now if I volunteered and Tom didn't ——"

"I tell you they'd no more take you than a cat," declared his mother. "There's no sense in calling attention to yourself. Let 'em reject you in the reg'lar way when they come to you."

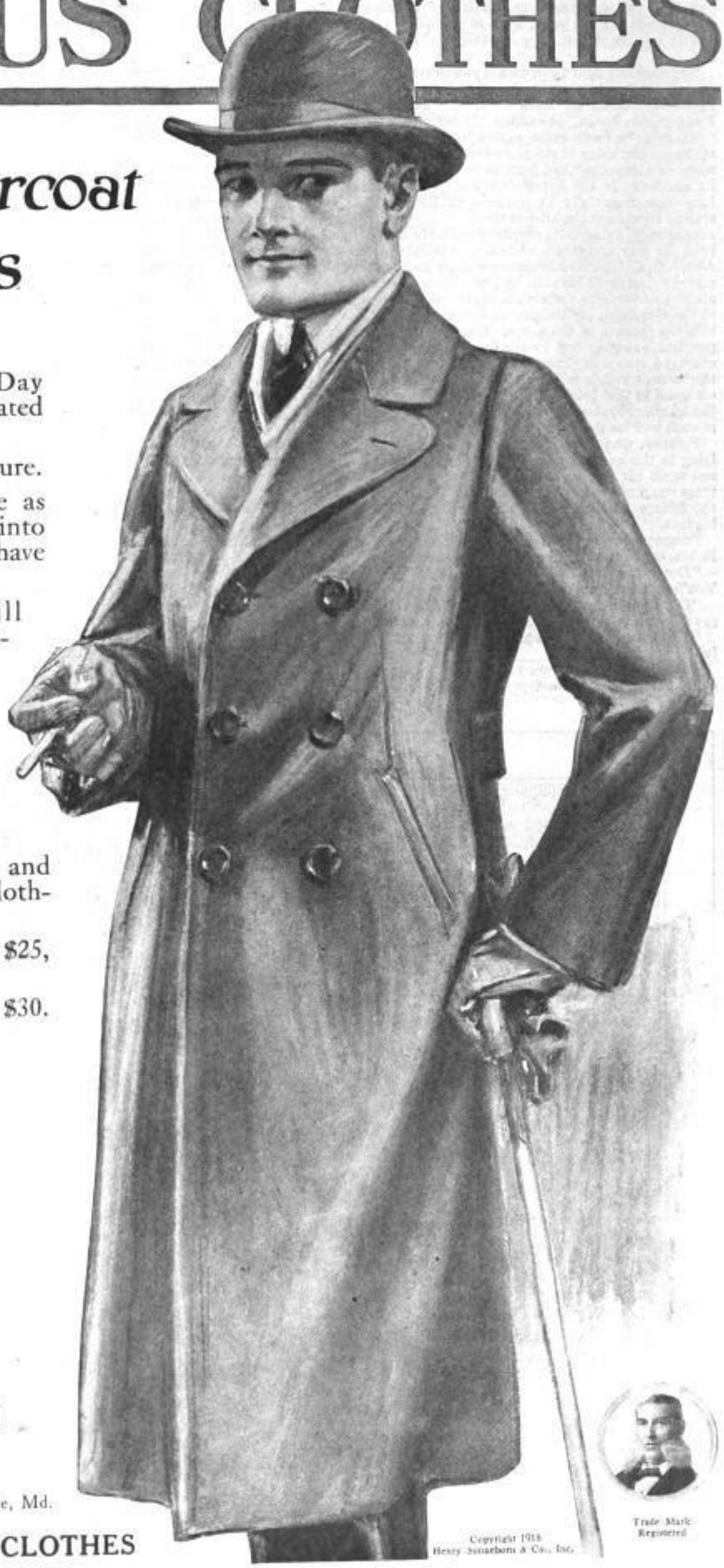
"Mother's right," agreed his sister. "You've just got to make up your mind to it, Robin. I guess the only reason you feel sore to-night is on account of my getting that letter from Eben. I don't blame you. He's having such a good time!"

(Continued on Page 26)

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(Continued from Page 24)

"Well, you don't need to rub it in," growled Robin desperately. "I tell you I want to put a few nails in the Kaiser's coffin myself. I guess they could use me somehow."

"If you can't fight I don't want you should leave home," announced his mother firmly. "And you ain't able to fight—and that's all there is to it! You'd better let Pompey out, Robin," she added. "It's time to go to bed."

Pompey—a moth-eaten canine nondescript that had, up to the sixth day of the preceding April, rejoiced in the name of Cæsar, but had been rechristened on account of its similarity to the imperial title of William Hohenzollern—rose regretfully in response to Robin's kick and stalked slowly out the kitchen door.

Like every living thing connected with the Rowell household, he was a creature of habit, physical and mental. Also, like Great-uncle Jabez, he was asthmatic. At any rate, having made his exit, he paused in accordance with ancient custom at a certain point upon the earth adjacent to the threshold, preliminary to a more distant excursion into the recesses of the grove. Owing to the almost impenetrable shadow cast by the family tree only a few discouraged spears of grass could be induced to grow near the house, which lacked entirely the flower bed and climbers usual in that locality; and the adjoining ground after the autumnal rains became and remained a dank welter of mud and ice throughout the winter.

Pompey, who disliked shadows, spent most of his time lying in the middle of the road, where he could feel the sun upon his patchy old back. Even to-night, though there was a moon, hardly a glimmer of its light fell through the foliage that smothered the farmhouse like a black blanket.

Pompey coughed; and Mrs. Rowell, mistaking him for Robin, called through the doorway:

"Don't stand out there without anything over you. You'll catch your death of cold."

"Oh, I'm all right," her son reassured her. "I want to get a breath of air before I go to bed."

"What an idea!" she answered. "You know it's just full of malaria, Robin."

As a similar interchange of ideas had occurred in precisely the same terms every evening Robin could recall, without any consequent evil effect, he continued to remain outside in the darkness, while Pompey woofed and rooted among the trunks of the trees. Somehow he felt as if he could not go back into the kitchen, even if he wanted to. Out there in the crisp September night, though he could not see the stars, he felt free of some weight that inside always seemed pressing down about his shoulders.

That evening it had seemed intolerable. Something irresistible seemed calling him. There was hardly a house in the village that did not boast a service flag with at least a single star.

Pompey, giving a final woof, emerged from his retirement, scratched a feeble and irrelevant concession to good manners beside the door, and went in. Robin followed.

His mother and Eleanor were still knitting exactly where he had left them. The atmosphere of the kitchen was stale and vitiated, as if it had been exhausted and devitalized by countless generations of forgotten predecessors.

Instantly he felt again the ominous pressure from which he had momentarily escaped. It was as if the weight of all the centuries during which man had dwelt upon the earth was crushing him. He had read somewhere that every human being carried in his veins the blood of every ancestor who had preceded him, and was but the slave of the past; and now, as he looked about him, he was conscious of being the helpless creature of heredity.

The light of the lamp fell through the doorway of the parlor, where they never sat, and outlined the shapes of the round marble-topped walnut table, on which lay the heavy family Bible and the big plush photograph album. Six horsehair-covered chairs were ranged stiffly against the walls. On the mantel stood a large stuffed owl and a glass dome containing a wax lily. Above hung a picture of Windsor Castle, done in real cork. The shades of the parlor had not been raised since the day of his father's funeral, eight years before. Not even Pompey dared enter.

The kitchen was hardly more cheerful, its occupancy being subject to rules equally inviolable. A heavy weight hanging on a cord automatically kept the door closed. The ceiling was low, and upon it were traced islands and continents in moldy stains. Likewise the floor, in spite of the heat from the stove, exhibited signs of dampness.

These conditions had obtained ever since the days of Great-grandfather Rowell, and may have had their part in leading Mrs. Rowell to suppose that she was a chronic invalid, suffering from a complication of inherited disorders—a belief attested by the heterogeneous row of patent-medicine bottles that stood upon the shelf between the windows and heralded in prismatic colors the virtues of the discoveries of various world-famous physicians, both male and female.

Everything in the house had a peculiar sanctity, derived simply from accidental family association irrespective of its actual economic or artistic value—the bed in the spare room, because Grandpa Rowell had died in it; the cork picture of Windsor Castle, because it was a present from Aunt Eliza; and the waxen lily for the reason that it had always been there. Likewise various defects in the plumbing went unremedied from year to year, because they had existed for so long that they had become traditional.

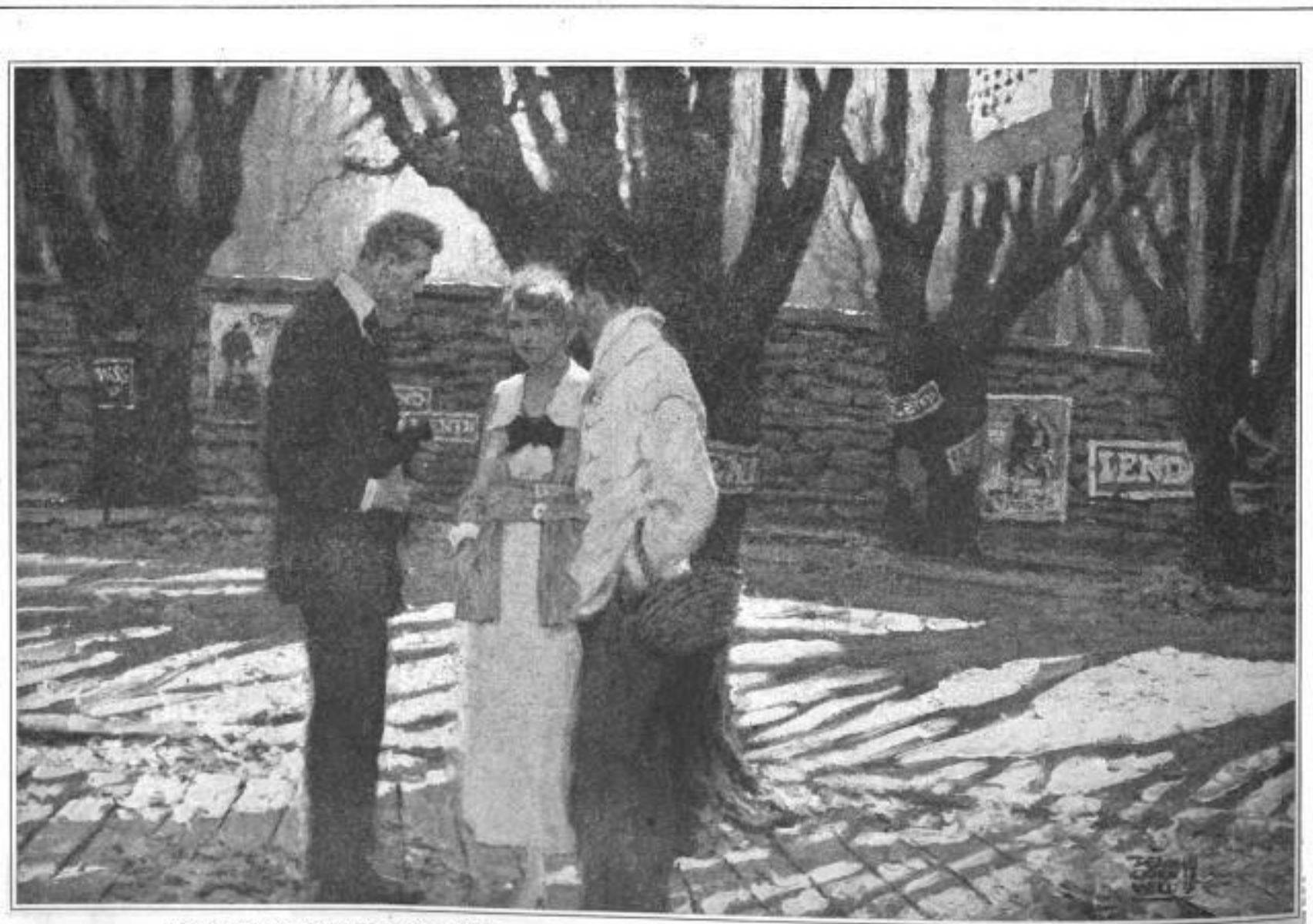
The rocking-chair in which Robin's mother always sat was too short in the front legs, a peculiarity causing marked discomfort to anyone who occupied it; but, because it had sustained the form of Great-grandma Jaffey—who was abnormally short in the fibula—it was assumed to be architecturally perfect, and Mrs. Rowell continued to suffer in it.

From a similar sentiment, Robin drank his morning coffee out of the mustache cup that had belonged to his father, though he himself was clean-shaved. Every decision, apparently, was made by his mother with reference not to what was reasonable but what Grandfather Jaffey would have thought upon the subject. It was as if the Fifth Commandment should properly have read: Honor thy great-grandfather and thy great-grandmother.

All the bedrooms were small, dark and musty; but they had been inhabited by the Rowells of the past and hence would obviously be suitable for all time for their descendants. In a word, to alter in any way what had supposedly been good enough for one's father and grandfather savored of impiety, was an indelicate reflection upon the taste or state of civilization of one's own forebears, and hence, in a way, upon oneself.

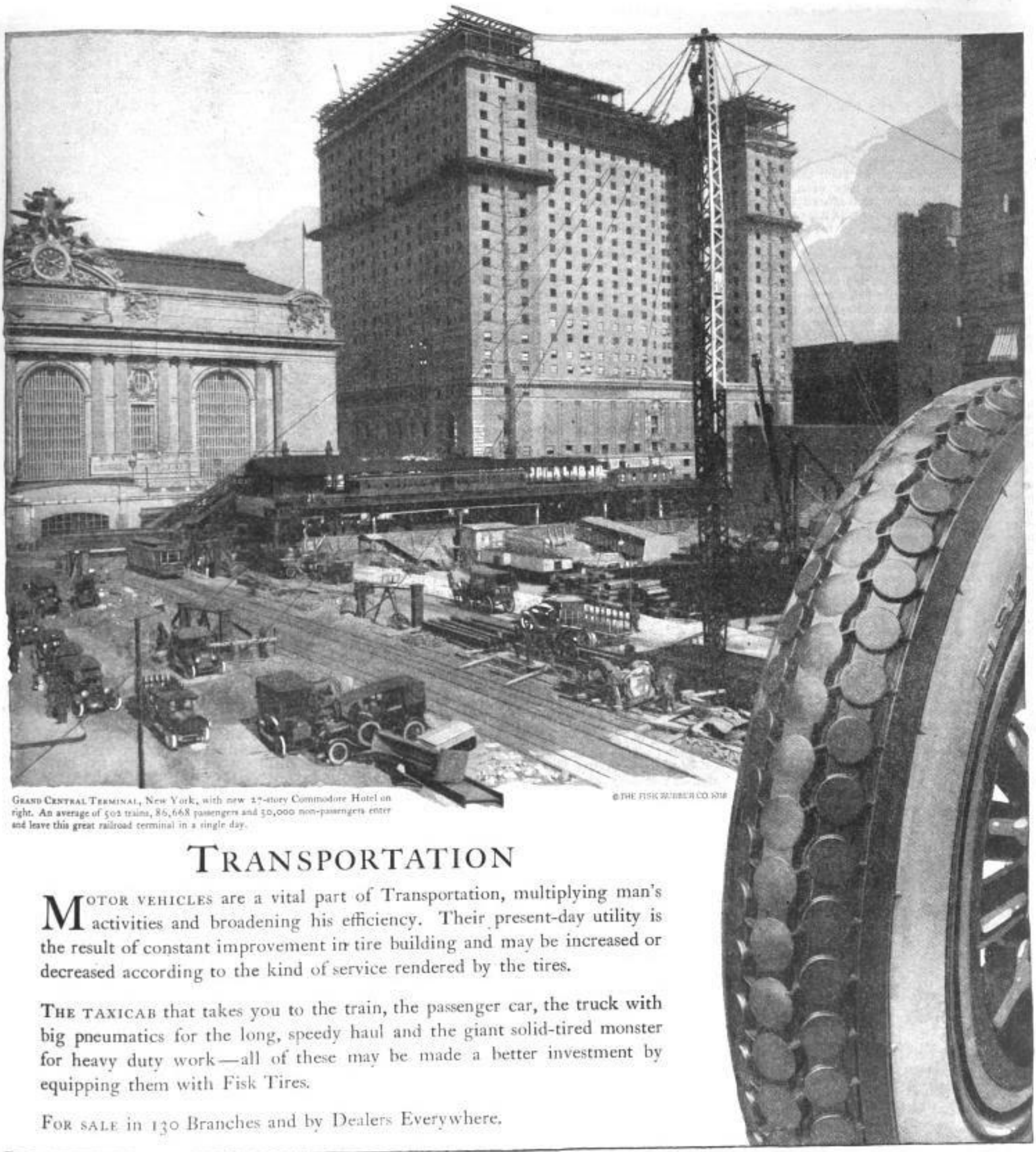
It is not surprising, therefore, that though Mrs. Rowell found herself entirely at sea in any situation lacking family precedent, she was immutable in all matters where the past could be invoked. Habit was more than law; it was, as

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"I'd Have Enlisted Long Ago if I Hadn't Been Waiting for a Commission. Still, I Guess I Can Get it, Just the Same, Later On"

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GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL, New York, with new 27-story Commodore Hotel on right. An average of 502 trains, 86,668 passengers and 50,000 non-passengers enter and leave this great railroad terminal in a single day.

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(Continued from Page 26)

Napoleon said: "Ten times nature." Hence, the minutest transaction of daily life in the farmhouse was invested with all the sanctity of a religious ceremony.

"Well," she sighed, laying aside her work as her son reëntered the room, "it's nine o'clock. Bring me the Bible, Robin."

The family Bible, like the family tree, was remarkable for its size, though it did not resemble it in beauty. It had been purchased by Great-grandpa Rowell in Boston shortly after his marriage, and weighed in the neighborhood of thirty pounds. Its heavy covers were ornately decorated, its leaves edged with gold; and it had a clasp capable of inflicting a severe blow upon the fingers if it unexpectedly fell open, which it often did. Besides being profusely illustrated with woodcuts, it contained a glossary, and an appendix explanatory of the flora and fauna of Eastern countries.

Robin obediently entered the parlor and, resting one end of the Bible against his abdominal cavity, staggered back with it to the kitchen and placed it upon the table before his mother, near the nail whence dangled a copy of the Farmers' Almanac and the strawberry pincushion. Mrs. Rowell wiped her glasses, cleared her throat and opened at the place marked by the pink worsted motto, worked by Robin upon perforated gilt cardboard at the age of five.

"The thirty-third chapter of Isaiah," she began, as Robin, panting, took his seat by the sink.

"'Woe to thee that spoilest, and thou wast not spoiled; and dealest treacherously, and they dealt not treacherously with thee! when thou shalt cease to spoil, thou shalt be spoiled; and when thou shalt make an end to deal treacherously, they shall deal treacherously with thee.

"'O Lord, be gracious unto us; we have waited for thee: be thou their arm every morning, our salvation also in the time of trouble. At the noise of the tumult the people fled; at the lifting up of thyself the nations were scattered. And your spoil shall be gathered like the gathering of the caterpillar; as the running to and fro of locusts shall he run upon them. The Lord is exalted; for he dwelleth on high: he hath filled Zion with judgment and righteousness. And wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times, and strength of salvation: the fear of the Lord is his treasure.

"'Behold, their valiant ones shall cry without: the ambassadors of peace shall weep bitterly. The highways lie waste, the wayfaring man ceaseth: he hath broken the covenant, he hath despised the cities, he regardeth no man. The earth mourneth and languisheth: Lebanon is ashamed and hewn down: Sharon is like a wilderness; and Bashan and Carmel shake off their fruits. Now will I rise, saith the Lord; now will I be exalted; now will I lift up myself. Ye shall conceive chaff, ye shall bring forth stubble: your breath, as fire, shall devour you. And the people shall be as the burnings of lime: as thorns cut up shall they be burned in the fire.'"

At the first sentence of the chapter, "Woe to thee that spoilest, and thou wast not spoiled!" Robin's whole body had become taut; and he listened tensely to the end, hardly crediting his ears. Why, here was the prophet foretelling the very things that had come to pass in France and Belgium, and warning the Kaiser of God's vengeance!

"Mother!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet, his eyes sparkling. "The Huns!"

Mrs. Rowell looked at him vaguely.

"What on earth do you mean, Robin? The Huns!"

"Why, it's as plain as can be!" he insisted excitedly. "Listen!" He stepped to the table and reread in an awed voice: "'Behold their valiant ones shall cry without: the ambassadors of peace shall weep bitterly. The highways lie waste, the wayfaring man ceaseth: he hath broken the covenant, he hath despised the cities, he regardeth no man. . . .

"'Now will I rise, saith the Lord,'" he repeated triumphantly; "'now will I be exalted; now will I lift up myself. Ye shall conceive chaff, ye shall bring forth stubble: your breath, as fire, shall devour you.'"

"Oh, mother," he begged, "please let me go! Now won't you let me enlist?"

For several seconds there was no sound in the kitchen but the ticktack of the clock and the hissing of the hot-water kettle upon the stove. Then Mrs. Rowell took off her spectacles and put them away.

"No, Robin," she said in a dry voice. "Haven't I told you over and over again you ain't fit to go?"

Robin climbed the narrow stairs to his attic room, his head in a tumult. "Woe to thee that spoilest, and thou wast not spoiled; and dealest treacherously, and they dealt not treacherously with thee!" That was Belgium, of course! All the tales of horror he had read of that martyred country came streaming back into his brain—visions of batches of prisoners shot down from behind; of little children maimed and mutilated; of young wives and innocent girls debauched and befouled; of peaceful homes wantonly burned, with aged folk inside; of helpless civilians of both sexes driven forth in companies to be slaughtered by machine-gun fire in the squares of their own villages; of drunken soldiery bayonetting woman after woman until they no longer had the strength or desire to drag forth their weapons from the writhing bodies of their victims.

Groaning, he pressed his fists to his temples. It was incredible, preposterous! Yet it had actually happened, was happening at that very moment. The Huns were engaged in deporting thousands of Belgian and French girls every week. He pictured to himself in the darkness the pitiful scenes that must be taking place. What was to prevent those same scenes from taking place right there in Eastbrook? What—unless every available man gave himself to the task of putting an end upon the other side of the water to Prussian cruelty. Beasts! Cowards! Inhuman torturers!

In the stifling darkness the room seemed crowded with the ghosts of little murdered children, beckoning and pointing. He could stand it no longer! He could not go on living unless he did his part to avenge these iniquities and prevent others like them from ever taking place hereafter. He must go at once! He must enlist! He reached the top of the stairs and seated himself upon the side of his bed. Yes, go he must. But his heart pounded out the answer: "Unfit! Unfit! Unfit!"

Weakly he bent over and began to take off his shoes. Up there under the roof the air was even hotter than in the kitchen. Unfit!—Unfit! How did he know he was unfit? Could anybody be unfit to help in some way to slay this mad, bloodthirsty beast, whose fangs dripped with blood, and whose den was in a forest of dead men's bones?

"The highways lie waste, the wayfaring man ceaseth; he hath broken the covenant, he hath despised the cities, he regardeth no man. The earth mourneth and languisheth." Panting, he stared into the shadows of the tiny room, his mouth parched, his eyes suffused. No, no! God would never permit the breaker of covenants, the despiser of cities, to prevail! "Now will I rise, saith the Lord; now will I be exalted; now will I lift up myself. Ye shall conceive chaff, ye shall bring forth stubble; your breath, as fire, shall devour you." God had said it through the mouth of his prophet! The Kaiser should be consumed by his own fiery breath—his own pestilential poison gas—while his ambassadors of peace should weep bitterly!

And he must be one of those to go forth and do the Lord's will—to take part in this the greatest crusade of all time—to save the world! It could not be that he was unfit!

Half suffocated, he rose and tried to open the window which his mother always insisted on his leaving closed. Indeed, it had been so constructed that it would not remain open without artificial assistance, such as a book or a hair-brush propped against it. It stuck badly, but at last he forced it up and the cool air swept in and congealed the sweat upon his hair.

How fresh and wonderful it was—laden with the scent of hay; of dank odors from brookside and swamp; of the breath of the woods just turning to their autumn colors; of the faint aroma of apples; of the mysterious smell of the night, with all its subtle, elusive suggestions of distant lures! He wanted to crawl out through the window and throw himself into it; to drown in it, if need be. To be free! Free! He would enlist to-morrow, no matter what! It was crazy to pay any attention to his mother and her ideas. He could do as he wanted to. He was twenty-one.

A faint effervescence shimmered through the leaves. Up above somewhere—though he could not see them—the moon and the stars were shining in the clear ether. He would be free like that! He craned out his head, trying to catch a glimpse of the sky; but the dense foliage of the elm hung before the window like a heavy curtain. No use! Slowly he withdrew his head. Hardly was it inside when the window fell with a crash. Once more he was a prisoner inside the tomb of his ancestors.

The sun rose and brimmed the world with golden light, but only a dim reflection of it penetrated the room. Robin looked at his watch and, finding that it was already six o'clock, rose and went downstairs. He had slept but fitfully and felt utterly exhausted, but his resolution was still firm to assert his right and his duty at least to attempt to volunteer. He greeted his mother guiltily and took his place at the table, while she poured out his coffee and pushed the canned tongue, the soggy tea biscuits, the pie and doughnuts in his direction. He usually had little appetite for breakfast; to-day he had none.

"I guess I don't want any breakfast," he said, shoving back his chair and going to the door, loath to tell his mother what he purposed doing, and equally disinclined to raise so vital an issue at that particular moment. Then he made up his mind to have it over with.

"Mother," he began self-consciously, with his back still toward her, "I'm ——"

But she did not hear him.

"Here's a letter for you I found in the box this morning when I went out," she said, picking up an envelope from the table.

He took it from her mechanically.

Notice of call and to appear for physical examination.
To ROBIN ROWELL,
Eastbrook, Maine.

You are hereby notified that, pursuant to the Act of Congress approved May 18, 1917, you are called for military service of the United States by the Local Board from among those persons whose registration cards are within the jurisdiction of this Local Board.

Your Serial Number is 675 and your Order Number is 156. You will report at the office of this Local Board for physical examination on the nineteenth day of September, 1917, at seven o'clock A. M.

Local Board of Hancock County.
By PAUL T. ASH, Chairman.
SAM'L A. FLINT, Clerk.

So he had been forestalled! Any leniency he might have hoped for, any camouflaging of his physical limitations, was out of the question now. They would extend no courtesies to him; would apply the tests in their full rigor.

"It's the notice for my examination," he said dully, handing it to her.

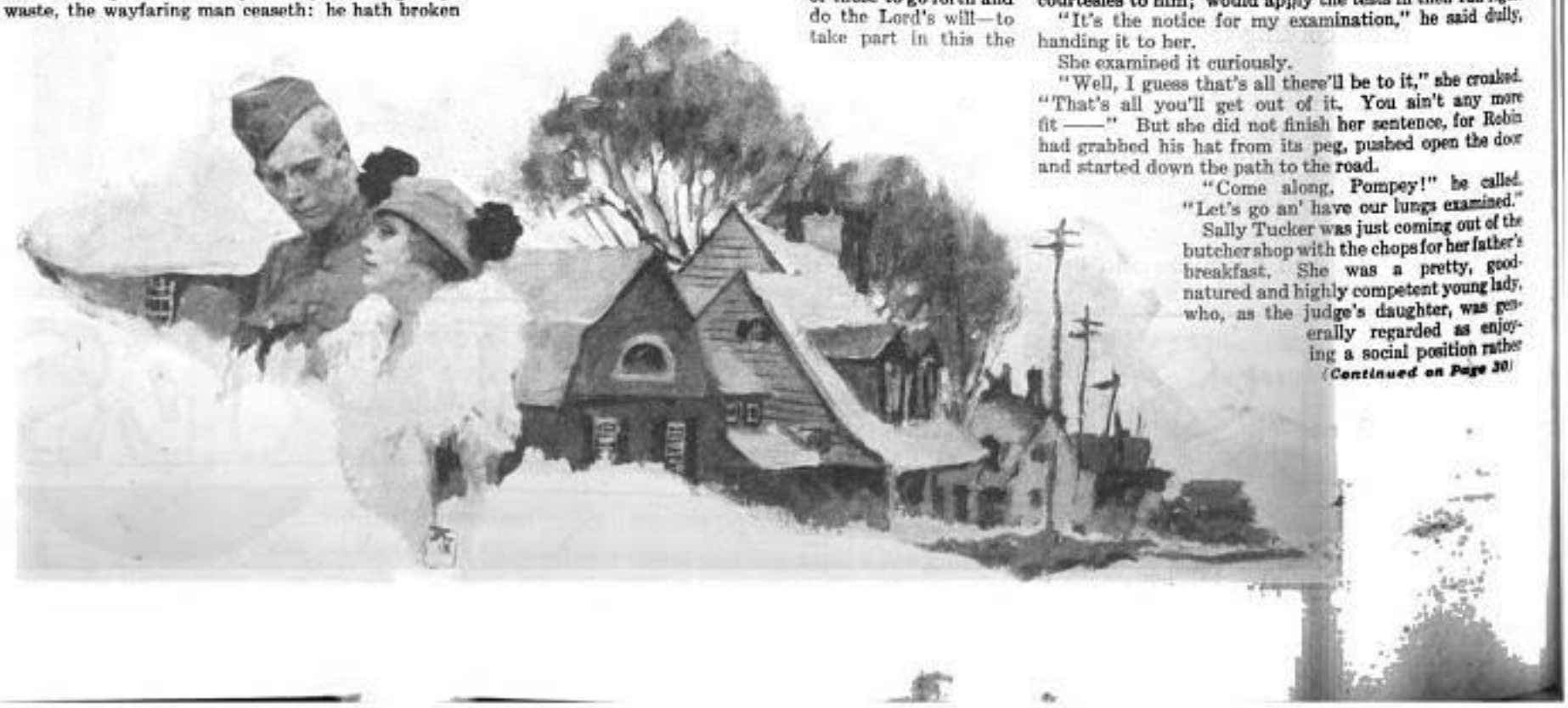
She examined it curiously.

"Well, I guess that's all there'll be to it," she croaked. "That's all you'll get out of it. You ain't any more fit ——" But she did not finish her sentence, for Robin had grabbed his hat from its peg, pushed open the door and started down the path to the road.

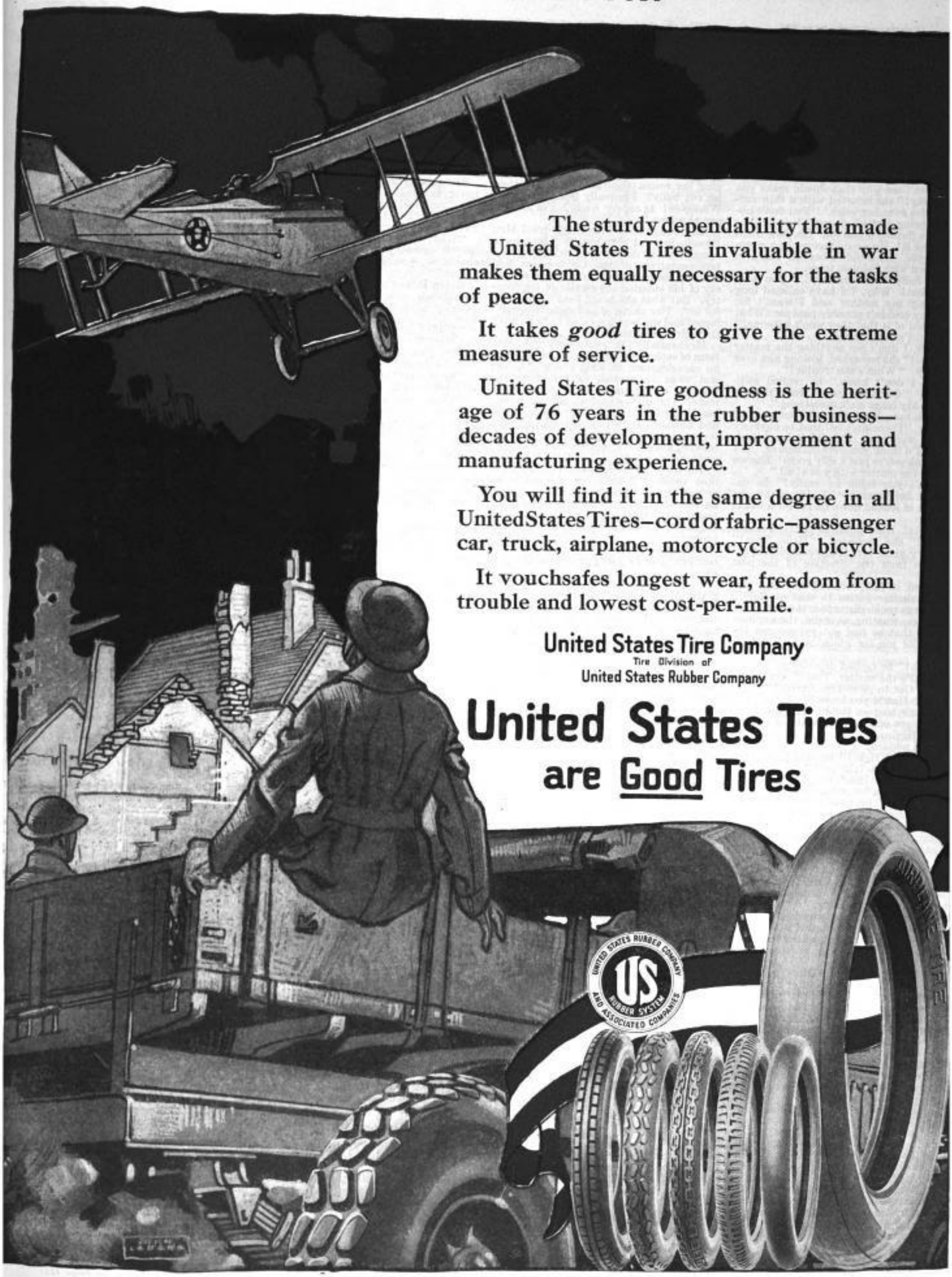
"Come along, Pompey!" he called. "Let's go an' have our lungs examined."

Sally Tucker was just coming out of the butcher shop with the chops for her father's breakfast. She was a pretty, good-natured and highly competent young lady, who, as the judge's daughter, was generally regarded as enjoying a social position rather

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superior to the other village maidens whose parents were less distinguished.

Robin admired her openly, but from afar; so did Mr. Thomas Higgins, less distantly, his matrimonial aspirations having a solid basis in the fact that he was the son of the plutocrat who owned the mercantile establishment in which Robin worked.

"Hello, Robin!" she exclaimed cheerfully. "Well, what's new with you?"

"Nothing much," he answered despondently. "I've got to go over to Lincolnville to get examined for the draft."

"I don't see why that should make you so gloomy!" she retorted with a thin surface of ice over her voice. "You don't object to being drafted, do you?"

Robin flushed a dull red. Oh, how could she think it! He would forever be a worm in her eyes. He couldn't bear it. His own eyes filled with helpless tears.

"Oh, Sally!" he stammered. "You can't think that! Why, I'd have enlisted long ago—only my mother said I wasn't fit; that they couldn't possibly pass me. What I'm afraid of is that they won't take me!"

The girl's face cleared.

"Why, I don't see anything the matter with you!" she remarked, looking him over critically. "What's the trouble?"

"Oh, I don't know," he replied awkwardly. "Our folks never was much on health. My lungs ain't overstrong."

"Look here, Robin Rowell," interrupted the girl: "I wouldn't tell that to anybody else if I were you. If I didn't know your mother I'd think you were shamming. As I do, I think you're just a silly goose! There's nothing the matter with you at all."

"Don't you think so, really?" he demanded, brightening. "I always thought you sort of looked down on me for a weakling."

"Robin! How foolish of you! Of course I don't!" she protested. "Hello, Tom!" as a very glum Mr. Higgins made his appearance from the direction of the post office.

He had, in fact, received only that moment a similar notice to that of Robin; and he was much disturbed, the communication accentuating, as it did, the unpleasant fact that he had not yet secured the bombproof job for which he had laid his wires.

"Hello!" he replied dejectedly.

"What's the matter, Tom?" challenged Sally. "Got to go to Lincolnville?"

"Yes. How'd you know?"

"A little bird—a Robin—told me."

"You got one too?" demanded the unhappy Higgins.

Robin nodded.

"*You're* all right!" he said pleasantly. "They're sure to take *you!*"

Mr. Higgins winced, in spite of the debonair expression he endeavored to assume.

"Oh, sure!" he admitted, but without much enthusiasm. "I'd have enlisted long ago if I hadn't been waiting for a commission. Still, I guess I can get it, just the same, later on. They won't want to keep a fellow in the ranks who's qualified to be an officer."

Sally tried to conceal a smile; and Robin saw it, with a leap of his poor, weak heart, inherited from Aunt Eliza.

"Certainly not!" she agreed. "I wonder if you couldn't get a commission for Robin too! Not as high a one as yours, of course—I s'pose you'll be a major, at least—but a captaincy, say."

Tom shrugged his shoulders, not quite sure whether she was serious or not. Still, wasn't his father the most prominent Democrat in the county? That was what counted. Why, the old man had contributed five hundred dollars to the Congressional Campaign Committee. They'd *have* to give him a commission!

"I'm afraid I couldn't!" he answered apologetically. "Besides, Robin'll never get by the doctors. Why, he'd crack in two if you poked him with a broomstick!" he added under his breath; but Robin heard.

A completely transfigured and utterly hysterical Robin returned from Lincolnville the following evening, his advent heralded by such an uproar as had never before violated the shadowy precincts sacred to the punctilious memory of Grandpa Rowell.

"Mother! Eleanor!" shrieked Robin, dancing up the incline to the kitchen door. "I've passed! They took me!"

His mother raised a pale face from over the frying pan.

"Passed what?" she inquired with scornful incredulity.

"The physical examination! The doctors all said I was as sound as a drum; that all I needed was plenty of good food, exercise and fresh air."

"Oh, Robin! I'm so glad!" cried Eleanor, the tears springing into her watery gray eyes.

Mrs. Rowell regarded him in stupefaction. It was an insult to her parental intelligence.

"I don't believe it!" she gasped. "They couldn't!"

"But they did!" he shouted, gayly grabbing Eleanor about the waist and dragging her round the table. "Oh, mother, isn't it bully? I'm really going! Hurrah! Whoop-ee! Is supper ready? I'm as hungry as a bear."

All through their indigestible meal Mrs. Rowell listened dumbly to his minute account of the details by which the official representatives of the Government had satisfied themselves of the physical propriety of his entering the service of his country. But what she heard held no meaning for her. Her universe had completely collapsed and she herself seemed to be hurtling through a fathomless void.

Mechanically she went on with the motions of eating and cleaning up, but she had no consciousness of what she was doing; and when he paused, exhausted by the vivacity of his narration, she continued mute. The dishes washed, she sat silent, her hands folded in her lap; while Robin and Eleanor babbled on together in an utterly unintelligible language about puttees, rookies, doughboys, guard duty, manuals, emblems, dog tents and majorities.

The rusty old clock wheezed and coughed nine times—"Taps"; but she made no move to go to bed. And three-quarters of an hour later, when Robin rose and said he was going to the village to tell all the folks the news, she uttered only the feeblest of protests:

"Well, I dunno. I dunno. It's after bedtime. But I s'pose you can go out if you want to."

## II

ON A BRILLIANT afternoon in the following June the mother and daughter were sitting together in the subdued light of the kitchen when they heard footsteps upon the gravel outside. Mrs. Rowell, who had a terror of tramps and realized the strategic advantage of position, hastily rose and partly opened the door, ready to repel boarders.

"It's a big man in khaki," she said over her shoulder, adjusting her spectacles. "Mebbe he's a friend of Robin's."

The man, who was in an officer's uniform, carried a heavy overcoat upon one arm and lightly swung an enormous valise with the other. His soldierly erectness served to accentuate his unusual height and the breadth of his chest, so that as he came up the incline toward the door he appeared to fill the entire landscape. Mrs. Rowell awaited him in some trepidation, conscious of her ignorance of military etiquette. At the foot of the terrace he stopped and saluted stiffly.

"Does Lieutenant Rowell live here?" he asked in rough, vibrant tones.

Then, before she could utter even a "For the land's sake!" he had dropped his overcoat and valise, leaped up and stifled her in his arms.

Eleanor, perceiving that her mother was being strangled by a giant, came rushing out with a little shriek, only to be overpowered in like fashion. Lieutenant Rowell lifted them both off their feet and carried them inside, where he tenderly placed them on their respective chairs.

"Gosh! It's great to be home!" he declared. "We're goin' overseas most any day now, and I've got forty-eight hours' leave; so I thought I'd give you a surprise. Well! Howdy?"

"But, Robin! What's happened to you?" demanded Mrs. Rowell. "I didn't recognize you at all. And I didn't know you was an officer!"

"That's a part of the surprise!" he answered, grinning. "At the end of the first three months I made an application to go to the officers' camp, and five days ago I got my commission as second lieutenant."

"Well, I never!" gasped his mother in stupefaction. "You an officer! That was so measly! I wouldn't know you, Robin—you've grown so."

"Six and a half inches bigger round the chest," he answered, expanding his torso like a pouter pigeon, "and half an inch taller."

"But you used to be so thin!" commented Eleanor. "Now you're bigger than Tom Higgins."

Lieutenant Rowell laughed.

"Tom's takin' orders from me now," he said. "And when he doesn't step lively I tell you I give him h—Hail Columbia!"

Eleanor giggled.

"I'd like to see him!"

Robin gazed curiously round the kitchen, which seemed dwarfed by his bulk. Then he felt in his breast pocket.

"Mind if I smoke?" he asked casually. "I'm just dying for a cigarette."

His mother turned white. Robin had never smoked before he went to camp. No Rowell had ever smoked. Here was the first indication of that demoralization she had heard so much about.

"Why, Robin!" she quavered. "What do you suppose your father would say if he should see you with a cigarette in your mouth?"

Robin looked across the table with an affectionate though somewhat quizzical expression upon his erstwhile indefinite but now strong young face.

"I think he would say to me: 'Go to it, my boy!'"

Mrs. Rowell set her lips defiantly. She was deeply shocked.

"Your father didn't approve of tobacco; an' you know it, Robin!" she retorted.

"There was lots of things he didn't approve of," answered her son simply; "simply because folks hadn't got round to 'em. If you're out all day in the open it doesn't do you any harm to smoke a little—anyhow, it hasn't killed me yet. But, of course, I won't smoke if you don't want me to, mother." He put the cigarette back in its package.

Mrs. Rowell's heart beat rapidly. She was, for the first time in her life, disturbed about what she regarded as a question of morals. Robin certainly did not look as if smoking had hurt him and there was nothing about smoking in the Bible; but there was the Rowell family tradition that it was a sinful habit—a lure of Satan. Yet Robin was going away and she might never see him again.

"Well, I won't have you stinking up my kitchen!" she snapped aggressively. Then, to her daughter's amazement, she said: "If you want to smoke go outside on the grass."

"I will if you'll sit out there along with me," he replied.

A horrified expression appeared on her face.

"No," she objected; "the air ain't good for me. It's most always awful damp too. You go out. I'll set in here."

Robin bent his brows sternly upon her.

"Look here, mother," he ordered, "this kitchen is too hot and stuffy for anybody to sit in. It must be ninety! Now you come along! I'll get your shawl if you need it; but you *don't*."

He took her chair in one hand, led her, protesting, through the doorway, and established her upon the top of the terrace. Eleanor followed tentatively. Then Robin did a shocking thing: He deliberately unfastened and threw open not only all the windows of the kitchen but those of the sitting room as well.

A spell seemed to have fallen upon Mrs. Rowell. She sat there aghast, while he pounded and pried, committing sacrilege against her gods. When he had finished he threw himself on the ground, lit his cigarette, and remarked contentedly:

"Now maybe we can get some fresh air into the old box!"

"Old box!" Mrs. Rowell trembled with indignation. The Rowell homestead called an old box!

"I don't think ——" she began shakily, in reproof.

"There's another thing," went on Robin, ignoring her remark: "This place is damp, just as you said. Why? 'Cause the sun never gets a chance at it. When Grandpa Rowell planted that grove of spruces it was all right, because they didn't cut off the light. But look at 'em now! There won't a thing grow round the house. I don't blame Great-uncle Jabez for havin' the asthma."

He snorted.

"I tell you, mother, there's too many closed windows and too little sunlight in most houses. That's why there's so much tuberculosis. Why, it's the first thing you learn in camp."

Mrs. Rowell turned upon him in righteous anger.

"You oughtn't to talk so!" she cried. "Your father lived here all his life! I guess what was good enough for him is good enough for you."

"Maybe for *me*," he answered; "but not good enough for you and Eleanor."

For some moments they sat without speaking, while Robin smoked. Somewhat to her uneasiness, she found that she rather liked the odor. After all, it wasn't so very different from cooking smells, she reluctantly admitted to herself.

They sat there over an hour while Robin told them all about his life in camp, and of the lectures and entertainments they went to, and what a fine lot the fellows were. Gradually the sun declined, until at last a few yellow rays managed to struggle through between the trunks of the trees.

"Well," Robin ejaculated at last, "I'm getting hungry! What have you got for supper, mother?"

"Oh, I dunno," she hesitated. "'Bout the same as usual. There's biscuits, an' half a pie, an' cookies, and a bowl of apple sauce. I guess you can make out."

"Lord!" exclaimed Robin. "Haven't you got any more than that? I want some man's food! I've come a hundred and fifty miles since five this morning."

He rose and looked for his cap.

"Where you goin'?" his mother demanded.

"Down to the village to get some meat and things," he replied casually.

The two women looked at each other.

"Meat's awful high just now," said Eleanor.

"I'll pay for it," retorted the new Crœsus. "I've got to eat real grub if I expect to earn my pay."

When Robin returned, an hour later, in addition to a basket containing a thick steak, a strip of bacon, a chicken, two dozen eggs, two loaves of bread and a jar of marmalade, he carried upon his shoulder a smart rocking-chair of wicker.

"I'm sick of seeing you in that old armchair," he announced. "It looks as if it was made for a dwarf. I want you to be comfortable."

Mrs. Rowell did not know what to say. Though she felt that his purchase was a gross piece of extravagance, she could not help feeling pleased; but, at the same time, she regarded his attitude as insulting to the memory of Grandma Jaffey. Nevertheless, after a supper which resembled a Thanksgiving dinner, she ensconced herself in the new possession with a sensation of satisfaction.

She could not and did not attempt to explain the weakness with which she found herself yielding to Robin's iconoclastic ideas; she merely perceived dimly that a new order had been established, which had certain ameliorations connected with it. Still, she only fell back trench by trench, as it were.

"How you been, mother?" inquired her son as they started to go to bed.

"Why, pretty good," she admitted in a sort of delicious terror. "'Bout the same as usual. My bronchial tubes always gives me trouble. But I don't complain."

He took up a large bottle, across the cork of which a tablespoon was balanced and from whose label vacuously beamed the countenance of a pink-faced gentleman with a luxuriant black mustache.

"What's this?"

She flushed slightly.

"Oh, that's a new remedy I'm takin'. It did Mrs. Giddings a world of good. Cured her right up!"

"Humph! And those?" He pointed to a row of bottles.

"Well, medicine I'm takin' for different things—asthma and heart trouble and rheumatism."

Robin faced her severely.

"Mother, don't you know you're just doping yourself? That stuff's all doctored up. Talk about my smoking! Let me throw it all out!"

"Robin! I won't do any such thing!" she cried with tears in her eyes, yet more than half convinced. "I won't have you act so! I have to have my medicine same as other people."

He looked at her significantly and she gave him a feeble smile.

"Let me chuck it out."

A wonderful feeling of comfort, of confidence in his judgment, had somehow suddenly descended upon her. Already in the now cool kitchen, after her hearty supper and in her easy-chair, she felt better than she had for years.

"No; you shan't do it!" she protested, pouting like a girl.

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# THE RECALL OF THE RETIRED

## By Forrest Crissey

MORE men who have been "turned out to grass" are to-day being brought back to the harness than ever before in the history of American industry. This recall of the retired is as sweeping and universal as the selective draft.

There is little latitude of choice now left as to whether or not these men shall be given place in the ranks of industry. Their job tickets are already written and they are punching in wherever a time clock shows its face. The problem presented to the alert employer by the presence of this Army of the Recalled appears to be: What results are to be expected by this exchange of youth for maturity, of pep for experience, of ambition to advance for determination to stick?

Those who hold that this change is bound to bring a decided slow-down to industry are eager to know what measures of management may be taken that will help to minimize the loss of speed; what unsuspected compensations the recalled man of mature years may have concealed in his make-up; and what may be done to realize the largest returns from those assets which are peculiar to the man of middle life or beyond.

The reason why the probable performance of employees of mature years appears to be shrouded in mystery is simple: For years industry has been worshiping at the shrine of youth with increasing fervor. The propaganda of pep has been sweeping and insidious — a continuous and unlifting barrage of exploitation calculated to throw an abiding fear of gray hairs into the administrators of business. Boyish faces have smiled continually at us from magazine pages above legends that proclaim them to be the chief executives of great corporations. Inevitably this has boomed the stock of youth and depressed the stock of age all along the line—from the directors down to the humblest straw boss.

As a consequence scant attention has generally been paid to the old man in industry. His figure has certainly not filled the eye of the average employer and his industrial epitaph might be sketched by the familiar phrase: "When last seen, was headed South." Of course it is absurd to assume that thousands upon thousands of men well advanced in years have not been constantly employed. But this is precisely the assumption that creeps into the conversation of the mass of employers, and this fact reveals their attitude toward the old or middle-aged workers most significantly.

Why bother about studying those who still remain when their stay is bound to be short and when their presence on the pay roll is something to be ignored or apologized for instead of talked about?

In one region, however, the old man in industry has received special attention. He has been put under the microscope and his performance studied. To the extent of about twenty-five thousand he has been placed, observed and given sympathetic help and protection. This work has been done by Mr. Victor T. J. Gannon, manager of the Employers' Association of Chicago. To all practical purposes he has been running a big research laboratory to determine the industrial value and the special characteristics of the worker of forty-five or over.

### *Night Schools for Employers*

NOW that industry has reached the place where it must do a large part of its work with men of this mature type, the results of Mr. Gannon's work take on special interest and importance. Though Chicago employers have quite generally hired men offered by Mr. Gannon, he has found certain employment managers especially receptive and intelligent in their attitude. Probably there are few extensive employers of labor in the Chicago district who have not been influenced, consciously or unconsciously, by the work of this association, and therefore the entire Chicago territory may be considered a proving ground for the industrial fitness of the man past forty-five.

The extent of this undertaking is suggested by the fact that since June, 1917, the bureau has placed more than twenty-five thousand six hundred men of middle age, having about forty-five thousand dependents. These men have already received between six million and seven million dollars in wages and salaries. The highest salary now paid to one of these old men is six thousand dollars a year, the lowest eight dollars a week, and the average for the last year seventeen dollars and eighty-one cents a week. About ninety-three per cent of the men offered to employers by this organization have been accepted and ninety-five per cent of those employed have given satisfaction, according to Mr. Gannon. Virtually all men placed by this bureau are forty-five years of age or older; the oldest applicant for whom a position has been found is ninety-one and the average age of all the men placed is fifty-seven years.



*"One of the Big Problems of the Present Moment is That of Educating Superintendents and Foremen to the Right Attitude Toward the Gray-Haired Worker"*

"The credit for starting this movement," says Mr. Gannon, "to head off the huge economic waste caused by the premature scrapping of mature men belongs to Benjamin J. Rosenthal, a Chicago merchant. Early in 1917 he formed a committee of employers and public-spirited men, who joined hands in an effort to see that the man of middle age had a fair chance to survive in industry, and also to find out something definite about the assets and liabilities of the middle-aged and the oldish man as an employee. But the emphasis of the effort was to help these men to hold their own rather than to conduct a cold-blooded economic experiment.

"Sympathy, not social curiosity, was the motive that started this movement, and it has also maintained it. But the economic value of its experiences is none the less because its purpose has been sympathetic instead of scientific. We have furnished men to something more than twenty-five hundred employers; for, though the bureau is supported by a few public-spirited citizens and employers, its benefits are free to all employers and to all applicants for work.

"Naturally we have learned considerable about employers as well as employees. At the outset we found employers generally obsessed with the idea that a tag reading 'Dead Timber' ought to be hung on every applicant and employee over forty-five. Possibly that statement of employer sentiment is a little too sweeping—but not much. The employment men were certainly fed up on the favorite efficiency doctrine of the infusion of young blood. Two elements, however, forced them to give this effort for placing middle-aged men an inning—the great war demand for labor, and the standing of the men behind the movement.

"Then we could not realize how greatly the industrial pressure would be increased; the drafting of America's man power between the ages of seventeen and forty-six was then so remote as almost to be unconsidered. Unconsciously our work resolved itself into proving to a large number of employers that they had been setting altogether too low a value on workers who had passed their meridian, thus preparing these employers to face with complacence the present situation through which the industry of the nation is being drained of most of its young men.

"Go to as many as you will of the employers we have served—I'll give you a list—and I am sure you will find they have no fear of depending largely upon the labor of middle-aged men for the period of the war. They have learned that this labor has some very substantial advantages over the younger kind they have been mainly depending upon in the past. The Dead Timber scare has lost its terrors for these employers, who have made an intelligent test of men in middle life; which means not only giving them employment but attention of a sensible and constructive kind.

"The most important thing our experiment has accomplished is a radical change in the employer attitude—a change which is best suggested by the fact that from this time forward a night school for employment managers will be a major activity of this organization. How great a change of heart is implied in this statement only the man who has struggled for about eighteen months to get employers to give the older men a little chance can appreciate. Now these employers or their representatives are coming to a night school to learn how to hire and handle and develop these men in order to get the most out of them. That is certainly a right-about-face!

"As a rule, the employment manager who is supposed to be a specialist in labor matters is less in need of this training than the employer who does his own hiring and has personal supervision of his help. This is because the hired labor manager is more likely to see both sides of the fence; he is in a better position to recognize the rights and interests of the workers and the faults and deficiencies of the employer than is the employer himself. Again, few men who have been able to establish themselves as labor managers have arrived at that responsibility without giving proof of their ability to secure and hold the confidence of the workers. They have demonstrated an ability to keep their mental pores open; otherwise they would be out of luck and out of their jobs."

### *New Problems Born of New Conditions*

"PROPRIETOR employers, managers, superintendents and foremen are the ones who need special training in order to get the best results out of middle-aged and elderly men. This is especially true of those who are young and saturated with the popular idea that pep is ninety per cent in the make-up of the ideal employee. Of course many of these young men will probably go into military service; but some of them will remain behind through exemption. These will have to alter their attitude toward the man beyond the prime of life or else sacrifice their usefulness to their employers under the new conditions.

"For example, I have in mind the foreman of a tool-and-die department in a plant doing important government work. Apparently it is impossible for him to see that the oldish man must be the main dependence of industry during the critical war period, and that there is no department about a plant in which the man of ripe years and experience is more certain to give satisfaction than in the tool-and-die room. One capable and experienced toolmaker after another who will never again celebrate his fiftieth anniversary has been fed into that room in a patient effort to give the young foreman a chance to learn that the tide and the wind have changed. But he is still sailing according to the chart by which he himself landed in his job over the heads of a dozen older men.

"Unless he sees a light soon he is going on the rocks, and his place will be filled by someone who can look at the seamed and wrinkled face of a skilled machinist who has passed the half-century point without feeling that he ought to reach for the ax. This is equally true of hundreds of other foremen and superintendents who are still burning all their incense at the altar of youth. Though the operating executives and the employment managers can do much to make the big readjustment a success, they must have the coöperation of the foremen and others who are immediately over the men. That coöperation must be sincere or it will not hold out and meet the situation. The foreman who cannot see that industry must now lean heavily on the workers of middle age, and that he must let these men understand that their presence is going to be appreciated instead of tolerated, and their way made as smooth as possible, is riding for a fall. He cannot hold on long because he hasn't the capacity to readjust his vision to a new viewpoint.

"Only those foremen who are broad enough to see and grasp the radical change in attitude toward men of mature years that is necessary in order to meet the crucial and increased demands for production with an immensely diminished supply of young-man labor can survive. An attitude of mere tolerance will not save the day for him; he must give these oldish men sympathetic and intelligent coöperation and support. Administrators of big industries have not, as a rule, fully awakened to the fact that one of the big problems of the present moment is that of educating superintendents and foremen to the right attitude toward the gray-haired worker, and removing those who will not react rightly to that instruction.

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"It is a military axiom that an army is made or broken by its officers. You can say the same thing of industry. If its noncoms—its foremen and sub-foremen—are not of the right stuff, or if they fail to get the right viewpoint and attitude, there is going to be trouble and failure in production. The foreman is the sergeant who must take the men over the top; and he must be on the job and be right or the drive will utterly fail. Because their support is so vital every intelligent manufacturer is going to subject his foremen to a sharp scrutiny these days to see that their attitude is intelligent and friendly as to the elderly man in industry.

"And it must be amenable also toward the other new element in industry—woman. The presence of a large proportion of mature men in shops and factories is bound to make the general introduction of women into industry easier in every way. To put it in a homely way, any coeducational shop largely manned by men of middle age is going to suffer less loss of production through fooling and jollying than the shop having the usual proportion of young men. It will soon become commonplace to see daughters working in munition and machine plants alongside their fathers—and perhaps their mothers too. This slant of the new situation must he taken into consideration."

The habit of following up his placements in a persistent and systematic way has added materially to the value of Mr. Gannon's work. He has made it a rule to get both sides of each case where any dissatisfaction has arisen. Some of the results of this practice have been illuminating. One employer of rough labor for freight and stock shifting decided to try the older men on his night force. Several good men were sent in response to this call. A little later they reported that labor under the night superintendent was impossible for any self-respecting man who had reached the age of gray hairs. It was evident that this superintendent had no notion of encouraging the employment in his department of "old guys." An investigation followed and the facts were placed before the employment manager, who promptly responded:

"I guess it's about time to get a new superintendent, who can read the handwriting on the wall and recognize that the riot of young blood is about over, and that we're coming to the time when we'll be glad to get the old boys to work—and give them decent treatment too. Suppose you send me a superintendent to take the place of this one who can't see a man over thirty."

### *The Factor of Good Judgment*

AFTER a carefully selected man had been placed in this position it was noted that elderly men sent to work under him did not return. All of them remained and reported entire satisfaction. Finally the employment manager declared:

"My night force never gave me so little trouble or did its work so well as under this new man. I'm sold on the old boys; and if some of our other superintendents and foremen don't show symptoms of recognizing that we're up against new conditions, you're going to be called on to furnish some more well-seasoned supervisory talent. I have about reached the conclusion that young men are not well qualified to supervise men of mature years. At any rate, I am certain that experience is fully as big an asset in a superintendent or foreman as pep.

"Judgment in handling men and materials is the great thing in keeping up a steady and satisfactory volume of output. Of course a young man may have a natural endowment of judgment; but generally it takes experience to develop that quality, and experience only comes with years. Unless I miss my guess a considerable number of old boys who have waited a long time for recognition and promotion are going to get their innings under the new order of things and find themselves in positions of authority."

No employer could indulge in a more interesting pastime than that of running down the leads picked up in the office of this employment organization started to secure a fair chance for the man who has passed the prime of life. If he has been a blind devotee at the altar of youth he will uncover some decided surprises, both among employees and employers. If sent to a certain Chicago business house he will encounter a dignified white-haired man of fine presence who keeps a set of books in a hand of copperplate quality, which is fast becoming extinct.

In June of last year this man looked his seventy-two years, for he was then in need of money and employment. To-day there is something about the bearing of this bookkeeper that takes a heavy discount from those birthday figures. His employer explains it on the basis that there are remarkable powers of renewal in a raise of salary—especially in the case of a man who has exceeded the allotted threescore and ten years.

This employer declares that when he took on his venerable bookkeeper he did so with hesitation and the conviction that he was taking a humane but rather unprogressive step. If he secured accuracy, steadiness and complete loyalty he was prepared to consider his bargain a good one.

"He appeared to have these qualities," says his employer; "and so I started him at sixty-five dollars a month. To my mind that was about the limit he would ever get; and I have reason to believe he would gladly have signed a contract to work at that salary as long as he might be able to post a ledger. Very shortly he proved to me that he was not only steady and accurate in his work, but he surprised me by suggesting changes in our accounting methods which were decidedly progressive.

"These improvements have turned out to be sound and valuable. As a result the old man has had his salary raised about fifty per cent; and I shouldn't be surprised if he forced us to push his figure higher. He has made such a favorable impression here that he has opened the door rather wide for men of middle age and beyond, and we are generally finding in them the same qualities which have made him satisfactory."

The investigator who is trailing the old-men leads will find no lack of either the pathetic or the humorous. One man of sixty-five years, who is now holding a job at eighteen dollars a week, might, if so inclined, tell of how he had heard for four months the continual answer to his applications:

"We can't use you. Sorry—but your years are against you."

Finally, after being four days without food in a city where he had once enjoyed membership in several leading clubs, he came to Mr. Gannon and was put in the way of self-support by the businesslike Samaritan, who sent a physician, food and a visiting nurse to the wife in a cheap lodging house.

Another member of the Army of the Recalled received his assignment to report for duty after the exhaustion of hunger had taken too firm a grip upon him; he fell unconscious upon the sidewalk shortly before he reached the door of the building in which employment was waiting for him. Five days later a telephone message from the hospital to which he had been taken informed the Employers' Association of the calamity that had overtaken him. Though sixty-nine years old, his return to strength was rapid and he is now working at a living wage.

In a factory which in peacetime puts out electrical fittings, but which is now almost wholly engaged with war work of the most vital character, I found an attitude of decided friendliness toward the man who has passed the meridian of life. Perhaps this is partly due to the fact that it has a director of employment who is an influential official of the company, and who realizes that his responsibilities are quite as serious as those of any other director of the corporation. This alert student of labor conditions—Mr. H. H. Haylett—prefaced a trip through the plant with the following observations:

"Out in the shop you will meet one man who is, I feel, highly typical of what you term the recall of the retired. His kind is to be found in every shop and factory of the country where war work is the order of the day, and in many other places where essential industry is carried on. The facts that stand out in connection with this man are these: He is more than fifty years of age; he could live comfortably on his income without doing a day's work; he has an age handicap in the shape of a decided deafness; until he came here he has not, since his early youth, been on anybody's pay roll but his own; he is doing work with which he is unfamiliar; in about four months he has risen from a common stock hand to the foremanship of one of our most important floors—which gives an emphatic answer to the question of whether he has made good."

### *Activity Without Lost Motion*

"THIS man came to us because he felt that no man able to do even a partial day's work should remain idle. He preferred to do war work and felt that he could do more when stimulated by the knowledge that he was contributing directly to the defeat of the Hun.

"Though this man looked vigorous and intelligent, he would not have received much consideration under prewar conditions, when it was not a common practice to hire any man more than thirty years old, except a skilled machinist or an expert in some special line. But 'the old order changeth,' and the employment manager of to-day who does not scrutinize men more carefully than precedents is not up on his job.

"The surface indications showed several decided reasons for believing that this man might not prove to be a good pay-roll investment. He was more than fifty years old and looked his age; he didn't know our business and was not accustomed to taking orders from anybody except his own customers; and he was so deaf that it was difficult to make him hear. Four years ago he would have been turned away from the employment office of almost any shop or factory in the country. Under the old practice he would have been dismissed on any one of the counts I have mentioned.

"But we have found that most of his supposed handicaps are really assets. Take the matter of his being unaccustomed to work as an employee: Instead of resenting authority or chafing under it he is able to look at his own service from the viewpoint of an employer. Why not? For many years he was an employer. As to any weakness of age, there is not a day in which he does not walk miles in supervising his floor. I think he could tire out the youngest man in his department when it comes to traveling on his feet. But he always lets his head save his legs and his hands too. He makes fewer false motions in a week than the average young fellow makes in a day.

"Again, he doesn't waste any energy in late hours. This cannot be said of many young men. Those who do not dissipate generally expend as much energy in their hours away from work as they do on duty. They are on earth for the first time, and there's so much for them to find out that they're afraid they'll miss something if they take a reasonable amount of sleep. The man of middle age has come to appreciate the refreshment of regular sleep, and plenty of it. As a consequence he is likely to show up at his morning's work with more freshness than his younger competitors.

"The first job given this man was that of piling stock. This was hard work for two reasons: We have much heavy stuff in our stock and, with the hurry and expansion of war demands, our stock room became rather chaotic. To restore order to a large stockroom that has become mixed is not an easy thing, especially when there is an increasing pressure to get out more work. For this reason, when I saw that the stock was being put into proper shape, I knew that good headwork was being done in that department. The man over fifty, who didn't have to work, and who had never held down a job as an employee, was responsible for the change. When he had put the stockroom into shape he was shifted to the assembly room and made a sub-foreman."

### *Too Old to be Spoiled*

"EVERY proposed shift of this man brought a protest from the head of the department in which he was working. Any man of whom this can be said is a good man to promote. I simply told these men who tried to keep him down that right now a big part of their work was to help discover and develop men for responsible positions, and that they must look beyond the advantages of their own particular departments to the interests of the company as a whole; they must consider themselves as operating a labor laboratory as well as running a shop.

"As a sub-foreman this man soon demonstrated that, though he had not been trained as a machinist, he generally knew by its looks when a piece of work was right. Again, he showed very shortly that he could route an order through the works and make it go smoothly, which is not so simple a thing as it might seem in our line of complex work. Then he proved that he had a real capacity for getting work out of men and doing so without friction. The men liked him because he was both fair and firm in his attitude toward them, and because he always kept himself under control. They respected his judgment and the thing behind it—his experience; not experience of a narrow, technical sort, but experience in dealing with men and affairs.

"This man has brought several others into the plant, and they are all good, steady, substantial men—most of them well along in years. Already we have made him foreman of an important room. If he were a young man I should not think of telling his story for publication, because it would probably spoil him; but experience has given him a seasoning that will protect him from being warped or swelled out of shape by a little recognition. Like most men of his years, he has arrived at an understanding of his own limitations.

"Hard knocks have taught him that the world will not stop turning if he should drop out. A man of ripe experience will stand an amount of praise and promotion that would spoil the average young chap. Beyond doubt this man will go on to a better and more responsible position than that which he now holds. There is every reason to believe that he is good for ten years of work. I expect him to be a constructive force in this organization for some time to come.

"Now one swallow doesn't make a summer; and it would be foolish to infer that all men of mature years are off the same piece of stock as this man. They're not. But he is typical of a large class of men past forty-five who to-day are having their chance in industry because of the war—men who would be shut out and forced into retirement if it were not for the fact that the young men of the nation have been called into military service. Men of this kind are meeting our great labor emergency with a degree of success that is little short of a revelation to employers.

"Of course we could not keep going long without an infusion of new blood; but I feel sure that after our present war experience industry is going to put a far higher rating on the capacity of the middle-aged or the oldish man than it had before the great struggle for liberty drained this country of its youth. There will be much less haste to push a man into the discard simply because he has touched the meridian of years. In late years there

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has been too much of this eagerness to scrap the mature manhood of the country, or politely retire it to the pension list on the ground that a man past forty-five cannot have pep enough to be a good pay-roll investment.

"In pointing out the qualities which the men of ripe years are now bringing to their great emergency tasks, I cannot allow the inference that any disparagement of the industrial value of the young is intended. That would be both absurd and disloyal. We are simply being forced to learn that youth has no monopoly of ability to do good work, and lots of it; that the retirement-age limit in industrial service has been placed too low; and that we have been wasting rich human material as recklessly as the old-time mine operators did when their crude processes allowed a higher ore value to slip into the dump than they extracted.

"There is hardly a department in our entire organization in which I cannot find a man of middle age or more who is not, in the main, exemplified by the foreman whose story I have told. Our pay roll and labor statistics are in the hands of a man of sixty-three or more who belonged to the regiment of the retired. He was once a well-known brewer and came to us through the Employers' Association. Very likely he could live comfortably without his wages; but it is certain that he has made himself valuable to this organization. His experience and ripened judgment are assets that count at this time of high pressure. I can see small chance of his going back to the list of the retired for a long time to come.

"The characteristics common to well-chosen men of middle life that go far toward offsetting their loss of pep and the slowing down of their physical powers are greater carefulness, stability, consideration and seriousness. A majority of the accidents in industry occur through the carelessness of workers under twenty-two years of age, while those above thirty-five are almost totally immune from blame on this score. The worker of mature years is a good safety-first man, and is a protection instead of a risk to the men who work with him.

"Two of the principal impediments to rush production are stoppages on account of accidents and objection to overtime work. Not only is the middle-aged man virtually immune to accidents, as far as responsibility for them is concerned, but he is always ready to work. He has no dates that will prevent him from working overtime, thus increasing his income and his rate. When a man of this type is hired and is asked when he wants to start in, his answer is usually: 'Right now.' With a young man the typical reply is: 'Next Monday.'"

### Consideration and Responsibility

"On the score of showing consideration, the older men certainly shine. They have a better appreciation of the rights of others than do the young men—which is entirely natural, because consideration is developed by experience. A man of middle age will rarely quit a job without giving fair notice of his intentions.

"In hiring we meet this characteristic continually; and we always encourage it. With boys or very young men the favorite form of notice is the failure to appear. The inconvenience to the employer from this method of leaving is not considered. In virtually all cases where the young worker quits because he has taken offense at something or is dissatisfied with some requirement, he leaves without notice, with the deliberate intention of causing all the inconvenience he can.

"Rarely does a middle-aged worker leave without giving notice, no matter how mad or dissatisfied he may be. His inclination is to take his troubles to the head office and talk them over in a manly way. As a rule, he is equally considerate to those with whom he is working. He stops to think before he encroaches upon the rights of his bench mate or his fellow workman. Anything that might hinder or annoy his shop neighbor is not a joke to the mature man, while it is often the acme of humor to the youth.

"The delay to production and the damage to materials and output through senseless fooling on the part of employees is larger than the layman who has not studied the subject would dream. Horseplay is an element of overhead expense that exists in direct ratio to the youth of the workers. In a force of men more than forty years old it would be almost wholly eliminated. Most of the lack of consideration shown by youth is sheer thoughtlessness; the balance is just plain selfishness. Experience is the standard germicide for carelessness, and it is quite a corrective for selfishness too.

"Seriousness is one of the biggest assets of the man of middle age or beyond. He has eliminated a lot of the distractions of youth, has struck his stride, and is distinctly on the job. Holding his place is not a matter of small consequence to him, for he has acquired the responsibilities of a family and perhaps of property. His job isn't a thing to be thrown up on the whim of the moment. Life itself has ceased to be a huge joke to this man who has hit the peak and begun to get acquainted with the scenery on the downhill slope. He has reached a resolution to make every move count. If he makes it count for himself it will count also for his employer."

### Useful Gray-Haired Women

Mr. C. L. Guyol, the employment manager for a large manufacturing company that has virtually discarded its normal line of output and shifted to munitions, makes this interesting observation:

"We are making practical recognition of the advantages of maturity and experience in our workers to the extent that we are deliberately building our working units about little groups of middle-aged women as well as men. This plan has been found to give stability and balance to the rooms where it has been in force. I am fortunate enough to work for a company whose president is decidedly progressive in employment matters, and he has been quick to recognize the stabilizing influence of the middle-aged men and women upon the younger workers immediately associated with them, and upon the organization as a whole.

"We are proud of our gray-haired women. Great care is used in selecting them, because we are making a deliberate effort to choose those who will contribute a value beyond their output of work. The influence of these elderly women upon the girls working with them is so decided as to be instantly apparent. Probably it is greater, or at least more obvious, than the influence of the middle-aged and oldish men upon young men and boys, for the reason that the presence in industry of women who have passed the high point of life is much more of a novelty than that of mature men. The young fellows are more accustomed to working alongside middle-aged men than girls in mills and factories are to having white-haired women as their shopmates.

"One result of the presence of these mature matrons—most of whom have sons or brothers in the army—is that of making any young woman who is morally unfit so uncomfortable that she soon eliminates herself. Of course as much care as possible is taken to keep undesirables from getting a foothold on the pay roll; but sometimes they will slip past. Our shop mothers, if such you choose to call them, are quick to detect this troublesome element among female munition workers, and to protect others from their sinister influence by a quiet word. However, the undesirables themselves resent the presence of these experienced women with sons and daughters of their own, and soon leave for a more congenial atmosphere.

"Then these elderly women, about whom we are building our room groups, exercise a secondary influence in smothering a great volume of nonsense between the girls and the younger men—an exchange of joshing and chaffing, not necessarily harmful but decidedly wasteful of time and out of place in a shop or factory.

"To a certain extent this wholesome and restraining influence is also exercised by the men of middle age and beyond. Boys and young men do not let themselves go under the eyes of gray-haired men as they do when they are herded by themselves, so to speak.

"Again, these oldish men exercise a positive constructive influence on the younger men. They are educators in craftsmanship and also in the ethics of the shop. Any boy or young man who has enough character to become a good workman naturally has the idea that years spell experience and that experience means judgment. This was always my feeling, and it still is. I think it is the common attitude of the younger worker toward the older.

"Frankly, I never began to feel real sure of myself until I was more than thirty years old, and I look up to the man of riper years who has not wasted his opportunities as being able to teach me something worth while—whether about mechanics, business or life—whenever I get a chance to talk with him. In this I'm not different from the average man who is approaching middle life. Therefore I conclude that the man of ripe experience in the shop, the factory or the commercial establishment is an educator and a constructive force.

"Labor turnover is one of the greatest problems of the hour. On this score the man of middle age is a decided stabilizer. The young man will quit his job for a difference of five cents an hour. The mature man is indisposed to make a change, for many reasons. He considers his responsibility to his employer, and asks whether it would be fair to pull up and leave. Of course there are thousands of young workers who are highly conscientious about this too; but I'm speaking of common tendencies, and that of youth is to give scant consideration to anything save its own advantage.

"Then, the man of advanced years looks to the future rather than the immediate present. He wants to stay on the job and have a place that he can hold down. Youth says: 'I can always get work—and, anyhow, I want to see the world.'"

How about the class of men who have never been producers, but have always drawn their subsistence from the well-known bin of unearned increment? Some queer things are certainly happening among those men who have never had to work but have spent their lives mainly in looking after what has been handed down to them by frugal forebears. New England has a high percentage of this class, and thousands of members of the solid and respectable fraternity of Yankee Thrifters have gone forth from the East into the Middle West.

### Jarvis Goes to Work

Some years ago a scion of a seafaring family settled in an Ohio city that is now humming with war industries. Ostensibly he made the move to be near his wife's people. It is possible, however, that he may also have been influenced by a desire to live where the amounts of various inheritances were not matters of public knowledge. Occasionally men of his antecedents have developed a decided taste for financial obscurity—a pronounced prejudice against sharing the fiscal secrets of the family with the tax assessor.

Anyhow, this man, who had never done any work more strenuous than clipping coupons and choosing investments, set up a modest little establishment and lived the quiet, comfortable, but very careful life of a retired tradesman of the Old World type. His neighbors often wondered whether Mr. Jarvis—which is not his real name—could afford to live without doing anything. The common conclusion seemed to be that this quiet man from Connecticut had chosen complete leisure above all other luxuries and preferred to go without many things that others considered virtual necessaries rather than tie himself down to a business of his own or to employment.

But a man must have some intimates to whom he opens his books, and in the case of this stray from New England a certain bank cashier held the key to his confidence. One day the employment manager of a munitions factory in the Ohio city said to this bank cashier:

"We've lost our messenger again—third boy to quit us in six months. I've about made up my mind to go to the other extreme and get a man who is past fifty and immune from the draft and the allurements of the shell machine and the shipyard. Don't you know of a really responsible man of mature years who would like to do something light but useful—just enough to keep him out of mischief and, at the same time, give him an honest claim to the feeling that he is doing something to help win the war? If he had some real financial sense and knew a little about business—particularly the banking end of it—he would fit in nicely."

The employment manager couldn't understand why the cashier shook with chuckles as he slapped his knee and answered:

"Got just the man for you! He's at the receiving teller's window now. But I want to talk with him alone first. Besides, his wife is with him. You come back in thirty minutes and I'll turn him over to you. Good man—thoroughly responsible; knows how to check up a bank statement and several other things. I'll sign his bond myself. What'll you start him at?"

"Been paying fifteen, but I'll make it eighteen if you think he'll make good."

"That's all right!" was the quick response; and the cashier was laughing foolishly again as the employment manager went his way, wondering where the joke came in.

An instant later, in the private consultation room, the cashier was facing his two friends of Connecticut extraction and saying:

"Marvin, you're drafted. I've got a job for you and you're going to take it. I'll leave it to Mary if you aren't. It pays eighteen a week and consists in going back and forth from a certain munitions factory and the banks with which it does business."

"He'll take it," quickly answered the wife.

"But I never worked for anybody or held a position in my life. Do you suppose ——"

"Of course you could," urged the cashier. "Just the man for it!"

With much timidity and hesitation, this man of fifty-five, who had never received a dollar in wages or salary in his life, was swept into his first job. About three months later the employment manager met the bank cashier again and exclaimed:

"Your man is making good! I gave him a raise of two dollars last week, just as a little surprise for him. He seemed as pleased as a boy with a new bike."

"Pleased!" returned the banker. "He was so tickled with that raise he could hardly talk. I'll bet he actually went off by himself and cried when he first discovered it. Say—if you only knew it, this is about the funniest thing in the world."

"I've noticed," returned the employment manager, "that you seem to have been hugely amused by this thing from the very start; but, of course, I'm in the dark as to the joke. Mr. Jarvis himself doesn't seem to see the funny side of it. We haven't a man on the pay roll who takes his work more seriously or has a keener interest in it than he."

"You bet you haven't!" responded the banker. "He'd be broken-hearted if you told him to quit. And that raise in wages meant more to him than any other raise you've ever handed out has meant to the one who received it."

"Then what's so funny about it?"

### A Happy Class

"Oh, nothing," laughed the cashier—"except that he could buy out your whole concern, throw it into the creek, and still have enough left to yield a good living. I know; for I check over his securities with him every little while. He has never done anything in his life but save and look after his investments, which are mostly made by others who are experts at the job. His life work has consisted in sitting tight, receiving inheritances, and living on a scale of about seventy-five points below his income.

"The saying that any fool can make money, but that it takes a man of big ability to keep it, may be gospel truth, but it has never seemed to satisfy Mary Jarvis. She's delighted to have him go to work and his raise is about the greatest thing she has ever known. It means to her that he has made good as a man among men."

This man is not the only shrinking coupon clipper who has taken a job and is leading a more active life to-day than for many years past. They are infiltering into industry everywhere in numbers that are surprising to those who have scarcely considered their existence. Most of them are not wealthy, but are able to live comfortably on their incomes under normal conditions; which is only another way of saying that now they must cut their scale of living decidedly or increase their incomes by becoming earners.

However, many of those who are still able to live from their incomes are going into active work from patriotic motives. And they are doing a kind of work, in a high percentage of cases, to which they have been entirely unaccustomed.

As a rule, these men are almost the happiest to be found on the whole producing line. They are tasting, for the first time perhaps, the joy of taking an active hand in the working of an essential industry.

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# LETTERS FROM FRANCO-AMERICA

(Continued from Page 8)

have had no emotion at all. Such, I think, is the mood of this most beautiful, most tried and most heroic city. I have searched the newspapers for the notice of a single public meeting having to do with the great event. I find not a mention, if you except a meeting of the refugees from St.-Quentin, who are meeting to-day—but not for rejoicing. They are to consider ways and means to get the population back when the lines are far enough advanced to render the town site tenable.

Yet people do move at a more sprightly pace than of old, I think; and whenever you stop to talk with French people, high or low, the discussion resolves itself into joyful gloating over the news. This morning I stopped to inspect a large map of Turkey in a shop window.

Beside me stood a pleasant elderly Frenchman with the Legion in his buttonhole. He turned to me. "It goes there, also, does it not?" he said.

When I lined up yesterday to get my bread card at the *mairie* I found a Frenchwoman of the people just before me, and another just behind. Across me they commented on the news, discussing with intelligence the question whether the boches were going back to their own frontier or only to a new line of defense in France.

It happened that I got the "flash" on the taking of St. Quentin while I was visiting at the American Embassy; a few minutes later I imparted it to a French officer in one of the government offices. "What!" he said, and his face lightened. "We'll have them!" Then he went back to his papers. Everywhere the same quiet gladness, but no fireworks whatever.

The city is down to a London basis as regards lighting at night; which means that occasionally there is a tiny flicker of moonlight blue which serves to make the darkness visible. Those low lights make London with its massive buildings ghostly and suggestive of mysterious things. Paris, with its broad spaces and its graceful configuration, is a sleeping beauty.

I went to dinner last night with a Frenchman. When we came out into the darkness from the Etoile station of the Metro the Champs-Elysées, that most beautiful of all avenues, curved below us, merely suggested by rows of low blue lights as though the moon had broken up into little pieces and come to dwell among us. My Frenchman stood there and expressed himself in a prose poem concerning the beauties of Paris last June. There never were such June days. There never were such wonderful nights. So many people had left Paris that you saw again its outlines and realized what a beautiful city it really was. Even the army transports, parked in the open spaces, gave a touch of color which blended with everything else.

"It must have been rather uncomfortable and trying on the nerves," I said, bringing him down out of the clouds.

"Oh," he said, "as for that, we worked and hoped. But we learned who were the real French!"

October Fourth.

STILL more transformations as the express train rolled northward this morning along the familiar line to old battles. It was almost entirely a French train in which one traveled during those old days of 1916; now it is prevailingly American. In the summer when Verdun raged, in the summer when the fighting lagged while we waited for Russia to make her decision, parties making their way to the Front by automobile tried always to manage things so as to make Château-Thierry for luncheon or dinner. It was peaceful; pretty; as war-zone towns go, rather gay. Here, far behind the lines, divisions took their repose; the excellent dinner at the Hôtel du Cygne was spiced with entertaining conversation.

In a general way Château-Thierry was not there at all; it had been reduced to that familiar state of a war-zone town—ruin. As we crawled up a railroad track which seemed the only new and complete object in sight the Y. M. C. A. girl, who had been sitting in the corner of the compartment resisting all advances at conversation, volunteered a remark.

"Our division took it," she said.

It turned out that she had gone in with her canteen just behind the division, during that fight wherein America made good. She lacked the narrative talent, that girl, but she came out at intervals with flashes like this:

"When our boys came up the stragglers said to them: 'You can't stay in there!' And our boys said: 'We'll not only stay there but we're going forward.' When the stragglers saw that, they formed, too, and went back with them."

Or this, as we drew into sight of a road bordered by blackened ruins:

"There's where our division came into sight, singing The Yanks are Coming."

Through more ruined towns we were in Epernay, once as quiet and bromidic a little town as there is in the war zone, now itself sadly smashed. It is one of the centers of the champagne industry; and boys came to the train windows selling bottles of champagne along with cans of sardines. The very railroad embankments were still ragged with hastily built trench systems where the French, in July, were preparing to hold should the enemy come through. Then Châlons, also newly battered.

All this time we had been running through babel. Not only were there French soldiers of every rank in the railroad stations—and of course Americans by the hundreds—but there were Italians, scattering Portuguese, occasional British. The Italians had brought along their *carabinieri*, those state policemen who serve also in the war zone, and who wear hats like Napoleon's. Down to a station water tap came a solemn Hindu with a bucket—doubtless an officer's servant. Stolid little Annamite Chinese in khaki working uniforms and flat blue tam-o'-shanters dug along the railroad tracks. Châlons brought a memory in this connection. When I saw it last it was headquarters for the Russians operating on this Front. "That," I thought sorrowfully, "is over too." But no; even as I thought, down a road came two big men in the belted blouses, the high boots and the caps with ridiculous little perpendicular peaks—the uniforms which we used to cheer in Paris ever so long ago. They were members, I suppose, of that little Russian legion which is seeing it through with the French.

This mixture of races, and the reflections that followed, made me momentarily almost sorry for Germany. Among all the things she lost when she lost her soul none appears greater to me than this: She has lost her seat at that great international feast of common effort and good will which we have been holding—all who belong to the really civilized peoples. On the high seas, on country roads, on battlefields and in the long reaches of the back line we have been getting to know and to like each other with open enthusiastic hearts.

When at last train and automobile brought us to our destination I found the pretty French town which is to be home for a little time busier than ever even in her war history, and badly gone to seed since 1916. On top of three years in the back reaches of the war came the Americans—and the poor little town seems nearly swamped. Two years ago we used to try to make that town for meals, just as we tried to make Château-Thierry on account of the excellent hotel. When we rolled in rather late for luncheon many others had preceded us. The earlier comers were already eating a full luncheon; but all they could offer us was eggs and cheese. We made the best of it. When, ten minutes later, two Red Cross women and a Frenchwoman arrived they could get only bread and cheese. Later comers got only bread; and before we left even that had given out.

For a time it looked as though we must borrow blankets and find some floor to tuck ourselves away for the night. But the fortune which sent two friends unexpectedly to the Front gave us a room with two beds. The hotel has a very fancy name and no plumbing. Neither has it electric bells. When you want hot water you go to the head of the stairs and shout "Service!" Whereupon, after a time, a very small French boy comes upstairs with a very small cream pitcher of hot water. The other hotels are less pretentious.

This has been an important day of battle out there; from the higher ground of the city you can hear the guns rumbling uneasily, and as I came in there were flashes like heat lightning in the sky. This morning the Americans went over the top in the second stage of the Argonne advance. Already men who have been in battle this morning are coming into town on some military errand or other, half of them with splashes of plaster over a cut too slight to require hospital attention, with bandaged hands or with the cough that means a light case of gas. Approach them and they can tell you only that it is hot up there.

We also go forward in the morning.

October Fifth.

NORTHWARD along the road the camions were flashing, as they flashed in the height of Verdun two years ago. More transformation! Then they were country motor omnibuses, painted gray, with the old signs of civilian days showing through the coating; and the heads that peered from between the curtains were topped with the blue helmets of militant France. Now they were five-ton American-built motor trucks, and the uniforms were of our own yellowish brown. The troops—reënforcements going forward to the struggle for the Argonne—had evidently been traveling all night. The caked road dust had turned their faces to the color of their uniforms. Mostly they were asleep, their heads on their arms along the rails. The memory of old Verdun days recalled to me how stalwart are these young crusaders of ours. Beside those little active French troops who won the Gettysburg of this war they appeared gigantic.

We shot past them in our fast staff limousine and were in the rear transport of an army; and now a square barbed-wire inclosure stained with splashes of rusty gray revealed a corral of German prisoners taken the night before. Farther up the road a moving gray line announced the approach of another squad. They came into nearer vision, and we could make out the teeth of a grinning gigantic negro guard in the lead. The captain from Seattle who had the camp in charge was grinning also as he came forward to meet us; and when we entered the corral the prisoners were grinning too. Really this compound of newly trapped Germans was as cheerful a place as I have ever seen at the Front. The prisoners, perhaps, had the best cause of all for their smiles. Each had under his arm or rolled up in his spare bedding a long package of thick, snow-white American crackers and a can of beef hash—the regular emergency ration of the American Army, with a slight addition to make up for meals which they had missed.

"Those white crackers look to them like a fairy tale," said the captain from Seattle. "They handle them as though they were gold. I've seen 'em down on their hands and knees picking up the crumbs."

Whether to hold the pivot of their retreat, which lies about in this region, or by way of discouraging the French and British over the prospects of their new ally, the Germans appear to be throwing in against us the best they have. The truth must be told: these were fine troops, well uniformed and with good boots. Neither, allowing for the loss of meals in the process of holding Exermont and of getting down from the line, did they appear underfed. Then, too, they had already scrubbed up their uniforms and boots with that little brush which every German soldier carries as a part of his equipment. Lolling on the grass just resting they looked contented, relieved, happy. The noncommissioned officers, distinguished by the peaks on their caps, lay apart from the common herd, playing cards. When I stepped out to photograph them they faced the camera with smiles. Two officers over in the corner were sitting on cracker boxes, eating and chatting genially with each other.

And all this proved to me the decline of the German cause. Two years ago a corral of new-caught Germans showed a sprinkling of sullen defiant faces, and the rest were trying to camouflage their relief. The day of camouflage is nearly over for Germany!

When we stopped again on that road we knew that the convoys crawling beside us were going into battle. And on the rise of a side road we had a view of that country for which we are this day engaged in the most desperate struggle that American arms have known since the Battle of the Wilderness.

The French countryside has at this point rolled northward into the foothills of the Vosges Range. It runs away into a succession of meadows and hills which, toward

(Continued on Page 40)

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(Continued from Page 38)

the north, where the fire was now rolling, becomes all hills. At a confluence of two side valleys rises abruptly the picturesque wooded peaked hill of Clermont-en-Argonne. The traditional guardpoint for the passes of the Argonne, it has seen more history than almost any other hill in France. Devastated again and again, its fifteenth-century Gothic church, whose slender towers once dominated the landscape, had been spared until this war. Now it is only a low wall of window frames and pillars, with a sliver of vaulted arch rising above them here and there. Beyond Clermont the state forest of the Argonne sheers northward across hill and meadow as far as eye can reach. It seems as savage as in the days when the Germanic invaders used to stalk through it against the primitive Gauls.

The earth stays green longer into the autumn here than in our own land; but October does not bring our glorious tints to the trees. They fade gradually into a sickly yellow or a dull brown. The fields of this region, always under fire from the Argonne lines, which ran straight across the forest and along the hills, have not been fully cultivated for many a year. The gray villages dotted here and there at the crossroads had all been cruelly battered into dust or ruins. The whole landscape looked weary, sick. It was a day of bright sun overhead and of clouds along the horizon. Toward the north the clouds drifted, broken, disturbed, shot with curious perpendicular lines of mist—a battle sky. From that same north came a sound like a gigantic metallic bowling alley—the curtain fire was on again.

Only a week before the Germans had got out of their tan lines before Varennes, and the country beyond has still the aspect of a new battlefield. It was not, however, the kind of battle that they used to fight in the hard days of the Somme fight, when armies fought to extinction for an advance of half a mile, when behind the crawling line the landscape assumed the aspect of a road which a thousand cattle had trampled. The hill meadows bordering the sharply defined edge of the forest appeared merely a little more withered than those behind the old line; you looked closely before you saw that it was first the effect of shell holes, little and big, now scattered and now grouped, and of wreckage. Here a ruined truck too far gone for repair had been shoved to one side of the road. There a splintered artillery wheel protruded from the rusty green earth. Twice there were aëroplanes, their noses buried, looking convincingly dead. The forest alone looked as serene as ever; but now we came to a little island of stripped and broken trunks.

By the time we turned into a side road and also into the area wherein one does not mention geographical names we were winding and fighting with the car for position in a line that looked like all America going forward. Replacement units on the march trudged along bent under their packs; and about here helmets began to replace jaunty overseas caps. Tanks in need of repairs rumbled back looking in their camouflage as though they had escaped from a circus. Artillery was backed tight up with munition camions; at intervals the mule, without which America cannot make war, dragged miscellaneous freight, amid which I noted two pine tables and a desk—office furniture for some newly established headquarters. That profanity without which the army mule would feel himself in an atmosphere too refined for his best efforts sounded all along the way.

The businesslike French road directions that we had been seeing were succeeded now by signs in the American dialect, like "Play the Game, boys; obey the M. P." or "Keep them on the run—Keep Moving." Over everything was that silence in the foreground, contrasting with the racket in the background, which always seems to mark the rear zone of an action. Once, however, a buzzing sounded overhead, and all the helmets tilted upward to see whether the plane was one of theirs or one of ours. Along the line broke out for a minute the cheerful crackle of Yankee conversation. It turned out to be an Allied scout plane back from some adventure of the upper air; the helmets went back to horizontal and there was silence again.

Free of the convoy we dipped into a hollow and skirted the edge of what had been a town but was now only a set of cellars with occasional habitable niches left in the ground floors. The artillery was going heavily again; and by now through the roar of departures we could catch the firecracker sound which means arrivals. A squad of negro troops looked casually up from their digging in a gutter, and one of them pointed casually. On the hill beside the town six-inch shells were breaking regularly. We skirted in behind the town, to find it looking like a new mining camp when the boomers have just arrived, what with boxes, bales, pup tents, haltered horses, shovels, picks and universal display of firearms. The arrivals were still cracking just above, but two Salvation Army workers, male and female, were making coffee at a fire in the ground floor of what had been a house; and down the street with bag and baggage came two Y. M. C. A. girls, just arrived and hastening to the job.

When at last we came out upon a plateau which was our first objective it became apparent that our second was cut off from us; it was for the moment a heavily shelled area with black bursts everywhere along the crest and unnatural mists of gas shells visible through our field glass. A road before promised, however, a half-safe look into the battle area. Before we had followed it to its end this way appeared strangely deserted, which in battle is an unhealthy sign. Farther, here and there the gutters were lined with horses newly dead, their blood still bright and flowing. Dugouts lined the hills a little distance from the road; at their doorways sat cheerful young Americans, glimpsing the sunshine, exchanging remarks or swapping cigarettes. Down the road came clumping a soldier with a bandage over one eye and another on his hand. We had slowed down to take him on, when he turned into a dugout, accepted a cigarette and sat down to talk it all over.

Certain signs ahead told us that this road was no place to be with a car; also there was no place to park. At this point an opening of the hills showed a faint disturbed haze across the landscape. That was the front battle line—the shell holes, for this fight is not in trenches. We managed a turning and found ourselves beside a field hospital much farther forward than a hospital ought to be, according to the regular rules of the game. It had arrived only that morning, the surgeon from Seattle told us when he came out to welcome us, and had been set up in its reddish-brown tents half an hour after the orderlies began to unpack.

"And they've already done things to our Red Cross sign," he laughed; "look there."

He pointed to an area of white rags and ashes with a shell hole near its center. It was or had been the Greek Cross of white sheets which field hospitals stretch on the ground to demand immunity from aircraft.

"We got a little shell shower a couple of hours ago," he added. "One of them did this, and another landed ten feet from the operating tent. Lucky no one was on the table just then! They're just whiz-bang shells anyway, fired with contact fuses, and they don't do much in this soft ground. Yes, it's far forward for a hospital, but in these circumstances what could we do? We had an awful night last night, but it has slackened up to-day. Only eight deaths since we got here, thank God!"

I noticed then for the first time that under his camouflage of tan his face looked drawn and that his eyes were bloodshot.

At that moment the rattle of a machine gun broke the heavy autumn silence which fell between the gun bursts. Stretcher bearers carrying between them an inert man with a wounded head craned their necks upward. A black mosquito of a machine had just darted, spitting, above a cloud directly overhead. Far beyond the cloud was an American military balloon, its probable objective. From the squadron guarding that great air slug a chasse plane darted into the cloud to give battle; now two machine guns drummed, directly overhead. We watched for a moment, half expecting the fall of a plane from the upper air; but nothing happened, and the surgeon, readjusting his helmet, began anxiously to question us about the peace rumors, that being the topic of the day. Did we think it was possible that the President would fall for the German bluff? When we answered with a unanimous no he looked relieved and invited us into the wards.

In the first tent a soldier lay on the operating table having his wound dressed under local anæsthetic; as the surgeon worked, the wounded private was remarking that it was a good thing the spit ball went out anyhow. The next tent, that of the desperate cases, was less cheerful. The nearest man lay on his side, his arm half hiding his face. His skin was yellow and his half-clenched hand looked curiously stiff. A surgeon, bent over him with pad and pencil, was taking some kind of notes. I fancy that he was near the end. The slightly wounded in the next tent were sitting up talking in normal tones or were sunk into that dead sleep which is the second stage for a wounded man. Nearest the door lay a little French Blue Devil, his jaunty tam-o'-shanter cap still cocked at the proper angle. He answered my inquiry with news that he was shot through the leg, and at once discovered himself as a critic of this war and all its works. He asked first if he was going to be sent to a French hospital. The surgeon answering for me replied that he was not.

"That is good," he said. "Look, I am wounded three times before and the French hospitals are frightful, terrifying!"

"Which isn't so; we're still learning from them; but let him talk," put in the assistant surgeon when I translated.

Then he fell upon the American infantry, which, he said, was too abominably brave. It got ahead of its objectives and had to be rescued. Was that any way to make war? He had shifted to the French artillery when I broke off the conversation; but for some moments I heard him still talking to himself or whoever understood French; and I take it from phrases which I caught that he had now arrived at criticizing General Foch and was about to take up the question of Allied diplomacy in the Balkans, which, if I got his meaning, would bear looking into.

A cheerful lad with a bandaged hand and foot lay on his stomach and hailed us as we passed, demanding to know who we were and if any of us came from Ohio. And without more ado he and his buddy, who lay across the aisle with a splinter in his thigh, took up the story of their adventure. The little man with the bandaged hand is a major's runner. He and his buddy were behind a wall with two Frenchmen while our infantry cleaned out the crest beyond.

"And the froggies ran out into the street yelling something about the boche running, and somebody sniped the whole lot of us with a whiz-bang shell. I don't know whether the Frenchers were killed. Likely. Those Frenchers are awful. They take too many chances, and then you have to go and pull them out of the hole."

I mentioned the peace rumor, which was news to them; they had been a long time in the lines, where newspapers come only by favor of the aëroplanes.

"Well, we ain't going to stop before we've got the boche on the run, are we?" asked the runner. "Yes, the hell we are!"

The way back, as the sun dipped low into the mists of forests and of battle, ran down a road behind six-inch batteries. A French truck driver had cut in, delaying a convoy of supplies. The fat captain of the supply train had descended from his machine and was arguing with the recalcitrant driver in the universal language of gesture; and traffic stopped temporarily. This left us by the breach of the battery, which was spitting out at regular intervals its messages to the Kaiser. Every time the nearest gun went off I feared for the windows of our machine. Between shots the artillerymen, blue-overalled above their uniforms, slouched over to the edge of the camouflage, exchanged chews of tobacco and chatted casually while one or two busy members fussed about the gun. At a word of command they slouched back to the piece, made a few motions, and again the windows of the car rattled. Before the recoil was over they had drifted again to the edge of the camouflage.

There was a crack some hundred and fifty yards to the left. A snake of fire ran along the ground and disappeared into misty smoke—a gas shell. They regarded it casually over their shoulders for a moment, and resumed conversation. The road was clear now and we wriggled backward through the crawling convoy, past batteries and camps, dumps and dugouts; above all through hard labor—men toiling stolidly at jobs of lifting, digging or guiding heavy machinery. That is always the impression one carries away from the rear zone of battle—hard work.

This, which I have recorded here, is all, I suppose, that anyone could have seen of this great battle for the Argonne, unless he were in the shell holes of the advanced zone with the infantry—and then he would see only the man at his right or left and a little sector of the death machine ahead. Those artillerymen loafing and swapping conversation between their moments of heavy

(Continued on Page 43)

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*(Continued from Page 40)*

effort with the guns seemed typical to me of the whole performance. Yet this, I repeat, was a vital day in the heaviest battle that our people have fought since the struggle in the Wilderness.

When we swung into a main road our machine was held up momentarily by the passage of a battalion of infantry going back from the front line, where they had been fighting ever since they went over the top a week ago. They were earth creatures now; the caked mud was falling in flakes from their cheeks and foreheads. Also they had the drawn and pinched look of men who had slept too little and worked too much. I unshipped the camera.

As I snapped, a sergeant yelled from the head of his company: "Photographing the Irish, huh?"

Someone else yelled that he had a Swede with a good map; and someone far down the line yelled in imitation of the bark of an officer: "Dagoes, attention!" A riot of joking and laughter ran all the way back down the line.

I have seen troops of four other nations just out of the trenches or the shell holes; these are the first I have seen come out larking—the rest have been simply too tired. Our ancient humor is saving us whole; and it does not need a military expert to tell what the end of this war will be.

October Sixth.

LAST night as we were finishing up work in the common room of press headquarters—fourteen newspaper men struggling for place with their bijou typewriters about two pine tables burned all round the edge by cigarette butts—a lieutenant burst from the inner room, giving the only touch of drama that I have seen in the operations of the American Army. Ten years of newspaper work had for the moment conquered his year of soldiering.

"Fellows," he said, "the Bourse reports that Austria has asked for an armistice—through Stockholm—on behalf of all the Central Powers!"

We retired late last night, after a smoke talk which exhausted every possibility of the situation and arrived at nothing.

This morning before setting out for Nancy and St.-Mihiel we broke the news to all the French we met—for the Parisian newspapers do not arrive here until late in the day. Madame our hostess, discovered in the kitchen brewing our early morning coffee, dropped a spoon on the hot stove, rapidly rescued it before it melted, and said: "That's good—that. We have got them!"

An old gentleman to whom we imparted the news as we inquired our way out of town said: "*Mon Dieu*—but we have them!" and hurried to pass on the news to a bevy of women scurrying to early mass.

At Nancy, where there is a local daily newspaper, I rushed to a news stand. Madame the proprietress, before she accepted my two sous, held up the newspaper before me that I might see the headlines.

"Peace perhaps," she said; "but they are beaten and they know it!"

The real news, when I read it, was of course a little disappointing—the armistice, as all the world knows now, was proposed only for the purpose of "discussing" the fourteen propositions of Wilson.

But I had learned at any rate how it was with the stout heart of France. Last summer in Washington I talked with one recently from Berlin. When in late March the German line was widening out, even to the peril of the Channel ports, all Germany went about shaking hands. But not over victory—the word was scarcely mentioned except in the newspaper editorials and the thundering proclamations of the government. "Now we shall have peace!" said the Germans.

I asked who was the present hero of the German people. The Kaiser? The Crown Prince? Hindenburg?

"None of these," was the answer. "The popular idol of the moment is Peace!"

But France, who, except in the stomach alone, has suffered more sorrows than Germany or any other nation—France is thinking of victory. The crucial test of a man or a people is not endurance of adversity but of prosperity, and France, that fine flower of humanity, has both tests.

This, I find at St.-Mihiel, is the latest army anecdote:

During the first period of the Argonne action a corps reporter came to the shelter of a hill beyond which a fierce action was proceeding. He beheld a tired and discouraged negro doughboy sitting by the wayside nursing a bandaged arm.

"What's doing over there? What has happened?" panted the officer.

"Ah stahted to climb ovah the bahbed wiah," said the Buffalo, "an' somebody shot me!"

October Seventh.

HALFWAY across France in the other direction to-day, for a look at Rheims, from whose outskirts the boches removed themselves only day before yesterday. Nothing is so footless as writing about ruins in this stage of the war. They are the common state of towns in all the war zone, so that an intact village is a thing to be remarked. As for people at home, the cinema and the newspaper photographs must have wearied them to death with gaping walls and fallen roofs.

However, there is a special pathos in the ruins of this great rich town of a hundred and fifteen thousand souls. The Germans lay intrenched for more than four years only half a mile from its suburbs; they never entered it. So they were not able to use on it those high improvements of Kultur, the incendiary pastil and the specially devised house-destroying bomb. They could only shell it. Neither—because Rheims has always been a quiet sector without much battle—did it get the steady battering that reduced Verdun to powder.

Now as a skeleton is less moving of pity than a whole body battered and newly dead, so is a dead town reduced to a rubbish heap less moving than a dead town that remains standing. That last presents something for the imagination to take hold on. It is the state of Rheims. Not a house but has been hit; yet for the greater part they remain standing. Front walls blown away show glimpses of familiar life. Shop and restaurant signs still recall the old uses of gutted buildings. One second-story flat-house parlor presented to the street the wires of a square piano, its front blown in like the front of the house. On the main street was the sign American Bar. It had been hit by shrapnel in a hundred places, but the legend was still decipherable. Close by the sign a great shell had entered the building, and we could see the bar with its glasses still set out—half of them broken, the rest dark with dust.

An untechnical inspection of the houses still standing convinced me that the city might as well be with Verdun so far as rebuilding is concerned. I cannot see how any of these houses can be patched up; they must be rebuilt from their foundations. In that opinion I am confirmed late to-night by an eminent Frenchman, resident of the city, who had got a day's leave from the army to visit the ruin of his château.

"It must be all done over from the ground up," he said; "and what will eventually become of our city I don't know."

All this applies, alas, to the cathedral. It is a beautiful thing dead—just a ruin. It would take an architect to say whether it can be restored; myself, from the condition of the walls, which I almost expected to fall on me as I watched them—I should pronounce it impossible. All that can be done, I think, is to shore up the ruin and leave it for future generations to dream on what it was once. The glorious façade and towers, so thick with irreparable sculpture that it reminds you of a gorgeous brocade, stands—in structure. But these sculptures are for the most part mere grotesques—noses, heads, legs, arms missing, whole figures sliced off. Everywhere through that façade light penetrates where no light was intended.

The explosive had even worked strange freaks. For example, round the towers runs a row of pillars. The row on the left-hand tower, as you face the façade, had been blown clean away—all but the capitals. They hung suspended like beads on a string along the electric-light wiring which bordered them from within.

The first French engineers to enter the town after the Germans left had thrown a fence about the building and all were forbidden to enter—doubtless for their own safety, for more walls are sure to fall soon. Even a French general who strolled up with his aid met an inexorable sentinel at the entrance. It was a fine morning; and apparently every soldier in the region who could possibly get permission had come into Rheims to see what had happened to the old glory of the kings of France. The crowd grew in the ruins about the square; gestures

*(Continued on Page 45)*

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(Continued from Page 43)

flew and explosive exclamations like "*Horrible!*" "*Abominable!*" and "*Atroce!*" split the air.

Presently a company of French soldiers swung into view. They had just received an issue of new uniforms; their helmets glistened with freshly dried paint. I mounted a pile of ruins to get a photograph; and they faced the camera with a most surprising readiness. I spoke to the captain as I closed the box.

"Where is the cinema?" he asked when we had exchanged compliments.

"The cinema?" I inquired.

"Ah!" he said after a moment's reflection. "I have made a mistake, surely! You are an American and he is French. My regiment, you see, held the trenches before the town, and my company here has been chosen for the honor of taking possession of the town—and being filmed!"

The first indignation over, the assembly on the square resolved itself into a rather merry ratification of the victory—everyone beaming and shaking hands. Presently round the corner came a handsome blond young Frenchwoman wearing a dust coat and a blue automobile veil. She was conversing vivaciously with a group of French soldiers when we approached her to find if she was the advance guard of the returned civilians.

"Alas, no," she said; "or not exactly."

She lived fifteen kilometers away, but she had come in by permission of the army to see whether anything was left of her aunt's house. Her aunt had been quartered on her ever since the authorities evacuated Rheims last March. Of the house, she announced rather cheerfully, there was nothing left—or nothing that one might save.

This whole affair of Rheims has been one great crime. This was always a quiet sector; this particular region offered no strategic advantages for an attack. In fact during the first two years of the locked line the place was so safe that visitors came and went continually to see the cathedral. Then the Germans began systematically to shell it; and there followed the period when the children of that stiff-necked people went to school in cellars and wore gas masks on the way. It was not the kind of shelling that is directed against lines of communication—roads where troops may pass. Methodically they shelled this quarter and then that, sparing nothing. Nor was this extraordinary expenditure of shells designed to destroy the places where troops might be quartered. That is proved by the immunity of certain little villages to right and left, nearer to the German artillery positions than the center of the big city.

No, the reason was given during the summer of 1917 by a German prisoner in a moment of self-revelation. A Prussian officer, he was captured by the French. He spoke English, and an American surgeon working with the French had a chance to talk to him.

The American stood in the midst of the desolation wrought when the Germans fell back in the spring of 1917, and he asked: "What was the use of all this? Even if you thought you had to destroy the towns why did you cut down the fruit trees and blow up the village churches?"

"You don't understand," said the Prussian, "but I suppose you Americans never will understand. We're not after the French Army. We're after France. France is the sheepfold, the French Army is the shepherd dog, and we are the wolves. We are after the sheep. It may be necessary to fight the dog to get at them, but that is not the main object. We intend to reduce France to such a condition that she can never again be a competitor to us."

Which is the reason for the passing of old Rheims. Those shells, which in a few months destroyed what men of genius had wrought two hundred years to build—the Cathedral of Rheims—were not fired in spite. The motive was not so human as that.

Mailly, which stood until day before yesterday about two miles and a half from the German trenches, was a living proof that the German bombardment was after values, not military positions. The town was a little battered here and there, but intact, habitable. Camouflage screens hung across the streets; but, as we passed, the town butcher was mounted on a stepladder taking down one which interfered with the light of his windows. A group of women, old and young, passed us, carrying baskets, chatting gayly. They smiled at us—sign of returning life that we were—so pleasantly as to invite conversation.

Yes, they had been in Mailly all through. No, it had not been so very bad when one accustomed himself. Happily only three persons had been wounded. They stood to be photographed, first insisting on dragging a nondescript dog into the group, disposing him with many pats at their feet and coaxing him to smile, dog-fashion, at the camera. A handsome black-eyed woman joined us and inquired eagerly if we were taking photographs for pay—she would like one taken so much! It was a grave in the soldier cemetery down there—a boy who used to be quartered with them, but who had died in the trenches above Rheims. His mother in the Midi, to whom she had written about him, had wanted a photograph of the grave.

So we took her into the machine and ran down to the little silent city of white crosses and tricolor cockades all fenced off with barbed wire. She invited us then to the farm for a glass of new champagne—it appeared that though eleven shells had fallen among the farm buildings they had not missed a vintage since the thing began. We found M. Malvy, her husband, busy at his wine press, from which the muddy-white first pressing dripped into a vat.

M. Malvy, standing in a leather apron beside his press, lectured to us upon the settling process by which his muddy first flow grew clear as crystal. He explained the process of turning the still wine into sparkling; leading us over to the farmhouse he poured us glasses of his 1914 vintage, whose grapes he had gathered while the boches were sojourning in his farmhouse before the Battle of the Marne. He held the glass up to the light and made us admire its exquisite color. All this time we were asking questions about the long dark four years. Those he parried with short words. It became plain by now that M. Malvy was simply bored with any conversation about boches and the war. Now that they had moved beyond gun range of his front yard he simply wanted to forget.

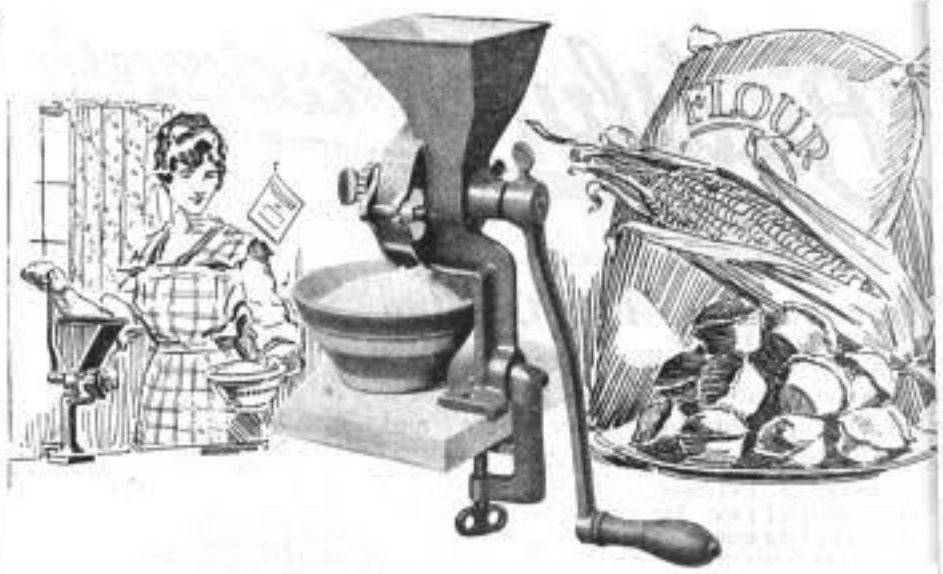
A can of American bully beef, a life preserver of French bread kindly donated by a French mess, and a bottle of vintage champagne bought for a song at Mailly furnished our luncheon, which we ate on what was once an observation post above the Champagne battlefield. But for the mist of an intermittently rainy day we might have swept the Champagne clear to the horizon. And what a battlefield! Except for the Italian Carso this is perhaps the most barren ground over which men have fought in the present war. It lies in somewhat the shape of a great long leaf, a plain good for nothing but scant pasturage except where a little oasis gives slight nourishment to a vineyard. Hard soils often give the best wine grapes; that is the secret of the vintage which makes this country famous.

The herbage had faded with autumn into a kind of unhealthy drab. The subsoil is a dirty-white clay, and the trench lines, old and new, stood out like a diagram as far as the eye could reach. They were the lines of at least three great battles besides this one; the diagram showed that in 1914 and 1915 the reserve trenches began at the foot of our hill.

A wooded range finished the view toward the north; over it only three days ago the enemy had disappeared. From that direction came constant gunfire; a plume of smoke showed where another French village was going up in smoke; and over the whole dismal scene bowed a rainbow.

Mile after mile we ran through the Champagne on our way to the American division which we must visit before night fell. And the Champagne looked no more attractive on close view than it did at a distance, even though the innumerable activities of a back zone made it lively. Those long white gashes resolved themselves into rubbish heaps, trail of four years of destruction. What had looked like white splotches in the far distance were areas of shell holes, half of them stained with the sickly-yellow color that poison gas leaves behind. With its rubbish, with its surly fires burning here and there, and finally with its smell of burning and of mortality it resembled nothing so much as a city dump.

Our division, though, had worked through the worst of it; headquarters was near the farther edge of the barren ground as it ran into the gracious hills of France. The division was fighting somewhere forward among those hills; the regular burst-burst of big shells on a crest beyond proved that. In a section of the city dump the


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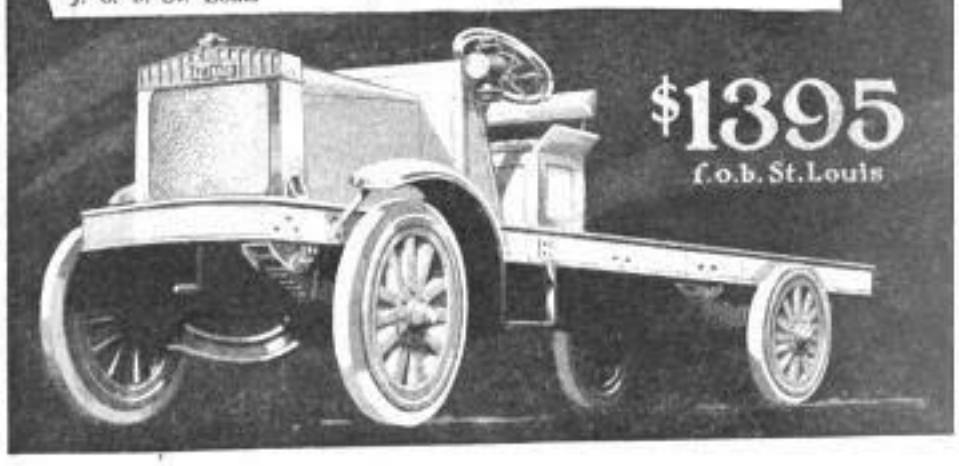
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headquarters had found place for a shipshape dugout, all nicely lined with gunnysacking; the officers, with softened expressions about their mouths, were reading home letters, for the mail had just arrived. Past it just after we arrived walked with a brisk limp a tall, white-mustached French officer. Doughboys who had been lolling by the doors sprang up to salute, and necks craned after him when he was gone. It was the general of this army, he who had at last cracked the Champagne nut, upon a tour of inspection.

The major shoved his helmet back on his head—he was at that moment senior officer present—and gave us the news and gossip of the day. Everything was going on; if you asked him, the boches were getting out. Yes, it had been pretty stiff and the losses were what you might expect—only luckily a small proportion of killed. Had anything been heard from Wilson on that note of the Central Powers?

"If you ask the opinion of this man's army," he added, "you'll find that we don't want it called off until we finish with those blighters up there."

When at the fall of night we pulled out across the city dump the evening hate of the retreating enemy had begun. New guns were in action; the plumes of black earth were bursting on a nearer crest, and the low light revealed that each had a blaze of red flame at its heart. Out of that twilight two metallic fireflies blossomed and twinkled and died—shrapnel, shelling the roads. And the evening mists carried the stink of the Champagne like a miasma.

October Eighth.

TO-DAY Runyon and I went hero hunting. Unless some more startling episode has wiped it out before these lines reach America all the world must know the story of the six lost companies of the Seventy-seventh Division—how, surrounded, by one of the errors unavoidable in that awful Argonne Forest, they held out for days, spite of a German summons to honorable surrender, and were rescued at last. The Seventy-seventh is a New York City division, with replacements from the Far West; and Ikey Mandelbaum of Pitt Street, Tony Sylvia of Baxter Street and Reginald Stuyvesant of Fifth Avenue are the talk of the Army to-day. We never found our hero until nightfall, but we did see about the toughest battlefield—from a practical military point of view—in this war. The Champagne is horrid, but one sees his way there. The Argonne is beautiful, but as obscure as a dark night.

I have described how the Argonne cuts straight across the valley of Northern France into the hills. Ever since the anthropoid swung from it by the tail it has been a forest. Only in the long course of civilization the French have made it a scientific forest, yielding timber as a cornfield yields ripe ears. For that reason it is very close-grown; and in the areas where they have recently cleared off and used the higher trees the second growth is like one continuous bush. It is a beautiful forest if you don't have to fight over it. The standard trees are oaks and lindens, a tree which reminds me of our own elms. There are, however, patches of evergreen, and the hills are banked with fern and with a bush that resembles laurel—if it isn't. More than anything else in America it resembles the woods that one sees from the car windows between New York and Boston; only it grows thicker. The leaves are not yet fallen; indeed the wither of autumn strikes so late in these regions that its greens look only a little rusty.

Such a country, where one cannot see an enemy twenty feet away, would be impossible to take by frontal attack; and we did not try it. We struck up at the right of the forest strip, and the French at the left, with the object of pinching it out. It was necessary, however, to accelerate the pinching, and our own left joining up with the French had this job. It was not artillery fighting, this, though artillery was used. Cannon are not of much use without observation, and the trees blind observation whether by aëroplane or balloon. Our left, of which a great and glorious part was this same Seventy-seventh, went in with rifle and grenade against rifle and grenade and, most pertinently, machine gun. It was glorified bushwhacking.

It had been raining; the ground held the water, as forest land always does; at every step our infantry slipped in the slimy black earth. All the way along the Germans had built entanglements a mile wide by lacing the wire from trunk to trunk; or they had cut down trees and rolled them up with barbed wire into a kind of entanglement which there are no rules to solve. And round any bush one might scramble into a machine-gun nest.

The forest to-day—now that we had gone three-quarters of the distance—was a mess of curious contrasts. Here and there it was only a fairy wood, untouched, seemingly untrodden. You plunged into a hollow and the constant noise of the artillery was momentarily lost; you walked with Pan. Go round a corner and you found trunks splintered or clean broken off, the black earth pitted by explosions, the paths littered with pieces of German pack or uniform, and such items as meat saws, spare batteries for electric torchlights, broken bayonets, cartridges and shell fragments trampled into the black earth. This has been a center of resistance, and the artillery has managed to get in some work. Again the disturbed spot is smaller; the trees and branches are not cut but only dented, and in the center of disturbance the ground is trampled all about. Beside such a spot, like as not, a tree bears the sign in German "——th Regiment, ——th Machine Gun Company." It is a machine-gun nest, taken by stalking or by sharpshooting.

Then come stretches where camps, dumps, tents, resting artillery horses, gasoline stations may be glimpsed through the trees; or where the forest thins out into a little open dell you see a company encamped, with the ever-busy cooks working under the trees. It all seems in such places like camping out on a great scale.

The roads past these spots were yesterday running full with military traffic; occasionally if you were a part of the procession you saw a heavy gun detach itself here and there and go lumbering down a newly built dirt road, whose crossing you could not perceive until you were exactly upon it. The faces of the men who looked out from the trucks or watched from the wayside camps were sharp, keen, city faces; the caressing conversation to the army mules were softened with that curious oily pronunciation of the "r" which is heard in New York alone. By one of the ironies of war men who never knew Nature except in Central Park had been fated to do a woodsman's job. With the adaptability of city men they were doing it well.

For four years the Germans had remained in comparatively peaceful possession of this forest; they had settled down for a stay, which the star dugout of the war proved. It looked from without like a four-square wall of bare cement, pierced here and there by a window. Within it was a most comfortable country villa. Some real artist with the virtue of simplicity had built the softwood paneling which ran five feet high along the walls. The wooden wall cupboards had quaint little windows. In the corner was a brick stove, with a new-art design in plaster superimposed; above the firebox was a niche to keep liquids hot for use. A paneled door led to a cement staircase, which descended thirty feet into the earth to a dugout. This was furnished with cots, with a Morris chair, and even with a shovel and pick to get the occupants out in case of adventure with flying hardware. From this underground dugout three more flights of cement stairs led to outbuildings, notably a fine and comfortable structure used as kitchen and dining room. This had been, as the signs showed, a brigade headquarters.

It all resembled nothing that I have ever seen before so much as one of those luxurious Adirondack camps.

When we pushed on and found the general, that sturdy old Indian fighter was exactly in the act of telephoning the news that Major Whittlesey, who commanded the six lost companies, had been promoted to lieutenant colonel—"if he cares to accept it," he added in the quaint army formula. As for the heroes, he said, they were resting up—at least the unwounded were—in a spot so remote that it would take hours of scrambling on foot; but we might still find a few wounded in the field dressing post, to which, the afternoon being rather quiet, we might go by automobile.

So more thick forest, more crowded roads with New York going forward, until we came to an old German field hospital, taken so recently that the German alarm clocks in the orderlies' quarters woke the new occupants this morning. It, too, was built as though for a stay; they had left behind even a library; and orderlies lolling at the

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tables of the entrance were poring over illustrated books. It was a dull moment at the field hospital, after a heavy night. Two wounded and no more lay on the stretchers in the corner; they were quietly sleeping. The heroes had been passed on backward.

On the way out we ran into a temporary block of the road caused by long-distance shelling somewhere below. We took the chance of turning into a side road. That highway through the silent woods grew strangely deserted as our car bumped on the ruts; only here and there was a plodding soldier looking at us curiously from under his helmet. Finally two officers, their horses splashed to the bellies, hove into sight. Upon being interviewed they informed us that this was decidedly not the way out but the way in; beyond that ridge there were many reasons why one should not drive a car. Finding a turning place in that narrow close-bordered road presented some difficulties. As we jumped out to lighten the car we could hear firing at will and the stutter of machine guns; but the dead stillness of woods muffled these sounds until they seemed only the crackling of twigs.

Along the gutter beside us lay four horses so newly dead that they had scarcely begun to swell, and their blood lay bright by their nostrils. I learn to-night by consulting the map that we need have pushed only a little way into that copse to find the spot where the six companies made their fight; and that the firing we heard was only a mile or so beyond. Nothing proved that, however, except the dead horses and the military kits scattered here and there in the openings of the forest.

When we reached the crossroads again the jam was over. As we waited our turn to shoot into the line of traffic a buzzing with a staccato rhythm sounded from overhead. I saw the helmets tilted upward and heard vivid remarks in the New York dialect.

"He's just above," said our chauffeur, "and he's blamed low!"

There as I craned my neck out of the limousine window was a black gnat of a boche machine, the black and white Archies framing him. Then a machine gun stuttered, and I saw a flutter of heads along the column. Everyone, I suppose, had the same thought—he had begun to rake the column with his gun. But no spurts came from his fuselage; and everyone realized on second thought that it was our own gunners firing at him.

Baxter Street, Pitt Street, Second Avenue and Fifth Avenue lifted up their voices and cursed the boche in concert for a quitter as he flirted his tail and shot upward and away.

At last in a battered old church far down below the sector we found the hero. This, before the enemy shot it to pieces through four years of long-range shelling, had been amazingly big and beautiful for a country church. It belonged to the best period of the Gothic, with all its appearance of enormous height and yet of dark mystery. The roof of one transept had been shot half away; the massive pillars had been splintered; a pile of rubbish showed where the high altar had been; the frames of the stained-glass rose windows gaped empty and dismal. In the center of the spacious floor the surgeons had set up partitions of burlap for offices and operating rooms. On the steps of a confessional slept half a dozen Frenchmen, wounded; beside them and before a little improvised shrine crowned by an intact virgin from one of the smashed altars lay twenty or more heavily wounded on stretchers; on the benches where penitents used to wait to shrive themselves sat more walking cases. Buttoned up in a new private's overcoat and tagged for the hospital sat an officer. He, the head surgeon informed us, was one of the heroic five hundred, going back with a light wound. He looked, as he sat there resting, like a very tired, very healthy and very satisfied young man. Up to last year he was a business man, just as Major—now Colonel—Whittlesey was a downtown attorney.

He began weakly, and warmed up as he went along until he finished, standing.

"Quit? Hell, no!" he said. "None of the boys ever expected to quit. They broke our line of runners the first day and we knew we were cut off. Yes, we had plenty of ammunition. The boys had gone in with a hundred rounds, and each carried two extra bandoliers. We had four machine guns. The strafing was awful. They were using potato mashers and winiwefers. There were four attacks to rush us—no, I guess it was five. We'd hear them forming in the woods and wait until they got in close and let them have it. Then we'd snipe them whenever they showed themselves in the bushes. Their wounded were yelling all the time. A wounded German makes an awful noise.

"The rations gave out the first day. After that there was nothing to eat except once in a while when the boys would manage to loot the knapsack of a dead boche. But that didn't go far. Of course the officers didn't get any. But you don't mind it so much after the first day. We buried our dead as they fell until the last day. By that time the boys were too weak.

"Water was nearly the worst. They had a machine gun on the spring. In spite of that the boys would sneak down for a drink. They got it, of course. We had to put a guard over the path to the spring. We sent down for water at night. That was dangerous, too, because every few minutes the boche would give the spring a few bursts. We'd gone in without our overcoats or blankets, and these nights are bad. Some of the men who died of wounds might have pulled through if we could have kept them warm."

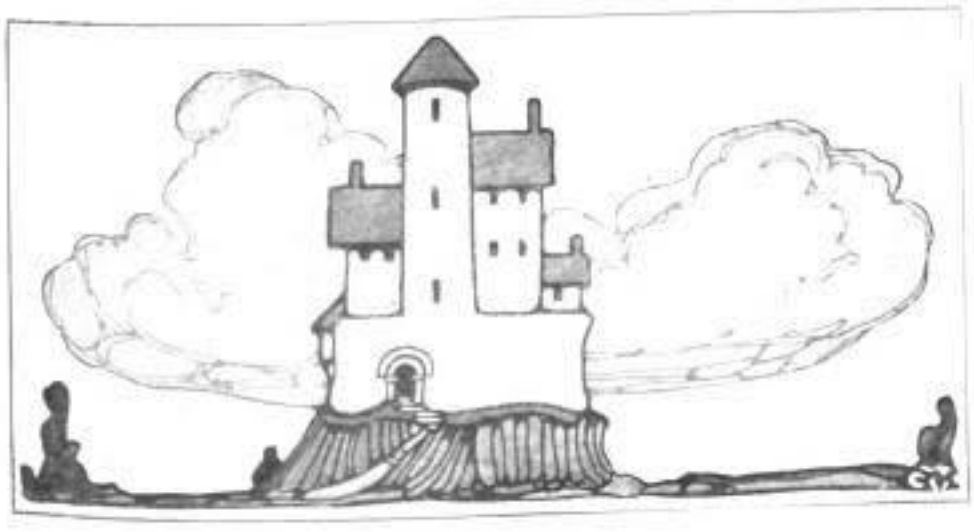
"What became of the stuff they dropped you from aëroplanes?" I asked.

"We saw American planes fooling round overhead but we didn't even know what they were doing. Fine chance they had of finding us in those woods! We'd used up our carrier pigeons the first day. We tried to get runners out. They all went.

"Nobody talked of quitting, though; and I always had a suspicion we'd get out. When that fool note asking surrender in the name of humanity came through from the German commander Whit just grinned and crumpled it up and put it in his pocket. It didn't need an answer. The boys were giving that.

"Yesterday morning one of the boys told me that he had seen an officer of the Three Hundred and Seventh talking to Whit down the line. I didn't believe it; I thought it was some kind of a kid; there was so much kidding going on"—get the Americanism of that—"but I thought I'd go down and see. And there was Whit, standing up and eating a sandwich. I sai l 'No you don't!' and reached up and took it out of his mouth."

The orderlies, clearing the hospital to accommodate an ambulance train that had just arrived, had started in on the sitting cases; and the officer, not limping exactly but at least walking limply, set his helmet back on his head and moved on toward a bed and a night's sleep.







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# ARMY TRACKS AND TRAFFIC IN FRANCE

(Continued from Page 11)

ships could be berthed and their cargoes unloaded.

But this was just the initial phase of the larger traffic task. The men and freight had to be evacuated from the ports and sent to depot, camp, project and the Front. We had to have a transportation system all our own, and once launched it followed with a rapidity that almost rivaled the growth of the seaboard facilities.

Summed up, here is what has happened: On July 1, 1917, it did not exist. Twelve months later saw it complete in every working department. It handles tens of thousands of tons of supplies at the ports; owns hundreds of locomotives and thousands of cars all erected in France; repairs worn-out French, Belgian and its own equipment in enormous shops; has a personnel of more than thirteen hundred officers and forty thousand men, and conducts a canal system which vies with that of Holland. Starting with operations at a single port it is in full swing from the Channel to the Mediterranean. From a French train in charge of an American officer our supply-carrying scope has grown to an all-American train—crew, equipment, freight, everything Yankee except the rails—which runs from the sea to the borderland of fighting, a distance of 482 miles. The complete operation of a French railway for both civil and military traffic by Americans is among the near possibilities.

Our whole transportation scheme in France was started right because that original railway commission, wise in its foresight, realized that our railway structure overseas must be dominated by seasoned railroad men. British experience justified this judgment. It was not until Sir Eric Geddes had been taken from his desk as general manager of the North Eastern Railway in England and ultimately made director general of Transportation of the British Expeditionary Force that the light railways began to follow the trail of the Tommy and the whole war transportation proposition bristled with results. We therefore escaped the costly mistake of first intrusting our railways to soldiers without experience.

The beginning of our transportation department dates from July, 1917, when three members of the commission—Major Parsons, Major Wilgus and Captain Barber—were assigned to the chief engineer of the A. E. F., then Colonel and now Brigadier General Harry Taylor, and instructed to formulate a plan. Major Parsons, however, got permission to rejoin his regiment of engineers, Captain Barber was assigned to staff duty, so Major Wilgus was left on the job, and with only one assistant—Capt. L. A. Jenny, who had left the New York Central Railroad to accompany General Pershing to France.

### *Simple Beginnings*

Under conditions as picturesque as they were remarkable was the birth of this system. In a back room of a building at 149 Boulevard Haussmann in Paris, then the engineering headquarters of the A. E. F., using an army packing case for a desk and seated on an empty starch box, for there was practically no office furniture, Major Wilgus, aided by Captain Jenny, prepared what is technically known as Requisition Number Six—the first definite step toward the creation of that steam-driven organization which to-day links up all our whole overseas ports.

This document was a bill of material in terms of gauges, units, initial stocks and monthly needs, for the equipment of a complete transportation system, from spikes to locomotives, for an army of undetermined size and for a year in advance. It was based on pure assumption backed up by technical knowledge. Tribute to its accuracy is the astonishing fact that it remains to-day the basis of the whole automatic railway supply for our Expeditionary Force. Expanded it could easily meet the requirements of a system equal to that of the Pennsylvania or the New York Central. Henceforth, as in the case of the automatic food supply, it was only necessary to cable for quantities of supplies indicated on this master requisition. Oddly enough this document was cabled to America on July fourteenth, Bastille Day, a date memorable alike in French history and, by reason of this event, in the annals of railway transportation.

Meanwhile some step had to be taken to organize a working department. The lines of communication—forerunner of the Services of Supply—had been established, with Brig. Gen. R. M. Blatchford in command. Transportation logically belonged to his domain, so Major Wilgus was made a member of his staff as director of railways. Early in August, 1917, the first personnel came out to help him in the shape of a few draftsmen, stenographers and clerks. They were the outposts of that army of practical railroad men now in France who left jobs ranging from a hundred and forty dollars a month, as a signal man, to a hundred thousand dollars a year, as president and general manager, to help abroad.

From the start General Pershing was convinced that the head of his railway system must be a man of large experience in managing commercial railways at home. In this belief he cabled to the Secretary of War on July twenty-ninth suggesting that the ablest railroad man in the United States be sent over. After a careful canvass Mr. Baker asked W. W. Atterbury, then vice president in charge of operation of the Pennsylvania Railroad, if he would go to France and undertake the all-important task of director general of transportation.

### *General Atterbury's Problem*

Mr. Atterbury accepted, sailed at once, and arrived in Paris on August thirty-first. He found transportation plans launched under the direction of Major Wilgus, and not only indorsed them but declared that he was content to return to the United States and leave the director of railways in charge. Since Mr. Atterbury had been sent by the Secretary of War Major Wilgus believed that the arrangement should stand. When the chief engineer communicated this desire to G. H. Q. General Pershing formally appointed Mr. Atterbury director general of transportation without military rank. Subsequently he was made a brigadier general. The commander in chief asked Major Wilgus to join the general staff. Mr. Atterbury, however, expressed his need of him so strongly that he remained in the work that he had launched as deputy director general of transportation. Thus two strong men, each with a distinguished service, joined for the gigantic service that lay ahead.

General Atterbury brought to his post a typical American railroad training. Though a graduate in mechanical engineering he rose from artisan in overalls in the Pennsylvania shops at Altoona to one of the supreme posts in the system. An organizer and an achiever he at once made things happen. His first action was to take a trip over all the railways that we were to use.

As a result, and to declare a general working policy, he approved a plan adopted in the early days which committed the American Expeditionary Force to running its own trains, made up of American locomotives and cars and manned by American crews, under trackage rights over French railroads by several routes from the sea to the Front, which meant, all lines considered, a distance of six hundred miles. This remains the scheme under which we operate. At the same time the light railways, which are really part of the operations of the combat army, were put in charge of Brig. Gen. W. C. Langfitt, while the control of roads fell to Brigadier General McKinstry.

The D. G. of T., as the head of transportation is called for short, was now free to concentrate on the standard-gauge steam job. His ideal was to create an army railway organization just like any American commercial railway system, and this is precisely what he has done in every detail from top to bottom, including a lost baggage division. To-day it differs in all major respects from the Harriman or Hill system only in that it does not have to solicit business and has no financial worries. Other anxieties, however, make up for this immunity from money troubles. It meant having a president, a vice president, a general manager, with all necessary aids charged with operation, maintenance of way and equipment; a business manager to look after fiscal matters, and a chief engineer for design and construction.

With the approval of the C. in C. General Atterbury filled these posts with live railroad men of his own choosing. J. A. McCrea, son of the late president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, retired from the general managership of the Long Island Railroad to become general manager of the American Army system abroad; C. M. Bunting left his desk as comptroller of the Pennsylvania to be business manager; and H. C. Booz went from assistant chief engineer of the same system to become engineer of construction over there. M. C. Kennedy changed from the presidency of the Cumberland Valley Railroad to be deputy director general of transportation in England, where our troop and freight activities were soon to be extensive. All four were made colonels soon after their arrival and merged into the military establishment. With General Atterbury and Colonel Wilgus, who had been promoted, they formed the small group that evolved the whole system of American transportation abroad that has met every one of the five expansions in the numerical scope of our forces abroad.

Handicap, which was synonymous with our whole early effort in France, at once took up its abode with the D. G. of T. He faced complications, both physical and temperamental, that tried the soul, harried the patience and made every test of tact, resource and ingenuity. We had to haul supplies at once, so the first trains were sent out with French cars, French equipment and with an American officer in each section.

To understand General Atterbury's problem you must know that fundamentally our whole transportation system in France had to be built round our supply system. General Pershing, at that meeting in the Rue de Constantine where the supply system of the A. E. F. was born, had decided with his advisers that a ninety days' reserve of supplies must be kept in France. This is divided into three sections: Forty-five days' must be held at the base ports, thirty days' in the intermediate section, and fifteen days' in the advance section. Thus the whole fabric of traffic had to bend to this all-essential end, which meant the safety and success of our cause overseas.

### *Practical Difficulties*

The difficulties that lay in the way of swift Americanlike operation were many. First of all were those four great national strategic railways that run from north to south. They were laid out to expedite troop movements to the frontier, especially the German. The American Front was to be in a part of France which, to be accessible to us, necessitated the crossing of these vital arteries. Our feat was to cross but not to impair them. Hence we had to dig under or build over them. So far it meant the construction of more than six hundred miles of switches, bridges, tunnels and cut-offs.

This was only one obstacle. All French trains are switched at stations; we do this job outside the stations. French cars are all hand coupled and braked, while we use the air brake for both coupling and stopping. The French currents of traffic, like the British, use the left-hand track where we use the right. French signals differ from our own in many respects. The only thing that the two systems had in common was the fact that red was the universal signal of danger.

In addition our men had to buck the French language and French customs, which was about the hardest job of all. The French railroad employee, in common with his brother in city shop, takes two hours for his sacred *déjeuner* in the middle of the day. When our railroad hands came along with dinner pails that were literally emptied on the run they thought we were savages. Thus you see that our railway pioneers had some difficulties to face.

General Atterbury found that the French railways were in a surprisingly good condition considering their incessant usage since the beginning of the war. What was even more astonishing they were capable of standing more traffic than was being put on them. But they lacked equipment. This meant that we had to have our own tools of traffic. Fortunately that famous Requisition Number Six was already at work, and the rolling stock began to arrive. It is all knocked down in America for shipment and

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must be erected in France. We had to find or construct shops, and all this took much time and more worry. But the wheels were soon whirring and a phenomenal progress has been achieved. We have reached the point where we now average the erection of five 110-ton locomotives a day. Already we have 695 consolidation American engines in France, 497 in course of erection as I write, and we have ordered nearly three thousand more. In addition to these we have acquired 240 Belgian locomotives that were run out of King Albert's country when the Hun invasion began.

On September first last we had more than seven thousand American cars in France, including box, flat, gondola, tank and refrigerator types. During the first fifteen days of August we averaged a daily erection of seventy cars, and on one day 139 were put up and sent away on their own wheels. The average American freight car that we use in France is thirty tons capacity, while the average French has only ten tons. The American locomotive averages 110 tons; the French sixty.

On top of this erection we have had to build yards, terminals, sheds, switches, spurs, water tanks, sidings, ash dumps, coal pockets—the many accessories that go to make steam transportation possible. It has meant a continuous activity that touched every phase of transportation.

All this needed a vast personnel for both construction and operation. Those pioneer engineer regiments who came over at the first call for service had to be supplemented by many thousands of men representing a varied technical experience. You get some idea of personnel needs when I say that to operate a railway system for an army of one million men the full working transportation complement is exactly 63,034 men, which includes eight stevedore regiments, four operating regiments, two maintenance-of-way regiments, one maintenance-of-equipment regiment and four car-and-shop regiments. This personnel is organized in battalions by classifications, which include engineers, conductors, train dispatchers, yard clerks, flagmen, firemen, boiler makers, switchmen, blacksmiths and boiler washers.

Where did all the operatives come from? Here is a little story that will tell you how one kind of employee was recruited. During the latter part of the summer of 1917 a big-boned fireman, who had a regular run out of Laramie, Wyoming, heard some men standing on the platform mention the need of engine drivers for the American Army in France. This man, whom we will familiarly call Roger, was one year over the draft age, but that did not deter him. He had always wanted to go to France. He also hankered to get into the war. Here was his opportunity. When Roger got back from his run he went to the nearest recruiting station and enlisted. In the course of a few weeks he got to France, where he was classified as engineer. When they showed him the locomotive that he was to drive his guffaw could have been heard miles away. It was one of the little Belgian engines, about the size of the tender of the little mountain engine he had used in his apprenticeship. He called it a watch charm!

### Shaking the Watch Charm

It did not take Roger long to master its kinks. His fireman, who shall be known as Jerry, came from the Southern Pacific. He had seen some railroading under wartime conditions, because his run had been in and out of El Paso during the period of our mobilization on the Mexican border. A few weeks after they had been doing the stunts with the toy locomotive in the freight yard at the French port a real American locomotive—the first in France—was set up. There was almost a knock-down and drag-out fight among the soldiers as to who should have this American engine. While the fight was going on Roger and Jerry sneaked off, had an interview with the proper officer and then mounted the American steel monster. To-day they are pulling long freight trains over the heaviest run of the entire American railway in France. Both being single they know every girl along the road, and there is always an affable chat with one of them every time they stop for water. Roger has sixteen French words in his vocabulary and Jerry twelve. But after the manner of the American soldier in France they manage to get away with all necessary conversation.

Roger and Jerry are typical of hundreds in the army of railway operatives who daily cause consternation among the French in the way they handle trains. One day a block signal was set against an American freight train at a small town in the intermediate section. Half a mile away the engineer of the train saw how the block was set and that he had to stop. He was going at full speed. The French who were congregated at the station got the idea that he had not seen the signal and was going to run through it. The result was that every native in sight began to wave everything he could lay hands on, from flags to towels, in a mad effort to stop the American train and avert what seemed to be an inevitable and disastrous wreck, because a passenger train was in the block.

As the French viewed it a miracle happened. Two hundred yards away the American engineer started to apply his air brakes and pulled up at the station with grace and ease just at the very spot that the French wished him to stop. When they got their breath they were in that state of ecstasy and acclaim that only Frenchmen can develop over an artistic performance. They are still talking about it.

Roger and Jerry and all their mates, who have come from practically every railroad in the United States to help win the war with throttle and switch in France, had to study French methods. Two books of rules were necessary. One, which we shall designate Book A, governs operations for the all-American trains and is all English; the other—Book B—is for our employees engaged in joint operation with the French. The men in the main have to master both.

### Railroading in Two Languages

The first contains among other things a reproduction of all types of train orders, signals, block-system rules, and a dictionary of transportation, words and expressions ranging from engine to train registers. It also sets forth the fact that so far as time is concerned the Continental system is used.

Here we get to one of the toughest nuts that the American railroad man in France has been called upon to crack, because the French railway time-tables use the Continental system—that is, one to twenty-four o'clock. This means that three o'clock in the afternoon American time is fifteen o'clock French railway time; eleven P. M. American time is twenty-three o'clock, and so on. Thus the veteran engineer whose orders on the Union Pacific would have read "Pass blank station at 4:30 P. M." must adapt himself to a similar instruction in France which says "Pass blank station at 16:30 o'clock." But like his parlez-vousing with the French girls, he again gets away with it.

Of course Book A is the easiest to digest because it deals with rules familiar to all American operatives. Book B, however, which is printed in both English and French—the corresponding texts on opposite pages—is the hard one. It sets forth the regulations in effect on the Est, the Etat, the P. L. M.—Paris, Lyons & Mediterranean—and the P. O.—Paris-Orleans. These are the four great French railway systems to which I have already referred.

Dig into this little red traffic bible and you see at once how difficult is the job of the Yankee operator on these French lines. Scores of our engineers are running French locomotives that pull full, complete French trains. Here is an illustration: On the Etat, P. O. and Est Railways, when the semaphore signal is located at a station where the train is required to stop, the signal may be passed to make the necessary stop. On the P. L. M. there is no exception. The stop must be made before passing the signal. This is just one example of what Roger and Jerry must pack into their heads in order to avoid a conflict with rules, which in France is as bad as a criminal offense.

So complete is our system of instruction that an American flagman sent back to warn a train in case of a wreck or unexpected delay in traffic carries a complete set of cards printed in both French and English setting forth the specific message that he must deliver. It all shows that we are taking no chances on having wrecks due either to carelessness, misunderstanding or lack of knowledge of the French language.

The transportation department has schools for all ranks, and notably for the highly useful individual known as the railway transport officer, or the R. T. O., as he is more widely called. With the British he simply acts as a first aid to passenger traffic, stamps railway warrants and helps


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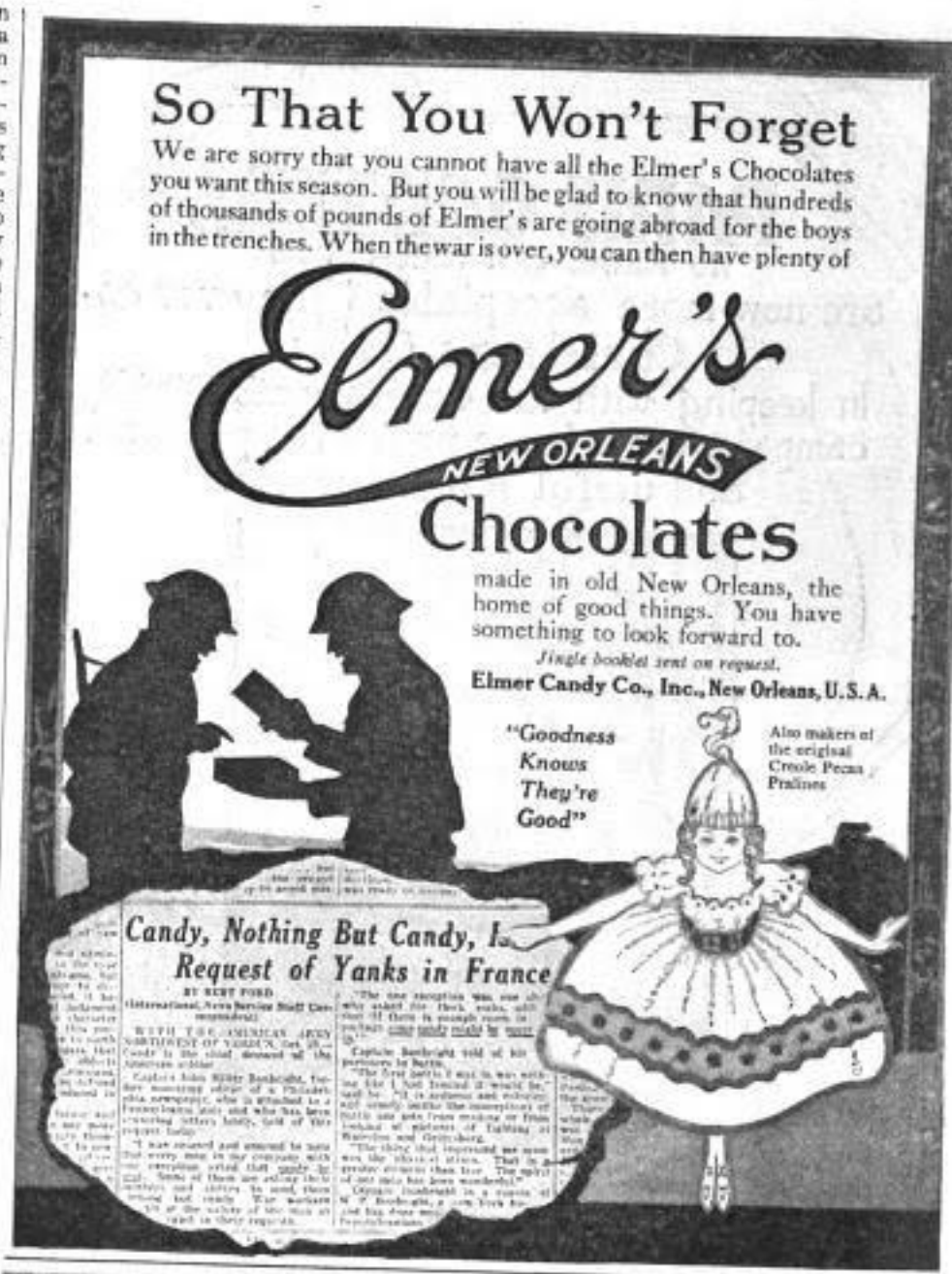
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# PARIS GARTERS

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In keeping with our Government's Thrift campaigns, most men prefer the practical and useful remembrance.





troops as they pass through. With us, however, the R. T. O. has a dual capacity. He may be one of these passenger officials or he may also handle a full-fledged traffic job at a supply depot or a regulating station. At some of these places as many as five hundred cars are handled in a single day. It is his work to see that trains are properly made up and sent on to their destination. Hence the school of instruction must include a complete course in traffic and also a good dose of human nature.

I asked a certain high transportation officer in France what constituted the equipment of an efficient R. T. O., and he replied: "Twenty-five per cent French language, twenty-five per cent railway knowledge, twenty-five per cent diplomacy and twenty-five per cent common sense."

To-day you can find an American passenger R. T. O. at every station of any consequence used by our troops, all the way from the English Channel down beyond the Italian frontier. His freight brother is likewise hard at it at scores of places, often working twenty hours out of the twenty-four, because supply trains must be kept moving regardless of sacrifice. Some of these men, like their engineer comrades who toil with pick and shovel, perform heroic tasks.

Despite the almost unending demands made on their time and knowledge they are not without their sense of humor, as the following report made by a new R. T. O. to his chief indicates:

"The following memo. of the first thirty hours of a new R. T. O. at a perfectly new station might be of interest. Station is division hdqrs. No R. T. O. has been here previously. The writer arrived at 6:30 P. M., and after one look at the congested yard and unloading space covered with every imaginable property, from cottonwood logs, which predominated, to barracks bags, he decided that supper and a sleep were necessary before further efforts were made. The diary of the day follows: 6:30, petit déjeuner; 6:40, at yard handing out 'bull' and cigars to the station master, who is, by the way, a fine old fellow; 7:00 P. M., assigned to an office the best there was, and a good one; 7:45, had two engines at work clearing yard; 8:30, paid respects to commanding general and chief of staff and got assignment of a detail; 9:30, checked yard and arranged for detraining a solid trainload; at 1:00 P. M. arranged for billet; 1:40 P. M., train arrives; 2:20, troops all out of station and train gone; 3:00 to 5:00, answering fool questions; 6:00 to 7:00, supper; 8:10, train of troops detrained and led to camp; 11:35, train of troops detrained, served coffee and 'herded' to camp; 4:20 A. M., train of troops ditto, only worse. Have been asked more fool questions in twenty-four hours than ever before. Now I will send some telegrams and sleep all of two hours."

### *Unavoidable Interruption*

Still another evidence of the kind of drama that bobs up in transportation reports is in a copy of one which lies before me as I write. It is a message from a train dispatcher up near the Front who is ordering a duplicate of a certain blank form. The reason that he gives is this:

"Lieutenant Blank interrupted while giving report. Said bomb exploded just then. Blew in window, causing candle to set sheet on fire."

The army of yardmen, engineers, switchmen and section hands who rushed to the railway colors is matched by the smaller but none the less patriotic group of higher officials who are part of the transportation fabric in France. You encounter them everywhere. One day I saw a buck private standing in line at the midday mess to get his tin of "slumgullion," as the army stew is called. My companion, an officer in the Railway Transportation Corps, pointed to him and said: "That man left a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year railway job to enlist as a private. He is now my orderly." It is not an unusual case.

The roster of our transportation officials abroad includes, in addition to those I have already mentioned, Col. H. G. Maxfield, formerly superintendent of motive power of Pennsylvania Railroad; Lieut. Col. H. H. Adams, who was president of the Kansas City Terminal Railways; Lieut. Col. V. R. C. King, who was terminal superintendent of the Atlantic Coast Line; Lieut. Col. Neddleton Neff, once division superintendent Pennsylvania Lines West; Lieut. Col. H. J. Slifer, former general manager of the Chicago Great Western; Maj. F. A. Delano, one of the best railroad men in the United States, and who left the Federal Reserve Board to join the Army; Maj. F. G. Robbins, former general superintendent of the Erie; Maj. G. T. Slade, who was vice president of the Northern Pacific; Maj. H. W. Hinkle, general superintendent Toledo, St. Louis & Western; Maj. E. B. Cushing, general superintendent of the Southern Pacific; and scores of others.

At the head of this empire of tracks and traffic is General Atterbury, with his hand at the throttle. So complete and coördinated is the organization that there is laid on his desk every morning a single typewritten sheet, a little more than a foot square, which sets forth—the figures are up to the preceding midnight—the number of ships in every port that we use in France; the number of vessels unloaded the day before; the tonnage discharged; the number of freight cars of all types that were unloading; the empty cars received; the barges shipped and the tonnage loaded on these barges; and a statement of weather conditions in every port. Attached is a brief résumé of the number of ships not being unloaded, and the reason why.

### *Tracing Lost Cars*

This Daily Situation, as it is called, is just one more exhibit in the gallery of our army business. We can now go ahead and see how it is made up. It means a brief inspection trip over the system of the transportation department, now one of the Services of Supply, which means that its headquarters is at Tours.

In a small room on the second floor of one of these weather-beaten buildings is the office of the director general of transportation. On the walls are those familiar blue-print charts of organization which you find in the room of every department head of the A. E. F. Likewise, there are charts showing density of traffic. It means that with transportation, just as with food and mechanical transport, everything is diagramed.

The D. G. of T.'s right hand is the deputy director general of transportation, who exercises a supervision over all routine, which thus leaves the head of the system free to move about. Instead of using a private car, as an American railroad president would, General Atterbury goes about in a high-powered automobile, which enables him to inspect construction jobs right up to the point of pick and shovel and know what is going on up to the hour.

The work of every one of the important heads of departments is concretely charted. For the sake of illustration I will take the work of the general manager. Under him are an assistant general manager, and also an assistant general manager in the advance section, who is the link with the transportation of the combat armies; a general superintendent of transportation; a general superintendent of motive power; a superintendent of telegraph and telephone; and an engineer of maintenance of way. Various subdepartments include a car-record office, a car-order office, a troop-movement bureau and a lost-baggage bureau. Under the general superintendent of motive power of course come the various shop superintendents. Our whole system of railway operation in France is divided into five lines known as the A, B, C, D and E lines, each one—like the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburgh, for example—with a general superintendent. The list of these various offices indicates the scope and the completeness of the all-important wing of the service over which Col. J. A. McCrea presides.

The French had no organized or consecutive tracing of freight equipment. Every two weeks they had a sort of checking up, but there was no definite plan. Whole trains have been lost for weeks. Our number of freight cars was necessarily limited; like tonnage, everybody wanted all the cars he could get; we had to keep them in constant use, and this required in turn that we had to know where they were all the time. It meant highly centralized control to prevent duplication of orders.

Here then is the system: Every U. S. A. car has a number, which is part of a series. When a car is loaded at base port or supply depot its number becomes a part of the way bill. Henceforth that number is under

(Continued on Page 57)



1848

# Colt's Firearms


1895

have been supplied to the United States Government for many years. Troops were equipped with Colt made arms in the Mexican War, 1848, during the great struggle from 1861 to 1865, and in the war with Spain, 1898. Through all the years of this Company's existence we have been developing arms which have been adopted by the United States Government and which have made many thousands of friends for the Colt Company.

This great experience now seems to have been but preparation to enable us to serve the United States Government during the present world war. The Colt Company manufactures the Colt, Browning and Vickers Machine Guns in addition to the Colt Automatic Pistol and Colt Revolver, Caliber .45. To the maximum extent of our capacity we are making these essentially military weapons for the Government, and at their request are daily enlarging our facilities. In doing this, which is our duty to the Government, we are each day having to disappoint many friends who wish to procure some particular model of Colt revolver or automatic pistol for their own use. We are sure, however, that all those who have the best interests of the country at heart prefer that at this time our whole effort be expended in making our part of the equipment for the boys who are going to use it "over there."

1861



1918



**Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co.**

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(Continued from Page 54)

constant scrutiny. At every station we have car checkers who report the location of empty and loaded cars each day. If a car is unaccounted for twenty-four hours a tracer is at once started. Every morning there is laid on the general manager's desk a large sheet which contains, by stations, a report of cars delayed in excess of twenty-four hours. It not only indicates the type of car and its freight, if loaded, but the specific cause of the delay. Thus congestion can be relieved at once. All our cars are marked: "Return When Empty to Port." This injunction has helped a great deal.

You can see the Master Car Situation on file each day in Colonel McCrea's office, which tells the whole story of why out of twenty-seven hundred American cars handled in one interval only twelve were missing on the whole lines of communication. Technically it is called "Report of Car Situation, Movement and Supply for Twenty-Four-Hour Period Ending Twenty-Four O'Clock." It is a complete analysis of every car, empty and loaded, handled at every station on our system during the preceding twenty-four hours. On it you can see such items as the analysis of freights; the physical condition of the rolling stock, which is a most important fact to know; the loading work done by the various departments; indeed, every conceivable detail that contributes to the upkeep and operation of the seven thousand freight cars that we had in France at the time I write. These daily records are sent in each day by telegraph. In the United States it is done by mail.

In addition to all this every freight train is checked up and its record put on a card which contains the number of the train and the number of each car in it; the French road it travels on; the consignee, point of shipment, destination and contents. On the card is also a list of the important stations that it must pass. The train is checked up as it passes each station and the hour of the passing is recorded. When the trip is finished there is a complete log-book of the journey. This card is kept for ninety days in order to check up any questions that may rise in connection with the trip. After ninety days it is officially dead, and is destroyed.

In the movement of troop trains you get a touch of dramatic interest. Here, up to the zone of fighting, the controlling factor is our old friend, G4, which is advised by cable by the Navy Department of the impending arrival of the convoys. G4 then, at the direction of G. H. Q., instructs the troop-movement bureau where the troops are to be shipped. They may go into a billeting area or to barracks for rest and intensive training. A so-called landing officer accompanies each troop train from port to destination. Only a blotter record is kept of the movement of troop trains, for no permanent records are necessary.

### From Dayton to Tours

Our soldiers are carried on what the American would call a freight box car, labeled in France "*40 hommes ou 8 chevaux*," which means "40 men or 8 horses." In trying to decipher this warworn phrase many an American private has got his first real lesson in French. After he has traveled on the cars he begins to sympathize with the "*8 chevaux*."

The completeness of organization which marks the general-manager's activities is equally true in the domain of the business manager. Colonel Bunting operates in precisely the same way he operated in his office in the Broad Street Station in Philadelphia. He has to deal with purchases and requisitions, contracts, claims and settlements, statistics and accounts, and a record of material.

Colonel Booz, whose services were needed at home, has been succeeded as chief engineer by Lieut. Col. H. M. Waite. When I last saw him he was city manager of Dayton, Ohio. He had previously had a varied railway engineering experience.

It was one of the many contrasts that I have encountered in this war to find him bulwarked by blue prints in a little office in the transportation office at Tours. He prepares the plans and specifications for all transportation design and construction. The plans, with a list of material needed, are turned over to the general staff for approval and then delivered to the director of construction of the Services of Supply for execution. The material is ordered through the chief engineer. The order goes to Col. S. M. Felton, who is the director general of military railways in the United States, and who with his technical staff becomes the purchasing agent of the transportation system abroad.

The whole transportation department moves like clockwork. Every service has a staff meeting twice a week which is attended by the heads of departments. The list of subjects discussed at a typical staff meeting of the engineers' department included the following: Coal requirements; lumber dock at Blank; organization to have charge of new cranes; general repair shop; regulating stations; additional berths at a French port; maintenance-of-way material; additional tracks at X yards; car movements; plans for opening port at R; facilities required at ports; tugs from the United States; development of yards at A; return of steel rails to French. Everything is threshed out; there is no duplication. It all makes for teamwork.

### Pointed Advice

Search through the whole transportation department and you find every detail that goes to make up a well-operated system. The safety-first rules are typical. They grew out of the many fatal accidents to our soldiers through carelessness on trains. One hundred and twenty-seven American soldiers have been killed while riding on the tops and sides of railway cars. Hence you find all cars used by our troops placarded with as picturesque a set of warnings as was ever handed out for the safeguarding of human beings.

One of them reads like this:

"Your Head May be Hard, but Not as Hard as Bridges and Tunnel Arches. Only Six Inches' Clearance Between Tops and Sides of Cars and Tunnel Arches and Bridges. Don't Ride on Tops or Sides of Cars. The Railway Company Will Hold You Responsible for Damages to Bridges and Tunnels and Signal Towers. They are Not Insured. Keep Your Block Inside."

A second runs:

"There are Three Kinds of Fools: 1. Fools; 2. Damned Fools; 3. Soldiers Who Ride on Tops and Sides of Cars. If You Expect to See the Next Block Keep Yours Inside."

A third warning says:

"Huns are Waiting in the Trenches Ahead. Speed Up. You Won't if You Ride on Top or Stick Your Head Outside of Cars. Keep Your Ivory In."

Still another one is:

"War Risk Insurance: Keep Inside. Don't Be a Dead One; Help to Win the War."

If you want one final evidence of the thoroughness of our transportation system I have only to add the story of the so-called American Special—a passenger train that runs for the exclusive use of American officers every night, each way, between the fighting headquarters and the supply headquarters. Everything on it is American except the coaches, and they happen to be the pick of the best first-class cars in France. When this train is about to start the passenger hears "All aboard!" in just the same vernacular, dialect and all, that he hears at the Grand Central Station in New York, the Broad Street Station in Philadelphia, and the South Station in Boston. As he approaches the car negro porters, in khaki instead of the familiar blue uniform and brass buttons, separate him from his baggage just as they do in the States. The best thing about it is that they are real Pullman porters. Every one of them has had his share of railroading back home. One distinctive difference between dealing with these army porters and the porters in America is that the boys on the American Special do not have their hands out for the customary tip which is such a necessary part of American travel. Yet their service is just as cheerful and just as good. The tipless porter, therefore, is one of the rare exhibits of the war!

When the American Special idea was launched the purveying of porters became a problem. Where were they to come from? If there was any place, that place was surely the stevedore regiments. Discreet inquiries were at once made, but the word soon percolated down the black and brown ranks that men who had had experience as Pullman porters were wanted. The response




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**By order of General Santa Claus**

**Whitman's Chocolates**

have largely been mobilized in camp and over seas. Therefore civilians will be patient and patriotic and wait till "Our Boys" are served.

If you should find at your nearest Whitman's agency a few *Service Chocolates* or *Samplers* send one to some lonesome boy in camp, with "A Merry Christmas."

Our business is entirely at the disposal of the government for the winning of the war. Such of our packages as are offered for sale have been put up in full accord with the aims of the War Industries Board and the U. S. Food Administration. Nothing larger than a one-pound package.

**THE SAMPLER,** assorted chocolates and confections. Ten kinds of sweets selected from ten of our most popular packages.

**NUTS, CHOCOLATE-COVERED.** Contains a great deal of nutritious goodness and a minimum of sugar.

**SUPER-EXTRA CHOCOLATES AND CONFECTIONS.** The standard of quality that first made Whitman's famous back in the days when our war was with Mexico.

**FUSSY PACKAGE,** assorted chocolates. These are the nut and hard center chocolates that are favorites with many folks. No cream centers.

**SERVICE CHOCOLATES,** our new soldiers' and sailors' assortment, is a favorite gift to, or from, a man in the Service. Each box contains a pound of very special chocolates and a book. Such authors as Kipling, De Maupassant, Conan Doyle, Hugo. Our agents will attend to the mailing for you, or we will do so.

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was astounding. A certain top sergeant was known to be a porter veteran, and to him was delegated the task of picking out the twenty men needed. He was not to be fooled. The net result is a porter service that is one hundred per cent good. There is never a trip but that these soldier-porters recognize someone from whom they have collected quarters, half dollars and even dollars at the end of runs in America.

One all-essential detail in the structure of transportation remains to be explained. It is the army transport service, commonly called the A. T. S., which forms the link between ship and train or barge. Ask the average American soldier in France what the A. T. S. does and he will say: "They unload the ships." Yet no unit over there performs a task more significant or effective than this sleepless, tireless, eternally vigilant organization which delivers man, beast and material to the steam and water carriers. It operates in every port that we use; on its work depends the flow of that vital American war factor, tonnage. Though it employs thousands of men and ranges in its activities from the Welsh coast down to the shores of the Mediterranean, it is so efficiently coördinated that a man can sit at a desk at Tours and know every hour of the day and night just what is being done.

The man at that desk, white of hair and with a soft Southern drawl, is Lieut. Col. H. B. Moore, head of the A. T. S. His job really began back in May, 1917, when he was summoned from his steamship office down at Galveston to organize the transport unloading of the First Expeditionary Force. He has been on the job ever since. He has seen that infant organization of four hundred negro stevedores and twenty foremen, known as the transport battalion, expand into the army of laborers that he now commands. This work was originally part of the Quartermaster Corps, but was transferred to its logical domain, which is transportation.

When our supplies began to pile into France the word went forth from headquarters: "Keep the docks clear." Congested docks not only meant an interrupted flow of supplies all the way up to the Front but, what was equally important, delay in the "turn round" of ships, and ships in this war are life. Hence the job of the A. T. S. is to unload ships as swiftly as possible and keep the docks ever ready to take on the unending stream of stuff that flows from America into France. How is it done?

### *Routing and Discharging*

As soon as a ship sails from the United States the Navy Department notifies the A. T. S. When that ship is in mid-Atlantic a further advice is sent stating the draft and size of the vessel and the cargo in detail. If it is a transport the number of troops and their classification are sent. This information now forms the basis of operations. The A. T. S. must adapt the ship to one of the fourteen destinations that we have in Europe. This assignment is governed in turn by the rail transport out of the port, whether that port is congested or free; by the draft and size of the ship; the class of cargo—if it is explosive it must go to an isolated place; and also the special type of cargo.

If the ship is carrying locomotives it must go to a port which has monster cranes. In the case of a troopship the destination of the soldiers often helps to determine the port. Thus before the ship reaches France the A. T. S. has assigned it to a port best equipped to handle its freight. By the time it is berthed the exact number of stevedores, machinery and trucks are ready to empty its deck and burrow into its hold. Now you see why there is no delay and why we have been able to handle thirty thousand tons a day and will eventually handle three times as much more.

An adequate intelligence system is a vital factor. Between twelve and two o'clock every day Colonel Moore gets a long-distance telephone call from the A. T. S. superintendent at every one of the ports we use in France; and they range from Belgium to Italy. This report is a compact summary of weather and dock conditions. Weather is of course an all-important matter. If there are any unusual events like accidents or wrecks they are all reported. Hence the chief of the army transport service is not only in constant touch with the situation but he can constantly inform the whole A. E. F. about many things they want to know. If the air service, for example, calls up and asks "When can we have some aëroplanes?" all that the officer at A. T. S. headquarters has to do is to look up a sheet recording advices of incoming ships and he can at once say: "Boat X will arrive at Y port to-morrow morning with a thousand tons of aëroplanes set up."

If you want to know just how the A. T. S. works come with me on a little trip to Base Section Number One—that port where the American flag was first planted in France. Here you will find the superintendent of the A. T. S. installed in an office at the dock, where he can see the ships that he must work, hear the creak of crane and the rattle of truck. In this particular case the superintendent is Maj. F. W. Green, short, stocky, alert; a dynamo of energy. He left the general managership of the Frisco lines to do his share in France. He runs that port just as easily as he once operated thirteen hundred miles of railway back home. In his pocket is a loose-leaf memorandum book on which is typed the name, length, draft, the heaviest package aboard and the itemized cargo of every ship that he must unload. He has got these facts by wire from the director of the A. T. S. Part of his task, therefore, is to arrange for a suitable berth for the ship. He must have a crane or derrick for that heaviest package, be it an engine or a steel girder.

### *Twenty-Six Hours a Day*

On a large blackboard before him is a diagram of the lock basins. Each berth has a number. Alongside each number is written in chalk the name of the ship unloading there. Thus he can see at a glance just what is going on in his bailiwick. As soon as the ship is unloaded its name is wiped out and another is written in.

In addition there is a blackboard in the office of the assistant superintendent, which is a sort of working register. This deals with the concrete details of unloading. It contains the number of the berth, the name of the ship alongside, the unloading officer in charge, the number of hatches working, the number of labor gangs on these hatches—in short, the whole daily program.

The labor battalions—that is, the stevedores—are divided into gangs. There is one for each hatch, with a sergeant in charge on deck while a corporal looks after the men working in the hold. There are three labor shifts of eight hours each.

To quote Major Green: "We work twenty-six hours a day—that is, twenty-four for unloading and two for cleaning up!" These, I might say, are the regulation army hours.

A constant scrutiny is kept on these laborers. For every seven ships being unloaded there is a chief traveling stevedore, who is a sort of official black speeder-up of his fellow workers. He goes from ship to ship. In order to stimulate the stevedores they are given special leave after they have made a particularly good record. Theft, breakage of packages due to carelessness, and soldiering are punished with the rock pile or worse. A friendly rivalry is developed between these labor gangs which makes for good results. This is one reason why this particular port unloaded 10,341 tons in one day, which is the banner record up to the time I write.

Watch the unloading of a group of American ships in a French port and you behold a sight that at first seems to be one of utter confusion, so deafening is the din and so incessant the movement. There is a constant procession of laborers from hold to dock. Motor trucks, boxes, machinery and raw material appear to pile up from nowhere. Yet it is orderly chaos. Every case of canned goods that comes ashore is checked up and becomes part of the daily record. Not a pound strays or gets lost in the tumultuous shuffle.

There is a checker on the boat and one ashore. Frequently, and notably in the case of ration components, the goods go direct from ship to freight train, which stands on a siding at the dock. This saves rehandling in the warehouse. This process, technically called disposition, means that the cargo goes direct to consumer, which is the Army, without storage.

Where there is an exceptionally large consignment for one service a representative of that service is at the dock to see that it is sent at once to its proper destination. This is especially true of motor transportation and quartermaster stores. Motor trucks and cars are made up in trains and sent at

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once to the reception parks, which are always near the quays. The whole rule of supply in France is to get the stuff from where it is plentiful to where it is needed with the minimum amount of labor.

All this many-sided and unending dock effort is put down on paper. On what is known as the Daily Report of Dock and Shed Operations you can see the location of the work, the tonnage unloaded from the boat, whether it went direct to cars or to trucks and barges, or was left on the dock; the total tonnage handled in terms of troops, animals and materials; the number of man hours used up in handling the freight, and the average tonnage per man per hour.

Likewise, and in a no less comprehensive document, entitled Daily Report of Boat Operations, you can read every night the complete record of what was done with every boat on which labor was employed. You get first of all the name of the boat, the port from which it sailed, the time of its arrival outside and the time of its docking, its draft, number of cargo hatches, the exact cargo aboard—both in specific items and tonnage, and the whole unloading record. In addition, you get its complete outward movement, the ballast employed, and whether it took back to America any troops or passengers. Even the state of weather during the ship's stay in France is part of this remarkable chronicle. When you have finished reading one of these reports you know the complete history of that ship and its cargo from the time it left the port somewhere in America until it sailed back from somewhere in France.

But this is not all. That great mass of freight must be transferred to car and barge. Hence there is a Daily Report of Car and Barge Movement, which specifies the exact number of freight cars or barges loaded and the specific freight, together with the destination. The work of the A. T. S., so far as the actual tonnage is concerned, ends when men and material go speeding inland. Once outside the port area the railway or canal service authority begins.

Apropos of this canal service let me say that here is a branch of transportation that grows steadily in importance and usefulness. On its four hundred miles of waterways we have more than six hundred men afloat in charge of towboat captains who have come from American canals that range from the Erie to the Panama project. Evidence of the approaching magnitude of the service is the fact that fifty concrete oil-burning towboats are under construction for the A. T. S. in France. Fifteen ocean-going tugs crossed the Atlantic to join its fleet.

Buried in the formal records of the army transport service are many dramas in achievement, romances of heroic effort that are as kindling as any narrative of fighting at the Front. They are shot through with the thrill of combat with wind and rain and circumstance. Let me disclose two of them that will make every American feel just a little prouder of his national kinship with the men, white and black, who made them possible.

### Beating the German Record

One day a great fleet of troop transports—in reality two convoys—carrying more than forty thousand men appeared outside a port in France. The port had a normal debarking capacity, with camp accommodation ashore, of thirty thousand men a month. It was in the early days. There were no docks; the soldiers had to be lightered. "Can you unload these men in ten days?" was the proposition put up to the superintendent of the A. T. S. Exactly forty-eight hours afterward every man was walking the soil of France. Major Green, the live wire now in charge at Base Section Number One, is the man who turned the trick. He did it for one thing by making a bridge of a flotilla of French ships in the harbor. He even commandeered tugs, barges, anything afloat that would carry a human being. That enormous convoy did not find camps and kitchens ready for them when they set foot in France, but they got off their ships in less than one-fifth the time that they had expected would be required to land, and they were ready to go up the line.

Here is its twin performance. One of our ship problems has been the coaling of the monster Leviathan, which must take aboard forty-five hundred tons of coal and two thousand tons of water every time she touches port. On two occasions she was hung up for forty and sixty days. This was a waste of precious troop-carrying power. She was sent to a port in France and the instruction to the A. T. S. was: "The Leviathan must be turned round in two weeks."

Once more Major Green met the emergency, for in eighty-four hours after that reformed German ship poked her nose into port she was on her way out again fully fueled and watered. In this case Yankee resourcefulness spurred on by an indomitable energy worked the miracle. Major Green, who had ample advance notice of the coming of the great vessel, swung specially made platforms all round her sides. This enabled him to work a much larger force of labor than the ordinary coaling facilities permitted.

Then, with a keen sense of labor psychology, he started a rivalry between the army and navy gangs as to which could get the most coal aboard. Pitted against each other they performed prodigies. The best commentary that I can make on this triumph of American methods is to say that this record beat the best record in Germany by exactly forty-eight hours. In other words, it took a hundred and thirty-two hours to coal the ship in her home port under ideal conditions. Such achievements as these, and they are merely typical, are simply part of the day's work of the army transport service.

### The Heroines of the Air Raid

This world of tracks and traffic which pulses with movement must be linked with swift communications. At this point we touch the Signal Corps, which has a leading part in the whole vast scheme of our effort in France. Its telephone and telegraph lines not only bind up the Services of Supply but reach to the observation posts that look out on No Man's Land. There is seldom a list of awards of the American Distinguished Service Cross without a citation of some signaler who crept out under fire to repair a wire or who kept his telephone working under a hell of shells.

With the Signal Corps you are face to face with what amounts to a large cross-section of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company planted overseas. You see telegraph rooms that rattle like machine guns and with multiplex systems that send eight telegrams at one time over the same wire; you find yourself in complete telephone exchanges operated by nimble-witted American girls. Over the five-hundred-mile length of our service we send what amounts to ninety thousand ordinary telegraph messages a day, which is equal to the commercial telegraph business done daily in a city the size of Philadelphia. In one place, Tours, we duplicate the business that Baltimore does. We register more than eighteen hundred long-distance telephone calls a day, or as many as are put in each day between New York and Boston. In addition, there are four hundred long-distance calls a day on our leased wires. To do all this we use eighteen thousand miles of American-strung wire. We also lease thirty-six thousand miles of French wire, which makes a total of fifty-four thousand miles of wire owned or controlled by the American Expeditionary Force.

At the head of this network of nerves is a smooth-faced, gray-haired man, Brig. Gen. Edgar Russel, who was in at the birth of the system in France. As in every other activity signals faced many obstacles. The European apparatus does not fully meet the needs of the American engineers. We had to bring over everything we used but the poles, and we had trouble in getting them.

The American telegraph battalions, who vie with the Transportation Corps in versatility and sacrifice, have become a familiar sight in rural France as they sit astride poles or dash up and down the roads in their emergency wagons. We have a complete system of pole patrol because these wires must be up and doing all the time. Every American pole is numbered and branded U. S. A. It gives you a friendly feeling to see the unending procession of them as you motor along the highways.

The really fascinating detail however—this adjective is not without its literal meaning—of the Signal Corps is the human side. I mean, of course, that gallant band of nearly two hundred American women who operate the switchboards and who have displayed a courage that has had more than one actual test. One night when Paris was under a rain of air bombs and when men rushed to safety the American telephone girls on duty were asked to leave their posts and seek the abri, which is the official shelter. Just then a window in the room was smashed by a shell fragment, yet those hello heroines remained at the switchboard. "We will stay until the last man leaves," they said.



That is the fiber of the enlisted sisters of our fighting men. They are a hand-picked crowd with as fine a sense of service as ever animated combat troops. For the original contingent the two main qualifications were a knowledge of French and a knowledge of telephone operation. That was when we had to use French wires. With our complete all-American system now the French requirement is incidental. Those pioneer operators had to be trained in the United States. The majority of them were college girls, keen of mind and with an immense capacity for work. Go to any one of our switchboards in France and you can see a Wellesley graduate seated alongside a girl who has had to make her way from childhood. In this service, like the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady, they are all patriots under the skin.

The telephone operators wear a smart blue uniform with a blue aviator cap. On the left sleeve is a white brassard indicating position. The operator's badge bears a telephone transmitter; the supervisor's, a transmitter in a wreath; the chief operator at a station, a gilt transmitter in a wreath surmounted by a static. All our women rank as civilian employees of the A. E. F. For safety and comfort there are never less than five girls in any one place. They are always in charge of a supervisor and usually live in a Y. W. C. A. hotel.

### Colonel Carty on the Job

But telephone and telegraph is just one detail in the larger work of the Signal Corps. Though aviation, once a part of it, has been made a separate service it has many other vital functions. Modern war has proved the value of the radio, hence wireless is an all-important function. It is part of the duty of the Signal Corps to intercept both enemy and neutral wireless messages. Some of the latter are as dangerous to our cause as those of the Central Powers. We have regular intercept stations for this work. Then, too, the Signal Corps operates the whole carrier-pigeon service. These little white birds have saved the day on more than one occasion. Likewise, the Signal Corps operates a complete weather service. Air fighting depends upon weather conditions. It is the duty of these prophets to make daily forecasts of meteorological conditions, upon which so much depends.

Scientific inspection of all apparatus is another work. If a telephone transmitter is imperfect, for example, the service is impaired and this deficiency may spell defeat. All official photographs of the A. E. F. are taken by the Signal Corps, and they are no inconsiderable aid to army operations. Since the modern army invents as well as fights it follows that we have a completely equipped research service installed in a laboratory in Paris, where already our scientific experts under the stress of emergency have improved telephony and telegraphy. Such is the astonishing function of a little-known but all-essential branch of the Services of Supply.

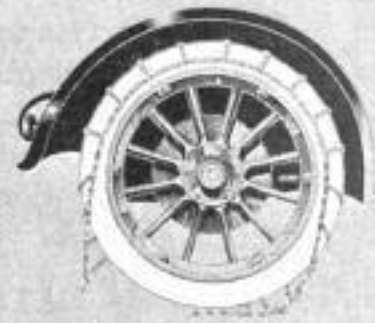
Like transportation, the Signal Corps has drawn the stars of communication to its ranks. In the telephone exchange at Tours one day I saw a slight, gray-haired man in khaki who wore the silver eagle of a full colonel on his shoulders. When I met him a little later I found that he was Col. John J. Carty, one of the foremost living telephone engineers and the man who, almost more than any other, made it possible for New York to speak to San Francisco. He is on the job in France, which means that our telephone service is as well supervised as is that of Chicago or St. Louis.

Thus rails, sails and wires combine in the creation of an aid to war that represents the last word in efficiency and service. The mark of America is all over it.

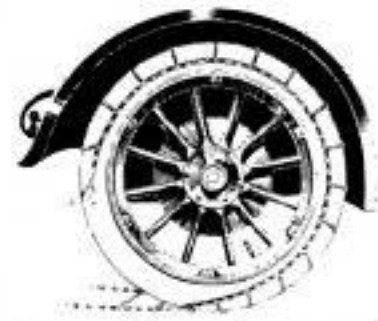
Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the American supply organization in France. The next will tell how the American troops are fed.


WEED TIRE CHAINS

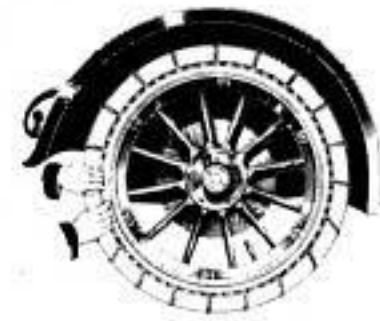
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# ROMANTIC RUMANIA

(Concluded from Page 9)

their independent organizations and their own princes, having only to pay a yearly tribute to the Turks, who nowhere, however, were able to settle down or even to build their mosques.

Thanks to this state of things, Rumania served as a refuge to all Christians in the Balkan Peninsula, becoming their shelter and hope, because the princes of the land were always seeking ways of driving out the Turks, either by their own efforts or aided by their neighbors, more especially by the Hungarians and the Poles.

These incessant wars naturally gave rise to many acts of heroism, and countless were the princes who bravely fought the infidel; if not always successfully, that was often due to their neighbors, who sometimes forgot that it was their sacred duty to chase the Turks out of Europe.

The names of certain heroes have remained legendary. One of the first is that of Mircea the Ancient, called by his contemporaries "the brave and the sure." Mircea was master of Wallachia, Silistria, and of the Danube as far as the sea; he was Ban of Severin, possessing also the provinces of Amlasul, Fogaras and Transylvania. He waged continual war against the Turks, beating them sometimes without help, as he did in the Battle of Rovine, or at times with the aid of German, English, French and Hungarian knights, as was the case in the celebrated Battle of Nicopolis on the Danube. Of course Mircea was not victorious on all occasions, but under his reign his land was never diminished.

### Stephen the Great

One of the most remarkable figures in Rumanian history is Stephen the Great, Prince of Moldavia—"the Great," "the Wise," "the Sainted." His fame has been woven into many a legend dear to the hearts of the people. Stephen came to the throne in 1457 and reigned forty-seven years, a rare occurrence in Rumania's history. A great warrior, he could proudly declare on his deathbed that of the thirty-six battles he had fought, thirty-four had been victorious! Fighting, in turn, the Poles, the Hungarians and the Turks, he had ever but one aim—his country's independence; and but one idea—the overthrow of the Turk.

During the winter of 1475 a powerful Turkish army entered Moldavia. In different places violent battles were waged—the most desperate battles of that time. The Turks were beaten near Racova, and so brilliant was Stephen's victory that he won for himself the name of Defender of the Faith, as well as great praise from the Pope, who wrote to him that "all tongues speak of thee, praising greatly thy valor."

Praise was not wanting, but material aid to stem the ever-repeated inflow of the foe was sadly lacking; so that a year after the great victory of Racova, when Stephen was again assailed by the Turks under the leadership of Sultan Mohammed, with vastly superior forces, he lost his bravest soldiers in the Battle of Rasboieni, and was driven back as far as Suceava, then capital of Moldavia, now in Bukowina. But Mohammed could not take the town and had to retreat, pursued, in his turn, by Stephen's army.

After the death of this valorous prince Moldavia and Wallachia had to feel the hand of the Turk weighing always more heavily upon them, and Stephen's successors were unable to defeat the infidels. Between 1593 and 1601, however, Michael the Brave succeeded in bringing about an alliance between Moldavia and Transylvania, and vigorously attacked the Turks. The famed victory of Calugareni crowned his efforts, and, though the enemy had for a time succeeded in invading the country, Michael and his allies beat them back beyond the Danube. But Michael the Brave's great act was that in 1600 he succeeded for a short period in uniting Wallachia, Moldavia and Transylvania under his scepter—that golden dream cherished through the centuries by every Rumanian; and a dream for which three hundred years later we have again taken up arms!

Though autonomous after Michael the Brave's reign, the Rumanian principalities suffered always more grievously under the Turkish yoke. There came even a sad period when the Porte chose their princes for them, going even to the length of sending them princes of Greek origin, from a part of Constantinople called Phanar, which explains why, in history, these rulers go by the name of Phanariots. This was a most unfortunate institution, the influence of these rulers of Byzantine conception being most inauspicious for Rumania. The habits and morals of the land suffered greatly, which was a serious hindrance to the country's wider economic and intellectual development. These Phanariot princes succeeded each other with bewildering rapidity. It was a time of intrigue and corruption. One family was continually plotting against the other, seeking to bring about its fall. More than one reign ended by murder, and several of these fugitive rulers lost their heads and thrones by order of the Turks! This rapid succession of princes makes Rumanian history of this period most confusing.

Nevertheless, some wonderful churches were erected during this time, the most famed being Trei Terarchi—the Three Saints—in Jassy, and Curtea-de-Arges, a lovely monument, where old King Carol and his wife lie buried, in the now invaded part of the country. These two churches are the most perfect buildings of late Byzantine art known in the whole Christian world.

In Wallachia and Bukowina other beautiful churches and convents have survived to speak of the strongly artistic movement of the period.

During the eighteenth century, owing to Phanariot rule, the country fell almost completely under Greek and Turkish influence, but in Transylvania great writers were born, who upheld the ardent desire for national unity, proving more and more through their writings the Latin origin of the Rumanian people and the ethnological unity of the Wallachians, Moldavians and Transylvanians.

### More Recent History

In the nineteenth century these ideas took firmer root, and in the year 1859 Wallachia and Moldavia were united under one scepter by Alexander Cuza Voda. This was a great step forward. But Cuza did not answer all the high expectations that had been fixed upon him. A capable man, he made more than one useful and lasting innovation; but his character was not entirely to be depended upon, and the old habit of intrigue was still too greatly in favor.

To put an end to this state of affairs, which continued to hinder the nation's free development, several well-thinking patriots, who loved their country above personal pride or ambition, decided to call a foreign prince to rule in Rumania, their choice falling on Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, who bravely accepted their offer and ruled the country wisely for more than forty years.

The adoption of a foreign and hereditary dynasty put an end to the many quarrels among the once reigning families in the land, and under King Carol's long and dignified reign the country developed extraordinarily. Full of forethought in all his acts, King Carol chose the propitious moment for entering war on the side of Russia against the Turks. This won the country's independence and ended the long period of Turkish rule. Almost immediately afterward, in 1878, the principality was raised to a monarchy.

But four million Rumanians are still sighing beneath foreign sway. All the lands comprised between the Tisza and the Carpathians, those lands that are the birthplace of our nation, still belong to the Austro-Hungarian monarchy and continue to suffer beneath its yoke. No tyrannic rule has been able to crush the national feeling out of these Rumanians beyond the mountains! Their language, habits and religion have remained intact in spite of every effort to swallow them up; but they suffer heavily, their development is kept in constant check, their liberties are curtailed and their churches and schools continually suppressed.

### Rumania's Future

In this present formidable struggle the principle of liberty of nations was championed by the Entente as a dam against the growing tendencies of conquest shown by the Central Powers; and Rumania, with her national unity in view, could but be on the side of liberty and justice!

Rumania may have a great and useful part to play in the Europe of to-morrow. On the lower Danube, with the Carpathians in the center, exists a large mass of people of one origin, who are, with the exception of the Russians on the east, ethnically the strongest; and if united into one kingdom would form a strong barrier on the frontiers of Germanism. She could then become a state representing peace, progress and equity, consisting of a single people of over twelve or thirteen millions, who soon could count twenty million souls.

From an economic point of view, once in possession of her natural ethnic frontiers, Rumania would also become a strong industrial factor, owing to the rich resources of her soil—oil, salt, corn, wood, and so on. By the free Danube, by the Black and Adriatic Seas, these riches could be disposed of to her advantage and to the advantage of other nations, and the long-dreamed-of kingdom of the united Rumanians could again win the name of Dacia Felix, as once she was called by the Romans.

A people of Latin origin, and therefore related to the people of the West, yet of one religion with its neighbors and closely in touch with the Balkan nations through historical development, Rumania's mission seems all indicated to be one of civilization, a strong link between East and West.

In ages past the country situated between the Dniester, the Tisza and the Danube was a passage for every barbaric horde invading Europe so as to destroy Roman civilization and to found new nations. Is it not a grand dream that in our modern times this same country should become a passage for Western civilization going East?

This future may be Rumania's; but all depends upon the great struggle in which she is taking part, at present with such tragic results. Upon its issue depends the country's fate.

Will Rumania's golden dream become a reality? Will she at last realize her national unity? Who can tell?

A veil lies over the future, and the day of to-morrow is in the hand of God. His will be done!



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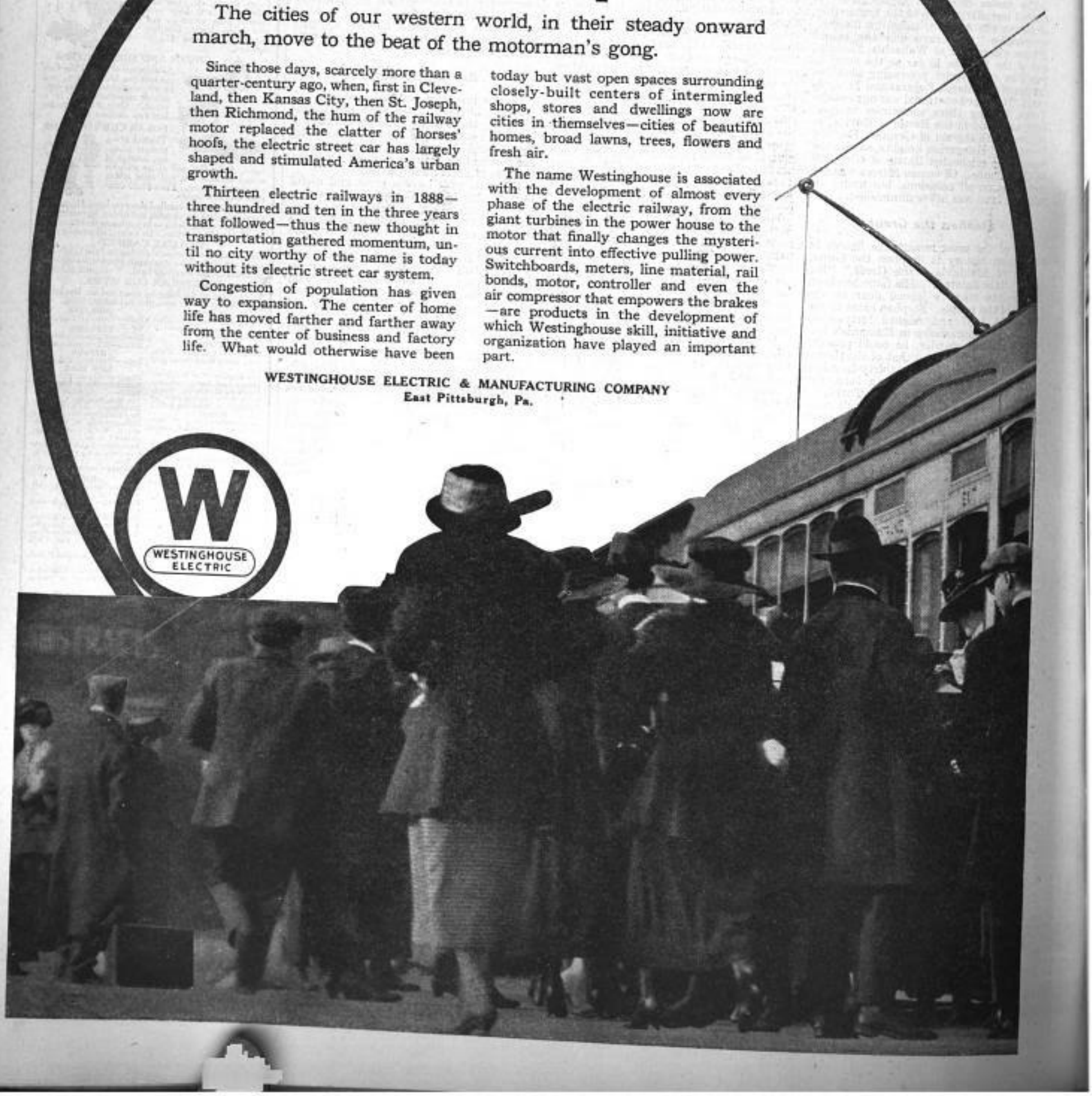
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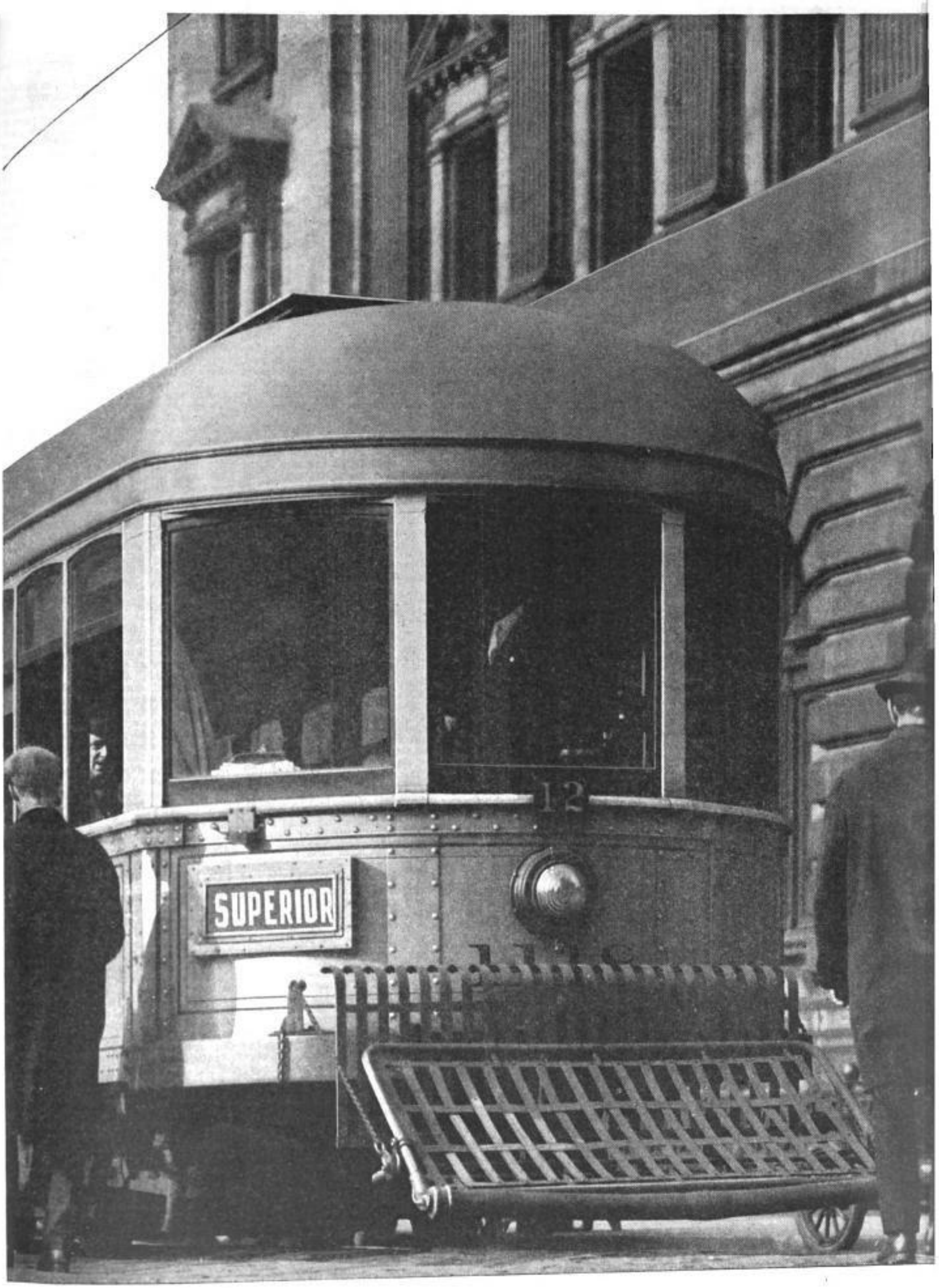
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# THE BRETON PATROL

(Continued from Page 7)

Tom Blau was born in Russia at Riga. He has always been a sailor. When I first knew him he was the highly efficient first officer of the Kores, of the old Pacific Mail. He had served an enlistment or two in the United States Navy. So they gave him a commission when war broke out, and on the particular morning when the Westward Ho was torpedoed in latitude this and longitude that he was on the converted yacht Sweet Marie—which isn't her name at all—there or thereabouts.

The Hun let the Westward Ho have a torpedo at one-fifteen on the morning of August eighth. It was a fair hit, and the Westward Ho began to take water and send out S O S signals simultaneously. Three of our destroyers came plunging to the rescue in response to the appeals of the wireless, and arrived at her side in a few hours. It looked to be all over with the Westward Ho. She was apparently in a sinking condition, filling with water and sloshing about as if she would go down almost any time. The destroyers took off the surviving members of the crew, and proceeded on their urgent convoy duty, leaving the Westward Ho to go down whenever her time came.

The Westward Ho didn't go down. Instead she continued to slosh about for hours and hours, and along about four o'clock next morning the Sweet Marie, which was on patrol in those waters, discovered her, and Lieutenant Blau and a salvage party were sent aboard her to see what was doing and what were the chances of getting her to port. The chances seemed slim. The Westward Ho had a bad hole in her forward, her Number One Hold was full of water, and it looked as if she might go plopping down to D. Jones' locker at any moment.

### Star-Spangled Optimists

That is, it might have looked that way to anyone but delegates from the Breton patrol. Those lads are the star-spangled optimists of all the seven seas. Their creed is that nothing that remains afloat is sunk, which is why they stay out in the weather they do stay out in, with their little sketchy converted yachts that by rights should be tied up to buoys behind breakwaters on many of the days and nights when they are cavorting about on patrol. So long as there is anything at all above water those young men feel that they can bring the remains in; and they usually do. I have no doubt that any one of them could navigate a Swiss cheese in a ninety-mile gale and get away with it. I have seen them perform.

The salvage party from the Sweet Marie had a look at the Westward Ho. Remember that the captain and the crew had abandoned ship, concerning which the admiral says officially: "No criticism is made of the master of the Westward Ho for having abandoned his ship inasmuch as her condition was believed to be desperate, and the destroyers which rescued her crew were required for duty with troop transports, and could not remain in the vicinity."

The salvagers found things pretty badly mashed, the ship with a big hole in her and in just as desperate a condition as her captain thought her to be when he quit. Still, she was afloat. That was enough for that outfit. Anything that is afloat is afloat. And they went to it.

Under the direction of Blau they got some fire beneath the boilers, raised sufficient steam to start the pumps, and pumped out the compartments adjacent to Number One Hold. Then they started the propellers going. They soon found they could make no headway with the ship by trying to get her through the water bow first. So they reversed the propellers and gayly started off to take her in stern first. The little matter of sailing a ship stern first instead of bow first has no terrors for the Breton patrol. They will sail them broadside on or roll them over and over if necessary, but they will get them in.

Meantime another American yacht and a French destroyer had come up, and at ten o'clock these boats got lines on the Westward Ho and began to tow her. The salvage party had been working aboard since four o'clock in the morning. At two o'clock that afternoon some British tugs joined, and at four o'clock Blau had the propellers turning at good speed reversed, and the Westward Ho was on her way to the base port. This was on August ninth, the day after the ship had been torpedoed. Early the next morning an American destroyer and an American torpedo boat joined up, and a third tow line was put on the Westward Ho.

Thus with the stern first, with the engines going and the propellers running reversed and the three boats towing her, the Westward Ho made the base port at six o'clock on the night of August eleventh, three days and a half after she had been abandoned as a hopeless, helpless wreck. She made three hundred and fifteen miles; and a lot of material, a very large amount, that has since been very useful in killing Huns, was saved, to say nothing of a most valuable ship, which as I write is almost repaired and ready to go to sea again.

"The salvage of the ship was a splendid feat of seamanship," the admiral wrote, and he recommended Lieutenant Commander Windsor, Lieutenant Benson, Lieutenant Blau and Junior Lieutenant Knight to the attention of the Navy Department—which attention has been paid, I trust, for it surely was a splendid feat of seamanship, as the admiral says, but all in the day's work for the lads of the Breton patrol. That's the sort of stuff they are pulling all the time.

For example, there was the case of the Westbridge about a week later. They brought her in also. If you are nautical you will understand that the case of the Westbridge was a sad case, a mighty sad case, for when that unfortunate vessel was picked up it might have been a premium of a thousand guineas at Lloyd's to a farthing that she wouldn't get anywhere but to the bottom of the sea. The Hun had let two torpedoes into her, and she was as full of water as a sieve stuck in a filled bucket. Her well decks were awash. Her Number One Hold had seventeen feet of water in it. Holds Numbers Two and Three and the engine room and fire room were completely flooded, and there was eight feet of it in Hold Number Four and two feet in Number Five. She surely had a large supply of salt water aboard—a full cargo.

After the Westbridge was torpedoed four English tugs got to her to help her in, and later an American destroyer and a tug left the base port to assist. Presently a French yacht and a French tug joined up. There came a wireless that two of the British tugs were standing by the Westbridge, the other two tugs having left on account of shortage of fuel. About two days later there were other additions to the searchers, and the little fleet plugged along, trying for contact with the Westbridge. A scouting line had been formed, and the leading ship ran into an oil slick, which might be from the Westbridge or might be from a submarine.

### The Case of the Florence H.

The scout leader followed the slick for twenty-seven miles and came up to the Westbridge forty-seven miles northwest from the position reported. The two British tugs were trying to tow her, but she yawed so frightfully that they were making small progress.

Whereupon Lieutenant Conolly, U. S. N., said he would go aboard and assist by steering the Westbridge with the hand-steering gear, and eight American volunteers went with him. Lieutenant Comstock, U. S. N., took charge of towing operations, and five days later they landed the Westbridge in the base port, her valuable cargo a bit wet but useful and, most of all, the ship ready for repair and future carrier service.

This of course was a joint operation, British, French and American, and the men on all the ships did their share in most commendable manner; but the chap I have in mind is Lieutenant Conolly, U. S. N., who with his eight men stayed for five days on a torpedoed, waterlogged, yawing ship, and steered her by hand every minute of that time—Lieutenant Conolly and his eight lads from the Breton patrol.

And in cheering for Conolly and his eight gobs let us not forget what happened that night in Quiberon Bay when the American ship, Florence H., loaded with four thousand tons of powder, caught fire and blew up. The Breton patrol was there that night, nine ships and nine shiploads of American sailormen, and they—— But let me set the stage for you.

Part of the work of the Breton patrol is the coastal convoy work, whereby ships filled with needful cargoes are convoyed north and south from designated ports to designated ports. One convoy goes south and another convoy comes north, running on schedule, and grinding at it day and night—every day and every night. It isn't exciting, and it's a bit monotonous, but it is supremely necessary work and the lads of the patrol go at it with heart and spirit and run it like clockwork. To be sure, always there is a chance that something may happen, but usually the thing is just a job.

Something happened that night in Quiberon Bay, surely enough. The northbound convoy and the southbound convoy were both in the harbor, the northbound fellows with running lights and the southbound chaps with anchor lights. The Florence H. with her cargo of powder was in the gathering. The night was cloudy and dark, the sea was calm, and there wasn't much wind. It was as peaceful a nautical scene as the war zone provided that night.

At ten minutes of eleven o'clock a lookout on one of the American naval vessels noticed that somebody on the bridge of the Florence H. was frantically signaling with an electric signal light. Before anyone could make out what this signalman was trying to say the Florence H., which had previously been dark, with no lights save her usual ones, was enveloped in a tremendous sheet of fire. The effect was similar to the setting off of a flashlight for the taking of a photograph—a sudden puff, and then a dazzling burst of flame. There was no explosion then; but instead of subsiding the blaze shot up in the air a hundred feet, throwing everything in the harbor into bright relief and lighting up the face of the water in a great crimson circle.

### An Amazing Performance

The instant the fire broke out the ships of the Breton patrol got into action. They started pell-mell for the Florence H. Nobody knew what the burning cargo was. It might be oil. It might be powder. It might be fixed ammunition. Nobody cared either. They all stood by to see what could be done. A few minutes after the fire began there was a series of explosions on the Florence H., and great masses of flaming cases and wreckage were thrown out on the water. These cases, which had been closely packed on the ship, did not separate into their component parts, but stuck together and floated on the water like enormous, blazing rafts. Instantly the cases began to explode, shooting flame and greenish gas into the air, the flames rising ten to twenty feet and resembling huge blow torches. There was a terrifying whistling noise, also, as the cases exploded, similar to the noise that would be made by giant acetylene torches.

The fixed ammunition on the deck of the Florence H., kept there for defensive purposes, soon began to explode, and the shells burst all about like gigantic firecrackers. Then the guns went off with heavy booms. Meantime more of the burning and exploding cases were thrown out and the water was thickly covered with them. The entire surface of the sea for a considerable space about the Florence H. was not only afire but in eruption. In the midst of it the Florence H. was aflame from bow to stern.

A few minutes after the fire started the ship split apart amidships, and in ten minutes she had sunk. This left the water for the space of half a mile covered with the burning, exploding cargo. There were small patches of clear water here and there, and the whole scene looked like a bay with thickly dotted islands that were afire. When the American ships got to the wreck they found that in some places the burning wreckage and cargo were so thickly strewn upon the water that they could not maneuver.

The first ship up heard some cries in the water amid the flames. It had not been thought by anyone that the crew of the Florence H. could possibly escape. Signals were passed that there were men in the water, and all the ships that had come up lowered lifeboats. There was no chance to row. The burning ammunition cases were

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so thickly massed in and on the water that oars could not be used. So the lads of the American ships stood up in the boats and used their oars for poles, shoving aside the burning cases as well as they could and looking for survivors.

Make yourself a little picture of that situation. Not a man in those lifeboats knew what was in those boxes that were burning. It might be T N T. It might be fixed ammunition—machine-gun cartridges, say, or shells. At any moment the explosion of a box of shells or cartridges might kill every man in any boat or on all the boats. They gave no heed to that. They stood up in their lifeboats, shoved the burning stuff aside, were scorched by the flames of it and choked by the gases rising, but they went to it without a moment's hesitation.

The destroyers saw the predicament of the men in the boats. They came jamming in, regardless of danger, and opened up lanes through the wreckage so the small boats might move about. One of our lifeboats caught fire. A destroyer got the men in it up to her deck. Several men from a destroyer jumped overboard and rescued burned survivors of the Florence H., and numerous of our sailors leaped from the small boats and pulled survivors from the blazing wreckage. And all the time the powder in the cases—for it was smokeless powder—blazed and exploded and threw off greenish smoke and gas. Talk about burning lakes of brimstone! There was a burning ocean of stuff that made brimstone seem innocuous.

The result of that heroic battle by the lads of the Breton patrol with the combined elements of fire and water, coupled with shot, shell, powder and gases, was that thirty-four of the crew of seventy-five of the Florence H. were brought in, and that most of these recovered from their burns.

"The conduct of the officers and men was in accord with the best traditions of our service," said the admiral in publishing to his fleet and stations the story of that night, which is a conservative enough way of putting it. Personally if I had been writing that letter I would have said that the conduct of the officers and men on that night made a new, separate and glorious tradition of its own for future members of the service to emulate. However, that's what the Breton patrol is doing right along.

### *All Ashore!*

The arrival of a convoy of troop ships at a base port on the European side of the Atlantic is one of the great sights of the war. The first one I saw come in came on a morning when the sun was shining from a cloudless sky and the sea sparkling in the radiance of it. The big ships were in two lines, stretching out to the horizon. Round them like collies guarding a flock of sheep the gray destroyers dashed and maneuvered. The bands were playing on the decks of the transports. The Stars and Stripes stood out from masts of each, and the decks were packed from rail to rail with eager young soldiers taking their first look at the land where they were to fight. A troop ship coming in, with its sides all yellows and greens and blacks and whites in camouflage, makes an odd picture on the water, and odder still is the massed brown of the khakied soldiers standing in rows on her decks. Those I saw this time wore the peaked army hats, and the effect was that of a level brown surface on which little tents were placed as thickly as leaves of grass.

The transports anchor and the destroyers come inside to their mooring places. Presently harbor boats, looking like small excursion steamers, go out and begin to take off the soldiers and bring them to the docks. These harbor boats have covered top decks, and as they come in there isn't an inch of space on them that isn't held by a soldier. They are lined up everywhere, even to the bridge. The only visible thing about one of these boats that is not taken by soldiers is the smokestack, and I saw one boat coming in with two or three boys clinging to that. They want to get off the transports, and the transports want to get them off, and the result of this mutual understanding is that these harbor boats steam to the docks packed to the gunwales with men—so many of them, indeed, that except for the small sections of the hull that show out of the water they seem to be slowly moving masses of soldiers held up on the water by some invisible medium.

Some of the ships come directly into the docks also, and the men are marched off. I fancy the most trying part of the voyage across is when the soldiers are lined up on deck waiting for the ship to get securely into her berth. They stand there straining their eyes over the base port, and every minute seems an hour. Docking is slow work. Often it is an hour and sometimes two before the gangplanks are thrown out. Then the boys march off and take their positions on the dock itself.

Presently they file away in long brown lines for the camps. They cheer a little and sing a little, but not much. It hits them then that they are in the land where they are going to fight. They are only a few miles and a few days from the Front instead of three thousand miles from it, and they are grave mostly, and serious as they land. But not for long. Presently the youth of them asserts itself, and they begin the Yank comment on the oddities of foreign things—that comment that never ceases and is infinite in its variety, American in its comparisons and humorous in its deprecations.

The destroyers brought them in. Faring out to sea when the time came for the appearance of the transports, they picked them up at an appointed place and watched and tended and guarded them through the submarine lanes. When the ships go back the destroyers take them out, and also they bring in and take out the great convoys of slow-moving supply ships, the cargo carriers that fetch the ammunition and the food and the supplies.

That word "supplies" is the most elastic word in our language. It means anything and everything. The fundamental of war is that an army never has enough of anything. It is omnivorous. It always wants men, food, ammunition, guns, and everything else from shoe laces to locomotives.

### *The Outgoing Convoy*

Wherefore the job of the Breton patrol and the other patrols operating out of other base ports is to see to it that the ships bearing this multitude and mélange get into port securely, and get back beyond the danger zones safely on their way to America for more—more—more. The destroyers do this work. It is exciting and arduous work, but not more important than the work of the coastal convoys, the converted yachts and the older destroyers, which conduct in safety up and down the coast the long strings of ships with their needed cargoes—up and down—up and down—day after day and night after night, humbler and not so dashing as the long, lean destroyers, but doing their jobs faithfully and well, playing their parts in the game.

Times of departure of outgoing convoys are not announced of course, but it sometimes happens that a sightseer is at a point where a departure may be observed. I was one evening. The big ships lay out in the harbor, with little riffles of smoke coming from their stacks. The last lighters had cleared away. The last small boats had shoved off. The signal flags were set. From the inside of the harbor a destroyer came demurely along, turned and took an outside course. Following her came several other destroyers, proceeding circumspectly, in regular formation. It wasn't long before they were all in their positions, ahead, alongside and astern of the big ships. Then without a whistle, as quiet and calm as a summer daybreak, the whole procession started. The first big ship went silently away. Then followed the second, at its proper distance; and presently the whole convoy was moving, the big ships plowing serenely through the water toward the west, as if secure in their protection; and the destroyers steaming gravely beside them, quietly and slowly, but ready to spring to tremendous action and activity at the slightest alarm.

I stood and watched them disappear into the west, feeling as sure as the skippers themselves that those keen, alert destroyers would take them out to safe waters and at the proper time would bring them back into this harbor again, loaded with men and materials for whipping the Hun.

Escort duty, they call it, and that term includes about all that happens at sea in days of war, except gun fights with the Hun—and it would include those if the Huns would do any gun fighting. Often the destroyers have cruises that are exciting, but more often there is nothing but

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*"Merry Christmas!"*





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(Concluded from Page 70)

the dull routine of it. Now and then they get a crack at a submarine. Ten destroyers were in column one day last summer when a submarine broached off the port bow of the leader at a distance of about eight hundred yards. The sub took one scared look at the destroyers and went under like a flash, but not until the alert men on the bridge had marked its course. The skipper rang for full speed ahead, and jumped for a point about two hundred yards from where the submarine went down.

Before that point was reached the destroyer was thrown round and the gobs on the stern of her let go the depth charges, dropping them in a barrage one after another. The skipper started to circle, but just then the submarine plopped up out of the water, and all the guns that would bear on it were turned loose by the destroyer.

The submarine was apparently trying to get to the top, for when she broached her bow was merely breaking the surface of the water. After that she made a run of several hundred yards just under the surface, and churned the water mightily, but she couldn't get up. She left a heavy oil wake after this run, and then disappeared. It is quite likely that if she couldn't rise when making those desperate efforts she never did come up again.

On another afternoon when one of our escort ships was bringing in a slow vessel there were oil slicks and sudden wakes and many other sub signs, but though depth charges were dropped nothing came of it save the explosions. Along about nine o'clock that same night a periscope stuck up less than a thousand feet away. The escort ship literally jumped at it, sending men to quarters and putting on every ounce of power she had. The first depth charge was dropped, and then the second, both functioning properly.

### Why the Subs Failed

Immediately after the second charge had exploded there was a very violent third explosion which sent up a great column of water, masses of oil, splinters of wood, many air bubbles and other evidences that a just retribution of some sort had reached Fritz, who presumably was hoist by one of his own petards, aided and abetted, no doubt, by the depth charges dropped on him by the Americans.

These are rather bald recitals of submarine fights which to those participating are exciting and momentous. They are not so frequent as it may be imagined, for the number of submarines operating in any given area is much smaller than is thought by the general public. Still, now and then the destroyers and the yachts do find a submarine, and when they do they go at it like wolves, and usually have good success. Fritz is a wary person. He doesn't tackle warships when he can help it. He is looking for other game, such as troop and hospital ships and supply convoys. Therefore, though there is a great deal of submarine hunting done and this hunting has held the submarine under, it is quite possible for a submarine hunter to go for long periods without seeing even a feather-made by a periscope in the water.

It is the opinion of the naval experts if the enemy had had the courage to make a real submarine fight greater results would have been attained. If he had not been so cautious about himself and his boat, and had taken the chance of warfare; if he had made his submarines fighting machines, digging in anywhere and taking his toll without regard to his own safety or the safety of his submarine, there is no telling what might have happened, for it is undoubtedly true that among the other causes that have made the submarine warfare of Germany less effective than it might have been is the tendency on the part of Fritz to play safe, to protect his own skin, to keep out of danger and be a pothunter instead of a sportsman, a pirate instead of a warrior.

It is quite probable he might have done great destruction by defying the destroyers, going in among the ships, letting off his torpedoes and taking the consequences that might accrue to himself. But he didn't, which is a cause for gratitude. He played the coward's game in his warfare, and no coward has a chance with the men, English, French and American, who hunt the submarines in European waters.

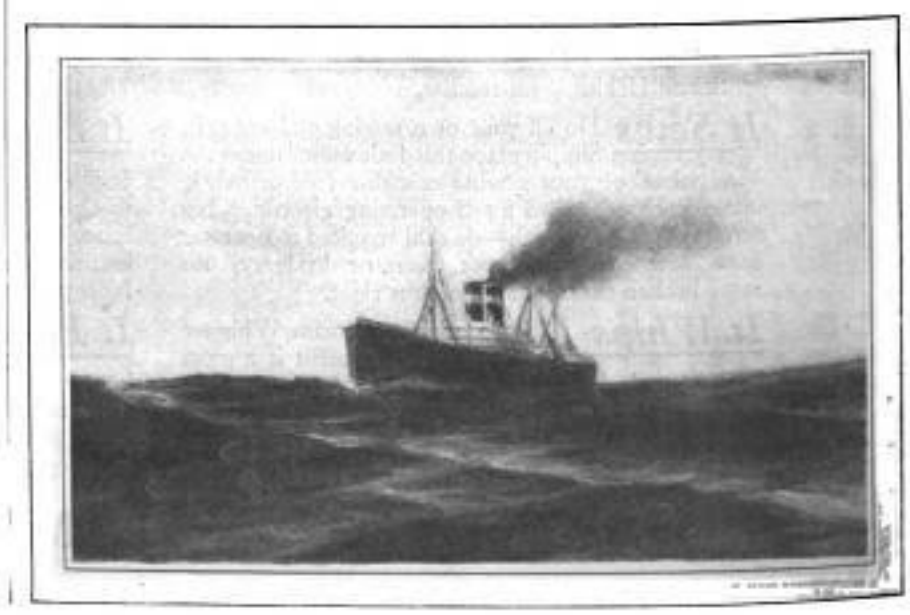
### The Song of the Gobs

The work of our Navy in France is multifarious. It extends its operations for a long distance up and down the coast, and has stations in many places and of many sorts. It is in close relation with the French Navy, and the spirit of coöperation between the officers and the men of the two countries is excellent. There is no friction. There is nothing but a united effort to safeguard the ships, to get the submarines, and to do the work of the ports effectively. Exclusive of the aviators there are eight thousand sailors and nearly eight hundred officers in this section of our naval endeavor abroad, and an excellent complement of ships of all classes, which complement has been constantly augmented by arrivals from home and transfers from other bases.

The work is continuous. The French ports are the great depots that feed the Army with men and supplies, and it is the job of these Americans to keep things moving, to do any incidental fighting that may happen, and to guard the ships against the piracy of the Huns. They go to sea in all weathers, and stay at sea in worse. They plug up and down the coast in their tin-pot yachts, and guard a cargo of coal as zealously as they guard a cargo of soldiers. They are hearty, happy, husky youngsters, with a very clear idea that of all our sailors on foreign waters and in foreign ports they are the pattern and pick of what real sailormen should be, with a high regard and affection for their admiral, and a spirit of Americanism that has made the Breton patrol an institution that will live long and splendidly in the annals of our Navy. As they sing it themselves:

*It's a squadron that's doing its best over here*
*To help keep command of the sea,*
*By day or by night standing by for a fight—*
*It's the Breton patrol—oui—oui—oui.*

*We beat it together, whatever the weather,*
*With a convoy that's bound for its goal;*
*If it's rain, hail or snow, still the convoy must go;*
*That's the job of the Breton patrol.*






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"Mizpah!—where'er thou art
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# CHANGE OF VENUS

(Continued from Page 4)

likes and dislikes. I know that's what I thought afterward when he opened his soul to me. She said what a mercy it was that half a dozen yelling demons wasn't in this house at that moment to make life an evil thing for all. And Homer sunned right up and took the talk away from her. While she done his mending he spoke heatedly of little children in his well-known happy vein, relating many incidents in his blasted career that had brought him to these views. The lady listened with deep attention, saying "Ah, yes, Mr. Gale!" from time to time, and letting on there must be a strong bond of sympathy between them because he expressed in choice words what she had so often felt.

Homer must of been kind of swept off his feet at that very moment, and the rapids just below him. I guess he'd already been made mushy sentimental by seeing the ideal romantic marriage between Uncle Henry and his wife—forty years or so together and still able to set down in peace and quiet without having something squirm over you to see what you had in your pockets or ask what made your hair come out that funny way, till you wished a couple she bears would rush out and devour forty-two of 'em.

It was the first of quite many evenings when Homer and the lady would set with a dish of apples and fried cakes between 'em and denounce the world's posterity. The lady was even suffering grave doubts about marriage. She said having to make her own way after she lost her husband had made her relish her independence too much to think of ever giving it up again lightly. Of course she wouldn't say that possibly at some time in the dim future a congenial mate that thought as she did on vital topics—and so forth—just enough to give Homer a feeling of security that was wholly unwarranted. Wasn't he the heedless Hugo?

He was quite wordy about the lady to me when he come over on an errand one day. He told me all about these delightful talks of theirs, and what an attractive person she was, sound as a nut, and companionable and good-looking without being one of these painted dolls. He said, to see her above her sewing, she was a lovely view that he never tired of gazing at, and to hear her loathe children was music to the ear.

He said she was a rare woman. I said she must be, and asked him if he had committed himself.

"Well, I don't say I have and I don't say I haven't," he says; "but here I be, standing with reluctant feet at the parting of the ways. And who knows what might happen? I know I've had some darned close shaves from doing a whole lot worse in my time."

So I wished him the best of luck with this lady child later; not that I thought he'd really get what was coming to him. He was so crafty. He was one of them that love not well but too wisely, as the saying is. Still, there was a chance. He was scared to death of fire and yet he would keep on playing with it. Some day the merry old flames might lick him up. I hoped for the best.

A few days after that I went down to the foreman's house late in the afternoon to see him about a shipment we had to make. Scott was off somewhere, but his sister was in; so I set talking with her, and waiting. This here Minna Humphrey was a hectic, blighted girl of thirty, sandy-haired, green-eyed and little—no bigger than a bar of soap after a day's washing. What had blighted the poor thing was having to teach public school for a dozen years. She'd been teaching down to Kulanche that year and had just closed up. We set out in front of the house and Minna told me she was all in; and how she'd ever got through the season she didn't know.

She went on to speak of little children. Fire in her voice? Murder! According to Minna, children had ought to be put in cages soon as they can walk and kept there till they are grown; fed through the bars and shot down if they break out. That's what twelve years' enforced contact with 'em had done to Minna's finer instincts. She said absolutely nothing in the world could be so repugnant to her as a roomful of the little animals writing on slates with squeaky pencils. She said other things about 'em that done her no credit.

And while I listened painfully who should be riding up but Homer Gale!

"Here," I says to Minna; "here's a man you'll be a joyous treat to; just let him come in and listen to your song a while. Begin at the beginning and say it all slow, and let Homer have some happy moments."

So I introduced the two, and after a few formalities was got over I had Minna telling in a heartfelt manner what teaching a public school was like, and what a tortured life she led among creatures that should never be treated as human. Homer listened with glistening eyes that got quite moist at the last. Minna went on to say that children's mothers was almost as bad, raging in to pick a fuss with her every time a child had been disciplined for some piece of deviltry. She said mothers give her pretty near as much trouble as the kids themselves.

It was a joyous and painful narrative to Homer. He said why didn't Minna take up something else? And Minna said she was going to. She'd been working two summers in Judge Ballard's office, down to Red Gap, and was going to again this summer, soon as she regained a little vitality; and she hoped now she'd have a steady job there and never have to go back to the old life of degradation. Homer sympathized warmly; his heart had really been touched. He hoped she'd rise out of the depths to something tolerable; and then he told her about Bert's five horrible children that drove him out into the brush—and so forth.

I listened in a while; and then I says to Homer ain't it nice for him to meet someone else that thinks as he does on this great vital topic, Minna seeming to find young ones as repulsive as Mrs. Judson Tolliver? And how about that lady anyway? And how is his affair coming on? I never dreamed of starting anything. I was being friendly.

Homer gets vivacious and smirks something horrible, and says, well, he don't see why people make a secret of such things; and the fact is that that lady and him have about decided that Fate has flung 'em together for a lofty purpose. Of course nothing was settled definite yet—no dates nor anything; but probably before long there'd be a nice little home adorning a certain place he'd kept his eye on, and someone there keeping a light in the window for him—and so on. It sounded almost too good to be true that this old shellback had been harpooned at last.

Then Minna spoke up, when Homer had babbled to a finish, and smirked and looked highly offensive. She says brightly:

"Oh, yes; Mrs. Judson Tolliver. I know her well; and I'm sure, Mr. Gale, I wish you all the happiness in the world with the woman of your choice. She's a very sterling character indeed—and such a good mother!"

"How's that?" says Homer. "I didn't hear you just right. Such a good what?"

"I said she's such a good mother," Minna answers him.

Homer's smirk kind of froze on his face.

"Mother to what?" he says in a low passionate tone, like an actor.

"Mother to her three little ones," says Minna. Then she says again quick: "Why, what's the matter, Mr. Gale?" For Homer seemed to have been took bad.

"Great Godfrey!" he says, hardly able to get his voice.

"And, of course, you won't mind my saying it," Minna goes on, "because you seem so broad-minded about children, but when I taught primary in Red Gap last year those three little boys of hers gave me more trouble than any other two dozen of the pests in the whole room."

Homer couldn't say anything this time. He looked like a doctor was knifing him without anæsthetics.

"And, to make it worse," says Minna, "the

(Continued on Page 77)



"I'm a Desperate Man," He Says. "Being Hounded by This Here Catamount; and Mebbe It's Best to Give In"





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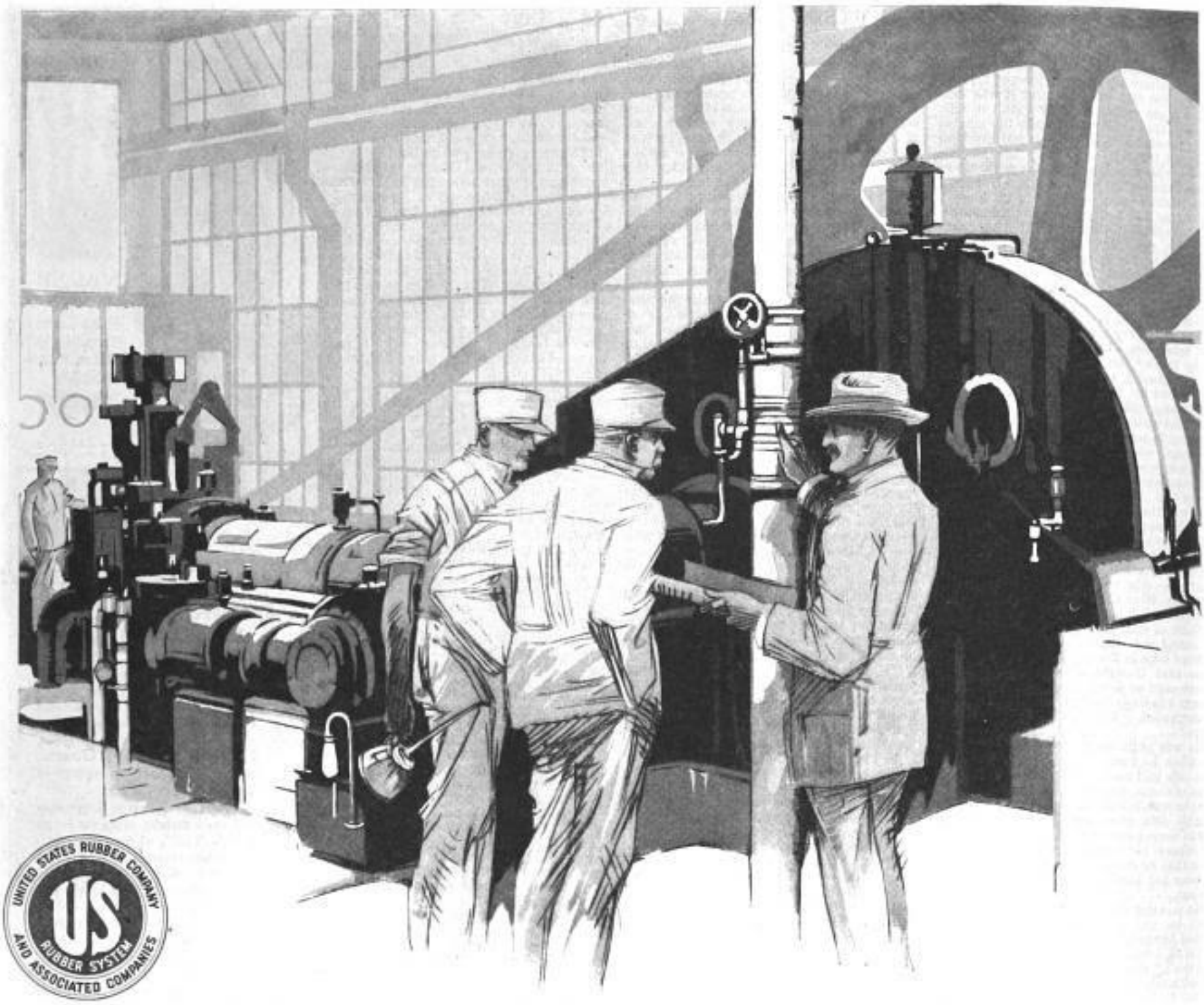
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(Continued from Page 75)

mother is so crazy about them, and so sensitive about any little thing done to them in the way of discipline—really she has very little control of her language where those children are concerned. Still, of course, that's how any good mother will act, to be sure; and especially when they have no father.

"I'm glad indeed the poor woman is to have someone like you that will take the responsibility off her shoulders, because those boys are now at an age where discipline counts. Of course she'll expect you to be gentle with them, even though firm. Oswald—he's eleven now, I believe—will soon be old enough to send to reform school; but the younger ones, seven and nine—— My! Such spirits as they have! They'll really need someone with strength."

Homer was looking as if this bright chatter would add twenty years to his age. He'd slumped down on the stoop, where he'd been setting, like he'd had a stroke.

"So she's that kind, is she?" he kind of mutters. "A good thing I found it out on her!"

"The children live with their grandmother in Red Gap while their mother is away," says Minna. "They really need a strong hand."

"Not mine!" says Homer. Then he got slowly up and staggered down a few steps toward the gate. "It's a good thing I found out this scandal on her in time," says he. "Talk about underhandedness! Talk about a woman hiding her guilty secret! Talk about infamy! I'll expose her all right. I'm going straight to her and tell her I know all. I'll make her cower in shame!" He's out on his horse with this reckless threat.

"Now you've sunk the ship," I says to Minna. "I knew the woman was leading a double life as fur as Homer was concerned, but I wasn't going to let on to the poor zany. It's time he was speared, and this would of been a judgment on him that his best friends would of relished keenly. Lots of us was looking forward to the tragedy with great pleasure. You spoiled a lot of fun for the valley."

"But it would not have been right," says Minna. "It would truly have been the blackest of tragedies to a man of Mr. Gale's sensitive fibers. You can't enter into his feelings because you never taught primary. Also, I think he is very far from being a poor zany, as you have chosen to call him." The poor thing was warm and valiant when she finished this, looking like Joan of Arc or someone just before the battle.

And Homer never went back and made the lady cower like he said he meant to. Mebbe it occurred to him on the way that she was not one of them that cower easy. Mebbe he felt he was dealing with a desperate adventuress, as cunning as she was false-hearted. Anyway, he weakened like so many folks that start off brave to tell someone so-and-so right to their faces. He didn't go back at all till the middle of the night, when he pussyfooted in and got his things out, and disappeared like he had stumbled down a well.

Uncle Henry had to feed his own stock next morning, while Mrs. Tolliver took on in great alarm and wanted a posse formed to rescue Homer from wherever he was. Her first idea was that he had been kidnaped and was being held for ransom; but someway she couldn't get anyone else very hearty about this notion. So then she said he had been murdered, or was lying off in the brush somewhere with a broken leg.

It was pointed out to her that Homer wouldn't be likely to come and collect all his things in the night in order to keep a date with an assassin, or even to have his leg broke. About the third day she guessed pretty close to the awful truth and spoke a few calm words about putting her case in the hands of some good lawyer.

The valley was interested. It looked like a chance for the laugh of the year. It looked like the lightnings of a just heaven had struck where they was long overdue. Then it was discovered that Homer was hiding out over in the hills with a man after coyotes with traps and poison. His job must of appealed to Homer's cynical nature at that moment—anything with traps and poison in it.

Dave Pickens was the man that found him, he not having much else to do. And he let Homer know the worst he could think of without mincing words. He said the deserted fiancée was going to bring suit against Homer for one hundred thousand dollars—that being the biggest sum Dave could think of—for breach of promise, and Homer might as well come out and face the music.

Homer did come out, bold as brass. He'd been afraid the lady might gun him or act violent with something; but if she wasn't threatening anything but legal violence he didn't care. He just couldn't conceive that a lady with three children could make a suit like that stick against any man—especially three children that was known to be hellions. He didn't even believe the lady would start a suit—not with the facts of her shame known far and wide. He was jaunty and defiant about this, and come right out of hiding and agreed to work for me again, Scott Humphrey having sent his wife and children on a visit to Grandma Humphrey.

But, lands! He didn't earn his salt. Friends and well-wishers took the jauntiness all out of him in no time. Parties rode from far and near to put him wise. Ranchers from ten miles up and down the creek would drop important work just to ride over and tell him harsh facts about the law, and how, as man to man, it looked dark indeed for him. These parties told him that the possession of three children by a lawful widow was not regarded as criminal by our best courts. It wasn't even considered shameful. And it was further pointed out by many of the same comforters that the children would really be a help to the lady in her suit, cinching the sympathy of a jury.

Also, they didn't neglect to tell him that probably half the jury would be women—wives and mothers. And what chance would he have with women when they was told how he regarded children? He spent a good half of the time I paid him for in listening to these friendly words. They give Homer an entirely new slant on our boasted civilization and lowered it a whole lot in his esteem.

About the only person in the whole valley that wasn't laughing at him and giving him false sympathy with a sting in its tail was Minna Humphrey. Homer told her all about the foul conspiracy against his fortune, and how his life would be blasted by marrying into a family with three outcasts like he'd been told these was. And what was our courts coming to if their records could be stained by blackmailers?

And Minna give him the honest sympathy of a woman who had taught school twelve years, loathed the sight of any human under twenty, and even considered that the institution of marriage had been greatly overpraised. Certainly she felt it was not for her; and she could understand Homer's wanting to escape. She and him would set out and discuss his chances long after he had ought to of been in bed if he was going to earn his pay.

Minna admitted that things looked dark for him on account of the insane prejudice that would be against him for his views on children. She said he couldn't expect anything like a fair trial where these was known, even with a jury of his peers; and it was quite true that probably only five or six of the jury would be his peers, the rest being women.

Homer told me about these talks—out of working hours, you can bet! How Minna was the only person round that would stand by anyone in trouble; how she loathed kids, and even loathed the thought of human marriage.

"Minna is a nice girl," I told him; "but I should think you'd learn not to pay attention to a woman that talks about children that way. Remember this other lady talked the same way about 'em before the scandal come out."

But he was indignant that anyone could suspect Minna's child hating wasn't honest.

"That little girl is pure as a prism!" he says. "When she says she hates 'em, she hates 'em. That other depraved creature was only working on my better nature."

"Well," I says, "the case does look black; but mebbe you could settle for a mere five thousand dollars."

"It wouldn't be a mere five thousand dollars," says Homer; "it would be the savings of a lifetime of honest toil and watching the pennies. That's all I got."

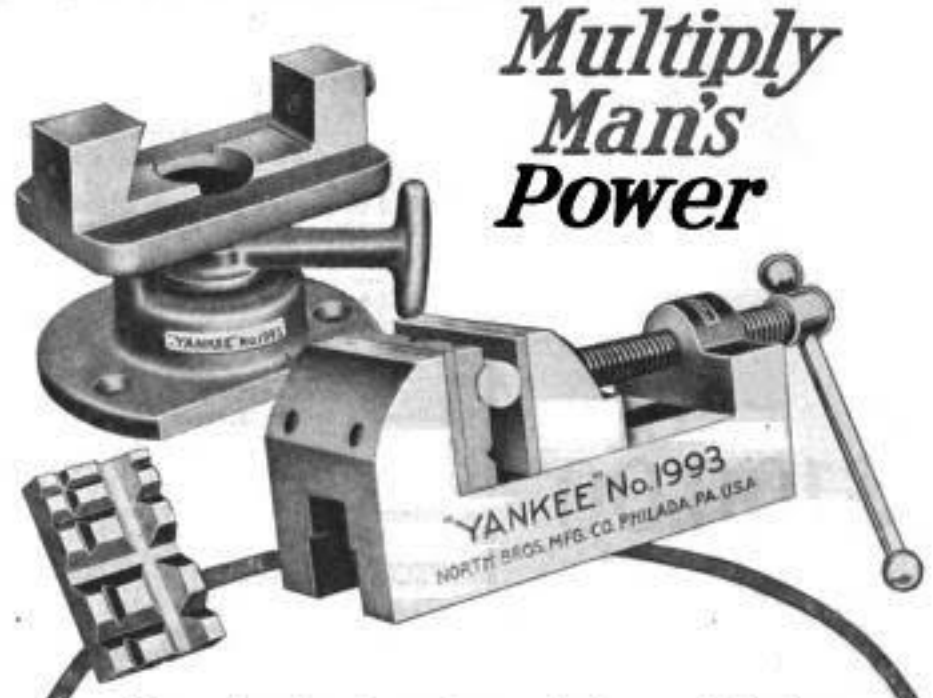
"Serves you right, then," I says, "for not having got married years ago and having little ones of your own about your knee!"

Homer shuddered painfully when I said this. He started to answer something back, but just choked up and couldn't.

The adventuress had, of course, sent letters and messages to Homer. The early


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ones had been pleading, but the last one wasn't. It was more in the nature of a base threat if closely analyzed. Then she finished up her sewing at the Mortimers' and departed for Red Gap, leaving a final announcement to anybody it concerned that she would now find out if there was any law in the land to protect a defenseless woman in her sacred right to motherhood.

Homer shivered when he heard it and begun to think of making another getaway, like he had done from Idaho. He thought more about it when someone come back from town and said she was really consulting a lawyer.

He'd of gone, I guess, if Minna hadn't kept cheering him up with sympathy and hating children with him. Homer was one desperate man, but still he couldn't tear himself away from Minna.

Then one morning he gets a letter from the Red Gap lawyer. It says his client, Mrs. Judson Tolliver, has directed him to bring suit against Homer for five thousand dollars; and would Homer mebbe like to save the additional costs—which would be heavy, of course—by settling the matter out of court and avoiding pain for all?

Homer was in a state where he almost fell for this offer. It was that or facing a jury that would have it in for him, anyway, or disappearing like he had done in Idaho; only this lady was highly determined, and reports had already come to him that he would be watched and nailed if he tried to leave. It would mean being hounded from pillar to post, even if he did get away. He went down and put it up to Minna, as I heard later.

"I'm a desperate man," he says, "being hounded by this here catamount; and mebbe it's best to give in."

"It's outrageous!" says Minna. "Of course you don't care about the money; but it's the principle of the thing."

"Well, yes and no," says Homer. "You might say I care some about the money. That's plain human nature, and I never denied I was human."

So they went on to discuss it back and forth warmly, when a misunderstanding arose that I was very careful to get the rights of a couple of weeks later.

Minna went over the old ground that Homer could never get a fair trial; then she brightened up all at once and says:

"Don't you pay it. Don't you do it; because you won't have to if you do what I say."

Homer gets excited and says:

"Yes, yes; go on!"

And Minna goes on.

"When people can't get fair trials in a place," she says, "they always take change of venues."

"Change of venues?" says Homer, kind of uneasy, it seemed.

"Certainly," says Minna; "they take change of venues. I've worked in Judge Ballard's office long enough to know that much. Why didn't I think of it before? It's your one chance to escape this creature's snare."

"Change of venues?" says Homer again, kind of aghast.

"It's your only way out," says Minna; "and I'll do everything I can ——"

"You will?" says Homer.

"Why, of course!" says Minna. "Any thing ——"

"All right, then," says Homer. "You get your things on, and I'll saddle your horse and bring him round."

"What for?" demands Minna.

"I'm a desperate man!" says Homer. "You say it's the only way out, and you know the law; so come along to Kulanche with me." And he beat it off to the barn.

Well, Minna had said she'd do anything she could, thinking she'd write herself to Judge Ballard and find out all the details; but if Homer wanted her to go to Kulanche with him and try to start the thing there—why, all right. She was ready when Homer come with her horse and off they rode on the twelve-mile trip.

I gather that not much was said on the way by Homer, who only muttered like a fever patient from time to time, with Minna saying once in a while how glad she was she had thought up this one sure way out of his trouble.

At Kulanche they rode up in front of Old Man Geiger's office, who is justice of the peace.

"Wait here a minute," says Homer, and went inside. Pretty soon he come out and got her. "Come on, now," he says, "I got it all fixed."

And Minna goes in, thinking mebbe she's got to swear to an affidavit or something that Homer couldn't get a fair trial among people knowing he regarded little ones as so many cockroaches or something to step on.

She got some shock when Homer took her inside and held her tight by the wrist while Old Man Geiger married 'em. That's about the way it was. She says she was so weak she could hardly stand up, and she hadn't hardly any voice at all left. But she kept on saying "Why, Homer!" and "Oh, Homer!" and "No, no, Homer!" as soon as she discovered that she had been dragged off to a fate she had always regarded as worse than death; but a lot of good it done her to say them things in a voice not much better than a whisper.

And the dreadful thing was over before she could get strength to say anything more powerful. There she was, married to a man she thought highly of, it's true, and had a great sympathy for in the foul wrong one of her sex had tried to slip over on him; but a man she had never thought of marrying. I'm telling you what she told me. And after sentence had been pronounced she kept on saying "Why, Homer!" and "Oh, Homer!" and "No, no, Homer!" till there was nothing to do but get some clothes out of her trunk that she'd left down there in time to take the narrow gauge for their wedding tour to Spokane.

The news spread over the valley next day like a brush fire in August. It was startling! Like the newspapers say of a suicide, "No cause could be assigned for the rash act." They was away ten days and come back to find that the whole country was again giving Homer the laugh because Mrs. Tolliver had up and married a prosperous widower from over in Surprise Valley, and had never brought any suit against him.

It was said that even the late Mrs. Tolliver was laughing heartily at him.

Homer didn't seem to care, and Minna certainly didn't. She was the old-fashioned kind of wife, a kind you don't hear much of nowadays; the kind that regards her husband as perfect, and looks up to him. She told me about this tumultuous wedding. Neither of 'em had had time for any talk till they got on the train. Then it come out. She says why ever did Homer do such a monstrous thing? And Homer says:

"Well, you told me a change of Venus was the only way out for me ——"

"I said a change of venue," says Minna.

"It sounded like change of Venus," says Homer, "and I knew Venus was the god of love. And you said you was willing and I knew we was congenial, and I was a desperate man; and so here we are!"

So she cried on his shoulder for twenty miles while he ate a box of figs.

Homer is now a solid citizen, with his money put into a place down at the lower end of the valley, instead of lying in the bank at the mercy of some unscrupulous woman with little ones. And here this summer, with his own work light, he's been helping me out as riding boss; or, at least, I been lavishing money on him for that.

A fine, dependable hand too! Here was this bunch of stock to be got in from Madeline—them Bolsheviki ain't gathered more'n two-thirds of 'em; and there's more to come in from over Horse Fly Mountain way, and still another bunch from out of the Sheep Creek country—the busiest month in a bad year, when I needed every man, woman and child to be had, and here comes Homer, the mush-head, taking two days off!

"Yes'm, Mis' Pettengill; I just got to take time off to go down to Red Gap. It's a matter of life and death. Yes'm; it is. No'm; I wouldn't dast send anyone, and Minna agrees I'm the only one to go ——" Shucks!

The lady built a cigarette and, after lighting it, turned back to scan the mesa we had descended. The cattle now crowded down the narrow way into the valley, their dust mounting in a high, slow cloud.

"Call yourself a cowman, do you?" she demanded of the absent Homer. "Huh!" Then we rode on.

"What was the matter of life and death?" I asked.

Ma Pettengill expelled cigarette smoke venomously from inflated nostrils like a tired dragon.

"The matter of life and death was that he had to get two teething rings for the twins."

"Twins!"

"Oh, the valley got its final laugh at Homer! Twins, sure! Most of us laughed heartily, though there was mothers that said it was God's judgment on the couple. Of course Homer and Minna ain't took it that way. They took it more like they had been selected out of the whole world as a couple worthy to have a blessed miracle happen to 'em. There might of been single babies born now and then to common folks, but never a case of twins—and twins like these! Marvels of strength and beauty, having to be guarded day and night against colic and kidnapers.

"They had 'em down to the post office at Kulanche the other day showing 'em off, each one in a red shawl; and sneering at people with only one. And this imbecile Homer says to me:

"'Of course it can't be hoped,' he says, 'that this great world war will last that long; but if it could last till these boys was in shape to fight I bet it wouldn't last much after that. Yes, sir; little Roosevelt and Pershing would soon put an end to that scrap!'

"And now they're teething and got to have rubber rings. And no, he couldn't send anyone down for 'em; and he couldn't order 'em by mail either, because they got to be just the right kind.

"'Poor little Pershing is right feverish with his gums,' says Homer, 'but little Roosevelt has got a front one through already. He bit my thumb yesterday with it—darned near to the bone. He did so!'

"Calls hisself a cowman, does he? He might of been—once. Now he ain't no more than a woman's home companion!"



# CAMPING ON FIFTH

(Continued from Page 14)

"No, Marie; but Mr. Barnard is to have an early breakfast and I wish to join him."

"He rose so early! I am afraid it is my fault."

"Your fault?"

"I made a cry in the hall. It was Monsieur Doucette that I mistook for a thief."

"I had not heard."

"It was before the sun was up. I heard a noise and thought it was you. There was not much light, and when I saw Monsieur Doucette—oh!"

She placed her hand to her heart.

"But why should he be about before light?"

"It is so they do in the woods, madame."

"They do many strange things in the woods," suggested madame.

"*Ma foi*, they seem strange to us here, but there—they do not seem so strange."

Madame was not more than half dressed when she heard a medley of noises, and Barnard burst into the room with Albert. The lad's hair was tousled and he did not look as though his face had been washed, while his clothes, usually so immaculate, looked as though they had been thrown upon him. But the boy himself was laughing and evidently wholly pleased. Behind the boy and his father Julie followed, in tears.

"It is not my fault, madame," she protested.

"Who said it was?" demanded Barnard aggressively.

"It is not reasonable to rouse a boy at this hour and expect one to dress him properly in ten minutes."

"Who said it was? All I asked was that he be dressed."

"Henry!" broke in madame.

"Good Lord! When I was a boy I used to dress myself in five minutes," declared Barnard.

"I could do it, too, if she left me alone," chipped in Albert with spirit.

"I believe it." Barnard backed him up approvingly. "You haven't had a show."

From below came a shout from Pierre.

"Grub's ready."

"Right!" Barnard shouted back. "Ready, Beth?"

"Henry!" she cried.

"Slip on a wrapper or something and come down," he pleaded.

Here Julie broke in.

"I cannot endure this longer. I—I must protest with my resignation."

"Accepted!" declared Barnard without hesitation.

Mrs. Barnard was aghast.

"Really, Julie, you should consider ——"

"Consider nothing," interrupted Barnard. "We'll worry along without her. I didn't realize until now how helpless the lad is getting."

Mrs. Barnard sank back.

"François gone; the kitchen maid gone; and now Julie! Where is this going to end?"

Again the voice from below—grown more peremptory.

"Grub's ready!"

"Come on," urged Barnard. "The eggs won't be good if cold."

Even then Mrs. Barnard found it impossible to make the necessary effort, but by some magic Marie slipped on a morning gown before she had time to protest. Then Barnard seized one arm and the boy the other, and she was on her way.

She moved as though in some topsy-turvy dream. In the cold light of this early morning she scarcely recognized her own surroundings as she proceeded down the stairs. In the lower hall she met John, attired in his dusting clothes—a strange figure, who with staring eyes scarcely knew whether to greet the odd procession or to run. So with popping eyes he merely stood aside as they passed the drawing-room, then the dining room, and went on out of sight into the kitchen—a spectral troop that left him cold and clammy.

It was the sight of Pierre that brought Mrs. Barnard back to consciousness, as it were. He looked perfectly natural and normal. He greeted her with a *bon jour* and a smile without turning his attention from the frying eggs on the stove.

"Brought along another one," announced Barnard, pointing to the boy. "Son, this is Pierre; and, God willing, he'll show you some day a real world up among the trees."

Albert strode forward doubtfully with his white hand extended. He had never before met anyone just like this man. Pierre was too busy to shake, but he nodded.

"Hello, sonny," he said. "Just take this johnnycake and shove it on the table."

He handed Albert a plate from the warming shelf and so initiated the lad into the first useful act of household service he had ever performed. The boy accomplished his task with credit. Then he returned and watched Pierre manipulate the eggs in the frying pan with quite as much curiosity as he might have watched a magician.

"You good for one or two?" inquired Pierre of Albert.

Mrs. Barnard answered.

"I think Julie gives him one, coddled."

"Bah!" exploded Barnard. "I guess he can join the rest of us this morning. Besides, Julie's gone. Fry one for the boy, Pierre."

So Pierre did, and then sat down at the table with the others. Here was a fresh revelation for Albert. He had always looked upon those who performed the household duties as a separate caste, moving in a world apart. Here was a man who not only could cook the breakfast but sit down and eat it with the rest of the family as though this were the most matter-of-fact thing in the world.

"Try the boy on some of your French," suggested Barnard.

Pierre's French was not Julie's French, but the lad understood it just as well and found it decidedly more interesting. Pierre was not overfussy about details of grammar, but his conversation had more content than Julie's. It seemed that he used his language to convey thought rather than rules. He spoke of fishing and hunting in response to Albert's eager questioning. Several times he broke out with astonished exclamations to Barnard.

"Eh—is that right? Is it possible this boy here has never caught a fish or seen a woodchuck or shot a partridge?"

"He is only nine," apologized Mrs. Barnard.

"But at the age of nine—*tiens*, I will tell you of what I did at the age of nine."

What Pierre did at the age of nine was nothing less than to go out on Baldface Mountain and shoot a black bear. Barnard and his son followed the narrative breathlessly, while Mrs. Barnard shuddered at thought of Albert in a similar situation. It was to her astounding that parents should have allowed such a thing. Albert had a popgun and in the nursery had shot at cardboard bears, but then only under the eagle eye of Julie, who was instructed always to stand behind him.

"M'sieur," concluded Pierre, "you should send this boy home with me and I will teach him how to shoot. *Sacré*—he is almost a man now, and he might find it useful when he goes to war."

"To war!" gasped Mrs. Barnard. "He is only a baby."

But Albert exchanged a glance with Pierre—a glance of understanding comradeship that seemed to seal a compact between them. It was a compact of friendship to which Barnard nodded approval with a quickening of his heart.

"You two ought to spend the morning in the park," he suggested. "I want the boy to hear more about the woods."

"We will," declared Albert. "We will explore some of the paths Julie would never take. And it is possible that we may find a bear even in the park—eh, Pierre?"

"Always everything is possible," nodded Pierre cryptically.

### IV

WITHIN the next two days John, the chambermaid and the laundress gave their notices. This in spite of the fact that Marie had turned to and done the cooking for the servants while Pierre took the place of François for the family. But this did nothing to disguise the fact that the whole house was disorganized. When John came to Mrs. Barnard as spokesman for the others madame was forced to admit as much.

"My service with you has been very pleasant," explained John magnanimously, "but as things are going now ——"

What his silence expressed was that this was no longer a proper place for a well-trained servant. His professional reputation was at stake, to say nothing of his life.


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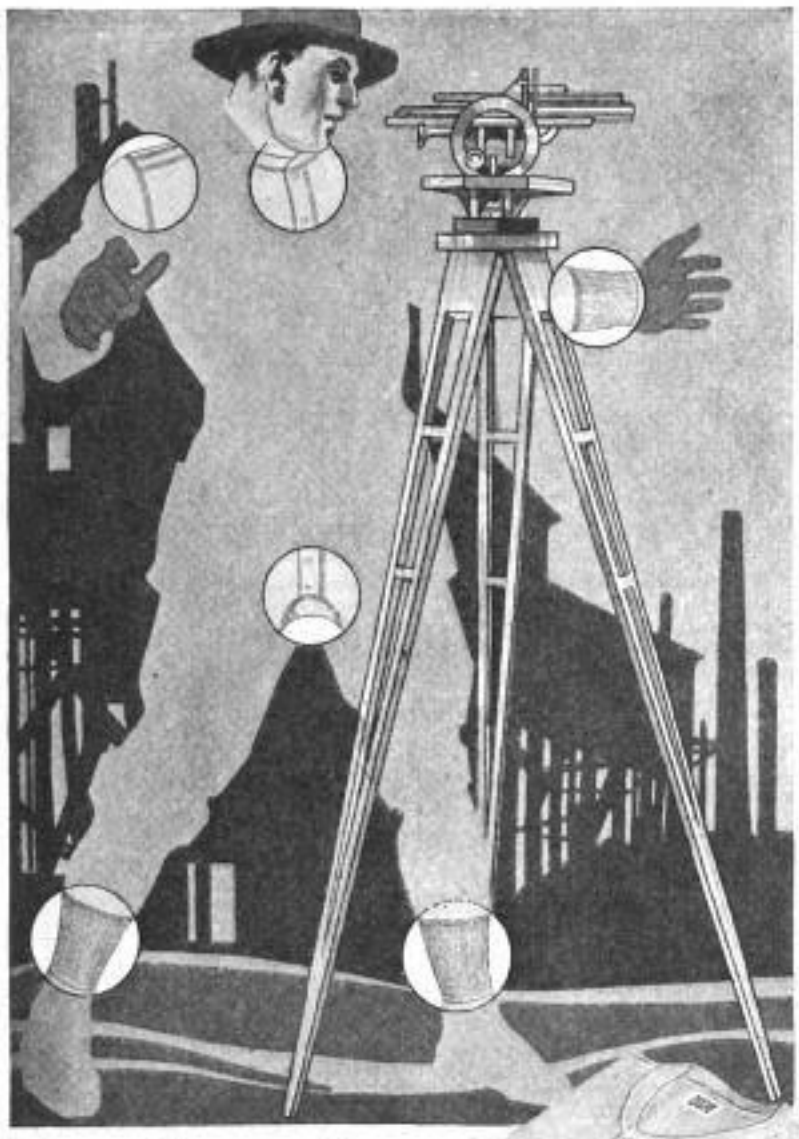
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Certainly that man Pierre gave him many a hard look. Not only that but he inflicted upon him many indignities. Once Pierre stopped him in the hall with the abrupt question: "How many years have you?"

John, still uncertain of the exact status of the man in the house, replied: "That is my affair."

"But yes," admitted Pierre. "Only I will bet a nickel to a doughnut that you are not yet forty."

John flushed uncomfortably.

"Well?" he demanded.

"In the English Army they take men of forty-five," replied Pierre.

That was all, but it touched John on a sensitive spot. He was still a British subject, as certain recruiting officers had upon opportunity reminded him. Fighting, however, was foreign to his nature.

Madame, seeing disaster ahead, tried to reason with him.

"This confusion is only temporary, I am sure," she said. "If you will remain another month."

"Is your guest to remain that long?" ventured John.

"I cannot tell," replied Mrs. Barnard. Then with a saving sense of the impudence of that remark she added: "I certainly trust so!"

"I must ask that my resignation take effect at once, then."

"Very well," answered Mrs. Barnard. "You are speaking for the others, too, I suppose?"

"Yes, madame."

"Then tell them that they are all at liberty to go at once. I will make out checks for them."

Which she promptly did, surprised at her own nerve, but feeling assured of the hearty backing of her husband—though unable to imagine where this matter was going to end. It left her with Marie alone—Marie, who merely laughed when she heard of it.

"We will manage somehow," she declared to madame. "That Monsieur Doucette—he is wonderful."

"But, my dear," gasped madame, "it is an extraordinary situation to have one's guest preparing one's meals! That cannot continue. Besides—who is to make the beds and open the door and ——"

She gave it up.

"Monsieur Pierre makes his own bed every morning," declared Marie. "Rose told me that."

"Makes his own bed?"

"It is not so difficult," smiled Marie. "And this noon—what do you think?"

Madame did not venture a guess.

"He is teaching Master Albert to make biscuit."

"Albert!"

"They are pretending this is a camp in the woods and they have just returned from a bear hunt. Fancy—and they have only been walking in the park."

"I'm afraid Albert will get too tired."

"At the start perhaps, but M'sieur Doucette says that in a few days he will find his legs."

If at lunch that day Albert was tired his condition was not reflected in his appetite. Marie, in place of Julie, sat by the boy's side at table in the kitchen to prepare his food, but she found little to do except to enjoy her own meal, for with the eyes of Pierre upon him Albert insisted upon tending to his own needs.

It was as surprising a luncheon as Mrs. Barnard had ever partaken of. It consisted of pork scraps fried to a crisp brown with the sweet fat serving as a gravy for the boiled potatoes. With biscuit made of half oatmeal flour and half wheat, that was the entire lunch. There was not even a sweet at the end. It seems the trick was to eat enough of these simple dishes not to want anything more. That was what Pierre, Marie and the boy did, and if Mrs. Barnard was not quite so successful in eating as much as the others she found herself in the end quite satisfied. And then because the others remained to clean the dishes and leave the room tidy she herself stayed on.

"But it is not necessary," explained Marie. "With so few dishes it is very easy."

Indeed it seemed to be, because they were less than half an hour about it. After this Mrs. Barnard suggested that the chauffeur be summoned and they all go for a ride.

"As for me I will walk," declared Pierre.

"And I will go with Pierre," added Albert.

Had Marie been able to express her own preference she certainly would have joined the two men. It was a long time since as a girl she had lived in the Canadian woods, but Pierre was bringing back to her with every minute the glory of those childhood days. She was ten years old when her parents had moved from the farm to a mill town, and from there to New York. She had almost forgotten that dim past, but now as it came back to her it left her with a strange yearning. It was as though she saw in the eyes of Pierre Doucette—eyes still retaining the full vigor of primal strength—the dew-fresh, tree-filled world in which she had used to dream.

"But why should you walk?" exclaimed madame.

Pierre answered for the boy. "It's a man's way of getting round," he said.

Albert impulsively crossed to his mother's side. He put his arms about her neck—something he had not done since a baby.

"You come too," he pleaded.

With her heart beating as wildly as at the call of a lover she bent over the lad's lips and, looking into his eager eyes, kissed him.

▼

DAY after day passed, and Mrs. Barnard made no effort to replace John or François or any of the maids. The situation was absurd—impossible; and yet it did not seem to disturb anyone. Quite naturally and unaffectedly she had fallen into the way of rising at dawn and dressing herself. Then because she had a good deal of time left upon her hands she ventured to make her own bed and tidy her room. It really was a simple matter, calling for neither a high degree of intelligence nor an exhausting outlay of manual labor. And it left her with a satisfying sense of intimacy with her own belongings. Because of her personal touch this room became more peculiarly her own room than it had ever been. Marie at first protested, but Mrs. Barnard only smiled—a new smile that was like the rebirth of an old smile.

"You look after Albert's room," she said.

"But Albert will not permit me. He says that Pierre told him that a good hunter attended to his own camp."

Mrs. Barnard laughed.

"Soon," she said a bit anxiously, "there will be nothing left for us women to do."

There was the rest of the house, to be sure, but it was at Barnard's suggestion that most of the other rooms were closed as for the summer.

"A place to sleep in, the kitchen to eat in, and the library for a living room—what more do we need?" he demanded.

"But, Henry ——"

Always at first she was startled into a protest at these radical innovations, but when she attempted to justify her protest she was left baffled.

"If anyone should call?" she asked.

"Show them to the library," Barnard answered promptly.

"But with John gone ——"

"There is Marie. If she is not able to open the door call on Pierre or Albert."

"No," she replied, "I will open it myself."

Barnard's eyes brightened.

"After all, why not, Beth? It used to be a pleasant custom for the hostess to meet her guests at the threshold."

It was the next evening that she opened the door for her husband. He stood a moment in the hall, startled at the strangeness of it. Then without even glancing round to make sure he was not seen, he stooped and kissed his wife's lips.

"Wife o' mine," he whispered, "this makes it seem like home."

So a month passed. In the meantime Henry, the chauffeur, left. That disturbed no one, for in the last two weeks he had not been used. It seems Pierre and Albert had fallen into the way of walking halfway downtown to meet Barnard, and he had fallen into the habit of walking halfway uptown to meet them. The exercise was good for him, and when it rained he had only to step into a taxi.

It was toward the middle of June that Pierre made an abrupt announcement that startled this little group as much as an aërial bomb falling fair upon the roof would have done. They were sitting in the library after supper, including even Marie, who was knitting in a corner.

"*Bien*," said Pierre, "to-morrow I return."

Marie dropped a stitch and gave a little gasp; Mrs. Barnard, who had been reading the evening paper aloud, sat bolt upright; Albert rose to his feet, and Barnard himself frowned.

"The deuce you are!" he exclaimed.

*(Concluded on Page 65)*

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(Concluded from Page 82)

"To-morrow," nodded Pierre, pulling thoughtfully at his corncob pipe.

"But, good Lord," protested Barnard, "you can't go away and leave us like this!"

"I can remain here no longer and do nothing," answered Pierre. "Yesterday I called again at the recruiting office. They asked of me only one question: How old? When I told them they said only Next! They are as big fools here as in Durham. Or it seems that I am a big fool myself and am an old man without knowing it. Yes—perhaps it is that."

As he raised his eyes he met the eyes of Marie in the corner. She had rested her knitting in her lap. The color left her face, returned and went again.

Albert crept nearer to Pierre's side.

"Don't go," he pleaded.

Barnard brought his fist down upon his knee.

"Good heavens, Pierre, you shall not go! You don't realize what you have come to mean here. You say you want to help win the war?"

"*Nom de Dieu*," exclaimed Pierre, "if they would only permit me one shot at a Hun! That is all I ask—just one to make my life mean something."

"Yes," answered Barnard more quietly. "That is what we should all like. In some ways it is easier to play the game with all staked on a single throw. But that is the privilege of youth. The magnificent moments are for the young. And yet, without us, the older ones, they could not avail themselves of it. Back of those in the front lines are those in the second and third lines; back of them again are others, and back of them still others. So in time it gets back to us, Pierre—you and I doing our daily, plodding, undramatic bit far away from the battle line.

"We don't make much of a spectacle, but we count, Pierre. We count a lot because there are so many of us. They've taken only two or three million out of a hundred million. Multiply everything we do as individuals by ninety-five million if you want to realize the power in us. Ninety-five million times every dollar saved is ninety-five million dollars; ninety-five million times every pound of sugar saved is ninety-five million pounds; ninety-five million times every stocking knitted is ninety-five million stockings; ninety-five million times every extra hour worked is ninety-five million more hours."

"But I ——"

"You've helped me to do better work ever since you've been here, Pierre. I sleep better, eat better, work harder and longer because of you. And what you've done for me you've done for the boy, and that's going to count in the years ahead, which will call on us as insistently as the days we are living now."

"And you've done that for me too," added Mrs. Barnard.

Again Pierre met the eyes of Marie. She said nothing, but Pierre felt as though he drank a glass of wine.

"I don't understand," he murmured.

"You'll break up the camp if you go," said Barnard.

"*Bien*," said Pierre. "Then—then I remain."

Marie went on with her knitting.

### VI

MRS. BARNARD sat before her writing desk staring at some of the most astounding figures that she had ever dealt with. She had been over them three times, and they stubbornly refused to budge from the final result. This in face of the fact that the result was manifestly incorrect—manifestly impossible. According to the tabulation before her the household expenses for this past week amounted to a trifle less than seventy-five dollars. This included twenty dollars for Marie and thirty-five dollars to the garage—and the latter as far as she could see could be very easily cut out by the simple process of selling the cars, which were no longer used. This would leave actual necessary expenses of only forty dollars out of her bedrock weekly allowance of seven hundred and fifty.

Clearly something was wrong here. Either she had left out a cipher or two or got the decimal in the wrong place, as she had sometimes done before. She went over the bills again, and the result came out just the same. Still she would not believe her eyes. Because, for one thing, she had done this last week no conscious economizing. Pierre had ordered of the grocer whatever he wished, and all had had what they wanted to eat. In fact, Albert had actually gained in weight, and she had an uncomfortable suspicion that she herself had, though she refused to put this to the test. Then—where were the bills?

It was a mystery—a deep, unfathomable mystery, and she could scarcely wait for her husband to come home that night to have her error pointed out. She met him at the door, as she did quite naturally now, and while Pierre and Albert went down to the kitchen to prepare supper she followed him to his room. He went up the stairs like a boy, with his cheeks aglow after his brisk walk. He had to let himself out pretty well to keep pace with Pierre's long strides on these daily hikes.

"Henry," she said as soon as they were alone, "I hate to bother you with figures before supper, but I've got so mixed up on my accounts that I couldn't enjoy my meal without having them straightened."

"In the hole so soon?" he grinned. "Let's see your figures."

She handed him her brief memorandum.

"Where's the rest?" he inquired as he glanced at it.

"That's the trouble," she frowned. "I can't find anything more."

"Lost the bills?"

"There aren't any more bills."

He studied the items and then stared at the total.

"But look here!" he protested. "You figured on thirty-seven thousand a year. That's roughly at the rate of three thousand a month, seven hundred and fifty a week. You were down to bedrock then, and yet this last week you've only spent, according to this, seventy-five dollars."

"Perhaps it's the adding," she ventured.

He shook his head.

"That's O.K.; and this includes a week's wages for Marie."

"That makes it even worse—doesn't it?" she frowned.

"Twenty dollars worse," he nodded. "What in the world have you been trying to do?"

She looked disturbed.

"I haven't been trying at all—that's the trouble. It—it just came out that way itself. Are you sure I haven't changed a decimal?"

"No," he answered. "The decimals are all right."

"Then ——"

"Why, it's we who have changed," he exclaimed as though he had made a great discovery. "Jove, that's it! You and I and the boy have changed! We've pulled free. We've joined the great movement. We've found a way to simple things—right here on Fifth."

"Oh," she cried, "I'm so glad—so glad it isn't just a mistake!"

### VII

THE recruiting officers had done their best to make Pierre Doucette feel like an old man. Twice without as much as giving him a chance to prove the steadiness of his hand, the keenness of his eyes, the powers of his sinewy body, they had curtly dismissed him. In view of the fact that his grandfather had lived to be ninety and that his father had died of an accident only recently at the age of seventy, it seemed strange to be called old at forty. It seemed stranger still whenever he looked into the tender, laughing eyes of Marie, because then—then he felt even younger than he had at twenty. It was she who made it possible for him to remain here in the midst of the turmoil of a million and more people; it was she who made him see only the sky and the sun and stars—the things above, which were identical with those above the north woods. It was she who filled him with new hopes and new ambitions and set the world to vibrating.

But Pierre Doucette did not purpose to make a fool of himself. It might be true that he was old, but he did not intend to be an old fool. And so as much as it was possible he avoided those dangerous eyes that made him forget himself. As much as possible, yes; but when one lived in the same house with such a woman and met her, in spite of all precautions, on the stairs in the early morning, and found oneself alone with her in the kitchen while preparing breakfast, with no possibility of escape, and met her a dozen times during the day, and sat in the same room with her in the evening—*Nom de Dieu*, a man must needs be old indeed not to feel his blood run faster! And this was not one day alone but many days.

She called him Pierre now, and no one had ever spoken his name as she did. It had never meant very much until he heard it from her lips. But when, in the ordinary course of conversation, she said "Pierre" his heart leaped like the heart of a youth of twenty. And so he felt until he recalled the recruiting officers. Then he brought his lips together as he used to do when on the last mile of a long trail that called for all his strength.

And he said to himself: "Pierre Doucette—you are old, but, by gar, that does not mean that you need be an old fool!"

When he did that and answered her sharply the eyes of Marie grew big with wonder, and there was a trace of hurt in them. It took all the courage he had to stand grimly silent before that look. But what would you—if a man was too old to fight, was he not too old to love? There should be officers to settle that question. It would have been a simple matter could he have gone up to a man in uniform and said: "I love this girl Marie. I am forty years old. What do you think, eh?"

But the Government took no interest in such matters. Whether a man loved a maid or not was his own affair. It had nothing to do with the great war. And yet perhaps it was just this kind of love that accounted for the eagerness with which the young men threw themselves into the fight. There were women and children at stake the world over.

There should be a judge to decide whether he were too old to love or not. And one day in June in the early morning he found the judge. It was curious that he had never thought of it before. He found his judge in this very house, in the very room with him. He found his judge sitting in calm seclusion on the bench waiting to answer his question. He was at the stove when he turned and looked into the eyes of Marie. There, far back in them, sat the judge—the only judge in the world, when you stopped to think about it, qualified to render a decision in such a matter. Pierre Doucette caught his breath.

And then he said with a quaver in his voice: "Marie—I am forty years old. They tell me I am too old to fight, but I—I love you very much. Am I too old for that?"

"Pierre!" she exclaimed.

He stood very erect.

"You have only to say yes or no and I will never speak of it again," said Pierre.

"You ask if you are too old?"

"But yes."

Marie's cheeks grew scarlet.

"And all the time," she said—"all the time I thought you did not ask me because you thought me too young."

After such an answer as that, how is a man going to decide what he is too old for and what not?





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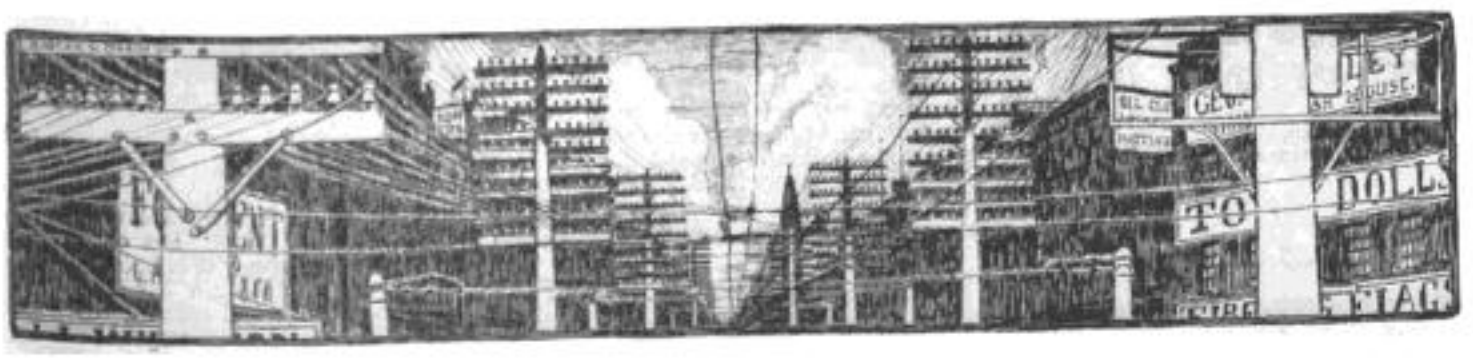
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# THE CONTROL OF RAW MATERIALS

(Continued from Page 6)

In connection with potash the writer is moved to make comment upon the oft-repeated story that Germany is storing up potash in order to be able to flood the markets of the world after the establishment of peace. Tales are also told of the storing up of immense supplies of coal-tar dyes, toys and even of textiles. The writer believes these tales were made in Germany. The reception accorded to these rumors in France and England seems to depend entirely upon the individual outlook. Hauser, in France, has laid considerable stress upon these rumors. Other writers discredit them entirely. The writer was unable in 1916 to secure evidence that Germany was storing up anything for post-war sale except toys, dyes and porcelains. The operations of the potash mines were reduced to what was practically a bankruptcy level, some of the mines were flooded, and the cartel for three years has been substantially subsidized by the state.

Germany is so short of textiles that it is difficult to suppose that she has any of the fast-dyed German cloths stored up. There was for a time, unquestionably, an accumulation of dyes. Gradually, however, with the greater encroachment of the munitions program upon the dye industry, with the increased scarcity of coal tar for nonmilitary purposes, and with progressive scarcity of coal and labor, this ceased to exist. As a matter of fact Swiss manufacturers are to-day buying American dyes because they cannot secure them in Germany, though Germany endeavors to supply the neutral nations surrounding her with all possible commodities in order to secure foodstuffs from them. A search of the trade relations of Germany with Switzerland, Holland and the Scandinavian countries through the past two years does not indicate that Germany is storing up material amounts of anything for after-war trade purposes.

### Germany's Stolen Equipment

Large amounts of toys were made in the huts of peasants and mountaineers in the more secluded districts of Germany. Germany had of course a large production of toys of a purely industrial type. Germany has no tin. She has abundant supplies of zinc and aluminum, and successful substitutes for tin have been developed since the war. But though to some extent manufacture of toys has continued during the war the scarcity of textiles and other raw materials has made itself felt. We may be sure that there can be no large accumulation of toys. That there was this tendency in policy cannot be questioned; there was early in the war a certain measure of success, but it has not been maintained. In one respect Germany has increased her equipment. She has robbed Poland, Belgium and Northern France of the equipment of textile plants, enough to increase her output of textiles if she could secure cotton. The terms of peace must not allow Germany to exploit the world with stolen equipment.

Another illustration is afforded, though in the opposite direction, by the blockade of Germany as applied to nitrates and phosphates. Germany had always drawn enormous amounts of nitrate from Chile. Lacking nitrates within the boundaries of the Central Powers, Germany proceeded to perfect methods for the synthesis of nitric acid and ammonia. The raw materials are air and water; required are electrical current for the production of nitric acid from the air, and coal plus pressure for the production of ammonia from air and water. The process of manufacture of ammonia by the Haber method has been so perfected in Germany that on the basis of pre-war cost Germany will not after the war import for chemical or agricultural purposes nitrate from Chile. One great advantage of the processes of synthesis is the ability to effect combinations. One can prepare cyanamide from coal and nitrogen of the air, and then either apply this to the soil directly as a fertilizer or convert it into ammonia. One can synthesize nitric acid by the aid of electrical current and recover it as nitrate of ammonia or nitrate of soda or lime. The ammonia synthesized by the Haber method can be combined with sulphuric acid or converted into nitric acid. The shiftability of these processes renders their commercial application very facile. Just as one must believe that after the war the world will be free of the potash domination of Germany, so Germany will be free of the saltpeter domination of Chile.

In the case of phosphates the problem has not been solved by Germany. A careful survey of the countries included in the Teutonic alliance has revealed no workable deposits of phosphate. The United States possesses the largest phosphate deposits in the world. Germany during the war has relied entirely upon the phosphate contained in the Thomas slag obtained from iron furnaces. This is not a convenient form of phosphate for application to the soil, and undoubtedly the scarcity of phosphate in Germany has been a source of serious agricultural injury. The phosphate deposits of Northern Africa are controlled by France. Elsewhere in the world deposits are known to exist, in countries that are anti-German in the present war. But in the event of the United States and France refusing to supply phosphate to the Central Powers after the war it would not be long before they would secure supplies through development somewhere in the world.

### What Germany Needs

The raw materials that the Teutonic nations will need badly after the war are platinum, nickel, copper, tin, manganese, hardening metals, petroleum, rubber, cotton, hemp, jute, sisal and linen. Of these they produce only linen and hemp, petroleum in Galicia and small amounts of the metals. Germany before the war drew iron ore largely from four sources: Lorraine, Prussia, Northern Sweden and Spain. The imported ores were secured in various amounts, in accordance with their characteristics, and employed in connection with the domestic ores. With each decade Germany has come to rely more and more on the ores of Lorraine rather than on her other domestic ores. Germany controls in large part the ores of Kiruna and Gellivare, and indeed the development of these mines was due to German initiative.

The dependency of Germany upon Spanish ore, though notable—especially in relation to sulphuric acid—was no greater than that of the United Kingdom. Deprived of Lorraine, Germany would still be able to maintain her industries of iron and steel so long as she could secure ores from Spain and Sweden. There are iron deposits in Southern Russia, rich and varied, close to both coal and oil, and awaiting only development by modern engineering. Deprived of Lorraine, if Germany could not secure ore from Spain or Sweden she would be compelled to fall back upon the ore from Russia. There are no other iron deposits from which ore could be brought to Germany to enable her to maintain her iron and steel industries upon a competitive basis for world trade.

In all probability the domestic needs of Germany could be covered by her domestic deposits outside of Lorraine; but she would then be in just such a position as she is now trying to place France in—a secondary industrial nation.

There is a great deal of loose discussion concerning the coal situation in Germany. Germany has three large coal deposits—the Saarbrücken, in Westphalia and West of Rhine, and Silesia. She has in addition brown-coal deposits, superficial in location and well adapted to certain uses. An eminent American engineer has suggested that with the return of Lorraine to France the coal deposits of the Saar should also be given France, since these deposits plus those already available in France would place France upon a parity with Germany minus the Saar deposits, and thus maintain an economic parity between the two nations that would make for peace in the future. Certain writers go still farther and state that this would seriously incapacitate Germany. Now time is an element not to be overlooked. The withdrawal of the Saar deposits would incapacitate Germany in the Malthusian sense; but certainly for generations the deposits of Westphalia and Silesia would maintain her in coal for domestic, export and manufacturing purposes.

(Continued on Page 89)

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(Continued from Page 86)

The Teutonic nations have no tin, and the scarcity of tin is one of their serious war problems. The tin of the world comes from the British Empire, Bolivia, the Straits, the East Indies and China. New deposits of extensive and workable nature are not known. Germany has got along without tin by substitution; paper or glass containers may be used to replace tin to a very large extent; in other directions aluminum and zinc serve as substitutes. For many foodstuffs that cannot be packed in paper Germany has devised a new enamel. When the writer was inspecting prison camps in Germany he saw many of these containers—rolled sheet steel or iron, covered with a blackish-brown enamel of organic nature, probably a coal-tar derivative, resisting heat, salt and weak acid. These containers were used to a large extent to can fish in Norway. The appearance was revolting, but apparently the contents were not injured. In these devious ways Germany gets along to-day apparently without tin, but with serious inconvenience. To prevent Germany after the war from securing access to tin the blockading nations would need to control widely separated deposits.

### The Sources of Metals and Fibers

Copper exists in every continent. The Central Powers have but small amounts of copper, and at present obtain it mostly from Austria and Serbia. Their achievement in the matter of copper has not been so much the finding of a substitute for copper itself as in the replacement of the function. The military demands for copper have of course been very pressing, and the Central Empires are undoubtedly now seriously denuded of copper, though up to the fall of 1916 there were no indications that copper roofs, for example, had been removed. Aluminum was scarce in the early years of the war. The German deposits of bauxite are not extensive, and she has had difficulty in securing cryolite from Greenland. In 1916 she solved the problem of obtaining aluminum from the common forms of clay; and apparently if price consideration be waived they are able to procure aluminum from clay as well as from bauxite. The Central Powers have an abundance of lead and zinc.

The Central Powers have had little manganese, but through careful blending of the several iron ores at their disposal they have maintained their extensive steel production with the use of far lower amounts of manganese than was previously thought possible. Manganese exists in large amounts in Southern Russia as well as in India and Brazil, and will be as difficult of control after the war as copper. Manganese presents interesting international features. The cheapest manganese is in India. If the British should refuse manganese to Germany or sell her ferromanganese only at a high price, Germany would fall back on Brazil for the ore. Southern Russia contains large and accessible deposits, but the costs of production on a modern scale are not known. An embargo on manganese to Germany could not be accomplished by Great Britain without the coöperation of the United States. Nickel is practically a natural monopoly of the British Empire, but except for coins nickel may be largely replaced in peacetime both in material and in function. The metals, outside of iron, are capable of substitution to a very great extent if price be not the determining factor.

The situation with the fibers illustrates again the great difficulties in the control of raw materials. The Central Powers raise large amounts of linen, and Austria-Hungary, hemp; but there is no territory open to them, unless one includes Turkey, where cotton can be raised. They have no sisal, jute or silk. It is estimated that the sheep of the Central Powers would need to be quadrupled if wool were to be used to replace cotton for human clothing—an obviously impossible accomplishment. The Central Powers are very short of cotton. They have attempted substitution through utilization of wood fiber. Wood fiber is composed of cellulose, just as is cotton. The fiber may be isolated but does not weave well, has low textile strength, feeble resistance to water, acid and alkali, and does not dye well. Nevertheless, two years ago Germany began to produce garments made of wood cellulose fiber. These were fragile; for example, in hot soapy solution they would dissolve like a starch. Within the past year German chemists have greatly perfected the products. The cloths are now resistant to cold and hot water and soap and they hold certain dyes. The garments are never soft and pliable as in the case of cotton, but nevertheless they are serviceable. Technically Germany could clothe her people with garments made of wood fiber instead of cotton; practically speaking she could never do this because of the high cost. Germany must have cotton after the war.

Cotton can be grown in a great many areas of the world. Cotton grows as well under conditions of irrigation as with natural rainfall. The length of the fiber is according to the number of hours of hot sunshine the plant enjoys. When one realizes the extent of the area in our country in which cotton may be raised one can estimate the extent to which cotton could be raised in Southern Russia, Asia, Africa and also in South America. At present the cotton of the world is controlled by England and the United States. If England and the United States were to refuse to sell cotton to the Central Powers this would at once stimulate the raising of cotton in every country of the world climatically suited to the cultivation of the plant. The price that the Germans would pay would naturally be high; this would stimulate not merely speculation but also agriculture, cotton being an annual.

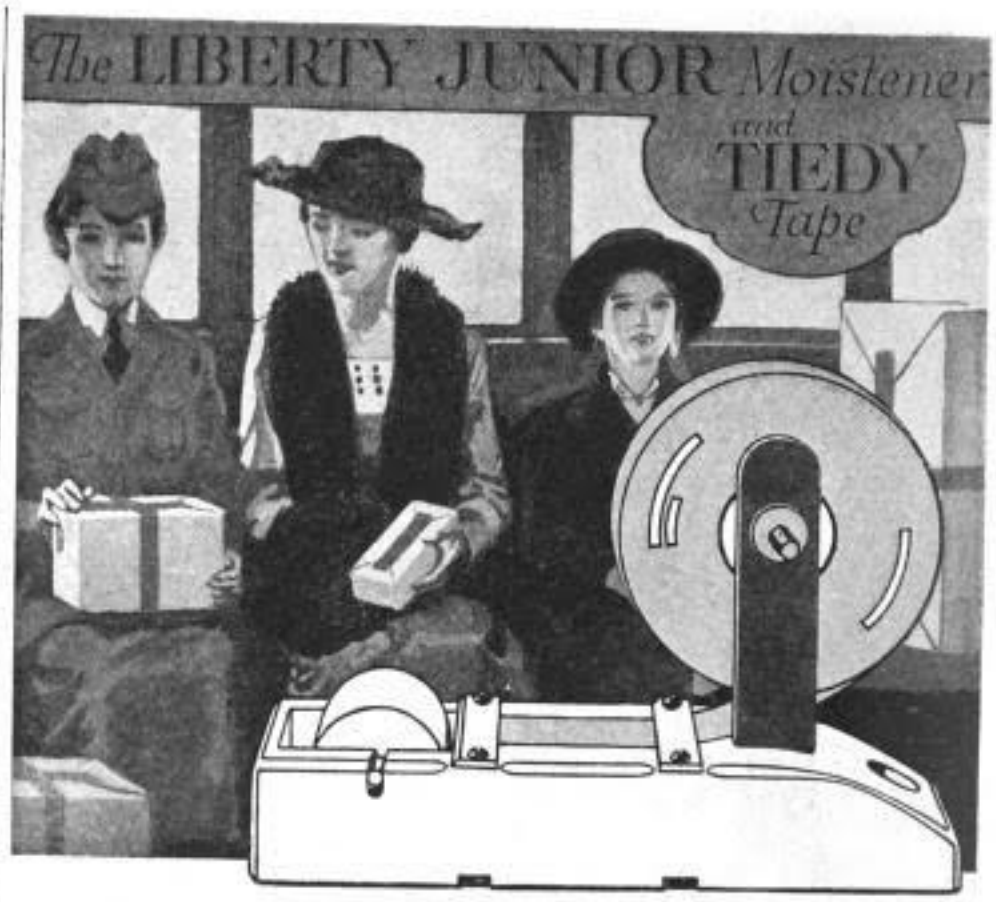
To place an embargo on cotton fiber to Germany would mean also an embargo on cotton seed to the neutral world, as well as a control of cotton fiber.

The only way to prevent Germany from securing cotton would be to purchase it from the neutral nations. This purchase would be a competitive one, since Germany, needing cotton, would pay almost any price. Failing to purchase the cotton would necessarily lead to a definite system of blockade against many neutral nations of the tropical and subtropical zones; and this blockade, could it be applied to these neutrals, would represent measures as drastic as those that in the past have been applied between states at war. The experiences of the Allied nations before the entrance of the United States into the war indicate that to prevent a commodity from being sold by a neutral to the blockaded nation one must either buy it all or one must in some way prevent the neutral nation from maintaining natural commercial relations with the blockaded country; and one must do this so that the burden does not fall heavily upon the neutral. To a very large extent the fibers are substitutable in their uses; it is merely a matter of price. One probably could not make automobile tires of silk, and there are certain uses of camel's hair that cannot be accomplished with linen or cotton. But certainly seventy per cent of substitution in the uses of textiles is possible if price be disregarded. Under these circumstances an attempt to deprive a certain nation of one fiber will fail of accomplishment.

### Rubber Difficult of Control

Rubber is another commodity that affords a good illustration. Rubber is now grown over most parts of the tropical world where certain amounts of rainfall are available. It requires a number of years to establish a plantation; from this time on production continues. Plantations already under way and natural growths now exceed the rubber requirements of the world, excluding the Central Powers. An embargo would become particularly difficult in the case of rubber, which is at present controlled, practically speaking, by the British Empire. The rubber would have to be purchased, and with each country pressing its offerings year after year the blockading countries would eventually be swamped with rubber. Large amounts of rubber in the Western Hemisphere are now in the possession of German houses for delivery after the war. The Germans have suffered severely from the rubber blockade. They have been able to synthesize pure rubber, but only at a price that is absolutely prohibitive. They have, however, learned to substitute the function of rubber in a great many directions.

All rubber in hard rubber has been replaced by coal-tar derivatives, and Germany will probably never go back to rubber except for its elastic properties. It is not merely a source of discomfort that automobiles in Germany no longer have rubber tires; it is a source of industrial loss, since the wear and tear upon the machine is doubled when any other tire replaces the pneumatic tube; particularly the wear and


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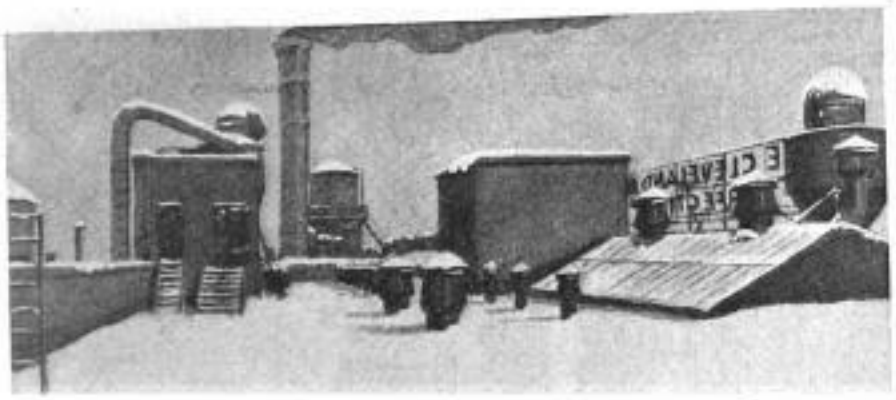
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tear upon the bearings is very great, and bearings represent a finished product of the most refined steel and highly specialized labor. For elastic rubber Germany has found no substitute. She has, however, greatly perfected the methods of reclamation of rubber after vulcanization. The value of recovery of rubber from automobile casings has been enormous. The writer has seen good surgical gloves made of rubber reclaimed from automobile casings. Up to two years ago the blockading nations did not wholly realize Germany's advance in this direction. Though the embargo on rubber and rubber goods to the neutral nations was strictly maintained, the prohibition of the sale of old casings from these nations into Germany was not rigidly enforced until a much later date. Since that time the scarcity of elastic rubber in Germany has been acutely felt.

These illustrations suffice to show how difficult it would be to enforce a practical control of raw materials, meaning by this exclusion from a particular nation. The possibilities of substitution in the direct or indirect sense, the successful accomplishment of synthesis of the material itself or the development of new sources of natural supplies are so varied and numerous as to make it practically impossible, except under very unusual circumstances, for a nation to be deprived of raw material through control by another nation or group of nations. So long as the small neutral nations that do or can produce one or another of these raw materials cannot be brought into direct line with the blockading country it will be impossible to control their output.

In the opinion of the writer the entire point of view of control of industrial nations and their commerce through extra-commercial control of raw material rests upon a fallacious basis. In the final analysis control of commerce, trade and manufacture will rest upon efficiency in the operation of the several factors.

Apparently it is assumed by many writers that control of raw materials against Germany is the only way that we can combat her subterranean efforts or repress her rapacious competition. With this assumption no one who is acquainted with the development of industries in France, England and the United States during the past two years, contrasted with the conditions in Germany, can give assent.

### *A German's Striking Prediction*

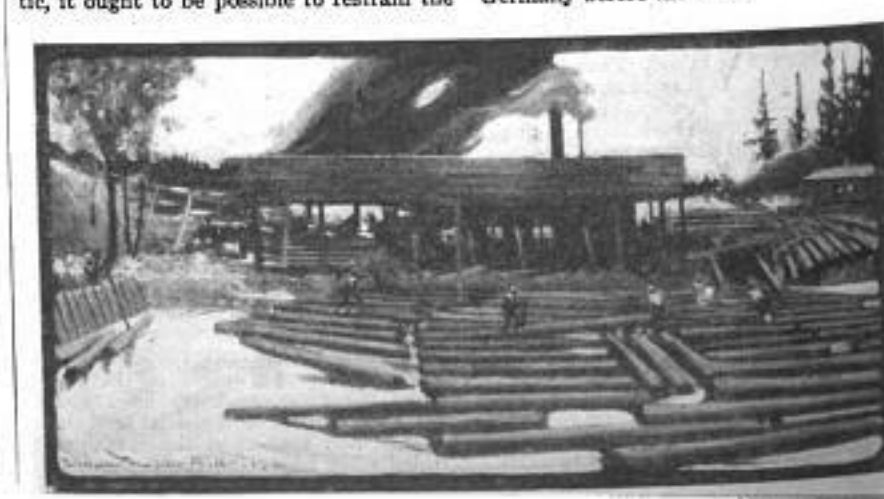
With the greatest bitterness one of the leaders of the largest industrial group in Germany once remarked: "The curse of this war will be that we have taught the competing nations efficiency." In every type of manufacture, be it coal tar, textiles or metals, the United Kingdom, France and the United States have now attained, and in many instances excelled, the standard of pre-war efficiency in Germany. In one direction or another we possess many natural advantages over Germany. She suffers from many limitations from which she cannot escape, particularly a naturally poor soil. With proper coördination of the export trade—through pooling for export trade, as is legally permissible; with unified foreign banking operations; with a study of foreign markets; with that extension of foreign credits that German experience has shown to be absolutely safe; with that same application of physics and chemistry to industry that is practiced in Germany; and with the addition of the initiative and incentive possessed by the nations now opposing Germany, the absence of which is a German characteristic, it ought to be possible to restrain the monopolistic tendencies of German industry and commerce far more successfully than can ever be accomplished by the repression of raw materials. The war has necessitated with the four Allied countries a veritably marvelous development of industrialism, contrasted with which that of the Central Powers has suffered a positive decline, since we have been expanding while they have been "stop-gapping."

Speaking specifically of this country we have a totally new foundation for industry in our enlarged plants for the manufacture of sulphuric acid, nitric acid, ammonia, alkali and coal tar. As an illustration may be mentioned the expansion of our manufacture of sulphuric acid—the index of the industry of a nation—from four to nine million unit tons during the past three years! Our use of dyestuffs in 1917, largely domestic, was a third more than in 1913, when we imported most of them. American manufacturing industry, viewed internally, is fully qualified to-day to hold its own against Germany if efficiency in expert organization and management is equally achieved.

### *The Fetish of German Efficiency*

The efficiency of Germany has become a veritable fetish. It surrounded everything in Germany, from university to industry. There was something mystical about it. Chemists from the entire world flocked to the German university. German science was placed at the disposal of German industry. Efficiency was preached to be a Teutonic characteristic that could not be competed with and could not be acquired by any other nation. Ostwald once remarked that the laws of physical chemistry were discovered by Norwegian, Swedish, Dutch and American scientists, but these would have died if they had not been given life in the efficient atmosphere of his laboratory! All this is sheerest nonsense. The chief reason for the preëminence of German industry lay in the use by German industry of the daily world advances in physics and chemistry. Let this point be emphasized: German industry made use of the world advances in scientific knowledge, not merely of German achievements. The present type of German university has been fostered by the German state for this reason.

A great deal of commercialism was tolerated in the German university that was abhorrent to the universities of France, England and the United States. We attempted to prevent contact between science and industry; this contact was invited in Germany. But the step has danger for the university unless rightly controlled. As the German university became more and more used by industry, freedom of the faculty became supplanted by edict of the Minister of Education, the love of liberty of thought declined and the slide rule of trade replaced the computation of the scholar. German universities have always been free to all students of chemistry; this was not true of the universities of France and England. Thus the students of chemistry flocked to Germany and not to England and France; not because they found in Germany a degree of intelligence in instruction not to be obtained in France and England, but because they were welcomed—craftily—in Germany and were not welcomed in France and England. To-day movements are under way in the United Kingdom and France that will afford the American student the same facilities for study of natural sciences in the universities of these countries that were accorded in Germany before the war.



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# THE CITY OF COMRADES

(Continued from Page 17)

So that was it!

I said, after we had spun along some few miles more: "Your name is Stephen, isn't it?"

"Yes; how did you know?"

I hedged.

"Oh, I must have heard someone call you that."

"That's funny. Hardly anyone does. They mostly say Cantyre—or just doctor." He added after a minute or two: "You call me Stephen, and I'll call you Frank."

Once more the swift march of happenings gave me a slight shock.

"Oh, but we hardly know each other."

"That would be true if there weren't friendships that outdistance acquaintanceships."

"Oh, if you look at it that way ——"

"That's the way it strikes me."

"But, good heavens, man, think of what—of what I am!"

His gaze was fixed on the stretch of road ahead of him.

"What's that got to do with it? It wouldn't make any difference to me if you were a murderer or a thief."

"How do you know I'm not?" I couldn't help asking.

"I don't know that you're not; but I say it wouldn't make any difference to me if you were."

The word I am tempted to use of myself at this unexpected offer of good will is flabbergasted. I am not emotional; still less am I sentimental; both in sentiment and emotion my tendency is to go slow.

After a brief silence I said: "Look here! Do you go round making friends among the riffraff of mankind?"

"I don't go round making friends among people of any sort. I'm not the friendly type. I know lots of people, of course; but—but I don't get beyond just knowing them."

"Is that because you don't want to?"

"Not altogether. I'm a—I'm a lonesome sort of bloke. I never was a good mixer; and when you're not that, other fellows instinctively close up their ranks against you and shut you out. Not that that matters to me. I hardly ever see a lot with whom I should want to get in. You're—you're an exception."

"And for heaven's sake, why?"

"Oh, for two or three reasons—which I'm not going to tell you. One of these days you may find out."

We left the subject there and sped along in silence.

This then was the man Regina Barry had turned down; and notwithstanding his kindness to myself I could understand her doing it. For a high-spirited girl such as she evidently was he would have been too melancholy. "Very nice" was what she had called him, and very nice he was; but he lacked the something thoroughly masculine that means more to women than to men. Men are used to the eternal-feminine streak in themselves and each other; but women put up with it only when it is like a flaw in an emerald, noticeable to the expert but to no one else.

I asked him how he came to be what Coningsby called physician in ordinary to the club.

"By accident. Rufus Legrand asked me to go over and see what I could do for a bad case of D. T."

"He's the rector of the church opposite, isn't he?"

"Yes, and an awfully good sort. Only parson I know who thinks more of God than he does of a church. I shouldn't be surprised if one of these days he got the true spirit of religion."

"What's that?"

"What they're doing at the Down and Out."

"Oh, but they skip religion there altogether."

"They don't skip religion; they only skip the word—and for a reason."

"What reason?"

"The reason that it's been so misapplied as to have become nearly unintelligible. If you told the men at the club that such and such a thing was religion they'd most of 'em kick like the deuce; but when they get the thing without explanation they take to it every time. But you were asking me about my connection with the club. It began four years ago, when they first got into Miss Smedley's house. Fellow had the old-fashioned horrors—bad. As I'd been making dipsomania a specialty Legrand railroaded me in, and there I've stayed."

When we drew up at the gate of an old yellow mansion standing in large grounds Cantyre left me in the machine while he went in to visit his patient. The blue-green hills were just beginning to veil themselves in the diaphanous mauve of afternoon, and between them the river with its varied life flowed silently and rapidly. It was strange to me to remember that a short time ago I had been wishing myself under it, and that this very water would be washing the oozy, moss-grown piles of Greeley's Slip.

### VII

NO LATER than that evening my life took still another step.

A little before nine, just as I was about to go to bed—our hours at the club were early—Ralph Coningsby dropped in for a word with me. I happened to be at the foot of the stairs in the hall when Spender admitted him, and he refused to come farther inside.

"Been dining with my wife's father and mother over the way," he said in explanation of his dinner jacket and black tie, "and just ran across to say something while I was in the neighborhood. You said last night you'd come and see the Grace Memorial with me."

"If you say so," I smiled, "I suppose I must have; but it's the first time to my knowledge that I ever heard of it."

"Oh, that's the bit of work I told you about—the thing I'm doing on my own. It's over here at St. David's. You see, when Charlie Grace died he left a sum of money to build and endow this institution in memory of his father."

I smiled again.

"I know I must have heard the name of Charlie Grace, but it seems to have slipped my memory. All the same ——"

"I'll tell you about him to-morrow. I merely want to say now that I'll look in about ten in the morning, and take you across the street ——"

The difficulty I had had to confront in the afternoon was before me again.

"I don't know about that, Coningsby. The fact is I'm not —— Well, hang it all! Can't you see? I haven't a rag in the world but what I stand up in, and I can't go where I'm likely to run into decent people."

"You won't run into anyone but carpenters and painters. I'm not going to take no for an answer, old chap. Besides, there's method in this madness, for—now don't buck!—for I'm going to put you on a job."

I could only stare vacantly.

"On a job?"

"Mrs. Grace wants some measurements and specifications which she thinks I haven't given her exactly enough; and the first thing to be done is to go over the whole blooming place with a foot rule and a tape measure; but I'll tell you about that to-morrow too. For a chap with your training it will be office boy's work; but as you're doing nothing else for the moment ——"

It is needless to say that I hardly slept that night. It was not the prospect of work alone that excited me; it was that of being gradually drawn into the sphere in which I might meet Regina Barry. I was still uncertain as to whether I wanted to do that or not. There was no hour of the day when I didn't think of her, and yet it was always with a sense of thankfulness that she couldn't know where I was or guess at what had become of me. If I could have been granted the privilege of seeing her without having her see me I should have jumped at it; but the ordeal of her recognition was beyond my strength to face. Rather than have her say with her eyes, "You were the man who came into my room and tried to rob me," I would have shot myself.

And yet I had to admit the fact that this danger was in the air. Ralph Coningsby's sister was the Elsie of that tragic night; Cantyre was the Stephen. I was being offered work by Sterling Barry's partner, and might soon be doing it for Sterling Barry himself. The fatality that brought about these unfoldings might go farther still, and before I knew it I might find myself in the precise situation that filled me with terror—and yet made me shiver with a kind of harsh delight. Before I could sleep I had to make a compromise with my courage. I would not shoot myself rather than meet her. I would meet her first, if it had to be. I would take that one draught of the joy I had put forever out of reach—and shoot myself afterward.

But in the morning I was more self-confident. Having examined myself carefully in the cracked mirror in the bathroom I found that my mustache, which had grown tolerably long and thick, changed my appearance not a little. Moreover, food, rest and sobriety had smoothed away the unspeakable haggardness that had creased my forehead, hardened my mouth and burnt into my eyes that woebegone desolation which I had noticed among my companions when I arrived at the club. It is no exaggeration to say that I was not only younger by ten years but that I was changed in looks, as a landscape is changed when after being swept by rains it is bathed in sunshine. The one hope I built on all this was that were I to meet Regina Barry face to face she would not recognize me at a first glance, while I could keep her from getting a second.

On the way across the street Coningsby told me something of Charlie Grace and his memorial. He had been the son of a former rector of Saint David's—an important man in the New York of his day, who had outlived his usefulness and been asked to resign his parish. The son had never forgiven this slight, and the William Grace Memorial was intended to avenge it. It had been the express desire of the widow, Mrs. Charlie Grace, that he, Ralph Coningsby, should have sole charge of the building, and the work had been going on since the previous autumn. In the coming autumn the house would be ready for furnishing. It was for this purpose that Mrs. Grace required the exact measurements of each room, with the disposition of the wall spaces. During the summer she could thus consider what she would have to do when the time came in October.

Only a corner of the new building was visible from Vandiver Street, the main entrance being on Blankney Place, which was a parallel thoroughfare. Standing in the middle of the grass plot in front of the dumpy, spurious 1840 Gothic rectory, we had the length of the dumpy, spurious 1840 Gothic church in front of us. The memorial had to be fitted in behind the chancel, on the space formerly occupied by a Sunday-school room. This space had been enlarged by the purchase of the lot in Blankney Place, giving an entry from a more populous neighborhood. The purpose of the memorial had been more or less dictated by Mrs. Ralph Coningsby, who as Esther Legrand, the rector's daughter, had from her childhood upward worked among the people roundabout and knew their needs. As far as I could gather it was to be a sort of neighborhood club, with parlors, reading rooms, playing rooms, a dancing room, a smoking room, a billiard room, a lecture room, a gymnasium, baths, and so on, and

(Continued on Page 94)



*I Came to Understand the Secret of the Long, Stupefied Forenoons and Afternoons on the Part of My Companions*






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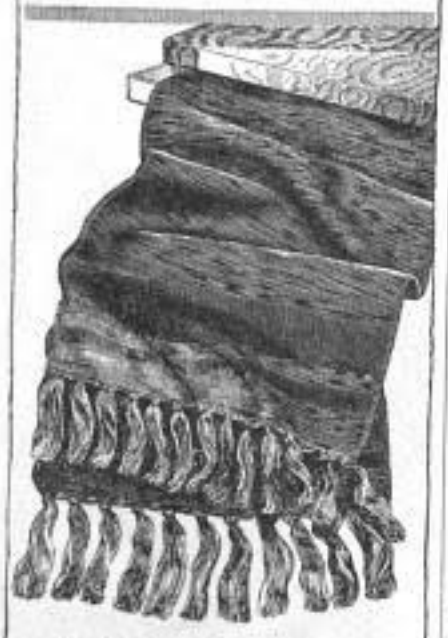
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(Continued from Page 92)

open to those who were properly enrolled, of both sexes and all ages. Of the committee in charge Mrs. Coningsby was apparently the moving spirit, though Mrs. Grace was reserving to herself the pleasure of fitting the house up.

Before going inside we discussed the difficulties of harmonizing a modern building with the efforts of the early nineteenth century, and I had an opportunity to commend Coningsby's judgment. He had kept to the brownstone of the church and rectory, and had suggested their spirit while working on sober, well-proportioned lines.

In the middle of this I broke off to say: "Look here, old chap! I hope you're not inventing this job of yours just for the sake of giving me something to do."

His frank gaze convinced me.

"Honest, I'm not. Mrs. Grace is particularly anxious to have the measurements sent down to her at Rosyth, and we're so short-handed ——"

"Then that's all right. Let's go in, and you can show me what I'm to do."

As Coningsby had said, it was office boy's work, but it suited me. It was a matter of getting broken in again, and—whether it came by accident or my friend's goodheartedness—an easy job in which there was no thinking or responsibility was the most effective means that could have been found of nursing me along. At the end of a week I was treated to the well-nigh incredible wonder of a check.

Early on a Sunday morning I took it to Christian, asking that it should be turned in toward my expenses at the club.

Having read its amount he held it in his fingers, twisting it and turning it.

"You see, Frank," he said after thinking for a minute, "the primary object of the club is not to be paid for what it spends—though that is an object—it's to help fellows to get on their feet. Of you nineteen chaps who are in the house at present twelve are regularly paying for their board and lodging, and that pretty well carries us along. If there's a deficit it's covered by the back payments of men who've gone out and who are making up. So that this isn't pressing for the minute ——"

"But I should like to pay it, sir."

"Yes, of course; but it's a question of what is most urgent. Now this isn't urgent; we can extend your credit; whereas, the first bit of bluff we've all got to put up when we're pulling ourselves together is in clothes."

He asked me how long my present job would go on. I said for about three weeks.

"Then keep this check," he pursued, handing it back to me, "till you get as much again. That will be enough to turn you out quite smart. Go to Straight, at Bruch Brothers—all our fellows go to him—and he'll advise you to the best advantage."

The words were accompanied by such a smile that I, who am not emotional, felt my eyes smart.

### VIII

THE summer passed with no more than two or three other incidents worth the jotting down.

In the first place the day arrived when I had to make up my mind either to leave the club or to join it. Expecting some opposition from Lovey as to joining it, I was surprised to find him take the suggestion complacently.

"I've found out," he whispered to me, "that yer can jine this club—and fall. Yer can fall three times before they'll turn ye out."

"Oh, but you wouldn't want to fall in cold blood."

"Well," he muttered doubtfully, "I ain't partic'lar about the blood. Now my hadvice'd be this: 'Ere we are in July. That's all right; we can jine. Then in Haugust we can 'ave a wee little bit of a fall—just two or three days like.

"We can do the same in September; and the same in Hoctober. That'll use up our three times, and we can come back under cover for the worst month of the winter. We can't fall no more after that; but in the spring we can try somethink else. There's always things."

"And suppose I don't mean to fall?"

He looked hurt.

"Oh, if you can keep straight without me ——"

"But if I can't, Lovey? If I must keep straight and need you to help me?"

He clasped his hands against his stomach and drew a dismal face.

"That'd be a tight place for me."

"And isn't there," I continued, "another point of view? Suppose we did what you suggest, do you think it would be treating all these nice fellows decently?"

"Oh, if you're going to start out treatin' people decent ——"

"Well, why shouldn't we? We can do it—you and I together."

He drew a deep sigh.

"I must say, Slim, ye do beat everythink for puttin' things on me."

But in the end we were both admitted at one of the Saturday evening meetings with, as usual, a large gathering of friends, and some bracing words from Straight. Pyn stood up with me as next friend, and little Spender did the same by Lovey. I have not said that during the ten days before I went to work Pyn blew in at the club during some minutes of every lunch hour to watch my progress. It was he, too, who found Lovey the job of washing windows, by which that worthy also had a chance of returning to honest ways. Indeed, though I cannot repeat it frequently enough, of the many hands stretched out to help me upward none was stronger in its grasp than that of the kindly keeper of the soda-water fountain to whom the club had given a veritable new birth.

Our admission as members had taken place while I was still doing the measurements at the memorial. By the time they were finished Coningsby had a new proposal. As it was the middle of July he was anxious to take his wife and two little children to the country for a month. Carpenters, plasterers, painters and plumbers were still at work on the building, and they couldn't be left without oversight. Would I undertake to give that—at a reasonable salary?

I had grown familiar with the work by this time, and had been able to throw into the furtherance of Coningsby's plans an enthusiasm largely sprung of gratitude. In addition I was getting back my self-confidence in proportion as I got back my self-respect. The fact, too, that in the new summer suit and straw hat to which the colonel's advice had helped me I could go about the streets without being ashamed of myself did something to restore my natural poise.

I could see that by taking this work I should really be helping Coningsby. He needed the rest; his wife and babies undoubtedly needed the change. It was not easy for a man with so important a piece of work as this on hand to get anyone satisfactorily to take his place. I could accept the offer, then, without the suspicion—which any man would hate—that it was being made to me from motives of philanthropy. I was really being useful—more useful than in taking the measurements for Mrs. Grace, which any novice could have done—and making a creditable living for the first time in years.

Then, too, I had a great deal of Cantyre's company. He spent most of the summer in town; chiefly because of his patients, but partly from a lack of incentive in going away. He explained that lack of incentive to me during one of the spins in his runabout to which he treated me on three or four evenings a week. Now and then I worked Lovey off on him for an outing, but he, Cantyre, was generally a little peevish after such occasions. It was not that he objected to giving Lovey or anyone else the air; it was that he suspected me of not really caring to go out with him. There are always men—very good fellows too—in whom there is this strain of the jealousy of schoolgirls.

On this particular evening I had been kidding him about his depression, doing my best to rouse him out of it.

"Oh, I'll pull round in time," he said in his resigned, lifeless tone. "If you knew the reason ——"

I did know the reason, of course. My conscience never ceased to plague me with the fact that though I could return Regina Barry's trinkets Cantyre's secret was a theft I couldn't get rid of. It was, indeed, partly to lead him on to confiding it to me of his own accord, so that I might know it legitimately, so to speak, that I brought the subject up.

"I suppose it's about a girl."

So long a time passed that I thought he was not going to respond to this challenge, when he said: "Yes."

"Wouldn't she have you?" I asked bluntly.

"She said she would—and changed her mind."

"So that you were actually engaged?"

"For about a month."

"Did she —— You don't mind my asking questions, do you?"

"Not if you won't mind if I don't answer."

"Then with that proviso I'll go on. Did she tell why she—why she broke it off?"

"Not—not exactly."

"And haven't you found out?"

"Elsie Coningsby, she's her great friend, told me something of it. She said there were two kinds of women: Some liked to be wooed, and others weren't satisfied unless they were conquered."

"And you took the wrong method?"

"So it seems."

"Well, why don't you turn round now and take the right one?"

His dreamy, melancholy eyes slid toward me.

"Do you see me doing that? I'm the kind of bloke that would like a woman to conquer him. If it comes to that, there are two kinds of men."

He had told me so much that I felt it right to give him a warning.

"Since you say she's a friend of Elsie Coningsby's, I mayn't be able to help finding out who she is."

"Oh, I shouldn't mind that—not with you. As a matter of fact I should like to introduce you to her one of these days."

I broke in more hastily than I intended.

"No, no; don't do that—for God's sake!"

He swung round in amazement.

"Why—why, what's the matter?"

I tried to recover myself.

"Oh, nothing! Only you must see for yourself that—that after what I've been through I'm not—not a lady's man."

"Oh, get out!" was his only observation.

We lapsed into one of our long silences, which was broken when we turned back toward town.

"Look here, Frank," he said suddenly, "you can't go on living down there in Vardiver Street. Besides, the club will be needing your bed for someone else."

"I know," I said. "I've been thinking about it. I simply don't want to move."

"You'll have to, though."

"Yes, I suppose so."

He went on to suggest a small apartment in the bachelor house he was living in himself.

Now was the time to rent, before men began coming back to town. He knew of a little suite of three rooms and a bath—there was a café down below—which ought to be within my means.

As we passed the house we stopped and looked at it. I liked it and promised to turn the matter over in my mind.

Next day I broached it to Lovey. The effect was what I expected. He grasped me by the arm, looking up at me with eyes the more eloquent from the fact that they were dead.

"Y'ain't goin' to leave me, Slim?"

"It wouldn't be leaving you, Lovey."

"Y'ain't goin' to live in another 'ouse, where I shan't be seein' ye every day?"

"You could get a room near."

"'Twouldn't be the same thing—not no way, it wouldn't be. Oh, Slim!"

With a gesture really dramatic he smote his chest with his two clenched fists, and drew a long, grating sigh.

We were sitting on our beds, which were side by side in one of the dormitories. It was the nearest thing to privacy the clubhouse ever allowed us.

"This'll be the hend of me; and it'll be the hend of you, Slim, if I ain't there to watch over you. You'll never keep straight without me, sonny." He was struck with a new idea and, indeed, I had thought of it myself. "Didn't ye say," he went on as he leaned forward and tapped my knee, "that in them rooms there was one little dark room?"

"Very little and very dark."

"But it wouldn't be too little or too dark for me, Slim, not if I could be your valet, like. I could do everythink for you, just like a gentleman. My father was a valet, and he larned me before he couldn't larn me nothink else. I could keep your clothes so as you'd never need new ones, and I could mend and darn and cook your breakfasts—I'm a swell cook—I can bile tea and coffee and heggs—many's the time I've done it ——"

"All right, Lovey," I interrupted. "It's a bargain. We're buddies."

"No, Slim; we won't be buddies no more. We'll call that off. We'll just be master and man. I'll know my place and

(Continued on Page 97)

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(Continued from Page 94)

I'll keep it. I shan't call you Slim, nor sonny ——"

"Oh, yes, you must."

He shook his head.

"No; not after we've moved from the club. I'll call you Mr. Melbury and say sir to you; and you must call me Lovey, just as if it was my real name." He added, unexpectedly to me: "I suppose ye know it ain't my real name?"

"Oh, what does it matter?"

"It only matters like this: I ain't—I ain't ——" He got up in some agitation and went to one of the windows. After looking out for a second or two he turned half round toward me. "Ye ain't thinking me any better than I am, Slim, are you?"

"I'm not thinking whether you're better or worse, Lovey. I just like you."

"And I've took an awful fancy to you, Slim. Seems as if you was my whole family. But—but you're not, sonny. I've—I've got a family. They're dead to me and I'm dead to them; but they're my family. Did ye know that, Slim?"

"I didn't know it, and you needn't tell me."

"But if I was awful bad, sonny? If I was wuss than anythink that'd ever come into your 'ead?"

"We won't talk about that. Perhaps there are things that I could tell you which would show that there's not much difference between us."

"I 'ope there is, Slim. And she was terr'ble aggravatin'; a drinkin' woman, besides. I didn't drink then—'ardly not at all. It was after I was acquitted I begun that. And my two gells—well, bein' acquitted didn't make no difference to them; they'd seen. Only they didn't swear that way in their hevidence. They swore she fell down the stairs she was found at the bottom of, her neck broken; and bein' a drinkin' woman the jury thought—but the two gells knew. And when I was let off they didn't 'ave no more to do with me—so I come over 'ere ——"

I rose and went to him, laying my hand on his shoulder:

"Don't, Lovey. That's enough. I don't care who you are or what you've done, we'll stick it out together. The only thing is that we'll have to give up the booze."

"For good and all, Slim?"

"Yes, for good and all."

"It'll be awful 'ard."

"Yes, it will be; but the worst of that is over."

He seized one of my hands in both of his.

"Slim, if it's got to be a ch'ice between you and liquor—well, I'm danged if– if I won't"—he made a great resolution—"give up the liquor—and so 'elp me!"

So when I moved Lovey moved with me. Washing windows having become a lucrative profession he insisted on taking no wages from me, and on paying for his own food. In the matter of names we agreed on a compromise. "Before company," as he expressed it, I was Mr. Melbury and sir; when we were alone together we reverted to the habits of Greeley's Slip and the Down and Out, and I became Slim and sonny.

I was truly sorry to leave the club, for its simple, brotherly ways, wholesome and masculine, if never the most refined, had become curiously a part of me. I had liked the fellowship with rough men who were perhaps all the more human for being rough. For the first time in my life I had known something of genuine fraternity. I do not affirm that we lived together without disagreements or misunderstandings or that there were no minutes electric with the tension that makes for an all-round fight. But there was always some "wise guy," as we called him, to make peace among us; and on the whole we lived together with a mutual courtesy that proved to me once for all that it is nothing external which makes a gentleman. Finer gentlemen in the essentials of the word I never met than some of those who were just struggling up from the seemingly bottomless pit.

Thus the summer of 1913 became for me a very happy one. There were reserves to that happiness, and there were fears; but the optimism most of us bring to the day's work enabled me to face them. Of Regina Barry I heard much from my friend Cantyre, and I made what I heard suffice me. He was always willing to talk of this girl, whom he never named; and little by little I formed an image in my heart, which would never be anywhere but in my heart as long as I could help it. As long as I could help it I should not see her, nor should she see me. As to that I was now quite positive. Nothing could be gained by my seeing her, while by her seeing me everything might be lost.

If everything was lost in one way I was sure it would be lost in another. Because I have said little or nothing of the fight I was making you must not suppose that I was free from the necessity of making it. I was making it every day and hour. There were times when, if I hadn't had Lovey to think of, I should have yielded to that suggestion which had come to me as neatly as it had come to him of having a little fall. Falls were far from unknown among us. They were accepted as an unhappy matter of course. Some of our steadiest members had made full use of the three times the law of the club allowed them before finally settling down. I believed that I could exercise this privilege—and come back. But not so with Lovey! Once he failed in this attempt I knew he would be gone. As a matter of fact he would have failed at any time after the first week if it hadn't been on my account; so I couldn't fail on his. When I would have done it eagerly, wildly, I was withheld by the old motto of *noblesse oblige*.

And yet in proportion as I grew stronger I realized more clearly that my future was, as it were, balanced on the point of a pin. Once I had met Regina Barry, and her eyes had said "You are the man who stole my gold mesh purse," I knew it would be all up with me. She wouldn't have to say a word. Her look would bring the accusation. Then if I was weak I should go off and get drunk; I should drink till I drank myself to death. If I was strong I should shoot myself. There was just one thing of which I was sure—I should never face that silent charge a second time.

But as the weeks went by and nothing happened I began to be confident that nothing would. We reached the end of September and I never heard Regina Barry's name. Even Cantyre hadn't mentioned it, and didn't suppose that I knew it. I calculated the chances against our ever meeting. I built something, too, on the possibility that were we to meet she wouldn't know me again.

In this I got encouragement from the fact that one day in Fifth Avenue I met my Uncle Van Elstine. He didn't know me. He wouldn't have cut me for anything in the world; he was too good-natured and kind; but he let his wandering gaze rest on me as on any passing stranger, and went on his way. I argued then that time, vicissitude, a hard life and a mustache had worked an effective disguise. If my own uncle, who had known me all my life, could go by like that, how much more one to whom I could be nothing but a sinister shadow seen for three or four minutes in a rose-colored gloom.

So I reasoned and became a little comforted. And then by degrees my arguments were put to the test.

It was quite at the end of September. The memorial was now so nearly completed that Coningsby, who had returned to town, left it almost entirely to my charge. A new bit of work at Atlantic City having come his way he was closely absorbed in it. Mrs. Grace had motored up once or twice to consult me as to papers, rugs and other details of interior decoration. I found her a grave, beautiful woman who gave the impression of nourishing something that lasts longer than grief—a deep regret. Our intercourse was friendly but impersonal.

Once she was accompanied by a young lady whose voice I recognized as they approached the room in which I was at work. It was a clear, bell-like, staccato voice, whose tones would have made my heart stop still had I heard it in heaven. Mrs. Grace entered the room followed by a girl as Anglo-Saxon in type as her brother, only with a decision and precision in manner which he had not.

In my confusion I was uncertain as to whether or not there was an introduction, but I remember her saying: "Oh, Mr. Melbury, Ralph is so indebted to you for all the help you've given him. He says if it hadn't been for you he wouldn't have been able to get away from New York this summer."

She, too, regarded me impersonally, as her brother's assistant, and no more. I mean by that that she showed none of the interest good people generally display in a brand that has been plucked from the burning.

"Is it possible she doesn't know it?" I asked Cantyre the next time I saw him.

"Of course she doesn't. That would be the last thing Coningsby would tell her. We never speak of these things outside the


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club. If a fellow likes to do it himself—well, that's his own affair."

And then one day early in October I came face to face with it all.

I was standing at one of the upper windows looking down into Blankney Place when I saw a motor drive up to the door. I knew it was Mrs. Grace's motor, having seen it a number of times already. When the footman held open the door Mrs. Grace herself stepped out, to be followed by Miss Coningsby, who in turn was followed by . . .

I strolled away from the window into the interior of the house. I was not so much calm as numb. There were details about which I had to speak to Mrs. Grace, but they all went out of my mind. They went out of my mind as matters with which I had no more concern. A dying man might feel that way about the earthly things he is leaving behind.

I was, in fact, not so much like a dying man as like a man who in the full flush of vigor is told that he must in a few minutes face the firing squad.

So I stood doing nothing, thinking nothing, while I listened to the three voices as they floated up, first from the lower floor, then from the stairway, then from the floor on which I was waiting in this seeming nervelessness.

They drifted nearer—Mrs. Grace's gentle tones, Elsie Coningsby's silvery tinkle, and then the rich mezzo, which by association of ideas seemed to shed round me a rose-colored light.

Mrs. Grace and Miss Coningsby came in together, the one in black, the other in white. Both bade me a friendly, impersonal good morning, while Mrs. Grace proceeded at once to the question of rugs. Didn't I think that good serviceable American rugs, with some of those nice Oriental druggets people used in summer cottages, would be better than anything more fragile and expensive?

I made such answers as I could, keeping my eyes on the door. Presently she appeared on the threshold, looking about with interest and curiosity in her great dark eyes. Of the minute I retain no more than a vision in rough green English tweed, with a goldish-greenish motoring veil round the head like a nimbus. She impressed me as at once more delicate and more strong than I remembered her—eager, alert, independent. . .

"This is to be the men's smoking room," Miss Coningsby explained.

"Wouldn't you know it?" Miss Barry said lightly. "One of the nicest rooms in the house—I think the very nicest. It's wonderful how well men do themselves, isn't it?"

"Oh, but in this case it's Hilda."

"It's your brother first of all. You'll see. It will be the snuggest corner of the whole place, and they won't let a woman look into it."

She glanced at me—but casually. She glanced again—but casually again. As no one introduced me a greeting between us was not called for. But when Mrs. Grace finished her questions about the rugs and they were passing into the next room Regina Barry turned and looked at me a third time. It was now an inquiring look, and significant.

"Elsie, who's that man?" I heard her say after she had joined her companions.

The reply gave my name.

"Oh!"

"He's been helping Ralph all summer. That's how he and Esther were able to get away."

"Oh!"

"Now we're going on to the day nursery ——"

But Regina Barry said: "Wait a minute! No; go on. I'll overtake you. I'm—I'm perfectly sure that that's the very man who ——" She added, as if forcing herself to a determination: "I'm going back to speak to him. Tell Hilda I'll be with her in an instant."

So I waited, repeating to myself the formula agreed on two or three months before, that I would see her first—and shoot myself afterward.

(TO BE CONTINUED)




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# Sense and Nonsense

### A Round Trip

AUNT MARY WELLS is one of the few "befo' de wah" darkies left in a little Kentucky town. Recently she was discussing with her employer the merry-go-round that was running up on the corner.

"Nawsuh, Mr. Malcolm," she said, "nawsuh, I don' ride on none o' dem things. Why, Mr. Malcolm, I've seen some o' these here fool niggers git on that thing and ride as much as a dollar's worth, and git off at the very same place they gits on at; an' I sez to 'em, 'Now you spent yo' money, nigger, whah yo' been?'"

### A Slight Mistake

THE citizens of a Southern town persuaded a well-known character there that he could easily be elected to the governorship; so he inaugurated a campaign. But right in the middle of it an insidious whisper went the rounds that the candidate had been caught stealing chickens. Next day he circulated a card to offset these attacks. Here it is:

Vote for ——— for Governor
The Poor Man's Friend—A Protector of Widows and Orphans.

The statement that I was shot in the henhouse is an error. My candidacy is subject to the Socialist Party.

### A Suitable Substitute

WHEN Admiral Sims told this tale at a Hands-Across-the-Sea dinner in London not very long ago some of the Britishers present chose to find in it a subtle reference to the antidrinking order that rules in the American Navy.

It was a bitter night in the Klondike—so the admiral said—and in the leading place of refreshment in the camp the miners were assembled, hugging a red-hot stove, listening to the roar of the blizzard, and drinking hot whisky punches.

Suddenly, above the whipping shriek of the wind and the sound of the frozen snow pelting against the frost-covered windowpanes of their snug refuge, was heard a faint cry without. Muffling themselves against the cold, two of the group went forth to investigate.

They found at the door a green prospector who had been wandering for hours in the storm. His dogs were half dead and he was frozen fast to his sled. They cracked him loose, brought him indoors, and by degrees thawed him out. Then all present hospitably escorted him to the bar.

"Stranger," said the genial proprietor, in a sympathetic tone, "you've had a blamed close call. I know you need something to brace you up; and I want you to understand that, so fur as you're concerned, the drinks—all of 'em—are on the house. What's it goin' to be?"

The newly rescued wayfarer thought a moment.

"I think," he said, "I think I'll take a seltzer lemonade."

The stupefied hush that fell over the assemblage was broken by the proprietor.

"I'm powerful sorry," he said, "but we're plum' out of seltzer lemonades. I'll tell you what, though—I've got a pair of white duck pants in my trunk that I'll let you wear!"

### Since ——

*SINCE that I may not tell you how I love you,*
*Since that I must be mute,*
*See—I shall praise all beauty round, above you;*
*Your name shall be my lute.*

*To me more dear shall be the blue of heaven*
*Because your eyes are blue;*
*In crimson roses shall I seek at even*
*Your lips' remembered hue.*

*I shall weave lyrics that are fashioned after*
*The music of your voice.*
*I shall hear echoes of your silv'ry laughter*
*Wherever men rejoice.*

*Never the starlight or the scent of flowers,*
*Never the glint of dew,*
*Nor aught of loveliness shall mark the hours*
*But I shall call it you!*

—*Blanche Goodman.*

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# MORE PRECIOUS THAN RUBIES

(Continued from Page 19)

"I suppose you interviewed the taxi driver?" asked Caldecott pleasantly.

"Oh, yes. We know all about that and about your visit to the wrecking company. The collector thinks that that was all a bluff."

"Remember what I told you," said Caldecott warningly, "about the wisdom of the obviously unwise."

"I've never forgotten it," said the polite agent pleasantly. "Of course, you were having fun with Miss—er—Valentine. But I'd give a lot to know two things. First, how you spotted her ——"

"That was easy," interjected Caldecott. "She spotted herself."

"And then why you showed her the rubies."

"There wasn't anything else I could do," said Caldecott very earnestly.

The polite agent frowned. After a silence he shook his head and said: "I think that you are bluffing now."

"Not at all. She was the only one I could show the rubies to and at the same time retain them. If Anson Wheeler had been aboard I would have shown them to him of course. How could I make them disappear unless I proved first of all that I had them, and how could I bring them in unless first of all they disappeared?"

"I'll tell you what I think, Mr. Caldecott, and I am going to tell the collector so. I think you smuggle for sport."

"Not even for sport. Do you know what those rubies cost?"

"I understand a couple of hundred thousand dollars."

"As a matter of fact, not as much as that; but if I sold them here, wouldn't I sell them duty paid? Who would buy them otherwise?"

"A collector; one of those you say are unknown."

"I'd sell them to him in Paris and he would bring them over himself."

"Not if he asked you to do it and assumed all responsibility for their possible confiscation."

"Do you see any man doing that with one hundred and fifty thousand dollars?"

"You never can tell who would smuggle. I've known ——"

"We've all got a pet story of human inconsistency. Ah, here is the waiter! I thank you, gentlemen, for a pleasant half hour."

Joe looked sheepish as the waiter filled his glass. The other agent drank to Caldecott's health, ending with "May we all get what we are after!"

Caldecott escorted them to the door. There he said to the polite secret-service man: "You have brains, imagination and courage. I'd be desperately afraid of you if it were not for one thing."

"What's that?" asked the agent curiously.

"That I"—and Caldecott raised his eyes to the ceiling until the whites showed—"am innocent!"

### XVI

ANSON WHEELER sat at his desk in the collector's room in the New York Custom House. He had just finished reading a letter asking Mr. Wheeler if he felt at liberty to accept an offer to become the president of the New Jersey Gas Company.

As the shares were listed on the New York Stock Exchange and therefore more or less in the public eye via the quotation tables and the hopes of easy money, it was desirable to have as the titular head of the organization somebody whose name would at once be familiar to newspaper readers as well as a synonym for efficiency and probity. Mr. Wheeler had all the necessary qualifications for the position.

Wheeler was wondering if he ought to wait for a still better offer, though he realized that there were not very many better positions obtainable.

He stared pensively at the lunette by Elmer E. Garnsey—the bow of an old ship on its way to a Greek headland whereon stood a temple of Poseidon—a sort of custom house of the gods. Thither the old Greeks had been wont to take gifts and votive offerings. And he remembered the old story of Bion, the atheist, to whom were shown the gifts of those whose prayers to be saved had been granted by the sea deity.

"Yes," quoth Bion: "but where are the gifts of those who were drowned after all their vows and prayers?"

Duties! There were those who paid them like good honest men and those who did not pay until Anson Wheeler made them, thereby gaining for himself the front-page reputation that had obtained for him the offer of the gas company's presidency.

He would answer:

"I feel at liberty to do whatever I think is right. What will be the duties and the emoluments of the president of the corporation?"

Anson Wheeler could afford to write far ruder letters than that.

A clerk came in, laid a card upon the desk before the collector and said apologetically: "He said you'd see him if I brought in his card."

Anson Wheeler frowned—on general principles, for he ruled by fear, which was all that he found worked with smugglers. This clerk must be discouraged. But he remembered that he wasn't going to be collector much longer and it was too much trouble to scold a civil-service caterpillar. He ceased to frown and read the card:

MR. CECIL CALDECOTT

He frowned again. Why should he not, at the sight of the name of the one man who not only had not been caught but actually had dared him to catch him and had laughed at him and refused to be bluffed or frightened?

Why had Caldecott come to see him? Could it be surrender?

He told the clerk: "Tell Charlie to come in"—he meant his confidential secretary—"and then admit that man."

The clerk hastened from the room before he could be scolded—the Lord only knows for what. Charlie came in, notebook in hand ready to take down dictation or conversation. A moment later Cecil Caldecott entered.

"Good morning, Mister Collector," said Caldecott pleasantly.

Anson Wheeler nodded shortly. Then, as though he knew what was coming and had duly prepared for it in order to save valuable time—his own—said: "He'll take down anything you have to say."

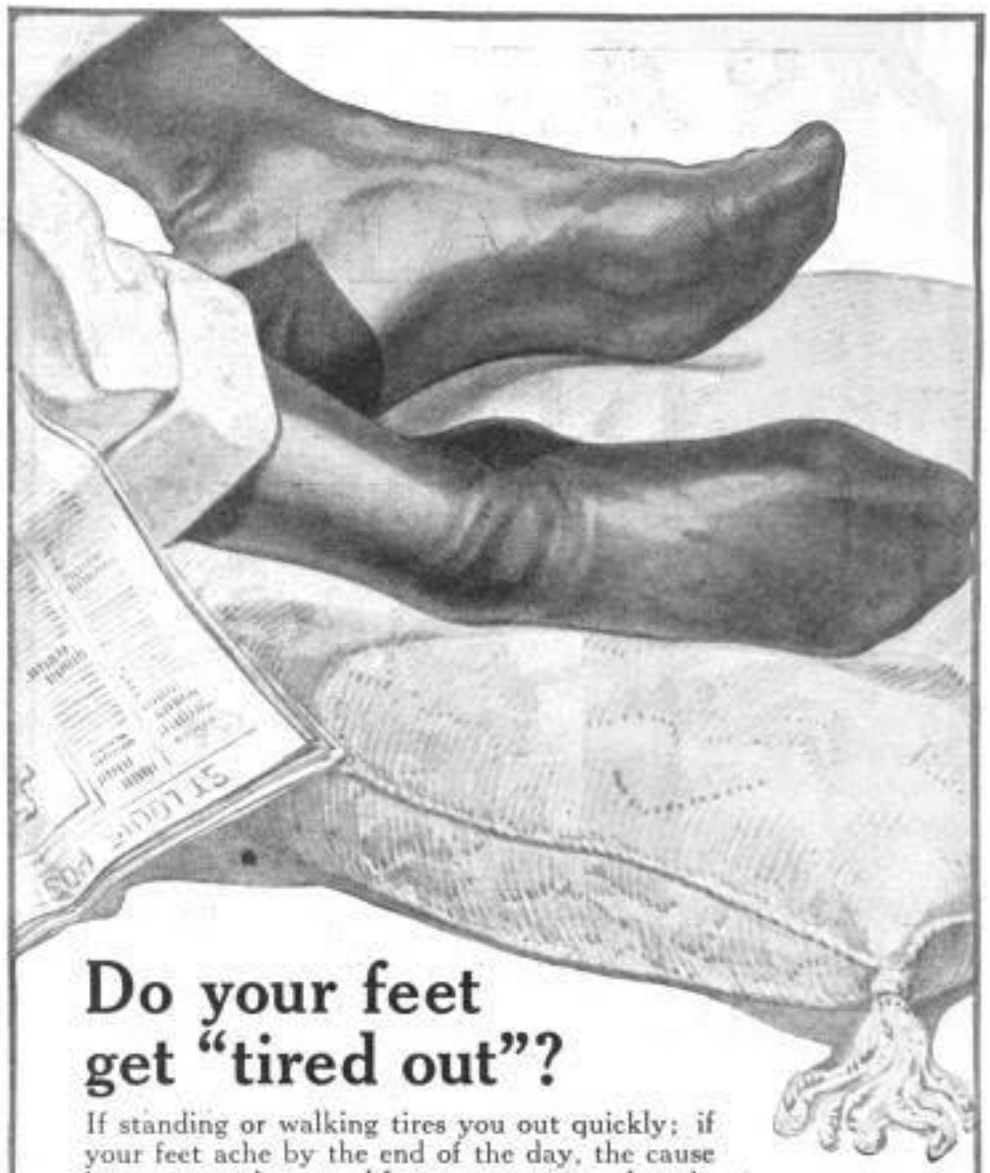
"You were afraid to use the word confession, weren't you? Are you sure you want that young man—that nice shifty-eyed young man, who will be here long after you've gone on your way to a fortune—do you want him to know what only you and I ought to know?"

"I have no use for secrets," said Wheeler shortly. "If you've got anything to say say it. If you haven't get out."

"Same old pose? Very well. Take this down, young man: I propose to give to the newspapers the details of how every man in this office, from the collector of the port down, has been trying for years to catch me smuggling; how he has been annoying me with thugs and asses from this office; how smuggling is carried on to-day as never before in the history of the New York Custom House. I will give to the newspapers full accounts of the *modus operandi* of our most successful smugglers. I will relate how, for instance, one man told the collector he was going to smuggle valuable gems, showed those very gems to his own spy, and then, under the very nose of the collector of the port himself, the little baubles were brought in, and how the payment of duties aggregating over a hundred thousand dollars, in one lot alone, was successfully evaded. Also how the collector knew all about it, and how the smuggler is not in jail, but living at a first-class hotel, not a cent poorer in pocket. Why is this state of affairs allowed to go on?"

Caldecott turned from the stenographer, who had been taking down his dictation, to the collector. He went on, his eyes fixed on Wheeler's:

"I will tell the reporters of the annoyances to which reputable business men have been subjected, and how one famous gem expert had fun with the collector in the matter of some Scotch grouse eggs and the Elkington pearls. By the way, nobody knows the present owner of the latter. I will also tell them how I, feeling nothing but pity for so childish a mind, came here to warn him to accept any offer of a position that any great corporation may have made him. He should do this before his pose is knocked into a cocked hat by the relentless logic of events and the light of pitiless exposure. Do you want me to dictate

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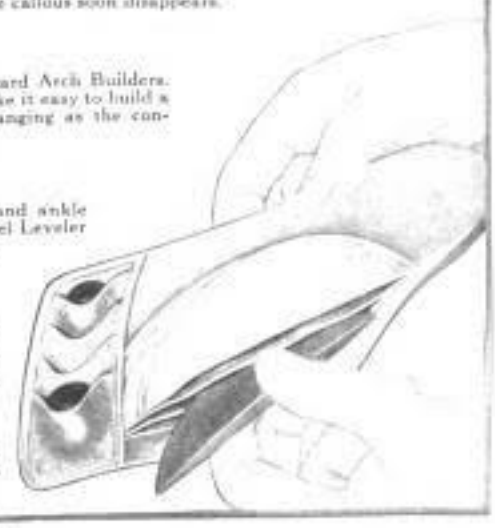
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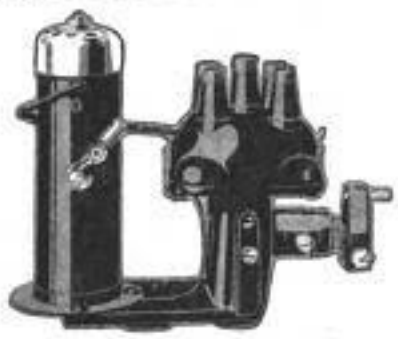
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the story to this young man, whose notebook will be his unless you keep it now?"

"Charlie, leave me alone with this lunatic."

"And you need not take the notebook with you, Charlie. By saying this I save your chief the humiliation of having to ask you himself. Thank you, Charlie."

Caldecott took the notebook from Charlie's hand, closed it and laid it in front of Wheeler. The confidential stenographer regretfully rose—empty-handed—and left the room.

"Wheeler, one of the prime requisites of success in life is knowledge of men. In politics you need knowledge of the masses rather than of individuals. In business the reverse is true. You are all right when you are playing averages, but you will come a cropper if you don't mend your ways. No! Don't be angry!"

Caldecott waved his hand pacifyingly and pursued: "In all human likelihood you have already received several offers of far better jobs than this, which you have probably not accepted because if you continue to get as much from front-page space in the next six months as in the past four you'll land a whale. It's up to you to become a millionaire. But believe me, Wheeler, you'll have to read individual character better. Now, for all you've seen of me and all your men have told you, you still insult me by silly poses. I am here to talk business."

Caldecott made an end of speaking, and Anson Wheeler saw the steady cool gaze of the man who Col. Ira A. Glover declared was the champion goat-getter of the world. A thinker, a fighter, a man of brains and—hard to read. But it was perfectly plain that for the first time in the extraordinary history of their acquaintance Cecil Caldecott was serious, without being any more frightened than when he was laughing at the collector's force.

"There is only one kind of business that you and I can do," said Wheeler quietly.

"Precisely, Wheeler," acquiesced Caldecott. "Your business is to see that all dutiable articles that come into this port pay the duties that the present tariff says they must pay. Am I right?"

"You are. Have you come to pay any?"

"Not exactly."

"Then you are wasting my time."

"Not at all. I have not come to pay any duties. I have come to ask you if you wish me to pay any."

"That," said the collector slowly, "is a damned-fool question to ask."

"Not at all. You are jumping at conclusions. You know I have bought the Meryonvilliers rubies for seven hundred and fifty thousand francs. Well, I can sell them to-day. What I want to know is: If I bring the rubies to the appraiser and pay the duty will you be asinine enough to make trouble, or do you want me to sell them to my man in Paris and have him smuggle them over?"

"Have you them here?"

"My dear Wheeler, that surely is a damned-fool question if ever there was one. However, I will give you my word that they are not in my physical possession nor in my office nor in my residence, nor in any of what you doubtless would call my hiding places, nor in the hands of any accomplice."

Caldecott was so obviously telling the truth that the collector bowed his head in token of belief.

Then he asked: "Are they in Paris?"

"If you constitute yourself into an animated catechism you are going to lose about one hundred thousand dollars' worth of duty. It is nothing to me whether you agree or not."

"You would have to take them back to Paris."

"Supposing I did? You couldn't search the luggage of five hundred outward-bound passengers. Of course, I wouldn't take them aboard the boat myself. They would go by messenger boy with a basket of fruit or a box of flowers to some young lady that I would know was sailing because I would be paying for her ticket. And I not only would not pay you a red cent, but I would tell my customer what I said I would—that is, how to bring them into New York right under your very nose, as I myself—er—might have done had I wished."

"You haven't got them in New York, or so you said."

"No. I said I didn't have them on my person or in my possession. I didn't say they were not in or near New York. Man alive, anybody would think I was trying to play you a dirty trick instead of trying to do my best to do you a favor."

"Why should you do me a favor?"

"For two reasons: In the first place it would save me time and money—the time and expense of having to go to Paris and return; a waste, since you would not make a penny more out of me; and second, I feel grateful to you for two things you did to me; not intentional, but you did them. On my honor."

Anson Wheeler looked at Caldecott and again saw the truth in the bluish-gray eyes. Why should Caldecott be grateful? He gave it up.

"I am curious to know what they are," said the collector.

"Don't be angry, Wheeler, but you have made me enjoy myself so much with your absurd notions about my smuggling, or rather about your insane desire to catch me smuggling, that it has kept me young. And second, if it had not been for you I never should have met Miss Valentine. You know, I firmly intended to use her as my intermediary in bringing in any—er—trifles I did not wish to—er—have in my valise. She was far cleverer, infinitely more artistic than a certain Mrs. Leslie that your predecessor sicked on me a year and a half ago; or Belle Allaire, under his predecessor, four years before that. I gave them some wonderful diamonds to bring in, hidden in the heels of old shoes of theirs which I ingeniously hollowed out for them in their staterooms—diamonds obtained from a theatrical costumer. The real diamonds were not in the heels of any shoes, collector! But Belle certainly was very pretty, very attractive. If only she had not been so confoundedly Circe-like!"

Caldecott frowned and then began to laugh—at some amusing recollection.

"I never heard the details."

"They are not interesting. Your predecessor was even more

(Continued on Page 105)



*The Gem Expert Was Seen Going Into Turner's Room. Turner Was Sent Away to Comfort the Waiting Myrtle*

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(Continued from Page 102)

stupid than you—er—than you imagine, Mister Collector. But what I wish to know is: Do you wish to collect the duties on three very wonderful rubies which cost me a trifle less than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars?"

"If you say they cost you one hundred and fifty thousand dollars they must be worth double that."

"No. I buy cheaply; I don't steal. I'd buy for a dollar and fifty cents and sell for three dollars if I were a poor man. But I could not buy anything for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and sell it for three hundred thousand dollars without feeling like a thief. And I wouldn't pay one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for something worth twice that in order to make a profit of only five per cent. No! I paid one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and you shouldn't appraise them for a cent over one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars."

The collector shook his head with a smile, but Caldecott said very seriously: "You know very well that I know a great deal better than your appraiser what the market value of the rubies is. Do I bring the stones and give you the duty on what we agree the stones are worth or do I sell them in Paris to somebody who may never pay the duty on them? I am serious, collector."

Wheeler considered. He saw very plainly how he could explain Caldecott's payment of the duty in such a way as to make it appear a great personal victory for Mr. Anson Wheeler.

He said: "I'll accept your offer."

"You mean, you will not ask any questions or take any steps to annoy me?"

"Oh, we shall continue to watch you, of course."

"Watch away. I shall bring my lawyer with me with certain documents for you to sign ——"

"I sign nothing."

"Helen Blazes, you haven't even given me your word that you would not yield to the temptation of making me seem guilty of smuggling if you got the chance. Suppose I agreed to come to you some day, say, a week from Thursday at three o'clock, and you had me nabbed as I left my office on my way here. Where would I be? Somebody has to guarantee fair play. In any event why don't you intelligently wait and see what my lawyer wants you to do before you begin to say you won't sign anything?"

Anson Wheeler thought; and the more he thought the more he wanted the duty on those rubies.

"Mr. Caldecott, I'll take you at your word. I'll give you any assurance you wish that I'll play square, though my word of honor ought to be enough."

"It is for me," Caldecott assured him, "but you know what lawyers are. I never intended to keep Uncle Sam from getting the duty. It does not come out of my pocket, you know. But you were so sure I couldn't do it that I just had to—er—feel like doing it."

"I still would like to know how you did it," said Anson Wheeler curiously.

"Oh, that was easy. If I dared to trust accomplices I could smuggle Westminster Abbey intact into New York, and you'd never know it. But having to play a lone hand makes it more difficult—though of course much safer."

"But I don't see how you could ——"

"What you don't see," interrupted Caldecott pleasantly, "is how I did, not how I could. Of course, I could do it in dozens of ways, but I only did it in one."

"How?"

"You really wish to know?"

"Yes."

"Very much?"

Caldecott looked dubiously at Anson Wheeler. His expression made the collector answer eagerly: "Yes! Very much!"

"Then take this down in your own handwriting, dated to-morrow."

And Caldecott dictated:

"Referring to your favor of yesterday, in which you state that the Duke deMeryonvilliers, of Paris, France, has sold to you the three rubies known as the Meryonvilliers Collection and that for certain delicate reasons the Duke insisted upon the rubies reaching your New York office without the character of a parcel containing them being known to anybody, and that you expect that parcel to be in your possession within a few days, I beg to reply affirmatively to your question, to wit: If you will, as you say, take the rubies to the appraiser's office and pay whatever duty may be levied on them, this office will hold that you have complied with all the requirements of the law and therefore you will not be molested or in any way interfered with by anyone from this office.

"Yours truly,

"ANSON WHEELER,
"Collector of the Port.

"To Cecil Caldecott, Esq.,
"Jewelers' Guild Building,
"New York City."

Wheeler finished writing the letter, read it over very carefully and gave it to Caldecott, who also read it and handed it back to the collector, saying: "I shall write you a letter and send it by messenger. Then you will send this one back to me by messenger. To-morrow you and Miss Valentine will dine with me at the Ritz and after everybody there feels that everybody there is pretty nice and that everybody has been laboring under a misapprehension of the facts—why, then I'll show you how easy it is for anybody to smuggle—if only he has brains, nerve, money and a sense of humor."

"I don't know ——" began Anson Wheeler dubiously.

"I can promise you it will be a very fine dinner. But Miss Valentine ought to be there. I don't mind telling you that I think she is clever, but miscast here. You must accept my invitation for her. If, however, one or the other of you is not free, then you two name the night and we'll dine at the Ritz at seven. When will you see her?"

"Hold on a moment. I'll see if she is home."

He reached for his desk telephone and told his operator to get Miss Valentine.

After a moment: "Miss Valentine? . . . Mr. Wheeler speaking. . . . Collector's office. . . . Yes. . . . Very well, thank you. And you? . . . That's good. . . . Miss Valentine, I have received a dinner invitation for you and me for to-morrow night. Are you free? . . . Fine! . . . The host is your friend, Mr. Cecil Caldecott. He is going to pay the duty. . . . No, he offered to do it voluntarily. . . . And he is going to tell us ——"

"To show you," corrected Mr. Cecil Caldecott.

"To show us how he did it. Ritz-Carlton, to-morrow night at seven. Good-by!"

Wheeler turned to Caldecott and repeated "To-morrow at seven! At the Ritz-Carlton!"

Caldecott nodded, smiled, hesitated and held out his hand.

"I might as well," he said, "if you are going to break bread with me to-morrow night. But you are going to feel sorry when you see how simply it was done."

"No, I won't, if I get the money," promised Anson Wheeler. "That is what I am here for."

### XVII

ANSON WHEELER called for Miss Valentine in his motor and together they drove to the Ritz-Carlton. They found Caldecott waiting for them.

He was a model host. In the first place he saw to it that the dinner was admirably served. He gave to the menu the care that an orchestra leader should give to his program. He spoke entertainingly of his gem-hunting in India, in Africa, in China, in South America and in the wilds of Paris, London and St. Petersburg. He told them the inside history of how several "lost" historic gems had been recovered. In some of these recoveries he had been the Sherlock Holmes, and Anson Wheeler began to suspect that his host did not have to smuggle in order to make money. Of course, there remained the motive power of adventure, but Caldecott had told him repeatedly that smuggling was too easy to be sporty.

Caldecott led the conversation into politics, and Wheeler told them unprinted stories of political life, of fights among the leaders, of intrigues and betrayals, how nominations were secured—and lost.

Caldecott listened as well as he spoke; indeed better, for by listening he enabled Anson Wheeler to show conclusively what a wonderful man Mr. Wheeler was, to know so much that newspaper readers didn't.

But there was no mention of what had happened to the Meryonvilliers rubies.

After the coffee, when the cigarettes were lighted, Wheeler said with a smile: "Caldecott, I may as well admit that though I


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have had a very enjoyable dinner I am more than ever curious to know just how you managed to get rid of the rubies."

"Oh, I just told a customer what they were like and he bought them sight unseen, on my say-so. It's the only way to do. Unless you capitalize your knowledge so that it makes the practice of your vocation both profitable and frictionless you might as well remain an ignoramus—or a smuggler-catcher." And he smiled at Miss Valentine.

"That wasn't worthy of you," she said, in a tone a trifle too cold to be playful.

"It was a profound truth. Let us say, for instance, that you found me violating the law and that you told your chief: 'Caldecott has smuggled.' Would I go to jail? No; not until you told what you knew about me, and if your chief believed your story I'd be arrested. And after that his superiors would have to prove the case before a judge and jury. Now all I have to do is to tell a man: 'That is a very fine emerald. It weighs so much and is worth so much.' And what I say is not only accepted with faith but even with gratitude. My knowledge is an asset to me. It is capitalizable at many thousands a year. Your knowledge merely enables you to hold your job. Another person whose knowledge may be only half of yours probably gets the same salary. So you see ——"

"Yes! But did you actually bring the rubies in?"

"You really mean, am I a smuggler, don't you?"

"Yes."

"No man is a smuggler unless he is caught, because smuggling is not one of the natural crimes. Moreover, I am going into the movie business."

"I hear there isn't the big money there used to be," said Wheeler.

"Of course there is! More than ever. What's happened is that the public is more critical and no longer swallows motion-photography stunts for the novelty. If producers were not the biggest asses in the world, next to the directors and closely following the exhibitors and the professional smuggler catchers, there wouldn't be so much talk of bad business. I am going into it because it looks like a gamble and it really isn't. When you bet on what is good you don't gamble. The trouble is in knowing what is good; and I am betting that I know. I may be wrong. That's the gamble. But I'll always take a chance to learn how big an ass I am—or how accurate my judgment is."

"I gather you don't often lose," said Miss Valentine with a shade of mockery in her voice. She didn't relish being compelled to admire this man's brains.

"I have come very near it at times," said Caldecott slowly. "The last time was on the Meuse. I knew that you were on the boat for the purpose of leading me toward jail and a fine—to say nothing of the confiscation of the rubies. But I was crazy to experiment with your sense of honor. At the last moment I was afraid to take the chance, owing to circumstances beyond my control."

"To wit?"

"Something about Edna Valentine that made gambling unsafe and therefore unintelligent."

"I don't get that," interjected Wheeler with a tolerant smile. He forgave Caldecott. It was a wonderful dinner.

"It wasn't intended that you should. By the way, my motion-picture company has just produced a novelty in motion plays and I want you to see it."

"But, look here, Caldecott, you promised ——"

"The evening is young. You come and see the first C. Square picture. You won't regret it."

Anson Wheeler looked dubious, but Miss Valentine cried: "Oh, let's see it! I think Mr. Caldecott means to surprise us."

Caldecott looked at her curiously. She stared back and asked a trifle superciliously: "Must I always be stupid and blind?"

"We would get along famously, if we had to, don't you think?" he said.

She shrugged her beautiful shoulders, whereupon Caldecott said pleasantly to Wheeler: "You will have to be very good-natured to-night, Mister Collector."

Wheeler smiled uncertainly, not having the remotest idea of what Caldecott was driving at.

Caldecott's automobile took them to the C. Square Corporation's office on West Twenty-third Street. Walter Townsend, his director, was waiting for them.

"Miss Valentine, let me present Mr. Walter Townsend, our director. Wheeler, I think you already know Mr. Townsend!"

"You are the man who brought a photographer to take pictures of my office ——"

"And of yourself, sir," smiled Townsend.

"H'm!" muttered Wheeler. He shot a sharp look at Caldecott, who thereupon said cheerfully: "Come, collector!"

And he led the way, with Miss Valentine on his arm.

In the room where the screen was the two couples found seats somewhat apart, Wheeler and Townsend sitting beside each other.

Mr. Caldecott was able to whisper to Miss Valentine: "Would you really have delivered me into Wheeler's hands, tied hand and foot?"

"You must remember I asked for no confidences."

"No. You never vamped me once, like the others. I saw that you were subtle and dangerous; not because you were beautiful but because you were ——"

He paused.

"Finish, why don't you?"

"Some things are better left unsaid. They hurt the pride of young ladies who have no business to go into certain lines of—of business!"

The projecting machine began to whir.

"I don't know that I am called to explain my business to you," she began icily.

"No. But you are going to do it, anyhow, aren't you?"

She hesitated a moment; then: "I went into it because I thought it would be more interesting than journalism. What I really would like is the diplomatic end of the game."

She looked at him half defiantly. Then she looked sorry that she had explained. A person who makes self-excuses fights on the defensive and therefore loses, particularly when a man smiles a forgiving paternal smile.

"I understand," he said kindly. "It's in all the old novels about secret European diplomacy and international intrigues. But my dear child, you lack the very qualities that make for success. Of course you know you ——"

He paused and looked at her steadily.

"I know what?" she said impatiently.

"You know you don't play fair. Now, in a person who has your eyes and your hair and your complexion and your figure and your marvelous hands, unfair play is both crass stupidity and a breach of professional ethics. It should have been obvious to you when you met a man like me that the proper move was ——"

He ceased because she gasped. In letters of fire she saw the title on the screen:

MORE PRECIOUS THAN RUBIES

This was followed by a picture of the three Meryonvilliers rubies—a masterpiece of beautiful color.

Then came the people who had worn the rubies—queens of the Orient and of the Occident, and their crowns. And the treasure caves of the Great Mogul, and the sword hilt of a mighty conqueror. The acquisition of the rubies by the great ducal family of France. Caldecott in his office. A man in Paris losing money at the roulette tables, and the cabling to New York's greatest gem expert—who looked surprisingly like Cecil Caldecott—receiving the cable and answering it. The haggling, the acceptance, the dickering by telephone with the great Wall Street operator, Mr. X. The latter's office with the magnate standing beside the ticker in the act of making the stock market contribute the price of the rubies, one million dollars.

A facsimile of the section of the tariff law relating to the duty on unset cut precious stones—twenty per cent *ad valorem*.

The duty—two hundred thousand dollars—well worth saving!

Views of the penitentiary!

Having agreed to show the magnate the rubies before asking for the twelve hundred thousand dollar check the gem expert immediately advertises for a secretary. Advertisement shown.

"That," explained Caldecott to Miss Valentine, "was because then I could know I was constantly watched; and then of course I wouldn't get careless; and then of course I couldn't possibly be caught. Do you see?"

"No."

"I do. Of course, the next thing was to organize a moving-picture company."

"Why?"

*(Continued on Page 109)*

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(Continued from Page 106)

"My dear child, think a minute."

"You know very well there is no connection between the two things."

"Certainly there is. It is always well when you have fun to make your fun make money for you. It is the only way of making sure of being overpaid. I had to get a man talked about so that he could bring the rubies ashore without danger. I therefore invented the Montana miner you are about to see, and his nephew."

There followed the pictures pretty much as Caldecott had suggested to Walter Townsend and Robert Turner, down to the proposal of marriage in the theater.

The scene shifted to Paris.

The gem expert was there shown obtaining the rubies from the Duke, then leaving Paris and going aboard the Meuse. A girl detective, who did not look very much like Edna, followed the gem expert and bribed the deck steward to put her steamer chair next to his. The same person, shown snooping about the gem expert's stateroom.

"I didn't do that," protested Miss Valentine irrepressively.

Caldecott laughed. Then he apologized.

"Well, I couldn't make her as subtle as you. The audiences wouldn't get it. You used helplessness and sorrow and a heartbroken, soul-weary voice to do the trick, and those things don't reproduce well in pictures. I couldn't help but admire you. If I hadn't known what you were after the moment I saw you ——"

"You didn't know it at all," asserted Miss Valentine.

"I had on a French hat and a French collar and a French necktie such as no American would wear unless he wished to pass for a Frenchman. When you spoke to me in English after I answered in French it was like giving me your official card. Indeed, it was worse. It was like a woman."

"You rather like to dramatize all your actions with yourself as the superhero, don't you?"

"Oh, no."

The gem expert was shown in his stateroom throwing an alcohol lamp overboard after carefully tearing off a small piece of the label. Then he was shown placing the scrap where it would surely be found, trying one spot and then another. Then, rubbing a little melted chocolate on the carpet near the washstand and making a drop drip down the side of the stand—as if it had boiled over.

"Do you know why I threw the lamp away?"

"No."

"In the first place I got the lamp so that the clever detective would know that I had it. Had I merely hidden the lamp under the berth and left it there you would have very properly suspected a plant. I knew you would find the piece of label and the chocolate drops and would think I had covered the rubies with melted chocolate and would give them to you to bring ashore in the box of candy. Of course, I never intended to do this, but I find a man has to keep a girl busy or else she won't be interested in him. Let her deduce to her heart's content and she will do anything for you."

"I think," she began angrily, "that I could kill ——"

"I really don't think you could—quite. But I begin to suspect that your greatest intellectual achievement has been your pale-gold hair; and, next, your baby complexion. You sometimes look the kind of a girl that a man wants not only to protect, but to do her thinking for."

Then came the various episodes such as the throwing overboard of the box of candy, the expert's examination at the pier, the reluctant confession of failure on the part of the inspectors, the trips to the Merriwether house, the Grand Central Station, the hotel and the visit to the Rollin Weeks Wrecking Company.

"Why all that?"

"To afford you the pleasure of guessing, and me the pleasure of making you lose time following false clews."

Then Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner was seen going on the steamer and Myrtle Montgomery beckoning from the pier to him to come and marry her, while he yelled, "I can't swim a stroke!"

Turner went into his cabin, the very same that the gem expert had occupied coming over. Putting on the life preserver he found under the berth Turner jumped overboard, was fished out, was duly embraced by Myrtle before all the reporters, and then whisked to his hotel—the same hotel at which the gem expert was stopping.

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Valentine.

"Of course!" laughed Caldecott.

Then the gem expert telephoned to the Wall Street magnate who bought the rubies and went into the office of the wholesale jeweler's to borrow one hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds to put into his bag.

"Would you have shot Tonkin if he had tried to take the bag away from you?" asked Wheeler.

"Certainly," replied Caldecott. "You see, I needed that bag in my business."

The gem expert was seen going into Turner's room. Turner was sent away to comfort the waiting Myrtle and the gem expert opened the life preserver and out of a hole in the cork slab carefully fished out the package containing the three rubies. He put them in the bag that held the one hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. After throwing the detective off the scent he went to the millionaire's library and gave him the rubies, which the magnate put away in a secret safe. From there the expert went to the custom house, to the private office of the collector of the port, talked earnestly to Mr. Wheeler, and then paid the duty, grinning broadly the while.

"That's why they took my pictures," said Wheeler.

"That's why," confirmed Caldecott.

The whirring of the picture machine ceased abruptly; then the lights went up.

"You took a big risk," said Wheeler in the condescending voice that all politicians acquire after they hold an office that gives them scores of subordinates, all looking for promotion. "I may say an unwarranted risk, when you put the rubies in the life preserver."

"No risk at all. I had five ways of bringing them in. But I am not going to tell them to you. I think if she tried very hard Miss Valentine might induce me to tell her."

Miss Valentine's beautiful blue eyes—the color turquoises might have had if the Lord had intended turquoises to be really beautiful and therefore had soaked them in melted May skies—looked steadily into Mr. Caldecott's—which she now saw were no longer a warm gray blue, but a cold blue gray. They were the eyes of a man who would risk greatly and smile the while; whose active and ingenious mind was a veritable storehouse of curious knowledge; who had an interesting and decidedly attractive personality and a history like an entire shelf of romances. They were the eyes of a man strong and healthy and quick-gaited and fearless, with secrets and surprises and fascinating depths and elusive phases and instant comprehension—a man to know, to be interested in.

"I wonder ——" she began perplexedly, unaware that she was expressing her doubts aloud.

"If you begin by wondering," interrupted Caldecott so calmly that it took away all semblance of rudeness, "you will end by doubting; and doubt is always failure."

She felt herself growing red, but not with anger, rather with chagrin. She didn't wish to know what he had smuggled or how, but rather why. But above all things she wanted this man to tell her with his own lips because he couldn't help it; because he could hide nothing from her. He was very unlike all other men. She had never met one like him before, and the reason was simple.

There was nobody in the world quite like him. He interested her because from what she knew of him there must be so much more of him to know!

She suddenly remembered a remark of his, something that he had told her on the steamer:

"My dear young lady, what you are pleased to call living is less a matter of life than of payments; we have to pay with some sort of coin for pleasure, for friendship, for love."

A resolute look came into her eyes. He could not see it.

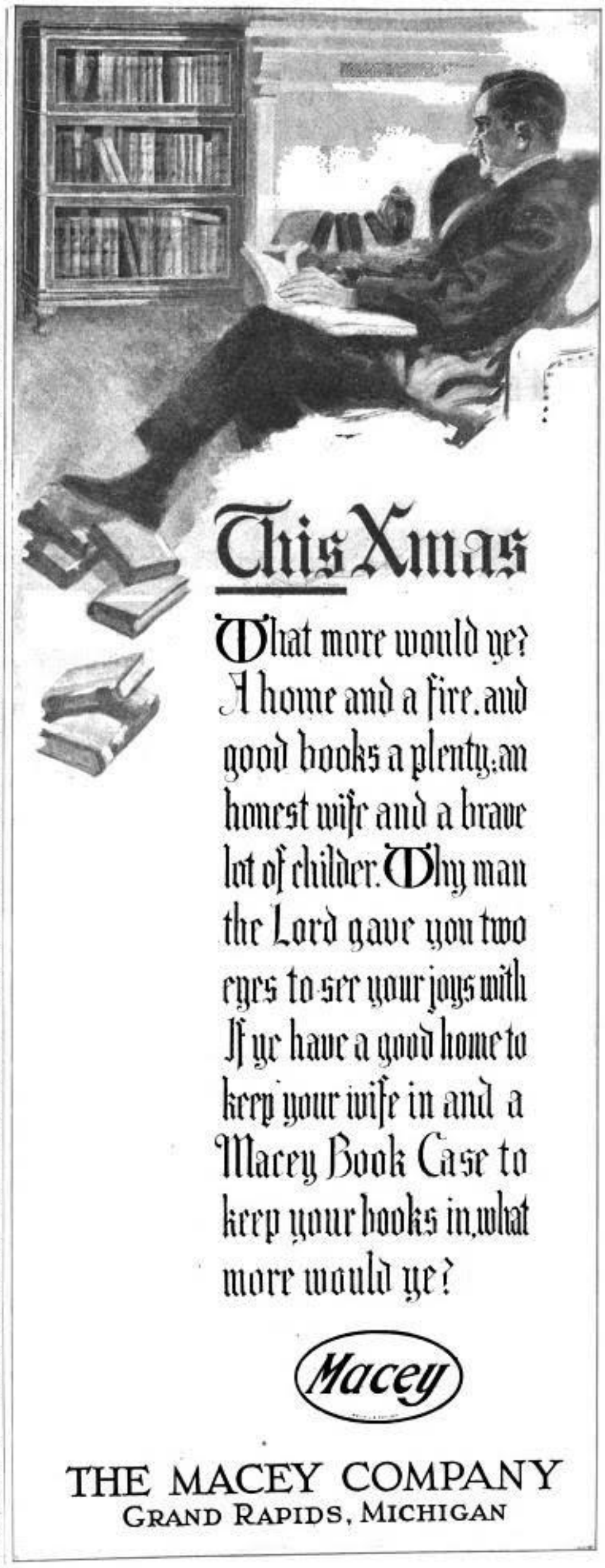
"Mr. Caldecott," she said, in a timid voice, "do you remember, on the steamer, you asked me ——"

She hesitated.

"I asked you so many things!" he smiled.

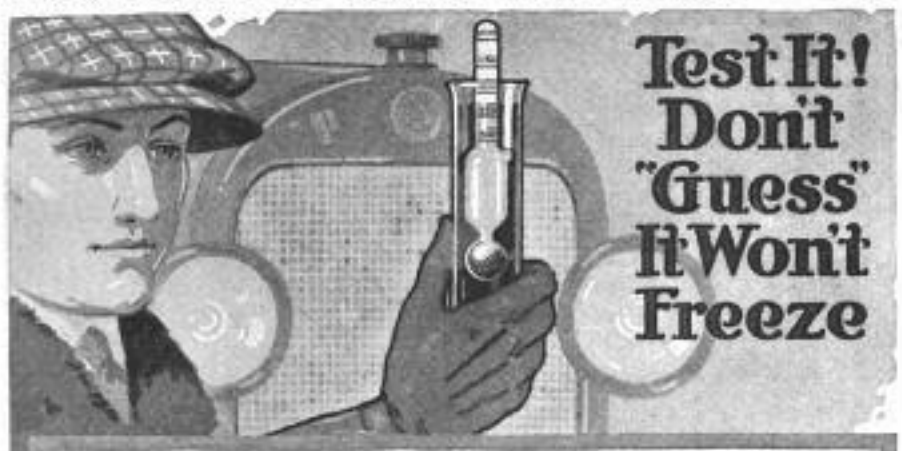
"Will you come to see me?" she whispered, "when you feel as lonely as—as you said?"

"I wouldn't be so cruel," he answered cheerfully. "There are nights that seem very long, but books were written to be read in bed by a man whose loneliness is merely




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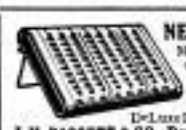
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rhetorical, manufactured for use on the deck of an ocean liner when a pretty girl has the next chair to his."

Then turning to Wheeler, he said in a lower voice: "Well, Mister Collector, what do you think of that picture? Are you going to let us use the scene in your office?"

*XVIII*

FOUR days later Mr. Cecil Caldecott was notified that a registered letter from Paris was at the general post-office awaiting him and that he must go thither and open it before the customs officials.

He telephoned to Mr. George G. Carnarvon, called at the latter's residence, and from there went to the post office. He entered the room where two United States customs men looked at him with unusual interest when he told them his name and his errand.

They took the parcel out of a safe, gave it to him and he opened it before their eyes. It was wrapped in many thicknesses of paper. They watched him unwrap it with flattering attention.

It was a small leather case. He showed it to them and said:

"I've spoken to the collector about this. Kindly get him on the phone and tell him I don't want to open the package except in his office."

"You mean the deputy surveyor, don't you?" asked one of the men.

"No," said Caldecott coldly; "I mean Mr. Anson Wheeler, collector of the Port of New York. If you think you know his business and mine better than both of us I've nothing more to say."

"I beg your pardon," said the inspector, and instantly called up the collector's office. Presently he said: "Yes, sir. Right away, sir," and rising said to Mr. Caldecott:

"He is waiting for you, sir. Do you mind if I walk with you?"

Caldecott laughed. "No," he said; "it will give me the happiest five minutes of my life to walk with a man in your business."

At the collector's office Mr. Anson Wheeler was waiting for them.

"Good afternoon, Mister Collector!"

"Good afternoon, Mr. Caldecott!" And he shook hands. Caldecott took from his pocket the little leather case, which was tied with a strong tape about it. The inspector nodded. It was quite obviously the same box that Caldecott had put in his pocket at the post office.

Wheeler opened it and took out the three rubies, each in its little black-velvet bag.

"Oh," he said cheerfully, "let's get the appraiser at once and get done with it."

They went to Colonel Glover's office, and there Mr. Watrous, the gem appraiser, who knew what was expected of him, began to hem and haw.

"Mister Collector," said Caldecott, "please tell Mr. Watrous right off the bat that if he appraises these rubies unfairly they go back to Paris. I think a value of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars ——"

"No, sir!" interrupted Watrous vehemently.

"Who would give over that for them?"

"I would," declared Mr. Watrous with a frown.

"I suppose," said Caldecott resignedly, "that I'll have to pay on one hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"On two hundred and fifty thousand dollars you mean."

"Like hell! Mister Collector, please! They are going into bond, and from there we'll send them back to Paris."

"Mr. Watrous," said the collector with an Olympian jocularity, "what is our bargain price to Mr. Caldecott?"

"Two fifty," promptly answered Watrous.

"Come on, Mister Collector, I told you I would ——"

"Is two hundred thousand dollars fair, Mr. Watrous!" the collector asked.

"Not to the Government," said Watrous, frowning furiously.

"Nor to my family," put in Caldecott angrily.

"Since both of you think it's wrong it must be right," said the collector. "You will pay the duty on two hundred thousand dollars, Mr. Caldecott, please."

Caldecott took from his pocket a wallet, and from the wallet four certified checks. He examined them, selected one, gave it to the collector and put the rest in his wallet.

"I came prepared to pay it, but I didn't expect that I'd have to."

"No? I'll bet you a cigar that what you had in your pocket would pay the duty on more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars," said Watrous.

"You are wrong," Caldecott told him gravely and passed a cigar to the appraiser, who thereupon smiled and shook hands with him. He also smiled.

In the collector's office Anson Wheeler spoke to Caldecott.

"So your movie was all a fake!"

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, you just got that parcel from Paris with the rubies in it."

"Well, of course, I might have had imitation rubies on the boat for Miss Valentine's benefit and ordered the real ones sent on from Paris a couple of weeks after my departure so that if you caught me with the fake ones I would have had the laugh on you anyhow."

"Oh, was that it?"

"Or," pursued Caldecott imperturbably, "I might have had fake ones sent from Paris so that there could be no comeback about the duty in case you refused to accept my offer. I'd use them to legalize the duty payment."

"But I don't see how that would help you. Besides, they were genuine."

"Oh, I might have had the real ones in my pocket in a replica of the package that came by mail; and I would give the appraiser the genuine ones in front of witnesses, and then after I paid the duty I would walk away with both boxes in my pocket—just like this, collector!"

And with a friendly wave of the hand Mr. Cecil Caldecott quickly left the collector's room.

Anson Wheeler jumped to his feet as the door closed.

"Damn him!" he cried, and shook his clenched fist in a southerly direction.

He was still at it when Miss Valentine walked in.

"Why, what's the matter? I came to say good-by and ——"

"Did you meet Caldecott?"

"Yes," answered Miss Valentine, and frowned.

"Did you speak to him?"

"No, I didn't," she snapped. Then with an inexplicable hopefulness in her voice she asked: "What has he done now?"

"Well, he paid forty thousand dollars duty on the three rubies. He got a parcel by registered mail from Paris in which he said the rubies came."

"He said he did!" sniffed Miss Valentine.

"When I told him that he hadn't brought the rubies in hidden in the life preserver he smiled and said maybe those he showed you were fakes."

"They were not!" contradicted Miss Valentine vehemently.

"Well, he admitted that perhaps your friend Caldecott was only joshing me and that he might have had the two jewel cases in his pocket."

"It is quite possible that he did," said Miss Valentine thoughtfully; "but he carries his fun, as he calls it, too far. Granting that he really had two packages in his pocket and that one contained fake rubies, we can at least find out who his customer is now."

"That's true," said Wheeler, and rang for his private secretary.

"Do you mean to say you didn't have him followed?" asked Miss Valentine incredulously.

"Well, I got a certified check for the duty and ——"

"Just like a man!" she groaned.

"It isn't too late; he can't be very far. Come on," said Wheeler. Together they rushed down.

At the foot of the stairs Miss Valentine asked scathingly: "Now, Mister Collector, out of which door do you think he left? You take that one, and I'll see if he went out on this side."

They met a minute later.

"Of course, it is hopeless now," she said disgustedly.

"He will have to go to his office ——" began Wheeler.

"Not for at least three days," she said with conviction.

And she was right. The rubies she had seen were the famous De Meryonvilliers rubies and Caldecott was not needed at his office.



(THE END)

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# MADE IN GERMANY

(Continued from Page 22)

"But this condition of war, which extends to every class and individual, is not socialism. It is the patriotic development of individualism, where we all unite our efforts to support the Government, and for the time being and for that specific purpose surrender to the Chief Executive of the Government all means of production and all means of communication that can be better controlled by him in producing and transporting more supplies than by individual enterprise. I don't believe Mr. Baruch has any idea that government control will continue beyond the war; or that he would have such control continue. He has been too successful as an individualist to be willing to become simply a cog in a government machine, just like every other cog, and devoid of greater intelligence than the hundred million other cogs. That would be socialism as I understand it, and I don't believe Mr. Baruch could now reduce himself to a common cog if he tried."

"But Secretary Morrison says that the 'work or fight' amendment to the draft bill was meant as a reflection on union labor?"

"More evidence of class sensitiveness or phrase-making, in my humble judgment. Mr. Morrison sometimes reminds me of a character in an old comedy who had just one short line, 'I wonder if he means me,' and repeated that line every time any other character made any remark about anybody or anything. The substance of that amendment is already in the law of May 16, 1918, and President Wilson has used his power under that law to bring the Bridgeport strikers to a sense of their responsibility to the Government. That amendment was also in line with the editorial of Mr. Gompers, which I suppose meets the approval of Mr. Morrison. This is not a good time for any responsible leader of men to 'wonder if he means me' when any legislation is proposed to help win the war."

### Mr. Hay's Model Speech

"What do you think about Mr. Gompers' mission to Europe?"

"John Hay was one of the most popular and successful ambassadors we have sent to England in the last half century. When Mr. Hay arrived in London his fellow craftsmen in literature gave him a banquet, and as it was just before the war with Spain, the world was curious to know what he would say. But John Hay the literary man and John Hay the Ambassador of the United States were two different characters. Mr. Hay delivered a delightful talk to his fellow literary men on the subject of Pumpkin Pie as the most typical product of Uncle Sam. We all enjoyed Mr. Hay's humor over here, and I understand that the Englishmen caught on; but the curiosity as to the policy of the United States was not satisfied by that speech. On foreign policies Ambassador Hay spoke only to the Prime Minister or to the Queen of England, and then as directed by the Secretary of State or the President of the United States. There are some old forms and customs which I would preserve, and this is one of them. I would have our ambassadors represent our foreign policies as directed by the President, and save a babel of tongues as to this, that or the other policy of the American people. If I were in the President's place I think I would have John Hay's Pumpkin Pie speech reprinted and have every American visitor to Europe supplied with a copy as a model for speeches and interviews while out of the country during the war."

"Are you opposed to labor unions?"

"Oh, no. In these days of great combinations of effort, labor must be organized as well as capital. But I suppose I would be called a scab by some of the radical labor men because I have on occasion exercised the right to work regardless of prejudice, rule or even law. When I was a boy out in the Wabash country I worked in the field with a black man, and saw my father's horse and cow sold at auction to pay the fine for that offense against a well-established prejudice of that day. My father was a Quaker and had emigrated from North Carolina that his children might escape competition with slave labor, and though Indiana was a free state it had what were called the Black Laws, which practically prohibited the employment of free negroes as laborers. The Woodward family in our Quaker settlement fell heir to an estate in Alabama. There was a plantation, some money and a good many slaves. The ownership or inheritance of slaves was contrary to the Quaker conscience, and this inheritance became the subject of sober consideration by the Quaker meeting, to which the heirs submitted the question. The men's meeting discussed it and the women's meeting considered it, and then in joint session they decided that the heirs should accept the inheritance, bring the slaves to Indiana, manumit them, and use the money realized from the sale of other property to purchase land on which they should be settled as freedmen.

"My father was selected as the agent to go to Alabama and carry out the plan of settlement agreed upon at the Quaker meeting. He went South and in due time returned on a steamboat with about fifty thousand dollars and half a hundred negroes. The report of his coming up the Wabash with those negroes caused a commotion in that part of the country, and a considerable crowd met the boat at the landing to prevent the negroes from coming ashore. It was something of a mob, with the usual mob spirit. But the captain of the boat gave father a big pistol, and he at the head of his black immigrants walked down the plank. He was not stopped, for the crowd had a feeling that the nonresistance doctrine of the Quakers would not be observed on that occasion.

"The negroes were formally manumitted and settled in a colony of their own on a tract of land purchased with the money part of the inheritance, and they became thrifty colonists in time, not as communists but as individualists. There were several carpenters and blacksmiths as well as farmers and house servants among them, and they needed outside work in the beginning. The Quakers, being responsible for the immigration, did what they could to help them. The Indiana Black Laws were something like vagrancy laws in some parts of the country now, and made it unlawful to employ any negro who had not given bond that he would not become a public charge. The laws were capable of being used to prevent any black man from securing work, and they were so used in that section of the state, where the majority of the people had come from the South, were in sympathy with slavery and bitterly hostile to the Abolitionists."

### Laws Against the Right to Work

"My father employed one of these negroes to work on his little farm and my brothers and I worked with him while father was kept busy with his practice as a country doctor. There is where I broke the union rule, I suppose. The Black Laws were invoked and my father was haled to court for violating the law. The trial attracted much attention and T. H. Nelson, of Terre Haute, defended father. He produced evidence and compelled the judge to admit that he had been shaved that morning by a negro who had not given bond, and that he had another negro as a servant, contrary to that law. But the judge in his instructions to the jury held that the services of the barber and the house servant did not come within the prohibition.

"My father was fined to the limit of the law as a warning to the Abolitionists. He was a stubborn Quaker and refused to pay the fine. Friends offered to pay it for him and the Quaker meeting offered to raise the money, but he said 'Nay, nay; the court has adjudged the penalty and it may collect the fine according to the law.' So the sheriff came and took the horse which father had ridden in his ministrations to the sick, those of his persecutors as well as those of his friends, and sold it at public auction.

"The old saddle horse did not bring enough to pay the fine and costs, and the sheriff seized my mother's favorite cow.

"I was young and undisciplined then, and that sale made an indelible impression. I have ever since been somewhat prejudiced against laws or rules which denied a man's right to work. I am not opposed to collective bargaining as to wages or hours, but I am opposed to the collective boycott which says that a man shall not obey the first divine command that he shall eat his bread in the sweat of his face."

"Have you found much class consciousness among the people?"





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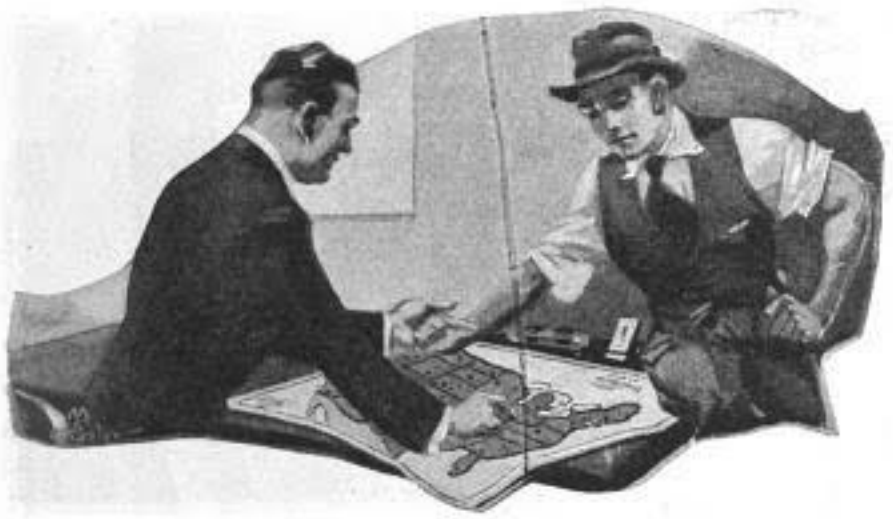
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"No; when you get down to the people and away from the so-called leaders. Out in Danville we have just folks who know each other and pretty generally respect each other. I suspect that is true of almost every community, except the great cities, where the newspapers try to create a Four Hundred; but that is largely if not entirely social camouflage; and I have been inclined to accept New York multimillionaires as folks since I have seen them here in Washington working along with other folks to win the war, and working for a dollar a year, while some of our classes are striking for a dollar an hour. I found some of these plutocrats were old acquaintances whom I had known as clerks in government departments years ago, and they came back with the everyday work habits they had of old. I have also noticed that the railroad presidents and directors, the men who controlled the telegraph and telephone systems and other big enterprises representing billions of private capital, have gracefully accepted the action of the President in taking control of their properties for war emergencies.

"And on the other hand I have noted that Director General McAdoo recently felt called upon to remind the railroad workers that since the Government took control of the railroads he had increased their annual pay by nearly half a billion dollars, making necessary largely increased freight and passenger rates to the public, and admonishing them that they must not assume a public-be-damned attitude toward the public just because they are now on the government pay roll. I hadn't heard that expression for nearly forty years, and it sounded strange in a general order from the Director General within six months after the Government took control of all transportation facilities as a war measure.

"But the great majority of us are of the masses, American folks pulling together to win the war, and it is a poor time for any part of the population to talk about classes or to set themselves apart from the rest of us and claim special privileges either to obtain exemption from fighting or to earn greater profits because of the war. I don't believe that the workingmen—there are forty millions of them—want to be other than folks. We are a lot of folks living in communities from Maine to California, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. We have a pretty fair acquaintance with and opinion of all other folks with whom we come in personal contact as fellow townsmen or country neighbors; for someone well said that it is difficult to hate a man whom you really know. We sometimes acquire prejudices against people living in other states or communities from reading newspapers and hearing Chautauqua orators who thunder against an imaginary class, which, like the 'milk-sick,' is always over in the next county. But when these attacks are brought home to us we generally get back to the relation of folks, and are sometimes like the old lady at the camp meeting who met the preacher's declaration of the doctrine of infant damnation with 'I thank my God that is a lie.'"

### *Our Ancient Spirit of Liberty*

"I have had some experiences of this character which gave me a much greater appreciation of the people whom I call my folks out in Danville, folks who include railroad workers, miners, shopmen, farmers and business men; and when this war began do you know that the first call under the draft did not touch Danville, because more than our quota had already volunteered and were in the Army? I'm kind o' proud of my folks, but I suppose every other man in Congress has folks of whom he is just as proud, and if we could assemble all the hundred million American folks in Europe so that the Kaiser could see them he would understand that he is not dealing with classes.

"This 65th Congress has appropriated and authorized the expenditure of $53,000,000,000 for the conduct of the war against Germany. That is more money than was disbursed by this government in peace and war from the date of its organization in 1789 down to April 6, 1917, when we declared war against Germany. We also have more men in the Army and Navy ready to fight than were engaged in all former wars, including that of the Revolution. Can you find a better answer to the complaint that the American people have ceased to be devoted to the cause of liberty—liberty for all mankind everywhere as well as at home—than this outpouring of men and money in the years of 1917 and 1918 by the unanimous vote of Congress and with practically the unanimous approval of the masses of American men and women? No, the ideals of the American people have not changed. They are still the same as they were when the Republic was established 140 years ago. I have little patience with those who prate about the decadence of the spirit of liberty in this country and howl for socialism or pure democracy in a land dedicated to liberty, equality of opportunity and justice in the beginning, and so gloriously upheld in this year of our Lord 1918."

"You haven't mentioned the Non-Partisan League."

"Well, I don't know much about that organization except from hearsay; but when the farmers get off the reservation they generally go the limit and indulge in all the ghost dancing that is known to them. It has always been so; perhaps because the farmers are freer in their actions, political and otherwise, than are city men. They live in closer touch with Nature, have more natural elements to contend with, and when drought or flood or grasshoppers come or things go wrong they are just as likely to blame the Government as God. The grange movement was radical in its beginning, and so was the Farmers' Alliance, the first following after the greenback craze and the latter embracing W. J. Bryan and free silver."

### *Old as the Envy of Cain*

"Jerry Simpson was probably the most radical socialist we ever had in Congress, and he was elected by the farmers of Kansas. William Allen White, who is considered an authority on Kansas and Kansan reforms, at that time said: 'Nowhere else is the American socialist so earnest, so outspoken and so unhampered by scruples as in Kansas.' They called the Kansas movement the new socialism, but Mr. White said it was the old socialism, as old as the envy of Cain, and that the only new thing about it was the conditions left by busted booms in Kansas, where people who had expected to get rich on borrowed capital adopted the phrase 'the rights of the user are paramount to the rights of the owner,' and grew hysterical about mortgages until they followed Mrs. Lease's advice to 'raise more hell and less corn and wheat!'

"I suppose the Non-Partisan League is the result of another like condition in the Northwest, where the farmers are in the majority and are trying to correct the mistakes of Nature and their own by making laws that benefit only themselves. I am told that in one of the states controlled by the league they have enacted a law to tax all city automobiles to secure revenue for good roads, and provide that none of this revenue shall be used to build or repair any road within five miles of a city. That is class legislation pure and simple, and yet it is a fair sample of socialism as it is put forward by those who adopt it as a slogan; the same kind of socialism that Haywood had for the I. W. W. and Debs had for his party—government for a class.

"There is one difference between the farmer socialist and the city socialist, however. The farmers are not much given to internationalism. They are inclined to concentrate on their own grievances and not worry about the rest of the world. The Non-Partisan League is appropriating lawmaking to its own uses in the Northwest, and they may try to do the same thing in Washington, but I doubt if they will get very busy about the general condition of the world. I don't know of any international farmers' movement, for after all their grievances our American farmers know that they are better off than the farmers anywhere else in the world, and they do not care to come into too close competition with them, not even those across the Canadian line. I guess that the farmer is not more selfish than the rest of us, but he is not educated in altruistic phrase-making, and his socialism is confined to a more restricted orbit."

"But there have been honest efforts along socialistic and communistic lines?"

"Yes, honest and earnest efforts no doubt from the beginning of time, but they have all proved to be dreams, as beautiful as soap bubbles in the sunshine—and just as frail when they come in contact with the earth. The philosophers dreamed such dreams before the beginning of the Christian era, and they put their dreams in books, just as have the theorists of this

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later time, but I do not know of any effort they made to make their dreams real. Some of the early Christians tried to follow the teaching of Peter and 'had all things common,' but they did not make a success as did the religious orders of the Middle Ages—the Benedictine, Dominican and Franciscan monks, who renounced property, marriage and citizenship. Those monks made the greatest success in communism that has been recorded, and though I have great admiration for them I don't know where the human family would be to-day if all the men had become monks and all the women nuns two thousand years ago.

"We have had experiments in communism in this country, some of them very earnest. I think the most notable experiment was out on the Wabash in Posey County, Indiana, by Robert Owen. I once heard Robert Dale Owen tell about the origin and failure of communism at New Harmony. A German by the name of George Rapp established a communist colony there in 1815, bringing his colonists from Würtemberg in 1803 and first settling in Pennsylvania. They were schismatics from the Lutheran Church and they recognized Rapp as their leader by divine right. They believed in the Biblical injunction of holding all things in common, that celibacy was better than marriage, and that they should be one in heart and soul, but Rapp was an absolute dictator.

"In 1813 Rapp purchased thirty thousand acres of government land in Posey County, Indiana, on the banks of the Wabash and not far from its confluence with the Ohio. He moved his colony there in 1815, built a village and called it Harmonie. He had about eight hundred people, men and women, all Germans. They were industrious and frugal and were remarkably successful in a material sense, their per-capita wealth increasing from twenty-five dollars to two thousand dollars in ten years. But Rapp for some reason tired of the location and planned to go back to Pennsylvania. He commissioned George Flower, who had helped to establish a colony in Illinois, as his agent to dispose of the property. Flower interested Robert Owen in the colony. Owen was a successful cotton manufacturer at New Lanark, Scotland, and had built up a great business, but he had ideals. He had figured out that the revolution which machinery had brought to Great Britain would enable that country to have a productive capacity equal to the manual-labor power of two worlds as populous as this one. The figures astounded him and the failure of the workingmen to better their condition depressed him. It was about this time that George Flower visited Owen and told him about the German community at Harmonie. The hard-headed and soft-hearted Scotch manufacturer saw visions of success for a world-old idea in a virgin country, and he returned with George Flower to America, visited Harmonie and paid Rapp one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the plant."

### Owen's Experiment

"He then went back to Europe and interested other idealists in his plan to make Harmonie a truly ideal community. He did not intend to follow the communism of Rapp, which had built up a beehive of industry. He could not with his Scotch teachings get away from the home, the hearthstone, the family, wives, mothers and children. He wanted the humanizing influences—flowers, art, music, education and the luxuries of life. He changed the name to New Harmony and he planned for homes with sweethearts and wives, children and schools, music, literature, culture, religious and political freedom and equality. He brought back from Europe scholars, scientists, artists, musicians and intellectuals of every sort, all filled with enthusiasm over the idealizing of Rapp's materialism. Robert Dale Owen declared that there was not at that time, 1825, such another combination of cultured people to be found in a small community anywhere in America.

"But Owen extended his invitation to all people who cared to come and share in this new Eden, and within a year he had colonists from every state in the Union and from nearly every country in Europe. There was no discrimination, and vagrants from other colonizing schemes, waifs from the latest religious heresies, and ne'er-do-wells of all sorts came to join the colony; and Owen, with his ideal of liberty, equality and fraternity, took them all in. They were all to enjoy the same remuneration for their labor and they had a new and ideal democracy. They had schools and churches, an amusement hall with weekly dances, lectures on art and literature, a newspaper, pictures and flowers, and a very happy community for a year while Owen paid the bills; and Owen sunk about three hundred thousand dollars in the experiment. Then came failure, failure not only as a financial proposition but failure in its idealism, for the serpent crawled into New Harmony just as he did into Eden, and there were heartburnings, jealousies, ambitions and scheming, and in May, 1827, New Harmony ceased to be a community.

"Robert Owen went back to his cotton mills in Scotland just two years after he began his work at New Harmony, and his son said of the experiment: 'It found favor with the heterogeneous collection of radicals, enthusiastic devotees to principle, honest latitudinarians and lazy theorists, with a sprinkling of unprincipled sharpers thrown in,' but it failed. Robert Dale Owen remained in this country and became a distinguished literary man, a member of Congress and a diplomat; and though he continued an idealist he admitted that he and his father had made a serious mistake in trying 'an industrial experiment with equal remuneration to all men, the diligent and the dilatory, the skilled artisan and the common laborer, the genius and the drudge.'"

### An Antidote for Socialism

"There was another and more commonplace settlement in Southern Indiana, only a few miles east of New Harmony. Over in Spencer County a poor Kentucky family settled in 1816 and built what was called 'a half-faced camp,' or a rude hut closed on three sides and open to the weather on the fourth side. This camp was in the woods, and in that hut a boy used the fire shovel for a slate and a bit of charcoal for a pencil in writing out words and sentences and in doing sums. It was from that camp a youth walked fifteen miles to borrow a grammar from another backwoodsman in 1825, and if he had kept on for another fifteen miles he might have walked straight into New Harmony about the time when Robert Owen was surrounded by the greatest galaxy of educators and cultivated men and women to be found anywhere in the West at that time, and a perfect heaven of books.

"But the youth had not heard about New Harmony and its plan of coöperation, universal education, universal suffrage and universal happiness. He borrowed the grammar and returned to the half-faced camp in the woods, to study and in time develop the strength and purity of expression that made the Gettysburg Speech a world classic. I am rather glad that Abraham Lincoln did not hear about New Harmony, Robert Owen, and his great idea to make one big family of a lot of indiscriminate people in 1825. It might have made him a dreamer like the others who gathered there, and lost him to the country and the world.

"The Hoosiers have followed the ideals of Lincoln rather than those of Robert Owen, but they are not a prosaic people. Literature is almost as prolific as politics in Indiana, and both are of the plain folks. I sometimes wonder if the cultured men and women who assembled at New Harmony would have understood and appreciated James Whitcomb Riley as we of this generation do; or have given as hearty encouragement to other Hoosiers who have contributed to American literature, in romance and poetry and Fables in Slang. I fear they would have been quite as critical of the literary ideals of the present-day Hoosiers as they would have been of Hoosier politics, which is the nearest approach to perpetual motion that has ever been developed, because it is universal and continuous, keeps the people on a political pivot and alive to the duties and privileges of citizenship. It is not socialistic in any way, but it is a good antidote for the socialism which would substitute for citizenship of the state and the nation, citizenship of the world.

"I would let the socialists emigrate to Russia, where there now appears a good field for the abolition of all kinds of patriotism and a return to the political ideals of the cave men. I would let the parlor socialists and the college socialists go as a part of this emigration, for they are but dilettant Bolsheviks. We can spare them all because their ideas are too altruistic in expression and too savage in action to be encouraged in this country. Some college professors


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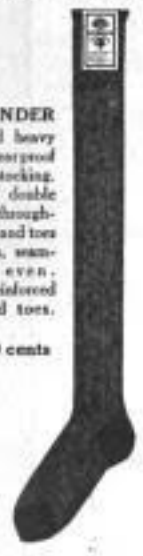
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appear to have become infatuated with internationalism and are in large measure responsible for a lot of this effort to expand citizenship beyond home and country, and I have heard that they learned this in German universities. They remind me of the expression of one of my farmer constituents who called some college professors 'educated idiots.' I haven't any use for that kind of education, especially when it is so expansive that in considering the universe it leaves out home and country, and sneers at patriotism as the last resort of knaves. Let us hold on to the old ideals that are of the home, country, individual effort and individual rewards for effort, with citizenship as the cornerstone of the state.

"We had another English settlement in Edwards County, Illinois, which did not become communistic, whatever the intentions of the founders when they came to this country. It was established in 1817 by two Englishmen, who like Robert Owen were men of considerable wealth, education and culture. Morris Birkbeck had been an extensive and successful farmer in England, and George Flower a man of wealth, education and travel; both had met Jefferson, were friends of Lafayette, and had become acquainted with Edward Coles, a large Virginia planter who visited London. Through these acquaintances Birkbeck and Flower decided to come to America and establish a settlement, using their wealth and agricultural experience to transplant the most advanced methods in farming, bring the best breeds of sheep and cattle with them, and invite immigrants from their own part of England to make the settlement one of harmony as well as of intelligence and experience.

"They finally located their settlement in Edwards County, just across the Wabash River and about twenty-five miles from the Rappist community at Harmonie, Indiana. They purchased several thousand acres of government land, part of it prairie and part timber land, and there they located the village of Albion, which is now a flourishing town and the county seat.

"But the followers of Birkbeck and Flower did not have a ready-made community awaiting them as did the friends of Owen. They had to contend with conditions which other pioneers to the West faced, with wild wet prairies, flies and mosquitoes, and ague, from which none escaped. It was a condition that called for individual initiative as well as coöperation, where only an individual stake with prospects for the future gave men the courage to fight on and win. Then the two leaders became estranged soon after locating their settlement. Both fell in love with the same woman, the foster daughter of Birkbeck, who was a widower. She married Flower, and the long and close friendship of the two founders of Albion ended, their settlement divided into Birkbeckites and Flowerites, and rivalry, jealousy and strife endured where harmony was to have been the foundation."

### *The Eve of the Eden*

"The two leaders never became friends again, but they both became coworkers with Governor Coles in his great contest against repealing the clause of the first state constitution prohibiting slavery in Illinois. Edward Coles had sold his plantation in Virginia and emigrated to Illinois, where he manumitted his slaves. He had an experience like that of my father, and was prosecuted and fined for employing negroes in defiance of the Black Laws of Illinois. He was elected governor of the state in 1822, and his administration faced one of the greatest contests we ever had in Illinois, over an effort to change the constitution so as to recognize slavery. Birkbeck and Flower threw themselves whole-heartedly into that contest and contributed much to the defeat of slavery in Illinois. It was their only coöperation after they located at Albion.

"Their settlement waxed strong, and the English settlers showed the same dogged determination as other pioneers in their contest with the wet prairies, until Albion became the center of one of the most typical American communities in the state. When Birkbeck and Flower located their settlement Edwards County extended from the Ohio River to the Canadian boundary and included more than half of Illinois. The state and the West owe a good deal to that English settlement and the two men who founded it and sank their fortunes in the venture. They had just as high ideals as Robert Owen, and it may be that rivalry in love had something to do with their not following the ideal of New Harmony to a roseate blossoming and an early decay. They followed, by force of circumstances perhaps, the slower and more practical plan which has developed America—individual effort, individual reward and the hearthstone as the family center. Perhaps a woman spoiled another theoretical Eden in its beginning, and again served to remind us that after the expulsion from the first Eden the ground produced thorns and thistles as well as good fruit. At any rate, Albion became, like other Illinois settlements, a virile Western community of individual efforts, individual ambitions and individual rewards, and the very opposite of socialism.

"I have been told that the greatest ambition and the greatest disappointment of George M. Pullman was his model community of Pullman. Mr. Pullman had made a great success as an individual worker and the head of a corporation, had gone from a poor inventor to the place of a rich and famous captain of industry; and when the company built its new shops just south of Chicago he insisted on carrying out a dream in which communism and paternalism were combined. He purchased a large tract of land and laid out the town of Pullman. He employed the best-known architects and landscape artists to plan a model town, and in a year or two there sprang up like a beautiful mirage a city with all the conveniences and embellishments that were then believed to be possible in such a settlement. There were parks and drives, a beautiful lake with pleasure boats, one of the finest opera houses in the land, a library, churches and schools, model houses for the employees of the Pullman shops with water, gas, electric lights, bathrooms, and all the latest sanitary conveniences; and all built at the expense of the Pullman Company for the convenience of the employees, to make them contented and happy, and at a reasonable, almost a nominal cost to them."

### *The End of a Rosy Dream*

"Philanthropists, welfare workers, artists, publicists and communists from all parts of the world visited Pullman and praised the wise mingling of business combination and consideration of the welfare of the employees which Mr. Pullman had developed. The best theatrical companies were engaged for the theater, the latest books and current literature for the library, the best teachers for the schools, sanitary experts looked after the streets and public utilities, and Pullman was an artistic realization of Robert Owen's dream at New Harmony; but it lacked one essential: It was a dream that had never been realized and was not to be realized by Mr. Pullman.

"The company owned the town, and the residents could not hope to own the property that they occupied. They were denied the one great privilege of American citizenship. They could not tear down and rebuild or remodel their houses, use the bathrooms for coal bins, tear up the streets of cedar block and try asphalt, regulate the police or vote franchises to other companies. They could not mortgage or take mortgages on the property, trade one house for another or for a vacant lot on which to build according to their own plans. They could not in fact engage in the great game of individual enterprise, and soon there was dissatisfaction in this Eden of a corporate enterprise because it did not represent individual ownership.

"Instead of a philanthropist Mr. Pullman came to be regarded as an overlord, and the condition was ripe for the labor agitators who came to organize the Pullman shops, foment a strike which others managed to expand to all the railways of the West, tie up all traffic, develop riots in Chicago with great destruction of property, and even stop the United States mails until President Cleveland exercised his authority as Commander in Chief to order the Army into Chicago contrary to the wishes of the governor of the state, and end the lawlessness.

"So ended Mr. Pullman's dream of a workingman's paradise under the fostering care of a corporation. Pullman soon became a part of Chicago, lost its identity, and the mirage that had rested over the southern shore of Lake Michigan dissolved in the fierce heat of American independence and individualism.

"No, you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and you can't change human nature from intelligent self-interest into pure idealism—not in this life; and if you could what would be left for Paradise?"

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# DRAFTED

(Continued from Page 30)

Robin, laughing, swept the bottles off the shelf and, gathering them in his arms, pushed open the door and disappeared. Presently from a distance out of the darkness came the jingle of breaking glass.

"Mother!" ejaculated Eleanor. "Did you ever!"

It was a long time before Mrs. Rowell was able to fall asleep that night. She lay in a daze, disturbed and puzzled at the change that Robin's mere physical presence had wrought in her. Hitherto, since her husband's death, she had always regarded herself as the head of the house—the judge whose opinion in domestic matters was final and from which there could be no appeal. Now suddenly she found that she no longer had the same confidence in herself. She had ceased to be the dominating influence. It was not that she was any the less wise than before, or that Robin was particularly more so. It was not a question of mentality. It was something less and something more at the same time.

As she lay there in the silence of her bedroom she recognized that there was in the house a physical personality that compelled her loyalty; an overpowering vitality that was master of her obedience; a will that commanded hers; a spiritual force that was irresistible, perhaps because it was a part of a still greater force that was moving the whole world. It enveloped her, took her in its arms, carried her off and swept her away. And she yielded to it with less and less resistance, for she found yielding sweet.

It was not that she had changed, but that she no longer cared. He was so strong, so young, so masterful! At his bare word she found herself abandoning all her most cherished traditions, her standards, her shibboleths—her principles, almost—for others which, without explanation, he substituted with a smile. He had gone away a boy; he had returned a man—a God, almost. He was wonderful, that creature of her own body! Beautiful!

There was a creaking of the dried treads of the staircase. Someone was descending cautiously.

"Who's that?" she cried sharply.

"It's me—Robin!" came the voice of the Wonderful.

"Where are you going?" she demanded.

"I can't sleep upstairs," he answered. "It's too confounded stuffy."

"Well, what are you going to do?" she persisted.

"I'm going out to sleep under the trees," he replied.

She said no more.

The windows of Mrs. Rowell's room, which was on the ground floor, faced the east. No ray of the rising sun ever penetrated them, for Grandpa Rowell's spruce trees presented an impassable barrier, not only to wind but to light. Even in midsummer the room was always in darkness and, had it not opened into the kitchen, would have been too dank for habitation. She was awakened the next morning by a peculiar and startling sound. Someone evidently was chopping kindling wood near by—Robin probably.

"How nice of him!" she thought. And then, as the blows continued ominously, she realized that there was plenty of kindling—a huge pile of it, in fact, right by the door. Occasionally the blows ceased for a few moments and there would be a soft swishing sound. Also, she remarked innocently that there was a great deal more light in the room than usual. What could be up to?

Then she hastily rose and hurried to the window. Horrified, she perceived that he was in the act of cutting down an evergreen. Two others lay as they had fallen. Quickly she threw open the window to prevent further sacrifice. This profanation—this wanton destruction—was too much! Genuinely shocked and angry, she was on the point of making an indignant outcry when her eye was caught by the rhythmic movement of his body as he swung the ax above his head and brought it down in a shining, sweeping arc. How lithe, how muscular he was! The personification of youth, grace and power.

Fascinated, she stood there unable to protest, helpless to protect her property against this young Apollo who, for the time being, seemed bent upon destruction.

Thud! Crack! The ax buried itself in the soft wood. Robin threw back his head and shook his hair free from his forehead. He was in his khaki trousers, his gray woolen shirt open at the collar, and the white pillar of his neck gleamed like ivory in the sun. He wrenched the ax free, swung it into the air and brought it flashing down again, with huge enjoyment.

Was that Robin? Was that her son? Had that glorious sun god been fashioned in her womb? Was he hers? Flesh of her flesh? Her heart sang in exultation. Let him go on! Let him go on! Only let her see him once again send the ax driving through the air in its silver semicircle! Let him do as he liked—this creature of the wind and sun. Let him cut them down, one after the other, until none should be left.

Just then he happened to glance up and see her at the window. And he smiled; and she smiled back at him.

"Mother," he called, "I'm going to cut down the whole darned grove!"

She did not protest. What was written was written. An hour later twelve spruces lay in a neatly trimmed row and the eastern side of the house was filled with a blaze of sunshine. From her window, from which before she could see only the thick branches of the evergreens, she now could look up into the clear dome of the sky. And a weight seemed somehow to have been lifted from her heart. She went about her work, humming to herself with interludes of "Well, I dunno! I dunno." But there was no use worrying. It was done—Grandpa Rowell or no Grandpa Rowell.

Robin, after a prolonged toilet, disappeared mysteriously after lunch, remarking rather secretively that he shouldn't be back much before six o'clock. Before going, however, he stood for some time gazing inscrutably at the big elm, which still enveloped the roof of the farmhouse like a shroud. His mother watched him in an agony of apprehension. There was no knowing what he might do. Then he caught sight of her face and laughed.

"It's all right, mother!" he called. "I'd like to; but I don't quite dare. I'm afraid I'd stir up a ghost."

He did not come back for supper, and the two women waited nervously for him until nearly ten o'clock. At length they heard him singing on the road in the darkness:

*"There's a long, long trail a-winding*
*Into the land of my dreams!"*

And a moment later he entered, beaming, and tossed his cap into his mother's lap.

"Where have you been?" she asked in a tone of mild reproach. "Here you've been at camp all this time and the very first thing you go tearing off away from home on the only evening you've got left!"

But her exception was *pro forma*. She hardly needed to be told that something cataclysmal was coming. The sky had been falling all day.

"Oh, I've just been down to the judge's," he answered with assumed carelessness. Then he burst out: "Sally and I are going to get married to-morrow!"

When Mrs. Rowell finally went to bed the air was so sultry that, for the first time in months, she considered leaving her window open. She was happy in an utterly dumfounded, almost shamefaced fashion. It had never entered her head that Sally Tucker would be willing to marry Robin. The Tuckers were highly educated people—a sort of county family; and the judge held mortgages all over the township.

She felt almost as if she had been a party to putting something over on the Tuckers, inside whose portal she had hitherto never been invited. But this was no more extraordinary than any of the other things that had been happening. Undoubtedly she and Eleanor would be asked over to the judge's for Sunday dinner. She wondered whether her black dress was good enough. They would all be so observing!

She tossed uneasily. The atmosphere had suddenly become almost stifling. She could not remember whether she had left the window open or not. At length she got up and felt her way in bare feet across the room until her hand touched the sill. Outside, the night was like a black, woolly overcoat. From somewhere came a faint rumble, hardly more than a shudder.

"Guess we'll get thunder," she hazarded sleepily to herself. Then a glow appeared




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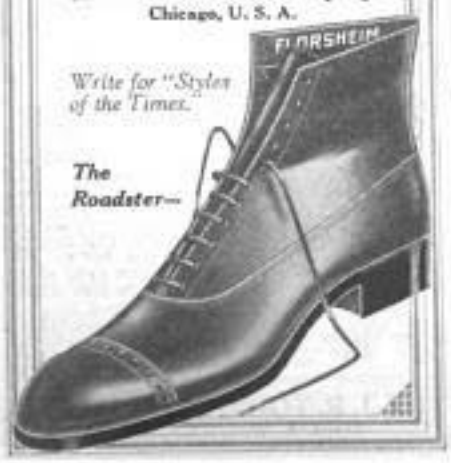
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for an instant on the horizon; and a long time afterward, as it seemed, she heard a sound like that of a wagon crossing a remote bridge. A minute later the sky flared out in double patches and far-off reverberations interplayed, unwound themselves and died slowly away.

The world seemed to be smothering. There was a heavy silence, as if the whole night was listening intently for something to happen. Then a tiny adder's tongue of white darted down the edge of the black frame of the universe and there came shaking across the sky a noise as of tearing clapboards.

Unexpectedly Mrs. Rowell became aware that the perspiration upon her forehead had turned cool. The ghost of a breeze drew through the window and moved almost inaudibly among the trees. The night turned in its sleep. A consciousness of activity made itself felt, due to causes outside the scope of human perception. Something behind the clouds was straining to break.

There! To the north the dome parted and two white zigzag streaks leaped earthward, filling the heavens with a fading glare, and followed after a few seconds by a distant detonation. During that lapse of time Mrs. Rowell could see dense masses of vapor rushing toward the zenith. There was going to be a storm—a good one. She wondered whether all the windows were shut. Her forehead was quite dry now.

"Eleanor!" she called. "There's going to be a thunderstorm!" But her voice did not seem to carry. The air was dead. From near by came a clattering peal. The storm was almost upon them. "Eleanor!" she shouted again. "Eleanor!"

She could hear vaguely somebody moving beyond, in the kitchen. She tried to close the window, but found herself unable to do so; some change in the atmosphere made it stick. And now she could hear the roar of the coming wind and see amid the flashes the bowing of the tree tops. The tension had suddenly been relieved. In its place she felt a terror of imminent destruction. Above, there broke out an ominous crackling. "Eleanor!" she shrieked.

A flash came from beyond, but she did not flinch. She was awaiting the horror just over her head. The crackling was running across the arc of the sky, this way and that, ripping and tearing like a herd of angry, growling monsters.

One of the monsters gave a long drawn-out mutter of rage. The night winked rapidly. Immediately over the house a grand piano fell down three successive flights of stairs, coming nearer and nearer every instant, plunging to earth in a near-by field.

Then there came a stupefying crash, and the sky was split by a dazzling sheet of flame that lighted up every detail of the yard outside. She heard Eleanor calling faintly, but she could not move. Then another piano tumbled down, followed by another and another. In the darkness her arm was clutched and, turning, she found Eleanor, in her nightgown, trembling beside her.

"Mother," panted the girl. "We'll never live through it!"

Directly in front of them the sky was rent apart for an instant, revealing tier on tier of clouds, like the side wings in a burning theater, through which they gazed terrified into a molten, glowing furnace. With a roar Thor attempted to strike them down with a hatchet of white flame.

They reeled toward the bed, the girl thrusting her slender body rigidly against that of her mother and clasping her with frenzied fingers. Through the cotton nightdress Mrs. Rowell could feel the quivering of her muscles, the violent beating of her heart, her involuntary shrinking at every flash as, amid the shattering, great slices of incandescence blinked about the house.

Then, with a rattle as of a million snare drums beaten by a million iron rods, the rain drove down upon the roof, pouring off the eaves in solid sheets and leaping up from the ground again to be flung against the windows.

The flimsy old house shook and shivered as the wind tore at the doors and shutters, and added its wailing to the turmoil of rain and thunder. The room was filled with a flickering, ghostly illumination, punctuated with blinding glares accompanied by earsplitting claps along the very ridgepole.

In a paroxysm of terror the two women reverted instinctively to a primitive anthropomorphism, calling silently upon the Deity not to destroy them, yet convinced that he intended to do so.

"Robin!" shrieked Mrs. Rowell.

"Robin!" echoed Eleanor faintly, her teeth chattering.

With one arm about her daughter, the mother felt her way to the door and, guided by the almost incessant flashes, through the kitchen to the stairs leading to the attic. Here they were almost as if in the very heart of the storm, for the rain pounded on every side of them and the roof reverberated like a hollow shell to every roar of the thunder.

Half fainting, they dragged themselves up the stairs as one rending peal would be drowned by another, only, in turn, to be overtopped before its culmination by a stupendous concussion that seemed to mean the end of the world.

"Robin! Robin!" cried both the women when at last they gained his threshold.

But he was not at the window. Neither was he standing by the door. He must have gone out. Could he have left them? A flare like that from a star shell lit up the room and they sought the bed instinctively. Another, and they saw that Robin was there—asleep!

He lay with one arm thrown behind his head, his face toward the window, his chest rising and falling regularly, unconscious of the tumult, serene in the deep slumber that belongs alone to carefree youth. For a moment the mother and daughter regained their courage. They sat down upon the bed, holding hands.

And in the midst of this demoniac dance of the elements the storm hesitated. For a brief space their blinded eyes were relieved by an uninterrupted period of darkness. The wind held its breath.

Suddenly there came a flash so brilliant that it seemed to tear their eyes from their sockets, accompanied by a shattering explosion directly outside the window, which blazed with fire. The house trembled. A curious burnt smell tinged the air. A semisilence descended, filled with strange whisperings and the gurgle of the water from the eaves, pregnant with foreboding.

And then there came a deep heart-rending sigh, a mysterious rustling. The air pulsated and quivered expectantly. The frame of the dwelling vibrated and a piece of plaster fell from the ceiling upon the washstand. The rustling increased, rising gradually to a roar and followed by a crash that dwarfed all that had gone before. Instinctively they both cried out.

Robin stirred slightly, turned his head, and lifted himself on one elbow.

"What was that?" he asked drowsily. "Did I hear something?"

"We're struck!" chattered Eleanor. "The house has been struck!"

Robin was out of bed in an instant, his arms round the two trembling women.

"It's all right!" he assured them. "The house is safe, and so are you!"

"But it struck something," insisted his mother. "What could it have been?"

He drew them toward the window and looked out. The storm was moving away, though the lightning still glinted across the fields. In the darkness they heard something almost like a chuckle.

"Well, *I* didn't do it, anyhow!" said Robin in a semiapologetic tone.

"Didn't do what?" demanded his mother hysterically.

"Didn't hurt the old elm," he replied. "But it's gone, anyhow. That's where it struck."

The next morning the whole house was flooded with sunshine, bursting through every window and searching out every nook and corner. On the ceiling over Mrs. Rowell's bed it danced in a myriad tiny globules reflected from the pools of water beneath the eaves.

Lying there she felt a sense of happy lassitude, of spiritual relief, of joyous anticipation. They had escaped. It had been a terrible storm, but they were still alive. And then she remembered, with a pang, that the old elm was gone. In her delight at the sunlight she had forgotten all about it. Nothing would ever be the same again! Nothing!

Eleanor was already up at work and in a few moments her mother joined her. Was it the same kitchen? This grimy, smoky cavern, with its sagging ceilings covered with dampspots—Africa and South America outlined in mold? Impossible! Yet there was the stove and there was the table, and through the doorway of the parlor she could see the stuffed owl and the picture of Windsor Castle done in cork.

"Dusty old bird!" she thought. "I wonder why I ever kept it."

Then the warped, discolored floor under the sink and about the thresholds engrossed her attention. The windows were incrusted with hitherto unnoticed dirt. There were the marks of a leak over the fireplace. The carpet was full of holes.

"There's a lot to do here!" she muttered. "I had no idea it was like this. I must get at it right away."

Then she realized it was only because the shadow of the great elm was not there that she was enabled to see these things. The family tree! Quickly she stepped to the window. There it lay, a majestic wreck, a tumbled mass of boughs and foliage, the remnant of its splintered trunk rising from the earth like a huge broken column in some antique excavation.

And from where she stood she could see, to her astonishment, that the interior of the trunk was so rotten and decayed that only the outer shell was left; that the tree when standing had been a menace to the house and all who lived within, as well as to those who might be passing by.

"It certainly was a lovely tree," she sighed; "but—I'm glad it's gone."

Just then she heard the murmur of voices and, looking up, saw Robin and Sally, his arm about her waist, stroll laughing from behind the mass of wreckage.

And slowly, in a dim, half-formulated way, it came to her that the storm was like the great war, which was overturning and extirpating all that was rotten and evil which the world had inherited from the past—just as the lightning had struck down the elm.

Vaguely she realized that something of the same sort had happened, was even at that moment happening, in her own life; for just as the shadow cast upon the house by the tree had now given place to a welter of glorious sunshine, so the shadows of habit, of prejudice and of tradition were being swept away from her own mind by the new light of common sense.

A breeze had sprung up, fragrant with the scents of autumn—of a world dying that another world might spring into being; and it caught the white smoke as it rose from the chimney and drove it away in fantastic dancing shapes, as if the ghosts of Grandpa Rowell, Great-uncle Jabez and Aunt Eliza were being exorcised and driven forth forever.

And before her, in their stead, she saw, in her son and his beloved, the prototypes of the new generation of glorious young manhood joyously going forth to battle in the cause of democracy and freedom, and the no less courageous young womanhood that would await its return and help it construct a new world upon the débris of the old.

But the boy and the girl, standing beside the ruins of the tree, thought of none of these things; for it was the moment of their young love, and they saw only the sunrise that was tinting the mysterious mountain peaks of their future with gold.

And as the mother thus fondly watched them the boy looked down at the girl with a smile; and she pressed more closely to him and, closing her eyes, raised her lips to his.



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1. Grimes (C.D.) fine eating and baker
2. Jonathan (C.D.) excellent eating

*October—November—December*
3. Winter Banana (C.D.) golden sauce

*November—December*
4. Delicious (D.) wonderful eater
5. Wagener (C.D.) good all around

*November—December—January*
6. Spitzenberg (C.D.) quality through
7. Ortley (C.D.) good baker

*December—January—February*
8. Stayman (C.D.) good all around

*Dec.—Jan.—Feb.—March*
9. Rome Beauty (C.D.) champion baker

*January—February—March*
10. White Winter Pearmain (C.D.) fine for salads

*February—March—April*
11. Wiuesap (D.) premier eater

*February-March-April-May*
12. Arkansas Black (C.) long keeper

*March—April—May*
13. Newtown (C.D.) grand eater

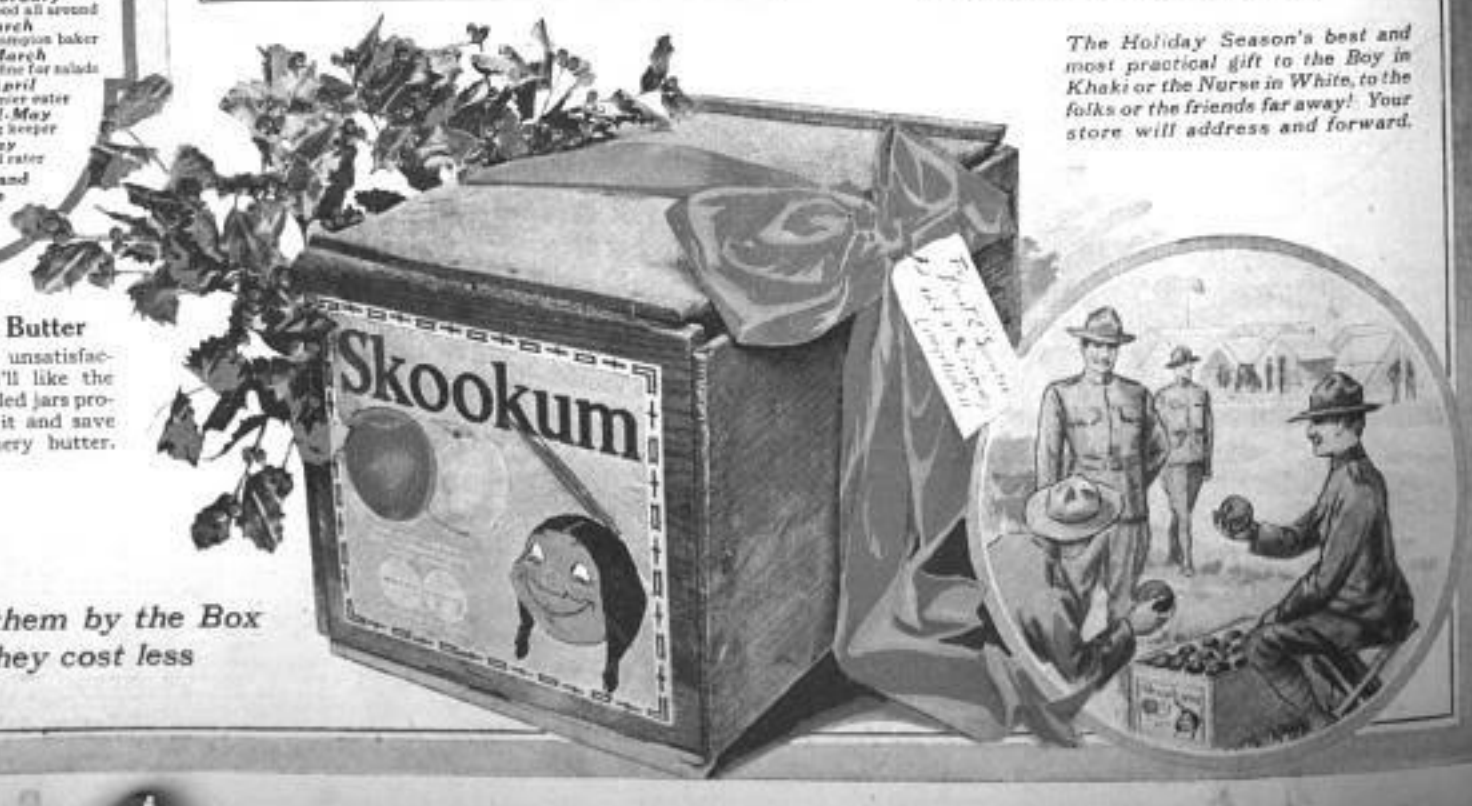
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# FREE

## By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ



"By Hickory, I'll Do All the Monkeyshines You Ask if You'll Marry Me. I'll Wear a Frock Coat and a Gardenia and ——"

JUST as a combination of nasty weather and engine trouble drove the much-enduring Æneas upon the lisping sands where waited a temperamental Dido, so did the poor teamwork of the Fates beach Miss Hortense Troutt—to change the sex of our simile—against those imposing bluffs that guard the uplands of superior thought. Cross currents and poor navigation instructions had done the work for Miss Hortense.

Back in Rockinock, no doubt, Aunt Hen would have declared that Hortense was getting ideas, and would have prescribed a course of intensive culture in the Baptist church; but it was a far cry from Rockinock to Thirty-second Street, where at this point in our drama Miss Hortense was pouring coffee out of one of those tinny percolators and contemplating an egg which was fresh without being aggressive. In the language of birds she rather favored the chickadee type. Plump, small, black-eyed, she had been one useful little drop in the huge industrial bucket and counted herself lucky until this cussed week, which had culminated in the soul revolution of the night before.

Slaves are never lucky, she concluded this morning while she contemplated the choking sobs of her patent percolator. Slaves are merely subservient, stupidly contented at best; and the stirring scenes of last night at the International Button Molders' rally came vividly back to her aching thoughts. Again she saw the red-draped platform of Harmonica Hall, where Judith Kelp, the insurgent, had led her, protesting; again she saw the imposing, rather well-filled figure of Harriet Pebbles Cull, spokeslady of liberty, as she braced her fingers against the rostrum table and pumped the crystal waters of truth over the fevered heads which had come to receive just such a shower.

Under that baptism Hortense had gasped at first—gasped and awakened. Light had flooded her prison cell; she had struggled to rise and been mocked by her chains—figuratively speaking, of course. As a matter of physical fact she had sat quietly for three hours, eagerly absorbing Mrs. Cull's lecture, and at the door as she passed out a comrade had handed her a sample copy of The Unshackled, Mrs. Cull's weekly paper.

Contagion, doctors tell us, awaits upon conditions. Had conditions been different Hortense, no doubt, would have walked away immune and never have come down with this violent attack of Cull. But here it was, nearly the first of the month again, rent coming due and not a word from Lulu McCabe, her flat mate, who had disappeared weeks ago, to join her husband, she said.

Patrick McCabe, alias Turnbull Bromworthy, of the Lummox Film Corporation, was rehearsing a Western Front movie Somewhere in Jersey; that was his own business—or was it? If it was his passing whim that his faithful wife, whom he had nine times threatened with divorce, should bide with him, was it Hortense Troutt's duty to go on paying that half of the rent which Lulu McCabe had solemnly sworn to assume as her share?

Normally sweet and self-abnegating to excess, Hortense Troutt wasn't like herself this morning. Possibly she was like her *alter ego*, which might have been lurking all these years. The sweep of the steel knife with which she was reclaiming a scorched area on a slice of toast was positively murderous. She hated this apartment with all its movie-actor pictures and everything tied up in Lulu's pink-ribbon effects. The awful place was leased in her name for the monthly rental of forty dollars; half of that hadn't been a great burden, considering her salary. But faced with the problem of going it alone it was as though the whole shoddy apartment house had risen up and come down upon her. Lulu had seemed such a nice, generous, sweet-tempered example of the paying chaperon!

Hortense grunted and sat down at the reconvertible library table at the center of the well-sized living room. She bit her toast, inflicting a savage wound. That bite was directed against all the enemies of society whom Harriet Pebbles Cull had so systematically outlined in last night's lecture. It was poor Saul Shilpik, Jr., upon whom she set her teeth most impatiently. Saul had become a pest and a bore in her business career; more than that she now knew him to be a menace. Hadn't Aunt Hen warned her a year ago, upon her departure for the perils of the great city, to beware the affable attentions of wealthy employers? Affable was the word, referring to Saul, Jr. Not that he could be called either an employer or wealthy, strictly speaking, since the affairs of the Quick Supply Photo Syndicate were firmly held in the plump clutch of Mr. Saul Shilpik, Sr. But the principle was annoyingly the same. His image kept getting in her way this morning, intruding upon her social discontent.

"I'm a slave!" she informed herself, sipping the coffee, which was not much warmer than the tears that were starting to her eyes. As though to seek confirmation of this cheerful discovery she glanced across the long table and saw a copy of The Unshackled neatly displaying its artistically set editorial page upon a pile of frivolous magazines. Hortense rose and snatched the copy to her, her eyes burning upon a solid paragraph, all too plainly entitled: Slaves, Arise!

"Slaves of Industry, sweating serfs of Greed," began the editorial in the restrained style peculiar to The Unshackled, "do you see any way of bettering your condition by lying flat on your faces under the heel of a suave and mocking Capitalism? . . . You, the gigantic Many, grow weak from inaction, while Capital, gaining in pounds, will soon crush you by the very weight of its fat. . . . Do the fruits of the earth belong to the snake who coils or the wolf who devours? . . . Under the so-called protection of a hypocritical Republic you are ground down by a Feudalism which reveals the tyranny of Charlemagne without the glory of his armor. . . ."

Which was all very encouraging. But it was the following statements which gave to Hortense Troutt a series of wild surmises:

"In the new state which our program includes—which is our program, in fact—there will be no such thing as inequality of service. When all are sharing alike in the work and its rewards what need of Slave Drivers? None. The Slave Driver is as obsolete as the stegosaur, if we but knew it. Work should be and shall be a fair and happy partnership. If we must have business—and that is a questionable blessing to all emancipated minds—why should the fat and lazy schemer who sits in greedy dreams at his desk be any better rewarded than the skilled artisan, the useful producer who makes business possible? We have as yet heard no satisfactory answer to this question. Perhaps some representative of the self-satisfied bourgeoisie ——"

Hortense, who had grown to hate the bourgeoisie—which she pronounced boor joysey—had about made up her mind that one thing was the matter with the whole system which had run her life into a blind alley. Lulu McCabe was boor joysey; Saul Shilpik, Sr., was boor joysey; and as to Saul, Jr.—she struggled in vain for some superlative with which to express a sort of glowing self-satisfaction in a sinful state of capitalism.

Thus reflecting Hortense Troutt turned the key upon the pretty apartment, with which she was no more pleased now than was Prometheus with the rough rock which barked his shins. Considering bitterly that she would have to find a tenant or a flat mate or a boarding house she tucked her copy of The Unshackled like a sword of defiance under her arm. Going down in the elevator, which had always reminded her of a badly



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regilded secondhand bird cage, she opened her comfort at the editorial page and read: "Harriet Pebbles Cull, editor in chief."

That helped her make up her mind that something was pretty much wrong with everything and that she didn't know what to do about it. But on her way down to the office she had about decided that if Saul, Jr., didn't stick to his own work and let hers alone she would be forced to tell him something worth remembering.

Hortense's mother, when there was such a person, used to tell it as a scientific fact that there were days when children just naturally got up out of the wrong side of the bed.

"Sauljer's lookin' for you!" squawked a freckled stenograflapper almost as soon as Hortense had laid aside her hat in the cloakroom of the Quick Service Photo Syndicate. It must be explained that Saul, Jr., and Saul, Sr., respectively but unofficially enjoyed the abbreviations of Sauljer and Saulser among the force.

"Thank you."

Hortense gave this for the worm to chew on with her gum. She had never been afraid of Sauljer as she was of Saulser; and this morning it was as though the white spirit of Harriet Pebbles Cull stood at her shoulder, urging her on to a keen blow against the ogre here incarnate.

She should have gone straight into Sauljer's office, but instead she lingered in her own little compartment tidying her already perfectly tidy desk. And Sauljer came to her. He was always down early when Hortense was late, and this morning his I-told-you-so spread over his white teeth and terminated in little wrinkles under his ears. His coat was off, and through the armholes of his greenish waistcoat lavender silk sleeves protruded, large cameos clinking in the cuffs as Sauljer brought his expressive hands together.

He was a florid young man with florid gray eyes and a becoming wave in the inky blackness of his hair.

"Oh, welcome, welcome!" said he, shaking his own hand most cordially. "It's all right, girlie, if you can get away with it. The time clock's out of order and I won't tell the boss on you."

"I have nothing to conceal," responded Hortense with the air of a duchess accused of smuggling pearls. She seated herself, seeing no good reason for standing. Her resolution seemed to put Sauljer more at his ease, for he came over and seated himself on the edge of her desk.

"Thirty below and a coal strike on." It was really quite pleasant spring weather, so his parable was apparent. "Now come on, girlie, and fess up. What's the idea?"

"If you'll look on the pay roll," said she, bringing down an upper lip which was quaint without being unbeautiful, "you'll find that my name isn't Girlie. It's Troutt."

"That's a little bit fishy for you." He seemed immensely pleased with his own sidewalk comedy.

"I can laugh at your name too," she told him.

"That's only fair," said Sauljer as he stood and braced himself against her desk on the heels of his palms. "It's a busy day and I'm essentially a business man. Now look here, girlie-trout, I've got a flat proposition to make: Suppose I blow round to your igloo at about six-thirty under a canopy of American Beauties and we can buzz over to Sherry's for a mess of beans. Maybe we'll have time for the Winter Garden—who knows? What? How does that listen?"

"No."

And her upper lip grew longer by just that hair's breadth which can make a difference in a destiny.

"Oh, very well."

Sauljer was looking at her very intently. He had a not unpleasant gaze, the stupid slave in Hortense's heart was suggesting; but his eyes rested only a moment, then shifted nervously, guiltily, toward the glassy partition beyond. Old Saulser was in there, as a bronchial cough and a series of rasping growls proclaimed. Saulser would be sore. Having no managerial status in the Quick Service Photo Syndicate young Saul had no business loafing and flirting on his father's time. As if to ease his conscience he consulted the diamond-fringed face of his wafer watch.

"Gee!" he said; and then rapidly, as though clutching in midair: "you know, Miss Hortense Troutt, that I'm not asking you out for any Kit Kat revel. Everything nice and everything. Mrs. and Mr. Isadore Zull along as a chaperon and ——"

"No." Her black eyes were turned up to him in tremendous earnestness. "If I'm late, as you say I am, you'd better let me go to work."

"Come down to the footlights, Hortense!" he begged of her. "What's the idea? Ain't Mrs. and Mr. Zull good enough for you? Zull's third vice president of the Cyanide National Bank, if I got to boast about it."

"It isn't that, Saul," she permitted herself; and only wished he would go away before The Unshackled got control of the discussion. "It isn't that. I don't think you'd understand ——"

"Come on and teach me," he pleaded.

"Well, under the false social system in which we live it's—it's ——" How she wished she could remember Mrs. Cull's inspired phrasing! "—— it's important for employees not to accept unearned favors from employers and ——"

"Where do you get that third-reel stuff?" Saul, Jr., was beginning to show some of the irritability which in the case of his father served as power for his engines.

"Don't you call it stuff!" spluttered the slave. "Because you belong to the capitalistic class you think you have a right to sneer at the really serious thinkers of the world. When there's a proper and fair division of labor"—she was making a sort of club sandwich out of Mrs. Cull, but she said it rapidly and it sounded logical to her at the moment—"there won't be any feudal people or any down-trodding ——"

"My Gawd!" he groaned. "Emma must have got her."

"I don't know what you mean. But I do know that when our program is carried out then capitalism will have to stop. The man at the desk doesn't deserve any more rewards than he who wins by the skill of his hands."

"What you kickin' about? You got a desk job."

At this point the wheezing in the next compartment increased to the labored breathing of a locomotive. A shapeless shadow loomed against the frosted glass of the door, which swung slowly open.

"I knew it," whispered Sauljer. "You've gone and roused up papa. He's got an awful grouch, anyway."

The vision of the roused papa now completely filled the open doorway, a picture of pinkish vengeance. His complexion showed the pink which glows on the brow of an enraged baby; the tonsure of his pinkish hair, surrounding a pink bald spot, seemed to bristle with his mood. There were ogreish spaces between his square teeth. Old Shilpik, who had served his time as a newspaper photographer, that tribe of horny-souled heroes who will with equal calmness unscrew the lid of a coffin for a close-up of the late lamented or climb a flagpole to get a good snapshot of a Knights-Templar parade, was not of the breed to permit a Soviet to sit harping in the Wilhelmstrasse.

"What's all this shenanigan about?" he demanded, his complexion deepening to the hue of a young baby who has been holding its breath.

"Just a little gassing, papa," replied young Saul, horribly crushed.

"This ain't no gas corporation," came the immediate, unanswerable argument. "But it's getting worse than that. You'd think this place was being run by a committee, same as Russia. Go back to your office, Solly. The Tribune is queryin' about those wreck pictures."

"Yes, papa."

Sauljer took a few steps, like a little dog being stoned home, then loitered by the door.

"And you look here, young lady!" Despite her program the young lady had risen before the pink incarnation of capitalism, towering fatly above her. "I've had just about enough of this whangdoodle. You're hired to do your work, see? We can get plenty of conversation at home, see? Didn't I hear you hollerin' about capitalism and stuff?"

Hortense wanted to tell Saulser, just as she had told Sauljer, that Mrs. Cull didn't teach stuff; instead she tremblingly acknowledged her anticapitalistic preachment.

"Well, you look here!" Hortense was earnestly looking there at that moment. "I can hire a good Socialist off'n the Cooper Union to come here and lecture for half I'm givin' you. Your personal convictions ain't nothing to me—understand? If this place ain't big enough for your head to swell in—out!"

"Aw, papa!" came the voice of Sauljer from his obscure corner. "Hortense don't really mean that stuff. She's only kiddin'."

"Kiddin'?" asked Saulser. By his color now it was plain to see he was holding his breath. "Kiddin'? Mayte you'd like to have a little vaudeville or something while the Tribune's waiting. Now look here! Any more shilly-shallying and bohunkus and I fire the both of you. See?"

In one sweeping glance Hortense got an impression of the cowering Sauljer, quite pale above his brave haberdashery. And she made her stand.

"You needn't take the trouble, Mr. Shilpik," she announced. "You may accept my resignation."

There fell the desolate blank which follows an explosion. A deafening silence seemed to resound toward her from Sauljer's corner.

"Can you beat that?" asked Mr. Shilpik of space. "The secretary of state has resigned. Maybe you'll write it out before a notary public."

"That won't be necessary," she told him in a voice of alarming superiority. "I don't care to be connected with the commercial slavery which gives all the rewards to greed and none to industry ——"

"What's the girl been takin'?" asked the sire of his now silent son.

"Neither of you would understand my point of view," she continued, and was entranced to find that her voice was at a pitch resembling Mrs. Cull's. "Neither of you would understand because you belong to a class which is as absolute as the staggersore. You are boor joyseys, both of you."

"I can call names, too, but I ain't got time to behave ungentlemanly. Solly, git the hell out of here and tend to that Tribune query."

The glass door slammed and Hortense knew that her one weak champion had departed.

"And now, young lady," said Capital, looming over her—he had faded to a pale-salmon color and a business calm had settled down—"you can step round to the treasurer's office any time."

He was gone. But he had no sooner disappeared behind the partitions than she could hear his wheezy voice commanding of someone to send Miss Carhart in. Hortense knew what that meant. Miss Carhart

(Continued on Page 44)



*Comrade Larry Accused Comrade Harriet of Being an Opportunist, Which Caused Harriet to Flush and Discover That Larry Was a Decembrist*

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# THE VAMP

## By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

BURNE-JONES painted a slender, unpleasant sort of lady and Mr. Kipling gave her unflattering publicity, but Micky Nolan made a famous vampire out nothing at all, and Eric Gilfeather furnished her with orld-wide circulation. Both pieces of collaboration reired high degrees of creative art and imagination, and ho shall say which was the greater task?

To begin with, Miss Valerie LeMoyne—that was the me under which she chose to appear at the Unique Film ant—bore no outward resemblance to the lady in the inting. There was nothing of the rag-and-bone about alerie; and, as for hair, she would have considered a gle hank inadequate. She weighed one hundred and rty-eight pounds in her clinging draperies and was full of ulent curves. She did, however, bear a slight resemblance the lady in the poem. Miss Moyne

*—— never could know*
*And did not understand.*

Fortunately for her, it was t absolutely necessary that e should understand anyng. Micky Nolan was her rector, and Micky knew and icky understood. That was rt of his job. He told Valerie at to do with her eyes and en to let down her hair; and results, as seen upon the een, were highly satisfactory. ll, all of Micky's work might ve gone for nothing had it not n for Eric Gilfeather.

Eric was an expert in exploiion—a genius in his own ious way—slightingly mened on the pay roll as a press nt. Eric should have been author. Entertaining fiction ued from him as water flows from a . He should have written romances, a cross current of fortune drove high and dry on a desk in the Unique publicity artment, and after Eric recovered from the shock began to use the talents that had been given him. arrived in time to lend a hand to Micky Nolan, who was ggling along in a brave attempt to transform a statue a star. Eric listened to the director's tale of woe.

I don't mind telling you," admitted Nolan, opening gold cigarette case to the press agent, "this LeMoyne son has got me winging. I've tried her in two pictures she's terrible—just terrible!"

Impossible?" queried Eric sympathetically.

Worse than that. She's improbable."

Then why waste time on her?" demanded Eric. "Why give her the Oriental Grand Bounce and be done with

The big boss won't let me," mourned Micky. "He she's the most beautiful woman in pictures to-day. says there's a fortune in her. There is—if ivory ever to fifty dollars a pound."

A little bit thick, eh?"

Absolutely impenetrable," sighed the director.

But she's pretty?"

Pretty?" Micky kissed the tips of his fingers and d his eyes heavenward. "Now you've begun to say ething! In about ten years she'll be so big she won't ible to get into a box car, but just at present she's n of Troy and Maxine Elliott and several of the ses all in one package. Pretty? Oh, boy! You've begun to say it!"

And she photographs well?"

The best you ever saw. Hair, eyes, teeth—everything. you, she makes these other screen beauties look like h women!"

Where did she come from?" asked Eric.

icky waved his hands vaguely.

Out of the everywhere into the here,'" he quoted. ere do any of 'em come from? Maybe she was a cloak el. That would have been just about her speed. ik models don't have to use their brains, if any."

Then she never was on the stage—she never trouped?"

Nah! You couldn't trust her to go on with a tray! d drop it and gum up the show. The boss grabbed her he lot, and now he expects me to make a star out of a e of eyes, a lot of hair and a perfect thirty-six!"

Still," mused Eric, "it has been done. What's her picture?"

Haven't decided. The scenario department handed a fairly good vamp story and I may try her in that.



"Say Nothing. Don't Commit Yourself. Just Look Wise and Don't Say a Word"

She can't fall down any harder as a vamp than she did in the other things—that's a cinch."

"Another vamp, eh?" Gilfeather helped himself to a second cigarette and scowled as he stared at the ceiling. "Another vamp, and the woods are full of 'em already. . . . Just a minute, Micky; I think I've got an idea. . . . The germ of one, anyway. . . . The woods are full of moving-picture vampires, but not one of 'em is doing the thing right."

"What do you mean—right?"

"Just what I say," explained Eric. "These screen vamps, they lack the courage to play the bet for all it is worth—they're vampires, yes; but always with their fingers crossed. They hire personal press agents to remind the public that they're really not naughty little girls at heart. They want you and me and everybody to know that all their vamping is done for the camera—that there's a canary on the front porch at home and a gray-haired mother in the parlor.

"Bah! Why don't they surround themselves with an air of mystery, keep a boa constrictor instead of a canary, and play the vampire bet straight instead of coppering it with explanations and apologies?"

"I don't quite follow you," said Micky doubtfully; "but if you mean a sure-enough vamp, vamping all the time, vamping everybody—nothing doing! I wouldn't have a woman like that in my company on a bet!"

"Follow me?" snorted Eric indignantly. "You ain't even headed in the same direction! A newspaper vamp, you poor fish! Here you are, stuck with a beautiful bonehead, and I can put her over for you—make a star of her. I'll do it by creating an interest in her personality. I'll invent a past for her, and strew it with blasted lives and ruined careers. I'll make people think she's a real vamp ——"

"You'll play the deuce!" interrupted Micky. "Why, she'd sue you for a million dollars' damage to her reputation!"

"Who said anything about damaging anybody's reputation?" cried Eric. "Don't you give me credit for any delicacy—any finesse? Is a pretty woman to blame because men fall in love with her and pursue her from one end of the country to the other? Is she?"

"Oh! That's what you meant." Micky seemed vastly relieved. "Your scenario sounded a little bit rough to me—you don't usually blast a man's life with an innocent smile; but I suppose it can be done. A blameless vamp, eh? Well, go ahead. Shoot!"

"Of course there'll be a lot of stuff between the lines," said Eric. "Suggestion is a wonderful thing when you know how to use it. I wouldn't want to come right out and say that the lady deliberately encouraged any of these dukes and counts and earls ——"

"Whoa, there!" shouted Micky. "Back up a little. Dukes and counts and earls—when did they get aboard?"

Eric grinned apologetically.

"We can't have her an American vamp, can we?" he asked. "This more or less lurid past of hers will have to be planted in Europe. Nobody could check up on us there; but if we located the lady in Pittsburgh—say, they'd smoke us out in no time."

"Dream on, little one; dream on! You're still overlooking the fact that there's a lady to be considered and consulted. I don't think she'll stand for the scheme."

"A woman who needs publicity," argued Eric, "and has never had any of it in her life will stand for anything. Take it from me! I'll show this beautiful bonehead of yours the advantages of a vigorous press campaign. I'll swing her into line. You run along and dope out your vamp scenario and I'll agitate the public mind and stimulate interest in the new star."

"Go to it!" exclaimed Micky. "I'm for it if she is."

In spite of his boasted confidence in his powers of persuasion, Eric Gilfeather was slightly nervous on the occasion of his first interview with the lovely LeMoyne.

The lady received him in her dressing room before making up for the day, and Eric perceived that she was indeed very beautiful; perceived, also, a lighted cigarette upon the window sill. Miss LeMoyne actually blushed when the press agent glanced at it.

"I hate the nasty things," she explained, "but Micky says I have to smoke in this new picture, and I was just seeing if I could—without choking, you know. I—I never tried one before. . . . What was it you wanted to see me about? A write-up, wasn't it? I got some peachy new photographs to go with it."

Eric drew a deep breath and plunged into his subject. While he talked Miss LeMoyne gazed steadily at him with the level, expressionless stare of a contented cow. Her lower jaw moved slowly, for the lady was chewing gum.

Rapidly, alluringly, Eric sketched the attractive outlines of a great career, dropping vague hints of a salary increase and a more advantageous contract. He spoke almost eloquently of publicity as a means to an end, but not once did he light a spark of comprehension in the wonderful eyes that regarded him so unwaveringly; not once was he able to discern the faintest dawning of enthusiasm. The lady listened and chewed gum.

Eric ran his fingers through his hair and redoubled his efforts. He explained his plan to create a fictitious past and thus stimulate an interest in Miss LeMoyne's personality; but even this did not rouse her. He mentioned Paris and Rome, with a delicate reference to the dukes and counts and earls. The titled gentlemen did not leave a ripple upon the surface of that placid countenance; they sank without a trace. Eric talked himself out of breath and into a profuse perspiration, and when he paused at last Miss LeMoyne was still staring at him.

"Well," demanded the exasperated young man, "why don't you say something?"

Miss LeMoyne turned to her mirror and studied her reflection in the glass.

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"I think a full face is better than a side view," said she critically—"for the newspapers, I mean. I got some of both kinds and you can take your pick."

"Holy cat!" breathed the astounded Eric. "Still thinking about those photographs, eh? . . . Didn't you hear anything I said?"

"I was listening, wasn't I?" asked the lady in an injured tone. "I was right here all the time, and I'll say this for you: You certainly can pass out a good line of bunk."

Eric groaned and took his head in his hands.

"Listen!" he pleaded. "What I want to know is this: Is it all right for me to go ahead with these press notices? Will you stand for 'em?"

"I'll have to, won't I? And, anyway, nobody knows me by LeMoyne. My real name is Sadie Cooper. And what am I going to do when people ask me about Paris and those other places you mentioned? I never was east of Hastings, Nebraska, in my life. What am I going to say?"

"Say nothing," advised Eric. "I'll get everybody guessing and you keep 'em guessing. Be kind of mysterious. Don't commit yourself. Just look wise and don't say a word."

"All right!" agreed Miss LeMoyne. "I don't look so awful mysterious, though, do I? . . . Now don't you want to see my photographs?"

II

THE job was a hard one, but Micky Nolan and Eric Gilfeather hoisted the lovely LeMoyne to fame. Micky made an actress of her and Eric made her an object of public interest. Valerie remembered her part of the contract and kept her mouth shut. It was not particularly difficult for her to do this, ideas being necessary as an aid to conversation. Many a great reputation has been founded on a carefully maintained silence.

The International Vampire became a box-office attraction. The wise members of the film colony sneered at Eric's clever flights of fancy, and some of them said cattish things about the new star; but the great gullible public read and believed, and paid money to see the beautiful creature who had littered Europe with broken hearts. Most of the men agreed that she was worth the price of a loge seat, war tax additional; their wives closed their lips in straight lines, opening them only to say that they never had credited dukes with a great deal of intelligence, and a good look at Valerie LeMoyne had confirmed the original judgment.

"Well," said Micky Nolan to his able collaborator, "we've put her over. She's a success. There's only one thing to be afraid of now. If she ever gets to taking that press stuff seriously—if she ever imagines that she is a vampire—good-by, John! She'll develop temperament and be hard to handle."

"Temperament!" laughed Eric. "I'll admit that a lot of 'em believe everything they read about themselves; but not Valerie. Temperament calls for a certain amount of imagination. Imagination calls for brains. Right there is where the lady gets off. She's got about as much chance to develop temperament as a nice, kind-faced cow."

"Even so," argued Micky, "she's learning to act a little bit. At first she couldn't do anything but roll her eyes and breathe hard, mostly from the diaphragm. They're going to give her more money."

"If they do," said Eric, "she ought to split it with us. We made her."

"We did," sighed Micky; "but the big boss takes all the credit. He says he saw the possibilities in her."

"Bunk!" snorted Eric. "He saw those big eyes—that's what he saw."

"Be that as it may," assented Micky, "he thinks fairly well of her—personally, I mean. He hangs round the lot and watches her work. I guess, if it wasn't for his wife ——"

"And that'll be a good place to let your voice fall," interrupted Eric. "There'll never be any scandal in high life where Valerie is concerned. She's not the hand-holding sort."

"How do you know?" demanded Micky pointedly.

"Why, I tried it—once. It didn't work. It was just about as exciting as holding hands with your maiden aunt. Cold—all cold."

"Come to think of it," mused Micky, "she's never shown the slightest interest in any of the men she's worked with. Been nice to 'em all, of course; but they had to keep their distance. . . . What on earth are you laughing at?"

"At myself," chuckled Eric. "Here I've went and gone and made her the most famous vamp of the age; I've mixed her up in a thousand love affairs—and I'll bet she never even looked sideways at a man in all her life!"

"And I'll bet that when she does," said Micky soberly, "she'll have a lot of explaining to do. In a way, young fellow, you've saddled yourself with a heap of responsibility. Did you ever think of that?"

"I should worry!" was the light-hearted reply. "You can't make an omelet without spilling the beans, can you?"

"I don't know," said Micky. "I'm a director, not a cook."

As a director, it fell to Micky to select the players to support the star. Directors seldom have competent actors




*Valerie LeMoyne Began to Send Slow, Deliberate Smiles Toward Hennessey's Corner*

thrust upon them, and for this reason they incline largely to types. A man who can look his part does not have to act it.

A new vamp scenario called for a hairy masculine sort of person to play a bit in one of Valerie's masterpieces—Her Hidden Past, it was called; and after a protracted search Micky found his man, meekly waiting a chance with the other extra people. Even a stupid director, in search of masculinity, could never have overlooked Homer Hennessey.

Homer was the last harsh word in masculinity. He appeared to be somewhere on the shady side of thirty years of age; he stood six feet three inches in his woollen stockings and seemed fairly half that wide; his nose was a promontory, matched only by his chin; and his rugged features were surmounted by an amazing thatch of brown hair, which rippled upward in unruly waves. He was a stranger at the Unique plant and a stranger to the films; Micky, who knew nearly all the extra men in Los Angeles by sight, could not remember having seen him before.

"Where did you ever work?" asked the director.

"Pretty much all round the country, mister," replied the giant. "Lately I've been down in Arizona on a ranch."

"I didn't mean that kind of work," explained Micky. "I meant pictures. Have you had any experience?"

"Not practical—no," confessed Homer; "but I been going to the show houses right regular of late, studying how they done it, and such. It don't look so awful hard, mister. I got the film fever, there was a vacation coming to me, and—well, I'm here. If I don't like the acting business I can always go back to Arizona. I didn't beat no warrant out of that state when I left."

"Sometimes," said Micky, "it's just as important to be able to go back as it is to come back."

The childlike candor of the big man interested Micky and promised amusement in the future. Homer would be good for many laughs—and heaven knows a director earns a quiet chuckle once in a while. Micky prepared to draw out his victim by the method best known as straight-faced kidding.

"Of course," said he, "you must understand that I can't offer you a leading man's part—that is, just yet. I'll have to try you out first."

"Well"—and Homer doubled one freckled fist into the other—"to tell the truth, I wasn't hardly expecting you could. The way I've got it sized up, a leading man has got to be pretty, or else he's got to be able to shin up the side of a house. I got all the nose and chin there was when they was passing features round and I can't climb for sour apples; so I reckon I'm disqualified right there. I ain't pretty, but I'm strong and willing; and I'll do what I'm told—that is, if it's anyways possible. I can't shin up the side of a house like a lizard, but I wouldn't be afraid to jump down off of one, mister."

"That's fair enough," nodded Micky, "and I think you're the very man I want for a bit in my next picture. It doesn't call for any jumping—unless you're afraid of women. A beautiful lady is going to make love to you—oh, a lot of love—bang up against the camera too."

Homer shifted his position suddenly and a muffled objurgation escaped him. Micky, watching him out of the corner of his eye, continued as follows:

"You see, you're a Russian officer, on guard at the entrance to the royal dungeons, and the lady drapes herself all round you to get a chance to steal the keys and release her sweetheart. Maybe she kisses you—I'll have to look at the script to make sure. Yes, I think she ought to give you one kiss, anyway."

"Hell's bells!" stammered the recruit. "Can't you fix it for me to jump off the house instead?"

"Ah, but you haven't seen the lady yet. And you needn't feel bad about it. They shoot you for letting her steal the keys; so a kiss wouldn't be any more than fair."

"Maybe the lady will kick," suggested Homer hopefully. "I'll say she will—having to kiss a total stranger!"

"Oh, she won't mind a little thing like that. She'll pay no more attention to you than she would to a waxworks dummy. You'll be the same as a piece of scenery to her."

Homer thought this over at great length, twisting and tugging at his fingers until the joints cracked.

"I shouldn't wish to have a woman be that—that unconscious of me," said he slowly. "It—it ain't complimentary. It ain't natural. And with kissing going on too. . . . Oh, well, I reckon it's part of the game. The boys on the ranch, they said I wouldn't have the nerve to get myself photographed in no such situation as that. Come to think of it, it is kind of shameless!"

Micky choked, but managed to straighten his lips. He had bottled his laughter until the accumulation was drumming against his ribs; he felt the need of closing the interview at once and locking himself in a soundproof vault, where he could do justice to the occasion.

"You be here to-morrow morning at eight. Ask for Nolan—Micky Nolan. That's me."

The effect of this simple announcement was startling. The big man gasped, his eyes opened wide, and he laid one great red paw on Micky's arm.

"Why—you—you direct them vampire pictures, don't you?"

"Miss LeMoyne's pictures—yes. Why?"

Hennessey swallowed hard and put pressure on Micky's arm.

"Is—she going to steal those keys?"

"And vamp you right in front of the camera—she's the lady. You're not afraid of a vampire, are you?"

"I don't know's I ever saw one, Mr. Nolan."

"Well, you'll see one to-morrow. Keep off the car tracks, don't bump into any live wires, and put lots of water into your liquor. See you later."

Homer Hennessey looked up at the sky, and the remark he made was almost a prayer—at least it was addressed to the proper authorities. Five minutes later he paused outside the entrance, removed his wide-brimmed hat, and spoke reverently to a disreputable-looking runabout.

"Well, wouldn't that boil your radiator?" he whispered. "Wouldn't that strip your gears? Bumped into her the very first clatter out of the box! Talk about your luck! . . . No; it's something better'n luck, and bigger. . . . Right

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in the same company with her! Great bulls o' Bashan and other beef critters, I'm in for it now!"

Having freed his mind he crammed his hat down over his ears, wedged himself behind the steering wheel, kicked the proper buttons, and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

### III

EVEN Phil Carroll, the camera man, sour and cynical as any camera man has a right to be, admitted that Hennessey wasn't half bad for a rank beginner. He certainly made an imposing figure in the uniform of the Emperor's Hussars—full seven feet of busby and plume, flaming tunic, blue trousers and knee boots; but it is doubtful if Miss LeMoyne knew there was such a person on earth until Scene 227 brought her in contact with him.

It is a certainty that the giant from Arizona saw Valerie the instant she appeared on the stage and never thereafter allowed her to stray from his field of vision. The lovely LeMoyne was used to being stared at—the Unique lot was always crowded with visitors; and one more rubberneck, in the profession or out of it, was a small matter.

"Now then, Dimitroff!" cried Micky. "Hennessey, you're Dimitroff. Here's when you get the keys, Valerie. Dimitroff, you stand there. Fold your arms. Look fierce. No, no, no! Don't show your teeth! You're on guard; you're stern and incorruptible. That's more like it. . . . You see the lady coming along the corridor? She hasn't any business there. You know her, you like her, you hope she likes you. . . . All right! Come on, Valerie. Go up to him. You want the keys. They're in the left-hand pocket of his tunic ——"

"No, ma'am," whispered Dimitroff hoarsely; "the right."

"Right-hand pocket, then," continued Micky. "That'll be a close-up, anyway. Vamp him a little, Valerie. Not too strong at first. Dimitroff, you don't quite know what you ought to do about this. You're nervous. . . . Golly, that's fine! You've got the idea! Keep your arms folded. . . . Now then, Valerie, a little stronger. He's wavering. Go after him in earnest—take him round the neck! Pull his head down to yours—that's it! . . . Dimitroff! What's the matter with you? Are you human, or ain't you? Take hold of her, man! Take hold of her, I say!"

He who had been addressed as Dimitroff lifted his head and stared at the director. His voice shook with emotion; and no wonder! Valerie LeMoyne, the most beautiful woman in pictures, was in his arms, snuggled close against his scarlet tunic. "I could do this a lot better," he quavered, "if it wasn't so—so damn public!"

Micky Nolan collapsed, the camera man whooped, and everybody laughed—everybody but the star. She lifted her head and looked searchingly at her victim.

"Say, what's the idea?" she demanded. "Are you trying to get fresh—or what?"

"Me, ma'am?" stuttered the unfortunate Hennessey. "I never got fresh with a woman in my life!"

"Well, this would be a poor time to start!" snapped Valerie. "What comes next, Micky? The regular thing?"

"Yeh, the old vamp stuff; but begin all over again," ordered the director, wiping his eyes. "Out of the scene, Valerie. Arms folded, Dimitroff. Now you see the lady coming. You like her, remember; and you hope she likes you ——"

Conscientiously, thoroughly and quite mechanically Miss LeMoyne employed the screen-sanctioned wiles of the vampire as they had been taught her by Micky Nolan—the fluttering touch of soft fingers on cheek and chin; the insinuating approach; the clinging embrace; the deep-drawn breath; the melting eyes; and, last of all, the long, long kiss. During that long kiss the lady stole the keys in the most businesslike manner possible. Through it all, Homer Hennessey remembered what Nolan had said about the waxworks dummy, and knew that it had been the truth.

"Might just as well be standing up here with a tag on me: 'Neat and Nobby—Take Me Home for Fifteen Dollars!'" thought Hennessey. "She don't mean a thing by it—not a thing! I'm just scenery, like he said. Now I wonder was she this way with all them others?"

"That'll be all for you to-day," said Micky, addressing the big Arizonan as he backed gingerly out of the last clinch and the camera ceased to click. "You did pretty well—everything considered. Be here to-morrow."

"I figure to," said Hennessey simply. "And the day after that. And then some."

He was back on the stage in twenty minutes, no longer one of the Emperor's Hussars, but a large, silent Westerner appearing in the rôle of a spectator. Miss LeMoyne was still vamping her way through Russia's upper circles; so Hennessey found a chair in a quiet corner, crossed his long legs, produced tobacco and papers, and smoked cigarettes as he watched the star perform. Once Valerie left the stage to make a change of costume, and then he drew a sheaf of worn newspaper clippings from an inner pocket and perused them earnestly until she returned, when he resumed his silent vigil.

That evening, as Micky Nolan was climbing into his gasoline thunderbolt, a touch on his arm gave him pause.

"As man to man," said Hennessey, with traces of embarrassment, "I'd like to ask you a question."

"As man to man, shoot!" replied Micky.

"Has she reformed, or not?"

"Has who reformed?" demanded the astonished director.

"Miss LeMoyne. There was a lot of stuff about her in the papers—things that happened before she came here. Has she got any dukes or counts on a string now? You heard her bawl me out, account of thinking I was fresh. You'd reckon the kind of a woman them pieces was written about wouldn't mind a little freshness—even if the feller meant it, which I didn't."

"Oh!" said Micky. "Well, it's this way: It might depend a lot on who was being fresh. A duke, for instance, can be as fresh as a June morning and still get away with it. It's expected of him. Same way with an earl; but a prince—say, a prince is the freshest of 'em all—his blood is bluer."

"Uh-huh! I read about that prince. I'd kind of crave to take him apart just to see how blue his blood is. . . . Yellow, I'll bet. But has she reformed?"

"I haven't seen any dukes round here," said Micky soberly, "if that's what you mean. Not lately, anyway."

"Well," said Hennessey, "that's something."

Micky choked, but hid his confusion by starting the engine.

"Listen!" said he. "Don't go away. Stay with us a while. I'm beginning to like you. I think you've got a great future. I'll write you a part in the next picture. It's going to be a Western story and you won't have to wear any monkey suit—just your five-gallon hat, your chaps and your boots."

"And my pants," supplemented Hennessey anxiously.

"Of course! How careless of me!"

"Is—is she going to be in it?"

"In it? She's all of it. You don't understand the star system. And say, big fellow!"

"Say it!"

"If you want to know about those dukes and earls and things, why don't you ask the lady? She'd tell you."

"You think she would?" demanded Hennessey.

"The surest thing you know!"

Micky drove rapidly away, leaving the Arizona giant staring after him with the dawning of a great idea in his eyes.

"Now why didn't I think of that before?" muttered Hennessey. "Ask the lady, of course!"

### IV

IT WAS three weeks before Micky started work on the Western picture, and during that period Hennessey haunted the studio. He did not suspect it, but he was a volunteer court jester, serving without pay, tolerated because he made the director laugh.

He did not amuse Miss LeMoyne—he puzzled her. She had come to recognize Hennessey as a problem. Valerie had never been good at problems, especially human ones of the male variety. She divided all men into two classes—those who were fresh and those who were not. When a man did not qualify in either division Valerie set him down as a nut.

(Continued on Page 76)



*Out of the Deepening Gloom Came a Startling Interruption: "Hands Up! I've Got You Covered!"*

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# When Coal Oil Johnny Goes to Sea

## By Edward N. Hurley

*Chairman United States Shipping Board*

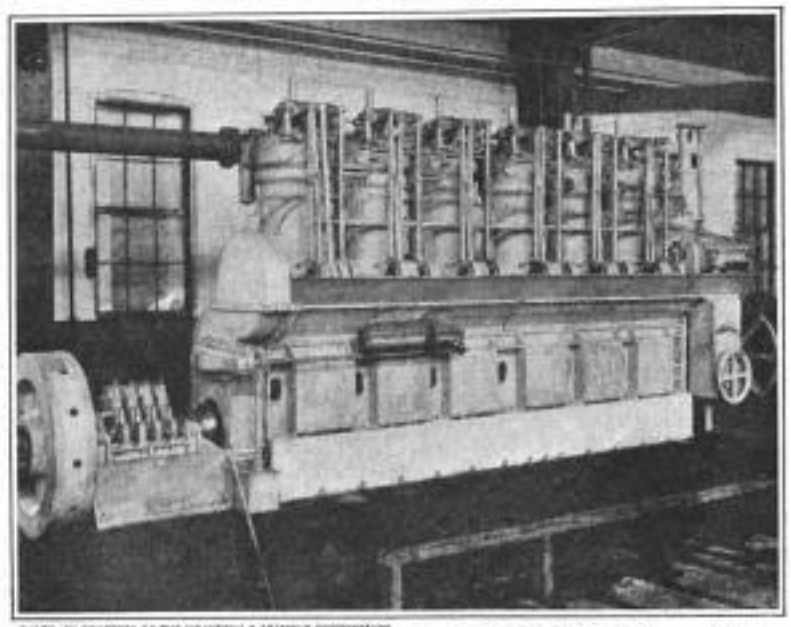
THE fast clipper ship was built of wood and propelled by sails. We had the timber to build that type of ship and the ingenuity to apply wind power and beat the world in speed. Those were the days of the Yankee clipper ships, and from Revolutionary times until 1861 we carried from sixty to ninety per cent of our own world trade.

Then came iron and steel ships, with steam power. Great Britain led all countries in pig-iron production—the whole world output in 1860 was less than eight million tons, against fifty million tons for the United States this year. As for steam, Emerson said then: "Steam is an Englishman." John Bull took first place in the new kind of shipping. The proportion of American trade carried in American ships steadily ran down to less than ten per cent at the outbreak of the world war.

To-day we are about to see another revolutionary advance in merchant ships, and the United States will again have some advantage—if we back natural resources with national ingenuity.

Petroleum is the coming factor in shipping. It will be used under boilers to raise steam. Better yet, it will propel internal-combustion engines of the Diesel type—the motor ship. We have an advantage in our large output of petroleum—sixty-five per cent of the world's output. And we are handiest to Mexico's supplies, now nearly eight per cent of the world production, with remarkable possibilities for increase, and two types of crude oil that are peculiarly suited to marine use.

In making a learned academic forecast of America's new merchant marine a German professor recently said: "In trading with other maritime powers it is right and proper that a nation should carry in its own ships at least fifty per cent of its world commerce."



PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE MCINTOSH & SEYMOUR CORPORATION

*How Motor Ship Engines Look on the Test Block. This Diesel Type Engine Was Operated Thirty Days Without Stop at Full Load and Speed as a Test*

### A New Era in Shipping

WITH petroleum, the motor ship, and American inventive genius and energy, we have reasonable prospects of again carrying our own exports and imports on this Germanic basis of fifty-fifty; but we must not rely upon natural advantages. Coal Oil Johnny will not do the work alone; we must put brains into the job—brains to the utmost.

Petroleum is about to effect a transformation in world shipping much more remarkable than that which was wrought by steam. The possibilities are fascinating. Both the oil-burning and the motor ship remove handicaps under which the merchant navies of the world have been steadily degenerating. They reduce operating costs, increase range and flexibility, overcome certain international political handicaps in shipping, and improve the living standards and morale of those who go down to the sea in ships.

Land transportation in practically all countries has been developed to a point where competition is regarded as wasteful. Competition probably played a useful part in days when railroads were being built; but, once laid down, it was agreed that competition in railroad operation, with its losses and bankruptcies, worked public damage. So for a generation the nations have been bringing their railroads under wise control for common welfare.

On the ocean, however, the nations have let competition run pretty much unchecked. After building their merchant fleets it might have been wise to work out some plan of international regulation. But, instead, they have fought each other on lines reminding one of our old railroad rate wars. They have used railroads, port privileges, bunkering stations and other auxiliaries to give their own ships the best of it and let the other fellow's ships have the worst.

They have done little to overcome by teamwork the violent fluctuations in ocean tonnage, rates and profits. They have fought each other on a rate basis with very little fundamental knowledge of shipping costs. And the general result has been to make shipping a risky business for the investor and a thankless job for the seaman, and to run the world into a great crisis, with a shipping plant that proved inadequate and antiquated.

But the world has undoubtedly learned its lesson during the past four years. Peace will find it building bigger merchant fleets on modern lines. Petroleum will give new mechanical advantages and help to bring order into ocean transportation. If international wisdom can be applied to operation and wasteful competition eliminated, shipping may enter a new renaissance.

When Coal Oil Johnny steps aboard a merchant ship and takes charge of the engine room the transformation is great. The comparatively few shipping managers who have operated with petroleum will tell you that it is like switching from the One-Hoss Shay to a high-powered racing car.

Take the advantages found in the oil-burning ship with steam engines over the coal burner. There is a reduction in the number of men needed in the boiler room, first of all.

Some months before the Lusitania sailed on her last tragic voyage American petroleum experts examined her boilers and coal bunkers to make suggestions for converting her into an oil burner. They found this entirely feasible, and estimated that her fireroom force could be reduced ninety per cent by the change—that is, one man out of ten would be needed. It has been said that the Lusitania started on her last voyage short of firemen, and that because she was running with only seventy per cent steam efficiency the submarine was able to torpedo her. Had she been running at full efficiency with coal, or been fitted for oil burning, she might, perhaps, have escaped.

### Advantages of Oil

NEXT comes reduction in bunker space, with an increase in cargo space. A ton of oil takes five cubic feet less space than a ton of coal, and gives eighty per cent steaming efficiency against sixty-five per cent for coal. This works out to about forty per cent saving in bunker space, which is made available for cargo in a freighter. Moreover, there is a saving in quarters for the crew, because an oil-burning ship carries fewer men. Estimates for the Mauretania give a fireroom force of twenty-seven men for oil burning as against three hundred and twelve needed to burn coal.

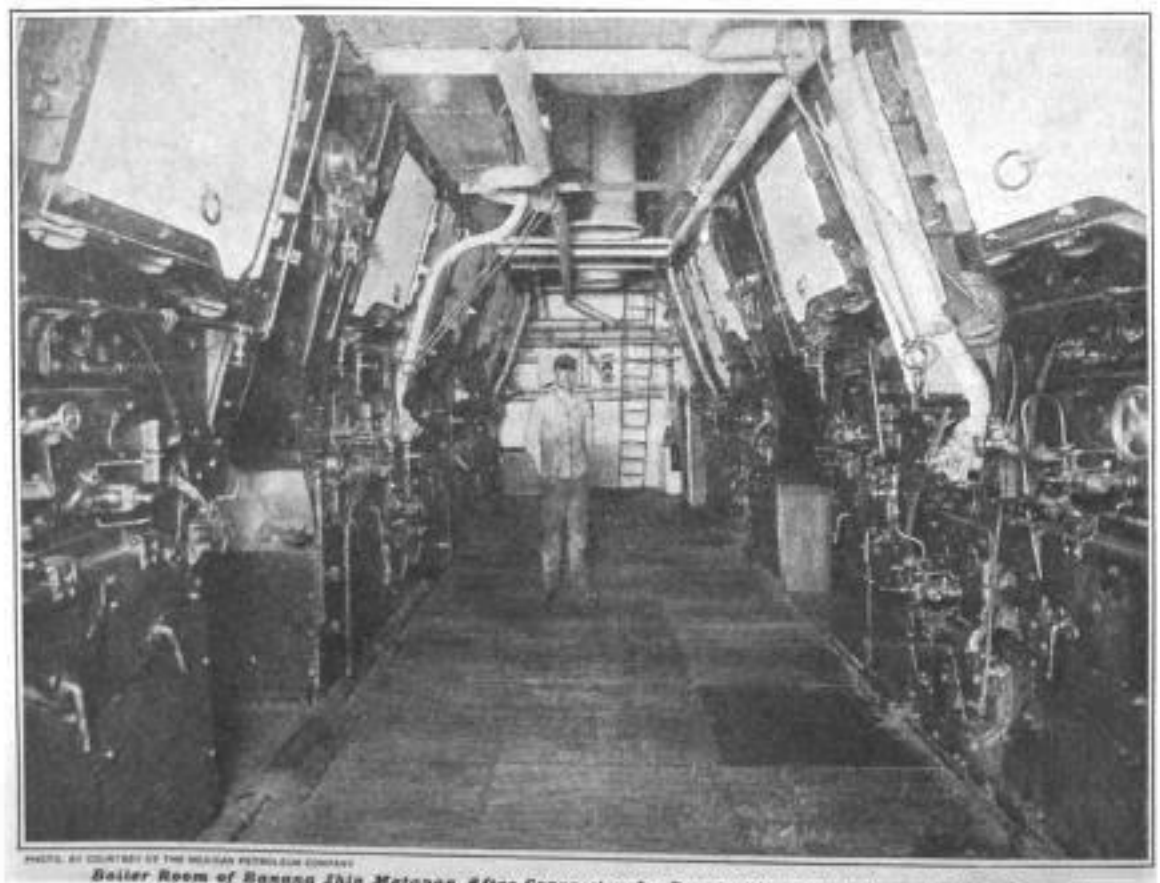
Oil-burning vessels will make from ten to twenty per cent more mileage than coal burners. There is better control of steaming, because fires can be started and stopped instantly, steam raised quickly, and time in port saved through the greater ease of taking on oil as contrasted with coal. Coaling is always a dirty job and tedious, whereas oil is simply pumped into the double bottoms quickly and without fuss or muss.

There are other advantages: Oil is often cheaper than coal in actual dollars—prices vary widely, of course. Oil does not deteriorate in storage like coal. Oil eliminates the fire risk from spontaneous combustion in coal, and is not subject to the danger of shifting in rough weather at sea. Oil eliminates ashes and ash conveyors, smoke and soot, and the necessity for frequently painting a ship. Oil reduces the expense of grate repairs, corrosion of boiler plates, fuel handling devices afloat and ashore.

Even more remarkable, however, is the increase in radius of ship operation and the possibility for planning profitable voyages without handicaps imposed by coaling. The coal-burning ship must stop frequently for fuel. Her nationality may put her at a disadvantage where foreign bunkering stations are used. At the best, coal-bunkering stations in other countries have always involved political complications. Even with the magnificent bunkering facilities afforded British ships, there are various parts of the world where the coal burner must steam a considerable distance, with little or no cargo, simply to take on coal—a well-recognized operating handicap.

But the oil burner has a radius of from two to three times that of the coal burner. Fast passenger liners burning oil for steam could almost make the round trip from New York to Europe and back, taking most of their oil on this side; and with

*(Concluded on Page 63)*



PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE MEXICAN PETROLEUM COMPANY

*Boiler Room of Banana Ship Metapan After Conversion for Burning Crude Petroleum to Make Steam. One Fireman is on Duty Each Shift at Clean, Comfortable Work*

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# THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST




With What Amazed Eyes He Would Have Regarded the Roan Colt Had He Known That Those Awkward, Shambling Legs Were to Write Horse History in Central Ohio

## By John Taintor Foote

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE late Kaiser has been accused of falseness and faithlessness no end, but it is difficult to determine just how much of the web of lies and deceit which so long bound his people to their unholy aims he himself spun. I shall make no broad statement, therefore, concerning his nonintegrity. I shall be specific in my accusation. I now assert that when Killbuck Belle won the two-thirty trot at Millersburg, Ohio, in two-twenty-six and a quarter, two-twenty-seven and a half, and two-twenty-eight, the best horse did not win. I further assert that certain drivers in this race resorted to connivance, low cunning and shameless trickery, in defiance of the rules of the American Trotting Association; and I now proclaim that William Hohenzollern, lately Emperor of Germany, was primarily responsible for this direct blow at honest racing on the Ohio Central Circuit.

In establishing my case it is necessary to go back half a century to a band of gypsies making camp in the shadow of the crowding hills along the Killbuck Valley. The gypsies had come down the winding river road from beyond Coshocton that day, and the stunted grass-fed beasts which had moved the creaking wagons over those long hot miles had given themselves up to complete dejection.

This was not true, however, of a white mare, cream-colored with dust and sweat, who pawed in the weeds at the tail of the gypsy wagon to which she was securely tied with a heavy rope.

If ever a mare showed plainly that she was among strangers it was this same white mare. Some of her anxieties no doubt were due to the responsibilities of motherhood, and she whinnied every moment or so to a long-legged roan colt that switched his tail and cavorted stiffly in the weeds close to her side. But her twisting neck and flicking ears and nervous rolling eyes were occasioned by the presence of the gypsies, who were making preparations for supper all about her, and from whom obviously she did not know what to expect.

Anxiously she watched them, sidling away as a dark-faced evil-smelling man or woman or child approached, turning her head as far as the rope allowed to keep them in sight when they had passed behind her. She snorted when a canvas flap on a wagon swung toward her on the lazy breeze; she sniffed the first smoke of the camp fires uneasily; she pricked her ears at the clatter of a cooking untensil or the sound of an unfamiliar voice.

She took no notice of the weary nondescripts who had borne the burden of the day's slow journey. One appraising look she had given them, and that had been enough. The white mare, with her slender legs, delicate pointed ears and slim clean-cut head, was beyond question an aristocrat. The gypsies she might hate and fear, but these low-headed humble creatures of her own species she despised.

At last when a blood-red sun had sunk to rest in the bosom of the hills and fireflies had begun to flash in the purple depths of the valley the white mare heard the sound of approaching hoof beats. Though muffled by a cushion of dust they were brisk, certain and full of purpose. She twisted her neck and directed inquiring ears and watchful eyes toward the sound of them as Elmer Dodge, driving a good bay gelding, Morgan bred, rounded a spur of hill and rapidly drew near.

The white mare sent a shrill appealing whinny to the gelding which cut through the weed-scented twilight like a silver trumpet. Elmer turned his head and gave her one swift glance, then—"Whoa!" said he; for Elmer was a horseman.

Twenty minutes later all that Elmer had received for three red heifers was in the pocket of the leader of the gypsies and Elmer was driving slowly toward his hillside farm, six miles west of Killbuck. The bay gelding, even though he could trot a mile of country road, hitched to a top buggy, in three minutes, was receiving scant attention. Elmer was driving him with one hand. In the other hand he held a rope. His eyes were devoted to the white mare attached thereto.

As for the long-legged roan colt, he continued to switch his inconsequential tail as he danced spasmodically along beside his now more placid mother. Perhaps his manner would have been less flippant, his method of locomotion more sedate, could he have looked into the future. But he was as unconscious as his new owner that it was a road to destiny along which he danced that summer evening long ago. Elmer had paid a fair price for the white mare; he had accepted her offspring without enthusiasm as dubious good measure. With what amazed eyes he would have regarded the roan colt had he known that those awkward, shambling legs were to write horse history in Central Ohio, and that the best of Elmer's years would be spent in guiding them as they set it down.

We will skip the next four years and arrive, somewhat abruptly, at the Coshocton County Fair. We will omit the purchase of bright indigo-blue cards of admission and push ahead out of turn, letting the impatient line of wagons, top buggies and surreys enter the main entrance one at a time when the badge-hung gatekeeper permits.

Safe inside we will not take in the exhibit of the baking skill of the housewives of Coshocton County. May the cherry pie win! We will avoid the lethargic contest in fecundity and avoirdupois between Poland-China sows with pigs. We will not tarry to observe the placid struggle, wool against wool, of the Southdowns, Shropshires and Dorsets. We will eat no peanuts, drink neither cider nor lemonade. The black man's countenance, protruding provocatively through the hole in the canvas, may go unblemished as far as we are concerned. How mighty a blow we can deliver with a ponderous wooden mallet will remain forever unknown. We will not argue with a man in charge of a queer contrivance called a reaper which, so he declares, will do away with the cradle and make wheat-cutting under a July sun at once a joy and a delight. It might be well also not to linger in the vicinity of the Coshocton Silver Cornet Band, which is about to deliver upon the helpless air the strains of the latest popular song, Old Dog Tray.

These things and many more besides we shall miss in going directly to Stall Number Three in the speed barns along the back stretch of the half-mile track.

In this stall, forty-odd years ago, was a tall roan stallion with white haws visible at the rims of his distrustful eyes, and ears that had a tendency to flatten suddenly against a wicked head. Before the stall, his hands clasped loosely between his knees, a four-inch rye straw between his lips, sat Elmer Dodge. To him came presently young Cliff Saunders, as crafty a pilot of trotter or pacer as ever scored for the word at a county fair.

"Hello, Elmer," was his greeting. "What you got here?"

Elmer shifted the rye straw from east to west and glanced over his shoulder into the stall behind him. "Stud colt—comin' five—green pacer," said he.

Now Cliff had a six-year-old mare by Hambletonian farther down the line of stalls, primed and ready for the green pace. She had worked in thirty and back in thirty-two. He had acknowledged to himself that she looked good. His interest in the roan horse became more acute.

"How's he bred?" he wanted to know.

"Give it up," said Elmer. Then at Cliff's look of inquiry: "Some gypsies come through my way four year ago, with a breedy-lookin' white mare that had a colt at side. I bought the mare. She died on me the next spring from colic. This is the colt."

"Didn't they tell you nothin' about her?"

"They claimed not to know; claimed they'd picked her up in a trade somewhere this side of Pittsburgh."

"Can he step?"

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In the world of pace and trot one grows eloquent over the powers of indifferent performers, whose possible sale must be considered while probable defeat is explained away; but one can afford crypticism when an animal's deeds promise to speak for themselves.

"Purty good," said Elmer.

"H'm-m," came from Cliff as he drew closer to the stall door. "What do you call him?"

"I call him Killbuck Tom. Watch out—he's ornery."

Cliff stepped easily back from a snakelike dart of a roan head and a set of huge white teeth.

"I claim he is," he drawled. "Well, we'll try an' give him a hoss race to-morrow."

In the green pace next day Cliff endeavored to keep his promise; but Killbuck Tom, on this, his first appearance before an assembled multitude, made it impossible. Horse racing apparently was the last thing he contemplated. Perhaps after the quiet of Killbuck Valley he did not approve of the noise and excitement of the Coshocton County Fair. At any rate he refused to score. With flattened ears and smoldering eyes he backed and bucked and sidled, shaking his head from side to side as though in answer to Elmer's voice, which urged him to go on.

The starter grew hoarse, the spectators lining both sides of the home stretch ten deep jeered mightily, and Elmer at last lost the cool head which, more than a skillful pair of hands, makes the successful driver. In the language of the track he "went after" the roan horse with a deep drawing underhand stroke round the legs and belly. Killbuck Tom flattened for a moment under the red-hot bite of the long whalebone whip, then he reared, pawed at the sky, and fell backward in a tangle of broken shafts and harness in the center of the track.

That sent him to the barn. He was in his stall, trembling and sweating, as Cliff's Hambletonian mare jogged home an easy winner of the three heats and race. Elmer, who had secured a rye straw and a return of his habitual calm, was applying goose grease to the red wales left in the wake of the storm of his passion.

Along a level stretch of country road the roan had received his training. Only the brooding hills had watched as he had struck his full stride with Elmer sitting silently behind him. And so to those who had witnessed his calamitous début it was surprising to see the name of Killbuck Tom among the starters in the green pace at Zanesville the following week.

Other drivers became jovial, not to say jocular on the subject. Jake Elberwell, who traded and bought and sold 'em in every nook and corner of Knox County; Riley Gardner, who ran a stud barn over Columbus way; and Hal Putnam, who "liveried" in the winter months at Millersburg, drifted casually to the roan's stall.

Riley Gardner fired the opening gun. "Well, if it ain't Elmer!" he said in a surprised tone. "Kinda thought you'd be off to the circus, Elmer. If you could jest keep him balanced now when he rears ——"

"Harness an' shaf's must be cheap," Jake opined.

"If your gad wears out I got a nice hickory neck yoke I'd loan ye," was Hal's contribution.

Elmer located, obtained and inserted in his mouth a fresh rye straw. "Have your fun, boys," he said.

"Mebbe the gypsies learned him them steps," suggested Cliff Saunders as he arrived on the scene. He explained his meaning to the others by describing how the roan had come into Elmer's possession.

"Them gypsies are slick dealers," observed Riley.

"They shore be," Cliff agreed.

He did not stoop to promise the discredited Killbuck Tom a horse race. It was as well, perhaps, that he did not, for once again he could not have kept his word. It is true that the roan horse for the second time kept the green pacers wheeling, scoring and returning while he backed and balked and reared. It is true that the starter at last told Elmer to take care of himself and sent the field away on the next score with Killbuck Tom rooted in the track, gazing off over the center field. But it is also true that whatever Elmer's charge was observing suddenly ceased to interest him, and that he determined on a change of scene. What resolved him to do so at that moment will never be known. Perhaps he wished to put distance between himself and the Great Western Band of Zanesville while it rendered Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break. At any rate he departed from that vicinity suddenly and at a high rate of speed, and round the track he went, with Elmer guiding him.

Cliff Saunders was out in front with his Hambletonian, "jest buggy-ridin'," as he stated later, when he became aware of thudding hoofs and the voice of Elmer vociferating the word "Yiphee!"

"G'wan!" yelled Cliff as he grasped the fact that vital seconds were upon him and that he must be up and doing. His mare instantly responded with her best. It was by no means enough. Killbuck Tom, pacing like a wild horse, shot past. Cliff had a glimpse of Elmer's curving back and then the dust obscured it. Killbuck Tom was first at the wire by five lengths.

His conduct during the next two heats was above reproach. He scored like a lamb and finished like a lion—winning as he pleased.

As Elmer led the winner to his quarters after the race he passed the stall in which Cliff Saunders was busy at the first processes of cooling out his mare.

"Any remarks, Cliff?" inquired Elmer in a gentle voice.

There was no reply.

II

THE first two public appearances of Killbuck Tom were characteristic of his entire racing career. Though he dropped from the green pace to the free-for-all in his first two seasons and raced in that class thereafter, Cliff's promise was never fulfilled. For more than ten years no rival succeeded in giving the roan a horse race. If he decided to score away and pace a full mile there was no contest—he smothered his field. If racing did not appeal to him that day he was distanced. Sometimes his attitude would change in the middle of a race. Having won one or two heats as he pleased, further effort became obnoxious to him. He signified this as a rule plainly and unmistakably. In his later career, when his fame had spread over fifteen counties, a reproachful murmur would go up from those who watched if Killbuck Tom before a heat began to shake his head. It was a certain sign that he would race no more that day, and the good people of Central Ohio were expressing their disappointment, for—with the exception of Cliff, Jake, Riley, Hal and lesser drivers—they adored him.

Had he combined tractability with speed it is certain he would not have been so popular. He would have become monotonous. It was uncertainty as to his conduct that kept the interest in him alive, that brought thousands to a fair when his name appeared among the starters in the free-for-all pace. "Ole Killbuck Tom," they called him, and his name became a byword up and down the peaceful rail-fenced country roads. "Ole Killbuck Tom—the orneriest race hoss that ever looked through a bridle"; and the most beloved.

"Shucks!" they would say at the first ominous shake of a roan head. "I kinda thought he'd be at himself to-day." Some would smile wisely and opine that they "knowed it the minute he come out." They had seen it, so they said, in his ornery old eye.

On the other hand, "Thar he goes!" they would yell joyfully when Killbuck Tom with flattened ears and high-held reaching neck burst away from the wire in one of his victorious flights. Then they would settle back contentedly in their seats to observe the inevitable result of the heat and listen to the musical "Yiphees" which Elmer addressed to the track-devouring roan.



"I Call Him Killbuck Tom. Watch Out—He's Ornery"

Elmer's whip at such times was always upright and motionless. He had learned that to wave it was to court disaster. Even a thought of punishment might shatter the perfect rhythm of the pistonlike strides. At a touch of the lash on his level, slightly swaying back Killbuck Tom would go to a lunging break, changing to a stiff-legged prance as he overcame his momentum and the field thudded past him.

Eighty slanting acres on the side of the Killbuck hills, even when farmed to the quick, do not yield an abundance. If one must jog a horse part of each winter day and be away with him at the races four months in the summer one does not indulge in whip wavings when first money—one hundred and twenty dollars, cash—is involved. Elmer limited himself to unresented yipheeing.

Off the track the relationship between Elmer and the stallion was as follows: Killbuck Tom gave Elmer the privilege of entering his stall and ministering to him—anyone else he would have promptly slain—without more than flattening his ears and clicking his teeth. Elmer gave Killbuck Tom most of his strength and all of his thoughts. Other men might be concerned with mating, the rearing of children, self-advancement or their souls' welfare. Not so Elmer. His problem was comparatively simple. It consisted of getting the roan, sound and in hard flesh, to the races, and persuading him to race after he got him there.

In his intercourse with his own kind Elmer was subordinate to his horse. Friends, acquaintances, strangers were not interested apparently in his welfare. They valued his opinion only when it concerned Killbuck Tom. It was always: "Well, how's the ole cuss? Just as ornery as ever? Think he'll race to-day?"

Elmer did not resent the lack of interest in his own well-being. The reflected glory in which he shone was more brilliant than he could have contrived for himself. He surrendered placidly to the engulfing destiny of Killbuck Tom and let others struggle with the complexities of life.

But the years slipped by. Each one dulled a little, dimmed a little the bright edge of the roan's speed. At last he was not equal to the free-for-alls, even when he did his best; and Elmer's world began to totter.

It steadied on its foundations again when dwellers in Killbuck Valley discovered that an ordinary buggy mare if mated to the roan produced a spotted china-eyed pink-nosed foal—observe the influence of the white mare—which a few years later would "raise hell quicker'n scat," but would go all day and give most anything else along the road a "dustin'."

So wiry pink-nosed pacers with uncertain dispositions began to appear on winding country roads, and "Here comes a Killbuck—better let him go by" was substituted for the customary cracking of whips and rattle of buggy wheels in Knox and Coshocton Counties. The roan horse was triumphant in old age as he had been in youth. Elmer's pockets were lined with stud fees—his absorption in the career of Killbuck Tom as complete as ever.

And yet the one other thing that was to share a portion of his life came to him because a certain dauntless critic scorned his idol. Stout-waisted, deep-bosomed Elvira Epley, mother of seven, and wife of his neighbor, Jim Epley, whose farm was two hills beyond his own, committed the sacrilege.

Elmer had sold five acres of standing timber to the tie hoss of the Walhonding Railroad, and decided to apply a stump puller to the new land that fall. He hooked the off horse of his work team to a stone boat one morning and drove over to the Epleys'. There, Jim being away on a squirrel hunt, he encountered Elvira, who when he had explained why he had come asked him, curiously enough, how things were going with him.

"Fine," said Elmer. "The old hoss is spry as a kitten."

Elvira, who was peering under the cornerib in quest of the stump puller, straightened up suddenly and faced him.

"I don't care a mite," said she, "how that old stud hoss is."

Elmer, shocked to speechlessness, stared at her dumbly.

"What are you aimin' to do twenty years from now?" Elvira shot at him. "All alone in these hills without a chick or a child? You'll want somebody to look after you when the frost gets into your bones. Your horse'll be dead an' gone—an' a good riddance. What'll you have left when you've gave your life to a race horse 'stead of a honest hard-workin' woman an' the children she'd raise you? You can't answer! I'll answer for you—nothin' but old age and loneliness and misery. That's what you're comin' to, Elmer Dodge, with your Killbuck Tom!"

Elmer got the stump puller on the stone boat as quickly as possible and clucked to the work horse. He craved the silence of the valley road, which would be undisturbed by Elvira's voice.

But "durn the woman," what she had said kept sounding in his ears all that winter. On stormy nights in particular as he sat before the kitchen stove her words would rise above the howling of the wind.

The roads thawed out early that spring. Elmer was giving Killbuck Tom an exercise job one morning when he met Dave Pringle, one of the county commissioners, driving through the valley in a mud-caked buggy hitched to a mud-splashed team.

"Whoa," said Dave.

"Whoa," said Elmer.

"He looks good," said Dave, his eyes on Killbuck Tom.

"Jest as good as ever—far as I can see," said Elmer. He became aware of a small figure beside the commissioner, and a small face, white in the shadow under the buggy top. "Your boy?" he inquired.

"Why, no," said Dave, still drinking in the lines of the famous roan. "This here boy is an orphan boy. I'm takin' him to the children's home at Mount Vernon. We ain't fixed to handle such cases in Coshocton County." Dave's eyes shifted from horse to owner as he added accusingly: "An' we would be if you farmers hadn't voted agin the 'propriation that would of took care of this boy in his own county."

"Ain't there no relatives?" asked Elmer.

"Nary a one. His folks moved to Killbuck from somewheres East seven year ago. The man died first. The county buried the woman yesterday." The commissioner turned and regarded the small cause of his journey down Killbuck Valley moodily. "Wish I could get someone to

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take him," he said. "I hate to ask Knox County to look after our own."

Elmer became conscious of two things: With his eyes he saw that big slow tears were rolling down the woebegone childish face at which the commissioner was frowning; with his ears he seemed to hear the voice of Elvira Epley.

"I never thought much of them children's homes," he stated thoughtfully. "That's why I voted agin that 'propriation—if you want to know."

Dave favored him with a dry and superior smile. "If I was lookin' for an opinion about a pacin' hoss," he said, "I might come to you, Elmer. But I don't know as I'd hunt you up to learn me about children."

"You might do worse," Elmer informed him with a shade of truculence. "Hosses and children is a lot alike."

The heavy shoulders of the commissioner shook as he indulged in silent though sarcastic laughter. "That old man-eater there of yours, for instance. He's a reg'lar baby, now, ain't he? Well, I must be gettin' along." The commissioner flapped a rein.

"Wait a minute," said Elmer.

"Whoa," said Dave.

"I figger a child's got a better chance most anywhere than in a children's home," said Elmer slowly. He looked again at the small tear-stained face. "Suppose I take this boy off'n your hands an'—raise him?"

Dave's mouth came open and remained so for a thunder-stricken instant. "Do you mean it?" he managed to say.

"I shore do."

In a surprisingly short time the commissioner's team was headed back toward Coshocton. Killbuck Tom was turning toward home.

Suddenly Dave's head appeared at the side of the buggy. "An' say," he called back, "his name is Henry."

"Much obliged," called Elmer. "Do you like to ride fast, Henry?" he asked softly.

Henry gave the faintest of nods.

"Go on, you," ordered Elmer, tightening the reins.

The roan proved that he was still equal to short flights. There was a breathless interval in which the valley road swam under them, the hillsides were blurred and the wind dried up the tears on two small cheeks.

"How's that?" asked Elmer when it was over.

There was no reply, but a slight wriggle was encouraging.

"Ever hear of Killbuck Tom?" Elmer inquired.

The nod he got was almost emphatic.

"This is him," said Elmer briefly.

A pair of round awe-struck eyes fastened themselves on the back of the roan.

"Gee!" breathed the voice of Henry.

"Want to drive?" asked Elmer.

### III

IT IS a long way, thank God, from the Killbuck Valley to William of Germany, but twenty years will do it. During the twenty years Killbuck Tom died, and Elmer gave himself up to the unprofitable racing of that stallion's descendants and the raising of Henry. He was successful in the latter endeavor and Henry became a man—patterned, through close association, after his foster father. He was big and slow and quiet. He was contented and hard-working. Elmer's wishes were his own. He expressed no desires that could not be satisfied in Killbuck Valley. He gave those he met on the road only a brief glance before taking in, from nose to tail, whatever was in front of the dashboard.

More and more, however, there was nothing in front of the dashboard. There was, as a matter of fact, no dashboard. Little by little dashboards were supplanted by wind shields, until at last Killbuck Valley was filled with dust clouds and spring squeaks and the odor of hot oil and burnt gas. Elmer was undisturbed by the intrusion. The goggled and veiled travelers in dust-bathed touring cars which passed his door looked at the hills on the left and right and not at the weather-beaten barn, six miles west of Killbuck, which had a brass horse at full trot for a weather vane.

The tourists were unaware that the barn had been the home of Killbuck Tom; that even now it sheltered, all winter long, his granddaughter—Killbuck Belle. So Elmer let them pass like figures in a dream.

He was not interested in road maps or tire mileage or oil or gasoline. Granted that these things meant progress; the advent of hobbles or the change from the high-wheeled sulky to the ball-bearing bike excepted, progress meant nothing to him. He had made over the farm to Henry, who had taken the burden of working it on his youngest shoulders. Henry was a good boy—not too smart. His shoulders were the dependable kind. Elmer could count on them to the end of his days, and the voice of Elvira Epley did not disturb his memories of Killbuck Tom or his passionate desire to see his descendant, Killbuck Belle, win a race.

Henry, being minutely acquainted by hearsay with the roan's every deed, had come to share the memories and the desire almost equally with Elmer. He managed the crops with an eye to a summer's absence at the county fairs and entrance money for the thirty trots over the Ohio Central Circuit.

So far these entrance moneys had not been profitable investments. Killbuck Belle had raced faithfully every year for five years, and had yet to win a heat. Horses of modern breeding with antiquated drivers were the combination that defeated her. Cliff Saunders, Jake Elberwell, Riley Gardner and Hal Putnam, after fifty years on the Ohio Central, were still racing. They had come to be known as the Big Four of the county fairs and were both ruthless and cunning reinsmen. All could still hear in reminiscence Elmer's exultant yiphees and taste the dust to be found in the wake of Killbuck Tom.

In seeking a just revenge the Big Four were not handicapped by memories. They did not pin their faith to a dead horse—fast in his day but of unknown breeding—who had been mated with road mares. The Big Four were alive to progress. They came to the races with the get of modern sires and standard-bred record dams, and proved too much for Elmer and Henry and Killbuck Belle.

Then, on the thirtieth day of July, the Kaiser's long-laid plots and plans took the visible shape of armed men, and a continent shook to the tramp of armies.

Its tremors reached to the ends of the earth, even to Killbuck Valley. Elmer and Henry, while wondering whether a five-ounce toe weight would help the stride of Killbuck Belle, found time now and then for a casual reference to "them Germans."

The five-ounce toe weight proved valueless. Killbuck Belle raced the summer through, and the next, and the next, to no avail. Elmer always explained to the Big Four, who managed to divide the money in the thirty trots among themselves, that the mare wasn't just right that season.

"But she's a Killbuck," he would inform them. "The older they get the better they get. We'll give you fellers a race next year, won't we, Henry?"

Henry agreed that they would.

The Big Four went back to their respective stalls, slapping one another on the back. Elmer and Henry and Killbuck Belle provided them with endless opportunities for wit and jocularity all through the racing season.

They sobered, however, the following year, when the Kaiser's plans, followed to their logical conclusion, produced an inevitable result, and Elmer appeared at Coshocton for the opening meeting with Killbuck Belle alone.

Cliff Saunders, drifting along the speed barns for a look at rival horses, was the first to greet him.

"Hello, Elmer," said he; "where's Henry?"

Elmer leaned across the lower door of the stall, one gnarled hand on the handle of the pitchfork with which he had been bedding down.

"Ketched by the draft," he said.

"We-e-ll, now," said Cliff.

"Yes, sir-ree," Elmer continued. "They took him fust thing. Said he filled all standards and requirements to perfeckshun. He's at Camp Sherman."

"Bully for him!" said Cliff. "How's the ole mare?"

Elmer turned and surveyed the granddaughter of Killbuck Tom.

"I figger this is her year, Cliff," he confided. "She's worked awful good for me. I've wrote Henry that you boys'll have to step some to beat her."

"I hope so; I hope so, Elmer," said Cliff, complacent in the knowledge that any trotter which led his candidate at the finish in the Thirty class would be entitled to all he earned by so doing. He proved this that week by forcing Jake Elberwell to trot three times round two-eighteen to beat him. Killbuck Belle was seventh, eighth and last.

She was not in the money the balance of the season, but the Big Four were no longer hilarious over her failures.

"What do you hear from Henry?" they asked Elmer now and then.

"Doin' fine," he told them. "His feet's some blistered, he writes, but otherwise he ain't got no complaint."

That was a lonesome winter and a hard spring for Elmer. He had grown unaccustomed to silent, snow-filled or shrieking, wind-swept nights alone in the hills. He was unaccustomed to the heavy weight of farm work under which he tottered unassisted.

Wars may come and wars may go, while county fairs, it is to be hoped, go on forever. Entrance money must be raised if Killbuck Belle was to have her chance that season. It meant prodigious efforts, but Elmer proved equal to them. He missed the Coshocton meeting and arrived at Millersburg gaunt, frail and "the least mite shaky," as he put it. Killbuck Belle, however, was well and in good flesh. This was to be her year, he stated. Also he produced a printed postal card. "Arrived safely overseas," it read. It was signed "Henry."

Eyes that can still see a gap at the pole that will let a trotter through may need a little help for reading. Cliff Saunders put on his spectacles when Elmer gave him the card. Elmer put out a veined and shaking hand to receive it back again. Their fingers and their eyes met for an instant.

"You goin' to race that ole mare again this year?" asked Cliff abruptly.

*(Concluded on Page 66)*



*"Ole Killbuck Tom," They Called Him, and It Was Uncertainty as to His Conduct That Brought Thousands to a Fair When His Name Appeared*

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# Feeding the Yankees in France



Major General Harry L. Rogers

## By Isaac F. Marcosson

IN AN office on the second floor of the barracks building at Tours which houses the headquarters of the Services of Supply of the American Expeditionary Force sits a broad-shouldered rangy man with keen brown eyes, firm jaw, and every external evidence of a distinct and dominating personality. He is Maj. Gen. Harry L. Rogers, Quartermaster General to the whole American Army and chief quartermaster of the Pershing host. Through him your son, brother, husband or sweetheart, whether he is in base port or in the occupied towns along the Rhine, never misses a meal, and is always shod and clothed.

Some things can wait, but food cannot. Upon it depends the vital energy of the forces, for the well-fed man can always be counted upon. An army is only as efficient and as effective as its subsistence system, and this is as true to-day as it was when men hurled spears and shot arrows.

No corresponding officer in any of the Allied armies has so ramified a task as General Rogers. Stewardship of the soldier's stomach is only one of his obligations. You get some idea of the scope of his labors when I tell you that the blue-print chart of his organization in France alone is eight feet long and has more than a hundred sections, each one indicating a separate activity. Under his control everywhere is an army greater than the entire regular establishment of the United States when we went to war with Germany. He is the keeper of more than three square miles of warehouses in France, from which flow unceasing streams of sustenance. At his direction the largest ice-making plant under one roof in the world has been built. He operates farms and factories, while his salvage ranges from the repair of a shoe to the restoration of a sawmill. In fueling the fighting furnace he has expanded industry and redeemed communities at home and abroad. The figures with which he deals are so staggering that they need to be splashed on a ten-league canvas with those proverbial brushes of comet's hair. In every subsequent article of this series you will encounter some contact or dependence upon his far-flung functions. Chief among his responsibilities, however, is subsistence. It is with the response that he makes to the most incessant of all demands—the human appetite—that this narrative is mainly concerned. Again you have the revelation of a monster merchandising, driven by a titanic energy, harnessed to needs and wants that never cease. Once more you find the emergency met.

The Quartermaster Corps, which corresponds to the Army Service Corps in the British Army, was in at the birth of the A. E. F. Originally the present organization was operated by three separate bodies—the Pay Department, which paid the troops; the Commissary, which dealt with food; and the Quartermaster, who provided clothing and tentage. Long before we went to grips with the Kaiser, however, they were unified under one head, a quartermaster general; and in one body, which was called the Quartermaster Corps. Hence the Quartermaster General of the Army—the Q. M. G.—is like the head of a corporation composed of many merged subsidiaries.

### The Man Who Kept Things Moving

WHEN General Pershing sailed for France in June, 1917, he took with him Col. Daniel E. McCarthy, who was the first chief quartermaster of the A. E. F. With him went five assistants and also ten other quartermaster officers with a group of enlisted soldiers and clerks. This handful of subordinate officers and men, many of them now risen high in the service, formed the nucleus of the tens of thousands who sustain the expedition to-day.

Like every other service the Q. M. C., as the Quartermaster Corps is termed, had humble beginning. Its first offices were two rooms twenty feet square in that building in the Rue de Constantine in Paris where our whole overseas effort first saw the light of day. The tiny quarters were flooded at the start with every conceivable kind of commercial offering that ranged from hand grenades and tennis rackets to whole bakeries and foundries. There was a constant influx of inventors, spies, salesmen, advisers, business experts and stranded Americans, all dripping with suggestions and ideas and eager to get their fingers into Uncle Sam's purse. This itch for easy government money, I might add, still exists. It knows neither rank nor caste.

In those early and precarious days General Pershing realized that the great bulk of his supplies would have to be brought from America. Thus our whole vast tonnage problem really began with food, which has remained the first and foremost consideration of shipping ever since.

In July, 1917, in one of the first orders issued by the A. E. F., the duties of the chief quartermaster were published as: Transportation of Personnel and Supplies; Supply Transportation and Repairs; Clothing; Quartermaster Equipment; Subsistence; Fuel; Forage; Lights; Quarters; Camp Sites; Quarters and Offices; Pay of Personnel and General Disbursements; Laundries and Baths; Remounts; Claims; Salvage; Workshops and Storehouses; Cemeteries; Burials; Graves Registration; Labor and Quartermaster Personnel. With the exception of Claims and Transportation these duties remain practically the same to-day.

Part of Colonel McCarthy's force arranged for the camp and subsistence of the first Expeditionary Force, which arrived in France on June 26, 1917. This force of 10,000 men brought its quartermaster complement, but it had to do some pretty lively skirmishing and lean on the French and British until the overseas supply service had been established.

Meanwhile an event of far-reaching importance to our supply service happened. Down at San Antonio, Texas, working as department quartermaster of the Southern Department was the then Col. Harry L. Rogers, once called "The Boy Paymaster." His father conducted a famous military school in Michigan, from which he had graduated and gone straight into the Regular Army. He had solved the biggest army-supply problem since the Civil War because he successfully fed and equipped the army of 250,000 Regulars and National Guardsmen that we mobilized on the Mexican border.

It was Rogers who kept the supply trains and trucks filled and moving in the trail of Pershing when he went after Villa and his fellow bandits. He little dreamed as he sweated over the hardtack and canned beans that he sent day after day out across the dusty sagebrush and the scorching mesas that he would soon be feeding that same commander at the head of hundreds of thousands of Americans overseas. Destiny was working in his direction. On June twenty-sixth the army telegraph instrument ticked out an order to him to come to France. In two weeks he was on the ocean; on August thirteenth he was made chief quartermaster of the A. E. F. Subsequently he became Quartermaster General to all our forces.

It was Brigadier General Rogers—his great work on the border had won him promotion—who faced the task of organizing the quartermaster's work in France. To write of those early times is to begin the usual catalogue of difficulties and handicaps. There was shortage of personnel, tonnage and motor transport. Besides, no one knew just how large our oversea force would be. It is interesting to reflect that at the outset our coal needs, for example, were considered at 15,000 tons a month. To-day we use nearly ten times that much. What was true of coal has been equally true of a thousand items. Responsibilities literally buzzed round the head of the new chief quartermaster. He anticipated many emergencies. For one thing he saw that he would have to purchase as many supplies as possible abroad in order to save tonnage. Out of his foresight grew the invaluable General Purchasing Board, of which you will hear more in a later article. It was put up to the chief quartermaster, or the C. Q. M., as he is familiarly called, to locate and equip the General Headquarters of the A. E. F., which were opened on September first last year in a little town in the north.

Here, almost within stone's throw from General Pershing's office, General Rogers set up shop with five assistants. From this has grown his overseas supply army, which now numbers more than 3000 officers and 85,000 men, all bound by a sense of loyalty and service which reflects the character and purpose of the man at the head.

There is no space here to tell the story of the marvelous expansion of the supply service. The first quartermaster depot in that one-time fishing village where the American flag was planted in France was the lone outpost of the continuous bulwark of food and equipment that now stretches more than four hundred miles from the sea to the Front. Whether these depots feed five hundred men or five hundred thousand the system is just the same. Three times a day, in fair weather or foul, in battle lull or amid the hail of lead, the doughboy literally gets the dough—and a great deal more. We have capitalized every experience of the British and have added some trimmings in the bargain.

To-day the office of the chief quartermaster at Tours is precisely like the office of the president and general manager of the greatest distributing corporation in the world. On his wall hangs that eight-foot super blue print which outlines the organization. At the apex is General Rogers. Immediately under him is the deputy chief quartermaster, Col. J. M. Carson, who is his understudy. Linked up with the chief quartermaster are three assistants, Col. J. F. Madden, Col. A. K. Baskette and Lieut. Col. J. P. Castleman. They do just what the assistants to the head of a commercial concern do.

Supporting the deputy chief quartermaster is the chief of the inspection division, Lieut. Col. M. J. Henry. You must understand that it is only through constant inspection that these wheels of supply are kept moving. In this group you have what would correspond to the principal executive heads of a huge supply corporation.

### The Lines of Supply

EXTENDING from this group are the myriad lines that link up the various divisions. First and foremost comes Supplies, which means subsistence of all kinds—fuel, forage, clothing, vehicles, warehousing, gardens—for we raise some of our own vegetables—and cold storage. The other divisions are: Salvage; Remounts; Accounting; Finance; Personnel; Administration; Construction and Repair; and—final service in the life of the soldier—Graves Registration. With the exception of this last-mentioned section you have the complete working units of a well-knit commercial institution that deals in food, transport, garden truck, and does considerable manufacturing on the side. The heads of these divisions are like the directors of a corporation—they are a supply directorate—and sit in with the chief quartermaster and his deputy at daily or called conferences, which are precisely like the sessions of the board of directors of the United States Steel Corporation or the International Harvester Company. Every division knows what the other is doing; each head profits by the experience of his colleagues; their united effort spells the success of the extraordinary institution that furnishes the mainstay of the American Expeditionary Force.

Now let us take a swift survey of the lines of supply. You can see them on the huge map of distribution that hangs in General Rogers' office. Red ribbons indicate the various sections into which we divide France. Each one of these sections, as I explained in the first article in this series, is a little independent sovereign state of supply with a commanding general who corresponds to a governor. All form what I call the United States of Supply abroad. The chief quartermaster has a small army in each one of these states. In the base sections, which include one or more ports, there is a base quartermaster, who is the ranking subsistence officer charged with supply administration. Every supply depot in that section has a depot quartermaster, who sees that supplies are received, stored in warehouses or reloaded on cars or trucks and sent up the line to other depots or straight to the Front. There is a continuous movement of stuff. With supplies life is one

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ontinuous round of rehandling, repacking and redistribu-ion. It is the uncompromising price that adequate suste-ance of the fighting man exacts.

If all our food and supplies could be shipped straight om the port of arrival to the consumer, which is the rmy, our job would be comparatively easy. We could obilize it all in warehouses at one, two or three ports, and nd it up in trains and trucks, which would merely mean n automatic renewal of base stocks. But the American xpeditionary Force is spread out over four hundred miles f communication; hundreds of thousands of men split up units that range from five hundred to hundreds of thou-nds must be fed. We must keep in France a ninety days' serve of food for our whole overseas force, and all these ibsistence eggs must not be stored in one basket. Until e Armistice was signed the enemy infested the air, and ere was always the danger of raids in some quarters.

To cap all this is the incessant flood of supplies that is riving in France at the rate of tens of thousands of tons day. There must be no congestion at the ports. Hence ere was devised a system which scatters the storage and rovides for a chain of huge supply depots that begins at e base and extends to the most distant occupied regions. The depots at the ports are called base supply depots; ere a forty-five days' supply is kept. Halfway between a and what was the Front are the intermediate supply de-ts, which house a thirty days' supply, while those still arer the zones of the armies are technically known as dvanced supply depots, built to hold fifteen days' rations r the overseas forces. Each one of these institutions is a ll-fledged city of supply with acres and acres of closed and en storage; thousands of employees; receiving, depar-re and classification railway yards; waterworks system; e department; police force—indeed every detail of a lf-contained, orderly and thriving community.

### Food That Brings Victories

F YOU want one stirring evidence of American foresight and enterprise abroad just go to one of these capitals of ibsistence and you will see sections of New York, Chicago, etroit and "other points West" all rolled into one dynamic nter of life and action. This chain of supply depots is ked up with hundreds of miles of railroad over which almost unending procession of American supply trains ade up of American cars, hauled by American engines d operated by American crews, travels day and night. Before we dissect the vast body through which flows the eblood of our overseas armies we must first find out what nstitutes the life-giving sustenance. In other words, hat does the doughboy eat? Here we get to the one war bject of universal interest. Everybody eats; everyone s some friend or relative in France; therefore he is con-rned about his fare and welfare. The diet sheet of the ldier is as important as the annal of an advance and is finitely more regular. In the last three years I ve eaten in the messes of the American, British, ench, Italian, Belgian and Russian armies. t of all this experience I am free to confess that soldier—I cannot, of course, speak of the war-ne German commissary—is better fed than rs. With the exception of the British Tommy me gets such quantity and variety. I have had iddle cakes with sirup at an enlisted men's mess a base port, while at officers' tables in the field have had apple pie, white rolls, biscuits and rn bread, all piping hot, that were as palatable any I ever had in America, and all made out of e regulation ration issue. You can realize the racles that a good cook can work with tinned ef only when you try some of the many kinds of w that emerge from the ordinary traveling tchen often bricked up in an open field. Uncle m believes with Von Moltke that "no army od is too expensive." As a matter of fact, good od is a good investment, in war as in peace.

The so-called ration is the amount of food that oldier eats every day. In the American Army e various articles, such as bread, meat, salt, tter and lard, that go to make up this ration are chnically known as the components. This tion has been scientifically worked out by the st food experts. As far as the A. E. F. is con-rned it is based on all our previous army experi-ce in many climates, and has had the added se of the investigations of the Rockefeller stitute. Thus the food that is served every y, rain or shine, in France is ample fuel for the chine that works and fights.

As in the British Army we have different kinds rations to meet certain needs. The standard tion, however, is the so-called garrison ration. e principal components are fresh beef, flour, ans, potatoes, prunes, coffee, sugar, evaporated condensed milk, vinegar, salt, pepper, cinna-on, lard, butter, sirup, baking powder and voring extract. These major articles are issued given quantities for each man. It is up to the mess sergeant and the cook to do the rest. If the mess sergeant is enterprising and the cook resourceful these articles may be converted into three very satisfactory meals, including hot cakes and sirup at breakfast, pie at dinner and even ice cream at night.

These components, however, are what might be called the stand-bys. The quartermaster provides a host of substitutes which make for an almost infinite variety. Instead of fresh beef the men get mutton, bacon, canned meat, dried, pickled or canned fish—mainly salmon. For beans the substitutes are rice and hominy; for Irish potatoes they are sweet potatoes. Frequently as a potato substitute onions or an equal quantity of canned tomatoes are served. In the same way dried or evaporated apples and peaches, jam, figs, dates and raisins are used in place of prunes, just as pickles vary with vinegar, and tea with coffee.

Whenever possible fresh vegetables are a part of the soldier's daily diet. These are purchased from the French farmers in large quantities. During the past twelve months, however, the chief quartermaster has instituted a regular garden service, which cultivates thousands of acres of gardens in general charge of a chief garden officer who in civil life was a one-time farm hand who rose to be manager of a show farm up New York State. These gardens are operated by soldiers who have been temporarily or permanently disabled for fighting. They not only afford excellent employment for these men but save the army thousands of dollars. At the same time they contribute wholesomeness and change to the soldier's food. The only trouble that ever marred the fresh fruit and vegetable ration was when a negro stevedore from Georgia thought that a French melon was a faded watermelon. These Southern negroes have acquired an ardent if expensive taste for French melons.

The doughboy is a carnivorous animal. For him there are no meatless days. His fresh or frozen beef allowance, therefore, or its equivalent in mutton, is twenty ounces a day, which is four ounces more than the allowance of the British soldier. It is the largest known army meat ration.

Every month some new feature is added to the soldier's ration. Thanks to General Rogers an ounce of bar chocolate is now a ration component. Formerly the only chocolate procurable was through purchase at the commissary stores. During the past fifteen years the efficacy of chocolate as a fighting man's food has been amply demonstrated. It began in the Russo-Japanese War, when the little brown men scientifically showed that it is, in many respects, the most compact and sustaining of all emergency rations. As most people know, when men eat candy they have little desire for liquor. The man on the water wagon naturally takes to sweets. A candy famine in France, therefore, works almost as much hardship as a shortage of meat.

Another new feature is macaroni, which is not only nourishing but when mixed with cheese, which is still another new component, is most sustaining.



Colonel M. R. Hilgard

A fourth innovation in the matter of ration issue is an allowance of smoking tobacco with cigarette papers or an equivalent in cigarettes. This boon for the Yankee fighting man is the direct result of an order from the commander in chief, who does not himself smoke!

The garrison ration is increased for the troops in the front-line trenches from November to March inclusive. The meat allowance is expanded by five ounces; coffee and sugar by an ounce each. The man under fire also gets fifty per cent increase in candles and matches. The French winter with its intense cold and incessant rain makes this increase in stomach stoking necessary.

### Enough to Fill the Hungriest

OF COURSE bread is an all-important item. Our men get the very best fresh white bread available. It is supplied to troops on the lines of communication and in the field with equal ease and of equal quality. The field bread is in ten and twelve pound loaves and goes up to the troops in jute sacks forty-eight hours after it has left the oven. We have a string of hand-operated and mechanical bakeries that extends from the ports up to the zone of the armies where every pound of the immense quantity of bread that we consume every day in France is baked. One of these mechanical bakeries has a daily capacity of 800,000 pounds of bread; another turns out 400,000. The empty flour sacks are sent up to the Front and used for sand bags. There is an allowance of one pound of bread a day for each man. If he gets tired of this variety he can get hard bread, which we produce in immense quantities. This hard bread is a much better variety than the famous hardtack, which was one of the prize tooth and digestion destroyers in the world. It is excellent and when soaked in coffee is most desirable.

The components of the garrison ration lend themselves to much manipulation. Here is a sample average daily menu of troops on the lines of communication: For breakfast there was coffee or tea, fresh white bread, ham and jam; for dinner, as the midday meal is called, there was roast beef, potatoes, canned tomatoes, fresh white bread, butter and a dessert composed of stewed apples and raisins; at supper the men had beef stew, white bread and French toast and sirup.

This is typical fare, and it is served with abundant variations whether the doughboy is behind the lines, in camp or barracks, or traveling on a troop train. With the American Army larder there is no such phrase as "no more." Every man can get as much as he wants. I have seen mess tins brought up three times in rapid succession before the ravenings of a soldier's hunger were appeased.

The so-called field ration is a more or less emergency or campaign ration consisting of bacon or canned meat, hard bread, beans, potatoes, dried fruit or jam, sugar, milk, salt and pepper. The reserve ration, which in some respects corresponds with the iron ration that the British Tommy carries in his haversack all the time in case of a breakdown in food transport, consists of bacon or canned meat, hard bread, coffee, sugar and salt. Our men must keep this on their persons when in the field. Still another reserve ration—which is kept in the trenches in tin containers proof against poison gas and water, and which is never touched except in case of acute need—consists of canned meat, prepared chocolate, and a tinned essence of coffee which can be instantly prepared and made ready for use by the addition of hot water.

In many messes the men have special funds secured from the sale of garden truck, the disposition of kitchen refuse for salvage, or the raising of rabbits, which can be done in the permanent camps. This money is used for the purchase of ice, which is not a ration issue, or other luxuries. One motor-transport mess at a base port was able to have ice cream every day as a result of a well-organized mess fund. Besides, all members of the A. E. F. can buy preserves, extra jam, candy, canned goods, cocoa and chocolate and various other articles not issued by the quartermaster at the sales and commissary stores, which are found wherever our troops are stationed. These goods are sold at cost.

Such is the food supplied to the American troops. But war these days is an international affair. The mouths that we must feed include not only those of the German prisoners, who get ample for their needs, but likewise the mouths of the congress of nations that labor for us everywhere in France. They include Indo-Chinese coolies—the Annamites—Northern Chinese laborers, Italian militarized service troops, French, Spaniards and Greeks. For the Indo-Chinese the ration is largely rice, bread and meat garnished with garlic; for the Northern Chinese the principal components are rice, bread and vegetables, mainly turnips; while the Italians, French,

(Continued on Page 98)

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# HICKS IS HICKS

## By ELAINE STERNE

ILLUSTRATED BY THELMA CUDLIPP GROSVENOR



*She Ran Downstairs Hatless and Returned With Her Arms Full of Bundles, Which She Spread Out on the Table*

THE chill of crisp west winds swept in from the river. Side-street dwellers gathered together their furs and cloaks and charged homeward, head down. Avenue dwellers entered tiled lobbies, unblown of dress, unruffled of hair, sighing contentedly over the warm hiss of radiators and the tapping of steam pipes.

Little curls of dust swept up in dizzying eddies at the crossings, with now and then a careening newspaper carried aloft. The top of the Fifth Avenue busses bore a few huddled, shoulder-hunched forms, chins tucked deep in furs; and by such signs as these did the city know of the approach of winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Baker, in their neat five-room flat on West One Hundred and Forty-third Street, hailed the coming of cold winds with something akin to triumph.

"This weather sure is the real thing! Ain't it, Annie?" Joe inquired eagerly each morning as he scrambled, rumpled of hair, from bed and slammed down the window.

"You bet!" Mrs. Baker would yawn, stretching her firm, shapely white arms high above her yellow head. "Seems more like home—don't it?"

By which remark you may gather they were not of the city born. Five rooms in a trim brownstone-front walk-up is a far cry from Lone Rock, Montana; but you can't forget in a day the sharply pungent breath of your own particular firs, and there are moments when a hard pavement beneath your feet makes you long for springy pine needles and cool moss. Aside from that, New York has everything in its favor—everything! Proof positive was that Joe and Annie's glowing account of it—of towering buildings, of rumbling Subways, of dizzying traffic—had lured their country cousins cityward also.

"It'll be great to have them here," Joe had said repeatedly in the days prior to their arrival. "You won't be so lonesome then."

At which Annie snapped him up:

"It's you that's lonesome, Joe. Ain't I told you I got my days full? Gee, I never thought there was so much to do in the world! Housework, marketing, shopping, a movie show, and dinner for you ——"

"And another movie show and bed."

"Don't forget a cold bite before turning in! You couldn't run across the street at Lone Rock and buy beer and sandwiches ready made—could you, Joe?"

On that they both agreed. You couldn't. So on a certain fall day, when somewhere maples were flaming, and oaks turning their burnished leaves toward the sun, and sumac smoldering redly underfoot, Mrs. Baker rose early—far earlier than was her wont—and set about the task of preparing her house to receive the newcomers.

"I'll meet them at the train," Joe told her as he left her at the door. "You needn't to go way down to the station, hon."

"Joe Baker! How you talk!" Annie flashed back. "Not go down to meet Nettie and Hen! What would they think? Besides, I'd a heap rather go than keep running to the window a hundred times to see if they was here."

"Suit yourself," he said. "We got to show them a great time, Annie. We got to let them know what being New Yorkers means."

"Won't they be surprised," she laughed, "when they see our little flat? Everything on one floor! Remember when we first saw it?"

He pinched her cheek.

"Aw, say; that's ancient history—that's way back. We're on to the ropes for fair now. Yesterday the boss says to me, he says: 'Baker, it's hard to believe you've been here only a year; you even talk like a New Yorker!'"

"Did he, Joe?"

"Sure did! And—oh, say, hon; have some stuff on the ice for them."

"I am going to—ham and potato salad, and some cold drinks"

"That's right. To-morrow we'll take them out to dinner ——"

"And to a show maybe?"

"Yep. Good seats too. We ain't going to let them think we're pikers!"

"Oh, but Joe, won't it cost ——"

"Well, what if it does? We got to show 'em what's what—that's part of being a good New ——"

"I just want to watch Nettie's eyes pop out of her head when she sees the Flatiron Building!"

"And Old Hen will laugh himself sick when he pipes the bathroom. I'll bet he'll say the tub's too small for half of him!"

An ecstatic day for Mrs. Baker—a morning of scrubbed floors and washed walls, her corn-colored hair drawn back, her pink cheeks pinker than for weeks past from the unwonted exercise.

Up to her chin in a checked blue apron, she was not unlike a poster girl; small and pear-shaped of ear, dimpled of elbow, slender of ankle.

By noon the flat was heavy with the warm homy odor of drying suds. The windowpanes gleamed like mirrors; the mahogany of dining room, bedroom and living room shone satinly.

She ran downstairs hatless and returned with her arms full of bundles, which she spread out on the table—pickles and olives and cheese; bottles of amber beer; thin slices of beef, trickling juice; of ham; of tongue; little mounds of salad, smeared with creamy dressing; limp lettuce and loaves of dark bread.

She stored them in the ice box, moving aside the milk bottle and the square of yellow butter; then she tore the wrappings from a larger package and a mass of purple asters tumbled out.

She arranged them in clusters on the white mantelpiece; then in a bowl on the library table. And she surveyed the effect, head on one side, brushing moist wisps of hair from her eyes and sighing deeply with satisfaction.

The telephone tinkled. She sprang to answer it. It was Joe.

"Their train is due at seven-fifty. Just got a wire from them. Everything all right up there?"

"It looks great, Joe! Wait until you see how I fixed the flowers—same as we seen it done in that movie picture the other night, you know."

"That's fine! Meet me at the office at six."

She hung up, whirling with the sense of much yet to be accomplished. Late that afternoon she began the supreme task of arranging her small person to impress her relatives properly.

From her bureau drawer, flung open, foamed a mass of palely pink lingerie. She fingered it with little sighs of rapture. Such lingerie one never dreamed of owning before coming to New York. She chose the softest and frothiest and donned it daintily. Then she drew on the smartly tailored little frock, with frills at cuffs and throat. It fitted her form snugly. She climbed on a chair the better to view herself.

Last of all she let down her hair. It rippled in yellow waves to her waist. She laughed to herself as she stroked it.

"What a hick I was when I first come here!" she mused. "Hair slicked back; no powder; no paint—nothing!"

She wound the long coil up deftly in a modish coiffure, pulling it out over her shell-pink ears, crowning it with a little toque of bright blue feathers.

Then she powdered her face critically. Her cheeks were so flushed there was no need for rouge, but she dashed some carmine on her lips and viewed herself through half-shut, amused eyes.

"I look New Yorky, all right!" she challenged; then her eyes softened. "Joe'll be as proud as a peacock of me. See if he ain't!"

At eight o'clock the New York Day Express clattered into the Pennsylvania Station. There was the shrill grinding of brakes, the long-drawn hiss of released air, the sharp voices of porters, the sudden surge of black-garbed humanity toward the waiting hundreds at the gate. Annie, her eyes like twin stars, clung to her husband's arm.

"They can take the empty flat on the same floor as ours."

"Sure! That's fine—hey? Is that them way over there?"

"No; Nettie's not that old and Hen is a head taller. What if they're not on it?"

"Oh, they're here, all right! Can you see good? Stick that fellow next to you with your elbow."

"Oh, I don't want —— Joe! Joe! There they are! There they are!"

"Where? Where? Oh well, I'll be dinged!"

For a second neither Joe nor his wife spoke; then she caught her breath sharply.

"Joe, did we look like that!"

"Reckon we did, hon. Hey there, Nettie! Where you going? Where the dickens ——"

Nettie, in seedy black, a little bonnet perched on her smoothed hair, turned at the sound of Joe's voice.

"Joe!" she cried, breaking loose from the great tawny giant at her side.

"God be praised!"

Hen dragged his hat from his damp hair and caught Annie in his arms; and then held her off, with a sheepish grin.

"Jumping Joshaphat! This ain't you, Annie Baker!"

Annie clung to him.

"It's me; same as ever, Henry. Oh, but it's good to see you!"

Nettie caught her breath sharply.

"My, if you hadn't 'a' been here we'd 'a' gone straight home!"

"I reckon we would," grinned Hen, mopping his face awkwardly. "Nettie's homesick a'ready."

Annie tucked her arm in Nettie's.

"Well, she won't be, once she's lived here a while. Why, she wouldn't go home for a bucketful—she'd rather go to Jericho first."

"Annie, you don't mean that! Don't you want to see Lone Rock again?"

"Sure she does," said Joe quickly—"for a week, maybe; but to stay—after living here? Nix! Not much! Come on, folks, and we'll show you what's what in little old New York."

They moved through the hurrying throngs.

"My!" gasped Nettie. "Ain't it a parade or something?"

Annie laughed across at her husband.

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"Listen at Nettie, will you?" she called. "Wants to know if the Pennsylvania is a parade! Tell her she had ought to see Fifth Avenue on Saturday afternoon."

"More folks than this?"

"Say, this here is as empty as Lone Rock on Sunday when the whole town's gone to a ball game," Joe smiled.

"Well, well!" said Nettie. "Do you hear that, Hen?"

They moved toward the door. The lights of Thirty-fourth Street beckoned softly.

"We'll take a bus up; then you can see a little. Didn't I tell you there'd be skyscrapers, Nettie?"

"Yes; and stone streets and pavements."

"And stores on every corner."

"It sure looks like things happen here," Hen observed.

"Oh, they do, all right," said Joe; "they pull all the worth-while stunts right in this little burg. And shows! Wait until we take you to a real theayter."

They climbed aboard a northbound bus. Nettie dropped into a seat, her face pressed to the windowpane.

"Oh, Annie, it's like a big cañon, with us down at the bottom and no chance to get out!"

"Say, if that ain't a give-away!" roared Joe. "If you don't cut that line of talk they'll spot you for hicks for sure. If there's one thing you don't want to be took for here, it's that!"

Hen leaned back. Said he:

"I could do with more room for my legs."

Annie laid her hand on his sleeve.

"Ain't it swell to be riding up Fifth Avenue in a car? Didn't you think to yourself how it would look?"

He shook his head.

"My little car can travel considerable faster. I sold it dirt cheap to Tony Miller. Was right attached to it too. Never would 'a' parted with it if Nettie hadn't got the bug to pull up stakes and come here."

"Oh, you'll be glad you came!" Annie reassured him. "Wait and see if you ain't."

"Are you?" Hen asked her bluntly.

"Am I?" She laughed. "Don't I look like I am?"

"How's ma?" Joe tossed into the brief silence.

"She ain't so well," said Nettie.

"What's wrong?"

"Fretting about you, I guess. She misses you, Joe—that's about the size of it."

Annie pointed out a building as they turned the corner.

"That's Vanderbilt's house—that one over there. You know—Vanderbilt, the millionaire."

Nettie peered at the square of red brick and marble; then she turned a puzzled face toward them.

"If I'd 'a' known it would be as cold as this I'd 'a' brought my sealskin cape."

"Nettie! You don't mean the old one your mother gave you?" Annie gasped.

"Yes; that's the one."

"You couldn't wear that thing here. Why, people would laugh their heads off ——"

"They would, hey?" growled Hen. "Not while I'm round, they wouldn't!"

Joe hastened to explain:

"Oh, Annie means they'd spot you for rubes right off the bat, and no mistake. Gee! You'll understand in a few weeks. It took us longer. We didn't have no one to put us wise. We only got on to the fact that we was being guyed by overhearing some folks at a road house talking about us. After that we sat up and took notice. Now look at Mrs. Baker! Can you beat her?"

You couldn't. Like a rose unfolding its petals beneath the sun's rays, she displayed her trim perfection to their gaze, smiling archly at her husband, pouting her carmined lips in the most approved fashion of vaudeville artists, patting her hat down more snugly on her yellow curls, fluffing out her skirts.

"Well, if I'm all right, what do you think of Joe?"

"He lost flesh," said Nettie, eying him critically; "and he's as white as a sheet."

"Gee! Anyone would look pale alongside of Husky Henry!"

"You're all there," said Hen, thumping Joe on the back; "but it 'pears to me your clothes fit too tight to be comfortable."

"That's all you know about them," Joe laughed.

Annie pointed to the radius of light into which they swam.

"This here is Columbus Circle," she said. "Ain't it pretty? And that big sign—read it quick; it changes every second."

"Well, if that don't beat all!" said Nettie. "How do they make it work that way?"

"And that's a movie theater, Hen—right over there."

"It's got the one back home beat for size; but ——" Hen grinned.

"Wait until you see Riverside! There ain't a park in the world can compare with it!"

They swept up the dimly lighted Drive. Its trees were almost bare, its distant shore agleam with a shower of golden lights.

"This ain't so bad. Kind of dressed-up country; but then there's trees, at any rate," Hen agreed.

At West One Hundred and Forty-third Street they alighted. Annie was pink-cheeked with excitement.

"Wait until you see our flat!" she cried.

Nettie stared at the interminable row of stolid front steps that reached into the velvet darkness.

"How can you tell one from the other?"

Joe drew out his ring of keys, jingled them importantly, fitted one into the downstairs door, and held it open.

"Is this your place?" Nettie demanded.

Annie nodded. "One part of one floor is."

"One part of one floor?"

"Sure—flats; that's how everybody lives in New York."

Joe led the way with "Hope you don't mind a little climb!" flung over his shoulder.

"And who else lives here?"

"Oh, we don't know," said Annie. "You never get acquainted with anybody here; it ain't considered decent."

"Not decent! Why, Annie Baker! You must be crazy! Back home ——"

"Yes; but this ain't back home no more, Nettie; this is New York. And, what's more, everyone tends to their own business. That's what makes it nice; you can live your own life independent of others, and ——"

"You mean you ain't got any friends?"

"Friends? Sure we have friends! Joe's business friends bring their wives to call sometimes; or, if he has a good customer, we take him to a show maybe."

"But these folks here in the house ——"

"Well, you can't be too careful, Nettie. And Joe would rather I didn't have nothing to do with any of them; so I don't."

Joe fitted his key into his own latch. The door swung open and the gay little hall light greeted them.

"Welcome!" shouted Joe. "We're home at last."

They filed in.

"What pretty flowers!" said Nettie, at length, as Annie drew her along.

"Wait until you see my kitchen and the dining room, side by side; and hot and cold water; and a furnace in the cellar that keeps us warm all winter."

Nettie stared round the little bedroom.

"You got the picture of Joe's ma framed nice. That's the one she had taken two years ago Easter, ain't it?"

Annie nodded.

"And the bathroom, Nettie—look at it, will you? Ain't it white and pretty! Did you ever hope to see such a place?"

She paused as Hen's voice thundered up the hall:

"What I object to is that there ain't room enough to stretch in. The walls is too close together; otherwise it's O.K."

Nettie smiled a trifle.

"Don't mind him, Annie," she said; "he didn't want to come, but I kept after him and didn't give him no rest. It seemed, after reading your letters, as if there wasn't no other place in the world to live—only here; and I kept saying: 'Hen, I can't go to my grave without staying there for a spell. I just got to hear that roar and see them tall buildings and smell that city air. I made him leave the management of the ranch to a fellow he don't half like; but I couldn't wait no longer. Dunno as I did right."

Annie hugged her suddenly.

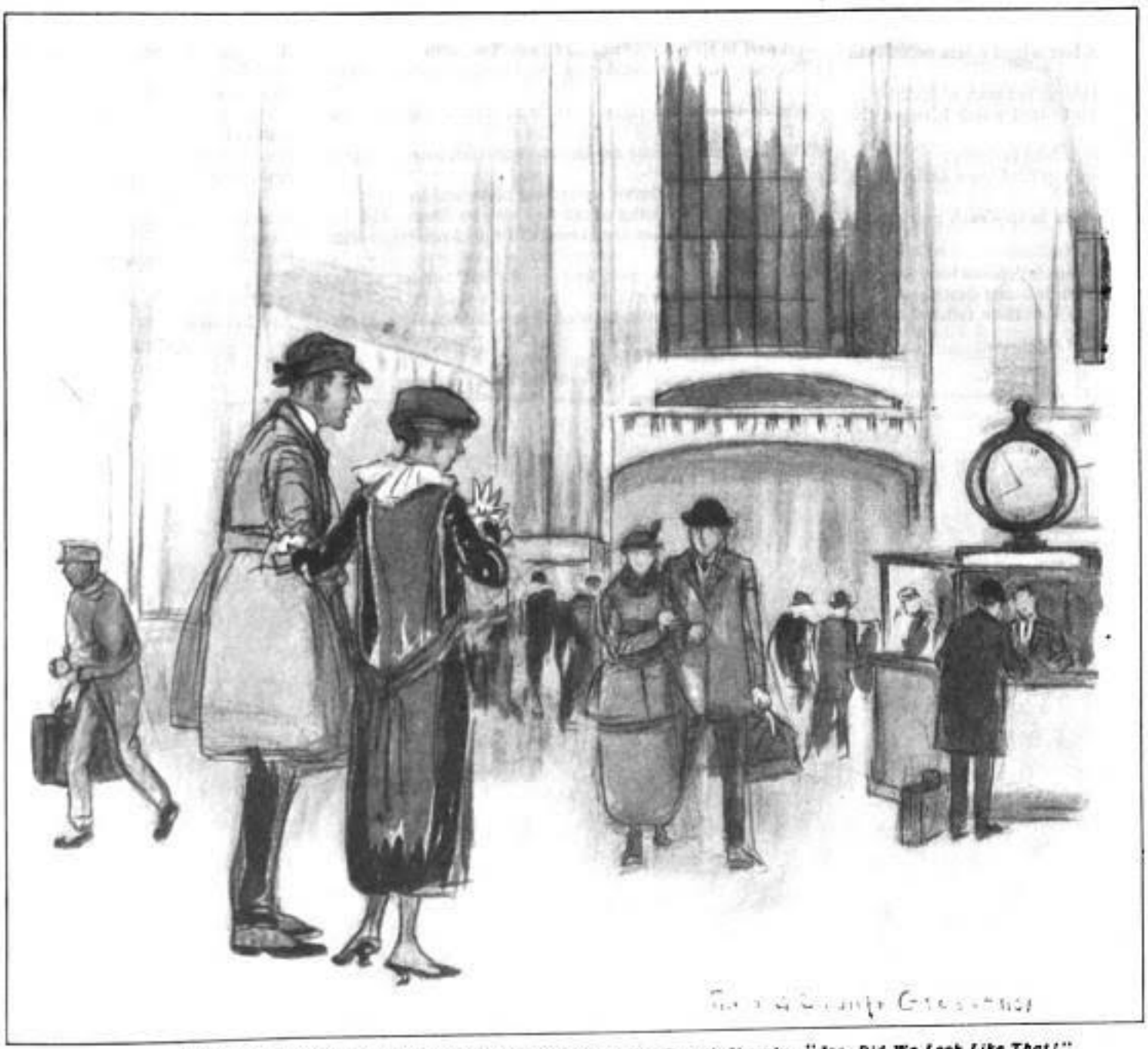
"Sure you did! It's the only place in the world. Wait until you've been here a month. Why, you wouldn't go back for all the gold west of the Rockies!"

"No, I guess not; but to-night I'd kind of like to see the moon coming up over the pines ——"

"Pshaw! Wait until you see the Gay White Way. It makes the moon look like the last rose of summer with the leaves pulled off."

"Come on!" shouted Joe. "Give us some delicatessen dainties, hon, or Hen will take the next train back."

*(Continued on Page 81)*



*For a Second Neither Joe Nor His Wife Spoke; Then She Caught Her Breath Sharply. "Joe, Did We Look Like That!"*

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# THE ANSWER

## By GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

THE others, oh, my Country, they can muster manse and hall,
Temple and court and castle, tall towers to watch o'er all,
Proud arch and columned forum, the laced and fretted spire,
Grim, palaced fort for the foeman, dim nave for the altar fire,
Jewel of stone and sculpture traced in the upper air;
But you—but you, my Country, what jewels do you wear?

Down ages after ages their story is writ and read,
They have carved it out on the lands they own and on the conquered head;
But you—but you, my Country, with your brief hundred years,
Who writes your tales of chivalry? Who ranks you with your peers?

They have dipped their flags in battle, and their children's children know
The paths that kept their fathers' feet, the paths their feet shall go;
But you, whose star-bright banner was born but yesterday,
Oh, reader of that welkin, what have your stars to say?

"For temple—seek my fastnesses, where my hushed mountains stand;
For pillars—lo, my redwoods lift up their praying hands;
The little wars you tell of, they were fought when these were high;
The columns of my altars pierce in the upper sky.

"Far to the west one ocean stands bowing at my feet,
Far to the east another, and both have borne my fleet;
For Peace and Power men named them, and still the two were twain.
I drew a finger through the sands and made them one again,
And now their wedded waters lave a land where peace shall reign—
Peace! No uncertain, craven thing, but such as hardily
These hundred years holds northward watch between the free and free,
Where the inviolable Line keeps faith invisibly;
Such peace, once sealed upon my land, now sealed upon my sea,
The peace the brave alone dare keep—such peace alone shall we.

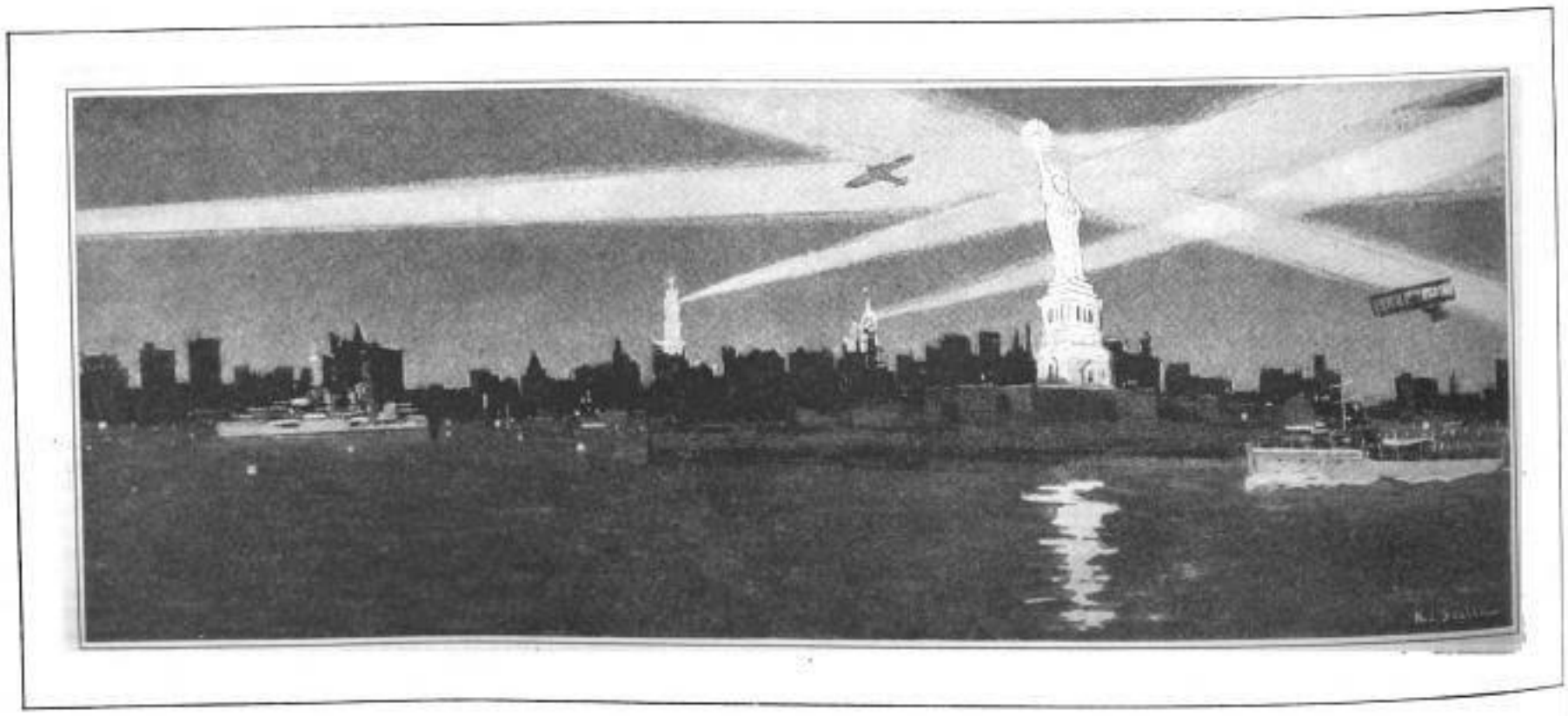
"Across my plains, my prairies, my Argonauts have fared,
The patient, the unfearing, dauntless and death-prepared,
Daring by land what once by sea their fathers' fathers dared.
Deep sea and roaring river felt their advancing foot,
They sowed a barren soil with men—that harvest has borne fruit,
The seed they watered with their blood in earth has taken root.

"Battles they sought not, surely, who came for peace and prayer,
But battle sought them, and they fought as the brave do everywhere;
And first of all they faced her, first-dearest of our foes,
The mother, prepotent and proud, whose blood in our blood flows;
She knew not then those parting pangs were birth's parturient throes.
And after her they countered foreign or native hordes,
Race after race, they measured well their sword against those swords;
Till last, against their other selves the battle's edge was turned,
[Talk not of battle—till your blade in fires of home has burned!]
But every time they shattered the foe in fort or deck
They flung the sword upon the ground as a yoke from off their neck,
For theirs it was to build a world, and not a world to wreck.
Freemen! They came not seeking for greed of land or gold;
Dreamers! They came to dream to life the vision seen of old;
And where they tented overnight, for temple and for shrine,
Little and red and wooden, they left the freeman's sign.

"And for that they had all renounced, God saw that it was good,
And for that all they had renounced, he gave them—brotherhood.
But first in stress of spirit and in agony of flesh
They wrestled with me day by day, my wild strength to enmesh,
While I sifted and I threshed them as their mighty engines thresh,
Till they learned of me my lesson—learned it living, learned it dead,
For I willed heroic broods alone out of my soil be bred;
[Not from the weakling or the fool have ye inherited!]
So I fed them stones for harvest till they knew my rocks for bread;
Stepmother to the first that came, but mother to the rest,
For them I taught with blow on blow—these suckled at my breast.

"And when, hard won and fair, at last their land lay at their feet,
I spake to them: 'Now make for me small army and small fleet;
For I am sick of childish things and things of little worth,
But go—call in your playfellows, the children of the earth,
And give to each—for sword, a pen; for altar fire, a hearth.
I will not that ye bar my lands or fence my seas about,
I will not that ye hold one in or that ye shut one out
By the free welcome that I gave. I charge you leave me free;
You found my shores without a bound; now set no bounds to me;
Let in—let in whoso has need of hospitality!'
[Yea, so I spoke, who could not dream thieves should cast lots for me;
Yea, so I spoke, who could not know that Judas as of old
Was at his work, and Judas still betrayed and bought and sold.]
'The temple and the altar, carved shape and painted form,
Shall follow on my smoother ways as sunshine follows storm;
Whatever man hath wrought or framed, whereto his stateliest thought
Has once attained, that shall be mine—yea, come to me unsought.
Bring in the others, you shall find the thing you lacked is brought.'
[Yea, so I spoke, who could not guess Judas still sold and bought.]

"Then to the alien peoples, the outcast, the oppressed,
My children set my doors ajar; 'Now come and be our guest;
Manhattan holds the torch that lights the gold gates of the West;
Manhattan lifts on high the torch whose unexpiring spark
Shines through those golden gates of ours to light the Eastern dark;
Here have we made our covenant and here shall be our ark;
Because for this, our heritage, our fathers toiled and bled,
We dare not keep it for ourselves, dishonoring the dead;
Because this heritage we had from venerable hands,
Freedom shall guard forevermore the holiest of lands
And all shall be as heirs with us!'
And still the promise stands!
Stands! By ten million guns of mine put in my young men's hands;
By the bridged sea, my ships that fly, and navies in the air,
I call the world to witness still that still my Stars are there,
And free as heaven's—save to one—
For Judas shall beware!"



# THE CITY OF COMRADES



*"Yes, Frank, I Do Know It. That's Why I've Been So Glad to Get Hold of You at Last, and Ask You to—to Redeem Yourself"*

## By BASIL KING

*ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD*

### IX

"HAVEN'T we met before?"

Regina Barry said this as she came into the room with her rapid, easy movement, and took two or three paces toward me, stopping as abruptly as she entered.

I hung my head, crimsoning slowly.

"Yes."

"I thought so; though I didn't recognize you at first. I knew I had some association with you, but it was so vague ——"

"Of course."

"Then I had no idea you were an architect."

"How could you?"

"You see, meeting you for so short a time ——"

"And practically in the dark ——"

"I don't remember that. But I had no chance to ask anything about you. I only hoped you'd come back."

"Oh, I couldn't have done that."

"Why not?"

"I should think you'd understand."

"I don't—considering that I asked you particularly."

"I know you asked me particularly, but anything in life—or death—would have been easier than to obey you."

"What did I do to frighten you so?"

"Nothing but show me too much mercy."

"Oh, I didn't think anything of that."

"Of what? Of the crime—or of the forgiveness?"

"Of the crime, of course."

I stepped back from her in amazement.

"You didn't think anything of ——"

"Why, no. I've often done the same myself."

"You? You've often done ——"

"Of course! Everybody has—at one time or another in their lives. Naturally it doesn't happen every day—and one wouldn't want it to. One wouldn't have anything left in the house if it did; but once in a way—it's nothing. What astonishes me is that you should have thought of it."

"But—but you've thought of it."

"Oh, well—that's different. But please don't suppose that I've thought of it seriously. It simply happened that that evening ——" The only sign of embarrassment she gave was in grasping the greenish-goldish veil with her left hand and pulling it round over her bosom. The great eyes, of which the light made one doubtful as to the color, glowed feverishly, and the long scarlet lips threw at me one of their daring, challenging smiles. "Do you want me to be absolutely frank?"

"We began with frankness, didn't we? Why shouldn't we keep it up?"

"Well, it happened that that evening I'd broken off my engagement."

Not to betray all I had learned that night by my eavesdropping behind the rose-colored hangings I merely said: "Indeed?"

"Yes; and so I was a little—well, perhaps a little excited. And anything that happened impressed me more than it would have done ordinarily. If I've thought of the way you appeared—and what happened when you did—it's only been because it was part of the hours right after ——" There was another of those smiles that were amusingly apologetic as well as amusingly provocative. "You're—you're not married, are you?"

"No."

"Nor engaged?"

"No."

"Ever been?"

"No."

"Then you can't imagine what it is to have been engaged and nearly married—and then to find yourself free again. Everything associated with the minute comes to be imprinted on your memory. That's why I've thought of it, though I didn't for the minute recognize you as the man."

"And now that you have recognized me ——"

"I hope you'll do as I asked you before, and come and see us again." She added, as she was about to turn away: "How's Annette?"

I had been puzzled hitherto; I was now bewildered.

"You mean Annette van Elstine? Did you know she was my cousin?"

"Of course! Didn't she bring you?"

"Bring me?" I stammered. "Bring me—where?"

"Why, to our house."

"When?"

"The time we're talking about—when you upset Mrs. Sillinger's coffee and broke the cup."

It is difficult to say whether I was relieved or not. I could only falter: "I—I don't believe I'm the man."

She came back two or three steps toward me.

"Why, of course you're the man! Isn't your name Melbury?"

"Yes—but—but I'm not the only Melbury. Could it have been my—my brother, Jack?"

"What's your name?"

"Frank."

She gazed at me a minute before saying: "Then—then I think it must have been—your brother. I remember now that Annette did call him Jack." She continued: "But what did you mean when—when you said it was you?"

"Don't you know?"

"I haven't the remotest idea."

"Look at me again."

"I can't look at you again because I'm looking at you all the time. You're most wonderfully like your brother."

"I don't think I am. I met my Uncle Van Elstine in the street the other day and he didn't know me."

"Oh, well, strangers often see resemblances that escape members of a family. All I get by looking at you is that I see your brother. He was awfully nice. We so—we so wished he'd come back. He—he wasn't like everybody else."

"He's married now."

I wonder if I am right in thinking that a slight shadow crossed her face. There may have been, too, a forced jauntiness in her tone as she said: "Oh, is he?"

I nodded.

She turned away again, but again wheeled half round to face me. "Well, now we know what I meant; but what on earth did you mean?"

I drew myself up for real inspection.

"Can't you think?"

She shook her head.

"I must say you seemed inordinately penitent over a broken coffee cup, even if Mrs. Sillinger was so cross. She said you spilled the coffee all over her dress; but you didn't."

"You mean Jack."

"Oh, yes. What a bother! I shall always get you mixed in the future."

"I hope not—for his sake."

"Now don't tease me. Tell me where we met."

"If I do ——"

She brightened, the smile of the scarlet lips growing vividly brilliant.

"I know. It was at the Millings', at Tarrytown."

"I'm afraid not."

"Then it was at the Wynfords', at Old Westbury. They always have so many people there ——"

"Think again."

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"What's the good of thinking when if I could remember you I should do it right away?"

"It seems extraordinary to me that you can have forgotten."

"You seem very sure of the impression you made on me."

"I am."

"And I've forgotten all about it!"

"You haven't forgotten the impression; only me."

"Oh, Mr. Melbury, tell me! Please! I've got to run off and overtake Mrs. Grace; and I can't do it unless I know."

You will admit that my duty at this juncture required some considering. In the end I said: "I shan't tell you to-day. I may do it later. In any case I've given you so many tips that you can't fail to see for yourself what they lead to. You'll probably have recalled by to-night."

"Then I shall ring you up to-morrow and tell you."

"No, please don't do that; and yet on second thoughts I know that when you've remembered you won't want to."

She said, while withdrawing toward the adjoining room: "You certainly know how to make a thing mysterious."

"I'm not making anything mysterious. You'll see that, after it's all come back to you."

But having passed into the next room she returned to the threshold to say: "I know you're only making fun of me. I never met you because I couldn't have forgotten you. And I couldn't have forgotten you because you're so like your brother. But we'll talk about it all some other time."

The first thing I did was to go to a room where there was a full-length mirror fixed to the wall and examine myself in the glass. Was it possible that I had changed so much in the brief space of four months? The reflection told me nothing. In the tall, slim figure in the neat gray check I could still see the sinister fellow who had slept at Greeley's Slip and skulked about the park and crept into a house at midnight. The transformation had come so imperceptibly that the one image was no more vital to me than the other. Inwardly, too, I felt no great assurance against a relapse. I was like an insect toiling up a slippery perpendicular. Not only was each step difficult but it might in the end land me at the bottom where I began. In other words I had still within me the potentialities of the drunkard; and to the drunkard all aberrations are possible.

That night I put the question up to Lovey:

"Lovey, do I look the same as I did four or five months ago?"

"You looks just as good to me, sonny."

"Yes, but suppose you hadn't seen me in the meanwhile, and had come on me all of a sudden, would you know right off that it was me?"

"Slim, if I was blind and deaf and dumb, and couldn't see nothink nor 'ear nothink nor feel nothink, I'd know it was you if you come 'arf a mile from where I was."

Since this intuitiveness was of no help to me I worked round to the subject when, later in the evening, I had gone in to smoke a good-night pipe with Cantyre.

He had a neat little corner suite which gave one a cheery view of the traffic in Madison Avenue north and south by a mere shifting of the eyes. I sat in the projecting semicircle that commanded this because after my own outlook into an airshaft I enjoyed the twinkling of the lights. To me the real Ville Lumière is New York. It scatters lights with the prodigal richness with which the heavens scatter stars. It strings them in long lines; it banks them in towering façades; it flings them in handfuls up into the darkness; it writes them on the sky. Twilight offers you a special beauty because wherever you are in the city it brings out for you in one window or another that first wan, primrose-colored beacon—in some ways more beautiful than the evening star. Behind the star you don't know what there is, while behind the light there is a palpitating history. Then as you look down from some high perch other histories light their lamps, till within half an hour the whole town is ablaze with them—a light for every life tale—as in pious places there is one for every shrine.

Those who were looking at ours saw nothing but a green-shaded lamp, and yet it lit up such bits of drama as Cantyre's and mine. So behind every other shining star, in tower or tenement, dwelling house or hotel, there was tragedy, comedy, adventure, farce or romance, all in multifold complexity, while before each human story there glowed this tranquil fire.

If I had not been an architect, with a knowledge of interior decoration as part of my profession, I might not have been worried by the Sybaritic note in Cantyre's rooms. Being fond of flowers he had sheaves of gladioluses and chrysanthemums wherever he could stack them. Over the tables he threw bits of beautiful old brocades, ineffable in color. Framed and glazed, a seventeenth-century chasuble embroidered in carnations did duty as a fire screen. Japanese pottery grotesques and Barye bronzes jostled each other on the mantelpiece and low bookcases, while the latter housed rows of handsome volumes bound to suit Cantyre's special taste and stamped with his initials. He himself, stretched in a long chair, wore a dressing gown of an indescribable shade of plum faced with an equally indescribable shade of blue. The plum socks and blue leather slippers couldn't have been an accident; and as I had dropped in on him unexpectedly I knew that all this *recherche* was not to dazzle anyone—I could have forgiven that—but for his own enjoyment.



*I Knew Why She Was There. The Truth Had Dawned on Her at Last, and She Had Come to Tell Me*

No one could have been kinder to me than he was—and I liked him. I reminded myself that it was none of my business if his tastes were fastidious, and that to spend his money this way was better than in lounging about barrooms as I had done; and yet I could understand that a girl like Regina Barry should be impatient of these traits in a husband.

I sat, however, with my back to it all, astride of a small chair, my pipe in my mouth, looking down on the lights and traffic.

Breaking a long silence I said as casually as I could do it: "I met Sterling Barry's daughter the other day—Miss Regina Barry her name is, isn't it?"

Vague, restless movements preceded the laconic response: "Where?"

"She came to the memorial with Mrs. Grace."

Hearing him strike a match I knew he was making an effort at sang-froid by lighting a cigarette.

"Did you—did you—think her—pretty?"

"Pretty wouldn't be the word."

"Beautiful?"

"Nor beautiful."

"What then?"

"No word that I know would be adequate. You might say fascinating if it hadn't been vulgarized; and chic would be worse."

"She's tremendously animated—and vivid."

"She has the most living eyes and mouth I've ever seen in a human being. I've never seen a face so aglow with mind, emotion and color. She's all flame, but a flame like that of the burning bush, afire from a force within."

He spoke bitterly: "And people talk about that being conquered!"

To lead him further I said: "Has anyone talked of it?"

"Didn't you know?"

"How should I know? You—you've never told me."

"Well, I'm—I'm telling you now."

My sympathy was quite genuine.

"Thanks, old boy. I can see—I can see how hard it must have gone with you."

"How hard it's going, Frank. There's a difference in tense. If you knew her better ——"

"I'm not sure that I care to know her better; and that, old man, isn't said out of rudeness. I don't belong to her world any more; and I'd rather not try to get back into it."

"Oh, get out! As a matter of fact I'm going to take you to see her."

"You needn't do that, because she asked me to come."

"Right off the bat like that? The first time she'd ever seen you?"

"It wasn't exactly that. She knew my brother Jack; and my cousin, Annette van Elstine, is a friend of hers."

"Annette van Elstine is your cousin? Why didn't you tell me that before?"

"Oh, for reasons! I should think you'd see. Why should I claim Annette as a cousin? One of the smartest women in New York, I'm told she is."

"One of the very smartest. She could do anything for you."

"So there you are! When you think of what I was when you first met me—what I am still, really ——" It seemed to me, however, that I had found my opening, so I went on in another vein: "I met Annette's father in the street one day not long ago, and he went by without recognizing me. Have I changed very much—since the spring?"

"I should know you anywhere, Frank; but Coningsby and Christian were saying last week that they wouldn't take you to be the same man any more."

"Did they mean morally—or physically?"

"Oh, they meant in looks. They said they'd never seen anyone in whom good clothes and a straight life had so thoroughly created a new man."

"So that you think my uncle might reasonably ——"

"Pass you without recognition? Oh, Lord, yes! Besides, your mustache changes you a lot. I'd shave that off again if I were you; and you want to get back to your old self."

To end the subject I said merely: "I'm glad to hear that I don't look as I did; because—because I shouldn't like to think that the good old fellow had cut me."

x

MY PROBLEM was now as to how to tell Regina Barry who I was; and it would have been more urgent had I not felt sure that sooner or later she must guess. Indeed, she might have guessed already. I had no means of knowing. During the four or five days since her visit to the memorial no echo of our meeting had come back to me.

But I was not left long in doubt.

The William Grace Memorial was now practically ready for furnishing. Mrs. Grace was about to move back to town in order to undertake the task. Coningsby and I were going through the rooms one day with an eye to details that might have been overlooked when he said: "Well, there doesn't seem much more for you to do here, does there?"

I replied that as far as any further need of my services was concerned I might knock off work there and then—thanking him for all his help through the summer.

"And now," he went on, "I should like you to come in on this job at Atlantic City if you'd care to. You see, you and I understand each other; we speak the same language both professionally and socially; and it's not so easy as you might think to pick up a chap of whom you can say that. Why not come up to our little place—say to-morrow night—and dine with us, and we could talk it over? My wife told me to ask you."

Knowing that Coningsby had been aware of the state of my wardrobe a few months earlier I blushed to the roots of my hair as I put the question: "What shall I wear? Tails—or a dinner jacket and black tie?"

"Oh, a dinner jacket. There'll be just ourselves."

But when I went I found not only my host and hostess, but Regina Barry to make the party square.

The Coningsbys lived on the top floor of an apartment house on the summit of the ridge between the west side of the park and the Hudson. Below them lay a picturesque tumble of roofs running down to the river, beyond which the abrupt New Jersey heights drew a long straight line against the horizon. Sunset and moonset were the special beauties of the site, with the swift and ceaseless current to add life and mystery to the outlook.

The apartment differed from Cantyre's in that its simplicity would have been bare had it not produced an

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impression of containing just enough. The walls of the drawing-room were of a pale gold ochre against which every spot of color told for its full value. On this background the green of chairs, the rose of lamp shades, the mahogany of tables, and the satinwood of cabinets pleased and rested the eye. There were no pictures in the room but a portrait of Mrs. Coningsby, which one of the great artists of the day had painted for her as a gift. In its richness of copper-colored hair and diaphanous jade-green draperies the room got all the decoration it required.

I had heard Regina Barry's voice on entering, and knew that I was up against my fate. That is to say, the revolver lay ready in my desk. Knowing that such a meeting as this must occur some time I was in earnest as to using the weapon on the day when her eyes accused me. As I took off my overcoat and hat and laid them on a settle in the hall I said I should probably do it when I went home that night. It would depend on how she looked at me.

Meeting me at the door of the drawing-room Mrs. Coningsby was sweet and kindly in her welcome without being overdemonstrative. I had heard of her beauty, but was not prepared for anything so magnificent. Her height, her complexion, her hair, her free movements were those of a goddess. I liked and admired Coningsby; but I wondered how even he had caught this Atalanta and imprisoned her in a flat on the west side of New York.

"You know Miss Barry, don't you?" were the words with which she directed me toward the end of the room where the other guest was seated in a low armchair by a corner of the fireplace.

So the supreme moment came. I went the length of the room knowing that I was facing it.

I suppose it is instinct that tells women how to avoid comparisons with each other by creating contrasts. Knowing that in competition with her hostess she would have everything to lose Miss Barry used Mrs. Coningsby as a foil. In other words, she had divined the fact that her friend would be in black with a spangling of blue-green sequins, and so had enhanced her own vividness by dressing in a bright rose red. What she lacked in beauty, therefore, she made up in a brilliancy that stood out against the pale gold ochre background with the force of a flaming flower.

As I stooped to take the hand she held up languidly I tried to search her eyes. They told me nothing. The fire in them seemed not exactly to have gone out but to have been hidden behind some veil of film through which one could get nothing but a glow. Had she meant to baffle me she couldn't have done it more effectively; but as I learned later, she meant nothing of the kind. Her greeting, as far as I could judge of it, was precisely that which she would have accorded to any other diner-out.

During the exchange of commonplaces that ensued there were two things I noticed with curiosity and uneasiness. She wore the string of pearls I had seen once before—had had in my pocket, as a matter of fact—and the long diamond bar pin. As to her rings I could not be sure, having on the night when I meant to steal them noticed nothing but their number. But the pearls and the diamonds arrested my attention—and my questionings. Was she wearing them on purpose? Was she holding them up as silent reminders between her and me? Was I to understand from merely looking at them the charge her eyes refused to convey?

I had no means of seeking an answer to these questions because Coningsby came in and the process of being welcomed had to be gone through again. Moreover, the commonplaces which when carried on *à deux* might have led to something more personal remained as commonplaces and no more when tossed about *à quatre*.

On our going in to dinner the same tone was maintained, and I learned nothing from any interchange of looks. There was, in fact, no interchange of looks. Miss Barry talked to her right and to her left, but rarely across the table. When it became necessary to speak a word directly to me she did it with so hasty a glance that it might easily not have been a glance at all. The burning eyes that had watched me so intently on our first meeting, and studied me with so much laughing curiosity on our second, kept themselves hidden. Since it was on them that I had reckoned to tell me what I was so eager to be sure of, I was like a man who hopes to look through a window and finds it darkened by curtains.

After dinner, however, I got an opportunity. Coningsby and his wife were summoned to the nursery to discuss the manifestations of some childish ailment. Miss Barry and I being left alone before the fire I was able to say: "Well, have you thought of it?"

Some of the customary vivacity returned to her lips and eyes. She had at no time seemed unkindly—only absent and rather dreamy. She was rather dreamy still, but more on the spot mentally.

"Thought of what?"

"Of—of where we first met."

"Oh, that! I'm sorry to say I've been too busy to do any searching in my memory. But one of these days I must."

There was no mistaking the sincerity of her tone. She had not searched in her memory; she had not considered it worth while.

Her interest in our meeting at the memorial had probably passed before she had driven away.

I must plead guilty to feeling piqued. That she should be so much in my mind and that I should occupy so small a place in hers not only disappointed but annoyed me. I said to myself: "Oh, well, if she cares so little there is no reason why I should care more." Aloud I made it: "Please don't bother about it. One of these days the recollection will come back to you of its own accord."

"Yes; I dare say." She went on without transition: "Whom did your brother marry?"

I told her.

"He wasn't like everybody else," she pursued. "I wonder—I wonder if you are."

"Wouldn't that depend on what you mean by being like everybody else? I don't know that I get your standard."

"Oh, men are so much alike. There's no more difference between them than between so many beans in a bottle."

"I don't see that. To my mind they're all distinct from each other."

"In little ways, yes. But when it comes to the big ways ——"

"What are the big ways?"

She weighed this, a forefinger against a cheek.

"The big ways are those which indicate character, aren't they? While the little ones only make for habits. Men differ as to their habits, but in character they're all cut on the same pattern—two or three patterns at most."

"But can't you say the same of women?"

"Very likely; only I don't have to marry a woman."

Since she had become personal I ventured to do the same.

"Oh, so it's a question of marriage!"

"What other question is there when a girl like me is twenty-three? One has to decide that tiresome bit of business before one can tackle anything else."

I grew bolder.

"Decide as to whom to marry—or whether or not to marry at all?"

"Suppose I said as to whether or not to marry at all?"

"You mean that you'd like advice?"

"I'd listen to advice—if you've any to give."

I gathered all my strength together for the most tremendous effort of my life.

"Then, I should say this: That there are men in the world different from any you've ever seen yet. Wait!"

She laughed—an intelligent laugh, full of music, mirth and comprehension.

"Do you know, that reminds me of something awfully strange that happened to me a few months ago! Someone else said just those words to me—or rather wrote them down."

I pulled my chair so that her eyes rested on me more directly.

"How?"

"Oh, I can't tell you. I said I never would—so I mustn't. I should love to—though I never shall."

"Was it—interesting?"

"Thrilling! But there! I'm not going to tell you. I shouldn't have mentioned it if what you say hadn't been so oddly like ——"

But Coningsby came back into the room to ask if Miss Barry wouldn't join his wife in the nursery to see little

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When it Became Necessary to Speak a Word Directly to Me Miss Barry Did it With So Hasty a Glance That it Might Easily Not Have Been a Glance at All

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 14, 1918


## If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

## Teachers Needed

IN NOVEMBER there were said to be four hundred vacancies in the teaching staff of the New York public schools; and apparently that was typical of a general situation. It is remarkable that the teaching force of the country was not more depleted in numbers. For four years a teacher's pay—meager enough to begin with, as a general proposition—has been pretty steadily falling in purchasing power.

At the same time, many other occupations, whose requirements, on the whole, are less exacting, have been briskly bidding for employees. Only habit, an investment in the technical training and experience of teaching—and, no doubt, inclination and hope of better conditions—could have held so many teachers to their jobs when other jobs were offering all the way from fifty to a hundred per cent greater pay.

Everybody knows what must happen to a calling if rival callings that require no greater experience, ability or training are constantly outbidding it.

The more alert and ambitious candidates will gravitate to the rival callings.

No after-war question requires more earnest attention than public education. And finally, with due respect for every intelligent movement toward better methods of instruction, we cannot have a great deal better article of public education unless we are willing to pay a great deal more money for it. That is fundamental. And if we do not care enough about public education to be willing to pay a great deal more for it than we have ever paid in the past let us drop our cant and talk about something else.

## The Next Liberty Loan

THE latest bulletin of the Federal Reserve Board says that prices generally throughout the United States show a tendency to further rise, increases being particularly noticeable in lines not affected by government price fixing. This rise the board links up with credit expansion, remarking: "Probably the feature of the financial situation that most needs correction is the increased disposition of the public to rely too largely on the banks as a source from which to obtain funds for use in financing the war requirements of the Government." In other words, too many subscribers borrowed from the banks with no prospect of repaying the loan in the near future, the result being an inflation of bank credits.

There will be a Fifth Liberty Loan. The bonds will be taken, because the Government must have the money to meet its obligations.

If the public should not take them the banks will—necessarily. Whatever part of the loan shall not be taken by the public and offset by saving will cause just that much inflation.

We do not want to go into reconstruction with bank credits swollen out of shape through carrying government bonds or carrying loans based on government bonds that will not presently be paid off out of savings. There is no way of beating the game. The public must pay the bill by saving—abstaining from spending—or the decreased purchasing power of its money will entail all the disadvantages of voluntary abstention from spending, with none of its advantages.

From the beginning of the war the proposition has been this: "You have a dollar. Voluntarily save twenty-five cents of it, spending only seventy-five cents, or else inflation of credit will cause the purchasing power of your dollar to shrink a quarter; so you will finally get only as many goods as though you had voluntarily saved twenty-five cents—and you will not have the twenty-five cents to your credit, either."

## Insurance

SECRETARY McADOO'S statement covering the first year's experience with war-risk insurance recites that, under the provision for allotments and allowances to dependents, the Government had disbursed two hundred million dollars, in round numbers, and at the time of the report was regularly mailing about one million checks a month to families or dependents of soldiers and sailors in all parts of the country.

Fortunately the Act's provisions for compensation on account of death and disability had been called into operation only to a very limited extent, considering that we then had two million men in the battle zone. Under the provision for insuring the lives of soldiers and sailors the bureau had written policies to the amount of thirty-five billion dollars, or about as much as all the life-insurance policies outstanding in the world at the beginning of the war.

More than ninety per cent of the men in the service were then insured with the bureau and new applications were coming in at the rate of a billion dollars a week—indicating that practically the whole force was insuring up to the limit of ten thousand dollars.

The insured, it will be remembered, pay a premium equal to the estimated cost of carrying a like amount of life insurance under peace conditions. The extra hazard to which the men are exposed because of their services to the Government is borne by the Government.

This insurance experience ought to be permanently useful. There is no better or more helpful form of coöperation than insurance against death and accident. The social value of such insurance, if widely used, is fairly incalculable. This war-insurance experience should lead to a condition in which no responsible adult person will be going round the country without insurance, any more than without clothes.

## Carrying On

FIGHTING is over, but the job is not done yet, by a long shot. German autocracy is smashed, but the great objects for which the United States waged war are not won. Chief among those objects is a new world organization to make democracy safe and insure peace. But it is impossible to organize a world if the units to be dealt with—the nations—are in a state of disorganization. Russia, at present, is as unavailable for a League of Nations as it would have been under the most hostile autocrat. There is nobody to speak for it or pledge it. Bolshevism takes the issue out of the hands of democracy.

The more hunger in Europe this winter, the more Bolshevism. Famine might subject our war aims to as great a hazard as that of last July. We have professed benevolent intentions; but famishing people are not interested in intentions. They want food. If food conditions in Eastern and Central Europe are as bad as present reports suggest, supplying food may be as important to the furtherance of our big war aims as supplying munitions was six months ago. Foch strategy has won. The task passes on to Hoover strategy and Red Cross strategy. Hunger and desperation are not elements that will conduce to world organization.

Leaving Central Europe out of account, there is still a formidable task. For months to come the bread basket will be the test by which many million non-Teutonic Europeans judge our attitude and intentions toward them. What Hoover and the Red Cross do will shape their feelings much more than what Mr. Wilson says or has said.

That is right too. We have money. We have food. We cannot give if we do not save. So far as every individual is concerned, the war on its economic side goes on indefinitely.

## A Republican Congress

WE HOPE the Republicans will come into control of Congress with a collective mind much enlightened by experience.

The Democrats had control of that body for half a dozen years. They stuck to a ridiculous and wasteful method of appropriating public money. They stuck to their old seniority rule, by virtue of which the man who had served longest must have the chairmanship of a committee, no matter how unfit for it he was or how vital to the country's interests the chairmanship might be.

In sticking to these things through a great national emergency the Democrats were putting the personal feelings and the individual prestige of their members above the national need. The public sickened of it. That is the real story of the November elections.

True, the Democrats had precedent for all they did. That was the way the Republicans had managed Congress in their days of power. If the Republicans try it again they will not stay very long—or deserve to.

This thing of the organization and methods of Congress, and of the Government generally, is no matter of life or death to the nation. Other things are absolutely and relatively more important. This is a rich nation. It can outlive a great deal of extravagance and inefficiency. But this particular thing puts a spotlight on the good faith of Congress as hardly anything else does.

Will Congress set its own house in order? Will it honestly try to reform admitted abuses within its own doors? Will it make some sacrifice of its own personal inclinations and ease and privilege for the good of the country? By the answer of Congress the public will test its good faith.

## The Last War

THIS war is an adventure that cannot be repeated. The weaker states upon which its impact fell went far toward utter ruin. In Russia, Austria-Hungary, the Balkans and Asia Minor it will take a long time to repair the ravage. Except for the help and the stabilizing influences that Western Europe and America will extend, a great part of those afflicted regions might lapse into a new Dark Age such as succeeded the overthrow of Roman civilization fifteen hundred years ago.

This is no mere lugubrious fancy, but only a fair deduction from present facts that would be aggravated by a winter of severe famine but for Western help. Even such comparatively strong and advanced states as France and Italy—not to mention Germany itself—emerge heavily burdened, needing help.

The United States, richest and strongest of all, experienced only a year and a half of war after two years of unparalleled prosperity. Only toward the very end of the war was it exerting a full measure of strength and feeling a real war pinch. Two years more of waste of life and wealth on the scale of last autumn would have left deep scars here.

The civilized world needs all its resources for reconstruction and to carry the load this war entailed. But the only alternative to a new international arrangement—a League of Nations—is a return, sooner or later, to the old scheme of competitive armaments that increasingly burdened Europe for a generation before the war. Only, in the light of this war's experience, competitive armaments would be much more forbidding than formerly. Armaments must be keyed to experience.

Before 1914 Europe's preparedness for war was more or less keyed to the experience of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. In the future they would have to be keyed to the experience of the world war.

Human society, all round, is conditioned very much by the state of the mechanical arts. It was the advance in the mechanical arts that made this war so much more destructive and costly than any other. That advance is continuous. Twenty years hence the means of destruction will no doubt be as much greater than those of to-day as those of to-day are greater than they were twenty years ago. It has often been said during the last two years that there would be no place for any neutral in another big war. Its scope would be universal.

Another big war is an adventure that civilization cannot stand. This is not sentiment or a matter of inclination. The cold facts in the case allege it. The constant liability to war which was implicit in the old international arrangement must be removed. No unstable balances of power or refurbishing of a Congress of Vienna will remove it; yet that is what all opponents of a League of Nations really want.

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# THE FIRST RECONSTRUCTION



## By WILL PAYNE

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THE thing in the United States that most needs reconstructing is at Washington. Fortunately there is no difference of opinion about the need. Presidents have pointed it out. The most experienced and capable members of Congress have proclaimed and deplored it. In the last presidential campaign Democratic, Republican and Progressive parties put it down in their platforms and promised reform. Everybody who has studied American Government from any angle knows the need. The public knows it. Whatever else the man in the street—or on the farm—may be in doubt about concerning his Government at Washington, he has no doubt that it is a wasteful affair.

Yet with this universal knowledge of the need—and with a couple of exceptions to be mentioned later—no real step has been taken in the direction of reform.

The first of the needs at Washington is a budget.

That has a dry sound. Several years ago M. René Stourm, member of the Institute of France and professor of political science, wrote a valuable historical work on the budget. He said the word was of English origin, meaning pouch, or pocket—something suitable to carry money in. Essentially it means pocketbook—your pocketbook.

Whether you are paying a million-dollar income tax or only the stamp tax on an ounce of tobacco Washington's finger is in your pocket all the time. Whatever it wastes is your loss. Every time you drop a letter in the post box you are depending on the Government for a service. You depend upon it in a great many ways. You want good service—more services. A wasteful government cannot possibly be so useful as an economical one.

Every other civilized nation, as far as I know, has a budget. Certainly every government to which we should look for any sort of good example has one. The form and character of the government have nothing to do with it. Extremely democratic Switzerland has a budget. The autocratic German Empire had a budget. Japan, with its curious graft of very limited constitutionalism on a trunk of medieval absolutism, has a budget. Nominally monarchical England and republican France have budgets.

### Foreign Appropriation Systems

THE form and character of the government have nothing to do with it. Every intelligent government has a budget as a matter of course—just as every intelligent business man, whether he is an American or a Chinaman, has a set of books. Universal experience and plain common sense dictate it. Only the United States among important and advanced nations goes without a budget—to its great and undisputed loss.

We have ignored universal experience and common sense before—for a time. Those of you who can look back twenty years may recall the earlier agitation for banking reform. It was pointed out that the United States alone among important commercial nations had no way of mobilizing and coördinating its banking power—consequently it was always exposed to panics, money pinches and kindred ills in a way that no other nation was.

The facts were not disputed, but there was a mass of public indifference and political inertia to be overcome. Members of Congress, looking back to a hoary and inapplicable precedent of Jackson's time, said the public didn't want a centralizing institution of banking and wouldn't tolerate it. Such institutions, they said, might be very well for Europe, Asia, Africa and the portions of America outside of the United States; but the United States was different; it would go its own way.

Reform took a long time. It was the present occupant of the White House who signed the Federal Reserve Act. The system thus set up has been a very important factor in winning this war. It is difficult and painful to imagine what sort of mess we should have been in if the war had come upon us without such an organ as the Federal Reserve system. Anybody who knows what he is talking about would almost as soon think of sinking the Navy out of hand as of wiping out that system.

The budget is coming too. It has to come. The speed with which it comes depends exactly upon the public push behind it. Why should a congressman spend his time wrestling with a more or less complicated subject—a subject, moreover, which is personally distasteful to him—unless the public demands it?

The word budget may be and has been applied to almost any set of figures. But the essential things in a real budget system as taken from the experience of those nations which have most successfully used it may be set down as follows:

There must be some organ of the government which is in intimate and constant touch with all the executive departments that spend the public's money. In England and Germany this organ is called the Treasury Department, but the name is immaterial. This supervising agency must have general knowledge of the needs of all the departments and bureaus and understanding of their purposes, so as to be in a position to pass intelligent judgment on their claims for public money. It is important that this agency be in constant touch with the departments and not just step in once a year to look over their claims in a lump. Say the Forest Service wants new roads or any other work that requires an appropriation. It should take the matter up with the supervising agency at the time it sees the need, talk it over, arrive at an understanding.

Every spending department, bureau, and so on, should submit all its claims upon the public purse to this supervisor—by whatever name it might be called—and the supervising agency's veto should have pretty much the same effect as the President's veto of a bill passed by Congress. That is to say, an appeal could be taken to some higher authority, such as the cabinet or a joint fiscal committee or whatever body the Government agreed upon for that purpose. But the arrangement must be such that only in some plain case could an appeal from the supervising agency's veto be successful.

Congress must bind itself not to consider any claim upon the public purse that does not come to it with the O. K. of the final authority which has been agreed upon and set up to consider such claims. At that point, at first, Congress will naturally balk. Yet it is one of the vital points in a real budget system, and has been so recognized by the most trustworthy students of the subject. Three years ago John J. Fitzgerald—for many years a member of the House Committee on Appropriations and at that time its chairman—said in the House:

"One thing that is essential in this body—and it will be done some day—is to deprive the individual member of Congress of any right to initiate expenditures. . . . Take away from members of this House the right to initiate expenditures and they will take care that no unsound or improper estimate originating in a department is rewarded by an appropriation."

No legislative body was ever more jealous of its rights and privileges than the British House of Commons. In 1706 it adopted a standing rule, in force ever since, that it would consider no matter involving an appropriation which did not come to it with the approval of the organ of government in which authority over such matters had been vested.

At an appropriate time in the fiscal year all the spending departments, bureaus, and so on, submit to the supervising agency estimates covering their needs for the ensuing fiscal year. The supervising body, from its day-to-day contact with the departments and the discussions that have arisen in that connection, already knows just about what the estimates will be and is acquainted with the effect and purport of the larger items. It is in a position to go over the estimates intelligently, expertly. Moreover, it has under its eye at one time all the estimates—a complete bill of the outgo of the government for the coming year. It can consider that bill not only in detail but as a whole, checking, balancing, harmonizing—perhaps striking out a claim from one bureau in order to meet a more necessary claim from another. When its revision is finished there is a complete itemized bill of estimated expenses for the coming year.

When the bill is finished it goes to the higher authority. For the moment, following the British example, let us call this the cabinet. The cabinet, then, has before it the whole bill of expense, expertly sifted and compiled and added up into a final sum. The cabinet may not consider it expedient to levy taxes to that amount. Something may have to be cut out. When it finally decides upon a total sum it frames a scheme of taxation calculated to meet that sum exactly.

The result—a complete fiscal statement, outgo on one side, income on the other—is the budget. It is submitted to the legislative body and published. The newspapers print it in such detail as they please. The complete document is available for anybody who wants to examine it. The country has the whole fiscal program of the government in one balanced statement.

### The Wasteful American Plan

WHEN the budget is submitted to the legislative body individual members of that body cannot knock it out of shape by running in a lot of private pension bills or log-rolled river and harbor and public-building bills. By a standing rule that body has bound itself not to consider any appropriation bill which does not come to it with the sanction of the authority which has been set up to pass on such matters—which would be the cabinet in the British case.

Compare that for a moment with the American plan. Along in the fall, say in September, every department begins making up an estimate of its needs for the fiscal year which will start with the following July—making it up in complete independence of every other department and practically of every other organ of the Government. Practically it is a little independent sovereignty in that respect. Moreover, in effect, the subdivisions of the departments—each branch and bureau—make up their estimates without regard to any other subdivision. Of course the head of the department has jurisdiction over all the subdivisions. Their estimates must have his sanction. But up to two or three years ago the head of the department was a lawyer in San Antonio or a newspaper editor in Omaha. He is busy at the moment with affairs that look more important to him. Pretty generally in fact the bureau estimates go through as the bureau puts them.

Then the estimates from the other departments go to the Treasury Department, which, in fact, deals with them in a purely clerical, mechanical way. It puts them together and has them printed. It has neither the machinery nor the authority to make any real revision.

The Treasury Department hands them on to the House, which—without any consideration whatever of them as a

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whole—immediately splits them up and refers them to eight or ten separate committees each acting in complete independence of the others. Moreover, as a rule no one committee gets all the estimates from any one department. Each department's estimates as a rule are split up under subheads—for example, according to the character of the item, whether it is for materials or for salaries.

Each of these committees holds hearings—as many and as long as it pleases—summoning bureau chiefs to explain various items. It then frames an appropriation bill which it recommends to the House. But there is nothing in the least conclusive about its recommendations. Any member or combination of members with a sufficient following may strike out any item, increase any item, add any amount of wholly new matter.

The bill finally passes the House and goes to the Senate, which refers it to a committee. The Senate committee proceeds just as the House committee did, and practically in complete independence of it. It may reëxamine the same matter which the House hearings dealt with. It may take up different matter. It may recast the whole House bill.

The Senate committee frames and recommends a bill, but even less than in the House is there any binding force in the committee's recommendations. After the committee is through any item may be increased to any extent or any amount of new matter added. There is nothing conclusive about any appropriation bill until it has passed both Houses and been signed by the President.

But not all the appropriation bills by any means are presented to Congress at one time. In fact, they string along through a great part of every session. Everybody who has paid any attention to the proceedings of Congress knows that the session normally ends with a breathless rush to pass three or four great appropriation bills. The hands of the clock are turned back and the bills jammed through at the rate of a million dollars a minute.

### *The Evolution of the British Budget*

EACH spending branch of the Government makes up its estimates to suit itself. The temptation to overestimate is obvious and powerful. Every bureau has its own ambitions. Naturally, it is pleasanter to run a bureau with plenty of money than on scamped funds. Moreover, every bureau knows that Congress, somewhere along the line, may cut down its estimate. It is obviously tempted to allow for that in making up the estimates.

Again, Congress appropriates in detail—not so much for such and such a bureau, but so much for such and such a clerk in that bureau and for nearly every other item. The money once appropriated is forever earmarked for that particular purpose. No bureau has any motive to save anything out of its appropriation. Generally speaking it couldn't use the money for any other purpose. This is just as though at the beginning of the year you were given so many dollars and cents for the purpose of buying such and such articles of clothing, so many dollars and cents for the purpose of buying such and such articles of food, and so on. During the year you might want to buy fewer clothes or less food or cheaper articles of food and clothing, and use the money thus saved to make a payment on a house or put it in the bank against next year's needs. But you couldn't do that. Unless you spent the money for the exact purpose designated you couldn't have it at all. You wouldn't try very hard to economize. Neither would a bureau.

Against the tendency to overestimate—the tendency to extravagance—the only check consists in such examination as the committees of Congress may give to the estimates. There are at this time twenty-nine committees of the two houses of Congress that deal with bills carrying or involving appropriations. Each committee is absolutely independent of every other. Their combined membership is about three hundred. A majority of them are bound to be men with very limited experience of the matters with which they are called upon to deal; for of course the membership of the committees is constantly shifting; every election brings in new members, eliminates old ones. Moreover, they are men with much other business on their hands—congressional business in general, political business. This sole check must be a frail reed to lean upon.

Any one of those twenty-nine committees may at any time on its own hook throw in a bill that involves a claim upon the Treasury. Any individual member may do that. As a matter of fact such bills are coming in all through the session. There is never a time while Congress is in session that anybody can say what the outgo of the Government is to be.

Of course there is nowhere any real responsibility for the outgo of the Government. All anyone can finally say is "The Government spent it." The Government means President and cabinet and both houses of Congress and both parties or all parties. Blame scattered over so broad a surface doesn't trouble anybody very much.

It should be observed that this American arrangement was never planned. Nobody ever intended it. Only a lunatic could have intended such an arrangement. It simply happened. Undoubtedly the original intention was to have a budget. The first Secretary of the Treasury, in fact, framed a budget. Then for a long time a single committee of the House handled all appropriation bills. But with the growth of governmental business and the evolutions and convolutions of politics the present arrangement just came into being of itself. Nobody planned it. There is no plan about it.

A common notion is that something or other in the Constitution of the United States prevents our having a real budget. There is no foundation in fact for that notion. Not a word in the Constitution negatives a real budget. All the Constitution says about it is that no money shall be drawn from the Treasury except in consequence of lawful appropriations and that all revenue bills shall originate in the House of Representatives.

The latter provision no doubt contemplated that the House, as the more popular and representative body, should take a preponderant part in framing fiscal legislation. But for many years in fact the Senate has far outweighed the House, both as to revenue measures and appropriations. About four times out of five, when the two houses disagree, they finally compromise by adopting the Senate's views. It is doubtful whether there is a solitary thing at Washington to-day that corresponds with what the Constitution originally contemplated. Certainly there is nothing in the Constitution that prevents a very good budget system.

It is true that the classical budget system—the British—evolved under a different form of government. Once the British Government consisted of King, Lords and Commons. The House of Commons long ago absorbed the King and latterly has practically absorbed the House of Lords, so it now stands supreme in every department of government. A cabinet, headed by the Prime Minister, conducts the executive department, in that respect corresponding to our President and his cabinet. Members of the British Cabinet, however, are not mere appointees of their chief, dependent upon him for their offices and practically removable by him at pleasure. They are, rather, junior partners. Sometimes they represent shades of political opinion with which their chief is not particularly in harmony.

But the British Cabinet, including the Prime Minister, is selected by the political party or coalition of parties that commands a majority of the votes in the House of Commons. So as a matter of course whatever budget or other measure the cabinet agrees upon will be supported by a majority of the House. That simplifies matters from a budgetary point of view. Once the cabinet has agreed upon it, it is practically settled. If a majority of the House of Commons rejects a cabinet measure the cabinet usually goes out of office and is succeeded by one that can command a majority of the Commons.

Our President holds office for four years no matter what the complexion of Congress may be. The party of which he is chief may or may not have a majority of the two houses of Congress. It may have a majority in one house and not in the other. It may be that the majority in each house is out of harmony with the President and will not follow his lead—as Mr. Taft could tell you; or Grover Cleveland if his testimony were available.

So the American budget system must adapt itself to the fact that the chief of the executive branch of the Government may be at odds with the majority in the legislative branch. A good many people have held this to be an insuperable bar to a real American budget. But it is no such thing. Much the same situation obtains in Switzerland, which, like this country, is a union of sovereign states or cantons. The Federal Council, in charge of the executive branch of government, may not be able to command a majority of the National Assembly, corresponding to Congress, in support of the budget. In that case the two branches simply get together and thresh out their differences until they can agree. The thrifty Swiss stick to the budget system because they know its practical value. In Imperial Germany the executive branch of government has been wholly in the hands of the Kaiser. The Reichstag, or popular house of the legislative branch, might be so out of sympathy with him that it passed a vote of censure on his chancellor. Yet Germany has had a very good budget system, and you may be sure that whatever other changes occur in the German Government the budget will be retained.

It isn't in the least a question of whether or not we can do it. It is wholly a question of whether or not we really want to do it. We can have a very good budget—without any constitutional amendment and with hardly a change in the statutes—at any moment the President and Congress agree to it. They will agree the moment there is an unmistakable popular demand. Of course in detail it will not be the British system, or the Swiss, or the German, or any other—any more than our new banking system corresponds in detail with the British, French or German. But, like the banking system, it will accomplish the essential objects.

The first thing is to agree upon somebody or some agency that shall frame a budget. Maybe it is fortunate that we begin there with bare boards. At present nobody frames a budget. There is no such thing. As to who should frame it there is no difference of informed opinion as to the answer or in the lessons to be learned from the experience of other nations. The unanimous answer is that the executive branch of the Government must frame the budget to begin with. It is the executive branch that spends the money and has first knowledge of its own needs. In fact, our hodge-podge fiscal proceedings have always begun with the estimates of the executive departments as to their needs for the coming year.

But the executive branch of our Government has no machinery for checking, editing, coördinating these multifold independent estimates, reviewing them as a whole and forming them into a budget. It must have such machinery—some supervising organ to look over the work of the departments, take up their estimates and shape them into a balanced complete bill of outgo.

### *No Head Bookkeeper*

THAT would be merely the statutory matter of authorizing the supervising department or commission or whatever it might be called. It must of course be an expert body with a tenure of office that makes it independent of changes in the Administration and as free as possible from political influence. Every demand upon the public purse must pass through its hands.

That may sound merely like adding another patch to the crazy quilt—setting up another department or commission at Washington. But, in fact, it is an extremely important step toward a real budget. Partly, a budget is bookkeeping. There is plenty of bookkeeping at Washington. But there is no head bookkeeper—nobody at all who expertly looks over the work of the multitudinous other bookkeepers and takes it all under comprehensive review in detail and as a whole, presenting it finally in one clear conclusive statement. There must be such a head bookkeeper, with very real authority to revise and veto, whose recommendations to the final authority will carry great weight.

Having got the debit side of a budget composed in that way, who is to approve it and who is to fill in the credit—or revenue—side?

At that point members of both houses of Congress talk solemnly about the constitutional division of the powers of government into legislative, executive and judicial branches, no one of which must trespass on another. But the Constitution does not prescribe any such rigid division of powers as that implies. Never, since Washington's first inauguration, has there been any such rigid division of powers.

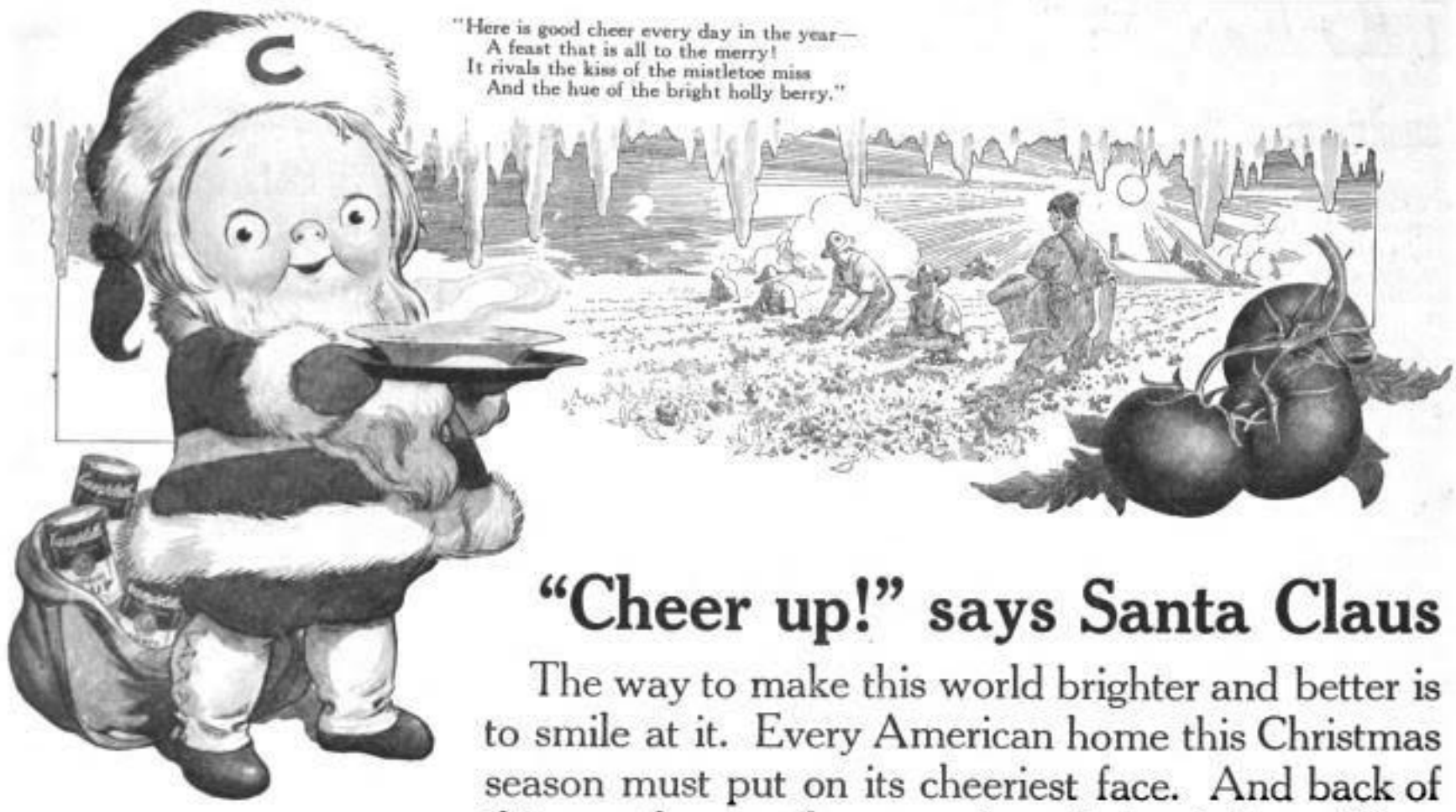
The President doesn't run the executive departments of the Government at will. As to a long list of important executive officers he must secure the Senate's formal approval to their appointment. For many years Congress has reached far and wide into the executive departments, using its control of the public purse to prescribe in minute detail how they shall be organized, how many and what employees they shall have, and so on.




Only a few months ago President Wilson asked authority to reorganize the departments for whose operation he is constitutionally responsible—which was

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# "Cheer up!" says Santa Claus

The way to make this world brighter and better is to smile at it. Every American home this Christmas season must put on its cheeriest face. And back of this must be stout hearts and good physical condition.

This is why we say eat a good soup every day. It is why you specially ought to get the regular enjoyment and benefit of

# Campbell's Tomato Soup

This is a "good cheer" signal every time it comes to your table.

It means a more inviting and more nourishing meal, better digestion, better health.

The fresh *vine-ripened* tomatoes we use bring the very flavor and sunshine of summer right to your winter table. And the other choice ingredients we blend in this wholesome soup make it even more tempting and nutritious.

It is distinctly an energy-producer. Prepared as a Cream of Tomato it is both strengthening and delicious. And you can prepare it readily in various pleasing ways to make it as hearty as you choose.

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# BILLS AND BUDGETS

## Studies of Savers and Spenders—By Forrest Crissey

PLAYING with the household budget has become the favorite pastime of the American home, regardless of its poverty, its comfort or its luxury.

Baseball fans who grieve because the grim unsparing hand of war has robbed us of our great national game forget that budget tinkering has supplanted their sport in popularity; and that no World's Championship Series contest ever called out the passionate interest of so many homes as are now devoting themselves to the scores of this new sport, in which the forces of patriotism are constantly pitted against those of habit and of desire to taste the pleasures of personal indulgence made possible by unprecedented war profits and war wages.

Probably there are few places where this new household game is played with a wider sweep of variations or a more prodigal repertoire of contradictions than at Gary, Indiana, the City of Steel and Sand, the capital of the Kingdom of Cockleburs, the intensive melting pot of Old World races, and the industrial marvel of the Middle West.

Gary recently passed through a Liberty Loan drive, in which it subscribed more than three million dollars. Between eight o'clock in the morning and eight o'clock in the evening of the initial day of that drive a citizen sold more than fifty thousand dollars' worth of bonds to the inhabitants of a single block, which ten years ago was a barren waste of sand without a human habitation of any sort. All together this swift and sudden frontier City of Steel backed the boys in France with almost ten million dollars—mainly from the pockets of men in overalls.

That is certainly going some in the matter of savings for a city of less than seventy thousand population and with a high percentage of floaters. But this is only a side light on the thrift pace the people of the new Pittsburgh of the West are hitting. Ten million dollars is merely the overflow from the bloated pay envelopes of the toilers in steel. June 30, 1914, the savings deposits in the banks of Gary totaled $3,489,775; they were $8,971,177 on the sixth of June, 1918. The postal savings total at the Gary post office stood at $95,698 on October 21, 1914; the balance of these savings four years later was $711,000.

### Generosity to the Red Cross

PROBABLY no other city in America has so high a percentage of enemy aliens as Gary, and certainly its proportion of foreigners is greater than that of any large municipality in the United States. This means that, though the savings amassed in the banks and the post office, and put into Liberty Bonds, War Savings Stamps and homes, have been in process of accumulation, a flood of American gold has been steadily pouring back to the Old World countries from which thousands of workers have come to America. No Gary banker is willing to put an estimate on the extent of this leakage, but all authorities agree that it must amount to an immense sum. There are relatively few aliens or foreign-born citizens in this steel town who, when they are able, do not send money at regular intervals to relatives in their native countries.

Statistics, however, are impotent to show the score of the great savings game.

The hits and home runs of the individual players must pass under scrutiny to give the glow and thrill the plays on this hearthstone diamond have for those sympathetic observers who are striving to boost their own batting average on Economy Field.

Every pay day in Gary since December, 1908, has seen a certain stubby little man shoving a pass book into the savings window of a Gary bank. When he made his first small deposit the experienced teller glanced at the rough and powerful hand that offered the book and remarked: "Brick mason?" A good-natured nod told him he had guessed right.

At that time brick masons at the mills were receiving thirty-five cents an hour. For almost a year the regular fortnightly deposit of this new patron was twenty dollars; the next year it increased to about forty; in the third it climbed to the neighborhood of sixty and hovered round that point for three years. Then came a lean period in steel work, when his deposit fell back to about the sum he had put away on his first pay day; but the outbreak of the world war sent the mercury of his savings thermometer up to the hundred point.

He can do better than that now—a good deal better too—for he has risen to the job of heater, which implies the highly respectable wage of about sixteen dollars a day. At this rate our star saver would soon be rich if he could put in full time; but an almost constant shortage of available material makes this an impossibility.

Three peculiarities of this account stand out sharply—the deposits have been made with the exact regularity of the pay days; there have been only five withdrawals, all of them for war purposes; and all deposits have been made from current wages.

Before taking a peep into the pass book of this persistent, methodical pay-roll climber, let us look at his record as a ready-money patriot. He began cautiously, with three hundred dollars in Liberty Bonds; of the second loan he took nine hundred dollars' worth and increased to three thousand each for the third and fourth loans. War Savings Stamps caught his fancy and he plunged on these baby bonds to the extent of one thousand dollars, making his total investment in war securities eight thousand two hundred.

This, however, is not the full measure of the backing he has given the boys in France. His subscriptions to the Red Cross and Canteen funds have been generous.

Now for the pass book. The balance there to-day is a trifle better than thirteen thousand dollars. In some ways this is probably the star saving performance of Gary. This worker has lived on a more generous and self-respecting scale than many who have put aside a larger proportion of their earnings. On the other hand, he has had only two mouths to feed. The head of a Gary Savings bank declares that the foreigner who does not save sixty per cent of his wages is not up to the average. Another banker says:

"For the first few years of a foreigner's life in the mills here he generally manages to live on the tail of his pay check and puts away the main part of it. For example, if his check was sixty-seven dollars and a half he would save the sixty and live on the seven dollars and a half for two weeks."

There is one thing, however, on which the mill hand from Europe will not scrimp. That is the Red Cross. At the steel mill, for example, men were asked to give one day's wages to the cause. To facilitate this plan each man's pay was delivered to him in two checks—one for a day's wage and the other for the balance of his fortnight's pay. In scores of cases the workers put the big check into the Red Cross ballot box at the gate and kept the little one against the next pay day. An investigation proved that this was intended—not a mistake.

When one Hungarian was asked whether he would give a day's pay to the Red Cross his answer was: "Every month!" Opening his shirt, he showed an ugly scar and remarked: "Red Cross lady tie up—save life!"

All who are intimately acquainted with the alien mill workers declare that these men have a far more vivid realization of what the Red Cross ministrations mean to the suffering than do Americans. This is especially true of men from the Balkan States, where war has not been a novelty in the lives of men now in their prime and who have been in the United States for several years. When the first Red Cross drive was launched Gary was asked to raise thirty-five thousand dollars; it responded with a hundred and three thousand. The state allotment committee raised the ante at the start of the second drive and requested sixty thousand dollars; the answer of this modern Babel of races was two hundred thousand.

### When the Best is None Too Good

THE savings statistics of Gary will seem incredible to any stranger who will haunt its stores and watch the spending habits of its people. Such an investigation is likely to leave the impression that the millmen are squandering their entire earnings with the recklessness of a traditional mining-camp population after a big gold strike. The price of any article is apparently a secondary consideration and the call is constantly for something finer.

This is especially true in the matter of luxuries, and in wearing apparel. There is more economy along the line of meats and groceries than in any other field—due, in part, to the fact that the food-saving propaganda has made a strong appeal to the patriotic, and, in part, to deeply ingrained racial habits of table thrift.

The contradictions provoked by a study of steelworkers at the store and at the savings bank are startling. It would be well-nigh impossible, for example, to convince the head salesman of one of Chicago's largest piano houses that the word "thrift" has any application to the wartime steelworker. He meets any attempt to make such a point with this experience:

"The other day a man wearing new and expensive clothes—about as good as money will buy to-day—appeared on the piano floor of this store and bluntly announced that he should like to look at pianos. His hands showed that he was doing rough manual work. We always try to get a line on a customer's idea of price before we attempt to center selling effort on any particular instrument. Therefore, we began by starting him at the cheapest piano and giving him a progressive survey of the whole line up to the point where he would drop a hint that his general idea of price had been reached. But he kept still until we were showing him the finest instruments in our stock.

"The salesman having him in hand had by this time reached the conclusion that he would be fortunate to sell this reticent customer a four-hundred-dollar piano—and that on deferred payments—when the stranger remarked in broken English that he liked the one for eight hundred and fifty dollars. Here the salesman woke up and saw a chance for a little good practice work in salesmanship, just to relieve the monotony of a time when the wealthiest and oldest customers of the house were not buying pianos for their newly married daughters.

"'Yes,' he replied; 'that is a wonderful instrument for the money; but the one for ten hundred and fifty dollars has it beaten by five hundred when it comes to quality. That is the instrument which has the real value for those who can appreciate it.'

"When the salesman rose from that piano, after playing Paderewski's greatest composition, the customer stared silently at the piano for a moment, then drew a roll of greenbacks from his pocket, stripped off ten hundred-dollar bills and a fifty, and handed them to the astonished salesman without a word. In the talk that followed it was learned that the strange customer was an expert in the great Gary Steel Mill and that he had a daughter who showed uncommon musical promise. The name he left with the shipping address indicated that he is a fellow countryman of Paderewski. A wageworker who will blow more than a thousand dollars for a piano is certainly some spender!

"Perhaps this experience impressed me especially from the fact that personally I'm paring down expenses with a sharp knife. I've not only operated on the major part of our household budget but I've gone clean through to the smaller things. For example, the other day, when rain was threatened, I was told that the one decent umbrella in the house had been lent to a guest and not returned. Instead of buying a new umbrella, I made a search of the house and dug out of hiding nine umbrellas in various stages of disability. Then I turned tinker and from remnants of those nine I resurrected five good respectable umbrellas, good for a year or two of active service."

### Spenders and Savers Side by Side

"I'M NOT buying any new shoes, hats or clothes this year, and I've almost forgotten what the inside of a theater looks like. I'd like a new piano; and, of course, I could have one at the manufacturer's price. But here comes a mill hand who puts down a thousand and fifty dollars for an instrument that is good enough for any home on the Lake Shore Drive! I'm glad we could make that sale; but when it comes to the matter of thrift among the workers in the steel mills I'm unconvinced."

The weak link in this chain of logic, however, is a failure to consider that the expenditure for the piano represented less than two months' wages of the steelworker and that there is every likelihood that this laborer has a fat savings account, a nice little stack of Liberty Bonds, and perhaps a house and lot—not to speak of a flat-building—back of the piano. In the small farmhouses of this country are hundreds of thousands of pianos. How many of them have been paid for with only two months' profits from the farm?

The typical thrift exploit of the steelworker, however, is the story of home buying and home building. Hundreds of examples might be cited. The setting of the first act of these inspiring domestic dramas is almost invariably a shack that would shame a river-bottom squatter or a mountain moonshiner; the second act is staged in a four-room frame or brick cottage on the rear of a sand lot; and the third is set in the magnificence of a modern apartment building, with a wide sleeping porch, a cushioned swing, electric lights and the latest plumbing.

In some cases the transition is made more abrupt by cutting out the second act and moving from the scrap-lumber shack into the brick apartment building. There are hundreds of instances of this sort in Gary; and their number would have been multiplied if war building restrictions had not curtailed and finally suppressed nearly all speculative operation in the building of ready-made homes by

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(Continued from Page 24)

enterprising real-estate men. Here is one of this brand of thrift dramas that is thoroughly typical of hundreds of others:

In 1910 a Russian peasant, with his wife and two children, landed in Gary and went into a shack that had been located for him by a friend already on the ground. Though he had inherited an eight-acre farm, he was obliged to give it to his brother for the reason that he could not sell it. His funds were barely enough to land him on the job, which paid him thirty-five cents an hour. The next year he left the construction gang and went into the sheet mill as a common laborer. He was willing to make a sacrifice in order to learn a trade. In this period of his experience his wages averaged about fifty dollars a month.

His next advance was to the big mill, where he started at sixteen cents an hour. At the end of a year he was raised to eighteen cents.

His family increased quite as rapidly as his wages; but he stuck to the shack and contrived to save something from his pay each month from the time when it was raised to eighteen cents an hour.

About fifteen months ago he had reached the dignity of a machine operator in the open-hearth department of the mill and his pay averaged one hundred and forty dollars a month. In February of 1918 he bought a two-flat building in one of the best foreign parts of the town at a cost of three thousand eight hundred and eighty dollars. Though he had then saved eight hundred dollars, he explained to the real-estate dealer that he did not wish to pay down more than five hundred, because he wished to use the remainder of his savings to "fix up home nice for wife and babies."

### *Russians Who Know How to Manage*

IN SHORT, he proposed to improve his scale of living to fit his new surroundings; and this he has done quite consistently. The squalid meagerness of his shack days seems to be only a memory despite the fact that he still owes about twenty-five hundred dollars on his home. In addition to paying thirteen hundred and eighty dollars on his place he has contributed to the Red Cross and has two hundred dollars in Liberty Bonds, with a cash fund of three hundred dollars held as a reserve against bad luck.

As he has buried one child this year and his wife has been through a serious surgical operation, he seems to have had his share of misfortune. But bad luck will have to hit him hard and quickly if he is to be prevented from paying for his new home; for he is now receiving an average wage of two hundred and sixty dollars a month, with a net rental from his upper flat of twenty-five. His family now numbers seven, and the progress of his children in school is as keen a concern of this transplanted peasant as is the lifting of the little mortgage.

Another Russian furnishes an example of a common variation from this abrupt transition from shack to apartment. Just before the outbreak of the war he was receiving about one dollar and a half a day and living in shanty barracks along with a score of his fellows. His impulse for thrift began with the first glimpse of a family budget; for he married first and began to economize afterward. When he had saved four hundred dollars he bought a sixteen-hundred-dollar house and left the shack life of his honeymoon behind.

His agreement was to pay twenty-five dollars a month on his place; but he played the home-budget game so well that he was soon able to increase and even double his payments.

Then came several wage increases, which helped wonderfully. His pay check was close to seventy-five dollars a fortnight. Before making the final payment which gave him a clear title to his home, this young man from Russia had become saturated with the idea that the way to keep one's money was to be paying out on something worth owning. Again, he had absorbed enough of the American spirit to feel that better wages should mean better living conditions.

Therefore, he had no sooner made his final payment on his place than he made credit arrangements for funds with which to remodel his house.

This was done thoroughly, and when he faced his bills for electrical and other fixtures they presented a rather formidable total; but he only grinned and went at the budget game with greater zest than ever.

To-day his improvements are not only paid for but he has considerably more than one thousand dollars in bank, Liberty Bonds to the amount of five hundred dollars—and also three children.

Though it would be idle to contend that the alien does not, as one Gary pioneer expresses it, "put it all over the American when it comes to applying the cold-pack process to canning money," it would be an unwarranted conclusion to assume that every dyed-in-the-wool Yank has been allowing his war wages to run through his fingers like water. The thrifty Russian whose story has just been told has to pass each day at the Ætna Powder Plant a sergeant of the guard, who is American to the bone, but still some little thrifter in a modest way. He will probably never see sixty again.

When he and his wife came from downstate, about nine or ten years ago, he worked at a common laborer's wage. They soon bought a cottage and made a small initial payment. To get it clear in the shortest time possible was their consuming ambition; so they lived in one room and rented all the others. A year later they sold this place at an advance, bought a lot in a better location, and put up a good building, living in the basement and filling the remainder of the structure with roomers. Then the adjoining lot was bought and another brick house built. On renting the one in which they had been living for fifty dollars a month, this frugal middle-aged American moved into the new house and lived more comfortably than before.

He still stuck to his job and his wife continued to keep roomers of the better class.

In 1915 he bought more ground, fronting on a popular street, and put up a substantial two-family house, which he sold a little later at a good profit. This year he has built two houses in a town near the powder works, from which he gets a good rental; for the housing problem is acute in the steel and powder districts. A close friend of this thrifty American sizes up his situation in these words:

"I'm not his auditor, but he's worth more than fifteen thousand in the clear and has a property income that is mighty respectable. What's more his holdings are increasing in value every month. If he hangs on to 'em he'll be rich. And he'll keep his grip on his property, all right, just as he has on a good job and a paying line of roomers. He earns at least one hundred and forty dollars a month and his wife has an income of one hundred dollars a month from the roomers. They could both quit now and live on what their property brings in. But this is their harvest! Besides, his work isn't hard and his wife enjoys looking after the roomers in a motherly way. When you hit a regular American who is a natural saver he can hold his end with the alien—and live a lot better than they while he's doing it."

Some of the star savers in this strange Indiana steel town are women—and they rank among its shrewdest investors too. Possibly a certain Austrian woman is without a peer in this class. A few weeks after she had bargained for a lot, on which she had paid two hundred and fifty dollars, she returned to the real-estate dealer and declared that the price of the lot was too high. Instantly he took two hundred and fifty dollars and her contract from his desk and handed them to her. As quickly she exclaimed, in her own tongue: "You're too willing!"—and went out.

The frame house she built stood on stilts; but this did not prevent her from filling it with profitable boarders. She was a shining success as a housemother and in a few years was able to build a two-story brick building, which returns a net rental of five thousand dollars a year.

From time to time she has bought other lots from her savings until now she is receiving six thousand dollars a year, net income, from her property. She has a son in Uncle Sam's Army, a daughter who has received a good education, and has thirteen hundred dollars in Liberty Bonds.

### *Thrifty Croats and Saving Serbs*

FEW nationalities can outdistance the Croats as home builders. They are natural thrifters, but seem to demand a home as a basis of operations. Here is an example of how the people of this Balkan race save and build:

Among the shacks that were built upon the sands of the company tract in 1907 was one which housed a Croat and his family. As an example of packing-box architecture it was a thing to delight a drunken Cubist; but its occupants called it home while they were getting a toehold in the New World. Its builder started with a wage of one dollar and seventy-five cents a day, which was almost unbounded wealth from his viewpoint. He had not passed many pay days when he asserted his national trait and bargained with Tom Knotts, Gary's first mayor, for a lot.

Even in those early days in the steel town you couldn't buy much of a sand patch for six hundred dollars, which is what this lot cost the ambitious Croat. He lived on the tail of his pay check and applied the body of it to the lot, with the result that he paid out almost before Mr. Knotts realized that he had really started.

His next move was to finance the building of a two-story building of four flats. His wages improved a bit and he had his building clear of debt in an astonishingly short time. Apparently he had found the pastime which exactly suited his disposition, and that was the game of paying out. So he bought the lot next to the one on which he had built and repeated the digging-out process.

On this, by again using his credit, he put a four-apartment brick building. This gave him a rental income of a hundred and fifty dollars a month, with no coal to buy for his tenants. But his little private landscape had one defect—there was unoccupied space on the back of these lots. He decided that ground should yield something more profitable than sand burs. Therefore, he put up a two-flat building which increased his rent roll by fifty dollars. Though he is now worth at least twenty thousand dollars in the clear, he is still at his job in the steel mill, one which now brings him about six and a half dollars a day.

The attitude of the Serbians toward the war is well typified by the action of a laborer who draws the minimum wage paid to men at the mills, and who is paying out on a lot. When the Fourth Liberty Loan drive was on he came forward voluntarily and paid cash for a fifty-dollar bond. Then, through an interpreter, he anxiously asked whether he might have seven buttons for his seven children. When the buttons were placed in his hands his swarthy face lighted with joy. Quickly pinning a button on his coat he threw out his chest proudly and exclaimed: "Kids, this way!" And then he marched away, tapping the emblem of patriotic investment.

In the matter of systematic saving it is difficult to outdistance a Serbian who really strikes his stride. One of them, who has a wife and two children, has put away seven hundred and forty dollars in a savings account in seven months besides buying three hundred dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds and contributing to the Red Cross. His wage is a hundred and sixty dollars a month, and his wife and babies are kept in a degree of comfort that seems like opulence to them. The baby carriage he pushes on Sundays would be an object of envy to the average bank clerk with a young family.

One feature of the savings-account situation in all industrial communities that, like Gary, have a large population of enemy aliens is little understood and appreciated. This is the almost universal belief among those who come under this technical classification that the Alien Enemy Property Custodian is waiting to pounce upon any money they may deposit in a bank in the form of a savings account. Only the most patient and persistent education by word of mouth has been able in any measure to overcome this wholly mistaken and erroneous notion.

### *Theoretical Enemies and Practical Friends*

AS A RULE, it requires the missionary work of an educated man of their own race to make any headway against this ill-founded fear, which is so general among Austrians, Hungarians and Bulgarians that it would easily appear to be the result of a systematic propaganda. As a result of this, there has been a steady flood of wage money flowing back to relatives in those countries. Another cause which has contributed to this flood of Europe-bound foreign exchange is the fact that workers of these races are accustomed to deposit in government-owned banks or, at least, they are educated in the belief that only banks of the Government are safely to be intrusted with savings.

Oddly enough, steelworkers classed as enemy aliens have been, as a rule, eager buyers of Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps, and as Red Cross contributors they stand in the front rank. Russians are ready depositors in savings banks and apparently have more faith in a pass book as a symbol of property than in a greenback. This arises from the fact that the sensational decline in the value of the Russian ruble has gone far toward shattering their faith in money. However, Gary banks seem to be doing fairly well in educating the polyglot public of toilers to put their money into savings accounts; for, with a population of less than seventy thousand, they have a little more than thirty-five thousand savings accounts.

If the money in hiding in the Steel City of the Dunes could be brought out from under cover there is little doubt that it would be able to break all savings records. True, the Liberty Loan drives have exerted a powerful pressure in forcing this hidden money to the surface.

For example, when a gang of mill hands were called upon for subscriptions one enemy alien was asked whether he would take a Liberty Bond. The captain of the drive was astounded when the man promptly answered: "Two t'ousan'!" Asked what arrangements he wished to make about "pay out," he rather contemptuously replied that he would bring the money in the morning. A few minutes later he asked the foreman for permission to go home.

"All right!" laughed the foreman. "I understand. You think you'd better dig up that money now while the digging's good. But, just to be safe, I'm going to send Mike along with you."

When they returned Mike explained that they had pried up a floor board of the shack and literally dug up a buried coffee can which contained the two thousand and a few odd dollars—the balance being deposited in a savings account on the way back to the mill.

"I told John," explained Mike, "that he'd better let the gang who heard him make his break about getting the cash see that he had a pass book."

When a certain Italian, with brothers and cousins in the Army of the Piave, was asked to take a hundred-dollar Liberty Bond, he laughed, delighted, tossed his hands in a gesture of contempt, and exclaimed:

"Hun'd dol'? Oh, hell! Two t'ousan'! I make beem on spot!"

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Instantly a belt was drawn from under his clothing and the two thousand was placed in the hands of his boss, who laughingly asked:

"Tony, where's the stiletto that goes with the belt?"

And the laughing Italian knowingly tapped the region of his outer belt and remarked:

"You bet! I keep hoem here. No mak' monkey biz with Tony."

A few weeks ago a Gary business man went to his safe-deposit drawer to get a legal document. As he was looking for the paper an alien mill hand stepped to a neighboring drawer, pulled it out, and threw back the lid.

"I couldn't help seeing that the drawer was literally jammed full of currency," said the business man; "and the bills on top were not ones or fives either. Evidently the Hunkie had just cashed his pay check, for he drew a roll from his pocket, stripped a twenty from the outside, and crammed the balance into the drawer—and it took quite a bit of manipulation to make room for it too!

"Just then another mill hand entered, and I confess I fussed longer than was necessary with my papers to see whether he also would hand me a surprise. His box was close to mine and it was packed almost as full of bills as the other. The keeper of the deposit boxes told me that what I had seen was the rule rather than the exception. Being in the real-estate business, it didn't take me long to figure that when the lid is lifted from home-building business there's going to be something doing in real estate and in building here in Gary!"

### Keep it on the Move

"Of course it has been possible to do a little in that line all the time, but there has been so much restriction and red tape that building has been slowed down to a crawl. The big companies have been able to do something as a straight housing proposition, but the restrictions have made the private individual, and especially the foreigner, timid about trying to build. But when the ban is lifted I can see those bulging safe-deposit boxes being emptied into brand-new homes. The foreigners who hide their money in tomato cans and safe-deposit boxes have no hesitation about investing in homes. I can see a building boom coming—as big as a Liberty Loan drive."

When I detailed this money-hoarding situation to Mr. Franklin Hobbs, one of the ablest analytical statisticians in America, he made the illuminating reply that if every person in the country were to carry a twenty-dollar bill about with him for a month, or withhold it from circulation in any other manner, not only would the business of the Government be completely paralyzed but that of the commercial and industrial enterprises of the country as well.

"I am credited publicly," added Mr. Hobbs, "with the statement that every dollar in circulation in the United States must actually be spent and change hands one hundred times every year—which is virtually twice every week—in order to maintain the business health of the country at normal. The hoarding of money at this time is one of the most unpatriotic acts of which a man can be guilty—without any intention of being unpatriotic. It is a matter of service to the common good to discourage such hoarding as you have described by every possible means.

"Personally I appreciate this necessity of keeping money in circulation so keenly that I make it a rule not to carry more than five dollars in currency with me unless I know that my immediate wants will require more than that. Right now the money supply of this country is the greatest in its history. On October first it totaled $5,721,000,000, which is $53.82 a head. We must keep this money at work.

"Slacker money is like slacker men—a national burden. To force money into a state of slackerhood by sidetracking it into safe-deposit vaults and coffee cans is an economic crime."

Talks with many bankers who have demonstrated more than ordinary visions carry the conviction that one of the big jobs cut out for the banker by present conditions is that of charming the scared money out of its holes and hiding places into savings accounts, where it can be made to do its share of general circulation work.

But, to return to the problems of the individual thrifters and their racial traits and eccentricities as savers and spenders:

If you want a hard job try to keep a husky Hungarian who lives in a bone-dry state from getting ahead. The true Magyar is a man of pep and he puts a regular Kossuth kick into his economy. He works as hard as he saves. Something is bound to give way when he sets himself to any task, whether shoveling coal or saving American dollars. And he has such an itching for doing business on his own hook that he seldom sticks to a pay-roll job after he has money enough to make a start in trade. Before the historic liquor drought hit Indiana the saloons of Gary were largely in the hands of Hungarians. Now they own butcher shops, stores, and other business enterprises galore, and make them pay.

A representative Hungarian adventure in thrift is the following experience of a Magyar who is now between forty and fifty years old. In his native Hungary he was a farm hand. Rumors of the golden opportunities open in Gary reached him through relatives and he threw aside his wooden pitchfork and made the long ambitious journey. In 1909 he found himself earning a wage of almost two dollars a day—which was about all he would then have received in cash for a month's toil on the farm at home.

Instead of seeing how much American liquor he could consume, he determined to have the full fruits of his long journey and his wonderful opportunity. So he lived on the small end of his pay check and put the even money into a lot, on which he built a four-room boxlike affair that looked a little more respectable than a shack, but lacked the dignity of a cottage. When this was paid for, at twenty-five dollars a month, he moved it to the back of his lot and put another four-room box on top of it. This he rented.

Then on the front of the lot he put a two-story brick building and opened a butcher shop. This was about five years ago. His meat market, with groceries as a side line, is not much to look at, but it does a hustling business with Little Hungary. Its mainspring is a seventeen-year-old daughter, who handles its finances and even drives the delivery wagon when necessary. Incidentally she is training her younger sister in the mysteries of bookkeeping.

### Poles Who Get Ahead

A little while ago the father bought a corner lot, one hundred and twenty by ninety feet, and put up a one-story brick building. To-day he is worth at least sixteen thousand dollars, and has about seven thousand yet to pay out. Until that is accomplished he will continue to live in the square cottage shack in the rear of his shop. It is quite possible that, with two children helping in the store, he may hasten his possession of a clear title to his latest property by going back into the mill for the time being and getting his share of the bloated pay checks of the war period.

Another Hungarian came to Gary in 1912 and went into the steel mill at two dollars and eighty cents a day, living in a shack the ground rent of which cost two dollars a year. He did not share the fear of the Enemy Alien Property Custodian common to his compatriots; so he promptly started a savings account and made the acquaintance of a banker who spoke his tongue. By midsummer he was able to make a substantial payment on a lot.

Then he borrowed a thousand dollars and put up a house. In nine months he had paid that debt, and promptly built another house—this time a better one. Then he took on a much more ambitious task—the building of a six-flat brick apartment house costing a little better than sixteen thousand dollars. To-day this Hungarian, who is barely forty years old, lacks only forty-five hundred dollars of having his property clear, and has Liberty Bonds to the value of about eight hundred dollars.

The Polish mill hand makes the Magyar hustle to hold his own in the thrift contest. One Pole, who is more than sixty years old, furnishes a practical illustration of the fact that one may make a fair showing in the matter of getting ahead though he has passed the season of youth.

This quiet plodder came to Gary in 1906 and began at a laborer's wage that now seems microscopic.

After taking temporary shelter in a typical shack he bought a lot on a payment of twenty-five dollars. On this he built a shack of real lumber. On the front of his lot he has put a building worth twenty thousand dollars, and the extent of his indebtedness is said by those who know his circumstances to be about five thousand dollars. Like all other Poles, he has some Liberty Bonds—from four hundred to six hundred dollars' worth—and has given generously to the Red Cross and the Polish Relief funds.

The roll call of representatives of the Balkan countries would be incomplete without the name of Rumania. Though Rumanians may have the reputation of being born wanderers, they have certainly made records as stayers in the Steel City on Lake Michigan. Here is a representative experience of an alien from the traditional home of the gypsy. A few years before the war a Rumanian earning one dollar and seventy-five cents a day bought a cheap lot in the woods and built a little frame house at a cost of four hundred dollars.

When he had paid out on this he acquired an adjacent lot, on which he put a modern flat-building at an expense of ten thousand dollars. Next he build a business structure costing four thousand dollars. The lots on which these buildings stand cost eleven hundred and fifty dollars. Then, on the rear of these lots, and fronting on another street, he put up a two-story four-room apartment building. His net rental income is now at least two hundred and fifty dollars a month.

### Patriotic Greeks

About eighteen months ago he became ill and concluded that his health demanded retirement from the steel mill. Having been a farmer in Rumania, he bought a farm of one hundred and sixty acres costing twenty-six thousand dollars. The mortgage on this is not big enough to give him any great anxiety. The chances are that he will pay for the farm before all of the boys come back from the war.

In fourteen months another Rumanian steelworker has paid more than sixteen hundred dollars on a four-thousand-dollar home; and he feels that he hasn't had a fair show, because the shortage of materials in the tin mill has kept him on about half time.

Gary enjoys the unique distinction of having a Greek who has executed a will making Uncle Sam his legal heir. And this would not be an empty honor for the land of his adoption, either, if this son of the Ancient Republic were to pass his affairs into the hands of an executor. This new citizen is as full of patriotism as Greece is of historic ruins, and he feels that he doesn't know of anybody better entitled to his property than Uncle Sam, to whom he owes a new realization of liberty and opportunity.

This ardent patriot's savings account has long since reached the dignity of four figures. The fact that its owner has no family to save for, however, doesn't hinder him from being a most energetic thrifter. The month in which his savings account is not increased by at least a hundred dollars is considered a failure.

Another Greek, having a wife and three children, and earning about a hundred and seventy-five dollars a month, has banked nearly seven hundred in six months, besides buying Liberty Bonds to the extent of several hundred dollars and helping out measures of war support.

Passing a flat-building from which floated the largest flag I had seen in the steel town's residence section, I remarked that a regular home-grown American must live there.

"Guess again!" returned my guide. "That belongs to a Persian, and that flag stands for his hatred of the Turk as much as for his love of America. Until a short time ago this Persian lived in a dilapidated shack. Then he bought this four-flat building for eighty-three hundred dollars. Already he has reduced his debt by twenty-four hundred; and, with his promotion in the mills from bricklayer to open-hearth worker, he'll eat up that mortgage in short order. His earnings are about two hundred and twenty-five dollars a month now, and his net rental income—which means rents without any bills for heating—is a hundred and fifty dollars. Has he any bonds? You bet he has!

"Every Persian here is backing the Allies to the limit. The Turks have given the relatives of some of our best Persians a taste of some rank atrocities, and so about twenty-five Persian boys have gone into the Army from here. Had a hard time getting in—those who were not naturalized; but you couldn't keep them out. All Persians here are either bricklayers or interior decorators; and when the home-building boom opens here, after the restrictions are removed, these Persians are going to get their share of the money that's now resting in safe-deposit boxes and tin cans."

A remark to a steelworker that the African seemed to be about the only breed of mill hand who lived on the theory that money would spoil if kept longer than a week met with this reply:

"Don't you fool yourself! It's true that the negro is the grocer's delight and the pet of the butcher shop—not to speak of being the unfailing joy of the clothier and the dry-goods merchant; but some of these colored boys are getting mighty wise.

"I had my eyes opened the other day when the Liberty Bond captain was going through our shop. Some time ago the head of our gang had dropped the remark that a negro had less sense about money than any of the thirty-two races represented on the pay roll. A black boy in our crew had overheard this backhanded compliment.

"Well, when they called for bond subscriptions Rastus—which is not his real name—rolled his eyes and asked:

"'Whut de boss done take?' When told that the white man to whom he referred had subscribed for two hundred-dollar bonds he promptly said: 'Gimme three hundred!'

"On the occasion of the next loan he repeated his question; and on being told that his superior had subscribed four hundred he responded:

"'I takes five hundred!'

"When the Fourth Liberty Loan drive reached his part of the shop Rastus came forward with the same question, and was informed that the boss had subscribed five hundred dollars.

"'Gimme six hundred!' exclaimed the negro. 'I done show dat white man whut he don't know 'bout niggers!'"

In one Gary bank are more than seventy-five savings accounts that bear testimony to the increasing thrift of the Negro race. On the other hand, it is true that the typical negro is the gayest spender in Gary—with the exception of the young white American who has an ambition to make a record as a leader of the fast set and pass into history as the star cut-up of the Steel City in the days of its wartime glory.

But the youth who nourishes this ambition is working under severe handicaps since Indiana was lifted bodily upon the water wagon. Experts admit that it takes the pep out of the pay-day spree when the celebrant has to go to the big city for his high jinks and is thereby defrauded of the privilege of showing the home folks how fast he can step.

### Eighty Per Cent are Savers

The amount of malice aforethought required for this kind of orgy is declared by the remnants of the Steel City fast set to rob the festivities of much of their spontaneity and charm. Consequently a cloud of discouragement has settled down upon the ambitiously gay young sports of Gary and many of them have morosely settled down to the tame expedient of saving.

They lose no chance, however, of reminding the visiting stranger of the days of Gary's former glory, when the keeper of a fairly popular saloon was obliged to visit the bank four times each pay day and get twenty thousand dollars in currency at a clip in order to take care of the pay checks that came over the bar.

According to an observant banker at least eighty per cent of Gary's workers are systematic savers after one fashion or another; but he admits that too many of these have not yet been educated to the good sense of using the local savings bank as a depository instead of a tomato can, a safe-deposit box or a bank back in the old country.

This authority declares that the only class of workers who are immune to the practice of systematic thrift are the girls and younger women in the mills and offices.

When it is considered that the average earning of the Gary mill hand—including the cheapest girl or water boy and stopping at the man whose duties are supervisory instead of manual—is now probably not far from six dollars and a half a day, it is not difficult to realize that, with liquor expenditures eliminated, a high average thrift showing is easily possible, along with no small degree of freedom in buying.

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***One member in a family is not enough***

EVERY man and woman in the country, not in khaki or navy blue, should answer "present" to the Red Cross Christmas Roll Call the week of December 16–23.

A message of good cheer will be sent overseas this coming Christmas Eve, to hearten our fighting boys and our Allies.

That message must be complete—there must be no room for doubt that we stand behind them—it must bear the word that there is *Universal Membership* in the Red Cross—*their Red Cross.*

Let us make our second Christmas at war a Red Cross Christmas—with full membership in every American home.

*All you need is a Heart and a Dollar*

**RED CROSS CHRISTMAS ROLL CALL**

December 16–23

Contributed through Division of Advertising

United States Gov't Comm. on Public Information

So far as the rank and file of the workers is concerned, no kill-joy has yet been able to make a dent in their complacence by introducing the topic of "the jolt after the war." The grin with which this suggestion is greeted is eloquent with this sentiment:

"We should worry! Our belts, coffee cans, safe-deposit drawers and pass books are stuffed with more money than we ever saw before; and our homes are stocked with more and better food, clothing, furniture, bedding and luxuries than all our forefathers together ever owned. Besides, the world isn't going to stop using steel and peace isn't going to set the brakes on the wheels of progress—not in America!"

This is the typical attitude of the worker. The professional pessimist and agitator occasionally makes a valiant effort to get a hearing; but he has about as hard a time of it as does the village cut-up who yearns for the good old times when he could impress the natives with real pay-day exuberance drawn from a home bar. The audience isn't interested. Bank accounts, fat rolls, houses, flats and Liberty Bonds have dulled the ears of the mill hand to this stale brand of eloquence.

The feeling among the executives of the steel interests is undeniably one of confidence that peace is not going to give the industry any jolt which it will be unable to survive.

Perhaps the sentiment these cautious and uncommunicative men are unable wholly to conceal is that any country which can absorb all the recent revolutionary and unprecedented conditions and meet all the emergencies that have been met since Uncle Sam took his place among the fighters at the European Front is entirely able to take care of any trouble a world peace may bring; and do it without throwing any of the industrial or economic machinery out of gear too.

In all the annals of wartime spending that a considerable research in this interesting field has brought to the surface I have found no incident more typical of the influence that has brought a new and energetic generation of spenders to the front than the following. It is an experience which has hundreds of parallels in every town and city that has had a taste of the sweets of new war money:

Last summer, when the mercury was hugging the hundred mark, a certain Chicago husband, supposed to be absorbed in his evening paper, heard his wife exchanging confidences with her closest woman friend.

### *Days of Easy Money*

"I'm simply crazy about silk underwear," she declared. "It's my definition of real honest-to-goodness luxury. If we ever get rich I'm going to celebrate by buying an outfit that will have a rustle in every square inch of it. When I hear anyone talk about having things 'soft,' that's what comes to my mind—first thing!"

When the caller had gone the husband remarked:

"Honey, do you know to-morrow's going to be a big day in your calendar? Well, it is! You're going to go down to the big store and move up into the silk-underwear set. Last year I cleaned up a little better than three thousand dollars, but I didn't make any noise about it or boost our scale of living to any great extent, because it looked to me as if there were big opportunities just ahead, and in order to cash in on them I'd need all the money I could scrape together.

"It was a good guess. I got a war contract for making a simple little trick that Uncle Sam needs by the million and that few people think of as having any connection with the war. I've made a killing beyond anything I really expected. It's only summer now; but so far this year I have cleaned up better than twenty thousand dollars net; and the going is getting better every day.

"So the lid's off and you're under orders to come home to-morrow with an outfit of sillkies that are just a little beyond anything you've ever dreamed about. The lid is off; but if I find you've blown less than three hundred for that line of fluffy ruffles I'm going to make you go without a certain set of furs I've been looking at."

This wife accepted his orders literally and returned on the following day with a line of lingerie that some of her new-money friends are now trying to outclass. One of these is the wife of a cartridge-clip manufacturer, who before the war had a little shop that yielded them only a modest living. But a contract for three million of these little brass clips has turned the shop into quite a respectable gold mine and the wife into a shopper whose welcome at the stores is of a warmth not exceeded by that given to the wives of millionaires whose names have long shed luster on the charge ledgers of the most exclusive merchants.

The only reasons why the cartridge-clip king and his wife are not riding in the latest model high-powered car is that public sentiment frowns upon expensive new cars and the local dealer from whom this car is to be had has now a waiting list that he will do well to fill in seven months after the factory has resumed pleasure-car production. But those who have new money burning in their palms are able to find plenty of openings for expenditures that are not in the deferred list, and they are making the most of their opportunities.

Merchants everywhere are giving the glad hand to strangers who have been swept upward from a lower trading level on the flood tide of war industry. If it were not for the new faces at the counters and the new money they bring, merchants and shopkeepers would, they freely confess, be in hard lines to-day; for the man of established position, well seasoned in luxury, has turned economist with a will and is reducing economy to a system.

About the same instant, not long since, two men entered a haberdasher's shop in Detroit. One was a workman from a shop now making airplanes; the other was a professional man who has, for several years, enjoyed an income of about twenty thousand dollars. The workman had never before earned half his present wage.

### *Two Deals in Shirts*

The professional man has a beautiful suburban home near a large city and a farm of a hundred and sixty acres. Until the United States took a hand in the big job of cleaning up autocracy his farm had served as a plaything; and so had the yard of his suburban home. He indulged his refined horticultural tastes to the limit at both his home and his farm. An experienced gardener from Holland tended his flower beds at his residence, and an expert in rare and beautiful shrubs made the farm a show place in that specialty.

When we went into the war this man took his budget in hand and overhauled it from the viewpoint of a wide-awake patriot. The Dutch gardener was given his choice of seeking employment elsewhere or going to the farm, with the promise of being recalled to the flower beds at the close of the war. He chose the farm.

The elaborate plantation of shrubbery was sold piecemeal to parks and large private estates and the proceeds put into a herd of thoroughbred hogs. Other equally radical changes were made to transform the farm from a show garden into a food factory.

All told, this man cut his personal expenditures about five thousand dollars, and is still applying the knife; which brings us back to the moment when he entered the haberdasher's shop and asked for a make of shirt for which he had been accustomed to pay two dollars.

That a quiet Oxford-cloth shirt retailing at that price had been his limit in the good old peacetimes may be taken as an indication that this customer was not a reckless spender before he began to reduce his personal budget.

"I'll have to charge you three dollars and twenty-five cents for that shirt now, sir," said the shopkeeper.

As the man with the twenty-thousand-dollar income hesitated and made mental calculations as to whether he would raise his limit on shirts, the machinist brushed elbows with him and asked the clerk to show him some silk shirts. From the rather dazzling array placed before him the machinist hastily picked five of the most eloquent patterns and tersely asked:

"How much?"

"Sixty dollars."

Silently the workman flicked the money from his roll, tucked his silkies under his arm and hurried away, leaving the man with twenty thousand a year still undecided as to whether he should break over his limit and buy two shirts at three-twenty-five each. But as a Liberty Bond buyer he has been a plunger.

A man who confesses to having had for several years an income of twenty-five

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# *More than Eleven Million Bottles Sold Last Year!—*

Every day brings its piling-up, ever-mounting quota of new buyers from city and country—sensible men and wise women who are learning of the qualities of

# "BIXBY'S JET-OIL"

## SHOE POLISH

**FOR ALL BLACK SHOES**

This simple clean method of shining shoes is the logical method for everyone. You merely cover your shoes with "Jet-Oil," using the dauber attached to the stopper. Allow this to dry and you have the "new shoe" shine preferred by most women. Should you desire a more brilliant polish, rubbing with a brush or soft cloth will give it to you. No paste is required.

"Jet-Oil" will not crack the shoes, nor leave a gummy, sticky film that spoils the appearance and injures the leather; it is especially good for fine leather such as vici kid and kangaroo.

15c *Sold by grocers, notion stores, five-and-ten-cent stores, druggists, shoe stores and repair shops.* 15c



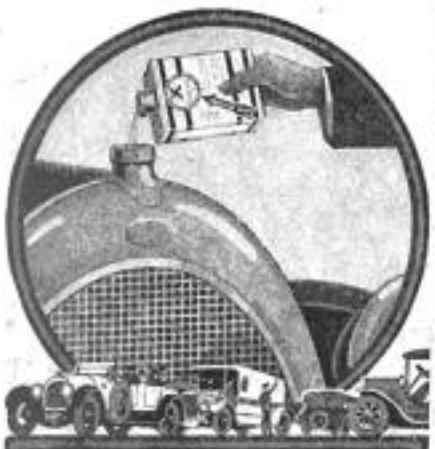

**SHU WITE** SHOE WHITE
A CLEANER AND WHITENER FOR WHITE CANVAS, BUCK AND SUEDE SHOES. WILL NOT RUB OFF. 15¢

**S.M.Bixby & Co., Mfrs.**
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

**DOUBLE A BROWN**
FOR DARK TAN SHOES AND PUTTEES. A LIQUID POLISH REQUIRING NO PASTE.
Military Kit 50¢
Extra Bottle 25¢



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## Science has taken the *guesswork* out of repairing leaky radiators

WHY doesn't it occur to some car owners that "guesswork" is ancient history around a motor car?

They ought to know that soldering a leak is a risky job. The high heat of the soldering torch *weakens* the radiator. If the leaks are hard to get at they are never repaired *right*. And after laying up the car for three or four days—and paying a bill anywhere up to $25—what guarantee is there that the radiator won't leak again—soon?

In addition to the *economy* of it—an "X" Liquid repair is *quicker*, and *more scientific* than soldering. It gets to the places that solder *can't reach*. Whether there is *one* leak or a *thousand*—whether these leaks are in the radiator, pump, connections, gaskets, waterjacket, etc.—"X" Liquid makes a permanent repair in *10 minutes*.

And if "X" Liquid is left in the water it positively *prevents future leaks everywhere in the cooling system.*

### *Improves Engine Performance—Reduces Upkeep Costs*

The same "X" Liquid left in the water after the leaks are repaired—will loosen the Rust and Scale already formed. "X" absorbs all the free oxygen in the water and prevents *new* rust from forming. It also prevents the lime and magnesia in the water from depositing scale on the metal walls.

In this way, "X" keeps the narrow water spaces free and clean. It eliminates considerable over-heating. It helps the motor work much better. It reduces the consumption of oil. And helps get more mileage from gasoline.

Use "X" Liquid *before* using an anti-freeze. The "X" seals all the small holes that are present in your cooling system—and prevents the anti-freeze from leaking away. This saves money and protects your engine. "X" Liquid is the only repair product that works in alcohol or other reliable anti-freeze solutions.

*Not a Radiator Cement*

Don't confuse "X" Liquid with radiator cements, flaxseed meals and other guesswork preparations—many of which clog the cooling system and ruin it. "X" is a scientific process for *inspecting* the cooling system—for making it LEAKPROOF—RUSTPROOF—SCALEPROOF—and *troubleproof*.

**Large Size, $1.50**
*will do a $25 repair job!*

**Ford Size, 75c**
*will do a $10 repair job!*

*Guaranteed to make good or your money back!*

At your dealer's—or we will mail direct on receipt of price and dealer's name.

"X" LABORATORIES
640 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

"X" LIQUID
*makes all water cooling systems*
LEAKPROOF-RUSTPROOF-SCALEPROOF


(Concluded from Page 30)

thousand dollars joined the Budget Carvers' Club promptly. He sold his big high-powered car and contented himself with the older and smaller car used for service purposes and bad-weather driving. His wife was undisturbed in the possession of her electric. Then he dispensed with the services of a man about the place.

Next he started on a still-hunt in the clothes closets, shoe boxes, bureaus and dressing tables. Among the spoils of this raid were sixteen pairs of shoes and almost as many suits of clothes. Most of the clothes and shoes were still capable of giving service after overhauling. He has bought only one pair of shoes and one suit of clothes since he started to pare his budget like a true patriot, and these were taken on only because he was short on those needed for a certain kind of wear.

On the theory that a hat is the most conspicuous object of a man's attire, and the one which perhaps is most subject to style changes, he has bought two a year. Ordinarily he would have taken on from four to six.

In underclothing, socks, shirts, collars and neck scarfs he dug up a supply sufficient to last for some time. His only purchases in these lines have been when away from home and short of laundry.

He cut his meat bill in half and his entertainment expenses still more deeply. To cope with the coal shortage he closed the big house for the winter and went to a relatively inexpensive place in the Far South. Only one servant is now employed in the house.

Like many men of property who have reached middle life, he has found himself the supporter of several dependents—relatives to whose comfort he is a most cheerful ministrant.

Naturally, however, it has been impossible for him to extend his economy to these families in the background. Their cost of living has increased rather than diminished, because it was always on a frugal scale. His income, unlike those of his beneficiaries, has been as visible as a smokestack against a sky line; but Uncle Sam's new income-tax appetite has certainly taken a big bite out of his current resources.

"But," he remarks, "don't imagine I have any kick on that score. I pay my income tax with more satisfaction than any other expense. It goes straight to Uncle Sam and stands as a recognition of the wonderful benefits and privileges of citizenship in the United States."

He hasn't confined his expression of appreciation for the privileges of American citizenship to paying income tax, however, for he has bought more than sixty thousand dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds.

This man's income has not materially increased since we went into the world war; it has, in fact, remained at about the figure it held for a few years preceding that event. With the pressure of the increased cost of all living commodities, and with several new and radical calls for outgo—like increased income tax and war-support contributions of every kind—he has kept his expenses down to the customary eight thousand dollars a year, and likes the new national game of budget beating. He considers clothes with a little shine to them as a badge of honor, and regards cobbled shoes as a pledge of healthy patriotism.

A newly wed man who started housekeeping about a year ago began his experiences with a monthly budget that looked like this:

| | |
|---|---|
| Insurance | $20.00 |
| Table | 30.00 |
| Rent | 38.50 |
| Laundry | 10.00 |
| Phone | 2.00 |
| Savings | 50.00 |
| Entertainment | 10.00 |
| Business Expenses | 17.50 |
| Surplus for clothes and other personals | 22.00 |
| Total | $200.00 |

The amount of his salary was two hundred dollars a month when the budget was started.

"The only trouble we had," he confesses, "in living up to this schedule was with the two items of Surplus and Entertainment. At first, when we sat tight on one of these the other would swell; and when we shifted the weight of repression the one we'd been keeping down would get the best of us.

"This, of course, made trouble with a third—that of Savings. We had to rob that rather consistently, sometimes for only a few dollars; and occasionally we were forced to bite quite a bit out of it. But we were determined, and after a time we seemed to get the hang of the game and held it right down to the rules.

"Just as we had succeeded in doing this I had an unexpected raise of fifty dollars. I knew this was going to put us to the test and determine what kind of stuff we had in us.

"We held a solemn council of war and determined that the budget was not going to be revised, and that the raise was going to be our Liberty Bond velvet. And that's just what it has been.

"It has been an experience that will be worth thousands of dollars to us if we live to a reasonable age. For one thing, it has taught us not to be ashamed of economy. We're tight—and don't care who knows it; in fact, we're just a little proud that we can turn down the temptation to put up a front in the face of old and more prosperous friends.

"And, speaking of friends, I don't know of any test that is better calculated to determine who are one's real friends than a budget which is screwed down to the squeezing point and not loosened a single turn to save one's pride. This sort of thing is the best spine developer I've ever found. It calls for real grit at times—not to mention constant watchfulness.

"Another element that has developed is good teamwork between the two of us. I believe a home budget is one of the best home-building influences with which a married couple can start family life. Those who don't begin with a little budget in their home are surely missing something!"

# THE LAND-SEEKERS

HERE is the story of a land seeker who had a little nest-egg money, which he wanted to use in buying a farm. Telling his troubles to a friend, he said:

"I went out to Dakota one winter and dang near froze to death. They told me not to mind it; I'd soon get used to it, because it was such a dry cold! Next summer I went down to Albuquerque, New Mexico, and I dang near roasted—had an electric fan to keep the bed sheets from going up in flame. 'Oh, don't mind this!' they told me. 'You'll get used to this and like it—it's such a dry heat!' Then I went over into Louisiana, where they have fifty inches of rainfall, and I was dang near drowned. 'Say, don't it do nothing but just rain down here?' I asked; and they said: 'Oh, it rains a little once in a while; but you won't mind it—you never get wet in our rain!'"

There you have Secretary Lane's most serious trial in the administration of his reclamation proposition—the local hazards are waiting for the soldier, as they always have since 1492, 1783, 1815, 1848, 1865. But I fancy he will carry a loaded jeppard gun. He looks like that sort of man.

As it chances, I have traveled more or less in every state and territory of the United States, including Alaska; and I confess it has not always been possible for me to agree with local estimates as to the dryness of the cold or heat, or the wetness of the rain. I have been over thousands of acres of Michigan jack-pine lands, sold by Chicago agents to the South Chicago foreigners—land that was bought from the state for the taxes and later retailed as high as twenty dollars an acre. It may be useful some day; but failure and despair already have marked many attempts to make it go. What will local interests say to any such statement as that? It is not hard to guess.

There is good soil under the roots of a lot of slashed lands, pine or hardwood. I have, of course, seen that soil in more than one country; but, again, I have marveled at the wasted life that went into clearing some of those lands, which were underlaid with bowlders. I have marveled at the stone walls north of New York and in New England—five hundred dollars an acre they must have cost; and it makes a woodchuck hustle to keep himself alive there now on some of that land. It is a wonderful country—to photograph! But every ex-lumberman with slashed lands to sell, every real-estate agent, even the college professors, perhaps, or the immigration bureaus, or the boards of health, would promptly declare in unison that their state had been maligned if we should localize such statements.

The truth is—and why be afraid of the truth or try to blink it?—that any state has a lot of worthless lands to-day as well as a lot of good lands. The problem is to make worthless land into good land, to put the right man on the right land, and not let him waste his life and starve a good, game woman to death, and rob his country of the greatest asset it can have—an educated and taxpaying family, close to a good road into town.

But the Department of the Interior is organized for trouble. The more you study the Lane proposal to sell cheap land on easy terms to returning soldiers, the better it looks, though it surely is a man-size job. Of course we must make an end to callous profiteering in more than one commodity besides land or this country will go broke.

Our stream of money must come from somewhere. The one thing we cannot afford to do is to bilk our soldiers or waste their lives in peace. We have seen the world set back a century by war. We have no more time and no more life to be spent in failure or destruction.

There is the ring not only of a cheering altruism and optimism but also of sound, constructive statesmanship in the words Mr. Lane spoke in his San Francisco address at a time before this work was as far forward as it is to-day:

"Let me say a word to you about the time when the tumult and the shouting shall die; the time when the boys will come home, and what our duty toward them will be. You know, the problem always is, What can you do with an army when it returns? Will it take over the Government to itself? Will it wish to be master of the situation? How can it be thrown into the economic life of the nation without bringing about disaster? I think we can solve that problem easily; I think we can solve it much as we solved our problem after the Civil War, but in a new and scientific light.

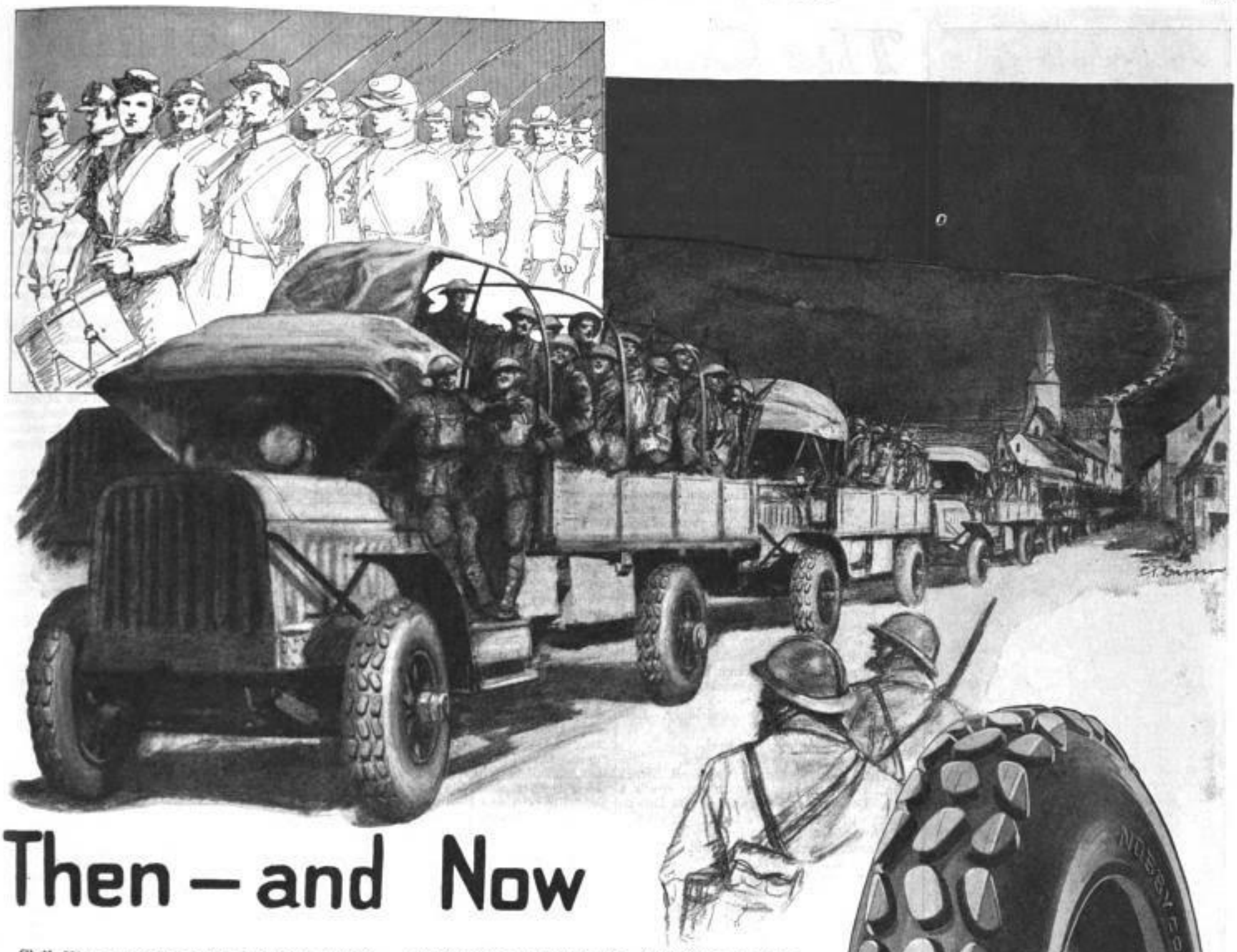
"We have fifteen million acres of arid land that can be irrigated this side of the Rocky Mountains. We have fifteen millions of overflowed land in the United States that can be salvaged. We have ten million acres of cut-over land that can be made into farming land. We have water-power sites that need development. We have a great development in this country, that we have just begun to realize, because we have only taken off the cream. Why not let the returned soldier make America, and make a home for himself at the same time?

"Let us have those plans ready, so that we can say to a boy as he lands at an Atlantic port: 'Here is your opportunity to make for yourself a home; here are the plans for irrigating a great district, for reclaiming a great stretch of river land; here is your opportunity for economic independence now, for an assurance that you would not have had if you had not gone to war.' Do not treat them as if they were proper subjects of charity; treat them as men who have come home, after having saved civilization, to make a greater America."

It might cost Uncle Sam over a hundred dollars an acre to get a poor farm for a returned soldier in some parts of the arid West, or even the Middle West; the acre-cost originally is not the only factor to be considered. Last week I traveled over a county in Eastern Pennsylvania, farmed for over two hundred years; and you can buy land there, with fine barns, sheds, fences and houses on it, at a hundred dollars an acre.

The lands east of the Alleghanies will rise in value if this reclamation enterprise shall result in one more old-fashioned seething land boom, with the soldier at the Front and Uncle Sam behind him. Then will be the happy days—like unto 1886 and 1910!

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# Then — and Now

Civil War armies spent tedious weeks lining up their forces before big battles. They *marched*—each day plodding a few weary miles over rutty, dusty roads.

Contrast this with what happened at Saint Mihiel. It was the Yanks' first big, independent offensive. They planned a surprise attack.

Over night, 4800 motor trucks carried thousands of fresh, peppery fighting men from far in the rear to the front line trenches. They "went over" at dawn. And at once, Fritz developed a most wholesome respect for American mettle and the big, sturdy American trucks.

Motor vehicles represent one of the greatest advances since Civil War days. And because they are so vitally important, good tires—United States Tires—are more than ever worth while.

United States Tires meet alike the needs of a nation or individuals—at war or peace.

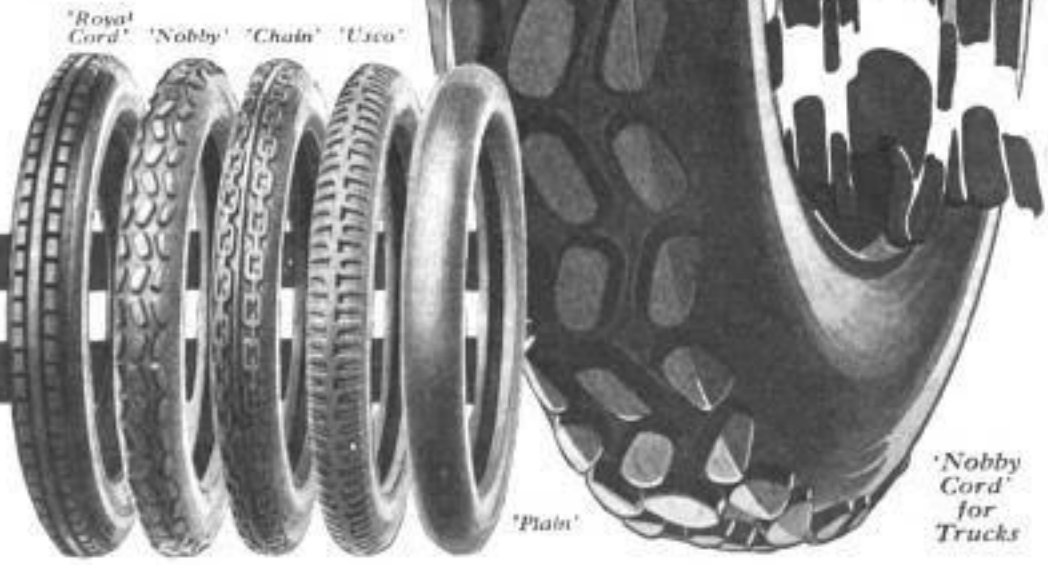
They have the wear resisting strength that means long life, greatest economy and utmost satisfaction.

## United States Tires are Good Tires

*Also tires for motorcycles, bicycles, airplanes and solid tires for trucks.*

*United States Tubes and Tire Accessories* [illegible] *the Sterling Words and Wheel* [illegible] *the Mark United States Tires* [illegible]






United States Tire Company
Tire Division of
United States Rubber Company

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# The Campbells are Coming

## BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

"I SEE," I said to Bellamy, "that the riveters and the holders-on over in the shipyards on the meadows have asked for higher pay. What," I asked Bellamy, "is a holder-on?"

Bellamy is Captain Bellamy, of the Foreign Legion. For him the war was well-nigh over; he is a man with one leg, a man with frazzled nerves. He frequents the Barristers' Club, thinking and talking of one subject—men. Bellamy waxes eloquent over the importance of a man—of any man. He sees extraordinary value in a being with two arms, two legs, and some kind of a headpiece to top them off. Just now Bellamy is our one great hero at the Barristers'—he's a sort of demigod. We tell him all our troubles. We also worship at his shrine. We attribute to him all the virtues—profound knowledge with the rest.

"A holder-on," said Bellamy, probably stumped, "a holder-on ——"

He stopped. There came limping toward us a gray sort of man—gray and tired. He was immaculately clad. He had a keen and kindly eye—and a genial smile. It seemed to me that he was nearly sixty years of age.

"Oh, Campbell," sang out Bellamy, "what is a—er—holder-on?"

"What about 'em?" returned the gray man, squinting at us over his glasses. "What about 'em, now?"

"They want more pay," I told him.

The gray man nodded vigorously.

"They're entitled to it," he commented. "Don't know what raise they're asking, but it's not enough." Then he limped on into the reading room and disappeared from view.

I looked at Bellamy inquiringly. Bellamy nodded.

"David Campbell," he said.

"He's not a lawyer?" I queried.

"No," said Bellamy; "a Wall Street man. He's the kind of man that needs a club. Used to be a member of the Downtown until they dropped him."

"Dropped him?" I echoed.

"Nonpayment of dues," said Bellamy. "Discipline must be enforced."

"You know him?" I asked.

"Very well," said Bellamy.

"You've got some gossip," I persisted.

Bellamy laughed.

"We're a couple of scandalmongers—you and I," said Bellamy; "but here goes—about Campbell."

A year or so ago, said Bellamy, this man Campbell was the assistant manager for Marchbank, Moore & Company. You've heard of 'em. They blew up in the Pickax flurry.

"Pickax?" I repeated.

Ah, went on Bellamy, Picric Acid, Common. And Lonergan came near blowing up with them.

"Lonergan?" I queried.

Yes, said Bellamy, Lonergan, the young shipbuilder. The young shipbuilder—gorry, the old shipbuilder, you might say. We're making men fast these days. Lonergan, over on the meadows—that's the man. This man Lonergan is a born gambler—that's right! He started building ships on a shoestring. Just as soon as he got on a solid basis—well, he kept on building ships; but he went back to the Street and plunged. Going into the office of the Shipping Board and getting an order for a hundred million dollars' worth of steel freighters—that's drudgery to Lonergan. Winding twenty or twenty-five thousand on the Street—that's different. That's ecstasy to him.

Well, a year or two ago this Lonergan was Marchbank, Moore & Company's one best bet. He was getting small boat contracts only, at a million a clip in those days—small potatoes, you might say; but he made his custom very attractive to a brokerage concern. And he had the same thing on the brain that everybody did—war brides, of course. He wouldn't have speculated in his own stock—that would have been a tame-cat affair. No; everybody else's stock looked better to him than his. And Marchbank, Moore & Company egged him on—that is, Marchbank, Moore & Company in the person of Kleinfeldt, their clever, new live-wire manager.

Kleinfeldt looked on Lonergan, and he found him good. He marked him for his own. And he arranged a killing. Barkis was willin'. Lonergan had long relied upon the opinion of his brokers—he'd been lucky. Kleinfeldt had let him plot wisely and well with a few safe bets; and then he flashed on Lonergan this Picric Acid, Common—Pickax, as they called it on the Street. Mind you, I get all this from David Campbell.

"Where," I asked, "does he come in?"

Wall Street, went on Bellamy, is all shot through with Campbells—hundred-dollar-a-week men: specialists—men who know their Wall Street. This man David Campbell was one of them. Wall Street was his middle name. He was an expert—he knew! He'd been Marchbank, Moore & Company's assistant manager for a quarter of a century. And he'd made it his business to study war brides. He knew well enough at the start what we all learned later—that it's one thing to get an order for fifty millions' worth of munitions; it's another thing to fill it.

Picric Acid, Common, was cleverly exploited. Behind it was the big plant, the big orders, the big financial backing. Besides, the Pickax men believed in themselves and in their plant. All that meant nothing to David Campbell unless he could assure himself and his customers—or rather Marchbank, Moore & Company's customers—that the Picric Acid plant could deliver the goods and get its money for them. Until it could deliver according to plans and specifications it couldn't earn profits. If its processes failed—if it couldn't deliver—good night!

So Lonergan, nibbling at the bait that Kleinfeldt dangled so seductively before him—Lonergan just happened one day to talk to Campbell about Picric Acid, Common. David Campbell, without the slightest hesitation, rendered an opinion adverse to Pickax and all its works. Kleinfeldt happened to overhear the tail end of his remarks. He swept in on the two men in a flurry that he couldn't quite conceal. And Lonergan jumped up.

"This is a hell of a house!" said Lonergan. "One man tells me one thing and the other another. I don't know where I'm at."

They knew where he was at, however. Inside half a minute they saw him, from their windows, emerging from their building, making tracks for another big brokerage concern.

He never came back.

"All over!" said Kleinfeldt, red-faced and infuriated, to David Campbell. "So far, I've tolerated an old man round the place out of respect for his memory—as just so much deadwood. But you're worse than deadwood. You're wormwood! You've lost us our best customer; and you've lost us over a hundred thousand dollars on this deal."

"A hundred thousand!" spluttered David Campbell. "Why, our commissions would have been only a small fraction of a hundred thousand on this deal."

"Never you mind!" said Kleinfeldt. "I tell you that you've lost us big money on this deal. More than that, this was a deal that had to go through, you understand. It had to go through! And now ——"

Campbell thought it over.

"Now," he said, "I begin to see ——"

"You'll begin to see the door!" said Kleinfeldt—or words to that effect.

He meant what he said. He was an upstart; he was anything you please, this Kleinfeldt. But he was David Campbell's immediate superior. And David Campbell went.

He went home. Next day he did more. He went over the head of Kleinfeldt and appealed to the head of the house. That man declined to interfere. He was not interested in the merits of the thing. The mere fact that there was friction was enough. Kleinfeldt had been selected for his live-wire qualities; he was their manager; they must stick by him. The house declined to reverse Kleinfeldt in the matter. David Campbell refused to resign. He was fired—doubly fired, irrevocably fired. Again he went home, beaten.

The day after that he started to make the rounds to get a job. He was fifty-five, you'll understand. That wasn't all. Kleinfeldt saw to it that he was blacklisted on the Street. Nothing but deaf ears were turned to his appeal. It took him ten days to realize the fact that Wall Street had nothing for him; he was through.

But every day he kept on going, ostensibly to work. So far he had said nothing to his wife; nothing to his son. David Campbell lived in a little high-class sociable suburb over in New Jersey. He lived comfortably. He lived up to the top of his income—it's a trick all Wall Street men have.

And now this income suddenly had been cut off, you'll understand. But he couldn't tell his family about it—not yet. And he didn't.

And then, one day, after another weary round of the possibilities on the Street, he got home, his shoes freshly polished, seemingly as jaunty as ever. He got home and plunged into a hornets' nest. His wife met him on the front porch.

"David," she cried, "where have you been all day? I've tried, and tried, and tried to get you on the phone."

"On the phone?" repeated David Campbell, quivering.

"The stupidest lot! They said you weren't there any more."

"Not there any more!" gasped David.

"Please don't stand there gaping," implored his wife.

"Please come in and shut the door. Think what Davy's done—Davy has disgraced us all!"

"Davy!" cried Campbell, wondering. Davy was David Campbell Junior. "Davy!" cried Campbell. "Disgraced us! He hasn't gone and got drunk? He ought to try it once," said Campbell; "it would do him good."

You see, Campbell was a bit disappointed in his son. Disappointed how? He really didn't know.

Davy was good, quiet, considerate—domestic. Good-looking too. But colorless—hopelessly unindividualistic. David Campbell's a classy sort of individual, full of angles and oddity. But Davy ran to the commonplace; and his father didn't like it.

"If he'd only get drunk—just once," Campbell used to say; "it'd do him good."

So he repeated this virtuous sentiment now to his good wife, as I've told you.

"Drunk!" almost shrieked his good wife. "It's worse than that."

"Worse!" cried Campbell. And suddenly he found himself enveloped in the tearful agonized embrace of Davy's mother.

"Oh, David, David!" she cried. "Davy's married; he's married a—a Creole!"

"A Creole!" yelled David Campbell.

Now, you see, David Campbell knew his Wall Street, but he didn't know much else. And when it came to Creoles—well, there arose in his imagination the vivid picture of an octoroon.

"A Creole!" he yelled again. "How do you know? Where did you get this dope?"

"Don't yell, David," she whispered hoarsely. "They—they're in the dining room."

Well, they were. They were in the dining room, holding on to each other for dear life. It seems they'd gotten through a good part of their interesting narrative and had reached a point where Davy had informed his mother that Leonie was a Creole! That was the last straw. And it nearly broke Mrs. Campbell's back—and Campbell's too.

"A Creole!" David Campbell was saying over and over to himself while Davy was pumping his right arm up and down. "Well, well!"

He felt, perhaps, that marrying a Creole was just a shade spicier than getting drunk. Young Davy caught the point at once.

"What's the matter with you, father," he yelled; "Leonie, here, is half Spanish and half French."

"Of course she is," yelled David Campbell back; "half Spanish and half French! That's the idea, mother; half Spanish and half French. And now where is she, Davy?"

She was hiding behind Davy; and she came out, one of the prettiest, winsomest black-eyed little girls that ever drew the breath of life.

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(Continued from Page 34)

"I'm afraid you-all are a l'il' bit surprise'," she said, holding out her hands.

Well, of course, David Campbell just took her in his arms; and, notwithstanding the fact that Mrs. Campbell, Senior, is a very fine woman, still, I haven't a doubt that David sort of wished he was standing in young Davy's shoes.

Well, anyway, it soon came out. Leonie was a stenographer at the same place where Davy was a second-rate bookkeeper. And—that was all, they said. It just sort of happened. They just sort of had to get married; it couldn't be helped. And as to why they had done it on the quiet—well, Davy felt there'd be a fuss; and he'd felt afraid; and —— Well, there they were!

"But," wailed Davy's mother, "if you'd only let us know!"

"Now, mother," said Davy's father—"now, mother, here's the vital thing: They're married. That's the point; they're married. And they've married young—while it counts. Mother," he went on, "you and I've gotten on right well together, haven't we? But remember what we missed by not getting married young. We missed it, mother. Don't say we didn't. We should have run off when young—and got married. That's right!"

You see, I think he felt that Davy would have been different somehow if they'd taken time by the forelock and adopted that general program. However, Davy had a whole lot more to say; and he said it.

"I've just handed in my questionnaire to-day," he said, "and I've waived exemption. Leonie doesn't want me to claim exemption; I don't want to claim any. So when I come to go," said Davy, "I'll leave her here with you."

Leonie, it seems, was quite alone in the world, and Davy had brought her home for his father to support while he, Davy, was at the Front. It was all quite simple. Davy had no dependents save his newly acquired wife. At least, so he thought. And he would be a private soldier and would send home to Leonie half his pay; and the Government would give her just as much again. Thirty dollars a month in all. You see?

David Campbell didn't say anything. He didn't want to say anything. He wanted Davy to go. By gorry, it would be Davy's one big best bet! At least, so his father thought. But all along, you'll understand, he'd had Davy and Davy's bookkeeping job sort of tucked away back somewhere in the recesses of his mind as one way out; as a means of tiding over.

And now —— David Campbell now owed over two hundred and thirty-five dollars and had a balance of twelve dollars in his bank. And he was over fifty-five and couldn't land a job!

"Darned funny!" said Davy. "We went round to your office—Leonie and I—today; but they said you weren't there any more."

"Weren't there any more?" yelled David Campbell. "They must be crazy!"

Well, anyway, Davy went away to war. He got into training just as the War Department was in full swing. They put Davy through his paces and sent him off. Meantime Campbell had borrowed money; and he started off bravely enough every day, and came back, gray and old, every afternoon. It was no go.

There are things he might have done—for a time. He could have become a tipster; advertised in the papers; gotten out a daily letter advising half his clients to buy a certain stock and the other half to sell it. There were shady brokers to tie up to; but not for David Campbell. He wasn't of that stripe. And he was all in; he couldn't land a job. Too old! Too old!

It was after Davy had gone that Campbell told them at home—told his wife and Davy's wife, Leonie. He told them all about it. When the post mortem was all over, Campbell's wife and Leonie had to dissect the situation; had to shred it into a frazzle. After that they got down to cases. Leonie was a trained stenographer; yet she couldn't take a job—not just now. She and Davy had been married for some time before they'd told about it. And when Davy left her he left her with a new light, a new hope shining in her eyes.

Well, they were in for it. The Campbells moved out of their comfortable suburban cottage; moved into a tiny flat over in Arlington, on the edge of the big shipyards. And David Campbell, for the first time in his life, proceeded to perform heavy manual labor. You know what Mark Twain says about working with your hands. Well, Mr. Campbell had a few remarks that cast Mr. Clemens' well into the shade. He had many things to say about it when he wasn't too tired to say them.

He started in at three dollars a day. Three dollars a day! He earned this by the sweat of his soul. There was no help for it; they had to live. Then, three and a half. Then he held on, and hung on as a holder-on, at four. All this, too, was in Lonergan's yards—Lonergan, the young millionaire shipbuilder. Once in a while, at a ship launching, Lonergan would saunter through the yard; once in a while even brush against Campbell. But he didn't know him.

And then, one day Campbell accidentally dropped a heavy piece of steel on his own foot. You see, the limp sticks to him yet. That sent him to a hospital. And the dickens was to pay!

The day he got out of the hospital, discharged as cured—that day Leonie's baby was born. And Leonie's eyes were bright with young motherhood.

"Another li'l' Davy!" cried Leonie. "This is great war year, an' we jus' had to have another li'l' Davy. Yes; we did."

Well, they had a little Davy, anyway; but that didn't pay the doctor's bill. And it didn't cure David Campbell's maltreated foot. And they had to have money; they had to have it!

It was Campbell's wife who saw the advertisement in the New York papers. This is what it said—David Campbell carries that ad round with him in his pocket:

WANTED—Immediately; office boy over fifty years of age. X 280, TIMES.

You get it? Office boy over fifty years of age! And in New York! So Campbell dropped a note in at the Times office and got an answer. He was directed to call at a certain room in a certain New Street building the next day at nine A. M.

Eight-thirty next morning found him there, with his limp and all—the first man in the line. He was as spick-and-span as ever. Before the door opened there were




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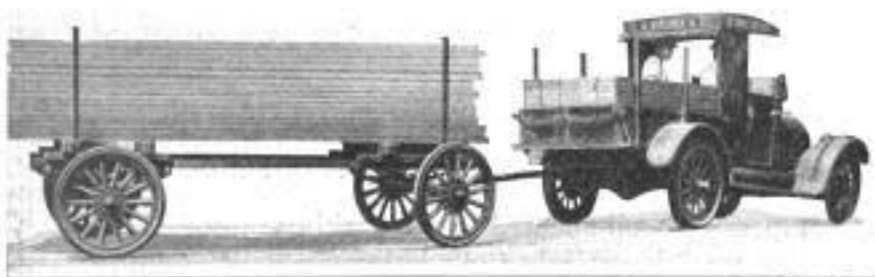
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Your particular dealer may have sold his allotment as the demand has been increasing steadily. It does not necessarily follow, that *Java Poudre* is unobtainable. Possibly some other dealer in your vicinity may be able to supply you.

*Use White for Babies and Children.*
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sixty-three men in line. Campbell, as I've said, was the first. He was ushered into a private office and spent fifteen minutes in swift conversation—questions on the one side, answers on the other. Finally his young inquisitor nodded.

"You are hired," he said.

"How much?" asked Campbell.

It was eighteen a week. Well, it was money—and almost as much as he could earn in a shipyard, at that.

"Who," queried Campbell, "gets me?"

The youngster told him. It was Sears, Callahan & Company, big Wall Street brokers. Campbell knew them well.

"Glory be!" cried Campbell.

And then he shivered. Office boy—in an outside office, for all Wall Street—his Wall Street—to see! It was different in the shipyards; there a man could disguise himself with one smear of a gloved hand across his face. But here ——

He came near backing out. Think of it; he came near backing out! And if he had —— He didn't. Eighteen a week was money, and they had to have it. He took the job.

"Tell me," he said to the man who hired him, "why do you advertise for an office boy over fifty years of age?"

The other man smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"*C'est la guerre,*" he answered. Then he opened that morning's newspaper and handed it to Campbell. "We've set the fashion," he went on. "Look at the Help Wanted column; everybody's doing it."

And they were. All New York was out after grandfathers. It was the war.

Campbell started in, a new article in office boys. He gave his new employers something they hadn't had so far in office boys—dignity, distinguished deference. He lent éclat to Sears, Callahan's outer offices. He oozed respectability. You can see, yourself, that Campbell has a way with him—that trick of his of looking over his glasses and reflecting; his method of swinging his glasses on his forefinger like a family physician, as though he was figuring out just what was the best thing to do for you; considering carefully your own individual case. It gets you. It's class.

That wasn't all. Campbell knew the Street; he knew it better than Sears or Callahan. They were both young men. And he knew the market. All through his purgatory in the shipyard he had held his grip on the market. He knew what was going on. At the instant he stepped into harness as Sears, Callahan & Company's office boy you can bet your bottom dollar that David Campbell was up to the moment on market information. But he had to suppress this knowledge; he had to crowd David Campbell into an outer-office office boy. He did it.

He spent the first day shivering and shrinking, for fear somebody would remember him; but most of them didn't. If they knew his face they'd forgotten the name and the man behind it. He breathed more easily the second day.

And then on the third day Lonergan breezed in—Lonergan, the hundred-million-dollar shipbuilder; Lonergan the plunger. He breezed in. Lonergan saw Campbell first.

"Well, by gorry, man!" he cried. "I've been looking all over Wall Street for you for the past twelve months. You're the very man I want to see. I want you to give me the straight dope on Tri-State."

And, without more ado, he pushed Campbell into the nearest private room, which happened to be unoccupied, and closed the door.

"What about it, Campbell?" he exclaimed. "Tri-State—all the dope."

They were at it, hot and heavy, over Tri-State when a head popped in at the door.

"Mr. Campbell," said a girl with a pencil in her hair, "you're wanted p. d. q."

It was young Lonergan who answered her.

"You go to thunder, sister," he said genially, "until Campbell and I get through. Mr. Campbell's busy—extremely busy; and with me. You can tell 'em that from me. Now go on, old boy, from where you just left off."

Inside of two minutes Sears, of the firm, burst into the room. And Lonergan jumped up and shook hands with him.

"Gorry, Sears," said Lonergan, "congratulations! You've annexed the best and safest discretionary broker in all New York. He saved me half a million dollars once. Kleinfeldt—that rascal who wrecked Marchbank, Moore—you remember him? You remember Pickax, Common? Kleinfeldt was speculating; he was long on Pickaxe. And he couldn't unload—unless he could unload on me. He picked me for the sucker—only Campbell, here, saved my life in the very nick of time. Sears, I wish you'd let Campbell swing this Tri-State deal for me."

Well, Sears did. And Campbell swung it. Sears couldn't very well help himself. He couldn't tell his star boarder, Lonergan, that this man Campbell was an office boy and nothing else. He excused himself and sat on pins and needles in his private office until Campbell finally came in to him, alone.

"Look here, Mister So-and-So," said Sears, "I don't even know your name."

Campbell told him.

"And you used to be with Marchbank, Moore?" mused Sears. "In what capacity?"

Campbell told him the whole story. Telling him, he shook from him the office boy forever. He kept at Sears until Sears was satisfied that he knew the game—knew Wall Street from the graveyard to the river, inside out and upside down. He told him, further, just how he had advised Lonergan with reference to Tri-State and the solid reasons on which he had founded that advice.

Then, carelessly, he placed in Sears' youthful eager hands the biggest order Lonergan had ever directed any brokerage house at any time to execute. Needless to say, the hind end of this interview was infinitely more effective than the first.

That's David Campbell's story. Maybe it's the story of a good many other David Campbells. Who can tell?

As Bellamy finished, Campbell limped past us once again. I stopped him.

"A holder-on?" I queried.

"Ah," he repeated; "I don't know how much raise they ask, but it's not enough; it's not enough."

He kept on his halting way.

"But," I persisted when he had disappeared once more, "what is a holder-on?"

Bellamy doesn't know everything. He hedged.

"Campbell's a holder-on," he returned; "and he's pulling down ten thousand a year from Sears, Callahan & Company. But it's not enough; it's not enough, my boy."



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# The Growing Channels of Commerce

## By R. D. CHAPIN

***Chairman Highways Transport Committee, Council of National Defense***

OUR nation is facing a new era in transportation over the highways. Highways transport is coming to be recognized as a vital auxiliary system to the railroads and the waterways, and without this third medium we do not have a really effective transportation system—one that will insure adequate facilities for all requirements.

It has come to be recognized that the transportation over the highways is as vital, as real and as essential as the transportation over the rails. For if you think a moment you will realize to begin with that practically all shipments originate over the highways. The whole problem of highways transportation is not a new one, but its organized development is but a recent matter. Its growth has been so rapid, in fact, that it now bids fair to outstrip the highways over which it must move, and in some instances is even now waiting for the development of the highways to catch up.

We have only to turn to France to find examples of the invaluable aid her highways have been to her in the present war. But for the wisdom and foresight of Napoleon in building permanent roads to the east for his own conquests Paris to-day might be in the possession of the enemy; and it is certain that Verdun would have fallen.

The story of that continually moving line of trucks in and out of Verdun which saved the city, often running under heavy shell fire over the only highway to the city, furnishes one of the most interesting incidents of the war. But for this steady stream of trucks, running forty feet apart day and night, and with the single line of railway cut off and destroyed by shell fire, it is not hard to conceive what would have been the fate of Verdun.

### To Victory via Good French Roads

Again we have the instance of how the First Battle of the Marne was saved—because of the quick wit of a certain French general and the fact that he could quickly commandeer several thousand taxicabs, fill them with soldiers and rush them out to the Marne in a life-giving flow of reënforcements to meet the boche at dawn.

These two instances, however, are but isolated ones, for the highways are carrying a tremendous part of the war burden, whether from the wheat fields of America or to the battle lines in France. Here in America is the beginning of a large part of the supplies that are flowing through France, largely to the armies. This country is to-day furnishing our allies with a very large portion of their supplies, besides keeping our own men equipped. And to perform that duty properly there must be adequate transportation—not alone rail, not alone water, and not alone highways, but full assistance from all three.

Some instances exist to-day of a coördination of all three of these mediums of transportation. For instance, there is a steamboat line running from New Haven down to New York. From a large radius round New Haven motor trucks bring down the freight over the highways to the dock, shipping this down to New York by boat at night, where it arrives in time to go out on the morning freight trains for the West. This is an instance of a coördinated system which might be likened to the venous system of our bodies and which will doubtless be the field for tremendous growth. The lesser veins of the highways and waterways feed into the main veins—the railroads, and occasionally a canal or main waterway—which are met in the same way at the other end. The principle is the same, for the main veins are dependent upon the smaller ones.

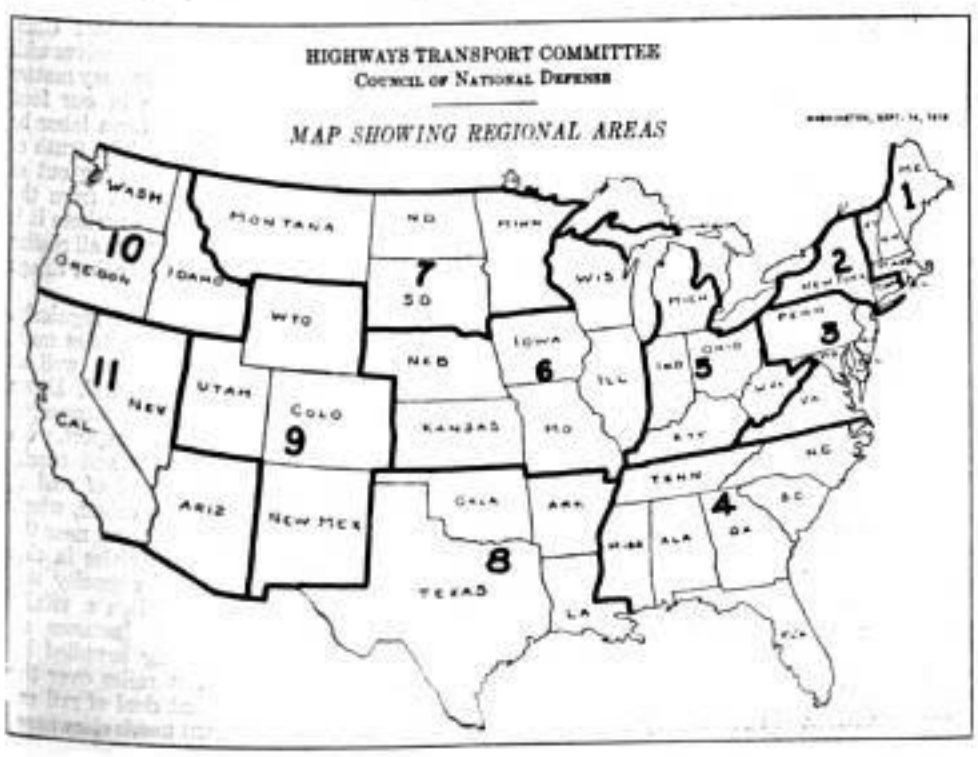
### The Rural Express

The demands of the war program have called for the development of an efficient auxiliary system or systems that shall fit in with and render maximum aid to existing transportation facilities. And with this idea in view, for the purpose of developing transportation over the highways, the Highways Transport Committee was appointed by the Council of National Defense last fall.

One of the most interesting things we have met with in our work is the rural express. This is essentially the furnishing to the farmer of adequate transportation for his farm products, generally by someone in the neighborhood. This is something he has never had before—regular and dependable service to enable him to market his produce without leaving the farm.

Our first survey of the subject began in Maryland, where a typical Maryland farmer by the name of Barnsley was already operating one of these expresses into the city of Washington from the town of Olney, about twenty miles away. He started this service about four years ago, when he bought a truck to haul his own milk into the city of Washington. It was not many days before his neighbors saw the advantages of this means of marketing produce, and he was besieged with their requests to carry their produce along with his. It was not long before Mr. Barnsley had to add another truck, and still another, and yet the demand for facilities increased.

Every morning his truck would start out from the farm with some of his own produce—milk, eggs, butter, vegetables, and








THE man who grinds risks his eyesight unless he takes the proper protective means. So do thousands of other men.

In spite of all the approved safety appliances on machinery to protect the body men must wear safety goggles to protect their eyes. Willson Goggles afford this protection.

And in addition they afford *comfort*. They fit snugly on the face—without binding or chafing. And they are light.

Each Willson model is scientifically designed and constructed to give the right kind of protection under all circumstances where eye protection is needed, whether it be from dust, from glare or from flying particles.

A special Willson safety model has been perfected for extra-hazardous work. It has a safety flange construction which helps to keep fragments from flying toward the face should the glass be broken.

Our special industrial service department will gladly investigate conditions in your factory and tell you which particular Willson Goggle is best adapted to your needs.

*Goggles for every need—in work, rest or play.*

T. A. WILLSON & CO., Inc., Reading, Pa.
*Makers of Optical Goods Since 1870*

# Have one of these fine "Big Y" Apples




It's a delight to bite into one of these "Big Y" red Winesaps or golden Winter Bananas — crisp, juicy and full of flavor.

"Big Y" Apples are from a famous valley in the Northwest, where cool nights and tempered sunshine produce the finest flavored and most perfectly matured apples in the world.

Have your dealer send you a box or more. "Big Y" Winesaps are fine keepers—they mature and ripen in their individual paper wraps. Splendid bakers, too!

Save sugar—save wheat—*eat apples!* Your dealer can get you "Big Y's." *Buy 'em by the box*—they cost less this way.




**Yakima Fruit Growers Ass'n**
**Yakima, Washington**

**"Big Y" Apples**


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"Say it with Flowers"

This year your Christmas giving must be influenced by motives of patriotic conservation. Plants and flowers combine magnificence and beauty with appeal to the higher senses. They are more able conveyers of true sentiment than any man-made creations.

Plants and flowers are *nature's* product. To send them this year as Christmas gifts or New Year's remembrances is practical patriotism. It preserves, *even increases*, the Christmas spirit—it interferes with no government program—it aids your *thrift* efforts, since plants and flowers are comparatively modest in cost.

Visit your florist's shop. See for yourself the exquisite gift creations of the floral craft. You'll be amazed at what may be purchased at a trifling cost.

*Do you know that by the use of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Service you can have your order delivered in any city anywhere in the United States or Canada in a few hours?*








so on—and pick up small shipments from his neighbors on the way into the city, so that he would have a full load of various kinds of farm products to carry to market. His market was already established, so he simply had to drive into the city and deposit his load. However, he did not then turn round and drive back empty, but started out to fulfill the commissions which the farmers of Olney had given him. One wanted a new pump, another a repair part for some of his farm machinery, another some groceries he could not get in Olney. In this way the express carried back a load, establishing return communication and making an efficient operation by putting into practical use the return-load idea.

Mr. Hoover has stated that probably fifty per cent of the perishable foods raised in this country is wasted because they lack means of transportation to points of consumption. It is in reducing this waste of perishable foods that the rural express perhaps finds its most valuable function. We found that along Mr. Barnsley's route a man who had half a bushel of tomatoes, some corn, a can of cream or a few dozen eggs could simply leave them at the side of the road in front of his house—in other words, at each farmer's shipping platform, his front gate—and when the rural express came by it stopped and took on his small shipment.

This phase of picking up produce on the regular route is not the only means employed. Many farmers will drive over to Mr. Barnsley's place mornings with small lots of produce or whatever they want carried into Washington, because they know his truck leaves regularly every morning and they can be sure their produce, if such it is, will go with the truck and be marketed.

Just an instance of the ability to ship by this regular service at any time, which comes in so handy for utilizing extra produce: Last fall one of Mr. Barnsley's neighbors found he had three or four trees loaded with apples which he had no means of marketing. Someone suggested to him that he send them in to Washington by the rural express. He profited by the suggestion, and incidentally to the extent of a considerable sum of money more than he would have had had the apples rotted as he expected they would. And Washington itself was ahead by having this supply of apples made available from near-by territory, saving the freight-car space which would otherwise have been used.

### *Various Beneficial Results*

But to get a broader view of the operation of this express service it will be seen that there are these outstanding advantages: Most important from the farmer's point of view he finds a market for a large quantity of small produce which formerly went to waste, but is now returning him a nice revenue through the express service. The consumer in the city gains because he is able to have a great many more fresh foodstuffs for his consumption than otherwise, and by having a greater quantity brought into the city, which in turn, by the law of supply and demand, lowers the prices or secures superior produce at the same price.

So it is that these highways are channels not alone for the traffic that passes over them but for the nation's food supply that passes over them, and converging from the surrounding territory to a consuming or shipping center. The milk and farm produce flow from the hills and valleys over the highways toward their proper level, so to speak, which is the consuming center. Likewise from the wheat fields of the West the stream of golden grain pours into the elevators and shipping points, and in the East army supplies and munitions fill these channels in steady streams. We have but to watch the beneficial results of uninterrupted movement to touch the pulse of this commerce.

When the State Highways Transport Committees were organized in each state under the Council of Defense they immediately set about to see where this auxiliary system of highways transport could be used to most advantage. They wanted to find where it needed strengthening and increasing to render the greatest possible benefit to the nation. In some states these rural express lines were already found to be existing, though on a very small scale, and it was found that this service is as applicable to other sections of the country as to Maryland.

Our highways have been regarded merely as local conveniences until within the past few years. But little attention has been paid to the tools for these highways or the proper use of them and the beneficial results obtained through their use. There has been a limited conception of their relation to highways in other counties, in other states and other sections of the country, and the relation of the traffic over them in the same way. Without this broader conception of their usefulness we shall be unable to help them fit into the whole scheme of transportation as they should. We shall fail to make them of the utmost usefulness to the railroads and the country. We must all appreciate the fact that they are links in the chain of our national internal communication.

### *Significant Instances*

Picture to yourself a great reservoir with the immense pipe lines feeding into it. This will give you an idea of what these highways leading into consuming and shipping centers are doing. They are the pipes—the blood vessels, as it were—while the rural expresses with the farm produce are the streams flowing into the reservoir of food for local consumption and for our forces and allies overseas. These streams of perishable produce mean the releasing of more concentrated foods for longer shipment, and the greater the flow of this farm produce and other foodstuffs of a perishable nature into local centers, the greater will be the supply of concentrated foods available for longer movement. For this reason the condition of these food highways can be compared to the condition of the pipe lines, and the amount of pressure that can be applied to the movement of that which they carry is in proportion to their condition.

Just as the amount of water flowing through that pipe into the reservoir can be regulated by the force behind it, so can this supply of farm products be regulated at the source. Upon the roads themselves depends the linking-up of consuming centers with the farms, but upon the farmers and fields depends the amount of food to originate from there.

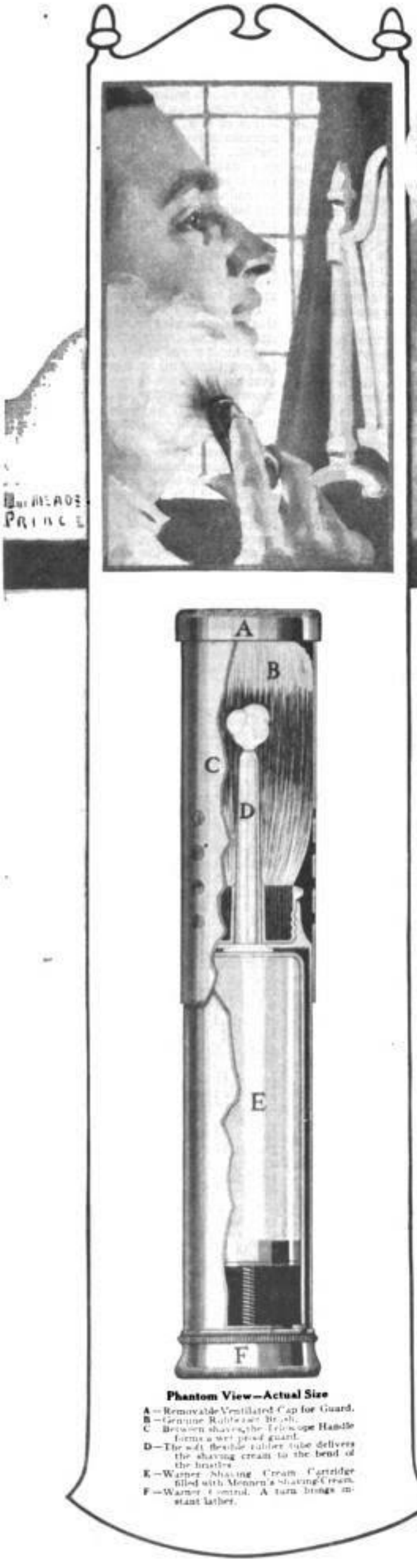
And thus it will be seen that the amount of labor that can be put on the farm is the faucet controlling this flow. By means of the rural express the farmer can get his produce to market and still remain at work, putting all his effort and the efforts of his work animals into producing, not consuming. One instance will illustrate this: Along Mr. Barnsley's route many of the farmers who were shipping milk were getting up at a very early hour in the morning to do their milking and get the milk to an early train three or four miles away. When Mr. Barnsley's service came into effect they found they could save a great deal of time and labor by meeting the express and shipping their milk in this way. These farmers oftentimes come down the side roads with a horse and light wagon and meet the truck at the main road, transferring their load, and then going back to their farm work. This express meets five men in the same way, taking their complete loads and proceeding to the city at eight times the speed, virtually giving back to the farms the equal of the services of forty men.

The State Highways Transport Committees are now concerning themselves with these same matters, and it is an easy matter to see how a great increase in our food supply can be effected, and farm labor be conserved at the same time. The truth of this plan is found in the carrying out of their slogan to get more "food from the byways over the highways," to where it is needed. Important as food is, we all realize that we had to depend on many other things to help win the war.

Supplies must reach our forces regularly. And to help in this, our industries must be served with raw materials as well as transportation for finished material. Down in Tennessee we found another interesting development of highways transport. On their return journeys wagons and trucks would stop and pick up a load of coal at "wagon mines," as they are called, where the coal is taken from the ground near the surface and hauled into the cities in this way. Thus a great deal of capacity was utilized and is being utilized in a vitally necessary manner. In one instance an entire war industry is being supplied by thus moving its coal a few miles over the highways, releasing a great deal of rail capacity and labor for urgent needs elsewhere.

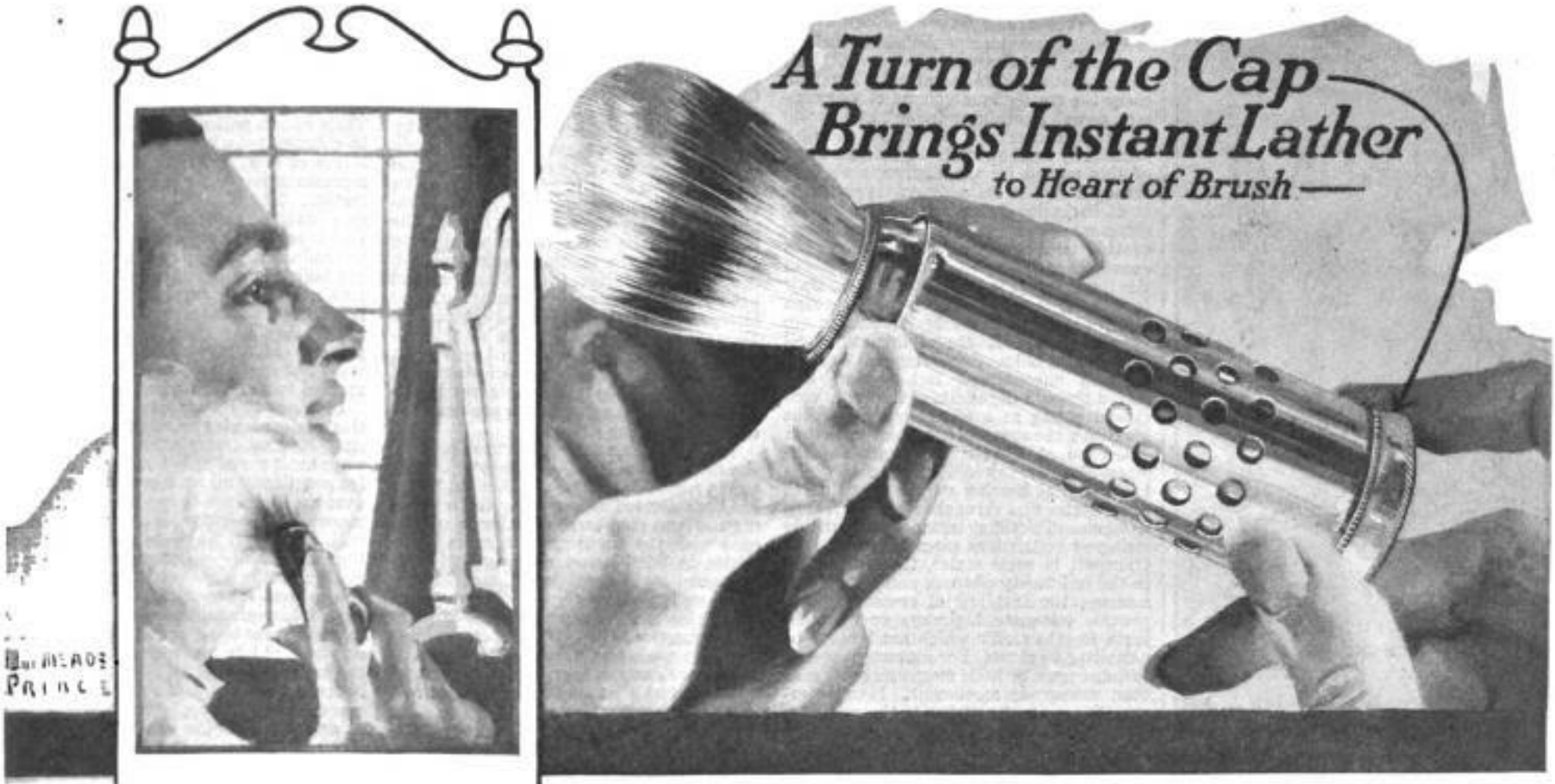
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**Phantom View—Actual Size**

A—Removable Ventilated Cap for Guard.
B—Genuine Rubberset Brush.
C—Between shaves the Telescope Handle forms a wet proof guard.
D—The soft flexible rubber tube delivers the shaving cream to the bend of the bristles.
E—Warner Shaving Cream Cartridge filled with Mennen's Shaving Cream.
F—Warner Control. A turn brings instant lather.




# Brush and Cream in One!

## Everywhere Hailed as the Greatest Shaving Aid

NOW wherever you go you will hear men discussing this better and easier way to shave. A way which ends the last shaving inconvenience—which brings as much comfort as did the safety razor.

Here is all you need do to lather—feed the cream to the heart of the brush by a mere turn of the thumb—dip it into water and lather. You don't even dampen your fingers.

Compare this with the way you lather now. With the fussing you must do when soap and brush are separate. In the Warner Fountain Brush your shaving cream and brush are one.

## Four Reasons Why You Want It

***There is the quickness!*** Only with this brush is the cream fed at the right place—the bend of the bristles. There is a scientific reason for this. At this place, cream turns to lather quickest. And no way of shaving has ever been so handy.

***There is the convenience!*** One compact unit, cream and brush together. A genuine Rubberset Brush with bristles vulcanized in a bed of rubber so they can't come out. The shaving cream is Mennen's—conceded to be the finest.

This Warner Fountain Brush comprises all your shaving outfit except the razor.

***There is the cleanliness!*** No other shaving brush is half so sanitary. The brush-end can be easily detached; so whenever you like you can drop the bristles in boiling water and sterilize. This one point led to the adoption of this brush by the barbers in some of America's finest hotels and clubs.

***There is the economy!*** One or two clicks of the Warner control feeds enough cream for a shave. You never waste cream and always know just how much to use. The brush is a one time investment, because it lasts for life. You pay as much for only 16 shaves with tips at a barber shop. That's why men consider this brush a bargain at $4. And it is.

## Get One On Free Approval

Everyone who holds this beautiful, self-lathering shaving brush in his hand and sees how it simplifies shaving wants to shave no other way.

So be sure to go to your dealer's at once and ask to see this brush. If his supply has not yet arrived mail us his name on the coupon and we will send him a Warner Brush for your free inspection and approval. If entirely satisfied, pay the dealer the regular price, $4, and the brush is yours. But if for any reason you don't want it after examination, you are not obliged to pay any money whatever.

When you order your own brush remember the soldier and the sailor. There's no other gift they'd rather get than this Warner Fountain Brush.

If your dealer can't supply you, send direct.

**WARNER-PATTERSON CO., 902 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago**

MENNEN'S *Shaving Cream*
*Genuine* RUBBERSET *Brush*
*Combined with Warner Feed*

**WARNER FOUNTAIN SHAVING BRUSH**
*"everything but the razor"*

**FREE APPROVAL COUPON**

WARNER-PATTERSON CO.
902 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Send a Warner Fountain Shaving Brush in care of the dealer named below for my free inspection and approval. If entirely satisfied I agree to accept the brush and pay the dealer $4. This does not obligate me to pay any money if after free examination I decide I do not want the brush.

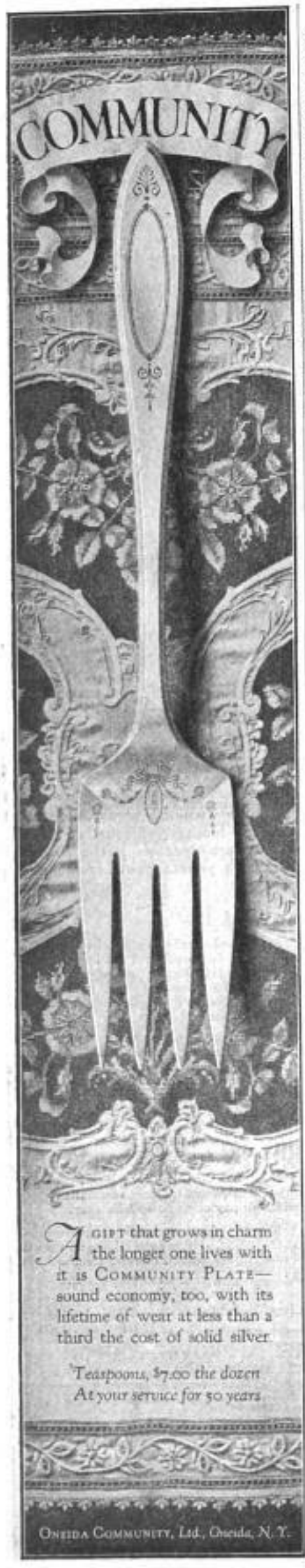
*My Name* _____

*Address* _____

*Dealer's Name* _____

*Address* _____

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A large percentage of the war industries is located in the eastern region. Rail transportation there is naturally taxed to carry the tremendous volume of war supplies as well as ordinary freight, and during the past winter a considerable overflow necessarily went on to the highways. Some of this moved by the highways through several states to shipping points or points of embarkation, where it was loaded for shipment abroad. One of the best instances of this is the movement of army-truck convoys from the manufacturing points in the interior to the seacoast. During their journey these trucks of course pass through many different states, and problems are encountered which are of interest to all these states alike. Snow removal was one problem encountered last winter, and solved through the efforts of the states concerned acting as a whole in clearing the highways of snow and keeping them clear.

Looked at from the viewpoint of the state alone, many difficulties rise which have a vital bearing on the situation in other states and throughout the nation as a whole. Take for instance the unduly stringent restrictions placed on highways transport in some states, the irregularity in the reciprocity of truck and automobile licenses, the inability of some states to provide adequate highways or maintain them for the traffic which must needs be permitted to move. For movement means life, and none or little means stagnation or even retrograde movement. Many communities can be gauged as to the part they have in the world's events or the good they are rendering humanity by the condition of their highways and the movement over them, for this is oftentimes the only means of communication of people with the outside world and contact with other people. The only outlet or the most efficient outlet is in many cases over the highways, and if they are not in shape to accept this responsibility adverse conditions rise in that section and hinder national progress as well as local.

We find that to-day the movement by highways transport has become as truly interstate commerce as rail transportation and these two hinge together. The passing of a state line or boundary by this commerce, whether over the highways, the railways or the same commerce moving over both in the accomplishment of this end, is but an incident in the journey and not the signal to stop and change a plan or alter some detail to fit the different locality. To make highways transport a big achievement there has to be a regional viewpoint, as it were, taking in groups of states and helping them help themselves through a broader understanding of the problems encountered in each one.

To assist in correlating this work regional chairmen have been appointed for the eleven regions into which the United States has been divided as shown by the regional map. These men came together in conference with the Highways Transport Committee in Washington recently and were addressed by high officials of the Government and assured of the Government's vital interest in the development of highways transportation. They were imbued with the spirit and vision of such men as Secretary Lane and Secretary Redfield, and made to feel that theirs is a work of real value to the nation.

By the holding of this conference recognition is given of the Government's conception of the growth of highways-transport problems to a regional viewpoint, and the necessity for meeting the situation from this position.

These regional chairmen are now back in their respective regions, ready to assist with their best efforts in increasing the nation's resources through increasing the efficiency of highways transportation, especially as relating to our war program. Their efforts will not be alone. They will be coördinated with the efforts of representatives of the War Industries Board and representatives of the Railroad Administration. This might in a way be taken as significant of the relation highways transport is assuming to the war program and to the railroads. These regional chairmen are symbolizing an advance in thought, a step forward in our conception of highways transport and the solution of a real problem. It is recognizing the need for applying the principle of a regional viewpoint to highways transport, even as it has already been applied to war industries and the railroads.

It is not to be expected that because of this regional viewpoint of looking at the situation that transportation over the highways must necessarily be for long distances, for practically all transportation originates over the highways to begin with. It merely means that whereas this idea has been dealt with in a small way—because our conception was small—we are now beginning to appreciate the bigness of the whole problem and to treat it accordingly.

And this regional organization of volunteer service means the exertion of the best effort and force of business men of broad vision in the building up of an adequate system of highways transport, of rural-express development, and so on, coördinating it with other mediums—the railways, electric and steam, and the waterways—into an efficient and adequate system of transportation, which is a trinity, indeed, and constitutes a completed chain of communication, with every link equal in strength.

# FREE

(Continued from Page 4)

was next in succession to her desk. The dethroned one set immediately to work removing a vanity case, six personal letters, a back copy of The Unshackled and a half-eaten mess of candy from the top drawer. When Miss Carhart passed through on her way toward promotion Hortense never looked up. But she could have killed herself for the irritating tear which trickled down to the end of her little nose. Even slaves are jealous of their oarlocks in the galley.

Sauljer had warned her that her ravings against capitalism and the down-crushing of the working gel was third-reel stuff, and her sensations were undoubtedly cinematographic as she came back to her apartment in Thirty-second Street, opened the door and went desolately in. A martyr's exaltation had sustained her up to now, but the place had the uninviting appearance of a self-kept apartment in midmorning. No sooner had she closed the door on the inside than she spied a white envelope on the rug.

At first she thought it was another of those bills she had been keeping for Lulu, but she picked it up to find that it was worse. It bore the large elaborate trademark of the Lummox Film Corporation; it was addressed in Lulu McCabe's hand, and Hortense just knew it would carry bitter tidings.

"Honey Kid," it began—which was bad, because Lulu always began with a pet name when she wanted to put something over—"Honey Kid, that sweet, wicked, adorable Hubbins of mine is going to be the whole camera in Captain Killdevil, which is going to be some spectacle, believe me! I'm going to have a fine part. It's going to be grand. Now don't get mad, you darling, but I just simply can't get away from Newark for at least three months. I don't suppose you want to get some nice girl and run the flat yourself, do you? Or if you think it would be too much trouble, why not the Kelleys? I told them about the place and they're crazy to move in any time. Just temporary. But don't disturb yourself, dear, if you really want to stay. Will you please express trunk to me, care the Lummox Corporation, Newark, N. J., and oblige? Come and see me sometime. It's going to be a grand film.

"With dear love, LULU."

"Now that's all arranged," thought Hortense with one of those monosyllabic laughs which sound like short, heavy bumps along the road to disillusionment. It was all so simple for Lulu, who had a way of simplifying her troubles by complicating other people's. Just ship her trunk to Newark and go on paying all the rent. It was now the last week in April and the lease terminated in another year, come May.

The insurgent slave sat for a long time in the midst of that untidy studio room, a copy of The Unshackled folded loosely under her listless hands. Undoubtedly she had chosen an unpropitious day for her revolt against capitalism. Possibly, with the aid of Sauljer, she reflected, she could return even now and eat humble pie at the shrine of the offended if offensive Saulser. No. Starvation were better than such hateful nourishment. With the world full of such high-minded thinkers as she had seen and heard at the Button Molders' rally was it possible that a girl in her position must still be compelled to humiliate herself before capitalism in order to gain for herself a bare livelihood?

As though in answer to her question Harriet Pebbles Cull's editorial on Slaves stared up at her from her lap. "In the New State . . . no such thing as inequality of service. . . . The Slave Driver is as obsolete as the stegosaur. . . . Work . . . a fair and happy partnership."

Clouds of comforting incense! Here, then, lay the remedy for all her woes—Harriet Pebbles Cull, editor in chief, twenty cents the copy, eight dollars the year, to any address in the United States or Canada.

It was a fateful convenience that Hortense Troutt at that moment still retained her hat and coat. Had she been compelled to put them on she might have had time to reconsider. Details cramp decisions. Cæsar's assassins never stopped to change their togas. The hat and coat did the business for Hortense Troutt, who was off in the jiffy of her impulse; and it seemed no time at all ere a green bus had delivered her at the arched doorway in lower Fifth Avenue which bore the card Unshackled Publishing Company, Third Floor. Thus easily did Alice pop through three and a half dimensions, down the rabbit hole and into the presence of a magic bottle labeled Drink Me.

She found herself in a waiting room which was like any other waiting room save for the fact that the pictures on the walls were about equally divided between photographs of mobs being violently handled by the police and paintings which, to Hortense, conveyed no clearer message than that somebody's children had been messing in a box of water colors. A girl in an apron-like garment, a girl with stringy hair above a stringy neck, glared up from her desk to inform her that Mrs. Cull was busy just now. Over in a corner an untidy gentleman with a Vandyke beard sat cross-legged, huddled diagonally against a dapper person of the commercial-drummer type. Hortense hoped that the dapper one was a new convert being instructed in the code of the unshackled, but her straining ears were disappointed to find that they were arguing in a strange, commercial jargon, bandying stock terms over the increasing cost of white paper.

"Harriet Pebbles Cull," announced the distinguishing label on a glazed door. This door swung open and a fattish, rather good-looking young man emerged, pulling a golf cap over a wealth of bushy curls. He wore a soft shirt open at the throat above a blue suit which was shiny and spotted. Hortense reflected that he needed sponging. His grayish shoes seemed to spurt dust as he walked. She was to know him later as Larry Hoden, the Harvard-bred tramp; but this morning he merely represented to her a symbol of the newer freedom beyond.

Feeling for all the world like Alice about to be spoken to by the rabbit with the white gloves Hortense blushed when he turned and would have addressed her as comrade, no doubt, had not her freshman shyness unnerved him. He looked up at the clock instead and said in the most refined tone possible: "As I live, it's time to hit the trail again!" Thus his exit.

"She's ready now," said the stringy girl, giving Hortense a sour smile as she followed meekly and faced the owner of the great name upon the door. Her guide clicked the latch behind her and left her alone with the prophetess of a better dawn, who showed no intention of either seeing or hearing her visitor. On closer view Harriet Pebbles Cull looked more forbidding than she had last night on the rostrum, when she had opened her arms to the working gels of the world and bidden them be of good cheer. With a long, fine-pointed pencil she was counting the words of a typewritten manuscript; the violet eyes were not unkind but merely concentrated.

"Well?" asked the editor in chief at last without looking up.

"I—I'm Miss Troutt." As soon as she had said it she knew that this was no way to begin. "I—we met—I met you at the Button Molders' rally."

(Continued on Page 47)

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(Continued from Page 44)

"Miss Troutt?" The seeress knitted her brows; then she took a good look at Hortense, and apparently liking the view assumed a smile which was as comprehensive and general as any of her theories.

"No, you're not Miss Troutt," she corrected with the air of ineffable kindness which Buddha must have used toward his less brilliant disciples. "There aren't any Misses here. What is your first name?"

"Hortense," replied the confused one.

"Comrade Hortense—that's better. And now, Comrade Hortense, what is it?"

"Why, you see, Mrs. Cull ——"

"Comrade Harriet, if you please. We are all equals."

"Comrade Harriet"—it was like meeting Elihu Root for the first time and calling him Uncle El, but Hortense was game—"Comrade Harriet, I'm only a working girl and ——"

"A working gel, yes." Comrade Harriet's accent was wonderfully civilized. "And you wish to identify yourself with the cause?"

"Oh, very much! I heard your speech, and I've been reading your paper; your fine views on everything made such an impression on me that this morning I went right down to the office and resigned my situation."

"I see." Comrade Harriet's pure brow was all but haloed with an expression of divine guidance. "Another slave arising against his driver. I am very happy to hear this, comrade. Our work is spreading."

"And I've come to you because you have such a wonderful mind and can advise me about getting a job somewhere where I won't have to be bossed round by the boor joysey."

"Boor-zhwah-zee," corrected Comrade Harriet. She didn't laugh or make light of Hortense's bad French. In fact, it seemed impossible for her to make light of anything. "I distinctly see what you mean. You refuse to remain a slave to the capitalistic system."

"That's it!" Hortense was wildly glad that she had come. "You see I'm an expert stenographer and business secretary. If I could get away from those capitalists I'd work for quite a reduction."

"Stenographer and business secretary," mused Harriet Pebbles Cull. "A profession which will become obsolete upon the dissolution of the commercial hierarchy."

"I was thinking that you might have some job for me round your office."

This came all in one breath.

"My dearest child!" Comrade Harriet's look was honey-sweet. "The work of the Unshackled office is largely a labor of love. Comrade Elsa, my associate who sits outside, and Comrade Larry, whom you may have seen just now, have small incomes from the capitalist class, from which they have been converted. All of our contributions are in the nature of propaganda and are of course supplied without charge. Won't you sit down?"

Comrade Harriet eyed her curiously during a pause in which she held her pencil by its long point and caressed a handsome eyebrow with the rubber.

"Comrade Hortense," she said at last, "I approve of the brave stand you have taken against the spoiler. H'm. And yet secession is sometimes inopportune before a definite program is indicated. Do you understand me?"

Hortense supposed vaguely that it meant you shouldn't quit one job before another was in sight.

"But rather than expose you again to the capitalism from which you are now free, let me suggest an idea of my own. How would you like to enter with me into a partnership based on the equality of reward?"

"That's awfully kind of you, Mrs. Cu—Comrade Harriet," replied the shattered being, thinking that she was being offered a half interest in the Unshackled Publishing Company. "But wouldn't that be giving me too much?"

Mrs. Cull waved a shapely hand which was ringed with carved jade set in old silver.

"To us there is no such expression as 'too much.' Participation is the very heartbeat of communism. Have you ever done general housework?"

Hortense was now swimming fast to keep up with the rising tide of suggestions.

"Why, yes. Aunt Hen keeps a boarding house back in Rockinock. She's taught me quite considerable."

"Excellent! Then you will fall in very nicely with my program. I have a studio apartment—the task of direction would fall most properly to me. The work of production—no less important and dignified—would constitute your half in the equal partnership."

"What would I be expected to do?" asked Hortense, who was already half hypnotized. At the direct question Mrs. Cull braced two slender forefingers against two white teeth and sat a while in thought.

"Your work would consist largely," she defined at last, "in converting raw material into terms of human comfort, the nutriment of strength, health and intelligence. There is an almost priestly dignity attached to the office of the cook and houseworker—a dignity seldom appreciated by the bourgeoisie. See what alchemic changes can be wrought in the produce of the butcher or greengrocer, turning the fruits of the earth into the fruits of the mind! So you will have complete province over the ordering of our domestic habits. You, in fact, will be the home maker, while I will be the home sustainer."

"Well, as I understand it," upspoke Hortense, "you want a girl who can live with you, sort of like one of the family, and run things while you're away at the office."

"That is very well put, in its way," conceded the lecturer. Apparently she guessed that her caller was awaiting other particulars, for she explained: "And about the arrangements. Among our emancipated thinkers, you know, we have tried, so far as is practical under the capitalistic system, to do away with the clumsy monetary exchange which has done so much to ruin this beautiful world. As an equal-sharing partner in our home you will receive exactly what I receive therefrom: attractive sleeping quarters, nourishing food, pleasing surroundings, adequate clothing, and companionship with the finest minds in the world of modern thought."

"Would you like me to go right to work?" Hortense asked breathlessly.

"What was that?" It was evident that Mrs. Cull's larger vision had already reverted to its problems.

"Do you want me right away?"

"Oh, yes, yes! To be sure!"

Scarcely looking up Mrs. Cull reached into a small drawer, and with one motion of the hand brought out a key to which a card had been attached by means of a pale pink ribbon.

"The address is on the card," Hortense heard her telling the typewritten manuscript. "We dine at seven. I think you'll find a list of tradesmen in the frame by the telephone. Better lay places for two extra, as Comrade Elsa and Comrade Larry may come in. Excuse me, won't you?"

In the outer office Hortense looked upon Comrade Elsa with eyes of a new reverence; she must be one of the Finest Minds. Hortense wondered if, now that she was in the circle, she hadn't better smile and say "Good morning, comrade!" as Comrade Larry had done. But Comrade Elsa, who was now busily beating a typewriter, never looked up.

II

AND that is how in the course of an hour Miss Hortense Troutt moved across the border of Philistia and took a flat in Utopia. She found that Mrs. Cull occupied the top floor of a three-storied house within short pistol range of Gramercy Park; the floor was sublet, she later found out, by a young lawyer named Green, whose plump little wife, two well-nurtured children and economical town car combined to proclaim him and his tribe as boor joysey in the extreme. The Greens occupied the two floors below, kept fairly good hours and enjoyed only a dumb-waiter speaking acquaintance with the comrades in the upper realm.

On the morning of her first enchantment Hortense found the keyhole of the third-floor apartment and walked timorously into the strange life. Her impression of the big room which first she entered was that Comrade Harriet had been dry cleaning and had pinned innumerable fragments of Chinese and Japanese clothing to the wall in order that they might retain their intended shape. This theory was abandoned, however, when upon closer inspection she found that the embroideries were quite dusty and that some of them served as backgrounds for the curiously splashy pictures of which Comrade Harriet had a great many. On the marble mantel, directly under the enlarged photograph of revolutionary corpses lying before the gates of Tsarskoe Selo, a baker's dozen of froth-streaked glasses sat in gloomy conference as though last night's discussion had seriously disagreed with them.

Hortense raised the shades and threw open the big windows. She was sure she had never before seen such a variety of cigarette butts. Hand-rolled, machine-rolled, white, yellow, brown, black, a mangled army of them cluttered the fireplace, piano, bookshelves, table. Cigarette papers lay strewn like autumn leaves along the rug over a sifting of fine-chopped tobacco.

Comrade Harriet had no doubt spoken true when she had confessed that the pursuit of large problems had unsuited her for home-making. Hortense approached the priestly dignity of the kitchen and found an expanse of that dreary yellow woodwork once fashionable for service quarters. A family of resident cockroaches scrambled over mountains of greasy tinware, which lay about like wreckage in the wake of a defeated army. The sink was overflowing with crumpled napkins of Japanese crêpe, and on the draining board tottered a soiled stack of those cardboard plates which one associates with pie-serving at country barbecues. The gas range was a pyre of meaty sacrifices. As home maker there was no doubt that Hortense had her work cut out for her.

Behind a door she found an all-enveloping garment of calico, and with this on and her sleeves tucked back she set to work, beginning at the front of the apartment and progressing slowly toward the back. The homely effort of wiping down neglected shelves, mobilizing cigarette stubs, carpet-sweeping the vast gray surfaces of the studio room, wrought in her a very fury of exaltation. Back in Rockinock she had never liked housework; but here there was a difference which brought charm. She might work twice as hard as ever she had worked in her life; every swish of the dusting rag was a blow for freedom. Comrade, coworker, partner!

Powered by such thoughts she plunged through the surrounding rubbish like a ship in a high sea—like some wonderfully contrived ship, designed to head through a storm and leave orderly calm behind. By noon she had polished, swept and tidied the big room until it looked all but comfortable. Then she had rung up a hurry call to one Cosimo Pelligrino, grocer, green, wet and dry. By the same means she had notified the butcher; and in a pause she had telephoned Mrs. Kelley, who, as it proved, had been in correspondence with Lulu McCabe and was overjoyed at the chance to take over the Thirty-second Street apartment.

It was all like a dream to Hortense. Out of the dull ledger of the commonplace she had stepped into a picture book: a poetically written, wonderfully illustrated picture book whose pages, if somewhat rumpled now, could be smoothed out by her hand.

She lunched on the nub end of a loaf which she found in the bread box. Staring at her from the pantry shelves she beheld stack after stack of new paper plates, bale after bale of fresh crêpe napkins; and in these she admired the wisdom of the emancipated who had no time for scraping china or scrubbing linen. She was just finishing with the pots and pans when Cosimo Pelligrino sent over a fat Italian boy with a laden market basket. He was Cosimo's son, it turned out, and though obviously unemancipated he seemed eager to fraternize. Indeed he lost no time in interviewing Hortense on the subject of her aims and aspirations, with a view to proving, as he confessed, that some likes one lady and some another.

"Do Mis' Cull need-a some more radennk wine?" he inquired at last; and in answer to his own question leaned under the stationary washtub and brought out a demijohn, which he shook close to his ear before restoring it to its place of hiding.

"Plenta for one more time," he decreed, then looped the handle of his basket so high on his biceps that the edge was level with his shoulder. "Lasta girl Mis' Cull had was a Swede. She verra good girl named Heeld. She go craza."

Hortense would have loved a more detailed account of the Craza Heeld, but young Cosimo departed as though in the wake of that demented spirit. In one disturbing flash Hortense wondered if her forerunner had entered the Cull household on the basis of equal participation; but the day was all too short for psychopathic speculations, and Mrs. Cull's new partner was already searching her mind for a few of her aunt's standard boarding-house

(Continued on Page 49)




# In Active Service

Edwin P. Kohl, whose picture appears above, although still in his twenties, has been *in active service* for eleven years—one year with Uncle Sam and ten years with us.

In his one year in the Navy he has already climbed several steps up the ladder of promotion.

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*This roll will recall memories of those bygone moonlight nights.*

***Ask for our complete illustrated catalogue***

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(Continued from Page 47)

recipes. She worked it out finally from veal cutlets to rice pudding. This ought to sustain the finest thinkers for another night, she thought, then went forth to explore the bedrooms.

There stood off the kitchen a little dark alcove, once no doubt the lurking place of the Craza Heeld. Here she found a spirit cabinet which had once held clothes and behind whose horridly striped calico curtains there remained a leaky pair of overshoes and an empty flask fancifully labeled Old Comfort Gin. The bed, which was of iron, was as hard and narrow as any nun's could ever hope to be. Beside the yellow oak bureau a wonderfully glazed brewery calendar displayed a pampered beauty clad in the style of 1898 and drinking beer alone under an exotic linden. The priestly dignity of Craza Heeld's office had not included clean sheets obviously; and the search brought Hortense to Mrs. Cull's bedroom across the studio.

This chamber was not without charm, if you discount the Russian Messiah with the middy blouse, who stood framed at the head of Mrs. Cull's four-poster. This photograph was autographed with a signature which looked ever so much as though its owner had taken a pen in his left hand and written his name backward. Hortense reflected that it would do no harm to take down, wash and press the pretty chintz curtains; but the floor was comparatively well polished, the woodwork comparatively white, and Mrs. Cull had chosen for her art intimates some landscapes that were comparatively sane. In digging her knuckles into the tufted mattress it was impossible for Hortense to refrain from the thought that the thinking end of this establishment might be a trifle fussy in the matter of sleeping luxuries. That the reflection brought no sting was but another tribute to Mrs. Cull's ability to hypnotize at a distance.

It was a radiant moment for Hortense when Comrade Harriet, coming home with her associates that evening, put a protective arm round the girl's slim waist and led her before her guests.

"Comrades," said she, "this is Hortense. She has voluntarily abandoned the bourgeoisie to fight for us."

Despite the fact that this was all said in the tone of a missionary who exhibits a Papuan child recently rescued from the tribal bake ovens Hortense was so overwhelmed with love and adoration for her kind deliverer that she could have fallen to her knees and touched the hem of that peculiar baggy walking skirt.

Comrade Elsa twisted her watery face into the approximation of a smile and said something with comrade at the end of it as she thrust forth a clammy flipper; but Hortense admitted she was thrilled when the Harvard tramp took her hand almost hurtfully in his warm broad palm.

"Shake, sister!" said he. "You can't keep the good guys off our dump!"

This rough-hewn speech was delivered with the broad *a* fashionable in Cambridge, and sounded the keynote of his character. For the patois of the dusty road was to Larry Hoden just as much an acquired trait as were the soiled blue suit and hobgoblin shoes which rather set off than detracted from his cultivated appearance. It was as though an actor, nicely shaved and bathed in scented soap, had temporarily disguised himself as a tramp.

They were in the midst of a discussion. Hortense had yet to learn that discussion with these people was synonymous with social intercourse. Heaven to Harriet Pebbles Cull was an extensive place where a multitude of souls could sit through the aeons defining their various attitudes. Comrade Harriet especially relished discussion because, after picking her own crowd, she usually managed to monopolize the floor.

To-night while dinner cooled they were right in the midst of one. Two or three times Hortense was on the point of suggesting that they sit down while the soup—a last-minute inspiration out of a can—was still hot. But it seemed there had been a protest on the part of somebody somewhere in Wisconsin, and the three Finest Minds were going at it from three different angles. Comrade Larry accused Comrade Harriet of being an Opportunist, which caused Harriet to flush and discover that Larry was a Decembrist; and in the midst of a general engagement Comrade Elsa opined that as a Fabian she would hang them both. Larry wanted to know how Elsa could be both a Fabian and a Maximalist, and it was in the heat of analysis that Comrade Harriet suddenly turned upon her unshackled partner—who was crouched in a corner wondering which of these heads, if any, she would come under—and inquired: "When will we have dinner, comrade?"

"It has been waiting twenty minutes," retorted Hortense, a trifle hurt.

"Oh, so it has," replied the home sustainer, twirling her glasses on the end of their black cord and making no move to rise. Larry, it seemed, had discovered something called chauvinism, which was the worst yet.

They agreed on this at last and all advanced upon the table, which Hortense had set as daintily as cardboard plates and paper napkins could make it. Before sitting down Mrs. Cull focused her absent-minded eyes and said: "My dear, not cocktail glasses for claret!"

"Oh!"

Hortense scurried toward the kitchen. She could feel the blushes, redder than Cosimo's demijohned beverage. She brought back goblets and Comrade Harriet wasted but the fraction of a glance upon the home maker ere returning to the really weighty problem of wage-slavery among the creosote workers. Lingering in the stuffy kitchen during the process of pouring claret into a carafe the girl resolved to ask her partner for some easy books that would tell her all about these great questions. Once included in the debate, she thought, the illusion of freedom would be perfect indeed.

Nobody commented on her dinner, save once when Comrade Harriet called for more oil in her salad and twice when Comrade Larry requested another large helping of veal cutlets. All during the meal the Finest Minds stuck to their favorite brands of cigarettes, which may be superficially described as white, yellow and brown. After dinner they moved their debate to the far end of the studio, where Mrs. Cull, stretching herself at length on a chaise longue, got complete control of the caucus, going on and on and on in one unbroken editorial, full of mighty adjectives and entirely lacking in paragraphs.

From the kitchen, where Hortense worked long and faithfully tidying things for the night, as Aunt Hen had taught her to do, she caught the cadence of those beautiful periods without being troubled by their meaning. From this far vantage she enjoyed the dream of being at one with these mighty souls. At last she heard the lecturer pause, clear her throat and call her name.

"Hortense," she suggested when her partner appeared, "will you please bring me a glass of water? And open some of the windows. It's fearfully stuffy. Comrade Larry, how would you define group consciousness?"

The tired girl must have fallen asleep on a divan at the outer edge of the discussion, for when she opened her hazy eyes she was aware of a deep, pleasant voice in her ear. Comrade Larry was leaning over her, and the sight caused her to leap hastily to her feet.

"*Qué linda!*" he chuckled. "That's what they say in Guatemala when they find the Sleeping Beauty pounding her ear."

She was refreshed to see that his eyes were clear and much more humorous than those which beamed from the other Finest Minds.

"I'm afraid we haven't given you a chance to define your attitude," he was going on. "We're a noisy lot of bindlestiffs when we get into action."

"I—I was all tired out, I guess," she faltered, not displeased by his confidential attitude. She could see Comrades Harriet and Elsa browsing over a pile of drawings in the big bedroom.

"Masterly inaction," came the smile of the rather too small mouth. "I suspect you of being a Fabian—aren't you?"

"Honestly, I don't know what I am," confessed the novice.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, comrade." He gave one quick glance toward the bedroom before resuming. "If you'll come and sit with me in Washington Square tomorrow afternoon I'll help you clarify your attitude."

It's just the way young men act when they want to teach you to swim, she thought, and was pleased again.

"That will be ever so kind of you," she said in her politest tone. A little of the Rockinock snobbery lingered and she found herself wishing he would sponge his suit




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and shine his shoes. Back in Rockinock even the roughest young men took pains with such particulars before going out with the girls.

"I'm not sure whether Mrs. Cull—Comrade Harriet will let me," she qualified, and earned his guffaw.

"Can that bunk! There's no such thing as let me in our philosophy. Our restraints are our inclinations, nothing more. Of course, if your inclination forbids your sitting in the square and learning how to clarify your attitude—why, very well. Freedom of choice is our watchword."

He flushed slightly and turned half away. The other comrades were now emerging from the bedroom.

"At what time?" asked Hortense breathlessly.

"Half past one," replied the finest mind, speaking out of the corner of his mouth quite as furtively as Sauljer might have done when papa was threatening. Then he joined the others hastily with a feeling comment on the Civic Forum and the pernicious anti-tea-room statute. Hortense permitted her hand to linger in his as he departed, giving her a conspiratorial smile. She had a feeling of taking her first step out of the novitiate into the priesthood.

"And how do you like us by now?"

It was Comrade Harriet who thus inquired as with all the caution of a landed proprietress she bolted the studio door for the night.

"I think you're splendid!" What else could she say?

By way of good night Comrade Harriet planted a cool kiss upon the unworthy forehead and said: "You mustn't permit any of the old chains to dangle—the intellectual chains and prejudices. You must cast aside slave-thinking and be free as we all are. Slavery is a habit of the mind—see how often a convict, released from unjust imprisonment, longs again for his cell. Remember the wide spaces, the upper air—be free!"

"Yes, Comrade Harriet," said the meek disciple.

"Then to bed, my dear." The voice of Harriet Pebbles Cull was like that of a singing seraph. "And don't forget that freedom of choice is the very essence of our belief."

"Yes—I won't," she promised somewhat sleepily.

It reminded her of what Larry the tramp had just said in that furtive aside. She was on the point of taking Comrade Harriet into her confidence in the matter of that Washington Square rendezvous of the morrow; then she remembered that there were no chaperons in Utopia, so she held her peace.

"You are doing very well," Mrs. Cull allowed herself as she stood removing the pins from her back hair. "I think the soup was a trifle cool, but you will learn. I always have chocolate, a hot roll and a four-minute egg brought to my room at eight o'clock. And oh, yes!" She walked rapidly across the studio to a battered Italian desk. "Here are some revised chapters of my new book which I must have typed before the end of the week. There is a new machine in its case under my bed. I wonder if you'd mind, in your odd moments ——"

"Oh, will you let me?" So, after all, her training as a typist, stenographer and business secretary would bring her in closer link with the cause.

"I knew you wouldn't mind. Good night, comrade!"

And the heavy door at last slammed on the studio.

III

A WEEK later found a curiously revised Hortense Troutt dusting, ironing, sweeping and cooking between spells of typing a manuscript which was obscurely annotated and entirely composed of hard words. But in all this flurry she was not too busy to think almost constantly of Larry Hoden. In that first Washington Square meeting he had, by way of clarifying her attitude, proposed marriage to her.

That had been an act of splendid renunciation on his part because, as he had taken time to explain to her, he didn't believe in marriage as an institution. But as a concession to her bourgeois upbringing he was willing to appear before a capitalistic marriage-license bureau, sign his name to a contract, and if necessary submit himself to the rites of a priest, rabbi, rector, preacher or Christian Science practitioner. In his dusty garments and scraggly haircut he had appeared to her like some love-inspired young prophet as he had made his self-submerging proposal. She was sure he had a broader vision and finer spirit than any young man she had ever met—and yet ——

Back in Rockinock there had been a different way of looking at essentials. Aunt Hen had always referred to the institution of marriage as the holy bond of wedlock, despite the fact that Uncle James had been far from sanctified in his behavior and had died of lockjaw superinduced by tearing his foot on a rusty screen door which he had kicked while in a state of rage and sin. But Hortense had always associated weddings with Mendelssohn, roses, organdies and a ritual of holy joy. She remembered how Aunt Hen had always given prominent place among the hundred horrible examples to a certain wanton jade who had refused to say "I will" when the Reverend Mr. Potts had asked the promise to obey.

What was Hortense to think of a man who made no choice between priests, rabbis, rectors, preachers and Christian Science practitioners?

She thought of him a great deal. She didn't count it strange that he should have proposed to her upon their first meeting alone. She thought that love ought to come that way—suddenly, like a stroke of lightning or a bad attack of influenza. How much more noble, worthy and temperamental was this finest thinker's wooing than the calculated advances of poor Sauljer, now fortunately forgotten.

Such thoughts had sustained Hortense during this week; for she could not conceal even from her rosy illusions that she was working pretty hard. If her broad-minded and equal-sharing partner would only get into the habit of rising for breakfast or of picking up after herself things would simplify no doubt. As it was Hortense must be up before seven each morning, and the entertainment of assorted Finest Minds every night kept her busy until a late hour. Several hundred pages of her typewriting had come out wrong; the light in the studio wasn't very good, and she was suffering a great deal from headaches—eyestrain and lack of sleep.

But in the first pause of early afternoon, when her strength was beginning to fail, a little ring at the studio door always brought the roses back along the road to Arcady. To-day as she awaited his visit she thought that she had got over wishing that he would dress up in her honor; in fact, Hortense herself had taken to wearing one of Mrs. Cull's greenish creations which, though it gave to her the effect of a velvet bag tied round with a candy ribbon, yet also imparted the chaste satisfaction that a Trappist brother must feel when first he dons the gaberdine of his order.

Comrade Harriet, too, had taught her disciple how to do her hair in such a way as to take all the wave out of it and cause it to fall in loose, irregular avalanches round her face.

And sure enough, on this afternoon a week or so after her entrance into freedom, the hour of two brought Larry Hoden's familiar double ring; he was fairly regular in his calls, if Larry Hoden could be said to be fairly regular in anything.

As Hortense had her hand on the knob to open the door she had a vision of how he would look in a brand-new suit with a becoming tie and stiff collar. At what an inopportune moment this idea had clamored for entertainment! For the appearance of the materialized Hoden was dramatic by contrast. A diagonal trail of dust ran from his right shoulder to the second button of his waistcoat—or to the place where the second button had been before its last thread had broken from anchorage. His dark hair seemed Medusalike in its unbarbered riot, and the hand which he raised in the act of removing his shapeless cap was as dingy as though it had been shoveling coal. Which the hand of Larry Hoden would never do if it could help it.

"Howdy, comrade!" cheerily he bade her, his handsome eyes sparkling as he presented a hand which for the first time she was loath to press.

"Oh, Larry!".

It was a poor speech in this wordy atmosphere, but it must have had its effect, for he relinquished his hold and asked: "What's eating you now, comrade?"

"Nothing!" Some more of her eloquent inadequacy.

"Come off! Your attitude is Fabian. Fabians never get married, you know; because their masterly inactivity forbids it."

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"I think I'm tired."

"Bully!" he rejoiced. "What you need is a change of work. One of the most disgusting aspects of capitalistic slavery is its horrible permanence. Hell is a place where people have to stick to one job forever. We Maximalists hate monotony. Change of work, change of environment, change of government—that's our creed. Come on, Hortense—put on your hat and follow me."

"Where?" She took him seriously and was now quite breathless.

"First to the bourgeois headquarters where they deal in marriage licenses. Then to one of those gospel hucksters who will say a few lines of *vers libre* and declare us man and wife."

"Larry, I don't like the way you speak about clergymen," she declared, lengthening her upper lip. She was determined that this should be the point of departure.

"Holy alkali!" swore the Harvard tramp. "How like a birthmark our prejudice clings!" He thrust his dirty hands deep into his baggy trousers and took a few paces up and down before he again faced her. "Hortense, my dear girl—I'm desperately in love with you. You believe that, don't you?"

"Y-yes." She admitted even this with a reservation.

"You've got to believe it! If I weren't mad about you I shouldn't consider making these—these humiliating concessions to your prejudice. You say you want me to consider your religion. Have I asked you to consider mine?"

"I am perfectly willing that a clergyman of your religion should marry us," she decreed.

"Bunk! My religion doesn't include clergymen."

"Then it isn't a religion," she informed him in true Rockinock form.

"My Lord, if I weren't demented I should give you up, send you back to the bourgeoisie."

"Of course, you might ——"

"Look here, Hortense! Pick your preacher. If your so-called religion demands that I be married on a pile of fagots and burned afterward like a Hindu widow, I'm game."

His tone was light, but there was a touch of temper in the florid face as he stood sifting fine-chopped tobacco into a brown paper.

"Let's sit down," she suggested. She was terribly sorry that she had hurt him; but now or never, she thought, was the time to speak. Indeed, she had a program of her own.

"I think you're wonderful." She began with the sweet end first. "I think you're a great genius with awfully—awfully grand ideas about everything. You're the finest mind I ever saw. But if you're going to marry me I want you to understand it's a holy bond ——"

"Aw!"

He groaned and covered his face with his sooty hands. She wasn't sure whether he was laughing or crying; which certainly added to the difficulties of her subsequent speech.

"It's a terrible responsibility—I know, because I watched Aunt Hen and Uncle James. And I don't think any nice girl ought to go into it sight unseen without making the gentleman she is going to marry sacrifice a few things—just to prove that he really cares."

"What would you suggest?" asked the voice behind the hands.

"In the first place"—here she bit her lip, realizing the impiety of her forthcoming request—"I think you ought to slick up a little. You know. Get a new suit of clothes and necktie and things."

"I see. Array myself like the peasant bridegroom of the Balkans." This came through his dirty fingers.

"Something like that," she responded. "The clothes you have are very nice to wear when you're speaking at rallies and everything. When we're married you can keep them to put on when you go out among the propaganda"—she wasn't at all sure she had got this word right, but she continued full steam ahead—"and—and you must trim your hair, and manicure and—and sort of spruce up."

"Wash?" He put it monosyllabically.

"Well," came her oblique attack, "you've sort of got to stop being a genius when you're a husband."

"Do you know what you're asking me to do?" He lowered his hands suddenly and faced her. "You're commanding me to betray my class and put on the livery of capitalism!"

"Most capitalists are very nice dressers," she persisted.

"Anything else you require?" he asked, coming back to his amused smile.

"Oh, yes," she countered promptly. "If we're going to get married of course we'll have to have a place to live; and that means paying the grocer and landlord and hiring a girl to do the housework ——"

"A girl to do the housework?" he echoed.

"Certainly. It's all right to get along this way"—she pointed her little nose round the studio room to indicate where "this way" lay—"but if you and I got married on that equal-distribution-of-labor basis we'd find pretty quick that it didn't work for either of us. To tell you the truth I've been in partnership with Comrade Harriet long enough to want to do some bossing for myself. A Swedish girl at thirty dollars a month would save us money in the long run—I'd see that she did—and it would go a long way toward keeping us decent and contented ——"

"Decent and contented!" He groaned. "What a fate!" Bouncing to his feet with more energy than he usually displayed he set to pacing again.

"Hortense," he roared at last fiercely, "if I go to a department store and rig myself out like a penny clerk I shall entirely lose my effectiveness among the people I have chosen to lead. But if you ask me to throw away my dignity I'll do it. Women are an alien race." He calmed down to the analytic level as he stopped and faced her. "Women are all Circes—never satisfied until they've turned men into trained pigs."

"I saw a woman at a circus once," she digressed. "She had a trained pig. He was the cleanest pig I ever saw."

But Larry Hoden wasn't to be lured from his obsessing theme.

"By hickory, I'm crazy about you! I'll do all the monkeyshines you ask if you'll marry me. I'll wear a frock coat and a gardenia and ——"

"Will you?"

Utterly ignoring his satire she brought together her enraptured hands, thinking how handsome he would look in a silk hat.

"And to resume your program—how do you expect me to pay for these bourgeois splendors, since your tastes require them?"

"Well"—she hesitated, because the forthcoming statement seemed indelicate—"Comrade Harriet tells me you inherited some money from a rich uncle or something."

"Faugh!" He smote his breast in high disdain. "An old reactionary I've never seen was so impertinent as to remember me in his will. It's a hundred and fifty a month—we can't live in capitalistic splendor on that."

"Oh, yes, we can!" she spoke up. "Everybody says you're a real talented writer. If you go to work I'm sure you can make an extra hundred a month without half trying."

"I see. Sell myself to the Philistines."

This seemed all right to Hortense, who was unlettered in the phraseology.

"Yes, you could do that, if they paid well. Anyhow, if you only made a hundred extra we'd have two hundred and fifty altogether. I can chase the Kelleys out of the McCabe apartment—Mrs. Kelley rang me up last night and said she wanted to move again—and allowing thirty a month for the general houseworker and forty for the rent we'd have a hundred and eighty left for living expenses, clothes and movies."

"Will you marry me this afternoon?" He fairly spat the proposal through his clenched teeth.

"With a regular Baptist clergyman?"

"Anything in the world. Will you?"

As he stood there, tall and rather splendid looking in spite of his abominable disguise, she seemed to see him in a smooth grayish morning coat with braided edges, a sparkling tie knotted under his winged collar, pearl-gray gloves carefully held in his right hand. She would insist on a best man too. She hoped Larry would pick out a stylish one—she wondered if he would mind if she suggested Sauljer for the part? After all, Sauljer was stylish and he would look wonderful standing by the altar holding a wedding ring by proxy. Hortense, you see, was bred in the romantic school.

(Continued on Page 55)


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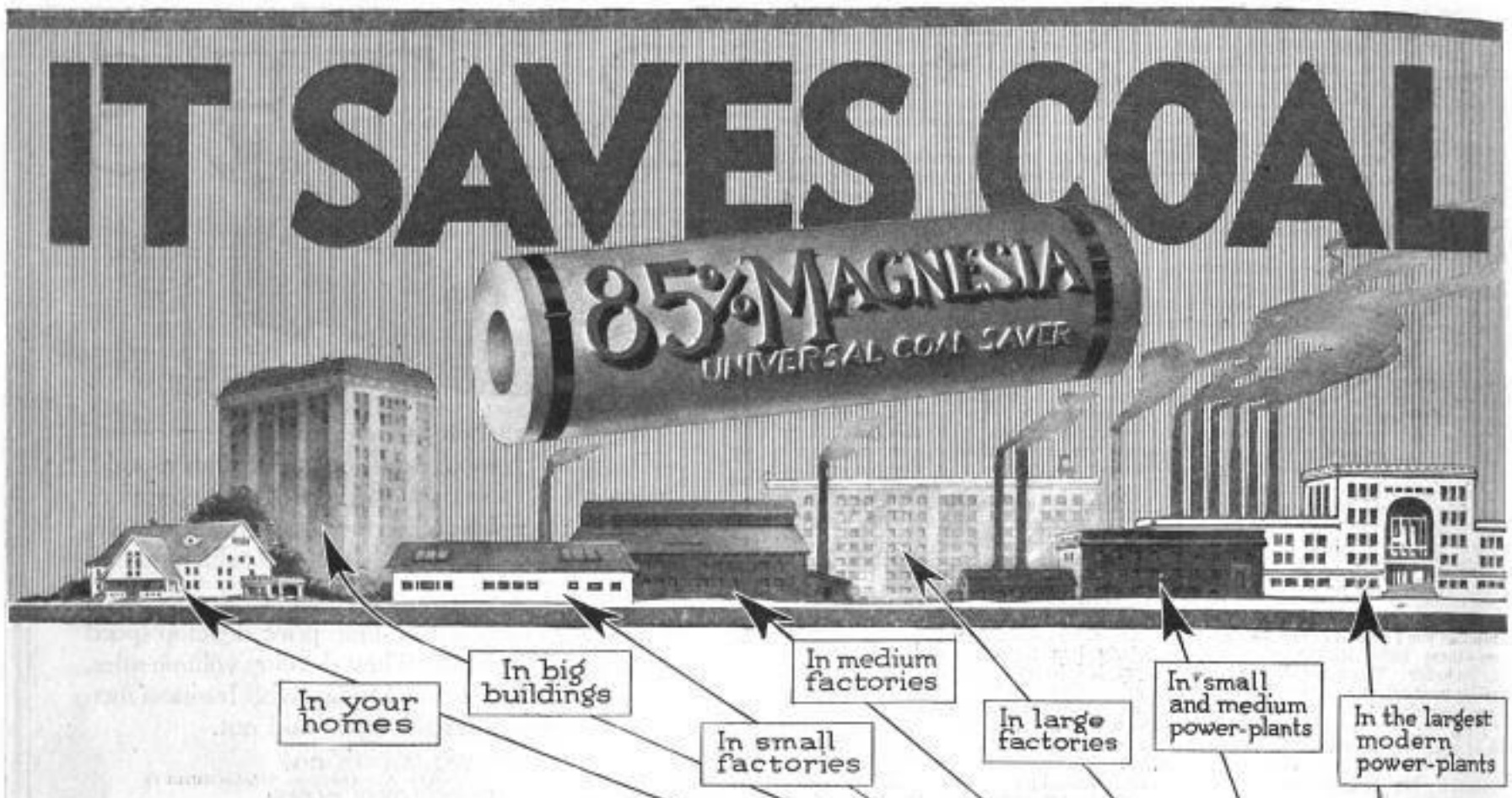

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# IT SAVES COAL




## This table shows the Monthly Coal Saving, in Dollars and Cents *by using* "85% Magnesia" Pipe - Coverings

| Size of Pipe Inches | 5 lbs. Steam Pressure | 10 lbs. Steam Pressure | 50 lbs. Steam Pressure | 100 lbs. Steam Pressure | 150 lbs. Steam Pressure | 200 lbs. Steam Pressure | 200 lbs. Steam Pressure 100° Sup-Heat |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ½ | $1.44 | $1.58 | $2.20 | $3.28 | $3.66 | $4.11 | $6.80 |
| ¾ | 1.72 | 1.89 | 2.87 | 3.70 | 4.26 | 4.89 | 8.03 |
| 1 | 2.11 | 2.30 | 3.56 | 4.80 | 5.35 | 6.04 | 10.00 |
| 1¼ | 2.52 | 2.74 | 4.22 | 5.52 | 6.50 | 7.25 | 12.20 |
| 1½ | 2.86 | 3.10 | 4.73 | 6.14 | 7.29 | 8.17 | 13.70 |
| 2 | 3.53 | 3.74 | 5.86 | 7.63 | 8.93 | 10.11 | 16.80 |
| 2½ | 4.25 | 4.39 | 6.95 | 9.07 | 10.55 | 11.90 | 19.90 |
| 3 | 5.00 | 5.33 | 8.30 | 10.90 | 12.60 | 14.30 | 23.82 |
| 3½ | .... | 6.22 | 9.60 | 12.40 | 14.40 | 16.32 | 27.23 |
| 4 | .... | 7.06 | 10.60 | 14.05 | 16.40 | 18.40 | 30.85 |
| 4½ | .... | 7.69 | 11.80 | 15.35 | 17.92 | 20.25 | 34.00 |
| 5 | .... | 8.64 | 13.16 | 17.20 | 20.00 | 22.72 | 38.00 |
| 6 | .... | 10.15 | 15.60 | 20.38 | 23.82 | 26.88 | 44.90 |
| 7 | .... | .... | 18.38 | 23.68 | 27.60 | 30.80 | 52.00 |
| 8 | .... | .... | 20.40 | 26.60 | 31.20 | 34.90 | 58.55 |
| 9 | .... | .... | 22.70 | 29.00 | 34.52 | 38.61 | 64.80 |
| 10 | .... | .... | 25.00 | 32.70 | 38.40 | 43.08 | 72.40 |
| Boilers and flat surfaces per 100 sq. ft. 1¼ in. thick | 5.26 | 5.67 | 8.80 | 11.50 | 13.48 | 15.12 | 25.44 |

FOR months past, the Magnesia Association of America has been telling the American public about the remarkable coal-saving properties of "85% Magnesia" pipe and boiler coverings.

This claim is emphatically not a fanciful one. It is substantiated by the most carefully conducted series of tests ever made. These tests covered more than a year. They were made by the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research—a scientific institution of the highest standing. They are borne out, in fact, by the lifelong experience of America's greatest engineers.

The figures given in the table above are conservative. They have been frequently excelled by the results shown by "85% Magnesia" in the service of many coal users. It will be readily seen that a marked saving can be effected by the use of "85% Magnesia" coverings on the pipes and boilers of *every* coal consumer, whether he be householder, owner of a sky-scraper, or the owner or engineer of the largest power plant or factory.

These figures concern *you* as an individual. They cannot be passed along to some indefinite third party. The need for saving is *yours*. Equally the means of effecting the saving by the use of "85% Magnesia" are at *your* disposal.

The value of "85% Magnesia" as a conserver of heat and saver of fuel is indorsed and emphasized by the fact that for over thirty years, it has been the official standard of the U. S. Navy. During this same period, it has been the choice of the leading power and heating engineers of the country. It is indorsed and approved by the U. S. Fuel Administration, by the U. S. Shipping Board and by the leading railroads and steamship lines. It is truly "the national coal saver."

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*Are my pipes and boilers properly covered with the most efficient heat-saving insulation?*

*Is the covering thick enough for the greatest economy?*

*Is it "85% Magnesia"?*

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"Yes," she said faintly at last, but stood him off as he came toward her.

"Please—wait till you get your new clothes and things."

"How much money have you got?" was Larry Hoden's sudden query, confusing under the circumstances.

"About thirty-nine dollars," she acknowledged. After all, there should be no secrets between them.

"I'm a little shy on kale until next Tuesday, when my allowance comes in. Suppose I make a touch until ——"

"Why, certainly!"

The favor seemed light compared with the concessions he had made for her against his conscience. She flew to Craza Heeld's room, rummaged in a wicker suitcase and found to her delight that her roll numbered forty-four dollars. Some instinct she had inherited from the forest woman prompted her to withhold five dollars when she presented the loan to her temperamental lover.

"I've got a new pair of kicks somewhere," he mumbled. "This'll be enough for a suit, a shirt, a shave and a marriage license. Happy days!"

He was swinging out of the door when she found voice to call after him: "You're not mad at me, are you, Larry?"

"Mad? Not at you but about you," he growled. "Otherwise I shouldn't be violating my creed for yours."

He rumbled away and left his sudden fiancée torn between triumph and misgiving. Love of her had caused a prophet to tear up his message and throw it to the winds. Being very feminine she was charmed with the idea. But she wondered if she wasn't killing something fine in him—something which would wash off, as it were, and be lost forever to the world of intellect which was his proper realm?

Her reflections were interrupted by a ring at the telephone and the didactic tones of Harriet Pebbles Cull:

"Comrade Hortense?"

"Yes, Comrade Harriet."

"Cosimo always has hot spaghetti on Fridays," she explained in the coming-out-of-nowhere manner which she chose for the conveyance of orders. "Please have enough for fourteen or fifteen sent over. You might make some of that nice chicken salad too—or if you haven't time get it at Baumgarten's. Have an extra gallon of claret and a case of light beer. There will be fourteen or fifteen instead of eight as I planned."

"Why—are we giving a party?" asked the astonished slave of freedom.

"Oh, didn't I tell you this morning? I thought I did. The leaders of the Button Molders' Committee are coming in for a buffet supper at eight. Then there'll be Adam Whaile, the novelist, you know, and his wife—and I have the greatest good news for the cause. We have a convert from the capitalistic class ——"

"My goodness!" interrupted the disciple. "This is an awful time to order a dinner for fifteen people."

"My dear!" The wire seemed to quiver with the shock. "Am I taxing you beyond your ability?"

"Excuse me—I was just a little surprised, that was all. I'll see to everything. Don't worry."

Hortense could have kicked herself. Mrs. Cull always did have a way of ascending in her intellectual balloon and dropping ballast on her opponent. Somehow or other she hadn't given Hortense a chance to explain that ere eight o'clock to-night she would be Mrs. Larry Hoden. At that very instant she was wondering if after marriage it wouldn't be more dignified to call him Lawrence.

She had just finished ordering lakes of red wine, mountains of French bread, armies of beer bottles, wriggling colonies of spaghetti from Cosimo's abundant store, and was counting the number of cardboard plates and crêpe napkins in stock, when the doorbell again rang its prearranged double ring. She was thrilled and somewhat disconcerted. Larry had certainly purchased his trousseau and his license at express speed, she reflected, as she rushed to open the door.

The sight she met was crushing and somewhat terrible. The Harvard tramp appeared more tramplike and less Harvard-like than ever before. There was a look of dejection, of sullen revolt in his eyes—and something else, too, that she was afraid to understand. As he brushed by her his atmosphere glowed with volatile fumes he had acquired at some convenient bar.

"Larry!" she cried; and her first thought was of sympathy, because it was evident that something terrible had befallen him.

"Hortense, it can't be done!" he announced, sinking on the couch and combing his disheveled hair with slender, dirty fingers.

"What can't be done? You mean the stores are all closed and the barber shops——"

"No, no! But the disgusting laws of this half-civilized country make it impossible for us to carry out our program."

"About the Baptist preacher?" She was determined to be adamant in this direction, when he exploded again.

"No, no! But the money you require to keep us in this bourgeois respectability you demand. I've seen her. She won't give it up."

"Seen who? Who won't give it up?"

"Seen my wife. She ——"

"Your wife?" Medea never put a sharper question to her Jason.

"Not my regular wife—my divorced wife. The banal laws of this stupid country compelled me to pay her my whole allowance in alimony. I dropped in on my way downtown and asked her to be reasonable. She insists in her attitude of petty revenge."

"Why didn't you tell me you were divorced?" snapped the disillusioned one.

"Why should I? Did I ask you about your private affairs when I proposed marriage to you?"

"That's entirely different." She wasn't tall, but she seemed to stand miles above his frowsily diminished head. "When a man's divorced and comes courting a girl just as if he was a—a bachelor—good gracious! Haven't you any reverence for matrimony?"

He looked up and smiled miserably.

"How can I," he asked, "when I've been tied and untied three times in seven years?"

"Oh." She was surprised that she could be so calm. Life was never like this in the moving pictures.

"And I suppose you're dividing your income with them, also?"

"The first two? No. I didn't have any money then, and they were glad enough to break away without charge."

"I think I prefer the way the first two did," she informed him—"breaking away without charge."

Apparently he put a cheering construction upon this speech, for he brightened visibly.

"Hortense, you're a darling!" he reassured her. "I knew you'd take a broad-minded view of the matter."

She had kept comparatively calm up to this point, but the last speech had the effect of roiling her to the depths.

"I'm entirely too broad-minded for you," she spat out.

"As long as you feel that way about it"—he was quite pale, but he still retained his smile as he came to his feet—"I'd better go, and give you a chance to get over it."

"That will be quite a piece of time," said she, cooling as suddenly as she had flamed. And then she made a most unchivalrous request which revealed her as no Fabian, but a Maximalist of the deepest dye.

"Before you go," she said, holding out her hand, "you might give me back that thirty-nine dollars."

He didn't move. He didn't put his hands in his pockets, because they were already there; but the pallor of his face deepened through all the shades of rose dye, from palest coral to purplest American Beauty.

"I—I'm afraid you'll have to wait for that," he stammered.

"Well, you are a swift worker!" she found herself telling the finest mind in her most unladylike tone. And then: "What in the world have you done with it?"

"Well, you see, my wife—I forgot that I was behind with my alimony ——"

"I see. The third Mrs. Hoden—or do you keep count?—had to be paid, so you settled with my money." She found herself uttering one of those laughs which tear the heart.

"Annie was on the warpath. What could I do? Threatened to drag me into the alimony court. The capitalistic judge there would be only too glad to send me to jail for a hundred years."

There was a quantity of mumbled explanation still coming, but Hortense retreated to the kitchen and slammed the door behind her. Had he followed her to this armory of bread knives, ice picks, rolling pins and can openers this tale would doubtless have ended in one of those backyard tragedies which have no place in the pages of high romance.

Instead of mangling her ex-adorer Hortense spent a savage afternoon cutting sandwich bread. Rage has an anæsthetic quality and she did not realize how terribly she was suffering during those hours of detestable preparation for Mrs. Cull's buffet supper. The affair was to be given at eight and Comrade Harriet came stamping in at seven-thirty, full of ideas about humanity in general but empty of suggestions as to how a dinner for fifteen could be planned, cooked and served by an amateur houseworker with a broken heart.

"Didn't I tell you to get orange-colored candles instead of those ugly white things?" asked the equal sharer, poking her head in at the door. It was evident that Hortense's rebellious attitude over the telephone had been ill received. But the comrade went on in a more conciliatory tone: "My dear, it's going to be a wonderful evening, and I hope you'll be attentive to what's said. Comrade Isadore has planned a national strike on entirely new lines." It was as though she were speaking of a clever male dressmaker; but no matter, for she went right on: "And Adam Whaile will clarify your attitude tremendously. I'm so glad we'll have this opportunity to introduce our convert from the capitalistic class. He promises to be one of our most brilliant ——"

"How are we going to serve drinks for fifteen with only nine glasses?"

The disciple never looked round. When at last she did turn she found that the door had swung to and Comrade Harriet had disappeared.

Being of Puritan stock, transplanted and grown stronger in the Middle West, Hortense had a prejudice against breaking contracts or leaving people in the lurch. Otherwise she would have discarded her apron then and there, left several kilometers of spaghetti to cool under the sink, and gone forth into the night. Instead she arrayed a variety of sandwiches, olives and sliced ham on the big table in the studio. She set the *favorita d'Italia* to warming, snuggled a dozen bottles against the ice—and all the time her mind was planning such a revolt as no chained muzhik ever planned under the lowering Fortress of Sts. Peter and Paul.

At last she heard the party coming in. Comrade Harriet's soprano modulations floated contrastingly above cordial basso roars from the throats of blood-bonded Button Molders. The alarm clock over the sink recorded six minutes past eight—it was either fast or slow, she couldn't remember which.

By the noise outside it sounded as though Mrs. Cull's jubilee had swollen from fifteen to fifty. Hortense would not have been surprised.

The door swung again, and again Mrs. Cull's head was apparent.

"My dear," she invited, "aren't you coming in to meet the comrades?"

"Someone has to look after the food, you know," replied the hitherto silent partner, fixing her benefactress with hostile eyes.

"Oh, so someone has," agreed Harriet Pebbles Cull. Then bringing her entire bag-draped figure into the kitchen she took up the matter more minutely.

"My dear child," she asked, "what's wrong?"

"Nothing at all, Mrs. Cu — Comrade Harriet. I'm just worried about this dinner. It's pretty short notice, you know. And I shan't be able to stir from this kitchen until the spaghetti is served."

Comrade Harriet sighed her forgiveness.

"I'll have Comrade Elsa and Comrade Judith help serve. You're not going to miss Comrade Isadore's speech?"

"I think so."

"But, child! Certainly you'll meet the convert; and Comrade Larry's wandering round quite lost."

"My Lord, I believe the spaghetti's burning!" lamented Hortense, insanely longing to empty the squamy, squirmy contents of the can over the uplifter's tranquil head.

The noise grew louder outside, and presently Comrades Judith and Elsa—the former an enormously stout maiden who favored little cigars—came in to bear away cardboard plates, glasses and ice-cooled bottles.

"There aren't glasses enough," was Comrade Elsa's startling discovery.

"We'll let the convert drink out of a bottle—converts should, you know," giggled the fat girl, who dared to joke on Parnassus.

(Concluded on Page 59)


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IVORY GARTER COMPANY
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(Concluded from Page 55)

"His influence will be enormous," Elsa was solemnly predicting, evidently referring to the convert as she balanced two plates of spaghetti in the same hand. "He came quite voluntarily."

At last, after fifteen shares had been ladled forth and the comrade waitresses had gone to their convert, Hortense retreated to Craza Heeld's deserted nest and sat down to gaze at the stylish lady of 1898 who reclined under an idealized linden in the obsolete brewery calendar.

Hortense felt as lonely as that painted girl upon her painted landscape. She had made up her stubborn little mind to avoid Comrade Harriet's party to-night; she could never have sat in the same room, breathed the same smoky atmosphere with Larry Hoden and his craven spirit. Also, she had a shameful dread of bursting into tears at the very thought of those wonderful wedding clothes. Unique in all the history of disappointed brides, she was not regretting her own trousseau, never to be, but was mourning the hypothetical beauties of a bridegroom's garments. How splendid Larry would have looked in a high-winged collar with a solitaire pearl in the knot of his cravat!

"Comrade Hortense!"

She heard Mrs. Cull's sweetly tyrannical note floating toward her from the kitchen.

"I'm in here," replied Hortense, keeping her seat near the bed of the Craza Heeld.

"What can you be doing in there? Comrade Isadore will begin in a few minutes. Won't you bring in a half dozen more bottles of beer?"

"They're on the ice," replied Hortense—and then her familiar fiend prompted her to the arch impiety: "They aren't heavy. You might take them in yourself."

"I might—what?"

"Take them in yourself."

"Are you aware that you are being very impertinent?"

"I thought that nobody but servant girls and children were ever impertinent." Hortense would have perched her heels on the bureau, only it was too high. But she managed to tilt her chair back in the most defiant fashion. "Of course, in an equal partnership like ours——"

"I have no time for a discussion," announced the editor of The Unshackled, for the first time in her life.

The high heels clicked angrily across the oilcloth and the hinges of the swinging door groaned on their springs. The poor misguided girl had no way of knowing just how long she sat there, frozen with her own impiety, her chair tilted back, her eyes glazed as were the cheeks of the solitary beer drinker in the brewery calendar.

Then of a sudden down came the front legs of the chair, under the bed dashed the head and hands of Hortense Troutt, and out they came again, the hands clutching one of those wicker suitcases that country bankers and poor relations always carry. Packing was easy. She simply pulled out the top drawer of her bureau and reversed over the open suitcase.

It was lucky she had saved that five dollars out of the Larry loan, she reflected, as she kicked aside Mrs. Cull's secondhand dress and began getting into the pretty, clever imitation of some rich woman's street costume—the imitation she had worn saucily in the days of Saulser and Saulser, a period now as remote as the Pliocene. As she dressed she was formulating plans. She would steal out by the rear entrance, telephone Mrs. Kelley from a corner drug store and plead for a night's lodging. Then to-morrow she would go over to Newark, look up Lulu McCabe and offer herself as a supernumerary in the gigantic following of the Lummox Film Corporation.

She had got on her hat and was regarding her suddenly smartened appearance in the mirror when the misery of her mistake seemed to flash out at her from the glass, to shame and overcome her.

"Don't do it!" she said aloud in a queer little broken voice. She didn't mean "Don't run away!" or "Don't rebel!" or "Don't seek a job with the movies!" What she was trying to tell herself was merely "Don't cry!" But she could feel the glands tickling and burning at the base of her nose, and she had a frightful feeling that some of the emancipated would come in and find her there—and heaven knew how they would take it!

She reached hysterically for her suitcase and had just gained the threshold of the kitchen when she was aware of a modishly clad masculine presence leaning over an open door of the ice box. So creaselessly correct were the lines of the costume, so tall and white the collar, so varnished the boots, that Hortense enjoyed a momentary fear that she had become infected with the germ of the Craza Heeld, that her imagination had conjured up this vision of the perfect bridegroom. However, the well-dressed specter proved better tailored than bred, for it turned and sang out: "Where d'ya keep your beer?"



"My goodness' sakes alive!" gasped Hortense Troutt; for when her vision had straightened itself out she saw what she saw. It was Saul Shilpik, Jr.!

Pots and pans, shelves, cupboards, gas ranges—seemed to swim round her as though Mrs. Cull's ism had overflowed into the kitchen and caused all things to float. Out of this a strangely idealized Sauljer sprang, young Perseus to the relief of a chained Andromeda. She could see him distinctly in all the blur, and what alone seemed to matter now was the one transcendent fact—he looked so clean. The brightness of his new necktie flashed upon her like a star through the rift in a departing hurricane.

It seemed perfectly normal that his arm should have gone round her and that she should hear his consoling nasals inquiring: "What's happened to you, Hortense? You're all in. Have you been on a hunger strike or something?"

"Don't keep me. I'm running away," she faintly told him, paradoxically clinging to him as to a rock of refuge.

"So am I," he giggled rather nervously. "I only came here to sleuth you out."

"Sleuth me out?" she echoed vacantly.

"Sure! I'm the convert, you know. We'd better step on the gas or they'll get me again."

He half led, half dragged her toward the rear entrance. When they were out on the third-floor landing she felt very weak and it became his obvious duty to support her again.

"Honey, what's this gang been doing to you?" he was asking in her ear. "What do they think you are—a galley slave?"

"S-Sauljer," she implored as steadily as she could, "you c-can't go without your hat!"

"Can't I?" he defied. "To get away from that bunch I'd go without my ——"

He didn't denominate the garment he would sacrifice in the name of liberty. In fact his remarks had become disconnected, because Hortense had lost control of her tear glands and was sobbing deliciously in his arms.

"Shush! Cheese it!" he cautioned. "First you know they'll be pouncing out and pulling us in. Heaven help us if that Queen o' the Highbrows gets her hooks on us a second time!"

He dragged her farther along the passage, and when they had gained the comparative safety of the second landing he stopped for breath and chuckled: "Eliza crossing the ice.

"If we duck the hounds we're safe. I've got my new racin' runabout parked round the corner."

"Sauljer—it's a miracle!" she confessed. "If you hadn't shown up I don't know what would have become of me."

"They would have tied you to the piano and talked you to death, one leg at a time," said Sauljer, who was now conducting her through open air toward the gray monster which crouched between its tires in a gutter under the Elevated railroad.

"Say, girlie, you thought I was kiddin' you that day in the office, didn't you? Think it over! Why, when you made that high dive off the job I went about twenty thousand feet in the air. Telephone? Say, I kept the line so busy that they're going to put in a new exchange and name it after me. The fat lady at your flat said she thought you'd gone into the movies somewhere—then this morning. I tackled her again and she fessed up that you'd joined the Band of Hope and was tooting a trombone for old lady Pebbles. So I sleuthed out Sister Cull; she wouldn't listen until I told her I'd got the bug and wanted to join the Polly-Terry-Hutt, or whatever you call the thing. So I came to her party, and I'll never get over the headache it gave me tryin' to follow Harriet!"

"Will you take me round to the flat?" she asked faintly, as soon as they had come up level with the gray body of the racing runabout.

"I will not!" replied Sauljer positively. "Mrs. Kelley hasn't got room to take in a married couple."

"Oh."

"Get me?" asked Sauljer, evidently quite confident that he had got her. "And, say, I've got a swell piece of news for you."

He beamed so cheerfully that Hortense was half prepared for the blessing which had fallen when he announced: "Papa's got an awful attack of inflammatory rheumatism!"

"Actually?"

"Posi-tively! He can't come down to the office any more. I'm moved up to the main desk. Get that?"

The smart car moved silently away, as though sharing its owner's fear that the tribes of Upliftland would get wind of their escape.

"Then Sauljer, dear," she whispered with a deep and happy sigh, "we can keep a hired girl, can't we?"

It was nearly a month later, the hour being about six, when Comrade Larry slouched into the inner office of the Unshackled, as he often did at the approach of mealtime; Mrs. Cull was now taking her dinners at an Italian restaurant, leaving the servant problem to the miserable bourgeoisie who created it.

"Sit down, comrade," said she, drawing a blue pencil through a page of manuscript of the supplied-without-charges variety. "Damon Irks is prolix again. As soon as I've gotten rid of another five hundred words we'll go over to De Medici's for dinner."

Larry sifted chopped straw into brown paper and bode his time.

"Larry," said she at last, laying down her pencil and dangling her glasses at the end of their black cord, "I've gotten traces of that Troutt girl."

"Indeed."

The crease in the brown paper suddenly broke, permitting a shower of straw to fall into the Harvard tramp's lap.

He reached clumsily for the string of his tobacco sack, dangling from an upper pocket.

"She is irreconcilable, unreclaimable and, in the strictest sense of the word, amoral. She has married that hypocritical capitalist, Saul Shilpik, and is living in a state of disgusting bourgeois luxury on Riverside Drive."

"Where did you get that stuff?" he inquired, modulating his cultured voice to the slang he idealized as he did the grease on his coat.

"They asked me to dinner last night."

"Hm." His cigarette hand shook. "Of course, you refused?"

"Quite to the contrary. I went, as I feel it my duty to go wherever my social investigations call me. They have, as I remember it, thirteen rooms and four baths—possibly it is thirteen baths and four rooms. The figures are immaterial. There is much gaudy carving and garish paneling in the dining room, in imitation of that baronial pomp which the bourgeoisie love to affect. They have a footman in a ridiculously feudal livery, and the intricacy of their furnishings is entirely in keeping with the ideas of the unchastened few who glorify their shame at the expense of the unawakened many. They served three kinds of wine in a variety of etched glasses. Altogether it was disgusting, but not without its fascination. I wash my hands of that Troutt girl. During the evening she showed me sufficient of her character to convince me that she is addicted to soft living and entirely ungrateful for all that I have done for her."

"It is just as I have always maintained," said Comrade Larry, after consuming half his cigarette at one magnificent intake, "there are some people who are temperamentally and morally unfitted to receive freedom."

*"Among Our Emancipated Thinkers We Have Tried to Do Away With the Clumsy Monetary Exchange Which Has Done So Much to Ruin This Beautiful World"*

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*Un-retouched photograph of 36 x 6 Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tire on 1½-ton truck operated by the Boston Woven Hose & Rubber Co., Chicago*

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

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# WHEN COAL OIL JOHNNY GOES TO SEA

(Concluded from Page 8)

freight steamers running at slower speeds, and burning less oil to the mile, it would be possible for them to go half round the world.

Coal Oil Johnny can give almost any coal-burning steamer seven-league sea boots by a few simple changes in equipment—the installation of oil burners under the boilers and the conversion of coal bunkers or double bottoms into oil tanks.

But even that is only half his potential efficiency. Look a little farther ahead and design your ship to run with internal-combustion engines of the Diesel type, and he can double the efficiency.

The motor ship will operate on about half as much oil as the oil-burning steamer. Its engine-room force is reduced still more—from one to three men are sufficient; and there are no stokers, for the motor ship's mechanical staff is made up of skilled men. A Danish motor liner, the Fionia, recently went clear round the globe, making a voyage of thirty-two thousand miles, with only one engineer.

The largest motor ship yet built, the Glenapp, recently made her trial trip in Scotland. She is ten thousand tons dead weight, with two sets of Diesel engines, sixty-six hundred horse power. It is estimated she can make from twelve to fourteen knots an hour and run from London to Australia and back more than halfway without replenishing fuel—that is, going by way of the Suez Canal, she could take oil in the Persian Gulf and run back there without replenishing; while by the Panama route she would take oil in the Mexican Gulf.

This means that, with the world's merchant fleets equipped entirely as motor ships, from eighty to ninety per cent of the bunkering stations round the globe could be abolished; ships would require fuel only about twice in going round the world—or at an average of every six weeks. There need be no isolated fuel stations; oil would be taken on only where ships called for cargo or passengers.

### The Economy of Oil

Anyone who has made a voyage through the tropics will find it interesting to contrast this sort of ship with his recollections of coaling incidents. If his voyage was through the Suez Canal to Australia or India, for instance, he remembers the terrific heat and how only Chinese coolies can stand the temperature of the fire hold; and how the ship was coaled at Port Said by hundreds of women carrying baskets of fuel. Neither the motor ship nor the oil-burning steamer requires coaling. The engine room of a motor ship need be little warmer than the deck in the tropics; and, besides, there is probably only one man attending the engines, and he is not performing hard manual labor nor is he in dirty surroundings.

The boiler room of an oil-burning steamer can be twenty-five degrees cooler than if coal were burned under the same boilers. For most of the heat in a fire hold comes from opening the furnace doors to throw in coal. There are no furnace doors when oil is burned. With coal, heat escapes every time the furnace door is opened and is lost for steam-making purposes. With oil, there is no furnace door to open and all the heat is used for steam making.

Two tramp steamers of the same tonnage leave New York for Santos, Brazil, calling at other ports on the way. One of them burns coal and the other is an oil-burning steamer. The coal burner makes the voyage in twenty-four days and eight hours, while the oil burner makes it in twenty-one days and thirteen hours—a saving of nearly three days, due to the fact that she runs one knot more an hour than the coal burner, owing to steadier steam pressure and greater speed secured with oil fuel. The coal burner needs twenty-seven tons of coal daily, or 657 tons for the voyage. The oil burner needs 16.7 tons of fuel daily or 359 tons for the voyage. A coal burner carries nine firemen and trimmers; the oil burner only three.

In normal times oil fuel for such a voyage might be either a little cheaper or a little dearer than coal. Suppose coal and oil cost the same. There will be a saving of three hundred dollars in firemen's wages for the oil burner and seven hundred dead-weight tons of bunker space for carrying cargo; which figures, at five dollars a ton, earn $3500 on the voyage. So the oil burner yields $3800 more to her owners and a saving of three days in time. On a year's operation the oil burner would probably make at least two voyages more than the coal burner, and these would be clear profit, except for fuel cost and port charges.

Two ships of the same tonnage went round the world, leaving Europe, rounding Cape Horn, touching at San Francisco, thence crossing the Pacific and going through the Suez Canal. One was a coal-burning steamer and the other a motor ship. The steamer stopped for coal fourteen times and burnt 8500 tons on the voyage. The motor ship burned 1446 tons of oil and had capacity for carrying 1250 tons; so she might have gone nearly the whole voyage, starting with full tanks—actually she left Europe with 820 tons, and bunkered twice—in San Francisco and the Persian Gulf—but turned an honest penny by using some of the tank capacity to carry an oil cargo from one port to another.

The steamer made the voyage in 300 days; the motor ship in 236 days. The steamer carried 7500 tons of cargo; the motor ship 8500 tons. The cost of coal—normal times—was $41,275, and the cost of oil for the motor ship was $12,940—a saving of nearly seventy per cent. The coal burner carried fourteen stokers; the motor ship none. The motor ship carried an engine-room force of thirteen men as against nineteen for the coal burner. So there was a saving in fuel amounting to seventy per cent, a saving in time of more than twenty per cent, and in increase in cargo of nearly fifteen per cent.

These figures become most significant when reduced to terms of early operating costs. Suppose each ship cost one million dollars. The motor ship saved $28,335 on fuel alone in eight months. That amounts to about four per cent annual interest on the entire investment in the ship.

And this is only a comparison of dollars on a coal-burning ship and a motor ship running on an old-fashioned coal burner's schedule. The coal burner spent 183 days at sea and 117 days in port. The motor ship spent 140 days at sea and 96 days in port. Because the world's cargo business is still organized on wasteful lines, with slow turn-round in port, the motor ship dawdled away more than three months in port; whereas, with cargo facilities organized on a motor-ship basis, her greater radius and flexibility in operation would have made it possible to save much of this time. If the maritime world can tackle this one item of waste after the war it may go far toward paying off the world's war debt.

And the cost sheets do not show that other great item of betterment—morale in the ship's crew.

### The Morale of Sailors

The world's shipping before the war had got into such desperate straits in morale that the men who go down to the sea in ships were seldom able to marry and maintain families. There are some British figures that show this condition in a striking way. About sixty thousand British seamen living in the United Kingdom come under the health-insurance law. This law provides a maternity benefit when a child is born in a seaman's family. With a birth rate of about twenty-five children annually, which is a general average, sixty thousand seamen, if married, should claim three thousand maternity benefits yearly.

Actually, less than eight hundred maternity benefits a year are said to have been paid to British merchant seamen's families in normal times; and this is said to indicate a world-wide condition among merchant sailors. It shows one of the world's essential industries disintegrating through blind competition, and in my opinion the remedy must be some form of international system, if not control, and a building up of wages, skill and morale, which will give the seaman a home and a family, like the railroader or machinist.

With the motor ship we can have an entirely new era in ocean transportation. It calls for skill and effects economies that will yield good wages; and its flexibility and speed should facilitate rearrangement of the world's shipping routes, so the seaman may get home more frequently and have a home worth getting to.

The motor ship is here. But it still needs development and application. Thus far it has been built chiefly in small-tonnage freighters running at moderate speed. These have been highly successful economically; but there are still certain shortcomings in machinery and organization to be dealt with.

The Diesel engine must be freed of some defects that have appeared under the stress of ocean voyages, and must also be built in larger units to furnish greater horse power for bigger ships running at higher speed. The problems are now entirely questions of engineering, and American ingenuity should prove adequate to develop the fast motor liner for passenger traffic.

This type of engine was invented by Dr. Rudolf Diesel, a Bavarian engineer. The difference between an automobile engine and a Diesel engine is—generally—that all the fuel in an automobile engine cylinder is burnt at once, while in a Diesel engine it is burnt gradually, and so gives power more like the steam engine. Air is compressed in Diesel cylinders under great pressure, and then the fuel, consisting of crude petroleum or other heavy oils, is forced into the compressed air by greater outside pressure. This raises the temperature for the air in the cylinder and turns the oil into a gas.

### The Diesel Type of Engine

The pressures in a Diesel engine are so much greater than those in a gas engine that when Doctor Diesel placed his first engine on the test block, in 1893, it exploded and nearly killed the inventor, not being sufficiently heavy in construction.

The Diesel engine has been widely applied in Europe for stationary power plants. But its application to ships has been difficult. This requires engines of very heavy construction; and as the mechanism for the gradual introduction of the fuel into the compressed air in the cylinders is intricate, the motor ship involves valve problems of its own.

The Scandinavians have made the greatest progress in motor ships, and the most successful Diesel engines on the ocean today are built by the Danes, Swedes and Hollanders, or under their patents. We have built some motor ships, as have the British also. But certain difficulties, to be overcome by wider experience in designing the engines and operating the ships, have retarded the development of this type. However, there are now prospects of active development for the motor ship in both this country and Great Britain.

The British, especially, are very much interested in this new type of ocean ship, and their splendid technical achievements in naval vessels during the war have given them new methods and a splendid new shipbuilding industry, which will be of great benefit in restoring the British merchant marine as soon as peace returns.

And that is as it should be and what every broad-minded American will rejoice to see; for the British merchant marine, no less than the British Navy, has played a leading part in keeping the world free.

If the world should turn during the next ten years from coal to fuel oil, and from steam to the motor ship, the question of petroleum supplies will become important.

At present the largest marine consumption of petroleum in the world is probably that of the United States Navy, estimated at five million barrels yearly under war conditions. This quantity would not go far in operating an American merchant marine of twenty-five million tons. Data upon which to figure consumption for such a fleet, with types of passenger and cargo ships running at various speeds and in various classes of service, are not yet very ample. But engineers have adopted a rough-and-ready ratio, estimating one ton of oil yearly to a ton of dead-weight shipping, where the fuel is burned for steam, and half a ton yearly for motor ships.

On this basis the American merchant marine alone would require one hundred and fifty million barrels yearly for steam, or seventy-five million barrels for motor ships. The world's ocean tonnage was fifty million tons before the war, and under the improvement and cheapening in transportation, made possible through petroleum, might increase to seventy-five million tons within the next five or ten years, this estimate including our own merchant marine.

Thus, for seventy-five million tons of motor ships there would be required yearly somewhere between two hundred million and two hundred and fifty million barrels of crude oil. This is approximately half of the world's total present production, and more than eighty per cent of our own production.

Where is the oil to come from?

Fortunately Nature has stored supplies in the earth for precisely this situation. Mexican petroleum is peculiarly suited for marine use. In the district round Tampico, which has been the scene of petroleum development for the past eighteen years, there are two types of crude oil taken from opposite sides of the Panuco River, which runs through Tampico and divides the district. The northern type of oil is a heavy crude oil that cannot be refined but is suitable for burning to make steam. The southern type of oil is lighter. When refined this yields about twelve per cent of crude gasoline and is suited for Diesel engines.

No such oil field has yet been located in any other part of the world. The Tampico district now has about fifty wells in production, with an estimated capacity of fifteen hundred thousand barrels daily—more than twice as much oil as would be needed to operate the world's merchant fleets and navies.

It is true that Mexico at present produces only from fifty million to sixty million barrels yearly; but this represents simply the quantity that can be handled in available pipe lines and tank steamers.

### The Petroleum Age

The Tampico district is less than one hundred miles long and fifty miles wide; but it lies over enormous reservoirs of oil and is considered but part of a general oil region sixteen hundred miles long and from seventy-five to one hundred miles wide. Prospectors have also found promising oil indications in Guatemala, Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, and other parts of Latin America.

To-day there are about fifty companies operating or holding oil lands in the Tampico district, with storage tanks and pipe lines to get the oil down to the ocean. Mexicans have not been active in developing this region because their political troubles have been acute during the chief period of Tampico development.

Political unrest in Mexico is still a serious handicap to oil production, the construction of new pipe lines and port facilities, and the investment of additional capital by outside operating companies. But by the time the world's improved merchant fleets are ready for the transformation of petroleum, it is to be hoped that Mexico will have worked out political stability. The petroleum lies beneath her soil. Its efficient use means not only wealth to her but benefit to all nations.

Within the next generation, and perhaps the next decade, the world seems certain to enter a new era—the petroleum age. Oil will be widely used for industrial power and heating all over the globe. Already there is a marked diversion to oil fuel in industrial centers along the Atlantic Seaboard.

It is estimated, roughly, that one man can produce three hundred tons of coal yearly, while the same man might produce seven thousand tons of oil. This great multiplication of human power is a benefit that will irresistibly make its own way; and, besides greater results for men's work, there are the additional advantages of clean industrial towns, more agreeable working conditions, better morale, and better living all round.

It is so very much worth while to bring the world into this petroleum age that development of new oil resources all over the globe will be one of the chief activities of peace. The world needs Mexico's petroleum for its growth and comfort. Under the earth in the Tampico district are resources capable of influencing the history of the world.

Out of the lessons of international adjustment and teamwork taught the nations by war they will unquestionably find methods of making the Mexican oil supply available to mankind—methods which will not only be entirely fair to the Mexican people but which will bring them stability, growth and prosperity.

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# THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST

(Concluded from Page 11)

"I shore be," Elmer informed him. "And you fellers had better watch out for her."

Cliff scanned the sleek but ancient form of Killbuck Belle for a thoughtful moment. His horses might be able to move rapidly over *terra firma*, but not so Cliff. A hobbled pacer had "stood on his ear" going into the first turn six years before. A field of horses had promptly passed over or come down on the equine acrobat. Cliff had favored his left leg a little ever since. He had never regretted the accident more than at this moment. Knowing that quick flight was impossible it needed more courage to step in where angels might have feared to tread.

"Elmer," he began at last, "I've been thinkin' here lately this ole mare won't do." He paused, startled by his own words. They sounded worse when spoken aloud than he had feared. He was reassured by the mildness of Elmer's gaze.

"A hossman's business is his own," he went on with more tranquillity, "an' I don't meddle with the other feller as a rule; but we're gettin' on, Elmer—you and me—an' I wouldn't mind seein' you ride in front again once in a while."

"That's right good of you, Cliff," said Elmer. "I dose considerable of it in the past."

"Why, yes," Cliff agreed. "So you did. You rode ahead of all of us a-plenty—but that's been some time back. There's no denyin' the old hoss was a good hoss—when he wanted to be—an' if he had been gave the chance his blood, whatever it was, might have raced on; but he never had a real brood mare in his life, that I knows of, an' you can't get the money these days with short-bred hosses."

"Well now, what would you seggest?" asked Elmer softly.

Cliff drew a breath of relief. It was not so hard as he had expected.

"Quit monkeyin' with these durn Killbucks," he said. "Like I just told you, they won't do. Take this ole mare here an' deal her off for a good-bred colt that's got a chance to train into somethin'."

"Yes?" said Elmer, directing a suspiciously bright eye at his adviser.

"Now look-a-here," Cliff offered suddenly. "I got more than I can do jestice to this season. I've got a four-year-ole geldin' by Binjolla out of Henrietta Jay that I'll let you have for ——"

He was interrupted by the high cackling laughter of Elmer.

"I've got to write Henry about this," said he. "He'll appreciate it. I thought that was what you was comin' to." He eyed Cliff ironically for a moment, then waved him down the line of stalls. "Jus' keep a-movin', Cliff," he said. "You may find a sucker fur your colt somewhere down the line. I'll stick to the Killbucks a while yet, I expect—an' I'll learn you why this very season."

"Suit yourself," was all that Cliff could think of to say as he turned on his heel, aflame with the wrath of one misjudged in a good deed.

"You can't do nothin' fur the ole fool," he told the other members of the Big Four later. "Him and his pink-nosed, bad-gaited, short-bred ole houn'. I hope she gets the flag every time she starts."

"Let him rip," advised Riley Gardner. "He cleaned up on us often enough when he had the chancet."

"Mind how he used to holler when he was out in front with his ole stud," said Hal Putnam, into whose ego Elmer's yipbeeing had bitten too deep for the healing hands of time.

"An' look-a-here," Jake Elberwell reminded them, "he 'dopted the boy. It ain't as though it was his own flesh and blood."

That was on Wednesday. The thirty trotters would be called at one-thirty Friday, weather permitting. Elmer devoted most of the morning hours which intervened to the jogging, hand-rubbing and bandaging of Killbuck Belle. He viewed the afternoon's races from the outer rail of the back stretch and spent the evenings with a rye straw before his stall. On the occasions when Cliff Saunders limped past there was no sign of recognition between them.

At twelve-forty-five P. M. on Friday Killbuck Belle had been properly warmed up and stood in her stall, harnessed and blanketed. She needed only the attaching of a faded red bike, and her driver's climbing stiffly to its diminutive seat for her to be ready to fulfill her engagement that day. She would neither give nor receive quarter. Whatever they may do in more sophisticated districts—where drivers are ever-conscious of the betting ring—on the Ohio Central they "hoss-race." The spectators come many a dusty mile to determine the difference in speed between certain trotters or pacers. They expect to be rewarded by the knowledge that they seek.

But the iniquitous arm of William Hohenzollern was long. It was able to stretch across the sea and through the gates of the Millersburg Fair Grounds. As the starters in the two-thirty trot waited for the bell which would summon them forth to their best efforts the secretary of the fair association came down the line of stalls, placed a letter in Elmer's hand and passed on.

Elmer opened the letter, read it, and reached uncertainly for a rye straw. The consolation he received from it must have been slight, for when Cliff Saunders with his candidate for two-thirty honors drew near on his way to the track Cliff pulled his horse to a standstill after a furtive glance toward Elmer's stall.

"Gosh A'mighty, Elmer!" he said. "What's wrong?"

Elmer's lips formed the words "From the Govament," as he offered his letter.

"I ain't got my specks," Cliff told him. "What's in it?"

"Henry"—began Elmer—"Henry is ——" He broke off and stared at the letter. "It says here"—his voice became a whisper—"'kilt in action.'"

The starter's bell had rung and rung again when Cliff at last jogged his sorrel colt past the judge's stand.

"Killbuck Belle's got a flat tire," he called to the frowning starter. "She'll be here any minute now."

"I can't hold these horses all day," barked the starter. "Number Three Position, Mr. Saunders."

Cliff nodded and drove on through the field of thirty trotters. He picked up with his eyes and a slight jerk of his head Jake Elberwell, Riley Gardner and Hal Putnam, who jogged up the stretch and circled slowly about Cliff out of earshot of the drivers of a newer generation.

"Boys," said Cliff, "Elmer Dodge's Henry has been shot by them Germans. The word has just come."

Hal Putnam shook his head slowly back and forth and clicked with his tongue. Jake Elberwell stared at the back of his bay stallion, discovered a fly thereon and brushed it off absently with his whip.

"Now ain't that a pity," said Riley Gardner.

"I've been talkin' to Elmer," Cliff went on. "I've got him to say he'll drive this race. I figger it'll take his mind off his trouble."

The other members of the Big Four nodded their approval.

"Boys," said Cliff, "I kinda thought we could arrange fur the ole mare to be first at the wire—three heats. What do you say?"

They said little but the two-thirty trot at Millersburg which followed was the most scandalous exhibition of foul driving ever witnessed on any track. It was done, however, with such adroitness, with such protestations of innocence and regret on the part of four old and heretofore honorable reinsmen, that the exasperated starter and puzzled judges were unequal to it.

It was not without danger to those engaged in it or to their victims; but the beneficiary somehow was always ahead of or well to the side of threatened accidents. Killbuck Belle moved scatheless through it all. She was never—when trotting safely in front and at the pole—crowded into the fence by the unaccountable swerving of another competitor. She never found a tier of horses from rail to rail blocking her progress. The wheels of her bike were never locked by other wheels and pulled to a sliding collapse. Its spokes were never ripped out by the crushing hoof of a closely pressing trotter. No whip swung wildly back in the heat of the struggle to sting her front legs out of their ordered stride. Through all the dust and yelling, among wildly breaking horses and wildly cursing men, she made her way, serene, untroubled, until at last the Big Four earned a just reward. It was a sound. It came to them during the stretch drive of the last heat.

Killbuck Belle having emerged as winner from the chaos of the first and second heats was leading on the back stretch. A black gelding from Mansfield—that chanced to be safely pocketed by Cliff Saunders' sorrel colt and Jake Elberwell's bay stallion—was trailing her. Killbuck Belle swung out a trifle as she approached the turn. In an instant the black gelding shot past her on the inside and took the pole and the lead. He did not hold it long. Cliff Saunders' sorrel exhibited a sudden and surprising ability to trot. Likewise Jake Elberwell's bay. Past the black and to the pole went Cliff. To the gelding's side came Jake. Riley Gardner's gray mare swung in behind him. Then the pace unaccountably slackened and Killbuck Belle plodded to the front on the outside. As they swung into the stretch she was on even terms with Cliff's sorrel and there promised to be a battle to the wire between them.

But Killbuck Belle was tired. Even a Thirty gait is trying on a Belle of thirteen summers. The situation became acute.

"She's through," called Riley to Hal Putnam.

Hal had weaved round the turn to shut off competition from the rear and now moved up to Riley's side. He took the center of what was left of the width of the track—the gentle art of weaving could not be practiced in the stretch—and peered ahead. Cliff Saunders' sorrel, full of trot, was on even terms with Killbuck Belle and under the judge's eyes. No regrets and no explanations would allow a horse to finish second with his mouth open and his head pulled coquettishly sidewise, and Cliff had already been fined thirty dollars that day. Hal shifted his glance to the laboring Belle.

"Durn her old speckled hide," he muttered.

And now Elmer, unconscious of the embarrassment of those about him and forgetting his trouble for the moment, spoke. He addressed Cliff Saunders in a shrill and challenging falsetto. "I'll learn you why I stick to the Killbucks," he shrieked. "G'wan, mare!"

It was not Killbuck Belle, it was Cliff's hard-held sorrel that answered the cry. The home stretch with its inviting straightaway was before him, and Cliff's ancient arms, like the ancient legs of the Belle, were giving out. Ruin threatened the plans of four tired old men.

But the sorrel was young and his driver had not sat behind trotters for fifty years in vain. The colt had barely struck his full exultant stride when something happened to him. A crafty drawing of one rein brought his head to the side. A quick twitch of the other rein followed and the sorrel had to choose instantly between crossing his front legs and crashing headlong to earth or saving himself by a disastrous plunging break. He chose the latter course.

Killbuck Belle pounded on to victory.



Elmer had lost his hat during the heat. His white hair was streaming in the wind; but despite his snowy locks he reminded the Big Four of earlier days, for above the thudding hoofs they heard:

"Yiphee! Yiphee! Yiphee-e-e!"

# Peace Stocks and War Stocks

## The Prescience of the Markets—By Albert W. Atwood

WHAT effect will peace have upon business? What will be the status of this or that industry in the readjustment, reorganization and reconstruction that will follow the war? What stocks and bonds are likely to increase or decrease in value with the ending of the struggle and the changes to follow? When it became apparent after the surrender of Bulgaria that the fortunes of war had taken a turn most favorable to the Allies, Wall Street began to ask all these questions and to indulge very seriously in the absorbing new pastime of picking out the peace stocks.

It was not known whether the war would drag on for a year or end much sooner. Indeed it made little difference from one point of view. No matter how long drawn out the remaining contest might prove, no matter how stupendous the military, industrial and financial effort yet to be made, the fact of general lack of preparation for after-war changes had been borne in upon many people and could not be quickly forgotten. Attention had been drawn to these questions of future changes, and though they would naturally remain of minor importance as long as the war lasted they could no longer be easily dismissed from mind.

Indeed it is only because of our concentration upon the great war, only because of its engrossing monopoly of our time, working in it or at least in following its thrilling progress and possibilities that so little notice relatively has been paid to the markets of the world. Last March when the Germans were battering at the gates of Paris the bonds of the Allied nations were strangely quiet and firm. They had in fact been rising ever since late in 1917, but when they failed to break as the Allied Armies did before the German onslaught there was significance and meaning enough for all who could read.

### The Tale of the Truthful Tape

Comment was not lacking upon this portent. But men were too busy with other thoughts. Of course there were a few with a strong faith in the Allied cause and temperament of the sort that makes men act financially upon their faith. The most violent declines in the French city bonds, so-called, those of Paris, Lyons, Marseilles and Bordeaux, which are dealt in upon the New York market, took place last December, about the time that Secretary Baker spoke of the massing of German troops on the Western Front following the breakdown of the Eastern Front. These bonds sold round 74 at that time and offered a return on the investment of about twenty per cent. They have risen steadily in price ever since and some of them have crossed par.

There never was any lack of knowledge regarding these or other Allied bonds quoted in the American markets. Anyone could read the daily quotations in the newspapers. Nor was choice confined to one or two varieties. Besides the French cities there were bonds of the French Republic, several issues put out by Great Britain, many by Canada, and one jointly secured by both France and Great Britain, the Anglo-French 5's. The truth is that very few people had the courage to purchase bonds of the city of Paris when the Germans were as close as Château-Thierry. Theoretically the entire Allied cause stood or fell together, but the average American probably had the feeling that despite U-boats Liberty Bonds represented an equity farther from the reach of Hun marauders than anything in France.

It must be admitted also that low prices are in themselves discouraging. Investors as a class simply will not buy when prices are down. The upward movement must get well under way before the majority of people have courage to embark upon an investment or speculation. Nor is this common or much maligned attitude wholly wrong. Low prices often indicate risk. Announce as loudly as you will that you were always sure the Allies would win, yet your certainty had a different quality about it last summer from that of the winter before. When foreign government bonds have moved up and people began to buy so eagerly in August and September, the bonds actually represented a smaller degree of risk than in the previous December and were therefore worth more.

That bonds of the Allied Governments and cities should have risen even when the Germans were shooting their bolt of last spring seems like conclusive proof of the prescience of the markets. It appears to demonstrate the accuracy of the investing and speculating public in discounting coming events. There is a large element of automatic and anonymous truth telling about the financial markets. Its fluctuations are often a more accurate index of the collective mind and of popular feeling than the spoken or written word. One's purchases and sales in the market are secret and need no camouflage. They are the honest expression of both individual and collective opinion.

It has been said often that "the tape never lies" and "whoever lies the tape tells the truth." Surely the behavior of Allied bonds in the late winter, spring and summer was an eloquent expression of this general principle. In just the same way the sensitive nerves of the security markets began to register alarm in 1913 and 1914 long before there was a whisper of war. The cables brought selling orders from the great capitals of Europe long before they brought any accurate word of the storm itself.

Even during the Napoleonic Wars and the Civil War in this country the appraisal of events to come was made in the markets well in advance of the end of the conflicts themselves. In the Franco-Prussian and Russo-Japanese Wars the bonds of the winning countries rose and those of the losers fell before the wars were over. The markets are in truth barometers. There is indeed an element of clairvoyance in the aggregate financial intelligence of the world.

But these well-known facts are in danger now as often before of being overemphasized, exaggerated and abused. It is one thing to agree that coming events cast their shadows before them in the financial markets; it is quite different to attempt to make use of this principle. The market is a barometer without doubt, but it cannot be trusted because few know how to read or interpret it. The same idea has often been expressed in a different way by saying that Wall Street speculators are always far more skillful and adept at getting advance and inside information or tips than in using such knowledge after they get it.

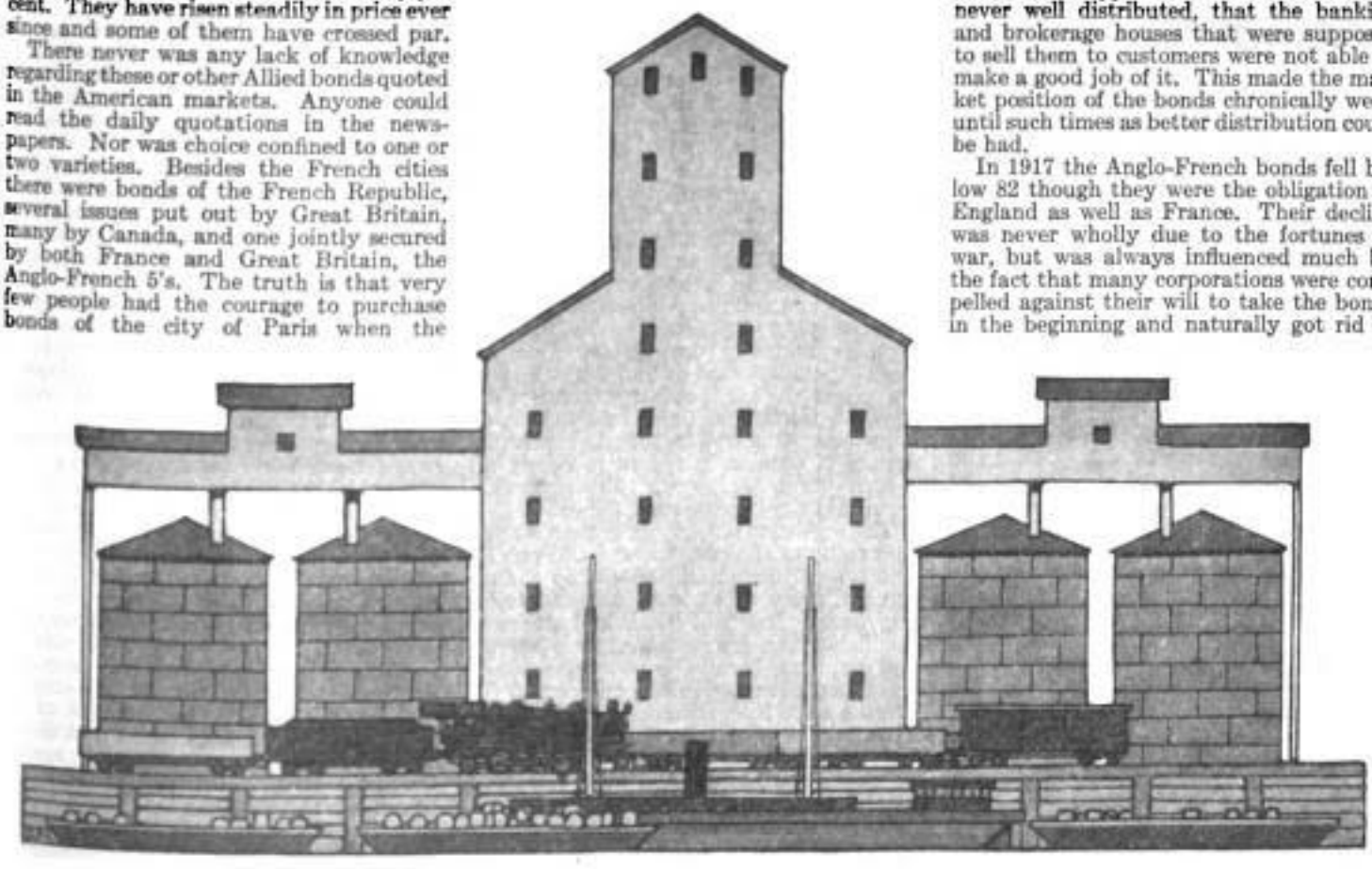
For one thing it is almost impossible to distinguish between the market's effort to adjust itself to changes already made and to those that are expected. Was the market responding to the influence of big dividends and mergers or was it exercising its far-seeing vision and trembling in advance before a future panic? That was the question in the early part of 1917, and for a while the answer hung in the balance. Perhaps because of these opposing forces of the past, present and future, perhaps for more obscure psychological reasons which we cannot analyze, there is always a tendency for the market to go too far in any one direction, to overdo its responses and its anticipations. It goes too high and it goes too low. It runs at all times to hysteria.

### Reasons for Declines

Men who seek fortune through its means rush from side to side like panic-stricken passengers on a sinking ship. For a man will follow his judgment into a course of action to-day that would horrify him tomorrow when he is able to envisage a new set of conditions.

Nor is the barometer of the market without its sheer physical limits and imperfections. In a sense very different from that intended by the narrow and noisy critic, Wall Street is a dangerous game to those who are not in the know. Take the French city bonds as an illustration. When they fell to 74, paying as they do six per cent interest, what were the uninitiated to think except that financial people in general expected the Germans to capture Paris? But though a certain doubt about the outcome of the war was expressed in that low price another wholly different and so-called technical element accounted largely for the decline. It appears that the bonds were never well distributed, that the banking and brokerage houses that were supposed to sell them to customers were not able to make a good job of it. This made the market position of the bonds chronically weak until such times as better distribution could be had.

In 1917 the Anglo-French bonds fell below 82 though they were the obligation of England as well as France. Their decline was never wholly due to the fortunes of war, but was always influenced much by the fact that many corporations were compelled against their will to take the bonds in the beginning and naturally got rid of






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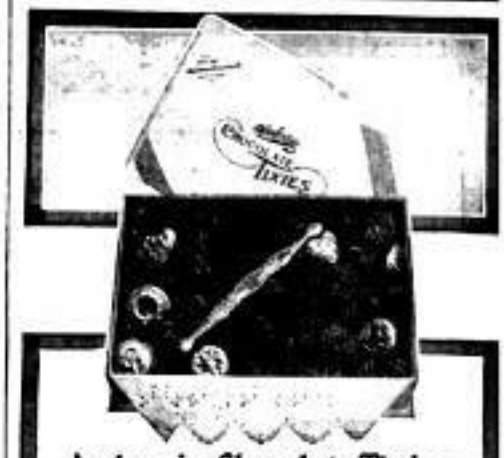
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# Don't Cheat Your Boy on Christmas Morning

I wonder if you fathers and mothers wouldn't be surprised if you knew what your boy really thinks when you give him toys that are make-shifts—that aren't genuine—that soon have to be cast aside?

I've never got over being a boy myself. I know the importance to a boy of having things *genuine*. I know how disappointed he feels when he realizes that his toy isn't true; that the steel work in his toy skyscraper isn't like the real building he saw; that his toy motor won't work. He's hurt; he feels that he's been cheated!

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Is it fair to your boy to make him miss the fun that Erector has given so many thousands and thousands of boys? Remember, Erector isn't just a plaything for a day or a week. It will keep him happy, busy and contented for many months.

Every toy store—and every department or hardware store which handles toys—sells Erector. It's the best-known American toy. Ask your dealer to show you the famous Set No. 4, the favorite of all the boys. It sells for $5. Other Erector sets, $1 to $25.

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them as soon as possible. The Anglo-French, like the French cities, were never distributed sufficiently to the ultimate investor. A careful appraisal of facts of this sort is absolutely necessary to anyone who would buy low-priced securities at any time. No one can say whether a low-priced security is really cheap unless one knows what forces have driven it down. No sweeping generalization will do.

Obviously the element of risk in Liberty Bonds is perhaps the smallest in any known investment security. No doubt the thought has occurred to many people that Allied successes should be reflected in Liberty Bonds as well as in those of the European belligerents. That the end of the war or its prospect would bring somewhat higher prices for Liberties has long been the unanimous opinion. But the very fact that the bonds have never suffered a severe decline or involved any real risk naturally robs them of great speculative qualities.

When it comes to picking out peace stocks, those that will be decidedly benefited by the ending of the war, certain preliminary cautions are necessary. The element of salesmanship is as prevalent in the financial as in other markets. If you go into a store and announce your desire to buy a pair of stockings the salesman will attempt to prove that he has just the right stockings for you. Now and then in rare cases he will admit that the goods are not such as he can recommend. Just so it is in the financial world. The buyer who asks for peace stocks will be shown what he asks for; if not always the real thing then something "just as good." A few years ago a certain type of promoter and broker advertised almost every stock in the markets as a war stock. Now he is trying to prove that everything in sight is a peace stock.

### *Riddles of Reconstruction*

I have before me two lists of so-called victory stocks. They include almost every corporate issue I ever heard of. Beware the dealer whose enthusiasm knows no bounds. The honorable, reliable broker and investment banker is not necessarily he who picks fatal defects in every investment or speculative security that is known to him. Such a policy would be foolish not only from a business standpoint but would be untrue to the known facts as well. The honorable, reliable dealer, however, recognizes limits and sticks to them. He points out the excellent points in the goods that he has for sale. He analyzes as far as he knows how. But he does not smear and slime his description of securities with a uniformity of promise and perfection. He admits that there are many things he does not know and cannot predict. He leaves much to the customer's own judgment.

Now whatever the more distant after-effects of the war may be—and there are perhaps as many competent judges who look forward to that period with confidence as with dread—it seems reasonably certain that there will be something of an interval of not a little confusion. Out of this period may emerge fairly definite tendencies in the matter of wages for labor and prices for goods. But until these are thoroughly cleared up is it not likely that certain industries will be favorably and others unfavorably affected to a marked degree?

But the hasty overnight attempt to class whole groups of stocks, of entire industries, in the peace and war category, and to assume at this stage an automatic ruin for one and unlimited prosperity for the other, is a futile and childish performance. Never were sweeping generalizations less justified or more mutually destructive. One alleged expert says that oil and copper shares are peace stocks; another declares with equal emphasis that they belong to the war industries. One finds almost as much difference of opinion in regard to nearly all groups—steel, shipping, rubber, motor, sugar and right on through the list.

There seems to be fairly general agreement that many of the best railroad and public-utility securities should benefit by the return of peace or at least cease to suffer grievously. Railroad bonds and stocks of the higher class are certain of their interest and dividends because of government contracts and advanced rates, and many of the utilities have been permitted to raise their rates recently. Earlier in the war both industries suffered because their expenses had gone up, new capital was difficult to secure, and rates remained stationary. Whether railroads and utilities will be able to secure labor, capital and materials at lower cost after the war we do not yet know. But with higher rates the normal balance between expenses and profits is being restored, the prices of the securities themselves are so low as to suggest bed rock in many instances, and there will be no inflated buildings, equipment and inventory for war use only to write off.

There are three general points from which one may attack the probable future value of any security: First, the likelihood of a general advance or decline in all securities; second, the peculiar features of the industry itself; and in the last place the position in its industry and the strength and peculiar features of the particular corporation. Most investors are unable to form any really worth-while opinion on either of the first two grounds because of the difficulties involved, and they are too lazy to apply themselves diligently to the third consideration. It is usually easier to accept someone's say-so that this or that group of stocks is "in for a rise."

Frankly, who knows at this stage what will be the status of the steel industry two or three years from now? Will the cessation of war demands compel the lowering of steel prices to a point where dividends suffer? Or will the pent-up and at present unfilled demands for other uses keep prices and wages fairly steady? Even assuming the latter to be the case may there not be severe international competition?

How about the oil industry? Will the new uses for oil make up for the possibly lessened demand from sources related to the war, or at least to war industries? As for sugar, how soon will it be before European beet sugar and other supplies now held back for lack of shipping begin to compete?

So one might go on endlessly, but I will mention only one more instance, the motor industry. One manufacturer, in answer to a question of how long it will take to resume manufacture of passenger cars after the war, replied that it will depend upon the extent to which machinery and tool equipment are employed on government work, the length of time such work continues, the time it will take to rearrange the equipment, and the time it will take to obtain stocks of raw material. A dozen other ifs and considerations might be mentioned.

But when it comes to the study of individual companies and their securities the investor, so it seems to me, is always on safer ground.

### *Safety Not Impossible*

He can determine whether the securities are selling at prices above or below the average for recent years. He can form an opinion as to whether the organization is one whose competency and experience make the successful meeting of competition probable. He can usually decide whether the profits from war work have been sufficient to write off wartime construction. He can judge whether the capital and surplus are large enough to meet future temporary losses. In the case of copper companies, merely by way of illustration, he can be sure that if the reserves are large and the expenses of production reasonably low the company will probably make profits in the long run, even if not always of the extravagant variety.

Personally I have not the faintest idea of what the price of copper will be three years hence. But I know if a company has an experienced organization, large reserves of ore, reasonably low production costs through good times and bad, and if the price of its stock is not high in relation to its average profits and dividends, that whatever the period of reconstruction may bring forth the stock of this particular company will probably prove a fairly good investment over a period of years.

Investing money in anything, except perhaps Liberty Bonds, is always such a complicated thing that it is dangerous in the extreme to try to reduce it to a simple formula or rule. Especially in reconstruction times will skill and ingenuity of management prove essential, and it is never possible to predict in advance just how skillful and ingenious any management will prove itself. But by keeping out of markets in which there is an abnormally large and hysterical public interest and by sticking to industries that are patently not of the fly-away variety I feel certain that almost any investor can protect himself against the financial perils of reconstruction if only he studies and analyzes far enough to satisfy himself that the particular security is in itself meritorious.

# THE FIRST RECONSTRUCTION

(Continued from Page 22)

only asking to resume some of the powers which the Constitution undoubtedly intended he should have. For some time Congress bitterly opposed that. It didn't want to take its encroaching fingers out of the executive departments, because it hated to surrender the prestige and patronage which that might involve.

As to so-called presidential encroachments on Congress, that is an old and familiar story. Time and again, under the present Administration and preceding ones, the President has carried his measures through Congress against the opposition, in the first instance, of a majority of its members. Everyone who has read a newspaper of late years will recall instances. Recently the Senate refused to adopt the Woman Suffrage Amendment resolution after the President had expressly urged it. The circumstance created a considerable sensation and was generally looked upon as a signal defeat for the President—which only shows that when the President's party has a majority in both houses the normal thing is for his measures to go through. If one of them fails to go through that is regarded as extraordinary and rather sensational.

The President has no constitutional power by virtue of which Congress adopts his measures against its original inclination. Congress bows to him to preserve party solidarity and in fear of public opinion. To preserve party solidarity and party responsibility and in deference to public opinion, Congress could very well do some bowing to the Executive in the matter of a budget. And it will, unquestionably, the moment it is satisfied public opinion requires it.

Last summer Congress—thinking of a fall vacation and the coming congressional elections—was anxious to wind up pressing business. Responsible party spokesmen said it would undertake no revenue legislation at that time. Then Secretary McAdoo announced that in his opinion Congress should immediately undertake further revenue legislation. He also said, then or soon after, that he thought the new bill should raise eight billion dollars. And Congress, shelving its vacation plan, at once set to work framing a revenue bill to raise eight billion dollars. It didn't have to. The Secretary of the Treasury had no constitutional power over it. But on the whole it considered that course advisable.

### The Bill in Committee

The House committee began shaping a bill. As its outlines emerged the Secretary of the Treasury expressed dissent from some of the most important features—to wit, the provision for war profits and excess profits taxes. The House committee went ahead on its own ideas and the House finally passed the bill embodying those ideas. The bill then went to the Senate, whose Finance Committee at this writing has quite recast it conformably to the recommendations of the Treasury Department. It is a tolerably safe guess that when this revenue bill—which Congress did not wish to undertake at all at the time—is finally signed by the President it will lean rather more to the views of the Treasury Department, as to excess profits and war taxes, than to the opposite views of that branch of Congress which the Constitution intended to have a predominant part in shaping revenue legislation.

And the real Constitution, the essential thing, is still there in excellent working condition. Nobody has upset or impaired or encroached upon that real Constitution, whose essential purpose was to provide a free people with a responsible, efficient mode of governing themselves—and not merely to protect politicians in their personal perquisites and prestige.

The public's attitude toward all this professional bickering over division of governmental powers is exactly the attitude of an intelligent farmer toward two hired men who stand quarreling over which one of them shall do the chores. What the farmer wants is to get the chores done. Congress is constantly accepting the lead of the President and his cabinet as to all manner of important legislation. It can also accept their lead in the matter of framing a budget—both as to outgo and income.

Say the executive branch of the Government has framed a complete budget. Some joint or connection with the legislative branch is necessary. That might be provided by a joint standing committee of both houses of Congress, meeting with the cabinet and reviewing the budget with it. When the President and a majority of both houses of Congress belong to the same political party the joint might easily be provided by a party caucus. But the American budget must face the fact that the President's party may not have a majority in both houses or in either house.

In the past that condition has arisen rather frequently. Yet a Republican Congress does not refuse to pass the appropriation bills for a Democratic Administration. It takes the estimates of the Democratic department heads—prepared in severalty, without plan, harmony or expert revision—and on that basis appropriates sufficient money for the operation of the Government. So does a Democratic Congress for a Republican Administration. If a Congress of one political complexion can appropriate money for an Administration of a different political complexion on the present archaic, wasteful, planless method, so a Congress of one political complexion could appropriate for an Administration of another complexion on a scientific budget.

When the opposition is in control of Congress the joint committee or party caucus would meet with the cabinet; they would thresh out their differences and agree upon a budget that provided for the operation of the Government.

### The French Budget

In France there is generally more or less squabbling over the budget between the executive branch of the government and the legislative branch. When the executive branch has framed a budget it goes to a committee of the Chamber of Deputies—not twenty-nine committees, but one. Generally the committee finds fault with it. The executive branch and the committee thresh it out. Sometimes the committee, representing all parties in the Chamber, requires the executive to rewrite whole sections. But finally they get together on a budget that is submitted to the Chamber. In the Chamber any individual member may offer an amendment, provided it does not increase any item in the bill. With half a dozen political parties in the Chamber and shiftings of the balance of power from one group of parties to another, France still retains a real budget system.

Of course it isn't enough that a budget should provide only for the operation of the Government as it stands at a given time. Government constantly changes, and an arrangement which merely kept it going as it was the year before would obviously ossify it. Suppose, the President being of one political party and a majority of Congress of another, either side wishes to make an important change—say that a Democratic President, dealing with a Republican Congress, wishes to set up a scheme of old-age pensions; or that a Republican Congress, when the President is Democratic, wishes to abolish the Federal Trade Commission. Either move would involve a decided change of last year's budget—in the one case adding a new appropriation for the pensions; in the other case striking out the old appropriation for the commission.

But in that regard the situation, with a budget, would be exactly what it is without a budget. Mr. Wilson couldn't set up old-age pensions now if Congress were Republican and opposed to it. Nor could a Republican Congress, unless it had two-thirds of both houses, abolish the Federal Trade Commission against the opposition of the President. A budget would in no wise change the essentials of the situation.

It ought to be clearly understood that nothing in a budget system prevents or at all hampers the extension of the activities of government in any direction. With a budget system Lloyd George set up old-age pensions, health insurance and so on in England. And in preparing those measures he leaned very heavily upon the Treasury Department—which, to repeat, does not at all correspond to our Treasury Department, for it has practically no contact with the public, does not handle revenues, but is quite exclusively the supervising, budget-drafting organ of the government—the head bookkeeper. There he found the expert statistical and technical help he needed.


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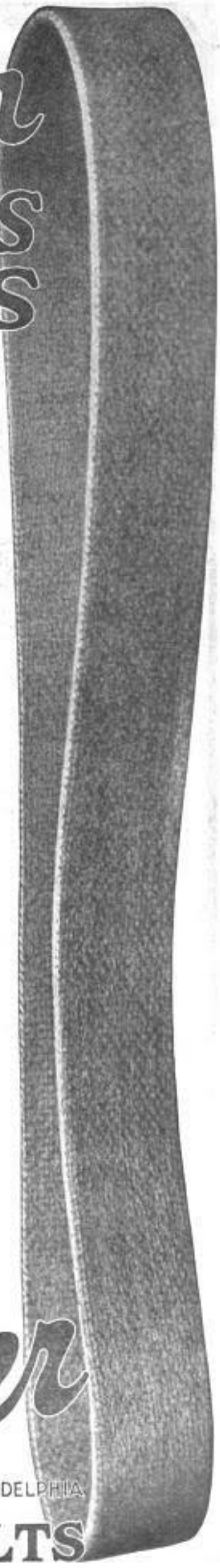
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His scheme having been finally formulated the appropriations to carry it into effect go into the budget like any other appropriations.

A budget has nothing to say as to what sort of government it shall be or what the government shall undertake. Its function relates only to the method of doing it—offering a rational, systematized, economical method as opposed to an irrational, unorganized, wasteful method. It does, however, necessarily restrict the present privilege of individual members of Congress to initiate appropriations or measures involving appropriations. There cannot be a real budget or real responsibility for fiscal legislation if individual members or informal cliques of members can at any time knock the budget out of balance by running in claims upon the public purse on their own hook.

What does the present unlimited right of any member to initiate measures that involve an appropriation really amount to?

If a member now has a measure of any real importance, a national measure; if he really expects to get anywhere with that measure and is not merely making a gesture to impress some constituents back home, as a matter of course he sets to work to get his party behind him or to get a following in Congress. His measure can never get beyond a pigeonhole—and the pages of the Congressional Record, duly franked back home—unless it commands the active interest of many other members. It cannot be enacted except by a majority of both houses. If the President is hostile he will veto it. Any really important national measure must now, to succeed, command support that would be sufficient to put it in the budget if we had a budget. The only difference as to national measures is that congressional files would not be cluttered up with scores of bills that never had the slightest chance of passing, and which neither their authors nor anybody else expected to pass.

The member's right to initiate fiscal legislation is precious to him in respect to pork-barrel bills—the rivers and harbors and public buildings and thousands of private pension bills. These are not national measures, but strictly local and individual measures, logrolled through; A voting for B's bill without investigation or scruple in consideration of B voting for A's bill. A real budget system would stop that—which is a great argument in favor of it. Waterway improvement, public buildings, pensions would be dealt with nationally, responsibly, intelligently.

### *Selfish Opposition*

The individual member would lose patronage, for a real budget would involve an end of the spoils system. He would lose some items of prestige. But all these grounds of opposition to a budget are strictly personal and selfish.

Finally, the individual member would gain something. He would be relieved of a great amount of work which he now does most ineffectually. His committee of House or Senate now gets a mass of unrevised, disjointed departmental estimates. A couple of hundred or more members now moil away at this raw stuff of fiscal legislation. They are mostly inexpert, a good many of them are inexperienced. They question bureau chiefs, commissioners and so on, checking up the number of clerks in this division with the number last year, wrangling over a hundred-dollar raise in this salary and that.

In this wasteful labor they catch no glimpse of national finance as a whole. Commonly they never see a single department as a whole. They are not thinking nationally, but locally and piecemeal. The work that they do, piecemeal and badly, ought to be done by an expert supervising and coördinating agency before the estimates ever reach Congress. From a budget system the individual member would gain a great deal of time that he now employs wastefully. He would gain in a national point of view. He would gain in self-respect, too, for he knows well enough in what contempt the general public holds pork barrel and patronage. It is only the unfit member who can finally lose anything politically by surrendering those perquisites. It would be different, no doubt, if Candidate A surrendered pork and patronage while his competitor, Candidate B, retained them. But if they are abolished for both A and B, both competitors must seek more respectable grounds for support at the polls. The individual member knows also that the public wants reform of the Government's fiscal method and has no respect for the motives that stand in the way.

That public want is beginning to emerge in more decisive fashion. At the last presidential election all three parties found it wise to pledge themselves to a reform of fiscal methods. More significant than that, many candidates at the late congressional elections specifically pledged themselves to a budget system.

Sixty billion dollars is what this Congress appropriated in less than two years. Not that such a sum will be spent in less than two years, but that, in round numbers, is what it appropriated. It is nearly as much as all the wealth in the United States, exclusive of real estate, as estimated by the Census Bureau in 1912. More than a year ago in a message to Congress Mr. Wilson said that Congress' present method of appropriating public money was bound to result in waste and extravagance, urging the House to return to its former plan of having all appropriation bills considered by a single committee.

No attention was paid to the recommendation. With two exceptions no serious attention has been paid, at Washington, to government waste and inefficiency for many years. President Taft did take the matter up seriously and appointed an expert commission, which made a valuable report, which—so far as Congress is concerned—was promptly thrown in the waste basket. And lately President Wilson demanded and got from Congress a comparatively free hand to reorganize and coördinate the executive departments—a right which the President should always have had, as long as he is responsible for the departments. That concession was obtained, however, under the tremendous pressure of war. Otherwise Congress would doubtless have withheld it. But Congress, in spite of all its powerful inclinations to the contrary, is going to be interested in efficiency, economy and a budget. The date of that event depends exactly upon the insistence of the public's demand for reform.

### *Write to Your Congressman*

To have all appropriation bills handled by a single committee of the House would be a step. But no single committee, unless it were of great size and split into various subcommittees, could handle the appropriation bills in the raw shape in which they now reach Congress and on the plan which Congress now uses in dealing with them. If estimates for appropriations were expertly revised, balanced and composed in budget form before reaching Congress a single committee could easily handle them.

A joint committee of Senate and House to consider all fiscal measures has been proposed. That also would be a step. It has been proposed that the cabinet sit on all departmental estimates as a whole. Probably little could come of that unless the estimates had previously been reviewed and balanced by an expert body—for, of course, each member of the cabinet usually has little enough expert technical knowledge of his own department, and none at all of any other department.

Mr. Fitzgerald and others have insisted that members must surrender their right to introduce bills involving appropriations on their own hook. That would be a decided step—and must come.

Mr. French has introduced a resolution for a constitutional amendment authorizing the President to veto any item in an appropriation bill without vetoing the whole bill, or to reduce any item in an appropriation bill—his action to stand unless overridden by two-thirds of both houses. That also would be a step toward a good budgetary system; but a real budget can be had without a constitutional amendment. It needs only agreement between President and Congress.

Most likely the thing will come by steps. Unquestionably the more unmistakably the public demands it the faster Washington will step.

Remember that budget means pocketbook—your pocketbook. It means also the usefulness of your Government. All talk of constitutional obstacles is practically camouflage. Every other leading nation has a budget. None needs one more than we do. The real obstacle is indifference or selfish hostility at Washington. We can have a real budget by demonstrating that we mean business in demanding one.

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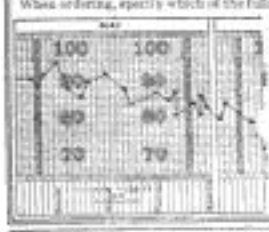


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# THE VAMP

(Continued from Page 7)

By nature as friendly a soul as ever gossiped over a back fence, and unspoiled by success, she was on good terms with every member of Micky's company. She even called the humble deck hands by their first names. She was always willing to listen to conversation of an impersonal nature, and when not at work was usually the center of a chatting, laughing group. But this big fellow with the steady, questioning eyes, this dumb creature who watched her from afar, this stranger who never attempted the slightest familiarity and never tried to lessen the distance between them, piqued her curiosity and annoyed her almost as much as he puzzled her. At the end of the first week she mentioned the matter to Micky:

"That big man—is he some kind of a nut, or what? Or maybe he thinks I'm his long-lost sister or something?"

"He's not a nut," replied Micky, "and sisters are out of his line."

"Then what is he—a detective?"

"No. He is the rarest specimen in the world to-day—a simple, natural, elemental man. If old Diogenes had ever bumped into this big bird he would have scrapheaped his lantern; Chevalier Bayard would have made a pal of him; Epictetus would have loved him to death."

"Well," Valerie giggled, "it's a pity he couldn't have met her. He ain't so handsome he can afford to pick and choose."

"But," said Micky with a twinkle of mischief in his eye, "he's not picking and choosing—any more. He's made his selection."

"Oh, you behave!" cried Valerie, pretending indignation. "As if anybody'd look at him!"

"You might do a lot worse. You might pick one of these couch-cooties—these near actors with a sport shirt and pretty, curly hair."

"I guess when I pick anybody," retorted the lady warmly, "I won't ask your advice."

The best authorities agree that affection does not displease a woman, particularly affection of the soft-pedal variety. She seldom objects to a man's devotion, provided the man maintains a respectful distance. The authorities also agree that the simplest woman is complex at times.

Now let the authorities tell us why Valerie LeMoyne began to send slow, deliberate smiles toward Hennessey's corner. Was it because she liked to see him blush and squirm and spill his tobacco all over the floor? Was it only to tantalize the silent giant, or were the smiles given in recognition of his respectful adoration? Who shall say?

As for the recipient of these favors, the smiles left him dizzy and light-headed; but when reason staggered back to its throne he sought an explanation in the worn press clippings. . . . Just so, he read, had the ill-starred Duc de Bonnivard been lured away from his fiancée—a smile from an opera box had changed his whole life. According to the clippings, that was how the vamping usually began—with a curving of luscious red lips and a flashing of pearly teeth.

"I reckon it might work on dukes and earls," thought Hennessey; "but not with me. I been warned."

This was his frame of mind when Micky Nolan invited him to go for an automobile ride.

"Want to find some locations for that Western picture," explained the director. "You've got a noble eye for scenery; so come along. . . . If you could handle a car I'd give you a nice fat part in this piece. I'd let you kidnap the lady and drive away with her."

"Sounds good," said Hennessey thoughtfully.

"In the picture," Micky continued, "she's a beautiful Mexican cattle queen, captured by American bandits. The chief bandit throws her into his automobile, ties her hand and foot, and beats it into the hills. Wants her for himself, see? Puts her into a cave. She pretends to fall for him, sneaks his gun out of the holster, fills him full of holes and escapes over the border. What do you think of it?"

Hennessey curled down behind the windshield and rolled a cigarette. His answer was long in coming:

"You bought a pig, mister. . . . I can drive anything that burns gasoline. Got my own car here too. Lucky I brought her along. Rambling Rosy, that's her name. She ain't much for looks, but she sure can tuck up her skirts and go! . . . Yes, sir, you bought a pig; and if you give this kidnaping stunt to anybody else you'll hurt my feelings."

"Kind of like to be vamped, don't you?" teased Micky.

"I wasn't giving it a thought!" growled Hennessey. "I was thinking about this cave man."

Micky Nolan squinted at the westering sun, glanced up the brown California cañon, where the shadows were beginning their daily march, held a brief conference with Carroll, the camera man, and called loudly for Hennessey and speed. A hoarse coughing sound answered him and Rambling Rosy slid out of the shade of an oak tree and paused beside the director. Hennessey was at the wheel, and beside him, a rebozo wrapped about her head and shoulders, was the queen of love, beauty and cattle.

"This is the last one we'll shoot," said Micky. "It's the distance shot we picked out the other day—remember? I want to show you climbing that grade and going out of sight round the turn—a moving trail of dust. Carroll will crank slow on it; so don't drive fast enough to take any chances. Are you all set?"

"Yes," replied Hennessey; "but the lady—oughtn't she to be tied? She was tied in them other scenes you took."

"Won't make any difference. When the camera picks you up you'll be so far away that it won't show. Quick! This light is failing."

"Ready!" shouted the camera man.

"Go!" cried Micky.

Rambling Rosy emitted a succession of terrific barks and flew at the grade, her cut-out roaring and a cloud of yellow dust rising in her wake. Hennessey jammed his heel hard on the foot throttle and took the first bend in the road on two wheels. Miss LeMoyne screamed.

"Shut up!" bawled Hennessey from beneath his hat brim. "Shut up and set still! If you try to jump I'll just naturally be obliged to tie you in! Set still and hang on!"

Ten minutes afterward Micky Nolan glanced at his watch.

"I wonder what's detaining 'em?" said he. "They ought to be back by now."

"Likely he had to go quite a ways to find a place to turn round in," suggested Carroll.

"That's probably it," agreed Micky.

Together they watched the distant turn, while Potter, the assistant camera man, packed up the tools of the trade. Micky looked at his watch again.

"You don't suppose that big stiff could have turned his car over?" he asked anxiously.

"He was going hell bent," said Carroll; "too fast for a mountain road. . . . Where you going?"

"After my car. We'll buzz up there and give a look. It would be a fine piece of luck if Hennessey has blown a front tire and crippled the star!"

Fifteen minutes later Micky's seventy-horse Invincible coughed round the turn and halted. Ahead was nothing but empty road, turning and twisting higher into the hills. Nowhere was there any sign of kidnaper or kidnapee. Micky peered through the windshield with a grunt of astonishment.

"Gone!" he ejaculated. "Now are they in the ditch somewhere, or—or ——"

"You don't suppose he's run away with her?" asked Carroll.

It is part of a director's equipment to be able to think quickly.

"He should have stopped when he got round the turn," said Micky. "If it's an accident we'll find 'em in the next two hundred yards. If we don't find 'em you take the studio car and beat it to town for help."

He drove slowly, scanning the road for signs of calamity. At the end of a mile Rambling Rosy's tire prints were still leading upward.

"You for town!" ordered Micky. "And bring some fighting guys back with you. Hennessey has played this scene too strong. He's run away with Valerie. I'll go ahead and follow his trail. You follow me. This looks damn serious!"

At that very moment Miss LeMoyne was expressing a like sentiment, though with a more conservative choice of words. Rambling Rosy, leaping from bump to bump and hopping from one side of the road to the other, was climbing like an Angora goat. Hennessey had closed his cut-out and was giving most of his attention to ruts and high centers but driving like a cross-country champion.

"Shut up!" he ordered gruffly. "Do your talking when I ask you questions. The going is pretty tough here for a mile or so."

The going soon became tougher. Hennessey fairly lifted the little car into a side cañon, where there were faint traces of wheels but nothing remotely resembling a road. The runabout groaned and shuddered and swore, but continued to climb bravely. After half an hour of low-gear work, dodging bowlders and trees and flirting with disaster, Hennessey plunged into a dense growth of young saplings and stopped the engine.

"End of the line!" he announced. "Everybody out!"

Miss LeMoyne braced herself in her seat.

"I won't move!" she cried. "I won't! I won't!"

Hennessey growled at her from the side of the car.

"You will," he said, "if I have to carry you. You ain't no lightweight, but I reckon I can handle you."

"I'll yell for help!"

"Yell your head off! It won't do you no good." He made as if to lift her from the car.

"Don't you touch me!" shrilled Valerie, scrambling to the ground. "Don't you dare to lay a finger on me! I'll have you arrested for this!"

Hennessey laughed unpleasantly.

"You didn't have that Eyetalian duke arrested," said he. "Come on—unless you want to be carried!"

"Look here!" quavered the lady. "Where do you get this rough stuff? What's the idea? And who do you think you are, anyway?"

"I'm a cave man," was the simple reply. "A cave man with hair and teeth. I'm rough. I was raised rough. I don't like to have people tell me they won't do things. Come on!"

He seized Valerie's wrist and pulled her after him up a steep incline. The lady protested loudly, but to no purpose. Then she screamed; but Hennessey only laughed.

High-heeled slippers are not recommended for climbing. Sharp stones bruised Valerie's feet; briers tore at her substantial ankles. She was thankful to reach a level spot from which the brush had been cleared—a space inclosed on two sides by walls of rock. There was an opening in one of the walls. Hennessey pointed to it.

"I'm a cave man," he repeated; "and there's the cave ——"

"You're a fool!" panted Miss LeMoyne, on the damp verge of tears. "What's the idea? If this is a joke I've had enough of it!"

"It ain't a joke. It's the real thing. You're here and I'm here and there's the cave. It'll be handy in case it rains during the next few days ——"

Valerie gasped and plumped down heavily on the ground.

"The next few days! You ain't going to keep me here? You can't!"

"All right, then," said Hennessey quietly. "You try to get away. I brought you here and you're going to stay till you tell me a few things I want to know. Like as not you'll act mulish. It may take a day—it may take a week; but in the end you'll tell me."

"You beast!"

"No," corrected Hennessey; "but I might be if I'm crossed. I'm just a cave man, like I said. I reckon a cave man has got a pretty good system for handling vampires. Catch 'em young, treat 'em rough and tell 'em nothing. You're the one that's going to do the talking. I fixed this place up as good as I could. The cave has got everything in it but hot water and electric lights. Ham and eggs and canned stuff. I'll do the cooking. I don't reckon a vampire could even boil an egg."

Miss LeMoyne's nerves went to smash at last. She wept loudly and openly. Micky Nolan would have given a thousand dollars

(Concluded on Page 78)

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(Concluded from Page 76)

for a ten-foot close-up of her countenance at that moment.

"You c-can't keep me here!" she sobbed. "What will people say?"

"You ought to know," said Hennessey coolly. "You've caused enough talk in your time, by all accounts."

Anger flashed through the tears.

"That's a lie!"

Hennessey was startled. He removed his sombrero and looked down at his captive.

"A what?" he asked. "Say that again."

"Any girl in this business gets talked about," sniffled Miss LeMoyne; "but they never talked about me unless they lied! That's the God's truth; you can ask anybody."

Hennessey squatted on his heels, cowpuncher fashion.

"Look me in the eye!" he ordered. "Now say that again!"

The lady repeated the statement, crossing her heart and hoping to die if it wasn't every word the truth. Hennessey shook his head and muttered under his breath.

"I'd love to believe you," said he, with great feeling. "I'd like to take your word for that; but, you see, I got evidence to the contrary. How about this Prince Carazza, or something like that? Wasn't there talk about you and him? Wasn't there?"

Now it was Valerie's turn to stare.

"Why, the nerve of you!" she cried. "I never even met the man in my life!"

Hennessey scratched his head.

"That's number one," said he. "If I was you, and I didn't want to stay here quite a while, I'd arrange my memory different. Now this Eyetalian duke—Carlo Something-or-Other—the one that tried to run off with you, only the gondola was wrecked. What about him?"

"The gondola?" repeated Valerie. "I don't know what you're talking about!"

"Number two," said Hennessey. "I'll give you one more chance. There was an Englishman—an earl. He had a wife and family, but he followed you all over Europe—let the earl business go to pot, and everything ——"

"Europe!" exclaimed Miss LeMoyne. "I never was east of Hastings, Nebraska, in my life! And I can prove it!"

"That's number three," remarked the Arizonan. "I reckon I better shut you up in that cave till your memory comes back. When I told a lie and stuck to it, my old daddy used to lick me and lock me up in the barn. I 'ain't going to lick you; but maybe I ought to. I said I had the evidence—and here it is." He fumbled in his pocket and brought out the sheaf of newspaper clippings. "A prince and a mess of dukes and counts, and one earl—all down in black and white. How you going to get round that, eh?"

Miss LeMoyne burst into a fit of hysterical laughter.

"Heavens and earth!" she cried. "The man has been reading those fool press notices!"

Hennessey's chin dropped. He pulled out a handkerchief and mopped his brow.

"Press notices?" he mumbled. "Press notices?"

"Sure! Why, they're just studio stuff! The press agent wrote 'em all out of his head—pipe dreams."

"Great bulls of Bushan!" ejaculated Hennessey. "And you never had him shot, or nothing, for writing lies about you?"

"Well, what of that? A press agent can't tell the truth, anyway. He said it was great publicity. I didn't know what he was writing about; I never even read the stuff."

Hennessey groaned like a sick elephant.

"Then you ain't a vampire at all? You never was a vampire?"

"Only on the screen."

There was a long silence. Hennessey broke it in tones dripping with the most abject humility:

"Have you got time to listen to me, ma'am? There's a heap of explaining to do."

"You don't think I'd let you get away with a stunt like this without making some sort of explanation, do you? Cut it short, though. I ain't going to be seen coming home with a cave man—all hours of the night."

"Cave man!" Hennessey repeated, with a bitter chuckle. "That's a good joke; but it ain't a funny one. . . . All right! . . . A couple of years ago I was in Phœnix, buying some stuff for the ranch. One afternoon I didn't seem to have nothing to do; so I went to a movie theater. That was the first time I ever saw you. I didn't see nothing in that picture but you. And I waited while they run it three times. The next day it was at another theater—a little one way at the other end of town; but I found it. . . . They couldn't have hid it from me on a bet! . . . If they hadn't shipped that film over to Tucson I reckon I never would have got that stuff bought.

"That was how it started. I made a dicker with the theater man, and he promised to let me know by long distance whenever he was going to run one of your pictures. I never missed any, and I stayed in Phœnix till the picture went somewhere else. Lucky I had a good foreman or the ranch would have gone on the bum. I ain't a cave man. I'm a rancher. I own a lot of white-faces down in that country. But that don't make no difference.

"It's an awful thing to get mashed on a lady that you never expect to meet. I bought all the magazines that printed your photographs and pasted 'em in a scrap album. About a thousand times I started to write to you; but I got cold feet. You see, I hadn't ever been much of a hand with women. But I'd thought about 'em considerable. I had my own notions of what a woman ought to be like. You was the first one I ever saw that suited me; you was everything in the world that I wanted. You don't mind my telling you this?"

"No," said Miss LeMoyne.

"Well, one day I ran onto a piece in the Arizona Anvil—that's a paper we get at the ranch. It was about you and some count or other; and it made me sick—sick all over. I hadn't ever liked your pictures much, the things you done in 'em, I mean, but I kept saying to myself that you was only acting a part and wasn't that kind of a woman in real life. Your eyes—they looked like a good woman's eyes to me. But this piece in the paper, it made out that you wasn't just pretending to be a vampire, but that you was one by nature.

"I don't know as you can understand how bad that hurt me. It was like a kid finding out there ain't any Santy Claus. . . . I'd built you up so high in my own mind that I'd made a kind of an idol of you. And, of course, I hadn't ever cared for any other woman in my whole life. It just pulled my feet out from under me and let me down flat. Yes; it hurt!"

Miss LeMoyne stirred uneasily and stole a glance at the speaker. Hennessey was not looking at her. He was staring at his big hands, apparently very much interested in the locking and unlocking of his fingers. Valerie was not a clever young woman. She had been taught to counterfeit emotion, but the real article was almost a stranger to her. She had just sense enough to realize that here was something genuine—something big—something which no camera could photograph.

"If he'd only get his hair cut," thought Miss LeMoyne, "he wouldn't be a bit bad-looking."

"By and by," continued Hennessey, "there was another piece in the paper—worse than the first. That one about the prince. Then they came along regular. I'd get out the scrap album and look at your pictures. It didn't seem that anybody with eyes like yours could be anything but the straightest woman in the world—and maybe the next day here would be the Anvil with another piece in it. I reckon I just missed going crazy.

"But a blind hog finds an acorn now and then, and finally I rooted up an idea. I came to Los Angeles to get a job in the movies. I asked Nolan about you, and he kind of give me the impression that all that stuff was true; but he said he hadn't seen any dukes or counts round the studio lately. That helped some.

"Then he told me he was going to have me kidnap you in an automobile and drag you off to a cave somewhere; and that gave me another idea. If you was a regular vampire it seemed to me a cave man might stand some kind of a chance.



And then again, I wanted to hear your side of them stories. I hoped there was something in your favor—something that you could tell me that would make me feel better.

"And, even if there wasn't, I reckon it wouldn't have made any difference; you'd still be too good for me—too good for any man! That's the way I had it framed up; and if I spoke rough to you when I was bringing you here I'm sorry. Dealing with a real vampire, you got to get in the first lick, so as to scare her. I never would have hurt you, you know that. I was just running a sandy. You ain't a vampire. I ain't a cave man. I'm just a plain, ordinary damn fool ——"

Out of the deepening gloom came a startling interruption:

"Hands up, Hennessey! I've got you covered!"

It was Micky Nolan's voice. The director was crouching in the underbrush at the top of the slope, and in his right hand was something that glittered ominously. Hennessey did not even turn his head.

"Go ahead and shoot!" said he listlessly. "I've been such a damn fool I reckon I oughtn't to be let live."

Miss LeMoyne scrambled to her feet and took command of the situation.

"You quit that ten-twenty-thirty stuff, Micky Nolan!" she cried. "You won't shoot nobody! Do you hear? It's a pity I can't have a chat with a friend of mine without you horning in with a gun!"

"Holy sailor!" exclaimed Micky. "I thought he'd run away with you!"

"Well, think again. Put up that gun!"

"Oh, all right! Just as you say." Micky advanced, grinning broadly. "It's only a nickel-plated monkey wrench out of my tool kit—just that and a raw bluff. I thought I was going to be the hero and rescue the lady from the bold, bad villain. It seems I'm cast in a low-comedy part."

He glanced at Hennessey, who was still squatting on his heels, popeyed with amazement over one phrase that had fallen from Valerie's lips—"a friend of mine."

"Well, Romeo," said Micky quizzically, "what was the big idea?"

Hennessey opened his mouth, but could do nothing but gurgle. Again Valerie came to the rescue.

"Just what I told you," she snapped; "a quiet little talk with a friend."

"H'm-m!" Micky glanced about him. "You picked a safe place for it. A cave, and everything. If I hadn't been a human bloodhound I never would have found you. The gang from the studio ought to be here pretty soon. They'll be sore, coming all this way just to interrupt a friendly conversation. The next time you two tear out for a quiet little chat I wish you'd tip me off in advance. I thought ——"

"What difference does it make what you thought?" demanded Miss LeMoyne. "You ain't my guardian!"

"No-o," admitted Micky; "I am only your director and your humble servant."

"If that's the way you feel about it," said the lady, "you can do me a favor. I want the boss to fire that fresh young Gilfeather."

"Eric? What did he ever do to you?"

"He did aplenty!" complained the star. "That press stuff of his wasn't any boost; it was a knock!"

A tall form suddenly towered into the air.

"Don't get him fired," said Hennessey. "Leave him to me. All I ask is one crack at his jaw!"

"You couldn't do that!" said Valerie. "He's a little bit of a runt. Shall we be going now, Mister—Mister ——"

"Hennessey," said Micky quickly. "Homer Hennessey. But I thought you two had met?"

"We have—now," said the giant. "Miss LeMoyne and me ——"

"Sadie Cooper—to you," corrected the lady. "Let's cut out all the bunk stuff while we're about it."

It is rumored that Miss LeMoyne will not renew her contract with the Unique Film Company. Eric Gilfeather is still connected with the publicity department, but he has been heard to remark that, for ingratitude, a bone-headed woman beats the world! Micky Nolan has ceased to pick types and is now demanding actors. Homer Hennessey is building an addition to his ranch house—literally sawing wood and saying nothing.

Possibly these circumstances, taken in conjunction, may mean something.

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# HICKS IS HICKS

(Continued from Page 15)

"All right!" caroled Annie. "I'll fix him up so he'll want to stay. Leave it to me!"

When the darkness of late night or early morning had at length descended upon the Bakers' flat—when the only sounds that broke the heavy stillness of a slumber-wrapped household were Hen's grunts as he strove to find comfort for his six-feet-two on the library davenport—Annie, brushing away the sleep that clung like dew to her lashes, sat up in bed and cleared her throat cautiously.

It appeared that Joe, too, had been simulating slumber; for he opened his eyes with suspicious alacrity, though he kept his voice still carefully sleepy.

"W'a's—er—matter—eh?"

Annie whispered a warning "Sh!" There was, however, no need for caution. Nettie was safely ensconced in the cupboard off the kitchen, which read Maid's Room in the specifications, and Hen's reassuring groans denoted slumber at length attained and held fast.

"You awake?" Annie demanded.

"Uh-huh!" admitted Joe, still playing safe. "Heard you cough."

She said nothing for a while, cupping her chin in her hand and peering, like a brooding goddess, into the soft darkness.

"I'm glad they got here," she said at length.

"So'm I."

"Nettie looks awful well."

"Yeh."

"Hen's as big a tease as ever."

"Sure is!"

Silence. The clock on the bureau ticked a sharp echo to her heartbeats.

"Joe!"

"What?"

"Nothing."

Silence. Then the distant whir of a motor speeding up the hill, cut-out wide open; a sudden sound of singing voices tossed to them from the night.

"Joe, I guess they'll miss Lone Rock at first."

"Shouldn't wonder."

"We did."

"Uh-huh!"

"It was kind of nice to hear them talk about the folks, wasn't it?"

"Yeh." He hitched over on his elbow. "What was it Nettie said about ma not being so well?"

"She said she missed you a lot; but I guess it's just old age coming on."

"Yes; I guess so." Silence; then: "Ma always did make an awful fuss over me."

"Ever since you was a little kid! I remember, Joe, when she used to come to school on rainy days and bring your lunch. And oh, what jelly sandwiches!"

"That's right! Jell she'd put up herself. Never tasted none so good."

"Neither have I."

Business of yawning and pounding the pillow.

"Better lie down, hon; I want to get some rest if I've got to wrestle with the boss in the morning."

"All right, Joe." Still she remained rigid, her eyes staring into the darkness. "Joe!"

"Yes, hon?"

"Suppose we could go home for a little visit next summer?"

"I don't know. All I get is two weeks."

"I'd like to see sister's new baby. Nettie says it looks a lot like me."

"Well, I wouldn't mind so much; but it costs ——"

"That's right, Joe; we had ought to save instead of spending it all on carfare, hadn't we?"

"Yeh; I s'pose so."

"Only I'd like to see the baby."

"Better lie down, hon; it's most daylight."

Annie slid obediently beneath the covers, her fair hair on the pillow, her lip caught between her teeth.

"It was nice to hear them talk, though—wasn't it, Joe?"

"Sure!" he said. "Great!"

"Hen said the judges at the county fair missed your not being there; he said ——"

"Gee, hon, what is this—a midnight monologue? Have a heart! I'm dead to the world. Got to sit at a desk all day tomorrow. Won't you give Joey a rest?"

"Yes, Joe. I'm sorry."

Deep warm silence; Henry's rhythmic breathing; the clock's rapid ticking; the voices of late revelers rising in sudden crescendo and fading to a heavy stillness; Joe staring wide-eyed at the wall paper, with its climbing roses, now a ghostly black trellis; Annie staring wide-eyed at the white curtain, flapping gently, like a friendly hand.

"Sleeping, Annie?"

"No, Joe."

"I was thinking."

"Yes, Joe."

"I guess we can make that trip this summer, all right."

"Can we, Joe?"

"Yeh. We'll manage it somehow."

"I'm awful glad!"

"Well, I wanted you to be satisfied. So far as I'm concerned, I never want to see the old one-horse town again."

"We won't tell Hen and Nettie; they might think ——"

"No; we won't tell them."

"G'night, hon."

"Good night, Joe."

The apartment across the hall was secured and Nettie chose her furniture under Annie's careful direction.

"None of that plush stuff goes here. I think it's awful pretty; but if you want to be classy and not pin a tag on yourself you got to forget it. Mission is safe, dearie; and it don't show the scratches near so plain as ours does, neither."

Housekeeping, however, was thrust far into the background by the far more alluring whirl of dissipation into which Henry and his wife were plunged. Movies every night, with an occasional velvet-carpeted, leather-upholstered theater boasting a twanging orchestra and bare-kneed ladies; or supper at a cabaret where the diners dropped their knives and forks and forsook their steaming dishes to fling themselves into the dance.

Nettie, after a breathless month of such gayety as she had never dreamed of, announced that she loved it—loved it—loved it! That New York—its byways and highways—was the garden spot of the world!

"Why, Annie," she cried, flushed with the wine of life she had been drinking in deep gulps, "you couldn't drag me away from here with a thousand wild horses!"

"I told you so," said Annie a little wearily.

There were dark shadows beneath her eyes and her cheeks had lost some of their roundness. Nettie, broom in hand, was sweeping up a powdering of crumbs beneath her table.

"Hen loves it too."

"Didn't Joe say he would?"

"At first he was all for going back—always worrying for fear the manager couldn't look after the ranch right and proper; but once I got him down to a department store ——"

"And he lost those hick clothes of his."

"Sure! He let me pick out that nobby check suit for him, and the green necktie. Say, he couldn't be bribed to go back to Lone Rock if you'd 'a' give him the train trip free!"

"Joe's got tickets for the Winter Garden to-night."

"Has he? That's fine! I've been wanting to see it awful bad. Do you know, Annie, it's queer how quick this town gets a grip on you!"

"Yes; ain't it?"

"Hen says he could get away with more sleep, though."

"Oh, nobody turns in early here."

"That's what I told him; and he says he's got it, too, now."

"Got what?"

"The seven-o'clock fever."

"The seven-o'clock fever? That's a good one!"

"Sure it is! Everyone's got it here. You can plan to stay at home; you can bet your last dollar you will—and as sure as seven o'clock comes round you find yourself squirming in your chair and itching to be out there with the rest of the crowd."

"That's right; you do for fair."

"I told Hen there was no use fighting against it. So long as we come here, I says to him, let's do like the native sons."

"And they're midnight sons."

"Yep. I wish the folks back home could see us—just once!"

"I wish so too."

"Why, Annie, it seems like a dream, the days at home: Up at six—working all




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"I wonder sometimes."

"And nothing to do—only clean house and pick vegetables and make your own clothes. And what clothes!"

"Here you get through all your house work by ten o'clock."

"Or, if you don't, you leave it till you have more time. You should worry if the dishes ain't washed!"

Annie rose, stretching.

"Well, I'll run along home. Joe'll be in any minute. See you later, Nettie."

"Yep—we'll give you three rings."

Annie stole across the corridor and opened her door softly. The gentle dusk of early autumn lay like a gray mantle on the little hall.

She shut the door behind her and leaned her head against it for an instant without stirring; then she moved slowly toward her bedroom. At the open door she started back, gazing at the prostrate form stretched out on the bed.

"Joey!" she cried. "Are you sick?"

"Hello, hon! That you?" He rolled over. "Gee, how you scared me! I thought you was all in for fair."

"No; just tired, Annie." He sat up and stretched languidly. "Come here and kiss your old man."

She bent down—and drew back quickly. "Joe, you've been drinking again!"

He jerked his head back.

"Well, what if I have? Does it cut any ice with you?"

"Oh, Joe!"

She covered her face with her hands; and he scrambled to his feet and hurried to her side.

"I'm sorry, Annie; honest, I am. I won't do it again if it makes you feel so bad as all that."

"That's what you said last night, and the night before; and ——"

"Well, what if I did? A fellow has got to take something to keep him going."

"To keep him going?"

"Sure! Work all day—play all night. Can't be done, Annie, without a bracer."

"You mean that going out like this is what's driving you to ——"

"Oh, say; don't preach to a fellow! There's a good girl. What have we got for supper? Maybe we ain't got time to eat. We don't want to be late."

She stared at him without moving. He shook his head impatiently.

"What's got into you, Annie? You never used to pick on me like this. Guess I'll have to take to staying out late, like the other boys do; then you'll have something worth while to kick about."

"Joey!"

"Well —— Oh, come on; kiss and make up. I didn't mean I really would. I'd rather come home to my little wifey; only—darn it!—I'd like to sleep."

Her hand crept to her throat.

"And you hate this going out every night, Joey?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. It's all right, once you get started. Everybody in New York does it. It's all right; but I need a drink or two to set me up—that's all. It's like winding the old clock. I run down after a day's work. Understand?"

"Yes; I understand, Joe," she said.

"Let's have supper, then. Or ain't it ready? I'll take another snooze. You can call me when it's on the table." He dropped back on the bed. "You're going to see the best show in town to-night," he muttered.

She whirled at the door.

"No; I ain't, Joey," she said. "I'm going to stay home."

He sat bolt upright.

"Going to stay home—and me with four tickets for the Winter Garden in my pocket! Say, where do you get that stuff?"

"Oh, Joe, let them go; give them away."

"Say, what's eating you? This ain't a moving picture."

"I know I'm acting queer, Joe; but it's been coming on—only I didn't guess you was tired too.

"I thought maybe I was the only one that was sick of all the lights and all the theaters and all the music."

"You sick of it! Why, Annie, you're crazy! Ain't you the one that starts us off? Ain't you the one that picks the liveliest cabaret? Ain't you the one that's always begging to stay a little longer when we're ready to go home?"

"Yes, Joe; but I did it because I thought you liked me to. I ——"

"You thought I liked you to! Say, tell that to the marines! You can't put nothing like that over on me."

"I tell you I ain't going to any show to-night, Joe!"

"All right! Stay home, then, and we'll go without you. You can sit here and twirl your thumbs; but if you're a thumb twirler I lose my guess."

"Can't you see we weren't made for it?"

"Who wasn't? Don't we take to it like a duck to water?"

"No—no! I tell you it's not like we were born to it."

"What's that got to do with it? Nothing's wrong with you except you haven't eaten yet. You'll feel better after that. I'm going to take another nap. Don't rattle the pans too loud."

Dry-eyed, she switched on the light in her little kitchen and gazed at the chaos of a day's marketing piled high on the washtubs, and at the pyramid of unwashed dishes in the sink. She dropped down beside a bag of war flour and a dozen fresh eggs and let the tears trickle unheeded down her cheeks.

After a time she rose determinedly, rolled up her sleeves and, with a little shiver of disgust at the cold grease on the plates and at the pools of muddy coffee left in the cups, she set to work.

Joe roused himself from the rapture of a stolen nap. He was greeted by the warm friendly odor of frying onions and of broiling steak. He was in a decidedly better mood. He hummed to himself as he splashed cold water on his face and neck. He shaved, chose a collar with meticulous care, drew on his coat, with little pats and flicks at dust, and, with a last glance at necktie, hair and shaved chin, turned and strode toward the alluring odor of good food and fresh coffee.

The dining-room table was neatly set.

"Well, if this ain't a real party!" he exclaimed. "Don't know how long it's been since we've had dinner at the table. It's better, somehow, than snatching it off the stove and dishing it out on the tubs."

Annie nodded.

"I guess it'll taste good, Joe."

"You bet it will! I'm as hungry as all outdoors." He cut off a thick slice of steak, held it poised, stared at her—and dropped his fork. "Ain't you going to dress for the show?" He pulled out his watch. "It's seven-thirty. You've got just ten minutes, missus."

She shook her head.

"I'm not going, Joe."

At that he laughed.

"Want to be coaxed, eh? Well, Joey'll do it up right and proper. Couldn't get along without his little wifey—no; he couldn't! How's that, hon?" She didn't answer, and he leaned over and patted her hand.

"Well, if I didn't clean forget that you was mad at me!"

"I'm not mad, Joe."

"You must be hopping clear through or you wouldn't waste no two-dollar ticket these hard times—plus the war tax."

"I'm sorry about the ticket, Joe; but I don't care to go."

He laid down his knife with a clatter.

"What the hell's got into you, Annie?"

She flushed and did not reply for an instant; then:

"Don't bother about me, Joe. You all go and have a good time."

"It's my drinking that's done it, ain't it? Well, if a fellow can't take a swallow now and then ——"

"It ain't that, Joe."

"Well then, what is it?"

"It's just that I'm tired; I ——"

The little bell above the ice box rang out sharply—three staccato peals.

"There's Hen and Nettie. What you going to tell them?"

"Same as I told you, Joe; I'm tired."

He rose stormily and strode to the door. She heard the murmur of voices rising to shrill protest as Nettie grasped the truth. They swept in upon her.

"What's this I hear about your staying home?" thundered Hen.

"That's right, Hen; I'm going to." She smiled at him.

"Like time you are! Where's her hat, Nettie?"

Nettie stared at her.

"Why, she can't go looking like that! She ain't dressed, or nothing. We'd miss half the first act if we waited for her. Hen, you and me'll start on ahead and they can come in later."

(Continued on Page 85)

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(Continued from Page 82)

Hen studied her closely.

"Feel sick, Annie?"

She shook her head.

"No; I'm not sick."

"Well, what ails you, then?" Nettie was plainly impatient.

"Nothing," said Annie; "only I'm tired."

"I do think you might 'a' thought about how you'd feel before you let Joe buy the tickets."

"I didn't know how I'd feel until to-night," she said slowly; then she rose from her chair. "All of you go along. Can't a girl stay home if she wants to? And take Joe with you. I'd a heap rather have him at the show than sitting at home staring at me as if I had lost my senses."

Joe whirled angrily.

"All right! We'll do as you say. It's all a matter of spite—her acting this way. I took a drink before I come home, and Annie's sore as a crab."

"Oh, come on, Annie! Be a good sport!"

"Please, Annie, don't go to spoiling this little party."

"Joey won't do it no more—will you, Joe?"

Annie smiled a trifle.

"Hurry 'long, all of you, or you'll be late."

She listened, her hand on her heart, to the chorus of voices in the hall, to the quick slam of the front door and the whisper of receding footsteps; then she raised her head.

"I'll do it!" she said. "I'll do it!"

Sometime along about midnight the Winter Garden yawned forth its frothy mass of gayly dressed folk. Ermine-wrapped, diamond-hung girls, slender of body, slim of ankle, gathered in little groups on the curb—gay spots of color—awaiting the limousines that crept obediently to their very feet.

They were the cynosure of all eyes, intensely conscious of the whispers of the crowd, but feigning a colossal indifference that in itself was consummate art.

Nettie, in her georgette crêpe of French blue—nineteen-seventy-five, marked down from thirty—clung to her husband's arm, round-eyed.

"They're the real things, Hen," she breathed. "Just looking at them makes my mouth water for clothes like that!"

"You'll have them too, baby. Just wait a while and you'll be making them look like back numbers—that's what!" He patted her hand.

"Oh, Hen!"

She turned a radiant face to Joe. He was observing the crowd sullenly, his brows drawn together.

"Look at Joe!" she teased. "The Fifth Avenue swells don't mean nothing to him 'cause Annie ain't along."

"Oh, they don't mean nothing to me anyhow!" he snapped. "I've seen enough of them."

At that Nettie protested sharply.

"Enough! Why, you can't see enough of coats like those and hair dressed that way and pearls as big as ostrich eggs!"

"Oh, there's nothing to it!" growled Joe. "It's the same old thing in the same old way."

Nettie danced to the curb.

"I don't see our limousine nowhere. Hen, what do you say to our walking to the Flower Garden for a change."

Henry grinned at Joe.

"Ain't she a wonder, though? You wouldn't know she wasn't born and raised here—would you?"

"How about yourself, Hen?" she cried. "Didn't the boss tell you that you certainly acted like an old-timer? Didn't he, Hen?"

"He sure did!"

She clung to his arm. "And, oh, I laughed to myself to-day when I come up on a bus. I was riding on top."

"This cold weather?"

"Sure; the fur coat you bought me keeps me as warm as a bug in a rug."

"What made you laugh?"

"A couple of rubes. 'Low bridge!' yells the conductor; and you ought to 'a' seen them duck!"

"Remember how we went way down the first time we rode on top?"

"Yes."

Nettie, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks flushed, gazed with parted lips up and down Broadway.

"Lights—lights—lights!" she crooned. "Reds and greens and yellows; beautiful autos and happy people and pretty clothes—what more can you ask to see?"

"Come on, you little New York booster; it's us for the Garden Café."

"Wish you could dance, Hen."

"Didn't I tell you I'd learn how?"

"Then, when the music starts, I needn't sit still and keep time with my feet."

"Not much! We'll be up and round until the band stops."

Joe cleared his throat.

"I'll hike along home."

But Hen caught his arm.

"Not much you won't! Annie'll be asleep; and a few minutes more of our company won't hurt you."

"Oh, that ain't it—I'm all in!"

"Him too?" laughed Nettie. "Gee, Hen, I guess we're glad we ain't such dead ones!"

He pinched her cheek.

"Baby, you look like a million dollars to me!"

They crossed Broadway. The rosy lights of the Flower Garden coaxed and beckoned. The heavy odor of perfume, of rich foodstuffs, of fine cigars drifted out to them, with a sudden blare of music.

"Oh, I love it!" breathed Nettie. "Only I'd ought to have my dress cut lower."

"Nothing doing, Nettie!"

"You'll like it," she tossed back. "Wait and see if you don't."

Garlands of flaming roses festooned the walls. Baskets of vivid roses screened the lights. On the tables were clusters of them, brilliant crimson dashes. Nettie buried her face in the bowl and looked up rapturously.

"Oh, there ain't no place in the world like this!" she cried.

Joe moved restlessly in his chair.

"All I want is a club sandwich and some ginger ale."

Nettie snatched the menu from his fingers.

"A cocktail for me—a Bronx."

Hen shook his head sternly.

"None of that stuff, baby!"

But she leaned toward him alluringly, puckering her red lips.

"Please, Henny; just this once to see how it tastes—if you love your baby, Henny."

"Oh, well—all right!"

The music crashed into syncopated melody, mad pulse-leaping music, with the jingle of sleigh bells and the shrill of steam whistles to further inflame and rouse.

"Ain't that too good to keep?" cried Nettie; then, seizing Joe's arm, she sprang up. "You can dance. Come on; take me out."

"Nothing doing!" he growled.

"Aw, please!" she coaxed. "Just this once! I never asked you before."

"No; I don't feel like it."

"Go on," urged Hen; "I want to see you do it."

Joe rose.

"All right!" he said. "Watch your step."

They moved through a narrow aisle between tables to the dancing floor. Nettie waved over Joe's shoulder to Hen. Joe took her in his arms and they swung into the ragtime with hesitating steps.

Women's bare shoulders, gleaming like satin, brushed against his sleeve. Men crashed into him precipitously. He found himself out of step.

He tried desperately to right himself; he moved back, dragging Nettie with him. He discovered a woman's foot beneath his heel. He stopped short in an agony of embarrassment, red of face, apologizing incoherently. In the silence that followed a man's sharp voice rang out:

"Well, where did those hicks come from? Would you believe they'd allow them on the floor of the Garden? Say, what's New York coming to anyway?"

Nettie, white to the lips, dropped Joe's arm.

"I think we'd better sit down," he said.

He led the way to the table. Hen greeted them uproariously.

"Fine!" he shouted. "Fine! Best-looking couple on the floor! You got them all skinned a mile! What you stopping for? The music is still going."

Nettie caught her breath. The tears in her eyes hung like drops of dew to her lashes.

"Oh, Hen," she wailed, "we danced all wrong, and everyone knew we were from the country; we ——" She choked.

Hen stared at her.

"Why, baby, you ain't—you ain't —— Say!" He clenched his fist suddenly.


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## Player-Piano



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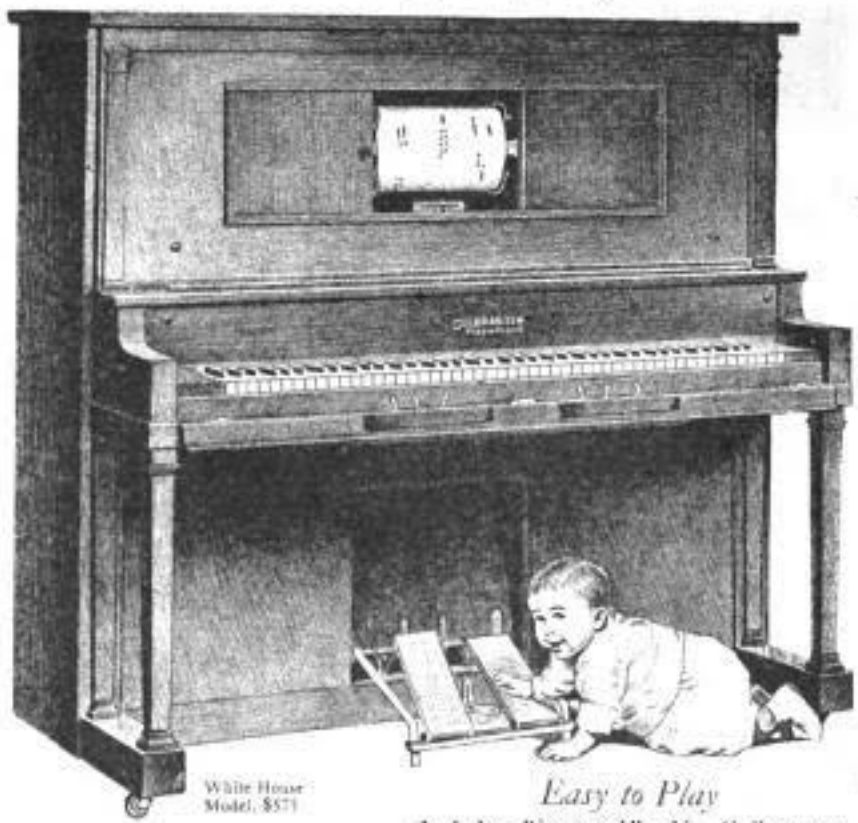
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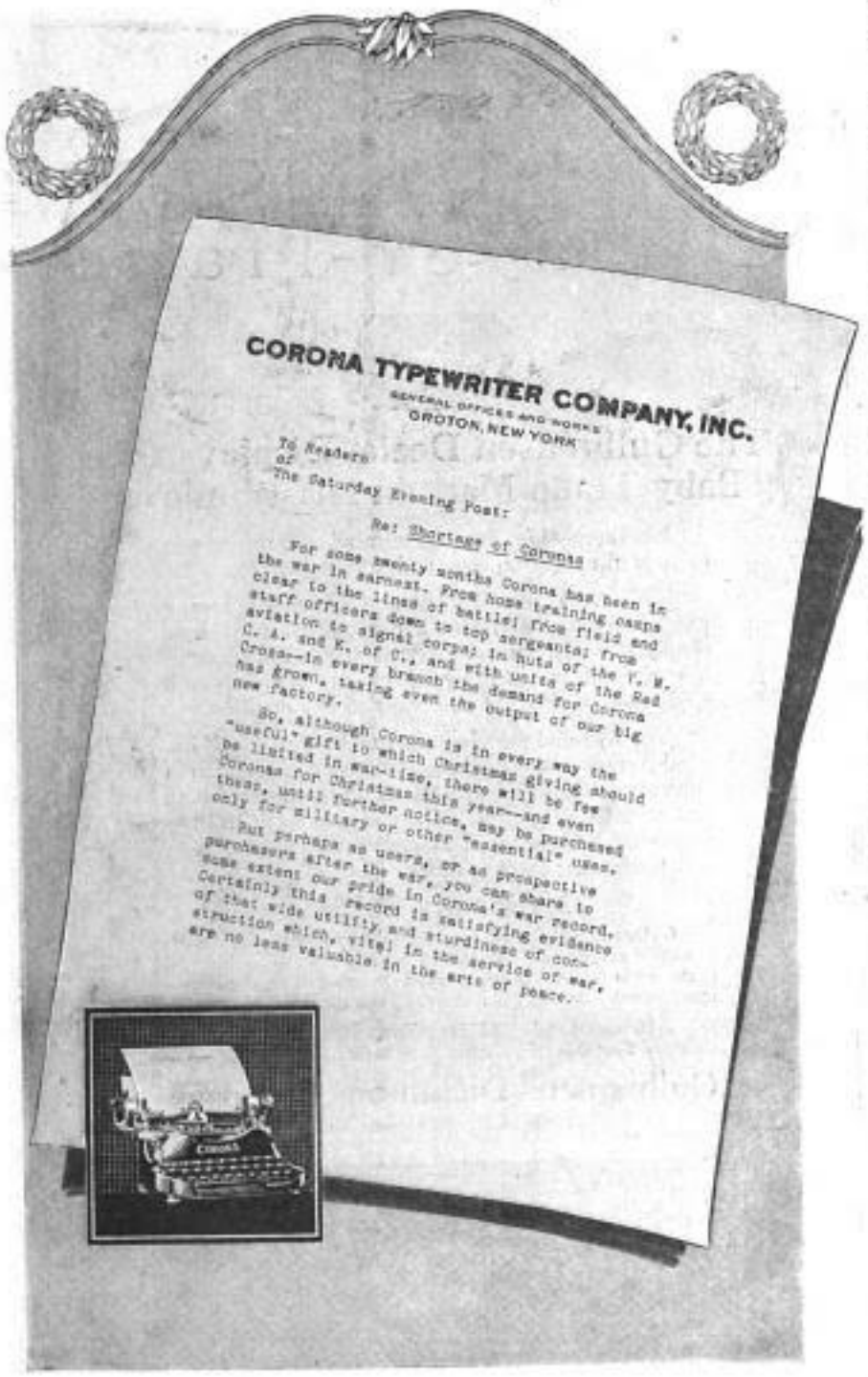
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# GULBRANSEN
## Player-Piano


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"Did anyone in this crowd say anything to you? Just show him to me—that's all! Just ——"

Joe patted his sleeve.

"Nothing happened, Hen—only when you get to thinking how good a New Yorker you are one of the real things comes along and shows you where to get off. It takes time—believe me—to get all the hayseed out of your hair."

Nettie raised her head.

"Let's go home, Hen," she said with trembling lips. "I want to go home!"

Joe left them in the near-marble entrance hall of the flat on West One Hundred and Forty-third Street. He sped up the stairs two steps at a time. He fitted his key into the latch and swung wide the door.

"Annie!" he called. "Are you awake?"

She came toward him. He thought he had never seen her look so lovely. The little gown of blue chiffon floated out behind her like a cloud, and her hair, a mantle of gold, fell thickly about her shoulders.

"Joey, you are just in time."

"In time for what?"

"For everything."

He caught her to him fiercely.

"I don't know what made me go out without you, Annie. It's been hell! Yes; it has. I'll never do it again, hon."

She clung to him.

"I'm glad you missed me," she said, rubbing her cheek against his sleeve. "I haven't had time to miss you."

"Haven't had time! Say, what have you been doing, Mrs. Baker?"

"Packing," she tossed off lightly.

"Packing?"

"Yes—everything. I got the janitor to bring up the trunks from the cellar."

"Annie, are you crazy? Packing for what?"

"For us."

He stared at her. Her cheeks were like roses, her eyes wide with eagerness.

"Where are we going?" he asked at last.

And she flung her arms about his neck.

"You know, Joey, as well as I do—don't you, dear? We're—going—home!"

He held her to him. He felt the flutter of her heart against his own, the whisper of her breath against his cheek; then he kissed her gently.

"Yes; I reckon you're right, Annie," he said. "I suppose I halfway guessed it all the time."

"And you're glad, Joey?"

"Glad!" He freed her suddenly. "Say, call Nettie and Hen in and tell them the news or I'll pick you up and take the night flyer. I can't wait to get there."

"We won't telegraph, or nothing?"

"No; just drop down on the folks at dinner time—like we thought they expected us."

"Your ma'll be carving the roast ——"

"And I'll stand at the door and watch her until she looks up ——"

"Oh, won't she be happy, though!"

"I've been fretting an awful lot about her."

"I know it, Joey, even if you didn't say nothing about it. And I want to see sister's baby."

"Little tike! Bet you'll cut his mother out!"

"Silly you! Nothing of the kind!"

A silence fell—a warm throbbing silence. He spoke:

"I like the country anyway."

"So do I."

"Not all this noise, and plenty of fresh air."

"Yes, Joey.'

"Never was cut out to sit at a desk."

"No, Joey; you never was."

"I'm an outside man."

"And I'm an outside girl."

"And you won't be sorry, hon, that you're away from the theayters?"

"No—no!"

"Or the cabarets?"

"No!"

"Or the big stores?"

"No—not so long as you're with me, Joe." Then she flushed suddenly. "Ain't we the boobs, though?"

Hen and Nettie received the news in frozen horror.

"Going back to Lone Rock!" they breathed.

Annie nodded, her hand in Joe's.

"For keeps?"

"It's all right here; but there isn't space to stretch in," Joey said.

At which Hen snapped:

"There's all the room in the world. Better think it over. It don't sound reasonable to me."

"No; and me, neither," chimed in Nettie. "Wasn't it them that got us to come here?"

"And wrote about how they wouldn't go back for love or money?"

"And how New York was the only place for live folks to live in?"

Annie laughed.

"Don't you care, Nettie; you needn't go back just because we do."

"Me go back? I guess not!"

"Coop baby up in that two-by-four town? Nothing doing!"

"Joe resigns to-morrow."

"You're all locoed! Giving up a good job in New York for what?" Hen shouted.

"Well, I could manage your ranch first-rate if I had the chance," Joe grinned.

"Do you mean that?" Hen whirled.

"I sure do!"

"You'd be willing to run it like you did your father's place?"

"That's me!"

"Say, that's the best news I've heard since I come East. I've been worrying myself sick over the place. I bet I'll sleep better nights, knowing it's in your hands. What do you say, Nettie?"

But Nettie shrugged.

"I suppose I'd better write your sister, Hen, to come along on. She's been begging to in every letter."

"Yes; do that!" cried Annie. "And you won't be lonesome."

Nettie turned on her.

"Lonesome! With movies to go to, and plays and dancing every night, and on Sundays too? Lonesome! There never was so much to do in all the world as there is right here."

"You'll be coming home some day too—see if you don't!" Annie hugged her.

"Not much!" said Nettie. "I know a good thing when I see one."

At seven P. M. on a gray afternoon, when the first flurry of snow fell into the brown puddles of the gutters; when the cornices of the buildings, long, black and harsh, mysteriously turned into soft, white, indeterminate masses; when the darkness of furs and wraps was powdered by a sprinkling of snowflakes—Joe and Annie Baker arrived at the gate below which the train that was to bear them away from the turmoil champed and snorted.

Hen and Nettie followed—Nettie chic and conscious in her new tailored suit and smart neck fur; trim as to the boots; correct as to the hat; a veil with a wide border floating behind her.

"And you want to leave all this?" she asked incredulously.

Annie nodded.

"Think of how the wood fires are roaring up the chimneys at home!"

"Wood fires! Give me gas logs!" sniffed Nettie.

"And how white the plains are as far as you can see!"

"Yes; with the snow five feet deep to dig your way through."

"We don't want to miss the train; so I guess we'll go aboard." Annie kissed her quickly.

"Well, you do beat all!" said Nettie. "You do beat all!"

The train lurched forward, gliding unevenly, fell at length into its stride, and crept through the glare of the station into the white light of the city. Against the windows little snowflakes clung and, melting, coursed down like tears. Annie slipped her hand into her husband's.

"Joey, it was good of you to go just because I wanted to."

He gripped her fingers and smiled.

"Well, Annie, you got to have your own way when you want it. That's all there is to it!"

"And you ain't sorry, Joe?"

"Sorry!" He leaned close. "Do you know why I'm gladdest of all?"

"Why, Joe?"

"Because ——"

"Because what?"

"Because maybe we'll have time, at last ——"

"What, Joe?"

He kissed the tip of her pink ear, which peeped from beneath her toque.

"What do you guess, hon? Something you can't raise in New York flats, but that there's plenty of room for on the plains."

"Oh, Joe!" she whispered, a wave of scarlet sweeping her throat and cheeks. "Oh, Joe!" Then: "I hope he'll be just like you!" she said, and was silent.

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# THE CITY OF COMRADES

(Continued from Page 19)

Rufus while he was awake. In the meantime he and I would retire to his own snuggery and talk business.

While I followed his account of the hotel he was building sufficiently to get his ideas and to know what he expected of me, I was saying to myself: "She doesn't know me. She doesn't know me at all. It never occurs to her as a possibility that the man who wrote those words is the one she is now asked to meet at dinner. How am I ever to get the nerve to let her know?"

When I found the opportunity I put the question: "Have your wife and Miss Barry any idea about me?"

"About you? You mean about ——"

"The Down and Out."

"Lord, no! What would be the good of that?"

"The only good would be that—that I shouldn't be sailing under false colors."

"False colors be hanged! We've all got a right to the privacy of our private lives. You don't go nosing into anyone else's soul; why should anyone else go nosing into yours? Why, if I were to tell my wife all I could tell her about myself I should be ashamed to come home."

I knew this argument, and yet when I came to apply it to my attitude toward Regina Barry I was not satisfied.

### XI

A FEW days later I was surprised to receive a note from Annette van Elstine. It ran:

"*Dear Frank:* I have just heard that you are in New York—that you have been here some time. Why did you never come to see me? It was not kind. And didn't you know that your mother has been heartbroken over your disappearance? Jerry and Jack knew you were somewhere in this country, but they've kept your mother in the dark. What does it all mean? Come to tea with me—just me—on Friday afternoon at five, and tell me all about it.

"Your affectionate

"ANNETTE."

As this was the first bit of connection with my own family since Jerry had practically kicked me down his steps I was deeply perturbed by it. I am not without natural affection, and yet I seemed to have died to the old life as completely as Lovey to that with his daughters. I had never forgotten Jerry's words: "And now get out. Don't let any of us ever see your face or hear your name again."

The very fact that he was justified had roused the foolish remnant of my pride.

I had loved my mother; I had reverenced my father; though my brothers were indifferent to me I had felt a genuine tenderness for my sisters. But since that night on Jerry's steps it had been to me as if I had put myself on one side of a flood and left them on the other, and that there was no magic skiff that would carry me back whence I came. I cannot say that I grieved for them; and it was the last of my thoughts that they would grieve for me. I accepted the condition that we were all dead to each other, and tried to bury memory.

And now came this first stirring of resurrection. It hurt me. I didn't want it. It was like the return of life to a frozen limb. Numbness was preferable to anguish.

"Lovey," I said as the old man hung about me when I was undressing that night, "how would you feel if one of your daughters ——"

He raised himself from the task of pulling off my boots, which to humor him I allowed him to perform, and looked at me in terror.

"They ain't—they ain't after me?"

"No, no! But suppose they were—wouldn't you like to see them?"

He dropped the boot he held in his hand.

"Y'ain't goin' to 'ave them 'unted up for me, Slim?"

"I don't know anything about them, Lovey. That isn't my point at all. But suppose—just suppose—you could see them again; would you do it?"

He shook his bald head.

"They're dead to me. I'm dead to them. If we was to see each other now 'twouldn't be nothink but diggin' up a corpse."

"Nothink but diggin' up a corpse," I repeated to myself as I turned east from Fifth Avenue, leaving the brown trees of the park behind me, and took the few steps necessary to reach my Uncle Van Elstine's door. He had married my mother's sister, and during the lifetime of my aunt the families had been fairly intimate. Of late years they had drifted apart, as families will, though touch-and-go relations were still maintained.

I have to admit that while waiting for Annette in the library upstairs I was nervous. I was coming back to that family life in which I should have interests, affections, cares, responsibilities. For the past three years I had had no one to think of but myself; and if in that freedom there were heartaches there were no complexities.

Though it was not yet dark the curtains were drawn and the room was lighted not only by a shaded lamp but by the flicker of a fire. When Annette, wearing a tea gown, appeared at last in the doorway she stood for a second to examine me.

"Why, Jack!" she exclaimed then. "I didn't know you were in New York. Have you brought Frank with you?"

"I am Frank," I laughed, going forward to offer my hand. "I didn't know Jack and I were so much alike. But you're the second person who has said it within a few days."

"It's your mustache, I think," she explained as we shook hands. "I never saw you wear one before."

"I never did."

"Do sit down. They'll bring tea in a minute. I'm so glad to see you. But if it's not a rude question tell me why you've been here all this time and never let me know."

It would be difficult to define the conditions which made Annette at the age of thirty-three what Cantyre styled one of the smartest women in New York, but the minute you saw her you felt that it was so. My Uncle Van Elstine was only comfortably well off; their house was not large; though they entertained a good deal their manner of living was not showy. But my Aunt Van Elstine had established the tradition—some women have the art of doing it—that whatever she had and did and said was "the thing," and Annette, as her only child and heiress, had kept it up.

As far as I could understand the matter, which had been explained to me once or twice, my aunt was exclusive. In the rush of the newly come and the rise of the newly rich which marked the last quarter of the nineteenth century in New York she and a few like-minded friends had made it their business to pick and choose and form what might literally be called an *élite*. By 1913, however, the *élite* was not only formed but founded on a rock as firm as the granite of Manhattan, and Annette's picking and choosing could be on another principle. Hers was that more civilized American tendency to know everyone worth knowing, which is still largely confined, so they tell me, to Washington and New York. Where her mother had withdrawn, Annette went forward. Her *flair* for the important or the soon to be important was unerring. Hers was one of the few drawing-rooms through which everyone interesting, both domestic and foreign, was bound at some time to pass. Being frankly and unrestrainedly curious she kept in touch with the small as well as with the great, with the young as well as with the old, maintaining an enormous correspondence, and getting out of her correspondents every ounce of entertainment they could yield her. On her side she repaid them by often lending them a helping hand.

The warmth of her greeting now was due not to the fact that I was her cousin but to her belief that I had been up to something. It was always those who had been up to something with whom she was most eager to come heart to heart. Without temptations of her own, as far as I could ever see, she got from the indiscretions of others the same sort of pleasure that a scientist finds in studying the wrigglings of microbes under a microscope.

Having some inkling of this I answered her questions not untruthfully, but with reservations, saying that I had not come to see her because I had been down on my luck.

"And how did you come to be down on your luck?"

"Can't you guess?"

"You don't look it now."

"I've been doing better lately. I've made two or three friends who've given me a hand." Carrying the attack in her direction I asked: "How did you hear that I was in New York?"




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for Men, Women and Children

*Remember: All Notaseme is seamless but not all seamless is Notaseme*

Notaseme Hosiery Co., Philadelphia, Pa.


"Hilda Grace told me. She said you'd been working on that memorial of hers. She thought it awfully strange—you won't think me rude in repeating it?—that a man like you should be only in a secondary position."

"If she knew how glad I was to get that ——"

She changed the subject abruptly.

"When did you last hear from home?"

I thought it sufficient to say: "Not for a long time. I may as well admit that nowadays I never hear from home at all."

"And, if it's not a rude question, why don't you?"

"Partly, I suppose, because I don't write."

"So I understood from Jack. But, Frank, dear, do you think it kind?"

I broke in with the question the answer to which I had really come to get: "When did you last see Jack?"

"About eighteen months ago; just before he was married. He knew you were somewhere about, but he wasn't confidential on the subject."

"No; he wouldn't be. Did he seem all right?"

"Quite; and awfully in love with Mary Sweet. What's she like, really?"

I described my new sister-in-law as I remembered her, going on to say: "I suppose you gave Jack a good time. Did you—did you take him about anywhere?"

"Let me see. I took him to—where was it? I took him to the Wynfords'—and—and—oh, yes!—to the Barrys'. And it's too funny! I really think Regina fell in love with him at first sight. For a month or two she questioned me about him every time we met. Then all of a sudden she stopped. If she was struck by the thunderbolt, as the French put it—well, all I can say is that it serves her right."

"Serves her right—what for?"

"Oh, the way she's carried on. It's disgraceful. Do you know her? Her father is an architect, like you."

Annette's round, dusky face, which had no beauty but a quick, dimpling play of expression, was one that easily betrayed her ruling passion of curiosity. It was now so alight with anticipation that I tried to be more than ever casual.

"I've—I've just met her."

"Where?"

"Once at the memorial, when she came with Mrs. Grace; and a few nights ago I dined with her at the Coningsbys'."

"I wonder she didn't take you for Jack."

To this I was not obliged to make a response for the reason that the man having arrived with the tea Annette had to give her attention to the placing of the tray.

When I had taken a cup of tea from her hand I created a diversion with the question: "What did you mean by saying the way she carried on was disgraceful?"

"Why, the way she gets engaged and disengaged. It's been three times in as many years, and goodness knows how many more experiments ——"

"I suppose she's trying to find the right man."

"It's pretty hard on those she takes up and puts down in the process. She'll get left in the end, you'll see if she doesn't."

"Isn't it better to get left than to marry the wrong man?"

"The very day I took Jack to see her she'd broken off her engagement to Jim Hunter. I didn't know it at the time. It was two or three days later before it came out. If I had known it and told Jack ——"

"Well, what then?"

"Oh, I don't say anything. They were awfully taken with each other. But I'm glad he was saved. If he hadn't gone straight back to Montreal he might now be in the place of poor Stephen Cantyre."

"I see a good deal of Cantyre."

"So I understand."

"Who told you?"

"Elsie Coningsby."

"You seem to have got a good deal of information about me all of a sudden."

"Because you've dropped right into the little circle in which we all know each other with a kind of villagelike intimacy. New York is really a congeries of villages."

"But anyone could see that Cantyre would never make a husband for a high-spirited girl like Miss Barry."

"How do you know she's high-spirited, if it's not a rude question?"

"Oh, one can tell."

"You've only seen her twice. You must have noticed her very particularly."

"I've noticed Cantyre very particularly; and just as he wouldn't make her the right kind of husband she wouldn't make him the right kind of wife."

When Annette said anything in which there was a special motive a series of concentric shadows fled over her face like ripples from the spot where a stone is thrown into a pool.

"Well, I'm glad you don't like her, if it isn't a rude thing to say."

"What has my liking her or not liking her got to do with it?"

"Nothing but the question of your own safety. If she notices how much you're like Jack ——"

"If she was going to notice that," I said boldly, "she would have done it already."

"And so much the worse for you if she has—unless you're put on your guard."

"If you mean put on my guard against the danger of being Cantyre's successor in a similar experience ——"

"That was my idea."

"Well, I can give you all the reassurance you need, Annette. In the first place I've got no money ——"

The relevance of her interruption did not come to me till nearly a year later.

"Frank, dear, I must ask you while I think of it: Didn't you know that your mother was very, very ill?"

All the blood in my body seemed to rush back to my heart and to stay there. We talked no more of Regina Barry nor of anything but stark fundamental realities. In an instant they became as much the essentials of my life as if Regina Barry had never existed. Annette showed herself much better informed as to my career than she pretended to be, giving me to understand that the day on which I disappeared my mother had received a kind of death-blow. She was of the type to leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness to go after that which was lost; and in her inability to do so she had been seized, so Annette told me, with a mortal pining away. With her decline my father was declining also, and all because of me.

"I've been the most awful rotter, Annette," I groaned as I staggered to my feet. "You know that, don't you?"

"Yes, Frank, I do know it. That's why I've been so glad to get hold of you at last, and ask you to—to redeem yourself."

"Redeem myself by going back?"

She looked up at me and nodded.

"Oh, but how can I?"

### XII

MY QUESTION was answered next evening by Beady Lamont; for greatly to Lovey's disgust I made it a point to attend every Saturday meeting at the club.

"Them low fellas ain't fit company for you, Slim," he would protest. "What's the use of cuttin' out the booze and bein' rich if you don't 'old yer 'ead above the likes o' that?"

"They've been awfully white with us, Lovey."

"They wasn't no whiter with us than they'd be with anybody else; and don't three out o' every five give 'em the blue Peter?"

But though we had this discussion once a week he always accompanied me to Vandiver Street, showing his disapproval when he got there in sitting by himself and refusing to respond to advances.

I have to confess that I needed the fellowship of men who had been through the same mill as myself in order to keep up the fight. Again let me repeat it, I am giving you but a faint idea of the struggle I had to make. No evil habit relinquishes its hold easily, and the one to which I had given myself over is perhaps the most tenacious of all. It would be wearisome if I were to keep telling you how near I came at times to courting the old disaster, and how close the shave by which I sheered away; but I never felt safer than a blind man walking along the edge of a cliff. More than once I tore the blue star from my buttonhole, though on each occasion I juggled myself into putting it back again. I juggled myself as I did on the morning when I gazed at the brown-green water flowing beneath Greeley's Slip.

I said that what I didn't do to-day I should still be free to do to-morrow, thus tiding myself over the worst minutes, if only by a process of postponement.

But among my brothers at the club I heard so many tales of heroic resistance that I grew ashamed of my periods of weakness. What Pyn and Mouse and the Scotchman and the piano mover and Beady Lamont could do, I told myself, I also

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could do. Moreover, new men came in, and more than one of the educated type turned to me for help. To a journalist named Edmonds and to an actor named Prince I stood as next friend, and only declined to officiate in the same capacity for Headlights, the big-eyed tailor, and the wee bye Daisy, when they returned, penitent, on the ground that I couldn't watch over more than two men efficiently. With the actor I had no trouble, but twice I had to go down to Stinson's and pull Edmonds out of a drunken spell. To keep him out was putting me on all my mettle; and in order to maintain my mettle I had to stay out myself. My courage was no whit nobler than that of the man who would turn tail in the battle if it weren't for shame before his comrades; but there is something to be got out of even such valor as that.

And in the club I got it. Perhaps we were all putting up a bluff. Perhaps those whom I looked upon as heroes were inwardly no more glorious than I. But when the fellows whom I patted on the back patted me in their turn I was obliged to live up to their commendation. There came, indeed, a time when I couldn't help seeing that in the eyes of newcomers especially I was taken as a pillar of the club, and knew that I couldn't fall without bringing down some of the living walls along with me. To be strong enough to hold up my portion of the weight became once more with me then a question of *noblesse oblige*.

The Saturday evening after my talk with Annette was a special one. After the actor, the journalist, Headlights and Daisy had renewed their pledge for a week Lovey and I stood up with the Scotchman, the piano mover and three or four others, and repeated ours for a month. It probably seems a simple thing to you; but for us who knew what had been our perils during the preceding month and the months preceding that it was a solemn undertaking. The first vow of all had been relatively easy, since new resolutions have an attraction in themselves. The weekly vows that came afterward were not so fiercely hard, because they were but weekly. When it came to promising for a month—well, I can only say that to us a month had the length which it has to a child. It seemed to stretch on indefinitely ahead of one. The foe retreating as we pressed forward was always keeping up a rear-guard fight, and we never woke in the morning without being aware that we might strike an ambush before nightfall. We got so tired of the struggle that we often thought of the relief it would be to be captured; and many a time the resolution was made that when this month was up . . .

And just at these minutes the chaps who seemed stronger would close in about us, or those who seemed weaker would make some appeal, and when the critical Saturday evening came round we would walk up again, impelled by forces beyond our control, and repledge ourselves.

On such occasions there was always some word spoken to us by men who had fought longer than we had and seen the enemy routed more effectively. That night the speaker to the blue-star men was that club benefactor and favorite, Beady Lamont. He was a huge mass of muscle turning the scale at three hundred and more. Strength was in every movement when he walked and every pose when he stood still. To my architect's eye he planted his legs as though they were ancient Egyptian monoliths. Comparatively small round the abdomen his chest was like a great drum. His arms—but why give a description? Hercules must have been like him, and Goliath of Gath, and Charlemagne, and the Giants that were in Those Days.

They said that in drink he used to be terrible; but now his big jolly face was all a quiver of good will.

His voice was one of those husky chuckles of which the very gurgles make you laugh. To make you laugh was his principal function in the club. On this evening he began his talk with a string of those amusing, disconnected anecdotes which used to be a feature of after-dinner speeches, somewhat as a boy will splash about in the water before he begins to swim. But when he swam it was with vigor.

"And now some of you blue-star guys is probably hittin' a question that sooner or later knocks at the beans of most of us chaps that's trying to make good all over again. That's families. Say, ain't families the deuce? You may run like a hare, or climb like a squirrel, or light away like a skeeter—and your family'll be at your heels. It's somethin' fierce. You can never get away from them; they'll never let you get away from them. Because"—his voice fell to a tone of solemnity—"because no matter how fast you sprint, or how high you climb, or how graceful you can dodge—you carries your family with you. You can no more turn your back on it than you can on your own stummick. You may refuse to pervide for it, you may treat it cruel, you may leave it to look out for itself; but you can never git away from knowin' in your heart that if you're a bum husband or father or son you're considerable more bum as a man. That's why the family is after us. Can't shake 'em off! Got 'em where they won't be shook off. God A'mighty hisself put 'em there, and, oh, boys, listen to me and I'll tell you why."

He made dabs at his wrists as though to turn up his sleeves, like a man warming to his work. Taking a step or two forward he braced his left hand on his barrel-shaped hip, while his gigantic forefinger was pointed dramatically toward his audience.

"Say, did any of you married guys ever wish to God you was single again? Sure you did! Was any of you chaps with two or three little kids to feed ever sorry for the day when he heard the first of his young ones cry? Surest thing you know! Did any of us with a father and a mother, with brothers and sisters, too, very likely, ever kick because we hadn't been born an orphan and an only child? You bet your sweet life we did! The drinkin' man don't want no hangers-on. He wants to be free. Life ain't worth a burnt match to him when he's got other people to think of, and a home to keep up, and can't spend every penny on hisself. Some of us here to-night has cursed our wives; some of us has beat our children; some of us has cut out father and mother as if they'd never done nothin' for us, and we could cast off from 'em with no more conscience than a tug'll cast off from a liner.

"But, boys, when God A'mighty put us into this world he put us into a family first of all. He give us kindness there, and care, and eddication, and the great big thing that fills the whole universe and that we ain't got no other name for only love. As soon as we'd got pretty well grown he give us another feeling—one that druv us by and by to go and start a family for ourselves. Most of us went and started one, and them that haven't done it yet'll do it before the next few years is out. But, boys, what's it all for? Everything's got to be for somethin' or else it's just lumberin' up the ground; and this here matter of families is either the worst or the best thing you'll find anywhere on earth. If it's not the best it's the worst, and it has to be one or t'other.

"Now I stand before you as one who used to think it was the worst. I won't say nothin' of my father and mother. Them things is too sacred to be trotted out. But I'll speak of my wife, because she's that grateful for what's been done for me—and everything done for me has been done twice as much, ten times as much, for her—that she'd like me to bring her into whatever I've got to say. I've known the time when I was as crazy to be quit of my family as a dog to be rid of the tin can tied to his tail. I had a wife, then, and three children; and O my God! but I thought they was a drag! I couldn't go nowhere without thinkin' I ought to be with 'em, and I couldn't take a drink without knowin' I had to steal it from my little boy and my two little girls. They was the p'ison of my life. There was nights when I was reelin' home and I used to hope that the house had been burnt down durin' the day and they buried in the ashes. That'd leave me free again. Not to have no home—not to have to ante up for no one but myself—was the only thing I ever prayed for. And by gum, but my prayer was answered! One night I come home and found the house empty. My wife had decamped, and left a note that run somethin' like this: 'Dear Beady,' says she, 'I can't stand this life no more,' says she. 'If it was only me I wouldn't mind; but I can't see my children kicked and beat and starved and hated, not by no one.' And then she signed her name.

"Well, say, boys, most of you has heard what happened to me after that. I sure had one grand time while it lasted—and it lasted just about six months. I saw a man oncet—we was movin' a party from Harlem to the Bronx—fall down a flight of stairs with a sofa on his back, and he sure






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did get some pace on. Well, my pace was just about as quick—and as dead easy as he struck the landin' at the bottom I struck the gutter. Now you know the rest of my story, because some of you guys has had a hand in it.

"But what I want to tell you is this: That when I begun to come to again, as you might say, the first thing I wondered about was the wife and the kids. I couldn't get 'em out of my mind nohow. What did I ever have 'em for? I asked myself. Why in hell did I ever get married? Nobody never druv me into it. I did it of my own accord. I went hangin' after the girl, who had a good place in the kitchen department of a big store, and I never let her have no peace till she said she'd marry me, and did it. Why had I been such a crazy fool? There was days and days, sittin' right in there in that back room, when I asked myself that; and at last I got the answer. I'm goin' to tell it to you now, because there's a lot of you shysters that's only been a few weeks in the club that's askin' yourselves that very same thing. You've got wives and kids, the Lord knows where—scattered to the four winds of heaven, for anything you know—and you wish you hadn't. But, say, don't you go on wishin' no such thing; for I'm goin' to tell you what God A'mighty said to me right there in that back settin' room."

He squared himself now, planting his Egyptian monoliths with a force which in itself was a kind of eloquence. His hands were thrust deep into his trousers pockets and his big chest expanded.

"'Beady,' God A'mighty says to me, and it was just as if I'd heard his voice, 'if a man don't have no one to think about but hisself he becomes the selfishest of all things under the sun. I'm God,' says he, 'with nothin' to do but enj'y myself; and yet if I didn't have you and the other things I make to care for and think about I wouldn't have nothin'. I've just got to have 'em, for if I didn't I'd go crazy. So I make beautiful worlds, and grand men, and noble women, and pretty kids, and strong animals, and sweet birds to sing, and nice flowers to bloom, and everything like that. I don't make nothin' ugly nor nothin' bad, nor no sickness nor sufferin' nor poverty. You guys does all that for yourselves, and I don't take no rest day nor night tryin' to show you how not to. Listen to me, Beady,' says he. 'Stop thinkin' about yourself and that awful hulk of a body, and what it wants to eat and especially to drink. Don't pay no more attention to it than you can help. Say, you're my son, and you're just like me. What you want is not the booze; it's somethin' outside yourself to think about. I've given you a wife and three fine youngsters. Now get out and get after them. Cut out livin' for yourself and live for them. You must lose your life to find it; and the quickest way to lose your life is not to think about your beastly cravings at all.'

"Well, by gum, boys, if I didn't take God A'mighty at his word! I says to myself, I'll prove this thing or bust—and if I was to bust there'd be some explosion. When you fellows had kept me here long enough to let me be pretty nigh sure of myself I went and looked up the wife—and well, there! I needn't say no more. Some of you dubs has been up to my little place and you know that Whatever spoke to me that day in that back room is in my little tenement in the Bronx if he ever was anywhere—and that brings me at last to my p'int.

"I'm speakin' to you blue-star men because you've showed pretty well by this time the stuff you're made of. As long as you was in danger of slippin' back I wouldn't say this to you at all. But, say, you've weathered the worst of it, so it's time for me to speak.

"Has any of you a wife? Then go back to her. Have you kids? Then go back to 'em. Have you a father or a mother? Then for God's sake let them know that you're doin' well. Go to 'em—write to 'em—call 'em up on the phone—send 'em a telegraph—but don't let 'em be without the peace o' mind that'll come from knowin' that you're on your two feet. One of the most mysterious things in this awful mysterious life is the way somebody is always lovin' somebody.

"Here in these two rooms is a hundred and sixty-three by actual count of the seediest and most gol-darned boobs that the country can turn out. As we look at each other we can't help askin' if anyone in their tarnation senses could care for the likes of us.

"And yet for every bloomin' one of us you can foot up to eight or ten that'll have us in their hearts as if we was gold-headed cherubs.

"Say, boys, I'll tell you somethin' confidential like, and don't think I'm braggin'. The furniture-movin' business is the grandest one there is. For a man that's mastered it there don't seem anything in the world left for him to learn. He's ready to command a army or to run a ocean liner. But there's one thing I'll be hanged if even a furniture mover knows anything about—and that's love. I've thought about it and thought about it—and it gets me every time. I don't know what it is, or where it comes from, or how they brew the durned thing in hearts like yours and mine. All I know is that it's there—and that this old world goes round in it. I'm buttin' into it all the time, and it kind o' turns me shy like.

"My own little home is so full of it that sometimes it makes me choke. If I try to get away from it and come down here—well, I'm blest if some bloke don't begin ladlin' it out to me when he don't hardly know what he's doin'. The furniture-movin' business is that shiny with it when you know how to see it—but I'll not say no more. You'd laff. You're laffin' at me now, and I don't blame you. All I've wanted to do is to put some of you boys wise. If there's a blue-star man who knows anyone in the world that's fond of him—then for Christ's sake get after 'em! And do it not later than to-night."

And so I did it. Before going to bed I wrote a long letter to my father, giving him such details of my history during the past three years as I thought he would like to know. I hinted that if he or my mother would care for a visit from me I could go home for a few days.

Then I waited.

In a week I got my reply. It read:

"*My dear Frank:* I am glad to receive your letter, but sorry that it should ever have been necessary for you to write it. That you should be doing well no one could be more thankful for than I. I have given your message to your mother, and she wishes me to send you her love. I consider it my duty to add, however, that no message can withdraw the sword you have thrust into her heart—and mine.

"Your affectionate father,
"EDWARD MELBURY."

### XIII

AFTER that my work took me to Atlantic City, though not before I had had a number of meetings with Regina Barry, each of which, with one exception, took me by surprise.

The exception was the first. Cantyre urged me so strongly to come with him to call on Mrs. Barry and her daughter that in the end I yielded.

I found Mrs. Barry a charming invalid lady, keeping to the background and allowing her daughter to take all the initiative. From her as well as from Regina I got the reflex action of their liking for Jack. Mrs. Barry had seen him only once, but had preserved the memory of the pleasure which the meeting had given her. She repeated the statement which had already grown familiar that she thought Jack different from other men. Perhaps he was, though I could never see it. Perhaps she thought I was, myself, though she didn't say so in words.

In any case, the call was followed by an invitation to dinner, and not long after that Annette placed me next to Miss Barry at lunch. Mrs. Grace did the same, and so did Cantyre when he insisted on my joining a party he gave at a theater. Two or three other meetings were accidental, and if I say that in all of them Miss Barry herself made the advances it is only to emphasize my nervousness. I had no right to be meeting her; I had no business to be allowing her to talk to me and show that—well, that she didn't dislike me. The revolver was still in my desk and I began to ask myself if it wasn't my duty to make use of it. True, she had not accused me with her eyes, but she was in some ways doing worse. What was to be the end of it?

I welcomed the work at Atlantic City, then, for more reasons than one. It took me away from New York; it kept me out of danger. Cantyre having confided to me the fact that his hopes were not dead, it left the field free to him. Never for a moment did

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he suspect that in my heart there was anything that could interfere with him; nor did he so much as dream that in hers . . .

It is curious that in proportion as the craving for drink diminished its place was taken by another craving for what I knew I couldn't have. There was every reason why I couldn't have it, why I could never have it. Atlantic City offered me, therefore, the readiest means of flight.

When that should be over I was planning a still further retirement. Sterling Barry was in California, directing the first stages of the erection of a block of university buildings in which he took great pride. Coningsby himself had suggested that when the Atlantic City job was finished there would be an opening for me there if I cared to make a bid for it. I did so care, and he promised to speak for me. Once I reached the Pacific I was resolved not to come back for years, and perhaps never to come back at all.

It is lucky for me that I am temperamentally inclined to look forward. The retrospective view in my case would very soon have led me back to Greeley's Slip, but I was rarely inclined to dwell on it. Once when I was crossing the Atlantic as a small boy our steamer had run on the rocks at Cape Clear. To enable us to get off her before she slipped back into the water and went down, long rope ladders were lowered to us from the top of the cliff, and up them we had to climb. This we did in a foggy Irish dawn, seeing just the rope rung ahead of us. Had we been able to look farther up the face of the cliff my mother and sisters would hardly have had the nerve for the ascent. As it was they could see that single rung and no more, and so could keep their gaze upward without fear.

In the same way I kept my own gaze forward. I tried not to look ahead of the day, and at Atlantic City the days, even in November, were bearable enough. The booming of the long miles of breakers acted on me as a sedative. They dulled memory; they dulled pain; at the same time they incited me to work, as the piercing wail of the bagpipes incites the Highlander to fight.

So November went by, and a great part of December. Christmas was approaching, and I was eager to have it over. Not that it mattered to me; but the sense that there was a gay companionship in the world from which I was excluded got slightly on my nerves. Cantyre, who came down to spend a week-end with me whenever he could, having to go for that season to his relatives in Ohio, I looked for nothing more festal than a merry meal with Lovey.

The late afternoon on the day before Christmas Eve was both windy and foggy, with a dash of drizzle in the air. The men had knocked off working, and as I left the half-finished building I stood for a minute to get the puffs of wet wind in my face. The lights along the Boardwalk were reflected on the wet planks as in a blurred mirror. Here and there a pedestrian beat his way against the wind, and an occasional rolling chair—the jinrikisha of Atlantic City—disappeared into the aureole of the sea front.

As I came down our rickety temporary steps I became aware that a woman's figure darted out of the shelter of a pavilion on the shore edge and walked rapidly across toward me. She wore an ulster and a tam-o'-shanter cap, and made a gallant little figure in the wind. More than that I did not take time to notice, as I had no suspicion that she could have anything to do with me.

I was in fact turning southward toward the house where I was staying when she managed to beat her way in front of me.

"Don't you know me?"

I stopped in astonishment.

"Why—why, what are you doing here?"

"I was waiting for you."

I could think of nothing better to say than: "On an evening like this?"

"Oh, I don't mind that. We only arrived this afternoon. You see, my father can't get back from California, and mother wouldn't spend Christmas in town. We're not going to have any Christmas, and so ——"

We struggled across the walk to the pavilion, which though open on all sides afforded at least an overhead protection.

"How did you know where to find me?" I asked stupidly.

"Ralph Coningsby told me—and the time you would be coming out. I—I've something—something rather special to—to say to you."

I stood looking down at her. In the wooden ceiling above our heads there was an electric light that shed its beams through the whirl of mist right into her upturned face. There was a piteous quiver in the scarlet lips, and to the eyes had returned that mingling of compassion and amazement with which she had watched me when I pulled out her trinkets and threw them on the desk. It was the first time I had seen it since that night.

As I look back we seem to have gazed at each other in this way for an immeasurably long while, but I suppose it was only for some seconds. I knew why she was there. The truth had dawned on her at last, and she had come to tell me it wouldn't make any difference.

But it would.

I had left the revolver in my desk in town; but I reminded myself that there was a train between eight and nine and that I should have plenty of time to catch it.

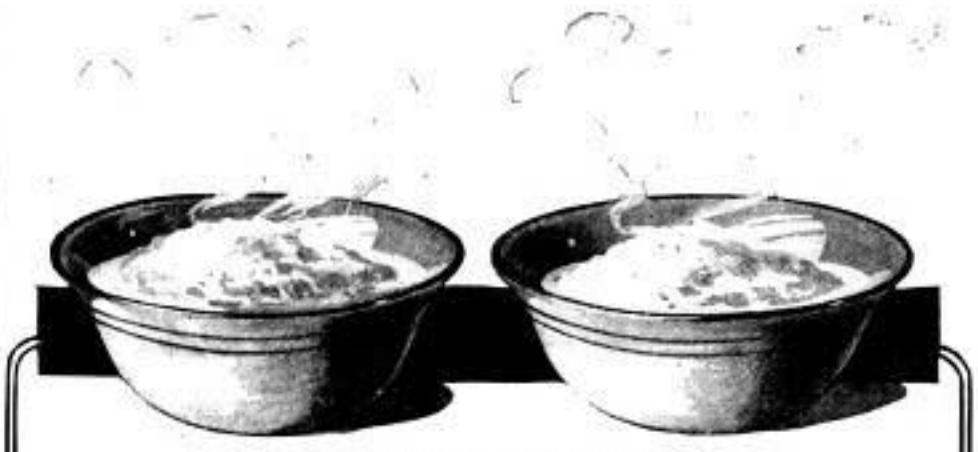
(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Lament for 1914

*READER, say, do you remember that far-off delightful time*
*When we used to purchase bacon by the side;*
*When a smoke could be extracted from a lonely silver dime,*
*And the residue would buy a trolley ride;*
*When we dropped three lumps of sugar in our matutinal cup*
*[If the missus wasn't looking it was four];*
*When we scrupled not at all to hush a crying baby up*
*With a hunk of cake to crumble on the floor;*
*When we used to phone the coal bazaar to send us up a ton,*
*And make trouble if they didn't send it quick;*
*When the boob who held the view that two can live as cheap as one*
*Had at least a fighting chance to make it stick;*
*When the highly funded family that lives across the street*
*Used to trek it out for Europe every year,*
*And, returning, praise the culture of the Viennese élite,*
*And extol the charms of Munich art and beer;*
*When the hand that took the taxes was so delicate of touch*
*That we coughed as effortlessly as we sneezed;*
*When a millionaire was something, and a billionaire was much,*
*And they both disbursed their shekels as they pleased;*
*When the papers gave a column to a shindy in a bar,*
*Or a Newport débutante's imported gown;*
*When a man could start an argument in any smoking car*
*On revision of the tariff up or down;*
*When a certain ditch was digging through the Isthmian earth and rock,*
*And we followed its advancement inch by inch;*
*When we felt that any statesman in a topper and a frock*
*Could arise and save the country in a pinch;*
*When a man could loaf or labor, as his inclination bade,*
*Or according to his balance at the bank;*
*When, in fact, the hardest worker was the man who had a fad,*
*And the "leisure class" was rather prone to swank;*
*When we did some prideful pointing, and some viewing with alarm,*
*But, in peace, pursued our individual ways—*
*Reader, say, can you remember the then unacknowledged charm*
*Of those lazy, hazy Ante-bellum Days,*
*Of those olden, golden Ante-bellum Days?*

—W. E. Nesom.



Two Big Dishes Quaker Oats Cost 1c

# Your Choice
## For a Penny



A Bite of Meat Costs 1c



A Spoon of Peas Costs 1c



Or a Prune Costs 1c

Here is a lesson which no housewife should forget.

A penny's worth of Quaker Oats supplies two generous servings.

These two dishes will supply 200 calories of energy.

Think of that—two dishes at the cost of a bite of meat, or a spoon of peas, or a prune.

Those 200 calories, which cost one cent in Quaker Oats, cost in other foods at this writing as follows:

**Cost of 200 Calories**

| | |
|---|---|
| In Round Steak | 8c |
| In Veal Cutlets | 11c |
| In Halibut | 11c |
| In Salt Cod | 16c |
| In Canned Peas | 11c |

Meats will average ten times Quaker Oats' cost for the same energy units. Fish will average twelve times the cost. And some common foods will run up to twenty times the cost.

Just figure out how Quaker Oats reduces breakfast cost.

But it does more. It supplies almost the ideal food. It is rich in body-building protein, rich in iron, lime, phosphorus, etc.

Make it your main dish at breakfast. Use it for muffins and pancakes. Mix it with your flour foods.

# Quaker Oats

***Oat Food at Its Best***

Make your oat foods delightful by using Quaker Oats. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the big, rich, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

These luscious flakes cost you no extra price. Specify them when you order.

***Two Sizes: 12c to 13c—30c to 32c***

***Except in the Far West and South***

(2044)

### Quaker Oats Muffins

3½ cup uncooked Quaker Oats, 1¼ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

### Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour), 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or two tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture—add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

### Quaker Oats Bread

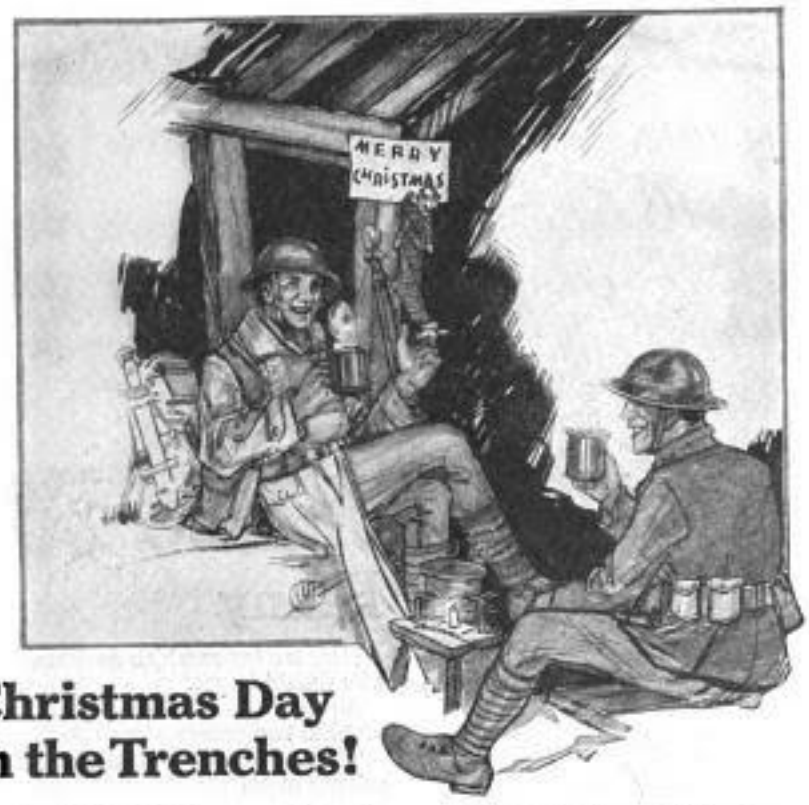
1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
½ cup sugar
2 cups boiling water
1 cake yeast
¼ cup lukewarm water
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.


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**Christmas Day in the Trenches!**

THIS Christmas, Barrington Hall Coffee will bring good cheer not only to the folks at home but also to the American Fighters "over there."

Every day 800,000 cups of this choice coffee are brewed and sent to the battle front in instant form.

You can have Barrington Hall on your table this holiday season as usual. It costs no more per cup than ordinary coffee, because it makes more cups per pound.

If Barrington Hall is not sold by your grocer, send us his name and we will mail you a generous sample.

**Baker Importing Company**

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**Barrington Hall**
**The Baker-ized Coffee**

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Send sketch or model for actual search and report. Write for booklet of instructions on patent practice and procedure. Prompt personal service. GEORGE P. KIMMEL, Patent Lawyer, 23-F 1 Colonial Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Mapleine Syrup To The Rescue



Hot cakes are a war time food, yet they need syrup.

*Try 2 cups of corn syrup diluted with 1 cup of hot water and flavor with 1 teaspoonful of—*

**MAPLEINE**

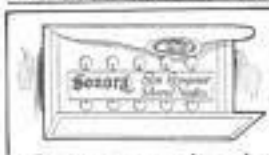


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(M3LD)




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# FEEDING THE YANKEES IN FRANCE

(Continued from Page 13)

Spaniards and Greeks get bread, meat, macaroni, vegetables, coffee and a daily allowance of half a liter of red wine. This wine is as necessary a part of the daily food issue of the Latin soldier as bread or meat.

Though we are feeding more than a million and a half men in France at the time I write there is no cook problem. That ancient adage, "God sends the meat but the devil sends the cook," has no echo in the A. E. F. Thousands of trained food mechanics were caught in the various drafts. You can find hash-slingers from the popular-price restaurants working side by side with chefs from the swagger restaurants and hotels. At the army oven all men are equal. They are judged only by results.

Any shortage in cooks is readily filled, for, like the British, we have a school for cooks. The men get a course of instruction in plain cookery. Then they are given practical tests. They must try their food on each other first. You may be sure that this makes for efficiency. The Government also issues a manual for cooks, which is not only a complete and scientific cookbook with hundreds of recipes and menus but also shows with simple text and comprehensive pictures how to cut fore and hind quarters of beef and carcasses of pork and mutton with the least possible waste. There are illustrations which show cross sections of field ranges and camp ovens. In order to meet any emergency or breakdown in kitchen equipment there are specific directions how to make an impromptu fireless cooker by placing a milk can in an ordinary water container with hay or straw packed between. This book is as complete as any I have seen in the war. It is foolproof and wasteproof.

The average person is apt to assume that because the army kitchen is in the open, in temporary quarters or on the move, it is lax and unsanitary. As a matter of fact it is under rigid military discipline. For every one hundred men there is a mess sergeant, who is the czar of his little domain. The cooks, dining-room orderlies and the Kitchen Police—the K. P.'s—are under him. The K. P.'s, who do the scullery work, are recruited from the men disciplined for minor offenses. In scrubbing floors and gathering garbage they have ample time to reflect on their misdeeds.

### *Why Ricket Was Decorated*

"Cleanliness"—to quote the army order invoking it—"which is still our most reliable protection against disease," is drastically enforced. The army cooks are required to keep their nails trimmed and clean. They must scrub their hands with hot water and soft soap before entering the kitchen.

There is a daily issue of white caps and aprons, which are worn all up the line as far as the area of fighting.

Those gallant British cooks and kitchen orderlies who dropped their frying pans and dishes and rushed to the firing line at the First Battle of Ypres have nothing on their American comrades. Nearly every day you hear of some courageous Yankee who kept the pot boiling amid shot and shell. Not long ago an army cook, Harry C. Ricket, was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. His performance was so remarkable that I present the commander in chief's citation. When you read it you realize that there is not only honor but glory among cooks. Here it is:

"He maintained his kitchen at Château-de-la-Fôret, near Villers-sur-Fère, France, on July 28–29, 1918, during a bombardment so intense as to drive all other kitchens out of the village. When his stove had to be taken to the rear he improvised a fire in the ground and continued his work until ordered to leave. He carried water from a spring which was repeatedly shelled, when others would not approach it. Unaided, of his own volition, he conducted a first-aid station for wounded and exhausted men at his kitchen. Constantly in extreme personal danger from machine-gun fire, from low-flying airplanes and bombardment by high-explosive shells, Cook Ricket devoted himself entirely to the needs of others and made possible the care of several hundred wounded, exhausted and hungry men."

Not all the romance of the war is where danger calls or the spotlight shines. Even so prosaic a task as food procurement becomes a stirring if smokeless drama of achievement. The story of how the American Army went into the food-production business discloses a series of remarkable performances by a remarkable man who will have a unique place in the record of the A. E. F. To know what he did you must first know who he is, for he is the embodiment of the real democracy that constitutes our overseas force.

Back in 1897 an immigrant boy of sixteen, Otto H. Goldstein by name, arrived in Chicago from his home in Bohemia, where his father was a rabbi. When the war with Spain broke out he joined up as a private in the Second Cavalry, served in Cuba and the Philippines, and rose to be a top sergeant, which was as high as he could go. In 1905 he quit the Army, entered the grocery department of one of the great mail-order houses which have helped to make Chicago famous and developed such executive ability that he became a manager. A few years later he went into the wholesale grocery business on his own and had built up a considerable trade when we declared war on Germany. As a sidelight on his subsequent career let me add that he mixed considerably in politics and served a term in the Illinois Legislature. He at once offered his services to his country; was made a reserve officer with the rank of captain—he is now a major—and began a whole new army career that was to be as dramatic as it was useful.

### *Major Goldstein's Coffee Mill*

Major Goldstein is the type of person who makes things happen. He was sent as student to a commissary school at a cantonment; in a week he was instructor. As soon as he arrived in France he was ordered to straighten out a tangle at a big supply depot in the intermediate section where there was difficulty in feeding fifteen thousand men. In a month he was supplying one hundred and fifty thousand.

His first great opportunity now developed. Coffee is among the fundamental daily-ration army requirements. The time is not far distant when we shall need 6,000,000 rations, or 280,000 pounds of the roasted and ground bean every day, which exceeds the output of any private plant in the world. General Rogers wisely decided that to save tonnage and likewise meet any market emergency we must have our own army coffee industry. This is how Uncle Sam began his career as manufacturer for the Army on a large scale abroad.

Fortunately a large stock of green coffee was available. There had been a remarkably good coffee crop in Brazil just before the European War began. German financiers started to get a corner on it. As a consequence dealers everywhere, in self-defense, bought up immense quantities. With the outbreak of war the attempted German coup failed, prices dropped, and the market was flooded. Happily an immense quantity of this coffee was in France, and it fell into the hands of the chief quartermaster of the A. E. F.

The problem was to find a man to run our coffee business. General Rogers had known of Major Goldstein in his old Regular Army day. The major had dealt in coffee as a wholesaler in Chicago, so the roasting and grinding job was put up to him. It was easier said than done. No coffee machinery was available in France, so Goldstein designed roasters that were sanitary and efficient. He then set about to establish a factory at a little town not far from Paris where he could have both water and railway transport. It was impossible to find a suitable structure, so this indomitable one-time sergeant said, "I'll build a factory." He leased an abandoned brickyard, hired several hundred disabled French soldiers, who made bricks stamped U. S. A., and with them constructed a model electrically driven roasting and grinding coffee plant. When I saw it one Sunday last September it was using 90,000 pounds a day. The whole process is mechanical from the moment the green bean is emptied from the original sack until it emerges brown.

(Continued on Page 101)

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(Continued from Page 98)

fragrant and powdery into the fifty-pound receptacle in which it goes to storage or kitchen. Near by was a warehouse that contained 11,000 tons of the green coffee.

The process of roasting, grinding and hauling, which at current rates would cost $112 a ton, is done at the army factory for exactly $18.80. This coffee is delivered to the army kitchen at a cost to the Government of fourteen cents a pound. When the present immense stock of green coffee is exhausted the new supply will come direct from Brazil to France, which will save rehandling in the United States and the second tonnage across the Atlantic. In order to minimize haulage and be ready for any of the contingencies that rise in war Major Goldstein has installed three other model roasting and grinding plants, all duplicates of the original establishment, where we shall be able to prepare the entire 6,000,000 daily rations by the first of the year. At the Paris plant he has trained a corps of men to operate them.

With the addition of the ounce of chocolate as a daily ration component Major Goldstein launched his second venture. Once more General Rogers wanted to save tonnage and at the same time produce his own article, and again the job was put up to the man who had revolutionized the coffee business.

In France the manufacture of chocolate is greatly curtailed during the war. This meant that acres of chocolate-making machinery—most of it controlled by a small group of manufacturers—were idle. It took tact and diplomacy, however, to rent this machinery, but Goldstein acquired it.

To-day in nearly a dozen factories we are producing more than 5,000,000 packages of chocolate a month. Of this, 4,000,000 pounds is the ration, made up in ounce bars, while the rest is bonbons, which are sold at the sales stores. With candy Major Goldstein has wrought another tonnage-saving revolution. Before we went into the business these chocolate candies were sold in pound circular tins that cost the men fifty-four cents each. They not only used up vast quantities of tin but could not be carried on the person. Major Goldstein packs the chocolates in flat cardboard half-pound packages that fit into the pocket. At the same time they save forty per cent in tin tonnage. What is equally important, these packages are sold to the men at twenty-four cents each. We also produce in our factories in France 2,000,000 packages, or 1,000,000 pounds, of stick candy and lemon drops a month. Formerly it was packed in circular tins and cost thirty-five cents; in the flat cardboard boxes it sells for twelve cents.

### The Macaroni Man

By these strokes Goldstein came to be regarded as a sort of Lloyd George of army production. "Let Goldstein do it" became the maxim. General Rogers now wanted to produce hard bread. Our unexpected participation in the Paris drive last July made this field commodity necessary. Major Goldstein was given a third chance to register his resourcefulness, and he did not fail.

Our hard-bread output is now 18,000,000 packages, or 9,000,000 pounds, a month. This so-called iron bread, which is made of flour and water, is probably the simplest and purest-baked product that the American soldier eats. As a trifling side performance Major Goldstein has begun the manufacture of sweet crackers—the delicious *petit beurre*—the sweet butter crackers which are so popular in France and which we now turn out at the rate of 4,000,000 four-ounce packages a month. They are sold to the soldiers at the sales stores at six cents a package.

All army-manufactured packages bear the insignia of the Quartermaster Corps and also the words: "Made by Q. M. C., A. E. F., U. S. A." Likewise they show this inscription: "This is United States property and cannot be sold." These two precautions are taken to protect the business man from the sale of these articles by unscrupulous soldiers and to permit the American Government to live up to its agreement with the French, which is that all these articles are to be produced and used by the Army alone.

One further Goldstein achievement remains to be chronicled. When macaroni was adopted as a ration substitute and as a tonnage saver it was put up to this former Chicago wholesale grocer to deliver the goods, and he began to deliver them forty-eight hours after he got the order. By a mechanical process that rivals the coffee-roasting agency for simplicity and cleanliness he is turning out a million and a half pounds of macaroni a month. He is the macaroni man!

Sum up the Goldstein army achievement and you find that he operates exactly seventy factories, large and small, that did not exist six months ago. With hard bread, macaroni, coffee and candy he is saving the tonnage of eight large vessels a month. He has a brigadier's sphere and authority. It is typical of the man that he should install a standardized factory control and operation very much like the system of salesmanship and store arrangement in effect in a well-known chain of retail cigar stores in the United States, which enables a man to go from a New York branch to one in San Francisco and begin selling goods without delay. In the same way Major Goldstein is training factory managers and foremen so that they can change from one American establishment to another and take hold at once.

This manufactured output, imposing as it appears, is a mere trifle in the vast sum of supplies that we need for our Army in France. The great bulk of it must be brought from America. How do we keep the larder filled? The answer brings us to another and all-important link in the chain of army supply, and to the door of a vital branch of the American business of war.

To see how it is done we must go back to General Rogers' establishment at Tours. In that eight-foot blue-print chart of organization that hangs on his wall the division of supplies has the place of honor in the center. Technically known as Estimate, Care and Distribution, it keeps its finger on the state of food supply overseas and its renewal. In charge is Lieut. Col. Cyrus B. Crusan, whose job is to see that the quartermaster's shelves are always stocked.

### Colonel Crusan's Job

The backbone of the whole system is the automatic supply, by which confusion, hardship and shortage of food and supplies are avoided. It means, as I explained in a previous article, the monthly upkeep of the ninety days of reserve stock—forty-five days at the base depots, thirty at the intermediate, and fifteen at the advance—which is kept in France for all troops shipped from the United States. This monthly replacement must of course be modified to meet expansion or emergency. The automatic supply also applies to forage, clothing, animal-drawn vehicles, and all other supplies that come under the supervision of the Quartermaster Corps. Hence Colonel Crusan's two principal labors are: First, to find out just how many mouths—men and beasts—we have to feed, and what we have on hand to feed them with; second, to allot the quartermaster's tonnage so that all needs and deficiencies will be supplied.

He is able to keep a daily check on supplies by a system of intelligence which is so complete and comprehensive that every morning there is laid on his desk and on the desk of the chief quartermaster a chart which shows the exact amount of ration components on hand in terms of days at the twenty huge main supply depots in France. This Daily Supply State, as it is technically called, is one of the many remarkable exhibits of centralized supply control that provides the unfailing antidote against hardship and hunger for the doughboy. The information is sent in by telegraph between eight o'clock and midnight every night by statistical officers stationed at the supply depots. It arrives during the early hours, is summarized, and set down on cards. There is a card for each component. The master chart is made up from these cards and is ready by the time General Rogers and his assistants are at their desks in the morning. At a glance they know precisely what the food situation is.

The daily chart of ration components and forage on hand—the Daily Supply State—is so concrete that a child can understand it. At one side is printed a list of thirty-one ration components, including fresh and tinned beef, bulk and tinned bacon, flour, dry and baked beans, rice, potatoes, prunes, coffee, sugar, milk, salt, lard and sirup. Also included are cigarettes, cigarette papers, smoking and chewing tobacco, and the three principal forage items, which are hay, oats and bran.

At the top of the chart is a scale showing total days' supplies up to one hundred and


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And in over 5 years no Stewart has ever worn out

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After having had a Stewart for 16 months, it is now doing what 5 teams would not do—

"Our expense on truck, outside of tires and gasoline, does not exceed $25—

"We make an average of 12 miles to the gallon—

"If we were going to buy another truck we would surely buy a Stewart."

(Copy of Mr. Crews letter furnished on request)

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The Christmas gift every *live* girl and boy wants. Saves shoes, prevents colds, and saves doctor's bills, because you don't drag your feet in steering. Has grooved steel runners, which prevent skidding on ice or snow, and make steering easy and safe.

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FREE Write for cardboard model showing how Flexible Flyers steer.

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Keeps contents hot from the morning meal throughout the day and night. Keeps liquids or solid foods cooked at breakfast time to serve hot or cold at lunch or dinner. Indispensable for the home, farm, nursery, or sick room. Ideal for the automobilist and hunter—**the food container of a hundred uses.**

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fifty. The supply on hand is indicated by a colored horizontal bar under this scale. The base depots are represented by blue, the intermediate by green, the advance by red. If a red, blue and green bar extends from item Dry Beans and stops under the figure one hundred it means that we have one hundred days' supply of dry beans at all three types of supply depots. If the bar should be only blue and green—which never happens—it would mean that we have beans only at base and intermediate depots. Where we have supplies that extend in days beyond one hundred and fifty, such as for example two hundred, this number is put in the last column. Such is the chart for all depots. There is also a chart for each individual depot. If it is an advance depot the horizontal bar would be all red; the intermediate-depot card would be all green; while a base would be in blue. A depot chart is kept for each component.

The number of days' supply as indicated on these charts is calculated by dividing the total quantity of each article by the ration allowance of that article, thus determining the number of rations. The number of rations is then divided by the feeding strength in France, and the result is the days' supply for all these troops. This feeding strength is made up at regular intervals by the adjutant general. It is the sum total of every mouth that we must feed overseas. It does not matter whether it is the mouth of a general or a teamster. All mouths look alike when it comes to making up this great list of human maws which must be filled three times a day.

The daily chart enables the chief quartermaster to know whether he has a surplus or a shortage of a ration component. If he has a two hundred days' supply of dry beans and only sixty days' supply of salt he evens up these two items in his next tonnage allocation by ordering fewer beans.

Now we come to another important function. As I have already explained in this series the tonnage for France is allocated every month. There is only a certain amount of tonnage, which must be used to the best possible advantage. The chief quartermaster is allotted his share. It is up to him in turn to allocate his allotment. Here is where the daily chart comes in. From it he can see just what to requisition. If he has the hypothetical two hundred days' supply of dry beans on hand it means that he has a big surplus over requirements. He can cut down his requisition for beans and build up his requisition for salt. This is a modification of the automatic supply. Thus, wherever you touch it, tonnage allocation becomes a matter of balancing and evening up.

### *A Great and Glorified Sutler*

Once he knows what quantities to requisition he prepares his priority cable to the acting quartermaster general at Washington. His items come in the order of their urgency. First urgency is always rations; second is forage; third is clothing; fourth, gasoline; fifth, equipage, which is tentage, cooking and table utensils and field kitchens; miscellaneous, which is tools, nails and kindred articles; and finally animal-drawn vehicles.

With the quartermaster as with every other service there are exceptional requisitions, which are separate from the automatic supply or even the modifications of the automatic supply. These are the unexpected demands that are constantly cropping up. They may be for special tools, a particular kind of food for convalescents, a special brand of flour. These are requisitioned in special cables and usually marked "Expedite."

Not every item needed by the quartermaster is specified in his monthly cable. If they were all recorded his cable would be as long as a serial story, because they number more than five thousand. At Washington the standard requirements for every unit of twenty-five thousand men are on file and are shipped automatically. The variations become the modifications or the exceptional requirements. It is interesting to add that there is a card in the Quartermaster's Department at Tours for every one of the five thousand items on his list, showing the exact quantity we have on hand in France, when new supplies were ordered, and when they are due.

The chief quartermaster really runs a department store, or rather a succession of monster mail and telegraphic order houses. He is the great and glorified sutler. One of his responsibilities is the maintenance at Tours of a sample room—the British have one at Woolwich—which includes "sealed and approved" samples of the myriad items that he handles. Side by side you can see tooth paste and service ribbons, army ranges and field filtration plants, riding crops and communion sets.

The chief quartermaster is the biggest shipper in the whole A. E. F. He monopolizes railway transport just as he uses up considerably more than half of all the available tonnage. This means that the chief of the supplies division must establish a very intimate liaison with the transportation department. Every day Colonel Crusan gets a detailed report by telegraph from every supply depot giving the number, weight and destination of every subsistence car loaded and shipped. Here is where we establish another contact with our old friend, the railway transport officer.

An adequate statistical system is as necessary to the successful conduct of the Quartermaster Corps as lubricating oil is to a machine. The whole structure of ceaseless operation depends upon systematized knowledge of what is going on. New supply depots are constantly being set up, and the Army grows daily. You are therefore not surprised to find at Tours a school for statistical officers, which is in charge of the chief statistician of the Quartermaster Corps, who happens to be Capt. R. H. Hess. In civil life he was a professor at the University of Wisconsin. Like so many thousands of his fellow Americans he became a reserve, or what the British call a temporary, officer. Without the splendid service of these men, many of them already of middle age, who left school, factory, office or rostrum to don a uniform, the overseas work could not carry on.

### *If Peace Had Not Come*

Every now and then some emergency reveals a high-priced specialist stuck away in the rank of a subaltern. When Maj. Gen. Harbord became commanding general of the Services of Supply a special train was made up for his use on inspection trips. The chief quartermaster wanted a man with experience with men and subsistence to take charge and run it. When the cards of the personnel division were examined—there is a card for every man, stating his previous experience—the former manager of a fashionable Boston hotel, who had received ten thousand dollars a year for his services, who had enlisted as private, risen to be a second lieutenant and was then in charge of a bakery company, was discovered. He was called in from his obscure post and made manager of the C. G.'s special train, which is run as efficiently as a first-class hotel.

When you analyze the actual quantities that come under the control of the quartermaster you stir up staggering statistics. In a war that was believed to have exhausted titanic numerals before we got in, the American figures make a whole new record. Let us now gird up our strength and take a plunge into this sea of bounding billions.

By next spring, if the Armistice had not been signed, our Army overseas would be equal to the combined British and French forces in France. To maintain this army for a year would mean the annexation of a world of supplies without end or precedent.

We will begin with subsistence. It would require approximately 500,000,000 pounds of fresh beef; 184,428,000 pounds of tinned beef; 570,000,000 pounds of potatoes; 75,000,000 pounds of coffee; 31,269,000 pounds of jam; 218,000,000 pounds of sugar; 888,000,000 pounds of flour; 191,000,000 pounds of bacon; and 65,500,000 pounds of evaporated milk.

With clothing the figures are no less bewildering. Such an army would require 11,304,000 pairs of breeches; 7,524,000 wool coats; 8,181,818 caps; 18,000,000 shoes; 30,800,000 pairs of stockings; 3,280,000 pairs of rubber boots; 14,292,000 spiral putties, or exactly 52,875 miles of the yellow leg wrappers. I might add for further edification that the amount of cloth for breeches and wool coats would aggregate 31,777,110 yards.

If you want still another glimpse of super quantity I have only to add that in the matter of hay alone our beasts would require 4,091,852,000 pounds. In bales double compressed and placed end to end this hay would reach one and a half times round the earth at the equator. Stacked ten feet high these bales would cover 460 acres. It is enough hay to last one horse 862,350 years.

(Continued on Page 105)

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(Continued from Page 102)

Well-nigh incredible as these subsistence needs of man and beast seem, the equally impressive fact about them is that not only would they be required but they would also be forthcoming. American control of raw material, an expanded and accelerated industrial machine, the mobilization of labor—all galvanized by a revitalized national energy—would produce the goods, and the bridge of ships now in the making would speed them across the seas, had not the sudden collapse of the Teutonic Powers altered the whole situation. Had the war continued, we should have been prepared to meet its every need.

So far we have dealt with supplies on paper. We can now go into the mechanics of operation and follow the actual food from port to trench. We will begin at the docks, where the trains, loaded direct from the ships, are rushed to the base supply depots—the first stage of our journey—which are usually located five to ten miles from the ports. Under ideal conditions these establishments must maintain forty-five days' rations for the whole overseas forces. They are all similar in scope and system. For the sake of illustration I will take one of the largest, which incarnates American hustle at its height.

A year ago the site was a serene stretch of farm and vineyard; to-day it is a city of warehouses that throbs with incessant movement. Here as elsewhere the warehouses are arranged in the form of a huge ladder. Three warehouses, end on end, are the rungs, while the main lines of railways are the sides. Connecting these main lines are endless spurs, which enable the cars to be switched right up to the door for unloading and reloading. There are usually three grand groups of structures, each divided into sections which contain six warehouses. Some of these groups comprise fifty or sixty buildings. We use a standard warehouse fifty feet wide and four hundred feet long. Some are of fabricated steel and can be erected in ten hours; others have wooden supports with corrugated-iron sides and roofs. We must build and use at the same time. Often a warehouse is filled with food before it is under roof. These immense depots literally grow overnight.

### Some Coördinating

The specific depot that we are visiting will have, when completed, nearly 3,000,000 feet of closed storage and 6,000,000 feet of open storage. Two-thirds had been installed when I saw it late last August. Ninety per cent of the space is used for quartermaster stores. You can wander through acres and acres of food. A single unfloored warehouse contains 12,000,000 pounds of flour. In a comparatively small group of buildings I saw 40,000,000 rations of milk, 75,000,000 rations of tobacco, 40,000,000 rations of canned pork and beans, 35,000,000 rations of sugar, 35,000,000 rations of flour and 20,000,000 rations of coffee. This mass of merchandise, which merely represented the foothills of our overseas range of subsistence, was all brought from the United States.

The vastness of these depots is such that an inspection on foot or even in an automobile is out of the question. They are so crisscrossed with rails that you must use a scooter, which is a motor-driven handcar fitted for standard-gauge tracks. It took me nearly half an hour to travel over this plant at passenger-train speed. Every important official has his own scooter and you can see them scooting over the place.

Though millions of rations pour in and pass out every day there is such a perfect system of control that every case and sack is accounted for. The broken packages are carefully assembled and repacked. They are eternally under a sleepless scrutiny that lets no commodity escape. The greatest possible care must be taken of all articles because they not only represent their value in money but weeks, sometimes months, of solicitude and travel.

In charge of the whole establishment is the depot quartermaster, Lieut. Col. Charles E. Wheatley, who knows every evening just how much food, clothing and equipment has arrived during the day, the exact quantity of supplies by items under his acres of roofs, and the precise number of loaded cars that have gone up the rail to the intermediate and the advance depots. At a base supply depot the cars are loaded in bulk and not by individual ration components. Whole trainloads of groceries or forage pull out in rapid succession. A congestion here would be felt instantly along the whole line of food communication.

This continuous check on stocks is possible because everything is recorded on paper. The warehouse system will illustrate. Every warehouse has a storekeeper—a sergeant—usually assisted by a clerk—a private—who keeps a stock book of every article that is handled. Opposite each item are the number and mark of the car in which it arrived or departed. This stock book is balanced every night and the result put on a warehouse receipt which is sent up to the depot quartermaster's office, where it becomes part of the general records. In addition every warehouse keeps a stock card for every item it carries. It may be for tinned bacon, sugar, coffee, flour, coats, trousers or shoes. In the office of the depot quartermaster is a master card for every item of supplies in the plant, which is the sum of these warehouse cards. From it the statistical officer takes the totals, which he telegraphs to the chief quartermaster at Tours every night and which go to make up the daily chart of ration components.

At a base supply depot as many as four hundred cars come and go every twenty-four hours. How are they handled? In a tiny office in the midst of those acres—"our little hut on the hump," it is called, for the gravity hump of the railway classification yard is near by—sits the coördinating officer who runs the whole traffic show. His job is to coördinate orders, cars and shipments; and, to quote one of them: "It is some coördinating."

It would take a book to give a complete record of what these C. O.'s do. Briefly the system is this: When a train arrives from a port an assistant coördinating officer chalks on each car the number of the warehouse to which it must go. This is called spotting a car. If it is flour it goes to a flour warehouse, canned goods to a grocery warehouse, and so on. He has in hand a list of available structures. Every effort is bent to spot cars at night and at noon while the laborers are sleeping or eating so as to avoid pulling cars in or out while others are being loaded or unloaded. After the train is marked it is broken up and switched to the warehouses for unloading. This completes the work on incoming trains.

For outgoing trains the shipping order first goes to the coördinating officer, who computes the number of cars required. These cars are then spotted for the warehouses from which the supplies are to be secured. An order to load automatically goes to the storekeepers, who not only load but attach to each car the United States Army label, which gives, in English and French, the car number, mark, destination, date of shipment, weight, contents, consignor, consignee, and the signature of the person who loads and seals the car. It is now up to the railway transport officer to assemble these cars and send them on their way. A so-called convoy—that is an enlisted man—is sent with each trainload of supplies as guard. He is required to report its arrival at destination by wire.

### The Spirit of the S. O. S.

The railway yards that are part of this establishment include a cold-storage plant that will have a capacity of four thousand tons of beef a day, a waterworks system, coal yard, ash dump and completely equipped locomotive shops. Practically every scrap of material employed came across three thousand miles of submarine-infested seas. I cite these facts merely to show the immense amount of construction that attaches to the installation of these depots alone.

Prodigies of labor are performed every day at this and other depots, and they are merely part of the routine. Upon one occasion an order came in for a hurry-up shipment of flour for the French Army. It was at the close of a boiling day in August and the negro laborers—those smiling darkies from the cotton plantations of the South—were all in. The flour had to be loaded and shipped at once. The director of labor assembled his men—it was just after supper—told them of the emergency, and called for volunteers. Every man responded. In exactly fifty-five minutes those negroes had loaded 700,000 pounds of flour in sacks, and ten minutes later the special train was on its way. Such is the spirit of the S. O. S.

At another base supply depot, bigger in area and action than the one I have just described, the project calls for two hundred standard warehouses, or 5,000,000 square feet of covered storage and 10,000,000


Gentlemen, can't we do something about this?



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13¢
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Then when we follow up by telling her a little about Girards, she will understand why you want them.

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It's a cigar that doctors recommend—and smoke themselves; a cigar that men from coast to coast love well.

A box of Girards means an amiable and merry man in the house on Christmas and as long thereafter as the cigars last.

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The Girard Cigar

*Never gets on your nerves*


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Steer Warms are a device for warming your hands while motoring in the winter time. There is no trouble or cost. No matter how cold it is Steer Warms will keep the hands warm. They give comfort—ward off colds—keep the fingers limber and prevent accidents. Steer Warms save money on gloves because you can use light gloves instead of the heavy, thick ones that cost a great deal. Because Steer Warms give so much pleasure and comfort they make an ideal Christmas present. This Christmas you should give something useful as well as inexpensive.

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square feet of closed. More than half were up and filled when I was there, while new buildings were going up at the rate of one a day. Two hundred miles of railway already linked up this city of supply, the mayor of which was Col. Alexander E. Williams, depot quartermaster, a famous football star in his day at West Point and who bucks the line of supplies with the same force and success that he had on the gridiron.

While making a tour of inspection with him I saw German prisoners, American-captured, for the first time in this war. I asked one of them what he thought of America's war participation as shown by the vast community of supplies of which he was an unwilling member, and he replied, as most of them replied wherever I found them within our lines: "We had no idea that America was doing so much. Our officers told us that there were only a few of your soldiers in France." Here is a significant revelation of German methods. The offensive launched last September wakened the German private to the serious menace of the Yankee effort for the first time.

Imposing as are these base institutions they seem small beside the mammoth intermediate depot that we now reach on our pilgrimage toward the Belgian border. Instead of a city it is a whole self-contained state of supply, with a governor in the shape of the commanding officer, Col. C. J. Symonds. His commonwealth is six miles square; he is head of a population of twenty thousand; the three hundred buildings that dot his domain house nearly $100,000,000 worth of supplies. A year ago this swarming beehive of activity was a stretch of scrubby, sparsely cultivated, unimproved land.

### An Army Ice Plant

Here you scale the peak of supply. Though the quartermaster as usual monopolizes the bulk of space there are stupendous warehouses for ordnance, medical, engineering, and gas and oil services. You see bakeries going at full tilt, coffee roasting and grinding mills that consume 70,000 pounds of the green bean a day, a complete ice and cold-storage plant, tank farms and army-operated gardens that help to provide the daily fresh-vegetable ration. Now you see why I call this particular intermediate depot self-contained, and why, when it was suddenly and temporarily converted into an advance depot, it was able to feed and equip the whole army that General Pershing swung into action overnight in the Paris drive last July, and to take care of regular business at the same time.

Once more you have the bustling spectacle of immense rehandling, storing, reloading and shipment of bulk stores—all under that same admirable control that records everything and loses nothing. The depot quartermaster, Lieut. Col. O. G. Collins, is the center of what seems to be an interminable effort. Yet it is at his fingers' ends all the time. The plan of depot standardization put into effect by General Rogers last September has stabilized the whole storage process.

There is space left for me to enlarge upon only two of the many features which make this depot unique in the whole story of army supply. The first is the system of ice making and cold storage that we have set up in the midst of those one-time fields. When I tell you that this factory has a daily ice-making capacity of 500 tons—it is perhaps the largest ice plant under one roof in the world—and that its five cold-storage rooms hold 6500 tons of beef, you get some idea of what one branch of the Quartermaster Corps here represents.

Figuring on a basis of a pound of meat per person, one storage room alone would supply the city of Chicago for a whole day, while the total capacity of the five storage rooms would provide meat for the combined populations of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Detroit, Boston and Cleveland for the same period. The cooling coils for the expansion of ammonia laid end to end would reach from New York to Philadelphia. This establishment, built by the Army for the Army, and constructed in less than five months, employs six hundred men day and night. Every twenty-four hours one hundred and twenty cars are handled at its platforms. From tiled floor to smokestack all the material used was transported from America.

The second outstanding feature is the remarkable system of car control. At this depot more freight cars are handled than at any other. Seventeen engines are required for switching work alone. In August thirteen thousand cars came and went, and the number increases each month. In the early days it was comparatively easy for the depot quartermaster to keep track of traffic. He could walk over the yards and see everything with his own eyes. When those tens of cars expanded into hundreds and the project annexed square miles this was a physical impossibility. It is vitally necessary for him to know the car and labor situation every hour. He faced a serious problem.

Colonel Collins met this emergency by devising what is known as the location and distribution board. At first glance you think that it is one of those huge boards covered with colored pegs that the military strategists use to block out and play war games. As a matter of fact it is a large board which is an exact plan in wood of the quartermaster's depot, showing warehouses, open storage space, ice plant and the railroad spurs. The subsistence warehouses are in red, clothing in blue, miscellaneous in green, forage in yellow, and animal-drawn transportation in brown. In front of every miniature warehouse is a succession of holes for the insertion of pegs. These pegs represent cars and are stuck in or removed as the cars are loaded, unloaded or sent away. A black peg represents a car to be unloaded; a white peg is an empty car; a red peg a car to be switched; a combination green and black peg is a car in process of loading; a green peg is a car ready for shipment. The labor units, whose capacity is three cars every four hours, are indicated by steel nails that fit the holes. Here are the pawns and the board for the all-important game of car location and labor distribution. How is it played?

Across from the board sits the traffic officer, who gets constant telephone reports of the spotting and location of cars and the progress of work. He communicates these facts to three men whose sole task is to keep pegs and nails properly placed. The board is reset every hour. Colonel Collins' office adjoins the building in which it is located and he can step in every few minutes and see at a glance just what the situation is. If traffic is booming he stands by the board all day. If the board shows a string of black pegs with only one nail alongside it means that there is insufficient labor there. He at once looks for a predominance of labor elsewhere and orders a readjustment. Hence the board enables work to progress with uniformity. Likewise it indicates the improper location of cars and thus prevents congestion. The whole objective in any supply depot is to keep cars moving. Every minute that a car stands idle its tonnage is lost to the Army. Once congestion begins it is likely to become cumulative. The board provides insurance against this contingency.

### Quick Filling of Big Orders

Knowing these facts you are not surprised when I say that a notable supply achievement of the war was registered in this depot. At eight-fifteen one morning last August a telegram was received ordering exactly 4596 tons of supplies, including 1,250,000 cans of tomatoes, 1,000,000 pounds of sugar, 600,000 cans of corn beef, 750,000 pounds of tinned hash and 150,000 pounds of dry beans. At six-fifteen o'clock in the evening—just ten hours later—this colossal requisition, which required 457 cars for transport, was loaded and on its way to the advance depot.

Such is the scope and capacity of this American intermediate supply depot. A twin depot is in course of erection at the time I write and will run it a close second, once it is under full swing. Uncle Sam does not do things by halves in France. More than this, every supply establishment is capable of almost indefinite expansion.

At the advance supply depot you are one step nearer the Army. It carries only a fifteen days' supply and is therefore smaller than the other depots we have visited. The bulk-loading system now ends. The depot becomes a huge department store that carries everything in stock from toothpicks to overcoats. All outbound trains are packed for divisions or other units in balanced rations for actual consumption in training area, rest camp or depot. The full human feeding strength of a division is 28,000 mouths. The divisional pack train therefore hauls every ration component from

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(Concluded from Page 106)

pepper to fresh beef for 28,000 men. These trains go up every day.

The advance depot warehouse must necessarily be a glorified grocery shop. It carries an average of 1,125,000 balanced rations, which flow from the loading platforms on gravity rollers into the waiting cars and are checked up by French girls who relieve able-bodied men for other tasks. Every unit, whether machine-gun battalion or division, has its goods marked in its name. The car however is consigned to the railhead, where the railhead officer, who has a list of all the organizations he serves, does the distributing. Despite the ceaseless ebb and flow of supplies the depot quartermaster at an advance depot keeps a daily check on stock on hand; cars received, unloaded and sent on; food, fuel, forage and clothes shipped; and the state of labor.

But units are constantly moving; disease, accidents or casualties thin ranks; replacements of men are continually coming up. How can the depot quartermaster adapt his daily shipments to these constant changes? Once more you touch an interlocking system of daily intelligence that chronicles change and swiftly adapts supplies to needs. It brings us for the first time to one of the most useful and important individuals in the whole S. O. S.—the regulating officer. In the British Army he merely regulates the divisional trains at the regulating station. With us he not only does this but is the traffic and supply boss in his part of the advance section, and holds down a job of many-sided responsibilities.

Let us tarry for a while with the senior regulating officer of the A. E. F., Col. M. R. Hilgard, a master manipulator of transportation and sure enough a live wire. "Be brief and be quick" is his motto; there are no chairs in his office, which occupies part of a little frame building near a railway station somewhere in Northern France. A year ago this particular spot drowsed along with routine traffic; to-day it is a maze of rails that bustle with animation. Three thousand cars have found trackage there at one time. This regulating station is the neck of the whole American supply bottle.

### *Feeding Isabel*

To Colonel Hilgard—as to any other regulating officer—come the daily requisitions for food for the troops. Every division has a code name. Let us say that it is Isabel. If Isabel is at full feeding strength the daily requisition for her would simply read: "Isabel 28,000." The depot quartermaster has the list of divisional requirements on file and fills them automatically. If Isabel has been in action and has had casualties the daily wire would read "Isabel 23,000," which means that this unit has lost five thousand men. If Isabel has gone back to a rest camp at full strength the message would say: "Isabel has moved to Blank, no change." I have used the simplest and most elemental illustrations. Sometimes the units are indicated by numbers.

At this point you will ask: "Who makes up these feeding strengths?" This is an easy matter. Every division has a divisional quartermaster to whom each unit in that division—and they are sometimes scattered—reports its daily strength. These divisional quartermasters report to the corps to which they are attached, and the corps in turn through its G1, or procurement section, reports to the G4 of the Army in the field of which it is a part. The G4, which is the great provider, renders the consolidated feeding strength to the regulating officer.

Hence Colonel Hilgard knows every day how many mouths must be fed. He orders the depot quartermaster of the advance depot nearest to him—in this case they happen to be located side by side—to ship. The loaded cars are turned over to the regulating officer, who hands the railway transport officer the list of units for whom they are intended. The trains are made up and sent off like clockwork to the railheads. The record is twenty-three trains in ten hours. Once started the regulating officer advises the railhead officer of their departure and gets a telegram announcing arrival.

On the wall alongside Colonel Hilgard's desk hangs a huge map of the advance section. Each division is shown by a red flag—red is the divisional color—bearing its number. Corps headquarters are indicated by white and blue flags; army headquarters by red and white flags; and General Headquarters by a red, white and blue flag. The regulating officer must move hospital trains as well as food trains. On the map the location of every hospital train is represented by a white flag with a red cross. The presence of hospitals is revealed by red crosses. Each day the colonel gets a report of all available empty hospital beds in the field and in the rear—also the total of walking cases. The moment an offensive is started he knows just where to rush the trains of mercy and succor. The walking cases can be shifted to other sections.

In addition Colonel Hilgard must know the complete state of American supply throughout France. Every twenty-four hours he receives a report of rations, fuel and forage on hand at all our depots. If there is no sugar, for example, at the advance depots he knows that there is lots of it at the base or intermediate establishments. He can have a special train made up and prevent a sweetless day at the Front. No wonder he lives with his job.

When you reach the railhead you are in the zone of the Armies.

From railhead the supplies are shipped by motor trucks or light railways to the refilling point, which is the last food frontier.

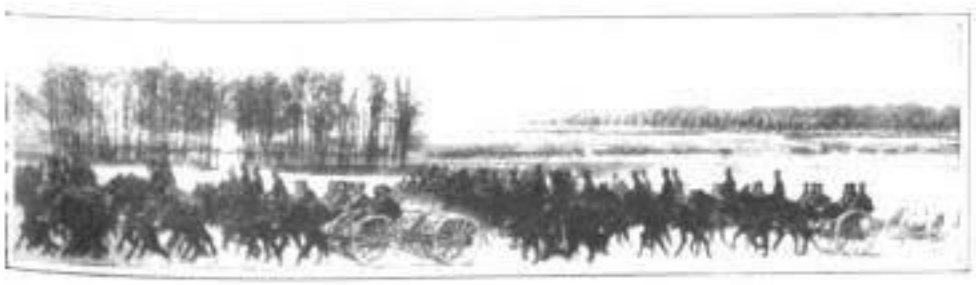
### *A Store With No Frills*

There are no frills in this army retail store. Its customers are hungry soldiers whose minds are mainly on food. They brook no delay. Every morning noncommissioned officers arrive with ration returns made out by the subsistence officers of their units, which are the orders for the next day's supplies. These supplies are loaded on light railways or on three-ton motor trucks.

Even within sight of No Man's Land, under war conditions, there is the inevitable precaution against hunger and hardship which marks the whole American supply service. It is embodied in the reserve ration of canned meat, hard bread, essence of coffee, sugar and chocolate, packed in gasproof tin containers. They are consumed in a grave emergency, such as a breakdown in food supply in the rear, and only by order of the commanding officer. These containers hold twenty-five rations each and are so hermetically sealed that I have seen them floating round in water.

At the refilling point you encounter a striking illustration of American supply resource. Wherever a considerable body of our troops is stationed you find a sales and commissary store, where the man can buy little luxuries such as candy, toothbrushes and paste, shaving sticks, cigars and razor blades at cost. When men were in the trenches or in the lines immediately behind they could not go to these stores. In order to supply their wants the store went to them in the shape of a traveling commissary, which is nothing more nor less than an old-time peddler's outfit inhabiting a five-ton motor truck. At dawn this shop on wheels stocked up its shelves and chugged down the road, often under shell fire, and did business not only within sound of the guns but frequently within gunshot. It represented the final word in army convenience.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the American Army supply organization in France. The next will tell of the motor transport service.






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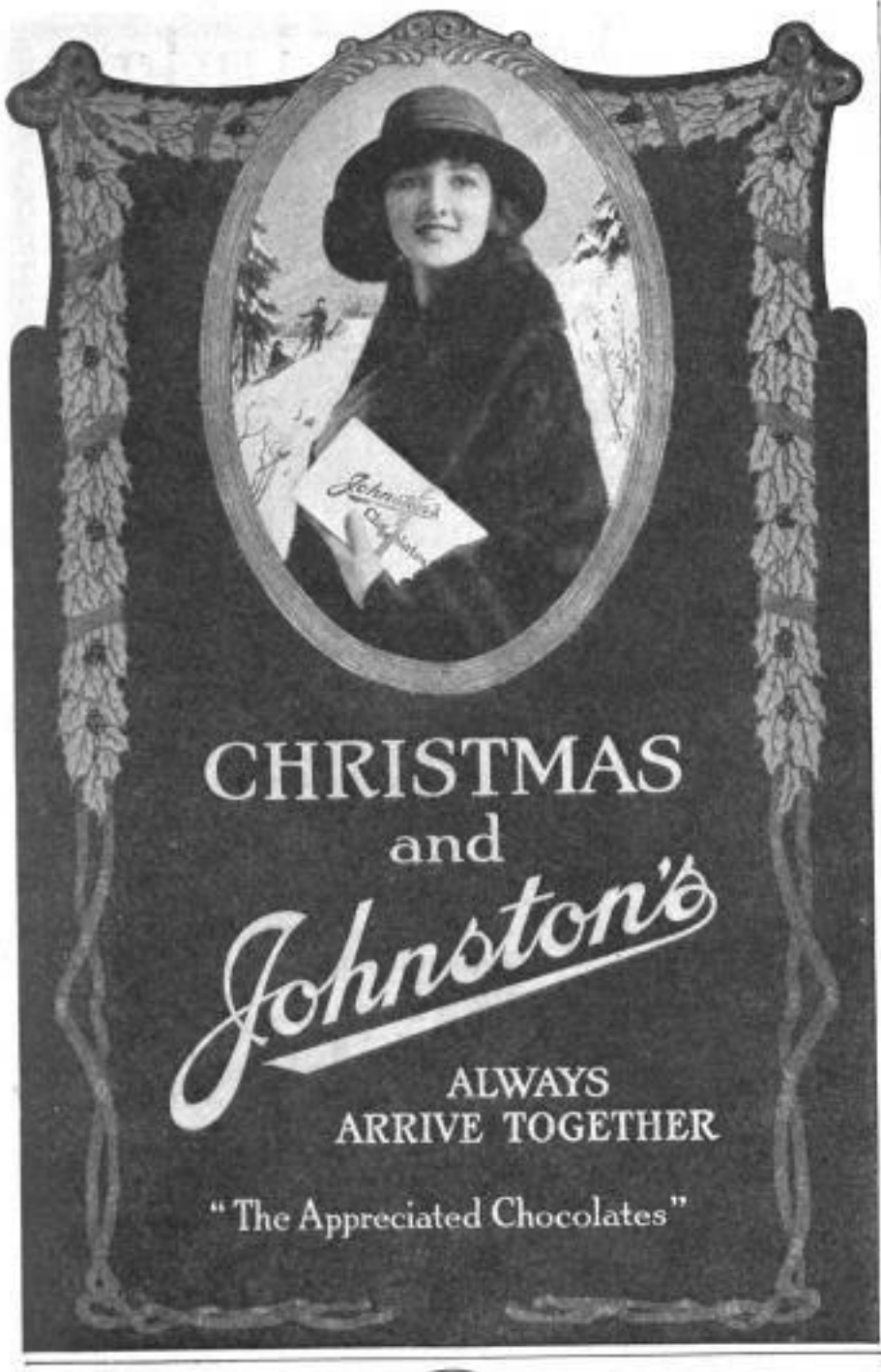
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# Animal Tactics and Modern War

## By ERNEST INGERSOLL

IF WE may suppose—as savages yet do—that animals comment among themselves on the doings of human beings, they must be taking an amused interest in tracing a parallel between their fighting and ours. The ordinary struggling between individuals is alike, of course, in all classes of animate creatures, each after its own kind; but there are more particular resemblances.

Even shooting is not altogether peculiar to human beings, for apes throw missiles at an enemy; the little archer fish knocks down a fly by projecting a drop of water at it; the African cobra hurls jets of venom; and the llama spits effectively at anything that annoys it. A bayonet charge is a common means of attack or defense by such animals as have sharp horns.

The rush forward of a wild ox or a deer or an oryx antelope, with lowered impaling horns, is precisely in this method. When a herd so plunges ahead, all together, that is a mass formation for attack; and when cattle or musk oxen or sheep stand in a compact group, heads out, horns level with the ground, like lances at rest, females and young in the center, how does that differ in tactics from the hollow square in which a company of infantry defies assault and defends its baggage?

As for patrols, raiding, foraging and guerrilla tricks generally, they are illustrated daily in the wilderness, which is never wholly at peace. Beasts of prey lie hidden, waiting patiently for their quarry—just like snipers in No Man's Land.

Trench work is common in the animal world, and no end of quadrupeds spend their whole lives in dugouts. These get their supplies, mostly in furtive fashion by night, through real communication trenches, and pack stores in winter quarters with which to stand a siege. If in a desert region, they may dig wells inside their subterranean defenses to insure a supply of water. And they may rush out, hastily gather a lot of food into their cheek pouches, which are real knapsacks—see the etymologists—and hurry back to cover to eat it at leisure or add it to their granary, before the enemy can discover and prevent them.

### *Animal Camouflage*

What could be more armylike than the campaigns of certain ants, especially those of the tropical forests? Columns containing hundreds and thousands of soldiers and workers in regular formation, and apparently under leadership and discipline, march across the country, killing every living thing, old or young, that cannot escape, devouring all the food stores they encounter—an implacable, ravaging, desolating foray on the inoffensive, like a Prussian raid on peaceful Belgium, destroying all that cannot be stolen.

Other kinds of ants not only go on similar razzias, but take prisoners of war, and bring back the undeveloped young of the conquered communities to be reared as slaves. These insects long ago learned and practiced the art of camouflage—not Nature's protective mimicry in form or color, but by the construction of covered ways made of clay or some other material, so that they might travel to and fro along their roads without being seen by birds or other ant-catching creatures. Some birds deliberately conceal their eggs from observation by roofing their nests with twigs or grass.

We have no flame throwers among animals, but the bombardier beetle, the skunk, and his relatives, the zoril, polecat, and similar unpleasant creatures, use a disabling gas in their battles. And poisonous, acrid and nauseous secretions or emanations have saved many weaklings from the jaws of stronger enemies; for the carnivorous animals have not yet invented gas masks.

There are the tanks—surely they are new! Hardly! Those moving forts were compared more than once, when they were a novelty, to some huge, scaly leviathan of geologic history; and the comparison is apt when we recall such Pleistocene figures as the glyptodons of Argentina—creeping beasts almost as big as an ox, completely incased in an armor that must have been as impervious to any tooth or claw of the time as the tank is to a rifle bullet.

Smaller examples for comparison exist even now, for an armadillo or a pangolin, tearing its way into an insect nest, is equally irresistible. For that matter, an elephant or a rhinoceros crashing through the jungle is very tanklike.

### *Swordfish Submarines*

Airplane work must seem to the birds like an old story—something they know very well, only more of it. Every crow is a scout; every hawk represents a fighting plane; every owl works like a night-going bomber.

An aviator wrote to a friend in New York that the big birds he saw in his flights were imitating his stunts. If their actions had any reference to him at all, which is doubtful, they must have been in mockery, burlesquing the poor man's performances. An aviator would give all his decorations, and those of his hated rivals in addition, to be able to dodge and twist and turn backsomersaults in the air like a flycatcher or a sparrow hawk, or any of scores of other birds.

Did you ever watch a yellow-breasted chat turning heels over head in the air and making side slips and flip-flaps just for fun, while he sang and shouted in mad glee? Or have you observed the tail spinning of a skylark or an ovenbird as it fluttered slowly and safely down from the blue, warbling deliciously as it came; or a pair of orioles fighting as they tumbled from the top of an elm? The birds know all about that sort of tactics; and flying squirrels were volplaning long before the Wrights were born.

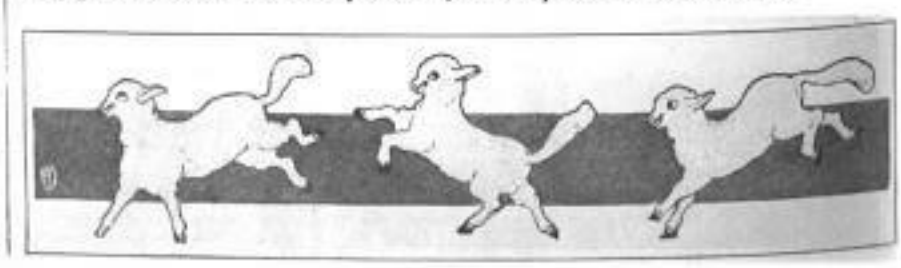
When an osprey sights a fish beneath the water, drops like a shot and gets a herring, isn't it the same action as that of the hydroplanist who espies the shadowy silhouette of a submarine under the waves and kills it by dropping a bomb?

The method of the submarine itself has been followed ever since there were fish in the sea. A whale goes plowing along the surface like a battleship, and suddenly a killer dolphin takes a huge and perhaps fatal bite out of its side; or a swordfish thrusts its long beak deep into the whale's vitals.

This is a true submarine attack, and many another form of it in oceanic animal warfare might be cited.

Even our method of defense against the underwater prowler by means of a smoke screen is not a human novelty; for when a cuttlefish gets a hint of the presence of an enemy it throws out an inky cloud—pure sepia—and behind its friendly shelter speeds away to safety or withdraws to some hiding place. The parallel here is peculiarly exact.

One might multiply similitudes, but they would only hurt our pride the more if we are desirous of blinking our undeniable kinship with the animal world.



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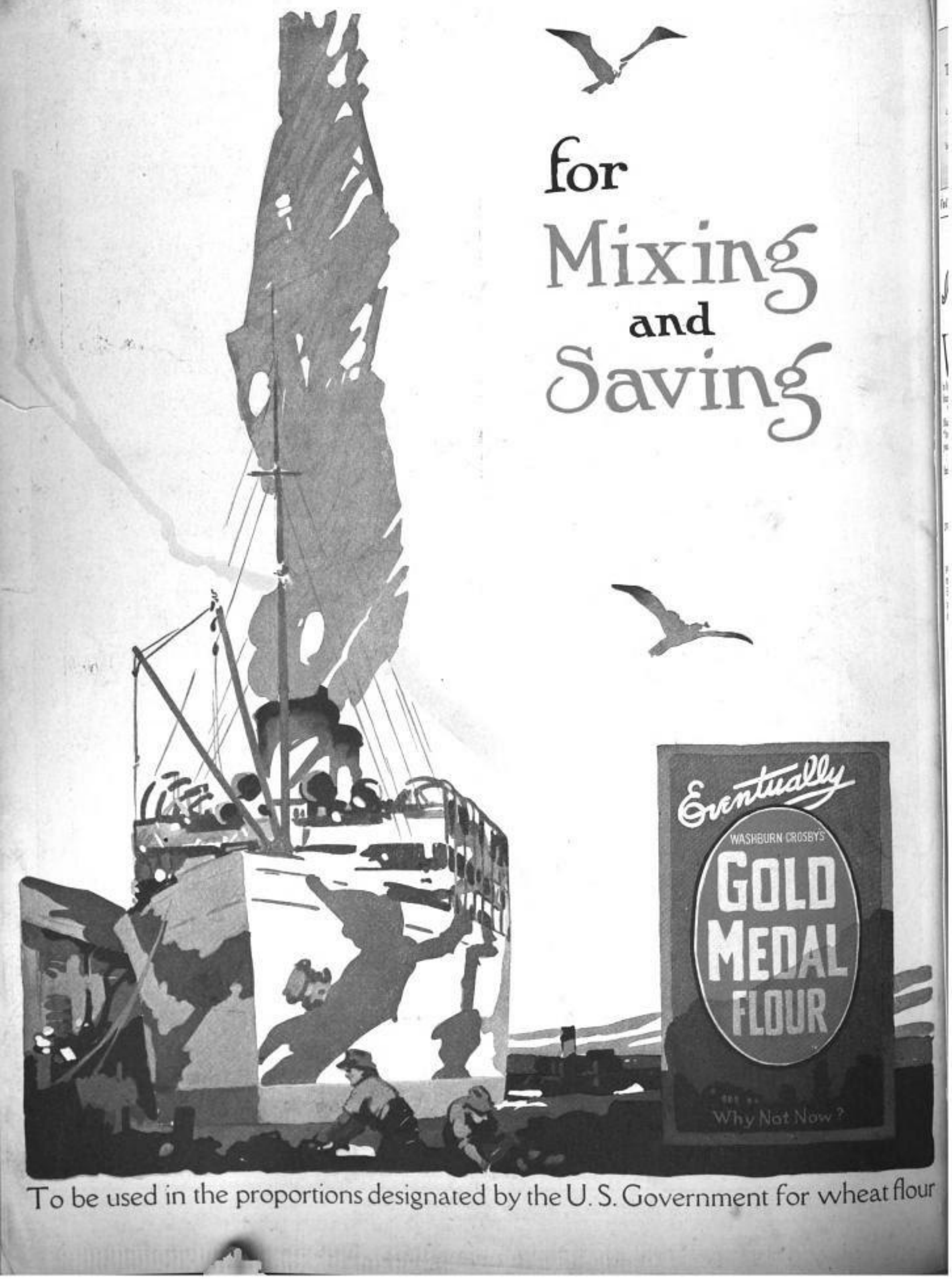
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# A Little Bunch of Temperament

## AN "AFTER THIRTY" STORY

### By Julian Street

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

WICKETT was in the midst of one of his long telephonic chats with Maida Greenwood when his wife's telegram was brought in by the office boy and laid upon the desk before him. He found the coincidence distasteful.

"Of course we can dine out if you really want to," Maida was saying in reply to the suggestion he had made, "but wouldn't you rather have dinner at our little table in my studio window? I'm sure you know I love to cook for you."

While she was speaking Wickett's eye took in the typewritten dispatch. It was dated San Francisco, and read as follows:

SHELLEY WICKETT,
Wickett Coffee Co., 11 Broadway, N. Y.

Leaving this afternoon. Due New York Tuesday 5 P. M. Trip delightful except for your absence. Eager for home. Love to you and children.
MOLLY.
9:26 A. M.

A sharp sigh escaped him. It was such a sigh as might come from a man who in his partner's absence has speculated with the firm's funds and who has just been told his margin is exhausted. And that, figuratively, was precisely Shelley Wickett's situation. He had been gambling, though not with money or in Wall Street. While his domestic partner was away he had taken a flyer in Sentimental Adventure Preferred, and had got in deeper than he had intended. And now his wife was coming home and he must manage to—to arrange things somehow.

"What's the matter, Shelley?" came Maida's gentle voice over the wire.

"Nothing. Why?"

"You sighed."

"Did I? It was a happy sigh, then. I was thinking how much nicer your studio will be than a restaurant. Only I'm ashamed of my selfishness at letting you get dinner for us again to-night. It makes the third night running." "But you're not selfish! You know I love to have you here. What time will you come?" "About seven."

"I'll have dinner ready at seven sharp."

Wickett smiled as he hung up the receiver. He knew that dinner would not be ready when he got there. It never was. That was a part of the pleasure of it. She would come running to the door in the blue smock, daubed with paint, that served her as an apron for the practice alike of the graphic and domestic arts, and having admitted him would scamper back to the kitchenette, explaining over her shoulder, as she went, how she had intended to be ready when he came but how this and that had happened to delay her. Though he had known her not quite six weeks he knew that this and that were always happening to Maida. Then he would go and lean against the door jamb while she cooked—there was room for but one person within the kitchenette; and occasionally he would be allowed to help by getting something from the minute ice box or the shelf of the little hall closet called by courtesy the pantry. She would be sweet and serious and busy over the small gas stove with its blue flame licking at the sides of pots and pans from out of which came bubbling sounds and steam and appetizing smells. He would be



*By the Science of Numbers, the Reading of the Stars, and Other Occultisms, Destiny, it Would Appear, Had Linked Them*



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idle, amused, admiring—yes, and a little in the way. He found it curiously delightful to be just a little in her way when she was cooking; the propinquity, the informality, the sense of intimacy thrilled him; it was sweet even to be shooed aside with mock severity when one knew well that it was mock severity—that she much preferred one in the way than out of it.

His prevision proved accurate in detail. It was quarter past seven when he reached the summit of four flights of stairs that led to Maida's little studio apartment, yet there he found the smock, the haste, the breathless explanations of her tardiness, the smell of dinner in the making, the pleasurable interval of loafing near her in the doorway while she, so pretty and preoccupied, completed preparation of the meal.

Never before had he been so acutely conscious as to-night of Maida's strongly individual charm, of his fondness for her, of the dimensions to which, in the space of a few weeks, had grown the bond between them—the thing they spoke of as their friendship. It had taken Molly's telegram to bring him to some realization of matters as they stood—and as they could no longer stand when Molly was at home again.

That was the awkward part of it. He had not got deliberately into this entanglement. On the contrary, until Molly's wire came he wouldn't have called it an entanglement at all. He hadn't thought of it in that light; nor, for the matter of that, in any other light. It was not something weighed, measured, considered in advance. It was not even, in his view, something he had done. It was a matter of chance, like being struck by a falling piece of cornice or finding a hundred-dollar bill or catching grippe. Neither he nor Maida was to blame.

Blame? Why was he thinking about blame? Their friendship, though there was something idyllic and intense about it, was perfectly proper. Being congenial they had simply fallen into the way of spending much time together, of seeing each other daily. But why should they not do that—especially considering the sort of girl that Maida was? She was fine; very, very fine! Her influence upon him was ennobling. Could such an influence produce resentment in any reasonable wife?

Blame? Well, if there was any blame to place Molly must not put it all on him—or Maida. She ought to bear her share. Had she not gone off on a six weeks' junket to California with the Morvens in their private car? To be sure, she had hesitated to accept the invitation; to be sure, also, she had gone only because he urged her need of rest and change. It was right for her to go; he was not disputing that. But the fact remained that she had gone, and that so doing she had left him all this time at loose ends in New York. Under the circumstances what was he to do? Surely she did not expect him to lead a life of gloomy isolation while she was faring through the golden West? Obviously not; for she herself had sent him to the charity bazaar.

That was another point not to be ignored. Though Molly had not as yet so much as heard of Maida, nevertheless in one way of looking at it you might say it was through Molly that he and Maida had met. For if Molly had not left the tickets, requesting him to use them, he would not have gone to the bazaar; and had he not done that he would now be no more aware of Maida's existence than Molly herself was.

Finding comfort in this line of reasoning he followed it, perceiving more and more clearly his wife's responsibility. Yet at the same time he realized dimly that for him to perceive it was one thing, and that to induce her to perceive it might be quite another. Women are so emotional. Everybody knows that they are governed not by cold logic, but by their feelings. And wives are women plus. To make them see a thing like this in the right light one must lead them along slowly, showing them step by step the progression of facts. And that is difficult to do—wherefore it is the tendency of husbands not to try. Wickett had not tried. Subconsciously he had for some time been troubled by this fact; now it began to trouble him acutely. There was no question about it, he ought to have prepared the way a little with his wife. Yes, and with Maida too.

Of course he had made it a point to tell Maida he was married. He was not one to sail under false colors, especially with such a girl. He had gone out of his way to indicate his matrimonial bonds on the evening he met her; bringing it into the conversation rather gracefully, he flattered himself, by saying that he must not fail to take his children down to the bazaar since their mother was spending a few weeks in California. Two or three times since then he had repeated the mention of his wife; once, for instance, when he took as a gift to Maida two out of a dozen cans of ripe olives Molly had shipped home; and again when he told her that the lamp shade was to be one of Molly's Christmas presents from him.

Still, he felt he had not said enough. He had not been sufficiently explicit. He feared that he had failed to make it clear enough that Molly and he were on the best of terms; that they were not in the habit of leaving each other for weeks at a time like this; that she had gone reluctantly, and only because she was worn out with several years of unbroken duty in the triple rôle of housekeeper, wife and mother.

Not that he had, in his own view, given Maida the least reason to suppose that he and Molly might not be in full accord. Heaven forbid! His failure had not been upon the



*"You Know How Some Women are When They Get Silly About a Man. They Get to Thinking They're the Only Ones Who Understand Him"*

negative but upon the positive side. He had done nothing to give her a false impression, but he was beginning to fear that he had not, perhaps, done enough to give her an unmistakably accurate impression. Little revealing utterances of hers had of late disturbed him with their vague implications. Did she expect things to go on like this? Once or twice when they had spoken of the delightful quality of their companionship instinct had hinted to him that Maida might be treasuring down in her heart the illusion that she filled a want in his nature that his wife failed to fill.

In a sense, of course, that was true; but not in the sense she might suppose. Charmed as he was by her, Wickett realized perfectly that the want she filled was merely that of a lonely husband for sweet, sympathetic and, if you like, gently sentimental companionship. It had been lovely. He was very fond of Maida. He hoped they always might be friends. But he hoped also that she understood that this phase of the affair—this very urgent phase—was temporary and would soon be over.

But how, pray, is one to make a lovely, sensitive, proud girl see a thing like that? To be blunt would be to ruin a relationship ineffably beautiful and delicate. Unthinkable! Fancy seeing a girl like Maida day after day, dining with her either at home or in a restaurant every evening for ten days running, as he had done, and breaking in at intervals with some such statement as "You should keep continually in mind while we are enjoying these little *parties à deux* that I love my wife and that she loves me. You must not allow yourself to become enamored of me, but must understand that, charming as you are, you are merely a stop-gap."

Expressed in that way the very thought was, of course, grotesque; but even if it were expressed quite differently, if it were indicated with the utmost tact, the priggishness, the banality, the awful awkwardness of the essential meaning could not be obscured.

How he loathed awkwardness in matters of this kind! There came to him unpleasant recollections of a Miss Foote and a Mrs. Brundage. With both of them he had tried to avoid initial awkwardnesses, only to become involved later in awkwardnesses infinitely more extensive. At the memory of Miss Foote he winced; at that of Lena Brundage he shuddered. By trying to spare her feelings he had got into a fix from which his wife—dear, sane, wise Molly—had finally been obliged to extricate him. How ashamed he had been! And even Molly didn't know that at their final meeting the high-strung widow had shrieked and flung a hairbrush at him.

But Maida! Maida, whose instincts were so refined, so sweet, so gentle! Was Maida to be likened to a woman such as that? A thousand times no! There was but one resemblance between this affair and that old repulsive memory, and that resemblance had to do entirely with the course he had pursued. In either instance Molly had been kept too long in ignorance of what was going on.

In his gratitude to Molly after the escape from Mrs. Brundage he had vehemently insisted that there would be no recurrence of that particular mistake. If in future he felt himself caught in an eddy of incipient adventure he would own up. It would be difficult, but he would do it. However, time had softened the determination. And now, here he was again, with a well-developed case and the likelihood of large, uncomfortable explainings looming imminent before him.

In the beginning he had fully intended to tell Molly about Maida. He had thought of it several times on the evening they had met. Yet next day when writing to his wife he had not mentioned the experience of the night before. And why not? Simply because, though he had seen Maida but once, the story was already a rather awkward one to tell—awkward because the facts would leave a false impression.

Fancy, for instance, writing to one's wife:

"As you requested me to do I went to the bazaar to look for Christmas presents. At the lamp-shade booth I fell into conversation with a very nice girl, and finally bought a large parchment shade, which she had painted with figures of Harlequin and Columbine, paying thirty dollars for it. While conversing I happened to learn that she had gone without her dinner because they were short-handed at the booth, and as it was then nearly ten and business was letting up I insisted on taking her to the café at the end of the corridor for sandwiches and coffee. Naturally we talked at table; I discovered that she was interested in psychic matters and that there was a fortune teller at the bazaar. So after supper we went and had our fortunes told. And then, as it was near closing time and everyone was going home, and as I had to have a taxicab to take away my lamp shade, and as she was such a nice girl, and as we had got along so pleasantly, I asked to drive her home. And she permitted me to do so. And there's nothing more to tell except that I have an engagement to call at her studio and look at some of her other work."

That, lacking though it did certain vivid little details, nevertheless represented the bald story—the story he had failed to tell his wife. And why? Because he felt that, tell it in what words he might and with what elaborations, explain as he might that Maida was not a flirt but a beautiful free spirit untrammeled by convention, try as he might to show how naturally one thing had led to another, how perfectly proper everything had been—nevertheless, the modifying points would all be brushed aside by Molly. To her the outstanding facts would be merely that he had scraped up an acquaintance with a girl—just a girl—who was of course pretty, whatever else she might or might not be; and that she had proved to be the sort of girl who under such circumstances would let a man—just a man—take her to supper, to a fortune teller, and then home in a taxicab.

Having failed to face the music at the outset he had thereafter taken the easy way, never mentioning Maida at all in his letters to his wife, excusing the dereliction with vague half thoughts to the effect that when Molly came home and met Maida it would be all right, because then she would see what a very nice girl she really was.

Now, however, the situation appeared to him in a very different light. For though the niceness of Maida had in his opinion become even more obvious as time went on it was also more obvious now that he and Maida were exceedingly good friends.

Consider the single fact that they addressed each other by their given names. How could he have foreseen that such a thing was going to happen, and so soon? Such rapid progress was, so far as he could remember, unprecedented in his experience. But that, far from being a

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mitigating circumstance in Molly's eyes, would only make things worse. From her point of view the facts would amount to this: That he was calling by her first name a young woman of whom she had never before heard—and of whom she knew he had never heard six weeks before.

That, moreover, was far from being the only difficulty he now foresaw.

Having found each other so congenial, having met with such frequency in the past few weeks, they had quite naturally accumulated a store of little memories, little understandings, little playfulnesses, to which they were in the habit of frequently alluding. The thought now came to him that it would be like Maida—child of Nature that she was!—to hark back no less frankly to these intimate little items when Molly would be present; and that with Molly there to hear and interpret he would no longer find such references pleasing.

He had given Maida small presents—a set of Maupassant, an electric toaster, a little table for her bedside on which to set the telephone, and a cocktail shaker. He had invented a cocktail and named it for her; and she, in turn, had devised an appetizing dish, consisting of eggs, tomatoes and minced ham, which because he liked it she had called "Eggs Shelley."

Then, too, there were the things the fortune teller had told them. He would not wish Molly to know about all that.

To be sure, he and Maida in speaking now and then of what the fortune teller had said had not at first assumed to take it very seriously; yet Wickett noticed that Maida remembered very definitely certain sayings of the mystic to which he had given hardly a second thought; and he was beginning to wonder whether she, perhaps, attached too much importance to them.

Maida was superstitious. That was one of the first things he had discovered concerning her more intimate self. She had scruples against drinking from a glass held in the left hand; against spilling salt without immediately counteracting evil results by throwing some of the spilled salt over the left shoulder; and against the use, by more than two smokers, of the same match. She would cross the street rather than walk under a ladder, and she believed firmly in the ill report attaching to Friday and to the number thirteen.

On the other hand certain things were lucky omens. A black cat crossing one's path signified good fortune; collected bubbles on tea or coffee meant money; Thursday was for her, at least a lucky day; and any multiple of seven a lucky number—particularly fourteen.

The last two points had been significantly emphasized by the fortune teller a nondescript brown foreigner who, from his bronze skin and shrewd black eyes, might have been anything from an Armenian to a Hindu—for it so happened that the night on which they met and visited his booth at the bazaar was that of Thursday—lucky Thursday—and that when, at his request, they had counted the letters making their respective names they discovered that each name contained fourteen letters.

It was Shelley's recollection that the fortune teller had not promulgated until after this discovery his dictum concerning the beneficent properties of seven and its multiples, but Maida insisted he had spoken of it before the particular application of it to their case had been revealed. Anyway, she asserted, everyone knew that fourteen was a lucky number, and that seven was a mystic one. Didn't almost everything go by sevens? Weren't there the seven days of the week, and the seven ages of man, and the seven seas, and sabbatical years for professors; and wasn't it a notorious fact that a seventh son of a seventh son was the favorite of fortune?

Nor was that all the fortune teller's lore. By the science of numbers, the reading of the stars, and other occultisms, Destiny, it would appear, had linked them. For example, Maida was twenty-four years old and Shelley thirty-nine; twenty-four and thirty-nine make sixty-three—another multiple of seven. Also, it was disclosed that his birthday fell in April and hers in December.

These months, the mystic told them, enjoyed a peculiar astrological affinity; for whereas December people were, as he expressed it, "harmonious" with those born in August, November or April, those who, like Wickett, had entered the world under the sign of Aries were "harmonious" with the persons of one month and one month only; and that was December, Maida's month.

When more recently Maida had reminded him of all these points Wickett had been disposed to contend that a fortune teller would be altogether likely to attempt to link the destinies of any man and woman who had come to him together; but at this Maida triumphantly produced a book on astrology in which the April-December theory was set forth in print—which, according to her, proved that it was true.

*II*

"DO YOU know what day this is?" Maida asked, looking at him significantly when, dinner being at last ready, they were seated at the little table in the studio window.

"Thursday," he replied.

"Yes, but what Thursday?"

He pondered and was unable to discover that it was any special Thursday.

"Five weeks ago to-night," she reminded him, "you came to the bazaar."

"Why, of course!" Then, after a moment's reverie: "You'll not misunderstand when I say it seems longer than that."

She nodded. "Yes, longer in one way—that is, we're like old friends. Yet in another way it doesn't seem long at all. It might have been last week it's all so fresh in my mind."

"Is it? What single thing do you remember best about it all?"

"Our visit to the fortune teller," she replied. "I don't believe I have forgotten anything he said. Isn't that what you remember best?"

"No," he answered; "when I think of that evening it is somehow the drive down here that I love to remember."

"Why?"

"Oh," said he, "I didn't need any occult gentleman to tell me that you and I were—were congenial; that we understood each other instinctively. I knew that by the way you told me about how you had come on from Centerville to study art, and how you couldn't bear to go back, and how when you had completed your course at the Forum you took a studio and branched out for yourself."

"But you asked me about myself," she interjected.

"Yes—and you told me.

"And then," he continued, "I was perfectly delighted at the way you accepted my proposal that we go to the café. It was an unconventional thing for me to suggest and for you to do. But you weren't coy about it as so many girls would have been; you just came along naturally and easily like the bully little chum you are. And I'll never forget the way you looked up as we were going to the café, and smiled at me and said, 'I think we might as well know each other's names.'"

"I liked your name," she said in a softly reminiscent voice.

"And I liked yours. Do you know what it made me think of? What you made me think of? For you match your name."

"What?"

"Haven't I ever told you?"

"I don't believe so. I don't know. Anyway ——"

"Of a spring day," he said. "You may be a December girl, Maida, but your eyes are April eyes—the blue of the sky on an April day. And the gold strands in your hair are like shafts of sunlight piercing April clouds. And that loose way you have of doing up your hair—so unstudied—I thought



*"Yes," He Exclaimed, "That's It! You Understand. You Always Understand. That is What Has Made the Whole Thing So Beautiful"*

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to myself: 'It's like a crown tossed upon her head by April winds.'"

"What lovely ideas!" she said. "They're like little poems."

"Are they? Well, do you know I always thought until that night that I liked marcelled hair? Yes. I imagine I do still—for the ordinary woman. But you're a type, Maida. That's the point. You can wear your hair as you do for the same reason you look so fetching in that old paint-covered smock of yours; or"—for having finished with her cooking Maida had slipped off the smock—"in that absolutely plain silk dress you have on, without any flumdiddles at the neck and shoulders, you know."

"But you haven't told me yet why you think most about driving me home that night."

"I was coming to that. The longer we were together the less I wished to leave you. It wasn't only that I was lonely and that I had begun to—to appreciate you, but that the whole experience had been so stimulating. I hadn't felt like that in years. I felt young and alive, and full of spirit of delicate adventure! Remember, Maida, I'm thirty-nine."

"Oh, it isn't the years, Shelley. Your spirit will always be young."

"I don't know about that. I was feeling positively venerable when I went down to the bazaar that evening. Then along you came, and—well, I can only say that the illusion of youthfulness at thirty-nine is in a way more wonderful than youth itself—just as Indian summer, having autumn as a background, can be more wonderful than actual June."

"But you're talking like an old man!"

He looked at her with a little smile that was not too happy. Then he said cryptically: "I suppose I'm getting ready to be old again."

"Oh, no!"

"At all events," he continued, "I felt almost violently that I didn't want to leave you, yet I couldn't see how I was to avoid it. It seemed that, according to life's normal way, I must part with you simply because there was nothing further to prevent it. That was the natural course of events. And one thing that makes life generally dull is that it is so infernally full of the natural course of events.

"When I asked to drive you home I was frightened—really frightened, Maida—rather in the way a young man is frightened when he proposes to a girl. And when you met me on my own ground, when you took it so much as though it were a matter of course—though we both knew it wasn't—then I felt ecstatic. We were Harlequin and Columbine that evening—like the Harlequin and Columbine you had painted on the lamp shade I bought. Do you remember what a bulky package it made, resting on my knees in the taxi? Do you remember it had rained earlier in the evening, and how the Fifth Avenue street lamps were reflected on the wet asphalt? I don't recall what we talked about except that I was determined that when we reached your door and said good night it wasn't going to be good-by, and that I kept fishing until you said I could come in next day and look at some other lamp shades."

"That was my commercial instinct," she said teasingly.

"And then," he went on, heedless, "I just sat back and reveled in the experience—yes, in the very smell of that musty old taxicab. I don't know just why, Maida, but the transition from that riot of noise and color in the bazaar to the seclusion of that ramshackle, night-prowling public vehicle—with you—was one of the most wonderful things that ever happened to me."

"I understand," she said.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "that's it! You understand. You always understand. That is what has made the whole thing so beautiful. That's how you've made a sort of little heaven for me here these last few weeks. I've felt that I could come as often as I wanted, that I could make myself at home—as I've done—and that you'd understand. You can't imagine how I've come to love this place of yours, Maida!"

He stopped speaking and allowed his eyes to wander over the large, disordered room, from the airy space beneath the skylight overhead, which marked the place as the abode of art, to the heterogeneous array of furniture and of minor objects with which the top of everything that had a top was littered—the carved Italian chair with a mandarin's coat thrown over it and an ultra-modern hat of French blue lying on the seat; the large easel, and the little table beside it covered with pencils, pens, pads, brushes, pieces of crayon and charcoal, bottles of India ink and twisted tubes of paint; the big rug-draped couch with its many pillows, and his overcoat, hat and cane thrown down upon it; the bookcase, piano, mantel shelf, and above all the large mission table at the center of the room—all their horizontal surfaces overflowing with small things: books, sheet music, drawing and writing materials, photographs framed and unframed, a fur neckpiece, vases, lamps, teacups, candy and cigarette boxes, statuettes, gloves, brass candlesticks, and bowls and ash trays containing cigarette ends. Were this the drawing-room of a conventional household, Wickett thought, the gray-tinted walls might be said to need doing over, for they were cracked and dusty and showed occasional discolored patches where pictures had been taken down; but here in Maida's studio one liked all that, just as one liked the casual way in which a medley of Japanese prints, sketches, posters and broadly painted unframed canvases were scattered over the walls.

"If I came in here a stranger," he said, "I'd know it all belonged to you."

Turning back to her as he spoke he was startled at discovering that her eyes were filled with tears.

"Why, Maida!" he exclaimed. "What is it?"

She smiled and shook her head.

"Nothing, except—you've been talking poetry."

Wickett was astonished, touched, mystified. It seemed to him that he had merely been reflective, reminiscent. The thought that he had been making love to Maida did not cross his mind. It did occur to him now, however,



*Was She to Sit Idly By While Such a Thing Went On? Was That the Course of a True Friend, a Free Spirit?*

that the agreeable and somewhat tender retrospections in which he had been indulging had created an atmosphere ill suited to his project of mentioning, this evening, the imminence of his wife's return, and of indicating certain—certain little changes that must necessarily ensue. Why had he started talking about that night at the bazaar? And why had Maida for the first time shown emotion? It was unfortunate. Nevertheless, Molly was already hours on her way East. Maida ought to know that. She had a right to know it. And though he hoped she fully realized the difference that Molly's return was going to make he felt he could no longer risk the chance that she did not.

More awkwardness! He sighed heavily.

"What's the matter, Shelley? That's the second time to-day you've sighed like that."

"Is it?"

"Yes; once over the telephone this morning. You're troubled about something."

"What makes you think so?"

"I know it. I can tell."

"But how can you tell?"

"Oh," she replied, smiling at him as with a ball of handkerchief she dabbed the last vestige of the tears from her eyes, "I suppose it's because you were born in April and I in December."

"Well," he said, determined to attack the situation, "you're right, anyway. I am a little troubled." Then realizing that it wouldn't sound well to say that he was troubled because Molly was coming home he tried to modify the statement by adding: "That is, you're right in a way."

"Has your worry anything to do with me?"

Then as he hesitated she went on: "It has. I knew it!"

"What makes you think so?"

"I can't say. I just seem to know. Tell me what it is, Shelley."

"I got a telegram to-day. My wife is coming home." His eyes avoided hers.

"I thought so."

"You thought so?" he exclaimed.

"Yes. You had already received the telegram when we were talking over the telephone this morning, hadn't you?"

"Yes. But, Maida! How on earth ——"

She regarded him solemnly, saying: "Have you forgotten that the fortune teller said I was inclined to be psychic?"

Wickett stared.

"I had forgotten," he said.

"He told me to follow my instincts—don't you remember?—especially in cases where I vibrated on the same plane with someone else—that my instincts would invariably be right."

"The same plane?" repeated Wickett.

"Yes. You and I vibrate on the same plane, Shelley. He said so. Haven't you felt it all along?"

"I've felt that we were awfully good—good pals," he said.

"Perhaps that's only another way of putting it."

"Perhaps. And when Molly gets home I want you to know each other and be bully good friends, you know, and—and all that. I'm so awfully fond of you, you know, Maida. And Molly—she's no end of a good sort. Really. I know you'll—you'll like her. And of course she'll like you enormously. Naturally she will. And she'll appreciate how bully you've been to me while she was away. I really don't know what I'd have done without you. And as soon as our place is in working order again you'll come up for dinner with us, won't you? And Molly will come down and see the studio and all; and then ——"

"It will be nice for your children to have their mother at home again," put in Maida.

Wickett was thankful to her for saying something. He was conscious of having talked rapidly and somehow loosely—like something wound up. He had wanted to stop, but hadn't quite known how.

"Yes," he returned, "they'll be awfully glad to see her." Then feeling that that alone was not quite adequate he appended: "Naturally, we'll all be glad." And having said that, and fearing that it sounded just a little thoughtless, just a little inconsiderate of Maida, he amended still further, saying: "Except that I'll miss these little twosomes of ours. I'll miss them a lot. I'm sure you know that."

And though that didn't sound right to him, either, he let it stand. One can't go on amending one's remarks forever.

"Don't explain, Shelley," she said very gently. "You don't need to. You may be sure I understand." Somehow, he didn't quite know why, there seemed now to be an implication of a deep significance in her assertion of her understanding. It troubled him. He desired to be sure that she had gauged accurately the sense of what he had been trying to communicate.

"The point is," he said, "that, to put it bluntly, I—I ——"

She smiled at him tenderly.

"I can say it better than you can, I think. The point is that you want to be chivalrous. Isn't that it?"

"Well—yes," he admitted, thinking she meant "You want to be chivalrous to me."

"Now," he thought to himself with infinite relief, "everything is comfortably fixed. She does understand."

That night as he went home, and again each time he thought the matter over in the next few days, he congratulated himself upon having adroitly handled an

*(Continued on Page 61)*

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# PEACE IN A PALACE

## By ALFRED NOYES



DRAWN BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

"YOU were weeping in the night," said the Emperor,
"Weeping in your sleep, I am told."
"It was nothing but a dream," said the Empress;
But her face grew gray and old.
"You thought you saw our German God defeated?"
"Oh, no!" she said. "I saw no lightnings fall.
I dreamed of a whirlpool of green water,
Where something had gone down. That was all.

*"All but the whimper of the sea gulls flying,*
*Endlessly round and round,*
*Waiting for the faces, the faces from the darkness,*
*The dreadful rising faces of the drowned.*

"It was nothing but a dream," said the Empress.
"I thought I was walking on the sea;
And the foam rushed up in a wild smother,
And a crowd of little faces looked at me.
They were drowning! They were drowning," said the Empress,
"And they stretched their feeble arms to the sky;
But the worst was—they mistook me for their mother,
And cried as my children used to cry."

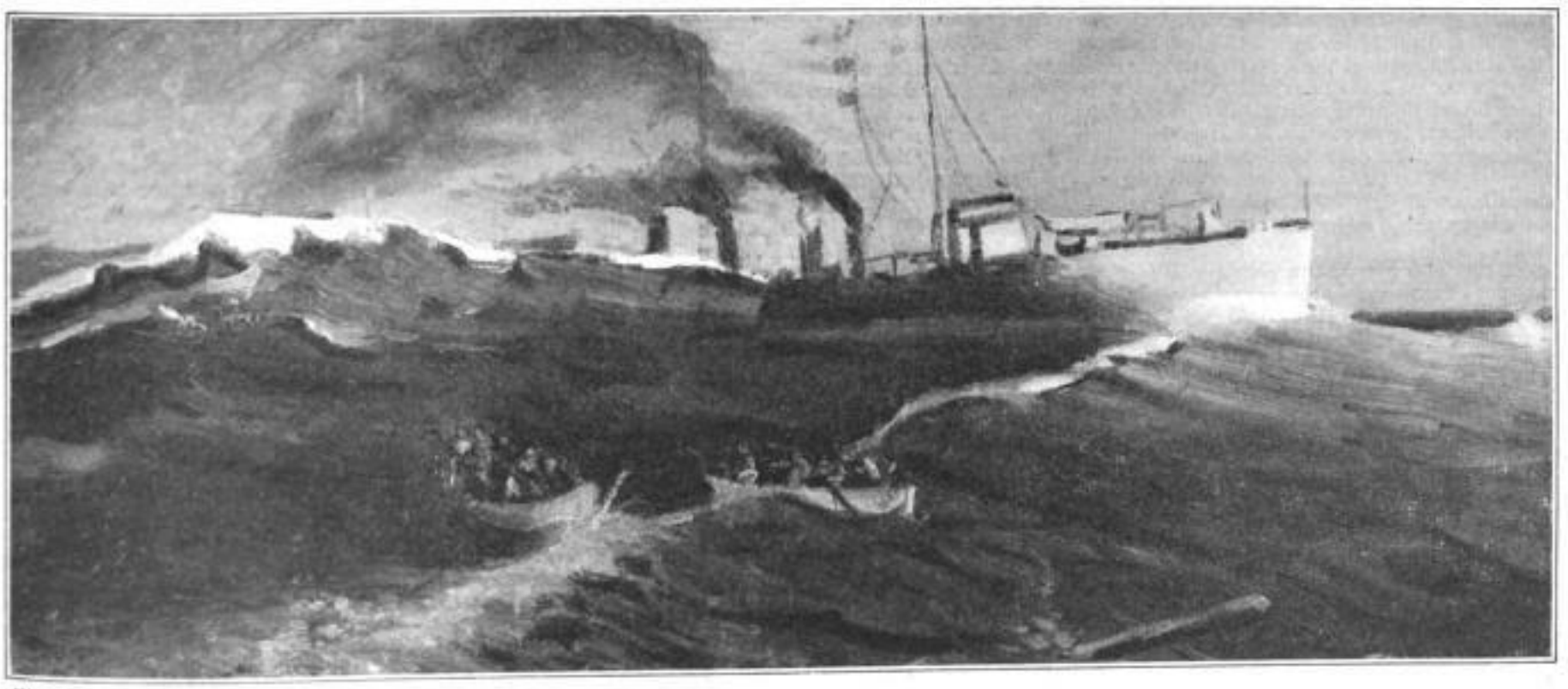
*Nothing but a whimper of the sea gulls flying,*
*Endlessly round and round,*
*With the cruel yellow beaks that were waiting for the faces,*
*The little floating faces of the drowned.*

"It was nothing but a dream," said the Emperor,
"So why should you weep, dear, eh?"
"Oh, I saw the red letters on a life belt
That the green sea washed my way!"
"What were they?" said the Emperor. "What were they?"
"Some of them were hidden," said the Empress,
"But I plainly saw the L and the U!"
"In God's name, stop!" said the Emperor.
"You told me that it was not true!

*"Told me that you dreamed of the sea gulls flying,*
*Endlessly round and round,*
*Waiting for the faces, and the eyes in the faces,*
*The eyes of the children that we drowned.*

"Kiss me and forget it," said the Emperor.
"Dry your tears on the tassel of my sword.
I am going to offer peace to my people,
And abdicate, perhaps, as overlord.
I shall now take up My Cross as Count of Prussia—
Which is not a heavy burden, you'll agree.
Why, before the twenty million dead are rotten
There'll be yachting days again for you and me!
Cheer up!
It would mean a rope for anyone but Me."

*"Oh, take care!" said the Empress. "They are flying,*
*Endlessly round and round.*
*They have finished with the faces, the dreadful little faces,*
*The little eyeless faces of the drowned."*



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# CAN HAPPEN!

## By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



"You Put Your Money in the Bank Next Time," Warned His Employer Sharply, "Instead of Letting It Lie Round in Some Flimsy Chinee Junk Shop. They're Always Burning"

LEW WEE, prized Chinese chef of the Arrowhead Ranch, had butchered, cooked and served two young roosters for the evening meal with a finesse that cried for tribute. As he replaced the evening lamp on the cleared table in the big living room he listened to my fulsome praise of his artistry as Marshal Foch might hear me say that I considered him a rather good strategist. Lew Wee heard but gave no sign, as one set above the petty adulation of compelled worshipers. Yet I knew his secret soul made festival of my words and would have been hurt by their withholding. This is his way. Not the least furtive lightening of his subtle eyes hinted that I had pleased him.

He presently withdrew to his tiny room off the kitchen, where, as was his evening custom for half an hour, he coaxed an amazing number of squealing or whining notes from his two-stringed fiddle. I pictured him as he played. He would be seated in his wicker armchair beside a little table on which a lamp glowed, the room tightly closed, window down, door shut, and a fast-burning brown-paper cigarette to make the atmosphere more noxious. After many more of the cigarettes had made it all but impossible, Lew Wee, with the lamp brightly burning, as it would burn the night through—for devils of an injurious sort and in great numbers will fearlessly enter a dark room—he would lie down to refreshing sleep. That fantasy of ventilation! Lew Wee always sleeps in an air-tight room packed with cigarette smoke, and a lamp turned high at his couchside; and Lew Wee is hardy.

He played over and over now a plaintive little air of minors that put a gentle appeal through two closed doors. It is one he plays a great deal. He has told me its meaning. He says—speaking with a not unpleasant condescension—that this little tune will mean "Life comes like a bird-song through the open windows of the heart." It sounds quite like that and is a very satisfying little song, with no beginning or end.

He played it now, over and over, wanderingly and at leisure, and I pictured his rapt face above the whining fiddle; the face, say, of the Philosopher Mang, sage of the second degree and disciple of Confucius, who was lifted from earth by the gods in a time we call B. C., but which was then thought to be a fresh, new, late time; the face of subtle eyes and guarded dignity. And I wondered, as I had often wondered, whether Lew Wee, lone alien in the abiding place of mad folks, did not suffer a vast homesickness for his sane kith, who do not misspend their days building up certain grotesque animals to slaughter them for a dubious food. True, he had the compensation of believing invincibly that the Arrowhead Ranch and all its concerns lay upon his own slightly bowed shoulders; that the thing would fast crumble upon his severance from it. But I questioned whether this were adequate. I felt him to be a man of sorrow if not of tragedy. Vaguely he reached me as one who had survived some colossal buffeting.

As I mused upon this Ma Pettengill sorted the evening mail and to Lew Wee she now took his San Francisco newspaper, Young China, and a letter. Half an hour later Lew Wee brought wood to replenish the fire. He disposed of this and absently brushed the hearth with a turkey wing. Then he straightened the rug, crossed the room, and straightened on the farther wall a framed portrait in color of Majestic Folly, a prize bull of the Hereford strain. Then he drew a curtain, flicked dust from a corner of the table, and made a slow way to the kitchen door, pausing to alter slightly the angle of a chair against the wall.

Ma Pettengill, at the table, was far in the Red Gap Recorder for the previous day. I was unoccupied and I watched Lew Wee. He was doing something human; he was lingering for a purpose. He straightened another chair and wiped dust from the gilt frame of another picture, Architect's Drawing of the Pettengill Block, Corner Fourth and Main Streets, Red Gap, Washington. From this feat he went softly to the kitchen door, where he looked back; hung waiting in the silence. He had made no sound, yet he had conveyed to his employer a wish for speech. She looked up at him from the lamp's glow, chin down, brows raised, and eyes inquiring of him over shining nose glasses.

"My uncle's store, Hankow, burn' down," said Lew Wee.

"Why, wasn't that too bad!" said Ma Pettengill.

"Can happen!" said Lew Wee positively.

"Too bad!" said Ma Pettengill again.

"I send him nine hundred dollars your money. Money burn too," said Lew Wee.

"Now, now! Well, that certainly is too bad! What a shame!"

"Can happen!" affirmed Lew Wee.

It was colorless. He was not treating his loss lightly; nor yet was he bewailing it.

"You put your money in the bank next time," warned his employer sharply, "instead of letting it lie round in some flimsy Chinee junk shop. They're always burning."

Lew Wee regarded her with a stilled face.

"Can happen!" he again murmured.

He was the least bit insistent, as if she could not yet have heard this utterly sufficing truth. Then he was out; and a moment later the two-stringed fiddle whined a little song through two closed doors. I said something acute and original about the ingrained fatalism of the Oriental races.

Ma Pettengill laid down her paper, put aside her glasses, and said, yes, sir, the Chinee was sure one fatal race; feeling fatal thataway was what made 'em such good help. Because why? Because, going to work at such-and-such a place, this here fatal feeling made 'em think one place was no worse than another; so why not stick here? If other races felt as fatal as the Chinee race it would make a grand difference in the help problem. She'd bet a million dollars right now that a lot of people wished the Swedes and Irish had fatal feelings like that.

I said Lew Wee had the look of one ever expecting the worst; even more than the average of his race.

"It ain't that," said my hostess. "He don't expect anything at all; or mebbe everything. He takes what comes. If it's good or bad, he says 'Can happen!' in the same tone of voice; and that ends it. There he is now, knowing that all this good money he saved by hard labor has gone up in smoke, and paying the loss no more attention than if he'd merely broke a string on that squeaky long-necked contraption he saws."

"He seems careless enough with his money, certainly."

"Sure, because he don't believe it does the least good to be careful."

From a cloth sack the speaker poured tobacco into a longitudinally creased brown paper and adeptly fashioned something in the nature of a cigarette.

"Ain't I been telling him for a year to buy Liberty Bonds with his money? He did buy two, being very pro-American on account of once having a violent difference with a German; and he's highly impressed with the button the Government lets him wear for it. He feels like the President has made him a mandarin or something; but if the whole Government went flooey to-morrow he'd just say 'Can happen!' and pick up his funny fiddle. Of course it ain't human, but it helps to keep help. I had him six years now, and the only thing that can't happen is his leaving. I don't say there wasn't reasons why he first took the place."

Reasons? So there had been reasons in the life of Lew Wee. I had suspected as much. I found something guarded and timid and long-suffering in his demeanor. He bore, I thought, the searing memory of an ordeal.

"Reasons!" I said, waiting.

"Reasons for coming this far in the first place. Wanted to save his life. I don't know why, with that fatal idea he sticks to. Habit, probably. Anyway, he had trouble saving it—kind of a feverish week."

She lighted the cigarette and chuckled hoarsely between the first relishing whiffs of it.

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"Yes, sir; that poor boy believes the country between here and the coast is inhabited by savages; wild hill tribes that try to exterminate peaceful travelers; a low kind of outlaws that can't understand a word you tell 'em and act violent if you try to say it over. And having got here, past the demons, I figure he's afraid to go back. I don't blame him."

"Well?"

Ordinarily this would have been enough. Now the lady merely smoked and chuckled. When I again uttered "Well?" with a tinge of rebuke, she came down from her musing, but into another and distant field. It was the field of natural history, of zoölogy, of vertebrates, mammals, furred quadrupeds—or, in short, skunks. One may as well be blunt in this matter.

Ma Pettengill said the skunk got too little credit for its lovely character, it being the friendliest wild animal known to man and never offensive except when put upon. Wasn't we all offensive at those times? And just because the skunk happened to be superbly gifted in this respect, was that any reason to ostracize him?

"I ain't sayin' I'd like to mix with one when he's vexed," continued the lady judicially; "but why vex 'em? They never look for trouble; then why force it on their notice? Take one summer, years ago, when Lysander John and I had a camp up above Dry Forks. My lands! Every night after supper the prettiest gang of skunks would frolic down off the hillside and romp round us. Here would come Pa and Ma in the lead, and mebbe a couple aunts and uncles and four or five of the cunningest little ones, and they'd all snoop fearlessly round the cook fire and the grub boxes, picking up scraps of food—right round under my feet, mind you—and looking up now and then and saying 'Thank you!' plain as anything, and what lovely weather we're having, and why don't you come up and see us some time?—and so on. They kept it up for a month while we was there; and I couldn't want neater, nicer neighbors.

"Lysander John, he used to get some nervous, especially after one chased him back into the tent late one night; but it was only wanting to play like a mere puppy, I tells him. He'd heard a noise and rushed out, and there the little thing was kind of waltzing in the moonlight, whirling round and round and having a splendid time. When it came bounding toward him—I guess that was the only time in his life Lysander John was scared helpless. He busted back into the tent a mere palsied wreck of his former self; but the cute little minx just come up and sniffed at the flap in a friendly way, like it wanted to reassure him. I wanted him to go out and play with it in the moonlight. He wouldn't. I liked 'em round the place, they was so neighborly and calm. Of course if I'd ever stepped on one, or acted sudden——

"They also tame easy and make affectionate pets. Ralph Waldo Gusted, over on Elkhorn, that traps 'em in winter to make First-Quality Labrador Sealskin Cloaks—his children got two in the house they play with like kittens; and he says himself the skunk has been talked about in a loose and unthinking way. He says a pet skunk is not only a fine mouser but leads a far more righteous life than a cat, which is given to debauchery and cursing at night. Yes, sir; they're the most trusting and friendly critters in all the woods if not imposed upon after that, to be sure——"

I said yes, yes, and undoubtedly, and all very interesting, and well and good in its place; but, really, was this its place? I wanted Lew Wee's reasons for believing in the existence of savage hill tribes between there and San Francisco.

"Yes; and San Francisco is worse," said the lady. "He believes that city to be ready for mob violence at any moment. Wild crowds get together and yell and surge round on the least provocation. He says it's different in China, the people there not being crazy."

"Well then, we can get on with this mystery."

So Ma Pettengill said we could; and we did indeed.

This here Chink seems to of been a carefree child up to the time the civilized world went crazy with aversion for him. He was a good cook and had a good job at a swell country club down the peninsula from San Francisco. The hours was easy and he was close enough to the city to get in once or twice a week and mingle with his kind. He could pass an evening with the older set, playing fan-tan and electing a new president of the Chinee race, or go to the Chinee theater and set in a box and chew sugar cane; or he could have a nice time at the clubrooms of the Young China Progressive Association, playing poker for money. Once in a while he'd mix in a tong war, he being well thought of as a hatchet man—only they don't use hatchets, but automatics; in fact, all Nature seemed to smile on him.

Well, right near this country club one of his six hundred thousand cousins worked as gardener for a man, and this man kept many beautiful chickens—so Lew Wee says. And he says a strange and wicked night animal crept into the home of these beautiful birds and slew about a dozen of 'em by biting 'em under their wings. The man told his cousin that the wicked night animal must be a skunk and that his cousin should catch him in a trap. So the cousin told Lew Wee that the wicked night animal was a skunk and that he was going to catch him in a trap. Lew Wee thought it was interesting.

He went up to the city and in the course of a pleasant evening at fan-tan he told about the slain chickens that were so beautiful, and how the night animal that done it would be caught in a trap. A great friend of Lew Wee's was present, a wonderful doctor. Lew Wee still says he is the most wonderful doctor in the world, knowing things about medicines that the white doctors can't ever find out, these being things that the Chinee doctors found out over fifteen thousand years ago, and therefore true. The doctor's name was Doctor Hong Foy, and he was a rich doctor. And he says to Lew Wee that he needs a skunk for medicine, and if anyone will bring him a live skunk in good condition he will pay twenty-five dollars in American money for same.

Lew Wee says he won't be needing that skunk much longer—or words to that effect—because he will get this one from the trap. Doctor Hong Foy is much pleased and says the twenty-five American dollars is eager to become Lew Wee's for this animal, alive and in good condition.

Lew Wee goes back, and the next day his cousin says he set a trap and the night skunk entered it, but he was strong like a lion and had busted out and bit some more chickens under the wing, and then went away from there. He showed Lew Wee the trap and Lew Wee seen it wasn't the right kind, but he knows how to make the right kind and will do so if the skunk can become entirely his property when caught.

The cousin, without the least argument, agreed heartily to this. He was honest enough. He explained carefully that the skunk was wished to be caught to keep it from biting chickens under the wing, causing them to die, and not for any value whatever it might have to the person catching it. He says it will be beneficial to catch the skunk, but not to keep it; that a skunk is not nice after being caught, and Lew Wee is more than welcome to it if he will make a right trap. The cousin himself was probably one of these fatal "Can happen!" boys. When Lew Wee says he must have the skunk alive and in good condition he just looked at him in a distant manner that Lew Wee afterward remembered; but he only said "Oh, very well!" in his native language.

Lew Wee then found a small peaked-roofed chicken coop, with stout slats on it, and made a figure-four trap, and put something for bait on the pointed stick and set the trap, and begun right off to squander twenty-five dollars that was to come as easy as picking it up in the road.

There wasn't any breakfast trade at the country club and Lew Wee was able to get over across the golf links to the chicken place early the next morning. The cousin was some distance from the chicken place, hoeing a bed of artichokes, but he told Lew Wee his trap had been a very wonderful trap and the night animal was safe caught. Lew Wee was surprised at his cousin's indifference and thought he should of been over there looking at the prize. But not so. The cousin was keeping some distance off. He just told Lew Wee that there was his animal and that he should take it away with as little disturbance as possible, which would be better far and near for all concerned. He was strangely cool about it.

But Lew Wee was full of pleasant excitement and run swiftly to his trap. Sure enough! There was a nice big beautiful skunk in his trap. Lew Wee had never seen one. He said it was more beautiful than a golden pheasant, with rich, shiny black fur and a lovely white stripe starting from its face and running straight down on each side of its back; and it had a wonderful waving tail, like a plume. He looked at it joyfully through the slats. It was setting down comfortably when he come up; so he spoke to it in a friendly way. Then it got up and yawned and stretched itself, looking entirely self-possessed, but kind of bored, I suppose, like this was a poor sort of practical joke to play on a gentleman; so now would some one kindly lift this box off him?

The proud owner danced about it in great glee and told it how the nice doctor wouldn't hurt it any, but would give it a good home, with chicken for supper, mebbe, and so on.

(Continued on Page 53)



*There Was Fights and Accidents, and Different Ones Tromped On, and Screams of Fear*

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# SAMMY BOY

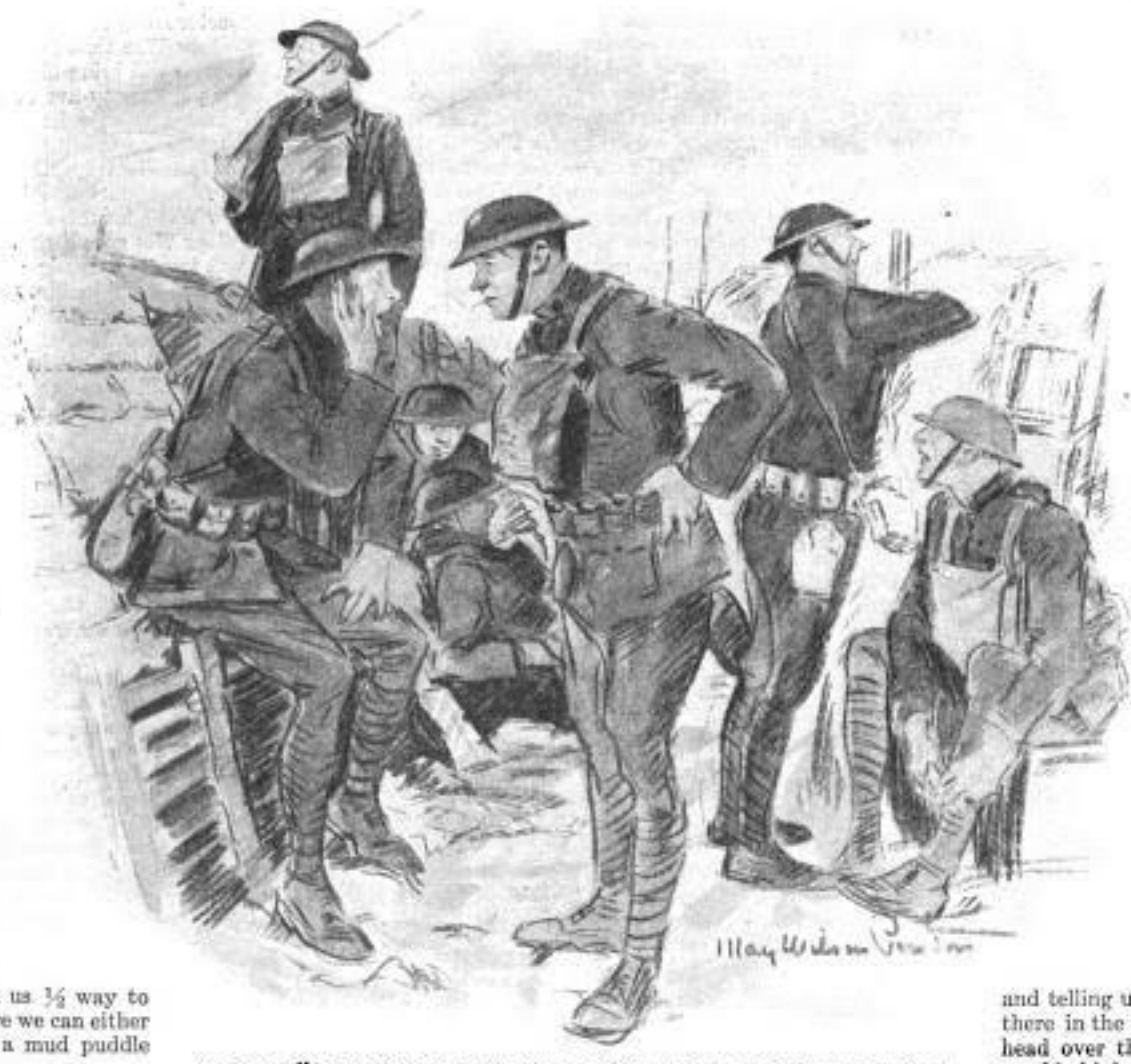
## By RING W. LARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IN THE TRENCHS, May 6.

*FRIEND AL:* Well Al I haven't wrote you no letter for a long wile and I suppose maybe you think something might of happened to me or something. Well old pal they hasn't nothing happened and I only wished they would because anything would be better then laying around here and I would rather stop a shell and get spread all over Europe then lay around here and die a day at a time you might say.

Well I would of wrote you before only we was on the march and by the time night come around my dogs fret me so bad I couldn't think of nothing else and when they told us we was comeing up here I thought of course they would send us up in motor Lauras or something and not wear us all out before we got here but no it was drill every ft. of the way and I said to Johnny Alcock the night we got here that when they was sending us up here to die they might at lease give us a ride and he says no because when they send a man to the electric chair they don't push him up there in a go cart but they make him get there on his own dogs. So I said "Yes but he travels light and he don't half to go far and when he gets there they's a chair waiting for him to set down in it but they load us up like a troop ship and walk us ½ way to Sweden and when we finely get here we can either remain standing or lay down in a mud puddle and tuck ourself in."



*So I Said "I Would be Tickled to Death to Go Only I Don't Near Very Good Even in English and of Course Jerry Would be Telling Their Plans in German"*

And another thing Al I thought they meant we was going right in the front line trenchs where a man has got a chance to see some fun but where we are at is what they call the reserve trenchs and we been here 3 days all ready and have got to stay here 7 days more that is unless they should something happen to the regt, that's up ahead of us in the front line and if they get smashed up or something and half to be sent back to the factory then we will jump right in and take their place and I don't wish them no bad luck but I wished they would get messed up tonight at lease enough so as they would half to come out for repairs but it don't look like they was much chance of that as we are on a quite section where they hasn't been nothing doing since the war begin you might say but of course Jerry is raiseing he—ll all over the front now and here is where he will probably pick on next and beleive me Al we will give him a welcome.

But the way things is mapped out now we will be here another wk. yet and then up in the front row for 10 days and then back to the rest billets for a rest but they say the only thing that gets a rest back there is your stomach but beleive me your stomach gets a holiday right here without going to no rest billets.

Well I thought they would be some excitement up here but its like church but everybody says just wait till we get up in front and then we will have plenty of excitement well I hope they are telling the truth because its sure motonus here and about all as we do is have inspections and scratch. As Johnny Alcock says France may of lose a whole lot of men in this war but they don't seem to of been no casualitys amist the cuties.

Well Al they's plenty of other bugs here as well as the kinds that itchs and I mean some of the boys themselfs and here is where it comes out on them is where they haven't nothing to do only lay around and they's 1 bird that his name is Harry Friend but the boys calls him the chicken hawk and its not only on acct. of him loveing the ladys but he is all the wile writeing letters to them and he is 1 of these fancy writers that has to wind up before he comes down on the paper with a word and between every word he sores up and swoops down again like he was over a barn yard and sometimes the boys set around and bets on how many wirls he will take before he will get within writeing distants of the paper.

Well any way he must get a whole lot of letters wrote if he answers all the ones that comes for him because every time you bump into him he pulls one on you that he just got from some gal that's nuts about him somewheres in the U.S. and its always a different 1 and I bet the stores that sells service stars kept open evenings the wk. this bird enlisted in the draft. But today it was a French gal that he had a letter from her some dame in Chalons and he showed me her picture and she's some queen Al and he is pulling for us to be sent there on our leave after we serve our turn up here and I don't blame him for wanting to be where she's at and I wished they was some baby doll that I could pal around with in what ever burg they ship us to. But I don't know nobody Al and besides I'm a married man so no flirting with the parley vous for me and I suppose I will spend most of my time with the 2 Vin sisters and a headache.

Your pal, JACK

IN THE TRENCHS, May 9.

*FRIEND AL:* Well Al I was talking to 1 of the boys Jack Brady today and we was talking about Harry Friend and I told Jack about him getting a letter from this French girlie at Chalons and how he was pulling for us to go there on our leave so as he could see her so Jack said he didn't think we would go there but they would probably send us to 1 of the places where we could get a bath as god knows we will need one and they will probably send us to Aix les Bains or Nice or O. D. Cologne. So I said I didn't care where we was sent as they wouldn't be no gal waiting for me in none of them towns so Jack says it was my own fault if they wasn't as all these places was full of girlies that was there for us to dance with them and etc. and the officers had all their names and addresses and the way to do was write to 1 of them and tell her when you was comeing and would she like to show you around and he said he would see 1 of the lieuts. that he stands pretty good with him and see what he could do for me. Well Al I told him to go ahead as I thought it was just a joke but sure enough he showed up after a wile and he said the lieut. didn't only have 1 name left but she was a queen and he give me her name and address and its Miss Marie Antoinette 14 rue de Nez Rouge, O. D. Cologne.

Well Al I didn't have nothing else to do so I set down and wrote her a note and I will coppy down what I wrote.

*Dear Miss Antoinette:* I suppose you will be supprised to hear from me and I hope you won't think I am some fresh bird writeing you this letter for a joke or something but I am just 1 of Uncle Sam's soldiers from the U.S.A. and am now in the trenchs fighting for your country. Well Miss Antoinette we expect to be here about 2 wks. more and then we will have a leave off for a few days and some of the boys thinks we may spend it in your city and I thought maybe you might be good enough to show me around when we get there. I was a baseball pitcher back in the U.S.A. tall and athletic build and I don't suppose you know what baseball is but thought maybe you would wonder what I look like. Well if you aren't busy when we get there I will hope to see you and if you are agreeable drop me a line here and I will sure look you up when I get there.

So then I give her my name and where to reach me and of course they won't nothing come out of it Al only a man has got to amuse yourself some way in a dump like this or they would go crazy. But it would sure be a horse on me if she was to answer the letter and say she would be glad to see me and then of course I would half to write and tell her I was a married man or else not write to her at all but of course they won't nothing come out of it and its a good bet we won't never see Cologne as that was just a guess on Brady's part.

Well Al things is going along about like usual with nothing doing only inspections and etc. and telling us how to behave when we get up there in the front row and not to stick our head over the top in the day time and you would think we was the home guards or something and at that I guess the home guards is seeing as much of the war as we are in this old ditch but they say it will be different when we get up in front and beleive me I hope so and they can't send us there to soon to suit me.

Your pal, JACK

IN THE TRENCHS, May 11.

*FRIEND AL:* Well Al here we are up in the front line trenchs and we come in here 2 days ahead of time but that's the way they run everything in the army except feed you but they don't never do nothing when they say they are going to and I suppose they want a man to get use to haveing things come by supprise so as it won't interfere with your plans if you get killed a couple days before you was looking for it.

Well Al we are looking for it now most any day and this may be the last letter you will ever get from your old pal and you may think I am kidding when I say that but 1 of the boys told me a wile ago that he heard Capt. Seeley telling 1 of the lieuts. that the reason we come in here ahead of time was on acct. of them expecting the Dutchmans to make their next drive on this section and the birds that we are takeing their place was a bunch of yellow stiffs that was hard of hearing except when they was told to retreat and Gen. Pershing figured that if they was up here when Jerry made a attack they would turn around and open up a drive on Africa and the bosh has been going through the rest of the line like it was held by the ladies aid and Gen. Foch says they have got to be stopped so we are elected Al and you know what that means and it means we can't retreat under no conditions but stay here till we get killed. So you see I wasn't kidding Al and it looks like it was only a question of a few days or maybe not that long but at that I guess most of the boys would just as leave stop a Dutch bayonet as to lay around in this he—ll hole. Beleive me Al this is a fine resort to spend 10 days at what with the mud and the perfume and a whole menajery useing you for a parade grounds.

Well Capt. Seeley wants us to get all the rest we can now on acct. of what's comeing off after a wile but beleive me I am not going to oversleep myself in this he—ll hole because suppose Jerry would pick out the time wile you was asleep to come over and pay us a visit and they's supposed to be some of the boys on post duty to watch all night and keep their eye pealed and wake us up if they's something stiring but I have been in hotels a lot of times and left a call with some gal that didn't have nothing to do only pair her

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finger nails and when the time come ring me up but even at that she forgot it so what chance is they for 1 of these sentrys to remember and wake everybody up when maybe they's 5 or 6 Dutchmens divideing him into building lots with their bayonet or something. So as far is I am conserned I will try and keep awake wile I can because it looks like when we do go to sleep we will stay asleep several yrs. and even if we are lucky enough to get back to them rest billets we can sleep till the cows come home a specially if they give us some more of them entertainments like we had in camp.

Well Al before we got here I thought they would be so much fireing back and 4th. up here that a man couldn't hear themself think but I guess Jerry is saveing up for the big show though every little wile they try and locate our batterys and clean them out and once in so often 1 of our big guns replys but as Johnny Alcock says you couldn't never accuse our artillrys from being to gabby and I guess we are lucky they are pretty near speechless as they might take a notion to fire short but any way a little wile ago 1 of our guns sent a big shell over and Johnny says what and the he—ll can that be and I said its a shell from 1 of our guns and he says he thought they fired 1 yesterday.

Well as I say here we are with 10 days of it stareing us in the eye and the cuties for company and the only way we can get out of here ahead of time is on a stretcher and I wouldn't mind that Al but as I say I want to be awake when my time comes because if I am going to get killed in this war I want to have some idear who done it.

Your pal, JACK

IN THE TRENCHS, May 14.

*FRIEND AL:* Well Al I got the supprise of my life today when Jack Brady handed me a letter that had came for me and that's supprise enough itself but all the more when I opened it up and seen who it was from. Well it was from that baby in Cologne and I will coppy it down as it is short and you can see for yourself what she says. Well here it is.

*Dear Mr. Keefe:* Your letter just reached me and you can bet I was glad to get it. I sure will be glad to see you when you come to Cologne and I will be more than glad to show you the sights. This is some town and we sure will have a time when you get here. I am just learning to write English so please excuse mistakes but all I want to say is don't disappoint me but write me when you will come so I can be all dressed up comme un cheval. Avec l'amour und kussen.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

You see Al they's part of it wrote in French and that last part means with love and kisses. Well I guess that letter I wrote her must of went over strong and any ways it looks like she didn't exactly hate me eh Al? Well it looks like I would half to write to her back and tell her I am a married man and they can't be no flirting between her and I but if she wants to be a good pal and show me around O.K. and no harm done. Well I hope she takes it that way because it sure will seem good to talk to a gal again that can talk a little English and not la la la all the wile but of course its a good bet that I won't never see her because we are just as libel to go somewheres else as Cologne though Brady seems to think that's where we are headed for. Well time will tell and in the mean wile we are libel to get blowed to he—ll and gone and then of course it would be good by sweet Marie but I was supprised to hear from her as I only wrote to her in fun and didn't think nothing would come from it but I guess Harry Friend isn't the only lady killer in the U.S. army and if I was 1 of the kind that shows off all their letters I guess I have got 1 now to show.

A side from all that Al we was supposed to have our chow a hr. ago but no chow and some of the boys says its on acct. of our back arears being under fire and you see the kitchens is way back of the front lines and the boys on chow detail is supposed to bring our food up here but when the back arears is under fire they are scared to bring it up or they might maybe run into some bad luck on the way. How is that for fine dope Al when a whole regt. starves to death because a few yellow stiffs is afraid that maybe a shell might light near them and spill a few beans. Brady says maybe they are trying to starve us so as we will get mad and fight harder when the time comes like in the old days when they use to have fights between men and lions in Reno and Rome and for days ahead they wouldn't give the lions nothing to eat so as they would be pretty near wild when they got in Reno and would make a rush at the gladaters that was supposed to fight them and try and eat them up on acct. of being so near starved. Well Al I would half to be good and hungry before I would want to eat a Dutchman a specially after they been in the trenchs a wile.

But any way it don't make a whole lot of differents if the chow gets here or not because when it comes its nothing only a eye dropper full of soup and coffee and some bread that I would hate to have some of it fall on my toe and before we left the U.S. everybody was trying to preserve food so as the boys in France would have plenty to eat but if they sent any of the preserves over here the boat they come on must of stopped a torpedo and I hope the young mackerels won't make themselfs sick on sweets.

Jokeing to 1 side this is some climate Al and they don't never a day pass without it raining and I use to think the weather profits back home had a snap that all they had to do was write down rain or snow or fair and even if they was wrong they was way up there where you couldn't get at them but they have got a tough job when you look at a French weather profit and as soon as he learns the French for rain he can open up an office and he don't half to hide from nobody because he can't never go wrong though Alcock says they have got a dry season here that begins the 14 of July and ends that night but its a holiday so the weather profit don't half to monkey with it. Any way its so dark here all the wile that you can't hardly tell day and night only at night times the Dutchmens over across the way sends up a flare once in a wile to light things up so as they can see if they's any of us prowling around Nobody's Land and speaking about Nobody's Land Brady says its the ground that lays between the German trenchs and the vermin trenchs but jokeing to 1 side if it wasn't for these here flares we wouldn't know they was anybody over in them other trenchs and when we come in here they was a lot of talk about Jerry sending over a patrol to find out who we was but it looks like he wasn't interested. But all and all Al its nothing like I expected up here and all we have seen of the war is when a shell or 2 busts in back of us or once in a wile 1 of their areoplanes comes over and 1 of ours chases them back and sometimes they have a battle but they always manage to finish it where we can't see it for the fear we might enjoy ourselfs.

Well it looks like we would half to go to bed on a empty stomach if you could call it bed and speaking about stomach Brady says they's a old saying that a army travels on their stomach but a cutie covers a whole lot more ground. But as I say when you don't get your chow you don't miss much only it kills a little time and everybody is sick in tired of doing nothing and 1 of the boys was saying tonight he wished the Dutchmens would attack so as to break the motley and Alcock said that if they did attack he hoped they would do it with gas as his nose needed a change of air.

Your pal, JACK



*Every Time You Bump Into Him He Pulls a Letter on You That He Just Got From Some Gal That's Nuts About Him Somewheres in the U.S.*

IN THE TRENCHS, May 16.

*FRIEND AL:* Well old pal I come within a ace you might say of not being here to write you this letter and you may think that's bunk but wait till you hear what come off. Well it seems our scout planes brought back word yesterday that the Dutch regt. over across the way had moved out and another regt. had took their place and it seems when they make a change like that our gens. always trys to find out who the new rivals is so the orders come yesterday that we was to get up a patrol party for last night and go over and take a few prisoners so as we would know what regt. we was up vs. Well as soon as the news come out they was some of the boys volunteered to go in the patrol and they was only a few going so I didn't feel like noseing myself in and maybe crowding somebody out that was set on going and besides what and the he—ll do I care what regt. is there as long as its Germans and its like you lived in a flat and the people across the hall moved out and some people moved in why as long as you knowed they wasn't friends of yours you wouldn't rush over and ring their door bell and say who the he—ll are you but you would wait till they had time to get some cards printed and stick 1 in the mail box. So its like I told Alcock that when the boys come back they would tell the Col. that the people opp. us was Germans and the Col. would be supprised because he probably thought all the wile that they was the Idaho boy scouts or something. But at that I pretty near made up my mind at the last minute to volunteer just to break the motley you might say but it was to late and I lost out.

Well Al the boys that went didn't come back and I hope the Col. is satisfied now because he has lost that many men and he knows just as much as he did before namely that they's some Germans across the way and either they killed our whole bunch or took them a prisoner and instead of us learning who they are they found out who we are because the boys that's gone is all from our regt. and its just like as if we went over and give them the information they wanted to save them the trouble of comeing over here and getting it.

Well it don't make a man feel any happier to think about them poor boys and god only knows what happened to them if they are prisoners or dead and some of them was pals of mine to but the worst part of it is that the word will be sent home that they are missing in actions and their wifes won't know what become of them if they got any and I can't help from thinking I might of been with them only for not wanting to crowd somebody

*(Continued on Page 35)*

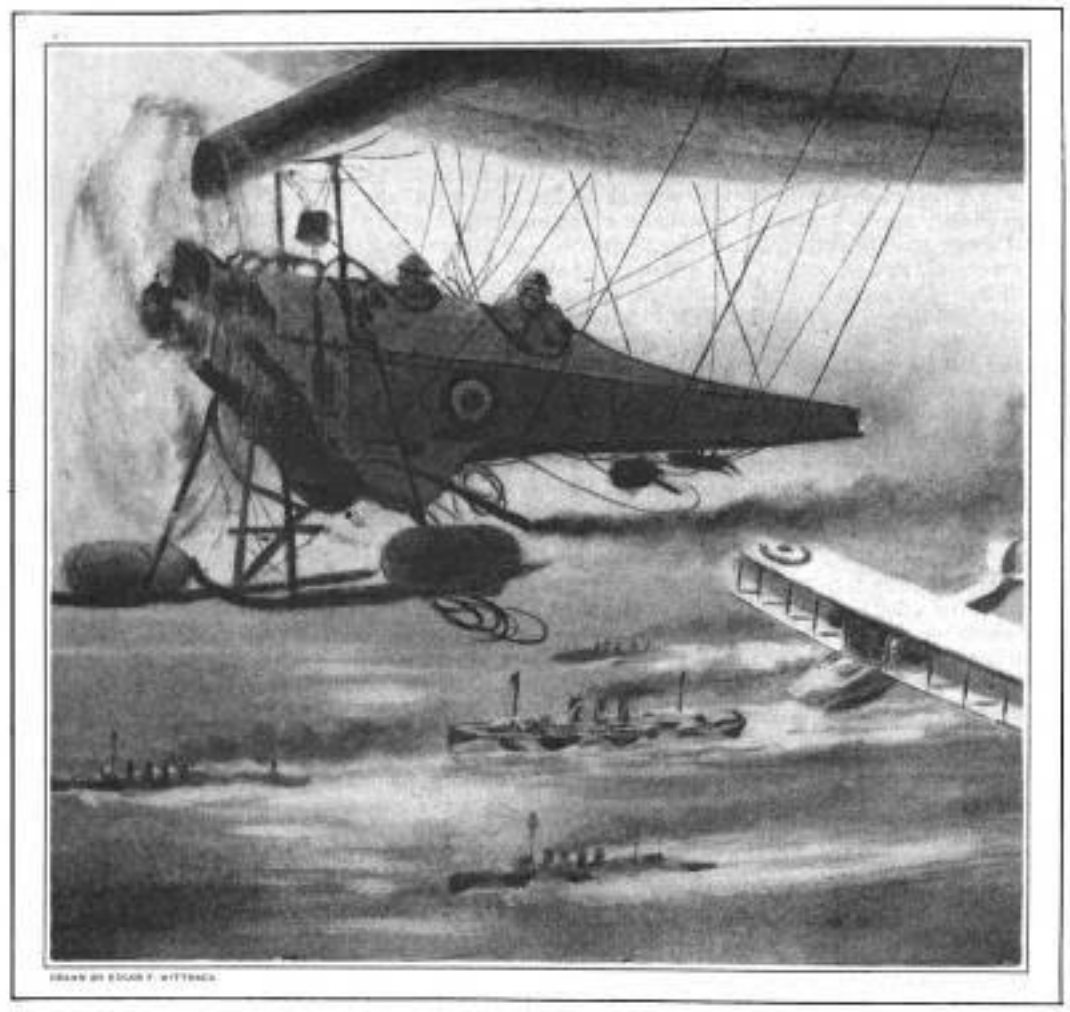


*Well Al if Anybody Asks You How to Spend a Pleasant Evening Don't Steer Them Up Against a Listening Post With a Crazy Man*

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# THE FLYING SAILORS

## By Samuel G. Blythe



IF YOU know about college football you know about Gates, sometime captain of the Yale team. As my knowledge of college football is entirely incidental I didn't know about Gates, and the first time I heard of him was when Vice Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, that great British sailor who was the inspiring genius of the blocking operations at Zeebrugge and at Ostend, the man who sent the Vindictive in, told me about him at Dover, speaking as one brave man speaks of another, albeit Gates was only a lieutenant in our naval air forces and Keyes is a vice admiral, with four rows of ribbons on his tunic signifying that he has received, at the hands of his government and the admiralty, about all there is in the way of honors and awards.

"A very gallant officer," said the admiral; and he related the incident he had in mind, which was this: One afternoon when Gates was at our naval air station in Dunkirk a signal came in that a British plane had been shot down by the Germans up the coast and had fallen in the sea within range of the German shore guns. All the varied naval radios at Dunkirk picked up the signal, and there was an immediate scurry to get to the rescue of the wrecked aviators. Gates jumped to a sea plane that was moored in the water, without waiting for assistance or for company and aid in the way of observers and machine-gun men, set the propeller whirling and immediately was off alone in a big plane at ninety miles an hour. He reached the spot where the aviators were in the water clinging to the remains of their machine, potted at by the Germans on shore, and swooped down beside them, landing with a perfect skill and control, regardless of the wicked fire that came from the Huns. He pulled the wrecked aviators onto his plane, made his run along the water, rose, turned and whooped back to Dunkirk, meeting the other rescuers who were pegging up in other planes and in coastal motor boats, and saving the lives of three Englishmen, who gleefully waved their hands at the oncomers and motioned them to go back, not only because Gates had saved them but because the Huns were very angry over the whole business and were plastering the seascape thereabouts with machine-gun bullets and shrapnel in futile rage over the deliverance of the men they supposed were as good as dead; which indeed they were until Gates got to them.

"A very gallant officer," said Admiral Keyes; "I have recommended him for a decoration."

### The Last Flight of Gallant Gates

I CAME across the Channel next day in an English destroyer, landing at Dunkirk, and Gates was a fellow guest with me at luncheon with Commodore Larkin, the British commandant at the port. He was big, broad-shouldered, smiling, modest; deprecating any mention of this exploit or of any of his other exploits, and though he was in command of the American station, with all the Dunkirk section of our naval aviators under him, almost shy. I told him what the admiral had said to me. He blushed and fidgeted.

"It was nothing," he said; "nothing. Anyone of the fellows would have done it."

And he wouldn't say a word about it, protesting that it was nothing.

That was the first time I saw Gates. The last time I saw him was at half after ten o'clock a few nights later, standing on the steps of the house where the senior officers messed, silhouetted against the light from the open door, big, laughing, full of the joy of life, an officer every inch of his six feet of brawn, telling the commander and me how to get through the Stygian streets of Dunkirk, past the inner and outer gates, and where to pick up the road that would take us to the place we were going, which was twenty-five or thirty miles away.

People in London and Paris thought their streets were dark; but pouf! those streets were radiant and glittering, very Broadways of the old times, when contrasted to the streets of Dunkirk or any place within the actual war zone. Those places were dark in all that dark means. There wasn't a gleam of light, and with good reason for Dunkirk, anyhow, for the boche bombed that place more than four hundred times and bombarded it half as many. Whenever there was nothing else stirring the boche flew over and dropped a few on Dunkirk. Life there was divided into two phases—dodging bombs or shells, and after that raid or bombardment was over wondering when the next one would begin.

A lovely place to live, Dunkirk, in those days! If the air bombers didn't get you it was likely the big guns at Lengenboom or Ostend would. They dropped some fifteen-inch shells in one day when I was there, and I am here to say a city bombarded by fifteen-inch guns is no fit place for residence or sojourn.

Gates told us how to go, with instructions as to how to get past the obstacles. We were to talk our way through, for the gates closed at nine-thirty, and it was then after ten. We had the regular passes, but it seemed that special passes were needed, and we didn't want to wait for them. Presently a French soldier stepped out in front of the car and demanded authority. We showed what we had. He possessed an insatiable appetite for authority, that poilu, for he asked for more. Whereupon the strategy of the enterprise was developed. That strategy was to state that this was an official car, going on an official errand, and that it must proceed.

This was enunciated in such French as was in stock. The sentry was skeptical. He came back with a couple of pages of other French. Our statement was reiterated in a dignified manner. The sentry talked torrentially for ten minutes, waving his hands. Our reply was identical with our first remarks—no more and no less.

This discussion continued for half an hour, our contributions to it being the invariable statement of our necessities. Finally the sentry quit. There was nothing to be made of these Americans. To be sure, they had an official car, but on the other hand they had no special pass. Should they be permitted to proceed? No—yes—on the whole, yes, and good riddance. We congratulated ourselves as we went down the road on the success of our strategy and our French, and we rehearsed our little French piece, adding niceties of diction to it in order that we might work it at the *porte de sortie*.

We arrived. A sentry came out of the dark. In concert and with the correctest of nasal accents we told our story. There was no response. We told it again, with greater declamatory effect. No reply. Again we pronounced it, with tremolos and vocal trills and variations. It was a great piece of work.

"Oh, hell," said the sentry; "speak English."

Five or six weeks later when I returned to Dunkirk I asked for Gates.

"He's gone," they said at the station.

"Gone where?"

"We don't know. We wish we did."

Then I heard the story. When the big offensive came, a few days before, in that section, early in October, Gates asked for permission to fly in land machines with the French who were going over to do battle with the Huns. He wanted to get into it. He was a great pilot, and the French were glad to have him. So one morning he took his seat in a fighting machine and started out with a French formation, laughing, clear-eyed, as gallant a flying man as ever held a control in a plane or fired a gun at a boche.

Presently the formation met some Germans, fifteen battle planes, outnumbering them two to one. The French, great tacticians in the air, maneuvered to get beneath them, but not Gates. With the same spirit that he showed on the gridiron Gates flew up and at them, one man against fifteen, working his machine gun and flying fearlessly against them. They got him. When the French flyers came back the ominous "Failed to return" was written after the name of Gates in the report.

The last report I had was that no trace of him had been found, but there have been later rumors of his being a prisoner. As I write he is still carried as "missing" on the rolls. If he is alive the Navy will welcome him back as one of their best. If he is dead, hail and farewell! Gates was a type of the fearless, light-hearted men who have been flying for us in France. As such I tell his story. Gallants all of them; brave fighters, many of them failed to return; but not one of them who didn't go out as Gates went out, eager for the encounter, discounting the ultimate, seized of no other desire than to uphold the traditions of the service and to advance the cause of their country.

### A Peach of a Job—Not

YOUR sailor is a ubiquitous person. It is immaterial to him whether he fights on the water, under the water or in the air, so long as he gets a chance to fight. How they chafed at station duty, over the tasks that did not give them active service. I was riding with a bluejacket in an admiral's car. He was detailed to drive the car, having been an expert chauffeur before he enlisted. I told him he had a good job, with nothing to do but drive that car.

"Good job!" he sneered. "This is a peach of a job—not! Won't I look great when I get back home and they ask me what I did in the war, and I tell them I drove a fat old admiral round in an automobile? That's a fine war record for my children, now ain't it?"

Whereupon there ensued the usual line of talk about duty and the necessity of these employments, but it left that bluejacket chauffeur cold. And it left them all cold. They wanted to fight. They wanted action, and that, I take it, is the reason why the naval air service was always full to running over with ambitious young men who earnestly desired to go out and slay Huns in the air. If the Navy had had the machines to allow these ambitious young men to gratify their commendable lust for German blood there might have been a different phase on the air situation. But the Navy did not have the machines, and the getting of them was a long and tedious process. The

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organizations for flying were efficient, bases were established in many places in England, Ireland, France and elsewhere, but the great bulk of our naval flying was done with machines either borrowed or bought wherever machines could be secured. In October of this year it began to look as if all this preliminary effort was to become effective. There had been heartbreaking delays and mistakes and lacks of material and difficulties of transportation—obstacles that were paralyzing; but the naval flyers plugged steadily along, extemporized machines, did miracles in erection and construction, fought against the utmost handicaps, grabbed machines wherever they could be found, borrowed them, bought them, reconstructed them, repaired them, remade them, surmounted tremendous obstacles of all sorts, and in October were getting at it.

If the war hadn't stopped, the American naval flyers would have had a large hand in stopping it when it did end. As it is, their share in bringing about that desirable situation has been considerable, handicapped as they have been by lack of everything save the man power needed.

Naval flying has two functions—patrol and bombing. The patrol work is done by sea planes that hunt submarines, observe for convoys, and generally act as scouts and protectors over waters adjacent to the coast. The bombers operate from land and over the land. In addition we had some dirigibles and some naval observation balloons. We built some stations from the ground up and took over a considerable number of flying stations from the English and the French, and enlarged these, built our own buildings and installed large amounts of machinery. The personnel was adequate and efficient.

### *Making the Best of It*

IT MUST not be understood from this that our navy flyers have not done any flying. They have. The point is that owing to the long distance from America, the inevitable difficulties of transport, the work required in getting navy plane building under way on the large scale required, and the development not only of the industry but of the flyers themselves, the man-power end of the enterprise was more efficient than the machine-power end of it. The organizations were made before machines came along to be flown. The job was tremendous. Even at stations taken over from the British and French there was enormous work to be done to fit the places to our needs. It was necessary to establish supply depots, to build hangars, to get all the complicated and multifold gear in place either from home or in any available market on the European side. The men who had this job in hand had their troubles, but they worked unceasingly.

It would be interesting to catalogue these various stations and depots in Europe to show the American people just how extensive the naval air program was, and how diversified, but the rules of the game will not permit that. I have not been to all the stations, but I have been to a good many of them and have noted the situation first-hand. These men who organized and established these stations labored with the most exasperating and disheartening difficulties, but kept at the work unceasingly, cheerfully, loyally, and attained remarkable results under the most discouraging circumstances in many instances.

For example, one lot of planes came through, and there was great joy, for this lot seemed to give an excellent promise of continuous and rapid delivery. But when the machines were set up and tried it was found that the propellers were defective. They flew to bits, did those propellers, when turned at full speed, and planes without propellers are not of much account for flying purposes. There were weeks of delay before new propellers came. Again, a lot of engines arrived, and the planes were there for them, but when the two were put together it was discovered that there were no starters for the engines, and none within three thousand miles. So the men at this station had to turn to the naval repair-ship machinists stationed near by, and when I was there they were making the needed starters on the repair ship as well as they were able.

Again, great store was set by certain big bombing machines bought under contract from a foreign manufacturer. When these machines began to arrive it was discovered that they must be taken down and put together again, remade practically, and that the engines were not suitable. So it went all along the line. Every week or so there was one of these heartbreakers, but the men on the job organized themselves to meet each new contingency. There was no whimpering in that outfit. If anything was missing and they couldn't buy that particular thing they always could make it. Mostly tools were not at hand, so they improvised tools. They improvised almost everything, and they got their organization effected.

At one place I saw them building an enormous hangar for dirigibles. Enormous is the right word. Those big dirigibles are tremendous affairs, and the buildings to house them are giant structures. It is not ordinary construction. These great cigar-shaped balloons must have free ingress and egress to and from their sheds, and the roofs of the buildings must correspond to their gigantic curves. This necessitates complicated truss construction, as well as the building of monster doors that must move easily. They had few tools, but they had intelligence. A lieutenant who used to be a building constructor somewhere in America took the job, and he built that hangar with the aid of men who had been tailors and barbers and clerks, and so on, before they enlisted, and who mostly had hardly ever driven a nail or sawed a plank in their lives.

At another place, a place that was a barren island, a detachment of these men turned in and built a station complete with hangars, concrete landing stages, barracks, mess halls, and so on—and those sailors were not many of them mechanics before they went into the Navy. Nor are these individual instances. The same sort of high and capable endeavor has been shown at every naval air station we have in Europe. The officers and the men have done marvels of construction, and under great handicaps. I salute them in admiration but not in surprise. I have seen enough of the American Navy operating in foreign waters and on foreign shores to be surprised at nothing in the way of accomplishment under difficulties. There were sixty-five to seventy-five thousand American sailors over there, officers and men, and I am convinced they could do anything in the way of construction, in the way of repair, in the way of manufacture, in the way of improvising tools for any sort of work. I've seen them at it, and I know.

If a dynamo was needed and none was at hand they would build one out of sardine tins if necessary. If a delicate part on a sea plane or a bombing plane was lacking some sailorman would contrive that part somehow, and it would be useful. No building was too big for them to tackle, no job too complicated. They made cement docks and cement floors for hangars or adjusted the delicate shutters of the cameras with equal facility. What did you want? Tell the American gobs and they would make it or build it or get it somehow. It was all in the game and they were playing the game every minute.

This was the nonspectacular side of it. There was nothing very heroic in getting into dungarees and tinkering with a sea plane for hours on a stretch. There was nothing very gallant in mixing cement for a landing stage. There was naught else but hard work in digging roads, and hammering together gigantic trusses for hangars, and in working in repair shops, but these boys went to it with spirit and with cheerfulness. Moreover, that side of the war work we did in Europe, though it is a side that never will get its just dues from any chronicler of events, either historical or journalistic, is the side that has had its great share in pulling the Navy through over on the European side of the world. Those are the officers and men who have done real work, the ground men at the flying stations, the repair-ship men at the naval bases, the shop men at the mine-laying bases, and so on through the list—work that has been as real and vital as the splendid exploits of the men who went to sea on the ships, out over the sea in the planes and dirigibles and balloons or down under the sea in the submarines.

### *A Personnel of High Class*

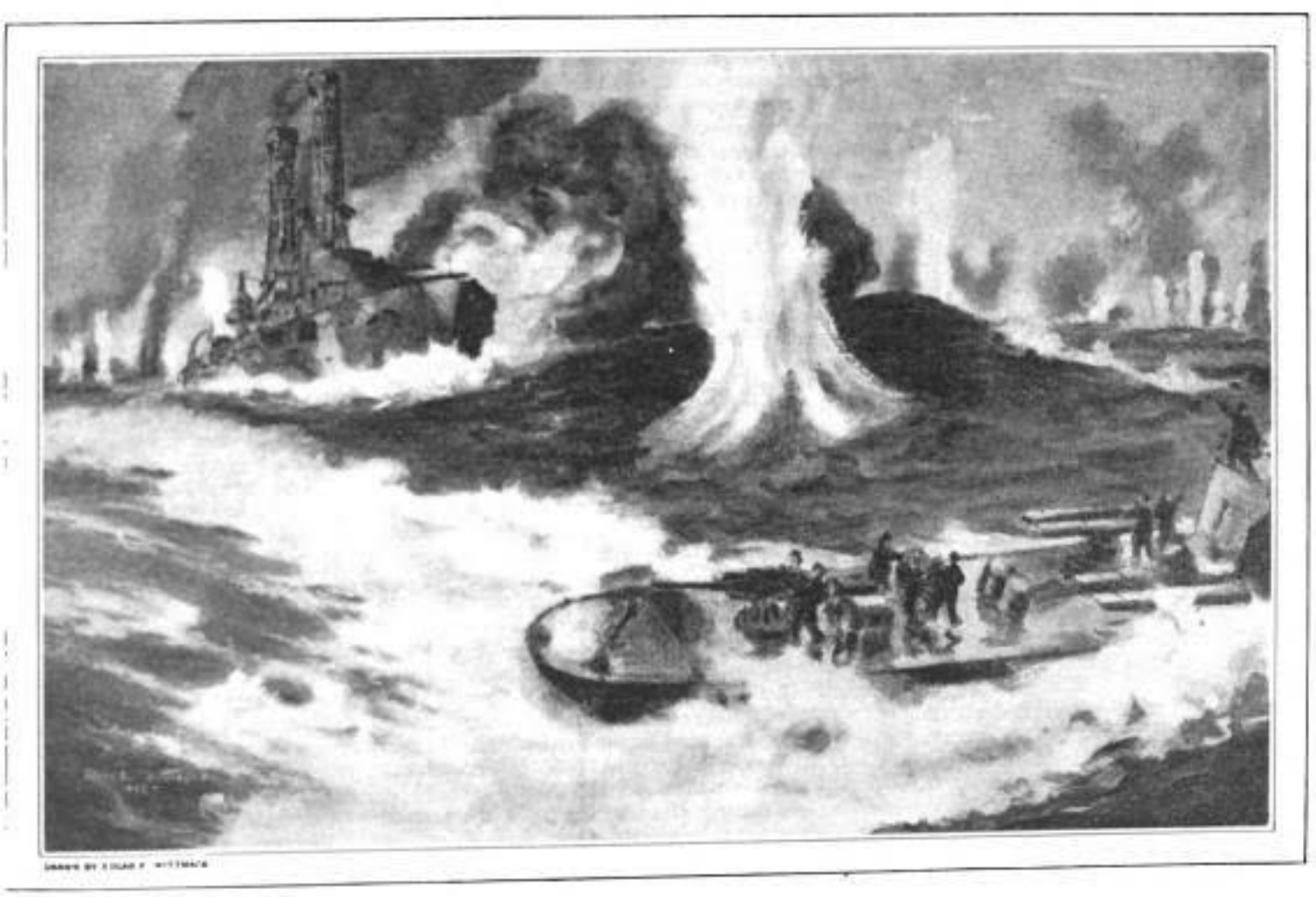
HOWEVER, war presupposes fighting, and the particular sort of fighting with which this article is concerned is air fighting. As I have said, the functions of the navy flyers as they were employed in Europe were twofold: They acted as patrols and scouts over the water, hunted submarines and protected convoys, made observations and sent warnings; and in our naval organization, at least, a certain share of them did bombing, operating from land over land, and with land machines as distinguished from sea planes.

There are several types of sea plane: Small ones that are used for scouting and patrol work; large ones that do bombing; and giants that carry five men and great loads of bombs. Sea planes differ from land planes in that they are equipped with boat-shaped floats or bodies, that allow them to float and move on the water, to alight on the water and to rise from the water exactly as a land plane runs on or rises from the land. We had a few naval flyers when the war began, and developed others during the first years of it, conducting experiments and schools in various places. Broadly speaking, our sea-plane condition for our Navy was not much better than our land-plane condition for our Army. When the war came to us the service attracted a large number of high-class men, particularly college men like Lieutenant Gates, and the result was that the Navy soon had a considerable number of expert pilots. These men learned readily and were of the character that made them excellent flyers.

Ambitious plans were laid down, and the work of organization was assumed on the European side not long after we entered the war. Inasmuch as it was easier to make pilots than it was to make and ship over machines our actual American efforts in our own machines did not begin to function very early, but our pilots and observers did a lot of flying just the same, in machines that we secured by purchase or otherwise, or in conjunction with British and French organizations. Both the British and the French speak highly of the capabilities, courage, dash, resource and skill of our naval flyers.

Naturally a lot of the flying done was routine. That is, it had no result, save going on patrol, say,

*(Continued on Page 57)*



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# The American Army Motor Empire Abroad—By Isaac F. Marcosson

IN FORMER wars the Constitution followed the flag. Now the automobile is hot on the heels of the standard bearer and sometimes forges ahead. The stupendous proportions of the great European struggle, no matter from what angle you observe it, were made possible by motor equipment. Without the gasoline-propelled vehicle the fighting hosts could not have been adequately supplied or equipped. Likewise gains could not have been swiftly consolidated; huge howitzers would have been as immobile as fortress guns, quick deployment of reserves out of the question. In short, mechanical transport was one of the vital war agencies. With the possible exception of subsistence, nothing is more essential to the grim game.

When Britain leaped to arms almost overnight she had no regular army motor units of consequence. The War Office depended for the provision of motor transport in the event of the mobilization of an expeditionary force on a certain number of subsidized trucks already in use in civil work, and on civilian chauffeurs and drivers. Hence when the empire rushed to the relief of Belgium it had only this more or less makeshift equipment. It started in to buy trucks both in the United States and at home, and the result was an infinite variety of types and makes. Here began the outstanding evil in army motor maintenance, which was—and remains—the need of tens of thousands of different kinds of spare parts and accessories for upkeep. Standardization, which means interchangeable parts, was out of the question.

Practically the same thing happened when America joined up. Despite three years of warning, with the exception of the experience that we gained in Mexico and during mobilization on the border our army was unprepared with any sort of sufficient motor transport. We had to comb out the available supply of trucks and cars, and the result was that the mechanical transport equipment in France for twelve months after we entered the conflict represented almost every known available product. When I tell you that we are required to keep 57,000 different noninterchangeable spare parts in stock you get some idea of the price we pay for unreadiness in motor equipment. More than this, we must constantly maintain 13,000 kinds of bolts, nuts and screws, which means that the shelves of our spare-part storerooms carry a total of 70,000 separate items.

With the exception of the parts for the comparatively few British, French and Italian cars that we use, all this must be brought from the United States.

It simply means that with mechanical transport as with practically every other service of supply we had to begin at the very beginning and build from the ground up. In the face of these handicaps and every difficulty that lack of standardization imposes, our fighting and subsistence forces, so far as the motor is concerned, were able to carry on from the start. The same spirit of indomitable endeavor that planted bridges, reared docks and made cities of supply grow out of the swamps has found incarnation in the American motor world that has risen overseas. It not only operates and maintains more than 50,000 gasoline-driven vehicles, but somewhere in that war-torn land you can find a dynamic cross-section of Detroit which builds automobiles from raw material up to the finished vehicle on wheels ready for peaceful performance or combat work. The story of the Motor Transport Corps—the M. T. C., as it is more commonly known—is one of the impressive narratives of American war participation.

### The Beginnings of Mechanical Transport

LET us go back a bit. When General Pershing dashed into Mexico "to capture Villa dead or alive" the biggest problem of the moment was to supply him, because his food had to be carried across many miles of arid country. At that time the chief quartermaster of the Southern Department, charged with the task of feeding the Pershing expedition, was our old friend Maj. Gen. Harry L. Rogers, the present chief quartermaster of the American Expeditionary Force and Quartermaster General to the whole Army. He said to himself: "The only way to maintain food communications in Mexico is with motor trucks." But where were the trucks to come from?

Like England we had talked and written a great deal about the value of the motor truck to the Army, yet at that time there were less than a thousand in the whole American military establishment, and like the Army they were scattered throughout the United States and the Philippines. When a certain American major general wanted a car for use on a long inspection trip in California



Colonel Harry A. Hegeman

all he could get was authority to buy a flivver! This happened on March sixteenth—three weeks before we entered the war.

The trouble was that the old dyed-in-the-wool regular officer confused horse transport with mechanical transport, which is a totally different proposition. With the horse and wagon work is limited to comparatively few hours each day.

With a mechanically driven vehicle there is no such restriction; normally motor equipment may be operated the greater part of the twenty-four hours. It becomes merely a matter of care and upkeep.

In the vernacular of trade, General Rogers—he was then only a colonel—sold the idea of mechanical transport to the War Department. Then as now he was determined that Pershing's men should not go unfed. We began to buy trucks, cars and tractors. They were shipped down to El Paso by express, so urgent was the need. We had to buy anywhere and everywhere. The first trains of trucks that went out across those scorching mesas were manned by civilian chauffeurs in charge of regular officers. These officers laid the foundations of our overseas motor machine out of the experience gained in those blistering Texas days. Thus our whole motor transport organization really began down on the border. No wonder that a certain well-known truck manufacturer with a sense of humor put the following dedication in a privately printed and circulated album of photographic views showing his truck trains in use in the Mexican campaign:

"To Francisco Villa, who made possible the beginning of American Motor Transport in the war with Germany."

As a result of the Mexican experience we had about 2400 trucks on April 1, 1917. The personnel was organized in motor-truck companies of seventy-five men each. These companies formed the nucleus of the mechanical transport personnel, which now numbers nearly 10,000 men in France alone. The moment we declared war we were confronted with the need of adequate mechanical transport and its twin problem of immediate procurement. We had acquired only what we urgently needed, but thanks to Villa we had the germ of a service which now began to expand.

Among the veterans of the Mexican campaign was the then Major F. H. Pope—he is now colonel—a young West Pointer, stocky of build and determined of purpose, who had studied motor transport in the French Army Supply School in 1915. He was in charge of one of the largest truck trains that chugged into Mexico with food and supplies for the Pershing expedition. Realizing the need of a trained personnel for the Army he started a school for chauffeurs at San Antonio, where he was able to turn out a truck driver in ten days in what was facetiously called a get-trained-quick course. Just as Pope was one of the pioneers in Texas so was he now a pathfinder in France. Round him was reared the structure of our motor transport service abroad. This, however, is a later story.

The moment we went to war the reserve officers began to pour in. Every man who had ever sold an automobile, owned one or wanted to own one had an ambition to get into the motor transport service. Scores of these men at once became chauffeur instructors and were shunted off to the cantonments, where they started schools. The so-called truck master, usually a sergeant who had served in Mexico, built up the motor organizations in these camps. Those seasoned three and five ton trucks that had traveled axle deep through the Mexican sands were commandeered for work at home instead of being used as the beginnings of the motor fleets in France. Our First Expeditionary Force sailed in June, 1917. It had to have motor transport. America was forced to duplicate England's performance and begin to buy her automobile equipment right and left wherever she could lay hands on a truck, car or tractor. Each motor unit started to purchase on its own. This is why every known make of any capacity is represented to-day among the 50,000 odd vehicles that we have overseas.

In the midst of that whirlwind of buying, however, we did not lose sight of the need of a standardized vehicle, and there began an attempt at standardization, now well under way, which will enable America to present to the industrial world after the war a type of truck that is bound to be a tremendous factor in peace, just as it is rapidly becoming an invaluable aid to war.

By a curious coincidence General Pershing's needs were responsible for the organization of a motor transport service in the Army at home and they also formed the basis of American gasoline-driven squadrons abroad. With the first troops in France came motors. A small unit which included four truck companies and a mobile machine shop—which is a repair outfit on wheels—arrived with the First Expeditionary Force. As the weeks passed a good deal of mechanical transportation began to come in from the United States. Each ship brought so-called Casual Chauffeur Companies. A casual, whether officer or enlisted man, is an unassigned soldier. These men and machines remained without a definite head until September, 1917, when the commander in chief sent a memorandum to General Rogers, just installed as chief quartermaster, directing that all motor transport be placed under his direction.

### Coöperative Effort

MEANWHILE Col. F. H. Pope had arrived in France. General Rogers looked about for a temporary head of the infant service. His choice fell on the stocky young officer who had sweated on those early truck trains under the scorching Mexican sun. Pope took hold at once; the scattered vehicles and drivers were assembled under a centralized authority; motor reception parks were established at the base ports, and M. T. came into being as a full-fledged, if struggling, organization.

The handicaps that attended the launching of every service of supply abroad took up their abode with motor transport. There was the usual shortage of equipment and trained personnel. Colonel Pope and his colleagues began to buy anything they could get in Europe, especially in England, which accounts for the fact that you often see five-ton lorries still bearing the W. D. and the familiar broad arrow that proclaim the British Government origin manned by doughboys and carrying American supplies. This buying in Britain did three things: It provided immediate equipment, saved tonnage and minimized the spare-part problem. Profiting by this experience we are now using Italian cars in Italy. It pays to use the car of the country because equipment can be renewed without delay.

As soon as our motor engine was cranked up in France the difference between operation there and in Mexico—the only other place where American equipment had seen active service—became apparent. In Villa's country there was a small volume of business and a long haul, with no fuel or repair stations. In France it was just the reverse. The bulk of carrying was tremendous, the distances were short, and by agreement with the British and French motor services our trucks and cars could obtain fuel and repairs practically every ten or twenty miles if necessary. This coöperative effort has been invaluable, especially in the pioneer days when our service was in the building.

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For a considerable period motor transport remained under the control of the chief quartermaster. It grew so fast, however, that it was made a separate service, with a director in charge, and became part of the service of utilities, which was subsequently expanded into the present Services of Supply. This means that the capital of our motor transport abroad is in that historic little city of Tours, the center of supply and transport for the whole A. E. F. In a reorganization growing out of a swift expansion Brig. Gen. M. L. Walker, a far-visioned engineer of army experience, became director of what is now officially known as the Motor Transport Corps. Colonel Pope was installed as deputy director. From their offices radiates the control of the American motor machine across the sea.

If you have read the preceding articles in this series you know that the management of the American business of war is precisely like that of any big corporation that is scientifically and therefore efficiently conducted. Hence the Motor Transport Corps is thoroughly charted and diagramed. The scope and function of every branch, from the immense reception parks at the ports, which contain thousands of vehicles, down to a lonely garage on the highway, in charge of one man, are on paper. Behind the director hangs a huge map of the roads of France showing the truck routes from sea to Front in red; with reception and service parks in blue; with A. E. F. gasoline stations indicated by white flags, and French by yellow.

Under war conditions the whole M. T. C. naturally fell into two separate sections—one which operated in the domain of the Services of Supply behind the lines, and one which was part of the combat armies in the field. By following the equipment from the time it arrived in France until it delivered men, food and ammunition at the firing line you can run the whole range and see precisely how the scheme operates.

### *Keeping Track of the Army of Motors*

LOOKING at the general plan of organization in the S. O. S. first you find that the director of the Motor Transport Corps sits as president of the concern, while the deputy director is vice president and general manager. The six principal divisions are: Administration, which deals with office management, personnel and statistics; Procurement, which obtains equipment and supplies and deals with the tonnage problem; Maintenance, which has the colossal job of spare-part renewal, repairs and salvage; Operations, which distributes all machines and has particular charge of the truck convoys; Engineering, which provides technical advice and deals with standardization; and Plans and Projects, which anticipates future needs and adapts the present structure to whatever emergency may rise.

Each of these divisions has its own chart of organization, which after the free-and-easy manner of motor life is called the "Keep Your Eye on the Ball Chart," because the unuttered injunction everywhere in this highly charged branch of army work is "Step lively." Every man in the Motor Transport Service knows just what is required of him because, from director down to the keeper of that lonely wayside garage, he has his job concretely before him on the wall. He can never say "I didn't know that this was part of my work." The Motor Transport Service is excuse-proof.



*Colonel F. H. Pope*

We cannot make our motor trip from sea to Front without first knowing how our car got to France. We must begin, therefore, with the source of supply, which is in the main the chain of factories in the United States whose lathes and forges rattle and clang day and night to meet the incessant demands for army motor transport. The bridge of ships across the sea is duplicated on land by the bridge of trucks that must carry men and supplies across the fertile fields of France.

Washington, which is the procurement center, must know just what equipment to ship abroad. France therefore periodically prepares the master chart of motor requirements. Its duplicate hangs at Tours. When you see these immense sheets—they are six feet high—you begin to realize just what it means to keep our motor service going. The truck sheet alone calls for 119 kinds of trucks, tenders, trailers, carts and ambulances. This immense variety naturally results from the fact that every service in France draws its equipment from the M. T. C. There must be special trucks and trailers for the air service; huge steel-wheeled carriers for forestry service; portable auto rock crushers; trucks for tar distributing; trailers for heating oil and water; trucks for balloon winches; trailers with portable cranes; gasoline-tank trucks; kitchen trail-mobiles; machine-gun cars; dental trucks, which are traveling dental laboratories with every fixture of a well-equipped dentist's office in New York or Philadelphia; ammunition trucks; radio trucks, on which the field wireless outfits are mounted; fire-apparatus trucks, because every base and supply depot has its completely equipped motorized fire department; mobile machine shops; and photographic trailers, on which the air service builds its itinerant studios. I could continue the list for a good while. Practically every service in France has some special kind of motor equipment, which must be described down to the last screw in a specification which goes to Washington.

All motor equipment for France formerly had to be ordered not less than three and usually four months ahead; first because it takes time for manufacture, and second because of the delays and hazards of sea transport. This means that the demands up to January 1, 1919, have already been long on file in the office of the acting Quartermaster General in Washington, and the orders are being filled in scores of motor plants.

These motor transport army requirements, from motor cycles up to specially constructed five-ton trucks, were based on army needs as shown by organizations in France, by advance notice of troop sailings, wear and tear on equipment in use and the necessity of keeping reserve stocks. With motor equipment as with food and all other supplies there had to be a large available surplus to meet losses due to enemy action, accidents or the terrific and incessant usage. A chart, which is a marvel of detail, sets forth the precise situation in France. The equipment in use or in reception and reserve parks is in black, while the needs of the A. E. F. are indicated in red. This is the so-called Status of Motor Vehicles in France.

Motor transport gets an allotment of tonnage from the United States every month, just as the Quartermaster Corps or the air service does. If this allotment is for 100,000 tons the procurement division must make up its own priority schedule, which indicates whether trucks or passenger cars have the bulk of the space. These requirements are reduced to weight and cubic tons and then transmitted to the G1 Section of the General Staff, which forwards them to Washington. In the acting Quartermaster General's office in Washington is a motor transport bureau, which places contracts with the manufacturers.

As soon as a truck or car reaches a port in France it is caught up in a control which keeps a continuous check on it during the whole period of service until it goes into the scrap heap. Even then the material is salvaged and becomes part of the recorded structure of a new vehicle or a retrieved part. At each port that we use you find a so-called motor reception park, which means precisely what the name implies. Here you find every kind of mechanical transport. Each park has a complete organization in charge of the commanding officer, who has the usual administrative and service divisions under him. Administration deals with office management, personnel, records, barracks for the hundreds of casuals who come in constantly from America. In the service branch you find inspection, park problems, supplies, convoying, maintenance and repair. In other words, each of these parks—and the same thing obtains in all the other kinds of parks which you will find as you go up the line—is a completely equipped self-contained service, able to set up, repair and maintain any kind of motor transport. Here is where the value of a standardized system comes in.

Motor transport arrives in France in two ways. One portion is shipped on its own wheels, which means that it is lifted by cranes straight from the deck of the ship on which it travels. In this case the vehicles are camouflaged in harmony with the camouflage of the ship. Hence you frequently see at the ports a truck body that looks as if it were a wiggly germ chart, while the wheels are a sedate and sober gray. Such vehicles are of course repainted the moment they get to the reception park.

Trucks and cars are also shipped crated and unassembled. At some ports the assembling is done almost within a stone's throw of the docks and in the open air. The axles are put on a skidway and started down by gravity. In rapid succession each part is added until it rolls away on its own wheels. At one place fifty five-ton trucks were assembled in this way in nine hours.

As soon as trucks or cars are ready to be moved they are hitched together in trains and hauled out to the reception park, which is usually near by. The progress of a new vehicle from the time it is unloaded or set up until issued to a unit must be, to quote the official instructions, "A continuous flow in a given direction." This means that the equipment never doubles on its tracks and there is no lost motion. Arriving at the park it goes into the repair shop for a thorough overhauling and repainting, after which it is sent to the issue section of the park, where it remains until assigned. Meanwhile it is maintained in perfect condition; the motor is started up every day; when the order comes to move it can be started off without a moment's delay.

### *How an Emergency Was Met*

MOST of these reception parks, like our supply cities, have risen overnight. One week a stretch of flats or swamp offends the eye; the next it is covered with acres of trucks and cars whose freshly painted bodies gleam in the sunlight. Office buildings, barracks and kitchens have also sprung up like magic. It is all part of the many-sided miracle of America in France. These parks are usually in charge of reserve officers who have left motor factories or salesrooms to do their part in the Army. Typical of these men is the commanding officer at the largest base park, who is Maj. Will H. Brown, one of the founders of a large automobile institution in the Middle West, who served a term as state senator in Indiana and who dropped everything to go to France at the outbreak of war. Throughout the whole M. T. C. you find this caliber of man who has met emergency with the same courage and resource with which armed attack is faced at the Front.

Here is a case in point: Last winter when the second reception park was in process of organization a hurry-up requisition came from our little army up in storm-ridden Northern France. It read: "Send two truck trains at once." In charge of this park was Capt. C. M. Elwell, a rangy, sinewy Middle Westerner who had been a prize automobile salesman. He had the chassis but no bodies. He called his small force together and said: "The Army must have those trucks. We have no bodies. Therefore we must build them." Day and night his men, who included collegians fresh from their studies, literally worked like beavers. Fortunately there were three carpenters among them. They improvised hay-wagon bodies and in less than a week forty trucks were on the way to the Front.

As soon as a vehicle arrives at the reception park it receives its first dose of routine. Like a convict—and no galley slave ever worked harder than our motor transport in France—it gets a number, and thenceforth it is known



*Brigadier General M. L. Walker*

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only by that numeral, which is the so-called U. S. number. This rule applies to the commander-in-chief's limousine with the same force as to a flivver. The numbering system is characteristic of the service. The first numeral always indicates the type of the car. All our motor vehicles are classified according to type. Passenger cars, regardless of size or body, are Type 1; light delivery trucks of one ton or less are Type 2; three and four ton trucks are Type 4; five-ton trucks and over are Type 5; motor cycles with or without side cars are Type 6; caterpillars which haul the heavy guns are Type 9; even the kitchen trailers have a designation, which is Type 10.

The United States numbers are arranged so as to indicate the type. For example, the official registration number of a passenger car will always begin with 1; the United States number of a five-ton truck would begin with 5, and so on. Thus you find that the first registered passenger car in the A. E. F. is 11, while the first registered five-ton truck is 51. If you should see a truck on the road bearing the United States number 5125 you would at once know that it is a five-ton truck. Blocks of registration numbers are periodically forwarded by the director of the M. T. C. to the reception park for issue to the incoming vehicles. This registration is made by a clerk who has a completely equipped office, including typewriter and card index, in the body of a five-ton truck, which is located in many instances out in the open air and in the midst of the reception park.

Immediately after registration all the equipment that comes with the vehicle is taken off and stored in a reservoir of accessories.

This procedure is just the opposite of the British method, which assigns a driver, helper and all essential tools to a truck when it is forwarded to France. These two men and the initial equipment remain with the vehicle until it is worn out or destroyed. Our personnel, on the other hand, is assigned from the lists of casuals which are to be found at every park.

Every truck has a logbook, which must be kept up to date by the driver. It therefore becomes the biography of this particular piece of equipment. The title of the volume is the U. S. number. It is a complete record of all transfers, repairs and supplies. The tabulated information in these books is of great value to the statisticians of the corps. In addition it is a form of publicity which prevents waste of gasoline and spare parts.

### *The Golden Rules of the M. T. C.*

THE U. S. number is only one detail of the control and supervision which now take firm hold of the transport. As soon as a car receives the registration number—it is first written on a red card which is tied to the steering wheel and afterward stenciled in white paint on the sides and back of the vehicle—a so-called registration card is made out in duplicate, which is the beginning of the permanent history of the car. There is a colored card for each type of vehicle. For trucks it is white; for touring cars and ambulances yellow; for motor cycles brown. These cards contain the technical record of the vehicle, and together they form the up-to-the-minute census of motor transport in France. They contain the U. S. number, type, model, make, capacity in load, gas and oil tank, serial number, motor number, and kind of ignition and lighting systems. There is also a complete record of the tires, including make, size in front and rear and whether pressed on or demountable. The date and place of arrival are also recorded. All this is on one half of the face of the card.

The other half is devoted to the history of the vehicle. If a truck is transferred twenty times in the course of six months the date and place of every transfer and incidental remarks are chronicled. If you want to know the location and previous service of any piece of mechanical transport in the A. E. F. you can get it at a glance from the duplicate file of these registration cards—the organization file, as it is termed—kept in the office of the Director General of the M. T. C. at Tours.

This is the way it works: I once asked Colonel Pope the location of what I thought was the hypothetical number of a five-ton truck. He wrote the number on a sheet of paper, sent for a messenger and asked him to get the record of that number. In less than five minutes the messenger returned with a typewritten sheet which stated that the five-ton truck bearing this actual number had arrived in France on June first at Blank port; that it had been assigned first to a field bakery at X; then to the Motor Corps at the intermediate supply depot; later it was reassigned to Y Division, and at that particular moment was in service in the Toul sector with the Z Division. Such is the check that is kept upon everything on wheels that uses a gasoline engine in France. You can trace a motor cycle, a runabout or a kitchen trailer with the same ease and accuracy.

This is how the director of mechanical transport is enabled to keep his finger constantly on the whole overseas situation. Every morning General Walker finds on his desk the typewritten daily schedule of mechanical transport, which gives equipment arrival at ports the day before; the stocks at parks; the total number of vehicles ordered for service at the Front and at the rear; the state of spare parts and the state of personnel. It is just one of the many similar charts in use in the various services of supply that express scientific business management at its best. This is only possible because the first link in the chain of motor supply was forged right at the reception park.

By this time you realize that the reception park is an important institution. It not only receives, marks and concentrates equipment, but by the nature of its location is the great center of assignment. When a division at the Front, a supply depot or a headquarters anywhere wants a truck or a passenger car it makes a requisition on the director at Tours. He knows from his daily schedule and also from a daily report of unassigned motor vehicles at bases and reserve parks just what stock he has on hand. This stock, I might add, is known as a liquid inventory. Through the assignment bureau he orders X Reception Park to send the equipment desired. At the same time the unit to which it is assigned is informed. This enables consignor and consignee to get together and know where they are. There is a constant flow of trucks and cars from this liquid supply. Hence its name.

Wherever you turn in an examination of the Motor Transport Corps you find some illuminating example of coöperation that will have its large lesson after the war. At the reception parks, for instance, you discover the so-called pooling system—a distinctive American contribution to war transport standardization. It grew out of the basic law of operating efficiency in motor transport, which is that a vehicle must be worked to capacity both as to time and load. Every minute that the road wheels of a truck are idle is a dead loss. Every pound under a capacity load is likewise a dead loss. Certain fundamental operating rules deduced from these axioms are the cardinal principles under which our whole army transport service works. They are:

FIRST: Avoid an empty haul. Return loads should be provided for and vehicles should be parked so that the least possible time will be lost going to or coming from work, and so that as small a distance as possible will be traveled with no load.

SECOND: Load vehicles to capacity. Do not use a five-ton vehicle to carry a two-ton load. Use a vehicle of appropriate tonnage.

THIRD: Do not use two vehicles to do the work that one vehicle can do within the required time limit. Work one vehicle ten hours rather than two vehicles five hours.

FOURTH: Reduce to a minimum the time required in the loading and unloading operations and the extra time required for the necessary upkeep and supply operations to the vehicle.

FIFTH: Keep the vehicle in constant mechanical serviceability by constant inspection and care of the mechanism.

As a result our trucks and cars are pooled wherever possible, which means that at base ports, supply depots and with the armies in the field there is always a central reserve of equipment instantly available. It has eliminated the abuse of property, useless wear and tear, and enables all vehicles to be used to the fullest possible extent. The case of passenger cars will illustrate. With the exception of the highest ranking officers no officer has his own car. All cars are in a pool which is operated precisely like a taxicab service, with the exception that there is no charge for riding and the chauffeurs get no tips. When a car is issued the driver is given a blank form which must be filled out with the name of the passenger, the car, time used and the destination. At the conclusion of the trip the officer and civilian using this car must sign this slip, which testifies that the transportation was used for official business only. This procedure makes joy-riding impossible. A similar taxicab system for trucks is in operation at all depots. No branch of the service can get a truck without giving a good reason.

### *Efficiency in the Use of Trucks*

ONE invaluable result of this coöperative system is the army truck convoy, which is another distinctive American feature. I can best explain it with a concrete example: When a requisition is made on a reception park for a divisional truck train, which is 188 trucks, they would in ordinary circumstances proceed without cargo to their accredited destination, which may be twenty or one hundred miles away. Every pound of load-carrying capacity is practically lost. With the truck convoy, however, every train that goes up carries freight. On land as on sea, the A. E. F. is constantly up against the tonnage problem. Supplies are piling up at the ports at the rate of tens of thousands of tons a day. Every freight car—American, French and the British wagons that we use—works to the fullest possible capacity. Every effort must be made to relieve this tonnage tension. Hence these trains of trucks that are constantly winding along the French roads have become great factors as freight carriers.

As soon as a truck train, whether five vehicles or fifty, is requisitioned the commanding officer at the reception park, which is always at a base port, informs the superintendent of the army transport service that a convoy is available. Instantly freight is assigned to it. Meanwhile each truck is manned and equipped; the cargo is then put aboard, a so-called pilot who knows all the truck routes is placed in command, the convoy gets a number by which it is known until it gets to its station, and the caravan moves off. Wherever possible the freight is consigned to the unit which is receiving the train. If this is impossible it goes to some intermediate point, where the trucks are again loaded for a second lap of their carrying journey. No time is lost, because the pilot wires ahead and a second relay of freight, with labor necessary to load, is ready when he arrives. Every night the convoy reports its whereabouts to Tours. This is done to permit M. T. headquarters to divert the train if necessary.

So complete is the truck convoy system that there is a

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*Trucks Lined Up in the Receiving Yard of a Supply Depot, Ready for Their Journey From the Railway Base to the Camps*

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# THE CITY OF COMRADES



*Christian Had Told Me That Some of My Severest Tussles Lay Ahead; and Now I Had Come to the One in Which I Should Go Under*

XIV

## By BASIL KING

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

FOR my own sake, rather than for Regina Barry's, I made an effort to escape from the pitiless pavilion light overhead.

"You'll need to go back to your hotel. Shan't we walk along? Then you can tell me as we go."

The tramp through the gale and spray would have been exhilarating were it not that confidential things had to be thrown out into the tempest. As we left the pavilion, however, a voice floated toward me from the semidarkness:

"Chair, boss?"

Another minute and we were seated side by side in the odd little vehicle—something between a baby's perambulator and a touring car—with the leather curtains buttoned to protect us, and a view through the wind shield of a long line of lights shining into fog. There was a minute of surprise in the fact that, involuntarily expecting to go at a heightened speed, we found ourselves literally creeping at the snail's pace which was the customary gait of our pusher.

But that was only subconscious. I took note of it without taking note of it, to remember it when I pieced the circumstances together on returning home. The one thing of which I was really aware was that in this curious conveyance I was seated at her side, and able, as she sat half turned toward me, to look her in the eyes.

Now that we were there she lost some of her self-possession. After the months in which I had been afraid of her she seemed suddenly to have become afraid of me. Crouching back into her corner of the chair she grew small and apologetic.

"Mother made me come. She said someone ought to tell you."

It was like a little cry—the cry of a child confessing before it is accused. I could follow her mental action. She wanted me to understand that nothing but *force majeure* would have induced her to waylay a man as he was coming home from work, and take him in a kind of ambush.

Having once already talked with her at cross purposes I was careful to let her state her message before betraying my conviction of what it was to be.

"It's very kind of Mrs. Barry," I began vaguely.

"You see, she likes you," she broke in impulsively. "If you had anyone belonging to you in this country I dare say she —— But she's awfully maternal, mother is; and when Annette told her ——"

"What did Annette tell her?"

"That's it. Oh, Mr. Melbury, I'm so sorry that I should be the one to bring the news."

"If it's bad news," I said encouragingly, "I'd rather have you to share it with me than anyone else in the world."

She asked abruptly: "Have you heard anything from home—lately?"

I had once more the sensation of the blood rushing back to my heart and staying there. All I could do was to shake my head.

"That's what Annette thought. We told her she ought to write to you."

In my excitement I clutched her by the hand, but I think she was hardly aware of the act any more than I.

"But what is it?"

"It's—it's about your father."

"He's not—he's not—dead?"

She fell back again into her corner of the chair, withdrawing her hand. I, too, fell back into my corner, staring out through the wind shield. Knowing that by not saying no she was really saying yes I was obliged not only to get possession of the fact but to control my sense of it.

I may say at once that it was the first sudden shock of my life. Every other trial had come to me by degrees—I had more or less seen it on the way and had been ready to meet it. This was something I had hardly ever thought of. That it might happen some time had been vaguely in the back of my mind, of course; but I had never considered it as an event of the day and hour. Now that it had occurred my mental heavens seemed to fall.

I have told you so little of my family life that you hardly realize the degree to which my father was its center and support. My memory cannot go back to the time when he was not an important man, not only in the estimation of his children but in that of the entire country. One of the youngest of that group of men who in the sixties and seventies took the scattered colonies of Great Britain lying north of the border of the United States and welded them into a gigantic, prosperous whole, he had outlived all but the sturdiest of his contemporaries. With Macdonald, Mountstephen, Strathcona and a few others he had had the vision of a new white man's empire stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Arctic, and through good times and evil he had never let it go. That there were evil times as well as good ones is a matter of history; but however dark the moment my father was one of those who never lost for a fraction of an instant his belief in ultimate success. In helping to build up the vast financial system of the Canadian Pacific Railway there was no door, in Europe or America, where money could be borrowed at which he did not knock. There were days when the prospect was so hopeless and the treasury so empty that he was obliged to pledge everything he possessed, and after that to use nothing but his honor and his name. The winning out is one of the fairy tales of the modern business and governmental world. He had begun to reap his reward just as my memory of him opens. Of his days of struggle I knew only by hearsay. By the time I was five he was already a man of considerable wealth, honored throughout the Dominion, honored in Great Britain, and one of the eight or ten Canadian baronets created by the Queen.

I see him as tall, spare and vigorous, with thin, clear-cut, clean-shaven features, a piercing eye, and a mouth that sagged at the corners not from dejection but from determination. Spartan in his own life he required his children to be Spartan in theirs. Though with our added means our manner of living increased in dignity it gained little in the way of luxury; and many were the shifts to which my brothers and I were pushed to indulge the follies of young men.

My brothers did this no more than experimentally, covering their tracks and returning to right ways before their digressions could be noticed. I was invariably caught, coming in for some dramatic moments with my father, which increased in tension with the years. I have often wondered what his own youth could have been that he had so little mercy on what was at first not much worse than high spirits and boisterousness. Though I am far from blaming anyone but myself for my ultimately going wrong I have sometimes thought that a gentler handling might have led me aright when sheer repression only made me obstinate. That gentler handling my mother would have given me had not my father felt that it was weak. This knowledge only added to my perversity, the result being a state of continuous rebellion on my part and permanent displeasure on his.

"You're getting in worse and worse with the old man," my brother Jack warned me a few months before I left Montreal for good. "I heard him telling mother that if you didn't turn over a new leaf he'd cut you out of his will."

The information that he had so cut me out was the last form of appeal he ever made to me. I didn't believe he meant it otherwise than as a bluff—a stroke of the pen could have reinstated me; but merely as a bluff it angered me. It implied that I might be induced to do for money what I hadn't done for love or duty, and I was foolish enough to consider it part of my manhood to prove that anyone who so judged me was mistaken. In that phase of my misguided life there was a kind of crazy, Cordelialike attempt to show my father that it was not because of his money that I cared for him—or didn't care for him; but all I succeeded in doing was to rouse the resentment of a man who had hardly ever been defied.

But I had repented of that kind of bravado long before I had repented of anything else. My letter to him written in October had been quite sincere. To be cut out of his will had never meant anything to me but the loss of his affection. I was sorry for that loss, sorrier than any words I have could tell you. But when he wrote to me in answer to my October letter I knew from his tone that I had definitely killed whatever had once existed between him and me, and that all that was left for me was to bury it. I had been trying to bury it for the past eight weeks, and I do not deny that the effort was a bitter one.

You must understand that I had now come in for a set of emotions that had not belonged to me before I went to the Down and Out. I can explain it only on the ground that months of abstinence from anything that could inflame the senses or disturb the poise of the mind had induced a sanity of judgment to which I had been a stranger. In this new light I was really a prodigal son—not from any hope of a ring on my hand or the fatted calf, but genuinely from affection for the parents I had wronged.

To have this impulse to arise and go to my father thrown back on itself was the hardest thing in my experience. Somehow I had kept the conviction that if ever I repented that door would be open to my return. It had not really occurred to me that they wouldn't say at home: "It is meet that we should make merry and be glad." That my brothers might refuse to join in the chorus was a possibility. That my sisters might not be overenthusiastic in doing so I should be able to understand. But that my father and mother . . . Throughout my stay in Atlantic City I had been saying to myself: "Well, if I've thrust a sword

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into your hearts, old dears, you've jolly well thrust one into mine; and so we're quits."

"When did it happen?" was the first question I was sufficiently master of myself to ask.

"Annette heard yesterday. I think it was the day before."

"Do you know if—if he'd been ill?"

"He hasn't been well for a long time, Annette says—not for two or three years; but the end was—well, it was heart failure. He was in his motor—going home. When the car drove up to the door they found him ——"

It was the picture thus presented that made me put my hand to my forehead and bow my head. I was thinking of him seated in his corner of the car, stately, unbending, unpardoning, dead. I was thinking of the plight of my poor little mother when the man she had for so many years worshiped and obeyed was no longer there to give her his commands. I was thinking of the commotion in the family, of the stir of interest throughout the community. A prince and a great man would have fallen in Israel, and all our Canadian centers would be aquiver with the news. Jerry and Jack would cable to my sister in England, as well as to our uncles and aunts in that country and in the United States. There were cousins and friends who wouldn't be forgotten. I alone was left out.

That was, however, more than I could believe. It was more, too, than I was willing to allow Regina Barry to suppose.

"There must be a telegram for me at my rooms in New York," I managed to stammer, though I fear my tone lacked conviction.

To this she said nothing. She had, in fact, as Cantyre informed me later, already ascertained that up to the hour of her departure from New York there was none.

I talked to Cantyre on the telephone immediately on returning to my hotel. He said that though in my rooms there were some odds and ends of mail matter which he hadn't yet forwarded there was no telegram or Canadian letter. Having called up Annette I got a repetition of the meager information Miss Barry had given me, though I learned in addition that the funeral was to take place on the following day, which would be Christmas Eve. Her father had already gone to Montreal to take part in the ceremony. The embarrassment of her tone in saying she was surprised that I had received no announcement told me that she was not surprised. It was the last touch to the certainty that I had been omitted with intention.



"Oh, I Don't Know. Just at the Time I Was—I Was Sorry for Him"

After that for a time my grief gave place to rage. The punishment was so much greater than the crime that my heart cried out against its injustice. Had I stayed down in the depths where I was I should have accepted it phlegmatically; but having made the effort to rise, and made it with some success . . .

I acquitted my mother and my sister of any share in the injury done to me. My mother was the tenderest little creature God ever made, but she had always been under the domination of my father, and had now come under that of her sons. Never having asserted herself she would hardly begin to do it at this date, though she might weep her heart out in secret. I knew my sister would put in a good word for me, but as the youngest of the family and a girl she would easily be overruled.

Jack might be mercifully inclined, but he would do as Jerry insisted. Jerry—who as Sir Gerald Melbury would now cut a great swath as head of the family—Jerry would be my father over again. He would be my father over again only on a smaller scale. My father was tyrannical by instinct; Jerry would be so by imitation. My father believed his word to be law because he didn't know how to do anything else; Jerry would believe his word to be law in order to be like my father. My father wouldn't forgive me because I had outraged his affections; Jerry wouldn't forgive me because my father hadn't done it first. As far as he could bring it about my future would be locked and sealed with my father's death, not because he, Jerry, would be so shocked at my way of life, but because the laws of the Medes and Persians alter not.



All I Got Was the Vague Information That Someone Had Been Assassinated

Nothing remained for me then but to grin and bear it, and bide my time. That I had friends of my own was to me a source of that kind of consolation which is largely pride. Cantyre and the Coningsbys, Regina Barry and her mother came closer to me now than anyone with whom I had ties of blood. "Our relatives," George Sand writes somewhere, "are the friends given us by Nature; our friends are the relatives given us by God."

As relatives given me by God I regarded Lovey and Christian and Colonel Straight and Pyn and Beady Lamont and all that band of humble, helpful pals to whom I was knit in the bonds of the "robust love" which was the atmosphere of brave old Walt Whitman's City of Friends. There was no pose among them, nor condemnation, nor severity. Forgiveness was exercised there till seventy times seven. They forbore one another in love, and endeavored to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace to a degree of which Someone would have said that He had not found the like, no, not in Israel.

My family were all of Israel, and of the strictest sect. They fasted twice in the week, so to speak; in theory, if not in practice, they gave tithes of all that they possessed; they could sincerely thank God that they were not as such men as composed the Down and Out; and yet it was precisely among those who smote their breasts and didn't dare so much as to lift up their eyes unto heaven that I found the sympathy that raised me to my feet and bade me be a man. No wonder, then, that that evening I kept poor old Lovey near me, that I took him down to the café, where there were only men, and made him dine with me, and told him of my bereavement.

"Is he now?" he said, drawing a melancholy face. "No one can't live forever, can they? He'd have been an old, aged man, I expect."

I told him my father's age.

"Ah, well, at that time of life they gits carried off. Too bad you didn't know in time for the funeral. Ye'd 'ave liked to see him laid away safe underground, wouldn't ye, Slim? I 'ope he was in some good benefit club, like, that'll take care of the expenses of burial. Awful dear, coffins is; but I suppose your family has a plot in some churchyard."

When I had assured him that this was the case he continued: "And as for goin' off sudden—well, it's awful 'ard on relations when a old ancient man'll lay round sick, and don't know when 'is time's come. I've knowed 'em when you'd swear they hung on a-purpose, just to spite them as 'ad to take care of 'em. I 'ad a grandfather o' me own—well, you'd think that old man just couldn't die. Ninety, I believe he was, and a wicked old thing when he got silly, like. Take the pepper, he would, and pour it into the molasses jug, and everything like that. Terr'ble fun he was for us young ones, especially one day when he dressed all up in 'is Sunday clothes and went out in the street without 'is pants. I don't suppose yer guv'nor ever did the like o' that, Slim. Don't seem as if old people on this side 'ad them playful ways."

In this sort of reminiscence the evening went by, and in the morning I received a note that did much to comfort me. It was no more than the conventional letter of condolence from Mrs. Barry, but it was tactfully couched.

"A loss like yours," she wrote, "painful as it is at all times, becomes tragically so when the support one finds in family ties is too far away to sustain one. I have often found in my own experience that loneliness added a more poignant element to grief. I wish you would remember, dear Mr. Melbury, that you have friends at this Christmas time quite near you. Run in and see us whenever you feel the need of a friendly word. We are leading a life here absolutely without engagements, and you will cheer us up more than we can cheer you. If on Christmas Eve you would care to look in between four and five you would find us here, and we could give you a cup of tea."

Needless to say all through the day of Christmas Eve my thoughts were with the gathering in our house on the slopes of Mount Royal. I saw in fancy every detail of the lugubrious pomp through which Christians contradict their Saviour in his affirmation that there is no death. Solemnity, blackness, muffled drums, and long lines of men throwing awe into their faces, would smite the heart with a sense of the final, the irreparable, the gone and lost. Flowers would lend a timid touch of brightness, but they would bloom in little more than irony. The roll of many wheels, the tramp of many feet, and a funeral service in which the triumphant note itself would be turned into a dirge, these would be the massive accompaniment to the few sobs welling up from hearts in which they would be irrepressible. Though shut out in person, in spirit I was there, standing in the shrouded room, witnessing my mother's farewell kiss, watching the lid placed on the coffin, marching with my brothers, kneeling in the church, hearing the clods fall in the grave. At the very moment when Mrs. Barry handed me a cup of tea I was saying to myself: "Now it is all over, and they are coming back to the darkened, empty house."

I was not cheerful as a companion, and apparently no one expected me to be so. We can scarcely be said to have talked; we merely kept each other company. It was Miss Barry herself who suggested when we had finished tea that she and I should take a walk.

The weather had grown clear, bright and windless. All along the promenade there was Christmas in the shops and in the air. It was not like any Christmas I had ever known before, with the blare, the lights, the gay, homeless people, and the thundering of breakers under starlight; but some essential of the ancient festival was present there, and it reached me. It reached me with a yearning to have something belonging to me that I could claim as my own—something to which I should belong and that wouldn't cast me off—something that would love me, something that I should love, with a love different from that with which even the City of Friends could supply me.

But out on the crowded, starry sea front we neither walked nor talked. We sauntered and kept silent. On my side I had the feeling that there was so much to say that I could say nothing; on hers I divined that there was the same. I will not affirm that in view of all the circumstances I could be anything but uneasy; and yet I was ecstatic. This wonderful creature was beside me, comforting me, liking to be with me! But if she knew exactly who I was . . .

I was swept by an intense longing that she should be told. It was a longing I was never free from, though it didn't often seize me so imperiously as to-night. It seized me the more imperiously owing to the fact that I could see her moving farther and farther away from recollection and

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realization coming through herself. I had hoped that both would occur to her without my being obliged to say in so many words: "I am the man who tried a few months ago to steal your jewelry."

But if ever the shadow of this suggestion crossed her mind it didn't cross it now. From the beginning the face and figure of that man had been blurred behind the memory of my brother Jack. Recent events had fixed me, just as she saw me, definitely in conditions in which sneak-thieving is unimaginable. I was the son of Sir Edward Melbury, Baronet, of Montreal and Ottawa, a man who would rank among the notables of the Continent. Though a son in disfavor I was still a son, and moreover I was exercising an honorable craft with some credit. I might propose to her, I might marry her, I might live my whole life with her, and the chances were that she would never connect me with the man she had seen for a few hurried minutes on pulling the rose-colored hangings aside.

For this very reason it seemed to me I must tell her before our friendship went any farther. It was an additional reason that I began to think that the information would be a shock to her. How I got that impression I can scarcely tell you; the ways in which it was conveyed to me were so trifling, so infinitesimal.

For example, I asked her one day what she meant by her oft repeated statement that I was different from other men.

"Our men," she explained promptly, "have no life apart from their businesses and professions. Business and profession are stamped all over them. They are in their clothes, their faces, the tones of their voices. You'd know Ralph Coningsby was an architect, and Stephen Cantyre a doctor, and Rufus Legrand a clergyman the minute you heard them speak. Now you wouldn't know what you were. You might be anything—anything a gentleman can be, that is. I've heard someone say that Oxford is a town in a university, and Cambridge a university in a town. In just the same way my father, for instance, is a man in an architect. You're an architect in a man. With you the man is the bigger. With us he's the smaller. It isn't merely business before pleasure; it's business before human nature; and somehow I've a preference for seeing human nature put first."



"What—What—are You Trying to Make Me—to Make Me Understand?"

There was little in this to say what I have just hinted at. There was barely sufficient to let me see that she was putting me above most of her men acquaintances, in a place in which I had no right to be. Though it was as far as she ever went it was far enough to make me feel that the earliest confession would not come too soon.

When we got down to the less frequented end of the Boardwalk the moment seemed to have arrived. The crowd had thinned out to occasional groups of stragglers or lovers going two and two. Only here and there one came on a shop; only here and there on a hotel. One got an opportunity to see the stars, and to hear the ocean as something more than a drumbeat to the blare.

By a simultaneous movement we paused by the rail, to look down on the dim white moving line of breakers. It was one of those instants when between two people drawn closely to each other something leaps. Had there been nothing imperative to keep us apart I should have seized her in my arms; she would have nestled there. I had distinctly the knowledge that she would have responded to anything—and that the initative was mine.

As a rocket that bursts into cascades of fire suddenly goes out, so suddenly the moment passed, leaving us with a sense of coldness, primarily due to me.

Somewhat desperately I began: "Do you know what has made the difficulties between me and my family?"

She was gazing off toward the dark horizon.

"Vaguely."

"Do you know that for years I gave them a great deal of trouble?"

"Vaguely."

"Do you know that ——"

"Do you know," she interrupted quietly, "that I used to have a brother?"

The question so took me by surprise that I answered blankly: "No."

"Yes, I had. He was nearly ten years older than I, which would make him about your age. He was—he was wild."

"And is he—is he dead?"

"He shot himself—about five years ago. It was a terrible story, and I don't want to tell it to you. I only want to say that my mother feels that if—if father hadn't been so hard on him—if he'd played him along gently—he might easily have been saved. It's what Mr. Christian—he's had great experience in that sort of thing—he does a wonderful work among men that have gone under—but it's what he used to tell father; only father hadn't nearly as much patience with his own son as he would have had with someone else's, and so —— I wonder if you can understand that when mother heard that you had been—had been—well, a little like my brother ——"

"Who told her?"

"Oh, I don't know. These things get about. It might have been Annette."

"And assuming that I was what you call wild, have you any idea how wild I was?"

Her response to this was to say: "I like a man to have spirit. The men who always keep on the safe side ——" She left this sentiment there, to add, less irrelevantly than it sounded: "Mother wants you to come and dine with us to-morrow evening. It will be Christmas Day, but we shan't keep it as Christmas. We don't have any Christmases since—since Tony died. We simply—we simply shan't be alone."

In the turn our talk had taken there was so much human need that I found my efforts at confession paralyzed. That a family whom I had regarded as enviably carefree should be living in the shadow of a great tragedy and nursing a sorrow in which there was this element of remorse was curiously illuminating as a discovery. It seemed to cast into other people's lives the sort of sharp revealing ray that a flash of lightning throws on a dark road. Here was a girl whom I had thought of hitherto as immune from the more sordid varieties of trial; and yet she had at least tasted of their cup. It gave me a new conception of her. I began to see her not as a flat surface or as static like a portrait, but as a living, palpitating human being with duties round her and a vista of experiences as background.

The immediate inference was that I must assist them over Christmas, as they would assist me; and to do that I must put off telling Regina Barry where she had seen me first.

To be quite free, however, I had to get a kind of permission from Lovey. My relations with him had grown to be peculiar. He seemed to develop two personalities, from the one to the other of which he glided more or less unconsciously. Though even in our privacy he refused any longer to speak of us as buddies and fellas together he called me Slim and sonny, and referred without hesitation to our fraternal past. On my part I found it almost consoling, in view of the bluff I was putting up, to have someone near me who knew me at my worst. Where I had to pretend before others there was no pretense at all with him; and so I got the relief that comes at any time when one can drop one's mask.

Here in Atlantic City I was paying all his expenses, but no wages. In New York I offered him nothing but his room. How he lived I didn't always know, beyond the fact that it was honestly. As to this he was so frank that I could have little doubt about it.

"There's many a good thing I lets go by, Slim, all on account o' you. Washin' windows ain't nothink but old woman's work when a man's been a 'atter. If it wasn't to save you, sonny ——"

"Yes, I know, Lovey. One of these days I may get a chance to make it up to you."

"Oh, well, as for makin' it up, so long as you goes on with the fancy you took to me that night at Stinson's, like ——"

"Oh, I do. You see that, don't you?"

"Yes; I see it right enough, Slim. It kind o' passes the buck on me, as you might say. But there! Lord love ye, I don't complain! Ye're a fine young fella, and what I does for you—self-denial ye might call it—I don't grudge. When I sees ye goin' round like a swell with other swells I just says to myself, 'Lovey, that's your work, old top'; and I feels kind o' satisfied."

It was kind o' satisfied that he showed himself when I told him I had been asked to eat my Christmas dinner with Mrs. and Miss Barry.

"Ain't that grand!" he commented exultingly. "Ye'll put on them swell togs ——"

"But it will leave you alone, Lovey," I reminded him.

"Lord love ye, Slim, I don't mind that! What's Christmas to me? I don't pay no attention to all that foolishness—except the plum puddin'."

I felt it right to throw out a warning:

"In your dining room, Lovey, with all the chauffeurs, there'll be things to drink, very likely."

He put on his melancholy face.

"It won't make no difference to me, Slim. The Down and Out has got me bound by so many promises, like, that I can't take a sip o' nothink, not no more than a dead man that's got a bottle in 'is coffin. I'm one that can take it or leave it, as I feel inclined."

"If you're going to try taking it or leaving it to-morrow I shan't accept Mrs. Barry's invitation to dinner."

The effect was what I had expected.

(Continued on Page 44)

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 21, 1918


## If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

## Leaking

IN TEN months of 1918, with the United States at war, the fire loss was greater by a hundred million dollars than in the corresponding period of 1916, when we could considerably better afford to toss the equivalent of a hundred big ships into a bonfire.

The losses for October were exceptional; but unfortunately exceptional losses are rather the rule with us. A great part of them were strictly preventable, which is also the rule with us.

A couple of days before this fire-loss report came to hand we were reading a careful calculation of what Mr. McAdoo had saved by operating the railroads as a unit. He saved a lot of rent by consolidating the separate ticket offices in cities. He saved a lot of overhead by abolishing separate freight-soliciting bureaus. There were many savings. The total for a year came to about as much as the fire loss for a month—mostly strictly preventable. Speaking in a general and jaundiced way, What's the use?

Fire loss is only one typical item. War has done much to popularize thrift. Never before was there such a conscious, sustained effort to save. But war has not shaken us out of our careless, wasteful habits. When we toss a cigar stub on a heap of shavings or leave an electric wire half insulated we are not thinking of thrift—or of anything else. We are just mechanically following a bad habit. We need a string round our finger all the time to make us remember.

Out of ten motions in the course of a day we think of thrift only in connection with one of them. The task is to cultivate a hundred-per-cent habit of thrifty thinking. Such a habit will cut the fire loss in half.

## Liberty With a Club

LIBERTY requires a higher, more exacting discipline than tyranny. That is one of the hardest problems with which the Peace Conference and the League of Nations will have to deal. Democratic war aims have promised liberty to tens of millions of people who have had slight experience of it, and for a great many of whom it probably means little more than absence of restraint. But its true significance is more restraint.

All through Eastern Europe there is a mass of racial antagonisms that must be kept firmly in leash. In Russia and Poland, for example, liberty to harry and massacre Jews can have no place in the new dispensation democracy has promised those regions.

There are scores of overlapping claims, on nationalistic grounds, to particular pieces of territory; and in some instances it appears that rival claimants are rather eager to settle the issue in the ancient way. Probably in many places Liberty will have to introduce herself with a policeman's heavy club in hand.

There ought to be no hesitation about it when the need is clear. Minorities, of which the Jews are a conspicuous example, have as valid a claim upon intervening democracy as any majorities have. Pogroms under the banner of liberty and brotherhood are less tolerable than under autocracy's double eagle.

Now that the war is won, a considerable part of the western world doubtless pictures Liberty and Democracy as having nothing in particular to do except sit at the head of the feast, dispensing benedictions and olive branches. But the most casual knowledge of conditions in Eastern and Southeastern Europe forbids that agreeable picture. For some time to come there will probably be a stern job of repression and restraint, until peoples unacquainted with liberty understand the discipline it requires.

The new dispensation would like to discard the bayonet from its paraphernalia; but that cannot be done until pogroms, and the like, have lost their attraction.

## Programs and Practice

OVER a year ago a platform committee of the British Labor Party proposed a national minimum—duly capitalized—meaning that every British person shall have means of procuring healthful and reasonably comfortable subsistence. It also proposed that all income above what is necessary to procure the standard of life shall be confiscated for the common good—which, among other things, means for government jobs.

Apparently the standard of life, beyond which none shall go, is pitched somewhat higher than the national minimum, below which none shall fall. One may surmise that a diligent and thrifty man might have two suits of clothes, while his lazy, improvident neighbor should have only one; or that, as a reward for exceptional creative ability, an Edison might possess an upright piano. But, under the spirit of that program, if an Edison did possess an upright piano he would, no doubt, soon find himself denounced as a plutocrat and an enemy of the common good.

In fine, irrespective of what anybody puts into the common pot, everybody is to take a fair subsistence out of it, and nobody is to take out very much more. Any person's motive for producing more than a bare minimum is to be mostly altruistic. Those who doubt the sufficiency of the altruistic motive and who consider industrial leadership very important will naturally regard this as being as fine a scheme for ruining a country as any yet devised, short of Bolshevik anarchy.

But experience of all radical movements shows that programs and practice are very different things, because spinning theories in a closet and operating a complex social machine are very different things. The German Socialist Party, enthusiastically revolutionary when an insignificant minority, became in practice only a radical reform party as it acquired political power. Even the steamy headpieces of the Bolsheviki were finally penetrated by the sobering fact that it was necessary to have some bourgeois persons on the premises who knew how to get water into the boiler and coal into the fire-box.

No doubt, just in proportion as it acquires power and responsibility, the British Labor Party will acquire conservatism. In practice a Labor premier would be more concerned about balancing his budget than about frescoing Utopia.

## A Railroad Policy

ONE item in reconstruction is clear and simple: The telegraph and telephone lines should be handed back to the former managements.

For the time being, shipping also is comparatively simple. The Government built, or is building, the merchant fleet. In view of the extraordinary conditions which called the fleet into being, and the abnormal shipping situation generally, it may fairly be taken for granted that the Government will continue to own and operate the fleet for some time.

The railroads present a much more difficult and a much more important case. Private enterprise had developed here incomparably the greatest railroad system in the world and operated it, on the whole, with high efficiency. But in private hands it had long been an object of more or less popular suspicion and hostility. Latterly its efficiency had become somewhat impaired and more seriously threatened by oppressive governmental regulation.

Now a thoroughly efficient and constantly expanding railroad system is vitally necessary to the United States. The necessity touches every industry and every economic activity in the country. To no other country is rail transportation so important as to this country, with its long hauls, diversified industries and comparative lack of inland water transport. At all costs we must have an efficient, expanding rail system.

For such a system, privately owned and managed, the public will insist upon comprehensive government control over rates and practices. If that control, responsive to real or supposed public opinion and with an eye to political preferment, is going to be essentially hostile we shall not have an efficient and expanding rail system, because private capital will shun the railroad field; and the only rational alternative is to try out the experiment of government ownership and operation.

We do not believe that government operation would finally, in any event, give an efficient, expanding rail system, except at far higher cost to the public than under private management. We believe politics would get into the rail system much faster than mechanical improvements. But the crux of the railroad problem is to decide between government ownership and private management under broad-gauge, expert centralized government regulation that knows transportation, and would rather have more ton miles than more flattering press clippings. Broad-gauge regulation implies permission to effect most of the economies that Mr. McAdoo effected by coördinating the several roads.

Whether we can have liberal, unhostile constructive regulation of privately owned railroads is the first question to be decided in settling a railroad policy. If we cannot have that, the experiment of government ownership is the only rational alternative. Nobody wants to go back to the condition of 1914. Twenty-one months after peace is achieved—the term of the present arrangement—is not very long for a huge country to make up its mind on a subject about which there is so much difference of opinion. The country ought to be thinking it over now.

## Taking an Interest

THIS generation of Americans has been very little interested in government—whether it was local government, state government or Federal government. All oratorical and journalistic pretensions to the contrary are mere buncombe. Americans were interested in politics just about as they were interested in baseball. It was a national sport, pursued for the excitement of the campaign and of seeing which side would win. After one side had won, the contest was settled and people thought about something else.

Exceptions may be noted to that statement. Some people were interested in government all the time. Now and then unusual circumstances livened general interest in the subject. But the average American, by and large, gave precious little attention to it. If the party that had won signally failed to redeem its promises he shrugged his shoulders and forgot it in six months.

In twenty years—from 1892 to 1912—population increased forty-six per cent and the vote for President increased only twenty-five per cent; and hundreds of thousands voted for President who never voted at other elections. In city, state and nation parties were held to no strict account for fulfillment of their pledges, because people were too little interested in what they did. A very large portion of the electorate voted simply by rote—always for the same party ticket, irrespective of the merit of the candidate or the recent record of the party—just as a patriotic citizen roots for his own town's ball team whether it is good or not. And neither party meant anything in particular.

This generation, nearly the world over, has now acquired a new idea of government. It has discovered that government is not limited to being a far-off, indifferent thing; that it may be something which can step into people's homes, take their sons, kill millions of men, devastate great regions. Newspapers bring daily evidence that the people of Germany, for example, are now taking the liveliest and most intimate interest in government. So people are, generally, throughout Europe.

The United States needs a livelier and more intimate interest in government on the part of the people; a constant and critical interest. Any number of young men still know more about the batting averages in last season's baseball than they know about the performance of their senators and representatives. Senators, representatives and presidents will never perform at their best to an audience that is usually looking the other way.

Government, with its increasing activities, is bound to be increasingly important to everybody. To know what government is doing, and how, is part of everybody's personal business—not just at election time, but week in and week out.

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# SOME WAR CREDITS

## By WILL PAYNE

JUDGING by the experience of New York State four years of world war increased the factory pay roll in the United States 128 per cent, and there are now ten and a half million persons on that pay roll. It increased the railroad pay roll seventy to seventy-five per cent, that pay roll containing more than two million names. Those two pay rolls, judging the former by New York, now come to more than fourteen and a half billion dollars, against less than seven billions in 1914.

At least twenty-five million people in the United States are on a pay roll, living on wages and salaries. As to other large contingents, such as miners, lumbermen, teamsters, farm laborers, we have evidence of much higher pay. As to still other contingents the evidence is more fragmentary. For example, I know of no statistics covering three million persons and more in domestic and personal service, but every woman who hires a domestic servant knows that wages have advanced briskly.

Next to those on a pay roll the most numerous division of the population consists of six million farmers. The Department of Agriculture will no doubt put the gross value of farm products this year well over twenty billion dollars, against a little less than ten billions in 1914. This means, for example, the gross value of all the corn as well as the gross value of the hogs and cattle that ate the corn; it contains duplications.

But of all products considered in big groups war has increased the price of farm products most. From July, 1914, to August, 1918, the wholesale price of all leading commodities taken together increased 105 per cent in the United States, while the price of farm products increased 141 per cent. The farm price has benefited most. No big group has benefited more than farmers.

In 1910 there were 1,200,000 retail merchants in the United States. Nobody, I believe, has ever attempted to get their economic condition into a comparative statistical table. But their creditors furnish conclusive evidence of a general sort as to how they are getting on. When they are not getting on well failures among them naturally increase. In recent months the number of failures compared with the total number of concerns in business has been decidedly the smallest ever recorded.

### Railroad Wages

THE number of failures in September this year was the smallest of any month back to October, 1899, when the total number of concerns in business was much smaller. The number of failures to October first of this year was about half the number for the corresponding period of three years ago. In the third quarter of this year less than half as many merchants failed as in the like quarter of 1914. As far back as an exact record of commercial failures has been kept the number of failures now is smallest in proportion to the number of concerns in business. That can hardly mean anything else than that merchants on the whole are more prosperous than at any other time in this generation.

Nowadays it isn't enough to say that total bank deposits have increased by so many billions, foreign trade has reached such and such a figure, railroad earnings are thirty per cent greater, and so on. Merely pointing to a vast accumulation of money isn't enough. People want to know who is getting the money. If Wall Street only is getting it they are not much impressed.

There is plenty of evidence that this war money is very widely distributed. The whole people of the United States was never before so prosperous. No great body of people anywhere was ever before so prosperous. A short cut to that conclusion is found in more than twenty million subscribers to the Fourth Liberty Loan, purchases of War Savings Stamps rising toward a billion dollars, increased savings deposits—notwithstanding bond and stamp buying—increased country bank deposits.

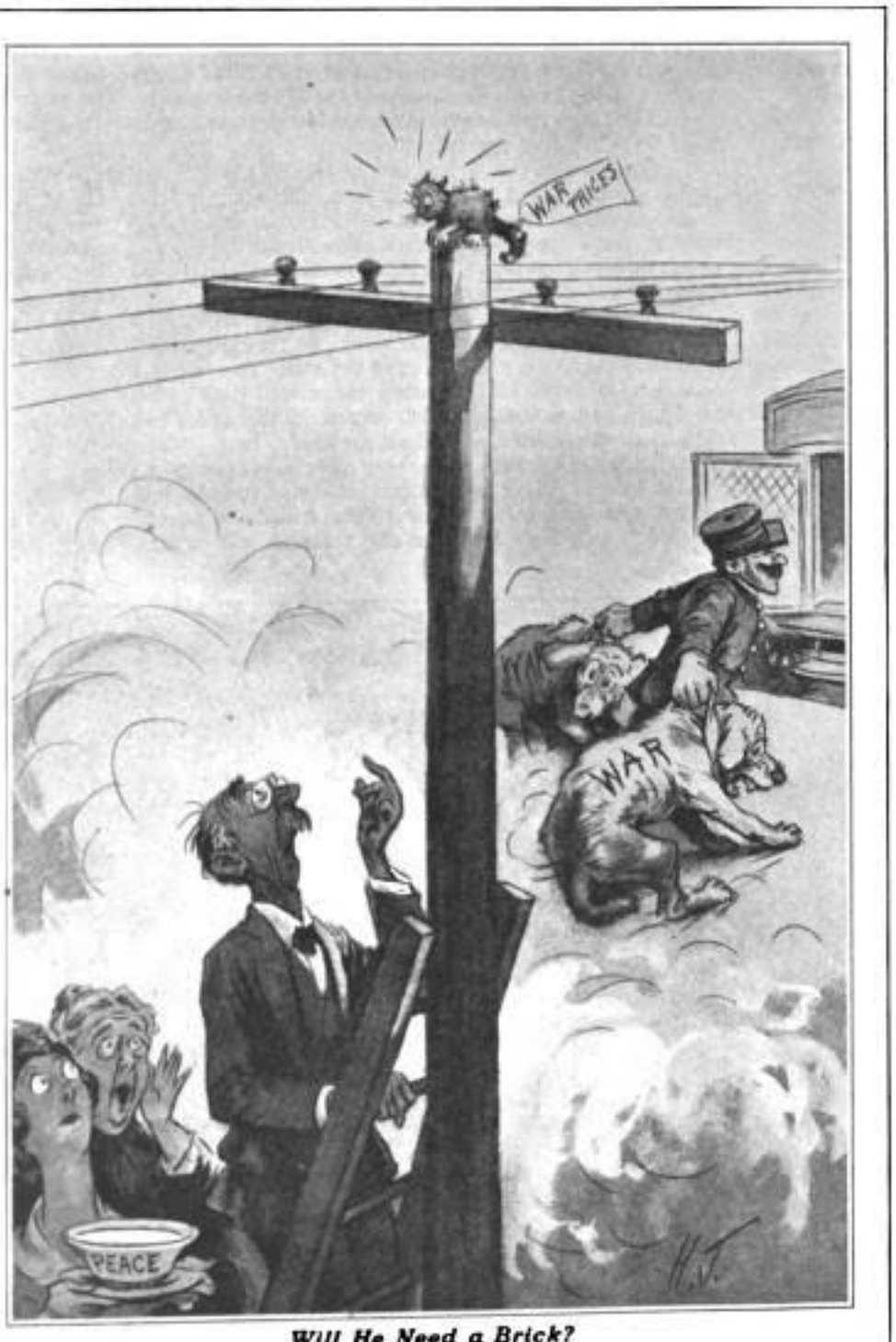
The Census Bureau gave the number of factory employees in 1914 as a little more than eight million and the annual pay roll as five billion three hundred and odd million dollars. The New York State Industrial Commission—formerly Department of Labor—gets monthly reports from some sixteen hundred typical concerns representing most of the country's leading lines of manufacture. The reports give the number of persons employed and the wages paid.

The commission's summary for August, 1918, shows that as compared with August, 1914—covering just four years of world war—the number of employees had increased thirty-three per cent, and the pay roll 128 per cent. Applying those percentages to the census figures for 1914 gives the results mentioned above.

It should be noted that these New York concerns are by no means exclusively engaged in so-called war work. I judge they are not engaged in such work to a greater extent than factories the country over would be. The list includes stone, clay and glass products, furniture and cabinet work, musical instruments, women's clothing, paper and printing, confectionery, beverages, tobacco.

Of course the increase of 128 per cent in pay roll does not mean that increase in individual wages, for the number of employees has increased one-third. But average weekly earnings of all hands increased about seventy per cent.

There is a very important offset for increased cost of living. Retail prices of food in the United States as calculated by the Bureau of Labor Statistics at Washington with reference to workmen's consumption increased sixty per cent, while weekly wages in New York increased about seventy. Early in the world war, and again when the United States stepped in, food rose faster than wages; but this year wages have risen decidedly faster than food.




*Will He Need a Brick?*

Food prices, however, are not an accurate measure of the cost of living. Several investigations of that subject have been undertaken this year—for example, in adjusting railroad wages when the United States took control of the lines, and in adjusting shipbuilding wages. The shipbuilding investigation found by detailed studies that about forty-five per cent of the workman's family budget went for food. Rent increased much less than the cost of food—from ten to thirty per cent, depending on locality. The railroad investigation concluded that cost of living from the end of 1915 to the spring of this year had risen forty to forty-three per cent—the greater rise occurring in families with the smallest incomes. Of course the larger the family income the less relatively goes for food. The report adds, however, that those figures of forty to forty-three per cent may be somewhat too small, owing to factors not statistically expressed. The shipbuilding investigation put the increased cost of living from December, 1914, to March, 1918, at slightly under forty-three per cent in Portland, Maine, and Boston; a little more than fifty-one per cent in Newport News, Virginia, for whites; and nearly fifty-seven per cent in Baltimore.

All of which of course does not say that there is not still a great quantity of underpaid labor in the United States. Distribution of wages is about as complicated a problem as distribution of wealth in any other form—and attended in a general way by a good deal the same inequality. The railroad-wage investigation disclosed at the top workmen receiving $250 a month, or even more. It also found that in December, 1917—after three years of war and rising prices—fifty-one per cent of all railroad employees were getting seventy-five dollars a month or under. There were 111,000 clerks in railroad offices whose average pay was $56.77 a month; 270,000 section hands who averaged $50.31 a month. Those receiving from $150 to $250 a month numbered only 60,000, or three per cent of the total employees. They were capable, strongly organized, aggressive, and in a position to get very respectful attention to their demands. They were by no means inclined to equalize the distribution of wealth by prorating their two-fifty a month with the section hands' fifty a month—nor should they have been. Their high wage, if distributed equally among 111,000 clerks, 270,000 section hands, 121,000 other unskilled laborers and 130,000 station-service employees—all of whom averaged less than sixty dollars a month—would have raised the average pay very little; and the proper proceeding is to boost from the bottom instead of pulling down from the top. In granting its wage increases, in fact, the Government increased the lowest wages most and the highest wages practically not at all.

### Our War Debt

AFTER all offsets nobody can reasonably question that four years of world war put decidedly more money, decidedly greater purchasing power and saving power into the hands of the great mass of the population of the United States—which is material prosperity.

There is a war debt, at this writing, of upward of sixteen billion dollars. It will certainly run above twenty billions, or two hundred dollars per capita. But that is nothing to dismay anybody. France's debt in 1914 was a hundred and sixty dollars per capita, and no one took a dismal view of France economically. The American debt is all held at home, standing as an asset on the books of the individual bondholders.

A great part of it figures as an asset of plain, everyday citizens too. Subscribers to ten thousand dollars and less took sixty per cent of the First Liberty Loan. Subscribers to fifty thousand dollars and less took nearly two-thirds of the Second Liberty Loan. Classified subscriptions to the Third and Fourth Loans have not yet been published, but the fact of seventeen and twenty million subscribers, respectively, indicates that comparatively small subscribers took some billions of the two loans.

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Obviously if the bonds were distributed in exact proportion to the taxes levied to pay interest and principal the taxpayer would be merely shifting the money from one pocket to the other—handing it over to the Government in taxes and immediately getting it back in interest. Taxes have been levied in such a manner, however, as to fall pretty largely on the rich and well-to-do. Undoubtedly subscribers up to ten thousand dollars will get more interest in proportion to direct taxes paid than subscribers over ten thousand. The war debt, in short, is nothing for the plain man to worry about.

The United States got into this prosperous condition in the first place through foreign trade. In the forty-five months ending with last September—the latest date for which official figures are now available—we sold to other countries only a little less than twenty billion dollars' worth of goods. The last two years we have been selling at the rate of six billions a year, or about one-fifth more than the combined sales of England and Germany—then the greatest exporters—before the war. In the forty-five months we have bought abroad nine and a half billion dollars' worth of goods. In other words, our foreign sales have exceeded our purchases by more than ten billion dollars.

We have drawn in round numbers a billion dollars of that balance in cash—in gold. The world still owes us the rest of it. From the time we declared war to October twenty-fifth last we had advanced to our allies seven and a half billion dollars. But as far back as October, 1915, we began lending to England and France—first, with the five hundred million dollar Anglo-French loan of that month. The total is now about equal to the net balance of trade in our favor.

It was this enormous foreign demand for American goods that set the present industrial boom going—to be augmented in 1917 when the United States came into the market for vast quantities of war goods. As it was foreign trade that changed a slack, rather depressed condition in 1914 to a highly prosperous condition in 1916, a great many people are naturally looking anxiously to foreign trade as a means of continuing prosperity. The whole difference between boom and depression is measured finally by demand for goods. The greater the foreign demand the brighter on the whole the industrial outlook will be. American manufacturers have just been holding an important convention in New York to consider that subject. Many other bodies and individuals are busy with it.

### The Shortage of Shipping

OUR foreign trade the last four years has been pretty exclusively a war product. Out of more than nineteen billion dollars of exports in the last four fiscal years—ending June thirtieth—something more than thirteen billions went to Europe, which mostly means shipments to the Allies, who bought the goods here because they had to have them regardless of price. Pretty soon they will want no war goods at all and will be bargaining shrewdly for such goods as they do want.

From 1914 to 1918 our exports to other parts of North America more than doubled; but the increase mostly consisted of shipments to Canada in connection with war work. In 1913 German exports amounted to about two and a half billion dollars, running England neck and neck as to manufactured goods. Busy little Belgium in the same year exported seven hundred million dollars' worth. War cut off that competition at a stroke. England, too, was heavily handicapped as an exporter by war's demands upon her industries and; latterly, by shortage of shipping—for whatever else suffered ships must be found to bring forward vitally necessary supplies from America.

This greatly reduced competition must be taken into account in considering our increased exports to nonbelligerents. Moreover, trade grows on both sides of the ledger. If we buy more from a given region we may expect to sell more there. While our exports to South America rose in the four years from $124,000,000 to $314,000,000 our imports from South America increased from $223,000,000 to $567,000,000. While our exports to Asia and Oceanica rose from less than two hundred millions to nearly six hundred millions our imports increased from three hundred and odd millions to nearly a billion.

To meet war's demands on us we were ransacking the nonbelligerent world for raw materials and food. In the last fiscal year, for example, we got no cheese from Holland or Switzerland, and only eight thousand dollars' worth from Italy, but we took more than three million dollars' worth from Argentina. We bought thirty-one million dollars' worth of soy beans from China and Japan, and a hundred and eighty million dollars' worth of raw silk. From the Straits Settlements and Dutch East India we bought forty million dollars' worth of block or bar tin; and ninety-four million dollars' worth of wool from Argentina, twenty million from Australia, twenty-five million from South Africa. From British East India we bought fifty-three million dollars' worth of burlap and jute, twenty million dollars' worth of goatskins, a hundred and thirty-eight million dollars' worth of rubber. We even bought coal from Canada. Naturally we sold more, for trade naturally grows on both sides of the account.

So pretty much all this enormous increase in foreign trade is a war product, and the troublesome question is, How much of it can we keep in peace?

It would be a rather disheartening question but that war has greatly improved our facilities for foreign trade. The point that comes first to mind in that respect is shipping. The beginning of the war found the United States pretty nearly at zero in the merchant-marine way—and Congress passing laws to sweep out the remnant. June 30, 1914, the Bureau of Navigation reported 720,000 tons of steam shipping under the American flag engaged in foreign trade. Only eight per cent of our exports were carried in American bottoms. In the preceding twelve months we had built 195,000 tons of steam vessels—including those for Lake trade.

That was close to zero. After war had been raging more than a year it was only by a twelfth-hour intervention that the last considerable fleet on the Pacific Ocean bearing the American flag was kept under that flag. By that time war had destroyed much shipping. In 1916 ocean freight rates were advancing by great leaps, and as a sort of desperate emergency measure Congress set up the United States Shipping Board and appropriated the great sum of fifty million dollars to build and acquire ships. Since April, 1917, when the United States declared war, Congress has appropriated three billion dollars for shipbuilding. The contrast between those two sums indicates the scale upon which we finally attacked the question of ships. Whereas before the war England built far more shipping than the United States, we are now outbuilding England. For many years the greatest shipbuilding district in the world was on the Clyde River in Scotland. There are now two districts on the Atlantic Coast of the United States and two on the Pacific which surpass the Clyde in capacity. From a few thousand workmen engaged in shipbuilding we have three hundred and fifty thousand.

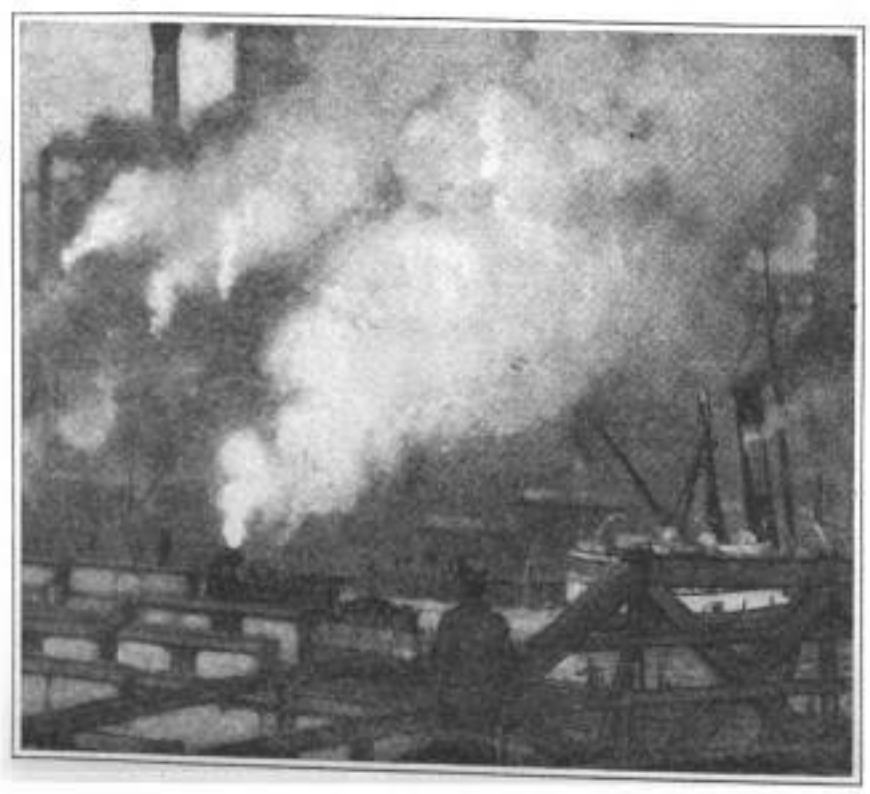
The fleet under the jurisdiction of the Shipping Board now comprises about ten million tons—including requisitioned American ships, German and Austrian ships taken over by the Government, Dutch ships requisitioned, and about three million tons of foreign-owned vessels chartered to the Shipping Board or to American citizens.

The last day of October Chairman Hurley announced that the shipbuilding program would go forward at full speed irrespective of the ending of the war. The program to which the board had definitely committed itself called for fifteen million tons, of which only about two and a half million tons had been actually completed.

To September 1, 1918, something more than twenty-one million tons of Allied and neutral merchant tonnage had been lost on account of the war. Total Allied and neutral construction in that period was only fourteen million tons, leaving a deficit of upward of seven million tons. As regards the Allies, more than half of this deficit had been made good by seizing enemy tonnage, but that operation did not affect the total of world shipping.

If there had been no war the world's merchant tonnage in the four years would have increased—based on the rate of increase from 1905 to 1914—by 14,700,000 tons. Thus if war had ceased that day the world's merchant fleet would have been in arrears of its normal position by nearly twenty-two million tons. To put it in another way, all the Allied and neutral tonnage constructed during the forty-nine months was slightly less than would have been built in that period if there had been no war. So from the point of view of world's shipping the destruction of twenty-one million and odd tons stands as a net deficit. This may have been offset to some extent by German construction during the war, as to which nothing definite is now known. But that offset is believed to be inconsiderable.

There is a cogent reason, then, why the United States—having made a vast investment in plant and materials, organized the industry and assembled a great working force—should continue its shipbuilding program. We can count definitely on a big merchant fleet—second only to England's at any rate—as an instrument for foreign trade after the war. In fact we already have a fleet for foreign trade more than tenfold larger than that of 1914.



### More Elastic Credit Facilities

HOW this fleet—at present in the hands of the Government—will finally be owned and operated is problematical; but it will be an instrument for foreign trade irrespective of that. Of course we could do a great foreign trade in other countries' ships, but American ships will always be rather more sympathetic to American trade strategy than other countries' ships are. Just as an advertisement to foreign countries an American merchant fleet is tremendously valuable.

As an instrument of foreign trade credit is even more important than ships, and in that regard the United States has improved its position to an even greater extent than in shipping, though it cannot be measured in like concrete terms.

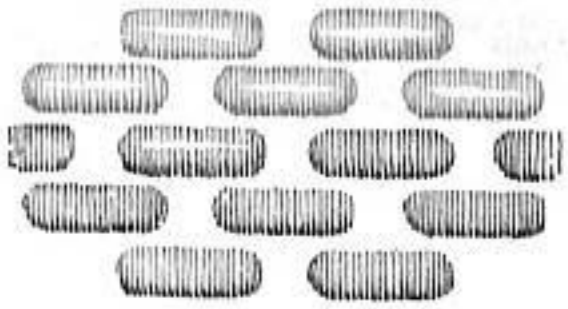
For a long time before this war the banking power of the United States—its power to extend cash credit—was nominally greater than that of any other nation. Ten years ago it ran well toward twenty billion dollars. This comprised the capital, surplus, circulating notes and individual deposits of all the banks—the total amount of credits which all the banks could extend at a given time in the form of loans or otherwise. But this credit power when war began was in the hands of nearly thirty thousand separate banks, with no way of acting together except as leading banks in cities joined in voluntary clearing-house associations whose normal purpose was simply to facilitate the daily clearing of checks. Each bank kept a reserve fund for the purpose of meeting any unusual demand from its depositors. A country-town bank in Michigan, say, would deposit the larger part of its reserve fund with a bank in Detroit, and the Detroit bank would deposit a large part of its reserve fund with a bank in New York.

If a bank's own reserve fund was exhausted it faced insolvency. It used the cash in its vault, then drew out its deposit in Detroit or New York. It would be holding perfectly good paper—notes of farmers, merchants, manufacturers, and so on. If the demand upon it was of a local character it could rediscount some of these notes in Detroit or New York and so get further funds to pay off its depositors with. But if the demand was of a general character the banks in Detroit and New York would be scrambling for cash with which to meet the demands upon them, and so not inclined to extend more credit. The result of any extraordinary general demand was to set all the banks scrambling for cash, each to save itself. So in an emergency the country's credit power contracted—just when it ought to expand.

The banks resorted to various devices—none of them very adequate. If you look back you will see that when Europe's war precipitated a world-wide money panic banks in the bigger American cities began issuing clearing-house certificates, for though the Federal Reserve Act had just been passed it was not yet in force. The act went into effect, however, in November, 1914—linking up and mobilizing the country's credit power for the first time since the Jacksonian era. The most essential thing about it is that at any time a member bank with good commercial paper can go to a Federal Reserve Bank, which will at once rediscount that paper, issuing to the member bank circulating

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# REPUBLIC TIRES

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notes with which it can pay its depositors or meet any other demand. It provides a way by which any bank can at any time turn its good short-term assets into cash. No bank with such assets can be forced into insolvency. Essentially it transforms the American banking system from a set of thirty thousand units which tended powerfully to fly apart under an unusual strain into a machine that can exert its total strength to meet a strain.

One result is that the enormous demands upon credit growing out of war financing have been met with ease. Banks have extended credit right and left to bond buyers, and at the same time they have met the heavy demands for business credit—met them confidently, too, for they know the Federal Reserve system is behind them, ready to convert their good assets into cash with which demands upon them can be met.

Competent foreign critics have said that whereas we had the worst banking system in the world when war began we now have the best. The unorganized banks of four years ago tended to money pinches, panics, paralysis of credit. Under a severe strain the pull finally centered mostly on the great Wall Street banks, for they were the great holders of reserve funds of other banks. In an urgent need of cash the whole country drew on them and they had nowhere to turn. They held a great amount of nominal cash assets in the form of call loans secured by stocks and bonds—theoretically convertible into cash by sale on the Stock Exchange. But in a crisis the market disappeared. There was nobody to buy the stocks and bonds. When the pinch came these assets instead of liquefying froze up. Now a great part of the banking reserves of the country are held by the Federal Reserve Banks, which cannot be frozen up. The country's banking system no longer looks to Wall Street.

This banking reform is incalculably important of course for domestic trade. It is also very important for foreign trade, which in a special way depends on credit. Generally the foreign buyer wants longer credit than the domestic buyer. Generally the foreign seller wants cash. He gets cash through the instrument of the accepted bill of exchange, which has long been the chief means of financing import business. When a Brazilian has his coffee, say, on shipboard he draws a bill of exchange for the amount. The buyer has already arranged with a London bank to accept the bill. The Brazilian steps across the street to the branch of an English bank and gets credit for the bill—in other words, he gets cash. Before the war all that foreign bill-of-exchange business went to London, Berlin, Paris, Antwerp, because the United States had no banking machinery to handle it. American importers from South America made their banking arrangements in London. We have the banking facilities to handle this business now, and a considerable banking trade in accepted bills of exchange has already developed.

### In the Foreign Banking Field

This particular phase of it applies only to imports, but imports and exports tend to run together. If you have to send a customer across the street for the hat he wants he is rather apt to buy his shoes there too. When we had to buy London credit in order to finance our imports South America tended to get an impression that London was the better shop.

Before the war England was believed to have about fifteen billion dollars invested abroad; France and Germany together almost as large a sum. This was undoubtedly an important help to the foreign trade of those countries. They had the money and the habit of investing abroad. If South America projected a new railroad, trolley line or water power the bonds to finance the enterprise might be sold in London or Berlin, but not in New York. Naturally London or Berlin got the order for the materials. Interest accumulating on foreign investments gave the investing country a constant fund with which to buy foreign goods or make further investments.

A country that is a big exporter of manufactured goods to the newer or less developed regions must be a foreign investor on a large scale. All such regions want capital for industrial development—railroads, trolley systems, machinery, and so on. By and large they will purchase the goods where they can get the credit.

Four years ago the United States was decidedly a debtor nation. It owed more money abroad than was owing to it—probably by four or five billion dollars. By and large the man who is a debtor isn't the man to apply to for credit. We were not in a good position to extend credit abroad. We are now well in the way of being the leading creditor nation. Counting our Treasury advances to the Allies and the foreign loans still outstanding here which were floated before our declaration of war, we hold about nine billion dollars of foreign paper.

Before the war it took three hundred million dollars a year or so to pay interest and dividends on our obligations held abroad, freight brought here in foreign ships, insurance and like items—not including, however, the great sums spent yearly by American tourists abroad or the remittances to Europe by immigrants. We paid the bill by shipping goods abroad—the excess of exports over imports. In the fiscal year 1914 the excess was less than five hundred million dollars, which probably left us in debt on net balance—taking tourists' disbursements and immigrants' remittances into account.

### A Sentimental Proposal

At present, allowing for American securities still held abroad, Europe probably owes us $350,000,000 a year or thereabout on account of interest. Her indebtedness to us is constantly growing. Every week the Treasury announces new advances to the Allies. Now that the war is definitely ended there is a huge reconstruction job over there, and it will undoubtedly lean heavily upon American credit. We shall be making further advances in that connection. That Europe will be owing us half a billion or so a year on account of interest is quite certain.

There are those who propose that the indebtedness of the Allies to the United States, especially the indebtedness of France, be canceled as a gift. But that is a merely sentimental way of dealing with the situation. On November 1, 1918, France owed the United States a little more than two and a third billion dollars. To the same date France had appropriated nearly thirty billion dollars for war—largely represented by bonds and by more than six billion dollars of outstanding Bank of France circulating notes, against which there was a gold reserve of only eighteen per cent. Quite aside from repairing the actual physical damage of war—for which France can look to Germany—she needs credit to a great amount for the purpose of reorganizing her industries on a peace basis and consolidating her financial position. For all her immediate problems, merely to cancel nine per cent or so of her war debt would help very little. Credit is what France really wants.

Heretofore creditor nations have usually taken their annual pay in goods. For example, England, the premier creditor nation, imported more than she exported—the adverse balance of trade in merchandise about offsetting the revenue falling due to her on account of foreign investments. But besides being dependent on imports for a great part of her food supply—450,000,000 bushels of grain and 2,500,000,000 pounds of meats being imported in 1913—British manufactures depended to a great extent on imported raw materials. In 1915 England imported thirty per cent of her iron ore, ninety-nine per cent of her copper, ninety per cent of her lead, a hundred per cent of her cotton, eighty per cent of her wool, eighty-six per cent of her petroleum of all kinds.

In view of our own resources in the way of food and raw materials and of our tremendous manufacturing capacity it doesn't look as though we should import more than we export. It looks as though, in addition to half a billion or so of income from foreign investments, we should roll up another half billion or so of favorable trade balance—excess of exports over imports. If the world is falling in debt to us at the rate of a billion a year—or any other large sum—it cannot possibly pay us in money, gold being the only money of international settlement. We have no particular use for any more gold, war having increased our stock by more than a billion dollars. We shall not be taking pay in goods, for we shall be selling more goods than we buy. The only thing we can do with the balance due us is to reinvest it abroad—increase our holdings of foreign securities. Presumably, therefore, the nine billions or so which the world now owes us must be regarded simply as a thrifty man's nest egg. The greater our foreign investments and the greater our yearly fund from which to make new investments abroad the better our position to command foreign trade.

To get the advantage of this position we must of course follow the example of England, France, Germany, Holland in like circumstances by familiarizing ourselves with foreign securities and making them a staple of our investment market. One great Wall Street bank has already during the war established seventeen foreign branches, fourteen of them in Latin America. Other banks are following that lead. But the banks can be only intermediate between the foreign borrower and the domestic security market. The investing public must provide the market itself. It goes without saying that our trade legislation in general must take a broader view than heretofore.

Internationally considered we have been pretty largely borrowers and exporters of basic goods, such as foodstuffs, cotton, copper, petroleum, of which we had a great supply and for which the buyer, more or less, had to come to us whether he wanted to or not. We didn't much need to cultivate goodwill. Normally a borrower takes the lender's money, and with that his interest in the lender ceases; what becomes of him is a matter of indifference. A man selling wheat or hogs cares little who buys them. He knows somebody is bound to buy them at the market price. But with the making of a loan the lender's interest in the borrower only begins. Thereafter the borrower's well-being is a subject of lively interest to him. And a man selling manufactured goods under keen competition must be very regardful of his customer's wishes and prejudices. War has a good deal changed us over from the first position to the second—thereby pledging us to lively interest in "abroad" and active cultivation of "abroad's" goodwill. Our trade legislation must keep that in mind.

### Mobilized Banking Power

In the tremendously important matter of credit, then, our position has vastly changed for the better since August, 1914. From debtor nation we have become creditor nation on a grand scale. War, with upward of twenty million bond subscribers, has uncovered capital resources here not dreamed of before. During the war banking reform has put us in possession of probably the most admirable credit instrument in the world. On that head it may be mentioned in passing that though our Federal Reserve system mobilizes and consolidates the banking power of the country about as effectually as any European system does it still leaves the freest play for local and individual initiative. The bank with which you do business is still in all its relations with you a strictly local, individual concern, alive and responsive to local conditions—instead of being only a branch of a great institution with headquarters at London or Paris, managed by appointees who are directed from London or Paris and whose advancement depends primarily upon pleasing headquarters rather than on pleasing you.

Four years have seen an improvement in our position with regard to foreign trade in other respects. Some great concerns, such as United States Steel, Standard Oil, International Harvester, have long been rich and strong enough to maintain an adequate organization for foreign trade and adequate representation in foreign fields. That takes a lot of money, however. Only a very big concern can do it on its own hook. A great many American manufacturers with goods suitable for foreign consumption were unable to set up their own branch houses and maintain an independent selling force abroad. Four years ago the law forbade them to coöperate for that purpose—or at least raised a lively probability of indictment if they tried it. That has been remedied. The Webb Act specifically authorizes combinations of manufacturers for export business. By forming associations smaller manufacturers can now get their goods properly represented abroad—with the advantage of American ships, American branch banks, and all the machinery and banking power that are necessary to manage credits.

You cannot get any exact measure of America's increase in actual banking power. The figures are there—so many billions in 1914 and so many in 1918. But the huge difference in actual effectiveness, secured by intelligently organizing our banking power under the Federal Reserve system, is immeasurable. Another great factor is equally immeasurable—namely, the factor of goodwill. There is no doubt, however, that four years have brought the United States a vast accretion there. We have the goodwill of Latin America and of the non-Teutonic world as we never had it before.

War has created a whole new dyestuffs industry here, much as it created a great shipbuilding industry. In many ways it has caused development of native manufactures. Almost every industry has responded to the stimulation of this enormous demand for goods. Some of them, like the glass industry, upon which war seemed likely to react very disastrously, find themselves in fact stronger than ever. After taking into account a war debt of twenty billions or any other probable figure there is no doubt that the United States is decidedly stronger industrially and financially than it was four years ago.

### Wartime Wonder-Working

There is a certain danger in comparative figures that deal with values, because the standard of value has undergone a signal change. Commodity prices taken as a whole have slightly more than doubled since July, 1914, which means by and large that a dollar represents only half as many goods as it represented four years ago—inflation of prices, certainly; but the immense inflation of currency which war caused on the continent of Europe has been absent here, at least absent comparatively speaking.

From February 1, 1917, to September 1, 1918, the issue of circulating notes by the Federal Reserve Banks rose from two hundred and odd million dollars to slightly more than two billions, but a billion dollars of that increase was offset by increased holdings of gold. A statement in the Federal Reserve Bulletin for October shows that the stock of money in the country, outside that held by the United States Treasury and the Federal Reserve Banks, increased between the dates named $736,000,000—gold and gold certificates in circulation decreasing more than $1,000,000,000; Federal Reserve circulating notes increasing $1,800,000,000; all other forms of currency decreasing $100,000,000. A net increase of only $700,000,000 is not currency inflation as Europe knows it.

Though certain comparative figures must be discounted, therefore, to allow for the rise in prices, great and substantial gains remain. We have gained greatly in better organization of industry. Pretty much all the inhibitions and impediments upon coördination of industry imposed by politicians' moldy theories have been suspended. It is very significant that on motion of the Government the Supreme Court postponed its hearings of the leading antitrust cases until after the war. In a national emergency which involved vital dependence on industry the Government did not care to intervene any more as a mere disorganizing agency. On the contrary it has insisted upon coördination, and industry on the whole is better organized than ever before.

We have discovered during the war that it is measurably possible to keep capital and labor on their job of producing goods without stopping every half hour to fight out the differences that naturally rise between them. What we have learned about the possibilities of reconciling capital and labor must not be wholly lost. The conciliatory machinery that has been improvised during the war may well lead to something permanent.

War has introduced the nation to thrift. I believe almost any normally situated and normally acquainted American will agree from his own observation that among a great contingent of really intelligent and efficient persons war has made saving as much a virtue as spending formerly was.

Considering that unemployment practically disappeared, considering the great rise in wages, considering prosperity on the farms and among such a numerous class as retail merchants, there is no doubt that the civil population of the United States has been maintained in greater well-being and material comfort than ever before. And on top of sustaining the civil population in that state we have met the huge demands of war—equipped the armies, built the fleets, and so on. It is a great achievement. It was accomplished by organization, diligence, thrift. The same things will give us the future.

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# TEUFEL HUNDEN



## By Peter Clark Macfarlane

IT'S the matter of all these children in the line-up that gets my goose flesh rising," confessed Sergeant Daniel Riley, and licked the wrapper of the cigarette he was rolling.

"I wisht that was the biggest of my troubles," retorted Sergeant Thomas Mogan, and reached for the sack of tobacco.

There was the tartness of reproof in his tones, for he liked the young lads and believed in them. Riley liked them, out doubted. Both were veteran tops, grizzled as to hair, seamed as to feature, and inured by thirty years of campaigning in whatever climes the United States has had occasion in that length of time to land a detachment of its famous Marine Corps.

"They're picked men physically," catalogued Mogan. "They're fighters by nature, or they wouldn't have chose our corps. They've took everything we could teach 'em down at Quantico and Paris Island, lickin' it up like greedy pups and eyin' us for more."

"That's the dope, all right," admitted Riley meditatively as he eased the small of his back against the pack that lay behind him and, turning, squinted an eye down the line of some eight hundred khaki forms of young men who, like himself, sprawled in a depression at the side of a broad macadamized road.

The situation at the moment was of the sort frequently described as tense. The lower air—that is to say, from six to ten feet above the heads of the sprawlers in the gutter—was filled with p-s-s-t-ts! and p-i-n-n-gs! and the thud of small cylinders of metal on the soft green wood of trees. The higher air was dwelt in by weirder noises, hisses and disembodied shrieks, which hurled themselves hither and yon like the ghosts of sounds.

The distant horizon thundered lazily; the wheat field upon the left gave forth an occasional rat-a-tat-tat! as if it concealed a battery of typewriters; while from the unhappy little collection of venerable houses in the town through which the line had just marched issued an irregular succession of deep, deliberate, half-smothered explosions that told where heavy shells landed, and had their way with feeble stone and mortar.

To generalize upon all of these sounds, the business of a battle was going on about; and as if to emphasize the present tendency of the issues in that conflict, which was an affair of the first class, as militarists rate such things, a fagged line of French infantrymen in their faded blue was dog-trotting dejectedly past, away from the sound of machine-gun fire and toward those of exploding shells. By their manner and their expression these soldiers advertised that they were sick with the strain of many hard days of a conflict which in their experience had reduced itself to mere tactics of fighting and withdrawing, fighting and withdrawing.

"*Les boches! Les boches!*" shouted one of them excitedly to the khaki line. "*Rompez! Rompez!*" And he motioned to the young men vigorously, as if appealing to them also to rise and withdraw to a safer terrain.

This kindly advice, however, was received with scorn by the entire formation of affectedly blasé young men.

"Say!" taunted a smooth-faced boy who had never heard a shell whistle till ten minutes ago. "Come on back, Frenchy, and we'll show you a real fight."

The grizzled old Tom Mogan snickered delightedly.

"Did you hear it, Dan?" he inquired. "That frog has seen more fighting in four years than these kids'll see in all their lives. He is just trotting back now to a good place to turn and fight again, and these blessed infants josh him!"

"They've got that much of the jairine in 'em, anyway," admitted Dan. "They'll pretend to like fightin' whether they do or don't."

Just then the ears of the two tops were smitten by song:

"*From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli*
*We have fought our country's battles on the land and on the sea.*
*Admiration of the nation, we're the finest ever seen;*
*And we glory in the title of United States Marine.*"

There is a swagger to the marine as he marches, and there is a swagger to his battle hymn as he sings it.

Old Tom Mogan had heard that song in Managua; he had heard it in Manila, in Peking, in Seoul, in Panama and Guantanamo; he had heard it on shipboard in every sea and in half the known ports of the world; and to hear it babbled now in the moment of going into action by these smooth-faced babes of men, who had been his fatherly charge for a year of training, gave him joy supreme.

"But look-ut!" argued Riley, who was mostly known in his regiment as Ancient Dan—and "look-ut," by the way, was a favorite expression of his. To him it seemed to mean, look here, or pause and consider, or some such combination of ideas as involved observation of and reflection upon any new angle of a situation. "Look-ut!" argued Ancient Dan. "Do you know where some of these rookies come from? They come from colleges. They come from Bible classes and Y. M. C. A.'s. Some of them say their prayers every night. Now what the Sam Hill kind of a fighting man is that?"

"Religion don't hurt a man for fighting," argued Mogan. "I'm religious." And he crossed himself.

"Me too," confessed Riley; and he also made a motion with his finger toward his forehead and his breast. "But not this milksop kind of religion. Besides, Tom, there's a corporal in my company that's keepin' diary in Greek. Honest to God, Tom, he is! If I suspected he knew a snitch of anything besides United States he wouldn't be a corporal. I was going to bust him the minute I heard about it; but along comes Sergeant Bob Smith and whispers into my ear, as solemn as a church: 'That guy's a Deke.'"

"Deke? What is that?" demanded Mogan, and removed the snipe from between his lips that he might reflect with undivided attention upon something under the sun which to his mature wisdom had hitherto remained unknown.

"Some kind of a lodge they have at college, the way I get it," explained Dan, and curved off the immediate subject to remark: "Now we've been training and pickling these strapping colts for months and grinding the rough edges off of 'em, thinking every day they were getting better and better; and now the time's come to try 'em. We're just about going to know, in fifteen minutes or so, which of 'em's got guts and which hasn't."

"I shouldn't worry, Dan, if I was you," suggested Tom soothingly. "Take these two regiments right through and they're young. I'll admit it. They've lied about their age something scandalous. And they're smooth. Lots of these boys would know just what to do at a pink tea; but don't let that fool you, Dan. They're chock-full of the old leatherneck spirit. They've got it salted right into their blood that a leatherneck never surrenders, never retreats, never knows when he's licked, never quits fightin' till he's dead; and even then he may not be so dead as he looks."

"I'm not doubtin' the boys'll be all right in a crowd and under orders," declared Dan; "but it looks to me like this fight we're going into now is going to be a bushwhacking affair. We're going to get all broke up into individual fightin' and scrappin'. Then I don't know about these here Willie boys from the town. Them old red-necks we used to gather in from the plains, boys that run three or four years older and knew how to take care of themselves in any kind of barroom row ——"

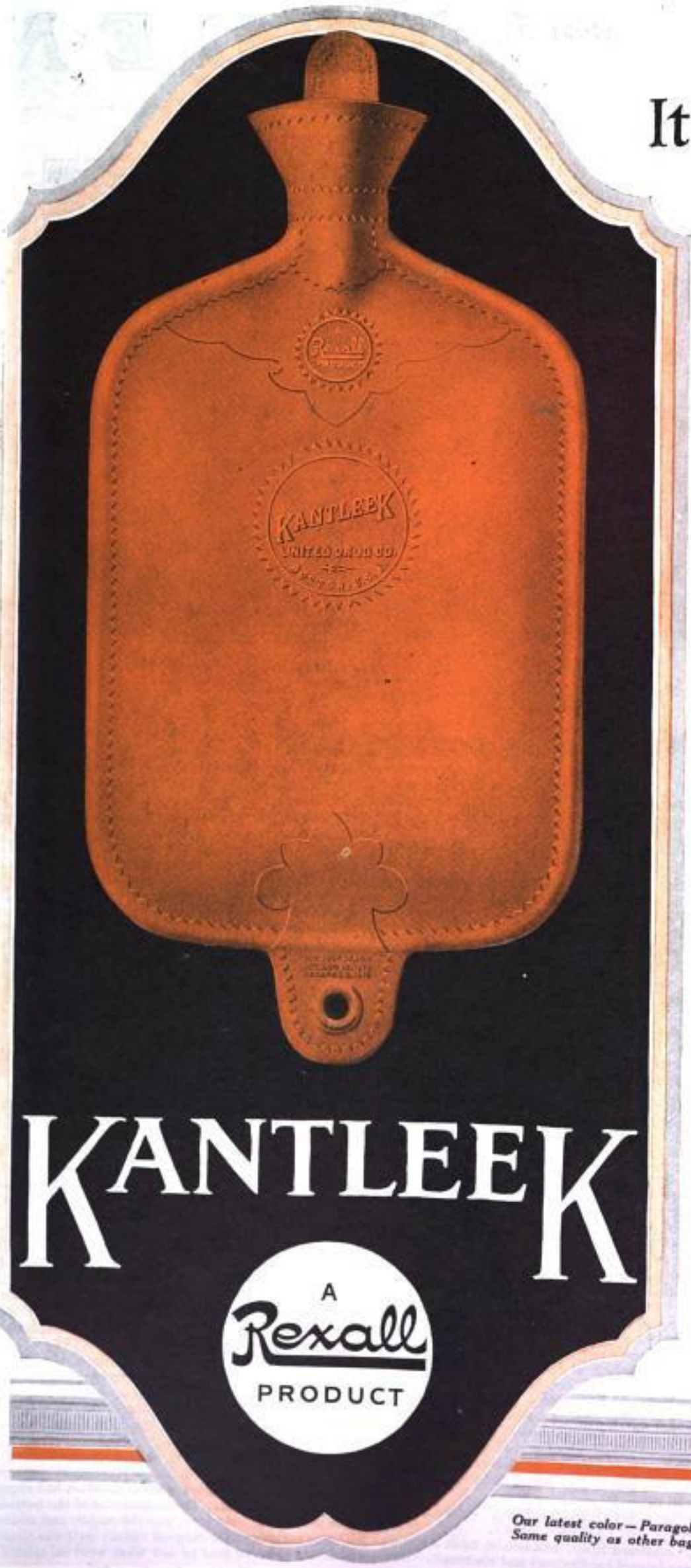
"Can it! . . . Old Swivel-eye!" grunted Mogan under his breath; and instantly the two sergeants came to a sort of mental attention without in anywise moving to rise from that recumbent position which had been enjoined upon all as a matter of battle precaution against unnecessary human wastage.

The same sort of warning was also nudged along the sprawling line; and with quite the same effect, for everybody ceased from whatever other occupation had engaged him and turned to mark the commander of the battalion.

He was a tough old bird, was the major, and endowed with a remarkably wide range of vision; so it was reported and firmly believed that he saw what went on behind his

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(Continued from Page 27)

back quite as well as what passed before his face; hence the nickname. It was not beautiful; but neither was the major. Furthermore, the term was never used in direct address.

Besides being tough, just the sort of man to command abject obedience and worshipful admiration from a group of young tigers, the major was valiant. His battalion had been ordered to lie down for its own safety; but the major clumped along the line from end to end of it, bolt upright, his eyes mostly upon the map he held in his hand, folded to a conveniently small compass, while he sought to relate his present position upon the roadway definitely with the situation depicted on the map.

A French runner came up and presented an order. The major passed it to the interpreter who made one of his staff group. The interpreter rendered it into English and the major threw back his head stubbornly. He uttered an ejaculation that was sharp and profane, and concluded with:

"I didn't come here to retreat."

A muttering, a sort of vocal rumbling, rose from those men at the roadside gutter who had heard both what the interpreter and the commanding officer of the battalion had said.

"You're dead right, major," they murmured, taking good care that the major should hear, but should also understand that he was not intended to hear.

The major turned and darted a fierce eye at the gutter; but within its fierceness was the light of pride, for his was a brood that he loved. And as for the men, they would rather have had a cursing from the major than a compliment from a general.

"No German goes down this road to-night unless he goes over my dead body!" snapped one of the precious cubs; and the major heard and smiled.

"Just listen to that now, Dan!" chuckled Mogan.

"I heard it," laughed Ancient Dan pleasantly. "I'm still just so Irish that a good brag is music to my ears."

The major meantime had turned to his maps again and was speaking in terse sentences to the officers who had grouped about him.

"Your position, Jones," he said, "is in the deep woods on the starboard flank."

The captain addressed turned and studied the roadway ahead; then contemplated the map and looked up in confusion. Something wasn't right. There was a driver there with a side car.

"I'll have a look," said the captain; and he climbed into the side car, which immediately went chugging off round the turn of the road at breakneck speed, as if it were not running straight into a battle.

In three or four minutes the side car returned.

"It's woods on the map, major," said the captain, "but there hasn't been any woods there since I was born. It's wheat!"

"Wheat?" said the major with a slight awe-stricken note in his voice. "Great God!"

Meantime, however, the major had also been bothered by failure to identify the cross-fields lane just at his back.

"The map's old," he snapped, and shook it impatiently—"old and only better than none; but how the blazes are we going to know where anything or anybody is? And how are we going to tell each other where we are?"

He stared at the offending piece of cartography for a moment and handed it to his aid.

"We'll take the men up the road," he said shortly to his officers, "till we find the war, and then get into it."

Then he stood prepared to move forward at the head of his battalion instead of behind it, for that was the kind of fighting man Old Swivel-eye was.

The captains transmitted their orders to their respective companies by a wave of their hands, while the sergeants and corporals emphasized the command to rise with sharp injunctions to "Snap out of it!"—"Hit the deck!"—"Rise and shine!"—and other like nautical tricks of expression, all of which were traditionally sacred in this organization, which, entrained or afloat or afield, never permitted itself to forget that it was essentially a seafaring set of men.

In consequence its mess kitchen is always the galley; it banks up the gunwales of its tents to keep the water out; and, if necessity takes it into the saddle, it boards the equine craft by the starboard gangway regardless of the landsman's habit of mounting by the port stirrup instead.

"Hoist your speed cones!" said the major sharply; and one minute later the battalion was on the move, in column of twos.

And a jaunty line those young sprigs made of it; and as they marched they sang the marine's most boastful song:

*"The Leathernecks, the Leathernecks, with dirt behind their ears!*
*The Leatherneck's the man that mops up all the beers;*
*The infantry, the cavalry and the dirty engineers*
*Couldn't lick the Leathernecks in a hundred thousand years."*

A courier on a motorcycle came charging up and handed the major a message. He paused to scan it, and in consequence of that scanning the battalion, which, still hugging the shade of the friendly forest on the left, had been flowing up the road like a brown stream, now twisted to the right into a deep, narrow gulch, there immediately turned to the left again, passed under a culvert in the road, and continued in the gully. The ocular effect from the roadway was of a disappearance as complete as if a long brown serpent were crawling into its hole.

The gulch, lightly fringed with bushes, angled off through the wheat field, which, according to the ancient map, should have been woods and grateful cover. The khaki line was still able to march two abreast, however, and it wound forward sinuously and with a certain sense of security until all at once there sounded a rude, jarring explosion in the gulch well up toward the head of the column; following which there was a confused echo in the narrow, tortuous space, with low, murmuring cries and sharp orders barked out quickly.

In obedience to these orders the movement of the column halted and the individual parts thereof glued themselves close against the forward bank of the gully and waited breathlessly to see whether something else would happen. It did. Things were bursting in there every few seconds, and after every burst there were men clinging to the sides that loosed their hold and rolled helplessly to the bottom.

Yet nobody leaped out of the gulch. Discipline manifested itself instantly.

Nobody must know that the battalion was entering the wheat field. The enemy did not know it was in the gully. He only knew the gully was there, and from time to time dropped small packages of high explosive into it on speculation. That was all he was doing now; but unfortunately his present speculation was deadly.

Nobody sang any longer. The last note of the Leatherneck song had died with the first whistle of a shell. Nobody forced a joke or told a funny story to keep his courage up. It was time for business now, not bravado. Ancient Dan got the stretcher men methodically at their work, himself helping skillfully with first aid; but while he helped he had time to note a tall young man who watchfully compelled other young men to plaster themselves closer under the shelving bank.

This was the same young man Riley had been awesomely told was a Deke. Corporal Deke they had begun to call him now; and Riley, observing critically, noticed that his face was pale, his manner shaken, and that his voice trembled when he gave his commands, while his eyes had a look of hurt surprise in them, as if he was pained rather at something he found within himself than at anything he saw without.

"Look-ut!" exclaimed Ancient Dan to himself, employing his favorite expression and considering the young man thoughtfully.

But, for all that trembling voice and shaken manner, Corporal Deke had given the commands.

"Up and over!" came an order from mouth to mouth down the line; and as it came along each man who was in condition to respond to any order lifted himself cautiously, bent his body caterpillarlike over the edge of the gulch, nosed through the fringe of bushes, and wriggled into the standing wheat, which was headed well but not yet ripened.

The battalion did not stop in the edge of the wheat, but wriggled stealthily forward in open order and succeeding waves. And the major was out there crawling also, just a few paces behind the center of his command.

The teeth of Private Hodges were chattering slightly and he endeavored both to cover and to apologize for his nervousness by confiding to Corporal Deke:

"It isn't quite my idea of going into battle."

And Corporal Deke himself was immensely relieved to have an occasion for endeavoring to make casual conversation.

"Not a bit like picture-book stuff," he commented, by way of proving that his mind was not clinging morbidly to the sights back there in the gulch. "Our major doesn't wave his sword and say 'Charge for the guns!'—does he?"

"On the contrary, he hasn't got even a sword. 'Crawl up your ditch,' he says; 'and keep your heads down, darn you!'"

And Donald was going to smile at this feeble oozing of his wit when both had their attention distracted from each other by noticing that the man ahead of them had ceased crawling and was tearing madly at his first-aid package. The two found relief in going to his assistance.

"This—this sitting still and being shelled! This—this lying here in the wheat and being machine-gunned!" remarked Corporal Deke when that incident of the first aid was well behind them.

"If we could only jump up and go after 'em ——" suggested Donald, whose teeth were gritted now instead of chattering.

"That's right," agreed the corporal; "but you can't depend on the rush of excitement in this game. Fighting in this man's war is ninety per cent holding still while the other fellow does things to you. You can't do that on bluff. You do it on nerve."

"I wonder if I've got it," confessed young Hodges honestly.

"Not inherently—no," answered Deke for himself just as honestly. "But we—we're Marines!"

There floated into his mind and into Donald's all that glorious tradition of the flinchless courage and the unhalting heroism of the famous organization whose reputation they and six thousand other young men held in their hands this day.

"We've got to have it!" declared Donald; and, reaching over, he shook hands with the corporal—two trembling hands clasping in a tryst of friendship and fortitude.

Then Corporal Deke, his own nerves considerably steadied, fell back and wormed along the line, looking his squad over. It is probable that in the course of what remained of daylight he exchanged several other little confidences like that with Private Donald Hodges.

Meantime, taking no particular account at all of Corporal Deke and Private Hodges, this very important engagement of which the two were such an infinitesimal part went on and developed according to the nature of the terrain. And the terrain was full of traps—thousands of acres of open field, intruded upon by scores of more or less connected patches of woodland, sometimes low and marshy, sometimes high and rocky, and each known as the *bois* this or the *bois* that—*bois* being French for woods.

For the most part these forests were not fine and open, but thickly studded with all but impenetrable undergrowth. And cunningly the enemy held these patches of woods and from them sowed death on the wheat fields and the pastures, for it was across these open spaces that the attackers had to move to get to the woods. They called it open fighting because there were no lines—merely contacts with the enemy; no trenches—only individual fox holes; no fortifications—only machine guns as mobile as the shoulders of the sneaking Huns who carried them about.

The scourge of machine-gun and shell fire, which drenched and deluged the areas of combat with flying death, made information difficult to transmit. Runners died with their messages undelivered; field wires were cut by high explosives; liaison was imperfect; uncertainties were inevitable and harassing.

"Is that our men in the woods over there?" inquired Ancient Dan of Grizzled Tom one day after a week of this battle, which, as he had foreseen, had resolved itself into a bushwhacking contest.

"There's one easy way to find out," suggested Tom. "Stand up for ten seconds and if you're still alive it's our men."

"I don't want to know that bad," remarked Dan dryly; and thereafter his shoulders crouched a little lower.

The result of such confusion was that occasionally a dangerous but unsuspected gap was left in the line of the advance; for there was always an advance. No unit ever retreated. It might be wiped out, but it didn't come back. Under such circumstances it was rather inevitable that the battle broke up and crumbled into bits; companies, platoons, squads, outposts fought by and for themselves, knowing but one strategy—never to go back!

After a fortnight Corporal Deke and Private Hodges were still in a wheat field. They had gone through several patches of woods in the interval. They had made straight-ahead progress of a mile. They had done things, seen things that they would never recount. The biggest part of their lives had been lived in this two weeks—the longest part. Anything back of that was dim, distant, far-away, fading into the misty memories of an almost forgotten childhood.

They were the same two men, but they were totally changed. They would never sing again as they lay by the roadside waiting to go into battle. Possibly they would never boast. War was no longer to them an adventure. It was a fierce business that had burned up in them every instinct but one. It had done the same for the hundreds like them who remained alive.

*Teufel Hunden*—devil hounds—the Germans called these smooth, relentless young warriors, and shrank from physical combat with them as from a flame of fire.

"Wonder if they'll get up with hot chow to-night?" said Deke, squatting in a gully and looking in at the rear of Donald's fox hole.

"A hot can of stew?" murmured Donald. "That's my idea of heaven!"

Not once in the whole two weeks had they tasted hot food; but there was always hope.

Sergeant Riley passed—that is, he crawled down the shallow gully that ran behind the fox holes in which all that were left of the ——th Company huddled and held on doggedly. It did not take so many holes to shelter them now, for the company was scarcely larger than a platoon.

As Riley skulked along he turned his head on one side and conferred an encouraging nod on the faces under the two turtlebacks of steel close together in the last of the earthen kennels on the left flank. His last fear about the fighting qualities of these boys had long since died. He now only gazed on them with a sort of wonder, as if marveling at what they might do next.

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"Where's the top going?" inquired Donald.

"Nosing back into those woods there," illuminated the corporal. "The second battalion cleaned them out Wednesday—or was it *jeudi?* And Old Dan's got instructions from the captain to look 'em over for an artillery position."

Thirty yards from the edge of the woods this gully turned in the wrong direction to accommodate further the purposes of the top's reconnaissance. Between the bend and the woods was a stretch of untenanted ground.

This open space was one of those innocent-looking spots that exist everywhere on a battlefield of any size. Clover bloomed there, bees were humming about it and occasionally there was a butterfly.

Considered just by itself, it was an Edenic spot in the sheltering lee of the woods; but every little while bullets whistled there. Shells cracked there. Seventy-sevens curled lazily over and dropped into it and tore its sward to pieces.

Anon it was still again.

The present was one of its still moments; and Ancient Dan, perceiving the uselessness of crawling where crawling afforded no cover, coolly sat up, lighted his pipe, and from that moment, scorning concealment, rose and walked in unhurrying stride toward the wood. Not a bullet nicked the clover about his feet.

Corporal Deke and Private Hodges turned and looked at each other significantly. This was a demonstration of that philosophy in which each had come to believe.

"If it isn't your time they can't get you," said Donald, and the corporal nodded; but both kept their heads down.

Within the wood Sergeant Riley paused for a long, invigorating breath of the cooler air and a delicious and deliberate stretch. It was the first real straightening of his form to an erect position in which he had been able to indulge himself for several days, and he paused long enough to enjoy it thoroughly before beginning in leisurely fashion to skirt the hill to a path that led upward windingly to the summit, which could hardly have been one hundred and fifty feet above him.

Once on this path, he moved cautiously, as the lessons of this brush fighting had taught him; and it was well that he did, for when halfway to the top, as he parted the screen of bushes ahead before taking the next step, his eyes encountered that which halted him abruptly.

He forgot to say "Look-ut!" But his features expressed the idea, for he had come upon a knot of German soldiers so absorbed in adjusting a machine gun in its cradle that they neither saw nor heard him. Germans? Here!

Riley's automatic was instantly in his hand and his first instinct was to step out upon this little party and make prisoners of them all; but reason quickly warned him that if there was one German machine gun over here there must be others.

Holding his fire, he glanced about him quickly, listening acutely. No more Germans were in sight; yet his ear caught the sound of other guttural conversations and the clink of metal on wood and stone, which suggested other adjustments of other guns, both above and on his right upon the hillside.

The crafty old sergeant stood perfectly still, careful not to crack a twig or displace a stone by any hasty movement of his feet, while he reflected upon the situation.

"Filtering back, hey?" he commented mentally and, turning, studied the contour of the terrain to make sure just how the thing had been done.

And this was presently clear. The center of the wide wheat field in front was split by a tongue of forest that constituted the enemy's most embarrassing position on this part of the line. From it ran one of those convenient wrinkles in the land, a small storm-washed gulch, directly toward this jutting patch of wood and rocky hill.

The Huns, having been driven once from this wood, had formed the daring project of sending their men back here in broad daylight, dragging their machine guns after them down the gully and through the wheat; then insidiously establishing them here, where half a dozen such weapons could obliterate Riley's company; or—if they waited till the first battalion moved forward at six o'clock that night, as Dan happened to know was on the card—they could practically wipe out that entire organization with five minutes of this enfilading fire.

The important, the all-important thing, Riley saw, was to get word back to his company and to the battalion to protect themselves until these nests were rooted out or smothered by artillery fire.

But the sergeant had no more than started working his way cautiously down the hill when he heard hobnailed boots grating on the rocks directly below him, the sound of toiling footsteps, accompanied by muttered German oaths. Peering cautiously over a friendly rock, Ancient Dan could see field-gray backs bending under the weight of more machine-gun equipment; and they, too, were clambering upward.

Again the old top fingered his automatic. He could have shot these men dead in their tracks if it were not that the first betrayal of his presence would bring down upon him men from these other machine-gun groups with which the hill seemed alive. He could kill a number of them, but eventually they would kill him; and, for the only time in the old sergeant's recollection, it seemed now to be all-important that he should not be killed.

But the course of action open to him was not clear. There were apparently two guns above him; there was one on the right and possibly one on the left, while certainly here came two or three gun crews toiling up the path; and the time left him for decision was only a matter of seconds.

Immediately behind him on the hillside was the abandoned working of a small quarry, a sort of narrow chamber in the rock, wider than long, open at the top, irregular in shape, with bushes growing on its floor and shrubs and small trees jutting out from crevices in its sides. It promised concealment, but was dangerously like a trap. Riley stepped into it, his revolver in one hand, while with the other he felt for the trench dagger in his belt.

The Germans came puffing up from below, halted, and, obeying the harsh command of a boche noncommissioned officer, lowered the pieces of their gun to the ground and began to set it up on the very ledge of rock across which Riley had slipped.

"Look-ut!" gasped Riley. "There's less and less strategy about this situation."

Following a cutting in the rock that kept him screened from sight, he turned to the rugged side of the quarry and began to climb, pulling himself up by an outcropping here or a gnarled bit of root there, until at length he lay ensconced upon a shelf of earth, with a juniper tree over his head, a tangle of vines in front of him, and the wall of the quarry at his back.

He might have climbed higher; but to do so would have been to crawl into the gun emplacement he had encountered first and which he judged was now some ten feet above his head; while not to climb at all would make discovery sure, because it was an absolute certainty that, once the men with this last gun got it emplaced, they would turn and explore behind them in the quarry for refuge from probable shell fire.

There was perspiration on Riley's wrinkled brow and his sharp old eyes had a worried look in them; he was not scared exactly, but he was perturbed and thinking rapidly.

"Look-ut!" he murmured again. "Our men have got just the same chance as nothing at all with these guns on top of 'em. They're out of luck, sure! And me? Well, I haven't never thought of trying to capture a battery of boche M. G.'s single-handed yet; but it looks like it's liable to be up to the old man to try it, at that."

With these preliminary observations, Ancient Dan resolved himself into a war college and went to work on the problem of strategy the circumstances had set for him.

One element not included in his calculations, however, was that away up in the very hottest place in this old wheat field was an American outpost, all but isolated. It had originally consisted of a combat group of eight men. Now there were but three, and these three were quite of the type of marine that the old sergeant had two weeks before confessed caused his goose flesh to rise as he thought of going into action with them. They were of the type of Private Donald Hodges and Corporal Deke.

This was even betokened by their names, which were as mild as those young men had been by nature when war overtook them—Georgie keeping books in a California Lemon Growers' Exchange; Francis selling ribbons in a Des Moines department store; and Edwin knitting his high white brows and soiling his long, refined fingers in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology—and bent their lives and dispositions to something other than they had purposed.

This outpost of theirs was stationed just where it was to maintain liaison between the first battalion of one regiment which held the wheat field and the wooded ground upon the right and the second battalion of another regiment which held a stretch of woods at some distance on the left.

Between those two battalions was this dangerous gap, where the line grew thin and ceased to exist except in the form of this outpost. It was a line to be thickened as soon as certain matters could be arranged; but those matters hinged on others. Before a full battalion could be plugged into this gap a certain maneuver had to be executed that involved making this woodsy tongue of fire ahead of them untenable for the enemy.

That move could not be made because of certain other contingencies, one of which concerned rooting the boches out of a little town from the ruins of which the said boches defended the flank of their position in the tongue of woods. The flank of the little town was, in its turn, protected by their hold upon a farm farther back, and the farm was covered by a high ridge, which Fritz held in great strength.

The operation was, therefore, first against this ridge, then against the farm, then the town, and then the tongue of woods. All would go down together like the proverbial house of cards, once that larger operation was set in successful motion; and back at divisional headquarters they were preparing for this with artillery, with machine guns, with gas, with the bayonet and the bomb.

Meantime, to save unnecessary human wastage, this dangerous part of the line was held thinly, so dangerously thinly that, as we have seen, the Hun was creeping back into this rocky woodland patch from which he was supposed to have been expelled completely.

"Pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop!" said a machine gun, deliberately registering the range.

Old Dan Riley writhed behind his bush, sweating more and more profusely. In the outpost George, the bookkeeper, cocked his helmeted head cautiously ganderwise and peered with amazement into the woody eminence in his rear.

"What do you make of that, Buddy?" he inquired with the slow, calculating utterance of a veteran of many warlike experiences.

A stubble-faced, unkempt creature, dirty beyond belief from constant burrowings in the ground to escape shell fire and frequent burrowings out when the shell had covered him with earth, sat up in his kennel and listened also. This was Francis, the ribbon salesman.

"That's not a Hotchkiss, you know!" exclaimed Georgie.

"Of course not!" agreed Francis, who had recognized instantly the difference between the swift whir of American or French machine-gun fire and the slow, deliberate, calculated plugging away of a German piece.

"It's a boche gun some of our fellows have captured. They took hundreds of 'em back there a piece."

But Georgie's expression was one of incredulity.

(Continued on Page 32)





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*—ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA—Vol. XVI, Page 341.*

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# Korry-Krome

GENUINE LEATHER – THE TOUGHEST SOLE

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(Continued from Page 30)

"Listen!" he insisted after a moment. "There's another cutting in right near it—playing the same tune too. Francis, old pal, they are boches! I can't make out where they're shooting though." And the young man tried to perform the acrobatic feat of lifting his head and lowering his body at the same time.

"I spy!" exclaimed Francis. "See that dust whipping up the road down there. They're ranging the wheat field where —— Company is dug in."

For a moment the two men gazed so intently at the rocky woodland that the third man lifted up his head and gazed also. Francis spoke first.

"We have to go get 'em, Georgie," he said.

"We do," assented Georgie. "Winnie, you hold the post."

"I'll hold her—damn her!" said Edwin, and looked to the Chauchat. "But I'd rather go along."

"Holding this post against a whole regiment of Huns is as much glory as getting cut in two by a stream of M. G. bullets," said Georgie tersely as he methodically lightened his body of all surplusage not needed in physical combat.

"Only it appears we haven't been holding 'em," commented Edwin. "They've been sneaking through on us."

"Well, watch 'em sneak out again!" And Francis described a short and vigorous arc with his bayonet before prostrating himself and beginning to do a belly wiggle in the wake of Georgie, who was already crawling toward the woods.

Rather stolidly, Edwin watched them go, two men with rifles in their hands and grenades in their pockets, against two machine guns; and the act did not seem to him particularly audacious or startlingly unusual. It was just business, the business to which he and they had, in two interminable weeks, become recklessly inured.

As to the issues in this unequal combat Edwin did not even speculate. Battle had done that much to him already—he merely gripped his Chauchat in its rest and peered cautiously out in front.

At least fifteen minutes earlier, however—say about the time when Ancient Dan was standing listening on the hillside after sighting the first of the Huns—a ripple of excitement had been created where his company was dug in, along the gulch in the grain, by the arrival of the company bugler, called always by the marines "the music," and employed always in battle as a runner or message bearer. His name was Winns, but mostly they called him Music, and he had just crept in from a trip to regimental headquarters by a circuitous route that had taken him through those same scrubby woods.

"Lieutenant," he croaked, "there's boches in the woods back there—boches with machine guns."

Lieutenant Wexford glanced involuntarily at the woods and then gazed at his runner with cool disbelief in his eyes.

"You're nutty, Winns!" he decided. "The second battalion went right through that scrub day before yesterday."

"They might have trickled back in," suggested Music.

"How could they, with the outpost there and the first battalion hooked round the other corner of the woods?" argued the lieutenant with himself while he studied the map.

Nevertheless, he thought enough of the matter to take Winns to the captain.

"Nonsense!" said the captain. "I walked through the back of those woods myself last night with the major. Besides, Sergeant Riley is reconnoitering over there now."

In the company commander's mind this seemed to settle the matter—for the time being, at any rate.

"Which shows," grumbled Music, sore at being disbelieved, "that in this man's army if a captain thinks a thing isn't so it isn't so. But there's boches over there just the same," he confided to his friend, Private Donald Hodges.

"Let's go over and rout 'em out," suggested Donald, who was getting a trifle fed up with his hole. "How many did you say?"

"If I saw one I saw a dozen," declared Music sullenly.

"With machine guns?"

"They had machine guns—yes."

"Then let's take a few grenades and go to it," insisted Donald.

Such an individualistic venture without permission was highly unmilitary, but it was also highly American. Music took to the idea with an undemonstrative kind of eagerness.

"Show that captain!" he muttered, stocking up his pockets with grenades.

"We ought to have enough men for a regular combat group; we ought to have eight," reflected Donald when he began to think of the project less as a personal enterprise and more as a military maneuver.

"Eight!" muttered Music. "We might as well ask for the whole battalion."

Lifting his head Music took a cautious survey to make sure of the whereabouts of Corporal Deke; for if this little expedition was to get away successfully Deke must be avoided.

P-p-ang! It was a sound like a hammer blow on sheet metal. Music's helmet bounced from his head and he dropped back into Donald's fox hole, rubbing a bunched place in his hair.

"Close enough!" commented Donald, picking up the helmet and studying the dent in it.

"Too close!" averred Music fervently.

"Luck or a sniper?" speculated Donald.

"I'm going to find out," said Music; and, placing his dented tin hat on the end of his bayonet, he lifted it carefully to the height at which he had just exposed it.

There was no instant ringing of jacketed steel on hardware. The hat moved round rather persistently on the end of the bayonet. Still, no shot was drawn.

"Accident!" decided Music; and, donning the helmet, he scouted his eye round once more for the Deke, who was nowhere in sight. "Off we go!" Music ordered, and worked out of the dugout.

Hodges followed; but the two had made only one hundred feet of stealthy progress when a shell landed with a plunk in the ditch ahead of them—a plunk and no explosion.

"Dud!" said Donald.

"Lucky for us!" agreed Music. "But is it teatime? Every day at teatime Fritz throws five shells into this ditch. He counts the hour with 'em."

"I wish we had laid up there in the cook pit till he got done striking five," admitted Donald. "These shells make me awful nervous. It's funny too! Before I came to war I could always figure that the shells would fall every place but on me. Now I can't figure how they can fall any place else. Listen to that, will you?"

A sound that was like a slowly rotating sniffle came lazily down from the upper air. Sniffle! Sniffle! Sniffle!

"It's so darned deliberate and slow!" complained Music, flattening himself against the bottom of the gulch.

"And it's such an ominous silence when the sniffling stops all at once and you're waiting to know whether you're to be landed on or not," alleged Donald.

P-p-p-ow! That deep, smothered note of explosion that comes when a shell has buried itself in the earth and then lets go heartily echoed fearsomely in the narrow gulch, showering both the bugler and the private with clods and sprinkling dirt. The two lay a moment comfortably realizing that it was earth and not fragments of a German seventy-seven which had rained down upon their backs. Music rose first and shook himself.

"Time for us to move along down," he said. "Fritz is heading upstream."

"Suppose he was to change his game and work downstream," considered Donald. "Number three might get us right in the back of the neck!"

"That wouldn't be Fritz," argued Music. "He does everything methodically. That number-one shell dropped forty yards below us; number two, ten yards below us; and number three will drop twenty yards above us—and twenty yards is much too close for convenience. I'll say we mooch along down toward where the first one struck; and then, when he's all through with announcing teatime, we can kind of debouch into those woods."

"Hey!" called a hoarse voice behind them. "Hey!"

The two looked back to see Corporal Deke waving at them.

"Tough luck!" said Donald.

"Yeh!" decided Music, viewing the approaching corporal apprehensively.

"Where are you two birds pulling out for now?" Deke demanded in tones of complaint when he had wormed down to them.

"Just a little reconnaissance over here in the woods," said Music with a shrug.

"Oh! You were, were you?" sneered the corporal. "Well, who told you you could go?"

"We didn't like to bother you," explained Donald, but not meeting the corporal's eye very squarely.

"No; I guess you didn't," retorted the Deke dryly. "You get back up there in that hog wallow where you belong."

"Mine isn't a hog wallow—if you've looked into it," protested Donald. "My funk hole is as good a piece of engineering as ——"

"Squat!" directed Corporal Deke.

There was that ominous, long-drawn-out sniffle in the sky again, only this time it was a louder and more vicious hissing than before; and the interval when its sniffling had ceased and the exact spot of its intended arrival had not yet been revealed was a more solemn and nerve-stretching moment.

"Hundred-and-fifty-five!" whispered Deke solemnly.

And just then it seemed as if the cover was torn clear off the wheat field. The earth trembled beneath their palpitating stomachs and a cloud of dust as large as a circus tent arose in the field.

"Blamed if Fritz didn't switch on us!" confessed Music in surprise, still lying low from having no exact idea of how long the fragments of such a shell may remain in the air before descending to their work of despoiling the human anatomy.

"Must be having something special for tea to-day," suggested Donald.

"Yes," observed Corporal Deke facetiously. "I suppose they heard you two young Napoleons were just moving off over there to flank the entire German Army."

Deke meantime had lifted his face cautiously above the rim of the gulch and was contemplating with his eye the exact spot in the wheat field where a ring of fresh-plowed earth and a thickening core of dust indicated that the hundred-and-fifty-five had landed.

"Not such bad shooting at that!" commented Music, sweeping an eye round to note that in all this line of funk holes helmets like turtlebacks appeared, indicating that every man was alert to this new assault upon his peace and security, and was also measuring with his eye the exact landing place of the shell and solemnly casting up probabilities.

"They never have registered on this gully with hundred-and-fifty-fives," remarked Deke—"not in four days."

"But they're going to register now," declared Music, and pointed to where an enemy balloon held the wheat field under direct observation. "His glasses will get the exact location of the dust cloud and in fifteen minutes they'll be dropping those big babies right in this ditch."

"Which," assented Deke, "is something else again, and means that if any of us are still alive we've got to push another hundred yards into the wheat and dig in again."

"More digging!" grumbled Donald. "I enlisted in this war to fight—not to be a darned ditch digger."

"There's Huns in that patch of trees and rocks over there," announced Music, partly by way of changing a none too pleasant subject and partly by way of diplomatically enlisting the interest of the corporal in the project he and Donald had in mind.

"Dead ones," observed the corporal acridly; "and you two kid marines were going over there after souvenirs. Well, there's nothing doing."

"Live ones," affirmed Music—"with machine guns."

"Jumping beeswax! On our flank? How many?"

"I saw about a dozen."

"Why in time didn't you tell the captain?"

"He wouldn't believe me. Officially there aren't any Huns there. Unofficially there are."

"How'd they get there?"

"Easy enough—a piece of our line's up in the air out yonder."

"And you two birds were going over to clean 'em up alone?" inquired Deke sarcastically.

"Three would be better. Mooch along!" suggested Music, proudly unmoved by sarcasm.

"You blamed fools!" assayed Deke, and paused to consider. "Why —— Say, Riley?" he sputtered suddenly. "Dan's out there reconnoitering."

"He's probably been taken prisoner by now," suggested Music craftily.

"Riley?" Corporal Deke jumped as if he had been hit. "What do you mean prisoner? You damned slanderer!" And Deke's hands were almost at Music's throat. "No Hun can take Dan Riley prisoner. He's human. Bullets will kill him, but nobody can take him prisoner."

Pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop! said the machine gun on the hill. These were the first of those range shots which had so startled the trio in the outpost and which had set Dan Riley to raging in his lair.

"There they are, by gad!" exclaimed Deke savagely, his whole point of view changed by the realization that Ancient Dan was over there and might be in trouble. "Come on; let's get 'em! Got any eggs?"

"Three apiece."

"Whack 'em up," ordered the corporal; "then we'll each have two."

Sergeant Riley about this time was tying himself into knots. He had seen two other machine guns brought up and placed below the last one on the hillside—three guns within a space of fifteen yards. Slowly the veteran top's dappled gray hair rose on end as they tried the range; and when their traverses swept that distant roadway, raising little trains of dust that ran to and fro in it, he almost moaned aloud. The hellishness of it was that in ten minutes by his watch the first battalion would move out of the woods and cross that road.

"There's at least one gun that'll never cut down on 'em," declared the old man stubbornly; and he began carefully to slip down the side of the rock to the open chamber of the quarry.

Every movement was in sight of the men at the nearest gun if they had but looked over their shoulders; but they did not do this. They were too intent upon the registering of their piece. But as Riley crept forward there was a vicious crack on the hillside below, which to the sergeant resembled quite completely the explosion of a hand grenade, and he saw the men at the gun start and peer forward.

"*Teufel Hunden!*" one of them gutturaled in startled tones.

Possibly ten seconds later Riley noted over their backs the tin helmet and the square, muscled shoulders of a marine who appeared suddenly from behind the bush that masked the second machine gun below Dan's eyrie. Coolly and swiftly the American caught the gun's muzzle with his bare hand, threw it from its bed, and for the infinitesimal fraction of a second stood grinning down derisively at the surprised gunners, who, true to form, when once a foe was on them and hand-to-hand conflict imminent, threw up their hands with cries of "*Kamerad!*"

With a quick jerk of the bayonet rearward, the marine ordered them down the hill, with arms held high, while he dodged upward.

Meantime the men of the crew nearest to Riley depressed the muzzle of their own gun to command that stalwart, advancing figure. This was Riley's chance, and he leaped in among them so startlingly that the astonished crew surrendered without having been able to fire a shot. But instantaneously the tables were turned again.

"Hands oop, *Amerikaner!*" shouted a coarse voice from above; and the sergeant and Georgie looked up to find a machine gun on the rim of rock above already depressed to command them, while a noncommissioned officer gloated over them exultantly.

The younger marine's quick-thinking response to this was a sneer and a hoarse cry.

"Marines never surrender!" he shouted.

And, pushing Riley on one side so violently as to fling him down and temporarily out of the zone of fire, the former bookkeeper of the lemon exchange sprang with the agility of a cat to the side of the excavation, dodged behind a rock, circled a bowlder, dashed under the branches of a low-hanging tree, and was springing at them from a distance of a dozen feet, his bayonet poised as he came, while the Huns tried to swing the machine gun toward him and the officer fumbled with a grenade.

"None o' that now! None o' that!" announced a sharp voice behind them; and the group stood petrified, even to Georgie, who looked up in amazement to see Corporal Deke squatting behind another German gun, his hand upon the trigger and his sights set to cut the Germans down like ripened grain.

There followed a moment of sensation as Sergeant Riley, who had scrambled to his feet and backed off till his eyes could command what was happening on the stage

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above him, demanded in slightly exasperated but extremely grateful tones:

"Well, Deke, where the blazes did you come from?"

"From our rest billets over in the wheat," suggested Corporal Deke blandly. "Hodges and Music got uneasy when they heard these guns ranging up here and wanted to look you up. We spotted these fellows warming up and came down on top of 'em, picking 'em off one at a time, and all nice and quiet, when somebody started this row down below here."

"Hodges and Music? Where are they?"

"Music? Got it, I guess," reflected the corporal slowly. "He hasn't been with me since the first gun. Hodges is back here holding the prisoners."

"Prisoners?"

"We've got six live ones and three guns," exulted Corporal Deke.

"And I thought you had too much education to make a fighter!" murmured Sergeant Dan, eying Deke almost mournfully till he recalled Georgie standing there, and turned on him with: "And you—you young dare-devil!" he declared. "You're that lemon-squash from California, ain't you? What's your story?"

"Yes, sir," smiled Georgie, saluting. "There's no story though. Francis and me heard the first pop of these fellows up here, I guess, and we just came up to take 'em out."

"Two of you—huh!—rushing a hill full of machine guns! Francis is that millinery salesman from Des Moines, ain't he? Well, where is Francis?"

"He's sitting down there under a bush, holding his foot. The first crew saw us and cut down on us."

"You mean that you rushed three machine guns from the front single-handed?" demanded Riley accusingly.

"*Teufel Hunden!*" muttered the German noncom, and shook his head in a puzzled way, as if such bravery could not be.

"Not single-handed—no, sir," protested Georgie, somewhat embarrassed. "Francis hobbled along to look after the prisoners. There's only three of 'em. That first crew was kind of spoilt when I had to drop an egg on 'em."

"Well, I'll be ——" began Ancient Dan; and just then a rattle of machine-gun and rifle fire, mingled with shouts, echoed from away out on the level of the wheat field.

The eyes of the three men in khaki, and of the prisoners as well, shifted to where the first battalion debouched from its covering of woods and advanced by rushes to a concerted line in the open field some fifty yards from the edge of their objective woods. There they reformed in the face of a galling fire from the wood, leaped up again, and with frenzied yells darted into it, bayonets flashing, grenades lobbing over.

The whole movement seemed over in three minutes; for when an enterprise like that succeeds it succeeds quickly.

"It's owing to you that they didn't have to face any fire except what's in front of them," Riley said soberly to his khaki comrades.

"And that was enough," said Georgie significantly, noting the brownish heaps upon the plain.

Sergeant Riley gathered up his captures—fourteen prisoners and seven machine guns. One prisoner took Francis on his back; two others carried Music, who, gravely wounded, was yet very much alive.

"They got me," he smiled at Dan; "but they didn't get me hard enough."

The rest of the prisoners bore the captured guns, which it would seem they must have become quite used to dragging about by this time, and at the bottom of the hill they met Lieutenant Wexford and half a platoon; for the captain, warned by the first of those range shots that Music had told him truly, had immediately ordered a reconnaissance in force.

"Believe me now, don't you, lieutenant?" demanded Music with a leer.

"Yes, Music, I do," admitted the lieutenant.

That night Ancient Dan crawled over into the edge of the apple orchard, where his company joined Tom Mogan's. "Education and being young don't hurt 'em, I do believe," conceded Dan. "They fight like wildcats, just the same."

# SAMMY BOY

(Continued from Page 11)

out and if I had of went my name would be in the casuality list as missing in actions but I guess at that if Florrie picked up the paper and seen it she wouldn't know it was her husband its so long since she wrote it on a envelop.

Well Al they's other gals in the world besides Florrie and of course its to late to get serious with them when a man has got a wife and kid but beleive me I am going to enjoy myself if they happen to pick out Cologne to send us to and if the little gal down there is 1 of the kind that can be good pals with a man without looseing her head over me I will sure have a good time but I suppose when she sees me she will want to begin flirting or something and then I will half to pass her up before anybody gets hurt. Well any way I wrote her a friendly letter today and just told her to keep me in mind and I stuck a few French words in it for a gag but I will coppy down what I wrote the best I can remember it so you will know what I wrote. Here it is.

*Mon cher Marie:* Your note reed. and you can bet I was mighty glad to hear from you and learn you would show me around Cologne. That is if they send us there and if we get out of here alive. Well you said you was just learning English well I will maybe be able to help you along and you can maybe help me with the French so you see it will be 50 50. Well I sure hope they send us to Cologne and I will let you know the minute I find out where they are going to send us and maybe even if its somewheres else couldn't you visit there at the same time and maybe I could see you. Well girlie we will be out of here in less then a wk. now if we don't have no bad luck and you can bet I won't waist no time getting to where ever they send us and I hope its Cologne. So in the mean wile don't take no wood nickles and don't get impatient but be a good girlie and save up your loving for me. Tres beaucoup from

Your Sammy Boy,
JACK KEEFE

That's what I wrote her Al and I bet she can't hardly wait to hear if I'm comeing or not but I don't suppose they's any chance of them sending us there and a specially if they find out that anybody wants to go there but maybe she can fix it to meet me somewheres else and any ways they won't be no lifes lost if I never see her and maybe it would be better that way. But a man has got to write letters or do something to keep your mind off what happened to them poor birds that went in the patrol and a specially when I come so near being 1 of them.

Your pal, JACK

IN THE TRENCHS, May 18.

*FRIEND AL:* Well Al if I am still alive yet its not because I laid back and didn't take no chances and I wished some of the baseball boys that use to call me yellow when I was in there pitching had of seen me last night and I guess they would of sang a different song only in the 1st. place I was where they couldn't nobody see me and secondly they would of been so scared they would of choked to death if they tried to talk let alone sing. But wait till you hear about it.

Well yesterday P.M. Sargent Crane asked me how I liked life in the trenchs and I said O.K. only I got tired on acct. of they not being no excitement or nothing to do and he says oh they's plenty to do and I could go out and help the boys fix up the bob wire in front of the trenchs like we done back in the training camp. So I said I didn't see how they could be any fixing needed as they hadn't nothing happened on this section since the war started you might say and the birds that was here before us had plenty of time to fix it if it needed fixing. So he says "Well any ways they's no excitement to fixing the wire but if you was looking for excitement why didn't you go with that patrol the other night?" So I said "Because I didn't see no sence to trying to find out who was in the other trenchs when we know they are Germans and that's all we need to know. Wait till they's a real job and you won't see me hideing behind nobody." So he says "I've got a real job for you tonight and you can go along with Ted Phillips to the listening post."

Well Al a listening post is what they call a little place they got dug out way over near the German trenchs and its so close you can hear them talk sometimes and you are supposed to hear if they are getting ready to pull something and report back here so as they won't catch us asleep. Well I was wild to go just for something to do but I been haveing trouble with my ears lately probably on acct. of the noise from so much shell fire or something but any ways I have thought a couple times that I was getting a little deef so I thought I better tell him the truth so I said "I would be tickled to death to go only I don't know if I ought to or not because I don't hear very good even in English and of course Jerry would be telling their plans in German and suppose I didn't catch on to it and I would feel like a murder if they started a big drive and I hadn't gave my pals no warning." So he says "Don't worry about that as Phillips has got good ears and understands German and he has been there before only in a job like that a man wants company and you are going along for company."

Well before we snuck out there Sargent Crane called us to 1 side and says "You boys is takeing a big chance and Phillips knows what to do but you want to remember Keefe to keep quite and not make no noise or talk to each other because if Jerry finds out you are there we probably won't see you again."

Well Al it finely come time for us to go and we went and if anybody asks you how to spend a pleasant evening don't steer them up against a listening post with a crazy man. Well I suppose you think its pretty quite there at home nights and I use to think so to but beleive me Al, Bedford at 2 o'clock in the A.M. is a bowling alley along the side of 1 of these here listening posts. It may sound funny but I would of gave a month's pay if somebody would of shot off a fire cracker or anything to make a noise. There was the bosh trench about 20 yds. from us but not a sound out of them and a man couldn't help from thinking what if they had of heard us out there and they was getting ready to snoop up on us and that's why they was keeping so still and it got so as I could feel 1 of their bayonets burrowing into me and I am no quitter Al when it comes to fighting somebody you can see but when you have got a idear that somebody is cralling up on you and you haven't no chance to fight back I would like to see the bird that could enjoy themself and besides suppose my ears had went back on me worse then I thought and the Dutchmens was realy makeing a he—ll of a racket but I couldn't hear them and maybe

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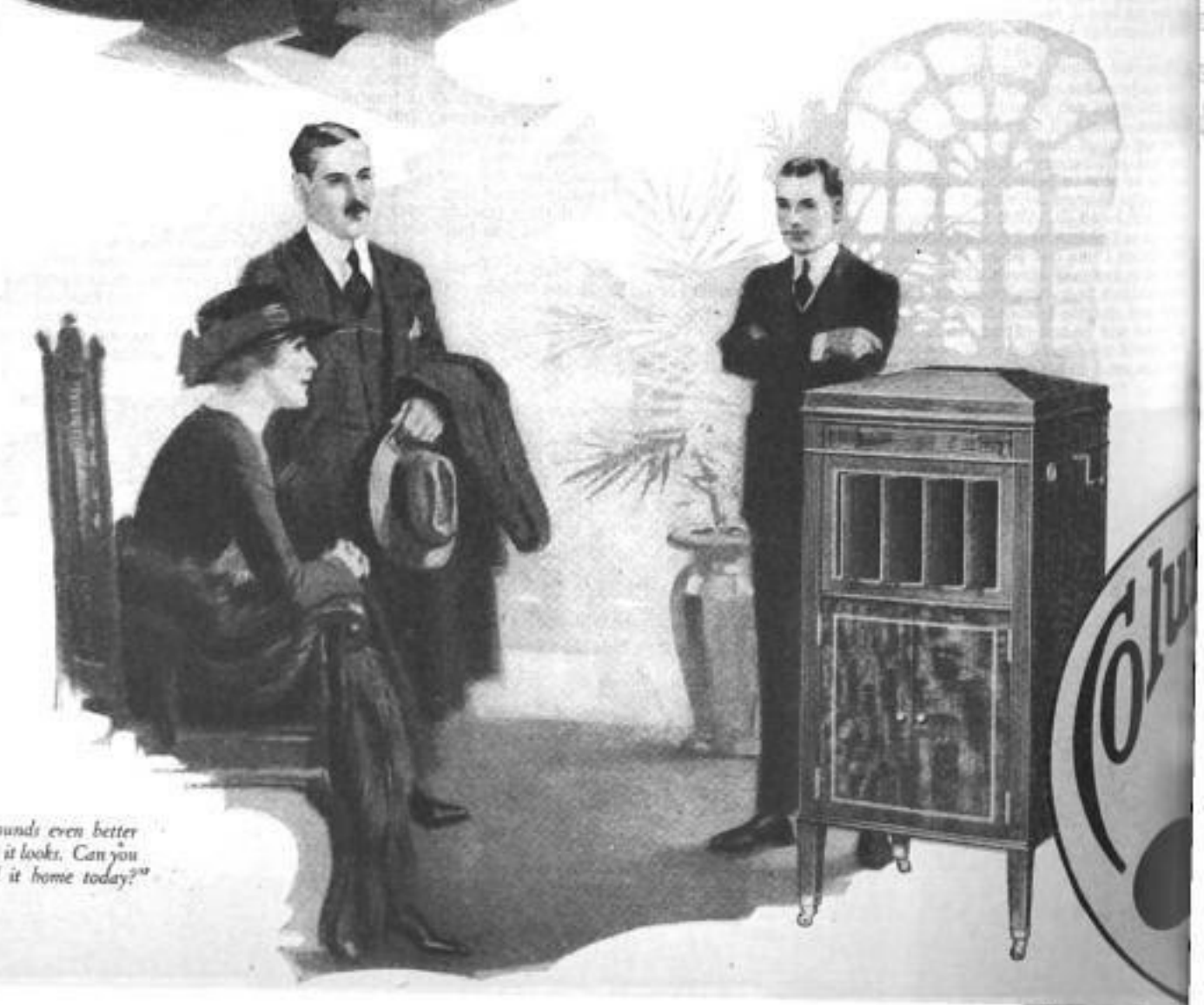
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# Grafonola

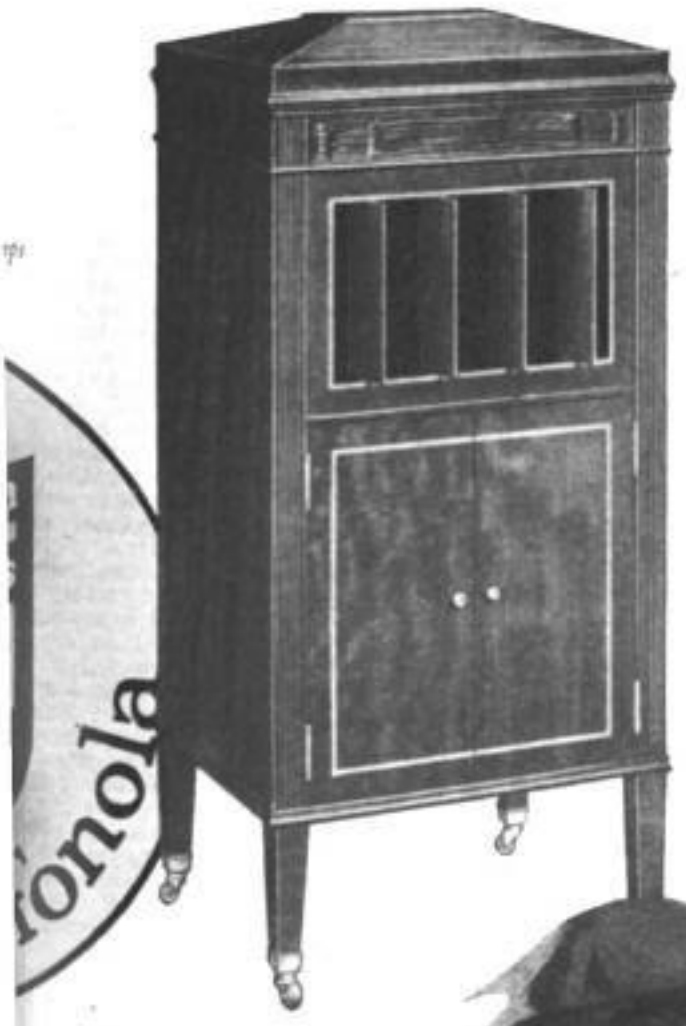
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they was getting ready to come over the top and I wouldn't know the differents and all of a sudden they would lay a garage and dash out behind it and if they didn't kill us we would be up in front of the court's marshal for not warning our pals.

Well as I say I would of gave anything for some one to of fired off a gun or made some noise of some kind but when this here Phillips finely opened up his clam and spoke I would of jumped a mile if they had of been any room to jump anywheres. Well the sargent had told us to not say nothing but all of a sudden right out loud this bird says this is a he—ll of a war. Well I motioned back at him to shut up but of course he couldn't see me and he thought I hadn't heard what he said so he said it over again so then I thought maybe he hadn't heard the sargent's orders so I whispered to him that he wasn't supposed to talk. Well Al they wasn't no way of keeping him quite and he says "That's all bunk because I been out here before and talked my head off and nothing happened." So I says well if you have got to talk you don't half to yell it. So then he tried to whisper Al but his whisper sounded like a jazz record with a crack in it so he says I am not yelling I am whispering so I said yes I have heard Hughey Jennings whisper like that out on the lines.

So he shut up for a wile but pretty soon he busted out again and this time he was louder then ever and he asked me could I sing and I said no I couldn't so then he says well you can holler can't you so I said I suppose I could so he says "Well I know how we could play a big joke on them square heads. Lets the both of us begin yelling like a Indian and they will hear us and they will think they's a whole crowd of us here and they will begin bombing us or something and think they are going to kill a whole crowd of Americans but it will only be us 2 and we can give them the laugh for waisting their amunitions."

Well Al I seen then that I was parked there with a crazy man and for a wile I didn't say nothing because I was scared that I might say something that would encourage him some way so I just shut up and finely he says what is the matter ain't you going to join me? So I said I will join you in the jaw in a minute if you don't shut your mouth and then he quited down a little, but every few minutes he would have another swell idear and once he asked me could I imitate animals and I said no so he says he could mew like a cow and he had heard the boshs was so hard up for food and they would rush out here thinking they was going to find a cow but it wouldn't be no cow but it would be a horse on them.

Well you can imagine what I went through out there with a bird like that and I thought more then once I would catch it from him and go nuts myself but I managed to keep ahold of myself and the happiest minute of my life was when it was time for us to crall back in our dug outs but at that I can't remember how we got back here.

This A.M. Sargent Crane asked me what kind of a time did we have and I told him and I told him this here Phillips was squirrel meat and he says Phillips is just as sane as anybody usualy only everybody that went out on the listening post was effected that way by the quite and its a wonder I didn't go nuts to.

Well its a wonder I didn't Al and its a good thing I kept my head and kept him from playing 1 of those tricks as god knows what would of happened and the entire regt. might of been wipped out. But I hope they don't wish no more listening post on me but if they do you can bet I will pick my own pardner and it won't be no nut and no matter what Sargent Crane says if this here Phillips is sane we're stopping at Palm Beach.

Your pal, JACK

IN THE TRENCHS, May 19.

*FRIEND AL:* Well old pal don't say nothing about this not even to Bertha what I am going to tell you about as some people might not understand and a specially a woman and might maybe think I wasn't acting right towards Florrie or something though when a man is married to a woman that he has been in France pretty near 4 mos. and she has wrote him 3 letters I don't see where she would have a sqawk comeing at whatever I done but of course I am not going to do nothing that I wouldn't just as leave tell her about it only I want to tell her myself and when I get a good ready.

Well I guess I told you we was only supposed to stay here in the front line 10 days and then they will somebody come and releive us and take our place and then we go to the rest billets somewheres and lay around till its our turn to come up here again. Well Al we been in the front line now eight days and that means we won't only be here 2 days more so probably we will get out of here the day after tomorrow night. Well up to today we didn't have no idear where we was going to get sent as they's several places where the boys can go on leave like Aix le Bains and Nice and etc. and we didn't know which 1 it would be. So today we was talking about it and I said I wished I knew for sure and Jack Brady stands pretty good with 1 of the lieuts. so he says he would ask him right out. So he went and asked him and the lieut. told him Cologne.

Well Al I hadn't no sooner found out when 1 of the boys hands me a letter that just come and it was a letter from this baby doll that I told you about that's in Cologne and I will coppy down the letter so you can see for yourself what she says and here it is Al.

*Dear Sammy Boy:*

I was tres beaucoup to get your letter and will sure be glad to see you and can hardly wait till you get here. Don't let them send you anywhere else as Cologne is the prettiest town in France and the liveliest and we will sure have some time going to shows etc. and I hope you bring along beaucoup francs. Well I haven't time to write you much of a letter as I have got to spend the afternoon at the dressmaker's. You see I am getting all dolled up for my Sammy Boy. But be sure and let me know when you are going to get here and when you reach Cologne jump right in a Noir et Blanc taxi and come up to the house. You know the number so come along Sammy and make it toot sweet.

Yours with tres beaucoup,
MARIE.

So that's her letter Al and it looks like I was going to be in right in old O.D. Cologne and it sure does look like fate was takeing a hand in the game when things breaks this way and when I wrote to this gal the first time I didn't have no idear of ever seeing her but the way things is turning out it almost seems like we was meant to meet each other. Well Al I only hope she has got some sence and won't get to likeing me to well or of course all bets is off but if we can just be good pals and go around to shows etc. together I don't see where I will be doing anything out of the way. Only as I say don't say nothing about it to Bertha or nobody else as people is libel to not understand and I guess most of them women back in the U.S. thinks that when a man has been up at the front as long as we have and then when he gets a few days leave he ought to take a running hop step and jump to the nearest phonograph and put on a record.

Your pal, JACK

IN THE TRENCHS, May 20.

*FRIEND AL:* Well Al just a line and it will probably be the last time I will write you from the trenchs for a wile as our time is up tomorrow night and the next time I write you it will probably be from Cologne and I will tell you what kind of a time they show us there and all about it. I just got through writeing a note to the little gal there telling her I would get there as soon as possible but I couldn't tell her when that would be as I don't know how far it is or how we get there but Brady said he thought it was about 180 miles so I suppose they will make us walk.

Well talk about a quite section and they hasn't even been a gun went off all day or no areoplanes or nothing and here we thought we was going to see a whole lot of excitement and we haven't fired a shot or throwed a grenade or even saw a German all the wile we was here and we are just like when we come only for those poor birds that went on that wild goose chase and didn't come back and they's been some talk about sending another patrol over to get revenge for those poor boys but I guess they won't nothing come of it. It would be like sending good money after bad is the way I look at it.

Several of the boys has been calling me Sammy Boy today and I signed my name that way in 1 of the notes I wrote that little gal and I suppose who ever censored it told some of the boys about it and now they are trying to kid me. Well Al I don't see where a censor has got any license to spill stuff like that but they's no harm done and they can laugh at me all they want to wile we are here as I will be the 1 that does the laughing when we get to Cologne. And I guess a whole lot of them will wish they was this same Sammy Boy when they see me paradeing up and down the blvd. with the bell of the ball. O you sweet Marie.

Your pal, JACK

IN THE TRENCHS, May 22.

*FRIEND AL:* Well Al its all off and we are here yet and what is more we are libel to be here till the duration of the war if we don't get killed and beleive me I would welcome death rather then stay in this he—ll hole another 10 days and from now on I am going to take all the chances they is to take and the sooner they finish me I will be glad of it and it looks like it might come tonight Al as I have volunteered to go along with the patrol that's going over and try and get even for what they done to our pals.

Well old pal it was understood when we come up here that we would be here 10 days and yesterday was the 10th. day we was here. Well I happened to say something yesterday to Sargent Crane about what time was we going and he says where to and I said I thought our time was up and we was going to get releived. So he says "Who is going to releive us and what and the he—ll do you want to be releived of?" So I said I understood they didn't only keep a regt. in the front line 10 days and then took them out and sent them to a rest billet somewheres. So he says what do you call this but a rest billet? So then I asked him how long we had to stay here and he said "Well it may be a day or it may be all summer. But if we get ordered out in a hurry it won't be to go to no rest billet but it will be to go up to where they are fighting the war."

So I made the remark that I wished somebody had of tipped me off as I had fixed up a kind of a date thinking we would be through here in 10 days. So he asked me where my date was at and I said Cologne. So then he kind of smiled and said "O and when was you planing to start?" So I said "I was figureing on starting tonight." So he waited a minute and then he said "Well I don't know if I can fix it for you tonight or tomorrow night, but they's some of the boys going to start in that direction one of them times and I guess you can go along."

Well Al I suppose Alcock and Brady and them has been playing another 1 of their gags on me and I hope they enjoyed it and as far as I am conserned they's no harm done. Cologne Al is way back of the German lines and when Sargent Crane said they was some of the boys starting in that direction he meant this here patrol. So I'm in on it Al and they didn't go last night but tonight's the big night. And some of the boys is calling me Sammy Boy and trying to make a monkey out of me but the smart Alex that's doing it isn't none of them going along on this raid and that's just what a man would expect from them. Because they's a few of us Al that come across the old puddle to fight and the rest of them thinks they are at the Young Peoples picnic.

Your pal, JACK




The Next "Back to the Land" Movement

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# THE AMERICAN ARMY MOTOR EMPIRE ABROAD

(Continued from Page 16)

special book prepared for its guidance. It gives maps showing routes from the sea to every point of importance that we occupy in France; it shows the location of gasoline and repair stations; it gives concrete directions how to pack vehicles so as to use every cubic inch of space. More than once I have encountered these trains winding along the highways bearing their burden of freight.

Though its functions are many-sided the reception park merely represents the first stage in the overseas career of mechanical transport. Equipment is not only subject to a terrific wear and tear but also to the hazards of enemy action. It must be renewed and sometimes rebuilt. Hence the highways of supply and combat are punctuated with a succession of depots known as service, overhaul and reconstruction park. Each has its specific work; together they keep the motor machine fueled and going.

A service park may be installed with combat troops or behind the lines. In the field it consists of mobile workshops, which are motor hospitals on wheels, to which the lame, the halt and sometimes the decrepit vehicles come under their own power for repair. Often these parks are set up in a wheat field or alongside an orchard, with little French children as interested spectators. Such a station maintains a wrecking car and crew who bring in disabled and wrecked vehicles and arrange for evacuating them to the overhaul or reconstruction parks for overhaul if necessary. In the base and intermediate sections these service parks are installed in permanent structures. Whether mobile or immobile they carry a limited stock of spare parts, tires, and in some instances maintain a limited replacement section of motor vehicles in order to substitute when necessary a serviceable motor vehicle for an unserviceable vehicle when sent in for repairs.

### The Admirable Crichton

The overhaul park, which is usually housed in a permanent structure, serves two main purposes—it repairs and overhauls motor vehicles and parts that do not need rebuilding, and also serves as advance supply depot for supplies, material, parts and equipment. Every piece of mechanical transport used by the American Expeditionary Force must be overhauled periodically. It is done at the overhaul park.

At the reconstruction park you find the real casualties of transport. Here is assembled the maimed and battle-scarred equipment brought down by rail for renewal or rebuilding. You see motor cycles that are merely twisted bundles of steel; passenger cars riddled with holes; trucks that are wire-gashed and shrapnel-torn. Crimsoning these vehicles is the good red blood of the American doughboys who stuck to steering wheel until death released their grip. All the tragedy of war is written in these mute symbols of service and sacrifice. The reconstruction park is a combination of what the British call a heavy repair shop and a salvage station for vehicles and spare parts. The work done amounts to actual manufacture, and it is well worth seeing.

The vast reconstruction park that we will now visit is one of the most remarkable institutions in the whole A. E. F., in reality the incarnation of the personality of a no less remarkable man. For now we come to the stronghold of Col. Harry A. Hegeman, Admirable Crichton of mechanical transport. The story of how he wrought the swift transformation of a thousand-acre field into a modern well-equipped American automobile factory employing thousands of men is like a tale out of some industrial Arabian Nights' Entertainments. But there is a difference—the nights that witnessed this marvelous evolution were somewhere in France. Instead of being filled with music and magic they were packed with work and worry. Nowhere in the war have I seen a group of men to surpass the unit that made this performance possible.

The project grew out of a plan devised at Washington in June, 1917, for the establishment of a huge motor transport repair and spare-part plant in France. It demanded a highly trained personnel, an immense amount of specialized machinery and accessories, and an experienced and resourceful commanding officer. This rare combination was achieved because the job of mobilizing men and machines was put up to the then Major, and now Colonel, Harry A. Hegeman, one of the pioneer motor enthusiasts in the Army. Big of bone, tireless of energy, a born leader of men and a glutton for work—this is why they call him "Bull" Hegeman in the Army—he was the ideal choice. A mechanical engineer by profession he went into the Army as volunteer officer in the war with Spain, and remained there. His service ranges from the Philippines to Mexico. He had charge of one of the first motor-truck trains that carried food and supplies for the Pershing punitive expedition that went after Villa. He knew a good deal about motor transport; now came the opportunity to capitalize his experience.

His first step was to buy the necessary machinery. This meant a trip throughout industrial America. In purchasing his equipment he met scores of manufacturers. They had hundreds of artisans coming under the draft. He said to them "Save me your skilled men," and they did. The result was the mechanical repair shop unit that will be forever famous in the annals of the American Expeditionary Force. This is a hand-picked organization of one hundred and eighty officers and four thousand men, who represent exactly one hundred and nineteen different trades and occupations.

With its arrival in France difficulties at once developed. Though the organization brought hundreds of carloads of machinery, spare parts and tools, no site had been selected for its plant. Men and material were dumped out at the little town in the north which is the headquarters of the intermediate section. At once the unit displayed its adaptability to circumstances. Instead of waiting until a site was found it immediately established itself in an old French barracks, where once Napoleon's legions had lived. In this dingy drafty quadrangle, including the stables, a repair shop was set up, and it did efficient work.

Meanwhile a factory site was located thirty miles from town. Now began the dual life of the unit. While one section carried on at the old French barracks the other began to convert the thousand allotted acres into a modern automobile factory. No army labor was available and these highly skilled artisans unloaded freight cars and performed the most menial toil. At the site hundreds saw considerable trench life, but it consisted of digging and leveling ground for roads and cement foundation-post excavations. Frequently they worked in rivers of mud during the wet season and in fierce sun in the dry. Because engineers were unavailable a detachment of these motor mechanics laid five miles of railway trackage, including ballasted roadbeds, switches and turn-outs. It is typical of the character of the organization that the foreman of the railway construction gang was a Chicago druggist who had joined as office man!

### In Temporary Quarters

To obtain material for concrete work and road building it was necessary to dredge sand from the bottom of an adjacent river. It was loaded on a canal boat, drawn eight miles by mule power, unloaded by hand and trucked to its destination. Fifty thousand tons of crushed stone and rock obtained from French quarries was handled in the same way.

Keep in mind the fact that during all this construction work the temporary shops at the old French barracks thirty miles away were turning out an enormous amount of repair and salvage work. Both projects were under Colonel Hegeman's personal supervision. Day and night he dashed from one to the other in a high-powered automobile—inspiring, organizing, planning. Only a man of massive frame, iron constitution and indomitable will could have seen the job through in the face of the handicaps that beset him and his little army of willing workers.

In less than sixty days the first immense shop—a fabricated-steel structure made in the United States and shipped in sections for assembling—rose out of that erstwhile wheat field. Now began the procession of long trains of trucks packed with machine-shop equipment, tools and accessories that found their proper station at last. Before a shop was complete it was in operation, because the equipment was installed on the concrete floors before the last rivet was in the roof. Approximately six hundred tons of freight were unloaded each day by hand during the period when the shops were being equipped. The amount of actual physical labor alone performed by these men is almost beyond belief.

It was midsummer when Colonel Hegeman broke out his flag at this suburb of Detroit that had risen in France. He had five steel shops, each averaging twenty-five thousand square feet, and in addition a vast storehouse equipped with metal shelves, which is the great American spare-part depot overseas.

This park is organized precisely like any one of the great motor plants in the United States, with the additional responsibility of feeding, supplying and housing its four thousand employees. At the apex of the pyramid of organization is Colonel Hegeman. Under him is an executive officer who has charge of office records, correspondence, personnel and statistics. There is a chief quartermaster charged with finance, subsistence and supplies; a master mechanic and a general foreman. Under them in turn are the various technical departments, each in charge of an army captain who in civil life was a mechanical or electrical engineer. These various departments include engineering, electrical work, spare parts, woodworking, motor vehicles, tires. A separate department deals with salvage reports and records. Thus the institution planned to repair and renew motor equipment has become a full-fledged manufacturing plant.

### And They Won the Pennant

Months before this reconstruction park, as it is technically known, was a going concern Colonel Hegeman and his unit had become the handy men of the whole intermediate section. No matter what was wanted the Hegeman outfit could provide it. This is why I called him the Admirable Crichton of mechanical transport. No sooner had he set up shop than he faced a shortage in raw material. A large quantity intended for him was caught up in the service-of-supply pool, and for the moment was unavailable. A little thing like that did not disturb Hegeman. He got in his car, skirmished round the country, and bought up all kinds of metal junk, including abandoned trunnion bands of big guns, which he converted into dies, gears and steering arms.

Once installed, his factory became the repository of requests for every conceivable kind of article. Upon one occasion the Signal Corps was in urgent need of telegraph cross arms and appealed for relief. Within forty-eight hours eight thousand arms, converted out of undressed lumber, were on their way. A whole fleet of five-ton trucks was idle because certain steering arms, unobtainable in France, had not been shipped from America. In five days Colonel Hegeman's factory turned out five hundred, which immediately released this number of trucks for the Front. These arms had to be made with dies and hammers practically manufactured at the plant. A third demand was for certain parts which were urgently required for ambulances. Five thousand were turned out in lots of five hundred every three days, and as a result nearly a thousand ambulances were enabled to be put into service at once.

Still another achievement was the design and construction of a stockroom on wheels for use in renewing motor equipment at the Front. An automobile body designed of wood and metal and equipped with scores of compartments to hold spare parts, and even including a tiny cubbyhole of an office for the clerk in charge, was mounted on a five-ton chassis and has been of great value. The Tank Corps needed a training tank that would give the student a realistic idea of tank riding and control, so the Hegeman unit constructed one mounted on rollers that fills the bill. The chief quartermaster wanted the old-fashioned horse-drawn kitchens improved. Colonel Hegeman's men equipped them with truck wheels, springs and ball bearings, which enabled them to stand shock and hard service, thus making them valuable field assets.

To turn from serious war needs to lighter demands, let me round out this catalogue






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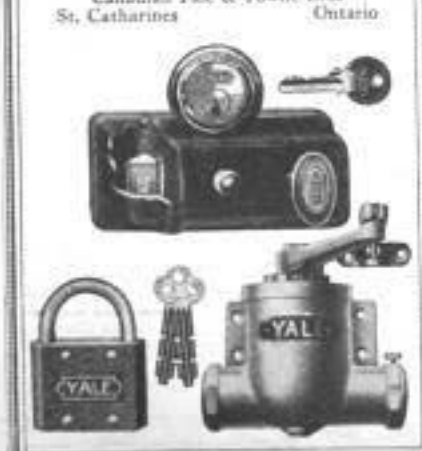
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of emergencies met by saying that when no baseball shoes were available for the six first-class teams in the organization this astounding institution made up a hundred pairs which have proved most serviceable. You are not astonished when I say that at the time I write the reconstruction park nine holds the S. O. S. pennant. This unit does all things well.

Incredible as it may seem, all this spectacular performance has been a mere side issue. The regular task of the construction park is to renew battered motor equipment. The smashed motor cycles, passenger cars and trucks that come in every day emerge, remade and shining. You can follow the progress of a vehicle from the casualty section through these cheerful humming shops until it emerges as good as new. During the week preceding my visit in August, 1638 salvage and emergency jobs were received and 445 of them were completed. The list includes large and small trucks; passenger cars; motor cycles and side cars; bicycles and animal-drawn vehicles such as general service wagons. To do salvage work it was necessary to cope with more than one crisis. The unit found that it had to upholster cars. No multiple cutter to cut trimming was available, so one was manufactured on the premises. The need of an adjustable binder to bind leather to celluloid was met in the same way. The place drips with self-sufficiency.

When you visit this institution you can scarcely believe—save for the presence of officers in uniform—that you are in an establishment built by the Army and for the Army. Those acres of steel shops with their high roofs, glass sides and concrete floors that represent the last word in industrial construction and which resound with the incessant rattle of lathe and hammer might be anywhere in America. Like the great cities of supply that we have reared, it lends itself to indefinite expansion. This is why every time you come back you see some new annex that has risen during your absence.

### *How Do We Do It?*

If overhaul and even complete reconstruction of wheels and bodies represented the whole mechanical transport upkeep proposition it would be an easy matter to keep the service going. But every day thousands of spare parts, from screw to transmission shaft, must be replaced. With standardized vehicles that have interchangeable parts we would simply have to carry a large stock of comparatively few items. Such, unfortunately, is not the case. As I have already pointed out, unpreparedness for war made it necessary for us to buy transport indiscriminately. We use many makes and many types of every make. Their parts are not interchangeable and we are therefore compelled to keep approximately 70,000 different items on the shelves of our stockrooms, and more especially in that great central supply depot which is a part of Colonel Hegeman's establishment up in the intermediate section. How do we do it?

To get the answer we must fall back on that army mainstay—the automatic supply. By this I mean that all spare parts are renewed each month on an automatic basis. When a truck is sent to France a quantity of extra spares is shipped at the same time. If the shipment is a hundred trucks then one hundred sets of spares are started coincidentally on the same boat or some other vessel. It is precisely like the automatic supply of rations that is sent to France with every unit of 25,000 men.

This lot of spares is renewed automatically at regular intervals. In case of exceptional needs, due for example to the destruction of a warehouse of supplies by fire, a requisition is made by cable for a complete new stock. Washington has a complete file of the specific needs of every type of vehicle used. In addition it has the book catalogue of spares of every known truck and vehicle in the A. E. F. If a cablegram is sent asking for "Ten X32362A" it means that ten steering knuckles completely assembled—right front—of a certain five-ton truck are desired. Thus renewal of spare-parts stock, though involving countless items, is reduced to a comprehensive and workable basis.

Taking Colonel Hegeman's central depot as an illustration we find that though millions of articles are carried in stock there is a separate metal bin for every item. This bin is carefully labeled and inspected every day. When a service park, which carries a small stock of spares, makes a requisition on the central depot for renewal of stock the central depot in turn automatically replaces the supply by requisitioning on the reception park at the base port. In this way insurance is taken out against sudden shortages.

When you go into the matter of spare-parts supply you find that in every army certain history repeats itself. This is due to the fact that human nature remains the same whether the person wears a British, a French, an Italian or an American uniform. Most chauffeurs have a tendency to hoard spare parts. They know that, as compared with other motor-car supplies, such as tires, spare parts are scarce. With commendable zeal all desire to keep their equipment going constantly. Hence they resort to all sorts of subterfuges to get a surplus of spares. In order to prevent hoarding and to have the least possible drain on the supply no spare part is renewed until the old part is tendered in exchange. If the part is destroyed and therefore cannot be returned a complete report on the matter of destruction, indorsed by an officer, must be submitted. All requisitions for spare parts must be made out in triplicate. To prevent mistakes these requisitions must be viséed by an officer at the garage or wherever the truck or car happens to be stationed, and who is supplied with complete vocabularies of all spare parts. He orders by numbers, and thus the requisition is made as mistake-proof as possible.

With tires the procedure is of course much simpler. A tire is a tire. It is pneumatic or solid. No elaborate stock of different types is required. Our supply in France is based on carefully figured-out estimates of tire life. Into this computation go such factors as mileage covered, wear and tear, and the kind of service the vehicle is in—that is, whether it is passenger or freight. From these facts, based on previous experience, is derived an average of the number of new tires needed by a truck, for example, every month. This average happens to be two. This number is multiplied by the number of trucks in France, and the result represents the tire renewal sent every thirty days. The tires are usually arranged in long racks that reach to the ceiling of the darkened warehouses. As little light as possible is allowed to shine on these treasure-troves of rubber.

One all-important essential to motor transport operation remains to be described. I mean gasoline, which the British call petrol and the French designate as essence. To keep the army supplied with gas is a tremendous responsibility, because without this life-giving fluid all equipment would be useless. When you analyze our system you find that it differs in every detail but one from the British. The one common feature in both armies is that the juice arrives in France on tank steamers. The British then reduce it to tin containers of four gallons each, which are in universal use. Every British army motor vehicle carries a number of these cans.

### *Juice That Makes the Car Go*

With the A. E. F., however, the bulk system is used from refinery to Front. Here the experience of the reserve officer again comes into useful play, because the head of the gasoline department—it is under the control of the chief quartermaster—is Lieut. Col. Charles E. Dudley, who literally grew up with the world's greatest oil corporation and represented it in England before we went to war.

Somewhere on the French coast are our ports of gasoline entry. Here come the tank steamers, which carry from 1,500,000 up to 3,000,000 gallons. Their cargo is pumped direct into huge steel storage tanks fabricated in America and set up by army men in France. Evidence of our war endeavor is the fact that we are now building one tank which will hold 2,700,000 gallons. From these tanks the gasoline is pumped in turn to American-made and American-operated tank cars—the same kind of big steel drums that you see everywhere on our railroads at home. These cars have a capacity of 6500 gallons. Every day a string of these cars leaves the ports for the tank stations, which you find all the way up the line from the sea to the Belgian frontier.

At scores of points we have portable metal tanks for storage. They are made of assembled plates forged in America, and they hold from 7500 to 15,000 gallons each. They had to be specially built to make the low clearance of the French tunnels. These portable tanks are sidetracked at the railway stations and serve as the reservoirs of supplies for the motor tank wagons that haul the fuel to the consumer, which may be a garage or the headquarters of the division in the field. These tank wagons travel in trains.

This bulk-system idea is maintained straight through the advance section. In regions where there is danger from shell fire or air raids a reserve supply is maintained in an underground tank which holds on an average 1200 gallons. The gasoline flows in by gravity from the tank wagon. Up in the field a small tank mounted on a light truck is used to supply trucks and cars that work with the combat army.

The system of distribution is so simple and comprehensive that Colonel Dudley can sit at his desk at Tours and know all the time just what the situation is. Before him is a huge map on which storage stations are indicated by red flags. Attached to the map is a card brought up to date every morning, which shows the quantity of gasoline in France. The whereabouts of tank cars is followed with equal precision by means of a chart showing the railway routes from ports to the advance section. On it the location of every tank car is shown by tags. A small green tag indicates the loaded car, while a red one is the empty car on its way back to the seaboard.

You might know that any American oil enterprise would have the inevitable pipe-line attachment. The Army is building a line from a certain well-known French port to the center of our gasoline distribution that will save exactly ten thousand dollars a day in tanker tonnage alone, for the reason that it will cut down the fuel-ship "turn around" by six days.

### *If Peace Had Not Come*

When Major Dudley suggested this pipe line to the French authorities they said it was impossible. But the Army is making good. This undertaking means the laying down of eighty-two miles of pipe, which must cross one of the largest rivers in France. The material is not only in process of construction but some of it is already in France.

When you come to gasoline statistics you plunge once more into the arena of bewildering figures. The average allotment is five gallons a month for each man in the A. E. F.

Just before the Armistice was signed, it was estimated that the American Army in France, as then planned, would consume 150,000,000 gallons of motor gasoline from July 1, 1918, to June 30, 1919. The air service alone would burn up 30,000,000 gallons in that time. Kerosene oil would be used to the extent of 7,500,000 gallons. The homely but effective item of castor oil for aëroplanes would register 2,250,000 gallons, while the total amount of motor-lubricating oils for trucks, automobiles, motor cycles, tanks and aëroplanes would be 1,875,000 gallons. A final reminder of the scope of the army motor operation is the fact that during these twelve months 3,000,000 gallons of cup grease would have been needed had not the cessation of hostilities caused a revision of all estimates.

All motor supplies, whether spares, tires or gasoline, are easily available throughout the sections that we use in France. I made a considerable trip by motor over the lines of communication, and we were never at a loss for anything. The chauffeur or driver must sign a duplicate receipt for everything he gets. A carbon copy goes to his unit and is charged up against his car. Following the British precedent every road is marked with signs that proclaim "Keep to the Right" or "Motor Transport Park Straight Ahead." If the war keeps on much longer French highways will be a succession of international signboards.

This motor-driven machine that I have tried to take apart and which often carries the men and munitions upon which the fate of battle hangs must be kept fit. The periodical overhaul at a park will not do the job completely for the simple reason that day and night—for mechanical transport is always at work—collisions, abuses or any one of the many hazards of travel on congested roads may impair mechanism, and the car or truck might fail in a vital emergency. Hence a constant inspection of equipment is necessary.

In command of this supervision which really supervises is Col. Charles Hine,

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# Champion
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**For FORDSON Tractors**
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Price **$1.00**

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OWNERS of **Ford** cars and Fordson Tractors are **satisfied** they have the greatest spark plug **efficiency** and value if *"Champion" is on the porcelain.*

Their implicit **confidence** is born of satisfactory experience **and is** confirmed by the endorsement of the **highest** possible authority.

**Read the advice of this authority, contained in the Ford Motor Company's instruction book placed in every Ford car:**

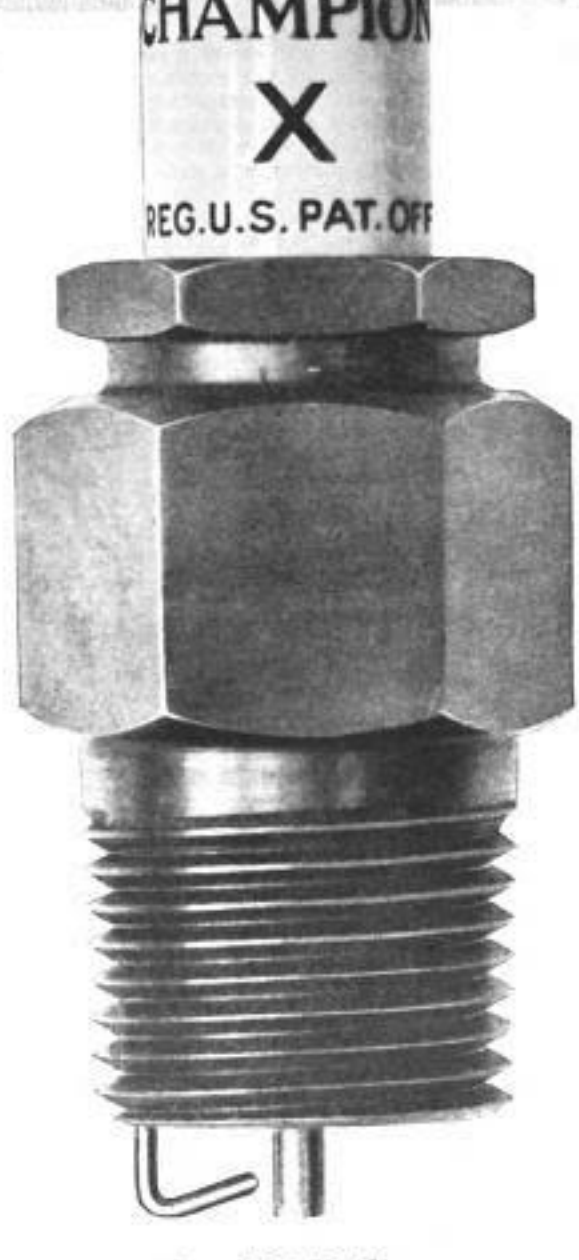
**"There is nothing to be gained by experimenting with different makes of plugs. The make of plugs with which Ford engines are equipped when they leave the factory are best adapted to the requirements of the motor."**

Consider that **Champion** "X" is regular factory equipment **on** Ford cars, and has been continuously **since** 1911—

Consider that **the** Champion Fordson tractor plug is **also regular** factory equipment in Fordson tractors and that Fordson builders recommend *this* plug to Fordson owners—

Could there be stronger proof to guide you in the choice of spark plugs for *your* Ford car or Fordson tractor?

**Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio**
*Champion Spark Plug Company, of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario*




**For FORD Cars**
**CHAMPION X**
Price **90c**

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(Concluded from Page 42)

former organization expert of the Harriman railway system. He is a West Pointer who became a freight brakeman after his graduation and worked his way up to a vice presidency. When we came to grips with Germany he was assistant to the president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway. Our army motor inspection has the advantage of his many years of experience with steam, electric and gasoline driven traffic.

At best, any kind of inspection is a thankless task. The average man who runs a truck for a corporation does not like to have an eagle-eyed and heartless official descend upon him at unexpected moments and turn his vehicle inside out. He resents the process. The whole idea behind Colonel Hine's scheme of operation therefore is to reverse the usual procedure and make inspection welcome. Thus tact is the first essential among his inspectors, who are all technical men and who can take an automobile apart and assemble it with equal ease. Though they have the authority to stop any vehicle on the road and inspect it at will, they carry a line of selling talk that will convince the chauffeur that inspection, however inconvenient, not only makes for personal efficiency and therefore promotion but is just one more step toward winning the war. The American soldier, intense individualist that he is, has taken naturally to this supervision which is such an all-essential feature of M. T. operation.

You have seen how we get machines and supplies to France and keep them renewed. These transport fleets need thousands of chauffeurs and mechanics. Where do they come from?

Here you touch the human element, no less interesting in the realm of motor cars than in the domain of big guns. Go to any big army garage and you are likely to see a one-time automobile salesman giving commands to his former boss. The little tin insigne on the shoulder levels all previous relations. Up the line you may encounter John Jones, previously a driver of a Fifth Avenue motor bus in New York, running the star-bedecked car of a major general, while the rider of the motor cycle with side car attached that passes him on the road and throws a cloud of dust in his face is probably Bill Brown, who once operated the luxurious limousine of a millionaire steel magnate.

There are two principal sources of personnel supply. One is the chauffeur of civil life, who simply changes from the vehicle of peace to the wagon of war and who needs no technical teaching. The other is the man trained by the Army.

Let us first take the case of the enlisted man who is assigned to the Motor Transport Corps. Immediately upon his arrival in France he is required to fill out what is known as an organization card on which he not only states his personal history but indicates what experience he has had with motor vehicles. On the back of this card are the names of thirty occupations all connected with motor transport and ranging from assembler in an automobile factory up to expert driver and skilled mechanic. Each occupation is numbered. At the top of the card is a scale of these numbers. If a man is a truck driver a little red clip is put over Number Eleven—which happens to be the number of that job. On every other truck driver's card a similar marker is placed at eleven.

When a requisition comes in from a division or a park for truck drivers the personnel officer simply looks at his file of men available and can see from the number of red markers how many drivers are in his human pool. As soon as a man is assigned his card goes into the assigned index. He is then caught up in the records of whatever unit he joins and thus continues to be a cog in the service census. As in the British Army Service Corps we make every effort to employ men as drivers and mechanics who are unfit for further fighting. Class B and C men, for example, who have been wounded but who are still fairly physically fit are trained for the motor service.

This brings us to the second source of personnel supply, which is the army motor training school. Uncle Sam has set up in France as complete a school for chauffeurs as you can find anywhere. It is running Colonel Pope's famous get-trained-quick course down on the Mexican border a close second, because it turns out drivers ready to take the wheel in exactly two weeks' time. The school is located in the intermediate section a short distance from Colonel Hegeman's reconstruction park. The reason for this proximity is obvious. One object of the institution is to give the students an intimate knowledge of automobile manufacture. Hence each day a batch of them drive over in a truck to the shops at the park, don overalls and take up station at lathe or forge. They study with the real thing.

The course for drivers includes shop and field work, individual driving and infantry drill, which is the training in military etiquette and discipline. No student is permitted to get a certificate from the school of instruction until he has had a working try-out on the road. He must prove that he can run a truck on a crowded highway on a dark night and not lose his nerve. He must also assemble engines that have been taken apart and make emergency repairs of mechanism purposely put out of gear.

One necessary detail is a mastery of French road signs. As in the case of the American locomotive engineers our motor transport drivers are up against the language and traffic customs of a strange country. In England road traffic turns to the left instead of to the right, as in the United States. In France this is not true, but the highways are literally plastered with warnings which must be heeded to escape accident. John Jones therefore must learn that *virage* means a sharp turn; that *cassis* is a bad bump; that *ralentir* means slow up; that *tenez votre droit* is keep to your right, and that *passage à niveau* is railway crossing.

The school course for motor mechanics is for six weeks and includes shop work of all kinds. Before a man graduates he must give practical demonstrations of mounting and dismounting vehicles, use of machine and bench tools for forging, soldering and brazing, and he must also repair solid and pneumatic tires. Most of these students have worked in some kind of machine shop before. There is also a six weeks' course for officers, which embraces automobile engineering, shop management, map reading and convoy running.

It only remains to follow mechanical transport up to the firing line. The moment you get into the zone of the armies you leave the jurisdiction of the director of the Motor Transport Corps and come under the authority of the fighting chiefs. As in everything else the combat troops have first call on motor equipment.

Each army exercises a supervision of motor operation.

This means that there is a so-called motor transport officer at headquarters with each corps and with every division. These officers are responsible for the upkeep of transport, which in the field ranges from the motor cycle up to the huge and unwieldy gasoline-driven caterpillars that haul the massive howitzers. Every division has its allotment of vehicles and personnel, which are renewed from service parks in the advance section.

Just as soon as a truck is assigned to a division it is labeled with the device of that unit, which is a symbolic picture of some kind. I used to think that the French camions—as their trucks are known—held the record for originality of insignia with their crowing cocks and running hares, but the Americans have surpassed them. On our trucks you can see baseball players at the bat; heads of pretty girls; a coiled snake ready to spring, which recalls that famous Revolutionary battle flag flung to the breeze on many a hard-fought field and which bore the words "Don't tread on me." On our trucks you also see stencils of the Bunker Hill Monument, foxes and Indian heads. All equipment of the air service bears the familiar red-white-and-blue circle which gleams from the aëroplane wings.

This matter of markings for trucks is systematized. At motor-transport headquarters at Tours a soldier who was an artist in civil life has prepared a hundred different designs, which are kept in a folder and allotted to divisions.

In the field the pooling system is in full swing. There is always a liquid reservoir of transport ready for emergencies. It made possible the mobilization of General Pershing's army last September and enabled him to forestall the Germans and achieve the now historic victory of St. Mihiel. It is this kind of coöperative effort that makes for success in a war where unity of supply is just as essential as unity of high command.

The whole close-knit American motor machine not only serves the fighting army but is impressing lessons of efficiency and organization that will reach far beyond the flaming battle lines and have a definite and constructive effect upon the commerce of peace. Chief among them is the standardization of vehicles. We have settled down to a definite and orderly basis of supply. In passenger cars we are buying only three well-known makes, whose worth has been amply proved. Likewise only two long-established light delivery trucks will be acquired, while the one-ton truck to be bought henceforth will have the same chassis as our heavy ambulance and therefore the parts of these two vehicles will be interchangeable. With one-and-a-half and two ton trucks, one make will be used, which will greatly simplify renewal.

It is with three and five ton trucks, however, that the real achievement in standardization has been registered. It finds expression in the Liberty Truck, which will go down into history as a worthy work fellow of the Liberty Motor. It is composed of parts made by manufacturers who are provided with government specifications produced by the Bureau of Standards at Washington. Anybody with a factory anywhere can get these specifications and make the parts. The truck therefore becomes a matter of assembling. If you can standardize honesty in the production of parts you can get a hundred per cent vehicle; and, what is equally important, you will solve the whole trying problem of spare-parts supply. Every part will be interchangeable. The Army is not concerned with the various arguments for or against this kind of standardization after the war. It wants action now, and the Liberty Truck, like all the rest of the mechanical transport, delivers the goods.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the American supply organization in France. The next will tell of the salvage of men and material.

# THE CITY OF COMRADES

(Continued from Page 19)

"You go to the dinner, Slim, my boy, and I'll let you see me 'ittin' the 'ay before you starts."

"But you could hit the hay and get out of bed again."

"No; because I'll make you lock the door. I ain't a-goin' to 'ave ye 'ave no hanxiety on my account."

So we settled it—not that I was to lock him in, but that he was to guarantee me against being anxious; and I suppose Christian would say that another bit of victory was scored.

### XV

A FEW days later I learned that my father had established a small trust fund for my benefit, and that the income was to be paid to me quarterly.

He had thus after all recognized me as his son, though not on the footing of his other sons. Each of his other sons would have—but I won't go into that.

It is enough to say that for every dollar I should receive Jerry and Jack would have twenty or thirty, and so would my sisters. Even in my mother's life interest I was not to have a share when she no longer needed it.

Among the many sins I have to confess that of being specially mercenary is not one. I make this affirmation in order that you may not condemn me too severely when I say that for days I labored under a sense of outrage. Mine was the state of mind common among evildoers who object to paying the penalty of which they have had fair warning. My father had told me with his own mouth that on account of certain indulgences which I had refused to give up he had cut me off altogether. I had chosen to take my own way and to brave the consequences; and now when the latter proved to be not so bad as I had been bidden to expect I was indignant.

When I informed Andrew Christian of the bequest I added that I had practically made up my mind to refuse it. He gave me that look which always seemed about to tell you a good joke.

"Why do you think he left you anything?"

"I suppose he wanted to feel that if the worse came to the worst I shouldn't be quite penniless."

"But why should he want to feel that?"

"Well, hang it all, sir, when everything is said and done I was his son!"

"You were his son, and he—he cared for you."

"He cared for me to—to that extent."

"And considering your attitude toward him could you expect him to care for you more?"

I said unwillingly: "No; I suppose not."

"Could you expect him to care for you as much?"

"I—I'd given up thinking he cared for me at all."

"And this shows he did. In spite of all you made him suffer—and, what was probably worse in his eyes, made your mother suffer—he loved you still. I know you're not thinking of the money, Frank."

"No, I'm not; and that's perfectly sincere."

"You're thinking of his affection for you; and now you're assured of it. The amount of money he left you is secondary. That, and the way in which he left it to you, were determined by something else."

I looked at him hard as I said: "And what was that?"

His look as he answered me was frank, straight and fearless.

"The fact that he didn't trust you." I suppose he must have seen how I winced, for he went on at once: "That's about the bitterest pill fellows like us have to swallow. In addition to everything else that we bring on ourselves we forfeit other people's confidence. There's the nigger in the woodpile, even when we buck up. Your father was fond of you, Frank; but he was afraid that if he did for you all he would have done if you'd gone straight it would only send you to the devil. Don't you see that?"

With some relief as well as some reluctance I admitted that I did.

"It takes years, Frank, old boy, for men who've been where you and I have been to build up a life which gives a reasonable promise of making good. In seven or eight months you've done splendidly. I don't know that we've ever had a fellow in the club who's been more game ——"

"It's the club that's been game."

"True; but you've got out of it the best that it can give. Only don't imagine for a moment that your fight is over."

"Oh, no, sir; I don't."

"It's perfectly true that if you resist the devil he will flee from you; but he can show a marvelous power of coming back. Some of your toughest tussles lie ahead. Now I'm only reminding you of that to show you that your father has perhaps done the very wisest thing for you. A large part of your safety lies in the necessity for your working. If you weren't absolutely obliged to do it in order to live like a respectable man there's no telling what tide of suppressed temptations might rush in and engulf you."

I nodded slowly.

"I see that. Thank you for pointing it out to me."

"But, Frank, old fellow, that's not the chief thing I want you to see. What will give you more satisfaction than anything else is the knowledge that what has been done for you has been done in love. Your father has shown his love for you; you show your love for him. Accept this gift graciously. Enjoy it and make the best of it. Your life with him isn't over."

My expression must have been one of inquiry because he went on:

"One of the sublimest and truest things that ever fell from a pen is this: 'Love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.' It's almost a startling thing to realize that by the sheer act of love we're sons of God and know him."

"Ah, but what kind of love?" I asked with some incredulity.

"Are there more kinds than one? The kingdom of love is like that of minerals or that of vegetation—one in essence though multiform in manifestation. Just as one

(Continued on Page 46)

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# Fine Fuel *for* Young Engines!

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
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GOVERNMENT






*"I'se in town, Honey!"*

*THOSE* young human engines—with their healthy, hundred horse-power appetites—how they do take a plate of Aunt Jemima Pancakes!

And this palatable, nourishing breakfast is just the early-morning food their lively little bodies require. It warms them and satisfies them and strengthens them—gives them an abundant store of energy to start the day with.

In thousands and thousands of homes it is the preferred breakfast. Last year Aunt Jemima Pancakes were served 120 million times!

**So easy to prepare!**

First a little water, next a little stirring, then a hot griddle—

And in two minutes you have a big, inviting plate of golden-brown pancakes on the table. Pancakes so light, fluffy and tender, so rich and satisfying—the best you've ever tasted!

Aunt Jemima Flour is *complete*—with even the sweet milk ready mixed in it and so rich it needs no eggs. There's no complicated mixing and measuring, no anxious "trying" and testing—the simple addition of water makes perfect **pancakes every time.**

**Order from your grocer today a package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour—or Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour in the yellow package. He has it or will gladly get it for you. Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Mo.**

***Try Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour for waffles, muffins and breadsticks. They're SO good!—and so economical***

**Send for the jolly Rag Dolls**

**Look on the top of any package of Aunt Jemima Pancake or Buckwheat Flour to find out how to get the funny Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls. Aunt Jemima, Uncle Mose and two gay little pickaninnies all come in bright colors, ready to cut and stuff. Send for one of them, or for the whole famous family.**

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(Continued from Page 44)

will give us coal and diamonds with much the same ingredients, and another the strawberry, the rose and the apple tree, all closely akin, so love shows itself in a million ways, and yet remains always love."

"And would you say that the love of parents and children, the love of husbands and wives, the love of sweethearts, and the love of God ——"

"—— are all fundamentally related? Yes, I would. I can't understand love in any other sense, if it's to be real love. Do you remember how often we've talked of the spirit there is in the world that throws dust into our eyes by creating distinctions and confusions where neither confusion nor distinction exists? Well, the same evil imp is forever at work to stultify love by trying to take the meaning from the word. And when it has stultified love it has stultified God, since the one is identical with the other."

I became argumentative.

"But if all love is identical with God, how do you account for what would commonly be called a wrong love?"

"There's no such thing as a wrong love. Men are wrong and women are wrong, and they treat love wrongly; but love itself is always right. There a distinction must be made between love and passion; but it's easy enough to make it. One of these days we'll take the time to talk that over. At present my point is simply this—that there's only one love as there's only one God, and it's only by understanding the unity of both that we get the significance of either. Moreover, the same pen that wrote 'Every one that loveth is born of God,' wrote 'He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God.' You see then how magical a thing love is, and why any kind of love—remember I'm speaking of love, not of physical passion, which is another thing—but you can see how any kind of love should work wonders." He asked suddenly: "Have you written to your mother since your father died?"

I said I had not, that I hadn't supposed a letter from me would be welcome.

"Don't ask whether it would be welcome or not. Do your duty—and let other people take care of theirs. Let your mother see that so far from feeling sore over the provision in your father's will, you take it in the way I've tried to indicate. It will be an amazing comfort to her; and if you want to give your brothers and sisters the surprise of their young lives you'll be doing it." He took my hand and pressed it. "Good-by now, old chap. I've got to go and see Momma about the meals for tomorrow."

He passed on to the kitchen, where a Greek named Pappa—nicknamed Momma by the boys—had taken the place of Mouse; but he left me with a new outlook.

Following his instructions I began almost immediately to get some of the reward he promised me. My mother wrote to me within a week, timidly but tenderly, and with joy at being in touch with me again. A few weeks later my sister wrote, affectionately if with reserve. When my birthday came in March, and I was thirty-two, I had small presents from them both, and from my two sisters-in-law as well. I noticed that all letters, even from my mother, were hesitatingly expressed, and in something like an undertone of awe. My family, too, felt apparently that I had put an abyss between myself and them, and that in the effort to recross it there was a suggestion of the supernatural. It was as if my father were saying to them: 'This, thy brother, was dead, and is alive again'—and they were experiencing some of the strangeness that Mary and Martha must have known when Lazarus came back to the house at Bethany.

But that was not my only reward, though of what I received in addition I find it difficult to tell you. Indeed, I should make no attempt to tell you at all were it not so essential to this small record of a human life. All I want to say is that that thing came to me as a new revelation which is probably an everyday fact to you—that by the simple process of loving I could dwell in God, I could be aware that God was all round me.

I mean that once I understood that love was God the great mystery that had tantalized me all my life was solved. All my life I had been tortured by the questions: Who is God? What is God? What is my relation to him—or have I any? And now I seemed to have found the answer. When I got back to love—the common natural love for my father and mother and sisters—when I got back to feeling more gently toward my brothers—I began to see—you must forgive me if I seem blatant, but that is not my intention—I began to see faintly and very inadequately that I was actually in touch with God.

I am far from saying that all my difficulties were overcome. Of course they were not. I mean only that that divine force of which I had been told the universe was full, but which had always seemed apart from me, remote from my needs, actually came, in some measure at least, within my possession. Just as Beady Lamont found the furniture-moving business shiny with it, once he knew where to look for it, so I began to see my work as an architect. It was as if a golden key had been put into my hand which unlocked the richest of life's secrets.

All at once people whom I had known to be well disposed toward me, and whom I had dismissed at that, began to translate God to me. Ralph Coningsby, Cantyre, Lovey, Christian, Pyn, not to speak of others, were like reflectors that threw the rays of the great Central Sun straight into my soul. I am not declaring that there was no tarnish on the surfaces that caught those beams and transmitted them to me—probably there was—but light and warmth were poured into me, for all that. Not that there was a change in their attitude toward me; the change was in my point of view, in my capacity for seeing. What I had thought of only as human aid I now perceived to be the celestial bread and wine; and where I had supposed I was living only with men I knew I was walking with God.

And yet there was a love with regard to which I could not have this peace of mind. Christian would perhaps have ascribed that defect to the fact that there was passion in it. My own fear was that having had its inception in a moment of crime it could never free itself from the conditions that gave it birth.

After the Christmas dinner there was a change toward me in the bearing of Regina Barry and her mother. Without growing colder they became slightly more formal; and that I understood. As they had come so far in my direction it was for me to go some of the distance in theirs; and I didn't.

I didn't because I couldn't. I was like a man who would have been glad to walk if paralysis hadn't nailed him to his seat. As, however, it was emotional paralysis and not physical there was no means by which they could become aware of it; nor could I make up my mind to tell them.

For quite apart from my damnable secret was the common, everyday fact that I had no income sufficient to maintain a wife in anything like the comfort to which Regina Barry had been accustomed. Though she might have accepted what I had to offer I felt the usual masculine scruples as to offering it. This, too, was something that couldn't be explained unless there was some urgent need of the explanation; and so when I was mad to go forward I had, to my shame and confusion, to hang back.

Their retreat was managed with tact and dignity. During the week after Christmas I saw them on a number of occasions, always by invitation, though I had no further talk with Regina Barry alone. Two or three times I guessed she would have been willing to go out to walk with me, but I didn't suggest it. As she had proposed it once she could hardly do so a second time, and so we sat tamely in a sitting room. Like that minute on Christmas Eve when she would have flown into my arms had I opened them other minutes came and went; and I saw my coldness reacting on her visibly.

At the end of ten days a note told me that they had returned to New York, apologizing for the fact that they had not had time to bid me good-by. Though seeing plainly enough the folly of a correspondence I wrote in response to that note, hoping that a correspondence might ensue. But I got no answer. I got nothing. Not so much as a message was sent to me on the days when Ralph Coningsby came down.

I did not resent this; I only suffered. I suffered the more because of supposing that she suffered too. And yet when I next saw her I found nothing to support that theory.

When I went to New York for a few days in February I called, but they were not at home. Having left my card I waited for a message that would name an hour when I should find them; but I waited in vain. During the four days my visit lasted I heard nothing kindlier than what Cantyre repeated, that they were sorry to have been out when I came.

As I sent them flowers before leaving the city a note from Mrs. Barry thanked me for them cordially; but there was not a syllable in it that gave me an excuse for writing in response. Reason told me that it was better that it should be so, but reason had ceased to be sufficient as a guide.

In March I made an errand that took me to town for a week-end, and on the Sunday afternoon I called again at the house which had so curiously become the focusing point of my destiny. Miss Barry was at home and receiving. I found her with two or three other people, and she welcomed me as doubtless she had welcomed them. Even when I had outstayed them she betrayed none of that matter-of-course intimacy which had marked her attitude toward me in December. She seemed to have retired behind all sorts of mental fortifications over which I couldn't at first make my way.

When we were seated in the style of Darby and Joan at the opposite corners of a slumbering fire she told me her father had made one hurried visit from California, and that now that he had returned to the Pacific Coast she and her mother were thinking of joining him there. Should they do so they would probably remain till it was time to go to Long Island in June. Two or three protestations against this absence came to my lips, but of course I couldn't utter them.

I could have sworn that she was saying to herself "You don't seem to care!" though aloud it became: "We've never been in California, and we want to see what it's like."

I seized the opportunity to rejoin: "You've a fancy for seeing what things are like, haven't you?"

She took up the challenge instantly.

"Why do you say that?"

"Only because of what you've said at different times yourself."

"Such as?"

"I don't want to quote. I was thinking of the taste you've frequently acknowledged for making experiments."

"Experiments in things—or people?"

"I was thinking of people."

She marched right into my camp by saying boldly: "Oh, you mean the number of times I've—I've broken engagements?"

"Perhaps I mean rather the number of times you've formed them."

"Did you ever buy a house?"

I replied with some wonder that I had not.

"Well, we've bought two—this one, and the one at Rosyth. But before buying either we rented each for a season to see whether or not we liked it."

"And you did."

"But we've rented others which we didn't. So you see."

"I see that experiments are justified. Is that what you mean?"

"If one is satisfied with anything that comes along by all means take it. But if one only wants what one wants ——"

"And you know what you want?"

Her eyes were all fire; her lips had the daring scarlet of a poppy.

"I've never got beyond knowing what I don't want."

"That is, you've never taken anything up except in the long run to throw it down?"

"Your expressions are too harsh. One doesn't throw down everything one doesn't want. One sets it aside."

"And would it be discreet to ask why you—why you set certain things—and people—aside?"

She looked at the fire as if considering.

"Do you mean—men?"

"To narrow the inquiry down, suppose I say I do."

"And"—she threw me a swift, daring glance—"and marriage?"

"That defines the question still further."

Her words came as the utterance of long, long thoughts: "One couldn't marry a man one didn't trust."

"No; of course not."

"Nor a milksop."

"You couldn't."

"Nor a man who wasn't a thoroughbred."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"Oh, don't you know? If not I can't explain. All I can say is that there are things a thoroughbred couldn't do."

"What sort of things?"

"Why should you want me to tell you? You know as well as I do. The things that make a man impossible—mean things—ignoble things."

"Criminal things?"

"Criminal things, too, I suppose. I don't know so much about them; but I do see a lot of meanness and pettiness and —— Oh, well, the sort of lack of the fastidious in honor that—that puts a man out of the question."

"Aren't you very hard to please?"

"Possibly."

"And if you don't find what—what you're looking for?"

"I shall do without it, I suppose."

"And if you think you find it—and then discover that after all ——"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't know. I've never been absolutely disillusioned so far. When disillusion has come to me—as it has—I could see it on the way. But if I—I cared for someone and found I was deceived in him —— But what's the use in talking of it?" she laughed. "Please don't think I'm putting forth a claim to be treated better than the average. It's only when I see the average ——"

"The average of men?"

"No, the average of women. When I see what they're willing to take—and marry—and live with—I can only say that I find myself very well off as I am."

This conversation did not make it easier for me to go back to the starting point of our acquaintance; but the moment came when I did it.

### XVI

I DID not, however, do it that spring, since the event that compelled me at last to the step took up all my attention.

It was toward the end of April that I received a telegram signed by my sister's name:

"Mother seriously ill. Wants to see you. Come at once."

In spite of my alarm at this summons I saw the opportunity of putting up a good front before my relatives. Taking Lovey with me as valet, and stopping at the best hotel, I presented the appearance of a successful man.

Though anxiety on my mother's account made my return a matter of secondary interest I could see the surprise and relief my apparent prosperity created. My brothers had been expecting one of whom they would have to be ashamed. Furthermore, they had not been too confident as to my attitude with regard to my father's will. Looking for me to contest it they had suspected that behind my acquiescence lay a ruse. When they saw that there was none, that I made no complaint, that I seemed to have plenty of money, that I traveled with a servant, that I had the air of a man of means—a curious note of wonder and respect stole into their manner toward me. I know that in private they were saying to each other that they couldn't make me out; and I gave them no help in doing so.

I gave them no help during all the month I remained in Montreal. I arranged with Coningsby to take that time, and my little stock of savings was sufficient to finance me. Though I was once more putting up a bluff it was a bluff that I felt to be justified; and in the end it found its justification.

I have no intention of giving you the details of those four weeks of watching beside a bed where the end was apparent from the first. Now that I look back upon them I can see that they were not without their element of happiness, since to my mother at least it was happiness to know that I was beside her. The joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth was on her face from the day I appeared, and never left it up to the moment when we took our last look at her dear smiling features.

When the lawyer came to read us her will I found to my amazement that she had left me everything she possessed.

It was then that I reaped that which I had sown at Andy Christian's suggestion. Since with a good grace I had accepted my father's will the rest of the family could hardly do otherwise with regard to my mother's. She left a note saying that had my father lived a few months longer he would have seen that I had reëstablished myself sufficiently to be allowed to share equally with the rest of the family in what he had to leave; but as it was too late for that she was endeavoring to right the seeming injustice—which he had not meant as an injustice—as far as lay in her power. These words from her pen being much more emphatic than any that I could remember her ever to have uttered with her lips, my brothers and sisters, whatever they felt inwardly, could only give their assent to them.

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(Continued from Page 46)

What my mother possessed included not only the personal estate she had inherited from her father, considerably augmented by her husband's careful management, but books, furniture and jewelry. The books and furniture I made over to my sister to remain in the two houses, the one in Montreal, the other on the Ottawa. Some of the jewelry I gave to her, to my sister in England, and to my two sisters-in-law, though keeping the bulk for my wife—when I got one.

For I was now in a position to marry. Though my mother had had no great wealth, what she left me, together with the trust fund established by my father and what I earned, would assure me enough to live in at least as much comfort as Ralph Coningsby. I could therefore propose to Regina Barry and feel I could make a home for her.

I had again come to the conclusion that if I asked her she would accept me. I make no attempt to analyze this feeling on her part, because I saw plainly enough that it was founded on mistake. That is to say, having developed an ideal of the man whom she could marry she had nursed herself into the belief that I came up to it, when as a matter of fact I did not.

Now I had seen enough of husbands and wives to know that in most marriages there is some such illusion as this, and that it can be successfully maintained for years. When the illusion itself has faded it can live on as the illusion of an illusion. By the time there is no illusion or shadow of illusion left at all it has ceased in the majority of cases to matter. Time has welded what mutual distaste might have put asunder, and the married state remains undisturbed.

I was therefore obliged to face the consideration that if I married the woman I loved she would probably never discover what I felt it my duty to confess. Was it really, then, my duty to confess it? Since no one knew it but myself was it not rather my duty to keep it concealed? Other men had secrets from their wives—especially those that concerned the days when they were unmarried—and all were probably the happier for the secrecy. Even Ralph Coningsby, who was the most model husband I could think of, had said that if he were to tell his wife all he could tell her about himself he would be ashamed to go home. There were weeks when I debated these questions every day and night, arriving at one conclusion by what I may call my rough horse sense, and at another by my instinct. Horse sense said: "Marry her and keep mum." Instinct warned: "You can never marry her and be safe and happy with such a secret as this to come between you."

Throughout this wavering of opinion I knew that when the time came I should act from instinct. It wasn't merely that I wanted to be safe; it was also that, all pros and cons apart, there was such a thing as honor. Not even to be happy—not even to make the woman I cared for happy—could I ignore that.

I am not sure how much Andrew Christian understood of the circumstances when without giving him the facts or mentioning a name I asked his advice. He only said:

"You've had some experience, Frank, of the potency of love, haven't you? Well, love has a twin sister—truth. In love and truth together there's a power which, if we have the patience to wait for its working out, will solve all difficulties and meet all needs."

My experiences during the past few months having given me some reason to believe this I decided, so far as I came actively to a decision, to let it rule my course, but in the end the critical moment came by what you would probably call an accident.

It was the last Sunday in June. My work in Atlantic City being over Mrs. Grace had asked me to come down for the week-end to her little place in Long Island. It was not exactly a party, though there were two or three other people staying in the house. My chief reason for accepting the invitation—as I think it was the chief reason for its being given—was that the Barry family were in residence on the old Hornblower estate, which was the adjoining property.

As a matter of fact Mrs. Grace and her guests were all asked to Idlewild, as the late Mrs. Hornblower had named her house, to Sunday lunch.

The path from the one dwelling to the other was down the gentle slope of Mrs. Grace's gardens, across a meadow, at the other side of which it joined the Idlewild avenue, and then up a steep hill to the rambling red and yellow house. Here one dominated the Sound for a great part of the hundred and twenty miles between Montauk Point and Brooklyn.

Sauntering idly through the hot summer noon I found myself beside Mrs. Grace, while the rest of the party straggled on ahead. As my hostess was not more free than other women from the match-making instinct it was natural that she should give to the conversation a turn that she knew would not be distasteful to me.

"She's a wonderful girl," she observed, "with just that danger to threaten her that comes from being overfastidious."

"I know what you mean by her being overfastidious; but why is it a danger?"

"In the first place, because people misunderstand her. They've ascribed to light-mindedness what has only been the thing that literary people call the divine searching for perfection."

"And do you know the kind of thing she'd consider perfect?"

It was so stupid a question that I couldn't be surprised to see a gleam of quiet mischief in her glance as she replied: "From little hints she's dropped to me, quite confidentially, I rather think I do."

Fair men blush easily, but I tried to ignore the fact that I was doing it as I said: "That's quite a common delusion at one stage of the game; but suppose she were to find that she was mistaken?"

The answer shelved the question, though she did it disconcertingly: "Oh, well, in the case she's thinking of I don't believe she will."

I was so eager for data that I pushed the inquiry indiscreetly.

"What makes you so sure?"

"One can tell. It isn't a thing one can put into words. You know by a kind of intuition."

"Know what?"

"That a certain kind of person can never have had any but a certain kind of standard." She give me another of those quietly mischievous glances. "I'll tell you what she said to me one day not long ago. She said she'd only known one man in her life—known him well, that is—of whom she was sure that he was a thoroughbred to the core."

"But you admitted at the beginning that that kind of conviction is a danger."

"It would be a danger if her friends couldn't bear her out in believing it to be justified."

Unable to face any more of this subtle flattery I was obliged to let the subject drop.

The lunch was like any other lunch. As an unimportant person at a gathering where everyone knew everyone else more or less intimately I was to some extent at liberty to follow my own thoughts, which were not altogether happy ones. For telling what I had to tell the necessity had grown urgent. What was lacking, what had always seemed to be lacking, was the positive opportunity. This I resolved to seek; but suddenly I found it before me.

This was toward the middle of the afternoon, when the party had broken up. It had broken up imperceptibly by dissolving into groups that strolled about the lawns and descended the long flights of steps leading to the beach below. As I had not been seated near Miss Barry at table it was no more than civil for me to approach her when the party was on the veranda and the lawn. Our right to privacy was recognized at once by a withdrawal of the rest of the company. It was probably assumed that I was to be the fourth in the series of experiments of which Jim Hunter and Stephen Cantyre had been the second and the third; and though my fellow guests might be sorry for me they would not intervene to protect me.

Considering it sufficient to make their adieux to Mrs. Barry they left us undisturbed in a nook of one of the verandas. Here we were out of sight of any of the avenues and pathways to the house, and Mrs. Barry was sufficiently in sympathy with our desire to be alone not to send anyone in search of us. On the lawn robins were hopping, and along the edge of shorn grass the last foxgloves made upright lines of color against the olive-green scrub oak. Far down through the trees one caught the silvery glinting of water.

The sounds of voices and motor wheels having died away Miss Barry said languidly: "I think they must be all gone. They'll say I'm terribly rude to keep myself out of sight. But it's lovely here, isn't it? And this is such a cozy spot in which to smoke and have coffee. I read here, too, and —— Oh, dear, what's happening?"

It was then that the little accident which was to play so large a part in my life occurred. She had leaned forward from her wicker chair to set her empty coffee cup on the table. As she did so the string of pearls which she wore at the opening of her simple white dress loosened itself and slipped like a tiny snake to the floor of the veranda. From a corresponding chair on the other side of the table I sprang up and stooped. When I raised myself with the pearls in my right hand I slipped them into my pocket.

Between the fingers of my left hand I held a lighted cigar. Bare-headed, I was wearing white flannels and tennis shoes. Now that the moment had come I felt extraordinarily cool—as cool as on the night when I had slipped this string of pearls into my pocket before. I looked down and smiled at her. Leaning back in her chair she looked up and smiled at me.

I shall always see her like that—in white with a slash of silk of the red of her lips somewhere about her waist, and a ribbon of the same round her dashing panama hat. Her feet in little brown shoes were crossed. With an elbow on the arm of her chair she held a small red fan out from her person, though she wasn't actively using it.

"What does that mean?" she asked idly.

"Doesn't it remind you of anything?"

"No—of nothing."

"Didn't you ever see anyone put these pearls into his pocket before?"

"Why, no!" She added, as if an idea had begun to dawn in the back of her memory: "Not in that way."

"Oh, I remember. You didn't see him put them in at all. You only saw him take them out."

The smile remained on her features, but something puzzled, gave it faint new curves.

"Why ——"

"It was like this, wasn't it?"

I drew out the pearls and threw them on the table.

She bent forward slightly, still smiling, like a person watching with bewildered intensity a conjurer's trick.

"Why ——"

"Only your gold-mesh purse was with them—and your diamond bar-pin—and your rings."

"Why—why, who on earth could have told you?"

I, too, continued to smile, consciously wondering if I should be as calm as this in the hour of death.

"Who do you think?"

"It wasn't Elsie Coningsby?"

"No. She was there, but ——"

"How did you know that?" She uttered a mystified laugh. "She was there! It was one of the nights she stayed with me when papa and mamma were down here superintending some changes before we could move in. But I never told her anything about it."

"Why didn't you—when she was right on the spot?"

"Oh, because."

The smile disappeared. She stopped looking up at me to turn her eyes toward the foxgloves and scrub oak.

"Yes? Because—what?"

"Because I promised—that man—I wouldn't."

"Why should you have made him such a promise?"

"Oh, I don't know. Just at the time I was—I was sorry for him."

"And aren't you sorry for him still?"

She looked up at me again with one of her bright challenges.

"Look here! Do you know him?"

"Tell me first what I asked you. Aren't you sorry for him still?"

"I dare say I am. I don't know."

"What did you—what did you—think of him at the time?"

"I thought he was—terrible."

"Terrible—in what way?"

"I don't know that I can tell you in what way. It was so awful to think that a man who had had some advantages should have sunk to that. If he'd been a real burglar—I mean a professional criminal—I should have been afraid of him; but I shouldn't have had that sensation of something meant for better things that had been debased."

"Didn't he tell you he was hungry?"

The smile came back—faintly.

"You seem to know all about it, don't you? It's the strangest thing I ever knew. No one in this world could have told you but himself. Yes, he did say he was hungry; but, then, a man who'd been what he


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must have been shouldn't have got into that condition. He'd stolen into our pantry, poor creature, and drunk the cooking wine. He told me that ——" Without rising her figure became alert with a new impulse. "Oh, I see! You do know him. He was an Englishman. I remember that."

I placed myself fully before her.

"No, he wasn't an Englishman."

"He spoke like one."

"So do I, for the matter of that."

"Then he was a Canadian. Was he?"

"He was a Canadian."

"Oh, then, that accounts for it. But you did puzzle me at first. But how did you come to meet him? Was it at that Down and Out Club that papa and Mr. Christian are so interested in? You go to it, too, don't you? I think Stephen Cantyre said you did."

"Yes, I go to it too."

She grew pensive, resting her chin on a hand, with her elbow on the arm of the chair.

"I suppose it's all right; but I never can understand how men can be so merciful to each other's vices. It looks as if they recognized the seed of them within themselves."

"Probably that's the reason."

"Women don't feel like that about each other."

"They haven't the same cause."

"I hope he's doing better—that man—and picking up again."

"He is."

She asked in quite another tone: "You're not going back to New York to-morrow, are you?"

"I'm not sure—yet."

"Hilda said she was going to try to persuade you and the Grahams to stay till Tuesday. If you can stay mamma and I were planning ——"

I put myself directly in front of her, no more than a few feet away, my hands in the pockets of my jacket.

"Look at me again. Look at me well. Try to recall ——"

Slowly, very slowly, she struggled to her feet. The color went out of her lips and the light from her eyes as she backed away from me in a kind of terror.

"What—what—are you trying to make me—to make me understand?"

"Think! How should I know all that I've been saying if ——"

"If the man himself didn't tell you. But he did."

"No, he didn't. No one had to tell me."

She reached the veranda rail, which she clutched with one hand, while the other, clenched, was pressed against her breast.

"You don't mean ——"

"Yes, I do mean ——"

"Oh, you can't."

"Why can't I?"

"Because—because it isn't—it isn't possible! You"—she seemed to be shivering—"you could never have ——"

"But I did."

She gasped brokenly.

"You? You?"

I nodded.

"Yes—I."

The colorless lips sagged piteously.

"How?"

I tried to tell her, but I suppose I did it badly. Put into a few bald words the tale was not merely sordid, it was low. I could give it no softening touch, no saving grace. It was more beastly than I had ever imagined it.

Fortunately she didn't listen with attention. The means were indifferent to her when she knew the end. For the minute, at any rate, she saw me not as I stood there, clean and in white, but as I had been a year before, dirty and in rags. But she saw more than that. With every word I uttered she saw the ideal she had formed broken into shivers, like a shattered looking-glass.

She interrupted my preposterous story to gasp: "I can't believe it!"

"But it's true."

"Then you mustn't mind if—if I put you to a test. Did you—did you write anything while you were there?"

"I printed something—in the same kind of letters you've seen at the bottom of architects' plans."

"And how did you come to do it?"

I recounted the circumstances, at which she nodded her head in verification.

"So that was how you knew the words you repeated to me a few months ago?"

"That was how. I said there were men in the world different from any you'd seen yet; and I told you to wait."

She made a tremendous effort to become again the daring mistress of herself which she generally was. She smiled, too, nervously, and with a kind of sickening, ghastly whiteness.

"Funny, isn't it? There are men in the world different from any I'd seen before that time. I've—I've waited—and found out."

Before I could utter a rejoinder to this she said quite courteously: "Will you excuse me?"

I bowed.

With no further explanation she marched down the length of the veranda—carrying herself proudly, placing her dainty feet daintily, walking with that care which people show when they are not certain of their ability to walk straight—and entered the house.

I didn't know why she had gone; but I knew the worst was over. Though I felt humiliation to the core of the heart's core I also felt relief.

With a foot dangling I sat sidewise on the veranda rail and waited. Glancing at my watch I saw it was not yet four, and I had lived through years since I had climbed the hill at one. My sensations were comparable only to those of the man who has been on trial for his life, and is waiting for the verdict.

I waited nervously, and yet humbly. Now that it was all over it seemed to me that the bitterness of death was past. Whatever else I should have to go through in life, nothing could equal the past quarter of an hour.

The sensations I hadn't had while making my confession began to come to me by degrees. Looking back over the chasm I had crossed I was amazed to think I had had the nerve for it. I trembled reminiscently; the cold sweat broke out on my forehead. It was terrible to think that at that very minute she was in there weighing the evidence, against me and in my favor.

Mechanically I relighted the cigar that had gone out. Against me and in my favor! I was not blind to the fact that in my favor there was something. I had gone down, but I had also struggled up again; and you can make an appeal for the man who has done that.

She was long in coming back. I glanced at my watch, and it was nearly half past four. Her weighing of the evidence had taken her half an hour, and it was evidently not over yet. Well, juries were often slow in coming to a verdict; and doubtless she was balancing the attenuating circumstance that I had struggled up against the main fact that I had gone down.

But I must soon know. It was ten minutes of five. The jury had been out more than three quarters of an hour.

A new quality was being transmuted into the atmosphere. It was as if the lightest, flimsiest veil had been flung across the sun. In the distant glinting of the sea, which had been silver, there came a tremulous shade of gold. The foxgloves bowed themselves like men at prayer. The robins betook themselves to the branches. From unseen depths of the scrub oak there was an occasional luscious trill, as the time for the singing of birds wasn't over yet.

Round me there was silence. I might have been sitting at the door of an empty house. I listened intently for the sound of returning footsteps, but none came.

At a quarter past five a chill about the heart began to strike me. I had been waiting more than an hour. Could it be possible that . . . .

It would be the last degree of insult. Whatever she did she wouldn't subject me to that. It would be worse than her glove across the face. It was out of the question. I couldn't bear to think of it. Rather than think of it I went over the probabilities that she would come back with the smile of forgiveness. It would doubtless be a tearful smile, for tears were surely the cause of her delay. When she had controlled them, when she was able to speak and bid me be of good comfort, I should hear the tap of her high heels coming down the uncarpeted stairway. No Red Indian ever listened for the tread of a maid's moccasins on forest moss so intently as I for that staccato click.

But only the birds rewarded me, and the cries of boys who had come to bathe on the beach below. There was more gold in the light; more trilling in the branches; a more pungent scent from the trees, the flowers and the grass; and that was all.

It was half past five; it was a quarter of six; it was six.

At six o'clock I knew.

My hat was lying on a chair near by. I picked it up—and went.

I went, not by the avenue and the path but down the queer, rickety flights of steps that led from one jutting rock to another over the face of the cliff, till I reached the beach.

It was the delicious hour for bathing. As far as one could see in either direction there were heads bobbing in the water, and people scrambling in and out. Shrill cries of women and children, hoarse shouts of men, mingled with the piping of birds overhead. Farther out than the bathers there were rowboats, and beyond the rowboats sails. In the middle of the Sound a steamer or two trailed a lazy flag of smoke. Far, far to the south and the west a haze like that round a volcano hung over New York. I should return there next day to face new conditions. I only wished to God that it could be that night.

The new conditions were briefly three: I could use the revolver still lying in my desk; or I could begin to drink again; or, like the bull wounded in the ring, I could seek shelter in the dumb sympathy of the Down and Out. The last seemed to me the least attractive. I had climbed that hill, and found it led only to a precipice that I had fallen over.

Neither did the first possibility charm me especially. Apart from the horror of it, it was too brief, too sudden, too conclusive. I wanted the gradual, the prolonged.

It was the second course to which my mind turned with the nearest approach to satisfaction. Christian had told me that some of my severest tussles lay ahead; and now I had come to the one in which I should go under. In that the flesh at least would get its hour of compensation, when all was said and done.

At the foot of Mrs. Grace's steps I paused to recall Christian's words of a few days previously:

"In love and truth together there's a power which, if we have the patience to wait for its working out, will solve all difficulties and meet all needs."

I had tried that—love and truth together!—and at the result I could only laugh.

My immediate fear was lest Mrs. Grace and the Grahams would be on the veranda, vaguely expecting to offer me their congratulations. When halfway up the steps I heard voices and knew that they were there. So be it! I had faced worse things in my life; and now I could face that.

But as I advanced up the lawn I saw them moving about and talking with animation. As soon as Mrs. Grace caught sight of me she hurried down the steps, meeting me as I passed among the flower beds. She held a newspaper marked Extra in her hand, and seemed to have forgotten that I had love affairs.

"Have you seen this? Colt, the chauffeur, was at the station and brought it back. It's just come down from New York."

Glad of anything that would distract attention from myself I took the paper in my hand and pretended to be reading it. All I got was the vague information that someone had been assassinated—some man and his morganatic wife. What did it matter to me? What did it matter to anyone? Of all that was printed there only five syllables took possession of my memory—and that because they were meaningless: "Gavrilo Prinzip!"

I was repeating them to myself as I handed the paper back, and we exchanged comments of which I have no recollection. More comments were passed with the Grahams, and then, blindly, drunkenly, I made my way to my room.

There I found nothing to do less classic than to sit at the open window, to look over at the red and yellow house on the opposite hill. It was my intention to think the matter out, but my brain seemed to have stopped working. Nothing came to me but those barbaric sounds, that kept repeating themselves with a kind of hiss: "Gavrilo Prinzip! Gavrilo Prinzip!"

From my stupefied scanning of the paper I hadn't grasped the fact that a name utterly unknown that morning was being flashed round the world at a speed more rapid than that of the earth round the sun. Still less did I suspect that it was to become in its way the most sinister name in history. I kept repeating it only as you repeat senseless things in the minutes before you go to sleep:

"Gavrilo Prinzip! Gavrilo Prinzip! Gavrilo Prinzip!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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# CAN HAPPEN!

(Continued from Page 9)

Then he went back to his cousin and give him a pack of cigarettes, out of his overflowing heart, and asked where was something he could put his wild animal in and take it to town to his great friend Doctor Hong Foy, who had a desire for it.

The cousin took the cigarettes, but he looked at Lew Wee a long time, like he didn't understand Chinee at all. Lew Wee said it all over again. He wanted something to take the wild animal to town in, because the chicken coop it was now in hadn't any bottom, and was too big anyway.

The cousin again looked at him a long time, like one in a trance. Then, without any silly talk, he went over to the barn and handed Lew Wee a bran sack.

Lew Wee said that was just the thing; and would the cousin come over and help him in case the animal would be timid and not want to go in the sack? The cousin said he would not. And he didn't go back to the artichokes. He went to a bed of cauliflower clear at the other end of the garden, after giving Lew Wee another of them long "Can happen!" looks, which signify that we live in a strange and terrible world.

Lew Wee went back alone to his prize, finding it still calm, like a gentleman in his club. He reassured it with some more cheerful words. He had a thought right then, he says; kind of a sudden fear. He had been told the first day by his cousin, and also by his great friend, Doctor Hong Foy, that the skunk gave out a strong scent disagreeable to many people. But this one he'd caught didn't have any scent of any kind. So mebbe that meant it wasn't in good condition and Doctor Hong Foy wouldn't wish it for twenty-five dollars. However, it was sure a skunk, and looked strong and healthy and worth taking in to the doctor, who could then tell about its condition.

Lew Wee opened the neck of the bag, laid it on the ground close by him, got down on his knees, and carefully raised one side of the coop. The wild animal looked more beautiful than ever; and it didn't seem alarmed, but just the tiniest mite suspicious.

It must of looked like it was saying it was entirely willing to be friendly, but you couldn't ever tell about these Chinamen. Lew Wee reached a hand slowly over toward it and it moved against the back of the coop, very watchful. Then Lew Wee made a quick grab and caught the back of its neck neatly.

Of course this showed at once that a Chinaman wasn't to be trusted, and Lew Wee says it put up a fierce fight, being so quick and muscular as to surprise him. He was fully engaged for at least thirty seconds; the animal clawed and squirmed and twisted, and it bit in the clinches and almost got away. He was breathing hard when he finally got his wild animal into the sack and the neck tied.

He says he didn't actually realize until then, what with all the excitement, that something had gone kind of wrong. He was not only breathing hard but it was hard breathing. He says he felt awful good at that moment. He had been afraid his animal might not be in good condition, but it undoubtedly was. He thought right off that if one in just ordinary good condition was worth twenty-five dollars to Doctor Hong Foy, then this one might be worth as much as thirty-five, or even forty. He thought it must be the best wild animal of that kind in the world.

So he picked up the sack, with his prize squirming and swearing inside, and threw it over his shoulder and started back to the country club. He stopped a minute to thank his cousin once more; but his cousin seen him coming and run swiftly off in a strange manner, as if not wishing to be thanked again. Then Lew Wee went on across a field and over the golf links. His idea was to take the little animal to his room in the clubhouse and keep it there until night, when he could take it into town and get all that money for it. He was quite happy and wished he hadn't scared the poor thing so.

He thought when he got to his room he might let it out of the sack to play round there in freedom during the day. He spent the twenty-five dollars for different things on the way over the golf links. He told me he knew perfectly well that his pet would be likely to attract notice; but he didn't realize how much. A Chinee is a wonder. He can very soon get used to anything.

But Lew Wee never did get to his room again. When he got up near the clubhouse some fine people were getting out of a shiny purple motor car as big as a palace, and they had golf sticks in bags. One of 'em was a big red-faced man with a fierce gray mustache, and this man begun to yell at Lew Wee in a remarkable manner. The words being in a foreign language, he couldn't make 'em out well, but the sense of it was that the big man wanted him to go away from there. Lew Wee knew he wasn't working for this man, who was only a club member; so he paid no attention to him beyond waving his hand friendly, and went on round toward the back entrance.

Then out of the side entrance come the chief steward, also yelling, and this was the man he was working for; so he stopped to listen. It wasn't for long. He lost a good job as cook in no time at all. Of course that never bothers a Chinee any; but when he started in to get his things from his room the steward picked up a golf club with an iron end and threatened to hurt him, and some of the kitchen help run round from the back with knives flashing, and the big red-faced man was yelling to the steward to send for a policeman, and some ladies that had got out of another big car had run halfway across the golf links, as if pursued by something, and more people from the inside come to the door and yelled at him and made motions he should go away; so he thought he better not try to get his things just then. He couldn't see why all the turmoil, even if he had got something in prime condition for his friend Doctor Hong Foy.

It was noticeable, he thought; but nothing to make all this fuss about, especially if the fools would just let him get it to his own room, where it could become quiet again, like when he had first seen it in the trap. But he saw they wasn't going to let him, and the big man had gone in the front way and was now shaking both fists at him through a side window that was closed; so he thought, all right, he'd leave 'em flat, without a cook—and a golf tournament was on that day too! He was twenty-five dollars to the good and he could easy get another job.

So he waved good-by to all of 'em and went down the road half a mile to the car line. He was building air castles by that time. He says it occurred to him that Doctor Hong Foy might like many of these wild animals, at twenty-five dollars each; and he might take up the work steady. It was exciting and sporty, and would make him suddenly rich. Mebbe it wasn't as pleasant work as his cousin did, spending his time round gardens and greenhouses; but it was more adventurous. He really liked it, and he would get even more used to it in time so he wouldn't hardly notice it at all. As he stood there waiting for a trolley car he must of thought up a whole headful of things he'd buy with all these sudden emoluments. Several motor cars passed while he waited, and he noticed that folks in 'em all turned to look at him in an excited way. But he knew all Americans was crazy and liable to be mad about something.

Pretty soon a car stopped and some people got off the front end. They stopped short and begun to look all round 'em in a frightened manner—two ladies and a child and an old man. The conductor also stepped off and looked round in a frightened manner; but he jumped back on the car quick. Lew Wee then hopped on to the back platform, with his baggage, just as it started on. It started quick and was going forty miles an hour by the time he'd got the door open. Then two women in the car screamed at him like maniacs, and before he'd got comfortably set down the conductor had opened the front door and started for him. He got halfway down the car; then he started back and made a long speech at him from the front end, while the car stopped like it had hit a mountain, throwing everyone off their seats.

Lew Wee gathered that he was being directed to get off the car quickly. The other passengers had crowded back by the conductor and was telling him the same thing. One old gentleman with a cane, who mebbe couldn't walk good, had took up his cane and busted a window quick, and had his head outside. Lew Wee thought he was an anarchist, busting up property that way. Also the motorman, who had stopped the car so soon, was now shaking a brass weapon at him over the heads of the others. So he thought he might as well get off the car and save all this talk. He'd got his fare out, but he put it back in his pocket and picked up his sack and went out in a very dignified way, even if they was threatening him. He knew he had something worth twenty-five dollars in his sack, and they probably didn't know it or they wouldn't act that way.

He set down and waited for another car, still spending his money.

The next one slowed down for him; but all at once it started up again more swift than the wind, he says; and he could see that the motorman was a coward about something, because he looked greatly frightened when he flew by the spot. He never saw one go so fast as this one did after it had slowed up for him. It looked like the motorman would soon be arrested for driving his car too fast. He then had the same trouble with another car; it slowed up, but was off again before it stopped, and the people in it looked out at him kind of horrified.

It begun to look like he wasn't going to ride to the city in a trolley car. Pretty soon along the road come a Japanese man he knew. His name was Suzuki Katsuzo; and Lew Wee says that, though nothing but a Japanese, he is in many respects a decent man.

Suzuki passed him, going round in a wide circle, and stopped to give him some good advice. He refused to come a step nearer, even after Lew Wee told him that what he had in the sack was worth a lot of money.

Suzuki was very polite, but he didn't want to come any nearer, even after that. He told Lew Wee he was almost certain they didn't want him on street cars with it, no matter if it was worth thousands of dollars. It might be worth that much, and very likely was if the price depended on its condition. But the best and most peaceful way for Lew Wee was to find a motor car going that way and ask the gentleman driving it to let him ride; he said it would be better, too, to pick out a motor car without a top to it, because the other kind are often shut up too tightly for such affairs as this, like street cars. He said the persons in street cars are common persons, and do not care if a thing is worth thousands of dollars or not if they don't like to have it in the car with them. He didn't believe it would make any difference to them if something like this was worth a million dollars in American gold.

So Lew Wee thanked Suzuki Katsuzo, who went quickly on his way; and then he tried to stop a few motor cars. It seemed like they was as timid as street cars. People would slow up when they seen him in the road, and then step on the gas like it was a matter of life and death. Lew Wee must of said "Can happen!" a number of times that morning.

Finally, along come a German. He was driving a big motor truck full of empty beer kegs, and Lew Wee says the German himself was a drinking man and had been drinking so much beer that he could nearly go to sleep while driving the car.

He slowed up and stopped when he saw Lew Wee in the middle of the road. Lew Wee said he wanted to go to San Francisco and would give the driver a dollar to let him ride back on the beer kegs. The driver said: "Let's see the dollar." And took it and said: "All right, John; get up." Then he sniffed the air several times and said it seemed like there had been a skunk round. Lew Wee didn't tell him he had it in his bag, because the driver might know how much it was worth and try foul play on him to get possession of it. So they started on, and the German, who had been drinking, settled into a kind of doze at the wheel.

Lew Wee was up on the beer kegs and enjoying himself like a rich gentleman riding to the city in his motor car. It was kind of nice, in spite of being used to his pet, to be going through the air so fast.

The German seemed to be getting sobered up by something, and after about five or six miles he stopped the car and yelled to Lew Wee that a skunk had been round this place, too; and mebbe he had





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run over one. Lew Wee looked noncommittal; but the German was getting more wakeful every minute, and after a couple more miles he pulled up again and come round to where Lew Wee was. He says it seems like a skunk has been round everywhere; and, in fact, it seems to be right here now. He sees the sack and wants to know what's in it. But he don't give Lew Wee a chance to lie about it. He was thoroughly awake now and talked quite sober, but bitterly. He ordered Lew Wee to get off of there quickly. Lew Wee says he swore at him a lot. He thinks it was in German. He ain't sure of the language, but he knows it was swearing.

He wasn't going to get off, at first; but the German got a big stick from the roadside and started for him, so he climbed down the other side and started to run. But the cowardly German didn't chase him a single step. He got back in his seat and started down the road quicker than it looked like his truck had been able to travel.

Anyway, Lew Wee was a lot nearer to town, owing to the German not having been sensitive at first; and if worst come to worst he could walk. It looked like he'd have to. Then he saw he'd have to walk, anyway, because this brutal German that put him off the truck hadn't give him back his dollar, and that was all he had. He now put the First High Curse of the One Hundred and Nine Malignant Devils on all Germans. It is a grand curse, he says, and has done a lot of good in China. He was uncertain whether it would work away from home; but he says it did. Every time he gets hold of a paper now he looks for the place where Germans in close formation is getting mowed down by machine-gun fire.

But his money was gone miles away from him by this time; so he started his ten-mile walk. I don't know. It's always been a mystery to me how he could do it. He could get kind of used to it himself, and mebbe he thought the public could do as much. It was an interesting walk he had.

At first, he thought he was only attracting the notice of the vulgar, like when some American ruffians doing a job of repair work on the road threw rocks at him when he stopped to rest a bit. But he soon noticed that rich ladies and gentlemen also seemed to shun him as he passed through little towns. He carried his impetuous burden on a stick over his shoulder and at a distance seemed to be an honest workman; but people coming closer didn't look respectfully at him, by any means. It seemed as if some odium was attached to him.

Once he stopped to pick a big red rose from a bush that hung over the wall in front of a pretty place, and a beautiful child dressed like a little princess stood there; and, being fond of children, like all Chinee men, he spoke to her; but a nurse screamed and run out at him and yelled something in another foreign language. He thinks it was swearing, same as the German, though she looked like a lady. So he went sadly on, smelling of his lovely rose from time to time.

The only way I can figure out how he got through them suburbs is that parties wanted to have him arrested or shot, or something, but wouldn't let him stick round long enough to get it done; they was in two minds about him, I guess: They wished to detain him, but also wished harder to have him away.

So he went on uninjured, meeting murderous looks and leaving excitement in his trail; hearing men threaten him even while they run away from him. It hurt him to be shunned this way—him that had always felt so friendly toward one and all. He couldn't deny it by this time; people was shunning him on account of what Doctor Hong Foy wanted alive and in good condition.

As he worked his way into the city the excitement mounted higher. He took to the middle of the street where he could. Mobs collected behind him and waved things at him and looked like they would lynch him; but they didn't come close enough for that. It seemed like he bore a charmed life in spite of this hostility. When he'd got well into the city a policeman did come up and start to arrest him, but thought better of it and went round a corner. It made him feel like a social cull or an outcast, or something.

He wasn't a bit foolish about his cunning little pet by this time. And it looked as if these crowds of people that gathered behind him would finally get their nerve up to do something with him. They was getting bigger and acting more desperate. When he was on the sidewalk he swept people off into the road like magic, and when he was in the street they would edge close in to the buildings.

It really hurt him. He'd always liked Americans, in spite of their foreign ways, and they had seemed to like him; but now all at once they was looking on him as a yellow peril. He still kept his rose to smell of. He said it was a sweet comfort to him at a time when the whole world had turned against him for nothing at all.

He made for Chinatown by the quietest streets he could pick out, though even on them hardly escaping the lawless mob. But at last he got to the street where Doctor Hong Foy's office was. It was largely a Chinese street and lots of his friends lived there; but even now, when you'd think he'd get kind words and congratulations, he didn't.

His best friends regarded him as one better let alone, and made swift gestures of repulsion when he passed 'em. Quite a crowd followed at a safe distance and gathered outside when he went into Doctor Hong Foy's office. It was a kind of store on the ground floor, so Lew Wee says, with shelves full of rich old Chinee medicines that had a certain powerful presence of their own. But even in here Doctor Hong Foy should of known beyond a doubt what his friend had brought him.

It seemed the doctor had to make sure. He wasn't of the same believing nature as the street-car people and the German and others. He wanted to be shown. So they undone the sack and opened it down to where Doctor Hong Foy could make sure. But their work was faulty and the wild animal didn't like handling after its day of mistreatment. It had been made morbid, I guess. Anyway, it displayed an extremely nervous tendency and many impetuous movements, and bit Doctor Hong Foy in the thumb. Then his first owner tried to grab him and the pet wriggled away on to a tray of dried eel gizzards, or something, and off that to the open door.

The little thing run into the front of the large crowd that had waited outside and had a wonderful effect on it. Them in the center tried to melt away, but couldn't on account of them on the outside; so there was fights and accidents, and different ones tromped on, and screams of fear. And this brought a lot bigger crowd that pressed in and made the center ones more anguished. I don't know. That poor animal had been imposed on all day and must of been overwrought. It was sore vexed by now and didn't care who knew it. Lots of 'em did.

Of course Lew Wee dashed out after his property, hugging the sack to his chest; and, of course, he created just as much disturbance as his little pet had. Policemen was mingling with the violence by this time and adding much to its spirit. One public-spirited citizen grabbed Lew Wee in spite of its being distasteful; but he kicked the poor man on the kneecap and made a way through the crowd without too much trouble.

He wasn't having any vogue whatever in that neighborhood. He run down a little side street, up an alley, and into a cellar he knew about, this cellar being the way out of the Young China Progressive Association when they was raided up the front stairs on account of gambling at poker.

He could hear the roar of the mob clear from there. It took about an hour for this to die down. People would come to see what all the excitement was about, and find out almost at once; then they'd try to get away, and run against others coming to find out, thus producing a very earnest riot. There was mounted policemen and patrol wagons and many arrests, and an armed posse hunting for the escaped pet and shooting up alleys at every little thing that moved. They never did find the pet—so one of Lew Wee's cousins wrote him; which made him sorry on account of Doctor Hong Foy and the twenty-five or mebbe thirty dollars.

He lay hid in this cellar till dark; then started out to find his friends and get something to eat. He darned near started



everything all over again; but he dodged down another alley and managed to get some noodles and chowmain at the back door of the Hong-Kong Grill, where a tong brother worked. He begun to realize that he was a marked man. The mark didn't show; but he was. He didn't know what the law might do to him. It looked like at least twenty years in some penal institution, if not hanging; and he didn't want either one.

So he borrowed three dollars from the tong brother and started for some place where he could lead a quiet life. He managed to get to Oakland, though the deck hands on the ferryboat talked about throwing him overboard. But they let him live if he would stay at the back end till everyone, including the deck hands, was safe off or behind something when the boat landed. Then he wandered off into the night and found a freight train. He didn't care where he went—just somewhere where they wouldn't know about his crime.

He rode a while between two freight cars; then left that train and found a blind baggage on a passenger train that went faster and near froze him to death. He got off, chilled in the early morning, at some little town and bought some food in a Chinee restaurant, and also got warm. But he hadn't no more than got warm when he was put out of the place, right by his own people.

It was warm outside by this time, so he didn't mind it so much. The town did, though. It must of been a small town, but he says thousands of men chased him out of it about as soon as he was warmed up enough to run. He couldn't understand this, because how could they know he was the one that caused all that trouble in San Francisco?

He got a freight train outside the town and rode on and on. He says he rode on for weeks and weeks; but that's his imagination. It must of been about three days, with spells of getting off for food and to get warmed when he was freezing, and be chased by these wild hill tribes when he had done the latter. It put a crimp into his sunny nature—all this armed pursuit of him. He says if he had been a Christian, and believed in only one God, he would never of come through alive, it taking about seventy-four or five of his own gods to protect him from these maddened savages. He had a continuous nightmare of harsh words and blows. He wondered they didn't put him in jail; but it seemed like they only wanted to keep him going.

Of course it had to end. He got to Spokane finally and sneaked round to a friend that had a laundry; and this friend must of been a noble soul. He took in the outcast and nursed him with food and drink, and repeatedly washed his clothes. Wanting a ranch cook about that time, I got in touch with him through another cousin, who said this man wanted very much to go out into a safe country, and would never leave it, because of unpleasantness in getting here.

It was ten days after he got there that I saw him first, and I'll be darned if he was any human sachet even then. But after hearing his story I knew that time would once more make him fit for human association. He told me his story with much feeling this first time and he told it to me about once a week for three months after he got here—pieces of it at a time. It used to cheer me a lot. He was always remembering something new. He said he liked the great silence and peace of this spot.

You couldn't tell him to this day that his belief about the savage hill tribes ain't sound. He believes anything "can happen" in that country down there. Doctor Hong Foy never paid him the twenty-five, of course, though admitting that he would of done so if the animal had not escaped, because he was in such good condition, for a skunk, that he was worth twenty-five dollars of any doctor's money. I don't know. As I say, they're friendly little critters; but it's more money than I would actually pay for one.

Through two closed doors the whine of the fiddle still penetrated. Perhaps Lew Wee's recent loss had moved him to play later than was his custom, pondering upon the curious whims that stir the gods when they start to make things happen. But he was still no cynic. Over and over he played the little air which means: "Life comes like a bird-song through the open windows of the heart."

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# THE FLYING SAILORS

(Continued from Page 13)

and coming back; but it wasn't all that sort. There was a trip, for example, that some of our men made from a base in England, covering four hundred and seventy miles and lasting for seven hours and ten minutes, a trip that had action enough in it to suit a glutton for that sort of thing. In order that the reader may visualize the trip, which is one of many, it may be well to set the events down chronologically before spinning the yarn of it. The plane left the water at a place in England at 12:00 P. M. with Captain Barker; Lieutenant Galvayne; Ensign Keyes; and two sailors—Reid, who was engineer, and Hopkins, who was wireless man. The log runs as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| 12:00 to 12:55. | Flew along coast to X ——, 48 miles |
| 12:55 to 12:57. | Circled round —— |
| 12:57 to 2:25. | Flew toward Dutch coast, 82 miles. |
| 2:25 . . . . | Sighted Haaks Lightship. |
| 2:40 . . . . | Dutch coast on starboard beam. |
| 2:40 to 3:15. | Followed Dutch coast. |
| 3:15 to 3:35. | Circled round Plane No. ——, which had gone down on water with broken petrol pipe. |
| 3:35 . . . . | Five hostile planes sighted, steering west. |
| 3:35 to 3:50. | Chased hostile planes east. |
| 3:50 . . . . | Returned to plane on water. |
| 3:55 to 4:06. | Resumed chase enemy planes. |
| 4:15 . . . . | Observed hostile planes coming on us from north. |
| 4:25 . . . . | Proceeded to intercept hostile planes. |
| 4:35 to 4:55. | General action with ten enemy planes. |
| 4:55 . . . . | Cut off from formation and attacked by seven enemy planes. |
| 5:00 . . . . | Lieutenant Galvayne killed. |
| 5:10 to 5:20. | Fight continued. |
| 5:20 . . . . | Enemy planes turned back. |
| 5:45 . . . . | Forced to go down on water because of broken petrol pipe. |
| 5:55 . . . . | Repairs made. Took off again. |
| 6:50 . . . . | Land sighted. |
| 7:10 . . . . | Landing made at ——. |

Those were seven crowded hours for the men in the planes. Their orders were to make a long reconnaissance to the coast of Holland, engage any hostile planes that might appear, and get back whenever fortune allowed them to. There were five planes in the expedition, the three that started at ——, and two others that joined forty-eight miles up the English coast. It was within a minute or two of one o'clock when they swung into formation and went whirring off toward Holland. Presently they picked up the Haaks lightship, and a few minutes later the coast of Holland. They went on up the coast, near enough to the shore to see the waves breaking on the sand and the tidy Dutch houses that stood alongshore.

### Small Boy Tactics

All this time they had been in strict formation and had seen no Huns, nor anything else save a large number of fishing smacks. Then the plane of the leader began to wabble and the pilot made a descent to the water, signaling that something had gone wrong and that he must make repairs. A disabled sea plane on the water is as defenseless as a turtle on its back. Any passing plane of evil intent may do almost what it pleases with it in the way of peppering it to destruction with machine-gun fire or smashing it with bombs, for the opportunity of come-back is limited and usually ineffectual. Knowing this the four other planes circled about the plane on the water, watching and warding until the repairs should be made.

Five black specks appeared in the air. In two minutes they had developed into boche planes, steering west.

"Five enemy planes sighted," they signaled to the captain of the squadron, who with his men was tinkering with a broken petrol pipe and talking lurid language about their luck.

"Go to it," signaled the captain.

The four planes went to it, full speed, and here I must take up the story of one of the planes, the one Barker and Galvayne and Keyes were in. Barker was at the wheel, Galvayne beside him. His duties were to keep lookout over the cowl and to direct the pilot. Keyes was in the front cockpit with a machine gun and four hundred rounds of ammunition, and the two seamen were in the after cockpit with three machine guns. Every ounce of energy those engines had was thrown in, and the four big planes in battle formation steered directly for the Huns.

The Huns were not taking any. Before they were in range they turned and sped away along the track they had come. They were too fast for the pursuers, distanced them, and soon were but specks in the blue. The pursuers came back and began circling round the disabled plane again, and the objurgations of the men in it were loud enough to penetrate the noise of the propellers and the chug of the engines. It certainly was hard luck to be down on the water with Huns flying about.

A few minutes later the Huns came on again, this time from a different direction, but now there were but four of them. Another Hun, a small scout, was flying rapidly away from the scene, toward Borkum. The Huns came on, but when pursuit began they turned and ran away. They made a wide circle and started in again, flying directly toward the Allies. Their tactics were exactly like a small boy trying to tease another small boy to chase him by running up and then dodging back. As soon as pursuit began they fled precipitately.

The Allies were rather bored by this, and had given up hope of getting into contact with them, when the German teasers were observed on their way in again.

### One More Riffle

"Let's give them another riffle," said Galvayne.

The pursuers swung into battle formation for the fourth time, hoping that the Huns would stick. Both the Huns and the pursuers were up about fifteen hundred feet. The Huns were easy to see, as they were painted black. They stood sharply out against the cloudless sky.

Someone happened to look down at the surface of the water. There was an odd movement along it. Then it was discovered that the four black Huns were but scouts and had no intention of giving battle, for flying down below, very close to the water, were ten larger German planes, painted green and hard to pick up against the green of the sea. A minute later five more of these low-flying planes were made out. Then it was quite apparent what was going on. The scouts had merely been diverting the attention of the Allies until reënforcements came up, not caring to engage on even terms. The fellows down below were the fighters.

The black scouts went out of the picture then, for the Allies nosing together drove straight at the middle of the low-flyers, and they accepted the challenge. Nine of them rose sharply to meet the rush. Four flew on the port side and five on the starboard side, and two flew directly beneath the Allies and fired straight up at them.

The machine guns began to pop immediately. Every gunner on every plane, both Allied and Hun, turned loose all he had.

The air was soon filled with smoke, for in airship ammunition there are a certain number of smoke or tracer bullets in order that the gunner may see which way his shots are going and whether he is making any hits. The range was mostly about two hundred yards, but some firing was done as close as a hundred yards. The rattle of the guns, the whir of the propellers, the chugging of the engines—made enough noise to have been heard at Amsterdam. It was a real fight, for the Huns kept at it steadily, and the Allies were pumping bullets into them, hundreds to the minute.

Keyes in the forward cockpit had four Hun planes to shoot at. They were at his level and about two hundred yards away. He took a quick look round and noticed that Lieutenant Galvayne was apparently stooping down. His head and one arm were on his seat, and his other arm extended as if he were reaching for something. A little later Keyes looked back again and saw that Galvayne had not moved. Then Keyes saw that Galvayne's head was in a pool of blood. He had been hit.

Things began to get more complicated after that. The fight was a running one. The Allied planes steered east, circled, and the Huns swooped round them. The firing was continuous. After making a large circle the plane that held Keyes and the body of Galvayne was cut off from the formation and surrounded by seven of the enemy

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planes. That made it rather imperative to get out of that particular place and back to formation, and the gunners on the American plane went at it with increased fervor. They fought a running fight with the seven Huns for about ten miles, and then the Huns retreated. One Hun went down out of control and made a most splashy landing. Another was badly hit, side-slipped and dropped in flames. The remaining five set off for their base at highest speed, and the American slowed up a bit to take stock.

"Port engine petrol pipe is broken, sir," reported the engineer.

That meant going down to the water, a most unhealthful place in the circumstances, but there was nothing else to do. So down they went, and if ever a broken petrol pipe was repaired in a hurry that one was. They had the break patched in ten minutes. Meantime they had loosened Lieutenant Galvayne's clothing, laid him out in the cockpit, and had discovered that his heart was still beating feebly. They rose to fifteen hundred feet, took their bearings and started for shore, making a landing at ten minutes past seven. Lieutenant Galvayne died on the way back. A shot had gone through his head, striking in his mouth and coming out behind his ear. The plane was riddled. It had been a lively afternoon.

This action was a combined action of American and British aviators, for the Americans were stationed at and flew from a British station. It shows not only that the American aviators were well suited for their work but demonstrates the close cooperation that existed between the British Navy and the American Navy in all branches of naval endeavor during the war. This is a story of an average day's work. There are many such. Sea planes or no sea planes of their own in the earlier days, the American naval flyers have had opportunity to show their skill and courage, and have shown it.

Many of the naval flyers were naval reserve men who came into the service at the beginning of the war, men of high type of intelligence, gallant, courageous, educated and keen; young, of course, mostly less than twenty-five years. They have done exceptionally well even when contrasted with the British flyers, whose work has been so magnificent and has never had its due meed of praise.

### Busy Days for D. S. Ingalls

I happened on some reports of the flying of Lieut. D. S. Ingalls, of the United States Naval Reserve. I do not know Lieutenant Ingalls, but he seems to be a good type of our naval flyers. He was reasonably busy between August thirteenth and October second, when the completed record of his services ends, albeit I have no doubt he did good things after that. Ingalls had been both bombing and fighting. On the night of August thirteenth he flew over to the Varsenaere aërodrome belonging to the Huns, fired six hundred and fifty rounds of machine-gun bullets into it and dropped four bombs which made the Huns quite unhappy, for though Ingalls was flying very low they did not hit him with their archies.

He tried his hand at low bombing again on September fifteenth—very low, the Huns consider it—and this time he visited Uytkerke aërodrome. He fired four hundred rounds this time, and dropped four bombs. On his return he shot down a German machine.

One bombing expedition a day, or night, did not meet with the requirements of this young man for action, so on September twenty-second he had a hand in four. He dropped four bombs on German ammunition wagons at Handzaeme, and blew up some of them. He got two direct hits on the Thourout railway station. He dropped four bombs on an ammunition hut at Wercken and set it afire, and he dropped four more bombs and shot up a horse transport near Gits. There were four others in this party, and they killed twenty-five Germans and thirty-five German horses. A week later he did a lot of execution on a large camp at St. Michel.

He made three trips across with cargoes of bombs on October first, hitting a train at Lichtervelde, and dropping down almost to the ground on the way back for another load to pay his machine-gun attentions to a horse transport. On the second trip he discovered a barn near Cortemarck where two hundred Germans had taken shelter, and he messed that place up frightfully, also the Germans therein, by landing a bomb on it. He got an ammunition dump near Hooglede on the third trip.

Next night he made two low bomb raids. He set fire to a farmhouse that was sheltering Germans near Thourout, and bombed two large guns near by, killing several of the gun crew. Then he flew down over them and peppered those remaining in sight with his machine gun. He also did some execution on a horse transport near Zevecote.

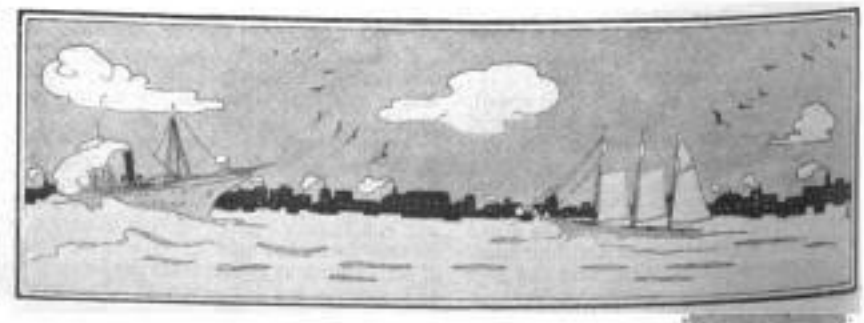
While engaged in these activities Ingalls also devoted some of his time to fighting Huns. He was on a machine that got a German two-seater on August eleventh, and had a fight with a German on August twenty-first, after which the German crashed. On the eighteenth of September he was a party to the destruction of a German kite balloon, which fell in flames and with commendable enterprise hit a Hun hangar, which promptly caught fire also. The fire extended to two other hangars, and all these were consumed, which is a remarkable circumstance. It was not often that a hit on a kite balloon destroyed three hangars as well as the balloon itself.

### Famous Air Battles

Ingalls and his companion fighter got a German machine on September fifteenth over Ostend; and on the twentieth while on escort duty his squadron ran into a little German outfit consisting of four Fokkers. There was a dog fight, in which all the Camels of the squadron Ingalls was with and the Fokkers engaged; and one Fokker went down, burning. He was in on the destruction of a Rumpler on September twenty-fourth, and had a second gorgeous fight on the same day. He was in a party of four Camels, and they were flying at sixteen thousand feet when they saw twelve German Fokker biplanes at the same height. The Camels went in like streaks of lightning. Captain Brown, in one of the Camels, engaged a Fokker at point-blank range and got it. It folded its wings and dropped, done. Another Fokker, which was chased down to two hundred feet, crashed.

All this time Ingalls was fighting a Fokker away from another Camel which had been shot through the petrol tank, and the fourth member of the Camel group was hard at it with another. This Fokker was hit and downed. The result of that fight, which ranged from sixteen thousand feet in the air to the ground, was that three of the Fokkers were destroyed, and that the Camels came through with no other damage than perforations of planes and the spoiled petrol tank.

Camels, it may be said, are a type of the British one-man fighting machine, fast, mobile and very effective. On all these trips Ingalls was flying as attached to a British station, and was in company with British flyers, all of whom were as efficient as he was in every way. I speak of Ingalls throughout this little narrative of fighting that is merely typical of the fighting that was continuous on that Front and elsewhere, because he is an American, and what he did is also typical of the way the Americans and the British worked together as well as of the sort of flyers the Americans were. Deserving of credit as Ingalls is, he wasn't the only one. There were plenty more like him among the American aviators.



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# A LITTLE BUNCH OF TEMPERAMENT

(Continued from Page 6)

awkward situation. For is it not as difficult, when one considers it, to tell the other woman about one's wife as to tell one's wife about the other woman?

III

NOT at any time had there been in Wickett's mind a moment's doubt as to the sincerity with which he looked forward to his wife's return. Certain subsequent accountings he did not, to be sure, anticipate with pleasure; but having planned with much care the precise manner in which these accountings should be made in order to produce the least unfavorable impression, and being, moreover, of habitually optimistic nature, he was in a cheerful frame of mind even with regard to these possible embarrassments as he went to the station to meet her.

How glad, how very glad he would be to see her he had not fully realized until, walking rapidly down the concrete platform toward the rear of a long express train which had just rolled slowly in, he saw Molly step from the Morvens' car.

Molly! His own fine, open-hearted, lovely, level-headed Molly, with her clear, candid eyes like those of a Madonna, yet capable of showing humorous appreciation, too, upon occasion. What a lucky dog he was to have a wife like that! Yes, and how unworthy. What in the name of common sense was it that turned him every now and then into a philandering fool? At the sight of her a window seemed to open in his soul admitting a great gust of purifying feeling, as when a long unventilated room, filled with the smoke of cigarettes and Chinese punk, is suddenly thrown open to the sun and wind.

The children, whom he had taken down to meet her, rushed forward crying, "Mother! Mother!" and a moment later all four of them were reunited in a family embrace.

No need to ask if the trip had done her good. She was radiant—ten years younger in appearance than when she went away.

That evening they celebrated her return by having supper with the children, after which she told in glowing words of the trip—the horseback ride through the Yosemite, the redwoods, the festivities in San Francisco, the Seventeen Mile Drive and house parties at Burlingame and Pebble Beach.

In accordance with the plan that he had formulated Wickett refrained that evening from mentioning Maida to his wife. His first impulse when he had something to confess was to do so as soon as possible and get it over with; but the thought had come to him as he pondered the present problem that to rush immediately into explanations would be to advertise the fact that the subject of those explanations was uppermost in his mind; whereas, by waiting a day and then beginning with some such phrase as "Oh, by the way," he hoped to make the tale he had to tell seem casual.

His plan was exceedingly complete. It included maneuvers designed to bring Molly to the proper frame of mind, and details as to the proper time and place for the confession.

He began now to pave the way.

"Don't make any engagement for tomorrow afternoon," he said. "I have some tickets for a recital."

"A recital!" Her tone expressed the amazement that she felt. "You mean you're going to take me?"

"Yes, of course," he said, trying to speak in a matter-of-fact tone.

He had not realized that she would be so much surprised. She was staring at him with a look of puzzlement amounting almost to alarm.

"What kind of recital?"

"Piano. Rubinovich in a Brahms program."

"Brahms?" she echoed, the depth of her mystification increased.

"Yes. You've always liked Brahms."

"I didn't know you even knew it."

"Of course I knew it."

She continued to gaze at him with that curious look. Never before had such a suggestion come from him. Her musical life had been led apart from her husband, save when he had been obliged to escort her to the opera, and on the one occasion, back in 1909, when he had voluntarily taken her to a symphony concert to celebrate her recovery after the birth of little Shelley. But a piano recital! And Brahms! What could it mean?

"Well, it's dear of you!" she exclaimed, preferring, wifelike, to believe as long as possible that the extraordinary manifestation constituted a disinterested act of devotion.

"I'm glad you're pleased," he replied virtuously.

"I am—enormously. But how did you—what gave you the idea?"

"Naturally," he returned, "I wished to celebrate your homecoming."

"Dear boy!" she said, and kissed him on the top of his head.

Wickett felt that he had reason to be well pleased with the result of this preliminary operation. It was, of course, a part of the plan. After the Brahms recital it was his intention to propose that they stay downtown, dining at a quiet little French restaurant, a favorite place of theirs. Then, having plied her with the sort of music and the sort of viands she liked best, when they had sipped their claret and drunk their after-dinner coffee and he had lighted a good Havana—then he would watch for an opening for his "Oh, by the way, Molly, there's someone I want to have meet you when we can arrange it."

Next afternoon he managed to endure the incomprehensible recital by continually reflecting that Molly at his side was clearly enjoying it, that they were to have a good dinner, and that his propitiatory plans had so far worked without a hitch. So, too, a little later at dinner. They sat side by side upon an upholstered seat, back to the wall, whence they could inspect the other diners while enjoying their own repast. From every point of view it was as perfect a little dinner as he could have wished. And when with the coming of the coffee Molly chanced to speak of some Californians she had met, saying they had promised to let her know when later in the winter they came to New York, Wickett felt confident that the gods were helping him.

"That will be fine," he said. "I like Californians." Then: "By the way, Molly, that reminds me, there's someone I want to have meet you when we can manage it. You see, while you were ——"

"Oh! Then that's it?" she said, a quizzical look in her eyes.

He felt disconcerted.

"That's what?" he asked, trying to look guileless.

"That's what you have to tell me."

"Yes," he returned; "I was just starting to tell you."

"I knew it," she averred, "the minute you said 'by the way.'"

Already he was thoroughly uncomfortable. He hoped his face did not reveal the fact. He wished that Molly would not look at him that way—so steadily, and with that air of seeing through him and finding what she saw amusing. He thought it safer to ignore her last remark.

"Well, as I was about to say, while you were away I naturally made it my business to keep in close touch with the children. I breakfasted with them every morning—never missed a morning—and at night I either had dinner with them or else came home and saw them before going out. Of course, I did go out some. For instance, there was the bazaar. You left the tickets for me, you remember? Well, that was ——"

"Did you take her to the bazaar?"

"Take her? Who?"

"The person of whom you have been telling me."

"But I haven't told you."

"Oh, yes." She smiled frankly now.

He felt the color mounting to his temples.

"No, I haven't." He wished to demand "When did I begin telling you?" but was deterred by a hideous feeling that she might refer to the recital. It was uncanny the way Molly got at things!

"Never mind, then," she said, still smiling. "Go on, Shelley. Is she anyone I know?"

"No," he replied, surrendering.

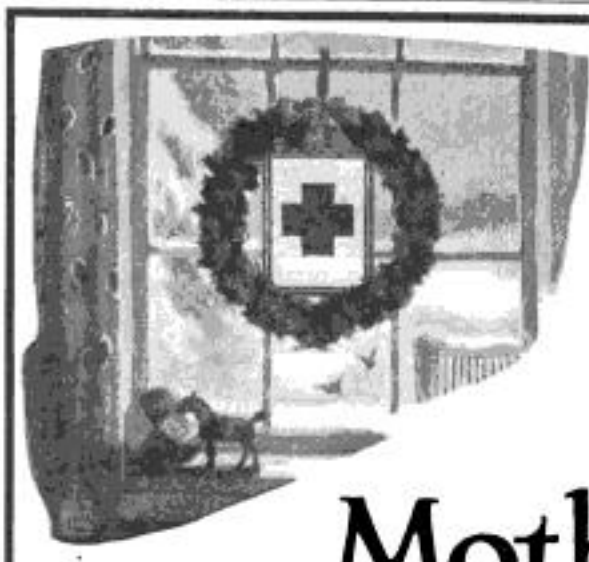
"Someone you met at the bazaar?"

"Yes—I met her at the bazaar. Why?"

Molly laughed outright.

"Are you very miserable, dear?"

For the first time he was frank.

# Mother

I USED to be a little bit ashamed of the way I felt about Mother. I loved her, of course—loved her with all the love that could be crowded into a boy's heart—but I hated to show it. Only girls and babies, I thought, showed affection. It wasn't "manly" for a boy to be petted—especially if there was someone around to see.

I used to go to Mother when I had cut my finger or had some childish grief or woe and she would bind up the wound in my finger and my heart and drive away all the pain and sorrow in some strange, mysterious way that only mothers know about.

Then she'd put her arm around me and smooth my hair—but I'd pull away and swagger out, whistling loudly, and play with my dog.

But at nights when I'd gone tired to bed I'd think about Mother.

And always she appeared in a sort of soft light with a smile of understanding. To myself, I called her "The Greatest Mother in the World."

* * * *

The other day I saw a Red Cross Poster—a white clad nurse with a wounded soldier in her arms; they called it "The Greatest Mother in the World."

It brought a jealous little tug to my heart when I saw it. I resented the use of that title for a Red Cross Poster. It was my name for Mother.

I closed my eyes for a moment and a vision of Mother came to me. The same soft light and tender smile. And when I looked up at the poster again I understood.

I felt that the Red Cross had the right to use that title, "The Greatest Mother in the World."

For I realized that the spirit of my Mother—and yours—was behind that big organization—binding up cut fingers for little boys who have grown up and aren't really little boys any longer.

*And that's the reason I'm going to answer "Present!" at the*

**RED CROSS CHRISTMAS ROLL CALL**

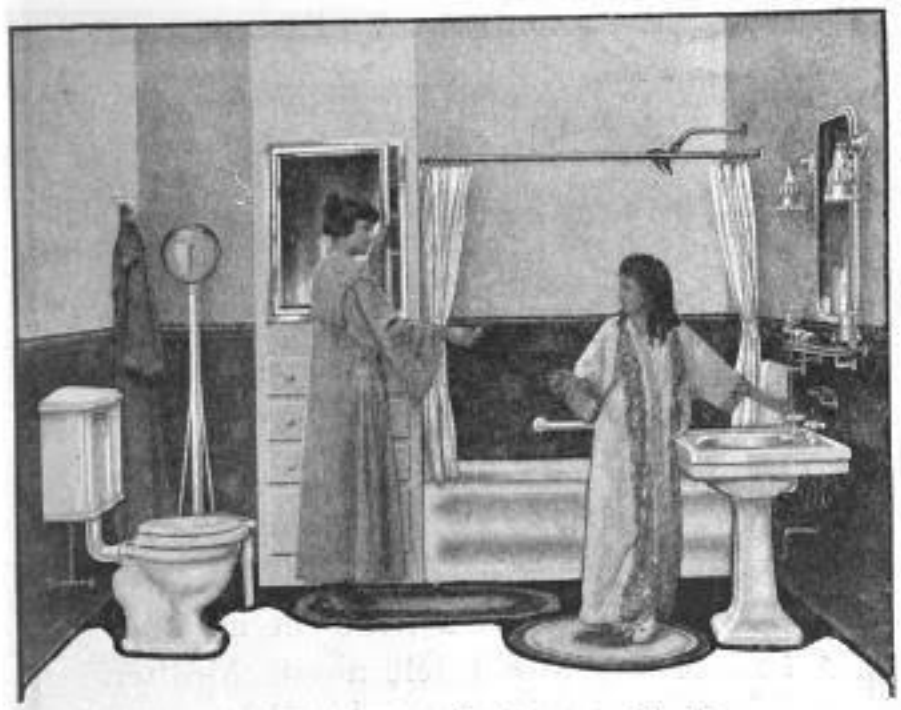
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Sanitary plumbing, properly installed and maintained, provides for its own ventilation. It insures against impure air or sewer gas entering the building and contaminating the air the occupants breathe.

If, however, the traps under fixtures are neglected, waste pipes become sluggish or foul, fixtures are not kept clean and the fresh air inlets are clogged, it may defeat the purpose for which installed.

Plumbing is, in many respects, one of the most vital elements of a building and should be treated accordingly. To be sure of its condition

## Consult Your Contracting Plumber

### Have Him Go Over All the Plumbing in Your Building

1. Have your drainage system tested to detect leaks which might allow impure air or sewer gas to escape into building.
2. Have all traps under fixtures examined to see that they are secure. New washers may make them as good as when originally installed.
3. Make sure that all waste pipes drain properly.
4. Do not throw grease or coarse articles into fixtures. They cause pipes to clog.
5. Keep all fixtures and parts clean. They are intended to promote sanitation, ventilation and health.

Good plumbing is durable, but it is not reasonable to expect it to thoroughly perform its functions for a period of years without an occasional examination by a Contracting Plumber who understands it.

**Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.**

Makers of "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures

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"Rather," he admitted, smiling ruefully.

At that her manner changed.

"Come," she said in the gentle tone he had so often heard her use with the children. "Come, tell mother everything. It will make you feel better."

It did make him feel better, though he did not tell her everything—not quite.

"She sounds young," commented Molly after having listened to the story.

"She is, rather," he said. "Twenty-four. But she'll be twenty-five on the eleventh of next month." November was drawing to a close.

"Hm-m," said Molly. "What's she like?"

"I've told you," he answered eagerly. "She's really an awfully nice girl, Molly. So sincere and free from ——"

"Yes, yes," she said, "you have told me all that. I mean, what does she look like? Is she big or little, blonde or brunette?"

"She's a blonde," he answered. "Her hair is about the color of yours. She's a little taller than you are, but more slender—weighs a hundred and twenty-eight, to be exact."

Molly burst into a gale of laughter.

"What's the matter?" he asked miserably. "You asked me about her, and when I ——"

"Oh, Shelley, Shelley!" she said, shaking her head.

"And when I tell you," he went on, "then you laugh about it."

"You did tell me too!" she said, still amused. "My poor Shelley! You've tried to be so discreet; you've tried to break it to me so very, very carefully; and then at the very end you —— Oh, my poor, dear susceptible boy!" And again she laughed.

"At the very end I what?" he demanded, suffering acutely.

"You tell me her exact age, date of birth and weight!"

"But you asked."

"And you knew! I didn't expect such minute particulars, Shelley. I don't issue automobile drivers' licenses, you know, and I'm not in the life-insurance business. Don't you see that it's funny that you knew?"

"No, I don't!" said he. "I just happened to know. One night when we were going somewhere in the Subway she weighed herself on one of those slot machines they have in the stations. That's how I happen to know her weight. And as to her age and the date of her birthday—well, there was an astrologer at the bazaar. We went to him, just for fun, to have our fortunes told. We both told our ages and our birthdays."

"They do at twenty-four," said Molly with a little sigh. She thought to herself: "I suppose it's natural that a young girl should attract him." But what she said was: "I suppose I'm getting middle-aged."

"Molly," he protested, "you aren't! Why, I was thinking only yesterday when you got off the train that you looked about twenty-five yourself."

She shook her head.

"But it's true! You always were lacking in self-appreciation, Molly. You're one of those people who will always be young. You're a better-looking woman right now than you were ten years ago. It's a fact; and you ought to be getting the joy out of it."

Though his sincerity and his admiration were unmistakable she only shook her head again.

"Molly," he exclaimed, touching her hand under the table, "if I keep on falling in love with you more and more every year in the future as I have in the past, why, by the time I'm about fifty I'll be so disgustingly sentimental over you that—that I'll mortify you in public—I'll be unable to conceal my maudlin infatuation—I'll sing love songs to you in Fifth Avenue busses—I'll make a spectacle of us both—you'll have to chloroform me!"

And Molly knew that though he spoke whimsically the essence of truth was in his words.

*IV*

MAIDA'S studio apartment occupied half of the top floor of an old red-brick residence in West Ninth Street, which had been made over into an apartment house. Never until the day in the week following, when he escorted his wife thither for tea, had the four flights of stairs much disturbed the regularity of Shelley Wickett's breathing.

"Yes," panted Molly, reaching the top, "she's young beyond a doubt." Then as he reached to ring the bell she interrupted the gesture, saying: "Wait. I want to get my breath first."

Nervous as he was Wickett had time to be proud of Molly's bearing as she and Maida met. You could rely on Molly. She was a thoroughbred. From the outset the situation was in her hands. She had the power, the finesse to make things either difficult or easy, and Mollylike she chose the latter course, making herself, as he thought, charming.

"I'm under obligations to you, Miss Greenwood," she said sweetly. "You've been very kind to this lonely boy of mine." A fine delicacy made her avoid alike the formality of "Mr. Wickett" and the assertive possessiveness of "my husband."

"Shelley has been very kind to me," said Maida.

He wished dimly that she had waited just a moment before using his Christian name. Yet it was like forthright Maida not to wait. There was something admirable yet unskillful in her complete directness.

"Not at all," he said, feeling the necessity of speaking. "It's as—as Mrs. Wickett says, you've been awfully nice to me."

That subject seeming to be exhausted—unless the set of Maupassant, the electric toaster, the bedside table and the cocktail shaker were to be adduced as evidence on Maida's side—there came a moment's pause, which Molly broke, before it grew to awkward length, with an exclamation of pleasure over several of Maida's painted parchment lampshades which she discovered lying on the pile of books, papers and other objects that all but concealed the surface of the large table.

Wickett's uneasiness increased as Maida exhibited these examples of her craftsmanship to his wife. Having warned Maida that the shade he had purchased on the night of their first meeting was to be one of his Christmas presents to Molly he did not fear that she would speak of that. The thing that concerned him was that one of the newly painted shades was decorated with the signs of the zodiac, and he feared that this might turn the conversation to astrology.

The fear was justified.

"You are interested in horoscopes?" suggested Molly, after paying a tribute to the beauty of the shade.

"Yes, indeed!" Maida replied. Then she added: "I think even Shelley may be inclined to admit that there is something in astrology."

Wickett tried to say something noncommittal.

"What's your month, Mrs. Wickett?" Maida asked.

"March."

"Ah," said Maida, and glanced at Shelley.

"Yours, I think, is December," Molly said. Then turning to Shelley: "Isn't that what you told me?"

He nodded.

"Yes," replied Maida. "And Shelley's is April. I personally think that's one reason why we became such good friends. Don't you, Shelley?"

"It might have something to do with it," said he. "I'm sure I don't know."

"You mean," said Molly, "that April and December people are supposed to be congenial?"

"Yes. They vibrate on the same plane."

"Oh," said Molly, "I didn't know that. I've never looked into astrology."

"I think you'd find it well worth while," Maida said.

"Perhaps," Molly answered sweetly; "but you see for years I've been busy with domestic affairs and with my family. I have very little time for outside things. Even music, which was my great interest before I married, has gone by the board. With you it is different. You are young and independent. You can experiment with things."

Though she spoke blandly Wickett knew Molly's gentle style of irony well enough to surmise that her remark about experimenting might be double-edged. He was glad that Maida seemed oblivious of such a possibility.

Even when the talk drifted into channels quite impersonal Wickett continued to feel ill at ease. Molly and Maida seemed to be getting along well enough. Both were, indeed, apparently making every effort to be agreeable. Yet might not that, perhaps, be the very thing that was wrong? Effort. There was too much effort. The room was full of it. And of the burden of it, he felt upon his own shoulders the weight of his full share.

Physically the studio was unchanged. It was the same picturesquely disordered room

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in which he had lately known delicious, tingling contentment. But now for him there was something gone out of the place—something essential. What could it be? Might it be that in his acutely nervous state he was surveying the studio, as it were, through Molly's eyes? Perhaps. At all events the dust, the disorder, the general untidiness, the cobwebs overhead—for to kill a spider is unlucky!—struck him now for the first time as not altogether prepossessing.

What was Molly thinking of it all?

When Maida invited Molly in to see her bedroom he too glanced in, and was shocked to see that it looked as though a whirlwind had blown through it. Articles of clothing were tossed helter-skelter over bed and chairs, bureau drawers were open, and on the glass top of the dressing table toilet articles swam in a sea of talcum powder. He was glad that Molly's dressing table did not look like that. Maida might have taken the trouble to clear up a little when his wife was coming!

Nor was he pleased to observe, when she served tea, that the cups and saucers were dusty.

And still less was he pleased when, after pouring tea, she said in a matter-of-fact way:

"Oh, Shelley, I've forgotten the cream. Would you mind getting it?"

The remark obviously implied so much. As he went to get the cream he found himself wishing fervently that Maida had been just a little tactful. She might so easily have added: "You'll find it in the ice box in the pantry—the second door to the left, down the hall." It was one thing to be open and aboveboard, and another to—to —— Well, anyway, a woman, however young, however straightforward, ought to have intuitively some little notion how to play the game.

Oh, the relief he felt when after what seemed to him an interminable stay Molly rose to go! Oh, the relief it was to take up his overcoat and hat; to find himself moving downstairs, out upon the dusky street, into the automobile beside his wife! In the automobile, however, the feeling of relief abated.

What did Molly think of Maida? What would she say?

He waited. But Molly spoke of other things.

"Well," he ventured when he could bear the suspense no longer, "did you have a pleasant time?"

"Yes," said Molly. Then she asked: "Did you?"

"Of course," he replied, feeling vaguely irritated at the question.

There was a pause.

"Don't you think her nice?" he said at length.

"Certainly. Very nice."

"Molly," he said impatiently, "what I'm trying to get at is: What do you think of her?"

"Oh, that's what you want to know? Well, I think she's young and pretty and talented and temperamental and sentimental and ——"

"Sentimental? Nonsense!"

"No, it's not nonsense. But I can tell better about that after she has been to the house for dinner once or twice."

"Oh, well," he returned in a large, leisurely tone, "there's no need to be in any special rush to have her at the house for dinner. I just wanted you to be polite—to show some interest in her, you know—after her having been so—so decent to me. But your having gone down there to tea to-day fixes that all right for the present."

Molly appeared to have become suddenly interested in the glittering maelstrom of the brilliantly lighted avenue. He could not see her face.

"I don't feel so," she said. "I want to be particularly nice to her."

"Why?" From his tone one might almost have supposed that he did not wish Molly to be particularly nice to Maida.

"For the reason you just mentioned," she replied over her shoulder.

"What reason?"

"Because she was so nice to you."

"But," he answered quickly, a note of protest in his voice, "if it comes to that, I've been nice to her too. I don't feel that there's any real obligation either way."

"From what I understand," his wife answered, "I can't agree with you. You say you have dined there frequently, letting her get dinner for you, and that you have taken her out to dinner once or twice. It seems to me she has done a great deal, and that you have done very little."

Wickett hesitated for a moment before replying.

"I forgot to mention," he said, "that I had given her some little presents."

"Oh," she said.

"Yes—an electric toaster, and a few books, and such things."

"Oh."

Their limousine had merged itself with the triple row of motors arrested on the east side of the Avenue before the Public Library awaiting the permissive whistle of the traffic policeman at the Forty-second Street crossing. Molly's face was still turned toward the window.

"So," he continued, "you see accounts are quite square."

"Yours and hers may be," she answered. "No doubt they are. I'm thinking of my own obligation."

"Yours?" he said in a perplexed tone as the traffic policeman's whistle sounded and the motors started to move on.

"Yes. The obligation of a wife who has been away to a nice girl who—who has kept her husband from—from getting too lonely during her absence."

He shot a quick glance in her direction, but was still unable to see her face.

"It's good of you to feel that way about it," he said without enthusiasm, "but I don't think there's the least need of it—not the very least."

Molly did not reply.

As the limousine sped across the Forty-second Street intersection a middle-aged man who was standing on the corner trying to make up his mind whether to walk home or take a Fifth Avenue bus chanced to glance up and see Molly's face in the window.

He looked after the car as it flew up the Avenue. Then turning up the ends of his mustaches and throwing back his shoulders he stepped out jauntily toward home, where his little wife and five children awaited him.

"I'll walk," he thought. "It will make me late for dinner, but I'll walk. I must walk more. It keeps one young."

He took a brisk gait, swinging his arms more than usual.

"I'm not in the has-been class yet," he reflected complacently. "That was a mighty pretty woman in that limousine, and she was certainly smiling straight at me."

V

SITTING in her studio at dusk some three weeks later, looking out over the snow-covered roofs of the houses across the street toward the twinkling windows of some loft buildings which circumscribed the view to the northward, Maida pondered the situation.

Shelley Wickett was terribly repressed. His fine, sensitive April spirit was being crushed within him. He was starving for the want of understanding.

Her mind reverted to the evening on which he had told her that his wife was coming home. Looking back she perceived that the change in him had begun to manifest itself while he was making that communication. It was as though the shadow of his wife had fallen darkly on his spirits before her actual arrival. Thenceforward matters had grown worse. She thought of the afternoon on which she had first met Mrs. Wickett—that afternoon when he had brought her down to the studio to tea. On that occasion he was not himself at all.

Maida had at first attributed his new constraint to concern over what she would think of his wife, but that idea she had been forced by subsequent events to discard, at least in part. The first time she dined at their house she saw that the root of the trouble lay deeper than that. All that evening he had been painfully distrait, showing now and then a gayety obviously false, now lapsing into brooding silence. Though she had been placed by him at table he had spoken to her very little, and when he did so his manner was self-conscious and embarrassed; but though most of his attention seemed to be given to the lady at the other side Maida, with the psychic perception of one born in December, knew that he was keeping one ear cocked in her direction, listening to everything she said. Poor boy! Denied the happiness of close communion with her he had to take vicarious comfort from what he heard her say to others.

Twice at her solicitation he had dropped in at the studio on his way home from business, but though she had tried to call back the old atmosphere of sympathetic comprehension it would not return. He had all

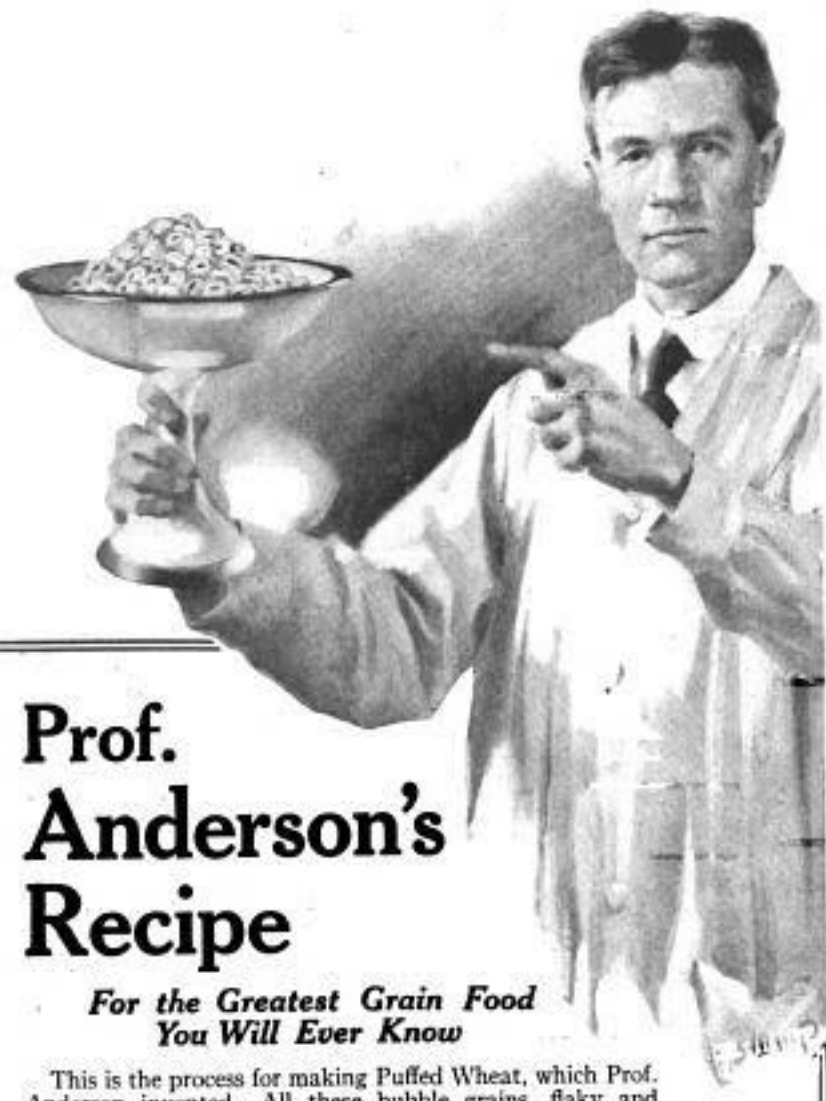








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# Prof. Anderson's Recipe

***For the Greatest Grain Food You Will Ever Know***

This is the process for making Puffed Wheat, which Prof. Anderson invented. All these bubble grains, flaky and flimsy, pass through this heroic treatment.

All these thin-walled dainties have been steam-exploded. All have been shot from guns.

***The Method Is This:***

Seal the grains in guns. Roll the gun barrels for one hour in 550 degrees of heat. Then shoot the guns to explode the steam inside every food cell.

The purpose is to blast every food cell, of which a wheat kernel contains 125 millions. The object of that is easy, quick digestion, and to fit every atom to feed.

***These Are Not Tidbits***

Puffed Grains seem like tid-bits—flavory, fragile food confections made to fascinate.

But they have a vastly deeper purpose. They are whole grains made wholly digestible. They are all-hour grain foods which do not tax the stomach.

No other process ever made wheat, rice or corn so good. And none ever made a grain food so good for you.

Serve them in every way you can.

**Puffed Wheat**

**Puffed Rice**

**Corn Puffs**

***Each 15c Except in Far West***

**Puffed Wheat being a whole-wheat product, no substitute need be bought with it.**



*In Milk*

*With Butter*

Try serving Puffed Grains in more than the usual ways.

Crisp them sometimes, then douse with melted butter.

Float them in bowls of milk. They are four times as porous as bread.

Mix them with your fruits. Scatter in your soups.

Use like nut meats in making fudge. They make the candy light and airy, and add an almond flavor.

Serve lightly buttered grains like peanuts to hungry children after school.

**The Quaker Oats Company**

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(2081)


too clearly been restless, preoccupied, unhappy.

The source of his suffering was, in Maida's eyes, quite evident. His wife did not understand him.

Naturally not! She was born in March. She did not vibrate on the same plane as her husband. She was just a pretty, domestic, maternal creature, who knew how to wear expensive evening gowns, get her hair up effectively and give conventional course dinners. She was full of affability and social graces, but she had, Maida was persuaded, the soul of a canary. In the atmosphere she made about him Shelley's own nature was withering.

What was to be done? Was she, Maida—the only person, perhaps, in the whole world who really understood him—to sit idly by while such a thing went on? Was that the course of a true friend? Was it the course of a free spirit in tune with the infinite? "No!" cried every instinct she possessed.

Instinct!

What had the fortune teller said? Had he not told her to follow her instincts; that they would invariably be right—especially in cases where she vibrated on the same plane with someone else?

She moved over to the large table, turned on the lamp—the shade of which was the one decorated with the signs of the zodiac—and read the chapter headed December:

"Persons born during this month, though impulsive, are honest and conscientious to a fault. They have their own way of doing things, and this often confuses their friends and causes children of December to be unsuccessful in handling the affairs of others. They are extreme in their likes and dislikes, are likely to love whole-heartedly, but resent any interference with their individuality, and usually despise whatever they cannot or will not understand."

She read on. Ah! Here was the passage for which she was looking:

"They are thoughtful, artistic, sympathetic, and so quick of perception as to be almost psychic. They are endowed with temperament and personality to a marked degree, and should invariably follow their inspirations, however extreme these may seem, as they are almost certain to be right. They have an instinctive love of openness, truth and plain dealing, and should give this instinct free rein."

She placed a scrap of paper in the book to mark the place, closed it and sat for a time in deep thought. She knew well what instinct dictated. But this was Christmas Eve, the busiest night in the whole year. The Wicketts might be having company, and even were they not Shelley was almost certain to be at home. Moreover, she herself had promised to attend a party down in Greenwich Village. Would it not be best, considering all these factors, to wait until the Christmas rush was over?

Reason said "Yes," but instinct—the unerring instinct of the December-born—shouted "No!"

Maida rose, went to her bedroom, called up Mrs. Wickett and asked to see her that evening.

"Why—yes," said Molly. "After dinner Shelley and I are going to trim the children's tree. Could you come then?"

"I should like to see you alone if possible," Maida said.

"Oh, I see," said Molly, who, herself surrounded by Christmas packages and with her heart full of the season's spirit, fancied she scented something in the nature of a Christmas surprise for her husband. "I'll get him out of the house somehow. I'll send him with presents to some friends. Will you come about half past eight?"

VI

THE Christmas tree as yet untrimmed was standing in the corner of the Wicketts' living room; on the tables and the floor about it were innumerable packages gayly wrapped and tagged, and boxes in which lay varicolored glass balls, large and small, tinsel, artificial snow and icicles, and strings of minute electric lights ready to be distributed among the dark green branches.

Molly was engaged in untangling several strings of shiny glass balls which had become entwined, as Maida entered.

"Oh, good evening, Miss Greenwood!" she exclaimed. "It's so nice in you to have thought of coming up. You see I got Shelley out as I agreed to."

"I'm glad," Maida said, hesitating in the middle of the room.

Perceiving that Maida carried a book, and being still full of her idea that the young woman's call was a seasonable one, Molly held out her hand to take it, saying: "For Shelley? I'll see that it is put with his other presents, where he won't find it until morning."

Maida made no move.

"It's not that, Mrs. Wickett," she said, "I came to talk with you."

"How stupid of me!" Molly exclaimed. "Well, we can talk while I'm getting these trimmings sorted out. I try to put them away carefully every year, but some of them always seem to get broken, and invariably there's a tangle. Did you ever see anything like it?"

Maida stood silent. What a completely materialistic woman Mrs. Wickett was! Truly, an earthbound spirit. How typical of her that she could be consumed with interest in these gewgaws and oblivious of the fact that she was smothering the noble and delicate nature of her husband. Her trivial line of thought, her inconsequential chatter, made it hard for Maida to begin. Why, when she had said so significantly "I came to talk with you," had not Mrs. Wickett the common sense to make the obvious inquiry: "What about?" Yet she had gone on prattling about tree trimmings.

Maida felt that she must try again.

"I came to talk about a very serious matter," she said in a grave tone.

Molly glanced up at her with a quick motion of the head like that of a bird; then as quickly she looked down again at the tangled strings of glass balls in her lap.

"A very serious matter?" she repeated, in the tone she might have used if instead she had said "A chocolate cake?" "A very serious matter on Christmas Eve? Oh, no, Miss Greenwood!"

She had the air of genially brushing the idea aside as something impossibly bizarre.

"But I am in earnest!" insisted Maida, still standing at the center of the room. "I have come to ——"

"But you're not in earnest!" Molly insisted with what seemed amiable incredulity. "Who ever heard of such a thing as a solemn talk on Christmas Eve? Such things don't happen. Now you pull up that chair and help me with this tangle, and then we'll get all the other trimmings ready and—oh, before you sit down would you mind ringing—the button's over there by the door—and we'll have the stepladder brought in?"

Maida hesitated for a moment. Then she crossed and rang.

"Mrs. Wickett," she insisted as she moved back, "the fact that it is Christmas Eve should only emphasize the importance, the very grave importance, of what I came to talk about. If it were something having to do with me alone I should not have thought of ——"

As the maid appeared at the door she stopped speaking.

"Oh, Hilda, would you please bring in the small stepladder?"

"Yes'm." The girl turned to go.

"And Hilda! Have we an old sheet—a very large one?"

"Yes'm."

"Bring that too."

"Yes'm."

As Hilda withdrew Molly explained to Maida:

"Perhaps you wonder what I want with a sheet? I'm going to put it all round the bottom of the tree on the floor. Can you guess why?" She gave added force to the interrogation by looking expectantly at the other woman.

Maida, though she did not wish to become involved in a discussion of Christmas-tree appurtenances, though every fiber in her being rebelled at such a thing, had no choice but to answer.

"I'm sure I haven't the very least idea," she replied with every evidence of indifference if not scorn.

"Then," asserted Molly brightly, "I can tell you one thing: You've never used any of this artificial snow on a tree." She held out a box of the white glistening stuff for Maida's inspection. "It looks pretty but it's awfully sticky. We had a frightful time getting it out of the rugs last year. I wasn't going to use it again, but Shelley likes it so we're going to have it. Hence the sheet. Now come and sit down, do."

With evident reluctance Maida moved forward and slowly let herself down into the proffered chair. After a moment's pause she opened her lips as though to speak.

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"And now," said Molly quickly, "to return to the thing we were speaking of—serious talks on Christmas Eve. As I was about to say, I don't believe in such things, and I don't believe you do either—not when you stop and think about it. Do you?"

"Not ordinarily, perhaps," the girl returned; "but under the circumstances——"

"No, not under any circumstances," Molly ran on. "Christmas Eve or no Christmas Eve, a serious talk is not something to commence on impulse. All of us have impulses, now and then, to go to someone and declare ourselves, and turn things topsy-turvy. When we yield to such an impulse we always begin by saying we have come for a serious talk. Sometimes, too, the person to whom we have gone can guess quite accurately from observations of his own just about what we intend to say. And sometimes he will attempt to prevent our saying what we have in mind, because he knows that if we succeed in saying it we may bitterly regret it later. Remember, I am a good deal older than you are. I assure you impulses are often very dangerous things."

"For some they may be," Maida answered, "but for others they are the best possible guide. People born in my month regret it not if they follow their impulses, but if they fail to follow them."

"What makes you think so?"

"I've noticed it," the girl returned eagerly; "and—look at this!" She opened the book at the place marked by the scrap of paper and offered it to Molly, indicating the page.

"M-m, m-m, m-m." Molly made a little inarticulate humming sound as her eye ran down the page. Then suddenly aloud she read:

"They have their own way of doing things, and this often . . . causes children of December to be unsuccessful in handling the affairs of others."

"No, no," said Maida impatiently, pointing to the succeeding paragraph.

Again Molly read aloud:

"They are endowed with temperament and personality to a marked degree, and should invariably follow their inspirations, however extreme these may seem, as they are almost certain to be right."

"You see?" Maida gazed at her intently.

"But," said Molly, "doesn't it seem to you that those two statements contradict each other? I see it says they should follow their inspirations, but isn't that discounted by the statement that they are unsuccessful in handling the affairs of others? I should say it implied very clearly that they should follow their inspirations only where their inspirations applied strictly to themselves. Doesn't it strike you so?"

"That's a mere detail," Maida answered. "The interpretation of it depends on one's point of view. For my part I believe there can be such a thing as—as a sacred duty. I mean, where you understand somebody and ——"

At this juncture Hilda, who had already brought the sheet, reappeared carrying the stepladder, which she set up near the tree. When she departed again Maida resumed: "—— where you understand somebody and you see that ——"

There, however, she was again interrupted, this time by an exclamation from Molly. Two of the entangled strings had broken, letting a score of the glass balls roll down upon the rug.

"Oh, good gracious!" cried Molly, getting down to gather them up, while Maida, though she did not feel disposed to do so, picked up those that had rolled to her feet.

"Now let's see," reflected Molly aloud when the frail, bright-colored globes were gathered up. "I must get some thin string to thread them again. It seems to me there was a ball of thin string somewhere in Shelley's desk."

She crossed the room and fumbled in one drawer after another until she reached the bottom one, which she had some difficulty in opening, so packed it was with those odds and ends often contained in the bottom drawers of desks.

While Molly, in her search, removed some of the uppermost things from the drawer Maida watched her abstractedly. She felt helpless, uneasy, baffled. The strong determination to speak her mind which had at first possessed her was somehow failing her. Matters had not gone at all as she expected. Visioning in advance the scene between herself and Mrs. Wickett she had descried herself a dominant figure, with Molly gazing at her, wide-eyed, silent, perhaps tearful, as the error of her ways was pointed out. But it had not been like that. She had not dominated. To try to dominate a woman so scatter-brained as Mrs. Wickett was equivalent to trying to pick up quicksilver between the thumb and forefinger.

"The string doesn't seem to be here," said Molly, now seated on the floor with some unframed photographs in her lap; "but I've come across something that reminds me of one of those ill-advised serious talks of which we have been speaking." She smiled reminiscently, looking at the uppermost photograph, then added: "I had forgotten that we ever had a picture of the woman. I'm surprised that Shelley kept it."

Maida, who had not been interested, became so on hearing the last sentence.

Molly rose and laid the photographs upon the table. The top one was that of a handsome, dark, slender woman in evening dress. It showed signs of having been removed from a frame, and Maida saw that it was inscribed to Shelley, the inscription being

*Toujours à toi*, LÉNA.

written in a bold, dashing hand.

"She's a good-looking woman, isn't she?" Molly said. "And you'd think from her picture that she had sense."

"Yes," Maida agreed.

"She'd have struck you that way at first if you had met her too," Molly went on. "She was thoroughly presentable and seemed intelligent. Men took to her—and she to them. But, my dear, you'll never believe what she did! I can hardly believe it myself now."

Evidently what the lady had done had some bearing upon Shelley. Maida's curiosity was rising.

"What did she do?" she asked.

"Well, in the first place, though you may not know him well enough to have noticed it," Molly replied, "I can tell you that Shelley is very attractive to women. I don't suppose it's his fault, poor dear, but every now and then some woman gets quite agitated about him and gives him a bad half hour; and sometimes they make me a little trouble too. But this one was the worst. Far the worst."

Maida was now gazing at her with large, astonished eyes.

"You know how some women are when they get silly about a man," Molly continued. "They get to thinking they're the only ones who understand him. But it's one thing to think that and quite another to go to the man's wife and try to explain such a sweet little notion to her. Yet, would you believe it? that's what this woman did. She actually came and undertook to tell me she understood my husband better than I did. According to her I didn't understand him at all. It was in the days when they talked so much about affinities. I remember she used that word a great deal. And what do you suppose she wound up with? With the calm suggestion that I give him up to her. Yes. Absolutely!"

"What happened?" asked Maida in a small voice.

"Nothing much. I gave her some smelling salts and suggested that she'd be better off in her own home. Of course I had to tell Shelley about it. We were both terribly ashamed for her, and naturally he was furious. Well, that's an example of what a woman can do on impulse. No doubt if she had considered a little she'd have known better. But she thought herself temperamental and she lost her self-control, poor thing!"

She gathered up the photographs, put them back in the drawer and closed it.

Maida was silent, staring into space.

"Now," said Molly, "do you know what I think would be nice? Let's start trimming the tree. Suppose we surprise Shelley by having a lot of it done?"

So saying she took up the sheet, unfolded it, and dropping to her knees began to spread it about the bottom of the tree.

"You be getting out the strings of tinsel and the glass icicles and things from the boxes on the table, will you?" she directed in a matter-of-fact tone without looking up.

"Yes," answered the other faintly.

When, having arranged the sheet, Molly rose to her feet she was careful not to look at Maida for a while.

But the traces of tears were not altogether obliterated from the girl's eyes when presently Shelley returned.


# False Notions On Teeth-Cleaning

*All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities*



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The old idea of brushing teeth was to remove food particles. Some ways also aimed to polish teeth.

But time soon proved those methods insufficient. Teeth still discolored, still decayed. Tartar formed, and pyorrhea remained undiminished. Statistics show that tooth troubles constantly increased.

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That film is what discolors, not the teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus tooth troubles are largely traced to that film.

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As Wickett at the door caught sight of Maida something peculiar happened to his breathing apparatus. What could she be doing here alone with Molly? What could have brought her? Had Molly known that she was coming?

For a moment he had the reassuring thought that at least everything seemed to be going pleasantly. Molly was on the stepladder hanging things upon the half-trimmed tree, while Maida stood below handing them up to her.

"I have a good place here for another of those big silver balls," he heard his wife saying.

"Here's the last one," answered Maida, placing it in Molly's outstretched hand.

"Why—good evening!" he said, advancing into the room.

"You came back too soon," protested Molly. "We were trying to get it all trimmed, to surprise you."

Maida did not look at him.

No, things weren't right at all. Molly was too busy, too vivacious; and Maida, he now saw, carried in her face the signs of recent weeping. Something had been going on. Had there been a scene? He thought of the affair of Lena Brundage, and shuddered. Could it be possible that Maida, too, had—had come up and tried to start something? He signaled Molly to follow him out of the room, but seemingly she did not see the signal, for though he went she continued to decorate the tree; wherefore after waiting for a time he was obliged to return. "Come and help us, you lazy thing," said Molly.

He came and helped awkwardly, trying to conceal in a pother of small talk his annoyance and apprehension.

Tears! How he hated tears! Why did women always cry if you gave them half a chance? How boresome they could be!

The trimming of the tree consumed endless time. Meanwhile Molly kept up a steady stream of chatter. He, too, tried to do his share, but Maida spoke little and kept her face averted. She might have tried to help along a little!

"There!" sighed Molly when all the trimmings were in place. "How does it look?"

"Fine!" he said, hardly glancing at the tree, but eager that the evening's occupation should be ended.

"What do you think, Maida?" Molly asked. "You don't mind my calling you that, do you?"

"It's very pretty. No, I'll be pleased. I think I'll say good night now. I was going to a party downtown, and ——"

Molly looked significantly at Shelley. Then as he did not speak she said: "Shelley will be delighted to drive you down, I know."

"Of course," he said. "Delighted."

When he had telephoned for a taxicab he waited eagerly, hoping that while Maida was putting on her cloak Molly would find a moment's time in which to give him some inkling of the situation; but no such comfort was accorded him.

A few moments later the taxi was announced and he found himself leaving the house very reluctantly with a young lady whom he now regarded as a dangerous little bunch of temperament, and whose present thoughts and emotions he was very curious and at the same time very much afraid to know. Nor did he doubt that he was about to learn them—and that the experience would be a disagreeable one.

As they crossed the walk toward the cab there came to him vividly, grotesquely, the memory of another time when he had stepped with Maida toward a waiting taxi. He had been afraid to propose that first drive, but ah, how much more afraid to propose this one! He remembered the almost ecstatic feeling of delicate adventure, of aliveness, of recrudescent youth, that he had felt as they set forth that other time. That night the streets had shone with rain; to-night they shone with melted snow. It was the same, yet not the same at all.

It was a long drive down to Greenwich Village, and though the drive home was infinitely shorter Molly had retired when he reached the house again. Her bedroom door was closed. Despite his great anxiety to hear what she might have to say he thought it wiser not to run the risk of waking her, especially to-night, when they must rise so early for the morrow's celebration with the children.

So be it, then. The talk could wait. But there was one thing, one most important thing, that he must see to before he went to bed.

Going to his own room he opened a closet door, and standing in the seat of a chair reached down from the topmost shelf a very large, light, carefully wrapped package. Carrying it to the living room he placed it on the table and proceeded to untie the ribbons with which the paper covering was bound.

As the wrappings fell away the content of the package was revealed. It was a lamp shade—the lamp shade he had bought of Maida that first night at the bazaar.

Seated in a chair before the embers still faintly burning in the grate he held the shade up, and causing it to revolve slowly inspected with care the series of six parchment panels, with their pictures.

Now for the first time he observed that there was sequence to these pictures—that the story of Harlequin and Columbine progressed round the shade. In the first picture Harlequin was peering at her through a half-open door; in the second, kissing her hand; in the third, dancing with her madly; in the fourth, kneeling before her, hand on heart; in the fifth, embracing her; but in the sixth panel the two were seated back to back, as far apart as might be, their heads bowed in grief.

A tag, which he had prepared some time since, was attached to one of the wires of the frame. On it he had written after some thought as to an appropriate inscription the words:

"For Molly, with love and Christmas greetings, from Shelley."

Drawing out his pocketknife he removed the tag and threw it into the fire.

Then he slit, one after another, the threads that held the parchment panels to the frame. When they were all removed he placed them on the embers, and after watching them burn poked them to fragments with the poker.

Only the frame remained. Into this he stuffed the wrappings and the ribbons, and with them returned to his own room, where mounting the chair again he placed them back on the top shelf of the closet, crowding them as far to the rear as possible.

Then he went back to the living room, sat down at the desk and drew a check to Molly. It was rather a large check. Having written it he tore it up and wrote another for double the amount. This he placed in an envelope, upon the outside of which, after some thought as to an appropriate inscription, he wrote:

"For Molly, with love and Christmas greetings, from Shelley."

This done he drew from his breast pocket a pigskin wallet, and from it removed a photograph, at which he looked intently for a time. It was a small photograph of Maida in fancy dress—as Columbine, to be exact.

He rose, sighing as he did so, crossed slowly to the fireplace, bent over and held the little picture poised above the embers.

Then instead of letting go of it he drew it back and looked at it again. It was the picture of a very pretty girl. And though his recollections of her were not altogether pleasant at the moment it might be rather pleasant, after all, to take her picture out and look at it again some day—when he was seventy or eighty.

He turned away from the fire, walked over to the desk and drew out the bottom drawer.

It stuck a little, so packed it was with those odds and ends often contained in the bottom drawers of desks. On top there seemed to be some old photographs. He did not pause to see what photographs they were, but slipped the little picture in between them and shut the drawer again.



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# Be Sure the Christmas Fruit is There

BE sure there are *oranges* beside those toys and in the stockings of those girls and boys.

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# 1919

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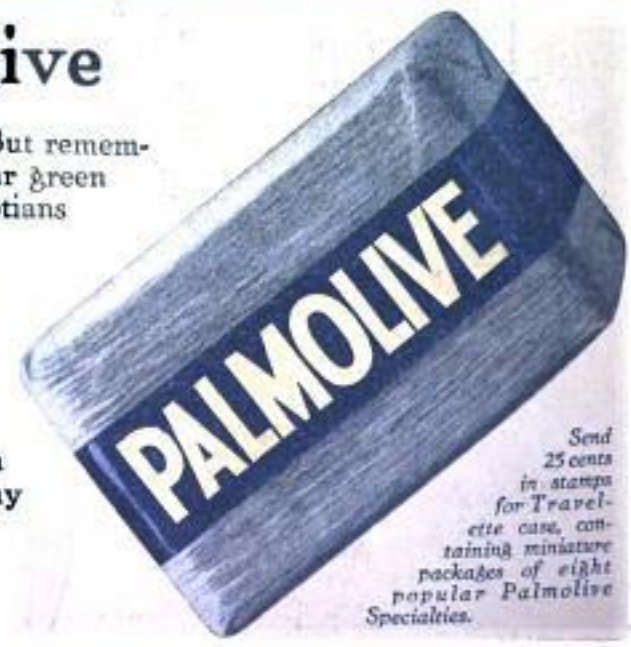

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# UNCLE SAM, RAILROADER

## By Edward Hungerford

A SHIPPER who had lost six carloads of freight in transit between Cincinnati and Dayton went into the general office of the United States Railroad Administration at Washington on a muggy day in September last and asked if something could not be done toward the immediate tracing of his lost cars. They were loaded with raw material which if not absolutely essential to the winning of the war was so far removed from nonessential that he felt the men in charge at headquarters would be justified in using the telegraph or other emergency provisions toward helping locate his freight. But the men at headquarters had no intention of doing anything of that sort. They told the shipper so; politely but very firmly.

"Don't you understand how it is?" said one of these officers. "The Government now is running the railroads. It is like the post office. If you drop a letter in the post box the Government assumes no personal responsibility for the safe or prompt transmission of that letter. It gets through, of course. But if it should happen to be delayed the Government has no method of hurrying it through. With the railroads it is now the same thing."

And as the manufacturer went back to the Miami Valley to make still another appeal to the local railroad authorities to dig out his stuff he felt that he had had his first real touch of the government control of transportation. And he did not like it. But, as almost any other good American would do, he vowed that he would keep his mouth shut in regard to the incident until the war was ended. Which he did.

Another manufacturer—a New York man who for the past two years has used the night trains between that city and Washington almost as a Staten Islander uses ferryboats—had a different sort of experience. Booked through to Washington on the midnight, certain exigencies made it necessary at the last minute for him to drop off for two or three hours in the morning at Baltimore. In other days he could have done this very easily. But because the Railroad Administration abolished even the simplest stopover privileges when it raised passenger fares in June last, it was necessary late at night for the manufacturer to go to the ticket window at the Pennsylvania Station in New York, turn in his Washington ticket, have it redeemed, and then purchase an entirely new railroad ticket to Baltimore. This would not have been so bad if it had not been for the fact that in the huge passenger terminal but one ticket window was open. And in front of it stood exactly forty-six persons; with the most important night train to Washington to start within twenty minutes.

The manufacturer, his watch in hand, beckoned a floor officer in the terminal.

"I can't afford to miss my train," said he. "Is there not some way in which this ticket business may be hurried along?"

The railroad man shook his head.

"We are going to try and get another window open in a few minutes. We are trying to find a man for it now."

The manufacturer expostulated. "In the old days they didn't try to run this station on a single ticket window," he sputtered out.

The floor officer smiled. His mind went back to the days when he was working for one of the most distinguished privately operated railroads of the land.

"Uncle Sam didn't run them then," said he.

These cases are not extreme. They are all too typical. There is hardly a man or woman user of our railroads who has not gone through similar experiences of late. Single-windowed ticket offices or ticket offices which had ceased to be ticket offices at all; trains shortened in equipment or lengthened in running time or, more likely, entirely removed from the running card; innumerable delays to freight and to passengers; railroad employees slacking in interest or in courtesy—the instances multiply as you cross the land. And the American traveling and shipping public has borne the many inconveniences with an uncomplaining silence and stoicism that one who had carefully studied the psychology of the average American might at first find hard to understand.

"*C'est la guerre*," they tell you in France to-day when even worse railroad accommodations or hotel facilities are offered you; when the little shop is out of fine linen or the restaurant of fresh beef; or there is not a taxicab to convey you to the station nor a porter to carry your luggage to the train.

"It is the war!" That is what passengers said to themselves last summer when the New Haven's fast limited trains on which they were riding between New York and Boston were pushed into sidings, that a through preference freight laden with munitions or the raw materials of war might go ahead of them and be given the right of way. "It is the war," breathed the commuter when his favorite seven forty-two disappeared from the place on the time card which it had filled almost since the line was first put through. "It is the war," laughed the shipper when he found his freight being put aside and behind priority orders, his necessary fuel and raw materials delayed, his output lost in transit. "It is the war," said McAdoo when first he took over the railroads as a part of the solution of the national emergency and made clear to every patriotic and right-thinking American the eminent necessity of subordinating his own good and his own comfort and his own profit to the good and the comfort and the profit of our adventure overseas. "It is the war," he repeated, when in June last he made his tremendous increases in both freight and passenger rates, and found the plea so potent that they were accepted by the American people—almost without a word of protest.

But now the war is over. And though the task of returning soldiers






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to their homes—as well as that of getting materials for the reconstruction of France and Belgium to the seaboard for shipment overseas—is going to be a considerable strain upon our railroads it is in nowise to be compared with the strain placed upon them in hurrying troops and munitions to ports of embarkation; when every minute counted and the fate of the world rested in the balance. "*C'est la guerre*" no longer is a fit excuse. And the railroads during the government operation that still awaits them under the exact terms of the law that placed them under Federal control will have at least to approximate if they cannot equal or even better the service which they gave in the hands of private initiative and enterprise.

The average man—"the man in the street," as the newspaper writer likes to call him—inherently does not care very much whether the Government or private capital operates the railroads, as long as they are well operated. But with the war a thing of the past he is going to demand this last. And this the Railroad Administration already knows.

McAdoo now is out of the railroad situation—at least to all intents and purposes—and comment upon the situation is relieved of personal bias. But our Uncle Sam is not out of the situation. His real task still is ahead of him. He must either fish or cut bait. On the one side stands the government-ownership crowd feeling that with the wedge already driven, under the highly fortuitous circumstance of a war emergency, the transition from mere Federal control to Federal control plus Federal ownership would not now be a difficult matter; and on the other side are the great business interests of America demanding the return of the railroads to private hands—though under greatly changed conditions of organization and control. In addition there is a third group, which advocates a compromise plan of control and ownership, in which the Federal Government and private capital will enter as partners. Of these schemes, more in good time. We shall speak of them in some detail before we are done with this article. For the present consider them only as they bear upon the immediate position of the Railroad Administration.

"Of all the men in authority at Washington it was McAdoo who played the lone hand."

### *Car Miles Saved by Rerouting*

SO SPEAKS a man who from the very beginning of the war overseas has made a careful study of the Administration and its human components. He speaks the truth—and does not.

"The trouble with McAdoo," says a radical who is immensely interested in the entire railroad situation, "was that he was in the hands of the old railroad gang and was controlled body and soul by them."

He also speaks the truth—and does not. I presume that we may translate the "old railroad gang" as the group of experienced and very able and honest railroad executives that the first Director General chose to surround him as a transportation cabinet when he took over the operation of the properties. These men assumed a very difficult job and as far as the science and the efficiency and the thoroughness of it are concerned they have more than made good with it.

**The great railroads of the United States even temporarily and very hastily welded into a single national system have shown good results of efficiency and economy—just as far-sighted private operators predicted more than two decades ago. Released from the shackles of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and the conflicting regulatory commissions all the way across the land they have been able to simplify and unify their facilities—even though many times at public cost and inconvenience—in a way that enabled them not only to handle the pressure of war traffic in an admirable fashion but also to show great actual economies.**

To come to actual cases: It was good railroading when the centralized Washington administration began assembling various sections of various lines so as to gain not only more direct routes between important traffic centers but lines of lowest possible gradients as well. In the West, particularly, great progress has been made in this direction. For instance, in the old days of competitive railroading the Southern Pacific quite naturally operated its through route from Dallas or Fort Worth to Los Angeles and San Francisco over its own tracks through San Antonio to El Paso. Of course the old-time and somewhat unfortunate Texas and Pacific had a far shorter route from Dallas and Fort Worth direct to El Paso but the competitive situation—the fact that it was Texas and Pacific and not Southern Pacific—prevented it from getting much volume of traffic for its short line.

Under government unification the T. & P. line has come into its own; with the result that several hundred miles have been taken off the through route between the important northern Texas cities and southern California—with great resultant time and operating economies.

Similarly a newly assembled through line from the oil fields at Casper, Wyoming, to Montana and Puget Sound points is 880 miles shorter than the route which the competitive situation formerly forced. Freight from southern California to Ogden is hauled 201 miles less than by the pathway formerly used; the new route between Chicago and Sioux City is 110 miles shorter than the old; and 289 miles have been saved in the through traffic between Kansas City and Galveston and Houston. Multiply these examples and it is easy to see how in a period of sixty days last summer some 9000 freight cars were so rerouted as to effect a saving in distance traveled by each car of about 195 miles—or a total saving of about 1,754,805 car miles.

To be ranked with this sort of operating economy is the work undertaken by Regional Director R. H. Aishton at Chicago, who early in the spring of the present year began consolidating train movements, so that instead of the several competing trunk lines coming down from out of the Northwest, each operating competing through-freight trains each day into the great terminal and interchange yards at St. Paul, and there shifting and resorting their cars incredibly, for distribution between the six trunk lines leading for four hundred miles down into Chicago, through trains were operated solidly from the Puget Sound points through to Lake Michigan. For through freight the great railroad yards upon the line between St. Paul and Minneapolis represented no more of a stop than was necessary for changing engines, cabooses and crews. Moreover, these through trains were distributed in alternation between the Northern Pacific and Great Northern lines from the Pacific Coast down to the Twin Cities, but because of its superior mileage and gradient conditions they were handled on to Chicago almost exclusively by the Northwestern.

### *Simple Schemes of Through Service*

NOR was Chicago—with almost inevitable traffic congestion despite the fact that it now bears upon its western rim the largest interchange and clearing-house yard for freight cars in the entire world—a railroad point big enough to break this simple scheme of through service. Take the export corn specials out of the Missouri Valley: One of these trains, let us say, consists of thirty-one cars from Omaha and five cars down from Sioux City, all moving under special government permits, and is routed intact from Omaha to Philadelphia. It comes east over the Northwestern to a point well outside the Chicago congested district. There it is turned to the tracks of the Elgin, Joliet and Eastern—one of the outermost of the belt-line railroads which encircle Chicago. The Elgin, Joliet and Eastern in turn delivers the train—intact and unchanged, you will remember—to the Nickel Plate, which at Buffalo hands it to the Lackawanna, which in turn carries it as far as Scranton, giving it there to the Central Railroad of New Jersey and the connecting Philadelphia and Reading for prompt handling through to tidewater and a waiting ship at Philadelphia. There has been no switching and but little delay en route, and the train should be through from the Missouri to the Delaware in considerably less than a week.

Such prompt through movement with its savings of time and money was quite unheard of in the days of competitive railroad management.

All the reroutings and consolidations of this sort have by no means been confined to the West. In the East many others have been made—particularly in the congested sections of war munitions manufacture, where in addition to great numbers of war brides and shipyards and camps and cantonments requiring not merely outbound shipping facilities but large quantities of raw materials and fuel there has been a vast movement of coal for both domestic use and export. In the handling of this coal ingenious savings have been made—both in the routings and in the details of train operation. Roads and portions of roads formerly in bitter competition have been joined together in a way possible only under absolutely unified and autocratic control. And in some cases the routings have been made to divert the great streams of through-freight traffic so as to avoid areas already badly congested. Thus Atlantic-bound freight coming up into St. Louis from the Southwest is sent far to the north and even through Canada before it reaches the seaboard. A glance at the map and a fair understanding of the present traffic situation will show the necessity of this. The lines that reach into the coal fields of eastern Kentucky and West Virginia and western Pennsylvania are much burdened these months. It is hardly fair to ask them to carry much through freight upon their already heavily laden shoulders. And the Pittsburgh district with its various narrow impasses made by broad rivers and sharp-sided mountains is a railroad abomination, a fearfully congested traffic gateway, which by reason of those selfsame rivers and mountains is hardly capable of radical enlargement, even at great cost.

### *Men of Vision With Tied Hands*

THE railroads that run along the south shore of Lake Erie, ample as are their facilities, have a full load of traffic from Chicago, the West and the Northwest. So the traffic from St. Louis and the rich country back of it must cross the Chicago currents and go to the north of Lake Erie. The Wabash—one of the least understood and most abused railroads of America—at this time justifies the fine strategy of its position. It to-day is the main factor in bringing the St. Louis freight up to Detroit, where it may cross into Canada by ferry or through the great tunnel which the Michigan Central completed less than a decade ago; and by sweeping easily along through the gradeless tangents of the Province of Ontario reënter the United States at the Niagara Frontier and go on to New York or Boston by any one of half a dozen uncongested traffic routes.

These things apparently could not have been done under private management; at any rate they were not done under private management, though it is but fair to say that some of the far-sighted railroaders who sat at the table of the former Railroads' War Board—which attempted at the eleventh hour to consolidate the lines and so save the obvious perils of government operation even as a temporary war measure—had the vision of these very consolidation economies. Had the vision but not the power.

**Too many weighty considerations bore in upon them and** bore them down. Regulation which was not fair regulation, the inability to finance with rates fixed and expenses increasing by leaps and by bounds, competition refusing to bury itself even in emergency, traditional jealousy—all these things prevented the Railroads' War Board, constituted by the roads themselves to have a sort of supreme authority, from accomplishing its real purpose. These things carried in the United States Railroad Administration and William G. McAdoo as Director General of Railroads,

*(Continued on Page 37)*




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# The Lobster and the Wise Guy

## By GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIAN KEEN WAGNER

IT WAS a pretty room—this room in which my story opens—and it was a pretty girl who lay with her cheek on the pillow, though there were tears in her eyes for an immemorial reason and in her hand she held a bottle about the size and shape of her little finger. But before I begin to tell you about the girl, and the tears in her eyes, and that wicked-looking vial which she held in her hand, her thumb and finger tightened to pull the cork, I am going to tell you about the room, because the room is really worth description.



*Before Leaving for Camp He Called on Mary. He Was Feeling so Horribly Lonesome and Woebegone That He Simply Had to Call on Someone*

If you had reached it in the usual manner, walking along the street until you came to Number 710, climbing the steps and passing through the hall, you would have seen at once that it was a furnished-room house, and a cheap furnished-room house at that. The sign below the bell would have told you so, and so would the cold smell in the hall—such a smell as might rise from feeble hopes that had long ago died of malnutrition. The unclaimed letters on the hall rack would have told you the same thing, lying there dispirited, friendless and wrinkled—old letters that looked as though they were full of sighs and bad news, like sad old men with lackluster eyes waiting in vain for listeners to come and hear their mournful tales.

As you passed along the dark halls and up the darker stairs the impression previously gained would have grown upon you. And when you finally reached the top floor and stood before the last closed door you came to, you would probably expect it to open upon some dismal little cubby-hole—a place to give the stoutest heart the blues. As a matter of fact that is the place where my story opens and—if you can only forget the tearful figure on the bed—you would have searched New York a long, long time that day before you would have found a sweeter, brighter, happier looking apartment.

There were two rooms, and from where you stood in the doorway you could see them both.

The first, lighted by a skylight, was part sitting room and part studio. Below the light was an illustrator's table and the walls were covered with line drawings and water colors, most of the latter being pleasantly tinted in flower-like shades. They were pretty pictures, as pretty as the room they were in, as pretty as the girl who lay with her wet cheek on the pillow; and yet they had, without exception, a peculiar quality which I shall mention later. Against the north wall was a fireplace with an alcove on each side of it filled with books. Items: a couch with a tapestry covering, a wicker chair, a table holding a silk-covered electrolier and a copy of Barrie's What Every Woman Knows. For the rest of it the rugs had evidently been woven by some poetical Persian who had been fond of autumn leaves and old-fashioned flower gardens, and the wall paper looked like a June morning—one of those mornings on which every woman wishes she were starting on her honeymoon this day, and every man over thirty wishes he were twenty-one again, with his bangs brushed into a barber's blessing and all the world a carpet for his feet.

The next room was the bedroom, and even if there had been no one there to hush your noise the moment you peeped in you would have experienced that feeling which is generally associated with church interiors or the sight of sleeping children, especially when their cheeks are pink and they smile in their dreams. In short, it was evident that this apartment had been decorated and furnished by the tenant—which brings us now with undivided attention to the girl in the bed who wept to herself for an immemorial reason and gazed with tear-filled eyes at the man's photograph which stood in a frame on the table by her side.

"You're—you're no good—no good," she sobbed.

And suddenly seizing the photograph, which had seemed to be regarding her attentively, she slapped it—slapped it with all her might—and sent it sailing grandly across the room.

### II

IT IS now, coming to the end of the prelude, that I am about to strike a series of chords, the same having for their motif the life and habits of Warren Wilmer, Esq., the gentleman who has just had his photograph slapped so soundly and sent sailing across a room.

He had been born in a small town about thirty miles from New York, and you can tell how his parents felt toward him from the fact that they nearly called him Cyril, but finally compromised on Mrs. Wilmer's maiden name.

When Warren was three years old the doctor called round one evening and left him a baby sister. A few months later this new arrival was playing with a clothespin, which, except for a bottle and a pacifier, was her only toy. In the same room Master Warren was sitting on the floor surrounded by a mechanical railway, a castle of building blocks, a loop-the-loop, a rocking horse, and all the rest of those impedimenta with which proud parents are apt to load their firstborn sons.

His father watching him, said: "Warren, when you grow up you'll let your little sister play with your toys, won't you?"

To which Warren immediately made violent gestures of dissension. "She's dot her clothespin, ain't she?" he demanded.

His parents burst forthwith into laughter and loud applause, and oh, how they repeated the story!

"Warren isn't letting anything get away from him," they said. "He's going to be a rich man some day."

As all the world knows well, it's a little thing that often starts the great adventure—King Bruce's spider, for instance—or Watt's teakettle—or Newton's apple—to say nothing of Eve's bland fruit—and, for all we know, the clothespin story may have been the determining factor in the formation of Warren's character. At any rate he heard it often enough, and always pitched in the key of admiration.

When he was twelve years old he worked nights and mornings in Ginger Carroll's hat store. Every Saturday night he was paid a dollar and a half; and every Monday morning he put it in the savings bank. For which I give him credit.

When he was eighteen he left school and went to work in Peter Kain's furniture store, where he received ten dollars a week. Out of his first year's wages he deposited five hundred dollars in the savings bank. From which you can see that his clothes and amusements that year cost him twenty dollars, and that he lived at home and paid no board. To say the least, this was a thrifty thing to do.

In the same year that Warren cast his first vote his father fell off a ladder and hurt his back. The following week, after thinking it over with almost sulky absorption, our hero went to New York to seek his fortune. He had "been thinking of it for a long time." He felt "buried alive in this little hole." His parents heard his decision with mixed emotions, especially his father, who was still in bed and hated to think how long it would be before he would see a pay envelope again—possibly not till spring. Perhaps if the old gentleman had cracked Master Warren on the side of the head instead of applauding so proudly his clothespin sentiments he wouldn't have looked so thoughtful and old that winter.

However that may be, his son went to New York and almost immediately found a position as salesman in the furniture store of Bolton & Sons. He was at that time a stern, pale young man, with a look of concentration that can only be described as intense. He also had a way of brushing his hair which made him look like a college man. He neither swore, smoked, drank nor sang—for which again I give him credit. And oh, how he shunned the ladies!

"When a fellow's got a girl I notice he's never got much else." That was one of his private reflections on life, one of the thoughts that gave him a certain wise look when his face was in repose. Though perhaps he never formulated the proposition so baldly as I am going to give it to you, away down deep in his heart he regarded marriage as a sort of graft—on the lady's part, of course. "Show a girl you like her"—this was the substance of his musings—"and the first thing you know you have to support her all the rest of her life. A nice how-do-you-do!"

You will understand, of course, that when he referred to a nice how-do-you-do he was speaking ironically.

One Sunday afternoon while reading a volume of Kipling which he had taken from the library he came to the lines:

*You may carve it on his tombstone; you may cut it on his card*
*That a young man married is a young man marred.*

Warren liked that couplet and treasured it in his memory.

A few days later he came across the following joke in his evening paper:

BINKS: I haven't seen Bob lately. Is he married or dead?
JINKS: Why, is there any difference?

This pleased him too. After that he sometimes called the married ones dead ones, and he began to feel that he

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was, in accord with the riper minds of the age on this strange, this unbelievably one-sided subject of marriage.

Meanwhile he continued to concentrate his more serious thoughts upon that great problem of life which is generally described as "getting along."

"I'm going to be rich some day," he often vowed to himself. "Rich—rich—rich!"

As the preliminary of riches he mastered the clerical work of his department, studied the stock from A to Z, kept himself fit by taking long walks, breathing exercises, a glass of water every hour and carefully avoiding late hours, fried foods, spices, puff pastry and anything that had cheese in it. He also pressed his clothes in his room every evening with an electric iron and finally succeeded in getting a chance to show the stuff that was in him.

"Young man," said the manager of his department one day, "I don't think much of this model living room of ours. Judging from their orders our customers share my feelings. Now I'll tell you what I want you to do. I want you to take everything out of here and furnish it again according to your own ideas." He then gave Warren a keen glance from behind his spectacles—a glance that was not without significance. "Take plenty of time," he said. "Take plenty of time; that's all I can tell you."

Our hero felt like a young knight about to go into battle for the first time, and something told him he was getting a chance to win his golden spurs.

As you have probably guessed by now Warren had many things in his favor that would lead him far toward the attainment of his heart's desire, but he was lacking in two small things: The first was beauty of thought; the second was imagination. As a result of these shortcomings his first attempt at a model living room looked like the smoking room of a coastwise vessel crossed with the ladies' parlor of a country hotel. Even Warren felt disturbed by it. He had the leather-covered pieces moved out and went on a forage among the wickers and cretonnes—"something to give it a more feminine touch," he told himself.

"What's the idea?" asked a friendly clerk when the second effort was assembled. "Porch scene at Bar Harbor?"

Warren began to sweat a little at the crown of his head and the palms of his hands, and probably felt the same as the young knight used to feel when it suddenly burst upon him that if he fell down flat in his suit of armor he might never be able to rise again to win his golden spurs. It was just at this moment that Mary first crossed his vision—Mary who had come down from the advertising department to sketch a wicker bird cage which Warren had commandeered for his model living room.

"You can take it away if you want it," he said in moody numbers. And partly in desperation and partly in explanation of his somber tone he added: "I'm trying to get a model living room together—but somehow it doesn't seem to come."

It was the helplessness of his voice that did it. Unconsciously Mary felt the instinct to comfort him, to mother him, to help him. You mustn't gather from this, though, that Mary was old!

"If I were you I think I'd have the wall covering changed first," she said, slowly looking round. "The colors aren't friendly." And noticing his helpless look at that she added: "What do you say if we go downstairs and look at the new designs?"

As a matter of fact she not only selected the wall coverings but she picked the rugs for him too; and when that was done she chose the pictures and draperies.

"I was always good at colors," she smiled.

Then threading in and out among the stock she carefully began picking the furniture—her eyes looking dreamy at times, as though she was making believe that this was her own home that she was furnishing—and when that room was finished a few days later not only did the manager congratulate Warren upon it but old Mr. Bolton had it copied for his own house on Riverside Drive.

When Warren heard of this he began to walk round with a dignified step, as though he could already hear the jingling of those golden spurs.

"Young man," said the manager the following Monday, "Mr. Bolton has suggested that it might be a good idea to institute a department of interior decoration. Do you think you could run it?"

It will give you still another line upon our hero when I tell you that he had learned from life a rather clever trick: When he wanted to hear more he kept quiet, looked studious and went on listening.

"I think we could start you at twenty-five hundred," said the manager. "After the first year you would be paid in reasonable proportion to the amount of profits earned by your department."

Warren continued to listen, but seeing that nothing more was forthcoming he had a vision of Mary assembling that model room for him.

Contemplating this vision he thoughtfully replied: "Of course I'd need someone to make sketches and do work like that. There's a young girl in the advertising department—I don't think she's getting much—if you could let me have her ——"

"Why, I think so," said the manager unsuspectingly.

Upstairs, just as unsuspectingly, Mary was drawing a vase on a table and humming The Maiden's Prayer.

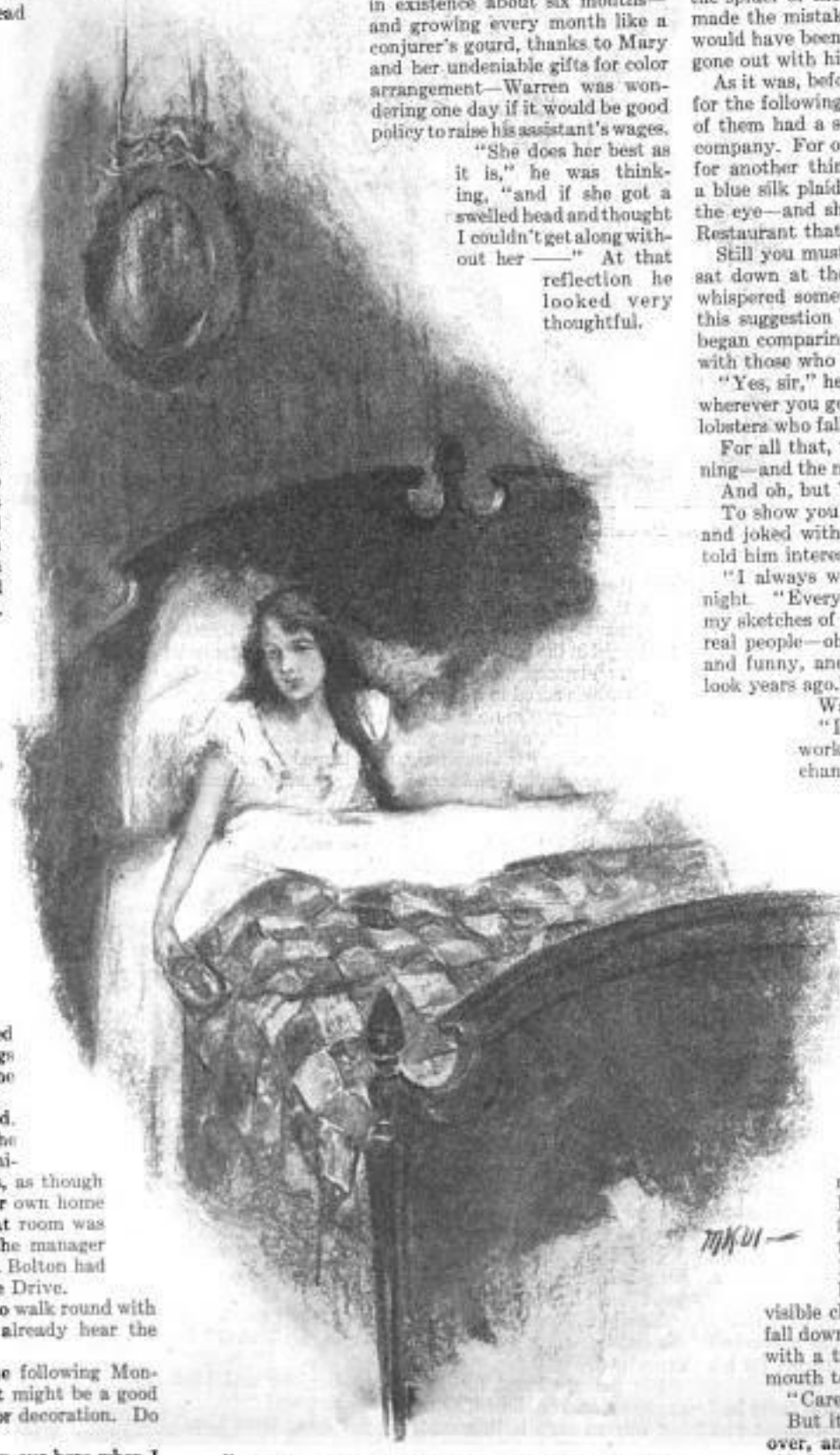
Life is sometimes like that.

### III

NOW I don't want you to think that Warren meant from the first to act as he did toward Mary. It was like most other schemes of man: it didn't spring forth, life size, all in a moment, like the devil in an old morality play; but rather it was one of those children of the mind which are conceived by accident, born of circumstance and grow mature by imperceptible degrees.

When his department had been in existence about six months—and growing every month like a conjurer's gourd, thanks to Mary and her undeniable gifts for color arrangement—Warren was wondering one day if it would be good policy to raise his assistant's wages.

"She does her best as it is," he was thinking, "and if she got a swelled head and thought I couldn't get along without her ——" At that reflection he looked very thoughtful.



"For Seven Long Years You Made Me Think You Were Going to Ask Me to Marry You"

"Of course I could get somebody else in time," he continued, "but it would certainly put me in a hole."

This was in Bolton's store, and while he stood there trying to figure it out, his arms crossed like a young Napoleon, he was watching Mary, who was talking to one of the buyers. Warren couldn't hear them, but suddenly he saw the buyer give Mary a very gallant look. Mary dropped her eyes and shook her head.

"Asking her to go out to dinner with him to-night, I'll bet," frowned Warren. And then a larger, more disturbing thought came to him. "Suppose she gets married and quits work entirely."

He walked round a bit, keeping one eye on the buyer and frowning with concentration.

"She's just the age," he thought; "and she's certainly got the looks. Perhaps if instead of raising her wages I took her out to dinner once in a while myself she'd think a lot more of it."

So about a week later he and Mary went out to dinner together; but oh, wasn't Warren careful, and didn't he watch his step! If you had been there you would have thought that he had an invisible chaperon with him, some crabbed old misogynist who was continually whispering: "Mind your eye there, now! Careful, boy, careful, or you'll be a dead one too!"

Yes, Warren was very careful and very correct—and Mary liked him for it. A spoony man always made her feel crawly—as though he had something of the nature of the spider or the caterpillar in him; and if her escort had made the mistake of acting mushy with her that night it would have been the last time that Mary would ever have gone out with him.

As it was, before they parted they made an engagement for the following Sunday evening. On that occasion each of them had a sense of increasing pleasure in the other's company. For one thing they knew each other better, and for another thing Mary was wearing her nicest dress—a blue silk plaid which simultaneously held and charmed the eye—and she was easily the prettiest girl at Ardin's Restaurant that night.

Still you mustn't forget that Old Man Mind Your Eye sat down at the table with them, and once at least he whispered something into Warren's ear. In obedience to this suggestion Warren looked round the restaurant and began comparing the couples who were obviously married with those who were obviously single.

"Yes, sir," he thought with new conviction, "you see it wherever you go. The wise guys stay single; it's only the lobsters who fall."

For all that, they dined together the next Sunday evening—and the next—and the next.

And oh, but Warren was careful!

To show you how Mary trusted him she smiled at him and joked with him as though he were her brother, and told him interesting items of her life.

"I always wanted to be an illustrator," she said one night. "Everybody said my color work was good—and my sketches of still life too. But when it came to drawing real people—oh, oh! They looked—I don't know—stiff, and funny, and formal—the way fashion plates used to look years ago."

Warren didn't think much of an artist's life.

"I wouldn't bother," he concluded. "Your work's congenial where you are. Why think of changing it?"

He unfolded some of his own dreams of the future.

"I'll bet you, some day," he said, "I'll come and take you out to dinner in a big automobile of my own. We'll go to some place up the Hudson and have the time of our lives."

One very dark night, after several months of this, as they were walking down the street to the house where Mary lived, two quarreling men approached them, and Mary's hand somehow found a natural resting place on Warren's arm. The quarreling men passed by, but the hand stayed where it was as innocently as any child's. To make it worse, Mary started humming an air which they had heard that evening. You would understand this better if I could hum it to you—because there were flowers and love and hope and longing and a touch of sadness in it too. However, though I cannot hum it I can tell you the effect it had upon Old Man Mind Your Eye, the invisible chaperon. It nearly made that sour old crab fall down and bump his nose, but he caught his step with a tremendous effort and immediately put his mouth to his protégé's ear.

"Careful—careful—careful, boy!" he whispered.

But it was a narrow squeak. Warren thought it over, and after much concentrated thought he decided that it would be advisable to make himself safe for the future. So the next evening they went

out together he waited until the moment was propitious and then he started in.

"What I like about you, Mary, is this," he said—"you're so sensible."

She gave him a smile.

"The trouble with most girls is," he continued, "if you look at them twice they think you want to marry them. But you—you're not that kind at all. You're a real friend—a chum; that's why I like you the way I do."

She patted his arm.

"Some day, perhaps," he said, coming to it, "when I can afford to think about marriage I'll talk with you just as frankly about that as I'm talking about this. But it'll be years yet—perhaps another ten years, I don't know. It depends on how I get on. Meanwhile you know the way I feel about you, don't you? You're a friend—a chum—and I'd rather be with you than with anyone else I know."

Such was the declaration of a careful man—a curiosity, perhaps, for the curious. It had two widely diverging results: It not only made him safe but it made Mary devoted to him. If it was only money and success that he needed before he could speak, oh, how she would help him!

For nearly seven years he let her work for him, think for him, strive for him, drudge for him, pull for him, draw for him—her whole life centered round him in a splendid, shining dream. And then one day she woke to the fact that he was gradually drawing away from her.

For one thing he had lately started in business for himself—THE LITTLE SHOPPE ON THE AVENUE—and he was beginning to have vague visions of a wife with money. Then again Old Man Mind Your Eye had been whispering to him: "Careful, boy—careful! You're drifting into it. Your name will be in the obituary column yet. You've got money enough now to hire a good decorator if you want one. You don't have to marry 'em!"

Whatever the reason, Warren gradually cooled toward Mary—growing cooler and cooler with every passing week—till finally we arrive at that morning on which our story opens, when Mary looked with tear-filled eyes at his photograph on the table by the side of her bed.

"You're—you're no good—no good—no good," she sobbed.

And suddenly seizing the photograph, which had seemed to be regarding her attentively, she slapped it—slapped it with all her might—and sent it sailing grandly across the room.

### IV

A GOOD burst of temper is sometimes like a clap of thunder. It clears the air. And if you had been in Mary's room that morning you would have seen at once that she felt better. But while she lay there, dry-eyed at last and defiant, another thought came to her.

"Wouldn't it be awful," she said to herself, "if anybody ever threw my picture round like that?"

Moved by this impulse she jumped out, picked up the photograph and jumped back again.

"Oh, Warren," she said, "how could you? What did I ever do to you that you should treat me the way you are doing?"

The man in the photograph seemed to look back at her with attentive eyes.

"For seven long years you made me think you cared for me, and that some day, when you could, you were going to ask me to marry you. Don't you know right well you did?"

Half-whimsically, half-mournfully she wiggled the picture so the attentive young man seemed to be nodding "Yes."

"I can see it now," she said. "You wanted to use me, that's all. Even when you started in business for yourself you never committed yourself for a moment; did you? Not even when I had worked there every night for nearly two months, trying to make it look as no other decorator's shop ever looked before or since. Oh, Warren, that was mean of you! If you had only been natural just once; if you had only said, 'Mary ——'"

But she didn't finish the thought—or, rather, she finished it with a sigh.

"Yes; you've always been careful—terribly careful. But lately you've been more careful than ever. Whenever you simply have to write me a note you dictate it to the stenographer and have her sign it for you: 'Dear Miss Mallon'—'Dictated but not read by Mr. Wilmer.' And whenever you want to see me in your office you always have somebody else in there.

"What's the matter, Warren?" she sadly asked. "Is it because I'm growing older? Don't you care the least little bit any more?"

This time, except for a slight tremor, the man in the photograph made no sign, but continued to regard her with attentive eyes.

"Listen," she continued, "it's Decoration Day to-day—the first one since I've known you that you haven't invited me to go out with you somewhere. Why, Warren, it's spring! Haven't you felt it in the air these last two weeks, and in the happy, dreamy way it makes you feel if you only try to give in to it a little—and have nothing to worry you?



*"I'm Trying to Get a Model Living Room Together—But Somehow It Doesn't Seem to Come"*

"And with that new car of yours we could go to so many lovely places. Don't you remember the trips we used to plan—'when you were rich, too, and had a car'? Well, now you've got a car—the very car you always said you were going to have—and you leave me home on Decoration Day—and m-m-make me feel like a stale sandwich—left on the plate—a sandwich that nobody wanted—and the party all gone home."

She proudly brushed the returning tears from her cheeks with the same hand that had so lately slapped his face.

"Phoo, how my head aches!" she murmured half to herself. "But then it always does when I lie awake half the night worrying. And I simply hate to take these little green pills!"

She frowned, looking at the vial in her hand. "I'm sure there's morphine or something in them—they make me feel so peaceful and drowsy. Wouldn't it be awful if I got to be a dope fiend and couldn't go to sleep till I'd taken a pill?"

Staring at the pellets with a glance that had something of fascination in it, she tilted one out into the palm of her hand, and then she picked up the photograph again.

"Now listen," she said: "before I take this I want you to tell me something. Are you sure you're listening? Well, let me see just how I'll put it ——"

She was still considering with her half-whimsical, half-mournful smile—the little green pill in one hand, the photograph in the other—when a knock sounded on the outer door.

"A gemman on the phone dahnstairs, Miss Mallon," said a voice in the hall, "wants to speak to you."

"Did he say who it was?"

"Yas'm—Mars' Wilmer."

Mary turned to the photograph with beaming eyes.

"All right, Ruby!" she called out. "Tell him I'll call him up in about ten minutes."

### V

AS YOU can guess it was nearer half an hour when Mary finally reached the telephone downstairs. And oh, what a different Mary it was from the girl whom you first saw lying in bed. No longer her cheeks were damp and mottled; no longer her lashes were heavy with tears. Her cheeks were pink and glowing—so pink and glowing that if you could have laid your palms gently against them for a moment they would have warmed your fingers; and Mendelssohn must have looked into eyes like Mary's just before rising to his first immortal inspiration for the Spring Song. It didn't take her long to call up the number she wanted—and then:

"Good morning, Miss Mallon," said a suave, even voice on the other end of the wire.

"Good morning—Mr. Wilmer," she smilingly echoed.

"I've been wondering whether you'd care to run out into the country to-day?"

"I'd just love to!"

"Good! You know that Wollman contract we have—the house at New Rochelle?"

"Ye-es."

"I've just got in touch with the new mural decorator—a splendid workman from all I can hear. He says he can be there at half past one. And—I've been thinking—if you could meet him there and explain your color schemes to him ——"

Mary didn't say anything—it wasn't in her—but if you could have gently laid your palms against her cheeks just then I'm pretty sure they would have burned your fingers instead of merely warming them. Perhaps the speaker at the other end of the wire sensed her silence and knew what it meant.

"I'd run you up in my car," he continued in his suave, even voice, "but the car's laid up for repairs this morning."

And still Mary said nothing, but like a certain famous parrot I think she thought the more.

"You could meet him then at half past one?"

"Why, I think so," said Mary, trying hard to keep her voice in the same key as that in which she had pitched her opening sentences.

"Good! I'll let him know. New Rochelle at half past one, remember. Good-by."

"Good-by."

It was thus perhaps that Josephine said good-by to Bonaparte.

It was thus perhaps that Sheba's queen once spoke to Israel's king.

### VI

AS MARY neared the Wollman residence at New Rochelle she became conscious of a bulky young man sitting on the unpainted steps. At her approach he rose and raised his hat, and Mary couldn't help but see that his hair was tight and curly.

"Pardon me," he said, "but are you from The Little Shoppe? I thought so. Stanley's my name—the decorator."

Whereupon Mary also noticed that his glance denoted admiration; and looking at his chest, which he wore in front of him with a proud, barrellike effect, she couldn't help thinking, "How strong he must be!" She glanced at the door, half open behind him, and then she looked at him more carefully.

"The plasterers are inside," he smiled, answering her thought. "A fine bunch of wops. I've been listening to them singing. They get double time to-day because it's a holiday, and whenever they happen to think about it they hit the good old favorites like a popular Sunday night."

"I'd love to hear them," said Mary, answering his smile at last. "Let's go in."

But as soon as they crossed the threshold she suddenly became all business. "Have you a notebook?" she said. "I want an antique effect here in the hall. I'll give you the exact shades at the office in the morning."

*(Continued on Page 53)*

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# NANCE IN A STATE OF WAR

## The Workless Worker—By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IN APRIL, 1917, the sun being in Taurus and America now at war, I heard just previous to the dinner hour the sharp firm clack of high heels upon my sidewalk. I rose up quickly and let Nance in.

"Is it war or peace?" I asked.

"War," said Nance, and cast her semimilitary cape upon the sofa.

"Were they there—every woman in old Highhold in her place?"

"Every one," said Nance, a gleaming hatpin in her teeth.

"And what did they finally name themselves?"

"The Community at Work," said Nance, and laid down her semimilitary hat and came and kissed me.

"Not the Red Cross, then?"

"No," said Nance briefly. "Something more distinctive!" And she had the dinner put right on.

"What else did they do?" I asked her when she had the leisure.

"They had their motto given them, for one thing," said Nance.

"What?"

"Work or fight."

"Aha," I said. "By whom?"

"Their president," said Nance.

"And who was that?" I asked.

"Who would it be?" said Nance, reducing me to absurdity.

"Again!" I said; and I laughed—for a second only.

"She will too," said Nance abruptly.

"Will what?"

"Work or fight."

"Woman," I said, "I warn you now: Lay not your bloody hands on God's anointed."

"She can fool round all she wants to—with her names and her mottoes, and her distinctive movements—ordinarily," said that red-headed patriot, "but these are wartimes!"




"For Us," She Said, "the Sex That May Not Fight, There Remains a Trinity of Service: Work—Save—Sacrifice. But the Greatest of These Is Work!"

"Work, not words," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin to the first regular meeting of the Community at Work, "will win this war."

She wore, I understand, the new Coutts-Corbin sable stole, turned back from her neck, and her picture hat. Otherwise she was in black, very severe, with just one simple orchid at her breast. Her hair was drawn back very simply and gathered in one simple knot low on the neck—as she first wore it, I am told, at the initial performance of Iphigenia in Tauris at Vascliffe. "For us," she said, "the sex that may not fight, there remains a trinity of service: Work—save—sacrifice. But the greatest of these is work! Work, we must remember, ladies, hard bruising work—from which none is exempt—must be our first and primal contribution to our country in its need."

She moved, slightly advancing the other knee, and slightly adjusted the sable stole upon her neck. She made few gestures; she needed few. Her manner like her dress was very simple. While she was still Isabel Smyth—before her marriage to Samuel Coutts-Corbin—she was generally conceded to have the most striking platform presence of any undergraduate at Vascliffe.

"Realizing this," she continued, "when it became necessary to make a definitive organization for war work it seemed best to those few of us who met first to choose a form and a designation which would be symbolic of our exact purpose, and so the Community at Work—as we have called it—has come into being. A hard, practical name, workaday in every syllable, yet to me it is a glory and a clarion call to service—the mere name alone—to which I dedicate myself and all my humble powers as your president."

She swayed slightly, as she does at times, it seems, while speaking, and placed her right hand just underneath the single orchid at her breast. Her eyes closed temporarily under the stress of the emotion—her whole audience keeping silence with her.

"So it will be, I know," she said, recovering her voice somewhat and reopening her unusually large blue eyes, "with all of us. In these strenuous days," she said in a much stronger, steadier voice, "there will be none who will hold back her hand from the plow. Every fiber, every ounce, every atom of force in us will be given freely to our country. Work to the utmost—work without stint or respite—work without thought of self is the unspoken pledge, I know, of every woman here."

She stopped, erect and breathing hard—with the light of high purpose in her very unusual blue eyes.

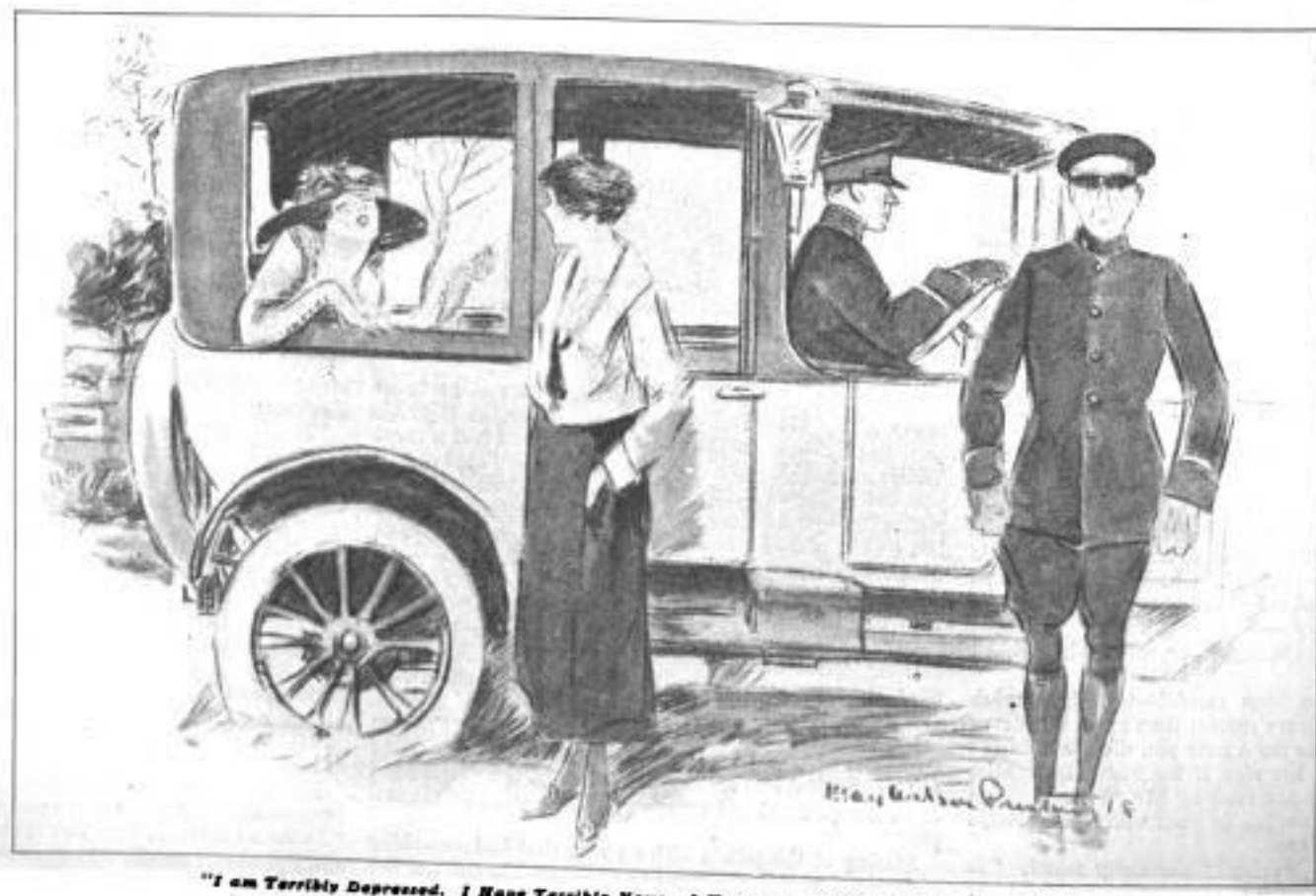
"But," she said then, and stopped significantly, her audience waiting with her, "but," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin, "work is not enough! As individuals, I hope," she said, "we may all be trusted to give our every effort, our last full modicum of strength to the common cause. But that alone would be a duty only partially performed."

She waited a moment more, very slightly straightening her picture hat.

"A nation at war, someone has said," she continued then, "is a nation at work—to its very limit. Every ounce, every fragment of its man and woman power must be conserved and occupied in useful work. This is a truism. For us," she went on, "who know the meaning of the words 'work' and 'sacrifice for country' no added stimulus is needed. But there are also those in this great cosmopolitan land of ours upon whom much of the merely physical labor must devolve. Many of these are of foreign birth. Men and women who are—what shall I say?—beginners, children in democracy; to whom the idea of sacrifice for the general good is not repugnant, let us say, but novel. To these the message must be brought if the great labor power of the republic is to be mobilized for war. It is our duty—which we would be utterly remiss in not performing—to see that this is done. We must not only work ourselves—we must organize the labor power of others, especially that of the great laboring classes among us. We must not forget the physical workers! They will need us—our advice, our encouragement, our aid, in the stress of war work, which will soon be on them.

"And we must remember, too," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin, closing, "that our time is all too short. War is upon us. There is not one moment for us to waste—as a nation or as individuals."

She then, it seems, appointed all her workers—the heads of the committees. Having done this she moved through the ranks of the woman power she had organized for war and passed, bowing very graciously, out to her limousine on the curbing—an imported machine, I am told, recently purchased for her by Mr. Coutts-Corbin. The



"I am Terribly Depressed. I Have Terrible News. I Have Been Ordered Away From All Work"

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footman closed her in; the silent chauffeur started on. She rolled away to Upper Hill, the Hudson residence of the Coutts-Corbins, with her Russian staghound staring out the window, still bowing graciously to individual members on the sidewalks, Nance among them.

"Man power!" said Nance, relating it at dinner. "Conserving!"

"You must remember," I said to that fiery patriot, "the luxuries of some are the necessities of others. She is a large woman," I said, "who demands the larger setting—large limousines, large dogs, large wars!"

"Large fiddlesticks!" said Nance. "Do you know what she gave me? Conserving the man power ——"

"What?" I asked.

"—— of the future."

"What?" I asked again.

"Weighing babies," said Nance.

"Weighing babies!" I said after her, not grasping it at once.

"In the tenements," said Nance, "through the summer."

"Yes?" I asked. "Just where does that fit in with our women at war?"

"Seeing they are fed right—so they won't die," she explained to me. "Conserving the future man power of the nation."

"She is apparently organizing," I said, "for a long and complicated war."

"She is," said Nance succinctly; "in all departments."

"Yes," I said. "She is evidently a very thorough organizer. But there is one matter still which puzzles me: Just what part of the work does she reserve for herself?"

"I don't know, I am sure," said Nance briefly, "unless it is her Question Hour."

"Her Question Hour?"

"That she started the time before this one—the first thing; when she stands in that picture hat and wants us to ask questions about the work."

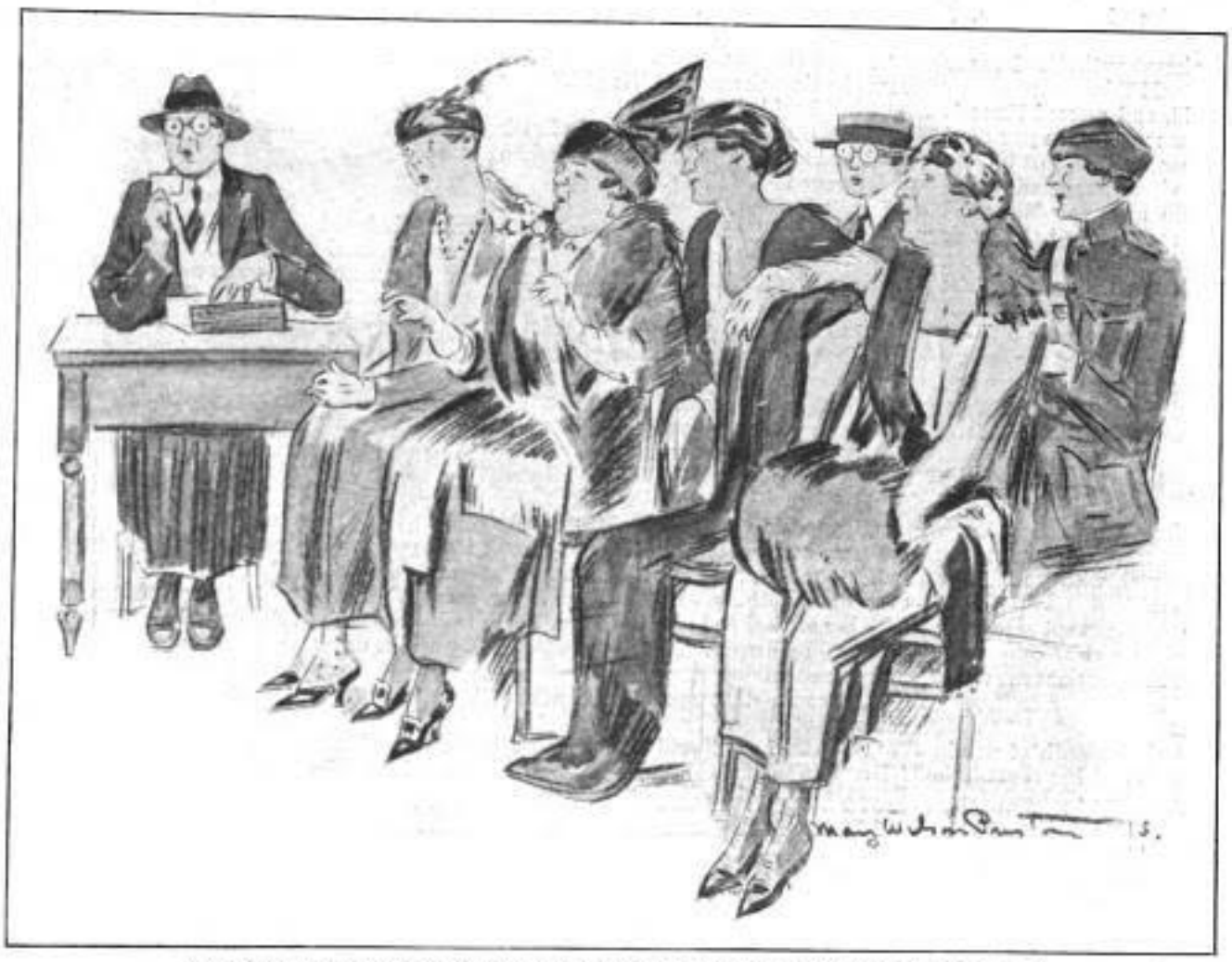
"After all," I said, reflecting, "there must be always someone directing large enterprises, while others do the active work! Someone with a larger gift!"

"You remember what I told you about her first," said Nance crisply, "and her motto?"

"'Work or fight,'" I said, recalling it.

"Yes," said Nance.

"I'll remember," I said. "Try to."



"Merely a Slight Case of Myxoedemia," Said the Efficient Secretary to the President

In the last of June, America now having been at war more than two months and every baby in the tenements weighed at least six times, I sat with my wife in my residence shortly after dinner, again discussing the leadership of the war in Highhold-upon-Hudson, and the difficulties and discouragements of preparing the next generation of workers for the next war.

"I saw her to-day," I said.

"Who?" asked Nance.

"The great head of the war in Highhold, your commander," I said. "In her limousine; hard, hard at work, working her workers. She's a wonder," I said; "a wonderful woman."

"What's so wonderful about her?" inquired Nance critically. "I can't see. She's just like any other big, good-looking girl. She's got to show herself just so much, that's all. Especially since she married old Coutts-Corbin and his war profits. There's nothing strange about it; nor the way she's always doing it, for that matter. It's all the style now."

"The style?" I asked—for information.

"Certainly," said Nance. "This Vascliffe crowd brought it in. They all do it—if they're good-looking at all. Naturally," said Nance, explaining, "you can show yourself more on a platform than in a parlor. More people see you. I should think anybody could see that!"

"And yet," I said, "there are those who grudge the opportunities of higher education to our women!"

"Leading great moral causes, with your best gown on," said Nance, proceeding. "Always a leader, in every new movement that comes up—dropping one and taking up the next. Spiritual gadders I call them," said Nance. "They're all the style now."

"Flitting," I said, "from one gracious benefaction to another."

"Standing round," asserted Nance, "in picture hats, distributing free information about work. Work they never did, and couldn't in a thousand years!

"I don't object to it," she went on, taking the broad, impersonal view, "if they want to; ordinarily. It is natural enough for a big, fine-looking girl to want to show herself. What I object to is doing it now—delaying things—when our boys are starting over abroad to get killed! And we've got to work for them.

"What should have been done," asserted Nance—"what should have been done," she said as she had so many times before, "would have been to have gone in with the Red Cross like the women everywhere else! And we would have, too," she stated, "if she hadn't had to have a distinctive movement of her own to play with."

It was not fifteen minutes afterward, I myself being out watering the lawn, when I looked up, and there at the curbing was the great green limousine and the picture hat and the staring staghound; and the silent footman deploying from the supersilent chauffeur in my direction.

"Could you?" said Isabel Coutts-Corbin, leaning from the window of her limousine. "If you would!"

She wore, as I remember it, under her picture hat some blue thing—very simple—that matched her eyes. She was very, very pale.

"Oh, certainly," I said, and went in.

"Well?" said Nance, a little sharply.

"Isabel the Great," I said with some hesitation, "is out there. She wants you to come out—just a minute—and see her."

"I suppose you told her," said Nance, "I'd run right out, just as soon as she called for me!"

I said nothing.

"I can't go. You can go out and tell her so!" said Nance, fixing up her hair.

I stood waiting.

"Well," said Nance, "why don't you go out and tell her I'm coming?"

"In just a minute," I said to Mrs. Coutts-Corbin, "she'll be with you."

"Thank you so much," she said, with the accent on the "so." "It is very kind of her to come."

She leaned back then upon the flowered summer cushions of her limousine, her hand upon the bony head of her Russian staghound—relaxed and very languid, speaking most encouragingly of my wife.

"She is so energetic—so wonderful in her work," she said. "I could always depend on her. She was always one of the very best of my workers. And such a tiny woman. I don't see how she does it, really!"

She spoke in the confidential, somewhat languid way she has with men—as one operator of large affairs to another—somewhat veiling her large blue eyes. But more relaxed, more languid, much, than usual.

"She is a wonder," I said. "Especially with this war work."

"And with those hot-blooded, impetuous Italians particularly," said Mrs. Coutts-Corbin. "We were so afraid that no one could handle them and their babies. Make them understand it all. And now she has not only done it but has them under perfect control. I wish you could tell me," she said, with the stress on the "wish," "how!"

"She's got some underground political connection she works through her washerwoman, whose husband is president of the Mafia—or something," I said. "That keeps her in right. She's got a great knack with that sort of thing."

"It is a wonderful work," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin. "So terribly important now, when the hot weather is coming on."

"It will require some faith and patriotic zeal to carry it on through the summer," I told her.

"She has it," said Nance's president confidently. "A perfectly wonderful physical energy. I only wish I could say the same," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin, and sighed distinctly—a wistful look in her unusual deep blue eyes.

And then Nance herself came out; and I stepped aside.

"My dear," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin, and leaned from her limousine, "can you forgive me for bringing you out here? I simply didn't feel able to drag myself out to your door. I am utterly exhausted from this afternoon."

"Oh, that is nothing," said Nance, somewhat ambiguously.

"All this afternoon," continued the other from her limousine, "I have simply been rushing on from place to place—visiting my workers for the last time."

"The last time!" said Nance—unexpectedly, even to herself.

"Yes," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin; "I am terribly depressed." Her voice showed it. "I have terrible news," she said. "I must leave the work—perhaps for months. Yes," she said and pressed her hand a moment on the simple parting of her hair, "this strenuous spring has been too much for me. I have been ordered away from all work."

"Is it possible?" said Nance in a low, sympathetic voice.

"Absolute rest—absolute!" said Isabel Coutts-Corbin. "I fought and fought and fought! But the doctor is imperative. He says that I must go before the beginning of the really hot weather or he will not be responsible! So next week we shall open our home in Seal Harbor."

She smiled—a slow wan smile.

"What is it that Thoreau says," she asked Nance, "about the tyranny of large houses? You have no idea how dreadful it is! The size of the rooms; the keeping up of the social demands upon you—that you can't in decency avoid; the servant question—especially since this war began. To go from one large house here to another at the shore! I simply should not attempt it if Mr. Coutts-Corbin hadn't provided me always with the most wonderful of housekeepers to take everything from my shoulders. But even as it is I find myself waking up in the night dreading it. Oh, how I envy you your dear little home here!"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that, Isabel!" said Nance in a very low, constrained voice.

Her face was not turned toward me—but I could distinguish quite clearly a marked flush developing behind the ears.

"I do!" said Isabel Coutts-Corbin once again. "Just that! Especially now that I am going—leaving behind the work. Still, there are compensations. I shall touch—at Seal Harbor, and Bar Harbor, that cosmopolitan center so near by—the war workers from all over the world. New ideas, new methods, new inspirations! I should be dull

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indeed if I did not bring some home with me for our Community at Work."

"I can see that too," said Nance very courteously. Her neck as time went on seemed redder, if anything, than before.

"But, my dear," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin, "I mustn't keep you standing here chained to my chariot wheels, as it were! All I am doing now is to go round and speak a word to the staunchest of my workers; to see if there is any way in which I could help them before I go."

"Oh, yes," said Nance without enthusiasm, "I see."

"Any questions," suggested Isabel Coutts-Corbin again, "that may have occurred ——"

"I don't know," said Nance, "of a single one, as far as we are concerned."

"But you will!" said Isabel Coutts-Corbin impulsively—and seized her arm, reaching from her limousine. "If there are any questions at any time through the summer which you think you would like my advice upon you will let me help you? You will not hesitate—just because—I have worked myself out?"

"Oh, no!" said Nance quickly.

"For, doctor or no doctor," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin, "I shall keep in touch with the work and the workers. I should be lost without my work!"

Her paleness had gone now—almost entirely. I never saw her handsomer than when she said this.

"Thank you, my dear," she said, and pressed Nance's hand, "for your promise not to spare me—when you need advice. Thank you! It has given me new life, just talking to you, and feeling your wonderful vital energy and enthusiasm again. And I hope you will have splendid good fortune with your splendid work among our babies this summer! And now I must not keep you standing here a minute longer," she said to me. "If you will—please," she told me, with the weight upon the "will."

And I spoke to the silent footman, who gave a silent signal to the supersilent chauffeur, who started the starter of the limousine. We stood upon our curbing—Nance and I—and watched the leader of the Community at Work and her staghound roll heavily home, after that last long day, toward rest and Seal Harbor.

"This is more terrible," I said, "than I had dreamed."

But Nance said nothing.

"Gone!" I said. "The worker from the work!"

She answered nothing yet.

"But always," I went on, "in touch with you. Ever ready for the questions of her workers!"

And suddenly a newer, warmer crimson swept across her face. "Some day," she prophesied in a clear cold voice, "somebody will come along and ask her questions she won't care so much for!"

In September, it being now the sixth month of war in Highhold-upon-Hudson, and my wife and her committee being now in shreds, and every future worker in the tenements being weighed and fed and in splendid condition for its coming work in the next world's war, the president of the Community at Work returned once more and presided again over her workers.

"I wish that I could tell you," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin at the opening session for fall work, "what a tonic effect it has upon you—the air about Bar Harbor and Seal Harbor. I know nothing like it anywhere. So tonic—so wholly restful! I would advise all of you, another summer, to plan to go there by all means—if only for a very limited time. It is wonderful what it does for you. It has made me a new woman."

She looked, in fact, wonderfully well. She wore, it seems, a tweed walking suit—very simple and businesslike—and a moderately large picture hat. She was splendidly tanned.

"I have come back," she said, "full of new life, new vigor, new enthusiasm, which I mean to make show in our work. I mean earnestly to use it; to consecrate my newborn energy to our work—to relieve in every way I can the workers who through this dreadful summer have borne the heat of the day."

She was full of life; every gesture showed it.

"But such a wonderful summer for me," she started on again. "I can't begin to tell you! New ideas, new methods, new systems of modern work—learned first-hand from the workers from overseas, from the whole world in that wonderful gathering place of the real leaders of things about Bar Harbor. I have simply devoured them. And now," she pledged herself, "I plan to do my part—to bring the latest methods in war work to Highhold-upon-Hudson, to take more burden upon myself, and so, not least by any means, to release the stress upon the faithful workers who have borne the labor of the summer. It will mean of course—my plan—a reorganization almost, along new lines. But with your loyal backing and my new experience there is no question that can arise now that I shall not feel competent to meet."

And then she made the change right there, the members of the Community at Work in consenting silence, swept on by her marvelous enthusiasm.

"What is it now?" I said to Nance, rising hurriedly when I first saw her in the doorway. "What ails you?"

"Card catalogues," said Nance, deathly pale.

"What?" I asked sharply.

"For all of them—everybody!"

"What?" I asked again.

"Trained workers!" she replied, her color returning suddenly. "Under her! She pays for them herself!"

"Where?" I said.

"Do you think they'll stand for it?" she continued.

"Who?"

"No," she stated positively. "They will not!"

Her color now was entirely too high.

"Possibly," I said, "we are talking at cross-purposes. Wait just a minute. Who is it?"

"That workless worker!" said Nance. "She always was, from the time she was a little girl."

"Oh," I said simply.

"That Star-Spangled Slacker! Letting you do all the work and then grabbing it! Stumbling round, getting under your feet, talking."

I waited, silent.

"And now," she said, "since she married that old Coutts-Corbin—that old profiteer—she's impossible, intolerable, incredible! There's nothing she won't grab and spoil to decorate herself with!"

There was nothing I could say. I let her take her course.

"What do you suppose she's done?" said Nance after a slight pause. "Now?"

"How could I guess?" I told her.

"Thrown us out—every one of us—from our committees! Changed us all round!"

"Thrown you out?" I said. "Herself!"

"Herself."

"How could she?" I exclaimed. "She can't."

"How could she!" said Nance—a still stranger, newer red. "She has, that's all! Discharged us—everyone that ever did anything. Reorganized along modern lines—with her at the head of everything! With trained workers provided by herself. Turned the whole thing upside down and ruined it!"

"She can't—throw you out!" I said. "Herself—without some vote!"

"She has, I say," said Nance with dangerous emphasis. "Don't tell me she hasn't—when I know she has! She has—that's all! Thrown us out, and taken all the things she wanted—and we killed ourselves for, working all this summer—into her own hands!"

"Even baby-weighing," I asked, "for the next war?"

"She's had her eye on that," said Nance, "ever since we made such a success of it. What do you think," she asked me, standing before me—"what do you think of it?" she asked, and seized me by both arms.

"Somewhat high-handed, I should say."

"Ruined—the whole thing!" said Nance. "Just as I said it would be when they gave in to her and didn't go into the Red Cross. Everybody'll get out now—and let her ruin it!"

"You still retain," I said too lightly, "the privileges of the Question Hour. You can still come to her with your questions."

And suddenly her mouth tightened and her color fell.

"I will," said Nance darkly. "I'll ask her one!"

I attached no special weight to it at the time, not even after I learned that the great demonstration tea for outside workers was being planned for—weeks later.

It was in October, America now having been a full half year at war, that the Community at Work of Highhold-upon-Hudson gave its tea and demonstration of working methods, arranged for home and outside visitors by its president, Mrs. Isabel Coutts-Corbin. At this I myself, through error and misrepresentation, was present.

"You've got to come—that's all," said Nance to me. "They're getting out all the men they can so that they can show them just what we are doing."

"What is this sudden enthusiasm to get me out to this?" I asked, a vague unborn suspicion in my brain. "You know as well as I do I'll be the only man there—unless they scare up the two ministers."

"Suppose you are!" said Nance.

I went, protesting, under orders. When I arrived even the two ministers had been unavoidably detained. I was alone—the only man in that vast company of women at war.

"You'll stay right here," said Nance, "now you've come!"

And even then I was too dull to understand. I sat there, trapped, hopeless, idly watching Isabel Coutts-Corbin at her grave task of preparation for her demonstration upon the platform.

She wore, besides her picture hat, black velvet, following the lines of her figure very simply; with no ornament at all except one small and simple cross of some worker at the Front that someone from overseas had sent to her, and Mr. Coutts-Corbin had had set for her, in platinum, very simply. Behind her, forgotten on her chair, was the Coutts-Corbin sable stole—new that spring. Beside her sat her fellow officers and the local dignitaries in the women's world, with others from abroad, present at her invitation to review the progress and the methods of our best women in a state of war.

She rose at last, and I listened dully in heavy self-conscious pain as she outlined the conception and the history and the final thoroughness of the war preparedness of the Community at Work—its card catalogues, and its ordering of its workers for the work.

"While we do not claim," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin very simply, "to be a model in any way, we may still indulge the hope that we have done our bit. And in some ways—some details—we may have added some few suggestions which may possibly suggest, in turn, to others still other means by which they too may carry on."

On either side of her sat the other patronesses of the great war—from home and from the other Communities at Work that she herself, as I was told, had met in Bar Harbor and elsewhere—all simply but very richly dressed. With these, still simpler and more severe, the military semiprofessional younger workers in war—hard, practical belted women in square-toed shoes, the two trained workers in Highhold-upon-Hudson among them. And underneath, below the low informal platform, along the front benches and the front portions of the side walls, specimens, I took it, in clean cotton clothes and head kerchiefs, of the women of the working classes, who had been practically organized for this and other wars.

"Pardon me," said Nance, rousing me most unexpectedly from my lonely stupor. "I'll be right back."

She went forward for a little space of time, apparently to speak with one of her acquaintances among the tenement workers.

(Continued on Page 73)



"You! You Take the Automobil'—You Take the Two Men Dressed Up Like the Sold'! Every Day. And You Talk—Talk—Talk—About the Workin'!"

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# NEW MEN FOR OLD

## The Many-Sided Army Reclamation Service in France

### By Isaac F. Marcosson

WHEN the smoke of battle clears away and civilization begins to adjust itself to the unfamiliar sensation of a world at peace it will be found among other unexpected things that war is not all waste. The enforced lessons of thrift, household economy and popular investment will be fully matched by the extraordinary precedent established in the conservation of men and material that can have only a beneficent and constructive effect on all future endeavor.

Less than a year ago, in an article entitled The Salvage of War, I explained in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST the immense reclamation work of the British Army, which in three years has saved to the empire more than half a billion dollars out of stuff that would ordinarily have gone into the scrap heap. Since that first revelation of the wonders of war rehabilitation a whole new attitude has developed toward what might be called battle utility.

Despite this astonishing exhibition of rehabilitation wrought out of monster destruction, there was a general and not altogether unnatural feeling when America entered the conflict that, being supplied with almost unlimited men and money, her waste would be prodigal. Just as we fooled the Kaiser and his fellow prophets who declared that we would be a negligible factor in the struggle, so have we confuted the alarmists who maintained that Uncle Sam would be a spendthrift. Profiting by British and French experience we have injected into the spirit of combat and supply a kindred spirit of saving that has become almost a gospel. Our salvage squads march with the advancing troops. We destroy and rebuild at the same time. The battlefield of to-day is the workshop of to-morrow. We not only do the ordinary reconstruction of equipment but we reclaim maimed human beings as well, and go one step farther. The soldiers who are temperamentally and otherwise unfit to fight and who would be encumbrances instead of aids are tactfully deployed into proper and useful stations where their patriotism and their experience are alike capitalized. The salvage of war, American stamp, like the business of war, American brand, is a many-sided demonstration of Yankee originality and application.

The story of our salvage therefore falls into two general divisions—one which deals with the ordinary retrieving of material things, and which has become a common annex of every highly organized army; and one which affects men alone, and which, so far as the American Expeditionary Force is concerned, is one of the most striking and original institutions that I have encountered in the war. We will briefly go into the material work first. All equipment salvage systems operate alike and it merely becomes a matter of pointing out scope, result and picturesque detail.

#### Efficiency Applied to Salvage

WE WERE fortunate in being able to benefit by the British and French systems, which with the generosity that has marked the attitude of our allies were placed at our disposal. Since the former is fairly familiar to most Americans I will use it for comparison. At the outset you find that though the method of work is practically the same the motive behind British and American reclamation is not quite identical. The first consideration in British salvage is to save money; with the United States the foremost consideration is to save tonnage. The financial end is useful but incidental. A ton of our ship space represents more than so much ordinary cargo-carrying capacity in times of peace. With us ships are life. We are up against the biggest transport problem in all military history. Wherever you turn in an examination of the A. E. F. you find that tonnage is the supreme question. Hence our salvage grew out of the realization of the chief quartermaster that it would relieve the strain on shipping if it were not necessary to give a soldier a brand-new blouse every time the one on his back became unserviceable. So, too, with shoes, belts, haversacks, rifles and other equipment. The Salvage Service has reached the point where the tonnage that would have been required for the renewal of all this equipment is employed for commodities such as foodstuffs and ammunition, which cannot be retrieved in large quantities.



Colonel T. B. Hacker

What is technically known as the Salvage Service was installed as a part of the work of the Quartermaster Corps. In charge is Col. T. B. Hacker, a veteran Regular Army quartermaster, who took as naturally to the job as if he had been born in a junk shop and had dealt with old clothes instead of hard-tack and canned beans all his life. His office is in the same building at Tours that houses the chief quartermaster, Maj. Gen. Harry L. Rogers. Before him is the great map of the domain of reclamation, which is the usual concrete visualization of American Army work. The salvage depots are indicated by red and white flags; the location of salvage squads by red flags; permanent army laundries by black flags; portable laundries by blue; portable deverminizing plants by green; field bathing and sterilizing establishments by yellow; and fat-reduction plants by black and white. From this list of stations you get an idea of the whole comprehensive sweep of salvage, which cleans not only clothes but likewise the bodies of the fighting men.

At the start Colonel Hacker not only had the great advantage of being able to adapt the British system but he was not forced to labor under the handicaps that made it impossible for Britain even to think of salvage until nearly a year of war had passed. The British had to rush an army into the field almost overnight. They were up against a life-and-death emergency, and emergency knows no thrift. Besides, just as soon as the army caught its breath it regarded waste of food and equipment as part of the soldier's life. There was always the comfortable reflection that "the Government is rich and can afford it." The Tommy had to be taught to save.

Strange as it may seem, the American soldier adapted himself at once to the salvage idea. He was quick to conserve everything, from a horseshoe nail up to a big gun. This adaptability has been of immense help to the service.

A third aid was the obvious fact that we began to salvage at the top wave of reclamation development, which finds expression in the British Army in the saving of everything in a pig except that well-known squeal, and with the French in the use of the threads dropped out of the salvage machines for the manufacture of clothing. We knew that in the Army rags are shredded; that the tops of old socks are made into mittens; that scraps of leather make serviceable shoe laces; and that even the fat is boiled out of the cloths used to wrap up carcasses of beef, and the cloth itself is cut up for washrags. The sum of these trifles, to paraphrase Michelangelo, is the perfection of salvage.

Just as soon as we had the first semblance of an army in France we began to impress the salvage idea. Material piled up, but we lacked the machinery with which to redeem it. The first problem was to find a suitable initial plant. The chief quartermaster assigned Col. John F. Madden and Lieut. Col. M. J. Henry to this task, and they scoured Middle and Southern France. After weeks of effort they located a series of structures in a suburb of Tours. It was a group of railroad shops which the French had used temporarily as a supply depot.

Here we have set up Salvage Depot Number One, which is the largest single institution of the kind that I have seen. Once more you get an example of amazing army expansion. In January of this year it had a personnel of exactly ten, including officers and enlisted men. Only one corner of a building was used. When I visited it last August it was occupying 243,500 square feet of space and employing seven thousand persons, ninety-five per cent of whom were women who have to be hauled back and forth every day in motor trucks. During February the value of the articles retrieved was less than five thousand dollars. For August the salvage represented a saving to the United States of $3,246,588, which was an increase of one million dollars over the July record.

This colossal establishment reeks with a movement that is surpassed only by the odor exuded from the tons of waste that are dumped daily at its doors. The acres of working space in and out of doors literally buzz. The clatter of machines cannot drown the incessant chatter of the voluble French women, who range from short-skirted maids to wizened great-grandmothers and who maintain every tradition of a full-fledged factory, including a strike and a walkout on occasion.

Ten thousand army blankets go through the mill here every day; it is no unusual performance to repair and ship fourteen thousand pairs of socks between morning and evening or renew one thousand pairs of rubber boots within the same time. Nothing is thrown away. The garments incapable of restoration for the American troops are dyed green for our prisoners of war.

#### The Biggest Laundry in Europe

THE reclamation of shoes—we turn out thirty-five hundred pairs of shoes every day at this plant alone—is typical of the methods. The shoes are washed in big steam-roller tubs and afterward soaked in oil vats. Mechanical processes attach soles and heels. As in the British shops, the unfit uppers are cut up into laces. No less labor-saving is the system of restoring rubber boots, which are dried by continuous blasts of hot air after washing. All the torn parts are repaired by expert tire men.

No detail of this salvage plant is more picturesque than the laundry, which is the largest in Europe. It is big enough to do all the rough-dry laundry work of a city of the size of Dayton, Ohio, and is as noisy as a foundry. Its steam-driven batteries of washing machines and wringers can turn out 100,000 articles, from socks to overcoats, in a day. In one month they laundered 2,500,000 pieces. I can give you no better idea of the immense value of these machines than to say that each one of them does the work of seventy-five women.

This mammoth army laundry is not without its element of human interest. One day last August a new batch of men was assigned to work in it. The officer in charge lined them up and said: "If anyone here has had any laundry experience let him hold up his hand."

After a silence a little yellow private raised his right hand and timidly stepped out of the ranks.

"Where did you work?" asked the officer.

"I had a laundry in San Francisco," was the reply.

It then developed that he was a Chinaman who had been in the first draft. He is now one of the mainstays of the laundry. Reclassification will never disturb this yellow brother, who is supremely happy on his own working heath.

Salvage Depot Number One, immense as it is, is merely one link in the chain of establishments. In the southern part of France we have a group of four depots which use more than 275,000 square feet of space and employ four thousand people. These stations specialize in shoes and are working toward a daily output of 10,000 pairs. A harness repair shop, which includes the repair of canvas and web equipment, is a feature. All together we have nearly twenty salvage depots large and small with nearly a million square feet of working space, and when the Armistice was

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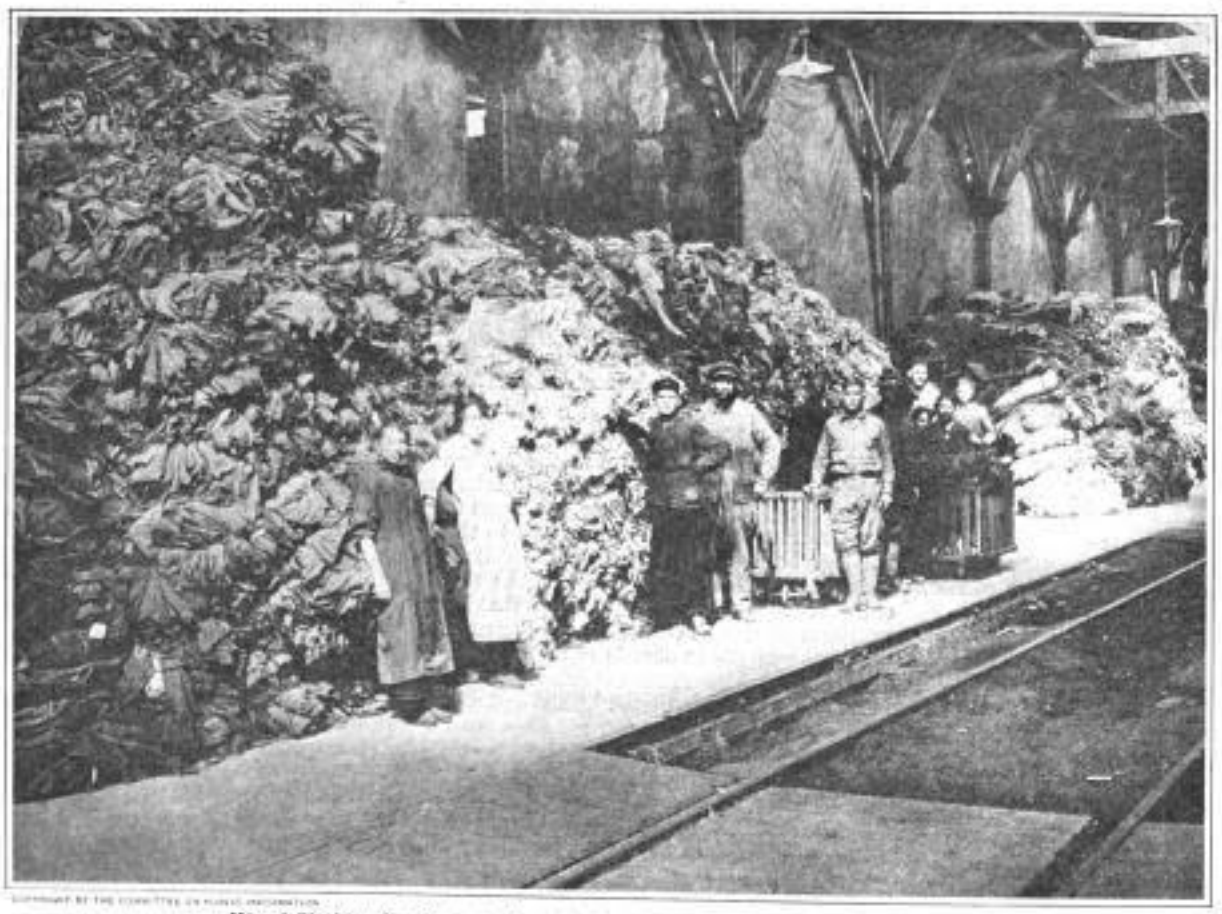
signed plans were under way to expand these already gigantic facilities for salvage.

These salvage depots are joined by a system of communications which collects and distributes the material. This brings us to the really dramatic phase of salvage, which is the wreckage of the combat area. With the A. E. F. as with the other armies there are two kinds of salvage—battle and normal. The former deals with the débris of actual fighting, which may include anything from a haversack to a howitzer; while the latter is the refuse of the Services of Supply, which means empty packing cases, tin cans, kegs and barrels. In both areas kitchen refuse is conserved and employed in many useful and profitable ways, as you will see.

The assembling of normal salvage is a simple matter of gathering up the cast-off waste at supply depots, workshops, training camps, barracks and billeting areas. It is with battle salvage that you get the trouble. Each army in the field has a chief of salvage service, who is charged with the duty of supervising the collection of all material to be salvaged. Under him are salvage companies attached to every division. These are divided in turn into squads, which follow hot on the heels of the fighting men. More than once they have thrown aside bags or shovels or leaped from collection carts and joined in the fighting fray.

Field salvage is assembled in advance dumps, which are precisely what the word implies. Here everything is first piled up without regard to class. You can see acres of coats, blankets, leggings, shoes, some of them marked with the crimson stain which means that death has been near at hand. Still more impressive are the great metal dumps, which are immense stretches of junk and which give the impression that Uncle Sam has gone into the second-hand business. Steel helmets with their telltale holes or deep dents made by flying shrapnel reveal the grim story of battle.

These dumps in the field or immediately behind are something like the unclaimed-baggage rooms of a railway company, though they have a much more definite interest. They include field ranges, stoves, tools, trunks—all the trappings of camp and field. When a unit goes into action it must strip itself of all unnecessary impedimenta. Some of it is already war-worn. In the Army if anybody is in doubt about the disposition of anything it goes to the salvage dump, which accounts for its heterogeneous quality. At one dump I saw a banjo with scores of inscriptions on the drum. It had evidently belonged to a college boy who had beguiled his comrades with it on the troop transport that brought them over. With the curious tenacious affection that soldiers display for trinkets they bring from home, he had lugged it up to the zone of advance and relinquished it only when he began to play a more dangerous and difficult tune than he had ever twanged out on catgut strings. His banjo then probably became a machine gun.



*Mixed Clothing Newly Arrived at the American Salvage Department in France*

### *Specialists in Reclamation*

NOT all the salvage material brought in from the field of battle is damaged. When our victorious troops swept through the Saint-Mihiel salient they found ample evidence that they had given the Germans a real surprise. In the dugouts of the boche officers were pianos, phonographs and elaborate writing desks, all left intact when their late owners beat a hasty and precipitate retreat.

This reminds me of a striking war contrast that was revealed one day during Pershing's first great offensive. A group of exultant doughboys assembled for a breathing spell dragged one of these captured pianos out in the open. A husky New Yorker, using an ammunition box as a stool, began to pound out American ragtime. Out of forty German pianos gathered up after this historic victory five were of French manufacture, which showed that the barbarians had looted French houses and even carried away heavy plunder.

In the zones of the armies the soldier is never permitted to forget that salvage is one of his first obligations. The injunction is painted—and sometimes in an amusing fashion—on signs that you see everywhere. Once, for example, I saw a piece of German equipment upon which a facetious American had left this sign: "Made in Germany; to be Salvaged for America."

One of the frequent signs reads: "If You Don't Want it—Salvage Does." Another that greets you on all sides is: "What Have You Salved To-day?" A characteristic sign says: "Each Ton Saved Here Means a Ton Saved in Shipping." No injunction is more characteristic of the American spirit, no less irrepressible in war than in peace, than the one which proclaims: "If You are Too Busy Phone Us—American Salvage." Other salvage signs have these inscriptions: "Drop it Here!" "This is Our Dump—Where's Yours?" "Prepare for Winter—Salvage It."

It used to be the fashion to pay no attention to duds, which are unexploded shells. They are now salvaged and added to the ammunition supply. Throughout the whole area of the armies were signs urging shell conservation. One of the most familiar boards reads: "Don't Waste Shells. They are Intended for Fritz, Not for Waste."

Material for salvage, whether enemy or American, is removed from the advance dump, which is always in the combat area, and conveyed to the army dump, which is located behind the lines and at railheads. Here the first sorting takes place. Great care is exercised to see that ammunition is withdrawn from clothing and belts. The property is then carefully scrutinized to find out if it is fit for immediate issue, which is often the case with captured stores. Material or equipment only slightly damaged is repaired at the army dump, which is usually equipped with portable repair shops mounted on five-ton motor trucks.

Articles that must go to permanent salvage depots are shipped by railway. Salvage cars are part of every train that goes back from a railhead. So extensive has become the bulk of salvage that it has its own regulating station. During one week in August exactly 195 cars containing wrecked material were loaded and sent out, and these did not include big guns and motor transport, which are a considerable item.

Each salvage depot specializes in reclamations. Clothing, blankets, leggings, rubber and leather equipment, underwear, field ranges, helmets and trench tools, for instance, go to the vast plant just outside of Tours. Range finders, trench periscopes, watches, compasses, machine guns and automatic rifles are shipped to a huge ordnance-salvage station up in the advance section; medical, surgical, dental, veterinary and X-ray instruments go to a highly organized repair shop in Paris; motor transport, rolling kitchens, bicycles, motor cycles and wagons are shipped to the automobile factory somewhere in the intermediate section that I described in the preceding article in this series. There is a special factory for the redemption of gas masks and also one for signal-corps apparatus, which includes radio-vehicles, field telephone and telegraph sets. The salvaging of big guns is done in a complete foundry and machine shop that is an annex of the ordnance service.

The moment that an article, whether a belt or an overcoat, arrives at a salvage station it becomes part of a system of records no less complete than the machine that retrieves it. That is the reason why at the Tours depots, for example, it is possible to issue every week a complete and itemized statement showing the amount of property sterilized, washed, salvaged and returned to circulation. It indicates the total value and amount of material shipped; the wages paid; the cost of new material used in repairs and operations; and the relative cost of salvaging material as compared to its cost in the American, British or French factory. You discover that with the salvaging of a pair of shoes, for instance, the cost of remaking as compared with the present war prices for new shoes is almost negligible.

### *Saving Reduced to a Science*

ONE phase of army salvage deserves a little chapter all to itself because of the great lesson to peace that it will convey. I mean food conservation, which is technically known as kitchen economics. Here we show the distinct influence of the British system, which has reduced the reclamation of refuse to a science that is little short of remarkable. England was forced to adopt drastic measures, first because of the waste in the army kitchens, and second because of the high price she was paying for glycerin, which is one of the essentials in the manufacture of high explosives. To understand the connection between waste redemption and high explosive, let me say that animal fat produces soap, and one of the by-products of soap-making is glycerin. One hundred pounds of fat produce ten pounds of glycerin. All the British Army fat is now bought by a group of soap manufacturers known as the Committee for the Purchase of Army Camp Refuse. By this arrangement the Ministry of Munitions secures glycerin at $250 a ton instead of $1250, which was the price before she began to reclaim army garbage.

We did not suffer the same waste in our army kitchens for the reason that, almost from the start of our overseas adventure, the army salvage system anticipated extravagance and put a premium on economy by making it profitable. It introduced a complete process for the salvage of kitchen by-products, which mean all camp waste such as meat, bones, fat and drippings of all kinds, stale bread and the burlap and wrappings from frozen beef. These products are rendered into fat whenever possible; or are sold in the form in which they emerge from range or table. The price is fixed every six months. At the time I write the price per hundredweight of marrowbones was $3.36; for first-class drippings, $15.36; for butchers' fat, $7.44; for cracklings, $3.54; scrap bread, $3.40. The proceeds go to the company messes and are used for luxuries.

Wherever possible the cook is required to use up his waste products on the premises. When he has an excess over his own needs he assembles it in containers and it is hauled off to the field fat-extracting plants, where it is reduced to fat. The material is treated in boiling tanks through which superheated steam is passed. The fat is run out, put in barrels and is purchased by the United States Government, which thus performs for our Army the same service that the Committee for the Purchase of Army Camp Refuse does for the British.

No army cook in the A. E. F. is permitted to forget the fact that America expects every scrap of food to do its duty. In each cookhouse or camp kitchen is a big chart which contains the following admonition in large letters at the top:

With a view of impressing all units with the importance of preserving and rendering all available fats, the following chart is issued to show the source from which fats can be recovered and the methods of treatment. The preservation

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and treatment of all fats is not only necessary from an economical and cookhouse point of view but it has become also of national importance. These fats are used for soap and for glycerin to make explosives.

The chart indicates precisely how recoveries of fat are made. First of all the cook is shown in simple text all the sources of fat which may be obtained from raw meat, the processes of cooking, waste bones, refuse or the scrapings from tin cans and meat wrappings. He is also shown how to treat meat and bones so as to obtain the fat, and he is further taught how to utilize it. This chart is also full of helpful hints for kitchen emergencies. If there is no butter, for example, butchers' fat may be rendered down and used as a substitute. By the same process trimmings from raw meat may be rendered and used in baking cakes or biscuits, and so on.

The salvage system permits no scrap of food to escape. Even the bakery sweepings are gathered up and sold for two dollars a hundredweight and the swill is disposed of to French farmers, who pay fifty cents a barrel for it. Our empty tin cans, kegs and barrels are used as containers for the fat when it is shipped, and the flour sacks are sent up to the Front for sandbags.

Most people will probably be surprised to know that the American Army manufactures some of the soap that it uses in France. It is made out of the fat rendered from kitchen waste. Most of this soap is absorbed by the field laundries, which comprise an important branch of the salvage service. These laundries range from a portable motor divisional establishment drawn by a tractor, which provides power to drive the washing machines and transportation as well, to a huge permanent plant which washes the linen of a base hospital with a capacity of 30,000 beds.

### *The Salvage of Humanity*

THE whole process of reclaiming kitchen waste has a much larger value than merely saving army food and adding cash to mess funds. Upon the cook, his helper, and indeed upon every man in uniform who comes in contact with this organized economy, is impressed at first hand the lasting virtue of conservation. He finds that instead of impairing the quality of the food he eats this utilization of waste improves it. The luxuries that he is enabled to enjoy as a result of this thrift demonstrate that saving has its dividends. When he goes back home after the war, resumes civilian life, and goes to grips again with that most eternal of all evils, the high cost of living, which may be even higher than ever, he will be able to adapt himself readily to whatever economic emergencies may arise. He will be able to make his money go further than ever before.

The reconstruction of equipment is a machinelike process that deals with unresponsive things. We can now proceed to the phase of salvage which touches the human being and which is rich with an interest rarely met in war. Technically and baldly known as Classification of Personnel, it is in reality the agency through which wounded men are redeemed, made fit for continued work in the army, and beyond that equipped for the struggle of life that must come when the sword is sheathed. It involves a scheme of conservation of man power that is not only based on an economic principle but meets a military necessity at the same time.

No one need be told that the most successful prosecution of the war demands that every man in uniform, whether officer or private, shall serve where he can serve best and where he can utilize his particular skill and ability. An army of misfits is a handicap. A trained man misplaced becomes an untrained man. A civil engineer, for example, assigned to an infantry regiment throws away years of costly training needed elsewhere. In the same way the technical training of a gas expert assigned by mistake to the aviation section is totally lost to the service. A machinist is worth probably ten times more in a machine-gun battalion than in a headquarters troop.

The War Department has provided for all this in the vocational deployment of men through what is known as the Personnel System, which deals with casuals—the unassigned troops who come from the United States—and with all the temporarily and permanently unfit soldiers who are shunted from evacuation hospitals and convalescent camps into a central clearing house, which classifies them according to their mental and physical capabilities. It deals, therefore, with casuals and casualties and properly may be called a human-salvage station.

If you want to see how this extraordinary system operates you must come with me to a charming little town in Central France overlooking the shining Loire. Nature must have had some vague intimation long ago that in this restful verdant nook the maimed veterans of America's Army would come for sanctuary and to get a fresh grip on usefulness. It is a picturesque little community with crooked streets and with the usual *caserne*—the quadrangle of barracks—which is now the nerve center of our army recuperation.

To this place the able-bodied casuals are sent direct from their port of entry into France for assignment. With these so-called Class A men, who are part of a replacement draft from the United States, it is an easy matter of assignment to a combat unit. The big problem is with the soldiers who have been wounded in battle or otherwise injured, who have been discharged from hospital and who present just so much human material to be salvaged for service. It is with this group that we are chiefly concerned.



FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY



*Lieutenant Colonel M. R. Walner. Above—Thousands of Uniforms and Other German Wearing Apparel Taken From Prisoners Ready for Shipment to the Salvage Plant*



*Shoes Worn Out by the Soldiers of the United States Army in France*

### *The Chute System*

JUST as soon as a man is discharged from hospital he must appear before a disability board, which grades him and recommends the service for which he is suitable. Like all other armies we have various classes. Class A, as I have already intimated, is men physically fit for combat service. Class B-1 includes men temporarily unfit for fighting but able to do hard work in the meantime, while Class B-2 includes those temporarily unfit for combat service and able to do only light work in the interim. Class C-1 is composed of troops permanently unfit for combat service but able to do heavy work in the Services of Supply; Class C-2 comprises soldiers permanently unfit for combat service but able to perform light work in the S. O. S. Class D men are unfit for all duty with the American Expeditionary Force, and usually go home honorably discharged.

With a knowledge of these various classes in your mind you can readily see how difficult is the task of allocating thousands of men, each one with his own little bit of experience back in the States which must be capitalized to the fullest extent and yet not subject him to exertion or hardship that will impair his health or render his man power unavailable for the Army. Complicated as it may seem the whole work of classification and reclassification is so highly organized that between morning and evening a man can arrive at this station, undergo thorough examination, obtain complete equipment and be on the way to a proper and suitable station.

These results are made possible by what may be called a chute system. The enlisted man may have lost all his baggage, have only the clothes on his back, a freshly healed wound in his side, and a most doubtful state of mind as to what is to become of him. He enters a door and by pursuing a continuous path emerges in a few hours bathed, shaved, fully equipped, financed, with bulging barrack bag in his hand and a little card in his pocket which assigns him to a job that is both useful and congenial. He never doubles on his tracks. So thorough is the automatic transformation that it sometimes seems like a dream to the men who have been through this most humane of all mills. Let us now see how it works.

*(Continued on Page 58)*

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# Doctor Holst's Conversion

## By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

I DON'T think we were more inclined to interfere with other people than Americans who disapprove of yellow journalism and can sign valid checks are apt to be. It all started, in fact, by spontaneous combustion in the restaurant of the Hotel Schiller one day in June, 1917.

We used to brag more or less about the Hotel Schiller. Old Man Bauer built it and spent probably three times as much on it as anybody would invest in a commercial hotel in a Middle-Western town of forty thousand inhabitants if he expected to get a reasonable return on the investment. The old man built it as a benefaction to the town and a monument to himself and his native land. He was worth two or three millions outside of the brewery.

Our town is celebrated as the seat of an institution of higher education. Any other citizen wanting a monument would no doubt have given a handsome building to the college; but Old Man Bauer chose a hotel, which, at least, was linked up with the source of his fortune by way of the barroom.

Five of us were lunching in the hotel on this June day. We couldn't help overhearing the talk at the next table, though we tried not to hear it or to pretend we were not hearing.

The talk was mostly by Fritz Herzog, son-in-law of Old Man Bauer, and practically in charge of the Bauer estate, for the old man was eighty—and Herzog himself well over fifty. He had come to this country in the steerage when he was eight or nine years old; but he looked his part, or like the familiar caricatures of the part—thick neck, heavy paunch, a broad face, and the most aggressive whiskers I ever saw, parted in the middle and combed out in spiky fashion. He was denouncing Wilson and the United States in general, and taking no pains to moderate his voice.

After a while we couldn't keep up the pretense of not hearing. We were all hot and scowling at Herzog's broad back and muttering among ourselves—and generally helpless. Dan Stapleton, whose blue eyes are usually as mild as May, took no part in our mutterings, but sat looking down at his plate, worrying his bushy mustache and getting redder and redder.

Without a word to any of us he got up, stepped over, clapped Herzog on the shoulder and said:

"This has got to stop!"

Well, there was an explosion, and just about the exhibition of bad language on Herzog's part that might have been expected. Of course he felt that he owned the place. There was an uproar and sensation in the dining room until Dan was escorted out by a much-flustered head waiter, we four marching after and feeling rather sneaky for the milksop rôles we had played.

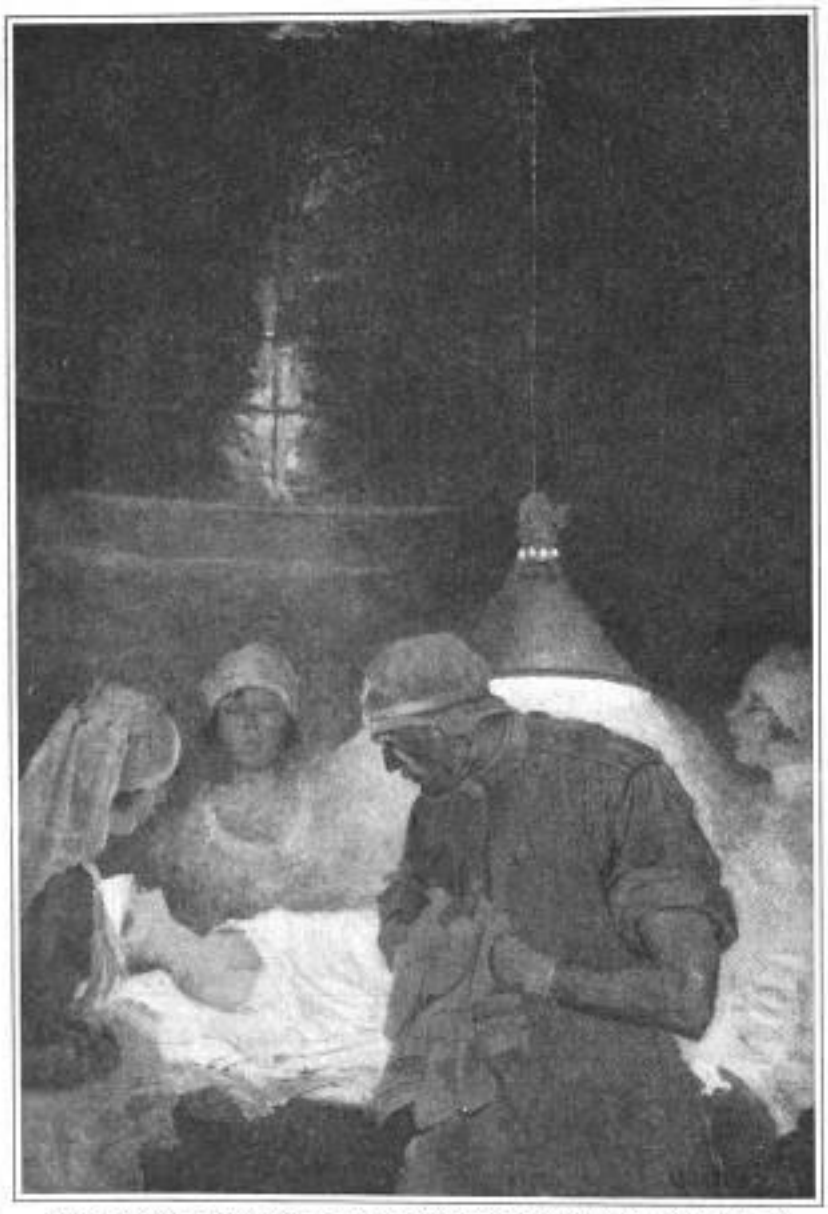
The Espionage Law had been signed by the President four days before that. Dan went to the United States district attorney, who was a good deal startled and reluctant at first. But Herzog was brought into court, fined ten thousand dollars, and warned that he would be sent to jail next time. It created a lively stir in our city—the first real breath of war.

Dan Stapleton was over forty—older than the rest of us and really more conservative; but he rather took the lead. There was no formal organization and no definite membership lines; but some twenty or more of us understood one another and worked together. We were bound that boosting the Kaiser and backcapping the United States in public should stop in that locality. We dropped a good many warnings as quietly as circumstances would permit, and were instrumental, first and last, in starting four citizens to the penitentiary.

None of us would have chosen the part, or liked it; but, as war went on and it seemed clearer and clearer to us what it all meant and what was at stake, we had less and less tolerance for Kaiser boosters at home.

Only there was Dr. Julius Holst—who fairly stumped us.

Our town is no product of an industrial boom. It is quite aged for the Middle West; substantial, inclined to be conservative. Citizens of a certain standing all know one another personally; mostly know one another's families; very often have grown up together from grammar-school days. Julius Holst might be said to belong in the same crowd with us vigilantes. He was born in the United States; so was his father. His grandfather had fled from Germany with other aspirers to liberty in forty-nine; but he had spent the better part of five undergraduate and postgraduate years in Germany. When the United States declared war he was thirty-five years old.



*What if She Should Not Come Back? He Could be Free! Not a Being in the Room Would Ever Know—Could Ever Dream of It*

We liked Julius personally as much as he would let us. Nobody could be more engaging than he when he chose. We honestly admired him very much. Dan Stapleton said solemnly: "He's a genius!" And we agreed with him. Not many men win so brilliant a position in a difficult profession as Julius had won in surgery when he was thirty-five.

We had a sort of civic pride in Julius too—thankful to him for the luster he shed on our town. We appreciated his social value, for certainly a man with his gifts may be far more useful to humanity than any of us ordinary, run-of-mill dubs. Every forward step he took in his art meant the melioration of suffering and the saving of lives. Some years before there had been the locally and professionally celebrated case of the child—a yellow-headed little boy.

I can't describe it technically, but you will find all about it in the medical journals if you care to look it up and can understand the language, which I cannot. It happened rather dramatically. Four carloads of us had started off for a picnic dinner in the woods. We were going down through the flats, as we call the place—our imitation of a tenement district. This chubby, apple-cheeked, tow-headed little boy had got hold of a barrel hoop and was trying to roll it. He chased it into the street and a reckless automobile, coming in the opposite direction from ours, ran him down. I should say, untechnically, that his head was smashed. Julius gathered him up, raced to the hospital, operated on him, and saved him. Men who knew most about it were the first to take off their hats to him for the feat.

Well, in the case of a man like that—when all you could do under the same circumstances was just to stand round in helpless horror—you feel sort of loath to lay hands on him.

You should imagine a handsome man—perhaps slightly under the medium height and stocky, with a strong, agile figure; full gray eyes under thick, dark eyebrows; a broad, well-modeled, smooth-shaved face; looking like a man of distinction, with a habit of holding up his chin. Of course we were well enough aware that Julius was always, as you might say, touching up his air of distinction. He was always well-dressed; but never just like anybody else. If he had on a dinner coat his neckwear would resemble an old-fashioned high collar and broad black stock. When other men wore stiff shirt bosoms he displayed limp embroidered silk, and when limp shirt fronts became fashionable he went back to the stiff kind. Always little touches of that sort, which no sensible person begrudged a man of real ability.

Sensible people didn't begrudge him his egotism. In its ordinary manifestations it was not an offensive quality in a man who had proved so good a title to it. He was not at all an ungenial man; always courteous; and most likable when he had a mind to be.

There was another reason why it was difficult to deal with Julius—maybe the strongest reason of all. He had married Agnes Maitland. Her father had been dean of the English department in our college, and had written a couple of books on Middle English which learned persons spoke of respectfully. By one of those nice arrangements that soften scholarly hardships in every college town, he had married a woman who inherited a very comfortable fortune—a fine woman too.

What I call our crowd, or the more intimate set in it, had grown up with Agnes Maitland; the older ones, like Dan Stapleton, had known her since she could toddle. She was one of those women who, if a man really knows her and doesn't love her, there is something wrong with the man—just good and sweet and gentle. Of course you couldn't prosecute her husband without crucifying her—a prospect that fairly staggered us. The couple had three children—playing round with the children of several of us.

It was a terribly difficult case. And there was Julius, choosing to say openly and calmly that the war was forced on Germany, and the Kaiser was perfectly justified in taking any steps that were necessary—such as invading Belgium and sinking the Lusitania—in order to save German civilization from Slav barbarism. Also, that England was making a cat's-paw of the United States to fish British chestnuts out of the fire. Calm, you understand, and always courteous; smiling at exhibitions of bad temper, his handsome chin held up. As for all German atrocities, our gullibility in believing those British yarns simply amused him. When our boys began going to the Front he was sorry for them; but nations, like individuals, must pay the price of their ignorance and folly. He quoted from Schiller: "Against stupidity the very gods themselves contend in vain."

In the course of time about everybody in our town knew of Julius' case—as he took no pains to keep them from knowing it. The district attorney—who had been reluctant enough, a year before, to prosecute Fritz Herzog, but whose attitude had changed, along with nearly everybody else's—was getting decidedly restive. The plain fact was that some men were going to jail for saying what another man said with impunity. It made us all look

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bogus—gave a color of bad faith to everything we did. Of course we argued with Julius, pleaded with him, warned him. And he smiled at us urbanely from his superior plane.

"It's an awful pity," said lank Dan Stapleton, brooding, and worrying his unornamental mustache—"an awful pity to smash a man like Julius Holst! . . . Five years, ten years in prison, out of the life of a man like that! And Julius is no more pro-German than I am!" he declared in a smother of helpless wrath. "It's just his egotism and blamed pride of opinion. He chose to start out that way when the war began, and he won't acknowledge that he might have been wrong—won't admit that even to himself. There's the trouble with Julius! He's been admired and applauded and successful all his life. He is a genius! He thinks he's above all the ordinary rules—a law to himself.

"He won't take us seriously. He says he doesn't know of anything better worth making a sacrifice for than the right of free speech; but he doesn't mean it at all. If he was brought into court to-day he would be the most astonished man living. He won't understand that this law actually means that Dr. Julius Holst will be sent to prison if he says certain things. It's an awful pity to see such a man go to smash just through willful folly!

"His wife—by Jove!—and his children, and his mother-in-law—and his sister-in-law too! Finer people never breathed. Agnes now! When she walked down the aisle on her father's arm to meet Julius at the altar my wife blubbered like a baby, and said to me: 'She's the sweetest girl in the world!' And I didn't say anything, because I was so choky I'd have blubbered myself if I had.

"A law to himself—that's the trouble with Julius! Too much applause and success. It isn't only this war business; it's cropped out before. He doesn't think the bonds are exactly binding on him. You know the affair well enough."

I knew perfectly well what he meant, though we had never spoken of it—neither of us being inclined that way in such a case. There had been gossip about Julius Holst and a certain woman. I never wanted to know just what justification for gossip there might have been. Dan Stapleton felt that way—wanted to know as little as possible. But probably that matter did illustrate Julius' conviction about himself as an exceptional person for whom the ordinary bonds are not exactly binding.

Dan mentioned Julius' sister-in-law—Elizabeth, or Betty, Maitland—seven years younger than Mrs. Holst and a quite different sort of person. One wouldn't have said that Betty was not sweet; nor would one have said that she was. That phase of her character was not the one which would have come to mind on thinking of her.

One morning in September she was standing before a tall mirror in the hall, absent-mindedly driving a hatpin that was hilted like a sword through a brown cloth hat and the coils of darker brown hair beneath. Her short skirt and jacket imitated khaki and were cut in military fashion. The gloves that lay on the table beneath the mirror had gauntlets; but in spite of that martial dress she tarried a moment mechanically to smooth down the skirt more snugly over her hips and touch up her blue bow tie and survey her tall, lithe figure.

While she was about it her mother, in the living room, was inquiring, with a fond and quite helpless mother's solicitude, whether she'd had the chains put on her car, for the roads were wet from the overnight rain. And Betty was answering, with an absent-minded terseness that was hardly filial, that she shouldn't need any chains. Then a maid looked in from the other side of the hall to say she was wanted on the telephone.

A friend's voice came over the wire in a sort of breathless, awe-stricken pitch:

"Oh, Bet! Have you heard? Billy Vance is dead! His mother got the message an hour ago." There were no details, it appeared—simply: "Killed in action."

Elizabeth went outdoors and sat down on the veranda, which looked across a pleasant lawn to a broad river. Her car was standing in front, with the emblem of the Red Cross conspicuous on its hood. She was due at headquarters and had meant to go directly there. Instead, she sat on the porch several minutes, staring at the river. Then she climbed into the car and started toward town.

A fine brick road follows the curving river bank, and almost of itself the car followed the road. Its driver was not exactly thinking. Presently a sort of subterranean lava boiling started up within her. At a point half a mile or so beyond the Maitland home a wagonway leads up abruptly over the wooded bluff, consisting merely of rutty wheel tracks, steep, winding, and at many points barely clearing the trees. No prudent motorist thinks of taking it. Its existence had not been in Betty's mind at all half a second before it struck upon her absent eyes. As though she had intended it all along, however, she slowed the car, threw the lever into intermediate, headed for the wagonway, and pressed the accelerator down to the floor board.

The little car took it gamely, roaring and scrambling up through the trees, while the driver clung to her jolting seat. It took a good eye and a strong arm to negotiate the sharp curves. She was halfway up when she heard a shout from above. She could not see whence it came, but the tone suggested warning and indignation. The road gave little opportunity for two vehicles to pass. A vehicle could hardly back up the hill. Backing a car down might be awkward. She sounded her horn and roared on until another bend in the road disclosed, up above her, a pair of horses, a lumber wagon, and a bearded figure in overalls, who was glowering down in angry apprehension.

Appraising the chances, she climbed a little farther to the likeliest place in sight and drove into the underbrush at the side until the engine stalled. By careful maneuvering the bearded man in the wagon managed to pass her, favoring her with some opinions while he was about it. She sat erect and looked him steadily in the face, her blue eyes flashing and her cheeks a fine pink. She already knew she was a fool and had no business to take a car on that road; but she was not in a mood to accept his statements to that effect meekly.

The wagon out of the way, she got back to the road with less trouble than she had expected and completed the drive. It brought her out on an asphalt boulevard that ran along the crown of the bluff. By driving little over two miles farther she could have reached the same point over smooth roads with easy grades. But she was never a very patient person, and on this day smooth ways and easy grades were loathsome to her.

The farther side of this boulevard comprised a highly desirable residence district, overlooking the valley of the river. Several of the residences there were of considerable size and sat back in parked grounds as large as ordinary city blocks. The one before which Elizabeth stopped was more modest—a narrow, formal-looking red-brick house, with white stone trim, two stories above the basement. A flight of stone steps led up to the main entrance, and beside them two steps led down to the basement door, at the side of which appeared a neat marble tablet with the sign: Doctor Holst. Office Hours, 9 to 12:30.

Elizabeth went to the basement door and entered the doctor's anteroom. There were rows of chairs against the walls and a long table in the middle on which some magazines were stacked. The windows were open and the place wore a deserted air. In the next room Matilda—Doctor Holst's blond and buxom office assistant—was tidying up the place, dusting cloth in hand. The afternoon before this Doctor Holst and family had left for a fortnight's outing in the northern woods.

Matilda evidently saw nothing remarkable in the fact of the doctor's sister-in-law's having stepped in. She went on with her tidying and dusting, with incidental conversation, while Betty—also with incidental conversation—moved aimlessly about the office. Every now and then her eyes rested on a ponderous safe that stood in one corner of the office. Stepping in, she had noticed, with disappointment, that the safe was shut; and a moment later she told herself she had been a fool to expect anything else.

Matilda was using that opportunity to tidy up the doctor's big desk—taking the things out of the pigeonholes, dusting them, wiping out the receptacle with her cloth, putting the things back in neat order. Several times, while she was about this, Betty stood behind her, looking over her shoulder. Presently Matilda came upon a card the appearance of which indicated that it had been in the desk a good while. It was simply one of Doctor Holst's business cards, but on the back of it several numerals were written. Matilda, with incidental conversation, dusted it mechanically and replaced it in the pigeonhole.

Going out, Betty noticed a little heap of letters lying on the long table in the anteroom. Evidently the postman had brought them that morning. She paused, with the privilege of her relationship, and looked the envelopes over. One of them was square, pale blue, and addressed to the doctor in a woman's sloping hand. At sight of it Betty's nerves jangled; she turned a bit pale and her delicate nostrils quivered.

She was due at Red Cross headquarters; but she drove past that building down town and went, instead, to Dan Stapleton's law office. When her name was brought in he got up from his belittered desk and stepped to the anteroom door—a lank, somewhat round-shouldered man, broadly agrin under his bushy mustache. It had been his habit, since she was three years old, to pretend that he regarded her as a joke; but she had gone quite pale by that time; her eyes looked uncommonly large and bright. The grin took itself away—faded into a mere twinkling of his gray eyes. When they were seated in his office he asked with unwonted gravity:

"What's on your mind, Bet?"

Secretly he had always liked her clear contralto voice. Looking him steadily in the eye she demanded:

"What are you going to do with Julius?"

He hadn't expected that; and after the first instant of surprise he looked as baffled as he felt, confessing with half-humorous despair:

"Dog-gone if I know! What can you do with him—except kill him?"

And he explained again, loathly brooding over it, that it was an awful pity to smash a man like Julius Holst, who, after all, was just making a fool of himself out of egotism and pride of opinion. He was speaking in that strain when she interrupted:

"Perhaps you haven't heard that Billy Vance is dead?"

He prolonged a pitiful "Oh!" under his breath.

"Billy Vance! The deuce! No; I hadn't



"There are Touchstones by Which a Man is Either True or Traitor. You Were Traitor to Your Country"

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heard that." Looking across at her he added: "I'm awfully sorry, Betty!"

She understood that he meant he was sorry for her.

"I should never have married him, Dan!" she replied with an unflinching look. "Never in the world! . . . But—he was Billy!"

He saw her exerting her will for self-control and biting a corner of her lip. "There are no details," she went on; "nothing about how it happened. . . . Probably running across No Man's Land—then a bullet—and lying there alone, waiting to die." Her voice caught and broke on the last words. Tears formed in her eyes and ran down her cheeks. "I'm so sorry now that I didn't marry him anyway. I would give anything if I had!"



"You've Shielded Julius on Account of the Family. Let It Stop! We're No Traitors by Proxy!"

He understood, and murmured: "Good, foolish Billy Vance!"

Her voice rang out passionately: "But he fought and died, Dan! He was one of the first to go when his country needed men. He fought and died! That's happening all the time. Tom Taylor on an aviation field last week—Arthur Henderson—now Billy! Don't you see, Dan, I can't endure Julius any more! It isn't right that we should! I hate him! It's all got to come clean red, white and blue! I hate anything else! I know well enough you've shielded Julius on account of the family—Agnes and my mother—respect for my dead father too. Let it stop! We're no traitors by proxy!"

Dan Stapleton ran a bony hand over his hair and admitted heartily:

"You're right enough, Bet. It's time for a show-down! Clean red, white and blue—or Prussian gray! It's time for it." But what all that would imply was acutely present in his mind. He saw the arraignment; the conviction. He couldn't get over the perplexities of the case, and added ineffectually: "But Julius! . . . Dog-gone it! There's Agnes, you know—and their children. . . . It's such an awful pity when he's just making a fool of himself!"

So he fenced with it, reluctant to say the fatal word. He agreed that something must be done. Julius' contumacy gave an air of bad faith to any other prosecutions. Something must be done. He'd study it over anew; see Julius the moment he returned; make one more effort to save him.

Listening, she felt his irresolution; and as it was her own sister's husband there was an indecency in urging. But her mind was white-hot with an anger which said that Julius must come to book. She had certainly meant to go to Red Cross headquarters as soon as she left Dan's office; but, instead of that, she drove back to the narrow, formal-looking red-brick house on the bluff, where she explained her reappearance to Matilda by saying she thought she must have laid her purse down during her first visit. She looked about for it, little heeded by the buxom office assistant.

Doctor Holst returned from his vacation late in the afternoon. The sun was setting when his ladened car stopped in front of the formal-looking red-brick house. Inside he was at once handed a brief message from Dan Stapleton, couched in terms so urgent as to be fairly imperative. Reading it the doctor smiled a little—a bored yet indulgent smile. He thought he knew, in a general way, what Dan wanted—the old stuff they'd discussed before to no purpose. But he was a courteous, amiable man; Dan was a good neighbor. Before sitting down to dinner he telephoned that he'd walk over directly after dinner.

In the upstairs room at Dan's house, which the lawyer called his den—reserving the precious privilege of musing it up as much as he liked—it struck Julius that his host was more grave than he had been at any of their other discussions. He shook hands with hardly a twinkle and rumpled his hair a moment in silence after they were seated.

"We've been talking you over, Julius," he began gravely. "We've decided it's time for a show-down." He looked at his guest, unsmiling, an instant and added: "We've arranged one."

Julius was listening with composed urbanity, his handsome chin up.

"You think," Dan proceeded, making the points with deliberation, "that the Kaiser was right in declaring war on Russia and quite justified in invading Belgium; that all the reports of German atrocities are English and French inventions; that the Kaiser was justified in trying to stop our munition shipments with submarines—and in sinking the Lusitania; that we had no business to get into the war; that we are just being used by England as a cat's-paw."

"Why, Dan," the doctor protested mildly and with courtesy, "we've been over all that two or three times. You know what I think—and my reasons."

The lawyer paused a moment, and then observed—courteously also, but very gravely:

"Well, Julius, we've decided to give you the finest kind of opportunity to explain your views. You want free speech. We'll do our best to give it to you." Reaching down he took from the floor at his feet a long cylinder of white paper. "There's going to be a mass meeting on Saturday night to start off this Fourth Liberty Loan. We've put you down for a speech."

Holding the top of the sheet as high above his head as a long arm would reach, he unrolled it across the desk. Doctor Holst's startled eyes took in the big red and blue letters: "Mass Meeting! Saturday at 8 P. M." Four speakers were announced. The third name, in characters that looked a rod high, was Dr. Julius Holst.

"There'll probably be a couple of thousand people there, Julius," Dan went on; "your fellow citizens, your neighbors, people you've got to live with as long as you live in this community. There'll be fathers and mothers and sisters of boys that have given their lives—and a lot more of boys who are over there offering their lives. Look them in the face and tell them Germany's right about this war and we're wrong. Tell them we're just being made monkeys of. Say to them, on that stage, what you've said fifty times in corners and in small gatherings.

"We'll have most of the police force there to protect you; and, so far as the men I'm entitled to speak for are concerned, not one of us will lift a finger to prosecute you for anything you say. Just stand up there in front of them, Julius, and insult the feeling that makes them ready to give their flesh and blood. Those posters will be spread all over town to-morrow. You'll have three days to think it over. You've got to face that audience Saturday night or face a jury in the United States court. We've made up our minds it's time for a show-down!"

Doctor Holst looked very thoughtful when he left the lawyer's house and walked back to his own. He slept badly that night, and beneath the professional activities of the next forenoon there was a deep preoccupation.

It was nearly the end of his office hours when his sister-in-law telephoned. She, too, said "Must!"—appointing the hour before dinnertime and his office as the place of the meeting—from which he knew she wished to see him apart from his wife. The basement was closed to callers at that time. Julius himself let her into the anteroom and led her back to his private office.

Ordinarily, seeing her for the first time after a fortnight's interval, he would have kissed her. He had kissed her very often without the excuse of an interval. If there had been no other reason he would have loved her for the outward beauty of her face and figure. As he confronted her in the inner office his lips bent and his eyes twinkled with a faint smile, which was a sort of acknowledgment of loving her because she was so charming to look at.

But there was not the least relaxing in the icy rigidity of her face which had caused him to waive the kiss when he let her in. Her shining eyes challenged him swordlike. With the freedom of a habitué of the house she dropped uninvited into a chair, and he seated himself at the big desk. Daylight had begun to fail a bit down there and the slight dimness seemed to make her cheeks look paler. He caught a little quiver of her nostrils and compression of her lips before she began abruptly:

"You're going to speak Saturday?"

"Yes, Betty; I've decided to," he replied, like one good-naturedly tolerating an absurdity. "It's ridiculous enough of course; but they're bound to have it that way. I've been thinking a little over what to say. I brought this book down here to glance at some passages in it." He reached to the top of his desk and took down a small dun volume, which he offered her. "The whole thing is in that book."

Glancing at the title she caught the words Herd Instincts and laid the book on the desk.

"All this war rage is just the herd instinct," Julius explained tolerantly; "utterly unreasoning—derived from brute ancestors. What moves Dan Stapleton, and you, Betty, and the crowd generally, is only an extension of the animal instinct that keeps sheep and cattle and other brainless creatures together. There's no more reason in it than in the action of rabbits. You act instinctively and try to fit reasons to your actions instead of trying to fit your actions to reason. Every psychologist understands that."

"Is that what you're going to speak about?"

"I'm going to bring it in," he replied—"inoffensively, I hope. I don't wish to be offensive at all. But ——"



Dan Clapped Hersog on the Shoulder and Said: "This Has Got to Stop!"

His speech halted; he moved uneasily in his chair; his fingers fumbled at his watch chain; his face was clouded and furrowed. The deep stir that Dan Stapleton's proposal had set going in him broke through to the surface. He began speaking in a more abrupt and agitated fashion:

"These people are all wrong about me, and unreasonable. I'm as good an American as the next man; as good an American as Dan Stapleton himself. I was born here. My father was born here. I've lived and married and prospered here. This is the only country I have; the only one I wish to have. I'd be as ready as any man to defend it if there had been any real question of that. But there are two sides to this war, Betty.

"Good heavens! Nobody but an idiot supposes that the mass of the German people see it at all as we do. An intelligent man, especially an educated man, should try to understand their point of view. I've said a good many things—well, it's true I wouldn't have said them from a public platform to a large miscellaneous audience. What I abhor is this mob rule—the stupid herd bellowing and trampling down everything that doesn't exactly conform to its unreasoning prepossessions."

He bent toward her in a more intimate appeal:

"Of all times in the world, Betty, just now is the time when it's worth while to go far in making a stand for the right of free opinion and free speech. No doubt I've sometimes gone farther than I strictly should. My reaction against this mob business may have carried me away a bit. But it's worth even going a step too far. You don't imagine it's been agreeable to me—my friends giving me a cold shoulder; this sort of veiled air of hostility all round."

He smiled with some self-satisfaction.

"They'd even carry it into my business; but a man with a mastoid abscess will overlook a surgeon's political opinions if he thinks that surgeon is rather more apt to fetch him through than another who may be more patriotic according to his view. I must be free to hold what opinions I choose. I grant the right of law to control actions. My actions obey the law strictly. I pay my taxes. I make no disturbance. I've even bought some Liberty Bonds. But when the herd proposes to step into my very soul and say what I shall think—it's too disgusting!

"I'm much more capable of thinking straight than the herd is. I've a right to say what I think too. What harm does it do? My saying so-and-so doesn't stop a transport or a bullet. I'm as good an American as the next man; but I want to be a free American." He smiled at her again, this time with indulgent affection. "You don't want me to be, Betty. The herd instinct has got you too."

With no hesitation she answered solemnly:

"Yes, thank God! You're a scientist. Where does that herd instinct come from? What does it mean, Julius? Ill brutes have the instinct to stand by their fellows, who put the instinct there and why? When the sheep huddle up in a storm, and the stags form a ring, with their horns to the wolves—all together, the strongest by the weakest—doesn't your science say they are obeying the first law by which they live?

"The stag that stands off alone—back of the herd—and says in a superior way, 'Oh, that's merely your herd instinct!'—isn't he a traitor to the blood in his veins and the milk that nourished him? Doesn't he break the first law? Aren't they right in goring him? Don't they know he means death to them and their does and fawns? If I'm true to my herd instinct, thank God for it!"

She said it tragically, her head erect. He saw a spasm of emotion work in her face as her breast labored. She had some difficulty in keeping her voice even:

"I tell you this war brings out the color of men. You're yellow! I hate you!" He knew she could be volcanic, but that blow in the face staggered him. "Nobody loved you more than I did," she went on, struggling to control her voice. "When you married Agnes I took you for my hero. We want a hero at seventeen. I loved you as a dog loves. When you saved that little boy who was run over I wanted to kiss your feet." Her eyes suddenly blurred, but she did not lower them.

Doctor Holst experienced a profound shock and bent down his head. He had always realized that there must be high generosity in a nature that could love a brother-in-law so. It was a gift that none but a dolt would lose without poignant regret. He murmured humbly:

"I have always loved you very much, Betty."

"I began to doubt you before this war, Julius," she went on. "The war only brings it out. The war brings

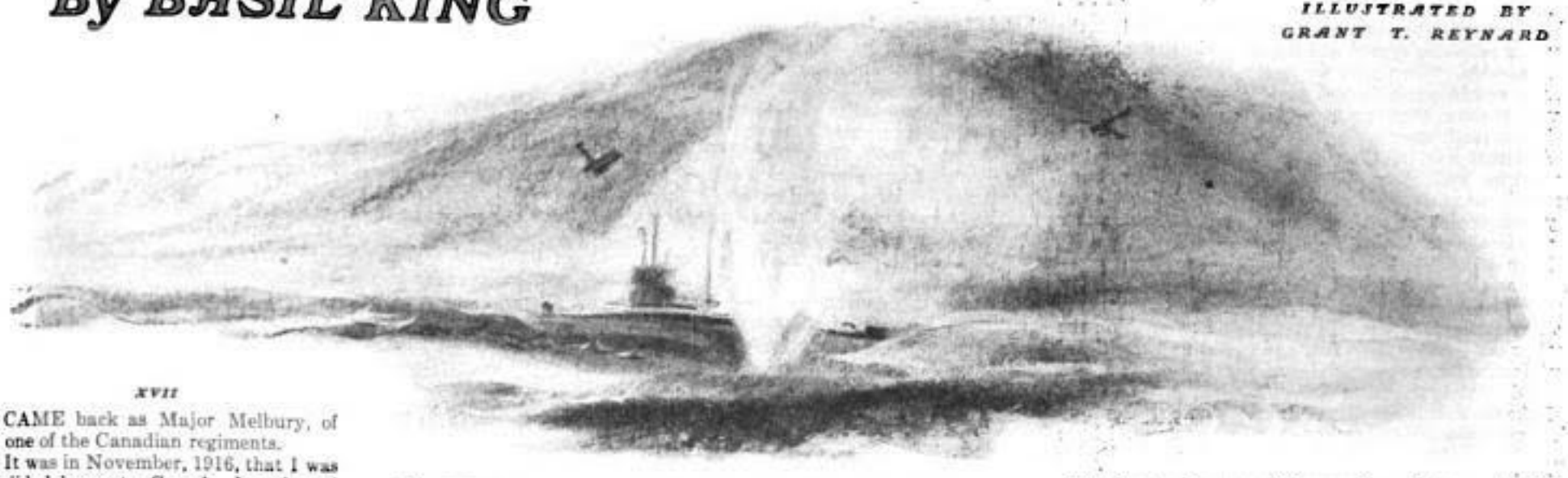
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# THE CITY OF COMRADES

## By BASIL KING

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD



*There Was No Stopping to Salute the Destroyers and Planes. There Was Neither Hail Nor Farewell as We Forged Again Toward the Open Sea*

XVII

I CAME back as Major Melbury, of one of the Canadian regiments. It was in November, 1916, that I was invalided home to Canada, lamed, and wearing a disfiguring black patch over what had been my left eye.

There were other differences of which I can hardly tell you in so many words, but which must transpire as I go on. Briefly they summed themselves up in the fact that I had gone away one man and I was coming back another. My old self had not only been melted down in the crucible but it had been stamped with a new image and superscription. It was of a new value and a new currency and, I think I may venture to add, of that new coinage minted in the civil strife of mankind.

The day of my sailing from Liverpool was exactly two years, five months and three weeks from that on which I had last seen Regina Barry, and because it was so I must tell you at once of an incident that occurred at the minute when I stepped on board.

Having come up the long gangway easily enough I found that at the top, where passengers and their friends congregate, my difficulties began.

When my left eye had been shot out the right had suffered in sympathy, and also from shock to the retina. For a while I had been blind. Rest and care in the hospital my sister, Mabel Rideover, maintained at Taplow had, however, restored the sight of my right eye; and now my trouble was only with perspective. People and things crowded on each other as they do in the vision of a baby. I would dodge that which was far away, and allow myself to bump into objects quite near me.

As I stepped on deck I had a minute or two of bewilderment. There were so many men more helpless than I that whatever care there was to give was naturally bestowed on them. Moreover, most of those who thronged the top of the gangway had too many anxieties of their own to notice that a man who at worst was only half blind didn't know which way to turn.

But I did turn—at a venture. The venture took me straight into a woman holding a baby in her arms, whom I crushed against the nearest cabin wall. The woman protested; the baby screamed. I was about in the rebound to crash into some other victim, when I felt from behind me a hand take me by the arm. An almost invisible guide began to pilot me through the crowd. All I caught sight of was a Canadian nurse's uniform.

It is one of the results of the war that men who are often reduced to the mere shreds of human nature grow accustomed to being taken care of by women, who remain the able-bodied ones.

"Thanks," I laughed as the light touch pushed me along, slightly in advance. "You caught me right in the nick of time. I can see pretty well with my good eye, only I can't measure distances. They tell me that will come by degrees."

Even though occupied with other thoughts I was surprised that my rescuer didn't respond to my civility, for another result of the war is the ease with which the men and women who have been engaged in it get on terms of natural acquaintanceship. When artificial barriers are removed it is extraordinary how quickly we go back to primitive human simplicity. Social and sex considerations have thus been minimized to a degree which, it seems to me, will make it difficult ever to reëstablish them in their old first place. They say it was an advance in civilization when we ceased to see each other as primarily males and females and knew we were men and women. Possibly the war will lead us a step farther still, and reveal us as children of one family.



*She Seemed to Wait for Me to Utter the First Word*

That a nurse shouldn't have a friendly word for a partly incapacitated man struck me therefore as odd, though my mind would not have dwelt on the circumstance if she hadn't released my arm as abruptly as she had taken it. Having helped me to reach a comparatively empty quarter of the deck she had counted apparently on the slowness and awkwardness of my movements to slip away before I could turn round.

When I managed this feat she was already some yards down the length of the deck, hurrying back toward the crowd from which we had emerged. I saw then that she was too little to be tall and too tall to be considered little. Moreover, she carried herself proudly, placing her dainty feet daintily, and walking with that care which people display when they are not certain of their ability to walk straight. Reaching one of the entrances she went in, exactly as I had seen a woman pass through a doorway two years, five months and three weeks before. I was sure it was she—and yet I told myself it couldn't be. I told myself it couldn't be, for the reason that I had been deceived so frequently before that I had grown distrustful of my senses. All through the intervening time I had been getting glimpses of a slight figure here, of an alert movement there, of the poise of a head, of the wave of a hand, that for an instant would make my heart stop beating; but in the end it had meant nothing but the stirring of old memories. In this case I could have been convinced if the coincidence had not put too great a strain on all the probabilities.

I was to learn later that there was no coincidence; but I must tell my story in its right order.

The right order takes me back to my return to New York, after my week-end at Mrs. Grace's, on the morning of June 29, 1914.

During the two or three hours of jogging down the length of Long Island in the train I tried to keep out of my mind all thoughts but one; having deposited my bags at my rooms I should go to Stinson's. With regard to this intention I was clearly aware of a threefold blend of reaction.

First, there was the pity of it. I could take a detached view of this downfall, just as if I had heard of it in connection with Beady Lamont or old Colonel Straight. Though I should be only a man dropped in the ranks, while they would have been leaders, the grief of my comrades over my collapse would be no less sincere.

But by tearing my mind away from that aspect of the case I reverted to the satisfaction at being in the gutter, of which the memories had never ceased to haunt me. I cannot expect to make you, who have always lived on the upper levels, understand this temptation; I can only tell you that for men who have once been outside the moral law there is a recurrent tugging at the senses to get there again. I once knew an Englishman who had lived in the interior of Australia and had "gone black." On his return to make his home in England he was seized with so consuming a nostalgia for his black wives and black children that in the end he went back to them. Something like this was the call I was always hearing—the call of Circe to go down.

But I knew, too, that there was method in this madness. I was deliberately starting out to earn the wages of sin; and the wages of sin would be death. I must repeat that going to Stinson's would be no more than a slow, convenient process of committing suicide. It would be committing suicide in a way for which Regina Barry would not have to feel herself responsible, as she would were I to use the revolver. Having brought so much on her I was unwilling to bring more, even though my heart was hot against her.

My heart was hot against her—and yet I had to admit that she had been within her rights. When all was said that could be said in my favor I had deceived her. I had let her go on for the best part of a year believing me to be what I was not, when during much of the time I could see that such a belief was growing perilous to her happiness. I had been a coward. I should have said from the first moment—the moment when she took me for my brother Jack—"I am a crook." Then all would have been open and aboveboard between us; but as it was there was only one way out. Any other way—any way that would have allowed me to go on living longer than the time it would take drink to kill me—would have been unbearable.

The checkmate to these musings came when my eyes fell upon Lovey. He was at the door of the apartment, not only to welcome me but to give me ocular demonstration that he had kept the faith while I had been away. It was the first time since the beginning of our association that I had left him for forty-eight hours; and that he was on his honor during those two days was no secret between us. The radiant triumph of his greeting struck into me like a stab.

For Lovey now was almost as completely reconstructed as I. I use the qualifying "almost" only because the longer standing of his habits and the harder conditions of his life had burnt the past more indelibly into him. Of either of us one could say, as the Florentines are reported to have said of Dante, "There goes a man who has been in hell"; but the marks of the experience had been laid more brutally on my companion than on me.

Otherwise he showed cheering signs of resuscitation. Neat, even at the worst of times, he was now habitually scrubbed and shaved, and as elegant as Colonel Straight's establishment could turn him out. He had, in fact, for the hours he had free from washing windows, metamorphosed himself into the typical, self-respecting English valet, with a pride in his work sprung chiefly of devotion.

And for me he made a home. I mean by that that he was always there—something living to greet me, to move about in the dingy little apartment. As I am too gregarious, I may say too affectionate, to live contentedly alone it meant much to me to have someone else within the walls I called mine, even if actual companionship was limited.

But whatever it was I was about to destroy it. I could scarcely look him in the eyes; I could hardly say a word to him.

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While unpacking my suitcase he said timorously: "Y'ain't sick, Slim?"

I began to change the suit I had been wearing for one that would attract less attention at Stinson's.

"No, Lovey; I'm all right. I'm just—I'm just going out."

And I went out. I went out without bidding the poor old fellow good-by, though I knew it was the last the anxious pale-blue eyes would see of me in that phase of comradeship. When next we met I should probably be drunk, and he would have come to get drunk in my company. It would then be a question as to which of us would hold out the longer.

And that was the thought that after an hour or two turned me back. I could throw my own life away, but I couldn't throw away his. However reckless I might be on my own account I couldn't be so when I held another man's fate in my hand.

Even so I didn't go back at once. Halfway to Stinson's—I was on foot—I came to a sudden halt. It was as if the sense of responsibility toward Lovey wouldn't allow me to go any farther. I said to myself that I must think the matter out—that I must find and would find additional justification for my course before going on.

To do that I turned into a chance hotel.

I like the wide hospitality of American hotels, where any tired or lonesome wayfarer can enter and sit down. I have never been a clubman. Clubs are too elective and selective for my affinities; they are too threshed and winnowed and refined. I have never in spirit had any desire to belong to a chosen few, since not only in heart but in tastes and temperament I belong to the unchosen many. I enjoy, therefore, the freedom and promiscuity of the lobby, where every Tom, Dick and Harry has the same right as I.

Annoyed by the fact that a halt had been called in my errand of self-destruction I began to ask myself why. The only answer that came to me was that this old man, this old reprobate if one chose to call him so, cared for me. He had been giving me an affection that prompted him to the most vital sacrifice, to the most difficult kind of self-control.

Then suddenly that truth came back to me which Andrew Christian had pointed out a few months earlier, and which in the meantime had grown dim, that any true love is of God.

I was startled. I was awed. In saying these things I am trying only to tell you what happened in my inner self; and possibly when a man's inner self has plumbed the depths like mine it means more to him to get a bit of insight than it does to you who have always been on the level. In any case this question rose within me: Was it possible that out of this old man, this drunkard, this murderer, cast off by his children, cast out by men, some feeble stream was welling up toward me from that pure and holy fount that is God? Was it possible that this strayed creature had, through what he was giving me—me!—been finding his way back to the Universal Heart? If ever a human being had been dwelling in love he had been dwelling in it for a year and more; and there were the words, distilled out of the consciousness of the ages, and written for all time: "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God." Was it God that this poor purblind old fellow had all unconsciously been bringing me, shedding round us, keeping us straight, making us strong, making us prosperous, helping us to fight our way upward?

I went back.

But on the way I had another prompting—one that took me into the office of a tourist company to consult time tables and buy tickets.

"Lovey," I said, when I got home, "we must both begin packing for all we're worth. We're leaving for Montreal to-night."

"Goin' to see your people, Slim, and stay in that swell hotel?"

"Not just now, Lovey. Later perhaps. First of all we're going for a month into the woods north of the Ottawa."

His jaw dropped.

"Into the woods?"

"Yes, old sport; you'll like it."

"Oh, no, I won't, Slim. I never was in no woods in my life—except London and New York. There's one thing I never could abide, and that's trees."

"You won't say that when you've seen real trees. We'll shoot and fish and camp out ——"

"Camp out? In a tent, like? Oh, I couldn't, sonny! I'd ketch me death!"

"Then if you do we'll come back; only we've got to go now."

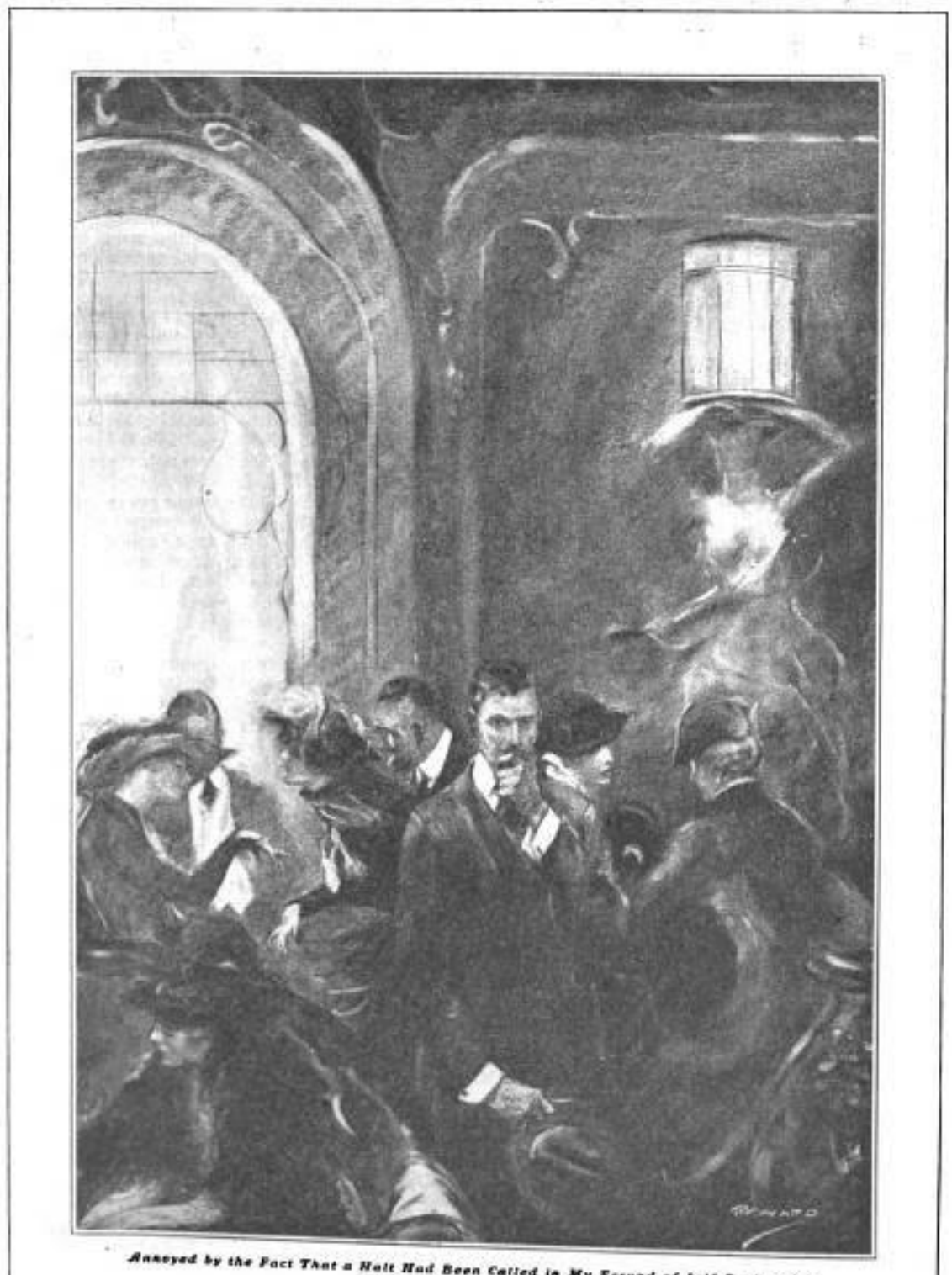
"Why have we? It's awful nice here in New York; and I don't pay no attention to people that says it's too hot."

I made the appeal which I knew he would not resist. Laying my hand on his shoulder I said: "Because, old man, I'm—I'm in trouble. I want to get away where—where I shan't see—someone—again—and I need you."

"It ain't that girl, Slim? She—she haven't turned you down?" The words took me so much by surprise that I hadn't time to get angry. All I could feel was a foolish, nervous kind of coolness.

"Lovey, what I want you to know I'll tell you; and at present I'm telling you this: I've got to get out; I've got to get out quick; and I need you to buck me up. No one can buck me up like you."

"Oh, if it's that!" He would have followed me then to places more dreadful than the Canadian woods. "Will you take all your suits—or only just them new summer things?"



*Annoyed by the Fact That a Halt Had Been Called in My Errand of Self-Destruction I Began to Ask Myself Why*

### XVIII

THUS it happened that when war broke out I was deep in the wilderness. For more than a month I had had no contact with the outside world; not a letter, not a newspaper. I had escaped from New York without leaving an address, since Cantyre was absent. I had meant to write to him to have my letters forwarded, but I never had. Could I have guessed that war was to begin and to last so long I might have acted differently; but the name of Gavrilo Prinzip was still meaningless.

All sportsmen in my part of Canada know Jack Hiller's, just as frequenters of the Adirondacks know Paul Smith's. From Jack Hiller's we struck farther in, to the rude camp where I had spent many a happy holiday when I was a lad. Two guides, an Indian and a half-breed, did the heavy work; and some long-forgotten, atavistic sporting strain in Lovey allowed him, groaningly and discontentedly, to enjoy himself.

But if I expected to find peace I saw I was mistaken. The distance I had put between myself and the house dominating Long Island Sound was only geographical. In spirit I was always back on that veranda living through again the minutes of the long waiting. So the solitude was no solitude for me. And then one day the half-breed's canoe shot over the waters of the lake, bringing supplies from Jack Hiller's, with the news that the world had gone to war.

I wonder how many hundreds of thousands of men and women there are to whom the war came as a blessed opportunity to get away from uselessness or heartache. Stranded, purposeless, spiritless, futile, tired, empty, with something broken in the life or seemingly at an end, they suddenly found themselves called on to put forth energies they never knew they had, to meet needs they had never heard of.

"Son of man, shall these dry bones live?" one might have been asking oneself a few years previously; and all at once there were multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision, energized into newness of being. Among them I was only one humble, stupid individual; but the summons was like that which came to the dust when it was bidden to be Adam and a man.

I have no intention of telling you in detail what happened to me between that August morning in 1914 and the day I stepped on board the boat at Liverpool more than two years later. There is no need. You know the outlines of that tale already. My case hardly differed externally from any other of the millions of cases you have heard about. The machine of war does not vary in its working much more than any other machine, except for the drama played in each man's soul.

And of that I can say nothing. I don't know why—but I cannot. Day and night I think of what I saw and heard and did in those two years, but some other language must be coined before I can begin to speak of it.

In this I am not singular; it is a rule to which I know few if any exceptions. I have heard returned soldiers on the lecture platform—telling part of the truth, and

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"Oh, Here You Are!" She Exclaimed Breathlessly. "I've Been Hunting for You Everywhere. They Say We've Sighted a Periscope"

nothing but the truth, but never the whole truth nor the most vital truth. I have talked with some of them when the lectures were over, and a flare in the eye has said: "This is for public consumption; but you and I know that the realities are not to be put into words."

One little incident I must give you, however, before I revert to what happened on the boat.

Having in that early August made my way to Ottawa with Lovey, and decided that I must respond at once to the country's call, I expected a struggle with him, or something bitter in the way of protest. But in this I was mistaken. He, too, had been thinking the matter over, and, hard as it would be for him to see me do it, that quiet valor which practically no Englishman is without raised him at once to the level of his part.

"All right, Slim. It's yer dooty to go, and mine to give ye up. We won't say no more about that."

"Thanks, Lovey, for making it so easy for me. I'll never forget it as long as I live. Now there's only one thing ——"

"If it's about me goin' straight, sonny, while ye're away, I'll swear to God not to look so much as on the same side o' the street as a drop o' liquor till he brings ye back to me."

"Then I believe he will bring me back, old fellow."

"Sure he'll bring ye back. Ye'll be 'ome before Christmas; and, Slim, if it isn't goin' to cost ye too much money will ye hold on to them rooms so as I can keep our little place together, like, and 'ave it all clean and nice for you?"

Having consented to this I was able to make further provision for the old man when Cantyre joined me for a day or two in Montreal to bid me good-by. Lovey's heroism was the sort of thing to draw out Cantyre's sentimental vein of approval.

"I'll take him and look after him, Frank. He'll valet me till you come back. I've always wanted a man to do that sort of thing, and only haven't had one because I thought it would look like putting on side. But now that he drops down to me out of heaven, as you might say, I'll take him as a souvenir of you."

### XIX

ALL these interests had seemed far away from me during the two and a half years over there; but in proportion as I drew near Liverpool that morning they reformed themselves in the mists of the near future, as old memories came back with certain scents and scenes. Not till the damp, smoky haze of the great port was closing in round me did I realize that my more active part in the vast dramatic episode was at an end, and that I had come to the hour I had so often longed for—and was going home.

I was going home; and yet, for the minute at any rate, I was not glad. There is always something painful in the closing up again of forsaken ties, however much we once loved them. It was like a repetition of the effort with which I had renewed my relations with my people. The actual has a way of seizing us in its tentacles and making us feel that it is the only life we ever truly led. There was a time when I seemed to forget that I had ever been anywhere but in the trenches. During the month or two that I was blind I got so used to the condition as to find it strange that I had ever seen. And always, in face of the fierce intensity of the present, the life in New York was remote, shadowy and dim, as they say the life in prison becomes, from its very monotony, to those who look back on it after their release.

What it really amounted to was that during those two years I seemed to have grown in the size of my mental conceptions. Having been hurled into an existence gigantic, monstrous, in which there were no limits to either the devotion or the cruelty of human beings toward each other, all other ways of living had grown pale and small. If you can imagine yourself swirling through space, riding both zephyrs and tempests equally as a matter of course, you can understand how tame it would seem to be tied down to earth again, to go at nothing more stimulating than a walking pace. Otherwise typified, a lion that has been in a cage, and after two and a half years of free roving in the jungle finds itself returned to the cage again, would probably have the same sinking of the heart as I when I saw the hulk of the Assiniboia loom up before me in the dock.

And then came that odd little incident of the nurse to connect me with the past by a new form of excitement. I have to confess that it was excitement largely compounded of wonder and distress. A dull ache told me that sensation was returning to a deadened nerve, and that where I had supposed there was paralysis at least there was going to be reaction and perhaps a pang.

For by this time I had passed through that process which is commonly known as "getting over it." That is, a new self was living a new life on a new plane of existence. All that belonged to the period before I went to enlist at Ottawa was on the other side of a flood. I had not precisely forgotten; I had only died and become a transmigrated soul. Whatever was past was past. I might suffer from it; I might feel its consequences; but I couldn't live it again. On the other hand I was living vividly in the present. Not so much consciously or by word as because I couldn't help it, I had merged everything I was into one dominating purpose with which, as far as I was aware, Regina Barry had nothing to do. The aims for which the war was being fought were my aims; I had no others. When these objectives were won my life, it seemed to me, would be over. It would melt away in that victory as dawn into sunrise. It would not be lost; it would only be absorbed—a spark in the blaze of noonday.

So mentally I was pressing forward. Though I could do no more fighting I had been told that there was still work by which I could contribute to the object beside which no other object could be taken into consideration. I was being sent back for that reason. Not much had been told me as yet about what I was to do, but I understood that it was to be in connection with American public opinion. It will be remembered that at the end of 1916 the United States was not only not in the war but it was still doubtful as to whether or not she ever would be. The hand of a cautious listener being on the pulse of a patient people it was on the beat of that pulse that the issue turned.

I understood that, with my acquaintance ranging among high and low, I was to do what I could to make the pulse a little quicker. I might not be able to do much, but we had all learned the value of small individual contributions. It was argued that in proportion as the American people began to see on which side the balance of righteousness dipped, my game leg and my black patch, and even the haggardness and gauntness and batteredness of my whole appearance, would have some appeal. The appeal would be the stronger for the fact that I was not an Englishman but a Canadian—blood-brother to the man of his own continent, blood-brother to the Briton, blood-brother to the Frenchman, blood-son of the great ideals fathered by the Anglo-Saxon race, and in which all free peoples in the course of two hundred years had been made participants—and quick to spring to their defense. I was to be, therefore, a kind of unobtrusive, unaccredited ambassador to the man in the office and the street, with instructions to be inoffensive but persuasive.

And on this mission all my conscious thought was set. No hermit in the desert was ever more entirely self-dedicated to the saving of his soul than I to the quiet preaching of this new crusade among men like Ralph Coningsby and Stephen Cantyre and Beady Lamont and Headlights and Daisy and Momma and Mouse, and any others with whom I should come in contact. In fulfilling this task I wanted no one to disturb or distract me; and here at the very outset was someone who might do both.

### XX

AFTER having found my cabin and seen to my belongings I hobbled up on deck once more, to verify my vision of the Canadian nurse's uniform. I discovered the uniform in two or three instances, but in none that corresponded to the figure too little to be tall and too tall to be considered little I had watched receding down the deck.

As for the costume itself it was not difficult to find myself beside one of the ladies who wore it—a beautiful, grave woman, of the type of Bouguereau's Consolatrice, who with hands resting on the deck rail was looking down at the movement on the dock.

(Continued on Page 65)

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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## If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation and mail conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

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## Only the Stump of Dagon Was Left

RUSSIA, Germany and Austria are rid of their old autocrats. The way has been cleared for them to choose a Democratic form of government. Russia has chosen anarchy. Germany and Austria have swayed toward the abyss.

Autocracy is government by the worst elements at the top; Bolshevism is government by the worst elements at the bottom. They differ in that autocracy is organized hell and Bolshevism hell let loose. Neither can stand up long before Democracy. When the ark of God was brought by the Philistines into the temple of the false god, "Only the stump of Dagon was left to him."

If this war has been fought to the end of delivering Europe over to the Bolsheviki, it has been fought in vain. Instead of freeing the souls of men we shall have loosed the beast in them. The Allies have won the first world war and they will win this second one. Until they do the fight to make the world safe for Democracy is only half finished.

Our relation to this second struggle is exactly what our relation to the first was. Though not primarily involved, we cannot remain an innocent bystander. One hundred million Americans were loyal and sound to the heart all through the great war, but among them was a small body of traitors, potential of deviltry out of all proportion to their number. The same condition confronts us in this new fight. The mushy-minded and the good-natured sentimentalists were inclined to pooh-pooh the idea of German agents and German-American traitors during the early days of the war. They are disposed to be genially tolerant of the Bolsheviki now. They will have to wake up again. Autocracy and Bolshevism are both bitter enemies of Democracy. One would stand it up before a firing squad; the other would bend its neck to the guillotine.

The foul crew that has been in control of Russia—one cannot say of the Russian Government, because there is none—are not content with anarchy at home; they would put the torch to the world. Their agents are everywhere among the ignorant, the sapheaded and the vicious, working for world anarchy.

What are we going to do about it here in America? Are we going to permit a few hundred thousand, largely foreign born, the rest almost wholly selfish, insincere or self-deceived, to mislead the simple-minded and the ignorant? Are we going to welcome every Russian, German and Austrian Red who wants to come over here to sow discord and reap dollars? And how long shall we tolerate those who have sought sanctuary here, only to vilify the host under whose roof they have found safety and at whose table they have grown sleek and fat? Along with these there is a silly lot of Americans—some of a peculiar and not uncommon professor-type of mind that takes home any theory it can play on the pianola; others are self-styled "intellectuals," who have inherited money or have made it in any way except the one they urge on the rest of us for the good of our souls—little tin-horn Bernard Shaws without that great man's brain and heart. They are, of course, a joke and could be laughed aside, were it not for the American habit of accepting a man's appraisal of himself. A faker has only to play the banjo on a soap box, or in a solemn periodical, ballyhoo his panacea for world ills, and the crowd will gape and pay to dose itself with his nostrum.

For a century America was the sanctuary of the oppressed; latterly it has been the sanctuary of too many would-be oppressors. But now the people of Eastern and Central Europe are rid of their old autocrats. They are free to make an America at home. If they choose to set up new autocrats, to make a mess of their own affairs, must we submit to their imposing autocrats on us, to their making a mess of our affairs too? Must we stand by idly and let them put the torch to a world that is now as closely built together as a city block? Bolshevism is as much the business of Democracies as Kaiserism. It, too, must be decisively settled.

Two-thirds of our troubles in America are imported. Shall we keep on importing them? From our silly system of smart society, taken from European capitals with their class distinctions and monarchical traditions, down to our bogus Socialism, made in Germany and Russia as a panacea for conditions that were utterly foreign to America until indiscriminate immigration planted them in a few plague spots in our great cities, our worries are due to our carelessness as to who and what comes to America.

This whole business of immigration, both of ideas and men, needs revision. Why keep out anthrax and smallpox and admit rabies freely? We need an influx of labor to keep our factories going and to expand our commerce, is the usual answer. Not that kind of labor—not any kind of labor that we cannot pay well and that is not good material for citizenship. For what shall it profit us to have all the commerce of the world if in the end we blow up in one grand Bolshevik bust? It might be better business to go just a little slower, to educate what unassimilated labor we have into American citizenship.

So in planning our new list of imports let us include only desirables. In planning our new list of exports let us head it with undesirables. Under our laws we send rotten food to the dump because it is a menace to health. Rotten men, who are poisoning America with rotten propaganda, belong there too. Why do they linger here when in Russia they can live the ideal that they preach? Utopia yawns for them. Make them go to it. We do not want them. America for Americans and men who want to be Americans.

## Running a Railroad

WE FANCY that right down in its heart the Government is taking about as much pleasure in its railroad system as a man normally takes in an obstinate pig that has broken into the cabbage patch.

Last June, it will be remembered, Mr. McAdoo granted wage increases that were estimated, in the lump, at considerably more than three hundred million dollars a year. Other increases were granted subsequently. In August he calculated the total wage increase at four hundred and seventy-five millions a year. But some still further additions to the pay roll have since been made.

The spring increases were to be retroactive, dating back to the first of January. To offset them freight rates were raised twenty-five per cent and passenger rates more than that. As increased revenue did not begin coming in until the end of June and as the increased wages were paid from the first of January the result of the first half year of government operation was a huge deficit as compared with the corresponding period of 1917. In July increased revenue fairly trimmed the ship. In August revenue increased thirty-seven per cent as compared with the year before, and expenses forty-five per cent, leaving a gain of twenty per cent in the net. But in September—the latest month for which a statement has been issued at this writing—while revenue again showed an increase of more than thirty-six per cent, or one hundred and twenty-nine million dollars, expenses had increased almost fifty-two per cent, or one hundred and twenty-six million dollars, leaving a net gain of only three million dollars, or less than three per cent—which goes but a tiny way toward overcoming the huge deficit of the first half year. With expenses showing an increase of a hundred and twenty-six million dollars in one month the sums saved by consolidating city ticket offices look insignificant.

Every public-utility manager has been struggling with the stubborn fact of enormously increased operating expenses. Government operation does not make the fact at all more tractable.

## Teaching Children

LAZINESS is an adult vice. Children are almost never lazy. Little children do not want to play; they want to work. Toys are their tools—the objects they use in trying to exercise their faculties in imitation of their elders. Time out of mind the most popular toys have been those that best satisfied this impulse—a doll that the tot can mother, blocks to build houses of, and so on. A top appeals because the child can make it go. The ant and the little busy bee have nothing on a company of small children engaged in digging a canal through the sand on the beach.

As a rule children expend energy much more prodigally than adults do. The same boy who dawdles over the chores works like a beaver digging a pirate's cave in the back lot—into which, peradventure, father presently falls, with unpleasant family results. Watch any normal group of children of any age from two to fifteen. They are busy all the time—expending energy.

It is the set, mechanical task, designed, specified and imposed from above, that the child rebels at. Any exertion that appeals to his—or her—own creative adventurous impulses attracts him; nor does he mind the exertion involved in carrying it out. Children work gladly and zealously at their own business. They balk only at business that is prescribed for them by someone else and that does not engage their own creative and imitative instincts.

Make a boy think he is really doing something, really getting a grip on the world about him—and there will be no more complaint of laziness. It is a very familiar fact that if a grammar-school boy once gets into the real creative world of industry he can hardly be dragooned back to textbooks and school routine. The big thing in education is so to link up the school with the visible, bustling world as to keep the child's workmanlike instincts engaged. The fairly common pedagogic—and parental—complaint that children are lazy is entirely wrong. Anybody, teacher or parent, who thinks that, is on the wrong track.

## A Grievous Handicap

A PENCIL mark in a book chanced the other day to remind us of a great disadvantage that a few men suffer. The reminder was especially apt at this juncture when every third man you meet is handing you out cocksure opinions on unusually obscure and complicated subjects—especially when every other printed page you come across is confidently disposing at long range of questions that are extremely perplexing to the persons nearest them.

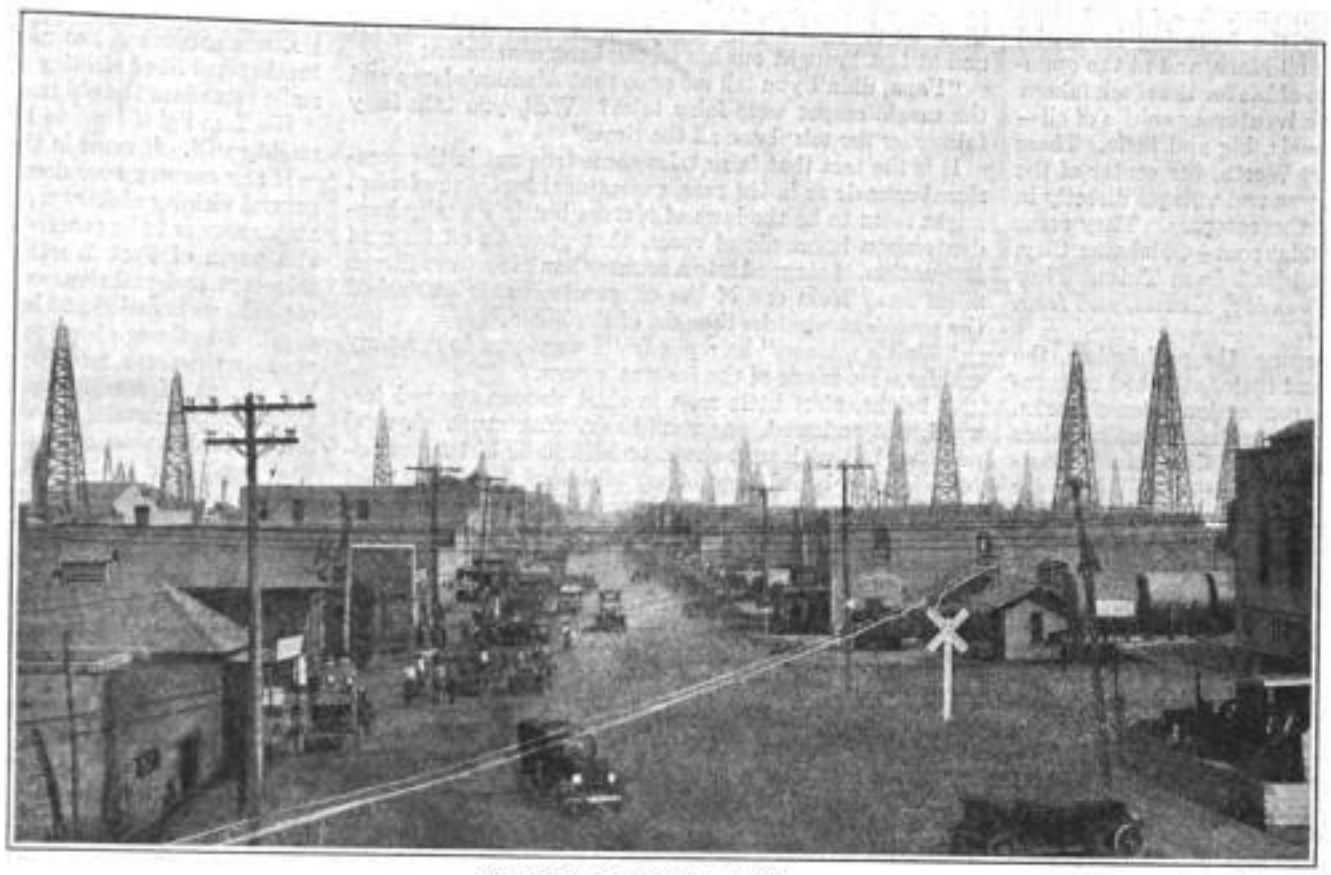
Because he was once a civil engineer engaged in railroad construction, because his family became involved in it and because he was for a time subeditor of a financial journal, Herbert Spencer paid a good deal of attention to the subject of speculation in stocks. He wrote a certain letter about it. Reviewing that letter in his autobiography, fifty years after it was written, he said:

"It might not be improper if the law should refuse to recognize transactions in which the forms of buying and selling are gone through without any intention of taking real possession. But I have never been able to decide whether the implied check on transactions in shares could be theoretically legitimate or practically beneficial."

He could not make up his mind in fifty years, first, because he understood the subject in hand and second, because he had a mind to make up. He could really think.

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# RAINBOW'S END



The Main Street of an Oil Town

By Albert W. Atwood

THE Southwest, and more especially at the moment the state of Texas, is in the swirling, dizzying midst of one of those vast inundations of wealth that by the more common name of oil booms have periodically swept over and engulfed in riches whole states and regions of this country. One must live within the geographical sphere of influence, as it were, to comprehend what it means to any particular part of the country to discover oil. Perhaps, indeed, none but those who are borne upon the torrent and are nourished by the delirium that is its inevitable accompaniment will ever fully know the extent to which oil revolutionizes, fertilizes and galvanizes the peoples and institutions within its reach.

It was only a few years ago that Oklahoma and Kansas suddenly found riches undreamed of pouring in upon them; and now it is Texas. The wealth of Oklahoma has been increased by perhaps half a billion dollars a year, and though oil does not flow from any given territory at the same rate forever it leaves so much in its train, if it really gushes for but a little while, that the world is never the same again. Corporations that were pottering along with five or six per cent dividends suddenly turn up with new property worth scores, perhaps even hundreds, of millions of dollars. New kings of oil appear upon the stage, and fortunes by the hundreds—yes, even by the thousands—pipe lines, refineries, modern cities, great hotels and office buildings, country clubs and palatial homes, these all spring up like magic overnight; but, more substantial than the creations of fairyland, they do not vanish whence they came.

It is a strange chase, and a long one, which Nature has led the oil prospector, or "wildcatter," as he prefers to call himself. Beginning at Bradford, Pennsylvania, the trail blazers have worked mostly southwestward, always headed, unconsciously perhaps, toward Mexico. It is not that there are no other oil fields, and big ones at that, but the star of empire, the great main trend of the industry, beginning along Oil Creek, Pennsylvania, has unquestionably taken its southwestward way in a couple of forty-five degree angles to Mexico, the latter probably the world's chief storehouse of oil in the more distant generations to come.

This is no brand-new discovery, these geological trends or tendencies. But I think it is safe to say that the industry, which had its start at the time of the Civil War, was nearer in point of time to the war so lately ended before the fact was fully grasped. The center of gravity had moved far indeed from Bradford before the law of its movement had dawned upon men's minds.

### Local Excitements

I DO not mean, of course, that all one needs to do to follow these routes to destiny and fortune is to line up with various points of the compass and then drill. There is no lake of oil all the way, and there are millions upon millions of dry spots, each a possible dry hole, way stations of Fate, where one may leave money and hope behind.

But there are vast areas of territory along or adjacent to the general route of wealth and empire, radiating off, as it were, from the recent discoveries, which have not been tested yet or are just beginning to be tested. That is why Texas to-day is mad over oil, just as Kansas and Oklahoma were a year or two ago, driven to a frenzy of realized and prospective prosperity, sucked up in what the professional oil men describe as an "excitement," by which they mean not only the commotion that goes with discovery but the hundreds of millions of new wealth that flows from the ground.

Though the word excitement seems tame enough it is perhaps as descriptive as anything, for excitement is the very air that men breathe in and near the new oil fields of Ranger, Burkburnett and others that are opening. It is the suddenness and immensity of the turn of fortune that make what might seem to be a prosaic mineral operation an excitement even in the everyday vocabulary of professional operators.

With perhaps the single exception of Spindletop, long ago, no oil boom has ever had such elements of jostle and jumble, of sheer stampede and fury, as that which is raging in Northcentral and West Texas. On the one hand, stock jobbing and promotion, rank and rotten, grow like an ugly fungus. At the other extreme, a half dozen of the great units of the Standard Oil and the largest of the independents are struggling and fighting their way into the field, competing with one another for leases and production, investing scores of millions of dollars. One of these companies alone is spending close to ten million dollars on a pipe line; and of the half dozen pipe lines under construction or projected one is to be the largest in the world.

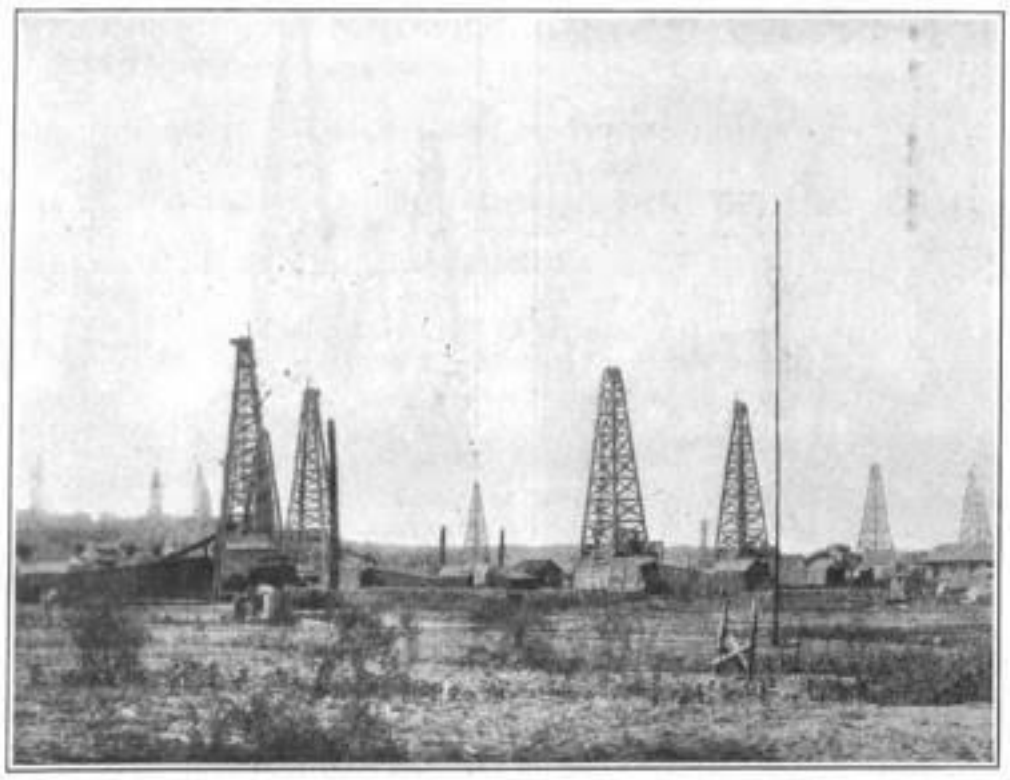
For as in the past, Nature has given up her secrets just at the last moment, as dire necessity presses, in the nick of time. Whenever an oil famine threatens it seems as if a new field were opened up. Field after field saves the day. At one time it was California. Four years ago it was the great Cushing pool in Oklahoma, which still holds the record as the largest in the world, that came to the rescue. A year or two later it was Kansas; and now Texas rushes to the front, running for a time a race with gasless Sundays and finally overtaking them.

It is not a new story, this turning up of a new field with its immense supply of high-grade oil just as famine threatens. But it means the continued supremacy of American oil and the assurance to the various Standard and other big refineries of an abundance of the crude stuff they live upon for some time to come.

The mere vastness of area included in the possible limits of the new fields fires the imagination and stirs the pulse. "It is not like a farm of a hundred acres or so, this Texas game," said one oil operator. "A ranch in Texas is more likely to mean a hundred thousand acres."

### Promised Riches in New Fields

NO WONDER the oil boom is spreading like wildfire throughout the state. No one knows of course how rich the new fields will prove. One never hears of the failures in the oil business. The fortunes are blazoned forth, not the losses. During the orgy and frenzy of drilling all over the vast state to-day, in many instances literally hundreds of miles away from any known oil, one shudders to think of the number of dry holes into which men will sink their all, and from which they will slink away, hopeless and broken. But the oilmen believe the new fields will be the largest in area probably in the entire country, if not the most productive. They assert that geological conditions are favorable for the discovery of gas even if not oil in an area as large as three of the Atlantic Coast states. This, of course, may be an exaggeration; but the United States Fuel Administration as well as the officers of the larger oil companies, reticent and conservative as they are, admit that the field promises to be of extraordinarily large area.



Wells in the Heart of the Town of Ranger

Nor at the time of this writing have the armistice and prospect of peace lessened the mad scramble. Oilmen say the peacetime uses of petroleum in European countries were absolutely cut off during the war and will now spring up again in volume equal to the wartime uses. They assert that the Russian and Rumanian fields, never large producers as compared with this country, cannot immediately be restored. At the height of the Spindletop craze oil fell to three or four cents a gallon, but there are probably more automobiles in use in one city to-day than in all of America at that time, and the farm tractor was unknown then. Nor is the use of oil for motive power by any means the only interesting feature. Europe to-day is absolutely denuded of lubricants. Of course the present high price of oil, as compared with former times, is largely responsible for the craze that

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goes with new discoveries, and everyone recognizes that if the world demand for petroleum and its products should suddenly dwindle to little or nothing the oil fields would "go dead" indeed.

But the new discoveries, like those of the past, mean more than power, fuel and lubricants. They mean more than continued sustenance for the bouncing industrial giants of Rockefeller and other oil kings, and at the opposite end of the scale a fresh lease of life for the stock fakers. They open up a chance for the adventurous spirits of oil—the "fraternity," the professionals, big and little. These men are swarming in upon Fort Worth, the center of the boom, and upon the smaller towns and villages directly in the fields, from every point of the compass. They come from the towns and cities of Oklahoma—Oklahoma City, Muskogee, Sapulpa, and most of all from Tulsa. They come, too, from California, Wyoming, Kansas, and from the coastal fields of Texas itself.

These are the soldiers of fortune, the pathfinders, the trail blazers, the scouts, big and little, attached and unattached, connected and failing connections; lease sharks, grafters and grabbers, operators, speculators and gamblers buying and selling leases, royalties and production; scouting, testing, wildcatting, proving and drilling. Many are dead broke, but hope by the use of their wits and nerve to make a fortune and retire. There are others who move about more quietly, dreading publicity as yet, for they already have ample resources and need only one more successful coup to graduate from the game. For then they will cease to be trail blazers and adventurers, becoming, by means of another five or ten millions, capitalist owners of office buildings, hotels and banks, and with a big oil company of their own, and known to all the world.

### Where Fairy Tales Come True

BUT whether big or little, whether broke or on the point of blossoming forth as new kings of oil, the professionals, the soldiers of fortune and enterprisers who make the industry possible have stampeded into the new fields. Then there are the local business men, the merchants and bankers, to whom the sale of calico and bank drafts has now become a prosaic occupation. Their pulse beats fast these days, for in many cases they have made fortunes in oil in a few weeks or months that forty years of the hardest toil and thrift in their own business could not equal. Finally there are the landowners, ranging all the way from those who were literally starving on five or ten arid acres up to multimillionaire cattle kings with ranches covering almost a dozen counties, but all alike in one common experience of enrichment, of fairy tales come true.

A little boy with the grave face and the manner of children who listen much to their elders' conversation had for months traveled about with his father, a professional oil operator. They had taken many automobile trips from the nearest large city out into the fields, and the father in his business of buying up leases had talked shop over and over again in the presence of the boy. Even when they were at home the child would hear his father discussing wells, barrels, production and the like over the telephone.

"Did you say thirty-five hundred barrels a day?" asked the boy after much brooding.

"Yes," was the reply.

"And did you say two and a half dollars a barrel?" was the next question.

The boy was assured that such was the price of a certain quality of crude oil, and he asked some further questions as to whether the owner of a well could really sell the stuff that he had seen shooting out of the pipes. Finally he asked if two and a half times thirty-five hundred were 8750, and whether it would really be $8750 a day. Then he thought a long time with graver face than ever and at last brought out his triumphant conclusion:

"Papa, didn't you tell me once that Aladdin's lamp and the magic carpet were fairy tales? Well, you talk fairy tales over the telephone all the time."

It is the fact that fairy tales come true not in the occasional miracle or in the rare, exceptional breaking of what might seem to be the laws of Nature but in literally hundreds upon hundreds of cases, that gives to oil its mad fascination. I stepped into a country bank in a town fifteen miles away from one of the oil developments and asked the president what he thought of the boom.

"Wait a minute," he replied; "I want you to meet my cashier. He is one of the fortunate ones."

A bright, alert little man in shirt sleeves stepped forward, not endowed, one would say, with much physical prowess, but with that characteristic smile of the participant in and beneficiary of an oil-boom prosperity that betokens an eager, awakened, ambitious, partly restless interest in life, whose healing properties probably outdistance all the schools of medicine from Hippocrates down.

"Yes," he started in before I could ask him a question or before we had even shaken hands, "I call it the end of the rainbow when anyone asks me about it." And he smiled more brightly than ever.

Then he told his story, quickly and restlessly, like nearly everyone I met, each one apparently afraid that a fortune might be overlooked while he talked.

"I was away on a vacation," he said, "and a friend telegraphed me that he had an opportunity to buy a couple of interests at two hundred and fifty dollars apiece. Banker like, I wired back to try to beat them down to two hundred dollars. When I returned I could have sold out at forty thousand dollars."

I learned that his income since had been running from twenty-five thousand to forty thousand dollars a month, and that he had a great deal more undeveloped land which he hoped would make him even richer. I asked him if he was not in danger of investing his entire profit in more oil prospects and perhaps losing it all. He said he had fifty thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds, a large block of Treasury certificates of indebtedness, a half interest in a business block, an interest in a bank, and a varied assortment of farm mortgages and notes. Would he remain in the banking business? Yes, indeed; he liked it and he would stay in it. He smiled again, as if this sudden fortune were some sort of gigantic joke, and rushed back to the rail, where dozens of depositors and customers waited to see him.

I went to see a man whose sudden good fortune was considered the joke of the country round. He had been the poorest of the poor, and among other odd jobs by which he picked up a meager living was the collection of garbage. He was the village scavenger. We stopped in front of an exceedingly small one-story double house. In one side lived the lucky scavenger. He had owned ten acres on which nothing had ever grown to speak of, but on which oil had been found. His dwelling could hardly have contained more than two rooms, but his income was reputed to be one thousand dollars a day.

The man himself was out of town, but his brother came slowly out of the shack and said he could tell us anything we wanted to know. He was old and lacked the general expression of eagerness, almost of joy, that is so common. When asked if it was true that his brother's income was now one thousand dollars a day he replied, without any show of interest, that it had been almost that much at first but was somewhat less now. Then I asked him how his brother had liked striking oil, and for the first time a slow smile came into the old man's eyes.

His face lighted up as he slowly replied: "He liked it mighty well. It came in the nick of time."

If any country ever deserved to find oil it is that in the general vicinity of Ranger, about which the larger developments appear to be centered. The new fields are both west and north of Fort Worth, which city is not altogether reluctant and embarrassed in having the fortunes of its cattle kings belittled and buried in the swollen golden flood of oil. But though important recent discoveries have been made in the north, near Wichita Falls, and in its neighboring village of Burkburnett, just across the river from Oklahoma, the major discoveries center round Ranger, one hundred miles west of Fort Worth, and not far east of the vast prairie or tablelands which constitute perhaps the largest cattle-grazing area in the country.

### Wealth Forced Upon the Poor

EVEN the most enthusiastic Texan will admit that the country thereabouts is no paradise, no Garden of Eden, agriculturally speaking. It is unsuitable alike for farming and cattle breeding. If one goes far enough east he will find rich black loam, a prosperous cotton belt. Westward are the vast tablelands of Llano Estacado. Ranger lies midway, and though considerable local business was cleared through the sleepy little sunbaked hamlet, which was not even incorporated as a separate village, no one would deny that most of the land where oil has been found was of singularly little value otherwise. Only a few of the richest men had any cattle, and the gibe of other parts of the state was to the effect that the only crops were goats, lizards, cactus and hookworm. That may be an exaggeration, but it is no secret that debt rested upon the countryside like a pall. Many of the settlers were about ready to move out and throw up the sponge.

Much of the country itself is rough and broken, wild in appearance, with innumerable "spud" hills, and torn in every direction by cañons, gullies and ravines, through which run the most execrable, unspeakably bad roads it has ever been my bad fortune to ride over.

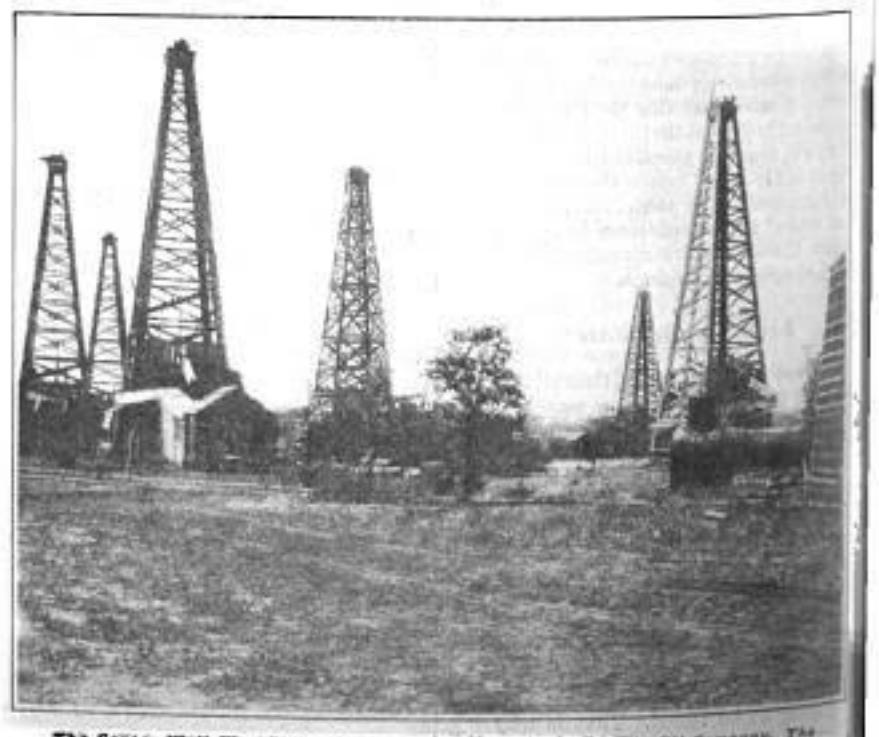
"Why, they couldn't sell their land down there!" said one of the largest oil operators in the Southwest, who had been discussing the big chances and high spots of the industry. "It was absolutely no good. Their wealth was literally forced upon them. It was a horseshoe, pure and simple. It reminds me almost of the Cushing pool, the largest in the world, and how before oil was found there the Government literally had to force the Indians to accept the land."

He did not mean of course that the landowners round Ranger were at all slow or unwilling to accept the wealth so suddenly thrust upon them. But the extremity of the contrast struck even a professional oilman hardened to just such freaks of fortune. Nor does it end there. Oil has

(Continued on Page 32)



The Sign May Have Been a Joke, But Two Oil Operators Offered the Congregation a Large Sum for an Agreement Not to Let Anyone Else Drill on the Site



The Center Well Was Drilled by a Former Employee of a Big Oil Company. The Surrounding Wells are Hard After the Oil Too

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"All aboard for Healthville!
Take the train today.
*Campbell's* fare will get you there
The short and pleasant way."

# "All aboard!"

*Start now and start right.* Resolve to make 1919 a *health-winning* year. This health campaign is the most important of all—both for America and for *you.* It is the most vital safeguard for your family and home.

Protect your own health. Keep the children and the workers in good physical condition.

Eat a good soup every day. This is one of the simplest and surest means of keeping in good physical trim. All authorities agree on this. Begin today's dinner with

# Campbell's Tomato Soup

You will be surprised at the help it gives you in maintaining vigorous health and energy.

It tones the appetite, strengthens digestion, provides valuable regulative elements which the body positively requires.

Served as a Cream of Tomato it is especially tempting and nourishing.

We make it from the pure juice of fresh red-ripe tomatoes, blended with choice butter, delicate herbs and other nutritious materials.

The contents of every can produces two cans of rich soup—delicious and satisfying. And it costs you less than if you made it at home.




Order it from your grocer by the dozen or the case, and get the full benefit and enjoyment.

**21 kinds** **12c a can**

## Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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# CRABBED YOUTH

## By Phyllis Duganne

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

IF ERNEST had not been in love with Sara Lee he would have been bored; in fact, if Sara Lee had known that Ernest loved her he might have been bored. As it was, he was enjoying himself immensely. It amused him to sit at the table in the Lees' ridiculous dining room, listening to Mrs. Lee's fatuous chatter, to Mr. Lee's timeworn jokes, to Freddy's youthful repartee—and to look at Sara Lee. At least, that was hardly amusement—looking at Sara Lee. It was joy unbounded, for Sara Lee was one of the easiest young women to look upon that Manhattan Island had ever borne.

"Have some more fruit," Mrs. Lee urged. "These stewed peaches are awfully good for your digestion."

Ernest smiled as he met Sara Lee's serious gray eyes.

"Thank you; I believe I will," he said.

"Say, Mr. Osgood," Freddy said suddenly, leaning toward Ernest, "I want to ask you something."

"Fire away!" Ernest said cheerfully.

"Would you rather be a colonel with an eagle on your shoulder, or a private with a chicken on your knee?"

Freddy paused, watching the family expectantly. Ernest laughed heartily as Sara Lee wrinkled her nose in amusement and half closed her dark-lashed eyes.

"Pretty good, son; pretty good!" Mr. Lee applauded as he pushed his pressed-glass plate toward his wife for more sauce.

"We don't have after-dinner coffee, Mr. Osgood," Mrs. Lee explained as she rose from the table. "It keeps father awake, and I think it's a bad habit for Sara."

"I never drink it," Ernest lied, still cheerfully. "After dinner, I mean."

And even that Sara Lee accepted as a matter of course. It seemed strange to Ernest that Sara Lee didn't know, by simply looking at him, that he was the sort of man who was as used to coffee and liqueurs in the drawing-room as the Lees were used to prunes at breakfast.

"That's why you have such a good complexion," Mrs. Lee declared. "I've always said that there was nothing nicer than a good skin and the sort of gray hair you have." Ernest bowed gravely. "Your hair is quite premature, isn't it?" Mrs. Lee continued.

"I'm just thirty," Ernest answered, and felt suddenly younger.

He looked at himself in the mirror as he passed into the living room. Tall, slender, excellently tailored, well manicured, he was as out of keeping with the Lees' whatnotted apartment as—as a peasant pottery dish of marrons would have been. The comparison was his; he had come to the Lees' from Doris Langley's Sixty-seventh Street studio.

"Father and I are going out to play cards," Mrs. Lee explained as she pinned on her hat. "You three young people won't mind being left alone, will you?"

"Probably glad to get rid of us," Mr. Lee said with a wink.

"Not at all!" Ernest answered them both.

"I'm going up to Dave's," said Freddy.

"Mr. Osgood and I can go to a movie," Sara Lee added quickly.

Mrs. Lee kissed her daughter and went out with Mr. Lee; Freddy followed.

"Don't let's go to a movie," Sara Lee said.

"I don't want to," Ernest answered. "We might sit here and talk and then go down to the Beaux Arts for a lemonade or something."

"I'd like to talk," said Sara Lee. "I feel lazy."

She stretched her bare arms and yawned prettily. Ernest laughed. She had so many of the tricks that Doris practiced successfully! They must be inherent in women, he thought; for this twenty-year-old child could never be accused of being consciously attractive. She was so charmingly young, so naïve, so —— Ernest wondered what she would do if he kissed her. She'd probably think they were engaged. He rather wished they were. But Doris ——

"Whatever are you smiling to yourself about?" Sara Lee demanded. "It isn't a bit polite."



"Alan's Been Making Love to Me. I Couldn't Tell Him That I Was Engaged to You—When I Wasn't! And I Couldn't Seem to Stop Him"

"But it's a compliment to you. Just the joy of being alive on this nice evening and of being with such an attractive young woman. You're a pretty thing, Sara Lee."

Sara Lee pounded the velvet cushions of the couch and settled herself comfortably.

"Isn't this an awful house?" she asked suddenly.

"Why, I—yes, in a word," Ernest answered.

"I hope you haven't thought I liked it, Mr. Osgood," Sara Lee continued.

"Can't it be Ernest now?" he asked, smiling. "Of course I'm a gray-haired old man, Sara Lee, but ——"

"Gray-haired nothing!" Sara Lee answered inelegantly. "Old man, me eye! Ernest!"

Ernest again decided abruptly that Sara Lee was prettier than Doris, because her dimples were somehow fresher, somehow younger.

"It's hot here," Sara Lee announced. She picked up a fluffy feather fan from the couch. "I ought to flirt with this, oughtn't I?" she asked. "Like this." She looked at Ernest over the tops of the feathers with her serious gray eyes.

Ernest grinned.

"I think you're trying to vamp me, infant," he said. "Kindly remember my years. Have you no respect for gray hairs?"

"None whatever!" Sara Lee replied. "There! I'm learning. I didn't say 'They're not gray!'—as I would have a while ago."

"Your sex learns very rapidly," he answered, smiling.

Sara Lee leaned over and fanned the smoke of his cigarette so that it blew in gray clouds toward his eyes. For a few moments Ernest waved it away with his hands; then he saw that she was laughing.

"Devil!"

He seized the fan and placed it on the couch beyond him. As Sara Lee leaned over to get it, her cheek brushed against his, and it seemed a long minute before either of them moved. Then ——

Ernest never did decide whether Sara Lee's arm was about his neck before he had turned his lips toward hers.

Sara Lee leaned back contentedly.

"I got the fan," she said.

"Good Lord!" Ernest said reverently.

He remembered, when he thought of it afterward, that it was he who had turned Sara Lee's face toward his and kissed her a second time.

"Sara Lee, I love you!" he said.

Sara Lee breathed contentedly.

"But did you just find it out?" she asked.

"No; but ——"

Ernest frowned. He hadn't meant to tell her that he loved her. He didn't want to marry her—and yet God knew he did! He didn't want to marry anyone, particularly a woman ten years younger than himself. And there was Doris!

"But what, child?"

Sara Lee was calling him child now! Ernest decided abruptly that he should never make up his mind about anything again.

It didn't do any good anyway.

"Sara Lee, I want to marry you," he said.

"Do you?" Sara Lee asked calmly. "It might be arranged. Why are you so surprised about it?"

"Because—oh, because I don't!"

"I suppose people always feel that way about marriage," said Sara Lee. "I know I do."

"But, Sara Lee, I didn't know you were—this sort of person!"

"What sort of person?" Sara Lee asked. "The sort one kisses? Because I'm not—usually."

"No; not that," Ernest said. "Every woman is the sort of woman one kisses"—Ernest wondered whether that was by way of being an epigram or the sort of thing one repeats—"not that. But, somehow—you're so young."

"I'm twenty," said Sara Lee.

"And I'm thirty," Ernest groaned. "Ten years older than you! Think of it! When you're my age I'll be forty!"

"Probably," Sara Lee said, smiling. "But then—what of it?"

"It's—it's cheating you out of your youth to marry you," Ernest said. "It's not right! I know a woman—a Mrs. Langley—who married a man fifteen years older than herself. They were beastly unhappy."

"Are you sure that was because of the difference in their ages?" Sara Lee asked gently.

Ernest looked at her quickly; her voice had the tone one uses toward a child.

"Yes. She wanted to dance and play about, and he never did."

"Couldn't they have played separately?"

"They did," Ernest answered—"so separately that they fell in love with other people."

"Oh!" said Sara Lee. "She's in love with you?" Ernest looked at her blankly. Woman's intuition? "Are you in love with her?" Sara Lee went on.

Ernest said nothing; but his eyes, as he looked at her, answered for him.

"Dear," she said gently, "it isn't so terrible not to love a woman who loves you."

"But she's been so bully to me!" Ernest said.

He had never talked to anyone of Doris; and now he was talking of her to Sara Lee—of all people in the world!

"I think I understand," Sara Lee said. "Are you bound to her at all?"

"No. I don't think so—no; I'm not. But ——"

"I think I do understand," Sara Lee said. "Do you mind if I try to get it straight?"

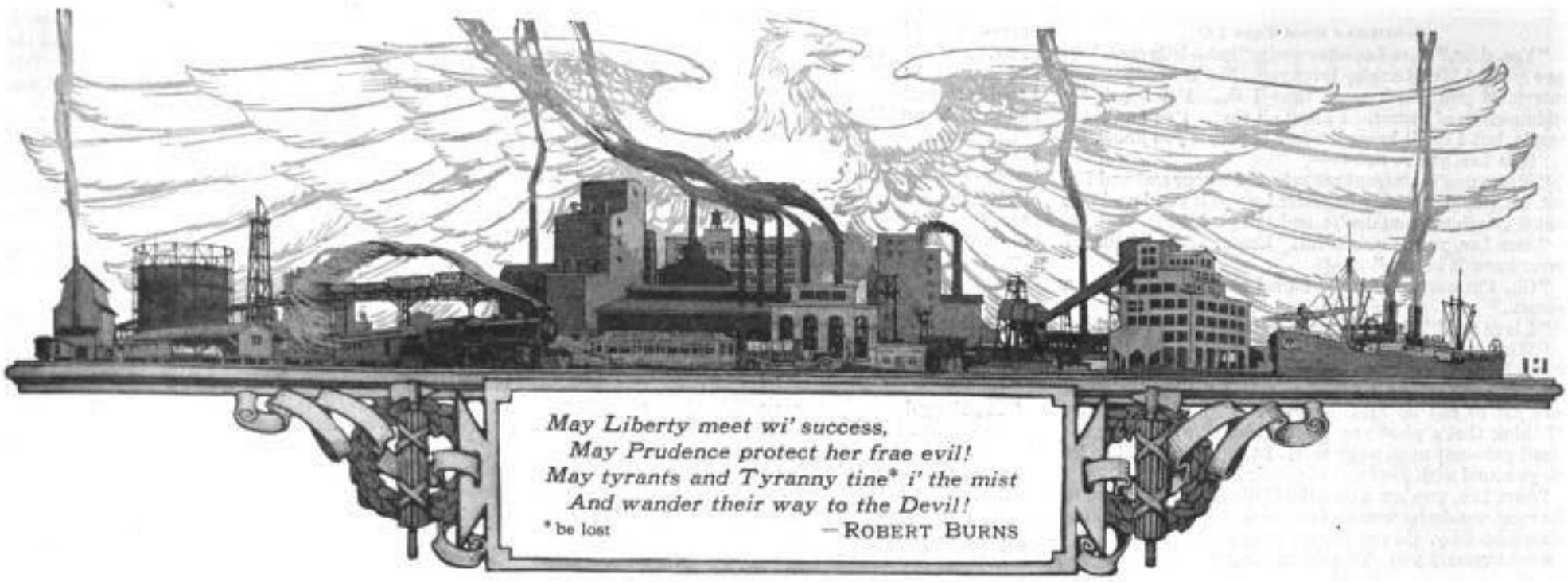
"No," Ernest said. "I'll tell you anything you want to know."

"Oh, I'm not going to examine you! But maybe we can find out where we stand."

"I love you!" said Ernest.

(Continued on Page 26)

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# A NEW AMERICA -- A NEW EFFICIENCY

Today divides our proud past from a fruitful future. *Old* America is gone—we stand upon the threshold of a more exalted time.

Our national horizon widens—we see with clearer vision now.

A broader concept of efficiency prevails. The War has "mopped up" once accepted standards—and inaugurated new.

We face a period of industrial expansion the like of which the world has never known.

With fresh determination, therefore, we must shoulder new responsibilities—take up bigger burdens—solve momentous questions—tackle unaccustomed duties—in short, prove worthy of our birthright as Americans.

Our mental powers—may they be quicker, keener, more alert—our nerves, too, equal to the strain of unexampled effort—our manhood strong for worthy service in this *New* America of ours!

To modern men, even so humble a servitor as mild Robert Burns will still bring home his timely message (more than ever timely, now!) of moderation as an aid to fitness and efficiency.

HAVE YOU TRIED ONE *LATELY?*

Bob^t Burns
CIGAR

GENERAL CIGAR CO., INC., 119 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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(Continued from Page 24)

"Yes, dear," Sara Lee answered; "but—let's see. You love me and Mrs. Langley loves you. She amuses you and entertains you much more than I do. I'm hopelessly middle-class, of course. I know all that. I've met some people, but I don't know the sort of people you know."

"Sara Lee, you're not ——"

"Please don't interrupt me yet. She's your sort and I'm not. It would probably be easier for you if you loved her. But if you don't, you don't; and I'm glad."

"Sara Lee, you're wonderful!" Ernest said. "I guess I never knew it before."

"Oh, I'm not wonderful," Sara Lee said. "I'm just a woman."

"I love you!" Sara Lee patted Ernest's hand gently.

"Why can't we be married and go off to the country somewhere?" he asked.

"Not yet anyway," Sara Lee said. "Why don't you take me to call on Mrs. Langley?" He stared at her. "I think that's what you'd better do. We won't be engaged yet—not until we're sure. I think you ought to let me go round with your sort of people for a while."

"Sara Lee, you are wonderful!" Ernest said. "You're the most wonderful woman I ever—oh, I know I'm talking like a schoolboy. Go on; laugh! But you needn't. I want to marry you. There aren't any doubts at all. Truly, there aren't!"

"How about me, then?" Sara Lee asked. "How about my doubts? You'd better run along home now and just think about things. I'm going to bed."

She walked to the closet, while Ernest got his stick and hat, and opened the door.

"No; you mustn't kiss me good night," she said. "We're not to kiss each other any more—not until things are settled. It complicates things."

"Oh, Sara Lee, you're so wise!" said Ernest. He kissed her hand gravely and Sara Lee smiled.

"Good night!"

"Good night!" she said, smiling.

She closed the door and stood for a moment with her hand on the knob. Then she flung herself on the couch and buried her face in the ugly purple pillows. When she got up her eyes were tear-wet; but she was smiling. She walked across the room to the mirror and looked at her reflection. The deep-set gray eyes looked back at her coolly; but she was pleased, for she smiled again.

"I wonder just how pretty she is?" she whispered. "But I'm not afraid—I'm not!"

She was in bed and half asleep before Ernest reached his apartment. If he could have seen Sara Lee after he left her, things might have been clearer for him. As it was, he was bewildered; there seemed to be nothing of which he was really sure. He loved Sara Lee—he knew that. He decided that perhaps he didn't know her very well. Always when he had thought of marrying her he had thought of her as—well, as Sara Lee; pretty, disturbingly young, unsophisticated, desirable.

That evening had changed her in his eyes. He realized abruptly that she was a woman—as much a woman as Doris. She was mature beyond her years, he decided. And yet—twenty! He thought of himself at twenty, and the thought was not wholly comforting. Perhaps women ——

If only he could be sure Sara Lee really loved him! If that were so they could be happy together—he knew that. And Doris—it seemed caddish, but—hang it!—Doris was in love with him. He couldn't help that. Yet he could never love Doris; at least he thought he never could. Once or twice—but he didn't love her. And it wouldn't make Doris feel better to have him wreck his own and Sara Lee's happiness.

He wished he could be sure they would be happy. She was so young—why, damn it, he mightn't like her after he had seen her every day for a year! She was so different from the sort of people he had been used to ——

He telephoned to Doris; the next afternoon he and Sara Lee were to go there for tea. He worked in the morning—worked badly and moodily; and went to Doris' much too early.

"You don't mind having her here?" he asked Doris.

"Good Lord, no, Ernie! My place is yours to entertain your friends—your rooms are so small. What's she like? Pretty little thing?"

"She's very pretty," Ernest said.

"What does she do?"

"Why ——" Ernest wasn't even sure Sara Lee didn't work. And yet she couldn't, because they had had tea together, and matinées. "Nothing, I guess."

"Where did you find her?"

"I met her at Ruth Murdock's last year."

"Funny you never spoke of her before!" Doris blew a thin stream of smoke across the room. "How did you come to see her again?"

"Why—I don't know," Ernest answered slowly. "I met her the week after I'd seen her at Ruth's, at the opera—in the foyer. She had a balcony seat. She was alone. I went up and talked to her in the intermission, and she said she came quite often. She's mad about music. I told her mother's box was empty because she was away, and that she could sit there whenever she liked."

Ernest thought of those first meetings with Sara Lee. He remembered how surprised he had been to find himself looking forward to seeing her. He had considered her a child then—a schoolgirl; and yet he had wanted to kiss her. He remembered that he had been a little ashamed of himself.

"Did she have any clothes?" Doris asked.

"Oh, some sort of pink dress—taffeta, I guess; like those curtains." He pointed to the ruffled hangings of red taffeta that edged the long windows.

Doris smiled.

"She's blond?"

"Dark."

"Oh, I'm going to have competition in my own field!"

Doris laughed at the idea and thrust the emerald-studded comb deeper into her hair.

"She's nothing like you," Ernest said. "And yet she is; but warmer and ruddier. You're a cold thing, you know, Doris."

"To you, Ernie?" Doris asked, laughing; she walked across the room and ran her fingers lightly through his hair.

"Here she is now, I guess," Ernest said as the bell tinkled through the studio; he walked over to the door.

"Hello, Sara Lee!" he said.

"Hello, Ernest!"

Ernest thanked his gods for Sara Lee's clothes—a simple serge dress, a yellow muffler, a soft blue hat—nothing that Doris could particularly criticize. He wanted Doris to like her.



"You Know, Having a Samovar at a Tea Is Like Having Father Carve at a Dinner Party," Sara Lee Said Suddenly. "It Takes Your Mind So Completely Off the Conversation"

"Sara Lee, I want you to meet Mrs. Langley," he said.

Doris took Sara Lee's hand and smiled prettily. "I'm glad to meet you," she said. "Ernie's been raving about you all the afternoon, and I'm glad to see that you're as pretty as he said. Said you were like me, only—ruddier was the word, Ernie? The dear child has been talking like a poet."

"Ern didn't tell me how pretty you were," Sara Lee said. She stared at Doris frankly; at the shimmering green tea gown, the jeweled comb, the beaded slippers.

"Sit down here," Ernest said. "This divan's much the most comfortable thing in the room."

"May I take off my hat?" Sara Lee asked. "It's awfully tight; and it isn't very becoming."

She brushed back her hair from her forehead; pulled it out softly over her ears and temples. She was glad she had done it simply, because Doris Langley's hair, beneath the close net, had so obviously been done by a hairdresser.

"Alan Worth is coming to tea," Doris said.

"Who is he?" Sara Lee asked. "I like to know about people before I meet them—particularly when they don't know about me. What does he do?"

"Alan?" Doris laughed. "Oh, he philanders about with pretty ladies and breaks their poor hearts—like Ernie, here."

"But is he a musician or a writer or a painter?" Sara Lee persisted. "I've never been in a studio before and I expect a great deal."

"No; Alan isn't any of those," said Doris. "His father is the head of the Worth Press and Alan is getting ready to take over the business. He's only twenty; so he isn't in uniform yet. His mother's ill, and they want to keep him at home as long as he'll stay."

"Poor kid!" said Sara Lee.

"Oh, I don't know!" said Doris. "Have you got that feeling too? Ernie, here, used to be the most violent kill-the-boches that ever lived. And he stands about as much chance of passing any sort of physical examination as I do."

"Ern and I have talked about that too," Sara Lee said. "I'm sorry he can't go. But someone has to stay at home. Tell me about the other people who are coming."

"No one particularly interesting," Doris said. "Tom and Helen Davis—she sculps, and Tom's a poor benighted newspaper man. And the Warrens—they're both painters. I paint, of course; and Ernie dabbles a little in everything."

"Ernest's a good architect," said Sara Lee.

"Yes—he does that better than anything else. And you—you don't do anything interesting, Miss Lee?"

Sara Lee's eyes narrowed almost imperceptibly, and her smile was charming as she lifted her eyes to Doris'.

"I'm a musician," she said. She looked quietly at Ernest.

"You play the piano?" Doris asked.

"I play; and I write very bad little songs that may be better one day. They may never be awfully good; but as they're only supposed to be awfully simple my goal oughtn't to be hard to reach. My present goal, I mean."

"A shifting goal is a convenient thing," Doris agreed. "Won't you play?" She waved a bare arm toward the piano.

"I'd rather not," Sara Lee said. "I want to watch you and the other people who are coming to tea."

Alan Worth came next—a tall young man with red hair and light eyelashes. He and Sara Lee started chattering almost at once.

"Ernie, dear, I want to show you my picture," Doris said.

"Come along, Sara Lee," said Ernest as he got up obediently.

"Run along yourself," Sara Lee retorted. "I'm talking."

Ernest followed Doris. The picture was one he had seen before, unchanged save for a stroke or two.

"I'd forgotten you had seen it," Doris said.

Ernest looked at her curiously. He realized vaguely that Doris and Sara Lee weren't getting on. Probably it was just that they didn't know each other. But Doris seemed to be acting strangely. He wondered what the matter was.

When they went back Sara Lee was sitting at the piano and Alan was bending over her.

"This is my Rockaway Waltz," she was saying.

It was a rather self-conscious little tune, Ernest thought.

"I like it," Alan said. "It has a nice lilt."

Sara Lee smiled and looked at Ernest.

"It's nice," he said.

Sara Lee smiled again. Suddenly she brought her hands down on the piano with a crash and threw her head back. Then she played. They forgot the little waltz after the first bars; they forgot the tea—everything. It was the Liebestod, which was not meant for the piano; but Sara Lee played well. Ernest marveled at the strength of her white hands; at the sudden firmness of her mouth. The doorbell rang insistently before anyone heard it. Sara Lee left the piano abruptly and sat beside Ernest on the couch.

"I didn't mean to jump into Wagner," she apologized to Doris. "I haven't played that for a long time—and I love it so! You see, my family are Teddy Roosevelt Republicans, and there's a war on."

"It was lovely!" Doris said. "You played it well."

"I might have known you played," said Ernest. He took one of her hands. "They're a pianist's hands, you know."

"Nonsense!" said Sara Lee. "I don't play particularly well. I just love it, and feel it; and my fingers don't matter."

"Gee!" Alan said. "Wagner! He's a highbrow, all right, all right! I like your Rockaway Waltz better."

Sara Lee laughed merrily.

"Thank you!" she said.

(Continued on Page 29)

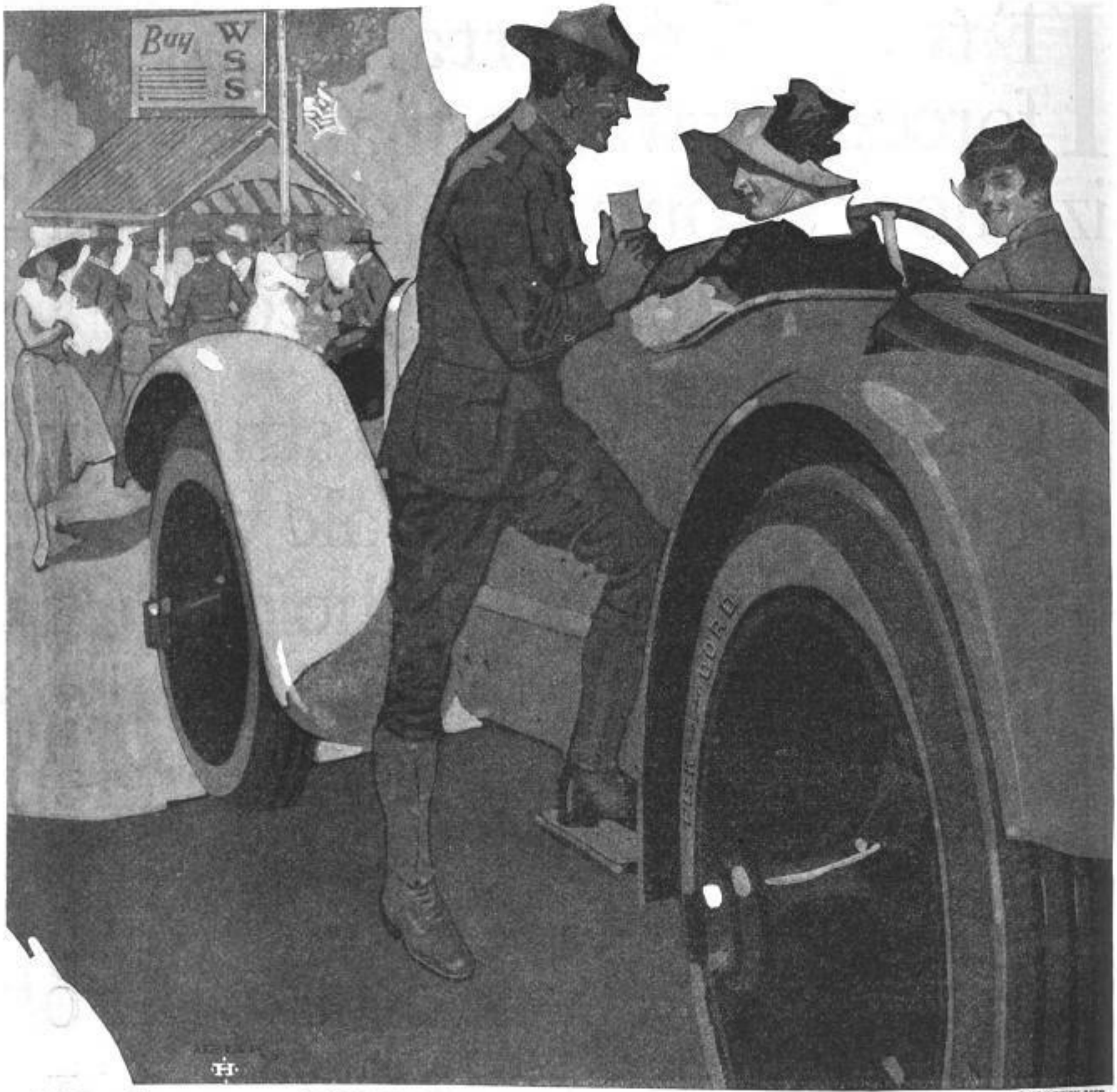
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# FISK CORD TIRES

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(Continued from Page 26)

Davises came in—Helen, little and Tom, tall and homely. More people and more. Two little West Indian struggled with the samovar.

"I know, having a samovar at a tea is like having father carve at a dinner party," he said suddenly. "It takes your mind completely off the conversation. Let's just sit round and wait to see what is going to happen next."

Alan smiled delightedly at the laughter that followed.

"You're having dinner with me, aren't you?" he asked. "It will be much too late for you to go home."

"Alan Worth is taking me to a funny little Greek restaurant," Sara Lee said. "Everything is cooked in olive oil, and there's a delicious dessert made from honey and nuts and whipped cream; and the menu reads like a page from the Anabasis." She smiled at Alan. "*Entexthen exelaunomen—*"

"*Kai athmos duo,*" Alan Worth added.

"Did you too long from school to impress?" Sara Lee asked Ernest.

"Afraid I am," he said.

"Sara Lee was going to dinner with Alan, Alan Worth! Ernest wondered why Doris had invited him; he had never been in her house much.

"*Ouk esangas deka,*" Alan suggested.

"Children!" Doris said, laughing. "Have more tea, Ernie?"

"I know, in my last year at high school," Sara Lee began, turning to Alan Worth, "I doubled—took Homer and Virgil at the same time."

"Good Lord! Doris Langley, don't chatter! We're being reminiscent," Alan interrupted.

"Reminiscences should never be interesting," Tom Davis said. "They're apt to be personal and interesting."

"It's the first time I ever was reminiscent," Sara Lee said. "I guess I've never lived enough before."

"Ernie and I sit here and talk about our youth by the hour," Doris said. "You ought to get the habit; it's great fun.

"Well, bring your cake and come on over to the window seat and we'll reminisce some more," Alan invited. "I don't like an audience."

They walked over to the other side of the room and talked until the tea was over and it was time for them to go off together to dress.

"Nice kid!" Tom Davis commented to Doris. "She isn't your sister Mary's girl, is she?"

"Her niece?" Ernest asked. "God forbid!"

Alan laughed, and the tea party went on—merrily, at least, for everyone except Ernest. He hated Sara Lee and young Worth for talking and laughing so noisily. Just like a couple of kids! Ernest felt extremely old. As he watched Sara Lee, her soft hair blown back from her forehead, her cheeks flushed, it was impossible to imagine her as his wife—as Mrs. Ernest Osgood.

He couldn't conceive of taking that child to his perfectly respectable family and introducing her as his wife. A girl who quoted the Anabasis and talked glibly about high school! Yet she had been so wholly mature the night before. And she was so deliciously pretty. He finally decided that he was a fool, whatever he did.

After Sara Lee and Alan had gone he excused himself, despite Doris' reproaches, and dined alone. It was a tasteless meal, and he went back to his rooms to work. As he tore up the drawings he had made the night before he wondered whether he would ever do decent stuff again. Finally, in disgust, he undressed and took out a book.

Doris' tea introduced Sara Lee into her circle of friends, and Ernest's; and from that day she was accepted. There were invitations to parties of all sorts. She and Alan were the youngest of the crowd and they were naturally classed together.

It was always "Let's invite Sara Lee and Alan!" or, "Sara Lee and Alan say this or that"—until Ernest almost wanted never to see either of them again. They were the gayest of the gay; they were always rushing in breathlessly and telling of adventures they had had—the policeman in the cigar store who had talked about the old days in New York; the little Chinese shopkeeper who had found Sara Lee's lost bag and remembered her the next time she went to Chinatown.

Ernest saw a good deal of Sara Lee too. There were dinners together many times a month, but never at the out-of-the-way little tables d'hôte that Alan was always talking of. Somehow, though, they never got anything said; Sara Lee was always too bubbling over with parties and adventures.

It was almost November when the telephone bell woke Ernest one morning. He reached over drowsily and took off the receiver.

"Time to get up, sleepyhead!" Sara Lee's voice called. "I'm the birdie-with-a-yellow-bill—only I'm in a drug store at the corner of Fifty-sixth Street instead of on your window sill. Alan and I have been for a long walk already—I got up at six o'clock."

"Hello!" Ernest said sleepily. "Why wake me up to tell me that?"

"Didn't! Don't you know what day this is, goose?"

"Friday?"

"Well ——"

"Well?"

"The block party on Helen's street is today!"

"Well?"

"Oh, well yourself! You're going to help Alan and me decorate. Helen has taken the kids to the country and Tom has to work all day—he just telephoned."

"All right! I'll dress."

"Meet me at Helen's, then, as soon as you can. The maid is there; we can get in all right."

"Yes. Good-by!"

"I danced until four o'clock last night!"

"You're very triumphant about it! I worked until one."

"Huh! Good-by!"

The telephone clicked and Ernest hung up the receiver.

"I must be getting old," he thought. "I'm sleepy now, and that child danced till four!"

He was barely dressed when the telephone rang again. It was Doris.

"We might have breakfast together," he suggested. "I've got to go down to Helen's directly afterward, and that's the only chance I'll have to talk."

"Come up right away, then," Doris said. "I want to see you."

To his surprise Ernest found Doris dressed for the street, with her hair done in a loose way that softened her face.

"What's up?" Ernest asked.

"Nothing particular."

"Well—you wanted to see me ——"

"Oh!" Doris considered her grapefruit. "Ernest, I'm going to be personal."

"Go as far as you like!"

"You won't care?"

"As though there was anything you couldn't say to me!" Ernest said, smiling.

"Well—all right! Ernest, are you in love with Sara Lee?"

"Yes," Ernest said, and was surprised at himself for answering so directly; but he had been thinking about Sara Lee, half dreaming about her when the telephone rang. Her voice was still fresh in his ears; it was such a jolly voice to greet one in the morning.

"Well," Doris said, "I'm glad. And I'm going to meddle in your affairs enough to advise you to marry her right away. Have you told her you loved her?"

"Yes."

"Marry her, then. I think you'll be awfully happy with her. And oh, Ernie, you don't know how much I want to see you happy! You've been worrying me so lately."

"Me?" Ernest asked, trying to look surprised.

"You! You're not happy without Sara Lee. You need her. And I think she needs you. She'll make you work, Ernie; she'll be the best thing in the world for you. And I'd rather have you happy than anything else in the world! You've been such a good friend; and I love you so!"

Ernest looked at his plate, because he did not want to meet Doris' eyes. His own had tears in them.

"I'm pretty fond of you, you know, Dorry," he said. "No one will ever know all you've done for me! I'd never have been any sort of an architect—or man, either, for that matter—if it hadn't been for you."

"Nonsense!" said Doris, smiling now. "Sara Lee will make you work as I never could. Of course she couldn't have introduced you to all the people I have. But I'll turn you over to her now. You know, Ernie"—Doris looked up and smiled again—"I think I'm a beginner, and Sara Lee's a finisher! I can start people straight, but I can't keep them straight. She can do that."

"Dorry!" Ernest said. "Oh, Dorry, you're such a dear!"

They were quiet while the maid brought in the coffee.

"You'll marry her right away?" Doris asked.

"If she'll have me," Ernest said.

Doris looked at him sharply.

"Why, Ernie!" she said. "Of course she'll marry you!"

"She's so young. And I'm afraid. I'm older. And—Alan's so much more her age."

"Alan!" Doris opened her dark eyes very wide. "Well, I suppose Alan is in love with her; but ——"

"I wish I was sure!" Ernest said slowly. "I wish I was sure! I'm afraid she's too young really to understand love anyway."

"Too young!" Doris exploded. "Don't be absurd!" He didn't answer that. "I'm going away to-morrow for a few weeks, Ernest," Doris went on. "My sister in Chicago isn't awfully well. I hope when I come back you and Sara Lee will have been married. I want to see a lot of you."

"Doris, dear!"

"You'd better run along now, Ernie. Sara Lee'll be waiting. In case I don't show up at the block party to-night—good-by and good luck!"

She stood up and held out her hand, and for a moment they looked at each other awkwardly. Then Ernest took her in his arms and kissed her.

Her eyes were soft, but her lips had barely brushed his.

"I'll write you," she said. "And, oh, I hope—I hope everything will be all right! I'm so awfully fond of you—and Sara Lee. Good-by!"

"Good-by, Doris!" he said.

He wondered, as he walked toward Helen's, what was going to happen. He couldn't imagine not being married to Sara Lee eventually. Even if she married someone else, he resolved to wait; for he was



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sure that some day they would be together—always. He whistled as he ran up the steps of the house; but he stopped in the doorway.

Sara Lee and Alan were standing side by side, and Alan had just kissed Sara Lee.

"Hello, Ernest!" she said.

"Hello!" Alan echoed. He looked embarrassed.

Obviously Sara Lee did not think Ernest had seen. She took a hammer from the hall table and handed it to Ernest.

"Take off your coat and we'll start work right away," she said. "Alan and I haven't done anything yet—we've been talking."

Talking! Ernest put his hat on the table and followed Sara Lee into the front room.

"What shall I do first?" he asked.

They worked furiously all the morning. At noon the maid brought luncheon on a tray, and they started work again as soon as they had eaten it.

Helen and Tom came in at six o'clock, and the five went out to dinner together.

"I left the kids with mother in the country," Helen explained. "Gee, Ernest, you look tired! You need the country about as badly as any human being I ever saw. You haven't been away from the city at all this summer, have you?"

"Just for an occasional week-end," Ernest said.

"We've all been poor working people this summer," said Sara Lee. "Alan has had to stay at the shop, and I've been so busy with war work that I thought I might as well stay all the time."

"O. Henry was right," Tom said. "This city is the world's greatest little summer resort."

"Kinda hot, though," Alan said.

"But it's glorious now," said Sara Lee. "It's freshened up so."

"Of course this is really the spring of the year in New York," Tom agreed, smiling. "In the fall people begin to wear their new clothes and to move into new apartments. Everything's being done over and cleaned, and the air's like wine after the summer heat."

"Don't be so dull, Ernest!" Sara Lee commanded. "Be the life of the party for us. You aren't eating anything?"

"Gotta grouch?" Alan asked.

"Not particularly," said Ernest.

"Don't be snippy," Sara Lee said; "because we're having a lovely time and we don't want the party spoiled."

Dinner was soon over and they went back to the house. The electric lights that had been hung along the street were blazing; everyone except Ernest was in a party mood.

Because everyone was so gay, Ernest's despondency passed for fatigue, and when he disappeared it was assumed that he had gone upstairs to rest.

About ten o'clock he came quietly from the library, where he had been sitting alone. The living room was filled with people.

"Where's Sara Lee?" he asked Tom. "I've got to speak to her."

"Out in the street, dancing with Alan," Tom said. "Excuse me for rushing—I'm getting punch for Helen."

Ernest walked through the hall and stood on the steps, looking at the street. It was like a scene from an Italian opera. He felt that it was in bad taste to be so utterly wretched as he was when there was so much beauty in the world.

The sky was deep blue, and the gay Japanese lanterns that were strung on wires across the street danced in the wind. The scarlet-edged service flag had been raised and was blowing out like a great balloon. Every house on the street was decorated from cellar to garret. Great ropes of brilliant tissue paper were twined about gratings and rails, and festooned from the windows. Lanterns danced from curved vine-covered rods before doorways. French war posters, American posters, Italian and Russian, blazed from doorways; and Allied flags fluttered from every conceivable nook and corner.

At one end of the street a naval band was shrieking: "There are smiles that make you lonesome—there are smiles that make you glad!" The street was bobbing with dancers—young girls dancing together, boys in uniform, children. Ernest caught a sudden glimpse of Sara Lee's white dress and scarlet ribbons as she danced by in Alan's arms.

"There are smiles that make you sad!" he thought.

Ernest felt not at all like smiling. He had never felt older or more bored with life. He was tired, too, from the decorating. His nerves had gone to pieces. Those hours alone in the library, with laughter and bits of conversation floating in through the windows, had wearied him. He didn't like dancing in the street either; he couldn't imagine why people wanted to dance.

The whirl of people tired him; but he didn't want to go back to the library. He wondered whether he could ever like that room again. His head ached—ached frightfully. He had blistered his hands hanging those confounded lanterns; and —— Well—damn it!—he had seen Sara Lee in Alan's arms in the hallway.

He wished he could forget how he had seen them—Alan leaning forward; and Sara Lee, tender-eyed, with parted lips.

He hadn't kissed Sara Lee for five whole months. And now he would probably never kiss her again. Life was unfair, and he hated it. Sara Lee waved madly at him as she danced by again, and he scowled at the scarlet ribbons that floated from her white sleeves. Silly things—ribbons! He had to know where he stood—that was all there was to it! He couldn't stand not being sure another minute. But he didn't want to know; because there, in the hallway ——

And yet it was only fair. It was what he had always known and not admitted to himself. If only he had followed his better judgment that night at the Lees'! But he loved her—he did love her! A man couldn't help his feelings. But he could have kept them to himself. Sara Lee was probably as unhappy as he was; but she didn't look unhappy, he thought resentfully.

Youth unto youth. Youth unto youth. Sara Lee and Alan! Sara Lee and himself! What was that damned poem? *Crabbed age and youth—Cannot live together—Youth is full of* —— Oh, hell! Why did that keep running through his mind? *Age, I do abhor thee—Youth, I do* ——

The band stopped abruptly, and Alan and Sara Lee ran up the steps. Ernest seized her arm fiercely.

"Come here! I want to talk to you," he said.

"What is it?" Sara Lee asked impatiently, pulling her arm away.

"Nothing!"

"What did you grab my arm for?"

"Nothing!"

Ernest turned and walked indignantly into the house.

People everywhere! He had never seen so many people. And no one he liked! Doris hadn't come, after all. Why hadn't Doris come? He could have talked to her. *Age, I do* ——

He walked into the library and sat down in an armchair. He snapped open his cigarette case and struck a match indignantly. It went out—and another.

"Safe against ignition," he muttered. "Damn!"

The door opened and Sara Lee came in. Her cheeks were the color of her scarlet ribbons; her eyes were blazing. She slammed the door.

"You ran away!" she said accusingly. "I've been looking everywhere for you."

"Well!"

"I want to talk to you."

"All right—go on!"

"Well, I'm sorry I've got to talk to you when you've got such a grouch and we're both worn out," Sara Lee said; "but I can't wait another minute. I can't, Ernie!"

"Don't want you to."

"You're not very helpful," Sara Lee said.

"Oh, go on—go on! Say it! I'm not afraid!"

"But you make it so hard!" Sara Lee's lip trembled, but she tossed her head and folded her hands behind her back.

"Ernest, five months ago you told me you loved me. You said you were too old; that I needed a younger man for my husband."

"Yes."

"We decided to wait. We haven't talked of love since then. I don't even know that you care about me any more."

She looked at Ernest expectantly; but he was staring straight ahead.

"Go on!"

Sara Lee gulped.

"Well, I've been finding out. I was half afraid then that you were right; so I've been playing with Alan. I've tried hard, Ernie."

"Go on!"

Sara Lee swallowed an indignant sob.

"Well, Alan's been making love to me."

"Yes."

"Well, I couldn't tell him that I was engaged to you—when I wasn't! And I couldn't seem to stop him. And I was sorry for him, at first."

"Can't you talk any faster?" Ernest demanded.

"Oh, Ernie, please don't talk to me like that!"

Sara Lee flung herself at Ernest's feet and burst into tears.

Then something seemed to melt in Ernest. He realized that all he wanted in the world was Sara Lee's happiness. And he was making her unhappy. He lifted her tenderly and patted her trembling shoulders; kissed her tear-wet cheeks.

"Honey, you can have him," he whispered. "I've been a brute! All I want is for you to be satisfied. That's the only happiness which counts for me. I don't want you if you'll be happier with him."

"Wh-what?" Sara Lee gasped hysterically.

"It's all right, honey; it's all right!" Ernest comforted her.

"Why, I should say it was!" Sara Lee cried. Ernest winced. "I th-thought ——" she sobbed. "Oh, I'm so tired! I thought you'd hate me. Kiss me!"

Ernest thought of the kiss Doris had given him, and he touched Sara Lee's mouth tenderly with his lips; kissed her soft forehead.

"Why, Ernie, that's no sort of a kiss after five months!"

Sara Lee giggled.

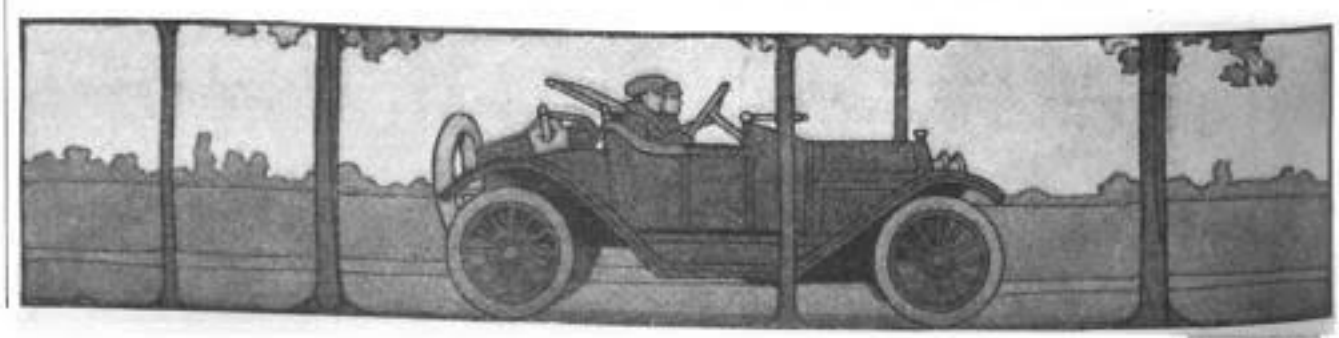
"After all, Sara Lee," Ernest said, stiffening, "your lips belong to Alan."

"My —— What!" Sara Lee shrieked. "Do you mean to say that you thought I was in love with Alan? My stars! Why, Ernie—you baby! You goose! You best-beloved infant! I was only telling you I'd tried hard to prove that I wouldn't be so happy with a younger man, and I'd been so bored with proving it. And you didn't seem to want me to stop trying to fall in love with Alan. And I was afraid perhaps you didn't want me any more—perhaps you wanted me to fall in love with Alan! You're so wonderful and wise, and I'm such an ignorant little thing!"

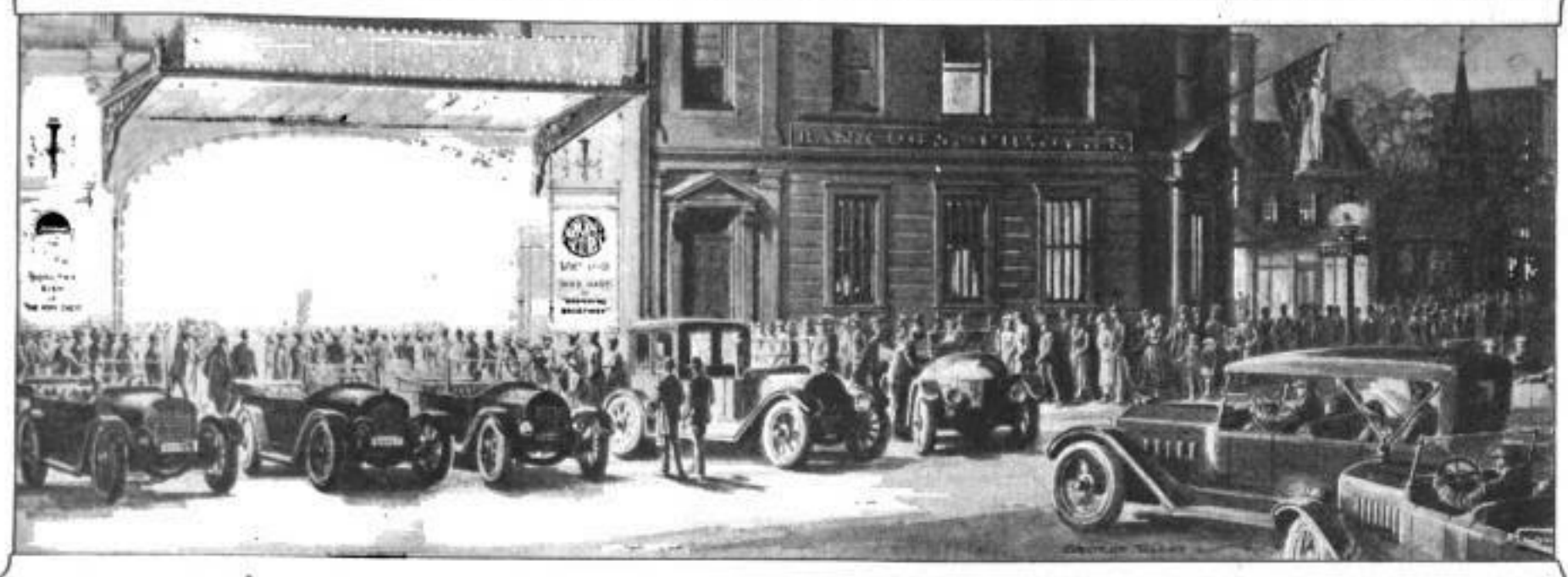
"Huh?" Ernest asked, looking at her.

"Huh, yourself!" Sara Lee answered. "You poor little—little damfool! There—I swore! You little deluded child! I want you to marry me—I love you! And I thought you didn't want me any more. And you thought I didn't want you, when all I could think of was you—you—you! I love you, Ernie! And you love me—don't you? And we'll be married; and —— Why, what's the matter?"

Ernest had buried his face in his arms. It was nearly a minute before he lifted it and kissed Sara Lee's mouth.



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**Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions**

Here are their latest productions listed alphabetically, released up to January 1st. Save the list! And see the pictures!

## *Paramount*

**John Barrymore** *in* "On the Quiet"
**Enid Bennett** *in* "Fuss and Feathers"*
**Billie Burke** *in* "The Make-Believe Wife"
**Lina Cavalieri** *in* "A Woman of Impulse"
**Marguerite Clark** *in* "Little Miss Hoover"
**Ethel Clayton** *in* "The Mystery Girl"
**Dorothy Dalton** *in* "Quicksand"*
**Pauline Frederick** *in* "A Daughter of the Old South"
**Dorothy Gish** *in* "The Hope Chest"
**Lila Lee** *in* "Such a Little Pirate"
**Vivian Martin** *in* "Mirandy Smiles"
John Emerson - Anita Loos Production
**Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex** *in* "Good Bye Bill"
**Charles Ray** *in* "String Beans"*
**Wallace Reid** *in* "Too Many Millions"
**Bryant Washburn** *in* "The Way of a Man With a Maid"

***Paramount - Artcraft Specials***

**"The Hun Within"** with a Special Star Cast
**Private Harold Peat** *in* "Private Peat"
**Maurice Tourneur's Production** "Sporting Life"

## *Artcraft*

**Enrico Caruso** *in* "My Cousin"
**George M. Cohan** *in* "Hit the Trail Holliday"
**Cecil B. De Mille's Production** "The Squaw Man"
**Douglas Fairbanks** *in* "Arizona"
**Elsie Ferguson** *in* "Under the Greenwood Tree"
**D. W. Griffith's Production** "The Greatest Thing in Life"
**William S. Hart** *in* "Branding Broadway"*
**Mary Pickford** *in* "Johanna Enlists"
**Fred Stone** *in* "The Goat"

**Supervision of Thos. H. Ince.*

**And remember that *any* Paramount or Artcraft picture that you haven't seen is as new as a book you have never read.**

# "You wouldn't know the Old Town now!"

TIME cannot blur some recollections. If you've ever *lived* around a small town, your memory needs no photograph of what it looked like *then*. Seen the Old Town *lately*?

Or any other of ten thousand and more like it throughout America—any day or night in the week?

No, the "P. O." is no more the hub of all rural life. The 7:20 mail is no longer the big excitement out where they still breathe fresh air and own broad acres. Much more going on than the "Annual County Fair" or the good old Church Social.

In these times, whenever "Jones, the Farmer" hankers after a couple of hours' laughs and thrills, he goes just where "Brown, the City Banker" goes. And he sees just as fine motion pictures as Mr. Manhattan can see at Broadway's toniest theatre.

*Just as fine, because just the same pictures!*

The famous productions distributed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

The pictures identified everywhere by the two names: *Paramount* and *Artcraft*.

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— Bigger Business for Local Merchants.
— Broader, Happier Life to Every Man, Woman and Child.

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FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
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NEW YORK

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# RAINBOW'S END

(Continued from Page 22)

come just at the end of a three years' drought, perhaps the worst on record. One of the greatest banking problems which the whole Southwest has ever had to face was the relief of the drought areas. State and Federal aid was required to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars. Whole counties had to have their Liberty Loan quotas reduced because of crop failures and the depopulation of wide areas whence the settlers had gone back to Eastern Texas and Louisiana to work in the cotton fields for day wages.

Once-prosperous towns dwindled and almost vanished from the map as the hideous drought kept up. Cattle died by the unnumbered thousands, and no one prospered except a few speculators who bought them for a song and hurriedly shipped them East, where feed was to be had. A breeder drove four thousand emaciated cattle into town, many dying in their tracks as the herd slowly moved along, and stopped in front of the bank.

"Here," he shouted to the banker, "is your mortgage! Take 'em! I'm through." And he boarded the next train for the East.

On a trip from Fort Worth to Ranger a few weeks ago we passed hundreds of white-topped wagons slowly wending their way back to Western Texas. In the wagons were whole families with all their household goods. These people were once again willing to try their fate on the prairies now that the first great general rains in three years had fallen. Late at night we passed encampments of returning settlers, with five or six wagons gathered in a circle round the fire, just as in the earlier days of Indians and buffaloes.

The more prosperous inhabitants who did not actually have to move out of the country were nevertheless reduced to their financial uppers. On the train I met an old cattle raiser who could not remember a more serious drought, though he told of the last big buffalo killing in which he had taken part, that of 1877. He lived a couple of hundred miles beyond the more extensive oil developments. I asked him if any oil had been found near him.

"No," he replied; "there have been some test wells, but I sure would like to strike oil. I moved one thousand head of cattle back to Missouri at a total cost of $30,000, and they have appreciated in value only $27,000.

"But I don't know," added the old man thoughtfully, "whether it will do some of the men in our section any good to strike oil. They naturally have no sense. They had some good years here a while ago and made in a number of cases from $50,000 to $150,000. Now they have nothing and are badly in debt, for as soon as they made $100,000 they at once set out to buy as much land and cattle as if they had been worth $200,000 instead of half that amount."

### A Quick Cure for Bolshevism

Of course the drought area was larger by far than the present developed oil territory; but few, indeed, are the counties in which the landowners have no hopes or in which tests are not being made. The wildcatters are spreading out fanwise in nearly every direction from the developed fields, and oil has actually been found in about half a dozen counties of the drought area.

But natural poverty and a three years' drought were not all the countryside had to suffer from. Perhaps because of these very conditions an organization sprang up in Western Texas more than a year ago to resist the draft. Its motto was "The dirk, the pistol and the Bible," and its modest purpose was to kidnap President Wilson, put an ignorant little stone mason in his place as provisional President, and seize the railroad and telegraph lines. Always a stench in the nostrils of the majority of inhabitants, who were as loyal and patriotic as any other Americans, the organization was soon suppressed by the Government and three of its leaders convicted.

In summing up the case for his clients the attorney for the defense pointed to them and exclaimed, as he threw himself upon the mercy of the court: "This is the greatest collection of ignorance ever brought together in a court room!"

But it was exactly the sort of propaganda and organization that might be expected in any territory where it is almost impossible to wrest a living from the soil. Some months later, after oil had been struck, a newspaper man from another part of the state who had attended the trial had occasion to revisit the county seat, some distance southwest of Ranger.

"What has become of all the farmers round here who belonged to that Bolshevist organization?" he asked a native.

"Oh, they have forgotten all about it since they struck oil," was the answer. "They have all bought sixes and moved to town."

Poverty of soil, drought and socialism—all these have been swept away like autumn leaves before the oily blast of new wealth, prosperity and business activity.

Ranger itself was a "sand street" village of six or seven hundred inhabitants a year ago. To-day there are at least twelve thousand people there, and they go and come, often at the rate of nearly fifteen hundred a day.

It was midnight when we reached Ranger, and we went to bed at once in a room where three or four other men were already sleeping, two in a bed.

The first drowsy words I heard in the morning were these: "What was the trouble?"

"Oh, he mixed his fingers up in an electric fan."

"Who'd you get?"

"Oh, some feller hanging round."

"Who was he?"

"I don't know; he just blew into town."

The day I was in Ranger sixteen hundred people came in, eleven hundred of whom the local authorities estimated would remain. A local paper had announced some time before, with great pride and in large black type, that half a million people had visited Ranger since oil had been struck, and then with singular journalistic modesty took the wind out of its own sails by admitting that this was more than had ever heard of the place before oil was discovered.

### The Town of Money and Muss

Whatever the natives may think of the town now they cannot be accused of having had any illusions as to its attractions and metropolitan characteristics before the oil came. A young man who was born there and had never been any distance away until he was eleven years old, when he went to the Dallas Fair, told me of his impressions upon returning:

"When I got off the train coming back and looked round I realized for the first time what sort of a place I lived in. I can even now remember the shock of it and of saying to myself involuntarily: 'My, what a little place this is!'"

But there was nothing little about Ranger when we reached it a few weeks ago. We rode through what seemed to be miles of pipe-line camps, tents, tanks, rigs, machinery, horses and piles of lumber, pipes, casing, and the like. We had been lost for an hour or so in the cañon country at the east, where the faint apology for trails had been too much in the impenetrable darkness even for the native who drove the car. It might have been discouraging had it not been for the bubbling good nature of a soldier of fortune of oil in the party who burst into lowbrow poetry at each mishap, a sample being:

*Traveling out in Western Texas*
*In a longhorn motor car,*
*Peering through the gloomy darkness,*
*Wondering where in heck we are.*

Perhaps it was the contrast, but Ranger proved as noisy throughout the night as Broadway, not from disorder and revelry, but because of the constant movement of trucks, automobiles, trains and machinery. It is said that even a deaf-and-dumb couple who sold out at enough to make them comfortable for the rest of their lives left Ranger and moved farther west to a new farm, because they could not stand the noise and excitement.

The story may be true or not, but there are exceedingly few persons who take an oil boom in that way. Wherever I went the overwhelming majority of people caught in the tidal wave of prosperity were buoyed up, nourished and stimulated by the excitement. It is not exaggeration to say that to most of the inhabitants the oil boom has proved an elixir of life. If Ponce de León had only found an oil well when he visited America he would not have been wholly disappointed in his search for the imaginary cordial.

The sun had hardly risen when I walked out into the yard of the house where we had spent the night. Our hostess, a bright, alert, pleasant-voiced young woman, wife of a local physician, was talking to the other members of the party. Round about was the most indescribable muss I had ever seen.

A few feet away drilling was going on, and the derrick, of course, overtopped all the houses. The yard was full of lumber, a huge boiler, broken fences, and more objects than it seemed possible to concentrate into a small space except by an earthquake or heavy bombardment.

At one side a handsome modern bungalow was going up. In this the family intended to live as soon as it could be completed. Their side yard they expected to rent for several hundred dollars a month, and an apartment house would soon go up on the site of the old cottage in whose very limited number of rooms they had accommodated fourteen or fifteen oil-company officials every night at so much per head. There was a tidy income also from the well in the yard, though it was far from being a gusher. The family was interested, also, in several hundred acres of land outside the town which might make them all millionaires any moment, and the yard in which we stood with its little cottage, worth only a couple of thousand dollars a few months before, could be sold at any time for perhaps thirty thousand dollars. No wonder the young woman who stood so erect and alert as she talked to us radiated vigor and satisfaction.

"I wish I could ask you to breakfast," she said after she had apologized for the sleeping accommodations, which though crowded had been comfortable and probably the best in town, "but, as you can see, circumstances are not altogether favorable. I want to apologize for the muss, however. We really are trying to clear it up, but you can see what an awful job it is."

"Don't apologize," interrupted the professional oilman in the party, "for there is a dollar sign on every muss."

Neither the young woman nor her mother who stood beside her seemed to object to that statement. A year before the mother had been ill and depressed. Several members of her family had died and she had suffered severely from rheumatism. But the boom had put new life into her, new hope and vigor. Only the stupidest, dullest person could fail to respond to that wine-like stimulation, that quickened sense of energy. It permeated, even in a few minutes, one's whole mental and physical system.

### The Progressive Mayor of Ranger

We had breakfast at the Oklahoma Eating House, a low-ceilinged wooden room, whose proprietress had struck town a few months before with a cash capital of perhaps fifty dollars and a pretty daughter to act as waitress. She was reputed to be clearing three thousand a month when we were there, probably an exaggeration, but not much of one at that, judging from the number of customers served and a rough computation of the profits. She sat near the door clutching her cash bag, and was greeted affectionately as Mother by the workmen who came and went. The leading hotel, a somewhat more pretentious place, was reputed to be making enough to "pay out"—that is, to pay off the original investment—in short order.

From the restaurant we went across the street to see the manager of the Chamber of Commerce, who proved to be in effect mayor, chief of police, fire commissioner, health officer, industrial commissioner, road, water and sewer commissioner, organizer of new hotels and a water company, and general all-round village boss, ruler and autocrat. He had barely started to talk to us when a great commotion rose and he rushed from the building. We followed more slowly and had hardly reached the street when we saw him in charge of a huge modern fire engine, engaged, with the help of about a thousand volunteers, in putting out a fire in the Oklahoma Eating House, from which we had just come. The fire was put out in a moment, but the fire chief, restored at once to his more tranquil capacity of manager of the Chamber of Commerce, expressed a fervent desire that the town might not burn down on his hands.

"But why such an enormous fire engine?" I inquired.

"The first thing I did when I was brought here a few months ago to take charge was to buy that engine. Fire is the one great enemy of a place like this."

The growing pains of a town like Ranger are almost beyond description. It is not alone the job of feeding the newcomers; a far more serious problem is that of furnishing them with good water, places to sleep and sanitary accommodations. The dumping upon such a place of tank farms and vast stores belonging to the pipe lines and supply houses adds to the confusion, dirt and difficulty.

Often, too, in these boom oil towns the natives are extremely reluctant to give up the privilege of drilling in the front and back yards; but as long as they are permitted to drill there no fire-insurance company will write a cent of insurance. People who rush in to open much-needed stores and restaurants are often held up for weeks trying to persuade nice old ladies to lease their homes for such a purpose rather than for drilling. Nor can the native be altogether blamed. Where he or she might get a few hundred dollars a month renting a little old house for mercantile or restaurant purposes there is always the gambler's chance of making millions from a well. But in time the more public-spirited element among the natives and the newcomers, who always consider themselves natives after about three months' residence, comes to the top and proceeds either to outvote the more selfish elements or to buy them out.

### Unanimously Elected

Another serious problem is to expand the railroad and postal facilities fast enough. Until the post-office staff was enlarged it was said that at one time more than a thousand men a day were unable to get their mail owing to the sheer physical inability of handing it out; and I saw a line nearly a block long, though it is now a second-class office. Banks seem to accommodate themselves more easily to the changed conditions, though their deposits have increased more than tenfold in less than a year, and the number of daily checks vastly more than that.

Ranger had no government when the boom broke upon it, but the more public-spirited residents immediately hired a chamber-of-commerce expert from one of the large cities as village boss, and the county commissioners gave him and his backers authority to act. Some way can always be found to regulate an oil town when its population suddenly expands, though there are methods less polite than Ranger's. When Casper, Wyoming, first hit the map great need was felt for a mayor, and a mass meeting was called. The chairman, totally ignorant of parliamentary rules, floundered more and more as time went on, until he was helped out by a white-haired oil operator who sat in the crowd.

"Let's elect the old guy with frosted feathers mayor," said the chairman in great relief.

"But I am a resident of Omaha," protested the oilman.

"That makes no difference, does it, boys?" asked the chairman.

"Hell, no!" came from a thousand throats.

"We are coming on," the village boss of Ranger told me. "We are now putting in water, gas and sewers. More than two thousand people were inoculated when we had a typhoid scare. Next we shall have paved streets and good roads. We have rules regulating buildings, prohibiting drilling in portions of the town, regulating traffic and parking. Everything will be all right if only the town doesn't burn down and if we can find places for people to sleep when the winter comes on. Thousands are now sleeping in tents, walking the streets and sitting in automobiles at night."

The streets of Ranger resemble the most exaggerated, feverish melodramatic movie ever conceived of, combined with a circus and a Buffalo Bill show. There are automobiles in numbers that seem to equal the busiest streets of New York or Chicago. No doubt the effect is heightened by the enormous open-air garages, every vacant

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lot being given over to the open-air sale and repair of cars. The sidewalks are a medley of oil-company officials, surveyors, farmers, cowboys, supply men, promoters, and more varieties and descriptions of mechanics and workmen than I had ever supposed existed. Yet there was no sign of disorder, and there had been only one killing in three months, due no doubt to the vigilance of the squad of Texas Rangers who were stationed there and who grab the crooks as they step off the trains.

Perhaps the most interesting place round Ranger is several miles from the town, where a frenzy of drilling is taking place in the immediate vicinity of a church, graveyard and schoolhouse. A magnificent well, producing butter-colored, or golden, lubricant oil, was running to waste the day we were there. About five thousand dollars leaked out over an adjacent cotton field, ruining the cotton, whose loss, however, was nothing to that of the oil.

A former employee of one of the big oil companies, a driller who had set up in business for himself, had decided some time before that he would like to drill on the acre or two where the schoolhouse stood. One has to act quickly in the oil business, and he routed out all the school trustees at night, paying them a bonus of many thousand dollars in addition to a one-eighth interest in the production. The well proved so productive that he "paid out" cost of drilling, cash bonus and all, in a couple of weeks' time. Stung by this success the company for which he had formerly worked started to drill a dozen holes on near-by property, and a wild race was under way to see who would get the oil out of the ground first. The Government intervened, however, and limited the number of competitive or offset wells.

Then the independent operator, who only a short time before was working for day wages, is said on excellent authority to have offered to stop bucking the big company if it would pay him one million dollars and an interest in the production. This was angrily refused, and later events have shown that there is enough oil for both to grow rich upon.

Meanwhile wells were drilling a few feet from the church itself, and there remained only the graveyard, quite a large tract of land. It is not an unknown thing to remove graveyards in the oil fields, and one of the favorite stories of the professionals has to do with the operator who was never able to strike oil until he drilled in a cemetery, when luck turned his way. But the cemetery near Ranger is the oldest one in that part of the state, and the congregation decided that drilling there would be desecration. So the cemetery stands to-day undefiled, though, of course, surrounded by wells. But in order that the congregation might not change its mind the operators who were drilling in the neighborhood offered the congregation sixteen thousand dollars, not for permission for themselves to drill but in return for an agreement not to permit anyone else to drill on the site.

### Filial Piety in the Oil Fields

The story is going the rounds that in another tract of land not far from the cemetery there is a small private family burying ground. One day an oilman was approached by a native who said he had a small plot to lease near one of the biggest wells.

"Why, I know that place like a book," said the oilman, "and I can't remember a single piece of land to be had round there."

"Well, it's only sixteen feet by twenty. I know it's too small for a standard rig, but couldn't you put a star rig on it?"

"Perhaps," replied the operator, "but where is it? I can't remember a plot even that small."

"The old man's buried there," was the native's explanation, "but I guess he can be removed."

This pleasing little anecdote I did not attempt to verify in the sense of finding either the lot or the owner, but several responsible persons, including the secretary of one of the big oil companies, declared it to be true.

"Perhaps it is true," I remarked to him skeptically, "but it seems shocking to me, all the same."

"Why," he retorted, "where is there anything so out of the way in that? Just think of the oil they might get out! It's near one of the biggest producers in the district. And besides they drill a hole only a few inches in diameter. They could drill right alongside the remains and not disturb them."

Frankly, however, and without seeking undue rhetorical effect, I can say that Ranger is a quiet, peaceful town as compared with Burkburnett, something more than a hundred miles to the north. Up to ninety days previous to my visit this once quiet and agriculturally prosperous little village had never been disturbed by oil, though the large Electra field is only twenty miles away and other developments in the countryside were and are numerous. Late in July oil was discovered on a farm near the village, and people suddenly awoke to the fact that production was heading toward the little clump of houses that stand on top of a dome or small hill. Then the place went literally mad in quite a different sense from Ranger.

Not only are vast tracts of land all about the Ranger field owned or leased by big companies but the cost of drilling makes it essentially a big man's game. It has been necessary in many cases to go down more than three thousand feet, and a single well usually costs $40,000 or even $50,000. But the oil in the village of Burkburnett is close to the surface and drilling is half or less than half as costly. With the land split up among numerous owners it was and is possible for the little fellows to get into the game, and this they have done with a vengeance, bucking one another hard, each in a frantic rush to get the oil out before his neighbor.

### Happy Stockholders

They are drilling in side yards, front yards and back yards, right beside and even under porches of houses, on the railroad right of way, under the water tower, everywhere. If the Government had not interfered they would have put the derricks directly touching one another. Even with present restrictions there are three hundred oil wells in various processes in this little town. I did not stop to look at every well, but noticed that the little cottage homes, that must have been clean and pleasant only a few weeks before, were blackened and shabby, that the whole place was a welter of noise, dirt, soot and confusion.

Even the bank looked like a New York Subway rush, and the cashier had to push his way through a great crowd of roughly dressed men in front of his desk to reach us. He said his deposits had increased more than a million dollars in five weeks. His nervous, eager air showed that even the usual dignity of banking cannot always be maintained under such abnormal conditions of growth and prosperity. But like everyone else he seemed to like it. Who minds a few months of noise and confusion if it means great riches?

Almost the first thing one hears about in Ranger—or anywhere in Western Texas, for that matter—is the Texas and Pacific Coal Company. At least that used to be the name of the concern, though now it has quite properly added the word oil to its title. This corporation—and more especially its president, Edgar L. Marston, and its general manager, W. K. Gordon—is looked upon by a goodly number of counties as a sort of savior.

This company has made the supremely big killing in the Texas field, and it is pretty much another case of to them that hath shall be given. For the bulk of the stock is owned by a relatively few well-known millionaire and multimillionaire families, estates and individuals in and round New York. But the contrast between the Eastern and ownership end of the company and the rough oil boom is less marked than it might seem at first flush. For Mr. Marston, though for years a Broad Street banker, close associate and confidant of the Rockefellers and director in numerous big banks, railroad and industrial corporations, had his first business training in the cattle business in Indian Territory some forty years ago, and has been interested in the Southwest ever since.

The Texas and Pacific Coal and Oil Company has three hundred thousand acres of land in the heart of the new oil fields, nearly a third of which it owns in fee. It is one of the oldest coal and brick companies in the Southwest, and led a placid, uneventful existence with its six per cent annual dividends for many years. In drilling for oil a few years ago the manager found gas, and thought there might be oil. This was a few miles east of Ranger. Now though Ranger is in a poor dry country its business men are by no means slow. A committee waited on Mr. Gordon and asked him to drill some holes near Ranger. This the company agreed to do if a committee of business men would lease up for the company all the land in the country round about.

The company did its part, spending perhaps half a million dollars or even more in experimental work. But the Rangerites also did their share, and it is doubtful if ever in the history of industry, not even excepting the Standard Oil Companies, has any corporation enjoyed such extraordinary good luck, such a horseshoe, as did the T. & P. For it paid only from twenty-five cents to a dollar or so an acre for its immense acreage a couple of years ago. To-day, in rare cases the leases that cost these nominal sums can be sold for $7500 an acre, and speaking more generally an original investment of $5000 in leases could be sold by this company for $1,000,000. In return for several million dollars' cash consideration it has graciously permitted several of the Standard and big independent oil companies to do the actual work of development on portions of its property, the proceeds to be divided fifty-fifty, but the expenses to be borne by the oil companies. It is the opinion of the oil industry that in all probability no concern ever held so rich and extensive an oil acreage as the Texas and Pacific.

But do not suppose, dear reader, that this is a sure tip to buy a nice low-priced stock. It may or may not be cheap at the price, but it is surely not low, the price at this writing being just about one thousand dollars a share. Oil was first discovered in impressive quantities in October, 1917. The stock was then selling at 130. On November 28, 1917, long before it had reached 200, President Marston sent a circular to all the stockholders telling them that oil had been found, and warning them not to sell their stock. Strangely enough there was no marked advance for some time. Even in January it was only 200. In March it reached 500, and stockholders began to get uneasy. They wrote to officers or called upon them in person wanting to know what to do, whether to hold or sell. For some the temptation was irresistible, but the majority held on.

### Inside Information

Of course, as in every other great historic financial killing there are the sad stories of those who did not get aboard though strongly urged. This one I know to be true: A banker in a city not a great ways from Ranger had been acquainted with a young woman who married not altogether to his liking. The husband seemed unable to get a steady job or make a living, and more than once "touched" the banker.

Finally the family became so reduced that the husband said he must have another ten dollars or his wife would actually be in want. Many times he wrote to the banker promising to return the ten dollars and regretting his inability to do so. In one of his letters he said that he couldn't return the money just yet, but added:

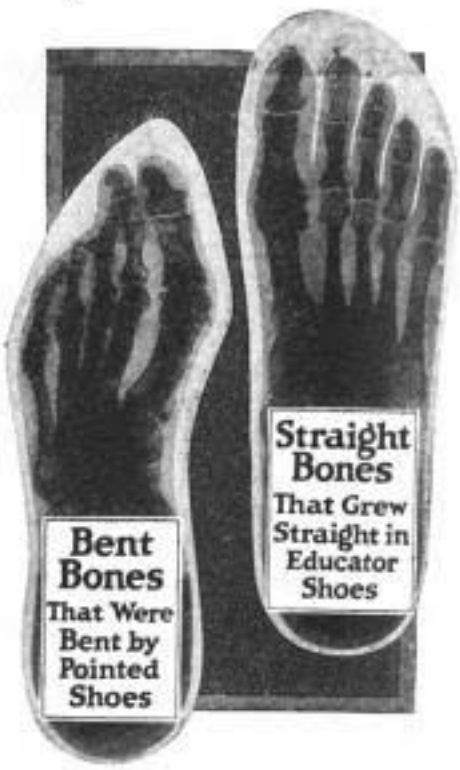
"I can't repay the money now, but I can do this for you. Here is a tip: Buy Texas and Pacific Coal."

The banker never bought any of the stock, but much to his surprise it began to soar shortly thereafter. After it had got up round 900 he received another letter from the young man, in which regret was still expressed that he could not repay the ten dollars, but which intimated that he had more than repaid it in another way, and disclosed to the banker for the first time the fact that the young man was not only holding down a job but one where he had first-hand knowledge practically of all the oil activities of the company.

"And the worst of it was," said the banker ruefully as he told the incident, "that the young man said he supposed of course I had got aboard."

It would be most misleading, however, to convey the idea that a great oil boom like those round Ranger and Burkburnett enriches only a few big corporations. Oil is no respecter of persons, so in another article I propose to tell how the pot at the end of the rainbow has been dumped out upon all manner of men and women, what they do with the stuff when they get it, and how others have failed to get any of it.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr. Atwood on the oil boom in the Southwest.


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# Goblin Soap
## WORKS WONDERS




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# UNCLE SAM, RAILROADER

(Continued from Page 4)

almost at the very beginning of the present year.

Before I am done with this topic I am going to return to this phase. I merely refer to it here and now because I should like to ask any keen-minded resident of Detroit if eighteen months ago he could have even conceived a Wabash through-freight bound from St. Louis to Buffalo passing through the Michigan Central tunnel under the Detroit River. Not a bit of it. The Michigan Central is one of the richest and most aristocratic of the rich and aristocratic Vanderbilt roads. It does not reach St. Louis, but there are other Vanderbilt roads that do. So, under the old order of things, if public sentiment had tended to force the Wabash into the Michigan Central tunnel and terminals it would have been at a rental cost which if not actually prohibitive to the weaker road would have been a fearful added burden to it. At Pittsburgh it once had its fill of terminal burdens.

Conceive, if you will, of the Pennsylvania Railroad—conceding nothing to the Michigan Central in aristocracy—in other days permitting the weaker and competing Baltimore and Ohio to share the occupancy of the superb terminal which it built in the heart of the city of New York, quite largely as a monument to Pennsylvania enterprise and farsightedness. Yet the passenger trains of the B. & O. have now been using the big Pennsylvania Station in Seventh Avenue for so many months that it seems all but impossible to think of the day when one had to reach them first by crossing to the somewhat inaccessible waterfront of Manhattan Island, there boarding a ferryboat, which in course of time brought one to the passenger terminal at Jersey City; a rather tedious business which had the effect of overloading the Pennsylvania's through trains out of New York, while those of the Baltimore and Ohio were more apt not to have their full complement of passengers.

By placing the Baltimore and Ohio trains for Philadelphia, Washington and the West in the Pennsylvania Station and so giving equal terminal facilities a better traffic balance was secured, with the direct result not only of permitting the removal of some of the through trains but also of giving a more even filling to the trains of both roads. Moreover, the policy was adopted of making the tickets between New York and Washington and the larger intermediate points of the roads completely interchangeable. The facts that the passenger receipts, as well as those of the freight, of both go into a common pot and that each is paid on a fixed basis of former earnings make this easily possible without many complications of bookkeeping.

The most notable consolidations of passenger service under the government administration, however, have come in the central parts of the land. In the district round about Chicago under private and competitive control there was a great waste of through-passenger train service. With six competing railroads from Chicago to the Twin Cities, six to Omaha, six to Kansas City, four to St. Louis and three to Cincinnati, to say nothing of four between Kansas City and St. Louis; and almost every one of these roads trying to maintain a service as good as its competitors', if not better, there was a vast preponderance of through-passenger trains. And many times to the cost of weaker or branch lines, even of well-to-do systems.

### Readjusting Through Service

It was not at all uncommon for a branch line, particularly if it passed through a non-competitive district, to be paying with its all too few and overcrowded local trains for the extravagances of the underfilled through ones upon the main. The little wheezy locomotive and the two forty-year-old battered day coaches of the down local to Willettsburg or Sand Corners ofttimes was and still is the upkeep of the lordly limited, all Pullmans and aristocratic from the point of the pilot of its crack new locomotive to the far tip of its brass railed observation platform. Do not forget that. And also do not forget that a good proportion of the voting population of any state lives upon the branch lines. Which may have accounted in the past for some pretty radical railroad legislation and regulation.

Moreover, from Chicago to the group of cities a night's ride distant from it in several directions the plethora of superb trains moved in competitive squadrons. By that I mean that, even though there were four railroads between that city and St. Louis, for example, and fifteen through trains in each direction, there were to all practical purposes but three or four. For competition bunched the trains so that there was an important group of through expresses leaving Chicago at noon and another important group at midnight, with two or three less important slower expresses at nine in the morning and again at nine in the evening. An intelligent centralized management would seemingly have found it possible to distribute fifteen through trains so there would be a through train from Chicago to St. Louis—or the reverse—almost each workaday hour. The through service between New York and Washington and between New York and Boston is so distributed.

Even under centralized control, however, such an even distribution of passenger trains between midland cities of the United States is not entirely possible, for even in the case which we have before us there are important connections to be reckoned with, both at Chicago and at St. Louis. These trains must be met, and if the best through-passenger trains for the Southwest leave the St. Louis Union Station at about nine o'clock in the evening the resident of Decatur, which is on the main line of the Wabash, and of Springfield, which is on the main line of the Chicago and Alton, should in all fairness have equal chances at them.

### The Rights of Monticello

Yet despite this hindering factor centralized authority has succeeded in cutting the fifteen through trains in each direction down to nine, and in slightly spreading the leaving times. The result apparently works little hardship to the through traveler between Chicago and St. Louis. The train on which he rides may be a little longer and a little better filled than usual, but its running time and its equipment, save for the possible elimination of the observation car, are practically unchanged. And 15,706 train miles and 9538 tons of coal are being saved in Chicago-St. Louis passenger service each month.

But how about Monticello?

Monticello, Illinois, is not a big town as big towns go, but it is an enterprising county seat of some 2000 folk situate on the Chicago-St. Louis main line of the Wabash just a few miles northeast of Decatur. And it has definite rights. Do not forget that. In the old days of private control—sin-filled and wasteful competitive control if you wish to call it so—there were four through trains and two locals through Monticello in each direction each day. And the Monticello banker or merchant who wanted to run down to St. Louis and come back at night had an easy affair of it. But to-day with the government train consolidation he may get up in the middle of the night and catch the two-thirty train south or else wait for the next express at four-five in the afternoon.

Let me repeat: Monticello has definite rights to adequate railroad transportation. And this holds true whether that transportation comes from the Government or the individual. Monticello—ten thousand Monticellos, if you please, have a considerable voting population. And ten thousand Monticellos are beginning to ask if government operation is going to offer them no relief from the ills of private operation. It is as nothing to them that there has been a saving of trains and of train mileage between Chicago and St. Louis, with no apparent diminution of the service between those two metropolitan cities; they simply know that there has been a great lessening of their own service. And though they were willing to accept such a lessening as a part of their war sacrifice they do not intend to accept it as a permanent transportation condition—either from the Government or from private capital.

We have digressed—purposely. The reductions in through-passenger service that we have seen between Chicago and St. Louis were accomplished elsewhere through the Central West—in fact through the entire country—in greater or less degree, and on such long hauls as between Chicago and the Pacific Coast by cutting out duplicate services and assigning the fastest through service to the shortest and most direct route to each of the coast cities. Thus it was that the Santa Fe became the preferred route to Los Angeles; the Northwestern-Union Pacific-Southern Pacific combination by way of Omaha and Ogden to San Francisco; the Burlington and Northern Pacific to Portland; and the Milwaukee through to Seattle. And in order to allay any bitterness or jealousies between those Far Western cities McAdoo ordered that the running time between Chicago and each of them be fixed at a uniform figure—seventy-two hours for the fastest trains and seventy-eight hours for the slower ones.

This plan, in the large, has held. There are some pretty big and powerful Monticellos between Chicago and the coast. Denver is one of them, Omaha is another, Kansas City is a third. And because, to make a single instance, any one of these cities demands a fairly quick and efficient service to Portland and the Puget Sound points, it was necessary to some extent to modify the simplified route plan and give these intermediate points through train or Pullman service.

These changes and others like them have brought great savings in passenger mileage. That cannot be denied even though one is tempted to add a doubting corollary as to the shattering of the finest passenger service that any land ever has received. The war crisis demanded curtailments. The railroads themselves recognized that, and from May 1, 1917, up to the end of that year their war board succeeded in reducing the passenger service by 28,656,983 train miles.

Yet that was not a circumstance to the slashing done by the Federal Administration. In September last McAdoo reported to President Wilson that he had succeeded in eliminating trains to the extent of 47,420,000 more miles a year. And the end is not yet in sight; any of the ten thousand Monticellos can tell you that.

That such reductions brought great savings in operating expenses and cleared the track for a more expeditious movement of troop trains and munitions can hardly be denied, though if one had the time and patience to go into the matter he would not have to go very far to discover that much of the train-mileage saving was made on side lines and branch lines where troop train and munition traffic was no factor whatsoever. But savings are savings, whether they come from cutting out this train or that or in this yard or terminal or that or by the consolidation of terminals and ticket offices or by reducing forces and wages, this last, however, not accomplished.

The savings through unified operation in the Chicago switching district alone up to September first last were estimated to be at the rate of more than a million dollars a year.

### Great Savings—on Paper

The retiring Director General of Railroads has laid much stress upon the savings which he purposed to accomplish by abolishing the traffic-soliciting departments. To do this he cut out advertising—an annual expenditure in excess of seven million dollars—the so-called "off-line offices" which the larger roads held in cities quite removed from their own tracks, and consolidated city ticket offices. To begin with, this advertising policy was quite in keeping with the general policy of a Government that never has recognized paid advertising as a legitimate and fundamental business, but has struggled in every possible way to get through the back door of free publicity. The abandonment of off-line offices as well as the curtailment of train service has meant economy at the expense of the comfort and necessities of the railroad patron.

Big mercantile and manufacturing concerns generally maintain traffic departments which solve their transportation problems for them. The smaller business, however, has no such resource.

In other days a New England manufacturer anxious to know about local conditions in Arizona or New Mexico generally could discover them quickly and authoritatively by consulting the Santa Fe man or the Southern Pacific man down in Washington Street, Boston. Nowadays he can scratch his head and try to dig the information out of a New Haven road clerk who is willing enough, but who in the whole course of his life probably never has been nearer Albuquerque than Woonsocket or Worcester.

The saving accomplished by the closing of all the off-line offices across the land has been estimated by the Railroad Administration at about twelve million dollars a year. To this it adds $7,000,000 saved on advertising and some $4,000,000 by the consolidation of city ticket offices. This last, however, is what some bankers call a "paper figure." If it had been possible to sublet the former city offices of the railroads immediately this four millions of savings would be actuality, but save in a few cities this has not been done. In New York and in Chicago, in particular, not three or four but dozens of these former city offices in high-priced rental locations still stand empty. Someone still is paying rentals on them.

### Who Pays for Empty Offices?

There has been a bit of controversy as to the identity of that someone. The Railroad Administration has maintained that it is the old railroad corporations that should assume the rental charges of these offices and so transform its $4,000,000 from paper savings into actualities. But the railroads have objected. The most of them feel that already there are too many deductions from their guaranties; that as it is it is going to be difficult to meet their stock and bond obligations. And this very question of the rental charges against the hastily abandoned city ticket offices is one of the many questions now in adjudication between the Administration and the roads. To the average business man it would seem offhand as if taking over the railroads as a war emergency did not render it absolutely necessary to consolidate city ticket offices by the rental of large new quarters—not at least until the leases upon the existing offices had expired.

For the sake of argument, concede the saving in consolidated ticket offices actually made—the $23,566,633 of traffic savings actually accomplished. It is a point that the keen-minded McAdoo has stressed; that and the savings to be accomplished by cutting down salaries.

The salary question is one of the most interesting and vital in the entire railroad problem to-day. Translated into its broader aspect of wages it may be fairly called the nub of the problem. For it is quite possible that without the mounting of the pay roll McAdoo through the real economies we have just seen might actually have made a saving in his operation of the railroads of the United States, even despite the great advances in the costs of raw materials. I am referring, however, to the pay envelopes of the rank and file of the employees, not to the pay checks of the operating and executive officers of the roads.

It was these last that seemed to stick in the minds of the Federal Railroad Administration when first it went into office.

"The railroads are being robbed by their officers," it said in so many words. "The big men are drawing outrageous salaries." And on one occasion it gave specific notice through the daily press that it would pay no executive a salary of more than twelve thousand dollars a year.

It was to be noticed, however, that McAdoo himself did not make these statements. On the contrary he did an extremely courageous thing and fixed the salaries of his seven regional directors at $40,000 to $50,000 a year each. It was fortunate that he did not have to go to Congress for its approval for these salaries.

The member from Toad's Corners would have had a conniption fit at the very thought of such a salary—why, the president of the bank up at the county seat only draws $4000 a year. And a member of Congress but $7500!

After all, what is a fair salary for a man? Shall we judge it by comparisons—and know that Charlie Chaplin is reputed to earn $500,000 in the twelvemonth that the bishop of Western Oklahoma receives but $1800? Yet each in his own way is a saver of souls. I think that in this cold-blooded era in a cold-blooded world we had better

(Continued on Page 39)

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"A Kelly-Springfield truck and trailer moving one-half of the Ferndale bridge, which was erected near Bellingham, Washington. This section weighs eighteen tons net and is being hauled over the Blaine-Ferndale concrete road."
—*The Commercial Car Journal.*

NOTE THE WOOD WHEELS EVERYWHERE

# A steel bridge hauled on wood wheels

No one ever comments on the fact that wood wheels are everywhere carrying their RATED loads without mishap.

Only unusual performances arouse us to their EVERYDAY worth.

Out in Washington a steel bridge, each section of which weighed eighteen tons, had to be transported several miles. The task was successfully accomplished by a truck and trailer equipped with wood wheels.

A spectacular evidence of the DEPENDABILITY of wood wheels! But no more significant than the UNIFORM performance of wood wheels under all conditions everywhere every day.

AUTOMOTIVE WOOD WHEEL MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION
105 North 13th Street Philadelphia

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

# WOOD WHEELS for MOTOR VEHICLES

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(Continued from Page 37)

say that a fair salary is dependent largely upon the demand for a man's services. If we take this attitude we shall not find the regional directors overpaid. In fact there was hardly one of them who did not receive from $10,000 to $50,000 a year more from the private corporations—in one way or another—than Uncle Sam now is paying him; and hardly one of them who because of his vast executive experience could not command a higher figure in private industry outside of railroading.

And McAdoo himself has added consistency to courage in stating in his resignation to the President his firm belief that the job of Director General itself should carry fair compensation. He is right. The railroad system of the United States is not an eleemosynary institution, not the Red Cross. It is a revenue-producing business that Uncle Sam now has and as such can well afford to pay an executive and pay him well. Yet McAdoo with all his power could only grant fair salaries to his assistants and could not ask a reasonable compensation for himself. Which of itself is a sad commentary on government operation.

### Mr. Lane's Commission

Not that the retiring Director General was inclined toward extravagance. His report to President Wilson on September third last makes this quite clear. He then grouped the officers of the railroads receiving salaries of $5000 a year or more and showed that previous to his taking control of the railroads there were 2325 of these all the way across the land, who received a total of $21,320,187 a year. Under his policy of consolidations and reductions these had been brought down to 1925, with salaries of but $15,062,998. But in the meantime there had been created the central and regional Federal administrations, with 136 officers receiving $1,642,300. This last figure added to the one just preceding it gives $16,705,298 as the total officers' salary expense of the entire unified and government controlled railroad which now serves us. In other words, $4,614,889 has been saved by government operation as contrasted with private operation—the larger part of it, however, in salaries of corporation presidents, vice presidents and chairmen whom McAdoo refused to take into his organization, and who since have become further charges against the guaranties paid to the individual railroad.

Yet how piffling this four million dollars of savings appears when one comes to place it alongside the enormous increases that have been made in the pay envelopes of the rank and file of the railroaders, already, according to the best estimates, between $600,000,000 and $800,000,000; with the end not yet in sight. No fair-minded man will deny that the 1,750,000 railroaders of America were entitled to increases, and generous increases, too, in their pay. And no man who understands our railroad situation will deny that in the past far too many have been underpaid. For ten years I have been writing in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to try to show—even though in a human and imperfect way—the faith and loyalty and ability and persistence of the American railroad employee. I have tried to show the pathetic discrepancies in their pay envelopes; how in some cases division superintendents—and time was when a superintendency was a job toward which an engineer might look with longing as a reward for faithful service—received less wage than the men with good engine runs beneath them. And I have endeavored to depict how the railroads, fighting unionism with all the means at their command, themselves furnished the largest argument for their men to join the brotherhoods or the unions by the simple process of refusing to give voluntarily to their nonunion and unorganized forces the ratio of pay-envelope increases that they gave to their organized union forces—under coercion and compulsion. And sometimes I have suggested that the fair solution of the entire matter would be to place it in the hands of a competent commission who would study the problem from its fundamental beginning—the cost of living of the employee.

It was this plan that McAdoo followed as soon as he had come into office. He appointed a commission of highly capable men—Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane heading it; and this commission, despite a tremendous time pressure put upon it, did a good job. It reported a system of percentage increases based upon the railroaders' pay for the year ending December 31, 1915; the entire increases coming to some $300,000,000. The report was accepted by the Director General and after some little delay was put into effect, the pay increases being made retroactive to the beginning of the present year.

It would be idle to assert that the Lane commission rendered an ideal solution of the wage problem. It merely did the best it could at a time when wages in all other industries were jumping overnight and the railroads were holding only enough of their rank and file to make bare operation a possibility. And the fact that they could operate at all was due largely to the traditional loyalty and devotion of the American railroader. For so long a time had he been accustomed to receive less pay than his fellows who rendered equal or even less service in other industries that even the wartime bonuses made comparatively little impression upon him.

He found the first increases somewhat puzzling, however. There were many discrepancies—in some cases due to the fact that since December 31, 1915, certain railroads had accomplished large readjustments of their pay rolls. In one instance in particular a terminal agent went to his division superintendent, the wage award in his fingers.

"See here, boss, I don't like this," said he.

"What's the trouble with it?" was the reply.

"I can't figure it out except that I only get a raise of thirty dollars over the hundred and fifty per that I'm getting now. And Tom Conlin, our day car repairer, gets jumped from one hundred to two hundred and fifty a month."

The terminal agent's plight was not an unusual one, even though he did not realize that the two increases which he had had since 1915 acted against him at this time, and did not know that there were men whose pay under the percentage award plan would actually have been decreased if the award had not specifically exempted them. A careful consideration of the entire problem would probably have resulted in an award which combined the impartial percentage principle with one of differentials, only a little if any less impartial. But such a consideration would have been a year's task. Under the circumstances it is not fair to say that the Lane commission did anything less than a good job.

When one considers fairly the full question of a raise of his employees' pay he cannot escape a question as to what increased efficiency he may be gaining, if any. Here is a great Eastern railroad which today has 175,000 employees as against but 155,000 a year ago, when still under private control. Its pay roll for the present year will amount to approximately $250,000,000, an increase of $90,000,000 compared with 1917, and $120,000,000 compared with 1916. The increase for the present year over last year amounts to fifty-six per cent greater expense for wages and thirteen per cent larger working force; the increase in freight traffic handled, measured in ton miles, is averaging only in the neighborhood of a little more than eight per cent; the increase for July having been 7.8 per cent, and in August 9.7 per cent, which is a discrepancy in percentages well worth the attention of government-ownership advocates.

### The Raise in Rates

With an award from the first wage commission of more than $300,000,000 in wage increases, which since has been more than doubled, McAdoo's opportunity to keep his newly acquired continental railroad system from achieving a huge deficit—let alone making anything like a profit for Uncle Sam—began to grow very dim indeed. He was forced to do the logical thing—to raise the railroad rates. And having accepted the logical situation in a thoroughly logical way he made a clean job of it. He announced at the end of last May that the freight rates would be increased twenty-five per cent and the passenger rates to a minimum of three cents a mile, with an extra rate of half a cent a mile for Pullman passengers—or fifty to seventy-five per cent in excess of the existing rates.

"*C'est la guerre,*" said McAdoo; and the reply from patriotic America was without protest. In an instant he had accomplished the very thing that the railroads themselves had often sought to accomplish during the past decade—only in a vastly more moderate fashion. But partly because they were privately owned and partly because they never had really grasped the entire psychology of the American public mind they had never been able to do it. Instead they found that they were at the behest of forty-nine masters—as they themselves were wont to put it—and these masters were the regulatory commissions of the various states and the Federal Government. Not only were they hard masters in themselves but it seemed difficult to the point of impossibility even to get them to agree on a single national problem for a national utility.

With a sweep of his powerful arm McAdoo thrust aside these forty-nine erstwhile masters of the property he now headed. He knocked the state commissions into a cocked hat, and even the once powerful Interstate Commerce Commission—the pet and pride of Congress—he set up as rate clerks and law clerks and investigators in his Washington offices. They took his orders. And his advanced rates were not questioned.

### Where is Uncle Sam Steering?

In 1917 the railroad earnings of the United States for the first time in history went above $4,000,000,000. According to the best estimates, with rates and traffic both increased, the total revenues for 1918 should be well in excess of $5,000,000,000. Parenthetically it may be noticed that the predictions of railroad men in other days that higher passenger fares would not tend necessarily to lessen travel—as shown graphically in times past by the popularity of such excess-fare trains as the Twentieth Century, the Overland and the Santa Fe de luxe—have been borne out. Despite the lessened service and the increased discomforts passenger traffic upon our American railroads in August, 1918, was over eleven per cent in excess of that of August, 1917.

In the full twelve months of 1917 the operating expenses of our railroads—excluding a few unimportant short lines—were $2,828,179,855; their net operating income, $979,977,326. For the present year it has been estimated on the basis of figures already available for nine months that these expenses probably will be increased by at least a billion and a quarter dollars, more than half of which will be attributable to wage increases. It does not take much of an amateur accountant even to discover that without his rate increases our Uncle Samuel would have shown an actual operating deficit for the first year of the experiment in government operation. And so he would not have had one blessed cent to pay the annual rental guaranties of some $900,000,000 to the private owners of the properties.

Even as it is he is going to have some hard sledding to make that guaranty without dipping down into his strong box, which has had some fairly hard strains upon it of late. In the eight months ending September first, the railroads under Federal control had earned a net operating income of but $417,000,000, or nearly $200,000,000 short of the eight months' proportion of the guaranty to their owners. In the thirty days of September a slightly better showing was made. Yet the end of that month saw the total net income of the roads but $518,650,000 as compared with the $730,400,000 which the same roads earned in the first nine months of 1917 and had ready for the direct payment of their obligations to their owners. In fairness, however, it should be remembered too that the first $300,000,000 of wage increases was effective on January first last, but that the rate increases did not begin to show themselves until well into June. Which in part explains the better ratio of September and might perhaps be counted upon to reduce the deficit to a merely nominal sum, if it were not for the continuance of the raises in wages of the railroad employees.

This one thing to-day represents the really serious economic problem of the Federal administration of the railroads. It is the thing that must be giving the steersman on the craft real concern. For it is apparently the thing that is particularly difficult of any permanent or sound economic solution in a government enterprise where politics becomes hopelessly muddled with business.

Where is our Uncle Sam steering anyway?

Whither are our railroads drifting?

For drifting they certainly seem to be. I have taken much time and space to tell of the genuine achievements of the Railroad Administration and even then have not been able to tell the entire story. It is in the main a story of a job well done; under the circumstances of emergency, exceedingly well done. For McAdoo and his men recognized some very simple reforms; reforms to which former private control seemed to be quite blind. The introduction of simple table-d'hôte meals upon the dining cars plus the application of the Continental method, under which passengers are allotted definite dining-car seats at a definite and stated hour and so not compelled to stand awaiting their turn in the narrow aisle of a swaying car, are small things; yet they are large enough to show that someone in the Railroad Administration is looking out for the comparatively little things.

It is a fairly big thing that the railroads under government operation during the first seven months of the present year were able to accomplish the movement of even one-tenth of one per cent more traffic than the remarkable record made by the Railroads' War Board in the first seven months of 1917. It is a bigger thing that in August, 1918, the revenue in ton miles was more than seven per cent greater than in August, 1917, the actual tonnage increase even greater in proportion—and without a great congestion of the lines.

But when all these things in fairness are said and done, has it made the future of our railroad situation one whit more clear?

For, to continue a policy of frankness, it would hardly be fair to say that the Railroad Administration has not made mistakes, and plenty of them. It has strained at gnats and swallowed camels. It has combined terminals in some places and still permitted work to proceed without hindrance on two elaborate and utterly unnecessary passenger stations. I am referring in particular to the new station projects in Chicago and in Richmond, for no matter what may become of our railroads in the future it seems to be a pretty well recognized fact that never again will they be segregated into so many separate units as in the days before the war. And engineers who have made a careful and unbiased study of the entire Chicago terminal problem can see no reasons save pride and competition for the carrying forward of the $25,000,000 or the $30,000,000 union-station project there. A rearrangement of present station facilities unquestionably would accomplish the same result and also save a great capital expenditure. Of course it will be necessary to build a new central station down upon the lake front in the neighborhood of Twelfth Street, but that is a station which will be built in any event; it has nothing to do with the union-station problem.

### Stations in Richmond

The other station problem to which I refer is in Richmond. In the fine old capital of Virginia two competing trunk lines to the South have refused to enter the same passenger station and so have blocked a convenient and comfortable and entirely feasible union-station plan. The Seaboard Air Line, the Chesapeake and Ohio and the Southern Railway long have shared a station in Main Street, which might easily have been adapted and enlarged to accommodate the Atlantic Coast Line and the busy main road north to Washington. Yet this last road—the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac—in connection with the Atlantic Coast Line has persisted in building a new passenger station at Richmond, inconveniently located upon the outskirts of the city, and worse than that—like the proposed union station in Chicago—a useless capital expenditure because of mere competitive pride.

I wonder if when the Railroad Administration contemplates such projects, when it realizes the far greater capital expenditure that was necessary to give the competitive pride of the Pennsylvania Railroad a foothold in the Island of Manhattan, it does not wonder if unified government control plus a unified common sense could not have prevented such expenditures. Or does it believe that a unified government control could work out a sensible and permanent and thoroughly scientific solution of the vexatious wage problem without finding itself hopelessly smeared with log-rolling politics, without congressmen or their heelers going to division superintendents and demanding jobs for the favored few?

(Concluded on Page 43)

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(Concluded from Page 39)

The Railroad Administration is silent upon these things and merely has continued the scrambling of the railroad eggs. The men who are in control of it seem to be anxious to continue the present Railroad Administration. Surface indications at least would seem to bear this out. The elaborate consolidated city ticket offices are more than a mere war makeshift; the fact that, with peace come, the Railroad Administration is still proceeding toward both the standardization of equipment and of freight rates would seem to indicate that Uncle Sam is in no hurry to hand back the roads. For instance, of 100,000 government freight cars and 2000 locomotives ordered by the Federal Administration only 5000 of the cars and 400 of the locomotives had been delivered up to the fifteenth of November. Yet no contracts had been canceled even though the cars were then beginning to come at the rate of 800 and the locomotives at the rate of fifty a week.

They are good cars and they are good locomotives—good human locomotives, if you please, with humanitarian devices of mechanical coal-feeding and stoking; but the railroads do not want them. For one thing they are very high-priced—made at the peak of wartime labor and material prices; and for another thing most railroads prefer to design their own equipment.

"Foolish competition!" says our Uncle Samuel in answer to this. "Why not standardization, the best brains of the best designers, with all its simplicity and economy in parts and in repairs?" and adds: "Complete standardization will of course be impossible until the rolling stock and engines now in use shall have been entirely replaced by standardized types."

### Theoretical Policies Overworked

And as there are now some 2,400,000 freight cars in use in the country, and some 64,000 locomotives, it quickly can be seen that with a fair average annual output of 100,000 cars and 2000 locomotives it is going to be some time before we achieve a complete standardization. And in the meantime—some twenty-five or thirty years perhaps—the twelve standard types of cars and the six locomotives are merely to be added to the confusion of types already in existence. Moreover, practical railroad operators can see little real benefit in the standardized cars, and even less in the locomotives. Engines generally are designed with special reference to the operating conditions of the division over which they operate. For instance a single road like the Santa Fe will have a type of machine on the level stretches across the Illinois prairies vastly different from that used upon the steep grades of Raton Pass. And it hardly ever exchanges its motive power with any other railroad.

Then, too, we just have said that the average railroad prefers to design its own equipment. That means much. It means something like the army thing which in recent months has been described as morale. It means pride. It means the quickened interest and spirit that come with competition. It means the feeling that "our shops" at West Albany or Altoona or West Allis or Louisville or wherever they are are turning out bigger engines and better than our competitors'.

Let me see if I cannot make that more clear. A great railroad of the East whose morale has always been high, whose conductors and engineers were not merely stockholders in many instances but seemingly actual partners in the enterprise, has had a part of its pride in the fact that its passenger cars were painted red. A little thing, you think; and so it is in some ways. But when the other day the Railroad Administration ordered that those cars be slowly sent to the shops and painted the dark green which is common to most of our roads the officers and employees of that line felt as if they had been slapped in the face. And they appealed for a suspension of the order.

"Why not have the cars green, if it's the standard color?" you may find yourself asking. "Probably green would not be the standard if it were not the least expensive and the best wearing."

You are right. And you are wrong. Army aëroplanes are standardized. And yet upon the bottom surfaces of the wings of the great standardized flyers which we have sent overseas are sundry quaint conspicuous symbols, different one from the other. And those symbols mark morale—our corps, our squadron; or the other fellow's. It is the spirit of the good college fraternity, which without robbing alma mater of one whit of the devotion due her still raises the pride and honor of the fraternal chapter.

### Some Pointed Questions

Here then is the greatest complaint that I would make against the Railroad Administration: The standardization not merely of tickets or time-tables or freight cars or locomotives, but the attempt to standardize human beings. It cannot be done. And this particularly is true of American human beings; of American thought. We are individualists. And again this particularly is true of our business of railroading. Railroading is one of the most individual of businesses, with the largest of opportunities for initiative and enterprise.

Yet our Railroad Administration seemingly has been blind to this fundamental thing. One of its earliest acts was to attempt the abolition of the famous train names of America—the Congressional Limited, the Overland, the Twentieth Century, the Black Diamond—and to force the use of train numbers instead. That was a dangerous order. It hit morale in the face. Why call the Belle, Number Seventeen; and the Hummer, Number Eight? Why not call Jones Creek, Rivulet Number 484? Or the Inlet, Estuary Number 896? What monkey-doodle business was this that was coming out of Washington? That was what the older railroaders—the young ones too—began to ask. And the order was rescinded.

Paint the red cars green? The yellow ones too? One day I met a boy from Minneapolis down in a little hotel in Galveston. —"I'm homesick," he confided to me. "I want to go home—home to the land of the yellow cars."

And he referred to the dominating equipment of the Northwestern and the Milwaukee lines.

And why should the passenger equipment be lettered or the standardized locomotives and the cars be forced down the throats of the privately owned railroads? Or are there to be no privately owned railroads any more? Or government ownership? Or only the present makeshift plan of private ownership and government operation? But the present plan cannot continue, not at least as the law now stands. It states explicitly and beyond a shadow of a doubt that the Federal control of railroads shall not continue for more than twenty-one months following the date of the proclamation of the President of the exchange of ratifications of the Treaty of Peace.

And the President himself at the time of the taking over of the railroads said: "The common administration will be carried out with as little disturbance of the present operating organizations and personnel of the railways as possible. Nothing will be altered or disturbed which it is not necessary to disturb. . . . It is clearly in the public interest that the ordinary activities and the normal industrial and commercial life of the country should be interfered with and dislocated as little as possible."

There was nothing in Mr. Wilson's address which said a word about consolidating ticket offices or standardizing cars or engines or rates; absolutely nothing which would lead one to infer that it was necessary to scramble the railroad eggs so that possibly they might never again be unscrambled. Yet of this very thing the railroaders are to-day apprehensive. And in the bottom of their hearts they are wondering what sort of roads are to be handed back to them—twenty-one months after the ratification of the Treaty of Peace. How of the physical condition of tracks and rolling stock, of terminals, of interchange arrangements? And, what is far more important, how of the rates and the wage scales? Will Uncle Sam dare to meet popular favor and slash the rates as he hands the roads back to their private owners? And leave them to thresh the thing out as best they may, with a wage scale whose advances alone already equal that of the net operating income of the railroads in 1917? Or will he endeavor to induce his Congress to thrust the whole thing in the direction of government ownership?

The answers of these questions no man to-day knows. But one can think. And I think that the question is now fairly and squarely up to the incoming Congress. The political wiseacres of Washington already have interpreted the changed complexion of that new Congress from that of the old as a rebuke to government ownership of utilities slipped in as a war-emergency measure. They may or may not be right. But one thing fairly is assured: The new Congress will have its fat finger in the pie. And there is no conceivable event in the near future which will cause radical changes in national policy to be made—as a measure of great emergency. They will have to stand more squarely upon their merits.

### When the Roads are Handed Back

One thing more: Suppose the law remains unchanged and Uncle Sam does hand the railroads back to their former owners for operation. How will they then be operated? Shall we go back to a thousand or more separate railroads, back to forty-nine masters for them, back to the quarreling and the clamoring, the petty politics, all the national confusion that binds our carriers and prevents their development by the simple process of preventing them from properly financing themselves? I think not. I am more inclined to think that out of this chaos of hastily planned government operation we shall gain some sort of national transportation policy that will recognize the rights of the railroad patron, the railroad employee and the railroad owner; that will simplify and consolidate both operation and regulation; and that will insist that regulation carry with it responsibility.

This last point is of extreme importance. President Roosevelt recognized it in the important railroad legislation that was passed during his second term; in Taft's Administration, however, a statute was enacted which upset completely the constructive work of the Roosevelt Administration and refused to the carriers permission to raise their rates unless the initiative was taken in the Interstate Commerce Commission. With due respect to the high reputation of the Interstate Commerce Commission a more pernicious piece of legislation has rarely been enacted. The railroads in their days of greatest political power and manipulation never attempted anything half so raw as this. When the good-natured Mr. Taft had signed the act they were tied and bound. And the rates, with a few trifling exceptions, remained fixed until Mr. McAdoo, under the high powers of a war chief, raised them—from twenty-five to fifty per cent. And not only the rates but the self-financing powers of the roads also remained fixed. So it was that the properties began to deteriorate, with the direct result that when the great traffic arising from the war overseas suddenly was thrust upon them our railroads were in no physical condition whatsoever to handle it in any adequate fashion.

### Who is to be Our Moses?

Sometimes I look at the great railroad map that hangs above my desk and wonder if Fate will send us again a Hill or a Harriman—a man big enough to lead us through the vast transportation tangle in which to-day we struggle so impotently. McAdoo was an able man but he was not our Moses in this situation. Think of James J. Hill, and then you will see him not alone as a planner but as a builder. Recall that if Harriman had lived and kept his good health another five years he might have held all the mighty railroads of America in the hollow of his hand; and then understand that a man to work out our transportation salvation must have ruggedness and vitality as well as great ability even to attempt such a task.

We are not going to find our Moses easily. He perhaps may come from the ranks of present railroad executives who have for so many years made a careful study of the entire problem. But when one comes to analyze these men he finds them fearfully bound—by precedent and tradition and all the jealousies that are born of competition. He may be sitting to-day, as Harriman once sat, in the countingroom of some Wall Street banking house. Yet when one comes to consider the railroad question of to-day in all its fullest phases he must see the power of the professional banker railroader waning rather than growing stronger. He may come from the ranks of the professional politicians—but God forbid!

Yet from somewhere such a man is coming. He may advocate government ownership, or private, or a combination of the two. That is not the point. The point is that he will try to make the American public see its railroad not as greed or politics but as a vital breathing agent of its industrial life, second in importance only to its money system. And therein lies the hope.

It is not so long ago that our money system was a matter of eternal wrangling and readjustment. We lived in perpetual fears of panics and of money shortness. Yet now we have passed through the most critical financial situation of any nation and there has been no panic or money shortness. Why? Let me answer: It is because even before the war we took the money question out of politics and rancor and considered it and solved it, without bias and prejudice, purely as an economic question.

We can do the same with transportation. It is not more complicated than money. And until we do this very thing may I venture the prediction that we shall not deserve to emerge from the tangled woods of our railroad perplexities?



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*This un-retouched photograph shows the excellent condition of a 34 x 5 Goodyear Solid Tire which, in service on a right front wheel—the point of hardest wear in this case—thus far has delivered 14,904 miles on unit 6 of the Chicago Motor Bus Fleet*

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GOODYEAR
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# Chosen On Their Merits

DURING eighteen months, in which the Chicago Motor Bus Company increased its original fleet of ten busses to fifty and carried 7,266,271 passengers, the executives of the concern made one of the most extensive tests of solid tires ever conducted.

And today 90 per cent of the tires on these busses, which were specially designed for solid tire equipment, is still composed of Goodyear Solid Tires. This is simply because, although the balance is always made up of other tires for purposes of direct comparison, thus far no reason has been found for changing.

Careful examination of the mileage records of the company shows that the superiority of their Goodyear Solid Tires appears in most striking contrast where the grind is the hardest: which is on the *front wheels* of their busses.

These are the *driving* as well as the steering wheels. So the tires on them bear the greatest strain, imposed by the 10,000- to 16,000-pound burdens, when sharp turns are made in traffic and when these formidable weights come to sudden stops.

Out of 342 Goodyear S-V Solid Truck Tires on which final records are available, two-thirds or 228 were used on front wheels and yet an average of all their mileages amounts to 9,400 per tire.

Thirty-one of these tires ran between 15,000 and 20,000 miles, eleven made scores between 20,000 and 25,000 miles, while four exceeded 25,000, including one old warrior known to actually deliver 37,665 miles.

So, noting that every motor bus is shod with six tires (duals rear) and that the fleet has traveled an aggregate of 2,301,401 miles over a 19⅝-mile circuit since March 21, 1917, it is found that nearly fourteen million tire-miles have cost less than one-half cent each.

As a result after buying all the tires used from an appropriation made for the entire eighteen months period, the company has a balance of $5,047 00.

> ***"In this test of nineteen months, we have demonstrated to our full satisfaction that your Goodyear S-V Solid Truck Tires give us a high general average mileage and a low general average mile cost per tire, and their stamina has stood up where the strain is the hardest." (Signed) W. J. Sherwood, General Superintendent Chicago Motor Bus Company.***

Records like this point to Goodyear's accomplishments in solid tire manufacture, by virtue of which Goodyear Solid Tires wear down very slowly and effectively resist chipping and shredding as well as separation from the base.

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# SOLID TIRES

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# THE AMERICAN ARMY

## An Interview With the Secretary of War—By Edward Hungerford



THEY said that we could not raise an army; that if we did raise it we could not transport it overseas; and that if we did transport it overseas it could not fight—and in one day it wiped out the St.-Mihiel salient. . . ."

These are not my words. They were written by the caustic and brilliant pen of a man who has been none too friendly to the present Administration at Washington or to its Secretary of War. Yet in a single sentence they tell of the triumph of an army born almost overnight from the heart of an unmilitary and peace-loving people; an army which from that historic day at Château-Thierry at the end of July, when it began to go forward, never went backward.

The head and front of the War Department still remains in that great gray structure that has housed it, together with the State and Navy Departments, for nearly half a century now. The outer office of the Secretary of War is the same grimly ornate apartment that served many of his distinguished predecessors. It really is a huge room, and a most interesting one, perhaps the most interesting thing in it the torn and faded flag which floated over Fort Sumter on the morning of that other great crisis in our national history.

### High Army Standards

Secretary Baker's own office is two rooms beyond this ample reception place. Between them is the comfortable and roomy office where his two private secretaries, Ralph Hayes and Stanley King, have held forth through the entire period of the war. Few folk go beyond the middle office. And yet few who have a real reason for seeing the Secretary of War are denied that privilege. But the most of these are gathered just before noon, six days a week, on the big leather chairs and divans which run round three sides of the anteroom. Then almost at precise twelve o'clock the brisk little secretary appears and gives what his staff is pleased to call a "walk round." He goes from man to man and from group to group all the way round the room, losing little time in idle greetings or formalities but coming straight to the point. He has the great faculty of being able to concentrate on the man to whom he is talking. So, though the interview be brief it almost invariably is satisfactory.

We are privileged, however. The secretary grants us an hour of his time; and at that appointed hour we find ourselves within his inner office. Greetings still are brief. Mr. Baker lights his pipe and with a half smile, which may be apology or just the reverse, sits back in his big chair and relaxes. He places his feet upon the center desk, just as country editors are sometimes wont to do. From time to time his feet come to the floor—at most of these times at the entrance of his chief of staff, Gen. Peyton C. March, who brings dispatches, brief recommendations, and the like. The response to these always is prompt, the visitor quickly gone, and the secretary—a very human fellow, always remember—again relaxes.

"Shall we begin at the beginning?" he says.

"At the very beginning."

"The problem that was presented to us," says the secretary, "was to expand a small regular army rapidly into a larger one, which would be susceptible of speedy intensive training and of early effective use in France. The first question that came to us was that of the volunteer system as against the draft. The volunteer system involved a haphazard interruption of every industry in the country, based upon the personal enthusiasm of individuals. It also involved heated campaigns with all the exertion and intensified sentiments which agitation brings. This, therefore, would have meant in every community states of mind inconsistent with the orderly progress of industrial life and the orderly development of the only sentiment which could have justified entrance into the army—patriotic devotion to the high ideals for which the nation was involved in the war.

"The draft system was based upon the universal obligation of citizenship, which is one of the fundamentals of democracy. It had the great advantage of putting the selection in the hands of the Government rather than in those of the individual, and enabled the Government to preserve the industry and commerce upon which our own military effort and that of our Allied nations rested. It had the further advantage of solving for each individual the question of his duty and leaving those who were not called to service with relatively untroubled minds, free from any convictions of false sentiment.

"The draft system having been adopted the next problem was training. The first requisite of a soldier is a sound body; the second is a sound mind. Sound bodies and sound minds both depend upon good habits, and attention to sanitation, and freedom from indulgences which weaken body and purpose. It was necessary, therefore, purely from the point of efficiency of the Army, to have it well in health, sound in morals and informed as to the purpose of the war. To accomplish these things the medical profession of the United States was organized, and the camps, cantonments and hospital facilities were made of such character as to lend themselves both to sanitation and to proper care of the sick. For the second purpose the community sentiment of America was appealed to. Every existing agency formed for the purpose of dealing with young men was used, and new ones were created, the idea being that the experience of our better colleges and high schools pointed the way—that we should separate our young men from the grosser temptations and by systems of recreation and innocent amusement make it unnecessary for them to turn for their leisure occupation to the hurtful things."

We interrupt.

We were in New York on that boisterous, never-to-be-forgotten night of the day when the cables brought the single word "Victory" to America. The lid was off and New York was celebrating as it had not before celebrated for four years, or, for that matter, in all its history. For it was election night and New Year's Eve rolled into one, and then a Yale-Harvard game or two added to make the measure overflowing. The lid was indeed off. Even the strict government ban against the serving of liquors to men in uniform was, for that night, a dead letter. Yet the number of men in the service that one saw under the influence of drink was astonishingly small. We speak of this to the secretary.

"That very night," says he, "General March and I walked along Pennsylvania Avenue from this building to the Capitol and back. Washington supposedly is a dry town, yet there were many men on that occasion who were drunk. But not one of them did I see wearing the khaki. I want to tell you," he says, "that I have had two hard years in this job, but in this thing I have my pride and my great reward.

"The response to our appeal for community sentiment across the country was immediate and universal. The churches, fraternal organizations, states, cities, and right-minded people everywhere associated themselves in the work; and the result has been that the Army of the United States is more wholesome and high-minded, in my opinion, than any other army ever assembled anywhere. The more or less uniform youthfulness has aided us. The men have realized that part of their duty as soldiers was to be efficient, and the example of their officers has stimulated them to preserve that manliness of character which is the most striking attribute of our boys both at home and abroad."

### Getting the Boys Home

"The last of our three great purposes, the mental attitude of the soldier, has, of course, been stimulated by the magazines and newspapers, which have reported and discussed from time to time the great state papers of the President outlining the purposes of the United States in this war. Pamphlets, books, lectures and other educational facilities we also have been able to use, and the effect of them all has been that the American Army in this war was a chivalrous enterprise. It was the rescuer of the weak and innocent who were the oppressed abroad; it went to the relief of civilization because civilization itself was menaced."

"How about the future?"

"It is known that great as will be the task of getting our Army home again that will be as nothing compared with the one of taking it overseas—in the face of a tremendous time crisis and the deadly peril of submarines. Because of this last it was necessary to employ comparatively few embarkation ports so that the convoy problem might be rendered as simple as possible. These factors do not act in the return. And it is not only possible but probable that our Army will be sent back to practically every important port upon the North Atlantic as well as some of those upon the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. From the beginning it was found entirely impracticable to march the Army or any great part of it in a single parade or a succession of parades in New York or Washington or other of our large cities. But by appointing numerous ports of disembarkation in this country many such parades—and stunning parades they will be too—may be held: at Boston, at New York, at Philadelphia, and other of our great seaports, as well as inland cities."

But it is not parades that are upon the secretary's mind just now. He is thinking rather of the larger problems and results that will come when our amazing Army returns to its hearthstones.

"In the first place," he says, "the community life of America will never settle back to its old thoughtlessness on these great moral questions. Our cities have cleaned up. Our right-thinking people have discovered that the influences for good when they are organized and earnest are stronger than the influences for evil. As a consequence many of the most obstinate evils of civic government already have been overcome, and I think permanent life in America from now on is going to be upon a higher plane because we have discovered the scientific value of recreation and of organized effort to surround the life of the young with an environment that produces wholesome, vigorous young manhood.

"Remember that our great Army has been living in highly rarefied moral atmosphere of a very few fundamental virtues. Simple in themselves, these have been the springs of army action and army thought. The complicated and confused uncertainties of everyday life have in large part been removed and the Army has had as its creed, as far as human things are concerned, the duty to be brave, the duty to be unselfish and the duty to be modest. The result is that some three million young men have had their attention sharply and exclusively concerned with these simple, homely, but fundamental virtues. For more than a year they have been living a life made up of such virtues, and when they come back into civilian occupations they cannot forget and will not lose the strength of character which has come from this experience. The whole tone of life in America will be raised by these men who come back, each of them a strengthened influence for good. They will bring with them the stories of bravery, self-denial, patience and generosity which they saw or experienced. It will be impossible for them to act as citizens less worthily than they acted as soldiers."

"You are going to bring these boys back as quickly as possible, Mister Secretary?" we venture.

Mr. Baker does not hesitate in his reply.

"As speedily as possible," he asserts. "We want them to take up once again their education, either in college or in their craft, and with as little interruption as is possible. The very size of the Army, however, will render it necessary to take time to accomplish its demobilization. In that time—the weeks and months between the cessation of hostilities and the actual return to the home—the American soldier must be given every possible opportunity for education, technical or otherwise."

The secretary clears his throat, stops for a moment, then says: "I want this Army to come home with its spirit unabated, its body strengthened by physical exercise and training, its mind disciplined and improved by great experience; but I want it also to come back educated, so that each man in it will have a chance to start either in his old employment or in his new occupation better fitted to succeed than he was before he gave a year or two out of his life to the service of his country."

I know what the secretary means. Henry, the night helper in the garage down at our

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corner, is but twenty-one. He has an active mind and a desire to get ahead, but until now the opportunity has been denied him. Now his Uncle Sam has given him that boon. When Henry comes back to the garage, if ever he does come back to it, it will be not as a poorly paid helper but, if you please, as an expert mechanic. He will know not alone the appearance of the gasoline motor but the scientific laws that govern its operation. For two million Henrys overseas Uncle Sam already is planning the greatest educational work that he has ever undertaken. A huge and carefully selected group of teachers is already being recruited and dispatched across the Atlantic to accomplish this very thing.

"I have no doubt," says Mr. Baker, "that this great opportunity will be embraced eagerly by our boys. An amazing number of them took abroad, in the small baggage that they were permitted to carry, algebras and Latin books in order that they might pursue by the camp fires their academic studies. But even those who have not originally had academic opportunities will now see their value, and classes are being organized to make profitable use of some of the leisure which otherwise would hang very heavily on their hands. In fact, the Army already has been a great educational institution. Many tens of thousands of boys have been taught systematically mechanical and scientific things, and a start has been made in an education which they will desire to perfect. The Students' Army Training Corps, the schools in the Army and the various schools of arms—all have had educational branches, and it is undoubtedly true, taking the Army as a whole, that apart from its military knowledge, its activity of education has been increased by as much as twenty-five to thirty per cent."

There is another problem of education that is very close to the secretary's heart. I refer to that vastly important problem of making the permanently wounded soldier physically and mentally fit for a return to the fullness of the industrial life of the nation. The desire is strong. One has but to go into any one of our hospitals to see it evidenced.

Floyd Gibbons, the Chicago newspaper man, who was so severely wounded in one of the early battles of our Army, found it in the hospital to which he was taken.

He tells the story of three wounded boys with whom he talked. Not one of them will ever be a fit or well man again, and yet every one of them faces the future with a bravery even more heroic than that with which he had faced the German machine guns.

The first of these boys has lost a leg.

"What are you going to do with yourself?" said Gibbons.

"I'm going to teach roller-skating," he grinned.

"Well, he won't have anything on me," broke in the lad who had lost his right arm. "I'm a-going to be a paper hanger."

The third man, paralyzed from his waist down, was slower in forecasting the future.

"What are you going to do?" Gibbons asked gently.

"I? Oh, don't worry about me. I'm going to be down on the porch of the village store on pleasant mornings trying to outtalk the G. A. R."

This is the spirit of our Army, the same spirit that Newton Baker found when he bent low over the bed of an American boy in a French hospital who had lost both legs and both arms.

"My lad, you surely had hard luck at the Front," said the Secretary of War.

And then, to use the secretary's own words: "He gave me a smile which has become a permanent possession with me as he said, 'Well, I am glad I have my health and strength left.'"

With a spirit such as this, vocational training for wounded men, difficult as it will be in many instances, can never become impossible. On the contrary it should be an incentive to the greatest effort.

"Of course the work of the department necessarily has been hard," Secretary Baker will tell you. "It has required long hours in dealing with vast and important problems, but I have been paid in full. In France I have seen our splendid Army singing down the road—the picture of health, elevation of spirit and wholesome manhood. I have seen these boys, whom we took from the farm and the factory, from the simple homes of America, converted into effective soldiers and manly men, winning the respect of the veteran armies of Europe and the affection and confidence of the women and children of the civil population among whom they were quartered. And already I have seen some of them discharged, as I shall see them all discharged, go back to their homes, better for having been in the Army.

"There is one particular impression which I am anxious to have the American people get, and that is the impression of the soldier who did not get abroad. Washington and the country generally have been filled with officers, some of them from the Regular Army, some of them called from civil life, who were required to stay here and so denied the opportunity to go abroad. They will wear no service stripes on their sleeves, but the service that they have been rendering was indispensable and they deserve not only the gratitude of the people of the country but a very special regard for the reason that their service was performed at the sacrifice to them of the opportunity to participate in the heroic adventure in France. This applies with equal force to the young men whom we are already demobilizing from their cantonments in this country, each of whom wanted to do his share in the trenches. These, too, are none the less parts of the great Army that has done this big thing overseas. The glory must be theirs as well. And the satisfaction and the reward."

# THE TRAIL OF THE HUN

### News Made in Germany

INFORMED and well educated as Americans are, the people of our interior were long misled by German lies; their inexperience of any country except our own prevented them from distinguishing between the truth and the lie. Now great regions of Central and South America are more provincial than any part of the United States. The average Latin American still believes that England started the world war, because the Germans have told him so and he has no way of getting at the truth. Even before we entered the war this propaganda was directed largely at us.

The campaign in South America is based upon a study of the people and upon the most approved theory. Our advertising men understand the value of a catch phrase. German propaganda has invented and circulated such a phrase for the United States—"El Vampiro del Continente," which scarcely needs translating into "The Vampire of the Continent." That phrase is being fired at us from every purchasable pen in the Spanish-American world.

They have applied other large principles, as, for example, the hold of Mother Spain on the imagination of South America. That accounts, as much as anything else, for the enormous efforts which the Germans have put forth in Spain. It is the fountainhead for propaganda into South America. So far as they can they give everything the cachet of Barcelona and Madrid. By attraction toward an autocratic system the nobility of the Spanish court, and in consequence the world of society in Madrid, are strongly pro-German. This fact has been wormed into the consciousness of Latin America, so that pro-Germanism is fashionable in the high society of every Latin-American country. From Spain through to South America runs a series of slanders against our public men. Going still farther, some of the falsest and most bitter pro-German organs circulating in South America bear titles which indicate—untruthfully, of course—that they are somehow official church publications.

Most of all, however, the German propagandist hammers at the Monroe Doctrine. From a benevolent measure designed to protect Latin-American freedom they have warped it into a menace of the Colossus of the North. That is the meaning behind the phrase, "The Vampire of the Continent." By pamphlets circulated wherever the Germans have penetrated, by purchased space in purchasable newspapers, by the whispering of many agents, they have inculcated into the minds of whole districts the idea that the Monroe Doctrine implies "hands off" for the rest of the world, and greedy hands on for the United States. Our interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine as stated by President Wilson in his speech to the Mexican editors—a safeguard against European aggression, a pledge of nonaggression from us—the average South American knows not at all. Why should he? Possibly he first heard of the Monroe Doctrine from the Germans.

The whole tenor of German propaganda in Latin America proves that the Germans have been preparing to take more remote objectives—that they have been building for the time when Germany will attempt to seize a foothold on that continent which the Pan-German regards as a part of his inheritance.

Of the many proofs, I submit only one. In a certain Latin-American nation native school-teachers were receiving from the German propaganda fund a substantial addition to their wages, the condition being that they teach the children, in their geography and history lessons, Germanism and anti-Americanism. During the war the Germans could not cash in on that expenditure. It was a preparation for conquest in the next generation.

Doubtless German propaganda will run its course in Latin America, and the end of that liar will be worse than his beginning.

### Pay-Roll Happiness

NO DOUBT the happiest man on any pay roll to-day is the man who once led an active life, was then crowded into the company of the retired, and has now come back.

There is a certain man in a small town near Rochester, New York, who is thoroughly typical of this class. The active years of his life were spent in the railroad service. Middle age found him in the position of station agent, saving money each year. Then, after he had taken an active local part in a presidential campaign, he was offered the postmastership. It looked like an honor and a promotion to an easier job and better pay; so he took it. His position with the railroad was taken by a young man.

Four years later found him out, with nothing to do. Being still hale and hearty, he had no wish to remain idle, though he had saved his money and was, according to the village standards, in comfortable circumstances. But he discovered that all avenues of employment were closed to him. His savings were well invested and he did not care to risk them by starting into business at his time of life. That, he considered, would be too much of an experiment. Therefore he settled down to a life of irksome leisure, slightly relieved by his garden and lawn.

Once, when the work at the station was heavy, he had looked forward to the time when he could take it easy; now he knew that loafing was a hard job. When the war broke out and a shell plant opened in Rochester the village postmaster made a personal investigation of the work. Being convinced that he could run a machine, he promptly applied for a job.

To-day this man is not only making as much as he received as station agent but he has the joy in his work of one who has come back. He watches the clock—not for quitting time but for the moment when he can begin his shift. The son of this ambitious shell worker, who is more than sixty years old, says:

"My father is more interested in his work at the shell plant than the average office boy is in a National League game. He wants to start for the shop about an hour before he should, and he is restless for two hours before he takes his lunch bucket and leaves. About all he wants to talk about is the way things are going at the shop, and how this or that man is coming on. If he owned the place he could hardly be more interested in it. At first I feared that the work might be too hard for him. Instead, it is proving a means of renewing his youth."




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Will Save You $200

The gown you buy and never wear is the really expensive gown. Gloves, boots, hats, that miss being exactly what you want are the ones that cost more than you can afford.

Consider, then, that by the simple act of mailing the coupon below, and at your convenience forwarding $2 (a tiny fraction of your loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown), not only may you have before you, at this important season, Vogue's great special Fashion Numbers, but all through the Spring and the early Summer the numbers that follow them.

Here Are Your Nine Numbers:

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The most daring and intimate of the Parisienne's thoughts on Lingerie. The latest Fifth Avenue originations. Linens, laces, accessories.

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Forecast of Spring Fashions — Feb. 1
The earliest authentic news of the Spring mode.

Spring Millinery — Feb. 15
Hats, veils, coiffures—the best from the Paris ateliers.

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Information about textiles, and patterns to use with them.

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Everything for the hostess who will not tolerate mediocrity.

Don't Send Money

Don't bother to enclose a check, or even to write a letter. The coupon below will do and is easier and quicker. With one stroke of the pen you will solve your entire clothes problem. By mailing the coupon you are, for the next three seasons, assured valuable and new ideas and insured against costly failures.

*OUR SPECIAL OFFER

*9 issues of Vogue for $2—ten if you mail the coupon now*

WE will start your subscription with one of the first copies off the press of our Lingerie Number, thus giving you * ten numbers of Vogue instead of nine, if your order is received in time.

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Please send me the NINE numbers of Vogue as described. I will forward $2 upon receipt of bill. (OR) I enclose $2 herewith. It is understood that if this order is returned promptly, you will send me, besides the nine numbers, a complimentary copy of the *Lingerie Number, making TEN issues in all.

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*Watch for Coupon offer in next week's Saturday Evening Post*

*Produced by* ASTRA *Written by Bertram Millhauser*

*Directed by Geo. B. Seitz*

PATHÉ SERIAL


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# THE LOBSTER AND THE WISE GUY

(Continued from Page 7)

"Fine!" said Master Stanley, scribbling away. "Antique effect; that'll look great!" And he gave her a glance which seemed to say: "And so do you look great—and no antique effect either; take it from me!"

"Now the drawing-room," she said, stepping through the first doorway; "I'm going to have the walls in crushed velours. So that needn't bother you. But the ceiling—Mrs. Wollman wants that done in very restrained, delicate colors with cupids and flowers. Do you think you're up to that?"

"Cupids and flowers? Sure thing!"

"You must let me know when you start, though. I don't want cupids that look as if they had the dropsy—fat, wooden-faced things!"

"Mine never look like that," he told her confidentially. "Mine have such speaking expressions that the moment you see them up there on the ceiling you'll know whether they've just been smelling roses or lilies—or onions ——"

At that rude jest, delivered in impressive undertone, Mary laughed for the first time in months—though of course he didn't know that; and emboldened by his success he said: "Wait a moment, please, Miss ——"

"Miss Mallon."

"Wait a moment, please, Miss Mallon. We ought to have music to this. I'll start the phonograph."

He went upstairs two steps at a time, and from above came the sound of doors opening and shutting behind him. Presently she heard a chorus of cheerful greeting.

"O—ho," thought Mary, "he's been up there before; and they like him too. But why do I hear them so plainly? Oh, sure, the windows are open."

"Bona nota, compradres," Stanley was saying upstairs, "Signoras Caruso, Marconi, Garibaldi—maestros of the golden tongues—you get me, Steve? Sure you get me! Listen now! Downstairs—you understand?—down-a-stair is a lovely young signorita—a peacherina de la peacherissimo. A what you call in Italy a pee-pin, yes? Vive l'Italia! Leesten, compradres, I want you to sing for her, and after a while I'll bring her in so you can see her. And if she isn't the prettiest, sweetest little Americano you've ever seen in all your lives I'll let each one of you take a trowelful of plaster and fill every chink in my head. What you say, old sports? Is it a bet?"

"Sure, sure, a bet!"

"All right; come on now! Let's have the Sextette first. La-da-de-da-da—da-da. All together now!"

A bass voice sounded, a passionate tenor swirled into the lead, and before Mary had caught her breath the Sextette was in full cry. A minute later Stanley had rejoined her downstairs, his laughing eyes fixed upon her more admiringly than ever. Mary felt her heart do a funny trick, though you wouldn't have suspected it if you had seen the innocent way she looked at him. But when they finished the first floor and started for the rooms above she felt her color rising as they approached the place where the plasterers sang at their work.

"Wouldn't it be great," she couldn't help thinking, "if one of the men did take a trowelful of plaster and make a bee line for him!"

A thought, this, which not only brought the aforesaid color to her cheeks but brightened her eyes as well, and gave to her manner a shy appeal which I can only describe as charm. And when at last she stepped into the presence of the plasterers, looking more like a demure little saint than anything else I can think of—a demure little saint who had hidden the keys of heaven from old Saint Peter—there wasn't a workman there who didn't smile more or less gently down his nose—nor one who filled his trowel with plaster and made a bee line for Stanley's head.

At last they came to the final room, and somehow or other they both seemed to take their time there, starting a lame argument on the comparative merits of light lilac and French gray. Toward the end Stanley must have caught a friendly something in Mary's manner, for he suddenly found the nerve to say: "Do you know what I wish? I wish this was a cathedral instead of a house. Then instead of painting cupids I'd soon be painting angels. . . . And do you know who every angel would look like?"

If Mary had been a little less startled she would surely have stopped him. But all she could do was to stare, and wonder whether the trees outside would begin turning somersaults next or whether the singing plasterers would first come flying out with butterflies' wings and crests like cockatoos?

"Oh, I know you'll think I'm raving," said Stanley earnestly. "And I know you can't help wondering whether I speak like this to every girl I meet. But don't you think it for a moment! I'm mighty private, I am, and I've always had in mind exactly the sort of girl I wanted to meet some day. And say—the moment I saw you turning in from the road I said to myself: 'I do believe she's coming!' Isn't that funny? Isn't that —— Oh, I don't know—it's you!"

He had grown so earnest that now and then he could hardly speak for stuttering.

"At first," he continued, "I was scared you might be engaged—or married even—though somehow I was pretty sure you weren't married. You looked too—too —— Oh, I don't know—you looked too rosebuddy, if you know what I mean. I know what I mean, even if I can't say it. And when you took your gloves off and I saw you weren't engaged either I said to myself: 'Jimmy, old scout'—that's me—James J. Stanley—I can give you all sorts of references—'Jimmy, old scout,' I said to myself, 'you've waited a good many years to find her, and now that you've found her don't be a fool and lose her. Let her know the way you feel, even if it chokes you.' And that's the way I feel. As G-g-god is my judge, that's the way I feel!"

He stopped to mop his forehead.

"Of course I d-d-don't expect you to fall in my arms or anything like that," he concluded. "I'm n-n-not exactly a fool, even if you think I'm talking like one. But I do want you to let us be friends, and when you get to know me the way I want you to know me—we—we'll furnish a little house somewhere for our own two selves; and, take it from me, you won't find any fat-fat-fat-faced cupids on the ceilings either!"

Which was of course downright anticlimax; but he must have worked himself to concert pitch again, because after they had returned to New York and had gone to dinner and the movies together Mary finally left him at the door of Number 710 and went upstairs in a sort of beautiful daze.

"Some kiss!" she murmured, flopping down on the sofa in the attitude of utter helplessness. "Some—kiss!"

### VII

WHEN Mary reached The Little Shoppe on the Avenue next morning she found Warren already there, looking more frowningly thoughtful than she had ever seen him. Moreover, as soon as he saw her he did a strange thing. He beckoned her into his private office and closed the door behind them.

"What do you suppose I did yesterday?" he asked.

Just behind the frilly front of her waist Mary felt a queer feeling that wasn't far from hysteria, and she had a queer temptation to retort—in a muffled voice: "What do you suppose I did yesterday?" But of course she didn't. She simply stood there looking as innocent as any child, and finally she said: "What did you do?"

"I signed a twenty-year lease for this whole building!"

It was the first time in years that he had taken a step of importance without talking it over with her. But somehow that morning Mary didn't seem to care. If anything she felt relieved. When your heart is humming the Sextette, for instance, you are only dimly interested in those who cannot sing.

"Ten — thousand — dollars — a — year," she heard him saying.

That brought her almost reluctantly to earth. As a rule she wasn't good at figures, but ten thousand dollars had a noble sound and she felt that she must say something appropriate to the occasion.

Now it had been one of the charms of The Little Shoppe on the Avenue that it was situated in an old-fashioned dwelling—a homelike gem of bygone architecture when folks weren't afraid to have bay windows and gable ends. The upper floors had been rented as bachelor apartments, chiefly to old-fashioned gentlemen who wished to be near their clubs. But partly because the supply of old-fashioned gentlemen was running short and partly because the clubs were moving uptown, the apartments had lately been vacant more often than not.

"What are you going to do with the rooms upstairs?" asked Mary.

"That's what I want to talk to you about. They're the loveliest rooms—high ceilings, real old chandeliers, very dignified and all that. I've been thinking we could turn each room into a model—every piece of furniture for sale of course—and make a specialty of antiques or Oriental rugs—something with plenty of money in it—I don't care what. But the main idea is to dress each room like—like a manikin at a fashion show—and sell the whole thing complete—decorations and all."

They went upstairs, and though she still looked as innocent as any child that ever lived Mary could almost smell plaster and hear the far-off echoes of a heavenly choir. The day before yesterday she would have asked nothing better than to be in those deserted rooms along with Warren, feeling that she was helping to build his future, and taking her pleasure in his attentive smiles. But to-day she walked away from him more often than toward him; and once when she felt that he was about to take her arm to lead her into the next room she took a quick step forward and left his fingers closing on empty air.

He didn't think much of that.

"Look here," he said, "you aren't angry, are you, because I didn't tell you about this before?"

"Angry?" she gently laughed. "Why should I be?"

He didn't think much of that either; and he gave our Mary a look which seemed to say: "Is this the cat that was the kit when I left home for Baws-ton?"

And, truth to tell, Mary was well worth looking at that morning. Her eyes were deep and smiling; her cheeks were pearls in a sunset; her lips were curved in a whimsical line, as though they were thinking of pleasant, private things, both past and still to come. Warren suddenly found it advisable to blow out his cheeks and to frown to himself with extra concentration.

"Careful—careful—careful!" whispered Old Man Mind Your Eye.

Which after all was good advice; for when a man has just signed a twenty-year lease for a ten-thousand-dollar building and is confronted with the immediate problem of making it pay, it is certainly no time for him to start Maying in the shade of the whisp'ring trees.

Fortunately, however, this was advice which didn't apply to Mary at all. She had hardly returned downstairs, for instance, when Master James J. Stanley came charging in, with his curly hair and his barrellike chest, to get the tints for the Wollman contract; and if you had been there you might have noticed that when he went away Mary was wearing a rosebud in the frilly front of her waist.

Not only that but she had hardly reached home in the evening when Master Jimmy came charging forward again to take her to dinner and a show. In the lobby of the theater a stout, loudly breathing gentleman jostled against Mary twice—twice, but no more. On the second occasion Jimmy's hand was on the jostler's shoulder like a hodful of bricks.

"Pardon me," he said; "a little more careful, please."

The loudly breathing gentleman turned in a pet, but when he saw the blue lightning in Jimmy's eyes and that barrellike curve of his chest he grew quite affable and chatty.

"Quite unconscious of it, I assure you," he said. "I beg the lady's pardon with all my heart."

"Quite all right," said James; and then—and not till then—he moved his hand from the other's shoulder.

It was a quiet little interlude. If you had been six feet away you wouldn't have heard it. But, oh, the thrill of pride that swept over Mary, and the protective manner in which James J. Stanley squired her round for the rest of the evening!

In short, it was a busy June for all concerned—and a busier July. By the first week of August, Warren had gone into debt nearly twenty-five thousand dollars, buying stock and making improvements; and Jimmy had succeeded in persuading Mary that the sooner the better.

The ceremony took place at the Little Church Around the Corner, and a flabbergasted Warren acted as congregation, witness, best man and bridesmaid. But as the happy pair rolled away in their taxi, en route for Atlantic City and Niagara Falls, Warren—that wise young man—began to feel more like himself again.

"Another man marred—another dead one," he thought, smiling sourly after the vanishing taxi. "Oh, well, it's just as I always said—the more lobsters there are the easier it is for the wise guys."

From down the street a newsboy came running, apparently excited to a frenzy by the violence of his own cries. As he rushed past Warren the latter caught a glimpse of the headline:

"GREAT BRITAIN NOW DECLARES WAR"

"Confound the war!" thought Warren. "Still—I don't see how it's going to affect the decorating business."

### VIII

THE longer I live the larger looms the thought that the law of gravitation and the law of retribution are brother and sister, each working night and day to keep things the way they were meant to be since first this world began to spin.

My story started, you remember, with Mary passing a sleepless night because Warren was keeping her guessing; but the war hadn't been going a year when Mary was made, oh, so happy!—while now it was Warren's turn to lie staring up into the dark at night wondering whether his sweetheart, Success, was going to hand him a kiss or a kick on the morrow.

If I were a simple historian I would tell you here the full story of The Little Shoppe's struggles against the war; but it would be a mournful chapter of history; and, besides, I have nearly come to a riddle which I am anxious to ask you.

For the first year Warren hardly took in money enough to meet his pay roll. He had to borrow his rent from the bank. To make things worse, Mary left him for an immemorial reason, which presently materialized into a pink-faced cherub with tight curly hair like its dad's.

For the second and third years The Little Shoppe just about broke even; and didn't it miss the help of Mary in those two years!

Along in the fourth year there was another marked slump in business, and then two very simple things happened—each taking place as quietly and inexorably as water freezes on a bitter-cold night.

First: The bank petitioned for a receiver for Warren's business, and after the stock was sold he went back to his old position at Bolton & Sons'.

Second: Acting under the authority given him by the draft law, General Crowder reached out and tapped Warren on the shoulder. To win success he had carefully refrained from having dependents. To win success he had carefully avoided taking a wife. Wherefore General Crowder now reached forward and tapped his shoulder, saying: "Come, Warren, come!"

And Warren went. Not joyfully, and not as though to a feast, but thoughtfully—thoughtfully—thoughtfully Warren went.

And this is one of the things that made him think. Before leaving for camp he called on Mary. Ostensibly he had some furniture in his room that he would like to give her if she wanted it, but in reality he was feeling so horribly lonesome and woebegone that he simply had to call on someone; and Mary's was the only place he knew where he'd be sure of a welcome.

Her house was in the suburbs—a gem, as you can imagine, of the purest ray serene. All those things of which she had dreamed were hers at last. There were two children, a boy and a girl. The girl, the younger, took an immediate fancy to the late proprietor of The Little Shoppe, holding out its arms and saying "Goo!"—which is a mighty significant remark in baby language. Mary let Warren hold it, and as he held the baby and felt its tiny fingers playing with his ear he and Mary looked at each other—looked at each other solemnly and thoughtfully, though neither spoke a word.

A little while later Jimmy came charging in, and Warren stayed for dinner. And such a dinner! The kind of roast and gravy that you never get at a restaurant, and a lemon-meringue pie that Mary had made herself. Then after the children had been put to bed, which was one of the happiest

(Concluded on Page 56)

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# WAR and The F-W-D Adapts Itself

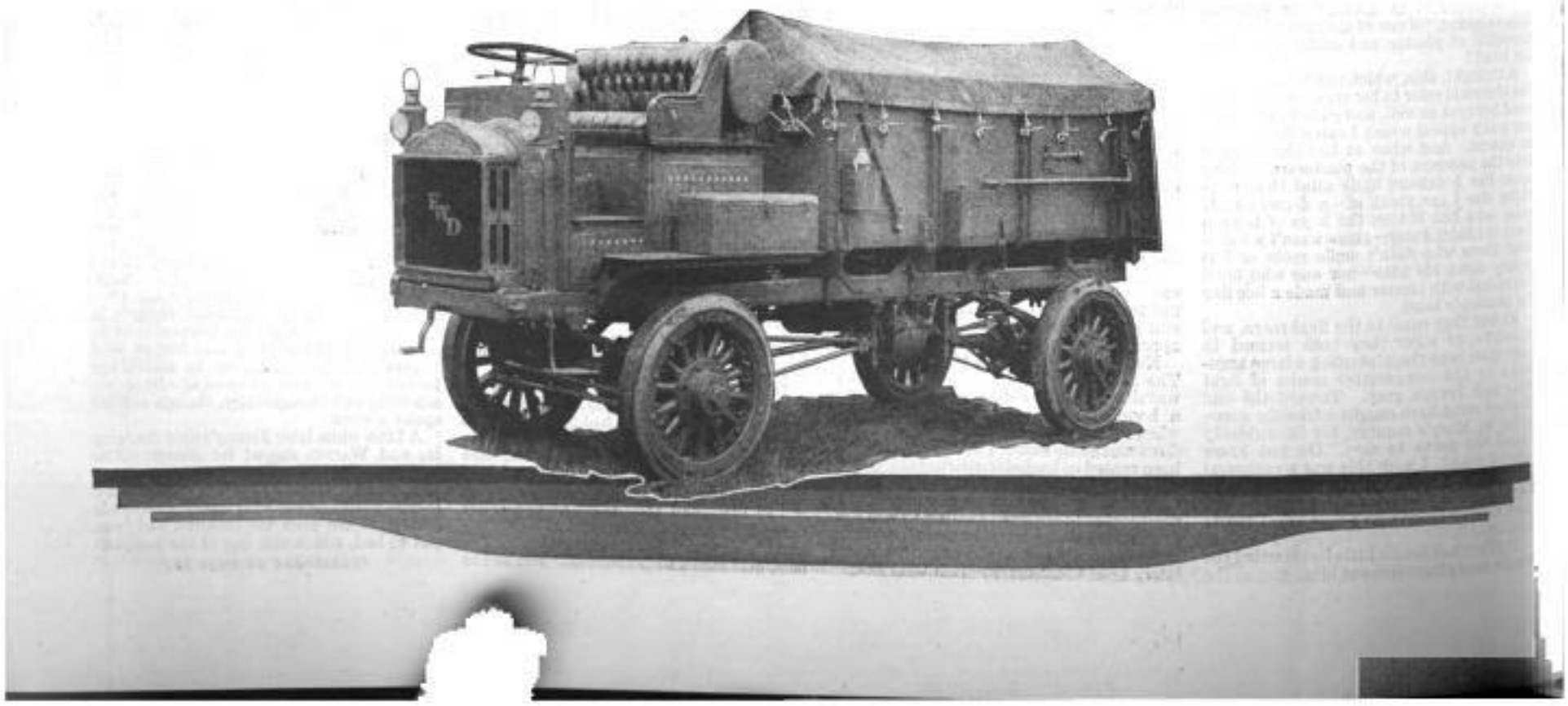
WHEN the Great War came in 1914 the F-W-D four-wheel-drive principle was forging its way into the front ranks of the best truck fleets in the country.

War swept the entire production of F-W-D Trucks into the tide of supplies bound to the West Front.

War tested the F-W-D in four years as it could not have been tested in a lifetime of industrial service.

And though thousands of F-W-D Trucks have flowed in a continuous stream to the other side, rendering service on good roads and shell-torn trails up to the battle lines, War has made no change in F-W-D construction.

The F-W-D Truck, demonstrated beyond question, today turns from winning the victories of War to winning the victories of Peace.



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# PEACE

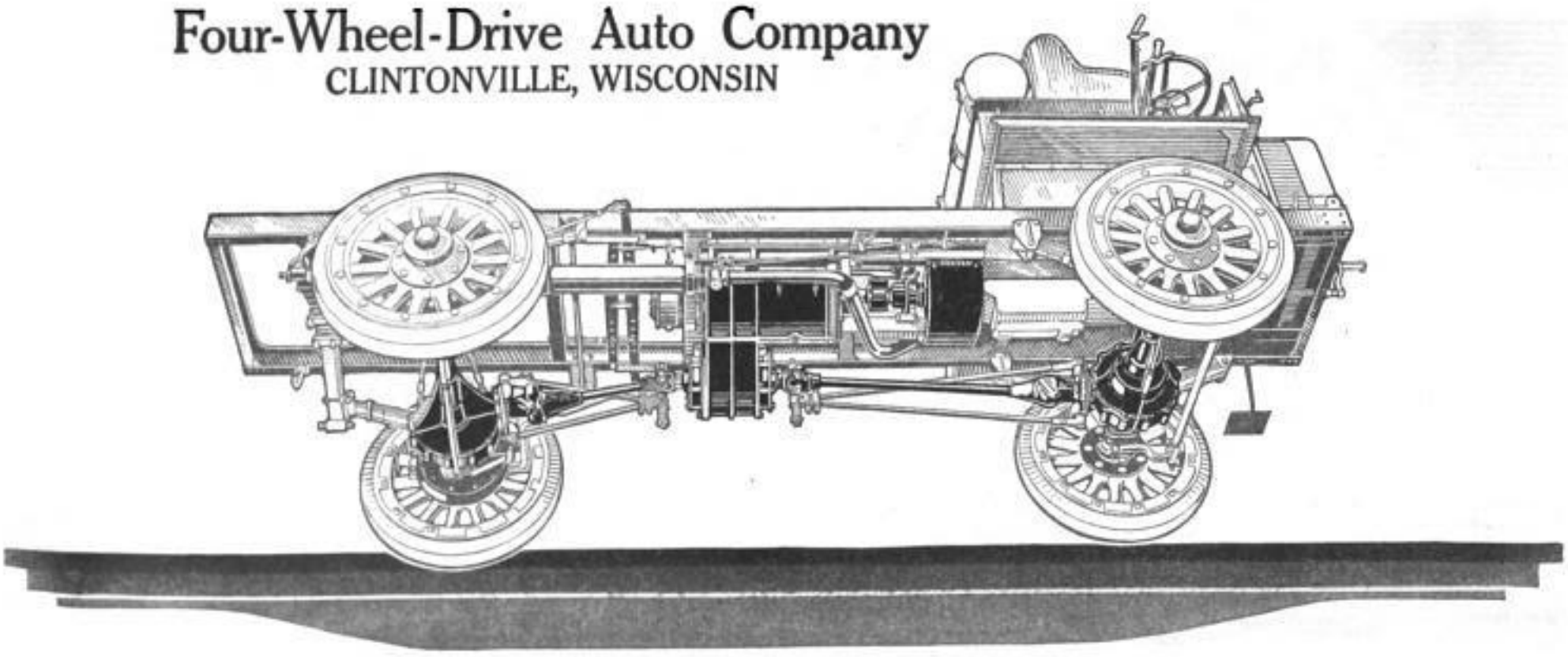
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Every war-tested F-W-D advantage has a direct application and value in your hauling:

Driving power front and rear—every wheel a driving wheel; power transmitted to both axles by the F-W-D center differential—investigate this great feature; tire economy; load weight distribution—45% on front axle, 55% on rear axle, prolonging the life of the mechanism.

If you do not know your local F-W-D representative, write us. We will put you in touch with him. He stands ready to demonstrate and prove the notable superiority of F-W-D four-wheel-drive construction. Dealers: Wire us concerning available territory.

## Four-Wheel-Drive Auto Company
CLINTONVILLE, WISCONSIN



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What denotes GOOD PLUMBING

IF you have had the foresight to install "Tepeco" All-Clay Plumbing in your house you are not our prospect. If you did not, we want you to know about the goodness and eventual economy of "Tepeco" ware.

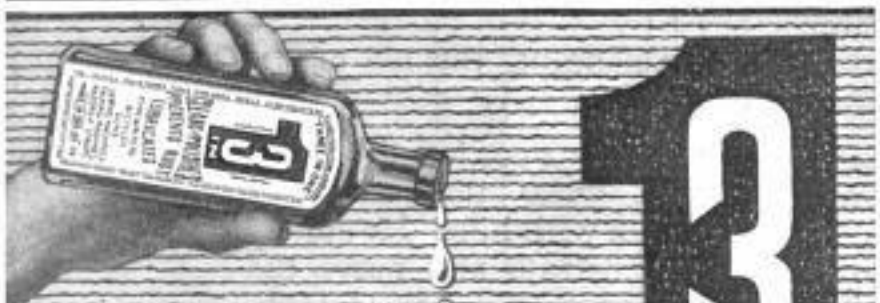
A white surface typifies cleanliness—as long as it stays white. It insures ready removal of dirt stains—as long as the surface lasts.

"Tepeco" All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures have a surface that is permanently white because the ware beneath the glaze is of basic clay material. Clay and glaze, being of common origin, can be fired or baked into one homogeneous mass, solid, substantial and permanent. It may be cleaned and scoured without wearing away this surface. It resists dirt and is impervious to acids.

If some future day you will be interested in new plumbing, write for our instructive book, "Bathrooms of Character," P-5.

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(Concluded from Page 53)

little ceremonies ever witnessed, they sat and talked in front of the fire—Jimmy in slippers and smoking jacket and Mary smiling and knitting and chatting like the little queen she had always been.

For a time Warren held up his end of the conversation, but bit by bit he grew quieter and quieter—till suddenly he jumped up and said in a tremendously cheerful voice: "Well, folks, I must be going!"

Seeing that he meant it, and perhaps seeing more than I have told you, Mary shook hands with him and wished him good by—and good luck—a wish which had the strange effect of making Warren blow his nose very hard. Whereupon old Jimmy came charging forward, his hair as tight and curly as ever, his hand extended for a powerful shake.

"Well, good by, old man!"

"Good by! Good by!"

Which brings me to my riddle: As they stand there, those two, shaking hands—the lobster and the wise guy—I wonder if you can tell me which is which?

# Sense and Nonsense

### The Unknown Dead

*THEY loved the English hedgerows*
*And scented English lanes;*
*They loved the sunlight on their downs*
*And the soft English rains.*
*And now—they sleep in Flanders*
*Or where the sad Marne flows,*
*A bleak white cross above their heads;*
*Their names—ah, no one knows!*

*They loved the life of London,*
*With lights that gleamed like pearls,*
*And theaters and taverns*
*And rosy English girls.*
*Their youth was a brief glory*
*That sped too swiftly by;*
*They left their schools and cricket*
*And came out here—to die.*

*And some were shining poets,*
*And some were simple boys*
*Who loved the Surrey fields and all*
*Substantial English joys.*
*From Eton and from Oxford,*
*From many an English town*
*They came to save a world from shame*
*And lay their young lives down.*

*In some celestial garden*
*Perhaps they sit to-day*
*And laugh as they once loved to laugh,*
*Play as they used to play.*
*'Tis we who weep for young lads gone;*
*But they—they are not dead,*
*Though simple crosses stand above*
*Each brave young English head.*

*They loved, and are contented*
*On windy wastes to sleep.*
*Yet when the English daisies*
*Begin to smile and creep,*
*Pluck them and take them over*
*To many a lonely grave;*
*For they loved English flowers,*
*These young, and bright, and brave.*

—*Charles Hanson Towne.*

### The Proper Classification

TWO negro volunteers, newly inducted into the service, met in a barracks and proceeded to get acquainted.

"Say," inquired the smaller, "whut wuz you w'en you wuz out in civil life?"

"Me? I wuz a lion tamer."

"You wuz a w'ich?"

"I wuz a lion tamer—I broke lions fur a livin'—tha's whut!"

"Is dat so? Tell me, how does you tame a lion?"

"It's very simple," stated the big man. "Fust, you picks out yore lion—I 'most ginelly always picks me out a wild one. Den you open de cage do' and jump inside and slam de do' behine you. Course de lion he come at you wid all his teeth showin'. You waits ontwell he's right on you, and den you bust 'im crost de nose wid a iron bar or somethin'. Den you holds him by de power of de human eye whilst you backs him into a corner; and den you twist his jaws open wid yore hands and you grab a-holt of his tongue and drag him round de cage a few times, and kick him in de ribs a few times—jest to show him who's de boss. And after dat you tames him down and teaches him a few tricks, sech as jumpin' over a pole and lettin' you stick yore haid down inside his mouth—and so fo'th and so on. I uster git a hund'ed dollahs a week fur bein' a lion tamer."

"Say, nigger," quoth the little darky, "you ain't no lion tamer—you're a lyin' scoundrel!"

### The True Mountain Spirit

NOWHERE does patriotism flame higher than in the Southern mountains. A Kentucky hillman left his sunny corn patch and his moonshiny private still and walked down into the lowlands to bid farewell to his lanky son, who had heard the call of his country and had enlisted, and now was bound for oversea service.

"Son," quoth the old man, taking the younger in his arms, "I fit four year agin the Union, but I'm reconciled now; and I'm proud to see you wearin' the uniform of the Federal Gover'mint. You'll be sailin' fur furrin parts soon; and when you git there I want you to remember what you owe to yore flag and country.

"And, son, ef you run into one of them there Germans don't show him no mercy. Shoot him down like he was a revenue officer!"

### With Faint Praise

A MAN gave up a job in Philadelphia to take a place as manager of a big manufacturing plant in a small but acutely active industrial city near Pittsburgh, where several hundred freight trains a day thundered back and forth just under his bedroom windows, where the soot descended in showers and where a resident who did not carry cinders in the corners of his eyes did not look natural. Power for most of the shops in town was derived from the adjacent falls of a narrow but rushing river.

After he had been in his new berth a short while the local Commercial Club gave a dinner in his honor. At a suitable moment the guest of the evening rose to respond to the toast, "Our Town!" And this was what he said, and no more:

"Oh, beautiful city by the dam!
Oh, city!
Oh, beautiful!
Oh, dam!"

### Real Literature

HE WAS very black; and in his khaki he looked like coffee and chocolate ice cream. After eating a hearty meal in the American Red Cross canteen at —— he sat down, with a book, near the counter. The kind-hearted directress looked once or twice in his direction and was surprised to see big tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Why, now this will never do!" she said kindly. "Is there anything I can do to help you?"

He dug his knuckles into his eyes and replied:

"I sholy am ashamed to make a baby outen myself, ma'am. This yer book done make me so homesick!"

She picked up the book he had been reading. It was the canteen cookbook; and it was open at the section on How to Fry Chicken.



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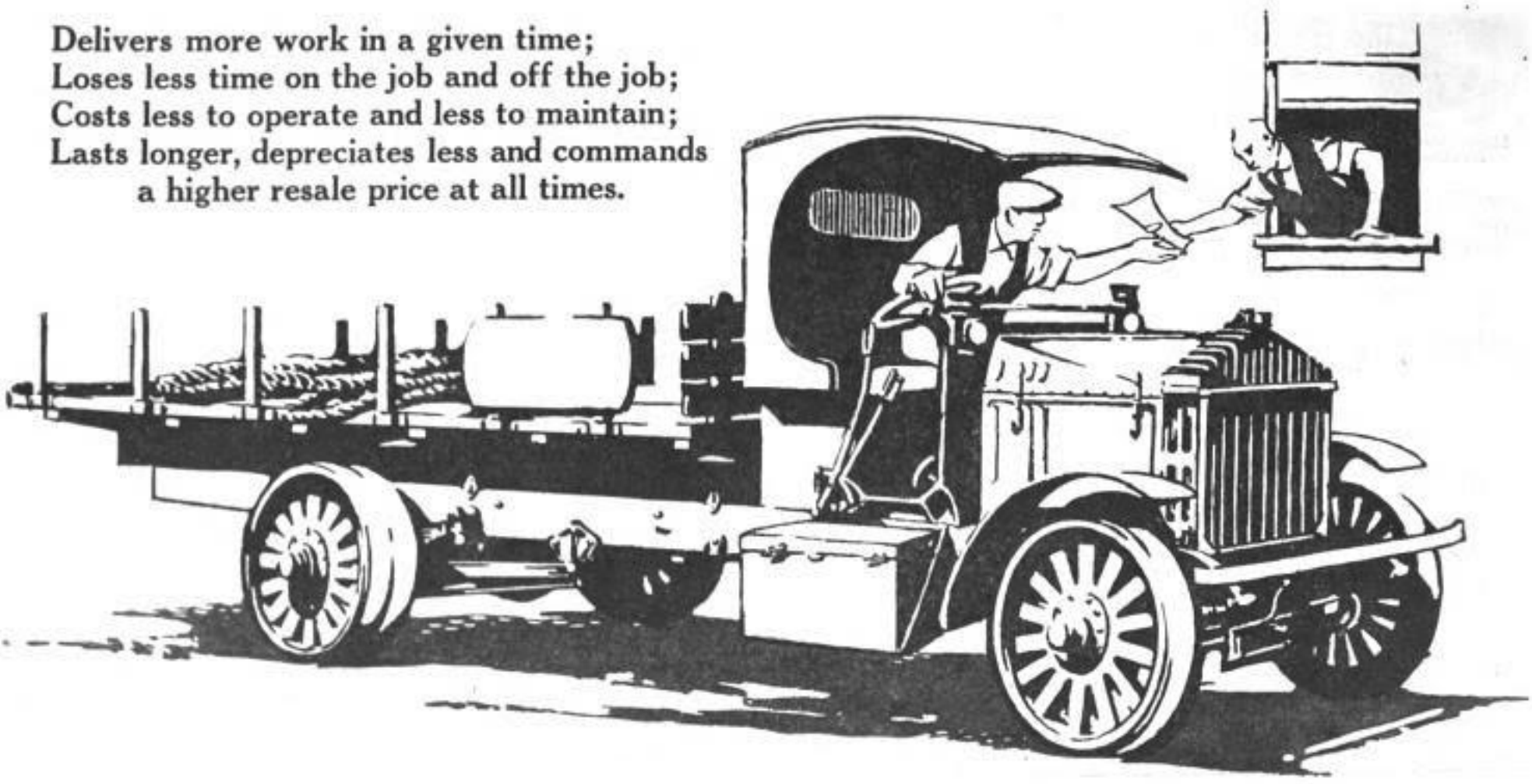
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# Mince Pie

*"Like Mother Used to Make"*

is only *one* of the good things that can be made with

# NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

**The New Recipes on this page** tell just how to use None Such Mince Meat in several temptingly delicious ways. These recipes will appeal to the housewife who enjoys serving those little "surprise" dishes which are at once new and enticing.



Mince Meat Jelly for Dessert

**Mince Meat Gems**—Make apple crust dough. Use gem pans, greasing pan as usual. Roll dough moderately thick. Line each gem pan with dough in the same manner as for pie, fill with Mince Meat thickened with flour. Make a covering of dough. Serve hot.

**Oat Meal Cookies with Mince Meat Filling**—*Cookies:* 1 cup sugar, 1 cup shortening, 3 cups oat meal, 3 cups flour, ½ cup milk, and 1 teaspoon soda. *Filling:* Mince Meat—2 cups, 1 cup water. Boil till thick and spread between cookies.

**Mince Meat Jelly for Dessert**—1 package jelly powder (either lemon or orange), nuts and Mince Meat. Before serving, cover top with whipped cream, sprinkle with finely chopped nuts and cherry in center.

**Mince Meat Sandwiches**—Cut slices very thinly. Make a filling of Mince Meat, to which may be added onions, celery, pimentos. Use crisp lettuce leaf.

**Mince Meat Relish**—Mix Mince Meat with green or red peppers and onions.

**Mince Meat Croquettes**—Mix Mince Meat with egg and bread crumbs sufficient to stiffen, salt to taste. Bake in gem pans 20 or 25 minutes.

**Mince Meat Salad**—Mince Meat, oranges, grapes, maraschino, celery and marshmallows. Chill and serve on lettuce leaf.

**Tomato Stuffed with Mince Meat**—Scoop out tomato. Mince Meat, celery, green peppers and onions. Mix the Mince Meat, celery, green peppers and onions. Fill the scooped-out tomato and serve, after chilled, on plate garnished with parsley.

**Mince Meat Dressing for Duck or Other Game**—Make dressing in the usual way, add 1 package None Such Mince Meat, and add more apples and celery to suit individual taste.

Note—For all these recipes use None Such Mince Meat prepared in the same manner as for Mince Pie, according to the directions on the package.

*Try other Recipes printed on None Such package*

Merrell-Soule Co., Syracuse, N. Y.



Mince Meat Croquettes



Mince Meat Sandwiches



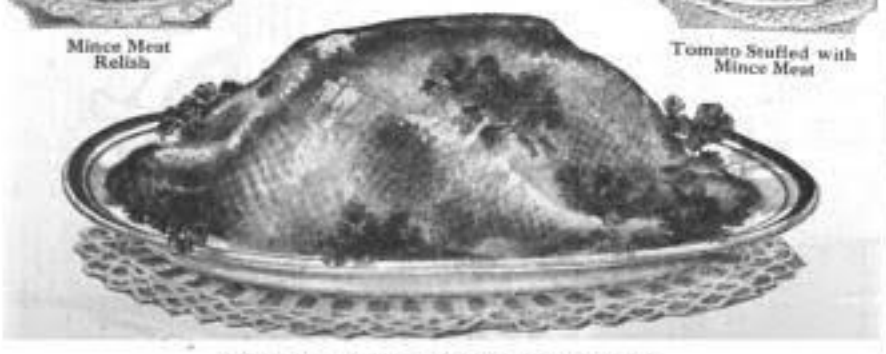
Mince Meat Salad



Mince Meat Relish



Tomato Stuffed with Mince Meat



Mince Meat Dressing for Duck or Other Game


# NEW MEN FOR OLD

(Continued from Page 13)

This chute is located in a large building known as the classification barracks. All enlisted personnel enter in single file. Each man carries in his hand the report of the disability board that has examined him, which states his name, number, army unit, the nature of his disability and whether it existed before or after he entered the Army, his classification—that is, whether he is Class B or C—and the nature of the duty recommended for him by the board. He is now handed a sheet of paper—an inspection slip—which contains an itemized list of what will happen to him on his journey down the chute. As these things happen they are checked off.

First of all the man is registered, after which he passes on to a desk where he can take out war-risk insurance and rearrange the allowance and allotment for his family. If he has no insurance already this formal reminder is likely to equip him with a policy. Next comes an examination for disease. After physical examination is the vocational classification. In front of the examining sergeant is what is known as the index of occupation, a large chart which contains the list of every job that the average man can hold. Each one has a number. The three most common occupations are Factory Worker, which is Number one; Farmer, which is Number two; and Laborer, which is Number three. Each man is required to give his life history in terms of work. It includes the last firm that employed him, its address, the kind of work he did, the wage he received, whether he exercised authority or leadership, how long he worked, and also a list of any other jobs or occupations that he may have had. Included of course is the usual personal information.

All these facts are written on a large card technically known as qualification record. At the top of this card is a scale of numbers corresponding to every one of these major occupations on the index of occupations. Just as soon as this card is filled out a red marker is put over the number indicating the man's qualifications for work. In the case of a motor mechanic it would go over Number twenty-four, which happens to be the index number for this particular job. When the cards are filed the assignment officer can see at a glance how many men he has available for every job.

### Army Good Nature

The qualification record filled out, our man now continues his journey down the chute. The next station is the pay department. Many men leave hospital without a cent. In order that they have some pocket money each man is given an advance of $7.50 on his pay. After financial needs are met assignment is made to companies by physical qualifications. This means that all B-1 men would be put in one group. Each man is given a barrack bag, which he presents at a miniature department store, where it is filled with clean underwear, socks, field shoes, razor, toothbrush and paste, and the daily ration of tobacco. Adjoining is a bathroom, where with soap and towel provided at the equipment counter he cleans himself from head to foot. As a final touch he can if he so desires end this overhauling journey by sitting down in an American barber chair in a sanitary barber shop and have his hair cut or his face shaved before emerging.

Now you can understand what I meant when I said that more than one soldier has believed that the chute process was a dream. Despite its thoroughness exactly twelve hundred men have been classified in these barracks in a single day. The moment that the man emerges he is marched off to the barracks and put in charge of a noncommissioned officer who issues a travel order which indicates his destination. From a location slip he knows for the first time that he is to go to Salvage Depot X, let us say, and that he is to start at eight o'clock the next morning. In the meantime he has an opportunity to stretch his legs, listen to a band composed of temporarily unfit soldiers, or even watch a boxing bout, which is one of the great entertainment features every evening. In summer a baseball game is one of the daily diversions.

This human-salvage station is a mine of incident that reveals the character of the American soldier. Here is a typical case: When a casual company is sent off in a body the travel order sometimes contains a hundred names with considerable data after each one. Four copies must be made—all by hand. One night the officer in charge of the classification barracks, Lieut. William R. Quinn, was told that two brothers, both wounded at the same time and devotedly attached to each other, were to be separated. The travel order which divorced them contained 114 names and had just been written and distributed. These boys did not want to be separated. In order to keep them together it was necessary to rewrite the travel orders, which would mean hours of work. The barracks clerks had worked from 7:45 o'clock in the morning until 10:30 at night every day for weeks, yet when Lieutenant Quinn stated the facts every man volunteered to rewrite the papers in order that these two brothers might remain together. This performance has been duplicated several times. It disclosed the fact that there are hundreds of groups of brothers in the A. E. F. Frequently you find three, even four, members of a family in the same unit.

### Game as a Bantam

Here is another instance of character: One day a little Marine hardly up to the minimum requirements of height and weight showed up for classification. He had been badly gassed and wounded. Having been a stenographer in New York, he was attached to the clerical force at the station. A few days' work, however, convinced the officer in charge that he could not stand the indoor labor, so he was given light outdoor duty. One night he approached a comrade and asked if he could borrow a hundred francs.

"What do you want to do with this money?" asked his mate.

"I want to beat it A. W. O. L."—absent without leave—"shoot across France and join my outfit in the trenches," was his reply.

This bantam, who still had the German poison in his system and who was physically unfit to do a full day's work, was willing to break the rules, subject himself to a court-martial, in order to get back to the fighting Front.

On another occasion a young boy of Austrian birth was making his way down the chute. He still limped from a wound in his leg. At one desk the officer asked him "Are you an American citizen?"

"Yes," replied the boy with pride. "A German bullet made me one."

During my visit to the station I overheard a characteristic conversation between two men who had just been evacuated from hospital. They were both of German origin. One of them asked the other: "How did you like shooting at your German cousins?"

Quick as a flash his companion answered: "They deserve all they are getting, and I'd give it to you if you were on the other side."

Not all the men assigned to this remarkable institution are sent away at once. It becomes a sort of rest camp where men get final recuperation—pending the establishment of the great recuperation camp now in process of construction—and where, with the sense of utility which marks our whole army endeavor, they are more fit in every way. You find here a school for stenographers which in ten days was able to provide the Army with fifteen capable typists. These men had had previous experience, to be sure, but many months in the Army had dulled their capability to a considerable extent. In the school, which is in charge of a field clerk who was a professor in a commercial college in civil life, they got back their old-time skill.

Other educational features include schools for cooks and bakers, filing clerks, horseshoers, farriers and carpenters. There is also a special course of instruction for noncommissioned officers in the art of handling men, office detail and incidental details, all of which will start them on the road to a commission.

This system of classification has a bigger significance than merely adapting permanently or temporarily unfit men to an army job. It is preparedness for the future. Nothing wears out men like war, and no war like this war. Out of this process will emerge tens of thousands of men better equipped for peace. It is making our overseas force an army of specialists.

(Continued on Page 61)

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(Continued from Page 58)

Full brother to the institution that I have just tried to describe is the great American Blighty which is now being established near by. The average American need scarcely be told that Blighty means England for the British Tommy. When one of them gets a Blighty it means that it is a wound sufficient to take him back home. America, had the war continued, would not have been able to send her wounded men home, so she planned to bring the comforts of home to France.

When the first American casualty reports were flashed by cable from France to the United States there leaped from many American hearts and homes the swift and tremulous question: "What is the Army doing for my wounded boy?"

The huge recuperation camp on the Loire is the Army's answer to this question. Amid wooded groves and with every convenience is rising this sanctuary where the doughboy can come from evacuation camp and travel back to strength. It will be a sort of army Elysian fields on earth. Aside from the human aspect this immense project is a sound military and economic enterprise, for the reason that the average cost in time, effort and subsistence of each individual evacuation from a hospital camp to this haven of rest and recovery is much less than the similar cost of individual replacement from the United States. It means new men for old without drawing on the reserves at home.

### New Fittings for Misfits

So far I have dealt with the classification of enlisted men. Now we come to the kindred allotment of officers, which brings us to the threshold of the Military Confessional, in many respects the most unique and original human institution in the whole A. E. F. Save to those who have found hope, faith and a new life within its sympathetic walls, it is scarcely known. Yet this establishment stands at the crossroads of the sometimes tangled highway of army life and points the path to fresh careers. I know of no activity that more completely or unalterably reflects the ideals of the American Army.

With officers, as with men, square pegs are often stuck into the round holes. In other words the wrong man is put on the job and makes a hash of it. In most armies the man found to be temperamentally unfit to lead troops or even for some desk task is often sent home. He feels that he is disgraced and he frequently spends the rest of his life eating out his heart. He makes himself a marked man, and his usefulness to society, in most instances, ends. With the A. E. F. such a man is given a chance to make good. Regeneration is put squarely up to him.

The first question that naturally rises is: How are these officers segregated? The process is very simple. As soon as it became apparent that officers were misplaced in the various staff corps and departments—such misplacements were inevitable in the hasty mobilization of a huge army—a personnel bureau was established at the headquarters of the Services of Supply at Tours to deal with all problems relating to officers physically or otherwise unfit for front-line work and to give them a chance elsewhere. It was placed in charge of a deputy chief of staff who, by the very circumstance of his birth, his whole army experience and his outlook on life, was an inspired choice. This man is Lieut. Col. M. R. Wainer, whose story is as picturesque as his post. He was born in Russia and was brought to America as a child by his immigrant father, who settled in the Middle West. The boy yearned to be a soldier; it was impossible for him to go to West Point, so he enlisted as a private and worked his way up to a commission. He has journeyed over the rough places himself; he knows and understands men; he was therefore eminently qualified to assume the rôle of father confessor to the Army, for such he is.

It was not long before the disciples gathered at his door. They came because a certain memorandum was sent to all bureau chiefs. This document so completely sets forth the spirit of fair play and a square deal in the Army that I am reproducing it in full. Here it is:

"If there is any officer in your department, in any grade whatsoever, whom you regard as incompetent that officer will upon your recommendation be sent to the Reclassification Station. You can safely count on the fact that unless it be by accident he will not be returned to your department.

"It is not necessary in recommending this officer for reclassification that you state any reasons for desiring to get rid of him, but in order to assist in the reclassification of the officer, and to better place him in some other field where his services may be more useful to the United States, every such case should be accompanied by a frank statement of the officer's qualifications and disqualifications so far as they have been developed while serving in your department.

"It should be understood that the policy of the Commanding General, S. O. S., is to make a readjustment of personnel so as to get the maximum advantage out of every man's service. It frequently happens that a man who is totally unqualified for one class of work is well qualified for another, and however worthless an officer may appear to be from your viewpoint it may be that his services can be used to some advantage in another field."

This memorandum is the basis for the adjustment of all misfit officers. Likewise a general order authorizes division, corps and army commanders to relieve such officers as are considered unqualified for combat duty of their commands and send them back for reclassification. All officers ordered for this reclassification are first ordered to the human-salvage station which I described in a previous section of this article. The papers giving the available data as to their qualifications, civil occupation and the reason for their relief are then sent to the commanding general of the Services of Supply. Upon receipt of these papers the personnel bureau at Tours orders the officers to report there. Upon arrival they are required to fill out an officer's qualification card, which is somewhat similar to the qualification record filled out by the enlisted man, though it does not include the vocational list. It contains the usual personal information. The officer himself indicates the department or branch of the service in which he thinks he would be most valuable and his qualifications for the work. He must also state what educational advantages he has enjoyed, what foreign languages he can speak, and so forth.

### Colonel Wainer's Work

Every officer who comes to Tours for reclassification has an interview with Colonel Wainer, which is in many respects the most important detail. Before he enters the Confessional the colonel has read the man's record. He can therefore talk to him with knowledge and authority. More than one officer has entered that sanctuary cocky, even defiant, and protesting against what he regards as an indignity. Always he emerges with a smile on his face and with hope in his heart. This big-souled deputy chief of staff who rose from the ranks knows how to place men. He has before him an up-to-date list of needs in the Services of Supply, which grow so fast that there is always a demand for officers. He is therefore able to assign men to jobs where they are sorely wanted and where the welcome, first born of need, is a stimulus. The demand for officers, I might add, usually exceeds the supply. No matter what highly specialized experience is represented, there is invariably a place to use it.

A complete card record is kept of every officer reclassified for incompetency or temperamental unfitness. For the purposes of army records he is known as a "Thrown Back," or a "T. B." for short. This card system is itself a marvel of completeness and efficiency. A card with a green flag in the center, for example, signifies an officer reclassified for physical reasons. A card with a blue flag in the upper right-hand corner shows that it is the brief biography of a T. B. sent back from the Front for temperamental reasons.

Reclassified officers are placed in one of four classes. Class One is composed of those who though rendering satisfactory service have requested their own transfer for personal reasons. Class Two are misfits who have failed to render efficient service and who are not sufficiently inefficient to justify an elimination board. Class Three includes all officers for whom an elimination board has recommended a transfer to another branch of the service. Class Four are officers whose discharge has been recommended by the elimination board but who are being given another chance to qualify somewhere in the Army.


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Nature says: "Don't hamper my work by using haphazard methods and soaps."

And all Nature asks is a little common-sense cooperation in the care of the skin she is daily trying to give you.

Nature lays great stress on *rinsing*.

She says: "The soap must *all rinse off*."

So, if you want to choose and keep a clear, beautiful, natural skin, you will want to choose, also, a *method* and a *soap*, to take proper care of that skin.

Pure Fairy Soap is made for skins. Fairy Soap is made to cream refreshingly in *and out* of pores, as Nature asks. And when it has performed its perfect cleansing—*off it rinses*.

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*"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"*


Since I have referred to elimination boards it may be well to explain their function, which I will do with a concrete example. If the reclassification of an officer sent back from the combat area for inefficiency indicates that he holds too high a rank for his new post in the Services of Supply, he is ordered before an elimination board with a view to his demotion to a grade more nearly in accord with his capability or to conform with his discharge if a dismissal is recommended. Thus the board's job is to eliminate or to appraise men and ranks.

Some officers have appeared several times before elimination boards. This procedure is in line with the policy outlined at General Headquarters, which is that no officer shall be discharged from the service of the United States except for misconduct or some similar reason, nor until he shall have been given every possible opportunity to prove his fitness in any capacity. No man is dismissed from the A. E. F. without good and sufficient reasons, and only after he has had every chance to redeem himself by service. In this spirit of justice you find the incarnation of the character of the man who is the commander in chief of our armies abroad.

Reclassification often develops the fact that men fail in the Army merely because they are put on a wrong task. If it is apparent that an aviation officer lacks the fundamental qualities required in this branch of the service, and his training, civil occupation and personality fit him for duty with the Quartermaster Corps, he is assigned to that immense domain. If he proves his adaptability after a certain time, and upon receipt of a recommendation from his superior officer to that effect, General Headquarters vacates his commission in the aviation section and recommissions him in the Quartermaster Corps.

Wherever a man is reclassified for inefficiency a confidential letter is sent to the section commander or the department to whom he reports explaining why he is assigned. His case is quietly and tactfully followed up without the slightest bruise to his pride. The men who have failed to qualify under this humane, sympathetic and considerate process are those of whom the Army is well rid and who have only themselves to blame for their downfall.

In the case of officers who are reclassified for physical disability, due consideration is given to their condition as shown by the medical report. Their assignment depends upon their qualifications and the duties they are able to perform. After a certain specified time these officers may ask for a reëxamination. If they are found to be physically restored they are placed on a list as available for return to combat. They go back to the fighting job as soon as officers become available to replace them on their present assignment.

### Some Shining Examples

It remains only for me to disclose a few intimate chapters recorded by the reclassification of officers who have been given that second chance and who have found both glory and compensation in their remaking.

One day a Southern colonel entered the Army Confessional. He had arrived in France in charge of a splendid battalion. In the training camp he gave every evidence of skill and tact. The moment he got his troops up in the combat area he displayed a temper and an inability to handle men in an emergency that not only made him conspicuous but led to his being ordered back for reclassification.

This man was proud and sensitive; he had been in the National Guard for years; all this time he had dreamed of the hour when he would lead troops in actual battle. When that great moment arrived he was found to be temperamentally incapable, and no one realized it better than he did. All that he could see ahead of him was years of regret and bitterness.

Instead of rebuke he met with kindness; where he had expected reproach he found a helping hand.

"What would you like to do?" asked Colonel Wainer.

"I want to do a man's job somewhere in France," was the reply.

He got his chance. At a certain port much used by the American Expeditionary Force you will find this colonel, erect, buoyant, full of pride in his task, and likewise a credit to the uniform he wears. He has found the social field in which his personality has full swing. He is merely one of many splendid men who have found themselves after devious army wandering.

The Army Confessional knows neither caste, creed nor color. Not so very long ago a negro officer was sent back from the Front as unsuited for combat work. He was so indignant that he had done that most rare of all army things—sent in his resignation.

Colonel Wainer knew the man had character and that it only needed to be pricked into life, so he asked him point-blank: "Are you still loyal to your country and your flag?"

"Yes," responded the man; "of course I am."

"Then you should be willing to serve it in the best way that you know how," retorted his questioner.

To-day that officer, who was willing to quit the service in a fit of pique and face rebuff at home, is rendering admirable service with a stevedore regiment, where he is a credit to his race and his cause.

These heart-to-heart experiences are not without their element of humor, as the case of another negro officer will show. When Colonel Wainer asked him "What is your trouble?" he immediately replied: "Well, boss, it's this way." His first words of course showed that he had failed in the first principles of military requirements. When the proposition of serving his country was put squarely up to him he was ready and willing to go before an elimination board and serve in the ranks as a private soldier. He has been in the thick of the fray ever since.

### Misplaced Aptitudes

In this Confessional human nature stands uncompromisingly revealed. Men blame everyone for their errors save the right person, who usually is themselves. Frequently they protest that it was not inefficiency that brought them back from the Front but because they happened to be in a regiment composed of men from various states, and that the predominating officers in the unit want subordinates from their own commonwealths under them. These cases are invariably without foundation, because investigation proves that the officer himself is to blame and that he has not given the proper support and loyalty to his commander. Such men are assigned to duty in the Services of Supply, where, relieved from the friction engendered by sensitive state pride, they have given excellent accounts of themselves.

Again and again there are examples of men merely misplaced. A young man of twenty-five who had been a successful commercial painter found himself in a field battery and was sent to a school for instruction and training in the intricate mathematical problems of artillery. Of course the work was not congenial and he was sent to the rear for reclassification. His proper station was camouflage, to which he was assigned and where his special qualifications have already won him the highest praise.

His is a typical illustration of the work that is being done daily in making the Army more keenly fit to do its great task.

When you sum up the whole process of reclassification you find that, as with so many other phases of our army organization, it is building for peace as well as for war. America, like England and France, will face a dearth of skilled men in industry when the world no more sees red. Competition, which was merely part of the orderly development of a people before the war, will be a bitter battle for economic existence after the war. The struggle to live will be comparable to the struggle for freedom to-day. The nation that can swiftly mobilize both its trained workers and its trained leaders will have a flying start on all its rivals. The race toward rehabilitation will be to the swiftest. In the classification and reclassification of officers and men is one guaranty that the United States will be able to segregate quickly an army of specialists which will be a tremendous factor in all the arts and crafts.

Meanwhile down in that little room at Tours every day men are getting a rebirth of character, courage and, what is equally important—self-respect. We are not only saving human tonnage but human careers as well.

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**Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with our supply organization in France. The next will describe the subsidiary corporations of the American business of war.**

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# THE CITY OF COMRADES

(Continued from Page 19)

"There seem to be a number of nurses going back," I observed after an introductory word or two.

"There are three in our party—myself and the two over there."

The two over there were two I had already seen, neither of them being my pilot of a half hour previously.

"I thought I saw another," I threw off casually.

"I believe there is one—an American girl from Lady Rideover's hospital at Taplow."

As I had just come from Lady Rideover's hospital at Taplow, and Lady Rideover herself was my sister, I suggested, without mentioning the relationship, that in this speculation there was some mistake.

"She may not have come directly from there," the Consolatrice admitted; "but I know she was with Lady Rideover six months ago."

"But six months ago I was with Lady Rideover myself."

"Well, she was there then."

"But I should have seen her if she had been."

She turned slowly round on me with deep, kind eyes.

"Would you? You could see all the time?"

I had forgotten that. There had been two months when I hadn't seen at all. Anyone might have come and gone during that time.

Remarking on the inconvenience of having no list of passengers, I asked my companion if she knew the young lady's name.

"No; but I can inquire of my friends. They may know."

Having crossed to speak to the nurses on the other side of the deck she came back without the information.

"But Miss Prynne," she added, "that's the short one, says that the young lady came over about two years ago with Lady Rideover's sister, Miss Melbury, of Montreal."

I withdrew to ponder. I had been in continuous if desultory communication with my sisters during all my time abroad, and no mention of Regina Barry had ever escaped either. I had not supposed that they knew each other. I couldn't bring myself to believe that I had been under the same roof with her at Taplow and had not been aware of it. And here she was on board the ship on which I was returning home, and able to come to my aid at a minute when I wanted help.

I had often wished that some of my New York correspondents would speak of her, but no one ever had. Except in the case of Cantyre this was hardly strange, for—apart from Hilda Grace, who never wrote to me—no one knew that Regina Barry and I had meant anything to each other. If Cantyre had spoken of her it would have been on his own account; but confidential as he was in private talk his letters were never more than a few terse lines. So I had rather bitterly imagined her as going on with the testing of other men, as she had tested Jim Hunter, Cantyre and me—trying them and finding them wanting. In ungenerous moments I went so far as to hope that Nemesis might overtake her in some tremendous passion in which she herself would be tried and tossed aside.

It was, however, the second day out before I actually came face to face with her. Her absence from the deck had been part of the mystery. Having swung into the Mersey we remained there all Sunday night—it was a Sunday we had gone on board—and much of Monday. Accepting as necessary the secrecy which in wartime enshrouds an Atlantic voyage the passengers had made themselves as comfortable as the conditions permitted, and taken air and exercise by promenading the decks. There could have been no better opportunity for finding familiar faces, but apart from one or two distant acquaintances I saw none. The three nurses' uniforms I had noted already were continually about; but I never found the fourth.

And then on Tuesday, after we had lost sight of the Irish coast, there was another queer little incident. As I could walk but little I had been reading in the music room. Tired of doing that and eager to continue my search for the missing uniform I had limped to the doorway, screened by a heavy portière, leading out toward the companionway. But while I stood turning up the collar of my overcoat the portière was suddenly pulled aside, and we were before each other, with a suggestion of a similar occurrence three and a half years before.

The very differences in my appearance—the mustache, the patch over my left eye, the military coat—must have helped to recall the earlier occasion by the indirect means of contrast. As for her, she was what she had seemed to me then—two great flaming eyes. They were tired eyes now, haunted, tragic perhaps, and I saw later that when you caught them off their guard they were pensive if not mournful. They were, indeed, all I could see of her, for the rest of her features were hidden by the veil over the lower part of the face which women occasionally copy from the Turkish lady's yashmak. A small black cap, held by a jade-green pin, and a long, shapeless black ulster or coat completed a costume quite unlike the uniform for which I had been looking.

I can only describe that encounter as the meeting of two transmigrated souls. She had gone as far in her direction as I in mine; but I couldn't tell at a glance in what direction she had gone. It was what struck me dumb. When Paolo and Francesca met in space they had nothing to say to each other except with the eyes. In some such case as that we found ourselves. The pressure of topics was too great to allow of immediate selection. She seemed to wait for me to utter the first word, and as I was at a loss she dropped the portière behind her, inclined her head and passed on into the saloon.

Though it was my place to follow her I couldn't for the minute take so obvious a course. I was not only too mystified by what I had heard of her but too confused as to our standing toward each other. I couldn't begin with a "How do you do?" as if we had parted on the ordinary social terms, while anything more dramatic would have been absurd. Hobbling along the deck I took refuge in the smoking room in order to reflect.

Reflection was not easy. Over its calm fields emotion spread like water through a broken dike. For two and a half years the emotional had been so stemmed and banked and dammed in me that I had thought it under control forever. I had had enough to do in giving orders or carrying them out. But now that the repressed had broken its bounds again the tide swept everything away with it.

Not that I knew just what I was experiencing; on the contrary, I couldn't have disentangled the element of anger from that of curiosity, nor that of curiosity from that of joy. All I could say for certain was that never in my life had I been so anxious to keep free; never had I so much needed concentration and single-mindedness. The task to which I had vowed my undivided energy and heart demanded a genuine celibacy of the will; and now of all the women in the world . . .

I was working on this train of thought when I became aware that people were running along the deck. Glancing about me at the same moment I saw I was alone in the smoking room. A whistle blew, piercingly, alarmingly. By the time I had struggled to my feet the ship changed her course so sharply as to throw me against a chair.

I knew what it was, of course. We had been talking of the possibility ever since we left the Mersey. However much we tried to keep the mind away from the subject it came back to it, as a mischievous boy makes straight for the thing forbidden him.

My first thought was for the girl in the yashmak. I must find her, see she had a life belt and take her to her boat. Before I had scrambled to the door, however, it flew open, apparently of its own accord, while a wild nor'wester positively blew the young lady in.

It also blew away anything like Paolo-and-Francesca sentiment.

"Oh, here you are!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "I've been hunting for you everywhere. They say we've sighted a periscope. Take this and put it on."

Of the two life belts she carried she flung one to me, beginning to fasten the other about herself.

"But the one you've brought me must belong to someone else," I objected as I aided her. "I've got one of my own in my cabin. I'll just run down ——"

She brushed this aside.





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"No; this is yours. I went and ...

"You ——" I began in astonishm...

"I'm a nurse—or a kind of one," she said hastily. "That's what I'm here for."

"But you knew where my cabin was?"

"I found out. Oh, hurry—please!"

She helped me as a medieval lady might have helped her lord to buckle on his sword; and presently we were out on deck.

As we had twice already drilled in the unsightly things we had lost the sense of the grotesque appearance presented by ourselves and our fellow travelers. Besides, we were too eager to descry the periscope to have any more thought of ourselves than a wild duck of how it looks when skimming away from a sniper. Indeed, it was chiefly of a hunted wild duck that our zigzagging boat reminded me.

It was a sullen day, with that scudding of low gray clouds which looks as if the heavens were hastening to some Armageddon of their own. The sea had hardly got over the swell left by one gale when it was being lashed into fury by another. The Assiniboia pitched and rolled and tore through the waters like a monster goaded by innumerable stings. I should have found it next to impossible to struggle along the deck had my protectress not stood by and steadied me.

There was a kind of foolish pretense at the chivalrous in my tone as I said: "I'll just see you to your boat before going over to mine."

"We're in the same boat," she answered briefly. "Do come along."

I thought of my forty-eight hours of unfruitful search for her.

"But I didn't see you at Number Seven when we drilled yesterday."

"I'm there now," she said with the same brevity. Feeling apparently that some explanation was needed she went on: "I've—I mean they—they've changed me. Miss Prynne has let me have—or rather she's taken—that is," she finished in confusion, "we're all nurses together—and we've—we've exchanged."

In spite of some inward observations I spared her any other comment than to say "How jolly!" as if the exchange had been the most matter-of-course thing in the world.

I spoke just now of riding tempests and zephyrs, and something like that it was to plow along at every ounce of steam, with cross seas, head seas, seas abeam and seas abaft, as each new zigzag caught them. On the roaring of the wind and the plunge and thunder of the waves one rose into regions of tumultuous play where life and death were the stakes. I saw no signs of fear, and still less of panic; nor, so far as the eye could read, anything more than a sporting excitement. One would have said that our peril was accepted as being all in the game, part of the day's work. By the end of 1916 Atlantic travelers had come to take the submarine for granted, just as the statesmen of Plantagenet and Tudor times took the headsmen's block as one of the natural risks of going into politics.

But we looked instinctively for a periscope. It is not an easy thing for anyone to see, and for me it was more difficult than for most. I saw none; or I saw a hundred. With the imperfect vision of my one eye the crests of the billows bristled with moving four-inch pipes; and then suddenly all would disappear and I saw nothing but the waves curling upward into coronets of foam with veils of trailing lace.

Not that I was worse off in this respect than my fellow travelers. As they ran for their boats they would pause, take a hurried look at the seas, exclaiming "There it is!" and then more doubtfully "No, no!" all in one breath.

The "No, no!" was generally uttered in a tone of disappointment, since to cross the ocean and sight no submarine would have been like journeying through Egypt and missing the Pyramids.

And yet our danger was apparent. Only a fortnight before the Kamouraska, sister ship to the Assiniboia, had been sent to the bottom in these very waters, with great loss of life. Of the tragedy the papers had given us realistic pictures that were fresh in all our minds. There was a preliminary scene on board not unlike the one we were enacting. We saw later a shell bursting on the deck, somewhere amidships. We saw the passengers and crew taking to the boats with shells kicking up geysers among them as they tried to get away. We saw the great ship sticking as straight up out of the water as a Cleopatra's Needle, before going slowly down. We saw the U-boat herself lying on the water like a crocodile, some four thousand yards away; we saw Queenstown as a morgue. All this was as vividly in our minds as a rehearsal to the actors of a play; and yet we were probably no more nervous than the company on a first night when the curtain is going up.

The word went round that it was the fate of the Kamouraska, with the futility of her surrender as a means of saving the passengers' lives, that prompted our captain to flight and fight. Our wireless calls were undoubtedly going up and down the Irish coast and out into the ocean. Within an hour or two, if we could hold out so long, destroyers would be rushing to our rescue. We had nothing to be terribly afraid of with more than an imaginative fear.

That imaginative fear was quickened by the seemingly maddened action of our ship. I can best describe her as a leviathan gone insane. If insanity were to overtake a whale it would probably splash the deep in some such frenzy as this—so many angles out of the course one way—then a violent heeling over—so many angles out of the course another way—anyway, anywhere, anything—to get out of that straight, staid line from port to port which makes an ocean-going ship a liner. I admit that in this wild, erratic dashing there was something that alarmed us, and something, too, that made us laugh. It was the comic side of madness, in which you can hardly see the terrible because of the grotesque.

By the time we reached Lifeboat Number Seven there were many signs that neither officers nor passengers were going to take more chances than they were obliged to. At Number Five on one side of us a young officer was on top, peeling off the tarpaulin covering. At Number Nine on the other side some of the crew were already mounted, examining supplies and oars. At our own boat cranks were being fitted to the davits to swing the boat outward. All along the line similar preparations were in progress, while men and women—luckily we had no children on board—carrying such wraps and hand bags as they might reasonably take, stood in groups, waiting for what was to happen next.

Our view of the sea was largely cut off here by the hulk of the lifeboats, though wherever there was a chink there was also a cluster of heads. So many saw periscopes—and so many didn't see them—that it became a mild joke. In general we surmised that if a U-boat was cruising round us at all she had only been porpoising—sticking up her periscope for a second or two to get a look round, and withdrawing it before it could be seen by any eye not on that very spot.

The girl in the yashmak and I arrived so late on the scene that there were no places left by the rail, and we were obliged to content ourselves with secondhand information as to what was taking place. Our excitement had, therefore, a lack of point, like that of the small boy behind the line of grown-up people watching a procession. We fell back in the end into a kind of alcove where being partially protected from wind and tumult we could speak to each other without shouting.

I took the opportunity to thank her for her kindness to me when I came on board on Sunday; but with my opening words the air of Francesca meeting Paolo in space came over her again. I understood her to say that her help on Sunday was a little thing, that she would have given it to anyone.

"Of course," I agreed, "you would have given it to anyone; but in this case you gave it to me. You must allow me to thank you before anything happens that might—that might make gratitude too late."

As I think of her now I can see that she was mistress of herself in the way that a letter-perfect actress is mistress of herself, repeating words that have been learned to fit a certain situation. She had foreseen that I would say something of the kind; she had foreseen that when I did she might be a prey to troublesome emotions; and so had fortified herself in advance by a studied set of phrases.

"I'm so little of a nurse that I should be ashamed not to do for a soldier the few small things in my power."

If she had never made me suffer anything, and if the moment had not been one that might conceivably end our relations forever, I should probably not have uttered the words that came to me next.

"Was it only because I'm a soldier?"

She interrupted skillfully.

"Only because you're a soldier? Isn't a soldier the most splendid man in the world—especially at a time like this?"

Bang!

It was one of our two guns. As a merchantman, not built to withstand the concussion of cannon, the Assiniboia shuddered.

With an involuntary start my companion caught me by the sleeve. The impulse to seize her hand and draw it gently within my arm was irresistible. Had I reflected I might not have done this, since my dominant desire was to keep stripped and unencumbered for the race.

She allowed me to retain her hand just long enough to show that she was not mortally offended, after which she gently disengaged herself. To cover the constraint that both of us felt I went on to wonder if our shot had taken effect. A young man who had gone to find out came back with the news that the lookout having spied the pin furrow of the periscope the shot had been fired at a venture. As far as could be observed it had done nothing but send up a waterspout.

On receiving this information I went on with our interrupted personalities.

"Ever since Sunday I've wondered what had become of you; but, then, I've been looking for the uniform."

"I always intended taking that off when I got on board. You see, I never was a nurse in any but an amateur sense, and so ——"

It was my opportunity to spring the surprise I had been holding in reserve ever since my talk with the Consolatrice in the dock at Liverpool.

"When did you last see Mabel?"

She spoke with a sharp, sudden mezzo cry that might have been caused by pain.

"Who told you that?"

"Who told me what?"

Bang!

It was our second gun, and though the girl in the yashmak started again she did not seize my arm. To hold the drama at its instant of suspense I pretended to be more interested in the effect of the shot than in anything else in the world, as in other circumstances I should have been. I turned to this one and that one inviting their guesses, noting all the while that over Regina Barry's eyes there spread the surface fire that a flaming sunset casts on troubled water.

She harked back to the subject as soon as it was clear that we had missed our aim again.

"Lady Rideover promised me she'd never tell you."

Her tone having become accusatory I broke in on it with studied nonchalance.

"And she never did. To the best of my recollection she never mentioned your name to me. But is there anything wrong in my knowing that you and she are friends?"

Color mounted to her brows where the yashmak couldn't conceal it, though she ignored the question.

"And I'm sure it wasn't your sister Evelyn."

"Why shouldn't it have been?"

"Because she promised me too. I should be frightfully hurt if I thought she ——"

"Then I'll relieve your mind by assuring you that she didn't. But to me the curious thing is that you shouldn't have wanted me to know."

She ignored this, too, a furrow of perplexity deepening between her brows.

"It isn't possible that Lady Rideover or Evelyn, without telling you in words, should have allowed you to suspect ——"

"Not any more than they allowed me to suspect that I was being nursed by a houri out of paradise."

She hastened to make a correction.

"Oh, I never acted as nurse to you! It was that Miss Farley."

"But you were at Taplow when I was there; and in and out of my room."

The peculiar light in her eyes, partly of amazement, partly of incredulity, reminded me of a poor trapped lady I had once seen in the prisoner's dock while a witness recounted the secrets of her life with remarkable exactness of detail.

"But you couldn't see me!" she began helplessly.

"No, but I could hear."

"And you didn't hear me. If I went into your room, which I didn't often do ——"

I launched a theory that was purely inspiration.

"Oh, I know. If you came into my room you didn't make a sound. You arranged that with Mabel. But haven't you heard that the blind develop an extra sense?"

(Continued on Page 69)

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(Continued from Page 66)

"Not so quickly as that—or with that precision." She brightened with a new thought. "If your extra sense told you I was there, why didn't you speak to me?"

"Suppose I said that I respected your incognita? If you didn't want to speak to me it must have been for a reason. I couldn't ignore that."

Whir-r-r! Z-z-z! P-ff!

A shell from the submarine struck the water somewhere near us, though all we saw was a column of white spume on the port side of the ship, while we were on the starboard.

She ignored even this. Standing erect, with her hands in the pockets of her ulster, with no feature to betray her but her eyes, she surmised calmly: "Some of the other nurses or one of the patients must have given you a hint."

"None of them ever pronounced your name in my hearing."

"Then I give up guessing!" she said with a touch of impatience.

"Which is what I can't do."

"But what have you to guess at?"

"At what you've done it—at what you're doing it—for."

She may have smiled behind the yashmak as she said: "What difference does it make to you?"

"I dare say it doesn't make any—except that I seem to be the person benefited."

"In time of war the soldier—the man who does the thing—is the person benefited."

"Oh, no; there's the cause."

"But surely, if we've learned anything during the past two years it's that what the soldier does for the cause can't compare with what the cause does for the soldier."

I saw my opportunity and was quick to use it.

"So that out of what you've been doing for me even you have got something."

She turned this neatly.

"I've got a great deal—out of what I've been doing for everyone. Not that it's been much. I merely mean that whatever it's been it's brought me in far more than I've ever given out."

The swing of the boat was so abrupt as almost to make her heel over. Up and down the deck such passengers as were clinging to nothing were flung this way and that, with some laughing and a few involuntary cries. Miss Barry having braced me in a corner of the alcove because of my game leg I kept my footing steadily, but the girl herself was thrown square into my arms.

Not more than a second later another Whir-r-r! Z-z-z! warned us that another shell was on the way; but before we had time to be afraid a soft P-ff! told us that this, too, had struck the water. The waterspout, this time on the starboard side, not only spattered us with spray but made it clear that only the sharp shifting of the course had saved us from a hole in our bow. That within the next few minutes our enemy would get us somewhere was a little more than probable.

Then from every cluster of heads came the cry "Oh, look!"

There she was—a blue-gray streak, only a little darker than the blue-gray waters. The change in our course revealed her as she lay on the surface to shell us, since she was too far away to send us a torpedo. We forgot everything—Regina Barry and I forgot each other—to gaze. My arms relaxed their hold on the girl because there was no longer a mind to direct them; the girl took command of herself because it was only thus that she could observe the most baleful and fascinating monster in the world.

For it was as a monster, baleful and fascinating, that we regarded her. She was not a thing planned by men's brains and built in a shipyard. She was an abnormal, unscrupulous, venomous water beast, with a special enmity toward men. She had about her the horror of the trackless, the deep, the solitary, the lonesome, the devilish. Few of us had ever got a glimpse of her before. It was like Saint George's first sight of the dragon that wasted men and cities, and called forth his hatred and his sword.

I think that sheer hatred was the cause of our banging away at her with our two guns. We could hardly expect to hit her. She must have been out of our range, and our only hope was in getting out of hers.

As far as we could judge she was lying still and shelling us at her ease. Splash! Splash! Splash! The screeching things went all round us; but by some miracle they were only spectacular.

Viewed as a spectacle there was a terrific beauty in it all. Nature and man were raging together, ferociously, magnificently, without conscience, without quarter, without remorse. Hell had unsealed its springs even in us who stood watchful and inactive. There was a sense of abhorrent glory in the knowledge that there were no limits to which we would not go. That there were no limits to which our enemy would not go with us was stimulating, quickening, like the flick of the whip to the racer. About and above us were all the elements of which man is most accustomed to be afraid, but which now that we were among them inspired an appalling glee.

It was amazing how quickly we got used to it, just as, I am told, a man after a night or two gets used to being in the death house. To be shelled on a stormy, lonely ocean came within a few minutes to be a matter of course. Had we had time to reflect and look backward it would have seemed strange to think that we had made voyages across the Atlantic in which we had not been shelled.

Then all of a sudden there was a noise like that in a house when it is struck by lightning. It was as if all creation had burst into sound, as if there were nothing anywhere that was not a concomitant of an ear-splitting, soul-splitting crash. It was over us; it was round us; it was everywhere; it might have been within us. In our own persons we seemed to be rent by it.

From the port side a blast of smoke rose and poisoned the dark air. A few shrieks, half suppressed by the shriekers, ran the length of the deck, and a few male exclamations of astonishment and awe. For the most part, however, we stood still and soundless, as I believe we should have held ourselves had it proved to be the Judgment Day.

Our immediate impression was that all the after part of the ship had been carried away. Had she begun to settle stern foremost on the instant we should not have been surprised. We could hardly believe that the long, narrow perspective of the deck, with its groups dotting the length of it, could remain unshattered and afloat. We were sure the decks below must have been blown into air and water.

For the hundredth part of a second the Assiniboia appeared to stop still in her course, like a creature with its death wound. She seemed stricken, stunned. But she gave another lurch, another swing to her huge person; and when the second shell came on, taking the range of that which had struck her, it plowed the waves astern. All seemed to be over in the space of between two breaths. By the time we could get our wits together sufficiently to ask what had happened she was once more driving onward. It was splendid. It was sublime. It thrilled one with pride in pluck and seamanship. One could have hugged the brave old leviathan by the neck.

A British seaman, running down the deck on some errand of his own, cried as he passed us: "Got the old bucket aft, just above the water line. But, Lor', she don't mind it! Didn't do no 'arm. On'y killed Sammy Smelt, a steerage cabin boy."

But it was a beginning. Nothing could save us now but speed and the captain's skill. The young officer who had helped to strip the covering off Number Five strolled by us, smoking a cigarette.

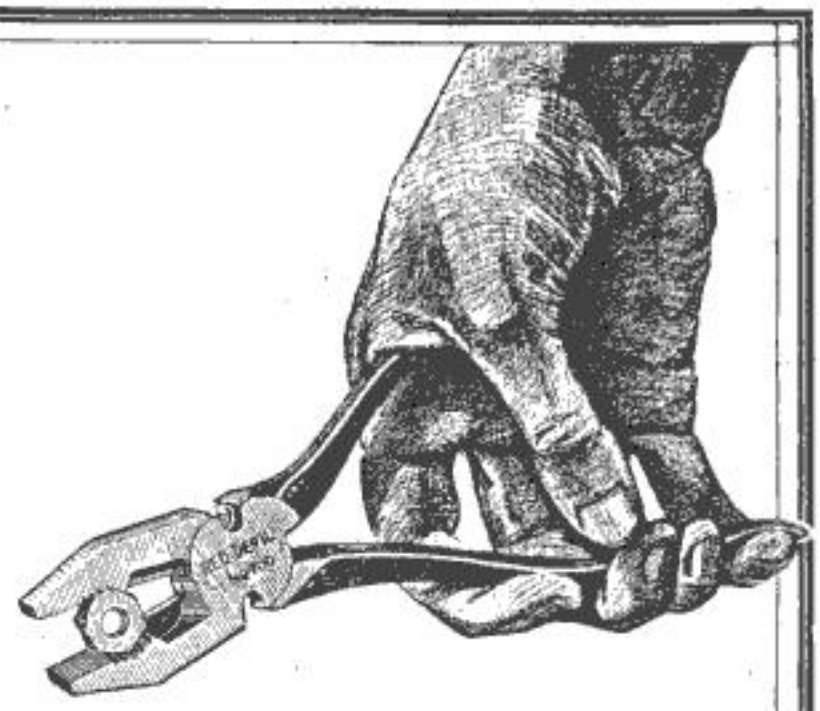
"We're showing her a pretty clean pair of heels," he said coolly, by way of dealing out encouragement. "Ship's carpenter's begun plugging up the hole. That won't hurt us so long as we don't get another."

"What about the cabin boy?" someone called out.

He shrugged his shoulders, saying merely: "Doctor attending to the wounded."

It was strange to be tearing through the seas, with that erratic course of the crazed leviathan, when at any second death might strike us from the air. I had often been under shell fire, of course; but on land there was generally some dugout, some abri, in which one could seek shelter. What impressed me here was the vast exposure of it all. We could only stand with the heaven over us, ready to take to the boats if need be or equally ready to be blown into bits like little Sammy Smelt.

Among the people on the deck the quiet waiting which the traditions of the race have made second nature continued. We might have been passengers gathered at the entrance to a railway track. If a scared look haunted some faces it was not more than might have been occasioned by the extreme lateness of a train.

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The shells were still splashing, the ship was still driving herself onward under every pound of steam, when I looked again at the girl in the yashmak. It must not be understood that I had looked away from her for long. The extreme moment of our peril did not in reality cover more than a few minutes. Like the crisis of a fever it was slow in coming but it passed quickly, though we needed some time to realize the fact.

But when I looked again at Regina Barry I found her as little disturbed as a woman could possibly have been in that special situation. Not to be hurled again into my arms, she held now to the hand rail that runs along cabin walls; but she watched me rather than the ocean. I was her charge and the ocean was not. The blue-gray streak that had held her attention for a while was visible only when the turnings of the ship threw it into view; otherwise we had nothing to see on the starboard side except an infinitude of billows with curling white crests.

To resume something like the customary attitude of human beings toward each other I said, as casually as I could manage: "You came over here just after I did, didn't you?"

Having purposely framed my sentence in just those words it was some satisfaction to get the result I was playing for. It took all the aplomb—a rather shy aplomb—of which she was mistress to answer in a way that wouldn't underscore my meaning.

"Possibly; but I don't remember when you came over."

Having given the date of my sailing I added: "And you left with Evelyn a little more than three weeks later?"

"Since you know everything you naturally know that." She took on the old air of being at once smiling and defiant as she asked: "And has the fact any special significance?"

"That's what I want to find out." Before she could protest that there was no such significance I put the question: "How did you come to know her?"

"Is she so terribly difficult to know?"

"Not in the least; only you'd never seen her in your life at the time when"—I gathered all my innermost strength together to bring the words out—"at the time when I talked to you last."

She, too, gathered her innermost strength together, rising to the reference gallantly.

"Oh, well; a good many things have happened since then."

Before going further I was obliged to pause and reckon how much I dared. Of the many sensitive points in my history we were touching on the most sensitive. I was fully aware that since the sleeping dog was sleeping it might be better to let him lie. Once he was roused there might be a new set of perils to deal with, perils we could avoid by softly stepping round them. That Paolo should go one way in space and Francesca another seemed to be decreed by inevitable fate; so why interfere with the process?

I should probably not have interfered with it had the circumstances not raised us above the sphere of our ordinary interests. The roar of the wind, the tumult of the sea, the plunging of the ship, the indescribable whining of shells, the knowledge of danger—were as the orchestra which lifts the duet to emotional planes that dialogue alone could never attain to. Though our words might be commonplace every syllable was charged with tones and overtones and undertones of meaning to be seized by something more subtle than intelligence. Prudence might have said "Let everything alone"; but that urging of the being which escapes the leash of prudence drove me on to speak.

"Do you remember when I talked to you last?"

She answered with the detachment of a witness under compulsion to tell the truth. The personal was as far as possible eliminated from her voice.

"Perfectly."

"We—we seemed to—to break off in the middle of a conversation."

"Which you never gave me any further opportunity of going on with."

The statement took my breath away. For some seconds I could only stare at her as a truthful man stares when he hears himself given the lie direct.

"Did you—did you—want to go on with it?" I managed to stammer at last.

"What do you think?"

"I—I didn't think that. I waited nearly two hours."

"And if you'd only waited a few minutes more ——"

I leaned down toward her, breaking in on her words with a sense of what I might have lost: "Everything would have been different? You were going to say that?"

She took time to raise her hands and adjust the yashmak, giving me the clew to her reason for wearing it. It was putting on a visor before going into battle. Knowing that she would be thrown into some difficult situations she had taken this method of being as far as possible screened against embarrassment.

She was successful in that. Apart from the shifting surface fire of her eyes and the slightest possible tremor in her voice I saw no rift in the barricade of her composure.

"No; that isn't what I was going to say. I don't know how things would have been. I suppose they would have been as—as they are now."

"But we could have talked them over."

"If you'd waited."

"I should have waited forever if I'd known."

"Or if," she went on with the same serenity, "you hadn't disappeared next day without leaving an address. I tried to find you—as well as I could, that is—without seeming to hunt you down."

I explained that when I left New York on that last Monday in June, 1914, I had not expected to be gone for more than a few weeks—just the time to recover from the first effects of the blow I thought her scorn had dealt to me.

"It was curious though," I went on, "that that name, Gavrilo Prinzip, should have hammered itself in on my brain. I recall it now as about the only thing I could think of. I didn't know what it meant, and I was far from supposing it the touchstone of human destinies that it afterward proved to be; but in some unreasoning way it held me. It was like the meaningless catch of a tune with which you can't go on, till all at once you see it finishes in ——"

"In a trumpet call. Yes, I know. You had to follow it. So had I. I don't think there's much more than that to be said."

The blue-gray streak was again on the starboard side, but comfortingly far astern. Though we were still within her range we were getting the benefit of distance. At the same time someone called our attention to a blotch of black smoke, far down on the eastern horizon. A destroyer was coming to our aid.

"How long did you expect me to wait that afternoon?"

She looked down at the deck, answering with a perceptible infusion of the bitter in her tone: "I didn't fix a time. I wasn't sitting with my watch in my hand."

"But I was."

"Evidently."

"Why didn't you come down?"

"I came down as soon as I could."

"What kept you?"

She raised her eyes for a fleeting glance, lowering them again. At the same time her voice sank, too, so that in the fury of sound about us she was no more than audible.

"The thing you told me."

"And that kept you—in what way?"

"In the way of making everything—different."

"How much does that mean—different?"

"It means a good deal."

"Can't you tell me exactly?"

"I can't tell you exactly; but it was something like this." She fixed her eyes on me steadily. "When they first opened the Subway in New York I came up out of a station one winter afternoon just as the lights were lit, and instead of going to the right as I should have done I turned to the left. When I had walked about fifteen minutes I was dazed. Though I was in a part of New York I knew perfectly well I couldn't recognize anything. It was all a confusion of lights. I couldn't tell which of the streets ran north and south, or which were east and west, or what the buildings were that I'd been used to seeing all my life. In the end someone took me into a drug store and made me sit down till I had time to reorientate myself."

"But you did it in the end?"

"That time—yes."

"And this time? The time we're talking about?"

Whir-r-r! Z-z-z! P-ff!

Bang!

From the port side there came something like a feeble cheer—a chorus of rough male voices and high female screams, timid and yet glad.

A new swing of our crazed leviathan disclosed the reason for this wavering victorious cry. There were two more blobs of smoke on the horizon, and from different points on the Irish coast three huge birds were flying like messengers from some god. Moreover, the blob of smoke we had first seen now had a considerable stretch of the ocean behind her and in front a parting of the spray like two white plumes as she tore in our direction.

"She sure is some little ripper!" came a dry Yankee voice in the group about Lifeboat Number Five.

"Thirty-five knots if it's one."

"Them planes'll overtake her, though, and be on the spot as soon as she is."

"Gosh, I'd like to see Fritzie then!"

"J'ever see a kingfisher sweep down on a gudgeon?"

"Gee-whiz! Look at Fritzie! Goin' to submerge!"

And sure enough, as we stared, the blue-gray streak began to sink behind the waves, becoming to the imagination even more a giant deep-sea reptile after it had gone.

Almost simultaneously our leviathan calmed down, resuming her straight course. It was done apparently with the wordless, unexplained inconsequence with which a runaway horse will suddenly fall into a peaceful trot. There was no stopping to salute the destroyers and planes that were hastening to our help or to exchange confidences with them as to our common enemy. There was neither hail nor farewell as we forged again toward the open sea.

Danger being considered past the groups broke up, intermingling with sighs of relief. The Consolatrice and her friend came to exchange a few words with us, and Miss Prynne returned from the boat to which she had good-naturedly exchanged. While I thanked her for this kindness, as if it had been done for myself, I saw Miss Barry trying to slip off.

By stepping out of my corner and assuming a limp lamer than my actual disability warranted I was able to intercept her.

"I wonder," I made bold to ask, "if you could give me a hand back to the music room?"

The yashmak was not so impervious but that I could detect behind it the scarlet glimmer of her smile.

"Oh, I think you could get there by yourself. Try."

"I can manage the deck," I said in the tones of a boy feigning an indisposition to stay away from school, "but I'm afraid of the steps of the companionway."

"How would you have managed if I hadn't been here?" she asked as she allowed me to lean ever so lightly on her arm.

The steps of the companionway presenting a more real difficulty than I had expected, I could say nothing till with her aid I had lowered myself safely down.

Postponing the pleasure of thanking her I reverted to the topic the last attack had interrupted.

"I want to hear about your reorientation. You were able to put the streets in their proper place again, and to see New York as it was; but in my case ——"

She put out her hand with that air which there is no gainsaying.

"I'm rather tired. I think I must go to my cabin and have a rest." She added, however, not very coherently: "The way things happen is in general the best way—if we know how to use it."

Somewhat desperately, because of her determination to go, I burst out: "And do you think all this has been the best way?"

"You must see for yourself that it's been a very good way. We've been able to do—to do the things we've both done." But the admission in the use of the first personal plural pronoun seemed suddenly to alarm her. She took refuge again in her need of rest. "I really must be off. If we don't meet again before we leave the boat ——"

"Oh, but we shall!"

"I'm very often confined to my cabin."

"Not when you want to be out of it."

"Very well, then; I very often don't leave my cabin."

I was holding the hand she had extended to say good-by, but she slipped it away, and was going.

"Then tell me this—just this," I begged: "How is it that we're both on the same ship? That didn't happen by accident?"

Whether she refused to answer my question or whether it didn't reach her I couldn't tell. All I got in response was a long oblique regard—the fleeing farewell look of Beatrice Cenci—as she carried her secrets and mysteries away with her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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# NANCE IN A STATE OF WAR

(Continued from Page 10)

and the mothers of the babies whom she had so often weighed for war.

They sat—the specimen working classes—very still; mostly Poles—round headed, pale, with those sad, silent Polish faces, as emotionless as eggs. But with them—in dark contrast to the rest—sat at least one of the Italian women, Nance's special acquaintances—a powerful, massive person with whom she now seemed to be in active conversation.

"They will be starting soon," explained Nance, returning, "on the Question Hour for the working women—and the mothers. I was just talking with her, that's all."

Everybody of course had seen her go.

It was but a very short time following this that the president of the Community at Work rose once again for a brief explanation of another feature of their system, as they had developed it among the workers of the laboring classes.

"We encourage them in every way to bring their problems to us; to ask us all their workaday questions as they arise in their own homes—especially mothers!" she said; and smiled across in Nance's general direction, Nance smiling courteously in return. "In this way," she said, "we gain the confidence and coöperation of the daily workers—the wives and mothers of the great laboring classes of our community."

And I looked then at Nance's Italian. It seemed for a moment as if she were getting up—or about to do so.

"For example," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin. She looked behind, and then forward again, from her little platform. "Are there any questions?" asked Isabel Coutts-Corbin; and paused—her picture hat at an angle of gracious attention. The whole hall waited, silent—at attention with her—especially the pale-faced Poles, still under their centuries of oppression. "It is the hour for questions," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin very simply. "Are there any questions that anyone would care to ask me?"

And I jumped suddenly with the rest. This Italian woman—this friend and confidante of Nance—it seemed, was rising, waving a small card in her hand. She seemed more massive even than when I first observed her.

"You want-a the quest'—hah?" she asked in a hard loud voice, and waited, calm in the general unease, staring at the president.

"My friend she say," she explained in absence of immediate answer, and waved in the direction of Nance, "you lik-a us to ask the quest'."

"Oh, yes, indeed!" said Isabel Coutts-Corbin; to whom evidently the speaker was a stranger.

"Good!" said the mysterious questioner—and stood waiting among the pale Poles, black as Medea among her father's golden sheep.

"Splendid," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin, exchanging glances with her trained worker at the card catalogue. "The more you ask the better we shall like it, for then, you see, we can help you all the more!" She spoke very simply in words of but one syllable, her picture hat at a kindlier angle.

"The littl-a card! My bebby!" exclaimed the strange visitor from the tenements cryptically.

"What did you say the name was?" asked the belted secretary at the card catalogue most efficiently. "Oh, I see!"

"If you will, please," said her president deferentially. "Her baby!"

"A, Number Three," reported the working secretary. "Not bad, not serious!"

"Not serious in any way!" repeated Isabel Coutts-Corbin, encouraging the worker mother. But that one stood fixed, still scrutinizing the president and the working secretary with strange foreign eyes.

"My bebby, he no good -huh?" she asked with a tremendous calm.

"Oh, no. Not that!" said Isabel Coutts-Corbin, reassuringly.

"Merely a slight case of mypsodemia," said the efficient secretary to the president—or that, at least, was what I understood her.

At the sound of those drear words the southern mother seemed to start—but not to flinch in any way.

"My bebby—he no good, huh?" she asked again in a low voice very hard and calm.

"Oh, no," answered Isabel Coutts-Corbin very kindly. "Not that at all. Merely—what shall I say to you? Merely—a little mypsodemia."

Her palliation and her smile fell dead upon the hardened face of the much card-catalogued mother.

"Now I ask-a you the quest'," she said, after a deep waiting silence—with the strong stress upon the "you"; and moved now suddenly, treading across three patient Poles till she stood directly opposite the president of the Community at Work upon her platform.

"I am so glad," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin, with the emphasis upon the "so," "to have you."

"You ask-a me the quest'," stated the Italian mother again with deep dignity; "now I ask-a you."

And once again without warning she brandished the slip of paper in her right hand.

"The littl-a card," she said with sudden violence, "I ask-a you."

"Do," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin, and exchanged for the moment glances with the war patronesses from abroad—as one would say: "Isn't this going to be great fun?"

"The littl-a card," said the Italian mother, firmly planted now, in a still more violent voice.

But the pale Poles never raised their eyes. They sat silent, the immemorial sadness of Poland's wrongs upon their faces, as she reaffirmed in a still louder voice:

"You ask-a me! I ask-a you!"

"May I sit down, my good woman?" asked Isabel Coutts-Corbin with intense politeness. "I have been standing all day. I am very tired."

And she did so, back among the other patronesses of the women at war.

"You!" said the speaker—perhaps misunderstanding what she did—pursuing her with her voice. "I mean! You wom' with the big-a hat!"

The president of the Community at Work smiled back very kindly from her seat, though it was clear now to all in the hall that she was dealing with one entirely unfamiliar with the real refinements of English speech and custom.

The strange-acting Italian seemed to be producing now, from somewhere in her full deep-breasted person, what seemed to be the stump of a lead pencil.

"My good-a wom'," she said then—it seemed to me, from the first, following the language of others she must have heard—"you know we mak-a the big-a war—for the countaree. You—me—everybod'!"

I glanced nervously at Nance. She sat gazing straight ahead, her face as motionless as the emotionless Poles.

The president of the Community at Work bowed—smiling with all the rest, but evidently puzzled.

"Good. Hah!" went on her questioner with melodramatic approval. "You understan'? So—we all do then what we can—you—me—everybod'. So me," she said, "I ask-a you quest' from the littl-a card.

"My good-a wom'!" she said, as an afterthought apparently.

The president of the Community at Work sat, still smiling, but a trifle red—the picture hat at a somewhat questioning angle.

"So then—the littl-a card," the Italian mother said again. "I ask-a you the first quest' from this littl-a card."

She held it firmly in her fat left hand, and with the other raised heavily above it the stump of the lead pencil.

"My good-a wom'," she said, "I ask-a you this quest': Your old-a man—your husb'—does he live yet?"

It was clear at once to anyone that the woman's reading of the card or paper that she held was a mere pretense.

For a moment the face of the president lost the illumination of its smile. But then almost immediately she smiled quickly on again.

"He is," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin; and smiled at her fellow patronesses with almost uncalled-for gayety.

"Hah—good!" said the questioner again; and brought down the pencil with heavy ceremony on the card.

"Your old-a man," she proceeded, apparently with her free translation of a second question from her card, "does he mak-a the fight for his countaree? Is he soldj'?"





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*Used and Praised by Thousands of*

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# Hopkins Increased His Profits $1,500 Per Year

*An Easy Way That Is Open to Any Enterprising Merchant or Exhibitor*

Over three years ago I bought a BUTTER-KIST Pop Corn and Peanut machine. I figure it was one of the best business moves I ever made. Not only has this machine made $1,500 a year profit for me on pop corn and peanuts, but it has boosted all my other business. It helps me sell candy, cigars, cigarettes, and all my other goods. It doubled my magazine business.

It has brought people into my store who have never been here before. It helps me make new friends and customers. This machine is a wonder. It takes up just a few square feet of floor space, yet I have found in going over my books that over 17 per cent of my business is done by this machine. And I sell 127 different articles beside pop corn and peanuts.

I find that out of every dollar's worth of pop corn and peanuts that I sell, 50c to 60c is profit. This liberal margin enabled me to pay for the machine out of the earnings. It is the greatest proposition out for merchants.

Maybe I am "crazy" about this BUTTER-KIST machine, but you would be, too, if it had bought you an automobile—increased your trade—and added $1,500 a year in profits to your business every year for three years. H. Hopkins

*(An Indiana Storekeeper whose address we'll give you upon request.)*

## Storekeepers and Exhibitors Everywhere:

Mr. Hopkins' success is not unusual. In fact some are making twice as much with their Butter-Kist machines.

What he has done others can do. A Butter-Kist machine will make money for you.

The human-like motion of the machine stops the people in their tracks. The coaxing fragrance of the popping corn makes them hungry. They buy—and the exclusive toasty flavor brings them back for more.

No other pop corn is so good—the patented process of popping, then super-heating each white grain is a Butter-Kist secret.

## Riches from Waste Space

Stores of all kinds, and Movies in average locations are making $2 a day and up—some as much as $8 and $10 daily. All from a space of 26 in. x 32 in. that has been going to waste.

To add this sure-fire money-maker to your store is easy. A small payment down brings the machine to you.

Mail the coupon. Get our easy terms—full details. We'll send you free proof of profits, photos of machines in operation. We'll estimate what a machine can make for *you* in *your* location.

Mail the coupon today—every day saved is money in your pocket.

**Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Co., 769–782 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.**

## Mail This Coupon for Proofs of Profits

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO., 769–782 Van Buren Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Without obligation to me, send your free merchandising book, "America's New Industry," and location survey for estimating how much I can make with Butter-Kist Machine.

Name _____ Business _____

Address _____


I looked again at Nance. She sat—her face now utterly devoid of any human expression.

"No," answered Isabel Coutts-Corbin—sweetly smiling, but more red.

"Good—hah!" said the questioner—somewhat hastening the asking of her questions. "Does he mak-a the work for his countaree? Does he help all this our countaree when it needs?"

"Oh, yes indeed!" said Isabel Coutts-Corbin, smiling bravely on.

But an unseen shudder of apprehension passed over the audience, remembering the talk about the Coutts-Corbin war contracts.

"Mrs. Corbin," said one efficient worker from the background, "don't! Don't humor her!"

"Oh, no," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin—as one would say: Who's afraid? "Oh, no; let her go on!"

And she rose and came back to the front platform again and stood before her questioner—two striking figures facing one another.

"Yes," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin very graciously. "He certainly does, I am proud to say. He makes the shoes that the soldiers march in."

Her picture hat held strong and firm and steady as she looked down, meeting this sudden emergency which had come in the conduct of her Community at Work.

"Good—hah!" said the questioner, again continuing. "And you—my good-a wom'! You too. You stay-a home? You mak-a the food for him? You help-a the countaree?"

We sat transfixed, waiting.

"I try to," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin—as one would say: We'll have to stop this finally! "Why? Why do you ask?"

"My good-a wom'," she said, now very clearly imitating someone she had heard, "spik louder. We no harm-a you. We mak-a the good for you."

She stood poised, waiting—a singularly disagreeable, prognathous expression upon her face.

"Good," she said then. "You stay-a at hom'—hah? You sav-a the food—hah? You mak-a the child too—for your countaree?" she asked very loudly.

"I—no—that is to say!" said Isabel Coutts-Corbin. The picture hat was visibly shaken—even from where I sat.

"This is an outrage!" said a visiting patroness aloud—who had been watching the proceedings intently through a folding golden eyeglass.

But the woman went on, notwithstanding, raising her pencil for the next question—evidently impervious to all social control.

"Hah—good!" she said again, having apparently misunderstood the answer. "Good. You mak-a the child. Two child—three child—four?" she asked on.

"This must stop!" said the head trained worker, rising suddenly.

"You sit-a down," said the mysterious mother in a hard, peremptory voice, and advanced a step as if to mount the platform, "and I no harm-a you," she said in warning as the worker sat. "My good-a wom'—I ask-a you no quest'!"

And she faced again her victim, disregarding all others. Her voice rose suddenly higher still—harsh, menacing and wild. She called again to the president of the Community at Work, who stood, as one irresolute and uncertain about what to do, before her.

"You mak-a the child!" she said in a loud hoarse voice. "You stay-a at hom', hah! You work! You sav-a the food for your countaree!"

"Is there no policeman accessible," asked the trained working secretary from the platform, looking quite obviously in my direction.

"You sit where you are!" hissed Nance's harsh low whisper in my ear.

For a moment I felt the glances of all fixed upon us. But then I sat transfixed—all thought of self forgotten—with the rest of the great audience.

"A big-a lot you mak'!" yelled the strange questioner to Isabel Coutts-Corbin, brandishing her pencil suddenly like a sword. "You mak-a noth'! No child. No food. Noth'!"

Her voice was terrible.

"Ya-as! We all-a know-a you!" she cried with intense emphasis on "you." "Everybod'!

"Your old-a man—he mak-a all the mon' for the conteract on this-a war. He buy-a the dress! He buy-a the hat. He put—put—put on you! You tak-a—tak-a—take.

"You!" she called out then, after one great hasty intake of air, hurrying on faster and faster. "You! You tak-a the automobil'—you tak-a the two men dressed up like the soldj' every day. All-a the time. You tak-a the big-a dog, and the big-a hat—and you go a-ridin'! You tak-a the hat, you tak-a the dog—you tak-a the ride to all the peep' that work. And you talk-a—talk-a—talk—about the workin'!" she said; and stopped, glaring.

The entire company on the platform stood suddenly upon their feet—the picture hat of the president, recoiled from the front platform, among them.

"You!" this frightful creature yelled, indicating it with a fierce, threatening hand. "You, I mean. You woman in the big-a hat! You sav-a the countaree? You! I mak-a the loud laugh!"

She did so, glaring all the time at Isabel Coutts-Corbin. On either side of her, as she glared, the pale Poles sat—hearing nothing, seeing nothing, saying nothing—sad with the irrepressible sadness of the centuries. All through the hall the silence was complete as this woman laughed—short, harsh and terrible!

My own personal position, as the one man in the company, was fast becoming intolerable. I started once to rise; but I was held there, silent, motionless, by Nance's firm left hand.

"Is there anyone here," asked the uneven voice of Isabel Coutts-Corbin in sudden appeal, "who can stop this?"

Her picture hat seemed all disarranged. There were tears, it seemed to me, coming into her unusual blue eyes. She looked at us directly as she asked it. And with hers, all eyes turned eagerly to where we sat. I was in the act of rising now, determined upon some action, I was not clear exactly what, when Nance, I saw, who had previously sat hard and still, was herself rising in her seat.

"Francesca!" she said very simply.

And the daughter of Medea turned.

"You say—she ask-a me the quest'," she said, hastily defending her position, "so me—I ask-a her now!"

"Don't, please," said Nance, "any more."

And all at once the strange wild creature changed her mood, throwing sudden arms above her head.

"My bebby—he no good—hah!" she cried in a strange wild strangling voice. "My bebby, he no good! Hah!"

And she collapsed, and sat suddenly, bowed down, her arms and hands about her head.

She sat—among the silent Poles—silent now herself, motionless, apparently in a sort of daze. We all were—through the short remainder of the session.

I moved directly out with Nance at the close. Her manner was intensely calm and gracious and unaffected. On either side as we passed out the members of the Community at Work stood in silence and in awe. On the platform as we left the hall I caught one glimpse of the flushed, beautiful face of their young president under its picture hat, and its brave, pathetic, drawn smile.

Nance passed on and home with me—indifferent, cold, silent.

"Well?" I asked when we were at last within our own four walls.

"She wanted questions—didn't she?" she answered in a hard, brief voice.

I waited on—in perfect silence.

"So she got—her own!"

"Were those," I asked—"were those all questions from her justly celebrated card catalogues of the working classes?"

"Certainly," said Nance. "What else would they be?"

"They suffered somewhat from their translation to Italian—perhaps!" I said in self-defense.

"Suffered!" said Nance, apparently misunderstanding me. "I am glad she did! It's nothing to what we suffered while we saw her ruining everything! And now she's out ——" said Nance.

"Out?" I said.

"Certainly," Nance answered positively. "You don't think she will wait for any more questions, do you? Now she's out," she resumed calmly, "we'll go into the Red Cross and we'll do something!"

That was just a week before that last complete nervous breakdown of Isabel Coutts-Corbin, when her doctors sent her for a year's stay in California—forbidding her all work entirely; requiring absolute rest.

# DOCTOR HOLST'S CONVERSION

(Continued from Page 16)

everything out. You are a faithless man! You've had everything—success, admiration, devotion from your wife and your friends. You've taken it all easily. You've set yourself apart. You've said the good stupid little laws of the herd didn't bind you; you were too exceptional for that. It has made a faithless man of you. What is worse than that—a man who won't keep faith—who'll take and take but not pay? Let him have all the gifts and graces—what is worse than that?"

He didn't quite understand her and, along with his other emotions, felt somewhat puzzled.

"They've all made excuses for you," she continued; "excused you even in their minds. They've admired you so much, and wanted so much to show their liking for you, that they've said you really meant no harm—did no harm. They said you just gave yourself a license to be unconventional, but at the core you were true. That isn't so! You've been a traitor at heart, too, Julius. You haven't kept faith with my sister." In answer to his startled look she affirmed, like a sword thrust: "I know it!"

He essayed to speak, and checked the word. For the moment his mind was in a panicky tumult. He opened his lips again, staring at her out of a puckered face. But her face gave him back only steely resolution. He sprang up, rubbing his brow as though to pace the room; but turned to her and burst forth:

"Betty, I swear I haven't been a traitor at heart! I swear it! I've really loved no one but Agnes. I've wanted no one but her. It was —— There are things a man cannot explain. It was a folly. Finally, I let myself in for an egregious folly—that I've regretted and been ashamed of, and would have given almost anything in the world for some decent way out of. Folly, Betty!" His face was distorted; he struck his hands together. "And Agnes! She isn't worthy to lace Agnes' shoes!"

"I know her, Julius," she replied relentlessly. "I understand. I belong to my generation too. If I ever marry I shall try to keep in mind that my husband may make a silly ass of himself over a woman who smirks at him and still be a pretty good husband, by and large. But Agnes is more old-fashioned. You knew well enough you might as well drive a knife through her gentle heart as to have her know that! And you took the risk of her knowing because you couldn't resist flattery. That's you, Julius! You flatter yourself when there's nobody else to do it—flatter yourself that you're exceptional, and the good stupid little laws that mean life or death to other people don't bind you. You say you are privileged to stroll out of the path, and the first thing you know you're up to your neck in the mire and wish you hadn't."

From her more subdued manner of speaking one might judge that his passionate outburst had calmed her. In fact, disgust of the episode that formed the subject of their speech overlay her anger for the moment.

"That's true of the war," she went on, warming again. "They said you were only talking foolishly from pride of opinion, having chosen to take up the German side before we came in. But it didn't stop there, Julius. Where will the false man stop? Wrong is a long road and crooked all the way. I tell you there are touchstones by which a man is either true or traitor. You were traitor to Agnes. You were traitor to your country. You corresponded with Neumeier, who is now in prison."

On his feet, his mind still in the tumult of that other episode, he could only stare blankly at her for a moment. Then his heart was searched by a poignant regret as he realized how reckless he had been in keeping Neumeier's three letters. He looked over at the safe in the corner and exclaimed:

"So they have been up to that!"

"Never mind them!" she retorted. "Think of yourself! You are wrong. You're corrupting your own heart and mind—out of vanity and conceit. You're going to ruin. Those Neumeier letters will be fatal things at a trial."

He felt tremendously foolish—as though he had been caught in a ridiculous position—and deeply baffled. Stepping purblindly back to his chair he dropped into it with a brooding face.

"Well—no doubt it was foolish," he admitted. "This mob rule—the senseless, intolerant herd—it exasperated me! Probably I let my reactions carry me farther than I should have gone. I didn't really care two straws about Neumeier's project; only—well, it appealed to me as a protest—a defiant gesture, you understand. I let myself in for it to the extent of corresponding with him—only to that extent. I admit it was foolish."

"The same thing over again," she reminded him ruthlessly; "too exceptional to stay in the common path, and then, the first thing you know, up to your neck in the mire. I tell you a man must be faithful!"

He brought himself up defensively.

"But, you see, I made hardly any attempt to conceal it. If I had regarded myself as a conspirator—a criminal—I should have destroyed the letters or hidden them securely. That would have been easy enough. But I wouldn't lower myself to do that. I just put them into my safe, where Matilda—or almost anybody—could get them."

"Yes," she retorted; "and excused yourself to yourself that way. I tell you, you are faithless!" Her hands clenched together; emotion suffused her voice. "Julius, I hate you! You corrupt your own children! Their fond little minds catch the color of your supercilious tones—the small flouting jokes you drop. . . . Agnes—she's all gentleness and affection. She can't fight you as she should. . . . It goes on! You corrupt them! And you know it! . . . When little Agnes—toddling—lisps at her German hymns I see the face of the devil in you—the mocking, conceited devil that is taking you to ruin. I hate you, Julius!"

He had the sensation of being beaten from all sides, and looked at her helplessly, like a baffled child. Suddenly he confessed:

"I haven't been happy, Bet. . . . It's true, things have been going wrong with me—in here." He touched his breast. "I don't know why, exactly." He sighed and passed a hand over his thick dark hair. "But I am Holst. I am an able man." He said it with a simplicity beyond egotism, and looked down curiously at the supple muscular right hand whose skill his profession applauded.

"You are able," she assented; "able far beyond most men. But you must get right. There's going to be no faltering about it now. The show-down has come! Saturday night you must face that audience."

He sighed again at the recollection and again rubbed his hand over his hair. She waited a moment, as though gathering herself, and then flung the final appeal at him:

"Oh, Julius, you must come through—clean, bright; all red, white and blue! No jockeying, no shuffling, no dodging. Look them straight in the face. Talk straight out of your heart. All the intellectual tight-rope walking thrown away. True American. True man. You must do it!"

He stared into his lap; and after a little pause she spoke in another tone, slowly:

"The day you went away word came that Billy Vance was dead. That almost decided me. I came up here. Matilda was dusting the room. I stood about, looking on—not quite decided. I saw in your desk there a card with some numbers on the back. Matilda mentioned that it was the combination of your safe. On the anteroom table I saw a letter directed to you in a woman's hand. I knew the hand without even looking at the seaside postmark. I went to Dan Stapleton. I told him our family mustn't shield you any longer. Dan hesitated. I was altogether decided then.

"I came back here and got that letter and the combination to your safe. I opened the safe myself and found the Neumeier letters. I have those letters and the other one. You know there is a sort of committee here. Dan belongs to it. Unless you come true Saturday night I shall turn the Neumeier letters over to that committee and I will put the woman's letter among them. You know whose husband is a member of that committee. I've sworn to do it, Julius. I will do it! Nothing but death shall stop me. You've got to come clean or go under!" Her eyes never flinched; nor did her voice falter in the least as she said it. "I loved you in my way as much as your mother did; so I have some right," she added.

Exclamations struggled out of his amazement:

"You opened my safe! . . . You took my private letter! . . . You went to Dan Stapleton!"



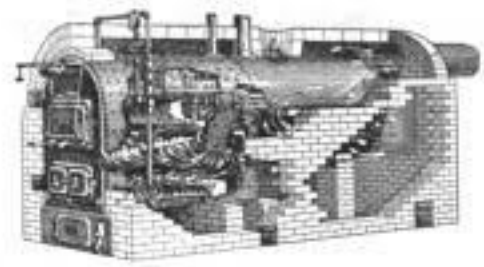


# Soft Coal— A Blessing in Disguise

You manufacturers and owners of buildings who have been mourning the scarcity of hard-coal, simply *don't know your luck.* You wouldn't see a fat pocketbook if you stumbled over it.

The hard-coal famine is a blessing in disguise. It is proving the virtue of *soft-coal* in the *right boiler* and forcing you to see something that you wouldn't look at before. Necessity is the Mother of Progress.

You can't get anymore hard-coal or even Pocahontas. You've *got* to use soft coal. And it is going to prove your salvation at half the cost. More than that—you are never going back to the use of hard-coal. You are going to have fortune thrust upon you.



Listen—the Kewanee Smokeless Firebox Boiler *originated in the soft-coal country.* It was designed to burn the very cheapest grades of soft-coal, and it is burning them today with greater efficiency than any other type of boiler made—*and with absolutely no smoke.*

All over this country, the greatest and most successful firms are using this boiler and only recently old established firms that sneered at soft-coal for years, have volunteered their orders to us—thrown out their old boilers and *are now burning cheap grades of soft-coal efficiently—cleanly—economically.*

The war has killed the bugaboo of hard-coal. The firms we name don't care if it never comes back. They won't use it anyway. They are cured. And you will be cured if you look into the matter and ask questions of the home office or of responsible engineers, architects, builders, manufacturers and owners of buildings whose names we will send you on application.

*Write today to The Old Man Behind the Boiler at Kewanee, Ill., and ask him for the right dope on the soft-coal question. He will open your eyes.*

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# Hominy Grits

*Do You Know How Good They Are?*



*With Butter or With Cream*

Hominy Grits is a famous Southern dainty. But millions of Northern homes so far are missing its delights.

Hominy is the sweet, flinty, inner part of white corn.

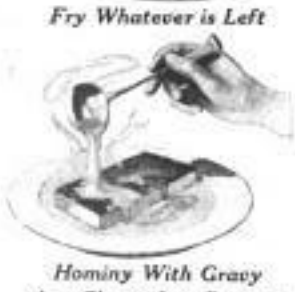
The outer coat of the corn, coarse and fibrous, is omitted. The oily germ is removed.



*Fry Whatever is Left*

Hominy is the part of the corn used in making toasted corn flakes.

It makes a delightful breakfast cereal. It makes fine fritters and pancakes. It forms a great side dish at dinner.



*Hominy With Gravy*
*As a Change from Potatoes*

Quaker Hominy Grits is a fancy grade of white hominy, packed in round packages with tops.

It will form a fine addition to your food list—try it.

## Quaker Hominy Grits

*15c Per Package—Except in Far West*

## A Corn Meal

Made from Granulated Hominy

Quaker Best Corn Meal—either Yellow or White—is just granulated hominy.

In old-style Corn Meal—which was whole corn ground—the outer coat made it coarse. And the oily germ made it grow rancid. This new-day Corn Meal—really hominy meal—is the best 60 per cent of the corn.

Compare it with the old style. The Yellow looks like grains of gold—the White like marble dust. And the foods they make will delight you by their sweetness and their flavor.

## Quaker Best Corn Meal

*Yellow or White—15c Except in Far West*

**The Quaker Oats Company**

CHICAGO

(2082)

"I! I! Nobody else!" she declared. "I opened your safe. I took your private letter. I went to Dan Stapleton. And I will see it through! Nothing but death shall stop me. Absolute loyalty to your country. Absolute renunciation of Germany. No shuffling—not the least! No dodging! A speech that every mother with a son over there can hear with a full warm heart, or those letters go to that committee! Make no mistake about me, Julius. I mean every word!"

The deep dissatisfaction and irritation in his mind found a vent then—and he sprang up again, crying:

"Monstrous! I can't talk to you at all! You, who have the freedom of my house, take my letter—which my own wife would not dream of touching! You rob my safe! You steal my letters! Then you threaten me with them!

"Blackmail! I'll not be coerced that way. A respectable person doesn't steal letters! Bring them back here! Apologize! Then I'll talk to you."

She, too, rose, facing him, and flung back:

"I shall do as I said. Those letters are locked in my writing desk. They'll go to the committee unless you come through."

Then their words rushed together, clashing:

HE: Blackmail! I'll not be treated that way! Fetch them back!

SHE: I'll do as I said! They'll go to the committee!

HE: I can't talk to you! I'll have nothing to do with you till you give them back! I'll not be bulldozed so! That was sneaking!

SHE: Good! I'll do as I said!

And on her headlong way to the door she threw back at him: "Look to yourself!"

She rushed out, shaking with anger, and sprang into her car.

Julius, also shaking with anger, watched her flight through the anteroom. A little later there was a luminous moment in which he realized that what he was angry at was not so much her—intolerable as her actions had been—as himself. All round he was in a mess.

He turned mechanically to his chair and sat down, in the turmoil of his mind forced to look himself in the face, and finding it in some ways a rather strange face. At one moment he wondered blankly how he had got into such a mess. He wasn't at heart what Betty had called him in respect of his wife or in respect of his country. He could make a fairly passable speech if it came to that. But he loathed being coerced. He had the feeling of being caught in an endless coil.

It steadily grew more dim in the room. He reached out his hand mechanically and turned on the desk lamp—and still brooded ineffectually. Presently a purblind glance at the little clock on the desk showed that his dinner hour was at hand, but he sat dully on for some minutes more; then got heavily to his feet and started upstairs, absorbed.

He was in the hall above. A door flew open. Out of it issued the figure of his wife, wringing her hands, distracted, her face dabbled with witless tears. Running toward him she cried:

"Oh, hurry, Julius! It's Betty! She's terribly hurt! She drives so recklessly! They're taking her to the hospital. Doctor Teller telephoned. It's her head! Hurry, Julius!"

Instantly he became the surgeon, racing through the hall to get his car. Arriving at the hospital he was all surgeon—listening to Doctor Teller, who had brought her there from the roadside, and to Doctor Givens. He was all surgeon as he bent over the tall, inert figure with which the nurses were already busy—one of them shearing away a thick, blood-clotted strand of soft brown hair—only even then he noticed unprofessionally that it was just the side of her head. Save a scratch on her cheek and a slight abrasion on her pretty nose, her face was not marred.

Her car, unlighted and rushing down out of the steep woods road, had collided with a laden truck. Julius saw that Doctor Givens had detected the real trouble—a splinter of metal in the brain. He gave some directions as he threw off his coat and vest. While he was washing his hands and a nurse was investing him with the white armor of his calling, preparations were going expertly forward in the operating room.

He stood beside the table on which she lay. A nurse was fetching the gleaming, sterilized instruments. Other figures in white, who would assist, were busy at their several rôles. Then he realized her—Betty—a sweet creature! There was the round white of her shoulder, her delicate ear, the pretty brown hair—all, to the eye, as immobile now as death itself. They were putting the anæsthetic apparatus over her face—a sort of burial.

From somewhere came a thought: Only the highest skill could call her back to life! All hung trembling by a hair. What if she should not come back? She had said those fatal letters were in her writing desk. He could easily get them—and be free! Not a being in the room would ever know—could ever dream of it. The right stroke depended upon variations so fine that the highest skill needed a sort of instinct to find them. No one in the world could ever know.

That thought came into his mind, and for a moment held him while he stood as still as the figure on the table.

In another moment he saw the thought's face and felt a terrible reaction. That was treason to the very core; treason to his calling and his genius! A faithless man! A devil in him! He was secretly so shaken that he had to exert the utmost strength of his will in order to get himself in hand for the business before him.

He sat down on the chair at the head of the table. His fingers closed familiarly on the shining knife. Something from very long ago—something babbled at a mother's knee, shouldered up through thick layers of scientific training and adult intellectual life. Yielding himself to it he prayed in his mind "God guide my hand!"—and began his work.

Sunday forenoon young Doctor Teller and the smiling head nurse followed Doctor Holst into the patient's room. Ever since the surgeon had entered the hospital, and while he was listening to Doctor Givens' report, young Doctor Teller had been at his heels like a dog—bulging with worshipful admiration.

Already the report of a wonderful operation was spreading abroad.

As they came softly in, the patient lay white, weak, and faintly smiling. An outspread Sunday newspaper lay beside her on the bed and her languid hand rested upon it. Finally the wise head nurse had let her have her disobedient wish that every word of Doctor Holst's speech at the mass meeting the evening before should be read aloud to her. And she wanted the newspaper left on the bed, where she could touch it.

There must, of course, be no needless talking, no avoidable bodily or mental effort. Doctor Holst sat down at the bedside, strictly professional, satisfying himself as rapidly and easily as possible that conditions were satisfactory, while the smiling head nurse and young Doctor Teller stood near. Only, at the end, he laid his hand on hers, stooped close and whispered:

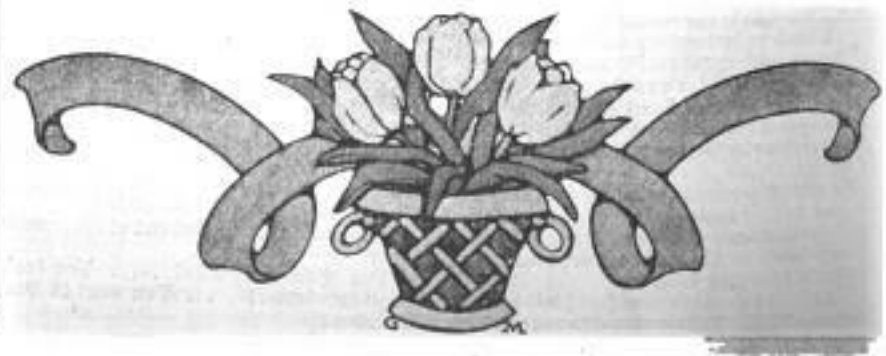
"I've come through, Betty!"

Her blue eyes shone softly into his, her lips curved a little, and her fingers closed weakly on his as she whispered back:

"I love you, Julius!"

Out in the corridor Doctor Julius Holst thought, with a sort of astonishment:

"Women! What strange creatures they are!"



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# Concluding A YEAR OF ACHIEVEMENT




AMERICA'S splendid industrial achievements in the memorable year of 1918 were made possible through the sound judgment displayed in so systematizing production as to conserve needed materials and to effect economies in operating and maintenance.

## ECONOMY renewable FUSES

have played a noteworthy part by protecting vitally important electrical circuits of the U. S. Navy, the leading steel and powder mills and thousands of representative plants in all branches of industry against the fire and accident hazards of overloads and short circuits. It was due, in part, to their accurate rating and all-around efficiency that the wheels were kept turning with safety.

They have directly saved millions of dollars for their thousands of users because they cut annual fuse maintenance costs 80% as compared with the use of "One-Time" fuses.

We now face the great reconstruction period. Conservation and economy must be practiced more extensively and constructively than ever before. Economy Fuses are essentials as factors of practical economy and conservation.

Use them on all circuits—in industry and in the home.

*Sold by leading electrical jobbers and dealers*

**Economy Fuse & Mfg. Co.**
Kinzie & Orleans Sts. Chicago, U. S. A.
*Sole manufacturers of "ARKLESS"—the Non-Renewable Fuse with the 100% Indicator.*
*ECONOMY FUSES ARE ALSO MADE IN CANADA AT MONTREAL.*

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KENOSHA NASH WISCONSIN

*THE just pride of the Nash Motors Company in the reliability and efficiency of its products has been emphasized by the fact that since the very outset of America's participation in the war, these products have contributed in such a large measure toward the fulfillment of the war accomplishment by our Government.*

THAT motor transportation constitutes one of the great resources of the nation has been made so plain that it is now a matter of general recognition.

In these past months of emergency, high grade trucks and passenger cars by carrying materials and men quickly and at low cost have proved beyond question that they are an essential part of the national transportation system.

Nash trucks and passenger cars had their part in this work and by their efficiency further enhanced their reputation as quality products.

*Nash Passenger Cars — 5-Passenger Car $1490; 4-Passenger Roadster $1490; 6-Passenger Sedan $2250; 4-Passenger Coupé $2250; 7-Passenger Car $1640.*
*Nash Trucks — One Ton Capacity $1650; Two Ton Capacity $2175;*
*Nash Quad $3250*

The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin

*Manufacturers of Passenger Cars and Trucks, Including the Famous Nash Quad*

The Nash Motors Limited, Toronto, Ont., Distributors of Nash Cars and Trucks, for the Dominion of Canada

# NASH MOTORS

VALUE CARS AT VOLUME PRICES

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# Readi-Cut Homes

## ome Building Year

e one you have dreamed of—can now be yours. It may be a snug and cozy cottage, ng proportions. These types and many others are found in the Aladdin Book—com- tal message for you in this most remarkable book, that will be sent at your request.

## Save Money Building Your Home

price possible. But you cannot expect to save very much money by bargaining *r home and eliminating waste of lumber.* Aladdin Readi-Cut Houses are n 18% to less than 2%—a saving of practically $18 on every $100 worth of ll mean a large percentage of the cost of the entire building. The Aladdin Book

### Aladdin System Saves Waste

Thousands of our customers have told us of big savings they have made building laddin Homes. The average saving on our $945.00 bungalow is $264.00. The laddin system saves waste of lumber. All of the material is shipped to you cut-to- . Your carpenter can erect your Aladdin Home quicker because all of the necessary wing is done in our mills by Rapid Power Machines.

The average waste of lumber in a complete house is 18%—$18.00 out of every 00.00 of your money is wasted by the old-fashioned system of building. The laddin Readi-Cut system saves you this loss by the elimination of lumber waste.

**signs**

mongst its pages, nd to you. the way they are presents a beauty y for you to build

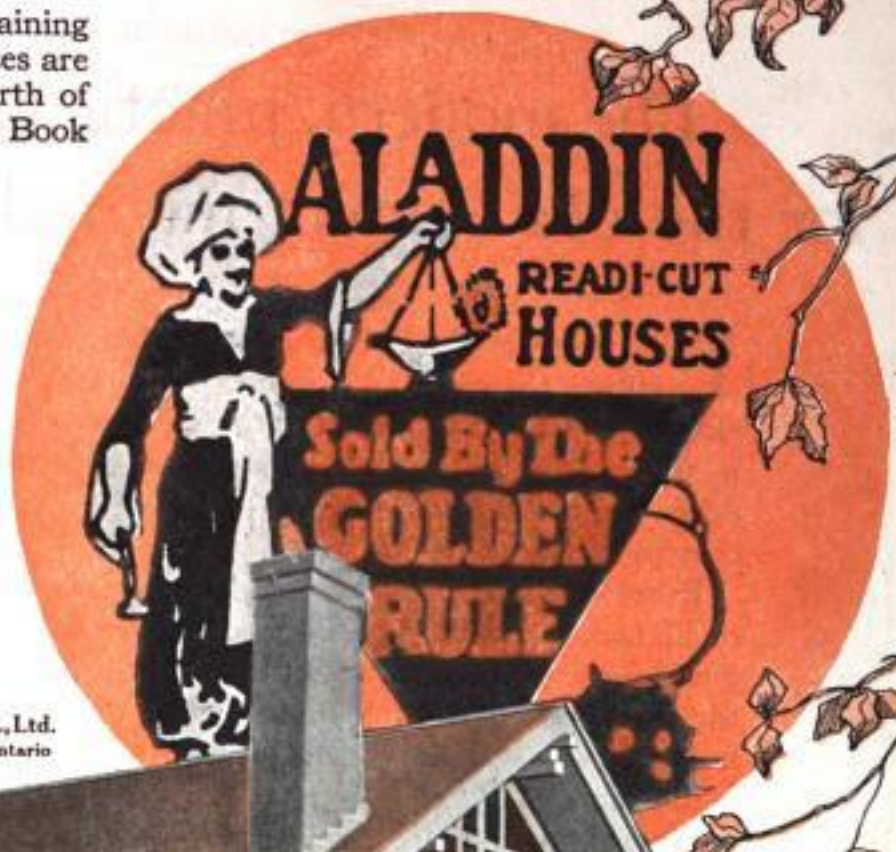
### What You Get with Your Aladdin Home

Aladdin houses are cut-to-fit—no waste of lumber or labor. The Aladdin price includes all materials cut-to-fit as follows: Lumber, millwork, flooring, outside and inside finish, doors, windows, shingles, lath and plaster, hardware, locks, nails, paint, varnishes. The material is shipped to you in a sealed box car, complete, ready to erect. Safe arrival of the complete material in perfect condition is guaranteed. Send today for a copy of "Aladdin Homes" No. 300.

## Co.

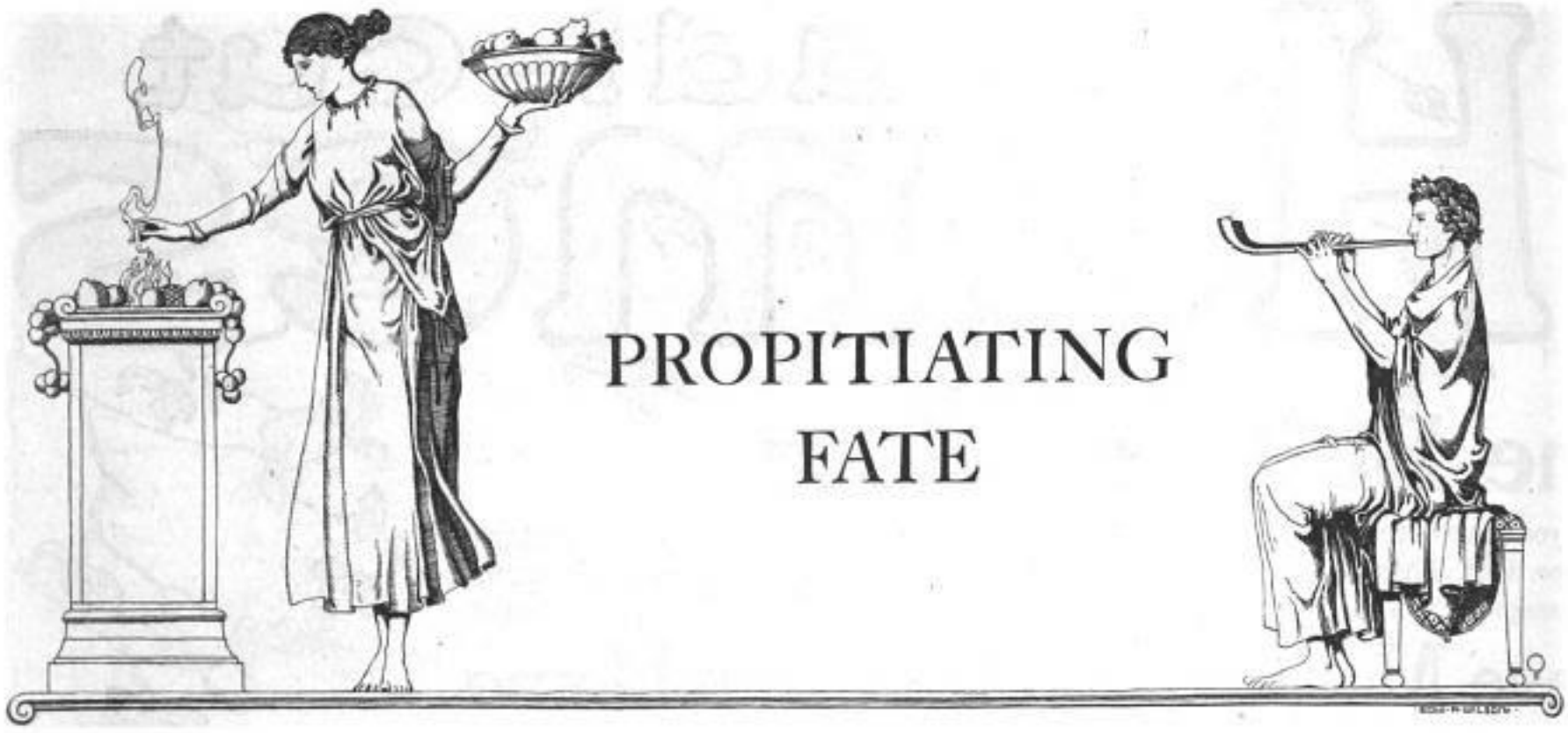
**Home Builders to the Nation**

**Canadian Address:**
Canadian Aladdin Co., Ltd.
C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto, Ontario






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# PROPITIATING FATE

## The modern, practical, business-like substitute for the old Roman methods of warding off misfortunes

YOU laugh at the old Romans in their vain efforts to avoid ill fortune by sacrifices, charms and incantations. But they were wise in thinking it necessary to take some steps to soften the blow of adversity. They were wrong only in the way they did it.

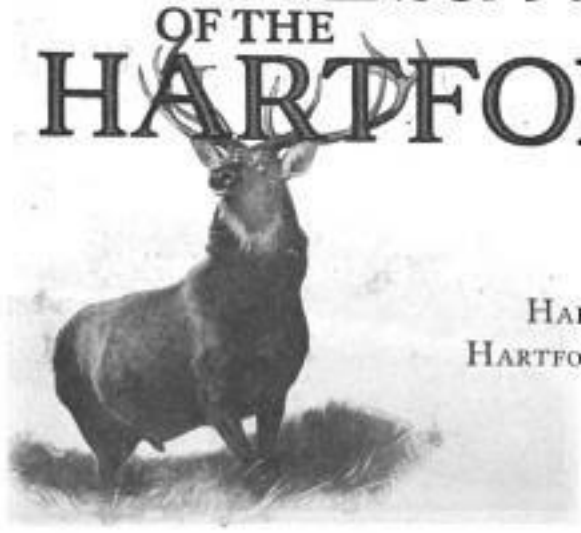
Every thinking man knows that some form of ill luck is liable to befall him and wishes to guard against it. Such a man should consult the Hartford agent in his locality and find out in how many ways he can be protected.

Insurance will not prevent a hail storm from destroying your grain, but it does pay for the grain. It will not prevent your car from smashing another car, but it does pay for the damage. It will not protect your house from being struck by lightning, but it does pay for the house.

All misfortunes fall into two classes—losses which money can never make good and losses of property which can be repaid in kind. The Two Hartfords provide protection for nearly every loss in the latter class.

You need some of the forms of protection which the Two Hartfords offer. What forms, the Hartford agent can tell you. Consider this matter seriously today and take steps, the only steps, towards the practical, efficient and scientific way of propitiating fate, through the complete


INSURANCE *Service* OF THE TWO HARTFORDS



Any agent or broker can sell you a Hartford policy

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.
HARTFORD ACCIDENT & INDEMNITY CO.
Hartford, Conn.


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# PATHÉ NEWS

NOT a newspaper, not a magazine—yet it has the largest circulation in the world.

Its circulation results from its phenomenal popularity; it now resumes the name under which it achieved that popularity.

It is a motion picture. It has educated more persons to a fondness for the Silent Drama than everything else put together. Eight years ago, when the word "movies" was used in contempt, statesmen, diplomats, famous writers, big business men, were wont to steal quietly into the motion picture theatres where it was showing. Through it the uneducated were taught the personalities of the great men of the world; through it they visited the distant cities of the earth; by it they were broadened, educated; ceased to be provincial and came to know the peoples of other lands. It became synonymous with the best in motion pictures. Now it resumes the name under which it became famous—

## PATHÉ NEWS

It is shown twice a week in the best motion picture theatres everywhere. Just as it was the *first* of all motion picture news weeklies, so it always has been and now is, the *best*. Twenty-two years of successful picture making are behind it.

*Twenty Million Persons See Every Issue*

If your favorite theatre does not show it, you have the right to know the reason why!



Vice-President and General Manager

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# DELICIA

"THE NAME TELLS"

# Exquisite Meat Delicacies

## Cooked the Home Way

NOW come new food delights that are made as you would have them—package meats that are *all* meat, extra delicious and with a natural home-like flavor hitherto unknown in ready-for-the-table foods.

Delicia Meat Delicacies have attained the realization of a great ideal—the determination to produce table delicacies for thousands with the same care, skill and quality that the housewife employs in preparing foods for one home.

## Leadership in Less Than Three Years

The start was made less than three years ago. Today Delicia meats stand first in many thousands of homes because of their supreme goodness. This accomplishment has been possible through concentration on one product—package meats. We make nothing else.

These delicacies are prepared under the personal direction of Frederick G. Baker, food purveyor for 22 years. His experience and the policies upon which he conducts the Delicia Kitchens are your assurance of super-quality.

Before offering Delicia meats to the home, rigid standards of quality were established. Only the choicest cuts of meat, purest whole spices (which we grind ourselves) and fine vegetables were accepted. Delicia recipes were perfected after months of testing and experimenting. We eliminated meat waste by close trimming. We ruled against meat substitutes and the removal of meat juices.

## Home Cooking Ideals in Delicia Kitchens

The Delicia trade-mark is the symbol of supreme excellence. It means that the foods that bear it are cooked and packed in their original juices and that no substitutes of any kind have been used. It means the utmost in quality and appetizing flavor. It means economy, for Delicia meats are *all* meat. You do not pay for bone, gristle or surplus fat.

Try Delicia Meat Delicacies today. Be sure you get the blue and white striped package with the red triangle. Buy these dainties by name—insist on Delicia.

FREDERICK G. BAKER, Food Specialist
BAKER PACKING COMPANY
CHICAGO
*United States Food Administration License G-07944* (1)





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# Dependable Power!
# Full Steam Ahead!

The task ahead of business America is so stupendous and so immediately urgent that every known device for increasing efficiency must now be employed.

The recent merger of the Hill Pump Company of Anderson, Indiana, with the Lyons-Atlas Company of Indianapolis, under the name of the Midwest Engine Company is a case in point.

The demand for Hill Pumps and for Hill Wait-type Steam Turbines, resulting from over thirty years of quality production and from an *unbroken record for conscientious service*, had overtaxed the manufacturing facilities of the Hill Pump Company's plant; whereas the manufacturing facilities of the former Lyons-Atlas Company's plant at Indianapolis are practically unlimited.

Nothing could be more logical than the combining of these two institutions into one big, powerful and effective unit.

As a result of this consolidation, we are now producing Hill Pumps and the much desired Wait-type Steam Turbine on a volume basis commensurate with the demands for these established products.

Our policy of favoring only the simplest, the most efficient, the most rugged and the most dependable construction will be rigidly maintained.

DEPENDABLE POWER

*Midwest Engine Co. Products*

*Midwest—Diesel Engines*
*Midwest—Heid Oil Engines*
*Midwest—Parsons Turbines (Reaction Type)*
*Midwest—Wait Turbines (Impulse Type)*
*Midwest—Hill Centrifugal Pumps—Auxiliaries*

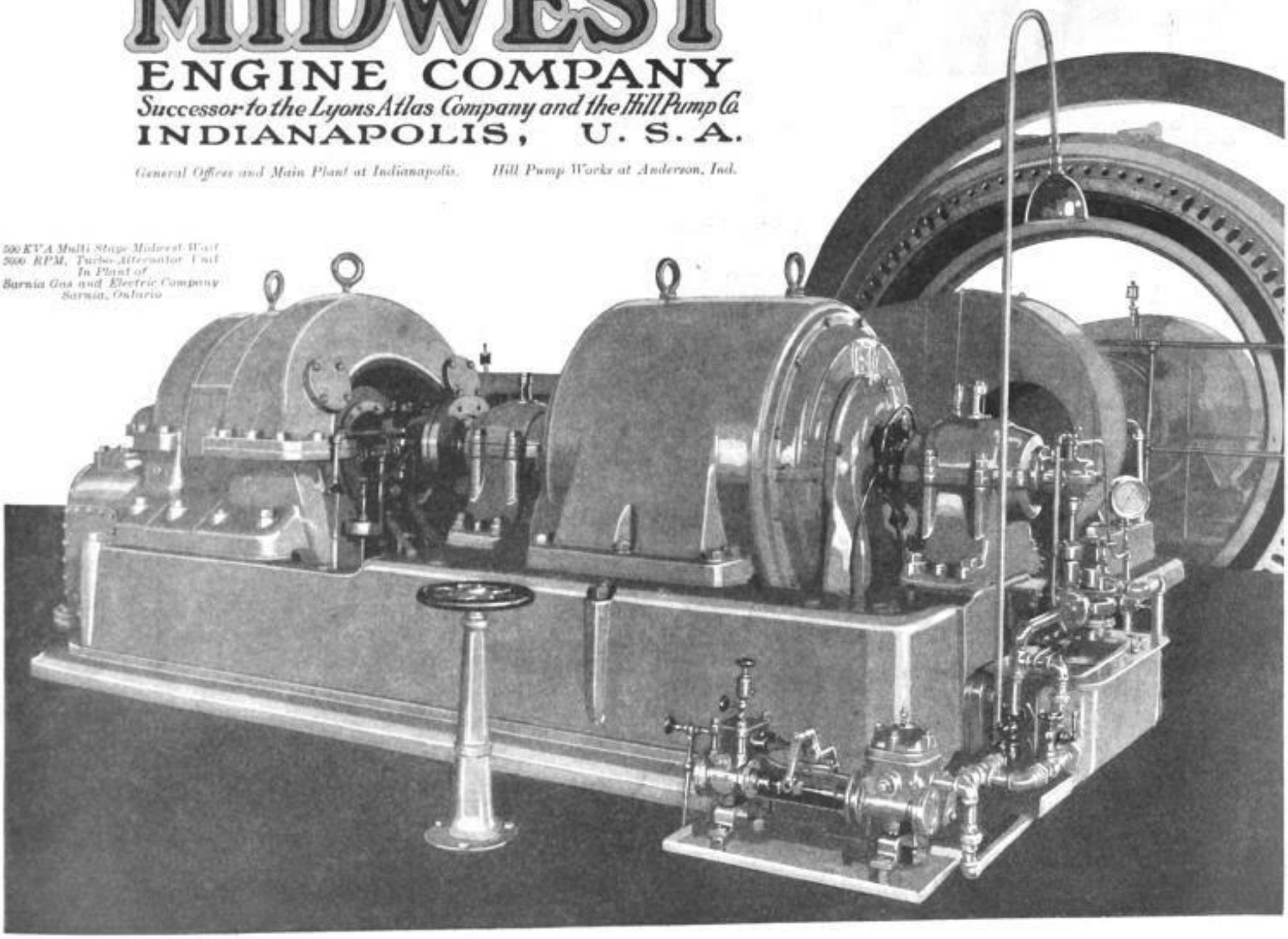
## MIDWEST ENGINE COMPANY

*Successor to the Lyons Atlas Company and the Hill Pump Co*

INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

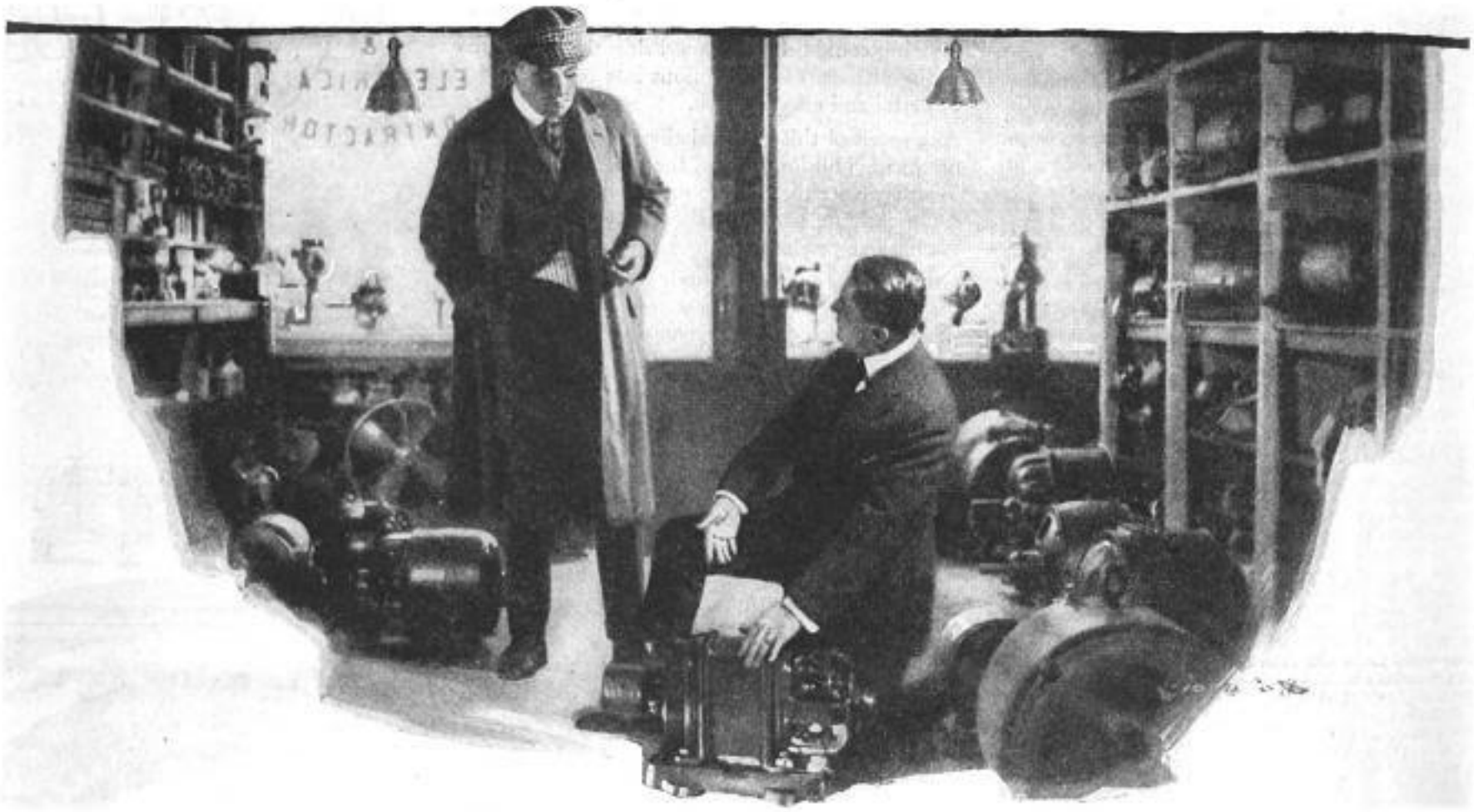
*General Offices and Main Plant at Indianapolis. Hill Pump Works at Anderson, Ind.*

*500 KVA Multi-Stage Midwest-Wait 3600 RPM. Turbo-Alternator Unit In Plant of Barnia Gas and Electric Company Sarnia, Ontario*



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# *"They build over 500,000 motors a year—could there be any stronger recommendation for a MOTOR?"*



## *The man in your town who knows Motors*

EVERY city and large town has its G-E Motor Agency.

You can depend on the G-E Motor Agency man's thorough knowledge of the application of electric power. He does not rely on guesswork—he *knows* horse-power ratings, types of motors and the correct control.

The business of the G-E Motor Agency man is to conserve power, increase production and add to the profits of his customers. The door of every industry in his community—from the "electric shoe repair shop" to the big manufacturing plant—is wide open to him for what he knows and the way he serves. And not the least of his assets is the company behind him, building more than 500,000 motors a year, and whose foremost engineers he can freely consult.

Call on your local G-E Motor Agency man—he can meet your power needs either by the installation of new motors or by rearranging motors and machines without necessitating the purchase of additional equipment.

Look for this sign—
*It is displayed by every G-E Motor Agency*

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, Schenectady, N. Y.

# G-E motors

From the Mightiest to the Tiniest

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

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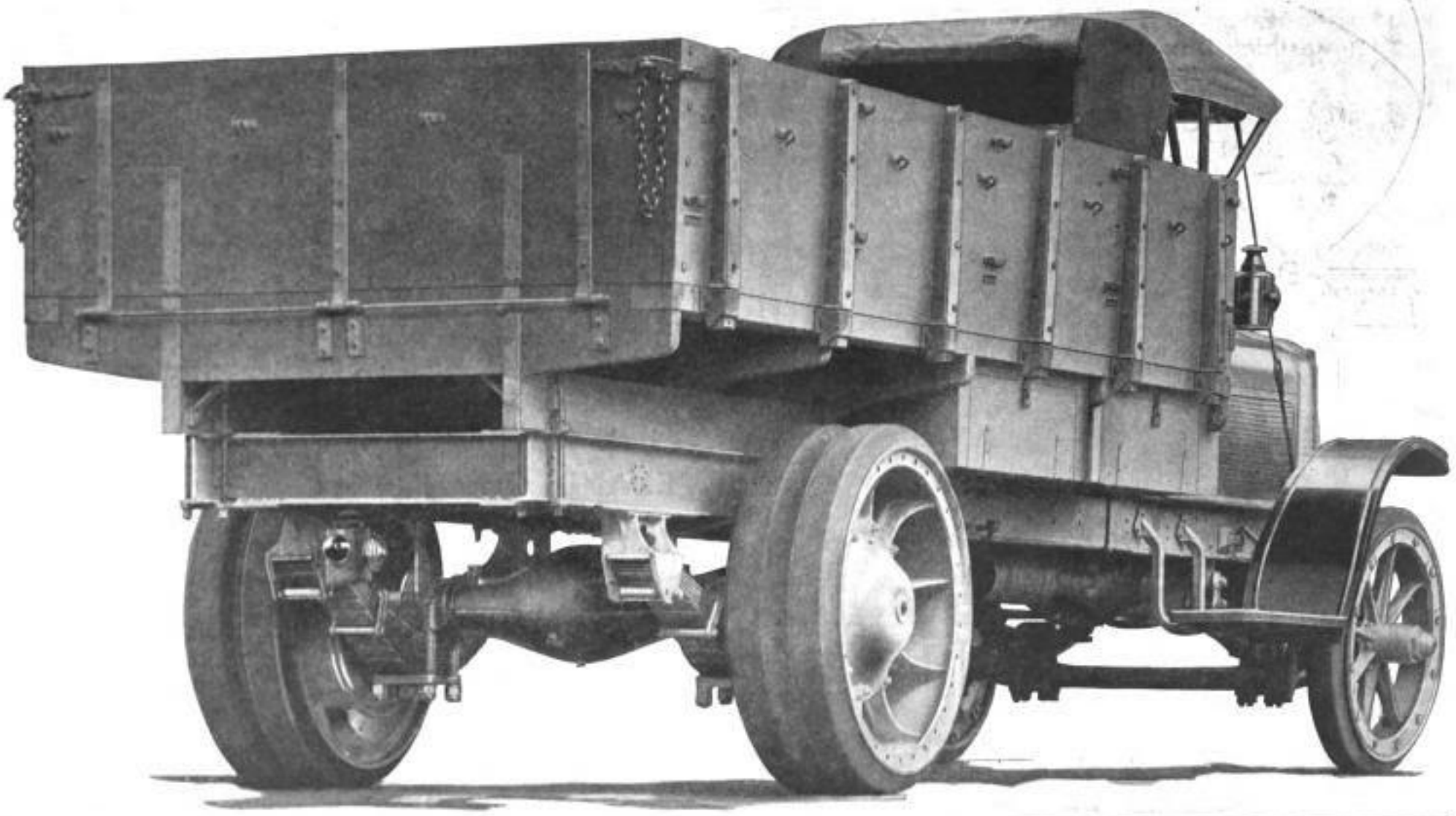
# *The* WHITE *Heavy Duty Truck*

## *with* DOUBLE REDUCTION Gear Drive

Having all the leverage and flexibility of a chain and sprocket and the frictionless driving contact of gears which *roll* in oil, dust proof

***Light Unsprung Weight · More Road Clearance***
***Narrow Tread · High Leverage***

**THE WHITE COMPANY**
***Cleveland***

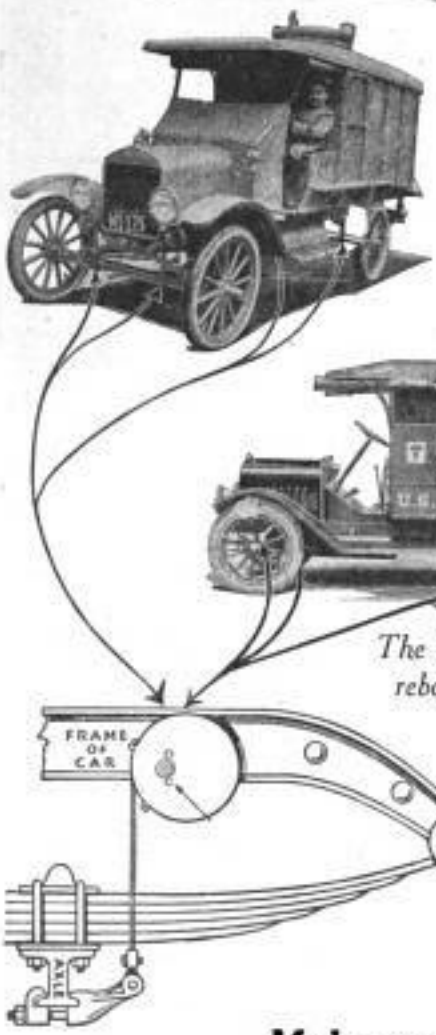


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# "I've Got You—

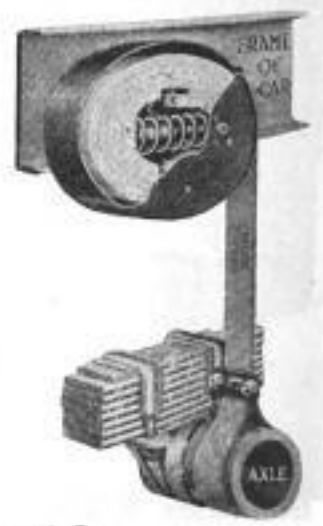
—and you can't get away," says the Snubber Boy to the Bull, and the Gabriel Snubber to the car spring.




*Why did the Government use Gabriel Snubbers on War Ambulances?*

*The Snubber controls the rebound of the springs*

The Government selected Gabriel Snubbers for Ford and GMC War Ambulances, just as America's Foremost car builders select Gabriel Snubbers year after year, as standard factory equipment on their cars.




**Gabriel Manfg. Company**
1408 East 40th St.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

***Make your own car ride easier and last longer by equipping with***

# GABRIEL SNUBBERS

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*Comptometer department in the offices of The Carter's Ink Company, Boston*

# "The Comptometer stands the gaff of service"

***"And as far as we know," adds The Carter's Ink Company, "it holds the record for durability of mechanical equipment in our office."***

"It is not how he starts but how he stands the gaff of service," declares Mr. O. T. Erickson, Office Manager of The Carter's Ink Company, "that gives you the measure of a man.

"The same is true of a machine. Our Comptometers have stood the test of 10 years of hard service. They have made good. Two of them have gone the whole route without repairs.

"As far as I know that's the record for durability in our office.

## The rapid fire adding machine

"We started with one Comptometer. As our work increased we had to have more machines. And again we bought Comptometers. Now we have six.

"The title, 'Rapid Fire Adding Machine,' aptly describes the Comptometer. Before the Comptometers came in, our billing, statistical and stock-record figuring was done on paper. How slow, inaccurate and expensive that was we did not realize until we began using Comptometers.

## Errors eliminated

"By use of the touch method, our girls do very rapid work—and do it right.

"At the end of the day they are not brain weary as mental figurers are. Nor is there any slow-down in the afternoon with increasing errors as was formerly the case."

This durability of the Comptometer, its ability to "stand the gaff of service," is an economy—and one decidedly worth while.

## A vital economy

But it is by no means the biggest and most vital economy this rapid-fire machine will bring to you. This greater economy rests in the efficiency of Comptometer Speed and Accuracy on your figure work—*resulting in more and better work with less effort and expense.*

And it is an economy that will be of more than ordinary importance during the reconstruction period and one that should not be ignored at any time—with help so scarce and production demands so great.

Ask a Comptometer man to show you the value of the Comptometer by a practical test on your own work in your own office.

*CONTROLLED-KEY*

**Comptometer**

*ADDING AND CALCULATING MACHINE*

*Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co.*
*1723 N. Paulina St., Chicago*

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# *Now* For Home Service

JOHNSON & JOHNSON have a message for druggists. We wish it could be told personally to every druggist. As this is not practical, we are publishing it.

When war was declared, the Government called upon Johnson & Johnson to furnish enormous supplies of surgical dressings for first-aid stations and hospital units.

Since then, hundreds of millions of bandages have been made; thousands of tons of cotton have been used; miles of adhesive plaster have been spread; an army of loyal workers have kept our vast laboratories in operation day and night. It was our great privilege to serve our country to the full extent of our resources.

These war-winning orders necessarily took precedence over the great public demand, and, consequently, there may have been times when customers could not make their usual purchases of Johnson & Johnson Red Cross products.

We appreciate the patriotic, wholehearted support given by the druggists during such periods in telling customers that our products were "on active service."

Normal conditions are not yet fully re-established. But adequate Johnson & Johnson supplies are filling the regular channels, to reach the public through the service of the druggist.

The druggist renders, ordinarily, an invaluable service to his community. In these times of readjustment we are confident the public will take advantage of it all the more.

Today, as in the past, Johnson & Johnson quality is the standard, and values are greater than they have ever been.

Johnson & Johnson

New Brunswick New Jersey, U. S. A.

Makers of Surgical Dressings, Gauze, Absorbent Cotton, Bandages, Toilet and Baby Powder, Medicated Soaps, Plasters, Zonas Adhesive Plaster, Synol Soap, Lister's Fumigator, Dental Floss, and other Red Cross products for use in hospital and home

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# HEADLIGHT
UNION MADE
# OVERALLS
## OUTWEAR TWO PAIRS OF ORDINARY OVERALLS



*Headlight Two-Piece Overall*

*Headlight One-Piece Overall*

## For the Business Battle of 1919

Our famous guarantee still holds good. "Wear a pair 30 days. If, at the end of that time you do not say that the HEADLIGHT is the best overall you ever wore, your money will be refunded cheerfully."

## Retailers

If you act quickly you can secure the HEADLIGHT line for your town.

We have finished all government contracts. Our entire output is now available for civilian use. Increased production permits us to take on a limited number of high grade accounts.

The HEADLIGHT agency will reinforce your hold on the trade of your town. This, every HEADLIGHT dealer knows. He also knows that:

1 HEADLIGHT OVERALLS have been delivered regularly, without interruption and without substitution in spite of the denim famine when high quality materials were out of the market for months at a time.

2 Headlight orders have been filled *complete* regardless of war conditions.

3 Headlight orders have been shipped at contract price; without exception, regardless of tremendous price advances.

## The War Has Applied the Acid Test

Have your lines survived this test?




A wise merchant will cash in on such fair treatment. He will select the line which strengthens the prestige of his store.

Act now. Get the agency for HEADLIGHTS before your competitor beats you to it.

***Mail This Coupon Today***

**Request for Samples**

We prefer to see sample garments before ordering. Therefore, send us a few pairs representing your best selling numbers. You to prepay express charges—we to have the privilege of returning samples after examination. In sending samples, explain fully your exclusive agency proposition.

*Name* _____

*Town* _____

*State* _____

**Larned, Carter & Co., Detroit**

***World's Greatest Overall Makers***

*Factories:* Detroit, St. Louis, San Francisco, and Port Huron, Mich.
*Canadian Factory:* Sarnia, Ont.



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# HERCULES POWDER CO.

## From War to Peace

TO satisfy the demands of war the Hercules Powder Company has cut over 621,000 tons of kelp in the Pacific Ocean during the last two and a half years. This has been converted into chemicals necessary to the manufacture of smokeless powder, black powder, shell lacquers, and coating for aëroplane wings. Over $5,000,000 have been expended in the great plant at San Diego, California, in which the chemicals are extracted from this giant seaweed.

The development of a new source of these chemicals—potash, acetone, and other solvents—was vital to the triumph of democracy. Now that victory is assured, these and others are at the disposal of the industries of peace.

Kelp yields many useful products in addition to those which have been necessary to the prosecution of the war. Many of them are well-known to the drug and chemical trades. Some of them have never been produced in commercial quantities before. Others that are now made only on a laboratory scale can be readily turned out in quantity if a demand is found.

We ask all manufacturers and chemists who believe that success in the new industrial era which is upon us demands new methods and new ideas, to consider these chemicals in the light of possible application to processes in which they are interested. If you are such a manufacturer, ask your chief chemist if one of these materials does not suggest an improvement in your product, or a saving in its manufacture. If you are a chemist, does not something in the list at the right offer possibilities for new accomplishments in your profession?

In either case, our Research Department is at your disposal in working out methods for applying any of these chemicals to your needs, or in developing new products to suit your requirements. Address

*Chemical Sales Department*

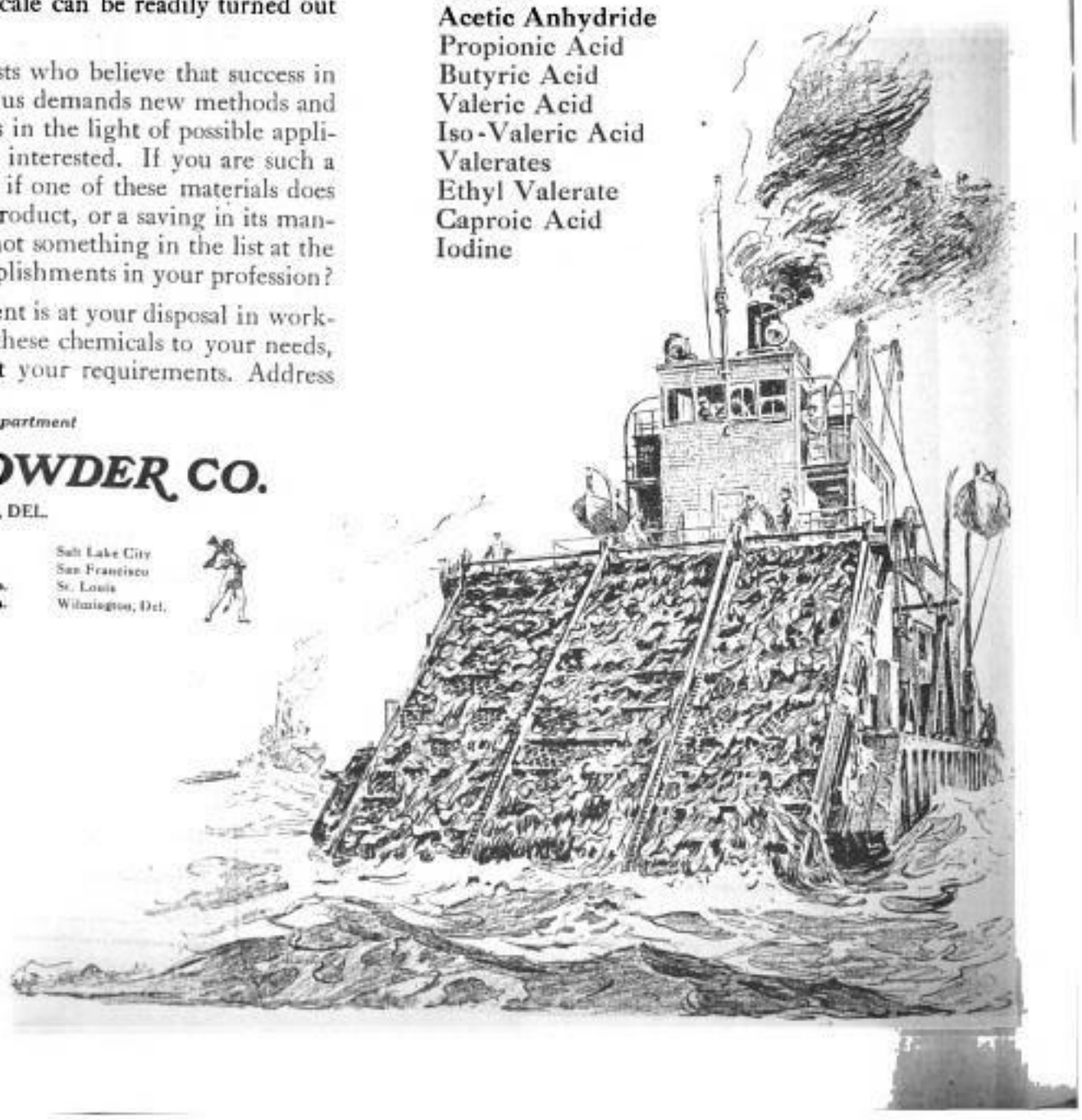
**HERCULES POWDER CO.**

WILMINGTON, DEL.

Chicago, Denver, Hazleton, Pa., Joplin, Memphis, New York, Pittsburg, Kan., Pittsburgh, Pa., Salt Lake City, San Francisco, St. Louis, Wilmington, Del.

### *Chemicals from Kelp*

Ethyl Acetate
Ethyl Propionate
Ethyl Butyrate
Acetone
Ketones
Acetic Anhydride
Propionic Acid
Butyric Acid
Valeric Acid
Iso-Valeric Acid
Valerates
Ethyl Valerate
Caproic Acid
Iodine




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# Cheering Up the Family

COLD, slushy weather; wet and tired feet; jangled nerves. The whole family feeling all used up and abused. A cup of hot Steero all around, steaming and fragrant. Its appetizing warmth brightens the weary faces. Fractious nerves unkink, tired bodies relax and in a few minutes every one is cheerfully ready for dinner.

## STEERO CUBES

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**Steero is an invigorating beverage which may be instantly prepared and served any time, anywhere. Just drop a Steero Cube into a cup; pour on boiling water and you have delightful bouillon.**

The next time you are making hash or gravy, try adding a Steero Cube or two for flavor. You will find that it gives just the right degree of rich flavor needed.

Steero Cubes are sold not only in boxes of 12 cubes, but also in boxes containing 50 and 100 cubes. Grocers, druggists, and delicatessen dealers carry them.

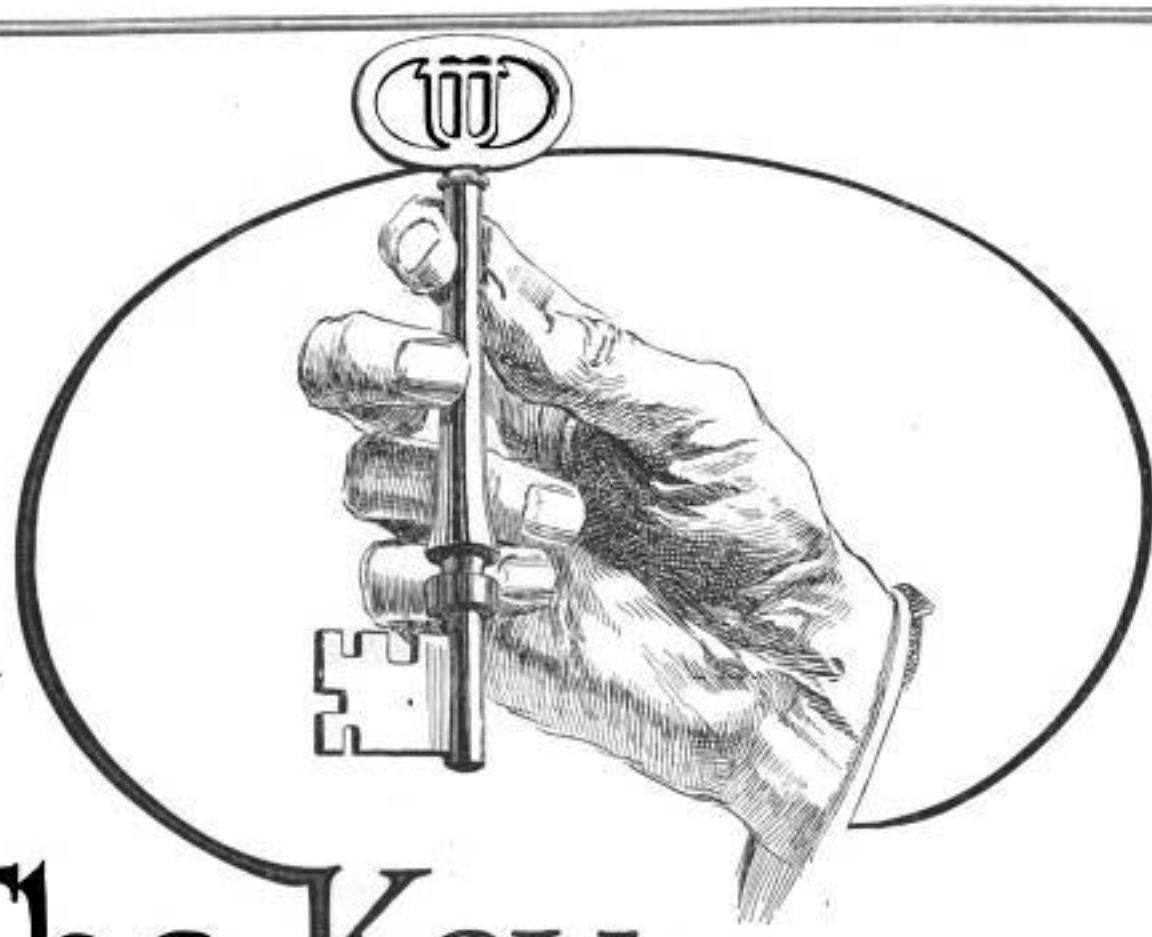
**Schieffelin & Co., 235 William St., New York**

*Distributors for*

**American Kitchen Products Co., New York**




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# The Key—*to* 1919

It unlocks for you the most legible and economical method of keeping books.

Doesn't change your system of office records.

*Does your work YOUR way.*

Mechanical Bookkeeping
*with the*
UNDERWOOD
BOOKKEEPING MACHINE
is the most up-to-date way to insure positive statements. Work is always proved.

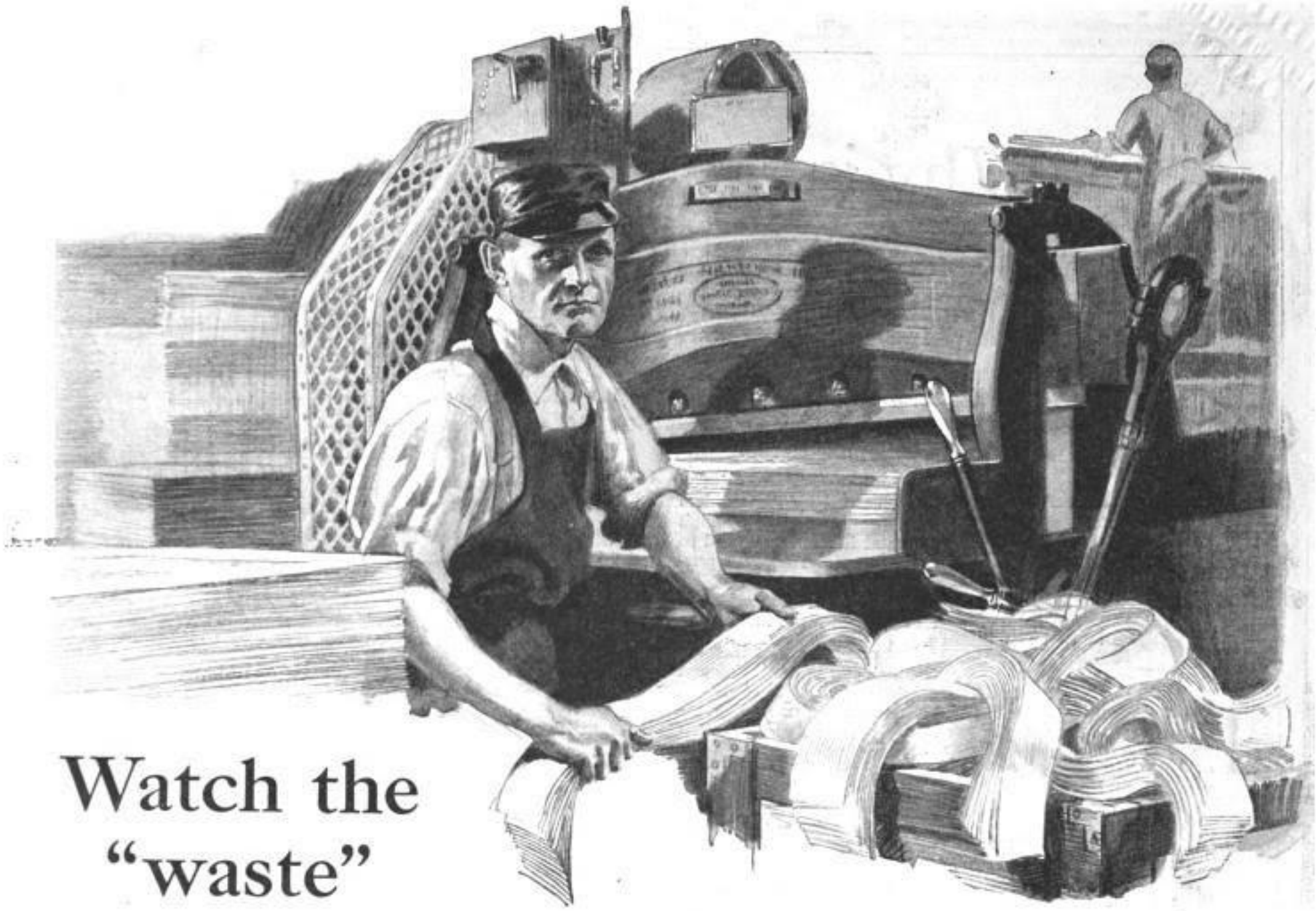


**Underwood Typewriter Company *inc.***
Underwood Building, New York City.

**Coupon**
Sign and mail this coupon to Underwood Typewriter Company, Underwood Building, New York City, and you will receive a book outlining experiences in mechanical bookkeeping entitled "Fifteen Good Reasons"

Name _____
Address _____
City _____


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# Watch the "waste" when planning printing

HERE is a scene common in every printing plant and heartbreaking to every printer.

Whenever a printing job is not carefully figured for standard size sheets, "cutting to waste" becomes necessary. The printer sees pounds of valuable paper trimmed away, simply because a customer was wanting in foresight.

The man who plans his catalog or booklet to cut from a standard size sheet of paper is conserving. It is the fellow who decides to issue a twenty-eight page catalog, say 9 x 9, without once considering whether or not this will involve "cutting to waste," that needs reforming. His order may be a small one, the waste involved if pointed out to him may seem small. But multiply him by ten thousand and we see the serious side of this "what little I am wasting won't make any difference" attitude.

Odd and unusual size printing, results every time in one of two kinds of waste: Either good paper must be trimmed and thrown away, or, in case of a large order, the paper mill must stop and reset its machinery for a special run. Every time a special size run of paper is made for you, the total production of paper mills on standard sizes is reduced by one or two tons. When you buy printing, plan for a page size that will cut economically from a stock size sheet. Good stock sizes are 25 x 38; 28 x 42; 32 x 44, and others with which your printer is familiar.

Your printer is also familiar, and favorably familiar, with the entire line of Warren's Standard Papers.

The Warren Suggestion Book, which shows these papers, will acquaint you with them so thoroughly and interestingly that after reading it you and your printer will speak the same language when paper is discussed. It is sent on request to buyers of printing; to printers, engravers and their salesmen.

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

W.S.S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

*"Constant Excellence of Product"*

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# "Why is the price of meat so high?"

THE head of a Philadelphia family writes to ask us why the price of meat is so high. He wants to know especially about the increase during the past four years.

* * *

There are, of course, many reasons.



*Clerk hire, delivery, rent—in fact, all items entering into the operation of the retail meat shop—have advanced tremendously in cost*

The heavy demand for meat, caused by large orders from the Allies, and by high wages at home, has helped to boost prices. The lower purchasing power of the dollar has also caused the prices of all commodities to increase.

But one important factor is the high cost of producing and marketing meat all along the line from farm to retailer.

* * *

The retailer, for example, must pay higher wages to clerks and more for delivery service—in fact, everything entering into store operation has advanced tremendously.

And the retailer has got to get a much higher price for meat, because he has to pay the packers more for it.

* * *

The packers, in turn, are in the same position as the retailers. It costs them more to do business. Labor, transportation, machinery, materials—all items in the packing business—have mounted rapidly. Wages of packing house laborers, for example, have increased over 100 per cent in the past three years. But here again the packers have to get higher prices for meat when they have to pay such high prices for live stock.

*The packer's costs also have mounted rapidly. Wages of packing house laborers, for example, have increased over 100 per cent in the past three years*

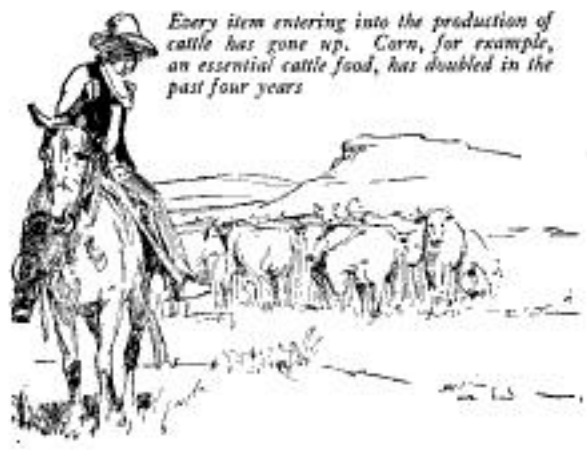


During the past four years, cattle prices to Swift & Company advanced 74 per cent, whereas the price received for beef by Swift & Company has advanced only 61 per cent during the same period.

* * *

The farmers have had to get more for cattle because it costs more to raise them.

*Every item entering into the production of cattle has gone up. Corn, for example, an essential cattle food, has doubled in the past four years*



Corn, for example, has doubled during the past four years; farm labor is scarce and wages are high.

* * *

But even with these higher production costs, the price of meat has gone up no more than the price of other foodstuffs—and this in face of the enormous quantities sent overseas to our Army and to the Allies.

During the past five years, flour has increased 100 per cent, corn meal 133 per cent, sugar 65 per cent. During the past year alone, fruits have advanced 30 per cent.

If the packers were to eliminate their profits entirely, there would be practically no change in the price of meat. Swift & Company's profits average only a fraction of a cent per pound of meat.

*The cost of all foods has increased during the past four years, and the advance in most cases has been greater than that on meat*




## Swift & Company, U. S. A.

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 23,000 stockholders

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# *Certain-teed White is lasting.*

White woodwork, outside, ge dingy, not so much from t dirt in the air, as from disi tegration of the paint.

*Certain-teed* Paint resists di integration longer than ord nary paint, because the lea zinc and linseed oil are scient ically proportioned to produ the most lasting surface wh exposed to the air.



### *The Certain-teed Policy:*

To make every ***Certain-teed*** product from the best quality of materials; to use modern methods and machinery in manufacturing; to employ skilled experts; to manufacture on a scale that insures minimum costs; and to sell in such volume that ***Certain-teed*** prices are possible.

Under this policy we always have made and will continue to make ***Certain-teed*** Roofing. Also under this policy ***Certain-teed*** Paints and Varnishes can be made to sell at such reasonable prices.

Paint makers usually charge the same for each color. Some colors cost less to manufacture than others.

***Certain-teed*** prices vary for each color, according to its manufacturing cost. You, therefore, obtain in ***Certain-teed*** Paints the very highest quality at a worth-while saving in cost.

*Certain-teed Products Corporation*

Offices and warehouses in the principal cities of America.

Manufacturers of

## *Certain-teed Roofing*

*Certain-teed Paints & Varnishes*

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# *"This Gold Seal Proves That It Is a Genuine Congoleum Rug"—*

"It also guarantees complete satisfaction or your money back. No guarantee could be broader than that. The manufacturer can make such a guarantee because Congoleum *has the quality* to back it up.

"Beautiful? Yes. These rugs are even more beautiful in your home than in this store. They are made in rich blended colors. That's what makes the designs so soft and refined.

"And the variety of Congoleum patterns is ample to satisfy a very wide range of taste—from the simple tile effects to the more elaborate forms of artistic design."

You can easily pick out a Congoleum Art-Rug which in both coloring and pattern will be in complete harmony with the furnishings of the room you have in mind.

In short, the excellence of Congoleum patterns is in perfect keeping with the high standard of Congoleum quality.

You don't have to tack Congoleum Rugs down at the corners. They never curl or kick up. They hug the floor close without fastening. That means it's easy to clean them. A few swishes with a damp mop do the work.

Then there's another big point—the price. Only $12.50 for this rug in the popular 6 x 9 foot size and $23.50 in the 9 x 12 foot size. That means a big saving.

In buying Congoleum Rugs in place of woolen rugs or carpets you are also helping to save WOOL, so necessary to keep our soldiers and sailors warm this winter.

### Send for Free Rug Color-Chart

To see the other pretty patterns before you call on the dealer, get this rug-chart that shows the actual colors. A convenient guide in picking out the patterns you like best. Send your name and address to the nearest office and let us show you how to beautify your floors for little money.

*The rug on the floor which the salesman is displaying is Congoleum Art-Rug No. 350. The 6 x 9 ft. size retails for $12.50.*

### Look for the Gold Seal

Always look for the Congoleum Gold Seal when you buy. It is pasted on the face of all Congoleum Art-Rugs and every two yards of Floor-Covering. If you don't see the Gold Seal, *insist* that the dealer show you the name "Congoleum" on the back of the material. Like all popular articles, Congoleum has many imitations. This Gold Seal gives you the protection of our "money back" guarantee.

*All prices subject to change without notice*

**The Congoleum Company**

Department of The Barrett Company

Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, Boston, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Toronto, Halifax, N. S.

# CONGOLEUM
## Gold Seal
# ART-RUGS

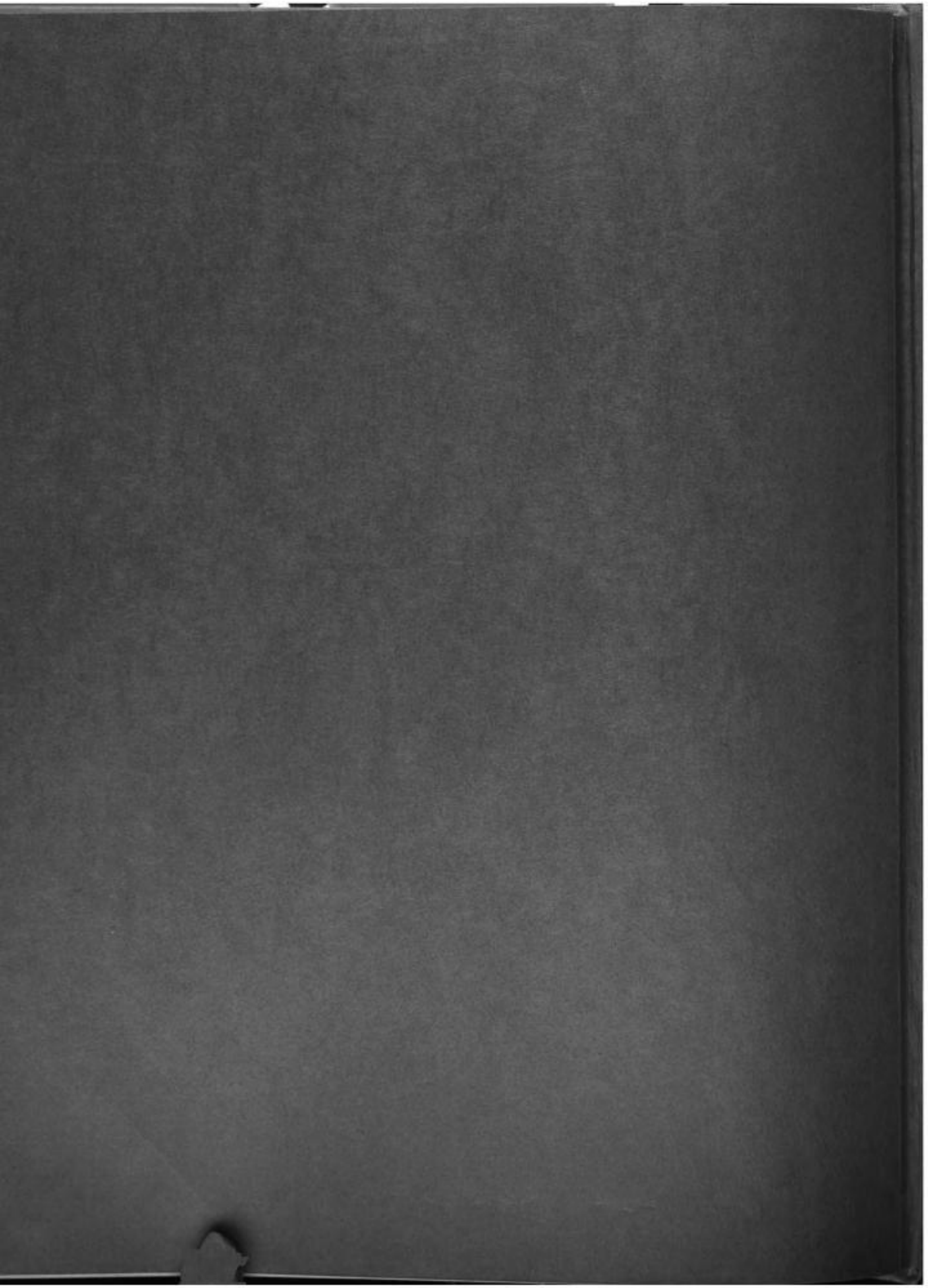
Look for this Gold Seal when you buy




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